

MONTANA FROSHPONENT

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No. 21

Chow Brings Upchuck

The vittles at Hannon hall go by many names — one of the nicest is crud. Its alias is food.

Often, when the tomatoes and cottage cheese and noodles are all mixed and cooked together, your stomach turns over inside and simply rebels; but at other times, out of sheer desperation, you close your eyes and quickly suck it down.

Sheer desperation is usually caused by a lunch of some nondescript meat turned between two very slices of moldy bread with the well known stack of pea-yellow cheese which has previously been machine-gunned.

In the middle of the night, when you awake cold and sweaty, with your large intestine nibbling at your small intestine, you sud-

Bull Frat'ers Fry for MSC Fame

King contestants for this week are now campaigning for the highest honor offered on the hill. The Male I'd Most Like to Be Went With" will be chosen at the post office dance this Friday night.

Entertainment will be in the form of pony express, post office and music by Chink Pepper and his Panhandlers (providing they can't get anyone else).

Contestants were chosen from the limited number of enrolled students who had not been chosen in previous contests. They present the choice examples of befake offered at MSC. Men (?) of intelligence and high ideals have been chosen.

Black sheep of the sleep and t boys, we find Jonesy busy (See BULL, page 2)

denly face a sense of loss at the thought of the dinner you left untouched on the table that evening. It had looked beautiful when the smiling waitress "had placed it in front of you. The exotic odor of the meat had virtually tickled your nostrils. Then you skillfully (by Spring quarter you're skillful or dead) drilled your fork through the fat, gristle, and just a little bone, and thrust it into your mouth. As I say, by Spring your perseverance is admirable—so you don't give up on the meat until the second filling is wrenched from your teeth.

The mashed potatoes, though, will put meat on your bones (and how) so all is not lost. The gravy seems quite greasy so you apply a cube of butter. Well, the potatoes would have been good, had the lumps been pressed out.

The salad is reeking of onions with vinegar over all and since you've a date next weekend, you avoid that. Only bread and butter is left, so undaunted, you devour six slices while you eagerly await desert.

"Desert will be vanilla ice cream with peanut butter whip," recites the ever-smiling waitress. Needless to say, you eat it any way.

Not that the food is really bad; that is to say most of it can be broken into small enough pieces to go down the pipe, but what of the stomach? Does all that gurgling and growling indicate it's having difficulty mixing the gastric with the mistakes of the kitchen?

I think one could develop a cast iron stomach if it weren't for the voracious veins one ultimately develops—whether standing in the ever lasting line or waiting for Miss Beller to be seated.

Special!!
CHOCOLATE
EX-LAX
ICE CREAM

*The Surprise Dessert
That Adds a Smooth
Touch to the
End of Your Meals*

LEHRKIND'S
Super Creamed
Ice Cream

Aztec Temple to Be Replaced by Honorable Barns

President R. R. Renne announced today that in order to make room for the new addition of Renne's Rumpus Room (or field-house as some ironically call it) the cow barns must be moved.

Previously the homes of our beloved four-legged friends were to be pushed further from their present site on the campus. Due to undying protests from officials and students who refused to be deprived of the extraordinary scent, the barns will now replace the old Montana hall.

Headquarters of the Hereford home will be in Renne's office and research work will center around Dean Val Glynn's desk. Dean Esther Brown will supervise the sheep and sow divisions. The Deans are well qualified in these fields and should have little trouble adapting themselves to their jobs.

The administration claims these changes in plans were necessary to provide a more homey atmosphere for our ever contented friends.

It was also pointed out that being so close to the zoology department and the agriculture buildings the new location would have definite advantages. Research work would be benefitted by having the library just across the street.

The now-wasted ground between Montana hall and the men's dorm is considered by experts as "wonderful grazing land." The administration feels that Hello Walk would mean better relations between cows and since MSC students are tongue tied anyway, the walk would not be missed.

Dean M. M. Kelso, speaking on behalf of his department, said, "Because the college was originally an agricultural school, the executive board thinks it only fair to make agriculture once again the center of our fair campus."



MJORK, world famous journalist and classy dresser, pays MSC an unforgettable visit. Many of his outstanding quotes have comprised this entire paper.

Mjork Meddles Madly in Most MSC Muddles

Howdy, folks. My name's Clarence Mjork. Clem for short, but most people call me Mjork. Some of you may have already met me in the '36 Montanan.

I like to try my luck at most anything. My grades aren't too sharp, but my social life is rated A-plus. Most folks 'round here'd be willing to agree that I'm too willing. Can't quite see what they are talking about.

Take, for instance, the time I volunteered to help the AGD's (Awful Game Dames) put out the fire in their basement. Everything went just fine until the AGD's discovered there wasn't any fire in their basement. For some strange reason they just didn't appreciate my efforts.

The time I put sugar on all the liver when I was head cook at Hannon hall really caused a riot. After all, something as horrid as liver needs something to sweeten it, so the girls will eat it.

Wal, I got fired from that job, but I don't care—I didn't like it anyway.

After trying work at the switchboard for a day, I decided my time was too valuable to spend slaving away at such trivial duties. So I decided to join a few organizations. I sent my dollar into Fangs, and they elected me president two days later. I couldn't decide which fraternity was the best so I formed one of my own, Gooma Dipsilon Ish (GDI). I became its only charter member, president, vice president, and head janitor.

Following my initiation into GDI, I entered the Ugly Man Contest, but that guy from SAE (Solitary Angling Enjoyment) was simply too ugly to give me even a slim chance.

My next ambition was to become commissioner of girls' wrestling. I talked 5 guys into voting for me in the primary, thus gaining a position on the final ballot. Next I began campaigning till I was blue in the face—I kissed babies, shined shoes, and brown nosed a little. The result—I am now a voting officer of the Student Senate.

This all goes to show what an "ambitious" guy can do around here.

Smells, Yells And Cowbells

All MSC students are expected to wear "Go Western" dress today to start three solid days of rodeo on the campus.

The rodeo gets off to a fast start Friday at 7 p.m. when all activity cards will be honored. Saturday there will be a rodeo parade beginning at 2 p.m. and the rodeo again starts at 7 p.m. There will be a dance at the SUB after the Saturday night rodeo. Sunday will see the grand entry at 2 p.m. and the finals of the rodeo will follow. The awarding of prizes will be as soon after Sunday's finals as computation of scores will allow.

Last week the MSC rodeo team went to Missoula where they placed third. Bill Brewer was the big winner for MSC placing third in the bronc riding and fifth in the bulldogging. Dan Frazier placed first in the calf roping and Bill Loney placed third in the dogging. Bill Nauman managed a sixth in the dogging and fifth in the roping division.

Wal, I got fired from that job, but I don't care—I didn't like it anyway.

Brothers Call Your Brothers! So-o Pig

Intrastate rivalry promises the usual top entertainment this week as the MSC and MSU hog calling experts meet in their second annual dual in the MSC barnyards.

Never before had any college been able to boast such an extraordinary record as the University when they won last year's event by a unanimous decision. Needless to say the judges were MSC alumnæ.

The University looks forward to this meet since all their other sports went to pot. Here is their last chance for victory and we're confident they'll walk away with the big prize, half a slab of bacon.

