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The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

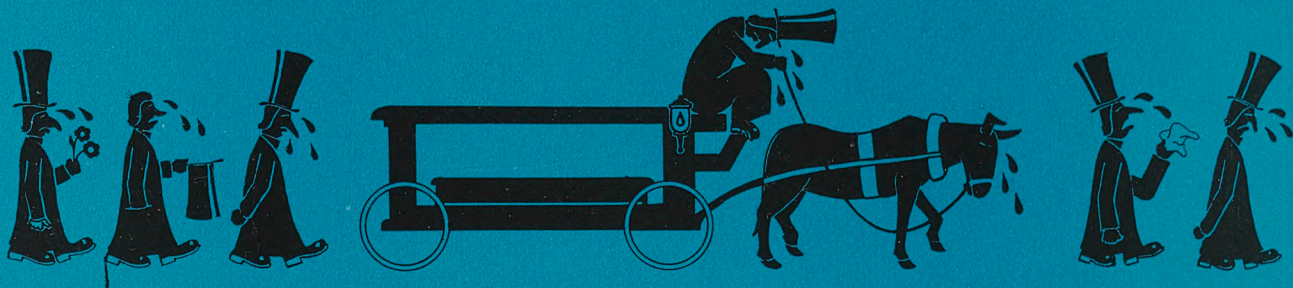
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DIRTY

Old Time Number

DECEMBER
1932

FIFTEEN
CENTS

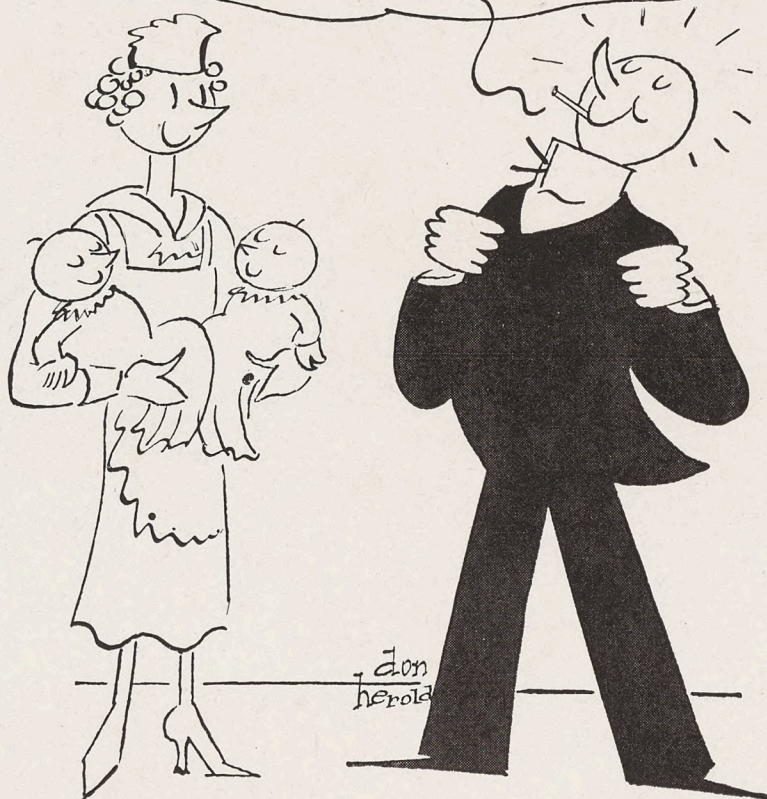


"Sir Walter Raleigh forgets his coat"

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY
ST. LOUIS

ZENAE30

Pardon my poise
-but I'm keeping cool
with OLD GOLD



**When you're in a Hot Spot
—light a cool OLD GOLD**

Finer tobacco, that's the answer.
Queen-leaf tobacco from the heart of
the stalk. The choicest and coolest
burning of all Turkish and domestic.

Get this, folks:
OLD GOLDS are FULL-WEIGHT

not a cough in a carload



PEP-BEARS

or

The plaint of a pensive maid

I want to be a Pepper,
And with the Peppers stand,
With a hot tomale on my back,
And a mitten on my hand.

Oh, I want to be a Pepper,
I think it's simply grand.
I love to help the cheers along,
And sing out with the Band.

I love the little caps they wear,
And coats of scarlet red,
Though their skirts are green, it would be keen,
To be a Bear instead! H. R.

— D D D —

BAD ROOTS

By Joy Killer

I think that I shall always be
A failure in society;—
A dub who looks down in despair
At the hopeless row of silverware
And awkwardly attempts to choose
The proper implement to use;
Upon whose shirt-front there has lain
An unsuspected gravy stain;
Who at the table hums a song
No matter what he does, it's wrong.
God's to blame for fools like me,
But not for High society! N. G.

— D D D —

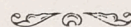
THE CO-ED'S WAIL

Some girls like the Cooper breed.
Gable is the red-head's creed.
Novarro, too does what he can—
But oh—I want a college man.
Barrymore is quite a guy.
Dames for Menjou always sigh.
Baxter has a handsome pan—
But gee—I want a college man.
Farrell gives a lot of thrills.
"Frankenstein" still gives you chills.
Nagel, is an "also ran"—
But gosh—I want a college man.
Berry makes your blood run cold.
Girls on Linden sure are sold,
And Richard Dix still gets a hand—
But oh—I want a college man. A. M.

Sign on trunk in luggage store window: "This size for \$50."

Tom Chamberlain, passing by, "So do I."

The above is a typical example of the **CHEAP WIT** we have been ladling out in great gobs to the persons who have been reading their neighbor's **DIRGE** this Fall.



Below we print a typical example of the kind of thing you may expect in our next number, out February, after exams:

She sat next to him in class and sighed as she remembered that she was only a co-ed. All the while that the professor droned, she stared into space and wondered what to do. He WAS nice. He WAS polite. But one would scarcely call him enthusiastic.

And then one day she turned and saw that HE was SMILING at her! She smiled back at him! No—he didn't turn away, he didn't disappear—he looked at her more intently than before!

"Smile like that again," he said.

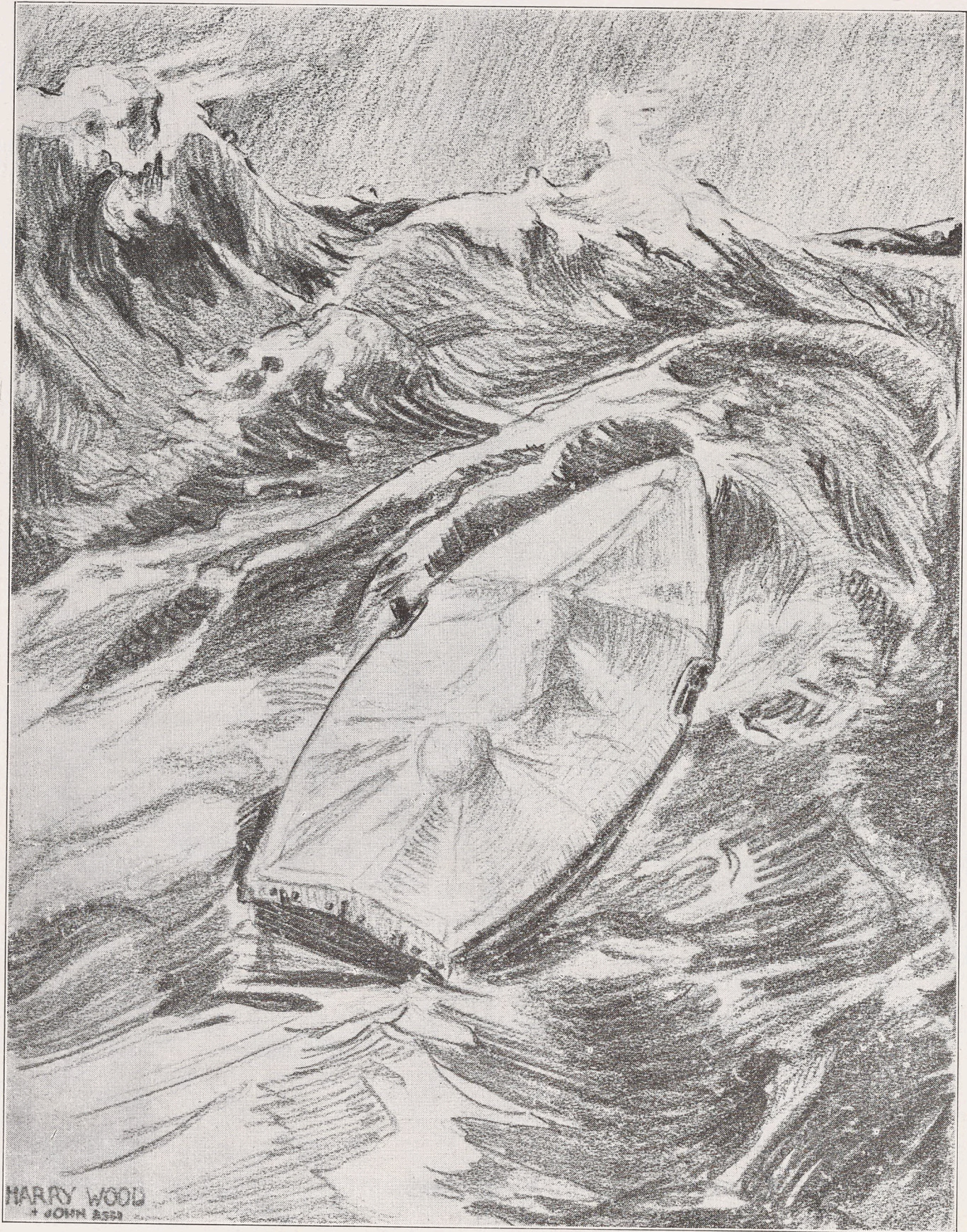
She blushed and dimpled. And he laughed and laughed. "Just as I thought," he said, "You look like a chipmunk."

—Penn State Froth.

why? our

Exchange Number

"After Every Final!"



"I didn't know you had blue eyes."

"Singin' in the Rain"



I FORGOT my galoshes, but I'm going along in the rain... having a good time... smoking my Chesterfields.

Just downright good cigarettes. They're *milder* and they taste *better*.

Just having a good time. *They Satisfy.*



The Well-Dressed Man

The wind blows—sharp crystals of snow sting co-eds chiffon-clad legs—and the well-dressed man is **not** seen lounging on the campus.

So we retire indoors and take time out to suggest to you men that you be more careful in the way your clothes harmonize. Follow the dictates of Beau Brummell, immortal dandy of the 19th Century, who originated the idea of a "system" of dress for men, for he set a precedent that has been followed faithfully by the man who is careful of his appearance.

Care should be taken that the socks harmonize, matching the shoes that you wear . . . a striped tie should not be worn with a striped pattern shirt—rather wear a solid color, or one made up of small designs.

And did you note at the St. Louis—Washington Thanksgiving Game the predominance of light gray hats—with here and there a striking green?

With the return of the season, the tuxedo must be talked about. Yes, the tuxedo has not reached the point where it can lord it over the full dress suit, being accepted on most occasions which formerly demanded the wearing of a swallowtail.

The tuxedo is worn with either a white or a plain black waistcoat. A black tie is worn, with, of course, black shoes and socks. Important to notice is that fact that gloves should be gray in color.

— D D D —

Following Instructions

Traffic Cop: "You'll have to report at the police station madam. You were driving 50 miles an hour in town."

Fair Motorist: "But the man we bought the car from said we could go as fast as we wanted to after the first thousand miles and you see the speedometer shows 1,200."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

Even Santa Claus

Mother: "Who ever taught you to use that dreadful word?"

Tommy: "Santa Claus, mamma."

Mother: "Santa Claus?"

Tommy: "Yes, mamma, when he fell over a chair in my bedroom on Christmas eve."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

Pi: "Florence has the biggest Hispano-Suiza I have ever seen."

Phi: "Yes, I know, and she will wear those tight dresses."

—Exchange.

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

THIS YEAR Dad is probably in a very practical frame of mind concerning Christmas gifts. Good! That's your cue to suggest a suit of clothes. And after you get your opening, follow through to get the best clothes this old world affords. You don't need to say much about the individual swanky style that comes with custom tailoring but enlarge on the extra wear and smaller pressing cost that come with fine woolens. And wind up by telling Dad you can get a custom tailored suit from the Losse College Section at just about the same price charged for an ordinary suit.

A custom tailored suit for young men fourteen to twenty years, \$30 to \$50.

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

Co-ed (at end of quarter): "Now that you have kissed me, Professor what do you think?"

Prof.: "You'll fail. I need you in my class next quarter."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

An old man of 80 having taken to the altar a damsel of 17, the clergyman said to him: "The font is at the other end of the church."

"What do I want with the font," asked the old man.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said the clergyman. "I thought you had brought this child to be christened."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

He Took No Risk

Casey, whose work lay close to his place, often sneaked home while the boss was away.

