

University of Montana

ScholarWorks at University of Montana

Campus Rakings, 1921-1953

University of Montana Publications

4-1952

Campus Rakings, 1952

Theta Sigma Phi. Kappa chapter (University of Montana)

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/campus_rakings

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

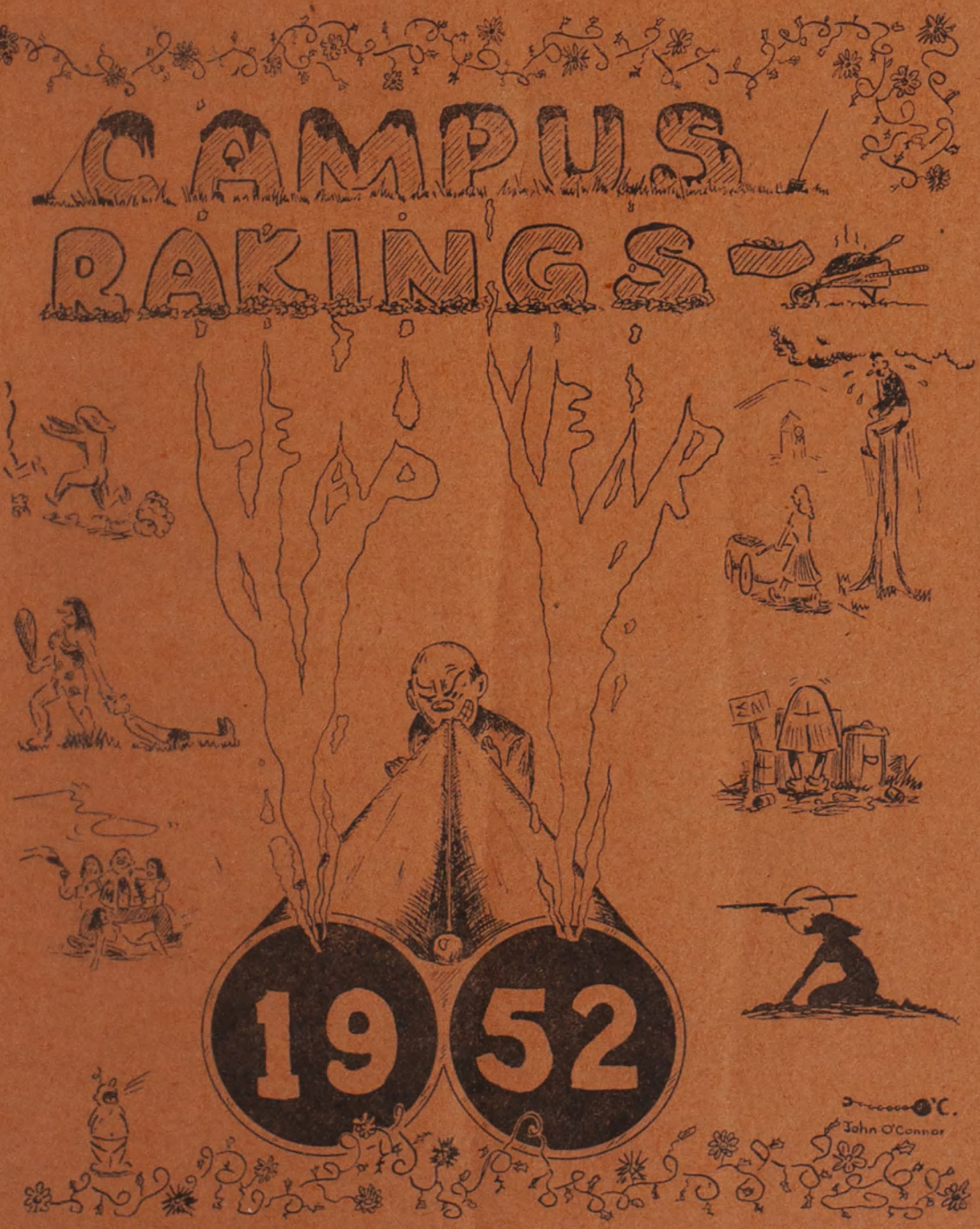
Recommended Citation

Theta Sigma Phi. Kappa chapter (University of Montana), "Campus Rakings, 1952" (1952). *Campus Rakings, 1921-1953*. 27.

https://scholarworks.umt.edu/campus_rakings/27

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the University of Montana Publications at ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in Campus Rakings, 1921-1953 by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

CAMPUS RAKINGS



John O'Connor

... the university informer ...

