

SUB To Be New Fraternity House

Gather around all ye male students for the biggest news that ever hit the campus of M.S.C. A new fraternity has been chartered. Alpha Chi Moo is the name of this organization, which was created with the sole thought of upholding the standards and traditions of the college.

Charter members of A.C.M. are Bob Brebric, Sam Venable, John Ryan, Bob Story, David Jondrow, Roger Johnson, George Ryan and Ray Urbach.

Alpha Chi Moo has purchased the Student Union Building for their fraternity house. Great plans have been made for the remodeling and decoration of this building. A bar is now being installed in the former coffee shop, table tennis tables are being replaced with pool tables, and a twenty-piece orchestra is taking the place of the juke box.

Open house will be held every night from 5 P. M. until 4:30 A. M. There will be free dancing and drinks and everyone is welcome. After 4:30 A. M. the brothers of A. C. M. will take time out to do their home work.

Only students of high intelligence and strong character will be pledged. The scholarship requirements is a grade average of 21.1925. No persons having an average lower than this can become an active member of A.C.M.

Initiation into the fraternity is very secret. "Hell Week" will consist of seven days liquid diet with no sleep. This is to test the ability of the pledges to keep up with fraternity activities. To insure a large membership the initiation fee will be only \$5,000.00.

Orchids have been chosen as the fraternity flower. The secret pass word is "Pink elephants on the wall." "Roll Out the Barrel" is the fraternity song.

President Bob Brebric has announced that A.C.M. is looking for a house mother, and applications may be sent to him. Qualifications for house mother are reliability, honesty, and friendliness; but most important of all, she must be beautiful, blonds and under 21.

Predictions are that within six months Alpha Chi Moo will be the biggest and most active fraternity on the campus.

More Flunks

Look at this, will you! Life in general and statistics in particular get more and more depressing as time rolls on. For instance, last year's autumn quarter grade average hit the mark at 79.06. And this year it was 79.01. For shame students, how could you? Well, there's just one conclusion: Coffee Shop trade is booming and grade averages have fallen five-hundredths of a point.

Winter quarter results aren't on the horizon as yet, but the crystal ball says there won't be a "proportionately greater percent" of flunkers than at this time twelve months ago. Encouraging, don't you think?

And as for spring quarter—To make a long tale short, what about making your goal at 79.07.

DRINK



IN BOTTLES

Frosh Play Angels

Wit a mighty roar that shook the play - lab to its termite torn rafters, rehearsals recently started on "Angel Street." The forthcoming clambake for the quarter is due to be unveiled March 4th and 5th on the boards of the Ellen Flicker Palace.

Leading the list of high - strung hams in this psychological shudder - sender is whistle - worthy Bunny Seidensticker whose blonde locks, gawjus gams and Si-bound personality are a California importation. Bun is playing the role that won Ingrid Bergman that bit of crockery known as an Oscar. You'll agree that they should dish out the same gimmicks to College Thespians when you watch Bunny emote from A to the end of Act three.

The two wolves leering at her through the whole proceedings are E. Bryce Lee who portrays the leading man and O. Maurice Thompson, who after a fashion, plays the hero. In case this sounds a bit complicated, remember this is a mellerdramah which will keep you on the edge of your seat, so it's safe to wear your bustle. Grandma, only your composure will be ruffled.

Both these swoon guys are returning to M.S.C. after having served time in the 15th Air Force which is absolutely no excuse.

Relegated to playing maids is the torried and tantilizing Gloria Simpson vs. sweet and sedate Anne Aikens. These gals fall right in line to make this the most gripping and exciting evening you'll ever have the pleasure to sweat out in a theatre.

Skipper of this crew and the boredom destroyer, "Angel Street" is Stanford Giles Wheeler who left West Virginia amidst protest from the Bobby Sox Brigade and unleashed his atmoic energies here in our dramatic department. "S. G." is quite an actor in his own right, having played in companies from coast to coast until his avoudupois put him in too 'heavy' competition with Laughton and Greenstreet. He directs this thriller with the ebullience of a father at a shotgun wedding. Drop around and join on a nervous breakdown, March 4th and 5th. It's real theatre, kids, theatre, that is.

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Damage Suit Brought By Kappa Sigma

The Sigma Chi fraternity has been sued by the Kappa Sigma fraternity in the Court of J. Pratt, J. P., for damages in the sum of \$200 for the unlawfull taking and detaining of an alleged car being a brightly decorated and signatured, M. S. U. 1946 model belonging to Doc Farand and Jay Stoval. It is alleged that unknown members of the Sigma Chi fraternity took and drove away without permission of and against the desire and will of the K. S. fraternity and to the eta damage to the feelings of the K. S. fraternity and for the deprivation in the loss of the use of the machine so alleged to be a car. The S. X's claim that the jury which they have demanded has been drawn entirely from the S. A. E. fraternity, and Dean Swenson states that he will challenge not only the entire panel but each pur or separately. The M. S. C. gymnasium has been secured for the place of trial; seven special police have been assigned to "keep the peace." All parties as well as spectators will be searched for lethal weapons upon entering the building. A side light of this suit comes to light in the rumor that the K. S.'s are said to be going to use the cash received from the suit with which to finance their winter party to be given next March first at the Baxter Hotel. Needless to say the S. X's are not enthusiastic over the plans.