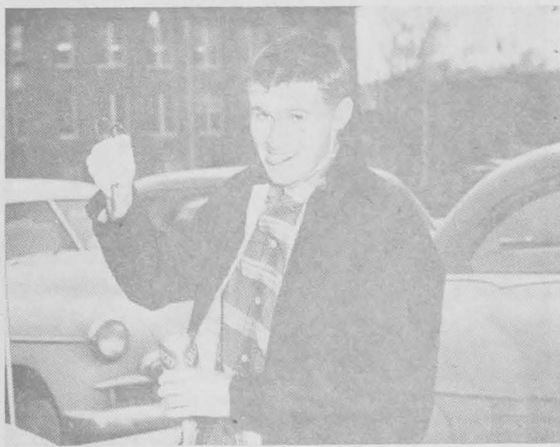
Members of Montana State Hamshires and University Berkshires consist entirely of faculty members with presidents R. R. Renne and Carl McFarland as captains of their respective teams.

If the hog calling crown is won three years consecutively by the Berkshires, it has been proposed that the MSC barnyards be moved to Missoula in their entirety. Thus, the event shall show where the sow sheds should be.

Following the contest, the burning in effigy of a noted person will honor our sister school and conclude another day in the frantic life of a hog caller.

Circus Thursday
Watch for
Posters

AREM CAN'T SCAREM—Ole King Cole, Pi Kap candidate, looks completely uninterested (?) as the female sex tries to figure out 'What happen?'



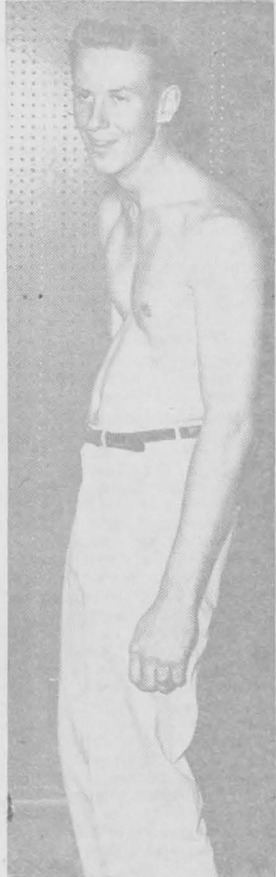
SPRING HAS SPRUNG, the grass his riz, wonder where Hietspas is? He is competing along with the others for the Beefcake title.



MR. OPP'S LITTLE BOY—BOBBY. Who could be better qualified for this Beefcake title?



CAUGHT IN THE ACT Donald Fresh Hour, the lover from way back, seems confident of the Beefcake title after achieving membership in the Arbitrarily Gained Romance association.



ANYBODY SEEN THE YMCA? Scrawny 'Righty' Davidson has been wandering around the town for weeks looking for his mate. He plans to meet her at the big contest, too.



WHAT A LADY KILLER is "Mario" Dollison. He, too, has high hopes of winning the Beefcake crown.

BULL FRAT'ERS ..

(Continued from page one) with binoculars and microscopes hunting out votes. The best manure stomper on the hill, any old barn dance will feature his antics.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul with his sexy laugh and swooning good looks. Mac called for his harem, proceeded to scarem and an eligible bachelor he is still. Spring quarter finds him possessing the talents above besides opening the "Daisy Jug."

Robert Follenstuer is the candidate in the lightweight division. Bobby Boy, as he is called by close associates, has been very active in such activities as apple polishing, book carrying, movie showing, and appreciating music. Sure to be a success in the world, we offer to you this "Beefcake" candidate.

Yul Smarkley, Student Senate mascot, entered as a representative of Sigmanure. The picture of benevolence, masculine charm, and shady stories, Smarkley may be found doing his campaigning in the bookstore where he has a special stall set up for kissing babies and posing for pictures.

Wallace MacIrish, possessor of those famed slant eyes, wins his fame from pursuing Subology students, (his co-sufferers). Confident, as always, of winning this forthcoming election, he states, "If I am elected I will continue all Chinese auctions, further the development of recreational facilities outside Cannon hall and the Quints. I stand for the demoralizing of all enrolled specimens. I will work to increase juvenile delinquency (I'm developing a terrible complex being in this all alone). For this platform, I'm assured that the coming election will be a landslide."

Fresh as a new laid egg, we give you an informally pledged Awful Gam, Donald Fresh Hour. A member of the Arbitrarily Gained Romance association, he has been known to take over switchboards. Because of these many endearing qualities, he feels that he need not offer a platform.

"Mario" Dollison has a peculiar problem. Every time the females see him coming they think he's a spook and, as some women will, they faint becomingly into the arms of his opponents. Ah, well, Mario, better luck on the tour next year. Yes, you see Monsieur Dollison is one of Ezio Mehrle's roustabouts. His proposed solution for the campaign is from now on he'll help the girls off with their coats for the coat check at dances instead of leering at them from behind the green door.

Jerry Hippopotamus, party boy of the Lambie Pies—aw, hell (pardon the French), of all MSC—uses church keys instead of campaign buttons. What is that fragrant aroma of spring? The cow-barns? Printer's ink? Mary Gay's "White Shoulders"? Nah, aw shucks, it's just his after shave lotion, gals!

Righty Davidson (He's always hated the name Daniel, remember, David slew the lion!) has wisely decided this is one campaign where his mouth will be kept noticeably shut. He feels that by flexing his muscles in the SUB regularly, on the hour, enough support will be gained.

After reading these qualifications, we'll understand if you all have health excuses for missing the elections.

"Have you read Webster's Dictionary?"

"No, I'll wait until they make it into a movie."



AND HE SAID BAA, BAA, BAA! Lambie Jones has his special way to catch the judges' attention with that sweet, innocent look.



CAMPAIGNING? Yul Smarkley thoroughly enjoys his work since the bookstore is now a money making proposition. That's the FROSHPONENT'S own Jeanne Erickson on the right.



SCOTCHMAN AND LEMON EQUALS BEEFCAKE. Confident of winning by a landslide, Wallace MacIrish has already begun work to carry out his platform.

Eye for an Eye, Pants for Shorts

Girls of the Freshman women's dorm are keeping themselves mighty busy nowadays.

It seems they are making detailed plans for the annual spring quarter shorts raid on the men's dorm, Lewis & Clark hall.

During my discussion with the

commissioner, I was informed that it will be held sometime in May, probably during the week. It was stated that all electricity will be properly functioning during that time, and it was advised for the men to leave all room open, and not to put up a struggle.

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Hi Delinquents Will Terrorize Local Campus

High School week: the only three days of the year when MSC is haunted by screaming and babbling juvenile delinquents.

Yes, these are the three days when we elder students see what we are going to have to put up with next year, the three days when we must visualize the many hours we will spend in making these kiddies respectable MSC'ers.

Actually these kids aren't too bad, that is if one is a relative of yours. The boys are quite, or so they have been, very obnoxious in their manner towards the upperclassmen. They always have their dad's newest sports model car and the poor students here are still in the Model T. Disgusting to say the least.

The girls have it twice as bad. For half a quarter they use every deivable method to catch a man. Then, when they just about have him hooked, along comes a mob of high school seniors to take him away for a weekend and keep him in a trance for the rest of the quarter, even after they've left!

Even the faculty has it bad, because they no more than get us trained to be respectable and proper, when another group of idiots is thrown at them. All this, and it still doesn't drive them into retirement.

But these are the students who will comprise the class of '61. They will drive us nuts, but we probably drove the old-timers nuts last year, so what the heck!

Is that a genuine bloodhound? Certainly. Oscar, bleed for the man.

Fanny's
If you're
not already
a lady - -
we will
make you
look like
one



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Sticklers!



