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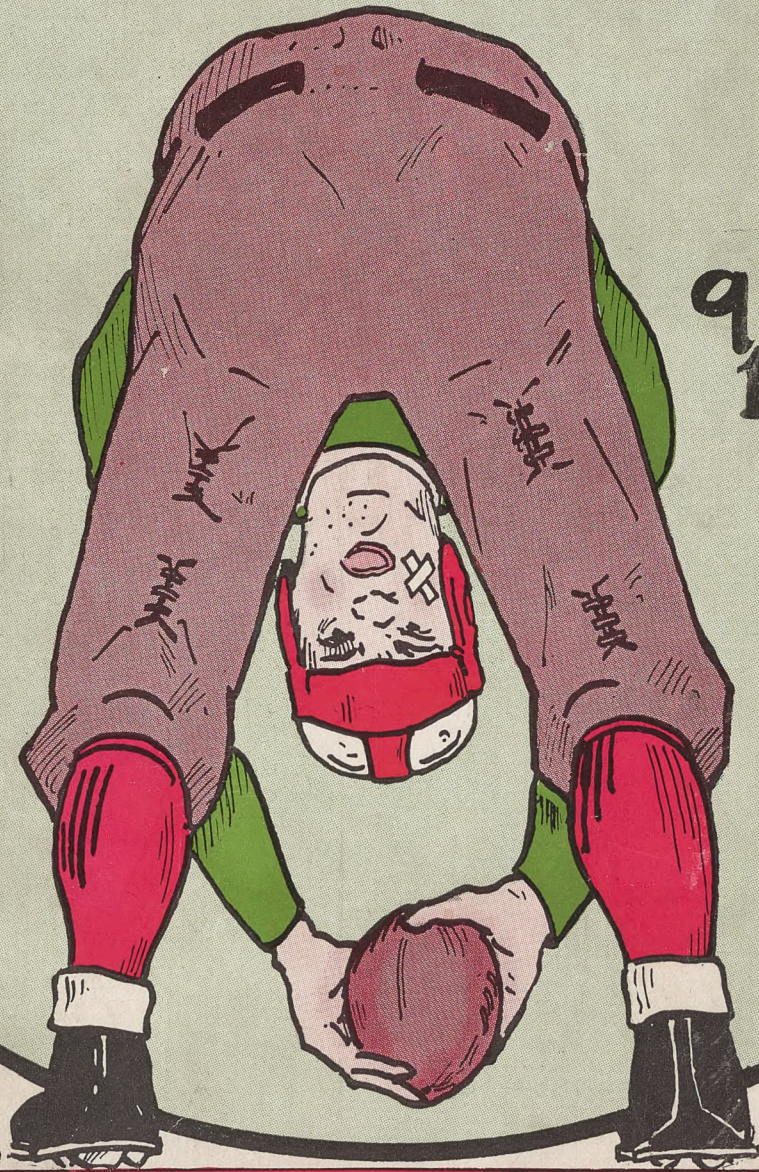
WASHINGTON • UNIVERSITY

POIRGE



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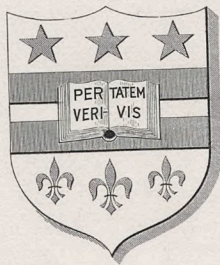


LEONARD

MEIGER '28

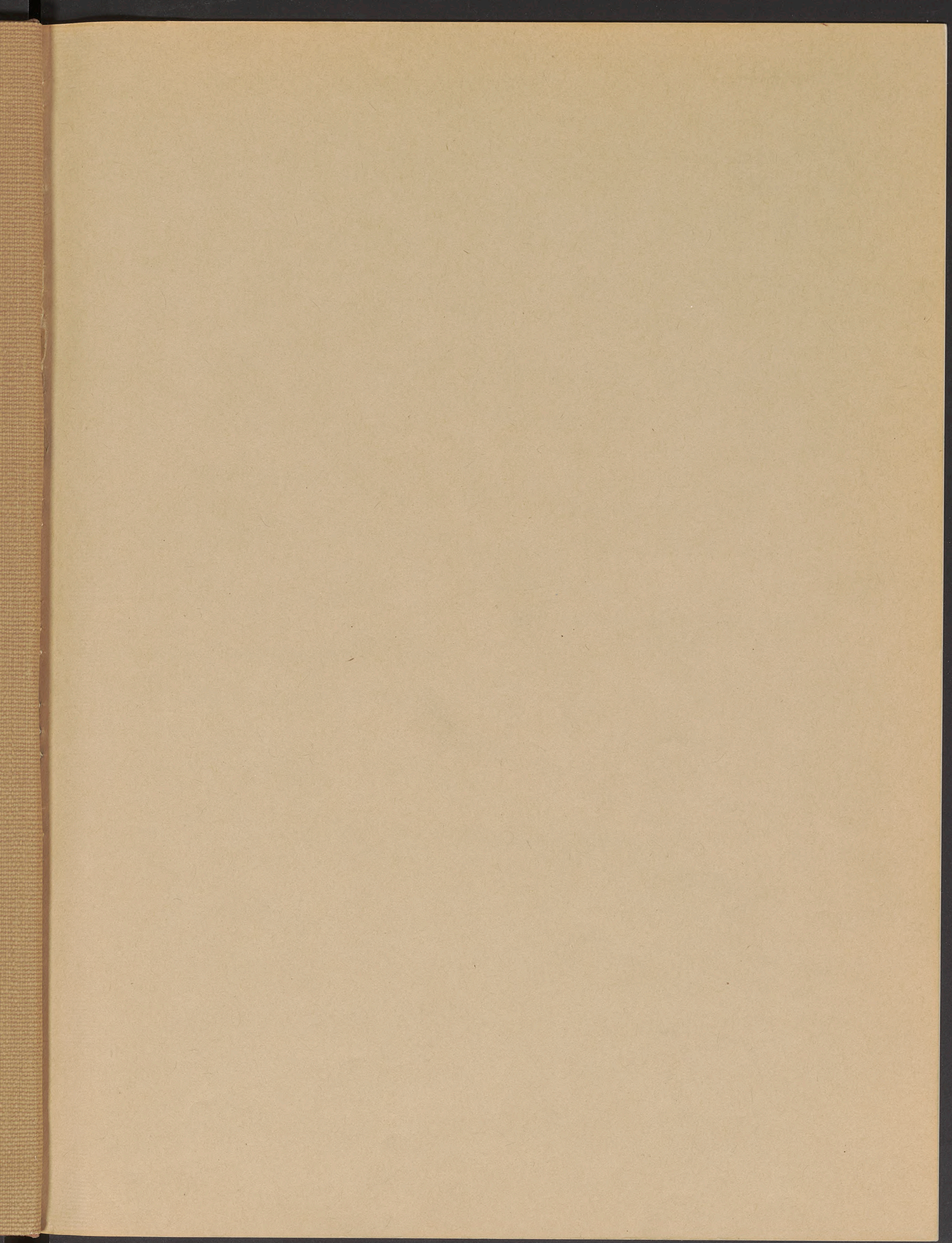
Pigskin • Number

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Gift - Kenneth Tisdal
March 1943

Memories of a Street-Car Ride

"Passengers are requested not to put their feet on the motorman while the car is in motion."

"Passengers are requested not to stick head or arms out of seats."

"Passengers are requested not to put seats out of window while motorman is in motion."

"500 dollars fine for spitting on the motorman of this car."

"Keep head and arms off floor while motor is spitting."
—Tiger

— D D D —

"I tella your fortune, Sir?"

"How much?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"Correct."

—Exchange

— D D D —

Through the Mails

Dear Editor:

Last Thursday I lost a gold watch which I valued very highly, as it was an heirloom. I immediately inserted an advertisement in your Lost and Found column and waited. Yesterday I went home and found the watch in the pocket of my other suit. God bless your paper!

—Puppet

— D D D —

Modern? I'll Say!

Late: He left his handkerchief on the table and mother wore it to the ball.

—Buccaneer

— D D D —

What!

After nightfall the most important thing in a car is the clutch.

—Pelican

— D D D —

"Niggah, wah at you gwine widout no shoes on?"
"Gwine huntin' 'possums Dese heah are my stalkin' feet."

—Chaparral

— D D D —

For the Last Time

Facetious Student (to elderly lady who is vigorously beating a rug)—Don't beat that rug so. It may be Lon Chaney.

Elderly Lady—That is impossible. I am Lon Chaney.

—Chaparral

Speed -:- Action -:- Thrills

HOCKEY

The Fastest Game On Earth

Winter Garden

**Minneapolis vs. St. Louis
November 27th and 29th**

**St. Paul vs. St. Louis
December 1st and 3rd**

Tickets Now at Winter Garden

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Parkview 3231

His Gift

It was a gay Scotch wedding
Beside the river Clyde;
Yes, all were gay save Sandy—
He gave away the bride!

—Judge

— D D D —

"Now that the Gideons have a Bible in every hotel room, what do you suppose they'll be doing next?"
"Putting a hymnal in every bathroom."

—Judge

— D D D —

Not Guilty

Judge: So you broke in the store just to get a ten-cent cigar? Then what were you doing at the safe?

Prisoner: Your Honor, I was putting in a dime.

—Life

— D D D —

"Will you join me in a bowl of soup?"

"Do you think there'd be room for both of us?"

—Purple Parrot

WASHINGTON U. vs. ST. LOUIS U.

Thanksgiving Day, November 29 ::= Sportsmans Park

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EATON

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PARILLA

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BROWNING

End

COOVER

CORNELL

Tackle

PARIS

BOBKA

Guard

HOFFMAN

OELSCHLAGER

Center

SCHIEB, Capt.

SCHWARTZ

Guard

JABLONSKY

MILLER

Tackle

DRAKE

DAUBNER

End

KURZ

DUNCAN

Quarterback

BICKEL

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RAWDON

Halfback

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Yes!

Burglar: Where have you been?
His partner: Robbing a fraternity house.
Burglar: Lose anything?

—Kitty-Kat

— D D D —

These Women!

Aviator: Wan'na fly?
Young Thing: Oo-o-oh, yeh!
Aviator: Wait. I'll catch one for you.

—Chaparral

— D D D —

Brains

"Coming home the other night at three o'clock,
our light burned out on us."
"How did you get home?"
"We just drove like hell and all the cops thought
we were bootleggers."

—Royal Gaboon

— D D D —

Advice

One semester
A young chap
Went to college
And never studied,
Never went to
Classes more than
Once a week
And spent most
Of his time
With the co-eds.
A young chap
Went to college
One semester.

—Penn State Froth

WM. FAHERTY

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Yes, I Am

He: The first time you contradict me I'm going
to kiss you.
She: You are not!

—Life

— D D D —

The Truth Will Out

Father (to small son with a board in his pants):
Now, son, this is going to hurt me more than it does
you.

—Kitty-Kat

STUDENTS

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Central 3755

I Couldn't Guess

Wife (at head of stairs): Is that you, John?
Heavy voice from dark: Who was you expectin'?
—*Beanpot*

— D D D —

Sweet Young Thing—"Have a cigarette?"
Elderly Lady—"What! Smoke a cigarette? Why
I'd rather kiss the first man that came along!"
Sweet Young Thing—"So would I. But have a
cigarette while you're waiting."
—*Panther*

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Future Athletes

A minister holding services at a church in southern Georgia, in making an announcement one Sunday morning, said, "Next Sunday, services will be held at 11 o'clock at the north end of the church, and at 3:30 at the south end. Infants will be baptized at both ends.

—*Yellow Jacket*

— D D D —

Then You'll Know

"Why do they call those Indians braves?"
"Haven't you ever seen their squaws?"

