

THE SORDID VERSE

Student Weakness - Unbiased, Uncensored, Unabashed, Unintelligible, Unworthy

Volume by Content

Drip Crick, Fishconsin, Der Tag

Number Please?

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11

Harold Blank and John Tarpey will sing "Holy, Holy, Holy" at the annual Easter service, Saturday evening, sponsored jointly by the R Club and the WAA. Carl Nickerson is chairman of arrangements and promises many delightful treats to the patrons.

Preceding the service, Colonel Larson will show a film entitled "Nudes on the Kinnikinnik." Mr. Larson has been very fortunate in securing this film for a one-night stand, inasmuch as it has been banned in most places. It will be followed by a brief address by Doctor Owens, advisor of the R Club, who will discuss "Christianity in a large city."

All should make it a point to arrive with 20 cents change for collection. Light refreshments will be served with Hamm's Beer on tap.

There will be many other features on the evening's entertainment. Clifford Bohrbach will lead in prayer. Cara Wharton will give the program the necessary zip with a bubble dance.



8

Found under the davenport in Jensen's on Fourth street were these badly wrinkled sports slacks. Miss Hathorn, in desperation, summoned an all night session of the Student-Faculty relations committee to no avail. The girls themselves tearfully refused to throw any light on the matter.

Since Tuesday when they were placed in Dean Stratton's office, several spring Romeos have been seen skulking around North hall.

Doc Schmidt, after looking them over is reported to have said, "Nope, not mine—no beer stains."

Stone shook his head and said, "No stains at all—not mine."

White and Thoeny, after looking the trousers over, called up the Ellsworth horse-doctor, who indignantly denied any connection with the affair. He dropped in to see "Strat" in the afternoon and on leaving was heard to mutter, "Where in h— do you suppose I did leave 'em."

The mystery is unsolved, but rumor has it that a telegram from Mason City, Iowa, offered a genuine diamond in exchange for the slacks.

"Squatter Sovereignty Rules" or does it? Mr. Jensen claimed the pants amid a chorus of relieved sighs.

21

After reading at one setting five month's back issues of the home-town Gazette, which my Aunt Clarabelle sends me every five months, the following was inevitable:

Leo Foley found 10 cents on that funny plate they passed at church last Sunday.

Carl Miller, the Osceola boy who made good in our fair city in a musical way is responsible for this one. Monday night he had to decide whether to stay home and study or go to the library.

Charley Osborn is on the sick list since he got three fingers mashed when a cash-register drawer closed on them in a drugstore recently. He was doing quite nicely too.

Two of our prominent athletes were thirsty callers down at one of our local taverns over the weekend. A good time was had by both.

That lovely freshman lassie, Miss Chapman informed the editor about her views on religion. Shockingly, she stated that she would not care to go to heaven because "there would be women there in plenty, and some men, but no man any woman would have."

We noted on the honor roll list dished out by Dean Strat that the boys at the Hotel Gladstone had an unblemished record. More power to you boys. We need more of that up-standing, intellectual influence on the campus.

Along 'bout now folks up Yukon way are betting as to when the ice will break up. Maybe we ought to do the same thing on some of our promising romances. Strange things happen when the birds and bees make their appearance. The grass gets so green and the girls so beautiful as they step forth in their form-fitting dresses.

6

At a meeting of the Student Senate Monday evening Niles Grunke was placed at the head of a committee to learn why Mary "It's 8:03, 10 cents please" Bradley is so crabby.

Decision to create the committee came on the heels of a petition signed by all RFSTC students as well as Grunke, Harrison, and other WAA members.

At its first meeting the committee engaged Werner "Smile Please" Gleiter to photograph the various scowls in an effort at classification. No one was surprised that the pictures were totally black, a result of Gleiter's secret developing formula.

The committee, however, pounced upon the photos as exhibit "A" to prove that hers is a dark disposition indeed.

Exhibit "B" Miss Fuller, will be used by the committee to show that library duties are not the sole reason for a crabby disposition.

Other guesses have been that Miss Bradley is losing in love or that she lost on the horses.

These possibilities will be very thoroughly investigated by the committee which has as its ideal the Dies committee—"Nothing accepted that doesn't prove what we want."

5

A recent survey has shown that those men graduating from the Smith-Hughes agricultural courses throughout the State of Wisconsin have decided disadvantages in competition to overcome when entering their chosen field. This survey made by the Steer-Raiser's local of Meathead Hole in the south of the Prescott Polish quarter is amazingly accurate by blind-fold test. Professor J. M. May, chief barn inspector of the R. F. S. T. C. chicken breeder's rancho, deserves the credit for laying the so-called groundwork in this great statistical survey.

Chief among the competitive factors facing the cow-boys is the matrimonial status of the graduates. The survey shows that schools take largely only those men students who have a legally married wife—preferably with her original teeth. It has been found that those students who are thus situated are far more likely to go to bed early at night, which is imperative for those following the gentle art of pseudo-agriculture.

In view of the above facts a large number of those graduating from the agriculture department this year have made insistent pleas that someone or something act as their go-between. Always alert to remunerative enterprises a number of students from the William's (History) department have taken it upon themselves to solve the problems of their colleagues by establishing a matrimonial bureau. This bureau has done its work so well that it has recently received national recognition. The following "arrangements" have been undertaken and arranged to suit all parties, even the parson, by the bureau:

Fred Whitmarsh versus Peg Mc Dermott.

