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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

# DIRGE



MUSICOMEDY NUMBER

PRICE: 15 CTS.

APRIL - 1932



*Clicking*



© 1932.  
LIGGETT & MYERS  
TOBACCO CO.

*Chesterfields are clicking with MILLIONS — They Satisfy*



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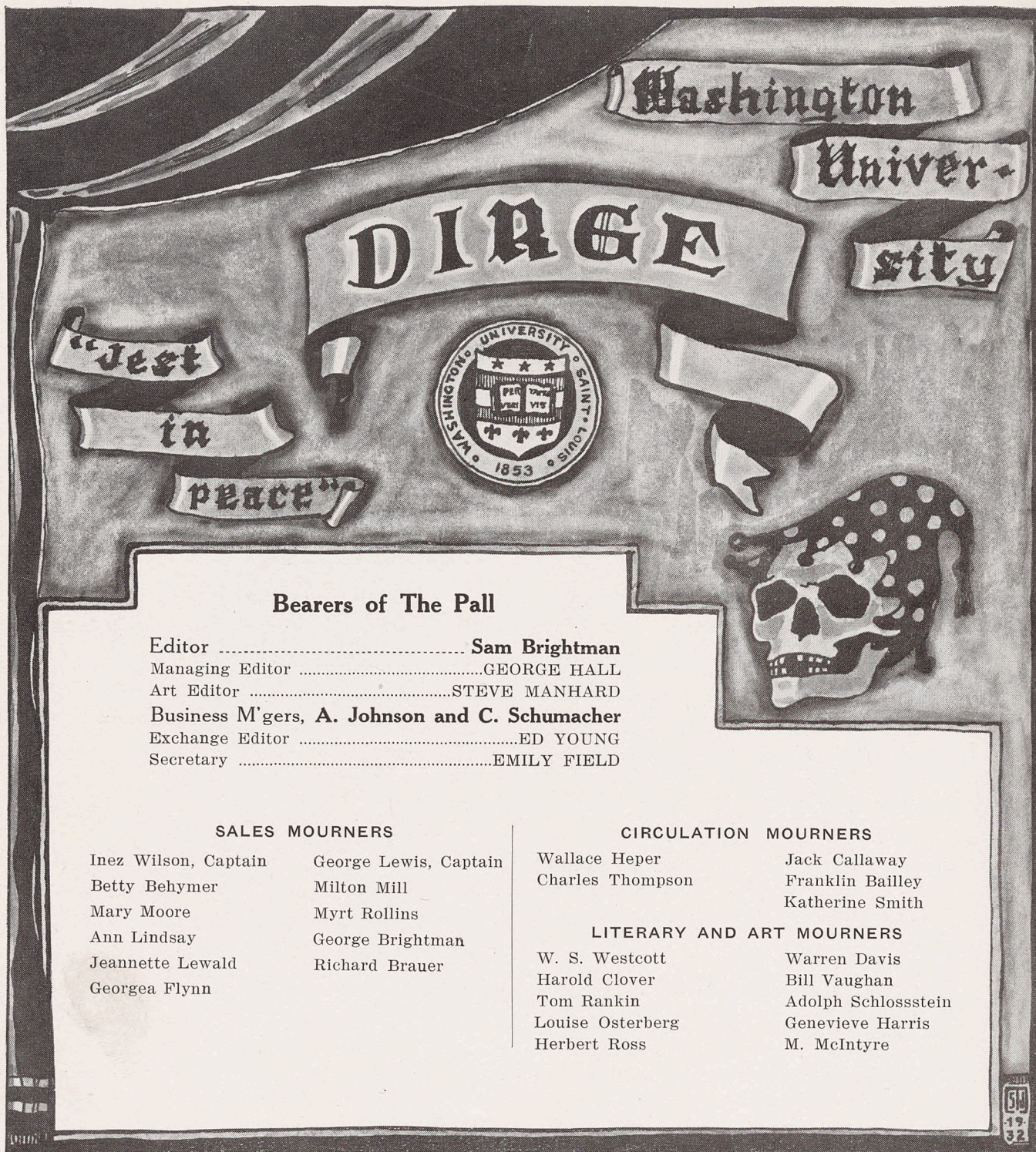
Cover design by Steve Manhard  
 Photographs by Jules Pierlow

### THIS MONTH

We think you'll like this month's Dirge. Most of the photographs are by Jules Pierlow. We think his portrait of Joe Ledbetter on the cover is swell. Be sure and read Carleton Hadley's story about what the faculty did when they heard some of Ted William's toe-tickling tunes. "Music", someone said, "has power to tame the wild beast." No analogy, of course. You'll probably enjoy Milton Monroe's expose of Hadley and Williams, the gents who wrote "Look Who's Here." And you crossword puzzle fanatics come into your own at last.

### NEXT MONTH

Dirge will be under new management next month with a new victim occupying the splintery tack studded editorial chair. We expect great things from this infusion of new blood. The first issue by the new staff will be the Red Book Number. It will have sure fire tips on how to pass your finals, the inside story of the red book racket, and all sorts of droll things. The new staff invites contributions, which should reach the editor by May 1. You'll like the May Dirge. It will be utterly devoid of Brightman's cheap wit.



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*Published at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.*

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APRIL, 1932

No. 7

*Member of Midwest College Comics Association.*

National Advertising: Associated Students Advertising Bureau

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## SPRING and SUMMER STYLES for THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

As the Spring and Summer seasons approach, the young man begins to feel the desire to purchase a new outfit. And indeed, this is the proper time for a complete renewal of the wardrobe.

For town wear a new light weight suit will probably be desired; this will be especially useful during the early part of the spring. The colors are, of course, blue, brown, and gray; some suggested patterns are—a dark blue, with fine dotted light blue stripe—a herringbone effect in a purplish brown—a herringbone fabric in brown. Single or double breasted coats are equally correct. Felt hats will be worn with these outfits, and a topcoat—blue, gray, or tan—when necessary. One firm assures us that its new green felts are especially smart with tan camel's hair topcoats. Socks should be in the same general color as the suit. The shirts are generally of striped blue or tan, and combinations of the two. The ties may be of rep with fairly large repeated patterns in the same color as the shirt, or in contrasting ones. Gloves of light tan or gray suede are correct. With blue suits black or dark brown shoes may be worn, and with certain shades of brown, black shoes are permissible.

The outfits intended for real summer wear are rather brighter and show more variety. Palm Beach or Seersucker suits are, of course, always correct. Tan seersucker is especially good this year. With either of these outfits a straw sailor or Panama hat may be worn. These hats may have black or club striped bands. Socks in the lighter shades of blue and tan, and brown oxfords are worn.

Other summer outfits are made up of a jacket and contrasting trousers. Contrary to the former rule the jacket may be of a lighter color than the trousers. One such outfit is a white linen coat, and rather dark gray flannels. With this combination a gray felt hat is worn. The shirt, tie, and socks might all be different shades of blue or tan. White shoes complete the outfit. Another combination is jacket of a loose basket weave of brown and tan, and gray flannel trousers. A green hat goes well here, and brown instead of white shoes may be worn.

Corduroy is also popular in the summer outfits. Cream corduroy trousers might be combined with a grayish brown basket weave jacket. A brown felt would be worn. A shirt in blue, tie and socks in shades of brown might complete the outfit. Other shades of corduroy are "leather"—a rather dark brown, gray, blue, "sea-foam"—a dark green, and bisque. They may be worn in any combination, although "leather" and gray, blue-gray and cream, and "sea-foam" and bisque are especially effective. White shoes are generally worn with these outfits, and the types of shirts, socks, and ties which have been mentioned in connection with other summer outfits.

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

(Copyright 1933 Astorbuilt Styles)

WE DON'T know whether you can get by the faculty with this (they're funny that way). It should be good for a credit, maybe even a degree. But this is a cinch; even if it doesn't shove up your study mark it will certainly give your campus rating a skyward boost. We're talking about clothes, honest to goodness clothes. The kind that actually fit you because they were made for you; styled six months ahead and not six months behind; swanky woolens that know they are supposed to actually hold a crease and a press. Custom tailored to order. Unusual clothes at usual prices. A college man's suit \$35 to \$55 in the Losse College Section.

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

## A NEW SERVICE



TEA

for

Washington University  
Students

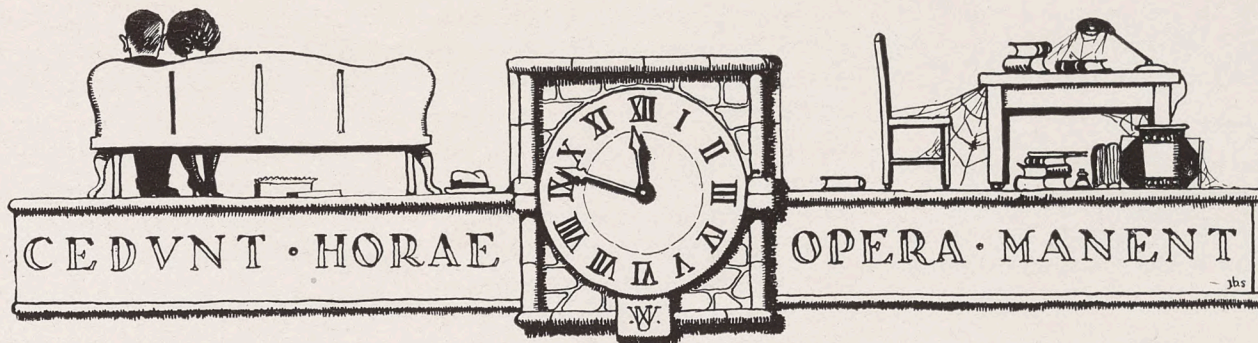
Served  
Afternoons



Lee Hall Cafeteria  
Women's Bldg. Cafeteria

***We dedicate this issue of  
Dirge to the chorus gals  
in "Look Who's Here"  
Long may they wave!***





## CAMPUS COMMENT

### Syncopated Syllogisms

Dr. Cory's philosophy lectures often contain a neatly turned phrase that leads one to suspect he should be writing popular lyrics. "Segregated, isolated, insulated entities" is one of his lines that should be part of a song. "I'll be glad when you're dead, you segregated, isolated, insulated entity, you." Or, "Won't you be my segregated, isolated, insulated entity until my big dog comes?"

At any rate the phrase gave us the idea of setting lectures to music. Philosophy lectures could be syncopated; economics lectures set to blues music; history lectures accompanied by dreamy music. Probably Professor Charles McKenzie\* will be the first to try this out. Any morning now he'll breeze in and start out, "We're going to discuss the city manager plan this morning, hotcha-cha, beeden-boden, whoopee!" And not to be outdone Professor Jelinek will dance the rumba before his English II classes. Professor Carson will put on a one man production of the "Band Wagon." Professor Webster will post placards all over the campus, "See him undulate. Little Egypt Webster and his troupe of English instructors. Music by Cab Ringenberg."

### Convention Notes

The college comics of the mid-west met in St. Louis not so long ago and a good time was had by all, thank you. Of course that

\*You too can have your name mentioned in Dirge. \$5.00 an insertion, \$35.00 a year.

wasn't all that happened. The business managers got together drew a long tortured breath, and started to work. The editors yawned, stretched, and went back to sleep. The editors have long ago standardized their jokes and except for replacing those which Ballyhoo borrows have nothing to keep them busy. Ho-hum.

