

Washington University in St. Louis

Washington University Open Scholarship

The Dirge

University Archives

11-1931

Washington University Dirge: Thanksgiving Number

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

Follow this and additional works at: <https://openscholarship.wustl.edu/dirge>

Recommended Citation

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri, "Washington University Dirge: Thanksgiving Number" (November 1931). *The Dirge*. 31.

<https://openscholarship.wustl.edu/dirge/31>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the University Archives at Washington University Open Scholarship. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Dirge by an authorized administrator of Washington University Open Scholarship. For more information, please contact digital@wumail.wustl.edu.

DIRGE

THANKSGIVING NUMBER



5
ts.
OV.
931

WASHINGTON

UNIVERSITY

GROUCHO MARX ON FOOTBALL
DIRGE'S ALL AMERICAN TEAM
FUN FOR ALL THE FAMILY



*“They keep tasting better
and better to me!”*

NO matter how many you smoke! It's a fact. The last Chesterfield of the day is just as mild and sweet—as cool and comfortable—as the first. Every Chesterfield is like every other Chesterfield!

The tobaccos themselves give the answer. Only mild, ripe, sweet tobaccos—the smoothest and ripest grown—go into Chesterfield.

And the paper—notice how fine and white it is. It's the purest that money can buy! Burns without taste or odor.

All this care—to make Chesterfields taste better and milder. And they do! The millions of Chesterfield smokers—men and women both—say it in their own way: “They Satisfy!”

© 1931, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Novem

TH
was
minu
say
don'
taken
minu
Vaug

YO

In
has b
with
the
to be
own
map
prac
purp
Was
W
out
and
selv
W
tain
lette
best
pap
inter
has

L
it is
faul
spec
year
asse
tonic
chor
nigh
com
Let'
lect

W
urgin
char
them
their

EDITORIALS

HATCHET PICTURES

The only group hatchet picture we were late for was taken on time. The others were from twenty minutes to an hour and a half late. This, we can say without hesitation, is quite lousy. In fact we don't like it. We suggest that they should all be taken on time or else taken a specified number of minutes behind schedule. Be consistent, Mr. Vaughan, be consistent!

YOU WOULDN'T FOOL US, WOULD YOU?

In the history of every great newspaper, there has been a time when the paper carried on quarrels with itself, that is, it used its editorial page to kindle the reader's interest by printing letters purporting to be written by citizens but in reality written by its own reporters. Often, whole campaigns were mapped out in advance. We do not object to the practice as such. It may serve several laudable purposes. We do object to the way it is used at Washington.

When the janitor picks our bi-weekly newspaper out of the waste basket, looks at the editorial page, and exclaims, "Gol darn, writin' letters to themselves again," there's something wrong.

While we're on the subject, the only way to obtain honest student opinion is to solicit unsigned letters. The college student is a shy creature at best, and while he likes to see his name in the paper, he doesn't want anyone to think that he is interested enough to express himself. This idea has worked at other institutions; it might work here.

MUSICAL COMEDY

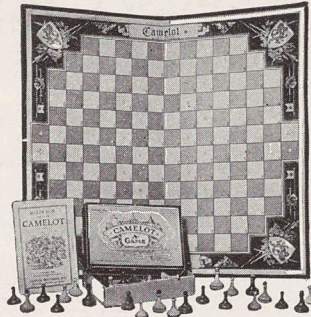
LOOK WHO'S HERE! is a darn good show. If it isn't a big success this year it's going to be the fault of the chorus and principles. Might we respectfully and humbly suggest the rehearsals this year be something more than a Saturday afternoon assembly of the more socially minded Washingtonians. We think it would be especially nice if the chorus perfected their dance routines before the night of the show. Washington University musical comedies rank high among student productions. Let's keep them that way, you who have been selected for this year's cast!

FRESHMEN RULES

We were planning to run an editorial in this issue urging that freshmen rules be abolished but we've changed our mind. When the freshmen allowed themselves to be bulldozed into not throwing their caps into the fire at the mass meeting Home-

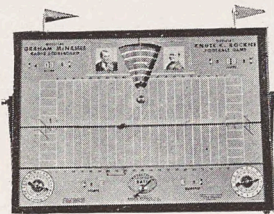
The Vogue for Games

is brightening many a dull evening. At Spalding's you'll find the liveliest collection of games in town. Games that you don't get tired of. Here are a few:



CAMELOT. The person who likes both chess and checkers will get a big kick out of this game. It's simpler than chess and more complicated than checkers. Complete, \$2.50.

COMBINATION ROCKNE FOOTBALL AND McNAMEE BASEBALL GAME. A very realistic game and a fascinating means of following a radio account of a baseball or football game. \$6.



A. G. Spalding & Bros.

409 North Broadway

coming on the threat that those who did would not be allowed to go to the Mixee, we decided that the freshmen liked the rules so well that they would be disappointed if they were abolished. We suggest that this, the most docile freshmen class in years, be made to wear caps and obey rules for all four years they are in college. We could let next year's frosh take over the duty of paddling the class of thirty-five who, quite obviously, will never be able to enforce discipline when they are sophs. We understand that the freshmen rules were suspended permanently because the freshmen strove to wear black and white stockings as a badge of popularity, some girls who have never even had a date going so far as to wear black and white stockings of their own accord.

THE MODERN ORDEAL

Compurgation, the ordeal by fire, witch-dipping, all went out of date centuries ago. And yet we have here at the University laws which might be placed in the same category. Certainly they went out of date at the same time. We mean the no-smoking rules for women students.

We have come to the conclusion that one of the only real traditions that Washington University

What is the College Spirit?

Man, that's a bookful; but here is a part of the college spirit . . . putting your best foot forward. That's where we score. We're talking about clothes; and we know whereof we are talking. We've been chasing all over the world for woolens and making clothes for over forty years.

When it comes to the college spirit in clothes, you'll find it in our College Section. Swanky woolens, a cutter who knows his college stuff—and a suit cut to your individual measurements at a good news price—a custom tailored suit, \$35.



possesses is backwardness. Ideas persist here which have been discarded at similar institutions years ago. We believe that as smoking has come to assume such a large place in the life of the average college girl, due provision should be made for it. And to be specific, our pet gripe is the Women's building, that holy of holies which belies its name if anything ever did. If nowhere else, the girls should be allowed to smoke there, especially at dances. We know of no other institution or organization which would presume to sponsor any sort of entertainment for boys and girls over fourteen, at which smoking would, if not encouraged, at least be tolerated. And that other bug-a-boo, the twelve o'clock dance . . . but we've got to have some material for next time.

LECTURES

We wanted to hear Stuart Chase but we had to study for an Econ exam. We wanted to hear Dr. Cadman talk on peace but we had to study about the Persian Wars. We wanted to hear Channing Pollock but we had to take a literature exam that hour. Always in search of a new thrill* we wanted to attend the cornerstone ceremonies but we had a

AT THE FOOTBALL GAME

There are a number of outfits correct for the college man to wear to the game. Sport wear is popular among men students because of its comfort and easy informality. One of the popular combinations is that of flannel slacks and leather windbreaker. Another is that of corduroys and leather jacket. At the state universities and some of the western schools, this outfit is practically universally worn to classes, but in the effete city universities this custom does not prevail, and corduroys are reserved for sports. Students also wear sweaters instead of jackets, with either slacks or corduroys, but if the weather is cool, the warmth of the windbreaker is to be desired. Practically any type of shirt may be worn with this sport outfit, and solid color ties, or those with small spaced figures, are good. Woolen socks and heavy wingtip brogues complete any of these outfits. These combinations possess the advantage of keeping the wearer warm, but not encumbering him.

A number of students favor the wearing of business suits to the games. A single or double breasted suit, with a blue shirt and a blue tie, forms an attractive combination. Popular also is the brown suit, with which a white shirt and green tie looks well. Any suit proper for school or business wear is of course perfectly correct at the game.

Fur coats are not being seen often at the football games. More correct is a topcoat or overcoat, the choice, of course, depending upon the climate. Both the camel's hair and Harris tweed topcoats are popular. All the Harris tweeds are single breasted. The overcoats, this year, are double breasted with a belted back. They are of heavy ulster material, frequently in black. Woolen cashmere mufflers may be worn with topcoats or overcoats.

The snap brim hat is the proper one for the football game. It is good in either brown or gray and is worn with both sport and business outfits. Pigskin gloves are always correct, and the light chamois gloves in shades of brown and buff are well liked.

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

(Copyright 1932, astorbuilt styles)

philosophy class that hour. It looks to us as though there was a faculty plot to keep us away from lectures.

*Flaming, pleasure-jaded youth is always in search of a new thrill according to a radio lecture we heard just before we wrote this. As a matter of fact the only pleasures we're really jaded of is eating roast beef at the Commons.



Published at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

Vol. XIII

NOVEMBER, 1931

No. 3

Member of Midwest College Comics Association.

Copyrighted, 1931, by Washington University Dirge

Material must not be reprinted without permission.

Exclusive reprint rights granted to CollegeHumor Magazine.

Bearers of The Pall

Editor	Sam Brightman	Business Manager	to be chosen
Managing Editor	GEORGE HALL	Exchange Editor	ED YOUNG
Art Editor	STEVE MANHARD	Secretary	EMILY FIELD
Mother, Father, and Big Brother to the goldfish.....			RALPH DE PUYSTER ABEL

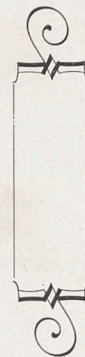
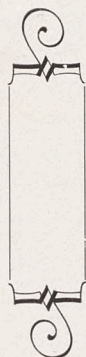
ART, LITERARY, AND CIRCULATION

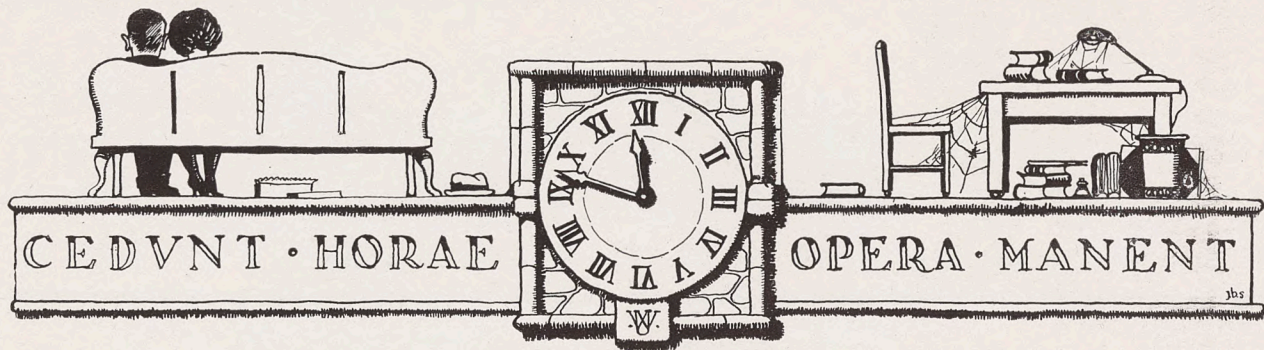
R. Stokes, E. Davis, Milton Mill, Tracy Barnes, Bob Judge, Ralph Abel, Walter Blank, Charles Shumacher, C. Powers, V. Wulff, R. Mooney, Alex Johnson, F. Barham, B. Blackwood, Geo. Brightman, Ed. Reinhard, Jack Brashear, Louise Beyers, Louise La Rue, F. Surridge, Jack Callaway, A. F. Smith, Roy Picquet, Kemler, G. Schofield, L. McDougall, K. Koerner, J. Bauer, Bob Gibson, F. E'deridge, Georgea Flynn, Cordes Heritage, Enid Herschberg, R. D. Fletcher, Robert Drescher, Mary Moore, John Manion, Bee Conrad,

