

President's Corner



THE SPECIALIST

You've heard a lot of pratin' and prattlin' about this bein' the age of specialization. But I seen the need of a specialist in my line, so I studied her. I got her; she's mine. You are face to face with the champion Normal School builder of the north-west.

You, dear students, are my customers. You heard about me specializin' and decided to take a chance. I made out of you just the average family teacher. When you have graduated I will have made my reputation, and from now on I shall devote all my time and thought to that special line.

As time passes on I may get to feelin' blue and thinkin' I hitched my wagon to the wrong star and maybe I should have took up chiropracty or veterinary. When that happens I'll yust pack the little woman in the back of my car and start out.

I'll visit you, my specialists. I'll look on the beautiful picture of my work and be proud. I'll heave a sigh of satisfaction and say with reverence, "Folks, this is my average family teacher. I know I done right in specializin'. I'm sitting on top of the world."

More Cracks

Marie Borberg: I read in a magazine that fish was a very good brain food. What kind of fish would you recommend for me to eat?

Mr. Dean: From the looks of that lesson plan you turned in yesterday—I would suggest that you try a whale.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Henry Sokolosky and Equilla Sutherland came in from Pumpkin Center last Saturday to attend their first western movie, called "The Last Herd."

As they entered the theatre, the scene on the screen was of a herd of horses plunging madly down a dirt road—whereupon, Miss Sutherland was heard to remark:

"Oh, Henry, let's not go down in front too far, those horses are raising an awful dust, and I don't want to get my good clothes soiled."

Eleanor Nelson's boy friend: "I'm sending Eleanor an opera gown for a birthday present. Won't she be surprised when she opens the envelope?"

If you have a grouch bring it along. We have a place for it.

Skits of the Campus

Burton Caruso says he just can't sleep nights.

"No," he remarked, "it isn't Oval-tine I need—it's an introduction to Lottie Schultz."

Be careful, Lottie, it is rumored that he has Carusified lots of women.

Andy Hofmeister: I would like to devote this picture to some charitable purpose.

Manion: Why not give it to an institution for the blind?

Carl Shogren: I small cabbage burning!

Lorraine Crossen: Get your head away from the fire.

Professor Foote (in conference class), angrily: So, sir, you said that I was a learned jackass, did you?

Bodtke: No, sir, I merely remarked that you were a burro of information.

Brandon: I have a sliver in my finger.

Dowell: Been scratching your head again?

Jean Wilkins: Father, won't you buy me a riding habit?

Father: No!

Jean: But father, what am I going to do without a riding habit?

Father: Develop a walking habit!

Mother: I heard a noise when you came in last night.

Bill Sirrine: Perhaps it was the night falling.

Mother: Well, I'm inclined to think it was the day breaking.

Harry Stuber: I consider sheep to be the stupidest creatures living.

Mrs. Stuber (absent-mindedly): Yes, my lamb.

Roger Walters (emphatically): Away with women!

Margaret Butka: Yes, that's something you haven't got.

DULANE KNOCKS A HOMER

We are informed of an instance in which one of the freshies who hails from a little eastern town called Ollie displayed a brilliant piece of thinking. He had never played any baseball nor did he know what the game was about, but he was asked to fill in on the town team on one occasion, so he accepted. He was first up to bat and succeeded in knocking the pill far over the baseball park fence. He stood on the base and watched it while the catcher screamed at the top of his lungs, "Run, Run! Run you idiot!"

Dulane turned rather white and said: "Tell the crowd not to get mad and chase me. I'll buy another one for them when I get home."

THEY DIDN'T MISS A THING

Darnell and Fleming came into a basketball game which was about over. Conversation follows:

Fleming to Bystander: Say, what's the score anyway?"

Bystander (excitedly): Nothing to nothing.

Darnell: Oh, goody! We haven't missed a thing, have we?

The Hiprocats

Listen my chillun and thou shalt hear of inconsistent faculty, Oh Dear, Oh Dear. Of late, one of the classes in school have been reading the play "Know Thyself." Yes, let's all try to know ourselves and profit thereby, faculty not excluded. The faculty's verdict as it stands reads thus: "Our students, this year are most independent. They would skip a class and not feel repentant. This must come to a stop lest all students will drop from a coveted "A" to a miserable flop in the ranks or the "F" brigade.

