(Editor's Note:)
The Editor reserves the right to omit from publication any material which might terrorize small children or old ladies.

# Freshmen Class Officers, Ward, Baier, Hammond, Marquis, Have Interesting, Lurid, and Somewhat Doubtful Past

Seen frequently in the Union with that gorgeous, voluptious, Betty 'Mae" West, is efficient (?), ambitious (?), lazy (no question mark), **Clayton "Joe" "Thank God it's Friday" Ward,** the big push behind the class of '50's power. This handsome, debonnair, charming, Frosh prexy is recognizable to all by his jacket, which he wears to make all upperclassmen see 'red'.

Joe is majoring in "Fluffology" and with his high scholastic average was recently made M.S.C.'s nominee for the national honor society I Tappa Keeg.

Besides all of Clayton's previous honors, he was recently voted "best head swamper-outer in the history of the Sigma Chi fraternity. This is an honor not to be taken lightly.

With his vivacious personality and "bashful" smile, he will lead the class of '50 into high and glorious honor.

---

**Jack "Ace"** Baier, is Joe Ward's accomplice and president of vice.

In order that more upperclassmen may partake in Jack's all out program for more vice at M.S.C., we herewith print his surefire technique of picking up girls in the coffee shop.

In order to attract the attention of some unsuspecting fraulein, drop a stack of dishes on her toes. If this procedure doesn't produce the desired results, then daintily wash your thumb in her unfinished coffee while giving her a facial with a grimy bar rag at the same time. Jack isn't dumb, if this doesn't work he advises you to quit.

---

**"Pat "Take a letter Darling" Hammond,** recoder of the minutes at those active, hustle bustle, Duz does everything, Freshman class Forums, is Fishtail's (It really is a town) fascinating, forward, fashionable, fastidious, faithful, fearless, feminine example of "The farmer's daughter makes good without the traveling salesman."

Pat is a versatile Chi O pledge with brown sorta green but really blue eyes, mop brown hair, pleasing personality and her phone number is 500. Besides her other accomplishments she can sometimes read and write.

---

And just returning from Miles City's Industrial School where she was voted the "You're no pin-up girl" of the year by her sister inmates, we have Miss (?) **Jean "Maizie" Marquis,** the honest (?), efficient (oh come now) "keeper of the cash."

Maizie is a Bozeman girl and is listed in the Bozeville social register as one of the lower five hundred. She resides on upper Fifth Avenue. (See the Frosh do have class).

Jean has a way with money and what a way with men.

Freshman Class Officers, left to right: Jean Marquis (Treas.), Clayton Ward (Pres.), Jack Baier (Vice-Pres.), and Pat Hammond, (Secr.). —Clausen


THE GREEN SHEET THE GREEN SHEET THE GREEN SHEET THE GREEN SHEET

CONSIDER THE TURTLE, HE DOESN'T GET ANYWHERE UNLESS HE STICKS HIS NECK OUT.

# The Montana Froshponent

. . AND THE GOOD IS OFT INTERRED IN THEIR BONES.—Shakespeare

olume XXXVIII SUBSIDIARY PUBLICATION: MONTANA EXPONENT Bozeman, Montana, Wednesday, February 19, 1947 SUBORDINATE PUBLICATION: MONTANA KAIMIN Number 12


# Five Miss Froshponents Selected

## roshponent eviews 'Em

The ten worst books of the year, nned by Boston and a sensation Bozeman, represent every writ- s dream, and because they de the presses and escaped the nsors, are the most widely read blications of the year (Frosh- ent excepted).

First on our list of unmention- es in Boston is, "Captain of istile", which is the sizzling ry of a rookie's life and how became captain of the Head. is book should be especially in- esting to our ROTC boys.

Second of the greats of this r is "This Side of Innocence", "The Inside of the Quonsets". e book was not written as an to those desiring to find a y to get their girl in five min- s after being five pounds late, is interesting reading and uld give the boys a new slant the treatment of the femmes.

Next on our list, and this would e been first if it had not con- ned some 1,000 pages, is "His- y of Civilization", colorfully, torically illustrated every day the silver-tongued orator, Ulph. s epic deals with the problems hen and now, mostly then, and the great critic, Henry Ford, e said, "History is the bunk". find this is the story of war, rriages, Spartans, and Caledon- It seems the greatest econom- waste in history was the throw- of chaste maidens into vol- os.

Strange Woman" is fourth on miss parade, and although ng to say any woman on the pus who hasn't been dated for weeks in advance is a Strange an, (with the possible excep- of Bernice Mysee), this story rs another angle. Is seems a g woman had spent a great of time developing a good but didn't like men. Psychol- major no doubt.

The Razor's Edge" is especial- written for the pre-med stu- s of MSC, and the story fol- a young man through his els in his search for happiness. r his long trip from the Kap- Sig house downtown, he fi- pledged Lambda Chi and has found happiness study- Robinology.

. (Formula Joe) Hurst's fav- book is "Men Are Such s", which, no doubt, is math- ically true.

the Long Journey Home", and Whom the Bells Toll", or n the Door, Richie", "We a Flat Tire Tonight" needs xplanation, we've all read oldies.

When It's Teeth Picking Time lse Tooth Valley, Tennessee, e There," or "don't drive so Hank Young, there'll never nother molar just like you," ises the reader a 'bang-up' .

---

newly married doctor was ng with his wife when a iful girl bowed to him. The became suspicious.

ho is the lady, dear?"

, just a girl I met profes- ly."

o doubt," meowed his wife, whose profession, yours or ?

## *Attention Girls!*

Do you feel eyes following you Someone breathing down your wherever you go? Do you neck? Please! remember, wherever you are. Don't hold hands with your best boyfriend. Watch your table manners. Don't slurp your soup. Don't pop your gum on the campus. Don't cut across lawns or swear too loudly. Don't scream "Hey Jones!" across the coffee shop. When a good looking gal walks by, don't meow too loudly. When a good looking boy walks by, don't whistle too loudly. And above all, Don't wear pants!!!

Someone is watching you—is it Kilroy. No! Is it Smoe? No! Who is it!?! (Ed. Note: Maybe it's the president of A.W.S.)

In conclusion, I leave you with this thought. Study hard, say your prayers, and get to bed early. (Ed. Note: What a helluva conclusion.)

## *Belated Valentine To Instructors . . .*

'Tis true a trifle late this is
But honest and true we are a whiz,
And now to unload all our gripes of the year
For our dear faculty alone, to hear.
A great day it is, when the Frosh do attain
The long suppressed desire to really complain,
Ulph, you have heard, tears the world apart
But between you and me, he's a sentimentalist at heart.
The slams at his mother-in-law are varied and spicy
But his shoulder to her daughter was far from icy.
And then Mrs. Jennings, with her midwestern twang
Pours on the work with really a bang,
Her tests may be hard, her grades may be low,
But who are we, to judge her so?
And then Mrs. Hannon, with her eye for design
Has never yet failed to disapprove of mine.
Her nature is dominant, her manner is gruff
Which consequently puts us all in a huff.
The professor with a "name" is Kurtichanov, you know
An absent minded teacher, who puts on quite a show,
Though he rules o'er his subjects with a very stern hand
You're never quite sure just where you stand.
If space were more pentiful, I'd continue on and on
But since it is limited. I had better be gone,
And the rest of the faculty, so I hear
Will be torn apart effectively this time next year.

---

How about the Scotchman who called up his sweetie to find out what nights she was free.

## *She's Eligible, She's Lovely, She Uses Soap*



Lovely to look at, Sigma Chi Sweetheart, Rosalie Coleman. —Schlechten

## Band and Chorus to Ease Capitols Mal-adjustment

Prospective Sinatras, Shores, and Goodmans will honor the State Legislature Saturday with sweet melodies. For those who have heard previous performances, the band and concert chorus will bang and howl in the ears of the big wigs of the State. Needless to say, we are thrilled with the invitation.

In case the guys in Helena get bored with it all the chorus will sing "Awake, Awake", or "Can't you see M.S.C. Needs a Field House?"

Upper classmen say that our school lacks capital, politicians and publicity, so the chorus will dedicate "Throw Out the Life Line", or "Pave the Streets—It's Almost Spring in Bozeman."

Mr. Sandvig has placed right and ready (for what?) Bob Dilworth Mercer in charge of the pitch pipe. Director Sandvig's desire is that Dilworth can give his pitch effectively over the roaring applause without getting horribly confused with his majors and minors.

Since the band is going along for the ride, no doubt they will blow a few blaring bugles, perhaps to the tune of "Reveilee", or "Send some more teachers, I've Got 7 O'clocks Six Days a Week."

This endeavor, if nothing else, should be suggestive to the constituents of the Capitol of the minor mal-adjustments of this Bozeman haven.

## *Marriage Court*

The annual Marriage Relations Course sponsored by Mortar Board, Senior Women's Service group, will begin Wednesday, Feb. 19 at 8 o'clock in the Main lounge of the Student Union Building. This course is open to all students.

The program is divided into three parts. The first lecture given by Mr. Doane of the psychology department will take up the sociological and psychological aspects of courtship and marriage. This lecture will be followed by general discussion in which everyone is urged to participate.

The second lecture of the series will be the following week. It will pertain to the religious aspects of marriage. The third lecture will concern the medical and physical aspects.

The other speakers will be announced at a later date.

## Bozeman Bum Returns Again

### *Or the Veteran Was Never Like This*

Lectures? You're asking me about lectures? Have I any gripes? Say, Bud, who are you kidding? I'll tell you about some of the characters up at Montana State college who were once professors of mine. Did I enjoy their talks? That's a fine question. Do you think I'd be riding the "rods" like this if I thought those ginks had anything to offer?

