The Dirge

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Washington University Dirge: Success Number

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY
DECEMBER...
1931
15 CENTS

I. Klein « Margaret Fishback » H. N. Swanson
Bruce Barton « Norman Anthony » and others
« also our own Christmas supplement »
It isn’t Christmas yet—but this will do for the present.

After all, isn’t it about time your parents were made acquainted with the facts of life? And we don’t mean inside information on the birds and flowers, either. We mean your crying need for a car of your own this Christmas. If you agree, why not break the news now—when holiday spirits will dull the shock of facing one of life’s sterner moments?

You can make the ordeal easier for them by requesting one of those shiny new Chevrolet sixes. No mortgage on the old homestead will be required to give you this car—because Chevrolet prices are among the lowest of any on the market. The fact that it costs less to operate than any other car will also help to ease the blow. And you won’t lose anything yourself by suggesting a Chevrolet, as it is smart enough and fast enough to uphold successfully your reputation as one who knows how to pick ’em. So brace yourself and do your stuff. Remember, Chevrolet expects every man to do his duty.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value for 1932
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Cover Design by Steve Manhard
Christmas Ties You Needn't be Ashamed of

Spalding's neckties make gifts that remove all doubts from Christmas giving. This is more than we can say for the usual Christmas tie. Spalding's make it their business to know what appeals to men, both young and old. You may be sure that any necktie from Spalding's large assortment will be appreciated.

ENGLISH FOULARDS. The foulard continues to be one of the most popular of all ties. They are made of Japanese silk and wood blocked in England. $2 each.

WOVEN THROUGH PATTERNS. These smart-looking ties are long-wearing ties, too. Small figures and designs are in great favor now. $2 each.

409 North Broadway

NO SMOKING

We still think the rule that prohibits women from smoking on the campus is rather silly. It's enforced about as well as prohibition. The girls can't buy cigarettes in the bookstore so they bum them off of fellows. They can't smoke in public so they hide in parked cars or offices when they want to smoke on university property. We've never been able to determine the reason for this rule. Is it that girls who smoke are not ladies, or does it satisfy some antiquated prejudice of the higher ups? Go on, girls, smoke all you want to. Dirge says it's all right.

FINALS

Shortly after we get back to school from the glorious holidays we will see the schedule posted for final examinations. There will only be one or two of these schedules so that students desiring to read them will have to stand in line for two or three hours or else sneak up on them in the middle of the night. We think it would be nicer if there were more of these schedules scattered around. And we wish all our exams wouldn't come hand running. Exams are very unpleasant when they come hand running.

ALUMNI AND FOOTBALL

COMMITTEE ASKS SHARPE TO STEP OUT. REFUSAL WILL LEAVE CASE UP TO CHANCELLOR. ALUMINUM BODY ALSO GIVES TROOP ITS VIEWS: BUBB DEFENDS FACULTY. So runs the headlines of a recent article in the Times reporting an alumni luncheon at which the football situation was discussed. We feel that the alumni and certain sports writers are making awful asses out of themselves.

For example the alumni condemned the coaches for not keeping in touch with high school athletes and getting them to come to Washington. As Dr. Sharpe pointed out, that practise is definitely prohibited by the Missouri Valley Conference.

At this same meeting the alumni criticized the university for not giving athletic scholarships. As Professor Bubb pointed out, the chancellor has to sign a sworn statement every year for the North Central Association of Universities that the university does not, directly or indirectly, subsidize athletes. The university cannot give scholarships for athletics alone without perjuring itself.

They denounced the university for allowing the football situation to become a matter of newspaper discussion, yet they themselves have precipitated the discussion by their actions. The press seemed to have no difficulty in gaining admission to this particular meeting.

Dirge wants a good football team but we don't expect to get one. You see the way to build up a strong team is through the alumni. It's up to them to get jobs for needy athletes and to make available more academic scholarships and that more studious athletes can be aided. But we needn't expect any real help from the alumni. At this luncheon an attempt was made to get three men to endorse a note for forty dollars so a promising freshman athlete could stay in school. When this failed an attempt was made to take up a collection for the forty dollars and someone got up and said, "We're interested in the principle of the thing, not in an individual player."

Now Dirge contends that one good individual player is worth a dozen alumni orators with all their principles. The alumni have been closing their pocketbooks and opening their mouths long enough. A little vice versa might help a lot.

THANKS, POST-DISPATCH

We neglected to acknowledge that the caricature of the four Marx brothers which appeared in the November issue was loaned to us by the Post-Dispatch. Our apologies to the Post for this oversight.
December, 1931
WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY DIRGE

A Letter to Santa

Dear Santa:—
I want you to help me look better than the good Lord made me look; to give me a pair of pants that will hold a crease; a suit of clothes that will stand the racket without looking like something the cat brought in. Now, old White Whiskers, be a good sport and come through.
Yours,
Undergraduate

the reply

Dear Undergraduate:—
Be your age. Instead of writing me use your bean. Even a Freshman knows there is only one place where you can get what you want. It's the Losse College Section. There they custom tailor fine clothes in the real college spirit; at mighty reasonable cost. Don't bother me about things you should know.
Truly yours,
Santa Claus

MERRY CHRISTMAS

We were looking through some old Dirges and we discovered that every December the editor writes a pretty little editorial concerning (you'd never have guessed) Christmas. We're not going to write one this year. Instead we refer you to the Christmas editorial that will come out in tomorrow's Student Life. If there isn't any Christmas editorial in Student Life then read the one in the University City News. They will express our sentiments exactly. But in case they forget Dirge wishes you all a Merry Christmas and little if any New Years hangover.

PROFESSIONALISM IN STUDENT LIFE

Dirge has long felt that student activities should be amateur. Things like publications for example. Why just the other day Student Life came out with an editorial denouncing musical comedy for being professional. And yet, would you believe it, Student Life is a professional publication. It is printed by professional printers and the editor is a professional journalist having worked during the summer on a trade magazine. A trade magazine for butchers, we believe. Let's all get together and stamp out this nassy professionalism!

The Basketball Team

Dirge doffs its battered editorial fedora to the basketball team because it practices hard, keeps training, and shows a very lively spirit. Don White has assembled a mighty fine club which we predict will win the Valley pennant this year if they don't freeze to death in the showers.

Christmas Gifts He'll Appreciate

The Christmas season arrived again, and once again shoppers are selecting gifts for their friends. The college man's present is sure to be well received if it is usable, though it need not be severely practical. Contrary to the popular belief, clothing, if correct in style, forms an acceptable gift. The following articles form especially acceptable gifts for the young man in college.

Gray is especially popular in suits this year. One of the newer patterns is a wide diagonal weave in black and white. Others are solid grays, or gray tweeds. The blue suit is, of course, a permanent favorite. A tuxedo will make an especially acceptable gift for any young man. The tan belted camel's hair coat is a great favorite among college men. The Harris Tweed topcoats are usually single breasted, sometimes with a half belt in back. Overcoats are usually double-breasted, with a belted back. They are of heavy ulster material, frequently in black. The most popular hat at college is probably the brown snap-brim. Those in shades of gray are also correct. The college man never has too many shirts, and these make popular gifts. Gray is probably the smartest single color in men's shirts this season. Blue and tan are also correct. The tab collar is popular. Ties are a favorite gift for the young man. Popular are solid colors, small patterns, fine dots, and narrow stripes. Sweaters are in solid colors this year. Most popular are Colonial yellow, brown, and blue. The ribbed woolen golf hose come in these same colors. Various styles of braces are being offered. Leather ones at moderate prices are being offered by several manufacturers. Those made from heavy silk are most popular, but combinations of silk and wire are well liked. One manufacturer boxes some belts and braces in bakelite boxes which may be afterward used for cigarettes or jewelry. Half a dozen fine linen handkerchiefs, with perhaps a conservative colored border are bound to be appreciated. Light colored chamois gloves are correct this year. Pigskin gloves are also usable, and the darker colored capeskins are well liked. White silk mufflers are worn with evening things, and woolen reefer in solid colors are used in the daytime. A lounging robe makes an excellent gift. The present trend in intimate wear is toward simplicity, so some one of the darker solid colors is to be preferred.

THE BASKETBALL TEAM

Dirge doffs its battered editorial fedora to the basketball team because it practices hard, keeps training, and shows a very lively spirit. Don White has assembled a mighty fine club which we predict will win the Valley pennant this year if they don't freeze to death in the showers.

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS
“Success at last Mary! I’ve just been nominated for oblivion.”
People

We nominate Mr. Silas Bent McKinley, whose course “Travels in Europe” is well attended, for the position as best dressed man on the campus. He’s quite a hound for High Society, too, though just how long he will last on this campus is problematic.

