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### Washington University Dirge

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

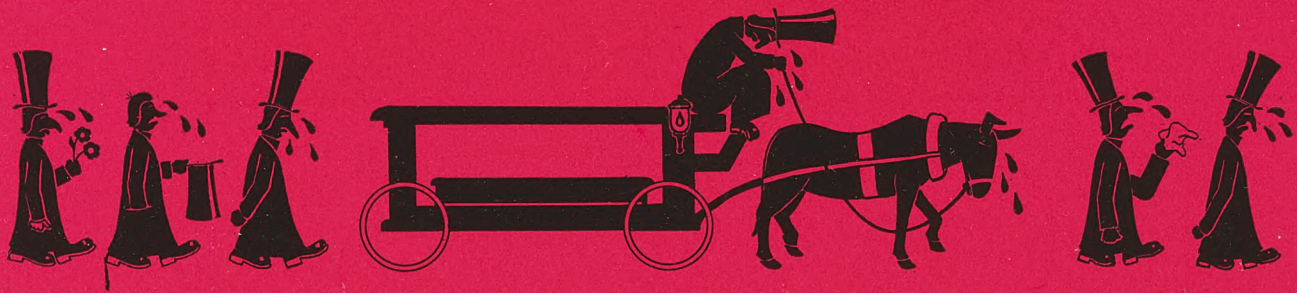
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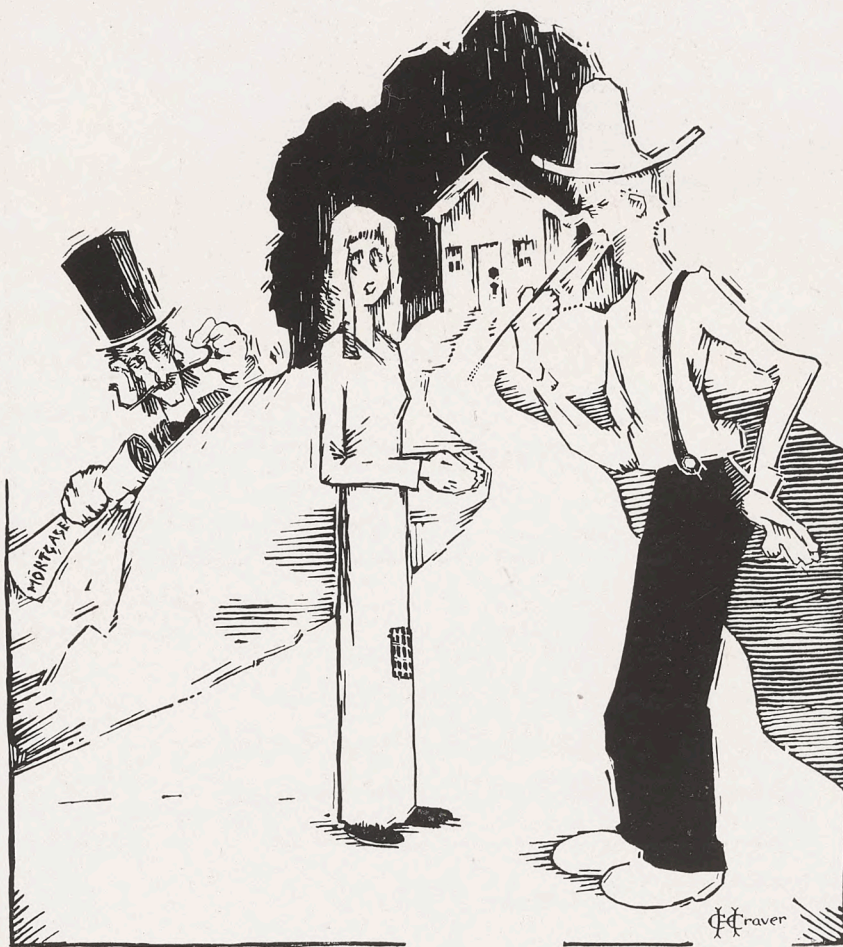
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# DIRGE

November  
1932

Fifteen  
Cents



“Father, Rupert Brought Me Back.  
He'd Rather Have the Mortgage.”

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY  
ST. LOUIS

ZENAEBO

Pardon my poise  
—I'm keeping cool  
with OLD GOLD



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

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

Get this, folks:  
OLD GOLDS are FULL-WEIGHT

**not a cough in a carload**



## ENTER THE HEROINE

Oh, little lady in creamy lace  
And gown of palest blue,  
Turn around a little bit  
So I can get a glimpse of you.

Do you know that you  
Are the girl who is my ideal?  
I never dreamed that one like you  
Could really be real.

You've hair of gold and eyes of blue  
And teeth like whitest pearls  
'Neath full, red lips. To me  
You're the loveliest of girls.

I've hunted high and hunted low  
And well nigh given up hope  
Of ever finding one like you  
To advertise my soap.

D. B.

— D D D —

## LUCKY VILLAIN

The scene is laid in Hollow Hill,  
The villain's name is Slimy Bill,  
The shero is a maiden fair,  
With sky blue eyes and golden hair.

Her father, old, is stooped and bent,  
He had no cash to pay the rent.  
The hero quite a man is he—  
Made up of truth and honesty.

The villain wants the rent or else—  
He'll take the maiden for himself,  
Oh, wicked man—Oh, so unjust!  
He must have a lot of crust.

The curtain on the first act drops,  
The maiden should call out the cops,  
But the hero hears her plea—  
And decides it's up to he.

He bids the maiden not to fear,  
And loads his rusty rifle dear.  
Then he jumps astride his mare,  
He'll get the villain, foul or fair.

He corners the rogue in Hollow Hill,  
And puts an end to Slimy Bill.  
For this brave deed, the maiden he got.  
Now again the curtain drops.

Ten years later it rises, again.  
The hero now, has seven children.  
For this penalty, his heart is sore,  
And he wishes the villain back once more.

A. M.

TIME

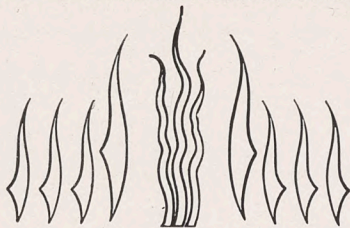
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TIME

*The Weekly Newsmagazine*



# Her Lurid Past

by George B. Ross

Through the perfumed smoke-wreaths of her Russian Ivanoff, she watched him; the clever smile on her lips giving the lie to the dread in her eyes. He tasted his French pastry blandly, with now and then a slow exacting glance across the table in her direction. He was tall, immaculately attired, handsome as the man in a collar advertisement; his movements showing the polished, wholly sophisticated cosmopolite.

"To Joan!" He lifted his glass of White Rock, his figure erect. "To the sweetest and dearest woman in the world!"

For a moment she forgot the fear that haunted her since the day she had discovered what this man meant to her. He cared! Perhaps tonight, it would come she knew too well—he had approached the subject that afternoon—he would ask her to be his wife, and she . . .

This joyful flame suddenly sunk to ashes. In her soul a sneering voice mocked, "When he knows of your past, what then? Do you ever think a man like your lover could ever forget a past like yours? . . ."

She had dreamed when success came how easy it would be to throw off that terrible past like an old cloak; she had nearly made herself believe that he need never know, but a letter that morning had shattered her air castles.

"I must tell him my past at all costs," she thought dully.

He was watching her now with a tender appeal in his eyes. Beyond in the exclusive club were dining the city's most beautiful women—society leaders of world renown, and ravishing beauties without names, all belonging to the sisterhood of beautiful skins. But among them all none was as beautiful, as daringly charming as this woman opposite.

He had prided himself on his taste in women—the tiny bit of rouge in the exquisite curve of her ear, the tasteful daring of her gown, the sophisticated perfume of her hair, the lily-like skin of her throat setting off a string of pearls—his latest gift.

He bent toward her impetuously.

"Joan," he murmured, "there is something I wish to speak to you about—perhaps you already have an idea as to what I . . ."

The world reeled about her—she put forth a protesting arm. "No. No! You must not say it

until you have heard me first. I must tell you all about—" she clutched the table before her—"I have had—had a past!"

He did not shudder—not a trace of emotion did he betray. There was even admiration in his tones as he said, "My dear girl, I am a man of the world, and you a beautiful woman; two good reasons why I should tolerate any little indiscretions you might have made when a child. Please do not worry yourself by confessions."

"But you don't understand me!" she cried wildly. "If you did, you would not speak so lightly."

She tore a special delivery letter from the bosom of her low-cut gown and thrust it in his hand.

"Read it," she cried, "It is the voice of my past!"

Silence, broken only by the rustle of the letter as he turned the page of the first sheet and her smothered sobs—she dared not look at him until he had finished. Then his voice, cold and hard: "So you have been deceiving me. For months you have been keeping me in the dark. Years ago, you belonged—before I met you—you belonged to . . ."

She trembled in terror at his words. "Don't—don't . . ."

"For years you belonged to . . ."—he seemed to hiss the words, "to the Women's Christian Temperance Union in Aberdeen, South Dakota. You were a member of the Methodist church and sang in the choir!"

She bowed her head. "It is all too true."

He became like marble.

"I will keep nothing from you—I have sung in the choir for five years—at socials I played with the Sunday School children. My real name is Myrtle Wigs—they call me Tillie sometimes," she sobbed.

He lifted his drooping head, and eyed her with a new light.

She continued, "I shall go out of your life quietly. One can never overlook a past like mine."

He sprang quickly to her side.

"My love for you is too great. We all have pasts and they must be forgotten. Let us never refer to it again." And thus speaking, he, the man of the world, took her in his arms with a perfection of grace that did credit to his bringing up in the little white farmhouse in Pottsville, Arkansas.

# They're Clicking—



© 1932, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

## “Sailing, Sailing, over the Bounding Main”

IN OVER eighty countries . . . no matter where you may go, by land or by sea or by air . . . you can always buy Chesterfields.

Their reputation for Mildness and Better Taste is international. Just ask for the cigarette that *satisfies*.

*The cigarette that's Milder*  
*The cigarette that TASTES BETTER*



# The Well-Dressed Man

The bicycle is making a strong attempt to stage a comeback in our eastern higher seats of learning it is reported. This comeback has not gained much strength in the west as yet—but men wearing turtle neck sweaters have been seen even in the west, and the turtle neck sweater is inseparably linked with the bicycle and the flying wedge; things which went hand-in-hand with the bath-every-Saturday-afternoon-only days.

As yet the bicycle and the turtle neck sweater have wrought no great change in the life of today's young collegian, but is believed that if things continue as they have started, hair will be courageously parted in the middle while pants-guards will be clasped about masculine ankles to keep the popular blue serge and Oxford grey from receiving grease from whirling sprockets, or being mangled by same.

