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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

DIRGE



FULL
OF THE
"OLD
NICK"



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engravings and
the good service
that goes with
good engravings.

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Main 1845-1846



922 Pine Street
St. Louis, Mo.

J.F. WIXTED

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VOL.
Publish

Doubled Up

"How dare you, sir, come home in such a state?"
 "I'm perfectly all (hic) right, darling, but I shee
 you are beshide yourself."

—*Border Cities Star*

— D D D —

*A couple of cows called Hortense,
 Whose home was surrounded by fence,
 Chewed away at their cud,
 And due to Scotch in their blud
 Were so tight that their milk was condensed.*

—*Purple Cow*

— D D D —

Drunk (lying on the sidewalk): "I'll climb this
 wall if it takes me all night."

—*Exchange*

— D D D —

Teacher: "What is the interest on a thousand dol-
 lars for one year at two percent. . . Ikey pay atten-
 tion!"

Ikey: "For two percent I'm not interested."

—*Chanticleer*

— D D D —

Sounds Probable

Two backwoodsmen in Maine knocked at the door
 of a house at the edge of the forest. "Hello, Ed!"
 said one of them to the farmer who came to the
 door. "Say, we come across the dead body of a
 man over there in the hollow, an' we kinda thought
 'twas you.."

"That so? What'd he look like?" asked the
 farmer.

"Well, he was about your build—"

"Have on a gray flannel shirt?"

"Yep."

"Boots?"

"Yep."

"Was they knee boots or hip boots?"

"Let's see. Which was they, Charley, knee boots
 or hip boots? Oh, yes, they was hip boots."

"Nope," said the farmer. "'Twasn't me.

—*Purple Parrot*

— D D D —

"Did you say your girl's legs were without
 equal?"

"No; I said they knew no parallel."

—*Judge*



*"I wish I could go. But I must write to
 the folks"*

*"Come on! You can call them up
 tonight."*

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 won't cost much, if you use station-to-station
 service. And they're lots of fun. Give your
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"Give me a sentence with the word 'Gunga Din'."
 "If you lose your ticket, how you Gunga Din?"
 —Judge

— D D D —

Johnny: "For two cents I'd knock your block off."

Bill: "Get away from me, you dirty professional."
 —Gaboon

— D D D —

Houdini

"Was Joe drunk last night?"
 "I dunno, but he was trying to get his pants over his head."
 —Dodo

— D D D —

She: "Do you love traveling?"
 He: "No, I like to sit in quiet corners when I do my loving."
 —Jack-o-Lantern

— D D D —

Beggar: "Give me a little money to buy a meal with, will ye?"

College man: "Money? I haven't any money. (Fumbling in pocket he suddenly finds some.) Gosh, I must have somebody else's suit on."
 —Iowa Frivol

—Iowa Frivol

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Club Rates

Preacher (to Mormon Groom): "Do you take these women to be your lawfully wedded wives?"

Groom: "I do."

Preacher: "Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

Brides: "We do."

Preacher: "Some of you girls there in the back will have to speak louder if you want to be included in this."
 —Judge

— D D D —

St. Peter: "Who's there?"

Voice Outside: "It is I."

St. Peter (peevd): "Get outta here; we don't want any more school teachers."
 —Arizona Kitty-Kat

— D D D —

Sprinting Called For

"Just a minute, where are you going?"

"Sorry, but I haven't time to stop. I'm catching the nine-thirty."

"You'll have to hurry. I've just missed it."
 —Drexel

—Drexel

— D D D —

Cop: "Hey, what are trying to do?"

Drunk: "I'm trying to pull this lamp off the bridge, hic, my wife wants a bridge lamp."
 —Bison

—Bison

— D D D —

Kismet?

*There was a young co-ed at St8,
 Who blamed all things evil on F8.*

Elastic she trusted

Alas, but it busted,

But all the boys thought F8 was Gr8.
 —State Lion

—State Lion

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4918 DELMAR OPEN NITES FOrest 4894

Office Boy: "I smoke nothing but quarter cigars now."

Stenog.: "How come, did the boss give you a raise?"

Office Boy: "Nope, he smokes the other three quarters."
—State Lion

— D D D —

Mayor Brown—"My son graduated from college with highest distinction."

Judge Green—"That's nothing; my son wrote the story that got his college magazine suppressed."
—Kitty Kat

— D D D —

"Rastus, what animal is noted for its fur?"

"De skunk, de more fur you get away from him, de better it is fur you."
—Bison

— D D D —

"Glad to know you. My name is Tunney. Pardon my glove."

"'S all right. You'll excuse me if I don't get up?"
—Purple Cow

— D D D —

"Gee, thosh guys are fash?"

"What guysh?"

"The onesh out there. Canchasee?"

"No. Can you?"

"Then what didja come to thish damn game for, anywaysh?"

"Oh, I just wanted to she if there was any drunksh here, thatsh all."
—Gargoyle

— D D D —

"An' you say dat little twin baby am a girl?"
inquired parson Smith of one of his colored flock.

"Yassth."

"An' de other'n am dat of de contrary sex?"

"Yessah, she am a gal, too."
—Pup

—Pup

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A minister, while passing a group of convicts at work on the country roads, became very much depressed at the wickedness of the world.

"My good men," he exhorted, "we should strive to mend our ways."

"Well, wotinell you think we're doing," asked No. 3289, "digging fishworms?"
—Buccaneer

— D D D —

"What is the difference between a church bell and a politician?"

"One peals from the steeple—the other steals from the people."
—Bison

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CEntral 3755

He: "I think contrasting colors are very effective. For instance, that combination you are wearing—"

She: "Sir!"

He: "Pardon me, is that a slip?"

—Cracker

— D D D —

The kind old lady came up to the bright young urchin that was playing in the mud-puddle beside the roadway, and spoke to him. "What pretty red roses you have in your cheeks," she said.

"Naw," replied the kid, "that ain't roses; that's chewin' terbaccar."

—Kitty Kat

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Small Boy (looking at battleship): "Dad, ain't that a hell of a big ship?"

Father: "Son, haven't I told you not to say ain't?"

—Sagehen

— D D D —

"My husband is a lingerie salesman."

"How do you keep him interested?"

—Medley

— D D D —

"Let's hold a petting contest."

"How?"

"Oh! Just run it off in heats."

—Exchange

— D D D —

Drunk, to bartender: "Shay, did you shee me come in 'at door?"

Bartender: "Sure."

Drunk: "Did you ever shee me before?"

Bartender: "No."

Drunk: "Then dow d'y'know 'twash me?"

—Lyre

— D D D —

"You are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. I long to hold you in my arms, to caress you, to kiss your eyes, your hair, your lips—to whisper in your ear, 'I love you!'"

"Well, I guess it can be arranged."

—Life

— D D D —

Reformer—"Young man, do you realize that you will never get anywhere by drinking?"

Stewed—"Ain't it th' truth? I started home from this corner five times already!"

—Yellow Jacket

— D D D —

Teacher: "Johnny, how much is three and four?"

Johnny: "I'd like very much to tell you, teacher, but I think it'll do you more good if you look it up for yourself."

—Wampus

— D D D —

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?"

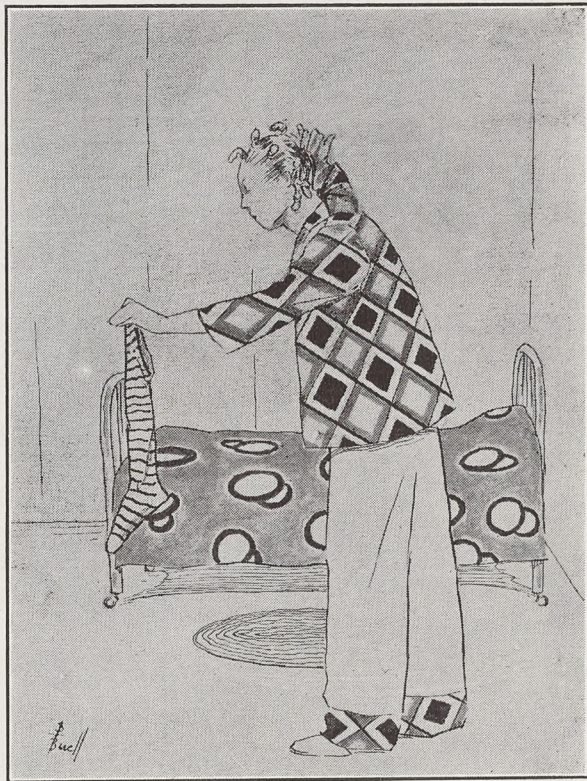
—Jack-o'-Lantern

— D D D —

"Love your neighbor as yourself, but don't let your wife catch you."

—Drexel

IT
WASH
DE
NIGHT
BEFORE
CHRISTMAS





Dirge
Wishes
You
A
Merry Xmas,
Happy
New Year
and Few
Headaches.

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The
DIRGE
"Jest in Peace"

De Olde Nick Number

The Day After Christmas

San T. Klaus (often mispronounced Kris Kringle) heaved a long sigh. It was really a very long sigh—at least three feet long—and Kris heaved it about four feet in the air. It hit the floor with a bang, and later on it was dutifully swept up and carried off by Jzlkxyx, the trained reindeer. So saying—or rather, so sighing (as the English would say)—San T. neatly folded his cute little white whiskers and deposited them carefully in the south-west pocket of his coat. Then he removed his tight red suit, of which Mr. Montgomery Ward has so aptly said, "No. 439A56. Red Santa Claus suit trimmed with artificial fur. Made of excellent quality goods, this garment will give years of service. Cotton whiskers 39c extra; fire-proof asbestos whiskers 99c extra. Order by number." Then San sprinkled moth-balls all over it to keep the boll-weevil out, and put it in the closet.

