THE FROSH-PONENT

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No Flies On M. S. C. Campus With Construction Of Student Union Building Under Way

After Forty-six Years Of Delay; Student Senate Announces Drastic Changes

After all these years of inactivity, in which their prime donation to the well-being of Montana State college has been sanction of the sale of 2-for-a-nickel apples by the bookstore, the student senate's Rip Van Winkles yesterday rolled over, opened an eye or two, came forth with an announcement, and then like the groundhog, went back into hibernation—there to remain until after the next World war, perhaps.

The august solons of Montana State's governing body, from William (Julius Caesar) White on down the line to the one who waters the flowers on Capitoline Hill, said something somewhat as follows, to-wit: "Construction of the new student union building begins soon, only 46 years after the Montana State college student senate began petitioning for the structure. We have needed this building for 46 years. And why not? Do you think it's comfortable sleeping in here?"

Ye Scribe, by sticking about a bit and listening to the solons mumbling through their beards during their more lucid moments, learned there have been several alterations in structural plans, as well as an important change in the ultimate locale of said student union building.

Built On Frog Pond

The building, it has been definitely learned, will be situated at the present site of the frog pond, south of the Federal Bureau of Entomology's grasshopper factory. The fish now residing in the frog pond will, necessarily, have to be cast adrift on the waters of the Gallatin, to shift for themselves, but such is the course of all progress.

One of the reasons for selecting the site was that necessary excavation will be cut about in half through use of the yawning cavity which will remain in M. S. C.'s broad acres once the fish, and the water, have been removed from the pond. Then the pond itself will be removed and the basement will be practically completed.

The money saved on excavation expenses, as a token of the gratitude of M. S. C. students, will be sent to Helena and placed in a special fund from which state legislators can vote themselves additional expenses, etc.

Named Branegan Hall

The student senate, ye scribe further gleaned from the mumblings which were intermingled with the snorings, has determined to call the new structure Branegan Hall in honor of Dr. Gladys Branegan, through whose cooperation and efforts the present site, and the system of kitchens, was made possible. The senate had thought a better name would be Legislative Hall, as a further token of the esteem in which that august body in Helena is held in the hearts of us, the people of Montana State college, and as a partial reward for their arduous efforts in obtaining this, and other, buildings for us, the people of Montana State

(Continued on Page Six)

Li'l Abner?



Prexy Strand

Algernon, Abernathy, Abraham, Absalom, Andrew, Adonis, Alphonso, Augustus, Aubrey, Amos — all these names have been suggested to replace the mysterious initial "A" in the signature of Dr. A. L. Strand (who occasionally deigns to identify himself as A. Leroy Strand.)

To settle this perplexing question which threatens the peace-of-mind of the M. S. C. student body, the Frosh-ponent will sponsor a christening contest to select a suitable name for the prexy. The contest rules follow:

1. Choose the name beginning with A which you think best suited to express the personality of the chief executive of Montana State college. Write this name in shorthand, double-spaced, with purple crayon on the flap of an old envelope, tear off the flap and deposit it in the nearest waste-basket and mail the envelope to the Dead Letter Office, care of Jim Farley, Washington, D. C.

2. Each entry must be accompanied with one president (or two vice-presidents) of a campus organization, or a reasonably accurate facsimile thereof.

3. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, August 31, 1927.

Stoogents Register Saturday, March 4

Saturday, March 4, has been designated as Registration day for spring quarter. All students should re-register at this time even though they may be uncertain as to whether they will return for spring quarter. A late registration fee of $2.00 will be charged EVERY student registering after 5:00 p. m. of registration day. For the benefit of the students who are going to Missoula, it will be necessary, to avoid the fine, to have a friend take his registration cards through the sanctioning committee, the checkers, and to the Registrar's office.

The Registrar's office will be open for completing registration from 8 to 12:00 a. m. and 1:30 to 5:00 p. m. The sectioning committee will be in the library from 8 to 11:30 a. m and 1:30 to 4:00 p. m. The procedure is as follows: get registration cards, all class cards, and directory cards from your class adviser, remembering registration card must be signed by the class adviser; have classes sanctioned, and get o. k. from the checker's table.

Freshmen go to room 105 in Montana hall to complete registration. sophomores, juniors, and seniors and graduates go to registrar's office to complete registration.

Fees may be paid between Wednesday, March 8th and Monday, April 3rd.

Little International Show Here In May

Well, it's about time for the "Little International" to blossom out again this fine, warm, spring. As you all know, the "Little International" is the fitting and showmanship contest sponsored by the Ag. club for the students. A few more weeks should have us all charging out into the corral to catch the animal we want to show in competition with animals cared for by other students. May 17 the International will show in Bozeman for the benefit of the students, and on May 18, the show will move on to Livingston where it will be shown in the auditorium for the members of the Montana Stockgrowers Ass'n who have their convention there on May 18, 19 and 20.

NOTICES

Newman club will hold breakfast after 8:00 o'clock mass Sunday a. m., March 5.

Camera club meeting will be held Wednesday, March 8, at 7:30 in Herrick hall. Mrs. Hannon will speak on "Pictorial Composition." Every one welcome.

Registration Saturday, March 4. Sectioning in Library from 8 to 11:30 a. m. and 1:30 tot 4::00. Registration and directory cards from class advisor. Finish up in Registrar's office from 8 to 12:00 a. m. and 1:30 to 5:00 p m.

All students wishing to give speeches advertising High School Week during spring vacation see Mr. Hanson immediately. All material will be furnished.

Innocent Bystander Describes Strange Goin's-On In Mother Bennett's Domicile

"Ham Hall", the haven of sixty some sweet, dewey-eyed freshman girls who are under the all-seeing eye of Mother Bennett! What young lady does not have as her heart's desire the wish to live in this "holy of holies" where only the right things are done? But perhaps after all they are only birds in a gilded cage.

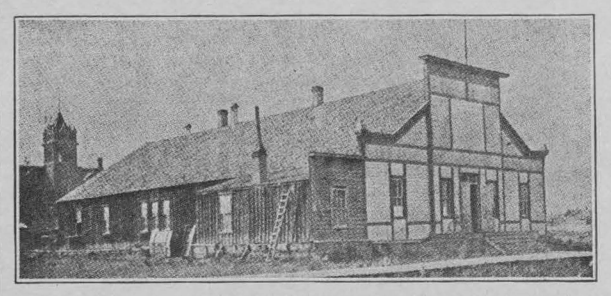
Now, for months and months I have wanted to see the goings on in this perfect home. The other night I was hunting for the botany lab when all at once where should I find myself but at a formal dinner at Ham Hall. The girls looked so fetching in their formals. By and by they ate and then more girls came and took all the dishes off the table and then they brought some more back on. This went on for an hour or so and then Mother led the parade upstairs. Gosh, was it fun!

One of the girls was just awfully nice and invited me up to her room. I wanted so badly to be a boy so that she could yell, "Man on second, and man on third." However, nobody paid the least bit of attention to me. Hundreds of girls were running around the halls calling each other Honey and Joe and Droop and asking to borrow everything from a bobby pin to five dollars.

My new friend's room looked as though something had happened to it; perhaps she just hadn't cleaned up the debris after the last earthquake. I wanted to pull up the shades in the room and look at the moon, but she wouldn't let me. Guess she was afraid of ghosts or something. Her roommate was hunting for some cold cream to grease her elbows with. She said she was greasing them "just in case". I wanted to ask her "just in case" what, but I guess it was "just in case" they needed it.

As it was nearing the hour of one, something inside told me that I should go downstairs and hear Mother Bennett bid the boys in the parlor good night. They all left when she said good night, and so did I. One of the boys took me home. Bet his girl at the dorm was mad, but I wasn't.

Branegan Hall



Above is shown the architect's conception of an exterior view of the proposed quarter-million dollar student union building project.

Missoula Kaimin Falls Flatter Than Flat At RMIPA Meet

Exponent Delegation To Salt Lake Brings Home The Bacon But Missoula's Journalists Flop In Spite Of $250,000 Building

The Montana Exponent, this same little paper (printed on white paper), edited and published by a bunch of M. S. C. goons who received their journalistic training in engineering laboratories and freshman English comp classes, romped away with a few honors in the Rocky Mountain Intercollegiate Press association competition at Salt Lake City last week.

And over the hill in Missoula, where Montana's greatest boast—the world's outstanding journalism department, housed in a brand new $250,000 building—puts out that tri-weekly (get it out one week; try to get it out the next) Kaimin, there are no honors to brag about.

Rather odd, these M. S. C. students. There's Vesta Robbins, an art student, as editor of it. And the business manager is Bernard Haley, an Ag Econ student who spends his summers as a forest ranger. And there are more art students and P. E. students and secretarials and others on the staff. Not a journalism student in the bunch. In fact, not even a journalism course. Nor any new buildings of any kind.

When the prize awards were handed out down at Salt Lake City the Kaimin-ites must have forgotten to be present with their clippings pinned on their vests. Anyway, the Exponent was awarded second for general excellence, third for front page, third for society page and honorable mention for sports page.

When the judges found they had finished passing out the honors, they found they had an honorable mention for advertising left over, so they gave it to the Kaimin.

Miss Robbins and all her staff (frosh excluded, of course) deserve a whole truckload of orchids for a tough job well done. She took over in the absence of the duly elected editor. She took over when the condition of the Exponent, financial and otherwise, was at the bottom.

She is the first to build the Exponent up to an enviable position from where it has heretofore been given scarcely more than a passing glance by the judges at the R. M. I. P. A. convention.

And she did it without a journalism department for critical persuastion, and with scarcely an office.

Robbins Sings Gridironers' Swan Song

"Down With Organizations!" Shouts Carry Nation II As Hatchet Work Begins

The "I'm Agin It" movement, which began back in the dark ages when Charlemagne was bopping off his enemies' gozzles over in France, and which has more recently become popular in the ranks of the Farmers' Union and German-American Bund is making its appearance on the campus of Montana State college.

The "I'm Agin Its" here are agin organizations. Their slogan is either "Whatever it is, we're agin it," or "Down with organizations, all of them." It is led by Miss Vesta "Carry Nation" Robbins and her little hatchet.

Miss Robbins is editor of the Exponent, member of the student senate, member of the board of publications, ex-member of the Gridiron club, member of Pi Beta Phi, (whoever that is), member of the Art club, (whatever that is) not a member of A. W. S. (whatever it does), member of Phi Kappa Phi (whatever it's for), member of Delta Phi Delta (also functionless) and member of several other organizations (whatever they are).

Robbins Chops

Miss Robbins intends to start her campaign by chopping down the Gridiron club. In an exclusive interview with the entire Frosh-ponent staff, she said: "There are entirely too many organizations on this campus. All of the useless ones should be eliminated. Instead of starting with the student senate and working up, I intend to start with the Gridiron club and work both ways. When I have completed my hewing and hacking, all the useless organizations will have been eliminated from our midst for once and for all time."

Subsequent investigation into the various and sundry organizations has revealed that when Miss Robbins' campaign has reached its ultimate termination this campus will be as free from organizations as a snake is from hips. The Frosh-ponent staff, after going around to meetings of all these organizations with a new vacuum cleaner and gleaning ever last vestige of dirt, little was found to collaborate any claim of greatness—from the student senate on up. Every bit

(Continued on Page Six)

Dramatics Dept. Lays 4-Hour Egg; Audience Catches Up On Sleep

Parody Of Famous Shakespearean Drama Proves Colossal Flop; Skull Steals Show But Is Welcome To It

Four hours of lengthy sitting on seats that began to get a trifle not so soft only further served to increase personal conviction of the "ham" in Hamlet. The A. S. M. S. C.—awful-silly-men-seek-the-crown (the crown of the dramatist, you understand) —production was presented in the same fire trap as serves to house those wealthy enough to crack down forty cents for a show.