—*Ghost*

— D D D —

Nothing At All

*The balky mule has four wheel brakes,
A billy goat has bumpers.
The firefly is a bright spotlight,
Rabbits are puddle jumpers.
Camels have balloon-tire feet,
And carry spares of what they eat;
But still I think that nothing beats
The kangaroos with rumble seats.*

—*Orange Peel*

— D D D —

Parson Dudley: Deacon Smith, will you lead us in prayer?

Deacon Smith (awakening from sound sleep):
Lead yourself—I just dealt.

—*Lampoon*

— D D D —

"This university certainly takes an interest in a fellow, doesn't it?"

"How's that?"

"Well, I read the other day that they will be very glad to hear of the death of any of their alumni."

—*Wampus*

— D D D —

Binks (to shopkeeper): Have you any eggs in which you can guarantee there are no chickens?

Grocer: Yes, sir—duck's eggs.

—*West Bromwich Free Press*

— D D D —

Father: "Madge, is that young man ever going home?"

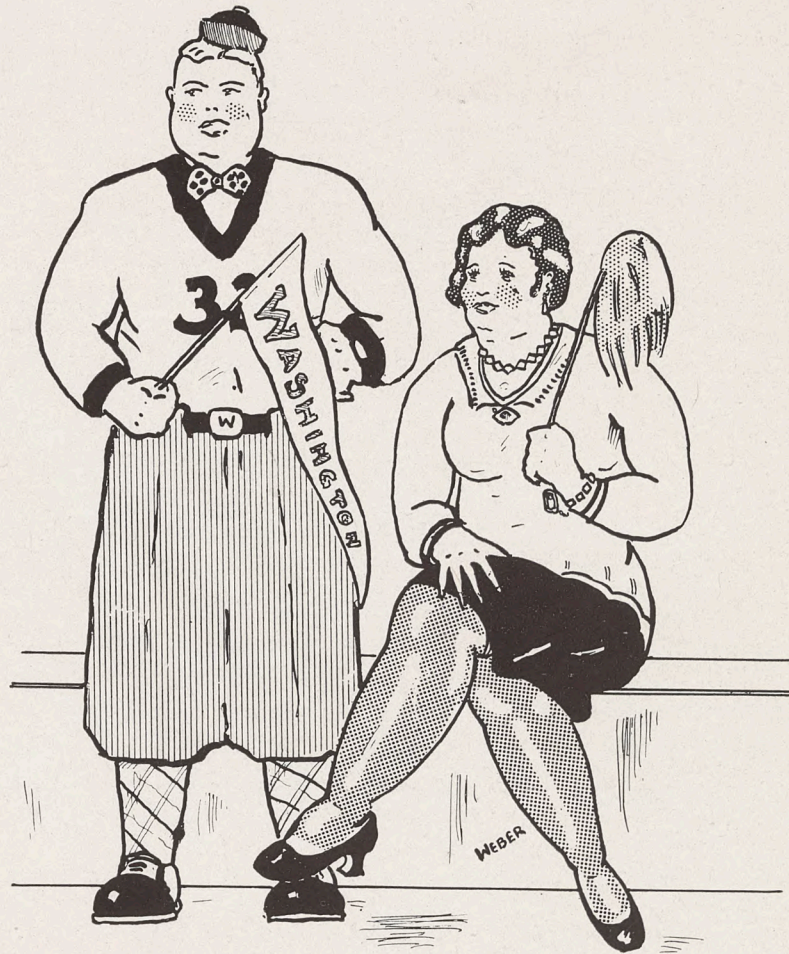
Daughter: "We've been talking that over and we've decided that it all depends upon you."

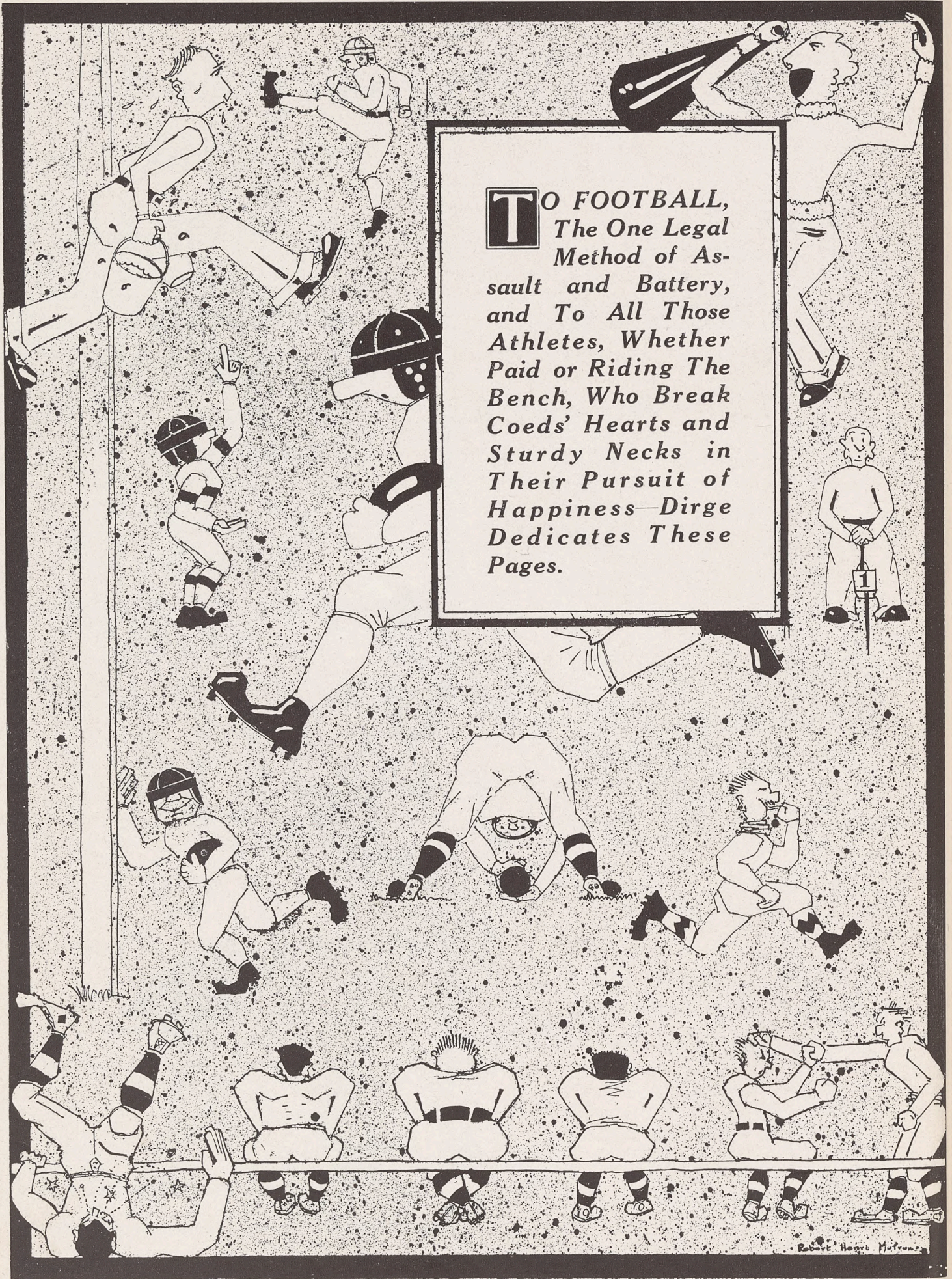
—*Life*

THE

PIG'S KIN

NUMBER





TO FOOTBALL,
*The One Legal
 Method of As-
 sault and Battery,
 and To All Those
 Athletes, Whether
 Paid or Riding The
 Bench, Who Break
 Coeds' Hearts and
 Sturdy Necks in
 Their Pursuit of
 Happiness—Dirge
 Dedicates These
 Pages.*

Robert Henri Mufson

The DIRGE

"Jest in Peace"

Pigskin Number

For God, for Country and for Goodness Ache

I

Spearmint T. Berry adjusted his false teeth to a more comfortable angle and spat viciously at his wife's Angora cat.

"My son," he said, I want you to go out for the football team this year and win for dear old Mulligatawny. Last year as a Freshman you learned nothing except how to assume a graceful angle for your upper-classmen. This year you are a Sophomore and the world expects more of you!"

"Pop," replied the fun-loving Logan Berry, "I'll 'make' the football team and everything else I can get my hands on."

"This is no time for joking!" cried the elder Berry darkly, frowning so severely that his brows scraped his chin. "If you fail to win the big game of the year, never darken my door again; but if you do win, I'll give you \$10,000."

Logan Berry chewed nervously on a corner of the piano. A cloud of saw-dust filled the room. At length Logan stopped gnawing, dug his way out of the pile of saw-dust, and said:

"Pop, you can bet your best steam-heated teething-ring on me. Excuse my crust." So saying, he executed an intricate double jack-knife dive through the window, and disappeared in the general direction of Mulligatawny College.

II

The great Mulligatawny-Kaflookus football game was almost over. For three days the score had stood at three-love, but on the fourth day it grew tired of standing and sat down. With only five rounds left to play, Logan Berry, who was playing second base for the Mulligatawny eleven, decided that he'd have to make a touch-down pretty soon if he wanted that \$10,000. So he racked his brains in thought, and presently he got a bright idea. Seniors and Juniors may think it impossible for a mere Sophomore to have a bright idea, but this is only fiction, and no one is expected to believe it, anyway. As a matter of fact, I don't believe it myself.

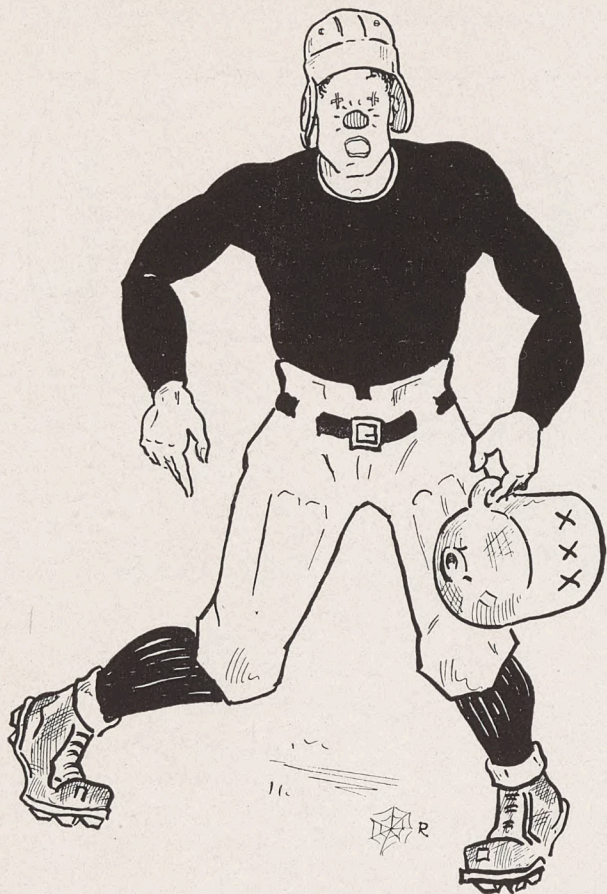
Logan signaled for a teammate, Crow K. Mallett, to take the ball. Of course all this time Logan had a large gob of Spearberry gum in his mouth. So while the signals were being called he secretly spat a chunk of gum under the feet of each man on the defensive team.

When the ball was put in play, they were unable to move, and Mallett was able to carry the ball almost the length of the field. But meanwhile the Kaflookus men were tugging and straining at the chewing-gum, which gave way all at once. Eleven determined men tackled Mallett at the same time, just as he crossed the ten-yard line,

(Continued on Page 22)



Logan disguised as the referee stole across the line. (Note Kaflookus men searching for hidden ball.)



"Howse about a great big tank f'r thish lil fullback."

