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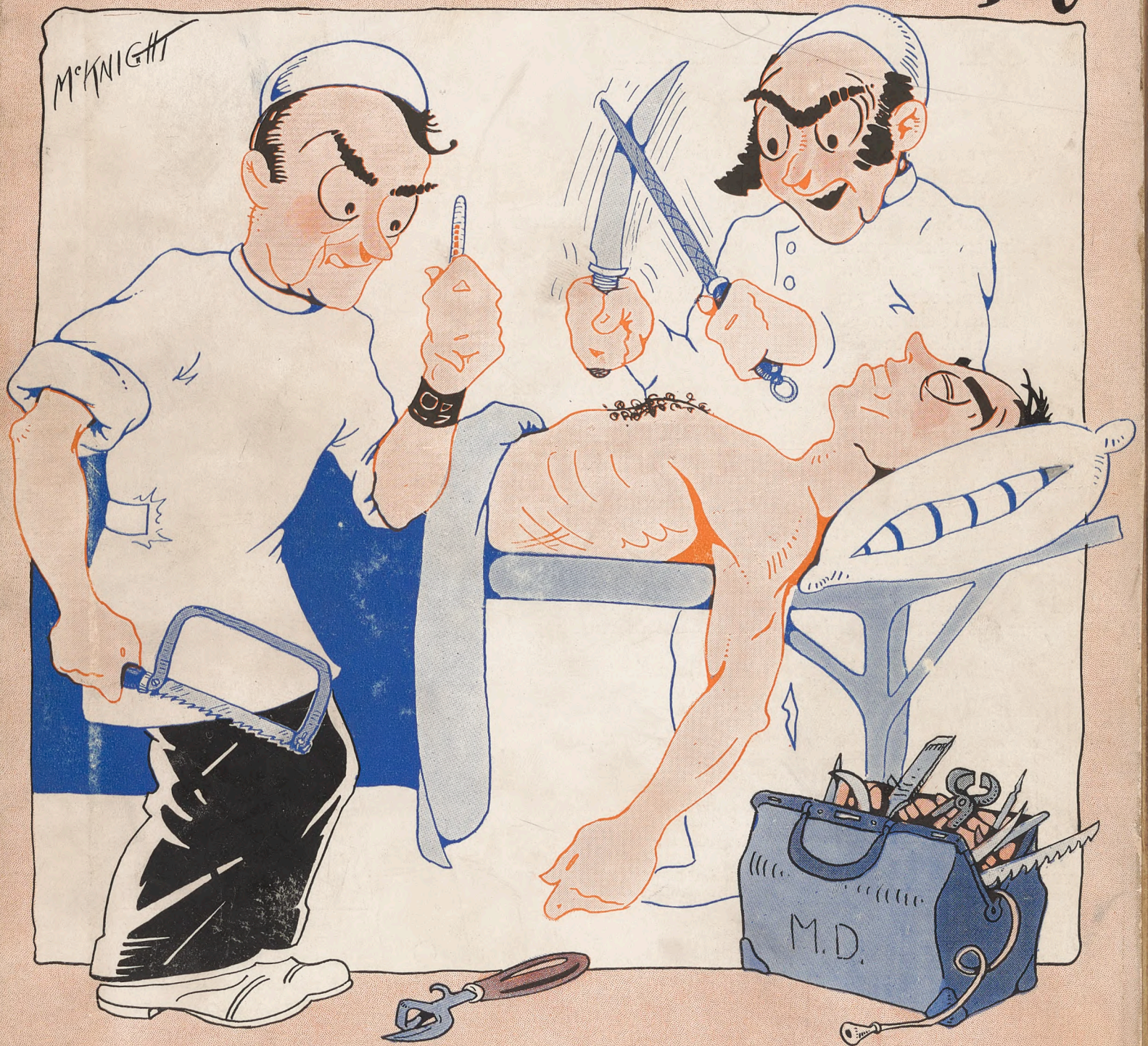
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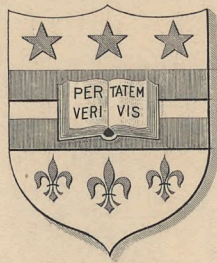
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The **DIRGE** bits



◻ OPENING NUMBER ◻
SEPT. 1930

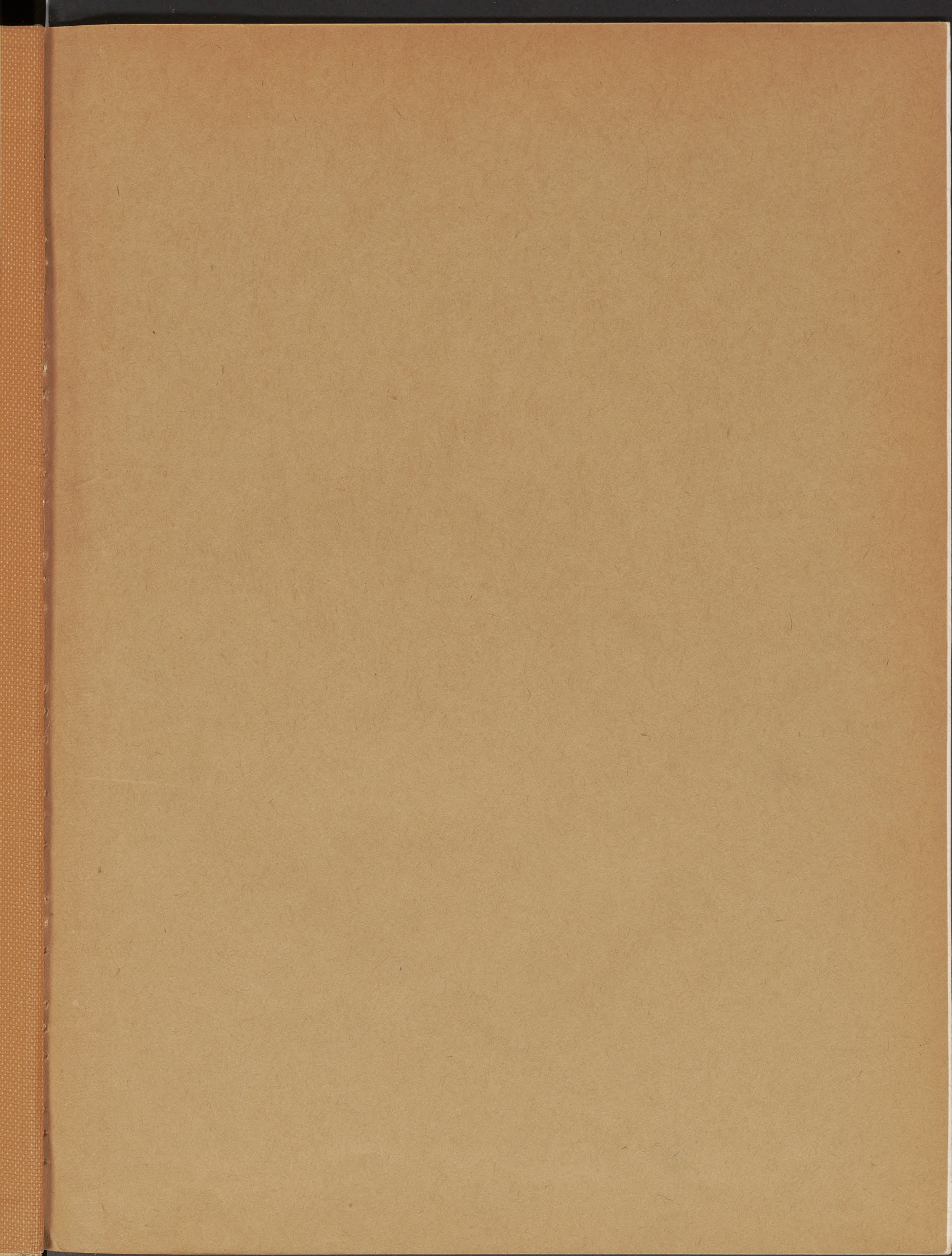
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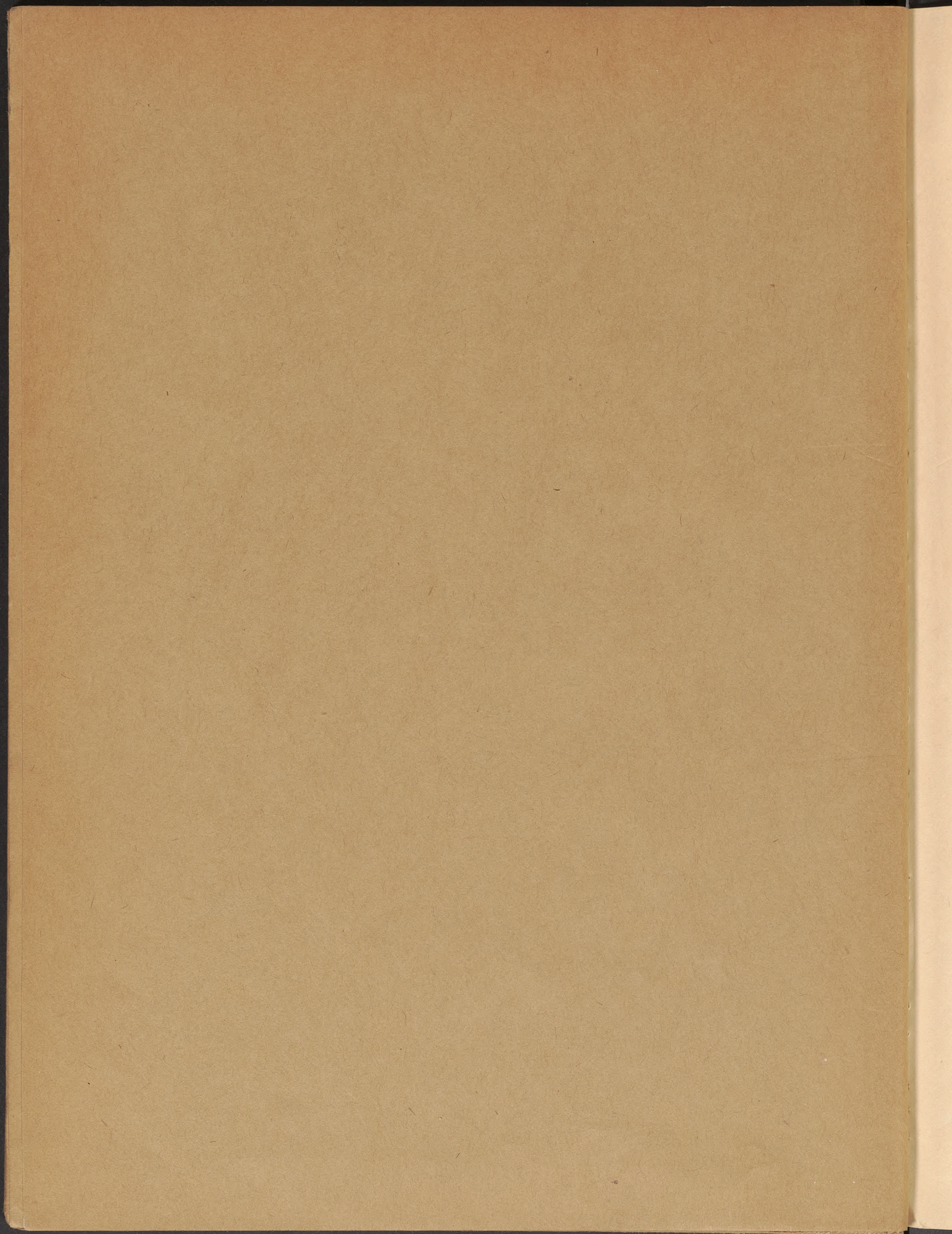


Washington University

The Gift of
Kenneth Tisdal







The Silent Partner

It seems that a widow, a flapper, and an old maid all lived in the same boarding-house, and each had a date with a college boy one night.