WHAT A MENU! A dank frank, an ol' roll, a pallid salad, and a dry pie. Let's face it, friend—your lunch-time fare needs brightening! Recipe: light up a Lucky! It won't make a filet out of that frank, but it's a *Noon Boon* nevertheless. A Lucky, you see, is all cigarette—all great smoking, all the way through. It's made of fine tobacco—mild, good-tasting tobacco that's **TOASTED** to taste even better. But why wait till noon to try one? Right now, you'll say Luckies are the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

WHAT WAS HELEN OF TROY?



JACK FILES,
U. OF ARKANSAS

Chic Greek

WHAT IS A GREENHOUSE?



E. GUY WILSON,
U. OF VIRGINIA

Bloom Room

WHAT IS A STRICT DISCIPLINARIAN?



CLAUDE ERSEN,
AMHERST

Mean Dean

WHAT'S A SHY HINDU SOLDIER?



ROBERT FRIDMAN,
U. OF CALIFORNIA

Meek Sikh

WHAT IS A STOLEN BOAT?



DAVID KLEIN,
LOYOLA U. OF LOS ANGELES

Hot Yacht

WHAT IS A GREEDY ENGLISHMAN?



RICHARD MANNING,
PITT.

Mutton Glutton

WHAT IS A CLUMSY SAILOR?



JOHN SIMS,
AUBURN

Anchor Clanker



STUDENTS! MAKE \$25

Do you like to shirk work? Here's some easy money—start Stickling! We'll pay \$25 for every Stickler we print—and for hundreds more that never get used. Sticklers are simple riddles with two-word rhyming answers. Both words must have the same number of syllables. (Don't do drawings.) Send your Sticklers with your name, address, college and class to Happy-Joe-Lucky, Box 67A, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Luckies Taste Better

"IT'S TOASTED" TO TASTE BETTER . . . CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOTHER!



Exponent Staff Gives Up; Who Wouldn't?

To see these elder members of our staff occasionally going to classes, drinking and playing cards in the SUB, mooching a cigarette from someone, or neglecting to do their homework, one would think they were just common MSC students. But they aren't—not by a long shot. They can spend more time getting absolutely nothing done than the rest of the campus combined.

First of all there is our dear (not in the Motherly sense of the word) editor, Rick Vognild. I don't know if Rick, the father of the "happy" EXPONENT staff, has a speech difficulty that he is trying to correct, but he is forever mumbling or chattering about something that never concerns anyone else. And when he gets mad cuz someone pulled a boo-boo, golly, can he cuss! But actually he is really a nice guy—considering!

There has to be one on every staff and unfortunately we got stuck with one, too. I'm referring to George Mattson, next year's editor, who makes the office look like a flirting parlor. Now I'm not really complaining, in fact, I kinda enjoy it! George is very conscientious, but when a girl arrives, well, that's the end of "By George." He'll make a great editor next year—we'll be able to have an all-girl staff. Seriously, George, we do love you . . . but why on earth did you have to date my roommate anyway? Oh well.

Handling the financial matters is Les Muchmore. By some strange accident we had a profit at the end of the two previous quarters—accidents will happen! Les is very good at chattering, too, and is terrific when it comes to singing songs to the staff. And can he smile—WOW!

Ev McGlothlin is what we have termed as a sports editor. He's a terrific wrestler—oh, heavens no, he doesn't do that in the office. He does most everything else though. Like Jerry Hietpas, former sports editor, he is always ready for a party, whether it be snowing or raining, just as long as it's a party. Incidentally, he just remarked that he hasn't a date for Sadie Hawkins—dear me!

Deanna Suneson has climbed down from the Top O' The M to take over the position of copy editor. Deanna is really swell (not in the sense of getting big) girl. In fact, she has the major

responsibility of getting the weinies for all the picnics. Yes, she is one who carries responsibility well.

Mick McNicol is the feature editor who has hollered all year long for more feature writers. He also has "mumbled" all year long about the lack of phone lines into Hannon Hall. Mick is strange in that he is able to smoke a cigarette, swear up and down, drink a coke, and carry on a conversation all at the same time. I wonder if he would be considered an oddity?

Shirley Fousek is the exchange

editor who can usually be found talking or reading the many collegiate papers. Her main hobby seems to be trying to avoid Rick and George since they find great delight in imitating her laugh. And when it's coffee time on Wednesday night, she is the only one who orders an ice cream cone. It must be nice to be different, though.

Sydney Myers joined the editorial board this quarter taking over the job of society editor. No, she's not Socialist, just a common MSC student. She hasn't been here long enough for me to

get any more "scoop" so I'll leave the rest of this paragraph to those who will have to do this lousy job next year.

Believe it or not, these people are the members of editorial board which meets every Thursday at 5 to discuss why a party can't be held during the following week. The business they accomplish is amazing percentage wise—it totals up to the nice pretty number of zero, meaning nothing.

I shall not go into detail about the staff members since they, like the editors, don't really do anything anyway. Yes, the EX-

PONENT staff and its advisers are "fairly great" so why don't you, too, join the staff. Who knows, you might get to go on a party next week!

For Gifts of
All Kinds

Shop at the
TREASURE
CHEST
122 East Main

"What's it like to be

A RESEARCH ENGINEER AT IBM?"

Two years ago, college senior Robert Thorpe asked himself this question as he worked toward his E.E. at the University of Toledo. Today, an Associate Engineer in the Applied Logic Group of IBM Research, Bob reviews his experiences and gives some pointers that may be helpful to you in taking the first, most important step in your career.



"I joined IBM for two clear-cut reasons," recalls Bob. "First, the tremendous company growth obviously offered every chance for advancement. Second, the work area was exactly what I was looking for—transistors and their application to computer systems."

Bob entered IBM's voluntary training program in June, 1955, where he studied the entire organization, its divisions and diversified products. He received technical training in computer logic, programming, and components such as transistors, cores and tapes. By September, half his day was being devoted to an actual project; by the following March, he was on this project full time. "Our job was

ment of a system containing both analog and digital components. Bob still works on this project—toward a completion date of April, 1957.

Shortly after this program started, Bob joined the Applied Logic Group.



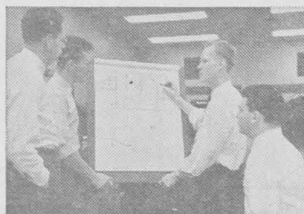
Plotting transistor characteristics

Here, he was concerned with research in new areas of computer technology—for example, cryogenics and high-speed memories. Bob studies systems which operate on "real time," and his immediate problem is to analyze and synthesize closed-loop sample data systems for the control of complex data processing.

Asked what his most interesting assignment was, Bob replied, "My

the administrative side, or to Staff Engineer, the technical side of Research. "Either way, I'm sure I'll get ahead," Bob feels. "Electronics research is really on the move at IBM. We have about 600 people at Poughkeepsie now, as against 56 in 1950. We'll need some 1,700 before 1960 to help staff a new research laboratory at Yorktown Heights, Westchester County, N. Y."

What does he like best about IBM? Probably the fact that he's so much "on his own." "There's no 'over-the-shoulder' supervision," he says. "You schedule your own program and create your own 'pressure.' And, if you



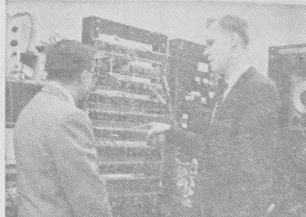
The "small-group" approach to research

to transistorize six servo-amplifiers for the MA-2 bombing-navigational system," he recalls, "and we completed the project in April."

