ONTANA
★★ ★★★

FROSHPONENT

ne LXIX | BOZEMAN, MONTANA, FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1956 | Number 0

oops! It's Friday the 13th, but shmen Say 'Tis Your Lucky Day

dition has it that today is of bad luck, unrest, and gen- l feeling. Nuts to traditions! is your lucky day, you nev- l it so good! Why? Because the FROSHPONENT is out. ne that! The FROSHPON- mightiest and most colorful MSC publications, is here! ree. Today the FRESHMEN It's only right that we have of our own, for who are the mportant and biggest around Who are the smartest and oes the most work? Besides re the happiest, luckiest, and charming?

HE FRESHMEN ARE!

all goes to prove that the HMEN aren't afraid of g under ladders, breaking rs, etc., for who else would of putting out such a tome mor as this on Friday the except the FRESHMEN?

ESHMEN — today we pat ves on the back.

r all, who else can be a Cat except a FRESHMAN? makes sure that the "M" t neat? The FRESHMEN! would the fraternities and ies find pledges who are to work tirelessly and t credit if it weren't for HMEN?

else besides the FRESH- have the privilege of **not** us- e front entrance to Montana

FRESHMAN **ever** walks on rass.

FRESHMEN display school by purchasing beanies dur- RESHMAN week.

ry FRESHMAN possesses ood judgment **never** to cut

who besides a FRESHMAN in at 10:30 on Sunday so as her share of beauty sleep? 't you noticed how **beautiful** H girls are?

Friday the 13th **isn't** unlucky u. You're **never** unlucky with round.

FRESHMAN class has al- been active on Friday the Several notable events have ed on Friday the 13th, them the first painting of "4" and the first use of "Hel- lk." (A tradition started by HMEN, of course!!) Our faculty member began teach- a Friday the 13th way back or '84, (and he's still with

first FRESHMAN girl was d on a Friday the 13th. (We it was by Willie Neverquit, TKD, who used the cap off a bot- tl eof Schlitz. (Back in the early days, 'twas on one of these mem- orable Fridays, that the odor of "Corral No. 5" first drifted across the campus, invigorating the stu- dents into a frenzy of work which still persists today, at least with the FRESHMEN!

So, you lucky, lucky people, laugh and be happy. Go ahead and walk under that ladder, break that mirror, throw away your rabbit's foot. We FRESHMEN are here to take care of you!

ROUND THE CLOCK

12 midnight -- Jack Miller exer- cising vocal cords
1 a.m. — Kelly and Midge making record breaking sprint to door before lights out on late leave
2 a.m. — Rick Vognild finishing the drawing of models (?) for next day in architecture
3 a.m. — Fred Booth adding an- other teaspoonful of sugar to his Koolade.
4 a.m. — Boozed-up Billings boys being brought in at Lewis and Clark
5 a.m. — Jerry Simpkins' alarm rings
6 a.m. — Cherrie Evans washing her hair
7 a.m. — Kay Romine running around 3rd floor Hannon trying to borrow those 7 crinolines
8 a.m.—Jerry Simpkins gets up
9 a.m.—George Farrington stumb- les into his 8 o'clock class
10 a.m. — KD's drinking — in the SUB.
11 a.m. — Jim Pepper's stomach growling
12 noon — Seven casualties in Frosh dorms from chow-line dash
1 p.m. — AOPi's on 2nd floor Hannon dealing one more bridge hand
2 p.m. — Wiley Baldwin running around Lambda Chi house whip- ping pledges into action.
3 p.m. — Don Freshour freshen- ing up for evening's date
4 p.m. — Bob Raunig blowing up Chem lab in effort to complete last week's experiment
5 p.m. Stan Walborn calling for tonight's date
6 p.m. — Louise Gregor broke a mirror — seven years bad luck
7 p.m. — Dick Brooking ringing bell at Pi Phi house for Marylin Reynolds
8 p.m. — Jack Meakins moaning because the lines is busy at Han- non
9 p.m. — Lynn Hoefert seeing show for 3rd time
10 p.m. — Fred Ingaldson being tucked into bed
11 p.m. — Barb Henneman and Dean Swank guzzling root beer at Watson's.
12 midnight — Beginning of line- up at Gatton Field.

MSC SUB COFFEE SONG
(Tune of "Sixteen Tons")

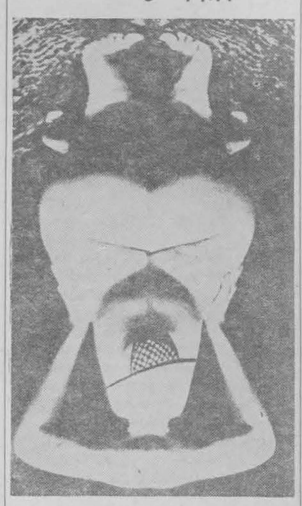
1. Some people feel that coffee is made outta mud
   The coffee at the SUB is made outta crud
   A shoe, a sock, and even a foot
   For the flavor they add a little soot.
   Chorus
   You drink 16 cups and what do you get
   Cancer and ulcers and deeper in debt
   Teacher don't cha call me 'cause I can't come
   Nature's callin' and I gotta run.
2. Awoke one morning when the sun wasn't up
   Staggered to the SUB and got me a cup
   Filled it to the brim with that old black stuff
   It frizzled and sizzled and melted the cup
   melted the cup.
   Repeat Chorus
3. I came from the Yukon and I'm mighty tough.
   But I can't take a cup of that ole black stuff
   Wrestled grizzly bears and old mama lion
   But one cup of coffee and I start cryin'.
   Repeat Chorus.

ATTENTION . . . MSC LOVERS!?!

Our active and ever progressive student senate is now in the pro- cess of appropriating funds for the new necking room which will be equipped with all necessary pil- lows, towels, and soft-music re- cords to make smooching an en- joyable recreation to all members of the student body. Like Fr... in, chairman of the project... announced screens will be p... ed for the "shy-ones."

Word had been received ... the Student Union Planning ... that space will be provided ... new SUB for a Necking Room ... Neckers, and Smoochers, ... The local chapter of Slobb... Enraptured Giggles, a s s o ... smacks, pops, snorts, and sig... the air in such a manner as t... behind Gatton Field each ev... the crowded situation which ... send our student governme... long and diligent effort, has ... turb the livestock in the ... barns.

Hilda Svenson



Zelda Moosehead



Rosa Sundbeect



Matilda Smith



Rosita Gondola



Volga Tolgermanjenson



Volga Smirnov



Campus Cutie Captures Crown, Classy Calamity

The last few years you males have no doubt noticed the campus has been overstocked with a supply of beautiful, delicate, vivacious co- eds.

This presents an increasing num- ber of problems to the faculty, the kind which are seldom realized anywhere but Montana State col- lege. The question is: who is the most beautiful and talented girl on the hill? The faculty has until August 13, 1956 to decide. At that time at exactly 2 a.m. the queen in all he rglory will reign.

We have had a personal interv- iew with each candidate.

Nelda Tolgermanjenson, Alpha Zeta Tau candidate, hails from One Fork, Montana. She is 25 years of age, weighs in at exactly 212 pounds, was heavyweight wrest- ling champ of 1937, likes limburger cheese on oatmeal for breakfast, her highest ambition is to be a mortician. Oh yes, Nelda was also chosen as 1955 Tiddlywink champ. When asked if she would win she just said, "Ja".

Alpha Alpha Alpha Alpha can- didate eis Rosa Sundbeect. She is 12 years old, and says she's a schizophrenic (whatever that means) as well as the rest of the family. Her hobby is throwing eggs into a fan. She has a specially equipped room in the house "for this." Hear the whole campus is going for this new sport. Rosa weighs 23 pounds, measures 10" - 12" - 30". She also showed me her gold, engraved yo-yo she won in Texas in 1950. It is so big she carries it in a wheelbarrow. When asked if she would win she said she couldn't help it with her qual- ifications.

Our third interview was devoted to Volga Smirnov. Volga is of Rus- sian descent although by the name you would never know it. Volga used to work in an airplane factory during the war. She bolted bolts in the tail of all the airplanes. Be- sides all this she is really a lover. Down, boys, down! Her phone num- ber is JU 6-5401.

If unable to reach Volga you might try our fourth candidate, from Sigma Alpha Zeta sorority. The name of this luscious little dish, this peachy bit of humanity, this drool, slobber, drool cutie pie, is Rosita Gondola. She is 19 years of age and a bareback rider (the horse wears the saddle, she's the bareback) from Ireland. Her mea- surements make Dagmar look un- dernourished. The last time we saw her she had just lit up a filter tip, pink cigaret and fell off a bar stool. Take my word for it; she

(Continued on Page 2)

EDITORIAL...

The idea and hope of the FROSHPONENT and its staff is to cause a laugh among the students here at MSC. But, for just a moment, we, the staff, would like to be serious for a while and tell you more about a topic that is of vital interest to you, especially the freshmen. That is the completion of the SUB. Don't quit reading, now, the following is of importance to you.

The SUB is the center of all MSC college life. More good times are had there than any other place on the campus, but due to the increased enrollment, the current size of the SUB has become too small to conveniently take care of the needs of the students. Consequently, a grand new addition is being added. It is being built now so you and I may enjoy it while we are here.

You want the addition to the SUB, yet you are fighting it for the simple reason that you don't want to pay for it. Some of you have repeatedly stated, through the ballot box, that you are against reallocation. Others of you are against the increase we would be accepting in activity fees providing we don't accept reallocation. When we asked you for other ways of financing you gave little heed to the question and took the attitude of "Let the coming students solve it, why should we worry?" Yes, it is one vicious circle and we, the students, are acting very juvenile about it. Let's grow up, use a little logic, and face the problem seriously.

It is possible that the SUB may be completed within five years or less now that reallocation has been turned down by the students.

Certain parts of the SUB, meaning the coffee shop, the ballroom, the bookstore, student lounge, and the student business office, will be in operation by Dec. 1956, without the reallocation.

Student offices such as the publication offices, recreation area with six bowling alleys and pool tables, and portions of the auditorium and stage will not be completed until later without reallocation or increase in fees.

The need for more money in the Student Union fund is due to the fact that because of an anticipated increase in enrollment, the SUB planning committee decided to make a larger building than was proposed two years ago.

Had the reallocation passed, the fund would have taken money from 15 fee receiving groups and inevitably cut down their programs. That seemed to be the biggest gripe with the students. In direct contrast with this idea is that of those students who favor reallocation. They believe in the long run that the groups will be better off as they will have a new building, have new equipment, etc., and that the money taken from these groups will be for their betterment.

If we, the students, had accepted either reallocation or the fee increase, the entire Union would be completed, but if nothing is done, the Union will be finished only to the extent of the contract which exists now . . . with one exception, that being the recreational area which can be completed because $25,000 was taken from earnings from the open-end building fund.