Jas. White, Jack Goggin, Don McCord, Jeannette Lewald, Dick Brauer, Alex Miltenberger, Ken Gilbert, Wm. Eaton, Peggy Ray, Margaret Poos, Marie Gissler, Dorothy Lakin, Charles Athletes Foote, F. H. S., W. R. England, Roy St. Jean, Herbert Ross, Warren Davis, Genevieve Harris, Tom Rankin, Stokely Westcott, Harold Clover, Murray Cabell, Paul Langenbach, William Vaughan, Roland Wilcox, Art Mathews, Phil Maxeimer, William Ens, Frank Block, Adolph G. Schlosstein, Perry Pasmeszoglu.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Editorials	1 and 2
At the Football Game	2
Campus Comment	4 and 5
St. Louis Post-Disbatch	6
Legends of the Campus	7
Believe It or Not	8 and 9
All For Garter	10, 11 and 20
Dilemmas	12
Fun for the Family	13 and 22
Groucho Marx on Football	14 and 15
Dirge's All-American Football Team.....	16 and 17
Vaughan's Folly	17
Humor	18 and 19
Don't Read This if You're Illiterate!.....	21
Cribbed from the Comics	23





CAMPUS COMMENT

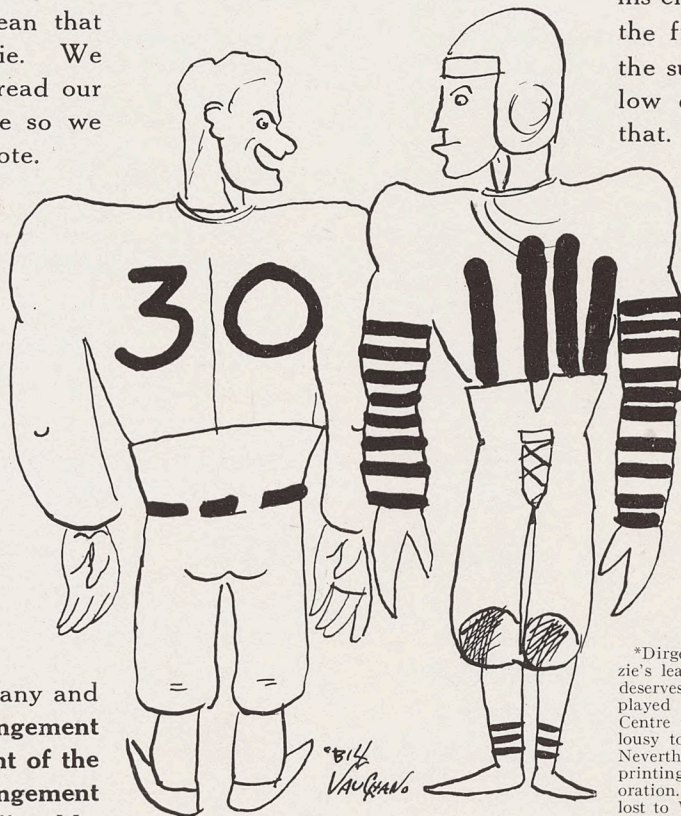
McKenzie Versus Dirge!*

Hardly had we recovered from the shell shock we suffered during the WAR OF JULY FIRST when we were set all atwitter again by the harsh words of Professor Charles W. (I mean that quite sincerely) McKenzie. We want Prof. C. W. M. to read our answer to his little tirade so we are printing it as a footnote.

Ballyhoo Objects to Dirge Competition!

Just the other day Dirge received a registered letter from one William H. Wurts, counsellor - a t - l a w, which said in part that the "word 'Ballyhoo' and the distinctive color design in use by the magazine of that name are the sole and exclusive property of the Dell Publishing Company and that any imitation or infringement thereof without the consent of the owner constitutes infringement and unfair competition." Mr. Wurts went on to say that his client didn't mind parodies as long as consent was obtained and credit given. It is too late to ask for consent but we can give credit. For the benefit of Mr. Wurts, Ballyhoo, and the country at large Dirge makes this public avowal. We didn't want anybody to think the October Dirge was really Ballyhoo. We just wanted them to say "Why there's the Dirge all dressed up like

Ballyhoo. However, beneath its guiled exterior I perceive the same old Dirge. They're not fooling me. Heh! Heh!" Of course, Mr. Wurts, we don't



"How can they see my number if you guys keep pushing me in the mud?"

know whether they said it or not. You can see that it would be awfully hard to make everybody say it. But it shows that our hearts are in the right place, anyhow.

A Summer School Swindle

An English professor was amused, then angered several

summers ago when an essay by Cardinal Newman and a paper by Robert Louis Stevenson were handed in as original themes. The professor walked sternly into his class room and orated with all the frenzy of outraged virtue on the subject of students dumb and low enough to try a trick like that. He reached a thundering climax when he ordered the students who committed the offense to leave the room. No one stirred; no one looked guilty. He repeated his order. Still no action; no sign of guilt. So he pointed a threatening finger at the two culprits and called them by name. They were quite surprised and demanded proof. When they saw

*Dirge agrees in general with Prof. McKenzie's learned lecture. We think the football team deserves a world of credit for the game it played against Centre. It took guts to stop Centre plays time after time. And we think it's lousy to cheer when an opposing player is hurt. Nevertheless we feel that we were justified in printing the paragraph which brought on the oration. We wanted to criticize the team that lost to Westminster. We thought, and still think, that the team was ragged and lazy that night. We wanted to razz the Band, which doesn't impress us much, and to point out that Alma Mater isn't very impressive as it's sung at the football games. And we, in the interests of truth, mentioned that the crowd was more interested in watching the R. O. T. C. chase gate crashers than in watching the game. The trouble goes deeper than one game or one season. If the policy of the administration makes it impossible to build up a strong team then students and alumni should not be urged to pay their good money to go out and cheer madly for a poor team. Dirge agrees with the alumnus who is quoted in the Post-Dispatch as saying that Washington should have a good team or none.

And in conclusion may we suggest that Prof. McKenzie's classes owe us a vote of thanks. We understand that Prof. McKenzie has been so busy castigating Dirge that he has spared them from listening to the Clarence True Wilson-Methodist Church speech. That's something. And we extend Dirge's pages to Prof. McKenzie any time that he decides the printed word is more persuasive than the spoken one and that he'd like to devote class hours to Poly Sci.

the printed essays they rolled up their sleeves and spoke thuswise with fire in their eyes. First culprit: Joe, you know what we gotta do. Second culprit: Yeah. We gotta beat up the guy that charged us five bucks for those themes!

Groucho Marx and the Next Number

We are quite proud of our interview with Groucho Marx in this issue. Yes, we really saw him. We wanted the interview for the December issue which will be a Success Number and contain articles by such big shots as President Hoover and C. W. McKenzie, but it was so good we couldn't wait to run it. Don't forget that the December issue will be a Success Number and will tell how all the celebrities got that way or how they want people to think they got that way. In our optimistic way we are hoping to sell several copies of the magazine so save up your pennies and help us out.

True Story

It seems that a composition class was discussing bromides. Examples were called for and one bright laddie suggested that "Pandemonium broke loose" was a common bromide. This encouraged an even brighter lad to remark that in Western stories the phrase "Hell broke loose" was quite trite. At this point a little miss in the front row nudged her neighbor and whispered, "And in True Story." The journalism prof heard the whisper and said right out loud, "And in True Story I won't mention what breaks loose." The class was embarrassed, giggled surreptitiously.

The New Dirge Office

Dirge has a perfectly swell office down in room 98 in the fire trap. It is lavishly decorated with exotic paintings and beautiful tapestries. We have also a table, a typewriter (cost \$2.25), some chairs, and a goldfish bowl. Inside the goldfish bowl are two goldfish named Herbert Hoover and Aimee Semple McPherson. Nothing has happened as yet. The office also contains old Dirges, exchange magazines, and unprintable jokes. Drop around

came there but that quite a number of professors were steady customers. He went on to mention several august faculty members whose names we shall not publish unless we flunk. Mr. Smith went on to say that his best customers were from Concordia. They drink beer, whiskey, gin and are quite jolly fellows, he said. We are becoming quite cynical. Last year we learned about Santa Claus and now we find that faculty members and Concordia boys go to beer flats.

Giddy Ap, Carson, It Looks Like Rain

Students coming late to Prof. Carson's class the other day were surprised to find a horse in the classroom. At least it sounded like one. As they approached the room they could hear it galloping at a furious rate, then it pulled up to a stop and the rider threw his reins to a lackey and dismounted. The students were frightened at first but reassured by the cessation of the animal's movements, took courage and peered in. They found to their relief that it was only Prof. Carson imitating the Ride of the Ku Klux



The Ghost: "A coupl'a pies quick. I haven't et in forty years."

some time and watch the Dirge staff sleeping over their desks just like the Psychology profs do.

Shattered Illusion!

We were intrigued no end by a recent report of our beer flat reporter. It seems that one evening he found himself in the emporium of a gentleman who we shall call John Smith because that is not his name. Our reporter, who is always on the alert for news asked Mr. Smith if he had many customers from the university. The reply was that not many students

Klan in his own inimitable manner.

Speaking of Eng. 6; who is that mysterious person who sits in one of the front seats disguised as a waste basket?

— D D D —

"Political scientists say that countries that are democracies produce more leaders than countries that are democracies. Don't let this statement bother you.— Professor Nolen.

But, professor, it does bother us.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISBATCH

WASHINGTON U. NEEDS MORE MAN-POWER

by J. HOOEY STACKTON

As I pointed out yesterday Washington U. needs more man power. I also pointed this fact out the day before yesterday. You'd think they'd have more man power by now. It will be remembered that three days ago the writer criticized the floating full-back as used by Dr. Al Sharpe. The announcement that Dr. Sharpe had done away with the floating full back came just before I was appointed Head coach. I know St. Louis will be glad to know that he was on the right track before he resigned.

I find that insults are needed to arouse the Bears to fighting pitch. Whenever the Freshmen shout "Hey, you bums," the varzity puts over a touchdown. The team needs fighters. I will change all that.

I find that everything is wrong with the squad. The material is inadequate, the candidates with heart lack beef (which I will supply), there have been complaints about the spirit of the team, and Hinds has a gold tooth. What a bunch.

However there are several individuals on the Bear squad who deserve a lot of credit. They are J. Hooey Stackton, head coach.

LARGER PRESS BOX FOR FRANCIS FIELD

Due to the unprecedented interest in Washington U. Athletics shown by the local press, it has been decided to enlarge the press box at Francis Field. This action is the result of a suggestion by J. Hooey Stackton, former sports writer and present football coach. Stackton is quite a prince of a fellow.

