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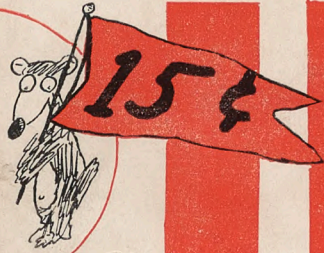
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WASHINGTON U.

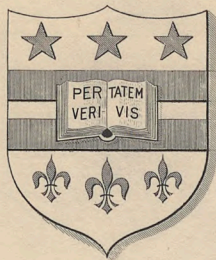
DORGE



SEPTEMBER



Library of



Washington University

The Gift of
Kenneth Tisdal



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Betty: "Oh, how do they ever get all the dirt off those football uniforms?"

Co-ed: "Why my dear, there is the scrub team over on that bench."

— D D D — *—Wesleyan Wasp*

After taking only five lessons I astounded them all by swearing fluently at the waiter in French.

— D D D — *—Siren*

Then there's the one about the Plaza coach-driver who calls his horse "Prince Albert" because he's a cut plug.

— D D D — *—Medley*

One: "Did you hear about the girl in the cotton stockings?"

Two: "No; what happened to her?"

One: "Nothing."

— D D D — *—Harvard Lampoon*

Teacher: "In the sentence, 'I saw the girl climb the fence,' how many 'I's' would you use?"

S. A. E.: "Both of 'em teacher."

— D D D — *—Green Gander*

Famous Last Words!

"Kiss me, honey."

"We're not going to make this turn."

"Pardon me lady, but haven't I met you some place?"

"I had this gin tested myself."

"Let's mix these."

"Any gas in the tank?"

"Bottoms up!"

"Oh, so you're the ice-man!"

— D D D — *—Wesleyan Wasp*

Phi Psi: "I didn't sleep a wink last nite."

Bro: "Why not?"

Phi Psi: "The shade was up."

Bro: "Well, why didn't you pull it down?"

Phi Psi: "I couldn't reach to the Theta house."

— D D D — *—Kansas Sour Owl*

"It's the little things in life that tell," said the sweet co-ed, as she yanked the kid brother from under the sofa.

— D D D — *—Whirlwind*

First Student: "That girl you started going with is a smart little gold digger."

Second Student: "Then all I've got to say is that she's a poor geologist."

—Dodo

The
Washington University
TERNION
 Directory of
 Faculty and Students
Will Be On Sale At
THE BOARD OF STUDENT
FINANCES OFFICE
 10c
a copy
 Room 15 Brookings Hall

Chorus boys aren't so bad. The tales you hear are fairy stories.

— D D D — *—Medley*

Then there is the innocent who wondered whether makeup examinations were tests for beauty experts.

— D D D — *—Widow*

I see by the paper that nine professors and one student were killed in an accident.

The poor chap.

— D D D — *—Owl*

Student in Philosophy A: "This morning we have a lecture by Professor Whitehead."

His Neighbor: "Oh, do we?"

First Student: "No, I said Whitehead."

— D D D — *—Lampoon*

"What's the best way of acquiring an Oxford accent?"

"Buy shoes that pinch your feet."

— D D D — *—Pitt Panther*

Betty Co-ed: "Let me mother you."

Carl Campus: "O. K. baby and I'll paw you."

—Illinois Siren

A Plain and Easy Syllogism

Premise Number One. When you get better, you are entitled to better things.

Premise Number Two. You are a year ahead of where you were last year. (With the proviso that you didn't flunk.)

Conclusion. Easy, you are entitled to better clothes this year than you had last year. And the answer is a suit custom tailored from a fine and swanky woolen the way they do it in the Losse College Section.

A custom tailored suit for young men fourteen to twenty, \$35 to \$50.

J. F. Losse
PROGRESSIVE TAILORING CO.
807-9 NORTH SIXTH STREET

Beppoorina: "Napoleon said, 'Never say can't'."

Beppo: "I wonder if he ever tried to strike a match on a cake of soap."

—Froth

— D D D —

"Those must be pretty fancy pink undies you have under that frock."

"Wrong, again, brother; that's sunburn."

—Boston Beanpot

— D D D —

Father: "Do you know my boy, Will?"

Co-ed: "Oh, so you know about it, too?"

—Siren

— D D D —

Eloquent Senator: "My life is a tale of hard work and gradual uplifting."

Voice from the Crowd: "How many times can ya chin yerself now?"

—Penn. Punch Bowl

— D D D —

(Rough Brother Guff '00 passed out after this round).

"Ah, they were MEN in those days!"

So the three surviving smooth, refined, and delicate brothers of '33 had twenty-five more rounds on that.

—Stanford Chaparral

Correct Dress for the Fall Golfer

The cool weather of the early fall is a boon to the golf fan and the followers of style will find the elite of the exclusive golf links are leaning towards color and comfort.

The correctly dressed golfer has discarded his knickers and is now wearing long grey flannel slacks. The flannel slacks give more freedom of movement and are much cooler than the old style knickers. The short time it has taken the golfers to realize the practical use of this new correct habit is a surety of it being a permanent dress.

There are two types of jackets that can be worn. The more proper is a sleeveless pullover sweater of waist length. The sweater has the athletic cut shoulders with the ribbed V neck, arm holes and waist band to keep the shape. The other type of dress frequently seen at the exclusive clubs is the loose fitting sleeveless chamois slipover.

The hot October days finds the golfer discarding the sweater disclosing the soft Oxford sport shirt. This shirt designed especially for the golfer has a pleat down the back allowing a long free stroke. These shirts are made with large button pockets. Although the shirt has the soft attached collar that may be allowed to hang open at the throat many of the men of social position prefer wearing a mild colored silk lined tie with little or no design. Mild blending colors that combine with the grey flannels are very effective.

For any further information concerning men's dress for sports, business or formal wear, write to the "Well Dressed Man," care of the Dirge. Any questions will be taken care of immediately.

(Copyright 1927, by Astorbuilt Styles)

The Monk (at Spanish inquisition): "For mercy sake, tear his tongue out—his grans are breaking my heart."

—C. C. N. Y. Mercury

— D D D —

And then there's the camel who walked a mile to an oasis for a date.

—Siren

— D D D —

"Ho! ho! ho!" bellowed the farmer and immediately afterwards his three sons went to work in the potato field.

—Boston Beanpot

— D D D —

Girl (in book store): "Do you keep 'The Divine Woman'?"

Clerk: "Not on my salary!"

—Froth



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Vol. XIII

SEPTEMBER, 1931

No. 1

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**Your contribution is solicited for the
October Issue which will be a Football
number. Give your material to a staff
member or drop it in box 38 at the faculty
mail section. The dead line is October 8.**

18
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1931/32

CABANY
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NELSON'S ICE CREAM

of Finer Quality

Pastry Cakes Salads
for every occasion

440 DE BALIVIERE AVENUE

"We spent our time amidst the ancient ruins of Greece."

"Yea! And it sure makes you appreciate the American girls."

— D D D —

—Log

"I think she's priceless."
"I know she is, I tried."

— D D D —

—Medley

She: "If a girl has on a good-looking hat with gloves and shoes to match I'd say she was well dressed."

He: "You might add shorts."

— D D D —

—Old Maid

The Futility of It All

If you ever go to Hades and happen to see a wildly shrieking, apparently innocent and pure young damsel roasting on the coals, don't bother asking the head stoker, the fellow with the beautiful horns, what in hell she's done, for she didn't do anything in hell—she's only the chairman of the Blind Date Committee for a Sorority formal.

—Beanpot

— D D D —

"Gentlemen, I think that we glue manufacturers must stick together."

"The feeling is mucilage."

— D D D —

—Penn. State "Froth"

Medic: "May I cut in?"

Prom Queen: "Sorry, but my partner is operating."

— D D D —

—Octopus

"How long have you been out of work?"

"I don't know, lady, I've forgotten the date I was born."

—Arizona Kitty-Kat

Telegrams—A Pair

Twins arrived and doing fine.

More later—Dora.

Cancel that last order. Two's enough—John.
—Wesleyan Wasp

— D D D —

Prof. (during exam): "Young man, what do you have to say about that writing on your cuff?"

Young Man: "I think it's terrible the way they treat the laundry here."

—Log

— D D D —

It (over the phone): "... and I'd love to go to that game with you."

He: "Sorry sweetheart, you'll have to make a better offer. I know three other girls willing to do just as much."

—Yellow Crab

— D D D —

The dry agents who recently raided the fraternity houses at the University of Michigan discovered that the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi was in a keg.

—Columns

— D D D —

"Here officer, those apples cost a nickle."

—Temple Owl

— D D D —

"Yes, I was driving along in Sicily when robbers came and took everything, money, watch and even my car."

"But I thought you had a revolver on you?"

"Yes, I had, but they didn't find that."

—West Point Pointer

— D D D —

Boy (entering a drug store): "Say, mister, gimme a toothbrush."

Clerk: "Surely, do you want a brush with soft or stiff bristles?"

Boy: "Well, you had better find a good stiff one, because there are ten in our family."

—Kansas Sour Owl

— D D D —

"Ann Hathaway," gently chortled Bill Shakespeare as he snuck up the stairs in his stocking feet.

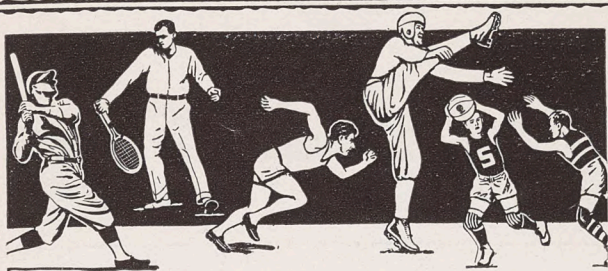
—Amherst Lord Jeff

— D D D —

War Veteran (with amputated leg): "Yes, I have a pocketbook made of skin from my own leg. I don't believe there's another such intimate souvenir in the whole world."

War Veteran (recovering from abdominal wounds): "Oh, I don't know. I have a tennis racket at home that I think a lot of."

—Belle Hop



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Recognized Authority

for

Athletic Equipment SPALDING

Football	Track	Indian Clubs
Basketball	Soccer	Boxing Gloves
Volley Ball	Tennis	Punching Bags

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

409 North Broadway

Blank Verse

Mary had a little lamb,
 Its fleece was white as snow,
 It followed Mary to the well
 One day.

It fell down the well.
 Mary looked down into the well:
 "Hello, Lamb," said Mary.
 "Hello, Mary," said the Lamb.

—Gargoyle

— D D D —

It isn't what our girl knows that bothers us—it's
 how she learned it.

—Beanpot

— D D D —

"I hear you and the leading lady are on the outs."
 Electrician: "Yeah, it was one of those quick-
 change scenes with the stage all dark. She asked
 for her tights and I thought she said lights."

—Sun Dial

— D D D —

Voice from car: "Shay, offisher, ish thish the way
 to go to the fo'ball game?"

Badge-bearer: "You bet. And if I wasn't a cop,
 I'd go that way too."

—Cornell Widow

Why Speak of It Now?

Gee, aint it a grand and glorious feelin'—when
 you're getting into your tux—every second precious,
 and your room-mate blows the last fuse, trying to
 get the flatiron to work.

