

1927

## Flamingo Vol. IX N 6

George MacDonald  
*Denison University*

Orville Smrcina  
*Denison University*

William Randel  
*Denison University*

Blair Willison  
*Denison University*

Richard Canary  
*Denison University*

*See next page for additional authors*

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.denison.edu/flamingo>

 Part of the [American Popular Culture Commons](#), and the [English Language and Literature Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

MacDonald, George; Smrcina, Orville; Randel, William; Willison, Blair; Canary, Richard; Shumaker, Clyde; Folkerth, Phoebe; and Coffman, Emma (1927) "Flamingo Vol. IX N 6," *Flamingo*: Vol. 9 : No. 6 , Article 1.  
Available at: <http://digitalcommons.denison.edu/flamingo/vol9/iss6/1>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Flamingo by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

---

# Flamingo Vol. IX N 6

**Authors**

George MacDonald, Orville Smrcina, William Randel, Blair Willison, Richard Canary, Clyde Shumaker, Phoebe Folkerth, and Emma Coffman



# Si the • flamingo



Leap  
Year  
Issue

GEORGE  
J. NEWMAN





# January Reduction

— ON —

## Dresses Coats Fur Coats

# 1 2

PRICE

4th Floor

### MEYER LINDORF CO.

NEWARK, OHIO

JUST RECEIVED—OUR FIRST SPRING  
SHIPMENT OF

# Tudor Hall

## CLOTHES

*the College Type*

With One or Two Trousers

### \$35

With One or Two Trousers

IN NEW SPRING TONES AND PATTERNS

NEW TOPCOATS NEW HATS NEW CAPS

NEWARK, O.

### The HERMANN Co.

CLOTHIERS

NEWARK, O.

"The Store where Quality and Service count."

### DON'T YOU FORGET

— IT —

You Surely Will Unless You  
JOT IT DOWN

in a

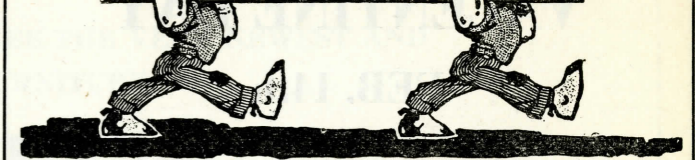
5-YEAR LINE-A-DAY BOOK or  
DAY-BY-DAY DAIRY

Five Minutes a Day Make the Memories Stay  
START NOW—WITH THE NEW  
YEAR

### THE UNIVERSITY STORE

GRANVILLE PHONE 8926

### BUILDING Headquarters



WHEN YOU WANT

### Lumber, Cement, Lime or Plaster

Call the

### R. B. WHITE LUMBER CO.

Phone 8166

Granville

"Famous for Service"

"There goes our phone."

"Well, I told you to close that door."

—Ohio State Sun Dial.

—flamingo—

"Then we're engaged?"

"Of course."

"And am I the first girl you ever loved?"

"No, dear, but I'm harder to suit now than I  
used to be." —Arizona Kittykat.

### THE FLAMINGO

Published by Students of Denison University, Granville, O.

Office at Jolley's

Nine issues per college year

Subscription Price:

Two dollars the year, twenty-five cents the copy.

Entered as second class matter at the post office,

Granville, Ohio

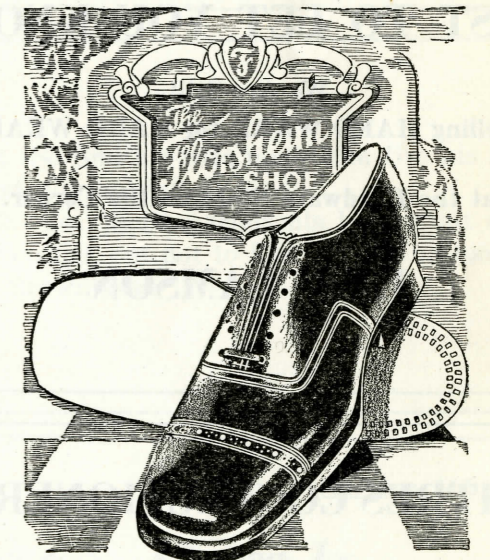
Printed by The Courier Co., Zanesville, Ohio

Engraving by Newark Engraving Co., Newark, Ohio.

VOL. IX

JANUARY, 1928

No. 6



Sold Exclusively at

### EAGLE'S

"GOOD SHOES"

IN THE ARCADE

NEWARK, OHIO



## VALENTINE DAY

FEB. 14th

The most appreciated of all Valentines, is a beautiful corsage or a bouquet of the freshest of flowers. Delivered before classes.

## ANKELE FLORAL CO.

Phone 8218  
117 THRESHER STREET  
One Block West Stone Hall

## JUST TO LET YOU KNOW

We Are Still  
Selling HARD WARE for HARD WEAR  
at the Hardware Store on the Corner.

H. E. LAMSON

## MITRES CONFECTIONERY

BEST

SODA

BY TEST

DINNERS AND LUNCHES  
EAST SIDE OF THE SQUARE

## IRA E. PERRY

STAPLE AND FANCY  
GROCERIES

Phone 8230  
GRANVILLE, OHIO

He calls his former roommate Dempsey, because he didn't come back.

—flamingo—

Once upon a time a student took an examination. It was a chemistry exam, than which there are none more absurd. One of the questions was, "Give in detail the process for making mercuric bichloride." In answer to which the student wrote, "God made all things even mercuric bichloride." Imagine his surprise when he received his corrected exam book and read, "God gets the credit. You don't. F—."

—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.

## THE HUT BARBER SHOP

When your best girl says your whiskers stick;  
Go to O. C. Wells, and have them fixed.

## Quality Furniture for Better Homes

WE INVITE YOU TO COME IN AND SEE THE VERY NEWEST AND  
BEST IN GOOD FURNITURE

## CARLILE'S

22 WEST MAIN

"Newark's Dependable Home Furnishers"

NEWARK, OHIO

A co-ed may love a boy from the bottom of her heart but there is always plenty of room at the top for at least one more.—Illinois Siren.

One: "Lend me five on account."  
Another: "Whaddye mean, on account?"  
Some One: "On account of a date."  
—Kitty-Kat.



(ORTHOPHONIC)  
VICTROLAS

NEW RECORDS  
EVERY WEEK  
C. E. WYETH  
40 West Main

Her (at dance): "Wait right here for me, Bill, while I go powder my nose."

Her (three dances later): "Been waiting long?"

Him: "No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact."—Sour Owl.

Click: So Smith's wife made him fire his red-headed stenographer?

Clack: Yes, and he sends his letters out now with "Dictated, but not to Red" at the bottom of them!—Brown Jug.

Capital \$60,000

Surplus \$15,000

## The Peoples State Bank

GRANVILLE, OHIO

UNDER STATE SUPERVISION

JOHN GEACH, Pres.

C. J. LOVELESS, Vice-Pres.

H. L. PIERCE, Cashier



# THE KROGER

## GROCERY AND BAKING CO.

We Appreciate Your Patronage  
ALBERT BROWN, MANAGER

FOR  
PARTIES AND BANQUETS

KAMPUS KORNER  
TEA ROOM

PHONE 8624 MRS. WHITE, HOSTESS

The Best in Drug Store  
Merchandise

Books and Stationery

W. P. ULLMAN & SON  
THE REXALL STORE

"I don't feel like my old self," declared Lame Ike, as he pinched his new cork leg.

—flamingo—

She: "Meet me at the library tonight at seven o'clock."

It: "All right; what time will you be there?"  
—Wabash Caveman.

—flamingo—

"You're wanted on the telephone."

"Tell 'em I'm taking a bath."

"I did, but they said they didn't believe it."

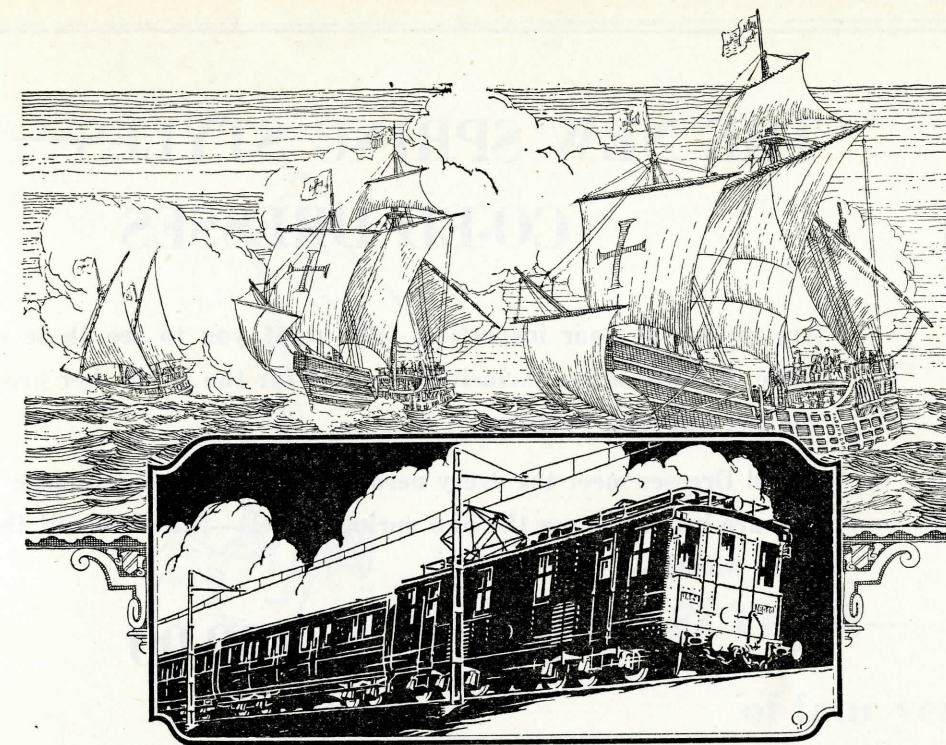
"Then I'd better answer it; it must be somebody who knows me pretty well!"

