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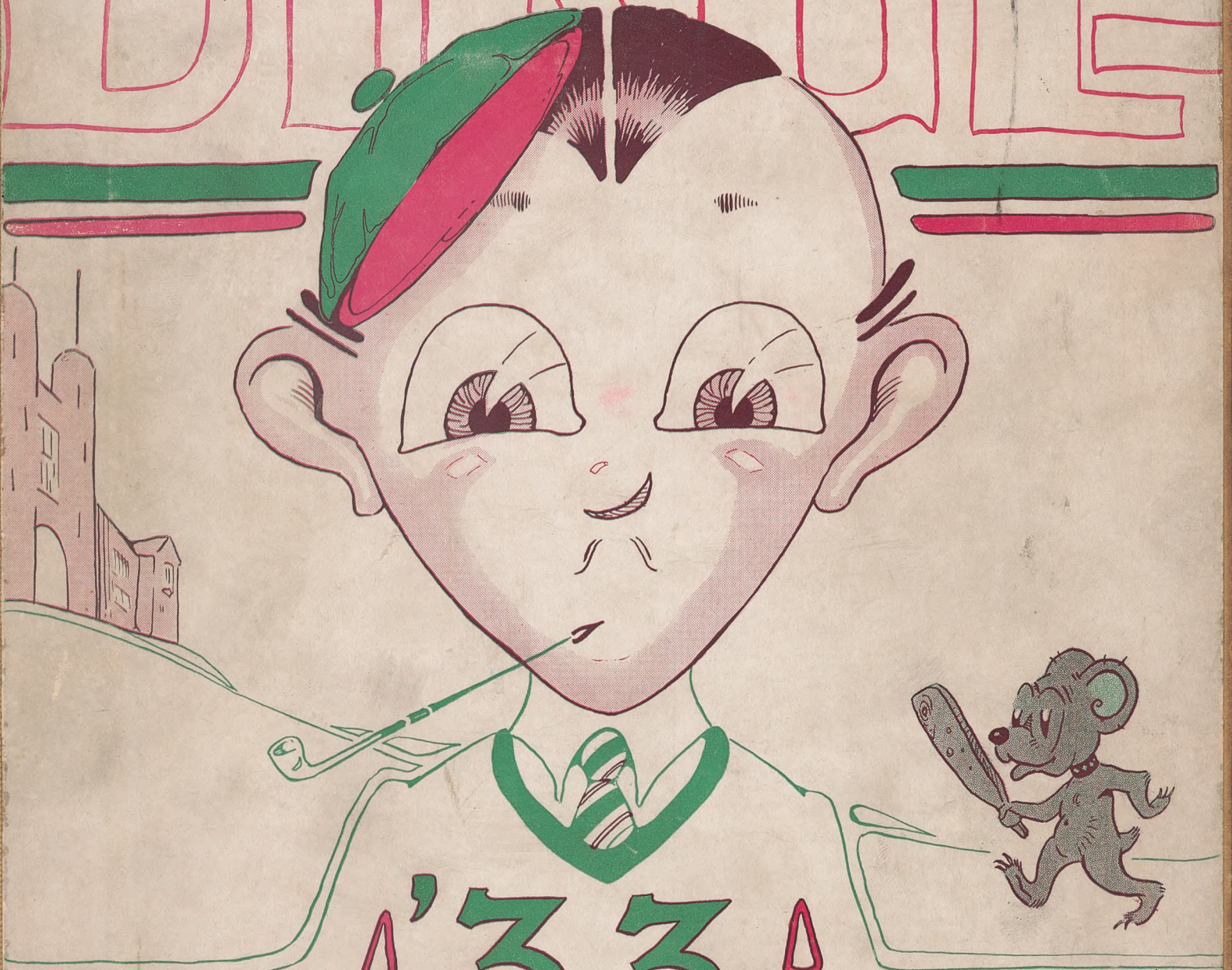
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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

DIPLOMA



'33

HERE'S

THAT

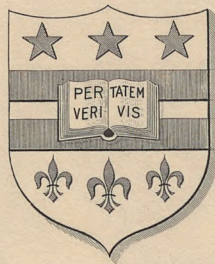
FRESHMAN NUMBER

SEPT. '29

FRED MEKNIGHT

25¢

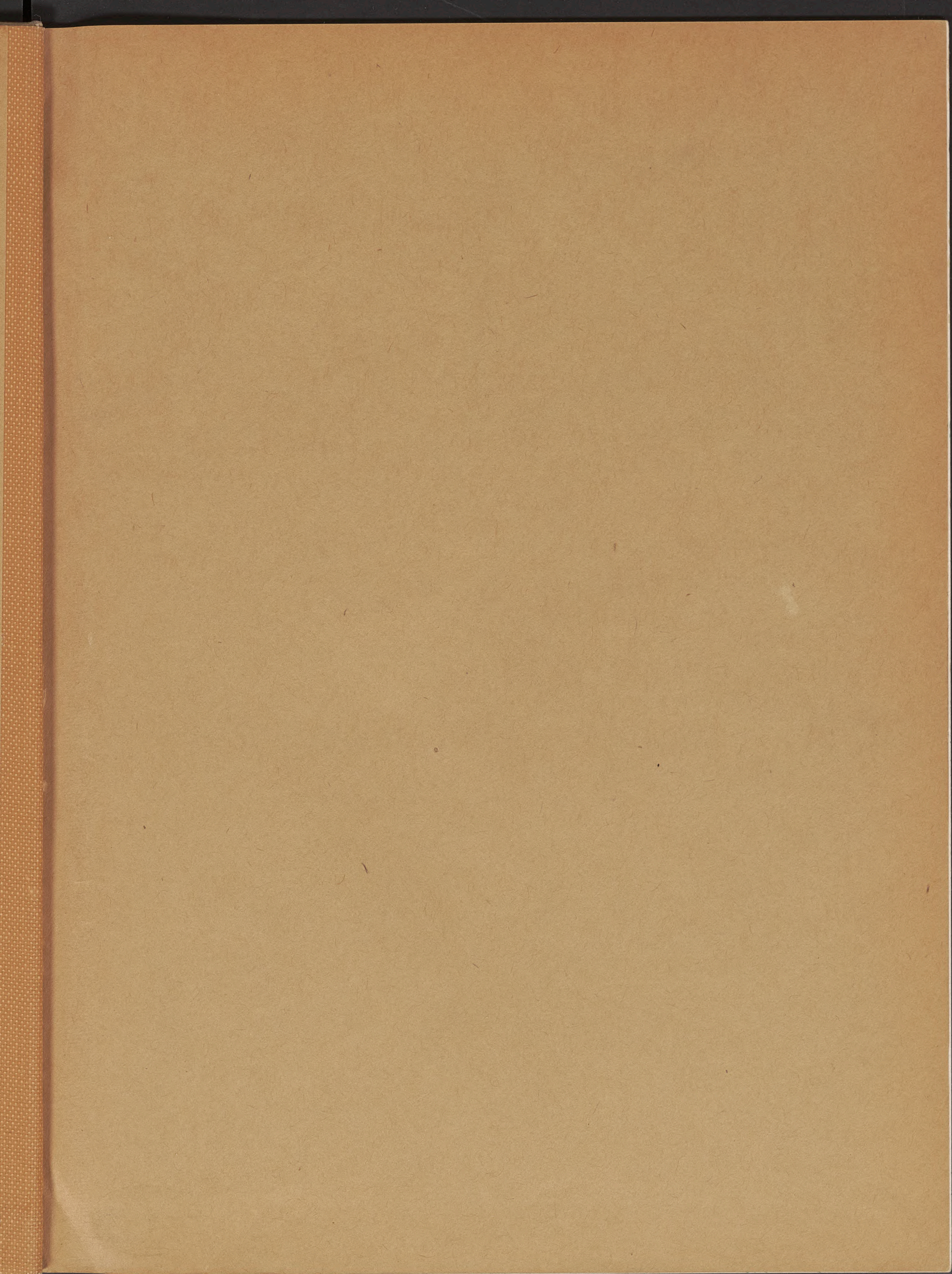
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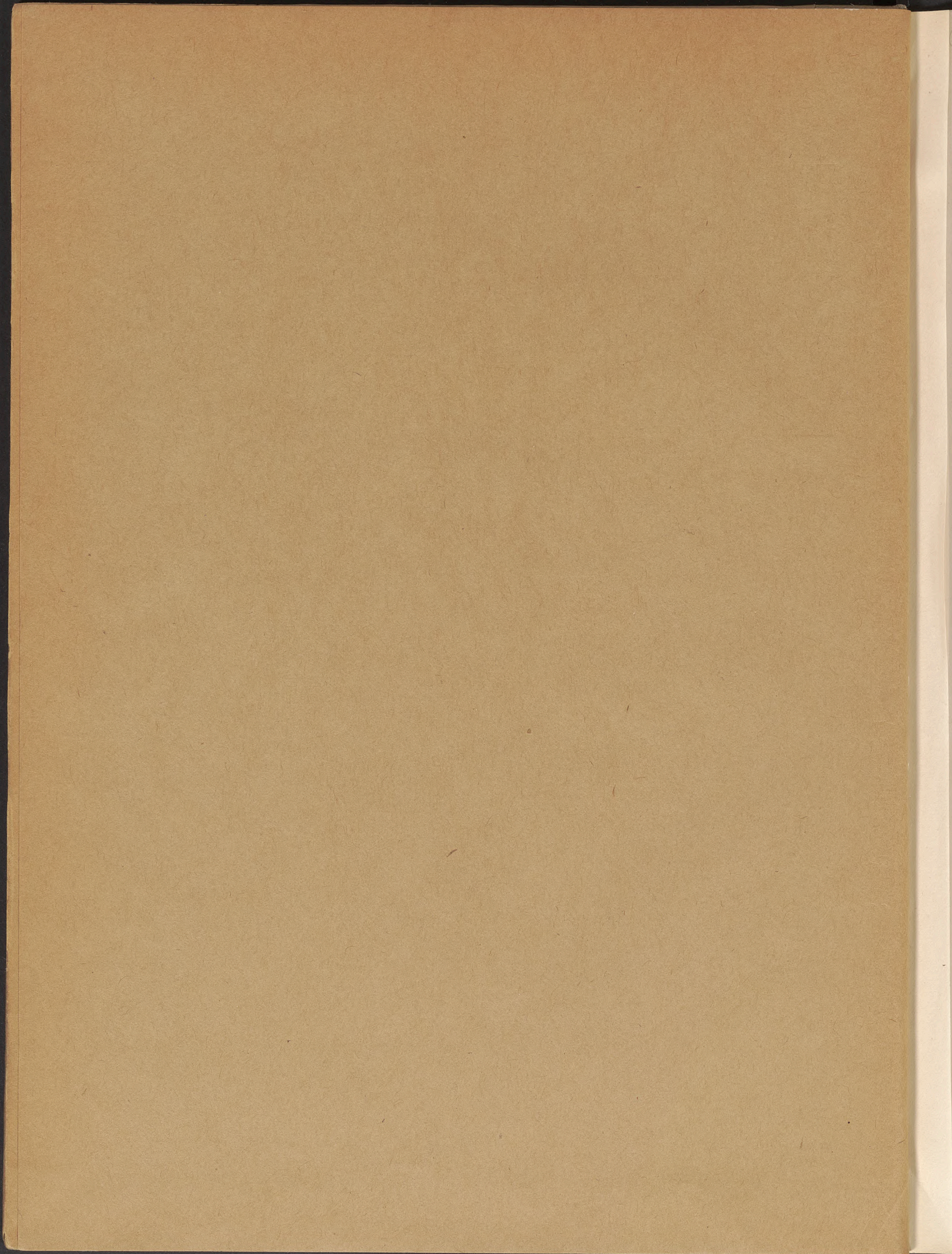


Washington University

The Gift of
Kenneth Tisdal







Gift - Kenneth Tiedal
March 1943

September, 1929

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY DIRGE

1 28
2496
10

The Boy: "You're one in a million, kid."
The Maid: "So are your chances."

—Lion

— D D D —

Heart Broken Wife: "I cook and cook and cook
for you and what do I get in return? Nothing!"
Husband: "You're lucky. I get dyspepsia."

—Drexel

— D D D —

"This parting hurts."
"Well, don't bear down so hard on the comb."

—Drexel

— D D D —

Mr. Jones: "I was surprised to hear that you
have a young son."

Mr. Smith: "Oh, yes. To heir is human, you
know."

Mr. Jones: "Oh." —The Skipper

— D D D —

Stude: I have called to see about getting a job.
Boss: But I do all the work myself.
Stude: Perfect, when can I start?

—Temple Owl

— D D D —

The All-American College Hymn

Hmmmm da da daaa, do da da
Alma Mater thee,
Hmmmm doo do classics halls,
Hmmmm la la doo doo ivied walls,
Alma Mater three!