### SIGN OF SPRING

(Classified Ad in The New Republic)

Young man of 24, now beginning second year as instructor in English at university, wishes to desert this profession which, with its daily reading of flaccid themes, is pernicious scaling down of the teacher's thought to that of his poorest student, and the absence of even civilized subtlety in the

character and conversation of his colleagues, seems to effect a seepage of his ardor, privacy and talent, until it finally renders him one of those content and corpulent young M.A.'s with fat heads. The applicant has published short fiction, been reprinted in O'Brien's, and recently finished a novel. Any job, even vaguely requiring intelligence and discrimination, will be appreciated; especially one that requires an ability to write lucid and persuasive English. Address: Box 628, New Republic.

Ted Cook's Column.

Our suggestion is for those frosh who find their "flaccid themes" dying seven deaths in the hands of the confreres of the above to band together, hire the young man of twenty-four, and with the forthcoming "lucid and persuasive English," adjust the



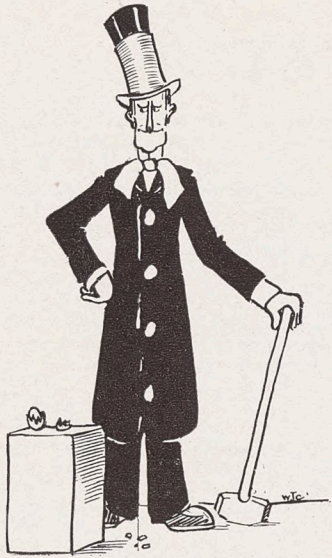
"But if you don't let me take my 14 mile hike I won't be a First Class Scout."



matter to the mutual satisfaction of all. This'll make sense the second time you read it.

### Reformer

Last month we ran an interview with Student President Charles (Clean Up) Freeman. This month we have a few more scraps of information concerning Washing-



ton's Student Dean of Men. Mr. Freeman, once no mean politician himself, seems to have gained the naive trust which the faculty places in reformers and the complete befuddlement of his erst-

while political cronies. Thurtene was a hard egg but Freeman apparently cracked it. And then the publications took an unwilling bath, not without faculty encouragement. Who is next, Freeman only knows. He is absolutely sincere, likes being Student Dean of Men so well that he's planning to be a school teacher. Mr. Freeman has been known to frequent burlesque shows. He has not attempted to reform them. Maybe he will.

### Story

Mr. Douglas V. Martin, Washington graduate, Sig Alph, and manager of publicity for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat was one of the speakers at the recent Midwest Comic Convention. One of his stories was so good that we're taking this opportunity to pass it along. A lady had recovered a lost article quite swiftly through a classified ad. Mr. Martin set out to get a testimonial from her and the lady co-operated to the extent of calling him up every few days with new details. One day she called up and said that she just remembered that she had lost a brother several years ago. Did

Mr. Martin think she could find him through a classified ad? Mr. Martin did, told her the ad would cost \$1.20. At this the lady exploded, said \$1.20 was too much. "He was only a half-brother," she said. It was awfully funny when Mr. Martin told it.

### Three Profs in a Tub

Not so many days ago one of the Hill's most prominent profs, who holds down a high-up administrative job and whose chief avocation is hammering big rocks into little ones, was driving two equally prominent colleagues downtown. Suddenly a loud bang interrupted their shop-talk, but with professorial dignity unruffled they continued on their way until a wild-eyed motorist caught them, informed them their car was afire. Out tumbled the Hill's trio of bigwigs, dignity forgotten. Up blazed the flames, raged till the fire laddies shrieked to the rescue—Just before the warning, one of the trio had smelled smoke, complained to his colleague at the wheel. Retorted the rock-hammering savant, with laudable presence of mind: "Well, open the window and let it out!"

"Hasn't that girl an enormous dimple in her chin?"

"If she didn't use lipstick, you couldn't tell which was her mouth."

— D D D —

"He's handsome, isn't he?"

"Quite—but I imagine he's older than he looks."

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, he just looks like it."

— D D D —

"I'm not very thirsty tonight, I think I'll have some dry gin."

— D D D —

This is the time of the year when many offspring spring off of the matrimonial diving board.

— D D D —

"I whith you to put thum pictuures on my thkin whith ink."

"Tatoo?"

"Of courth ith me, you thap!"

Director of orchestra (on phone): "Play your instrument over the phone so I can hear how good you are?"

Applicant: "Impossible. I'm in a phone booth, and I play the trombone."

— D D D —

"C'mon, guy. Let's go to the matinee."

"Aw, they got a better show at the Garrick."

— D D D —

"What were you doing in that pawn-shop?"

"Watching a hockey game."

— D D D —

"My father made his mark in the world."

"What's the matter, couldn't he write?"

— D D D —

1st Goldigger: "Has he made any advances?"

2nd Not-so-dumb: "A hundred dollars a month."

# There are Sixty-Three Real Words in This Cross-Word Puzzle

**HORIZONTAL**

- 3. Floating on the surface of the water.
- 10. 'Look ma' as Student Life would spell it.
- 13. A member of the monkey family.
- 16. Who's ..... now?
- 17. Ballyhoo changed the spelling.
- 18. O'Tool spelled backwards.
- 19. An adjective and pronoun meaning all of two.
- 21. Part of the title of the present musical comedy.

- 43. .... and behold.
- 45. Name of the young Mullins lad.
- 46. Lousy troubador (abbr.)
- 47. Name of a flower (not the one you're thinking of).
- 49. Two-thirds of a prominent sorority.
- 50. I F Y are the letters
- 53. Today in Spanish.
- 55. S C R
- 57. Sigma Lambda
- 58. The chokes on you. That's an old ....

- 3. High hat branch of a large family.
- 4. Awful Ambrose, (abbr.)
- 5. Lady Markham's name in private life. Dont get the I and the S reversed.
- 6. Take notice.
- 7. Describes any Student Life reporter.
- 8. Part of musical comedy title.
- 9. Popular recreation at Washington University. (verb)
- 12. Lovers, contortionists, and pretzels, and sailors have this.

		2		3	4		5		6	7		8		9
10	11		12						13		14		15	
16					17					18				
		19			20				21					
22	22a		23						24				25	
26		27		28		29		30				31		
		32		33		34		35			36			
37						38				39				40
41					42			43	44		45			
		46			47		48				49			
50	51			52		53				54		55	56	
57			58		59				60		61		62	
63		64			65						66	67		
68				69					70	71				
72				73									74	

- 14. Professors use them; you've probably seen them.
- 15. 'To' spelled backwards. Think hard.
- 20. Sailors stand there.
- 21. To see.
- 22. If you can't get this give them cake.
- 25. Adjective meaning virile. Crooners can't use it.
- 27. A peculiar insect. A good chance to take a dig at our enemies which we wont use. Hangs around saloons.
- 29. You're simply ..... according to a stupid song.
- 30. Quite handy if you're in the hoisting business.
- 31. What most toadies are.
- 33. Dwarf. Guy of small stature.
- 36. The goofus bird says this. So do guys in the funny papers.
- 37. The way Mrs. J. Woofus Doodlewacker was entertained on her recent visit. The way the musical comedy is being put on according to Carleton S. (Hadley-Williams opus) Hadley.
- 40. The way the chorus dances. Very hachacha.
- 42. Title recently accruing to I. K. Hadley.
- 44. Conjunction.
- 48. Not a smoothy; very rough, hard-boiled fellow.
- 51. This young Gamma Phi and her sister can dance and sing. In case you know more than two Gamma Phis who can dance and sing, big sister was in Si, Si, Senorita.

- 22. Rutabaga buyer (abbreviated).
- 23. Article of speech.
- 24. What the whangdoodle bird says.
- 25. Mischievous zebras (abbr.)
- 26. Spheroid.
- 28. The Union Station (more or less in Spanish).
- 31. Rudy Vallee belongs to this.
- 32. What Rudy Vallee hurts.
- 34. Personal pronoun.
- 35. Ubiquitous knaves (abbr.)
- 36. Girl's name.
- 37. This Delta Gamma can sing and dance (advt.)
- 38. This lady is on the cover of Liberty.
- 39. I dreamt I ..... in marble halls.
- 40. 'Had fun' with two letters missing. That's a help, isn't it.
- 42. We all eat it but the printers spell it differently.

- 60. The sheep are supposed to say this.
- 62. Three toed sloth from South America. Discovered by cross-word puzzle writers.
- 63. You sing them.
- 65. What you should have by now.
- 66. Has been kissed by shipwrecked sailors.
- 68. Our own spelling for two separated places that sound like the Engineering Queen.
- 70. This is the ..... truth.
- 72. This is the end of Flynn.
- 73. Could you think of a definition for A N N Y M T Y?
- 74. Or K L Y?

- 52. Southern State (abbr.)
- 54. Fraternity which sounds like a railroad. Are much wrought up over magnolia trees.
- 55. There's the Erie, the alimentary, the Suez, and the Panama.
- 58. G N V
- 59. Her first name is Dolly and she stirred up a rumpus at Washington, D. C.
- 60. The neighbor's child.
- 61. A. T. O. who looks like a pouter pigeon. Boy, will that make him sore.
- 64. .... only. Children under sixteen not admitted.
- 67. What a bird this is. It is a bird, isn't it?
- 69. Same as four.
- 71. C Y .

**PERPENDICULAR** (Up and down to you)

- 1. A short jacket that females wear. A Spanish dance in 3/4 time.
- 2. Uncomplimentary epithet. You are a big .....

(Solution on page 24)

# History of the Quadrangle Club

**T**HE Washington University Quadrangle Club has had a long and variegated history. It all started in 1909 when Fanny Hurst '09 wrote a two-act senior play, interpolating popular songs with new words. It was given in a tent erected in front of Cupples II with a cast of 10 principals, and 13 chorus girls, and 11 chorus boys. The chorus girls wanted to wear ballet costumes but were dissuaded and finally appeared in tarlatan skirts which hung to within four inches of the ankles. The play was full of local color, one number burlesquing the campus cops. The only criticism appeared to be that the heroine's voice would not carry to all parts of the tent.

The official Quadrangle Club was established in 1910 with the purpose to "present each year a play written, staged, and acted by Washington men and women." "Quadrangle Town" was their first production and was called "the high water mark of musical comedies at Washington University" by an enthusiastic *Student Life* critic. The authors were Arthur Proetz '10, now a prominent St. Louis doctor, and Hugh Ferriss '10, nationally known architect. Ferriss, as a Parisian Professor of Fussing, scored a great hit, singing "I Am the Darling of McMillan" surrounded by the ballet. The show was given again in 1911, and "Pierrette," also by Proetz and Ferriss, was given in 1912. "Son-of-a-Gun" was the 1913 show, this time by Proetz and A. Carter Webb. The irrepressible *Student Life* critic hailed this as another high water mark.

The 1914 show was written by Eugene Smith '14 and Gus Haenschen, now musical director for the National Broadcasting System. The lyrics were

"That man has been supporting twelve members of his family for fifteen years."

"Who is he?"

"The bottom man in a vaudeville strong-man act."

highly praised and one number, "Underneath the Japanese Moon", was featured in a contemporary "Follies" production.

Although the music of the "Love Star" (1914) was of the highest type, the production did not "click" with the audience, and a dearth of talent in the next few years, aided by the drainage of students and interest in the World War, choked the five-year old musical comedy tradition before it had really gotten started. A gap of twelve years separated "Love Star" and "Tame Oats." The name of "Quadrangle Club" was for a time applied to a combination of glee clubs and mandolin clubs.

