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Washington University Dirge: Football Number

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

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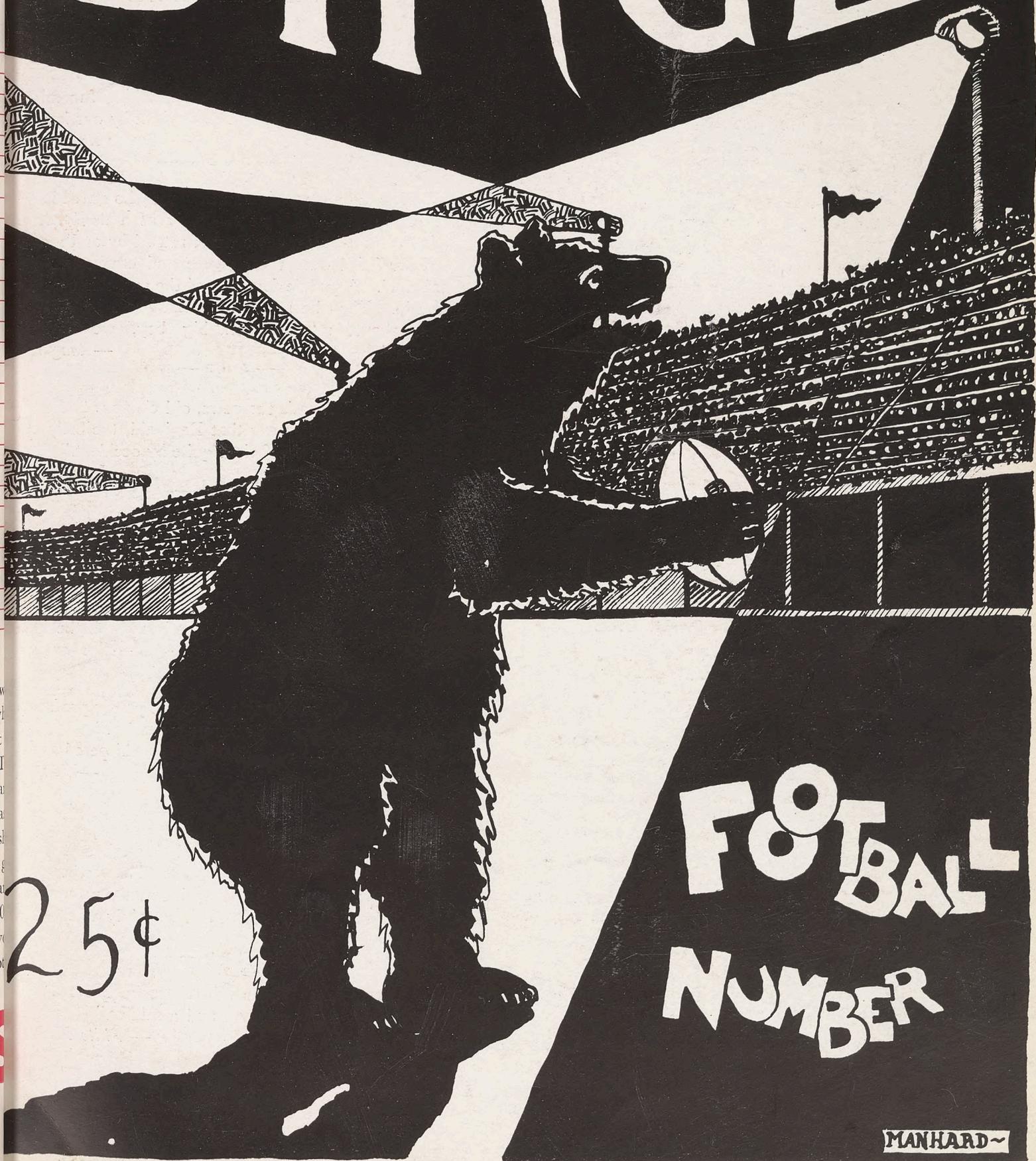
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DIRGE

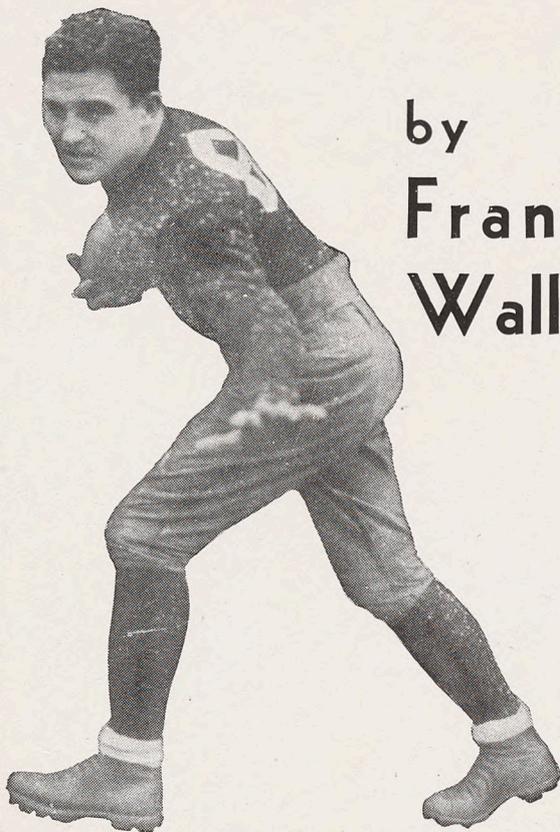


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FOOTBALL
NUMBER

MANHARD~



by
**Francis
Wallace**

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

Huddle

IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE
CollegeHumor
MAGAZINE

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

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

Knut A. Rockne

Technique

Co-ed: "Where did you learn to kiss like that?"
Frosh: "Clucking at the horses."

—Humbug

— D D D —

The tightest Scotchman we know is the one that used to take his newly bought meat with him to one of those theatres that advertise "30 degrees cooler inside."

—Boston Beanpot

— D D D —

First ghost to second (while watching funeral of first): "No, sir, they ain't done right by our knell."

—Reserve Red Cat

— D D D —

They tell a story about a tiny ant who gazed longingly but helplessly at the body of a dead horse. Just then a bootlegger's truck rattled by and a case of stuff fell over the endgate and crashed to the ground. A puddle formed and the ant, thirsty, took a nip. Then he seized the dead horse by the tail and shouted: "Come on, big boy, we're going home."

—Ranger

— D D D —

Egbert: "What's the news, old chappy?"

Percival: "They say that Reginald, the bally old spud, arrived in the Orient quite by accident."

—Lampoon

— D D D —

In a Fraternity House

First Stewd: "Who's your close-mouthed brother over there?"

Second Stewd: "He ain't close-mouthed. He's waiting for the janitor to come back with the spittoon."

—Exchange

— D D D —

The flapper co-ed went up to the young prof. and said, "Profy, dear, what are my marks?"

He put his arms around her and whispered sweet nothings in her ear.

—Wasp

— D D D —

"That tunnel we just passed through cost \$13,000,000," said the young man to his sweetheart.

"Oh, really, did it," she replied as she rearranged her hisheveled hair. "Well, it certainly was worth it."

— D D D —

"There's a fine fellow in the college crew."

"Yes, he's a gentleman and a sculler."

—White Mule

"What does wearing one's fraternity pin mean?"
 "Who's wearing yours?"
 "A Kappa."
 "Nothing on this campus."

— D D D —

Legless beggar to blind man who has stumbled over him: "Say, you (so and so) if you don't watch where you're going I'll get up and kick you till you bark like a wolf."

Blind Beggar: "Yes, you (such and such), I'll be seeing you when you do." —*Kitty Kat*

— D D D —

"Did you know that John Paul Jones was the father of the American Navy?"

"Yeh—you gotta give him a lotta credit, but some of his sons are sure carrying on the good work." —*Stone Mill*

— D D D —

"Where's your father, miss?" said the gray-eyed officer kindly.

"He's in hiding, sir," returned the tanner's daughter tartly. —*Voo-Doo*

— D D D —

"My rose," he whispered tenderly as he pressed her velvet cheek to his.

"My cactus," she said as she touched his face. —*Penn Punch Bowl*

— D D D —

Landlady: "Did you rent a room to that good-looking freshman?"

Daughter: "Yes—and my, but he's handsome."

Landlady: "Well, put an extra carpet on the floor in front of his mirror." —*Punch Bowl*

—*Punch Bowl*

— D D D —

Once upon a time there were two Irishmen. There are lots of them now. —*The Log*

—*The Log*

— D D D —

Professor Beach: "Name eleven of Shakespeare's plays."

Waldo Dickman: "Ten Nights in a Barroom" and "The Merchant of Venice." —*Marietta Ohio*

—*Marietta Ohio*

— D D D —

An actor was singing, "For Bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and die."

Voice from the Audience: "Is Miss Laurie in the audience?" —*Skipper*

—*Skipper*

Prof: "What is the economic value of the motion picture?"

Student: "God only knows."

Prof: "God gets a 100, you get zero." —*Bison*

—*Bison*

— D D D —

Hospital nurse to impatient magician: "Congratulations, it's a fine bowl of goldfish!" —*Lampoon*

—*Lampoon*

— D D D —

"Oh, Mr. Mencke, have you had your irony today?" —*Juggler*

—*Juggler*

— D D D —

When knighthood was in flour, King Arthur was in the dough. —*S. C. Wampus*

—*S. C. Wampus*

— D D D —

"Did you pick your teeth?"

"No, they came by themselves." —*Wampus*

—*Wampus*

— D D D —

"Where are you going, my pretty maid? Why do you pass me by?"

"I'm on my way to the 'gymnathic school'," she lisped, as she heaved a thigh. —*Rammer-Jammer*

—*Rammer-Jammer*

— D D D —

John: "Waiter, bring me some coffee without cream."