... Why aren’t the Thetas at Mizzou giving any more dances this year? ... We have on good authority that Miss Katherine “Kay” Martin was a house guest up there during Homecoming. ... No. Kerstine was not a member of the team debating Oxford. ... Alice Throop doesn’t like cats. ... Who called up Dean Stephens at 4 a.m. and asked him what he was doing up at that ungodly hour. ... Ask Virginia Capps about Bill Bryan, new leading lady of the Quad-rangle Club; or ask anybody, for that matter. ... Bill Davis wants his name mentioned in Dirge. Thinks it’s good publicity. ... Can “Hickman” Richardson rumba? ... Ask any Sig Alf. ... Who painted Mark Smith up like an Indian at the Kappa Sig dance? ... and where were the stags at the Kappa party? ... Delos Reynolds, instead of attending the Initiation Lock, was present at the dance at the Jefferson on the same evening. That’s the spirit, Delos. ... Everett Davis and Marietta McIntyre are you-know-what. ... Bill Ohle has never made first base with Jane Blackmer’s folks, who think he looks like a goat. ... Alex Johnson (Iky Wiley) has been twitted about his love for one J. Wilson, Theta pledge. ... Who went to the last Lock dance besides the chaperones. ... Art Hoeller sure has a way with Walgreen waitresses—they mix his cokes so strong he can hardly drink them. ... Quite a few people dancing at Dorr and Zellers these days. ... Nelson’s also having fair crowds although Ken Gilbert was lost in the smoky basement three days before he found the door. ... Lolla Bauman is plenty tough with the chorus this year. ... maybe that’s why they know more already than the chorus ever learned last year. ... Who is the tall Texan who shines so brightly in Gen. Lit. 6. ... and who are all the sis-sies who linger in education classes—i was so interested in what you said this morning, teach ... apples are very shiny this fall. ... the Commerce school has a very fine all American selection this year. ... We hear Zimmerman tells taller yarns than Kla-mon ... and speaking of Klamon, is the Modern Virgin any show for a prof to see? ... Where’s Harry Bleich these days? ... Bill Ens hurt his eye
playing basket ball when the door opened outward instead of inward. . . . Ed Alt is saving up for a full dress suit for the prom you know. . . . Who is the graceful Adonis that dates Margaret Poos? . . . We hear that Charlie Schumacher, upon receiving his new R. O. T. C. uniform, donned it and headed for Jefferson Barracks to get saluted. Why didn't you see Barbara Wetherill, Charlie?

About This Issue

We intended to make this issue entirely a Success Number. We wrote to quite a few great and near great people and asked them how they achieved their success. The majority of them were evidently quite ashamed of the way they achieved whatever measure of success they could claim for they mostly sent meaningless answers or none at all. Take Hoover for instance. We sent him a letter but he was afraid to have us publish how he achieved his success. At any rate we've got quite a few helpful hints scattered around the book to confuse you, because the real way to succeed is to be lucky—lucky and lazy. And you will notice that we couldn't resist the Christmas atmosphere and stuck in a Yuletide supplement at the last moment. But we haven't used the word Xmas once. We're very proud of that.

Why Red?

Our attention was attracted the other day by a pair of hands that looked at a distance as if they each held a flag of the type of those often seen on the rear of large trucks. As we came closer we found that this Washington U. student was not holding a flag of any kind. She was just one of those addicted to the use of paint on the fingernails, not a delicate, light pink but a vivid, flaming scarlet. We were struck with admiration at the brilliant, but misplaced colors. A duco-like effect had been achieved, the result of what must have been weeks of polishing.

We just happened to wonder why red had been used in place of green, or any other color. It seems to us that green is much prettier. Or, why not have a change of color with every change in dress? A bilious oxford grey would go very well with the much liked purple or red dress. Or a rainbow hue could be used as part of the evening dress. Then again, for school functions, one could have alternate red and green fingernails, something, we are sure, that would produce a surprising artistic effect. The more severe black fingernail, would of course, be favored for funerals and examination time.

In short, we do not believe that the young women appreciate the opportunity that has been given them to exercise their ingenuity and originality. Come on, girls, lets see something new. Why red?

The Lock Problem

What will become of Lock and Chain, "honorary" torso-tossing fraternity, will no doubt be settled in the near future. No organization, even with as fine a bunch of boys as the present aggregation, can survive long such losses as $20 the first dance and about $50 for the second attempt. Our Dean has come across with a cute idea that the club serve a little light lunch in the basement for about 35c, thus giving the hops an added attraction as well as keeping the boys and girls out of these nasty eating places. No, we really don't think that will help a lot.

Drool

"I am not, unhappily, an alumnus of Missouri University, but if I were, I feel certain that as this is written I would be preparing to return for the homecoming. "Every Missourian should return to his state at least once a year without such an especial lure as the big football game. Missouri is at its loveliest in late Autumn. "There is about the dying splendor of such days a rich pulse . . . a brooding promise that something superior is guiding the destinies. And in the vast pandemonium now sweeping a world in chaos, we need the renewal of a sturdier faith.

"Nothing will do this like a trip back to the old 'Show Me State'. Too, when successful men leave their desks to come back to a college cam-
pus, it implies a profound humility that the world needs more today than ever before."

O. O. McIntyre

The above blurb comes from the white-haired boy of New York, the very Odd McIntyre, and is presented for what it's worth to Mizzou Show-me, whose godfather he is. We thought we were giving our readers everything but evidently have overlooked the idea of having a fairy godfather. Suggestions for that post are being left open to our readers. Rudy Valee is definitely out, however.

About Winston Churchill

Of course no one expects Student Life to get anything straight but even hardened Student Life readers were shocked when they read that the Winston Churchill who wrote "The Crisis", "Richard Carvel", and "The Crossing" was going to lecture in St. Louis. Faculty members tore their hair and even students perceived the error. Keep up the good work, Student Life.

Yes We Still Have Some Gigolos

Last year Dirge inaugurated the practice of renting out gigolos for sorority formals and Christmas holiday affairs—and made a pretty penny out of it too. Harassed sorority social chairmen have been enquiring if we can still supply them with some graceful stuffed shirts for the less lovely sisters. Yes, we still have some gigolos. Odd lots and not all sizes in all styles but they can dance and several have mustaches. Address all inquiries to Art Hoeller, Dirge's Gigolo Editor.

O Tempora! O Mores!

The old order changeth and is replaced by the new and there's nothing much we can do about it but we've received some pretty hard blows lately. The Sig Alphas have acquired the leading man for this year's musical comedy. The Betas were host to a meeting of the International Relations Club at which the Manchurian situation was discussed. At this rate the Kappa Sigs will be throwing tea do not care to mention here. Of course, it may only be a tumor but . . . . Please, oh please, return Aimee.

And shame on Ralph Abel, who was appointed custodian of the goldfish, and betrayed his trust.

Health Office Note

If it should ever come to a show-down as to who can ask more questions in a given length of time, Dirge's candidate, without a doubt, will be Miss Maffitt, able assistant of Dr. Jensen in the Health Office. Floyd Gibbons is practically mute beside the nurse, who can spring more questions in five minutes than a Poly Sci. professor could in a true and false exam. Your honor, we rest the case.

Vanity

A gentleman of our acquaintance, finding himself stuck at his fraternity dance, signalled a pledge to cut him and began to cast around for ways and means of getting his date around. Finally he hit upon the system of going up to a stage and saying, with a most innocent expression on his face, "Say, Joe, my date wants to meet you. She thinks you have nice eyes." He then grasped the stag firmly by the arm and led him toward his date, saying, "Listen Joe, no funny stuff, now. It's all right to dance with her, but don't be going off the floor with her." The system worked wondrous well and stags who hadn't danced for years fell for it. You might try it sometime.

(Continued on page 26)
The Life Story of I. Klein
or
Turning Handicaps Into Assets

by I. Klein, who draws for the New Yorker, College Humor, Life, and Judge

Suppose you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth and no tea or even coffee on the table. Such was the case of I. Klein, cartoonist.

I. Klein was a beautiful child. His blue eyes reflected the light of heaven, his teeth gleamed in a pearly smile. But some jealous god intervened and he found himself with a handicap at the very start of his life.

I. Klein was born with a pencil in each hand. His baby left hand clutched a pencil and his childish pink right hand also clutched a pencil. The time of the day was high noon, the place a poor Park Avenue penthouse and not a scrap of drawing paper in sight for miles around.

Were you ever born with a bottle in your hand and not a corkscrew in your luggage? Here is the infant I. Klein, forty-seven floors above the sidewalks of New York, holding on to a pencil with each hand. Poor child, are the pencils an asset or just so much more antique lumber for Aunt Suzie's attic? Shall time tell, or will it be mum, like the gangster on the spot?

What is our helpless infant to do? All the scraps of paper are used up on peace treaties and what's left over is saved for Monday's lunch. First it's turkey, then turkey hash, and here are a pair of pencils tying a good man down to a routine job, when he knows in his heart of hearts he can do better than Jonesy who got a two dollar raise last Saturday, but talent will win in the long run. Let us put our shoulder to the wheel, Success Magazine is all set to go to press and I. Klein is still too young to read Dr. Cadman's council, or even Heywood Broun's column.

Volume II.

