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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

# DIRGE



MAY, 1933

15 CENTS





Extra!  
Extra!

---

Student Life  
Special Edition

---

**JUNE 6TH**



**Exchange Editor's Lament**

Oh pity the poor Exchange Editor,  
The man with the scissors and paste.  
Oh think of the man who must read all the jokes,  
And think of the hours he wastes.

He sits at his desk until midnight,  
How worried and pallid he looks  
As he scans through the college comics  
And reads all the funny books.

This joke he can't clip—it's too dirty.  
This story's no good—it's too clean.  
This woman won't do—she's too shapely.  
This chorus girl's out—it's obscene.

The jokes are the same, full of co-eds,  
And guys who get drunk on their dates,  
Bathtubs, sewers, and freshmen,  
And stories of unlawful mates.

Jokes about profs and their readers,  
Jokes about overdue bills,  
Jokes about girls in their boudoirs,  
And each is as old as the hills.

Jokes about brides buying twin beds,  
Jokes about unwanted kids,  
Jokes about Scotchmen and Frenchmen,  
Jokes about Irish and Yids.

The clips must be clean for the mothers,  
The clips must have sex for the boys,  
The clips must be packed full of humor  
Or the editor raises a noise.

The cracks must have fire and sparkle,  
Sprinkled with damn, louse, and hell,  
The blurbs must be pure—and yet filthy  
Or the manager swears it won't sell.

O pity the man with the clipper,  
He's only a pawn and a tool.  
In trying to keep his jokes dirty and clean  
He's usually kicked out of school.

—Pelican.

— D D D —

Two financiers (big business tycoons to you) discovered  
that an office boy in their employ had been tampering  
with the petty cash.

One of them was so much enraged that he desired to  
send for the police, but the other was a calm and just  
man. He took a more moderate and humane view of the  
situation.

"No, no," he said; "let us always remember that we  
began in a small way ourselves."

—Brown Jug.

— D D D —

"Should a father of forty-five marry again?"  
"No, that's enough children for any man."


—Yellow Jacket.

— D D D —

"Sir," said the astonished landlady to the traveler who  
had sent his cup forward for the seventh time, "You  
must be fond of coffee."

"Indeed I am," he responded, "or I should not have  
drunk so much water to get so little."

—Lake Forest Student.



**Taproom**

**Budweiser Falstaff**  
**Pabst Blatz**  
**Schlitz**  
**Pilsener Light**  
**Muenchner Dark**  
**Walsheim's Bayern**  
**Burkf. Pale Ale**

**Candlelight House**  
Clayton, West of Hanley

Inexpensive but worthwhile  
Graduation Gifts  
for  
College and High School Graduates  
may be found  
in the Trade Book Department at the  
**UNIVERSITY STORE**

"I have a business proposition to make to you, Miss Jones. Will you marry me?"

"Well, Mr. Schmaltz, I'll sleep on the matter and tell you tomorrow."

—Carolina Buccaneer.

— D D D —

Kittenish: "The more I read the less I know."  
Catty: "You surely are well read."

—Columns.

— D D D —

"There's just one thing that all men thirst after."  
"And what is that?"  
"Peanut butter."

—Harvard Lampoon.

— D D D —

Tramp: "Mornin', ma'am; kin I cut your grass for my dinner?"

Kind Old Lady: "Of course, but you don't need to cut it; eat it just as it is."

—Bucknell Belle Hop.

— D D D —

Hussy: "What shall I do? Bob has been under water for twenty minutes."

Second Creature: "Let's go home. I wouldn't wait any longer for any man."

—Flamingo.

Yeh, that's the idea! Patronize DIRGE advertisers.



# A READ TO POEM

## ode to a lily or something

oh the king he throned on his purple sat  
and he crowned his wore and except for that  
you'd never guess that a king was he  
who let out a jest for his callers three

and he fiddled his play till the morning stars  
came dumping over the sunset bars  
and he posset his drunk till he fain could see  
where one had been there now were three

then she came queened in with a nasty look  
and she socked a darn and she read a book  
and she sneered a gave and said that she  
would like to be drunk as drunk as he

so the call he kinged for another shot  
and the drunk got queened as like as not  
until she saw not man but men  
first just two kings then nine then ten

so she worried got at the multitude  
of kings and thrones and said i'm stewed  
but will all you kings to me expound  
if i'm enough to go around

well they pondered i cannot see  
how many there seem to you of me  
but of you i know there is no dearth  
you're plenty of queens for all the earth

theres one of you it seems to me  
whose playing parcheesi on my knee  
and another one flying around the room  
like a pink eyed witch on a cashmere broom

but the funniest bunch of you of all  
is the ten of you who are playing ball  
on the chandelier beneath the bed  
with a candlestick and the butlers head

of more theres lots but we print it cant  
since those who read it rave and rant  
and they trouble some find just even to  
read the simplest thing and maybe you

whove poemed this read youll maybe see  
iinnssteeaaadd ooff oonnee lleettteerr  
ffrroomm ttwoo ttoo tthhrrreeeee

e.m.



# Something to Say

*— not just saying something*



**A** friend of CHESTERFIELD writes us of a salesman who had "something to say":

"I dropped into a little tobacco shop, and when I asked for a pack of Chesterfields the man smiled and told me I was the seventh customer without a break to ask for Chesterfields. 'Smoker after smoker,' he said, 'tells me that Chesterfields click . . . I sell five times as many Chesterfields as I did a while back.'"

Yes, there's something to say about Chesterfields and it takes just six words to say it—"They're mild and yet they satisfy."

*they Satisfy*





# FASHION

Not long ago, a prominent scientist predicted that if people didn't quit riding in cars so much and using their legs so little, we'd be a legless race within a hundred years. I predict that if women on this campus don't stop wearing those hats which cover up their right eyes, a race of one-eyed\* college women is going to result. Have you noticed some of the hats worn lately? They're splitting into two types: one which is getting smaller and more tilted every day, and the other which is growing a brim. Wider brims are coming in quickly—probably for variety's sake. But the lil' hats have the advantage in one respect: you can wear the cutest lil' hatpins in the back of 'em! They have different-colored tips, and serve in the capacity of anchors. I can see right now where somebody with a perverted sense of humor is going to have a lot of fun in lecture courses, waking people up with hatpins!

And there are loads of sweater sets around. They consist of two sweaters of the same color, one a plain slip-over, and the other a jacket with ribbing around the neck, sleeves, and bottom. I saw one girl the other day who achieved the unusual by putting on the jacket the other way, and making it button up the back. Last week three sets arrived simultaneously in history class; there must have been a fire-sale somewhere in town!

If the shoemaker who invented saddle oxfords had only patented them, he would be a millionaire by now—maybe two millionaires. Last Wednesday, in phys. ed., four of us laid our shoes side by side, and in the usual scramble after class, things happened. I'm now walking around with two left shoes, one size 7, and the other, 5½.

Leather jacket manufacturers will be able to declare dividends this year, judging by the profusion of their product. The jackets are in all colors ranging from dull grays and brown thru the lighter colors and into white. The tabs on the sleeves and sides give a much trimmer effect than the puffy, old-time lumberjacks ever could.

Finger-length coats, modifications of the longer winter swagger-coats, are gaining a foothold (or whatever it is that coats gain). And most of 'em have big patch pockets whose maximum capacity is 1 lipstick, 1 mirror, 3 hairpins, a Spanish grammar, and half a stick of Wrigley's. Brown-and-white checked coats are going around with solid-brown skirts; and navy blue ones are tying up with striped skirts in lighter blues and white. It's quite simple. You buy a swagger suit, a sweater, and a skirt, and by manipulating and combining, all sorts of results can be achieved. It's more fun than jig-saw-puzzling used to be, and in an inspired moment you're apt to surprise even yourself.

\* No, no, fellahs! I didn't say cock-eyed!

You know you saw it in DIRGE, you old reprobate, you—so why not say it straight out?

## HERE'S THE PAY OFF!

### A Check for Each District

We have dozens of them—in many figures, but they are Scotch checks or in other words a sober plaid. Bannockburns, Glenurquharts, Gunclub and others; beautiful pieces of cloth made by those craftsmen whom no other have ever been able to equal. But Losse clothes give you something more than fine material—more than good workmanship; there is a swirl of style that marks the wearer with distinction. This is responsible for the large number of young men who wear Losse custom made clothes.

price range from

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CUSTOM MADE CLOTHES OF THE BETTER KIND

They were on their honeymoon. The bride cuddled a wee bit closer and sweetly whispered, "Herbert, darling, have all your bachelor friends congratulated you?" "Some," he freely admitted, "but seventeen of them thanked me."

—Dodo.

— D D D —

Under the spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy snoozes  
No nag since 1923  
Has come to him for shoeses.

—Red Cat.