—Beanpot

— D D D —

Frosh (to senior co-ed): "Give me a date some-
 time, will you?"

Co-ed: "I'd like to, but I can't go with a baby."

Frosh: "Oh, beg pardon. I didn't know about it."

—Orange Peel

— D D D —

I suppose that the little boys who refuse to study
 their grammar in school eventually grow up to be
 song writers.

—Record

— D D D —

Briefly Speaking

"Have a cigarette?"

"No thanks. I don't smoke and besides I've just
 had one and anyway I'm too busy and to tell the
 truth I never smoke your brand and I've got a bad
 cough already and then smoking's prohibited here
 and what's more my lighter's dry and I haven't a
 match and even if I had one there'd be no place
 to strike it and besides one should never smoke
 before meals and the air is bad enough already and
 then again we have no ash trays and incidentally
 my wife is against it and what's more if you weren't
 such a blind jackass you could see that I already
 have one."

—Voo Doo

— D D D —

"Well, miss, are you the farmer's daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'm selling brassieres."

"Brassieres? What are they?"

"My name's Jones—Jasper Jones!"

—Bison

FOR over half a century
 men who make an
 art of good dressing
 have looked for this name
 in selecting their shoes.



Walk-Over
TRADE MARK, REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



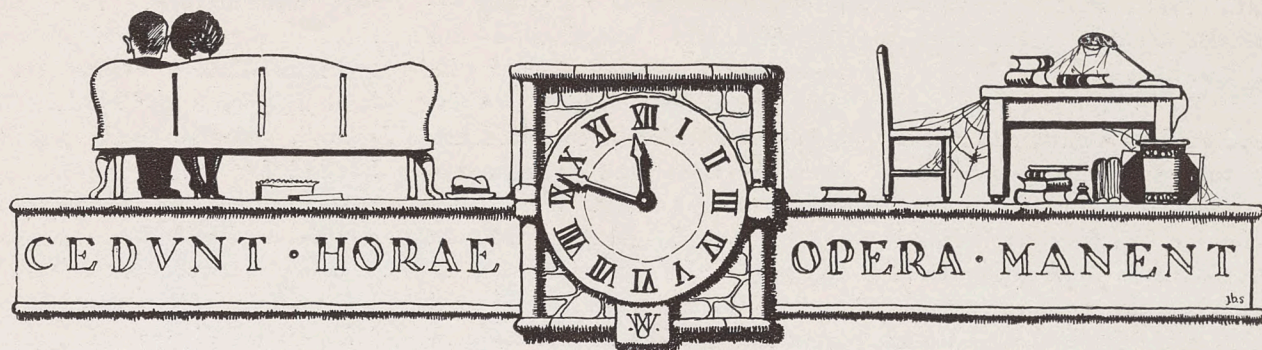
612 Olive St.
 and

Grand at Washington

Washington University Book Store



As seen by a Dirge Artist



CAMPUS COMMENT

POP IS GONE!

By the time this is published it won't be news that Pop is fired. But we knew it before you did. The night watchman told us about it this summer. It seems that the Colonel wanted Pop to move some furniture and Pop, ever a martyr to his principles, refused. The Colonel became rudely insistent and Pop resigned. We don't vouch for this story. It's just what we heard.

Pop's successor, Bill, who formerly cleaned the north wing of Brookings, is tall, lean, and taciturn. We walked up from the car line with him the other day and talked about his new job.

"I'm going to like it fine. It's awfully healthy, you know. After working inside for ten years a guy gets an awful lot of dust in his lungs. It's not healthy." Timidly we suggested that it wouldn't be very pleasant licking all those stickers. We get ill whenever we have to lick a postage stamp. But Bill is going to carry around a sponge in a box. He is also going to be more business like than Pop. He says he will positively not play favorites to girls.

"I'm not going to be hard-boiled with anyone. I've got to keep students from parking in certain places. That's my job and

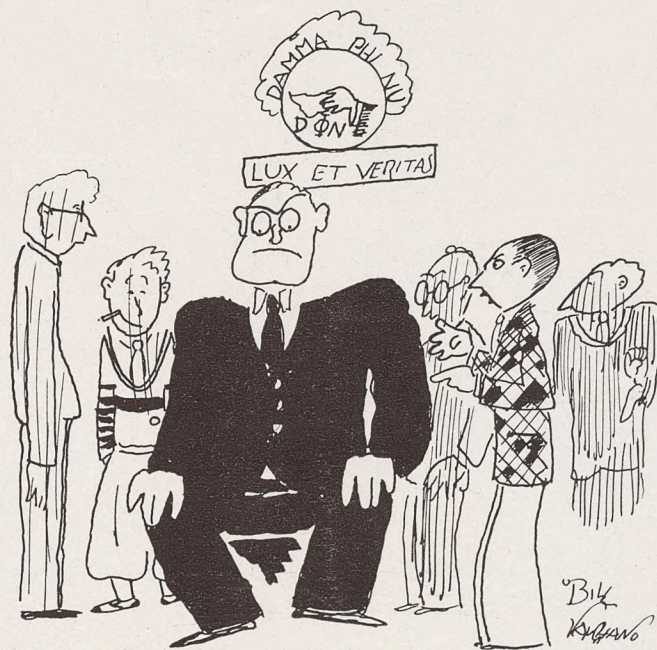
I'm going to do it. But this thing of going up to a guy and saying, 'You nasty-word nasty-word such and such, what the he-l do you mean by parking there' is out. I'm going to treat everybody like my brother or father." We've heard from people who have parked in sacred precincts and they report Bill is as good as his word.

Gym past Liggett Hall. Eventually they got their car down to the Quad and found they were trapped, hemmed in on all sides by massive buildings. Finally they decided to go through the archway and down the steps. But when they contemplated the steep drop their courage left them and they fled panic-stricken. Our friend tells us their was quite an amusing scene when the Colonel saw the car the next morning.

FIVE AND TEN

Woolworth's is our favorite store. We like it fine. That's why we were terribly surprised, and rather shocked when we saw the following sign in the window the other day, "SUGGESTIVE ITEMS FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN." We thought that Woolworth was entering the filthy picture racket. It didn't seem a good matter for us to investigate because we blush easily and are rather afraid of sales-ladies so we turned the matter over to one

of our more worldly colleagues. He entered the store in question, and explaining to the sales-lady that he was a school child, he told her that he would like to look at some suggestive items. She looked at him for a moment and said, "Say whady'a thing lyam, wise guy. Get outa here before I call the manager.



"Really, Mr. Strong, you're just our type."

DEMON RUM CAUSED THIS

One of our summer school sleuths turned this one in. It seems that some gentlemen (They weren't students, Dean, and besides this is only a rumor and probably not true) became slightly inebriated and drove their car down the brick walk from Francis

Scram!" And that's as far as our investigation has progressed.

TURKEY TALK

We heard an amusing story the other day concerning two Soldan high school teachers who bought a turkey last Thanksgiving. (Read Dirge. Today's news today.) It seems when they got the turkey home it suddenly occurred to them that it was alive. This, of course, necessitated killing it before it was cooked. The two good spinsters contemplated on this for some time and finally decided that chloroforming the bird would be both painless and bloodless. When the fowl seemed sufficiently dead they picked its feathers and laying it on the kitchen table retired to an untroubled, or so they thought, night's sleep. At about two o'clock that morning the entire building was aroused (that is the building wasn't aroused but the people in it) by blood-curdling screams issuing from the apartment of the two pedagogues. A sleepy night clerk, who was the first to enter, found two terrified ladies huddled together in a corner watching a picked turkey stagger drunkenly around the room.

TOURING NOTE

Auto-touring! Faugh! We still remember our last experience. We had just finished crossing Indiana without a stop and were bowling along through Illinois at a good clip. We came to one of those towns which were formerly "one-horse" towns, but which have traded in their horse on a motorcycle for the use of an over-zealous town constable. Entering this metamor-

phosed town we saw two signs—the first said "speed limit—20 miles"—the second "obey the state speed laws" which was decidedly confusing to say the least, since the state limit on highways is 45 miles per hour. We did not want to play favorites, so we took the only other course open to us—we held our speed at 55 and went through. We showed a chick-



"Say, lady, lend me a buck for a plate of caviar!"

en why it should not cross the road. And then we breathed easier, for we glimpsed the town motorcycle in front of a garage with a bad tire.

The next town, however, we took slower, perusing eagerly the filling station signs. They read like this: "Ladies Rest Room", "Ladies Restroom", "Ladies Lounge", "Restroom for Ladies", etc. It

was discouraging. Five more signs similar to above. It threatened to become calamitous. At last! Sign reading "Modern restroom". We stopped, got out, headed for the door, and there saw another sign "Gone to ball game—be back three hours".

Cold terror seized us. We went on, wildly, desperately. No luck. "Whathahell!" we cried as we turned down a heavily wooded country lane, "aren't men human?"

OH DOCTOR

Our research department, which has been working busy as bees all through the long, hot summer, turns up this interesting piece of information. Dr. Th. H. Van de Velde, quite an authority in his small way, sums up a kiss quite succinctly as "An irregular intermittent pneumatic massage." Oh doctor, you must have been around!

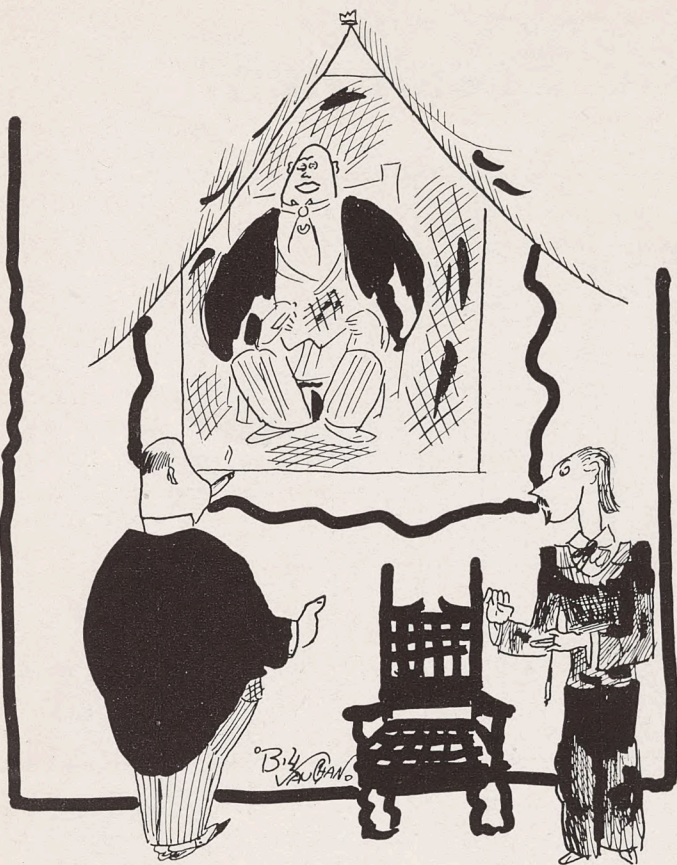
WARNING! PUNS!