— D D D —

Famous People To Expect At a Football Game

A fellow behind you who knows every man on the team—

Someone who gets your seat muddy every time you stand up—

A pretty fair fluff in a red hat on the third row—

A coonskin coat which comes in late with one of the brothers—

Some babe in an outgrown (in places) coat who insists in walking up and down, back and forth (or however she does it) in front of the stands to speak to her many friends.

— D D D —

Maid: "You know that old vase, mum, you said 'ad bin 'anded down from generation to generation?"

Mistress (anxiously): "Yes?"

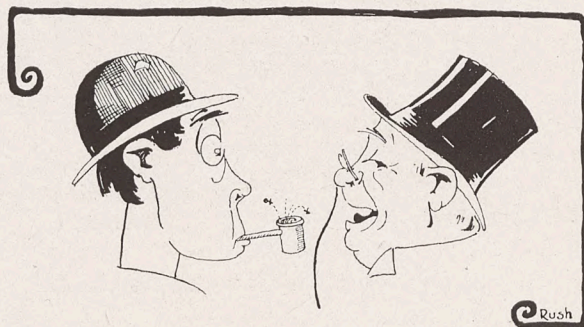
Maid: "Well this generation has dropped it."

—Passing Show

Neolithic Football

"Samson Jawbone," had roared the coach. "You are a man of integrity. You do not know fear. Your morals are good and pain does not phase you. Furthermore you eat celery for breakfast. You are the man to stem the tide of defeat. I would have sent you into the fray sooner but you are so tough you would have amalgamated too many boys. That football may live have I kept you out. Now all is changed. Hie thee hence and down old Pazookus, traditional enemy." He had hied himself and now the fans in the seat were settled for some plain and fancy gloating. The question on every lip was "Can you gloat?" He would show them. The blood lust was in his eye. The signals were given. With difficulty he held himself in leash while he impatiently parted the hair on his brawny chest that he might not trip at the start. He had faced worse foes than these razor-heads. Many times at home in Dunkersdunk had he sallied forth with nothing but his quiver and brought home a dozen zebra, a walrus and a few dandy lions. Ah! Had he roared? Close combat. His face pushed its ways through dozens of flailing feet. The blood lust had gripped him. Time was no object. Aha, a pair of feet, Pazookus feet. Here was something tangible to work upon. He seized one in his mouth, rubbers and all. He gnawed. In just such manner had he won the tribal leadership. Only he had gnawed some ears, 6 wigs, a pair of false teeth and a moldy sandwich. Slowly his remarkable brain cleared his bloody eyes. He had done a good job. His eyes sought the stands. They were empty. He looked at his wristwatch. It said 9:30 P.M. He looked down. A-a-a-a-a-h. He had finished one leg and was half way up the other.

— D D D —



Gotrox: "And remember, my good man, there is no such word as 'ain't'."

No Dough: "Maybe yer right, but did yez ever try to light a match on a cake of soap?"

Celebrating Quarterback Makes a Late Call Night After the Game

Hello Central—Sig-i-nals,—Tuhoo, sixx, nope—
Beg pardon. Wait a minute! Oakdale three,
seven, fiive, shift!! niyne! What's that? Oh
yes, Excuse me, central. No, never mind the chief
operator;—I'll run the team myself. What numbah
please???" Sa-a-y, How many times do I have to
tell you, YOU'RE NUMBER'S 8. Get back on the
line.

A-ahl-right, ready central; Everybody, Every-
body; in on this one, boys. We'll beat old Osh-
kosh——

Oh, my number? That big red thirteen!!!—No
I mean Oakdale three, sseven, fiive, twoo. Don't
mention it babe. That's right.

What! The line's busy, then gimme the back-
field. 'Guess the backfield's in motion. S'alright.
You'll get it in the end. Oh, you're free after
eleven-thirty. Yes, you'll do. Well, see you later!
Click!!

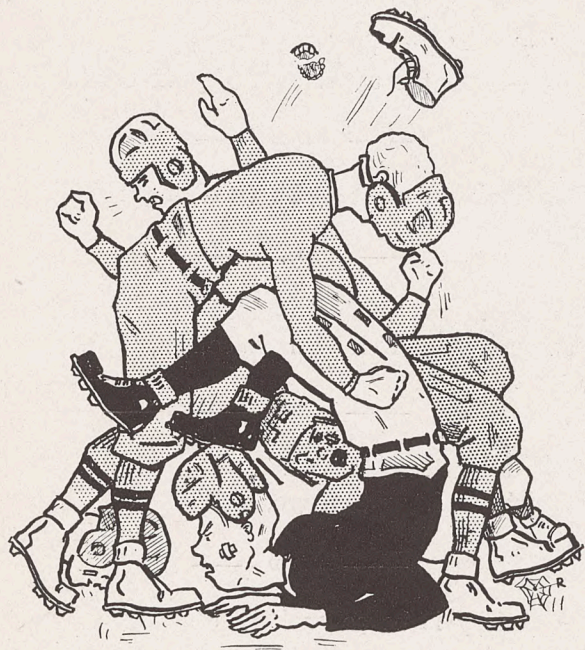
— D D D —

If an eight day clock will run eight days without
winding, how long will it run if you wind it?

— D D D —

Forlorn figure: Mr. Kuppenheimer in a ready-
to-wear suit.

— D D D —



Folded lineman: "D—n these guys that'll kick
yer head in a pile up."



"Look, daddy, there's the iceman that kissed
mamma in the kitchen last summer."

— D D D —

Advice

"To inexperienced boys with 1st date."

*Riding far into the night
From a country club,
A lover tried to kiss his date
But proved himself a dub.*

*He took her in his brazen arms,
But here his greenness shows;
Instead of kissing cherry lips
He missed and got her nose.*

*She laughed at him, and he was mad
And took her straightway home;
Then he returned to the "straight and narrow"
And never more did roam.*

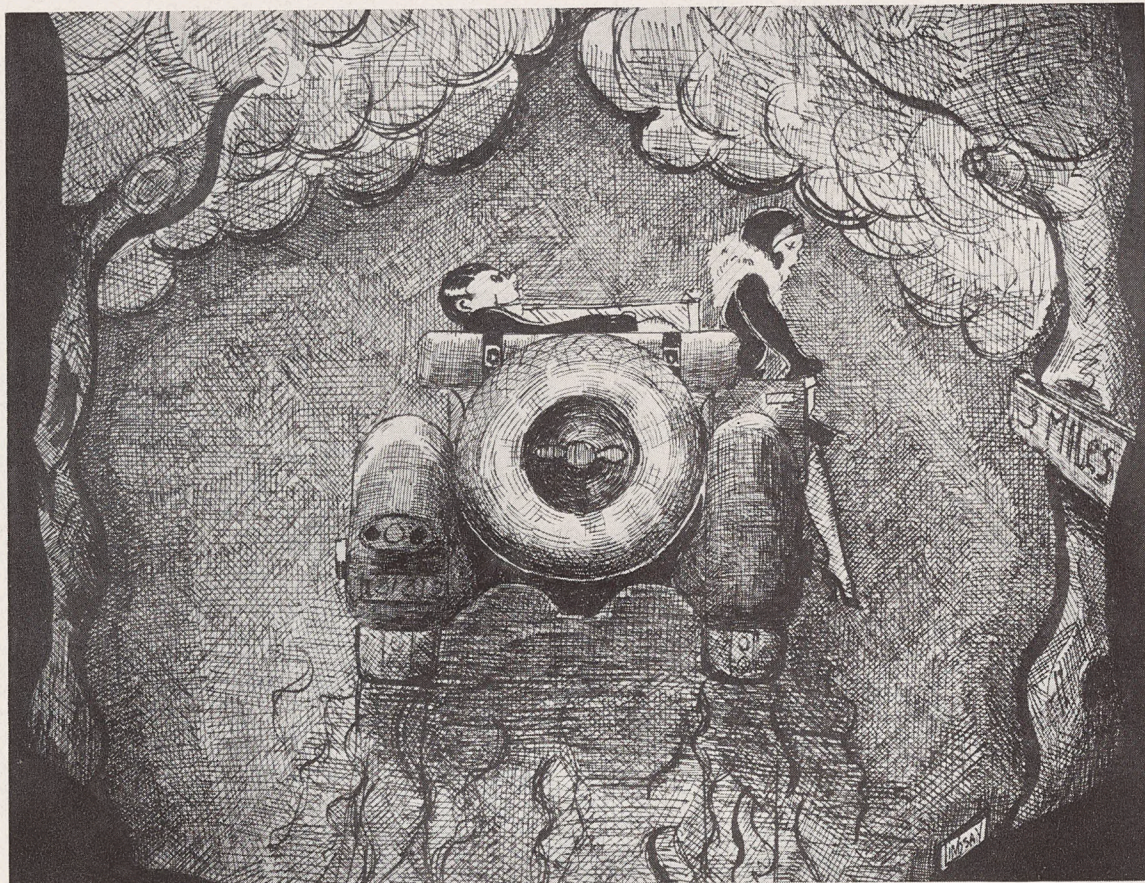
*So, gentle reader, heed this tale,
And never steal a kiss;
Unless you know your business well
Often you may miss.
Finis*

— D D D —

Gilda: "Be still there!"

Grey: "But I have the ague."

Gilda: "Shake it off."



Peculiar Penalty:—"Back three for not holding."

"Love and x x x"

*He saw her tripping o'er the quad
And like an evening star
She burst upon his consciousness.
He loved her from afar.*

*The days rolled by and still she gleamed
A luminescent bar
Of dazzling sunshine shot through space,
He loved her from afar.*

*Ah! Then the day his eyes sought hers.
They met, he and his fair star.
His lips were framed to tell her how
H'd loved her from afar.*

*But strange to say his lips were fixed.
What quelled Love's hot insistence?
'Twas simply this, his flaming light
Looked better from a distance.*

— D D D —

"That guide is always riding on the sight-seeing bus."

"What of it?"

"Well, he just goes to show."

At The Law School

"Did you finish those cases last night?"
"Every bottle!"

— D D D —

Ha' v' d—"Our line's as solid as a stone wall."
Yale—"So's the upper part of your backfield."

— D D D —

Our line's all right in its way, but it don't way enough.

— D D D —

"How can you go to sleep sitting up in a chair?"
"I didn't spend four years in college for nothing."
—Ghost

— D D D —

"My nerves are all shot."
"Just back from Chicago, eh?"

—Juggler

— D D D —

"And why is he so snobbish?"
"Why, he was the first man in town to be run over by one of the new Fords."

—Sniper



Sub: "Look at that team go!"

H2 O Lad: "Sufferin' Goldfish, I took the liniment bottle instead of the water that last trip out."

— D D D —

Oh! Yoi! Football

"By gosh", says Football Epstein
As he rubs a leather neck,
"To win the school this ball game
I will have to go, by heck."

"Just slip the ball to me kid.
I am off for plenty gains.
When it comes to adding scores up
I'm the boy what's got the brains."

He starts along the field with speed.
His eyes shine bright like dollars,
And as he hits the high spots
There are certain things he hollers.

"I may have corns and bunions too,
And ingrown collar-blades,
Housemaid's knees and Chinese rocks,
And eyes coal black like spades."

"But my old pop is in the stands
With money on the game.
'Mine son,' he said, 'you got to win
Or I'll lay you on the blame'."

"I've hid two-bits behind them posts
Reward for you to get.
So keep the money on your mind
And you will get there yet'."

Yes Meatball won much fame that day.
He scored not once but twice;
And his old man up in the seats
Got back his ticket price.

So mind the gist within this tale,
The lesson which completes.
It's not the build, the suit, the looks.
It is the gate receipts.

— D D D —

Sir Harry Lauder will now sing, "I can't give you anything but love, baby."



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Vol. X

NOVEMBER, 1928

No. 2

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PASSED BY THE NATIONAL BOARD OF NONSENSORSHIP.