— D D D —

"Why did Joe get sore at his blind date?"  
"She forgot and asked him for a ticket after each dance."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

— D D D —

### Wouldn't Behave

Clerk: "Yessir, that medicine sure is powerful. Best stuff we have for the liver. Makes ya peppy."

Customer: "Well, can you give me any specific references, I mean people or a person who has taken said medicine with good results?"

Clerk: "Well, there was an old man living next door to us who took this liver medicine for three years."

Customer: "Well, does it help him?"

Clerk: "He died last week."

Customer—"O, I see."

Clerk: "And they had to beat his liver with a stick for three days after he died before they could kill it."

—Royal Gaboon.



# Hell-Bent Leather *or* The Last Horse-Fight of Dynamite Pete

by  
Ed Mead

Oh, many's the time that I've seen men smashed  
When the girt flew off and the saddle crashed,  
But of all the hell-bent horseflesh fights  
That I've seen by day or I've seen by nights,  
The best of the lot, I'll still maintain,  
Was the scrap I saw on the Bar-X plain.  
The sage-brush laughed in the glare of the sun  
At the horse to be rode and the fight to be won.  
But Dynamite Pete—of the Bar-X crew  
(And I feared for Pete even though I knew  
There was no cayuse in the bloomin' west  
That had fought with Pete and come out the best)  
Old Dynamite Pete, he shook in his chaps  
For he knew he was fightin' the scrap of scraps.  
The saddle leather was wet with sweat  
Except in the places the dust had set;  
His hat was off and his face was red,  
His legs were stiff and his arms were dead.  
But the horse was fresh as the mountain snow  
And he shook his head so that Pete would know  
That he'd keep it up till the sun should sink  
'Neath the Red Butte's crest at the Prairie's brink.  
It was halfway there in the blazin' sky  
When he moaned a moan and he sighed a sigh,  
And he crumpled up in the burnin' sun  
And the fight was fought and the horse had won.  
Old Pete was still as a sleepin' mouse  
When we dragged him into the bunkin' house.  
And all next week, this was all he said  
As he lay propped up in a bunkhouse bed:  
"I've lived and I've fought in the bloomin' west  
And this is the first I've been got the best  
Of by any dame in the dude-ranch trade.  
But the whole dern fight was an uphill graće;  
I've hoisted 'em onto their horses before—  
It's one of the pleasantest dude-ranch chores;  
When the weight is small and the curves are right  
There's nothing can beat it for pure delight.  
But I should have cashed in my blue chips when  
They gave me a dame of two hundred and ten!"

Φ B K  
yet he flunked  
feminology



A SHORT CHEER for this poor boy . . .  
and a *very* short one. When he figured  
that the ladies love a pipe smoker, he was  
right. But he ought to be told that they don't  
like heavy, soft-coal tobacco, in a soggy chim-  
ney of a pipe. He'll pass "feminology" the  
minute he starts smoking Sir Walter Raleigh  
in a well-kept briar. This fast-growing brand  
pleases the persons at both the stem and the  
bowl ends of the pipe by its aromatic mildness  
and rich, satisfying flavor. Young man, on  
your way to Greek class, stop in any tobacco  
store and spend the most useful 15 cents you  
ever dropped on a counter for a tin of Sir  
Walter Raleigh Tobacco. It's kept fresh in  
gold foil.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation  
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-35



Send for this  
**FREE**  
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It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder





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 Make-up Editor .....**HERBERT ROSS**  
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 Secretary .....**EMILY FIELD**  
 City Sales Manager .....**TOM FEKETE**  
 Faculty Adviser .....**Prof. ALEXANDER BUCHAN**



**SALES MOURNERS**

|                   |                  |                    |
|-------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| Inez Wilson       | } Co. Captains   | William Rucker     |
| Virginia Ebrecht  |                  | Molly Jauncey      |
| Rosemary Nelson   |                  | Genevieve Schrader |
| Jimmy Thorpe      |                  | Alan Mayer         |
| Ann Linsday       |                  | Harry Carter       |
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| Betty Schmitz     |                  | Sam Waymer         |
| Marie Bristol     |                  | Paul Gilster       |
| Helen Wallace     |                  | Jim Miller         |
| Marian Jones      | Sue Straub       |                    |
| Celeste Jones     | De Witt James    |                    |
| Carl O'Connor     | Mildred Gausmann |                    |
| Margaret Rossiter | Jim Delano       |                    |
| Blue Bell Duck    | Frances Bleich   |                    |
| Helen Trueblood   | Alfred Fleischer |                    |
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|                  |                  |                |
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|             |                 |                |
|-------------|-----------------|----------------|
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|                |               |               |
|----------------|---------------|---------------|
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| Charles Craver |               |               |

**ART SNIFFLERS**

|              |             |             |
|--------------|-------------|-------------|
| R. H. Miller | Reed Thomas | Don Freeman |
|--------------|-------------|-------------|

**TYPISTS**

|                    |              |
|--------------------|--------------|
| Virginia Steideman | Jimye Thorpe |
|--------------------|--------------|



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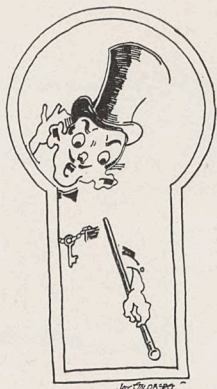
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# O! Halter



# Hinchell

Dear children and disciples:

The same Delta Gamma freshman who was so promiscuous in Duncker 106 has again furnished the chief bit for the column. It seems that the young lady became involved in a poker game the other day—the kind of poker in which the loser loses something but the winner doesn't gain anything (that is, nothing tangible). Despite heavy cheating on the part of her opponents, most of whom were varsity basketball players, the young lady had won enough to get the boys into warm weather costumes, when the game was broken up . . . . Evidently somebody turned chicken . . . .

In looking over the results of the newest popularity contest, several things seem to stand out. To begin with, it seems surprising that "Sultan" Bleich got ten mentions for line, but only one for personality . . . . spring housecleaning for you, Bleich . . . . and if you tally up the votes for technique, you will discover that there is one missing . . . . that's little Betty Mara, who didn't think she ought to put anyone down . . . . born thirty years too late, Betty was . . . . and notice all those votes for Editor Clover, who conducted the contest: that's nothing short of toll-tax.

Bob Ligon, who takes his King-ships seriously, has now been elected King of the Dorm Union . . . . if this amalgamation keeps on, he'll have to be emperor . . . . I hear they sent him in to see Dean Loeb with a petition to put coat-hangers in every room . . . . the Spirit of Progress . . . .

Every year, the intimacy of Quad Club rehearsals starts fever-bugs in at least a few couples, but this year, due no doubt to the new Marsh system of budgeting, not a one has appeared . . . . the closest was a Harold Green—Jimmyey Thorpe splurge, which seems to have amounted to naught. Harold still crooked about an off-campus wren named Jane Aldrich (blonde, very soft cheeks, etc.) and Jimye still clings to the Westminster (or is it Mizzou) Galahad . . . .

Unfortunately, the usual romantic revolution that comes with the first chirping of the birdies in the Springtime (tra-la, tra-la) seems to have pooped out. Schneithorst continues to load Capps with diamond pins, brooches, et cetera; Corbett is working for that little bungalow with Mary Helen; Dave Campbell seems satisfied with being snubbed alternately by Louise King and Deane Steger; Anne Comfort is satisfied with her blonde Sigma Chi; Bob Hillman's trips to Indianapolis continue; Price Reed, despite frequent excursions to Georgea Flynn, Ruth Schmidt, etc., still likes his Barklage; Herb Ross still potters about, looking for some girl who will give him a look-in; Helen Evans and Joe Meisel can't decide whether to announce it or not; Bill Seeger and Edna Lee Mays have celebrated their

second anniversary—oh, hell this keyhole business is going to pot!

But there are a few chirps from the old die-hards. As soon as Ken Meacham makes up his mind between Lois Anderson and Betty "Technique" Mara, there should be plenty of stuff . . . . and since Helen Ross has stopped going steady with John Williams, I look for new developments almost immediately . . . . what's more, Mary Robertson's interest in Illinois U. seems to have sort of a false ring; Junior Conrad wouldn't have anything to do with that, would it? . . . . and Jane Stern and Charley Diebel are learning that each has something the other could do with . . . . Bob Campbell arrives regularly in Buchan's short story class now—and doesn't show much surprise at finding Jane Forder there . . . . Ted Kieselbach leaps about at the mention of a certain Miss Hannebaum (off-campus) . . . . and more clacks of the typewriter will be heard when Jinny Koken chooses between Lungstras and Hard-away . . . .

O! Halter takes time out to deny Jane Sensenbrenner's engagement to the St. Louis U. senior. She's dating other men and St. Louis U. students . . .