Next Kris put on his smoking jacket and slippers and seated himself in his wife's rocking chair. He had tried to get rid of this chair by putting cob-webs on it and giving it away as an antique, but his wife had caught him in the act and as punishment she had sent him to bed without any supper, and on the night before Xmas, too!

Five minutes have passed. Of course it didn't take me five minutes to make those little stars, but you get the idea. Just because these five asterisks represent five minutes, don't get the idea that one asterisk means one minute. They are sometimes used for days, years, rhubarbs, or most any old thing.

Anyway, five minutes later Mrs. S. T. Klaus walked in.

"Who was that lady I seen you with last night?" she screamed.

"Come, come, my dear. Don't make a seen; say 'I saw'."

"Whowasthatlady?" repeated his wife, running her words together in that silly fashion merely because I forgot to space them on my typewriter.

San T. trembled.

"That was no lady," he said. "That was Mary Christmas."

"You're a-lyin'."

"I am not a lion."

"Go, you villian. Leave this house and never darken my bath-tub again!"

"You forget," said her loving hubby. "The little children must get their presents next year."

Mrs. Klaus sent out a feeble S.O.S. and sank—into a chair.

"I don't see why you ever took that foolish contract, anyway," she said. "Calling our new Ford a reindeer and swiping all my silk stockings to give to the neighbors' children full of toys on Xmas morning! Such a business!"

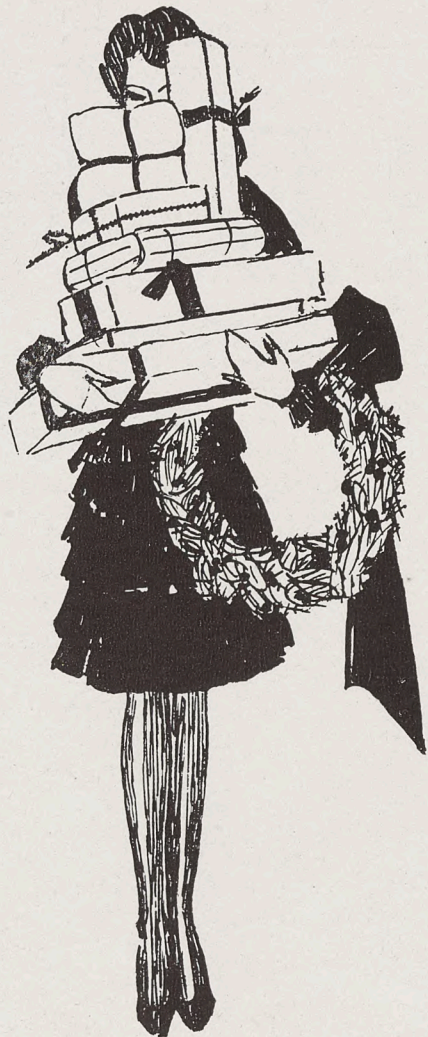
"Oh, well," replied her husband, "It has its good points. The salary of forty cases of Christmas spirits every year isn't so bad."

And he sighed peacefully and settled down for his annual 364-day sleep.

— D D D —

Clean Your Chimney

What if dear old Santa should be held by the flu.



Fashionable Fanny (this girl's name) says:
 "Here's some more reasons why there will be
 little change in men's clothes this season."

— D D D —

Try This on Your Next Date

She: "What part of a chicken do you like best?"

He: "Any part except a 'cold neck'."

—————catch on????

— D D D —

Ra. "I asked her if I could see her home."

Dio. "And what did she say?"

Ra. "Said she would send me a picture of it."

— D D D —

Heard in a Department Store

Maybelle—"No, I don't think blue hose would
 go well with my new outfit?"

Hosiery Clerk—"But they'd just match your
 knees in this cold weather!"

Poor Santa Claus

Being a modern version of The Night Before
 Christmas

*'Twas the night for old Santa,
 The hall clock struck one,
 But for Johnie and Susan
 The fun just begun.*

*No stockings were hung
 By the chimney with care
 For them to the dance
 Our lover did wear.*

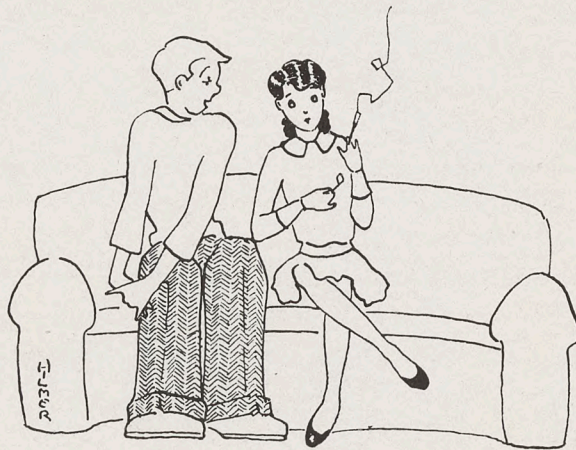
*With the roar of his plane,
 No sled anymore,
 He arrived at the house
 And knocked at the door.*

*He knocked and he pounded,
 But to no avail,
 For the house had the coldness
 Of ice in a pail.*

*As he gnashed his great teeth,
 I said to myself,
 "By your wild blowing beard
 You're no jolly old elf."*

*Disgusted, half-frozen
 In sobs did he say,
 "Merry Christmas to all
 And to all a good day."*

— D D D —



"Do you love me?"

"Er—you are my soul—my life."

"Say, don't you ever take your life in your
 hands?"

May He Rest In Peace

Chicago mother (awaking little son Xmas morn) :
 "Did you see that old man with white whiskers and
 that bag on the roof last night?"

Typical young'un : "Yeah, but you needn't worry
 about dat yokel, I picked him off with that new 45
 as he was about to go down the chimbley."

— D D D —

Pole: "Good night! is that a murder over there?"

Cat: "Naw, one of the publishers of SONNY
 POY just caught that little kid whistling the tune.

— D D D —

And Still They Come

Mrs. Mac: "But Sandy why get such small
 stockings for the lad?"

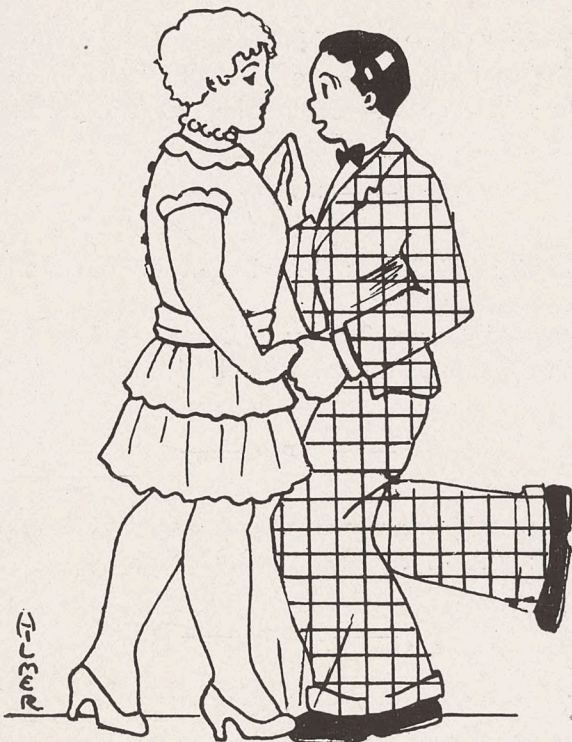
Sandy: "Sh-h, after Santa Claus has filled them
 we kin return them for some he kin wear."

— D D D —

Mid-Victorian Mamma: "He's a model young
 man."

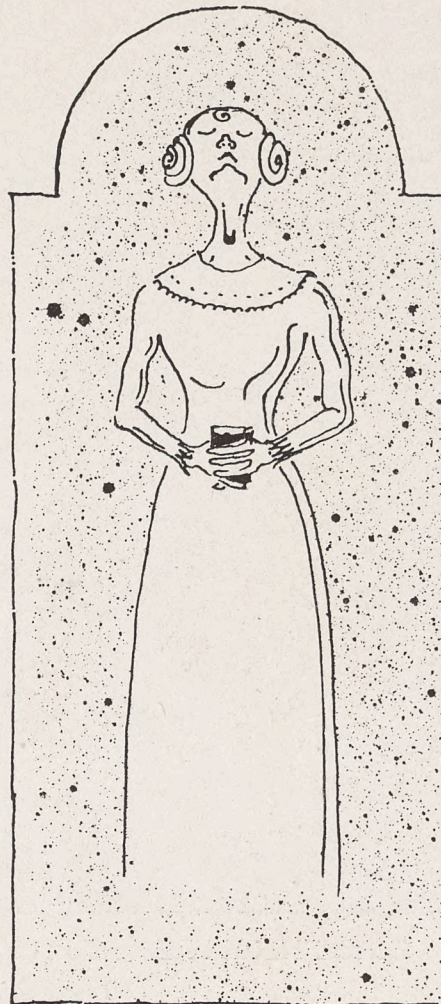
Sweet Young Daughter: "Yeah, a 1895 model!
 Grow up, mamma!"