There were no more musical comedies until 1926, when the Amphion Musical Society produced "Tame Oats." In 1927 the present Quadrangle Club came into existence with "Rosita" by Milton Monroe '28, Ted Williams, and Carleton Hadley. The next year's production, "High Hat," by the same authors, hung up a box office record and gave the club a sound financial basis. "Ship Ahoy" in 1929 and "Si, Si, Senorita" in 1930, both by Hadley and Williams, were well accepted, the latter running for four performances. Last year's show was "Princess Nita," by Edmund Hartmann '33.

The Quadrangle Club has been followed from its inception in 1909 as a two-act play given in a tent, to a massive production costing thousands of

dollars,\* with expensive scenery, large casts, and presented in a large theatre. "Look Who's Here," another product of the tireless Hadley and Williams team, promises to fulfill the highest expectations which can rightly be held in view of its splendid ancestry, and to mark new heights for an amateur college production that is becoming nationally famous.

\* According to I. K. Hadley, who sometimes exaggerates.



"They finally appeared in long tarlatan skirts"

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,

Eating a marshmellow sundae.

Her newly-found beau was lacking in dough,

And had to wash dishes till Monday.

From an article on Andrew Mellow in "Graphic" for February 20 we read:

—next to first paragraph:—"he is an adroit politician."

—next to last paragraph:—"he is not a politician."  
We suggest looking under the middle shell.

— D D D —

Citizen (directing stranger to the city maternity hospital):—"Posterity is just around the corner."

— D D D —

"Oh ye, Oscar, your dog, is a Dashund."  
"Has he ever won any races?"

— D D D —

**RONALD MEADOWS  
LEAPS UP, GRAPPLES  
WITH INTRUDERS, SIEZES  
REVOLVER AND FIRES AT  
INTIMIDATORS**

—headline in the Globe-Democrat  
Gee, it was sure lucky they had him intimidated!

— D D D —

Irate Father:—"How come you didn't get home until breakfast time this morning?"

Daughter:—"We had a flat."

— D D D —

An evil smile lit up the face of Walter Winchell, the modern Pepys, as he turned from the keyhole to his portable and typed "And so to bed."

— D D D —

"That Chinaman just finished a tasty meal."

"How do you know?"

"Why, he's licking his chop-sticks."

— D D D —

"Say, you've got a lot of cheek," said the young drug-store clerk as he wrapped up the coed's three boxes of rouge.

— D D D —

A runty little man edged up to us in a crowd the other day and whispered that a good theme song for a certain Sunday evening radio program would be "Jessel 'ittle Closer." We promised to use our influence.

— D D D —

"Are youse givin' me de bird?"

"I should say not. Dis canary'll cost you tree bones."

**DEFINITIONS**

To help the uninitiated understand words connected with Musical Comedy:

**Acts**—Instrument for cutting wood.

**Ballet**—Slip of paper used in voting.

**Call-Boys**—Warn ships at sea by ringing bells.

**Cast**—Made of plaster to support broken arms.

**Chorus**—A plot of land, as a golf-chorus.

**Comedian**—To ask someone to enter.

**Dance**—Thick, stupid.

**Heroine**—Dangerous, habit-forming drug.

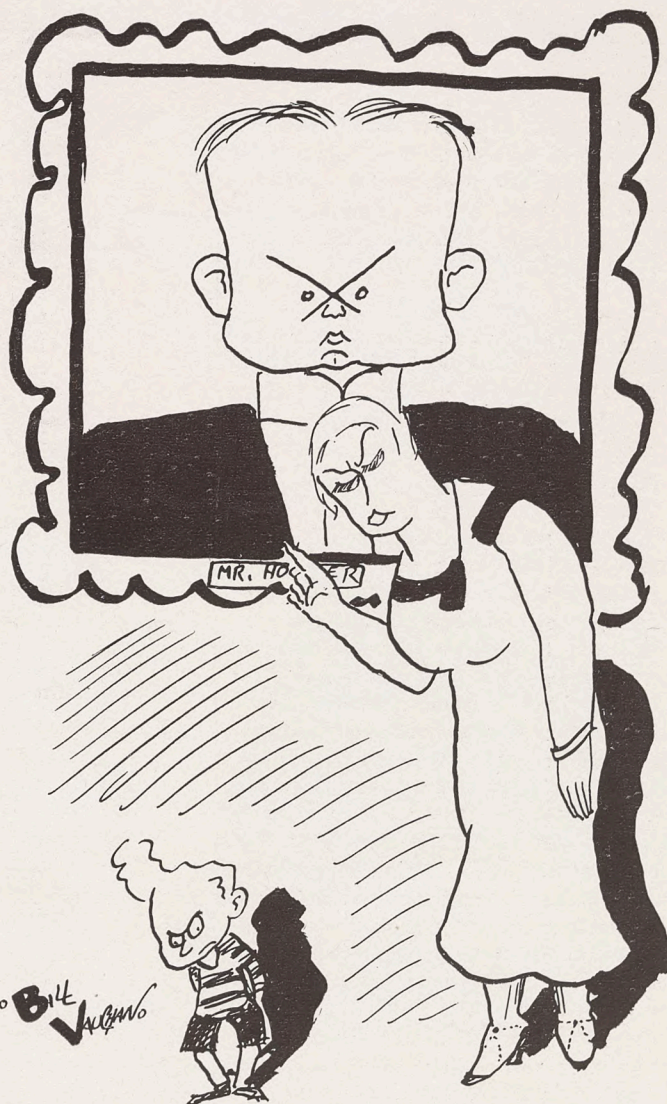
**Ingenue**—Name of French empress who wore dippy hats.

**Principal**—Borrowed money on which you pay interest.

**Quadrangle**—An argument on the Quad.

**Scenes**—Nets used to catch fish.

**Reprise**—Governor's pardon.



"—And if you don't behave yourself you'll be president when you grow up."

Are'nt  
we  
Funny

"With Clarity for None and Malice Toward All"

# The W. U. Dimes

Edition of Stagnant Life

Are'nt  
we  
Cut-ups

April Fool

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

April Fool

## PAUL PRY FAILS TO INTEREST W. U. STUDENTS

The "Keyhole ferret" misses in an attempt to discover important love affairs.

### 15,000,000 GERMS DIE

The Dimes take pleasure in announcing to its reader that it has secured the services of the "human ferret", Mr. Paul Pry, late of Leavenworth, Kansas. He is going to write for our "funny" number. This is our funny number.

By Paul Pry

Goodevening Mrand Mrs Washington University. President Hoover asked me the other day, "Mr. Pry, what do you call those smart remarks you make", and I said, "Prowinchellisms." Ha, Ha. Ain't I the cleverest?

Well folks, whom do you think I caught down in the basement of Cupples One the other day? Professor Bunch and Lily, the white rat. Lily denies these two will middle-aisle it. And who is it we've seen Phil Becker with lately. We hear he thinks this little person is about the last word, turned over his pin and everything to Phil Becker. And speaking of pins we understand Miss Mary Agnes Hawkins is all ready to put her's on the Junior class. And Miss Ruth Bedell, why can't you let that English department alone? And you, Charlie Schumacher, how about that off-campus love for a blonde named Ginny Rogers. Oh, yes, I saw you. We wonder why Bill, the campus traffic cop, spends so much time in Dean Stephens' office. Now we know why Ralph Abel got rid of Dirge's male goldfish and kept its mate. Spring is here. And you, Dean — "Hey, let go of my neck. I was not under your bed."

### About Mr. Pry

Paul Pry is the fellow who looks in at your bathroom window. He likes to pull little girl's hair and tie tin cans on dogs' tails. He puts slugs in blind men's cups and says the funniest things at funerals. We think he is a scream. Aren't you just thrilled that he's going to write for the Dimes? And he came all the way from Broadway. This is our funny number!

### Fadeout

This  
is  
our  
funny  
number.  
If  
we  
insult  
you,  
knife  
you  
in  
the  
back,  
ridicule  
your  
personal  
appearance,  
why  
just  
laugh.  
Its  
our  
idea  
of  
a  
good  
joke.  
Are'nt  
we  
the  
funniest  
ever?

The April First number is rich in high class humor.

## STAGNANT LIFE PLANS "FUNNY" NUMBER TO IMPRESS EDUCATORS

Visitors to be shown ideal college newspaper

### EDITOR DECIDES TO MAKE THIS COLUMN THE FUNNIEST EVER

To use Colonel Boorstin as butt of all jokes

### STAGNANT LIFE TO USE GERMAN DIALECT TO "WOW" STUDENTS

Hysterics expected to result from this idea

In an exclusive interview, the Colonel is quoted as saying, "My poys are going to make some more jokes about me. I do not mind dis. I haf been a joke for fifteen years but de poys still tink I am funny. Don't you tink de way I talk is funny? Ain't dis column de wittiest ting you efer seen? My poys are very clever."

Is'n this issue funny?

Aren't we funny boys?

This is our funny number.

This issue is a very funny issue.

## Deans Scream as Chorus Runs Wild

“HE means recently resorted to by the Quadrangle Club in the preparation of its forthcoming musical comedy “Look Who’s Here” have reached propensities so alarming as to cause the university administration to forbid the wearing of tapped shoes or practice costumes to classes. All chorines will observe this rule to the letter or suffer the consequences.”

Above is the text of a recent order posted on all the university bulletin boards. Dirge immediately began an investigation of the causes behind the issuance of so unusual a rule, and in its search uncovered some hot stuff, samples of which are dished out below.

It all started when Joe Ledbetter, president of the club and production manager of the show, dashed into a recent rehearsal of “Look Who’s Here” and issued an edict in the form of one of his now famous announcements. “This show is lousy, according to a statement today by Stage Director Carleton S. Hadley,” announced Ledbetter in a loud voice. “Glad he’s found it out,” chirped up a voice from the ranks.

“We are sorry, but you people will have to get down to work,” went on Ledbetter, ignoring the heckler with a scoff. “We hated to make you give up your Sundays, Saturday afternoons, week-day afternoons, and five evenings per week, but even that isn’t enough. Now, as I stated to the press recently, this show comes off in three weeks and we’ve got to get down to serious work. More time must be spent on the show. Effective tomorrow, the girls will practice their routines in the halls between classes.”

The announcement had a great effect on the chorus, as do all Ledbetter announcements. Even a few tears were shed. But that “Look Who’s Here” chorus is a loyal crew, and the next day, not only the chorus girls, but the entire cast came to classes equipped with tap dancing shoes and practice clothes. Even Bill Bryan, dignified leading man, donned shirtwaist and bloomers.

Tapping up the steps on their run to the eight-thirties, the “Look Who’s Here” contingent went in for rehearsing in a big way that day. One fellow did such a hot routine up the steps that he appealed to the show management to put a set of stairs in the show so he could do a “step number.”

The new rehearsal rules had a far-reaching effect on the campus at large. Telephone calls poured into university headquarters from all parts of the grounds between 8:30 and 9 a.m. “The girls in my class are very scantily clad”, reported one professor excitedly, “What shall I do?” “We’ll send you

some help,” was the unthinking reply from the dumbfounded flunky in the head office. “Call a doctor; all the men in my class are extremely nervous this morning,” came another call.

Locating the trouble in short order, the powers that be ordered Colonel Boorstin to supply all undraped females found floating about the university with clothes or at least a sheet. Morris, blushing deeply, rushed out to the field house in search of Quadrangle Club curtains to tear up. There were none to be found, so he had his delegation of helpers round up a flock of barrels. With the pulchritude of the feminine contingent of the “Look Who’s Here” outfit amply covered, all went well in the classrooms. But the troubles of the day were not over.