In IBM Research (as in all IBM) Bob works in a small group. "Our team consists of three E.E.'s and a technician. We start with analysis and synthesis work involving math and systems logic. Then we use the 'black box' approach." His group splits up occasionally to research special phases of a project but reunites in frequent sessions to coordinate activities.

Promoted to Associate Engineer

In August, 1956, Bob was made an Associate Engineer. From April of the same year, he had been working on a new Government project. This was "to design and develop a transistorized radar data presentation system for the MA-2 system." Basically, this was a research program in sample data theory and the develop-



New areas of computer technology

work on a digital-to-analog converter with a high degree of sensitivity and accuracy. This strictly electronic converter, with transistors, combines both digital and analog circuitry. It was a tough problem, and a fascinating one."

What does the future hold?

At the present time, after two years in IBM Research, Bob is more than enthusiastic about his future. He plans to continue in systems study and to develop "a more sophisticated approach." Two lines of advancement are open to him: to Project Engineer,



Promoted in fourteen months

feel the need for more education, IBM provides every facility for continued study. Besides the voluntary training programs, there are excellent afterhours courses offered by the IBM Department of Education. And you have a chance to work toward advanced degrees—at IBM expense."

IBM hopes this message will give you some idea of what it's like to be an E.E. in Research at IBM. There are equal opportunities for E.E.'s, I.E.'s, M.E.'s, physicists, mathematicians, Liberal Arts majors, and Business Administration graduates in IBM's many divisions—Product Development, Manufacturing Engineering, Sales and Sales Assistance. Why not drop in and discuss IBM with your Placement Director? He can supply our brochure and tell you when IBM will next interview on your campus. Meanwhile, our Manager of Engineering Recruitment, R. A. Whiteborne, will be happy to answer your questions. Just write him at IBM Corp., Room 11904 590 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



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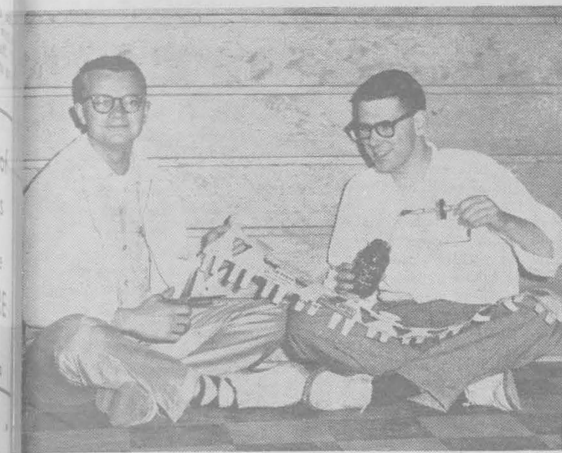
Be You a Cat,
a Cowboy, or
the Man with
the Gray Flannel
Suit—

SUIT UP

at

Mack & Rowles

Home of Hart, Shively
and Wike Suits



MATSON and PIERCE equals Success

Dogs Take Over Publications

A sure indication that the school's current publications are going to the dogs" was the present announcement of the new editors and business managers.

George Mattson will lead the FROSHPONENT to greater victories of corruption and untruth. He will be helped along by his able assistant, Phyl Am-

on, who will see that the books don't balance at the end of each quarter. But she will always find enough money for THAT party!

Bill Ochs and Leroy Luft will act as leaders in sending the College Farmer back to the cows. Duane Arneklev, the so-called business manager, can't act as leader he can be seen pushing the magazine into the barns. We st can't all be leaders!

Bob Roy will continue to make the Engineer the only publication on campus that the students refuse to read. He has done a splen-

ding is a wonderful time of the year . . . time to go and drink lots of beer!

come everybody and let's get some cheer and forget this old class cause it's boring and drear!

rties are many and studies are few

the clouds are so white and the sky is so blue and here I am sitting and thinking of brew

I'm leaving this class—and to hell with you!

Manure Movers Motivate

Ah, spring is finally here at MSC. I can smell it in the air! Darn cow barns! (MSC stands for Many Smelly Cows.)

Cow barns? That brings to mind the annual spring sports on our campus. Most are familiar with the track events and spring football workout, but those that are new here haven't heard much about the main spring event.

It is at this time of year (when the ground, etc., is thawed out) that MSC holds its great manure slinging contest. This contest is so popular that MSU is always trying to copy us—but for some reason, they just haven't got what it takes!

Qualifications for team members are quite essential. First of all, a person needs a strong stomach and a poor nose. We'd hate to have a contestant get sick, only because he will disqualify his whole team. Also, he should have large hands and be a very fast worker. (This will be a good chance for those boys who are fast operators—at least they won't get their faces slapped.) Last, a person must not be afraid of getting dirty, especially the hands.

This contest is purely for the males and is usually played among fraternity and independent teams. However, there have been times when coeds have participated. Each team has 15 members.

Practice for this contest is permissible but there are limits set! It seems as though three "eager beavers" decided to practice on Hannon hall's lawn at 1:45 a.m., Tuesday, April 9. Not only was the practice secretive, they used illegal machinery to throw their dirt with. Needless to say, the officials apprehended these violators and they will not be allowed to participate in their so-loved sport.

There are a few rules for this sport. The manure used must be fairly fresh and not hard. There will not be a doctor (horse or otherwise) on hand in case some one is knocked out by flying particles. Also, commercial fertilizers are strictly taboo.

The slinging of manure begins right after lunch tomorrow. It will last until 3:30 p.m. The team that has the least amount of manure on its lot at the end of

this time will be named the winner.

Holding the title of "King Bull-Shooters" for the last three years are the Sig-manures. Last year's second place winner was the Sic Cows with the Lamby Pies a close third. Glee Alfalfa Growers are the maintenance men of the contest equipment and therefore are not eligible to win although they may participate.

Well, students, let's get on the —pardon, behind the manure pile and start—Pitching!

Senior Class
Meets Wednesday
5 p.m. in SUB
BIG DEAL!

Are You Dirty?

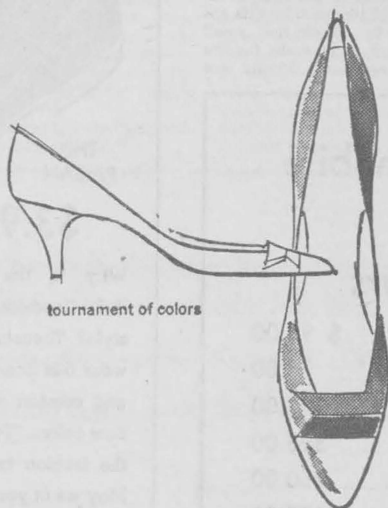
We specialize
in cleanliness
(In clothing, we mean)

Harrington's
MAYTAG STORE

For Great Big Treats
Everyone Meets
At the Grill Cafe
For Special Eats!

The Grill Cafe
Bozeman Montana

joyce...more fun than anybody!



deft Joyce heelet . . . shapely underpinning for the smartest pump in town. Tempting tapered toe. Glove-smooth fit in glove-soft leathers.

STAUDAHER'S

that best dressed look TONI TODD



the Shirtdress



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Po Men Folk in Danger; Female Race to Reign

Lil' Abner, why does you insist on bein' a bachelor all yo life?"

"Ah just ain't gonna let no woman get the best of me!"

"But Abner, honey, all we's gonna do is have a little Sadie Hawkins day! Yo know it's tradition-ul."

"Daisy Mae, there's only one condi-shun under which ah will submit to dis here indecency!"

"Yah, Abner, honey?"

"Dat's if all yo members of the female species will promise opon yo little black hearts to let us po' men folk go just as soon as dat ol' clock upon Bridger Mountain strikes twelve."