CAMPUS RAKINGS

Printed in the interest of furthering the understanding among the inmates of MSU — with the philosophy in mind that night baseball will never replace sex.

ABER DAY — 1952

Bob (Lugi) Potter has taken up spring anatomy with **Birdlegs Patterson** from the KKG house. Are you answering nature's call, Ugly?

Doc (I can get a key to the KAT house) **Reynolds** thinks school teachers have a different slant on sex life.

Jack (My girl has a mother complex) **Thomas** uses the side approach because he can get closer that way.

Doug Beighle has been seen lately reading the Kinsey report for new angles.

Pinkie McCallie has been dethroned as the number one "all talk no sex person" on campus by **Art** (she's a hag) **Samel**. **Pinky** abides by the rules of the KAT house, but **Samel** found out that the hormones get a little sluggish after the 29th birthday.

Anyone interested in the formula for stew kettle G-balls and their effect should contact **Gordon Corin** at the earliest opportunity. "What day is it this morning?"

"Mr. Roberts" may have been a very interesting show, but we aren't interested in your birthmark, **John Imsande**. Be good and maybe **Santa Claus** will bring you a bathrobe.

It's the
BLUE
FOUNTAIN

For Your

After-the-Show

or

Afternoon Treats

FLORENCE HOTEL

Ilen (I don't drink, I'm a Spur!) **Egger** has changed her tune since the Phi-Delt-Tri-Delt pledge sneak from "Just Give Me Two Hours More of Dave's Charm, Dean Clow" to "Would I Wrangle Woody If He Would."

We don't know how **Ed** feels, but **Camille** (I Wish I'd thought of this sooner) **Olsen** is having the best time of her life, thanks to this year's freshman crop.

We wonder what **Pat Evans** received in that April Fool's package, postmarked Idaho. She keeps it well hidden under her bed, but isn't that where those things belong anyway? **Lucky** girl, no more dark journeys from Siberia to second floor for her.

Tink Hefler: Do you know what **Ross Cannon** has been saying about me? **Peder Moe**: What do you think I'm here for?

Tom Kelly got on the bus one night after a Friday afternoon down at **Murrill's** and sat down next to an elderly lady who had WCTU written all over her face. She turned to **Tom** and said, "Young man, do you know you're going straight to hell?" **Tom** let out a scream and yelled, "Lemme off, I'm on the wrong bus!"

There are four men to every girl on this campus but **B. Rae Wolfe** still goes out with **Jim Murray**.

Jackie Perry has been dating quite steadily with **Ray Rada**. . . . What did you say his last name is, **Jackie**?

Irene Stritch is pretty good with a half-Nelson, but she'd rather have a whole. Falle me?

The girls at the house got a little excited, but **Mary Lee Powell** assured them that she and big **Bob Alkire** just bought a basinette because they're selling them cheap this year.

Joyce Frigaard has been playing musical chairs at the Sig house and each time she ends up on a different boy's lap.

Liz Booth, DG, is still walking up and down in front of the Phi-Delt house and **Jim Reid** is still watching her. We understand their favorite song is "Wondering."

Pat Graham is still wondering if he should send that record, "Little White Lies," to **Barbara Jenkins**.

We wonder when **Jim Swartz** is going to get around to pay St. Patrick's hospital for an anti-freeze hangover cure, or has he spent it all on **Kay Cotter, DG**, who quit him after she made the Phi-Delt "I" Ball?

Dirk (Yoyo) Larsen is on **Joe Mae Chase's** string. We understand he would go around the world for her.