The question arose as to which would be kissed the most. To decide the question, each on coming to the breakfast table the next morning was to say "good morning" for each kiss she had received.

—Came the Dawn!

The flapper came down first, blushing, and said very emphatically, G-o-o-od Mo-o-o-rn-i-ng!"

(She'd only been kissed once, but that was enough!)

Enter the vivacious widow.

"Oh, good morning, good morning, good morning. I want to tell everyone, good morning, good morn, good—" etc. etc.!

(Whatta woman!)

Enter the old maid, very dramatically. All were quiet—expectant.

"Hullo!"

—Black and Blue Jay

— D D D —

Nit: "What is the greatest Greek tragedy?"

Wit: "Oh, I never knock other fraternities."

—Belle Hop

— D D D —

Dizz: "You're not so hot, you're nothing but an ordinary rubbish collector."

Dizzier: "So I gather." —Puppet

— D D D —

Paul Revere (shouting at window): "Husband at home?"

Lady: "Yes."

P. R.: "Tell him the British are coming."

P. R.: (shouting at another window): "Husband at home?"

Lady: "Yes."

P. R.: "Tell him the British are coming."

P. R.: (shouting at another window): "Husband at home?"

Lady: "No."

P. R. (dismounting): "To hell with the British." —V. M. I. Sniper

— D D D —

"You say he's funny looking?"

"Why, his ears were so large that for four years we didn't know whether he'd walk or fly!"

—Burr

Stage director (to Vassar Miss applying for a job as a chorus girl): "Have you had any experience?"

Vassar Girl: "Yes, I had my leg in a cast once."

—Pup

— D D D —

"Shall I bring you a brother or a sister, sonny?"

"If it's all the same to you, doc, make it a Shetland pony."

—Mercury

— D D D —

Butler to plumber: "The Madame requests that you be careful of the parlor floor as it has just been waxed."

Plumber: "Oh, dats all right, mister, I won't slip—I got my hob-nail shoes on."

—Stone Mill

— D D D —

"Just a moment until I get my clothes on," cried a frantic feminine voice.

Fifteen eager young men craned their necks to see a stout colored woman boarding a street car with a basket of clothes.

—Stone Mill

— D D D —

Doctor: "I can't prescribe whiskey unless I am convinced that you need it."

Student: "I've got a blind date with a girl my aunt wants me to take to the Prom."

Kind Doctor: "How much do you want?"

—Rammer-Jammer

— D D D —

"How did you get that smudge on your face?"

"Well, honey, the car broke down and I had to fix it."

"Since when do you use red grease in your car?"

—Bison

— D D D —

"Aw, go to hell!"

"Thanks for asking me to pledge, but I'm already a Beta."

—Sour Owl

— D D D —

A Sad, Sad Story

Mary's Mother needed some eggs for baking. So she said, "Now Mary, I want you to go to the store and get me some eggs but you must be very careful not to drop them for if you break them I am going to punish you."

So Mary went to the store and bought the eggs but on the way home she dropped them and they broke and as a consequence her mother took her out to the back yard and chopped her head off.

—Drexerd

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Old Grad: "The secret of my success is that I walk a mile every morning before breakfast."

Stude: "I couldn't do that; I never smoke before breakfast."
—Stone Mill

— D D D —

The soldier who went to sleep on his watch must have been a pretty small guy, but he had nothing on the castaway who lived for a week on a bread-crumb.

—Columns

— D D D —

The monk was speaking.

"And I crept up the back stairs and what do you think! There was St. Augustine and St. Henry shooting dice."

"Ah," his colleague replied, "the Holy Rollers." And that, children, is how *that* started.

—Wasp

— D D D —

Campus Cop: "Move that car along."

Co-ed: "Don't get fresh, I'm a Delta."

Aforementioned Officer: "I don't care if you are a whole peninsula, move that wreck!"

—Sun Dial

— D D D —

*He took her gently in his arms,
And pressed her to his breast;
The lovely color left her cheek,
And lodged on his full dress.*

—Log

— D D D —

"What beautiful lashes!"

"Yeah, her father was a slave driver."

—Stone Mill

— D D D —

Doctor (making out birth certificate): This must be about the twenty-ninth, isn't it?"

Young Mother: "Sir!"

—Dodo

Old Lady: "The Goblins will get you if you don't watch out."

Little Boy: "They will like Hell. My brother is a Deke and I'm going to pledge where he is."

—Puppet

— D D D —

Proud papa (as wife approaches with son): The heir male arrives.

—Malteaser

— D D D —

Yachtsman: "If this storm keeps up, I'll have to heave to."

Seasick Girlie: "What a horrid way of putting it."

—Sniper

— D D D —

"No, you can't take my daughter out riding!"
"Why not, sir?"

"Aren't you a college student?"

"Hell, no. I work over to Kelley's pool hall."

"I beg your pardon. My daughter will be ready in a moment."

—Orange Peel

— D D D —

James (age four): "Did you hear the one about the traveling salesman?"

Mary (age three and a half): "Moth—er!!"

—Gargoyle

— D D D —

Salesman: "You'll like this airplane, Colonel Lindbergh.

Lindbergh: "I think I'll take it."

Salesman: "Shall I send the bill to you today?"

Lindbergh: "No, I think you'd better send the bill to Morrow."

—Punch Bowl

— D D D —

Him: "You look bad tonite, girlie."

Her: "Well, the mud on my shoes proves that I ain't."
—Mugwump

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We like to know little intimate details about great men—but when the New York Times Book Review prints an article entitled, "Tolstoy as His Wife Saw Him," we think that is going a little too far.

—West Pointer

— D D D —

Little Rollo (aged 7): "Mama, where'd I come from?"

Mama: "Why, the stork brought you, of course."

Rollo: "And where'd you come from?"

Mama: "The stork brought me, too."

Rollo: "And where'd grandma and grandpa come from?"

Mama: "The stork brought them, too."

Little Rollo sits down at his cute little desk with green ducks painted on it, and begins to write: "Insofar as I am able to ascertain, the origin of myself and my family for the past two generations has been of a most unusual nature. . . ."

—Gargoyle

— D D D —

(Told on an elevator):

Girl Operator: "Floor, please."

Gent: "Eighth floor in a hurry."

G. O.: Here you are, son, eighth floor!"

Gent: "Where do you get that son stuff? You're not my mother."

G. O.: "That's all right, I brought you up, didn't I?"

—Wet Hen

— D D D —

Stude: "See that guy there? He's going through college by caring for a baby."

Ex-Stude: "He's lucky. I got kicked out for the same reason."

— D D D —

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

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

—Kitty-Kat

Strong

First Senior: "Eureka!"

Second Spig: "Eureka what?"

First Senior: "Eurek-uh-garlic."

—Do Do

— D D D —

R. O. T. C. Officer (to new students after giving out rifles to the class): "Now, I hope I haven't missed anyone. All those without arms hold up your hands."

—Kitty-Kat

— D D D —

"Why do you wear rubber gloves when cutting hair?" asked the customer.

"For the purpose," replied the barber, "of keeping our celebrated hair restorer from causing hair to grow on my hands."

He sold a bottle.

—Drexlerd

— D D D —

"I see your girl was out with the India rubber man last night."

"What—that bounder?"

—Widow

— D D D —

Fraternity Frank: "What a purty bird that is!"

Sorority Sue: "Yeah, it's a gull."

Frat Frank: "I don't care if it's a gull or a boy; it's purty."

—Buccaneer

— D D D —

"I guess that's a pretty good riddle," said the machine gunner as he got his man.

—Voo Doo

— D D D —

"I saw by the paper the Football coach is working for the city now."

"Yeh? What's he doing?"

"Trying to build up the community chest."

—Bison

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The grad who says, "Now when I was around here——"

The grad who wants us to find him a hot date.

The grad who tells impossible stories of the "old gang."

The grad who complains about the bed, meals, etc., etc.

The grad who asks for a drink and then bottoms-up.

The grad who shows up at midnight and requests a bed.

The grad who borrows our shirts, socks and cigarettes.

—Froth

— D D D —

The deen
he stuck his finger
out
and pointed it
at me
and sed
in fashun quite devout
you're flunking bad
I see
and then he shook
his index digit
underneath my nose
and sed that he wuz hurt
and shocked
at whut my grades disclose
and then
he sed with wrinkled frown
my lad
look here
you must bear down
and so i gathered up
my pluck
and sed
i can't
i ain't no duck.

—Malteaser

This Week's Bughouse Fable

She: "It must be wrong to love like this, dear."

He: "It is."

Did you ever stop to think what might have happened to American history if the British soldiers at Bunker Hill had had bloodshot eyes?

A fencer never is hungry because he always has his lunge with him.

—Froth

— D D D —

Have Camel

We must occasionally have a blow at our advertisers. There is the story about the two hoboes and the cigarette sign.

"Do you like the slogan?" asked the first Beta of the second, who could read.

"Phooey," said the first, who had reached for a Lucky" but instead had his fingers stepped on.

—Brown Ball

— D D D —

Justice

Lifeguard (with girl in arms): "Sir, I have just resuscitated your daughter."

Father: "Then, by gad, you'll marry her!"

—Pen Punch Bowl

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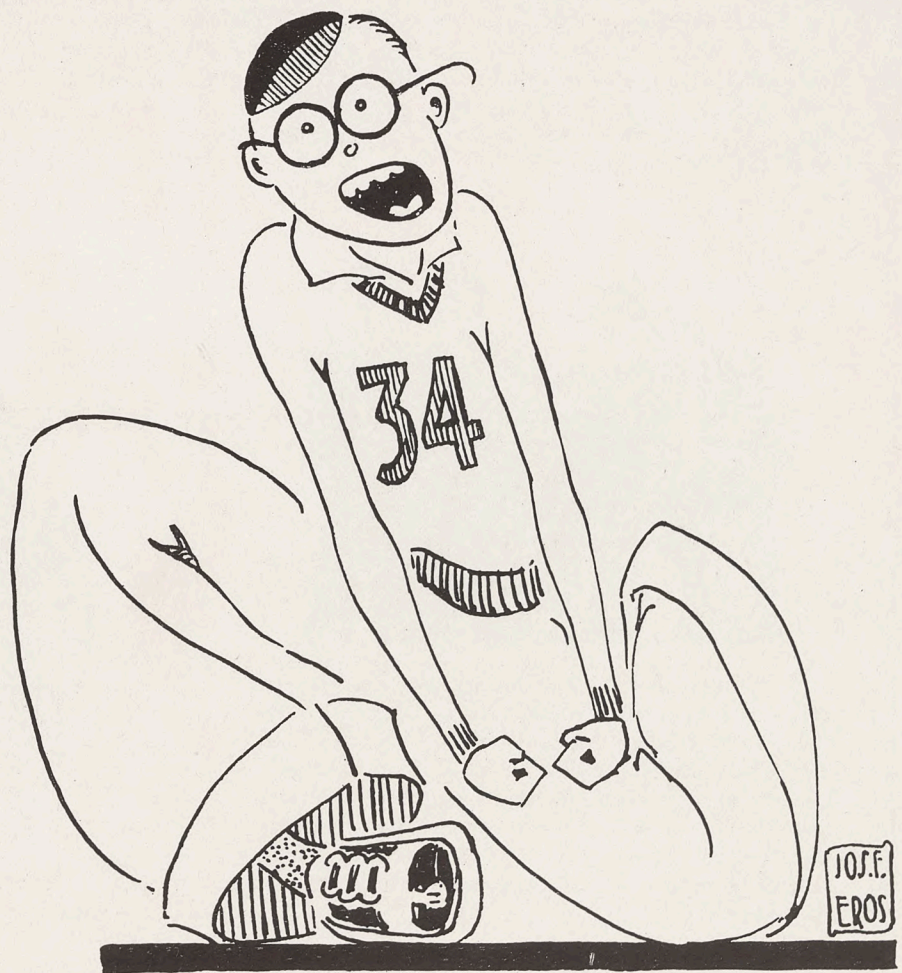
CENTRAL 2561

1417 Olive Street

St. Louis, Mo.