Why, then, do we sit around doing nothing? Where is the enthusiasm around this campus? The upperclassmen have fiddled around leaving things up to the younger students. Now, as freshmen, the problem lies in our lap. It is up to us to do something about the whole mess.

It has been explained by the contractors that the overall price of the building increases in proportion to the time we wait around. It will be our class and the classes following that will have to absorb the costs of finishing the SUB.

Don't you think that it's about time we became hep and got some action? Is it going to hurt you to pay the $1.32 increase in the student activity fees? Or would it be too much to ask you to at least vote on the reallocation issues? Frosh, the upperclassmen have shown enough lack of interest, we've shown more. Perhaps it's time we move and show the campus that we, the class of '59, can and will do something about this issue of importance to all of us, and especially US.

What say we get on the ball?

The Staff.

Notice!

Graduating Seniors

Order Your

GRADUATION ANNOUNCEMENTS AND CARDS

Immediately

at your

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS STORE

CAMPUS CUTIE . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

is really quite a girl.

Our fifth candidate, Matilda Smith, is not exactly the neatest. She has a marvelous personality and that's what counts, isn't it boys? She served during World War I and was awarded the medal of honor in the fields of France for service above and beyond the call of duty. She is now attending MSC on the GI bill and is one of the foremost leaders in promoting women to join air ROTC. Gad!

Hilda Svenson from Norvay is 40 years of age and runs a Swedish massage parlor for the faculty during final week. Her office is easy to find in the poultry building. Hilda is six feet four inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. Her measurements resemble that of a solid oak table. She said to be sure and tell all you voters "dot with every vote cast for me I give a vree home demonstration for ever man, voman, or child dot votes fer I." What she means is a special massage will be given each voter. Her ambition is to pass her course of balloon blowing.

And last, but certainly not least, we have Zelda Moosehead. Zelda is not only an A? student, but she also works on the Proponent, the college paper. She yearly breaks her leg valiantly trying to ski, but her motto is "do or I die." It's been swell knowing you, Zelda. She also was awarded the coveted silver cup for her drinking contest, which of course, was none other than eggnog. A world record was set. She downed two gallons, five quarts, seven ounces in 5 minutes and 35 seconds.

It looks as though the faculty will have a terrific time trying to pick one of these campus cuties by August 13.

Social Calendar

APRIL—

13. Day for black cats, broken mirrors, and the FROSHPONENT.
14. Seven days since the last big hangover.
15. We'll go to church?
16. Fun couldn't last, gotta go to class.
17. 56 days since Washington's birthday.
18. Too bad, oh gad, gotta stay home and study.
19. This will be a Queer day!
20. Hall-a-lu-yeh! Spring is here and so is the ——.
21. It could get better but it's gonna get worse.
22. Sleep — sleep — sleep and more sleep.
23. Spring has sprung, fall has fell, and in Bozeman it'll be cold as H——!
24. 1,385 days and the cow barns got!
25. Thre days since Monday.
26. Spring time assembly on the birds and bees.
27. Final in Subology.
28. Saturday, alone by the telephone.
29. Picnic will be held by the Drink-more and Learn-less fraternity.
30. That's all, there is no more. From now on the EXPONENT takes the floor.

Loquacious From the 'M'

I'm in favor of TV sets in prison cells
I'm against zoos on South Willson
I'm in favor of birds on motorcycles
I'm against live Snakes
I'm in favor of dogs at the Red Dog Saloon
I'm against zebras at the Hotel Bozeman
I'm in favor of side pockets on kangaroos
I'm against thumb nail sketches of thumbs
I'm in favor of the new rule concerning visiting hours for the women
I'm against used dentist offices for fraternity houses
I'm in favor of the Ruffest, Tuffest faculty member
I'm against the mud that surrounds Hannon
I'm in favor of Loquacious
I'm against cars that splash mud on innocent bystanders
I'm in favor of females
I'm against Liberace jokes
I'm in favor of girls
I'm against water wings for land birds
I'm in favor of women
I'm against ice boxes for Eskimos
I'm in favor of white fraternity houses that are painted with red stripes
I'm against good looking girls that are pinned
I'm in favor of more mixer dances
I'm against certain fraternity men who seem to have the notion that they have the right to print their Greek letters on every desk in every lecture hall
I'm in favor of binoculars for Lewis and Clark
I'm against pogo sticks for kangaroos
I'm in favor of real bobcats
I'm against people who are against things
I'm in favor of less snow
I'm against the pseudantidisestablishmentarianistic mood
I'm in favor of ringing the victory bell
I'm against finals except in subology
I'm in favor of more booths at Colonel's
I'm against me
I'm in favor of quitting

EXPONENT CLASSIFIED

FOR HIRE: One healthy, romantic engineer for use on date. Special rates for love starved women. Call anytime.
"Lover"
Colter 604

LOST: large sheep dog in vicinity of Montana Hall. Responds to name of "Val".
Sigma Chi Fraternity

FOR SALE: Blueberry pies, used only once for pie eating contest.
Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity

PERSONAL: Shane, come back, come back.

SPRING HAS SPRUNG

Now's the time to be thinking those lovely thoughts

COME IN AND SEE OUR JEWELRY

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MONTANA FROSHPONENT

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(Continued from page 16)

C WALK . . .

My parents taught me not
smoke,
I don't.
Nor listen to a naughty jok
I don't.
They said 'twas very wr
wink at handsome men
think about intoxicating
I don't.
To dance or flirt is very w
I don't.
Wild girls love men and w
song,
I don't.
I kiss no man, not even on
In fact I don't know how 't
You wouldn't think I hac
fun,
I don't.

...however, connotes mere ...ess and not true interest. ...estechiations might include ...ing the party with the eyes, ...n craning the neck if care is ...ed and neck muscles are ...red to depreciatory degrees ...for the best of them come to ...with a crick in the neck.

...response to this greeting takes ...two forms: acceptance or ...tion; there is no middle ...t. Rejection takes the form ...self-imposed deafness — ...out in the cold. Acceptance ...like many forms. Samples: ...party doing greeting says, ...being greeted drops textbook begins its descent, ...No matter what, as soon ...textbook" or "You dropped a ...me to retrieve your spectacles. ...Alone type. It is extended ...higher sequence is the just For ...now you've qualified.

...love has blossomed. In this ...the voice is kept quite low, ...relashes are fluttered more ...than usual, and the head ...tilted slightly to the left or ...depending upon the position ...part being favored. The recourse but to remain in position ...of this greeting usually has ...with a cheesy-cat grin and ...ayed by the powers who defy ...dition.

...se, MSC students, are just ...examples of the art and tra...that belongs to you. Don't be ...ctator; participate!

...olchman blood donor gave ...woman three transfusions. ...e first, the grateful patient ...a Scotchman $50. After the ...she grudgingly gave him ...ter the third, she had so ...Scotch blood in her that she ...thanked him.

...ible assistance.

...embers of the "Exponent" for ...express our gratitude to the ...oses and Wiley Kissee. We also ...e the use of their photographic ...n" and the Senior and Junior ...tal thanks is offered to the ...ecting. Mary Gay Taylor, Burt ...Nicol, Shonny Norman, Mick-

TER TO THE EDITOR

ate Women

THE EDITOR:

a freshman boy and a resi- of Lewis and Clark. I want school to know how miserably been treated, what a fool I've made of and how terrible I I want you all to know I E WOMEN!

started like this: I got a e call one day not so long ago. ade me feel pretty good 'cause many kids at the dorm get unless they're from a relative bill collector or someone ly as exciting. I hippity-skip- down to the phone and in my grown-up voice said—"Hi." oft, smooth voice purred gh the wires of the Alexand- raham Bell and said, in effect, ld you like to go to the Han- Hall party with me this week- " Well. . . mother warned me these things but I was cur- my adventuring spirit pre- nated. I went out of my head said "yes."

e day of the party came and s beside myself; crudely king, shook! I had been ready since the night she called. I my pink suspenders ready, I into my chartreuse sport shirt, I really fixed up and put on a pair of Levi's. Lordy, was ty!!!!

guess I neglected to mention this girl was a blind date; I mean to say is that I didn't her. Well, she wasn't much. hly speaking she stacked up t like this:

ight: five foot-four.

ight: Hundred fifteen pounds, ckle, Snicker, Laugh) - 38-21-

ir: Blond.

es: Blue.

any rate she wasn't much to at .

e'd offered to take me to the before the party, so at 6:43, e dot, I picked her up in l A. She looked like h . . .! was wearing a soft white off- shoulder evening sweater, a skirt of some satiny material, pumps and Chanel No. 5. she got in the car do you what she did? That she- the nerve of her! She scoot- ver to my side of the car! I rstand all these MSC women all the same. All fresh, love- d, and man hungry. It's dis- eful.

l during the show that mon- clawed me. OH! I never felt mbarrassed in all my life. there was no stopping her. was after me, there was no t about it. I was what she ed, I could tell by that wild ionate look in her eyes, by the estive way she spoke to me. even went so far as to try to hands. At this point I got out paper and pencil so that I d take notes on things to ask er about later.

e dance was worse. It was rable. Those nasty women. All t they picked at me, trying to on to my arm, trying to put cheek next to mine, messing hair with their cold clammy hands. The only enjoyable e I had was with the chaper- I hereby want to go on record suggesting that all dances be rightly lighted as possible for sake of those poor wretches have to go. As for me, I'll be ed by seven o'clock after this.

K, I'll get down to the sexy now. Afterwards. We left the e early as my date said she ted some fresh air. I didn't through her little plan till it too late to do anything about She suggested we drive out in the country where the air was fresher. We drove for miles across the prairie in the moonlight. All of a sudden she yelled for me to stop the car. OH YES! She was a fast worker, that one was. I was no sooner stopped than she had her arms around me, she was madly kissing me, carressing my face. It was a good thing that I happened to have my Boy Scout neckerchief along. I stuffed it in her mouth to slow her down a little so that I could have time to think of how to get out of this mess. While I was distracted by a noise under the car she got rid of the neckerchief and came flying at me with everything she had. She had me pinned to the door, quietly nibbling my ear, when my suspender broke.

My PINK suspender mind you! My ONLY pair. That woman,. she's ruined my life. I want to warn the girls of this school, I'm mad! I hat you, with a passion!!!! My course is clear, my path defined. I'll be a hermit in some remote place like the Ag Department. And it'll be because I HATE WOMEN!

Yours very truly,

Claudius P. Carrion

Class of '59.

(Signed)

"Disillusioned"

HATE MEN!