All of which brings us to realize that Oxford grey is the particular color of the season, with double-breasted suits, seemingly always with peaked lapels, the favorites in style. Other quiet colors are being worn, such as blue, and grey, and the ever-present brown. But always the definite tendency of the college man to trimness and neatness is noted, there being very little difference in the dress of the University man and the young business man.

The dress hat, usually a medium grey in color, has a shorter brim, which snaps less than the former styles and is worn off the face a trifle. Reaching the feet, it has been noted that there is a trend in men's hosiery to do away with clocks, which are becoming smaller and smaller, to be replaced by all-over patterns of either solid colors or small figures.

Again among the novelties, a new belt has been noticed which is, to all but the wearer, just another cowhide belt. But this belt is so constructed that on the inner side for about ten inches, the leather is split and is fastened to with a zipper. This nifty little device offers one a place to tuck those "safety" bills that one doesn't like to carry around in a billfold.

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

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

COLLEGE helps develop an appreciation for small deviations that make a big difference in the result.

You can find clothes with woolens almost as fine; tailoring almost as good; almost as well styled.

Almost . . . but not quite.

And that is why there is such a big difference in clothes custom tailored of fine woolens.

In the Losse College Section . . . a college man's custom tailored suit, \$30 to \$50.

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

## Old But Still Good

"Johnny your lessons aren't done today. Where did you go last night?"

"To the movies with a girl."

"Get out of this class for a week."

"Where did you go last night, Tommy?"

"Out parking with a girl."

"Go home and stay two weeks."

"Where are you going, Oscar?"

"Teacher, my school days are over."

—Cornell Widow.

— D D D —

Cleopatra: "Gee, it's way past midnight. You had better get started."

Anthony: "O. K., blow out the candle."

—Mountain Goat.

— D D D —

She: "You have been to the photographer. Did you see my enlargement?"

He: "I've been watching it a long time."

—Yellow Jacket.

— D D D —

Mark Anthony: "I want to see Cleopatra."

Servant: "She's in bed with larrngitis."

Mark Anthony: "Darn those Greeks!"

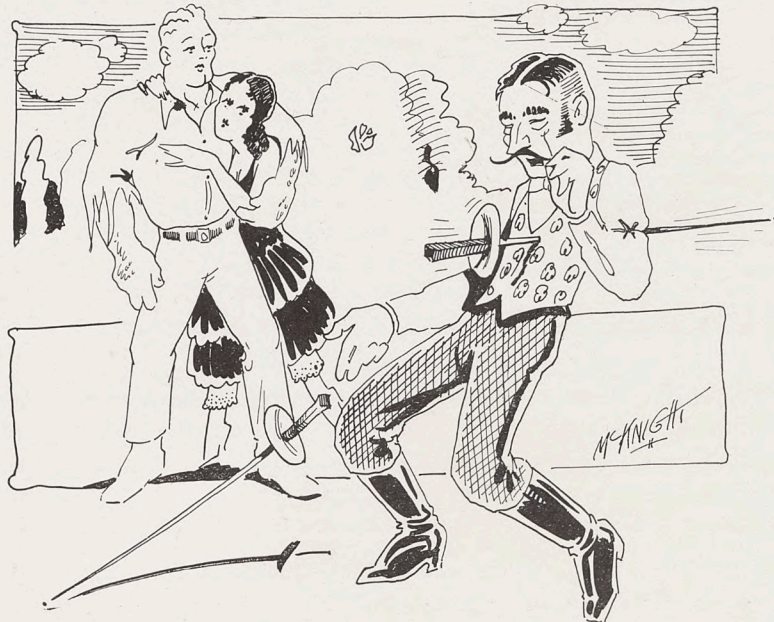
—The Carolinian.

"Quick father!  
The shotgun!"

"I'm coming!  
I'm coming!"

Now we bring you swell ol' drama  
Of the atavistic kind.  
Yep! its known as melodrama —  
For it man has always pined.

# Melodrama Number



"—curses, foiled again!"





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 Art Editor ..... **BILL VAUGHAN**  
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 Exchange Editor ..... **FORD CRULL**  
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Nathan Tutinsky		Helen Trueblood
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 Fred McKnight

Steve Manhard

### ART SNIFFLERS

R. H. Miller

Paul Struckmeier

### TYPISTS

Virginia Steideman

Jimye Thorpe

### THIS MONTH

The Dirge season gets well under way with this Melodrama Number, and we take this brief opportunity of naming a few of the thousands of loyal workers who have made this magazine's phenomenal success possible. Blokes yclept Sager and Mead have done their bit and a trifle more, while janes with cognomens Murphy and Berndsen have also been in at the killing. All first year Dirge men, thank the lord—after the second year they tend too much to rest on their laurels and thorn bushes.

Thanks, frosh! And will you please buy a Dirge?

### NEXT MONTH

Dyrgye is happy to announce its "Olde-tyme numbere". What would Walter Raleigh have done if he had worn no coat? How did King Arthur behave in a speak-easy? These and sundry other bothersome questions will be settled in our next issue yclept "Ye Olde-Tyme Numbere". But, although our material will be archaic, our jokes will be warranted strictly fresh, Student Life to the contrary.

Address Editor at 7460 Hiawatha Avenue.

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

Vol. XIV

NOVEMBER, 1932

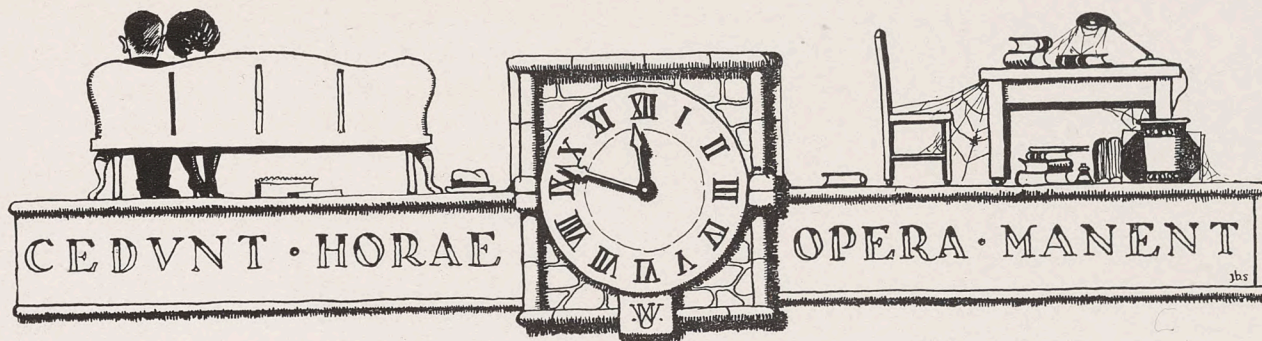
No. 3

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## CAMPUS COMMENT

O! Halter Hinchell, that sterling and much abused keyhole-peeker, has been given a flexible contract with this magazine.

Hinchell, who ran a column in Student Life last year, has but recently recovered from the terrific beating he took last year from several people who conceived a dislike for him. Returning this year, he offered his services to the semi-weekly news organ on the campus now controlled by journalistic forces, and run as a journalistic newspaper. Hinchell was thrown out of the office on his rather large ear.

He then made offers to Dirge which were accepted.

"Thank God that Dirge is not journalistic," he uttered fervently. "A journalist is one who wears spats, has no socks, carries a cane, and borrows money from a newspaper man."

Hinchell's first contribution is run below. His motto is: "I seen ya when ya done it."

O! Halter Hinchell . . . "I seen you when you done it."

Dear Stokeley:

Well, Stoke, it's good to be back again, and it's even better to see that so many of last year's romances are still thriving. You know, when the Student Life staff shoved a needle through a key-hole I was practicing on, lots of people on the campus thought I was done for, and they became indiscreet about their love-affairs . . . they'll certainly be surprised!

When I started snoopin' around a couple of weeks ago, the first thing that caught my eye was a poor dejected Phi Delt followin' Georgia Flynn around like a poodle dog. Yessir, it was none other than Price Reed, the transfer from Westminster. He played heel to Georgia for a long time this fall, but now it looks as though he's declaring his independence. He took Jimye Thorpe, the Campus Terror, to the Tri Delt dance, and he's following that up with a series of dates . . .

Thorpe is the girl who never walks across the quad . . . she always runs, because it attracts the

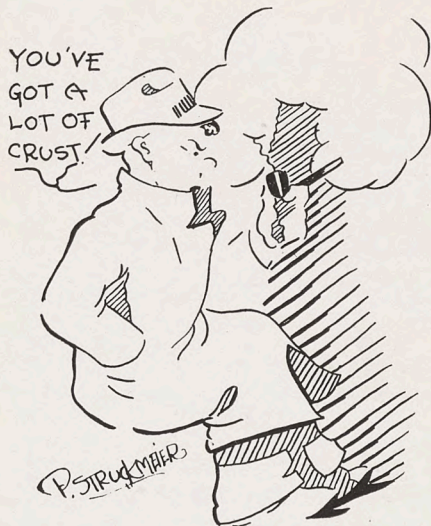
boys' attention . . . last spring Jimye and Jane Stern and Jane Gammons got together and decided that they would do the campus up brown this year, but rushing took a fall out of them, and outside of a lot of noise from Jimye, nothing sensational has been heard of them . . . Gammons has been having a few dates with Bryant Rich, but so far it's not serious . . .

Betty Minton certainly worked fast to get Bill Strand's Alpha Delt pin. She met him at the Kappa Dance, and within two weeks, Huntley Sinclair, last year's No. 1, was history . . . you



"Ragged Individualists."

"You cad, don't \_\_\_\_\_"



know Betty started auditing Sinclair's econ. course this year. Wonder what she'll do about that now? . . . Strand even toted her to Columbia to see the game.

Jinny Withington has given Art Moore fair warning. "You'd better treat me nice," she said, "If you want to go to the Pi Phi dance!" . . . will this affair go the way of the Corbett-Henby and the Jones-Higgins romances? . . .

Jimmy Rohan picks out a Freshman each year upon whom he lavishes so much time that the rest of the follows haven't a chance. . . last year it was "Pultz" Tralles, the tease; this year, Myrtle Lothman seems to have the seat of honor. . . . Louie Schaeffer, the soft-soaping shoe salesman, had Myrt at the Jefferson, one Tuesday night, the question is, can Myrtle win out over Betty Mara and Anne Comfort? . . . I see that Bob Campbell has taken a Beta pin this year. Congratulations, to both Bob and Beta.

And so we roll around to the question of Jinny Wilson. What happened to the campus widow? . . . Ah-ha! O! Halter knows! Jinny is still sewed up with Bill Cramer, the rising young business man. Frank Neun and some announcer at KMOX, who also date her, are merely side-lines to Jinny . . . little Carol Meier came out here all tied up with Jim Ledbet-

ter, but when Carol saw all the nice boys on the campus, Jim was given a back-seat. . . . but Joe Sunkel doesn't seem to have treated Bob Noland that way. It's a shame, too, because Joe would have furnished me with lots of news if she had been open-minded. . . .