Box score:

BENGALS (61)	G	F	P	F
Swallow, f	1	2	3	4
Evans, f	3	7	4	13
Satterfield, c	3	2	4	8
Sherman, g	8	4	3	20
Galloway, g	4	1	4	9
Booth, f	0	0	3	0
Aasv, g	0	0	3	0
Anderson, g	0	0	3	0
Call, g	3	1	2	7
Totals	22	17	29	61

BOBCATS (53)	G	F	P	T
Mcormick, f	0	0	5	0
De Tonacour, f	1	4	1	6
Konpang, c	3	1	5	7
Narkevic, g	3	2	3	8
Belinak, g	0	3	4	3
Blodgett, g	3	4	3	10
Michotte, c	3	4	3	10
Cashmore, f	0	0	1	0
Robertson, c	1	1	1	3
Turner, g	0	0	2	0
Ryan, g	1	4	0	6
Lott, g	0	0	1	0
Totals	53	23	29	53

Free throws missed: Montana State, 13; Idaho 16. Officials: Morrow and Sadler.

Dummy Up, Suckers

Those who believe what they read here should return this with a box top from their favorite cereal and 25 cents in coin or stamps (no checks, the rubber drive is over) to cover postage and handling. They will receive a free booklet entitled, "How to Accustom Yourself to New Surroundings." Otherwise known as, "You Too, Can Be a Napoleon." This valuable piece of literature is published by the Warm Springs Squirrels' Club. If you shed your order before the second Thursday in this week, you get a butterfly net guaranteed to last until you catch all the bats in your belfry.

Radar Girls Next

Many of you readers of this sheet have often wondered just how the big phenomenon, radar, is going to effect you in the future. This is not on the best of authority but more or less a pipe dream, as were many of the things in Buck Rogers and see how they have been coming true in the past ten years.

When Joe College comes down stairs to find about a half dozen people waiting for the phone, he can just go right back to his room and call her up via the small set that will come in all the better equipped homes of the future. Better start getting used to clothes.

Many of the boys are sweating out a new car with all the modern features that the automotive people have been getting set for, but the car of the future will be run with radar. This means fewer accidents from guys not watching the road. Good women your day is coming and you had better be ready.

The recent statement that we could send a message to Paris via the moon in two and one-half seconds will make it possible to have friends all around the world. This works both ways, girls.

Of course for these tests we could set our little machine so that when we should start studying some other course that a fist would reach out and hit us in the face. A fist because we're half asleep, anyway.

Hash this over with your friends and remember the days when you had to do things the hard way.

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7 Juniors Plan Prom April 20

Larry Cooper, Junior class president has announced that the Junior prom will be held April 20. This is an annual dance sponsored by the junior class and given in honor of out-going seniors.

A prom queen will be chosen at the dance from a group of representative senior girls from each organized house on the campus, as well as from the Independents.

Most of the committees for the prom have already been appointed and the junior class is working on the program now.

There have only been three meetings of the Junior class this year and at the last meeting there was a representation of seven people from a group of 132. This was an extremely poor representation and because of this, a number of plans for the prom and other activities have been necessarily curtailed to some degree. It is needless to say that unless there is a better showing at the next meeting, certain projects will have to be cut out entirely.

Every senior on the campus is a guest at the senior prom. This undertaking is rather expensive plan and must be financed by the junior class treasury. At present there are not sufficient funds to cover the expenses, so it was decided at the last meeting that each junior be required to pay a fee of two dollars into the treasury. If this two dollars is not paid, any junior desiring to attend the prom must pay the regular price of \$2.50 for his ticket. Otherwise he will be admitted free. Tickets will also be available to any underclassman at the same price—\$2.50 per couple.

The next junior class meeting will be held on Thursday, Feb. 14 at 5 o'clock in room 101 Roberts Hall. There is still a great deal of work to be done on the prom and other activities, so it is hoped that there will be a greater attendance at this meeting than heretofore. If you do not attend this meeting and have not been attending the meetings, the other members of the class feel it is only fair that those who do attend should be the ones to make the decisions. No griping, please. If you can't leave the coffee shop long enough for this.

Now that school has returned to a real pre-war basis, there is real reason for having this the best prom M.S.C. has ever seen. However, there is still plenty of work to be done, and it can only be completed through everyone's cooperation, so let's really have a good turnout on February 14.

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Montana Exponent

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Mistakes—Kathleen Walker, Alyce Bevins, Jean Stratton, Eleanor Anne Finch, Isabel McRae

EDITORIAL—

If the editorial column seems too dull, too grim or sardonic, or too crusading, it is simply because we need a change from the trend of this paper so we can write a better joke column when we go back to our other editorial duties.

In the last issue of the Exponent an editorial was printed on the reasons why M. S. C. should have a journalism course. It listed many reasons for having at least a one quarter class in this subject, but there could be no better argument to follow it than the Froshponent. However you may feel about this issue, it is an excellent reason for having a Journalism class here. If this paper literally "stinks", then why shouldn't the Freshmen be taught how to write decently? On the other hand, if this edition is worthy of much praise, then why should good journalistic ability be wasted and practically "thrown out the window"? Whichever way you may judge this, you need a journalism class. Either take the moronic individuals who write the copy and try to dent their craniums with some newspaper knowledge, or take these budding geniuses and give them a chance to develop into amateur news-hawks.

As long as there is still some of the carpet left to chew on, you might as well hear the editors' opinions. The staff of this Froshponent is as nearly representative of the entire Freshman class as possible, and it is loaded with partially developed talent. The big thing is that the majority of this group has never taken a course in Journalism, and they would like to if it were interestingly conducted and in direct connection with the Exponent.

As a parting challenge I will make an offer that if I can get a sufficient number of students to enroll for a Journalism course, this college will offer the class next quarter.

How about school spirit; what do you say teachers, students? It's about time we got "on the ball", "in the groove", or what have you. We've had enough shilly-shallying! We want action!

And where is ye ol' school spirit, you say? Apparently it went out with the war—and forgot to return. But now the war is over, and over too, should be this lack of good ol' spirit. What is school spirit anyway but a unified body of teachers and students. This means every single person on the campus is a member and this means YOU!

