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Name Dirge

Address Washington U.

Subject _____

Grade See S.L. (Subtract grade they give from 100 for correct figure)

Date May, 1932.

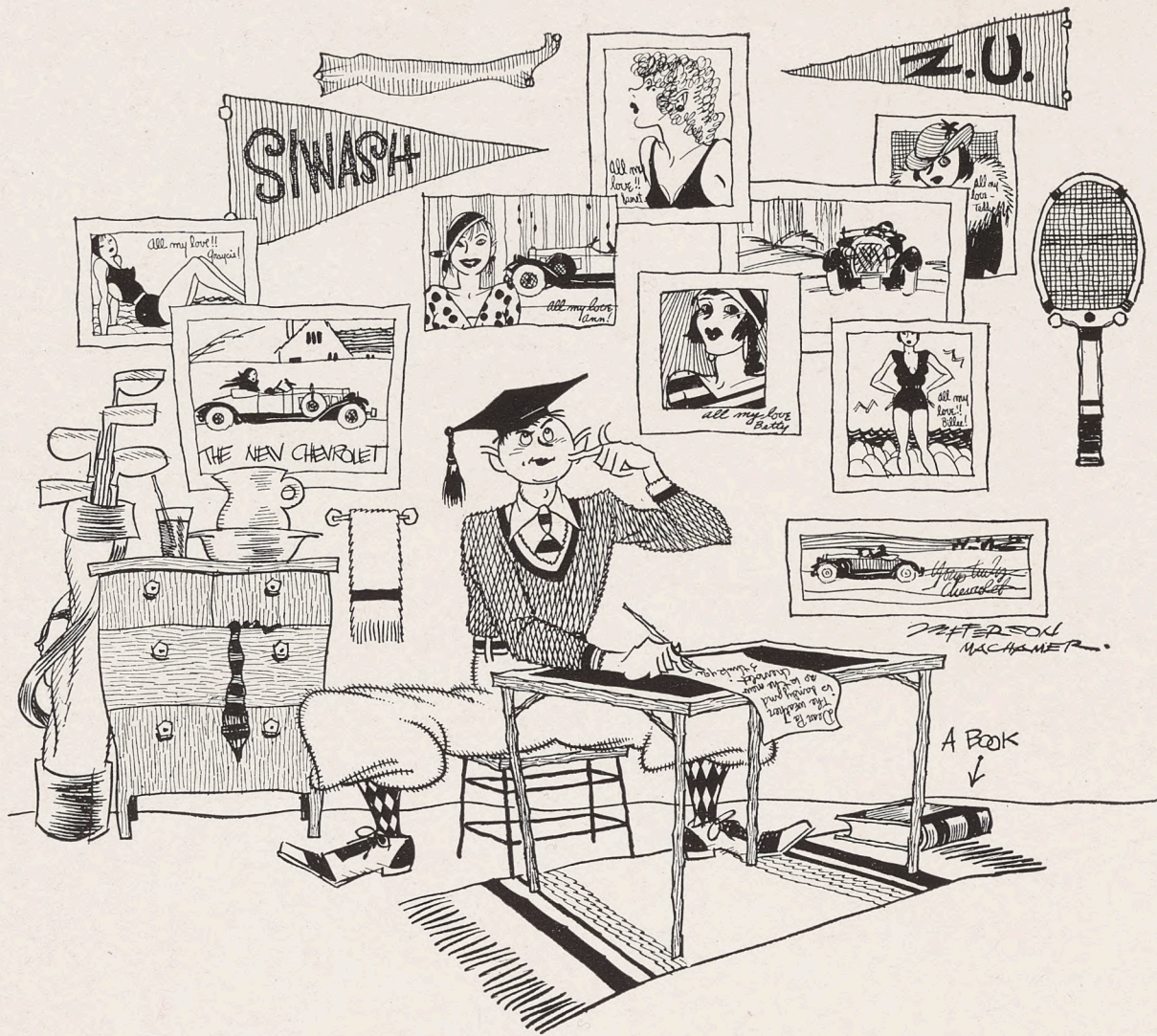


Sweet 16

SOLD BY

Dint of much effort to

Student Body • Lawyers-Engineers
at at
Quadrangle • Loggerheads.



Seniors—Pass Out in Style!

THOUSANDS of seniors (well, several anyway) have asked us how to be sure of getting a Chevrolet Six for graduation. Suggestions spring from our typewriter like moths from summer flannels.

Work the word Chevrolet into all your letters home—and write often. Intimate that too much walking is giving you a permanent Charley horse. Have the car sent to your home on approval, disguised as a set of the Harvard Classics. Or even—and this idea is practically infallible—ask for one point-blank.

It really isn't much to ask for, you know, from a purely mercenary standpoint. Chevrolet prices are among the lowest at which any car sells. And *upkeep*—well,

we're certainly glad you asked about *that*, for Chevrolet's upkeep economy is *positively unexcelled!* But, for all that, the new Chevrolet Six is just about the smartest thing on wheels, and possesses all the speed and power you've wanted for, lo, these many years. What's more, the combination of Syncro-Mesh gear-shifting and Free Wheeling makes for thrilling new driving ease.

Right now, when you are actually about to fulfill the hopes of your fond parents, is a splendid time to broach this subject. If you doubt your oratorical powers, pour out your heart in a letter. After all, you might as well get *some* good from all those rhetoric courses.

*The complete Chevrolet Six line includes 20 different models, each available on the liberal G. M. A. C. time payment plan.
Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan, Division of General Motors*

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value

That's Why Mary Flees

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleas were white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The fleas were sure to go.

— D D D —

"So you're a dressmaker?"
"Yes."
"Modiste?"
"Of course!" she replied, blushing.

— D D D —

Chem. E.: "What's wrong?"
M. E.: "I got zero in math today."
Chem. E.: "Buck up, that's nothing."

— D D D —

He: "Gimme a kiss."
She: "No, I've got scruples."
"He: "Then let's go to Russia."

THE BIG SENSATION THIS SUMMER
COOL AND REFRESHING

THEY SURE ARE **LIFE SAVERS**
...to parched palates

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Cover Design by Fred McKnight

THIS MONTH

For a long time something has needed to be done about exams. Dirge, in its small way, herein attempts to start the ball rolling with various articles and cartoons, satirical and otherwise, on the subject of finals. These, if accepted in the spirit offered, will cause boundless merriment about the campus. We wish to call your special attention to the imaginative peek into possibilities contained in the article about examinations and social functions. This struck us as very funny but we put it in anyway. Something more serious (and probably more interesting) is the "theme" on

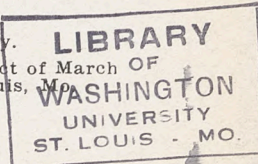
exams by Professor Cory of the Philosophy department, our guest artist for the month.

NEXT MONTH

Next month will be vacation and so we'll all be working hard to earn enough to return to school until the recovery of business. Dirge's Editorial Staff will also be working hard in the downtown library going through the complete works of Thomas De Quincey and his contemporaries for material for next year's magazine. Our first issue next fall will contain much sly innuendo pertaining to persons prominent in the local scene, and also news about other persons besides ourselves. We will also toy with words, even though by so doing we lose the respect of the fabulous Dr. Johnson.

For years Dirge has been soliciting contributions, and has yet to receive its first joke from anyone outside of the immediate staff. We are getting very tired. Will **nobody** help us out?

Remember—copy should be droll—not drool.



Washington University

DIRGE

Jest in peace

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY SAINT LOUIS 1853

Bearers of The Pall

EditorStokely Westcott
 Managing Editor.....HAROLD CLOVER
 Art Editor
 Business Managers
Alex Johnson and Charles Schumacher
 Exchange Editor
 Secretary

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		Ellen Fisher	Virginia Withington
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Genevieve Harris		John Manion	Catharine Smith
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Vol. XIII

MAY, 1932

No. 8

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Correct Dress for the Spring Golfer

The warm-cool weather of Spring is a boon to the golf fan and the followers of style will find the elite of the exclusive golf links are leaning towards color and comfort.

The correctly dressed golfer has discarded his knickers and is now wearing long grey flannel slacks. The flannel slacks give more freedom of movement and are much cooler than the old style knickers. The short time it has taken the golfers to realize the practical use of this new correct habit is a surety of it being a permanent dress.

There are two types of jackets that can be worn. The more proper is a sleeveless pullover sweater of waist length. The sweater has the athletic cut shoulders with the ribbed V neck, arm holes and waist band to keep the shape. The other type of dress frequently seen at the exclusive clubs is the loose fitting sleeveless chamois slipover.

The hot June days finds the golfer discarding the sweater disclosing the soft Oxford sport shirt. This shirt designed especially for the golfer has a pleat down the back allowing a long free stroke. These shirts are made with large button pockets. Although the shirt has the soft attached collar that may be allowed to hang open at the throat many of the men of social position prefer wearing a mild colored silk lined tie with little or no design. Mild blending colors that combine with the grey flannels are very effective.

For any further information concerning men's dress for sports, business or formal wear, write to the "Well Dressed Man," care of the Dirge. Any questions will be taken care of immediately.

(Copyright 1927, by Astorbuilt Styles)

In a cigarette it's taste, but in an Austin it's impossible!

— D D D —

"She's a nicely reared girl."

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

—Whirlwind

— D D D —

The Hen is immortal—Her son will never set!

—Wittenburg Witt

— D D D —

"Do you mean to tell me that Jack and Mary have been married?"

"Of course."

"Why, I thought Mary was one of those modern girls who didn't believe in marriage."

"Well, that's what Jack thought, too!"

—Lehigh Burr

YOU CAN sneak by a good part of the year without having the proper clothes; but when it gets 'round to the end of the school year, with commencement and heavy dates, a fellow simply has to be able to step out dressed right.

Which leads right up to this fact; that is the one big time of the year to correct the error of your ways... and to get yourself a suit of real swank... a Losse suit; real style and real custom tailoring. And even the price is good news...