Edward Sirek versus M. K. Prucha.

Henry Hermanson versus Addy Hill

Continued on some other page

3



9

3 Y. W. M. C. A. girl-boys assembled Thursday nite at seven o'clock pm to listen in on a reading which was the result of a study which was made by miss Mildred the Page who is an authoirty on this subject on account of she has studies up so much lately on the happenings concerning the topic on account of she has studied up so much lately on the happenings concerning the topic in question for this monday's meeting in the Y room situated in south Hall natatorium where all Y meetings have been held since the local chapter was started for the purpose of furthing the teaching of Jesus Christ upon earth and in promoting relations which would be favorable to those instincts of human behavior which are foremost with most people in meeting in social contact especially during the formative years of their live which are sometimes unguided cause of unproper upbringing the most homes which are very often noncapable of doing anything creative and constructive convivial to the education of young people: of all of the things which the Y has undertaken we feel this to be about the most significant and certainly n obody or noone could disagree with our stand on their important issue, because the main subject of the meeting should be kept secret and we aren't supposed to tell anything which might refer to characters fictional or undersize we aren't going to say too much about this important coming talk....catch on see? So if everyone will try and come out at the future meeting and I think we are going to be able to have some more we will be enabled to increase our membership somewhat and maybe make the Y as powerful an organization on the campus as the G. O. P. which would make it some potatoes: I really believe. For the program this week we had some very nice music which could be considered about as nice as any of the nice things we have had during the very nice programs during the last nice weeks. If it should storm or snow during the next week which will be the one in which the meeting will be held we will be sure it is made nice and cosy and nice and warm in nice old south Hall. We thing the Y is the nicest place to spend evening for students so won't you all come out that nice nite?

27

We hear that Mose Hendrickson has been washing dishes at the Gladstone so that he will know how to wash them for Joyce in later years.

Is it true that Carl Nickerson use to stand on the streets of down town Indianapolis with a tambourine in his hand. Quite a chap and was he or was he not working.

Every girl in Watertown that has been out with Bob Wills is now married. June, we hope you will stick with him because he can't stand another shock.

Outside of Dorothy House, the biggest publicity seeker on the campus is John Tarpey. But Tarpey is a likeable creature. The glamour boy from down Indianapolis way recently celebrated his birthday. A good time was had by all.

1

Pioneering in his own particular pasture of thought, Prof. O. I. Loveme, in collaboration with a large number of his cell-mates, today made public the findings of his recent investigation as to the advisability of agitating the mucous membrane. His discoveries are rated to be of such paramount importance, that the text of his report is herewith printed verbatim. Quote:

"Napoleon would not have lost the battle of Waterloo had he not been picking his nose, nor would the United States be independent if James III had been inclined to do anything besides pick his. These facts are of common knowledge.

In recent times men have resorted more than ever to this form of recreation, mainly for the personal satisfaction derived from it. It is the contention of this committee that it also affords material benefits, which we herewith enumerate:

1. Picking the nose spreads and also otherwise enlarges the nostrils to the end that more fresh air may be consumed in a given length of time with a minimum of effort.

2. To pick efficiently, the arm must be raised a considerable distance, and held there for some time. While the actual picking process is going on, it is our contention that the muscles of the arm are considerably benefited by this exercise. In most cases this applies to both arms, because most men are ambidexterous in this respect.

3. Linen handkerchiefs do not wear out so quickly, and may be worn longer with one washing. In time it may be possible to dispense with them entirely. It is just as simple to flick any residue off the tip of the finger into the wind as it is to wipe it off on a cloth.

4. The tips of the fingers are kept soft and moist, making it much more simple to do an efficient job of cleaning the finger nails.

5. The simple act of picking the nose often relieves nervous tension. This is especially true of bashful men, for it gives them an occupation that requires concentration and thus will allow them to look nonchalant.

6. It relieves itching if the nose happens to itch.

7. It is a form of art that develops grace and dexterity, especially if one is careful to curl the little finger correctly.

8. Lastly, it provides a pastime that is a cheap form of entertainment—not only for the pickee, but for any chance spectators. This saves untold sums of money that would otherwise be spent foolishly, and thus reduces the national debt." Unquote.

4

Marjorie Gustafson contributes the following:

It's high time someone said something about how to give up smoking cigarettes. I don't know anyone better qualified to write on this subject than I am. You see in Maiden Rock we raise considerable tobacco as well as rattlesnakes. I like to give up smoking cigarettes and furthermore, I have had quite a bit of experience, having quit 14 times this week.

This is my procedure:

1. I wait until I have smoked up all the cigarettes I have on hand before I decide to quit.

2. Then I buy a fresh pack so I won't think about not having any cigarettes.

3. It usually turns out that it's a shame to see them get stale.

I'll admit that its a pretty good way, especially if you like to quit often; but as far as I know there are only two sure-fire ways to quit smoking cigarettes, but I don't like a pipe and cigars are too expensive.

THE SORDID VERSE

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 Cinemagnate .. Burnker Glider.

12

In response to urgent requests from Doctor Williams, the editors have decided to publish an editorial on the foreign situation. Copies will be sent to our idols, Adolph and Benny.