"Well-l-l-l, if dat's de only way us women folk can have bur fun!"

"When's dis here o-cassion gonna take place?"

"De mornin' of May 11 all de men folk will gathar around al' man Renne's cabin. Mistah Worthington will be on han' to sta't the race."

"But Daisy Mae, ah yo sure we's gonna be given enough of a haid sta't? Last yar night unto de whole MSC male population got snagged fo' dat

dere dance. Den when they got dere, some ol' hill fo'k from across de mountain come ova here to show us how dey could cut de mustard and warble. Why such an excuse fo' entertainment ah nevah did see!"

"Now, now, Lil' Abner, disyar Mistah Doll fum dat spookie organ-i-zation and his manure stompers will be thet to produce de entertainment. In re-al-ity, all de duz is make do women fo'k happy with dat smile of hizen. Dere's gonna be some hill fo'k fum our own community to add a liddle enlightenment too. Dey is called de Fabulous Fouh."

"If ah gets mah liddle ol' patch a sewed on yo' back side, ah shoh do expect yo to go to de dance wid me. Why, Abner, ah even got a new frilly petticoat. Mah bloomers are just plain worn out so ah spent de corn pone money on dis new adornment. So ah just has to get to show Nelly Sue."

"Well, if yo is shoh de whole community will be dere, ah reckon ah can go. Ah might even trim mah goatee and buy a new tie."

Heah we is' Just de two of us amongst dis whole gatherin' a trippin' de light fantastic. Why dere goes dat Pepper wit little

Miss Reed. Ain' dey just de cutest couple dere evah was?

Lonesome Wigger and dem curly locks just make life miserable fo de rest of us.

Wal, Lil' Abner, yo'll always be de only one fo me. Say, ah heah it's possible fo a man to put a safety pin on his gal. Ah heah it's done in de higher squares. Ah sho would like one of me very own.

Wal, Daisy Mae, bein' as how yo hooked me for dis here dance ah reckon ah can get my mind made up. Goodbye freedom — hello holy matrimony!

(Men, ah would just like to give yo a liddle advice. When you see dem women sta't afa' yo on de mo'nin' of May 11—yo just run as fast as yo little legs can carry you. Dat's de day when de female race reigns and we po men fo'k are in danger—run, man, run!)

Hanson to Visit

Bill Hanson, college secretary of the American Friends Service committee, will visit Montana State college on Monday and Tuesday.

While here Hanson will speak at chapel, classes, special meetings, at Rotary, to the Refresher Course for pastors and lay leaders, and will interview students interested in summer service work with the committee he represents.

The American Friends Service committee pioneered the development of summer work camps in which students work together and make constructive contributions to some problem or tension area.

The coming summer's projects include several in which students can earn while they study, work and worship together. The committee conducts projects in all parts of the United States, in Mexico and overseas.

Students can arrange to meet Hanson through Barbara Cooke Reeder, student counselor, or Nick Helburn, geography and geology department at MSC.

Dorm Life Campus Heaven? Try Campus Version of Hell

This is the tale of two dorms, Lewis and Clark. Probably named thus after those two famous explorers, Lewis and Clark, who were known for their hungry men. Not that this is a complaint; the dorm life is assumed to be as near to heaven on campus as possible. I think I'll try the campus version of hell.

Picture, if you can, the comfortable and leisurely life of a resident of the fair establishment; the wonderful and abundant food enjoyed by all, done up in such beautiful fashion.

The beds are of the softest touch; no one even complains about the 8-inch sag noticeable only about 4:30 each morning. The refrigerators in the rooms are completely stocked once a week by an efficient administrative staff and any uncommon grievances are quickly cleared up by this same wonderful staff of experts.

Silence is maintained 24-hours a day and never is a proctor called upon to exercise his authoritative powers. One is sometimes bothered, however, by the subtle dropping of pins.

Of course there may be one small fly in the ointment. Many applications for admittance to this peaceful abode must be turned down due to overcrowded conditions. Everyone wants to live there, you know.

Roommates are carefully selected to match perfectly and thus one never hears of argument or dissensions of any sort.

Residents are thoughtfully called to the phone by the utilization of harmonious buzzers so as not to disturb studiers.

This fine place of residence is so wonderfully built with such fine materials that it was found completely unnecessary to build thick walls. One may observe that by placing one's nose carefully up to the doorway one may see on both sides of the wall; remarkable feat, one might say. The walls are so completely sound proof that occasional gunshots in adjoining rooms are never heard.

Getting back to the food situation, I would like to take this opportunity to thank the small kitchen staff of 11 cooks for the well prepared food. Menus are

thoughtfully distributed to residents a full two hours before meals, thus enabling the student to submit his choice of the evening in ample time for careful preparation. Thoughtful consideration of residents' likes and dislikes is taken in the planning of each meal, of course.

The most wonderful thing of all about Lewis and Clark is the reasonable fees levied against each student. Family welfare and financial considerations are carefully taken into account before payment, and one always knows just where his money is going.

Life is really fine in this place; you couldn't ask for more.

All I can say concerning this wondrous, spectacular, efficiently well-run, modernized, beautiful establishment is, "God, I'll be glad to get out of here next year!"

Ev—Hero of the Week

Featured celebrity of the MSC campus this week is Everett McGlothlin, Jr. Esquire III (Maggie, that is). Here we have a man (?) who stands for the idealistic way of life. Liquid refreshment, women, ivy league hats—all add to the complete enjoyment of his life.

The reason for our acknowledgement of this person is his recent establishment of his own little colony behind the cow barn. Here a new type of government will have its beginning.

King of all, Junior will reign with his harem. We of the FROSHPONENT staff humbly give our wishes of success and happiness to this week's hero. Ev.

What are little girls made of Stringy hair
And a look of shame
When caught in the rain
At a football game.

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JOKE—Carol Senecal seems to be educating the freshman Daddy with the latest in jokes. Notice the subology notebook for future reference. By the looks of those Ipana smiles that last one would be fit for any occasion.

SUB Offers The Most Useful Class-Subology

Every red-blooded, well-rounded college student's favorite subject is, of course, subology. Even if they flunk everything else, they almost always pull through with an A in this course. "That's because they try harder in it—end—well, ya can't be dumb in everything."

The classroom is in the SUB (short for "Something Up, Up, Up?"). Anyone from frosh to senior can enroll providing they obtain the necessary materials—a cup of coffee, deck of cards, spicy piece of gossip, or a new joke.

It is here that all the big and exciting affairs of the school year are planned—manure slinging contests, shooting off cannons, wiping trophies, and keg parties. The height of fashion for the now College can be seen here. Old football sweatshirts, Ivy League pants and hats, cowboy boots and Bermuda shorts are all presently in style.

Throughout the day people wander in and out. All of the people are only some of the same; but only Carol Senecal is here all of the time. Bob Moller-sen is usually there manning

his station by the stairs to direct innocent new comers to the wrong rest room.

Where else can you waste more time, consume more coffee, get beat more at poker, or get more wrong answers for tests than this dear, dear place. (It even provides a balcony with a cement sidewalk below for those of you who managed to make the 10-10 list.)

Yes, I sincerely hope that to your happy subbing days, there is . . . no end.

Money!

There are three words—the sweetest words in all speech:

More sweet than all songs of birds, or pages poets preach.

This life may be a vale of tears, a sad and dreary thing;

Three words and troubles disappear and birds begin to sing.

Three words will dissipate the gloom—turn water into wine.

Three words will cheer the saddest day—"I love you?" wrong by heck!