A young man in knee pants and a cocked hat is pacing the terrace of the Grand Hotel of Atchison, Kansas. He is in deep thought. In each hand he carries a pencil. A deep sigh escapes his pursed lips. In the distance, silhouetted against a sunset sky is the last of the buffaloes. The young man cocks his hat crossways—he is a dead ringer for old Napoleon, except for the two pencils clutched in his hands.

I. Klein is no longer a child. Life has come along and passed him by. A lonely figure, grasping a pair of pencils. His schoolmates have already attained success. Alfalfa Bill Murray got into politics, Al Smith is in the building business, and Irving Berlin married rich. Only I. Klein is pointed out as the town good-for-nothing. Will he never throw away them gol darn pencils!

At play young Klein's pencils used to trip up his merry playfellows. In school they irritated the irate and irascible schoolmaster. At home the pencils got into his soup. His only friend was his dog and his pipe. His mother who was as gentle as a faun had absconded with the church funds when he was only three months old, leaving him to heartless charity. His father, of course, was an itinerant scissors grinder, upon whom I. Klein never set his eyes. But tides turn, fate relents, and dollars are changed into nickels at the Automat restaurants.

Volume III.

Fool that he was, why didn't he think of it before? I. Klein was looking at himself in the mirror. "Fool that you are," he cried half to himself and half to the crazy wallpaper stripes that he had often counted to put himself to sleep. "I will! I will! I WILL!" His wistful expression changed to a mask of iron will. His hands grasped his pencils with new resolution and he began to draw. He drew cartoons all over the bedroom floor, on the walls, on the stairs, all over the front of his house and all over the fronts of the neighboring houses. He could not stop, the mad creative urge was on him—as a man possessed. He drew from house to house, from street to street. The buildings were obliterated as he rushed madly on working with both his pencils. The hours progressed, it was lunch time, he did not stop to eat, he did not even know the time. He was no clock watcher.

Through his tear dimmed eyes I. Klein could discern the towers and spires of downtown New York. The Mayor was standing on the City Hall steps in an attitude of perpetual welcome. I. Klein knew that all the preparations were for him. Timidity had fled.

As the ticker tape fell upon him from the sky scraper windows and the city's teeming millions cheered him, he brooded on his rise from obscurity to eminence in the cartoon world.

At the grand banquet that evening, I. Klein gave his message to the world. "Not to all of us is life a spree, an easy come and easy go. Fate plays us little tricks. But success, my friends, is turning tears into laughter, cotton into woolen goods, and liabilities into fire insurance policies. I thank you."
WHY I CAME TO COLLEGE—
The True, Unexpurgated Story of My Success

By Col. Ishmual Jerico Bornstien

Translated from the German by Tom. Rankin and Warren Davis

BEGAN LIFE when I was quite young,” mused the Col., as he is affectionately called by the collegians on the “hill.” “I was born while my parents were attending a bol-weevel convention at the Pi Phi rooms. The four Marx brothers brought me into this world and deposited me with little ceremony in my father’s pent house. The first two years of my life were spent standing on the corner of Skinker and Delmar waiting for the stop lights to change.” This pleasant memory brought tears to the dear fellow’s eyes as he continued, half to his veal cutlets and half to me. “Then I was rushed boy scout and spent the remainder of my “teens” preparing for the R.O. T.C. and contracting the hoof and mouth disease in my father’s doggery in training for my “be kind to animals merit badge.” The Sig Alphs also rushed me, but after all there’s something about the scout pants and all that just had it all over the S.A.E.’s corduroy drawers. Of course, I told the boys I still wanted to be friends and as a result I spent most of my time and all of my money at the Sig house. I knew the Einstien boys well, they were Betas, and for hours at a time we would sit in the center of the house playing, me with their theory and they with my charley horse, you see, they were fond of animals. I remember one time,” and with this remark the Col. emitted a self-conscious chortle which, according to Aldous Huxley, he often employs to show that he is a human being after all, “when I became elected the president of the Lost and Found Bureau. To celebrate this distinction I took my father’s prize “Eight holer” and placed it in the center of the quadrangle and labeled it “Our new stadium” on one side and “Beta bungalow” on the other, my were those Einstien boys mad,” and with this the Col. gave forth loud peals of laughter and showers of moisture. “All the dean could say when he saw it was, ‘ask the man who owns one’—They satisfy.” Soon I tired of this care free life and until I was forty-five I spent my winter playing Santa Clause, and I was the most successful Santa that ever fished a cigar from trusting tots in Scrugg’s basement. It was there that I met the girl of my dreams, a sweet home girl who looked as if she would run right home and cook supper, if it were not for the fact that someone had stole all her clothes. Soon I married, but alas, not that maiden, she belonged to another, but so frequently did I see her that her husband often remarked, accompanied by a knowing jab in my torpid liver, “Col., I’ve given you the best years of my wife.” “Of course, he was only joking,” the Col. hastened to assure me, as he noticed my blushing ears and my movements towards the door. “Don’t leave, son,” he said, so I stayed, hoping, my gentle readers, that it might get better.

“Then, I began to get restless,” he continued, “the spirit of the wanderlust got me, I wanted to do big things, be somebody, be a success, make p'zozies, have children, and of course be a father,” and there was a dramatic hush while the Col. spat at his silver goboon, missed, cursed, and spat again, and missed again, “so then I came to college. My first move was towards the Chancellor’s office, there my attention was attracted by three men kneeling on all fours, I wouldn’t have said a word, but three men kneeling on all fours well, you can see how that would impress me.” I nodded my assent and he continued, “Gentlemen, I want to come to college,” these were my exact words, “gentlemen, put away that Lamkin doll and give me a job.” Three deans rose hurriedly from all fours and little “Charlie” or “Keupie” as the chubby doll was called, jumped up and rushed in

(Continued on page 27)
SHIRLEY SEIFERT
Is a popular Magazine Writer who graduated from Washington

Isn't your magazine supposed to be humorous? Well, then, what place can the story of my so-called success have in its pages? It isn't in the least a funny tale. It isn't even an exalted one, or one that can possibly be held up for its moral values. It won't do anybody any good to hear it at all.

To begin with, my motives in becoming a professional writer were ignoble. I thoroughly despised school-teaching. I hated the life of a business woman even more. And, no millionaire coming to rescue me in my distress, and nothing less seeming to me a good bargain in life, I had to earn my living somehow. So, I began to write. On the cheapest quality of paper, preferably that which has been used for better purposes on the other side, and in what is called spare time—meaning hours when I could have been helping my mother or improving myself for the job I already held or going to church and things like that.

This decision having been reached and the career begun, the only reason in the world that I arrived at anything like an income on my investment is a peculiarity in my temperament. Once having started something, I always stick to the finish. It makes me perfectly unhappy to break off any effort in the middle. I have plenty of sense to tell me when I'm wrong but I can't quit. Right or wrong, I keep right at it. I'm one of those idiots who are known as demons for punishment. I thrive on it.

And, do you know about that part of college algebra, very hazy in my own mind now, where you dicker with peculiar problems under the heading of probability and chance? I believe the idea is that the greater the number of chances the more nearly certain becomes probability. Well, rejections go like that. In the vast array of rejections I admitted there were almost bound to be a few acceptances. Then, like all other writing idiots, I promptly forgot the rejections. Not to such an extent, however, that I am one of those who stand up and claim I never had any. The Lord knows I did and do—and honesty is another of my faults.

I do not recommend writing as a career. Now that I am able to "eke a living" out of it, it has become a habit with me which will probably reduce me to utter lunacy before I'm through. I was perfectly miserable getting to be a writer and I made my family even more so. I'm sure; and I bored my friends to death; and even now, when I think I like it, I get in all the baseball and tennis and skating and music and other antidotes possible.

I hope you will accept this apologetic explanation. I have one last request to make. In introducing me to your public, please don't refer to me as either "ambitious" or "successful"—the two most odious types of womanhood. I still keep certain ideals.

Sincerely,
Shirley L. Seifert

P. S.—Painful details alluded to in the above paragraphs will be furnished on request. Hours 4-5 any afternoon, by special appointment.

------ D D D -----

Your letter, requesting a brief account of how I achieved success, is rather mystifying, as I didn't know I had achieved success.

Sincerely,
Norman Anthony
Editor of Ballyhoo

------ D D D -----

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has asked me to reply for him to your letter of November 11.

Mr. Rockefeller appreciates very much your thoughtfulness in writing him but it is not his policy to participate in symposiums such as you suggest.

I am sure you will understand that his inability to co-operate with you in this matter is due in no sense to a lack of interest or desire to assist in worth while efforts, but simply for the reason that he receives so many requests of this general nature that it is impossible to comply with all of them and he does not wish to discriminate.

Very truly yours,
Ivy Lee

------ D D D -----

Let's see now—success? To be sure, success. Well, as a matter of fact, I—er,—if I may say so—haha... heehee... hohohoho!

Where were me? Oh yes, success. Well, we are ending the glorious, prosperous year of 1931. What wealth, what renown it has forced on everybody! I tell you, men, it's great just to be alive. You've got to be mighty smart to be able to keep alive.