"Umph" Missing



Bertram B. Hansen

In an exclusive Frosh-ponent interview last night following the final curtain of Hamlet, Director Bert Hansen made the following statement concerning the success of his most recent Shakespearean production:

"Well, of course, Shakespeare was all right in his day, and 'Hamlet' is a masterpiece of all time, and all that, but somehow it seemed to lack that certain something, that elusive 'umph' of, for instance, 'My Sables, Please' . . . . As for the actor's performances, they were all fine — except for one line . . . when Marcellus says, 'Something is rotten in the state of Denmark' . . . well, frankly — it stinks!"

ORCHIDS TO YE EDITOR

Frosh-ponent staff takes this opportunity to congratulate Vesta Robbins, editor of the Exponent, and her regular staff for their splendid work on the paper which made it possible for them to win second place in the RMIPA in Salt Lake City last week. May that achievement serve as a goal for us in the future.

Yorick, the king's jester, stole the show without a doubt. His perfect control of himself at all times, even under the adverse circumstances in which he found himself, certainly merits all the praises with which he was showered. So excellently did he do his part that the line should have read, "Alas, poor Hamlet. I knew him."

The sets were a source of much amusement, especially that one with the two-by-four cubby hole under the stairs. Said cubby-hole was more or less concealed by a curtain that had either shrunk or else was made very economically. And into this compartment, four players were seen to crowd at once. That is believed to be the all-time high. Poor Polonius certainly had difficulties concealing himself there before Hamlet's many entrances. Each time, there was a tell-tale remnant of a cloak, or the curtain was seized with convulsions that continued through much of the scene.

Particularly enjoyable were the sound effects of which there were none, if any. Quoth Horatio, "What does this mean, my lord?" as a flourish of trumpets and an ordnance shot off is supposedly heard. Silence, dead silence. But Hamlet White is undaunted and proceeds with the lines.

The last act in which most of the action takes place was spoiled, to say the least. Anyone who has had the misfortune to read the play knows that in the last scene of the last act, every third line is interrupted by a (he dies) or (she dies). That's exactly what happened in the play (though some thought everyone should have been killed off) except that the creaking of the seats as spectators adjusted and readjusted themselves, and the audible snores of those on which Hamlet had worked its spell, rather detracted from the scene. But then — !

There is one great joy that "Hamlet" brings, however. At least there won't be another of Shakespeare till next year.

P. S. The masterpiece was directed by Bert Hansen.

Rabbi Revolutionizes Joke-Telling Technic

Rabbi A. H. Fink of Spokane, Washington, helped to complicate the Jewish question Wednesday, February 22, when he spoke first at a general assembly and later to a chummy little gathering in the Little Theater.

Most outstanding in Rabbi Fink's formal address was his telling of jokes in the middle of his speech instead of at the beginning.

Hot Contest Develops Among Faculty For Putting-Students-To-Sleep Medal

This International Relations club has always intrigued me. It sounds so intellectual, somehow. I dropped in on one of their meetings last week to see whether the democracies or the dictatorships were winning, and it was really thrilling. When I got there, the room was dark as the inside of a parked car. I raised my eyebrows, but nobody quit, so I sat down and prepared to imbibe culture and any other refreshments possible.

Someone was throwing colored pictures on a screen—mostly landscapes of bored mountains (yes, definitely bored. I saw several yawning chasms). I asked who the entertainer was, and my neighbor told me it was Dr. Dod of the history department, and that he was very notorious on the campus.

"Dr. Dod," said my informant, "is a hypnotist. He's got a good chance to win that medal for putting more students to sleep more often than any other prof on the hill."

"Who else is competing?" I queried.

"Ninety per cent of the profs," said this fellow, "but Mr. Blankenhorn of the Secretarials was runner-up at the last count. Blankenhorn's handicap is his accounting class—the atmosphere there just isn't conducive to repose, with the book and the prof and the students disagreeing so violently. But then Dr. Dod doesn't have a 100 per cent score, either; last week when he lectured on Henry the Eighth the class was awake for over thirty minutes."

(Just then a picture of a chain-gang flashed on the screen. The man on my left told me it was Dod's European History class).

"Which is the best bet to win—Dod or Blankenhorn?" I asked.

"Well," said my friend judicially, "it's hard to say; they're running almost neck and neck. I bet on Blankenhorn, myself, because that Business Law course of his is a more powerful soporific than a double dose of knockout-drops. But Dod's voice has a certain sweet dreaminess about it—like a babbling streamlet—and when he really gets going mixing fifty little Balkan states together and repeating himself, neither man nor angel could beat him."

I am placing my bet at the parimutuel window tomorrow, but have not yet decided which is the man for my money.

INFORMATION

Name: Rho Delta Rho, a drinkers' honorary.

Purpose: To cooperate with the distillers and brewers of the country in making American colleges "drinking conscious."

Membership: Members are selected from that fortunate group who are able to buy a round of beers for the actives. A pledge may go active by buying a quart (any brand).

Standing: Local and general.

Particulars: It is a communistic organization dominated by one Royal Kang. They hold firesides every Saturday night at the Baxter and quarterly parties at Eagles hall during the flunkers' hop.

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DEDICATION

Not so many months ago some five-hundred odd, and we mean odd, neophites entered the sacred halls of learning in Montana State college. Thus we freshmen were exposed to the varied and sundry courses and profs on the hill. We have learned.

Today we are freshmen. Next year we are sophomores. Some of us. The next year we are juniors, maybe, and finally as Time Marches On some of us may even be seniors. Today, however, we are freshmen, and in that period we give you this issue of Frosh-ponent. It is yours. Yes, this issue is dedicated to the more fortunate and intelligent group who have passed the freshman stage in their development.

This is our one and only chance to lampoon upperclasmen without danger of libel and worse. It is conceived and written in the spirit of fun and we hope that everyone will take it in that spirit and without offense. As you read through these pages, and not between the lines, we ask you to enter into the spirit of the Frosh-ponent with us and sincerely hope that you will gain as much enjoyment out of reading it as we did from writing it. For, as Aristole or somebody else once said, "When no wrong is intended and no harm done, no offense should be taken."

NEED WE SAY MORE?

Freshmen aren't such terribly bad people. Or was that the general concensus of opinion until this paper came out? Anyway, the Frosh-ponent is out and loud grittings of teeth can be heard both near and far.

The regular staff is resting . . . at least they had no jobs on the paper this week. We hope that they aren't so ashamed of our perhaps meager efforts to publish this hilariously funny paper that they'll dispose of us as quickly as possible. After all we're here to learn, and are we learning!

To those of you who are, as the expression goes, burned up with the whole affair . . . recount your actions of the year and see if we aren't justified. And then heave a sigh of relief for there won't be another Frosh-ponent for a whole year. Praises be! S. C.

MORE ROOM PLEASE!

Gripes come and gripes go, some o. k., some without reason. But to the freshman staff, there is one custom on this campus that justly deserves criticism. It seems a pity that we, the students and supporters of this institution, should have to always take a back seat at the basketball games. Of course, it is true that there is much spirit lacking on the dear old alma mater campus, and for this reason the number of those attending the games dwindles to a shameful number at times. But for those who go, why shouldn't they be entitled to the pick of the crop? Who should be more entitled to this privilege? The townspeople do come sometimes, but are they privileged to ocupy the choice seats in the whole gym? Certainly, they should have good seats, but why all of them? We are all for turning a couple of good blocks in one section, not scattered over the whole gym, to the outsiders who are supporting our athletics, and then letting the students have the rest. It is fair maddening to go to the game, watch a seat remain empty all during the half, while you stand simply because somebody might stray in with a "comp." Rearranging the sections would take care of that, because then you know that if you don't arrive too late your chances for getting as good a seat as the townspeople are at least equal.

How about it next year, athletic department? J. M. S.

PASTEPOT and SCISSORS

IZZY NUTTY WRITES HOME

Dear Maw:

The Powers That Be (that is what the sophomores call President Strand and his friends) have started a new method for getting students through college with good grades. It is called the honor system. It all started because Bill White, who is one of the P. T. B., went for an airplane ride somewhere. Bill White gets ideas.

Different teachers think that the honor system means different things. Sometimes I get all mixed up, but then so do the teachers. We just started using it this quarter, and no one is very sure about it yet. I like it.

I guess the chemistry teachers got tired of watching us while we took tests because now with the honor system they just give us the test papers and then go out in the hall and play cards all period. My friends and I (it is a good thing to have a lot of smart friends under the honor system—sophomores know everything) work our problems together and it is very easy that way.

All the teachers don't use the honor system the same way. In English we don't even have tests any more. The teacher says, "Just tell me what grade you think you deserve. I am relying on your honor to tell me the truth." (English teachers read books and that is why they say such silly things). I think I will get an A in English this quarter.

The botany honor system isn't as nice. The teacher doesn't let us write our tests together. Whenever anyone sees two people helping each other, he (the person who sees) is supposed to stand on his head and sing "Hit the Line, Montana" real loud. This is a Sign, which tells the teacher that all is not well. The teacher then says to tear up all the test papers. That is fun. We have to take another test the next day. Some kids are in the chorus, I think, because they sure sing awful. We sing every day.

All the other honor systems aren't as much fun. Anyhow, everyone will get good grades from now on. The seniors will get the best grades because they know the most about the honor system, and they aren't afraid of any of the teachers.

I haven't any money again, and we have to pay $4.00 to an honor committee so that we can take tests under the honor system. I think that was the Student Senate's idea.

Love,
IZZY

DEAR IZZY—

Your Pa and me have sure been enjoying your letters of late—We was especially interested in the one where you told of the number of times you have had the chance to hear that world-famous lecturer and traveler—I think the name was Branegan—If you get another chance to hear her be sure and go—You really shouldn't miss such an educational opportunity as that.

About your trip to Missoula—You know, my boy, how we feel about that—I. M. Wild's son goes there and you know what he is like—So I guess you'd better call it off.

I had a letter today from one of your teachers—Dude or Dod or some such name—couldn't make out the writing so good. Anyway he said you didn't do so well on the Round-ups,—I don't know what it is all about—I only hope you haven't been riding any more of those bucking horses.

Dean Hamilton also wrote and told us you had made the All-American—We didn't know you could play football Izzy—Anyhow we're right proud of you.

Must go milk the cows now—Your Pa's on one of those Saturday night affairs again.

Love,
MAW.

SLIPS THAT PASS

Lost—Large red woman's purse.

Wanted—Butler to take care of a house without a wife.

A friend in need is a fiend indeed.

The villian tiptoed into the room, pointed the revolver at the innocent victim, and fried.

Next came the bride wearing a brown chiffon crock.

Frank Strong: "Taxi?"
Taxi driver: "Yes, sir."
Frank: "That's what I thought it was."

During the final two weeks, the average brain on the campus seems to be able to function no better than the following:

What color is a wedding? Wed!
What color is a shampoo? Drene!
What color is a ghost? Boo!
What color is a chuckle? Lafender!
What color is a belch? Burple!

As the usual Flunkers' hop approaches, we give you these little warnings:

Two pints makes one cavort.
A fool and his money are some party!

The following rules were recently posted in the Sigma Chi house:

No liquor of any kind will be allowed in this house.
Bottles will not be thrown from upper story windows.

Bill White, at the book store: "This little book will do half your work for you."
Don Cosner: "O.K. I'll take two."

Marian Schmidt: "This match won't light."
Sorority sister: "What's wrong with it?"
Smitty: "I don't know, it was all right a minute ago."

Question—How to make a Venetian blind?
Sophomore—Just stick an ice pick in his eye.