One day he returned all out of breath. Some of the boys asked why he had come back so soon.

"I looked thru the window and saw the boss hugging and kissing my wife," he said.

"And what did you do?"

"Nothing," replied Casey. "Do you think I wanted the boss to find out I was away from work and fire me?"

—Exchange.

— D D D —

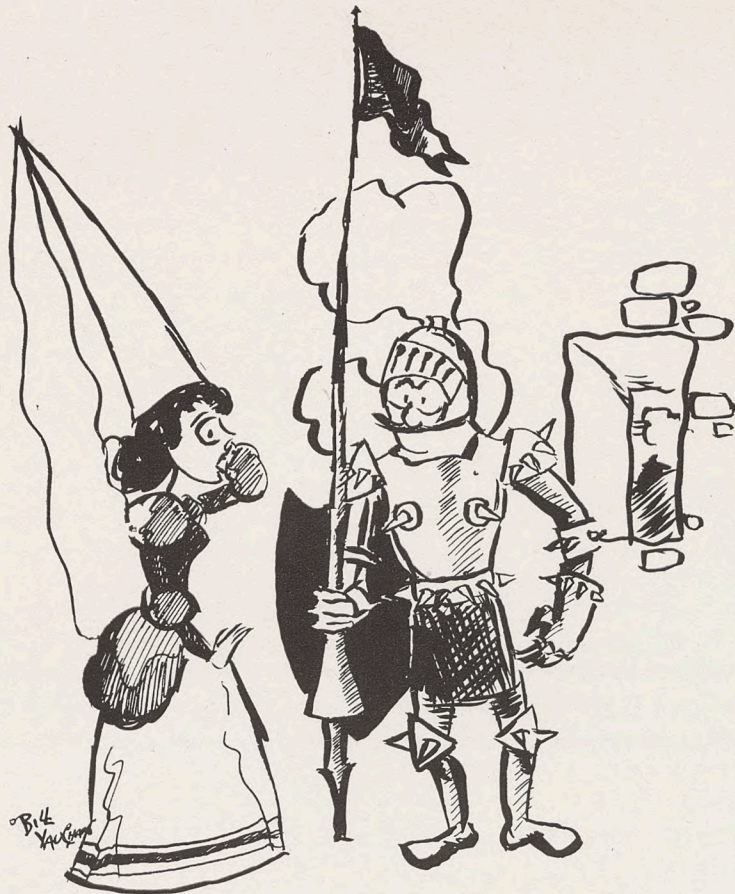
"If the hen laid an orange what would the little chick say?"

"Oh, look at the orange marmalade."

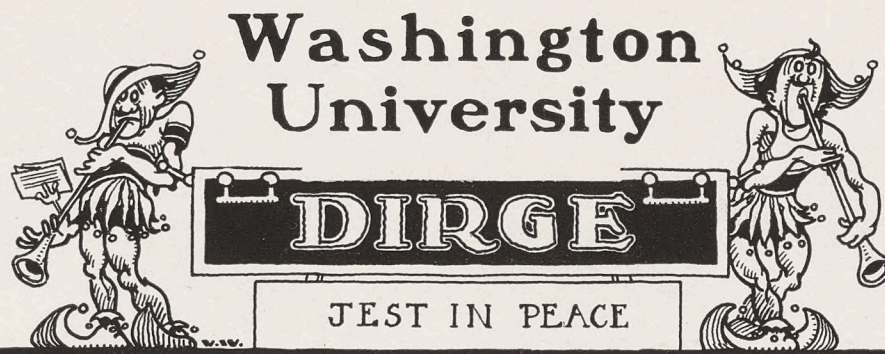
—Mountain Goat.

Dirge Old Time Number

In days of old when Knights were bold
And Warriors held their sway;
When Women's hair was natural gold
And Men gave them their way;
When Launcelot loved Guinevere
And Men had the grail urge—
Just step right up, of them you'll hear,
In this Old Time Number Dirge.



"Ain't ya gonna kiss me goodbye?"



Bearers of The Pall

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Virginia Ebrecht		Molly Jauncey
Rosemary Nelson	} Captains	Genevieve Schrader
Jimmy Thorpe		Alan Mayer
Ann Linsday		Harry Carter
Robert Kohler		Adah Nash
Norma Ossing		Lois Lange
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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		Frances Bleich
Blue Bell Duck		Alfred Fleischer

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Phil Becker	Edward Mead, Jr.	George B. Ross
Dorothy Berndsen	Benjamin Milder	Gordon Sager
Bill Edgar	Ardette Murphy	Dave Wallin
Naoma Gibstine		

ART MOURNERS

Tom Been	Jay Goldberg	Steve Manhard
Charles Craver	Fred McKnight	Jack Brashear

ART SNIFFLERS

R. H. Miller	Don Freeman	Paul Struckmeier
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TYPISTS

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



THIS MONTH

In this, our Olde Tyme Number, we pause briefly to recommend page 13. It tells a tale of pathos, tragedy, comedy, and love. It searches out the hearts of college students, and reveals their thoughts. We thank you.

NEXT MONTH

Next month there will be a hiatus. In fact, we will not publish a Dirge. Why? Well, what with exams, end of the year bills, whoopee, and inclement weather, we will not be able to get around to the printer's.

Nevertheless, we will be busy with shears and paste preparing that grand treat known as our Exchange Number.

N.B.—Hinchell the peepster will, however, still be on the loose—and will gather plenty of dopey dope.

This issue under the direction of Harold Clover

Published at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

Vol. XIV

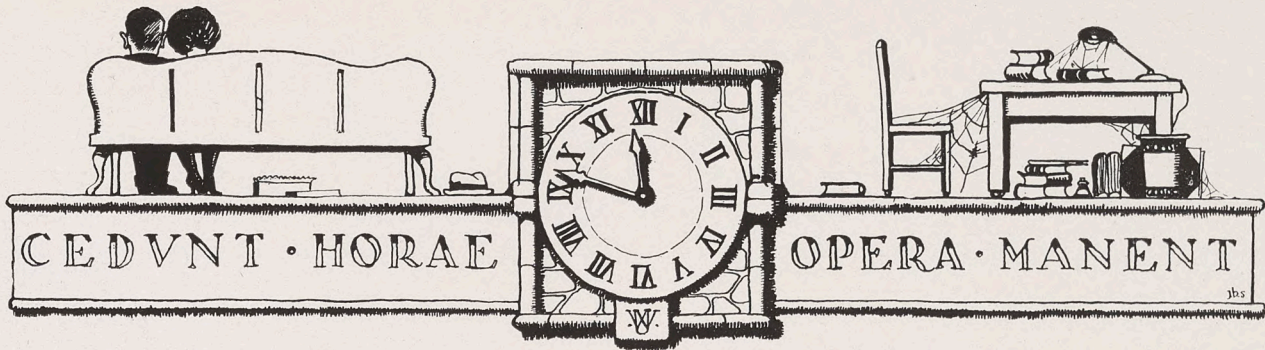
DECEMBER, 1932

No. 4

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CAMPUS COMMENT

Dear Stokely

O! Halt has received news of the Episode Entertaining, the Incident Incredible, the Occurrence Odious, of the week! It's entitled, "Why Did O. B. Quinn (the Third) Spend the Night over at Jane Davis' House?" and the details unravel themselves in the following manner:

The boys up to the Sigma (Rah! Rah!) Chi House were rather weary of Obie's parlor-dating on Hon-neh Davis, so they packed a grip of Obie's, inserting therein (1) the Third's other suit (2) fresh shirts, socks, ties, handkerchiefs, (3) sundry bottles, both empty and full, (4) several uplifting books, and (5) a cheese sandwich and a piece of cake. When Obie whistled out of the house for his usual Sunday sundown settee session, the grip was entrusted to a Yellow Cab driver,



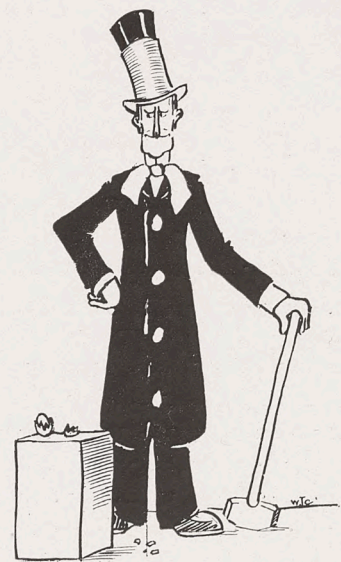
Halter Hinchell in a characteristic pose. He is preparing to throw the rat through the window of the Pi Phi room, and take notes on what happens.

who in turn delivered the package at the Davis' mansion, along with a note explaining to Jane in great detail the reason for the present. Imagine Obie's confusion! And Jane's—should she invite him in? But the sequel is more interesting than the story itself, for Mr. and Mrs. Davis, entering into the spirit of the thing, promptly invited Obie to stay all night. Upon Obie's acceptance, he was led to the guest room, where he proceeded to make himself right at home. And Mrs. Davis woke him the next morning at 7:30 in time for his 8:30

Well, well, let me catch my breath, then I'll tell another one of these Narratives Neurotic It was Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving, and Betty (Spots) Mara was trickling over to Spanish class, replete with that nice lighter-than-air feeling that comes from having one's homework well prepared. She arrived in class just in time to hear the instructor's opening remark: "I'm sorry to see so many absent today; you know we're giving double cuts, since it's the day before a holiday" Betty stopped, electrified. Double cuts! Something she'd never heard of before, but it sounded swell! "Well," thought the Mara, "If they are going to allow us two cuts today, I'd better start taking mine!" And with this she turned about, minced past the open-mouthed instructor, and left the room, feeling very happy and thinking how nice those cancellors and things were

for giving all the students two cuts before a holiday !

One more Report Revolting, Stokely, this one about Dorothy Royal, the Palpitating Pi Phi. Dorothy entered the stands at one of the football games, and suddenly felt that numbing confusion that attacks all girls whose shoulder straps break at the same time; by which you are to gather that both of Dottie's straps had popped. There she was, with the eyes of 70,000 Washington supporters on her, and not a one did she have! Now, because I don't know what girls do in such circumstances, I want to ask Dorothy just what she did when she felt that slip cascading to the ground did she walk to her seat with both hands on her hips,



Another disguise of O. Halter Hinchell. To show his innate gentility, he has just broken an egg with the heavy hammer.

or did she merely take a few reefs in the belt on her dress? . . . What's that, Dorothy? . . . Ooooooooooh!

Jack Pickerel, much in his cups, spent the whole night of the Miz-zou game phoning the Tri Delt House at fifteen-minute intervals trying to get a date with—with—aw, you know! . . . I learn that Lew Sigler, Napoleon of the middle law class, maneuvered his program at the last K. A. Dance so that he'd have two extra dances with his date—Emily Field. I'm wondering what happened to Fred (Mr. Hyde) Glarner, who was Up in there last year . . .

A real case of love at first sight, Stoke, is this Ronnie Shinn—Joe Ledbetter tangle. Ronnie (the coed Bleich) still flies around with other boys, but she and Joe are pigeon-holed . . . A great cry was heard throughout the land when Helen (van Twitter-twaah) Van Matre received the news that Tommy (Young) Conway had asked Mary Jane ("I'm so near-sighted!") Kerwin to the Kappa Alpha Dance. . . . "Bryant Rich has gone completely baffy over the Delta Gammons" . . . I feel the same way about it, Stoke . . .

Peculiar it is, that Homer (Snarkle) Wright ceased lavishing attention (or was it, maybe, affection?) on Juanita (Hand-Me-Those-Castanets) Wyatt immediately after a trip to the Miz-zou game, financed by the former . . . and hot off the press, comes the astonishing news that the Elliott Koenig—Inez Wilson flame is a-dwindle. Koenig dates her only four times a week now—the inconstant wretch! . . . and referring back to Betty (Double-Cuts) Mara, they tell me that she is a come-over-and-meet-the-folks-first dater; and that Louise (Try-and-spell-it) Kanasireff lost out on a date with Hunter Look by employing just such tactics . . .

Hazel (Haze) Ramsey and Jack (Blow Your Own Horn) Calloway are now quits—so what? Louie (Come-on-pep-it-up) Horton? Preston Ryan?

Ross (Spike) England? Place your bets now, gents, the wheel is in motion! . . . Bill Strand is still corresponding with Francis Tyree (Gamma Phi) of Trenton, Tennessee, despite the fact that his pin is on Betty (Left Tackle) Minton . . . Lolla Bauman, Trainer in Wiggles, having returned to our fair campus, will Bill Bolz follow her? . . .