You solemn gentlemen of Dirge have touched my heart. It seems it was only yesterday I had a place on Long Island, a ranch in Canada, a villa at Cannes, a small shooting lodge in the Adirondacks, a home at Palm Beach with three patios, a yacht, a string of sixteen polo ponies, and two imported racing cars.

And today—I am grateful that you have remembered my name!

Very sincerely,
H. N. Swanson
Editor, College Humor
Winners of the 1931 Dirge Success Award

HERBERT HOOVER: Because he was quite a bit of help during the war; because he is a good engineer.

AL SMITH: Because he plays golf in a derby; because he dabbles in politics; because his picture in the news reels makes people clap.

MAHATMA GANDHI: Because he dresses sensibly; because he popularized goat’s milk; because he has a larger following than any contemporary leader.

CALVIN COOLIDGE: Because he once held a governmental position; because he makes a good living by rewriting the collected bits of the ages.

JIMMY WALKER: Because he talks from the corner of his mouth; because he has not let the dirt of his administration dim his senatorial elegance.

Bill Vaughan
ARTHUR STRAWN,
Who Writes for the OUTLOOK, Ascribes His Success to Washington University

When I enjoyed the almost completely overwhelming privilege of living in St. Louis and attending Washington, The Dirge—which you describe as "the official magazine of Washington University"—was the college comic. And though it may have become less officious and more official since then, the fact that it writes to ask me how I "achieved my success" indicates that the magazine has at least retained its old sense of humor.

Briefly, I attribute my phenomenal rise in the world almost entirely to the fact that I attended Washington. Indeed, I'm convinced that the only thing that has kept me from being an even more dazzling success is the very unfortunate circumstance that for a short time I went to another college before enrolling at Washington. Naturally, that has had a tendency to dilute the tonic effects of a pure Washington training.

At Washington I always made it a practice to supplement my purely academic studies with as much private research work as possible, even though it forced me to the painful necessity of cutting many classes. For years I tried to determine the ratio between population increase and alcoholic consumption, but unfortunately the university graduated me long before I could arrive at any scientifically valid conclusions. In any case, you may see from this that I was not thrust into eminence by accident, like Roosevelt and Coolidge, but earned my triumphs by many nights of hard and earnest labor.

I would be delighted to dwell at greater length on the fascinating subject of my success, but I'm planning to write three or four volumes* about it, and naturally don't want to reveal too much of this rare material.

I hope this will be satisfactory. If not, let me know and I'll promptly send you my sincerest regrets.

*To be published by Scott Tissue Co.

Miss Fishback Writes Poetry for the New Yorker and Vanity Fair

Offhand I should say it was because I went to Sunday School for seven years without missing a Sunday, but if I get any further light on the subject I shall certainly let you know.

Sincerely,
Margaret Fishback

I achieved success by having a smart wife, a good many lucky breaks, and having inherited from my father a good sense of humor.

Very truly yours,
Bruce Barton

SUCCESS
by Percival Chubb,
Leader of the Ethical Society of St. Louis

There is danger in the request to write "something inspirational", and about so provocative a theme as Success. It is pleasant to be credited with success in one's work, especially by young people. But let me start soberly by saying that a man's estimate of his own success is to be measured by the height of his ambition. If that soars high, he will be very modest about his achievements; and he will be immune to flattery. What he has done will be dwarfed by the dream of what he has aspired to do.

As I am asked to be personal, let me set down a brief chapter of my own youth. Unlike my readers, I had no college education. That does not mean that I am what is styled a "self-made" man. Against that fiction a distinguished American warned me in my early days here. "There is only one self-made man in this country," he said; "and that is Dr. Mary Walker,"—the lady who first donned breeches. Most of the young men with whom I "ran" in my twenties were non-collegians; such as Bernard Shaw, Ramsay MacDonald, Have- lock Ellis, and others whose names are less familiar, but who "arrived" in due time. The truth is that they educated one another. They did so with zest in order to serve certain causes that stirred them to the depths. Their seminars were in the Societies they formed, to which they invited some of the distinguished men of their time. Thus, to be personal, I got my start in social theory and economics in the Fabian Society; philosophy, in the Aristotelian Society; ethics, in the first English Ethical Society; literature, in the Pioneer Club.

(Continued on page 17)
Dere Editor of Dirge:

I resintly received a questyunair as to whut I think of the co-ed. I don’t beleve the wurd “think” shuld ever be used in the saim sentince with “co-ed”. Yew know, Ed, purty nere all of em air mighty dum. Sure, they got book-larnin, so’s every¬body else. Even we’un in Arkansy got some. Now I air a Fi Delta Theta here at school, and we’un date gals, mostly co-eds, quite a lot. They—all air allers putting on cus¬meticks which won’t come off’n my collar, uther. Then they asks me fer a sigarette. Shucks, Ed, I don’t smoke—I chew terbaccy. But will them thar gals take a chaw? Not on your dad-gummed tintipe they won’t. Huh! just stuck up, that’s whut’s the matter with em. Then they allers want to go to sum high¬class joint like that feller Gerevelly’s place after we’un have a dance. I bring a couple of sanwiches erlong done up in a sack, wantin to eat em goin home. But no, they wun’t do it. Too proud, I gess. Well, Ed, these here collige dames are beyon me. I’ll be right glad to git to home to Arkansy fer the Xmas hollidays, and see my gal Jenny agen. Ther’s a gal whut apprishiates a body. Jenny’s got a plump littul figger too. Not like these critters up here. When you dance with Jenny you know it. Well, so long, Ed.

Ab Clark

Dear Editor:

The trouble with Washington University coeds is that they are too frivolous and gay. They are mental lightweights, one and all. They are completely and egregiously indifferent to the higher, more fundamental harmonies of life, and the wishy-washy, namby-pamby paleness of their weak, frib¬bling code could only result in giving them—as it has—the watery eye of a codfish. They think all life is just a frothy bubble of lightsome air, to be dealt with as they choose. They think life is just a bowl of cherries. They are wrong! They are mis¬taken! Life is real! Life is earnest! And the grave is not its goal! Let us then be up and doing, laying in our winter’s coal!

Even in their school work all their themes are done by sorority sisters and their tests are mere copy book exercises. They haven’t a serious thought in their heads, and go through life yelling “Hi-there” and winking. I repeat—they wink! They have no interest in the great problems of life, life’s real chal¬lenges to youth, such as death, reli¬gion, life after death, immorality of the soul, etc. Their mind is as empty and vapid as that of a college woman, and they are nonchalent. Think of it—nonchalent! This is not as it should be! This is wrong! This is a mistake!

How shall they remedy this? For remedy it they must, or they are doomed to spend the span of their futile existence in merely enjoying life. I, personally, am willing to take up the cudgels for them, and do all that I can to help them. I hereby pledge myself as a leader in the “fight to save co¬eds,” and promise to strike the first blow for the cause by lecturing to them in an inspiring manner at the first convenient appointment. My text shall be “hard work and perseverance did it all,” taken from Alger’s “Strive and Succeed.” With this as a point of departure my logical development of the thought will lead up to the climaxing idea that “hard work and perseverance will do it all,” which I will pro¬claim in a splendid burst of impassioned oratory. I will then sit down to ringing applause.

Yours,

Horn-rimmed Spectacles

P. S. Remember, I am on the girls’ side all the time.

SUGGESTS TWO-YEAR BABY MORATO¬RIUM—headline.

We know a number of upper-classmen who wish they could be sure of that.

First Mountaineer: “Yes, I have five illiterate children.”

Second: “You have! Shame! Shame!”

This marvelous new garment follows every line of your body and smooths and curves it like a dream! And you can wash this dream in any kind of water and soap!—Ad in New Yorker.

That kind of a dream, eh?

Our idea is that the traveling salesman who told the same joke for fifteen years had a one-crack mind.
Some Collegiate Successes

Josephine Blurb who can walk the length of the library arcade without a blush while the entire commerce school comments on her passage.

Lulu Bonbon who looks good in a Pepper outfit.

Herman Herman who quit school his sophomore year.

Arthur Z. Zuits who enjoyed English II.

Professor Hopenbotham who can call the roll without mispronouncing any names.

Oscar Z. Snafflebit who made two cents on a Lock dance by pocketing the change from the chaperone's candy.

Professor J. J. Whiffletree who has chaperoned fifty-nine dances every year since he has been in college, and has never noticed any drinking.

Emil Pazzazza whose food is fine if you like it.

Ottoman Hoople who is still trying to make that third pass and get over the hump. He's sent many a worthy boy through college.

Nazimova Glump because she has shined her way into Phi Beta Kappa and shown that polishing is eminently superior to study.

Hector Wumph who has made some very valuable researches on the psychology of drinking.

Angus McWhinney who can cadge a cigarette so slick that you feel no pain. In fact weak willed people offer them to him without his saying a word.

Bert Biggleswitch who is smart enough to laugh at the right moment during a professor's joke.

Nancy Glumph who smokes her own cigarettes and doesn't talk about that "cute fellow over there, isn't he sweet."

Abacadabra Nussbaum who has spent all his money on himself by the simple method of never having a date.

