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### Campus Rakings, 1953

Theta Sigma Phi. Kappa chapter (University of Montana)

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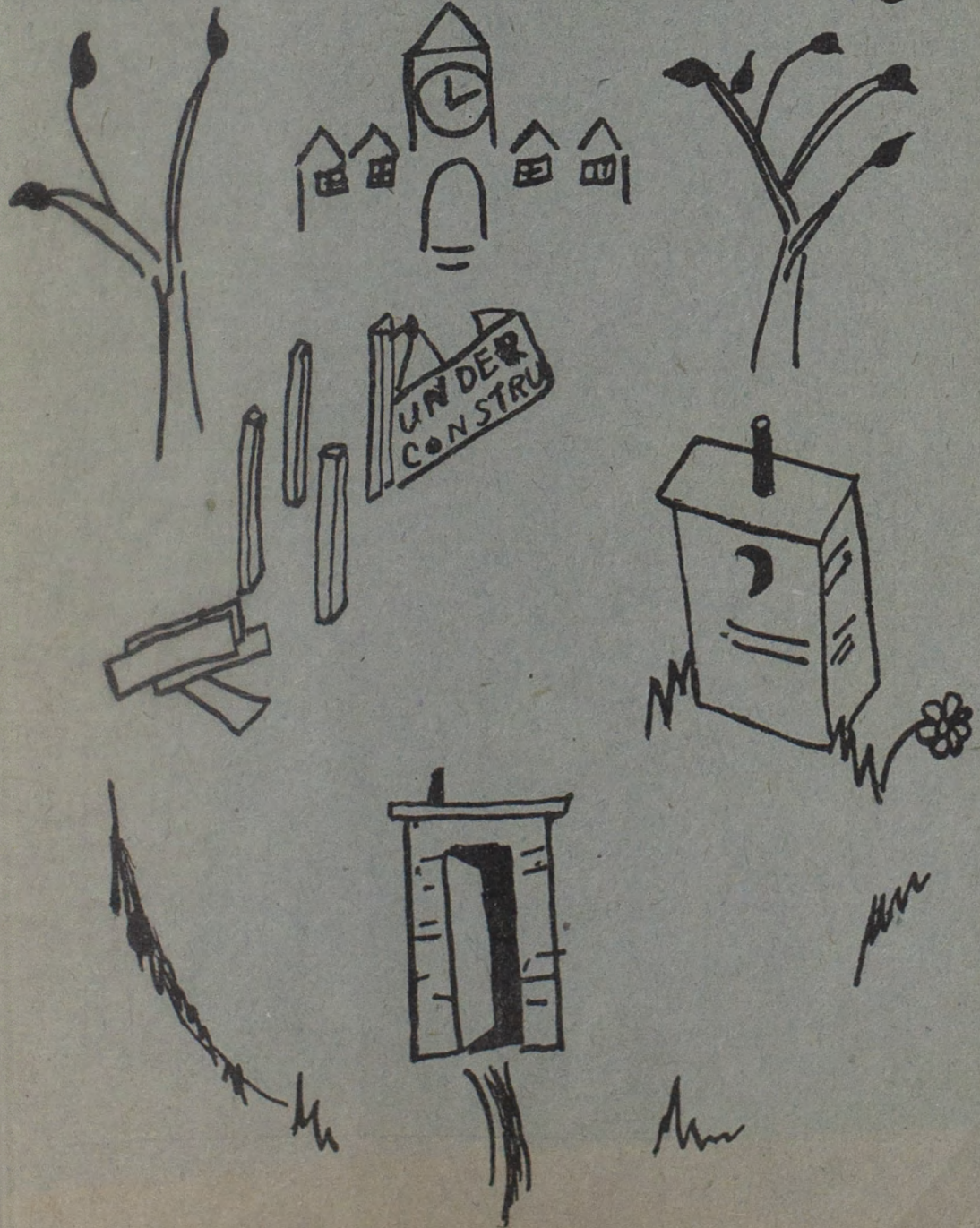
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1953

ARCHIVES

CAMPUS  
1953  
RAKINGS



## CAMPUS RAKINGS

Printed for the students of MSU who never get their names in the religious daily with the attitude in mind that even though there are new buildings and less parking space the oval is always available.