The other day a chubby little fellow, tall and broad-shouldered, walked into the Dirge office, right past the office boy and everything. "What", he chirped, "is the Jewish Pickle song?" We admitted we didn't know. "Just a little Kosher, dear." As soon as the laughter subsided he continued, "Why is the Dirge so sickening?" We all started to talk at once but he cut us short with a crisp, "Because it's got Brightman's disease". We could hear him giggle as the door slammed after him. (Printer's note. I betcha no such a thing happened. I bet Brightman just made up the whole thing as a publicity stunt. The dope.)

HEY STUDENT LIFE!

Being as student publications are all one big happy family and

(Continued on page 22)



"No, Professor, I don't think you quite caught the gypsy in me."

— D D D —

**OPEN LETTER TO MR. PERCY ZILCH
EDITOR OF BALLYHOO**

Dear Mr. Zilch:

We realize that magazines have to steal a little material from each other once in a while and we try to be pretty lenient about it, but we feel that you have gone a little too far in your August issue of Ballyhoo. I refer, of course, to your joke "No Lady" (also "Retort Courteous, etc.") which ran as follows, "Who was that lady I seen you with last night." "That was no lady, that was my wife." That joke, Mr. Zilch, was pilfered from the "Ancient Wheezes" number of Dirge, published in December 1912. Our version was headed, more aptly, "No Joke" and ran as follows. "Who was that magazine I seen you with last night." "That was no magazine, that was Ballyhoo." Your thin disguise, Mr. Zilch, has not deceived me. The two jokes are the same, and inasmuch as we hold the copyright, our solicitors, Zilch, Zilch, Zilch, and Cohn, will institute proceedings against you unless we receive compensation by Sept. 10.

Remember, Mr. Zilch, wrapping stale jokes in cellophane does not make them fresh. It is futile to lock the stable door after the horse is stolen. So there.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am,
Sam Zilch,
Editor of Dirge.

NEW ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

The Board of Student Finance (not to be confused with the A. S. A. B.) which runs everything at Washington University has recently announced a startling change in the entrance examinations. Instead of having an intelligence test for the freshmen they are put in an Austin and allowed to enter the new traffic circle from various angles. If they get up to the Brookings Hall nine times out of ten they are admitted without taking the Esperanto examination. That fellow you see driving around the circle all day without ever getting out is a guy who flunked his exam. What new wonder will we see next with intrepid airmen defying gravity in balloons and horseless carriages?

— D D D —

FAMOUS LAST WORDS OF RUSH WEEK

Oh! So you're a Fuller Brush man. Y'know I thought you were a rushee. . . ."

President Blunderbuss, of Alpha Pi Kappa.

"Aw nerts, Slim's is much better. . . ."

Parie Pamogeelu, of Tau Alpha.

"That guy's a plumber. . . ."

Ima Hoeller, of T. A. O.

"I don't like that guy's tie. . . ."

Q. Vietz.

". . . now fellow we'll just pin this little button on your underwear. . . ."

Brother Oomerblutz, of Delta Theta Phi.



Moral—Do your Christmas shopping early.

A Guide to the Freshmen

If he comes from	ask	if he knows	and was he ever	with	and can he	will he ever try to	does he still like	and why he wants to go
Soldan	it	Mr. Stellwagon	caught smoking	Mr. Patrick	inhale	reform	to sit on the stone wall	to the dogs
Roosevelt	the tiger man	Mamie	at the Hunnington	Ike	play football	play poker	pool better	Sigma Chi
Cleveland	der knabe	English	in Zinzinatti	out a beer party	make Heingamotz	stowaway on the Graf Z.	Gretchel	Delta Gamma
Beaumont	the Swede	anything	in O'Fallon Park	the parking lights off	censored	censored	censored	home so late
Central	dot poy	who was Andy Cohen	afflicted	(even your best friend won't tell you)	debate	imitate Al Jolson	to go to the St. Louis	make boom boom
Webster	Reginald	what he expects from college	disappointed in the Book of Knowledge	illustrations	play football	play football	play football	Beta
U. City	immediately	what makes him so handsome	seen in the Garrick	some Comites	paly a uke	be an Eagle Scout	burlesque	such places
Clayton	in a whisper	why he didn't go to U. City	in love	an employee of Mr. Bell (A T. & T.)	do anything	Sell Saturday Evening Post	to go to the Tivoli	to see the Clayton-Webster Game
St. L. U. H.	O'Leary	that Father John is making a new medicine	in East St. Louis	good intentions	act or sing	get a marcel	play football	K. A.
Western	the shiek	what's good for him	up the well known creek	out a paddle	make whoopee	stop it	to make whoopee	out with such girls
Kirkwood	"Long gone"	what direction St. Louis is	in Webster Groves	a load of hay	remember Jacoby	paint the town red	Granger Twist	away from the farm
Miss Evans'	her	all his mother knows	embarrassed	a grimy joke	dance well	fly	iced coffee	Pi Phi
Peoria	Jake	why he came to W. U.	away from the farm before	out his overalls	forecast the weather	play football	go hay riding	home
Burrough's	the child	Glancy	in New York	his mother	stand the middle west much longer	write poetry	the girls down at Mary	to Harvard
Country Day	often	all the debutantes	out	the V. P. Queen	be surpassed for nonchalance	analyze his popularity	cock tail parties	to hell

Dirge's All-America Baseball Team



"Never mind, I've got a match."

SEPTEMBER seems to be the open season for picking All-America baseball teams. The newspapers are teeming with such selections, including those by Babe Ruth, local sport writers, and combinations of sport writers from various cities. Dirge has examined all which have appeared to date, has carefully weighed them all, and found them all pretty scaley. The main drawback seems to be that all the players named are from the major leagues. This indicates a spirit of prejudice and partiality on the part of the selectors, and it is to combat this that Dirge is printing its own selection. Dirge has sent scouts out to all the leading sandlots in this great nation, and as a result of their findings, presents herein its Sandlot Sluggers, the grittiest little team on the diamond.

First base—Josh Thirston, of the San Francisco Wild Cats. Just a good average player in most departments of the game, he showed exceptional skill in the use of the old hidden ball trick. His father, a vaudeville magician and sleight-of-hand artist, is responsible for this. During nineteen games last season he averaged seven putouts a game via this method—and this in spite of the fact that during the last seven games of the season every player

of the opposition who reached first base padlocked himself there and gave the key to the batter.

Second base—Finally awarded to Manuel Hidalgo of the Dallas Wild Cats. Competition for this position was very close, a major-leaguer, Oscar Melillo of the Browns, being given serious consideration. Milillo, a spinach eater, was admittedly a gritty player, but when the Dallas playing field contributed a sample of sand which assayed 54 percent quartz it was all over but the shouting.

Shortstop—Marcus Semblinsky, of the Peoria Wild Cats, was a runaway for this position. His dad runs a sports store, and is very generous in giving his son bats (cracked), and balls (shopworn).

Third base—A player from the opposing team (the Wild Cats) may be borrowed to play this position.

Left field—Sol Solgrub of the Manasquan Wild Cats was chosen solely for his uncanny knack for retrieving balls which had crashed through apartment house windows without paying toll to the offended householder. In fact, he twice last year came back with the ball and also a small contribution to his club for the purpose of buying uniforms. We do not blame Sol for not reporting the latter fact to the rest of the club. Amateur clubs must

(Continued on page 23)



Moral—Do your Christmas shopping early.

TOMMY ATKINS

They told me I was one square guy
 Before I joined the frat.,
 And then they said my head was square
 And pulverized my hat.
 They told me how the girls would fall
 If I was a Rho Bete,
 But since I've joined the ranks they haven't
 Even let me have a date.
 Cho. Now its "Tommy this" and "Tommy that"
 And "Tommy fetch that gin."
 It was "Thank you, Mr. Atkins",
 Before I wore a pin.

They used to buy me sandwiches
 And coffee at the 'Wedge'.
 They used to get me dates and things
 Before I was a pledge.
 They used to tell what fun it was
 To paddle erring brothers.
 But now I must stand up at meals
 Along with many others.
 Cho. Now its "Tommy this" and "Tommy that"
 "And Tommy fetch that gin",
 It was "thank you, Mr. Atkins",
 Before I wore a pin.

And then they have the nerve to say,
 "Its all for your own good,
 "If we did'nt take it out of you,
 "Some other person would."
 If college life be all like this,
 Then heaven by my 'Jedge',
 I must have been an awful ass
 Before I was a pledge.
 Cho. Now its "Tommy this" and "Tommy that"
 And "Tommy fetch that gin",
 It was "Thank you, Mr. Atkins",
 Before I wore a pin.

— D D D —

TEN—TWO—AND FOUR

For the third time that day a sudden hush fell over the headquarters office of the great beverage corporation. The time was at hand! The clack-clacking of typewriters ceased as their operators dropped their hands into their laps to await the next move. The office boys stopped whistling, and, suddenly very serious and business-like, moved to their appointed stations near the lockers. In the conference rooms a thunderous quiet brooded, unrelieved for the first time in two hours by a fiery discussion of some abstruse golf problem. A newly-hired employee on the fourth floor made some jocular remark in an amused whisper, and was met with withering glances of contempt and distaste from those around him. A look of fear came into

his eyes as he realized the enormity of his offense.

A sharp insistent burr cut the heavy silence. The five second warning buzzer! As if geared to a single cog, every person on every floor shifted his position, leaned forward, and tensed his arms and wrists. You could hear a pin drop, and this time it was a safety pin that did. A second burr indicating one second to go was heard, and several hundred tongues ran out and moistened an equal number of pairs of lips. Immediately a gong sounded a deep liquid tone. Four o'clock! A roaring, gurgling sound reverberated through the building as the hundreds of bottles of Dr. Pepper were transferred into as many glasses, and downed with a great smacking of lips.

—Westcott

— D D D —

Aw, go on now, do your Christmas shopping early.

— D D D —

If all the men in the world were waked up at once they would stretch—

— D D D —

Messenio:—"She's a girl worth cultivating."

Menechmus:—"Er—a blushing Violet or a wild Oat?"

— D D D —

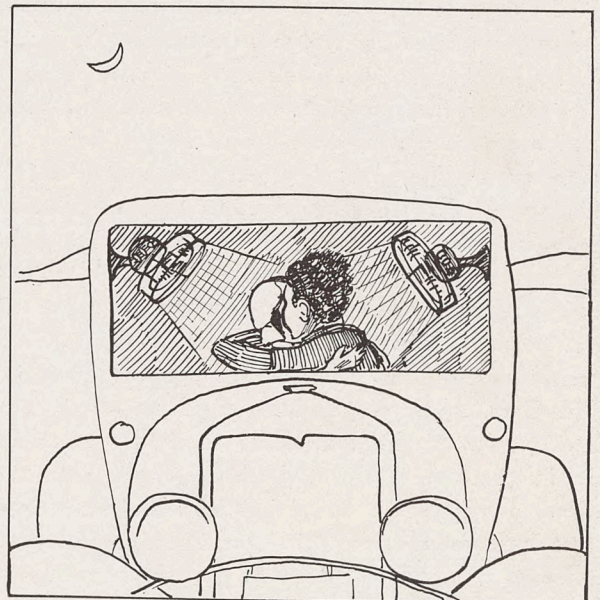
She was only a fireman's daughter, but, oh, what a siren was she!