WITH the sale of this issue Dirge wishes to announce the recent additions to the Art and Literary staffs for the present season. Among the latest wits and nit etc., we find David Black, Edna Crusius, Gertrude Hoppe, Porter Henry, Ballard Clemons, Fred Rodgers and James Burton, while among the painters and sculptors there occurs Bobby Stoffregen, Joe Lindsay, Virginia Farrar, Jane Doty, Elinor Lewald, Sears Frank, Wiley Bischoff, and Shirley Buell. Let's give these lil folks a great big hand and pray that they continue to be funny intentionally.

See You at Sportsmans Park



WITH the Big Game of the year right at hand Dirge feels that a long editorial would be superfluous. Hooray! (Learned that at the Bonfire.) However before we all go home for our Thanksgiving vacation (?) Dirge thinks it best to remind you one and all that all loyal Bears will be on hand, standing in the grandstand, and bleaching in the bleachers when the whistle blows for the kick-off Thursday.

Your support will mean more to that team in the big fight against St. Louis than it has all season, and your cheers 'll sound like the famous St. Louis Blues out on that field. So don't forget yourself and eat too much turkey to raise a racket and show that good old fashioned Red and Green Bear spirit. Anyhow, enjoy yourself gentle reader and don't forget that Dirge has placed a special scorecard for your convenience on page 17 of this number. And now we are asked who can prepare for the trimming Thursday and Dirge wishes to wisely crack that "Billiken".



DIRGE openly apologizes to the student body for the delay in the sale of this number. The original publication date was the Homecoming Game, however due to faculty advice the sale of the magazine was postponed until the present time. During the time out period a brand new Business Manager was announced in the shape of James Barngrove, former Advertising Manager who has now taken the financial burden of the Dirge upon his shoulders. Under his direction the price for eight copies has been reduced to \$1.50 so hats off and luck to him. Incidentally you may relieve yourself of your twelve bits by seeing any member of the Circulation Staff and from then on the laugh is on us.



WHILE rejoicing in the choice of a new staff and business manager, Dirge wishes to announce that all tryouts may still strive for berths on the squad by turning in their efforts to the Dirge Office, second floor, Northeast Hall. The next release will be the OLDE NICKE NUMBER and all tryouts and contributions must be turned in to the office by December 4.

DIRGE NEWS

SOCIETY

A large group of students from the local campus journeyed to Butler last month to cheer the team to victory in their first game away from home. The Trip was successful in all respects according to all interviews by the reporter. (This includes the opinion of the Butler team.) Due to crowded conditions of the Indianapolis chapter houses numerous Bears were forced to occupy hotel rooms. The management of one of the hotels visited, did not mind the disappearance of ashtrays, towels, etc., but has offered \$25.00 reward for the return of the two sofas and the grand piano taken from the lobby.

— D D D —

The annual concrete mixer was held Saturday evening, Nov. 10, in Wilson swimming pool. The class of 1932 entertained itself gaily until the wee small hours when the authorities broke up the frolic by filling the pool. All the bodies have been recovered.

— D D D —

The bridge given by the Mother-in-laws Club of the Digna Phi Fraternity was held the other evening at the Hotel Schmeercase. Candy was sold and poker was played by all the men present. The latter were both arrested when the arrival of the riot squad broke up one of the most successful bridges in recent years.

— D D D —

The Homecoming Brawl was thrown at Francis Gym last Saturday. The orchestra played several of the latest numbers and the affair was pronounced a success by all on hand. The R. O. T. C. has offered a reward for information leading to the capture of the person who hit the chaperone with a bottle dropped from the balcony. Unlicensed bombing will be the charge pressed.

— D D D —

The engagement of Miss Flora Fauna and Mr. Howie Bellers was announced at a formal smoker held at the home of the prospective bride's parents. The announcement came as a complete surprise to all the women assembled and several were overcome with astonishment. Miss Fauna formerly attended this university and was at one time a pledge of Hella Damma sorority. Mr. Bellers is an alumnus of the I. C. S. '04, and is a member of local No. 32, Painters Council.

— D D D —

The entire campus was thrown in an uproar the other evening when a huge fiery cross was erected and lit during the progress of YMHA rally in the commerce building. Grand Cuckoo McCarthy and Abraham Cohen of the local klan have been arrested.

SPORTING BRIEFS

The field of sport in short

K. A. Repeats in the Annual Decoration Derby

IN MEMORIAM, Prize entry of the K.A. stables in the Annual House Decoration Cheapsteaks waltzed home in front of all the other competitors last Saturday evening. The winners received a handsome loving cup, much to their surprise, for the showing made by their entry which will be placed next to the similar cup taken the same way last season. IN MEMORIAM proved to be good to the last drop being undaunted by the torrential rains of Saturday morning.

Second place was given to Sigma Chi and third to S.A.E. both of whom seemed to have swiped each other's stuff. The S.A.E. BEAR after running all night in the rain finally exerted himself that he walked off and left his hind legs, etc., in the mud. The SCAMPING PIONEER, also an S.A.E. entry was completely devoured by the BEAR early Saturday and was thus eliminated. The Sigma Chi entry of RESTING BEAR AND PIONEER after weathering the storm of Friday night and after running all over the front step Saturday morning became a pretzel on the forenoon and was ineligible.

Among the Also rans we find the Teke's WUGU, the Phi Delt RADIO, the Beta BARREN, the Theta Xi bunting, and the Sigma Nu AWNING. Thus was the decision of the judges.

Dirge's sports editor at this time wishes, however, to disagree with the decision of the judges and submit the following as the Dirge choice in the great Derby.

1st Place: Beta Barren. They had sense enough not to decorate.

2nd Place: Theta Xi. Had they left off that streamer they could have been first.

3rd Place: YMCA. They have no house. All other entries terrible.

In conclusion the editors would like to state that the spirit of all competitors was fine and that if a contest is to be held next Homecoming, Dirge would like to step to the front and offer a noble mug for the wurst decorated lodge hall. HOT DOG!

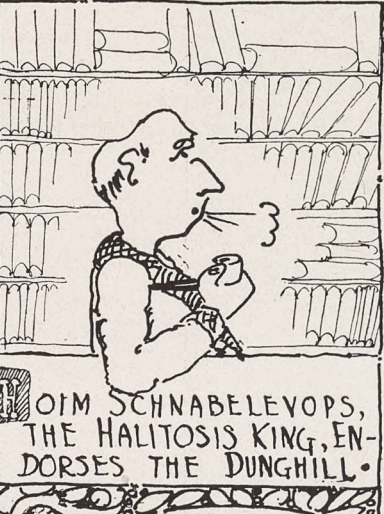
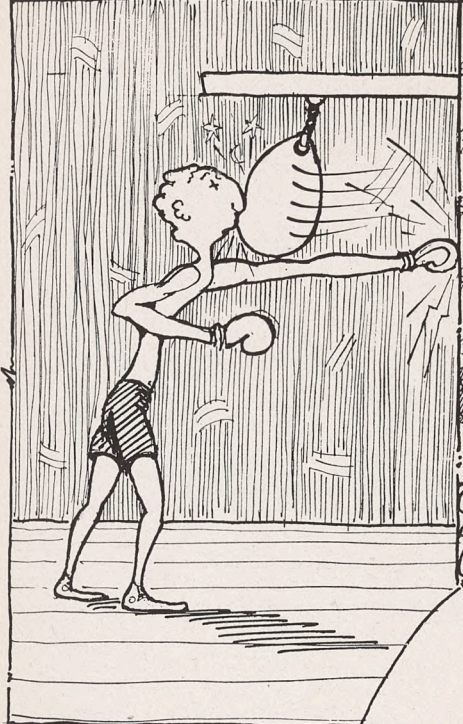
— D D D —

I Sockee, the new Chinese game to be held at the Winter Garden during the coming winter seems to have taken the public eye at present and although the game is quite unfamiliar to local sport fans, fewer foolish questions are asked by female spectators than at our own football brawls.

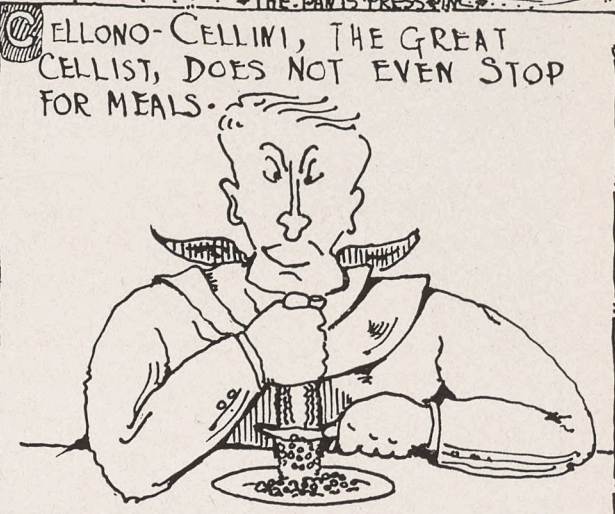
(Additional Sport on Page 21)

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD AT A GLANCE

THE PANTS PRESSING

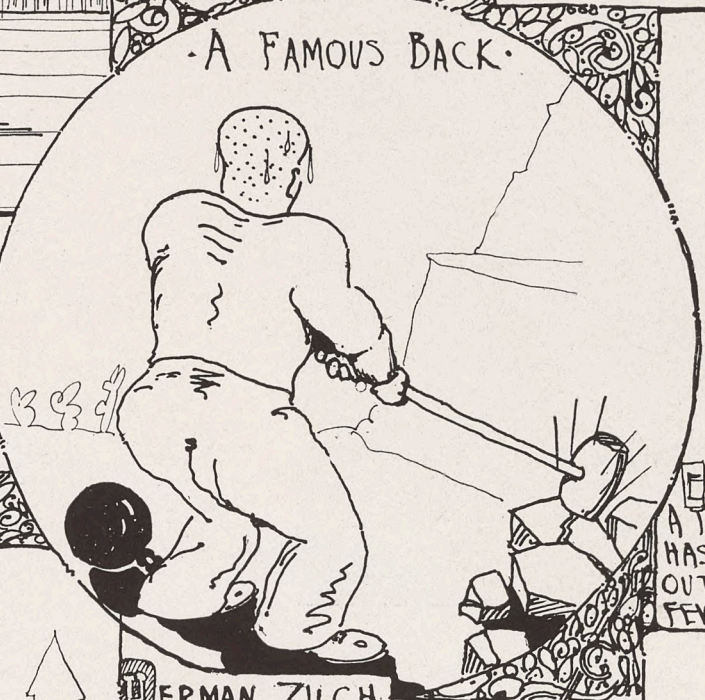


JOIM SCHNABELEVOPS, THE HALITOSIS KING, ENDORSES THE DUNGHILL.



ELLONO-CELLIMI, THE GREAT CELLIST, DOES NOT EVEN STOP FOR MEALS.

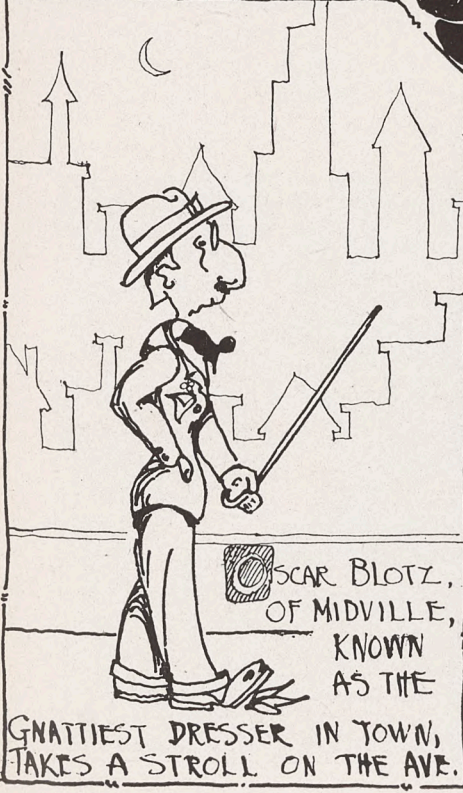
BUZZY IVANOFFALITITCH OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE "GHETTO GOAT" GETTING INTO CONDITION FOR HIS NEXT BOUT.