HOG-CALLING PENTPASSION BRINGS LIFE TO MSU

This is the inside story of Chartreuse Pentpassion, a simple little farm girl who came to MSU and blossomed into ripe womanhood.

Chartreuse led a happy childhood on her uncle's hog farm near Wagon Tongue in the Flathead valley. She did her chores, went barefoot, and for amusement wrestled the Indian boys from the reservation—usually taking the best two falls out of three. Her knowledge of sex was confined to the underwear ads in the Sears Roebuck catalog and the biggest adventure in her life was a double hernia operation at the age of seven.

She might be feeding hogs today if fate hadn't intervened in the person of Glinteye O'Brien, a traveling salesman for the Amalgamated Gunnsack Corporation. Chartreuse stirred the animal in O'Brien and he lured her away to the city with wild promises of romance and silk underwear. Chartreuse put on her best pair of bib overalls, packed a lunch of hog jowls and climbed into O'Brien's Cadillac.

As it happened, Chartreuse and Glinteye pulled into Missoula just when rush week was at fever pitch. The sorority scouts—who are posted along all highways to spot young women arriving in Cadillacs—quickly flashed the word to headquarters. Before Glinteye could even get a hotel room, a flying squad of sorority girls had hung their colors on Chartreuse and had spirited her away to the campus.

Of course there was considerable chagrin when the girls discovered that Chartreuse was just the uneducated niece of a poor hog farmer instead of the uneducated niece of a rich hog farmer. But national headquarters came to the rescue with an emergency appropriation and the alums paraded to the house to civilize Chartreuse. They spent long hours teaching her to shave under her arms and to quit spitting against the wind.

There were some minor embarrassments despite this intensive improvement campaign. At her first tea, Chartreuse horrified the dean of women with an account of her hernia operation. And at one exchange dinner, she delighted the audience by displaying her birthmark. Aber Day, she slipped away from her escorts and won the greased pole climb hands down.

But gradually, Chartreuse became a carbon copy of her sorority sisters. She learned the great mysteries of uplift brassiers and foundation garments and she got so she could handle a teacup as gracefully as she used to handle the slop bucket on the farm.

Then, one dark night in the Phi Delt house, Chartreuse learned about love. "Why it's just like Indian wrasslin' back home," she confided to one of her sorority sisters.

Since then, things have changed for Chartreuse. She has been pinned so many times her favorite sweater looks like an old sleeve target. And she's had so many serenades that the grass in front of her sorority house has been trampled to death and there is at least a ton of old melted candlewax on her windowsill.

She's been elected everything from the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi to the Sweatshirt Girl of Phi Delta Theta. She would have been Miss Montana if the judges had accepted hog calling as a "talent."

And if you've been wondering about the moral of this story, here it is: You can take the girl away from the pigs but you can't take the pig out of the girl.

We wonder if the Sigma Nus draw straws to see who pins the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi each spring.

Don (My nose may be dirty but my heart is pure) Stanaway can hardly wait until the next Miss Montana is chosen. He hasn't missed in four years.

Jack Zygmund, Havre's gift to MSU, is currently receiving a personalized bill from the MSU switchboard. Seems that Zombie Zygmund monopolizes the Jumbo and North hall lines continuously in quest of a date that never ripens. Perchance if Zombie doesn't get back home to brood over Chickie Baker someone else will Havre.

The Friendly
**FLORENCE
PHARMACY**
has
COSMETICS
DRUG SUPPLIES
and
WHITMAN'S CANDY
105 North Higgins

Jan Johnson better quit sitting in the car with LeRoy Baumgarth, talking. LeRoy says they talk golf, but if she keeps it up she won't even hit par in the social world.

And then there's the story about Holly McCrea, a frequent caller at North Hall, who told a naive little frosh gal, "You're the first girl I've ever made love to," as he shifted gears with his feet.



Everyone Who Is Anyone
Stops at
BROWNIES
IN 'n' OUT
on Highway 10

Marlyn Husband, the only Neanderthal remnant on campus, was really making points with the Jumbo maid last fall. He accosted a patron and challenged him to a water fight. When the crowd accumulated Husband filled a tub and advanced. His eyes, bleary from the previous evening, deceived him. He threw the water in the maid's face. She sued. He moved out.