It is another, sweeter phrase—"Enclosed find check."

'Cadillac' Opens Tuesday at 8 p.m.

A comedy called "The Solid Gold Cadillac" which combines satire and fantasy and was called "a solid gold click" by Walter Winchell when it first scored as a success in New York, is the next play to be presented by the Associated Students at the Student Union theater. This play will open Tuesday for a run of four performances.

The fun begins when Mrs. Laura Partridge (played by Mrs. Margaret Dusenberry) arrives at the stockholders meeting of a colossal corporation called Gener-

ing stockholders of the corporation.

Together they regain control of the corporation from the bad, bad directors, and the fairy story ends happily with Cinderella riding away in a solid gold Cadillac.

With the success of a 66 week run on the New York stage to back it, this spring quarter presentation by Sock and Muskin will provide solid entertainment for MSC students.

In addition the cast includes Joan Welch, as secretary to Mrs. Partridge, Neal Roberts as the government official turned honest, Jo Roban as Miss F. Arriere, Kay Williams as Miss Logan, and in the role of the Narrator (portrayed by Fred Allen in the New York presentation) will be Sell Rapcock, announcer at KXLQ.

Joe Fitch, director, said that certain time for all four presentations will be 8 p.m.

Tickets in SUB Lobby

Tickets for the "Solid Gold Cadillac" will be available in the SUB lobby Monday through Thursday from 9 to 11:30 a.m. and 2 to 4:15 p.m.

No charge will be made for students with activity cards at any of the performances.

al Products. Mrs. Partridge is a minor stockholder with some 10 shares. She is a timid soul with a habit of asking some rather loaded questions.

Mrs. Partridge wants to know just what the chairman of the board does for his \$175,000 a year. The chairman and his directors (played by Les Muchmore, Bob Pavlicek, Bill Cyr and John Brookhart) in quite a fit of consternation attempt to quiet her by appointing her to a phony job as small-stockholders representative.

The corrupt corporation directors become suspicious of this meek lady and unceremoniously fire her. She is

Real

Story

not deflected by merely being fired—she simply diverts her attention to Washington where she makes contact with the former president of the corporation who left to become a high government official. ("The Senate made him sell his stock at a \$3,000,000 profit before they'd let him take the job—they argued a week over it," she is informed.)

Though he is so busy that his secretary must hold up a newspaper and weave in rhythm with him so he can read while doing his calisthenics, he is so delighted to meet a live former actress (again our Mrs. Laura Partridge) that he agrees to help her oust the evil villains who are defraud-

Watch the Birdie!

A state-wide photographic exhibition, sponsored by the Camera club of Bozeman, will be held in the SUB May 18 through 26. The showing will be a combination and the fourth annual color slide exhibition, both of which are on a statewide basis.

Real

Story

All amateur photographers in Entries may be left at the Photo Gift Shop, AMC, Baxter Pharmacy, or the public library. Prints mailed in should be sent to Mr. B. D. Firehammer, 715 S. 5th, Bozeman. Color slides can be sent to Mrs. Mabel Kindig, Box 49, Bozeman. Prints and slides should not be put in the same package. Further details can be obtained from Miss Bertha Clow in Herrick hall, Room 120.

He: May I kiss you?

She: (Silence)

He: May I please kiss you?

She: (Silence)

He: Say, are you deaf?

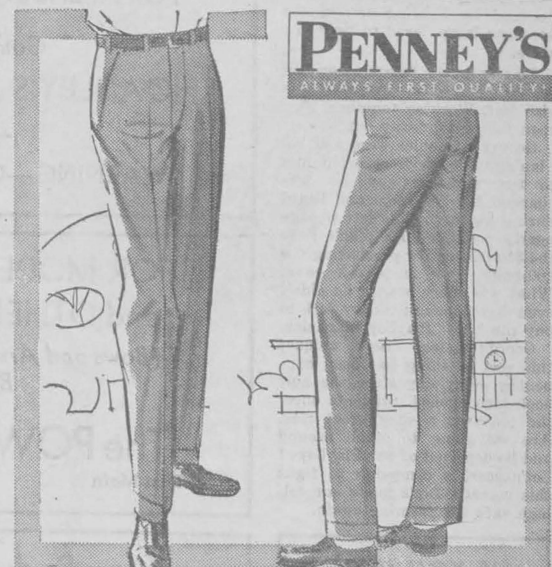
She: No, are you paralyzed?

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Dogs Uphold Traditions

Spring quarter is here. That glorious, fun filled quarter with the beautiful weather. But observe! All is not as well as may seem, for that pair of bloodshot eyes watching your every movement is none other than the traditional watchdog of the campus, a Fang. Here for the first time are a few rules set down for unenlightened Sops. Jerkers and Sinners.

Note, you upperclassmen, all the trouble you can get into.

No high school or college letters allowed on this our fair cam-

Meanwhile, Back In the Bookstore . .

As I was strolling around campus, drinking in the sweet breeze for which MSC is noted, I met my friend, George, looking very gaunt and tattered, trudging down the sidewalk in a dejected sort of way. Naturally I had to try to cheer him up, so I asked him what his trouble was. As I had feared, George's trouble was of the very worst type.

What was George's horrible experience, you ask? Four days previous to our meeting he had trudged his way through MSC cow pastures to the student bookstore. Upon arrival he groped his way through the maze of check-stands and iron rails, which appear to be patterned after cutting chutes, and began his search for a book entitled "The Culture of the Ancient Greek Cow."

After several hours of diligent searching, George realized, to his horror, that he was hopelessly lost in the rows of books and toy teddy bears.

For four days and nights George was lost in the store. During the day he wandered among the counters looking for a way out, and during the night, being too scared and hungry to sleep, he tried to calm himself by reading the latest copy of "The Country Gentleman" which he read by lighting one of the kerosene lamps used to light the store.

Finally on the fourth afternoon he encountered a clerk who was also lost. Working together, they soon found their way out.

George's troubles were just beginning. The clerk reported him to the manager and he was charged \$35 for room and board during his stay. This left George nearly penniless. He didn't have the \$15 needed for purchasing the 100-page book on Greek cows. What was much worse, he didn't even have enough money left to buy the latest Playboy magazine.

George's story isn't unique; this sort of thing has been happening every day since the new bookstore opened. Students enter the store at a very great risk. Are we going to stand around and be deprived of our Playboys? Let's start a campaign to fight this menace. Let's make our college safe for farming again.

IF YOU HAVE
GOOD TEETH,
TRY OUR
MEAT

NORTH SIDE
Meat Market

pus. It is necessary by tradition that you keep them in your room and read them secretly by flashlight, at night preferably.

The sinner class prexy is known as "daddy" to all. Of course everybody knows he's not their real daddy?

His honorable position allows this glorious (?) person the pleasure of Freshman companionship over a cup of the sub's best, black distilled mud. Honorably "daddy" is buying, of course.

May day will be held once each spring and fall quarter to give freshmen a chance to meet freshmen girls. At this time Air Force ROTC will fly all participants to Missoula to paint the big M there. Beer will be amply supplied by graduating Seniors.

Freshmen will not enter Montana hall through either the side or front doors. This eliminates all need for Freshman English and all English instructors subsequently out of work will take over janitor positions in various buildings throughout the campus.

All individuals meeting on Hello walk will greet each other with a suitable comment on their mood of the moment, such as, "Phooey."

The president and fellow slave drivers will sponsor an all week blast on the week following a

Attention! Anglers! Worms

All students interested in entering the free fish derby in the old, shallow fish pond are urged to bring their spears and deep sea diving outfits to the Fish and Wildlife office and pay the registration fee.