Wasn't I right when I said that Desmond Fitzgerald (Yes, it's all one name) was seeing too much of Ruth Hicks? Now they have went and doused a perfectly good romance—or rather, Ruth doused it . . . although the Dick (Go Away, Girls) White—Jane Dunn romance is 90% a grumble on Dick's part, the affair seems to stagger along, anyway . . . another case worthy of mention with the Ronnie (I'll-Kick-You-In-The) Shinn—Joe Ledbetter class is the maudlin manner in which Tom (Tempermental) Chamberlain and Ellen (Come-Back)

Fischer leer at each other . . . We also hear reports that Jane Russell unfastened herself at last from Warren Brown . . . The two Ann Quermann lovers seem to have a different kind of devotion for when Annie is out with Jack Straub, Phil Becker takes Betty Trembley to the Coronado, but while Annie is dancing at the M.A.A. with Phil, Jack takes his sister to the basket-ball game . . . Karl Gustafson must be just crazy about the name Erwin. After trying to sell his charms to Sara Ervin for a prolonged siege, he has turned to Melba Erwin, the blond beauty from Kirkwood . . . "Ginny" Capps has given up angling for Saussele and now looks at both Art Schneithorst and Bob Mooney, in that certain way . . . Homer Wright has become Peggy Tenney's shadow. Reminds us of the Mickey Rogers—Dave Bruner case . . . Margaret Gordon found a nice substitute for Dale Johnson

(Continued on page 10)



"So she said I didn' know hyow ter han'le a fork—Eh!"

OVERCOAT OF ARMS

by Ed. Mead

I.

Sir Eustace foamed and bubbled;
Sir Eustace paced the hall;
His lordship gnashed bicuspid,
And it did no good at all.

III.

He'd giv'n his wife those mothballs—
Be cursed that slack female
For now his brazen breastplate
Looked like a coat of mail.

V.

They scattered like confetti
(As well-trained varlets do)
They rummaged through the dump heaps
And through the ash-pits, too.

VII.

Tomato cans and biscuit tins
They dragged 'em in galore—
There was enough old junk to arm
An army for a war.

IX.

For forty days (and forty nights)
They hung and hanged and hung—
By seven-ten (the fortieth day)
The hanging all was hung.

XI.

He looked just like a baggage room
Or like an antique shop—
With this and that on here and there
And an oil can on the top.

II.

Do you blame his grace for frothing?
Do you wonder he was mad?
The moths got in his armor
And ate up all he had.

IV.

He bellowed for his varlets.
He bellowed at 'em too.
"Go run get me some armor—
Now twenty-three, skiddoo!"

VI.

For forty days (and forty nights)
They scrambled here and there.
By seven-ten (the fortieth day)
The dump heaps all were bare.

VIII.

With pins and needles, nuts and bolts,
The boys went on a spree.
They hung that tin upon that knight
As on a Christmas tree.

X.

Belly plates and elbow pads
Shin guards, ear muffs and such.
They'd piled it on from top to toe—
No man e'er wore so much.

XII.

"You done noble, boys," he said,
"But we should have thought before,
How in the name of tin-smith's shears
You'll get me out the door!"



"Goldang them pesky mosquitoses!"

CAMPUS COMMENT

(Continued from page 8)

after his graduation in the affable Waldo Smith, Piker A . . . S. Marie Vaugh and "Piddley Poo" Pennell were seen holding hands at the K. A. dance. With all the brains in that combination, they should be able to think of something more novel . . . Peggy Ray has found herself a new b. f. in George Pemberton . . . Jack Pickernel is delighted that Ruth Schmidt has promised him a stag bid to the Theta hop, but he stands some stiff competition from Price Reed and Charlie De Pew . . . Jaunita McFessel and Johnny Rafters are seen dancing about town together frequently . . . The Eleanor Shinn—Joe Ledbetter—Helen Ustick—Jimmy Simpson foursome makes its appearance often at the Jefferson and in the library arcade . . . Up to this year Mr. Simpson has been as unmoved by girls' smiles as Mrs. Fletcher is by Jimmy Rohan's cajoling. Ask Jane Dunn . . . We wish Tommy Rankin would show us his girl more often. We got one sweet fleeting glimpse of her at the Lock scavenger hunt . . . Since the Burian—Boepple bust-up, Arline has had her evenings pleasantly taken up by Ed Alt, and Georgie Boepple finds pleas-

ure in Dot Rhodius' company . . . Inez Wilson sneaked out on Elliot Koenig one Tuesday night to the Jefferson with Mr. Schottgut, the econ statistician . . . Larry McDougall and Sadie May Miller are clubbing around a bit together, or did I make that too mild? . . . Kenny Meacham is never lonesome when Mary Frances Ray is around. The other Kappa Ustick—Liz Ann—likes Bob Campbell a little bit around one edge . . . Does the fact that Clark Schmidt takes Sara Ervin to see "Of Thee I Sing" give him an edge on Charlie Doris? . . . Louise La Rue and Bud Schoenthaler succeeded in getting the attention of the campus in their horse-drawn sled during the big snow. Freddy Guth is dividing his time between Webster Groves, La Rue, and Doris Aurien . . . Adele Dwyer and Sam Meyer, the intellect of the K. A. chapter, are nicely matched . . . Margie "Half Pint" Cain and Cliff Albers have some mutual ad-

miration which adds another love-affair to the old D.C. romantic clan . . . Kenny Gilbert, Phi Delt, and a Pi Phi sophomore had an enjoyable time last summer down at Ironton . . . remember that dam, Kenny? . . . Incidentally, talking about summers, Elizabeth Albers was forced to walk through the lobby of the Gatesworth Hotel last summer in her bathing-suit, when her clothes were left in a rumble-seat that couldn't be opened . . . Mal Bartley who enjoyed a flip-out at the home of his date after the Phi Delt dance was put to bed by her family, and couldn't imagine where he was the next day when he woke up . . . Grace Andrews, one of the cuter freshmen, has her geology reports written up by one Bob Wing, an instructor . . . her own instructor knows this and gives the papers a "D" grade . . . Bill Schuyler is losing his Harvard influence, and wears no garters . . . Virginia Ebrecht, possessor

(Continued on page 22)



"Let's lay off a few of our servants, John, and give the money saved to the unemployed."

Big Joust
at Lyonesse
Next Week

Camelot Clarion

Don't Say
Paper—
Say Clarion

Vol. 12, No. 7

CAMELOT, ENGLAND

June 6, 542

TOURNAMENT OF KING BAGDEMAGUS DRAWS BIG CROWD

Launcelot Licks Sixteen
Knights At Once As
Records Fall

Before a goodly number of kingly folk, including King Bagdemagus, King Arthur, and Queen Guinevere, and sundry wights and wenches, Sir Launcelot of the Lake single-handedly took all ye honors in yesterday's tournament.

Launcelot fought in turn three of the greatest professionals ever turned out by the King of North Wales. Sir Mordred was struck such a buffet in the joust with Launcelot that his neck was nigh broken; Sir Mador de la Porte then bare down upon him with mighty intent but received a broken collar-bone and was carried from the lists; undismayed by these dolorous turns of events, Sir Galahantine seized a mighty spear but it was shattered even to the handle thereof upon Launcelot's chest. Launcelot waxed wroth beyond measure at this and smote Sir Galahantine a sad blow, ending the encounter.

Besides the main bouts, there were three-score and two preliminaries which resulteth in four fatalaties, much perturbing the ladies, who tarried not until the end.

"Nay, even so, hey nonny nonny, and a hot-cha-cha," exclaimed King Arthur, as the tournament ended, "it was a great scrap and I'm proud of my boys. Ye Table Rounde wins for the third time, the Grail Bowl. Once more, and prithee, 'tis ours. Hot damsels, and by my troth."

Over fifty-five score spectators were in the stands as the tournament began, probably as a result of popular prices returning. Queen Guinevere was modishly dressed in a light blue wimple, a gown of white silk, and one garter. Launcelot wore the other one as a boon.

ARTHUR WORRIED

When told today that Launcelot had worn one of Queen Guinevere's garters in the tournament of King Bagdemagus yesterday, King Arthur expressed himself as worried.

"What's bothering me," said Arthur, "is not that he wore it, but how he got it."

AT CAMELOT

with Walther Winchell

Sir Percival and Lady Vivien arelikethis... Yelande the Maiden was hit in the nose by what knight the other night?... it's a boy at the Tristrams (Lady Isoult)... Galahad what kitchen wench in what speakeasy... King Claudas and King Arthur have phfffft... Morgana le Fay and her girls are much sought after by Round Table knights... Sir Palamydes is in there first, however... King Mark of Cornwall is being sued by a lady hight Eloise... "Certes, 'tis a lie" says Mark... the Bragwaines are blessed-evening... Sir Andred, Gawaine, and Mordred were thrown out of Ye Royale gryphon the other yawning for dancing on the tables in their armor... S.r Nabon's sword is in hock, and he's fighting a duel tomorrow... Bleoberis and Lamorak are bosom pals again and borrow each other's helmets... Speculators are rapidly buying up tickets for the joust at Lyonesse next week... Joust a little closer, say we... Sir Gouvernail hasn't washed for three years... Sir Turquine was black-balled by the Round Table Knights last night and is out for revenge... Lady Moeya, who tried to poison Tristram once, has a young French page for a gigolo... King Meliadus was seen at a girlesque show the other evening, and without the queen... Sir Blamor and Lady Elizabeth have been reconciled... They had a split-up over the psychic bid and the one-over-one... How about that blonde Mary de Ganys, King Angus?... her husband is a pretty good joustier... Sir Adthorp hasn't sat down for three days... he was waiting for a taxi the other rainy evening, and his armor rusted...

MERLIN FORCED OUT OF CITY TO TELL FORTUNES

Refusal To Buy License
Results In Being
Dismissed

It was learned early today that Merlin, chief seer of Camelot, was forced to set up his fortune-telling shoppe just outside of the city limits as a result of his refusal to buy a license.

Although he wove spider-webs all around them, and repeatedly proclaimed maledictions, Sir Kay the Seneschal and two deputy-sheriffs ejected him from his establishment on Percyd's Way.

Unto the very city limits, Merlin continued his speels. He changed himself into a singularly beautiful lady, a hot fire, a tube of orange lipstick, and a season ticket to the Lock and Chain dances, but Sir Kay held on, and evicted him.

CAMELOT DAY BY DAY

by Sir O. O. McIntyre

Diary of an ancient Pepys: Up betimes and thinkest forsooth how lovely was that fair wench at Lady Belle's party maugre her buck teeth. Accosted by two churls who desireth twin dimes for a cup of java. I give it them and they yclept me "Good guy". One word description of Sir Sagramore le Desirous—lusty. Dine at Ector's Cafe with Sir Gunther and Sir Gylmere and, of a surety, their bread and wine is gobbled voraciously. Methinks King Arthur should feed his knights better. Gylmere gets into argument with the head-waiter and they have a fray. Waiter smites Gylmere on head but is knocked down by a terrific buffet so that his belt it bursts. So to an afternoon bridge, my zany and I playing Sir Raynold and his wyfe, and losing four ducats and much temper. Dine in evening with the king, and never so much before do I see drunken knights under the round table. To a strip poker game after dinner, and I lose my shield, buckler, and one spur, but Lady Howell loseth everything, and is quite rosily pretty. From there, we take in the Golden Knight Club and so to bed.

Mosquito, flying into the room: "Well, at least I passed the screen test."

— D D D —

John: "B-b-b-but Darling, I l-l-l-love you."

Priscilla: "Oh, you remind me of the traveling salesman and the farmer's stutter."

— D D D —

First: "Where'd you get that bump on your head?"

Second: "From a night club."

1st: "How come?"

2nd: "It was in a cop's hand."

— D D D —

SHIEK PREFERRED

They tell me that Sir Galahad was quite a heavy date.

They say he liked to drive around a flashy lookin' crate.

I've heard that all those knights were hot,
That they were quite a handsome lot.

Now, I don't doubt that this is so—

But every girl must surely know,

They wouldn't fit into our schemes,

Although they look so good in dreams.

I like the drug-store cow-boys best,

They always seem to stand the test—

As well as did the knights of old,

And certainly, they are that bold!

I'd rather have a football man,

And ride around in his sedan,

Than rescued by some dashing knight,

In silvor armor flashing bright.

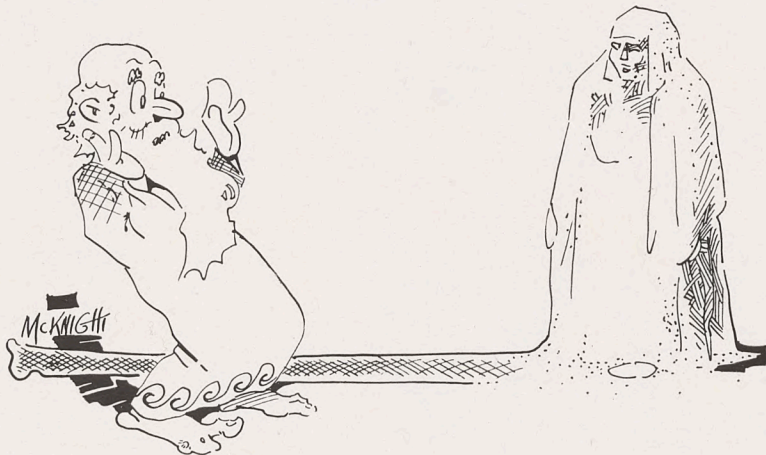
Knights might be O. K. for some,

But I think they are awful dumb.

