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Washington University Dirge: Feast Your Eyes On This Thanksgiving Dinner

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

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Nov 1929

WASHINGTON U.

DIRGE

25c



McKNIIGHT

FEAST
YOUR EYES
ON THIS

THANKSGIVING NUMBER



Drink
Coca-Cola
 Delicious and Refreshing

**PAUSE AND
 REFRESH
 YOURSELF**

THERE ARE PAUSES
 AND PAUSES. AND
 BUTCH, THE DEMON
 TACKLE, WOULD READI-
 LY ADMIT THAT SOME-
 TIMES IT'S A MATTER
 OF TOO MUCH PAUSE
 AND NOT ENOUGH
 REFRESHMENT.

The rest of us are more
 fortunate. We can take our
 pauses as we want them.
 And to refresh us, Coca-Cola
 is ready, ice-cold, around the
 corner from anywhere. The
 wholesome refreshment of
 this pure drink of natural
 flavors makes any little min-
 ute long enough for a big rest.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

OVER
8
 MILLION
 A DAY



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE
 PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

C-5

PAUL T. HEIL

*Flowers
Telegraphed
Anywhere* *Flowers Delivered
to
Fraternity Houses*

6142-44.46 DELMAR BLVD.

CABany 8800-1-2

What is a groundhog?
Sausage.

—*Jack-o-Lantern*

— D D D —

*Eternal damnation
Of Zeus almighty
On the female creation
Who chirps, "All rightie."*

—*Sun Dial*

— D D D —

*This month has passed
I should be glad
This month has passed
But I am sad
This month has passed
Ah, sad my lot
This month has passed
But I have not.*

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*

— D D D —

One: Bare knees are a luxury.
Two: Why?
One: Try and get hold of one.

—*Satyr*

— D D D —

"Ha!" grunted Atlas, "And why is a rooster on the fence like a penny?"

"Because," brightly responded Hercules, "His head's on one side and his tail's on the other."

—*Snipes*

— D D D —

*"Lives of great men all remind us
We can kiss and hug
And parting, leave behind us
Lipstick on the boy friend's mug."*

—*Pelican*

Piggy

A little girl left in charge of her tiny brother called out: "Mother, won't you please speak to baby. He's sitting on the fly paper, and there are lots of flies waiting to get on."

—*Belle Hop*

— D D D —

Prof (to young man calling on his daughter):
What shall we have—a concerto or a sonata?

Her Weakness: No thanks, I'll take mine straight, please.

—*Wisconsin Octopus*

— D D D —

A standing invitation to sit down.—A banana peel.

—*Michigan Gargoyle*

— D D D —

"Was Ike excited when he asked to kiss you?"
"No, he was calm and collected."

—*Carolina Buccaneer*

— D D D —

"The jig is up," said the doctor, as the patient with St. Vitus dance died.

—*Kitty Kat*

WM. FAHERTY

H. H. FICK

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Power Plants
and Ventilating Systems*

CENTRAL 2561

1417 Olive Street

St. Louis, Mo.

Wear a Hat

Jane: I want a shorter skirt than the one you showed me.

Clerk: That is the shortest we have. Have you tried the collar department?

—Purple Parrot

— D D D —

"I prithee, my good man, couldst tell me what the Scotchman with twins did?"

"Naw, what did he?"

"Why, he took a picture of one of them."

—Witt

— D D D —

"Fine," he says when he finds his roommate has put corn flakes between the sheets. "Ill have breakfast in bed."

—Judge

— D D D —

"Polly, want a cracker?"

"No, old dear," replied the parrot. "I have dined copiously. Got a cigarette about you?"

—Brown Bull

— D D D —

Adam: "Eve! You've gone and put my dress suit in the salad again!"

—Ski-U-Mah

— D D D —

The stout lady on the scale was eagerly watched by two small boys. The lady dropped in her cent, but the machine was out of order and registered only 75 pounds.

"Good night, Bill," gasped one of the youngsters in amazement, "She's hollow!"

—Flamingo

— D D D —

Two Chicago men left a banquet together; they had dined exceptionally well.

"When you get home," said one, "if you don't want to disturb your family, undress at the foot of the stairs, fold your clothes neatly, and creep up to your room."

They met the next day at lunch.

"How did you get on?" asked the adviser.

"Rottenly," replied the other; "I took off all my clothes at the foot of the stairs, as you told me, and folded them up neatly. I didn't make a sound. But when I reached the top of the stairs—it was the elevated station."

—Yellow Jacket

— D D D —

"Go," said the landlady, "and never darken my bathtub again."

—Ohio State Sun Dial

It's a Gift

"I do not luv U, sir,"

sed she,

and wrinkled

up

her nose at me

in fashion most unpleasant;

but when

I gave my gift to her

she murmured,

in her softest purr,

"I luv U for the present."

—Malteaser

— D D D —

Oct. 7. I'm trying to find how I can be presented at court. They have a wonderful one, I hear. It's called Tennis Court.

—Bison

— D D D —

The old-fashioned girl used to swear under her breath whereas the girl of today doesn't care who hears her. This is, of course, the Bolder Dam project we've heard about.

—Judge

— D D D —

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

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

—Detroit Jabberwock

— D D D —

"That man just told me that he was in the canning business."

"That's right. He's the Dean."

—Williams Purple Cow

— D D D —

Prof—This lecture is apt to prove embarrassing. If any men or women care to leave, they may.

Voice from the Rear—Sir, can I invite some friends?

—Penn Punch Bowl

— D D D —

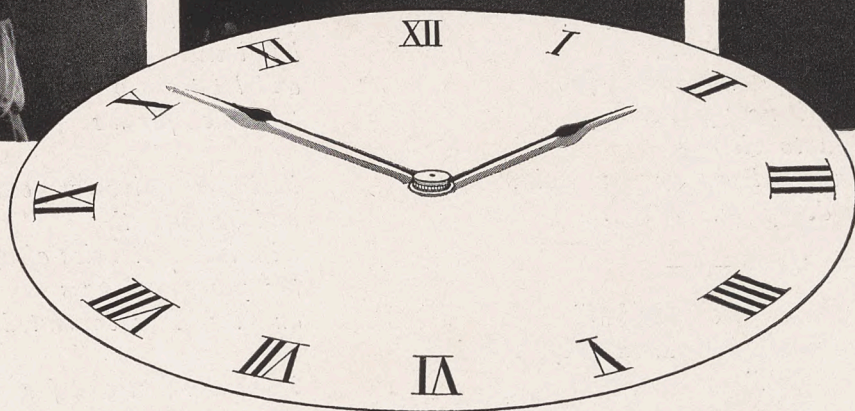
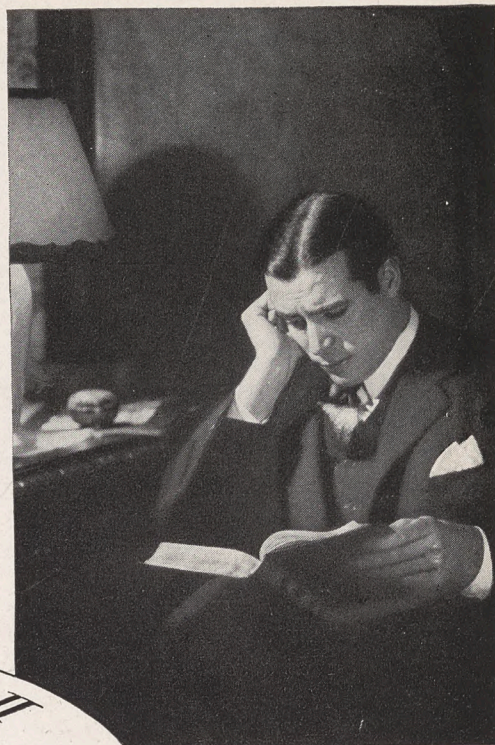
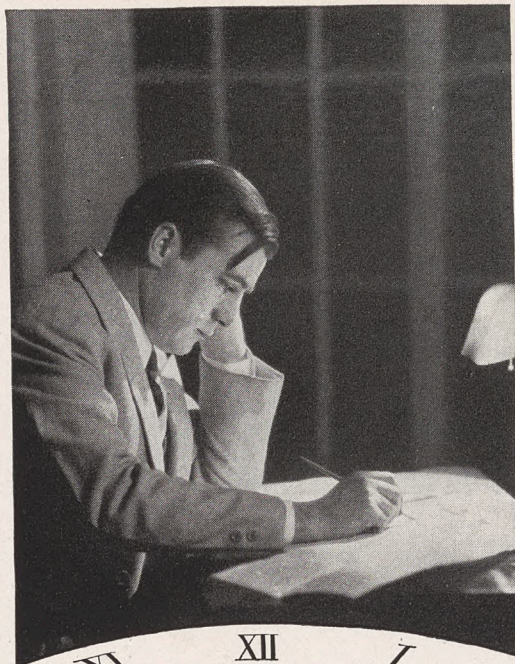
Inquisitive: Who's the military man?

He: Which one?

Again: Fellow with the straight shoulders and the fierce look.

He: He's no military man. He's lost a suspender button.

—Azogwan



Rob yourself of sleep...

but you can't rob the Gillette Blade of its sure, smooth shave

AFACE drawn and tight from lack of sleep, a slapdash lather and a hurry-up shave—it can't ruin the even temper of a Gillette Blade, even though it may wreck your own!

On such mornings, lather extra thoroughly and treat yourself to a fresh Gillette Blade. You're sure then of the smooth, even, comfortable shave which has been honed and stropped into every Gillette Blade by super-human machines adjusted to one ten-thousandth of an inch.

King C. Gillette

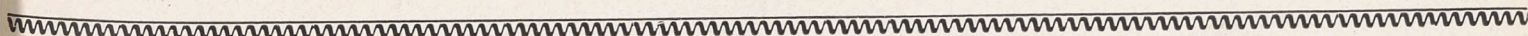


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QUALITY**SERVICE**

Seacock's

Athletic Outfitters

921 LOCUST ST.**ST. LOUIS, MO.****Keep Your Hat On**

*The fullback kicked the ball on high.
The crowd arose with piercing cry
Not a soul could see the ball
No one could tell where it would fall
—There! He has it now you see
He's speeding on to victory
.....It's not the ball as we have said,
It's some guy's derby hat instead.*

— D D D —

1st Man: "Why do you rise so early?"

2nd Man: "I have to get downtown early to find a parking space for my car."

1st " : "But don't you have a lot of time to spare?"

2nd " : "Oh, then I take the street car home and have breakfast."

— D D D —

It was 2 a. m. The car had been parked in the farmer's drive for several hours. Finally a voice called: "Hey! What's the matter out there? Flat tire?"

"Heck, no," came a muffled voice. "You don't suppose I'd still be here if she was."

— D D D —

Frat Man: "Do you like cod-fish balls?"

2nd Ditto: "I don't know, I've never been to one."

— D D D —

Suspicious old lady: "What's that funny stuff on those sheep?"

Shepherd: "Wool."

S. O. L.: "I'll bet its half cotton."

— D D D —

What is so fair as a day in June?

The prize for the answer is a wormy prune.

Thirty Years Hence

*i will not try to keep apace
the years that race
but i will sit in peace
and let them be
too much for me*

*i will not strive for youth
and be uncouth
with inconsistencies of age
the years will pass
and i will be contented in the mass*

*i will not fret and frown
the antics of my daughters down
but i shall be so still
that they will sense my thought
and antic as they ought*

N. K. P.

— D D D —

Tomboy: "If you don't stop teasing me I'll throw this dict at you."

Young Sophisticate: "Try slinging it with your tongue, darling, it is much more effective!"