Know thyself. Take heed, fellow students. There's no rime nor reason why we shouldn't expect the same of everyone. Let this be our slogan. It is true we come late, but pray tell me why? If our teachers set an example we would do or die. But a tardy teacher indeed tears down the morale, so what can we do? Our most punctual music teacher succumbed too! Now what shall we do? Shall we all just advise that the drugstores have on sale, some very charming alarm clocks for a dollar, or what?

Gollee, just think, our drama teacher came late twice in two days and a short time before she threatened to turn the key on those who were two minutes late. If my recollection doesn't fail I believe I once read a proverb which said: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." So, by a straw vote we students agree that teachers coming late shall meet doors that are barred and faces irate. We'll militantly march and shout our hurrahs. We'll strike up the band and sing our class blahs. Then just as calm as life itself, we'll place our helmets on the shelf and set about to better ourself. I fancy we'll fare the dark sea right well and come to the top like a gushing well.

After all, 'tis the teacher's part only to guide, so we won't bother when their beaming countenances fail to arrive. Yes, 'tis queer, this inconsistent world. Now let's change the verdict and quote it thus: "Teachers being late is the cause of our disgust. We're saying it'll stop. It must, it must. Nonchalantly they walk in and feel not a care for the starving souls who've been waiting there, only to turn around and see that someone is late from row number three. Then, "What's thees? What's thees?" she say, say she. And SOOOOO, on these teachers a penalty we'll levy. Dismissal from our punctual class By Gravy. Rah, for our side!!

DATES FOR SALE

Guaranteed to Satisfy
15c 2 for 25c

Clyde Carrington

Johnnie Jones has such a forlorn and brooding countenance of late?

See Bog Stong for hair dressing because the repression is almost over.

The Stage

The Scene: A dark street on the Boulevard of Broken Dreams. A gentleman saunters up to a lady and rudely lights a match and holds it up to her face.

Livingston: "Hm! Hm! you know you're not bad looking."

Lucy McFarland (haughtily): "Well, I'm very sorry that I can't say the same about you."

Livingston: "You could if you were as big a liar as I am."

CURTAIN.

I WONDER WHY

Girls are so afraid of water-bugs? Can you tell us, Elaine (Mikalson)? We really should go to our fearless naturalist, Helen Lewis, to find the solution.

Marie Borberg has, of late, taken such an active interest in track meets at Missoula? Rumors echoing through our campus say TIS D. D. Could it be Missoula's Darling Dumplings, Dark Scottish Dogs, Didactic Deacons, Dimpled Danes or—? Let's skip it. What's it to us?

Donna Pefley doesn't start a bustle fan? 'Tis said she's quite proficient in her manner of swishing bustles. We'll be waiting for the spring play, Donna.

Burton Caruso is contemplating starting an exclusive bus service between the Washington and Administration buildings?

The girls no longer flock after Bill Dell? Bill, you all know, is exceedingly fond of his "SO TO SPEAKS" in his floor talks.

Lucille McFarland has such a hard time getting enuf boys for her parties?

Mildred Robertson is improving her winsome smile, which is now well-nigh perfect? Just give us the first letter, Mildred, and maybe we can guess.

Connie Young has such big goo-goo eyes?

Arvilla Terrill doesn't appreciate our local laddies. Soldier boys are captivating but dangerous. They'll do until we find somebody else.

Vance Bronson doesn't use that captivating physique of his to entice our alluring angels? (Girls, he sports a spacious four-door sedan. WATTA MAN! WOTTA CHANCE!!

Bill Becklen always throws his cigarettes away half burned. (Bob Stong has been seen trailing our bearded Becklen).

Bob Stoner doesn't take advantage of the fond affection cast his way by the female office force. Give them a break, Bob. None of your darn business.

Freshmen, do you realize that our St. Vitus has two worshipful admirers in the persons of Socrates El Heckus Hawkes and De Venus La Plato Dean.