Senior—"Whatcha doin'?"
Humor Editor—"I'm writing a joke."
SR—"Tell her hello for me."

Sez the SX to the XO—"Oh, my darling, I crave to hold you close, I crave to hug you, I crave to kiss you, I crave to hang my pin." And sez XO, "Oh, just a crave man!"

Did you know there are no insane asylums in Arabia for there are nomad people there?

As Dot Willson Sez—

Beauties of winter the poets unfold,
But all I can think of, migosh but it's cold.

Critical Comments

MUSIC

By our substitute music critic

With the regular critic out to lunch this week, your substitute eight-ball man is going to abandon this column's usual tactful twitters and comment on the year's program with un-apple-varnished truth.

This Metlon, for instance, reminds us of the gooey roadshow heroes that used to hit our town and leave the waitresses and high-school Venuses dreamy-eyed for weeks. The Bartlett-Robertson concert was A-1, but wasted—the thing the student body commented on most was that striking dress of the lady's and her lovely ear rings. Ninety-nine percent of the students slept until the Blue Danube came along; they'd heard that before, anyhow. Some of our fellow students can recognize Humoresque if you tell them before-hand what it is, but they think Schubert's just the coach's first name, and Mendelssohn the guy whose father made experiments with inheritable characteristics of green and yellow peas, and Brahms a Hindu god. Our esteemed friends are "here to learn trades, not culture", and say brazenly that music is what accompanies firesides.

The policies of the Music Department, now apparently concentrating on Oppian showmanship rather than Goodsellian technique, are confusing. The orchestra, dead on its feet, seems to be worrying about exam week. And we hate to think of the minor players' rude awakening next year, when the backbone of the orchestra graduates. But the kids in the audience won't know the difference anyhow; so maybe there isn't any.

The athletes and the Aggies have something to look at, now. Six girls with sex appeal and Libby Holman mannerisms are now doing specialty work; and the chorus is beginning to resemble Ziegfeld's, which doubtless atones for the fact that some of its members are slightly tone-deaf.

It isn't so much the actual condition that bothers us as it is the trend. Give a camel an inch—. Give a man hot music, and he takes the jungle. Give a man Edgar Guest, and he'll take Don Blanding. Once the Roman Empire got started, it did a swell job of declining. If boy meets girl, events inevitably follow the line of least resistance. Here's to music: long may it semi-quaver!

ART

By our substitute art critic

A soft moan of ecstasy escaped my epiglottis (or is it laryngitis?) when I first perceived the masterful portraits of B. B. Hansen and A. L. Strand which adorn the front page of the Frosh-ponent. Never before had I experienced such an exquisite titillation of my esthetic sensibilities as on witnessing these delightful pictures, which will not only provide a welcome variation from the usual newspaper portraits of these personages but will also make an important artistic contribution to the readers' cultural life.

Here on a few inches of rough paper with printers' ink, the artist has created dynamic and convincing characterizations which the process of photography can never hope to equal.

Consider for example Mr. Hansen's likeness. Note how the mournful droop of the flabby facial muscles, the arrogant yet wistful twist of the noble little moustache, the stern forbidding eyebrows, (reminiscent of Groucho Marx), and the remote visionary gleam in his eye are all cleverly utilized to portray the melancholy brooding spirit of genius which pervades this maestro of the drama.

Symbolism is evident, too, in the use of the flowing tie and the sideburns—which serve to bring out the expressiveness of Bertram's ears—to indicate in a subtle but effective manner the artistic side of his nature.

Now observe the portrait of Dr. Strand and marvel again on the artistic genius which can produce such a vivid picture of a living, breathing and comparatively human being with a few expressive lines.

Note how Dr. Strand's amiable nature is brought out through the whimsical cock of the eyes and the nonchalant droop of the jowls. Then contemplate with ever-increasing pleasure the exquisite play of light and shade in the bags under the eyes and the broad sweeping curves of the auditory organs. Here, truly, is a work of art!

And thus, with the last rays of the setting sun bathing in mystic beauty the rippling waves of Lake Titicauacua, we relunctantly conclude our never-to-be-forgotten visit to Hogwalla, the Venice of the north.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

This column is maintained for the purpose of allowing students to express their opinions on various matters. Such statements are not necessarily those of the MONTANA EXPONENT and are not printed as such, but all letters which arouse sufficient interest to show that they represent the opinions of several students in a legitimate sense will be printed at the discretion of the Editorial Board.

Dear Editor:

In spite of the fact that there have been articles printed about the recommended plans for the Student Union Building, there seems to be very few students who know what it is all about.

How many of you personally plan to have enough money in your budget to eat your meals on the campus? After the novelty has worn off we imagine a hamburger or coke now and then will be the extent of our meals in the "grillroom for about 200 people"—or did you know that was one of the items on the list? Because a soda fountain will bring in quite an amount of money it does not necessarily follow that a grill will. Ask any restaurant owner how much patronage it takes to even balance the overhead. Another item will be the equipment of the kitchen which will amount to some thousand dollars—and by the way where will the money come for paying the kitchen staff? And on the subject of salaries, what money will take care of the manager, and talking of managers, are there going to be two, or what was that other office for?

What do you think of the reading and writing rooms, private dining room and women's and men's organization rooms? Why couldn't this space be used for a library or did you know that the library floor had such a load that some of the books have to be stored elsewhere and with new books coming in all the time—.

If you plan to use the things listed, all right, it's your money that is paying for them and you can sit placidly back and let it be spent as the committee sees fit. It is trying to get in as many of the desired things as possible but does everyone know what all these are and which of them will bring in any income? Why not have expressions of student opinion on some of these things?

—An Onlooker.

ARROW

It's a WORLD'S Record!

THERE'S a new collar that's busting wear records right and left, the collar on Arrow's New Trump shirt. In recent tests, this collar was still unfrayed, still smart, after 50 washings. New Trump is $2.

WAGNER BROS.

ARROW

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THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS STORE

will buy the following second-hand books for the spring quarter on and after March 1, 1939

Art Through the Ages.
Applied Descriptive Geometry—Warner.
American Political and Social History—Faulkner.
Business Statistics—Riggleman and Risbee.
Crop Production—Hughes and Henson.
Civil Engineering Handbook.
Contemporary Social Problems—Phelps—1938 edition.
Contracts in Engineering—Tucker
Dairy Bacteriology—Hammer.
Everyday Physics—Lynde.
Elements of Surveying—Davis, Foote, Rayner.
Essay Annual—1938.
Economic Geography—Whitbeck & Finch.
Forage Plants and Their Culture—Piper, revised edition.
Feeds and Feeding—Morrison (large).
Food Purcasing for the Home—Blinks and Moore.
Fundamentals in Teaching Home Economics—Spafford.
Hydraulics—Daugherty—1938 edition.
Hows and Whys of Cooking—Halliday and Noble.
Heredity—Shull.
Improvised Equipment in Home Hygiene—Olson.
Introduction to Theoretical Chemistry—Meldrum & Gucker.
Introductory Sociology—Kimball Young.
Introduction to American Government—Ogg & Ray—6th ed
Irrigation Practices & Engineering—Vol. I—Etchverry & Harding.
Internal Combustion Engines—Streeter & Lichty.
Land Drainage and Flood Protection—Etchverry.
Library Key.
La Nela—Castillo and Sparkman.
La Buenaventure—Y Otros Cuentos.
Lessons and Problems in Electricity—Page.
Methods in Plant Physiology—Loomis and Shull.
Milk and Milk Products—Eckles, Combs, Macy.
Metal Castings—Campbell.
Machine Tool Work—Turner.
New Manual of Rocky Mountain Botany—Coulter & Nelson.
Organization & Management in Industry & Business—Cornell.
Operation & Maintenance of Irrigation Systems—Harding.
Oxy Acetylene Welding—Harcourt.
Popular German Stories—Lieder.
Principles of Animal Biology—Shull.
Plant Life—Swingle, 1935.
Principles of Home Nursing—Mohs.
Principles of Marketing—Clark.
Personal and Community Health—Turner.
Range Sheep and Wool—Hultz and Hill.
Reference Book of Inorganic Chemistry—Latimer & Hildebrand.
Route Surveying—Pickles and Wiley.
Science Teaching—Hunter.
Stresses in Simple Structures—Urquhart and O'Rourke.
Vingt et un Contes.
Homemaking Education in High School—Williamson & Lyle.
Textbook of Systematic Botany—Swingle (2nd edition 1934)

SOCIETY--

By Jean Davis and Pat Rounce

As usual, the Sigma Chi's and the Pi Phi's are chasing each other around the block trying to outdo each other. Both of the frarorities decided on the week-end, when the best kids will be out of town for the Missoula game, to hold their winter parties. The Sigs will hold their "Scrub Day" this coming Friday night and the Pi Phi's are having their "Honeymoon" Saturday night. That is, if the Sigma Chi's leave any of the Baxter "Blue Room" respectable enough for the high falooting "Pe Fees."

Four Greek Society Chapters Whoop It Up At Winter Parties Over The Week-End

The Sleep and Eat boys' party of last Saturday night, which was supposed to be in celebration of their Founder's day, is still the talk of the town. Dancing seemed to be the "supposed to be" recreation, but many found that sitting in the library with the lights off was a pretty cozy proposition, too.

Another cute little trick was pulled too. Every so often some winsome miss would be called to the telephone (booth). Now don't everyone ask me why, for how should I know?

A big dinner and dance at the Bangster is always a thrill and the winter party staged there last Friday night by the Kicko Megas proved to be no exception. Red and white posies centered the dinner table.

A novelty number presented by one of the members of Houston's band concerning the "third daughter of the Sultan who wasn't the fat one, and who wasn't the skinny one" got a lot of laughs. Altogether, it was a party in a million, if one would believe nearly all he heard.

The lucky femmes attending the Lambdie Pie winter hop received lovely red roses as corsages—little red rose buds, they were ! ! ! Sixty-two couples hippity-hopped around to the lilting strains of Heinie Mokel's orchestra, and several guests and alums attended. And what do you think? It was actually a real, live dinner dance, with dancing between courses, and everything ! ! ! Some swell party, we'd say.

Just to be different, the Alpha Goons had juvenile entertainment to break the monotony of a straight dancing program at their annual winter fling out. A high point of the evening was a grand march (and not a wedding march either) down the center of the ballroom floor, in order that the chaperones might view the array of gorgeous feminine finery and the grandeur of the tuxedoed fellows. Fifty-eight couples enjoyed this obviously extra-special affair.

GREEK GOSSIP

Alpha Gamma Delta

Dr. and Mrs. Johnson, Prof. and Mrs. Gaines, and Mr. and Mrs. Blankenhorn were guests at dinner Wednesday night.

Sunday dinner guests were Charles Anderson, Tom Sheffer, Jack Rodda, and Andy Spranger.

Pi Kappa Alpha

Gamma Kappa wishes to announce the pledging of Rodger Ahern, Joe Charvat, and Charles Rich.

Dan Mizner, Charles Anderson, and Mr. W. B. Saubert, father of Bill, visited at the house over the week-end.

Alpha Gamma Rho

An informal fireside was held at the house Friday night, with Mrs. Brown, the housemother, as chaperone. The evening was spent in square dancing and otherwise to the music of the Toenyes brothers, with a lunch consisting of barley cakes and apple cider being served at the conclusion of the evening.

Pi Beta Phi

The Pi Phi patrons and patronesses were entertained at a formal dinner at the house Wednesday night.

Lambda Chi Alpha

Bob Judd visited at the house last Thursday.

Carroll O'Rourke returned Monday from Salt Lake City where he had been attending the Rocky Mountain Collegiate Press Association convention.

MISTAKES - - - SO WHAT ! !