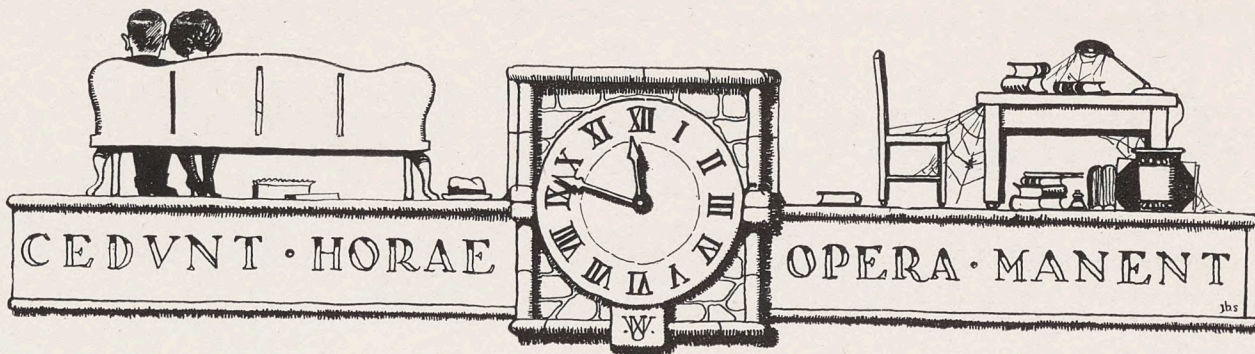
Steeped in Stupidity—

O! HALTER.



"I don't like to say anything, Professor Schmaltz, but we seem to have made a mistake somewhere."

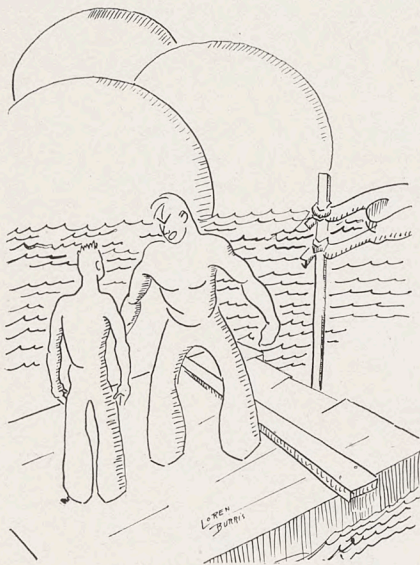




## CAMPUS COMMENT

### Double Standards

The men whose names are listed in the co-ed survey might like to know who turned their names in. But the old double standard still holds sway. Most of the girls interviewed were much relieved when their names would



"Somebody stole my watch."  
—Pelican.

not be included with their choice. We really don't know why, except that the men can't take it. So we advise any young man who really wants to know who put him in, and why, to figure it out for himself—or come around sometime and ask us. Maybe we will tell him.

The most amusing point was line and without hesitation old "Glad han' Harry" was listed. We understand that his line of chatter is approximately two feet thick and four feet wide. When

the line is over, it can easily be swept up and thrown out of the nearest window. But there is plenty more where it came from. Thanks a lot, C. Harry.

### Bloomers

By wracking our editorial brains for three weeks we have finally discovered why the girls in the physical education classes wear bloomers. It makes them less attractive—more, it makes them downright unattractive. These huge, floppy, dark green plus-sixes can do away with more feminine allure than anything the university authorities could think up. Result—there is no loitering around of male students, and they walk by the gym classes as fast as they can without being socked by a foul ball. Therefore, we

hereby petition the administration to dress the gym classes in shorts next semester, and if possible, like the girls in "Dumb Dora."

### We Experiment

We are able to present this month, Dirge's annual contribution to science. Having no one on the staff qualified to write a treatise on such burning subjects as "The Love Life of Hog Lice" or "The Eleemosynary Aspects of Hitch-Hiking," we decided to investigate the amount of tooth-paste in a tube, together with the length of ribbon thereof. After exhaustive study and experiment our Scientific Research Department is ready to report that when a full tube of tooth-paste is squeezed until empty, the result

(Continued on page 10)

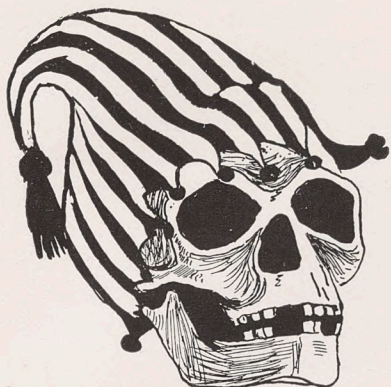


ROBT  
PIERCE

"I feel naughty, let's boo."

—Auwgan.





## A NEW GRAVE



THE GREAT BLACK DOORS to the mortuary opened widely and the sudden influx of light disclosed an oblong object covered with a black velvet shroud. A group of individuals, seeming dim as shadows, were seated about the coffin. They were mourning softly to themselves. Even when the great doors closed again, leaving the room illuminated only by tall flickering candles, they remained motionless.

Apparently no one had noticed the entrance of another figure that moved slowly and stumblingly toward them. The figure was clothed in a long dark cape and on its head was the tinkling cap of a jester. It moved toward one of the mourners, stopped, flipped a coin, and continued, touching the seated person on the shoulder. The dark figure, in a sepulchral voice, announced: "I am Editor Westcott. I am tired. You are a hell of a guy. You're the new editor."

So saying, he turned over his long dark cape and the tinkling cap of a jester to the mourner who arose, donned them, and strode toward the door, ready to dig another grave in the cemetery of "Dirge."

### IN OTHER WORDS

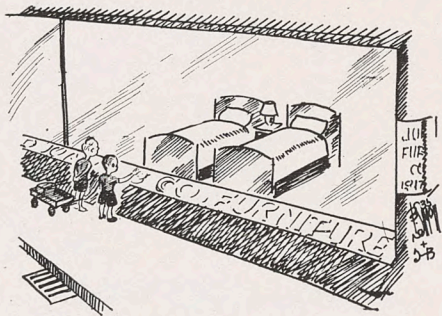
Dirge is now under the new management. We have lots of ideas but no editorial policy. We will try to be funny. We will print lots of your names in Dirge, and maybe we will even take over Ternion.

Therefore, with this May issue, we take our first bow or something, and hope you like it.

And we'll see you again next September.







"Some of these modern ideas are ridiculous."  
—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

CAMPUS COMMENT

(Continued from page 8)

is a ribbon of paste twelve feet six inches long. This does not include air bubbles, which are found in all cheap pastes and the kind you will buy.

And in order that any one who is sap enough to check up on our figures above (which we just guessed at anyway) may not be left with too much loose tooth paste coiled around the bathroom floor, we submit the following handy uses for the surplus:

1. Shaving cream. Remarks, —poor.
2. Cream puff filler. Remarks, —practical only on April 1.
3. Costume. Remarks,—if you wish to go to a masquerade as a dog afflicted with rabies, liberal smudges on the lips mixed with water are just the thing.
4. Tennis court marker. Remarks,—works fine as long as no one is playing tennis.
5. Miscellaneous. Remarks,—do some thinking for yourself.

There are just gobs and gobs of interesting experiments similar to the above (see above) waiting to be performed. We've shot our bolt, though, for our Scientific Research Department is temporarily out of funds, although it is every day expecting some wealthy angel to put in his corpulent appearance. Meanwhile tsetse flies and white rats will have to find free board elsewhere.

Prof Quips

It happened in Professor Howes's (lord help the s's in a phrase like that) public speaking class. English seven to you, my dear stickler for details. The first round of speeches were to be three minutes (no more! no less! count them!) long, and a young Patrick Henry got up and addressed himself to the professor in this wise:

"Professor, I cannot adequately express myself in the limited time of three minutes. I am speaking on fraternities and sororities, and I guarantee that if you will give me ten minutes to speak, I will get the Greeks to tear down their own houses from attic to cellar within a week."

"The speech will be but three minutes long," drawled Howes, "so I guess you'll have to be satisfied with a few shingles!"

The story is told of a famous Boston lawyer, that one day, after having a slight discussion with the judge, he deliberately turned his back upon that personage and started to walk off.

"Are you trying to show your contempt for the Court, sir?" asked the Judge sternly.

"No, sir," was the reply. "I am trying to conceal it."

— D D D —

Dry Humor!

After a recent beer-brawl held for the aviators of St. Louis, one of the flyers was accused of adding an extra .2 point to his usually perfect 3-point landing.

— D D D —

The famous tenor that had a son that also sang always boasted that the son was just a chirp off the old block.

— D D D —

"This is a hell of a dump," remarked St. Peter as he sent another load of sinners down.

— D D D —

Suggested song for a humorist's convention:  
Hail, Hail the Gag's All Here.

If Rubinoff and his orchestra formed the jury at some of these trials where the witnesses continuously avoid a direct answer to any question, it is almost possible to picture them rising and singing, "We want Candor, etc."



"I'm sorry, but he won't let go until you let him blow your whistle."