—Ohio State Sun Dial.

EVERYTHING IS UP TO DATE IN OUR MODERN  
BARBER SHOP AND BEAUTY PARLOR

ALEX ROBERTS, Phone 8606

Marcelling, Permanent, Finger and Water Waving



## America Discovered for \$7200

Old records show that the cost of Columbus' first expedition to America amounted, in modern exchange, to only \$7200. To finance Columbus, Isabella, Queen of Spain, offered to pawn her jewels. Today word comes from Spain indicating that a twentieth century importation from the new world is fast effecting a sufficient saving to ransom many royal jewels. The Spanish Northern Railway reports that the American equipment with which in 1924 the railroad electrified a mountainous section of its lines from Ujo to Pajares has accomplished the following economies:

1. A 55% saving in the cost of power.
2. A reduction of 40% in the number of engine miles for the same traffic handled.
3. A saving of 73½% in the cost of repairs and upkeep for locomotives.
4. A saving of 63% in crew expenses.
5. A reduction of 31% in the cost of moving a ton-kilometer of freight.



The substations, overhead equipment for the complete installation, and six of the twelve locomotives for this particularly difficult and successful electrification were furnished by the General Electric Company. General Electric quality has attained universal recognition; the world over, you will find the G-E monogram on apparatus that is giving outstanding service.

In every part of the world, electricity has replaced less efficient methods and is saving sums far greater than the ransom of a queen's jewels. You will always find it an important advantage in your work and in your home.

350-32 DH  
**GENERAL ELECTRIC**  
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK





### THE NEW SPRING STYLES— CO-ED DRESSES

Are ready for your inspection. We want you to see these new styles while they are new—exclusively created for the girl in her growing teens and her knowing twenties.

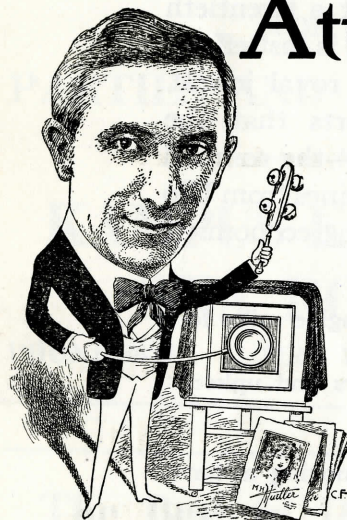
Co-Ed Dresses meet the every need of the fashion-wise College Miss. You are invited to see the new spring models—priced to suit the purse of every woman—

**\$15.00 to \$28.00**

**THE W. H. MAZEY COMPANY**

NEWARK, OHIO

### Attention—Denison Students

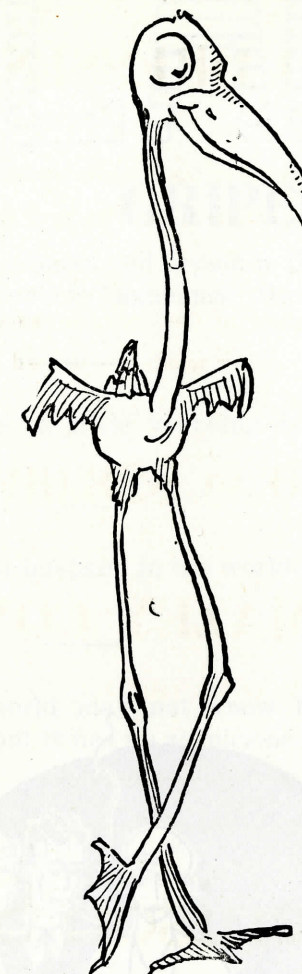


PHOTOGRAPHS  
ANYWHERE  
ANY TIME

PHONE  
Studio 24921

THE M.H. *Mueller Studio*  
35 ARCADE  
*Newark*  
O.

PHONE  
Residence 24675



### REFLECTIONS—

of four years  
ago aside—

Fearing the worst

Hoping for the best

This issue of the Flamingo  
is expectantly dedicated to  
Leap Year—on our campus.

Volume IX, No. 6





"Hank should be a baggage man."  
 "How come?"  
 "He knows all the fraternity grips."

# FLAMINGO

## GRIPES AND GROANS

Our idea of an embarrassed person is the lesser half of the first couple to "announce" this year.

Many a self-made man knocked off work too soon.

Remember girls, a little yearning is a dangerous thing.

Most fraternity troubles start over a blond or a brunette.

Eve had the best husband in the world—at that time.

Most women would rather be envied than educated.

One-half the world may not know how the other half lives—but it has its suspicions.

Pretention is the confession that you are ashamed of what you are.

If marriages are actually made in heaven, it's a strange coincidence that the rich guys always happen to get the prettiest girls.

We wonder if the arms of Venus were cut off because of the homely elbows.

Many brides will find that Leap Year has its shortcomings as well as the others.

By this time next year, all co-eds should be happy.

Some women look like a million dollars and are just as hard to make.

This is the day of aviation. Let studies fly where they may.

Our idea of a perfect chaperone is one who permits kissing right under her nose.

We suppose there will be a maple sugar shortage this year since the Vermont sap does not choose to run.

Our prize this month goes to the Newark belle who insisted we hadn't given our right names after she saw a volume of "From Beowulf to Thomas Hardy" on the desk and thought it was a Christmas present.

A job-seeker, like a football team, is often handicapped by a rotten line.

We wonder if another sorority will appear on the campus after the recent quarantine has been lifted.

We hear that the reason Lindbergh didn't fly over Scotland is that the air-pockets are too tight.

A thick head turns out many thin ideas.

It's time to take a year off—so remove that 1927 calendar from the wall.

One of the strictest of modern conventions decrees that when a youth and a maid are sitting out a quiet smoke, the youth at least should furnish the cigarette lighter.



## Gwendolyn Strikes Out

— or —

## SET 'EM UP IN THE OTHER ALLEY

by

I. D. Kline

with all due apologies.

WHEN I came to college, I was obviously one of the most attractive co-eds on the campus. Being naturally shy and modest, I hesitate to relate all this, but, really, I was as easy to look at as Greta Garbo, and besides, having gobs of IT, I had IT all over her like a tent. I was letting my hair grow at the time and really it was getting quite long. I know the boys admired it for I overheard one of them remark, after I had passed, "It isn't often one sees hair like that, thank goodness." Much to the consternation of my roommate, I spent all the time I could spare from loafing from my studies to admiring it before the mirror.

But imagine my dismay when I learned from my big sister that instead of having dates with men every night, I could have only one a week. Immediately I began to feel lost without my men. Why, hadn't I been married just the year before? And it was the darlinest wedding ever. Just a few were present and some of them carried shot-guns which puzzled me because the presents didn't need all that protection. Afterwards, when I asked my husband about it, he became confused and that was the last state in which I saw him. Later I learned that he had joined the navy and gone to see the world through a port hole, so I decided to come to college.

And that is how I happened to meet Ollie. I'll never forget how it occurred. It was one Friday night after dinner. Several men had called up for dates but I had turned them all down and decided to take a walk down past the Hovel and give them all a chance. Just as I was passing the gas dispensary, Ollie drove up in his galloping gondola to get his oil changed. He gazed straight into my eyes and honked his horn at me.

I had heard he was rapid but I didn't think he would go that far. I was frightfully embarrassed and dropped my handkerchief. Fortunately, he didn't notice it or he probably would have tried to pick it up and start a conversation, as men are always looking for chances like that.

Thanking my good fortune to have escaped, I hurried down the street, for I knew that Ollie would pass me again if he wanted to date me up. As I was passing the Hovel, several boys tried to get fresh. One of them said: "Well, if here doesn't come the Queen of Shepardson."

I simply ignored him. That's why I'm so popular with the men. I'm always real aloof and high hat.

(Continued on next page)



Al H. Stuff: "Mary's a good all-around girl."

Y. D. E. Campus: "Good all around what?"

A. H. S.: "Oh, ah—ah—all around town."

—flamingo—

## A LITTLE VOW FOR LEAP YEAR

Every hour and every minute  
Has a leap year's day tucked in it,  
And each single one of these  
Is packed with possibilities—  
Possibilities for co-eds fair  
To the college men ensnare,  
To play the vicious glee  
And land pins of each fraternity,  
To have no higher aim  
Than to show the most disdain  
For the men's credulity,  
To appear more wise and hard  
And constantly to be on guard  
To give no man the opportunity  
Of getting by with a hollow plea—  
So let us take a little vow  
Since it is Leap Year now—  
To be more heartless, wise and gay  
This year, and make each single day  
That comes, a model Leap year's day.

