

LAY OFF THE STAFF IT'S IRRESPONSIBLE

The students and incidents depicted herein have been chosen by a very, very, especially secret committee. Only the editor, her friends, their friends and their friends' friends have even the slightest idea who constitutes this Bosh Committee. Incidentally none of them have an enemy in the school. Don't try to bribe Miss Meek either, cuz she's under the terror of the sed committeeee.

The utmost caution has been used to keep the members concealed. However, a loquacious lax lout (one of the above-mentioned friends) lingered listlessly among the spacious corridors of our press establishment eloquently entreating the editor for the publication of the personnel on this staff. She finally broke down under the nervous strain (oh me, oh my, wat resistance she had). Yes, she finally consented to submit the names of her ever-effervescing (let's be straightforward) burping, under-cover associates in code despite the fact that she is at their mercy this very hour. Begin mourning, ye brethren, for the consequences which she will possibly have to endure may necessitate her donning a pair of angelical appendages.

Hurling invectives, bricks, grapefruit or a worn-out Montana History notebook at the above-mentioned Boshers will do no good. Goodness gracious, no! Don't do anything like that. Cuz why? Cuz, I'll tell ya; each and every one of them holds a tender spot in his hard heart for every one of youse. Ahuh!!! Nuf sed. On with the show.

Editor—Jauaaanaiaata Daaavaias.
Associates — Jaoasaeapahaianae Staraawan, Jaoae Waeaianasacah-araatat.

Faculty Adviser—Maaaray Maea-eak.

Men who picked up the dirt—Laaawaraeanacae Baoadakatae, Laeaoan Naealasaooan, Haialataoan Uatataarabaaacak.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Roger Walters has false teeth?
Stuber has a figure of a chorus girl tattooed on his left arm?

Hawkes wears yellow suspenders?

Miss Dewey is knock-kneed?
Elizabeth Patterson wears a wig?
Dr. McMullen reads Ballyhoo?

Miss Stevenson is deathly afraid of mice?

Miss Roberts has been married (to a sailor)?

Paul Johnson keeps a home for "homeless cats"?

Jean Barnes doesn't swagger? (It's just her suit.)

Shunk braids his hair at night.
Abbott is attempting to reduce by dieting?

Oren McKee has a permanent wave?

Faye Bailey is in love with Paul Johnson?

Vyra Heslep is a mulatto?

Miss Rich is looking for a man?
Lawrence Bodtki not only went to rhythm class last Thursday, but he arrived on time?

Dean served a prison sentence for petty larceny?

We Wonder Where the Faculty Was

The institution was in somewhat chaotic condition last Friday morning due to the absent-mindedness of our faculty. It seems that the poor dears had had a slight lapse of memory, for everyone was looking for something.

Miss Dewey had lost her voice; Shunk had lost his smock, and Hawkes could not find his temper. Miss Meek had misplaced her Drama book; Stuber had lost his figure; Baumgartner his keys and Hines his dignity. Foote had lost his poise; Dean could not find his nerve; and Abbott had lost his head. Miss Rich could not find the library; Miss Roberts was seeking her talent; and Dr. McMullen, oh, alas, he had lost his mind.

The student body has been wondering just where and under what conditions our supervisors spent Thursday evening. We are solemnly shaking our heads over the problem of "WHAT THE OLDER GENERATION IS COMING TO."

A TRAGEDY

Romeo Without Juliet
(Reading Time: 2 min.)

He paid the postman \$3.00 and greedily tore the covering from the long expected parcel. Yep! it was just what he had ordered, "Why They Don't Keep Dates"—with a special appendix containing all the questions and answers.

The book fell open to Chapter 13—Curses! Now he knew what was the matter—why hadn't he received this book sooner?

Quote, (from Chap. 13): "When making a date two or three months ahead of time, be very careful to inquire whether the fair maiden's birthday is on Friday 13. On the date of her birthday, never make the mistake of sending roses or candy—make it something with more feminine appeal, such as a shotgun or a Shetland pony. You can easily see the advantage to be gained. If she is the kind of girl who breaks dates of long standing, she will shoot herself, being very careful to use only one shell. Then get the gun and rest of the shells and ask the munition dealer for a refund, which you will probably get. Now you can see that if you send roses without a purpose, they will dry up in a few days and will be very hard to return to the florist. Think more of your pocketbook and less of your conscience when making dates with such undependable parties."