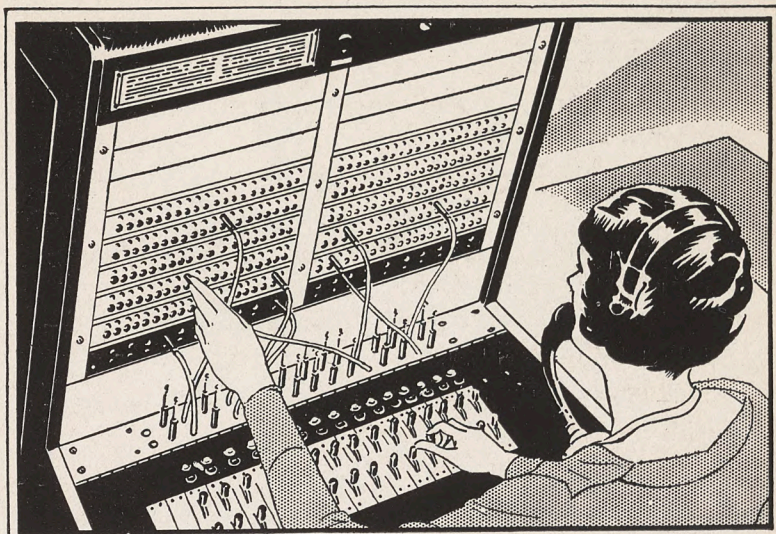
Hmmmmmm da da do la
Hopes and fears,
Hmmmmmmmm loo da loo loo
da la years
Alma Mater threeeee!

—Christian Science Monitor

— D D D —

"Where are you going?"
"Dunno."
"How long are you going to be gone?"
"Dunno."
"Watcha going to do there?"
"Dunno."
"When you coming back?"
"Dunno."
"Well, I'll go on and meet you there and we can
do it together and I'll be back by then."

—Brown Jug



THE FAR-FLUNG PARTS OF AN ORGANIZATION, ITS DEALERS AND ITS CUSTOMERS, ARE BROUGHT AS CLOSE AS INSTANT SPEECH

great strides in invention,
great expenditures...

Business, using the telephone, eliminates space and time. The far-flung parts of an organization with its dealers and customers are brought together by instant speech. The home, like the office, reaches out over an ever-widening circle of neighbors.

The telephone is tireless and quick. It runs errands near and far, transacts business, keeps friendships alive. Telephones throughout the house save time and fatigue. They bring the comforts and conveniences of the office to the women in the home.

Keeping ahead of the new developments in American life calls for great strides in inventions, great expenditures in money, all a part of the ideal that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.



An advertisement of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Co.

JEST IN PUN

Advice to Freshman on their first spree: "Don't give up the sip."

Rural Youth: "Hey, pop, the goat just ate another rabbit."

Ditto Adult: "Gosh dern at all! Another hare in the butter!"

"Yes," said Sherlock Holmes, "the murderer wore rubbers and walked backwards."

"Ha!" replied Watson. "We must then look for a man with receding gums."

—"That girl I had out last night was sure honest with me."

—"Oh! A candidate, I suppose."

The world's worst pun concerns the Frosh who called his girl postscript because her name was Adeline.

Hubby: "Look at the hair I found in this apple pie."

Wifey: "That's funny; the grocer told me the apples were Baldwins."

"Mary's running around with some new fellow now."

"Yeah. I hear he's a rounder."

"Almost every night!"

"There goes the clothes of a perfect day," said the chorus girl in the roadhouse.

Ho, hum! That's about enough of these Dirgey jokes.

— D D D —

Mother (in train)—"Tommy, if you are not a good boy I shall smack you."

Tommy—"You slap me, and I'll tell the conductor my real age."

—Brown Jug

— D D D —

Ode To A Fly

Hail! Vagrant venturer, presumptuous pioneer!
Harbinger of warmth! First fly of the year!
Arch enemy of man, disturber of the morning meal,
Nestling upon the window pane, so small and still.
Dost thou repent thy early birth, and pause in doubt,
Afraid to move, impatient yet to buzz about?
So potent, yet so helpless 'gainst the frosted pane,
The first cold night will prove thy life in vain.
Nay! Sail not off! Remain in amity.
'Tis Spring, a truce for us, no harm to thee.
Why should we war? Far, far too soon
Will come thy hordes to buzz in tune.
To creep, to fight, to live their day,
To gorge themselves, to love, and pass away.
How simple all thy wants, how dull thy brain.

—Log

Over His Head

Would-be-Actor: "Bread, bread. Give me bread"
—and just then the curtain came down with a roll.

—Lyre

— D D D —

Slowly and silently she laid the white lifeless form in the place that had been prepared for it. Tenderly and gently she rose and gazed for the last time on that which she had brought into being. Mute, dry-eyed, alone, for a short space, she leaned over the littled rounded body that was fast growing cold. Suddenly those who were near were disturbed by the heart-rending shriek that echoed through the stillness of the early summer morning.

Again there was silence; then a second shriek. Then shriek upon shriek. We rushed to the spot. We raised the lifeless little body, carried it into the house and had it boiled for breakfast.

The little red hen had done her duty again!

—Cajoler

— D D D —

The Story Of The Rock

By Hendrick Ban Looney

To the religionist, it's the Rock of Ages
To the geologist, it's just another stratum.

But to the modern miss, it's "just a small gift from my boy friend."

—Beanpot

— D D D —

Brown Classes

Genetic's Professor: "Of course you realize that you are half your father and half your mother. For the sake of argument, suppose that your mother had married a different man than your father, and your father had married a different woman than your mother, and that they had had each a son. Then you would have been two other people . . . MY GOD! Who threw that chair?"

—Brown Jug

— D D D —

Patient: "But won't an operation be terribly expensive?"

Doctor: "On no. That calls for a cut rate."

—Juggler

— D D D —

First Customer—Gimme a horses neck!

Second Customer—Gimme the same!

Bar Tender—There goes two perfectly good horses!

—Burr

Lydia's Love Lyrics

I.
Jack is a boy from Niles—
So near and yet so far—
I love him when he smiles,
And for his Packard car.

II.
And Jimmie's from Chicago,
With lovely eyes of blue;
His Lincoln is a dream, so
I'm sure I love him, too.

III.
A charming chap from Goshen,
Is Albert William Butts.
He's wetter than the ocean,
But he owns a gorgeous Stutz.

IV.
And Paul, he was from Buffalo,
Whom I really once adored;
But I had to give him up though —
For he only owned a Ford.

—Juggler

— D D D —

The absent-minded professor has nothing on the
business man who kissed his wife and then started
to dictate a letter.

—Boston Beanpot

— D D D —

No, My Dear, the Brasses

He: "Our love is a glorious melody—a sym-
phony of two instruments perfectly harmonized."

"She: "With the wind instruments predominat-
ing, dear?"

—Columns

— D D D —

Did you ever realize how much trouble could be
caused by an omitted letter? Well, I didn't either
until I went down to the hospital to visit Joe Hebble-
white, who is recovering from an accident. After
he told me how many stitches had been taken and
how many bones set, I asked how it happened. He
said a dumb telegraph operator was the cause of it.
"And as a result, the train was wrecked," I finished
for him. "No," says Joe, "but I wish it had been."
"Ellucidate," prompts I. "Well," says Joe, "I was
out on the road, as traveling salesmen sometimes
are, and like the loving husband I am I thought I'd
send a wire to the little woman, letting her know
when I'd be home. So I wired: 'If I can leave here
tonight I'll be home in the morning.' And the wife
welcomed me—what I mean she welcomed me!
Look me over." "But where does the telegraph
operator come in?" "Well, the dumb bunny forgot
to send the last e in here!"

—Juggler

Advertisement for University City Bank and Trust Co. featuring a photo of the bank building and text: University City Bank and Trust Co. 6633 DELMAR BOULEVARD formerly Bank of University City. Most convenient to the University Will be pleased to have your business. MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Now That We Have "Speakies" We'll
Know What They Really Say in
These Gooley Close-ups

"Be careful of my bridge work, baby."

"Say, listen, Mother India, I been working in
pictures since the Birth of a Nation, and wot with
side practice—and you say that."

"Yeh, I suppose so, but drop your hand a little,
you're cramping my style! Why can't you be suave
and gentlemanly about all this?"

"What's the matter with you? Didn't you read
wot the critics said in New York about my unsur-
passed performances in Hearts and Heroes?"

"Ho, hum!—Well, let's put a little fire into this.
Gotta give the public its money's worth."

"All right—neck me, baby!"

"Stand aside and be necked, honey!"

— D D D —

Mine Too

I call my 'girl Wrigley's because she is always
after meals.

—Azwegan

Handwritten notes: 378.1, V.11, 1929/30

Helpfully ?

Officer: "What do you mean by doing sixty miles an hour through this town?"

Husband: "Why, you—*—!—*—!"

Wife (helpfully): "Don't pay any attention to him, officer, he's intoxicated."

—*Brown Jug*

— D D D —

Lieutenant: "Why are you scratching yourself?"

R. O. T. C.: "'Cause I'm the only one that knows where I itch."

—*Drexel*

— D D D —

I'd surely like
To smack the clown
Who insists on shouting,
"I faw down."

—*Sivasher*

— D D D —

He: Don't you dare scream, girl.

She: Why not, pray?

He: All right, pray then, but it won't do you any good.

—*Ski-U-Mah*

— D D D —

Too Much Bare

And so when the old Indian Chief saw his flapper daughter after she had been to college, he changed her name to "Little Bare".

—*Reserve Red Cat*

— D D D —

Texas Dick: And do you want an English saddle or one with a horn on it?

Buffalo Bill: Give me the English saddle; we won't be in any traffic.

—*West Point Pointer*

— D D D —

The jackass, he are a lovely bird,
He hair are long and thick.
He are mostly ears and head,
But a lot of he are kick.

—*Buccaneer*

— D D D —

Broadmindedness is the ability to smile when you suddenly discover that your room-mate and your girl are missing from the dance floor.

—*Cannon Bazel*

— D D D —

"She's a very nicely reared girl."

"Yes. She looks good from the front, too."

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

Odds and Ends

The natives of Japan never comb their hair while eating breakfast.

If Kansas City were the Capital of the U. S. the President would live there.

Unlike other people, Oxford grads always put on their pants before putting on their shoes.

The naturalized citizens of Germany never see the ceiling without looking up at it.

The Italians do not care for gravy with their ice cream.

—*California Pelican*

— D D D —

Prof (at registration): "How many in your family?"

Frosh: "Seven, sir."

Prof: "All together?"

Frosh: "No, one at a time."

—*Brown Jug*

— D D D —

I'm made. I've invented a device for looking through a brick wall.

What is it?

A window. Tee hee.

—*Buccaneer*

— D D D —

Tempting

Tough Guy—For two cents I'd knock your block off.

Wise Guy—Get away from me, you dirty professional.

—*U. of S. Calif. Wampus*

— D D D —

"Have you ever had foreign relations?"

"No, I only go out with American girls."

—*S. D. Wet Hen*

— D D D —

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

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

—*Tiger*

— D D D —

"Come forth, come forth, Ben Hur," shrieked Iras.

But he came fifth and thus escaped Pyorrhoea.

—*Cow*

— D D D —

She was only an artist's model, but the police found nothing on her."

—*Amherst Lord Jeff*

DIRGE

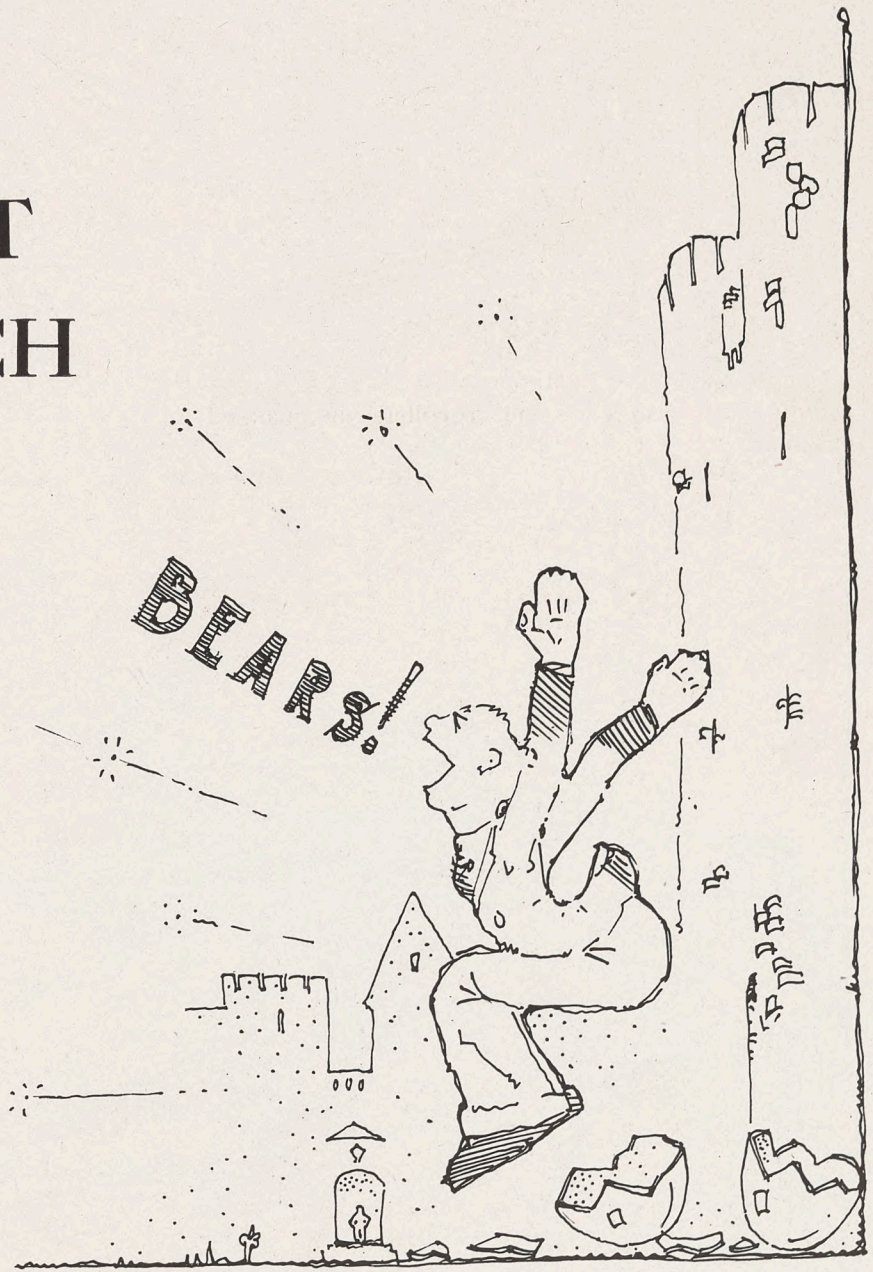
throws the

SPOTLIGHT

on

the

LAST HATCH



And up jumped the devil!