## GWENDOLYN

(Continued from page 10)

A man wearing knickers came busting out of one of those Greek places and winked at me, but I paid no attention to him. I started to return down on College street, for Ollie hadn't passed me yet so I knew he must have met with an accident.

Imagine my surprise, when I stopped to look inside the Wigwam, to see Ollie's hack parked right in front of the place, and in the gathering dusk to see Ollie pumping up a tire. This embarrassed me no end for I could see that he was trying to force his attentions upon me.

I started to powder my nose, but I was so upset that my compact fell with a clatter to the sidewalk. Ollie heard it fall and before I could reach it, he ran over and picked it up and started a conversation.

Before I could stop him, he told me I was a swell broad and asked if there were any more like me down at Stone Hall. This set my pulses racing and I protested against his mad love-making but they were of no avail, for he was not to be put off. I was confused, sort of, and before I knew what was happening, he had enticed me into his car.

As soon as we were out in the country, I began to wonder if he really was a good driver and asked him if he could drive with one hand. He misconstrued my meaning and put his arm around me. I would have protested against this familiarity, but I was afraid he would smash into something if I resisted, so I leaned my head on his shoulder.

However, I was afraid some one on the student government might see us out on the main highway and talk, so I suggested we turn down a side road. I was sorry after he did for it was so dark I was frightened, so I asked Ollie if he had ever heard snipes at night. He said he hadn't, so I said we might hear some if he stopped the car. He did and turned off all the lights, as snipes like it nice and dark.

Just then, in the starchy stillness, a male chop suey called shrilly to its mate in a hoarse baritone. I was so frightened that I grabbed Ollie with both arms, and I guess he was scared, too, for he clasped me tight in his brawny arms and kissed me behind the steering wheel. I had never been kissed like that before. I tried to fight him off but to no avail, so I fainted.

As I lay there in a swoon, I wondered what he would do now that I was completely in his power. The suspense was horrible. Really, I didn't think it of Ollie. He must have drained nearly a hatful of water from the radiator and before I could stop him, threw it right in my face.

After that we drove back, as he said I was all wet, and I guess I was, all right.

Note—Not to be continued.



Paul: "Know the Marner brothers?"

Pauline: "No. Who are they?"

Paul: "Silas and Ancient."

—flamingo—

A flapper's latest diversion—telling the time by the length of her boy friend's whiskers.

—flamingo—

Con: (working on rock pile): "I wonder if they want these broken into halves, eighths or sixteenths."

Vict: "Oh, hell, by the length of the sentence they gave us, they must want 'em made into sand."



## LITERAL YOUNG LADY

"Darling, you are the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Oh, Harold, how quick you are at noticing things."

—flamingo—

'31: "Is it true that all good-looking seniors are conceited?"

'28: "No, I'm not."

—flamingo—



Woman's glory may be in her hair,  
But it's her legs that get her there.

—flamingo—

American Stude: "Why is a perfect diamond like a one-story house?"

English Stude: "Because it has no flaws, of cawse."

—flamingo—

Willard: "I got 50 in my intelligence test."

Exide: "That makes you a half-wit, doesn't it?"

—flamingo—

Chemistry Prof: "Wednesday we will take arsenic and Thursday, chlorine."

Stude: "We won't need the chlorine."

—flamingo—

Sweet Nothing: "Are you leaving the room?"

Hard Guy: "Does yer expect me t' take it with me?"

## FOUR-LEGGED COPS

Country Kid: "Beat it, the bulls are comin'!"

City Kid: "Aw, stan' yer ground. We ain't done nothin'."

—flamingo—

Mrs. Diogenes: "I haven't found one yet, either."

—flamingo—

But probably you never heard of the second Ponzie who went over the country buying up old, dry wells and splitting them up into post holes for indolent farmers to purchase.

—flamingo—

She: "Are you from the north?"

He: "Why do you ask that?"

She: "You dance like you had on snow-shoes."

—flamingo—

"I thought you loved a fair-haired girl?"

"I did, but she dyed."

—flamingo—

She: "When you married me you used to call me a little dear."

He: "Perhaps I did, darling, but since that time you have developed into a big expense."

—flamingo—

Gardner: "Can I see the Secretary of Agriculture?"

Clerk: "Well, he's very busy, sir. What was it you wanted to see him about?"

Gardner: "About a geranium of mine that isn't doing very well."

—flamingo—

She took my hand in sheltered nooks;  
She took my flowers, candy, books,  
Gloves—anything I cared to send;  
She took my rival in the end.

—flamingo—

"One of the Siamese twins at the Palace spoke to me."

"That's nothing—I had a date with one but she couldn't get away."

## THE CO-ED THORN

Oh, the exquisite joy of her kisses,  
As we walked in the moonlight so bright,  
And the sweetness of her caresses,  
That shivered my soul with delight,  
So I gave her the greatest of treasures,  
And I pinned on my emblem—whereat  
I was instantly struck with the point of  
The pin of the other guy's frat.

—flamingo—

Frosh: "Gee, that's a swell statue. It's alabaster, ain't it?"

Senior: "Hell, no, that's Venus."

—flamingo—

Father: "Dear, I am happy to announce that young Johnson has asked for your hand."

Beautiful Young Nothing: "But, papa, I don't want to leave mama."

Father: "Don't let that bother you. You can take her along."

—flamingo—

Ichabod: "Look how my teeth are worn off."

Crane: "Tell me how it happened."

Ichabod: "Shifting gears on an all-day sucker."

—flamingo—

The co-ed's 1928 motto: Leap, Love and Lie.

—flamingo—

## OUR LEAP YEAR POEM

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
You chase me  
And I'll run slow.

—flamingo—

"I'm going to become an author and write a book called, 'Who's Whoop in America,' containing all the college yells," said the big cheer-leader.

"Say, honey, do you like fraternity dances?"

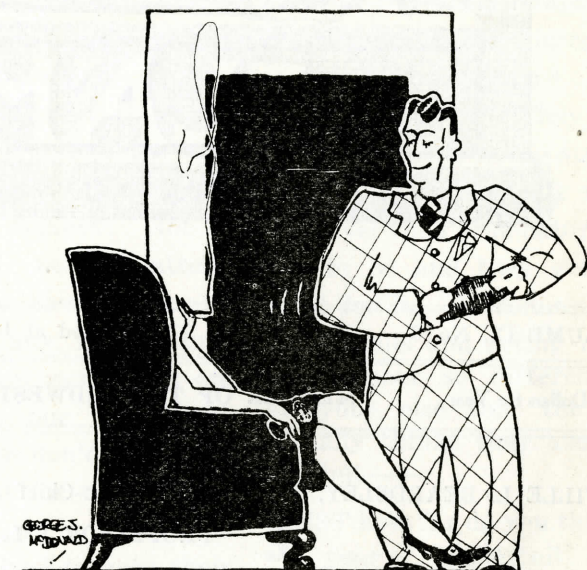
"Yes, indeed."

"Thanks, lots. I'm getting statistics for a Denisonian feature story."

—flamingo—

Emily Post adds the following in her revised edition of "Etiquettes." When lifting a cocktail, always address the host with, "Here's looking at you. It may be the last time for me."

—flamingo—



Him: "I haven't broken a single one of my New Year's resolutions."

Her: "I didn't make any, either."

—flamingo—

Bill: "What does the buffalo on a nickle stand for?"

Will: "Proceed with the conversation."

Bill: "He hasn't got room to sit down."

—flamingo—

"Now, let me see, where did we leave off?" said the guide as the party fell over the cliff.

—flamingo—

Paddle your canoe—or else let 'er drift, if she'll let you.

—flamingo—

The nearest that most college men will ever come to a sheep skin is one that is fleecce-lined.

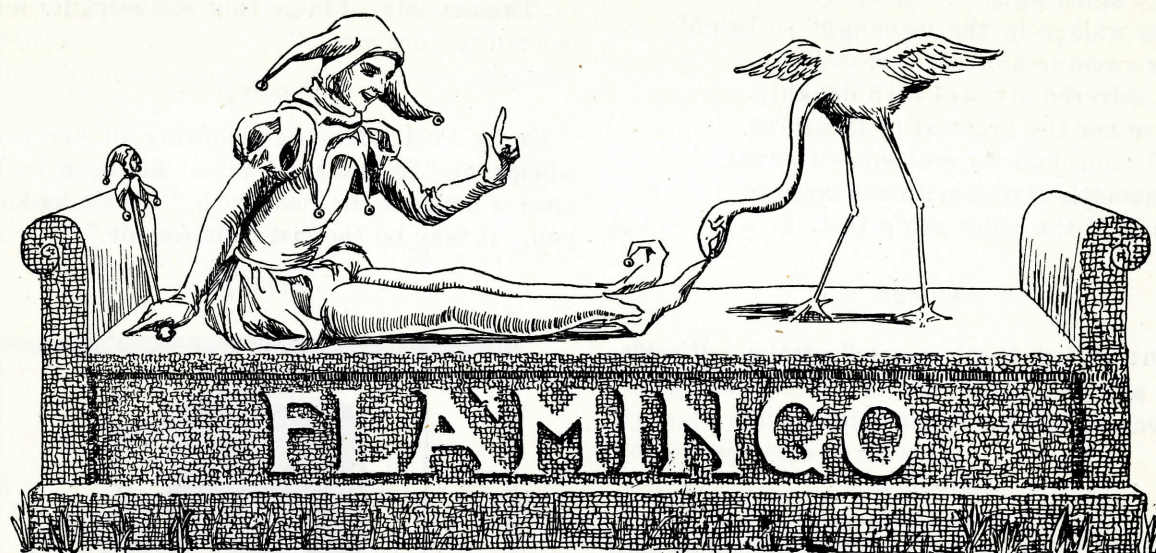
—flamingo—

"I pair and re-pair male and female," quoth the Reverend.