By Jeanne Stroup

Well, what then? What about it? Everybody makes mistakes. Even Brutus (History of Rome, pgs. 224-27 under heading "et tu Brute?") made a mistake. And so did Mark Anthony when he placed his trust in Cleopatra's fleet (I mean the ships of her navy, you dope:)

Well, mistakes! So what! Maybe it would be a pious idea if everybody made mistakes, made them on purpose, and made them not only often, but super-frequently. Customs! Regulations!! Emily Post!!! Blah; Super Blah! Hustle them, away with them! Give us the good old days any time, when the only etiquette was to be the first to sink a fang into the biggest hunk of raw dinosaur as one spraddled on the floor of a cave, with a rock for a table and nothing but thighs for napkins. No handkerchiefs at all. No hats to tip. And nobody to say anything about chewing gum in public, if they had gum to chew in those days.

Them was the good old daze. You can talk about the gas-lit era of the gay 90's, etc., but give me the pre-Post era anytime! Look what has happened to civilization since. It's been continually bound by rules, by social regulations, by etiquette, by other goofy limitations which never were intended to have been thrust upon a fun-loving public. Now that our social life has become a dictatorial policy our style has been greatly cramped. Everyone would like to eat their chicken with their fingers, but because it isn't the thing to be yourself anymore, one picks up one's knife and attempts a dissection. Who are we putting on this show for, and where does it get us???? Mistakes, so what?

Kappa Delta

New officers elected at last Tuesday's meeting include: Margaret Lynde, president; Flora Thoft, vice-president; Betty Swanson, treasurer; Ellen Wipf, secretary; and Harriet McArdle, editor.

Mrs. Robinson spent a few days last week in Helena.

The Omega Betas were entertained at an after-dinner coffee last Wednesday.

They have been enjoying ten pounds of candy from Betty Jean Cox and Harriet McArdle. Congratulations, Sam and Joe.

Omega Beta

Sunday dinner guests were Mrs. C. N. Davidson and Marile of Helena, and Pete Gill of Livingston.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Sunday dinner guests included: Pat Sandbo, Mary Shoemaker, Babe Chaffin, Merlin Fiske, Edna Calhoun, Helen Calhoun, Connie La Salle, and Evelyn Thompson.

Sigma Chi

Out of town guests this week-end were Court Sheriff, Martin E. Kelly, and Praetor Walter McLeod. Mr. Kelly is a charter member and also the father of Bill Kelly.

Chi Omega

Vivian Cowen returned Monday from a press conference in Salt Lake City.

Guests at the house over the week-end included: Margaret Mitchell and Katherine Walsh.

Dinner guests Sunday were Cora and Jenny Hemstad, and Dorothy Schaal.

Members of Chi Omega wish Rita Paris a speedy recovery from her recent operation.

Typical Coed Voices Sentiments Against One-Thirty Hours

"I am wholly against one-thirty hours for coeds on this campus because my mother warned me about staying out after eleven o'clock. She gave me strict orders to get in early and I simply wouldn't disobey her—not much, anyway. Besides I need my beauty sleep every night, and I have to put my hair in curlers, and cream my face every night in order to keep my reputation as a beauty. If I didn't get in till one-thirty, I couldn't possibly get my grooming done every night.

Another bad point in one-thirty hours is the lack of study time I would have on week-ends. It would hurt my parents dreadfully if I missed an eight o'clock on Saturday or church on Sunday. Goodness gracious!

If we had one-thirty hours our poor house-mothers would suffer so much. They would have to stay up half an hour later in order to tell our boy friends good night. We think so much of our dear keepers that we wouldn't want to inconvenience them for anything. (I found out that my house-mother wasn't very happy at me when she waited for me one night, and she campused me for the rest of the quarter. I guess it was because she was so tired.)

With later hours, everyone will go out to Merrill's and Georgia's after parties, and I simply detest those awful places. I don't think they are fit places for any nice girl, and I promised Mother I would never go there.

In earlier and more sensible times, the students were required to be in at the respectable hour of eleven-thirty—I wish I had gone to school then. When the hours were raised to twelve, twelve-thirty and then one, I was shocked. I was quite disgusted with the whole school. If they keep making the hours later and later, I certainly won't allow my children to come here.

I'm convinced that one-thirty hours would result in the complete demoralization of the school, and would change M. S. C. into a night club similar to that awful University at Missoula."

Social Calendar

MARCH

1—Upper class dames feed at the Hostile Bangster.
Mr. Bopp and his singing infants in a sing at the Joe-nasium at 11 A. M.

2—Freshie strike for longer working hours. Meet outside the Joe-nasium when the ticker strikes 13, my fellow strikers.

3—Chinamen's ultra-formal brawl and soup slupping shindig at the Bangster Hut.

4—Pie-Fee-Fie-Foe's swing out in the best food guzzling and foot jumping of the year at the Hostel by the Pay-And-Take-It.
No education being given out today—we'll all be up seeing Mister McYell.

5—Sunday, chur—ch, everybody happy, well I should say ! ! ! Or don't you know that song?

6—No sing tonight at Robertson's Barn.

7—A day of rest—and—peace—good—day—sirrah.

8—Sleep and eat and cram—or else go up town.

9—Same as yesterday—if you went up town then, stay home today.

10—Think up your own entertainment—the Greeks are tired of it. Or else cram.

11—Did you have fun last night? Why not do it again tonight?

12—Go to church—sleep—sleep—eat—cram?—same old drudge.

13—Last chance to cram (scram?) kids, so you better get cuttin'!

14—The Dime (or is it nickel?) ends ! ! ! And still the Omnipotent Beaus remain to stage a big sit down and stand up strike at the—you guess—the same old Hostel.

IN VOGUE OR NOT ! !

By Jean Davis

The boys, I could say men but I wouldn't be fooling anybody, of this so-called institution of higher education, seem to be under the impression that the co-eds around here are imbeciles. Our coiffures are criticized, our high heels are looked upon with disgust, and our red nails and bright lipstick are a constant source for jests. These things appear ridiculous to our lesser half, but, wouldn't their faces be worth seeing if some of these days the gals should appear just as Maw Nature, with all due respects to her, of course, had intended them to be, minus their 'painted' faces and curled locks? To say that this would create a sensation would be a masterpiece of understatement. To the majority it would be a major tragedy. One half our female population would look as if they had been run through our friends' Chinese laundry. The other half—well—have you seen one of the girls from the Dancing Academy (Missoula) the morning after the night before she had a heavy date with one of the Gables of that campus? They resemble our neighbor's pet airdale. In other words, fine, feathered friends, you're doing a heck of a lot of yelling about nothing. In fact, you should be thanking your lucky stars that they don't put rings in their noses and bells on their toes.

And anyway! Where in this wide cruel world did the male sex get this idea that they are so classy? They criticize our taste, yet I have never found anything quite so appalling as the combination of colors they manage to concoct with their shirts and ties. And if our formals are foolish, just what is sensible about their tuxes? They appear to be as uncomfortable as our spike heels and there's starch in them to make bread enough for the whole army. There are lots of other things which irk the feminine pulchritude, but they are too numerous to mention and besides, it is a well-known fact that nothing could be said on this good green earth that would make the slightest difference in the attitudes of the boys around here, so go on back to sleep.

Rosa Tentoni Sings Here Friday Night

Rosa Tentoni who is scheduled to warble in the gymnasium at 8:15 p. m. March 3, is the third to appear in this year's community concert thingamajigs.

She is a beauiful young opera star and can she swing out. Two of her favorite numbers are "Flat Foot Floogie" and "F. D. R. Jones." She has a voice like a mountain stream, just right for a blue singer (or something).

She was born in Buhl, Minnesota, but her talent was purchased somewhere in sunny Italy. Rosa's parents were simple folk, because they loved music. Her father was a cobbler and it was he who taught Rosa to sing.

Rosa Tentoni for the last two years has been starring in the Metropolitan opera swing seasons and has been called a lot of fancy names.

The Truth! Detailed Ratings Of Greek Societies Listed

Handy Guide To Frats, Sororities Offered To Eliminate Annual Ordeal Of Rush Week

In view of the fact that rushing in the past few years has proved very unsatisfactory, especially to the majority of fraternities and sororities, interfraternity council and panhellenic have revised the rules and issued the emancipation proclamation for the incoming frosh. This consists of personalized ratings of each fraternity and sorority and does away with the haunting bugabears that frighten and baffle the average freshman.

No longer will prospective pledges be exposed to over-enthusiastic rushers, goat rooms, esquire rooms, beer busts, mountain trips, vain promises and damned lies. HERE, FRIENDS, IS THE TRUTH. We are, for the first time, at cost of life and limb, exposing for your information actual facts in the case. Let us pour this truth in your ears and be satisfied that you are dealing with the straight goods for the first time in the history of fraternal and sorority organizations. Frosh-ponent leads the way.

Alpha Gamma Rho . . . Always Got Room for one more sucker and seldom get more than that during rush week. Don't have the polish and technique that some of the near-professional organizations have and attempt to get away from the barnyard atmosphere once each year by throwing a formal in that mecca for all collegiates, The Baxter. Move their kitchen up to Ag building on days of Ag club meetings but don't let that fool you. We say thumbs down on this one.

Kappa Sigma . . . Kant See this this one. And yet EVERYONE gets an opportunity to. Are running neck and neck with Hitler's rearmament program in recruiting pledges and get rid of them in about the same way. Attempt to pledge anything with $40 and an appetite. Entertain hopes of being called big-shots someday but until then No. Definitely no.

Lambda Chi Alpha . . . Little Can Attract a future pledge here and it usually does. Hold combine meetings in their garage with their neighbors and plot against the whites. Are steadily gaining with other fraternities in unknown campus personalities. Find out for yourself; we say no.

Omega Beta . . . Only Boys may apply here. A happy medium might be reached if they combined their efforts with Kappa Sigs in their rushing program. Become diplomats by wiggling out of embarrassing questions when queried by prospective pledges concerning their national rating. Are starting an antique automobile collection. Thumbs down on this one. It's a one way trip.

Pi Kappa Alpha . . . Broke into wrestling this year both in the ring and the parlor for the first time. Sunday morning visions of snakes and pink elephants are not unusual in that vicinity. This characteristic is both inherited and transmitted by fellow Pi Kaps. Take it or leave it . . . better leave it.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon. . . Slow And Easy. Have paid taxes on a city block and the tap room in the Baxter Hotel since prohibition was repealed. Have all the tests given on the hill since 1917 and still are on the verge of social probation. Anyone who is half smart has three jumps on this one. Don't bite.

Sigma Chi . . . Chinese Laundry. Spend latter half of evenings earnestly studying after spending the first portion looking in the mirror. Living doom looks like a Chilean earthquake had struck after Saturday night dating activities.

Alpha Gamma Delta . . . or better known as Alpha Goons, smokers of vile weeds in the dark recesses. Quiver under the hand of autocratic alumni, hold private bull sessions after hours and all in all have an unusually unpleasant appearance to everyone. (Lambda Chi's excepted). We say no.

Alpha Omicron Pi . . . These girls keep in condition by their long hikes to school. Say "We're not the type," when asked for autographed unmentionables by pledges going through Hell week. Much to do about nothing and nothing to do about much. Again we say no.

Chi Omega . . . Forever talking about foremost sorority with Chi Omega's playing the leading role. Fool nobody but themselves. Beauty queens are developed through modern photography. Better live in Ham Hall the first year and learn the facts before taking the final step. No. No. No.

Kappa Delta . . . Are the studious type. Have made a fine art out of cribbing. De luxe pin pluckers, keep their house in candy by averaging one a quarter. If you are the Garbo type and want to be alone, pledge here.