I'm now lying on my bed, looking at the ceiling . . . did you know there are 529 holes in every square foot of it; . . . and listening to all the girls telling about the nice time they had. They are all anticipating their next date and me, well, I'm looking forward to a quiet evening studying chemistry . . . sure a fool if he does.

did . . . she'd come! I was doomed . . . he'd up promptly at seven and at 7:18 my buzzer finally rang. I was back at the ranch oooops . . . I could have died when I spotted him. As I signed out, he talked to the housemother and what did he say . . . he said plenty, in fact, too much. He was thoroughly against the girls having hours, and couldn't understand why girls were never ready on time. . . he have rattled on and on if I hadn't was 18 minutes late! He would seems to have forgotten that he wasn't with him. After the show we went out to eat at "Generals" . . . a classy outfit! He was very polite when it came to the ordering. . . I got a cup of lukewarm coffee while he sat there and had a hamburger, french fries, pie a-mode, and a soda. I didn't dare tell him I'd missed dinner and was starving to death. We left there and as I once again opened the car door for myself, I noticed the time was 10:30 . . . two horrible more hours til I had to be in! I tried to set his clock ahead about two hours but he caught me in the act.

He headed his rattle trap of a car towards Gatton field. I was praying the car would fall apart before we made it but it didn't. He turned off the motor, turned low, and then gave me a smile that would choke a horse. He had parked behind Gatton Field for one purpose and oh, it makes me sick to think about it! Wilber was the second boy I'd ever gone out with; the first I never kissed and wasn't going to kiss Wilber either, although he had different ideas entirely. I fought off his "Roman hands and Russian fingers" and used every stay-away tactic I knew 'til I was almost dead. I was beginning to wonder if this guy was ever going to give up. At 12:15 he brought me back to the dorm where he failed again in his strenuous mission to try to kiss me. I nearly zagged when I had to tell him I'd had a very nice evening. I wonder if he thinks I

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

I Hate Men

TO THE EDITOR:

No, I'm not bitter because I haven't had a date in over a month, or because I've stayed home every night, or because boys won't ever take me "subbing," it's just, well, I HATE MEN.

Now don't get me wrong, men are fine when they're fifty miles away or when they're sleeping . . . they're angels then. But these kind of men are few and far between. The average male of today is a brute, beast, monster . . . ah, heck, look up the rest of the synonyms for yourself in Webster!

Let me tell you about the "men" here at MSC. They are overgrown high school brats who have a superiority complex because they are now old enough to be termed a fraternity man . . . please excuse the cuss word. Let me tell you about the last, mind you the very last, date I went on.

Wilber called and asked me to the show. I couldn't stand the snob so I kept refusing, but he was so insistent that I finally accepted. The date was the same night! I wasted four hours getting ready when I could have been studying my chemistry . . . oh well. He said he would pick me up promptly at seven and at 7:18 my buzzer finally rang. I was dressed fit to kill and Wilber, he had on muddy levis, cowboy boots (they're the style), a red plaid cowboy shirt and yep, you guessed it, a ten-gallon hat! Meanwhile, and couldn't understand why girls were never ready on time. . . he would have rattled on and on if I hadn't was 18 minutes late! He would seems to have forgotten that he wasn't with him. After the show we went out to eat at "Generals" . . . one was terrific and one I had to remove my own coat. All this time he was busily munching on popcorn and he made so much noise that the people began looking at him. I tried to pretend I wasn't with him, but the show I had to remind him to remove that monstrosity of a hat and way, we went to the latter! In the show I had to remind him to remove that monstrosity of a hat and . . . one was terrific and one I had to remove my own coat. All this time he was busily munching on popcorn and he made so much noise that the people began looking at him. I tried to pretend I wasn't with him. After the show we went out to eat at "Generals" . . . a classy outfit! He was very polite when it came to the ordering. . . I got a cup of lukewarm coffee while he sat there and had a hamburger, french fries, pie a-mode, and a soda. I didn't dare tell him I'd missed dinner and was starving to death. We left there

Letter to the Editor:

Dear Editor:

I was campused last wekend and that means I can't go out tonight. It isn't my gripe that I have to stay in, my gripe is that I didn't get any roses and candy from the boy.

I understand that it is a custom here on campus to send roses and candy to the girl, but this certain boy seems not to have heard of this tradition and I think it only right he should know.

Sincerely,

I. C. Potledge

"I saw you winking at the girls on South Willson," teased the young man's small sister.

"I wasn't winking at the girls, Dottie, something got in my eye."

"She got in your car, too, didn't she?"

REPLY FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Miss Potledge:

We are sorry to hear that the boy was so inconsiderate that he failed to send you the roses and candy, but in conferring with the staff, we would like to present a question to you:

What were you doing that was so important that you were unable to be in on time . . . um-m-m?

Editor

They walked along together,
The sky was full of stars,
They crossed the field in silence
And then let down the bars.
She turned her soft face from him
There's naught between them now
For he was just an Ag major
And
She
A
Jersey
Cow.

YOU'VE HAD YOURS

PAY MOTHER BACK
With a Gift From
MOTHER'S SPECIAL TABLE

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Everything on this table will be reduced 25% especially for "MOTHER"

Do you feel sick, run down, tired out, losing weight, suffer from lack of sleep?

YOU DO?

. . . sorry . . . we can't do a thing for you

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Milk Malady Molests MSC

A poll of the faculty members was recently completed on the great problem occurring on the MSC campus as to whether the amount of milk consumed by the students is for the betterment of their health. It is felt by many students that stronger beverages should be consumed before and after meals. The beverage question is very current on the MSU campus—it seems that only milk and water are consumed there.

We here at MSC haven't decided whether the MSU students like they were consuming so many (believe it or not!) milk and water or if they aren't grown-up enough to drink anything stronger. Here are the results of our poll:

Dr. Renne stated that milk is fine for the students, but since the SUB so that the provisions for an addition to the campus, he is now making special "other beverages" at places off the students needn't bother to go all the way down town in order to purchase their beverages! This addition will also partially eliminate, if not destroy, the terrible habit of coffe drinking.

The dean of engineering found nothing wrong with milk. In fact, he said he wished more of his students would try it for a change.

The dean of agriculture thought the drinking of milk was fine and was pleased to inform us that never has an ag major drunk anything but milk! (Who goofed there?)

The head of both H&PE departments said the consumption of milk developed strong minds and bodies of the students and anything stronger would definitely hurt them.

The dean of a department which we will fail to mention had nothing to say but "hic!"

The deans of home economics and education said that their students never touched anything stronger than a coke or maybe the SUB's coffee, the latter being very bad for the students' health.

The coaches stated that we had such good teams this year because the athletes drank ONLY milk . . . and occasionally coffee.

The deans of men and women felt that none of the students even knew what milk tasted like and had strong hopes of their trying

(Continued on Page 5)

Hannon & Canno Our Penitentiar

Approaching the newly-cr edifice that 300-odd (?) girls their "home away from home is surprised to discover that is no CANNON in front of h non. From its appearance (o ially at 12:59 a.m.) a person not find it difficult to compa high, solid brick walls and "l grounds with a PRISON. . catraz, perhaps* (likewise, ming through slushy mud snow is necessary to get t "cluttered" front patio)! Upo tering and leaving, the girls signed on "parole"—and if disobey, they are sentenced t fing red roses (if "he" was much of a gentleman) and ing the holes in the ceiling t

The place is an engineering terpiece — just like a life it was designed with a hole middle. However, this may b useful when the snow melt leaves a pool to swim in. but the boys won't be able t from the windows in the ce third floor to take a dip, rules at "Tehachapi" are s enforced.

Amazingly enough, there bars on the windows . . . d suppose they actually almos trust us?!!! And, visitors, be careful not to stick a through our precious glass d

The members of the op sex are probably not aware consequences resulting fro sound of the buzzer in a cel right one, that is!). Some gir lustily down the narrow co in her sweet little voice a forms her cellmate (who h come tired of her messy with the green and brown with turquoise chairs—and iting another inmate whos has vermillion and blue walls green chairs for a change in ful, consoling background) t her date . . . the dear, brave . . . has swum the channel a come to rescue her for hours on parole at the local (scope).

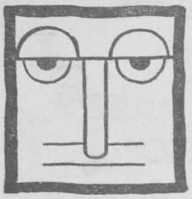
Incidentally, the floors are too, because of the rule tha are not supposed to be was waxed. Hmmm? The girls supposed to wade through t inch layer of dirt on the f their bare feet so they do their shoes dirty. Natch, the can be swept, but what's th they're going to be clean summer.

In case anybody chances wondering about those spot-searchlights, they're not only to keep girls fro caping" but also because body (?) fears that you d tle hunks of masculine mu might try something child trying to get into the dorm. how about a panty raid, we can say we had a "pr ot"?)

(Continued on Page 5)

BASHFUL GIRLS!
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AUTO ON GREASE RACK
Daniel Au
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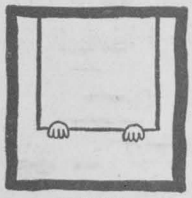
NAUGHTY GHOST STANDING IN CORNER
Robin Maier
Penn State



NEEDLE WITH SOMETHING IN EYE
Richard Silbert
Columbia



COMET WITH PIGTAIL
Amirik Kachigian
Washington U.



CARELESS WINDOW WASHER
Melvin Anderson
Colorado State Teachers



SOMEBODY'S OFF HER ROCKER in the Droodle above—and for a darned good reason. The Droodle's titled: Whistler's Mother out shopping for Luckies. From where she sits, Luckies always taste better. That's because they're made of fine tobacco—mild, good-tasting tobacco that's TOASTED to taste even better. Rise to the occasion yourself—light up a Lucky. You'll say it's the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

DROODLES, Copyright 1953 by Roger Price

"IT'S TOASTED" to taste better!



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Luckies lead all other brands, regular or king size, among 36,075 college students questioned coast to coast. The number-one reason: Luckies taste better.

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$492. Expanding county
program.

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Box 710, Martinez, Calif.

(Continued from page 4)

e before the year ended.
nese are some of the major re-
s of our poll . . . for and
nst the milk problem. We
ld like to say that we quoted
of the people interviewed. In
ng, we would like to give the
lty this viewpoint with the
of the ever popular song,
nk, Drink, Drink" . . . what
rage we were unable to find
but we'll give you three guess-
nd the first two don't count!

m Salt Featured Bawlroom Dance

st two weeks from now the
test event ever held at MSC
be underway. It will be an
ing with so much rip and zip
even "Sha-Boom" won't be
to keep up with it. Here is
neral rundown of the even-
events:

8:00 p.m. a big dance will be
in the bawlroom of the SUB
Jim Salt and his band will pro-
the music (?). Yes, this will
brawl (sorry, that's a print-
error) that no one will want
iss. I heard there was even go-
o be a floor show too!

nnie Lashway will act as mas-
f ceremonies. Ronnie Lashway
once again sing "I'm in the
ouse Now" to you, the spell-
d audience. June Short will
a long number written by Bee-
an—now, boys, is the time to
for intermission. After that
come the "Fabulous One" . . .
ecord player! Muchless, Vendt
Zoonzich will be on stage try-

(Continued on page 6)

E: Your girl is spoiled, isn't

Chi: Na, that's just the per-
she's wearing.