Marjorie Hazzzensfeffer who has Phi Phi legs and Lindenwood habits.

Daisy Bjufdtter who went East to school last year and still speaks the American language.

Anaconda Buckingham who went to Europe last summer and keeps his trap shut about it.

Stapleton J. Stemwinder who has cribbed his way to the first in his class and at the same time let his neighbors copy his paper.

Ernest Y. Glymnoptz who looks like a professor and can park his car in sacred precincts with impunity.

Shenandoah J. Neinwootz who inherited a lot of money and never bothered to go to college.

Ben Bobble who pays his debts.

Betsy Ann Ezyemble, Theta, who knew more when she graduated than when she entered. More about school we mean.

Abraham Goochx, who, locked in the cellar one rush week, brewed a hell of a good batch and started a paying business.

Hollweararay Nimblezitz who remembers rushee's names.

Rockaway Smith who knows when he's had enough.

Wallace Tuna who managed to climb over the gate to the stacks without being seen.

Fred Sewage who knows of some place besides the book-store where he can buy blue books.

Zeke Wohoyack who used the gym for two weeks without renting a locker.

Madge Maggot because she resisted the sales talk of the Root Studios representative.

Mossine Jones who eluded the R.O.T.C. gate guardians at the last football game.

Wendel Hopup who sold a bag of peanuts on the campus and was not chased by the Colonel's men.

PROFESSIONAL LIDS

We have just recently discovered the supreme distinction between a student and a professor as they walk about the campus on these wintry days. And that feature which proclaims a professor is not his intellectual look or vacuous stare, but his hats. They are battered and old, and are outlandishly colored in greens, rusty blacks, and dingy grays. Our memory recalls one that faintly resembles the famous top-piece of Sherlock Holmes. These hats, disreputable-looking to begin with, are worn setting squarely on the head, tilted neither sideways nor backwards. They either perch high up on the head, or are pulled low down on the ears. The result is the same in both cases. We can distinguish our professors from our students.
AN EDITOR ATTAINS SUCCESS

Mr. B. A. Loafer and Miss Ima Flirt were married at noon yesterday at the home of the bride’s parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Flirt, Reverend Dritz Switzenberger, D.D., Ph.D., and ED. officiating.

The groom is a popular young bum who hasn’t done a lick of work since he got pinched in his Junior year at college. He manages to dress well and keep a supply of spending money because his dad is a soft-hearted, bald-headed old fool who takes up his bad checks, instead of letting him go to jail where he belongs. Since the last time he ditched his roadster his father will let him take only the sedan as he fears for his head as he goes sailing out through the roofless car. However a few knocks more or less would have little effect upon his brains as they are thoroughly obscured by a mat of thick curly black locks.

The bride is a skinny, fast little idiot who has been kissed and fondled by every boy in town since she was 12 years old. She paints like a Sioux Indian, sucks cigarettes like a drafty smokestack and drinks like a thirsty horse when out gallivanting around in her Dad’s car at nite. She thinks she’s very witty (she’s half right), and always tries to be the life of every party. She doesn’t know how to cook, sew, or keep house, but is an expert at getting stewed.

The house was newly plastered for the wedding and the exterior painted, thus appropriately carrying out the decorative scheme, for the groom was newly plastered and the bride newly painted.

The groom wore a rented dinner suit over dirty underwear. His pants were supported by flaming red suspenders and his shoes obscured from vision by a pair of spats and mud. In addition to his "jag" he carried a pocket knife, a bunch of keys, a dun for the ring, some pawn tickets, a pair of dice and his usual look of imbecility.

The bride wore some sort of a white thing that left most of her legs sticking out at one end and her homely upper end at the other. A faded, discolored, dirty veil (a family heirloom) covered her face but the flaming paint which obscured her age shone through like a beacon to a lost sailor.

The young couple will make their home with the bride’s parents—which means that they will sponge off the old man until he dies, and then take in washing. Their honeymoon will be spent viewing the wonders of our charming city from a slightly inebriated viewpoint.

Postscript by the Editor: "This may be my last issue of the News but my life ambition has been to write up one wedding and tell the unvarnished truth. Now that it is done, death can have no sting."

CUT

The night was old.
The moon was an orb of yellow gold.
The waves of the lake
Were kissed by the wake
Of its beams, and Peace reigned—
Broken only by notes of an orchestra strained
And mellowed in distance.
A man walked. What mischief
Made him come here alone,
Where only the breezes moan,
And a yellow moon shone? . . .

The man was discord in this place,
Troubled was his bitter face.
"That stuff is flat," he sighed.
And then cried,
"It is a sin
To call what that bootlegger sold me, gin!"

H. Clover

---DDD---

Mary bought a pair of skates
Upon the ice to frisk.
Now wasn’t Mary foolish
Her little *

---DDD---

In case anyone’s interested the official flower of the Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority is a black and gold pansy while the official flower of the Delta Ditto Delta gals is merely a pansy. This probably goes to show something or other.

---DDD---

Three thieves were talking in a speakeasy. Said the first, "I have stood up to Mayor Miller and robbed him of his money." "That is nothing," boasted the second thief, "I have stopped Chief of Police Gerk and taken his gun away from him." "You are both sissies," said the third thief, "I have been in the Student Finance Office and—" "What!" interrupted the other two thieves, "you have been in the Student Finance Office and taken Professor Marsh’s money?" "No, no," said the third thief, "I didn’t do that, but I got away with my own."

---DDD---

The bride was very much concerned at seeing twin beds in the bridal suite.
"What’s the matter dearest?" asked the attentive bridgroom.
"Why, I certainly thought we were going to get a room all to ourselves."

---DDD---
Some Answered Dilemmas

1. Immoral Literature

You are a staid and serious-minded professor. One day while you are taking your afternoon stroll in the park you notice a book lying in the grass. You pick it up with the hope of finding the owner's name and address and returning it to him and discover that it contains very shocking and lewd pictures. If you keep, or destroy the book you may be robbing someone of his property. If you leave the book there you may be exposing it to someone whom it might harm. What shall you do?

Dean Starbird—I should never pick up the book in the first place. All my life I've suffered from people who could not leave things alone. The chances are that the owner will come back looking for that book exactly where he left it in the grass.

Carl Schumacher—I would destroy the book, for if I were "staid and serious-minded" I would believe that I would be benefiting all mankind by removing a book with "shocking and lewd" pictures.

Dean Stephens—I would destroy the book. It is against the law to publish such literature so one would not be destroying property in a legal sense.

2. Exam Questions

You are a student in a large lecture course. You have studied hard during the semester and made fair grades although the subject is difficult for you. The night before the exams you meet with some friends to study and find that one of them has obtained the questions that will be asked on the exam. This friend informs you that practically everyone in the class has obtained the questions and you will be at a distinct disadvantage if you do not study the answers to these questions. If you do not make a creditable grade in the course you will not be able to return to school. Will you make use of the questions?

Dean Starbird—No.

Carl Schumacher—I probably would study the questions, although writing answers here for publication, I am very tempted to say that I would spurn my companions and threaten to report them if they did not destroy the questions immediately.

Dean Stephens—I would decline to make use of the questions. One should not get something for nothing. One person has no greater right to the questions than another. If such a practice became general we would have no standards.

3. Parking Field

Your car is parked in the parking field when a car driven by one of your professors runs into it and smashes a fender. A friend sees the accident and reports it to you along with the information that he told the professor the car belonged to you. The professor does not mention the accident to you or offer to pay the damage. You want to pass his course. Will you ask him to pay for the fender?

Dean Starbird—Yes.

Carl Schumacher—I would certainly ask the professor to pay for the damages to my car. If there are any faculty men who so obviously dodge their duty I would like to trip them up. And if I flunked the course and was pretty sure my claim for damages was the biggest reason for so doing, I'd let everybody know about it, including the higher-ups on the faculty.

Dean Stephens—Of course I would ask him to pay. Responsibility is not affected by status as a professor or student.

4. To Cheat or Not to Cheat

You are taking a final exam. You have mastered the meaning of the course; learned the vital facts and can correlate them. The exam, however, covers the minor points of the course, insignificant names and dates. Before the exam the prof has warned against cheating, stating that he is so clever that no one can cheat without being caught by him. During the exam he scorns the students half to death by reading over their shoulders and making deprecating noises with his tongue. You do not know the answers, but believe you can copy them without being caught. Will you?

Dean Starbird—No.

Carl Schumacher—I would copy the answers, for if a professor so taunts a class by announcing that nobody can cheat and get away with it, I'd like to put something over on him. Anyway, the exam is obviously unfair, and if I understood the major points of the course, I would feel that cheating in such an instance would be entirely justified.

Dean Stephens—I wouldn't cheat but I would complain against the teacher. A teacher who would create such a standard stamps himself as unfit for his position.

5. Late Registration

If you do not register on a certain day you must pay a late registration fee of three dollars. As soon as you are taking final exams that day you cannot possibly register. It is your belief that you are being robbed of three dollars. When you pay your fee for registration you are given three dollars too much change. Will you return it?

Dean Starbird—Yes.