This Betty Trembley is a cute little trick. . . . I wonder just how much she thinks of Chuck Reasor, the boy from Washington and Lee she ran around with all summer? . . . I hear tell that Rosemary Nelson has Henry Luedde and Obie Quinn on the hook. . . . Henry was heard to remark: "I wish she'd let her hair grow so I could run my fingers through it." . . . Hunter Look, who also has designs in that direction, is not getting any place, according to the dope. . . .

Did you know that Len Roach's sister and mother call him "Laddie" at home? . . . that ought to kill him as successor to The Bleich. . . . Harry, by the way, says he plans to make his debut next year if he has the money. . . . over to the Sig Ep house, the boys have formed the "Big Fish Club," composed of all those who have taken Cupid on the chin and liked it. Woody Marsalek is president. . . . and why, Woody? . . . surely Clara Tarlin has nothing to do with it? . . .

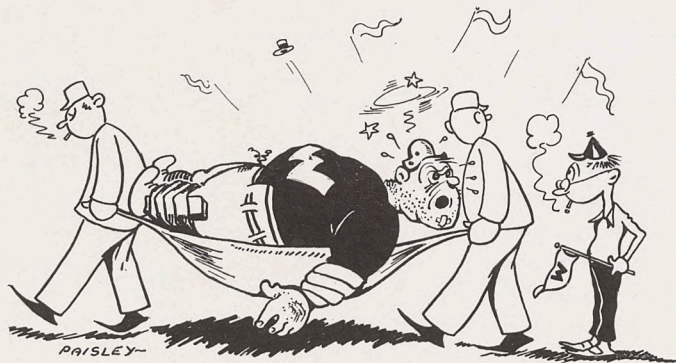
I'm sure sorry that the Betty Reel-Henry Whiteside-Bob Lawson triangle has dissolved. . . . Bob evidently got fed up, and now he's going steady with that little

Tri Delt, Marjorie Meyer. . . . although Whiteside is without competition, his position is by no means secure, 'cause Betty is on the look-out for dates. . . . but even if this love-affair is wobbly, there are others of last year that seem to have cemented. . . . Inez Wilson and Elliott Koenig, for example; Jocelyn Taylor and Bob Ecoff too. The Whitmore-Barham episode is still showing; Marian Schmiddd is still thunderstruck by Dave Ward, and Pat Kelsey. . . . say, have you heard about Pat Kelsey? You know she has Al Calhoun's pin, and you know that he's in the medical school. Well, Kelsey has written two stories for Buchan's story-writing class, and both of them have used medics as heros. . . . that ought to prove something. . . .

Glad to see Bovine—pardon me, Bodine—Forder back again, this time with her lister Jane. . . . the Forders are trying to make a debut this fall, evidently with the idea that if the debut honks out, they will keep on at school; and if school proves a fizzle, they'll concentrate on the playboys. . . . I hear Buchan turned their ears red in class the other day when he spoke on the subject of debutantes. . . .

Seems as how Art McMurray, the Phi Delt gangster, isn't down at Betty King's these days. . . . he's running Art Bickle competition in the Pegg (Brown Dress) Ray game, but we saw Dot Rhodius at

(Continued on page 10)

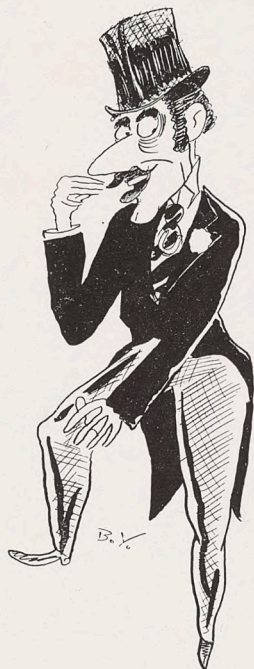


Frosh; "So you can't take it, eh!"

"Unhand me, gray—!"

# DRAMATIS PERSONAE

(cast to you)



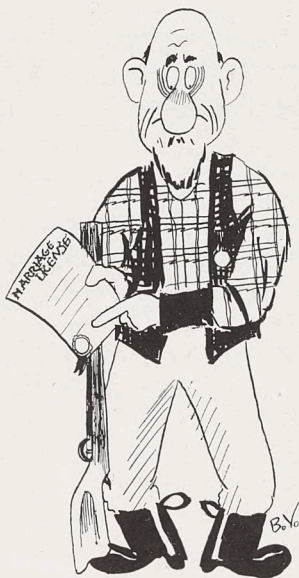
Villain

The thing that astounds me concerning the villain  
Is that the girl he selects is never found willin'.  
He holds sweet Nell captive, not week-ends—but  
weeks!  
Though he can't wreak his will, yet his will, how it  
reeks!

And dear little Nell! With the body so pure!  
The reasons men want you are never obscure.  
From the very first time when your form comes of  
age  
We know that fierce conflict is going to rage.



Heroine



Heavy

The heavy—Nell's father—" 's the very best pappy"  
That ever contrived to make daughter unhappy.  
To the villain—the viper! poor Nell must give self.  
The reason? This heavy's not heavy with pelf.

The hero's the he-man who frustrates the crime,  
By breaking the door at the critical time.  
He's a living example of virtue incarnate—  
He never says anything stronger than "darn it."



Hero

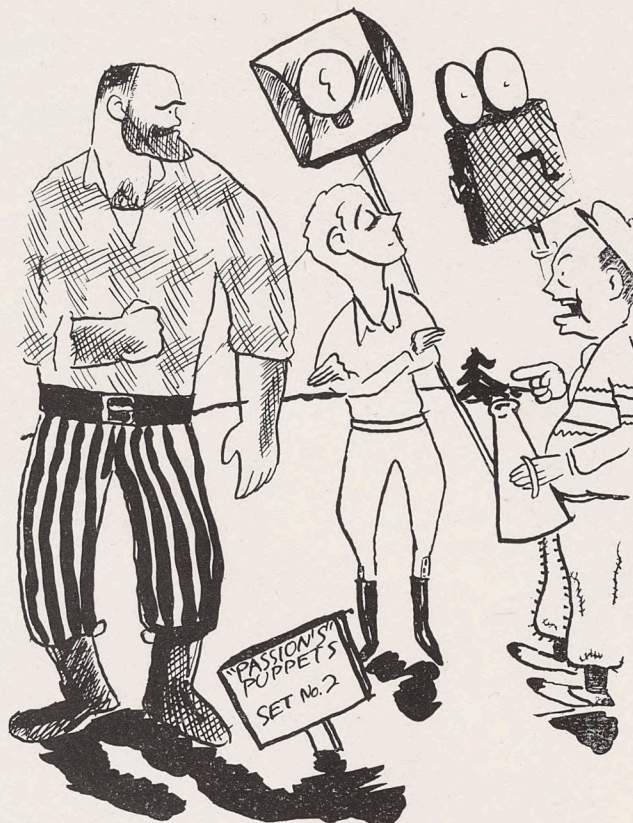
"You boulder\_\_\_\_\_"

(Continued from page 8)

a movie the other night . . . Dot's bust-up with Johnny Kane was a surprise to me during the summer, but now she's letting Fighting Maloney, the Freshman, drive her car and Kane is doing time at Mary Frances Ray's house. Alack! Alas! Jewel Mae Bryde has been definitely snatched out of circulation by Bob Wengler's gleaming Beta pin. Too bad, all you boys who still think she's the best-looking girl on the Campus. Genevieve Penny, aspirant to Pi Phi, was visited last spring in the wee sma' hours of the a.m. by the famous "shorts burglar." This is a swell recommendation for Genevieve, because he is reputed to have only invaded the homes of beautiful women. . . . Herbie Schroeder, although he has not quite recovered from the beating he took from Helen Evans, is showing signs of interest in Jimye Thorpe (where have you heard that name before?) . . . and, before we forget the Thorpe, we just want to ask a question: Why is it that she seems so sure that she'll play the lead in Musical Comedy? . . . Dean Steger of the Theta mélange is my choice for it.

I see that Ruth Hicks is running around too much with Desmond Fitzgerald, and that Violet Brinkop is tweeking Jack Mavrakos' ear . . . Anita Steideman is wearing the pin of Charlie Row, a Westminster Beta . . . and Jane Davis is pushing around with Woody Lamb. Too bad Janey couldn't swing the late date with him up at Mizzou.

Kenny Gilbert and Dumb Dora MacDonald are still enjoying each other's company in their own simple way. Do I see a revival of the time when Miriam Duke was called the "Duchess of the Campus" and the "Sweetheart of Phi Delta Theta"? I hoped she was concentrating on that nice boy, Soest, but I caught her dating Alex Johnson at the Coronado . . .



"Now, in this scene the hero gives the villain a terrific beating."

Jane Armstead, Art Bonsack, and Lounge Lizard Dunn can hardly stay awake in class these days. These debut parties are so tiring!

Dot Merrell was so anxious that Bill Staid escort her to the Theta dance that she drove clear down to Farmington, Mo. to get him . . . Poor Joe Reubel really took a set-back when "Boots" Tucker announced her engagement to Ben, Kitty Fisher's brother, not many weeks after Boots had been wearing Joe's pin . . . Ginny Waggoner is trying to talk Billy Pratt out of entering med. school in Memphis next fall for a four year course. It doesn't take a med. student to figure that one out.

Well, Stokeley, if Marian McCane gets enough rest after her whirls at all the boy's pledge dances and her piano-poundings over the ether to come to school in January, and if somebody will tell me why Helen Austin and Bruce Miller have split up, Uncle

Wiggly-Hinchell will be back in next issue, the list of affairs again puffed out for your benefit . . .

Yours in hiding,

O! HALTER HINCHELL,  
The Demon Scandal-monger.

#### Sequel

Remember our last month's tale about the rushing hoax put over on one fraternity by another, concerning an imaginary rushee named Hoffstedler? Well, there's a sequel—Hoffstedler has appeared, under a very thin disguise in Ternion. We quote:

"Huffstaedler, Elmer Roscoe, '36, P-N; Kappa Alpha house; Sterling, Ill."\*

That "P-N."—pre nursing—is the best.

\*—page 83.

#### More Pants

Harry Jones of the Law School has continued the "pantsing" episode of last month with one of his own. It seems that Mr. Jones was driving to school one morn-

(Continued on page 26)

"Strike if you must this \_\_\_\_\_"



## Daring Dan, The Traveling Man

or "Mournful Ballads as They Are Writ."

List to me, and I'll tell you  
Of a drummer who blighted Nell's life;  
List to me, and I'll tell you  
Of a slicker who married his wife.