### ABER DAY — 1953

Marcia (I keep forgetting—I'm not pinned anymore) Oechsli loves Aber Day and the "man who holds the key." She's anxious to learn the future of both this afternoon at the much-debated High Court.

It looks like Donna (Sweetheart of Inter-Fraternity Bar has finally decided on the Sigma Nus and settled down to Harry (I'm so understanding) Fuhs.

Laura (anytime, anywhere) Ryan and Fred (me, foo) Ely keep passersby at North Hall entertained.

Paul (Anybody got a cigarette?) Becarri bought a pack of cigarettes the other day. After he thought of his reputation he threw it away.

Mary Ken (At last a pin) Patterson. 'Nuff said.

Jack (Many loves) Streeter should concentrate his efforts on one subject.

Professor, upon seeing three night owls in tuxedos one morning: "I would rather commit adultery than attend class in evening clothes."

From the back of the room a muffled voice replied: "Hell, who wouldn't."

Don Swerdfeger believes in living in style. He pins a girl, gets the use of her car, and then chases other women with it. How about it Marlene Crane? Why not forget to fill the gas tank next time and watch him look your way once more.

Virginia Balkovetz is playing the game very smoothly. She accepted a ring from a guy back home and then gave it to Lee VonKuster so that they could become engaged.



Gerli

says...

BOUNCE TO THE

# Blackfoot Tavern

## I Was Immoral for the Moral Standards Committee

My job is tough and I walk alone. One misstep and the frat brothers will know who's squealing, but it's the only way to fight the immoral menace.

I received my orders April 20. There was to be a picnic at the Blackfoot on Aber Day. Normally this would be a nice picnic with sack racing games, sandwiches, and pop. But the committee had learned that immoral influences were taking hold.

My job was to learn the name of the leader and to find evidence to bring him or her to justice. It was dirty business — I hated every minute of being immoral.

As the sun elbowed its way between Mt. Sentinel and Mt. Jumbo, I arrived on campus. A knot of tough looking mugs wearing maroon sweaters milled in front of the women's dorm. Going on a hunch I walked over to them but at that same moment, the one who had been observing his wristwatch yelled, "Okay, men!" They rushed into the hall like Mary Mattson to a Student Union meeting. From within I could hear feminine shrieks, some in hysteria, some in agony.

I felt I was on the right track if I could but find the ringleader of this mob. As I opened the door to the hall, I saw an elderly lady who gazed at me with tired but hostile eyes.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"The house mother," she said.

I figured she was lying so I slapped her. I lit a cigarette for time to think. I was about to ask her who she thought was responsible for the immorality but another mob of mugs in white sweaters charged into the door.

I barely slipped into a safe corner. The housemother wasn't so quick and there wasn't a safe corner for her anyway. She went down with a moan. As I followed the mugs up the stairs, I look back and saw her crumpled in the doorway. It was too bad; I had one less lead.

The upper floor was confusion and chaos. Like the rest of the mugs, I dumped mattresses in the hallway while down the corridor a sensuous band played "Up With Montana."

By this time everyone was leaving. As I dumped the last drawerful of lingerie, my eye caught the hard glint of a sorority pin. Behind the sorority pin was a dame, or rather a girl. "Lovely," I thought as I allowed my eyes to — and she looked like a good lead to the immoral influences. Before I could speak to her, a blonde put her head in the door and

nodded. Sorority Pin followed. I felt I was on the right track — I'd keep my eye on her.

Outside, a crowd had gathered and milled restlessly. One of the mugs noticed Sorority Pin was wearing lipstick. Five of them rushed at her. I tried to fight my way through but the last I remember is a crushing blow on my head. Everything went black.

When I awoke, the crowd had dispersed except for one of the mugs. I sat up to rub my head. The mug shoved a rake in my hand and said in a sandpaper voice, "Get to work."

Weak and dazed, I shoved the rake to and fro for two hours. At noon, the crowd again gathered itself at the barbeque pits. I hoped to see Sorority Pin. I noticed everyone buying little pamphlets. Here I thought is how they receive their orders. After reading the obscene jokes and obscure gossip in the pamphlet, I decided it must be in code. I carefully noted the names of those mentioned in it.