MILLINERY SHOPPE Mr. Fulton & Co. & Co.

Proprietors

Weaving of
HANDBAGS, SCARFS, TABLE-
RUNNERS, ETC., a specialty.
Union labor. Work done entirely
by male force in C and B divi-
sions. Come up and see us some
time. Can we spin yarns!!!

SO WHAT?

It is with great regret and not a little shame that the editors of this paper are forced to admit that there has been a decided decline in the morale of our faculty. We even hesitate to reveal the actual facts, but since our press is a public servant we dare not evade our duty. We must publish the truth and the whole truth.

Mr. Ridgely was late for class three mornings in succession! And, furthermore, he offers no adequate excuse for his tardiness. It has long been the rule in the institution to demand the resignation of an instructor after three such offenses. It was only after earnest pleading on the part of the student body who would find life just too tame without the Music 12 class, that the administration has decided to give Mr. Ridgely a five-day probation. If during that time he arrives in ample time for all of his classes the matter will be dropped, otherwise . . . we shudder to think of the result, for what would our music department be without Mr. Ridgely!!

TRANSPORTATION CO. (Zelah Hurley)

PROMPT AND WILLING
SERVICE

RATES—Any place in town 25c
or a date Thursday night.

Note—Night may be changed
only to Tuesday.

FRESH-AIR TAXI SERVICE

Kenneth Dugan, Prop.

There's tricks to all trades. We guarantee you won't have to push as competitive companies have found it necessary to request passengers to do. Furthermore, we don't use a model "A" Tudor.

The 399 of the Upper 400

Johnny Jones informs us that a certain blonde has returned to her home in Minnesota, and that for the next few weeks he will be open for dates with his feminine public.

We are informed that Bill Dell is thinking of joining the navy—so the the world can see him.

Art Martin takes such delight in making plaster paris casts of the fairer sex.

Speed Johnson—just a baby—but you should see the speed.

LIBRARY'S TRUE PURPOSE REVEALED

IN THE DAYS OF YORE

Students who were at all scholastically inclined would close their eyes and turn their backs on any temptation. These poor puritanical souls would calmly tuck their books under their arms and make their appearance.

Yes, they thought this stilted manner with all its solemnity and dignity was conducive to the proper absorption of stacks of knowledge which our forefathers and other worthy souls of the past had left behind.

The library, to be sure, was the true scholar's haven and his greatest inspiration. It filled him with awe and wonder and his blood rushed hot through his veins as he eagerly leafed through rusty volumes of Chaucer, Cicero, Homer or some philosopher.

But alas and alackaday! a creature answering this description is seldom, if ever, found poring over the stacks of our libraries. Things have changed.

HERE AND NOW

Today—Dan Cupid holds sway in library! A big handsome brute looms up and peers questioning through the window in the library door. Come in, come in! Can't you see that that football physique of yours is simply slaying the girls? In he stalks and straight to the desk?—Nope, you're wrong. "Swede" Johnson is the least of his troubles. To the card catalogue? No, nonchalantly he wends his way through the scattered chairs, pushing this way and that way and at the same time upsetting a few books, much to the consternation of grind number fifteen. (By jove, do we have that many?) Next he brushes too close to the table and knocks the newspaper off on to the floor. Some coy maiden, nearby, with excessive facial coloring, retrieves it quickly and returns it to him hoping to MAKE THE GRADE with her all too meaningful smile, which is punctuated by two very becoming dimples. On he surges. The last place now is the reference shelves. But no, he shuns them as if they were a plague. Oh yes, how stupid of me, I didn't notice that pert little miss, actively engaged with compact and dainty puff, putting on the last touches before her hero should make his appearance. It is sufficient to say that she is our hero's date to last night's party.

AS TIME GOES BY

"Do you know your history for the test tomorrow?" she inquired, knowing full well that she had so monopolized his time he hadn't a ghost of a chance to prepare for it.

"Nope," he replied optimistically, "but I think I can get that fixed up o. k. Say, Sally, did you hear about Elmer being kicked out. Boy, that's a tough break!" etc.

And so conversation finds its way from one thing to another. All at once, they discover that they have chinned an hour and that it's time to go to the next class. Hurriedly they make arrangements for their next rendezvous and scurry off to class. The library has served its purpose!