— D D D —

Use the word "allusion" in a sentence.

"I think you're allusion your pants."

—Brown Jug

— D D D —

There is nothing more pathetic than a horse-fly on a radiator.

—Florida Blue Gator

— D D D —

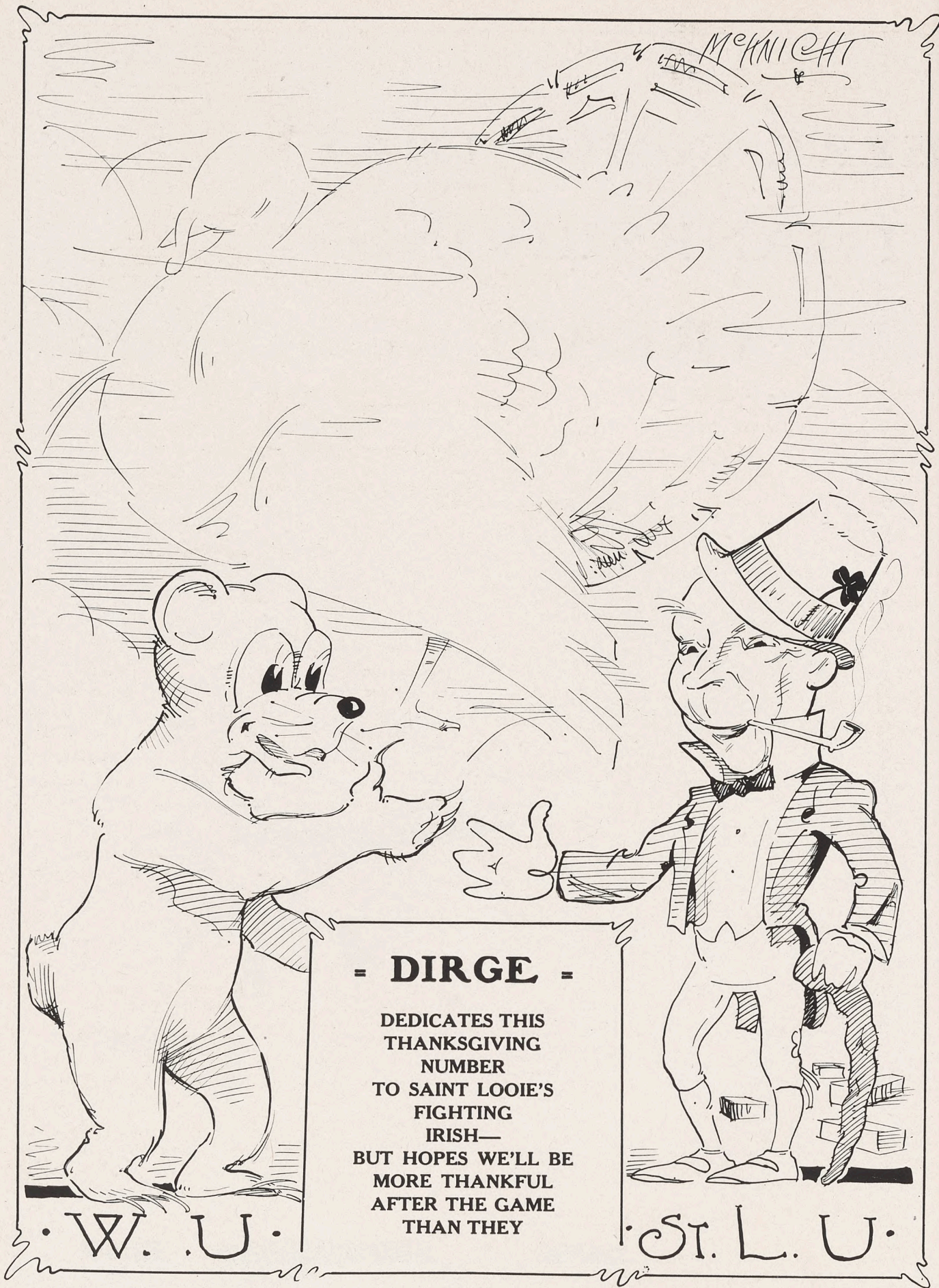
"The poor fish looks kinda musical."

"Yep. Perhaps a piano tuna."

—Arizona Kitty-Kat

HERE COMES THAT THANKSGIVING TREAT!







Billikin Frosh—Answer me this: What'll youse guys do when Lintz-nicks you for a touchdown?

Excited Alum—Why, Sauselle will grab your bunch by the Hornsbys and Waid right through them. Ax me another.

The Inside Dope

Statistics on W. U. football games this season:

Number of games	7
Number won	6
Number lost	6
Number tied	1
Number of final whistles	7
Number of teams per game	2
Number of players per team	11
Number of substitutions	1 man per player
Penalties	1 per player
as follows	
Chewing gum	20
Waving at girl	30
Kissing referee	40
Throwing water	50
Time outs	Frequently

THEREFORE: WASHINGTON SHOULD BEAT EAST ST. LOUIS U. BY 10 POINTS.

— D D D —

A modern girl is one who can meet the wolf at the door and come out with a fur coat.

— D D D —

She: "What would you do if I should cry?"
He: "I'd hang out a sign, 'Wet Paint'."

— D D D —

The fliver that won't run is a standing joke.

THE LAST MASS

meeting

Gather round downtrodden members of the proleteriat and let Uncle Josh tell about the Saint Looie mass-meeting. Among the bright grotesque costumes of the Band, R.O.T.C., Bears, and Peppers were interspersed a few people in civilian garb. The crowd made up for its lack of quantity by its high quality. When the master of ceremonies said, "The game will be won right here in this gymnasium and not on the field tomorrow night," although no one knew what he meant the cheers fairly shook the rafters. No Washington crowd has ever shaken the rafters unfairly. The band swung into a lively tune and I don't want anyone of you to overlook the strong school spirit of the band which turns out to all the games and breaks into lively tunes on a moment's notice. After this brief interlude of harmony, doesn't that boy look funny blowing the big horn, the lively crowd was led in organized cheers which reverberated through the hall according to the established laws of reverberation. Nine o'clock came all too soon and at last three thousand tired but happy students regretfully left the gymnasium and returned to their home. That's tellin' 'em aint it fat lady?

— D D D —

Co: "How are you getting along with your Greek?"

Ed: "We wont discuss my boy-friend."



HEY! WE WANTA PLAY!

O! my gracious no children—I can't seem to impress on your untutored minds that FOOTBALL is a MAN'S game.

— D D D —

An Attempt To Be Specific

(A High Grade Story)

She was only (83) beautiful but she had (95) pretty legs and the (29) men in the quad were (75½) earnestly gazing at her (the average would have been higher but the judges for musical comedy were among those present). (15) suddenly (this shows it was probably premeditated) she dropped her book and (78) courteous Joe was (82) quickly beside her and handed it to her with a (27) graceful bow. "Thank you," said she, (10) modestly lowering her eyes.

"One glance at your (99) beautiful face is all the thanks I need (this was exaggerated, of course). Won't you come to my fraternity dance?" (13)

"I can't. I have home-work all the time," said she truthfully (1½)

"Oh," said Joe, his love dropping from (96) to (20), "tell the professors you haven't got a home."

"But I have"—Joe heard somewhere in the distance as he ran (100) madly toward the fraternity house where the atmosphere was (21) intellectual and a comfortable 50 most of the winter.

This Is Serious

For little russet apples sweet as nuts,
And fresh new cider in a cool thick glass;
For edge of front along a rough brick walk
And patterned on the mat of year-worn grass;
For foggy days like strange uncharted sea
And arms which close about me silently,
I thank thee, Lord.

For pumpkins' splash of orange in somber fields,
And bitter-sweet entwining some old tree;
For gallant cat-tails striding thru the marsh,
And comfort of the autumn earth's maternity;
For peaceful songs sung by an ancient bard
And sung again to thee, I thank thee, Lord.

G. Hoppe

— D D D —

Mazie: "I live in the city now. It's terribly dull."

Jazie: "It must be. What do you miss most?"

Mazie: "The traveling salesmen."

— D D D —

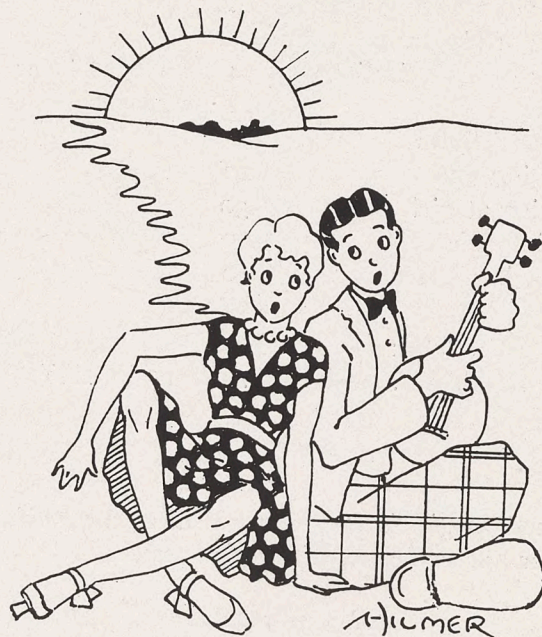
"Bill is in bad shape. He's drinking beer like water."

"Yes, that's the only kind you can get these days."

— D D D —

If education is living, most of us are walking corpses.

—Faculty



"Darling," he cried in tender tones,
"I ne'er loved but thee."
"Then we must part," Virginia said,
"No amateurs for me."

THE BARBER COLLEGE ROMANCE

A STORY YOU'RE ITCHING TO HEAR



The Shearer team was, indeed, a formidable aggregation. The combined length of their hair (not including sideburns) would reach from here to Hoboken and still have enough left to stuff a mattress and make a case of first-class hair tonic.

Ike N. Dooit and Horatio Noesur thought that Milly Monstrosity's eyes were as beautiful as the skies in May. But then, love is blind, and this is an obvious exaggeration. However, their belief was partly true—that right eye wasn't so bad.

But viewed from an unprejudiced standpoint, Milly wasn't so hot. She had a face like a kippered herring and a figure that reminded one of an explosion in an umbrella stand.

But Ike and Horatio were bitter rivals for Milly's hand, and, for that matter, for all the rest of Milly. And not only were these two gentlemen rivals in love, but they were also rivals on the field of honor. For Milly was a co-ed at the Shearer Barber College, and the boys were both half-backs on the football team. They knew that whichever of them played the better game in the Thanksgiving game with Pig Barber College would be looked upon favorably by Milly. And this was a rare honor indeed, for while Milly's right eye was regarding a boy favorably, the other eye was rubbering away in a general north-easterly direction.

* * * *

The day of the Pig game was crisp and autumnal—wonderful football weather.

There is a slight possibility that the reader has never witnessed a football game between two barber colleges, and if such is the case, the following description of the method of playing the game will be of interest.