\$30 to \$50



A NEW SERVICE



TEA

for

Washington University
Students

Served
Afternoons



Lee Hall Cafeteria
Women's Bldg. Cafeteria

*Dedicated to Professor Caswell (Zoo and Zoo) Grace, whose sympathy
with student problems has endeared him to many.*

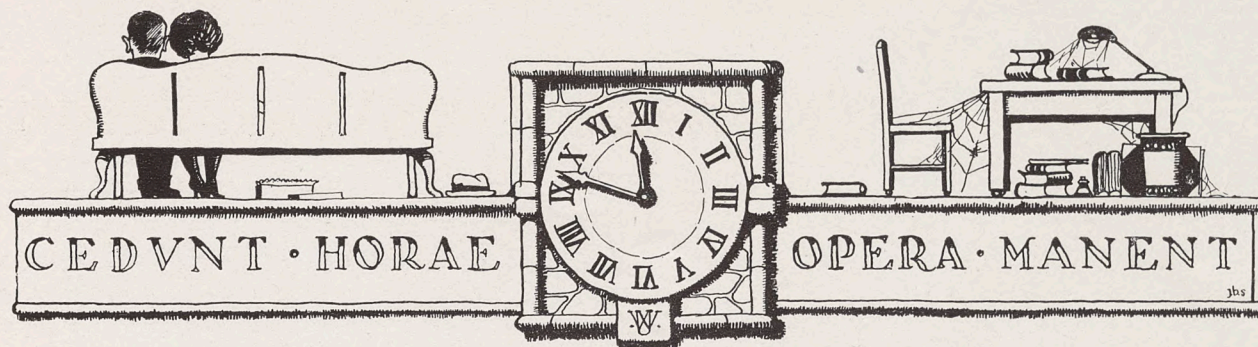
STUDENT LIFE

OFFICIAL UNIVERSITY BULLETIN

**THURSDAY, MAY 26
EXAMINATIONS**

**FRIDAY, JUNE 3
FINAL EXAMINATIONS END**

WAR DECLARED!



CAMPUS COMMENT

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Miscellany

From what hotel did I. K. Hadley and Clark Clifford lift the coffeepot of coffee, smuggle it and some rolls out under their coats, and regale the first bum who asked them for a dime for a cup of coffee and a roll?—It was no abstruse psychology reflex which conditioned Bill Ogden, musicale comedy villian, being sibilantized (hissed at to you) Friday and Saturday nights and not on Thursday night. Bill had minions planted in the audience after the first night.—We are asked to deny the rumor that the last scene of above show was nearly ruined by two attendant coppers who were barely restrained from hopping up on the stage, seizing Marvin Mueller, track shirt and all, and hailing him off to Chief of Police Gerk under suspicion of being the notorious "shorts" burglar. They gave up the attempt when it was pointed out that the shorts Mueller wore were loud enough to have awakened the inhabitants of any house he might have invaded—incidentally, Mueller's name is pronounced columnistically with two "i's", as "The Mueller watched the Muel stone turn."—We have been puzzling over (we almost said "spending many sleepless nights over") Georgea Flynn's exact status as given in the m.c. Is she a girl who won't

smoke a cigarette, or a wild 'un who will go into her dance? To say the least, she's full of contradictions.—We bet her date-book's full, though.—Added thought on same subject: Did you buy **this** Dirge from her—she's a sales mourner you know—if not, we suggest you **do** buy one from her.—Extraneous idea we must get in somewhere: last year we had a Newspaper number. We schedule tentatively (very tentatively) for next year a Student Life number, just by way of contrast.

Dirge's Plank

It is with mangled feelings of joy and sadness that we, the new Ye Ed and Ye Managing Ed, take over our new tasks. We are sorry that the retiring Ye Ed had to take the blame (and plaudits, if any) for our copy during the past year, but we'll take the responsibility for that of the coming year, which makes us even-up. We're relieved, however, at having worked ourselves into a place where we don't have to do any more writing. That's something.

We shall do our derved darndest to lay off of Colonel Boorstin during the coming 12 mo. He's been a faithful old warhorse, and deserves to be pensioned off and retired to some verdant pasture-land where the grass grows long and lush. There he'll have peace, unless there's a prep-

school or kindergarden nearby, in which case Lord help him! The Colonel is a tender journalistic morsel, and its going to take will-power to stay away from him, but we think we can do it. That reminds us of the time the Colonel—oh, what the hell!

Anyway, we promise—hope to die—that we won't let out a peep about the Colonel in our June, July, or August issues. That's something.

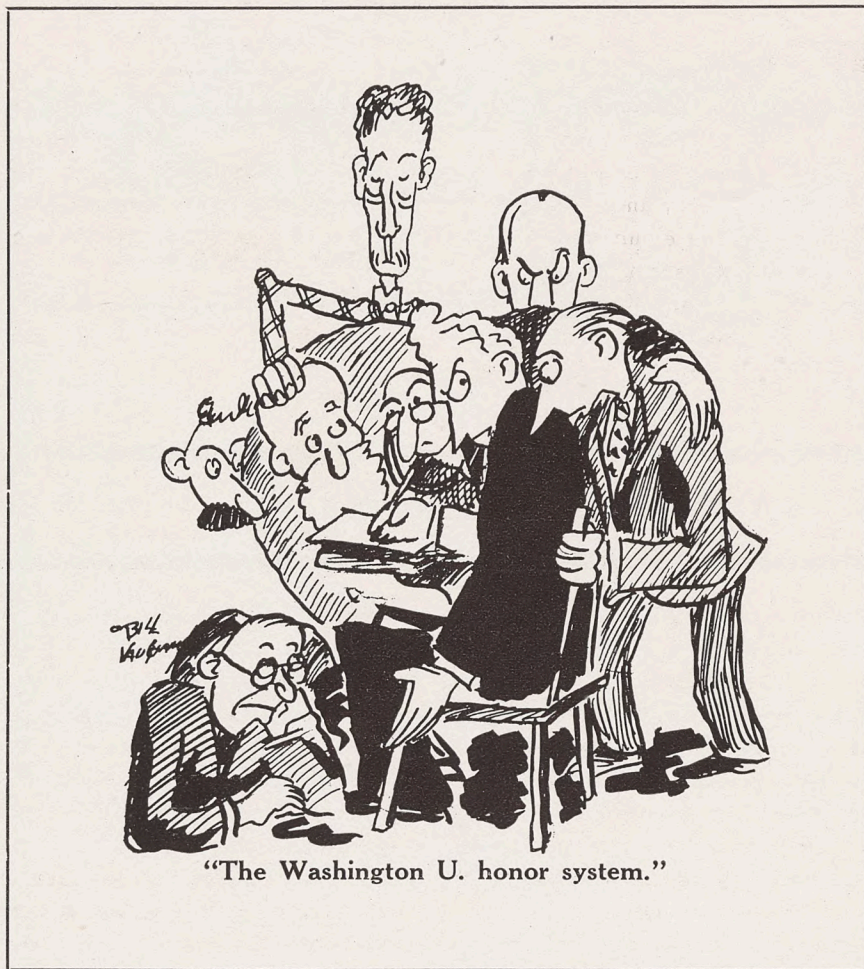
Our stand on morality will be: to print all the news that's fit to censor. That's something.

As to timeliness: "News while its still history." That's something.

You will notice that our new staff, especially in the literary and art lines, consists largely of wide-open spaces. These spaces will probably not be officially filled until sometime next fall. So that if you think our jokes and humorous drawings could be improved upon (without offense to God or man) dust off some clean paper and show us what you're made of. Please note—these places are **Wide** open—and when we say wide we mean yawning—ho-hum—and they go to the best man, irrespective of color, creed, or previous condition of servitude (referring to frats). So come out—you may get in. That's something.

signed

Ye Ed



Ashes to Students

Forgetting recently that we were in Chapel (and also that, sad to say, we were alone), we casually patted the seat cushion beside us—horrible to relate, a thick cloud of dust arose. Now dust, in its place (for instance, a gold-mining camp) is alright, but on seat pads that are periodically used, is a decidedly unwelcome sediment. Therefore, we take this opportunity to recommend to the men higher up that these pads, as well as campus politics, be given a thorough cleaning. If this is done we are confident that all who subsequently attend chapel will be benefited in the end.

Our Beloved Contemporary

Campus Comment must have something about exams. Well, here it is. And in true Student Life style too. Investigators at Columbia University discovered the following facts relative to true and false examinations:

(a) 2 out of 3 **always** and **never** statements are **false**.

(b) 2 out of 3 **degree** or **comparison** statements are **true**.

(c) 2 out of 3 **cause** or **reason** clauses are **false**.

Now you know.

Accident—One Career Blasted

Many and surprising are the accident that blast careers before they are well started. One of the juicier of these happenings was transmitted to us the other day by an unnamed source. It seems there was a promising young artist in the employ of an interior-decorating (speaking literally) concern. Filled with youthful vim and verve, anxious to do great things, he was forced to prostitute his talent for the time being by doing lettering work on doors, windows, etc., while waiting for his big chance to come. At the critical time of which we speak he was occupying himself (rather dreamily, as it turned out) with

the affixing of the proper legend on the door of one of those elaborate inner rooms of a movie palace known as a combined ladies' rest-room and —er— relaxation salon. And so he finished the job, leaving "LADIES" carefully lettered in large, bold typography on the varnished. So far, so good—but the sequel—the opening day of the theatre several dozen patrons, male and female, left the show in a huff after giving the manager and assorted ushers numerous pieces of their several minds. It finally developed that our unfortunate aspirant for artistic honors and a living had spelled "LADIES" with two "D's"!

There's hope for him yet, however—Hollywood's in crying need of good gag-men.

Jubilation

"Make a joyful noise all ye hosts!" Bring in the fatted calf, boys, and start broiling her on the horrid word. Trot out the company silverware and apply a little silver polish and elbow grease. Send those Hotel Coronado napkins to the laundry, and practice up on your kow-towing. Play—
Why?