# Pralma Vodvil, Another Review; Pi K A Is Excellent, Very Good

by  
Suelodd Yohn Yohnson

**L**DRIMED with good will and loaded to the muzzle with 3.2 per cent beer, we take our (hic) typewriter in hand and fling it to the four windsh. But since Pralma Vodvil has been produced, whether or no we wish it, we must write a review, because no one else on the Student Life Staff is as well qualified. So this is a review:

Pi Kappa Alpha, who won FIRST prize, was great excellent good fine very nice. This fraternity, of which Suelodd Yohn Yohnson is a very prominent member, put on a singing-dancing skit. The singing was good; the dancing was good; the acting was good; the writing was good; the staging was good; the rewriting—done by Suelodd Yohn Yohnson—was good. Good, hell, that was perfect. But above all, it was clean. As clean as a whistle even. Which all goes to prove the old stage adage, "If you write your own reviews you can be as dirty as you want."

Phi Delta Theta presented a Grand O H ell skit in two parts, which took nineteen minutes, thirty-nine seconds, due west. There was one thing in particular to which we objected. One of the patrons of the Rex, a taxi dance hall, who came to the hotel was named—well his name sounded like Sam Marsh. This was in very bad taste. We do not think that names of members of the faculty or executive board should be bandied about from a burlesque stage. Please see that this is stopped in the future.

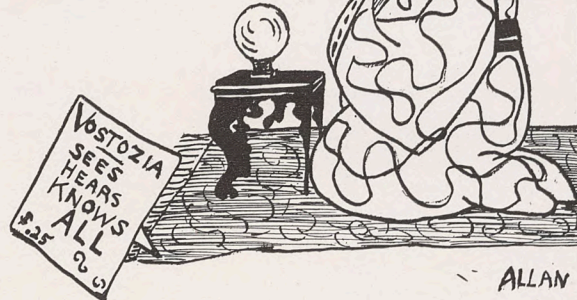
Zeta Beta Tau presented thirteen minutes of dirty remarks and pale jokes built around the general theme of King Arthur and the Round Table. Too bad the Zebes insist upon presenting such trash as King Arthur when it is obvious that speed-ball is natural to them. Fraternity boys are funny animals.

Theta Xi was next with a burlesque on the May Fete which wasn't very good either. A compliment to Theta Xi because they didn't try to crack any stale jokes like all the others. Then on the other hand I might take it all back because they didn't try to crack any stale jokes like all the others.

Kappa Alpha donated ten minutes of "Diamond Lil" with an old time bar, several drunks and a Tarzan that was really a Tarzan. As it happens we had to leave the room during most of that skit, but we can well imagine that it was pretty bad because look who was in it. If the dope who runs Dirge had a hand in it, it must have been pretty

bad because if Dirge is an example of Clover's handiwork we're glad we were out of the room.

Beta Theta Pi showed a series of "Blackouts and Skits" which used the old reliable gag of the escape artist opening and closing the performance. We must take exception to one of the skits therein presented: the one of the news office—which seemed to our open and unprejudiced ear like a burlesque on Student Life. Discreetly veiled barbs tossed at the Student Life are in bad taste at the present time. A few stiff jolts now and then are appreciated, and



usually supply the incentive for a pleasant scrap. But considering the fact that the student paper is going through a formative period at this time, it is hardly necessary to point out that a guiding hand on the dangerous curves is not only desired but extremely helpful.\*

Tau Kappa Epsilon was censored and carried a big sign across saying so. It's a shame they censor things like that and let other things like Dirge go on.

Sigma Phi Epsilon seemed to be presenting a jittery affair which seemed to be a take-off on the Marx Brothers, but the person who seemed to be taking the part of Harpo seemed to be the only one who could act to any degree at all. This fraternity, by a clever use of balloons and a flash of a pin, scored in a quiet way with a regular Marx blond. The jokes, although dirtier, were rather weak. What happened to Emily Thelma Klotz?

by Gordon Sager.

\* This is all quoted directly; it's too funny to be parodied.





# Co=eds Select Best

## Those Interviewed

The names of the thirty-eight girls who expressed their opinions in the nine-point questionnaire are:

- |                    |                  |                |                 |
|--------------------|------------------|----------------|-----------------|
| Jane Dunn          | Patricia Kelsey  | Bee Conrad     | Dorothy Nesbit  |
| Catherine Campbell | Ellen Fisher     | Betty Mara     | Betty Bowring   |
| Ann Comfort        | Jim Miller       | Sara Ervin     | Jewel MacBryde  |
| Peggy Ray          | Grace Andrews    | Ronny Shinn    | Emily Field     |
| Zetta Berger       | Virginia Ebrecht | Louise King    | Edna Birge      |
| Virginia Capps     | Betty Trembley   | Virginia Grace | Louise LaRue    |
| Virginia Waggoner  | Georgea Flynn    | Ruth Bohle     | Dorothy Rhodius |
| Juanita Meckfessel | Helen Ross       | Jimye Thorpe   | Jane Armistead  |
| Rosemary Nelson    | Maxine Wells     | Carol Schotto  | Virginia Braun  |
| Betty Jane Jack    |                  |                | Jane Davis      |

In an effort to follow the results of the p for th in school and comping all runner-up were meoned b Hower obtained hisotes on was the best all-arcad cano Reynolds, for cloth had a Mill showed strong in pers

In the lists ow, nu no number were meoned

### HAIR

- John Rosenbaum—4
- Ken Meacham—4
- Harry Brown—4
- Harry Bleich—3
- Henry Graves—4
- Bob Hillman—2
- Charles Doris—2
- Bill Duetting—2
- Harper Allan
- Art Bonsack
- Fred Powell—2
- George Lee
- Amedee Shields
- Harry McGregor
- Bud Lungstras—3
- John Williams
- Milton Hansen

### SMILE

- Ray Wiese—4
- Fred Powell—3
- Milton Mill—2
- Harold Clover—5
- Henry Graves—2
- Bryant Rich—4
- Bill Bryan
- Cottrell Fox
- Jack Hardaway
- Dave Bruner
- Harper Allan
- Bob Mooney
- Bob Brossard
- Homer Stoner
- Hal Rice
- Weldon Lamb
- Louis Horton
- Martin Sweet
- Ed Carson
- Maurie Messick
- John Rafter
- Milton Hansen

### EYES

- Nelson Hower—8
- O. B. Quin—5
- Harry Bleich—3
- John Rosenbaum—2
- Gordon Graber—3
- Proctor Dodson—3
- Kirtley Black
- Russell Siebert
- Mauthy Frech
- Ralph Lake
- Art Schneidthorst
- Ray Wiese
- Kibby Henry
- Fred Guth
- Fred Powell
- William Dee
- Rupert Allan
- Bob Brossard
- Charles Erker
- Lee Hunter
- Dick Stauffer
- Butch Frederickson

### DANCING

- Price Reed—5
- Art Dunn—4
- Art Bickel—3
- Hal Rice—3
- Billy Pratt—2
- Charles Schumacher—2
- Harold Green—2
- Jack Straub—2
- Fred Hunkins—2
- Bryant Rich
- Henry Luedde
- Herbert Goldsworthy
- Ed Carson
- Dick Frank
- Roland Miller
- Rueben Taylor
- Harry Bleich
- Chris Kenney
- Charles DePew
- Frank Smith
- Wilbur Hanton

### First Four Wiers

- Nelson Hower .....2otes
- Harry Bleich .....2otes
- Delos Reynolds .....votes
- Milton Mill .....votes

### TECHNIQU

- Harry Bleich—4
- Tom Chamberlain
- Jimmy Simpson
- Cliff Powers—2
- Bob Hillman—2
- Frank Gillespie
- Ted Armstrong
- Jack Heitman
- Ford Pennell
- Bill Eaton
- Phil Becker
- Soulard Johnson
- Chris Kenney
- Ed Alt
- John Gilchrist
- Art Schneidthorst
- Clark Schmidt
- Delos Reynolds
- Fred Powell
- Alfred Gellhorn
- John Gillis
- Art Dunn
- Bill Connett
- Milton Hansen
- John Kane
- Dick Knight



# Best Men On Campus

effort follow up the survey last month for the most ideal co-ed on the campus, in this issue, we present of the for the best man on the campus. Thirty-eight girls were interviewed, from almost every group d comping all four classes, and they may be regarded as representative on the campus. The winner and ere meoned by almost two out of every three girls asked, and were fairly even all through the poll. ned hisotes on eyes and physique and won over everyone else in both. Bleich walked away with line, and all-ared candidate, being mentioned prominently in six of the nine points in the questionnaire. Delos r cloth had almost as many votes as all his nearest competitors put together, and placed third. Milton strong in personality.

e lists low, numbers after the names indicate how many votes were given for those persons. Those with ere meoned but once. Approximately 110 boys' names were turned in by the thirty-eight girls.