Let's say we agree we need this so-called unity. How do we go about getting it? Remember first of all: that "Where there's a will, there's a way". The will we must find individually. The way can be made simple through pep assemblies IF we will have them regularly and at a convenient hour. You can't blame a fella for hurrying homeward when hunger creeps up on him. Many of us live some distance from the campus and time fairly flies from 12:00 to 1:00. So, why not have a pep assembly at least once a month at a regular time at a convenient hour?

Gals, guys, and teachers too, let's go for Montana State.

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The Wolf

Gals, if you have charm, personality, a classy chassis, or are one of the female get-arounds, or just a female, then no doubt you know what we mean when we say, Wolf! Don't run, this is just a story.

Due to conditions beyond our control, the local yocals became globe trotters . . . They returned with novel and stimulating ideas on how to break a maiden's heart, or at least do a good job of bending it. Now girls this just can't go on. Cruel as it may seem, we must be firm about the matter. Encouraging such frivolous antics just enlarges the wolf pack.

There is no set rule or general characteristic by which you may recognize the wolf, no license plate or any other obvious means. Each individual has his own approach and "line." The best we can do is cite a few of these types.

You've probably encountered the tall, dark, and dehydrated character. This specimen firmly believes he's the pick of the crop. With his know it all looks, he is certainly a wolf. He knows no woman could resist the curious urge to find out what he is really like. Sometimes they find that the weeds are what grows tallest, too.

Then there's the approach of the 5 ft., 11 in. blond fellow, who practically rubs noses when he says, hello, and girls! that soft smooth, voice! This, we must admit is nice for a change. After all the nose needs exercise too, but it does have a reddening effect.

Next we have the clever individual who "makes a funny" then pers quickly around to see who's laughing. This type of wolf always gets his prey. If this kind appeals to you, don't even smirk, and he'll spend months analyzing the defects in your sense of humor.

Of course, girls, we don't want this to scare you. Not all men are wolves, (purely sarcasm), and not all wolves are distasteful. Remember this little slogan and you're safe: a man has his will, but a woman has her way.

Cupid's Day Tomorrow

Many years ago, Saint Valentine started something that will never die—that is, as long as there a boy, a girl, and common interest.

Through the years, this custom of giving a token of love to your sweetheart, "one and only," a beau, or what have you, has never ceased to cause hearts to flutter and eyes to twinkle. With great anticipation and expectation, February 14 is awaited by all those who happen to be in that out-of-the-world state—love. What that is some of you know, but for us poor unfortunate beings who have not as yet tied one of the oppsite sex down, have pity on us and give us more time.

Valentine's Day is agreed upon by most homo sapiens' as a great institution. This is the day that secret messages with amorous atmosphere is sent to the one who you have pursued through the halls, games, dances and SUB, walked out of your way to meet, dropped your hankie in front of—but all in vain.

So all you lads and lassies of M.S.C. remember tomorrow is the day! Buy that card, that five pounds, that dozen roses and send it to your "heart-throb." Don't let the tradition of Saint Valentine's day die, but keep it alive for future generations. Yes, we do mean you—

The Wolfess

Upon entering the doors of our "house of speculation," the Student Union, I beheld a creature far beyond comparison—none other than the scourge of all eligible men—"Fickle Flo". Here indeed is an individual of limitless capabilities, a person talented in the ways of concentrating attention to none but herself. Here, in a word, is a "Wolfess."

You will find her wherever you go, but venture into the interior of the Union and you will behold her in forms, shapes, and sizes to be equaled no place on or off the campus.

The more conventional type seem to be those of the flighty, frivolous nature, who, upon gaining entrance to the S.U.B. promptly scream at some hopeless individual cowering within some dark booth for lack of a more convenient hiding place, and immediately race, skip or fairly leap to his supposed sanctuary, then proceed to flop unceremoniously down at a distance far enough to be alluring, yet close enough so their charm can be directed with the most devastating effect.

Then we have the sly, fastidious example of our playmate, the Wolfess. A character whose clever cunning is indubitably fatal, often possessing a definite lack of morals, and who, upon occasion when attention is forthcoming from no other quarter has been seen to expose every attractive leg, which then derives for her untold glory, and stimulates that very same interest which was so previously lacking!

However, in all truth, we have grown used to these little eccentricities, and would never forgive ourselves if, by some detrimental manner or another, we disillusioned our little friends in any way.

Let us then put forth this toast, "Carry on Ruth, and to you Jeanne, Bobbie, or whatever name might be yours, may your hunting be most bountiful and successful, and your numbers increase steadily, for it is said the spice of life is variety, and variety is one quality sadly lacking among your chosen few."

A Final Reminder

All pictures of underslams for use in the Montanan must be taken by February 16, and the proofs must be returned by the following Monday (February 18.) Pictures taken after this date will be too late for publication in the 1946 Montanan.

Remember that pictures from out-of-town studios are due at the Montanan office this week.

Cupid Takes A Bow

Will you be my valentine? Sure thing!—You guessed it! The Alpha Gam party has hired the little fellow with arrows to grace their dinner - dance, Friday, February 15. The guys and gals will partake of dinner at 6:00 in the Student Union ball room. Following the feast, Cupid will join the crowd at the Bobcat-Colorado Mines game. And then, annd thennn, Joes and Janes will dance the night away (durn these college hours) neath soft lights to groovy music by Moekel. 'Tis rumored all Alpha Gams have blushing secured their dates. So fellas and gals, remember, "Be careful, it's your heart!"

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FEB. 14-15-16 — "CAPTAIN EDDIE" with Fred MacMurray and Lynn Bari.

FEB. 17-18-19 — "RHAPSODY IN BLUE" with Joan Leslie and Robert Alda.