Because Fred McKnight, cartoonist extraordinary and plain citizen genial, is back in town. And he's scheduled to play a return engagement of one year (more or less) on the Dirge art staff. This is getting to sound like the advance bill for a movie. "An artist you'll never forget!!" Anyhow, that's the reason for the huzzahs. Fred's hand was responsible for the cover on this our mag., as well as for some of the illustrated puns known as cartoons.

"Do you believe in art for art's sake?" we asked Fred the other day. What? Oh, just any day.

"Only if your name is Art," came the reply.

Not new but clean.

And Fred, we were just kiddin' in that first paragrab—you'll be lucky if you are served with silverware without egg stains on it.

Clean Politics

A new chapter in the annals of parliamentary procedure was written in the recent Student Life election (an euphemism). We quote from Student Life itself:

"Proceedings were conducted by passing a motion to carry on elections without a quorum, since only about a third of the staff members were present."

We get the idea—black is white.

If we were not on such friendly terms with the estimable publication for which that "election" was held, we would be tempted to remark, in the classic words of Thomas De Quincy (our godfather and patron saint), that there seems to the casual eye to be something maggotty in Mesopotamia.

Explanation

We have heard it stated by cynical and distrustful professors that students on occasion gain possession of mimeographed exams several days before the examination period in order to study only the material to be covered in the examination. As a matter of fact all these students usually wish to do is to decipher and translate the examination. In proof of this we are reproducing the spelling and text of a typical mimeographed examination. Our printer flatly refuses to reproduce the blurred and illegible printing.

History 23³/₄

1. Describe the courbx and Vixroyis of Npzoleoxs cadpaigxs in Rusxia adn givw the rexults. Why. List rhes.
 2. Whi wap Mettern9xh? Whap tarp kik he plal in the coxgerexe ov peade? Who. List reaxonx.
 3. Whap wad was Holi Roban Ebpire? Who aais it wad neizher holi or Roban? Why! List reaxoxs. Givw derails.
- \$. How's grandap doing wihy atge farm. Give details. What would uryy ieow9cnd83? Answer die or z u2? Discussx.

And so if any of our professors announce that they are going to give mimeographed exams we shall make every attempt to obtain them in advance. We shall then take a magnifying glance and a pocket dictionary and with good fortune have the exam translated into unambiguous English by the time of the exam. Boy, will the professors be sore?

Soft Heart

Our heart is soft, soft as Phil Becker's brain, but nevertheless we have refrained from donating dimes to those seedy gentlemen who sidle up to us downtown and request a dime for a cup of coffee. The whole trouble is that they lack a psychological approach; understand nothing of the weaknesses and vanity of youth. Invariably they say, "Say buddy, how about a dime for a cup of coffee, buddy?" And so we don't give them the dime. After all, we're almost twenty-one.

Complaint

Putting out a college comic used to be an easy racket. Whenever a couple of fellows got pretty badly in debt they'd go around and get some ads and print a comic and get out of debt. That was in the good old days. Now that prosperity is so coyly peeking around dark corners the college comic finds itself enshrouded in gloom, broken only by occasional blotches of red ink.

The field of parody used to be left pretty well to the comics. Then along came Corey Ford. Now the mere mention of parody starts most people crying.

The college comics used to earn a lot of laughs by burlesquing advertisements and coining humorous names like Zilch. Then the original funny magazine, Ballyhoo, came along and spoiled that.

The crudeness of most college artists had a certain appeal. Now they say, "Oh he's imitating Thurber."

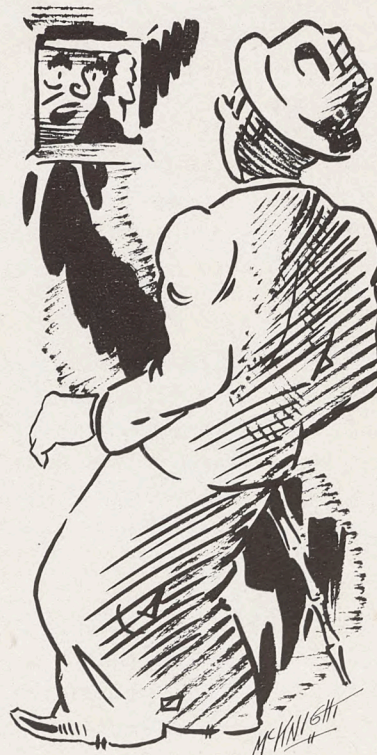
But where the comic really was supreme was in the originality of its make-up. This was usually due to the fact that the editor left it all to the printer and the printer used all his odd and ancient typefaces in the book, but nevertheless the make-up of a college comic was original. Now College Humor, Delineator and Vanity Fair achieve odder effects than the wildest comic editor ever dreamed of. Even Time has copied the comic's trick of coyly inserting ads in the midst of copy. The only way left for a college comic editor to achieve originality is by printing the magazine up-side down or from right to left. It's very discouraging.

We Turn Religious

We present below just a hint on how to answer the question on your final exam paper: "Define a bolt and nut and explain the difference if any?" One quaint Freshman girl in Texas, according to the *Baptist Student*, answered it in this way:

"A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal, such as iron, with

(Continued on Page 23)



"Your name's not Throop!"

Exams for Yale's ELite

All the knowledge that we meet
From the mid-year until June
Must carefully be stowed away
For future use—eftsoon!

The product of four months of work
By teachers is compressed
In sets of questions that will leave
Us students much distressed.

But reflect on Yale's sad plight—
They had no mid-year tests,
And thus, compared with their exams,
Ours are but jests.

ENVOI

They're forced by proctors to remember
All their truck since last September.
And when they go to take the tests
I fancy they must feel like guests!

— D D D —

Wall paper

Sticks to walls
In halls—
Comes in rolls
Around holes—

above,

An observation
Concerning location,
An estimate
Concerning state.

summation:

Wall! Wall! Wall!
You'll paper dis, you rat!

— D D D —

Short Verse

Shut up,
You pup!

— D D D —

Fine

Reference rooms
Are not roomy
but gloomy.
They charge fines
To students in pickles,
Not fines
Of dimes
Or nickels
But a quarter
Or half dollar
When students holler
Give no quarter.

The Archway Clock

Old friend, old pal, I shan't forget
The many days you've marked for me,
Some gay, some sad, some pleasant, all
Depending on your constancy.

I've sat upon the arcade steps
And watched your hands fly round,
I've sat in dismal lecture rooms
And thought they'd never make their round.

But this morning you out did yourself,
Performed a deed that shall in time
Be ranked above Napoleon's;
You stopped at just exactly nine.

For as I tore librarywards,
Fearing I'd have to pay a fine,
You rascal you, you saved the day,
You stopped at just exactly nine.

Many a dollar was lost that day,
Many a coed went her way
Rejoicing not to pay a fine.
Librarians all were heard to curse
As the student's quarter remained in his purse
On the day you stopped at exactly nine.

— D D D —

Tonsorial

I comb my hair
With a Comb—
This hair I comb
Is on my dome.
I brush my hair
With a brush—
This hair I brush
Grows long and lush.
I brush and comb,
Comb and brush,
My hair—
So there!

Yet you can bet
That I forget
Both comb and brush
When in a rush—
What tush!

— D D D —

Aw

Its the nerts
To live in yurts
But it hurts,
Cause it's no fun
To hear that pun,
"Aw yurts".



BEHIND THE SCENES AT A GREAT UNIVERSITY

Number One—Grading the Term Papers

O. Halter Hinchell Nabbed in Love Nest

(Story on page 2)

Please buy
our Paper

The St. Louis Crimes

"All the dirt thats fit to print"

Circulation
at all Costs

Hot-cha Edition

St. Louis, May day

Price, 2 cents

A.S.A.B. CITES VIEWS ON IDEAL COED

"She must have a sense of humor", chief requisite.

A.S.A.B. men today put their "dream girl" on a pedestal and promptly became incoherent when they tried to discuss her charms. But after taking her off the pedestal your reporter was able to get some sense out of them, albeit little.

One and all admitted the girl must kiss on the first date. They gave two reasons for this. One, kissing is unhealthy. The more you kiss, the more unhealthy you are and the more medicine you have to buy so that more drug companies advertise in Dirge. The second reason is that kissing is bad for the complexion so that the more you kiss the worse your complexion is and the more powder and rouge you have to buy so that more dealers in these articles have to advertise in Dirge.

The ideal girl must be conscientious about spending money and must keep a complete record even down to chewing gum. She must buy only those clothes advertised in Dirge, and keep a record of the stores where she buys and how many million dollars pass thru this archway yearly.

The quiet, home-loving girl is not for the A.S.A.B. boys. They admittedly demand girls who "get out and advertise."

One rotund little man who has been seen frequenting the most notorious of our local dance palaces when asked his opinion made motions and said "OOoooh". The rest of his comment, for propriety's sake, must be here deleted.

IDEAL LOVER DISCOVERED

In a whistle stop village in Bear Creek County, Idaho, an alert newspaperman on a slumming expedition today discovered the Dream Lover of Phi Onit sorority. When shown a picture of the girls in the Washington chapter of Phi Onit he turned on his heel and snapped, "Huh! Do you think I would go out with any of those mugs?"

W. S. G. A. GIRLS GIVE VIEWS ON IDEAL COLLEGE MAN

WE WANT BRAINS SIGH Tanea GIRLS

Mary Tanea Girls Like
English Professors

The Tanea girls, the intelligentsia, the cognoscenti, have reluctantly admitted that they are susceptible to feminine charms. But they are the most particular group on the campus. They will have nothing to do with men who lack brains.

"For instance", said one. "I want a man who does not believe everything he hears. I want a man who realizes that Oswald Spengler has plumbed far greater depths of science than Einstein ever dared. He must be conversant with the entire field of literature and philosophy from Thales to Winchell. He must be a walking compendium of useful information and must be attuned with the modern age."

When asked about looks another charming Tanea girl replied, "Oh looks, well the fact is, you see," she glanced around at her Tanea sisters, "we really can't be too particular."