— D D D —



She: "I'm getting thinner, don't you think I'm
 light on my feet?"

Bah: "Yeah—you sure light on mine."



BODY BY MUTRO LINES BY WALIS

— D D D —

Epitaph For a Good Girl

*She led a blameless life below,
 Death held for her no terrors,
 And now she's gone where lilies blow,
 No runs, no hits, no errors.*

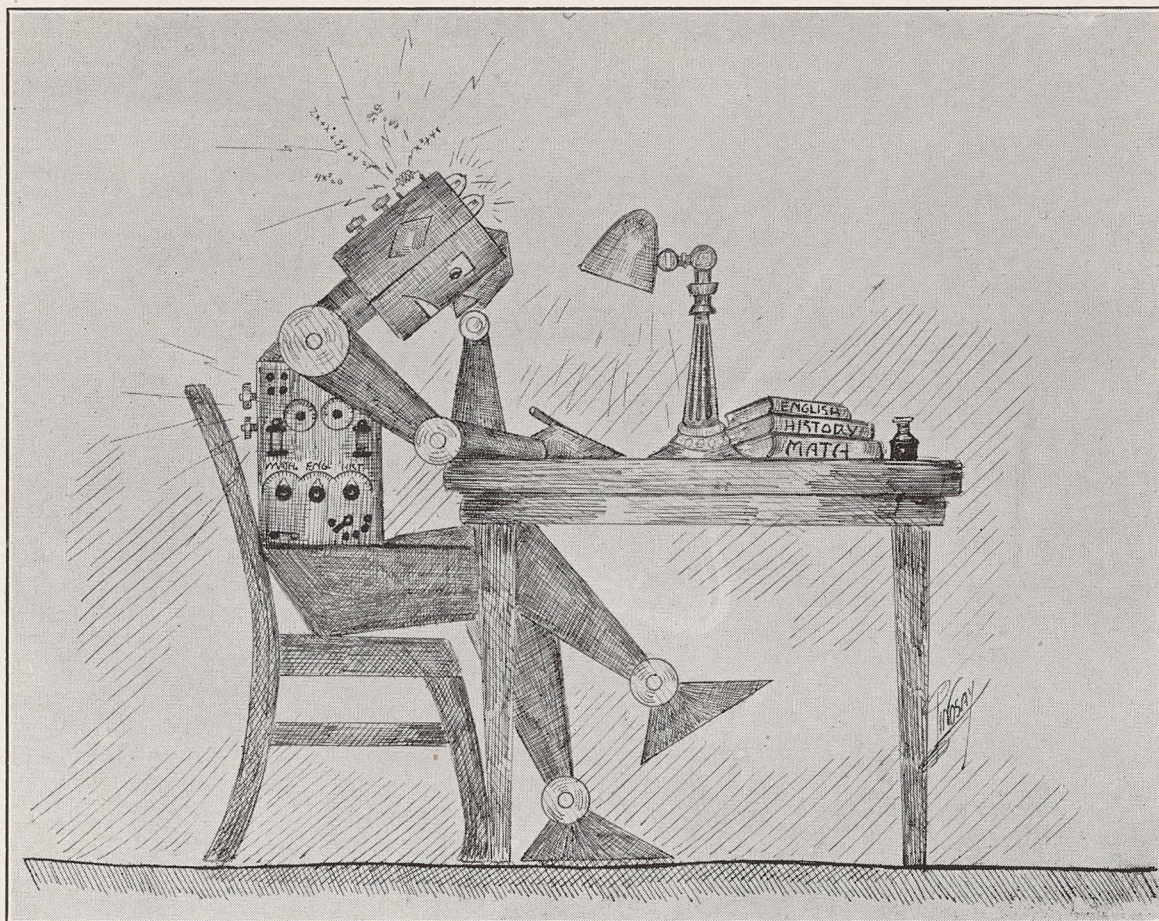
— D D D —

"I stand aghast," said Santa as he hastily rose
 from a gas burner.

— D D D —

Them Formals

*'Twas the night before Xmas
 And all through the house
 Not a creature was stirring—
 They were all shaking,
 (Which brother poured that on our new floors?)*



DIRGE HERE PRESENTS ITS IDEAL XMAS PRESENT FOR JOE COLLITCH

(This hurts us more than it does you)

— D D D —

Lucky

“Smoke?”
 “Nah!”
 “Why not?”
 “Well, I haven’t got a cough. I never liked to walk, and I’m satisfied.”

— D D D —

“I say old chawpie, going to winter in balmy Florida?”
 “Not I—the collectors will make it plenty hot for me here this winter.”

— D D D —

Hal: “Ever use Listerine?”
 Tobe: “No!”
 Hal: “You’re either perfect or careless.”

— D D D —

As Close As Christmas

Statistics taken in Glasgow show a remarkable increase in atheism during the month of December.

Mrs.: “Why son!—I know your father will think you’re asking too much of poor old Santa.”

Jr.: “Aw go on—Santa Claus ain’t as stingy as the old man.”

— D D D —

Kindly Old Santa: “And what do you want for Christmas, my lad?”

Shrewd Young Thing: “Dunno—tell me what you’ve got and I’ll think it over.”

— D D D —

Mac: “How are you going to spend Christmas?”

Mc: “As freely as possible, my lad.”

— D D D —

*Here’s to conceited Joe Wait,
 He makes his dates very late.
 He never knows
 ’Till the moment he goes
 Just what girl is going to rate.*



THE NIGHT BEFORE XXXMAS

— D D D —

THE CRAVEN

Once upon a mid-night dreary, while I studied,
slightly leery,

On a final I had flunked the year before,
Suddenly there came a tapping as of someone rap-
ping, rapping,
Tapping on my bed-room door.

Thought I:—the janitor is tacking; nails into the
floor he's tacking,
Tacking carpets on the floor.

Once again to books returning, all diversions firmly
spurning,—
I heard the knocking somewhat louder than be-
fore.

Rising up in rage unbounded, while more loud the
noises sounded,
I determined to endure the sound no more.

Opening my door quite widely, there was standing,
grinning idly,
A group of half a dozen friends or more.

“Come and see the movies, Buddy; you don’t want
to stay and study,

“Harry Langdon’s latest show is sure a roar.

“Come on! be a human being. Life is short and
time is fleeing,”

Said my classmates as they stood out-side my
door.

I was torn between two factions: should I stay and
study fractions,
Or could I pass it without cramming any more?

Long I stood there, doubting, fearing, while my
comrades, coaxing, jeering,

Stood waiting in a group outside my door.

Bye and bye desire grew stronger, hesitating then
no longer,

I donned by hat and stepped outside my door.

Though the show was fairly funny, still it cost a lot
of money,

And I had a hunch that I would flunk once more.

My exam was on the morrow; I approached the
place with sorrow,

And I wished that I had worked a little more.

Though I worked hard every minute, still it seemed
I couldn’t win it,

And a twenty-two was marked down as my score.

All my folly I repented: tempting students I
resented,

And I solemnly asserted, “Never-more”.



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Vol. X

DECEMBER, 1928

No. 3

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PASSED BY THE NATIONAL BOARD OF NONSENSORSHIP.



N line with the Yuletide spirit Dirge wishes to present its readers with 2-managing editors. As Dirge in the habit of doing things up big has selected not one little fellow to throw in the stocking of the reading public but has elevated two of the rankest from the ranks and has established them in the editorial Hall of Shame. David Black and P. M. Miller are the culprits this time. All hail. Now that DIRGE has shown the proper spirit of Xmas we rather gently hint that all presents will be accepted at the regular office anytime. Gifts may range anywhere from an undergraduate tomato to a speakeasy check or a new Chevrolet.



MERRY CHRISTMAS, folks. You doubtless have never turned an ear to a crack like that before, however it's an old Spanish Custom and the perpetrators of this monthly spasm cannot possibly see any chance for deviation from the time-honored and worn expression of the good old original American public. To go on with convention we all put our heads together and squawk "Happy New Year", "Eat, Drink, and be Merry", "Find a full stocking" and "Hooray for Dec. 25."

Now that we've disposed of all of that line we become quite sincere in saying that we earnestly hope you do receive half of what you want Xmas morn, that you eat heartily on that Xmas turkey, don't get the neck, bum hootch or a bilious attack. That you don't skid on the ice, have any blind dates with that sweet Smith girl home from boarding school, or have any exams at the end of this long (?) vacation granted by the faculty. Now if that doesn't beat all the standard hooley a block the editors intend to either eat this or read it. Which could be worse.

Anyhow, all you little Dirge readers be good and happy this Xmas as per usual and no matter whether you go out of town for the holidays or stay in the good old smoky burg we pray that your vacation, just like the St. Louis winter atmosphere, will be sure to soot you. Bang! That for all such smut cracks. See you in 1929.



DIRGE NEWS

A Seen At The Miami Triad Jig

*Photo
by
wire
direct
from
the
wharf*



*Photo
by
Chance*

Here we see the assembled men of the three fraternities who tossed the affair. Note the large group of she-stags. It is rumored the Pi Phis crashed. One can be seen forcing her way through the window.

— D D D —

SOCIETY

The first and last annual Miami Triad Dance was thrown at the Carroll street wharf last Friday evening. The three fraternities involved had several boys present and although the gate was not so hot during the early evening a heavy frost caused the attendance to swell enormously. There must have been an orchestra. Programs were followed by most couples present. The programs were thrown out the back door. The dance ended as all fraternity brawls and the usual run of river craft and other loose articles may be located in any one of the sorority rooms.