Every purity girl in the freshman class is out for the coveted honors. But Joan (sixteen dates and never been kissed) Brooks is leading all contenders, thanks to Jim Ford (Jr.).

Remember when Cec (if Potter doesn't ask me to the Sweetheart Ball, I don't know what I do) Twilde remedied the situation by calling on Nick (Old Stand-by) Wolfe?

Wounded beyond the call of duty was Gloria Tinseth when "Wild Ward" Shanahan hauled off and kicked her one more time. It was the last straw.

Jean Cross believes in playing hard-to-get. She leaves half an hour before her date arrives with the parting words, "Let him find me if he wants me to go." Evidently Jean has no worry about the ratio of men to women on the campus.

Everyone was shocked when the apparently innocent Janice Ludwig received a sheer, black negligee in the mail. It was an anonymous package (outward appearances are deceiving, aren't they?).

MARILYN MATTSON
 prefers
Roses
 from the
**GARDEN CITY
 FLORAL**
 119 North Higgins

Some Party . . .

I wish I could remember just what happened. Especially when we went out for the ride. I wonder if I can make it to the John. I think I could make it if I could leave my head here. Ooooh! Maybe I'd better lie down again. Now where is that other slipper? Oh, there it is way over in the corner. I wonder if I would black-out if I reached for it? Maybe I'd better go barefooted. Well what do you know, the sun is shining for a change. Good God! I'd better get my car out of the front yard before the landlady sees it. Now where is my toothbrush. . . . I wish someone would invent a toothpaste which would get that taste out of your mouth. There ought to be a law against serving liquor to minors.

I think I'll live now. A cold shower and a clean shirt sure make a difference. Let's see . . . car keys . . . they should be in this coat pocket. There they . . . what in the hell is this. . . . Oh, oh! . . . Where did I get these? Something tells me there is something about last night I don't remember. Look at these damn things. Chin up old boy. Maybe someone put them there as a gag. Who in the hell are you kidding. I wish I would get over this habit of picking up souvenirs. Oh well, first things first.

I hope the landlady doesn't notice the tire marks in the rose bed. I suppose I'd better go see Adaline. I wonder if it would be smooth to give back these black jobs? I guess I'd better wait. They might not be hers. I'll be clever and just hint around first to see if she lost anything. Well, here I am. Lord have mercy on my soul.

"Hi, Alice, is Addie up yet?"

"Hi, Sam, ya, she's upstairs. Say, nice work old boy."

"Thanks, Alice." Up stairs . . . well . . . NICE WORK! . . . Good God! Don't tell me the whole world knows. Maybe I'd better wait until I'm

stronger. Oh, oh, too late . . . here she comes. Boy, she sure is all smiles. Maybe this ain't going to be so bad.

"Mornin' sunshine." Oh no, I didn't. I must have. Why was I born?

Good morning, Sam, honey. I could hardly wait until you got here."

I'll bet you couldn't. Slow down old boy. Don't act surprised. Be nice, you're in it up to your neck so give it the old college try. There must be a way out of this. I wonder if you can get arsenic without a prescription? No, that won't do . . . It's a coward's way out.

"Neither could I." That sounded like the last moan of a sick calf.

"Aren't you going to kiss me?"

"Right here?"

"Sure, Sam, it's all right . . . now."

That's what she thinks. She's got the damn pin what does she want to torture me for? There, I hope that makes her happy. . . . If I have anything to say it'll be her last.

"How about some breakfast, Addie." I've got to have time to think this thing out.

"Do we have to eat, Sam? I don't want any food just now. I feel all kinda jumpy inside."

Kind of jumpy inside? This is worse than I thought. Wait a minute. You can't tell those things this soon. . . . That is I don't think you can. I've got to get out of here, I need fresh air.

"Say, Addie, if you don't eat any breakfast I think I'll go over to the house and get some. I'll be back in about 30 minutes." I'll be back in about 30 years is more like it.