Waiter: "We haven't cream, sir, but we have milk—you could have some coffee without milk." —*Zip 'n Tang*

—*Zip 'n Tang*

— D D D —

She: "Do you feel sick?"

He: "No. But I'd hate to yawn." —*Wet Hen*

—*Wet Hen*

— D D D —

Mrs. Higgins had just paid the last installment on a preambulator.

Shop Assistant: "Thank you, madam. How is the baby getting on now?"

Mrs. Higgins: "Oh, he's quite all right. He's getting married next week!" —*Pearsan's*

—*Pearsan's*

— D D D —

"Sambo, where you all gwine in such a rage?"

"Ah's gwine to get that doctah who sewed up my operation with white thread." —*Iowa Green Gander*

—*Iowa Green Gander*

Flap: "Did they bury your old man when he died?"

Jack: "Naw; dey poured him back in de barrel."
—*Yale Record*

— D D D —

Stage-door Johnny: "What character do you have in the next act?"

Girl: "I'm not supposed to have any character; I'm in the chorus."
—*Beanpot*

— D D D —

Then there's the fellow who saved by using Listerine, then spent it for a tube of Pepsodent.

—*Pitt Panther*

— D D D —

She: "You told me before I married you that you were well off."

He: "I was, but I didn't know it."
—*Exchange*

— D D D —

"So your father is getting too old for the heavier burdens of business?"

"Yes. We're going to have to get him a lighter stenographer."
—*Syracuse Orange Peel*

—*Syracuse Orange Peel*

— D D D —

Cannibal Scout: "A Floating University just sunk and a crowd of co-eds have been washed ashore."

Young Cannibal Prince: "Goody, Goody! Now we can have lady fingers for tea."
—*Hulla-Baloo*

—*Hulla-Baloo*

— D D D —

"If the lake went all the way around, Chicago would be one of the Virgin Islands."

"Yes, virgin on bankruptcy."
—*Brown Jug*

—*Brown Jug*

— D D D —

"What's the matter; were you in a wreck?"

No, my best girl told me that she had a nice little place in her heart for me, and I tried to find it."
—*Sniper*

—*Sniper*

— D D D —

Never kiss a country bell. One tolled on me.

—*Ski-u-ma*

— D D D —

Old Lady: "Oh, conductor, please stop the train. I dropped my wig out the window."

Conductor: "Never mind, madam, there is switch just this side of the next station."
—*Gryphon*

—*Gryphon*

Nowadays when a girl gets her neck broken in an automobile we don't know whether the car was wrecked or not.
—*Malteaser*

— D D D —

Lindsay: "Did Mary blush when she tore her skirt on the car door?"

Doyle: "I didn't notice."
—*Malteaser*

— D D D —

"It's no good mincing matters," said the doctor; "your are very bad. Is there anybody you would specially like to see?"

"Yes," replied the patient faintly.

"Who is it?" queried the doctor.

"Another doctor."
—*Selected*

— D D D —

Two very spirited fraternity brothers unfortunately wandered into a shower room after arriving home after a formal. "Hic—come on, John, let's git going," shouted one. "This is a terrible storm we're out in to-night."
—*Denison Flamingo*

—*Denison Flamingo*

— D D D —

"Hank, dear," said the burglar's wife, "please don't make so much noise when you come in to-night."

"Sure," he replied. "Did I wake you up last night?"

"No, but you woke Mother, and I don't want her going to prison and telling Father that I married an amateur."
—*Harvard Lampoon*

—*Harvard Lampoon*

— D D D —

She: "And while you were traveling in the Sahara didn't you find the Arabs intense?"

He: "Oh my, yes, in tents and on horseback both."
—*Chaparral*

—*Chaparral*

— D D D —

Waiter: "That gentleman over there says his soup isn't fit for a pig."

Manager: "Then take it away, you fool, and bring him some that is."
—*Tawney Kat*

—*Tawney Kat*

— D D D —

Speaker (at dinner of club): "Gentlemen, did you ever stop to think? I ask you again, did you ever stop to think?"

Stewed (tired and sleepy): "Did you ever think to stop?"
—*The Yellow Jacket*

—*The Yellow Jacket*

Auto Life

Driver of car (unfamiliar with the road): "I take the next turn, don't I?"

Muffled male voice from the back seat: "Like hell you do."
—*Jack-o-Lantern*

— D D D —

"Another combination shot," said the co-ed as she leaned too far over the billiard table.

—*Nebraska Azogwan*

— D D D —

"I grade by the curve system," said the professor as he glanced at the row of beautiful co-eds in front of him.

—*Beanpot*

— D D D —

"What a charming baby, Mrs. Jones, and he does resemble your husband."

"Gracious, you alarm me; we adopted this baby."

—*Beanpot*

— D D D —

Visitor: "So you call your canary Joe. Does that stand for Joseph or Josephine?"

Child: "We don't know, that's why we call it Joe."

—*Boston Beanpot*

— D D D —

Salesman: "This is our companionate piano."

Customer: "Companionate?"

Salesman: "Sure, you try it two months and if you don't like it, don't keep it—provided there are no children."

—*Drexverd*

— D D D —

"I met a girl in a revolving door and now we go around together."

"Ho, hum!"

"That's nothing, I got engaged to a girl with a wooden leg and I broke it off."

—*Blue Jacket*

— D D D —

"I walked a mile and a half for that Camel—I thought the guy would never throw it away."

—*Pelican*

— D D D —

"Thank God for our follies," said the professor.

"Yes," agreed the student, "I like the women, too."

—*Texas Longhorn*

— D D D —

Customer over the phone: "Is this the Department store?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you flesh colored stockings?"

"Yes, ma'am. What'd you want, Pink, Yellow or Black?"

—*Malteaser*

Tabloid Toys

Mother: "What do you want for your birthday, darling?"

Modern Child: "I wanna have one of those 'rich man's playthings' I've read so much about."

—*Pennsylvania Bunch Bozel*

— D D D —

Macbeth: "Woman, come hither!"

Old Hag: "I'll bewitch ye in a minute."

—*Rammer Jammer*

— D D D —

A. T. O.: "Woman's greatest attraction is her hair."

Pi K. A.: "I say that it is her eyes."

Phi: "It is unquestionably her teeth."

S. A. E.: "What's the use of us sitting here lying to each other?"

—*The Mountain Goat*

— D D D —

She's so dumb she thinks "all fagged out" means that the cigarettes are all gone.

—*Beanpot*

— D D D —

"She laughed when I sat down on the park bench, but when I started to play—"

—*Frivol*

— D D D —

A droll tale is told about the deaf and dumb man who had a nightmare and broke his knuckles on a bedpost, screaming.

—*Lampoon*

— D D D —

"Come on," shouted the side-show sheiks as they swung their scimitars. "Let's rob the crystal gazers' tent and split the phrophets."

—*Cornell Widow*

— D D D —

"When did Milton write 'Paradise Regained'?"

"When he got his divorce."

—*Wampus*

— D D D —

One: "And after I thought I had broken it, I found it still running."

Dumb: "What?"

One: "My nose."

—*Ollapod*

— D D D —

Rushee: "No, I never did anything in high school, but my old man is vice-president of a railroad."

—*Froth*

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Telegraphed
Anywhere*

*Flowers Delivered
to
Fraternity Houses*

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CABANY 8800

Down through the Ages Beasts of Burden

Stone Age—Dinosaur.
Metal Age—Elephant.
Roman Age—Horse.
Colonial Age—Slave.
Fraternity Age—Pledge.

—*Zip 'n Tang*

— D D D —

Wun (in music store): "Have you a record of 'My Sin'?"

Too: "No, but the police station probably has."

—*Froth*

— D D D —

Some people tell us that man came from monkeys.
It can't be true. I know my folks came from Wales.

—*Bison*

— D D D —

What ho, Diogenes, looking for an honest man?
No. Where in hell did my pants go?

—*Record*

— D D D —

Pledge (at dinner table): "Must I eat this egg?"

Brother: "Yer damnright!"

Silence

Pledge: "The beak, too?"

—*Kitty-Kat*

— D D D —

Gamma: "I'm through with Freddie."

Phi: "How come, dearie?"

Gamma: "I heard him telling Jack that he tried out Ethyl in his Buick last night."

—*Bison*

— D D D —

*Girls, when they went out to swim,
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;
Now, they have a bolder whim,
They dress more like her cupboard.*

—*Witt*

Everything may have a hidden meaning. Even the little red school house has something behind it.

—*University of Buffalo*

— D D D —

Beta: "Don't you think George dresses nattily?"

Sigma: "Natalie who?"

—*Bison*

— D D D —

"There was a panic at the movies last night."

"What, a fire?"

"No, the place was suddenly plunged into complete light."

—*Purple Cove*

— D D D —

"Will you love me forever?" pleaded the young suitor.

"I cannot tell that," coyly replied the sweet young flapper as she gazed at the beautiful necklace he had given her, "but I love you for the present."

—*College Humor*

— D D D —

"Prisoner, if you didn't steal the \$3,000, where did you get it?"

"Yer honor, I saved it from buying Listerine tooth paste."

—*Bison*

— D D D —

Father: "Why were you suspended from college?"

Son: "Constant interruptions prevented my studying."

Father: "Interruptions? In what forms?"

Son (reminiscently): "Ah, those forms!"

—*Virginia Reel*

— D D D —

"Am I too fast for you?" asked the sixty-year-old capitalist of his stenographer while dictating a form letter.

"Hardly," responded the chic young thing.