Pi Beta Phi . . . These gals get unsuspecting lads in their house and sing a "ting-tinkling" song that promotes hair tearing. Are strong advocates of "I love Me" principle. Favorite trick is for two gals to lure some Casanova to accept a date to the same event. Phooey and thumbs definitely down.

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Saturday - Sunday - Monday-Tuesday — "JESSE JAMES" with Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda, Nancy Kelly.
Wednesday — EVERY WEDNESDAY IS A BIG NIGHT. On the screen—"KING OF THE TURF" with Adolph Menjou and Dolores Costello.

RIALTO Theatre
Saturday - Sunday - Monday ...."GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST" with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.
CARROLL O'ROURKE

JOYCE Theatre
Thursday - Friday—"SWING THAT CHEER" and "STAR REPORTER."
Saturday - Sunday - Monday — "WESTERN JAMBOREE" and "GANGSTER'S BOY."

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Montana State Makes Clean Sweep Of Minor Sports Meet Saturda

Bobcats Win To Tune Of 78-37 Grizzlies No Good Out Of Water

Four State Records Broken In Swimming Meet; Cat Mit-Slingers, Matmen, Victors

The Bobcats made a clean sweep of the boxing and dropped but one wrestling match to easily win the annual minor sports tournament with the Grizzlies here Saturday by a score of 78 to 37. The Grizzly swimmers copped a narrow 34 to 32 margin over the Bobcats but were swamped under by the battering Bobcat mit-slingers and matmen to the tune of 46 to 3 later on in the evening.

Four Records Smashed

Four state records were broken in the swimming meet. The Bobcat 160 yard relay team composed of Roberts, Schaeffer, Melnick and Van Winkle swam the distance in 1:22.5 to take two seconds off the state record. In the 100 yard backstroke Forsyth, pushed by Van Winkle who broke the record last year at Missoula, knocked 1.4 seconds off his teammate's record to set up a new mark of 1:15. The Grizzley medley relay team set a new mark of 1:57.4. King of the University outclassed the field in the 100 yard breast stroke to smash the record of 1:15.3 and set up a new mark of 1:12.7.

Summary of Events

100 yard backstroke: first, Forsyth, college; second, Van Winkle, college; third, Burgess, university. Time 1:15 (new record; 1:16 old record).

100 yard freestyle: first, Sawhill, university; second, Melnick, college; third, Roberts, college. Time 62.9.

160 yard freestyle relay: first, college, Roberts, Schaeffer, Melnick, Van Winkle; second, university, Lowery, Sawhill, Burgess, Chapman. Time, 1:22.5 (new record; old record 1:24).

100 yard breast stroke: first, King, university; second, Hess, college; third, Ambrose, college. Time, 1:12.7 (new record; old record 1:15.3).

40 yard freestyle: first, Sawhill, university; second, Lowery, university; third, Roberts, college. Time, 20.6.

22 yard freestyle: first, O'Hara, university; second, Dana, college; third, Ambrose, college. Time, 2:48.7.

Medley relay: first, university, Burgess, King, Lowry; second, college, Forsyth, Hess, Schaeffer. Time, 1:57.4.

Diving: first, Shaw, university, 93.2; second, Frisbee, college, 92.9; third, Roberts, college, 91.2.

Cats Win All

In a one-sided affair the Bobcats won six straight bouts in boxing warfare. The program was carried out with but one knockout. Schwartz, a veteran middleweight, gained a technical K. O. over Lundberg of the university.

A summary of the fights:

120 lb. class: Kitterman, college, decisioned Mittelstaedt, university.

165 lb. class: After being knocked down in the first round, Peters, college, carried the next two to win a decisive victory over Ailport, university.

135 lb. class: Shinn, college, had things all his own way in pounding out a victory over Felt, university.

145 lb. class: Martin, college, dropped the first round to Gillogly, university, but came back to take the next two. The judges were unable to pick a winner so the fight was carried another round which was all Martin's.

155 lb. class: Dachs, college, carried the fight to Jennings, university, and won a unanimous decision.

165 lb. class: After a wild first round, Lundberg of the university, couldn't stand the pace and dropped under the piercing left of Schwartz, college.

Note—5 points for K. O., 3 points for decisions.

M. S. C. Matmen Victorious

The Bobcat matmen overpowered the university to win six of the seven bouts and put the meet in the bag for the college. Four matches ended in falls. Sabo, of the college, made the quickest work of his man by pinning him in 3:31:3. LaPeyre won the lone victory for the university when he won a close decision over Duley.

A summary of the matches:

128 lb. class: Balheiser, college, surprised the audience by coming up from the bottom and pinning Kennedy, university, in 8:52:2.

136 lb. class: Sabo, college, had little trouble in quickly pinning Humm, university. Time, 3:31.3.

145 lb. class: Olson, college, showed superior ability over Quinn, university, who refused to be pinned but was unable to match the power of Olson. Olson won the decision.

155 lb. class: In a fast battle, Steese, college, out-classed Ronstad, university, to take the decision.

165 lb. class: In a match with a wild start but a slow finish, LaPeyre, university, was unable to throw the smaller Duley, college, but was given the decision.

175 lb. class: Using a double-wing lock Conver, college, pinned Ryfel, university, in 6:4.

Heavyweight class: Kimberly, college, pinned Hasty, university, with a head and armlock in 4:41.4.

Note: 5 points for falls, 3 points for decisions.

SIDELINES - -

"What ho—and a bottle of rum"—only we can't have that and still train for those sports so promient on the campus. But who trains anyhow? I don't believe anyone trains but our faithful varsity team who are in earnest about their athletics. How can those girls and boys struggle through their basketball games and other sports and be outstanding in them and still be such strong members of the "dear old tobacco leaves club ? ? ? " And how can they be such marvels in their Saturday afternoon tournaments after such late hours the night before ? ? ? Oh, well, Mother Nature is kind, I guess - -

*

Some very few of our women athletes are really in earnest though, especially those who are working in swimming for the Intercollegiate Swimming Meet. If you happen to peak around the corners, even some of those seem to be breaking the rules.

*

Poor Chin (I guess that's his name) was taking it on the shin the other night when we were down prowling around that funny sawdust place in the bottom of the gymnasium. He was happy, though, as the girls were practicing baton twirling there, too, only I think they were the happier—watching the perfect physique jumping rope (but why on earth he was doing that, I don't know—someone told me he was a boxer) and hitting that big soft thing hanging from a cord. He seems to be a funny acting kid when he gets down in that place, but I guess he's pretty nice and sensible.

"A word to the wise"—those hysterical, finger gnawing woman sport fans, shrieking their heads off at our basketball game as the Bobcats' power-driving team runs a close score with some of their sleight-of-hand opponents, should begin collecting those last publicity articles on their big senior hero players. You know whom we mean—Cosner, Little, and Feldman. They make darn good scrap book material (also, good basketball material—eh, Coach Breeden?)

*

We liked the nicknames the basketball boys have attached to themselves but, as far as the weaker sex is concerned, some of the following cognomens might fit appropriately: Variety Cosner, Give-'em-a-Break Little, Peg Reed, Knock-'em-Dead May (You leave 'em breathless), Little-Boy-Being-Bad Feldman, Come-Hither-Look Morin, Shy-as-a-Prairie-Flower Sharmota (but growing wilder every hour), Bashful-Blond-but-Brawny Berg, "Oh-I'm Afaid-of-Her Stark, and Hands-off Johnson.

*

Do you realize we all suffer from hero poisoning? Better watch out, you campus heroes! Here's how you might contract hero poisoning: It is made of ordinary printer's ink and run through high speed presses. Hero poison is sold at two or three sheets a dose, which brings it within the reach of all and, by the way, the name under which it is better known is publicity. A bit of compliment to you heroes, though, is that you seem to be a swell, friendly bunch—at least three-fourths of you recognize us every time with a cherry "hello" and an occasional chat.

How To Ignore A College Education And Remain Sane

If someone hasn't already said that a college education is baffling, someone should say so now for my benefit. I am slowly and thoroughly being baffled. Things are coming to a state that I don't even know why I am here. Neither does my father.

All the first quarter I went around in a daze, but then I attributed it to my youth and general instability. (I Know Now!) When I went to class and my instructor showed me a lot of unrelated lantern slides and then dismissed class without saying anything about these unrelated slides, I just said to myself, "All this, too, will pass," and tried to ignore it. When a teacher spent fifty minutes discussing fourth dimensional ghosts and poker players, I decided he was just rather bohemian. When we had to read poems about pastry in unison (the poems were in unison—the pastry was in the oven) I dismissed it with a shrug. I thought then that the teachers were a little queer. Now I find it isn't the teachers' fault, I just haven't been taught what a college education is.

I suggest someone's (the same someone I mentioned before) writing a book on "How To Be Baffled, or Beginners" or "How To Ignore a College Education In Order To Remain Sane." Maybe I wouldn't worry over what a bunch of pictures of men holding up dead rabbits was supposed to teach me. I wouldn't care if I didn't understand what a royal flush has to do with rectangular parallelbipeds, and I could possibly even sleep in class.

I guess the only trouble with me is that I was spoiled for college by going to school twelve years first.

Skiing Proves Tough As Freshman Tries An Immelmann Turn

It's not as though gym weren't enough—gym and Hamilton Hall fire drills and basketball training rules and explaining to my family how only the stooges and the drips make Alpha Lambda Delta anyway. But yesterday I had to go to work and learn to ski—it being such lovely weather and all. Now I feel lots worse even than when we were all trying to see what Suzy's boy friend from home looked like and I slipped and fell downstairs—right in front of all the boys who were waiting for their girls to be on time. In fact, I feel so bad that today I even cut English which is something I never do except in an emergency like having to sleep or something.

Just standing up and going forward wasn't so bad, but then they tried to teach me something called an Immelmann turn (or is that a thing in aviation?). I guess it's the same difference, though. One way or the other you probably end up in the hospital, but skiing is more dangerous—that's all.

To do an Immelmann turn you put one foot pointing due north and the other due south and kick. Then, after a while you pick yourself up and smile gallantly—if a trifle dazedly—and pretend your collar bone might not be broken and you don't feel like a pretzel and that to do another Immelmann turn is the one desire of your life. Then pretty soon all the football players go away and do terrifying things from the tops of mountains and all the girls stand around and say "OH!" and "AH!", and you sneak off and hope nobody notices you. Then you get home and find all the clever people who don't know how to ski and probably never will sitting around eating your cookies and doing their French. But your French doesn't get done on account of you go to bed as soon as you get home. And the next day—well—I didn't go to French either, and I think maybe I'm not going to gym—my roommate can't imagine why.

Vast Quantities Of Spartanian Talent Found In Faculty

Besides having a little intelligence stored away in the grey matter of these instructors, we notice a few of them have some traits of the Spartans.

Especially during this season of the year we see quite a number of the Sonja Henies. Among these are Nelson Anderson and A. J. M. Johnson. Dr. Kelly goes too, but his skating is limited to a bench.

They say Miss Branegan can wrestle. Of course only with the girls, but if you want your hands full, boys, just challenge her!

Dean Swingle in his prime was a grand champ in wrestling and boxing and Professor W. F. Brewer was the organizer of the first football team at M. S. C., but Professor Tallman and Heck Spaulding, when they want a change, they employ the novel idea of smoking a goo - - d seegar.

Dr. Renne, this is an honest to goodness fact, entered the Olympics as a runner and President, Dr. Alfred, Leroy Skoop, Strand was a sprinter but we don't know that he ever got to the Olympics with it.

Professors Slagsvold and Mills have as their ski song, "We float through the air with the greatest of ease—round and round we go and where we stop nobody knows."

Miss Leigh is a genuine bucking broncho cowgirl from way out west and Donny Pletsch was the stilt walker in a circus. (It's also rumored that Dr. J. A. Nelson at one time fed elephants in a circus—suppose he underfed the elephants?)