Between classes the young hoofers went into breaks in the halls, and the clatter of tapping in Brookings Hall soon became deafening, nearly reaching the proportions of a din. A majority of the classes were dismissed. The climax was reached when a group of the girls who will appear in the opus in the fast dance number, “Go Into Your Dance,” unfortunately chose the north end of the second floor hall of Brookings Hall as a suitable place to go over their number.

Dr. Heller, who was teaching a class in advanced German in a nearby room burst out of the door in a rage, and dashed madly for the Chancellor’s office where he stormed: “How can I teach class when that —\*!?!— —!Xx Hadley has his chorus girls doing an eight-bar tag with a two-bar pick-up outside my door? What is this university coming to?” “Write me a letter on it,” was the calm reply of the one addressed.

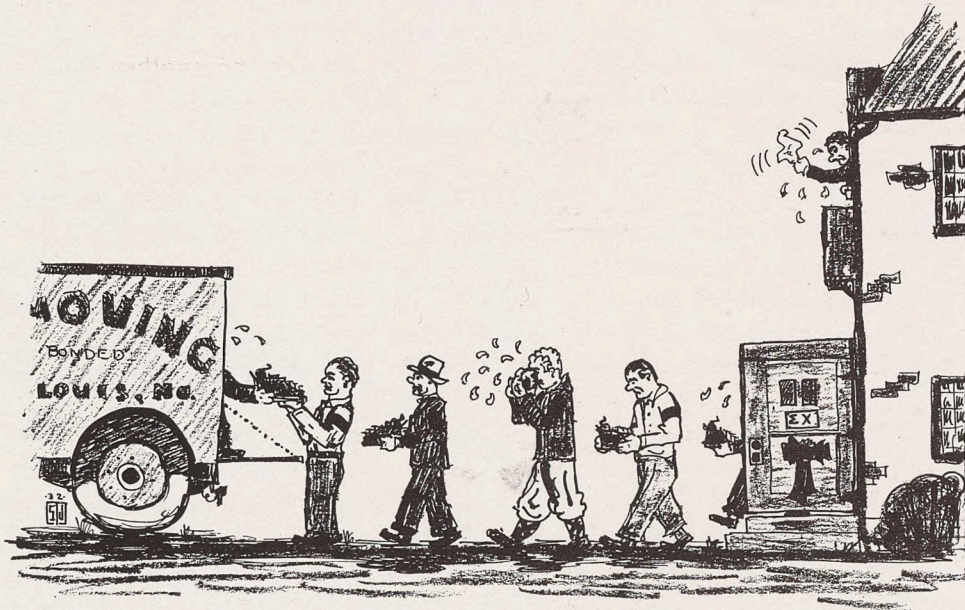
The irate doctor returned to the second floor, only to find that his German class had stripped down to their track pants and had gone into a fast unison buck routine with the chorines. One industrious fellow was translating the lyrics into German.

By this time complaints had poured into the Chancellor’s office by the score, and a special meeting of the discipline committee was called. The meeting, held in Dean Stephens’ office, was broken up just as Dean Langsdorf was advocating the abolishment of all school activities, by a renewal of the racket on the floor above. Deciding it was high time to take action, the venerable deans concluded to adjourn to the scene of the disturbance and handle the matter with an iron hand, as it were.

Up the steps they marched, slowly, long-faced, dignified. But lo and behold! The sight that met their eyes as they reached the second floor was

*(Continued on page 26)*

# Now That We're Reformed



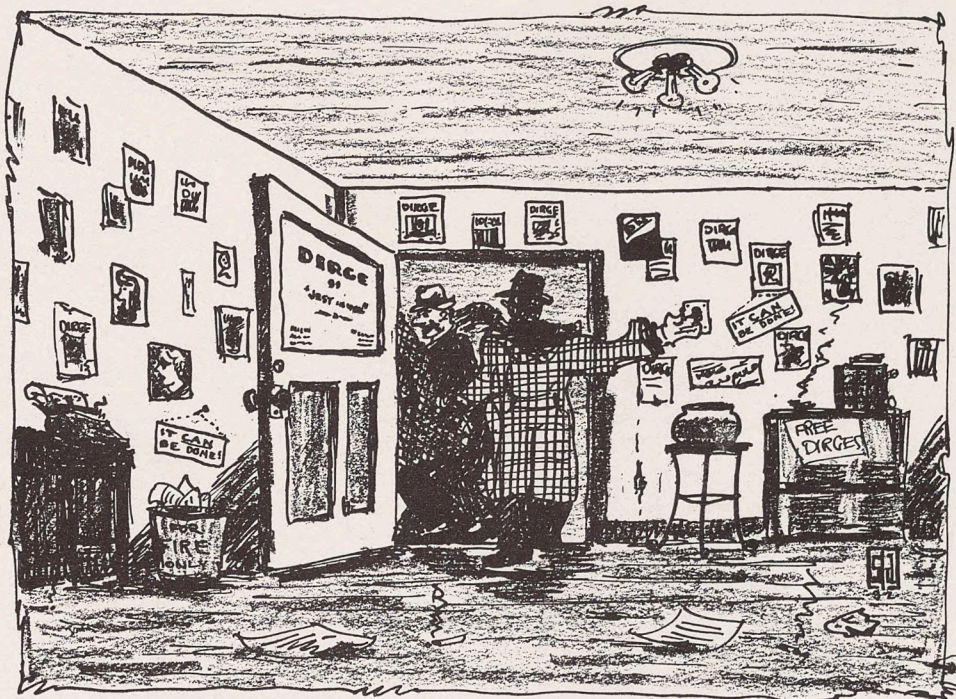
**A SAD SCENE** occurred when the great glad tidings "Clean politics from now on" reached the Sigma Chi house. Here we see the boys carrying the typewriters out of Number Five, Fraternity Row. Where are the typewriters going? Probably they will end up in the Kappa Alpha (Southern) Love Bower under the shrewd management of Boss Ford Pennell. But the Sigma Chi's (honorary journalism fraternity) haven't lost out entirely, eh Harry Bleich?



UNDERHAND PHOTO SERVICE

**FEVERISH ACTIVITY** in the Student Life office. When news of the political investigation finally reached Washington's alert newspaper, staff members began working like hell (heck to you, Dean) and Phil Becker began to assign all the feature stories to himself.

# Some Sidelights on the Recent Investigation of the Nassy Old Publications



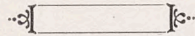
A HURRIED DEPARTURE occurred when the members of the student committee for taking politics out of the publications discovered that it was four o'clock and they were late for combine meetings. Boss Ford Pennell, Student Life Editor Carl Schumacher and others had to run like the wind so that men's dormitories (political sore-spot) wouldn't grab off the Student Life editorship in their absence.



A GOOD CLEAN ELECTION of the next Student Life staff as Chancellor Throop pictures it. Peeking around the corner is Phil Becker (the viper) and raising the trapdoor is our reforming friend Charles (Clean Up) Freeman. Just for the hell of it (not to mention local color) our artist has also included Mary (Boy Crazy) Tuttle and Harold (Pantless) Hanke. It's a small world, isn't it?



## The Words



### Carleton Sturdevant Hadley

Carleton Hadley was born at an early age. He was a very backward child and did not learn to talk until he was over a year old. Since that time, however, he has more than made up for that first year of silence. Carleton spent his early youth in New England, which accounts for a lot of things. While in the East, he was graduated from the Massachusetts Reform School for Boys.

In the early 1890's Carleton's parents pulled up stakes and bade farewell to New England. The three of them bumbled their way westward and settled in Chicago, (They had neglected to settle in New England before leaving). Carleton was his Mother's precious child, and soon began to cut quite a swathe around Chicago. Even to this day the residents of that City regard Carleton as being one of the first people to help flounder their town. About the time of the Boer War Carleton developed a sudden yen for education, and entered the University of Chicago (through a second story window). He was immediately transferred to the U. of Chicago, Southern Branch, which is located at Joliet (future home of Al Capone). Carleton did fairly well at this institution, but did not receive his degree as he failed to pass his exit exams. After leaving Joliet young Hadley was returned to his parents in Chicago, much to their chagrin.

During the cyclone of 1910 the three Hadleys were blown to St. Louis. Carleton had just turned fourteen for the third time, so he entered Dozier Grammar School. During this period of his life he answered to the name of Carl. After eight or nine years at grammar school the principal disappeared, and in the mix-up Carl was shifted to Soldan High School, where he acquired the name of "Cootie", and an intense desire to be an actor. He also developed an undying love for a black haired young lady, said love lasting for nearly four years, truly a record for High School love.

At the tender age of 24 young Hadley matriculated at Washington U.; joined the Phi Delta Theta eating club; was dubbed I. K.; and became one of the outstanding undergraduate fixtures of the University. During Carleton's third junior year the English Department organized a club, the object of which was: "The suppression of Hadley as a humorist".

Carleton officially graduated twice from the University; once from the College, and once from the Law School. He was head man in activities too numerous (and a few too bad) to mention.

At present he is a lawyer, husband, father, and a trifle bald at the temples. He is the son of a railroad man, and runs his daily life on a typewritten time table schedule which he playfully calls his "Charts". Carleton is addicted to reading Variety, and to needing a shave. There is also an ugly rumor afloat that C. Sturdevant Hadley detests bathing. He is a member of nearly all the honorary societies, and wears a Phi Beta Kappa key. His character is above reproach, and his general disposition below normal.

And, oh yes, Carleton is the author, etc., of the 1932 Washington University Whimsical Musical Extravaganza: "Look Whooze Here".

The Prog

AMERICAN T

Thursday, Friday and Saturday

THE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY  
IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE A

sents

"LOOK WHO

A Musical Comedy in

Book by CARLETON

Music by D. WIL

Lyrics by WILMS

Dances Arranged and Staged by

Book Staged by MARK

T. CAST

(In the Order Their

CONSTANCE MARKHAM

ROGER GREGORY

PEGGY MARKHAM

PERCIVAL STONINGHAM

SIR CHARLES MARKHAM

HENRY

LADY SUZANNE MARKHAM

FLORITA

PHINEAS O'REARDON

A DEAF GUIDE

FRANCISCO

JIM WALLINGTON

BOLERO

BUFFLY

HOOPYCACKLE

POPEYE

HORSEFACE AL

PIERRE

THE PADRE

GIRLS—Virginia Albers, Arline

Brinkop, Juanita De Munoz, Lerne S

Filkins, Mary Moore, Peggy Donald

Dorothy Lakin, Virginia Slatte Virgin

Lane Bailey, Eleanor Walker, by King,

mann, Helen Evans, Sylvia Dea

BOYS—Rupert Allan, Billy Bob Bill Da

Ed Carson, Echols Russell, Rob Stok

Paul Miller, Melvin Stroup.

BANDITS—George Ross, Robert Wahlert,

Norbert Trampe, Harry Tyrell, Almond

Heineman.

THE QUARTETTE—Woodruff, arsalek,

Joe Brenner.

SPECIALTY DANCERS—Lalla, mann, F

Simon, Peggy MacDonald, Helen Evans

Stroup.