Reports have it that Adolph doesn't play fair and that Benny has an ace up his britches but it needs no more than a drunken leer to find there's more to poker than that. As the game actually went (this is an informational editorial if the history department doesn't object) Nev didn't play it as well as he might either.

The game at Munich, with Adolph Benny, Eddy, and Nev, the bounding bunny of Europe, sitting in, was for high stakes and one night only.

Each fed the kitty with a few ships and many speeches, and Adolph dealt. Nev laid his cards on the table and Eddy had only the Duce of hearts. Benny was dealt a full house and Adolph played the deck.

As the pot continued to sicken; Ben decided to stick in two of his six-inch battleships. Nev retaliated by knight-ing Eddy. The ante continued to rise until eight-inch battleships were agreed on as the limit. Adolph, never satisfied with three halves, decided to pour in the best of the Rhineland. As the pot was now much more viscous Nev opened his umbrella, which he exhibited last month to his friend Joe as an excellent device for landing deep in an enemy's territory.

At last with his britches bulging with aces, Adolph called a snow-down. As the hands were layed out Nev attempted a little palmistry. His success was highly questionable as a-piece-of-cement, unless it be in the Magniot line, cannot beat Miss Czechoslovakai for being a stable piece of appropriation. Adolph's guns won over Nev's butter to give the entire pot, including the ring around the edge and the cover, to bluffer Adolph.

Nev came home in a barrel shaking hands with himself for finishing the game without calling Adolph's bluff.

All the kibitzers said the game wasn't over, but Nev was too embarrassed to hear.

At last after another game Nev took a shot of mountain dew and demanded the deal. At last reports Adolph was patting Nev on the back shouting, "My Fran, the game's over."

25

Miss Dorothy House and a number of the teachers from the River Falls Teachers college and Senator Hunt motored to Madison last Saturday where they attended a badminton tournament given by Tarorba Chi Omega fraternity. Miss House also visited the State Capitol and many other places of interest—Prescott Journal.

7



Having decided that the institution needs a fresh supply of young, well-fed, virile, undegreed, gangling, oil-stationed, cafeteria-trained, N.Y.A.-ed, window-washing, barn-shining, leaf-raking athletes we, The Athletic Council, have decided to sell at public auction in the Women's Social Room last Saturday, April 1, the following described property, to-wit:

- 5 bleary-eyed cows fed on well-fermented corn at least three successive winters.
- 1 sire—good as new.
- 1 manure spreader (Here's your chance, Hank)
- 6 mangy cats.
- 10 house-broke swine.
- 1 box signed ballots on "Movie Projector."
- 4 shovels (an opportunity for you, Ward)
- 4 Voice editors gone bezerk.
- 20 helpings of spinach flavored with kerosene from the cafe.
- 3 books by Wm. Faulkner.
- Complete Student Voice equipment (un-needed after this issue)
- 1 experienced football captain "flutterbutt."
- 1 romantic athlete (answers to the name of "Bill")
- 1 leg-weary full-back and urchin.
- 1 military end (Colonel—not by Heil)

The auctioneers will be Bud Winberg and "Coke" Jackman with Cliff Bohmback as clerk.

Free lunch at midnight: pretzels and suds.

15

Wanted—A ten gallon tea pot full of tea.—Feg McDermott.

Wanted—Someone with nerve to ask Bill Bartz for my pants which I left in North hall gym.—Miriam Cairns.

Wanted—To be alone.—Betty Lou Stanley.

Wanted—Someone (preferably a male) on whom to try the recipes in my cook book.—Florence Schmidt.

Wanted—Fragrant flowers which I can sit and smell all day, preferably in Malott's room.—Lenore Anderson.

Wanted—A derrick to lift Romain from the "dumps."—Muriel Taylor.

Wanted—Someone to put a bell on Amy so we know she's coming.—Student Body.

Wanted—A lease on Tommy.—Helen Hickox.

Wanted—To be of age.—Gordy Jackman.

Wanted—Less Coca Colas.—Clarence Stolt.

27

Voice reporter sneezes all as insiders cough up.— Read this tissue to learn:

Who stole those copies of Falkner from the library.

Whether Thoeny went to church Sunday with Rotier or House.

How the GOP balanced its books.

Why Ed Stone washed his hands.

How the library pays its income tax.

Whom Ruth Phillips really loves.

When Chesty "Ping-Pong" Johnson officially opened the park season.

Which prof was seen getting off the bus about three months ago with a "load" on.

Why Brigham has a wheelbarrow down in the college barns.

How to contact the "Pony Express" for direct service from Hudson.

How to make apple-butter, a touch, A's, money or what do you want to make?

14

Its sad, very sad, our college known throughout the land for our fair librarians and pedigreed Agricultural teachers, has come to a sorry pass.

With the spring salt-us (soltice comes the balmy breezes, dandelions, and green grass. They tell us every man's heart turns to love in the spring, although a minority (we hope) turn to their pocket-books, if they have one.

Disregarding the latter as an abnormal group, without aesthetic taste or a desire for a damn good time, we find a large group suffering from a major problem, prevalent to our campus.

University of Wisconsin has its Conservatory Hill, Minnesota has its lover's lane. Alas! R. F. S. T. C. lacks in this age-old convenience for the tired student.