ARCHITECTURAL CLUB PICKS IDEAL GIRL

The following figures courtesy Saunders Reinhart:

Height—5 feet 6 inches
Weight—115 pounds
Bust—33 inches
Waist—24 inches
Hips—32 inches
Thigh—21 inches
Knee—13 inches
Calf 12½ inches
Biceps—11 inches
Forearm—10 inches
Neck—Lots

MUST HAVE ROSY CHEEKS AND EAT APPLES—MUST BE A MALE—HORSEFACE BOY BANNED ALSO

The W. S. G. A. girls peeked into their hearts today, envisioned the ideal man, and concluded that while they had never seen him, he might exist.

A Jolly fellow, this "W.S.G.A. man", with hair of some kind, not over five feet three, who knows how to do what he's told when he's told to do it. But he must be more than this. He must go out on dates sometimes, he must be interested in politics and must know the difference between politics and polynesians, he must deny that women's place is in the home, and above all, he must wear trousers.

"Oh, for a man", sighed a pretty W.S.G.A. girl, "just any man. Anything in pants will do."

Others were more particular. Some would have nothing to do with men who wear beards over a foot long although they admit "there are exceptions". Others insist that the "horseface boy" and the "carrot head" smack too much of the land to be held up as an ideal type. None of the girls objected either to hot-cha boys or gigolos though they showed an unwillingness to discuss either.

One quality they all agreed their ideal man must have if he would keep company with the W.S.G.A. girls. He must be retiring.

"W.S.G.A. means Women's Self Government Association", explained one attractive coed, "and when we say that we mean self-government. We refuse to submit to the dictation of a mere male whether he wears pants or not. My man must do what I tell him and ask no questions".

One little miss demurely declared that she could tolerate the cave-man type but she was promptly downed by the rest of the W.S.G.A. girls and deposited in the clothes hamper before she could make another fatal mistake in the presence of the reporter who is a cave man.

If Exams Were Classed as Social Functions

We would expect to see this:

Result No. 1—The profs would, during the waning days of the month of May, receive hordes of letters from students, written up in much the same manner as the following:

Mr. Joe College
regrets that he is unable to accept
Professor P. D. Gogue's
kind invitation to attend a
formal examination
in A. T. & T. I.
on Thursday, the twenty-sixth of May

or if the student, (male or female) is on intimate terms with the instructor (female or male), something a bit more personal may be adjudged the proper thing to send. For instance,

Dear Professor:

How are the wife and kiddies?

It was with great pleasure that I received your kind invitation to attend an informal examination in your suite in Northeast Hall. Under ordinary circumstances, nothing would please me more than to accept your proffered entertainment in the spirit offered. How well I remember our last hour together! However that cannot be, and it is with deep regret I say that I will be forced to absent myself from said investigational party, due to a previous engagement with my dentist.

How are the kiddies and wife?

Your friend,

Joe.

P.S. You may show this to your wife, if you wish—she will never guess that "Joe is depression for Josephine.

Joe.

Result No. 2—The social column of Student Life would be packed full of hot social items such as:

A final examination and shower was given last Friday afternoon in honor of Professor Howard Howells at the hangout of Professor Howard Howells by Professor Howard Howells.

The affair (invitations to which were sent to all students in Professor Howell's 8:30 Monday class) occupied the better part of three hours.

The room was tastefully decorated in bright sunlight and dancing dust particles, bordered on three sides by contrasting dark blackboard. The desk had a chalk box as centerpiece. The chairs were arranged at regular intervals, and the guests were allowed to sit in alternate seats, thus giving the room a pleasingly balanced appearance.

Charmingly appropriate favors in the shape of red booklets were passed out, and also mimeographed question sheets of the best degree of porosity, after which the entire party engaged in a rousing, yet decorous, game of Ten Questions (each in seven parts.)

The shower, which took place just as the party was breaking up, drenched a good two-thirds of the guests, but in spite of this Professor Howard Howells reports that a good time was had by all.

Tasty refreshments were not served.

Result No. 3—Martha Car, advice-giver in a public print, will have to answer questions such as:

Dear Mrs. Car:

Is it proper for a young lady with a mole on her cheek to accept a pony from a strange man?

Square Peggy

Dear Mrs. Car:

I am going to a philosophy final and can not afford a new dress. Should I go in my old Chintz frock; try to get by with my new kitchen apron by facing everyone; or give up entirely the idea of wearing anything at all? I am bowlegged.

Needin Help

Dear Mrs. Car:

Whenever I strain myself mentally to answer a difficult examination question, I find that long hairs grow out on my chin. This is very embarrassing, dear Mrs. Car, and I wonder if you would give me some of your advice. I do not think it would do to carry a razor to the examination with me, as it would not be maidenly, and besides I only have an old fashioned clasp razor, and no safety razor.

Miss Harry

A Psychologist at Large

IF YOU had been looking out of the window of your office on the tenth floor of the Walpole Building that Tuesday morning, you might have seen something interesting. Every once in a while the dense line of traffic in Quince street would suddenly halt near the entrance of the Walpole building, stop a moment and then continue on its way. From the tenth floor you would not have been able to tell what was the cause of this momentary halt, but if you had gone down in the elevator and stepped out on Quince street you would have seen a sight that usually attracts crowds. Indeed, in a few moments, a crowd had commenced to gather.

A small thin man in a Bowler hat and great horn-rimmed spectacles stood between two parked cars, a pad of paper and a pencil in one hand and a stop watch in the other. He seemed oblivious to his surroundings. At certain definite periods he would crouch in the street and with the curb for a starting block he would assume the position of a sprinter awaiting the gun. Then at some signal heard only by himself, he would dash out into the middle of the street, stand there until the next automobile saw him and stopped with a whine of tires, and then dash back to his haven between the parked cars. It was perhaps lucky for him that the traffic moves slowly on Quince street, but slow as it is, drivers do not care to stop and hence it was that the crowd enjoyed both the antics of the man and the comments of the automobilists.

After each excursion into the street the man looked at his watch and wrote something on his pad of paper. About a half hour after he had been first observed a policeman ordered him away for obstructing traffic, and although he explained that he was a psychologist the officer was obdurate and the man was forced to leave. Before going he put his pad on the fender of a car and wrote, "I find that the reaction time of motorists is roughly one-eighth of a second."

Then if you had followed this man—it is not inconceivable that you would have done so—you would have seen him enter one of the largest hospitals in town. He walked with hurried strides up and down the lobby for a few moments before advancing and speaking to the desk attendant.

"Has master Otis Lift been born yet?" he asked.

The nurse looked at him suspiciously and the psychologist was unable to meet her glance and was forced to drop his eyes.

"Have you any particular reason for wanting to know?" asked the nurse.

"I'm—I'm his father," he said, blushing slightly.

"The baby was born about two hours ago—but, how did you know it was a boy if you didn't even know it was born?"

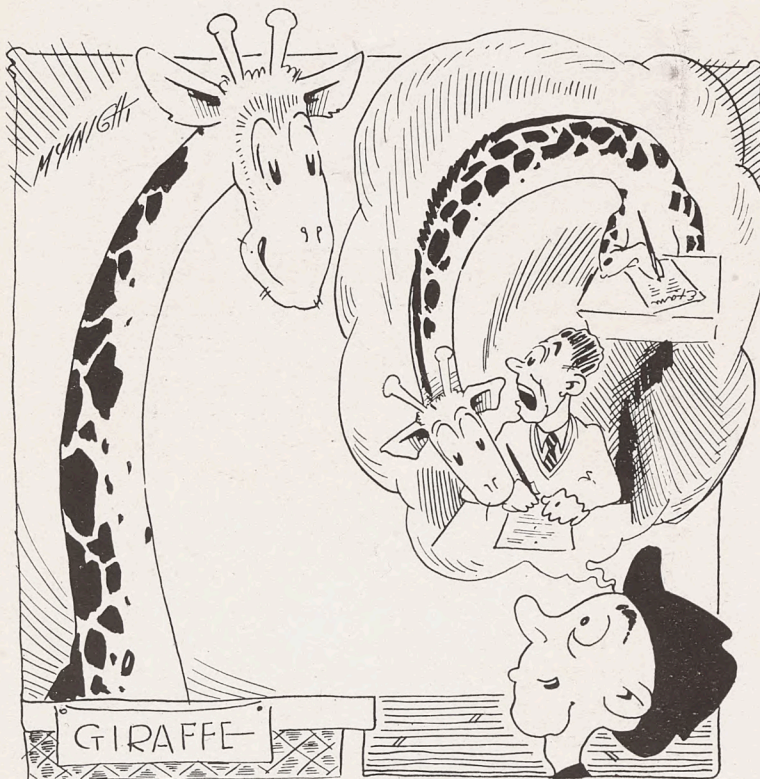
"I correlated it", he said cryptically. "Can I see the baby?"

"You can see it but you can't touch it", responded the nurse pressing a button and ordering the attendant who appeared to take the psychologist to the fourth floor.

He eventually came to what looked like a solarium at the end of a long corridor. Two walls of this room were of glass and ranged along these walls were rows of babies, perhaps thirty or forty of them, each in its own crib, and all practically brand new. Nurses were running around on the inside doing various little jobs. The psychologist started for the door and had his fingers on the handle when he was grasped from behind by the attendant.

"You can't go in there", said the attendant, "Ask the nurse at that desk which is yours and you can look at him through the glass".

The psychologist found that number twenty was his and he watched it absently for a moment or so. Then his eyes traveled around the room to the other infants. His mouth began to water. All those new born children so near him and yet unapproachable. And even his own out of reach. He had come to the hospital primarily to try out the Bonanza reflex on Otis Jr. Ah, if he could only get his hands on some of these other children. What correlations he could make. Why, the room was literally quiver-



(Continued on Page 20)

What the Elm!

from The Pathfinder:—

On the farm of Lawrence Henderhan, near Marietta, Ohio, a tree has grown to maturity inclosing with its trunk a farm cultivator. The elm formed around the object when it was a sapling.

— D D D —

Miner (who has just been rescued from a cave-in): "You've taken quite a lode off my shoulders."