To the poor misguided Freshman, who invaded our peaceful institution in angry hordes, and are at present stumbling around the campus wearing dazed expressions and shiny new pledge pins, Dirge dedicates this

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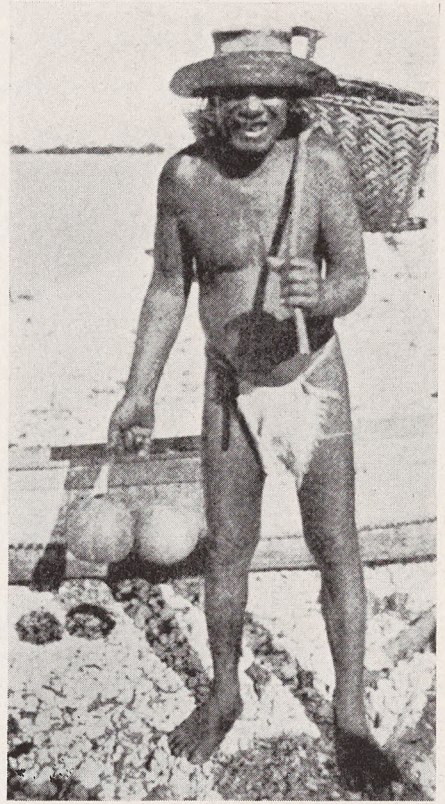
Fashions for the Coming Season



Recommended for Geology lab trips Frank Thompson, popular engineer, snapped on the Missouri Pacific campus recently. Note notched lapel, conservative cut of trousers with small cuff, soft oxford shirt, Shantung tie, Homburg hat, and wing-tip sport shoes.



This Missouri undergraduate is wearing a double-breasted two-buckle overcoat that follows the latest mode. Note the Raglan sleeves, patch pockets, plaid lining, and snug fitting collar.



A well known Law School student demonstrating the new "Sun Tan" vogue in men's dress reform. This one piece sports ensemble includes white flannel trousers, dark coon skin jacket, tan sport shoes, and a black Homburg hat. Note new styles in waterproof brief cases, and the spare ink bottles in his right hand.



A group of K. A.'s illustrating the correct attire for everyday wear. Burke Drescher, on the left, is clad in the conventional R. O. T. C. uniform. Schuster Meek and Ford Pennell, center, are wearing the usual Kollege Kut two-button suits—\$18.98—we pay the postage. On the extreme right is Roland Miller, who sports the new fancy vests so popular at the dog races.



Baer, Harting, and Rawdon illustrating the vogue for house parties.

The
DIRGE
 "Jest in Peace"
Opening Number



**"Don't Go Phi Delt or Sigma Chi if You Can
 Find Something Beta"**

*(That's a worse pun than the one about the farmer who said to the tramp,
 "Get out of here, or I'll Sigma Nu dog on you.")*

Elliott R. Punkinseed, of Springfield, Mo., descended from the train at Union Station and gazed at the crowds around him. Then he picked up his worn valise, and went out the 17th St. door. Here he mingled with the crowd and was seen no more, for our story concerns itself not with Elliott, but with Jasper B. Anvilhead, who descended from the identical train at the very same time and started walking in the general direction of Washington University. It so happened that Jasper was no relation at all to Mr. Punkinseed, and this strange coincidence just goes to show you that it's a small world after all, that boys will be boys, and that it's best not to play cards with strangers you meet at Pi Phi dances.

A group of Phi Delt, who had been under the train all the while collecting birds' nests or something, descended upon the poor bewildered lad like a bunch of Thetas on a Mary Institute graduate.

"You from Arkansas?" inquired the ringleader of this notorious gang.

"Nope—Kansas."

The Phi Delt, sighed in resignation, and as soon as their resignation was accepted, they returned to their former pastime. Meanwhile a group of Betas had enticed the lad out onto the street.

"I'm sure you'll like the meals at our house," warbled one of the bros. opening the door of a big limousine and tossing the lad inside.

(Continued on page 18)



Frosh: "Do they flunk many fellows at Washington?"

Soph: "Yes, they have a great faculty for that."

— D D D —

"And now for a sentence containing the words 'hard labor'," said the Prosecuting Attorney looking over the row of prisoners.

— D D D —

Abie: "Poppa, I got arrested for walking too fast."

Poppa: "Vat?"

Abie: "Ya. The cop said he would have to fine me for speeding on de sidewalk."

— D D D —

As the electrician's wife said at 3:00 a.m.: "Wire you insulate?"

— D D D —

Well, at any rate, you can't call that girl "two faced", because if she was she wouldn't be wearing that one.

— D D D —

Speaking of force of habit, how about the bootlegger's son who got kicked out of school because of over-cutting?

— D D D —

Now that the strenuous work of Rush Week is over, the actives will have time to start rushing next year's crop.

— D D D —

"My, I'm certainly getting a lot out of this course!" exclaimed the chemistry student as he walked home with five bucks' worth of laboratory equipment in his pocket.

Ye Morning After

First Campus Gad-about: "What's the matter, Tom, aren't you feeling well this morning?"

Second Fraternity Man: "Boy, I'm feeling lower than the ring around a Scotchman's bath-tub!"

— D D D —

Business may be bad for the phonograph companies, but for the singing instructors it's voice.

— D D D —

One advantage of the floating universities is that they have to furnish you with a life-boat if you flunk out.

— D D D —

Dumb Dora thinks a ship is called a whaling vessel if it has whipping posts on it.

— D D D —

"Say, I hear they've opened a new speakeasy on the 22nd floor of an office building."

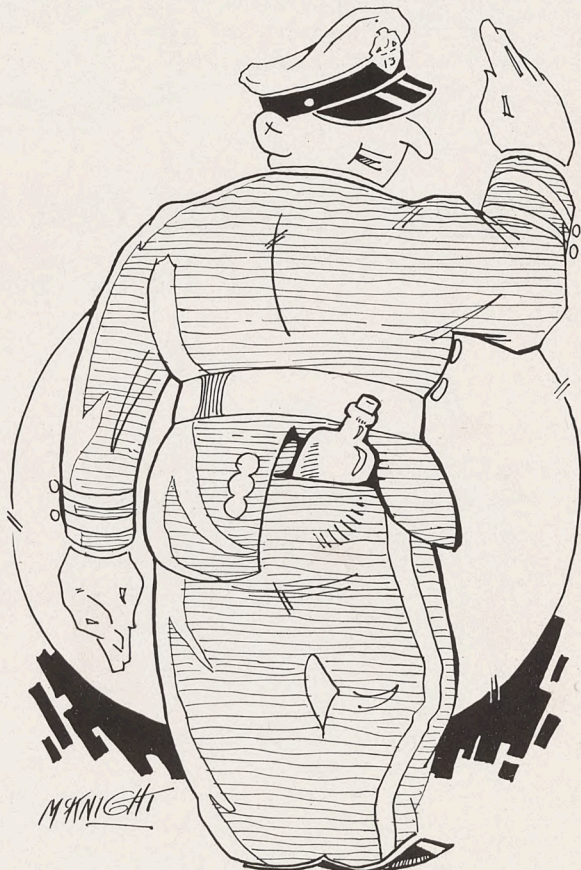
"Oh. A high dive, eh?"

— D D D —

Week-end guest: "What, no guest rooms? What kind of a house is this, anyway?"

Butler: "Stucco, sir."

— D D D —



Corn on the Cop

*Information for the Frosh (No. 1):***A Guide to the Greeks**

ALPHA TAU OMEGA: The A. T. O.'s are of course the foremost fraternity—alphabetically. They are reputed to have originated the phrase, "This batch must have been too salty." Reported to have some strength in Equatorial Africa.

BETA THETA PI: The Betas are the lads who immortalized the ditty, "I'd rather be an asterisk than a Beta Theta Pi." These lads unwittingly help keep the Teke scholarship average above freezing point by blocking off all view of MacMillan Hall from the latter establishment. A nice bunch of boys, the Betas; look'em up some day.

THETA XI: Engineers local No. 346-A17. One of 'em tried to fix his girl's radio and Erector set.

KAPPA ALPHA: "Lemon or cream?" So Greek that their motto is in French, and if you don't think they live up to it, ask the co-ed that owns one.

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON: The S. A. E.'s membership drive was brought to a successful conclusion with their "Tag Day" campaign. Chapter dances have been suspended pending the issuance of a new Sigalf record by Rudy Vallee.

SIGMA CHI: Originators of the phrase, "Put Langenberg in the closet; here comes McCully with a rushee." The Sigs have now passed up the Sig Alphas in numbers; Chapter Meeting will be held at the Arena. A system of rotation has been worked out whereby brothers from A-F will use the house on Mondays, G-K on Tuesdays, etc. Ladies' Day will be Friday.

TAU KAPPA EPSILON:

(This space for rent)

PHI DELTA THETA: Membership limited to Arkansas boys under the age of seventeen. Not the heaviest drinkers on the campus, but they do pretty well for their weight. Ask to see the new radio.

ALPHA CHI OMEGA: Noted for their serious purposes and the Crusius sisters.

ALPHA XI DELTA: Originated the saying, "How did you know I was a college girls?" We gave up—how about you?

DELTA DELTA DELTA: Sponsors of the Farm Relief movement. The Tri Delt membership is said to have fallen off somewhat this year due to the drouth.

DELTA GAMMA: You can't go wrong with this bunch.

GAMMA PHI BETA: "A Queen a year" is the password of the Gammafies, and how they live up to it. Broke into print with their pledge dance at the Castilla last year, which was marked by the disappearance of a Spanish shawl, 17 ashtrays, and a dozen goldfish of assorted sizes.

KAPPA ALPHA THETA: Just a bunch of good girls the Pi Phis passed up. Found they could do nothing single handed, so they banded together and swiped the motto of the I. W. W.: "I Won't Walk!"

KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA: According to Ripley, in his "Believe it or Not", this is a sorority.