"O.K., Sam, I want to go back and finish telling the girls all about last night, it was so romantic."

What! The little idiot going to spread it around. To some people nothing is sacred.

"Wait a minute, Sam, did you find anything in the car last night?"

Did I find anything? You know it? Easy lad. Here it comes.

"Yeah, I found them."

"Oh, did I lose both of them?"

Lose both of them? How the blazes many does she wear? "I've got them what do you want me to do with them?"

"Why, give them to me, silly."

"Right now?"

"Yes."

"My God, there's people around."

"So what? It isn't the first time I've lost them."

Jesus, but she's calloused. I thought she was sweet innocence. I wish I knew what happened last night.

"Come on, Sam, give them to me, I got those earrings for my birthday and mother would shoot me if I lost them."

EARRINGS? "I didn't find any earrings. I found . . ." Oops! There goes the ball game.

Few people can account for the Balding Boy Editor's tirade against sororities last fall. Yet those who visited the Miles City Mite's office observed the palsied hands and darting pupils, smelled the wed-in-the-wood' aroma, and saw the miniature distillery in a filing cabinet could well account for the incoherent editorials.

Patti (Oh, the Kappa's will do, I guess) Woodcock now has a private steno in the North library, "Heavens," she complained, it's so hard to keep from duplicating these letters —oh! did I tell you? I'm working on my sixth pin!"

As hard as Kay Schultz tried, she couldn't get snowbound in North Dakota between quarters.

John Bennett's favorite saying seems to be, "Lessie (Sheridan) come home."

FASHION NOTE: The Kappa's are getting into boy's pants this spring.

NEWS FLASH: The travelling trophy for the "Mr. R." (Mr. Repulsive) award this year goes to Brice Toole Jr. He edged out his nearest contender, Ross Cannon, last year's chumpion. It took talent, Brice.

Don Cameron deserves some sort of mention but we don't know what the hell it would be.

Campus ("You name it, I'll feed it") Guy B. Cooper.

For Your Aber Day Picnic

REMEMBER

For Real Thirst
Enjoyment and
Pleasure

Request . . .

- Nesbits Orange
- Hires Root Beer
- Clicquot Club Flavors
- Budweiser — Kessler
- Old Style Lager
- Rocky Mountain

ALWAYS AVAILABLE AT YOUR
FAVORITE DEALERS

Zip Beverage Co.

Manufacturers and Jobbers

It's Time to Bowl

at the

LIBERTY BOWLING ALLEY

211 East Broadway

AFTER ABER DAY

it's the

MISSOULA DRUG

for

Cosmetics

Alkaseltzer

and

Many Other Values

HAMMOND ARCADE

The boys at the Sigma Nu house were split 50-50 on whether to put Roy Barkley up for Bearpaw of Spurs.

What is it that Pat Riley has that Tom Anderson wants and can't get anywhere else. . . . An automobile?

Bill ("The Bulk") Black, a small-time operator with big-time ideas, is planning to trade his Studebaker in for a Nash.

It used to be the "Kissin' Doggett" and the "Drinkin' Doggett," now it's the desperate and the dominated.

Bob ("Jungle Jock") Lamley, the boy with the body like a bear and a mind like a mink.

SIGN OF THE TIMES: Last year the Kappa's high command used to issue chastity belts, this year they figured they didn't need them.

We've finally discovered why Camile Olson looks so pale, Ed had a basement room.

Blue denims are big this spring and the biggest thing in blue denims is "Shaggy" Ross.

Dick (Casper Milquetoast) Wohlgenant, who thinks a girl's legs end at the knees, is floundering through the last of the four dullest years spent on a college campus. Dull, hell . . . with four girls on the string — Lee Ann (purity plus, but . . .) Stewart, Leona (Mercury street) Facincani, Berta (I play hard to get) Huebl, and Helen (Is Dean Ford only 45?) Lenhart.

LeRoy Thomas: Still can't understand why a girl would rather walk home a mile instead of staying and being satisfied.

Attorney General Olson thinks he's closed them all down but he missed Arnie Huppert's room.