A FAMOUS BACK.



EMILIO, A TENOR OF NOTE, (ALTHO NOONE HAS BEEN ABLE TO FIGURE OUT WHICH NOTE,) TRIES A FEW VOCAL CALISTHENICS.



OSCAR BLOTZ, OF MIDVILLE, KNOWN AS THE

GNATTIEST DRESSER IN TOWN, TAKES A STROLL ON THE AVE.

BERMAN ZILCH, ONE OF THE "FOUR FARCEN" OF THE COMA STATE ELEVEN BACK IN 1911, DOES A LITTLE ROAD WORK



JOE GLUTZ, A POPUNK BOY WHO MADE GOOD (WINE) IN THE CITY.



THE TENNIS COURT OATH - HELEN SWILLS MISSES A FAST ONE.



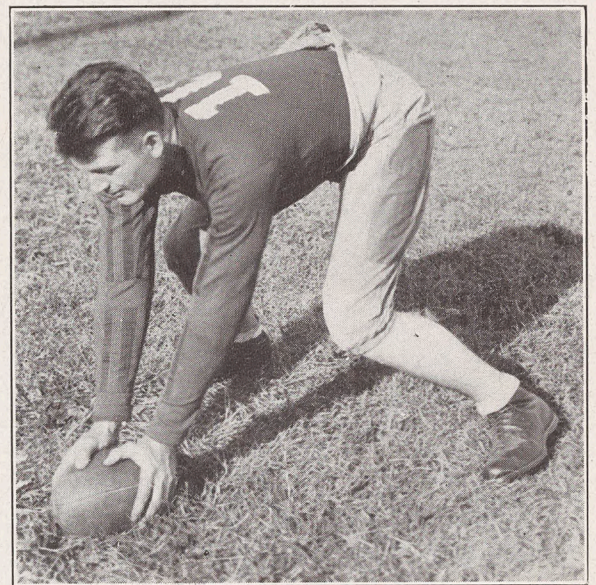
• Albert H. Sharpe

*Head Coach and
Athletic Director*



Capt. "Lee" Scheib

Center



DIRGE'S OWN SOUVENIR PROGRAM FOR USE AT THE ST. LOUIS U. GAME

WASHINGTON'S 1928 FOOTBALL SQUAD

ALBERT H. SHARPE, (Yale) Head Coach CHARLES BENSON, (Illinois) End Coach
 JOHN E. DAVIS, (Iowa) Backfield Coach GALE BULLMAN, (W. Virginia Wesleyan) Line Coach
 * Letterman OLIVER J. DeVICTOR, (Penn State) Head Trainer

No.	Name	Position	Weight	Year on Squad	Home
* 1	Rawdon, Richard	halfback	171	2	St. Louis
2	Bollinger, Russell	end	168	3	Ft. Smith, Ark.
3	Hornsby, Scott	halfback	186	1	St. Louis
* 4	Lohrding, Theis	halfback	152	3	Percy, Ill.
5	Doerner, Russell	center	190	2	St. Louis
6	Butz, Gus	tackle	204	1	St. Louis
* 7	Hoffman, Gerald	guard	182	3	St. Louis
8	Loomis, Hoot	fullback	187	1	Braymer, Mo.
* 9	Ax, Clarence	quarterback	160	2	Edwardsville, Ill.
10	Watson, Robert	guard	188	1	Houston, Mo.
*11	Drake, Cecil	tackle	190	1	Okla. City, Okla.
*12	Kurz, Ralph	end	178	3	Trenton, Ill.
13	Coover, George	end	180	1	St. Louis
*14	Paris, Paul	tackle	194	2	Hillsboro, Ill.
*15	Scheib, Lee (Capt.)	center	187	2	Saginaw, Mich.
*17	Jablonsky, Harvey	guard	185	2	Clayton, Mo.
*18	Duncan, John	quarterback	168	2	McKinney, Texas
19	Senn, Emmett	guard	194	1	Webster Groves, Mo.
21	Lorenz, William	halfback	176	2	St. Louis
22	Berlinger, Robt.	tackle	165	2	St. Louis
23	Brodhage, Edward	halfback	144	1	St. Louis
24	Torres, Emilio	end	187	1	Durango, Mexico
*25	Whittler, Ted	fullback	202	3	Girard, Ill.
26	Woerhide, Victor	guard	178	1	St. Louis
27	Stocke, Rolla	guard	191	3	Carmi, Ill.
*31	Glazer, Charles	end	200	2	Memphis, Tenn.
33	Meier, Ed.	guard	182	1	St. Louis
*34	Bickel, Carl	halfback	168	2	Albany, Mo.

ST. LOUIS' 1928 FOOTBALL SQUAD

Too large too print. Positions taken by anyone that feels like it.
 SUMMARY OF THE MORE OR LESS IMPORTANT PENALTIES
 Number of Penalty Will Appear on Score Board?

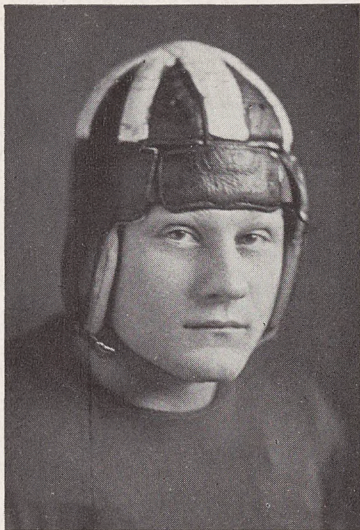
1. Cussing when gum is swallowed..... 10 yards
2. Spitting on the floor..... 10 yards
3. Walking on the grass.....half the distance to Belleville
4. Sneezing before ball is snapped.....10 giant steps
5. Sneezing before ball is snapped (without handkerchief) disqualification
6. More than 18 men on field.....take off 7
7. Murder of the Referee.....nine big ones
8. Illegal Use of Liquor..... 3 months
9. Thumbing the nose after whistle..... \$.50
10. Playing with ripped uniform.....disqualification, 3 days imprisonment or a Billiken

Keep your own score, and know who won.

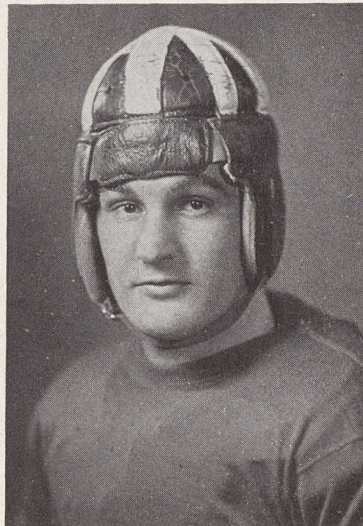
	1st Quarter	2nd Quarter	3rd Quarter	4th Quarter
Funny remarks				
Number of men knocked silly				
Drunks, delays, or raccoon coats				

A page like this may be torn up and tossed into the air on touchdowns, field goals, etc.

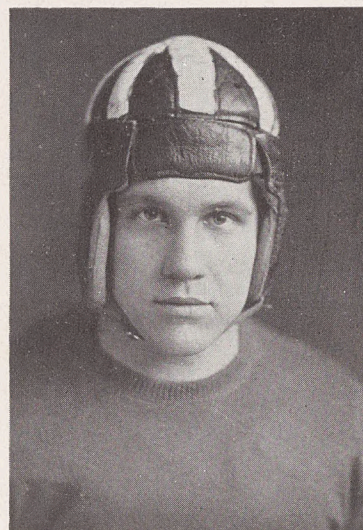
THE BEARS of 1928



PAUL PARIS
Tackle



CARL BICKEL
Halfback



RUSSELL DOERNER
Center

SCHEIB, LEE, *Captain*
Center

"Doc" is one of the most valuable men on the team. Ever dependable at center on the offense, he plays a mean roving defense. He is considered of All-Valley calibre. He brings his 187 pounds here from Saginaw, Michigan, and is playing his last year on the team.

PARIS, PAUL
Tackle

Paul, with his 195 pounds, is another Illinois graduate. He is a Junior and has been a star at his position for two years. He is a great offensive and defensive player and is never counted out until the final whistle.

RAWDON, RICHARD
Halfback

Dick, having played for Soldan High, is at home in St. Louis. He has come into his own this year as a smashing line plunger and punter, though his size is a handicap. He weighs only 171, but makes it up in fight and ability.

BICKEL, CARL
Halfback

Carl comes to us from Albany, Missouri, and is now playing his second and last season with the Bears as he is a Senior. While a triple-threat man of sorts, he specializes on passes and is the best on the squad in this department.

GLAZER, CHARLES
End

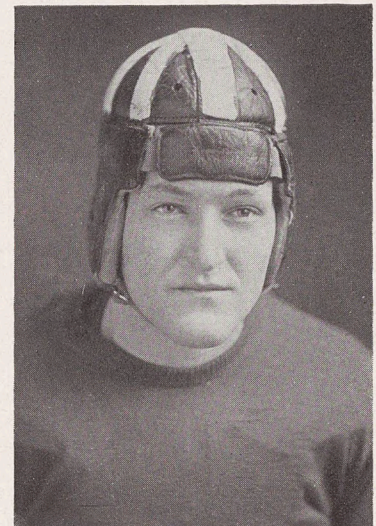
"Tiny" is a 200-pounder from Memphis, Tennessee. Alternating at his position with Coover, he uses his size to good advantage in stopping plays in his direction and is a handy man to toss a pass to. One more year for Tiny.

DUNCAN, JOHN
Quarterback

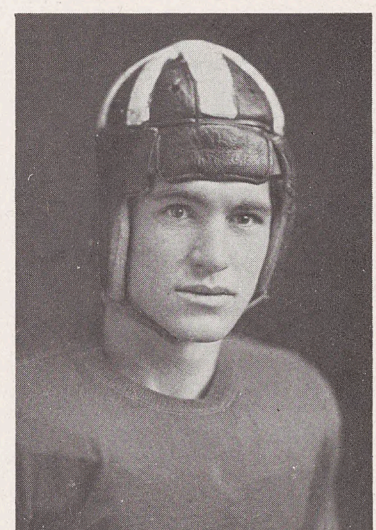
"Dunc" hails from McKinney, Texas, and has held down the signal-calling position on the varsity for two years. Though weighing only 168 he has shown ability in short dashes through the line and has made many thrilling run backs of punts.



DICK RAWDON
Halfback

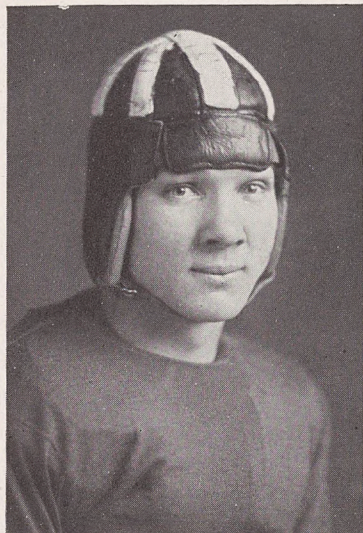


CHARLES GLAZER
End



JACK DUNCAN
Quarterback

THE BEARS of 1928



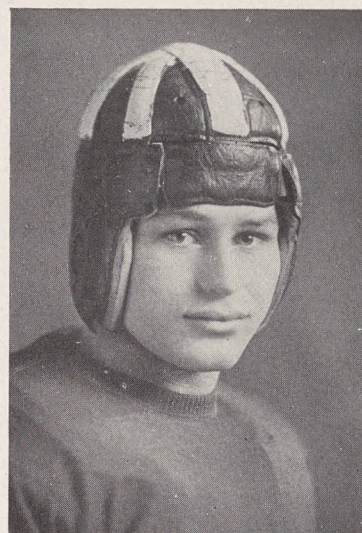
GERALD HOFFMAN
Guard

HOFFMAN, GERALD
Guard

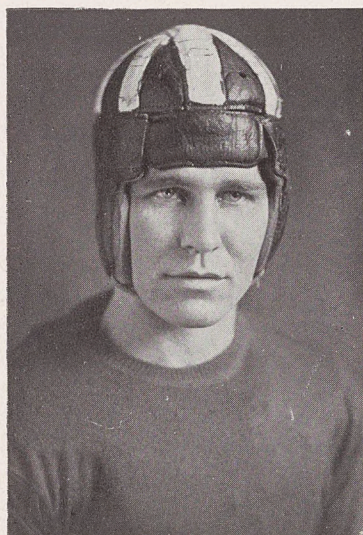
Jerry is another Soldan High graduate and is known in Washington football circles as a fighter. Playing his third year on the squad, he is just another reason why the Bear's line this year is one of the best ever.