He's Darling Dan, a traveling man  
(Tho' sometimes he's called a drummer);  
He makes his sale and carries a tale  
Of a Peduka gal he met one summer.

She was pure as the driven snow  
That from the heavens sifted,  
Until he met her in Peduka—  
From that time on, she drifted.

Her eyes were blue, her hair was gold,  
And she had a sweet, virtuous smile;  
But he told of city tales and Hollywood—  
And it took but a little while—

She was lily white on that village night  
(He knew that when he kissed her),  
But Darling Dan was a hell of a man,  
And I know he never missed her.

She went with him beneath the moon  
And he told her about the city;  
He fed her gin; she smiled again  
And fell for his slick little ditty.

To Chicago they went away  
To the lure of the city lights.

\* \* \* \*

"Father, father, come to me now,  
Dan has done your little Nell wrong."  
She wired her old man in Peduka.  
Hell, I knew it all along.

"He'll marry you, the dirty skunk,  
Or I'll see his soul in hell;  
A shotgun wedding is better than none,  
Even for my poor little Nell."

"I'll mortgage the homestead, my darling,  
I'll buy the poor gal a church;  
My pure little Nell will marry  
So her name will be smirched.

"My gal's done wrong by a city man,  
My gal so sweet, with eyes so blue;  
He'll marry my gal, by gad, he will,  
Or that man will get his due."

A rap at his door on the morrow  
And the sheriff took him to the preacher;  
Little Nell (how sweetly she smiled in content)  
As she stood where he couldn't reach her.

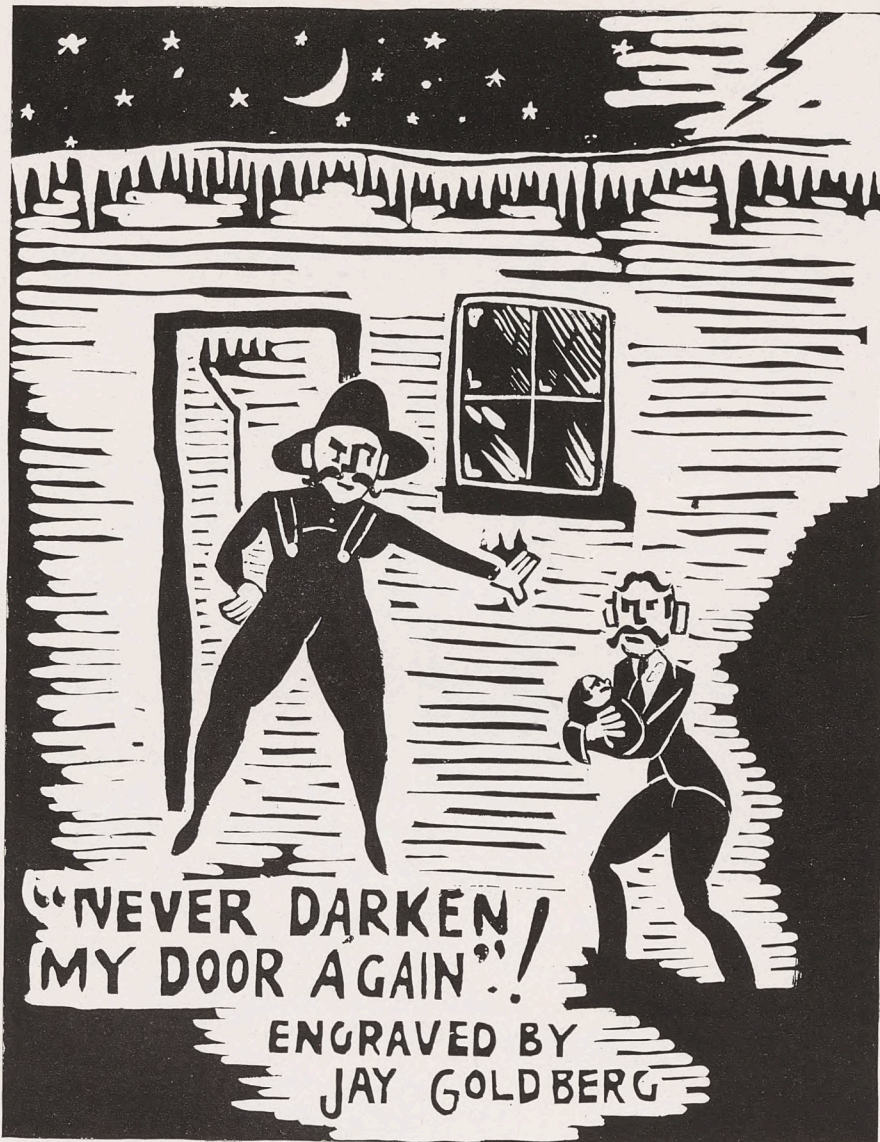
Now this is my tale, a pitiful wale  
That I tell to all good folk  
Of Little Nell and Darling Dan  
And I say that it ain't no joke.

The moral, my friend (if there be any),  
Peduka, oh Peduka, oh my lovers beware,  
I ain't no lover (or a traveling man)  
But, by god, I'd steer clear of there.

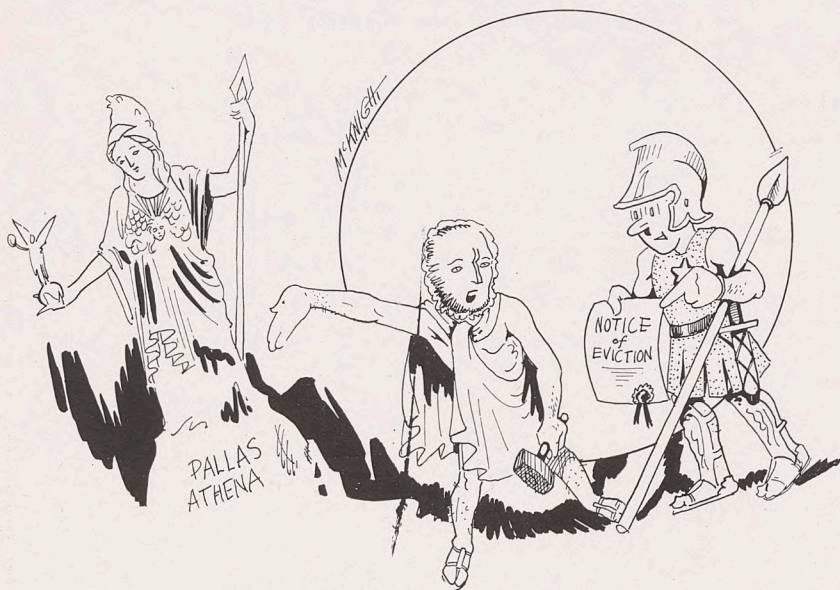
(Composed, with the aid of a fifth, by that grand old man  
of melodrama, Kheime de Boskin.)



"Youse is a \_\_\_\_\_"



Yes! Jay did this woodcut with his little hatchet.



Phidias: "I'd give up my Pallas!"

"Ah ha! So that's your game"

"Curse it. Curse it," hissed the villain, snatching at the girl's waist.

"No, it ain't either," she retorted. "It's only a girdle."

—Punch Bowl.

MASQUERADE

He noted how well she could dance,  
 He noticed that "come hither" glance.  
 Her mask was just a piece of lace,  
 Beneath it was a handsome face.  
 So after they had danced awhile,  
 He said, "Let's go and drive a mile  
 Or so, and see the moon,  
 To a quiet place where we can spoon."  
 And so they left the masquerade,  
 Went to a spot for lovers made,  
 But when he tried to kiss her, in the shadow  
 of the hedge,  
 The veil came off—  
 "She" was a brother pledge.

—A. M.

— D D D —

This Ballyhoo Age

She: "My eyes are very sore."  
 He: "Been reading much?"  
 She: "Yes."  
 He: "Maybe you got dirt in your eyes."

— D D D —

Fat: "I see that some prominent doctor says  
 that modern fashions make women live longer."  
 Slat: "Yeh, and they make the men look longer."



"Tsk, tsk—you shoulda been in bed long ago."



An unassuming looking gentleman walked into a jewelry store named the "Missouri Watch Company" and asked the proprietor why they called it a watch company, when they so obviously carried a full line of jewelry. The proprietor told him that the company had formerly sold only watches, but had added the jewelry when they found that they could not make enough on watches only. Upon which the U. G. said, "Oh, you couldn't make enough running the business on tick, eh?" and then hastily departed.

— D D D —

Second-Hand

She: "I spent last night in the arms of Morpheus."  
 He: "Why, you faithless wench!"

— D D D —

At 12:30

KMOX—Voice at Midnight.

— D D D —

Fortune-teller: "A dark man is coming soon into your life."

Lady: "Marvelous! That's the colored chauffeur my husband hired today."

"Oh no you don't"



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"Do you have 'The Divine Fire of Love'?"



"Phineas Flit, '03, ex-star quarterback, is still carrying the BAWL."

—Dirge.

EXCLAMATIONS ILLUSTRATED



"Is that a fact!"

"You'll pay for this, you——!"

# MEAD'S MINUTE MELLERS

by Ed. Mead

## BUT HOW ABOUT FATHER?

I'd been sitting in an armchair,  
Sitting silent in an armchair,  
I'd been dozing by the hearth there,  
And the clock was striking three.

All around me there was darkness,  
There was black and sooty darkness,  
For a light is simply useless,  
When with thoughts you want to be.

Then my eyes turned toward the window—  
'Twas a figure at the window—  
I was frozen to the marrow  
By this dire emergency.

Slow but sure the window opened,  
Like the gates of hell it opened,  
While I sat there undetermined,  
To await my destiny.

Both my lights I lit together—  
Was I stupefied?—Well rather!  
How was I to know that father  
Had forgot his front door key?

— D D D —

## BOVINE NIGHTMARE

The hall was dark and sombre—  
You could hear the flooring crack;  
The doors stood still as tombstones,  
Like spectres tall and black.

If a spirit there had wandered  
You'd hear its very tread,  
For the silence in that hallway  
Was the silence of the dead.

But then the still was blasted  
By the squeaking of a door.  
It was a squeak unearthly,  
Such as never squeaked before.

Clutching fingers clawed the darkness—  
Clutching fingers raked the air—  
Clutching fingers reached out vainly,  
For the milk was not yet there.

## SPOOK PREFERRED

Miss Pill sat rigid as a corpse  
Beside her one low light  
That lit a circle dim as death—  
The rest was inky night.

Her face was tense, her muscles taut  
Her hands the chair arms locked;  
Her breath came quick, like puffs of steam—  
What's that! Her door is knocked!

The beats came slow like tolls of death  
And pounded at her heart;  
Each blow that hit struck to her brain,  
Each tremor made her start.