Well, first on the list is a grey, mature, glamour boy. I can't tell you his name, you might be a secret agent trying to pump me. "Glamour boy" is an understatement. The guy's technique needs a book all of its own. He, (let's pretend his name is Plato Jr.), teaches a course in the history of socialism among certain species of insect life. He likes big classes, "more the merrier" is his motto. When all the seats are occupied the door is thrown open and Plato Jr. sweeps in. He stands in front of the blackboard for twenty seconds. Then he places his hands across his ears and sighs. He sighs several times and suddenly looks up. We're seated. He's amazed, he hadn't realized that so many would turn out to hear him lecture on the "anti-social Drone". He gallantly throws back his shoulders and begins. Plato forgot to bring his notes with him so the first ten minutes of the lecture consists of mumbling. Everyone leans forward to catch the scattered pearls of wisdom but no matter how one tries, the words are lost. Plato warms up. After fifteen minutes have passed we discover that his breakfast coffee had been weak and that if the boarding house keeper doesn't learn to toast bread properly he'll look for another place to eat. Jr. has edged around to the front of his desk at this point and now is trying to nonchalantly hitch himself onto it. He attempts several times to perch but gives up when an ominous rip indicates that he's going to have to send another pair of pants to the tailor.

The last twenty minutes of the lecture are what used to slay me. I called it the imitation period. Plato, after the substance of his talk was delivered, turned his searching and glittering eye on the news. People he didn't like he would caricature. It didn't matter who his subject was. The victim of his wit could be anyone from Mary Pickford to Ralph Tipling. The facial and vocal contortions were always the same: lower jaw pushed out, lips down in corners, eyes protruding and a screechy, slithery voice like Mr. Cassidy on the Fred Allen program.

What do you mean, I didn't like Plato, Jr.? Yah wanna get busted one? The guy may have had his faults but he knew what

(Continued on page four)











One of the more outstanding wall flowers of the campus is LULU FLAGANSTINE. Lulu has two years here at M.S.C. and really looks it. She is outstanding in her chosen field, Horrorculture, and expects to go far. (The farther the better). She is Sergeant at Arms of the local Horrorculture Society chapter here, Gamma Kappa.

Lucious Lulu is a favorite with the Lambda Chis, who worked diligently for her selection.

The staff, inspired by her natural beauty (she is the back to nature type) knew instantly that she was definite Miss Froshponent material.

---

ELMIRA McSNOOGLE, a transfer from Warm Springs, was more flashy than the staff preferred, but her other evident qualities more than overcame this minor drawback. Emmy withdrew her name from the list of Sweetheart of Sigma Chi candidates under severe protests, allowing her vivaciousness to be available to the Froshponent. Doug Fessenden, M.S.U. grid mentor, has been continually hounding Elmira with lavish offers. It is rumored that she is considering a figure.

---

With tears in their eyes and a deep feeling in their hearts, the staff selected RUTH DOBLER. She was their "mother type." Affectionately called Mom, after the manner of R. Fix, the Froshponent members were completely captivated by her gentle smile.

A coke drinker from way back (Ed. Note: 'plain' or 'otherwise') her pledge was dropped by the honorary Thank God It's Friday club. However, this made little difference to the staff (who are 'otherwise' drinkers themselves) for they knew Ruth to be the sweet, demure type.

---

KLEOSTA KLINKER, president of the Alpha Psi Omega chapter of Drastic Society, will resign this important position having been chosen Miss Froshponent.

She has disclosed that becoming Miss Froshponent has been her life long ambition.

The ravishing beauty of this fair damsel was first noticed in last fall's Drastic Society's production, "Much Ado About Nothing", in which she earnestly played the devastating role of "Dogberry."

---

Mortar Board has chosen as its representative FLOSSY HAVABREW.

Her scholastic ability can not be excelled by anyone with a better string of F's. She has them all.

Most of her time is spent studying in some quiet corner of the Robin Junior.

Her scholastic ability may not be the best, but there is absolutely no doubt in anyone's mind about her glamorous beauty.

---

Sigma Chi's have their Sweetheart, the Pi Kaps have their Dream Girl, the Montanan has its Queens, and above we present our selection of eye appealing pulchritude, the five Miss Froshponents of 1947, or "The Girls we would most like to do a Newsy Layout with."

# MONTANA FROSHPONENT

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## *We Are Insulted . . .*

This beautiful spring weather, it's here today anyway, sort of started us thinking about all the beautiful things of nature—birds, trees, flowers and wel-l-l, and among other things grass. You all know what that is, if not just dig up some old pictures of the Montana State campus. By old we mean prior to 1943. That is the year when the present day senior class first arrived, at least part of them —some of them date back to ancient history. Anyway grass is all that stuff that will soon be turning Green (we always capitalize Green; its the color of the Freshman class you know) and making our campus almost as beautiful as the Frosh girls that walk around it. That is it will be turning Green if there is any left to turn Green. Seems some of the local grass has disappeared this past winter.

The Frosh class wants a Green campus this spring so we have investigated the reason so much of our grass is ceasing to exist. Reason: Seems the seniors, juniors, and sophomores evidently a little bitter because they are not members of the privileged Frosh class, have let their feet beat down those little defenseless blades of grass. To tell you the truth, we Frosh are highly insulted to think that you would consider leaving our campus just a little less beautiful than you found it. We don't want to nor do we expect to live in a miniature Sahara for the next 16 years because present day upper classmen are a little on the inconsiderate side. You realize, we hope, that there are going to be others here after you are gone.

After a short investigation, we found that there is not an isolated building on our campus. Every single one of our buildings has a path, cement or otherwise??, that connects it with all of the other buildings. Look around a little bit; they are easy to find.

We know what you are thinking—"Frosh walk on the grass too". We will admit that we know of a few of our weaker bretheren who are guilty. However, we threatened to make them sophomores so they begged forgiveness and promised not to do it again. (Ed. Note: A hateful stunt.) Another thing, at our last class meeting we made all the Freshmen promise to quit pushing upperclassmen off the sidewalks. So now all of your excuses are gone. We are warning you. The Frosh class expects 100% cooperation from now on.

Stay on the walks,
Stay off the grass,
And you stay in good
With the Freshman class.

d. c.

## *Powerful, Fighting '50*

Fully aware of its power and influence as the largest class to enter Montana State college, the Class of 1950, being of questionable mind and doubtful motives, has decided to direct this power toward the upholding and improvement of college traditions. As the initial step in this crusade, the fighting class of '50 proposes several amendments to the constitution of the Associated Students of Montana State college for the government of the campus of this institution of higher learning for lowbrows known locally as Montana State college constituents. All upperclassmen and faculty members are expected to obey without question these new rulings of the multitude.

Amendment I. The Class of 1950, very greatly concerned about the beauty of the campus, is gravely worried over the great amount of traffic the campus sidewalks must bear. If this situation continues, our present smooth concrete pathways will be worn away to rubble and the beauty of the campus irreparably marred. Students are requested to avoid using the walks as much as possible and concentrate their traffic on the abundant and hardy grass. Punishment will be especially severe for Spurs and Fangs caught violating this ruling.

Amendment II. A committee of Sophomores shall be established to see that several members of their class are always stationed at the main entrance of Montana Hall ready to assist any Freshman inside same door, carry his books and conduct him to his class. Members of the Freshmen class have grown tired of entering the side door and desire a change of scenery.

Amendment III. The wearing of green hats shall no longer be mandatory for Freshmen as this particular hue does not suit our delicate personalities. Henceforth, a special department will design suitable chapeaux to express the personality of each Freshman.

We are certain that every loyal student of MSC will give unquestioning support to these rulings and cooperate wholeheartedly with the fighting class of '50 in its attempt to improve school traditions.

d. g.

**NOTICE**

A considerable amount of money has been found. The rightful owner may receive same by identifying the sum, and the approximate time it was lost. Contact Martin Kraut at Quonset 12, phone 1748-J. If not claimed within 30 days the money will be donated to the College library.

**Does the Administration hold court every day at 2 o'clock? Is some missfit or odd ball whispering things in the judges ears? Can your friends be relied upon? A popular place in the afternoons is Montana Hall; do they come by preference or by invitation? Who knows?**

## DR. RENNE SAYS---

The annual edition of the Froshponent is a fine opportunity for freshmen students to demonstrate their abality to put out a good paper. Many Froshponents we have had have provided good humor as well as good demonstrations of the ability of the freshmen students.

We believe the principle of having one edition handled by the freshmen students of the Exponent staff is a fine one and we are sure that the freshmen will not misuse this opportunity and privilege. We are, therefore, glad to see the Froshponent each year.

R. R. Renne,
President.

## *Bloody, What?*

With the approach of final exams, the Syracuse Daily Orange ran an ominous article which may or may not have influenced the semester grade curve. It told how at the 700-year-old University of Naples in Italy a group of students recently beat their professor with an iron door handle because he had not given them passing marks in their examinations.

The students were all vets of the Italian army. The brawl forced authorities to close down the University, which is one of Europe's most ancient institutions.

Mother: (Entering darkened room unexpectedly) "Well, I never!"

Daughter: "Oh, you must have!"

## *Free Press at Colgate U*

In one of the first statements of its kind ever issued on a college campus, President Everett Case of Colgate university recently guaranteed freedom of the press for Colgate student editors of the post-war period so long as they continue to be faithful to the tenets of responsible journalism. Faculty supervision for student publications is still traditional on most college campuses.

Emphasizing that every editor —the college editor included—carries a heavier responsibility today than at any hour in American history, Mr. Case's three page statement was issued as the University observed the 100th anniversary of journalism on its campus.

**One hundred years ago, Colgate's first editor was expelled for "contumacy and rebellion" even before he had printed an editorial he had told the faculty he felt duty-bound to publish.**

"In college journalism, as in the professional field," Mr. Case asserted, 'responsibility can best be met, we hold, if the editor has free access to the facts and liberty to express his opinions once these facts have been obtained and thoughtfully examined.

"Only free journalism can be responsible, as in the long run only responsible journalism can be free."

Declaring that Colgate asks only that its student editors be faithful to the tenets of responsible jorunalism, Mr. Case went on to say:

"We have a right to expect of student journalists scrupulous adherence in all of their writing, news and editorials to the canons of accuracy, truth, good taste and fair play which are accepted everywhere as a part of the journalists' code.

"We have a right to expect too that college publications faithfully reflect the characteristic concerns and activities of the institution as a whole—the intellectual, the scholarly, the cultural as well as the athletic, the social, and the extra-curricular."

Mr. Case said that the college needs intelligent self-criticism and student publications would fall short of their full responsibilities if they failed to provide it.