The afternoon became unbelievable chaos. I behaved as immorally as I could, hoping I would find Sorority Pin. I fought in the greased pole climb; I used my hands in the flour-money hunt; I had one foot over the starting line in the sack race; I wouldn't let the pig loose for a second try.

Suddenly a secret order seemed to go through the crowd. Everyone piled into automobiles and drove to the picnic grounds. Here I thought is where I find the ringleader. At 4:32 p.m. for the sake of duty, I drank a beer. Still there was no obvious command. At 4:36 p.m. I drank another beer. Someone suggested climbing a mountain and a small group left the party. At 4:41 p.m. another beer. At 4:47½ p.m. I came back to the picnic grounds and took up a beer. At 4:50 p.m. Sorority Pin still streaked with lipstick walked by. I asked her where she was going.

She said it was none of my business. I stood up and tried to follow her but the ground shifted suddenly, and I was forced to sit down for another beer.

At the Moral Standards Committee the next day, I could only report my conclusion that the entire student body is corrupt and that all should be expelled.

My job is tough and I walk alone.

As far as Joanne Geiseck is concerned, Wes-can-Camp on her doorstep anytime.

Carolyn (you mean there are other frats besides Sigma Nu?) Porter likes hanging around the house — and we don't mean KAT.

Adrianne (my manners are showing again) Borchers should include Emily Post in her reading. But who wants Emily when they've got Ed Stocking?

Jim (Flying Eagle) Reid recently bequeathed a pin to his latest squaw, Bobbie Pence. Rumor has it that Jim is a notorious Indian giver when it comes to fraternity jewelry.

Those one a.m. to three a.m. telephone calls are missed by the Kappas since Janet McKenzie and Neal McCurdy have settled their problems.



Warning to women: George Boifeuillet has finally shaved.

Carol Cushman is making quite a hit with Lew Keim who is now looking west instead of East.

Eileen Brown just can't decide what color hair she wants. A helpful hint — red, white and blue are real crazy for the Fourth of July.

Alicejane Carkeek and Janet (Purity Plus) Tierney share and share alike as far as Frank (I always take advantage of the innocent) Fowler is concerned.

Wiley Paulson's pin did a fast disappearing act when Ray (Romeo) Moholt entered the picture.

Jo Ann (Bird Dog) Grundstrom loves to date Pete (Lover) Brazier because Pete doesn't mind when Jo runs off to be "sociable" with Pat Curran.

Karen (black cars are pretty, but they're so common) Whittet seems to have changed a little since her journey to Atlantic City.

Gerene Wilson, Nan Hubbard, and Mary Ann Burnett are looking forward to the late spring picnics when they'll be non-Spur party girls.

Landlady: I thought I saw you taking a gentleman into your apartment last night.

Barbara Schunk: Yes, that's what I thought.

Georgie Fabert after enduring an almost dateless winter quarter took a hint and tried Listerine.

YUM...

Try Our Delicious Fried  
Chicken in the Basket  
with French Fries

ELMER SHEA'S  
DOUBLE FRONT BAR

121 West Railroad

Patti (I just can't seem to remember to check the time) Woodcock is anticipating some "cr-a-a-zy parties" come the end of her present campus.

Alpha Phis are thinking of building an annex for Toni Boyle's new spring clothes.

Prof. Diettert disapproves of students interfering with faculty parking.

Louis N. Elmore Jr., the Poor Man's Shakespeare, recently hung his pin on Donna (Bubbles) Mithune. That's the way to keep Phi Delta Theta out in front, Louie. Way out in front.

Perhaps the reason George Ostrum came back to school spring quarter was to look after certain interests.

Jerry (I like them to tell me I'm beautiful) Murphy, finally got the shaft. Congratulations Kay.

Gary (Bourbon and Rye) Mavity drank a glass of water a few days ago. We hear he is recovering from the shock.

Eilie (Miss Stocks and Bonds) Anderson, with all Missoula resources exhausted, is hoping the proposed summer cruise to the Caribbean will prove fruitful.