Best this article terminat
author will likewise termina

An interesting tidbit, ther
a little man recently found
second floor bathroom. It ser
cleaning woman dashing afte
dummy (escaped convict) f
jailitor. Of course, it was o
there cunningly by females
ed fanatic by the "finals" phe

(Continued from page 4)

The moon not only pulls the ocean back and forth, it stops cars on the side roads, also.

Dr. Harvey: What has twelve legs, a green body, pink eyes, and fuzz?

Student: I don't know, what has?

Dr. Harvey: I don't know either, but it certainly doesn't look nice on your neck!

If I had a million dollars,
How happy I would be.
Or even fifty thousand
Would quite appeal to me.
In fact, if I would wed a man
With money in the bank,
If it was just a thousand,
It would suit me, to be frank!
If he had fifty dollars
It wouldn't be so bad,
But I can't get a man at all
And that's what makes me mad.

After all — puppy love is only the beginning of a dog's life!

"Still engaged to Maude?"
"No."
"Good!"
"What?"
"How'd you drop the old hag?"
"I married her."
"Good, how'd you get rid of her?"
"What?"
"How'd you drop the old hag?"
"I married her."

Coed (phoning home): "Dad, the girl that sits next to me in class has a dress just like mine."

Dad: "So you want a new one?"
Coed: "Well, it would be cheaper than changing schools!"

She: I've had a wonderful evening.
He: I'm so glad.
She: But this wasn't it.

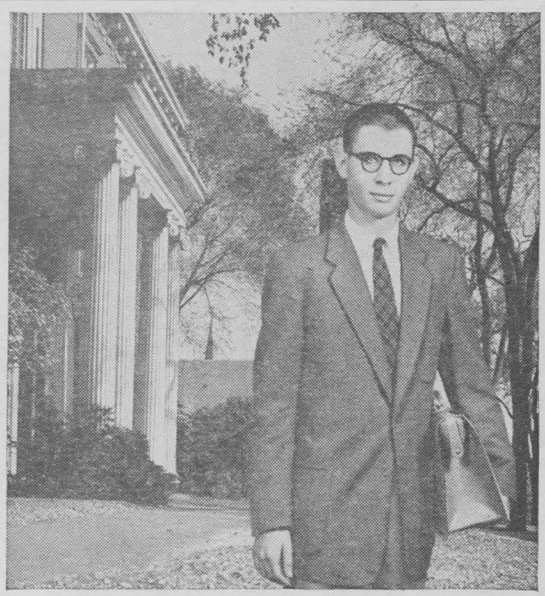
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SLIDE RULES
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AND
Crazy Sales
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OFFICE EQUIPMENT
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IE
CRINGED
AS HE
ROARED
AWAY
IN HIS
FORD
ozeman Motors



"Gay" Moss wants to know:

At what location would I work for Du Pont?

Gaylord E. Moss expects to receive his B.S. in Electrical Engineering from Tufts College in 1957. His interest in electronics was aroused, in part at least, by summer work in Du Pont's Photo Products Plant at Parlin, N. J. But Gaylord's interest in technical work goes much farther back. He received the Bausch and Lomb Science Award at his high-school graduation.



Clayton Hill answers:

Where would you *want* to work, Gay? The choice isn't quite so wide as that reply indicates, but if you have good reason for preferring a given area, and Du Pont has an opening there for which you're qualified, your choice will certainly be considered. We have 69 plants and over 70 research and development laboratories scattered through 26 states. So the odds are pretty fair that you can work in an area you like.

Most of the Du Pont units are situated east of the Mississippi, but some of them are as far west as the Pacific Coast. Right now, new plants are under construction in Michigan and California, providing even wider choice in those two states.

Of course, a man may be transferred after a time. The chemical industry is a growth industry, and transfers are generally associated with progress and promotions.

So you see, Gay, the geography of the United States is pretty much an open book for Du Pont professional men, adding a lot to their interest and enjoyment on the job.

Clayton B. Hill, Jr., joined Du Pont's Jackson Laboratory at Deepwater, N. J., in 1940 and left for the Air Corps in 1942. After military service he obtained a B.S.Ch.E. from Pennsylvania State University (1949), and returned to Jackson Laboratory. Clayton was assigned to Du Pont's Atomic Energy Division for a period before transferring to the Personnel Division. As a representative of this Division, he currently visits many colleges and universities.

WANT TO KNOW MORE about where you'd work with Du Pont? Send for a free copy of "The Du Pont Company and the College Graduate." This booklet contains a complete listing of plant and laboratory locations, by state, and describes work available. Write to E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), 2521 Nemours Building, Wilmington 98, Delaware.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*
Enjoy "Du Pont Cavalcade Theater" on Television

Don Ness: "Say, Bill, may I borrow your pen?"

Bill Ebersole: "Sure thing."

Don: "Got a piece of writing paper I can use?"

Bill: "Reckon so."

Don: "Going past the mailbox?"

Bill: "Yeah!"

Don: "Wait a minute—'til I finish this letter, will you?"

Bill: "Sure."

Don: "Want to lend me a stamp?"

Bill: "Okay."

Don: "Much obliged. Say, what is your girl's address?"

B equals boy . . . G equals girl. . . . C equals Chaperone : : : 2B plus G equals fight . . . 2G plus B equals jealousy. G plus B plus C equals misery. G plus B minus C equals elopement.

Roger Hankins, in bed with a cold, was told that he had a fever.

"How high is it, Doctor?" he wanted to know.

"A hundred and one."

"What's the world record?"

Editor

I consulted Dean Schilling and members of the engineering department and we all agree with you and the serious problem of our engineers. After a 20 minute investigation of the problem we realize how big this has become and we are grateful to you for calling it to our attention.

Some of the new provisions made to the engineering course will be as follows: we will allow . . . in fact, we will demand . . . that every engineer take a 45-minute subbing period during his afternoons of lab. The gentle art of evening's relaxation will be taught by the girls of Hannon Hall.

This is only the beginning and we hope that the future amendments will provide a better advancement to those in the field of its will be given for the latter course.)

---

these "love-starved" boys. Their liberal arts . . . the art being the woman and the liberal being the man's choice of the woman. "All work and no play makes poor engineers they say." You must bear in mind that these young men have a future in store for them, a future of work and a home as well, and what is a home without a wife?

I hope you will see my problem and see fit to improve these conditions.

Sincerely yours,

I. B. Lonesome.

REPLY FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Miss Lonesome:

I decided to write this letter to in hopes that Dean Schilling members of the engineering at problem is plaguing some the MSC students. It deals with engineers . . . and women!

doubt that Dean Schilling or of the other male faculty members have ever noticed what good- king engineers we have; but and I am still no further than was when I came to college! It's ting very disgusting.

The main problem seems to be it the men have too much home- ork, consequently I am recom- nding an easier curriculum for

(Continued from Page 5)

ing (and I mean trying) to act the record. Those crazy Kam Spooks will sing "Halls of I . . . cry then, you're suppose The AGR's will show us the way to rope a cow . . . one n knows when they're going to to know that. The Sig Chi's show us the experienced art of ening a beer can! The Pie Alen Kap's will present a skit tha so secret they have yet to k themselves what it is. The manures will blend their melod voices in song and also prese brief talk on "How to mak house out of a barn." The Phi will present a very worthw coarse in the art of bubble sculpture! Now we come to second half of the floor show.

The Koo-Koo Delta sorority present a skit on the art of b sitting . . . all babies have t 18 years or older. The girl "Oh, A Pie" will sing "Summe Just Around the Corner" and their bermuda shorts. They s give the very successful re of the model they had in window that caused all the boys to lose many nights while watching it. The Gam's will give a much ne demonstration on how to with your eyes open so tha one will know when slumber overtaken you! A demonstra on the art of kool-aid mixing be performed by the Chi Eyes Pi Fidelities will give a le and demonstration on the cu problem of how not to slip banana peel. The Duttle C will show us how to make d nuts without a hole!

Now that this terrific, su and outstanding floorshow ended, Jim Salt and his banc provide the rest of the ev with music for dancing. Thos are able to remain standing all this will continue dancin for those of you who are come by mirth, it is hopec will remain in your seats you have regained your comp or until the final selection "See You in My Dreams" at t time you may proceed hom enjoy your own nightmare know this will be an occasio to be remembered and never forgotten!

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Brighten Up Yo
(This word isn't printab
With Costume Jewe
from the
Treasure Che

BELCH

Lewis and Clark? I like it! If ou're an outsider who's never had e opportunity to visit our splen- d establishment you don't know hat you're missing! Let's go thru day at MSC's "Campus Statler."

Act I—Scene I

Seven in the morning. All of a dden bells are ringing, bells, lls, bells, all over the place! unds like a boiler factory, it's so isy. Yep, it's time to get up. You awl out of the nice warm sack d scratch a bit. YIPE! Your feet t the cold linoleum and you take f hopping like last year's pogo ick champ. A swipe at your teeth, d a splash of cold water in your ce and you're ready for break- st.

Ah-hah! A choice this morning! ggs, cereal and toast or toast, real and eggs. Most prefer the st. A swig of java (belch) you're l set for a peppy day of study, udy, study.

Act I—Scene II: Lunch

Oh, Goody! Macaroni. Oh, I e macaroni. It's my favorite sh. I'd eat nothing but macaroni I could. We eat lots of macaroni, puts lots of fat on you so you n't catch cold in this "Little eria." All in all, lunch is a nderful meal. Whoops, what's t bit of flotsam an' jetsam nging to my spoon? A bit of tover breakfast—and good, too! elch).

Time for class again, time to nd our way among the deep sterious canyons of knowledge. ike that line, let's try it again: e to wend our way among the p mysterious canyons of knowl- ge.

Act II—Scene I

The time has changed; darkness creeping over our hallowed halls learning. Our weary heroes of slide rule and beef production rt amble in to happy campus nes, tired but happy. It's supper e, time for meat loaf and relax- n and our contented residents l be found munching meat loaf l seriously discussing the latest k of Salvidor Dali. (Belch).

Act III—Scene I: Back In Our Rooms

think our after-dinner recrea- is worthy of mention. The boys equipped with a splendid hall- in which to play baseball, bas- ball and hockey. We're truly a group of well-developed, lthy young students due to this n. But all play and no work es Jack a good fellow—but a my—so we must now apply selves to our studies.