* * *

During the holidays several of the female noon-day clubs of the local campus will entertain with

(Now to page 16)

THE FIELD OF SPORT IN SHORT

The local court five journeyed to Indiana last week and succeeded in thoroughly trouncing the far-off gang by a score of three check mates to one. The flame bodices of the Bare squad were by far the outstanding feature of the contest. When our boys trotted out on the floor the noise nearly wrecked the brand new Bloomington Field House.

* * *

Extra! Sigma Chi wins an indoor contest. For the third time in the history of Intramural Indoor Baseball this organization has had the good fortune to play the Y. M. C. A. the evening of the annual Y. M. C. A. breakfast.

(Rush to page 16)

(READ PAGE 15 FIRST, PLEASE)

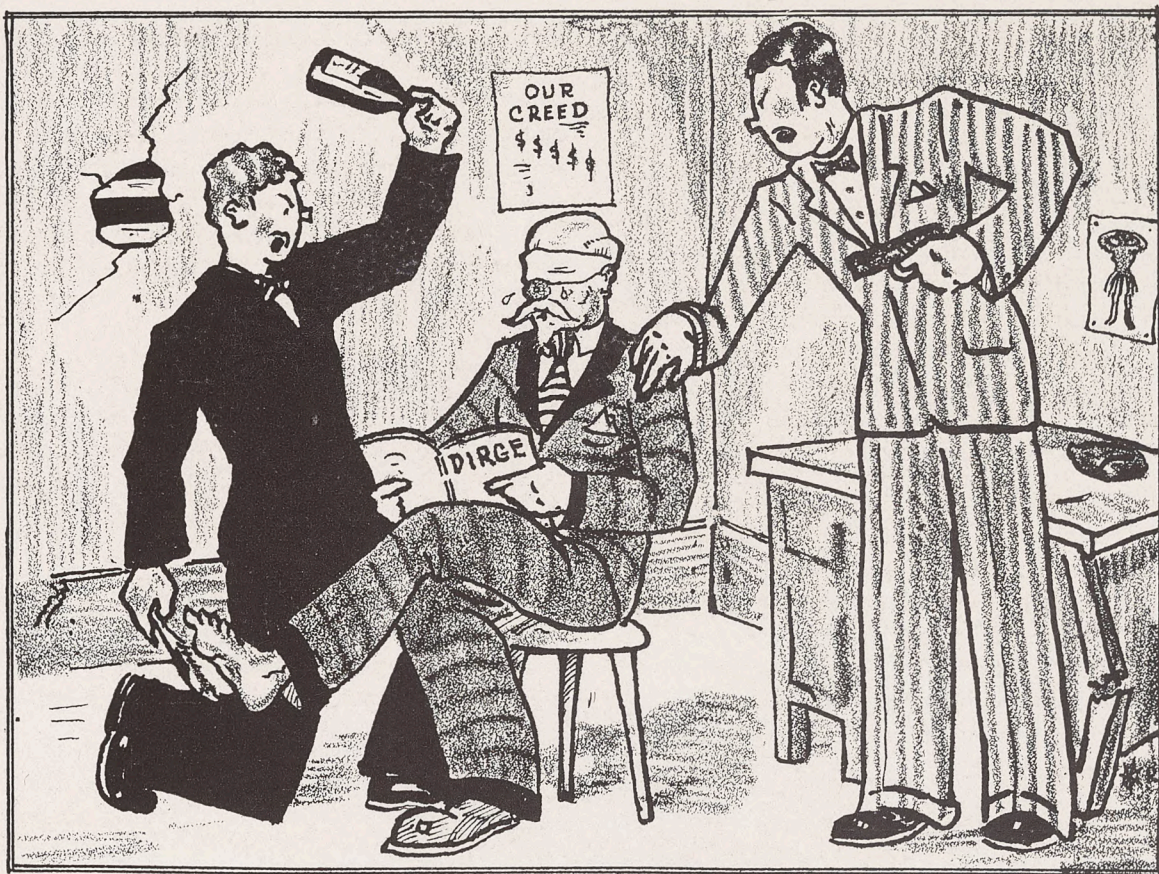
on the left). Finally convulsive laughter overcame Glumpus and he proceeded to roll on the floor crying: "This is by far the best," saving the janitor a week's work. The blindfold was then removed, Herman stated "Number Th—" (sock). Finally Glumpus said, "I picked this book because the jokes are so mild and they satisfy." Herman doubtless meant "wild" instead of "mild" but his mouth was beginning to swell rapidly.

Each month we shall attempt to tell you what many famous campus persons think of Dirge. Most state, "x½d---!@" etc.

Be sure to mention Dirge when buying a DIRGE.—*Adv.*

Dirge Presents Its Own Blindfold Test

Big Campus Figure Says; "NOTHING IS BETTER THAN A DIRGE"



Herman Glumpus Taking the Test. (*the only one he ever passed successfully*)

The test was made in the DIRGE office 11:30 last evening. Only one Simple question was asked, "Isn't that Dirge the best?" The Dirge was Herman's choice above four other of the leading publications of the country.

Herman Glumpus, one of the students at the university (see picture) has been connected with the school for some time and is the recognized fashion platter of the campus. Note the fur collar and cuffs, which are the latest according to the campus salesman of Simps Clothing Co. Now to proceed with a description of the test. Contrary to the opinion expressed by many coeds, Herman is really Herman in spite of the blindfold and not Santa Claus or a member of the famous gang at the Powerhouse.

Mr. Glumpus was not influenced in the slightest by the Dirge editors who proved quite reliable witnesses to the test.

First of all the bandage was applied. Two and $\frac{1}{2}$ feet of cotton gauze being necessary to circumvent Herman's cranium.

The first placed in the victim's hands caused the statement that it was a math book and therefore "putrid". This article was the Student Life and the comment was naturally caused by the great number of ADS.

The "HATCHET" was the next to be tested. Herman seeing the price printed on the inside cover immediately dropped the HATCHET on his foot, cutting off three toes and a wisdom tooth. He was finally quieted by an application of the bottle in the editor's hand.

Herman dismissed a pamphlet containing the photo of the 1928 Football team with the statement, "This doesn't score a bit."

At the appearance of the CUB the testee broke into violent laughter. The bottle applied. After his laughter came tears.

Then a DIRGE was placed in his eager hands. Glumpus immediately broke into tears, but hearing a click come from the hand of the editor on the right, he began to laugh loudly (note feather in hand of editor

(Turn to Page 14, and Hurry)

DIRGE NEWS

SOCIETY

(Continued)

formal parties at the various hotels. It is estimated that approximately the same hundred tuxedos will grace every affair regardless who is invited.

* * *

The Glee Club presented its annual concert the same evening and reported a full house in the student tax section. Songs were practiced by the entire group while several solos were rendered along with a comedy skit starring Mr. Frillingswoof and pard. The three Soldan custodians and their wives also attended. For the benefit of deaf students, diagrams of all the plays on the piano were distributed at the close of the program.

* * *

Scabbard and Blade, Trapshooters Local No. 29, entertained last week with a hop in honor of its new cutups. The Women's Building was the scene of the struggle. The hall was plainly decorated in rough brick, and the chaperones sat in the corners. The superintendent of buildings is still searching for the promising junior who did a heel and toe dance with his spurs on.

— D D D —

Wife: "Do you know that you haven't been home for four nights?"

Absent-Minded Prof: "Ye Gods!" Where have I been going?"

—*Yellow Jacket*

— D D D —

Waiter: "Tea or coffee?"

Stude: "Don't tell me. Let me guess."

—*Pup*

— D D D —

Question: "What is Scotland Yard?"

Answer: "Two feet, eleven inches."

—*Octopus*

— D D D —

He: "Well at last I've passed Trig."

She: "Honestly?"

He: "Aw! Don't be so inquisitive."

—*Lion*

— D D D —

Liza went into a drug store and asked for a penny's worth of insect powder.

Clerk: "Why, lady, that isn't enough to wrap up."

Liza: "I ain't asked you to wrap it up—jes' blow it down my back."

—*Exchange*

SPORT

(Continued)

Beta Still Holds Lead in Intramural Struggles

With the conclusion of the outdoor field hockey and volley ball the winner of the Intramural Trophy for the past three seasons has stepped into the position of leader. Kappa Sig occupies second place but with the coming of Intramural chess and swimming they are expected to drop back. The swimming pool is still filled with water.

* * *

In the annual Dirge-Student Life football battle, DIRGE as usual came in on the long end of the score, 235 goals to none. Amos Keeto, sway back for the Lifers, writer of editorials, was of course the best kicker on the field.

— D D D —

DRAMATICS

By Carleton S. Hadley, Dramatic Editor

"Hadley Did It" has been selected as the musical comedy to be presented this year by the Quadrangle Club, of which Carleton S. Hadley, a prominent alumnus, is honorary president and production manager. The book of the new play was written by Carleton S. Hadley, formerly of the Washington University law school, who also wrote "High Hat", last year's production.

The leading role in the comedy will be taken by Carleton S. Hadley, a graduate of the university last year. It will be directed by Carleton S. Hadley, Law '28, and all rehearsals of cast and choruses will be under the immediate supervision of Assistant Director Carleton S. Hadley.