PI BETA PHI: A cute bunch of femmes the Thetas didn't want. Their motto, according to Hatchet, is "Don't Give up the Slip" but you never can tell.

PHI MU: In a questionnaire distributed among last year's musicomedie cast as to which was the best sorority on the hill, the Tiller chorus voted almost unanimously for Phi Mu, which proves nothing except that most of the Tillers were "Them" and that we can think of nothing else appropriate to put here.

Alpha Epsilon Pi, Xi Sigma Theta, Chi Delta Phi, Sigma Tau Omega: Holding out for Deke.

(Other fraternities listed in Ternion)

Speaking of embarrassing positions, how about the firemen who answered a general alarm from Fraternity Row the other day, only to discover that the excitement was caused by steam escaping from one of the fraternities' hot-box. Before they could get away, three of the firemen had pledged and signed house notes.

— D D D —

The grass along fraternity row looks pretty good after the summer's vacation, but it won't be lawn now!

We Fooled Ya!

"Are you a college man?"

"Why, yes, I am."

— D D D —

"My old man," asserted a small boy, "can play the piano by ear."

"That's nothin'," answered another. "My old man can fiddle with his whiskers!"

Information for the Frosh (No. 2):

A Typical Chapter Meeting

or, What to Expect if You Ever do Get Initiated

It is sometime between seven and ten o'clock any Monday night along the row. The President, habitually thirty or more minutes late, slips into the room amid hoots and cat-calls, makes a futile attempt to stop the crap game, and announces that the Most Exalted Scribe will read the minutes. The Most Exalted Scribe declares that the minutes have been chewed up by the rats. Brother Glootz, representing the conservative element of the chapter, suggests that a committee be appointed to exterminate the pestilence, and nominates Brother Blatz as chairman. Brother Piff declares that Brother Blatz is drunk. They glare at each other.

Brother Schmills moves that the meeting be adjourned and is declared out of order by the President.

The Scribe narrowly averts death by a club playfully tossed through the ventilator by Brother Schmaltz. Brother Sniltz complains of the meals and of the habit that Brother Walsh's moustache has of falling in his soup, thereby causing the tablecloth laundry bill to rise.

Brother Levee points to the house manager's new suit and insinuates that it is an evidence of misappropriation.

The Most Honorable Keeper of the Funds rises to make a plea for the payment of house bills and announces that all fines for the past two years will be suspended if bills are paid immediately. He is interrupted by a crash as the last folding chair collapses with Brother Galloway. Brother Galloway is booed and it is suggested that hereafter Brother Galloway sit on the floor. Brother Galloway declares amid boisterous applause that he wasn't built to sit on the floor. Brother Milch vainly attempts to bum a cigarette.

Brother Schmills moves that the meeting be adjourned and is declared out of order by the President.

It is decided to pledge young Bong until the intramural baseball season is over. Wink, Muckle, and Zwick are balled as rumor has it that they are members of the Geology Club. It is decided to pledge Professor Mole's son as his renowned father has

been the direct cause of too many brothers leaving school. It is decided that the rule against bringing liquor into the house does not apply to liquor in bottles, but only in kegs and barrels.

Brother Goople starts the story about the old maid who took a tramp in the woods. Brother Goople is suppressed with jeers as all of the brothers have heard it.

Brother Schmills avows that he has a date and moves that the meeting be adjourned. Brother Moon demands to know what a man with a face like Brother Schmills' knows about women. Brother Schmills is fined four bits for using uncouth language.

Brother Gloom suggests that a law be passed against bringing dates into the chapter room. Brother Gloom is ejected without further ado.

Brother Squiff declares that the Most Honorable Scribe, the Chaplain, and the President have failed to pay last month's assessment on the new folding beds for the living room. Brother Squiff is declared out of order by the President.

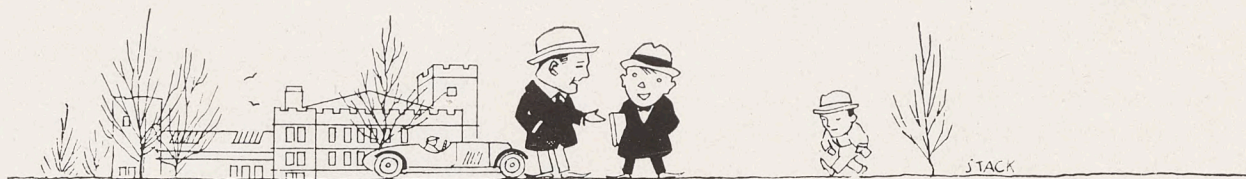
Brother Blatz demands that he be permitted to "Shing a shong." The crest, two sacred robes, and the President's gavel are thrust down Brother Blatz's throat in an effort to dissuade him from his musical inclination.

Brother Plunkett, who has been cudgeling his brain the past hour for a happy thought, suggests that "Tom and His Peep Hole Boys" be hired for the next dance. Brother Squiff declares that the chapter is still down the coal chute fifty dollars for the koki koly served at the last social gathering.

Brother Blatz is excused from the meeting as it is quite apparent that he has much need to see a man immediately about "a sick horse".

The President suggests that the meeting be closed in due form with a word of silent prayer. Brother Schmills slips out the door to his date. Local color is added to the prater by hiccups from Brother Wongle, snores from Brother Sniltz, and belches by Brother Bwerrp. By the end of the prayer the merest handful of youths are left for the weekly pinochle game.

—H. C. C.



Famous Athletes of History

Croquet Player: Joan of Arc, who ended at the stake.

Prize Fighter: Solomon, who popularized the use of the ring.

Tennis Player: Noah, who served many doubles.

Midnight Sportsman: Samson, who started the first pillar fight.

Archer: Venus, who wielded many a beau.

Football Player: Charon, who punted across the Styx.

Pitcher: The Egyptian slave who fanned Cleopatra.

— D D D —

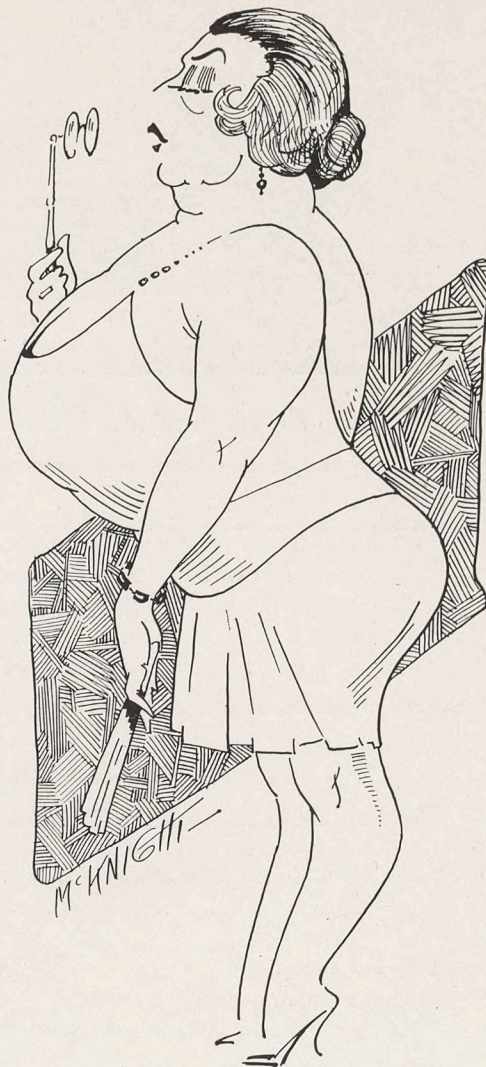
“What’s your idea in bringing that Hupp?” chorled the cho. girl whose butternegg man had promised her a Cadillac.

— D D D —

The Bridge Player’s song: My Future Just Passed.

— D D D —

And then again, Jantzen bathing suits may have something to do with the widely discussed Form Relief Movement.



Map of the Outlying Districts

— D D D —

Heard on the Beach

“Of course I still love you, honey, but after all, sunburn is sunburn.”

— D D D —

Society Notes

Donald MacTavish has just returned from a trip to the fatherland, where he spent two weeks and 27c at Edinburg.

Oscar Iddlegloop is also back in town, having returned from Paris, France, where he passed several pleasant weeks and a bad check.

— D D D —

The “Garden of Eden” song: Love Me Or Leaf Me.

— D D D —

“You can always tell a lady by the way she dresses.”

“Well, a real lady would pull down the shades.”

“Wipe that nasty leer off your face,” sneered Captain Dingle to the Dingleberry brothers, “and replace it with an aloof smile.”

“I can’t do that,” retorted the elder Dingleberry. “It’s a quizzical impossibility.”

And now, just because we have no censorship here in St. Louis, the Kappa choir will sing, “She was only a sailor’s sweetheart, but we pledged her just the same.” Music, please.



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No. 1

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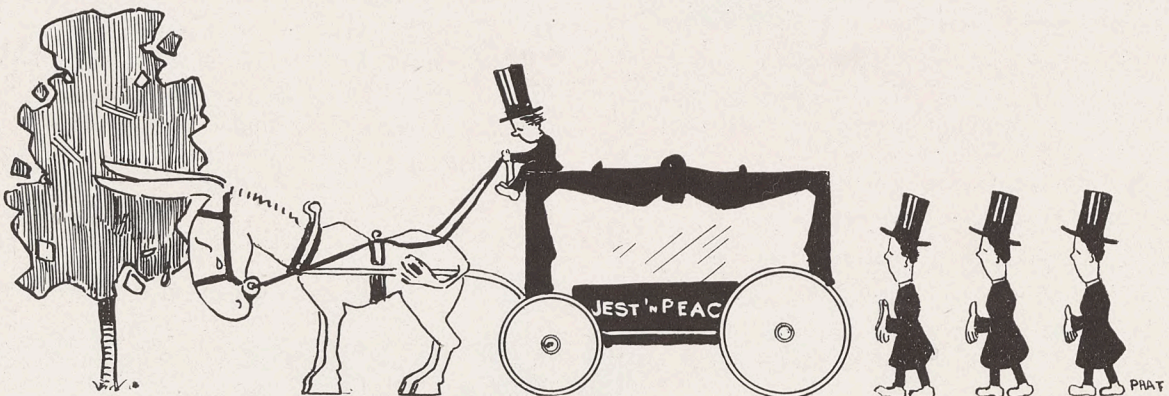
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Beginners Welcome!



DO YOU pride yourself on your sense of humor? Of course you do! In this wise-cracking era a sense of humor is as necessary to all true collegiates as a set of Shakespeare to an aspiring pugilist.

Then why not put it to work? There's plenty of room on the Dirge staff for anyone who can write jokes, verses, or short sketches of any kind. Cartoonists are also in demand. Watch Student Life for the tryout date, and drop around and tell us what you can do. Or else merely give your name to Porter Henry, Ed Young, or Sam Brightman, and you'll be given a chance to do your stuff for the next issue.