Fiv Choulis  
sons

*The Program*

*The Music*

ERICSON THEATRE

Dr. Vincent T. Williams

and Saturday—April 21, 22 and 23, 1932

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY QUADRANGLE CLUB  
IN COOPERATION WITH THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS

Dr. Vincent Williams, Ted to you, is resident of Kansas City, a small suburb of St. Louis. He was born in a little up-state town, and most of the facts upon his early life have been suppressed. Dr. Williams composed his first song at the age of 8, and has been decomposing songs ever since. Ted's uncle, in a playful mood, invented the piano stool. Ted was so impressed with the ingenuity of the contraption that he invented the piano to go with it.

presents  
**"LOOK WHO'S HERE"**  
A Musical Comedy in Two Acts  
Book by CAETON S. HADLEY  
Music by DR. WILLIAMS  
Lyrics by WILLIAMS and HADLEY  
Directed and Staged by LALLA BAUMANN  
Produced by MARK M. CLIFFORD

He attended a college in Kansas City, at which time he arranged the music for the now nationally known Coon-Sanders orchestra. Ted came to St. Louis to enter Washington University. He took up a room on Forest Park Blvd., and enrolled in the medical school because it was nearer his abode than the college. During his college days he composed all his tunes in flats—beer flats. Ted wrote Schubert's Serenade, Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and several bad checks. His favorite flower is beefsteak.

Ted is very lazy, and while attending W. U. he did practically nothing. His daily routine consisted of: Classes 8 to 4; Hospital Interne 4 to 8; M.A.A. Orchestra 8 to 11; Nocturnal Activities 11 to 12; Composing Songs 12 to 3; and Nightmares from 3 to 8.

After Ted graduated from Washington U. he spent a year as an interne in a St. Louis Hospital, and then went to New York. He was on the staff of one of the best hospitals in Manhattan. While there he wrote music and hobnobbed with Geo. White, Geo. Jessel, Geo. M. Cohan, Geo. Jolson, Geo. Zeigfeld and Geo. Washington. They admired his music, but told him that he would need a consumer demand for his name before the tunes could be a success. Ted told them that he was interested in selling music, not his name. They smirked at this, but insisted that people were interested only in names—not music. This depressed Ted so much that he took poison—the poison died.

Failing to do away with himself, Ted packed his toothbrush and returned to Kansas City to practice medicine. He is now one of the most promising young Doctors of that town—he will promise anything.

Ted is a member of more honorary musical societies than you can pronounce, and is an exceedingly competent but unpractical young Doctor—he has the bad habit of curing patients as soon as is possible.

Dr. Williams wrote all the songs and orchestrations for "Look Whooze Here". Give the gent a great big hand!

THE CAST

- (in the Order of Their Appearance)
- HAM ..... LOUISE LA RUE
  - ..... JAMES PARKER
  - ..... GEORGEA FLYNN
  - GHAM ..... MARVIN MUELLER
  - KHAM ..... BERNARD OFNER
  - ..... ARTHUR MOORE
  - ARKHAM ..... LOUISE OSTERBERG
  - ..... JEAN BRONENKAMP
  - ON ..... JOE LEDBETTER
  - ..... RICHARD KNIGHT
  - ..... WILLIAM OGDEN
  - ..... WILLIAM BRYAN
  - ..... CARL MAGIDSON
  - ..... HOMER WRIGHT
  - ..... JOHN EYERMANN
  - ..... ALEXANDER JOHNSON
  - ..... SYLVESTER KESNER
  - ..... RICHARD KNIGHT
  - ..... REED WATTS
- Five Choulish  
sons
- ers, Arline, Louise Jacobs, Peggy Fox, Violet
  - Munoz, Lerne Simon, Enid Hirschberg, Marjorie
  - e, Peggy Donald, Virginia Louis, Lucile Tralles,
  - ginia Slatte Virginia Seifert, Mildred Smith, Anne
  - r Walker, King, Clara Tarling, Constanze Weid-
  - Sylvia Dea
  - Billy Bob, Bill Davis, Jim Gamble, Philip Gelzer,
  - Russell, Rob Stokes, Roland Homer, Milton Mill,
  - Stroup.
  - oss, Robert Ahlert, Leonard Stocker, Clarence Rex,
  - arry Tyrell, Diamond Gaiennie, William Randall, Paul
  - Woodruff, arsalek, Louis Horton, Robert Mueller,
  - RS—Lalla, mann, Phil Gelzer, Peggy Fox, La Verne
  - Donald, He Evans, Bill Davis, Bill Bolz, Melvin

## LOOK WHO'S HERE



JOEL LEDBETTER

JULES PIERLOW

JOEL LEDBETTER, comedian in "Look Who's Here," is in Dirge's opinion a very droll fellow. Reared in Little Rock, Arkansas, Joe eventually found his way to Washington University and fell (as might have been expected) into the tentacles of Phi Delta Theta. Besides taking a comedy role in "Si, Si, Senorita", "Princess Nita", and "Look Who's Here" Joe has found time to be president of Lock and Chain, president of the Quadrangle Club, a swimming letterman, and a member of Thurtene. Joe'll be around one more year at least.



JEAN BRONENKAMP is the hardy perennial of the Quadrangle Club. She has been in more shows than *you* could shake a stick at; been a hit in all of them. She sings over KMOX, finds time to drop around school once in a while, and has (for a Delta Gamma) an elegant sense of humor. Jean is almost as good looking as Mr. Pierlow's picture of her. Oh yes, she's leading lady this year.



JEAN BRONENKAMP

JULES PIERLOW

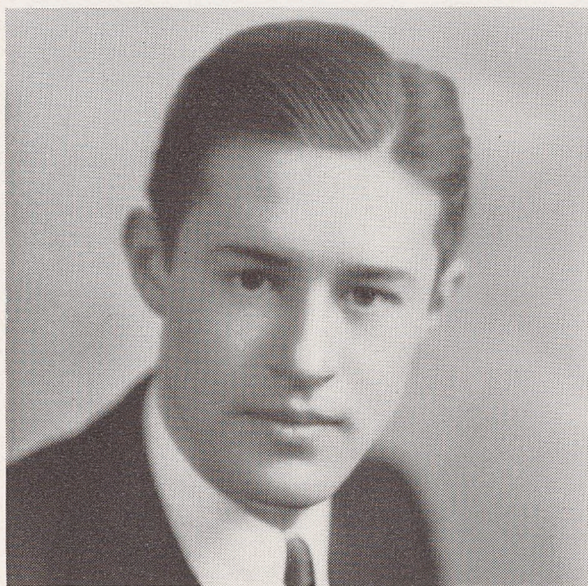
## —AND HERE

LOUISE LA RUE wandered out to Washington from University City. She immediately began getting into the cast of all the plays and shows she could discover. Louise spends most of her time singing, dancing, acting, but she has been known to attend classes. She is a junior and wears the anchor of Delta Gamma. She is, incidentally, the ingenue in "Look Who's Here."



LOUISE LA RUE

JULES PIERLOW



BILL BRYAN

JULES PIERLOW

BILL BRYAN, leading man in "Look Who's Here," is the first Sig Alph to do anything of that sort since Vallee flashed into prominence. Just as the boys have lived down Rudy up pops Bill. Bill's a good boy and a good singer but he wrote a Student Life review of Dirge some year's ago that got the staff into quite a mess and we're still sore about it. His chief hobbies are girls and imitating air brakes on street cars. Some fun, eh Bill.

## —AND HERE

LOUISE OSTERBERG writes poetry (and it's published), acts character parts, and hauls around a Delta Gamma anchor. She wanders around from one school to the next so fast it's hard to keep up with her but Dirge is almost certain she's going to Washington at present. And by the way, she is a poetess with a sense of humor.



BERNARD OFNER wears yellow golf socks which the colonel claims have been killing the grass on the quadrangle. He roars on the stage and he roars in class; he yawns on the stage and he yawns in class. In class he yawns more than he roars; on the stage vice versa. Sometimes he wears a yellow sweater with the yellow golf socks.



LOUISE OSTERBERG AND BENARD OFNER

JULES PIERLOW

## —AND HERE!

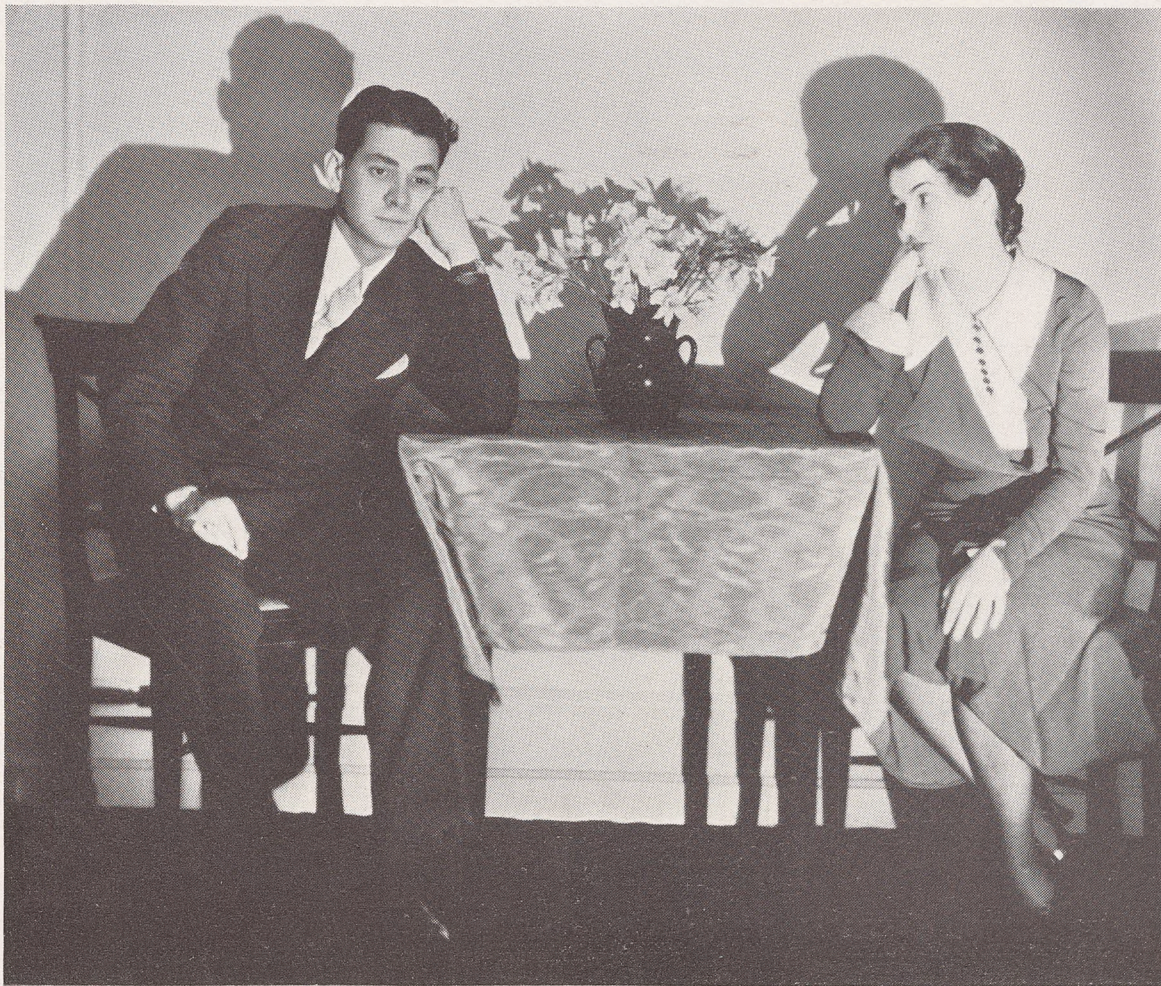
GEORGEA FLYNN came out to school this fall and Big Sister Betty kept little sister Georgea well under her wing until she was safely ensnared into Gamma Phi Beta. Little Sister Georgea then followed B. S. Betty's footsteps into the Quadrangle Club and has been late for rehearsals ever since. People look at her and say, "Isn't she cute?" This probably proves something or other. She is the c-o-m-e-d-i-e-n-n-e in "Look Who's Here."