At sight of one, I'd likely die—

I guess I'll stick to a modern guy!

A. M.



"Ah—my bitter half," cried Lot as his wife turned into a pillar of salt.

Sick pledge: "Ish it all right if I open thish window?"

Active: "No, leave it alone."

S. P.: "O. K. I was jus' thinkin' how your carpet's gonna look."

— D D D —

Tough: "You're a lowdown, dirty, spineless, flabby jellyfish, and you know what I'm gonna do to you?"

Tuff: "What?"

Tough: "I'm gonna break every bone in your body."

— D D D —

SHORT SHORT VERSE

A glance.

A dance.

Entrance.

Advance.

Romance.

Finance.

— D D D —

Wahl: "You certainly have bright eyes."

Payper: "Yes, I got some soap in them."

Wahl: "Whatjamean?"

Payper: "So they'll be smart."

— D D D —

Henby: "Isn't it romantic; here we are way out in the country?"

Corbett: "Yeh. What a good place it would be to throw away my old razor blades."

— D D D —

It seems that down in Mizzou, while they were having that Shriner's parade, one of them got out of step. Turning to his neighbor, he wittily prattled: "Pardon me, is my fez red."

From such as this comes presidents, and it serves them jolly well right.

Tabulation of Markings on Desk Tops in Duncker Hall

(Ed. note: These statistics are up to, and including November 30. The numbers indicate how many times the item was found. This is the first of a series of articles to show what college students scratch on desks.)

Fraternities	Miscellaneous	Miscellaneous—Continued
Theta Xi 50	A, B, C, D, etc. to Z..... 2	Marie 1
Sigma Phi Epsilon 48	E.N. plus R.D. 1	Squash } 1
Pi Kappa Alpha 34	Krebs 4	Steve Squashie } 1
Sigma Chi 29	Honey Precious 1	Squashable } 1
Tau Kappa Epsilon 27	¹ Royden & Dorothy 1	E. W. Hamson 1
Sigma Alpha Epsilon 21	Kitty Fink 1	⁷ B. Rich 1
Sigma Nu 20	St. Louis 1	⁷ Ha Chataqua 1
Phi Delta Theta 20	² Dave (a heart) & Rodie..... 1	Joe 1
Kappa Sigma 15	³ Ernie (a heart) & Agnes..... 3	Feb. 14, '31 1
Alpha Tau Omega 11	Horace Perry 1	Margaret Salmon 1
Kappa Alpha 10	⁴ Anne 7	Sally—Mike } 1
Beta Theta Pi 5	Bears 14—Tigers 6 3	I love her so much } 1
Xi Sigma Theta 4	Washington U. 11	R. B. S. 1
Sigma Tau Omega 4	Hell 1	Boo ! ! ! 1
Phi Beta Delta 3	Lester Elbert 1	Aw Nerts 1
Alpha Epsilon Pi 3	Drawing of pair of dice 1	Summer Schoo is hell! } 1
Chi Delta Phi 2	Bert Meyer 1	You said it } 1
Zeta Beta Tau 2	America 1	P.H. & D.E.—sweethearts 1
Sigma Alpha Mu 1	Jim Rohan 1	Rohan, Jas. A. 1
	Philip Maxeiner 2	"Fritz" 2
	⁵ Chris Kenny 3	Snarky Twerp 1
	Homer Taylor 1	Kappy 1
	Davie—Ruth 1	⁸ Robin loves Martha Jane } 1
	Bob Smith 2	Martha Jane Taylor } 1
	Art Moore 1	Papendick loves Martha Jane } 1
	Bob Hillman 2	Strickland 1
	Ralph Brown 1	Helen Hughes 1
	Augustus Mutt 1	JH BS FT RG 1
	Howard Harris 1	Buddy 2
	Feal-foel-feel 1	Klamon 2
	R.J.—S.S. 1	⁹ Wahoo 1
	Ed Carson 1	Oh Hell 1
	A. W. Zimmerman 2	D.F. (a heart) & F.H. 1
	Dorothy Miller 1	Emma 1
	⁶ Boots Billman 2	Wm. Stipschitz 1
	Georgea Flynn 2	Melvin Ettling 1
	Flynn for president) 1	Blow Me Down 1
	Carson for vice-president { 1	F.G.J. 1
	What the hell is this? 1	Do you love me? 1
		Nuts 1

Others

Delta Sigma Pi 29
Alpha Kappa Psi 8
Beta Phi Sigma 3
Delta Tau Delta 1
Theta Nu Epsilon 5

Sororities

Delta Gamma 10
Kappa Alpha Theta 9
Kappa Kappa Gamma 7
Gamma Phi Beta 7
Alpha Chi Omega 4
Delta Delta Delta 2
Alpha Xi Delta 2
Pi Beta Phi 1

1—Really Roy Quitzow & Dot Zimmerman.
 2—Dave Warren & Rodie Graves.
 3—Ernie Kretschmar & Agnes Harth.

4—Phil Becker & Jack Straub are both in the Commerce School.
 5—Cheap publicity.
 6—Going to Smith.

7—Crude humor by commerce students.
 8—Page Kirtley Black.
 9—Evidences of a Sigma Nu in the Commerce School.

Sign on our local theater:

DOUBLE FEATURE PROGRAM
 BLESSED EVENT
 and
 70,000 WITNESSES

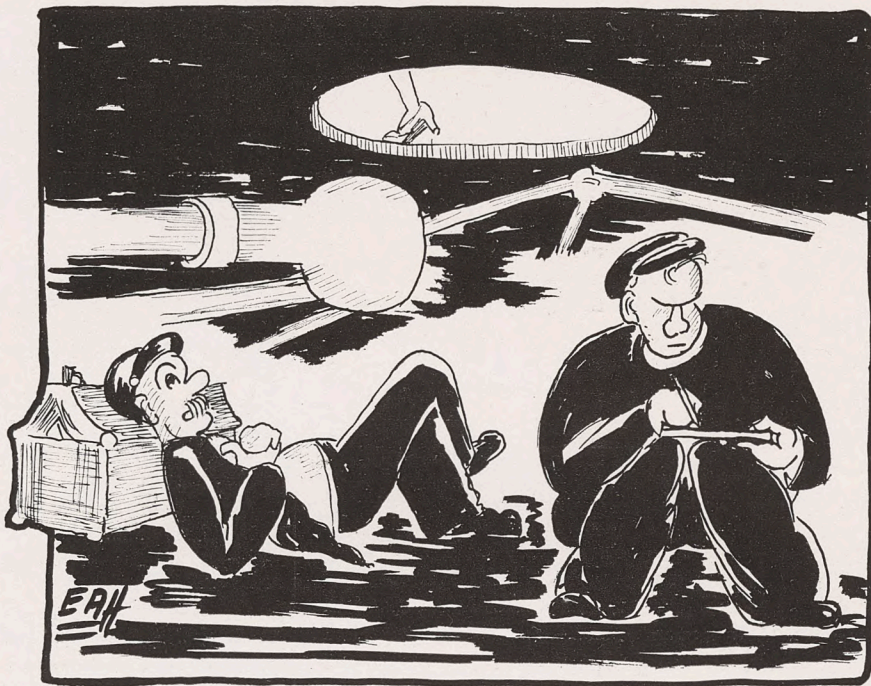
— D D D —

Knight (to Hobo): "Get thee hence, seedy one, do not plant thyself here."

Dean: "Mr. Johnson, if you are lax as a student, what do you expect to be when you graduate?"
 Johnson: "An ex-lax student."

— D D D —

Five year old: "Mommy, can I have a twin?"
 Surprised mother: "But why do you want a twin?"
 F.Y.O.: "So I can see myself as others see me."

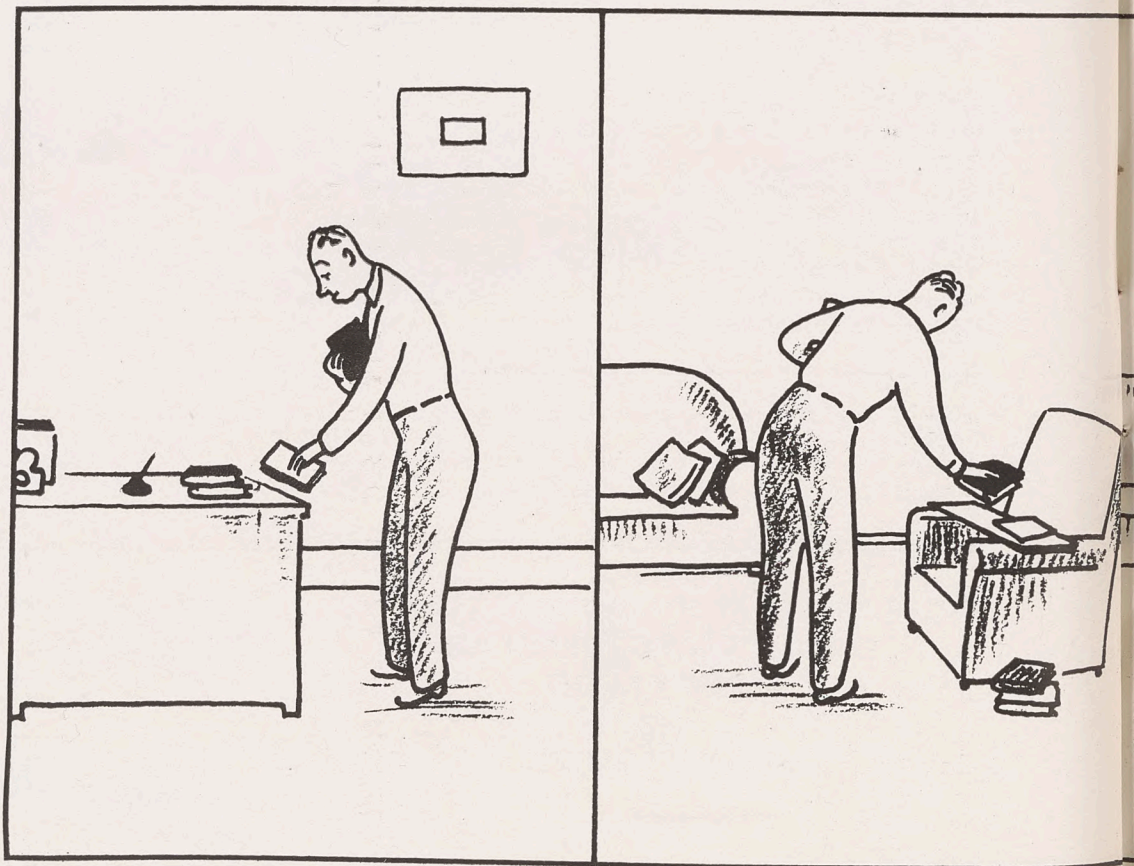


"Chalk up one for the pinks, Alf."

—Penn State Froth.



"Yes—we have every year
father seem to get a kick out



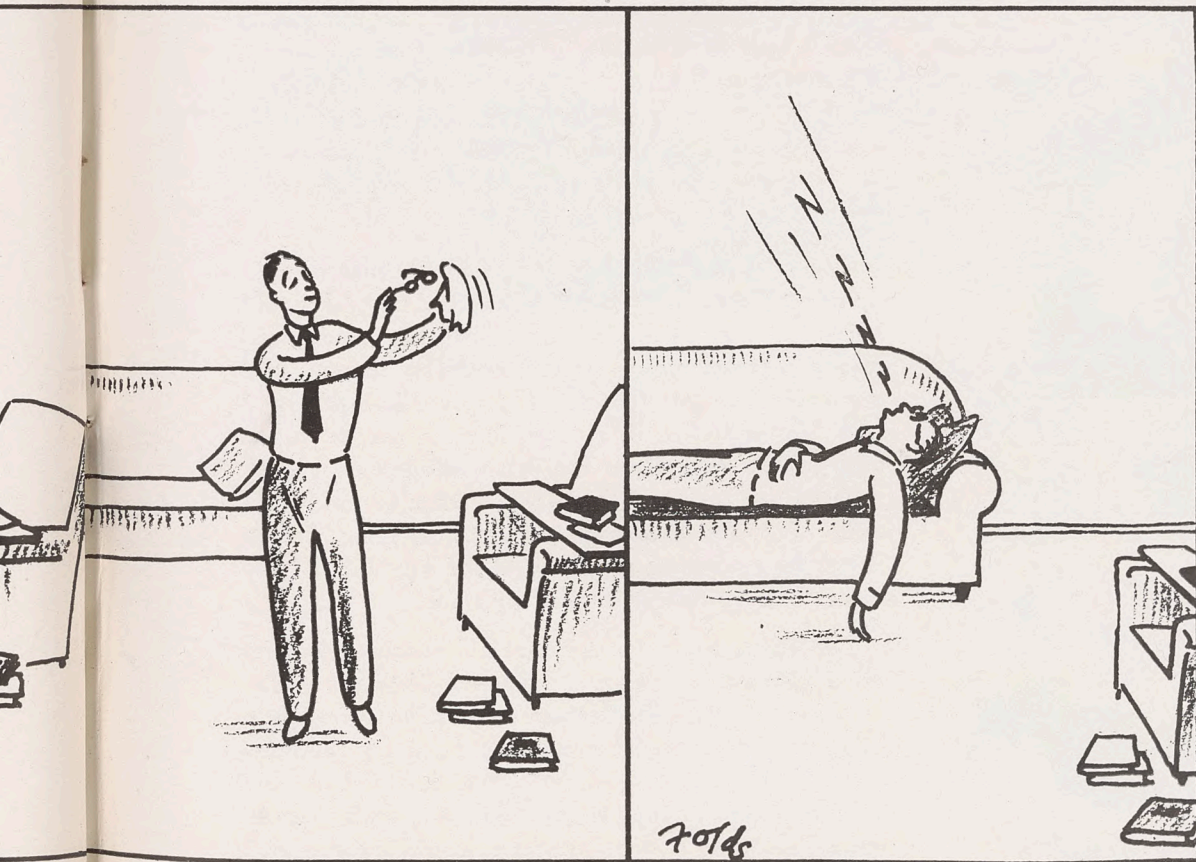


have every year. Mother and to get a kick out of it."