Act III — Scene II: Same place, later on

ach and every resident is eager- pursuing knowledge to the ac- paniment of "Tennis Shoe" Er- records. They soothe the nerves know. And so goes the day at little dorm. Barring 4 a.m. in- uptions from roommates who t elsewhere on the campus to y. We lay our sleepy little ds down to dream of chemistry tions and math problems. ood-nite.

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140 EAST MAIN

LOUDSPEAKER

Guests for the weekend were George Skrood from Podunk Center and Georgia Fatbut from Bigbut.

Gertie Hoberinstene passed her ten pounds last Friday—She now weighs 235.

New pledges: We haven't any, but we had to put in something.

New officers were elected for the past year at a meeting on Tuesday, Jan. 35.

Pinned: Alexander Brunkeldettel (GDI) stuck Madaposirie Smith (Chi Omygod).

There was nothing of interest from this fraternity so there isn't much point in putting anything in.

Lost: Scrapbook and logbook from house—we mention this here because it is cheaper than paying for a classified ad.

ANNOUNCEMENT: Don Tadvick has sworn off water.

The morale builder of 3d floor Hannon Hall is concentrating her efforts in boosting the morale of the girls through the use of kick-a-boo juice .

The poor quality of food in the dorms has forced the students to liquid diets.

Running for King and Queen of party poopers are the dorm councelors who will reign from a throne of cheese.

Due to the combined efforts of the men of Lewis and Clark and the Dean of Women, the girls have become anti-social.

(Continued on Page 8)



What's doing . . . at Pratt & Whitney Aircraft

Professors practice what they preach . . . and vice versa

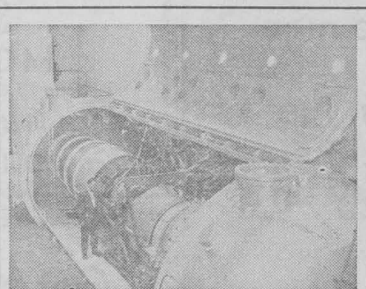
Following a practice of twenty years, Pratt & Whitney Aircraft will again welcome a group of college professors as members of the engineering staff during the coming summer months.

Last year our "summer professors" represented colleges from coast to coast. They tackled important projects in such diverse fields as instrumentation and vibration, combustion, compressible flow, and materials development. Despite the limited time available to these men, they made significant contributions to our overall effort.

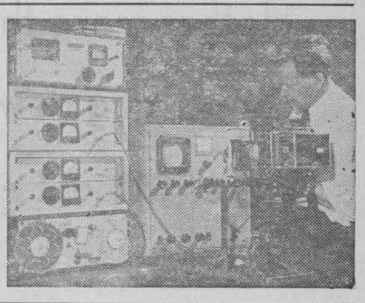
Though it was to be expected that both the company and the participating professors might benefit directly from such a program, the sphere of influence has been much broader. The many students who are taught by these professors during the college year are sharing the ultimate benefits . . . profiting from lectures that are sparked by the kind of practical experience that can be gained with a recognized industry leader like Pratt & Whitney Aircraft.



Several "summer profs" voluntarily spent part of their time conducting refresher courses for P & W A's young engineers.



One assignment involved a comprehensive survey of equipment for the expansion of high-altitude test facilities in Willgoos Laboratory, the world's most complete, privately owned jet engine lab.



Technical contributions were varied. Worthwhile assistance was given in vibration and instrumentation studies.

World's foremost designer and builder of aircraft engines

PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT
DIVISION OF UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
EAST HARTFORD 8, CONNECTICUT

Wo (to) Men Corp Hope? of AFROTC

Hup tup tureep forp
Hup tup tureep forp
Hup tup tureep forp

That sound echoes over the MSC campus as the service men do their weekly marching during spring quarter. For years it has been a grand ole tradition to see the men marching back and forth as orders were called to them.

But now we understand that the boys will have "company" as they march. It seems next year they are going to allow women in Air ROTC! The reason for this has been variously explained as: arousing interest in AFROTC, arousing interest in W.O.M.E.N, and encouraging fellas to join the army to get away from it all.

I did some interviewing so as to get the students' viewpoint on the subject. All the boys were definitely in favor of having the girls march with them but from the girls I received a slightly different viewpoint.

(Continued on Column 4)

Now I don't want you to get the idea that all we think about is eating and drinking—milk. That is by no means all we think about. We like to sleep, too, you know. Speaking of sleeping, there's been talk about moving the dairy barn back a mile from campus. When we come in late at night and the doors are locked at the dorm, the dairy barn is an excellent place to spend the night. If they move it a mile further away it's gonna be awful inconvenient to have to walk that far to sleep.

Us aggies that have been away from home are going to miss the fragrant aroma of the fresh animal excretion floating through the clear spring air. It's gonna be rough on us aggies; up to now its been a regular home away from home. We'll get over it, though, we're tough!!

We don't want you engineers to get the wrong idea. We realize that your role is one of importance but us aggies are all that really count.

We'd like to see you eat your asphalt roads and steel bridges. (really!!) Being only human, you surely like to eat. So, considering all things, the report from here at the cowsheds is very favorable, in fact, excellent. Your ag department is in good freshman hands. So, students of MSC, faculty members, and all people of the world, never fear, the aggies are here—to stay.

(Continued from Column 5)

even bigger bottles are available —of milk, that is. Yes sir, our penser in the engineering building they can't touch the aggies dairy concession.

(Continued from page 7)

The girls in Hannon have adjusted themselves to social parole and content themselves with hanging out the windows, shouting, cussing, and, in general, making themselves obnoxious to passers by.

Due to crowded conditions the KS's request the girls to pick up their better half that they have graciously denied themselves of since the KS initiation.

Binnoculars are going on sale for the kiddies of Lewis and Clark Hall.

As a good-will gesture the Hannon Hall girls have purchased wagons, wheel-barrows, and mules to transport the boys from Lewis and Clark to their classes.

Several unmentionables have been found in Ham Hall and are adding to the delight of the occupants!

It's rumored that the Senior girls will be buying new wardrobes after each spring picnic. Well, at least shoes and jeans.

Phil Rognlien went to the Student Health Service with a bad case of athlete's foot; Dr. Visscher amputated both feet above the ankles.

Barnum & Bailey circus refuses to show in Bozeman again. Everytime they set up a tent, an MSC veteran and his family moves some furniture into it.

Dwight Neil has taken to the shooting of the North Star with a gun. Let us know when you succeed.

The Sigma Nu's have adopted a new house song: "Out Behind the Barn."

Four girls got stuck with Frat pins last week. Our sympathy is with you.

The MSC men are waiting for spring or in other words, wind, full skirts, and pretty legs.

MEN!! There are over 200 freshman girls that have yet to become pinned. Please don't disappoint them—(us).

The Kappa Sig's are already beginning their baseball practice — hope you win a game, boys.

Everyone sure misses all the nurses that are in training at the hospitals.

I wonder if I should put Gary Murphy's name in the paper —he ain't done nothin'.

Zip-a-dee-do-da! 300 men will be here the weekend of April 20. WOW!

(Continued from Column 2)



One girl replied she did enough man-chasing without having to do it on the field, too. Another replied that her legs were big enough without adding any more muscles to them. Many girls stated they would not join as the colors of the uniforms would not go with their complexion. Some said the blisters gained from marching would not permit them to dance in the evening and that would be horrible. The most general reply I received from the girls was 'I wouldn't be caught dead out there!"

For you 90 per cent of the girls who don't care about your feet, legs, or complexion, we will be looking forward to seeing you on the field next year marching with the boys. When you will require the services of a competent foot doctor you may call him at the men's dorm.

Envision yourself in a sexy Greyhound bus driver suit . . . by yourself, without the sexy Greyhound bus driver . . . in a form fitting uniform . . . like a tent. A little elaboration on the monkey suit: they are designed for the well formed young lady, more the shape of Marjorie Main. They're already pre-shrunk: they're higher in back than front. Hats and black grandma shoes are included. The rest of the garb includes brown blouses with pink panties. It is hoped that they, unlike the cadet officers, will have the Christian humility to cover them up with an outer garment!

So "up and away junior birdwomen! . . . (up in the air upside down?" . . .

(Continued on Column 2)

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Sports of Greater Sportsmen

A Bar Room Athlete is a person who doesn't quite feel up to playing football or any of those other less strenuous sports.

The most popular bar room contest now-a-days is the marble tournament. Bill Zucconeast and Gene McDonaldson are the finalists. There is much anticipation as to who will be the victor. When asked if he would win, Big Bill replied, "I'll bowl him over". A comment from Gene was, "I'll bowl him over." Before the final match starts a few minutes of fisti-cuffs will take place to see just who said "I'll bowl him over," first.

Then there are the usual hopscotch and flagpole sitting contests. These are quite minor sports, but nevertheless a fortune has been made by Athlete's Foot Tennis Shoe Manufacturing company, by selling the fabulous Athlete's Foot Shoe to the hopscotch players.



My Boys Can Lick Anything'

The Bobcat wrestling team has just completed a most successful season. Led by Ed Write, who was high scorer, the team defeated all opposition. Members of the team were Les Pilot, Ed Write, and many other stars. Coach Boon is very proud of his boys. This is what he told about his team, "My boys can lick anybody."

The team should be congratulated on the fact that this year was the first year an MSC wrestling team has won all the scheduled meets.

Next year wrestling is going to be a major sport at MSC with coeducational wrestling courses offered. It seems that the females desired to learn how to defend themselves from over rambunctious males. The word is that a draft will be put to the registrar to prevent this wrestling course from being offered. There is a slight indication that this draft will be submitted by members of the male sex.



OH, THESE CRAZY WRESTLERS

Fan Is Humbled

In the Golden City, the Montana Boobcats found the Montana Grizzles and the Montana Grizzles referees too hard to beat in a bitterly contended ball game. Bill Salonavitch and Bill McDitty were the high scorers for the Cats while Zippo Rhodes and Russ Sherwin were high scorers for the Grizzles.

The game started out with the Cats scoring the first basket. Sherwin got a tip-in and then Federico Ingleberizo scored on a long one-hander. The teams matched baskets. Then Jack Olive was very unjustly accused of roughing up a Grizzle. This gave the Grizzles another couple of points on free throws.

The Cats fought back and on a shot by Jim Botcher the score was knotted up again. The game went nip and tuck until the last two minutes when the referees came into play in the Grizzles favor. After six free throws a disturbance was noted in the bleachers. It seemed that a Bobcat was being very patriotic in his school's behalf and was humbling a Grizzlite.

After the game, a real contest was joined. This contest was open to the public. A bloody time was had by all. The statistics are: Bobcats made 30 field goals, no free throws. The Grizzles made five field goals, and 54 free throws.