She crept downstairs; a figure grim  
She slunk with panther's stride—  
She gripped the knob—her blood ran high—  
Then lo! It opened wide!

The storm roared loud as it swung in—  
He entered with a rush—  
"I say, good miss," he sallied forth  
"You'd like a Fuller brush?"

— D D D —

## COMFORTABLY COOL INSIDE

The storm clouds tumbled overhead—  
The snow in fury lashed—  
There lay upon the Artic slope  
A dog sled torn and smashed.

With head bowed to the stormy blast  
The faithful husky stood  
For did not there his comrade lie—  
His master, brave and good?

He lay there pinned beneath the sled—  
The snow was stained with blood;  
But still the flakes came driving on,  
A silent, icy flood.

The screaming wind swirled harder than  
A blast had ever breezed  
But then it stopped—a silence reigned—  
"Who cut that wind?" they wheezed.

"Succor! Succor!—"

# "She is Not For Sale, Sir!"

or

## "What Am I Offered?"

(The curtain rises, as is its wont, on the settin' room of the O'Drama residence, located out in God's country somewhars. Paw O'Drama is assettin' and athinkin', with little Nell at his feet. The child, young as she is, notices the peculiar odor and moves away.)

Nell: Where has Maw went, Paw? (Nell never did get the benefit of a Washington University education.)

Paw: Far away, Little Nell.

Nell: Far away?

Paw: Yes, far away, little Nell.

Nell: Damn it.

Paw: What, little Nell?

Nell: I said, when will she be home?

Paw: Alas, too soon, too soon.

Nell: You love maw, don't you, Paw?

Paw: I do, like—(The door slams.) your maw.

(A woman, of about two and one-quarter tons, enters. She picks up a broom and, after blacking both of Paw's eyes, chases him out of the room. Comedy element.)

Nell: Poor Maw. I feel so sorry for her—so soon to lose the farm. Alas, alas, would I could aid her. Ah me, our beautiful farm of cats with G-string gut for violins, gone to rack and ruin. The poor cats no longer squeak true. I wonder why.

(Rudolph Randolph enters and stands leering for a few minutes. Leering is one of Rudolph's strong points.)

Rudolph: Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, I'll tell you why, Nell O'Drama. I mated your G-string cats with Mehitible Felinovitch's E-string cats. No wonder they're off key.

Nell: Oh, you viper. (she faints. Rudolph, on picking her up, dusts off the back of her dress vehemently.)

Rudolph: This floor needs a good viping. Well, if you don't marry me by midnight I'll vipe youse all out. I hold the mortgage, and your paw is unable to pay it, because he can't sell his cats. They have the wrong pitch, and their gut is not in tune.

Nell: I will never marry you. You got your guts coming in here like this. Gut out.

Rudolph: By midnight, heh, heh, heh, heh. (Exit leering saliciously.)

Nell: If only my dear Jack Aster were here.

He would help me, I am sure. But he has gone to an Artic Expedition, and when he will return, I know not.

(A man enters. He weighs about five pounds less than an adult cow, but is not quite as handsome. He is sunburned and mosquito-bitten.)

Man: Nell!

Nell: Not—Jack?

Jack: Yes! Oh, my darling. (He seeks to embrace her, but she eludes him.)

Nell: But, when did you return?

Jack: Just this morning and I came right over.

Nell: How you have changed, Jack.

Jack: I think I put on a little weight. (Modestly, as if, inspite of all that, he loves her yet.)

Nell (A shadow crosses her face): Jack, the mortgage is due today.

Jack (A deeper shadow crosses his face): How much is it?

Nell: Five thousand dollars.

Jack: That's exactly what I saved up from the Artic expedition, but, Nell, I give it all to you. We can live with your parents.

Nell: Oh yeah? (Opens door and steps out, calling loudly) Yoo hoo, oh Rudolph honey.

G. S.

— D D D —



Drammer a la Harlow-Gable—Sock and Buskin

"I Gave You Fair Warning, Rupert"

The extreme of first-aid is when they bandage a guy's eyes before they shoot him.

— D D D —

"Our police dog got a litter today."

"Yeah, by special delivery."

— D D D —

Headline in St. Louis Star & Times

THREE REGULARS WILL HISS HARVARD OPENING

We didn't know Hahvahd was so brawdmined.

— D D D —

"Isn't that aviatrix perfectly stunning?"

"Heck, no. She doesn't believe in trick flying."

— D D D —

We rise to state that if there are any universities in Alaska, they must be co-ed.

— D D D —

Deacon Shultz, to Deacon Blitz: "P-s-s-st. Here, have a look through my telescope at that shameless woman across the street with her window shade up."



"—if you love me like that, why doesn't your chest heave like in the movies?"

"Out, you dastardly \_\_\_\_\_!"



"Sir! What do you take me for?"

"Fun, girl, fun!"

— D D D —

Song sung by one pearl diver to another stuck in the mud on the ocean bottom: "Ooze your little oozes?"

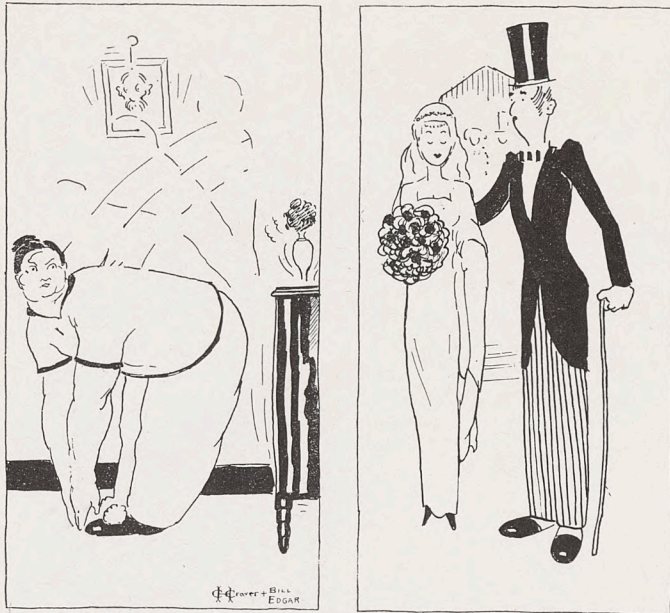
— D D D —

Since the once popular eighteen day diet went out of vogue, very little has been heard about the grapefruit. Just imagine how you would feel if you had been in the public eye for so long and then suddenly were given a back seat. Well, here's a little ditty about the vanquished:

Dear little grapefruit  
Don't you cry.  
You'll very soon again  
Be in someone's eye.

A little rhyme for the mangled grass.

Dear little spinach  
Don't you cry.  
You've got grit enough  
Not to die.



She stoops to conquer.

— D D D —

Our research department reports, in a fuzzy way, on

### BLIND DATES

I have heard enough of this carping about blind dates. Blind dating adds that element of chance without which life would be something else again. Just think (Aw, go ahead) that blind date may be the boy of your dreams. He may be the girl of your dreams. He may be the sweetheart of Sigma Chi. He may even be Mahatma Gandhi, although it doesn't seem likely.

Even if the affair doesn't turn out so well, even if she is a coed, a boy's best friend is his mother and only God can make a tree. Where were we. Ah, yes, I remember where I was. I can't, however, seem to find you. Oh well, I'll look for you later. Supposing you want to get rid of the wench. It is very easy, indeed. Tell her you must go outside and watch your blood pressure rise. Tell her you have a date to murder your mother. Tell her anything at all. Perhaps the most effective thing is to tell her she is the frowsiest bag you ever laid eyes on and that if you don't get away from her pretty soon you're likely to choke her to death. This gets results every time.

Scorn not the blind date, brethern. If Corey Ford were here he would say that it is a noble institution and will someday replace the horse. If Groucho Marx were here he would remark that it was here before you came and will be here before you go. If Greta Garbo were here—ah, but that's another story and if the hatrack doesn't elope with the kitchen mop, it will be just as I expected.

### Short Short Play

Nelly: "Father I've just returned from the big city and here's the money to pay the mortgage. Wasn't I a good girl?"

Father: "What's the difference, the home is ours."  
(Curtain)

— D D D —

Villain: "And if you don't pay the mortgage in 24 hours, I'll foreclose!"

Little Nell: "Oh dear, Oh dear, we close at four."

— D D D —

Fat (customer): "Can you show me something snappy in rubberbands?"

Slat (salesman): "No, but I can show you something striking in matches."

— D D D —

She: "Give me a sentence using the word fascinate."

He: "Kate Smith has a dress with ten hooks, but she can only fasten eight."

— D D D —

Fat: "I metazoa many times that I am tired of seeing her."

Slat: "Aw, don't bacillae, you germ."

— D D D —

She thought he was well-bred merely because he had a lot of dough.

— D D D —

"Pardon me, it's my error," said Robin Hood, as he pulled it out of the Sheriff of Nottingham.

— D D D —

Most of the jokes appearing in the Ballyhoo imitators are obviously written on tripewriters.

— D D D —

Who wants to go to Heaven  
When all bussiness has gone to Hell!

— D D D —

Toast: "Here's to Dame Fortune—  
May you never meet her daughter."

— D D D —

Falling back on the old saw of using poor old Schenectady in a sentence, we suggest that the Brooklyn Bridge has Schenectady two parts of New York City for quite a few years.

"Never darken my \_\_\_\_\_"

# SCORNING BECOMES TIRESOME

(A Play in Thirty-seven Acts and Six Epilogues)

by Eugene Congeal

Part One of the Trilogy: Homecoming

## ACT I.

(Exterior of Brookings Hall. Everything has a festive look, including all the villagers and neighbors, or Old Grads, with their quaint red noses and bulging hips. Latrinia Listerine, back for the Homecoming holiday, enters.)

Latrinia: Breth! (Her husband, Breth Listerine, enters. He is an old retainer of the family.)

Breth: Did you call, Latrinia?

Latrinia: Yes. Who were those men?

Breth: Old classmates of mine.

Latrinia: Are they married?

Breth: Why?

Latrinia (simply): I love them. (She grows hysterical as

(The curtain falls.)

\* \* \* \*

## ACT II.

(Peter Piper and Nancy, his sister, also Old Grads, enter.)

Peter: I wonder if she'll be here.

Nancy: Didn't you ever hear from her after your quarrel?

Peter: Not once.

Nancy: And you've never married again. What a pity.

Peter: Perhaps she'll be here. Then I can declare the love I've felt all these years.

(He sobs brokenly, as

(The curtain falls)

\* \* \* \*

## ACT III.

(Enter Latrinia, reeling gently from side to side.)

Latrinia: Hi ho (hic) hi ho (hic). Love is not for me. (hic)

Breth: Latrinia! Latrinia! I lost my money—I'm ruined. I just saw my stockbroker.