Because of the usual Bozeman spring weather the ice is still frozen. No holes may be cut but wading and water skiing will be permitted around the edges.

Due to the number of sardines in the pond, the limit will be two whales not to exceed ten ounces. All blubber must be turned in to officials before the weigh-in.

Bait will be limited to three inch silkworms and skinks

football defeat by the U.

In the case of a Bobcat victory the slave drivers will declare straight A's for all Freshmen students.

No member of the college will cut campus. To prevent any possible chance of this, all MSC lawns will be torn up and cement laid.

No one knows the alma mater song anyway, so singing at will be prohibited on this campus.

Seniors will henceforth wear Freshmen beanies for their last quarter in school.

Offenders will be justly and harshly dealt with.

(smooth scaled lizards). If spears are used, dry flies and snipe will also be legal.

In the event that unpredicted weather thaws the pond, the derby will be postponed until the previous week.

Ever wonder which of your goldfish was a girl and which was a boy? Here's a trick we discovered to tell them apart: add one-half ounce of dichlorodiphenyl-trichloro-ethane to the water in the goldfish bowl. If he comes floating to the top, he is a boy; if she comes floating to the top, she is a girl.

DR. KIT HYPNOTIST



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Open Minded Senate Debate Student Priority

By Mjork

Dramatics discussions kept Senate in an uproar last Monday. Dramatics, in this case, may refer to the manner of discussing as well as the topic which covered the dramatics department.

Wally McRae, commissioner of Dramatics, brought the matter before the floor in regard to the motion passed at the last meeting. Senate members had decided to let the department use people from down town for their productions "with the approval of the Senate." The dramatics department would like to go on a yearly basis. "For this reason, we'd like to have the casts improved just once a year."

James Muchmore, newly-elected commissioner of dramatics, added a suggestion that they go on a present motion, put it on a yearly basis and have it re-conferred next year. "Vacation reversals mean that we need down town help," he emphasized.

Wally Street, student body president, stated, "I'd like to point out that students should have priority."

John Brookhart, president-elect of the senior class, added his views as he said, "Over half of the funds which go to the dramatics department come from the fees delegated to (Joe) (dramatics coach) to use as he wishes. If he has to come to the Senate each time he casts, he is put on as many productions

as possible. As being concerned with the students, we must also be concerned with the type of production."

"If these students like to act, even though they may not be the best actors, they should be allowed to try. After all, it is their school. Where there is this competition, students should be given the chance," declared Hugh Colli-son, commissioner of music.

Jerry Miller, vice president-elect of the student body, stated, "I believe there should be a stipulation saying if the students can't fill the part—then outside help may be brought in."

Bill Barclay brought about a climax when he remarked, "I don't think Fitch is getting his point across. I'd like to have you ask him to come to Senate next time!"

Pat Barney, commissioner of forensics, summed it up with her remark, "I feel I'm being railroaded. If it's important enough to have this much discussion, it should be important enough to have the gentleman in question come to Senate."

Brookhart again rose to defend the director and the department as he said, "I think we're neglecting the fact that Joe (Fitch) is employed by the college for and by the students. How long do you think his position would last if he got away from the college entirely?"

Street replied, "We must realize that when we take action, it's

for a long period of time. The dramatics will always be here. Joe Fitch may decide to do something else. However, Senate is open minded enough to consider

these things when they approve the outside help."

After several remarks from both sides along the same lines Street asked that the discussion

be tabled until the next meeting. McRae will ask Fitch if he would like to come to the meeting and the matter will be brought up again next Monday.

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See you at the Rodeo

BLOCK'S

RCA All Stars Featured for Junior Prom

Montana State's 1957 Junior Prom, scheduled for Saturday, April 24, will feature the music of the talented West Coast Jazz orchestra, the RCA All-Stars.

Including vocalist Donna Fuller, the group is made up of five instrumentalists headlined by Sonny Jolly, Sonny Criss and Jack Criss, who have all made individual names for themselves in the recording department.

Miss Fuller is an exciting contest winner who gave modeling career to turn vocalist. With an impressive record as a young star, she lists her venture as a successful album accompanied by Pete Rugolo.

Jack Jolly, an exciting young musician, is a member of the West Coast group which has been responsible for a great deal of the stimulating innovations in modern jazz. He has recorded as part of his own group before the RCA All-Star tour.

Another relatively young member of the jazz world is altoist Sonny Criss, who

has been recognized as one of the most competent musicians in the field. Having been generally associated with all that has taken place in jazz within the last 10 years, Criss lists associations with Duke Ellington, Stan Kenton, and Stan Ken-

ton. Saxophonist Jack Montrose, who has put in more than 10 years with the Jazz world, claims a hand in the development of the West Coast movement. An important composer-arranger as well as individual artist, he has played with Chet Baker, Art Rogers, Shelly Manne, and Stan Kenton.

Through the group capitalizes on modern jazz, they have also received raves on the very danceable quality of their music. A concert is being tentatively planned for the Sunday afternoon following the Prom Saturday night.

Priced at \$2 per couple, the semi-formal dance is open to the public.

Street replied, "We must realize that when we take action, it's

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MSC Sororities Announce Their Choice Entrants

As a follow-up on the notorious "Ugly Man" contest, MSC now proudly announces the femme version of same. We have a great variety of hefty frau-leins on this campus, and we feel we have come up with some pretty choice contestants.

Prerequisites for entrance are some or all of these features — buck teeth, cross eyes, knock knees, pigeon toes (or slew footed), sound measurements, and preferably stringy hair. Also, we look for a girl with as little talent as possible.

The Alpha Gams put up a beefy specimen. Her name is Matilda Broad. Measurements, 45-30-43. She has attended MSC for three years and with only 28 more credits will be on junior cards. She is absolutely talentless except for a little dancing at the Saturday night mixers. After all, who needs talent for that?

Pi Phi's have brought a new comer in from the South. Her accent has the boys drooling over the phone but she hasn't gone out on anything so far except totally blind dates. She hopes that her notoriety will start the ball rolling.

AOPi's really surprised photographers with their 6-3 blond bombshell. She wears her hair in a very becoming crew-cut and is one of the few slender entrees. She measures 30-20-30.

KD's weren't too original this spring with their usual candidate for all contests, Lamby Lil Lubber. She is truly a strange combination of lamb blubber. She has a 40" hip line and a 29" bust.

Chi O's have done wonders for their candidate's social graces but haven't been able to do a thing for her appearance. She is always ready with a smile but the revolting thing is her buck teeth.

Delta Gammas have been left until last for a purpose. Their candidate, Fleshy Rolls, has every one of the above features and more. She possesses the most flaming, brilliant red hair on campus. It is all set off by a crop of well placed freckles.

As all of these candidates are veterans, we sincerely feel that this will be a tremendous success. A lot of work has gone into this battle of the bulges. A special stage has been constructed to hold the beef. Also our advertising manager, Mjork, has knocked himself out getting pictures and all.

If You Have
Hooked Your
Man—

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Has Grand
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and
PASTRIES

Library Improvements

Shelves to Stalls

Though few people realize it, the library is one of the most useful spots on campus. Here are some perfectly obvious uses that have been overlooked up to now.

One of the most useful places in the library is the third floor. The fact that it is poorly lighted and has row upon row of books opens the door to many opportunities. If, for instance, you happen to be a criminal, what better place could there be to hide out than in this dreary, isolated place.