Carleton S. Hadley, a former Washingtonian, will be in charge of the financial department of the production; while the mechanical arrangements will be directed by Carleton S. Hadley, a senior lawyer of last year. Carleton S. Hadley, business manager of the Quadrangle Club, announces that he will have personal charge of all other preparations for the musical comedy production.

— D D D —

Dirge notes a new competitor in the line of humorous literary endeavor in the campus appearance of the Cub. After selling several, returns became so splendid that the magazine was upheld for the campus censors. The editors believe however that the Student Life is still our leading competitor for the funny honors on the good old Hill.



“Brother Ambrose, do you believe in Santa Claus?”

“Of course not, Brother Aloysius!”

“Then prithee why hang up your stocking every Christmas?”

“Oh, I just hold them up to the wall to see if they stick, and if they do, I wash them.”



Granny tunes in on a prize fight and then thinks these Christmas bedtime stories are just too cute.

— D D D —

SPEAKEASY

It was on one of those dark and deserted streets near the river in the late evening. Slowly along one sidewalk a large and heavy human appeared slinking along in the shadows. He was poorly clad, cap cocked on one side of head, rim pulled far down sheltering a hunted pair of narrow eyes. Under the street lamp at the corner another shape appeared. An Officer of the law had paused there while he slowly adjusted his eyes to the dismal scene presented by the street. Quietly the tough looking individual reached for his hip. His movement was swift as a cat's spring as he seemingly was improving his grip upon something in that rear pocket. He came closer—closer with the same noiseless tread he had been employing. Then the policeman turned and in an instant saw the intruder. Quick as a flash the rough individual jerked his palm from his hip and—placing both hands at his side went blushing past. The poor lad had the seven years itch.

— D D D —

Oh: "How come you don't go for Ginny any more?"

Yeah: "Oh, she's telegraphic in her talk."

Oh: "Had her out the other evening and about every fifth word was 'stop'."

The two gents at the bottom of these pages make wonderful playthings for all lonely coeds when properly operated upon with a scissors or hack saw.

— D D D —

AND THEN—I knew there was no Santa Claus!

— D D D —

Young One—I'm a firm believer that all men should wear clothes to match their hair. A man with light hair should wear light clothes—one with brown hair should wear brown clothes, and so on. Skeptic Younger—But suppose a man is bald?

— D D D —

Second G. F.—How much didya pay for that ratty racoon coat?

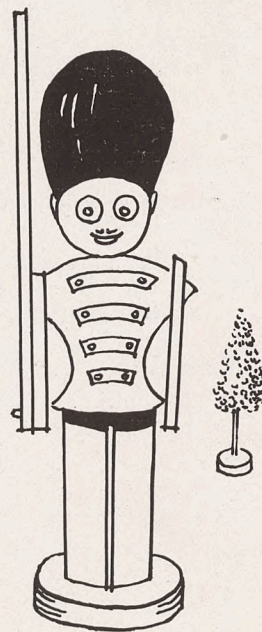
First G. F.—Oh, a coupla smacks!

— D D D —

Old Boy—You know, old chappie, you really had no business kissing her.

Mere Infant—I know it. But gee, it's a pleasure!

— D D D —



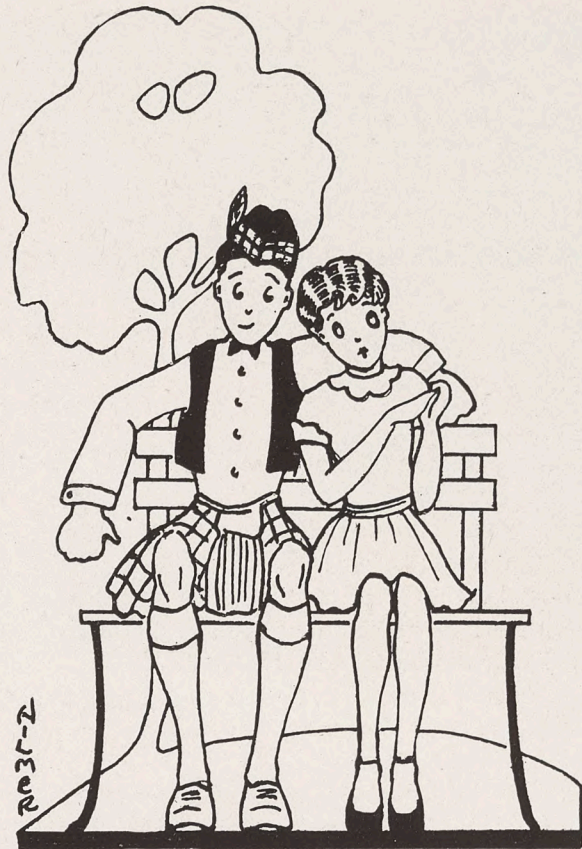
First Tin Soldier: "What can be done to take the horrible red color from my face?"

ARTIST'S DESCRIPTION OF THE COVER PAGE

This seems quite necessary in the editor's mind.

For the benefit of all of those who do not understand art and the few seniors, etc., who have completely forgotten, I would like to state that the gent on the foreground of this month's Dirge (please, not the collar ad, that's the back) is not a representation of a poor over-worked and boiled freshman at 3 A.M. trying to get in after remembering that the house key is in those other pants. Nor is it a replica of the first bass on the Salvation Army quartette using a quick route to the cellar. In spite of all your wild guesses its really the dismal old baby in person. Poor Santa all dressed up and bulging at the hips has gone and gotten himself stuck in one of those trick Scotch chimneys at the Woman's Building.

We calls it right tough when a lad has an almost legal right to crash the place and then has to give up and use the good old Bear line "wait 'til next year". Note the worried expression which is undoubtedly produced by the thoughts of the liquid cheer to be missed in those fraternity homes? further west and also the thought of the suit which will surely be brought by the Colonel in the morning. "Why was I laid out so plentifully" groans



"Kannae squeeze ye a litto mahr?"
 "Gosh no, Sandy, you're too tight now."

— D D D —

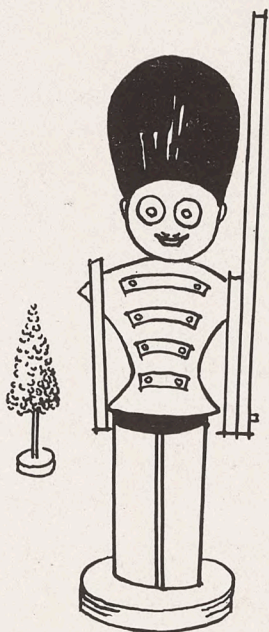
Nick as he squirms to free himself. The editors here will become useful for once and advise the old sticker to get one of those new Dorothy Knapp belts and shake out of it.

Now, gentle reader, if you fail to see the "click" in the terrible photo on the front of this issue we suggest that you spend a quarter next month and see if you make the story fit in the front of The January DISMAL SONG.

— D D D —

STOP!!!

*I have heard that the walls of the houses
 Will be transparent metal some day.
 That raises a question at once in my mind,
 Will the floors be constructed that way?*



Second Ditto: "You just need a couple shots."
 (OK'd by the Anti-saloon league)



BOOK REVIEWS

DEPARTURE *by* ROLAND DORGELES

(Translated by Pauline E. Rush)

"Come, Little Wind", said Roland, one day, "Come over the Red Sea with me and play! Put in your sunsets of red and gold, the silent ship that the stars enfold! Bring lowering skies and stifling heat, while in strange lands new friends we'll meet!" You percolate the balance of the poetry and listen to the tale of this book which is hereby unqualifiedly recommended for young and old; Christmas, New Year, or Yom Kippur present; or "saying it with books".

The story is roughly guessed at from the title. The big boat leaves Marseilles in the gray of the morning bound for the Orient by way of the Suez Canal—do you have a taste for geography or do you like to read weird, unpronounceable words, that are stories within themselves? The Desert of Death! Djibouti! Port Said! Colombo! Arabia! Ceylon! Erzeroum! Saigon! At any rate, these places merely touch the surface. There are many, many others.

Returning to the boat—it leaves—each passenger (first class, by the way) is scrutinized and the author works up a lively, familiar interest in those who are later to become so much more interesting. During this time the boat is passing through new and unusual country—and, as with most authors, Dorgeles keeps us well informed of the scenery. His descriptions are beautiful.

As the ship sails farther the action in the authors story increases. If he hadn't let those two people die at the end, it would have been better. But it is a dandy story, anyway. There isn't any hero or heroine to the story—that is, in the heroic sense of the word—and this is just one of the many good ideas the author has put into the book. With his ship travelling in that Garden-of-Eden Country, however, he didn't have to have a hero or heroine. Do they make heroes and heroines anymore, anyway,—or have I just outgrown a childish fancy?

(Courtesy Doubleday, Doran Bookshops)

"When I was young I couldn't spit over my chin. Now I can spit all over it."

—Purple Parrot

Several characteristic, clever French quirks appear throughout. The Chinaman's comment upon the dance of the Somalis and the author's ideas as to the mistake of the fez turbaned masters of Port Said are masterpieces. But don't get me wrong—the book is unqualifiedly recommended.

And how this romancer, pamphleteer, reporter, soldier and adventurer—as he is called—can end his stories. Quite the kick! Listen:

"Journey's end * * * * *

The boat had long since sounded its farewell blast and had already emerged from the river.