DIRGE
dedicates her
Freshman Number
to those
who still have
their
Aircastles
about College

HIS FIRST LETTER HOME—

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

5 A.M.
And no cows to milk

Dear mother, father, Bill, Audrey, and Fido,

I haven't got used to sleeping late yet so I thought I'd get up and write you a letter. I arrived safely on the nineteenth. I registered between the 20th and 25th like the catalogue said to—I stood in line the first four days. I pledged a fraternity the night of the 26th (am not writing the name because it is Greek and you can't read it). But on second thought I'll give you a chance—it is **בשר**. Brothers Finklesmaltz and Rosenblatt know Greek very well and though it is **בשר**. very difficult to speak I am learning fast. The experience I got directing the high school band sure comes in handy!

This sure is a swell college—it really is beautiful—the front door looks like this It has a marvelous back yard in the middle of it where the students play between classes. There is a long line of benches in front of the library (which are sometimes used for steps) where they rest off and on.



There is a swell clock over the front door which the students watch so that they can tell when its time to go into the library to keep from seeing their professors. I haven't gone to any classes yet but my frat brothers told me that I might as well spend my first semester just getting acquainted.

There are lots of good looking girls here but none of them know me. I wish Henrietta was here. They sure do things on a big scale here. I wish you could see the "Women's Building."

They're going to play a football game here in a couple of weeks. They're going to play it at night—because the days are getting so short, I guess. St. Louis is big alright, but it doesn't seem to be as wicked like you said it was. Everybody says that things will pick up a lot after school starts though.

I had to take either geology or physics during my freshman year. I never tried geology before but I guess I'll take a shot at it. If you see Henrietta would you please remind her that she still owes me a letter—and that she promised to give that Joe Dubbs the cold shoulder while I'm away at college.

Your dear son,

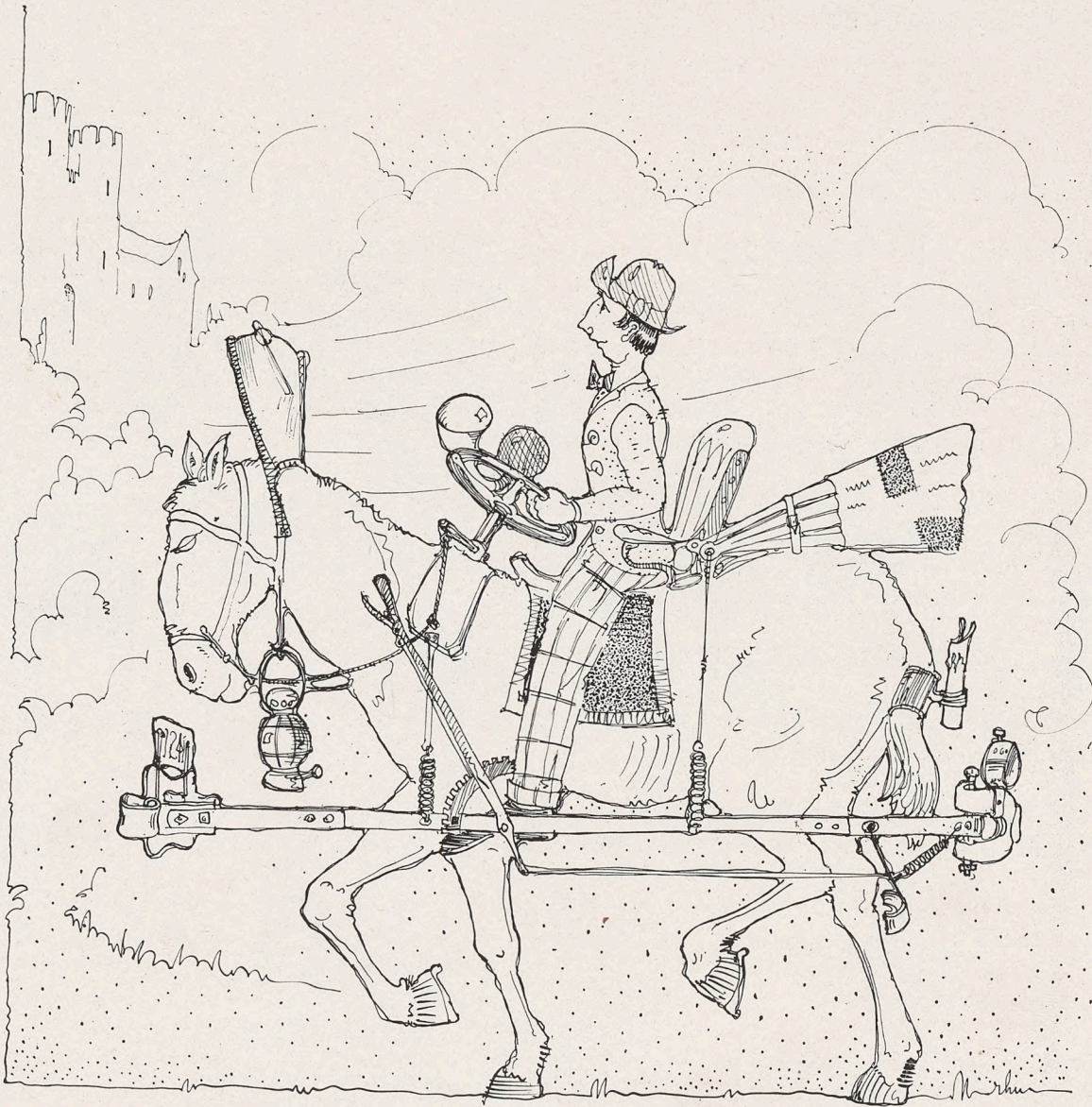
Horatio

P. S. That money you gave me won't quite last till I come home Christmas, but I think I can get along O.K. till the end of the month.

The Annual Freshman Dredging

or

Just Another Bum's Rush





With his modern equipage Aloysus could do anything that you can do on a bicycle.

TWICE upon a time there lived in Cantaloupe Prairie, Missouri, one Aloysus Dingleberry, an unconsciously potential "frat man", son of a poor but honest horse-thief. Little did Aloysus dream, as he cranked up the family mare and headed for college, that he was soon to be plunged into a maelstrom of superheated females, crafty bootleggers, and drunken stupors. As a matter of fact, he wasn't.

As he bounced smoothly along over the road, his horse making seventeen revolutions per minute,

he was whistling the chorus from "Strange Interlude". Suddenly he saw before him a young man dressed in the latest collegiate fashion. Aloysus presumed that he was one of the "four letter men" he had read about, for on his sweater were four letters, Y. M. C. A.

This young man seized the horse's bridle with a silver monogrammed bridle-seizer, and then addressed Mr. Dingleberry in care of the station to which he was listening.

( *detour to next page* )

"Mr. Dingleberry, I presume," he presumed.

Aloysus said nothing, accenting the first syllable of each word strongly.

"My name is Browne," continued the collegiate one.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Brown," said Al.

"Browne," corrected the other, whose sensitive ear had caught the omission. (His ear was good at catching omissions, having served a whole season as omission catcher on the St. Louis Cardinals.) "However, to continue. I represent the Swigmo Rye fraternity. Our alumni is one of the oldest and best in the country, and we have at least one representative in every speakeasy the world over. Our fraternity offers you six meals a week, at least one of which is edible, this being served on the chef's day off. Our—"

"Lissen," interrupted a second person singular, who had suddenly appeared from behind a fire-plug. "It's the bunk. A rat got locked up in their pantry and died of starvation. On the other hand, at the I Felta Theta house we have—"

Meanwhile two Sick Alfs crept up behind Aloysus and pulled his horse out from under him. Dingleberry rolled into the gutter, and was immediately pounced upon by the representatives of the aforementioned fraternities, and also by two Sigmoid Nudes, who saw the mob in the gutter and thought that someone had discovered a cigar butt. Meanwhile the faithless mare wandered off in a northeasterly direction in search of a hamburger stand.

The Lappa Swigs were at last victorious, and dragged the mangled and bleeding body to their house. After binding and gagging him, they gave him a chloroform cocktail. Three days later he revived. The Lappa Swigs patched him up with a needle and thread and seventeen packages of chewing gum, and he was then as good as new.

"Hearken," said Brother Pete Petunia, High Exalted Scorekeeper. "We are sure that if you join this fraternity you will feel right at home. What have you on the farm that we cannot offer you here? When it comes to rural life, we have everything, EVERYTHING!" he shrieked, his voice breaking into several small pieces.

"What's the name of this chapter?" asked Aloysus, weakening perceptibly.

"This," replied Mr. Petunia, "is Lappa Swig Chapter No. 4927583-J."

"That doesn't sound so home-like," said Dingleberry, reprovingly.

"Well, Al, my boy," said the other, "as a special favor to you we will install a new chapter for you and you can name it what you please."

Aloysus Dingleberry broke down. He was immediately repaired by expert mechanics, and with tears in his handkerchief (he had already wiped



"Did you fall for him?"
"No, but I sure slipped."

— D D D —

them out of his eyes) the pledge pin was placed upon his lapel. And that's how the Lappa Swig's Alpha Alpha chapter (No. 4927584-J) was founded.

But in following the adventures of our hero we have lost sight of another character just as important. I know that if we don't clear this matter up now many of Dirge's readers will be writing letters to us asking "What the hell happened to Aloysus's mare?" In time this would become a national problem like Prohibition and Billy Sunday. So we will clear up the matter of Aloysus Dingleberry's mare right now.

This gentle creature pledged Hi Spi! (Cheers)
(Curtain)

— D D D —

Another way to disillusionment—Walking by your favorite sorority house on washday.

— D D D —

You remember about the pledge who went through the whole year thinking the phonograph was electric.

— D D D —

"Two can live as cheaply as one, but it sure is worth the difference to stay single."

— D D D —

St. Peter: "Who goes there?"

Prof.: "A professor with two friends."

St. Peter: "What! A professor with two friends? Enter."

— D D D —

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

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

— D D D —

Lady—"I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year-old daughter, please."

Polite Clerk—"Yes, madam, white kid?"

Lady—"Sir!"