—*Rice Owl*

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for every occasion

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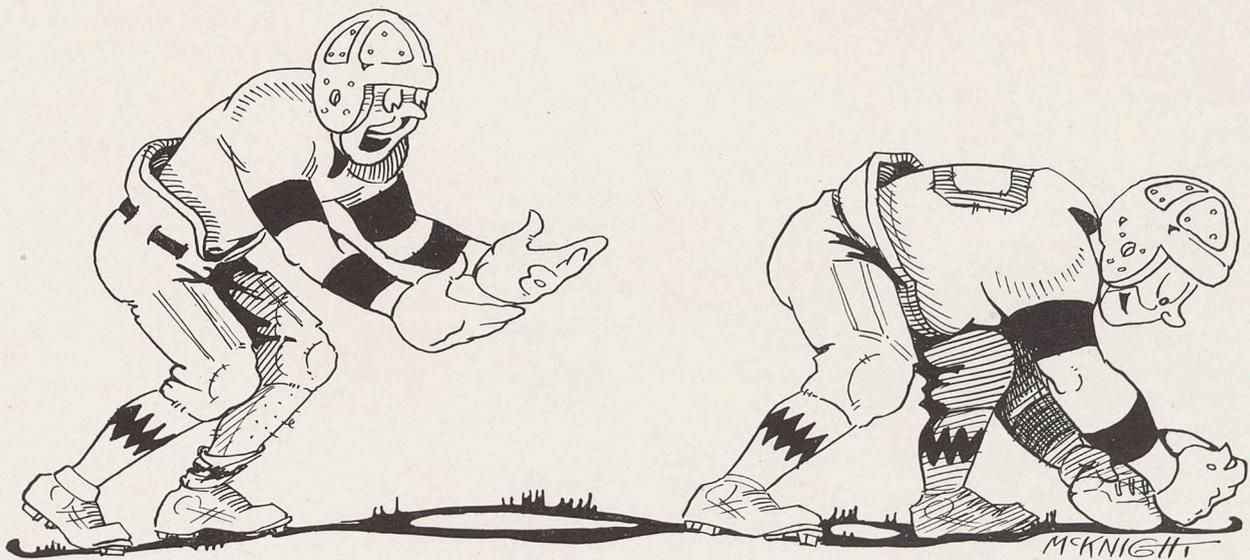
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Pun Formation



DIRGE dedicates its FOOTBALL NUMBER

*To All Those
Loyal Lads Who
Go "OUT" For The Team*





The
DIRGE
"Jest in Peace"
Football Number

Mass Production for the Football Team

THE Athletic Department plans to develop a good team in spite of stingy alumni and stringent faculty rules when a new plan goes into effect. Although the average student probably does not realize it, a grade A-1 veteran linesman retails at \$2,000 a year and back-field men are higher according to prices given by the American Bureau of Football Employment. This bureau also gives wholesale rates but at present Notre Dame is the only school dealing in large enough quantities to obtain this discount. The gate receipts of Washington games are so small that the cost of a good team is prohibitive. For this reason the football situation has hitherto seemed hopeless. Without a good team the Athletic Dep't could not make enough money to hire a good team, if you see what we mean. Now, however, the Athletic Department seems to have solved the problem. Their plan consists of three steps.

Night football is the first step. The business manager noticed that each year large crowds attended the pledge dances which were held at night, while few attended the football games which were held in the afternoon. For this reason he wished to install a lighting system and hold the games at night. Furthermore from articles in *College Humour*, a magazine of low repute, he discovered that a great deal of drinking went on at most football games. It was felt that the lack of school spirit at Washington was due to the lack of drinking at games so a committee was formed which found that most students preferred to drink at night. It was therefore thought that school spirit would be better at night games, so on the strength of these reasons the field was equipped for night football. There was some feeling that a new stadium was needed but upon reading the University Catalogue it was learned that Francis Field is "one of the finest athletic fields in the country."

The second step is the inauguration of the Knot-Hole Gang. A long time ago the Cardinals were in a position very similar to Washington. When they played the ball park was empty and their scores were put on the page with the death notices and radio programs. Then the Cardinals organized a Knot-Hole Gang to fill up the empty seats and cheer wildly for the home team. Virtue is always rewarded and some eight or ten years after the formation of the Cardinal Knot-Hole Gang the Cards won a World Series and started to make a little money. Following the Cardinal plan Washington instituted a Knot-Hole Gang which cheers wildly for the visiting team.

The first two steps were merely preliminary to the third step. To understand it we must go back into Cardinal history. Like Washington they were too poor to buy skilled players but had to buy inferior ones and teach them how to play. This was a very serious handicap. To solve this problem the Cards started the Farm or Chain Store system whereby poorer teams were bought and used as training schools from which the more apt players were graduated to the Cardinal team. Such a system seemed applicable to Washington University. Mr. Nagel, president of the Corporation of Washington University, was approached and said that he had always wanted to be president of a chain of colleges. Negotiations were immediately opened and schools which will probably merge are: Illinois College, Culver-Stockton, Tarkio Junior College, McKendree, Cape Girardeau Normal, Chillicothe Business College, Kirksville State Teachers College, Kroeger School of Music, Benton College of Law, and Harvard (a school in Cambridge, Idaho). If the merger is completed these schools will become branch offices of Washington University. When a man on one of their football teams shows merit

(Continued on page 18)

Pledge: "Honestly, I can't pass that course."
Active: "Well, nobody ever expected you to pass it that way."

— D D D —

Another Simile

"As poor a judge of distance as the bird who named near beer."

— D D D —

"I call my girl 'Camel' because I'd walk a mile for her."

"Yeah? Well I call my girl 'Chesterfield', see?"

— D D D —

'Jever hear about the fellow who claimed he'd made all the good-looking women in St. Louis, Mo., and Chicago, Ill.? He went down south the other day to try Macon Georgia.

— D D D —

"Taking in much money these days?" we asked a contractor.

"Yep," he replied. "Just finished making a big hall out at the University."

— D D D —

When the orchestra is tuning up, it's "An A for an A and a toot for a toot."

— D D D —

"Say, there's a new song out now that hasn't any lyric."

"How come?"

"The music is just too cute for words."

— D D D —

Joe McGloop inaugurated a new style in mourning clothes by wearing spats in memory of his first wife.

— D D D —

Catcher: "That new pitcher you got isn't very popular with the rest of the team. He talks too darn much."

Manager: "Well, I never did like these talking pitchers."

— D D D —

What Student Life thinks of Dirge: !!!x?x\$"X ?&\$\$\$?!

What Dirge thinks of Student Life: !!!x?x\$"X ?&\$\$\$?!

— D D D —

"This is the last straw!!" hissed the horse as he finished his dinner.—Or if that isn't rotten enough, maybe this will hold you: "This is the last straw!!" wailed the salesman as he sold another hat.

— D D D —

And especially for this football issue, must we revive that old story my grandfather used to tell:

He: "You're so dumb you think a football coach runs on wheels."

She: "Doesn't he?"

— D D D —

New York school teacher: "Abie, give a sentence using the word tennis."

Abie: "Tennis five and five."

— D D D —



"Nine big ones for the team"

It: "Didn't you say I could kiss you?"

Her: "Yes, but who said anything about a massage?"

— D D D —

"Say, are you drunk?"

"If I'm not I've been cheated."

— D D D —

Old Lady (to drunk): "Young man, don't you know when you've had enough?"

Studegent: "Madam, I don't know anything when I've had enough. I'm unconscious."

— D D D —

Her: "I wish God had made me a boy...."

Him: "He did. I'm he."

— D D D —

"Who shall I say is asking for him?" inquired the operator of the man in the booth.

"Mr. O'Cohen."

"Mr. Who?"

"Mr. O'Cohen."

"Just a minute—the wires are crossed."

— D D D —

Eve (from the bushes): "Adam, dear, close your eyes so I can come home."

Adam: "What's the matter, my own?"

Eve: "I've been A. W. O. L."

— D D D —

"What did you do after the dance?"

"Nothing to speak of."

"Oh!"

— D D D —

Gabby Street Reviews the World Series

"Well, our boys lost the first game, but I'm surely glad that we did. I feel that losing that game was just the stimulus we needed to win the next four. I know that if their best pitcher could only beat us that badly we are a cinch to win."

—

"We lost again, but I feel that we now have a decided edge over the Athletics. We have Hallahan left, and they have used their two best pitchers. It's four straight for us now."

—

"Today we won. I sort of wish we hadn't because we're liable to get too cocky over the victory. But it's a setup tomorrow and we'll even the series."

—

After several more days of this, Street summarized his defeat in the last game with the following: "That defeat that lost the series today was the best thing that could have ever happened to the Cardinals. The boys are not a bit cocky or overconfident, and I feel sure that it was that defeat that put the necessary courage and 'stuff' in them to win the pennant next year. I'm surely glad the series ended like it did. It's for the good of our team."

— D D D —

Bougelwitz: "Yeh, I played strip poker with a chorus girl."

Simonized: "Did you win?"