—flamingo—

One cold wintry day a Scotchman was discovered strolling down the street in his BVD's carrying his suit over his arm. He had not gone far before he was called into custody by the city police. "I am," said the Scotchman, "looking for the Detroit Free Press."





VOLUME IX, No. 6

Published at Denison University

JANUARY, 1928

Two Dollars the Year

MEMBER OF THE MIDWEST COLLEGE COMIC ASSOCIATION

Twenty-five Cents the Copy

ORVILLE L. BEARDSLEY, '28 - - Editor-in-Chief JAMES C. KEMPER, '29 - - - Business Manager

PROFESSOR J. L. KING, Faculty Filter

## CONTRIBUTORS

Donald Van Valen  
Orville Smrcina, '31  
William RandelGeorge MacDonald, '28  
Blair Willison, '31  
Richard CanaryClyde Shumaker, '30  
Phoebe Folkerth, '30  
Emma Coffman, '30

As Editor of This Issue Reed Smith, '29, Becomes Associate Editor

Cover by George McDonald

## HUMOR STAFF

Bob McClelland '28  
Ruth Sarles, '28  
Hannah Reid, '28  
Dorothy O'Dell, '28  
Marie Starkey, '28  
Nancy Smith '28  
Thomas Parks, '28  
Henry Henson, '29  
Palmer Vanderburgh, '30  
Clyde Barber, '29  
Sally West, '29  
Esther Downard, '29  
Clyde Marr, '30  
Kitty McCoy, '29  
Eugenia Bibby, '29  
Phil Linne, '30  
Homer Williams, '29

## THE SENIOR BOARD OF EDITORS

GARLAND HICK DOT O'DELL

RUTH SARLES

## ART STAFF

Reed Smith, '29  
Ted Leslie, '29  
Charles Pierson, '28  
Wm. Clapper, '29  
Esther Wood '28  
Clyde Barber, '29  
Esther Peck, '30  
Richard K. Shiokawa, '30  
Ruth Herkner, '29  
Ann Price, '28  
Alison Grubb, '29  
Harriet Fellman, '30

## BUSINESS STAFF

Mitchell Gregory, '29  
Franklin Ackerman, '30  
Fred Crall, '30  
John M. Gibson

## CIRCULATION STAFF

Jack Sloan, '28, Mgr.

Myron Reigal '30  
Jean Nichols '28  
Betty Mason '29  
Marian Spencer, '28  
Helen Scarritt, '29  
Florence Hall, '29  
Walter H. Loomis, '30  
John Weaver, '30

Copyright 1927 by the Denison FLAMINGO Exclusive reprint rights granted to CollegHumor

Address all communications to THE FLAMINGO, Granville, Ohio. Contributions may be mailed to this address, brought to the office, or placed in the FLAMINGO Box on the Hill. The editor reserves the right to make minor changes in accepted manuscripts.

## A Bird in the Hand Is Worth About Ten on the Newstand

WHAT-HO! and other expressions of royalty. Here we are back from vacation—and the girl, or were there two?—for a nice quiet rest until Easter, but

look what happened. **FINALS** By the time we had allayed the suspicion

of our local co-ed, finals, and a brand new calendar were staring us right in the face. Of course, some continued their gay life as ex-Denison students, but most of us knocked the thirteen weeks' quizzes cold and are now making preparations for a little high-powered cramming. This really hurts us, for nothing gripes quite so much as finals—unless it is the fact that we are obliged to take them because we averaged B-plus instead of A-minus. The room-mate crashes through with the flattering remark that we're too short-winded to make the grade anyway, but just the same it's nice to think about.

**BUT** that calendar bothers us.

When we perceived the extra figure in the rank and file of numbers arrayed under February, we were apprehensive despite the fact

**LEAP YEAR** that we had taken the precaution to sew our jewelry fast. Back in the days when Fanny was a girl's name, the twenty-ninth of February was the added incentive for grass widows and co-eds to do their stuff. At present, however, we are not so much concerned about what the Shepardson woman might do as we are about what she hasn't done. To date, we have not even been approached, promoted, or otherwise enticed by even a light-headed blonde to partake of so much as a "coke" at the Hut. Can it be that Denison co-eds are not game? Surely

they should be for they are hunted enough. However, for New Years they may have resolved not only to make a place for themselves on the campus, but to let the men take them places as well.

**WE** will speak of resolutions, trying not to break an arm patting ourselves on the back even though we think we are a chapter ahead of the others on that score. Our resolutions were as follows: Not to attend chapel, not to attend classes, not to have dates and not to drink any more liquor than we can get our hands on. Thusly, when our resolutions are broken, we don't expect to feel hurt. But for the good of Leap Year, we do hope that the men who resolved to keep their mouths shut or to lie like gentlemen will stay with it until St. Valentine's Day at least.

**SPEAKING** of saints, which we weren't, did you notice the girl on the cover? We present her as none other than the artist's brain child. Since she can't speak for **THE GIRL WITHOUT**—say it for her. This is positively no frame-up; as you can see for yourself, it is merely a take off. Unfortunately, our space is limited so that only the features appear on the cover.

**FOR** various reasons we feel that all too many women hide behind masks of one kind or another. For instance, the girl who necks is usually the quiet type while the noisy type comes back with a fast one to the solar plexus. So we ask you—how is a fellow to know who

does and who doesn't. If you don't neck, we really don't mind—we'll just find someone who is honest about it?

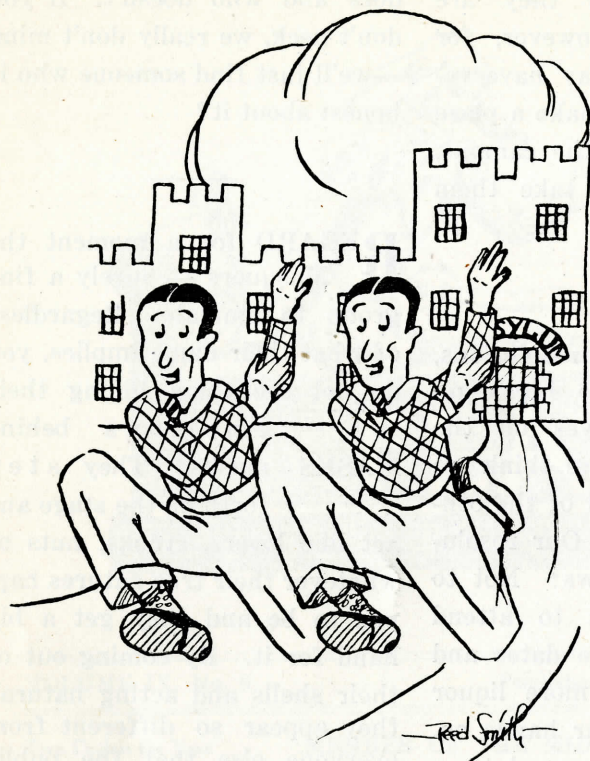
**REGARD** for a moment the Masquers—surely a fine group to emulate. Regardless of what their name implies, you do not see them hiding their emotions behind **MASKS** masks. They step forth on the stage and act like lovers, crooks, nuts or whatever their true natures happen to be and they get a big hand for it. By coming out of their shells and acting natural, they appear so different from everyone else that the public actually thinks they are maskers, but—

**JUST** how far do you thing last year's basketball team would have gotten if they had tried to hide their true abilities? Where would our championship have been if the **FOUR OUT OF FIVE** team had pulled that old line of hooey that practically everyone on the campus is trying to get away with? The boys last year didn't hide their IT behind a mask, they smeared it all over the Babbling Bishops in the big game. This year we wonder if Livy expects it from four out of five, as the first home game might tend to indicate.

**NOW** before a brick hits us in the face, if you believe everything herein set forth, all well and good. If you don't believe it, you have shown more intelligence than you are capable of showing. As our old friend Eleanor Glynn said when she offered her book to her publisher, you can take IT or leave it.



## A PHOTO FOR THE VISUAL-MINDED



Two nuts on a bolt.

—flamingo—

## MORE PHOTOS FOR THE VISUAL-MINDED

Man beating about the bush.  
 Man cutting off his nose to spite his face.  
 Two sheets on a tear.  
 Two horns on a toot.  
 Man on his own.  
 Man jumping at conclusions.  
 Etc., etc., etc.