A Guide to Successful Rushing

(For Upper Classmen Only)

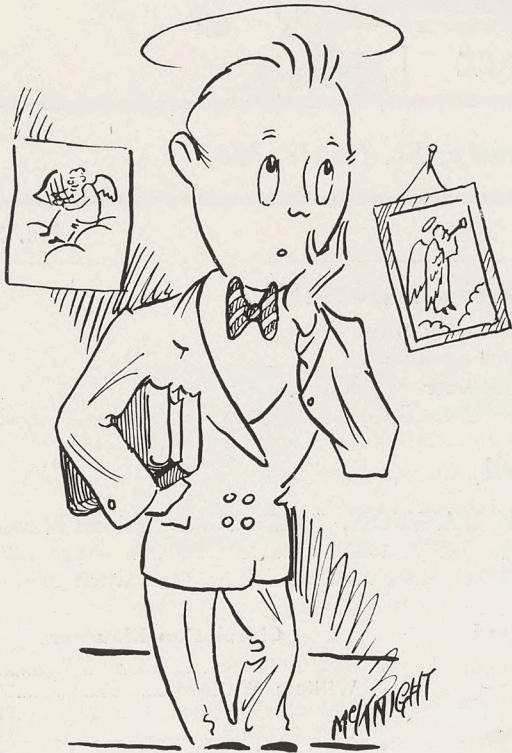
Remember—"Every clod has a silver lining"

If he comes from	ask	if he knows	and was he ever	with	and can he	will he ever try to	does he still like	and why he wants to go
Soldan	it	Mr. Holden	caught smoking	"John L."	inhale	reform	to sit on the stone wall	to the dogs
Roosevelt	the tiger man	Mamie	at the Huntington	Ike	play football	play poker	pool better	Sigma Chi
Cleveland	der knabe	English	in Zinzinatti	out a beer party	make Heingamotz	stowaway on the Graf Z.	Gretchel	Delta Gamma
Beaumont	the Swede	anything	in O'Fallon Park	the parking lights off	censored	censored	censored	home so late
Central	dot poy	who was Andy Cohen	afflicted	(even your best friend won't tell you)	debate	imitate Al Jolson	to go to the St. Louis	make boom boom
Webster	Reginald	what he expects from college	disappointed in the Book of Knowledge	illustrations	play football	play football	play football	Beta
U. City	immediately	what makes him so handsome	seen in the Garrick	some Comites	play a uke	be an Eagle Scout	burlesque	such places
Clayton	in a whisper	why he didn't go to U. City	in love	an employee of Mr. Bell (A.T.&T.)	do anything	Sell Saturday Evening Post	to go to the Tivoli	to see the Clayton-Webster Game
St. L. U. H.	O'Leary	that Father John is making a new medicine	in East St. Louis	good intentions	act or sing	get a marcel	play football	K. A.
Western	the shiek	what's good for him	up the well known creek	out a paddle	make whoopee	stop it	to make whoopee	out with such girls
Kirkwood	"Long gone"	what direction St. Louis is	in Webster Groves	a load of hay	remember Jacoby	paint the town red	Granger Twist	away from the farm
Miss Evans'	her	all his mother knows	embarassed	a grimy joke	dance well	fly	iced coffee	Pi Phi
Peoria	Jake	why he came to W. U.	away from the farm before	out his overalls	forecast the weather	play football	go hay riding	home
Burrough's	the child	Bumps	in New York	his mother	stand the middle west much longer	write poetry	the girls down at Mary	to Harvard
Country Day	often	all the debutantes	out	the V. P. Queen	be surpassed for nonchalance	analyze his popularity	cock tail parties	to hell

Important—Don't Rush By This!

Life's Little Joke No. '33

(with apologies to Rube)



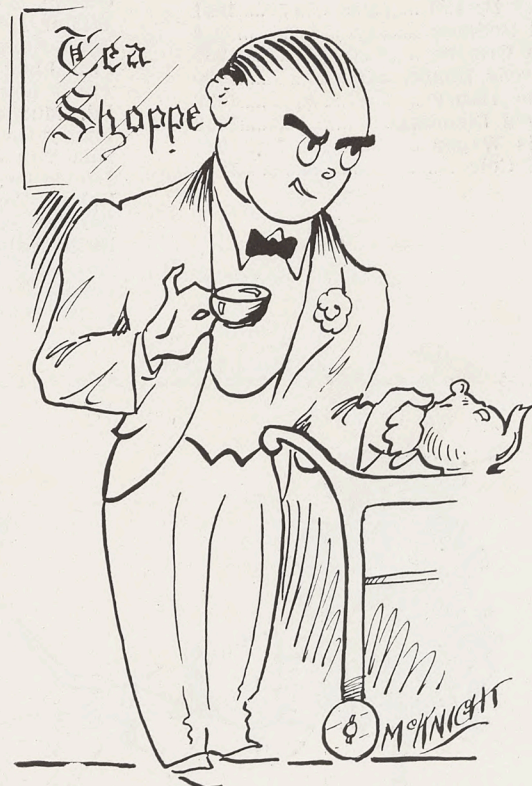
As a Freshman young Gloop was a good little boy,
Whose demeanor and grades brought his parents
much joy.



On the other hand Horsecollar Endive McRash
Was as tough as the roast beef in boarding-house
hash.



At the close of his college career, tho, young Gloop
Ran Chicago's worst joint and ate cops in his soup.



While McRash is as docile as warmed-over mush—
His success with his tea room compels him to blush!

Country Day
often
all the debutantes
out
V. P. Queen
for nonchalance
his popularity
cock tail parties
to hell



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Vol. XI

September, 1929

No. 1

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Literary Mourners

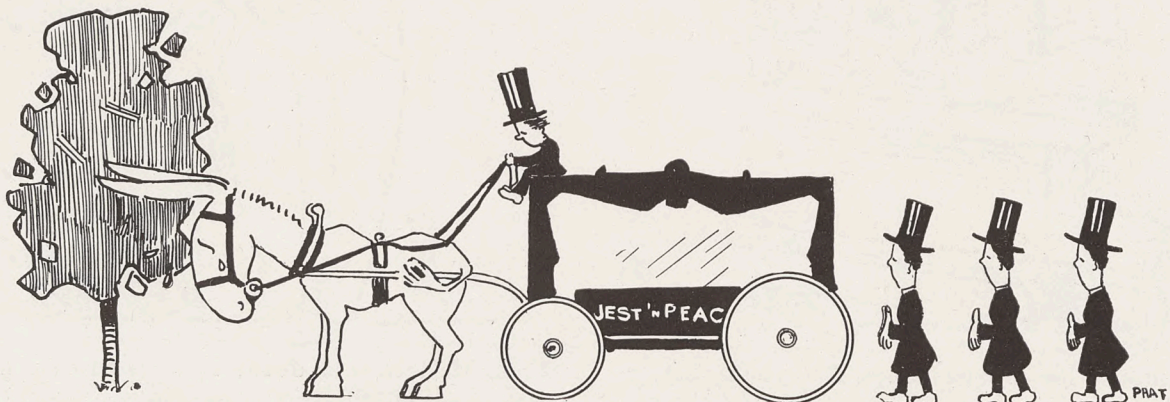
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 Charles Faust1930





SECRETS



IT IS'NT ANY SECRET that DIRGE is offering a salaried job, Circulation Manager, to the person (man, woman, or freshman) who sells the most subscriptions during October to the only intentionally comic publication of Washington University. There will be eight issues of Dirge this year which when bought singly would cost two bucks, but by buying a subscription one saves the price of two issues, and has the satisfaction of supporting the kind of a thing which every college needs more of—wit, spirit, and good nature.

IT IS'NT ANY SECRET that DIRGE, in order to be representative of the best wit of the university, is holding a try out next week for all aspiring Ring Lardners, Will Rogers, and George Ades. Nothing insures the success of a comic publication so much as a large editorial staff which includes a wide variety of brain twists. Ask the man who owns one. Heh.

IT IS'NT ANY SECRET that DIRGE'S next issue will be the **FOOTBALL NUMBER**, which will be distributed at one of the big October games, and which will be a real souvenir of the 1929 football team—of its power, prowess and progress.

BUT IT IS A SECRET that—well if I told you it wouldn't be a secret—but get that Dirge subscription pronto and you shall soon know all. The November issue is going to be a gigantic **TABLOID** which will be a complete **EXPOSÉ** of that "collegiate corruption" which surrounds us but which seldom reaches our innocent but eager ears.

THE EDITOR



De olde tyme bloodie tayle—

The Booting of a Sigma Nu

A BUNCH of the boys brought their dates
around to a Pi Phi's living-room,
The Kappa Sig at the music box was
munching a macaroon,
While back in the den, shooting solitaire craps, was
the dangerous Sigma Nu,
And watching the game was his latest flame, the
Theta called Sally Lou.

When out of the night and the clear moonlight and
into the darkened hall
There stumbled a Frosh from the Sig Chi House,
scared but determined to call.
He looked like a guy from Kirkwood High, so bash-
ful and shy was he,
But he straightened his tie with a steady eye and
drank six cups of tea.
There was none who could place the Sig Chi's face,
though we searched ourselves for a clue,
So we shook his hand, and the last to shake, was
the dangerous Sigma Nu.

There are guys who somehow catch your eyes, and
I wondered how in hell
He would ever rate a double date to the Jefferson
Hotel,
With his oily hair and his dog-tired stare of a Frosh
whose math is done;
As he squeezed the lemon into his tea, the drops fell
one by one.
Then I got to figuring who he was, and wondering
what he'd do,
And I turned my head and there watching him was
the Theta called Sally Lou.

His eyes went rubbering round the room, and he
seemed in a kind of daze,
'Til at last the old Victrola fell in the line of his
wandering gaze.
The Kappa Sig was doing a jig; there was no-one
now at the "Vic",
The Chi Sig lurched across the room and anchored
there like a hick.
In an Arrow shirt of a hue that hurt, he stooped and
dusted his shoes,
And then with a whisk he started the disk, and
played those "St. Louis Blues".

Were you ever out with the mob at Art Hill when
the moon was awful clear,



The Theta called Sally Lou

And the darned policemen hemmed you in with a
silence you almost could hear,
And all around you the other cars, and you out there
in the cold,
With a fair co-ed of the usual type—clean mad for
the muck called gold.
And yet it was pleasure—you'll always treasure the
thought of the kisses you stole,
For although she lied, she satisfied a hunger of body
and soul.

A hunger not of the usual kind, that's banished
with 'beef on rye's
But a hunger that drives the Sigma Chis to date
with the Gamma Phis,
For a fireside back in the old frat house, among
all the strife and din,
For friends who are true, and co-eds too, and a gal-
lon or so of gin;
For a co-ed's the dumbest thing alive—that's true as
Heaven is true.
(How ghastly she looks through the circling smoke
—the Theta called Sally Lou)

Then the Sig Chi removed the good old blues, and
played "Huggable, Kissable You",
And you felt that your life had been looted clean of
all that is good and true;
You felt like a Beta who's lost his Theta to a lad in
the tribe of Phi Delt,
And you met your fate by making a date with a wild
and woolly Tri Delt.

'Twas the wailing cry of a Pi Beta Phi, and it
thrilled you through and through.
"I'll take, I think, just one more drink," said the
dangerous Sigma Nu.

The music almost died away . . . then it burst like
a pent-up flood!
A Phi Mu full of pep did a Charleston step, but fell
on her nose with a thud.
And the thought arose of a passionate pose you'd
seen in a Cadillac,
And the lust arose to dance!—to dance! Then the
record broke with a crack.

Then the Sig Chi turned and his eyes they burned
in a most peculiar way,
And he reached in his coat and dragged out some
notes, so I knew he had something to say.
His lips went out in a kind of pout, and his face was
as sad as a crutch—
"Now girls," said he, "you don't know me, 'cause
I don't go out very much,
But I want to state, and my words are straight, and
I'll bet my flask they're true,
That one of you here has done me wrong—and he
is a Sigma Nu!"

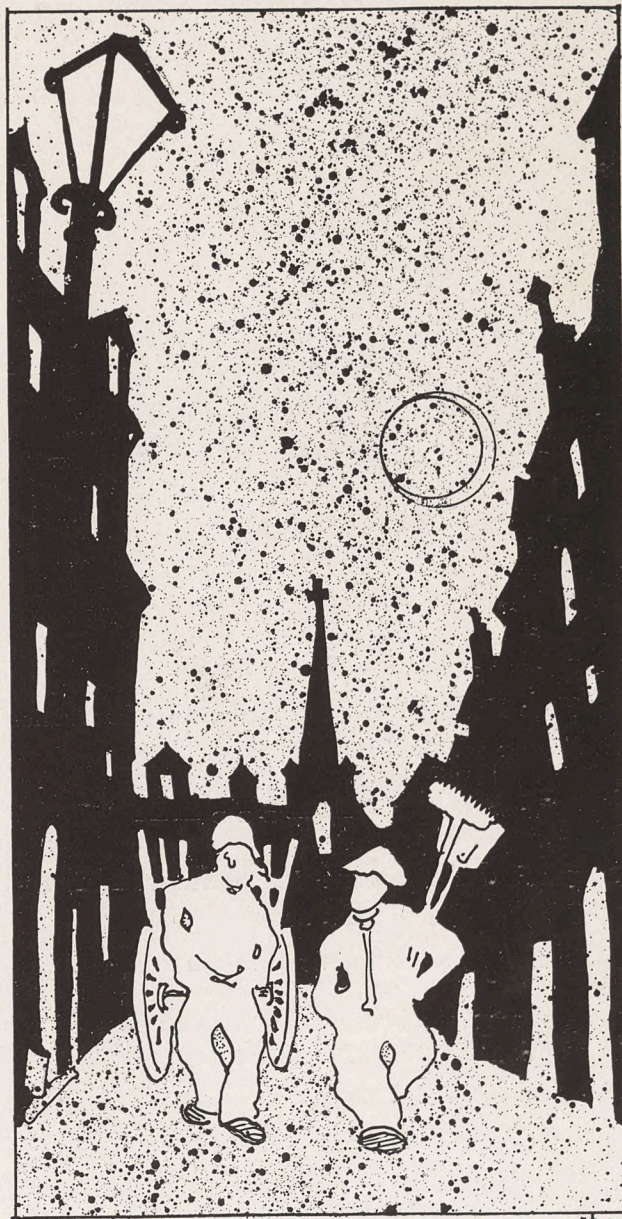
I grabbed my date as the lights went out. Two
kisses cracked in the dark.
A K. A. screamed and the lights went on—sweet
shades of Forest Park!
That Sigma Chi crest was pinned to the breast of the
Theta called Sally Lou,
While the hostess' cook wore a startled look—and
the pin of Sigma Nu!