There are, as usual, eleven players. Each player is given a razor and a pair of scissors, the object of the game being to clip as much hair as possible off the opposing team's backfield men, while at the same time guarding the tresses of one's own backs (if any). The scoring depends upon the amount of barbering that is removed from the other team's backs, the points being as follows:

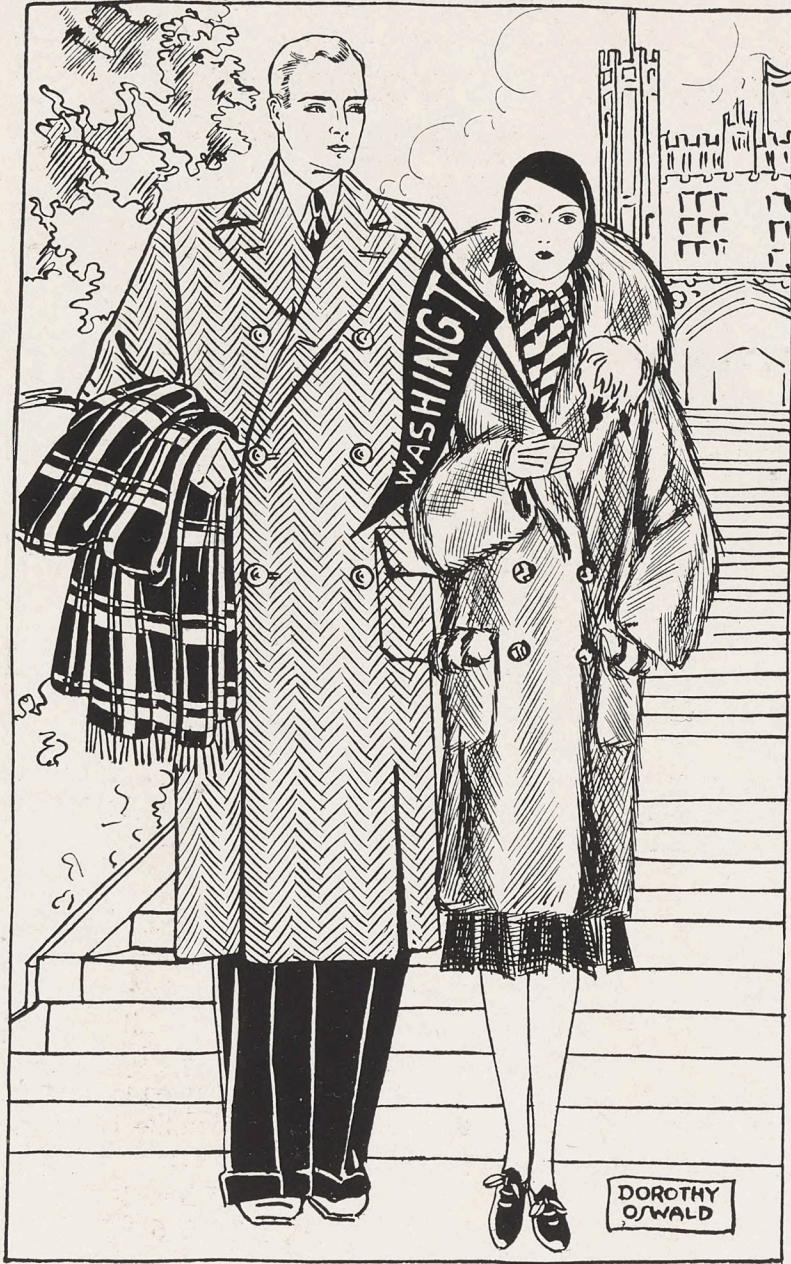
	Hair	Beard	Moustache
Quarterback	5	6	7
Halfback	4	2-1/9	3.7
Fullback	--3	273	.0093
Referee	0	0	0

No penalties are imposed if a man's face is cut up during the play, so blood flows freely during the game. Many barbers who are at present employed in regular barber shops show a decided tendency to shave off the customer's nose, this being a habit acquired while playing football in undergraduate days.

But look! The teams have taken the field!! See—there are Ike and Horatio, the halfbacks, each armed with his trusty razor and scissors. Both boys are in fine condition, for they have been in training for a long time, and their hair has grown marvelously. Both had faithfully put Herpeicide in their soup to keep their mustaches in condition for the Pig game.

Just before the game that famous old coach Mc-

(Continued on page 23)



"My car runs a little ways and then stops."
 "A Spurt Model, eh?"

Song of the Pledges

We're their workmen
 We're their slaves
 They command us
 We behaves,
 When they says it
 Then we does it
 And we act jest
 Like we loves it.
 They instruct us
 We're their "yes" men
 Who are we?
 Why we're jest Pledge-men.

Why Joe Ginsbergh was Thankful

A Thanksgiving Whimsey

To make our little tale as clear as possible, I have decided to start at the beginning of things. As I said to a friend several moons ago, "It will make it clearer if I start at the beginning of things." So, here goes, hold your hats and don't stand up.

Life for "our hero," Morris B. Schmaltz, had always been a struggle. At the time of his birth his family were living in seclusion. His father was a hermit which made this more or less necessary. Poor man, some people say he was making a certain concoction in violation of our country's nice laws but we hate to think that of him. Anyway, word came to their happy home that some "dreat bid nassy mens" were after him, so the little brood were forced to move from Seclusion (we forget the state right now) and go to the Big City.

But the change was for the better because Mr. Blitz (for he had changed his name) entered the literary field with great success. No doubt you have read his latest success, "Wandering in the Waist-line", and under a pen name he put the "lewd" in the "Strange Interlude" for O'Neill.

(Hold off the fool-killer, gentle reader, I can't be punny like this for long.)

Mrs. Raskoff (she changed her name, too, just for fun) was quite a character as her recent hatchet-and-ice-pick murder trial brought out. Not to be outdone by her husband's prowess at bringing home the gefulte-fish, she opened a wee, small office where she secured employment for chorus girls who were out of work, sort of a broadcasting station, so to speak.

Where were we? Oh, yes. Can you imagine our surprise, friends of the Invisible Audience, when we confess to you that we lost all track of Morris, the gent who was to be the "hero" of our little ramblings? Really, though, we can't give you any definite information about Morris at present. Sorry, but that will require some research which must wait until I finish the pair of stockings I am knitting for the missionaries.

Who Hasn't Heard of Thanksgiving?

Here We Have It Exposed in One Simple Lesson

The first thing we have to be thankful for this Thanksgiving is that we go to Washington University. Laughter and cheers. As I look out over your bright and shiny faces I am reminded of a very amusing incident. It seems the Geology assistants got together and bought the Dean a large block of sandstone which they dropped down his chimney last Christmas. "It's not the gift that counts, it's the sediment" they said. But this is Thanksgiving so lets talk turkey. Ha Ha. I am sure you would like to hear a little about the first Thanksgiving. It seems there was an old goat named Miles Standish who was head man of the Pilgrims. Now Miles had a crush on a wench named Priscilla. However, Miles had the gout and his nose was tanned to a deep maroon color, due to the exposure to the open, (or according to some critics to the open bottle). Itaque which is Latin for therefor Miles decided to do his wooing by proxy. Car which is French for for this reason he called in a young tailor named John. "Spare not expense," said Miles, "impressing my suit". John just laughed for people paid their tailor bills in those days and tailors could laugh. Well John just laughed because Miles wore a chromium plated doublet turned out by Hart, Schaffner, and Bethlehem Steel Corporation. But finally John understood what Miles meant and started his wooing. But alas and alack one night John got drunk or rather became intoxicated and married Priscilla. Miles was heartbroken and went to England for a five year jag. When he re-



"Is it proper to use opera glasses at the musical comedy?"
"It isn't proper, but it usually shows good form."

— D D D —

turned Priscilla weighed 215 and John took care of the little ones even to changing their clothes, etc. I don't see how Miles could Standish, but he came to and declared a holiday which we call THANKSGIVING. Comprend-
lez?

— D D D —

Men seldom make passes
At girls who wear glasses.

This is not a Lucky Strike Ad

*Ain't she cute, she's only six
Yeh, she's always up to tricks.
Why the other day this little gink
Asked her brother for a drink.
Now, we never scold her much
'Cause she's always up to such.
Her favorite dish is razor blades,
Her haughty spirit never fades,
Although she is a little tyke,
You'll find her with a Lucky Strike
'Cause she says, "When I get bigger
I wanna have a slender figure."*



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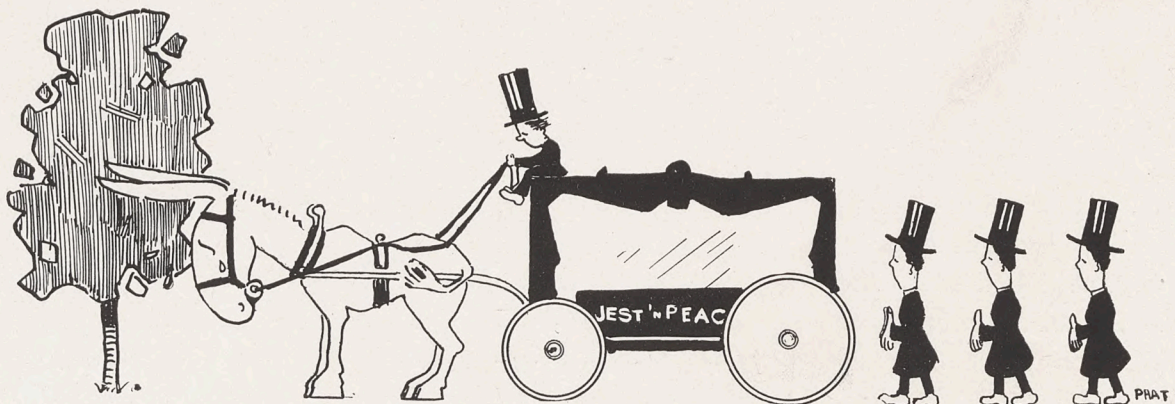
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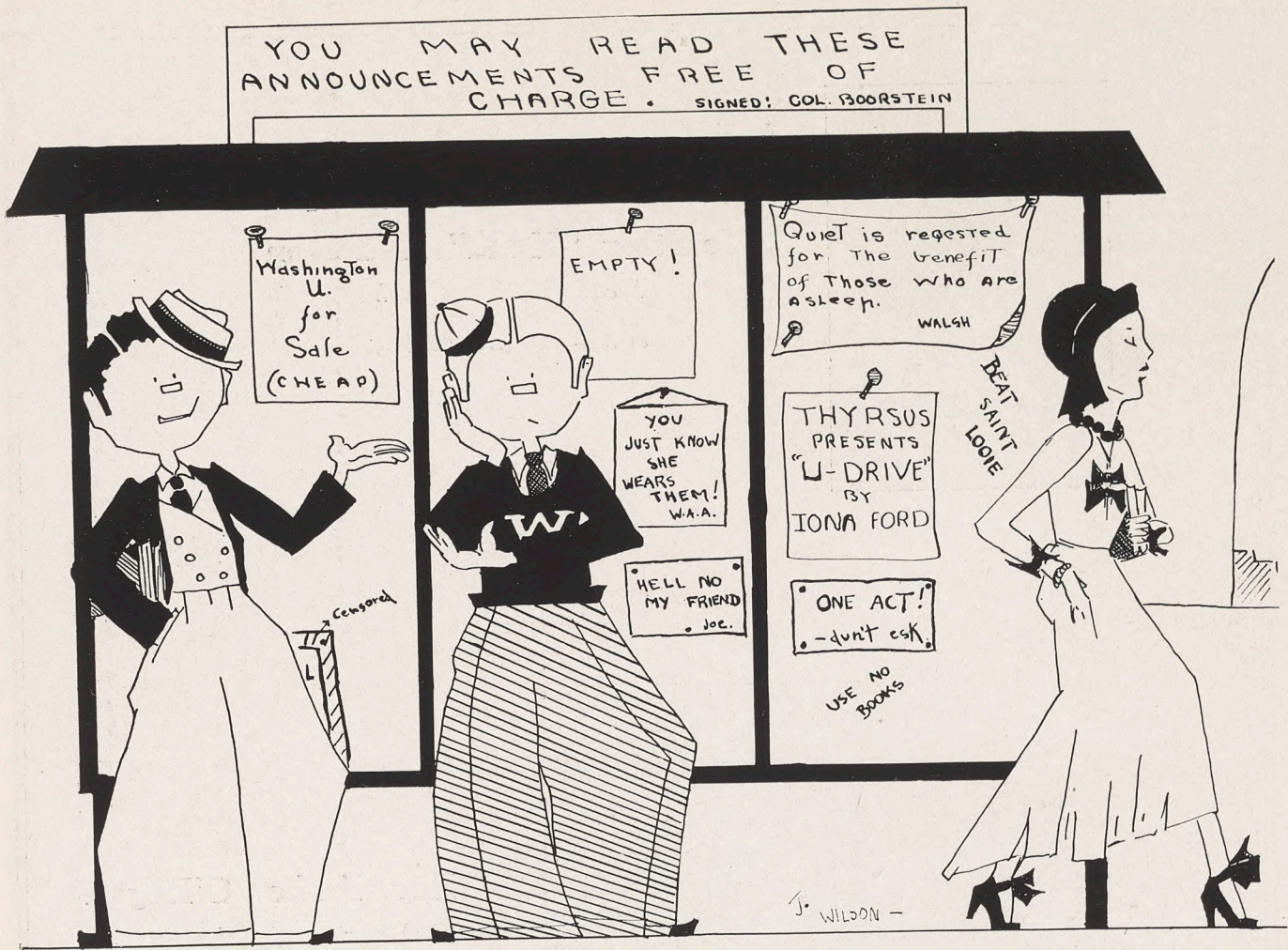
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Pete—Why are the new long skirts like Prohibition?
 Piccolo—I'll bite, why?
 Pete—Because they cover up a lot of old familiar joints.