The new box will include practically all of the South stands. It was thought that as the press has done so much for Washington football, an enlarged box ought to hold enough sports writers to enable the Bears to trim Notre Dame. The question of where the spectators will sit to view this super team will be decided later by Coach Stackton, who is quite a prince of a fellow.

Students at Washington University recently presented J. Hooey Stackton with a chromium plated quince as a reward for his services to the football team. Prominent speakers included J. Hooey Stackton.

J. HOOEY STACKTON TO TAKE PLACE OF AL SHARPE AS BEAR ATHLETIC DIRECTOR

New Mentor Coached the
All-Sport Writer's Team of 1931

Hooray's Column

What's wrong with Washington U. football? Is it the alumni have quit cold? Is it that there is a total lack of faculty encouragement? Or is it that the men themselves are not capable? Certain it is that the Bears have been working at a high school gait although Sharpe and Bullman have been working overtime to kindle a fighting spark in young men who are naturally nonchalant. It has come to the point when even the students yawn when the team is mentioned.

The Bears have failed to show any class whatsoever in their games this season. They have showed no attack worthy of the name, chiefly because they have used a ten, and at times, a nine man team. In one play last Saturday the full back was out of the play entirely. In another the left tackle was out. Another time they were both out. That's the sort of football that makes coaches turn prematurely gray.

If the Bears had a fullback who could probe as deeply into an enemy line as sports writers can into Washington University's affairs, they'd have a real team.

The football team at the University of Oregon wear cleated football shoes and leather helmets. They wear the shoes on their feet and the helmets on their heads. The helmets are said to protect their heads.

Sport pages would present a queer appearance if they were written in German. They would appear more queer to people who do not read German than to those who do read German.

Post-Disbatch reporters help to get people back from kidnapers. What do the Student Life reporters do?

Pressure brought to bear by the newspapers has at last had some tangible results. J. Hooey Stackton will replace Dr. Al Sharpe as Bear head coach. It will be remembered that the helpful comments of coach Stackton enabled the Bears to score 2 points in their last five games.

No longer will Bear tacklers be confused by shifty ball carriers. No longer will the team lack that scoring punch. These are happy days at the Hilltop for coach Stackton has already got things moving. He brought with him from the Post-Disbatch two good ends, a couple of fast tackles, a cast iron fullback and a new practice field. All of these were sorely needed. The new coach issued this statement as he took over his new position:

"Some have said that football is over emphasized. This is not true. More people go to football games every Saturday than ever thought of going to a big league ball game. Who ever heard of a baseball game attracting 120,000 people? The country falls for this sport as for no other.

"The taxpayer sustains most of our educational institutions. If he wants football his wishes should come first. I will do my best to give the taxpayer what he wants. Watch my team lick St. Louis U. 73 to 0."

It is not expected that coach Stackton will be forced to sit out in the nasty cold weather while handling team as all his coaching will be done by messenger boys who will rush out to Francis field with proofs of Stackton's copy for the Post-Disbatch. This will make it possible to institute his changes a day earlier than when he was not coach.

There are several buildings at Washington U. where students go to attend classes. This novel experiment is being watched with great interest by sports writers all over the country.

Legends of The Campus

There are a group of legends which seem to exist in colleges all over the country. They have been handed down from fraternity generation to fraternity generation and have been embellished and gilded by the handers down. They are the stories (the more polite ones) that enliven fraternity smokers and when they are told some alumnus is sure to say, "You've got that all wrong. Here's the way it really happened—" Dirge has collected a few of these legends, both from Memory's Album and from our contemporary comics and set them forth here for your delectation.

FOOTBALL

THE FIRST TIME Joe Binks (a fellow you all know) was ever sent into a football game was during the closing moments of a crucial contest. The coach had been talking earnestly to him for about five minutes before he sent him onto the field. Binks dashed madly up to the referee and excitedly cried, "Binks for Jones. Try 43 and if that doesn't work try a pass!"

EXAMS

One time Binks arranged with an exam proctor to let him use a book during the exam. He got the book in there and used it and then sat on it so none of the other proctors would notice it. Well somebody came by to see this proctor so the dean came in to take his place. He never liked Binks very well so he stood over his shoulder the whole time and watched him write. And all the time Joe was sitting on his book. Well he stalled around writing a little more on each question and reading his paper over until everybody had left but the dean and Joe. Finally the dean said for Joe to hand in his paper so Joe got up and the dean saw the book. He asked Joe what the book was doing there and Joe said he brought it in to make him higher so he could see the blackboard. This amused the dean so much that he passed Joe.*

THEMES

A certain English professor wrote a theme one time that was his pride and joy. It was, he admitted modestly, a masterpiece of its kind. In due time the paper was returned to him and he placed it in his fraternity files. Twenty years later he assigned his English class a theme on the identical subject. Knowing that none of the students could even approach his ancient masterpiece he did not look forward to grading the papers with much relish. However, he paused over one paper, stared unbelievably. There was his theme of twenty years ago!

RUSHING

One September the fraternity received a letter recommending one John Jones very highly for his athletic and scholastic prowess. After great difficulties a lad named John Jones was pledged only

to discover that he was the wrong John Jones and that the other John Jones had pledged a rival fraternity. It subsequently developed that our John Jones became president of the United States and captain of the football team while the rival's John Jones was arrested for putting slugs in gum machines.

HOMECOMING

One homecoming a shabby old man came up to this rival fraternity house and was met at the door by flip young sophomore who quite rudely told him that the boys had no old clothes to sell. The shabby old man was a millionaire brother who had come back to pay off the mortgage, buy a new set of living room furniture, and have the cuspidors chromium plated.

HELL WEEK

During mock initiation the actives blindfolded all the pledges and took them off into the woods and left them to find their way back to town. Eventually they came to some railroad tracks and had walked about a mile when they came to an open freight car filled with cigarettes. They did not take any of the cigarettes because they did not belong to them and it was a good thing because when they got to a station some policemen stopped them and they would have been arrested if they had taken the cigarettes.

RISQUE

A prominent professor and his wife were sitting on the beach in their swimming suits when the professor's wife introduced him to a lady friend of hers. Several days later the professor was on a street car with a group of students and the lady got on the car. The professor smiled and bowed to the lady but she did not seem to recognize him. Then while the car was stopped for a traffic light and comparatively quiet she leaned across the aisle and said, "Oh, professor, I'm sorry I didn't speak to you earlier. I didn't recognize you with your clothes on."

The professor was quite embarrassed by the ensuing laughter.

*Editor's note. Oh yeah?

— D D D —

Alexander McDougal was sent to jail on the 45th day of the month for distributing libelous pamphlets.—Professor Howes.

They're using the new calendar now, Professor.

Believe It Or No

THE LAST little touch had been put upon the team by the trainers, and all that remained was a few low words spoken by the coach and a whisper from the captain. After that "the Varsity adjourned to the gridiron to settle the issue."

It was to do or die for Alma Mater that sent members of the 1931 Washington University faculty romping onto the football field during their inter-collegiate days in the late nineties and early years of the present century. They wore huge nose-guards, canvas jackets, and mole-skin pants bound snug at the waist to shun the twitching fingers of opposing tacklers. Their unshorn hair, grown long and massive, protected their heads so that in years to come they might administer examinations to their own classes of college students. And they were not to be duped,—those heroes of yesterday. When a rival team was heralded a "push-over" they gathered in a huddle and rocked the heavens with thundering strains from the song of old, "Beware the Greeks bearing gifts."

A coffin was being tailored for the nineteenth century when the turf of Yale Field first felt the cleats of Al Sharpe's shoes. Although he thought that he couldn't tackle and that he ran like an ice-wagon, old Eli took charge of affairs and made him an end in '98 and a halfback in '99 and 1900. Before his release he was acclaimed one of the greatest all-around athletes that ever wore the blue of Yale. In 1900 the greatest football team Yale had ever known took the field; Princeton was beaten 29 to 5, Harvard 28 to 0. There was some doubt that year as to whether Gordon Brown, Sharpe's teammate and captain, could play on account of injuries to his ears. He was questioned to ascertain if some sort of a head piece could be improvised, his answer was, "I'll have them cut off before I'll stay out of the game."

Before the dust of Al Sharpe's rampagings had settled on Yale Field the Middle West had prepared its challenge to football fame. It was at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, where the aspirations of Iowa Wesleyan rested in George W. Stephens, a 160 pound fullback. He had played football in high school and during his freshman

year at college; regardless, the coaches and trained focused their attention on him for the fate of Iowa Wesleyan in the balance.

The coaches booked Stephens for a three year career after he played his first game with the Varsity; and the student-body at Iowa Wesleyan immediately assumed a superior attitude in their relationship with other schools because "We have Stephens playing on our team." Stephens, a trifle light for line plunges, flogged his opponent's line with end-runs until it became mere routine. Then he changed to drop-kicking, and sent the ball into the goal at 40 or 45 yards. During his three years with the Wesleyans he was one of the outstanding punners and drop-kickers. And in 1905 Lombard, Pennsylvania and Monmouth Colleges rose from the depths of obscurity for Stephens had finished his football career at Iowa Wesleyan.

With the advent of the forward pass and uniform of rubberized silk and helmets in the standard of the "Terror of the South." Was it "Each year Bodenhafer played his first game more stylishly tackle for Transylvania College collar of 1911. At the camp in Lexington hats draped Kentucky, Bodenhafer and his team near; with partners met the picked teams of shades, and South and sent them home a humiliated sticks they lot of beaten players. He played perfect beauty against the coming "Prairie wasn't for Colonels" of Centre College fusion of demonstrated the kind of play year football necessary for them to use in nothing but future when they were to achieve This affair mortal fame by beating Harvard full spectac Bodenhafer played two years At the Transylvania, and later came to Washington University with a pocket stands F. of sociological problems. Washington

In 1913 the head coach of back and College discovered a young the teams fingering rocks on the bank solving pro Prairie Creek a mile or two south ington after Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The next mathemati he had a geologist, W. D. Ship aid of a r playing guard on his football te The coach prophesied that since had a man on the team who k the ground on which the games w played he would have no diffic in winning games. Grinell, lo Cornell College and Drake lea the truth of the prophecy; couldn't compete with a sch on the pia which employed a geologist tant, "Du



Dr. Al Sharpe

Being a Record of the Athletic Exploits of Some of Our Professors

saved his teammates from injury by pointing out the soft spots on the field, leaving the lightly coated rock layers for the opponents. After two years on the Varsity squad Shipton returned to his "stomping" grounds, the river beds and quarries; there he gathered a truck load of "specimens" and then headed for Washington University where he could obtain the aid of Freshmen and Sophomores in determining the character of his cargo. Mammoth stadia were built at the larger universities when greater crowds were attracted by the more spectacular playing made possible by the forward pass. Yet, a shadow crept over these colossal structures that was to take away from the game the he-manishness and brutality that had been a characteristic for years,—girls began to monopolize the stands. It was their weekly opportunity for displaying clothes. After any big game the usual conversation had changed from a discussion of the prowess exhibited on the field to the dress of the girls in the stands. Such conversation was: "Each year these girls get more stylish. With the chin chin collar of fur, the nifty, saucy hats draped modishly over one ear; with pretty high boots of all shades, and with their swagger sticks they made this town a perfect beauty show today. If it wasn't for this overwhelming confusion of girlish grandeur each year football games would be nothing but just football games. This affair here today was a joyful spectacle.