Now these are the simple facts of the case, and I
guess I ought to know.
Some say the Sig Chi was crazed with tea, and I'm
not denying it's so.
I'm not as wise as these lawyer guys, but strictly
between us two,
The co-ed that necked him—and pinches his pin,
was the Theta called Sally Lou!

She: "Who brought Doris to the party? She
can't dance."

He: "Who said anything about dancing?"

"Do you like to dance in this dark corner?"
"No; let's stop dancing."



"Why the limp? Housemaid's knee?"

"No; 'twas her shoe, the hussy."

— D D D —

"Wake up Bill, there's a fire on the Row."

"Fraternity or sorority?"

"Fraternity."

"Let the damn thing burn."

— D D D —

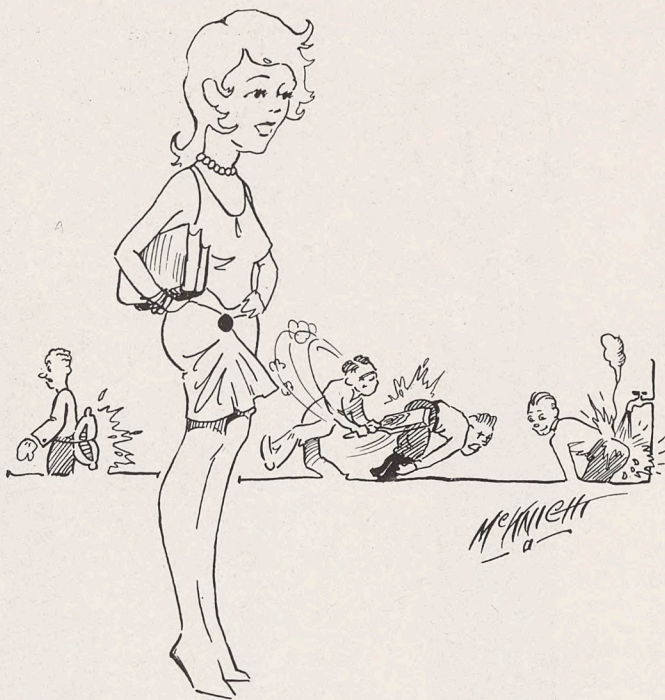
He: "I just heard of a girl who takes a shower
and dresses in three minutes."

She: "Why, that wasn't so wonderful."

He: "I'd like to see you do it."

— D D D —

"I've taken my fun where I've found IT."



Kate Kollege says that from all observations the "suffer-more" year comes first.

— D D D —

Suggested Amendments to the Freshman Rules

(To go into effect when the stadium is completed)

1. Freshmen shall wear silk hats in lieu of the traditional but obsolete ink-spots.
2. The library steps shall be reserved for freshman business (monkey and otherwise).
3. The sophomores will be forced to participate in the annual freshman-sophomore fight.
4. Any cake eater who buys a flannel shirt and a pair of boots will not automatically become a member of the Soph Vigilance Committee.
5. No freshman will be allowed to smoke anything on the campus (except tobacco).
6. No inefficient fussing allowed among freshmen. (But fussing by freshmen is excusable as long as they get what they're fussing for.)
7. No Soph shall beat a Frosh for having a mustache unless he can raise a better one.
8. Neither Frosh nor Soph can wear knickers unless it can be proved that he played golf at least once.
9. No Soph shall deal out more blows than he received when a freshman.
10. Any sophomore breaking these rules will report to the Colonel for duty in the university stables.

Circumstances Alter Kisses

*A pair in a hammock
Attempted to kiss,
And in less than a minute
They landed like this!*

*A couple of love-birds
In a roadster got gay,
In an instant the roadster
W ed w
a h a
s s u s y
a p i
m h
t*

*While in an aeroplane
A pair essayed a kiss,
And then of course the plane*

*r
Pursued a co s
u e
l
i
k
e
t
h
i
s
!*

— D D D —



The Varsity Drag

**What A Freshman Learns
During His First Year
of College:**

That there's really no such thing as "free love".

That Col. Boorstein doesn't really own the whole school.

That the sundial on Cupples I is a poor thing to go by, but that the clock is much worse.

That it is a waste of time to (1) Attend chapel (2) Read Student Life (3) to go to 8:30's.

That "Hamlet" doesn't mean a little pig, and that a "Mushroom" isn't really a Pi Phi's parlor.

That the first-aid kit he brought when he heard about college men being over-cut so often was totally unnecessary.

— D D D —

The Freshman's Prayer

"Dear God: Bless Mama and bless Papa, and help me be a good little boy. And goodbye, God, I'm going to college."

* * *

The Freshman believes that the collegiate dances should be called "horse-trots", because there's a little wagon behind.

* * *

"Get thee behind me, Satan," said the Frosh as he bent over and grabbed his ankles.

— D D D —

Old Boy: "What say, bonzo? How did you find the initiation?"

New Greek: "Didn't have to find it—just stooped over and there it was!"

— D D D —

"That professor looked at me as if I had been cheating."

"What did you do?"

"I looked back as if I hadn't."



"What was your idea of going out with my girl?"
"Same as yours."

Note: The remains will be buried tomorrow.

— D D D —

The heavy sugar daddy and a new chorus girl were enjoying a little dinner in a private room at a roadhouse.

As the meal neared its finish he cleared his throat and said: "Er, er, how about a little demitasse now, dear?"

"I knew it! I knew it!" exploded the girl. "I knew you weren't treating me this nice for nothing."



Another cheap off the old block.

— x x x —

Scotch—But Not Very Old

“Hoot, Sandy, and where be ye goin’ sae fast?”
 “Whisht, there, mon, dinna stop me:—Me ould cow be dyin’ and I must be milkin’ her ’afore she be toppin’ over!”

— x x x —

You’ve heard about the Scotchman who went up five minutes for five dollars and tried to persuade the pilot to try for an endurance record.

— x x x —

“My Scotch boy friend sent me his picture.”
 “How does it look?”
 “I don’t know, I haven’t had it developed yet.”

— x x x —

“They arrested Scottie McTavish last nite!”
 “No!”
 “Sure. He was on his way to a strip poker game naked.”

— D D D —

“What do you think of the Bare-leg fad?”
 “Oh, it’s all right as far as it goes.”

How to Reduce

Out of Hollywood comes this amazing new method of reducing excess poundage! Follow the diet devised by Miss Tillie Talcum, charming film star, and you, too, can obtain a slender, svelte figure! Miss Talcum’s daily diet is simple. Breakfast, one-half a dried oat; lunch, split pea under glass, with animal cracker; dinner, boiled (not roasted) leg of microbe, with molecule of coffee (no sugar or cream).

* * *

One of the peculiarities of restaurant cantaloupes is that they seem to have three halves.

* * *

In Memoriam

Oh, toll the bell for Henry Trimming,

He ate roast pork, then went in swimming;

The pork, alas, gave cramps to Hank

O
 O
 O
 O
 O

These bubbles mark where Henry sank!

* * *

About this time of the year father’s white flannel trousers get so black that he can wear them with his tuxedo.

— D D D —

“Look here, nigger. Why is you borrowing this here razor?”

“Well, Rastus, if my wife is all alone I is gwine to shave.”

— D D D —

Mussolini at his Cabinet meeting: “So I says to myself, says I.”

— D D D —

“I guess I put my foot in it that time,” gurgled the baby as he licked his toes.

Behind Fraternity Row

These campus roads must be paved with good intentions.

Like Hell!

Yeah.

— D D D —

Our grandchildren ought to appreciate the stadium we're building for them.

— D D D —

How did youse guys know that us girls wasn't Co-eds?

— D D D —

If a girl is pretty—a college education is unnecessary.

If a girl is not pretty—a college education is inadequate.

— D D D —

"I hear Tom's in love with a girl on the South Side."

"Oh yeah, he loves them all over."

— D D D —

He: Do you like to wear evening dresses?

She: Well, of course, nothing is more becoming to me.

He: I don't doubt it, but wouldn't that be going a little too far?

— D D D —

Member Order Hail: "We needs a cuspidor."

President: "I appoints Brother Jones as cuspidor."

— D D D —

Sara: "I wonder why John jumped in the river?"

Jack: "I guess there was a woman at the bottom of it."

— D D D —

Stage Hand: "Shall I lower the curtain?"

Manager: "Why?"

Stage hand: "One of the livin' statues has the hiccups."

— D D D —

When better literature is suppressed, Americans will read it.

*I took my girl to the seaside—
Her name, it seemed, was Molly.
The sun felt very hot to me,
But the sand felt hot tamale!*

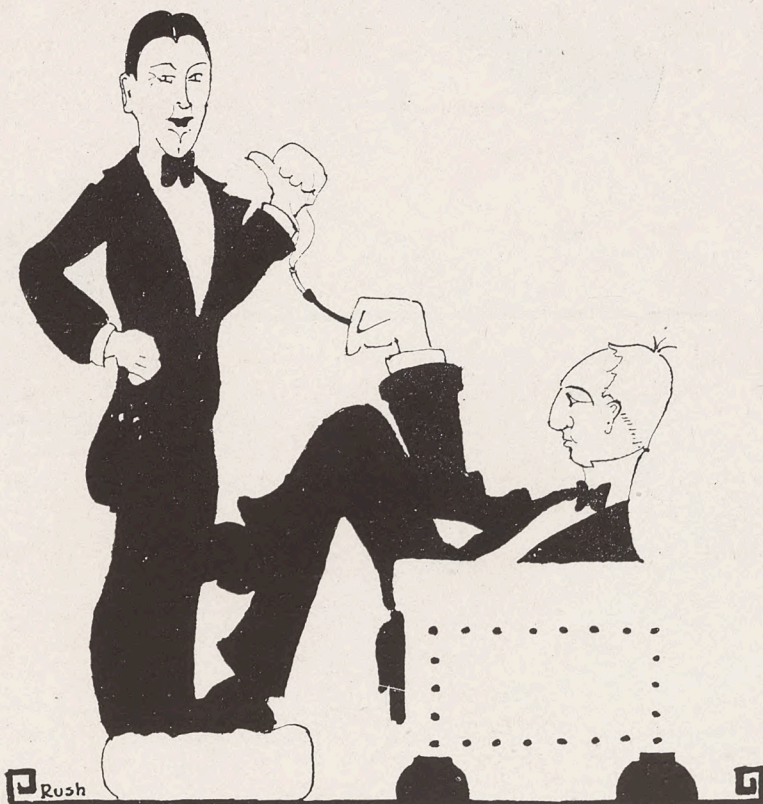
*"May I print a kiss upon your lips?
I hope you'll answer yes."
'Why, yes,' the printer's daughter said,
'When do we go to press?'"*

*"I will not stand for kissing!"
She said with angry frown.
So I gave in—I much preferred
To kiss her sitting down.*

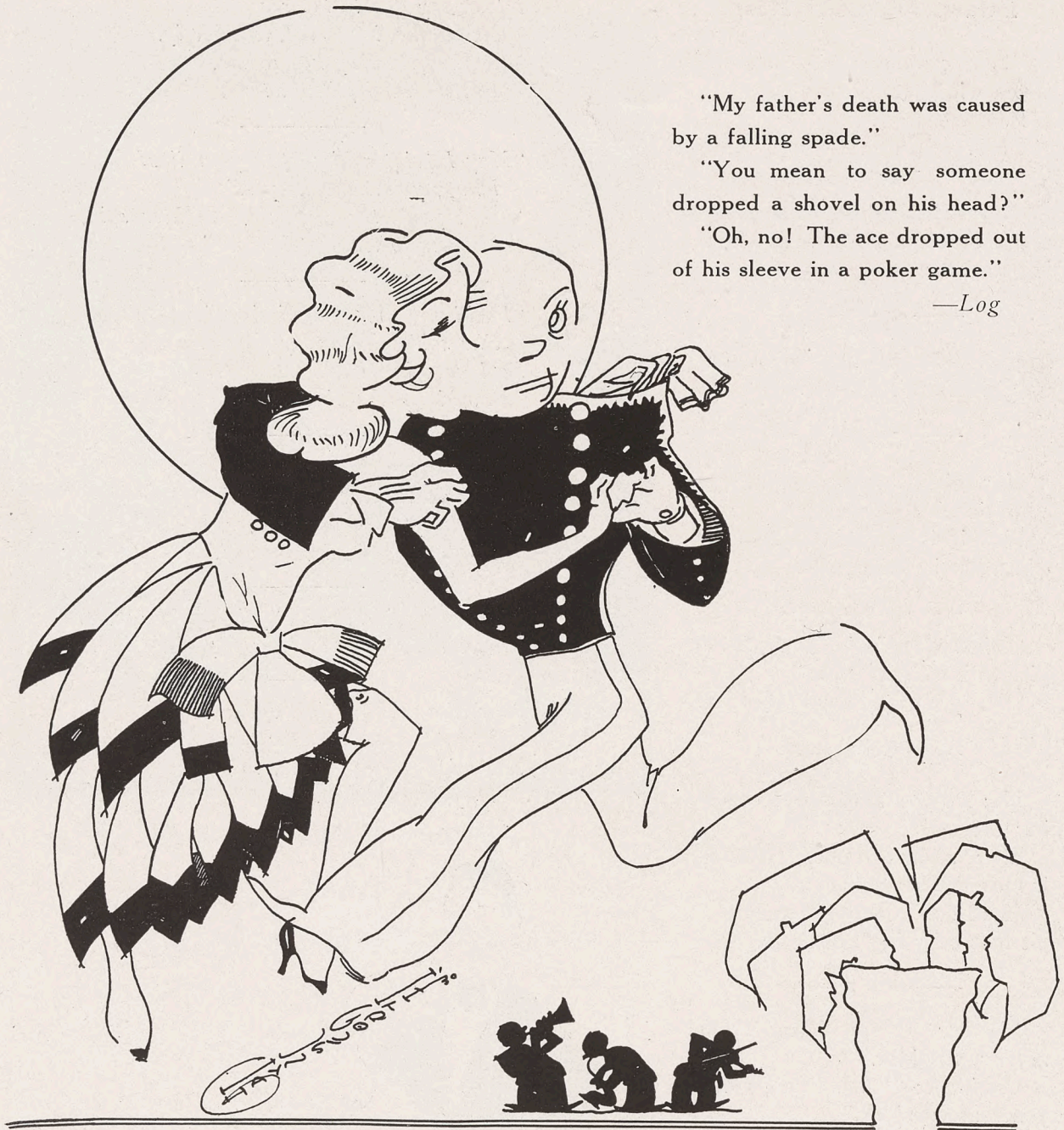
*"The women fall for me,"
The ladies' man observed,
'And like the Kroger stores,
First succumb, first served."*