He: What's your name, Honey?  
 She: Waste.  
 He: What a coincidence. Mine's haste.

Too bad Larry Gaughan and Shirley De-Farth don't see more of each other.

Colleen (Dumb Dora) Carlyle and Bev (Easy Street) Herman always end up after the same man. Hal Gompf is the current catch.

Walter (Hard Knock) Jones has teamed up against big brother Hard Rock, in wrestling class. The result — sprained brains.

Because of the low price of cattle we hear Pat O'Hare is planning to start charging taxi fare from the Alpha Phi house to the campus.

Carlene Dragstedt and "that little boy" decided that it wasn't too neat to go steady. Since they reached the age of indiscretion their parents consented to a pinning.

**ABER DAY**  
 It's the  
**MISSOULA DRUG**  
 for  
**LIPSTICK**  
**ALKASELTZER**  
 and  
**ASPIRIN**  
 Hammond Arcade

**ABER DAY?**  
**PICNICS?**  
**Ice-Cream!**



**COMMUNITY**  
**CREAMERY**  
 Phone 3174

Bad news: Bob (90 proof) Jasken has received his pin back from "Cocaine Lil" who has been seen lately in cafe society (Sunshine Bar) with that eminent playboy, Charles Shelton.

Paddy (Damn, but I'm a hero!) Murphy, returning from a visit to old friends at Butte, has decided to give the MSU coeds a break and continue his untarnished reputation as the Don Juan of Pusan.

John Earll, boy beer keg, is making a scientific attempt to chart the vagaries of love. The statistician is particularly interested in graphing cycles.

Ron (Tiger) Faust, after having failed successively as a drinker, fighter, and a lover, has firmly resolved to outdrink any girl he picks — Gorgeous George included.

Chuck Swain has Tarzan eyes. They swing from limb to limb.

One strawberry to another: If we hadn't been in the same bed we wouldn't be in this jam.

Auntie, you've been hoarding."  
"No, sir, at least \$20 of that is washing money."

Mack Anderson has been spending his leisure time tinkering around the Hetler home.

Don (Hoot) Cameron, also-ran in the hairiest chest contest, stubbed his toe on a rocky grid-iron when five years old. His vowed purpose in life since that memorable incident has been to wreak just retribution on the football profession. He selected the MSU pigskin poker club to antagonize because he discovered that Jim Murray has a hairier chest than he.

SHIRLEY PERRINE

and

BILL MORRISON

like

Afternoon Snacks

at the

**FROSTY - WAY**

814 South Higgins

P. J. (They're either too young or too old) Casey, after a disappointing high school romance, was seen eyeing Ellie (I am not his aunt) Anderson again.

Pattie (You can live again kids, I'm back in town) Weitzman won't be taking too many excursions from Spokane to Missoula this quarter since Lefty is playing for the Spokane Indians.

It didn't help Shirley (Damn those Sigma Nus) Perrine to get pinned. She still stays home on week ends.

Forester named Dave Kauffman can't cut mustard when competing against Bozeman farmers named Bill Haskinson. Right, Gert?

## 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

Could it be that the Easter bunny has a crush on Joyce Johnson? 'Tis rumored that she finds leather jackets instead of the conventional eggs on Easter morn. Why dream of a White Christmas when other holidays are so profitable, huh Joyce?

Latest candidate for the title of Man-of-Many-Talents: Matt (there ain't nothing in this world to make life worth living except jets and Jeannie) Mattson. The junior fly boy is America's number one ace with a needle and thread, and according to all reports he's the greatest thing since the invention of the sewing machine. The Arlee thrush believes in breaking them in early it seems. Any Jubileers needing gowns hemmed are requested to call the SPE house. Rates reasonable; work excellent.

The "we doubt if it will do any good" department: the course Paula (isn't Neil cute?) MacMillan took in ethics last quarter.

Bev Praetz should get a sponsor. The English department's poem broadcasts are tame compared to the readings to the sisters of purple passages of letters.

Breathes there a mon with soul so dead that never to Kay Nordby has said, "Let's go places and do things, kid?"