Sports Shorts

By Glen Schmardy

FLASH: Pegingese retriever trials will be held at the Gun Club four weeks from two days ago.

George Farrington is new heavyweight wrestling champ of the campus.

Due to crowded facilities, there will be co-educational swimming classes that will be held at Fig leaf pool.

To stimulate the wrestling program, co-educational wrestling classes will be held.

Judge: "You admit that you drove over this man with a loaded truck. Well, what do you have to say in defense?"

Offender: "I thought he was dead."

Wranglers' Square

Howdy, buckaroos! This week we have many interestin' things happening for the wranglers of MSC. Starting tomorrow there will be a great big lamb roping contest between the wranglers of MSC and the wranglers of other lamb wrangling schools. It is desired for all loyal wranglers and buckaroos (you too, Tex) to come out and support our team. Last week we had a dog riding contest in which a few of our boys were seriously hurt.

We thought that since the Air Force is having girl members, it would be a good idea to have some female wranglers. Now all you girls who report to the cowshed at 3:00 will no doubt be selected so have no fear of being refused.

That's about all for now wranglers, so see you at the very next roundup.

He: I've never seen such dreamy eyes.

She: You've never stayed so late before.

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ARROW
CASUAL WEAR
—first in fashion

Snow Good for Track Weather

Track season is here, says Bog Flegle. The weather has turned right for the sprinters the weight men have already ed out in the indoor track. MSC has always been a great power, this year will be no tion.

In the sprints we have . who do we have? Oh yes. Do delson runs the hundred in which is very good time. Egghead has been holding the miler's post while Ron zecker and Ed Write will d well in the weights.

Yes siree . . . we have a ing season coming up fo spring. So all you track e iasts, support your Boobc their endeavors.

Fredico Ingalbretzo: c o from a foreign land, som outside the border, this boy other great contributor t cause. Fredico has excel lacrosse and other of the civilized games. Coach Lambart said this about F "He's a good boy." Thus been proven that Fredico is a great asset to M.P.C. Fre a fairly big boy. His vital sions are: 32 bust, 48 wai 32 hips. Following from th mensions, you can see Fre the normal type man. He to graduate this year and think the professors will appoint him again, thus loses another great jock.

DREAMY MEN

Have you seen those guys here on campus? Th that are just "bursting" wit cles? And those that must least 6 ft. 5 in. tall? Aren the neatest though, 'speciall they wear those dre-e-eamy with the "M" on them? Yes are the guys from Ham Hal other words, the athletes.

The life of an athlete rugged. They have to attend times as many as four cla a day! They never carry bo even a pencil, because, as once rumored, it might hur muscles. They really have when it comes to dating th (Seems all the girls are di go out with them and th boys have a hard time d which one to take out—be t you non-athletes don't hav horrible problems!)

I guess the coaches are rough when it comes to thei ing—providing the boys do their toes or scratch their so that they can be excuse training due to "ill health." is just a portion of the rou tough life that an athlet lead. The sympathy of all t students goes out to you a great burden of troubles.

Patronize Exponent adve

GALS! You ne Something!

Try the Cosmeti

at

Roecher Dr

Edwins Makes All-Conference

John Edwins — John is most noted for his work on the trampoline which occupies most of his extremely valuable time. There is a rumor that this great trampolinist did play a little football. John has worked hard on his trampoline performance and has consequently received all - conference honors for his labor. Besides the trampoline, John excels in the game of pingpong. In high school he was pingpong tournament champion. John will graduate this year. Girls, take heed and appreciate him while you can. His very vital statistics are as follows: Height, 5'6", shoe size 18, weight 279.



Yes, these are the future freshmen of MSC, before they are refined, that is. I really would like to say something good about them before I close, but so help me I can't think of a single good thing. I guess I'll just be thankful that they don't come more than once a year.

I'm so cotton-picking mad I can't see straight. It wasn't very long ago that I read that some 347 juvenile delinquents will be visiting the grand MSC campus for High School Week. You upperclassmen know what it's like to put up with these blooming idiots but the frosh don't, so I'll give them a general rundown.

The boys will probably be driving their dad's new Olds and will be wearing pink and black jackets that are bright enough to be seen ten miles away. They try to act collegiate by smoking a cigarette—filter-tipped at that. And, they generally choke and sputter but they never do give up. They heard the Zebra was the place to go and well, you know the story from there on.

The girls spend most of their time in the SUB as that is where, or so they have heard, the dreamy fraternity men hang out. They girgle every time a boy looks their way and anger the college girls because they usually succeed in getting a date for every night they are on campus. Their wardrobe is usually composed of a dozen skirts and a black sweater that has shrunk two sizes.

I was asked why the upperclassmen always crash the dances. I failed to find the answer but I'm sure the high school girls will be glad to hear that it is done.

Future Scholars To Arrive Here

This week and in the future weeks, an attempt will be made to get you more acquainted with the Montania Provincea Collegium.

In the past 6 years Bill Saloni has contributed muchly to the causes of our dear alma mater. Coming from Copper City, he was a great jock in his high school days, here at M. P. C. he has a record unequalled by anyone. His favorite sport is hopscotch but as a direct result of prompting by his enemies, he has switched to polo and soccer. After school is out one of these years he expects to graduate.

Splash Squad News

The MSC splash squad has done very much this year in the line of nothing. This is not because the team was no good, but because this was the first year that MSC has a swimming team.

Of course, there has always been a girls aqua club called the "dollphicans." There has been a rumor around that some of the dolliphicans are going to try out for the swim team and as a result will increase the team's prestige in conference standings. While we are at it, there's no need to have a male tea or co-educational swimming team because the girls, in the sport of swimming, have shown themselves more adept than the fellas.

Thus the future swim meets will be in the fashion of beautiful designs instead of the (ech!) speed races.



★ ★



★ A Senior Girl



HAMILTON HALL MEN

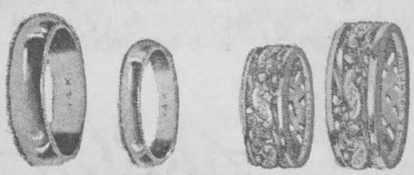
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...pring Parties ...ttract Frosh

... only a little Freshman and I don't know very much but ...shed my ears out once last ...er and I heard of something ...really sounds great . . . spring ...s! Quoting the seniors you ...t term them as a "big Blast!" ... of the big shots on campus ...have really "been around" ...ne all about them there par... so I want to tell you other ... about them.

...un what I done heard, most ...em parties is held in West ...wstone. You leave at noon or ... morning and don't get back ...e at night. There is always ...roblem of chaperones but I ... they are pretty easy to ..." . . . don't cha love this ... language though?! Before ...fternoon the boys are "high ...nighty" and by evening they ...gone" and gee, do I mean ..." Sometimes there is a ..., providing the kids are able ...nd up, let alone dance!, and ...imes there is a dinner but who in heaven's name would want to eat when you could . . . . oops, I guess it's time to end this sentence!

Some of the more ambitious brush-apes have desired that the parties be held as far out in the brush as possible and I can't, for the life of me, figure out why! The thickest underbrush in the country is considered a necessity.

I guess some mighty strange things occurred last year. One couple got chased up a tree by a bear and had to sit there til early evening. The girl was late in getting home . . . only forty minutes though . . . and the boy had to spend $6 in order to buy her a dozen roses. Another incident was when a mighty athlete was pursuing a sweet innocent girl and he took her for a ride in a canoe. To make a long story short, she got mad at him, stood up and the canoe turned over. I guess they really had a tough time explaining their appearance to the very curious chaperones!

A word from the wise (all upperclassmen) to the Frosh who want to get good grades, plenty

(Continued on Column 5)

(Continued from Column 2)

of sleep and have a clear conscience as to their moral activities, they suggest that you attend no spring parties at all. But for those of you who don't care about your grades, or moral and spiritual reputation, well, heck, attend every party you can. I'll see you there!

THIS
IS
A SPACE
FILLER

Dr. Visscher: "How is it, John, that you and your roommate keep so healthy?"

John: "Well, suh, ah'll tell you. Ah bought one of them sanitary drinking cups and we both drink outen-it."

...ful bore."

..."It really isn't anything ...worry about," the doctor as ...his patient. "Many people ...themselves. It certainly isn't ...ious enough to get you down ...traditted him — "I'm such a

...ITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



Add: P.O.Box 4, Elkhart, Kans.

PSYCHIC STUDENT SEEKS SCHEDULE

The lights were dimmed in the room. Only an occasional sob broke the deathly silence. In one corner sat a pitiful looking creature . . . not old but prematurely aged by the burdens which had been carried on her shoulders so long. She looked up into the psychiatrist's face. There was a look of bewilderment in her eyes; then in a quiet and trembling voice she spoke . . .

"See, Doc, it's this way . . . I was a gay, young freshman once, not a worry in the world. Then I comes back for my third quarter, see, and I make out my schedule. It doesn't look too bad, see. I notices that I have English at noon but I figures I can squeeze in a lunch somewhere."

The patient pauses as though she were overcome by her own emotions and then bravely struggles on with her story.

"The first Monday I wakes up to the dawning of a new day. I glance out the window to see if I should wear my water wings or my ice skates. The sun ain't shinin', see, so as I'm lacin' up my skates, I give my schedule for the day a little runnin' over in my mind. I'm thinkin' . . . only three classes and a lab . . . not a thing to worry about."

There is another silence in the room while the doctor is injecting a courage drug into the veins of the seemingly grief-stricken patient.

A pause . . . and then more.

"My first class was down the hill in the North Barracks, see, and as I was passin' the Ag building, a kindly soul set my broken ankle. It was nothin', see. Would have set it myself if I hadn't been busy settling my arm."

Tears are now streaming down the doctor's face as the patient continues . . .

"My next class was chemistry, see, so I merrily puts a bandage around my broken knee-cap as I trudge back up the hill. I starts climbin' the steps up to 408 . . . not noticin' (beyond the fact that my face was turnin' purple) how high I was gettin', until a bald eagle flies past with an oxygen mask on.

"When I left the chem buildin' the sun was shinin' and in spite of my shortage of breath, I was forced to stop and blow up my water wings. It was now noon time and all the other students were headin' in home for lunch . . . but me??? ah, I was headin' for English. Immediately after English I had a chem lab for a mere matter of three hours . . . hey, doc . . . hey, doc, what's wrong? I ain't through yet!"

(Continued on next Column)

(Continued from Column 3)

But the doctor is now beyond hearing range. Three men in spotless white have come to carry him away, bound in a straight jacket.

A look of surprise covers our narrator's face as she looks up and says . . .