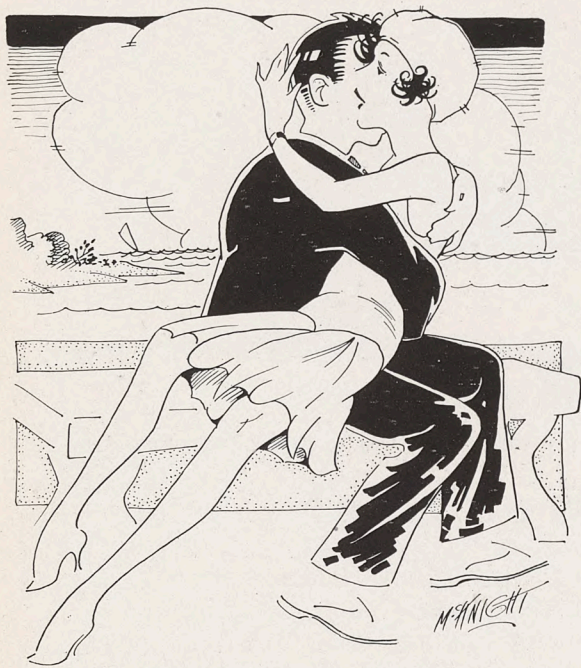
Make Money in Your Spare Time!

And if you can't write, grab off a job on the business staff. Those who can sell ads for Dirge will receive a good commission, so come around to the tryouts and get the low down on the sitchyation.

We also call your attention to the fact that the job of Circulation Manager is still open. A Subscription Contest is to be held, and to the person, male or female, who sells the most subscriptions, goes this job, which is (let us whisper it) a salaried position. So (we repeat) come around to the tryouts and let us give you some subscription blanks and a fetching sales talk.

Dirge tryouts soon—Come One, Come Oiled!





The Old Arm-me Game

Be A Humorist!

No experience or intelligence necessary. Capitalize on the whimsey that convulses your friends. Let us test your talent free. On the coupon below appear incomplete forms of the most popular jokes of the current season. Fill in the blanks in your own inimitable manner and send the coupon to us, or leave it with our campus representative, Professor Webster.

No. 1: In a its;
 In a its
 But in a it's!!
 —Punch

No. 2: Little boy (to his nurse) :?
 Nurse (to little boy) :!
 —Cleveland Plain Dealer

No. 3: He
 She:
 —College Humor

No. 4: Drunken Sailor:
 Irate Old Lady: Sir!
 —Whiz Bang

No. 5: Are you a college man?
 No,
 —Dirge

The Colly Choomur School for Humorists
 1050 N. Lysol St.
 Chicago.

Dear Sirs:

I enclose the results of my "Sense of Humor" test. How do I rate? Please send answer in plain, unaddressed envelope.

The Pi Phi's First Lab Report:

"The Life of the

THE DIDDLE BUG is a chubby little tidbit of the ornithorlynchus species. It is sometimes erroneously dubbed "the high head fig leaf eater" due to its destructive but interesting gnawing of the clothing of Adam and Eve and the consequent raising of Cain.

The Diddle Bug varies greatly in size, shape, color, and the texture of its toenails, but to make a long story longer, it is about the general shape of a bloated electric light bulb or a goober. Like all animals of the Ornithorlynchus family, the Diddle Bug is conceited and admires his body greatly; he is especially fond of his tail.

The naive little Diddlers thrive on cobs, wild oats, ground hawgs, and Theta pledge pins. In fact, they are able to eat practically anything except fraternity house meals, which give them indigestion and a generally run down condition ensues. They become ferocious and go about biting people, and anyone will tell you, professor, that a Diddler who bites takes all the fun out of diddling.

The chief means of locomotion of a Diddle Bug are two small "lippers", with which it trundles, lipperty-lip, lipperty-lip, to its mate, in such a manner that one is never quite certain whether it is on roller skates or a cheap drunk. This is called the "Diddle Bug Drag". Recently, however, Professor Blackburn, in his book, "Who's Who in the Diddling World", startled his fellow insects by announcing that the Diddle Bug had found a new mode of locomotion. The little rascal rushes to a nearby beanery, guzzles a pail of koki koly, and staggers down the street; the koly, forming a gas on his stomach, causes a typical Ledbetter bweeeerrrrrrrdppppp to emanate from his buzzom, the force of which aforesaid bweeeerrrrrrrdppppp blows the Diddle in the opposite direction. This astounding discovery is the crowning achievement in the great Professor's life.

The modern student of economic entomology should never hold a Diddle Bug in the palm of the

ort:

f the Diddle Bug"

hand, as the little insects are easily frightened, and you never can tell about Diddle Bugs. (Oh, Professor, this is killing me.) Perhaps, however, the most singularly disagreeable trait of the depraved Diddle Bug is that of laying its eggs in one's breakfast coffee, or, what is even worse, on the end of one's cigar, causing a dark brown or greenish taste in one's mouth. After all, "At breakfast, DIDDLE is a horrible word, but it's worse on the end of your cigar." We must remember that "In a Diddle Bug it's only natural, but in a cigar it's hell."

To attract its mate the male Diddle Bug (or chief Diddler, as he is sometimes called by our up and coming young buggers) beams and glows all over, often perspiring freely from his strenuous glowing. The female, mistaking perspiration for passion, trundles lipperty-lip, lipperty-lip, en masse to the Big Shot, and arrives just as the male is worn to a nub by his tremulous glowing. The male now contracts giblets and chortles, "Goodness, what do I do next?" or merely gasps, "My God, my liver." And, as he grasps the full import of the situation, his flesh crawls, leaving a blushing, naked skeleton to face the rigors of the insect world. Thus is he shorn of his glow and glowry, just as Aspasia of Shilkee shew Sampson of the hairs on his chest. The female then dons the outworn covering of the male and thereby becomes a new individual. This bisecting composes the entire bisexual life of the Diddle Bug, and we are thus forced to draw the astounding conclusion that THE DIDDLE BUG DOES NOT REALLY DIDDLE AFTER ALL! This description is not at all clear, but then, who cares? If this bisecting should not take place, it is just another tradition shot, and nobody cares much anyway.

Thus the Diddle Bugs do not mate, and yet they have managed somehow to earn the name "stem winders". Now, professor, let me leave you with this thought to ponder over—it stumped me.

P. S.: Professor, *please* give me a good grade, because I have to pass at least one subject—and remember, Professor, I LIVED THIS STORY!!!



"Mr. Schmaltz, meet Brother Gloop. Brother Gloop used to live in the same block with you back in Paragoul."

"Well, well. Just a chap off the old block, eh?"

— D D D —

Voice on phone: "Is this Miss Mary E. Smith?"
'Nother voice: "No—I'm Gladys L."

First One Again: "I don't care how glad you are; let me speak to Mary."

— D D D —

I call the girl friend "Batter" because she walks when I lose control.

— D D D —

It is only the couples who have been going with each other for a short time who like to wax romantic in the moonlight. When they know each other better, they get along just fine in absolute darkness.

— D D D —

*Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
Upon a moonlight ride;
When Jack came back
One eye was black—
His pal, you see, had lied.*



Preparing to Meet her "Maker"

— D D D —

And now for a sentence containing the words "avenue" and street": We avenue baby at our house, and he makes street times as much noise as any I've ever heard.

Information for the Frosh (No. 3):

How to Break Into the Activities on the Hill

1. Musical Comedy: Pledge Phi Delt or K. A. Develop splay feet, thus fitting yourself for a job as chorus man. If this work is unsatisfactory to you, become an understudy to a successful bell-hop, and you may be able to work up to the position of call-boy. If you are a co-ed and have musicomedey ambitions, pledge Phi Mu or Pi Phi. Learn to smoke Camels and bring a few packages with you to the tryouts; this is sure to land you a position.

2. Student Life: Graduate from U. City High or the Missouri School for the Dumb. Tell the editor that you think "Dirge" is a lousy publication — your berth is secured.

3. Dirge: Copy several jokes from Whiz-Bang and submit them as original. Inform the editor that you have a friend who might buy a subscription, and you will probably land the job of circulation

There's at Least One at Every Rush Party

The rushee who sits down at a table of bridge and asks, "What does 'trump' mean?"

The active who suddenly remembers at about 10:30 P.M. that he's forgotten a rushee, and dashes off after him in a big hurry.

The rushee who goes off in a corner with a copy of the paper and spends the rest of the evening reading comics.

The active who starts gripping about the meals at the house in front of about ten out-of-town rushees.

The rushee who sits on the phonograph records.

The active who swipes the last tin of cigarettes.

The two rushees who swap jokes during the singing of the fraternity's most sentimental song.

The active who runs out of gas on the way home with a carload full of rushees.

— D D D —

Teacher: "If a group of sheep is a flock, and a group of cattle a herd, what is the name for a group of camels?"

Johnny: "A carton."

— D D D —

Rusher: See that fellow over there? He's been taking medicine here for three years."

Rushee: "Didn't he ever get well?"

manager. In addition, if you believe that all undergrads are drunkards, that all co-eds cheat on exams, and that necking is the only collegiate tradition whole-heartedly supported, you will be welcomed with open arms.

4. Hatchet: Practically the only prerequisite for a job on the Hatchet staff is the ability to typewrite. If, in addition, you borrow a key to the Hatchet office and have one made for yourself, you will soon find yourself in demand and will become a "Big Shot" on the staff.

5. Thyrsus: Announce publicly at the try-outs that you think Little Theater is a lot of tripe. Even tho you're a rotten actor, the judges will have to admit the proper spirit, and you will soon find yourself a member of the staff.

Goliath: "Why don't you stand up here and fight me?"

David: "Wait till I get a little boulder."

— D D D —

It seems that College Joe Whiz was entering the hotel on his honeymoon in company with his newly acquired sparring partner and when a porter spying his valise cried out, "Carry your bag, mister?"

"Hell, no," retorted College Joe, "let her walk."

— D D D —

"Looks like a long, hard winter," as the Freshman said after looking over the list of required courses.

A recent development of Insect Exterminators, Inc., is a rat poison that comes in the convenient form of a paste. "The paste that kills," we call it.

— D D D —

"And as I stepped off the train I was met by a squad of detectives."