— D D D —

racing headline:—

ROLLED STOCKING SHOWS IMPROVED FORM TO TAKE NED HOLLAND PURSE

— D D D —

Ambrose: "How did the college ever manage to build such a big stadium?"

Oscar: "It's a gift!"

— D D D —

Henry Ford's ambition is to machination full of Ford cars.

— D D D —

They're Still Waiting

The sailor's girl for the sailor
The frosh for his mustache to grow
The dope for someone to pay \$50 an ounce for him.

The nite-club patron for his change
The old maid for the man who promised to meet her at the corner of Olive and Locust

The audience for any indication that "Look Who's Here" is very similar to the successful New York political satire "Of Thee I Sing," as claimed by the pressagent.

"Hey prof, this examination is written in some darn foreign language."

"Do you mean to tell me that "Minnie the Moocher" is a lullaby?"

"Certainly—it's sheet music, isn't it?"

— D D D —

Higher Education is a Great Thing

The student frames the school—gets a diploma.
He then frames the diploma—gets a job.
And he finally frames the job—and another window pane has been inserted.

— D D D —

from the Post-Dispatch's radio schedule:

At 11:45

KMOX—Epinoff's Orchestra.

KWK—Irving Rose's Orchestra.

KMOX—Eppinoff's Orchestra.

Brothers?



A Professor Speaks

In Defense of an Old Tribal Custom

by PROFESSOR CHAS. E. CORY of the Philosophy Department

IT IS sometimes claimed by narrow minded scientists that any event is, in a measure, determined by antecedent events. Every event, according to this superstition, has a prelude and a sequel, and that the order in Nature has some kind of integrity. The frequency of miracles in a student's college life lend little support to this odd conceit. The belief in principles may do little harm in physics but when such notions enter the cultural world they should not be taken seriously. Only an unenlightened heathen believes in the Law of Karma, in a moral causality, that excellence say an A, has any necessary relation to earlier events. With the cultural world open to miracles, there is always chance for a break, and as long as there is a chance for a break there is hope. Such an enlightened view of the ritual called examinations turns the letters A, B, C, D, F, into magical symbols, and about them clusters all the mystery of things unpredictable.

Thus, properly understood, these symbols call out, and stimulate all the sporting instincts, and those prejudices which are often associated with a more rational view of events are avoided. Such insight dispels that sobriety which is apt to kill the spirit of any occasion. The depression, which, sometimes, follows an examination is due, in part, to the assumption that the result may have some casual relation to preceeding events. Abandon that superstition and one is free to look upon the book-keeping of the registrar, in so far as it has any personal reference as sheer luck, good or bad, as the case may be. To draw a given symbol reflects nothing on the character or habit of the recipient. Parents should be set right here. It is the illusion that an F is to be explained by the biological principle of heredity that disturbs the family circle.

Examinations may only illustrate the irrational character of existence. Many "educators" have stoutly maintained that no clear and definite correlation between these symbols and physical or mental traits has been established.

It is true that certain Freudian psychologists have been playing with the idea that correlation should be sought in the region of sex, whether of the student or instructor has not been made clear. Even if so wild an idea should turn out to be the solution to a long standing mystery there would seem to be little that could be done about it.

I am not unfamiliar with the fact that there are persistent rationalists who try to understand the results of an examination as in some way determined by the personal attitude of the instructor. This hy-

pothesis, if true, would take the symbols out of the world of chance, and open up the possibility of scientific control. With the proper scientific technique they might be pretty nicely predicted. This preparation would be the same for all courses, a bit of practical psychology would do the trick, and the money now thrown away on books could be spent in some useful way. A little knowledge about the professor's foibles, his pet vanities, his obvious prejudices touched up sympathetically would insure, at least, a B, and if one were more ambitious the art could be improved. If necessary tell him it is the one course that you are really interested in, and don't forget to ask about other courses in the department.

This desire on the part of some to make these traditional symbols reflect a degree of personal endeavor ought not to be thoughtlessly discouraged. Any effort at control is better than the wide-spread belief in magic. If such an art were perfected, and put in the hands of all students, grades would no longer be meaningless; they would then indicate the response of professor so and so to certain definite stimuli, and the grade sheets turned in at registrar's office would be valuable human documents.

Like all rituals and ceremonials, Examinations have their place and value. As an old and revered ceremony examinations when properly conducted confer upon all who take part a certain sense of importance, upon the student the illusion that he has been initiated into the circle of those that know, upon the instructor the illusion that he has imparted wisdom.

It is the fate of every important human activity to become a cult. Education is no exception. And a cult can live only in the protecting atmosphere of the occult. On stated and solemn occasions all members of the cult are made deeply conscious of their sacred bonds by enacting the time honored customs of the tribe. If the value of such occasions was construed solely in intellectual terms they might need justification. But who that has attended college hasn't learned that reason has little to do in important and vital matters? Who will doubt the value of those unforgettable hours from one to four when the quality of one's feeling is made possible only by complete intellectual coma. The joy of living intensely for three hours without being disturbed by an idea!

Only to him who has resisted every temptation to be rational and coherent comes that gift, that

(Continued on Page 26)

Mr. Stokeley Westcott,
Editor of Dirge.

Dear Sir:

Well I guess that you're as glad as I am that Brightman is no longer the editor of Dirge. Good riddance. I am sure that you have a real sense of humor and will make the magazine funny. As you know I am a red hot cartoon artist although Brightman would never run any of my cartoon ideas. But I think you will find them very funny and run them all, especially now that I am editor of Student Life and can write the criticism of your first issue. I am submitting some ideas which Brightman did not think were worth drawing up but which I am sure you will want to use, or else.

A picture of the chancellor standing on the colonel's shoulders.

Caption: Who was that streetcar I seen you with last night.

That was no streetcar, that was Louise La Rue.

A picture of two fellows eating pies with shovels.

Caption: Who was that lady I seen you with last night.

It must have been two other fellows.

A picture of a guy falling off a tall building.

Caption: Are you the editor of Dirge?

Yes, but it's lighter here.

A picture of a guy stealing a penny from a blind man's cup.

Caption: What's that newspaper doing in your hand?

That's no newspaper, that's Greta Garbo.

A picture of a guy falling down a manhole.

Caption: Did you go to the boat Lock?

No, I live in Webster Groves.

A picture of a fellow falling out of a telephone booth.

Caption: Great issue of Dirge, old man.

Excuse me, I've gotta see a man about a dirigible.

Of course these jokes are pretty subtle, somewhat the New Yorker type and Brightman could never appreciate them. However I think they are fully as funny as the squibs we use to fill up space in Student Life and after I draw them up in my inimitable style you'll simply die laughing.

Yours for a funny issue,

Philip Zaneboe (cute, isn't it) Becker.

"Well, Mr. Hickenlooper, why don't you leave. The others have finished."

Fear

I'm positive I'll be a goner
Before Prosperity turns that corner.

— D D D —

No. 1: "I tell yuh fella, I'm a boon to the country."

No. 2: "Yeh, a baboon."

— D D D —

"You know", said the little man as his safety glass windshield flew into a hundred pieces when he hit a truck, "That glass isn't all its cracked up to be."

— D D D —

"I wonder if its a Proback blade", mused the loyal American tourist as he gazed at the Guillotine.



Dirge Writes the Finals

FINAL EXAMINATION — MATHEMATICS 12

(1) If the edge of a certain cube is increased by 3 inches, the volume of the cube will probably be greater. Ascertain the exact volume and compare with the volume of the radio in the apartment above. Further given that the cube is cute, how many co-eds could look at it and fail to say it was "cute," "sweet," or "two darling for words." If possible, give reason for your answer. Why?

- (2) Compute the value as fertilizer of
- one blade of blue-grass under a pigeon's nest,
 - three apple-cores and one army corps,
 - three copies of Student Life,
 - ten-cents worth of fertilizer.

(NOTE: If you get this last at the dime store you may rest assured it will be Woolworth the money.)

(3) Three numbers whose sum is 18,888 form an arithmetic series. If the first number is superimposed upon the second, and the second upon the third, why would it be easier for the rest of the prisoners to scale the penitentiary wall?

(4) Given $\tan A$ equals minus nine, find the other functions of A and explain how and where they take place.

(5) A newspaper column of unknown height and a vertical human six feet high stand with their bases on the same base level. The human is the editor of Ballyhoo. From the bottom of the vertical human to the newspaper column the angle of elevation is not very damn much. From the bottom of the newspaper column to the bottom of the vertical human the angle of declination is sex degrees. Find the difference between the column's height and the height of the ridiculous.

(6) We can sure count can't we? Each of two battleships nearing each other fired a salute. Is this proof that it was the Fourth of July? If no one on shore heard the report, how did the incident get in the daily papers the next day?

(7) Is mathematics a subject that counts?

FINAL EXAMINATION

SUBJECT:—English 1.

DATE:—if you make under 85 you do,
if more than 85 you don't.

I—Make an **outline** and write a **theme** of 500 words—no more—no less—**count them**—on any three of the following three topics:

- Neo-platonic love on the Boat Lock
- Speed-copping as a fine art
- Popping corn for profit

It is suggested that the student make the theme longer than the outline, but this is not required. Also let it be noted that no extra credit will be given for writing unassigned themes entitled "An Essay at Essay-writing" or "It Themes to Me," unless student can give positive proof that the above titles are entirely original with him.

II—The following sentences are too involved and prolix. Cleanse them of all extraneous matter, and cast them in a brand of singularly clear, concise, and beautiful English, such as you heard your professor use in class all last semester.

a—John ran.

b—John's proximal proboscis ran.

c—"An dey was fermiment—oodles and oodles of fermiment."

d—Big Ben ran.

e—How alarming!

f—It's a **grade** life.