— D D D —

Speaking frankly, how much did those Parisian undies cost?

— D D D —

Women are born—and made.



Moral—Do your Christmas shopping early.

Let's Start a Club

THE scene is a prominent University in St. Louis. Its name begins with a 'W'. Several girls, generous of form and philanthropic of feet, are gathered around a table in a nearby drugstore whose name also begins with a 'W'.

First Girl—Now that rushing's over, lets start a club.

Chorus—Lets.

Second Girl—What kind of club?

Cho.—What difference does it make?

Third Girl (Unconsciously looking downward)— Lets have a hiking club.

Cho.—Swell. What'll we name it?

First Girl—What's the matter with 'Mortise and Tenon'?

Cho.—What's that?

First Girl—What difference does that make?

Cho.—Sure. What's the diff.?

Second Girl—What are we going to have to do to get in?

Cho.—Yes.

First Girl—How about walking up and down Fraternity Row three times a day for three months?

Cho.—Great! Are we going to have a house party?

First Girl—Of course, but before we go any farther lets elect officers.

Sec. Girl—Have we got a quorum?

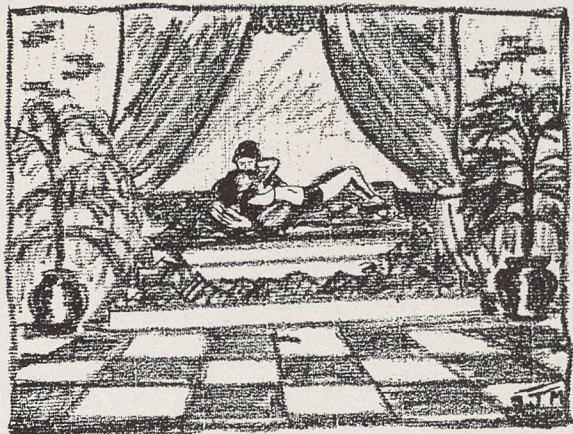
First Girl—What's a quorum?

Sec. Girl—I don't know, but you can't vote without one.

First Girl—All right, you be the quorum. Who's going to be president?

Fourth Girl—I want to be an officer.

Cho.—I do too.



"Oh Sultan, you've been reading Margaret Sanger?"

— D D D —

First Girl (plainly the ring-leader)—There are only seven of us. We can all be officers.

Cho.—Hurray!

First Girl—We'll all vote tomorrow at my house for a President, Vice-President, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, Sergeant at Arms, and lets see, something cute like Chief Surgeon.

Cho.—No!

First Girl—All right, how about Social Secretary?

Cho.—Hurray!

Fifth Girl—What'll our pins be like?

Cho.—Yes. What?

Sixth Girl—Lets ask Martha Carr.

Cho.—Hurray!

They get up and go out, chests bursting with the pride of having made an invaluable addition to the social life of 'W' University. G.H.H.

— D D D —

Just to fill up space, do your Christmas shopping early.

— D D D —

Suggested theme song for the rash New York couple who got married on 75 cents the other day — "Two Heart Beats in Three Quarter Time."

— D D D —

Simile:—As shiny as a Rockefeller dime, or the pants of the guy who gets one.

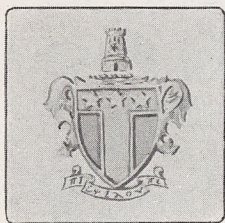
— D D D —

An increase in the water rates would do more than anything else to stop the huge profits now being made in the bootlegging business.

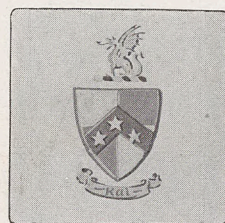


Moral:—Do your Christmas shopping early.

A Guide to the Greeks



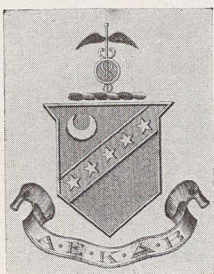
Alpha Tau Omega—The first fraternity—alphabetically. Just a stone's throw from the campus. Biggest attraction—Minnie, the cook. Biggest drawback—Russ (There's one in every fraternity) Alt. Favorite pastime—double down on the cuff.



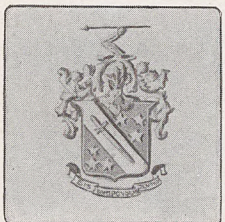
Beta Theta Pi—These boys take sun baths on the roof and keep that school girl complexion by eating goldfish. Biggest attraction—the east view. Biggest drawback—the west view. Favorite pastime—peeking out the east windows with a telescope.



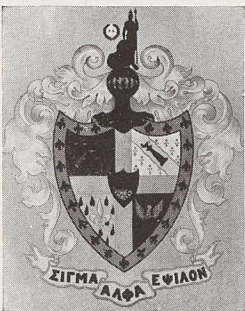
Kappa Alpha—Motto—Dieu et les dames. Biggest attraction—Dieu et les dames. Biggest drawback—Dieu et les dames. Favorite pastime—Les dames.



Kappa Sigma—Two thousand chapters and three million members—all Caucasian. Just a bunch of sissies. Biggest attraction—We give up. Biggest drawback—There's a brother in every town. Favorite pastime—Hopscotch.



Phi Delta Theta—Are you from Arkansas or U. City? When will you be seventeen? Are you still rushing Kappa? Biggest attraction—Sex appeal. Biggest drawback—Gov. Alfalfa Bill Murray's nephew, Bud Chapman. Favorite pastime—holding hands. (This sometimes leads to even more fun.)

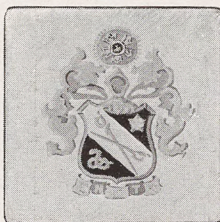


Sigma Alpha Epsilon—"It wasn't for knowledge that we came to college, but to raise Hell while we're here." Biggest attraction—Rudy Vallee? Biggest drawback—Fred Glarner's moustache. Favorite pastime—this one's on the house.

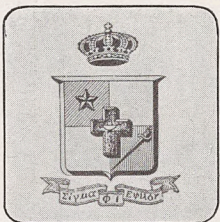


Pi Kappa Alpha—Brother Webus raises goldfish—for the chapter to pledge. Good old Brother Webus. Biggest attraction—if you knew what those goldfish did. Biggest drawback—Opinion is divided fifty-one ways. Favorite pastime—pledging Smith brothers.

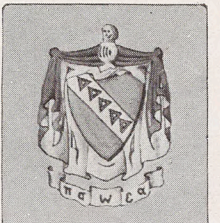
Sigma Chi—Prominent member climbs for two days and fails to reach bottom of peak. Anything for a laugh, eh Porter. Biggest attraction—your guess is as good as mine. Biggest drawback—One will always stand out. Favorite pastime—The Sig Chis always were.



Sigma Nu—They have a mighty fine chapter at Mizzou. Biggest attraction—Russ Vaughan's little brother. Biggest drawback—Vivian Guilford. Favorite pastime—Biting their finger nails. (You would too, under the circumstances.)



Sigma Phi Epsilon—You've met Professor McKenzie, haven't you. Biggest attraction—He's out of town now. Biggest drawback—Professor McKenzie. Favorite pastime—Yes Professor McKenzie, thank you, Professor McKenzie.

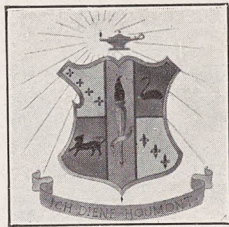


Tau Kappa Epsilon—Sounds like Deke, anyhow. Biggest attraction—A prize of 9999999-99999999 million dollars will be awarded to the little kiddy writing in a satisfactory answer. Biggest drawback—Sorry kiddies, anybody can answer this one. Favorite pastime—Stagging to Teke parties.

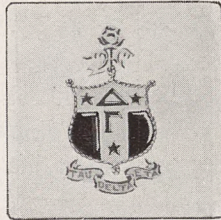


Theta Xi—These boys can get you into Pershing Rifles. Biggest attraction—Kurz and Lohrding (they were in school a few years ago.) Biggest drawback—These boys will get you into Pershing Rifles. Favorite pastime—Playing with their silde rules.

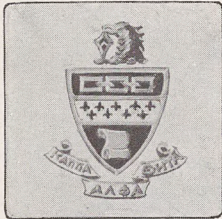
A Guide to the Greeks—(Continued)



Chi Delta Phi and Xi Sigma Theta—Holding out for Deke.



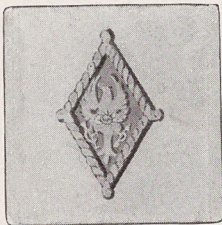
Delta Gamma—Sprechen si Deutsch? Biggest attraction—Electro magnet. Biggest drawback—The south side. Favorite pastime—Smoking Old Golds—and hoping.



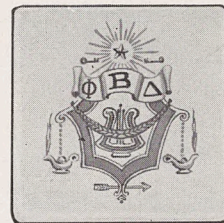
Kappa Alpha Theta—Just a bunch of girls the Kappa's didn't want. Biggest attraction—This stumped the Dirge staff. Biggest drawback—keeping up their standards. Favorite pastime.—Making derag—darog—well,—dirty cracks about the Kappas.



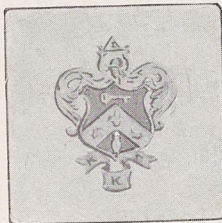
Alpha Epsilon Pi—Don't pick a fight with Blanke. Biggest attraction—What a silly idea! Biggest drawback—Irving Powers. Favorite pastime—Doing wicked things.



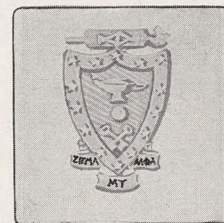
Pi Beta Phi—Ask the man who owns one. Biggest attraction—The Missouri chapter. Biggest drawback—Pi Phi pledge dances. Favorite pastime—We promised the Dean to keep this clean.



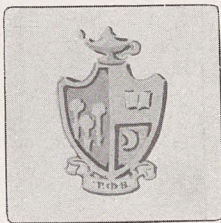
Phi Beta Delta—Starts out like Phi Beta Kappa. Biggest attraction—Robert Champaine. Biggest drawback—Lester Elbert. Favorite pastime—Intramural.



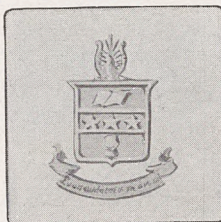
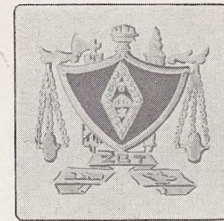
Kappa Kappa Gamma—Just a bunch of nice girls the Theta's didn't want. Biggest attraction—Art Gaines, isn't he, Leavitt? Biggest drawback—Every Phi Delt without mourning mouth or athlete's foot rates a Kappa dance. Favorite pastime—Marriage is a great institution and will eventually, I think, supplant the horse.



Sigma Alpha Mu—A bunch of big time gamblers. Biggest attraction—Tiny Glazer. Biggest drawback—Joyce Portnoy. Favorite pastime—Ping pong.