**"Colgate administrators and faculty members would not be human," he said, "if they did not at times wish for more gentle treatment than is sometimes accorded them in student publications. But we at Colgate do not, and will not demand it.**

**"If our publications are articulate, and at the same time dependable, accurate and honest, we in the administration and faculty will try to regard their opinions, not as thorns in the side, but as nudges in the rigs, good natured though possible vigorous shoves in the direction students honestly think things should go."**

# Pi Kappa Alpha to Honor Bag At Dream Girl Coronation This Week End





Left to right, top row: Ileana Hanson, Carolyn Fritz, Joyce Tribble. Bottom row: Helen Hoffman, and Alma Jean Herminghaus.

True to a tradition concepted in 1900, the Pi Kappa Alphas will select their Dream Girl of '47 this coming Friday night. Winner of the finalists will be announced at the Pi Kap Annual Winter Formal at the Springs Club, where she will receive her P. K. sweetheart pin during the coronation ceremonies.

Inspiration for the Dream Girl comes from the Pi Kap song and the co-ed is selected on merits of poise, personality and popularity (and whether or not she dates a Pi Kap).

Winner of the local chapter, Gamma Kappa, will eventually be sent to the Pi Kappa Alpha national, who in turn will select the co-ed of the country.

Candy Davis was last year's Dream Girl on the Montana State campus.

Appearances are deceiving—many a coed who puts up a swell front in society is flat busted at home. (e. comment: Today's society is like that. . . everyone tries to act as if he had more money than he has.)

A bather whose clothing was strewd
By winds that left her quite nude
Saw a man come along——
And unless I am wrong,
You expected this line to be lewd!

*In accordance with the prevailing custom of our subsidiary publication, the MONTANA EXPONENT, we are awarding to each person who finds his, or her name in the ads one (1) Philip Morris cigarette.*


VETERANS . . .
LET
SAFEWAY
STORES
*HELP STRETCH YOUR LIMITED FOOD DOLLARS*

Brighten Up With
**Sherwin-Williams Paint**
**Kenyon-Noble Lumber & Co.**
128 West Main Phone 4

***Freshmen . . .***
Come in to see us when you are down
to your last rag
And we'll show you something that
won't sag.
***HENNESSY'S***
29 West Main Phone 1469

***Freshmen!***
**F. L. Dye Company, Inc.**
Plumbing - Heating
Gas Equipment - Electrical
Supplies - Frigidaire
Bozeman, Montana

**College Hill Grocery**
602 South Seventh
*The Store Near*
*The Freshman College*




The Willson Company
Ex-Cel-Cis
*Cosmetics of Distinction*

Read the Kaimin tri-weekly
(Get it out one week, try and get it out the next)
---Unpaid Adv.

If you don't want a rook
Take a look at some books
All prices we will beat
All friends we will greet
**Phillips Book Store**

Bob A.---
Dosie will
be cosy
if you bring
her posies
*from*



LANGOHR'S
Flower Shop
Phone 95 10 East Main

DRINK
Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
IN BOTTLES

# Alpha Gammas Build House

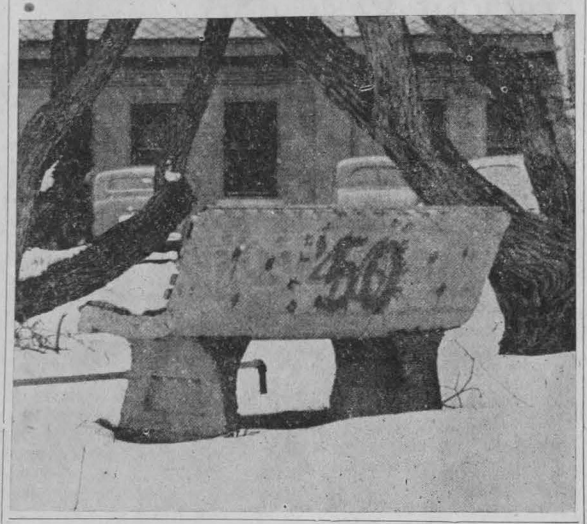
The Alpha Gam girls have acquired a new house (or should we say mansion?) located due east of the Engineering building and across the street from the Kappa Sig house. The Kappa Sigs should indeed feel highly honored that the Alpha Gams will be living so close to them. The only hitch in the deal is that the A O Pi's have long had a priority for favorable location to the Kappa Sigs. However, we have the utmost faith in the ability of the Goons. (We don't be quoted on the kind of ability!)

Now, we shall try to describe in our best beautific manner the interior and exterior of the spacious and luxurious new home of Alpha Gamma Delta. Remodeling is being carried on and will be finished soon. The rugs on the floors will be deep-piled and of only the finest quality available. The furniture will be the cream of the crop. (We don't mean corn crop, either.) The kitchen is a delight to the Alpha Gam girls majoring in Home Ec. Only the best of food will be prepared in this kitchen and served to esteemed dinner guests. The bedrooms are large with four-poster beds, feather mattresses, down-filled quilts and pillows to lull every busy Alpha Gam to sleep to dream of her best "dream man." Oh, what a day! Awakened in the morning by the tantalizing aromas coming from the kitchen, all Alpha Gams will be in heaven. Outside the house extensive landscaping is being completed which will outshine the best of displays anywhere else. All will take place as cited. It will be only a dream(?) come true. In case this may all seem to be a little misleading, let us hasten to put you straight. This beautiful dream to come true is now an architect's nightmare of tattle-tale grey with green trimming, commonly known as the Alpha Gam Hamburger Stand, or more aptly put, as the Alpha Gamma Delta ("white elephant.")

(EDITOR'S NOTE)

**Due to the incompetency of the FROSHPONENT copy boy, we regret to say that the material for this column has been lost. It wasn't worth a damn anyway.**

# Frosh Relieve Seniors of Bench



## *Co-ed Gym Jive*

In every sport there is always some unfortunate, who manages to crack open his head and splinter his backbone. It is to these unfortunate invalids, and cripples that I dedicate this column.

Peggy Berryman has been seen limping around the campus with a wrenched knee. Too bad, Peggy, but after all skiing backwards should be left to the experts.

And then there was Pat Haeckel who wrenched her knee skiing on the football field. Rugged terrain, eh Pat?

It seems that there are some gentlemen left in the world after all. When Dorothy Swanby fell on the ice and found herself unable to skate, four sweet fellows picked her up and carried her into the club house.

Here's the spill of the month. Bobbie Bell was seen skiing speedily down hill on her face—of all things.

The report also came in that Dolores Quayle was skiing on the other end of her anatomy. Where do you get your pants mended at, Dosie?

And now to the more vigorous type of sport. Shan Hould proclaims that "Jeep" Birrer is absolutely the best ping pong player on the campus and vice versa. Hmmmmm!

It is rumored that Miriam Gessaman is the champion roller skater on the hill. Is that why you practice so much or could there be another reason?

All the houses are laying in a large supply of soft comfy sofa pillows. Wonder if the fact that spring and horse-back riding arrive together could have anything to do with it. Incidentally we hope that Bernette Stiff will volunteer some information on this subject.

Are the fellows who watch the girls basketball games on Thursday night interested in the fine points of the game or could it be the cute little shorts that the girls wear?

# 'F' Play Revealed

## *Quonset Co-eds Invite Guests*

We know all you people have been awaiting the day when you, too can go and take a look at those half barrel-shaped affairs that the Freshmen girls so fondly call home. They have waited a long time to move into their little havens, and now that they are pretty well settled they have decided to let the public see what they are lik. (This includes upperclassmen too!)

All four units of the Quonset Huts are holding Open House on Sunday, Feb. 23 from three to five (Ed. Note: p. m.). Each unit will serve refreshments and show you through their respective living rooms, study cubicles, and "Siberias".

As long as the girls are taking this time to show you their abodes, why don't you drop in and see them on Sunday?

We hear that Jean Rinan is afraid to swim. Say Jeanie, don't let water get you down—after all, liquids are all alike.

Even though Ruth Johnson says she isn't athletically inclined, we remember the day she came in enthusiastic over a bicycle ride. We still haven't discovered whether it was the exercise or the company.

With this column I'm done and
I've had my say,
I want you to notice everything is okay
I've kept it neat
I've kept it clean??
And all I hope is it's passed by the Dean.

## Jersey Dress



**Pale blue jersey belted with gold leather, shown above as pictured in the December issue of Junior Bazaar, makes a dress as demurely appealing as a Raphael angel. The tiny separate cape can be removed to show a long boat neckline.**

### 'TIS OBSERVED

A perplexed freshman stopped Mr. Grosshauser, who is in charge of housing in the dorms at the University of Colorado, and asked him where he was to stay. Mr. Grosshauser checked the list and sent the young man up to room 302.

The newcomer wandered wearily up to the third floor and, not pausing to check the numbers on the door too closely, he opened the door of T 302. T 302 happens to be a telephone booth with the phone removed. He quickly ran downstairs and into the office with this statement. "I'm sorry, sir, but I'm afraid it's going to be impossible for me to get all of my stuff in that room—it's too crowded."




*"If I tell you the truth, dear, you'll only think I'm bragging"*

Reprinted from the March, 1947 issue of ESQUIRE

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## 'T' Formation Bows Out to 'F'

One of the most marvelous, wonderful, wondrous, miraculous, prodigious, stupendous, inconceivable, incredible, extraordinary, astonishing, amazing, unprecedented changes in football history is about to be introduced. A new change in playing formation is promised. This new one will make the "T" formation as antiquated as the bustle. Wondrous are the things that man's mind conceives, but the most (we won't go thru all that again) anyway, the greatest thing to hit the gridiron since its beginning is nothing else but the NEW "F" FORMATION. The "F" naturally stands for findum, foolum, and f——ah! ha! you thought I was going to say FRESHMAN.

This formation involves the use of three additional players; humpback, drawback and tailback. Coach Clyde Carpenter has written to Notre Dame to see if they have any slightly used material for the humpback position. It is believed that Errol Carrols in Hollywood will be able to furnish material for the Tailback position. It will be difficult to find someone to take Brooks place at drawback. Oh, I forgot to mention that the requirements for tailback, are that one must be approx. 5 ft. 2 in height, weigh around 115 lbs., have a 35 in. bu—er—chest, 24 in. waist and 35 1-2 in. hips and OH! YES, one must also be a FRESHMAN co-ed. That is the secret behind the whole formation.