*"Rastus," said Mandy, "yo's shorely a nut,
'Cause dat's mine and nobody else's but."*

*I asked a miss for just one kiss,
But did not make the grade,
She said, "I do not cater to
Any retail trade."*



*"That girl looks like Helen Brown over there,"
"Yeah! But she looks even worse in Red!"*



"My father's death was caused by a falling spade."

"You mean to say someone dropped a shovel on his head?"

"Oh, no! The ace dropped out of his sleeve in a poker game."

—Log

Some Choice Imported Ones

"Are you musical?"

"No!"

"Well, quit fiddling around my knee."

—Brown Jug

— D D D —

Insignificant Parent: "Isn't it time he could say 'Daddy'?"

Fond Mother: "We've decided not to tell him who you are until he gets a bit stronger."

—California Pelican

Elevator Boy—"Sale on shoes, ladies underwear one-half off!"

Voice from rear—"Stop the car! Lemmie off, I say!"

—Burr

— D D D —

Senior: "Why were you put out of Church last Sunday?"

Soph: "Well, the minister said if he had the power he'd dump all the beer and other moonshine over there in the river. So, we began singing, 'Shall We Gather at the River?'"

—Drexel

Sophomore — "What is our greatest ambition, Frosh?"

Frosh — "To die a year sooner than you."

Sophomore — "What is the reason for that?"

Frosh — "So I will be a sophomore in hell when you get there."

—Whirlwind

— D D D —

Nit: "What is the greatest Greek tragedy?"

Wit: "Oh, I never knock other fraternities."

—Belle Hop

— D D D —

He — "Say! What's under this?"

She — "Under where?"

He — "Oh! Is that what you call it?"

—Drexel

— D D D —

*There was a young lady from Clyde,
Of eating green apples she died,
Within the lamented
They quickly fermented,
And made cider inside her inside.*

—Azwgwan

— D D D —

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

—Annapolis Log

— D D D —

He: "Our coach got some new waterproof pants for the football men."

She: "Oh, the big babies."

—Malteaser

— D D D —

Some Good Advice

*If you don't feel just right;
If you can't sleep at night;
If your throat is dry;
If you moan and sigh;
If you can't smoke or chew;
If your grub tastes like glue;
If your heart doesn't beat;
If your head's in a whirl;
For heaven's sake
Marry the girl.*

—Sniper



Made in America

—Penn. Punchbowl

"The plot thickens," said the old lady as she sowed the grass seed for the third time.

—Azwgwan

— D D D —

He: "Kiss me!"

She: "Make me!—"

—West Pointer

— D D D —

Hey-hey: "I want to see some collegiate suits."

Floorwalker: "Costume Department. Three aisles to the left."

—Chaparral

— D D D —

Intelligentsia

"There are several things I can always count on."

"What are they?"

"My fingers."

—Punch Bowl

— D D D —

"I can't marry him, mother, he's an atheist, and doesn't believe there is a hell."

"Marry him, my dear, and between us we'll convince him that he's wrong."

—Exchange

— D D D —

"Oh, I just hit my crazy bone."

"You poor boy. You must hurt all over."

—Cornell Widow

What's To Be Scene



Scenes from "road show" picture attractions that feature gorgeous scenes in Technicolor, and which will be shown at Skouras Theaters soon.

MISSOURI—Lovely Nancy Carroll who appears with Hal Skelly in "The Dance of Life", picturization of "Burlesque" successful stage play. The petite Nancy is cast as a young dancer in love with a boob comedian who trifles with her affections.



AMBASSADOR—Scene of chorus from "Gold Diggers of Broadway," all talking, singing and dancing, and entirely in natural color. Prominent in the cast are: Ann Pennington, Winnie Lightner, Nick Lucas, Conway Tearle, Lilyan Tashman and several stage stars. A chorus of 100 pretty Broadway chorus girls contribute to the gayety.

LOEW STATE

DOZENS OF STARS PASS IN REVIEW

"THE HOLLYWOOD REVIEW"

which opened at Loew's State Theatre September 21 shows what talking films can do and leads us to say "What next?" Not one star, but dozens pass in review before your eyes, each with song, dance or skit, each with his or her proper balance; each often with a background of gorgeous girls in gorgeous settings, brilliantly illuminated with color and sound.

"Singing in the Rain" is the outstanding song number, but there are a dozen songs which promise to become hits.

"The Hollywood Revue" is a motion picture that has equal proportions of eye and ear entertainment, and it is the first motion picture to be absolutely devoid of plot, yet thoroughly interesting and exciting from the first reel to the last. It has no plot because it is a series of skits, songs, dances and chatter, just a melange of the sort of stuff out of which the high-priced "Follies," "Scandals," "Vanities" and "Passing Shows," of the Broadway theatres are built. And this picture offers more even than do those attractions.

In short, "The Hollywood Revue" is the first great full length "musical movie."

Other productions booked for the Missouri Theater include "The Two Black Crows" and "Kibitzer." Moran and Mack the original black-bird comic team of the radio, are starred in their own production of "Two Black Crows," while "Kibitzer" is one of the comedy classics of the year.

Demotion to the chorus, once having risen from the ensemble dancing ranks, is one of the most humiliating retrogressions. Recently in the cases of several Broadway stars, however, it is a decided promotion. Talking pictures are responsible for the change.

Several members of the stellar cast of "Gold Diggers of Broadway," Warner Bros. and Vitaphone all-color, talking, singing and dancing special, though at one time they tripped it in the choruses of numerous New York musical shows—individually rose to fame as stage and screen stars. Now they are back in the chorus, but as featured players in this all-talking production which brings to the screen the intimate lives of Broadway's nugget-gathering chorus girls.

The ex-chorus steppers who return to the chorus in "Gold Diggers of Broadway," include Nancy Welford, Ann Pennington, and Lilyan Tashman. All three received their early dramatic training under Florenz Ziegfeld in his world-famous "Follies."

LYNN COWAN

Have you seen the new Master of Ceremonies at the **FOX**? Turn to page **TWENTY-FIVE**.

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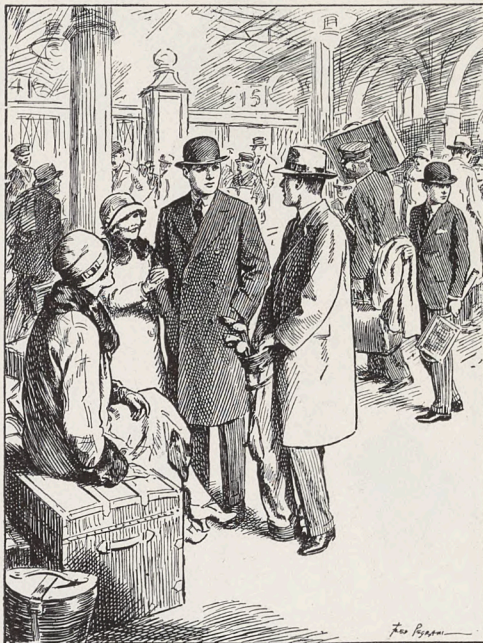
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GENERAL CATALOGUE

BOSTON

NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET

NEWPORT

PALM BEACH



© BROOKS BROTHERS

Geo. Brown

"Why, Dad, this is roast beef!" exclaimed Willie at dinner one evening, when a guest of honor was present.

"Of course," said his father. "What of that?"

"You told Mother this morning that you were bringing an old mutton head home for dinner this evening."

—State Lion.

— D D D —

A live-wire salesman dashed up to the home of a doctor in a small village about 3 a. m., and asked him to come at once to a distant town.

The doctor cranked his flivver and they drove furiously to their destination.

When they reached it the salesman inquired: "How much is your fee, doctor?"

"Three dollars," said the physician, in surprised tone.

"Here it is," said the salesman, giving him the money, "the blamed old garage man wanted \$15 to drive me over when I missed my train."

—Lion

— D D D —

Sweet Young Thing: "Have a cigarette?"

Elderly Lady: "What! Smoke a cigarette! Why, I rather kiss the first man that came along!"

Sweet Young Thing: "So would I. But have a Cigarette while you are waiting."

—Pitt Panther

Friend: "Is Antony coming from Rome voluntarily or are you going to make him?"

Cleopatra: "Both."

—Cornell Widow

— D D D —

"Why do you dress so scantily?"

"Oh, to get the sun and air."

"Whose son and heir?"

—Bean Poi

— D D D —

"Mother, will college boys go to heaven?"

"Yes, but they won't like it."

—Lord Jeff.

— D D D —

Roses are red
Violets are blue
I love you
And so am I.

— D D D —

"Say, eight ball, did yo' all heered dat Rabadum-inus Washington wuz 'sent up'?"

"Why, man, dat's nuthin'; so wuz mah brudder."

"How come, Ethiopian? How come?"

"Well, he done crawled in a dawg log after a striped kitty, an', man, he wuz shoah scent up."

—Kansas Sour Owl



1st—"Hey, Jim's double-jointed!"

2nd—"What do you mean, double-jointed?"

3rd—"Oh, he's suffering from the effects of visiting two speakeasies."

—Bucknell Belle Hop

Romance

Give me your hand, you bit of loveliness,
 With all your darling ways and kissable appeal.
 Men's hearts you hold within your pretty palm
 Like little baubles—you don't seem to feel
 My longing, dear, or sense my terrified alarm
 Lest jealous rivals crush your helpless form
 And wrest your honors—shame unthinkable!
 You little windblown witch, would I could slip
 this arm
 About you and whisper tender wisdom in your ear.
 A thousand times I've hoped in vain you'd say it
 —Oh, give me your hand, you've not the vaguest
 Notion how to play it!

M. I. T. Voo Doo

— D D D —

"Did you ever bob apples?"

"Yes. I used to be a barber in Northampton."

—Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern

— D D D —

Indignant Farmer: "Say, look here, yer aint getting as much milk from the cows as y'uster."

Hired Man: "Nop, sorter lost my pull."

—Denison Flamingo

Inter-Frat

Mother (examining daughter's wardrobe): "Did you go to the prom this year, my dear?"

Daughter: "No, Mother, I ripped that shoulder strap playing tennis."

—Voo Doo

— D D D —

"Shine?" said the negro as the customer got out of the chair.

Customer—lighting a Murad and rubbing his face—"Yeah, it does all right."

— D D D —

He may have been a ham but his sugar cured him.

—Azogwan

— D D D —

"I've refused so many men its' getting quite boring."

"Yes—house to house salesmen, were they?"

—Juggler

— D D D —

The Lad: "Hey!"

The Lass: "My name ain't 'Hay,' an' don't try to make me while the sun shines."

—Michigan Gargoyle

Co-ed (To Freshman who has just picked up her handkerchief) —Thank you. But if I should happen to drop it again, please don't bother. It wasn't you I meant."

— D D D —

"That boy sure does shoot a mean game of craps!"

"I told you college would be the making of him."

— D D D —

"I can remember 'way back when girls could wear lisle tops on their stockings and nobody would know th' difference."

— D D D —

Some flappers have a face like Schubert's Serenade and a voice like a band-saw going thru a rusty nail.