Last but not least is Dr. Hurst. In the sunny summer time we see him bring out his tennis racket and man! can he ever slam down on those balls, almost as good as he can throw them (the slams I mean).

Well, a nice bit of talent we have on the campus, and only wish they had lived in Greece with the rest of the Spartans, not now.

MSC Artist Does Decoration Job On Grizzly Grid Star

When Greek meets Greek they open a restaurant. When boy meets girl almost anything can happen. But when Grizzly football star meets Bobcat Art student—in the ring—the call is for the smelling salts—for the Grizzly.

Anyway, that was what happened last Saturday night when Roger Lundberg, one of the peerless linemen of Coach Doug Fessenden's peerless football teams of recent years, ran against the sharp right hooks and straight left jabs of Jno. Schwartz.

Now the surprising thing about it all is that John, who has had considerable experience as an intercollegiate boxer, just slips about the campus here with his easel and paint brushes and without the fanfare that accompanies one of those unbeatable Grizzly satellites whenever he goes to get a drink of water, etc. So he isn't so well known. But before those short, two-minute rounds were ended last Saturday night he at least left a trade-mark on Lundberg's physiognomy that will be nigh indelible—at least for a few weeks.

Frosh-ponent Tells All Abou Cats Who'll Invade Missoula

Personal Statistics and Sobriquets Giv for Squad of Title Defenders

For the benefit of those who did not have the privil of becoming acquainted with our basketball team, Frosh-pon presents a personal roster of the squad who will travel to M oula to defend the State title against the Grizzlies next wee

Don Cosner . . . "Prom," who blushes when questioned about his new name, appears headed for another all-conference rating this year. Playing his last games against the Grizzlies he claims he'll go back to the plow if the Bobcats don't come back with the title. "Prom" plays guard, tips the scales at 200, and stands 6′ 2″.

Dick Little . . . "Whooping Dick" whose whoops can be heard above the chatter of the crowd when the Cats are clicking, also competes in his last Grizzly contest this week. Let's hope he really whoops it up in Missoula. Little holds the forward spot, weighs 185, stands 6′ 1″.

Tuffy Feldman . . . "Rabbit," a name tagged on him by the team because of his bunny lip, will match his speed and fight against the size of the Grizzlies. He weighs 160 pounds soaking wet, is 5′ 10″ on his toes, and plays forward.

Jean Berg . . . "Dopey," the fourth letterman on the squad, is an accurate passer and unapproachable on defense. Although unable to hit his stride so far this year he recently underwent an operation and had the bench cut away from his posterior. Fighting for guard "Dopey" is 6′ tall and weighs 166 pounds.

Joe May . . . "Kodiac" is a bear on defense and has fought his way into a regular varsity berth during his sophomore year. He plays best when the game is rough and can be counted on for points when the going gets tough. He is 5′ 9″ and weighs 165, plays as well at forward as guard.

Arnold Reed is "The Northern Light" because he shines when things look dark for the team. Will keep the Grizzlies stepping next week. He carries his 185 pounds with perfect coordination and uses his height of 6′ 3″ to much advantage under the basket.

Paul Johnson . . . "Pop" is another promising basketeer who is giving the veterans lots of competition for their position. He may be called upon for his shooting ability at Missoula. He weighs 155, is 5′ 10″ tall and plays forward.

Max Stark . . . "Starch" is the quietest man on the squad but makes up for his silence in action. He carries his 175 pounds on his 6 foot frame with a style that would make Sally Rand go back to hashing.

Leonard Scharmota . . . "Horse" is the tallest man on the squad, carrying 190 pounds on a 6′ 6″ frame. He is a sophomore and Coach Breeden has hopes of developing him into an outstanding player.

Roy Morin . . . "Mice" lives u his nickname on the basketball by his slipperiness and ability to through a pile of players in a sc ble for the ball. Another sophon weighs 162, is 5′ 11″ tall and forward.

Kenneth Bowman . . . "Old F ful" hails from Yellowstone and when in action can be counte to thrill the audience more often once every sixty minutes. An outstanding sophomore, he we 155, exactly two yards tall and s at forward.

Jack Brickley . . . "Suitcase," answer to a coach's prayer and favorite of all who have seen him form, nursed an injured knee thro out the season. In spite of thi turned in excellent performance the conference games and has hailed by sports writers as all ference material. His injury did respond favorably to treatment the Grizzly game and rather than permanent injury, Coach Breeder cided to hold him over for next The outstanding star in the firs ries with the "U," the hole lef Brickley's absence will be hard to Brickley played center, is 6′ weighs 185, and has yet to mee opponent who can out jump hi

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Cats Journey To Missoula For Week-End Title Games With Grizzlies

Three Veterans Will Wind Up Old Grizzly Fued In Missoula

Cosner, Little, And Feldman Play Final Games Against Grizzly Quintet For Title

This week-end the Bobcats travel to Missoula to defend their state title against the Grizzlies. The two teams meet again in another two game series after splitting a series here a month ago. The Cats, gunning for their third consecutive state title, are faced with the task of filling up the vacancy left by Brickley, star center, who was retired for the season because of a knee injury received last football season. Brickley was high point man for the Cats in their last two games with the university.

After a three-game trip west in which Coach Breeden tried out various combinations in an attempt to develop a winning squad, the Cats settled down to tune-up for their title defense.

Breeden will probably start Reed at center in Brickley's place. Reed has been doing a good job of filling in any vacancy on the squad and will really show lots of fight against the Grizzlies. He showed up well in center position in recent games and can be counted on to take the ball off the backboard consistently.

Cosner, Feldman, and Little will hold down their usual positions. This trio will be playing their last game against the university. They have been playing for three years and have been instrumental in winning the championship the past two years. Cosner was high point man for the Cats in their series with Idaho Southern Branch while Little hit his stride against the Mines at Butte to pace the Cats to a victory. Feldman is one of the scrappiest players on the squad and broke up play after play in their meeting with the university.

May has been alternating at guard and forward and has been doing a fine job at either spot. Stark is also slated to see action against the U. Pushing the regulars for their starting berths will be Bowman, Morin, Scharmota, Berg, and Johnson who will also make the trip to Missoula.

Mermaid Marvels Make Big Splash In Aquatic Meet

A freckled faced, personality plus sophomore named Mary Margaret Hylton, is beginning to do wonders with her springboard diving; Chamberlain has a marvelously perfected breast stroke which isn't commonly thought to be pretty, not Guen but a breast stroke in general; that little pug-nosed freshman knock-out named Davis fairly glides through the water using the crawl; a constant splash of water and the race is won, describes Goldie; Harryet Stewart has shown her aquatic value as an instructor; a curly head of hair shining and bobbing in almost every woman's sport is Sandvig's. Other less observed members such as Aicher, Lupher, Pease, Tretsven and Wiggenhorn—all but the freckled faced personality plus gal make up the team which will compete in the Intercollegiate Swimming Meet to be held March 5 — and why shouldn't Hylton—she's plenty good! After two weeks of splashing in and about the M. S. C. tank, this salt water sorority of young women whose agile and sometimes ornamental torsos are often seen at the pool but never used as decoration for the sports pages, will be splanshing their way to some kind of victory soon—we hope! Encouraging to Chrisman, who knows there will be serious competition, is the team's lack of regular practice on endurance and speed!! Oh, Boy!

INTRAMURALS--

By Charles Harrington

BOXING

With a team studded with champions the Pi Kap mitt slingers topped the field in intramural boxing.

The results of the final round:

115 lb. Class: Saubert started the parade of champions for the Pi Kaps when he was unable to find a challenger in his division.

125 lb. Class: McLemore, of the Sigma Chi team, pounded out a close decision over Lackman of the Lambda Chi's.

135 lb. Class: Don Martin, wearing Pi Kap colors, showed plenty of class in punching his way to a decision victory over Schroeder of the Lambda Chi's.

145 lb. Class: After putting on a performance which closely resembled a dancing exhibition, Slone, another Pi Kap, settled down in the last round to gain a close decision over Stevens, an Omega Beta.

155 lb. Class: After taking everything Dachs had to offer in the first few minutes of the fight, Dolan, representing Sigma Chi, surprised everyone by coming back and making the Pi Kap fight to the finish to gain the nod.

165 lb. Class: Kelley showed much promise when he went through the tourney polishing off three opponents and copped the title of his class for the Sigma Chi's. Peters pounded his way to second place for the Lambda Chis after being decisioned by Kelley in the semi-finals.

175 lb. Class: J. Gustafson was unable to find an opponent to challenge his title.

Heavyweight: In the most entertaining bout of the evening Reams, a giant Kappa Sig, swung his way to a decision over Gaab, an AGR, who was unable to penetrate the windmill style of his large opponent.

Final Team Standings:

1.	Pi Kap's	21 points
2.	Sigma Chi's	16 points
3.	Lambda Chi's	9 points
4.	SAE	6 points
5.	KS	6 points
6.	AGR	3 points
7.	OB	3 points

FOUL SHOOTING CONTEST

Lewis Thompson, shooting nearly perfect, made a clear sweep of the foul shooting contest. Leading the entire pack of competitors in the team shooting he qualified with a score of 17 out of 20 to shoot in the individual contest; to qualify, it was necessary to sink at least 15 out of 20. Out of the sixty who shot under their respective teams only three qualified. Besides Thompson, who led the SAE team, Gates and Hichcock of the Omega Beta squad each squeezed in with 15 out of 20. In the individual round Thompson sunk 19 out of 20. Gates ran a poor second with 9 points topping Hichcock who dropped to 7 points.

In the team shooting the Omega Beta's with a well balanced squad topped the field with 100 points out of a possible 200.

Team Standings:

Omega Beta	100 points
SAE	97 points
Lambda Chi	94 points
AGR	87 points
Sigma Chi	87 points
Pi Kaps	69 points

BOWLING

Kappa Sig bowlers continued to dominate the league by taking three straight games from the Sigma Chi's. Led by Miller, high man for the afternoon with a score of 542 pins, they hit a total of 2441 pins to top all other team totals for the afternoon.

With Langman setting the pace the SAE's copped two out of three in their match with the AGR's to put them in second place. Langman bowled high individual game of the afternoon with 208 pins.

Scharff, who hit 533, set the pace for the faculty to beat the Lambda Chi's two out of three. The Pi Kaps raised their average by taking two out of three from the Omega Beta's.

Standings:

		Won.	Lost.	Pct.
1.	Kappa Sig's	13	2	.866
2.	SAE	9	6	.600
3.	AGR	8	7	.533
4.	Faculty	8	7	.533
5.	Sigma Chi's	7	8	.466
6.	Omega Betas	6	9	.400
7.	Lambda Chi's	5	10	.333
8.	Pi Kap's	5	10	.333

SKIING

Jack Keig dominated the field in the ski meet Sunday when he copped first place in all three events and led the Sigma Chi's in a second straight victory. He was spported by Sherriff, who gained two seconds, Welch and Shinn who collectively garnered nine of the fifteen places.

The SAE's with Paxon, Hylton, Jules and Sid Gustafson placed second. R. Thompson, ARG, placed third in the down hill contest and George Peak, an independent, placed second in the jumping.

Due to the large number of participants the cross country which was regularly scheduled along with the other three events was cancelled.

Proselyting Produces Paucity Of Promising Prospective Players

The dearth of athletes at Montana State college is something bordering on the appalling. Proselyting has definitely been "out" for years. Present conditions preclude the possibility of getting very many more athletes here, because they usually are lost in the crush when they attempt to get into their first class, or find themselves outside the door trying to get in after the 200 students in that class already have been seated. Thus, those destined to be classed as new stars in the diadem of Montana State college wind up at Billings or Havre, or take WPA jobs.