Any Offer?

*I wanna be a bad girl
 'S terrible hard to be good.
 I wanna be a bad girl
 And I wish to hell I could.
 I wanna be taken for a ride, and a hug, and a kiss;
 But how can I be taken with an awful face like this.*

*Now I walk like Gloria Swanson,
 I dance like Gilda Gray,
 I sing like Galla Curci just to chase those blues
 away.
 I play good golf and tennis and bridge and all that
 stuff,
 I smell like Mary Garden—
 My God, ain't that enough?*

— D D D —

Wife (in letter home): "I have a fine room here with running water."
 Husband's answer: "Leave that Indian and come home at once."

A Toast

*Here's to the gal with the form sublime,
 Who can guzzle her gin and down her wine.
 Here's to the saint and the dear lil' sinner,
 Here's to the girl who can cook a good dinner.
 Here's to the maiden who digs for gold,
 Who is beautiful, burning, brazen, and bold,
 But here's to the gal who is gay and jolly
 When her date takes her home on the Kirkwood
 trolley!*

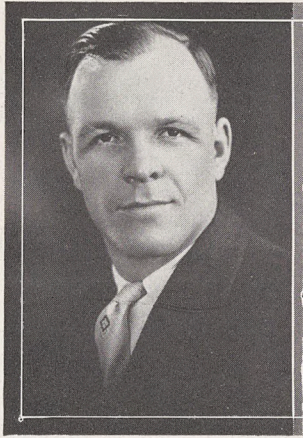
— D D D —

In Memoriam

*X marks the spot
 Where Aloysus Stagg
 Forgot to zig
 When the Mack truck zagged.*

— D D D —

"Just one more glass, boys, and then we'll all go home," said the dishwasher as he laid down the soap.



Heartley "Hunk" Anderson

Head Football Coach

St. Louis University



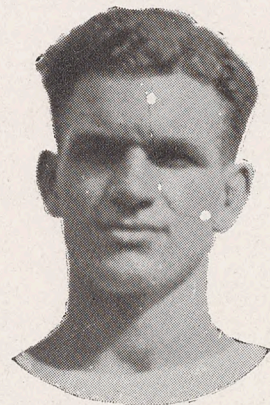
Rev. Father O'Regan

Director of Athletics

St. Louis University

Captain Joe Lintzenich

St. Louis University





-CORNELL-

-KIMMELL-

-DRAUBNER-

-EATON-

-FLANNAGAN-
COACH-

-DAVIDSON-

HEAD COACH
HUNK ANDERSON

-MCKINNEY-

-SCHWARTZ-

-WALSH-COACH-

-JOSEPH-

-DRURY-

-BROWN-

-JOYCE-

Washington University

PROBABLE LINEUP

Springer (36) Left End Glazer (48) Left Tackle Senn (51) Left Guard Butz (52) Center Jablonsky (37) C. Right Guard Paris (49) Right Tackle Coover (44) Right End

Ax (25)
Quarterback

Saussele (32)
Left Half

Waid (21)
Right Half

Hornsby
Fullback

PLAYER STATISTICS

WASHINGTON

DR. ALBERT H. SHARPE, (Yale) Head Coach
GALE BULLMAN, (West Virginia Wes.) Line Coach
J. ELWOOD DAVIS, (Iowa) Backfield Coach
RALPH M. KURZ, (Washington) End Coach
OLIVER DE VICTOR, (Penn State) Trainer

No.—Player	Position	Weight	Year	Home
19—Glen Anderson	Center	157	1	E. St. Louis, Ill.
20—John Rossette	End	147	2	Benld, Ill.
21—Leslie Waid	Back	155	1	Muskogee, Okla.
22—Jack Thomas	Back	148	1	Mexico, Mo.
23—Louis Schanfield	Back	150	1	St. Louis
25—Clarence Ax	Back	170	3	Edwardsville, Ill.
29—Manfred Duerkob	Back	163	1	St. Louis
30—Humber Burford	End	160	2	St. Louis
31—Burt Friedman	End	161	1	St. Louis
32—Ted Saussele	Back	168	1	St. Louis
33—Clarence Blake	Center	163	1	St. Joseph, Mich.
34—Eddie Werner	Back	152	1	St. Charles, Mo.
35—Leslie Wolfe	End	165	1	Webster Groves, Mo.
36—Burt Springer	End	188	1	Detroit, Mich.
37—Harvey Jablonsky (c)	Guard	185	3	Clayton, Mo.
38—Bob Watson	Guard	190	2	Houston, Mo.
40—Dick Rawdon	Back	180	3	St. Louis
41—George Oehlers	End	188	3	Staunton, Ill.
2—Rolla Stocke	Tackle	200	3	Carmi, Ill.
43—Scott Hornsby	Back	187	2	St. Louis
44—George Coover	End	187	2	St. Louis
45—Vic Worheide	Tackle	216	1	St. Louis
46—John Litchenfield	Guard	192	1	Centralia, Ill.
47—Clifford Wheeler	Tackle	187	1	St. Louis
48—Charles Glazer	Tackle	204	3	Memphis, Tenn.
49—Paul Paris	Tackle	190	3	Hillsboro, Ill.
51—Emmett Senn	Guard	203	2	Webster Groves, Mo.
52—Gus Butz	Center	215	2	St. Louis
53—Theo Wakefield	Back	172	1	St. Louis
54—John Evans	Back	165	1	St. Louis

SCORE QUARTER

ST. LOUIS U.

WASHINGTON

OFFICIALS

Referee..... Milt
Umpire..... Don
Linesman..... N. E.
Field Judge..... Jam

St. Louis University

PROBABLE LINEUP

McIntosh (35) Left End Cornell (42) Left Tackle Newton (46) Left Guard Davidson (34) Center Schwartz (39) Right Guard Joseph (49) Right Tackle Daubner (27) Right End

McKinney (11)
Quarterback

Kimmell (21)
Left Half

Eaton (17)
Right Half

Lintzenich (45)
Fullback

PLAYER STATISTICS

ST. LOUIS U.

HEARTLEY ANDERSON, (Notre Dame) Head Coach
CHARLES F. WALSH, (Notre Dame) End Coach
CHRISTY FLANNAGAN, (Notre Dame) Backfield Coach

No.—Player	Position	Weight	Years	Home
10—Saul Naidorff	Back	155	2	Plainfield, N. J.
11—Charles McKinney	Back	145	1	Philadelphia, Pa.
12—Ford Brown	End	168	2	St. Louis
13—Ray Murphy	Back	155	1	New Haven, Conn.
14—Rob McCoole	Back	154	1	St. Louis
15—Bill McFarland	End	150	1	Youngstown, O.
16—Ed Brown	Guard	156	3	Youngstown, O.
17—Charles Eaton	Back	164	3	St. Louis
18—Tom Tierney	End	160	1	St. Louis
19—Hugh Ellis	Tackle	164	1	St. Louis
20—Carl Pike	Back	147	1	Monroe, Mo
21—Tony Kimmell	Back	165	2	St. Louis
22—Joe Abrahams	Back	142	1	LaCrosse, Wis.
23—Jack Joyce	Back	165	3	St. Louis
24—Snakes Gazelle	Back	168	2	Leland, Miss.
25—John DeChristofero	Back	174	1	Niles, O.
26—Bill Salinsky	Back	162	1	Youngstown, O.
27—Vic Daubner	End	157	3	Youngstown, O.
28—Joe Maxwell	Back	164	2	Youngstown, O.
29—Steve Kalmer	Tackle	168	1	South Bend, Ind.
31—Fred Fox	Tackle	194	1	Hollywood, Calif.
32—Maroun Antoon	Guard	177	1	Natchitoches, La.
33—Jack Corcoran	Center	175	2	St. Paul, Minn.
34—Ed Davidson	Center	165	3	Youngstown, O.
35—Syl McIntosh	End	170	1	St. Louis
36—Jules Farkes	Back	176	1	Toledo, O.
37—Al Pezolt	Guard	169	1	St. Louis
38—Jim Stringfellow	Back	170	2	Catchings, Miss.
39—Gene Schwartz	Guard	185	3	Paola, Kans.
40—Frank Kennedy	End	179	1	St. Louis
41—Cecil Muellerleile	Center	194	1	St. Louis
42—Titus Cornell	Tackle	187	3	St. Louis
43—Rufus Schultz	Tackle	187	2	Tampa, Kans.
45—Joe Lintzenich	Back	187	3	St. Louis
46—Max Newton	Guard	173	1	Bakersfield, Calif.
48—Lyle Drury	End	190	3	Moscow, Idaho
49—Fred Joseph	Tackle	195	2	Akron, O.