Theme song for Mary Ann Dimock now is "A Hunting I Shall Go." Her favorite sport is bird-dogging her "sister's" male friends — out of season, no less.

Phyllis Treweek just loves sports. She rides horseback, but she can't stay on. She skis, but she can't stand up. Maybe it's the indoor sport at which she excels. For further information, contact Bob Kirk.

Outdoors again . . .



Make

OLSON'S GROCERY
your picnic supply headquarters this spring for foods, soft drinks and cold beer, go to . . .

OLSON'S GROCERY

2105 SOUTH HIGGINS

Wana Barton and Nana Paul are popular plus. They receive weekly a lovely box of garbage from MSC and from their loved ones.

Eleanor Anderson has been rooting for H. P. Brown all year, but he doesn't spend a cent on her. So she brings along her check-book to buy the Phi Delts beer.



The
H
A
U
G
E
N
S
T
U
D
I
O

A Picture for Every Need
25 Years in Missoula

520 South Third West Phone 2896



Stop in for Some
Cold Beer . . .

FAIRWAY DRIVE-IN

on 93

It is rumored that Dean Wunderlich and Dean Clow plan to stop necking on the campus.

Marcia (I feel so sorry for George Vucurovich) Oeschli saved his life when she consented to go back to him so he wouldn't join the army.

Sue Kuehn has a heart-throb in Victor, Montana. Now that Newton Buker has asked her to the Victor high school prom she's bought a high-necked formal. Newt has to chaperone.

Marlene Carrig and Rusty McKay have broken up completely. That's why she keeps asking how to act when she is out on a date with someone new.

For Its Picnics

The KAIMIN STAFF

Takes Its Gallon Jugs

To Be Filled at the

**CRYSTAL
BAR**

•
Beer

Only

99¢

a gallon

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE: Dresses sold for ridiculous figures.

WANTED: Sofa girl for afternoon and night shift. Must be fast and understand grill.

FOR RENT: Sleeping groom for one person.

FOR SALE: Baby bed, complete. Also new matching wedding and engagement rings.

WANTED: Beautician, all-around operator.

LOST: Lead pencil by Charlene Claxton, brunette, brown eyes, five foot four, fond of boys and dancing. Finder call DG house, anytime.

Hap (I love life spelled m-e-n) Harris has been seen knitting argyles for Frank Martin down at the Missoula Brewery, where she is currently employed as chief hop crusher.

Patty (Sexy Prexy) Walker could give the sisters lessons on proper conduct in a motionless vehicle. Junior (I wonder if it'll be Bill or me) Moline has been fined \$25 for improper conduct.

Jo (please fix me up with a date) Zimmerman should climb off the sisters' backs and do a little spadework on her own.

The Sigma Kappa Purity League for the preservation of higher morals is now under the auspices of Jane (chief petty officer) Valentine, Mickey (beer—what's that) Mannen, Ruth (I spoke to a man two years ago last December) Neptune, Phyl (college men are so rough) Lane, and Angie (what does s-e-x spell?) Oberto. But the League has almost given up a few rum-soaked upperclass women.

It's a Good Day!

Who isn't happy to hear the ringing shouts of "Aber Day!" Immediately... without another word, you think of enjoying yourself. It's your day to slip into some casual clothes — help put a new, clean face on the campus grounds. Your day to take part in the fun, frolic, buffoonery. Aber Day means a good time.

Just as you remember Aber Day as a good day, we want you to think of a fine place to shop as...

The Mercantile

Mary Bohling says that Jeffie Doggett is not the ugliest man on campus. Just ask him.

Leslie Ann Lind looks as if she has settled down to the quiet life of a pinned woman. Now that she has Rich Gunlickson made over let's hope she sticks to him.

Janet (I just gotta have a man) Gnose evidently can't hijack any more Missoula men. Perhaps that explains her weekly excursions to the Leda by way of the Smelter city.

"The shortest distance between two dates is a good line," says Marilyn Schuck.

Frank ("I've covered the campus three times") Kerr seems to have traded his sex book for a check book and ended up with Gay ("The Vac") Vannoy.