This situation is not helped by the coaching staff, either. Of course, Brick Breeden's new daughter, now almost two months old, shows definite tendencies of becoming athletic, but that will not help the 1959 basketball squad a bit. Not even a little bit. Her athletic prowess will be definitely lost so far as intercollegiate competition for Montana State is concerned.

Brick says the manner in which she kicks forecasts a definite ability as a football star; she offers promise of becoming at least an all-American forward in basketball for, as Brick says, she must be closely guarded all the time already; she handles her fists with the snap and precision of a finished boxer already, and in her bath looks like another Eleanor Holm Jarrett.

But intercollegiate football, basketball, boxing and swimming? "Never," says Breeden as he feeds her her orange juice.

Prizewinning Poetry: 'Wotthe'll, Wotthe'll'

Following is the poem that won first place in the contest sponsored by the Creative Writing club. The modesty of the author forbids the mention of his name.

"We once were innocent Frosh,
Oh yes we were, by gosh,
But now we're in the goulash
(Wotthehell, wotthehell.)

The Senate wants to abuse
Us for wooing the Muse—
They're scared about our views
(But wotthehell, wotthehell.)

But we have civil rights
And we'll stand up and fight
The Deans and Mr. Bill White
(So wotthehell, wotthehell.)

No matter what you say,
It's nice to get an A,
If you just know the way
(We know it well, so wotthehell)."

No Results Obtained When Nothing Made

The hardest problem in the world is the production of absolute nothingness, according to Arthur A. Klebba (E. P. Sophomore) who has been very busy, for the past several weeks, with oxygen flame and pyrex glass, building a complicated looking apparatus for producing a very high vacuum and also the auxiliary apparatus to measure practically nothing at all if he should be successful.

To date Mr. Klebba exudes very little but huge quantities of gloom, for though he has been able to reduce the gaseous pressure in his vacuum system to approximately one billionth of normal atmospheric pressure, he still finds that there are almost exactly as many molecules of gas per cubic centimeter in his bulb containing "nothing very much" as there are dollars in our federal public debt.

Art says that he thinks he has about as much chance of coaxing these remaining molecules out of the bulb as he has of paying the national debt himself—hence the gloom.

Art is simply not his usual loquacious self at all lately—he is so sensitive over his failure. He says he wishes he could get into that bulb and kick a bale of hay out of a few billion molecules. Since he is in a kicking mood it would be well for his friends to refrain from unnecessary remarks apropos of "nothing" or the mule in Art is very likely to show up.

As this goes to press Art is busy on another approach to the problem. He plans to "pipe" the vacuum of interstellar space down into the physics lab. He pessimistically adds that he supposes he will find that interstellar space is not a perfect vacuum.

Wietsky Bydely Wins Athletic Honors Here

In 1935 stout, lanter-jawed Wietsky (Vee) Bydely, then famed only as one of the many green freshies, proved to M. S. C. that she was going places in sports, and now she is considered one of the outstanding all-around senior sports women. Of course there are several others who have a close running with this domestic minded, physical education minor student. She seems to have a mania for the college colors, having earned both the long-waisted Bobcat honor sweater (but has it been wasted?), and the short-skirted Bobcat swimming suit.

This "independent"—in more ways than one—girl is a marvel considering—. She was really manager-at-large last year in the WAA Council and is a member of Spartanian. Taking no top honors in her swimming, basketball, hiking, skating, field hockey, baseball, volleyball, ping pong, archery, etc., (because most of them don't give a person a chance to be outstanding, individually) she was a runner-upper in the semi-finals in '37 for the tennis championship. She's one that should be known better, as they say it would take an osteopath to rub her the wrong way—she really has a sweet disposition—this athletic-minded senior.

Bobcats Defeat Mines, Split Two-Game Series With Idaho

Cosner Climaxes Second Pocatello Game With Desperate Long-Shot On Final Gun

The Bobcats on a western tour this week topped the School of Mines Thursday night at Butte 45 to 30 and split a two-game series with Idaho Southern Branch at Pocatello. They dropped the first game Friday 45 to 27 but came back Saturday to cop a 30 to 28 thriller when Cosner tossed a long bucket as the gun went off.

Miners At Butte

Met with the same slow break which put a crimp in their style earlier in the season the Cats cut loose with a scoring splurge in the second half to smother the Orediggers 45 to 30, and make two straight victories for the season. The Cats earlier in the season were held 24 to 23 on their home floor by the Miners.

The score at half-time was 18 to 14 for the Cats who were unable to hit their stride until the second half when the game speeded up. From this point on the Cats had little trouble and turned it into a lopsided affair. Little led the Bobcat attack with 13 points, with Weindl high for the Miners with 12 points.

Idaho Southern At Pocatello

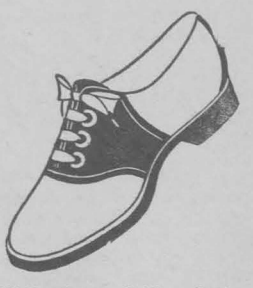
After holding Idaho in check the first half the Cats blew up in the second half to drop a 45 to 27 upset to the Southern Branchers. Suffering a let-down from the trip and previous night's game the Cats tired in the second half. Coach Breeden used his entire squad in an attempt to stop the pace set by Turner and Stone who were outstanding for Idaho with 17 and 20 points respectively. Cosner led the Cat attack with 11 points and was supported by May and Feldman with five points each. The score at the half was 20 to 16 in Idaho's favor.

Second Game At Pocatello

With a dime novel finish Cosner desperately tossed one from the corner as the gun went off to win a thriller for the Cats 30 to 28 and split the series with Idaho Southern Branch. Looking much fresher than the night before the Cats played heads-up ball till the final gun.

The score was tied six times with M. S. C. holding a 17 to 14 point lead at the half. The lead swayed in the second half with Idaho in front twice. With a minute left to play Idaho led 26 to 25. Cosner tossed a goal but Anderson dropped in a gift shot to tie it up. Both teams made good a free throw to bring the score to 28 all. Cosner then came through for the Cats with his thriller. Stone and Turner who starred in the previous game were smothered under the Cat defense and had to be content with 11 points between them. Cosner was again high for the Cats with 10 points.

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Frosh-ponent Selects Big Nine; Three Gals, Six Guys Make List

Selections Not Affected By Color, Sex, Fraternal Connections Or Religious Beliefs; Frosh-ponent Again Scores

It is with a great deal of pleasure that the supreme council of the Frosh-ponent has selected its own and original "big nine." Although it was thought at first to be a trespassing into the sacred realm of the Montanan it was decided that since the Fangs boldly shouldered their way into the bosom of Spartanians by selecting an outstanding athlete, it would not be too out of place for us to select a "big nine." After all we are only freshmen and don't know any better.

Study and meditation. Meditation and study was the keynote in the selection of our big nine. After carefully examining the compiled records of Registrar McCall, throwing them into the air, turning around five times and muttering sputterfuzz we arrived at a decision.

Three coeds and six boys are on the cherished list and without further ado we present the first one: Weasel Farrell, social brains of the Pi Beta Phi combine. She of the affected walk, talk, angelic expression, inflated opinion, and self satisfaction comes from a good organization but leaves the good behind. Greets every male with the same line. A cat with nine loves. Phooey.



Louise Farrell

Second on our list is Howard Vange, a first-class glad hander when he knows that Howard will be benefited. He knows the ins and outs of inward drafting. Three years is a long time to pull the old suction stunt but it never tires this lad. Being noticed is his long suit but then, well, what do you think? He's even slicker than Al Grantham. Stands before the mirror and brushes his hair 342 times before retiring. What does it get him—on top? An undiscovered? sensation with the women. He is of the Hollywood type and much too clever for us. You take him.



Howard Vange

Katherine Kitrell is the most popular girl in the engineering department. Easily a case of mistaken identity, she thinks she is someone important. It's not far down from the top of that horse. Come down to earth. You were once, try it again. We offer language courses in German, French, and Spanish but not one in Georgian. Howe do you like her?



Katherine Kitrell

It hurts Sammy Shoemaker to speak to you, and it looks like a case of three buttons too close to the head. Someone is going to take him to raise someday, but right now, he isn't dangerous to worry about. Could tear Hell out of an ice cream cone. Invented vest pocket method of quiz passing. That's the only way he could pass.



Sam Shoemaker

Without benefit of dictionary we present Fritz Roll. He has been vice-president of nearly every minor organization on the campus and leaves off the president part when performing duties during week-ends. As easily read as a comic strip and twice as funny. Makes up for his size with horns.



Fritz Roll

Without benefit of clergy we give you Lovene Fisher and you can have her. She has been here so long that under classmen regard her as a housemother. She uses just a little too much indoor knee action. In our estimation a negative quantity even though we do hold the axe in this case. Is a living example of "brains and beauty . . . . " you finish it.



Lovene Fisher

Ray Nesbit . . . Words fail us when we come to the pride of the medical school. He aspires to independence, being a big shot and running the works. Called a brain truster by the vulgar ones (or common herd). His medical aspirations are the greatest factor in turning the Ag stoogents and disillusioned Engineers to mortuary (undertaking course to you) preparation. Bow down boys, he's Nesbit.



Ray Nesbit

No Frosh-ponent big nine would be complete without the presence of our eminent sports editor, Bob Spiegel. He tries to be radical but succeeds only in being stutter-brained. He thinks he is one of the real old timers but it's just a case of the egg being too old. He uses a loud mouth to his own disadvantage. Would like to be but isn't.



Bob Spiegel

Hugh Paris is the agricultural department's mistake. A charter member of the 4-H club. This bit of humanity is so dazzled by his position that he hasn't been able to see what it is all about. Failed four years in a row to make California but finally made it at the Rose Bowl. Will try again for exposition and points south.



Hugh Paris

That is the finish of the one and only Frosh-ponent's big nine. No doubt many will feel slighted that they have not made it. To those we can only add our sympathy and say, "Try, try again."

Race nor color nor creed nor sex has altered our course in choosing the favored ones We called 'em as we seen 'em.

—All photographs copyrighted by W. H. McCall.

Sleepy Stoogents Are Roused By Tallman's Origin Of Ghosts Talk

Never let it be said that every lecture given by Mr. Tallman is far above the intelligence of the mathematics students! One lecture given only a short while ago was not only understood—it was applauded. The subject of this lecture was ghosts! Yes you heard me correctly—ghosts.

The room was shrouded in partial darkness as the students filed in for another hour of sleep. What else could you expect them to do during a math lecture at eight in the morning? Then from Mr. Tallman came the startling words: "The lecture this morning will be on the origin of ghost." Do you blame us for thinking that just possibly he may have been indulging in something stronger than coffee for breakfast?

At first we were sceptical but when he began telling the story of Mr. A and Mr. B who had died and gone to live in the fourth dimension, we knew that we were going to hear a real ghost story at the ghastly hour of eight o'clock.

The lecture was highly interesting and instructive — mostly interesting. It dealt with the return of Mr. A and Mr. B, first as memories, and then as real, spectral ghosts. He ended by saying that at last we knew the origin of ghosts—at least mathematically.

So Mr. Tallman takes a bow for delivering at least one lecture able to be understood and remembered.

Faculty Answers As Miss Lois Lloyd Pops The Question

Miss Lois Lloyd, of the English department—who minored in unnatural science at college—asked the entire populaton of Main hall last week a question which puzzled campus intellectuals.

The question: "When you pull the plug out of a full bathtub in the spring, does the water swirl clockwise—or does it swirl counter-clockwise?

Answers:

(Mr. Bolles) "That depends on the time of year. In the winter, the water is likely to freeze."

(Bert Hansen) "Strangely enough, I have no idea. It's not in my line; my specialty is Bathos."