JIMMY PARKER is probably one of the oldest juveniles in captivity. When he enrolled at Washington at the age of fifty-nine he immediately began playing juvenile parts, and is still playing them. Jimmy has his own orchestra, is a K. A., and is showing improvement in English II. He shaves twice a day, which is pretty good for a juvenile.



JULES PIERLOW  
PHIL GELZER AND LALLA BAUMANN



JIMMY PARKER AND GEORGEA FLYNN

JULES PIERLOW

# The Body Builder

"**A**RE you thin and anemic? Are you afraid of your shadow? Do you let people walk all over you. Then let me put red blood in your veins. Let me build you up. I will positively guarantee to put three inches on your chest and two inches on your biceps in three weeks. Don't delay. Act now."

The words stared at Archie from the back of a magazine in the stand in Wagner's drug store. He had seen them before. As a matter of fact he had sent some fifteen dollars to one Leonine Titanic, whose magnificent physique was displayed just above the wording of the ad. That had been some two weeks before and ever since the receipt of the instructions Archie had diligently followed the course of exercises laid down by Leonine. He had not been able to notice any marked increase in the girth of his chest but then he had not been working for the prescribed three weeks. "Probably it'll all come at once", he had said to himself as he raised the sixty-pound bar-bells above his head. He had made them out of some old automobile parts and they were exactly the right weight.

As a consequence, on this Monday afternoon, Archie lounged against the soda fountain in Wagner's drug store, listened to the red blood coursing through his veins, admired the picture of the Titanic one and dreamed. He saw Fern come into the store. She was going to purchase some chocolate syrup for her mother. He asked her if he could walk home with her and she said she'd be delighted. They started to leave the store when he walked Louie, large and blustering. Louie ignored Archie and asked Fern if he could walk with her. She said in a disappointed voice that she guessed Louie could come along. Louie grabbed the chocolate out of

Archie's hands and started off with Fern. "Now is the time", thought Archie, "for me to dominate the situation." He grabbed the chocolate back. "On your way, big boy", he said.

"Just look at the little man", sneered Louie.

"Listen, fella", said Archie, his voice vibrant with power, "You get out of here before I smash every bone in your body." The bully, feeling the powerful grip of Archie tightening on the back of his neck, slunk off and Fern smiled up at him happily. It was so simple. He sighed.

"Hey, Archie," said a voice from behind the counter, "How're you comin' with that 'How to be strong' course?"

"Who told you", asked Archie turning and taking a match out of his hat band?

"Louie. He was in here about noon. He says he expects you're getting ready for the high school football team next fall."

"Well, he better mind his words, that's all."

"You're not aimin' to start a fight with Louie, are you?"

"I ain't sayin' so, am I? But just the same he better mind his words." Archie rocked from his heels to his toes and put the match in his mouth. He felt a warm glow inside him and he had an urge to tell this callow youth behind the counter that what he needed was to have some one put red blood in his veins and inches on his chest. But he didn't. He changed the subject because he wanted his forthcoming might to be a surprise to everyone.

"Got my new Sears-Roebuck catalogue today."

"Did you Archie? I wish you'd bring it around sometime. They got any good looking hats?"

"The regular thing", said Archie. "nothin' new. But they got some swell pants. All virgin

wool worsted and they come in five colors. I'm gonna get me a pair."

"What's so swell about 'em?"

"Well, they got genuine doekskin around the cuffs and around the pockets. I sent my order off today so's to be the first one in town to have 'em."

"I'll bet Fern likes 'em."

"Sure she will", said Archie smiling pleasantly in anticipation. "Say, has she been in today?"

"Bout time for her now. I saw her pass a while ago with some groceries."

"Guess I'll wait."

A little while later a small girl with very black hair plastered down on her head strolled into the store.

"Lo Archie", she said.

"Lo Fern."

"I want a box of Asperin tablets. Say, Archie, do you want to carry these packages home for me?"

"Sure do, Fern."

The Aspirin tablets were delivered and they turned to go. The figure of Louie obscured the doorway.

"Hi Fern", he said, coming in.

Archie looked at him. He blinked and looked again. Louie was wearing a pair of pants exactly like the ones he had just ordered.

"How do you like 'em", said Louie to Fern pointing to the V shaped piece of fur at the edge of the pockets.

"Louie", said Fern, "They're wonderful."

"Got 'em at Sears, didn't you?" said Archie.

"Why if it isn't our little man," said Louie. "I hear you're learning how to be a strong man. Well, keep it up and in a few years you'll be as big as me." He laughed.

(Continued on page 24)

**CAMPUS APPAREL THAT BRINGS TEARS TO THE EYES**

There have appeared from time to time in this most worthy document, and also in that filthy dribble put out by the Student Life Staff, very informative columns on "What the Well-Dressed Male will Choose for His Spring or Fall Wardrobe" or "What is Seen at the Popular Sorority's Pajama Stay-Up-All-Night" affair, so we thought and thought how nice it would be, and what a boon to mankind in general our little act of sorting the flaming garbs from the artistic, the eye sores from the un-eye sores and serving up the former for your consideration. Here they are:

Flamingo socks adorning the handsome limbs of the Student Life Editor (Carlotta, himself). And this is a warning not to let any more April first numbers come from your pen.

Professor Carson's felt top piece which is just that and no more.

Ed Young's coat which seems to be lacking in sleeves or size. He plays cavalier by swirling it about his person and prancing to class. His own remark, "I have to save the lining."

Martha Stannard's luminant polo coat that makes us want to go South.

Dean Stephens Secretary's color ideas.

Porter Henry's something or other that he hangs optimistically on the hat rack.

Woody Lambs' foot casings which are foot casings. Dave Jeffrie's brave combination of knickers and long overcoat.

The gray apparitions used for bathing at the swimming pool.

Patty Drescher's red bonnet.

Manie Lincoln's top notch that she calls an easter hat. It's the one that looks like an egg that the hen has tried to hatch for two months.

The blue shirt—blue tie—blue hankie with the gray suit that the boys like to wear 'cause they look so naive.

And is it true that Fletcher refuses to hire a secretary who wears cotton stockings?

— D D D —

"Forsooth, Zyclamos, dost know why double-barrelled shotguns are indispensable to the aviation industry?"

"Odds bodkins, that I don't, Millimedes; pray tell me why?"

"Parachutes, Zyclamos, parachutes."

Aim to kill, men.

— D D D —

Another analysis of the situation:—business has minus trouble.

"Quick, Watson, the needle!" shouted Sherlock, as he caught his pants on a barb-wire fence.

— D D D —

"Do you like English Lit."

"I've never seen one intoxicated."

— D D D —

A stag-line is the shortest distance between two points—the most popular girl, and the crap-game in the locker room.

— D D D —

The laziest guy we know of, always sneezes through his nose when he has a bad cold.

— D D D —

At a formal dance, the men dress up, and the women dress down.

— D D D —

By popular request, Miss Kate Smith will now attempt to sing: "In a cute little two-by-four, down by the sycamore tree."

— D D D —

We rise to state that bootleg whiskey is harmful to our health. Look how it has weakened Uncle Sam's constitution.

— D D D —

That fellow across the street was so licentious, he had to buy a marriage-license.

— D D D —

"What's on the menu today?"

"Two spots of gravy and a ketchup stain. Just a minute and I'll get a clean one."



"We, the College Comics of the Midwest, in convention herein assembled—"



# The Colonel Is Not The Colonel

*Deception discovered by Charles (Out-with-it!) Freeman*

**C**OLONEL BOORSTIN is not Colonel Boorstin! Such is the startling disclosure of the Seepery Investigating Committee under the leadership of that old warhorse Charles (Sniff-it-out & Snuff-it-out) Freeman. And furthermore, the present incumbent of the Colonel's hummock of grass is not even the real Colonel's brother, true story and confession story magazines to the contrary, but a former garbage collector from Pine Gulch whose real moniker is Zilch—and that's not just a lot of ballyhoo. This amazing fact has been known for several weeks by Charles (Give-'em-de-wioks) Freeman, but he kept it dark as long as he could in order to acquire the reputation of being a silent, close-lipped he-man.

The possibility of the Colonel's not being what he was cracked up to be was first broached to Sleuth Freeman by one of the other gargoyles on Brookings Hall just after the Christmas holidays. The gargoyle became righteously suspicious when he noticed that the pretended Colonel did not spend Christmas morning sowing grass seed on



*Colonel Boorstin*

the quadrangle as was formery his wont. The fact was immediately communicated to Bloodhound Freeman and he set out on the long trail which eventually led to the exposure of the fraud.

The only question still puzzling Freeman is why anyone should want to impersonate Colonel Boorstin—however, he has a student committee, headed by himself, working on the problem now.

The Powers-that-Be of the University, when asked what would be done with the culprit, replied: "The University—bless it!—has always stood for the best and highest in culture and learning. This year is the bi-centennial of Washington's birthday. We are happy in having this man with us today. I formerly thought that where there is smoke there is fire."

And that's how the matter stands today. The fake Colonel admits the deception, and tells his thrilling story in a copy-righted article received a few days ago from Yahoo, where he made a temporary stay as Emperor. His story will be found elsewhere in this issue.

"Why," said Charlie (Track-'em-down) Freeman, when we asked him how he did it, "it was as easy as falling off a high-horse for a man of my

ability. In fact, I might say that it was child's play for my infant intellect. When the first intimations that things were not as they should be with the sup-erintendent came to me, I was, let it be confessed, shocked. In fact, shaken to the core. Was the Colonel the Colonel? That was a hard nut to crack—for anyone but me. A little preliminary investigation (at which, as you know, I am adept) showed that the case was fairly reeking with clues—no, on second thought there were no clues. First I examined the man's record—I discovered he had had a long and checkered career. According to the school publications he had at various times been guilty of several onerous crimes, and—this was very suspicious—at one time he had died.

"Having once located and isolated the fact that the man had died but was still living, I retired to my room with a pitcher of ice-water, some black cigars, and a copy of "Sherlock Holmes" and commenced to cogitate. Obviously, such an unheard-of thing must have been the work of an unheard-of man. I ran back through my mind to discover someone whom I had never heard of—at the end of three hours of close reasoning (I had failed to open the windows) I hit upon my man—he was Xenophon Y. Zilch, talented young amateur theorist, who had cleaned up in the garbage business in Pine Gulch some years before, and had subsequently left town never to be heard of again. He may be remembered as the original and only proponent of the theory that the reason there is always a mantle over a fire-place is to keep it warm in cold weather.

"Now the original Colonel had indubitably been deceased for some years, since the Globe-Democrat had run a story

to that effect in the year —. The old idea that this story was a practical joke on the Colonel would no longer hold water.