"Are you sure that the artist was a hermit?"

—Pitt Panther.



—Yale Daily News

A Quirk of Fate

(An Old-Timer Auto-Biographs for Dirge)

I WAS BORN in a game-keeper's hut in the South of England, the son of a game-keeper. As a typical sixteenth century youth, I indulged in all the outdoor sports of the day that were allowed to a boy of my station. I ran, leaped, rode plough-horseback, and with my snares and cords poached game from the reserve my father was guarding. I also grew up to be quite a hand with the long-bow, being full able to split a willow wand at ten paces with a cloth-yard shaft. I could also do it when I wasn't full, thus proving my skill.

I was oft wont to wrestle a fall with the honored son of his Excellent Excellency my master, and such was my agility and artifice afoot that I never came out worse than second-best in these encounters. At the conclusion of one of these fierce tussles, his E.E. offspring was so well pleased with my showing that he offered me as token of his esteem a ring which he had worn on his left little finger. I of course would have none of this generosity, me believing that manly exercise is its own reward, and besides I had slipped the ring off of his finger and pocketed it soon after the inception of the battle. My character being somewhat damaged by

this fiasco, I was socially ostracized by the others, and was left to my own devices.

I had learned to read, however, so my situation was not so bad. I read all the great writers of the day, and also Spencer, Pope, Scott, Dickens, Conan Doyle, Heminway (for a period), and Dos Passos. I read all these with avidity, and also with the aid of candle-light. I recall once walking twenty miles to return a book that I had just walked ten miles to borrow, for I discovered just before sitting down to read that it was a Grace S. Richmond novel. Grace S. Richmond novels are notorious for the poor quality of the paper on which the characters are printed. In sooth, a too, too porous paper.

I was a great follower of Chaucer too. Geoffrey (or Jeff, as we used to call him) had at that time just published some of his more zippy tales, and was much thought of as a man of letters by the intelligentsium of the day. However, the wily Jeff was playing along too much on his reputation, which was such that he was able to get literature published, and to sell it, that held in it nothing but a pale parabola of innocence. However, the public was eternally hopeful for a revival of the old touch, and, like I, shelled out continually. The only thing I have against old Jeff (or Geoffrey, as the literature books call him) is that soon after making his acquaintance I was thrown down a flume by a jolly miller and was severely lacerated by the mill wheel. As this was not done until dawn, however, I did not too loudly complain of fate.

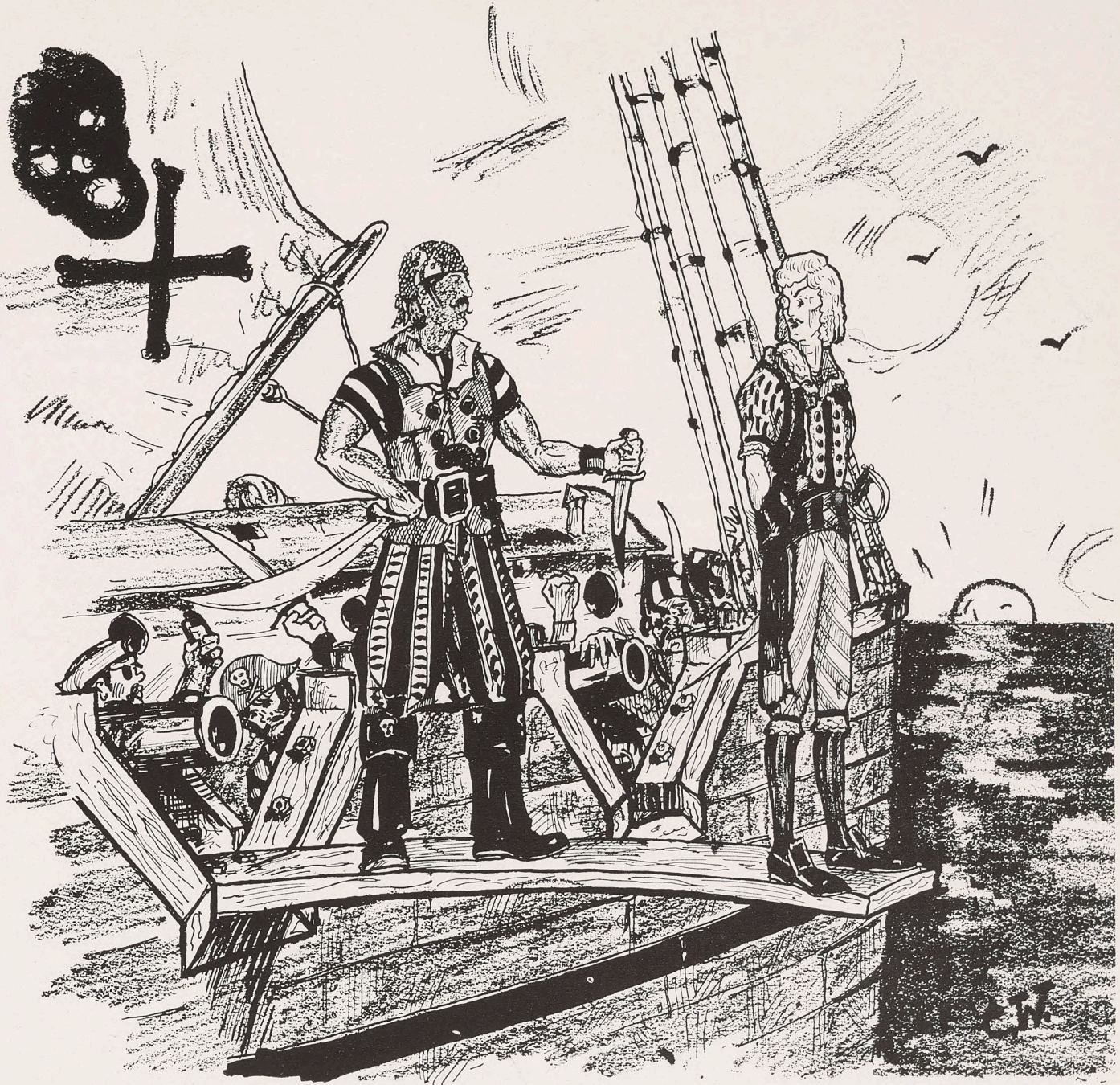
I had by this time almost passed the hey-nony-nony-and-hot-cha-cha period of my life, and would have to soon fend for myself in the cold, cold world. I was courageous and steadfast though, and my only fear was that my father would find me a job. To beat him to it, I went on a search for an author who would put me in a romance as a hero. I almost immediately ran across a man named Pirandello, but he explained he was already fleeing from three characters in search of an author, and refused to have any traffic with me.

Not losing heart by the rebuff, I proceeded along the highroad. At least, I reflected, if worst comes to worst, good old Bunyan can make me into a pilgrim. Occasionally awakening from my thoughts with a start, I would slither down the ditch on the side and hide in the rushes, while a rascally sharp-eyed fellow in a dirty doublet would pass—for I had no desire to be immortalized in a hack-written

(Continued on Page 20)



"She don't look like a prophet to me."
 "Why not? She's got darn little on 'er in 'er own country."



"I say, old chappie, isn't this going a bit too far?"

Early to bed,
Early to rise,
And you won't be gypped
By those nite-club guys.

— D D D —

The little girl who used to want an all-day sucker,
now wants an old one just for the evening.

— D D D —

Judge: "And you are divorcing this man for
incompatibility? Do you know what that means?"
"Oh, Judge!"

Apartment dweller (in irate tones): "Hey, Jones,
what in the world's going on up there?"

Jones: "Nothing's going on, something's coming
off."

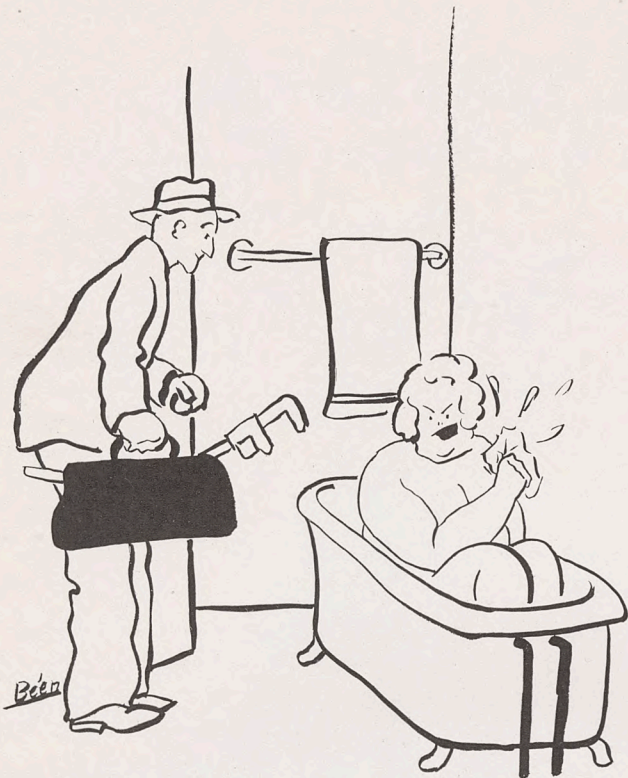
— D D D —

"This," beamed the proud father, handing over
the offspring, "is my chief asset."

"Yes," countered his friend, tossing the kid back,
"a liquidizing asset."

— D D D —

THE MILLENIUM—when everyone knows that
Bulova is spelled B-U-L-O-V-A.



"Say listen, Editor, this has ceased to be funny."

— D D D —

Our Idea of Justice

First Cannibal: "Mencken has arrived."

Second Canibal: "Put him on the pan."

— D D D —

One-sentence Anamoly: "I read Ballyhoo religiously every month."

— D D D —

We blush and hang our head while remarking that the country M. D. who was walking along the edge of a cliff was just forceps from disaster.

— D D D —

The main difference, as we look at it, between the old-fashioned girl and the modern lassy is that the oldish girl was horrified and the modern one just grins and bears it.

— D D D —

The world is made up of three kinds of people, those that

1. have everything they want,
2. want to have everything, and
3. have to want everything.

— D D D —

"Do you keep your New Year's resolutions?"
"Sure, I have a special notebook for them."

THE MAIDEN AND THE GALLANT

A Tender Ballad

Fair Katherine, a comely lass,
Smiled quite winsomely —
A courtier with an answering smile
Approached her speedily.

"Your hands are lily white," quoth he—
She dimpled prettily.
"Your skin is soft as eiderdown"—
Oh what a wit was he.

"Your hair's like burnished gold," he said—
She patted it in place.
"Your fingers are of ivory."
She fiddled with her lace.

He maneuvered for a kiss—
She helped as best she could.
He saw her sweet, alluring lips—
Then up he straightway stood.

Sadly he prepared to leave—
With sad and gloomy eye
He pulled his doublet down in front
And breathed a heavy sigh.

"Don't take it hard, O maiden dear,
That I don't take a kiss—
It's not your lack of form or charm—
The cause is simply this:

"I cannot kiss you, pretty one,
Although your eye's magnetic,
Because your lips are sugared sweet
And I am diabetic."

S. W.

— D D D —

Yes, sir! They were men in those days. Caesar's legionnaires used to perform their best fighting during a cloud-burst, used to make their longest marches on empty stomachs, and when sick would throw up fortifications.

— D D D —

Both Sides of Every Question Department

Headline and squib from one issue of Student Life:—

"Students at University of Missouri Are All Morally Upright and Industrious; No Time to Drink or Pet"

Bad checks were passed around at the University of Missouri at the rate of seventy-five a day last year, says the Rensselaer Polytechnic.