(Mr. Parson, whose opinion was given much weight by our inquirer) "Economically speaking, the drouths and floods suffered indiscriminately by the Average Farmer-Consumer make it impossible to predict, but the condition of the country is fundafentally sound."

(Dr. H. C. Kelly) "Clockwise in the northern hemisphere, counter-clockwise in the southern hemisphere, and alarm-clockwise for the students' fear."

Senate Gives Death List Of Unnecessary School Organizations

After a thorough examination of all the material submitted by the organizations to the student senate, it was unanimously decided that the following organizations must go:

First on death's list is a senior woman's organization commonly known as Motor Board. The senate felt that its accomplishments were so great that it placed too much of a burden on the members. In the long detailed account submitted to the senate (too long to print here) it told of the great dance it gave last fall, which was so stupendous that it required the services of the Spurs to take the tickets at the door and came out on the short end of the gate receipts.

The next victim of our democratic senate is the group that white-washes the M each year, otherwise known as the M club. However upon this organization will not be placed the death penalty, but rather it will be sentenced to the rest of its life under the guidance and management of the Sigma Chi national athletic fraternity. The M club have already been initiated into their new frat. Hell week came the week of the University-State game.

Phi Kappa Phi Out

Phi Kappa Phi staged a dramatic effort to maintain its existence by wilfully admitting that it did nothing, but even on these grounds the senate did not feel that the organization merited a place on our campus.

The Gridiron club will go, because during its six months of existence it has not done any more than all the other organizations (including the senate). In fact, it hasn't even elected a beauty queen yet, which is the first qualification for the justification of any organization on the campus

Last and least will go the student senate. This investigation is the first thing that it has ever done, therefore it had nothing to submit to the committee on investigation—What else could it do—poor thing?

B. B. Hansen Wants More Mouthpieces

B. B. Hansen is once more seeking mouthpieces to advertise High School Week. Anyone interested in addressing the high school students of his home town during spring vacation on this subject is requested to see Hansen or Gerry Geiger.

Hansen emphasized that no originality is required since the propaganda material is already written and all that is needed is somebody to spout it.

ROBBINS SINGS

(Continued from Page One).

of dirt was sifted through fine screen in hope of finding something substantial upon which to base a claim of greatness, greatness great enough to warrant continuation of such tea-sipping groups. That is, except for a few little lumps that looked like seeds. We planted, watered and nurtured them and they grew up to be a Frosh-ponent editor and his staff.

Therefore, the Frosh-ponent staff is equipping itself with armor plate so that it, and it alone, will remain as the one organization on the campus, dented but not chopped down, by Miss Vesta "Carry Nation" Robbins and her little hatchet.

NO FLIES ON M. S. C.

(Continued from Page One)

college. There was considerable wrangling before Miss Branegan, who is always with us, was accorded the honor.

Magellan and Branegan

But, ye scribe learned, the senate when it does do something, never does it by halves. It not only has decided to call the building Branegan Hall, as a lasting monument to the dean (barring, of course, an earthquake), but it will be decorated inside with murals depicting her favorite scenery. Each room will have a huge picture of the pyramids by moonlight so that we, the people of Montana State college, may also singly and collectively, be enthralled at any moment we feel the necessity of enthrallment coming on. There will also be a huge portrait of Magellan, who also sailed around the world, hanging near the main entrance.

The student senate will have its new offices in the building. Furniture for these offices will be selected as soon as Gabriel blows his horn and arouses the senators from their present lethargy. It is expected mostly davenports, sofa pillows, studio couches and many of those elongated chairs which Miss Laird calls chaise longues .will occupy the senatorial chambers.

There will be a couple of dance halls, one large and one small, a soup kitchen (designed by Dr. Branegan), a coffee shop where they sell sandwiches, a small room in the corner of the top floor reserved as a smoking room for the girls (at Miss Branegan's suggestion), a book store, Exponent office, Montanan office, (no Frosh-ponent office, though), sinks for washing dishes, sinks for washing hands, a mirror with comb, toothbrush and tin cup attached in each room, a front door and a back door, windows, radiators and a janitor.

University of Kentucky mathematicians have figured out that the average parade band member marches 160 miles in formation during the football season.

Gary Cooper Selects Izzy Nutty As Average Freshman At MSC

MAFO1939AMSC Reveals That Studying Agronomy More Conducive To Slumber Than Chemistry Lecture

Last week's campus-wide campaign to determine Montana State's "Mr. Average Freshman" has been ended. It was climaxed this morning when Gary Cooper, himself a former freshman in this college and who has spent much of his life associating with persons whose actions are very similar to those of freshmen in general, selected—you guessed it—Izzy Nutty for the signal honor of being interviewed by a Frosh-ponent staff reporter.

The reporter, hastening from his bed to locate and have words with Izzy Nutty before he left for his 8 o'clock, found our "Mr. Average Freshman of 1939" sleeping soundly. When your interrogator swung into his dance, he learned from Izzy himself that he (Izzy) was not certain whether he was studying agronomy or attending a chemistry lecture.

"Same difference, anyway," he said. "I always sleep best when I'm studying agronomy or attending a chemistry lecture, except that I think I sleep best when I'm studying agronomy because when I'm in an 8 o'clock chemistry lecture sometimes my chemistry prof, the funny one, falls off his desk and wakes me up, or else he wakes me up kicking over beakers and stuff."

I told Mr. Average Freshman of 1939 at Montana State college, (who hereinafter, for the sake of saving space, shall be referred to either as just "Izzy" or as MAFO1939AMSC—which, of course stands for Mr. Average Freshman of 1939 at Montana State college) that I had come to interview him since he had been so signally honored by one Gary Cooper who, himself (Gary) was at one time a freshman.

"Are you a sophomore?" asked MAFO1939AMSC. "If you are, I'm broke, so you might as well let me keep on studying agronomy, or listen to my chemistry prof, the funny one."

Exclusive Interview Granted

After I had assured him I was not a sophomore, but just a freshman like himself—only, of course, not such a famous freshman—he looked a bit brighter. And the interview began.

"Now, MAFO1939AMSC, I would first like to have you tell me why you decided to attend Montana State college as a freshman instead of attending Montana State university at Missoula?"

"Because," replied MAFO1939-AMSC, "because," and his brow wrinkled and furrowed as he bent deep in thought, as he strained his brain tissues (X-ray picture of same included on this page) to the snarling point, "I wanted to be a sophomore."

"And," I asked (he didn't tell me I should never start a sentence wi that conjugation, or is it conjunction "And" I asked, "do they not develo sophomores at Missoula?"

"Well," he replied, "not many, guess. Missoula has merely a footba stadium, a basketball floor and student union building with a colle attached. At Missoula they do n delve into the finer things of life, su as the lacteal (that means milk) di pensary of the average bovine (th means cow), nor the best metho of determining the difference betwe H_2O and H_2SO_4 before drinking."

An X-Ray of Izzy Nutty's brain as released by Sarah Barnes, director of the health department.

"Then," I said, or asked, "Do y think the time will come when y will be a sophomore?"

"I did for a time," he said, "b since that last roundup we all head for, I am doubtful about it, alon with most of the other freshmen a half the upperclassmen. When I can here I had promised Maw I would be sophomore within five years or els It looks like or else now, ain't it?

"Did you ever try polishing th apple?" was the next question I fir at him.

"Yes," MAFO1939AMSC shot bac "I had Maw send me some just befo the last roundup, and I shined one u good and gave it to my chemistr prof, the funny one, but he just han ed back and said he didn't eat a ples. Think I'll try it with orang next. Now if you'll leave me alo I'll get back to my lessons."

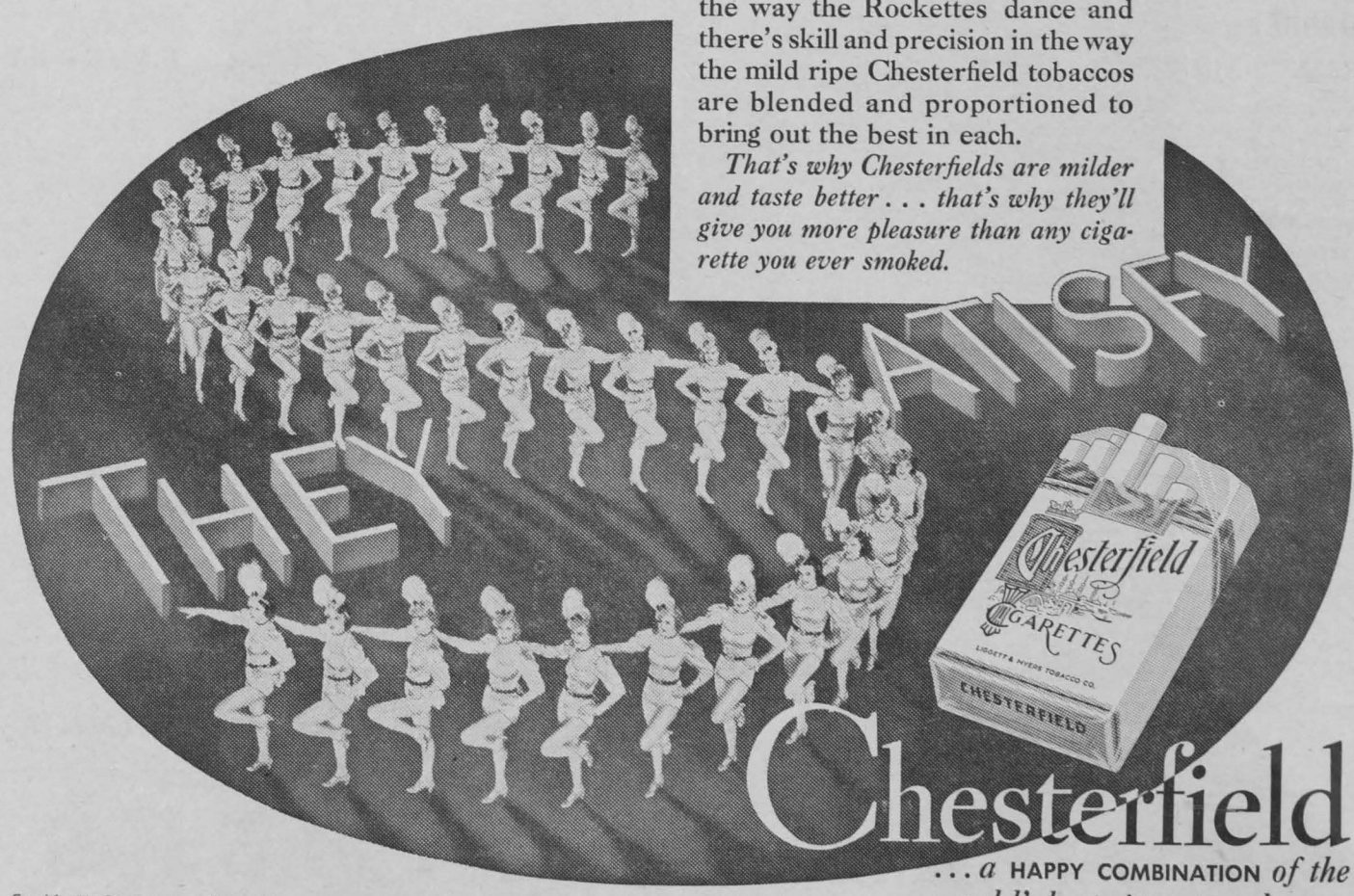
So with that question answered took my leave, and as I left I sa that MAFO1939AMSC was aga studying his agronomy, or attendi a chemistry lecture, with his pillo pulled over his face to stifle t sawmill-like sounds that surely mu have awakened the entire class—h it not been for said pillow.

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