"I proceeded to the room in Liggett hall where the Colonel had died. I looked under the bed, but found no body. This was disappointing, and also puzzling. I accidentally knocked my head against the dresser, all was dark for a few minutes, and then inspiration came. With a quick movement I swept my hand across the sill above the door—I was vindicated, for a cloud of dust came eddying down



*Miss Jean Bronenkamp  
his fiancée*

ESTABLISHED 1818

*Brooks Brothers,*  
**CLOTHING,**  
 Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET  
 NEW YORK

**THE NEW SUITS**

Three new styles of ready-made suits have been added to our stock for this Spring. The familiar Brooks Brothers' models are continued unchanged and are supplemented by these three new styles, which are both single and double breasted—some with plaited trousers—the coats more closely fitted and with squarer shoulders.

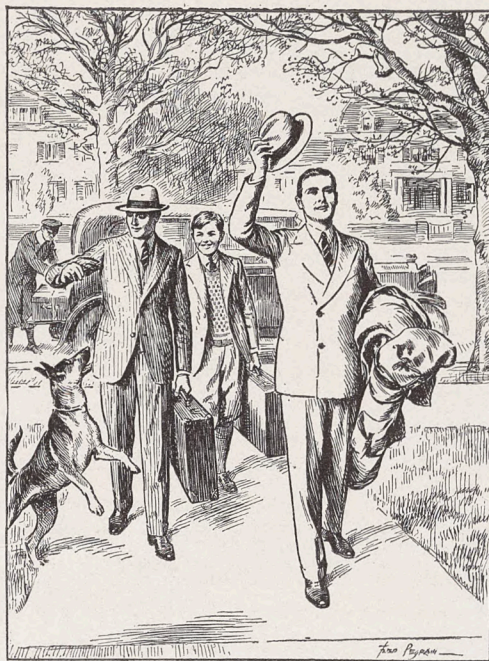
Our traditional qualities of material and workmanship are maintained in the lowered prices for 1932.

\$50 to \$75

The next visit of our Representative to the  
 HOTEL JEFFERSON  
 will be on April 27, 28, 29, 30

**BRANCHES**

**NEW YORK: ONE WALL STREET**  
**BOSTON: NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET**  
**NEWPORT PALM BEACH**



© BROOKS BROTHERS

on me and got in my eyes. It was just as I had thought—the dastardly Zilch had cremated the Colonel and had placed the fine, dust-like particles of the remains on the sill in order to throw dust in the eyes of his pursuers! And then he had taken the Colonel's job. Ha! The secret was out! I went at once to beard the imposter in his office, but it was out of office hours. I returned the next day, however, and confronted him. "Colonel", I said "you are a fraud! Where did you get that accent?" For Zilch had had no accent.

"Well," he replied jocosely, "it's an old proverb that accents will happen."

Again I told him he was but a cheap imitation of the original Bavarian Colonel, but his only reply was to say "Pooey on you" and hustle me out of his office on a rake handle. I will say this for him, he sure knew how to handle people. At the time I was too pressed with other of my numerous duties to pursue the matter further, and the only ones I let in on the secret were the members of the Seepery Investigating Committee which I organized to make the discovery seem more important than it really was."

At the time of writing the identity of the members of the above committee could not be learned, and it is deemed very possible that Charles (Smoke'em-out) Freeman comprises the whole membership.

Addenda by Office-boy: Can it be possible that the investigator, Charles (Get-the-truth) Freeman, is really the original Colonel Boorstin's ghost come back to see justice done to his successor?

— D D D —

**MUSICAL COMEDY MEMORIES**

1928—Sneaking in the show. Being thrown out. Sneaking back in.

1929—Freshman. Taking a date. Fellow does silly things when he's a freshman.

1930—Selling Dirge in the lobby. Feeling like a fool. Seeing the show for nothing. The ruckus afterward.

1931—An extra in the show. Enthusiastic friends throw beans. This causes falling of sword on bridesmaid's neck in big wedding scene. Dash to get on stage for ballroom scene terminating in long skid. Horror upon finding that curtain is up. Disgusted looks. Resolution not to be in any more shows. The ruckus afterward.

— D D D —

"Through the generosity of ? . ? , . Givens, son of one of the architects who designed the buildings on the campus, construction of a new building for the School of Architecture is under way." Washington Dirge.

We used to know a \*&? ; Givens.

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

# College Advertising in the Future

COLLEGE COMICS aren't really college magazines if we understand correctly the points brought out by the business managers at the recent convention. They are just advertising media for the college market. The same applies to other publications—just media for the college market. This is a good sensible outlook on college publications and gives a deserving bird to the dreamy milksops on their editorial staffs. It also gives us an opportunity to look into the future and see college advertising ten years from now.

Mr. Moroni, prominent malt manufacturer, paces nervously up and down the luxurious ante-room of Associated Advertising Enterprises of Washington University, Inc. Finally he is admitted into the office of Mr. Boote (B-o-o-t-e, Station 82).

"Mr. Boote", he says, "I would like to reach this rich Washington University market. What would you suggest?"

"Well Mr. Moroni," he says, "I don't know whether we can take any of your advertising. You see Dirge, the comic, is two-hundred and ninety pages and we don't want to make it any larger for fear the students will not read all the ads. You see we only run two pages of editorial matter and if we took your ad it would mean running three pages. Now our paper, Student Life, is in the same condition. We run two sixty-page editions and all our advertising space is contracted for six years in advance. All our campus bill-boards are full and the card space in classrooms is all contracted for.

There's one tree back of McMillan Hall where we haven't sold space for posters and there's room for a series of signs like Burma-shave runs on the walk to the men's gymnasium. Then you could use sandwich men. Every student at Washington carries a sign-board on his back. You could probably have space on one or two of these within a month or so. That's about all I can think of unless you want to buy the right to float a balloon with your ad on it from the library building."

"That's great," Mr. Moroni says, "I didn't think there'd be a thing open for several years. I'll take all of that that you mentioned. Tra-la-la. Boy, once I get in the rich Washington market I'll make a billion dollars. What'll it cost?"

"One hundred thousand a month." chirrup Boote, and Mr. Moroni pays right then and there and leaves whistling happily. After he leaves a timid little fellow is shown into Boote's office.

"Mr. Boote," he says, "I'm from Printer's Ink, a little advertising sheet you may have heard of. I thought maybe you'd like to advertise your media in our paper. You know, in case some space buyers might read your ad and use your media."

"I'm sorry," says Mr. Boote, "I'd like to help you out but we've given up charity advertising this year on account of the depression. We're having a tough time to break even. Besides once we start advertising in your paper we'd be pestered by Advertising Age and the Dartnell men. Maybe you'd like to advertise Printer's Ink in some of our media."

## THE BODY BUILDER

(Continued from page 20)

"Say", said Archie, "I. . . ."

"You want to walk down to Wilson's with me and show the pants to the boys Fern", asked Louie?

"Sure," responded Fern. "Do you mind taking the groceries home for me, Archie?"

"No, I'll take 'em", said Archie as he watched them go out.

He looked at the magazine stand on his way to the street with Fern's bundles under his arm. Leonine still asked him; "Are you afraid of your shadow? Do you let people walk all over you?"

"Shucks," he said to himself, "I've only been workin' two weeks. He better mind his words when I get through the course."

— D D D —

English Prof: "Give a short definition of 'redundancy'?"

That usual voice from the rear: "Triplets."

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

"Well she can't have her."

— D D D —

"I hear Jimmy fell off the water-wagon last night."

"Yep, poor guy; and landed right in the gutter."



**OLD CHAPEL—A TUESDAY NIGHT**

Rehearsal was all set for eight  
 But Flynn and Parker got there late  
 And Alex phoned he'd lost his socks,  
 (The baby blue ones without clocks.)  
 Dick Knight was quite submerged in gloom.  
 For he'd left his dialect at home.  
 The jitter men were on a spree  
 Romping in the balcony.  
 Bill Bryan mourns, "Alackaday,  
 To Bronenkamp it's just a play"  
 And dissolves in tears without a sound.  
 Ledbetter rides his bike around  
 With Osterberg on the handlebars.  
 While Arthur Moore the scenery mars  
 By going in for poetry.  
 (Examples later on may see.)  
 Mueller and Ofner shake their heads  
 On the relative merits of bugs and beds.  
 Ogden enters—a great surprise.  
 (It's really Hadley in disguise.)  
 Clifford's getting very glum—  
 ("Will LaRue and Brone never come?")  
 Swift comes Louie down the pike  
 To say that Jean's slipped thru the mike  
 As she muttered with her witty flare,  
 "I just decided to take the air."  
 "Too bad, too bad!" the people shout,  
 And rush to the station to get her out,  
 Someone questioning, as they go,  
 "Say—by the way—what's the name of the show?"

— D D D —

In the spring, a young man fancies loud plusfours.

— D D D —

The man was obviously drunk. He could scarcely drive. And there he was, coming madly down the steep decline. Faster and faster he went. Trees and telephone poles whizzed by him in a flash. At the bottom of the hill lay a right-angle turn. Could he make it? That was the question of the moment. The onlookers gave a gasp as he tore around the corner on two wheels. What if the damned bicycle had been an automobile?

— D D D —

"Gosh," he sighed dreamily, "That chorus-girl on the end has a marvelous shape."

"Shut up," remarked his friend, "do you have to go all over that again?"

— D D D —

"You say that man is a blacksmith?"

"No, I said he shoos horse-flies."



"Tell me, Mr. Coolidge, do you ever feel blah?"

**• Do you ever feel  
 blah?**

There's a sure cure for that sort of thing, and it doesn't come in bottles. It takes away that tired feeling, cures petrified pores — and doesn't make you feel like yourself again. It's a famous old formula, containing just the right amounts of double-chocolate humor and pungent fiction, topped with a delectable dab of Rolf Armstrong beauty. Makes you laugh and cry! Don't suffer in silence. Ask your druggist for

**College Humor**

1050 N. LaSalle Street CHICAGO

## Deans Scream as Chorus Runs Wild

(Continued from page 11)

enough to bowl them over. There, in the middle of the hall, surrounded by an enthusiastic audience from the English and history departments, was the entire "Look Who's Here" chorus, tearing into the fastest of fast numbers, and led by none other than Dr. Heller, himself, singing out at the top of his voice, "Throop-throop-ba-doop."

At the end of the number a burst of applause came from the onlookers from the English and history depts. "Don't the girls look cute in those outfits," a professor of history was heard to exclaim.

The English department immediately sought out Dick White and ordered ten seats for each of the three performances. By this time Dr. Heller was engaged in a heated discussion with the chorines as to whether the exit step was on an eight-bar tag or on the last eight bars of the last chorus.

The incident seems to have had its effect on university life, for, although practicing in the halls has been abolished, it has been learned from an authoritative source that the following article will appear in Student Life next week:

"A surprise specialty number in the musical comedy "Look Who's Here", to be presented at the American Theatre on April 21, 22 and 23, was announced today by Joe Ledbetter, president of the Quadrangle Club. The specialty will consist of a tiller chorus made up exclusively of the deans of the university." It is understood that in order to get the number ready in time, faculty meetings up to the time of the show will be turned over to the directors of "Look Who's Here."

The deans could not be reached for a statement.

"Just say we couldn't be reached for a statement," they said officially.

— D D D —

Rin-Tin-Tin's newest theme song over the radio is "Trees".

— D D D —

"Do you believe in marriage?"

"Yes, it's great for the kiddies."

— D D D —

"That girl of Joe's is an awful prude."

"Yeah, but I saw her intoxicated once."

"What? A stewed prude."

— D D D —

Most of these speakeasy drunkards seem to be drinking for gutter or worse.

— D D D —

A man came around to the sorority house collecting old clothes for the poor, but Sorority Sal pulled a fast one and gave him the slip.