Carl Schumacher—Such a dilemma will never occur, for exams are never scheduled for the last day—if they were I would raise Cain and refuse to pay the fee. And the treasurer's office never made a mistake and gave you too much change. But if this should be the one time, I'd probably keep the money and put in my claim to fame as having gotten something for nothing from Washington University.

Dean Stephens—I would pay the three dollars. You can't hold a train back for one person. Registration can't be dragged out for ever.

— D D D

Here's one for the bright sayings of kiddies' department. A little girl had eaten lunch at Blumer's restaurant. When her aunt asked her where she had eaten she thought a moment and said, "panties." The mother, we understand, was somewhat embarrassed.
HOOVER PROSPERITY

1928—Do your Christmas shopping early.
1930—Do your Christmas shopping.

---

Even though he did have halitosis, the boy was getting along splendidly with the girl. But then he spoiled all by whispering to her in a moment of passion, "You are the breath of my life."

---

We hope no one has bored you by observing that Washington University is the land of the free and the home of the slave.

---

High among the curiosities of nature we class the pullman conductor who gave berth to a passenger.

---

The zero hour—when the exam papers are returned.

---

The depression is over—the whole country.

---

It's an economic truism that debtors are desirous of having much money in circulation. However, it's our experience that they are loath to help the good cause along.

---

"Old Weymouth carried the look of a hunted man."
"Yes, poor fellow. The girls just found out he inherited a fortune."

---

It was only a five piece orchestra, but it sounded like they were playing more than five pieces.

---

Titus: "Marry! Tis wet without!"
Andronicus: "Without what?"
Titus: "Without a raincoat!"

---

I call my girl
Orange, because she's always got the pip.
Sphere, because she's well-rounded.
Tonic, because she's hair-raising.

---

A new name for a fair-weather friend—boom companion.

S U C C E S S
(Continued from page 12)

So I agree that the education that counts is the education a man wants, and resolves to get for himself. To go to college is to expose oneself to inducements. They may work; but frequently they do not. And the main reason is that there is no objective of inspiring human interest; no enthusiasm for something beyond oneself.

It has been easy, let me add, and it ought to be easy, to stand by the values we cherished in those days. For one thing, we were all believers in the simple life; and I still hold that to be an essential, as keeping one trim and free from excess baggage. Which leads me to a link between then and now. Among the admired exemplars of this simple, unencumbered life were three great Americans,—Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman. They were our daily fare. One of my naive astonishments when I came to this country was the indifference of Young America to these prophets of theirs. And, speaking in the present tense, I must report that I find Young America today still cold to them,—yes, and so far as I can discern, to any other awakeners of their kind. I wish I may be mistaken; but do young people today hear, enrapt, any voices such as these? Are they eagerly listening? I fear they heed mainly noises on the sport field or over the radio,—or, when they have graduated, over the stock-ticker.

Define success; do it honestly; and your definition will reveal you. It will expose your heart and mind, your admirations and repulsions, your ideals. These days of breakdown and distress clamor for a new definition. There is but faint hope for us until we get it. What shall it be? I have given some of the data for my own answer.
The record item of most importance to your reviewer this month is one Cab Calloway’s rendition of “I’ll Be Glad When You’re Dead, You Rascal, You,” and “Bugle Call Rag” on Brunswick wax. Calloway continues his hot Harlem cycle with the sadistic hit of white New York’s Africa. In “Bugle Call Rag” he rags the novelty standby to a fast-tempoed low-down, levee-shoutin’-by-wild-bale-totin’-brownskins fare-thee-well. That’s the effect, anyhow.

“Time On My Hands” enjoys good treatment. In the hands of the Casa Loma orchestra it achieves miraculously good dancing qualities. The Casa Lomans also handle the reverse of this Brunswick: “If I Didn’t Have You.”

Ben Bernie turns out another workmanlike arrangement. Of “A Faded Summer Love” this time. It has a pleasant vocal chorus, is a good number and makes good dancing. Those who appreciate orchestral craftsmanship will freeze to it. The reverse, or obverse, depending on which side you look at first, is “Chances Are,” interpreted decently enough by The New Yorkers. Both on a Brunswick.

Jimmie Noone and his orchestra, latecomers to the Brunswick wax works, turn out “River, Stay Away From My Door” and “It’s You.” Both have more than an indication of the heat treatment. They’re rather smoothly torrid and quite definitely danceable, with an occasional joyful-mournful wah-wah from the joyful-mournful horns.

Vocal records especially recommended are those by Monsoor Crosby and Mlle. Mildred Bailey. Bing sings “Goodnight Sweetheart,” “A Faded Summer Love,” “Now That You’re Gone” and “Too Late.” The four numbers are only two Brunswick records, y’unnersian’. Comment: good ol’ Bing. La Bailey does “Blues In My Heart” and “Sleepy Time Down South,” ably assisted by the Casa Loma orchestra.

Red Nichols and his Five Pennies do two unknowns, “Oh Peter” and “Honolulu Moon,” with eclat, elan and everything but ennui. It’s an excellent dance record.

Brunswick has a fine collection of college songs, recorded by some of the best outfits in the country, many of them by the schools’ own bands. Represented principally are the midwestern and western colleges, with the leading eastern schools accounted for.
Our Own Christmas Supplement

Wherein Santa Claus Himself Brings You Muletide Greetings
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>If she</th>
<th>make sure that</th>
<th>excluding immediately</th>
<th>then price</th>
<th>but get</th>
<th>because</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>expects a lot</td>
<td>she believes in reciprocity</td>
<td>anything you can afford</td>
<td>a Lincoln roadster</td>
<td>a Chevrolet</td>
<td>they advertise in Dirge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>is going to give you something</td>
<td>it will be worth something</td>
<td>Colonel Boorstin</td>
<td>something the same price</td>
<td>the Hell off the campus</td>
<td>you think you are speaking English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>is a sweet child</td>
<td>she is</td>
<td>Pi Phis</td>
<td>“Little Women”</td>
<td>a Dirge subscription</td>
<td>a guy’s got to live, ain’t he?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chews gum</td>
<td>she changes often</td>
<td>teaberry</td>
<td>a package of Feenamint</td>
<td>that idea out of your mind</td>
<td>a stitch in time saves nine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>still believes in Santa Claus</td>
<td>she is normal</td>
<td>all Thetas</td>
<td>some French lingerie</td>
<td>them at the bargain counter</td>
<td>you can get them half off</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>is fat</td>
<td>it is not a bustle</td>
<td>Mary Tuttle</td>
<td>an iron-clad corset</td>
<td>a new girl</td>
<td>you can’t get around a fat girl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>is your New Year’s Eve date</td>
<td>she is worth the dough</td>
<td>all Kappas</td>
<td>Coronado rates</td>
<td>her drunk slowly</td>
<td>haste makes waste</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>has possibilities</td>
<td>your dope is correct</td>
<td>all Delta Gammas</td>
<td>a jeweled pin</td>
<td>censored</td>
<td>boys will be boys</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>poetry</td>
<td>she doesn’t write it</td>
<td>that swift kick</td>
<td>a good alienist</td>
<td>some brandied peaches</td>
<td>she will like the spirit in which they were sent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>is a Gamma Phi</td>
<td>she is like the rest of them</td>
<td>Aimee Semple McPherson</td>
<td>a neck piece</td>
<td>more than you expected</td>
<td>of environment</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>is a gold digger</td>
<td>same as above</td>
<td>you know what</td>
<td>same as above</td>
<td>same as below</td>
<td>same as below</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>loves you truly</td>
<td>it’s the right kind of love</td>
<td>same as above</td>
<td>something else</td>
<td>nothing</td>
<td>she’ll get all you’ve got sooner or later</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>writes Dirge criticisms for Student Life</td>
<td>she is not a moron</td>
<td>the whole Student Life staff</td>
<td>a bottle of arsenic</td>
<td>big hearted</td>
<td>no one believes Student Life anyway</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>came from Mary Institute</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>is a radio announcer</td>
<td>she is not on WIL</td>
<td>Edna Wallace Hopper</td>
<td>a handy English Dictionary</td>
<td>an interpreter</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>is on the faculty</td>
<td>she is good looking</td>
<td>the faculty</td>
<td>a subscription to &quot;Breezy Stories&quot;</td>
<td>a date with Minnie the Moocher</td>
<td>Christmas comes but once a year</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
"Don't try and kid me! He's the Fuller Brush man!"

The Life of a Dept. Store Santa Claus

Seven bucks a day is sure small change for this damjob. I wish I'd never quit working in O'Riley's pool hall. It was at least quiet there while this being stared at and poked at is a helluvalot worse. When that hot looking frill hung around, made eyes at me, and then tried to walk off with my exhibition doll, I felt like tossing off my stomach and whistlers and paddling her. By the way, this pillow in the front of my coat is so heavy that the feathers must have come off of Plymouth Rocks. Ogosh here comes another one of these talkative old hens and her brat.