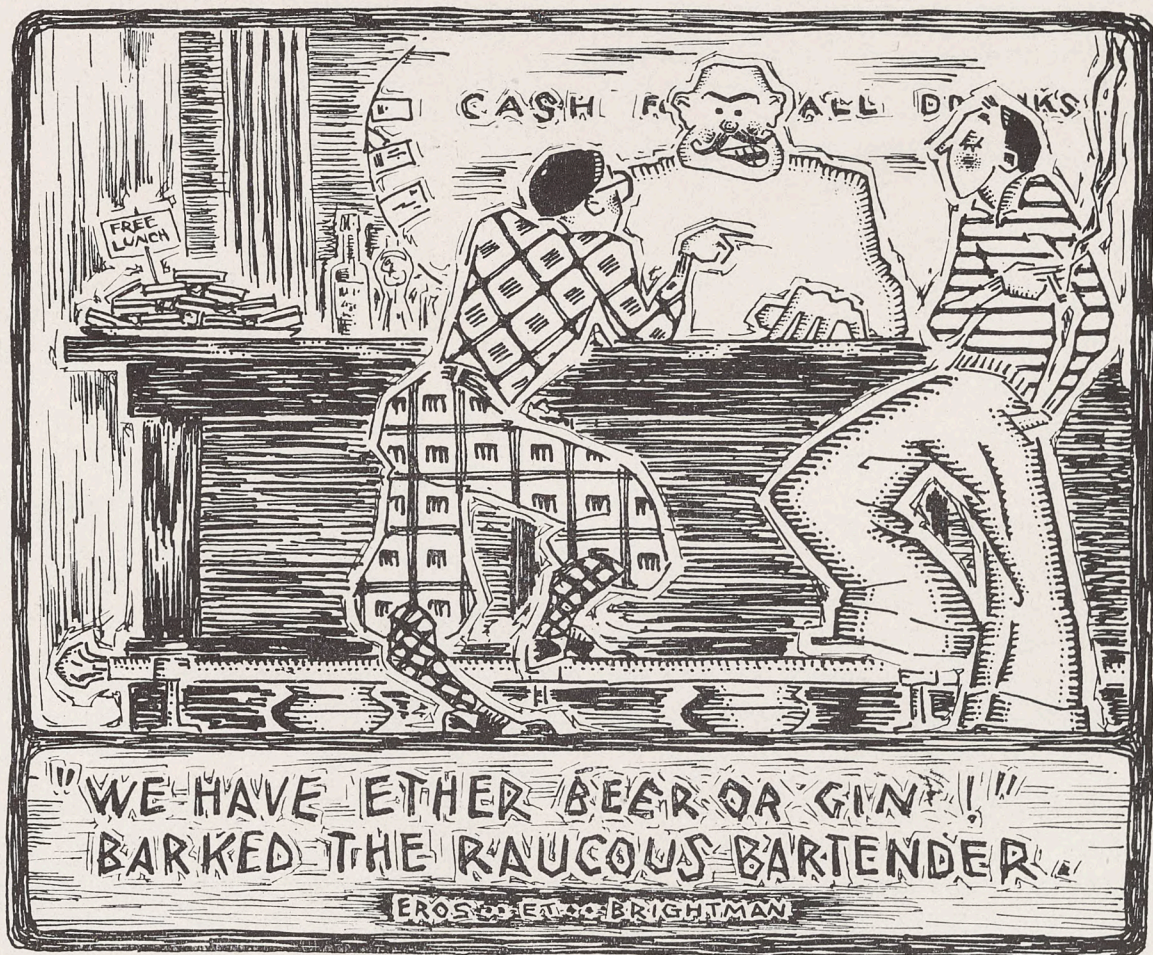
"Ah! P'lice to meetcha, eh?"

— D D D —

1st Small Boy: "My old man's a regular power plant, he is. He's got electricity in his hair and gas in his stomach."

2nd Boy Scout: "That's nothing. I heard the maid say Dad had a frigid air about him."

(Take back the last load, Jeeves, we've got enough on the garden now.)



"How do you like running a riveting machine?" chortled Grandma Bartlefinger, as the orchestra sounded off with the Seagull song from "Hit the Deck."

"It's a great racket," punned Lord Cruncherpecan, as the curtain rose on an empty stage. The Happiness Boys will now sing, "Fossiliferous mamma, I'm petrified over you", by courtesy of the Balfour Badge Foundry.

"Don't Go Phi Delt or Sigma Chi if You Can Find Something Beta"

(Continued from page 7)

"You bet you will," answered another, as all six of them climbed out the other side of the auto and boarded a waiting street car.

Soon Jasper was seated in an easy chair at the villa Beta, while the brothers in the bonded chortled with glee, showing the new rushee their shining trophy cups, several mediocre card tricks, and the piles of pledges-to-be neatly tied and stacked up in the basement.

"Well," cried a rusher, waving a contract above his head, "what's the verdict?"

But he was by this time speaking to thin air (or is the air pretty thick around those parts?) for a bunch of Sigma Chis, disguised (as usual) as dog catchers, had whisked the little boy off to their establishment.

Voice from Audience: "What'd they whisk him with?"

"A whisker, of course," replied the author, blushing modestly.

"Didn't know the Sigs could raise any," commented the orchestra leader, sounding his A.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: We moustache you to cut this out.)

Once seated in the Sigma Chi living room, the rushy demanded, "And where are *your* trophy cups?" "Well," answered one of the Purity Boys, "we did have a fine collection—the Pralma vodvil cup, you know—but we were drinking tomato juice out of it one day and Boeger swallowed the thing by mistake."

"But don't you think this is a fine house?" trilled another. "We have a lodge room downstairs, too, but this room here is lodger. And we did have a wonderful Senior class, but he flunked out."

But by this time the rushee, overcome by the hot air, had fallen into a dead swoon, and was pledged K.A.

(Apologies to all fraternities not mentioned, but a story like this *can't* go on forever. Thank God!)

You'll Meet 'Em at Every Pledge Dance

The guy who turns the lights off.

The guy who crashes through the kitchen and insists on telling everyone about it from the chaperones on down.

The guy who dances as though he were bothered with ants.

The drunk.

The guy who has smelled a cork.

The guy who sings the words to all the pieces.

The guy who announces something or other that nobody hears after a few crashes of the cymbals.

The guy who chews gum.

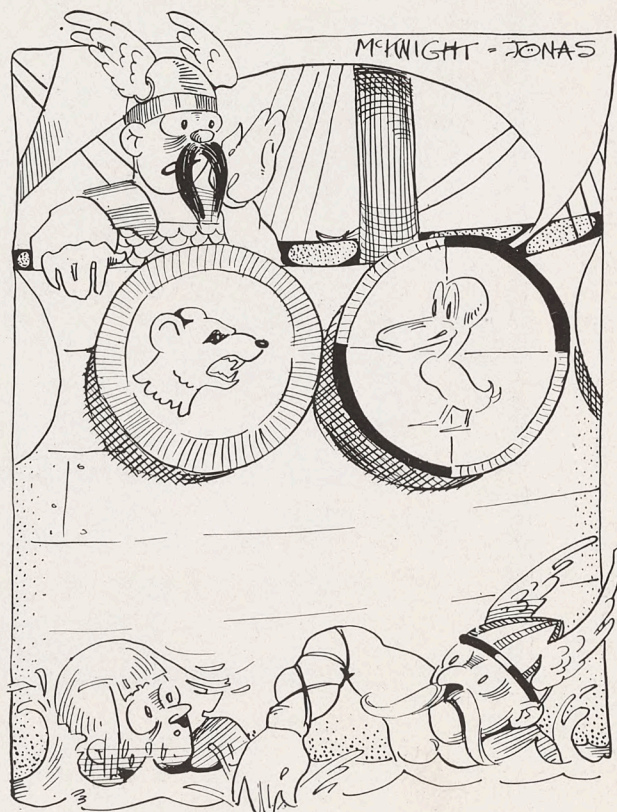
The guy who is very friendly with the orchestra leader.

The guy who remarks, "The punch is spiked."

— D D D —

Joe College remarks that a successful co-ed is like a letter because she has received the stamp of public approval and ready for the male.

— D D D —



"Hey, cap'n, 'Lief the Lucky' and a Scandinavian have gone overboard; who'll I fish out?"

"Reach for Lucky instead of a Swede."

As usual, Dirge offers a revised version of the
PAN-HEL RUSHING RULES

1. Out of town rushees "boarded" at fraternity houses must be allowed to come outdoors for air at least once every three days.
2. No man may be pledged until he has satisfactorily finished the Eighth Grade.
3. Rushees must be informed within \$20 of the actual pledge dues and initiation fees.
4. Meals served during rush week shall not exceed five times the regular cost for meals.
5. No fraternity shall tell the rushees they stand in good with the Thetas.
6. Rushees locked in cellar must be fed at least twice a day.
7. Rushees must be introduced to brothers who talk like Amos and Andy.

— D D D —

"Was Mary very crazy about that life guard?"

"Was she! Say, she even bought a record of some piece called *Nearer, My Guard, To Thee.*"

— D D D —

"Have you heard the song about the fleas who fell in a bucket of paint?"

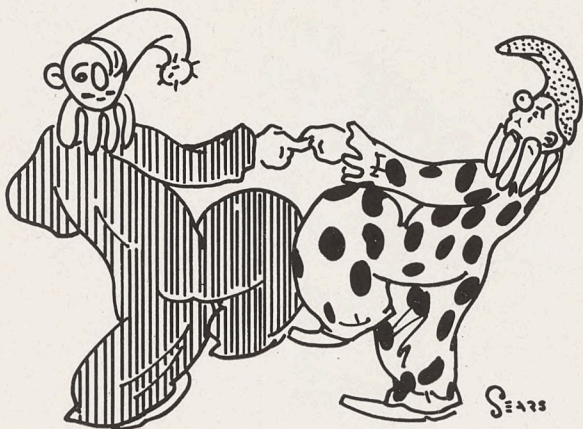
"Sounds bad, but go ahead."

"*Little White Lice.*"

— D D D —

First something or other: "Did you hear about the maniac who escaped from the asylum? He went around seeing how many people he could strangle, and every time he got another victim he'd write his name in his note-book."

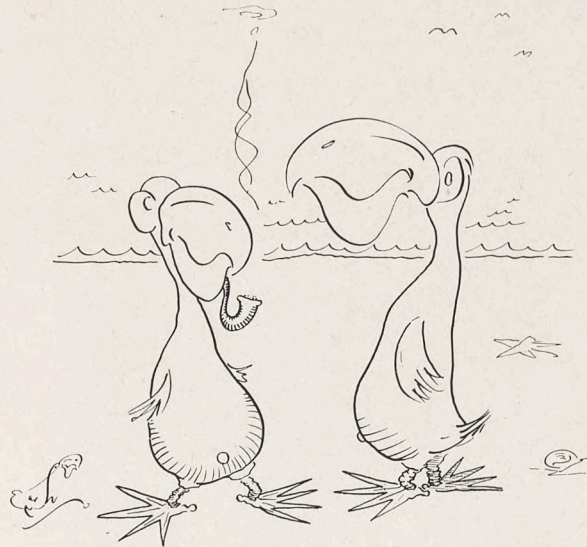
Second Ditto: "Yeah? Now don't tell me he called it a choke book."



"Have your heard the new Harem song?"

"Go ahead—I can stand anything."

"'Harem I, Broken Hearted.'"



"Your wife tells me you make a wonderful husband."

"Yep. I fill the bill."

— D D D —

And while we're on the overworked subject of liquor, how about the "Scotch" joke that caused a "wry" smile?

— D D D —

Clothes may not make the man, but they help "make" the women.

— D D D —

"Is she a pretty nice girl?"

"Well, she just pledged Pi Phi and even the Thetas admit she's a good kid."

— D D D —

Advice to Freshmen on their first drinking party: "Don't Give Up the Sip."

— D D D —

How about the fellow who thought a brief case was a short love affair?

— D D D —

*The cow stood on the railroad track,
 The train was coming fast;
 However, we are happy to announce that
 She got off in time to avert the catastrophe.*

— D D D —

And then, of course, there's the girl who was so stupid she thought a paradox was a couple of wharves.

— D D D —

"Yes," said the football manager, "we had to fire two of our Freshmen assistants for misappropriation of equipment. Right after they had been pledged by a fraternity, they took some of the money that was supposed to buy liniment for the team and used it for their own ends."

VANITY FAIR
SEPT. 29-OCT. 4

TOWN OVERCOATS

E. W. NEWSOM

(This style service, which is to be a regular feature of Dirge, is representing the latest information concerning styles in men's clothing, coming direct from Vanity Fair.)