The tailback doesnt wear regultion uniform but instead wears an abridged edition of the uniform used by our oooOOOOwww! Baton Twirlers.

One of the cleverest plays this formation will make possible is where the Humpback makes a pass—I mean—throws a pass to the Tailback. The Tailback immediately freezes up and tells the Halfback to take the Humpback out and give him his Quarterback. (Phew! Open the window, Richard).

## *Intramurals . . .*

The Sigma Chi Blues overwhelmed the Thompson Boosters in a decisive 9 to 23 contest, taking an early lead and maintaining it throughout the onesided game. Hossack dropped 25 points through the net to pace his Blue teammates while Raab was high man for the Booster quintet with 9.

**Butte Rats 37**
**Purple Shafts 19**

Two aggregations took to the floor composed largely of last fall's gridsters and when the smoke had finally settled the Purple Shafts found themselves at the short end of a 37 to 19 count. Killoy was high man for the victorious "Rats" with 10 points while Smith with 5 points was high for the losers.

The Kappa Sigs literally walked all over the Sigma Chis 58 to 15 in one of the most convincing displays of overwhelming superiority in recent Intra-mural contests. Blazina and Gullings contributed 15 and 10 points respectively to the Kappa Sig victory to gain high point honors. Marquis and Grabo each with 6 points were high for the Sigma Chis.

The Anaconda Boosters overshadowed the Lambda Chis 34 to 18 in a contest which necessitated little strain on the part of the Boosters. MacDonald led the Anaconda scoring with 11 points while Cameron with 8 points was high for the losers.

## SHOWING AT THE THEATRES

### JOYCE THEATRE

20-25—"HUMORESQUE" with Joan Crawford and John Garfield.

### ELLEN THEATRE

20-22—"SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM" (color) with Betty Grable and Dick Haymes.

23-25— "TEMPTATION" with Merle Oberon and George Brent

26—"THAT BRENNAN GIRL" with James Dunn and Mona Freeman.

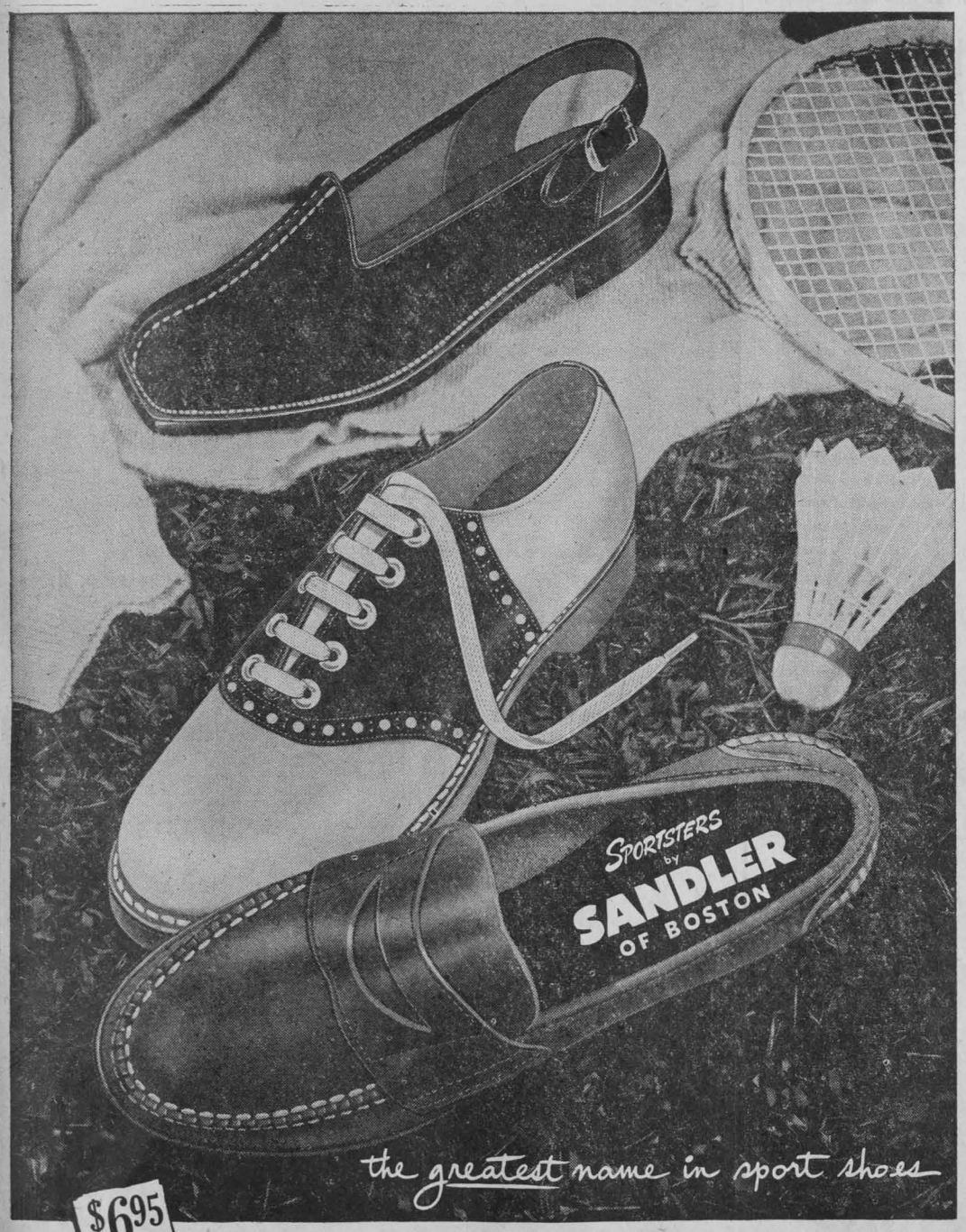
### RIALTO THEATRE

2-22— "RUSTLER'S ROUNDUP" with Kirby Grant & Fuzzy Knight, also "DICK TRACY vs. CUE BALL" with Morgan Conway and Anne Jeffreys.

23-25— "HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN" (return) with All Star Cast.

**ATTENTION STUDENTS!**

*If activity tickets are presented at any of the box offices for student rates by anyone other than the owner, those cards will be voided for theatre use.*


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## LOOK RECORD REVIEW

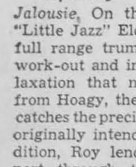
**TOPS IN WAX**—Shared by two great trumpet men, Roy Eldridge waxes Hoagy Carmichael's opus: *Rockin' Chair* and *Yard Dog;* and Billy Butterfield records *Jalousie* and *Steamroller.* All four sides rate playing but the standouts are *Rockin' Chair* and *Jalousie.* On the former, Roy "Little Jazz" Eldridge gives his full range trumpet a complete work-out and in a mood of relaxation that must rate bows from Hoagy, the composer. Roy catches the precise feeling Hoagy originally intended, and, in addition, Roy lends careful support through the background music, in the use of his band (Decca). On Butterfield's Capitol label of *Jalousie* and *Steamroller* the great horn of Billy predominates throughout except for a spot given to Bill Stegmeyer for clarinet. Billy sings *Steamroller,* and production remains along the line of *Cement Mixer*—a good novelty.



Roy Eldridge

♪

**DANCE** — Leading off, Benny Goodman makes a good choice of a standard marching band number for background and solo work in the Columbja recording of *Benjie's Bubble* He backs it with *A Gal In Calico,* with vocal by Eve Young. Both Sonny Dunham (on Vogue) and Freddy Martin (on RCA Victor) have worthwhile recordings of *Save Me A Dream.* Exclusive Records offer a jumping novelty, *T. W. A.* by Joe Liggins and The Honeydrippers, then back it with a moody *Last Night Blues.* Another new Exclusive release is the highly playable album, by Johnny Moore's Three Blazers, three 10-inch discs with these titles foremost —*Gloria, St. Louis Blues* and *Now That You're Gone.* New York's sensational small group, the Joe Mooney Quartet, have a four star topper in *September Song* and *Just A Gigolo* (Decca) Tommy Dorsey does two titles from his new picture, "The Fabulous Dorseys": a mellow instrumental, *At Sundown,* featuring his trombone; and the reverse, *To Me,* which Stuart Foster sings (RCA Victor). Victor also offers the Mary Lou Williams Trio in *Humoresque,* a relaxed and carefully arranged instrumental. On the reverse, the Trio does *Waltz Boogie,* one of her originals. Columbia has one of the last Doris Day vocal choruses with the Les Brown band in *Sooner or Later* and reverses it with a Jack Haskell vocal of *Years And Years Ago,* with Les Brown.



Benny Goodman

♪

**VOCAL STANDOUTS**—Topping all the vocals in the nation is Jack McVea's novelty recording, *Open The Door, Richard* and backed by *Lonesome Blues. Richard* started as a gag tune that Jack and the boys do regularly on engagements; then, they made a recording on Black & White label and it took the nation by storm. Another "Richard" is done on the Enterprise label by Dick Peterson—and in Swedish dialect. Jewel has one top side of Marion Morgan, ex-James vocalist, singing *December* and backed by *Embraceable You.* Ben Pollack and band support her with production music. Top Juke rater, *Old Buttermilk Sky* has an especially good recording by the composer, Hoagy Carmichael on Decca. Among the high rating titles: *Guilty,* as done by Johnny Desmond on RCA Victor; *You Can't See The Sun When You're Crying*—Vaughn Monroe with the Moon Maids, RCA Victor; *For Sentimental Reasons,* a Dinah Shore on Columbia; *September Song* as done by the perennial Bing Crosby (Decca); *Huggin' And A Chalkin'* on Capitol by Johnny Mercer with the Paul Weston band and *She Didn't Say Yes,* Peggy Lee with Dave Barbour and his orchestra — Capitol Criterion.



Hoagy Carmichael

—Sam Rowland

**NEW AND WORTHY IMPRESSIONS IN WAX**

**TUMBLEBUG**—Ray McKinley, dance (Majestic)

**I'M STUCK WITH A STICKER**—Buddy Baker, dance (Exclusive)

**ENDIE** — Louis Armstrong, dance (RCA Victor)

**LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING**—Margaret Whiting, vocal (Capitol)

## Bozeman Bum--

(Continued from page one)

he was talking about. He could talk on practically any subject, take both sides alternately and convince you that both arguments were sound. Plato was a typical "eastern" professor. If you've read memoirs of Yale and Princeton graduates you'll find that they all had a Plato, Jr., only in their case he was named something like "Old Pithers" or "Bonny Torn Britches", quaint you see.