"Yes, Mr. Claus, Junior and I came to see you last year and ever since Christmas morning Junior, who is now 10, has been anxious to see you again. Just take the little dear up in your arms and he'll tell you what he wants. That's it. He's not really heavy is he? Now, Junior, tell Santa what you've been wanting to tell him."

"So you're the bird that said he'd bring me a bicycle and a shot gun last year fer Christmas and all ya brung me was a suit of clothes. Well, I've been savin' up fer this—"

"Ow—G—dam let go my whiskers—take your fist out of my eye, quit kicking my back, here give me those whiskers—this finishes my career."

---

Things are so bad this year that Santa is only going to wear a mustache.

---

Our idea of a New York super-hit is one that can use a quotation from Nathan's criticism in its advertising copy.

---

I had planned to take the girl out regularly, but I tested her and found her wanting—wanting this, wanting that.

---

It's our opinion that the birth-control advocates are merely trying to dodge the issue.
Santa Claus, Frozen Foot Park, Frigidarea.
My dear Mr. Claus,

I just thought I'd write you a line to give my correct address for Christmas. Don't bring the stuff here to Washington because I won't be here then and besides the Colonel told me to tell you to keep out of his chimneys. He says that he knows the power house will be a big temptation for you to slide down but not to put your foot in it. He says also to keep them reindeers of yours off the campus. He hopes you will use an airplane soon.

Anyway I'm going to be visiting the folks in Jefferson City over Christmas. Our house is the big one in the middle of town with the bars on the windows. I haven't been home yet because the folks moved unexpectedly from Potosi while I was away at school. But our new place must be pretty good because a state official selected it for pa.

I wish you would bring papa a radio because he doesn't get out of the house much these days. He also says that you might bring him a small file while you're at it if you have an extra one around the shop—because his finger nails are getting awful long and files are pretty scarce around home.

I guess you'd better bring mom a Schaefer's Life-Time, because she says she doesn't think much of the pen around there.

You'd better bring some extra presents with you, too, Mr. Claus, because from what I hear, Uncle Joe and Cousin Ossie will probably be home for Christmas.

As for myself, Santa, I have been a very good boy since last Christmas. I cancelled my subscriptions to "Artists and Models" and "Dirge" and read the Literary Digest instead. I have also quit going out with Pi Phi's and am now only dating Theta's. Besides, Santa Claus, that girl from McMillan I went out with last night was the cousin of my best friend down in Potosi, honest. We only talked about books and after I asked her if she knew who wrote the "Chance of a Life-time" we went home.

After thinking these things over, Santa, I am sure you will admit that I deserve a lot for Christmas. I am short on school supplies so first of all you might bring me a notebook and some lead for my pencil. Then too you might bring me a pass to all of the sorority dances—they're getting awfully snooty this year. The pop gun you brought me last year is still in good shape but I wish you would bring me a case of gin because I ran out of corks. Don't bother to bring me a Yo-yo, Santa, because every one in the Frat house has one now. What I want is something practical—a two gallon hat, maybe or, a pair of fur lined spats, or a rubber plated water cooled dress shirt front to wear to the Theta formal. Also if you have anything else that nobody wants you might bring it along too.

Affectionately,

Koratio

P.S. If you don't I'll tell the Colonel on you about staying so long in McMillan Hall last Christmas Eve.

*Selected jointly by an authentic committee made up of representatives of Rubican's, I. C. S., the Dead Letter Office, and the National Convention for the Prevention of Blackmail.
Ye Nighte Before Christmas

Twas ye nighte before Christmas,
And alle throughye ye house
Ye Brothers wer brewinge
Ye goode winter's souse.

There wer beer in ye bathe tub,
And gin in ye sinke,
There wer whisk in ye cellar,
Alle manner of drinke.

Ye curtains were drawn
And ye lamps alle turned lowe,
Ye Lodge wer well oiled
And readye to go.

Ye guests nowe assembled
From neare and from farre,
Some in ye flivver
And some in ye carre.

Ye partye waxed hotte,
Each turret so dimme
Wer well occupied
By some ladde and his bimme.

I in ye attick
And Bille in ye halle
Had settled ourselves
For ye goode winters brawl.

When out in ye drive
There rose such a shriek,
We dived for ye windows,
To have us a peake.

Forsoothe, wast a raide?
'S bloode, we guessed righte,
Ye coppes there in numbers,
And full of ye fight.

Yeomen to ye stations,
Ye portcullis fell,
We hauled up ye drawbridge,
Ye systeme wer swelle.

We poured down ye oil,
Alle boiling and hotte,
We pelted ye raiders
With arrowes and shotte.

We scrapped alle ye nighte
Till cracke of ye dawne,
Then called off ye battle,
With handshake and yawne.

Ye coppers were pooped
Ye duty wer done,
They hadde pulled offe ye raide
And hadde lots of funne.

We signed us a truce
And opened ye gate,
Ye foe staggered inne—
We caroused until late.

Ye Lion and Lambe
Soon snored side bye side,
For such is ye spirit
Of ye olde Yuletide.

L'Envoi
Peace on Earth, Goodwille to Manne,
Gladness farre and near,
Raise lottes of helle, for Xmastide
Rolls round butte once a year!
“Twas The Night Before Christmas”  
our new version of  
“Twas The Night Before Christmas”

Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house  
All the creatures were stirring, even bedbug and louse.  
The stockings were hung by the radiator there,  
In hopes good old Santa would darn every pair.

The children were arguing loudly and shrill  
About what they’d say when they made out their will.  
And mom in pajamas, and I in my shorts,  
Were reading Doc Evans on “Curing of Warts.”

When out on the fire escape there arose such a crash  
That I snapped on a garter and made a quick dash.  
Through kitchenette, pantry, and doorway I rammed,  
But I stuck in the window and found I was jammed.

I looked—what I saw chilled me through to the bone:  
Legs Diamond, the gangster, with razor and hone  
Was preparing to carve my eldest son, Sonny,  
And depart with his watch, his chain, and his money.

Then his eyes seemed to flame, and his lips seemed to leer,  
As he wielded the razor and cut Sonny like beer.  
As I silently wished I was safe in my bed,  
Straight down the chimney came Legs, hands, and head.

His eyes—how they glittered! His jowls, how hairy!  
His nose of the colorful hue of a berry.  
A lift of his head and a jerk of his thumb  
Left me with fright very stiffened and numb.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
Causimg poisons in all of our foodstuffs to lurk.  
Pineapples and machine guns he took from his pack,  
And, sparing the wife, shot each kid in the back.

Then he laid his thumb in front of his nose,  
And, wiggling his fingers, up the chimney he rose;  
And I heard him call back as he drove out of sight,  
“You were much too engrossed in that tabloid last night.”

Suitor (to prospective father-in-law): “Sir, I’d like your daughter for my wife.”  
Prospective F-in-L: “Your wife can’t have my daughter.”

A HOLIDAY MENU

We have been reading lately of the success of Professor Arnold, of Illinois University, in discovering ways and means of preparing wheat products for human consumption. The professor has evolved certain recipes for the cooking of wheat by the use of which he claims the average family can live for three weeks on a bushel of wheat. This is no news. Six months ago Dirge scientists found out how to keep an average family in good health and spirits for over a year on a bale of straw. Below we have reproduced the recipes for a delicious all-straw dinner. Each of these dishes has been tried and found both tasty and nutritious.

Straw soup: Heat a pan of water to a brisk boil. Then take about two dozen wisps of straw in the hand and whisk them rapidly through the water three or four times. This gives the soup a very dainty flavor, hardly perceptible at first but soon apparent to the connoisseur. Put the straw aside for later use.

Filet of Straw au Jus: Select a portion of the ripest straw and cut each stalk to a six inch length. Wash in water and place side by side in a buttered pan. Bake in a moderate oven for two hours, basting occasionally with the delicious juice. Serve hot.

Boiled Straw: Take the straw that was used in making soup. Mash it and run through the collander. Then place in just enough water to cover and let simmer for forty-five minutes. Season to taste.

Scalloped Straw: Bunch straw together in hands and place in a covered dish. Light the gas and bake for thirty minutes. Stir occasionally with wooden spoon. When brown throw straw away and eat frying pan.

Straw Salad: Slice wisps of straw into strips and weave into a mat. Serve with small amount of soup as a dressing. A few pieces of the wire with which the straw was baled may be sprinkled around as garnishing.

Cafe au Straw: Same as soup but not quite as rich. You won’t need any dessert.

A cute note may be added to the table by making little mannikins of straw to be used as place cards. These serve a utilitarian purpose in that they may be used later as tooth picks. Economist Campbell suggests drinking the soup and coffee with straws so that the spoons may be pawned.
Practical Christmas Gifts

are listed Alphabetically and Classified according to Price in our Folder

Christmas Suggestions Sent on Request

The next visit of our Representative to the Hotel Jefferson will be on December 14, 15 and 16

BRANCHES

NEW YORK: ONE WALL STREET
BOSTON: NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

Two banks (the only ones) in my home town just closed, and wheat has rallied to two bits. Stocks are like a freshman's beard—all down. Plays that run three weeks are classed as hits. Five million "workers" looking for some work, which can't be found without a microscope. About each public place cheap gangsters lurk, shooting little babes when nerved with dope. The only man-sized drink that can be had is football gin—one gulp and you kick off.