Of course, there is the winding road past the barns, but the aroma is hardly inducive to the modern pitch-



ers of woo. Someone mentioned the city park as an ideal spot for amateur Romeos and Juliets, but then one must remember the ever probing lights of automobiles. Others have mentioned the mound for this sort of sport, while this portion of the local topography has its advantages, the question of transportation always arises. (The room-mates car needs a license.)

Gentlemen, these facts present a major problem. It would be a great service to the students and others attending the school if someone would solve this problem.

16

Spring's here so I've ben told, There's evidence for proof. With cats a serenading, And boys a playing goofs.

With Ed Stone as dear old Romeo, And this Beige girl Juliet, These two young modern actors Just make a swell duet.

Miss Maud Latta has not found, That spring is on its way, She's still, assigning history maps, Dozens by the day.

Boys can't play hokey any more, Herr Whitenack's smelled a rat. They have to make their German up For being "sick" like that.

With shuttlecocks a flying, In that badminton sport, You ought to see La Vernia, In those satin shorts (.Oh boy)

Fred Sweger is a harmless boy, For he's a preacher's lad. But I have found out mighty quick With girls he's just the fad.

With some Bing Crosby is the rage, Others favor Eddy's line. Give me Gene Egan's tuneful voice At anyplace and anytime.

Mr. Hanna will I know Criticize this enough But I must go here three more years To learn this English stuff.

To you the Student Body, We've made some awful cracks. But please forgive our nutty staff We're all a bunch of quacks!

2



Into the court of Pierce County, Misconception, one day, came Miss Amy Fuller, the attorney for the day. Behind her, in humble hallucinations came her clients. They were Miss Lieneman, Ruth Milbrath, Nevin White, Muriel Taylor and others of great importance.

Slowly and gracefully Miss Fuller pleaded for the cause of her clients, all of them suing for to fatten their pocketbooks. It was revealed that Miss Lieneman had recently been asked to jump rope and had graciously consented. She was demanding payment from College Hall for the two bottles of linament she had been forced to buy for her stiff muscles. However, the question pertaining to the case culminated in one problem. "Was it tight—the rope."

Ruth Milbrath, in her social work in the campaign for bigger and better horse doctors, had sold Dr. Owens some medicine for his chickens. The Dr., thinking it would not hurt him if he took a liberal portion himself, was unable to make his first hour class the next morning. Miss Milbrath vigorously maintained that the bottle was well labeled.

Nevin White, according to Miss Fuller, was attacking the Ford Motor Company. On Friday evening last, he was forced to push his Ford half way down main street because it failed to operate. The hour was one o'clock. In the fresh air buggy the lovely Madeline Lyons sat with a forlorn smile upon her lips, pondering, perhaps, as to whether or not she should call for assistance.

Miss Fuller, when asked by the judge upon what authority she had got her information to plead for her clients, went into some length as to just how thoroughly she read the River Falls Journal and that she had actually read a hole right through one issue.

"Rozy" appeared on the scene and brought suit against the Hudson Star-Observer, for they told the story that "Robert Roznal" ran a band clinic in River Falls.

And so the court adjourned. The clients took up a collection and paid Miss Fuller four cents over which she and Norman Soderstrom fought for two weeks. Sody finally won out, and he laughed and laughed, for he knew that little Amy couldn't go out on four cents.

10

Advance assembly programs for the next few weeks are being planned by various committees on the campus. The program for some Tuesday is planned by the committee of harmonious relations.

A most appropriate opening for a program sponsored by this committee is a duet by that affectionate pair, Miss Dorothy M. House, noted culture soprano, and Mr. Kenneth LaDuc, badminton yodler. They will sing two numbers, *Get Out of Town* and *I Get Along Without You Very Well*.

This opening number will be followed by an interpretation of the "Sleep Walking Scene" from *Lady Macbeth* by Cliff "Flash" Bohmback. Mr. Floyd "Swede" Olson will sing "I Must See Annie Tonight," accompanied by Leo.

Mr. Glen Crowley, unusually adept in the art of making difficult things run smoothly will oil the bearings of the audience by rendering *Lardo* from Benjamin "Corn State" Kettelkamp's *Hog Symphony in C flat Minor*. The purpose of this song is to prepare the audience for the featured speaker of the day, Mr. Burton Lowry Swan, who will address the student body on the subject, "The Right and the Wrong Way to Polish Apples."

The final number on the program will be two songs, *I've Got Rhythm* and *Anything Can Swing* by a chorus composed of Niles Grunke, Bill Mills, John Harrison, Harold Patton, John Lowe, Swede Olson, Bill Lane, Helen Brunner, Mildred Russ, Rilla Rosenberg, Ardis Dixon, Ester Jensen, Marion I. Johnson, LeVernia Jorgenson, and Helen Herbert.

Eyes Examined
Glasses Fitted
and Repaired



Dr. G. J. Phillips
Optometrist

Meals Lunches
BUY FRESH BAKERY
at
WENZEL'S
CAFE and BAKERY
Ice Cream Confectionery



Garnat's Candy

Johnston's on

box of

Remember your friends at
Easter Time with a nice delicious

S p n o r t s

Chinese Checkers
Pocket Pool
Athletes Feet



Sports Enthusiasts Go South For First Spring Work Outs

By all prevalent indications it appears that spring workouts have started earlier this season. With the culmination of the davenport wrestling season on account of weather conditions, the boys and girls have once again lengthened their stride and gone south to the village park.