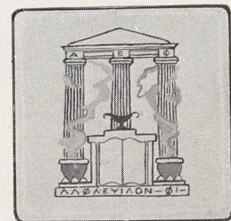
Zeta Beta Tau—You know Sulzbacher. Biggest attraction—His car. Biggest drawback—Sulzbacher's riding boots. Favorite pastime—Sulzbacher.



Gamma Phi Beta, Phi Mu, Delta Delta Delta, Alpha Chi Omega. Just a bunch of girls that graduated from high school and came to college.



Alpha Epsilon Phi—Alpha Xi Delta—Gamma Epsilon—Dirge's numerous operatives have failed to find anything really authentic about these organizations.



The Humorist—by George Hall who is one

THE rush committee surveyed itself thoughtfully and kicked itself heartily in the pants. It had been a particularly unpleasant season for the rush committee. Things hadn't been working so smoothly and registration was scheduled to start tomorrow.

"Why in Hell did'nt Randolph let us know about this Baxter Berry sooner", exclaimed Captain Whinney, "You can't sneeze at a bird with Two million."

"You mean we can't sneeze at him", said Jim Wells. "Maybe Henry Ford could."

"Anyway", said Whinney, the dazed recipient of a brand new telegram, "There's a train gets in in forty minutes and he may be on it. Somebody better be there or we might lose him. Randolph said He'd be here a day early."

"Who's got a car", asked Gadget Murphy dolefully?

"What's wrong with yours?"

"Not exactly a vehicle with which to impress prospective pledges, you know, but I'm always ready for a hike. Let's go."

Four of them climbed into a vicious looking monster that once had been the flashiest speed demon on wheels. That had been fourteen years ago. Gadget had bought it from a man who had worn it out five years earlier going up and down Pike's peak. It wheezed to a gentle halt exactly half way between John Walker college and the railroad station, a walk of two miles in either direction if you weren't picked up.

After various unmentionables (left out because of their collegiate atmosphere) it was decided that Murphy and Tom Rover

were to stay and try to fix the car while the other two walked on ahead.

"Well, Tom," said Gadget after the other two had left, "What do you make of this?"

"Well I'll tell you, old man, obviously the thing for us to do is to sit on the running board and wait for the beautiful blonde to stop and pick us up."

"What blonde?"

"The blonde. The one that always comes along in situations like this. Wait a minute—here she comes now."

A little dust cloud down the road approached, grew larger, and flashed past. It was a blonde and quite beautiful but she just smiled. She didn't even slow up.

"Well," sighed Gadget, "get me the tools and I'll go to work."

An axe, carried to chop down signs with, a set of wrenches and pliers were produced from the bowels of the car and Gadget buried most of his long body in amongst the engine. Rover assumed a typically collegiate attitude in the back seat. He snored gently.

The road was narrow and Gadget winced every time a car passed. There was just a little too much of him protruding. Once he heard a car coming but it didn't pass. It stopped. He looked up into the smiling face of a youth with big ears.

The youth seemed to be enjoying some sort of a joke hugely. Finally he said,

"Having trouble?"

"Not at all. Not at all. Just passing time."

The boy allowed his glance to rove and suddenly chuckled.

"Axe marks the spot," he said, "Ho! Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha! D'ya get it?"

(The reader will here suppose that the axe was brought in merely for the purpose of a pun but this is not so for if



"We don't want to influence you, Jones. This is something you'll have to decide for yourself".



he will look he will see that Tom Rover's feet are resting on the fragments of a Burma Shave sign recently removed from its mooring.)

"Yeh, I get it."

"Say," continued the boy as if struck by a bright idea, "Want a lift?"

"Sure. Hey, Tom, here's a lift."

Tom awoke and stretched himself.

"Lift?" he questioned.

"Yeh. Hurry up."

He climbed in the roadster beside Murphy and the boy with big ears and they drove off in the direction of the college.

"Have you heard about the baby down the road that gained ten pounds in two weeks on elephant's milk?" asked the boy.

"Whose baby was that?"

"The elephant's. Ho! Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

The boy went off into a perfect spasm of laughter.

"Hey. You can't get away with stuff like that. What's your name?" asked Tom.

"Oh, Berry. B-e-double r-y. They usually call me 'Bats'. Kinda good, because my first name's Baxter. Get it?"

"Berry, eh? Yes, that is good. I'm Murphy and this is Rover. You a freshman this year?"

"Well, yes and no. I'll be a Junior. I was in military school and several other things. My credits are all mixed up. I'm twenty-one," he added apologetically.

"I know. I mean, sure," said Gadget. "Do you know any more good jokes like that last one?"

"Sure. Have you heard the one about the Pere Marquette?"

"You mean about its being mentioned in the Bible?" asked Tom.

"Yes, that's the one. Did you know, that the Pere Marquette, is mentioned, in, the Bible?"

"Why, no," said Gadget.

"Why doesn't it say, that God created all, creeping things? Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha!"

"Ho! Ho!" laughed Gadget. "That's a good one."

"That gets better every time you hear it," laughed Tom.

"I thought you'd like it," said Baxter. "Why is a Scotchman different from a canoe?"

"Tell that one," screamed Tom, "I love it."

"Because a canoe tips sometimes. Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho!"

Tom and Gadget were convulsed.

"And do you know the one about Charing Cross?"

"Save that one, Baxter, I can't stand it", gasped

Tom, "Wait 'till I stop laughing at those other ones."

"Hold everything", said Baxter, "I just thought. Why don't you call your car 'Murphy's wonder car'."

"Why"?

"I wonder, see, I wonder? Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!"

"Baxter, you're a wizard? I wonder. Ho-o-o oo! Boy, that's good. I wonder."

"The last place I went to school I took Geology. We took our field trips on double-decker busses and they used to keep me running up and down the whole time entertaining them. They thought my jokes were swell."

"What joke, Baxter."

"What? Why all of them."

"Where are you going to stay?"

"Dorms, I guess."

"Why don't you come over to the Peke house with us. Then you can tell us that joke about Charing Cross."

"Sure," said Baxter, "Why not."

". . . so I stepped up to him", said Baxter at the breakfast table next morning, "and I asked him why he kept looking down at his stomach all the time and he said 'Well, I've just been to the doctor and he told me to watch my stomach'."

Fourteen upper-classmen shook the roof with laughter and two freshmen looked at them dubiously.

"Tell us some more", yelled Whinney.

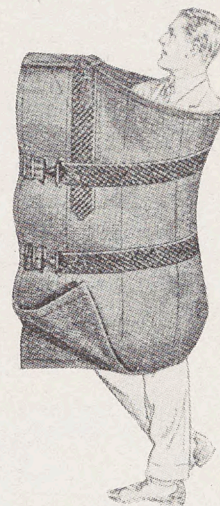
"Sorry, fellows, Mr. Wells is going to take me out to see the grounds. I'll tell some more when I get back."

"Listen, Gadget", said Whinney, "We got to do something about him. This can't go on."

"I know."

"Now here's the thing. The rest of the Freshmen are going to get here today and we'll have to hide him. They'll think we're a bunch of nuts laughing at him this way and if we don't he'll get mad. We've got to keep him occupied. Then we've got to keep him away from the other houses. He's O. K. if it wasn't for those jokes and we can cure him of that in a hurry. I don't know just what to do."

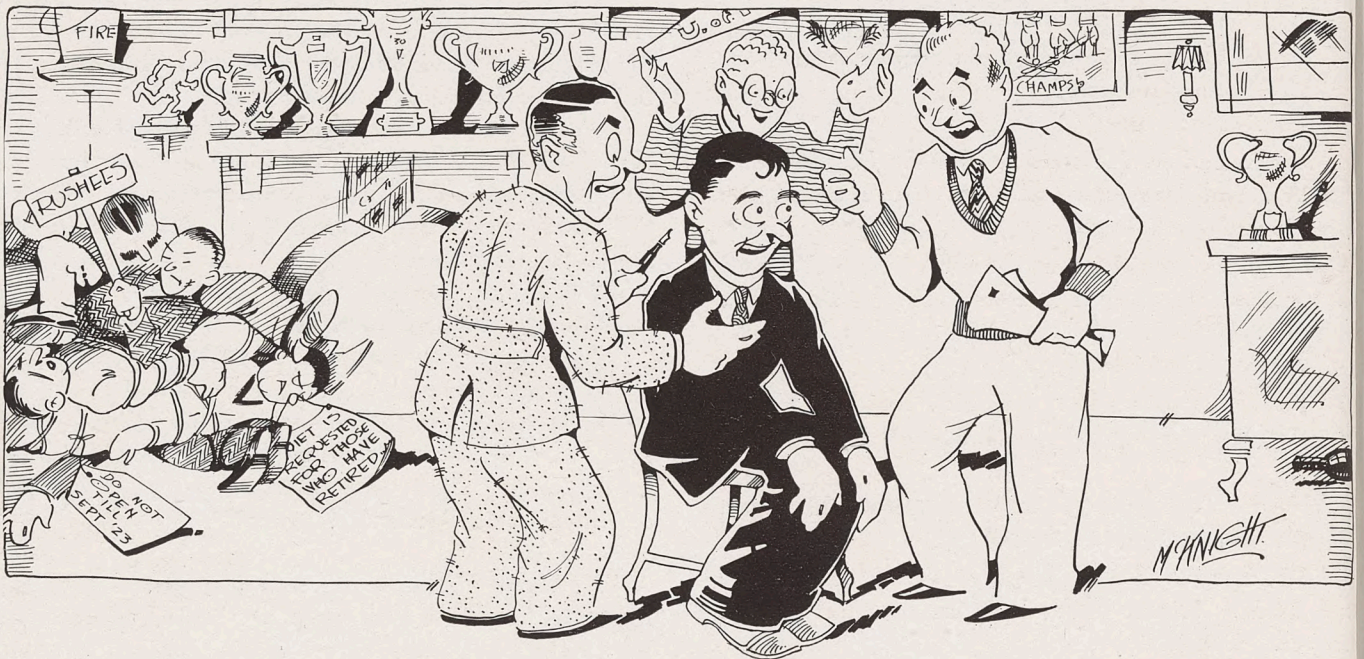
"Yeh, I was thinking this morning. There's only one thing to do. We've got to get him interested in some girl."



Moral—Do your
Christmas
shopping early.

(Continued on page 24)

He Only Went to the Beta Parties Yet He Has Rushee's Hand!



It didn't bother him at first, that itchy, insidious, perfidious, decidious rash that cropped out behind his ears. That's the dangerous thing about Rushee's Hand. You may have it and not even know it. It may be anywhere. It may jump out from behind a tree! After all, now, you've read Ballyhoo, haven't you? You'd better get to bed earlier and cut out smoking!

Moral—Do your Christmas shopping early.

THE RUSHEE SUCCUMBS

Pity on thee, little pledge,
Worn out right-hand, all on edge.
With your months of work ahead,
You will wish that you were dead.
Scrubbing floors and washing walls;
Answering all the actives' calls.
Weekly paddlings on your end
'Til you can't begin to bend.
Running errands over town
For some guys you'd like to drown;
Dragging blind dates to the dances,
If they're good—the active chances.
Dirty little, stepped-on rug.
"It's for your good, you lazy mug!"