Do you, then, think the situation's bad? Then listen, as without a wink or cough, the president proclaims through the land "We have the situation well in hand!"

"GLASS EATER" SUFFERS ATTACK OF INGESTION—headline.

The glass probably surrounded a pint of home-brew.

FRENCH PREMIER READY TO MEET HOOVER HALF WAY—headline.

But nothing would be accomplished because they'd both be at sea about the matter.

The Russians will believe their Five-year plan successful only if it puts them in such a position that they can refuse to recognize the United States.

Philosophical reflection at the end of the football season: at least we were never beaten by a losing team.

A college student is a person who believes that all questionable books should be expurgated and only the expurgated portions published.

Only through sad experience did we learn that a zoology text book is a book that tells you everything about zoology except what you're held for on an exam.
Mystery, brotherhood and a stein of ale! Rho Dammit Rho leads all Greeks with two hundred chapters flung from coast to coast and back again. By January, 1932, we predict a chapter for every dormitory, fraternity and boarding house in the United States and Canada. And if all goes well, there will be a national convention of old Rho Dam in the National Headquarters Pent-House atop the COLLEGE HUMOR building, Chicago, next summer. All you need is a nose for beer!

And the January issue of COLLEGE HUMOR is bursting with new features:

Columbus Comes Across
 Students See Red
O. O. McIntyre
Here Lies Love
Doctor Seuss
Ad Finitum
Ad Finitum
Rah!

Now It Can Be Told
In about the time sequence of the "Now It Can Be Told" articles on the war which came out a year or two ago, comes the tale that: about 11 p.m. on the night of the shirt-tail parade a non-descript band of men could be seen wending their way across the parking lot to the door of the gym. Yes, it was the band. They were returning tired and fagged-out (also out of fags) from the fulfillment of their duties as sources of inspiration for the frosh on the night the Avalon Club got such a bad break. They had jolted in a big dray with solid tires over miles of bricks, cobblestones, Macadam, and other kinds of Scotch paving that doesn't give. And so it is not strange that their only thought was of home and beddie-bed—and pronto.

But such fortune was not realized. The gym door was obdurate—in fact, it was locked, and the men were stranded in the wide open spaces with an unwieldly lot of instruments, with only the sky for a blanket and the bass drum for a pillow. And the service was terrible, too.

The trumpets sounded "reveille," but no janitor appeared. Our private opinion is that he was loading his gun, but we mustn't allow prejudice to creep into our journalism. The drummers drummed, the altos alted, the leader swore, but still no janitor gladdened the scene. A car was commandered and three outraged musicians roared down to the Janitor's Rest and Relaxation Hall in Brookings for help. They soon came back with the news that the janitor's name was Jim, and that he was probably sleeping. This last bit of news was of great interest.

Renewed efforts at awakening proved only that the worthy Jim was sleeping on his good ear and dreaming pleasantly. About this time it began to be evident that what was needed was not a janitor but a burglar. Following out this line of attack, a loose window was found, forced open, and thus at last everything was hotsy-totsy. Thus, though Jimmy wouldn't let them in, a jimmy did. Catch on?

The Mourners

Meet Me After The Dance
At
Nelson's College Inn
Noon--Evening--Nite
440 DeBaliviere

CAbany 5016 CAbany 5017
WHY I CAME TO COLLEGE
(Continued from page 9)

an uncertain manner towards the law school muttering, "first a giggilo, then a keupie doll." Of course, I had the job, it was mine, after all what could Lafayette say when Pershing said, "We are here," I had it then, I have it now and I'll have it when you're gone, the job I mean, and not what you are thinking of. I started at the bottom, and look at me now." At this point the author looked, stifled a smirk, and the Col. continued, "I realize, people laugh but they laughed at the steam boat and look at it to-day." Suddenly the Col.'s telephone rang, "my public, no doubt," and he apologized as he picked up the receiver, suddenly his face became tense, his muscles twitched, he put on his “Kleenex” andStreams of perspiration came pouring down his face, "yes, yes," he said into the hushophone, "the commerce basins, I'll be right over." Gaud, this never happened when father was a boy, the eight holer might not have been beautiful, but by Gaud, it was dependable." And with this enlightening bit of philosophy he dashed out of his office, his locks blowing in the breeze and his coat tail catching in the door and I knew that our interview was at an end.

"Congratulations on your improved Cellophane wrapper. I can open it."—Edmund Lowe in Lucky Strike ad.

Congratulations, yourself, Edmund!

Advertisement: "You get the girl, we'll do the rest."

Groom: "That's hardly fair."

Men's fingernails raise hell with these new mesh stockings."

"Aha, a Royal flush," said the count, as King George's suspenders broke.

A wedding-ring is often the cold circle of a gun muzzle touching the groom's backbone.

"Why so silent?"

"I can't find a cuspidor."

"Too many cooks spoil the broth."

"Yeah, and too many sisters spoil the brother."

Two Creighton freshmen are in the habit of reporting to football practice without shoes.—Student Life.

Arkansas boys, no doubt.

In 1923 when Navy beat Wesleyan 26-7, Bullman caught a pass on his own 20 yard line in the last seconds of the game and ran 80 yards through Yale for a touchdown.—Student Life.

Where was the Navy?

The tale about the two Scotchmen who were close friends was in Dirge three years ago.
Ballroom and Tap

“*The Fast Method*”

Miss Lorayne Bick

FOREST 6465-W
5216 VERNON AVE.

Student’s Rates
Individual Attention
in Private Home

Item found in Post-Dispatch: “The peeping-tom was shot while looking through a widow.” He probably used a portable X-ray.

Item found in Liberty: “Iris undressed and gave Connie a bath.” Maybe she thought Connie would splash water on her.

King Solomon, to stenographer: “I’m having a conference this evening. Mimeograph 3000 excuses, and send 14 acres of roses to my wives.”

“It’s only me from across the sea,” roared Barnacle Bill, the sailor.

“You’re too late,” said the fair young maiden, “an aviator beat you here.”

Manager of burlesque house: “Come on, you girls, get your things off. Curtain goes up in three minutes.”

Hitch-hikers aren’t well-mannered. They’re always pointing.

They call them speak-easies because after two drinks, you can’t talk above a whisper.

Bub: “What’s that bandage on your mouth for?”
Bo: “I kissed my girl the other night.”
Bub: “What’d she do, bite you?”
Bo: “No, she forgot to take her cigarette out of her mouth.”

Contrib: “Have we got an ‘Adam and Eve’ joke?”
Editor: “No, let’s leave them out of this issue.”

December 25—Had a fine Christmas with lots of swell presents, although the tie Aunt Mary sent me was sure bilious looking. Went to Phi Onnit Phi dance and didn’t get home till three. Will start studying tomorrow.

December 26—Slept until noon today as I was very tired from being out the night before. Went to show in afternoon and to Onnit Phi Onnit dance in evening. Will start studying tomorrow, sure.

December 29—Due to various pressing social engagements have not been able to attend to studying any. Have not even had time to write in my diary. Will positively start studying tomorrow.

January 1—Ow how my head hurts. I’m making two new years resolutions. One is to stop drinking and the other is to start studying hard tomorrow as soon as my head clears.

February 1—It sure was too bad I flunked out of school. I was all set to start studying the next semester. Made a resolution and everything. And about that drinking resolution another fellow and I are running a beer flat so I guess I’ll have to drink a little to be sociable but starting March I’m gonna swear off.

BUTCHER SAYS WOMAN PAID HIM $300 TO CHOP HER HUSBAND TO DEATH—Headline in Globe-Democrat.

It’s smart to be thrifty.

Man with five wives gets prison term. C. H. Burke sentenced for misuse of the Mails.—Globe-Democrat.

Don’t you mean misuse of the females?
The

1933

Hatchet

A record of the events of the school year!—A prompter that will bring back those Golden Memories—in years to come.

Outstanding Art and Photographic Work will make this year's Book one of the outstanding annuals of the entire Country.

Memorable features—Junior Prom—Homecoming—Organizations—Quadrangle Play—Campus Elections—Commencement—Quadrangle Section.

Insure yourself against disappointment by reserving Your Copy on your Student Activity Fee when you Register for the Second Semester.

One Copy . . . . . . . Five Dollars
"I have to be kind to my throat" 

"I've tried several brands of cigarettes but I prefer Luckies. I smoke them regularly as I have to be kind to my throat. I learned this from my previous stage experience. Your improved Cellophane wrapper is splendid. A flip of the tab and it's open."

Kay Francis

When Kay Francis left the stage and enlisted in the Hollywood army, pictures got a great recruit! The tall brunette beauty was a great success on her film debut, and she's charged along to even bigger things. She is one of Warner Bros.' brightest stars.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

*Is Miss Francis' Statement Paid For? You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Miss Francis to make the above statement. Miss Francis has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 5 years. We hope the publicity herewith given will be as beneficial to her and to Warner Bros., her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.