KURZ, RALPH
End

Ralphie is a fighter of the never-say-die-play-hard type. Playing his position for the third year he is a star of every game. Unfortunately, he is often bothered by injuries caused by his hard playing. He hails from Trenton, Illinois.



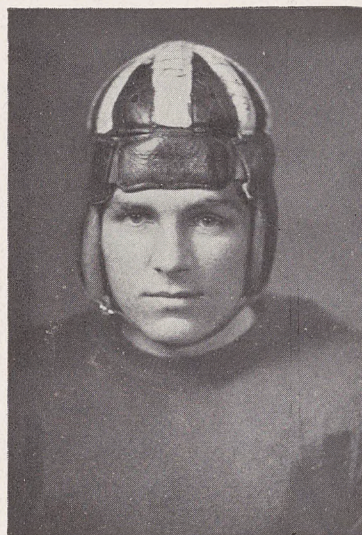
RALPH KURZ
End



THEIS LOHRDING
Halfback

LOHRDING, THEIS
Halfback

This is one of the many Illinois boys who have won places at Washington. He comes here from Percy. Possessed with lots of speed, Theis is playing halfback for the third year and has made a good job of it. He is one of the lightest men on the varsity, weighing only 152.



CLARENCE AX
Halfback

JABLONSKY, HARVEY
Guard

"Jabo" is a Clayton High product who has developed this year into one of the best Washington linemen. As he has another year on the squad, he should be one of the outstanding players next year. He sends the scale to 185.



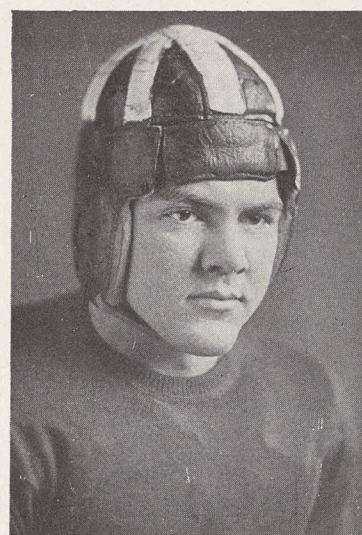
THEODORE WHITTLER
Fullback

WHITTLER, TED
Fullback

"Zeke," carrying 202 pounds, holds down the fullback position. He is a demon on the defense and when he hits the line, something has to give way. He comes to us from Girard, Illinois, and is playing his final year for Washington.

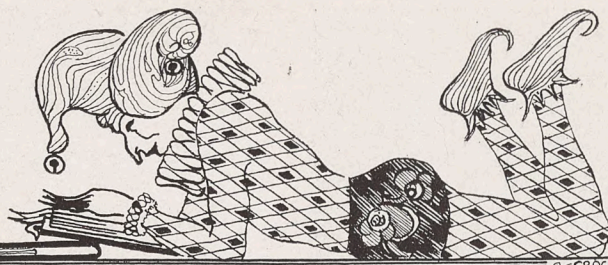
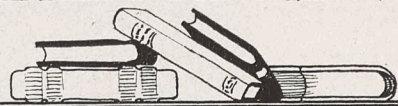
DRAKE, CECIL
Tackle

"Cece" comes to Washington from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Used last year in several capacities, he has developed this year into a fine tackle and spills many an opponent. Unfortunately, his 190 pounds won't be back next year as he is a Senior.



CECIL DRAKE
Tackle

BOOK REVIEWS



POINT COUNTER POINT *by ALDOUS HUXLEY*

\$2.50, Doubleday, Doran & Co., N. Y., 1928, 432 pages

To say this book represents a highly intelligent contribution to contemporary fiction is to profane it with the praise accorded obviously inferior publications. When it is realized that *Point Counter Point* contains some four hundred pages, that it is printed in eight-point type, and that it is gracefully free of anything that might be termed a plot, it becomes apparent that there must be something more than the author's ancestor and Joseph Wood Krutch to recommend it.

A crazy-quilt of colorful patterns, united only by a prevalence of common characters, this book boasts of a style peculiarly adapted to its nature. The so-called, self-called upper class of England forms the material of the book, and the passions, the air of happy resignation, and the wit of its representatives are presented in a series of disconnected chapters, in which are paraded drunken aristocrats sputtering brilliant observations to bored parasites who answer with profound epigrams.

All of the leading characters are intellectuals: Lucy Tantamount, who, believing that martyrdom and virginity were synonymous, proved her dislike for martyrs; Philip Quarles, the novelist, who held that where love was concerned, Art should not be taken too literally; Rampion, who thought that the only alternatives in life were the different methods of dying; Spandrell, who was convinced that everything that happens is intrinsically like the man it happens to; Everard, the leader of the British Freemen, an organization corresponding to pale philosophical anarchism, who was described by Illidge, a communist, as a "bourgeoise rabbit terrified into ferocity"; Burlap, the editor, who in business was continually accepting the Universe, and who, in pleasure, was regularly returning it; Walter Bid-

lake, who finding life always with him, tried to escape it by enjoying it; the elder Bidlake, a recognized artist, who unoriginally discovered that the body grows older quicker than the mind.

Mencken's observation that the average man is he who is continually pursuing truth, but were he to catch up with it, would not recognize it, is Huxley's theme, if the word "truth" is broad enough to include love. For each of these clearly-described characters is a living proof that love, particularly the sensual, is the goal of humans. That the goal once achieved, discloses another, is the inevitable result. Since, then, man wants things only because he can subsequently want the same things differently, the length of the book is justified. Convinced of such a philosophy, it is only necessary for the author to present a reasonable number of its manifestations for proof.

Thus, any number of these isolated but completed sections might be submitted:

At Sbis's, Walter was dining with Lucy Tantamount.

"Why don't you come to Paris, too?" Lucy was saying.

Walter shook his head. "I've got to work."

"I find it's really impossible to stay in one place more than a couple of months at a time. One gets so stale and wilted, so unutterably bored. The moment I step into the airplane at Croydon I feel as though I had been born again—like the Salvation Army."

"And how long does the new life last?"

Lucy shrugged her shoulders. "As long as the old one. But fortunately there's an almost unlimited supply of airplanes. I'm all for progress."

M. M.

(Courtesy Doubleday, Doran Bookshops)

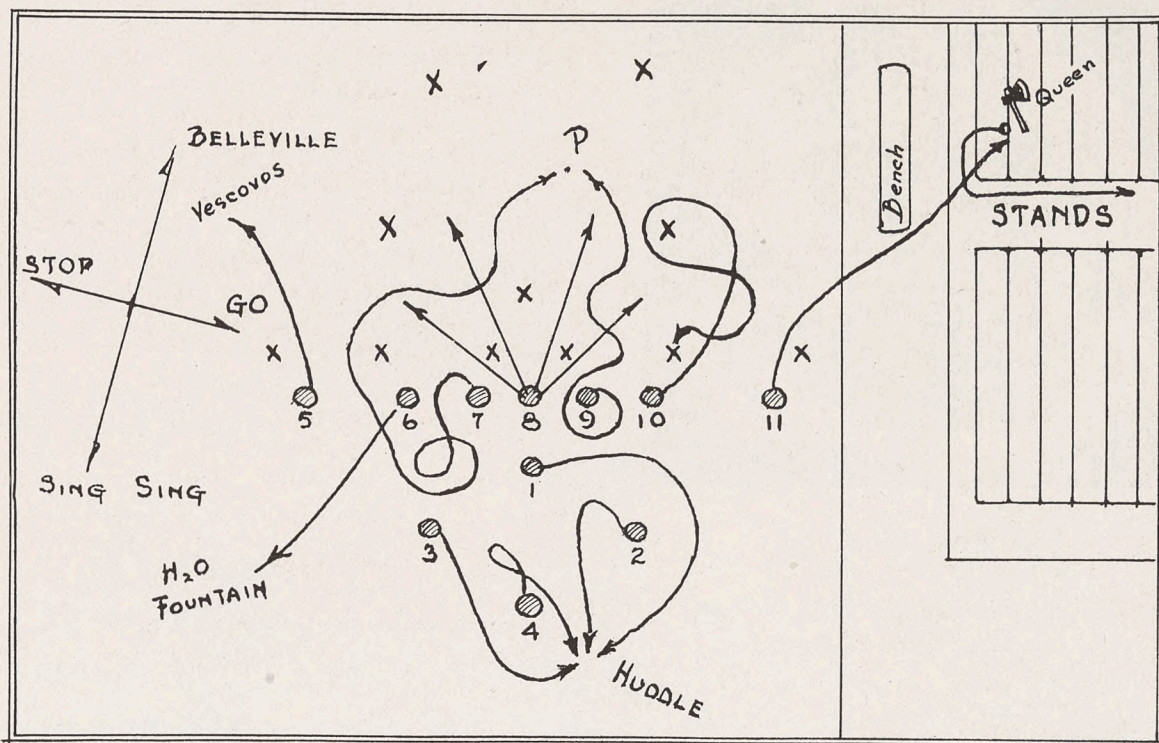
"Now son," said the father of the stuttering boy, "when you lose your temper, never fight until you have counted up to one."

—Cornell Ollapod

"And here, operator," said the somewhat stingy young man, dropping another nickel in the phone box, "is a little something for yourself."

—Yale Record

ADDITIONAL SPORTS



PRIZE WINNING PLAY OF THE SEASON

Concocted especially for Dirge by Coach Alonzo Staggers and especially designed for Colleges, High Schools and Fish Schools

This play which resulted in the winning touchdown for Yale in the last minute in the Princeton game, (Princeton used the play) is one of the most remarkable of football formations, called various names (mostly profane) by different coaches who have tried it.

The description of the play follows.

To successfully perform the play the ball must be placed in the position specially indicated in the figure and when the center No. 8 snaps his fingers instead of the ball the entire backfield No. 1, No. 2, No. 3 and No. 4 on the diagram fake all about and finally into a h—huddle where they remain until the whistle shoots. Right end No. 11 rushes over and takes out the Hatchet Queen, while the left end

No. 5 drifts in the direction of Vescovo's where he expects to receive a pass to the Dog Races or a rusta biff. The two guards No. 7 and No. 9 go wild and then by sneaking in and out among the tall grass in right center field end up at point P. where an argument takes place about the various methods of crashing the Homecoming dance. Tackle No. 10 carefully drifts about in the opponents' backfield and then rushing in bites the opposing tackle in the ear. Tackle No. 6 becomes overheated and heads for the water bucket or some other speakeasy. By such peculiar actions the opposing squad is struck dead (crosses mark spots where bodies were found) and the center No. 8 runs in all directions with the pigskin. Q. E. D.