—flamingo—

Cleveland Resident: "Did you ever gamble in your life?"

Second Bum: "Only once; I used a nickle telephone."

—flamingo—

Senior: "Yes, my wife could have married a millionaire, but she preferred a fellow with brains."

Frosh: "And then she turned them both down and married you."

—flamingo—

Tourist (to Spanish matador): "Do you throw the bull?"

Matador: "Now that can be taken in two ways."

T: "That's the way I meant it."

M.: "That's the way I took it."

## CO-EDS OBTAIN LONG-SOUGHT PRIVILEGE

## A Clever Plot Unfolded

**T**HE CO-EDS are to be congratulated upon the extreme cleverness and diplomacy shown in obtaining a privilege for which they have been working for years. We consider that they have accomplished an unrivalled diplomatic coup d'etat. It is the work of the most cunning mind; it has taken months of concentrated study to perfect the plans. How carefully everything was done! How smoothly ever detail took place! The announcement was such an overwhelming surprise that no one has sufficiently recovered to question their methods or the righteousness of the result.

We have wondered in the past few years why the plans for the other dormitories were so suddenly dropped, and why the girls have had such a crowded existence. It has seemed strange that sororities were buying so much new furniture, and building new additions. Now at last we have unearthed the reasons. What a satisfaction it is! We have to hand it to the co-eds for being better sleuths than Sherlock himself; and being more secretive than the proverbial clam. It is indeed amazing to what ends girls will go to obtain their means.

Who has ever before heard of such perfect cooperation as they received? Not only the faculty, the nurse and the doctors, but even the county officer willingly acquiesced. All because one co-ed was faithful to the cause, and so willing to do her part in the plan as to contract scarlet fever in order that at last the others might realize their ambition, securing the permission to live in a sorority house.

—flamingo—

"Such popularity must be reserved," said Clyde Campus as he dated up a hot number for the All-Denison prom.

—flamingo—

"Is there no justice?" cried the eloping pair as they sought in vain for the village magistrate.

—flamingo—

## CANDY

Time may tell if love is phantom,  
 Time may tell if love is true,  
 Time can never tell completely,  
 All the love I have for you.

I may fail in things material,  
 I may fail in things divine,  
 I could never fail completely,  
 If your love was wholly mine.

## INTRODUCING—MISS 1928



MISS HELEN MARGARET WILLIAMS

**F**IVE foot, two; eyes of—she fooled you that time—brown; and wonderfully propitious smiles hint meagerly at the comely queen the Seniors have elected for the Flamingo Beauty Contest. Not to be outdone by the three underclass winners, Miss Williams is also a Margaret, although she is known as Helen.

Helen admits a weight of 112, and has beautiful auburn hair, unbobbed. She was born in Massillon on March 9—twenty-one years ago—and is still proud to claim it as her home. Her enchanting smiles are accentuated by dimples—two on the right and one on the left, to be statistical. Dramatics is her hobby, and we can't pass up this chance to say she's not a bad actor.

And she attributes her beauty to the use of Ivory Soap!  
 Lots o' luck, Helen!



## "I KIDNAPED AND MURDERED HER SO I COULD GO TO COLLEGE"

(Confession from News Item)

"WELL, I guess I'd better get myself some learnin', be a college graduate, get my name in 'Who's Who,' and be a somebody," remarked Forfingered Sickman as he discarded his "Wheezy Stories," thumbed the side of his .45, and reached for the city directory.

"Baker, Baldwin, Ball, Ball, Balzer, Banten, Barber, Barker—aw, hell, them labels don't listen like money, and I need lots of it. Let's see,

I'd like to be an engineer; that would take a thou a year for four, five years—five grand would just fix me. Or mebber I'd better be a doc—soft hours, soft pay—that would take seven years. Hmmm, seven grand, well, I'd have to get a real kid before the old gent would kick loose with that much. Guess I'll be an engineer.

"Culp, Culver, Cummings, Cunningham, Curry, Curtis, Daly——"

—flamingo—

## FEATHERS FROM OTHER BIRDS

Anthony: "Want to see a little Devil?"

Cleo: "Oh! I'd love to!"

Anthony: "Well, go to Hell!"—Jester.

—flamingo—

Amherst (over the phone): "Is Miss Smith there?"

Smith (phonetically speaking): "No."

Amherst: "Then who are you?"

Smith: "Oh, just one of the girls on the floor."

Amherst: "Then why the hell don't you stand up?" —Lord Jeff.

—flamingo—

"The first night I caught her in my arms. The next night I caught her in my pockets."

—Whirlwind.

—flamingo—

"I'm a self-made man. I started life as a bare-foot boy!"

"I wasn't born with shoes on, either."

—Sniper.

—flamingo—

She: "My! you are so strong! where did you get such arms?"

He: "In the gym—did you ever go out for track?" —Sniper.

—flamingo—

The difference between an optimist and a pessimist is, that the pessimist believes all women are bad—the optimist hopes the pessimist is right.

—Purple Parrot.

—flamingo—

Salome's dance wasn't original—just a take-off from start to finish.

—Lord Jeff.

"Just between you, me, and the lamppost, what do you see in that girl?"

"Not a thing. But with the girl between me and the lamppost—well, that's a different story."

—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah

—flamingo—

## WHICH

Delta: "Oh, my dear! You should have seen the hands I held last night."

Zeta: "In bridge, love, or self defense."

—Siren.

—flamingo—

The pathetic part about it is that some of the final exams are final.—Gettysburg Cannon Bawl.

—flamingo—

It is rumored that several college students are trying to marry Greta Garbo for her money.

—Mink.

—flamingo—

"If you don't raise my salary," announced the minister, "you can all go to hell."—Gargoyle.

—flamingo—

Late: "Would you cry for help if I tried to kiss you?"

Date: "Do you need any help?"—Mink.

—flamingo—

"What's the difference between a pair and a straight flush?"

"A good deal!"—Sniper.

—flamingo—

Women were made beautiful but dumb.

Beautiful so the men would love them.

Dumb so they could love men.—Center Colonel.

—flamingo—

Robert: "You look like a modern girl; let's get married."

Roberta: "Chase yourself . . . I'm as modern as I look."—Sun Dial.

## "IT'S A-RAININ' TONIGHT."

It's a-rainin' tonight like six black hells  
A-rainin' out there on the sea,  
And somewhere my ship is a-sailin' the blast,  
A-sailin' and gone without me.

It's a-rainin' tonight and I'm parched for the rain,  
For the raindrops a-coolin' my hair,  
But somehow the raindrops can't reach where I am,  
It's a-pourin' it's drops down out there.

Oh, God! And I thought how I'd love me a home—  
A home settin' back in a cove,  
Where the wind and the rain and the storm  
couldn't reach  
And I'd cease from that longing to rove.

But, oh, how the rain is callin' my heart,  
A-callin' my heart to the sea,  
Where my ship is a-sailin' the storm and the blast  
Gone far out from the parching lee.

It's a-rainin' tonight and there's rain in my heart,  
And rain out there on the sea,  
And somewhere my ship is a-sailin' for port,  
A-sailin' for port without me.

—flamingo—

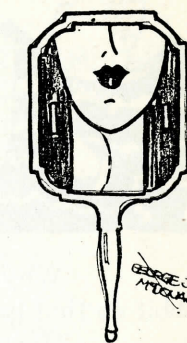
"Do I look good enough for this date?"  
"Oh yes, with your girl."

—flamingo—

**T**IERS, idle tiers, cried the theatre manager as he gazed sorrowfully at the rows of empty seats.

You may be big game to some people, but you're only animal crackers to me.

It is no wonder that Oak Park people are so moral, for the city officials even go so far as to dictate the citizens literature. A sign on a street crossing reads, "Take Time But Not Life."



Gwendolyn: "Why did you refuse him?  
There isn't a nicer boy in town."  
Guinevere: "That's just it."

—flamingo—

## The Passionate Plumber

— or —

## IS IT COLD ENOUGH OUT TO WEAR A CANE?

By E. Stern Standard

(Reading time—Rocky mountain, two stingers and a beer wash)

**S**YNOPSIS:—It has been a quiet evening in the Rectory. Little Nell has been playfully throwing cocktail shakers at Aunt Hephizab, from Zanesville. Meanwhile Uncle William has stolen the demijohn from the livery stable, and thwarted the fiendish plan of Alderman J. O. Greenstein of robbing the orphanage.

Now go on—

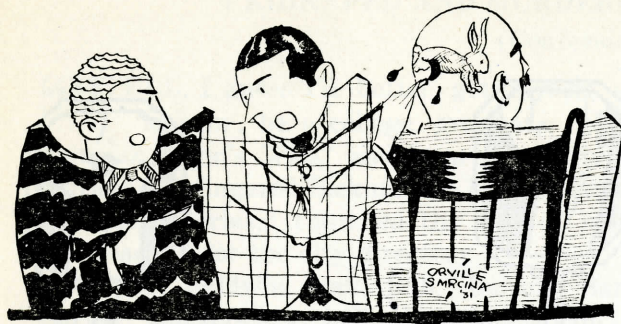
Man is woman's natural prey. This is the law of nature and was passed long before Will Rogers discovered congress. All of which goes to show that man will revert back to one of three natural classes; detectives, pearl divers, or Betas. From this inference it can be seen that all men can be made. This takes in professors who steal a casual glance down the front row. (There now, professor, tut, tut.)