And then, there was the lady who taught Esperanto to the cowhands. She was a good teacher when she realized the limitations of her mid-western twang. She puzzled me by never pronouncing the same word in the same way twice. (Femme, fahm, fumme, femmeh.) I realize now that she didn't want to take a chance on any of us learning to speak Esperanto. If we did she'd be easy to replace. Some guys were courageous and they spoke right up in class. If one would say, "Madame Malgloire, kin I read a little of this heah Esperanto aloud", she'd smile and say, "conjugate the verb "to fail". It was the Madame's idea that our ear would lose its keeness for Esperanto if we heard it spoken by anyone but her. I liked the tests she gave, though. Half the time I didn't know what it was all about. If I waited long enough for her to become tired of being quiet she'd open right up and start hinting about the correct answers. I've never forgotten Madame Malgloire. Everytime a waiter says, "s'il vous plait," I lose my appetite. I know what you're going to say. I do deeply regret it. I wish I had taken Spanish.

One of the professors was "arty". He knew all about the subject. He could tell you why Maxfield Parish was superior to Rembrandt. No matter what you liked, he didn't like it. I remember saying once, "Gosh Rancid, (in those days I called him by his first name) I saw Margaret O'Brien in a swell movie, she's really a sweet kid.

Rancid looked down his right nostril at me. He whinnied and sneeringly said: "You certainly are taken in by people. Margaret O'Brien is definitely not a child, but def. She's a 40-year-old midget with one grandchild who is six feet taller than she. Her real name is Estralita Shlump. That's not even her voice. They graft Frankie Sinatra's young daughter's voice to the sound track instead. In my big production on the campus last year she offered to play the leading role, that of a five year old girl, I turned her down. Incidentally, the name of the play was, "It, You Know What, On Ice." We starred in it instead of her, Bugs Merefils, a well known Thespian."

Look, chum, that freight is pulling into the yard. I'm going to "hop" it. I can only tell you about one more of my beloved teachers. His name is Im A. Scherzo. Mr. Scherzo loves music, all music. How many pieces of music have been written? That many? Boy, if that's how many compositions have been written, then that's how many favorites he has. Each piece he is currently listening to is the best, most perfect ever written. He likes "Wabash Moon" because it is so light and delicate. Another favorite of his is the "Ride of the Valkyries" because it is so light and delicate. Do you know why he enjoys "Beethoven's Funeral March?" That's right, because it's so light and delicate. Here comes the freight. I'm heading back for Bozeman. Why? Because I overlooked some characters there.

## M Club Boys to Feature a Brawl

Some of the more illustrious members of the M club have decided to give Montana State's students (including the Upperclassmen) a big thrill. They will sponsor what they term is a new and different kind of an all-school dance which has never before been experienced by the masses.

The big blow-out will be held in the Student Union Ballroom on March 8th. Tickets can be purchased from any member of the Almighty M club.

Their entertainment will consist of the more talented members of the Bone-Crusher's Union who will exhibit their acting ability during the intermission in the tentative floor-show. During this brief interlude cigarette girls with flashy Cabaret Costumes will mill among the suckers and the Freshmen.

The wheels in charge of the ratrace are Len Larson, upperclassman, Barney Berger, FRESHMAN Bill Odneal, FRESHMAN, and Chuck Masten, FRESHMAN. (How in H— did an upperclassman get in there!)

In parting let us say, if you miss this brawl you have missed one of the most INTRIGUING times of your natural life.

## Field House Is Desired

Around this old campus many people seem to be mumbling under their breath, "Why don't we have a new Field House with all of us eager people wanting to see some basketball. That is, without breathing in as our neighbors breathe out." "Put away that activity ticket, bub, I know your name begins with an R." If YOU want a little place you could seat all of the people in Bozeville, and not in shifts, put your shoulder to the big push for a new Field House.

Having a Field House of the proposed size would allow several basketball games to go on at the same time. In the line of real entertainment it would make possible the engaging of top rate bands and artists from all over the country, in a building big enough to make it worth their coming. A building of this size could house outstanding activities in the line of sports and entertainment. Talk it up when you're at home. Let the State in general know of our desperate need.

## Quonset Boudoir Promotes Rugged Constitution Among Montana State Co-eds

You may poke fun at the quonset huts, but it isn't until you live in one that you learn the real horror of the things.

Have you ever waded through mud and water up to your knees to get to your front door? Have you ever worn a fur coat to bed? And have you ever read by candle light? Besides that can you ever remember way back when hot water was a luxury and not a necessity? This reversion of Civilization is taking place in our tin abodes and not because the girls that live there are ancient or future presidents.

Nevertheless, the quonsets do have their good qualities. They have wooden floors, not the conventional hardened mud. And have you noticed the moat? As yet no drawbridge has been seen but rumors are flying that they've been ordered. Until they've been installed hip boots are the latest mode. Really VOUT?

Then came the telephone. They say they're here to stay so we finally installed one in our post Aleutian houses. This is a step toward civilization and modern living. Who knows, in future months more advances may be made, and bath tubs may make an appearance in our subzero bathrooms. You won't see us holding our breath though. (Ed Note: Hope they have skates.)

Besides the luxury and convenience the quonsets afford us, the appearance of them alone makes a market effect on the campus. Outsiders may be under the impression a few Eskimos migrated south for the winter. Not that the barren waste the quonsets rest on gives that illusion, but even one pine tree could give us residents a feeling of attempted beautifying.



But that's "Home Sweet Home" so no remarks from the plutocrats please!

## Gals Go Foreign In Modern Dance

Ah, now is the season when a person's thoughts turn fancifully to lighter things. It could be dancing which it probably isn't. However we maintain that it is dancing of various kinds and good old Montana State lives up to tradition and teaches its students this art.

At first square dancing was confined only to the girls, but then it became necessary to include members of the stronger sex. It seems that the large number of barn dances featured on the social calendar have called the addition of square dancing to the all ready numerous talents of our local swains. Imagine the joys of the old West right here on our M.S.C. campus.

Modern dancing or the interpretive dance is also taught in girls' Physical Education classes. This is the "art" of throwing yourself here, there and yonder. But remember girls, do it gracefully.

Then there is the International class of folk dancing. However, we thought that the Highand fling and those clever Russian dances were reserved for professionals or better yet for those inebriated characters who try them in the robin.

Most popular of all classes (so 'tis said) is social dancing. Can't you see them doing the tango, congo, rhumba and other hip swinging steps.

In fact, it even looks as if the whole campus has caught the craze, that is judging from the way some of the girls' skirts sway as they trip lightly back and forth to classes.

**NOTICE**

All staff members of the regular campus rag, the MONTANA EXPONENT, consult bulletin board for your assignments.

**NOTICE**

It's discouraging to report, but there will be a MONTANA EXPONENT next week.

"I heard that the Administration is trying to stop necking."

"Is that so? First thing you know they'll be trying to make the Freshmen stop too."







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# 'MEMORIES - OF THE FROSH'

by Bob Vine






....AND THE DAY WE SCALED OLD "BALDY,....







REMEMBER WHEN THE FACULTY MADE SPEECHES DURING "FRESHMAN-WEEK",...



OUR "RUGGED" COURSES IN "ROBINOLOGY"

AND SOME OF OUR BEAUTIFUL GIRLS WERE CHOSEN AS CANIDATES FOR "QUEEN"!!

## Foreign Students In Urgent Need; So Are We

Since 1937 students in 15 lands have raised nearly $2,446,000 for the relief of fellow students in 18 war-stricken countries of Europe and Asia. Of this amount, $1,309,960 has been contributed by American students through the World Student Service Fund. This coming year will mark the crisis when funds must meet the urgent needs of 400,000 students, or the opportunity for valuable relief, rehabilitation, and reconstruction will be lost. These students need all aid we can send them through the World Student Service Fund.

The work of WSSF in Europe has been helpful in giving material and spiritual aid to the students there. At Combloux, France, in the first year of operation, 323 French students, rundown in health and spirit after life in the resistance or concentration camps returned to school after short stays at the Chalet des Eudiants, a model rest center. In Greece, 1700 students eat daily at the Athens university canteen, but 3000 remain on the waiting list. Badly needed books and supplies will go to Dutch students who have already started to give financial aid to world student relief.

More than half of China's students in 80 institutions will move overland this year to pre-war locations. Hostels, travel aid, medical care, food, sleeping, and batching facilities are provided for the migrant students. Filipino universities, damaged in the fighting, carry on in makeshift quarters where 14,000 textbooks have already been shipped to replace those destroyed.

The World Student Service Fund is not solely a program of rehabilitation abroad. It provides a means for American students to play a role in forming the world now emerging from war. It is the American students' share in assuring that the international student community will never again be disrupted. It is creating a deep, common bond between the students of our own country. Peace must be won, and WSSF asks you to help in the winning.

The inter-church council is sponsoring this drive on the campus.

---

Two coeds went for a tramp in the woods, but the tramp got away.

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AND YOUR POCKETBOOK
LOOKS LIKE A JOKE
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WON'T CROAK

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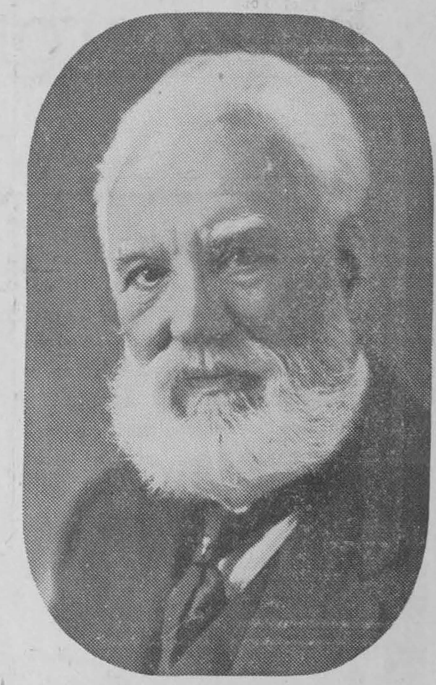
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100th Anniversary of the Birth of Alexander Graham Bell • March 3, 1947

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ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL
by Moffett, 1918.