## CLOTHES

- Delos Reynolds—13
- Rueben Taylor—4
- John Gillis—2
- Bert Meyer—2
- Jimmy Simpson—2
- Cliff Powers—3
- Randall Klein—2
- Bill Schuyler
- O. B. Quin
- Art Dunn
- Soulard Johnson
- Joe Ledbetter
- Woody Lamb
- Harold Green
- Rupert Allan
- Charles Doris
- Bill Bartley

## PERSONALITY

- Milton Mill—7
- Joe Ledbetter—4
- Bob Burton—2
- Ralph Stokes—2
- Phil Becker—2
- Kenneth Roth—2
- Harold Clover—2
- Cottrell Fox
- Frank Davis
- Bud Chapman
- Dave Crossen
- Billy Pratt
- Price Reed
- Charles DePew
- Harold Green
- Harry Jones
- Kibby Henry
- Scott Hall
- Turk Johnson
- Harry Bleich
- Fred Cheney
- Dwight Dickenson
- Milton Hansen
- John Williams

## LINE

- Harry Bleich—10
- Milton Mill—4
- Junior Conrad—2
- Woody Lamb—2
- Bud Compton
- Alex Johnson
- Wat Dwyer
- Duffy Doyle
- Murray Cabell
- John Rafter
- Allan Goodlowe
- Ted Armstrong
- Rueben Taylor
- Soulard Johnson
- Turk Johnson
- Bert Lynch
- Cliff Powers
- Mait Marshall
- Bill Eaton
- Bill Duetting
- Doug Galbreath
- Ross England
- Bob Fletcher
- Price Reed

## PHYSIQUE

- Nelson Hower—15
- Bill Duetting—2
- Billy Pratt—2
- Glynn Clark—2
- Tom Chamberlain—3
- Charles Erker—3
- Bob Wing
- Henry Luedde
- Frank Davis
- Bill Bartley
- Bryant Rich
- Kenneth Roth
- Henry Graves
- Floyd Kern
- Anton Konveska
- Ed Wagner
- Harry Brown



## our Wiers

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## CHNIQU

leich—4  
 amberlain  
 Simpson—  
 vers—2  
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"What's the shortest way to the police station?"

"First turn to the left and straight through a plate glass window."

— D D D —

#### Six Succinct Similies:

—As useless a method of lovemaking as a wink in the dark.

—As hard-working as a Student Life circulation assistant.

—As annoyed as John Dos Passos when words like higharched, talcumpowder and garbagecans divide at the end of a line and have to be hyphenated.

—As ambiguous as the pronunciation of a newsboy.

—As rare as an advertisement of college men's clothes without the word "swanky."

—Showing as much pain as the man in the Ovaltine ads.

— D D D —

A good many stock companies should end up in the stock yards.

— D D D —

"Fireman, save my Child's" screamed the restaurant owner as the place burned.

— D D D —

According to accident statistics of the automobile club, coroners and corners go together.

— D D D —

"Wearing track footwear today, eh?"

"What do you mean, track footwear?"

"Spurt shoes."

— D D D —

"Don't mind the teacher," said one oyster to another, "he's just an old crab."

— D D D —

"—and the 'chute let down in the middle of a chicken yard."

"Out of the flying can into the fryers, eh?"

— D D D —

#### MY MISTAKE

He grabbed her in the dark and kissed her,  
For a moment bliss was his.

He said, "Sorry, I thought it was my sister."

She laughed and said, "It is."

Exchange.



"Hey, you, why don' sha go around?"

—Wisconsin Octopus.



# The Strange Case of Phineas Pheatherchild or Twinkbury Scores Again

by  
Ed Mead

"I am quite certain," said T. Twiddlethrop Twinkbury, in a tone as lacking in frivolity as was the man himself, "that my dog would eat crackers in bed—if I had a dog." This fact, I agreed, was something of a revelation, and to the casual reader it may seem to have no relevancy whatever to the general scope of this narrative. For myself, I confess, I have found no link, but have attributed the remark either to the continual cryptic state of Twinkbury's mind, or to the fact that both of us had recently emerged from a state of hilarity.

Yet I continue to attach some importance to this assertion, in that it was made the very night before our visit from Mrs. Pheatherchild. But I would have attached little importance to Mrs. Pheatherchild, had she not presented a most singular case to Twinkbury.

"It's Phineas, Mr. Twinkbury, it's Phineas," babbled the wife of Phineas Astorbuilt Pheatherchild, the horseshoe magnet.

"So it's Phineas, is it?" countered Twinkbury. "And how is Phineas these days? Not murdered, I hope?"

"Something in that line, Mr. Twinkbury," sobbed Mrs. Phineas. "Phineas Astorbuilt Pheatherchild has been kidnapped!"

"I wouldn't think it of him," said Twinkbury, remembering the Pinderbuilts' case. "When did it happen?"

"I came to you right away. My husband thinks—"

"How can he, Mrs. Pheatherchild? Wasn't your husband kidnapped?"

"Oh, heavens, no! Where did you get that idea, Mr. Twinkbury? Phineas Astorbuilt Pheatherchild is my poodle. I named him after my husband because I loved him so much."

"Who, your husband or the poodle?"

"Phineas," said Mrs. Pheatherchild, pussy-footing the issue.

"How do you know he was kidnapped? He may have been picked up for vagrancy, or maybe he ran off with—"

"Because we have received a ransom note."

"To buy a new license?"

"Mister Twinkbury, the note demands \$50,000. My love for Phineas, the dog I mean, was well known throughout the city."

"Well, Mrs. Pheatherchild," said Twinkbury, as though nothing had happened, "I shall do my best to return Phineas Astorbuilt without payment of ransom."

As soon as Mrs. Ph. had left, I, Bertram, took one look at Twinkbury's face and knew that the poodle was as good as home. At that moment, I positively felt pity for the whole profession of poodle snatching.

Straightway, Twinkbury went to his desk and began writing:

Dear Sirs:

Received yours of the 17th in regard to snitching of my Phineas. The \$50,000 is impossible at the moment, but we shall try to get hold of it within the next few days. In the meantime, I am sending you some of Phineas' own special dog biscuits. Without them he will die, and I will pay no \$50,000 for a dead poodle.

With love,

Mrs. Phineas Astorbuilt Pheatherchild.  
P. S.—Phineas bit somebody once and they died.

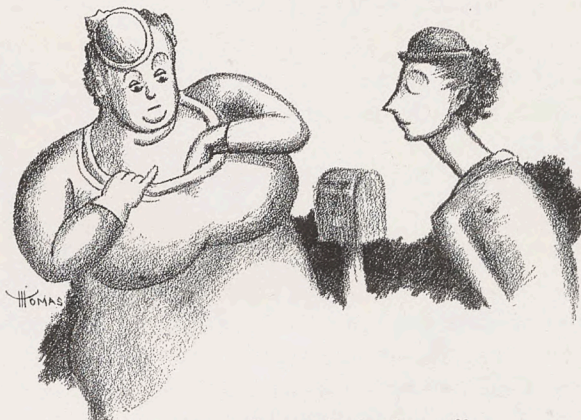
With love,

Mrs. Phineas Astorbuilt Pheatherchild.

To me, this letter was as incomprehensible as it was ridiculous, yet Twinkbury put it in an envelope and told me to go home. It was mid-afternoon at the time; Twinkbury asked me to return at eight.

Still pondering deeply, I returned at eight to find Twinkbury putting the finishing touches on a bundle, to which he was tying the letter he had written. Without giving me a chance to sit down, he hustled me over to Mrs. Pheatherchild's mansion.

"Mrs. Pheatherchild," he said when we had arrived, "we have come to give you this package and to sit and play rummy with you for two or three hours. I understand you are to deliver the ransom at nine o'clock at the fire plug in front of



"I'm sure, I put it in here."



the police station. Will you have somebody take this package down please?"

Mr. Phineas ran down with the package. Mr. Phineas came back. Mr. Phineas, Mrs. Phineas, Twinkbury, and I, Bertram, played rummy. The first two hours of rummy aren't so bad. After the first two hours, Twinkbury said, "I don't understand it at all. He should be back." Needless to say, nobody understood Twinkbury. The third and fourth hours of rummy are much harder than the first two. At the end of the third, Twinkbury said, "I don't understand it at all. He should be back." Still nobody understood Twinkbury. At the end of the fourth hour, I heard some scratching on the door. Then a noise, such as a poodle or a chipmunk makes with its mouth.

"Phineas!" whooped Mrs. Ph.

"Huh?" said the old man. Plainly he wasn't interested.

The three of us went sailing to the door. Mrs. Pheatherchild got there first. She let out a yelp and fell in a faint. I was next. I let out a yelp and didn't fall in a faint. There was Phineas Astorbuilt Pheatherchild, wagging his tail. But the shocking part of it was that young Phineas looked as though he were shaving. In short, the dog was frothing at the mouth. Frightfully. Voluminously. I should have yelled again, had not Twinkbury made himself master of the situation.