Along the arroyos of Cholon where sleep the junks and sampans, I was with you, Garrot, in your caleche galloping to Shanghai, over the Bund; under the marvellous cocoa-trees of that Cambodian island, where everything recalled Penang—the same palms, the same red earth paths, the same naked children,—I saw your living image, little colonial, with your arrogant face marked by Fate; and at our noisy dinner in the Chinese restaurant, was it not you, unconsolable Manon, whom I saw rising amid the shrilling of the violins on the balcony?

I have found them everywhere, my shadows. In the gardens of Hue so conducive to meditation, under the archways of Angkor where I was pursued by the prayer—song of the bonzes, and more than once in the cemetery of Saigon where so many worn stones bitterly recall the glories of yesterday. Gray flagstones where no one any longer kneels. Journey's end * * * * *

Do not seek amid those deserted paths for the cross of Jacques Largy, the stranger with the scar on his chin whom I met one rainy November morning in the Vieux-Port. There are no tombs for phantoms....."

W. W.

And there's the guy who gargled listerine for six months, and then forgot, and ate an onion.

—Log



Santa (after flopping over 159th radio aerial): "D—n these moderns. Next year they make a mechanical Santa Claus or have none at all."

— D D D —

Dirge Presents Its Own One Line Holiday Play

Polinius rushing out from behind the curtains after having been stabbed by Hamlet in the omelet with a gimlet:

"I am slain."

Curtain drops, actor drops and cough drops. Scenery through courtesy of A. Stiff undertaking furniture foundry.

— D D D —

She (dreamily): "When did you first know you loved me?"

He: "When I began to get sensitive when people said you were brainless and homely."

—*Illinois Siren*

— D D D —

Junior Officer (breathlessly): "Captain, there's a girl stowaway on board."

Captain (absently): "Tell her to hide in my cabin."

—*N. Y. Medley*

Gentleman: "And what is your name, my man?"
Gentleman's Gentleman (stuttering): "Hu-huh Hawkins, sir."

Gentleman: "Excellent; I shall call you Hawkins for short."
—*Reserve Red Cat*

— D D D —

He kissed the parlor maid and the girl screamed. The wife came in and looked around suspiciously.

"Fifi, why did you scream?"

"Through joy, madam. The master has just doubled my wages."
—*Punch Bowl*

— D D D —

Miss Lemmon: "Now, before we drive much farther, I want you to understand that I don't neck, so don't try to hold my hand or kiss me. Is that clear?"

Mr. Frat: "Yes."

Miss L.: "Now, since that is settled, where shall we go?"

Mr. Frat: "Home."

—*West Point Pointer*

ON THE SCREEN

LOEW'S STATE

"*Win That Girl*", said to be one of the most hilarious comedies of football ever brought to the silver sheet, will have its initial screening at the State Theatre the week of December 15th. This picture based on the recent Saturday Evening Post story "Father and Son" is a lively comedy-drama packed with football and college incidents. Sue Carol, refreshing little Chicago beauty, is seen in the leading feminine role. David Rollins plays opposite Miss Carol in this new Fox Movietone production.

The romance of gypsy dancing girl and the heir to the throne of her country provides the motivation for "*Dream of Love*", which opens at Loew's State the week of December 22nd, Christmas week. This is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer feature starring Joan Crawford and Nils Asther.

In this colorful drama of the Balkans, Miss Crawford is seen as the wandering minstrel who rises to stage stardom so she might meet the royal pretender on a somewhat equal footing. Asther, as the Crown Prince, finds his ascension to the throne prevents his marrying the girl.

The screen play is an adaptation of the famous old French play, "Adrienne Lecouvreur," in which Sarah Bernhardt starred for many seasons. Fred Niblo directed the modernized version and has brought to the screen a striking picturization of military and court intrigue.

Included in the elaborate supporting cast of this romantic drama are Aileen Pringle, Carmel Myers, Warner Oland and many others of note.

Following this and opening the new year the State screen will present what will probably be known as Lon Chaney's best vehicle of the year. In "*West of Zanzibar*", we find Chaney, his head shaven and wearing one of the weirdest disguises of his many outstanding adventures in the sphere of screen make-up enacting Dead Legs Flint, a sinister, semi-paralyzed Voodoo ruler of a tribe of savage devil worshippers. "West of Zanzibar" is a story of revenge into which is woven one of the most dramatic of love stories, and its settings, weird, grotesque, and terrifying, accentuate the sensational narrative.

All of these programs will be supplemented by several acts on the speaking screen and Fox Movietone news in sound.

The Loew's Concert Orchestra will be heard under the baton of David Pesetzki and Ernst Hares will be heard at the organ presenting many new novelties.

MISSOURI AND AMBASSADOR

An unusually strong line-up of attractions is scheduled for Skouras Theatres during January, with a considerable proportion of talking pictures included.

"*The Barker*" from the sensationally famous play that stirred Broadway last season, will come to the Grand Central in picture version following "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*". Milton Sills, Dorothy Mackaill, Betty Compson, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., have the leading role in this colorful picture of carnival life. "The Barker" is a story of life in the raw, packed with thrills from beginning to end. It is First National's first talking picture.

"*Naughty Baby*", with Alice White and Jack Mulhall, a snappy, lively story of life on the Great White Way, is scheduled to play at the Ambassador shortly. Alice White is a gold digger with original ideas, and how she knows her stuff!

"*Interference*", Paramount's first all-talking picture, taken from the famous stage play of the same name, is to be seen soon. Clive Brook, Evelyn Brent, Doris Kenyon, and William Powell are the stars in this sensational story of a wife confronted with her scandalous past and a "Bad" man who killed to stop the crime of "interference". "*Interference*" is acclaimed as the most perfect of the talking pictures yet produced.

A mysterious murder mystery, from the brilliant stage play now breaking records in London, "*The Ware Case*", with a splendid all-star cast, will soon be seen.

Fanny Brice, the international favorite, will sing the songs she made popular on the stage in "*My Man*", her first motion picture production, a Warner Brothers talking special. The story of "*My Man*" is that of a girl who rises from the squalor of the tenements to the glittering gayety of Broadway. The Inimitable Fanny adds to her laurels in this production, and again earns the title of the world's greatest comedienne.

"*The Canary Murder Case*", from the popular detective story by S. S. Van Dyne, is another thriller, to come from Paramount, with William Powell, James Hall, Louise Brooks and Jean Arthur. It is a talking picture.

H. B. Warner, Lois Wilson and Monte Blue will be seen in a Warner Brothers all-talking production, "*Conquest*", a stirring drama of a daring explorer who risked his life at a woman's whim.

Dolores Costello and Conrad Nagel are co-starred in "*The Redeeming Sin*", a heart-stirring picture

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Useful Christmas Gifts for Men and Boys are listed alphabetically and priced in our Booklet "Christmas Suggestions" which will be sent on request

The next visit of our Representative to the
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 NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY ST. 246 PALM BEACH AVENUE. S 220 BELLEVUE AVENUE



© BROOKS BROTHERS

—talking—from the Warner studios.

A powerful cast will be seen in Paramount's all-talking "The Wolf of Wall Street". George Bancroft, Baclanova, Nancy Carroll and Paul Lukas have the leading roles, and all of them will talk.

The breath-taking story of two famous lovers—Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton—against a background of magnificent sea-battles and royal pomp, is splendidly pictured in "The Divine Lady", a talking special from First National. Corrine Griffith is featured, together with H. B. Warner and Victor Varconi.

The war is seen as the soldiers themselves saw it in "Behind the German Lines", an official German war film, in sound. This is said to be the most authentic, most realistic war picture ever produced.

A spicy story of modern life is told in "The Little Wildcat", a Warner Brothers talking picture, with Audrey Ferris and an all-star speaking cast.

Version No. 37462

She (just back from Paris): "I can't go to the dance tonight. My trunks haven't arrived yet."

He: "Gosh, what kind of a dance do you think this is going to be?"

—Orange Owl

First Student (in swimming class): "Are you a fraternity pledge?"

Second Student: "No, I backed into a stove."

—Oklahoma Aggievator

— D D D —

Customer: "I'm afraid this suit will shrink if it gets wet; how about it, Abe?"

Abe: "No, siree, every fire company in town has squirted water on that suit."

—Lyre

— D D D —

There was a shy young man who wanted to propose to his lady love, but never dared. Finally he took her to his family lot in the cemetery and said: "Wouldn't you like to be buried here some day?"

—Flamingo

— D D D —

One day an inspector of a New York tenement house found four families living in one room, chalk lines having been drawn in such a manner as to mark out a quarter for each family.

"How do you get along here?" inquired the inspector.

"Very well," was the reply, "only the man in the farthest corner keeps boarders."

—Pup

The Private Secretary—

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SPECIAL BRIEF COURSES FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS

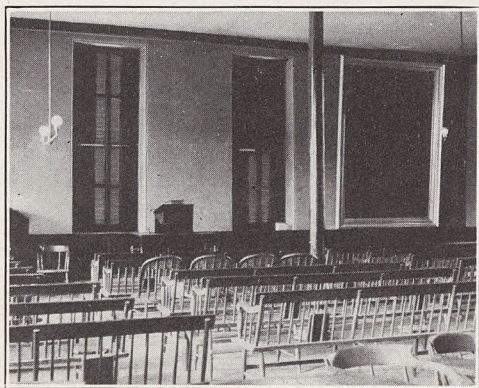
Brown's Business College

Downtown School West End School
911 Locust St.—Cent. 2293 5858 Delmar Blvd.—Cab. 6080

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the lecturer, "I understand the language of wild animals."