CORE QUARTERS

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0	0	7	0

OFALS

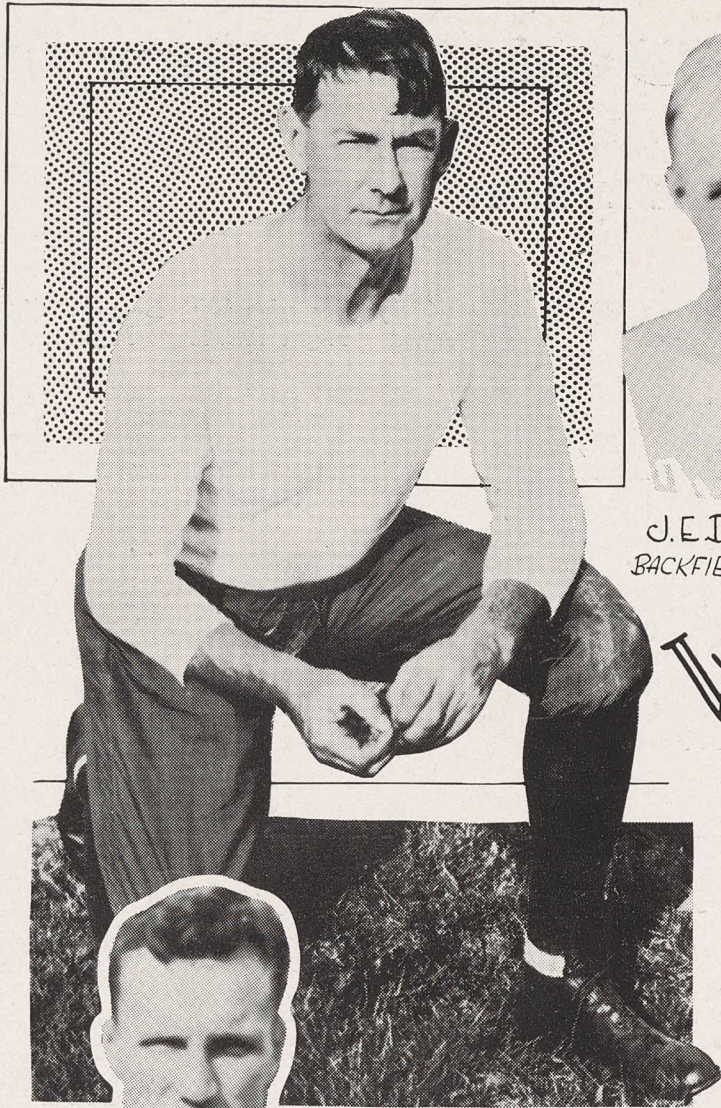
Milton Ghee (Dartmouth)

Don Henry (Kenyon)

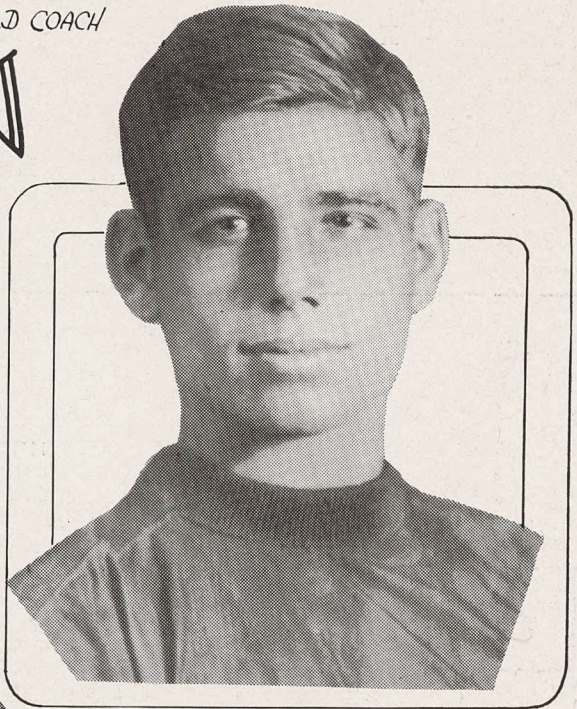
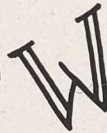
N. E. Kearns (Del Paul)

James Gould (West Point)

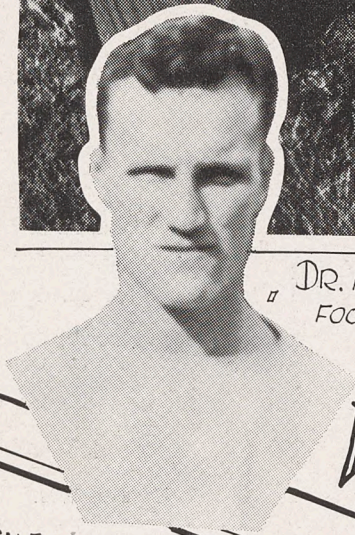
Headmen at Washington



J.E. DAVIS
BACKFIELD COACH

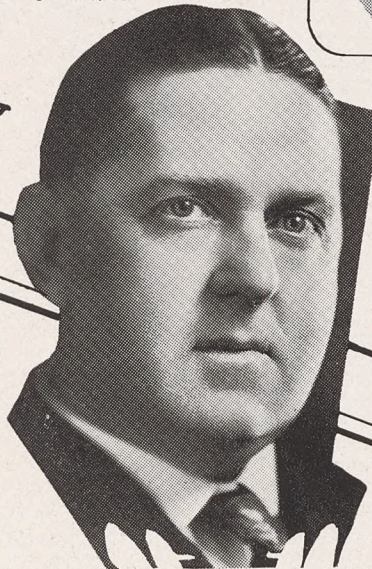


CAPTAIN HARVEY
JABLONSKY

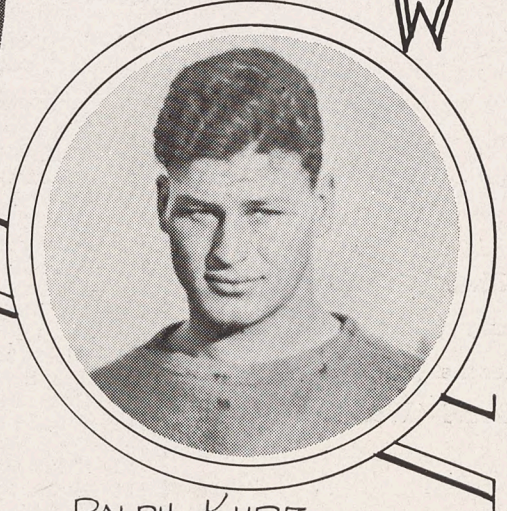


DR. AL SHARPE □ HEAD
FOOTBALL COACH □

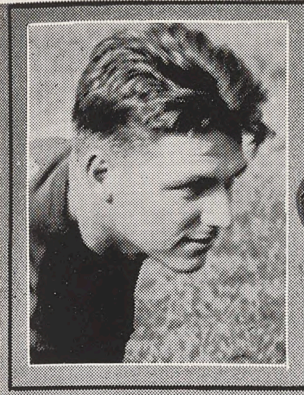
GALE
BULLMAN - LINE
COACH



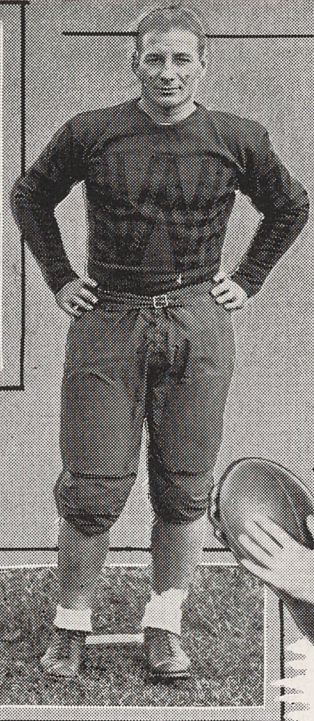
OLNIER DE VICTOR
□ TRAINER □



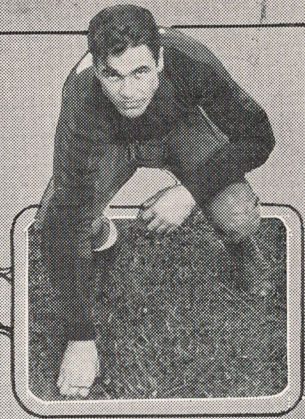
RALPH KURZ
END COACH



" AX " QUARTERBACK



WIENTGE - END -

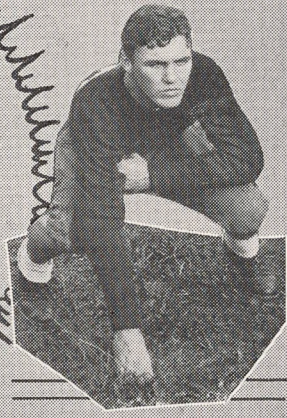


SPRINGER " QUARTERBACK "

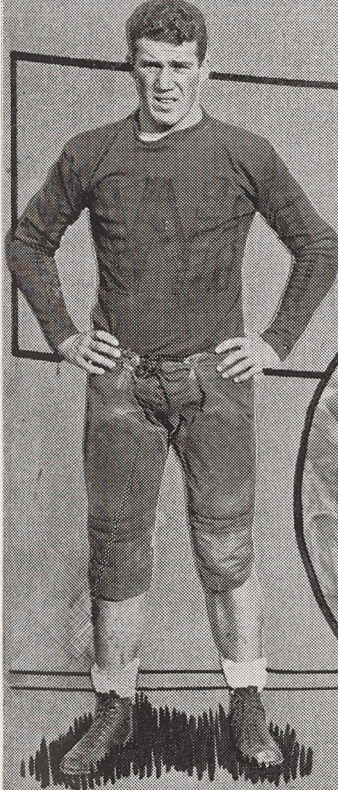


SAUSSELE HALFBACK

DAWDON " HALFBACK "

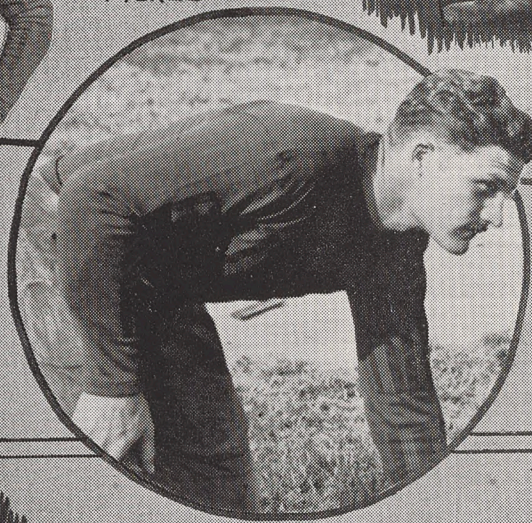


WAID " HALFBACK "



" HORNSBY " FULLBACK

GLAZER TACKLE



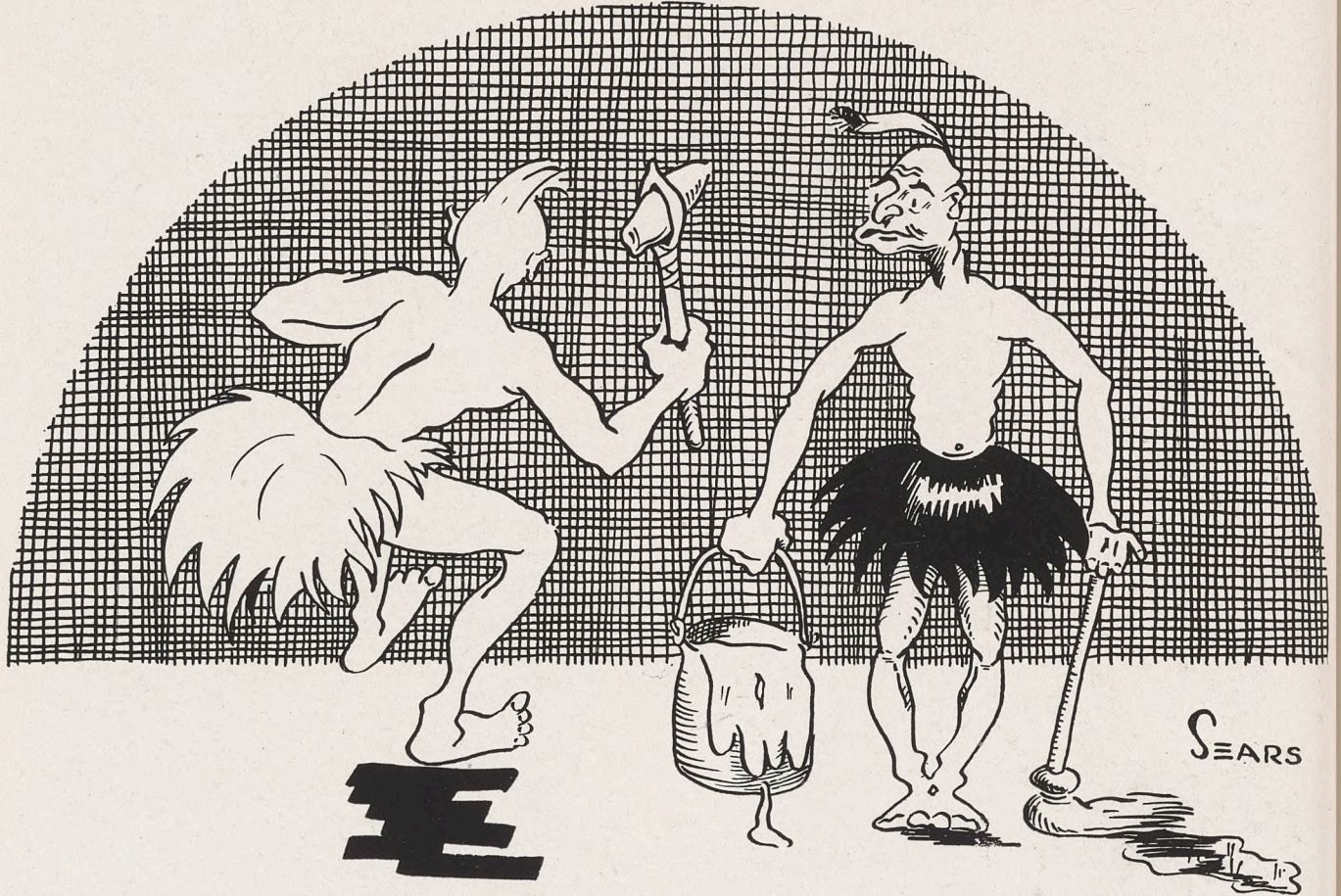
COOVER " END "