Buck up, pledgy, if you can.
Come on through, and be a man.
Wait 'til next year comes, and then
Paddle raw the newer men.

—h. clover

— D D D —

It's smart to be thrifty. Do your Christmas shopping early.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Shilkee, 405 West Swon Avenue, recently announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Shilkee, to Delta Theta

Webster News-Times

Why not the sweetheart of Sigma Chi?

— D D D —

Barrel of Beer Explodes and Injures Dry Raider.

Chicago Tribune

Serves him right.

— D D D —

First Bath in Life Drives Man Insane.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat

Cleanliness is next to insanity, eh?

— D D D —

Simile: As large as the international debt payments due one year after the one year moratorium went into effect.

DEPRESSION NOTES

1. Add pitiful figure—the restaurant clerk, who, in prosperous years, “ate up the profits.”
2. The only going concern nowadays is the one that is going on the rocks.
3. Things are looking up! Nineteen companies report that their losses during 1930 were the smallest since 1929.
4. Sales of strychnine and carbolic acid have jumped during the last year, as have about twenty stock-market millionaires.
5. Amalgamated Telescope is looking up.
6. Listerine sales should increase soon. Its about time the million free bottles of Pepsodent Anti-septic were used up.
7. Hold on to your stock certificates. It is reported there will be a decided increase in the price of bathroom rolls.
8. A timely hint—elections will soon be on, so why not run for office? It is good exercise, at least until you get into office. Dig up that old photo of your grandfather cutting wheat with a hand scythe and label it “Furnishing bread for the poor.” But don’t let the farmers see it—if you do you won’t come within a country bloc of being elected.
9. The president of one of those small firms which was barely making a profit during prosperity reports that he is still making the profit, but not the expense.
10. Could you loan me a dime for carfare?

—Westcott

— D D D —

To PURITY

You’re and insequed
If you’ve never been nequed.

Odgen Nash likes to make rhymes
With such queer ending lynes
As these in this messy poem
Which altogether lacks his toen.

Dotty Parker, a married lady
Also does this kinder verse;
Her lines are short, her meanings shady,
And yet we hear it lines her purse.
(The rhyme, can’t you see
Is a b, a b.?)

Elephants are an odd sort of specie,
Baby lambs are mighty fleecy;
This is meant to be a Nature poem
But the lines don’t seem to coem.

— D D D —

BARE FACTS

Hanging around beer joints
Decreases grade points.

—e h. y

WIN A SUBSCRIPTION TO DIRGE!

It’s easy. Any fool can do it, even you. All you have to do is write a caption for the cartoon above and mail it into Dirge before October 10. There are positively no strings attached to this contest. Just pick a card, any card, and what jumps out of the white rabbit? I’ll bet you don’t know.



“Are you a Sigma Nu?”

“No, that was a street car you saw me with!”

A silk hat, that’s what jumps out of the white rabbit. But I seem to be off the subject. What I started to say was that a year’s subscription to Dirge will be given the person who writes the funniest caption for the above cartoon. We put one caption up there just to give you a hint. What we want is something like it, only funny! Don’t forget, the contest closes October 10.

— D D D —

A Short Story

It was the electric company’s fault. Mandy and Sam were necking in Mandy’s front parlor when the lights went out. Sam tried to kiss Mandy but he couldn’t see her. What could he do? Mandy showed her mind by trying to slap Sam’s face, but she couldn’t see him and merely hit the air.

Some time later, although Sam had long quit the army, he and Mandy were married with military honors.

— D D D —

An upright man is one who looks at a group of girls taking a sun-bath through the reverse end of a telescope.

WRITING FOR THE DIRGE IS HELL

Woe betide all mortal men
Who answer when they get the yen
To pick up pencil, paper, pen,
And write of things beyond their ken
For the Dirge.

Rough and tough will be their lot,
They'll jump in fire from out the pot,
They'll sell their souls for one bon mot,
And let their studies go to rot,
For the Dirge.

Hear ye, then! And be ye on your guard:
Though smooth temptation make your journey hard,
Stick to your guns, think not of puns,
And don't succumb, you blasted bumb,
To the urge to write for the Dirge.

Reflect a sec! If answer you the beck
Of one five dollar prize a mo. By heck!
You'll be a wreck from hair to neck,
And sore perturbed, annoyed, disturbed,
By the urge to write for the Dirge.

You'll spend your days in listening for
Someone to pull a crack,
And then you'll write it up and send
It in behind his back.
You'll plan to split the check three ways
Between your creditors,
And then you'll find the quip was the
Assistant Editor's!

You'll spend your nights in tossings wild,
Ahunting words that rhyme,
And reckon not the shocking loss
Of wasted brain and time.
And if you have some luck and shape
A clever bit of poesy,
You'll find that oft you will get stung
When things are looking rosy.

The trouble is I answered once
To authorship's seduction,
And can't forego it, though it leads
To ultimate destruction.
Oh list ye not to its siren song,
It's call from your being purge—
Ah! The foulest curse that can come to man
Is the urge to write for the Dirge!

Shivering thing of pity I,
Fit to fill a hearse,
As I vainly search for words to end
This thrice-accursed verse.
Oh list ye not to its siren song,
It's call from your being purge—
Ah! The foulest curse that can come to man
Is the urge to write for the Dirge!

—Westcott

R. O. T. C.: "What would you say if I wrapped
my arms around you?"

Soror: "That you'd have the most flexible weap-
ons I ever saw."

— D D D —

Girl, refusing proposal of aviator: "There's lots
of other good flyers in the ocean."

— D D D —

Many a sugar-baby has made a "Home, sweet
home" turn sour.

— D D D —

Faithful farmer's daughter: "You done me
wrong, but I think you're wonderful."

— D D D —

Poetic Archeress: "I shot an arrow into the air;
it fell to earth—"

Irate voice: "The hell it did, you@ xx!b **—!"

— D D D —

Soph: "Huh. Look at me and tell the difference
between me and you."

Frosh: "Well, you've been going to school here
three more years than I have."

— D D D —

Little boy told to recite in Sunday-school class:
"En the poor, tired, travelin' salesman saw the
farmhouse and decided to—"

Teacher: "Stop! Johnny, your mother and I will
hear what you have to say for yourself after class."

— D D D —

In the Republic of Liberia, we presume that they
have 'white horses' entered in their presidential
campaigns.

— D D D —

Then there was the bootlegger, who when placed
in the insane asylum, cut paper dolls.

— D D D —

As annoying as a first-year French scholar having
a Boccaccio in the original.

— D D D —

According to Winchell, a door-knob gets more
handshakes than any other object, but then he never
saw the rushee who owns a 16-cylinder Cadilac.

Reach for your pocketbook. Touch it. That's
fine. Now run along and do your Christmas shop-
ping.

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© BROOKS BROTHERS

Then there was the rich invalid who had her fling at modern life by hiring a gigolo and a dancing girl to go around to the clubs and make whoopee for her and then batted her head against the bed post to get the morning after headache.

— D D D —

AGAINST SEVEN-DAY WEEK—headline in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Maybe the Lord had the wrong idea.

— D D D —

Mummy (to Egyptologist with hay fever): "Excuse my dust!"

— D D D —

The treasurer's office seems to think student life means to paper this and paper that.

— D D D —

Keep kissable Do your Christmas shopping early.

— D D D —

First Cow (to other in stockyard): "Why did you choose this for a career?"

Second Kine: "I didn't—I got roped in."

He's so chicken-hearted that the only way he'll ever come to grips with anyone is by shaking hands.

— D D D —

Speaking of tobacco, why not merge two of the big companies and use as a slogan "The Cremo the Crop."

— D D D —

"Hey, what's in that bottle?"
"Glue."
"Well, where's the label."
"Dunno. It kept coming off."

— D D D —

Drunk, at door: "May I come in?"
Voice from within: "Great Heavens, No! I'm in a state of deshabelle."
"Thash aw'ri'. I'm in th' same fix mysel'."

— D D D —

Bobo: "Poor girl! She got cruelly deceived when she married that old miser!"
Hobo: "Why so? Didn't he have any money?"
Ditto: "Oh, yes, he had money, but he told her he was ten years older than he really was!"

—Log

CAMPUS COMMENT

(Continued from page 8)

being as last year you felt quite free to tell us when we became so gross and vulgar as to offend your delicate sensibilities, we've a little suggestion for you. That is; go easy on the school spirit editorials. Dirge is behind you on your non-swearing good morals and clean teeth campaign but we cannot see eye to eye with you on the subject of school spirit. We want to see the teams win; we like to go to the football games; we like to go to pep meetings. Lots of other people like the same things. But if students stay away from pep meetings or football games we don't see that your estimable publication should throw editorial fits over school spirit and tradition. It would be better to wield your powerful editorial influence in favor of a revised rushing system. And please, Mr. Student Life, don't get sore and give Dirge a bad review just on account of this suggestion.

WASHINGTON SUMMER SEMINAR NOTES

Mr. Bud Chapman, our summer school operative turns in the following interesting account of summer school activities. He is very sorry if he forgot to mention your name.

The long green grass of the Washington University Quadrangle offered a very attractive sitting for a number of the members of the racy younger set during the pleasant summer months of this year. A number of the pupils, spurning the summer resorts so often frequented in past years sought refuge in the delightful library pouring over Sears-Roebuck catalogues, insect life, Aphrodite, and similar other treasures.

Wm. Begelow Robinson, Jr., youngest, oldest, and only son of the Arkansas beer baron attended the summer session, utilizing his spare moments in the sunshine playing marbles with Coach Davis's kindergarten boys. Mr. Robinson will be remembered to Washington University baseball fans as the manager of the varsity nine who trimmed Shurtliff College in one of the most thrilling games of the season. Mr. Robinson also managed for a great quantity of baseball equipment with notable success.

Among the more charming sub-dubs present was Miss Dorothy Lakin, Phi Beta Kappa candidate for the last three years and newly elected member of the hiking club who took several courses not included in the regular curriculum of the university.

Miss Mary Jane Roach, wealthy Wellston club woman and member of Kappa Alpha Theta sub rosa sorority took several highly beneficial courses in education. Miss Roach is reported to be resting easily and it is hoped that she will be able to attend her seventieth successive fall term.

Mr. Chas. Galloway was also present at various intervals during the summer months studying the intricacies of biology. Charles gained great practical experience during his leisure hours at the stock yards where he held a position of great responsibility.

Among the more notable members of the charming summer group was Master Alexander Timothy Johnson, Jr. of Bells, Tenn., Pine Bluffs, Ark., Tishimingo, Okla., St. Louis, Mo., and Paris, Tex., a former engineering student who at present is undecided as to whether to study law, commerce and finance, dentistry, architecture, art, or nursing. While making this weighty decision Alexander, or Alexander Timothy, as he is often called pursued grades in geography and English one. Mr. Johnson, who has been pursuing these same grades for the last two years left abruptly at the conclusion of the summer session for Eureka Springs, Arkansas where he will spend the remainder of the summer taking baths in the delightful public square and acquiring a southern accent.