A varied sports program will be carried on in the park this spring. Fundamentals will be stressed for the benefit of the rookie freshmen. Upper classmen, having had one year of spring drill, will stress only the more serious and technical points involved. Freshmen will study such things as: the lay of the land; how to keep out from under street lights; and how to avoid crowds. Upper-classmen will work on the more technical points such as: the value of curves; tackling; pitching a little w--; making passes; gaining ground; dummy practice; and wrestling.

Practice this year will follow the same routine as in former years, having couples work out together as teams. Prominent team couples back from last year's squads include: Silver Tarpey and Ruthie, Elmer and Eunice Shuttlecock, and Coach and Nonie. Prospects who look like they will make the grade this season include: Nevin and Maddy, Ed and Ann, and Jack and Vonnie.

Under the able guidance of coach Mother Nature, some versatile teams ought to be developed.

26

Walking up the front walk to the hospital, Nooky had both his hands tightly folded around the pink tissue wrapped bouquet. He opened the hospital door, slowly and somewhat hesitantly. The heavy ether heaviness stuck to his throat. Behind the general information desk, a buxom attendant in a stiffly starched uniform looked at the pathetic figure.

"How is my wife." He blushed at the weakness of his voice and coughed to clear his throat.

"I have no report as yet" the attendant barked. "You will have to talk to the superintendent on the third floor. Right up the stairway."

The drug smell was heavier on the stairs. Nooky was nervous...frightfully so. The he-man athlete was weakening. He pressed the bouquet tighter to his stomach. On the third floor, the smiling nurse at the desk had a big cloud of ether-smoke around her head.

"My wife, she's all right" he stuttered. His voice grew wilder. Where is she? I want to see her right away."

"Certainly, you're the father of a bouncing baby girl. Your wife is sleeping. Sit down and when she's awake, we'll call you."

"Ohhhhhh" his voice came out rushing like the air from a balloon. He shifted the flowers and sickly grasped the nurses hands. "Its our first child, you know."

He sank into one of the chairs at the end of the hall, thinking sweet reverent thoughts about fatherhood, motherhood, and bouncing daughters.

"Mr. Blank, your wife is awake now. You may come in. The baby is there too.

Ether smell...big clouds of it... came circling down from everywhere. The nurse was wearing an innertube of ether smell around her head. He watched it grow...Grow and GROW. Blinking his eyes, he tried to pierce the innertube and make out the nurse's face. He strained for control of the twitching face muscles. "Do you mind if I sit here for just a moment. The ether-smell...I'll be ready in a moment. The strain has been terrific. I am a little nervous. You see it's my first child."

Fans Baseball School Opens Today

Place—Fandom College, Apacouchie, Florida; Characters: Professor Ball and baseball fan students.

Prof. Ball—Well the first thing every fan should know is how to refer to the opposing players. Can any one tell me what they are called?

A Lady Fan—I can, Prof., but I don't use such language.

A Fan—I know, a lot of bums.

Prof.—Correct. Now the next important axiom you must know is that the umpire is always wrong when he decides against the home club.

A Fan—But what if he's right?

Prof.—A baseball umpire is never right unless, of course, he decides in favor of your team.

Another Fan—But how about when the crook misses a strike, Prof.?

Prof.—That comes in the chapter on the Terminology for Umpires. We'll take that up now. Whenever the "ump" misses a strike on your pitcher, he's a Blind Bat, not a crook. He becomes a crook only when his decision threatens the loss of the game for your team.

A Lady Fan—Isn't he a dirty porch-climber then, Prof.?

A Fan—How about calling him a second-story worker?

Prof.—Both terms are permissible, but the educated fan uses them in the proper place.

A Fan—But Prof when do we throw our pop-bottles?

Prof.—Never. It is old fashioned because it conceals all the new names.

A Lady Fan—When do we jump up on our seats, Prof.?

Prof.—That is properly done, Miss Fanette, only in moments of excitement and close plays. This is the best time to obstruct the view of those behind.

A Fan—But don't we ever have the fun of bawling out our own players?

Prof.—There is a good chance when he kicks a grounder or gets caught stealing. And now we come to peanuts. Where is the best place to throw the shells.

A Fan—Down the neck of the fan in front of you.

Prof.—Excellent, and when his collar is tight, put them in his hat.

Another Fan—But when do we bust his hat?

Prof.—The best time is a homer with the bases full, although be sure the owner is smaller or older than you.

A Lady Fan—I notice that on a close play at the plate the fans in the bleachers always yell the loudest. Is that correct?

Prof.—Yes, because the fan's vision unlike the umpire, increases in the exact ratio of his distance from the play.

A Fan—Is our star slugger always a hero, Prof.?

Prof.—No. When he fans with three on, give him the razzberry. And that brings up the difference in American and English fans.

Fan—Don't they give the cricket players the razzberry?

Prof.—No. They just say, well tried, old chap, well tried.

Lady Fan—But isn't it cricket when you bawl out the poor player?

Prof.—Hell no, Lady, that's baseball.