— D D D —

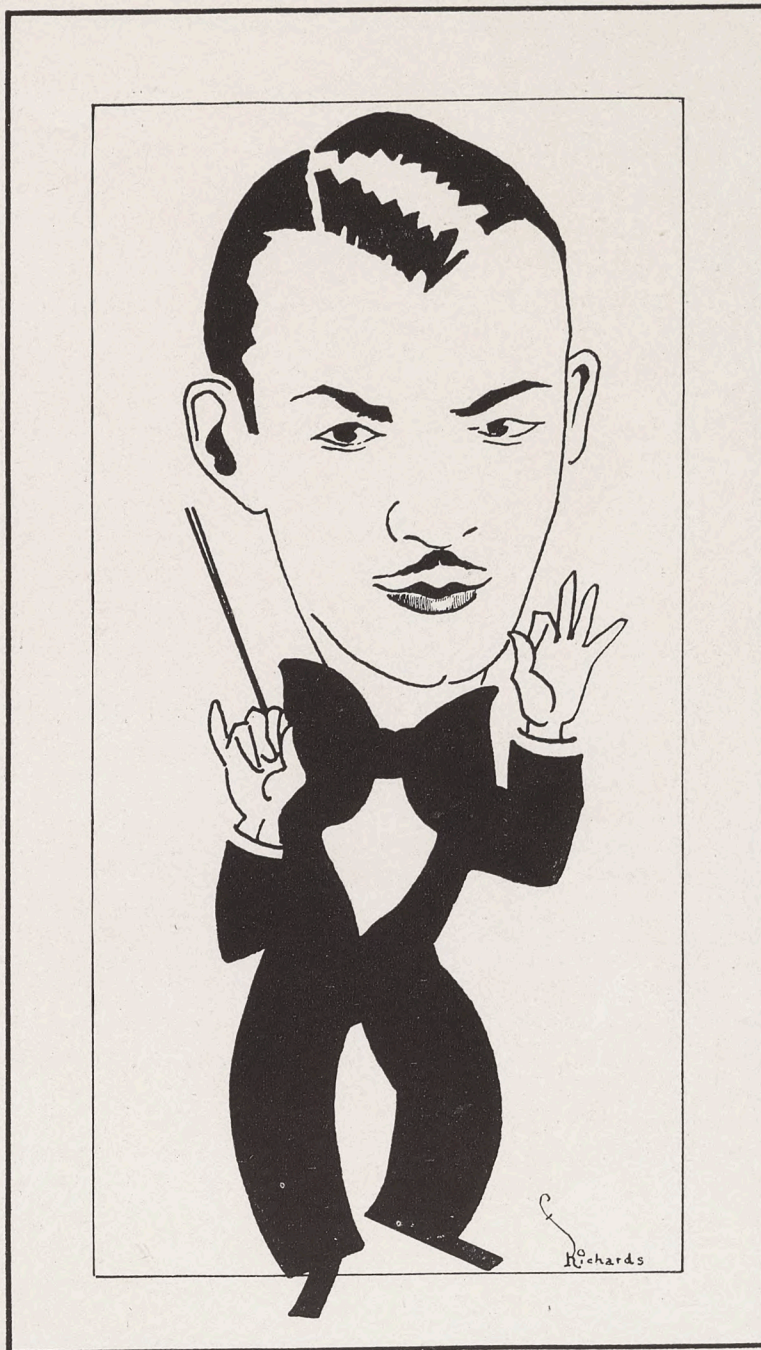
If China goes to war, some genius will doubtless proclaim "chopsueyless days"!

— D D D —

Discretion

To miss a kiss
Is more amiss
Than it would be
To kiss a miss;
Provided that
The kiss you miss
The miss herself
Would never miss.
But if you try
To kiss a miss
With whom a kiss
Would be amiss
You'd better always
Miss the kiss
And
Kiss the Mrs.

—Burr



This is **LYNN COWAN** who has been directing the stage shows at the Fox for the past three weeks. He is officially known as Hollywood's Joy Boy and he does seem to keep himself very happy. Fox is sponsoring three sure-fire hits during the next three weeks with George O'Brien in "Salute", Will Rogers in "They had to see Paris", and Leonore Ulric (don't crowd) in "Frozen Justice". Lynn says that this is the first picture that has really done justice to Leonore.

— D D D —

Photographer: "Do you want a large or a small picture?"

Most Anyone: "A small one."

Photographer: "Then close your mouth."

—Log

1st Old Maid (reading directions for making fudge): "—add sugar and then sit on stove and stir repeatedly."

2nd Old Maid: "Who wouldn't?"

—West Point Pointer

The Diary of Regnia Saphronica Veronica Passemup

(*R.S.V.P. to those who know her well*)

Thursday, September 12th.

This morning the *Alpha Ki Yi's* messed around with an Apache Party out in Webster—not even the mail man could tell me where to find it. Somehow or other the girls seemed to want to keep it a secret too, for they asked us not to tell any one else where we went. I was awfully disappointed in the party though because anyone could tell that the toughs were just girls dressed up, and the black eyes weren't real at all. From the way that party went off I think they should be playing harps instead of wearing them! I came home and scratched them right off my list.

This afternoon *Alpha See-It-All* gave a school-house party. That chapter is well named: with all those "spectacles" in it there's no good reason why they shouldn't see it all. I'd like to give them a friendly piece of advice though and tell them they'd better stick to school-day parties because the girls all look as if they'd be good teachers. From all appearances they seem to be laboring under the impression that they're still a local and can get away with murder.

I must have made a pretty big hit with the *Kats* because one of their girls took me off in a corner before I even got a chance to meet any of the rest of them. She told me to do nothing until I heard more from them. That sort of worried me because mother told me to be sure to brush my teeth every night. Maybe she didn't mean it just like that. I can say *this* much for them, anyway—I certainly had to look up to them. Some of them seemed to be trying awfully hard to make a smoke screen—probably to blur those who keep up the scholastic average.

Friday, September 13th.

The morning I wasted at a *Gramma's Pie Moon* party. The girls meant well, but after all a crescent is only half a moon. They talked a lot about queens, but I couldn't see any eligibles.

Imagine my embarrassment the next day when I discovered that I had talked all afternoon to the *Hatchet Queen*! A chorus of dancers put on a little skit; not even their best friends would tell them they'd better represent butter balls next time! Decided not to consider these girls a-Tall!

The *K. K. K. Yachting Party* on the murky waves of the mighty Mississippi was slated for 2:00 P. M., but at 1:30 a member of their jolly crew

rang my doorbell. She explained that Pan-Hell had given them special permission to take rushees to and from parties. From the things they knew about the *Kats* I decided that their pins must be skeleton keys. They're rather nice girls, but a trifle bloated. They insisted on keeping me until 8:00 P. M. so that I was rather late to the Tie Noose brawl at the Chase.

Maybe it was sort of lucky for me that I was late to this Tie Noose shin-dig because they seemed to have lots of decorations and little entertainment. I got there in time for the food which was all right as far as it went. They rave around about 1852 as if anybody cared. According to them, they pretty well fill the Collegiate Hall of Fame.

Saturday, September 14th.

I was pretty well tired out from last night's performance, but I turned out for the "Klip Klop Inn" party the *Sailors' Sweethearts* were giving. That really was an appropriate party because almost all the girls seemed pretty Dutchy. Most of them are thriving pretty well by being members of the mighty sisterhood that waits in every port. By the way, one of the girls gave us an interesting bit of information. She said that word had just arrived from the *Quadrangle Club* that the *Sailors' Sweethearts* had a ten-years option on the musical comedy lead.

The *Pie Faces* are still trying to capitalize on "Good News", but that just didn't fit in a Chinese atmosphere. One of their littlest girls who went with one of the campus' biggest men made just a medium-sized impression. It's a good thing they chose the arrow for their symbol because they're all sort of flighty. I understand that they just won't let Co-ed Vodvil go on again unless they are guaranteed the prize right at the outset.

Dumb, Dumber, Dumbests threw an "Underseas Party", but as far as I was concerned, it was all wet. Athletic women don't appeal to me as the little daughters of Neptune. There's one thing about them though, they surely do know their whistle!

Intermission of a few days.

That rush season was a little bit too much for me. I seemed to have made a pretty bad error when I neglected to tell them that papa changed our name from Passupski to Passemup because he thought it sounded more Henglish.

Selfish

*If I'm shedding any tears at all,
Don't flatter yourself they're for you,
I'd never let my eyes get red
Because of what you do.
Cry for you? Why, no, indeed;
Myself my tears are for.
It's painful to me to realize
My judgment is not worth more.*

—*Wisconsin Octopus*

— D D D —

"Who was that girl you had at the Riveters' Ball last night?"

"That was my fiancee. Do you want an introduction?"

"No. But the next time you see her ask her if she remembers what I did with my vest, will you?"

—*Brown Jug*

— D D D —

"Why aren't you in school, my little man?"

"Hell, lady, I'm only four."

—*Tiger*

— D D D —

"Say," casually said one steeplejack to the other, "how far d'ya suppose it might be down to the street?"

"Oh, I dunno," replied the other wearily as he continued to paint his side of the flagpole. Looking down, he said, "We-ell, I guess a person could just whistle 'Yankee Doodle' through about wunst 'fore he lit, if he wuz to fall offa here."

"Kin you whistle pretty good?"

"Oh, so-so."

"D'ya know 'Yankee Doodle'?"

"Uh, huh. Why?"

"We-ell, nuthin', only there's just about one strand what ain't give away yet on that rope of yours what's holdin' you up."

—*Chaparral*

— D D D —

Speaking of sad cases—how about the English professor who received a theme with no punctuation mark, and died trying to hold his breath until the last page!"

—*Old Maid*

— D D D —

Little Tommy was going to the hospital to have his tonsils removed and his mother was asking him to be a brave boy and not make a fuss. His answer was: "I'll be brave, mamma, but that hospital is not going to do one thing—they are not going to slip over a squalling baby on me, like they did you."

—*Green Gander*

He: "Pardon me, dear, but your stockings seem rather wrinkled."

"She: "You brute! I have no stockings on."

—*Medley*

— D D D —

"Hey, is the S. A. E. House?"

"Yes."

"Well, come down and pick out the S. A. E.'s so the rest of us can go home."

—*Voo Doo*

— D D D —

Success

He was only a freshman, but he was determined to become famous. It was simple enough everyone told him. All he had to do was to bring a woman that would "stop the Prom." For weeks he thought and planned. Joan Crawford entered his mind, but she was too far away. Gloria Swanson had possibilities, but she was growing old. Even he considered Lenore Ulric, but someone had brought an actress the year before he was informed. Finally, the great inspiration came, and in dead secret he carried out his plans. When the festive night arrived his woman "stopped the Prom" all right, for he brought Mabel Willebrandt.

—*Brown Jug*

— D D D —

She had to choose between her Art and her husband, so she chose her Art. Art was worth two million.

—*Sun Dial*

— D D D —

The Student

Behold the student—

He riseth up early in the morning

And disturbeth the household—

Mighty are his preparations.

He goeth forth full of hope.

When the day is far spent he returneth,

Stained with fountain pen ink, and

The knowledge is not in him.

—*Swan*

— D D D —

"Have you got your notes written on your handkerchief?"

"Yes."

"And have you the textbook concealed in your hat?"

"Yes."

"And did you make arrangements to sit behind Fred where you could see his paper?"

"Yes."

All right—let's go on to that ethics final."

—*Exchange*

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Dear Buddies

This life is.....
One of putting on.....
And taking off.....
When we begin it.....
We put on clothes.....
And put on the first long trou.....
Later we take off.....
Into matrimony.....
We take on weight.....
And if we are successful.....
People take off their hats to us.....
Our hair takes off.....
We put on some more.....
Our teeth take off.....
We put in some more.....
Finally we take off.....
For eternity.....
It's just putting on.....
And taking off.....
I thank you.....

—Log

— D D D —

"I've been trying to think of a word for two weeks."

"What about fortnight?"

—Columbia Jester

— D D D —

"What're you eating tonight?"

"This beef tongue looks pretty good . . ."

"What! You don't want anything out of an animal's mouth, do you?—What you want is eggs!"

— D D D —

Customer: "I want something to wear around the dormitory."

Saleslady: "How large is your dormitory?"

—Rammer Jammer

Wigg: "I just finished setting a trap for my wife."

Waggs: "My God! What do you expect?"

Wigg: "A mouse in the pantry."

— D D D —

Prof—Who defeated the Isrealites?

Student (awakening) I don't know. I don't follow those bush league teams.

— D D D —

Wife (reading her scenario)—"It was the witching hour of midnight. A white hand appeared out of the murky darkness. Two white robed figures stole along the corridor and the clock solemnly struck one."

Bored Husband—"Which one?"

—Broken Jug

— D D D —

Or A Bathtub

Automobile Salesman: "This controls the emergency brake. It is put to use very quickly in case of emergency."

Sweet Young Thing: "I see, something like a kimono."

—Voo Doo

— D D D —

Girl: "Why don't you shave when you come to see me?"

Big, Bad, and Bold: "Why my dear, how public that would be!"

—Claw

— D D D —

Heeza: "I got a Dunhill lighter."