Alexander Graham Bell was a teacher of the deaf. He was also a trained scientist who made it possible for millions upon millions of people to hear each other by telephone.

The telephone brought something into the world that had not been there before.

For the first time people were able to talk to each other even though separated by long distances.

Horizons broadened. A new industry was born, destined to employ hundreds of thousands of men and women and be of service to everyone in the land.

Alexander Graham Bell was a great humanitarian, not only as a teacher of the deaf, but in his vision of the benefits the telephone could bring to mankind.

Bell's vision has come true. It keeps on being an essential part of this nation-wide public service.

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# Tank Suits Enhance Figure

"All right girls, stand up straight, relax and get ready to dive. Hey, you over in the corner, hold on to that tank suit! I do believe it's slipping." This little remark is over heard every swimming class by certain eavesdroppers.

To all innocents and unbelievers a tank suit is a creation of green or blue, made with the evasiveness of an eel and the adaptability of a genius. Originally it was fashioned for a hippopatamus or so its size would lead an inxerienced person to think. It hangs down to the knees leaving a shortage of material where it is most needed. These fiendish affairs take great delight in slipping and sliding, making the wearer as uncomfortable as possible.

A certain swimming novice came near to catastrophe one day by jumping gayly into the swimming pool. Unbelievable as it sounds this evil bathing suit she was wearing gathered around her neck and tried to choke her. Not succeeding in this it then attempted to expand and attempted to weight her down. When the girl made a mad dash to cling on to the side of the pool the sulking tank suit refused to leave the water. Fortunately another suit was close by and the girl was saved.

Solely from a scientific viewpoint, a picture of one of the more courageous women of the Freshman class, in a formidable tank suit, is pictured elsewhere on this page.

Notice how it snugly fits her figure. It actually breathes defiance of all that is conventional and smart.

It is hoped that in the near future an exhibition of this menace will be conducted on the campus. Thereby shaming it and driving it from our hallowed swimming halls.



**STRAIGHT DOPE**

Shome guy jusht cum up (Hic!) frum the Oaksh 'n gave ush the followin dope.—move over a minut Elmira while I knocksh tha cap offen dish bottel of shudsh. Now where (hic) wash I? O' yeah—we lorst one and wun wun, ain't it shumpin. We lorst 48 to—to—waittle I get my eyesh foccushed, 48 to 46, dash wad it wush. We woned 58-44.

The Dean of Student Welfare is my master.
I shall not want???
He leadeth me into a distasteful Barracks.
He maketh me to lie down on a crude sack.
He destroyeth my faith.
Yea, though I walk through the Valley of Gallatin.
I fear not,
(I know not the scruples of they that call themselves instructors)
For I bangeth the right ear. (The left also.)
My cup runneth over. (My friends are buying)
They who know, circleth my head with a halo.
Shirley, goodness, and the Treasurer's Office,
Will follow me all the days of my life.

# Skiing Is Rotten At Bear Canyon

This past two weeks burst of lousy weather has virtually slashed the middle out of what had promised to be a wonderful skiing season here at MSC. While the steel-edged slabs accumulate a new design of spider webs each day, the weatherman insists on predicting, "continued warm with possible snow flurries on top of Pikes Peak, tonight and tomorrow," which doesn't interest us in the least.

Before this hideous weather engulfed our community one could stand on the corner of Main and Willson (Ed. Note: up to our ears in snow) about six in the evening and observe with anxiety the endless caravan of ski covered vehicles come rolling into town. For the next fifteen minutes we could observe the happy group of spirited individuals, commonly known as ski-addicts, hustling and bustling about the local pubs exchanging slope-dope concerning a wonderful day at Bear Canyon.

About two weeks ago the above mentioned group of "happy" skiers went to bed only to wake up next morning to a blistering sun in the process of melting all the beautiful "deep powder", which we of the "ski circles (Ed. Note: get that: We of the "ski circles") cherish so fondly as a vital factor in the attainment of perfect skiing conditions. An extended thaw followed by a quick freeze practically eliminates excellent skiing. The absence of the new powder snow and the presence of ice does not make for good skiing nor does it make for safe skiing, (if there is such a thing.)

So until that new supply of snow we ordered some time ago arrives, let us console ourselves with the pleasant thought that we still may look forward to six or eight weeks of excellent skiing.

You know, I can always rest assured that when I go skiing at Bear Canyon I'm among a really solid bunch of guys 'n gals each sharing a common and "profane" enthusiasm in a sport that in my estimation tops em all! (Ed. Note: so sayeth Omar).

# Idaho Game a Mystery; Reporters Fail Staff

FLASH—MF,—Thursday 13, 1947. The Sports department of the Froshponent, having received a total of $1.37 refund on their boarding club meal tickets and having been able to "finagle" a week-end with four of the Miss Froshponents of 1907 (oops—we mean '47) hereby state that we absolutely refuse to spend Friday night, Saturday night, Sunday or Sunday night covering the Bobcat-Idaho Southern Branch Basketball game.

Our address during that period will be the Rocking R and room 913 at the Baxter. However, because of our sense of loyalty to our paper and because we realize the utter disappointment that will be realized by the reader if this game is not covered, we have prepared the following form for your convenience.




In one of the most cleverly played games of the year, the MSC Freshmen steamrolled over the Idaho Bengal Tigers to a..... to ..... Victory. Although hindered by several MSC upperclassmen who insisted on getting into the game, the FRESHMEN displayed superb teamwork and an uncanny accuracy in sinking their shots. Out of .....shots attempted, the FRESHMEN sank 100 percent of their tries. The upperclassmen were lucky to make .0001 percent.

FRESHMAN Jumping Joe Kelly was high point man of the game, but natch. His best shot was from the center line, using no hands. The secret of this shot, Kelly says, is to pass the ball from the right hand to the left and then tip it in with your nose. Robertson, an—ugh—upperclassman, says that he has practiced this but his ears keep falling over his eyes and he can't see the basket. Tied for second place in the scoring were FRESHMAN Mathais, Gordon, Peden, and Anderson. There was no third place.

When asked why he didn't even make a free throw during the game, Tom Statchwick (upperclassman of course) said, "In Livingston where I learned to play basketballl (?), there is usually a gentle breeze blowing. I guess I just took three feet too much windage."

Narkevic, who of course is not a FRESHMAN, complained that he was unable to keep up with the rest of the fellows. It must be old age. "It was all so confusing," he moaned. "One minute Peden would have the ball and before I could get set, Mathias would be dribbling it down the floor with his left knee and after faking with his right ear he would snap it to Brown or Anderson who always made a basket. The thing that confused me the most," he commented, "was when Gordon jumped so high on the tip off that they had to get a ladder to get him down off of the rafters."




The Idaho Bengal Tigers were barely able to edge out a..... to..... win over upperclass members of our Bobcat hoopsters. Our usual unreliable source of information has informed us that Coach Breeden has sworn (not that kind of swearing, dope) that he will never again throw away a game by allowing the upperclassmen to play the major part of it. Coach Breeden, while sobbing gently on our stool pigeon's shoulder, was quoted as saying, "Those—— upperclassmen have failed me. If only I had put the Freshmen in, things would have been different."

Boyd DeTonancour was able to cinch his position as lowest point man in the conference by missing .....field goals and.....free tosses for a total of minus..... points. He was closely followed by Ray Kuka who said, "I was unlucky and accidentally made a free toss or I would have tied Boyd for first place."

That meager mass of meek, mediocre masculinity Mike McCormick was slightly confused by the whole thing. He said, quote: "I don't get it, da udder team was off side at least tree times an dey wuzzent penolized oncet. Da refs just don't know football, I guess," unquote.

The referees, when approached by our undercover man, could only blurt out—"honest fellas, we wouldn't show any partiality, we are just poor lil MSU graduates trying to get along." They put on their dark glasses, picked up their white canes and walked into the side of a truck.

The following heart rendering pieces of wailing were overheard in the locker room just after the game." Oh, why did I ever get enough credits to get out of the Freshman class—best I should have stuck to football—when I was a freshman I was the outstanding player—Notre Dame was never like this!"

# *Froshporting*

By: WE'RE NOT CRAZY

It is rumored that Dick Ball, one of our gridiron heros, is claiming that he will make the girls basketball team next year. We see him in training at the SUB coffee shop every day.

**Benny Kampf, another of the locker room boys, was wearing dark glasses and the sun wasn't even out. We thought maybe he was going Hollywood on us until we took a peek behind the specs. Yep, sure 'nuff. A deep midnight purple with a delicate rose petal pink around the edges. He says that some nasty fellow stuck his elbow in his eye during basketball. BUT!! If you ask us, that cute blond trick he's been seen with looks like she might pack a pretty good right hook.**

FLASH EXTRA 'N STUFF. We've finally found out who the brains behind Breeden is. The master mind behind the present Champion Bobcat Basketball team is none other than upper—ugh—classman Bill Taylor. Posing as manager of the team he has been slipping Brick the important information on which tactics to use during crucial moments of the clashes. It is suspected that the reason for his sagacity is that shrewd hair cut.

**Odneal has gone out for gymnastics. We interviewed him about it. He stood there flexing his Pectoralis Majors and explained that he aspires to be the bottom man on the totem pole, (that's the guy all the rest stand on) because it doesn't take brains, just brawn. When we left him he was busy showing some FRESHMEN co-eds how far he could expand his left Latissimus Dorsi. (Oh my aching Gluteus Maximus)**

FRESHMAN Bill Nelson, that nimble nemisis to gridiron opponents, has devulged the fact that he gained his ability to elude tacklers from his experience as a ballet dancer. "Yes," he said, "ever since a child I've been practicing." With that he did three graceful pirouettes and vaulted out the transom.

**Tell us Brooks, is it true that some of those bad boys on the intra-mural Butte Rat basketball team hurt your little leg. Shame! Shame! fellows, picking on our outstanding football fullback like that.**

Do you have an opponent for some fair FRESHMAN co-ed's hand that is giving you troubles? Would you like to exterminate him? Would you like to liquidate him completely? You would? It's easy. All you have to do is sign him up for the boxing or wrestling tournament, (without his knowledge of course). That is what several others have done. So many people signed so many other people's names on the list, that, as yet, they haven't been able to figure out who is copasetic and who isn't. Tut! tut! you should have seen some of the names that appeared thereon. There was Kuka, the Havre Fly, one gentleman who claimed to be a killer (lady that is) and one young man who went by the gentle name of the Buzzsaw. Sounds like bloodshed and meyhem.