Phyllis Bradbury is the only girl on campus who takes an early morning drag on a cigarette and promptly falls down a flight of stairs. Reckon it just depends on what kind of cigarettes you smoke — or could it be perhaps that Joe has a special delayed action kiss?

The explosion which would occur if a certain supposed fiance found out the number of playmates Anna Jane Caldwell has would make the atomic bomb look like a slightly soggy firecracker.

The "my kingdom for a camera" category: Ginger Rowe just after she's washed her hair.

Donna Fleshman is a Spanish expert and certainly well qualified to converse with the peoples of Spanish speaking countries, but since when do they speak Spanish in Anaconda?

Mickey Mannen ought to get a job drumming up business for a doctor. She's given out at least one set of ulcers that we know of.

Enos Clark has stopped telling those hot jokes since he and Dale Barde have gone their separate ways.

Dick (I've found my) Joy with Lois (Purity Plus) Staudacher.

Hollis McCrea has finally taken the yo-yo off his pin. It looks settled for good, or does it?

Judy Hardin and Kerm Hartly are in their fifth season together. Those Billings romances are slow to develop. Bad climate?

Marshall Murray has just ordered four new suits from Omar, the Tentmaker.

Patsy (Oh, I'll go on a diet yet) Anderson is still searching for a man. It seems Jim Abbott didn't fill the ticket.

We wonder when Marie Duff will come down from her cloud and mingle with the masses?

Betty (Everybody's corrupt but me) Elmore was shocked when she discovered that even the seniors read love comic books.

**ALICE PLEDGE**

prefers

**ROSES**

from the

**GARDEN CITY  
FLORAL**

119 North Higgins

**On Aber Day**

Stop in at the

**BLUE FOUNTAIN**

for a Cooling Soft Drink

**Florence Hotel**



Rachel (I'm bored) Kinney found that being president of the house was sometimes difficult, but so is Bob (Who cares?) LeClair.

Deacon Anderson: I say there, old chap, do you serve women in this bar?

Bartender: Sorry, you have to bring your own.

Claudia Francois—the kind of girl who wears dresses which keep everyone warm but her.

Scott (Look at all the famous men that are bald) Cunningham proved that senility is not a bar to romance. Rumor has it that he has started going to church. Will a toupee be next?

Is Rosie Laing really one of the boys as far as the Phi Deltas are concerned?

Hank Henline holds the record of being blackballed by all seven sororities on campus. His latest version of "Beauty and the Beast" (Hank and Mary Ellen Erickson) seems to have flopped — can't hold her liquor.

Carol Kronmiller is just as efficient as house manager of the KKG house as she is at managing Bob Gibson.

Sigma Chi: What kind of a dress did your girl wear last night?

Sigma Nu: I don't remember much except that it was checked.

Sigma Chi: Boy, that must have been some party.

Rita (lonely but loaded) Steinbrink) has been quoted as stating in a sociology project that she finds school spirit lacking on this campus. There's plenty of spirit, Rita; you just haven't uncorked it yet.

Patty (his name may be Junior, but he's a big boy now) Walker is getting mighty anxious for those wedding bells. The sisters tell us all her money goes for filmy little fur-belows.

The long-standing Sigma Kappa Purity League has been reorganized under new management and has combined efforts with the Sig Ep White Pillar of Virtue Club. You might say that the club is using reverse tactics from last year's organization.

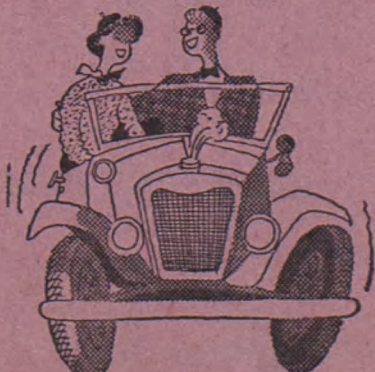
Bob (How could 150 girls be wrong) Peden's social standing has dropped a little since last quarter. He had to call six different girls for the last Sig picnic. Sixth fiddle isn't so bad when 150 girls crowned him prince.

Dick (Complications) Shadoan is having more luck in social circles lately since the word got around that he is out of the infirmary. Don't rush, girls.