Jeeza: "Ain't science wonderful. Always finding some use for waste products."

—Puppet

— D D D —

She worked in a brewery but she was a corker!

—Lehigh Burr

— D D D —

Jack: "Who was that oboe I seen you with last night?"

Jackknife: "That was no oboe—that was my fife!"

—M. I. T. Voo Doo

— D D D —

Fourth Clubman: "So you've sworn off drinking."

Eighth Clubman: "Yes, I'm doing it for the wife and kidneys."

—Judge

"What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"
 "You have me,—maybe it smokes 'Luckies'."
 —Puppet

— D D D —

"Where did I come from?" asked the rose bud.
 "The stalk brought you," answered the rose.
 —Rice Owl

— D D D —

Judge: "Come now, have you any excuse?"
 Motorist: "Well, your honor, my wife fell asleep
 in the back seat."
 —Juggler

— D D D —

He Would

Joe—You know I played the organ for years.
 Moe—How come you give it up?
 Joe—The monkey died on me.
 —Annapolis Log

— D D D —

No Wonder

*They tell of the blushing bride
 Who to the altar goes,
 Down the aisle of the church
 Between the friend-filled rows;
 There's Billy whom she motored with,
 And Bob with whom she swam;
 There's Jack—she used to golf with him,
 And Steve, who called her "lamb,"
 There's Ted, the football man she owned,
 And Don of tennis days;
 There's Herbert, too, and Blonde Eugene;
 They took her to the plays.
 And there is Harry, high school beau,
 With whom she used to mush,
 No wonder she's a blushing bride,
 Ye Gods! She ought to blush!*

—Whirlwind

— D D D —

A young college couple who had just recently been married had received lots of nice wedding presents after establishing their home in the suburbs. One morning in the mail they received two theater tickets together with a note which read: "Guess who sent these?"

At the duly appointed time the young couple went to the theater, returning late in the evening. To their astonishment everything in the house of any value had been carried away. On a large bare table in the dining room they found this note: "Now you know."
 —Whirlwind

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She—"Did you ever have your palm read?"
 He—"No, they use paddles at our house?"
 —The Desert Wolf

— D D D —

Co—"Don't you adore the 'Livery Stable Blues'?"
 Ed—"Well, the words are not much, but air
 —oh, my!"
 —Burr

— D D D —

*Here lies my wife,
 Here let her lie,
 Now she's at rest;
 So am I.*
 —Pelican

— D D D —

They claim the river boat sank, but that's just a ferry tale.

— D D D —

There once was a bird from Detroit,
 Whose case is quite sad if you know it,
 Dropped T. N. T.
 Into his B. V. D.
 And up flew the bird from Detroit.
 —Mugwump

— D D D —

A guy from old 10-E-C,
 Cried out in love "O, G,
 Come be my wife,
 We'll lead a gay life,
 When I have secured my A. B."

— D D D —

"I've been spending a good bit of time on Descartes."
 "I'm on the water wagon, too."
 —Pelican

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When someone approaches while you're in a bathtub why is it you can never remember whether or not you locked the door?
 —Juggler

— D D D —

"When my girl began acting high hat I asked her to please take off her brassy air. Now she won't even speak to me. I wonder—"

—Voo Doo

— D D D —

Love may make the world go around, but it hasn't anything on swallowing a chew of tobacco.

—Log

— D D D —

You don't love me as much as you used to. Haven't I always played fair with you?"

"Yeh, you're fair, but I like 'em warmer."

—Texas Ranger

— D D D —

"I think I'll open up an office when I graduate."

"I'll probably turn out to be a janitor, myself."

—Cajoler

— D D D —

She: "What did you do with your chivalry?"

He: "I turned it in for a Buick."

—Chanticleer

— D D D —

"My girl has on a Western dress tonight."

"How come?"

"Wide open spaces."

—Yellow Jacket

— D D D —

Why Not?

She (to factory hand): "What is that can?"

He: "A locomotive boiler."

She: "Why do they boil locomotives?"

He: "To make the locomotive tender."

She: "Hasn't her hair the *prettiest* wave!"

He: "Yeah—an' her legs."

— D D D —

In Honolulu, I loved a lass
 With eyes of brown and skirt of grass
 I thought she loved me too you see,
 But I was wrong, alack, alas,
 She wore a sign, "Keep off the grass."

—Wet Hen

— D D D —

She was only the skipper's daughter, but, boy,
 how she knew the holds!

—Kansas Sour Owl

— D D D —

Visitor (smelling breakfast egg): "Now I know why they call that hen 'Denmark'."

—Burr

— D D D —

"I hear that Harry was expelled for cribbing in the astronomy quiz."

"Yeah, he peaked out of the window to answer a question, and the prof caught him!"

—Burr

— D D D —

Mary had a little goat
 The goat had halitosis.
 And everywhere the damn thing went
 The people held their noses.

Mary had a little lamb.
 With her it used to frolic.
 It licked her cheek in play one day,
 And died of painter's colic.

—Pup

— D D D —

Before—"Why is an elephant like noodle soup?"

After—"Dunno!"

Before—"Neither of them pitch quoits."

—Satyr

— D D D —

Lady Customer: "Is taking my picture a difficult task?"

Photographer: "No, mam, it's a snap."

—Juggler

— D D D —

He: "I'm in love with the most adorable girl, but she is terribly conceited."

She: "How dare you call me conceited?"

—Yellow Jacket

— D D D —

"I don't care to keep that school-girl complexion," said Jack, as he dusted off his lapel.

House Wanted? No!

Newlywed to the real estate salesman who is trying to sell her a home: "Why buy a home? I was born in a hospital ward, reared in a boarding-school, educated in a college, courted in an automobile, and married in a church; get my meals at a cafeteria, live in an apartment; spend my morning playing golf, my afternoons playing bridge; in the evening we dance or go to the movies; when I'm sick I go to the hospital, and when I die I shall be buried from an undertaker's. Why should we buy a house, I ask you? All we need is a garage with a bedroom."
—*The Outlook*

— D D D —

"Woman, are you concealing anything from me?"

"Gee! I hope so!"

—*America's Humor*

— D D D —

"Whoopee! I own hell."

"Howzat?"

"My girl just gave it to me."

—*Ala. Rammer-Jammer*

— D D D —

"I kissed Dot on the chin last night."

"What did she say?"

"Heavens above."

—*Burr*

— D D D —

"Did you know that Bob nearly drowned last week?"

"How was that?"

"He flunked out of the Floating University."

—*Wisconsin Octopus*

— D D D —

Old Lady: Is that bottle the only consolation you have in this world?

Disconsolate and Inebriated Student: No, ma'm, I have another in my pocket.

—*Wisconsin Octopus*

— D D D —

Female Frosh can be dumb too. There is one who thought the Battle of Sedan was a petting party.

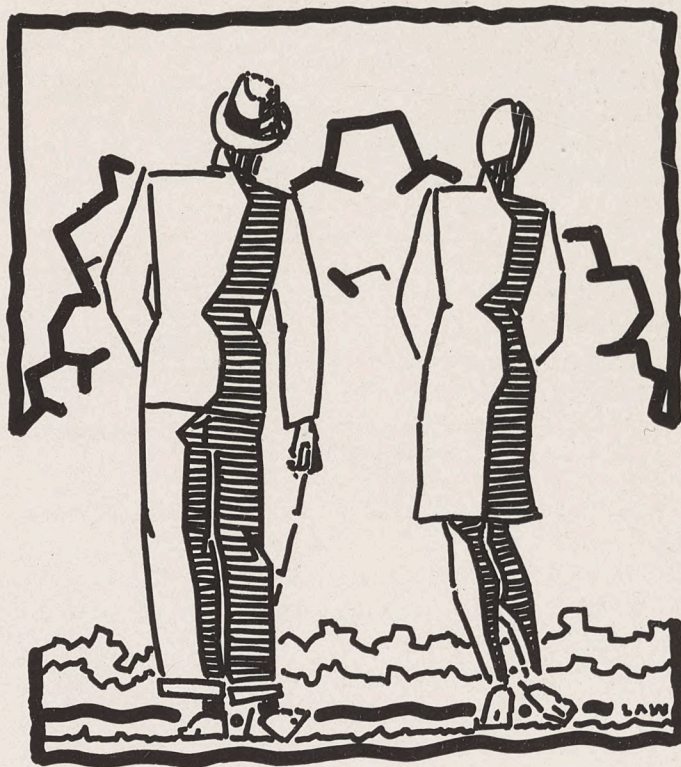
—*Bison*

— D D D —

Street Cleaner: It is sure tough on de dames what have to wear evening dresses.

Second Rose: Why so Horsy, why so?

S. C.: Well cause they don't have nothin to wipe the old nose on. No sleeves stupid, no sleeves.



He: "Wonderful night, a beautiful girl, what a combination!"

She: "Heavens! Is that showing?"

—*Outlaw*

— D D D —

Seagoing

Passenger: Oh, Captain, can you tell me what time the tide rises? I want to close my portholes.

— D D D —

Playwright: Here's my latest play, sir.

Producer: But there's only two sheets here.

Playwright: Oh, that's enough. It's a bedroom farce.

— D D D —

He went to France, took some Scotch, did a bit of Russian around, got in Dutch, used his English, and that was his Finnish.

— D D D —

"Funny how a fat woman always feels bigger than she looks."

"Who told you that?"

"Nobody. I danced with one last night."

—*Texas Ranger*

— D D D —

"Do you fellows wash your clothes at the house?"

"Heck, no."

"Well, what's that washing machine for?"

"That's no washing machine. That's our cocktail shaker."

—*Cornell Widow*

A student was walking thru a cemetery when he came to a small grave. The stone bore the following inscription, "Here lies a lawyer and an honest man."

And who would ever think that there'd be room in there for two men.
—*Wampus*

— D D D —

Aunt Mary: "The preacher is coming to call this afternoon."

Doris (who has just finished reading "Elmer Gantry"): "Do you think it's safe?"

— D D D —

—*Life*

Stude: "Say, Peter, how long is a million years to you?"

St. Peter: "Oh, about a minute."

Stude: "How much does a million dollars mean to you?"

St. Peter: "Oh, about a cent."

Stude: "Lend me a million, will you?"

St. Peter: "Yes, in a minute."

— D D D —

—*Tiger*

A young man was conversing with a lady friend on the subject of horse-back riding.

"Have you ever been astride a chestnut full of mettle?" he asked.

"No," she replied, "but I have often bought a bag of them full of worms."

— D D D —

—*Falmingo*

The party will be gin at ten o'clock.

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo*

— D D D —

"Say, buddy, what makes your face so red?"

"Sunburn."

"But what makes it such a dark shade of red?"

"I was *marooned* on a desert island!"

— D D D —

—*Judge*

Beta: "She has her floor covered with hooked rugs."

Theta: "I wonder if she took any from our house?"

— D D D —

—*Bellhop*

"You say that your son was on the Hilltop campus?"

"Oh, yes."

"What did he take up?"

"The garbage."

—*Nevada Desert Wolf*

Judge: "This officer states that he found you two fighting in the middle of the street."

Defendant: "The officer has misled you. When he arrived we were trying to separate each other."

—*Yale Record*

— D D D —

Modern Small Girl—"Mother, what the hell does 'blush' mean?"

—*Octopus*

— D D D —

"That girl there shows distinction in her clothes."

"Don't you mean distinctly?"

— D D D —

Shocking, Perfectly Shocking

"That's what comes of being attractive," said the flapper as she was struck by lightning.

— D D D —

"Did youse get anything?" whispered the burglar on the ground to his pal emerging from the window.

"Naw, the bloke wot lives here's a lawyer," the other replied in evident disgust.

"S to, bo', but did yu' lose anything?"

— D D D —

At least it's safe to predict that ants and poison ivy are all ready and waiting to renew their acquaintance with summer picnickers.

— D D D —

Some Ticklers?

As many a too-plump girl has discovered, you can't eat your cake and have "IT" too.

— D D D —

Lullaby

*Oh father, dear father
How queerly you mutter
Come father dear father
Away from the gutter
You murdered my mother
And fed me your gin
Now sit you here cursing
How sorely you sin!
I will teach you crocheting
Then never you'll roam
Dear father, stop guzzling
And follow me home.*

G. H.

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.. off the tee it's **DISTANCE!**

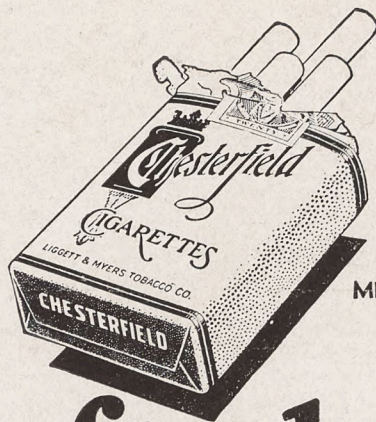


.. in a cigarette it's **TASTE!**

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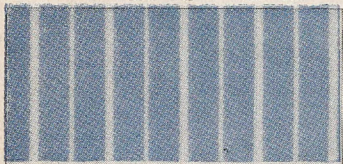
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