At the beginning of this new era of open football and girl filled stands F. W. Bubb played at Washington University. For two years he played halfback and fullback. Missouri and St. Louis were among the teams defeated by the Bears. Not satisfied with solving problems on the gridiron Bubb returned to Washington after graduation with several manuals filled with mathematic problems to attempt their solution with the aid of a room full of students.

HOUSE RULES

The other day we came across a copy of the Delta Gamma room rules. It exhorted the girls to "Please help keep the room new and pretty", and warned against moving the furniture, leaving dirty dishes in the sink, leaving powder and hair on dressing table, putting things on the piano. Rule number five was particularly important, "Dust the room—don't feel superior. Do your

share to keep your room clean." These rules impressed us so much that we wrote out a set of rules for the fraternity houses.

1. Do not empty ash trays in the mail chute. In fact do not empty ash trays.
2. Do not spit in trophy cups.
3. Do not put chewing gum between playing cards.
4. Do not blow your nose on the curtains,—don't feel superior.
5. Do not stash bottles in the piano.
6. Keep yourself physically clean, mentally awake, and morally straight. This means you!
7. Help to keep our house new and pretty.

— D D D —

SHE WAS SO DUMB THAT—

She thought guerilla warfare was the kind Tarzan engaged in.

She thought a person who was deft was one who couldn't hear.

She believed that cellophane was a musical instrument.

It was her opinion that Candide was something good to eat.

She said an acre was a dull pain.

She told me that Hollywood was where they make all the Christmas decorations.

She thought Robinson Crusoe was a great singer.

She believed that the Slavs were the people whom Lincoln freed.

She thought a moratorium was a swimming pool.

She thought yeast was a direction.

She thought a drunk was something a traveler carried clothes in.

BUT HER SISTER WAS EVEN DUMBER:—

She didn't even think!

— D D D —

The piece concluded, the orchestra was silent.

"I say," said the conductor, leaning over to whisper to his piccolo player, "What key were you playing in?"

"Skeleton key," returned the piccolist quickly.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Fits anything."

Note: I wonder if he plays a credit instrument too?



ALL FOR GARTER

by ALEXANDER
BUCHANN

DEAR OLD GARTER was in a turmoil. It was five minutes to six and a double line of excited students stretched from the boarding house to the football field. The crowd was nervous and expectant. Suddenly there was a cry, "Here he comes, Here he comes," and then from hundreds of throats a long drawn yell, "Rah rah rah-rah-rah, rah rah rah-rah-rah, rah rah rah-rah-rah, Scamper, Scamper, Scamper."

A handsome youth with pink cheeks and blonde, curly hair could be seen approaching at a brisk trot down the lane of cheering college men and women. He was posting easily on the shoulders of several members of the football team who could be easily recognized by their low-swung foreheads and prognathous features in general. Cries of "Hi, Ted Scamper, Good going, Ted Scamper," (for it was he) were heard as he sped along. The blonde youth was Ted Scamper, Garter fullback, returning from practice to the boarding house run by his mother with the help of Hannah, the fun-loving maid, and the loyal Specs, a wormy youth of one and twenty.

Ted Scamper was in his Senior year. He was in his Senior year because he was doing the same things he did in his Junior and Sophomore year and this was the third time he had done them so it must have been his Senior year. He was a shay, modest, unassuming lad of twenty-two, All-American football captain, and still unashamed to kiss his mother in public. He is our hero.

"Mother", he cried as his conveyance pulled up before the boarding house door, "We had such a nice practice today." He kissed her with gusto.

"You must be tired, son," said his mother. "Come in and have something to eat." She was a gentle, silver-haired old lady of sixty-five or thereabouts.

"Well, thanks fellows," called Ted as he disap-

peared indoors amid cries of "Yea, Ted Scamper."

"Hullo, Specs, old scout," he said to a frail youth who fawned on him as he entered the hall. "Why, what's that you've got there?"

Specs held up an object that was unmistakably a piece of feminine underwear, though torn and battered.

"Hannah," smiled Specs. "We were scuffling."

"You sly rogue," winked Ted, nudging him in the ribs. "Come on, mother, lets eat."

"Did you have a nice practice?" asked Specs at the dinner table.

"Delightful," said Ted Scamper, "I managed to bloody that bully Rarin's nose for him."

"Serves him right," said Specs.

"Ted, you mustn't take any chances," put in Mrs. Scamper. "Remember, coach Weegin is saving you."

"Say, Ted," interrupted Specs, "how is that new play you've been working on?"

"Wait'll the State game. You'll see. I'm going up to work on it now and I don't want to be disturbed. If any of the girls call me up tell them I'm busy." He rose and went upstairs, slapping Hannah on the back as he passed the kitchen door.

"Do you think he's straining his mind?" asked Mrs. Scamper anxiously after her son had left.

"Never fear about that, Mrs. Scamper, never fear," answered Specs. "Now I suppose I'll go out and bait Hannah."

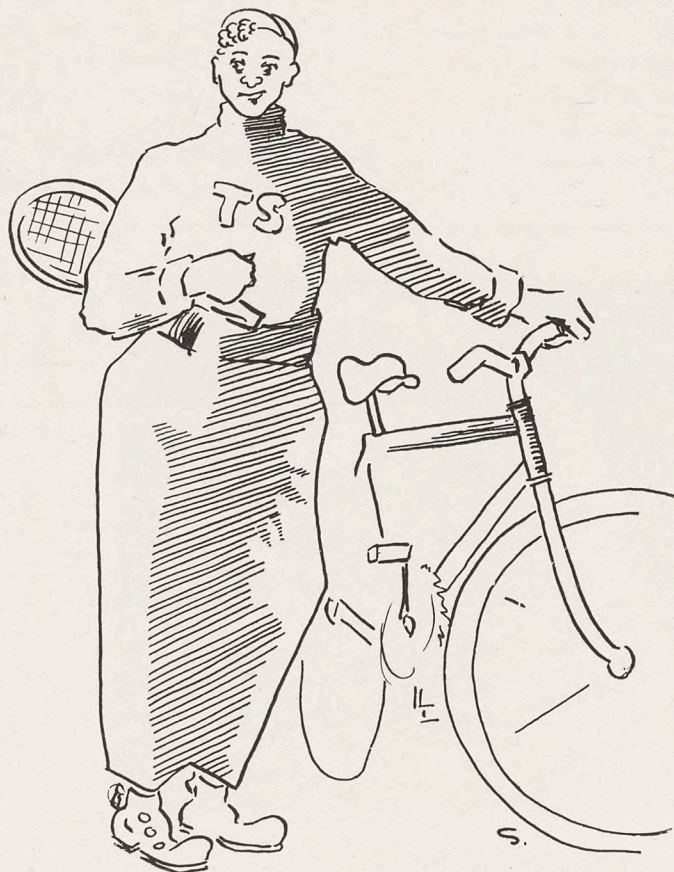
"You boys," sighed Mrs. Scamper.

"Hi there, Ted Scamper," said a voice as the husky quarterback strode towards the Quadrangle next morning.

Ted wheeled and took two quick steps sideways with his knees high as he had been taught by coach Weegin.

"Hello Polly," he said.

"Always thinking of football, aren't you?"



"Ted Scamper is no Toady"

laughed Polly Pester, for it was indeed she.
 "Football is a great game and as it is played here at Garter, a character builder," said Ted. "We men of Garter are out there working every day, sweating our . . . perspiring our heads off so that Garter can support that fine old tradition of winning teams and with the new play that I have perfected" . . . he paused and gazed off into the distance where he seemed to see innumerable jersey-clad Garter men pounding the State football squad to a pulp. In his eyes was a look of rapture. "We'll lick State," he snapped.

"Ted, I'm so proud of you. Tell me about your new play," asked Polly.

"Aw, you wouldn't be interested, Polly."

"Yes, I would, please do."

"Well, you know the play where we make the number two shift to the right and then pull a double cross buck but instead of going off tackle like I'm supposed to I toss a lateral pass to Hack Rarin? Instead of . . . but I can't tell you any more, Polly. It might get out and if its going to work against State it has to surprise them."

"But I'll never tell a soul, Ted. You know I'd die for Garter. Besides I'm president of the Women's Uplift Movement."

"Polly, you are a true daughter of Garter. Nevertheless you see how it is."

"No, I don't Ted. I think you could tell me. Please."

"No. My decision stands and a Scamper's decision is unalterable. Don't you know that the referee can't change his mind?"

"Tay-ed. If you think so much of that play I'll bet you keep it with you all the time."

"Why no, I don't Polly. I keep it in my drawer at home. Why do you want to know?"

"I don't. I was just betting. Are you coming to my party tonight?"

"I can't, Polly. I have to go over some plays with coach Weegin. Besides," he looked at her reproachfully, "I'm in training."

"All right, Ted Scamper, you'll be sorry." She turned on her heel and stalked off with a sinewy movement.

"Now what could she mean by that?" mused Ted

to himself as he turned his steps toward the football field.

As he entered the locker room he noticed a figure acting suspiciously behind one of the lockers. Grabbing it by the scruff of the neck he pulled it out and found the chagrined face of Hack Rarin confronting him.

"Say, Hack," he said, "I sure am sorry I hit you so hard yesterday and bloodied your nose. It sure was bloody."

"Don't go whinin' to me, Ted Scamper," snarled the toady. "I don't want any of your sympathy. Now you take your hands off me."

Ted Scamper unhandd the toady and he slunk away. "You'll be sorry, Ted Scamper," he said as he left.

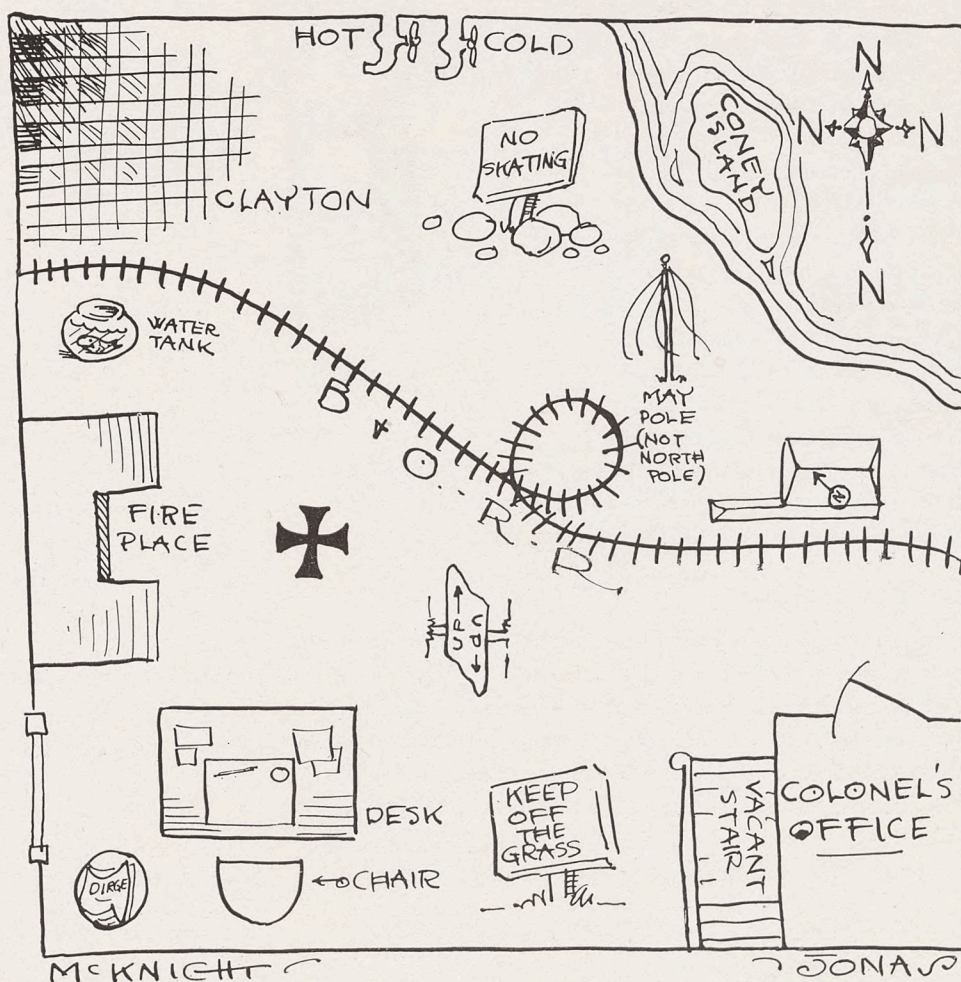
"Now what did he mean by that?" mused Ted, but his thoughts were cut short by the entrance of coach Weegin into the locker room.