A Wyoming paper reports that a notorious group of teen-age girls called the "Sexy Six" started fining the members who didn't engage in intercourse at least once a month. The president reports that so far a dime hasn't been collected.

Lois ("woman's best friend is man") Staudacher has become a guiding friend of Judy (Innocence) Brown—a case of the blind leading the blind.

"Don't Tell Me, I Already Know It" Ralph Olson is all a-glitter since the North Hall crowd has been chowing (to use the term criminally) at Corbin. Are you really gonna expand your extensive education, Ole?

FAIRWAY DRIVE-IN

on 93

for

CHICKEN IN THE BASKET

and

BASKETBURGERS



PAT GRAHAM

and

CHUCK ROBEY

Recommend the
Fine Atmosphere

at

Elmer Shea's

DOUBLE FRONT BAR

121 West Railroad

John Notti is thinking of installing a dance floor in his car. He says the car has been used for everything else. Bob Zarr wasn't available for comment at the time of this printing. Watch for next year's printing—he's sure to have mellowed with age by that time.

"Canvasback" Chuck Bradley is still shopping around downtown for his entertainment. Bought anything yet, Charlie? Anything to get a special rate on long-distance calls, huh?

Jim Purcell has been making a weekly sojourn to Helena and it ain't to see the governor, either. But for a little gal Maureen Finstad swings a lot of weight—and it's all in the right places.

Jeanne ("Sensational loves") Couture works hard for everything that interests her but always gets more out of it than anyone else would. Bob Hoyem would be the one to quiz on that score.

Ginger (Coffee cups and cigarettes) Rowe seems to have proven herself one of New Hall's adept conversationalists. Why else would all kinds of Corbin hall men join her in the tunnel ramp?

Betty ("All the time it's rabbits") Geary divulges more secrets when asleep than most people do when they're awake.

Did you hear about the pair of saberjets who spent the night at the Missoula airport?

Helen (Unsecretive) Davenport, Bonnie (Coke bottles have many uses) Cox and Paula (Hot-rod) MacMillan are often in New hall news. That in itself is a mark of distinction.

Wonder if the Theta Chi's realized when they moved out of their house spring quarter what a hardship they made for Pat (I'm so innocent) Turrell? Or maybe it was just for Ray (Look at my big shoulders) Berg that she used to gaze out the window of the Alpha Chi house.

Jerry (Just look at my curves) Holland broke all her previous records by going steady with Bob (the operator) Mooney. Can it last when the chase wears off?

Is Joan (I'm loaded with sex) Allen giving Boyd (the well-rounded type) Baldwin the run-around or is it vice-versa? Kinda looks like six of one and half a dozen of the other.

Lane ("I plan to sell pianos") Justus has been keeping his yoyo-type pin in his pocket lately. It isn't everyone who can hang and get his pin back three times in six days—to the same girl at that.

Jake (Skylight) Hoffman seems to have acquired a very decided interest in a certain working girl. It would probably be more relaxing for him if he would spend more of his evenings at home.

Gene (I'm not short, you're tall) Hoyt has his eyes on some elevators at the Merc. I don't care if I have to look up your nose, he says. I'm a graduate student, you know.

Tom (Tutti and I...) Sherlock had better hurry and decide between the Kappas and the Phi Sigs. He's going broke trying to pay two house bills.

Jim ("Sure I'd like to pin her, but I can't remember who has my pin") Reid has developed a nasty habit of getting a date for a Phi Sig formal 15 minutes before the dance.

Tom (am too a man) Lindeman is slated to play center for the Grizzlies next fall. Says Tom, "It's logic—I can sing better'n Jim Murray—besides I've got brains."

WHEN YOU BOWL...

BOWL AT

**SCOTTY'S
BOWLING ALLEY**

Formerly the Echo

19 East Broadway

The

BLACKFOOT TAVERN



Mommy — Can I go
to the Blackfoot with
Dick Smith?

The place to go!

Moose Miller

and

Lew Keim

ALWAYS CLEAN UP

ABER DAY

AT THE

NORTHERN
BAR