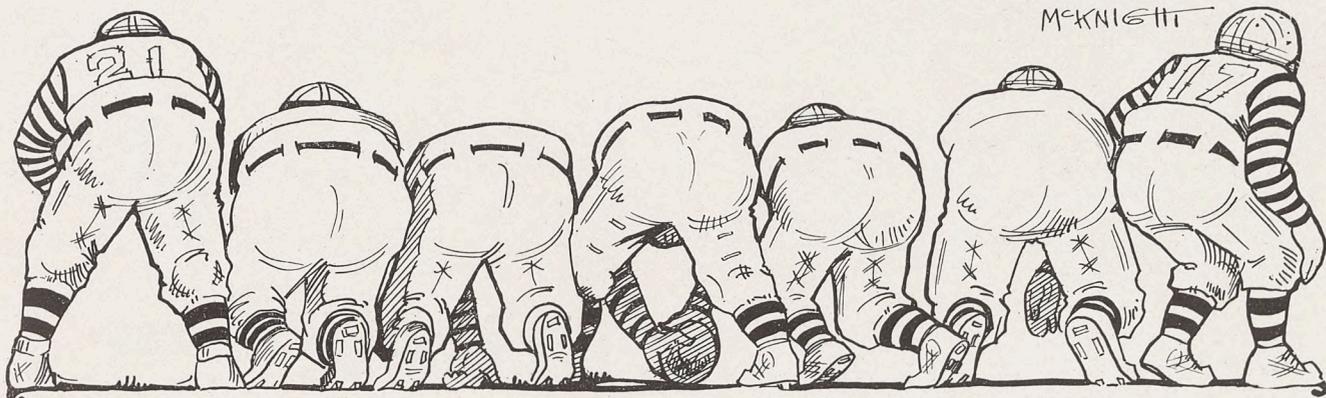
Bougelwitz: "Uh, uh, she gave me an I. O. U. for her clothes."

— D D D —

Sale of Summer Suits

(summer good; summer bad)

— D D D —



Seats of the mighty



The Arkansas boy who was told to "get out and root for the team."

— D D D —

The guy who crashes a pledge dance deserves his fate.

— D D D —

"He's taken a turn for the worse," as they said when the Frosh drove his car over the embankment behind fraternity row.

— D D D —

We have no grudge against the man who claims that walking is better exercise than riding, but we have yet to see the mail-carrier who looks like he could lick a truck-driver!

— D D D —

Theta: "Can you keep a secret?"

Pi Phi: "I'll tell the world!"

— D D D —

"There's something in that, too," said the janitor as he put his hand in the second cuspidor.

— D D D —

"What ho, Macedonius?"

"Your honor, a fair maiden waits without."

"Without what?"

"Without food or clothing."

"Well, feed her and bring her in."

— D D D —

"I guess that'll hold you for a while," hissed Rudolph as he threw the beautiful princess on the bed.

DIRGE PRESENTS

Some Brand New Variations of the "She-was-so-dumb" motif

She suggested that if Washington ever has sorority houses, they ought to be situated on this "Gabby Street" she's heard so much about.

She thought "Georgia Tech" was a co-ed.

She informed me that she was anxious to meet a real racketeer because she thought tennis was a perfectly lovely game.

When she heard that hotels had "cover charges", she decided that must be for an extra blanket on the bed.

She said she wasn't going to take a course in Psychology, because she'd been able to ride one ever since she was a little girl, anyway.

She told us there was no danger of her flunking a course because of being over-cut, because she hardly knew any of the boys at the dances.

Her definition of "campus" was: People who live in tents.

She wondered why no one bought any chairs for the standing army.

She said a dormitory was a thing like a camel except that it had two humps.

She thought "panorama" was some kind of a place where they had a canal.

She told me a rowboat was a mechanical man.

— D D D —

Teacher: "What's the difference between a university and a college?"

Smart boy: "Teacher, didn't you see Washington's opening game with Illinois?"



Line Work

Local Stuff

(With charity for none, and mallets for all)

We have it on reliable information that a young Italian lad named Tony was much disappointed when his father would not let him buy a Knot-hole ticket and go to the football game last Saturday. It seems that Tony's father is a bartender and from his intimate knowledge of the habits and morals of college students did not feel that it would be good for Tony to associate with them. There is a moral to this story which freshmen will do well to take to heart.

* * * *

We noticed that Pop Obrien, noted traffic expert, seemed rather discomfitted the other night when he blew vociferously on his whistle and dashed fiercely up to a car parking on sacred ground only to discover that it contained Chancellor Throop. With rare presence of mind Pop passed by the Chancellor's car and balled hell out of the driver of a car which providentially arrived in the nick of time to save Pop's face.

* * * *

We have heard that several of the sororities have held pledging ceremonies and some have even had the brazen effrontery to hold dances for the purpose of introducing the aforesaid floozies garnered the high-pressure way. One of our freshmen informed us that quite a crowd turned out for these various festivities since the weather was fair and there was nothing else on to speak of. He said the Delta Gammas were immense, and inquired how the Kappas adjusted their nose at that queer angle. We explained as best we could that the distortion was supposed to indicate hauteur. We told him that the Kappas thought they were the leading sorority and he agreed that all the girls he danced with tried to lead him.

* * * *

The Thetas, of whom no halitotic breath of scandal has ever been whispered, gave their annual pageant and dance within the staid walls of the Women's Building. And withal, it was a brave hop considering that the gals were competing with the opening of the Dairy Show. From the looks of the motley crew assembled there, it would seem that ALL of the Pi K A's thirty-odd pledges had been asked, not to mention a number of graduate hangers-on. Programs, prepared in all seriousness, were totally ignored to the general relief of all concerned.

* * * *

We have it on reliable authority that the Chi Delta Phi boys are petitioning KU KLUX KLAN and if they are not granted a charter will re-organize

as The West End Improvement Association. More power to these boys, there's lots of room for it.

* * * *

We have noticed this year more than ever the obnoxious tactics employed by some of our most ambitious students. The procedure is known by several unprintable names, passing in polite circles as "tubing." It is evidenced by carrying professors books, asking involved questions after class, doing extra work, always trying to recite and in general acting like teacher's pet did in the fifth grade. Inasmuch as we don't seem to have the knack of this easy method of making good grades we wish other people would abandon the practice.

WILL TRADE: One second rate activity man for a good pianist. Address applications to Bill Lye, Phi Delta Theta house.

WANTED: One house-mother who can double on the clarinet and darn socks. Apply at Theta Xi house, No. 6 Fraternity Row.

FOR SALE (CHEAP): One Dirge Editor.—Sigma Chi

WILL TRADE: One football letter man, three members of basketball squad (and darn good prospects, too), and one second baseman, for any one possessing a vague knowledge of Math. 12. Beta Theta Pi

FOR SALE: 45 gin bottles, 9 beer kegs, one combination bottle-opener and key-ring, two cans of tomatoes, and a slightly used bottle of Bromo-Seltzer. Fraternity Row.

LOST: Five good rushees, last seen in company of Kappas. Reward. Pi Beta Phi

WANTED: Publicity. Alpha Xi Delta

WANTED: One large capacity barn for our pledge meetings. Pi Kappa Alpha

WILL PAY CASH for unused bids to sorority formals. Can be used in large quantities. Phi Delta Theta

POSITIONS WANTED: Experienced chorus girls, temporarily out of work, will take any part time job until start of musical comedy rehearsals. Address Phi Mu rooms.

WANTED: Twenty-two modern Greeks to take pledges off our hands. Must be well dressed, good mixers (?) (!), and must have recommendations from local Y. M. C. A. Kappa Kappa Gamma

WANTED: One experienced bouncer, three traffic cops, and a riot squad, for use at our next dance. Kappa Alpha Theta

WANTED: One nice, clean Pralma vaudeville act. Sigma Chi

WILL TRADE: One disappointed activity man for a hound dog. Kappa Alpha



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Bearers of The Pall

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The Bronfenbrenner Controversy



EVER since Martin Bronfenbrenner's bid for publicity via the Student Life's "Letters from the People" column, the school has been divided into two opposing factions, —those who favor Bronfenbrennerism, and those opposed.

For the benefit of those who were fortunate enough to miss this issue of "Student Life", let us briefly summarize the views of Mr. Bron-etc. Feeling that his "impressions" are of great interest to the school at large, he expresses high indignation at a note on one of the bulletin boards advertising an interlinear translation for sale. "And I want to know, yes, I sincerely wish to get an honest opinion, on what percentage of Washington students that scrawl, and the sneaking anonymous "Joe" who penned it, symbolize." (Dear me!)

The pro-Bronfenbrenner faction has been besieging the Student Life office with scores of letters in defense of this position—"The white flag of purity, long may it wave!" etc. One Donald J. Havilcourt, famous campus figure, has contributed the following:

To The Editor of Student Life.

Dear Sir:

I am pleased to find that there is one person who still has his high ideals in this modern age—while he has afforded quite a bit of amusement to some students, Martin Bronfenbrenner has indeed struck a blow at our armor of callousness. In our scramble after materialistic objects, which after all are ephemeral, we sometimes forget the finer and better things in life. Mr. Bronfenbrenner has not written his letter in vain.

On the other hand, the antibronfenbrennerites treat the whole matter as an absurdity, and insinuate that Martin himself posted the odious notice in order to facilitate a little self-promotion. They further allege that the translation of a Latin classic is intended only to give the untutored some idea of the beauties of literature, and is in no wise advertised as a classroom help, an idea which the ingenious Mr. Bronfenbrenner was able to devise unassisted.

Martin, if he is indeed sincere, seems to have jumped at conclusions rather rashly. He overlooks the fact that if there were any great demand for these vile objects, "Joe" would not have had to post his notice. Moreover, the fact that one "sneaking, anonymous Joe" has a pony is in no way an indictment of the other 2,999 students.

As to that "sincere opinion" which Mr. Bronfenbrenner requests, here it is: the great majority of the students are either totally unaware of, or mildly amused by, both the insidious temptations of "Joe" and the holier-than-thou ravings of Mr. B.



About This Architect Business

Washington is generally considered above—or below, we don't quite know which—the childish pranks such as the Architects pulled last week. It seems that the Architects are accustomed to initiating every freshman in the school of Architecture. Initiating him into what nobody knows, and nobody cares but the members of this school, who seem to derive whole-hearted enjoyment from dragging first year men through a series of childish performances which admit him forthwith into the "Architectural Society".

Washington has its Freshman rules, its Sophomore wall, its fraternities, and its "Honorary" Societies, which seem to the writer to furnish sufficient paddling opportunities for bloodthirsty upper-classmen, without the individual schools inflicting their own individual methods of Frosh torment.