From the back of the hall piped a voice: "Well, the next time you see a skunk, ask him what's the big idee!"

— D D D —



Christmas services being held in the Dirge office

— D D D —

"Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable, Elaine the lily maid of Astolat."

Astolat but got nothin'.

So Guinevere said to Lancelot: "Get thee behind me, Satan'—and push!"

—Lyre

Attention Students

The field of Chiropractics is not overcrowded. 4 years of High School satisfies our entrance requirements.

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Missouri Chiropractic College

706 N. Grand Jefferson 1017

Yeah, the war cost Sandy his arm. He couldn't bring himself to throw away a grenade.

—Flamingo

— D D D —

"I know a girl who plays piano by ear."

"'Snothing—I know an old man who fiddles with his whiskers."

—Lord Jeff

— D D D —

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

"Oh, look at the orange marmalade."

—Bison

— D D D —

Mamma: "You're too old to cry, Tommy."

Tommy: "And I'm too young to have what I'm crying for."

—New Jester

— D D D —

Two Irish women were discoursing one day in the following manner:

"Good morning, Mrs. Finnegan; and how is iverything?"

"Shure, Mrs. Murphy, and I'm having a grand time of it between me husband and furnace. If I keep one eye on one—the other is shure to go out."

—Buffalo Bison

— D D D —

"And what do you do when you hear the fire alarm, my good man?"

"Oh, I jest get up an' feel the wall, an' if it ain't hot I go back to bed."

—Tiger

— D D D —

Aviator (to negro): "Want to fly?"

Negro: "No, suh; ah stays on terrah firma, and more firmah, the less terrah."

—Aggievator

— D D D —

*I long for a kiss that will be divine;
For virgin lips to be close to mine,
For a shapely girl with poise supreme,
A countenance fair and eyes that beam.*

*I saw such a girl on the campus today,
And loitered along just to be in her way;
She hurried by with a nonchalant air;
I opened my eyes and began to stare—*

*For there on the sidewalk, ahead, I saw
A kerchief like her, for I saw no flaw
But I picked it up and was hurt and sore,
At finding—well—what are kerchiefs for?*

—Flamingo.



Folks, here is a Drink!

We want you to meet the friendliest pal for thirsty palates that ever nestled in a bottle. . . a charming, sparkling drink that spreads its message of good cheer wherever it goes. Busch Extra Dry.

It's not just ordinary ginger ale, remember, but a smooth, delicious blend prepared by men who have been making good things to drink for more than 70 years.

It comes to you in a handsome package which contains 3 full-size bottles, yet sells for the price of 2 . . . that ends waiting while the clerk wraps up your purchase . . . that ends fussing with wet bottles and bulky bundles. And it's also served at leading hotels, clubs, restaurants and cafes. Ask for it by name.

BUSCH EXTRA DRY GINGER ALE *It's Different*

"Conductor! Help me off the train?"

"Sure."

"You see, I'm stout and I have to get off the train backwards, the porter thinks I'm getting on and he gives me a shove on again, I'm five stations past my destination now."
—*Brown Jug*

— D D D —

*In ye days of olde
When knights were bolde
Listerine was not invented.
They gargled their throats
With suds of soaps
And rode away unscented.
—Syracuse Orange-Peel*

— D D D —

*I think that I shall never see
An E as lovely as a B.
A B whose rounded form is pressed
Upon the records of the blessed.
An E comes easily—and yet,
It isn't easy to forget;
E's are made by fools like me,
But only God could make a B.*

—*Ghost*

Where the Saying Started

The doctor entered his reception room and found a typical old maid and a hard-boiled gentleman awaiting his ministrations.

Turning to his attendant, the physician asked: "Which came first—the hen or the yegg?"—*Life*

— D D D —

Cop: "Hey— What are you two bums fightin' about?"

First Thug: "Aw' de kike's tryin' ta tell me 'at there's no rhythm of expression in Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata!"

— D D D —

Sounds Like Bribery

Lady to Tramp—"Here, my man, is a nickel. Now don't go and get drunk." —*Red Cat*

— D D D —

*There was once a girl so modest
That when a clock she passed,
She always looked the other way,
For fear it might be fast.*

—*Yellow Crab*

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Delmar **HOSIERY SHOPS** No. 6

Watch for the

**FUTURISTIC
DIRGE**

Gamma—"They say that Horace Glamph is a pauper now."

Phi—"Oh, dear, to think that one so young should have a child!"

—Columns

— D D D —

Traffic Cop: "Use your noodle, lady! Use your noodle!"

Lady: "My goodness, where is it? I've pushed and pulled everything in the car."

—Wampus—

First Maid: "How did you like working for that college professor?"

Second Maid: "Aw, it was a rotten job. He was all the time quarreling with his wife, and they kept me busy running between the keyhole and the dictionary."

—A—K—K

— D D D —

*Your silk and satin skin
Has a dim radiance akin
To old ivory.*

*Your features, finely sketched,
Hint of beauty etched
On old ivory.*

*Your brow, snow pure
Is tinted, I'm quite sure,
Like old ivory.*

*Your exquisite ear
Is surely carved, my dear,
From old ivory.*

*But love's withheld by fears:
Between those perfect ears
Is old ivory.*

—Cracker

— D D D —

A beautiful young lady boarded the street car. "Oi, lady," pleaded Ginsberg, of Ginsberg, Ginsberg and Ginsberg, Incorporated, "please don't sit underneath my advertisement."

—College Humor

— D D D —

Theodore: "Teddy, you're awf'ly popular, but why do you always get stewed?"

Teddie: "'Cause shush popularity must be preserved."

—Pelican

— D D D —

Peggy: "Does your husband talk in his sleep?"

Polly: "No, and it's awful exasperating. He only smiles."

—Exchange

— D D D —

He: "Do you know what I like about you."

She: "No."

He: "My arms."

—Chanticleer

— D D D —

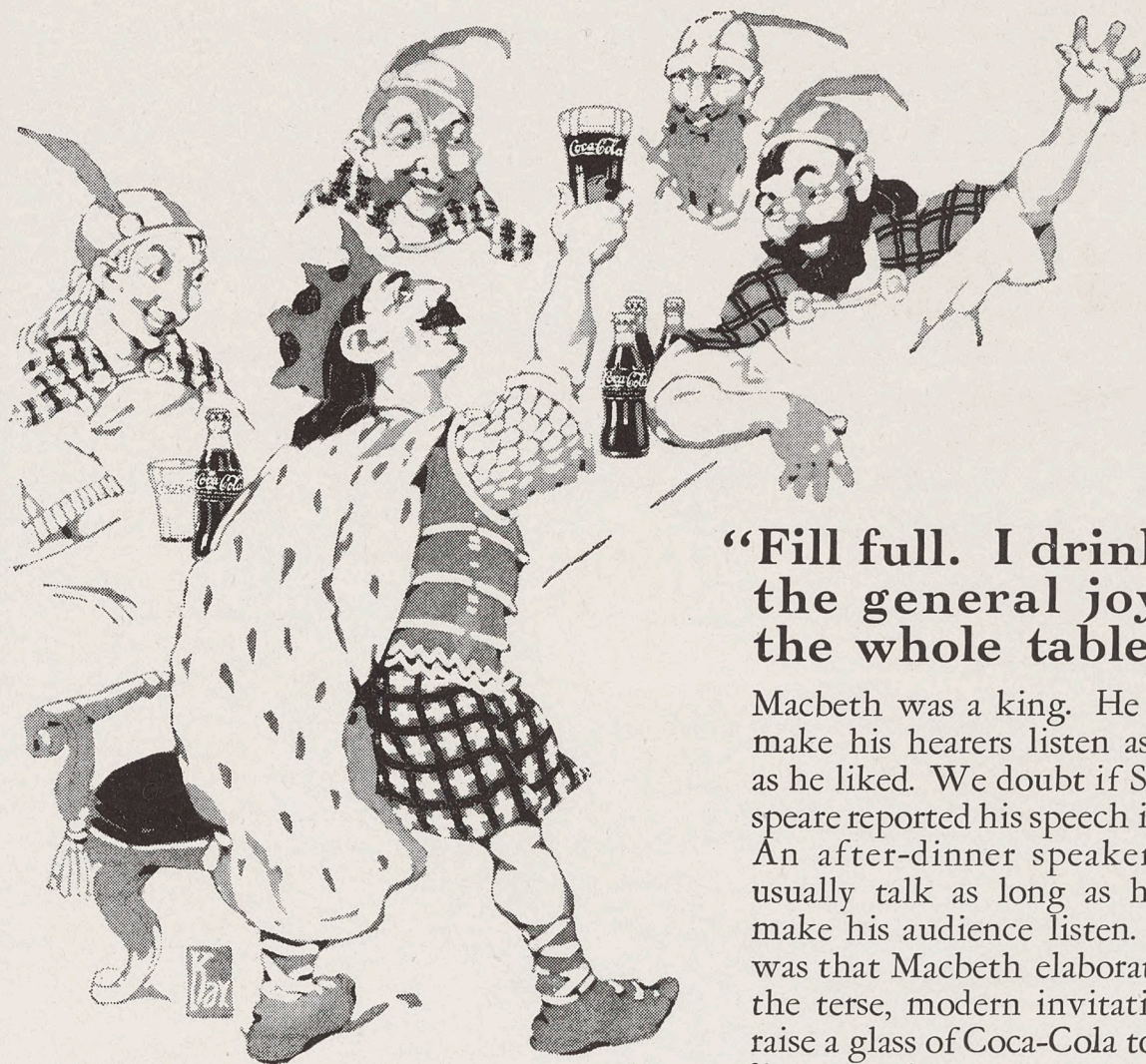
Bridge Friend—"What honors did you have, simple?"