(Continued from Page 14)

Homecoming was a huge success at the local University Nov. 17 last when the Boy Scouts of America pinch-hitted for our student body in the cheering section. The dance Sat. evening was a huge success, the Wrecker stunt and the Band were on hand during halves, and did you see Mabel's new hat. By the way, the team lost 7-6 to Grinnell however, that's not so important.

"Are you the barber who cut my hair last time?"
 "No, I have only worked here a year."

—Exchange

— D D D —

Hot Jokes

A batch of jokes I sent to the editor were rejected as no good, but when I put them in the fire it just roared.

—Virginia Reel



A Neat Block

"What do you think of our new football?"
 "Oh, just something else to kick about."

— D D D —

Teacher—Abie your grammer needs improving.
 Use the word "disease" in a sentence.

Abie—Yiss, teecher, when poppa calls me up, and
 says who's dhere I say DISEASE Abie, poppa!

— D D D —

A Real Touch Back

DEAR DAD:

I WANT TO RETURN THAT LAST FIFTY
 YOU SENT ME. AM UNDER DOCTOR'S
 CARE. DON'T WORRY.

JACK.

— D D D —

Full: "How come you lost that last game, wasn't
 it a set-up?"

Back: "Aw, the coach promised to yank anybody
 who played dirty."

Full: "Well."

Back: "The field was really muddy, and after the
 third play we just had to pack up and take the bus
 for home."

— D D D —

One More

Grate: "What's wrong, Scotty?"

Scott: "It's these pesky suspenders. I kinna bend
 over for fear they'll give."

(Continued from page 7)

and they carried his body off the field in 289 separate
 and distinct pieces. And that's how Crow K. Mal-
 lett covered himself with eternal glory and a foot
 of top-soil.

One minute to play! And the ball on the Kafloo-
 kus ten-yard line! Again Logan Berry's quick
 thinking became evident. Hastily donning a pair of
 white trousers that he found in his pocket, he placed
 the foot-ball in his pocket and, disguised as a ref-
 eree, he crossed the goal-line with the winning
 touch-down!

"We," remarked the elder Berry, after forking
 over the ten grand, "are the Berries."

— D D D —

Headline

Since the showing of "Varsity", we understand
 that the enrollment of Princeton has increased con-
 siderably.

— D D D —

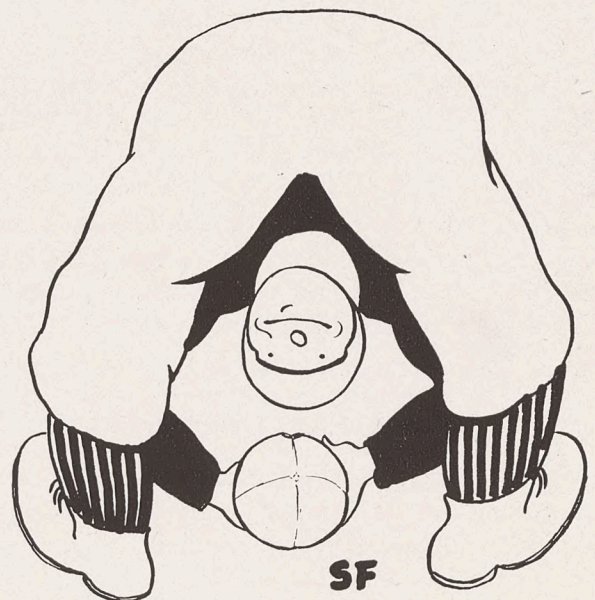
"BEARS WILL BEAT ROLLA. GAME
 STARTS AT 2:30"—SHARPE. Poor spelling
 we should say.

— D D D —

"What's all the commotion over there?"

"Some homecoming alumnus was handed a
 souvenir program free."

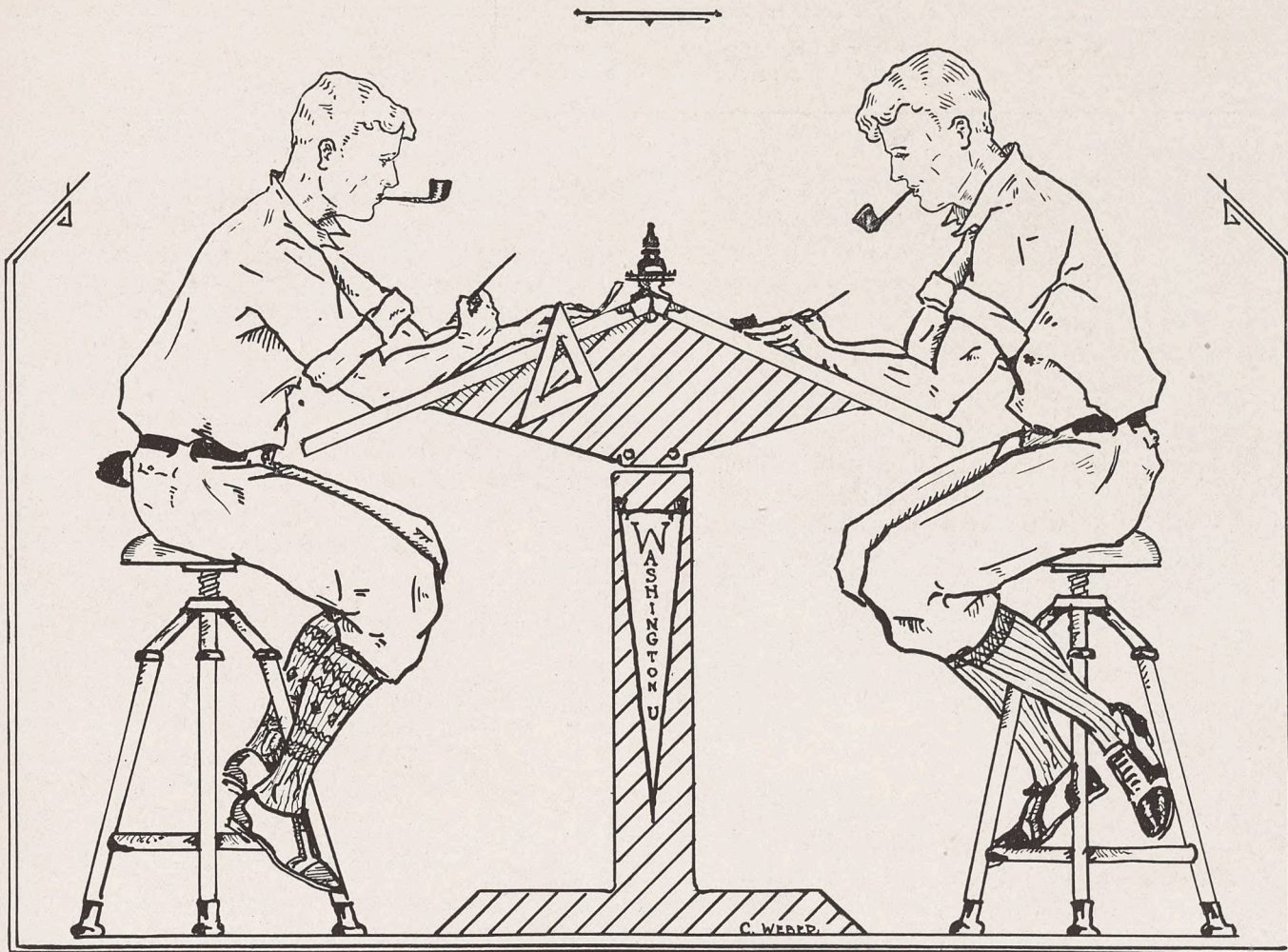
— D D D —



"Momma look at that great big end."

"That's the center, dear."

"Aw, you always would spoil a joke."



Just a classy pair o' drawers.

— D D D —

Once upon a time there was a Football Number of a college comic that had a good joke on the grand old game between the covers.

— D D D —

Four times the line held and repulsed them. Every effort for a gain went for naught and try as they would a loss of several yards was all that resulted with each try for advance. Finally the groggy quarterback saw through it all.

"Lishen pal, necksh time we comesh in the back waysh, we makesh durn sure that d— wash-womansh takesk down them cloesh in the after-noonsh."

— D D D —

The two opposing lines wouldn't give a bit. The University of Edinburgh was playing the annual game with Glasgow College.

— D D D —

"This surely upsets me", said the end as the interference hit him.

"Signals 24-3-68-10 Hip Hip."

"Hooraysh," shouted the perfect Homecomer as he quietly curled up under the seat.

— D D D —

"Sure, Levy, I liked de game fine, especially ven our boys took home dem gold posts."

— D D D —

Frosh: "This meat tastes pretty bad."

Cook: "I burned it a little but I put vaseline on it right away."

— D D D —

"This motor travels at the rate of ten revolutions per second."

"Ah! A Mexican make."

— D D D —

—Satyr

He: Shall we sit in the parlor?

She: No, I'm too tired—let's go out and play tennis.

—Belle Hop

ON THE SCREEN

LOEW'S STATE

Those who like the old comedy of the slapsticks—the crushable hats, plaster bats, Keystone cops, breakaway furniture and other accessories—will have an opportunity to see them again.

The old props were dragged out of the dustbin and refurbished for the Marion Davies and William Haines co-starring picture, "*Show People*," which is now playing at the State Theatre. However, these props were used from a new angle, in a picture within a picture, which is said to give a new flavor to old tricks.

The picture contains unusual shots of about twenty noted film stars including Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Mae Murray, Lew Cody, Elinor Glyn, John Gilbert, Norma Talmadge, and many others.

Following this is another M-G-M sensation, "*The Masks of the Devil*" starring John Gilbert, who is supported by film-land's newest find, Eva von Berne, a beautiful Viennese. This picture is unlike anything ever before produced on the silver sheet. It violates all rules of dramatic construction in its daring audacity in telling the truth about human nature—and as a result it is one of the most gripping, haunting human documents an audience has ever seen.

"*The Awakening*," coming to the State for the week of December 8th, marks the first appearance of Vilma Banky, Samuel Goldwyn's "Hungarian Rhapsody", as a star in her own right. In this story of war and romance in Alsace, Miss Banky, previously famous as the co-starring partner of Ronald Colman, reaches the heights of screen recognition.

The week of December 15th the State screen presents a Fox Movietone picture "*Win That Girl*". This picture is said to be one of the most hilarious comedies of football ever produced and co-stars Sue Carol and David Rollins.

The week of the 22nd the State will offer the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sound sensation, "*Dream of Love*".

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

MISSOURI AND AMBASSADOR

The winter season ushers in the year's greatest attractions at picture theaters, and before Christmas attractions such as Erich von Stroheim's "*The Wedding March*", Clara Bow in *Three Week Ends*" and Buddy Rogers and Mary Brian in "*Some One to Love*" are promised for Skouras Brothers theaters, which include the Ambassador, Missouri, Grand Central and Midtown. However, present indications are that Al Jolson in "*The Singing Fool*" will continue at the Midtown until long after the Christmas holidays.

After a preview of "*The Wedding March*", H. H. Niemeyer, the Post-Dispatch critic, placed it at the top of all pictures he has ever seen. Erich von Stroheim, "the man you love to hate," not only directed "*The Wedding March*", but he is also its star. Fay Wray, who incidentally was discovered for the screen by von Stroheim himself when she was a student at Hollywood high school, plays opposite him.

Featured with Clara Bow in "*Three Week Ends*" is Neil Hamilton. Again Clara is the star in a story written by Elinor Glynn, and the Glynn-Bow combination has resulted in such sensational attractions as "*It*" and "*Red Hair*". "*Three Week Ends*" is said to out-flame both these previous attractions.

"*Some One to Love*" is a glorious love story with Buddy Rogers, the star of "*Wings*" and Mary Brian in the stellar roles. It is a modernized version of "*The Charm School*" in which Wallace Reid achieved such acclaim when he starred in it.

(Continued on page 31)

screen makeup, 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.

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"What are these tickets I found in my husband's pocket?"

"Your husband is an archeologist. These tickets are evidences of a lost race."