"Good day, Ted," said the coach. "Did you get a good sleep last night?"

"Yes sir," returned Ted.

"How's that toe nail you were complaining about the other day?"

(Continued on page 20)



The Winning Play

DILEMMAS

DIRGE sets forth here some difficult problems of conduct. How would you solve them? In the next issue we will publish some solutions by representative professors and students.

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?

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?

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?

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 scares 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?

5. Late Registration

If you do not register on a certain day you must pay a late registration fine of three dollars. Inasmuch 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?

— D D D —

A new use for the money you save by buying Listerine tooth-paste—pay your dentist bill!

— D D D —

Nominated for oblivion: The prosecuting attorney who got up and cleared his throat by saying "Mayhem, mayhem."

— D D D —

The good old days were when they thought a twelve hour a day job was part-time work.

— D D D —

"Jim doesn't like beef."

"How do you know?"

"Why, he's always giving away the bull."

— D D D —

Advertising Slogan Applied on the Campus

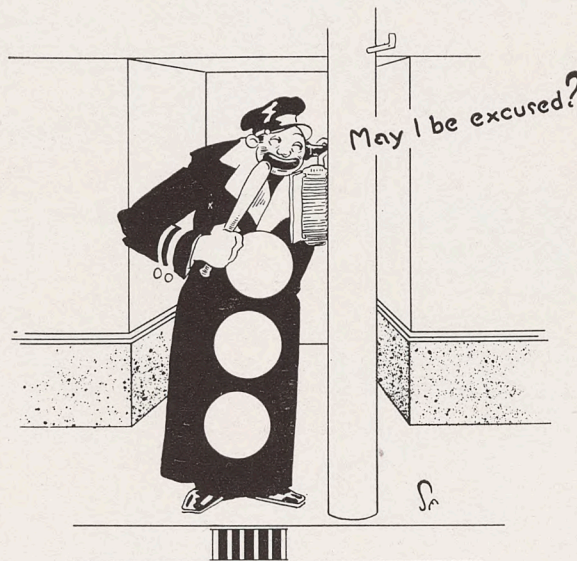
"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make."—Board of Student Finances.

— D D D —

The mule must have been born in the objective case and in the kickative mood.

— D D D —

An executioner is a man who doesn't give a hang for nothin'.



Fun for the Family

Some Parlor Games
for Young and Old.

Final Exams

ALL THOSE present are divided up into two teams. One team is called the "professors", the other "students." On the day of the game the "students" and "professors" gather together in a large room, the "students" in the middle, the "professors" on the outside. One of the students writes something on a sheet of paper. The other students try to copy this without being seen by the professors. Every five minutes the professors are allowed to interrupt the students on the pretense of explaining something. One point is given the students for every successful steal, while the professors score a point whenever they detect a student copying.

Rush Week

This is a jolly game for a healthy outdoor crowd. Really it is a variation of the old game of "Hare and Hounds" with some added features from "Hide and Seek". Several of the fleetest players are designated as "rushees".

These are given a thirty minute start and then the rest of the players, who are divided into several groups known as "rush committees", commence to chase them. The "rush committees" are equipped with lead pipes and gunny sacks. The "rush committee" which captures the most "rushees" is declared the winner. The losing committees must say, "You sure got a large bunch this year anyhow, maybe now you'll be able to pay for your house if those mugs don't break up too much furniture and china."

Library

This game is one in which three sides participate, the students, the professors and the librarian. The professor goes to the librarian and asks her the name of the book of which she has fewest copies. This book is then said to be "on reserve", which

means that no student will be able to get the book long enough to read it. The professor announces the start of the game in class and the student who gets to the library first wins. Further complications are added when the book is taken out overnight. The student has then no chance of winning. He is said to be "fined".

Student Life

This is called the newspaper man's game. It is played by two opposing sides, the editorial writers and the reporters. The idea is for each side to pick out the errors that the opposing side has made in the preceding edition of the paper. Each error counts one point. When last heard of the editorial writers were leading by a slight margin. It was a close race, however, many thousands of points being scored by each side.

Radio Announcer

Lock your guests in a room with a radio announcer. Tell

him that he can talk as long as he wants providing he an-nun-ci-ates clearly. The last person to get sick at his stomach is declared the winner. We'll bet you never played that game before.

Contract Bridge

Four players are seated at a table and asked to write a brief copy of the history of their lives. Then they are each given thirteen cards and an axe. You then slip quietly out of the room and call the police. You can make quite a bit of money from the biographies of the murder victims.

Pledge Dance

This game is especially appropriate when a mixed crowd of seventy-five or a hundred is hanging around the corner drug store. How many times have you been in such a laughing, jolly group and not known that the thing to do was to play "Pledge

(Continued on page 22)



"Ya wanta be careful about losin' your marbles. These is hard times!"

Groucho Marx on Fo

WE ENTERED Groucho Marx's dressing room, looked cautiously around, and tried to think of something to say. We told him we were from Washington University and sat on the rouge pot, staring at Groucho as he reclined on the lap of a young lady who scratched him industriously.

"Have you got a good football team this year?" he asked us.

"Not so good. In fact we've lost the last three games and the alumni are griping. What would you advise us to do?"

"Trade in your Chemistry building for a fullback. Throw in the Physics building and get one who can pass 75 yards. Why I'll bet your first team didn't cost as much as Notre Dame's third one. Get a good team and put your school on the map."

"Don't you think most schools over-emphasize football?"

"What do you think? Do you know the president of Illinois or Notre Dame? You know who Zuppke and Rockne are."

"How about the people that worship football players?"

"Well, they're the people with the rotary club mind. They grow up to be Kiwanis and Lions and march in Elks parades. You know, the great American yokel."

"To what do you attribute your success, Mr. Marx?"

"I owe it all to Ponds vanishing cream."

"And the depression. What's your cure for it?"

"Argyrol."

"What do you think of co-eds?"

"If you can get one with two pairs of pants it's worth \$22.50. If you can get one without any pants it's worth \$50."

"Do you have any message for the aspiring Thespians at Washington University?"

"Yes. Tell them to go

shoot themselves. There's too much competition. Too many young upstarts are trying to steal the bread and butter right out from under our noses."

"How do you stand on beds?"

"With both feet."

"If you weren't acting what would you like to be doing?"

"Nothing. Some people aren't happy unless they're working. Not me. I'd like to be out on the golf course right now."

"Does S. J. Perelman write all your dialogue?"

"No, I think up a joke myself once in a while."

"Do you like Ballyhoo?"

"Who, Rudy Vallehoo?"

"Aw, I mean the magazine."

"Yes, I like it very much. I think the coming generation is too smart to fall for all this half-wit advertising. You know I think this is going to be a nation of skeptics. That's an idea. Why don't you form a young skeptic society. They could all wear skepticles."

"What do you think of humorous publications in general?"

"Hardest thing in the world to put over. Especially college publications. There's too much censorship. Do you make any money out of your paper?"

"Not much."

"All for dear old Rogers, eh? Don't you know that's a lot of hooley?"

"Maybe so. Say, you certainly have a prodigious appetite for scratching."

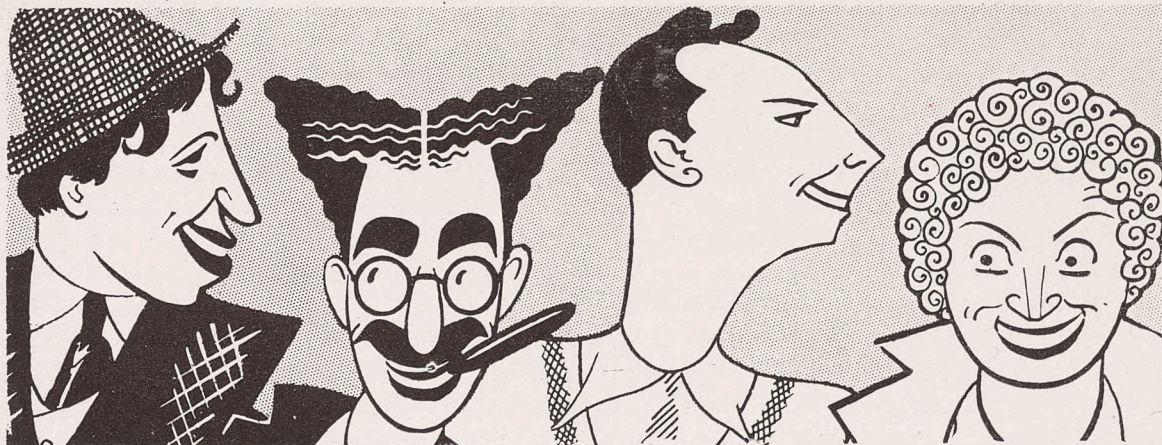
"Oh yes. All tigers have. You see I was weaned on tiger milk from Blind Tigers."

"What do you think of prohibition?"



Football

Also Co-eds, Prohibition and the Depression



"It would be a great success if we ever tried it. By the way, what's the gin consumption at Washington University?"

"The dean doesn't allow the students to drink."

"Oh yeah. Where can I get some good beer?"

"Do you mind drinking home brew?"

"Not if I don't have to drink it in the home."

"Could we have a photograph of you for our magazine?"

"See Mr. Reilly on the fourth floor." Mr. Reilly was duly seen and the picture obtained.

"Would you mind signing this?"

"You go ahead and sign it."

"Hey, that wouldn't be fair to our public!"

"Oh, so you have a public. Why didn't you bring him with you?"

After Groucho signed the photograph we interrupted the backgammon game between Harpo and Zeppo long enough to get their signatures. As we walked down the hall Groucho's parting words followed us, "Be sure and send me a copy of the magazine. And don't try and charge me for it!"