She—"Say, you're not so brilliant either."

—Widow

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



Macbeth
Act III, Scene 4

“Fill full. I drink to the general joy o’ the whole table” ~

Macbeth was a king. He could make his hearers listen as long as he liked. We doubt if Shakespeare reported his speech in full. An after-dinner speaker will usually talk as long as he can make his audience listen. So it was that Macbeth elaborated on the terse, modern invitation to raise a glass of Coca-Cola to your lips, namely —

*8 million
a day*

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The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

9-CM

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Prospective Freshman (any college): "Well, g'by, paw."

Paw: "S'long, kid, and don't forget this, if you must pledge Kappa Sig, try to pick out the best chapter they have on the campus."

—*Nebraska Arrogwan.*

— D D D —

"Ah, my poor man, here is a nickel for you. Tell me, how did you become destitute?"

"I was like you—giving away vast sums to the poor and needy."

—*Ranger*

— D D D —

"Johnny, stop poking little Edward!"

"I ain't pokin' him, Ma, I'm countin' his measles."

—*Octopus*

— D D D —

"You see four out of every five had it," explained the co-ed as she returned his pin.

—*Puppet*

— D D D —

Paul: "Hey, you—your gun isn't loaded."

Eck: "Can't help it; bird won't wait."

—*Ollapod*

— D D D —

Hot or not, read *AN ICE* number of Dirge, January Issue.

Don't Do It

When the baby is done drinking, it should be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled.

—From an advertisement in *Children*, a magazine for parents.

Something we have always wanted to do.

—*Goblin*

— D D D —

Irate Father: "What is that stuff on my new car, where the — have you been?"

Calm Son: "That's only traffic jam."

—*Gargoyle*

— D D D —

Sarah H.: "My mother was born in Switzerland, my father in San Francisco, and I was born in New Orleans."

Boy Friend: "Funny how you all got together, isn't it?"

—*Siren*

— D D D —

Cigarette Butt Song

"You made me what I am today; I hope you're satisfied."

—*Chaparral*

— D D D —

"Why do the Kappas all wear high heels?"

"That's the only way they can raise their minds to a higher level."

—*Sour Owl*

— D D D —

Young Lady (on a fast express): "Is that man drunk? He has tried to kiss me half a dozen times in the last hour."

Pullman Porter: "Not exactly, lady, but he drank some of that traveling salesman's liquor and now he thinks we've been going through a long tunnel."

—*Kitty Kat*

— D D D —

Housemanager (to new waiter): "Breakfast at 7:30, Smith."

Smith: "Thanks, but if I'm not up, don't wait for me."

—*Siren*

— D D D —

Kind-hearted old lady: "My good man, have you injured your arm?"

Fellow (with arm in sling): "Naw, lady, I took the Old Gold blindfold test, and the blindfold has slipped."

—*Beanpot*

— D D D —

She: "Why did they arrest that blind man?"

He: "The cop saw him blush when a co-ed passed by."

—*Gargoyle*

Inquisitive Keydet (in artillery class): "Col., what is the cradle of the gun for?"

Enlightening Col.: "To rock the son of a gun in, Mister—."
—Sniper

— D D D —

"You say that I am the first model you ever kissed?"

"Yes."

"And how many models have you had before me?"

"Four. An apple, two oranges, and a vase of flowers."

—Black and Blue Jay

— D D D —

A Real Close Game

American (at a Scottish football game): "Why don't they start? They ought to have kicked off an hour ago."

Scotty: "Aye, something serious has happened."

American: "No one hurt was there?"

Scotty: "Worse than that. They canna find the penny they tossed up wi'."

—Green Goat

— D D D —

"I'll bring this to an end if you don't get in by 2 o'clock," shouted the irate father, brandishing his hair brush at his daughter who had been holding late dates.
—Punchbowl

— D D D —

*Breathe there a man with soul so dead
That never to himself hath said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,
*****xxxxx?????!!!!!!*****??*

—Belle Hop

— D D D —

Three Short Rings and a Long One

"We are now passing the most famous brewery in Berlin," explained the guide.

"We are not," replied the American tourist, as he hopped off the bus.
—Octopus

— D D D —

"Some girls can neck and get away with it."

"Yep. Just goes to show how careless some fellows are."
—Burr

— D D D —

Frau: "Oh, I forget to tell you, dear, a truck ran over your new hat."

Absentminded Prof.: "Was I wearing it?"

—Royal Goblin



Training is Tough at Castor College

But then Castor is different from Illinois. Bob Zuppke, grand old man of Illinois, writes *How Hard is Football?* in the December COLLEGE HUMOR. Knute Rockne also shares the spotlight with his *Football Is Fun*, with anecdotes from the Army-Notre Dame game.

"No college drunks are wanted," says Fred Waring, director of Waring's Pennsylvanians, who writes the formula of success for his famous college band.

Harvard, a searching analysis of America's grand old school, by Gilbert Seldes. One hundred million dollars can't be wrong!

Then there is the Collegiate Hall of Fame and the new College Sports department. Your college may be represented.

Wow! What an issue! Stop at your nearest news dealer and invest 35c in the December issue of COLLEGE HUMOR.

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- Knapp's Drug Store
- Sutner Drug Co.
- University City Drug Store

IN THE FUTURE

THE FUTURISTIC NUMBER OF DIRGE

Watch For Its Appearance!

How About This?

Lady customer: "So you've sold out of garters already. I don't see where they all go to."

Clerk, blushing a fiery red: "Neither do I."

— D D D —

Ma: "Where's the cow, Johnnie?"

Johnnie: "I can't get her home; she's down by the railroad tracks flirting with the tobacco sign."

—Arizona Kitty Kat

— D D D —

He: "Please!"

She: "No!"

He: "Just this once!"

She: "No!"

He: "Aw, Ma—all the kids are going barefoot now!"

—Wampus

— D D D —

And then
There's the
Absent-minded
Professor
Who lectured
To
His
Wife.

—Ghost

Appropriate

Hearts: "And what did they do with the girl who was shot for trumping her partner's ace?"

Trumps: "They buried her with simple honors."
—Chaparral

— D D D —

Kindly Old Lady: "You say you've been on the force eight years? Why haven't you some service stripes on your sleeve?"

Cop: "I don't wear them. They chafe my nose."
—Tiger

— D D D —

Right You Are!

Two little urchins were watching a barber singe a customer's hair.

"Gee," said one, "he's hunting 'em with a light."
—Chaperon

— D D D —

Tragic Cases

A traffic cop trying to tell his wife she can't make a left-hand turn.

The fly that went crazy trying to find his way out of a pretzel.
—Log

— D D D —

Mistress: "I saw the milkman kiss you this morning. I'll take the milk in myself after this."

Maid: "It won't do you any good, ma'am; he promised not to kiss anybody except me."
—Yellow Jacket

— D D D —

Mother—"Why do you think my rolling-pin isn't much good?"

Johnny (heavy reader of the funnies)—"Because it doesn't say 'pow' when I hit baby over the head with it."
—Ollopot

— D D D —

He: "They have excellent acoustics in this theatre."

She: "Yes, and they're so polite, too."
—Beanpot

— D D D —

"Marry me, Richard. I'm only a garbageman's daughter, but . . ."

"That's all right, baby. You ain't to be sniffed at."
—Ranger

— D D D —

"How can I make anti-freeze?"

"Hide her woolen pajamas."
—Columbia Jester

—Columbia Jester

College Student Shopping

"I'll take six of those cards that say 'You're the only one I love'."

—Columbia Jester

— D D D —

Hot: "Mistah Jones, ah come ter ask foh yo' daughter's hand."

Poppo: "Niggah, yo' eider gotta take all of her or nuffn'."

—Black and Blue Jay

— D D D —

Hostess (to Professor): "But why haven't you brought your wife?"

The Old Dear: "Jove, how careless of me!—and I tied a knot in my handkerchief, too."

—Medley

— D D D —

Co (giving her flipper an outing in her roadster) —"Would you like to see where I was vaccinated?"

Ed (expectantly)—"Yes, indeed."

Co—"Well, keep your eyes open; we'll drive by there pretty soon."

—Tawney Cat

— D D D —

Desert Bred

New York—"Hey, Frosh, get off the grass."

Arizona—"Oh, thank you. I was wondering what that green stuff was."

— D D D —

Just Another Rub

P. S. C. Conductor: "Did I get your fare?"

1932 (wearily): "I guess so; I didn't see you ring it up."

— D D D —

"Tough about Bjinks, wasn't it?"

"The mind reader, you mean?"

"Yeah, he went crazy at a sorority tea."

—Octopus

— D D D —

Umpire comes from Harvard—

Time-keeper from Cornell,

Linesman go to Georgia Tech,

Referee goes to Hell, by request.

—Buccaneer

— D D D —

"Where were you last night?"

"It's a lie!"

—Mink

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"Quit stringin' me, kid."

— D D D —

Papa—"Now that you're through college you should marry some nice girl."

Son—"And never use all my college experience? Why, Father!"

—Carnegie Puppet