FEB. 20 — "FIRST YANK INTO TOKYO" with Tom Neal and Barbara Hale.

RIALTO

BOZEMAN'S POPULAR THEATRE
113

FEB. 14-15-16 — "THE LOST TRAIL" with Johnny Mack Brown, also "ROAD TO ALCATRAZ" with Robert Lowrey, and June Storey.

FEB. 17-18-19 — "BEWITCHED" with Phyllis Thaxter and Edmund Gwenn., also "SWING HOSTESS" with Martha Tilton.

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Greek Gossip

Boy, is this going to give you an eyeful? In case you don't know what's going on around this here school, just gaze on the following and get hep.

Doyle Stranlund, a Lambda Chi, has just started up a business. He has now a store of his own, but there seems to be a lot of trouble connected with it. All the fellows have been picking the lock and swiping his candy bars.

Another Lambda Chi, Jim Traversers, really has an affection for card parties. He has been going to every party a certain girl has since he's been back.

Guess everyone knows the Phi Sigs are back here this quarter, and just as super a bunch as ever. I couldn't corner any of them long enough to get information on what they have been doing, so you'll just have to be content with knowing they're around.

Kappa Sig Paul Grammen, quite a popular man around the campus, is just about ready to hang his pin on a certain Chi O. Mr. Grammen has been wandering around the house in a rather dazed manner. The boys of Kappa Sig wish to heck he would either hang his pin or continue in his former line of duty.

While I'm on the subject of Kappa Sigs, Don Fiske and Jane Hodge had their wedding in the house one Saturday afternoon. Now all the boys have the wedding bug. Everyone is trying their hardest to find a girl friend.

Gutcheck and Brolin have started a new hobby, a class in body building. Their motto is "take bodies and make new bodies out of old bodies." Some of their various "bodies" are Andy Kalafatic, Jack Robinson, Ray Urbach, and Emil Blazina. On the subject of Emil, he and a certain A.O.Pi named Gloria have really been hitting it off on all cylinders lately. And say, did you know it's really true the Kappa Sigs are going to put in a private phone connecting directly to the Chi O house. And just in case you haven't guessed who is chairman of that maneuver is, it's none other than Paul Grammen.

I think that's all the dope on the Kappa Sigs. Ray Urbach was asked to make a statement and give some gossip, but all he said was, "I am very bashful and not at all the gossiping type."

Turning to the S. A. E.'s Dick Henderson and Art Pahl have been violently accused of stealing all of the Sigma Chi's girls. It seems the two young lads had a journey to Great Falls until things cooled off a little around here. Speaking of excitement, why did the cops come to the S.A.E. house during hell week? If anyone knows, would they kindly let us in on the secret?

During mail call the other day S.A.E. Miss Ricky Sherwood (alias Lover Boy) received a letter from a sailor in Japan requesting a date. It appears his Charles Boyer act has not only spread to Missoula but to Japan as well.

We asked Joe Hodgson to tell us a few juicy comments but he calmly replied, "we study every night, never go out, and never fool around." But it is rumored Joe took off his doorknobs the other night so no one would disturb him while he studied. If that's the way they never fool around, let's all study. They get plenty of sleep too. Maybe that's why they don't appreciate Roy Houser playing the trumpet at 3:00 in the morning.

The S.A.E.'s wonder if the Sigma Chi's had anything to do with Johnny Ryan's car being taken from the house to cemetery. Judging from the guilty looks on the faces of the Sigma Chi's when asked about it, they know more than just a little about it.

Every time it snows, the heart which usually contain the letters S.A.E., are replaced by B. M. and J. L. We wonder who does this all the time. Speaking of snow, what about the time a few of the boys, feeling slightly happy, began throwing snow around and singing at the top of their lungs, "Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow!" Don't tell us the S.A.E.'s never go out.

Guess maybe we'd better turn to the sober side for a while. The Pi Kaps have recently finished remodeling their new house and are now ready to renew fraternity life in all phases. To initiate their new home, formal initiation was held Sunday for nine members. Those initiated were Ray Alkire, Bill Giroux, Dick Giroux, Kenneth Humphries, Floyd Jenni, Clarence Miller, Thomas Ryan, Bill Strickfaden, and Jack Willis. Congratulations, fellows!

Maybe the reason the Alpha Gams and the Chi O's aren't speaking to any of the Pi Kaps is because they took back their phonograph from the Alpha Gams, and their piano from the Chi O's.

Last Wednesday's dinner guests were the dream-girl candidates—Jeanne Peterson, Candance Davis, Sue Horrom, Lida Loffel, and Marjorie Kasky. With those five beautiful women there we wonder who took time out to eat.

Here's some more about the Pi Kaps . . . Bob Wheir has certainly been sitting on the end stool at Richardson's a lot of the time . . . we wonder if it's the blonde or the brunette? . . . Ben Heidel wants to find some good looking girl who would be willing to help him with his math assignments . . . Les Klatt had a very contented look all last week end. Guess his girls from Missoula had a lot to do with the situation . . . Wonder if Bertha Roth is going to catch Ken Humphries or not. If she doesn't it won't be her fault . . . Bill Strickfaden's shirt is still making the headlines. It's such a bright plaid, it ought to knock a certain A.O.Pi out one of these days . . . Was Floyd Jenni adjusting his new driving lights when he was seen on that dark lonely road the other night? . . . Going back to Bill Strickfaden again, his are of sewing on buttons is really something. Every time he sits down in solitude to sew for a few minutes, the entire house has to come and watch him.

Then there was S.A.E. "Ruff Red" Ecton who missed most of the Missoula game on Saturday. He didn't arrive until 10:00 and a little Alpha Gam was getting pretty worried when he showed up.