• VANITY FAIR

THE two overcoats in the accompanying sketches present two of the smarter double-breasted types for autumn and winter. Both of these are made by American manufacturers.

The one with broad lapels, a broad overlap and set-in pockets with flaps—the more formal of the two—is particularly good in dark grey or blue, and may be worn with formal and informal clothes either during the day or in the evening. In its lines, it is distinctly an English type of coat and is the latest fashion.

Patch pockets and strap seams make the other coat a less formal one, but, in the proper materials, it also is a town coat. In various shades of brown, blue, grey and green it is quite correct with business clothes, even though it may be made of the rougher tweeds.

Both of these styles are equally good in heavy materials and in very light top-coat materials.

If you are interested in any questions of men's dress or etiquette, write to the "Well Dressed Man," care of the Dirge, and your letter will receive prompt attention. Please be sure to give address accurately.

(Copyright, 1930, by Vanity Fair)

Lady of the House: "Mary, where is the telephone?"

Mary: "Mrs. Johnson sent over to see if she could use the telephone, so I sent it over to her, but I had a terrible time getting it off the wall."

"Hello, there, Bob. Watcha doin' for a livin'?"

"My old man."

— D D D —

Smooth young collitch boy (trying to make a pick-up): "Pardon me, have you the time?"

Prospective pick-up: "Yeah, but not the inclination."

— D D D —

This is the time of year when the Frosh learns that the only "easy course" he can find is on the miniature golf links.

— D D D —

No, Willie, a neckerchief isn't the head of a sorority.

— D D D —

"Math 12," says a Freshman, "may turn out to be the course of an aching heart."

— D D D —

Theta: "Isn't it funny that so many of the girls out at school use the same brand of powder?"

Pi Phi: "The talc of the town, so to speak."

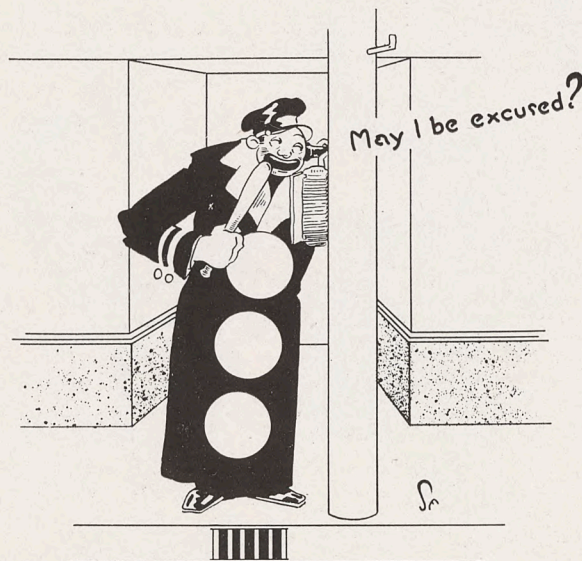
— D D D —

"Did you hear that Joe Twerp tried to commit suicide by driving his auto full speed into a brick wall?"

"Did he succeed?"

"Only partially. He killed his engine."

— D D D —



Write your own titles

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,


**MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK**

**Clothes for Fall
Term**

Our Representative will be at the
HOTEL JEFFERSON
on the following days
October 8, 9
November 5, 6
December 8, 9, 10

Send for "A Wardrobe for
BUSINESS"

BRANCH STORES
BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH



The Picture
© BROOKS BROTHERS

Had a Reason

He had just signed "A Hogg" in the hotel register.

"Why don't you sign your full name?" inquired the pretty and sympathetic clerk.

"My first name's 'Adam'," grunted the guest.
—*Bison*

— D D D —

He: "Give me a kiss."

She: "I will—like hell!"

He: "That's just the way I like them."
—*Punch Bowl*

— D D D —

He: "What are those brown spots on your lapel—gravy?"

Also a He: "No, that's rust. They said this suit would wear like iron."

—*Colorado Dodo*

— D D D —

Minister at dinner: "Well, here's where the chicken enters the ministry."

Bright boy of the family: "Let's hope it does better than it did in lay work."

—*Jack-o-Lantern*

Jimmie: "I wonder why they say 'Amen' and not 'Awoman,' Bobbie?"

Bobbie: "They sing hymns and not hers, stupid."
—*Drexel*

— D D D —

"I hate that chap," quoth the lovable girl as she rubbed cold cream on her lips.

—*Zip in Tang*

— D D D —

"Some little Stoic, aren't ya; not yelling when you sat on that nail?"

"Yeah, I felt it beneath me."

—*Purple Cow*

— D D D —

"Farewell, Joe, tomorrow I leave for the convent."

"So long, Nell—I'll see you anon."

—*Lehigh Burr*

— D D D —

"I don't mind washing dishes for you," wailed the henpecked husband. "I don't object to sweeping, dusting, or mopping the floors, but I ain't gonna run no ribbons through my nightgown just to fool the baby."
—*Whirlwind*

Headline in the Cuero Record

"Rumors Indicate Cuero's 1930 Census Will Not Reach 5000, Citizens Must Help."

—*Longhorn*

— D D D —

The English Teacher asked Norman if he had done his outside reading and he replied, "No, it has been too cold."

—*Drexel*

— D D D —

"God, I'd like a new fur coat."

"Say, you don't care who you gold-dig, do you?"

—*Virginia Reel*

— D D D —

"We all want you to come to our party tonight, Mandy."

"Can't, Sambo, I've got a case of diabetes."

"Come along anyways, Mandy, and bring it wid you. These folks will drink mos' anything."

—*Beanpot*

— D D D —

We were visiting friends this summer and our conversation was suddenly interrupted by one of the younger members of the family. He walked slowly into the room, sniffed and edged over to his father's chair.

"What the matter, son," asked his father.

The youngster stifled a sob.

"I've just had a terrible scene with your wife," he said.

—*Jack-o-Lantern*

— D D D —

Prof: "What's a Grecian urn?"

Bright Stude: "About 50c a day unless he owns a restaurant."

—*Skipper*

— D D D —

The large truck stopped in front of the sorority house. A man, well-dressed in a suit of livery, stepped sprightly from behind the mahogany steering wheel, walked jauntily up the stairs to the door, and with a jocular air rang the bell most shrilly. Suddenly the door opened and a beautiful farmer's daughter smiled benignly at the young man.

"What is it?" she asked.

The man did not smile. It was against orders to flirt with damsels. He silently put his hand in his watch pocket and drew forth a package of very small dimensions. He handed it gently but firmly to the fair young maiden.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Is it a ring?"

"No," he answered, "it's the sorority's laundry for last week."

In Scotland

There's a story going 'round about the Scotchman who wanted to smoke monogrammed cigarettes, so he changed his name to Chesterfield.

—*Rice Owl*

— D D D —

"Come forth, come forth!" yelled the irate director. But he came fifth and escaped pyorrhea.

—*Skipper*

— D D D —

Bus Driver: "Madam, that child will have to pay full fare. He is five years of age."

Madam: "But he can't be. I have only been married four years."

Bus Driver: "Never mind the true confessions; let's have the money."

—*Wabash*

— D D D —

Hubby (at 3 a.m.): "It's a great wife if she doesn't waken."

—*Carnegie Tech Puppet*

— D D D —

The ability of an actress varies inversely as the amount of clothes she wears.

— D D D —

Cannabeau: "Why didn't you serve the Fraternity boy for dinner?"

Cannabelle: "The chief doesn't like stewed meat."

—*Longhorn*

— D D D —

Xerxes: "Horrible tortures they used on the Orientals, weren't they?"

Sula: "How come?"

Xerxes: "I've just been reading how they plastered up chinks in the walls."

—*N. Y. U. Medley*

— D D D —

"That's the 'Red Devil' up there, the most famous tight-rope walker in the world."

"Yeah?"

"Sure, he got his start on a shoe string."

—*Longhorn*

— D D D —

Offside

Football Player (after a fashion): "Yes, it's my ambition to be a judge some day."

She: "You are fortunate. Your experience on the bench will be very useful then."

—*Reel*



Choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended in Camels . . . sun-soaked tobaccos, rich with the delicate qualities that mean more pleasure to the experienced smoker. The distinctive fragrance of Camels appeals to the person who has smoked around enough to know the difference.

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men who make an
art of good dressing have
looked for this name in
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TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



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and
Grand at Washington



"Pa, I saw a Negro funeral today and they were all carrying pails."

"That's mighty strange. Why did they carry pails?"

"Because they were going blackburying."

—*Bean Pot*

— D D D —

And the next thing you know, some woman will want the Grand Canyon renamed Rudy Vallee.

—*Judge*

— D D D —

Jacque: "What would you say if I were to throw you a kiss?"

Jacqueline: "I'd say you were the laziest boy I ever met."

—*Bison*

— D D D —

Rod Smith: "What'cha been drinkin'?"

Bob Rope: "Carbona."

Rod Smith: "My Gawd, man, that's cleaning fluid."

Bob Rope: "Yesh, I had spotsh in front of my eyes."

—*Skipper*

— D D D —

She: "I heard that you said one of my kisses speaks volumes."

He: "Yes, but I'm afraid you're a circulating library."

—*Witt*

Soapy

May I hold your Palmolive?

Not on your Lifebuoy!

I guess I am out of Lux.

Yes, Ivory formed.

—*Mugzump*

— D D D —

Stage Door Johnny

"I took in the show last night."

"What did they have?"

"Educated fleas."

"How were they?"

"Fine. I took the leading lady home."

—*College Humor*

— D D D —

"I hate dumb women."

"Aha—a woman hater!"

—*Mugzump*

— D D D —

"I adore you, kid."

"You talking to me or your gloves?"

—*Siren*

— D D D —

There are four requisites to a good short story," explained the English prof to the story-writing class. "Brevity, a reference to religion, some association with the royalty, and an illustration of modesty. Now, with these four things in mind, I will give you thirty minutes to write a story."

Ten minutes later the hand of an ambitious story writer was raised.

"That is fine, Mr. White," she complimented, "and now read your story to the class."

The student read: "My Gawd," said the countess, "take your hand off my knee."

—*Bison*

— D D D —

Foote: "Youah feet suttinly mus' be built lak camels."

Ease: "Meanin' which?"

Foote: "Becuz they exist so powahful long wid-out watah."

—*Panther*

— D D D —

He: "You have a hole in your stocking."

She: "I'm not wearing stockings, that's my vaccination."

—*Bison*

— D D D —

Boy: "I suppose I'm only a pebble on the beach to you."

Girl: "That's true, but you might stand a chance if you were a little boulder."

—*University of Buffalo*

Parisian

Tackler: "Are you going home?"
 Ilove: "That's my business."
 Tackler: "So this is Paris."

—Widow

— D D D —

The Pause That Refreshes

Mandy: "Whut's de matter, Sam? Don't yo-
 love me no mo'?"
 Sam: Sho ah does, honey; ah's jest restin'."

—Panther

— D D D —

"What ho, Alexanhiphrodes, lend an ear. Do
 you approve of tight skirts?"
 "Nay, non, no, dear Beautaplantus, I think
 women should leave liquor alone."

—Ghost

— D D D —

Mrs. Smith: "It is whispered that you and your
 husband are not getting on."
 Mrs. Jones: "Nonsense. We did have some
 words and I shot him, but that's as far as it ever
 went."