The persons who conduct raffles often disport themselves like college professors—they absent-mindedly forget what the prize is to be and give something entirely different. Four ladies of my acquaintance each bought a ticket to a different raffle, and here's what happened:

—one took a chance on an auto rug and got some jewelry

—one took a chance on a blanket and got a fur-coat.

Which information may be useful to a psychology prof. in formulating a theory.

— D D D —

"No true American would practice the base art of crooning," says Boston's Bishop O'Connor. All the radio crooners sound like true Americans.

— D D D —

Musical Comedy Manager: "Plot out on paper some scenery for this skit and let me see it."

Artist: "You want just a rough sketch, eh?"

M. C. M.: "No! We've got that—we want scenery!"

— D D D —

Heard on the Campus:—

"Want a candy cough drop?"

"No thanks—I've got a cold."

— D D D —

BELLEVILLE HAS FEW JOBLESS—headline in the Globe-Democrat.

Tsk! Tsk!

— D D D —

### Pun

"That movie critic sure has a flowery style."

"Yeah, I know—he pansy pictures."

— D D D —

### Fill in the Blank

The traveling salesman left the farm house with a jaunty step and a reminiscent smile. He halted at the gate, and, before proceeding, pinned a sheet of note-paper to the gate-post. It read: "Come on in—the ..... 's fine!"

— D D D —

There used to be no reason at all for calling them horizontal trusts, but now we know that it's because they're all flat.

— D D D —

"Swear that you love me."

"Damn it, woman, I love you like hell."

Ode to Osterberg

Your eyes are blue, your cheeks are fair,  
Your lips are cherry red.  
Your smile is nice, your ears entice,  
You have lovely black-brown hair.

— D D D —

Ode to Bronenkamp

Love—how mystic it seems.  
Love—how thrilly it beams  
On me—in love with her—  
Ah me! Ah me! Ah me!

— D D D —

Ode—(Just Plain Ode)

The little black dog wags his tail.  
He wags his tail.  
The dog does wag his tail.  
The dog, the tail.  
The tail wags—

by Arthur Moore

Note to Editor—he really wrote those. I got them by stealth because he's so modest about his work.

— D D D —

"I can't understand my girl. Half the time she's as cold as a polar bear's tongue."

"Just remember, buddy, half aloof is better than none."

— D D D —

"Did you get tickets for the opening night?"

"Naw, I got two on the aisle for the night of the raid."

—Juggler

— D D D —

"Yeah, and to show his gratitude he gave me a squaw."

"Ha, an Indian giver."

—Punch Bowl

— D D D —

"Migawd. I just had an accident."

"Splendid! Boy or girl."

—Red Cat

— D D D —

The astronomy professor was lecturing.

"I predict the end of the world in fifty million years."

"How many?" cried a frightened voice from the rear.

"Fifty million years."

"Oh," said the voice with a deep sigh of relief, "I thought you said fifteen million."

—Rammer-Jammer



jules pierlow

artist » photographer

the park plaza

kingshighway blvd. at maryland

st. louis, mo.

Meet Me After The Dance

At

Nelson's College Inn

Noon-:-Evening-:-Nite

440 DeBaliviere

CAbany 5016

CAbany 5017

WM. FAHERTY

H. H. FICK

# ST. LOUIS ENGINEERING and HEATING CO.

CONTRACTORS FOR

*Steam and Hot Water Heating,  
Power Plants  
and Ventilating Systems*

CENTRAL 2561

1417 Olive Street

St. Louis, Mo.

*The Costumes for*

## "Look Who's Here"

*were*

*Designed and Furnished*

*by*

### Margaret Bishop Breen

Saum Studio Building

Grand Blvd. and Franklin Ave.

St. Louis, Mo.

Telephone

FRanklin 7397

Room 215

### Scenery and Draperies

for

## "Look Who's Here"

by

### Shields Studio

# SHALLCROSS SERVICE SATISFIES



## PRINTING STATIONERY

1822 Locust St.

CEntral 3755

"Come back to bed, John. You'll find that collar button in the morning."

"Who the hell's looking for a collar button!"

—Michigan Gargoyle

— D D D —

Big-Game Hunter: "Do you want to see an elephant hide?"

Gun-Bearer: "How are you going to scare it?"

—Pitt Panther

— D D D —

City Slicker: "Are those cows?"

Farmer Brown: "Yes sir."

City Slicker: "Pretty, aren't they?"

Farmer Brown: "Not unless you're a bull, mister."

—Pitt Panther

— D D D —

The modern college student is perfectly willing to pave his way if someone will furnish the rocks.

—Kitty Kat

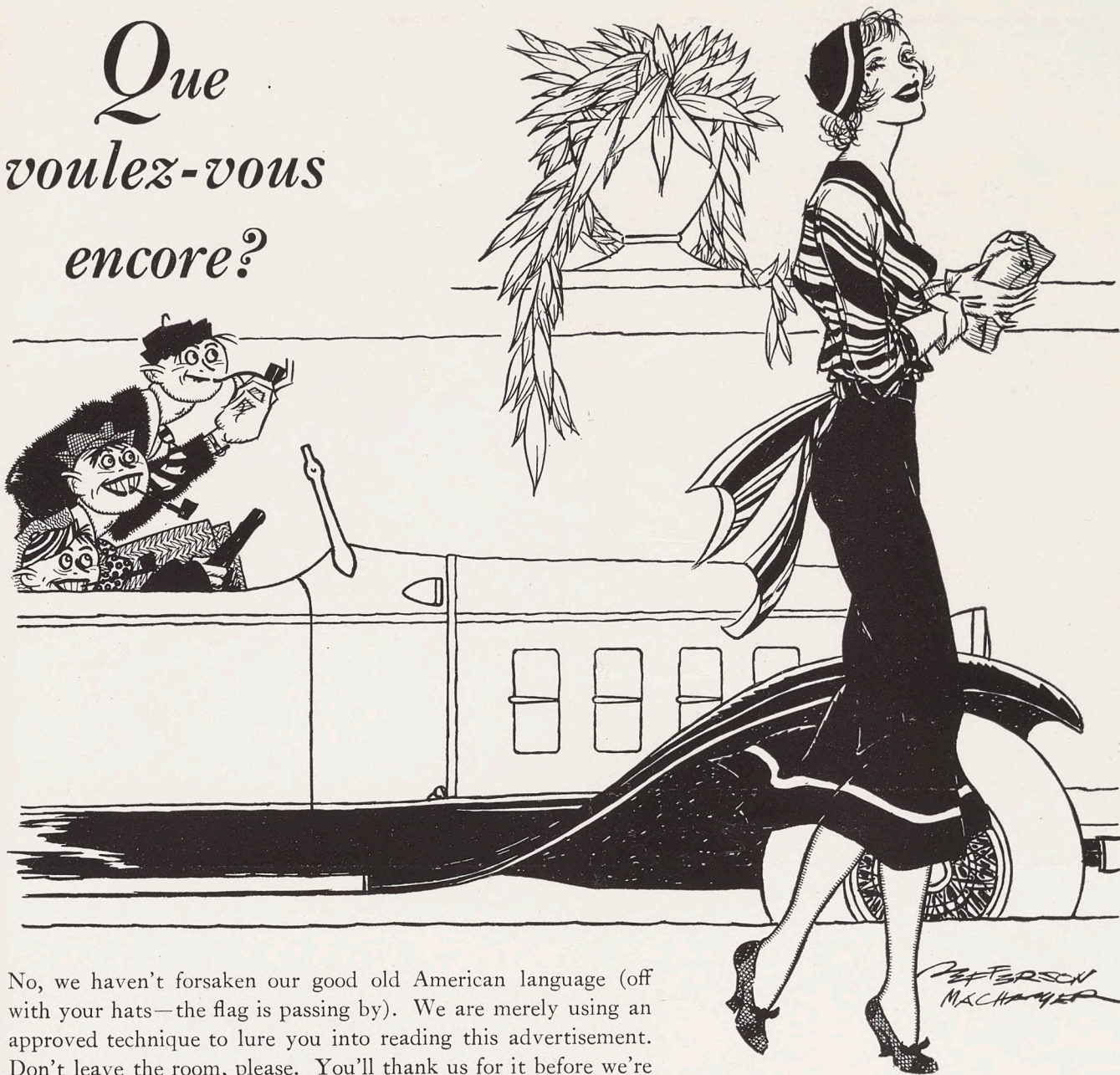
— D D D —

"Why, you new 'bra' is torn."

"I'm not surprised, the salesman forced it on me."

—M. I. T. Voo Doo

Que  
voulez-vous  
encore?



No, we haven't forsaken our good old American language (off with your hats—the flag is passing by). We are merely using an approved technique to lure you into reading this advertisement. Don't leave the room, please. You'll thank us for it before we're through. Yes, Corona Coronas will be all right if you simply *must* express your gratitude that way.

But to return to our subject. What more *could* you wish in a motor car than all that the new Chevrolet Six provides? You have doubtless thrilled already to the smartness of Chevrolet's long streamlines and spacious Fisher bodies. If you want speed, the new Chevrolet touches 65 to 70 miles an hour, with six-cylinder ease, quietness and smoothness. If you yearn for power—well, 60 horsepower is more than adequate for any demand you are likely to make. Marvelous handling ease is assured by combining the easy, quiet Syncro-Mesh gear-shift with Free Wheeling. And as for running costs—any owner will tell you that Chevrolet operating and upkeep economy is unexcelled.

Does that strike a responsive chord, or are you just an old cynic? If you are, we suggest a *ride* in the new Chevrolet Six. Once you take one, you'll agree with every point we've made. And you'll agree, too, that the best place to be these fine spring days is at the wheel of this smart, fast, and *remarkably inexpensive* automobile.

Twenty beautiful new models,  
at prices ranging from \$475 to \$660

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich., special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan. Division of General Motors.

# NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value



★ *NOW, AS THEN, ARROW SETS THE STYLE* ★



1911

Here, preserved for posterity, is an exhibit entitled: "The Younger Country Club Set, Vintage of 1911". While the choker collar of the Intrepid Motorist today inspires only laughter, it was a different story in those days of open-work roadsters. As the crowning touch of the well-dressed men, this collar inspired the envy of less smartly turned-out males—and the admiration of the other sex. For then—as now—the style was set by Arrow.



1932

The gentleman here is wearing the Arrow Trump. Its trim-fitting, smart-looking collar is heir to all the style secrets Arrow has learned in tailoring four billion collars. Of specially woven broadcloth, the Trump comes in white, stripes and plain colors. At \$1.95, it is America's best shirt value. A companion to the Trump is the Gordon—an oxford shirt with either plain or button-down collar. In white, and plain colors, \$1.95.

Wear Arrow Shirts and you won't have to consign shrunken shirts to the poor but worthy janitor's boy. For Arrow Shirts are shrunk by the Sanforizing Process—the only process of its kind—a process that guarantees permanent fit, no matter how often the shirt is laundered—or your money back. And Arrow fit is something to write home about. Carefully tailored shoulders. No bulging at the waist. Sleeve

lengths to suit any arm, and that *stay* the same length forever. And that snug, smart fit about the collar that seems to be an Arrow copyright . . . To be sure that you're getting an Arrow Shirt, look for the Arrow label. Remember, if it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt.

©1932, CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., TROY, NEW YORK

# ARROW SHIRTS *SANFORIZED* *SHRUNK*

*Guaranteed to fit you PERMANENTLY — or your money back*