\$3.50 Meal Ticket \$3.00

Sundaes
Ice Cream Bars
Newlyweds
Cherrios
Drumsticks

College Grill

Larry G. Selvig



Beartracks At Five

Laurence "Beartracks" Selvig first saw the light of day one night in the City of Amery, a metropolis known for its "old cowhands" and "Holstein Highballs." In fact Larry was strictly dieted on the luscious stream of fluid which is solely obtained from appendages situated on the under surface of the bovine species. "Tracks" says "Moo extract made me the man I am to hyphen day. Outside of that, I ain't sayin' seel." He also instructed me to say, "Hello, ma."

Slav, the Fred Astaire of the campus, is nationally known as the Tiddle-de-Winks champion of River Falls Tech. His affiliation with the Plumbers' Union has placed him among the immortals of the stage and bathroom. Only recently he was presented with a ten year contract on the radio after his audition at the Buckhorn.

Like the rest of the males, Larry has finally condescended to "give the girls a break" and has definitely proven himself a Clark Gable with the fairer sex.

When it comes to philosophers, old Plato just has to take a back seat. Larry's views on life, as a liberal, have been thoroughly discussed by foremost educators and found to be undisputable although probably disputable.

Toward the end of our most interesting interview, Mr. Selvig informed me that he planned on settling down on a nice chicken ranch so that he could feather his nest. Undoubtedly this saga of the campus will some day, in the near future, bring fame to his beloved Alma Mater and be placed on a pedestal in the Hall of Future Farmers.

Committee To Select All-American

This past week Saturday, April 1, the RFSTC Athletic Association (composed of M. D. Geere, I. Hathorn, O. M. Hanna, and J. I. Malott as well as a few other sport's luminaries of the campus) met to select the outstanding athlete in each sports event sponsored by the MIM during the past season. The voting was very close, and several separate ballots were required before the final winners could be chosen. According to good authority Bert Swan and Ted Setterquist, incidentally both members of the association, received the votes in every event. However, after much debating, these two entries were ruled out because of their professional connections. As you probably know, Mr. Swan has been entering several meets under the colors of the "Williams, Swan Coffee Company," and Ted has performed in several events under the sponsorship of "Hercules Bleaching Compound and Color Restorer."

In the next ballot several new names appeared but one of these was also ruled out because of professionalism. Kettelkamp, that attractive marble-top wizard of the blades was forced to give up his skating title because of his affiliations with "Kill-or-Kure, Incorporated."

On the final ballot the following men (and mice) were chosen, and they may now be considered as the outstanding athletes at River Falls.

Sports Roundups

"Bear Tracks" Selvig's sturdy five year old, son of "Fox Trot", was adjudged the outstanding race horse of '38-39 after winning the River Falls' steeple chase, the Beldenville Derby, and the Pierce County Handicap over select fields.

"Shadow" Hermanson, since turned professional at the Owen's Country Club, was awarded the title in the field of golf, after successfully defending his title in the Kinnickinnic Open with a score of 362½. (Incidentally, the judges were somewhat hesitant in giving this award as no score was recorded on the last eight holes of this event.)

John Tarpey, aggressive forward on the Phillips quintet, (not to be confused with the famous quintet from Callendar) was selected the most valuable player to his team, in basketball.

"Tarzan" Retzlaff, the school's heavyweight boxing champion who blasted Frank Welsh, last year's title holder, out in the first round of their championship battle was the only unanimous choice in the group.

Nev White won out over a large field to take the mythical wrestling title of the college. Many other prominent names were mentioned, among them LaDuć, Wills and Red Jones (if you censor this Jones, your a coward), but "My Boy" won by a narrow margin according to official sources, the judges' decision swung to White after he lasted four months (I mean rounds) with a Lyon.

"Boon" Hermanson, only colored man to win recognition this year, was presented with the ping-pong title as a result of his fine showing in the "Platinum Paddle" tournament held in the local field house. This award comes on the tail of another fine honor bestowed recently on Mr. Hermanson. For those of you interested, Roger was just appointed Admiral of Dictator Jerney's Nigger Fleet now stationed in war torn China somewhere south of Prescott.

One honorary title was presented, this going to Ward Randles and "Nooky" Blank for their outstanding job in handling the Class C basketball tournament held here recently. They have been given the positions of official scorer and timekeeper in all athletic events for the coming year. The judges, however, felt it necessary to include one conditional clause. Blank is required to be able to count to eight in as many minutes, and Randles must be able to distinguish between a cross and a circle.

After the results were announced, Chairman Rozehnal read the following poem which was dedicated by the R club to the less fortunate members of the school (or are they, you be the judge.)

WHY?

You're not a football hero,
You've no use for basketball,
At the manly art of boxing
You do not rate at all.
You cannot pitch a baseball,
You could never make the crew,
But still you rate with all the girls
'Cause you're tops at pitching -- woo.

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"Certain shortening materials have freshening characteristics," says a renowned beauty expert of the campus. To prove her statement, Miss Anonymous has substituted Spry for cold cream. It is even more effective as we shall show you as we quote the expert, herself.

"People have previously believed that the surest way to a man's heart is via his stomach. In this day and age, however, almost every woman uses friend husband as the guinea pig for her experiments in culinary art. This new era has brought forth a need for a new technique of 'getting your man'.