—Drexerd

— D D D —

Teacher: "Johnny, I'm surprised. Do you know
 any more jokes like that?"
 Johnny: "Yes, teacher."
 Teacher: "Well, stay after school."

—Purple Parrot

— D D D —

Salesman: "This is our companionate piano."
 Customer: "Companionate?"
 Salesman: "Sure, you try it two months and if
 you don't like it, don't keep it—provided there are
 no children."

—Drexerd

— D D D —

Passerby: "What, excavating this street again?"
 Foreman: "Sure, the contractor is a surgeon,
 and it seems that three steam shovels are missing."

—Tenn. Mugwump

— D D D —

An irate old gentleman rushed into a pharmacy,
 bottle in hand. He was bald, and two large bumps
 stood on his head, one on either side. Said he in
 accents wild: "Look what this damn hair tonic did
 to my head."

The inexperienced clerk took a look at the bottle
 and blushing said, "My goodness (believe it or
 not) I made a mistake and gave you bust developer."

—Bison

BLUE VALLEY BUTTER



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 Vitamins

Served on the Campus

"Give me a sentence with the word 'Diploma'.
 "Momma! Diploma is here to fix the pipes."

—Columns

— D D D —

Pi: "That girl made idolators out of us."
 Beta: "How's that?"
 Pi: "She put on cloth-of-gold stockings so we'd
 worship the golden calf!"

—Bison

— D D D —

Joe Glee Club: "And what voice do you sing,
 young man? Tenor?"
 Frosh: "Shortstop."
 Glee Club: "Shortstop?"
 Frosh: "Yes, between second and third base."

—Owl

— D D D —

"Ah threw mah knee out of joint doin' the
 Charleston."
 "Man, you is lucky—s'pose you had been doin'
 the Black Bottom!"

—Crimson

— D D D —

"I hear that Mortimer is following swimming as
 a profession."
 "Yes. He's a street cleaner in Venice."

—Purple Parrot

— D D D —

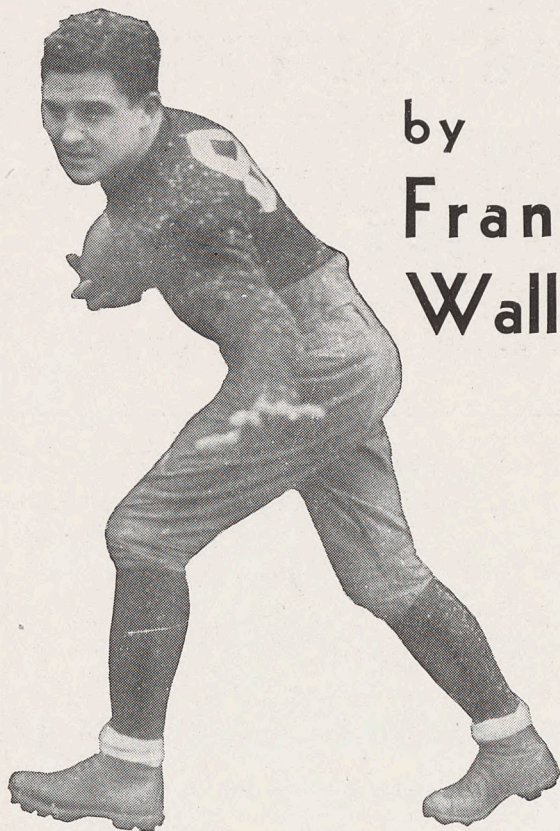
"Have you read my new play?"
 "Yeah, but why are there only two sheets to it?"
 "That's all it needs. It's a bed room farce!"

—Idaho Blue Bucket

— D D D —

"Is 'pants' singular or plural?"
 "If a man wears them it is plural."
 "Well, if he does not, it is—?"
 "Singular."

—Sniper



by
**Francis
Wallace**

ALL AMERICAN JACK ELDER:
..... "One of the best college stories I have
ever read!"

Huddle

IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE

College Humor
MAGAZINE

"I know of no contemporary who is better qualified to write modern football fiction than Francis Wallace; this is particularly true of the kind of football we play at Notre Dame, as he has had an opportunity to observe it from the inside for the last eleven years.

"I know that in his first novel, *Huddle*, the football scenes both on and off the field will be authoritative and authentic; more so, perhaps, than any long football story of recent years."

Knut A. Rockne

And Rust on Its Hands

Soph: "Say, what time is it?"

Frosh: "What's the matter with your ticker?"

Soph: "It has dandruff on the hair spring."

—*Stone Mill*

— D D D —

"Mamma, can I go out to play?"

"What, with all those holes in your pants?"

"No, mamma, with the little boy next door."

—*Bison*

— D D D —

Sweet Young Thing (after breaking glasses):
"I've broken my glasses; do I have to be examined
all over again?"

Optometrist (sighing): "No, just your eyes."

—*Cougar's Paw*

— D D D —

Years ago when a girl raised her skirt six inches
it was a sensation, but if the girl of today raised her
skirt that much, it would be a sensation, too.

—*Bison*

— D D D —

Alyce: "I adore Keats."

Ikey: "Oy, it's a relief to meet a lady vot likes
children."

—*Penn State Froth*

— D D D —

Grouchy Diner: "Say I never had such corn on
the cob. Take it back, it isn't fit for a Jackass to
eat."

Waitress: "Very well, sir, I'll get you some that
is."

—*Exchange*

— D D D —

Nit: "Do you work in the shirt factory?"

Wit: "Yes."

Nit: "Why aren't you working today?"

Wit: "We are making nightshirts this week."

—*Washington State Cougar's Paw*

— D D D —

Director (explaining scene to star): "In this shot
you're supposed to look virginal."

Star: "What do you think I am, a character
actress?"

—*Satyr*

— D D D —

Biologist (addressing class): I have in this
box a very fine specimen of frogs' eggs, on which
you will experiment this morning."

(Opens box and finds sandwiches, pie, etc.)

"Good heavens! I'm sure I've had my lunch!"

—*Mugwump*

Lucky Santa

Santa Claus is the only fellow who can crawl through the window with a bag and get away with it.

—*Green Goat*

— D D D —

Hurry!

"He's gotta Buick."

"Queek! Den dake 'im outside."

—*Desert Wolf*

— D D D —

Employer: "Why did you leave your last place?"

Young Lady: "I was caught kissing my boss, sir."

Employer: "Ur-rum, you can start here in the morning."

—*Rammer-Jammer*

— D D D —

To discover whether an ostrich is male or female—tell it a joke.

If he laughs, it's a male.

If she laughs, its a female.

—*Pointer*

— D D D —

'33: "You can't paddle me indefinitely."

'32: "No; the end is already in sight."

—*Punch Bowl*

— D D D —

Starving: "The fraternity feuds are very noticeable here, aren't they?"

Another Fraternity Man: "Oh, well, all those cheap cars rattle like hell."

—*Rammer-Jammer*

— D D D —

"Should have seen the girl I spent last night with!"

"Was she nice?"

"Nice? Boy, she was a dream!"

—*Lord Jeff*

— D D D —

If your flame tells you that you mustn't see her any more, be nonchalant—turn out the lights.

—*Bison*

— D D D —

Advice to Co-eds: If you are looking for a real thrill, try kissing a man with hiccoughs.

—*Skipper*

— D D D —

Farmer: "What are you doing up in that tree?"

Small Boy: "Believe it or not, Mister, I just fell out of an airplane."

—*Rammer Jammer*

Mush Money

Fond Mother: "Be quiet, dear, the sandman is coming."

Modern Child: "Okay, mom, a dollar and I won't tell pop."

—*Mountain Goat*

— D D D —

And How!

"I'll see you," said our hero as he laid down four aces in a game of strip poker.

—*Punch Bowl*

— D D D —

John was calling upon Mary and when he arrived Mary was sewing. As he walked into the room he inquired, "What are you making?"

Mary, knowing John was somewhat bashful, replied, "Curtains for the sitting room."

—*Rammer Jammer*

— D D D —

"I was out davenporting the other night and some one threw a brick through the window, hitting the poor girl in the side."

"Did it hurt her?"

"No, but it broke three of my fingers."

—*Zip 'n Tang*

— D D D —

Hopeless

Pete: "My wife doesn't understand me, does yours?"

John: "I don't know, I've never heard her even mention your name."

—*Lyre*

— D D D —

Rose: "Did Reggie blush when his track suit split up the side?"

Mary: "Why, I wasn't noticing."

—*Purple Cow*

— D D D —

Sweet Young Thing to Coal Man: "Did my father order some coal this morning?"

Coal man: "This load of coal is for a Mr. Zell."

S. Y. T.: "That's fine, I's Gladys Zell."

Coal Man: "So am I."

—*Malteaser*

— D D D —

"What bright eyes you have, grandpa?"

"The better to see you with, my dear."

"What a good thing you've rheumatic hands, grandpa."

—*Reserve Red Cat*

— D D D —

Pa Skunk says: "Remember, children, millions for defense but not one scent for tribute."

—*Green Goat*

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He: "Hey, there's no swimming allowed here."
She: "Why didn't you tell me before I got undressed?"

He: "Well, there's no law against that."
—Puppet

— D D D —

"Ow near do you think that lightning was, 'Arry?"

"Dunno, kid—but this fag wasn't lit a second ago."
—London Opinion

— D D D —

Black: "My! those hot dogs smell good."
White: "Like them? I'll drive a little closer."
—Pointer

— D D D —

An engineer's report is like a chorus girl's costume because it is brief and covers the important points.

—Stone Mill

— D D D —

"I hear Phi Phis are great bird lovers."
"Yes; they do know a lot of fowl stories."

—Ghost

Subtle

She (fishing for compliments): "What do you like?"

He: "You for one thing."

She: "So that's the kind of fellow you are."
—Bison

— D D D —

"The night life is driving me in Seine," said the Parisian as he committed suicide.

—Cajoler

— D D D —

Helen Kane: "She sure gave you a dirty look, didn't she?"

Bull Montana: "Who's that?"

Helen Kane: "Dame Nature."

—Skipper

— D D D —

Ran: "I hear you were under the table at the dance last night. Were you drunk?"

Also-Ran: "No, just curious."

—Stone Mill

— D D D —

Captain of Schooner: "Are you marooned?"

Sailors (after three weeks of hardship): "Hell, no—we're college boys playing hookey from a Floating University."
—Life

— D D D —

"McDonall, will ye not have a cigarette?"

"Thank ye, no. I never smoke wi' gloves on. I canna stand the smell of burning leather."

—Voo Doo

— D D D —

Drawing Prof: "Have you finished making your map?"

Certain Party: "No, dear, I can't find my compact."

—Log

— D D D —

Edward: "You are the sunshine of my life. You alone reign in my heart. Without you life is but a dreary cloud."

Eva: "Is that a proposal or a weather report?"

—Rammer Jammer

— D D D —

"Who was that girl?"

"Just an old friend of mine."

"How long ago?"

"Oh, way back when teddies were fuzzy brown bears."
—Octopus

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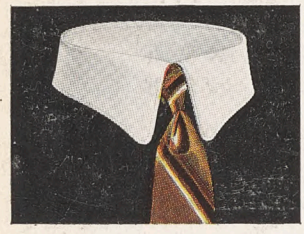
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