BUTZ " CENTER "

" PARIS - TACKLE "

" WATSON " GUARD



A modern brave, just home from college, strenuously objecting to being soused with paint by the orthodox pater—declaring it to be too effeminate.

Little One (in country for first time): "Oh, mama, look at the cute green snake."

Mother (ditto): "Drop it at once. It might be as dangerous as a ripe one."

— D D D —

The boy friend called up the sorority house and asked the young maiden for a hot date and she gave him the date of the burning of Rome.

— D D D —

DIRGE offers a purse of \$100,000 to the first person who swims the Atlantic.

— D D D —

If wives only knew what stenographers really think of their husbands they would cease to worry.

— D D D —

A certain country minister posted this notice on the church door: "Brother Smith departed for Heaven at 4:30 A.M."

The next day he found written below: "Heaven, 9 A.M. Smith not in yet. Great anxiety."

Synonym for a rolling pin—"A night club."

— D D D —

Broadway Beulah says: "I may not have been able to dig any gold out of that handsome sheik, but when I kissed the top of his head I surely struck oil."

— D D D —

"Is that girl over there a prude?"

"Is she, say—she's such a prude that even her tongue is coated."

— D D D —

Upper Classman: "Fancy this, a chap thinks that a football coach has four wheels."

Frosh: "Ha! ha! And how many wheels has the crazy thing?"

— D D D —

Instead of wasting time finding out where we came from and where we're going, why don't scientists find out where we are—which is more important.

— D D D —

Who remembers when neck was a noun?

"Tsch! Tsch!"

"Don't you always pity a girl who is frightened in the dark?"

"Yes, I can't help feeling for her!"

— D D D —

"Oh! So Slow?"

Friend (visiting hospital patient): "D'you kno', old chappie, that's a deucedly jolly-looking nurse you've got?"

Patient: "Hadn't noticed."

Friend: "Bah Jove! I'd no idea you were so ill!"

— D D D —

We Want Insurance—Assurance?

Old She: "I've just had my face lifted."

Young She: "Nonsense. Who'd steal such a thing!"

— D D D —

Newspaper Clipping—

Among the gifts of the bride to the bridegroom was a beautiful dressing down.

— D D D —

Maybe

Miss Cash: "What shape is a kiss?"

Mr. Carry: "Give me one and we'll call it square!"



She—I just peeked around the corner and saw father getting ready to call time.
He—Look again and see if the gun's up!

"High Power"

"Shine, mister?"

"No. I'm in a terrible hurry."

"Well, for business, I'll do one free—all for nothing."

"All right, kid—but shake it up."

"There, how's she look, mister?"

"Fine."

"Now, for ten cents I'll do the other."

— D D D —

A man came upon two small boys, staring into a barber shop window, earnestly looking on as the barber went over his customer's hair with a singeing torch.

"Blimey, Bill," one of them suddenly exclaimed, "hee's lookin' for 'em wid a light!"

— D D D —

"Bigger and Better"

Traveler: "Did you find a roll containing \$50 under my pillow?"

Pullman Porter: "Yes, suh; thank you, suh!"



What's To Be Scene

LOEW'S STATE

Loew's State Theatre has the appearance of a festive season these days, for in the coming weeks this Theatre will have to all outward signs record breaking attendances. The first of these outstanding attractions is the Metro Goldwyn Mayer attraction starring the ethereal GRETA GARBO in a story of love, sacrifice, passion, desire, with a locale of La Belle France. Greta is supported most ably by Conrad Nagel and Holmes Herbert. It is a story of a young wife married unhappily to a much older gentleman played by Holmes Herbert, and with the desire and love flaming into life at intervals for the handsome and quite romantic Conrad Nagel, the picture takes one through the entire gamut of human emotions, and the final climax is the most entertaining of the entire production.

In a few weeks the forthcoming United Artists attraction, the Channing Pollock sensational stage success of two continents THE LOCKED DOOR, with a cast that staggers the imagination including Rod La Roque, Barbara Stanwyck, William Boyd, and several others of stage and screen prominence. This story, the nucleus of which is known to most of our readers, is the eternal triangle, with some startlingly new innovations to make it more modern and peppy for the screen of to-day. This United Artists special is a One Hundred Per Cent talking picture and the night club scenes and other stupendous scenes are just a few of the anti-climaxes leading up to and what happens behind THE LOCKED DOOR. You will sit spell-bound, amazed and above all entertained to the fullest at this thrilling super modern play with this brilliant array of celebrities.

Petite and charming Marion Davies comes again to Loew's State as the charmer of all the dough boys in France, the girl whom the whole army loves and sings about. The cast supporting this delicate lady is one to cope with these days including such names of prominence as Ukelele Ike Cliff Edwards, Benny Rubin and Lawrence Grey, the music and songs are the most catchy that we have heard in many a month, and we predict that ere long the whole town will be singing, playing, whistling and dancing to such tunes as BLONDY, JUST YOU JUST ME and the title number MARRI-ANNE. These songs have that infectious lilt to them that creeps into your very marrow and lays one right in the dewy morn and then you want more and more, while the comedy is the kind that we found such delight in watching What Price Glory.

All in all it is one glorious fun fest, with Marion claiming chief honors, and we also maintain that after you see this Metro Goldwyn Mayer attraction that you will agree with this writer that it is for Marion Davies the best performance in character that has yet been given by any stage or screen star to date. Don't Miss it.

Joan Crawford that girl from Kansas City with the "come on" eyes, that charmer of the mere man, is soon to appear in her first all talking and singing picture Metro Goldwyn Mayer's epic of the feminine UNTAMED. This vehicle is just what the young bloods crave for and how they are going to get it, it is hotter than hot and so much so that we cannot guarantee anything and with these few words of advice to see some asbestos dealer, we leave, for do you think they are all ACE HI? We do, sure let's go!

FOX THEATRE

Starting Friday, November 29th, the celebrated stage and screen star, GEORGE JESSEL in LOVE, AND LAUGH—all-talking Fox movietone masterpiece, with Lila Lee and David Rollins.

On the stage the jovial master of ceremonies, LYNN COWAN in Fanchon and Marco gorgeous idea, HOLLYWOOD STUDIO GIRLS.

— D D D —

You'd be Surprised!

*I like you so,
You know when to stay or go.
You go when I'm tired,
You stay when I'm not—
You're so different from the rest.*

*To me you seem good
'Cause you still like your food.
I think you're a riot,
'Cause you don't mention diet.
You're so different from the rest.*

*You never fuss,
You're full of thoughtfulness.
You feed me candy when I'm hungry
And bring me flowers when I'm blue.
You're so different from the rest.*

*But there 's someone, too,
Who has eyes of blue.
He never brings me anything,
And all we do is fight;
He's not different but I love him best!*

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Send for our NEW Illustrated
 GENERAL CATALOGUE

BOSTON**NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET****NEWPORT****PALM BEACH**

© BROOKS BROTHERS

(Continued from page 9)

Ginty of Shearer (who was still famous for the wide swathe he had cut during his days on the Varsity), took off his slouch hat and had a hair to hair talk with the team. "Boys," he said through his ponderous mustache, "you wanta be keerful today. That bunch comes from Pig College and they're liable to play dirty." He paused to let the remark soak in. "In fact," he continued, "I scouted their last game, and they did a lot of mean clipping from behind. Now I don't mind good clean football according to the rules of the Sanitary Barbers Union, but I calls that too Dand Druff." So saying he cleared his throat by tying his mustache back to his ears and sat down.

There—the referee's whistle! They're off!

Half the Shearer fans yelled "Dooit! Dooit! Dooit!" while the other half screamed "Noesur! Noesur! Noesur!"

The teams are evenly matched, and a close battle ensues. The air is filled with flashing razor blades and amputated ears. Quarter after quarter drags by, and still the score stands at 0-0.

But, alas; in the last quarter a Pig man succeeds in shaving off the moustache of Ike N. Dooit, and Pig leading by a score of .0093-0. From the loyal

Pig rooters in the south stands bursts forth that triumphant yell:*

Clip his hair,
 Shave his jaw.
 Leave his face
 Raw! Raw! Raw!

From the north grand stand a moan rises, for this stand is packed with loyal Shearer fans. From the east and west comes a dead silence, for this part of the stands is full of empty bay rum bottles and dead referees.

Time out for Shearer! Water boys, razor-strop boys, etc., rush out onto the field. Each water boy carries a large jug of Lucky Tiger Shampoo and the trainer has his pockets full of Vaness Massages.

The heart of Dooit is sick within him. His moustache is already gone; Milly will marry Horatio! But then Ike gets an idea. As long as Shearer is losing anyway, why not secretly clip off Noesur's beard and moustache?

When the game was once more under way, Ike watched his chance. Suddenly a razor flashes in the autumn sunlight, and the dastardly deed is done!

Noesur was heartbroken. Must Shearer loose because of the machinations of this villain? Luckily,

[*Copywrited by the National Barbers' Ass'n. in '01.]

(Turn to next page)

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

the referee was over behind the grand stands talking to some friends of his who had brought along some of the national drink (not Coco-Cola). Quick as a flash, Horatio reached into his pocket and drew forth a blottle of glue, which he smeared over his face. Then he once more dove into the thick of the combat. Hair flew thick and fast, and a good part of it lit on Noesur's face, where it stuck fast. Before the referee returned, our hero once more had copious facial shrubbery.

But he was so enraged at the scoundrel Dooit that he threw his scissors at the culprit with all his might. Fortunately Ike ducked. The scissors flew over his head, struck the opposing quarterback full in the face, and shaved off his beard neatly, just as the final whistle blew! What luck!

Shearer wins, 273-.0093!!

As a matter of fact Shearer would have won anyway because they had a substitute quarterback who was a Chinaman. They always sent him in during the last minute of play because his queue was usually enough to swing the tide of victory.