"The dog," said Twinkbury, sliding Mrs. Ph. on a sofa and taking Phineas out to the kitchen to wash his face, "is perfectly harmless." There was really nothing much more to do. Mr. Ph. was glowering something frightful and Mrs. Ph. was out cold. We went home to Twinkbury's.

"I know, Bertram, just what you are going to say," said Twinkbury when we were in his rooms.

"You are going to say, 'I must say, T.T., I am mystified.'"

"That," I replied, "is precisely what I was going to say."

And with that he stalked out to the kitchen and brought back a plate of cake. I took a piece and bit into it, not noticing that Twinkbury was not doing the same thing. Then I felt it. I had never, as far as I know, frothed at the mouth before. Yet I realized, having imagined previously how one who is frothing at the mouth probably feels, that I was doing so. It is not an enjoyable sensation. Just to clinch the matter, I walked to a mirror. The mirror clinched the matter. Yet now there was no unsolved mystery left in my mind. My mouth fairly reeked with a not unpleasant, yet wholly un-cake-like, taste. And then and there I swore I would never eat another piece of cake that was 50% tooth paste.

— D D D —

Theatrical producer (to officeboy): "I'm tired and despondent, so you take this afternoon off for me by proxy."

Officeboy: "How so, sir?"

Theatrical producer: "My drama died last night."

— D D D —

#### Little Known Scientific Fact

No one has ever been in an empty room.

— D D D —

And as the great dramatist and poet almost said long, long ago, "All the world's a stage and most of us get poor criticism."

That fellow has a Romanoff nose.  
What do you mean, Romanoff?  
It's a Romanoff from the rest of his face.

— D D D —

With sympathy we bow our head  
With pity do we shake it,  
To the saddest man alive or dead,  
The stoic who couldn't take it.

— D D D —

Conservatives are guys who shout  
"Preserve the status quo!"  
Than which there's nothing naturaler,  
For they're the guys with dough.



"Come on over, I'm not doing anything."

—Auroran.



## NEWSPAPER SLIPPINGS

Andre Maurois, in a copyright newspaper article last summer, made the prize conservative statement of the year. He was speaking of Princeton:

It is a small university town, very much like others of the same kind.

\* \* \*

We delve into our files of newspapers for evidence that journalism is much the same today that it was two years ago.

CHICAGO, Aug. 24.—Miss Cora Lockren told the police she didn't say a word when she awoke and saw a burglar ransacking her room. "But," she said, "when he saw I was awake and told me my pajamas were becoming, I screamed. Just imagine the nerve of the man!"

The burglar got \$8.

Turn about is fair play.

\* \* \*

### GROCER SAVES CASH BY TRICKY DASH

Grocer runs, keeps his funds.

\* \* \*

### RUDY AT BEDSIDE OF MOTHER AFTER QUICK TRIP BY AIR

**Mrs. Vallee Recognizes Her Son  
and Lapses Into Un-  
consciousness.**

We refrain from comment.

\* \* \*

Reno, Nev., Sept. 11.—Ross Peterson, policeman, was shot to death and a burglar was slain at the Reno High School early today. A second burglar is believed to have been wounded.

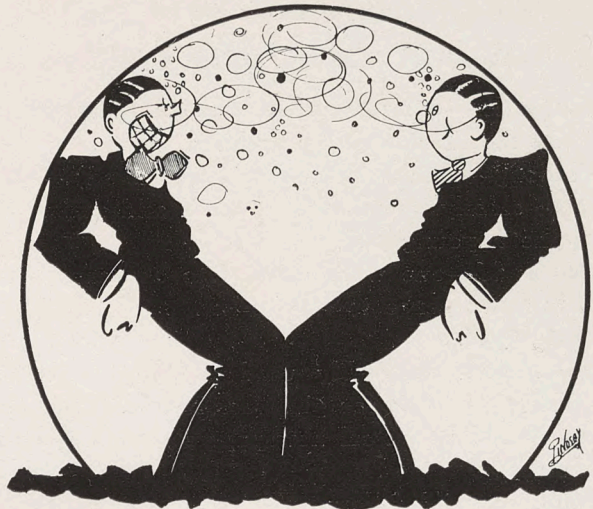
The policeman was hiding in the school in anticipation of a burglary following a recent robbery at the University of Nevada, and is believed to have fought it out with the burglars, one of whom he killed. Peterson's wounds were in the back.

**Believed** to have fought it out?

\* \* \*

### WOMAN SHOT, CRITICALLY WOUNDED IN ALTERCATION

Quick, Caswell, an anatomical chart.



"Name two pronouns."  
"Who, me?"

A certain young man of our acquaintance has been pining for more than a year to have us remark in our columns that an undertaker faces a grave situation.

— D D D —

The girl who was honored in one of the southern universities the other day as having the "most beautiful ankles," doubtless believes that beauty is only shin deep.

— D D D —

And then there was the ham psychologist who charged five dollars for a free association test.

— D D D —

"And wilt thou, O King," queries the wives of Solomon the Great, "build this spring a more magnificent connubial bathhouse?"

"No!" snapped the proud patriarch to his several wives. "A thousand times, no!"

— D D D —

"And what," asked the econ prof, shifting his quid from one side to the other, "is a vicious circle?"

"A fraternity bull session," came the prompt reply.

— D D D —

"And then," said the plaintiff, "the sailor went berserk. Grabbing up a belaying pin, he made a leap for me. There was blood in his eye, and had I not jumped behind a life-boat he would have murdered me."

"And what charge are you bringing against this sailor," demanded the judge.

"A salt with intent to kill," said the plaintiff before being led away to the wagon.



From a Book on  
JARGON, SLANG AND CANT

- Lady fender**—a lazy woman, one who likes to sit by the fireside doing nothing.
- La-li-loong**—a thief (we always wondered).
- Lamb**—elderly person who dresses and makes up like a young one.
- Lampresado**—one who comes into company with but two-pence in his pocket.
- Lamps**—eyes.
- Lap**—a term invariably used in the ballet-girls dressing room for gin. (hm-m-m).
- Larks**—boys who steal newspapers from the door steps.
- Larrikin**—a wild fellow.
- Large blue kind, the**—A particularly bad lie is referred to as being one of the large blue kind.
- Latchpan**—the lower lip.
- Latty**—a bed.
- Launch, to**—(Winchester College) to pull a bed over a "man."
- Lay**—(Tailor's) a good lay, an economical method of cutting, or when a man is doing anything that will be beneficial to himself or others.
- Leanaway**—one who is tipsy.
- Leather-necks**—a term for soldiers (Is that so girls?)

- Leg-bail, to give**—to run away from liability.
- Legs and arms**—beer without any "body" in it.
- Liberty**—(Eton School) the first six Oppidans, and the first Oppidans in Fifth Form, who work with Sixth Form under the Head Master. (Just try and figure this one out).
- Lightening**—a name for gin.
- Little Ben** (thieves)—a waist coat (and we always thought it was a clock).
- Loller**—usually applied to a lively, sportive damsel.
- Lylo**—come hither.
- Madam** (thieves)—a pocket handkerchief (we thought—).
- Marine** (nautical)—an empty bottle. (Naughty, naughty).
- Mashed**—in love.
- Mitten** (American)—to give the mitten, to dismiss as a lover.
- Hell** (tailor's)—the place where a tailor deposited his cabbage.
- Cabbage**—refers to the purloining by tailors of pieces of cloth. (Fooled ja.)

— D D D —

Jones: "Why did you call that fellow Horo? I thought his name was Horowitz."

Brown: "It was, but he lived in a tough neighborhood and they scared the witz out of him."

— D D D —

"WOMEN"

Man, Maid, 'n Moon.  
Maid not in mood.  
Man made mad.  
Maid kinda glad.

— D D D —

"GROUND-HOG"

Nine little hamburgers  
Sittin' on a plate  
In came the diners  
Then they were ate.

— D D D —

Ashes to ashes,  
Dust to dust,  
If the embalmers don't get you  
The cremators must.

— D D D —

I had a little garden  
But my love for it is dead,  
For I found a bachelor button  
In the black-eyed susan's bed.



"All those in favor of making Idaho pink on our next map, say Aye!"



## PERIODICAL PASSION

**College Humor:**

"God, but you're wonderful!" said Dick hoarsely, his face working strangely in the moonlight. The music from the prom drifted faintly to their ears. Seductively she stamped out her cigarette and put her fragile, sweet face to the flask for a long, hard pull. Then, nestling in each other's arms, they went at it again.

"God, but you're wonderful!" said Dick hoarsely.

**Woman's Home Companion:**

A great yellow moon was slowly rising as, hand in hand, down the vine covered path, the two lovers wandered. In the deepening dusk the two love birds twittering harmony in the sickle tree were almost indistinguishable. Far away the notes of the Angelus pealed faintly.

"Ah," sighed Richard.