"Gee, and I was just coming to the part of me life that bothers me . . . the faucet in me sink keeps drippin' and it's drivin' me NUTS!"

* * *

Coach (to players): " . . . and remember that football develops individuality, initiative and leadership. Now get in there and do exactly as I tell you."

* * *

They met on the bridge in the moonlight;
They will never meet again;
One was an east-bound heifer,
The other, a west-bound train.

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ARNOLD



TAKE HEED MEN: MISSEN A MISS 'CUZ OF KISSEN'?

Take heed, MEN?? of MSC. A POLL was taken and the following results were obtained. It is hoped that this is a cross-scetion of the love-starved women and those who are socially satisfied.

Actually, the dating situation may seem all right, and it probably is; nevertheless, the girls often gripe and groan after they come in from a particularly unpleasant experience or shall we be nice about all this and call it a date? Some of these over-anxious Romeos who insist upon displaying their affections after the first half hour would think twice if they knew how many girls feel about it. Most think it denotes a lack of respect for the girl, and would prefer not being kissed on the first date. Some say it depends on the fellow, but how would you know if you're the right fellow? If you ask her out again and she accepts, you can be pretty sure she likes you. After that—well, carry on. Of course you say it's all up to the girl anyway, but how would you like to be put in such a situation? And those French kisses—UGH!! is the general opinion. Another thing, none of this hour or two hour parking unless you can keep up a running conversation and stay on your own side of the car.

Don't think that you'll be eagerly accepted if you show up for a date wearing clothes which are sloppy, dirty, or don't fit the occasion. Girls say overwhelmingly that it is important for the boy to be dressed nicely—no boots, chaps, or spurs, please! This isn't trying to imply that anyone is guilty of this, it's just saying what is liked and appreciated. It might surprise you to know that age, model, or what have you in a car isn't important to the majority of girls. Many even like to walk in the nice spring evenings.

Maybe some of you guys who aren't too enthusiastic about dancing better get a few pointers from that guy who's been around and knows ho wmuch girls like to dance. In reply to this question, many girls answered that they especially like to jitterbug. It's up to you, you know, because if the fellow is good he can lead practically anyone around. However, if your personality is such that you require no other assets, more power to you. Many girls wonder why so many of you guys who go to mixers don't dance. Are you trying to learn by watching?

The question of double-dating or single-dating seems pretty evenly divided in opinions. On a first date, many prefer doubling. After they get to know the guy, they like to single. Some prefer to double no matter how well they know him. Can't seem to get a reason for that!

Do you enjoy that last minute dash for the door? Well, most girls don't unless they're the excitement-hungry ones who get a thrill out of being campused. They are in the extreme minority. By the way, most girls don't expect flowers if they're campused —UNLESS it is entirely the boy's fault or an extreme campus.

If you don't know the type of girl you're out with, maybe you would be treading on safer ground if you made your late evening snack at a restaurant.

Promptness, in many girls' opinions, is a necessary virtue if you want to make a hit. If for some unavoidable reason, you can't make it on time, why not take a few minutes to call and let her know what's up? A dime is small compared to a woman's wrath. If, however, it's the girl who always keeps you waiting—well, that belongs in another article.

Though all this advice is well-meant, the superior male will continue to befuddle the helpless female. And the truth of it all is, love seems to flourish in spite of obstacles.

Love makes a man think almost as much of a girl as he thinks of himself.

College frosh to dietitian who is urging her to eat: I don't want to grow up to be big and strong, I want to be pale and interesting.

Bored Students Attend ESC Conf.

It is the unfortunate opportunity of the students at Montana State College to be hosts at an ESC conference that is to be held on the campus starting on Friday the 13th and stretching out, over the entire weekend, ending Sunday the 15th.

This day was chosen to begin the conference, as it is considered "unlucky" and it was thought that this would be a splendid discouraging note for the conference to start on.

This little "get-to-gether" of representatives of the colleges in the Northwest, including delegates from the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Montana, is copied directly from the S.V.M. Conference that was held in Athens, Ohio, during Christmas vacation. It is guaranted that there will be nothing original. If you've been to one, you've been to them all.

The theme really doesn't have anything to do with you. It's all about the different problems in other countries of the world such as starvation and war. But in case anyone asks you, you can tell them that the theme is "Truth in Turmoil."

Some of the activities you'll have to sit through, since you can be excused from classes, are boring lectures, undramatized drama, discussionless discussion groups. It would read like a telephone book if I were to mention them here.

There will, of course, be a main feature of the program. That will be the International banquet. There will be different kinds of food and entertainment, typical of such foreign countries. Although the rest of the conference will no doubt be quite laborious, this dinner should arouse a patriotic attendance, as there will be dances — exotic and torchie!

Senior girl: That boy is annoying me.

Frosh girl: But he hasn't even looked at you.

Senior girl: That's what annoys me.

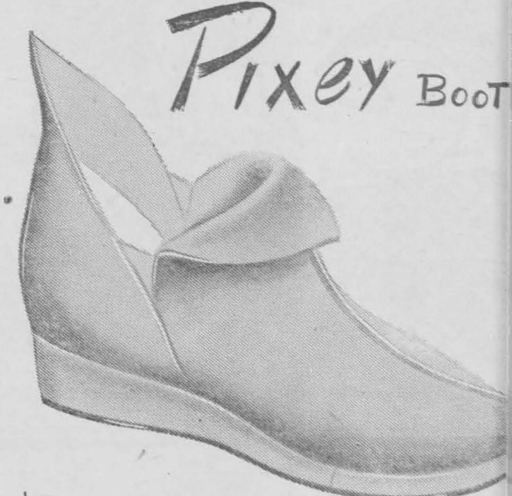
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STAG LINE AT MIXER

MIDAR

poll was taken to determine meaning of "Zamidar" (A collr of internal revenue.) Here ten definitions:

ecking.
t peeve.
mething to eat.
l bury it.
drunk.
mething on my botany test.
ast name of an imported footll player.
sk a FRAT man.
noke it.
ell it.

all my umbrella Adam cause of its ribs is missing.

I think that I shall never see
A boy who's not a mystery.
A boy who falls for every skirt,
And then gets angry if I flirt.
A boy who makes an early date
And then shows up an hour late.
A boy who thinks it's cute to wear
A shaved off head instead of hair,
Or accidentaly has no gas.
But, I guess these will have to do,
I can't kiss a tree . . . can you?



A SENIOR BOY

Wise guy: "Changing a tire, eh?"

Motorist: "No, J just get out every few miles and jack the car up to give it a rest.

A filling station attendant said to a customer in a new Cadillac roadster: "Hello, stupid, what question did you miss?"

THE HIT PARADE

"HEART BREAK HOTEL" — the dean's office.

"THEY LAID HIM IN THE GROUND" — the anatomy classes.

"POOR PEOPLE OF PARIS"—the French classes.

"SPEEDO" — the swimming class.

"THEME FROM THE THREE PENNY OPERA" — concert chorus.

"THEME FROM HELEN OF TROY" — History of Civilization.

"TEENAGE PRAYER" — June and school is out.

"DAMN YANKEES" —the basketball team.

"WHERE IS YOUR HEART?" —those boys who don't date.

"PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE" — Barb and Joe.

"OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN' " — Easter Sunday.

"IF I LOVED YOU" — teachers.

"HELLO, YOUNG LOVERS"—the line in front of the doors at Hannon Hall.

"GETTING TO KNOW YOU" —parked couples.

"HOW IMPORTANT CAN IT BE" — chemistry.

"ONE KISS" — guy as his girl has to go in.

"AUTUMN LEAVES"—raking the lawn.

"EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS" — student to teacher.

"DON'T BLAME ME" —student apologies to the councilor.

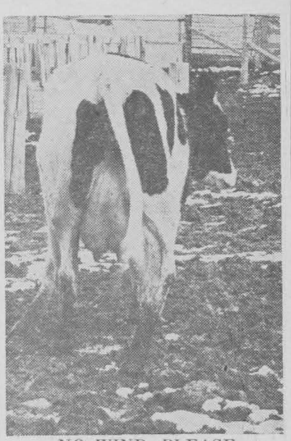
"I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS"—latest date.

"SWEET AND LONELY" — gals who don't date.

"WONDERFUL ONE"—parents who send students to school free.

"I'M SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD" — due to my failing grades.

"ONLY ONE" — more H&PE courses.



NO WIND, PLEASE

Lectures are like a steer's horns —a point here, a point there, and a lot of bull in between.

Bill: "Hurry, my car is at the door."

Judy: "Yes, I can hear it knocking!"

Blow: "Joe, you're talking like an idiot!"

Joe: "I have to so you'll understand me."

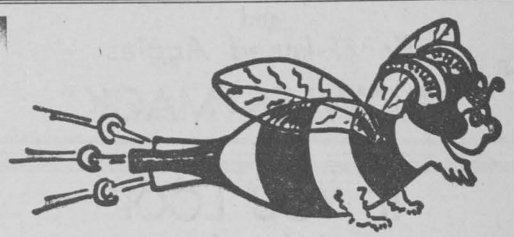
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Best wishes to the members of the freshman class who have so far survived the struggle . . .
SECURITY BANK & TRUST COMPANY
BOZEMAN, MONTANA



Freshman girl: Golly, my dates are just pouring in.

Junior girl: Yeah, so are mine. Drip by drip.

★ ★

This Is a Space Filler

★ ★

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ICE CREAM
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EAT OUR CANDY
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April 13 — FROSHPONENT

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LUSITANIA SINKS

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For shirts and coats that need a pressing
Come to us, we keep 'em guessing.
We press pants and hankies, too,
If you feel high, we'll press you, too.

CITY DYE WORKS

Pledges' Lament

Please kidnap me! Please! little pledge or junior active ries out of harm's way and that he'll never kidnap ar mungy active. By the way, th son for the active's seemin sanity is that spring is her . . . well, you know . . . sneaks. I'm just a little fres consequently I don't know an about pledge sneaks except they're supposed to be one h a lot of fun. I guess that fellow has to do is to simply tion "pledge sneak" and i iately he is beseiged by girls ty for a little C2H5OH.

As all the happy couple UGH!! stags head for the docks, the actives get wind endeavor and immediately t op member out at the airp alerted so he can take off an operation "party hunt" unde

PSYCHOANALYSIS DO IT YOURSELF

1. Do you chew the ends of pencils? You're direct (get to the point!)
2. Do you bother adjacent lo You're uneducated (learned about the Good bor Policy).
3. Do you have long hair? You're preoccupied (ha on your mind).
4. Do you use Veto? You're working too hard
5. Do you chew your toe nail You're unstable (don't both feet on the ground)
6. Do you ever smile in brary? You're uninhibited (do about unpopular opinion
7. Do you ever run down th You're ambitious (like ahead).
8. Do you trust in this anal If you do you are crazi the Froshponent staff!