— D D D —

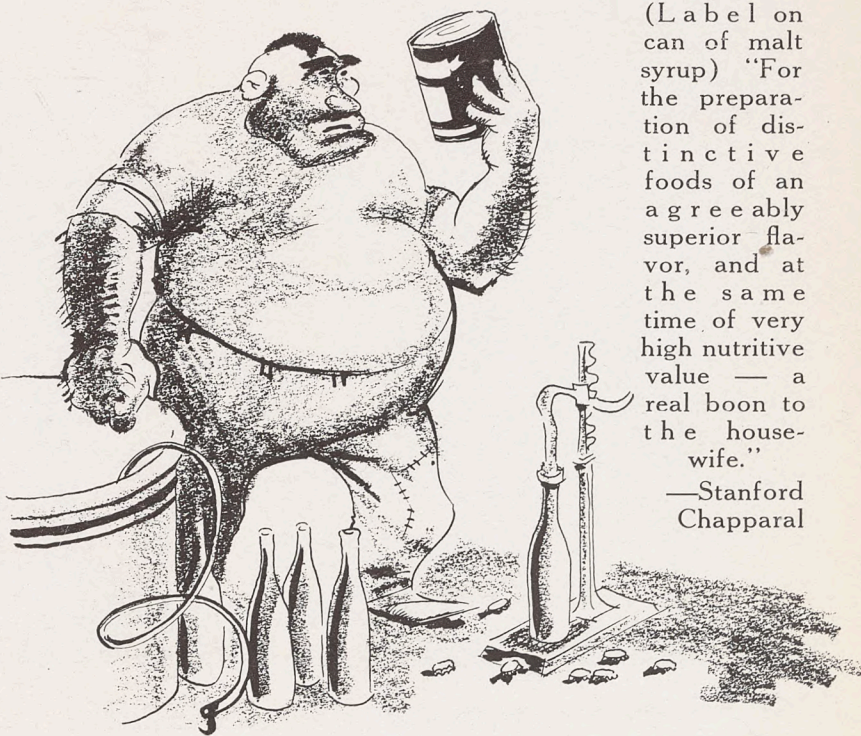
HOW TO GET A PROF TO LET CLASS OUT EARLY

1. Set off an alarm clock you have in your pocket—at the time gathering your books together, putting on your hat and lighting a cigarette. Prof will then think bell has rung.

2. Stare fixedly at the professor and suppress a giggle every few minutes. This will disconcert the professor so much that he will dismiss the class to go see if his tie is on straight.

3. Everytime the professor makes a statement retort, "That's a dirty lie!" He will soon see that you know more than he does and retire in shame, urging you to take his place. You will know better than to do this.
4. Steal his false teeth or his notes.
5. Appear to be interested. Prof. will faint.
6. Set fire to the building.
7. Give him one of those little chocolate tablets.
8. Kill him. (In case you are chicken hearted, a serious wound will do almost as well.)

— D D D —



(Label on can of malt syrup) "For the preparation of distinctive foods of an agreeably superior flavor, and at the same time of very high nutritive value — a real boon to the housewife."

—Stanford Chapparral

Dirge's All-American Football Team

THE MOST popular sport in the fall is playing football. The next most popular sport is selecting All-American football teams. Not to be outdone by the United Press, the Associated Press, and the Pants Press, Dirge has taken great pains, and gotten a great deal of pleasure out of it, to try and find a representative ten or eleven football players who might make the grade and pass. We have snooped around all the smaller colleges, their dressing-rooms (And did we have fun!), their banquets, pledge dances, and women's dormitories, and forthwith present the ALL-AMERICAN football team of Nov. 15, 1931.

Left End—Anthony Stanislawski, left end on the Alabama Institute of Philately. Tony is one of the fastest men in the country. His motto is: "The foot is faster than the referee's eye," and he can kick an opponent in the teeth like nobody's business before the depression. He is 23 years old, with a size 14 shoe. He used to play opposite Joe E. Brown, and made himself what he is today by kicking Joe in the mouth.

Left Tackle — Benito Catitanzero of the East St. Louis School of Shorthand. Benito has forearms like Popeye the Sailor from resting them on speakeasy bars, and can outspit any two competitors. In fact, he was used by the Cremo Cigar Co. as a horrible example in their advertising campaigns. He lets his fingernails grow, and delights in untying opponents' shoestrings.

Left Guard—Bernard Gorckivitch of the Michigan Asylum. He wears no man's collar, and is often mistaken for an escaped gorilla. His arms hang down below his ankles and he is constantly tackling himself instead of a rival back. He shaved when he was eight years old, and gets twenty-five dollars a week for opening the football coach's fan-mail.

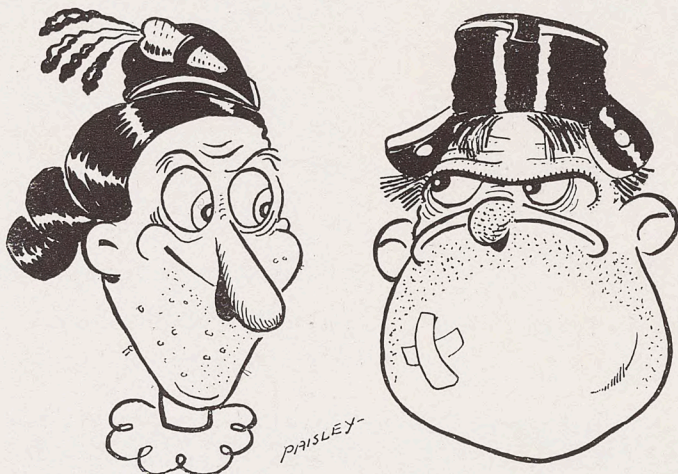
Center—Micheal "Blarney Stone" O'Harrigan of the Rubenstein Seminary. Noted for ability to cause opposing center to pass ball over quarterback's head. He does this by using the neck of his opponent's sweater as a cuspidor. Chews "Yankee Girl", and is always ruining the white lines on the playing field. He's as strong as an ox, but what a whale of a difference a few sense would make.

Right Guard—Zamorra y Arromaz, sophomore from International Correspondence. How the enemy players hate him. He is continually eating salted peanuts, and has never gargled an antiseptic in his life. When he exhales, the line of scrimmage advances about four feet, and no referee will get close enough to him to tell him he's committed a personal foul.

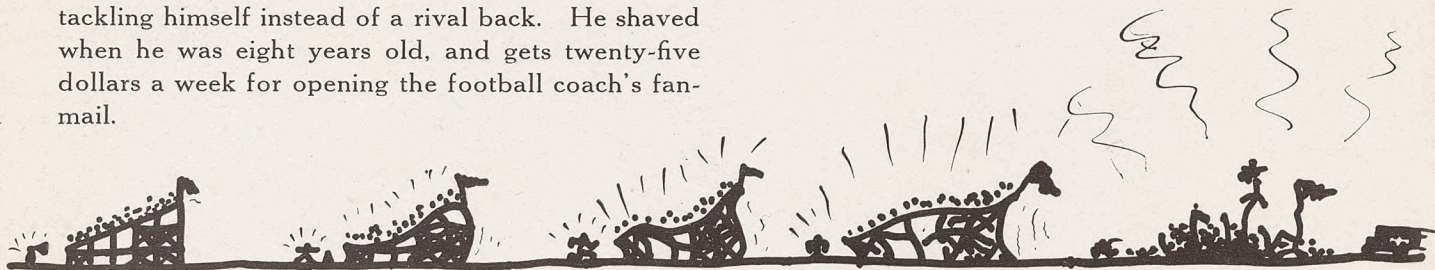
Right Tackle — Peter Anchoviesvitch, lone representative from Koko Komo Kollege. Has sworn to let his beard grow until he wins a game, and now looks like the Czar of Russia used to. Opposing players complain of the insects in his beard and carry flit sprays around with them. Was kicked out of Yale for tackling Albie Booth during a practice session.

Right End — Achille Georgeadopoulos, of New Joisey U. Few backfield men can get around his name without getting caught in a vowel. He is six feet, seven inches, tall, above sea level, and does not have to worry about unemployment when the football season stops. He can get a job anywhere as a basketball center, and is invited to all the sorority dances to help out with the tall pledges.

Quarterback—Joey Schmimmelpennick Voostenwalbert from Tellwith U. Rates captaincy of



"Now play hard and after the game I'll give you a nice big kiss!"



ALL TOGETHER — FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! WASHINGTON.

team for having three double letters in his name. Is excellent field-master, and is always doing the unexpected. Such as making this All-American. He can tell jokes about farmers' daughters, and has read the "Specialist" two times.

Left Halfback—Donald O'Donnell MacDonald from Great Scott, Long Island. He is one of the best passers in the game, and three Federal operatives are trailing him about the country. He also likes to pass checks, Scotch checks. Has a nodding acquaintance with girls from Wellesley. Only they nod their heads sideways. Gets thirty-five dollars a week for unlocking the gym door on Saturdays, and is paid in advance. He has never made a costly fumble.

Right Halfback—Singsong Few-Manchu, from Tokyo, Japan. (Ed. note. "How the hell did this guy get in here?") Singsong is always kicking about something, and is one of the most remarkable

punsters in college. He is also editor of the comic magazine in his college. He likes to dropkick, but doesn't kick the ball nearly as much as he drops it.

Fullback—Jim Jones (Ed. note. "At last a guy with an American name.") (Author's note. "I just don't know how to spell his real one.") from Reno University, Nevada. Is All-American safety man, and only 47 men have gotten past him all season. All right, you statistic hounds, only 47 in one-third of the season. He sharpens his shoe-cleats before each game, and actually cheers for the other team at the end of the game. Has \$345,000 in the bank, and Colonel Seabury is considering investigating him.

And say, Gentle Reader, if you don't like this damn lineup, why see Notre Dame about it. They get too many on these All-American teams, anyway.

Harold Clover

VAUGHAN'S FOLLY by Col. Chas. A. Vaughan

Ever since I announced by intention of circling the globe in a trice my offices have been flooded with mail, consisting of one (1) letter and a telegram (collect), asking me wotell was the idea. In order to satisfy these morons and all others that got sucked in to paying fifteen cents for this lousy magazine (adv.) I will attempt to explain the salient features of the voyage altho the old salient vessels are fast disappearing and what can an old salt do nowadays but salt somebody's mackerel. I have never been a writin' man, but with the aid of a dictionary and my three year old niece, Samuel Brightman, I'll do the best I can.

The trip (deemed by some to be Aaron Folly, while others didn't give a deem) is to be made in a Cellophane wrapped trice, named Colonel Boorstein. It is powered by three Liberties, a Saturday Evening Post, and a nickel Hershey bar (without almonds). Food will be carried in a food container, containing food.

The crew will consist of George Reeve Pfut, George Reeves Lfundy, George Reeves Margulis, George Reeves Silverstein, and George Reeves Rosenblatt. Rosenblatt, the chief stowaway is a beautiful sinuous blonde who hopes to lose his sinuous infection in the healthful climate of the spa. The chief navigator, who is a tall, thin neurotic (altho he looks like a white man) was charmingly dressed in a simple tulle frock and a kippered herring (his herring is better, however, since he went to the ear doctor. And who are you that you should be your brother's kipper.)

After leaving Gotham, two week come next Whitsuntide, we will proceed to New York, then

from Banyawangi to Berditchef, from Newcastle-upon-Tyne to Leetonia, O., and from Tinkers to Evers to Chance.