## FAIRWAY DRIVE-IN

Home of the Basketburger

Fish Chips • Thick Shakes



Highway 93

After Aber Day

It's the

## STUDENTS STORE

for

ALKASELTZER

COSMETICS

WASH SOAP

COLD TABLETS

and

MANY OTHER VALUES

Earl (How to be popular or just write a musical review) Dutton finds it rather hard to adjust to MSU life after taking an active part in the pantie raids on the campus of Wisconsin. I think you should know, Earl, that the boys at MSU don't wear panties so why not try the women's halls?

Sight of the Season: Ray Yardley wearing a 16-gallon keg of beer around for a suit with all the beer still in it.

Gayle Murphy rented too large an apartment for just one person so she advertised for someone to share the living with her. The advertisement was withdrawn when Carl (I've got a key for every lock) Olson applied for the position. Nice living if you can get it.

Bob Isner has started a recreation club of his own. He watches the swing in the back yard of Rosalyn Pfeifer. Can anyone else join?

Zane (If at first you don't succeed Tri Delt) Smith has applied this psychology and came up with a peppy wish named Betty McLeish. Watch out, Zane, she two eyes and only one of them is for you.

Doug Dawson arrived this year from Kodiak, Alaska, and has really lived in the wild areas. He tells the story of seeing a baby that was born half animal. "She has a bear behind," he explained. Well, Doug, if I were you I would stick to swimming, you may get a stroke.

Don (I'm so lonely fellas) Hardisty is still wondering just what he did to alienate himself in Corbin. It could be that the fellas don't like people listening at doors, or peeping over shower stalls, but then remember, Don, that is only a guess.

Why is the air so cool between Jo Ann LaDuke and Ray Moholt? Is it because she did the chasing during fall quarter and he didn't fall for her charms.

Doina Pubesco once made the statement: I don't want to go with just one boy all the time but want to circulate, and go out with lots of men. Maybe that is why she sits at home — dateless.

GARY MAVITY

and

BENNY LARSON

Fill Their

Gallon Jugs

for

Law School Picnics

at the

CRYSTAL

BAR

BEER ONLY

99¢

A GALLON

Stop in for Some  
Cold Beer...

FAIRWAY DRIVE-IN



on 93

Walter Luedtke created quite a stir down at the Tri Delt house when his girl felt so proud of the ironing job she did on his clothes that she hung them up for all to see. The housemother not only made him take his clothes out of the house but gave him the address of a local laundry.

Hal (I won a letter for my love technique) Gompf is certainly getting pale from visiting Kay Nordby each night in the basement of New Hall.

Carl (My heart cries for you) Westby has finally decided that Mickey (On again, off again) Mannen just isn't worth two heart-breaks and has turned his attention toward his studies. The most popular book in his collection is "How to Win Friends and Influence People."

The Greek God, ASMSU President Lambros, really wows the frosh, especially DG's named Bobbie Atkinson. Looking for an A in psych, Danny?

Larry (I'll string along with you because I don't dare play on my own) Coloff is still trying to borrow Carol Critelli's cello bow in order to get enough guts to string along with her.

"Kissin' Ted" Cogswell has been practicing smoke jumping in preparation for his parachute jump on North Hall for a rendezvous with the Moonlight Girl. He's trying to stay one jump ahead of "Kissin' George" Ostrum.

George (Too old to cut the mustard) Swords has started collecting flour sacks full of brass doorknobs and they all seem to resemble Betty Smith. The only trouble is she won't allow him to touch the knobs.

Murray Cannon found out it isn't so easy to get through MSU when your father isn't Lt. Governor. But, what the heck, when you get 10 credits for rooming with Tim Powers, why worry?

"Say, mister, can yuh gimme adime for a cup of coffee?"

"Surely, but don't you know that coffee is only five cents?"

"Yeah, but I'm keeping a woman."

Happy Dick (They never gave the old Darc any support) Hansen has Dotted his record by going with one girl for more than one quarter. The old vet, eyeing the opposing team from Helena still is able to report that he scored twice last time he played.

Make

**OLSON'S GROCERY**

Your picnics supply headquarters this spring. For foods, soft drinks and cold beer, go to . . .