Don't like the teacher
The subjects too deep
I'd cut the class
But I need the sleep

Come in and our fine disp of bottles

STOCKMA BAR
29 EAST MAIN

om Hello to --- ditionally Accepted n Ancient Hellowalk

ll MSC'ans are by now famil- with the traditional "Hello lk": the new students with a f introduction, and the return- students (?) with quarters of lloing" under their respective s. This splendid tradition grew n the first opening day of C, when Ag R. Culture encoun- d Clara Cowbell on what ht pass for a sheep path wind- around the hill and greeted her an appropriate "hello." From initial salutation has grown adition—nay, more than a tra- on; say, rather, an art.

o a stranger, an ordinary "hel- seems quite commonplace, but n one has participated in this oing game, wonders unfold. e, by a single word, accompan- by appropriate gesticulations mely the eyeballs and neck scles), emotions ranging from sion to disgust can be express- from hello to ohell.

ecent surveys have shown that C'ans are not deriving the max- m benefit from these subtle in- acies; indeed, some are even ort of them. The purpose of article is to acquaint all MSC- new and old alike, with a few damentals of this walk and tra- ons thereof.

irst, we have what you might the Hello Proper. The Hello per consists, as you might sus- , of a straightforward, mun- e, no-monkeyshines "Hello!" hello can be shortened or thened as you see fit, with er a "Hi," "Lo," or as one in bib overalls put it — wdy!" The meaning attached he Hello Proper is, as you also ht suspect, nothing more than urteous salutation.

he next type is what you might the Hello With Interest. You w, the "Wow! - I'd - sure - like - stop - and - get - acquainted t - I - don't - know - how - swing - it" approach. (This es later in the quarter when e cards have gone out of fash-) In this case the interjection ll!" usually precedes the "Hel- which is lengthened and ac- ed on both syllables, thus: Welll heell'loo!" Some of the e impudent ones interpose the orical question, "What have we ?" after the initial salutation.

(Continued on Page 2)

OUCH

The quality of the food at Lewis and Clark hall has been questioned many times. Now we have pictorial proof that the food is not only lousy, it often causes botulism, commonly known as food poisoning. This was verified by a nursing major.

The particular instance verified in the snapshot above was the result of a special Navy Bean dinner. The navy beans were real authentic, 'cause everybody got sea sick. It was not uncommon to see poor unsuspecting students swaying back and forth down the halls singing "Anchors Aweigh."

It's a wonder to me how people can take real honest-to-goodness food and make such a mess out of it. Some people can, though. Girls, when we go around looking a little foggy eyed, and not quite as brave and gallant as should be expected, blame it on botulism.



female species to hunt, run down, trap or, in general, get their man. All this, as we have said before, is camouflaged with the colorful and age old pretense of spring fever. The thing that's most important is to distinguish whether this atmosphere of love is real or a desperate last fling made by the female animal to capture and twitter-pate the male animal into pinning, engagement, and finally marriage so that through this they can together create little samples who in time will go through this same vicious circle.

Let us not be so blunt or uncouth as to say that the said female is fully conscious of her wicked schemes or her brutal trap. The following is the mechanism of the tender trap:

Gertie woke up to the tune of the melodious cooing of the birds who herald spring. Her mind was crowded with unusual thoughts and her pulse was quick and rapid. Momentarily she thought she was ill. The pounding in her head, the strange sensation in her heart, and a surplus of nervous energy made her want to run, yell, cuss, or something! anything to rid herself of the exuberance that came from within. She thought briefly of Percy, the creature with whom she had spent the previous evening; then, with a sudden feeling of discovery she realized she was not ill, that her heart pounded and her body ached for a man!! She arose with a happy feeling and soon ventured on the campus with a do or die attitude. She spies one!

A male animal has just had the misfortune of crossing the path of this woman, a victim of "spring fever". Her senses become confused, her head glistens with perspiration, her lips turn blue and her hair stands straight on end. But the thing most striking about the female go-getter is her eyes that have, at the sight of the male, begun to bulge and glow with the light of determination.

She approaches directly, without caution, and without any attempt to hide her desire to lure this poor unfortunate animal. He is soon into the clutches of our gal. With a voice that suggests hope and defiance of defeat, she says, "Check your inhabitations and let's have a coke, big boy." With the suggestion of checking inhibitions, his first impulse was to run home to his mother. While these thoughts were rapidly floating through his head, said dame attracks from the rear with a "full Nelson" and marched her victim to the steps of the SUB where she flattens him with a "drop kick." While the poor fellow lays there bleeding, wounded, and unconscious, she pours into his open mouth the secret love potion that will cause a blindness and numbness resulting in immunization to said cat's many charms. Through this immunization the male becomes twitter-pated and responds to the ooze of charm that our hero secretes with little or no resistance. With his response to these charms she attains her goal of pin, engagement, and marriage!

Woman driver to companion after parking the car: That's close enough; we can walk to the curb.

"You, over there," shouted the housemother. "Do you think you can stay all night?"

"Thank you, ma'm," answered the Sophomore, "but I'll have to phone home first and ask."

A coed married a professor in the middle of her second year at college. "But, dear," protested one of her friends, "I thought you came to the university to get your Ph.D."

"So I did," she replied. "And I had no idea I'd get him so soon."

TIRED OF ORDINARY CIGARETTES?
Smoke ROPE
It's Cheaper!

I kept on talking for a long time and finally he regained his natural color and just kept looking at me as though I wasn't all there. Finally he says he doesn't need any brooms and tells me to "get out" but my slogan is 'I never quit" so...

"Mister," I says, "mister, I'm a salesman, a broom salesman, I sell brooms 'cause I'm a broom salesman and I got a lot of homely pigs back on the farm in Kentucky." Later on . . . about 6 hours, he finally bought one broom, only 'cause he says his place isn't dirty enough to deserve two brooms so one but at least I sold something, I sold one, to my first client. Just from me 'cause I'm a salesman, a broom salesman, I sell brooms and I sold a broom, just one, and then I bought some beauty clay for my pigs in Kentucky 'cause I got some beauty clay for them. You see, I sell brooms so that's what I sold him. Now I've got the prettiest pigs. They're pretty pigs now. You see, they use beauty clay.

Before I forget, I don't sell brooms any more but if you're in the market for ear plugs I'm selling them!

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IF WE DON'T STOCK IT . . .
IT'S NOT WORTH HAVING
CHAMBERS-FISHER CO.

Love, Leap Year And Spring Fever

When the earth parts, and w looked to be a tiny deal leaf b into glory and becomes a awaited spring flower; when breeze blows and the exotic of four roses fills your nos and quickens your pulse, you ize with sudden certainty spring is in the air.

The atmosphere is crowded fleeting thoughts of love, spr ole mountain dew, and last, not least, leap year! Leap ye an open season designed for

Old Society News

The following is news forgotten by the EXPONENT during the past months:

The Winter drunk, a semi-morbid dinner brawl, was thrown Friday, Feb. 10, at the Boozeman hotel.

Initiation was Sunday. A whole slug of girls went active. Congratulations and all that old rot.

Seen: Marian Hookham and her red long-johns skimming down the ski run.

Oystein Boveng broke his leg—poor boy!

Joanne Kralich wishing her birthday would come so the girls would quit singing to her.

Tony Kologi lost his pin—Cassie knows where it is!

Janie Murphy went out to dinner with Bob Bleakman.

Grant Mosby went on a spree with the cook at the Lambda Chi house.

The DG's held their winter party behind Gatton Field and chess was the main attraction.

Gary Heath—on Oct. 41, 1955—decided girls were for the birds—tweet, tweet!

Bonnie Livingston was president of the KD house.

It's a good thing this FROSHPONENT is coming out cuz just look at how much worthwhile news you would have missed.

Doug Smith got married but Mac Cole did the celebrating!

John Slocombe did something but we can't print what it was but, wow! oh! wow!

The Sigma Chi's held a pajama party during fall quarter and gee, what pictures they used for decorations.

The writer of this column is still wondering why the Sigma Nudes held their fall party in the air port hangar. I don't think that anyone got high enough to "take off."

Nov. 31—Gene Powers went on his first date!

The Alpha Gams held a hayride in the fall and sorry to disappoint you, but nothing printable happened.

Oct. 4, 1955—Lee Bawden finally made it to class.

I'll give you three guesses as to what the AOPi's did. No wonder they didn't print this last fall!

The Kappa Sig's held a party and it was ruined cuz Terry Tice was the center of attraction.

So many Chi O's have become pinned that we won't bother to mention them all. Congratulations anyway.

Lambda Chi's moved into their new home — comfy now boys?

Nancy Youngberg studied for fall quarter finals. What a mistake that was.

The Phi Sig's began planning—on Sept. 19, '55—for their spring slumber party — ooops, I guess we should have left "slumber" out but it's too late now. Have fun!

The KD house is popular—it has prowlers.

The Pi Kaps sponsored a cake and ice cream week. 'Twas very successful.

Golly, I'm finding more uninteresting news than I thought had existed.

You'll have to wait for a special edition to carry all the Pi Phi news — gimmeny!

A new record set by the SAE's two days after school began — they hadn't had a (major) party yet!

The SAE's gave the Sig Chi's a box of chocolate chip cookies — the chocolate chips were extax, though.

Ron Skabo said he just learned to dance at the beginning of fall quarter — I believe it!

Oh, golly, what the Men's Co-op didn't do.

I guess that's about the end of the old society news—aren't you glad? You can read this silly kind of stuff in the EXPONENT from now on.

The little diamond sparkled beautifully as the newly engaged girl held out her hand to show the ring to an old schoolmate.

"My," exclaimed the latter, "I'll bet all your friends admire that."

"Yes," said the girl, "and three of them recognized it!"

Space Filler

"Mister," I says to him, "mister, "I says. Yes, that's what I says. "Mister, nothing else, just says, "mister." It sure takes me a long time to say that doesn't it, but that's what I says to him. "Mister," I says, "Mister . . . "

"I'm a salesman, a good salesman, too. That's what I am, a salesman. I sell things, you see, I'm a salesman. I sell brooms, you know what a broom is? It's a long stick with a bunch of stuff at end of it. That's what I sell, broo I'm a salesman and I sell broo I'm a good salesman and I good brooms. When I sell thin say "mister" cuz I'm a sales and I sell brooms. Do you k what a broom is? You don't! V a broom is a long stick wit bunch of stuff on the end o Brooms are supposed to c things. That's what brooms are to clean things. That's what I brooms and good ones, too."

I says to him, I says, "mis That's what I says, "mister. looked him in the eye and I "mister." Yes, mister, I'm a s

(Continued on page 15, column 5

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. . . except our manure spreaders
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