Carl Holland and Russ Smiley, Sigma Chi's really looked like big time fellows at the Misoula game with those cigars. I haven't been able to find out if they made them sick or not.

This is about all I could find about you fellows. All I have to say, is that you're too loyal to your fraternity brothers. No one will tell on the other fellow because he knows if he does, someone might tell something on him that he doesn't want known.

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A Veteran's Return

'Twas, (to coin a phrase), a hell of a day. Returning from years and years abroad in wicked combat with a Laundry Unit (Soft-soap division) imagine my horror to be thrust into a registration assembly line at M. S. C. "Ya gotcha form 1050-G, Mac?" "Down to that end of the line, then ya slug."

A toothsome wench, snapped her bubble gum and leered through her bifocals, "Got any defectives, Cutie?" she blurped.

"Only a floating rib and 10 toes, on each foot," I brightly retaliated.

"Go down to see to ya Gawdam sponsor," she exhaled, "I get off at five and I got an apartment full of Scotch, Airdales that is."

My class sponsor in atomic vivisection displayed a formidable length of calf and cooed, "Come on in Dearie, Christ yer cute, what-inell do you want to get mixed up in this stuff for?"

"Well, the way I see it," I quoth, "if the government is willing to spend two million busting up this atom, think of what it would be worth to see them put it back together again."

We were locked in torrid embrace when she wondered if I had any Math behind me. I looked, and I became fully registered in the curriculum of Montana State college.

My next stop was the hash house to settle my frazzled nerves in a shot of chicory. I was playfully tripped by a spavined gam leading up to a set of yellowed teeth chewing on a saucer. The apparition spoke, "Just got out of the army, Wicks ya know, lit up Wacs. Glad to see ya, Hev, wasn't you in the battle of the Bulge with me."

"That I was," "Glad to see ya got your Spencer Form-fit vulcanized."

She all but compromised me there on the deep leather seats and struggling manfully out of her iron claw clutches, I escaped with the promises of a tete-tete on the cemetery road the following Friday night following the tiddley-wink tournament with Lesbian U. in the gym.

I decided to recapture the gay mad moments of yesteryear with Fanny Floggenwhistle who was in her senior year of advanced man-hunting. I thought of taking her to a celluloid thriller at the local Bijou, "Parlor, Bedroom and Bathroom" in which Andy Hardy was compromised by Maisie, which resulted in a situation which only Doctor Kildare could remedy.

But as I called at the cat house in which Fanny was residing, Haf-ta Catcha Man, the housemother was insistent on first giving me a short arm. Having passed this crucial test I was introduced to the sorority sisters who reeked of the exotic new Paris creation "Armpit 75."

At last, I was thrilled to see Fanny come drifting down the banister with outstretched legs. We embraced in jui-jitsu hold as we shrieked tenderly in each other's ears "Banzai."

Reclined on a bear skin rug, I bid each of the sisters goodnight in lasting embrace. The housemother ushered us to the door warning, "Now be in by Tayem, kids, I was once young muself, you know" she winked ominously.

Remarking, "It's a terrible night to walk," I whistled to a passing yak-cart. Whereupon Fanny confessed that her mother had been frightened by a kangaroo and lifted me into her pouch and we galloped off to the movies.

The picture was filled with lurid scenes of Walter Pidgeon riding by in a jeep, remarking, "Have you ever seen men die," and "War is Hell." With Lana Turner replying, "we must capture every moment tonight, with no regrets."

The picture came to a screeching halt when Van Johnson dropped the atomic bomb on the enemy city leaving only Margaret O'Brien wailing, "I want my momma" to the strains of a sinuous conga. After the show, Fanny said, "I could eat a horse."

Over a delicious repast of withers and fetlocks, Fanny rolled her eyes at me until one rolled off the table and the echo of breaking glass roused us out of our lethargy.

In a trice we were back at the sorority shack, bidding fond adieus in grapping hammerlock and to-hold. "I must leave you now," she retched. I retrieved the major part of a foot from the slamming door and turned to go..

"HEY!" came the housemother from behind the magnolia bush. "All the girls are in bed and I am obsessed with an uncontrollable yearning for you. Come into the kitchen and I will fix you a snack of whale blubber and rice."

"I am very lonely," she concluded her life story at down. "All about me is passion in its most animal form and here am I, age yet desirable, an old fiddle plays a sweet turn, 'I am yours, Satisfy Me.'"

I clung from the, chandelier threatening to caress her bosom with acid. "No, no," I murmured. "I am true to one."

My memory harkened back to my laundry days. I gave he the wet wash number 5 bundle twist and crawled out the coal chute to freedom. Straggling up to the campus for my first clas in torso tension, I was encountered by an anemic amazon in slacks. With that look in her eye, she threw a hand into my pocket, "I only desire a match."

My faith in femininity was restored.

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



The Ten Worst Pictures of 1945

Or Stick Around, Kids, They'll Get to Bozeman In 1948

For some unknown reason every magazine and newspaper devotes reams of space at this time of year to the ten best pictures. This space would otherwise be taken up with full details about the new Flynn or Chaplin case, but those gentlemen apparently reaching the senile age leave the editors tearing their hair until Margaret O'Brien elopes to Reno, so until that date we will be barricaded with enumerated lists and pictures of the stars and brass awards. We will spare you the portraits and will send some slightly soiled Good Conduct Ribbons to the stars for having stayed out of night club brawls and off police books for at least 12 months.

The worst picture of the year is the *Lost Weekend* in which Ray Milland, for no reason satisfactorily explained, goes on a binge from Thursday until Tuesday and comes out of it reciting messages and wisdom like pearls from his gin grimace. Anybody else doing likewise would get a terrible reputation and be banned from every place except any bar that can afford a Pabst sign, but with Milland, it is apparently all right.