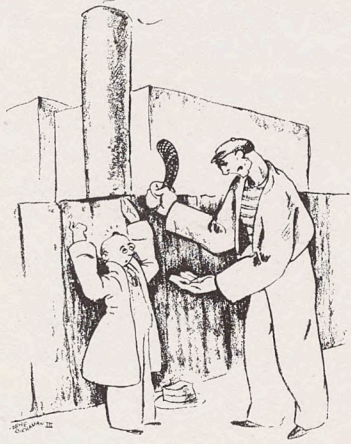
But I hear the peanut bender coming up the street and it is high time youse little slugs was battin' out some shut-eye. For as I left the murky atmosphere of the old shop I heard the chimes of the great cathedral and felt the faint brush of the snow upon my collar above my upturned cheek. High above a candle burned and as the sweet, childish voices sang the old familiar song I knew that Christ-mas had come to Delancey Street.

— D D D —



The Gas House Giants originate night football

LIBRARY
OF
WASHINGTON
UNIVERSITY
ST. LOUIS - MO.



"One lump or two?"

—Pelican

— D D D —

Unconscious Humor

From Provident Association records:

"Visitor advised woman to drop insurance policy on the baby."

"Mr. C. lost his job at the market because he was not familiar enough with the vegetables."

"Mrs. P. made the grocery order last a long time by buying a large supply of beans, potatoes and canned goods which could be used in case she did not have enough coal."

— D D D —

The other men thought he was a sissy because he used powder, perfume, rouge, and bathsalts, but they had a new respect for him when he told them he had been taking violet in his bath for the last week.

— D D D —

He was too emotional
He resolved to keep a firm grip on himself
The coed was alluring
He compromised
He kept a firm grip

— D D D —

The stock market phantasy—good buys merge into good-byes.

SHAME ON WUTHER GRUE, JR.!—Headline in Westwood Claw.

Why pick on Wuther?

— D D D —

God Almighty himself couldn't make more than 95 on one of my exams, and if he did I wouldn't give it to him!—Professor McKenzie.

You rascal, you!

— D D D —

AUNT FANNIE'S FORTUNE DIRECTED BY OGDEN.—Headline in University City News.

This guy Ogden has a finger in everything.

— D D D —

Before the attack the girl received two threatening notes signed, "A friend."—Post-Dispatch.

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

— D D D —

Mother is right, a clean shave is important to most women.—Gillette Razor Advertisement.

Especially to bearded ladies.



"Who the Hell opened my Alumni bulletin?"

Gus Burp says: Then there is the girl who said she would not go to hear the lecture on appendicitis because she was tired of organ recitals.

— D D D —

"Do they have any restrictions at your university?"

"Only one."

"What is it?"

"Don't get caught."

— D D D —

A stranger was being shown through the rooms of the Boston Chapter of I. O. O. F.

"And this is the lodge room?" he asked.

"Well, it is rather lodge, of course, but the one next to it is much lodgah."

— D D D —

We know a certain local football team that takes the rule against the backfield being in motion far too literally.

To a student active in school organizations, the term "pin-money" takes on a new and different meaning.

— D D D —

Some stories show the fire of genius—others go into the fire.

— D D D —

Radio Announcer: "The next number on this program will be a one-act play sponsored by the makers of 'Between-the-Acts' cigars.

— D D D —

We hearken back to the struggling young author who said that his writing had its ups and downs—on some days he received a rejection slip, and other days two or three.

— D D D —

He should be a chauffeur—he's always seeing green.

— D D D —

It's all right for people who live in glass houses to throw stones, but they better make sure they're outside the house before doing so.



"Yeh, but you shoul'da seen the one that got away!"—Stanford Chapparel

ALL FOR GARTER

(Continued from page 11)

"Fine, thank you sir. I feel top-hole for the big game tomorrow."

"Great, boy, great. You know that's our last game of the year and if we beat State it'll mean that we've gone through the season undefeated and untied. That's a mighty good record, son, and I don't hesitate to say that a lot of it is due to you."

"Oh, sir," blushed Ted, "I'm sure . . ."

"Yes it is, Ted. Now I'll tell you what I want you to do. Go home and brush up on your signals. I don't want you to practice this afternoon. I'll come over for a little while tonight and we'll wind everything up. Now run along and good luck."

"Yes sir," breathed the husky captain and left the gym happily. Several girls, all attractive, accosted him as he sped along, each wanting him to fix her car, take something out of her eye or just plain hold her hand. To all he gave the same courteous reply, "I'm sorry, but I can't now. Mother and I are going to run some signals in the back yard." He sped on.

He reached the house and tore upstairs to get his book of plays, among them the one that was to make him famous as the originator of the Scamper system. He opened his drawer eagerly and thumbed through the pages of the book. He thumbed through it once, then twice, then thirty times. It was no use, the secret play was gone. Ted Scamper squared his shoulders, set his teeth, and said "Darn."

The stands were packed for the big game. Pennons fluttered lightly in the breeze. The goal posts were decorated gaudily. The "Tomatoes" and "Burros" dozed peacefully in the cheering section. Bands played. Rather one band played but it sounded like three or four. There was a tremendous round of noise from the State side of the field. The Garter rooters were strangely silent.

The reason was not hard to fathom. The first half was over and the score stood, inevitably, 6 to 0 in favor of State. Gloom settled in great black clouds over the locker room where coach Weegin was haranguing his men.

"Well, men," rasped coach Weegin, "All I can say besides asterisks is that you've made one lousy mess of this ball game. We might as well quit. Doesn't the name of Garter mean anything to you anymore?" An ominous rumble was the only response.

"Haven't you got any more fight? What's the matter with you Rarin; and Scamper, are you a lily or a washerwoman?"

The great halfback was slumped over in his seat like a bag of meal. All the fight had gone out of

him. His soul was torn and harassed with conflicting emotions. Who stole the secret? It was either Rarin or Polly. Rarin couldn't have done it because he wouldn't have had the nerve. No toady has. It must have been Polly. What was that she had said as she walked out of his life; "Ted Scamper, you'll be sorry." He groaned.

". . . . and now get out of here and let State know they're in a fight," concluded coach Weegin and the team filed out, Ted in the rear hanging his head. As he passed the last row of lockers he heard a scratching noise and looking up he perceived a piece of paper waving from the ventilator of a locker. He tried to force the door open but it held up under his kicks so he snatched the paper and feverishly unfolded it. It was the secret play and at the bottom was written, "From Polly."

With a whoop of joy Ted Scamper rushed out onto the field and the long Garter battle cry that smote his ears made him snort and prance like a biblical horse. It ran (not the horse, the cheer):

Garter, Garter, sock that line,
Hold 'em, hold 'em, every time.

The team had already lined up but before he assumed his place he went over to Rarin and quickly bloodied the bully's nose. Garter received and was downed on its own twenty-five yard line. And then rolled out on a Garter football field for the first time those magic numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, shift, 1, 2, and the mighty Scamper, bewildering State with his quadruple cross-buck and concealed ball play, raced 75 yards for a touchdown. The rest is history. The final score was Garter 46, State 6.

"You were splendid, Ted Scamper," exclaimed Polly after the game.

"You're the splendid one, Polly. If it hadn't been for you we never would have won the game. How on earth did you ever find out that Rarin had stolen the play?"

Polly winked. "Oh, I just knew," she said. He grasped her little hand in his strong brown one.

"Oh Ted," said Polly suddenly. "I ran into the Dean today and he said that as football season was over today, he expected you to start classes Monday."

"That's a shame, Polly," returned Ted. "I don't know but what I'd like to do it, too. But you know I can't, basketball starts day after tomorrow."

— D D D —

The last word in appropriateness: A barber shop fitted with mohair chairs.

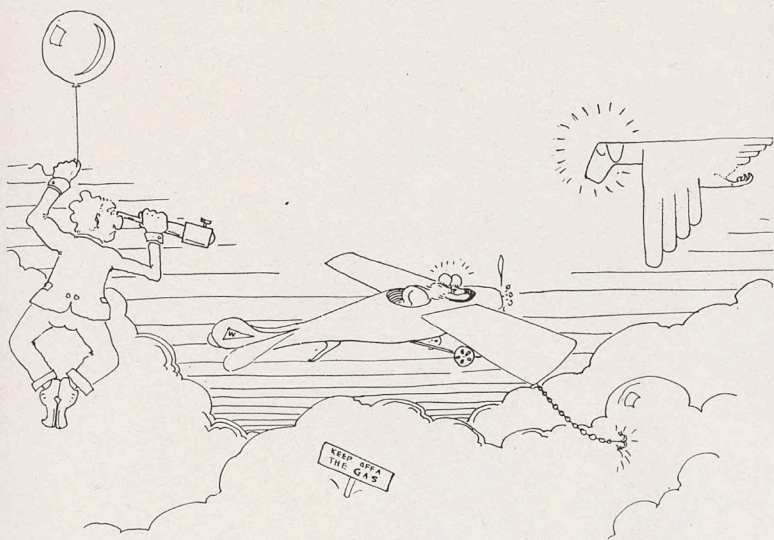
— D D D —

Year's Worst Pun

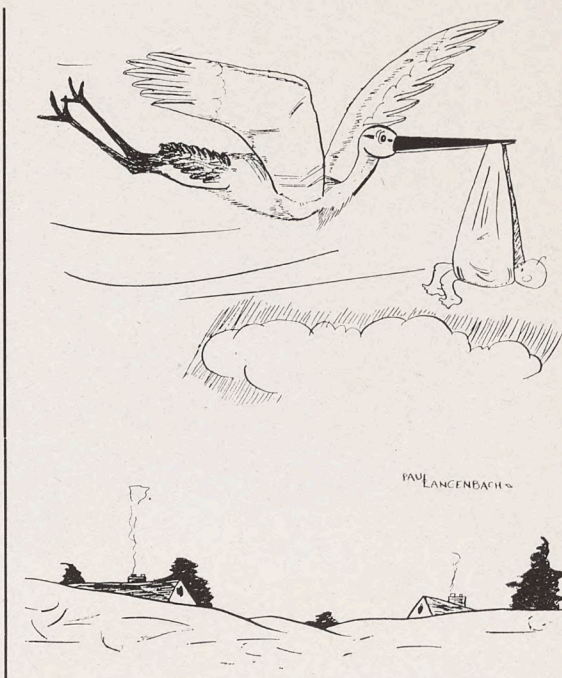
Have Eugenie new hats?

Yes—and they Empress me greatly.

Don't Read This if You're Illiterate!