III—Explain and correct the errors in the following sentences:

a—"And so I refused the invitation to the Busch reception and went to the Alpha Xi Delta dance instead."

b—I can remember the time when as many as three weeks would pass without seeing or even hearing the voice of a sole soul.

c—Our city is rich and beautiful. We are poor and in debt. Why not marry our city and pay off our debts. Put an ad in the paper—"Debts—for sale cheap" or "Debts for sale—Cheap."

d—In the first place, he killed a man. In the second place, he robbed a blind beggar. In the third place, he jumped in the river. If he had done all this in one place it would have been a three-act place.

e—"And so I ups and bops the dirty pig one on the snout."

f—If anyone calls, and you know who I'm expecting—(Like Hell!)—tell them I'll be in at ten—ha! ha! and I'm twelve already!—a happy jest!

g—"You're a Student Life reporter? Why, come right on in—Secretary, make this delightfully whimsical young fellow a cup of hot Toddy at once—t'hell with the expense, put a marshmellow in it!"

IV—Answer the following question to the best of your financial ability: Have you on you at the present time a monetary ware-house receipt of a sufficiently large denomination to put the English staff in a rattling good humor? Prove your answer.

Note:—Do not skimp on this question, because it is of vital importance to you, as a student eager to send a good report home to the pursestrings, and to us, having various mortgages on the old home-stead, etc., in need of settlement.

Elsewhere in this issue (we know you're all aflutter to turn there) you will find the planks in our platform for the coming year. The idea behind this is that by presenting you with enough planks Northeast Hall, where our office is located, will be so weakened as to finally and definitely give up the ghost, paving the way for our removal to more commodious quarters. Meanwhile, though, the frame building has advantages—all our jokes are aged in wood at least two weeks before going down to the printer, and the banging of the loose windows is slowly building up an immunity in Aimee Semple McPherson (our goldfish) that will, we hope, allow her to make her debut with next season's crop. So far however, she has been more of a debut than a credit to us.

— D D D —

Many girls will "no" a man merely because they don't know him.

— D D D —

There is almost always a tie between father and son—and the son usually wears it.

— D D D —

Lousy

First Stude: "It's raining cats and dogs."
Second Stude: "Yes, it's beastly weather."

— D D D —

Even his best friend wouldn't tell him—so he flunked the exam.

— D D D —

One thing that's being overdone these days is toast.

— D D D —

Captain: "What are you carrying all the artillery for?"

Cliff Wheeler: "I like to have arms around me."

— D D D —

Suitor: "We'd make a peach of a pear."
Suited: "Your efforts will be fruitless."

— D D D —

Our idea of something is the Cremo Tobacco Co. manufacturing chewing tobacco.

— D D D —

Publicity director: "Our movie star will be ruined. She's in love with a married man."

Producer: "Great scott, who is it?"

P. D.: "Her husband."

Ed: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Co-ed: "At the bottom, I suppose."

— D D D —

"We had our fraternity house cleaned from top to bottom last week.

"Yeah?"

"And found the three members who were missing since last Homecoming."

— D D D —

Dumb: "Now would you believe it, I once fell from the fifth story."

Dora: "What! and you weren't killed?"

Dumb: "Who told you."

— D D D —

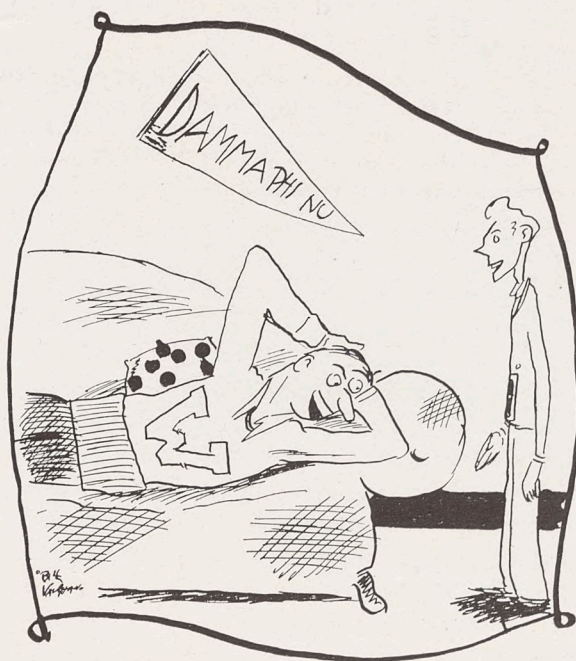
The dissolution of the Franklin-American Trust Co. produced, and the depression gave point to, this sign over the teller's window at the First National Bank:

First National Bank
Former F. A. T. Accounts
Paying and Receiving

— D D D —

Left Over From a Year Ago

If it's true that Mahatma Gandhi was once a lawyer, it certainly looks as if he had never won a suit.



"Hey, freshman, run down to the registrar's office and find out what courses I'm taking."

When You Have To Depart,

You Have To Depart

Olsen and Johnson Interviewed

WITH much trepidation we walked into the theatre where Mr. Olsen and Mr. Johnson, and their troupe, were running off and on the stage, crawling under beds, shooting guns, asking each other for nickels, running up and down the aisles, and crawling into beds. After viewing the show from the wings and being introduced to some chorus-girls from Detroit as college men, we cornered Mr. Olsen in his dressing-room in a bright dressing-gown, and a pair of yellow pants.

Mr. Olsen, who went two years to Northwestern, worked his way through by waiting on tables while his school-mates waited under tables; tending furnaces; and playing a fiddle. He taught a Presbyterian Sunday-school once a week, also. He finally quit school and worked with a paper company in the daytime; in a theatre from seven to ten in the evening; and in a cafe from ten to one. "I then got to be director of an orchestra", Mr. Olsen explained, "and needed a piano player. The pianist turned out to be Mr. Johnson."

"That was in 1916," he stated proudly, "and we've been together ever since. We're the only comedy team in the country to ever work together for such a long time."

He explained that their act is a matter of accumulation, with constant additions and deletions of jokes. In one town their chief stage-hand accidentally fell through the scenery in full view of the audience. They laughed so much that it is now a regular feature. Several of their wise cracks, as pulled from the audience, actually originated in college towns from members of the audience. He defines a college town as a place where a Ford coupe gets hit by a truck, all fourteen occupants being injured.

"What do you think of co-eds?" we asked.

"What this country needs is some smart girls," he retorted, "and they ought to come from the colleges."

"Is it possible to kiss a girl unexpectedly?" we next asked him.

"No," he said. "The nearest you can come to it is to kiss her sooner than she thought you would."

Just then we were interrupted by one of the other actors rushing in with much fidgeting and squirming. "Mr. Olsen," he shouted, "can you give me a nickel for these five pennies?"

"Sure thing," said Mr. Olsen, understandingly. "And go down to the end of the hall and turn to the left."

After he left, we returned to the questioning. "Do you suffer from pink tooth brush," we boldly asked.

"I did," he replied, "until I bought a green one."

Then Mr. Olsen retaliated. "Why," he said, "did Noah take two of each kind of animal into the ark?"

"Because he didn't believe the story about the stork," we answered as quick as a flash. You see, we had read this joke in a magazine.

Mr. Olsen, or "Ole" as he is more generally known although he doesn't look his age, when we asked him about the general more-or-less roughness of his act, explained that they have found that that is what the public demands. "We could have fine music, good dancing, and sophisticated jokes," he said, "but the audience leaves the theatre without remembering that. It is too common. But give them one or two of the rougher cracks, and they not only remember them; they tell them to their friends."

Several years ago Mr. Olsen wrote a poem for his son, now in high-school. A few weeks ago, he read it over a radio program in order to fill in time. He casually invited the listeners-in to send in for a copy of the poem, if they cared to. Two days later he had received eight thousand letters, and was forced to hire two extra stenographers. His show travels from city to city in special railroad cars carrying several automobiles and chauffeurs

(Continued on Page 26)





What are Yuh Going to do When Yuh Graduate?

A Psychologist at Large

(Continued from Page 12)

ing with reflexes. His desire gnawed at his breast and finally consumed him. He reluctantly left the window, secreted himself in a linen closet and waited. Soon a young interne came along and the psychologist slugged him with the arm of a wheel chair and donned his white coat and trousers. Then he walked boldly into the room full of brand new babies.

"I am Dr. Lift", he said. "The superintendent wants to see you all for a moment. I am to take charge in the meanwhile."

The nurses filed out of the room and he set feverishly to work. He traveled from baby to baby, poking it here, sticking it there, prodding it, pinching it, and jotting down the results on his paper. he seemed to take particular delight in lifting the head of a child and watching its feet lift at the same time. He would smile ecstatically as the baby responded. It was as if he had just invented a perpetual motion machine. In his excitement he forgot which baby was his and pinched it extra hard. He was so absorbed that he did not notice the return of the nurses accompanied by two or three orderlies. When he looked up they were almost upon him. His first thought was to conceal himself in one of the empty cribs, but feeling that he would look incongruous he decided instead to make believe he was mad. He reeled about like a drunken sailor, chortled unintelligible words, threw himself about on the floor, while the spectators formed a ring around him. Then quickly throwing off his mask of mad-

ness, he bolted through the open door with the orderlies in pursuit.

Several hours later a person in a soiled white suit was seen lurking in an alley near the stage door of a burlesque house. He could be recognized as the psychologist by the pad on which he was writing. "This is a most interesting experiment", he wrote. "This is a most interesting experiment", he wrote. "I am about to correlate the reaction time of the average motorist with the appearance of the Bonanza reflex in infants and the result with the Babinski reflex. I have chosen chorus girls as my subjects for this latter experiment because of their well developed leg muscles. I intend to use the tetrad equation which will correlate anything from psychology to feeble-mindedness." Then he put the pad away and waited behind a telephone post for his first victim.

He had chosen a very narrow alley. In fact, it was no more than a passageway between two buildings. The result was that when the subjects passed, all the psychologist had to do was reach out from his place of concealment and hit them with the side of his hand just below the knee-cap. This procedure worked on the first three subjects, although he had to quickly sink down behind the telephone pole so that the girl would think he was nothing more than a drunken bum.

He got a splendid reaction from the fourth girl. But when he relapsed into his stupor after hitting her he did not notice that she returned the way she had come. The girl came back shortly accompanied by a very large policeman. The psychologist heard them coming and prepared to strike when he noticed



"Prithee, maiden, why the Castilian raiment?"
 "Pish, sir, 'tis an old Spanish costume."

that the legs nearest to him were surrounded by a pair of blue pants.