"Girls, don't be content to follow the old way. Use this new double-duty beauty treatment for greater success.

"The directions for preparing this beauty treatment are: get a jar of your favorite cold cream; remove one-half of the contents into another empty jar; fill both of the jars with Spry; mix the two ingredients well; and set them away for a few days.

"When the mixture is ready for use, rub it generously over the body. After your skin oozes oil, cover well with bath powder.

Here is the advantage of such a treatment. The oily surface created by the Spry will hold more well-perfumed powder on the skin, and the odor of the Spry itself will enchant the boy-friend into a proposal."

For further information see H. Brunner.

28

It had come. It, being Wednesday morning—the morning I had been dreading had arrived. Dreaded because on this day I would know. "Will he or won't he?" It was my first thought on waking that morning. He, in this case, was handsome, rather tall, and not at all dark.

All through breakfast his face danced before my eyes. I could barely see to eat my oatmeal (which I am eating in the hope of attaining that Ruthie Phillips complexion) and drink my orange juice.

I glanced at the clock and noticed that it was already 8:30. That meant I'd have to start on that weary trek to North hall for my 8:55 class. The thought kept running through my head "will he or won't he?"—and then I'll know this morning!" That thought slowed me down. I walked slowly, contemplating what the results would be if he did. I could feel tingles of excitement running up and down my back.

Ever slower and slower I walked in the hope of keeping off the fatal decision. I looked at my wrist watch—exactly ten minutes to nine. The last three blocks were covered in 30 second flat—or nearly 30 seconds—well, anyway I went pretty fast.

I panted up the steps of North hall—up to the second floor and into my classroom seat. "Gee," I whispered to the girl next to me, "Will he or won't he?" "Will he or won't he, what?" "Why give us a Zoology test!" says I.

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19

The table between them is littered with half a dozen glasses and an ash tray which has overflowed long ago. His glass is a third full of stale coke, and he swirls it around, making a whirlpool on the sides of the glass.

She has a powder daub just under one ear, and her lipstick, though very thin is getting pretty spotty, as she occasionally leans over him with that maddening possessive air of a woman with the man she wants.

The whirlpool climbs a little too high and he spills some on the table. She gives him a mock scolding, pulls out a paper napkin, wipes off the table in an assertive manner. She doesn't give a darn how coke-slopped the table is, but she wants to impress him with her neatness. She couldn't make out this innocent creature with his Bay City background.

"You know, you're different from any girl I've ever known. Honest, Harriet the girls down at Bay City are positively vulgar..." Nervously Johnny then became very intent on spearing a cigarette in the ash-tray.

"You don't really mean that." She flutters her eyelashes and looks down.

"Most girls talk about such silly things that are...well more important. I wish I dared ask you for a date...just a pleasant social one.



I'm perfectly trustworthy. Johnny then puddled the bottom of his glass very absordedly.

"Why don't you dare. "She conjures up another blush.

"Well I don't know...but...well..." He trails off weakly but she doesn't say anything. "Could I see you tonight, Probably not do much. But we could be alone and talk."

She remembers that she already has a date. "I'm terribly sorry but I must practice my violin tonight. Her voice is wistful. "Wouldn't you care to see me tomorrow."

Well...he remembers that he should study his course in hog-breeding. He fell down to the B level the term before. He looks up at her. So different she is. That flutter of the eyelashes again. "Sure, I want to see you tomorrow. That would be great." Johnny has lived up. This was the beginning of the real thing. "To hell with my course."

The old man at the next booth gets up disgustedly and picks up his check. As he walks out he mutters, "Why doesn't someone tell the damn fool a few things."

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Continued from some page

John Christenson versus Donna Campbell.

Elmer Henhe versus Tress O'Brien.

Walter Gronning versus Dorothy Household.

Chauncey Meacham versus Miss Mitchell, better known as the kitchen made of the Spring Valley Municipal Hospital.

Howard Deitz versus Muriel Taylor.

Thomas Ronningen versus Miss Loeb.

If the interested parties will see me directly following the collection on Easter Sunday, I would be glad to give my services for a slight consideration. Rev. G. Henning Erickson
Paid Advertisement

20

Oh! Spring, the glorious, glorious spring! That glamorous season of seasons when the buds start budding, the flowers flowering, and the grass starts grassing or sumpin. The season when everyone thinks he's a poet and the young man' fancies lightly turn to thoughts of the weather. But best of all, it is the season when we are visited again by the millions, I mean



thousands, hundreds, dozens; well, anyhow a few of our feathered friends, the birds, as they return from Palm Beach, Miami, the Los-Angeles Exposition, or wherever they were while we pure, unfortunate mortals were freezing to death in the North. There are Bobbins, Leadowmarks, the White Cardinals, the Thrusts, the Poodweckers, and the Deerkills, and many more. Most familiar of all, though, are those very queer, lopsided birds called the Hitch-hikers.

A funya bird am this Hitch-hiker. He never migrates except in warm weather. The males of the species seem to be the biggest migrator, and they move mostly on weak ends, especially just before a holiday. Then one may observe a long line of them perched along the highway just outside the city limits. Although they have two wings, they use only one which they flap frantically but only when a car approaches.