Secondly comes *Anchors Aweigh*, in which Gene Kelly dances with a mouse, a five year old Mexican kid, and Frank Sinatra, but at no time gets around to a flesh and blood babe with gams on. Sinatra came through too, belching a few songs that you never heard before and hope to God you never hear again.

A *Bell for Adano* comes along in here. It was billed as a war drama with a message but there was no war, no drama, and along toward the end William Bendix had some trouble with a letter—(that must have been the message)—but they never got around to telling us what was in it.

Right after the release of *Keep Your Powder Dry*, WAC enlistments dropped and Lana Turner got rid of a husband, which may have had everything to do with it. Susan Peters shot herself, too, which is completely justified in this case.

Tonight and Every Night rates number five at least. The wicked undulations of Rita Hayworth were ant to be the drawing card on this, but she got all tied up with babies and bombs and drew a dud all around.

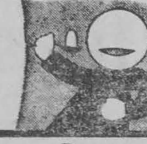
Classified as Art but reaching a new low in technicolor tribe was *A Song to Remember*. The song was apparently Polonaise but that got all involved in "Til the End of Time" and as such will be quickly and mercifully forgotten. This picture was not released it escaped.

Number seven was *Saratoga Trunk*. Ingrid and Gary got together again in an unfortunate hodge-podge about illegitimacy and railroads with a homosexual mid-gest thrown in for good measure.

National Velvet and *Thunderhead* ran neck and neck for number eight. Technicollections of cute kids falling off of nags and running races against apparently in-

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Our Animal Spirits

Has it ever occurred to all ye students that different groups of you act somewhat similar to different groups of foxes?

Blue foxes are bold, some exhibiting more courage than the ability to use their brains, and are ready to attack a man's heels every chance they see fit. Now, look at these upperclassmen brave creatures, aren't they? They've had three or four years to develop the a-well a technique and do the gals ever use it to grab the choice handsome men. And those fellows scoop up the cuties and go off in a whirl—only heaven knows where.

I don't suppose all upperclassmen are courageous, do you? As I see it, some have somewhat the same characteristics as a silver fox, who walks very softly and sneaky, only to get away from something (of course, they can run, too) or to get something without causing a fuss. The exasperating part of this procedure is that they always make a disturbance. Sly Seniors can be very tricky in stealing a favorite heart-throb from a poor little

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freshman—and that causes a disturbance. (Naturally, there is the little foxies' cousin—commonly known as the "Wolf.")

Come on, take a look at us freshmen. Know what group of foxes we're like? Arctic or White foxes, who are friendly and don't try to grab everything just to show off to the others. But, I'm warning you—white foxes can raise a row too irritated.

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PHI SIGMA KAPPA

At the last meeting of the Phi Sigma Kappa, the following officers were elected:

Pierce Patterson, president; Jerry Casmar, vice president; Ted Paul, inductor; Howard Kinney, sentinel.

The following men were pledged: Bob Cornish, Bob Blodgett and Gordan Turner. Stub Fjeld on his way through stopped to say hello to all of the boys.

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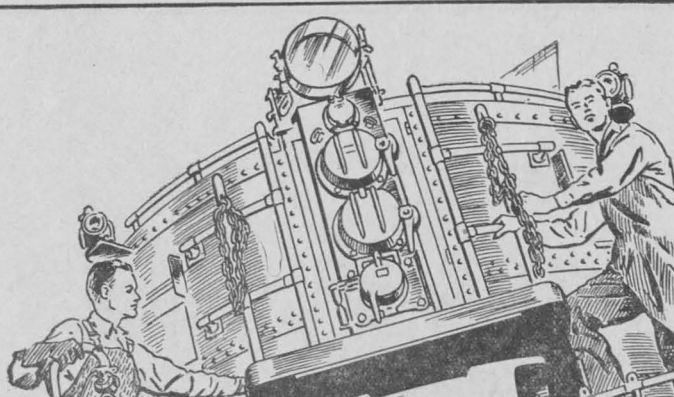
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**CAMPUS NEWS**

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Cooking With Chem

The other day I heard a Freshman home ec student moaning about chemistry. She couldn't understand what value chemistry held for her course. Apparently there are a lot of people who feel this way. They don't realize that chemistry will come up in everything they do.

For instance, in order to make good salad dressing, you must understand the ionic theory to the Nth degree. After all, you wouldn't want the hydrogen concentration to be so great that it would cause a biting sensation. Then on the other hand, if the OH concentration was too great, it would have

a flat taste.

How can you prepare baby's formula correctly unless you know the Ph. value of the milk? Also you must be sure that the molarity and normality are just right.

To economize on the cost of heating your home, it helps to know just how much coal to order and how much its heating value will depreciate during the winter. You should know how many calories of heat it will give off and what effect changing the pressure will have on the amount of heat given off.

I hope that these few examples that I have cited will help to show the doubtful students of chemistry just how important it really is.

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PI PHIS GLIDE

Looking in on the Pi Phi Dinner-Dance after my 11 o'clock in Robinology I observed all of the beautiful gowns floating around in the arms of MSC's most eligible representatives of manhood. A couple came up, swaying to the strains of Mockel's music and caused in the doorway to exchange after about the party. They bligingly passed on some of the details about the dinner-dance, which was held in the Moon Room of the Baxter. Small tables were laced around the edge of the dance floor so that the couples could dance between courses. The tables were decorated with wine and silver blue candles with a center piece of carnations the same colors. However, the carnations soon found their way to the boys button holes. Ed Pegram played soft sweet music during dinner. After dinner most of the Pi Phis adjourned to the college gym to watch the MSC-Idaho southern game. The opinion of the people who saw part of it was—well, ugh! Dancing started at nine-thirty with Mrs. Stranahan, Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Conrad, and Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Walters as chaperones.