For example: The young co-ed, Gwendolyn Garfinckle, wishes to toss a sparkling coke over the hill and so wends her way to the local night club, that cesspool of iniquity. But she was a damsel of sterling merit—in the line of giraffe. (That is a good one, eh, professor.)

She has two eyes that laid the boys hors d' combat and a pair of Broadway hips (now they're here and now they ain't). This is fiction boys, there is no justice.

(Continued on Page 21)





"Why is that crazy artist painting that rabbit on that bald man's head?"

"Just to make it look like a hare, my dear."

—flamingo—

## The Separation of Hans and Feet

A Story by Eugenia Bibby

### Hans and Feet

#### PART III

AT the beginning of the second semester a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars was announced for the best three-act play written by a Sutton student. The play was to be presented by a cast composed of university students, and the author was to be revealed on the opening night. Several weeks later the play committee announced that the play, a comedy, had been selected, and that tryouts for the parts would take place immediately.

"Feet, why don't you try out for the university play?" asked Bill Carroll from across the dining room table. "I understand the plot centers around a fellow with enormous feet. Prof. Pitts says its duceedly clever and that the author is a born genius."

Accordingly Feet sauntered into Academy Hall that evening to compete in the try-outs. There were practically a hundred students eager for parts in the play which was to be the biggest thing that Sutton had ever offered in the way of dramatics. Professor Pitts took one look at Feet and asked him to read the parts that belonged to the leading character. The lines seemed easy and natural to Feet, and his deep, clear voice filled the large auditorium. The gestures and utterances of the awkward youth in the play, about whom all the action revolved, seemed peculiarly his own.

He was really not surprised the next day when he was informed of his selection to play the lead in "The Comeback." The Chi Deltas were appropriately enthusiastic over the honor, and Feet determined not to disappoint them.

The opening night of the widely-heralded play found the auditorium of Academy Hall packed

with students and alumni of Sutton. The play was to run in Westcott for four nights, and every seat had been sold. Then it was to tour several nearby states.

The orchestra was playing "The Walls of Old Sutton," and the large room was gayly decorated with college colors. The music stopped abruptly, the lights were dimmed, the heavy green and gold curtains were drawn back slowly, and the play began.

The success of "The Comeback" was evident from the beginning of the opening lines. When the curtains closed on the first act, the audience was weak from laughter and bright with the expectancy of what was to follow in the next scene.

Professor Pitts stepped from behind the curtain, and in his pleasant and deliberate voice began: "Ladies and gentlemen, you are perhaps anxious to know who is the author of this clever and entertaining comedy. Sutton is indeed fortunate to number among her students, a young dramatic genius whose play will be quoted all over the country in a few months. (Applause) When the university offered a prize for a play written by a Sutton student, the committee had no idea that such undeniable talent would be discovered. I am happy to introduce the author, Mr. Hans Bromberg."

The ovation which greeted the bashful Dutch youth was deafening in its sincerity. He smiled boyishly, bowed hastily, and ducked behind the curtains. Feet dashed by the stage hands unceremoniously, grasped Hans by the shoulder, and in a strained voice said: "I see now, Hans, why I got the leading role. You wrote it specially for me, old pal, to give me my chance."

"Aw, Feet, I knew you could do it," protested Hans.

Several Chi Deltas rushed up, interrupting their conversation.

"You're a whiz," cried Pete Riby, catching Feet by the hand, "and we're sure proud of you."

Hans was backing away from the group noiselessly, when Chuck Madison saw him and caught him by the arm eagerly. "Say, Bromberg, you're great stuff and a credit to the university. Where have you been hiding yourself, man? How about coming over to the Chi Delta house after the play?"

"Why, thanks awfully," said Hans. "Feet, you wait for me, will ya?"

Hans left the stage, a smile lighting up his homely Dutch countenance. The lonely ache was gone somehow from his heart. Sutton was a great school.

THE END

## The Passionate Plumber

(Continued from Page 19)

Who should sit down beside her, but Ollie, all dressed in green.

"Beaver!" cried Ollie.

Now, Ollie, friends of radio land, had no lumps in his style, although handicapped by an upholstered eppiglottis. Nevertheless they all responded when Ollie threw big time.

Gwendolyn gazed at Ollie with the weather-clear-fast-track look, but Ollie was there and put up what he thought was a good guard.

"Have a peanut," suggested Ollie, "take two, they're small."

She quickly perceived the wind was agin her, for, was he not a Dayton boy, and always present on windy days. He was always a step behind her on the stairs, and his old war wounds didn't cause this either.

Speaking of good looking girls, ladies, which we weren't, our Gwendolyn Garfinckle looked plausible even in her undies. The boys even noticed her face. She was a chapter ahead of what every girl should know, and boy, didn't the Phi Gams rush her.

Ollie, smooth knave that he was, with all his devilish ingenuity, booked her for the all-Denison prom, and thereby hangs our tale.

With this end in view, Ollie suggested a good old fashioned game of bobbing for butts. This is played by the time three-fourths of the host's gin is consumed. Then someone will mistake the punch bowl for the bay of Naples. He or she, as the case frequently is, will duck his head and try to come up with a cigarette butt in his teeth. This counts four. Sometimes a player will bring up a meerschaum pipe, a garter, or a pair of chiffon stockings. These articles count ten. The game may be played indefinitely or until the police arrive. (Send a two cent stamp for a catalogue of other good games.)

And so, in conclusion, you jolly girls with the big incomes and fur coats, let's hear from you. (Apologies for the game.)

—flamingo—

1: "Do you like house work?"

2: "I like nothing better."

—flamingo—

And then we have the story of the professor who switched the cat and put the light out.

P. S. We nearly forgot; he wasn't absent-minded.

—flamingo—

If the meek inherited the earth today, we suppose they would give a parade tomorrow.

## LE QUARANTINE BALLADE

Fourteen girls in quarantine,  
Windows closed, and doors locked tight  
Boys outside from noon to night.  
And—each little brow serene  
For there's no relief in sight.  
No base studies that demean,  
No requests to see the dean,  
(Darwin must be partly right).

Eat and sleep, and sleep and eat,  
Let the piper pipe and pay,  
They live on from day to day,  
Careless, each new morrow meet.  
Other souls to chapel stray,  
They conserve their wind and feet,  
And in lazy leisure greet  
The envious souls that pass their way.

## L'ENVOI

Oh Quarantine, where is thy sting,  
When such a group is under you?  
I'll swear I'm sick of everything,  
If you will place me in there, too!

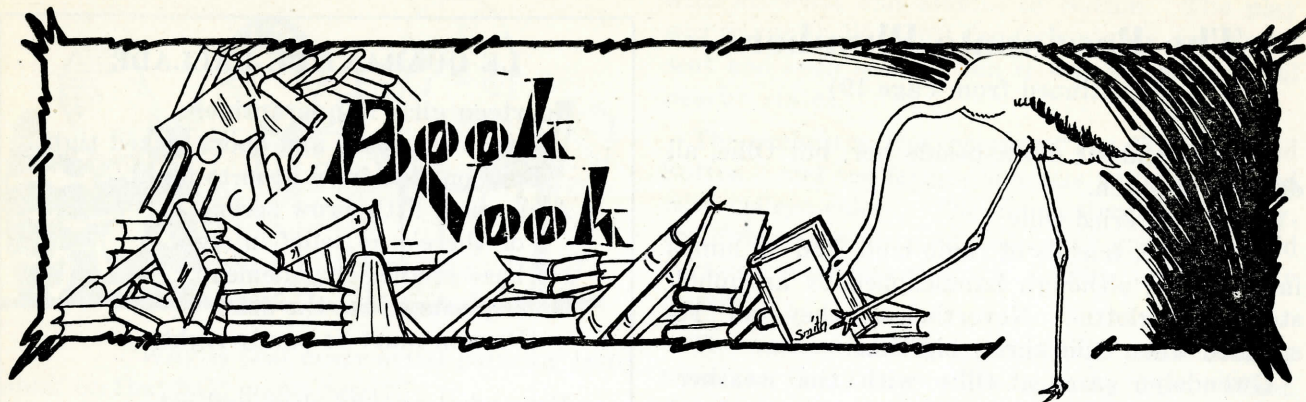
—flamingo—

ONE LAMP LOUIE, great explorer and adventurer, smiled blandly at the admiring group of Y. M. C. A. students before him, and proceeded to relate the harrowing adventures undergone in capturing the only ring of its kind in existence. "High up in the Andes dwells an Aztec tribe, ancient, aloof, inaccessible, to say nothing of being hard-fighting, hard-riding, hard-headed," he began. "I am the only white man to lead a party into their sacred cities and return to tell of it," he boasted. "From an altar in one of these cities," he continued, "I took a sacred ring—the only ring of its kind in existence as I have just mentioned, but before you see it, I must tell you its story.