"There he is", said the girl simply.

"What do you mean by annoyin' women?" asked the policeman grabbing the psychologist by the collar and hoisting him to his feet.

"Just an experiment, officer. You see, I'm going to correlate the——"

"Come along. You can tell that to the chief."

"But officer. I'm a psychologist." He struggled slightly.

"Yea, I know", said the man in blue, "Come along."

— D D D —

How to Study for an Examination

The night you start to study for your final exams be sure to eat a heavy dinner—this will give you strength to carry on. After your bounteous repast seat yourself at your desk with all of your books piled in front of you. Open the first one that you intend to study and gaze speculatively at the index. While doing this it is a good idea to pick your teeth. It is always best to make an outline of each course, so go downstairs and borrow a pencil. While you are down there phone your heavy love and make a date for the senior prom. Go back to your room and scan the first page of the text-book diligently. Heave a sigh as you realize the enormousness of the task ahead of you. By this time you will be tired of looking at page one—so turn to page two. Yawn delicately. You are still a little nervous so scribble a few pictures on the desk memo. Now grasp the book tightly and read page two. When you finish this you will realize that you will have to reread page one in order to understand page two. This will cause a dryness in your throat, so get up and get a drink of water. Hum the first few bars of "Always" as you return to your seat. Scratch your head and gaze thoughtfully around the room. Yawn. Start reading the first page aloud. Get up and close the door so as not to disturb anyone else in the house. Go over to the smoking stand and fill your pipe—it is easier to think while smoking. Sit down and blow a few smoke rings ceiling-ward. This will give your mind time to collect. Yawn lengthily. When you again look at the book you will notice that the printing is slightly blurred. Walk over to the window and gaze out for a while. Wave to a few friends, if they don't see you, raise the window and holler at them. On the way back to your seat

What are you going to do
when you graduate?

wind the clock. Stretch viciously and sit down. Open the book and sigh. Yawn twice. Yawn again. Get up and throw your book in the corner. Get undressed and go to bed—a good night's sleep will make your mind work much clearer on the day of the examination.

—Dirge.

— D D D —

Ties hung loose around the neck
Seem to me to look like heck.

— D D D —

One gets jitters
Drinking bitters.

— D D D —

Hiccups
Are caused by cups.

— D D D —

"Gawd! I just slipped and fell, and my face flopped smack into a puddle of water."

"Why, that wasn't so bad."

"No, but as I was wiping the water out of my eyes and wringing out my hair a nearby small boy howled gleefully "Ha! ha! a puddle of water!"

"Why, there's nothing alarming in that either."

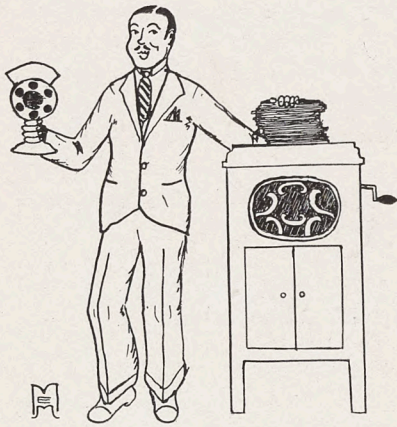
"Yes, but—Gawd, think of it!—he pronounced "puddle" with an "oo"!"

— D D D —

Old Maid

A lady who, when young, croquets,
Will find that she, when old, crochets.





The staff of a local broadcasting station poses for the photographer.

— D D D —

No Oscar, the large number of windows in the K.A. house is not the reason for calling it "hot-house."

— D D D —

Puzzle: He knew all the answers, yet he flunked out.

— D D D —

Perennial geology student (taking second semester test for the third time): "And why do they call them final examinations?"

Double Entendre?

Eddie Cantor in the "Saturday Evening Post:"
 "If you saw Greta Garbo in Mata Hari, playing those passionate love scenes with Ramon Novarro, you probably thought there was something between them. There was nothing at all between them."

— D D D —

Very modest girl: "I'll have some frog limbs, please."

— D D D —

Looks like Gabby Street's house of Cards is collapsing.

— D D D —

"Hang it all!" said the housewife to the laundress.

— D D D —

Figure This Out

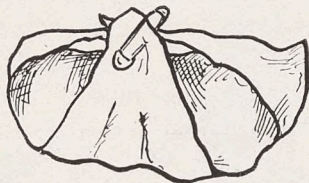
People who live in glass houses should not be without sin.

— D D D —

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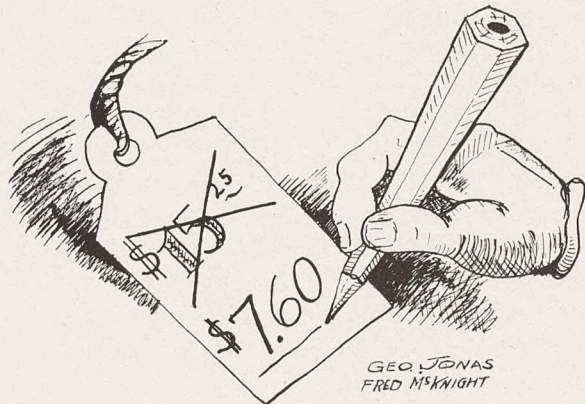


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(Continued from Page 7)

a square bunch on one end and a lot of scatching around the other. A nut is similar to a bolt only just the opposite, being a hole sawed off short in a chunk of iron with wrinkles around the inside of the hole."

The correct definition of a nut is "one quaint Freshman girl in Texas."

More Interview

After our successful interview with Mr. Olsen, which is discussed elsewhere, he suggested that we visit, just across the street, his old friend Texas Guinan. We ambled across Grand, walked boldly through the stage-door of her theatre, and went straight to her dressing-room. After telling a maid who we were, we were admitted after a short waiting-spell,

presumably while the Texas lady threw on a few garments. In we walked then, and asked for an interview. She poked a heavy finger in our stomach and said, "Sit down."

She asked us our name, what we were taking at school, when we would graduate, what we thought of the show, what we thought of the chorus-girls, what we thought about the student-editor of Columbia University getting expelled, what we thought about life, what we thought about her going to Paris, what we thought about Olsen, and when we were coming to New York.

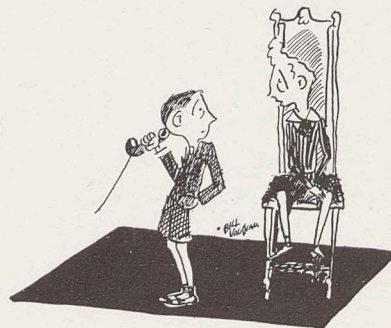
"Thanks for the interview, Miss Guinan," we muttered weakly, as she asked us not "to give the little girl a great big pan," and dismissed us.

The Mourners.

Professors' Pre-examination Prognostications indicate that the density of the population here at Washington is very great.

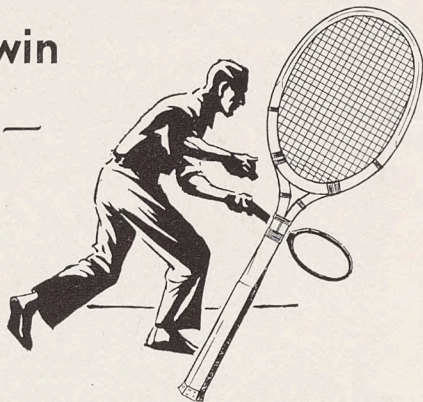
— D D D —

We called him Goose Egg; whether it was because he went around making people jump, or because he was a cipher, we leave it to you to decide.



"Ask her has she got a friend".

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"My father's an engineer in South America."
"Yeh? What is he in the U.S.?"

— D D D —

Ambrose: "I have a feeling I'm going to fall over the edge of a cliff."

Oscar: "Don't worry—you'll be over it in a minute."

— D D D —

Think Twice on This One

"What relation did George Washington's mother bear to George Washington's father?"

"George Washington."

— D D D —

The Liar!

A young man of our acquaintance told us that his favorite method of following the primrose path was not to sow wild oats, or to burn the candle at both ends, but to make his own bed and lie in it.

— D D D —

Hitting high epigrammatic heights the other night, we decided that "scandal is something the cat dragged in."

Uncommon Definitions of Common Words

Hot Cha: Feminine sneeze.

Hip: Noise made by R.O.T.C. when marching.

Salome: Synonym for sausage.

Oleomargarine: Swiss yodel.

Statue: Short for who's there.

Debit: The first appearance in society.

Milch: Popular beverage especially given to babies.

Merger: Result of shooting someone.

Triangle: One third Tri Delt.

Cistern: Plural of sister.

Executive: Good way to remove a prof.

Woe: What one says to a horse.

Dog pound: Sixteen ounces of frankfurters.

Tale: The biggest part of a fish.

Graduation: Marks on a thermometer.

Senior: A Spanish gent.

Diploma: A foreign envoy.

— D D D —

Mitchell: "Will you lend me five dollars for a month, old boy?"

Corbett: "What on earth is a month-old boy, going to do with five dollars?"

— D D D —

Mr. Jones: "What are you sitting there for?"

Mr. Brown: "I want a boy."

Mr. Jones: "But you have three daughters haven't you?"

Mr. Brown: "Yes, but I need a little sun and air."

— D D D —

"Listen, sister, if ya want me to kiss you again, ya gotta keep a stiff upper lip."



"I don't know how to fill out this question."

"What is it?"

"It says, 'Who was your mother before she was married?' and I didn't have any mother before she was married."

—Whirlwind

— D D D —

"I hear you've bought an estate in Reno."

"It's only to have grounds for divorce."

—Lampoon



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the Cigarette
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and **TASTES BETTER**

When You Have To Depart

(Continued from Page 18)

along with them. He apparently gets as big a kick out of his act as anyone viewing it for the first time, and his laughter on the stage is not the least bit mechanical. "When the audience laughs, we laugh," he said. "Why should we get tired of it? Babe Ruth doesn't get tired of hitting home runs."