"Ah," sighed Wilhelmina with a sigh.

There, 'neath the weeping willow tree, they plighted their troth.

**Liberty short short:**

"Please! Tonight?"

"No!"

"Why?"

"Husband."

**Scientific American:**

Professor Oscar Oglethorpe has discovered that "love," pathologically speaking, consists of inordinate traces of trimethylacetylglucosidehidrinaldehydrochloride in the vascular contentacles producing a profound reactionary complex in the region of the tubular erastonomenes. To quote from the famed psychologist of Vienna, Dr. Leo Lubinminsky, "Ach der weiden das luber endein anchovie antcopfi."

**New Yorker:**

"She's in love and she's awf'ly blue about it."

—Yale Record.

— D D D —

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Von Stuyvesant  
request the honor of your presence

at a dinner

in honor of

SIR HENRY RALPH GLUPSPONIC,

K.P., Q.U.L.

to be held

Tuesday, November Twenty-third

Nineteen Hundred & 32

at 7:30

at

Sloppy Joe's Eating Place

Corner of 4½ & B

Dinner two-bits

Soup extra

—Lafayette Lyre.

## DEATH OF JOHN BARLEYCORN

## AS REPORTED BY:

**Arthur Brisbane:**

John Barleycorn, who drank, is now on his way to meet his maker. Doctors tell us that we cannot burn the candle at both ends.

Among the thousands who unsuccessfully tried was John Barleycorn. He leaves six children who will never have the proper supervision or love of a father. Such things are to be regretted.

**Will Rogers:**

Well, I see by the papers that po' John Barleycorn is dead. I reckon the papers is right, they're bound to be once in a while. Po' John leaves six little ones. Looks like the Farm Board or the Democrats will have to take care of them. John would have never died if he had lived in Claremore.

**Andrew Volstead:**

John Barleycorn is dead. He leaves six children. One, two, three, four, five, six. Everybody is sorry. Nobody can do anything because he is dead. They'll have to bury him.

**Walter Winchell:**

John Barleycorn, whose face would stop a clock, is not that way any more. No longer will he go round with that pained expression. Alcohol makes the world go round. It made John go the way of all flesh also.

Barleycorn was tombstoned this afternoon while his squaw, six acts of God, and the neighbors, mourned.

**O. O. McIntyre:**

Thoughts while strolling: Who remembers when John Barleycorn was living? John was a city boy who couldn't make good in the country.

Wonder if he's leading a good life in the hereafter? I'm glad he returned my silk striped cravat.

Just passed Andrew Volstead. He's to blame.

It's a shame they had to bury Barleycorn (I hate that word, bury). But they couldn't keep him around.

**Time Magazine:**

Tall, red-nosed, John Barleycorn, father of six children, died last week.

Time was when a man could drink liquor all day long and get away with it, but those days are gone.

Quoth he just before death: "Prohibition is a failure. It is as easy to get liquor today as ever. Hurray! Alcohol should be done away with and whiskey put in its place. Whoopee!"

—Purple Parrot.



## Susan Simpson



udden swallows swiftly skimming,  
 unset's slowly spreading shade,  
 ilvery songster sweetly singing,  
 ummer's soothing serenade.



Susan Simpson strolled sedately,  
 Stifling sobs, suppressing sighs.  
 Seeing Stephen Slocum, stately  
 She stopped, showing some surprise.

"Say," said Stephen, "sweetest sigher;  
 Say, shall Stephen spouseless stay?"  
 Susan, seeming somewhat shier,  
 Showed submissiveness straightway.

Summer's season slowly stretches,  
 Susan Simpson Slocum she—  
 So she sighed some simple sketches—  
 Soul sought soul successfully.

Six Septembers Susan swelters;  
 Six sharp seasons snow supplies;  
 Susan's satin sofa shelters  
 Six small Slocums side by side.

"Masterpieces of Humor"





"Yes, I buried all the victims of the train wreck."  
"Gee, that's a big undertaking."

— D D D —

An apple a day keeps the doctor away. And  
an onion a day keeps the pre-meds away.

— D D D —

"Hey, pa, in this book they call it the 'forest  
primaeval.' why is that?"  
"Well, my boy, apparently it wasn't a virgin  
forest."

— D D D —

The downtown library contains signs reading "No  
Smoking in the Stacks." And we thought that's  
what stacks were for.

— D D D —

Stude: "Don't be bashful, hold your gin up."

— D D D —

Sleep is only a question of mind over mattress.

— D D D —

To our mind, graduation is just another example  
of the triumph of mind over Mater.

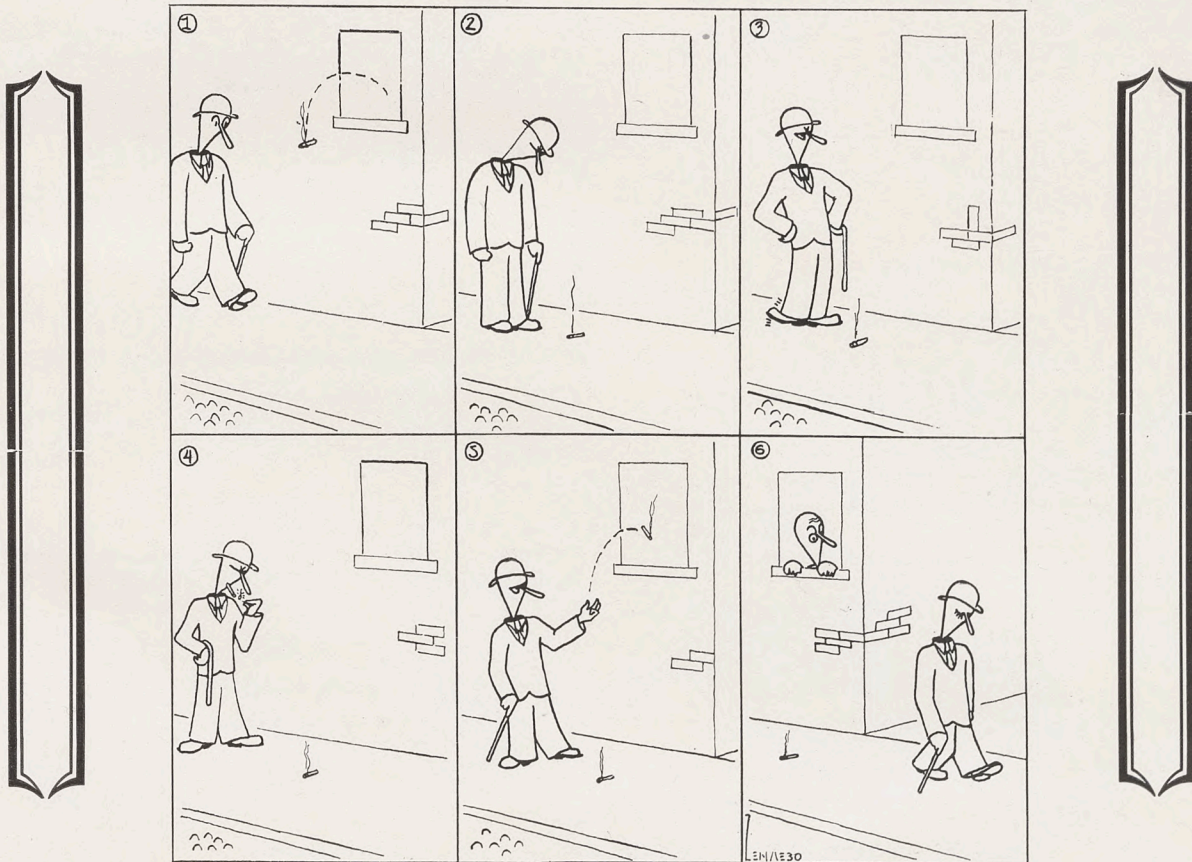
### P O M E

He liked to drive his roadster fast.  
Eighty per or else he'd bust.  
And always he condoned his haste  
By saying "Please excuse my dust."

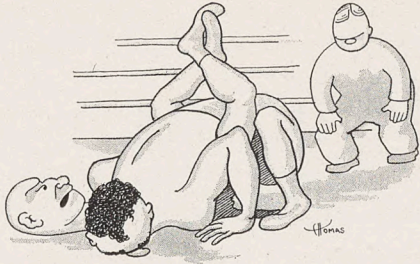
He liked to squash pedestrians.  
It amounted to a lust.  
And always he explained his deed  
With "Please excuse my dust."

But once he met a big Mack truck  
When driving at his "wust."  
And now his words repose on stone:  
"Please excuse my dust."

—Dot Merkel.







"If you don't cut out that un-gawdly gruntin', I'm gonna smack yer teeth out!"

A drunk fell into the police station and confessed that he had pushed his wife out of a ten-story window.

"Did you kill her?" asked the sergeant.

"I don't think sho. Thash why I wanna be locked up."