"We sailed up strange rivers over whose waters drooped cocain trees whose leaves shimmered sensuously in the scintillating heat waves. We toiled up inaccessible mountain slopes and through dense shrubbery until at length we encountered a hair forest which stretched for miles before us. It was too dense to penetrate so we cut our way through, using 4,724,895,762 Gillette safety razor blades in only three short weeks. On the other side of this forest we encountered a Turkish towel swamp. It took all our men three more weeks to ring those 77,666,555,432 Turkish towels, but here, gentlemen," Louie fairly shouted "is the last ring."

Note: Will the Marines never come?





### Blue Voyage

CONRAD AIKEN

**A** POETIZER, a poemifier, a lyricist gone noveling. Hail Conrad Aiken of "Blue Voyage" fame!

One doesn't know why, but it seems so poets must write novels occasionally. Maybe it has something to do with pay-checks. Maybe every novelist is an unconscious poet, (you can see that by the way they quote their own poetry), and then poets are novelists that haven't come to. Maybe—but why worry about it? Mr. Conrad Aiken has succeeded.

Aiken's poetry is musical, sad and touched with whimsy. And the rhyming danger of such characteristics—boozical, mad and muched with flimsy—menaces, but subjectivity is to the rescue! Introspection is a bulwark against too smoothness, against a probable cloying and sweet crying.

Thus in the novel, "Blue Voyage," Aiken is an excursionist of the mental insides. Demarest, the inferiority-complexed hero, sails from America to England; that's all, but it's enough: magnitudinous are the crowded reactions of his mind. Reactions to fellow passengers, especially to women, more especially to himself. Cynthia, Fabian, the Irish girl, the girl with the slobbering lips and slobbering soul, Fabian, Cynthia, the Irish girl, Fabian. There are dreams awake, (not seasickness, possibly). There's a good drunk. There are pages of confused, twisted, tortured, dirty scintillating reactions. The subconscious brought to life!

Aiken seems to know his languages: he mixes in fragments of Latin, fragments of Greek, fragments of French and German and Italian. Aiken is evidently a poet: he weaves in a long poem about the marriage of heaven with earth—not bad, either. Aiken is also a novelist: "Blue Voyage!"—Lord Jeff.

### The Gilded Caravan

ALICE WOODS

"The Gilded Caravan" is a very interesting novel of American Rich in the World's society playgrounds. A young, rich couple transplant themselves to the sunny Riviera to drink with diligence and youth of that lively cup of sophistication. They had a beautiful daughter, one of these "mature at fourteen" type, who falls into a rather interesting role as the balance wheel. There are scads of characters, but they are so clearly identified that they are not lost "over the week-end sort of."

Mrs. Woods has lived for us in a new phase of novel backgrounds, and has brought us a near-sighted picture of the satirical, indolent life of America's rich. The novel ends rather happily owing to a double plot, but does not conceal the beauty of itself within itself.—Brown Jug.

### Camels!

DANIEL W. STREETER

Dan Streeter and his friend, Lake, "cameleering." Camels to carry their burdens and donkeys for their personal comfort. Fung Province in Sudan and the Dinder River. Elephants, lions, Abyssinian poachers, and buffalos. "Why do men do it?" Why do men who can't read about those who do? "Life seems very complex at time . . . as a protest we are apt to break out at seasonal intervals with 'horizon fever,' 'wander lust' or merely the commonplace desire to go somewhere." And may Streeter never lack an interesting place to go nor his present pen to tell us about it afterwards. He had his brothers deremable humor, he has an appreciation for Sudan's material beauty as well as its annoying details, he has a style as fresh as going to the upper Nile when one's tired of Paris. All this without mentioning the real reason for camels—Adventure.—Brown Jug.

60-62-64 HUDSON AVENUE  
NEWARK, OHIO

*Carroll's*

60-62-64 HUDSON AVENUE  
NEWARK, OHIO

## NOT "HOW MUCH?" BUT "WHERE"

IT isn't the amount of money you spend on your clothes that counts, but where you spend it that makes all the difference in the world. Good taste is not necessarily high priced. You'll enjoy shopping at Carroll's.

**New Dresses—Sport and Cloth Coats—Furs**

**Millinery and Accessories**

NEW VICTOR RECORDS EVERY FRIDAY

# John J. Carroll

Let's  
Go  
To the  
Movies—

## AUDITORIUM AND ARCADE THEATRES

— NEWARK, OHIO —

See Newark Advocate for Today's Program  
Mail Orders now for the season's Musical Comedy  
Treat—"HIT THE DECK"—Saturday, January  
28—Orch. \$3.30; Balc. \$2.75, \$2.20, \$1.65;  
Gallery \$1.10 (not reserved).

### AGE WISDOM

Miss Sixteen:

"Yes, Dick, I will marry you, but I am so young! Mother says that I ought to wait at least two years."

Miss Twenty-one:

"Yes, John, I will marry you, but this is only January; I couldn't possibly get ready for a wedding before the middle of June."

Miss Thirty-four:

"Yes, Jim, I'll marry you. Wait a minute until I put on my hat."

—flamingo—

"This is where I shine," said the girl as she discovered she had forgotten her vanity case.

—flamingo—

Co-ed's New Year Toast: "Here's to bigger and better fraternity pins!"



## SCOTT'S BOOK SHOP

"GET THE HABIT"

29 West Church Street 26 Arcade

NEWARK, OHIO

## SCATTER SUNSHINE

— with —

## GREETING CARDS

PARTY GOODS FOR  
ALL OCCASIONS

See Our Selection of New  
and Recent Books

## WRECKED ROMANCE

I went down by de brewery de other night wid de purpose of pickin' meself up a rib, an' I tools de chariot up to de edge of de street, an' gives dis comely wench de magnify.

"Howdy, little poppy," says I, "what's de dope?"

"Aw, go have a puncture," says she.

"Wanna came for a little gallop?" I persists.

"How's de gas?" she comes back.

"Plenty," says I.

"Well step on it," she quirps.

Boy I ain't been so putrified since de first time I wore pajamas.—Brown Jug.

—flamingo—

"Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."

"And I, sir, am not willing to trade."—Satyr.

A humble elevator boy am I,  
But girls from every city—  
Are loudly praising my new way  
For making women pretty.

Now if these beauty treatments,  
You ladies feel you need;  
I'm sure you'll welcome my advice,  
Which really you should heed.

Some places say they'll lift your face,  
While others raise your chin;  
But faces, girls, are nothing—  
That's where I begin!

So come to me with confidence,  
If beauty is your aim,  
For with my "Ele-Vator"—  
I'll lift your whole damn frame!  
—Lord Jeff.

## CLOTHES

Ready-made  
And Cut to Order

ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY  
STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL  
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED  
SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.



## Charter House

Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Overcoats



Bearly  
Camels Hair  
Coat  
\$165

Bearly  
Camels Hair  
Coat  
\$165

## EMERSON

### ANNOUNCING THE REMOVAL

In the spring of 1928—Roe Emerson will move to No. 11 Third Street, to the location known for many years as "THE KING SHOE STORE."

The building has been completely remodeled and enlarged. Four floors, two hundred feet in length, will be occupied. The first floor will be arranged for Men's, Young Men's, Boys' and Juvenile Furnishings; also Juvenile Suits, and The Boy Scouts' Department.

The second floor will be the Clothing Salesrooms—where Suits and Overcoats for Men and Boys can be seen in splendid arrangement and perfect daylight.

On the third floor will be Clothing Specialties—such as Tuxedo and Full Dress Suits, Lounging Robes, Bath Robes, House Coats—also a large showing of Trunks, Suit Cases, Bags—a complete Luggage Department.

A much larger basement Salesroom than at present is provided where will be concentrated a most complete Work Clothes, Hunting Outfits, Khaki Goods Department, besides all kinds of Raincoats.

The four floors will be served by a modern passenger elevator and every detail of the store has been planned for the better service and comfort of hundreds of loyal patrons and new friends, who will be welcomed to the new location—No. 11 Third Street.

## ROE EMERSON

NEWARK'S CLOTHIER, HATTER AND OUTFITTER

CORNER THIRD AND MAIN

NEWARK, OHIO

For Quality and Service

## Chas. M. Mears

The Grocery with Correct Prices

Phone 8137

Granville, O.



# ROSE BUD CONFECTIONERY

ALL KINDS OF CANDY  
TOASTED SANDWICHES AND SOFT  
DRINKS



10 NORTH PARK PLACE

NEWARK, OHIO

## ROSES and other fresh fragrant FLOWERS

THE FINEST GROWN IN  
CENTRAL OHIO

All grown in our own greenhouses.  
We Telegraph Flowers Anywhere



### "POSEY" HALBROOKS

12-14-16 E. Church St.,

Newark, Ohio

You can taste the quality

— in —

## FURNAS ICE CREAM

Buy from Furnas dealers or

call us direct

Phone 2260

NEWARK, OHIO

"Mention The Flamingo"

### HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?

"I mean my dear I think this new FLOOD of inDEcent jokes in our MAGazines is perfectly TERrible and I really mean it is hardly POSSible to pick one of them up without perusing perfect FILTH and YOU know, dear, that ACTually it has become a SORry state of afFAIRS when we can't have HUMorists that can't write without getting FILTHY and postively I BLUSH to think of some of these perfectly ATROcious publica-tions. Oh, dear, I mean to tell you that diVINE one that HARRY pulled at the CLUB last night—I mean it's SIDE-splitting and of course, dear, it's a little risQUE but I know you'd LOVE to hear it."  
—Mink.