This year the Architects took their initiatory duties so seriously as to drag an unwilling first year man out of a Fraternity House and submitted him to rough and idiotic treatment without consideration for his person or his apparel, which happened to be his Sunday best—at least until they dragged him in the mud in their perverted spirit of fun.

If Washington is to have a semblance of school-spirit it would seem that such activities as hazing should be carried on by the proper authorities, which in the case of the Freshman have traditionally been the Sophomore Class as a whole, and not by various schools acting as individual units.

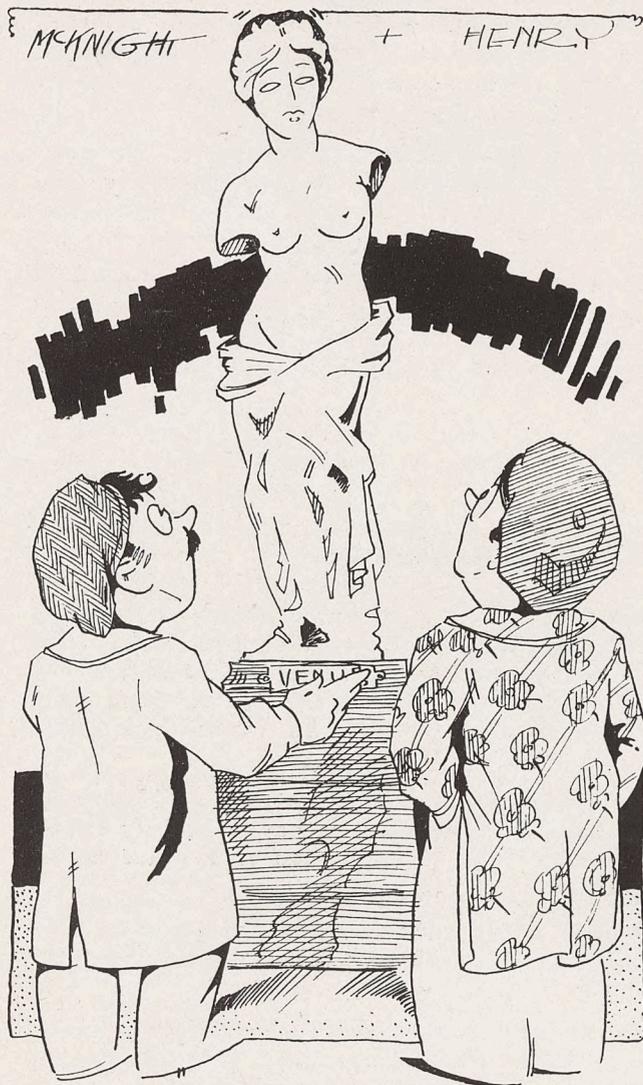


What's Wrong With School Spirit?

Our thesis is that Washington University,—if she is to uphold the ancient tradition established by long to be remembered alumni of the University—needs a little more of the good old thunder raised. It's been years since anything so big as a cow has been tied overnight in the Library; since the Colonel has been officially pronounced dead, and the bell in the tower rung during an alumni play. Has the old spirit departed which formerly prompted fun-loving students to annoy the faculty and provide entertainment and an appreciation of the advantages of higher education?

We think not. For the past several years there has been lack of a gifted leader in this line of extracurricular handicraft, which doubtless accounts for the even tenor and smoothly lifeless interim. Interest in the University has atrophied, but lacks only a modern William Tell to arouse the sons of Washington to action. No experience is necessary in this line, so applicants for the position of leader need not apply anywhere, but just start using the old noodle in this campaign to make undergraduate life worth while. Just as a helpful hint along the line of ideas we suggest the following which have been promulgated in the past but fell through for lack of a second or nerve.

For instance: Wouldn't it be funny if students should walk through the Archway some morning and find Chancellor Throop lying dead on the Quad in a welter of blood with Mr Zumbalen's safe clutched tightly in his arms? Or if you should arrive at school on a bright sunny day to find that "The Specialist" had been at work during the night and built one of his famous two seaters. This duo of suggestions for schoolboy pranks will do for the present to set more imaginative minds at work, and anyhow we don't want to say too much, or we won't be surprised ourselves when something gets pulled off.



"Rats! She's not so good-looking, after all."

"Well, maybe not, but when it comes to eating you certainly have to hand it to her."

— D D D —

She: "I'm afraid, Jim, that I'll never see you in heaven."

He: "Great guns! What have you been doing now?"

— D D D —

"Boy, call me a taxi."

"All right, your a taxi."

— D D D —

"Did the singer have a large repertoire?"

"No, she was a small woman."

— D D D —

He: "Well, I guess I'll kiss you goodbye until tomorrow."

She: "No, George, I couldn't hold my breath that long and besides I must go inside in ten minutes."

Doc: "You'll have to cut out some of this wine, women, and song business. It's killing you!"

Patient: "All right, Doc, I'll never sing again!"

— D D D —

"Isn't the moon lovely?" she asked, taking off her hat.

— D D D —

"I'm a second story man—my second story's always better than my first."

— D D D —

—Are you insinuating?

—No, that's the people next door; we have our garbage hauled away.

— D D D —

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT"

(Some Frosh ideas on the old subject, with all necessary apologies.)

Ima Scilly, pretty Cole College Co-ed, went out with the handsome captain of the football team and said "NO!" as if she meant it. (Washadoggie, Nebraska, October 8, 1927.)

Lucretia Georgia, popular campus queen of Washemout University, was seen by three reliable witnesses in the act of blushing. (San Luis, Louisiana, February 23, 1929.)

Miss I. C. Yew, beautiful maiden of the Jinxton Business College, said, "I don't care if they're looking or not." (Jinxton, Alabama, September 27, 1929.)

Maria Reddy, lovely student of Flunquem College, said she adored street cars and had an incurable loathing for taxis. (Weipeedeipee, Maine, May 10, 1927.)

Minnie Zigaboo, the toast of Riley Institute, went into a dressing room at the end of a dance and came out again in less than twenty minutes. (Wahoo, Kansas, June 16, 1930.)

— D D D —

Canibal Prince (rushing in): "Am I late for dinner?"

Cannibal King: "Yey, every body's eaten."

— D D D —

Him: "Does Mr. Crawford, a student, live here?"

Landlady: "Well, Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman."

TRIAL BY JURY

"As soon as I saw her I knew she was innocent," said the First Juror. "What do you guys think about it?"

"Did you see her eyes?" asked the second juror.

"I sure did," said the third juror. "She had on those lace stockings."

"What if she did shoot that old guy for his money," said the fourth juror, "what right has an old guy like that to marry a pretty innocent young girl like this Maizie de Vere is? Why the old guy might have lived another year and she would have had to wait for his money."

"Sure," said the fifth juror, "and all that evidence about her running around with another guy while she was married to that old miser—bunk!"

"No," said the sixth juror, "a sweet young girl like that wouldn't do such a thing. Besides, did you guys notice how she looked over at me and smiled trustingly in my eyes all the time? She's falling for me."

"Don't be an ass. It was me she was smiling at," retorted the seventh juror.

"By God, I think she is guilty," said the eighth juror. "Say, who threw that cuspidor? If that had hit me it would have hurt. All right, quit hitting me—she's innocent."

"Did you hear her cry when her lawyer pleaded for her Life?" said the ninth juror. "Hard-hearted as I am tears ran down my cheeks and glistened like pearls from the end of my mustache."

"Why her lawyer himself said she was chaste as a new born babe," said the tenth juror. "What was her address, again? I have to entertain out of town buyers. Myself, I don't go in for that sort of thing."

"Yeah, she's innocent," said the eleventh juror. "Even if she did kill the old guy she's just a victim of life's heartless circumstances, like her lawyer said."

"Gentlemen," said the twelfth juror, "we seem agreed she is innocent, and besides, the prosecuting attorney had a funny mustache. Believe me, that girl's a cute little trick."

The discussion being concluded the jurors played poker for five days before bringing in the verdict for times are hard and jurors get two dollars a day.



A four-ladder man from Leavenworth

— D D D —

"Hey, pop, the old goat jest et a jackrabbit."
"Gosh durn it all! Another hare in the butter."

— D D D —

A Mormon is a man with an exaggerated idea of his capacity.

— D D D —

"This is the fig tree you've heard so much about."
"Oh! I thought the leaves were much larger!"

— D D D —

"That machine can do the work of ten men."
"Gee whiz! My wife should have married it."

Herman Slooch was such a drunkard that when he died the inscription on his tombstone was "This is on me."

— D D D —

"What's the matter?" asked the fond mother of the little girl who was sobbing bitterly.

"I've got a runner in my stocking," sobbed the sweet young thing.

"Well, it could be worse," retorted the old woman. "Suppose it was a pole-vaulter."

— D D D —

Optimist: A guy who, on his way to a speakeasy, says, "I'll see you later."

"This is certainly a shock," said the deepsea fisherman, hauling in his line.

— D D D —

"Say, that little Freshman you've been running around with certainly has a nice build."

"Yep—a perfect '34!"

— D D D —

"Joe and Al always get drunk together, don't they?"

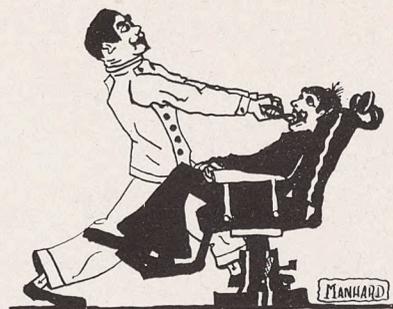
"Sure; they're boozin' companions."

— D D D —

"Do you know the difference between a copy of "Dirge" and a traveling salesman?"

"No."

"Ah; a faculty member, eh?"