Also in attendance at varying intervals was Mr. Perry Paramazoglu, Commerce and finance student who spent most of his leisure time and all of his money in the South St. Louis beer gardens studying the vacillating wage scale, the noble experiment, life, and the bar maid. Mr. Pasmazookie's only comment was, "it's all so different."

Among the frequenters of the campus during the seminar was Col. M. Boorstein who made himself as conspicuous as possible in his new R. O. T. C. uniform. The "Col." as he is affectionately called by the co-eds on "the Hill", also attended the Citizens Military Training Camp where he took a course in better homes and gardens.

At the close of the summer season preparations were made for a pleasant winter and after many entreaties Chancellor Throop was prevailed upon to reopen the University for the fall term.

COUPON CLIPPING

What with this horrible d-pr--s--n and rigid practicing of economy, we have become probably the biggest and best coupon clippers in the vicinity. But our coupon-clipping differs from that of Andy Mellon or Ford in that our coupons run like this: "Please send me a free copy of your booklet and sample of"

In other words we, to put it bluntly, borrow magazines for the sole purpose of sending away for something free. With what result? Our desks and medicine cabinets are littered with free toothbrushes and toothpastes; special inks; pamphlets on the use of antiseptics in the home; enough dandruff remover to make you bald-headed; "Interesting Folder" on "The Brew of Quality" (the address

is in Milwaukee); and a variety of other more-or-less useless articles. We may warn those who intend to follow in our thrifty footsteps to avoid sending a two-cent stamp for a sample of toothpaste from a certain company which guards against pink tooth-brush. For we sent three two-cent stamps at different times to no avail. We received no toothpaste.

Perhaps the redeeming feature of this nefarious fancy for things free, however, is that your mailman seldom disappoints you with that annoying "Nothing today". And that is something.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

Plans are not yet complete for the next issue but we can assure you that it will include a fourteen color cover by McClelland Barclay, a daring expose of drug traffic through the Bookstore, a true life story by Colonel Boorstein on "Why I Came to College", name and number of every player, and six free chances on a Chevrolet sedan—or something just as good. As we said plans are not yet complete and some of these features may fall through by October 20. We might even be dead by then—if we go to some pledge dances.

————THE MOURNERS————

———— D D D ————

Dirge's All-America Baseball Team

(Continued from page 11)

not be tinged with commercialism, even though professional players often perform like amateurs.

Center field—Isaac McDonald of the St. Louis Wild Cats. There may be some mistake about his name—it does sound impossible.

Right field—No one needed. An industrial plant takes up this portion of the playing field. However, if you are interested, a collection is now being taken up to buy out the company owning the plant, and then tear down the building. The company is the U. S. Steel Co.

Catcher—Jimmy Dash of the West Harlem Wild Cats. Can out-yell and out-talk any other three amateurs in the country. His withering stream of wisecracks and satire can be depended upon to cause the batter to lose control of his temper and swing at anything. If the umpire pulls a rotten decision, which will cause the team to lose the game, Jimmy can curse said umpire without repetition until darkness comes and the game is called.

Pitcher—Leon Gorsky of the Pittsburg Wild Cats, picked not because of his pitching, but because of his peculiar hitting style. He is just strong enough to hit the ball over the infielders heads and not as far as the outfielders. As a consequence he has a batting average of .849, and is expected to do even better now that his brother, Earl, has taken over the job of scorekeeper.

King Solomon receives a shopping list:

- 1 gross teething rings
- 5 gross plain diapers
- 50 doz. prs. white socks
- 2 doz. white cribs
- 50,000 safety pins
- 2 gross Teddy bears

—Octopus

———— D D D ————

A La Winchell

Adam and Eve are on fire. . . . He had little choice, incidentally. . . . Both take their orange juice each yawning. . . . What couple hurled a midnight swim party on the Euphrates on Sat. eve? . . . Eve is damb ticklish. . . Adam demonstrated this. Eve has thefted a coupla lemons. . . . The angel hands them a sour look. . . Current chit-chat says unpaid bills caused their Eve-acuation. . . It is out that she anticipates a blessed-eventually. . . It's a boy. . . Adam and Eve raise Cain. . . They have garbed themselves in fig greens with little ones for Junior. . . Mater and pater increase their kin and cause an unenjoyment situation.

—Octopus

———— D D D ————

Ronny and Mack were a strange pair. Ronny made Phi Beta Kappa, and Mack made the campus vamp. With Ronny it was all honor and no money; with Mack it was all money and no honor.

—Octopus

**A NEW TASTE SENSATION
HITS THE
CAMPUS**

**And it's a LIFE SAVER
FOR DEAR OLD WHOOSIS**

333 COLLEGE COMICS

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

The Humorist

(Continued from page 17)

Some girl who won't back down on us who has plenty of time to listen to his jokes. She oughta be deaf, too."

"I begin to see. . . . No. She's out."

"Listen, Whinney, Rita's the only one I can think of that we can depend on."

"No. I won't have her listening to those lousy jokes of his."

"Now, Whinney. She'd probably be glad to get away from you for awhile. It would'nt be very long and its a chance to do a lot for the fraternity. You know darn well Berry's harmless and we need him badly."

"Well, when you put it that way, I can't very well refuse. But if he cuts up only once I'll punch his face. I don't like it."

"You call her up now. Tell her she only has to do it for a while. This is Thus. She only has to watch him until Mon. Night. Most everyone will be here this afternoon so you better arrange to have him out of the way if possible. Most of the fellows have seen him and the rest can see him at breakfast".

Whinney picked the receiver off the hook and lit a cigarette thoughtfully.

Between Thursday afternoon and the following Monday night the Peke house saw Baxter only at breakfast. However the brothers kept a watch on him and kept in touch by phoning Rita Morton's house at prearranged intervals. Once Baxter did drop in about two o'clock in the afternoon to pull a new pun which he had just coined, but ran right out again without waiting for his accustomed laugh. He was on his way to play golf with Rita. He had'nt registered as yet.

"Well", sighed Rush-captain Whinney at eight o'clock Monday night, "Its pretty near over. In an hour we can go over to Dan's and celebrate. If Berry were only here I'd be perfectly happy."

"He's coming, of course?"

"Sure. He'll be here. None of the other houses even suspects. I told him pledging was at nine sharp. Trouble is the little wart's over at Rita's.

"We've got twelve men out there. We only need one more to make it the fatal number", said Gadget. "Come on, let's be nice to those other bums for the last time."

At eight-thirty Whinney was badly worried and at ten minutes to nine he was in a cold sweat. Nine o'clock rolled around and the air became tense and expectant. At five after voices of protest became dimly audible and the Freshmen looked worried. At fifteen minutes after nine, when yelling and automobile horns were heard from the other houses, Whinney gave the signal to proceed with the for-

malities, and sank swearing into a chair, from which he was roused a moment later by the ringing of the phone.

"Hello, Whinney", came a voice over the wire, "This is Baxter."

"Yes, Baxter, where are you?"

"I'm over at Cedarville. Rita's here too. We're married."

"Wh—", gasped Whinney weakly.

"Yes. Have you heard about the baby who. . .?"

The voice ceased abruptly as the telephone, torn from its moorings by the powerful arms of Cap. Whinney, slammed into the group of shining new Pekes amid a shower of plaster and curses.

— D D D —

Do your Christmas shopping early. It's no sillier than a lot of other things you do.

— D D D —

Divorce Court Judge: "Upon what grounds are you applying for a divorce, Mr. Brown?"

Mr. Brown: "Extravagance, Your Honor."

Judge: "How's that?"

Mr. Brown: "Well, sir, my wife continued to buy ice after I bought a frigidaire."

—Georgia Tech. "Yellow Jacket"

— D D D —

Bald Student: "You say you can recommend this hair restorer?"

Barber: "Yes, sir, I know a man who removed the cork from the bottle with his teeth, and within twenty-four hours he had a moustache."

—Lafayette Lyre

— D D D —

Demonstrating

College youth enters speak-easy and sees customer reclining placidly under the table in unbroken slumber.

"Hey, Joe," he calls to the bar-tender, and pointing to said customer, says: "Give me a pint of that."

—Purple Parrot

— D D D —

Kit: "When I get married, I'm going to cook, sew, darn my husband's socks, and lay out his pipe and slippers. What more can any husband ask than that?"

Jac: "Nothing, girl, unless he was evil-minded."

—Phoenix

— D D D —

"Just a half-lit match!" said the taxi driver as the young couple stumbled into the car, after the inter-frat brawl.

—Black and Blue Jay

om which
ing of the
the wire,
o. We're

Friend: "Johnny, are you going to be a Doctor?"
Johnny: "No sir!"
Friend: "A lawyer?"
Johnny: "Nope."
Friend: "Then what do you intend to be, my lad?"
Johnny: "A college student."

—Alabama Rammer Jammer

— D D D —

who. .?"
one, torn
of Cap.
ning new

She's so dumb she thinks cesspool is a kind of billiards.

—Lord Jeff

— D D D —

no sillier

Larry: "Well, old Sock, how about pulling a joke for the dear reader?"
Harry: "Aw whatsa use? The ones they want we can't print an' the ones we can print they don't want."

— D D D —

unds are
or."

What did you think of the French midinettes?
It was just as dark at 12 P.M. over there as it is over here.

—Pitt Panther

— D D D —

Problem

John and his date drive due north at a speed of 45 m. p. h. Joe and his date drive due south at 20 m. p. h. and stop in 36 minutes. Both parties are gone three hours, yet Joe gets further than John.

—Arizona Kitty-Kat

— D D D —

Two colored preachers were swapping sermons.
"Brother Brown, what will be yo' text for next Sunday?"

—Lord Jeff

— D D D —

"Why, Brother Henry, ah have chose fo' my text: 'The Widow's Mite'."

"Ah can't use that text, Brother Brown; there is three widows in mah congregation and they all will."

—The Princeton Tiger

— D D D —

A man who had just purchased a parrot that refused to talk was determined to teach it at least one word. Going over to the bird, he repeated for several minutes the word, "Hello, hello." At the end of the lesson, the parrot opened one eye and answered drowsily, "Line's busy."

—Frivol

— D D D —

A happy shout the patient gave:
"I'm just a step out of the grave."
The doctor wondered; then realized
The patient's legs were paralyzed!

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— D D D —

"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look."

"Yes, but you ought to see him if he had to eat in one of the Amherst boarding houses."

—Lord Jeff

— D D D —

Mrs. Astorbilt's butler was quitting. Upstairs babies were squealing and carpenters were knocking out the plaster. The radio was going full blast and next door some one was shooting a machine gun.

"Why are you quitting, George? Is it too noisy here?"

"No mam. No mam. That's the trouble. It's too quiet here."

"Where did you work before, George?"

"At the Sigma Chi house."

— D D D —

"I know why mandarins have such long fingernails."

"You do?"

"Yes, they make it so much easier to scratch their backs."

—Pitt Panther

**SHALL CROSS
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"I'm going to be a brewer some day."
"Yeh—vat chance you've got."

— D D D —

"Hello, is this Scotland Yard?"
"Yes."

"May my children come over and play? I hate
to have them playing in the alley."

—Pitt Panther

— D D D —

Russia may be a very industrious country, and all
that, but there's too much Stalin' around for us.