**Don't pass this around but the latest has it that the long awaited shake up in the athletic department (we were scooped on this by the Kaimin KIDS) is about to materialize. It is said that Walt Hicks, in the towel room, must go!!! The tattle tale grey of the towels will no longer be tolerated. James A. McCain, Montana State university PREXY, has applied for the job and it is believed that he will be accepted. He has not only promised to keep the towels snowy white, but will also keep the locker tags polished to a mirror brightness. (Duz does everything)**

One of the changes that will be most welcome to our stalwart men of brawn, is the possibility of Cleveland Miller taking over Schub Dyche's position as Director of Athletics. It is believed that Cleveland's love for golden tresses will influence his picking next year's football squad. Wouldn't an all blond team look just too, too super?

**Mike McCormick, when asked what he was going to do after the Missoula game replied that since he had a very important date, he was going to get the game over with as soon as possible and then practice making passes. Just make sure you make your passes good in the game, Mike.**

Tom Stachwick, stellar guard on the Bobcats, is seldom seen tomcatting around. He is such a good guard the FRESHMAN co-eds haven't much chance of putting anything by him—or is it vice versa.

**Lover boy, Boyd DeTonancour, is very perturbed because he hasn't been high point man these last few games. FRESHMAN Jumpin' Joe Kelly has been stealing his thunder. That's O. K. Boyd, you and the lover of the football squad, Barney Berger, will still make out. Some girls may love you for yourselves alone.**

Walt Narkevic, going steady, and Ray Kuka being married with two kiddies, they don't get around much. What ARE your hobbies fellows, HHhhmmmmm!!

**Spence Koppang and Dean Robertson, the oh so high and mighties of the basketball team, are practicing walking on their knees so they can date some of these oh so sweet and innocent FRESHMAN girls. How does it feel to be so close to heaven boys????**

('scuse us while we hightail it down and sop up a short beer.)


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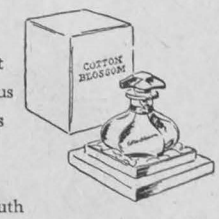




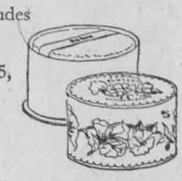
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THE GREEN SHEET THE GREEN SHEET THE GREEN SHEET THE GREEN SHEET

# SPORTS

## Skin Packing Star, Brooks Is Succeeded by Sexy Gal

This coming gridiron season will throw light on a new strategy that really has a shape. Fullback "Red Brooks" will shed a sad tear in his bucket of beer when he hears the plan of all plans for our pig skin packers. Fluzy "what'a shape" Vanduzenbaum will replace Brooks to put some curves in the gridiron spot light. Fluzy has long been known for her abilities in action for her old Alma Mater, the Havre Hoofers.

Great plans have been decided for Flozy to make our little bunch of tea sippers know the real meaning of an overwhelming victory that has never been accomplished in the history of feet ball in mud or out of water. You should see her if you don't believe me. This gal with the real sex appeal has arrived to become the heroine in the Spaghetti Bowl of tomorrow. Plan of all plans for our sexy gal will be based on the value of the fact that men appreciate real pulchritude with a shape, that is. When you see "What'a shape" Vandozenbaum coming through the line with the 'skin, you will see a sight unknown to the human anatomy. As though they had been touched by a magic wand the opposing team from the "Country Club" (MSU of course) will stand in their tracks, awe inspired by the shapes tapering body, the slinking hips, the well rounded legs, and the face that would put the goddess of beauty to shame. The secret for the success of this plan will be the hiding of Flozy betweeen plays which will easily be accomplished in the huddle. The only draw back will be the possibility of too much time in the huddle.

Flozy promises to be a huddlesome member of the squad and she will prove the value of real sex appeal in the spot light of the pigskin parade.





Neil Brooks (left) and his possible replacement, rugged, reliable Fluzy Vanduzenbaum, (above).

### CLASSIFIED ADS

**WANTED:** a new society editor for the Exponent.

**WANTED:** One room-mate, preably blond, five feet-three, twenty-four inch waist. Contact Spud Meagher at Froshponent Office.

**LOST:** On second floor of Ham Hall, one pair of skivvies—notify Shirley Steele if found. (Wedge has been wearing the same pair of swimming trunks for a week now.)

**ROOMS FOR RENT:** Call Ralph Winnes (188) or Gyla Marmont (769).

**WANTED:** Women — young, sweet, and innocent. See Bill Odneal.

**WANTED TO RENT:** One small bungalow for two. See Polly Davis or Jack Swanson.

**WANTED:** A partner for square dancing every Saturday. See Mary Francis Shale, Quonset 4.

**WANTED TO EXCHANGE:** A new line in exchange for an old one. See Ruth Killeen, Quad E.

**WANTED:** An apartment in or near Missoula. Call Ralph Fix or Shirley Brooks yesterday.

As lightly as your love for me,
I bore my love for you
And knowing you would kiss and tell
I kissed and tattled, too—

Until continuous reports
And whispers unabated
Revealed I only kissed and told
But you exaggerated!
—Stella Weston Tuttle
McCall's Magazine (January)

We editors may dig and toil
Till our fingers are sore
But some poor fool is sure to say
I've heard that joke before.

## Amazons To Hustle the U.

FLASH!—MF— Here's news of another Bobcat tussle. President R. R. Renne and Dr. J. A. McCain, President of Montana State university, have announced (unofficially of course) that there is a new angle on the return match between the basketball teams of the two respective schools. One of the two respected gentlemen carelessly mentioned "WOMEN" and immediately the conclusion was reached that it is now up to the fairer sex to carry on the reputation of the Bobcats. Ah Yes, this game will see the meeting of our up-and-coming M.S.C. co-ed team, now popularly called the Bobcat Amazons, and the Grizzlie's regular varsity squad.

After seeing the Grizzlies in action we feel that this game will be decidedly one-sided. Just to be fair the Amazons have said that they will allow the boys a few points head start—say about twenty. It is a safe thing to say that the Grizzlies will learn a lot from this game in one way or the other. (Ed. Note:—) Let's hang up the victory sign because old M.S.U. hasn't the ghost of a chance.

Elaborate preparations for this game are now underway. The newly established Pep Club has announced that they have written three new yells and these will be introduced at the game. The band will also present a new song which is entitled "Hold your nose Grizzlies 'cause you're going to get Skunked tonight." Dean Harrison has announced that she will present a beautiful, big brown bottle of bubbling Budweiser beer as a trophy to the winning team.



Top row, left to right: An unidentified upperclassman; We think this fellow's name is Boyd Ruocnanoted; That outstanding dead eye, Jumpin' Joe Kelly, FRESHMAN; Unknown; A refugee from Livingston; A couple of guys that just strolled in; one of the cleverest ball handlers in the game, FRESHMAN Joe Mathias; B. Taylor, secret power behind the team. Bottom row, left to right: Brick Breeden, water boy and coach of the boys who wait on the training table; Wollin; A shrewd player, FRESHMAN Tom Brown; An upperc—we refuse to say that word again; A football player who got into the wrong suit; James Anderson, FRESHMAN, a smo-o-oth player; FRESHMAN W. Peden. Wow! what a pass this fellow has!. Another FRESHMAN, Glenn Gordon, the high jumper.

An interesting report from Missoula has reached our ears about this game. It seems that a few of the competent and respected hoopsters have stated that they feel the game is not a fair match. They think that our Amazons are too smooth a combination and have had far too much experience. Therefore the rumor is being spread that our dear friends from the West don't want to play with us!

Our gals have demonstrated beautiful form, flashy style and a wicked and deadly eye. The Bobcat Amazon roster hasn't been definitely announced but we feel that it will be chosen from the outstanding players of Thursday night's tilt.

Joan McLaren, center, is a veritable "Leaping Lena" and Alice Stork is a natch' guard. Donaleen McRae may be small but she gets around, and forward Midge Niven is a whirlwind. These are just a few of the wonder women that you'll be seeing in action. . . . SOON.

See you at the game and the local pub.


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# Fusser Needs Marital Dope

## From Out of the Dark . . .



MYSEE

As the Awful Fleas on the Missoula campus are in desperate need of a housema, Marie Mysee has decided to try for the position. In her absence we are taking over until a new society editor can be kidnapped.



MURPHY

Jim "lover-boy Crawford and Bill "Veronica Lake" Olson are quite the rage on the campus these days.

Hot shots of the Frat houses: Sig. Alph., Pete Roberts; Kappa Sig., Andy Robinson; Pi Kapps, Clarence Miller; Lambda Chi, Bob Baker; AGR, Dave Ferguson; Phi Sig., Tom Gountanis; Sigma Chi, Allen False.

It seems that Jeanie Rinan has recently discovered the merits of H2O.

Don't let the yen get the best of you, Shonie and Joyce, Dimestore rings aren't the rage now!

The Pi Kapps had a wonderful fireside at their house on the seventh of February. Theme of the fireside was built around Valentine's day, which was very appropriate for all the Dream Girls were invited to it. They were: Ilena Hanson, KD; Alma Jean Herminghaus, Chi O; Carolyn Fritz, Pi Phi; Joyce Tribble, Alpha Gam; Helen Hoffman, A O Pi. The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Whitesitt.

"Romeo" Heald has fallen, but good! by the looks of things. Jeanne Norenberg seems to be the lucky (?) one.

---

Ben Kampf seems to be having a gay time this quarter. Could it be cuz of that blonde-bomber from Helena?

---

"Little Foot" and Mr. Yard are measuring out pretty evenly lately. Good for ya!

---

Champion wrestlers of the week —Connie Campbell and Dave Jondrow—not according to the rule-book, either.

---

"Operator" Dingman is now offering mimeographed copies of his newest edition of "How To Get a Date In One Easy Lesson" or "Oh! What a Line!" (A small fee of $1.50 will be charged to cover expenses. Whose? Andy's!)