(Latrinia takes a vial of poison from her breast and gives it to him. He falls dead as

(The curtain falls)

\* \* \* \*

## ACT IV

(Enter Latrinia, reeling not so gently. She staggers into Peter, who is crossing the stage.)

Peter: I beg your pardon.

Latrinia: Oh shur, tha'sh aw right.

Peter: Latrinia!

Latrinia: Well, if it isn't Peter. How'sh a boy?

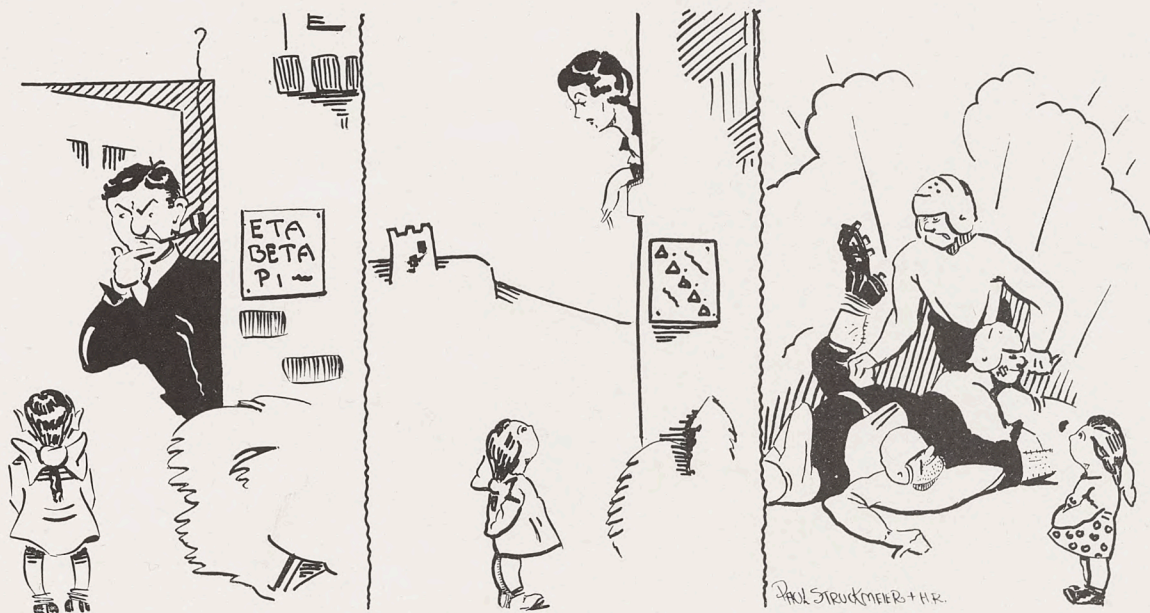
Peter: Oh, Latrinia, at last.

Latrinia: What you mean "at last"?

Peter: Now we can be married.

Latrinia: Right away.

Peter: Well, not right away.



"Is my father in there?"

"Don't harm a hair on that gal's—"



Latrinia: Shur, right away. (They go off arguing as

(The curtain falls)

\* \* \* \*

ACT V.

(Peter and Latrinia enter.)

Latrinia: When are we going to get married, Peter?

Peter: Soon, soon.

Latrinia: Have you any brothers?

Peter: Two.

Latrinia: Where are they?

Peter: Why?

Latrinia: I love them. I love your father too.

Peter: My father is dead.

Latrinia: That doesn't make any difference. My father isn't. (Her father enters and she shoots him.)

Now he is. (She sobs brokenly as

(The curtain falls)

End of Part One of the Trilogy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Part Two: The Hunted

ACT I.

(Peter's bedroom. Peter is lying in bed. The phone rings.)

Peter: Hello, hello. Yes. No, you can't come up. I won't see you, Latrinia. I'm in bed. What? No, I won't let you in. NO, NO, NO, No, no, no. . .

(His voice and resolution weaken as

(The curtain falls)

ACT II.

(The same. Peter is seated in an armchair, reading. A knock is heard. The door opens and Latrinia enters.)

Latrinia (throwing her arms around him): Oh, I love you.

Peter (Shaking loose from her): Away, you vile creature.

(Nancy, Peter's sister, enters.)

Latrinia: Oh, Nancy, I love you.

Nancy: Oh, oh. (Latrinia falls on her, chokes her, and throws her body out of the window.)

Peter: Curse you, woman! (She shoots him, sobbing hysterically as

(The curtain falls)

End of Part Two of the Trilogy

\* \* \* \*

Part Three: The Haunted

(Outside of Latrinia's home.)

Latrinia: I will lock myself in and live with my ghosts. (Her brother, Oven, enters.)

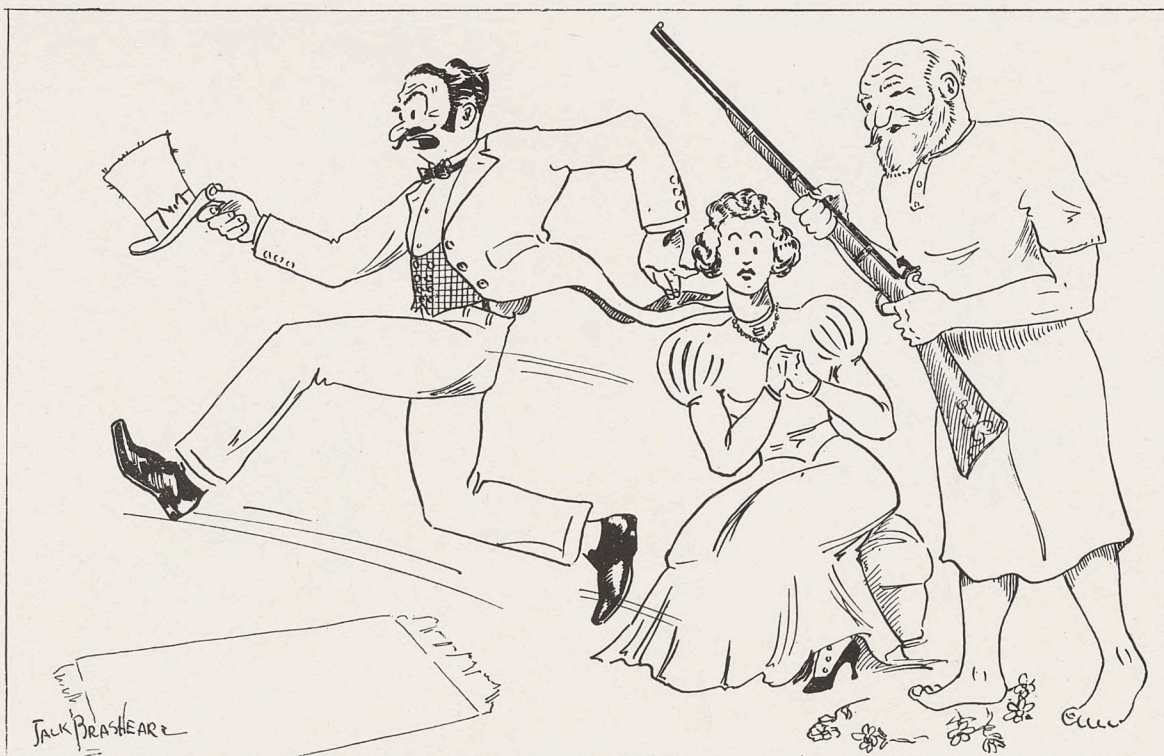
Oven: They have a name for people like you. (She shoots him and her mother enters.)

Mother: You necrophyle. I hate you. I hate you. (She shoots her.)

Latrinia: Ha, ha. (She turns on her heel and walks stiffly to the side of the stage. Then, realizing what she has done, she becomes faint, and grabs the curtain for support as

(The curtain falls)

END OF THE PLAY



"—and he sprang from pioneer stock."



### How to Live to be 150 Years Old

- Eat very little pork.
- Bathe at least three times a week.
- Be careful of extra cold showers.
- Don't attend wild parties.
- Don't fail to exercise, especially front bending.
- Don't stay up late at night.
- Don't use tobacco in any form.
- Keep away from women.
- Don't use snuff.
- And above all, don't drink.
- You may not live to be 150 years old, but it will seem that long.

—Green Gardian.

— D D D —

### Puppy Love

My reasoning may be unsound,  
 But by Almighty God above!  
 I'd hate to meet the full-grown hound—  
 If this is only Puppy Love!

—Tiger.

— D D D —

"Twas in a restaurant they met,  
 Romeo and Juliet.  
 He had no cash to pay the debt,  
 So Romeo'd what Juli'et."

—University City News.

— D D D —

Plebe: "What do you repair these shoes with?"  
 Cobbler: "Hide."  
 Plebe: "Why should I hide?"  
 Cobbler: "Hide, hide! The cow's outside!"  
 Plebe: "Let her come in. I'm not afraid."

—Don't Ask Us.

— D D D —

Once: "Was he surprised when you said you wanted to marry his daughter?"  
 Twice: "Was he? The gun nearly fell out of his hand."

—Rice Owl.

— D D D —

### Freshmen Class Theme

"Geese is low, heavy-set bird which is mostly meat and feathers. His head sits on one side and he sits on the other. Geese can't sing much on account of dampness of the moisture. He ain't got no between-his-toes and he's got a little balloon in his stummick to keep him from sinking. Some geese when they gets big has curls on their tails and is called ganders. Ganders don't haff to sit and hatch but just eat and loaf and go swimming. If I was a goose, I'd rather be a gander."

—Student.

### "An Eye for an Eye—"

Squire Perkins: "Nell, after I die, I wish you would marry Deacon Brown."  
 Nell: "Why so, Hiram?"  
 Squire: "Well the deacon trimmed me on a horse trade once."

—Bison.

Dorothy: "Is that jam good?"  
 Edythe: "Yes, it's jam good."  
 Dorothy: "The jell, yu say!"

—Grinnell Malteaser.

— D D D —

Boss: "Have you had any real experience as a private secretary?"

Fair applicant: "Not exactly sir, but I've been out with a lot of college men."

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

He: "Where did you get that lovely sunburn?"  
 She: "Oh, I sat on the radiator by mistake."

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

He: "The air is chilly, don't you think you should have something around you?"

She: "Don't you think it would be better to wait until we got a little farther out in the desert?"

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

He: "I always drive with one arm."  
 She: "Why don't you use two?"  
 He: "I need one to drive with."

—Brown Jug.

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

### Pour Le Sport

The click of knitting needles, the creak of the rocker, and the tick-tock of a grandfather's clock were all that disturbed the soothing silence of the room. With childish curiosity little Ellen sat watching the purls and stitches.

"Why do you knit, grandma?" she asked.

"Oh, just for the hell of it," the old lady replied.

—Tiger.

— D D D —

### Hold on Tight

Crowded trolley car. (Young lady is vainly groping for her purse to pay her fare.)