— D D D —

She's got a mind like a bed—she's always making it up.

LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE » » » »

or

« « « « THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

CANTO I QUARTO I FOLIO I

(Scene: A table. A round table. With a room around it. And a castle around the room. That is about the castle, so that the table is around the—see? With a southern exposure and a view of the park.)

A flourish of trumpets. Enter the King, with pants on.

King Arthur: "Hey! Churls, scullions, rabble, the king speaks."

Churl No. 1: "Who, me?"

Arthur: "Who else, churl?"

Churl No. 1: "Mister churl to you, kingywingy."

Arthur: "Where's Guin at? I can't find my clean shirts."

Churl No. 1: "I haven't the faintest idea, and besides she said not to tell you."

Churl No. 2: "I'll tell, I'll tell, I'll tell."

Churl No. 1: "Tattle tale."

Churl No. 2: "She went for a ride in Lancelot's new charger and I'm not a tattle tale."

Arthur (pacing the floor) (with beetled brows): "Ah, me."

CANTO II QUARTO II FOLIO II

(Scene: The same. A few days later.)

Doorbell rings. Arthur answers it.

Arthur (smiling sardonically): "So! I suppose his charger broke down again, huh?"

Guinevere: "No, that's next week."

Arthur: "Where'd you get that black eye?"

Guinevere: "His visor fell down every time he tried to—I ran into a door in the dark. Hell, you must be jealous, Art."

Arthur (whimpering): "You'd be jealous too if you'd eaten peanut butter sandwiches for three days and I don't know what you see in that egg."

(Exit Guinevere) (in a huff)

CANTO III QUARTO III FOLIO III

(Scene: Waiting room in castle. Arthur is seated in a blue funk in a dark corner, waiting)

(Enter waiting maid)

Arthur: "H'lo, you have pretty knees. Where'd you come from?"

Waiting Maid: "You have nice knees too and I came from the employment agency. It's such a small world, isn't it?"

Arthur: "What's your name and won't you sit down?"

Maid: "Mary, but you can call me George."

CANTO IV QUARTO IV FOLIO IV

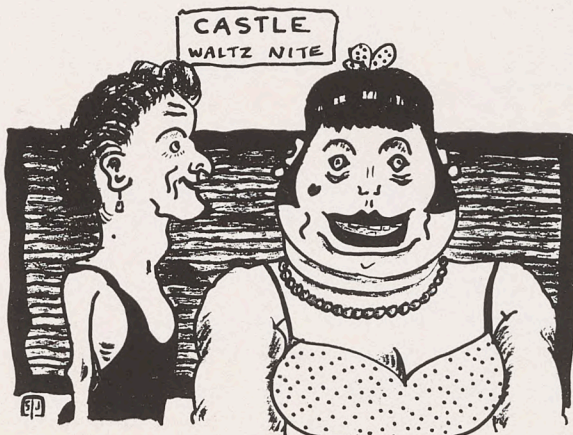
(Scene: The same. Decidedly so.)

Waiting Maid: "Oh, your Majesty!"

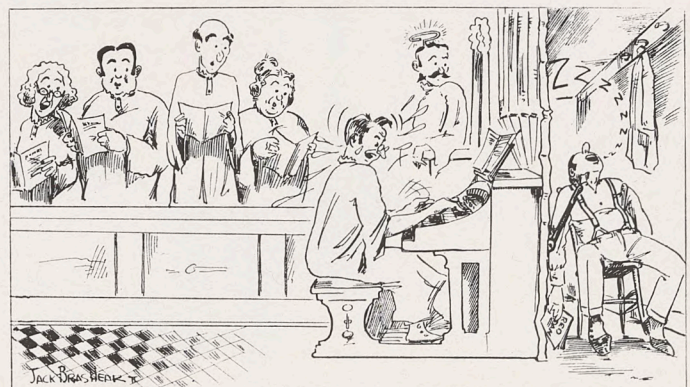
CANTO V QUARTO V FOLIO V

(Scene: A doorbell.)

(Guinevere is ringing the doorbell. In fact, Guinevere keeps right on ringing the doorbell.)



"He held me so close. I was helpless."



The offertory hymn was frequently delayed in the early nineties, due to lack of religion on the part of the organ pumper.

A Quirk of Fate

(Continued from Page 16)

broadsheet ballad, and hawked about the streets by bleary-eyed rascals.

I had one narrow escape—a kindly-looking old gentleman wearing a pince-nez and carrying a volume of Chambers Encyclopedia approached and inquired if I could direct him to a good serviceable hero of gentle parts. I was about to offer myself, when a native caution restrained me, and I first asked what the nature of the work would be. "Social-problem hero," he said. Ye gods I thought, who can this fellow be!

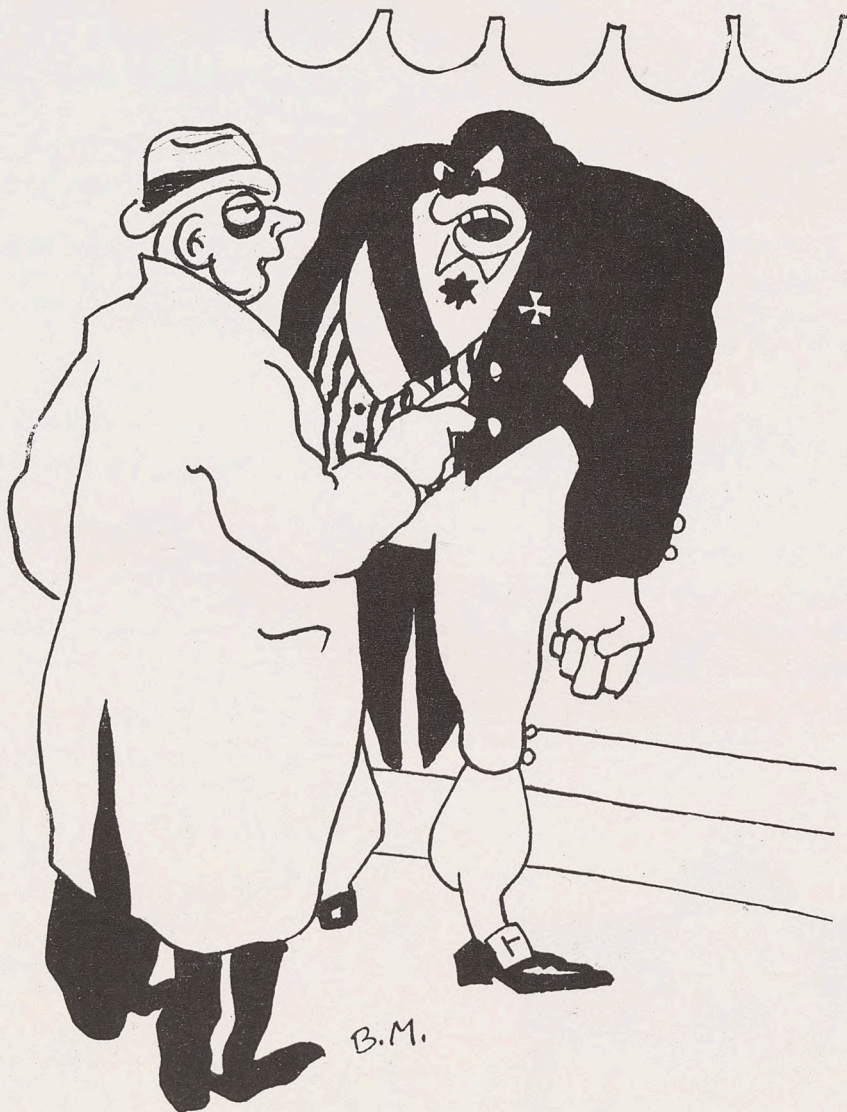
"I'm afraid you were born too late," I told him candidly.

"Really, do you? I'll fix that," he replied, and it was only as he jumped aboard his Time Machine and whisked himself back into a former age that

I realized it was H. G. Wells. My knees shook for some two hours after.

By this time I was getting hungry, and besides was seized with the desire to rescue a fair damsel from durance vile. I approached Sir Walter Scott, whose mortgaged home I was then passing, about my chances and he said no, alibiing that he already had an over-supply of heros, and besides was then working on his income tax blank and not a novel. He laughingly admitted, however, that his income tax return for that year was his greatest piece of fiction.

That afternoon I traveled on an empty stomach. As dusk drew on, I often would stumble and go on a long trip. Each time, though, I would recover. I had by now swallowed my pride, and was looking for a hashish shop and Tom de Quincy. But it is ironical that in my weakened condition I should be set upon by a trio of narsty Dirge men and reduced to the saddest state of all—that of pawn in a humorist's hands. 'Tis sad brother, sad.



"No! this is not Louie's joint! This is the
Liberian Embassy"

—California Pelican

The Tale of Citronella

ONCE UPON A TIME there were three sisters—the oldest sister, the middle sister, and the youngest sister—who lived with their mother in a penthouse. She was a good-looking widow who did not pay her own rent and who treated her step-child, little Citronella, very nasty-like. She threw wild parties and made Citronella clean up the mess the morning after, but she would not let the poor dear come to them, although occasionally some of the men would go in and say good-night to Citronella just before she went to bed.

Citronella had to help make her bovine-shaped step-sisters attractive enough for someone to ask their hand in marriage. And, believe me, there was no eight-hour day for Citronella when they got a date. One New Year's Eve, they both got blind dates for the Sigma Aleph Gimmel prom, and were they excited? It took them more than eight hours, with Citronella's help, to put on a dress, a pair of stockings, a pair of shoes, and other things to make them more alluring. Finally, nine o'clock came, and with it their dates. They were poop-outs, but then, so were the girls

Citronella, however, thought they were handsome and longed for someone like them to take her places, for she never went nowhere nohow. She cried, "Damn them sisters!" and wept bitter tears. Then she remembered something that might prove interesting, so she ran to her sisters' hope chest, and extracted the book she had been forbidden to read: "What Every Girl Should Know." She curled up on the couch and had just started when suddenly she was aware of a presence in the room. She looked up and saw a very good-looking young man enter. Upon her gasp of surprise, he said, "Do not be afraid, Citronella, I am your fairy god-father. I have come to help you." And

the poor girl, in her childlike innocence, believed him. "Here is a beautiful dress," he said, put it on and you and I will go to the prom together." And Citronella said, "You will have to go out of the room while I dress." But he said, "That is all right; I want to help you." (And, by gosh, he did!)

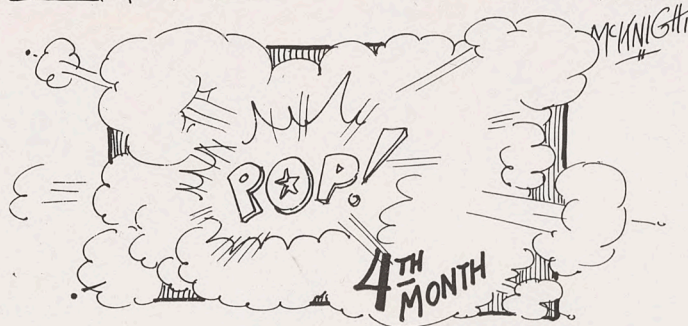
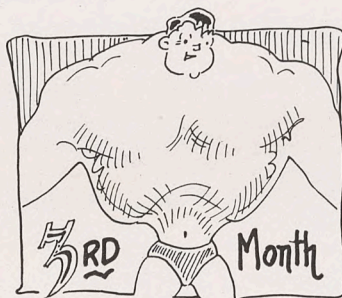
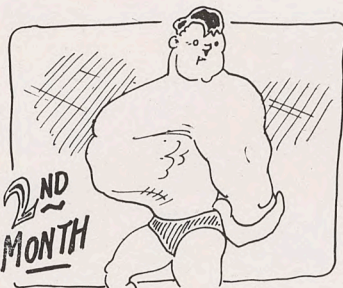
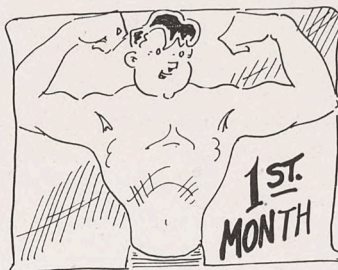
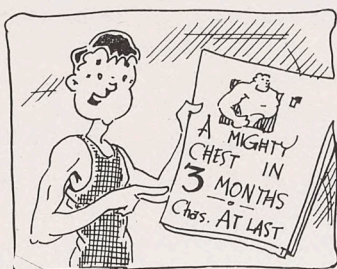
So Citronella got dressed, taking care to heed the three "L's" that her fairy god-father had warned her about—Lifebuoy, Listerine, and Lux. They went to the party, and Citronella could not tell the difference between water and intoxicating beverages, so she got tight. But her fairy god-father did not care—he was big-hearted that way. They left early, and then he said that a little ride would clear her head. So they went for a ride

The next morning the two sisters were talking about the awful time they had and about that beautiful hussy who seemed to enjoy herself so much. They were very jealous of Citronella, although they did not know it was she. As they were talking, the fairy god-father entered and startled them by his great

handsomeness. He told them that he was looking for the girl who had lost something in his car last night.