—*Sour Owl.*

— D D D —

"Should evening dresses ever be worn to bridge parties?"

"No. In playing cards it is necessary to show only your hand."

—*Puppet.*

— D D D —

"Now," said the professor, "pass all your papers to the end of the row; have a carbon sheet under each one, and I can correct all the mistakes at once."

—*Columbus.*

— D D D —

Farmer Brown (calling up-stairs): "What be you a-doing up there, daughter?"

Daughter (just home from college): "I'm making my ablutions, father."

Farmer Brown: "Well wash up and come down to supper."

—*Awgwan.*

— D D D —

Fond Mother: "Willie, you've been a naughty boy. Go to the vibrator and give yourself a good shaking."

—*Wampus.*

— D D D —

"Does Betty go out on many parties?"

"Sure, all of them."

—*Wampus.*

— D D D —

"On her eighteenth birthday, I gave my daughter her first front door key."

"That was the proper modern spirit, old man."

"Not necessarily—I just got tired having her knock off the milk bottles crawling through the pantry window."

—*Pitt Panther.*

— D D D —

Dentist: "Which tooth is it that troubles you?"

Pullman Porter: "Lower five, suh."

—*Exchange.*

— D D D —

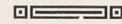
2/c: "Did you fill your date last night?"

1/c: "I hope so. She ate everything in sight."

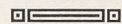
—*Drexel "Drexer"*

## F. Ewing Glasgow

MAin 5540



*All forms of Insurance  
and  
Surety Bonds*



**Lawton, Byrne & Bruner  
Insurance Agency Co.**

1226 Pierce Bldg.

St. Louis

# SHALLCROSS SERVICE SATISFIES



## PRINTING STATIONERY

1822 Locust St.

CEntral 3755

Sheba: "This lipstick I have on is a novelty."

Solomon: "Well, the novelty will soon wear off."

—*Old Lime.*

— D D D —

Many a father has looked at his son and exclaimed:  
"My God! What have I done?"

—*Ski-U-Mah.*

— D D D —

"What's Bill in jail for now?"

"Political Taxidermy, I believe."

"What?"

"Yes, stuffing ballot boxes."

—*Green Gander.*

Be a man—tell them to their face you saw their DIRGE ad.



## BONERS

### —From the Indiana Boardwalk

- The Gorgons were three sisters that lived in the islands of the Hesperides somewhere in the Indian Ocean. They had long snakes for hair, tusks for teeth and claws for nails, and they looked like women, only more horrible.
- The saints are classified so that there be one for each kind of human trait, as shipwrecks, rabies, etc.
- Contralto is a low sort of music that only ladies sing.
- A spinster is a bachelor's wife.
- Revolution is a form of government abroad.
- Gibraltar is a rock near Spain. Nobody claims it and so it doesn't belong to them. England owns it. It is important because people stand on top of it and watch the ships.
- Natural selection means that clean and right-living animals go on while evil ones are crowded out.
- Thomas Paine was a rare individual obsessed by common sense.
- Christians have become divided into three branches: Missionaries, society people and preachers.
- The Nile River was important to the Egyptians because it was so handy.
- Hari kari is a man who plays in the movies—usually in Western pictures.
- Hygiene is a gas in the air.
- Alexander's ambition was to conquer all the world, or as much as possible, and to make a great Umpire.
- Quarantine is a promise of money refunded if not satisfied.
- Give an interpretation of Corot's painting, Spring.  
The lady at the foot of the tree has just finished sliding down the tree trunk and she is thinking how nice it is that spring has come again.
- Witchcraft was one of the most important writers of the Puritan period.
- Correct the sentence: "My mother's taste is better than her sister."  
"My mother's taste is better than my aunt's."
- The French Revolution was caused by overcharging taxis.
- The catacombs were where the early Christians lived when they were put to death by Nero.
- One puts food into the ice-box because of the low climate there.
- He played the part of the Englishman fine, but he would have looked more natural with a molecule.
- Shakespeare was born in the year 1554, supposedly on his birthday.
- The seaport of Athens is Pyorrhea.
- One of the causes of the Revolutionary War was the English put tacks in their tea.
- Name two measures that may be used for the conservation of our forests.  
Rulers and yardsticks.

*Good Food*  
at  
*Reasonable Prices*

---

**THE COMMONS**  
**ART SCHOOL TEA ROOM**  
**WOMAN'S BUILDING CAFETERIA**  
**McMILLAN HALL DINING ROOM**

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*Eat on the Campus*

- Epidermis was an early worker in evolution.
- Anatomy is the study of the heavenly bodies.
- Ostracized is when an ostrich sticks his head in the sand when he thinks someone is coming.
- One of the rights people enjoy under the constitution is the right to keep bare arms.
- What kind of a noun is trousers?  
Uncommon noun because it is singular at the top and plural at the bottom.
- Adagio is a kind of anesthetic dancing.
- The esophagus is the thing the backbone leans on.
- Rhubarb is a kind of a celery gone bloodshot.
- A water shed is a shed in the middle of the sea where ship shelter during a storm.
- The spoils system: the place where spoiled things and waste are kept. The board of health has largely taken the place of this.
- The Indians many years ago discovered a way to make fire by means of fiction.
- What is an apiary?  
A pet store where monkeys are raised.
- A demagogue is a vessel containing spirituous liquors.
- An idiom is a person of low intelligence.
- Fish lay eggs. This is called swarming.

Express your individuality—tell the advertiser you saw his DIRGE ad.



# CARTER & WILSON

## PRINTERS

GAY  
BUILDING

SAINT LOUIS

One cold and rainy day three thousand years ago Aesop stood shackled before 42,031 armed Roman soldiers. He raised his hands to command silence, drew himself up to his full height, looked them squarely in the eye, and uttered these immortal words:

"Hi, Elmer!"

—Yellow Jacket.

— D D D —

A wealthy client insured her valuable wardrobe while traveling in Europe. Upon reaching London she found an article missing and immediately cabled her broker in New York: "Gown lifted in London." Her broker replied, after due deliberation, "What do you think our policy covers?"

—Exchange.

— D D D —

Two men who have traveled were comparing ideas about foreign cities.

"London," said one, "is certainly the foggiest place in the world."

"Oh, no, it's not," said the other. "I've been in a place much foggier than London."

"Where was that?" asked his interested friend.

"I don't know where it was," replied the second man, "it was so foggy."

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

— D D D —

Mother: "I don't think the man upstairs likes Johnnie to play on his drum."

Father: "Why?"

Mother: "Well, this afternoon he gave Johnnie a knife and asked him if he knew what was inside the drum."

—Lehigh Burr.

— D D D —

"I just swallowed a great big worm."

"Hadn't you better take something for it?"

"Hell, no—I'll let the damn thing starve."

—Ski-U-Mah.

— D D D —

Lady: "Little Boy, why aren't you in school?"

"Little Boy: "Hell, lady, I ain't but three years old."

—Yellow Jacket.

"I hear they're dressing the janitors in uniforms."

"Yeh, that's so they can tell them from the Math instructors."

—Penn State Froth.

— D D D —

He (telling joke): "Do you see the point?"

She: "If it is what I think it is, I don't and you are not a gentleman."

—Battalion.

— D D D —

### Like a Censor

Dear Emmy was so sweet, so pure,

Her goodness made one restive.

Her eyes suggested innocence

So Emmy was suggestive.

—Red Cat.

— D D D —

"Why is it that sometimes you seem manly and sometimes effeminate?"

"Heredity, I suppose."

"Heredity?"

"Yeah. Half of my ancestors were men and the other half were women."

—Skipper.

— D D D —

### Short But Sweet

"Get the dope on this accident," said the editor of the college paper to the cub reporter. "And when you write the story, remember that brevity is the soul of the newspaper. Never use two words where one will do. Now get going." A few hours later the reporter handed in his copy. "Professor Stapleton struck a match to see if there was any gasoline in his tank," the story read. "Age 55."

—Show Me.

— D D D —

"Shay, Bud—where dosh Adam Kringeline live?"

"Why you're Adam Kringeline, old fellow."

"Yes, but wherein'ell does he live?"

—Exchange.

— D D D —

Landlady: "Do you like that crazy quilt?"

Boarder: "No, nor the damn mattress, neither."

—Red Cat.

— D D D —

In the spring a young man's fancies turn lightly to things girls have been thinking about all winter.

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

— D D D —

Wife: "There is company at the door and we are not through with dinner yet."

Scotchman: "Quick, grab a toothpick."

—Battalion.

— D D D —

She: "Will you vote to abolish capital punishment?"

Me: "No! Capital punishment was good enough for my father and it's good enough for me."

—Red Cat.

Don't be proud—tell them where you saw it.





"Yes, but only Arrow can shape a collar."

It pays to advertise!



HAYDEN HAYDEN—

*"I like what you like"*



*"It's toasted"*

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The American Tobacco Co.