* * * *

Years later, the villainous Ike N. Dooit was expelled from the barbers' union for mixing hair tonic with has shaving cream. Meanwhile, Horatio had married Milly and several other girls as well, for he was the famous Gluebeard you've heard so much about.

— D D D —

Polite Young Gentleman (to nice old lady standing in a street car): "Beg pardon, madam, do you wish a seat?"

Nice Old Lady: "Why yes, thank you, son—I'm much obliged."

Polite Young Gentleman: "Well, there's one up there, in back of the motorman, you can use that while he's standing."

— D D D —

Two little dogs at making love on a doorstep. He panted. She panted.—A pair of pants that beat as one.

— D D D —

King: "Did you ever see a three-dollar bill?"

York: "No, I never have."

King: "Well, here's one—from my dentist."

— D D D —

Tourists will travel thousands of miles this summer to see the same billboard scenery they have at home.

— D D D —

Young Man: "Take my seat, madam."

She: "Thanks, I get off at the next stop, too."

A wide-awake young man who had just arrived at the summer hotel sought out the proprietor and said: "I notice that you have a sign up which reads: 'Guests will please exercise patients until the meals are served'."

"Yes, sir, that's right," said the proprietor.

"Well, if that pretty, but pale-looking girl over there is one of your patients, I will gladly take her for a walk along the beach."

— D D D —

"I believe that you should have an alienist examine your son."

"Not me. An American doctor is good enough for me."

— D D D —

Would anyone like to know where four-wheel brakes originated?—No— it isn't the same story you are thinking (shame on you!!)—Well, anyway—we're afraid to print it—*these faculty* you know (Please see the editor, but keep away from his "chevvie".)

— D D D —

Just Another Along The Same Old Line

Diner: "Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

Waiter: "Why, the little beggar must think he's a sea-plane."

— D D D —

Grace: "I didn't accept Bob the first time he proposed."

Graceless: "No, dearie, you weren't there."

— D D D —

Guest—"Who is that awful looking frump over there?"

Host—"That's my wife."

Guest—"Oh—er—pardon me, my mistake."

Host (sadly)—"No, no, mine."

—Judge

— D D D —

"My mother was fined \$1.10 for beating up my father."

"Why the \$.10?"

"Oh, that was the amusement tax."

—Drexverd

— D D D —

Father: "Don't talk to me! When I was young we never parked on any dark roads like you youngsters do today!"

Son: "Absolutely right, old man! But don't forget that a horse can steer itself!"

—Stone Mill

Darned Clever These—

A Scotchman owned a store. For several weeks his business was not what it had formerly been. He decided to give a gift to each customer on a certain day and placed a sign in his window on the day appointed: "Coat hanger and cigar lighter given free with each purchase."

The people swarmed his store and each customer received a nail and a match.

—*Chanticleer*

— D D D —

"Can I kiss you in the vestibule?"

"I suppose you ask that of every girl you go out with."

"No, indeed, not all the girls I go out with have vestibules."

— D D D —

Bride-to-be: "What should a young woman know before her marriage?"

Old Lady: "As little about her future husband as possible."

—*Whirlwind*

— D D D —

"It's No Joke"

A small boy who was sitting next to a very haughty lady in a crowded car kept on sniffing in a most annoying manner. At last the lady could bear it no longer, and turned to the lad.

"Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded.

The small boy looked at her for a few seconds, and then in a dignified tone came the answer:

"Yes, I have, but I don't lend it to strangers."

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*

— D D D —

"That janitor reminds me of a traveling salesman."

"How's zat?"

"He always leaves a dirty story or two behind him."

—*Pitt Panther*

— D D D —

She: "You musn't. Nay! Nay!"

He: "Please?"

She: "Nay!"

He: "Say, was your mother every scared by a horse?"

—*Brown Jug*

— D D D —

Soph: "I'm a member of Delta Delta Delta."

Frosh: "I heard the first time."

—*Lion*

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Vitamins to Food

Served on the Campus

Like Pictures ?

He—"How long did it take you to learn how to skate?"

She—"Oh, several sittings."

— D D D —

Hallette Osis: "What country is known for eating great quantities of Roquefort cheese?"

Little Oscar: "I am not sure—but it must have been Hungary."

— D D D —

He: "Have you heard the story about the two holes in the ground?"

She: "No."

He: "Well, well."

— D D D —

Co-ed: "What beautiful lips you have. I'd love to see them on a girl."

Greek God: "I seldom miss a chance."

— D D D —

She—"How did you know I was going to wear my hair curled this evening?"

He—"I saw it in the papers this morning."

—*Capper's Weekly*

— D D D —

"My father was a great western politician in his day."

"What did he run for?"

"The border."

—*Arizona Kitty Kat*

— D D D —

And did you know that two Scotch boys turned in their basket ball suits because they couldn't shoot all the free throws?

—*Iowa Frivol*

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STATIONERY**

1822 Locust St. CEntral 3755

Moan: "Who is doing all that yelling next door?"
Groan: "That man is talking to an East St. Louis lawyer."
Moan: "Well, why the hell doesn't he use the telephone?"

— D D D —

Auto Epitaphs

*Chant a hymn for Henry Lane—
He slammed the brakes on in the rain.*

*Breathe a prayer for Lucy Furr—
She lost a wheel at sixty per.*

*Here lie the bones of Ted McRee
He tried to watch the scenery.*

*They cremated old Percy Berve—
His sweetness kissed him on the curve.*

*In memory of Rose Ladue—
She fell asleep on highway two.*

*The grass is green o'er Johnny Mott—
The bridge was not just where he thought.*

*Let us recall dear Myrtle Mode—
She tried to pass on a country road.*

*Place flowers here for Goeffrey Bossing—
He raced the limited for the crossing.*

"I ain't hungry," said Rastus, as he surveyed the dish of mush.

"Why, honey, where's your appetite?"

"It flew the coop," he mournfully rejoined.

— D D D —

*Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner
Counting his hard-earned cash.
He stuck in his mits
Pulled out two bits
And said, "Guess I'll stick to the hash."*

— D D D —

*You're cunnin', you're just like molasses,
If you just didn't wear them horn-rimmed glasses.*

— D D D —

I looked out the window and saw her standing in front of our house. I couldn't help feeling sorry for her, so thin and so tired-looking. I knew she probably had to work hard every day. She wasn't at all bad to look at—yes there was something appealing about the look in her brown eyes. I couldn't imagine why she was standing there so long. Suddenly here came Joe the grocery boy. He hopped in the wagon and said giddap Kate and she started off at a gallop. Who said the old gray mare ain't what she used to be?

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823 Locust Street

Something To Be Thankful For

Mr. Jones had dined out six nights in succession. On the night of Thanksgiving, he turned up at home for the evening meal. When he was seated, Mrs. Jones rose and addressed the other occupants of the table.

"Children, we have with us tonight a guest of whom you have all heard, even if you do not know him personally. He is a man who has a reputation for good cheer in every club in the city and this evening we are to have the honor and pleasure of being numbered among the admirers of his entertaining qualities. It is with great pleasure that I present to you—your father!"

— D D D —

*The lights were low,
The room was still
When Sig Chi Jo
Court'd Pi Phi Lil.
He said he'd love her the rest of his life,
And made her promise to be his wife.*

*Now an awful mash had a K. A. man
On that sweet little Pi Phi Lil,
And he was biding his time as a K. A. can
While he loved her with many a thrill—
So when he heard the news he took his gun and went
out into the night,
And decided he'd go to Pi Phi Lil's and kill that
Sig Chi blight.*

*The night was a bitter night for love—
The snow was everywhere—
And more came down from up above
And froze the biting air,
It made sweet anger hot from the jilted K. A.'s woe,
With a terrible thirst for the red, red blood of that
horrible Sig Chi Jo.*

*The little fan-light over Lil's front door was a mel-
low, golden light,
And it beckoned to that K. A. man across the frozen
night.
It beckoned him with its limpid light up to the old
front door—
He opened—went in—saw her in Jo's arms—and
emptied his forty-four—.*

*Now this happened many years ago,
I think in '99—
And this little tale is just to show
That love in those days was the kind
That got the girl who said him nay—
And also the man who stood in the way.*

College Humor's MONTHLY BULLETIN



Click!

THE show is on. The December issue takes a bow. A fast stepping, wise cracking performance, with your own Joe College or Carl Campus as master of ceremonies.

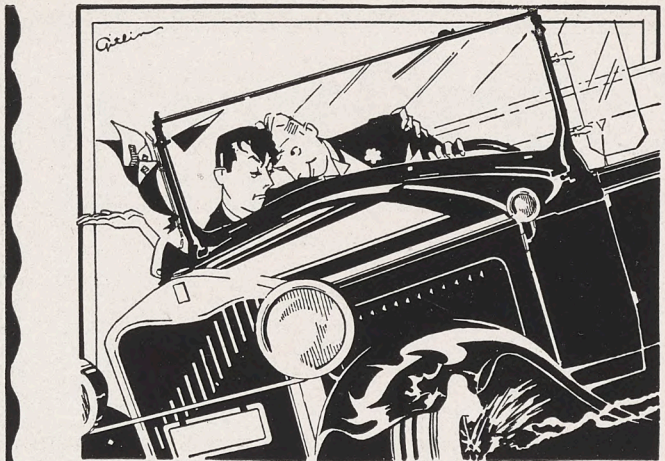
A last minute news reel, with its college spotlights, a splendid picture of the University of Nebraska, smart styles. . . . The feature begins. COLOSSUS, by Holworthy Hall, illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg, a glamorous novel of college life, featuring a man and three girls; sophisticated things by Eric Hatch and Katharine Brush follow. . . . Short subjects covering modernistic furnishings for fraternity and sorority houses, and all the varied interests of today's college crowd.

▲ ▲ ▲

College Humor's Outboard Races will be inaugurated next spring. Is your college interested in staging one of these colorful regattas and water carnivals? Complete details will appear in our January issue. Perhaps you have heard that College Humor is presenting a number of Gruen Paladin watches to individuals achieving marked success in the college field. Coach Bob Zuppke of Illinois, whose teams have won two consecutive football championships, was the first to be honored.

And, by the way, College Humor has a new sports editor—Les Gage, formerly director of publicity of the University of Wisconsin, and one of her foremost athletes.





First Stewed! "Watsh out Joe, you almosh drove up on the shidewalk!"

Second Stewed! "Hot damn! An'I thought you were driving! Pass me those Life Savers, or that cop'll give ush a night's lodging."

So Many of Us Do

"I've brought that last pair of trousers to be re-seated. You know I sit a lot."

"Yes," replied the tailor, "and perhaps you've brought the bill to be receipted too. You know I've stood a lot."

— D D D —

Yes, Col. Lindbergh is discovering old, lost cities and putting them on the map, but don't go and say that St. Louis was the first. No, I'm not from St. Louis!

— D D D —

"I'm leaving Saturday night," said the boarder. "Such dirty towels—a ring around the bath tub, and never any Lifebuoy."

"Well," said his landlady, "You've a tongue in your head, aintcha?"

"Yes," he admitted, "but what you think I am—a cat?"

— D D D —

The maid of all work leaves a note—

"Mrs. Galler cald up an sez as sun you kum home plis to kolerope. Don metter holate yougedis jus to kolerope."

— D D D —

"Stop me if. . . ."

— "Or what have you?"

"A Seat of Culture"

*A Boston lady owns a dog,
One of those high-toned towzers;
He's so well bred that in the heat,
He never pants—he trousers.*

— D D D —

"Dad, what is an advertisement (accent on the 2nd syllable)?"

"An advertisement is a picture of a pretty girl, eating, wearing, holding, emanating, or driving something that somebody wants to sell."