Many motorists consider them nuisances. In fact, their presense is prohibited by law in some counties. If they are caught, they are apt to be slapped in the cooler. It is thought that that is where the current favorite, *He's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage* originated. It is a hard-hearted motorist indeed who can pass up a long line of them without consenting to pick up at least one, thereby helping him reach his destination.

These birds assume many sizes and descriptions. But whether they be tall, short, fat, or thin, they most always carry something which resembles a suitcase in which it is thought that they carry all of their belongings from bed blankets to toothbrushes. Sometimes these are carried only as a blind.

In behalf of these birds, I wish to say, if you see them when going home, please be kind to them. They are really harmless and might become extinct if not treated right.

The Big Four in Drinks
CLEO COLA
"Queen of Sparkling Drinks"
BUBBLE UP
"A Lively Bracer"
WHISTLE

"Thirsty? Just Whistle"
Bell Boy Root Beer
"The Real Old Time Flavor"
All Healthy Size 12 oz.
5c
Save Bell Boy Bottle Caps
for Free Pop

23

Ever since Kenneth Le Duc, the Chippewa flash, learned that dogs get ugly when they know you're afraid of them and that they can tell when you're afraid of them by your secretions, he has been having a heck of a time because he gets to thinking that they know he's afraid of them because of the way he's secreting and then he gets more afraid and secretes harder which makes them uglier which makes him more afraid which makes him secrete until it runs in trickles off his forehead even in the winter.

Well, the point of this is that Le Duc gets badly tangled up with his female companions. Saturday night, for instance, he had three on the string. He didn't want Maggie to find out about Doris and his affair in Johnson's; hence his secretions got the best of him. Since he tried to make believe he wasn't afraid of Maggie, he secreted all the more when Miss Pitts demanded an explanation and he became all the more afraid and secreted harder which made him awfully afraid which made him secrete until it ran in trickles off his forehead.

Anyway Mr. Le Duc is a faithless wretch even if he does go to church. How about bringing in a hog or a chicken on that subscription?

Johnny Harrison is reported to have found a pair of women's unmentionables on a recent tour. The owner may have same by identifying them and paying for this ad.

17

This authentic novel of American culture leads us to suspect that, after all, what is the use? Undoubtedly influenced by the lacy fantasy of Faulkner and the dreamy, mystical qualities of Dos Passos, this novel might well be classed with Robert

Your Legs Will Look So Lovely



PHOENIX
Vita-Bloom
HOSIERY

This new Phoenix Personality Color called INTRIGUE will do things for you! It's a delightful toasted tan to wear with your Copper and Mahogany costume shades. And — so glowing . . . so soft and yet so attractive to the eye! See Intrigue in 2, 3 and 4-thread weights

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HOSIERY, TOO

Nathan's One More Spring.

As the story opens, we find the hero in his club, waiting for a taxi. It is early morning. As he finishes his breakfast, he sets down his glass and walks unsteadily away from the bar; he is overcome with emotion. He turns as he hears the voice of the heroine, Lotta Klass, calling from beneath the nearest table. She was stiff in the joints and unable to walk. The next thing we know they are married and living in a penthouse on Fifth Avenue.

It s 1929 A. D. (after dark) the stock markets had crashed and the hero and heroine have been turned out in the streets. After proving that he is a college graduate he obtains a position as garbage inspector at the city dump. Pleased at being able to prove his true worth and make use of his qualifications for a cultured society, the hero finds a real and lasting satisfaction in his work. His wife, glad to be free of the artificial society of which she was formerly a member, becomes a dance hall hostess with hopes of someday running a fourteen game. As the story closes, the pair are again happy and care-free, and we leave them eating dinner at a free lunch counter.

18

Success! As the smoke from the last bombs cleared away this morning the crimson hammer and sickle was seen floating gently from the top of North hall. Seen hanging from the portals of South hall was the effigy of Justin "Adolph" Williams from whose office the unsuccessful counter revolution was directed. The effigy swayed rhythmically to a corny rendition of the Internationale by Miller's corned up music murderers.

As the reporter entered his office Comrade Prexy gave the sign of the clenched fist and in a voice shaking with commotion announced that henceforth everyone would get C's; that punch boards paying off places on the Honor roll would be placed in the smoking room and that despite violent protests from Comrade Crowley, everyone would have equal opportunity to say "much about nothing" in class.

In response to a petition circulated by Gene Laurent and other stars of the YMCA basketball team, positions on varsity squads will be rotated so that everyone including Ruth Tarpey and Blank will be allowed to play.

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Falls Theatre

RIVER FALLS, WIS.

FRIDAY

240 Reasons Why You Should See
Madeleine Carroll Henry Fonda
In
"BLOCKADE"

SATURDAY

Matinee 2:30 p. m.
120 Reasons Why You Should See GENE AUTRY in
Lynn Bari June Gale
In
"PARDON OUR NERVE"

Sun., Mon., Tues.

Sunday, Matinee 3:00 p. m.
MICKEY ROONEY

In
"The Adventures of
Huckleberry Finn"

COMEDY

NEWS EVENTS

Wednesday and Thursday

Loretta Young Warner Baxter

In

"Wife, Husband, Friend"

COMEDY

NEWS EVENTS

NEXT WEEK

Joan Crawford James Stewart
"ICE FOLLIES"