Young Man: "Pardon me, miss, but may I not pay your fare?"

Young Lady: "Sir!"

(Several seconds of groping.)

Young Man: "I beg your pardon again, young lady, but won't you let me pay your fare?"

Young Lady: "Why, I don't even know you, and anyway, I'll have this purse opened in a minute."

(Continued groping.)

Young Man: "I really must insist on paying your fare. You've unbuttoned my suspenders three times!"

—Boston Beanpot.

— D D D —

### Bedbug

She: "Oh, Henry, there's a bug down my back."

He: "Aw, cut it out. Those jokes were all right before we were married."

—Cynic.

— D D D —

### Definition

Son: "What's a genius, pop?"

Pop: "A genius, son, is a man who can rewrite a traveling salesman's joke and get it accepted by the Ladies' Home Journal."

—Lafayette Lyre.

— D D D —

### Disappointment

Teacher: "And now, Willie, can you give us a sentence with 'heterodoxology in it'?"

Little Willie (aged six): "No."

—Columbia Jester.

— D D D —

First Student: "Come here! I want to show you an automobile."

Second Student: "No, thanks. I'm not interested in automobiles."

First Student: "But you're taking Philosophy, aren't you?"

Second Student: "Yes. What's that got to do with automobiles?"

First Student: "I want to show you an Ethics."

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

"This is the skull of a man who was shipwrecked for two years on a desert island with two chorus girls."

"How did he die?"

"He wore himself out tearing down the signals they put up."

—Western Reserve Red Cat.

### Imagine His Embarrassment

The baseball game in Farmer Jones' pasture broke up in the seventh inning when Joe Spivis slid into what he thought was third base.

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

— D D D —

A: "Wanna take my sister to a house party?"

B: "What does she look like?"

A: "I'll pay half your expenses."

B: "No thanks, I gotta date."

—Lehigh Burr.

— D D D —

### Love

You were everything to me.

I was nothing . . .

Asterisk, asterisk.

Now you are gone

And I remain—

Yours truly,

Blodgett, White, White

and Van Deventer.

—Columns.

— D D D —

"Know you? Why, I knew you when you and your mother got kicked out of college."

—Ohio Green Goat.

— D D D —

"Are you the man who went around this course in 72?"

"'Course not! I was born in 98."

—Ohio Green Goat.

— D D D —

### Short Story

Newlyweds: "Gee, we simply gotta see Niagara Falls today!"

—Ohio Green Goat.

— D D D —

And the first realtor was King Solomon. He handled lots.

—The Log.

— D D D —

... and the next time I catch you washing your feet in papa's beer, I'll knock your damn head off.

—Purple Parrot.

— D D D —

Chaplain: "My man, I will allow you five minutes of grace before the electrocution."

Condemned Man: "Fine, bring her in."

—Ohio Green Goat.

— D D D —

Artist: "May I paint you in the nude?"

Model: "Gracious, no! I expect you to wear something!"

—Rice Owl.

— D D D —

He: "How come you know so much about married life?"

She: "I didn't sleep as soundly as my parent's thought I did."

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

"Say, did I see you grab my daughter by the foot?"

"Oh, no, sir! Far from it!"

—Longhorn.

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

**Diplomatic**

A customer sat down to a table in a smart restaurant and tied his napkin around his neck. The manager, scandalized, called a boy and said to him: "Try to make him understand as tactfully as possible that that's not done."

Boy (seriously to customer): "A shave or a haircut, sir?"

—*Indiana Bored Walk.*

— D D D —

Kind Old Lady: "And what is your name, little boy?"

Jockey's Son: "I'm Jerry Glutz, by Bill Glutz out of Sadie Schmidt."

—*Penn State Froth.*

— D D D —

"Since Preacher Smith's daughter married, the population has increased in this town."

"Was it a girl?"

"Oh, no; ten of the young men came home."

—*Boston Beanpot.*

— D D D —

"I've been in a terrible state of consternation for the last three days!"

"Did you ever try eating prunes?"

—*Lord Jeff.*

— D D D —

**Oh!**

"Daddy, why do they call them the virgin forests?"

"My son, only God can make a tree."

—*Punch Bowl.*

— D D D —

**99 44/100% Pure**

Old Lady (in bookstore): "What's that large book over there?"

Clerk: "That, madam, is 'Songs the Fraternities Sing.'"

Old Lady: "And what's that little book right beside it?"

Clerk: "That's the expurgated edition."

—*Purple Parrot.*

— D D D —

"Did you give our daughter that copy of 'What Every Girl Should Know'?" asked Dad.

"Yes," replied Mother, despondently, "and she's writing a letter to the author suggesting a couple of dozen corrections and the addition of two new chapters."

—*Boston Beanpot.*



**California  
Sends a Ray of  
Sunshine  
to Shivering  
Sportsmen**

California (perhaps out of sheer compassion for sections not so sun-blessed) has sent us what we consider the best sports jacket yet to appear in these parts. It's smart-looking, and made of a warm, close-

ly-woven fabric. It's cut like a leather jacket, with Talon fastener front, and adjustable tabs at the wrists and sides. It has two pockets large enough to provide a warm haven for hands. It is water proofed by a special process. And it's one of the best sport-clothes buys in St. Louis at its special Spalding price of \$10.

*A.G. Spalding & Bros.*

409 North Broadway

**HERKERT & MEISEL  
TRUNK CO.**

910 Washington Ave.

LADIES' FITTED CASES  
LADIES' OVERNITE CASES  
WARDROBE CASES  
LADIES' PURSES

MEN'S GLADSTONES  
MEN'S DRESSING CASES  
BILL FOLDS

**WASHINGTON U. BEARS:**

Bring the films you take at the St Louis U.—Washington U. game, to the University Store to have them developed. We will develop **free of charge** all films taken by Washington U. Students at the game that day, if Washington wins.

Yours for victory.

**UNIVERSITY STORES**

Medical-Dental Store,  
4580 Scott Avenue.

University Store,  
Lindell and Skinker.

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

(Continued from page 10)

ing when he obtained a flat tire. It was raining and he was thoroughly soaked making the change. Arriving at school, he took off his wet pants and hung them up in the men's room in the basement of January. He decided to call up home, and, having a long slicker, draped it around his more or less shapely shanks.

While in the telephone booth in January, he got warm, and took off his slicker. Now it seems that there are several young ladies in the Law School. One decided to use the telephone about two minutes after Mr. Jones had entered. She open the door; she beheld the startled Mr. Jones standing there in all his glory (they were purple); and ran screaming down the hall.

Jones departed for the lavatory, but alas, Fate was against his pants and lower limbs coming together for a while. Someone had taken them. This was too much for Harry the Martyr. A slow and steady stream of the best lawyer profanity was uttered. But, resourcefully, he went to the janitor's room, and attended his next class in a short and baggy pair of greasy, paint-spoteed janitor pants.

#### The lowest thing in dates

Tunnel dates are one of the latest fads that have been started on the campus.

Credit for the idea has been quite cheerfully given to Nelson Hower, the "singing sophomore" and the pride of A.T.O. He says hower, that he denies everything. "It musta been Heinie Graves," exclaimed Nelson. "When I was seen in the tunnel, I was only taking a short cut to the Women's Building. Dean Stephens can't pin a thing on me."

Be that as it may, several of the gents have taken it up. The general idea is to make the date say at 10:30 or 11:30 in the morning. You and your date start somewhere at one end of the

tunnels in Brookings, walk under Cupples I, and over to Duncker. From there, one goes under the library arcade, turns right (this is the best one) and concludes at the west end of Eads Hall. Of course the route should be planned so that it will end at the Bookstore where refreshments will be served.

The plan outlined above is merely tentative. Many of the girls on the campus know very little about the subterranean levels of the university and are eager to know. We might suggest the tunnel from January to Wilson that ends up in the men's lavatory in Wilson basement, but this is merely a suggestion for the bolder spirits of the campus.

Personally, we got stood up in our first attempt at a tunnel date, but had better success later. At least, it is an offer that is gratis, and anyone desiring more information about the tunnels is urged to get in touch with Nelson Hower as soon as possible. For a small consideration he will even get you a date.

#### Words

A secret avocation of ours for the last few days has been word-coining. We are thus following closely in the footsteps of that great scribbler, Bill Shakespeare, and also stealing certain thunder of Noah Webster and other more modern wits. At any rate, we can now offer the following examples of the ill use of time:

Term to be applied to men of the Insull ilk, who first fleece and then flee, the country:—"abscondrell."

Phrase to be written onto a piece of paper and the paper then placed on your books on the library table to keep off marauders during your absence:—"please undisturb."

Textbook with price jacked up to give the author, publisher, and bookstore each a nice profit:—"taxtbook."

#### Odds and End

Headline from Globe-Democrat:  
\$3,000,000 TO BE USED  
FOR ADVERTISING GAS

We've heard of natural gas, sewer gas, and laughing gas?—but advertising gas is a new one. But come to think of it, guess that's what that booksalesman who called on us the other day was putting out. It's like the other gases, too—it flows naturally, leaves an unpleasant odor, and the laugh is on the salesman who gets thrown out—Prof. Sinclair told a startled econ. class the other day that Mark Antony was interested in Cleopatra in order to get Egypt. Alas Egypt! What sins have been committed in thy name!—Prof. Brown informed a literature class recently that as early as the 13th century Chanticleer was already "getting around." Which we hope has settled the chicken and the egg riddle forever.—Our heart bleeds for that unfortunate girl who, after pridefully handing in her English theme in a folder with her name, etc., neatly typed on the outside, discovered her theme at home and her copy of the political number of "Dirge" missing—in the absence of a "Neatest Trick of the Week" department, we report here that the Tri Delt pledges held a pow-wow some nights ago and voted unanimously that the best rush dinners of any sorority were given by the Tri Delt—we heard a radio newshound remark that an election day brawler was shot and "rather fatally wounded"—that's breaking it gently—and just to fill out the column let us remark that roses are red, calendars help one keep dates straight, and that there is a certain remote park drive in a large mid-western city known as Taylor Walk. Page Arthur Brisbane and Cal Coolidge!