Therefore, we use Listerine, Lifebuoy, Marchand's Golden Glint (yes, I ride the street cars for the 5 cent fare) and eat Campbell's soups of various natures.

— D D D —

"Why, Rastus, what's the matter? You seem as mad as the proverbial wet hen."

"Well, suh, why shouldn't I bes? The doctor man what operated me foh pendictius done went and sewed me up wif white thread."

— D D D —

Lady to Elevator Girl: "Where are the slip covers?"

Elevator Girl: "Dresses on the fourth floor, madam."

— D D D —

In Chemistry Class

Prof: "How would you measure the height of a building by a barometer?"

Stude: "Tie a string to it, take to top of building, drop down, and measure the length of the string."

— D D D —

Have you heard about the two Armenians who went to California and started a pecan ranch? Their story is incorporated in a book entitled "From nutting to Riches" and may be obtained at all Walgreen drug stores in handy sizes. You will notice the difference after six bottles.

— D D D —

Sky: "I hear you and your wife had some words."

Hy: "I still have mine. I didn't get a chance to use them."

— D D D —

1st Steno: "How long did you work for your boss?"

2nd Steno: "Until I got him."

English Prof: "Repeat in your own words—I see the cow—The cow can run—The cow is pretty."

Frosh: "Lamp de cow. Ain't she a beaut? An' say, baby, she sure can step."

— D D D —

"My car runs a little ways and then stops."
"A Spurt Model, eh?"

— D D D —

Nitt: "How's the baby?"
Witt: "Sh-h! The wife's right back of me."

— D D D —

Minni: "Hear you fainted on the French Liner and they brought you to."

Jack: "Sure, but I fainted again."

Minni: "What then?"

Jack: "Oh, they brought me two more."

— D D D —

One of our freshmen wants to know if the moon had a baby would the sky rocket?

— D D D —

(With apologies to Kipling)

*When the last days of Hell-week are over
And the paddles are all worn and tried;
When the meanest active can't harm you
And the frailest pledge is revived;
We shall rest. And how we shall need it!
Loaf 'round for a week or two,
'Til plans for the next season's rushing
Shall set us to work anew.*

— D D D —

*Yes, Yer Honor, I croaked 'im—
I laid fer 'im an' I soaked 'im—
I ain't sorry—I'd do it agin—
Don't see why th' law butts in—
He was the baddest egg that ever was—
I happen to know its th' truth because—*

OH! BUT THAT WOULD BE TATTLING!
AND I COULDN'T TATTLE, YOUR HONOR!

— D D D —

Once an elderly lady was being shown over Nelson's ship, the "Victory". As the party approached the spot where Nelson met his death, the attendant pointed to the plate fixed in the deck, and said, "There is where Nelson fell."

The old lady was impressed but not in the right way.

"No wonder," she said, "I nearly tripped over that thing myself."

FOR

Delicious Sandwiches

Joseph Garavelli's

DeBaliviere and DeGiverville

"Hello, My Friend"

*I'm on a drunk and I know it—
I'm terribly stewed and I show it—
But tho you may think—
I don't like to drink—
I've got a roll—watch me blow it.*

— D D D —

Will she turnip her nose when you tell her this?
My Sweet Potato:

Do you carrot all for me? My heart beats for you. You are the apple of my eye. If we cantaloupe lettuce marry. We will be a happy pear.

— D D D —

It Is To Laugh

Have you seen Lohengrin?
No, but I've seen Minnehaha.

— D D D —

Evolution

10 years. My doll.
18 years. My darling.
40 years. My dollar.

— D D D —

Alyce: "I adore Keats."
Ikey: "Oy, it's a relief to meet a lady vot likes children."
—Penn State Froth

— D D D —

It was in a cheap vaudeville house. An Oriental act had just been concluded and incense filled the house.

"Usher," complained a pompous man in an aisle seat, "I smell punk."

"That's all right," whispered the usher, confidentially, "just sit where you are and I won't put any one near you."

—Bison

W. U. and ST. L. U. STUDENTS



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A bird in the hand has to be watched closely.

—Cajoler

— D D D —

"Never tell secrets around chairs."

"Why?"

"Because they are tale bearers."

—Pitt. Panther

— D D D —

He's so rich he doesn't know his son's in college.

—Mountain Goat

— D D D —

Keeping Step

*I've kept that school-girl complexion,
I've walked a mile for a smoke;
I've asked the man who owns one,
And he tells me it keeps him broke.
I know that a child can play it,
To guard the danger line I try;
I know when it's time to retire,
And I've heard that they satisfy.
But there's one thing that baffles me,
Even for a life time I strive:
I'd like to know just whether or not
I'm one of the four out of five.*

—Flamingo

In Kansas it is unlawful for a movie kiss to consume over fifty feet of film.

Gosh, I've seen some in South Dakota that lasted over three miles of concrete paving.

—Wet Hen

— D D D —

Phi Delt: I love you, dearie.

Hazel: You don't mean it.

Phi Delt: My Gawsh, you're a mind reader.

—Wet Hen

— D D D —

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

—The Jester

— D D D —

Many an artist is born in a dull professor's class.

—Buffalo Bison

— D D D —

"I just adore dark men."

"You'd have a big time in Africa."

—Kitty Kat

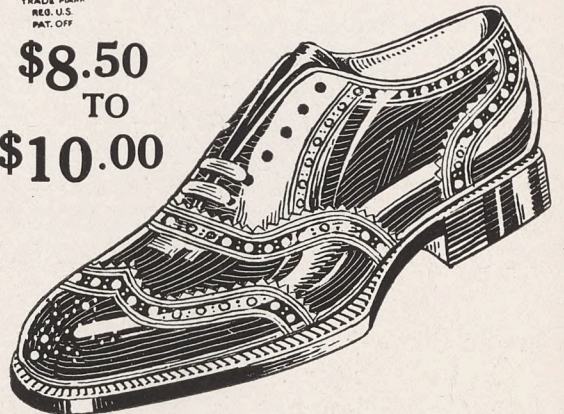
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Washington at Grand

Score-keeper: "How many times have we kissed tonight?"

Her: "Twice. Remember when I had to answer the door-bell."

—*Stone Mill*

— 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 —

Mrs. O'Toole—He'vins above, Mrs. O'Malley, an' did yoh'se hear of that terrible wreck—forty-eight Eyetalians an' one Irishman were killed?

Mrs. O'Malley—Faith and Oi didn't! The poor man.

—*Montreal Goblin*

— D D D —

George—Do you believe in clubs for women?

Earl—Yes, if kindness fails.

—*Oklahoma A and M. Aggievator*

— D D D —

Pete: How many kinds of milk are there?

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

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

—*Flamingo*

— D D D —

The Man: "I nearly sneezed when I was kissing you that time."

The Maid: "Oh! That was it, was it? We'll, do it again, honey. I loved it."

—*Bowl*

— D D D —

"What was your idea of going out with my girl?"

"Same as yours."

Note: The remains will be buried tomorrow.

—*Buccaneer*

— D D D —

Student: My dog slobbers at the mouth. What shall I do for him?"

Veterinarian: Teach him how to spit.

—*Frivol*

— D D D —

Up-to-date proverb: There's only a slip 'twixt the gown and the skin.

—*Lord Jeff*

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Twisting the Truth

The widow of a man electrocuted for murder who tells everyone that her husband occupied the Chair of Applied Electricity at a Public Institution.

—*News*

— D D D —

A woman's favorite line is a "clothes line"!

— D D D —

'28 (disgustedly)—G'wan, you've got hayseed in your hair.

'31 (naively)—That ain't hayseed; that's wild oats.

—*Jug*

— D D D —

'32: Yes, I'm a track man.

'30: What section do you work on?

—*Ollapod*

— D D D —

"May face is my fortune."

"When did you go out of business?"

—*Brown Jug*

— D D D —

"Shay, was I here thish mornin'?"

"Dunno, I didn't see you come in."

"J'see me come in this time?"

"No."

"Then how do you know I'm in?"

—*Pitt. Panther*

— D D D —

She: "Promise you'll love me as long as you live."

He: "Cross my heart and hope to die."

—*Columbia Jester*

— D D D —

"I understand Joan of Arc died of indigestion."

"Indigestion?"

"Yes, too much hot steak."

—*Pointer*

**EAT AT THE
*Lee Hall Cafeteria***

The best of food and
convenient for everyone

Washington University

St. Louis, Mo.

Dirge

He: "What message did Caesar send back after he met Cleopatra?"

She: "Veni, vidi, vici."

— D D D —

Logic

Jack: When there are two frogs why must the man shoot but one?

Jill: Because the other will croak too.

— D D D —

Burglar: Where have you been?

His Partner: Robbing a fraternity house.

Burglar: Lose anything?

—Utah Crimson

— D D D —

"Some people," muttered the villain fiendishly, "are as low as a duck's insteps."

—Buffalo Bison

— D D D —

He (discussing the present day fair sex): I can't for the life of me see what keeps women from freezing.

She (blushing): I don't think you are supposed to see.

—Yellow Jacket

— D D D —

"I know a place where women don't wear anything— except a string of beads once in a while."

"Holy gee, where?"

"Around their necks, stupid."

—Jester

— D D D —

Her Voice: Whisper sweet nothings into my ear.

His Voice: All right. "Sweet nothings."

—Buffalo Bison

Liquor Is Like That

In Paris you sit on the sidewalk and drink, while in New York you drink and then sit on the sidewalk.

— D D D —

"A bathing beauty contest is more or less a survival of the fittest."

— D D D —

Squire Perkins: Nell, after I die, I wish you would marry Deacon Brown.

Nell: Why so, Hiram?

Squire: Well' the deacon trimmed me on a horse trade once.

—Buffalo Bison

— D D D —

She—Say something soft and sweet to me, dear.

He—Custard pie.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot

— D D D —

"Isn't it exhausting to carry on a conversation with an intellectual?"

"Yes; sometimes I feel myself about to wisecrack under the strain.

—C.C.N.Y. Mercury

— D D D —

Then there's the absent-minded co-ed who left her negligee in the bathtub and slipped on a cake of soap.

—Octopus

— D D D —

"You say your roommate goes around too much with girls?"

"No, no, I said he was a man with broad interests."

—Harvard Lampoon

— D D D —

Jock: Don't forget that the success of the party hinges on us tonight.

Jack: Righto! But don't you think—uh—we ought to oil the hinges?

—Buffalo Bison

— D D D —

"She's just like a General Motors product."

"Fisher Body?"

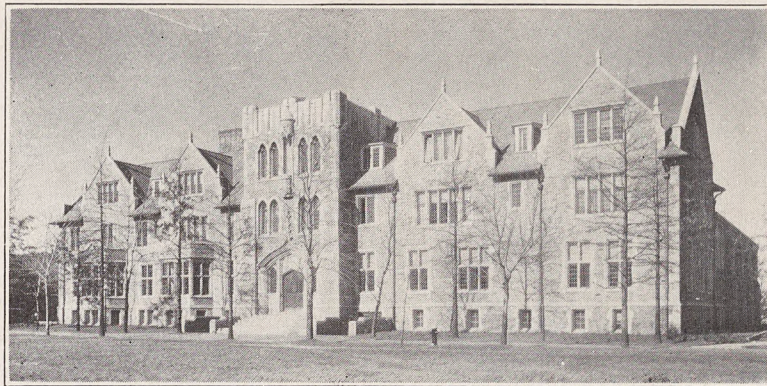
"No, Frigidaire."

—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern

— D D D —

"If you don't raise my salary," announced the minister, "you can all go to hell."

—Michigan Gargoyle



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