---

George Zetler is economizing. His "coke dates" now consist of one coke, two straws.

---

The drug stores downtown have been running short of peroxide since Mary Haley and Carole Trent hit town.

---

Who's the buxom "Blonde" that sports her baton twirling every night between 5 and 5:30 down at the Quonset Huts? Do the boys like the baton or. . .?

Is Kay McConnell, new Pi Phi pledge, trying to get in the movies by imitating Greta Garbo or is that "I want to be alone" attitude natural! Tell us, Kay—we're curious!

Jack Baier is fully agreeing with determined Gracie!

The essence of feminine loveliness is Bill Taylor with his "Bedwoom Eyes" and his "Coot wittle dimples".

Nina Murfitt is going through the crucifixition packing the burden of the "Iron Cross".

We all wonder if Dan Stanfield has told these women that he has been dating, about his wife and three kids.

Jack Griffiths was unanimously elected president of the SAE pledge class. It was rumored that there wasn't anyone else there to vote.

Evie Betz, professional gambler at Hamilton Hall, has the rest of the girls running around in barrels—please next time Evie don't be so mean, give them back the bare necessities at least.

Who signed AOPi Dorothy Swanby's name under that Chi O list in the pep club?

Nine out of ten Montana women are good-looking and the tenth one goes to Missoula.

We hear that Bill Broland sent roses to his little pork chop. Any resemblance to Dolly Taber is purely coincidental.

The gala opening of Georgia's was a big success with M.S.C. people which reminds us of the coming Alabama-Daisy season.

The Out-of-State gave a whee of a party last Saturday night—one was carried out feet first and another walked out with a picture frame around his neck!

The high school basketball tourney was a hey-day for the college wolfs.

Rod Carlson got back a skirt and sweater from the cleaners!!

We hear that beer shampoos are good for the scalp. Just ask Bunny and Bert.

What's this we heard about Morey Severson ordering a hanging pin for spring quarter?

Kermit Carlson, when other people can read semaphore, you shouldn't ask about Avril Zigay. It seems like the same little girl has a terrific crush on a certain Karavan trumpet player.

Ben Hardin, do you take other girls out just to make Corrin jealous?

Julie Johnson, did you ever get your unmentionable back from the SAE trial week???

We would like to know why an egg holds so much fascination for Ed Hines. Could it have something to do with the trip to Missoula???

If you want to get in touch with Marv Kildahl, just call 485 almost anytime.

Rumberger, Marshall, and a few other odd members of the football squad have been getting desperate and escorting high school women on the side.

The new boys' dorm in Missoula has green lights, why does Hamilton Hall have red ones?

Are those cute little whistles seen around the Spurs and Fangs necks just ornaments, or are they supposed to blow them? We've heards lots of blowing from these dignified members of M.S.C. but as yet we haven't heard any whistles!

Ann Thompson, because of the glare, was thinking of moving the position of her bed on fourth in Hamilton Hall until the light bulbs were replaced with red ones.

If you've anymore gossip
any more dirt,
Just send it to me
in care of MYRT.
I see all, hear all,
say all and tell,
If you don't like it brother,
You can go to Missoula.

---

The train was crowded and a civil engineer from M.S.C. sat in a seat with a young woman whose skirt kept creeping up over her knees. She fought a constant battle with it, but as soon as she released her hold, up it crept.

After one exceptionally hard yank, she looked up and met the gaze of our young engineer.

"Don't stretch your calico, sister," he advised her,"My weakness is liquor."

---

Mrs. Plew (severely)— "You shouldn't hold that young man's hand when you sit on the sofa."

Yvonne—"Yes, maam, but you don't know Bob!"

---

Mr. Emery—"What you mean by bringing daughter home at 7 a. m.?"

Andy—"Well sir, I've got to be in class at eight.

## *Social Calendar*

**February 19—**
Outstanding Freshman rag published!

**20—**
Secretarial Self Service

**21—**
AGR Formal Rat Race
Chi O Blow
Swing and sway with the Pi K. A.
Vets give their gals a good time.

**22—**
Pi Phi's give the girls a chance
Chemistry Professionals blow things up

**28—**
SAE's swing it.
Everybody dance!!!
Quad B sewing club meets

**29—**
Next year girls!!

**MARCH 1—**
Schuss-Boomer Shag
KD's put on the dog
Lambda Chi corn husking bee

**6—**
Winter Theatrical

**7—**
Winter Theatrical
Alpha Gam's put their best foot forward.
Proton-Neutron get-together.
AO Pi glimmer simmer

**8—**
Everybody dance!!
"The Flight of the Bumblee" presented by Lest Buffoons
The men entertain—(Men's coop)

**14—**
The AGR hour of leisure.
Phi Sig Wing Ding

**15—**
That's all brother!!

---

Arlyn—"Heard you were out with Burke last night."

Joan—"That's a lie. We only had one drink apiece."

---

Frosh—"Where do you bathe?"

Soph—"In the spring."

Frosh—"I asked you where."

---

**There will be a meeting of the Out-of-State club tomorrow evening at 8 p. m. in the Student Union coffee shop dining room. . . .**

---

It was one of mother's most hectic days. Her small son, who had been playing outside, had come in with his pants ripped.

"You march right in there, remove those pants, and mend them yourself."

Sometime later she went to see how he was getting along. The torn pants were lying on the chair. The door to the cellar, usually closed, was open, and she called down sternly: "Are you running around down there without your pants on?"

Meekly, the reply: "No, ma'am, I'm reading the gas meter."

## Collegiate Writers Have Supreme Ditty Know-How

**Benny Goodman**

Leadership in musical progress and advancement of musicianship will come from America's new crop of university men and women.

I've come to realize the importance of this fact during my six-month stay in California. During these months I have had occasion to work with and to observe many of the new college bred musicians, and I have learned the true extent of the campus influence on modern American music.

First, let's take the trends of music. It is the endorsement of campus people across the country



that seals the fate of new music. Back in the twenties and the wild college days, we led into an era of rather fantastic musical arrangements.

The more serious nature of today's university students is reflected in today's music. The best and most acceptable must have a studied perfection to meet approval of the critical college group. Musicians who fail to recognize this do not last long at the top, if they ever get there.

Don't misunderstand me. I have no ax to grind with the musician who never went to college. I had no college education myself, for that matter. But I feel strongly that we are getting an increasingly better type of musician from the college group. They not only understand the pulse of today's music better but they are helping to raise the level of all popular music.

There was a time when the music expression of America came primarily from the violent emotions of large groups of underprivileged people.

But America has come far. The standard of living of the entire country has been raised. The nation suffered the pains of yet another great war, but the growth continued. Today we have more people attending universities than ever before. These influences are already being felt in the music of America, and more and more we must look to the university educated to help us give adequate interpretation to that music.

That is why I feel sure that a large part of my next band will be made up of university-educated musicians. They are the young men of the day. They are ones who must give voice to the emotions of a people whose standard of living is higher than any others in the world. They are the ones who must give us leadership.

Many college musicians have already played a part in this musical growth. Some good examples are Woody Herman, Marquette University; Les Brown, Duke University; Jimmie Lunceford, Fisk University, and Fred Waring, Pennsylvania State College. The University of North Carolina produced Hal Kemp, John Scott Trotter, Jan Garber, Skinnay Ennis and Kay Kyser.

In addition to the musicians themselves, the reactions from American campus groups are powerful influences. We who play the music may play as we feel, but your reactions to our music give us the guide to our success at interpretation. If we miss, we hear about it. If our musicianship is good, your critical reports tell us.

Sometimes I am asked what my advice to a young musicianship would be. The old saw about lots of hard work is always good, but possibly more important still is the recommendation to play the music as you feel it.

Similarly, the future of American music depends upon the freedom of college and university people to express themselves about music, even though they are not musicians. We must have their true reactions in order to give them the music that is truly expressive of the modern American spirit.

## *Veterans...*

Gentlemen, sophomores, juniors and seniors who plan to change courses or schools at the end of the present quarter are asked to comply with the following suggestions in order to facilitate such a move.

When planning a change of course or objective at the end of the quarter, visit your V. A. Office at least one month prior to March 15th and make arrangements to complete an advisement. In the future change of courses will not be granted until advisement is completed.

If you expect to attend another institution next quarter it will be necessary that you secure a supplemental certificate of eligibility from the V. A. prior to changing schools. It is highly probable that no such certificate will be issued after the change has been made. To secure a supplemental certificate the following procedures are necessary.

1. Have a letter from the institution that you plan to attend stating that they will accept you. This letter of acceptance is not necessary if you are transferring to another school which is a part of the Greater University of Montana system.

2. Plan to complete advisement at the V. A. Center at least 20 days prior to the date you expect to enroll in another institution.

3. In order to complete advisement within the 20 days as mentioned above it will be necessary for you to contact the V. A. Office at least 35 days before the close of the quarter.

---

Did you hear about the freshman who tapped on his knee cap to see if there was any beer in the joint!!!

---

Some girls are popular with men because they do the wrong thing at the right time.

## Chaos Results From Omission

Fussers Guide, the well known, most talked about book of the year, is not used in classes, but it is probably read and reread most on the campus. There are a lot of reasons why it is so popular—for instance, the other day.

I was walking down the street with my Fusser's Guide in my hand and a girl coming along grabbed it. Giggling, she told me she had just met the 'cutest' guy and she was dying to call him up. Finding his name made her face "light up" but what happened? His address was ".....". Immediately she ran for the phone and the last thing I heard her say was "Information Please." Always curious to know the outcome of things I waited outside the telephone booth to see what would happen. Out came the girl with a down-cast expression. She handed me the book and said, "Why doesn't this Fusser's Guide indicate married or single? His wife just answered the phone." With that she went away.

Girls, now is your chance! With the Derby Dance coming up why don't you put this book into good use. Find the number of the man of your dreams and give him a ring. Don't be bashful! And by the way, fellows — those new Quonset Huts have phones and seeing they aren't in the Fusser's Guide, we'll mention them here.

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| Unit No. 1 | 1500-J |
| Unit No. 2 | 1547-W |
| Unit No. 3 | 1547-J |
| Unit No. 4 | 1500-W |

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Mary had a little wolf
She fleeced him white as snow.


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