Feeling that we had taken enough of his time, we arose to depart. As we bid him good-bye, Mr. Olsen boomed out in his hearty way: "Well, boys, as the saying is: 'When you gotta go, you gotta go.' Go down to the end of the hall, and turn to the left."

— D D D —

A Defense of an Old Tribal Custom

(Continued from Page 14)

amazing power that enables the hand of the believer to write page after page in an unknown tongue.

That these pages have no explicit meaning in the consciousness of the writer all understand. Their very obscurity however makes it clear that the author believes profoundly that men are saved by faith and not by work.

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Not Done

Frosh at first sorority party: "May I sit on your right hand at dinner?"

His Hostess: "I may need it to eat with, but you can hold it a while."

—Wampus

— D D D —

Why, you low-down, knock-kneed, bow-legged, double-jointed, spavined, horse-collared, wheat-faced rat; you no account, dirty little heel.

Who's dirty?

—Purple Parrot

— D D D —

"Another combination shot," said the co-ed as she leaned too far over the billiard table.

—Nebraska Awgwan

— D D D —

A city girl was visiting in the country. She became rather friendly with a young farmer. One evening as they were strolling in the fields they happened across a cow and a calf rubbing noses in the accepted fashion. "That sight makes me want to do the same," said the farmer.

"Well, go ahead," said the girl encouragingly. "It's your cow."

—Frvol

— D D D —

Expected

Man, very hoarse with cold, not able to talk above a whisper, knocks at doctor's home at night time and Doc's wife comes to the door. "Is the Doctor in?"

Wife, also in whisper: "No, come in."

—Arizona Kitty Kat

— D D D —

"Need any money?"

"No."

"Need a drink?"

"No."

"Need my tux?"

"No."

"Need my car?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Took castor oil."

—Do Do

— D D D —

Law Student: "Let's carry the Dean's lunch up to him."

Also Drunk: "Naw, let's just throw it up."

—Rammer-Jammer

A SOCRATIC DIALOGUE

"Socrates, what shall today's dialogue be on?"

"Oh, duce it—call me sock! I don't feel in the mood for anything very serious, so we shall discuss scholastic examinations."

"Do pedagogues place the correct valuation on examinations?"

"No. They over-estimate their worth many times. Examinations do not give the true picture, and even if they did, what the hell!"

"Socrates! You don't mean it! Why you're flying directly in the face of educational experts through the ages. Surely you will Moderate, if not retract, your statement."

"I mean what I say. To do anything else would be to bandy words. Tests are futile wastings of time and money, and in nine cases out of ten the world would be better off if the money were spent on hemlock and goblets."

"That last remark, sir, indicates a touch of Schopenhaueric cynicism, which it seems you should strive to eradicate if you expect to be quoted by the best-known pollyannas of the future ages."

"Me eye, interlocutor, don't be so serious. But as to exams—reflect, youth, on their fundamentally meager importance to the universe. What are they in the cosmic scheme of things. Ha—a mere nothing."

"But, sir, on what do you base your opinion of the substantial nullity of the inquisitorial review?"

"A test, although at the time given it may strike an approximate balance between student and instructor, means nothing in the long run. Does anyone know (or care) what Napoleon's grade was in M. S. & T.? Or whether Nero passed his course in pyrotechnics? No,—and what's more, if they did, they'd probably find they both flunked out. Again I say, what the hell."

"Hm—perhaps your hypothesis is correct, learned one. Then we shall say that all the examinations since the inception of time are merely from the broad standpoint, seven buckets of ashes?"

"No! You, like all youngsters, in your reactions from pre-conceived notions tend to overshoot the mark in the opposite direction. Guard against it. Let us say, then—six buckets of ashes?"

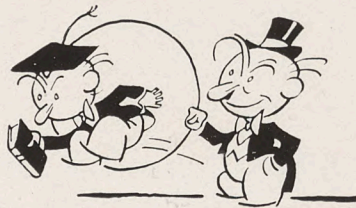
"Certainly, if you wish."

"I do. Here, then are the two conclusions of this Socratic dialogue—first, that all examinations are merely six (not seven) buckets of ashes—second, that you can fool some . . ."

"May I suggest, sir, another 'what the hell'?"

— D D D —

Then there's the student who calls his girl grapefruit because everytime he squeezes her she hits him in the eye.



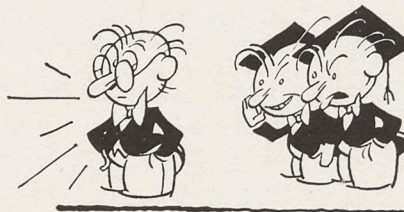
It won't be long now

● The time has come (the walrus said) when freshmen doff their dinks, sophomores and juniors tear off to Europe and seniors discover whether or not there is life after college.

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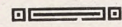
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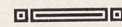
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Prof: "Can you give me an example of a commercial appliance used in ancient times?"

Stude: "Yes, sir, the loose-leaf system, used in the Garden of Eden."

—Log

— D D D —

Wife: "Do you realize that twenty-five years ago today we became engaged?"

Absent-Minded Professor: "Twenty-five years. You should have reminded me before. It's certainly time we got married."

—Orange Peel

A close-fitting short skirt is like a barbed wire fence—it protects the property but doesn't obstruct the view.

—Witt

— D D D —

"Why did Joe get sore at his blind date?"

"She forgot and asked him for a ticket after each dance."

—Notre Dame Juggler

— D D D —

Sweet Young Thing (a trifle shocked): "You musn't kiss me like that before we're married."

He: "Can I help it if I have no pep. I'm tired."

—Rice Owl

— D D D —

She: "You remind me of the ocean . . ."

He: "Wild, reckless, romantic?"

She: "No, you just make me sick!"

—Exchange

— D D D —

Annie: "Come in and see our baby."

Teacher: "Thank you, but I will wait until your mother is better."

Annie: "You needn't be afraid. It's not catching, teacher."

—Puppet

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2 Suits	145	46	188	48	39	43	372	46
3 Suits	73	21	86	22	15	16	174	22
4 Suits	21	7	32	8	4	4	57	7
5 Suits	14	5	13	3	2	3	29	4
over 5 Suits	5	2	5	2	0	0	10	1
Total	319	100	390	100	91	100	800	100

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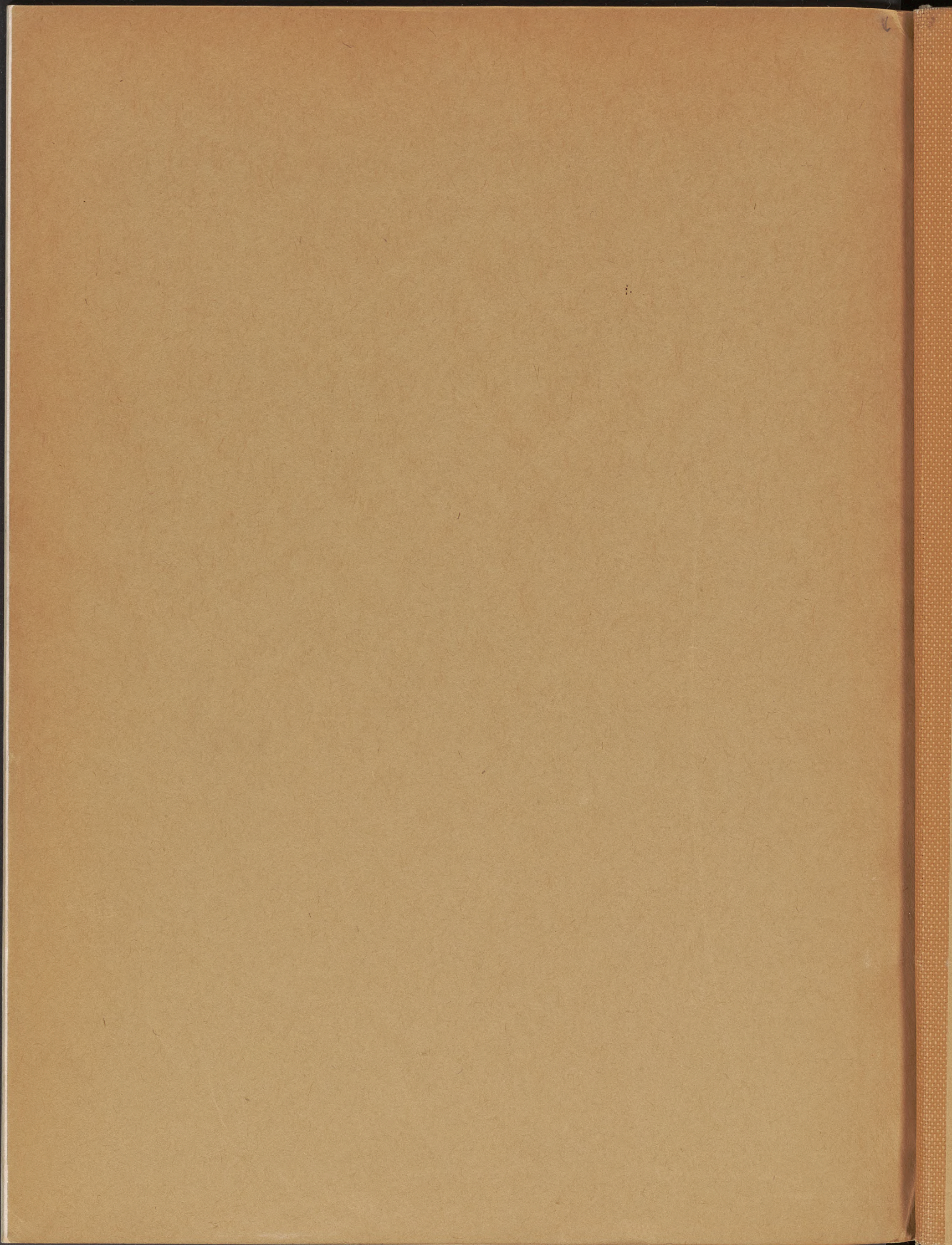
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