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Robinology

Only one course in the current college curriculum has caused such interest that students otherwise regarded as sluggish and dull boys brighten up and become A-1 pupils of the class, this course is well known to most of the student body and to some members of the faculty as "Robinology," or the study of bourbon-lore.

Some eager beavers have been known to attend classes for as many as fourteen hours a day, and classes are so enthusiastic that the professors and their assistants have to work in shifts. The complete staff includes a doctor of interior decorating, two laboratory supervisors and two assistant lab assistants.

With those most seriously interested in their course, work starts at 11:00 in the morning at the beautifully appointed experiment room of the Baxter Hotel. These students stay throughout the day conducting experiments which sometimes makes them so tired they go to sleep on the classroom chairs, stools or even on the floor.

It is easy to tell the "A" students at the close of the day by their bright faces, flushed eyes and slightly thick manner of speaking. This condition is due to the number of experiments conducted during the day. It is also their tendency to drop some of the apparatus on the tables and floors.

The only complaint the students have of this course is that a certain number of visiting college people have no respect for the sanctity of this sacred room and insist on making various stupid noises, faintly related to athletic yep cries, or songs gleaned from a more academic college life. This has no place in a room where every phase of the burp and bourbon theory is hallowed.

Come with us as we follow one of the honor students through his daily grind. He awaits without, ceaselessly hammering on doors, until genial old professor Lee revives him with a key in the lock and a short ditch. Leading the student, firmly but gently, to his customary stool he starts the daily routine drowning the sorrows of yesterday—failed tests, fickle girl friends and financial reverses, with a Schenley straight shot. And for those who cannot find sorrows to drown, there is always the excuse of a birthday even though ten months away.

Now that the theory has been squared away, the student goes into the lab lectures, Geisha girls, sweater girls, victory girls, (for them the war is never over). He slowly talks to his buddies who dropped in for an appetizer midst the cool refreshing vitality of a coke-high. In the afternoon he spends his time going into experiments that are not in the book, a homogenized Virginia Dare, mixed with Tom Barkley's theory of life in the old Log Cabin. The shades of night are falling and we find our student drinking furiously to gather courage to call the local girl friend, which we know of course he will never accomplish.

During the late final hours of the class the student hangs shakily on to the spittoon while the classical strains of Spike Jones and his side-winding scabpickers give out with the strains of "Set that piano down, Grandma, You know you could never carry a tune."

At five minutes to one the snakes, birds, little men, and fish gently clear out of the student's way so he may leave and be locked in that night and be tempted to perform more experiments.



SITZMARKS

Flowers and congratulations are in order for our ski team, but about all we can say for M. S. U. is tough situation. I wonder how George Savage, M. S. U. ski captain, feels this week. He is a fine skier but it seems as though he slipped or else our boys are getting better.

The first four places of the downhill were taken by M. S. C. skiers but something happened in the slalom and one of the M. S. U. skiers, George Savage, sneaked in to finish third. Now how did that happen?

SLALOM

Wally Eagle M. S. C.	1:12.5
Ray Gustafson, M.S.C.	1:13.5
George Savage, M.S.U.	1:15.4
Ed Eck, M.S.C.	1:19.8

DOWNHILL

Ray Gustafson, M.S.C.	1:08.8
Ben Beatty, M.S.C.	1:11.7
Wally Eagle, M.S.C.	1:15.0
Ed Eck, M.S.C.	1:20.6

Ray Gustafson had better be getting on the ball or he's going to find Wally Eagle beating him all of the time. Wally has become a fine skier and it won't be long until he's making the big boys look to their laurels.

Seems to me with as many girls as there are in the Ski Club there would be a few who ski. Most of them, when they go out, spent 95 percent of the day skiing in front of the fireplace. How about more skiing and less sitting, girls? You really don't want to be known as Snow Bunnies, do you? Some people go to Bear Canyon for the strangest reasons. Cindy Schneider goes to draw pictures, but, Cindy, you know you can't find anything to draw in the fireplace.

Minc Murphit was seen at Bear Canyon for the first time Sunday. Say, Murph, why don't you buy some of the boards and take up the sport?

The Sigma Chi's are really going all out for skiing. It seems as though everyone on the house has skis. Some of the latest additions to the ranks are Tony Antonelec, Dean Swenson, Bob Bate-man and Jack Mansbridge. It is a challenge to the rest of the houses to take up skiing before the Sigma Chi's have a majority on the hill at Bear Canyon.

The general census of opinion seems to be that Jerry Eby is the laziest skier on the campus. Especially just before races! How about that B-B eyes?

Many thanks to Patty Rend, Bunny Lenham, and John Ryan for the time and effort they expended to make the races with M.S.U. very successful.

All you Slope Dopes and Snow Bunnies take notice of the handy conveniences for skiing located within a few miles of the campus and let's see more people out on the slopes in the future.

Bengals Beat Cats In Slow Game 61-53

By staging one of the most brilliant last minute scoring sprees ever seen on the local floor, the Bengals from Idaho university, Southern branch, soundly trounced Montana State college Bobcats 61-53 here last Friday night.

When the game was 15 minutes into the second half the score was tied at 47. In three minutes of play the Bengals hit the hoop almost at will to run their score up to 60 points.

Honors for the evening went to the two smallest players on the floor, Sherman, Bengal guard, and Blodgett, Bobcat forward. Sherman scored 20 points, more than the two highest Bobcats, while Blodgett tied 6 foot, 7 inch Michotte with 10.