The dentist pulls a fast one

— D D D —

The prefix "co" may not mean much, but it sure wrecks education!

— D D D —

YOU'LL SEE 'EM AT EVERY FOOTBALL GAME!

The water-boy who trips over the lineman's chain.

The wise bird who remarks that the only way they could get more sour notes in the band would be to hire more players.

The cheer-leader who gets his yells balled up and ends three phrases behind time.

The drunk who attempts to throw his date off the top of the grandstand.

The co-ed who cheers wildly when the opposing team intercepts a pass.

The cheer-leaders who, between halves, bandy a football about with all the zest and gracefulness of a six-months old calf with the sun in its eyes running for the barn.

The co-ed who exhibits her charms trying to negotiate the fence between the bleachers and the grandstand.

The co-ed who thinks a punt is a short infield hit.



L. MCKNIGHT & HENRY

"For Heaven's sake, what happened to you?"

"Oh, I was watching a poker game, and I tried to lend my friend a helping hand."



"End Run"

— D D D —

The Modern Method

Question:

*I'm a girl of twenty years
Pretty as a picture.
But at a party, dance, or show
I'm nothing but a fixture.*

*"Be popular" the ads all say
And each one tells you how.
I dance (the scientific way)—
My French?—why, it's a wow.*

*I use that certain brand of soap
Consistently each day.
I've learned to toot a saxophone
That "easy-playing" way.*

*I've purged my life of everything
That sought to hold me back.
My date book, though, is still a
blank—
What is it that I lack?*

Answer:

*You've got enough—just use it
right,
And try what I advise.
Do what business did to you—
In short, kid, advertise!*

— D D D —

"Give a sentence with the word
'conductor'?"

"When the Con went home, his
wife threw a dish at him, but Con
ducked her."

Co: "There's a rumor going
around that Jim has the measles."
Ed: "That sounds like a rash
statement to me."

— D D D —

"I hear that Rastus, your negro
cook, is having trouble with his
new girl-friend."
"Yeah, she's his darkest mo-
ment."

— D D D —

And now comes the Scotchman
who shot craps with two cubes of
sugar 'cause he had spots before
his eyes.

— D D D —

If all the naughty Freshmen
were placed end to end, it would
save the Vigilance Committee a
lot of trouble.

— D D D —

Teacher: "What college is the
oldest in history?"
Frosh: "The University of
Maine."

Instructor: "On what do you
base your conclusions, Sir?"

Dim-Wit: "Because there were
'Philistines for dear old Maine.'"

The only thing that's really
Scotch about Scotch jokes is that
they don't GIVE us much of any-
thing, not even a laugh.

— D D D —

Cop: "Hey you, pull over to the
curb!"

Blotto: "Thanksh, mister, I
was jus' lookin' for a place to
sleep."

— D D D —

In Palestine the Jews have a
wailing wall.

At Washington U. the Sohps.
have a whaling wall.

— D D D —

Similes:

As useless as an X-ray at a bur-
lesque show.

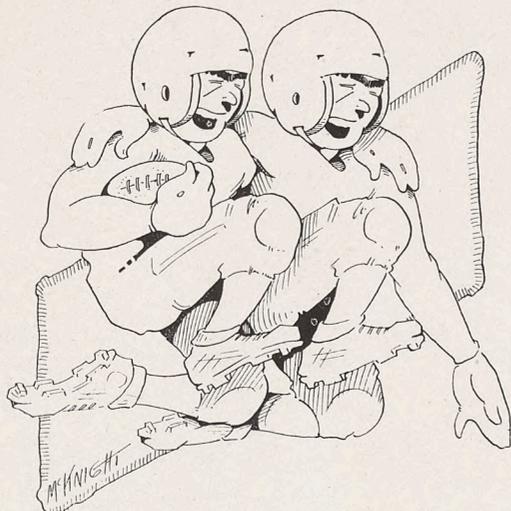
As optimistic as the future
Freshman who has just seen a
moving picture depicting college
life.

She was so hot that when her
boy-friends died, they felt right at
home.

As unnecessary as a Freshman
cap to distinguish Freshman.



Goldilocks and the three "Bears"



"You say Saussele should be in jail?"

"No, you got me wrong; I said I like to see him behind the b'ars."

— D D D —

Pitiful cases: the Notre Dame half-back who got car-sick whenever he rode on a train.

— D D D —

Her Dad: "Would you love my daughter just as much if she had no money?"

Her Man: "Why certainly!"

Her Dad: "That's sufficient! I don't want any idiots in the family!"

(Continued from page 7)

he will be drafted to the main squad, called the Washington Varsity.

This system should please everybody. Students and the ticket-purchasing public will be able to see a winning team. Conditions will be ideal for the spectators. Due to larger gate receipts which will be due to the winning team, the players on the team will be paid generous salaries to keep them contented and away from Notre Dame. Only two objections have been raised. The present members of the team object because they are afraid that they will be released on waivers or sold to William Jennings Bryan College. Also some sour old reactionary said the new plan would not fit in with the ideas of amateur sport. This second objection was probably raised by a faculty member and is not to be taken seriously.

WOMEN ARE LIKE—

Cigarettes, because they have slender shapes and thin wrappers; because when they get lit up you never can tell when they're going "out"; because it's difficult to manage more than one at a time; and because they're always after meals.

Cantaloupes, because you can look at them and squeeze them all you want, but you can't tell anything about them until it's too late.

Street-cars, because you should never chase one, since another one just as good will come along very shortly; and because, although there are fewer of them after midnight, they go faster.

— D D D —

Census Taker: "How many children have you, Madam?"

Madam: "Four."

Census Taker: "All together?"

Madam: "No, one at a time."

— D D D —

Hoover has lived up to his name all right. It seems as though most everybody has been cleaned.

—Lampoon

— D D D —

"Is he an actor?"

"Sure. Do you remember the picture, 'Slide, Kelly, Slide'? Well, he was the grease spot."

—Ohio State Sun Dial



Down fiso!

Even if you haven't asked us, it seems to us that a lot of people want the Prohibition amendment preserved—in alcohol.

— D D D —

"Doesn't that girl look like Eve?"

"Yes, but she's got more on."

— D D D —

Eloto, accidentally kissing her pet dog: "After this, you use Kissproof."

— D D D —

Our Pralma Swatter

(or the lament of a Freshman)

You're not allowed to make a fuss with any kind of lass.

You have to watch your step, always, and keep off the grass.

You cannot push a cane or wear a derby hat or some spats.

You stroll around the campus in those silly looking hats.

*Chorus: You must not crab or grumble; of your wrongs you cannot spout,
Or the Sophomores will get you if you don't watch out.*

You can't escort a woman to a college football game,

And if you do, upon the board you'll probably see your name.

A mustache or a sideburn must not mar a Freshman's face,

And if one does, he will be burned, upon another place.

Chorus:

*L'cnvoi: And so we'll have to bide our time
And try and not commit a crime;
And wait with hopes of joys in store
When we are each a Sophomore!*

— D D D —

The person who thinks that "College Humor" is a collection of the funniest things in college never saw any faculty members.

You Auto Read This

She: "You only drive a Ford; you have no six appeal. My eyes may be green, but they don't say 'go ahead'. And furthermore, I don't car a bit for you, because you think you're sedan smart."

He: "Aw, Ethyl, don't be such a crank, I'm oil right. I gas its just my nature, I can't curb myself. Fender you going to say 'yes' so wheel have a good time?"

She: "Shut hub, you tire me. You're drunk, so go engine the rest of the boys who are 'tanked'.

The Moral: Do not get auto-intoxicated or, do Scotchmen ride in Studebakers because they have "free-wheeling?"

— D D D —

She was only a farmer's daughter but she knew her oaths.

— D D D —

A Scotchman, a German, and a Freshman had supper together one evening. When the waiter brought the bill, there was a prolonged silence. Finally,—"Hoot mon, gi' me the bill." On the following day the mutilated body of a German vantroloquist was recovered from the river.

— D D D —

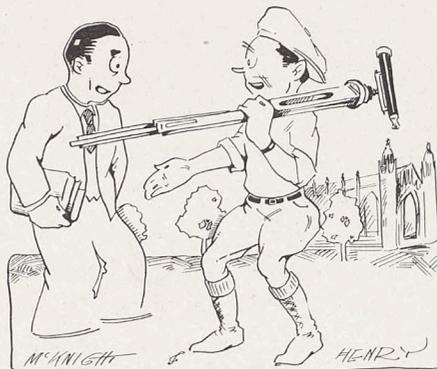
It: "His last words were 'will you marry me?'"

Another It: "What happened?"

The First It: "She married him."

— D D D —

He asked for the daughter's hand, but got her father's foot.

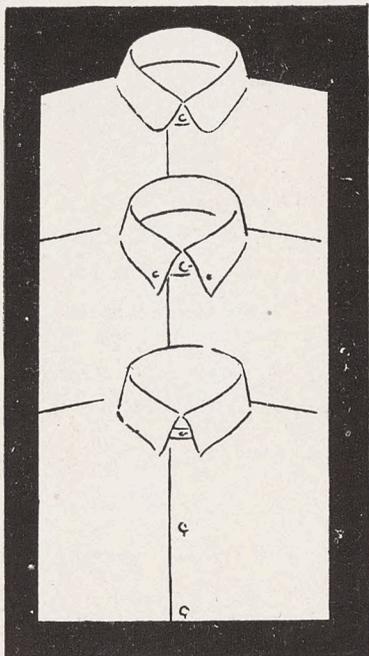


—"Been surveying a little?"

—"Naw. Been surveying a lot!"

VANITY FAIR
OCT. 13—18, 1930

SOFT SHIRTS



© VANITY FAIR

The soft shirt is still fashionable for business wear in town, and this season a man has many types from which to choose.