—Detroit Jabberwock

— D D D —

Pretty Thing: "Are you Harry?"

Bashful Athlete: "Yes, a little around the chest."

—Jester

— D D D —

"That's the most seductive afternoon gown you have on, my dear."

"Well, what else would you wear to teas?"

—Virginia Reel

— 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 —

I'm not the happiest person in the world, but I'm next to the happiest—murmured the supreme egoist as he took the sweet young thing in his arms.

—Sun Dial

Disguised

Young Lady: "Were you pleased with the new school today, Tommy?"

Little Tommy: "Naw, Dey made me wash me face an' when I got home de dorg bit me because he didn't know me."

—Goblin

— D D D —

What did you do New Year's Eve when the clock struck twelve?

I went home before they could throw it again.

—Siren

— D D D —

Companionate Wife: "Where were you last month, you brute."

—Life

— D D D —

"So Ziegfeld is going into the dairy business?"

"How come?"

"There's a fine crop of calves in his theatre."

—Purple Cow

— D D D —

Middy: "My grandfather was a successful man. He made his mark."

Second Ditt: "Yeh, mine couldn't write either."

—Log

The Ballad of Hector the Hero

A likely lad was Hector Crane,
A heap of brawn and marrow;
Two arms, two legs, a head—a brain?
Well, yes; so has a sparrow.

But who asks brains in football men?
'Tis neither meet nor fitting;
A new Prometheus we'd have then,
All laws of nature splitting.

C'est ca. Our Hector went to school.
He plunged, he clipped, he tackled.
His studies? Say, don't be a fool!
An week-ends he debaced.

But in the cream there crawled a roach,
All was not beer and nectar;
Our hero could not stand the coach,
Nor could the coach stand Hector.

He hector'd Hector night and day,
He called him names and beat him.
Thought Hector: "If there were some way
On a dark street to meet him!"

The crucial game came on at last,
As poems like this require,
The score was tied—the minutes passed—
The teams fought through the mire.

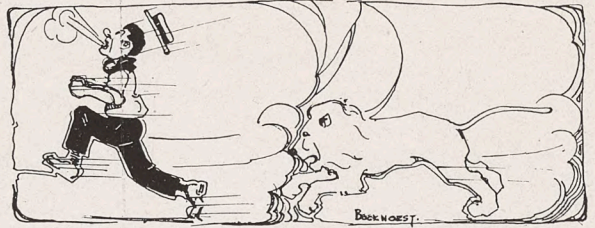
Our Hector on the bench sat, glum.
Then yelled the coach, "Hey, Crane!
Get at guard, you lousy bum!
Come on! Scared of the rain?"

He leaped up, slipped, and stubbed his toe
And his heart flamed within him;
"I'll get that guy," he muttered low—
I'll pluck and roast and skin him!"

The center snapped the pigskin back,
The right half let it fall;
The quarter got on the wrong tack—
Our Hector had the ball.

"Into my hands, O Lord," he sighed,
"This damned coach thou didst yield.
Our goal is on the western side—"
Then toward the east he wheeled.

Across the field's length he flew,
Set the ball on the last line;
Just then the final whistle blew;
Aghast, he eyed the massed line



His back was 2 yards from the lion, with
2 seconds to go.

— D D D —

Where the mob down upon him rushed;
He tried to run, was frozen;
"I lost the game," he sobbed, quite crushed,
"Now for death am I chosen."

They did not tear him limb from limb,
As Romans once did Nero;
Instead they chanted a great hymn—
"All hail! Hector the Hero!"

They hoisted him into the air,
They cried "Hurrah for Hector!"
The coach spoke up with smile quite fair,
"I was Hector's perfecter."

When he was left, at length, to rest,
Hec drew the final inference;
For east is east and west is west,
But he knew not the difference.

— D D D —

Westward, Ho!

He: Your dress is coming off.
She (feelingly): Why, it is not!
He: You just wait and see.

—Mink

— D D D —

"Would you take a chance on the modern liquor?"
"Sure, how much is a chance?"

—Exchange

— D D D —

Doctor: "It's a boy, captain, a boy."
Absent-minded Sea Captain: "Fine. Now look
sharp for the lighthouse."

—Yale Record

— D D D —

Stude: Could you help me with this problem?
Prof: I could, but I don't think it would be just
right.

Stude: Well, take a shot anyway.

—Cajoler

1. How did you get to Europe?
 2. Oh, I blew over. Played a sax on the ship's orchestra.
 —Beanpot

— D D D —

Phi Delt: I miss the old cuspidor since its gone.
 "Mother": You missed it before. That's why it's gone.
 —Flamingo

— D D D —

1st Astronomy student: "I saw Aurora Borealis all lit up last night."

2nd Star Gazer: "Well, what can you expect from these foreigners?"

—Beanpot

— D D D —

"Did they convict that night club dancer?"
 "No. They couldn't get anything on her."

—Life

— D D D —

The missionary had commenced a scathing denunciation of certain tribal customs which had greatly upset his dusky audience. Finally one old buck arose and said, "Don't mind him, folks—these missionaries should be taken with a grain of salt." And this one was.

—Malteaser

— D D D —

She (demurely): Do you consider my legs long?
 He: Yes, whenever possible.

—Virginia Reel

— D D D —

"Help! Help! I'm going down for the third time."

Man on Shore: "If you don't find it this time, I'll help you, old fellow."

—Moonshine

— D D D —

"My home town's the slowest place on earth."

"No, it is not."

"Why not?"

"Well, do you see that snail?"

"Yea."

"See it move."

"No."

"Well, where I came from that's a jack rabbit."

—Kitty Kat

— D D D —

And Why Should She?

Ship: "Only an angel could fly home from an airplane ride."

Mate: "Only an angel would want to."

—Cougar's Paw

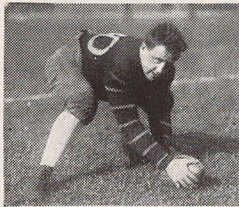
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I never laughed so hard in my life as I did last
night. When John shot at me, I thought I'd die!

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo*

— D D D —

On the steps she sat at twilight
A maid of beauty rare;
He came and said, "May I sit at your side?"
She gave him a vacant stair.

—*Lord Jeff*

— D D D —

"—the excitement rose to a terrible pitch, and
then came down," murmured the victim of the K.
K. K. tar and feathering party.

—*Beanpot*

— D D D —

"Hey, Pop, let's take Eddie fishing with us—he's
got worms."

—*Whirlwind*

— D D D —

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

—*Ranger*

It's Silly Anyway

Sight-seeing Guide (on rubber-neck wagon):
And, ladies and gentlemen, on your right you see
a monument erected last year to a noble cause.

Inquisitive Old Lady: And what does it stand
for?

The Guide (sarcastically): Because, madam, it
would look silly lying down.

—*Ollapod*

— D D D —

"What does a dog think when a tramp throws a
rock at him?"

"I'll bite."

"Correct."

—*Pointer*

— D D D —

"I hear that the dean of women is going to try to
stop necking."

"I should think she would, a woman of her age."

—*Brown Bull*

— D D D —

Fable

Coming upon a football, which the farmer's son
had brought home from school, the rooster promptly
called all the hens around him.

"Now, ladies," he said diplomatically, "I don't
want to appear ungrateful, or raise any unnecessary
fuss, but I do want you to see what's being done in
other yards."

—*U. S. C. Wampus*

— D D D —

"A fine stenographer you are! Call yourself a
typist and don't even know how to change a ribbon."
"Can Paderewski tune a piano?"

—*Texas Ranger*

— D D D —

"Sir, could you see me safely across the street?"

"Hell, yes, lady, I could see you a mile away."

—*Red Cat*

— D D D —

They tell the story of a famous actor who was
often accustomed to show a great interest in the
lesser lights about him. One day he was good-
naturedly conversing with one of the stage hands,
"And what, my good man, is your vocation?"
queried the condescending matinee idol.

"Im a Baptist," was the reply.

"No, my good fellow, that's your belief. I want
your vocation. For example, I am an actor."

Said the scene shifter: "Hell, man, that's your
belief."

—*Virginia Reel*

The Guilty Parties

A professor, coming to one of his classes a little late, found a most uncomplimentary caricature of himself drawn on the board. Turning to the student nearest him, he angrily inquired:

"Do you know who is responsible for that atrocity?"

"No, sir, I don't," replied the student, "but I strongly suspect his parents."

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo*

— D D D —

Salesman (to Rastus): "A pair of shoes for your son? What size does he wear?"

Rastus: "Whut size? Why dat boy goes around draggin' half his body along de ground!"

—*Beanpot*

— D D D —

1st Voice: What do you think of the life of a gangster?

2nd Voice: Simply killing, old man.

Just one more—

The Scotchman who tried to save the ring around his bathtub.

—*Beanpot*

— D D D —

Rector: "Is that your cigarette stub?"

Small Son: "Go ahead, Dad, you saw it first."

—*Notre Dame Juggler*

— D D D —

"Wanta neck?"

"No!"

"You could use some backbone."

"Thank you, I'm getting along splendidly."

"You haven't any wings either."

"Don't get sarcastic."

"Well, dammit, you can't have all the white meat, I like it myself."

—*Red Cat*

— D D D —

He: Fill my cigarette lighter, please, dearest.

She: Oh, fill it yourself. I haven't got the engine.

—*Flamingo*

— D D D —

College: "What kind of a pickup do you get in your new car?"

Yit: Oh, about two to a city block."

—*Lehigh Burr*

— D D D —

"Who you shoving?"

"I dunno—what's your name?"

—*Sniper*

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True, Brother

In these days of hatchet murders, the old ditty "Pack Up Your Troubles in an Old Kit Bag" is beginning to take on a really practical meaning.

—*Punch Bowl*

— D D D —

Bright Baby: Uncle, do you play football?

The "goat": No, why?

B. B.: Well, dad said he would like to see you kick off.

—*Flamingo*

— D D D —

He—What kind of lipstick is that?

She—Kissproof.

He—Well, rub it off, we got work to do.

—*Burr*

— D D D —

He (calling her up)—Say, Mary, did anyone ever tell you that you were good-looking?

She (excited)—Why no!

He (hanging up)—Thanks awfully; good night!

—*Log*

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THE WASHINGTON DIRGE

MISSOURI AND AMBASSADOR

(Continued from page 24)

Emil Jannings, who has not had a new picture in some time, comes forward with "Sins of the Fathers" in which Ruth Chatterton is his leading lady, and Barry Norton one of the featured players. This picture is another marvelous character portrayal for Jannings, and is to be presented in sound.

Gary Cooper is the main attraction in "The Shopworn Angel" in which that popular star talks for the first time in a picture. Nancy Carroll, Paramount's sensational young star, plays opposite Cooper.

The widely read "Canary Murder Case" is now a picture, made by Paramount, with William Powell, James Hall, Louise Brooks and Jean Arthur in the featured roles.

After the showing of "The Singing Fool" at the Midtown, it is probable that Skouras Brothers will present "Noah's Ark", the production made to top all productions. Another notable offering at the Midtown is the Vitaphone production "The Desert Song" with the glowing scenes and glorious music of the stage version kept intact.

Doris Kenyon's voice will again be heard in "Interference", Paramount's first all-talking picture, taken from the stage play which was in St. Louis but a short time ago. Olive Brook, William Powell and Evelyn Brent are also in the cast.

— D D D —

What Course Was It

"Son, what does this 60 mean on your report card?"

"That's the Temperature of the room, Father."
—Columbia Jester

— D D D —

"What's your pet method of getting a girl?"
"The pet method."

—Exchange

— D D D —

She: "Why, your heart sounds like a drum beating."

He: "Yes, that's the call to arms."
—Banter

— D D D —

Prof.—In which of his battles was Alexander the Great killed?

Frosh—I think it was his last.
—Lyre

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