The first half was listless. The score was tied after five minutes of play. Then both teams went seven minutes without dropping in a field goal. The score during this period was a succession of ties, each brought by gift tosses. The Bobcats looked like they might come through as the half ended 28-24 in their favor. Blodgett was the sparkplug that started the Bobcats to hitting the hoop in the first half. Narkevich, by his normally good play, kept the Bobcats together.

The injured McCormick was a starter but was decidedly slowed down. He went out on personals along with Koppang eight minutes after the second half started.

The alert Bengals, while failing to equal the Bobcats getting rebounds were so alert that few of the jump balls went into Bobcat hands regardless of the jumpers' ability.

After seven minutes of the second half the Bobcats were leading 39-31. When the two Cats were lost, Idaho staged a rally and it took them just three minutes to tie the score. The lead changed several times, then the Bengals staged their sensational finish.

The Bobcats of Friday night bore no resemblance to the team that handed two defeats to the Grizzlies here last week, with the exception of Narkevich and Blodgett. The Bengals on the other hand appeared in the peak of condition, were always on the alert and fought the hardest when the chances looked the worst.

While the Bobcats were tasting the bitterness of defeat the Bobcat reserves kept their record untarnished by defeating Carroll college 54-43 in the preliminary.

Reichel, who in the Missoula games, shared scoring honors with Casey, dropped in 11 points and Hansen added 13 for the reserves. The high point man for the evening was Carroll's Hunthausen who tallied 16 points.

The Bobcats of MSC hit the victory trail in a big way by hanging two straight defeats on the powerful MSU Grizzlies. The Grizzlies who came here, vastly improved over the team which met MSC in December, were unable to cope with the swift moving Blue and Gold attack. During the first half of both games it was close, but the last stanza saw a rejuvenated Bobcat club go down the floor repeatedly and score to hand the Silvertips two setbacks, 66-51 and 64-57.

We Got "Oomph"

The annual Bobcat-Grizzly basketball clash was the most colorful event to date this year at M.S.C.

The Cats did a turn-about-face to set the Cubs scurrying for their dens, and the sportsmanship of the Cats was truly a most magnificent sight to behold, but the games had stiff competition for attention. Their rival was the multiplicity of brilliant colors about the gym. For those unhappy spectators who forgot their sun glasses, I'll bet they are still seeing spots before their eyes. No matter where one looked left or right, fore or aft—bright reds, greens, oranges, blues, and purples actually reached out and "grabbed" one's eyes. It was dazzling, and it did give the games a merry chase for spotlight position. "Variety is the spice of life."

This idea must be a convention at M.S.C., for the campus characters, old and young, big and little, important and unimportant, displayed their colors Friday and Saturday nights and displayed them proudly as any male peacock might! Plaid shirts, knee-length stockings, ties, shirts, hats—all helped to form this technicolor eccentricity.

Right there in the groove was up and coming S.A.E. Ken Parsons, sporting a plaid shirt, blue levis and red socks showing true to form as he kept his team supplied with towels.

And now a word in edgewise. How about Lou Howard and his silver hat, in there pitching with the rest of us? Thanks for not being an oddball, Lou! The more like the students our instructors are, the more they become one of us, the more democratic and effective and enthusiastic will be the efforts of us, the students.

"Stand up and cheer!" sang the crowd, and stand up and cheer they did. Was it the sense of traditional opposition that made them display such enthusiasm? or was it the crowd, the gaiety, the brilliant colors, or their inherent school loyalty. (Maybe it was those cowbells which rang all night long.) Anyhow, being a little serious for a moment, I think it was all of these combined. Yes, all these and a little more, too—that little more being the general fine character of the student body. It is a sum of these things and others that make character—the character that will keep our teams playing with their well-known skill and sportsmanship, and the character that will keep us, the students, right in their spurring them on to victory and higher laurels.

Thanks, everybody, for such a magnificent display of vitality, and let's see a lot more of it during the entire year.

—Adena Parsons.

The first game found MSC running neck and neck with the University during the first period. Neither team could hold a substantial lead, and the 'Cats led 33-29 at half time. When the Breeden men started the second half, they made five baskets out of their first six shots and from then on it was a runaway with speedy little Bob Blodgett dropping through 14 points. However, it was Boyd DeTonancour who hit far out and close in to pace the Bobcats with 22 points. Every man on the team played superbly, and it was the fast moving teamwork that really upset the Grizzlies, 66-51.

In the second contest Coach Dahlberg of MSU didn't use his two team system so much. This time the Silvertips were playing hard and fast and had the Bobcats tied up continually until they pulled six points ahead with a few minutes remaining. Suddenly MSC came to life and with 30 seconds left, Boyd DeTonancour fired a long shot from the center to tie the game at 33 all at halftime. Again the second half found the Grizzlies wanting, and the Bobcats scoring. Moses, stellar Grizzly forward, was a big threat hooping 18 points; but he couldn't keep up with the fast rolling MSC machine as it clicked off a second victory 54-57, paced by DeTonancour's 16 points, to give themselves a sure tie for the state college championship. Three wins are required to take this title.

Bobkittens Skin Cubs Twice

The Bobkittens of M.S.C. made a splendid appearance on the home court to beat the Cubs of M.S.U. twice. As in the 'varsity games it was the fast moving attack and deadly shooting that rumbled the Grizzly Reserves.

The first game saw the Missoula team barely hang on for one half and then drop behind to lose. Big John Reichel was the Kitten scoring star in the first tilt. Reichel combined with Casey in the second tilt. The afternoon contest found the Cubs losing from the start as M.S.C. climaxed its complete conquest of basketball.

NOTICE

Girls' recreational swimming hours are from 5:00 p. m. to 5:45 p. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays.

Girls' basketball practice is from 5:10 p. m. to 5:45 p. m.

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