—Pitt Panther

— D D D —

Italian Words the Tourist Should Know

PO—Not wealthy.
SICILY—To do something like a girl.
BOCCACCIO—A nut.
VATICAN—To once more get corpulent.
FIUME—Carbon monoxide.
MUSSOLINI—To wedge your way in with.
SIGNORS—One who does wrong; sing, you Sig-
nors, sing.
VENICE—A statue without arms.

—Pitt Panther

— D D D —

"Certainly I'm going to be an aviator. Why I've
been air-minded for years."

"Well, I guess I better report to a garage. I've
been tow-headed ever since I was born."

—Bucknell Belle-Hop

— D D D —

Gigolo: "I'd like to give you a great big kiss."
She: "What for?"

Gigolo: "How much can you spare?"

—Boston Beanpot

— D D D —

"I'm not so bad when you get to know me."
"Then what's the use?"

—Ohio State Sun Dial

"Have you the faith that will move mountains?"
thundered the handsome young minister.

"No, but I have the faith that will move conti-
nence," murmured the co-ed coyly.

—Lord Jeff

— D D D —

Chinese and Japanese Words Tourists Should Know

YOKOHOMA—What a good girl does on a bad
auto ride.

YANG-TZE—What a dentist does.

GOBI—A baby sailor.

OPIUM—Opposite to closing the door.

CHOP STICKS—To do chores on farm.

MONGOL—An ill-bred dog.

FAN-TAN—To chastise a boy.

MIKADO—Democratic nominee for president in
1924.

TIBET—"Early Tibet, etc."; an adage.

—Pitt Panther

— D D D —

Campus Guide: "—and that, lady, is an aban-
doned fraternity house."

Visitor: "Hm, I thought they were all pretty
abandoned!"

—Lord Jeff

— D D D —

Men could get along with women much better if
they only knew when the girls were playing square
with them and not playing 'round.

"That's news," said the student as he sank his
teeth into the weenie.

— D D D —

She was only a trotting horse trainer's daughter,
but she knew how to give them the gait.

—Lord Jeff

— D D D —

"Is this the Rolls Royce factory?"

"Yes, who do you want?"

"A dozen hard rolls, please."

—Pitt Panther

— D D D —

(Scratching)—"How do you get rid of these
awful cooties?"

"That's easy. Take a bath in sand and rub down
in alcohol. The cooties get drunk and kill each
other throwing rocks."

—Purple Cow

— D D D —

He Let the Tea-Stand

Olive: "How do find this tea?"

Branch: "Say, this tea is so weak that I'm leaving
it on the table to rest up a bit."

—Boston Beanpot

ains?" He: "I've brought someone home to sleep with us tonight."

e conti- 2nd He: "Alright, turn the pillow over to the company side."

rd Jeff —Pitt Panther

— D D D —

Know Father: "Five dollars! For a date? Good heavens! Why when I was a boy I never thought of spending a dollar on a girl?"

a bad Modern Son: "Yeh, but I'm not that kind of a guy."

—Flamingo

— D D D —

ent in Englishman: "Hi say, what's that awful noise outside?"

nter American: "That's an owl."

nter Englishman: "Hi know bally well hits an 'owl, but 'oo in 'ell's 'owling?"

—Yale Record

— D D D —

aban- Father: "A night watchman, my son, is the result of Platonic love."

pretty —Siren

— D D D —

ter if First row: "That's the girl I met in the West Indies."

quare Second: "Jamaica?"

k his First: "Not quite."

—Boston Beanpot

— D D D —

nter, "Heavens!" exclaimed Joe Nonchalant, lighting a Murad as the constrictor started to constrict, "what an awful boa."

—Lord Jeff

— D D D —

er Lady: "Now, professor, I suppose that is one of those horrid portraits you call art?"

er Prof: "No madam, that is a mirror."

—Puppet

— D D D —

ese "Say, where did you get the baby? I didn't know you were married."

wn ach "I'm not married, but I was taking a correspondence course in Marriage and Married Life, and I got the installments mixed."

—Stanford Chaparral

— D D D —

Sanitary

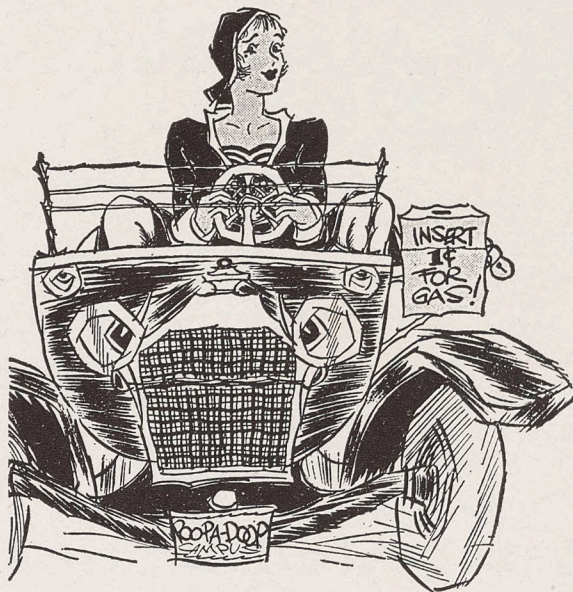
ng Park Officer: "Hey, come out of that pool. Don't you know that people have to drink that water?"

Bum: "Aw, dat's aw right, offiser—I ain't usin' no soap."

—Texas Longhorn

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

CO-EDS!



Soon She'll Be Calling Amoebas By Their First Names



Maybe, but she also keeps on speaking terms with the other animals on the campus.

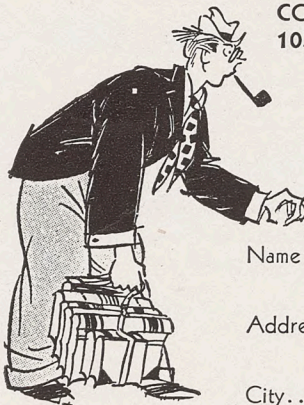
Classrooms may teem with stern professors earnestly intent upon taking life seriously, but the Greek gods and goddesses of the campus demand a touch of gayety in their education. Something young, vivid, sparkling and exuberant.

Dick Hyland's Diary of a Football Player is one of the literary surprises of the season. Leonora Baccante's Can't We Be Friends? is another. Every co-ed will want to read new things by Katharine Brush, O. O. McIntyre, Margaret Banning, Achmed Abdullah and Noël Coward—to mention but a few.



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To Hell with the expense, give the canary another seed!

—Idaho Blue Bucket

— D D D —

Those English cricket players ought to wise up and leave the bugs alone.

—Pitt Panther

— D D D —

American voice in London fog: "I wish these British would learn to smoke cigars."

—Pitt Panther

— D D D —

"I see old Smith has a new toupee."

"Yeh. A cockney doctor told him he needed a change of air."

—Pitt Panther

— D D D —

Who says there is no chance for advancement in England? After spending 35 years as the Duke's butler, Jeeves became master of his wine cellar.

—Pitt Panther

— D D D —

"I'm fed up on that," said the baby, pointing to the high chair.

—Mugwump

It was a terrible storm and Eve straggled in wet to the skin. Throwing a soddy maple leaf mantle from her shoulders she said, "Adam, Ill have to be re-leaved."

—Siren

— D D D —

"Wouldn't your mother be shocked to see you in that short dress?"

"Rather; she don't like me to wear her clothes."

Missouri Showme

— D D D —

Birds of a feather flock together—therefore storks and larks often keep company.

—Octopus

— D D D —

Salesman: "We have some new-type shirts here—without buttons."

Senior: "My God, new?? I've been wearing that kind for four years now"

—Puppet

— D D D —

Prof.: "Why was Bismarck noted for his 'blood and iron' policy?"

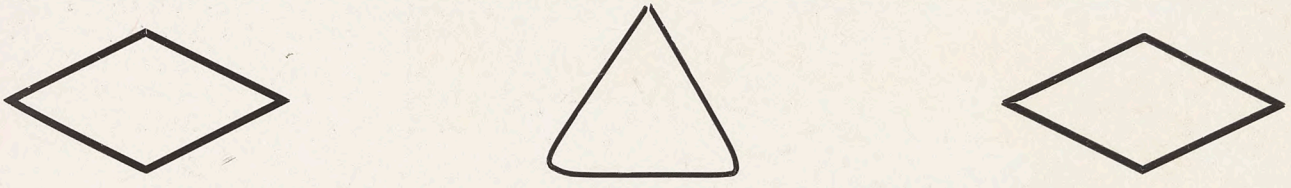
Alpha Phi: "He probably didn't have a safety razor."

—Siren

You'll Laugh Yourself Sick Over the Football Number of Dirge!



And it'll serve you right, too. The October issue will just be one big belly laugh from start to finish. Giggle as Dirge exposes the foolish foibles of the great national pastime. Swell with pride as you see your name in the paper. Pardon us, that's part of a Ternion ad. But anyhow, whatever you do, don't miss the October Dirge. In fact don't miss any of them. How? Just send a buck two bits into the Dirge Office and get eight issues mailed right to your home in a plain envelope. Positively guaranteed to work wonders overnight. Ed Alt writes in, "Two weeks ago I was weak, run down, and anemic. Then a friend advised me to try Dirge. Yesterday a nice old lady helped me across the street. It just goes to show!"



WHICH OF THESE FIGURES ARE THE SAME?

No fair letting your mother help you, you've got to figure this out for yourself. When you have solved this puzzle just throw it in the waste basket. How many Shetland ponies do you think we've got anyhow? If you've read this far you get 999 points for your patience. If you haven't you still have 999 points. What do we care? We've got lots of numbers.

Now that you've got 999 points you're probably wondering what to do with them. Watch closely, this is where we knife you! All you have to do is mail one and one-fourth dollars (those little green tickets people used to have before Hoover was elected) to the Dirge office and then you have 1,000 points and 1,000 points entitles you to one year's subscription to Dirge, the official comic magazine of Washington University.

Stay young; keep in touch with the campus; laugh at Dirge's droll witticisms! Remember, you are one of the nine million easy marks we are letting in on the ground floor!

Editor of Dirge: I know good and well Dirge isn't worth a buck and two bits a year. I'm no fool! However out of pity I'm enclosing \$1.25 so you won't send me your magazine, you dirty blackmailer.

Name

Address

I would prefer to see the editor (check which)..... lynched tarred and feathered burned at the stake

This pair of perfect shirts

SHOOT AN EAGLE



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1. both are **ARROW SANFORIZED-SHRUNK**
2. both are **GUARANTEED PERMANENT FIT**

WHETHER you are major brassie shots or economy want a shirt that stays on the ... that keeps its style and fit in the face of tough wear and away-from-home laundries.

We make shirts like that—Trump and Arrow Paddock. Each goes the average "good" shirt two First, these shirts are Sanforized-S ... which means they are put through a new and exclusive Arrow process insures you forever against their sing out of fit, no matter how often washed. Collars will never tight choke you, cuffs will never crease your wrists. Trump and Paddock guaranteed for p-e-r-m-a-n-e-n-t your money back.

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TRUMP
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PADDOCK
WITH
ARROW COLLAR

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(white or colors) **\$2**

ARROW Sanforized Shrunk SHIRTS