Three of these are shown in the accompanying sketches. The top one has a very smart rounded front collar attached to the shirt. This collar should be worn with a plain gold pin holding its points in place.

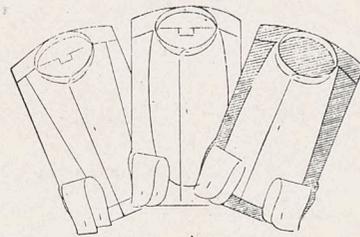
The second one from the top has the points of its soft attached collar buttoned to the shirt. This is the least formal of the three types, to make a fine distinction. Essentially a country and sports type of shirt, it has recently become accepted for very informal use in town.

The third shirt has a short point and square corners, and may be held neatly in place by any one of three methods. It may have two small tabs after the fashion of the so-called Prince of Wales collar. It may have two buttonholes allowing it to button directly to the neckband of the shirt, or it may be worn with a small gold safety pin. If a pin is used, to save wear on the collar and to make sure that the pin is in the proper place every time, two small eyelets are used.

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VANITY FAIR
OCT. 13—18, 1930

NEW STYLES IN DRESS SHIRTS



Last season and the season before, we announced in this department a new fashion for dress shirts with a shorter, narrower bosom, and this year we find one American maker who has brought out three versions of the new fashion.

To the fashion for high-rise trousers and the consequent shorter cut in waistcoats we owe this excellent new shirt. Obviously, the waistcoat must be cut with a rather narrow V opening if it is to be worn with one of these shirts.

Of the three shirts shown here, the one at the left is made with a pique bosom cut almost in a V shape. The one in the center has a straighter bosom, and the one at the right is merely the old type of bosom in a shorter and narrower form. This last shirt is made with a colored body, which is a novel enough idea.

The advantage of a shirt of this sort is fairly obvious. In the first place, the smaller bosom will lie flat and not buckle. It allows one much greater freedom of movement and does away with a great deal of unneeded and unwanted starched armor.

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

(Copyright, 1930, by Vanity Fair)

Aunt Hilda, after a brief survey of the college comic, looked up at her nephew with a horrified expression of wonder.

"Aren't you afraid," she asked, "that young ladies will read these papers?"

—Jack-o-Lantern



NOTHING UP OUR SLEEVES BUT A GOOD SMOKE



Camels are made of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, blended with expert care. You'll find them mellow, mild and smooth, with a full-bodied aroma that simply can't be copied. It's a simple statement of fact to say money can't buy a better cigarette.

WE HOLD certain truths to be self-evident in this matter of smoking — truths that need no garnishing of guff. A fellow smokes because he likes to; he smokes a certain brand because that brand gives him more pleasure than any other. Year in and year out more people smoke Camels than any other cigarette. We submit that the only legitimate reason is because they enjoy them better. If there's any bunk in that, we hope to swallow a senator.

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She was only a red coat's daughter, but she knew
Howe!

— D D D — *Octopus*

"I understand Joan of Arc died of indigestion."
"Indigestion?"
"Yeah, too much hot steak."

— D D D — *Pointer*

"Just knocked my math cold."
"Really—"
"Yea, below zero."

— D D D — *Brown Jug*

"This sure has me stumped," said the Pirate as
he put on his wooden leg.

— D D D — *Punchbowl*

"You don't know what you're missing," cried
Lon Chaney as he ducked the hunter's bullet.

— D D D — *Punchbowl*

Give a thief enough rope and he will go into the
cigar business.

— D D D — *Punchbowl*

The call her "Mussey Lena" because she's the
Fascist girl in town.

— D D D — *Brown Jug*

Another way to judge an old timer is one who
remembers when his mother rocked him to sleep
instead of blowing smoke rings to amuse him.

— D D D — *Princeton Tiger*

A fraternity man was badly mangled in a train
wreck, and when the doctors tried to identify him by
the clothes he was wearing, it looked as though the
whole chapter was injured.

— *Boston Beanpot*

Lay Off

Captain Bill's Whiz Bang,
New York City
Gentlemen:

Listen, you big bunch of crooks; if you don't
stop plagiarizing our material we'll put your damned
magazine out of business.

Emphatically,
The Christian Endeavor Herald.
— *Puppet*

— D D D —

Another way for a girl to keep her youth is not
to introduce him to her girl friends.

— *Exchange*

— D D D —

It is reported by Professor Jumblewit of the U.
that the knights of yore used baby dragons for
cigarette lighters.

— *Kansas Sour Owl*

— D D D —

The cannibals had just cooked up a party of
missionaries and the feast was being passed.

"Would you like a nice, fresh roasted priest?"
asked the chef.

"Nun, thank you," rejoined the chief.

It's great to have a ruler with a sense of humor,
isnt it?

— *Amherst Lord Jeff*

— D D D —

Who designs the great American body anyway—
Fisher or MacFadden?

— *Bison*

— D D D —

"But, silly, must an orchestra leader always flour-
ish his bottom like that?"

— *College Humor*

— D D D —

A bird in the hand is not worth the risk.

— *Voo Doo*

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1818 AND TO-DAY

Dog-Gone

"Say, mister," said a little fellow to a next door neighbor, "are you the man who gave my brother a dog last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, ma says to come and take him back."

—Annapolis Log

— D D D —

"Do you like olives?"

"Olive's what?"

—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern

— D D D —

There's nothing strange in the fact that the modern girl is a live wire. She carries practically no insulation.

—Zip 'N Tang

— D D D —

Flora: "Times have certainly changed."

Dora: "How come?"

Flora: "You know that story about Pharaoh's daughter finding Moses in the bullrushes?"

Dora: "Yes; but what's that got to do with it?"

Flora: "Well, imagine a girl getting away with that story to-day!"

—Boston Beanpot

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

Indignant Mother: "Rubber!"

Englishman (staring at homely baby in fascinated horror): "Thank Gawd! I fancied it might be real!"

—Yale Record

— D D D —

"That noise you hear is the orchestra running over that little song inspired by the employment situation, "You Brought a New Kind of Loaf to Me."

—Froth

— D D D —

"I want a loaf of bread."

"White or graham?"

"It doesn't matter; this is for a blind lady."

—Stone Mill

— D D D —

A divinity student named Tweedle,
Once wouldn't accept his degree,
'Cause it's tough enough being called Tweedle,
Without being Tweedle, D.D.

—Record.

— D D D —

"I hear the Sultan is introducing the Honor System in the harem."

"Yes, he caught the doctor cheating on his examinations."

—Virginia Reel

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Spirit of the Campus

The text: University founded 1842. Students gripe. Fire in 1879. Students gripe. Halls built. Students gripe. Dining Hall built. Students gripe. Department of Gripping established in 1930.

—*Notre Dame Juggler*

— D D D —

They couldn't get a song for Disraeli because there was no one who could write a decent English theme.

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*

— D D D —

Man (who has just turned his ankle but, seeing a child, controls his language): "Oh, dear me!"

Small Boy: "For God's sake, mister, that must have hurt like hell."

—*Record*

— D D D —

There he stood—the answer to Darwin's prayer.

—*S. C. Wampus*

— D D D —

Maiden: "I just adore dark men."

Young Man: "You'd have a big time in Africa."

—*Bison*

— D D D —

"Whose game?" asked the football enthusiast.

"I am," murmured the shy young thing.

Bison

— D D D —

Drunk (bumping into lamp post): "Excuse me, sir!"

(Bumping into fire-hydrant): "Excuse me, little boy."

(Bumping into 2nd lamp post and falling down): "Well, I'll just sit here until the crowd pas-h-es."

—*Hulla-Baloo*

We Wish Her Luck

(From the New York Times)

Girl—lately landed, wishes housework or children. G. Sullivan.

— D D D —

1st Herring: "Why don't you take better care of your brother?"

2nd Herring: "Am I my brother's kipper?"

—*Log*

— D D D —

"My school colors are black and blue."

"Yeah? What school do you go to?"

"A riding academy."

—*Old Maid*

— D D D —

"I saw in the paper that in some of the out-of-the-way corners of the world the natives still use fish for money."

"What a sloppy job they must have getting chewing gum from a slot machine."

—*Reel*

— D D D —

Rufus: "Mohnin'."

Rastus: "Lo."

—*Juggler*

— D D D —

"Say, bozo, your girl surely does use a heap of make-up."

"Uh-huh, I call her my powdered sugar."

—*Skipper*

— D D D —

Moke: "I sleep with my dog every night."

Goop: "That's very unhealthy."

Moke: "I know, but he's used to it now."

—*Stone Mill*

— D D D —

Infidel (to lame explorer): "Ha, Christian, how is your bunion today?"

Christian: "Fine, Abdul, how's your koran?"

—*Belle Hop*

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PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

Thank You

Elderly Lady: "Do you know my daughter, May?"

Youngster: "No, I don't. Thanks for the tip."
—*The Siren*

— D D D —

When you have decided to commit suicide, have locked the door, and then turned on the gas, only to have your roommate break down the door of your gas-filled room, be nonchalant—light a match.

—*The Brown Jug*

— D D D —

Things could always be worse. Just think if Floyd Gibbons stuttered.

—*Lampoon*

— D D D —

"And how could you tell that Mrs. Glotz had a set of false teeth?" asked Bertha Mai Rustle of her friend, Clara Mudd.

"Well," declared Clara, "it just came out in the conversation."

Not many more like that, friends.

"Here, bo—try this on your piano," cried a street urchin, handing Mr. Paderewski a bottle of furniture polish.

—*Vanderbilt Masquerader*

— D D D —

He Misses Nothing

"Who is that man over there snapping his fingers?"

"That's a deaf mute with the hiccoughs."