**OLSON'S GROCERY**

2105 South Higgins

**It's Time to Bowl**

at the

**LIBERTY BOWLING  
ALLEY**

211 East Main

**GOOD FOOD**

- Snacks
- Meals

**CHIMNEY  
CORNER**

540 Daly

We wonder if Harry Burnell really thinks it is worth the effort of having a broken leg to get Meredith Bear to carry his books. Depends where she carries them we guess.

Kayel (My hair really is this blonde, honest) Martinson, the little girl from "Whittle," has sworn off boys for good. But men—well, that's a horse, or rather male, of a different color.

Swing and sway with Sammy  
Kaye,

Or dance and sweat with  
Charley Barnet.

But DON and ARNIE and  
PAT THE CAT

Will swing all night.

Now how 'bout that!

The drinks are bad, the dancing  
poor.

We hope that you'll want more  
and more.

So, make it man, and bring your  
chicks

Cause we make with the crazy  
licks.

Special Rates for  
Groups Over 80

HAWTHORNE  
CLUB

265 West Front

Bill (I like high school conferences) Jones always looks as tired as a house mother at 1 o'clock on Saturday night, but that's because he works twice as hard during the week to save the weekends for Seattle trips. Seems a dame...er lady lives there who writes him "passionate" letters.

Epitaph on grave of Lew Keim:

Four Brandies

Three Ryes

Two Scotches

One bier.

One of the new hall girls who pals around with Carol Crouch, Beth Robocker, and Ebbie Johnson likes cowboys. In fact that's why she came West. Now if Jack Daniels, Pat Curran, Mickey Luckman, or Jim Habeck will learn to ride a horse, they might well be eligible.

Have you noticed those recent additions to Don Talcott's wardrobe? Korean clothing drive.

Wisdom: Knowing what to do.

Skill: Knowing how to do it.

Virtue: Not doing it.

Gerri Mitchell and Tink Hetler bet each other that the other would be pinned by Aber Day. By the time the story got back to a couple of SAEs, the stakes had climbed to a case of beer and the bet was that both would be pinned. Well, girls, who won?

Joyce Pikkula's glad refrain this year is, "Ah, that star-gazing class. Just me and all those men, but I like the labs best of all."

Cec (Music is my middle name) Ullman and Richard (Dig my crazy haircut) Eicholz have cut out their early morning job sessions at Jumbo practice house. Five a.m. must have been too early.

GIRLS

After Aber Day

Step Out in

FRESH, CRISP COTTONS

from

Cummins

STORE FOR WOMEN

Don (Grain Alcohol) Enebo is waiting out the test drills on his Canadian property.

Lee Bayley has a crush on girls who wear half and half sweaters (neither half properly filled) and came up with one named Janice James. Too bad she's too busy to give him a tumble. Someone should.

Rosie Cousens locked herself in the shower at the Sig Kap house and there she stayed for one-half hour. Jim (I take after my father) Ford Jr., waiting downstairs, offered his services but was refused. Finally with the aid of a stepladder and stool Rosie got out.

Did you hear about Jack Zygmund? He went crazy trying to get the last word with his echo.

Reba (I just love seminar, I really do) Turnquist gets the biggest, fattest Valentines. With purty flowers, too, and signed "Love, Hammerhead." So never again can Curly say "Nobody loves me."

Muriel (I'll get even with you, Jerry Murphy) Griffin doesn't stand out in Murphy's eyes as much as Delores Douglas.

The strictly platonic friendship of Gordon Travis and Patsy Fraher has the campus wondering. Their explanation! Old, old friends from Moberidge. Besides its so convenient.

We understand that Jimmie at the New Brunswick got a blind date for Emmett Hoynes with lady named Gramma. Of course Emmett claims it isn't true.

*... be active on Aber Day!*

Roll up your sleeves, jump in and take an active part in today's work and play. Traditionally a day of good fun and good fellowship, Aber Day is your day — to make it what you will. We hope you'll make it a day of constructive work and happy participation... and thoroughly enjoy yourself.

As you remember Aber Day a good day, we want you to remember a fine place to shop...

*The Mercantile*