For boys without cars the third floor is perfect. Instead of parking behind the fieldhouse, they and their girls can seclude themselves among the stacks of books and enjoy complete privacy. The chances of getting stuck in the mud are slimmer and, besides, it saves a lot of that important stuff known as money.

One of the best uses of the second floor would be to convert it into a gambling casino. Think

of the rows of blackjack tables possible.

The first floor offers an opportunity for a very important use. Its very arrangement suggests the ease with which it could be converted into a cow shed. The book racks would merely have to be rearranged and presto, we have cow stalls.

Before closing, it should be pointed out that up to this time, the library has been completely misused. Some poor, uninformed people actually study there!

Fan: How about your team?
Are they good losers?

Coach: Good? Heck, they're perfect.

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GOING UP ?

APRIL 9

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Editorial

Hello—Hello—this is your FROSHPONENT staff with this year's edition of that famous, long awaited product. Threats from nasty old professors, older students and even sweet freshmen did nothing to mar our enthusiasm and as a result the presses rolled, the staff keeled over from exhaustion and the EXPONENT staff breathed a sigh of relief (those holy terrors are finally out of the office).

Now, actually, this masterpiece has only one purpose. That is to tickle your funny bone and produce a lot of chuckles and a few belly laughs. If your toes get stepped on, our sincere advice is to soak 'em in epsom salts (at the mortuary located next to the SUB) rather than search out the editors with large clubs.

We all plan to be noticeably absent this week-end. Congratulations, condolences, and letters to the editor may be sent in care of the Hospital, Warm Springs. All expressions of well wishes will be appreciated.

Naturally, our best efforts didn't reach the final stages of production. The censors had a hey day and have gone home complete with headaches and a realm of new stories to tell the guys.

Roses go to the people who so generously flunked exams to help us. Orchids go to the suckers whose pictures appear on these pages. Weeping willows go to the faculty. Sweet Peas are being sent to the photographers. Cockleburbs go to the people that gave us a rough time and our condolences go to the older EXPONENT staff.

On all accounts, we plead the fifth amendment. So, on with the slams, jokes (?), and stories. King Humor reigns for a day at MSC.

Mjork Mumbles Mjork Mumbles

Hullo, gang—it's me again, sitting in my favorite place for concentrating—under the north stands of the bleachers in the fieldhouse. Have you ever noticed just how big this place actually is? Here on the north side of the building the sun is shining and Jim Doll is out taking a sun bath. Over on the south side there's a ton of snow and Halry Highat is busy trying to break his skis for the third time.

Pose Lemongate and Jamit Legstrong just let me in on a dastardly plot which the girls in Cannon Hall are planning. It's so cruel and evil that it even shocked "Bye, Georgie" when I told him about it. It seems that they plan to storm Woo-us and Dark hall to regain a few stolen articles. Don't pass this on to the engineers in the power house, though.

Whoever said that in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love? Boy, were they ever clued wrong! In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of beer, cars, and how to mung up his white bucks.

Oh well, girls, just blame it on the shortage of telephones in Cannon Hall. Go on and study—have a ball. If things really get rough, you can always cheer yourself up by buying a new bottle of perfume. One with a real enchanting name like "Corral No.

3," "Straw Hat," or "Lonely Day in Bozeman." Well, guess that's all for this ishew.

Until next week—wipe that silly grin off your face.

FROSHPONENT

Member of Humane Society, Supporter of Be Kind To Dumb Animals (writers and editors), Published annually for the furtherance of good morale on campus. Dedicated to those worthy members of MSC—FRESHMEN!

Subscription rates unnecessary as no public demand for this piece of work has been evidenced.

This has been published through the courtesy of the elder EXPONENT staff and their slaves, the freshmen.

WHIP CRACKERS—

Penicils (Jeanne) Erickson

Scoop (Shirley) Raunig

Moneybags (Val) Lehrkind

HEAD FRAUD—

STAFF

Writers: Roger Liebrand, Jim Quinbeck, Steve Foster, Barry Remley, Jean McGrew (men!).

Venis Rawles, Karen Magill, Mary Ann McGinnis, Marilyn Dugdale, Carol Smith, Pat Murphy, Karen Wilson, Shirley Raunig, Jeanne Erickson, Desta Ostenson, Blanche Grieve.

Typists: Bea Benson, Kay Westlake, Gerry Day, Jacoy Hatis.

Business Staff: Venis Rawls, Sharon Kelly, Donna Grove, Janet Reed, Faith Vitt, Sherlene Roark.

Bye Georgie

Well-er . . .

Ah-er . . .

Dah!

. . . Mjork

Writing a column isn't the easiest thing one can do with one's time. It takes time away from gabbing, sitting in the SUB, time with your best friend's girl, and even attending your TGIF meeting.

Actually the topic for this week's discussion is . . . (snicker) females.

In a previous article I made the statement "Women are the root of all evil." This has proven to be a false statement which I hope to make amends at this time. (well-er-ah er dah. Oh well, skip it.)

Girls fall into different categories, as does everything else—sheep, rabbits, horses, cars, etc. Let's take a look at the situation:

1. The shy, innocent type. Take it slow and easy with her, or you'll scare the poor little thing away. Date her. She won't even laugh at your jokes. Take her in early and every girl in Hannon hall will have your number. Beware! This protective instict girls have is dangerous.

2. The aggressive type. She can be spotted a mile away. Her target—you! Beware—run, hide, the trap is set. Well, actually, it isn't quite as bad as all of this. Prepare yourself. Here she comes—there she goes. The trap is still set, only not for you. The fellow sitting next to you rises, and walks away with her. No wonder—he was wearing his Pogo button.

3. The gold-digger. Her goal: money, presents, money, your Spring party, money, your pin (jeweled, of course), money, your frat brother's money, additional support from your folks, your friend's money, and, of course, your money.

4. The ideal girl. Perfect in every way. Your dream girl. But hold things—she's either dated up, or already attached. Oh joy, well, er-ah, you can dream anyway.

After choosing your type, date her a few times. Then, instead of verbally er-ah—shafting her, you calmly reach under your car seat and hand her an ax, saying, "See ya."

Beer—Partly

Beer--Partly-Beer--Partly

"Spring is sprung, the grass is ris. I wonder where the students is?"

"On a 'partly,'" says Fran Steeburg, that talented musician.

According to the Missoula Hi-men, brewers of Highlander beer, this is definitely true. The Hi-men are rather upset, however; students are beginning to shun the home brew on their "Parties." Instead of buying Highlander, the connoisseurs of alcohol are purchasing "Eastern" beers, such as Kessler and Great Falls Select. In an editorial the Hi-men urged all students to support home products—the football team needs money to finance their next trip to MSC. The last trip to the fair city of Bozeman was a complete loss.

Seen in "Peering from under

a Pebble on tht Beach," former "Top O' the World," is an article citing the differences between pigs and hogs. Most people, who quizzed about this difference stated that a pig is smaller than a hog. Of course, hogs reputed eat more than pigs, so this is a natural conclusion. If any further information to add, they are requested to see Vick Rogall, chief hog caller on the Exponer.

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears." No this is Caesar's day; it's just a quotation from tht Dakota Student. The Student needs new ears for its editor. It seems he had 1 ears sliced off by a couple of freshman girls, because he was listening to a secret conversation. Some democracy when people can't even keep a secret any more.

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DIFFERENT TASTES*

Sam's girl is tall and thin
My girl is fat and low
Sam's girl wears silk and satin
My girl wears calico
Sam's girl is fast and speedy
My girl is slow but good
Think I'd swap my girl for Sam's?
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