### SALE

Suits  
O'coats  
\$19.75  
and  
\$29.75

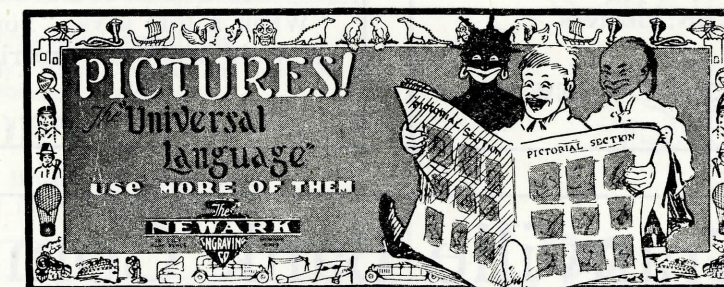


\$7.50  
Trousers  
Now  
\$5.95  
Suiting  
Patterns

### CORNELL and SOCIETY BRAND

Good clothes that show real value rather than  
the low price.

THE CORNELL  
29 SOUTH PARK, NEWARK





**JOHNSON'S PASTRY & DELICATESSEN SHOPPE**

ORDER YOUR SPECIALTIES FOR  
YOUR VALENTINE PARTIES

PHONE 8247

In Connection with Johnson's Grocery

GRANVILLE, O.

'11: And where is your brother living in college this year, little girl?"  
'44: "Alko Hall, I guess."

**WILLIAM F. EILBER**

MEN'S TAILOR

Suits personally designed for you

Phone 91934

NEWARK

Arcade

**DELICIOUS MEALS**

IN DELIGHTFUL  
SURROUNDINGS

**JO-ANN TEA ROOM**

MRS. ELLA GREEN, Hostess

12½ EAST PARK PLACE

NEWARK

**SUBJECT TO CHANGE**

A freshman told us he was so fast that whenever he made up his mind to do something, he always did it, and at the same time he made up his mind to change his mind from what he made up his mind to do the first time but by the time he changed his mind from what he made up his mind to do, he finds that what he made up his mind to do is done, so he had to change his mind from the state of a changed mind back to that state of mind which he was in when he made up his mind to do what he intended to do in the first place.—California Pelican.

—flamingo—

**LOGICAL**

"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"  
"Well, you're the last, and the last shall be first."—Yale Record.

—flamingo—

When a girl says, "You're so different," you know she has been experimenting.

—Minn. Ski-U-Mah.

**The Granville Bank Company**

Established 1903  
GRANVILLE, OHIO

Capital \$50,000

Surplus \$25,000

Directors and Officers:

J. S. GRAHAM, President  
E. A. SMOOTS, Vice President

E. J. CASE  
W. H. KUSSMAUL  
S. S. DEVENNEY

C. B. SLACK, Cashier  
FRED MILLER

**CIGARS AND BILLIARDS**

HEADQUARTERS FOR PIPES

— AND —

SMOKING TOBACCO

**HARRY BRICKELS**

**WOTTA SIGHT!**

"Just got back from a trip around the world."

"Great! Did you stop in Egypt?"

"Oh, yes."

"Go up the Nile?"

"Sure! Swell view from the top."

—Western Reserve Red Cat.

—flamingo—

"Have a drink?"

"No, thanks."

"Smoke?"

"No, thanks—sworn off."

"Then how about a game of poker tonight?"

"Sorry—but I can't."

"Tell me about her—blonde or brunette?"

—Texas Ranger.

—flamingo—

Then there's the Scot who fired a gun in the back room, and told the kids that Santa Claus was dead.

—Sniper.

**Dry Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing**

Ladies' Garments Especially. Hats Cleaned and Blocked  
Laundry, Shining Parlor

**R. F. JOHNSON**

Corner Prospect and Broadway—Phone 8141  
Will Call for and Deliver Both Sems.



For Appointment Call 8648

**PINE LODGE**

Luncheons, Dinners, Parties

Newark Road

Granville, Ohio

**SALE**

**20%**

DISCOUNT

**SUITS**

2 PANTS

**OVERCOATS**

50 INCHES LONG

**LEATHER COATS**

ALL MODELS

**SWEATERS**

This timely sale makes it possible to wear home a new suit or overcoat—and practice economy, too.

Our stocks at all times consist of only the most approved merchandise.

The  
Campus  
Shop

*Markert*

R. S. ASHBROOK, '27

E. M. ELLIS, '29

Managers.



# Sparta's Delicious Ice Creams and Fancy Sundaes

WHEN IN NEWARK

## Lunch — AT — The Sparta

NEWARK'S LEADING CONFECTIONERY

## SPARTA'S CANDIES

Fresh Every Day From Our Sunlighted  
Candy Factory

GOOD WILL GOOD MEAL

— at —

### THE SANDWICH — SHOPPE —

NEW LOCATION—PERRY'S BUILDING

Mary had a little lamb  
I've often heard it told,  
Now Mary and that little rhyme  
Are getting very old.

—flamingo—

MON DIEU

Sing me a song of ire  
And sing me a song of wrath  
Dieu, que le sond du phone  
Est hell quand vous en bath!—Tiger.

—flamingo—

Time goes by in the heart  
As roses wither.  
Summer passes away  
And the fall drifts thither.  
Time goes by in the heart  
As clouds in the sky.  
There was a time I loved you,  
But I have forgotten why.

—College Humor.

### NEW WAY SHOE SHOP

High Grade Repairing  
Quick Service

Shoes Dyed and Shined  
Satisfaction Guaranteed



### Fair One!

May Edginton, in the February *College Humor*, begins a novel that is a rich and genuine study of a girl on her own, *Fair One*. It begins with simple people . . . an English village . . . streets with the sunset bloom in them . . . men and women who knew life was somewhere about, but didn't much want to find it out. It quickens in pace; employs many glamorous, cosmopolitan elements; ends in an arpeggio-like manner that is certain to delight you.

Also in this big February issue you will find *Sailor Love*, a story of shore leave by John V. A. Weaver, soon to be released as a feature photoplay. And Richard Connell, John Gunther, Mildred Cram, Jim Tully, O. O. McIntyre—besides a penetrating article on the University of Chicago, by Samuel Putnam.

CollegeHumor  
ON ALL NEWS-STANDS



## Jolley's

To Start the New Semester  
Right

### UNITABS

The Student's Work Organizer—Endorsed  
by Most of the Professors

15c the Set

### MEN'S WEAR

That is New

The wind was blowing very violently on a street corner and a young lady's dress was blown up around her neck, when a man standing near began to laugh, she irately said, "I see you are no gentleman."

"No, and I see you are not either," was the reply.  
—Kitty-Kat.

—flamingo—

Suggestion for an opening sentence for a novel depicting college life "A small coupe drew up in front of a fraternity house and twelve passengers alighted!"

—flamingo—

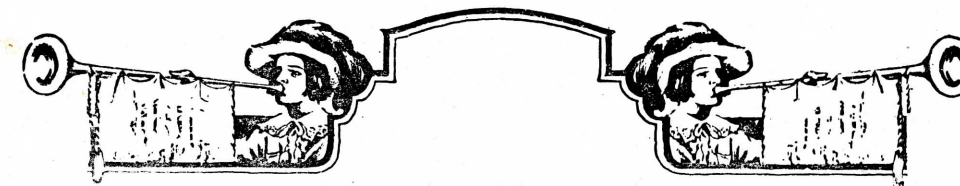
Here's to the girls—the young ones—  
Not too young,  
For the good die young,  
And nobody wants a dead one.  
Here's to the girls—the old ones—  
Not too old,  
For the old dye, too,  
And nobody wants a dyed one!  
—The Old Maid.

# The Courier Co.

College Printing  
of Every Kind

Next in Importance to the "Y" Bridge

Zanesville's Biggest and Best Printery—Service Always



A few things we noticed after Xmas: About 11 new cigarette lighters—several young ladies with new fur coats (very good looking)—a few (1) fraternity pins missing, just the first night of vacation—Ralph Wise with a new fur coat, goes well with the Jordon playboy roadster—don't forget Marian Pierson got a good looking Boston bulldog, they call him "sig," but we think it should be "Sig Alph." Anybody notice Dick Shanley's mustache? (Neither did we but he told us about it.)

The girls uphill were all kicking about not being quarantined about 10 days ago—you uphill girls, how do you like it? The Hut has a big supply of candy. Let's see you girls beat the downhill pound record. WHITMAN'S, PAGE & SHAW, JOHNSTON'S.

# THE HUT



**SALE! SALE!**

**A STRAIGHT, HONEST, LEGITIMATE SALE**

---

---

**No Marking Up—and Then Marking Down**

— at —

**Rutledge Bros.**  
**CLOTHIERS**

**Suits, Overcoats, Top Coats**  
**Shirts—Neckband, Collar Attached,**  
**Flannels, etc.**

**10% to 50% Off**

**We Use No Tricks to Deceive—Nothing**  
**Removed from Stock.**

**Satisfaction Guaranteed**

**21 SOUTH PARK**

**NEWARK, O.**