—*Columns*

— D D D —

Along came a big mamma she-elephant trudging thru the deep, deep jungle of darkest Africa when, presto, and she had heedlessly stepped on a mamma partridge just a few inches from a nest of little partridges. The kind-hearted she-elephant saw what she had done and having babies of her own who sometimes got very cold, she felt very sorry for the little birds and sat down over the nest to keep them warm.

Moral: What is home without a mother?

—*Caroline Buccaneer*

— D D D —

Pete: "How many kinds of milk are there?"

Repeat: "Sweet milk, butter milk, and condensed milk. Why?"

Pete: "Well, I'm drawing a picture of a cow and I want to know how many nozzles to put on."

—*Beanpot*

Words of the Great

Stude: "Why did you stop hunting an honest man, Diogenes?"

Diogenes: "Somebody stole my lantern."

—*Longhorn*

— D D D —

"How old are you, little man?"

"Damned if I know, mister. Mother was twenty-six when I was born, but now she's only twenty-four."

—*Beanpot*

— D D D —

And then there's the Zugee bird who flies backwards. He doesn't give a damn where he's going, he just want to know where he's been.

—*Arizona Kitty-Kat*

— D D D —

Oh, Tom Thumb!

In Manhattan night clubs now they're serving miniature golf courses instead of salads.

—*Siren*

— D D D —

"A woman will never be president of the United States."

"Why?"

"Show me the woman who will admit she is 35 years old."

—*Malteaser*

— D D D —

Our idea of the best joke of the season: The directions on a whiskey prescription . . . Two table-spoonsful every three hours.

—*Rice Ozel*

— D D D —

He: "You must be an experienced necker!"

She: "Am I? I used to run a guillotine."

—*Froth*

— D D D —

New Bank Clerk: "Miss Jones, do you retire a loan?"

Stenog: "No, I sleep with Aunt Emma."

—*Beanpot*

— D D D —

Classic

"Music by Handel," said the Frosh as he wound up the Victrola.

—*Drexlerd*

— D D D —

"What made the English Prof. blush so?"

"He told Mary she had poor form."

"Well."

"She showed him where he was wrong."

—*Orange Peel*

"My girl is an ash-blond."
 "How come?"
 "Just the remains of a hot fire."
 —Malteaser

— D D D —

Mary had a little lamp,
 She filled it with benzine,
 She went to light her little lamp,
 She hasn't since benzine. —Froth

— D D D —

Reporter: "What news? What news?"
 Juror: "We find the defendant not
 guilty of murder."
 Reporter: "Dammit! No noose."
 —Northwestern Purple Parrot

— D D D —

"Is this a jewelry shop?"
 "Yes."
 "Good. See if you can find what's the
 matter with my Austin." —Lampoon

— D D D —

"I hate to crash in on this 'deaf and dumb' dance."
 "Aw, come on in. They won't say a word."
 —Black and Blue Jay

— D D D —

Pity the bridge players of Italy. For in that far-
 off land the Duce trumps the King.
 —Beanpot

— D D D —

Senior: "Well, Frosh, having taken freshman
 English, what do you think of O. Henry?"
 Frosh: "O. K., but the nuts stick in my teeth."
 —Bison

— D D D —

One thing's certain, you can't complain to the
 janitor about lack of heat from the janitor's daugh-
 ter.
 —College Humor

— D D D —

Little Girl: "Nurse, will I ever have a mustache
 on my lip like daddy when I grow up?"
 Nurse: "Pretty often, dear, I expect."
 —Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

— D D D —

They sat alone in the moonlight,
 And she soothed his troubled brow;
 "Dearest, I know my life's been fast,
 But I'm on my last lap now."
 —The Jester

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She (at track meet): "Ooh! Aren't his legs
 sturdy?"
 He: "Sure, but lookit the muddy track."
 —Black and Blue Jay

— D D D —

"Isn't that the telephone?"
 "No. You must have heard the napkin ring."
 (Don't be angry, children, it's all in fun.)
 —Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

— D D D —

"How do you find yourself these cold mornings?"
 "Oh, throw back the covers, and there I am."
 —Burr

— D D D —

Lace up your shoes, Gertie, your tongue's hang-
 ing out.
 —Lord Jeff

— D D D —

The huge problem in fraternity architecture:
 Guest room for extra davenport?
 —Frater

— D D D —

Shed a tear for the Freshman who thought that
 Lock members were Yale transfer students.
 —Boston Beanpot

— D D D —

"What makes you so hoarse, Stan?"
 "I've been talking through a screen door and
 strained my voice."
 —Bison

Too Bad

It was a fly-by-night stock company presenting "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The moment came for the deep-throated baying of the bloodhounds as Eliza crossed the ice. The audience laughed when a weak "Yap, yap" came from the wings.

"My God!" said the stage manager, "what happened to the bloodhounds?"

"Orful sorry sir," said the stagehand, "but he got mixed up with one o' them town dorgs last night."

—*Reserve Red Cat*

— D D D —

Frosh at First Sorority Party: "May I sit on your right hand at dinner?"

His Hostess: "I may need it to eat with, but you can hold it a while."

—*Orange Peel*

— D D D —

"What do you think of the situation in India?"
"Oh, just Ghandi!"

—*Froth*

— D D D —

Then there's the absent-minded guy who got thrown out of his apartment when the landlady heard him drop his shoes on the floor twice.

—*Voo Doo*

— D D D —

Goll: "I hear Ziegfeld sends out letters to shape-ly girls trying to get them to join his choruses."

Darn: "Form letters, eh?"

—*Froth*

— D D D —

"Are you positive the defendant was drunk?"

"Well, your honor, I saw him put a penny in a patrol box and then he looked up at the court house clock and roared, "I've lost 14 pounds."

—*Yellow Jacket*

— D D D —

"Hey, you, why don't you use both hands," yelled the traffic cop.

"I'm afraid to let go of the steering wheel," retorted Campus Carl.

—*Carnegie Tech Puppet*

— D D D —

Mike: "You don't dare to dance on the table!,"
Millicent: "Coward! Take off those glasses!"

—*Wisconsin Octopus*

— D D D —

He: "She tries so hard to appear natural."

She: "That dress ought to be a big help."

—*Beanpot*

Why Geographers Leave Home

Waiter: "Are you Hungary?"

Broker: "Yes, Siam."

Waiter: "Den Russia to the table and I'll Fiji."

Broker: "All right, Sweden my coffee and Denmark my bill."

—*Kennebec Journal*

— D D D —

Executioner: "What flavor juice, please?"

—*Froth*

— D D D —

"Wait a minute, big boy, you just restrain yourself awhile."

"Why, Emmeline, I haven't even strained myself yet!"

—*Froth*

— D D D —

Massa: "I say, Rozzon, how did things look last night on that thar date o' your'n?"

Rozzon: "Pretty black, Massa, pretty black."

—*Froth*

— D D D —

"My grandfather was an adventurer. He was a gold-digger in Alaska."

"So was my grandmother."

—*Black and Blue Jay*

— D D D —

*The boy who's never kissed a girl
Can scarcely breast the social swirl,
For chivalry demands of him
He answer woman's slightest whim.*

*A woman's whim is ever this—
To snare a man's reluctant kiss,
And snaring it, to make him pant
For things that nice girls never grant.*

—*Lampoon*

— D D D —

Mother (to little Betty, aged nine): "Betty, what are you doing with my lipstick?"

Betty: "I'm making a new design for a stamp, mother. We're going to play post-office."

—*Pitt Panther*

— D D D —

Some people claim that Tom Thumb golf courses are difficult. On the contrary, we have found that most of them are pipes."

—*Lampoon*

— D D D —

Kayo: "They gave Six Second Smith a present of a bathrobe before the fight last night."

Okay: "Yeah, and he got a beautiful pair of socks later on, too."

—*Froth*

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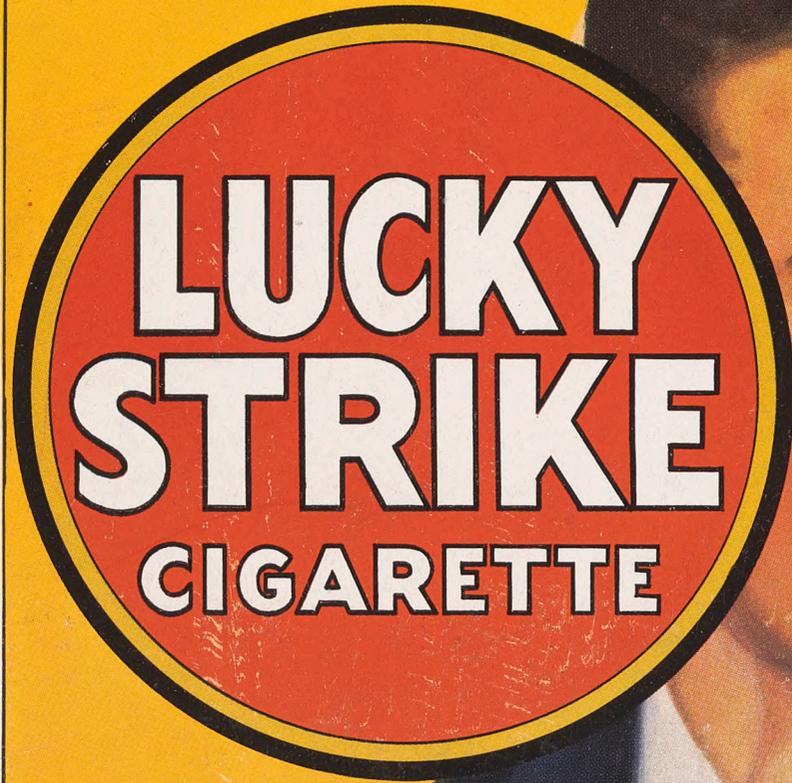
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