"Oh, what did you find?" demanded these bovine beauties who never had a chance to lose anything in anybody's car. His quick glance seemed to say, "Golly, they're hopeless!" And then his eyes fell upon Citronella. She was curled up on the sofa, asleep with a helluva hangover, cheeks tear-stained, and the book she had begun reading the night before, opened to the last page, lying across her bosom. He eyed the book. He hemmed uneasily. "Pardon me," he said, his eyes still glued to the book, making for the door. "I must have been mistaken."

—N. G. and G. S.



CAMPUS COMMENT

(Continued from page 10)

of two large dimples, breaks down and admits having interests at Westminster . . . Al Wilkinson and Betsey Huxel, because of continual play rehearsals together, are almost youknowwhat . . .

Before I fade away into the night, to take up my long vigil on Art Hill, I'd like to voice a rumor to the effect that Jules (Shy) Campbell and Isabelle Bonsack are finding each other growing cooler . . . Who will Izzy take to the Theta dance on the 23rd? . . .

Don't believe all the songs you hear, Stoke; it ain't true that "love comes but once to the hearts of men"—nor women nuther!

Yours in palpitating expectancy.

O! HALTER HINCHELL,
Discloser of Dirt Diabolic.

P. S.—Straight stuff on this, Stokely; Ruth (Squeal) Rosborough and Eugenia Barklege had a real fight over the privilege of taking Delos (Green Suit) Reynolds to the last Kappa dance. Barklege finally won out, evidently; maybe they'll swap for the next one . . . And, last, Jack Calloway spent two weeks in New York last summer protecting the honah, suh, of a chorus girl . . . I know more, but it can't be printed . . . ask me in person.

A Practical Man

Speaking of Old Times, this one takes us back a long ways. It all happened the other day, in one of these glorified bull sessions called euphemistically (yes, euphemistically) in the catalog, "English 1—required of all freshmen". Remember? Well, after the class had thoroughly scrambled an essay that somebody had copied verbatim from a magazine, they started to formulate a proscription list of another bunch of titles.

"I," said one enterprising lad with scarce a by-your-leave, "have already constructed a title."

"Then," announced the Chair with a knowing smile and a laughing eye, or something, "will you present it to the class?" Just like that.

"My title," he thundered, "concerns 'The Unfair Interference of Government with Legitimate Business'." It was long before they could speak. They were spellbound. And from a Freshman, too!

"Hah!" came the depreciating sneer from the Chair, "and what do you know about that, may I ask?"

"Plenty," wafted back, flaunting snarl to snarl and sneer to sneer. "My father, (with a note of just pride) was a saloon keeper. And when Prohibition came in, why it—" and he paused for a hasty consideration, "—**practically** threw him out of business!"

Fifty useful and valuable prizes will be given for solution of above cryptogram.

Wrong Address

Attendance at the intercollegiate debates of former years was sad indeed, but if what we heard the other day is true this year marks a new low. Two minutes before a recent debate was to start the sum total of the audience, outside of the debaters, chairman, and timekeeper, was

three persons. Two of these were sitting together, and seemed twit-chy and ill at ease. As time passed (the chairman was waiting for more people to show up) their perturbation increased. Finally they could stand it no longer.

"Beg pardon," one of them called over half-a-dozen seats to the third spectator. "Is this the Thyrsus meeting?"

"No, a debate," came the answer.

And the two arose and trotted out, the chairman looking agonizedly after them.

We publish a joke

We have been followed about for several months by a short, black-haired gentleman of our acquaintance. His protracted pursuit had but one object—to get us to publish a joke which he handed in long ago. It was a three-line joke, neatly typed (double-space) in the exact center of a large sheet of gleaming white paper. He handed it to us as a "Page of Humor." Our judgment told us not to print it, so we didn't. But there's no withstanding perseverance—we still think it's a mistake, but to win peace and surcease from solicitation, we publish it:

Hee: "Wotcha thinkin' of?"

Shee: "You."

Hee: "Evil-Minded!"

We hope the world is happier, at least Benish must be.

Give 'em a hand (also 15 cents)

Once a month, fair weather or foul, forty or fifty people are seen running around the campus with quantities of this publication in their numbed fingers. And for what? For you, for an activity, for the scattering of good clean fun, for Dirge, for Student Finance, for Bill (Gaekwahr) Vogt, etc. Therefore we think that the least those members of the student body who borrow our publication from their friends can do is refrain from cheap cracks at the



"No, no! 'G' as in 'gat'."

salesmourners, while refusing to buy.

These salesmourners deserve a lot of credit, say we, especially in this weather. Therefore, give 'em a hand (also 15 cents).

P.S.—This is an editorial.

Holidays

Ah ha! So you thought we'd forget all about Christmas coming, and New Year's Day coming, and Easter coming. Well, we didn't. All we want to say, however, is please not to make New Year's resolutions. Why come back to school being a bunch of hypocrites? Everybody who resolves not to resolve anything this year kindly mail in your determination in a self-addressed stamped and plain envelope to this office. Martha Carr will be promptly notified,

and the unused stamp steamed off and used over. We now wish you a Merry Xmas and a hang-over New Year. Beware of the season's bathtub gin, and lipstick on your formal shirt.

Student Directory

Every year Student Life has one of its humorous reporters look through that little book with a red cover (incidentally the bear on the cover was drawn by Olga Moser, one of our better swimmers) and report humorously on it. But since Student Life is no longer humorous, we receive the privilege.

We discover that the first name is Aaron and the last is Zwick. Miller leads with 35 representatives to keep up its record for the past three years. There are 27

Joneses to keep up with; 26 Smiths, and 22 Browns. The color scheme is Brown, Green, White, Black, and Grey. As to universities, we picked at random Brown, Perdue, Butler, Drake, and Duke.

And then, our two-year old mind functioning rapidly, we swung into personal theme songs.

"You Got Me In the Pahmeyer Your Hand."

"Bigger and Becker Than Ever."

"O. Hughes, You're Driving Me Crazy."

"Williams be Mine in Appleblossom Time."

"But only Gog Can Make a Tree."

"Free and Wiese."

"How'm I Dewey."

"I Didn't know the music, and You didn't know the Wertz."



The other day an upper classman was explaining to a plebe that one should always be kind to dumb animals. He said: "If I should see a man beating a donkey and stopped him, what would you call that?"

"Brotherly love, sir."

—The Log.

— D D D —

She: "It don't matter whether I wear chiffon or velvet, you like me anyway, don't you?"

He: "I'll always love you through thick and thin."

—Wampas.

— D D D —

"How did you find the girls?"

"Opened the door marked 'Women,' and there they were."

—Puppet.

— D D D —

Just a Duty

Bill: "The girl I am married to has a twin sister."

Mae: "Gee! How do you tell 'em apart?"

Bill: "I don't try; it's up to the other one to look out for herself."

—Drexel "Drexer"

— D D D —

"You know, I simply can't bear children."

"Well, who asked you to?"

—Kitty-Kat.

Soph: "What's your name, Frosh?"

Frosh: "Quit Jones, sir."

Soph: "Where'd you get that name, Quit?"

Frosh: "When I was born my father came in and saw me. He said to mother, "Mary, let's call it Quit!"

—Puppet.

— D D D —

The night was divine, the moon beaming down in all its glory. The college lad parked the car and sighed. "Two minds with but a single thought," he rhapsodised. "You brute," cried the co-ed, "let me out this instant!"

—College Life.

— D D D —

Guess Again

He: "Who spilled mustard on this waffle, dear?"

She: "Oh, John! How could you! This is lemon pie!"

—Puppet.

— D D D —

What's the difference between the fraternity man and the old-fashioned knight?

Once a frat man always a frat man but once a knight is enough!

—Grinnell Malteaser.

— D D D —

Automobile Driver (to girl who succeeded in begging a ride of him): "How far are you going?"

She: "I knew there was a catch in it."

—Vanderbilt Masquerader.

— D D D —

"Can you show me something thin in a fall dress?"

"I'm sorry, mam, but she's out to lunch."

—Sour Owl.

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

Mike: "Was Jim's wedding really such a swell affair?"
Ike: "Positively! Why, they even used Puffed Rice!"
—The Log.

— D D D —

An optimist is a guy who opens a pint in a crowd and saves the cork.

—Rice Owl.

— D D D —

"You say that I am the first model you ever kissed?"
"Yes."
"And how many models have you had before me?"
"Four. An apple, two oranges and a box of cigars."
—Red Cat.

— D D D —

And there was the Scotchman who gave the gal a watch case for a present one Xmas, and then gave her the works the next.

—Wisconsin Octopus.

— D D D —

Little drops of whiskey,
Little sips of gin
Make the world a little rosy,
And make little Rosy sin.

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

Freshman: "I've got a date tonight with a chiffonier."
Senior: "Don't be silly; a chiffonier is a big thing with drawers."

Freshman: "I know."

—Penn State Froth.

— D D D —

She: "What do you call it when two persons are thinking the same thing—mental telepathy?"

He: "Sometimes it's that, and sometimes it's just plain embarrassment."

—Texas Ranger.

— D D D —

Sandbagged

I like to neck
With Mary Sand,
Because she doesn't
Hold my hand.

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

And they say Earl Carrol originated the expression, "backfield in motion."

—Cajoler.

— D D D —

"Let's go down and watch the women's crew."
"Why?"

"The paper says the coach now has the girls rowing in combinations."

—Cornell Widow.

— D D D —

Prof.: "Mr. Jones, what do you know of this light theory?"

Mr. Jones: "Well—uh—I don't think I'm so sure of it; what do you think of it?"

Prof.: "I don't think, I know!"

Mr. Jones: "I don't think I know, either."

—Red Cat.

Correct

Medic: "The right leg of the patient is shorter than the left, which cause him to limp. Now what would you do in a case of this kind?"

Voice (from rear of classroom): "Doc, I'd limp, too."

— D D D —

Lawyer: "Anything you say will be held against you."
Helie: "Jean Harlow!"

—Skipper.

— D D D —

He: "The biggest men get the prettiest girls."
She: "You conceited man."

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

Co-ord: "Are you sure it is me you are in love with and not my clothes?"

Jack: "Test me, darling."

—Carolina Buccaneer.

— D D D —

Q.: "How many in that berth?"

A.: "Only one. Here's our ticket."

—Cornell Widow.

— D D D —

Today's Good Deed

Dean (to Frosh): "Do you know who I am?"

Frosh: "No, I don't; but if you can remember your address I'll take you home."

—Tiger.

— D D D —

Would You Believe It?

SCENE I

He: "Would you believe me if I told you I was going to kiss you?"

She: "No."

SCENE II

He: "Would you believe me, Jane, if I told you I was going to hug you?"

She: "I should say not."

SCENE III

He: "Would you believe me, darling—"

She: "Oh, you fibber!" (Curtain.)

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

He: "I always drive with one arm."

She: "Why don't you use two?"

He: "I need one to drive with."

—Brown Jug.

— D D D —

Pardon My Staring

She: "Laugh, you cad! I can plainly see you are no gentleman."

He: "Madame, I can see you're not either."

—Battalion.

— D D D —

Then there is that crack that runs thusly: "Pajamas are garments that newlyweds keep under the pillow to be used in case of fire."

—Cajoler.

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

Him: "I'm going to kiss you as you have never been kissed before."

Her: "Oh yes I have."

—Lehigh Burr.

— D D D —

Sign on Providence, R. I. theatre:

Two Kinds of Women

Miriam Hopkins and Phillips Holmes

Two kinds ? ? ? ?

— D D D —

Prof. in Ethics: "I will lecture today on liars. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter?"

Nearly all raised their hands.

Prof: "That's fine. You're the very group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter."

—Red Cat.

— D D D —

Do: "Where you goin'?"

Dodo: "Fishin'."

Do: "Got worms?"

Dodo: " Yeah, but I'm goin' anyway."

—Wittenberg Witt.

— D D D —

He (knocking at door): "Any ice, coal, brushes, magazines, or household necessities today, lady?"

She: "No. But come in; I might think of something."

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

The laziest guy in the world handed in an exam. paper in which he said the following: "Please see Pete's paper for my answers."

—Wampus.

— D D D —

"To hell with all this red tape," sighed the deb as her shoulder straps feel off.

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

He: "Let's get married or something."

She: "We'll get married or nothing!"

—Phoenix.

— D D D —

Pressing Business

The Judge (sternly): "Well, what's your alibi for speeding eighty miles an hour through the residence section?"

The Victim: "I had just heard, your honor, that the ladies of our church were giving a rummage sale and I was hurrying home to save my other pair of pants."

The Judge: "Case dismissed."