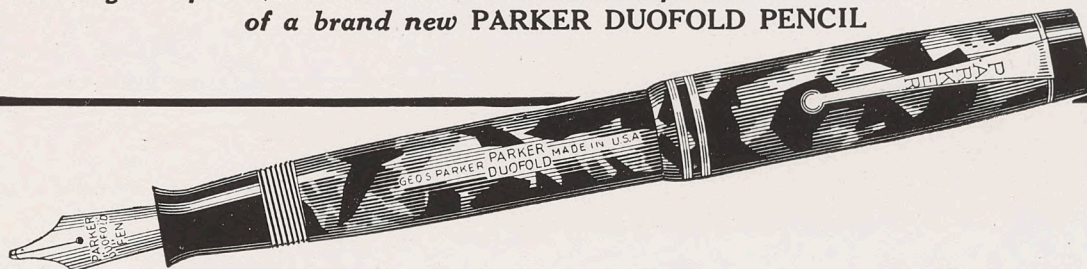
(Continued on page 28)

We'll Give Up To **\$2<sup>50</sup>**

FOR AN OLD PEN *of any make*  
toward a Brand New

**Parker Duofold Pen**

We'll give up to \$1.00 for an old mechanical pencil — toward the purchase of a brand new PARKER DUOFOLD PENCIL



**Look at these liberal allowances:**

- \$5 Duofold or Lady Duofold Pen,  
only **\$3<sup>75</sup>** and an old pen
- \$3.75 Pencil to match,  
only **\$3<sup>00</sup>** and an old pencil
- \$3.25 Lady Duofold Pencil,  
only **\$2<sup>50</sup>** and an old pencil
- \$7 Parker Duofold Sr. Pen,  
only **\$5<sup>00</sup>** and an old pen
- \$4.25 Pencil to match,  
only **\$3<sup>25</sup>** and an old pencil
- \$10 Duofold De Luxe Pen,  
only **\$7<sup>50</sup>** and an old pen
- \$5 De Luxe Pencil to match,  
only **\$4<sup>00</sup>** and an old pencil

Only such a leader as Parker could put through so gigantic a clearance of the nation's retail pen stocks, making way for late fall and early Christmas shipments. Look at these amazing features:

1st—The old pens and pencils that you trade in do not have to be Parkers. We merely require that the pen shall have a 14k gold point.

2nd—The Duofold Pens and Pencils offered are NOT discontinued models—they are Parker's finest quality, latest streamlined designs and jewel-like colors—have Parker's exclusive non-breakable Permanite barrels, extra ink capacity, quick-starting, non-clogging feed, and "special-order" Duofold pressure-relieving point—gold or platinum plated.

3rd—Those who want both a Duofold Pen and Pencil—the finest of sets—can obtain them through this Trade-in for almost as little as the regular price of the pen alone.

Parker's National Trade-in Sale is being held in every city and town in the United States. If you find one dealer all sold out of Parker Duofolds, try another. Stationers, Jewelers, Druggists, and Department Stores everywhere can supply you at present. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin. 235

PARKER RESERVES THE RIGHT TO DISCONTINUE THIS SALE AT ANY TIME—SO DON'T DELAY

(Continued from page 26)

### Truth Will Out

In our Campus Comment column of September there was a squib about a restaurant advertising service by "courteous and clean-cut college boys" of whose ten garçons only three were actually from college and one had graduated from Florida and Texas State—penitentiaries. We were of course, referring (in our usual under-handed way) to Carlane, the DeBaliviere filling station. The

astute head of that emporium figured this out, and forthwith sent us a letter making reference to "libel" and "high misdemeanor." For it seems that we had grossly distorted the facts. And in order to preserve our lily-white reputation for honesty, we quote the "facts" as given in the letter from the Carlane management:

"Here are the corrections: In the first place, we had out of 10 employed, 5 boys actually from college instead of just 3, while

one of the other five had graduated from the Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth rather than Florida and Texas State as you would have it."

We agree with Stuart A. Wetzel (Inc.) that our monstrous misstatement should be branded the lie that it was. However, we do regret that he should have deemed it necessary to spell it "penetentiary." We suggest that he employ one of his clean-cut Carlane lads to proofread his copy.

### Reason Enough

"How do you know it was a stork and not an angel that brought your little brother?"

"Well, I heard Daddy complaining about the size of the bill, and angels don't have bills!"

—Ski-U-Mah.

— D D D —

Freshman (in Sociology Class): "If a man has alcohol in his veins, is it passed on to his children?"

Instructor: "Certainly, the children will be born drunk."

Frosh: "And is that what is meant by still birth?"

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

Curious old lady: "Why you've lost your leg, haven't you?"

Cripple: "Well, damned if I haven't."

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

—And the Germans named their ships after jokes so the English wouldn't see them.

—The Log.

— D D D —

Increased enrollment this year is probably due to the fact that less applications have been made to the International Correspondence School. The matriculation fee was increased by the United States postal authorities.

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

He knocked at the door of my room.

"May I come in? It's the room I had when I went to college in '09," he said.

I invited him in.

"Yes sir." He said, lost in revery. "Same old room. Same old windows. Same old furniture. Same old view of the campus. Same old closet."

He opened the door. There stood a girl, terrified, half clothed.

"This is my sister." I said.

"Yes sir. Same old story!"

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

Theta: "Do you know any foreign tongues?"

Sig Alph: "No, I only go out with American girls."

—Kitty-Kat.

### Verse Vice

In mother's day they went for a drive in the park.

In daughter's day they vice versa in the dark.

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

Wife: "Henry, where are your shorts? You had them on when you left this morning for the office!"

Sig Chi: "My God, I've been robbed!"

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

Bathing Girls: "Hello, there Grandpa! How old are you?"

Gaffer: "Eighty, darnit."

—The Log.

— D D D —

Captain: "Let's play cards."

First Mate: "We can't The sailors are lying on the decks."

—Grinnell Malteaser.

— D D D —

And that night he came home early when nobody expected him, but what could poor ol' Brigham Young do with only a double-barrelled shotgun.

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

"Sure, you love your wife now, but will you love her when she is old and gray?"

"Well, why not; I've loved her through three shades already."

—Wampus.

— D D D —

"Why you cur. I heard the manager had to make you stop looking through the transom at that blonde!"

"Yes, he said the chair wasn't strong enough to hold both of us."

—Brown Jug.

— D D D —

Miss Snoop: "Mr. Smith, I saw your wife kiss the ice-man this morning."

"Great scott, wasting her time on him when we owe the grocer twenty dollars!"

—Punch Bowl.

# Where can you get so much Good Writing Paper **FOR SO LITTLE MONEY**

**300** Note Sheets *Formerly 200*  
**150** Envelopes . *Formerly 100*  
**450** Pieces . . . *Formerly 300*

*All Printed with your Name and Address*

**\$1.00**  
**POSTPAID**

**"I DON'T see how you do it!"** That's the gist of the flood of letters we have received from old friends and new since announcing our new "450" Package.

We *knew* the "450" Package would amaze everyone. Here's why. The ordinary box of stationery contains 24 sheets and 24 envelopes. The "450" Package contains 300 sheets and 150 envelopes!

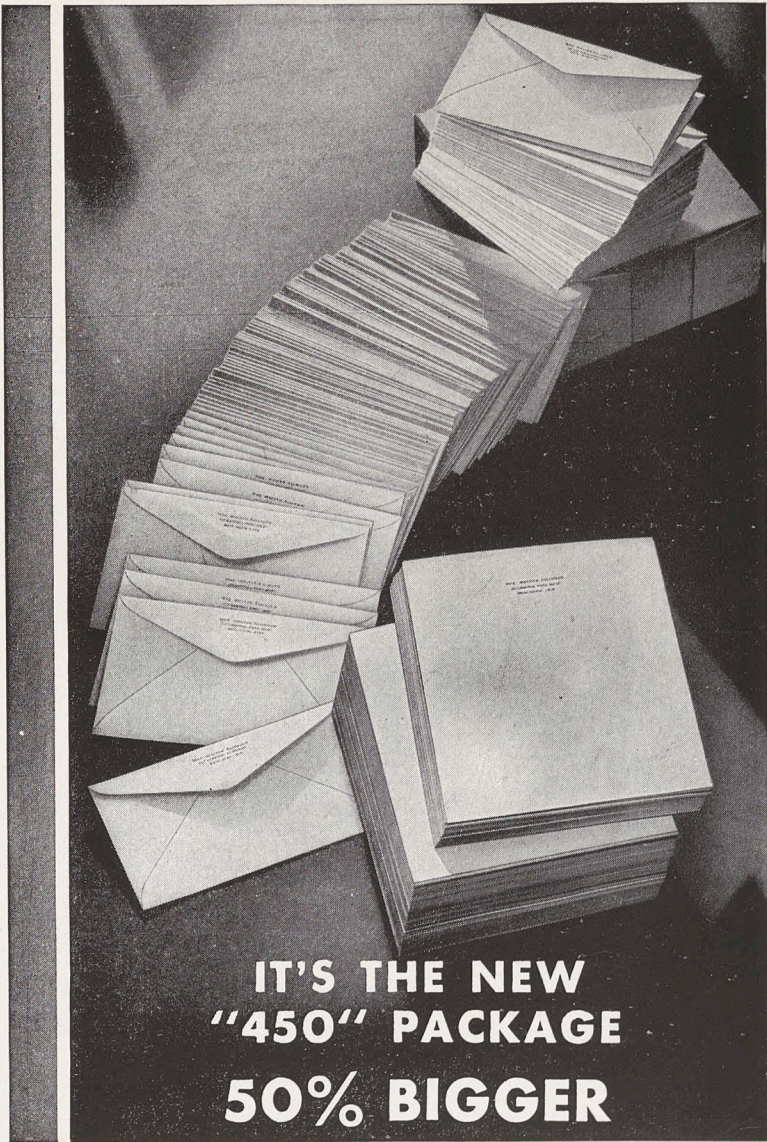
Cheap paper? Not a bit of it. *Finer paper is used in the "450" Package than in many boxes of high priced social stationery!*

And each sheet and envelope is neatly printed with your name and address—the smart and logical way to have your stationery finished. It is convenient—protects your letters from loss in the mails—helps business houses get your name accurately and lends a neat distinction to your notes.

Two million people can't be wrong—and two million people have sent to Peru, Indiana, for American Printed Stationery!

Try it. It's the same style note paper we have sold for 18 years—same printed name and address—same correct size, 6 x 7—same price. **But the quantity is now 50% greater!**

Send one dollar—check, bill or money order (\$1.10 west of Denver and outside of U. S.). Your package will be printed and mailed within 3 days



**IT'S THE NEW  
 "450" PACKAGE  
 50% BIGGER**

of the receipt of your order. Sold by mail only. No agents or dealers. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

**AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS** Being printed with the recipient's name and address, American Stationery makes a distinctly personal gift—and a most pleasing one. Simple, neat, fine quality, in good taste—and inexpensive. Make up your Christmas list at once. All orders printed and mailed within 3 days of receipt of instructions.

**THE AMERICAN STATIONERY COMPANY, 700 PARK AVE., PERU, IND.**

*Originator and World's Largest Manufacturer of Printed Note Paper*

Here is \$1.00 for a box of "450" Stationery to be printed as shown below. (\$1.10 west of Denver and outside of U. S.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

**OVER 2,000,000 CUSTOMERS — ALL OVER THE WORLD**



★ *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.

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# ARROW SHIRTS *SANFORIZED* *SHRUNK*

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