—Battalion.

— D D D —

That's Different

"Is your daughter in tonight?"

"No, and get out and stay out."

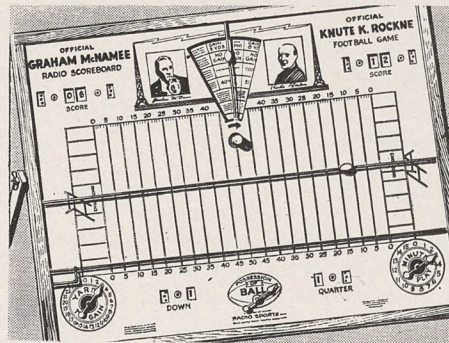
"But I'm the Sheriff."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Come in. I thought that was a Sigma Nu pin."

—Texas Ranger.

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

**GAMES for
FIRESIDE ATHLETES**

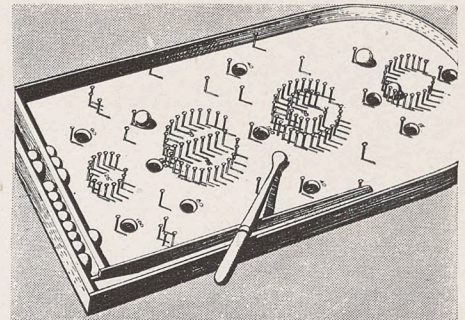


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SAINT LOUIS

Kay: "I'm perfect."

Walt: "O. K.; I'll practice."

—Sagehen.

— D D D —

Doctor: "Congratulations, old man, your wife has presented you with quadruplets."

Father: "Four cryin' out loud!"

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

Little Lucy had just returned from the children's party and had been called into the dining-room to be exhibited before the wealthy guests. "And tell the ladies what you did at the party," urged the proud mother.

"I frowed up," said little Lucy.

—Punch Bowl.

My Dear Miss Dix:

I am a healthy woman of 42 years. I have been married fifteen years and have ten lovely children. Now after all these years I realize that my husband never loved me. Oh, what should I do?

Worried.

Dear Worried:

You say you have been married only fifteen years and have ten lovely children. You should thank God, my dear, that your husband never loved you.

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

"Consomme, Bouillon, Hors D'oeuvres, Fricasee Poulet, Pommes de Terre au gratin, Demitasse, des Glaces, and tell dat mug in the corner to keep his lamps offa me moll, see!"

—Puppet.

— D D D —

The census taker approached a little-tumble-down shanty on the outskirts of Savannah and pushed his way through a bunch of little pickaninnies who were playing in front of the door. He knocked. The door was opened by a large lady of color. After the usual preliminary questions the statistics gatherer asked:

"What's your husband's occupation, Liza?"

"He ain't got no occupashun. He's daid. He done passed away fo-teen yeahs ago, suh," replied the negress.

"Then who do all these little children belong to?"

"Dey's mine, suh."

"Why, I thought you said your husband was dead."

"He is, but ah aint."

—Jack-O'Lantern.

— D D D —

Foreman on job: "Do you really think you are built for hard labor?"

Applicant: "Some of the best judges in the country have thought so."

—Showme.

— D D D —

Other Reasons

Mark Anthony made two famous speeches. One was at Caesar's grave when he said, "I come here to bury Caesar, not to praise him." The other was at Cleopatra's tent at midnight: "I didn't come here to talk."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

— D D D —

"Brigham Young was a great prophet."

"Yeah! But I wonder what his wives thought of his prophet sharing plan!"

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

My friend laughed when I spoke to the waiter in French—but the joke was on him. I told the waiter to give him the check.

—Aogwan.

— D D D —

Asking a modern girl for a kiss is like sneaking in a speakeasy and asking for a Coca-Cola.

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

— D D D —

Absent-minded sales girl (as date kisses her goodnight): "Will that be all?"

—Battalion.

When a man of sixty marries a girl of twenty-five it's like buying a book for somebody else to read.

—Grinnell Maltesser.

— D D D —

"That opera singer certainly has a large repertoire."
"I know it—and she insists on wearing such tight dresses."

—Aogwan.

— D D D —

Reformer: "Stop, friend! Do you believe that a glass of that vile stuff will quench your thirst?"

College Lad: "Nope. I'm gonna drink the whole jug."

—Texas Ranger.

— D D D —

Philosophy

If hope springs eternal in the human breast, women must be twice as hopeful as men.

—Syracuse Orange Peel.

— D D D —

Bob Stiven: "My girl got her nose broke in three places."

Second Beta: "She should have kept out of those places."

—Siren.

— D D D —

Co-ed: "I want a postage stamp."

Clerk: "What denomination?"

Co-ed: "Presbyterian."

—U. S. C. Carolinian.

— D D D —

Watson: "How do you know there's been a picnic here?"

Holmes: "I see by the papers."

—Siren.

— D D D —

Mother (on entering the room unexpectedly): "Well, I never—"

Daughter: "Oh, mother, you must have."

—Owl.

— D D D —

"So the printer is laid up with a broken arm, is he?"

"Yes, he's obscene."

"Whatya mean, obscene?"

"Not fit to print!"

—Aogwan.

— D D D —

Judge: "How many children do you have, Mirandy?"

Mirandy: "Well, Jedge, I has two by my first husband, one by my last husband, and then I has two of my own."

—Battalion.

— D D D —

Father: "Tell that man to take his arm from around your waist."

Daughter: "Tell him yourself. He's a perfect stranger to me."

—Loughorn.

— D D D —

First Collegian: "Jiggers, here come a speed cop."

Second Delt: "Quick, hang out the Notre Dame pennant."

—Siren.

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

Mother: "My dear, I am shocked to find that a daughter of mine would stoop to parking in a dark spot, on a lonely road, with a young man."

Daughter: "But, Mother, I was driven to it."
—The Log.

— D D D —

Usher at wedding to cold, dignified lady: "Are you a friend of the groom?"

The lady: "Indeed, no, I am the bride's mother."
—Siren.

— D D D —

She: "Fresh! Who said you could kiss me?"
It: "Everybody!"

—The Log.

— D D D —

"Yes, ma'm, both of us twins were called Henry, except John, and he was called Paul."

—Siren.

— D D D —

"Sir," said the fortune-teller, "you will travel a great deal, especially in the Far East. There you will meet your dream woman, whom you will marry. She will be very beautiful."

"And young?"

"Yes, and very wealthy."

"Thank you," said the recipient of this good news. "Now will you tell me how I am to get rid of my present wife?"

—Harvard Lampoon.

— D D D —

"Charge it."

"What name?"

"Zazvorkinski."

"Take it for nothing," the druggist said languidly. "I wouldn't write Zazvorkinski and potassium permanganate for no nickel."

—Loughorn.

— D D D —

Old Lady (on train platform): "Which platform for the Chicago train?"

Porter: "Turn to the left and you'll be right."

O.L.: "Don't be impertinent, young man."

P.: "All right, then, turn to your right and you'll be left!"

—The Log.

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MEN'S GLADSTONES
MEN'S DRESSING CASES
BILL FOLDS

"You say Bob went into the hold up trade?"
"Yeh, the wholesale brassiere business."

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

"Mother, will college boys go to heaven?"
"Yes, but they won't like it."

—Lord Jeff.

— D D D —

"All right, pledge, for that you can help the cook around the kitchen."

"Gawd! Is she drunk, too?"

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

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 —

"Now, remember," said the farmer, as he turned the old gray mare out to pasture, "no foaling."

—Indiana Bored Walk.

— D D D —

Senior coed: "I'm to be an M.A. in June."

Freshman ed: "Oh...I didn't even know you were married."

—Loughorn.

— D D D —

Snob: "I don't associate with my inferiors, do you?"
Other girl: "I don't know, I never met any of your inferiors."

—Western Reserve Red Cat.

— D D D —

"I know every girl at this dance."
"But not one of them has spoken to you."
"Isn't that proof enough?"

—Wataugan.

— D D D —

Helen: "Gracious, it's been five years since I've seen you. You look lots older, too."

Kitty: "Really, my dear? I doubt if I would have recognized you, but for your coat."

—Virginia Reel.

Menu of a Fraternity House During Rushing

Breakfast

Melon a la canape.
Coffee with enriched cream.
Bacon and shirred eggs, country style.
Buttered toast a la ration.

Luncheon

Baked squab a la creole.
Potatoes Queenesant.
Hot rolls with butter.
Blase salad with pecan dressing.
Grecian ice cream.
Whipped cream delite.

Dinner

Shrimp cocktail.
Consomme.
Radishes and olives.
Filet mignon with mushroom sauce.
Italian bread
Surprise salad.
Special lemon cream pie with mountain meringue.
Demitasse.

Menu of a Fraternity House the Day After Rushing

Breakfast

Special reservoir water.
Bread.

Luncheon

Beef goulash.
Bread.
Special reservoir water.

Dinner

Hash.
Bread.
Special reservoir water.

—Yellow Jacket.

— D D D —

"I would like to obtain a position, sir."

"Um-m, I say, aren't you the fellow whom I saw trying to kiss my daughter last night?"

"Er, yes—but I really didn't, sir."

"Well, good day, sir. We do not wish to hire any failures in this store."

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

Clerk (to a suspicious looking young couple in the hotel lobby): "I don't believe you people are married at all."

Lady: "Sir! If my husband were only here he would make you swallow those words."

—Owl.

— D D D —

He: "Are you the kind of a girl who walks home from auto rides?"

She: "No. I'm the kind of a girl who rides home from a walk."

—Utah Humbug.

— D D D —

Stewed: "Are you sure that he was lit?"

Oiled: "Well, not exactly, but he brought in a manhole cover and tried to play it on the victrola."

—Red Cat.

"This dress doesn't quite come up to my expectations."
"Oh, but madam, we couldn't make it any shorter."

—Cajoler.

— D D D —

He: "I had to come clear across the room to see you, so I wanna kiss you."

She: "Gee! I'm glad you weren't in the next block!"

—Wisconsin Octopus.

— D D D —

It's dangerous to be fond of a girl."

"How's that?"

"Look at the declension: Fond, fondling, foundinging."

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

One of the freshmen, bless their little hearts, was bearing up rather nobly under a particularly weary R.O.T.C. drill when he very inadvertently passed by the captain without saluting.

"Say, Buddy," said the captain with characteristic sweetness, "do you see the uniform I'm wearing?"

"Yeh," said the rookie looking enviously at the captain's almost immaculate uniform, "look at the damn thing they gave me!"

—Boston Beanpot.

— D D D —

The Ol' Factory Ballad

"Mudder dear," yelled Mamie McKlim,
"Kin I go down t' d' sewer fer a swim?"
"Sure me daughter, ya little louse,
But not d' sewer by d' slaughter house.
Yer pa got lost dere one night late;
He dropped a quarter troo d' grate.
A pair o' pals, dey let him down.
Dey foun' him in Long Island Soun'.
'Cripes!' dey yelled when dey dragged 'im in,
'It's Gentleman Joe er Patsy McKlim.'
'It's Pat,' dey said, cause in his mitts,
Wuz d' cause uv it all, them damned two-bits.
So beat it, brat, an' you be sure
Dat ya don't take yer swim in d' slaughter house sewer."

—Red Cat.

— D D D —

Mr. Klotz:

I understand you are the young man who took my daughter to the Prom. When she arrived home two days later, she told me she had slept with a girl friend. Is this true?

Mrs. Hemingway.

Mrs. Hemingway:

I am highly insulted.

I. Klotz.

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

He: "Do you know the secret of popularity?"

She: "Yes, but mother says that I mustn't."

—Banter.

— D D D —

Mother: "Jane, did you let that young man kiss you last night?"

Jane: "Well, mother, when a young man comes all the way from Yonkers to see me, that's the least I can do for him."

Mother: "But I thought he comes from Albany."

Jane: "Yes, mother."

—Mercury.

Be virile—give DIRGE ads the credit.

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You can't buy *any* stationery at *any* price better suited to your informal correspondence than the new "450 Package." It is correct note sheet size, 6" x 7". The quality is actually better than found in many boxes of high-priced stationery.

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Send one dollar (\$1.10 west of Denver and outside of U. S.) and get one of the biggest bargains in fine merchandise offered in America. Your package printed and on its way to you within 3 days of receipt of your order. No agents or dealers. Sold by mail only. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

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300 Note Sheets . Formerly **200**

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Here is \$1 for a box of "450 Stationery," to be printed and mailed
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 "Nature in the Raw"—as portrayed by Harland Frazer... inspired by that marauding Viking chieftain whose vandalism branded him as the "Terror of the North" (975-1000 A. D.). "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild"—and raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes.



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WE buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world—but that does not explain why folks everywhere regard Lucky Strike as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild"—so these fine tobaccos, after

proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that Lucky Strike purifying process, described by the words—"It's toasted". That's why folks in every city, town and hamlet say that Luckies are such mild cigarettes.

"It's toasted"
 That package of mild Luckies