PICTURE 1



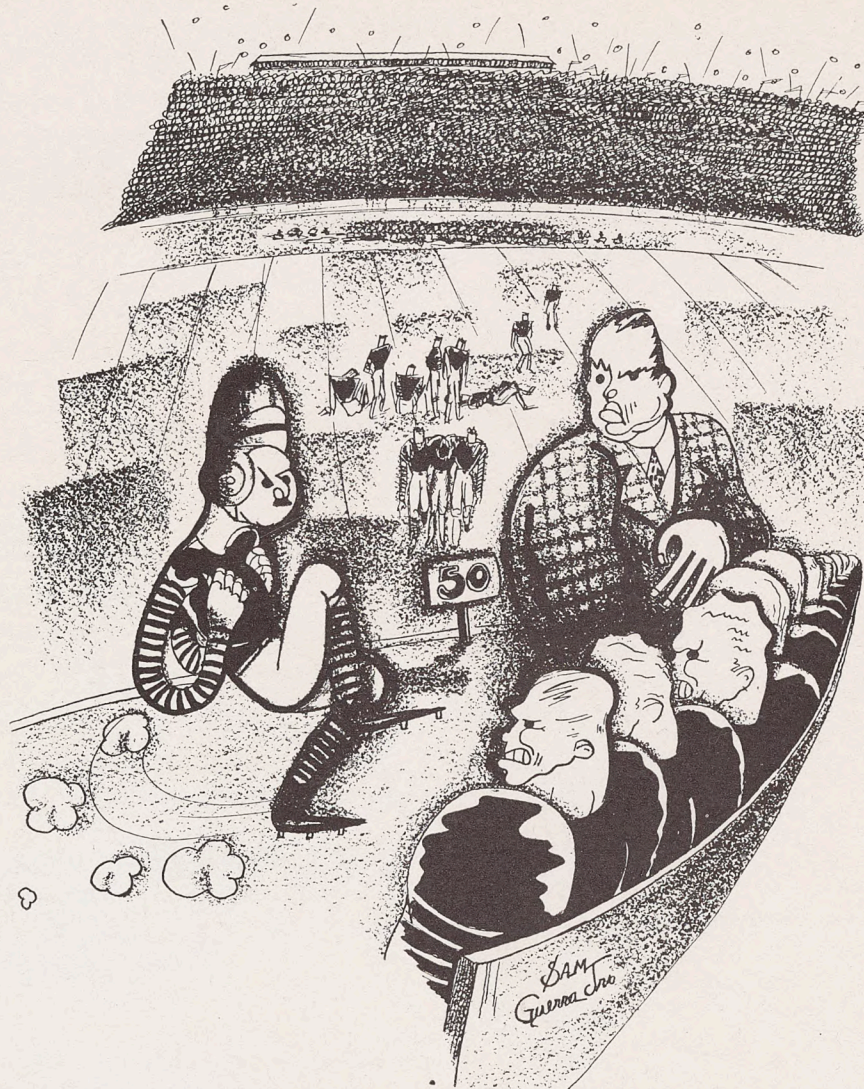
PICTURE 2

You Too Can Be a Success!

IN PICTURE ONE we see a Dirge reporter watching closely the moves that lead to success. And in picture two we see success. This is only one of the many instances in which Dirge newshawks risked life and limb so that you, gentle reader, could learn how to be successful.

We've gathered together all the printable results of our thorough investigation and they're going to appear in the December issue, the Success Number. Everyone will want this invaluable handbook of how to get along in the world, so it behoves you to purchase your copy early. We are only having a hundred thousand copies printed so you may get left. Frankly we don't care a whit or a jot.

For the benefit of people living out of town and those afraid to be seen in public with a Dirge we have arranged to send the remaining issues direct to your home in a plain envelope.



"Now's the psychological time, Coach." —Pelican

Fun for the Family

(Continued from page 13)

Dance". Well, you know now. The first thing to do is turn on the radio as loud as you can, or even louder. Then hire a drum and bugle corps from the neighborhood Boy Scout meeting. Then all the boys drink a half-pint of alcohol, swallow a mint, and then the whole bunch crowds into a telephone booth. The last person to faint is declared the winner and must be "it" for a game of "Chaperone". (See below.)

Chaperone

This game is lots of fun when played by a lively, exuberant crowd. Some one who is either a communist or sober is selected as a chaperone. He is placed in a corner on an uncomfortable chair. Then the players line up, chew a stick of gum and walk up to the chaperone very steadily and erectly so he can see they are sober. They must say, "How-areya tonight Professor". After this they can go off into some dark corner and have a good time. Anyone caught having a good time by the chaperone must then become chaperone himself. This game can go on all evening with quite astounding results.

Verse

There was a young sculptor named Phidias,
Who made statues perfectly hideous.
When he carved Aphrodite without any nightie
We had to take liquor to stiddy us.

— D D D —

More Verse

Four and twenty Yankees feelin' rather dry,
Slipped across to Montreal for a bit of rye.
When the rye was opened, the Yanks began to sing,
"To Hell with Mister Volstead—God Save the King!"

— D D D —

Worse

Poppy loves Mommy,
Mommy loves men.
Now Mommy's full of buckshot
And Poppy's in the pen.

— D D D —

A judge, my son, is not a penal vendor.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
 NEW YORK

Dinner Coats, Dress
 Coats, etc.

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

Send for Price List of
 EVENING CLOTHES

BRANCHES

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



© BROOKS BROTHERS



"Just got back from a trip around the world."
 "Great. Did you stop in Egypt?"
 "Oh, yes."
 "Go up the Nile?"
 "Sure. Swell view from the top."

—Red Cat

— D D D —

Nit: "Do you work in the shirt factory?"
 Wit: "Yes."
 Nit: "Why aren't you working today?"
 Wit: "We are making nightshirts this week."

—Washington State Cougar's Paw

— D D D —

Boy: "Say, honey, what have you got on for to-
 night?"
 Girl: "Nothing I couldn't get out of for you,
 dear."

—The Cornell Widow

Little Boy: "My sister can ride and play tennis
 and golf and can do everything a man can do."
 Companion: "I'll bet she can't scratch a match
 like my Daddy does."

—Belle Hop

— D D D —

The green between them was soft as swan's
 down. The two moved noiselessly toward each
 other, one as pale as a ghost, the other blushing
 red. The space between them grew less and less
 . . . they met. An instant later they kissed. Then
 . . . darn that luck . . . a little more English on the
 white ball and it would have been a billiard.

—Green Goat

— D D D —

"Thanks for the hug and kiss."
 "Don't mention it—the pressure was all mine."

—Bison

SHALLCROSS
SERVICE
SATISFIES

PRINTING
STATIONERY

1822 Locust St. CE ntral 3755

Commerce School Favorites

By Count de Change

- Favorite Football Player—Green, back.
 Favorite Symbol—Anteater (look at the faculty.)
 Favorite State—Intoxication.
 Favorite Fruit—Cherries (Raw).
 Favorite Song—"Silver Threads Among the Gold."
 Favorite Bird—Swallow (Swallow what? You know as well as dis count does.)
 Favorite Musical Instrument—Cash Register.
 Favorite Fish—Sucker.
 Favorite Game—Skin Game.
 Favorite Stone—Grind Stone.
 Favorite Plant—U. S. Mint.
 Favorite Drink—Hell Yeah!
 Favorite Color—Sky Blue.
 Favorite Summer Resort—The Great Banks.
 Favorite Day—Pay Day.
 Favorite Book—Check Book.
 Favorite Car—Dusenburg (Have you a little burg in your school?)
 Favorite Church—No: No, that's as bad as voting for yourself Izzie.
 Favorite Poem—To a Shylark. Alternate—Mary had a Little Lamb (He was counted out in 1929).
 Favorite Prof.—Ilactic. ??*?

—Louise Reese, '31

—Alabama's Rammer-Jammer

— D D D —

A surgeon's business should be very good—he's always opening up new accounts.

—Bison

— D D D —

IN MEMORIAM
 to
 the last
 SCOTCH JOKE

Chicken Hawk

There was a young girl from Noo Yawk
 Who at Houseparties set up a squawk:
 She looked at the guy
 With a vindictive eye
 Saying, "Next time you enter, please knawk."

—Jack O'Lantern

— D D D —

Bunk

(To cop reading mystery story.)

Police Chief: "How's that murder story?"

Cop: "Awful! The same old bunk! They catch the murderer in the end!"

—Mercury

— D D D —

What the Hell

At the end of a short trial for a minor traffic rule the Judge said: "\$1.00 fine." "Our names will not be revealed, will they judge?" asked the frightened man. "Do you expect publicity for one dollar?"

—Green Griffin

— D D D —

We hasten to point out that while every man has his wife, only the iceman has his pick.

—Mountain Goat

Don't limit your
 reading to these!



Try the December Dirge!

A Clean Magazine for
 Clean Students!

A Test for Song Writers

1.

It was there we used to croon,
It was there we used to spoon,
Underneath the smiling moon—

(What month of the year will come in handy in next line?)

2.

If you were homesick, which place would you rather pine for: North Dakota, Saskatchewan, New Jersey, Idaho, Rhode Island, British Columbia, or Carolina?

3.

When you really think the thing over, did you ever have a better pal than your dear old mother?

4.

In which position would you rather be, from the standpoint of songwriting: (a) Having a girl? (b) Having had a girl but lost her? (c) Never having had the girl at all? Why?

Notice: Twenty per cent will be taken off for correct grammar.

—Washington Columns

— D D D —

John Law, Esq.

Look—see the handsome po-lice-man,
The stalwart, sturdy traffic cop,
Who stands, with sunburnt, honest pan,
And tell us when to go or stop.

He does his best to be polite,
Astride his button citadel,
And smiles, to banish all our fright.
Oh, does he? Yes, he does, like hell.

—Pelican

— D D D —

She was only the optician's daughter—two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself.

—Caveman

— D D D —

"Why are good liquors like a Phi Bete's classes?"
"Cause they're never cut."

— D D D —

"Quit giving me the cold shoulder," remarked the ice-man to his piece of ice.

— D D D —

Our idea of the old army game is a petting party between two octopus's.

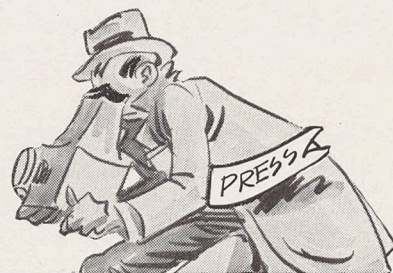


Football Season!

There have been other football seasons. You've sat in the autumn sun and cheered and groaned; you've felt the brightness of victory and the dullness of defeat.

But there's a side of the game you don't see from the stands. In THE DIARY OF A LINE SMASHER, for the first time, is pictured the real inside story of the pitiless training, the misunderstandings and the driving, smashing spirit which makes teams win. Dick Hyland's story will give you a fresh interest in football. It's in

CollegeHumor
SPECIAL
Student Offer
Clip Coupon



College Humor,
1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Illinois

I wish to take advantage of your special student offer of nine issues for two dollars, which sum is enclosed.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Meet Me After The Dance
At
Nelson's College Inn

Noon-:-Evening-:-Nite

440 DeBaliviere

CAbany 5016

CAbany 5017

Tsk!

"It's very simple, my dear. We can go away together on a trial honeymoon and after a time if we find we've made a little mistake we can separate."

"Yes, but what will we do with the little mistake?"

—Caveman

— D D D —

"Here's mud in your eye," said the beauty specialist as she slapped the clay pack on the dowager's face.

— D D D —

Goody!

"Today's Saturday, isn't it?"

"Yeah."

"Hot dog! Funny papers tomorrow."

—Harvard Lampoon

— D D D —

Old lady (to street-car motorman): "Please, Mr. Motorman, will I get a shock if I step on the track?"

Motorman: "No lady. Not unless you put your other foot on the trolley wire."

—Williams Purple Cow

— D D D —

Three rodents with defective vision,
Note the manner in which they flee.
They all pursued the spouse of the agriculturist,
Who severed their extremities with a kitchen utensil.
In the entire span of your existence have you ever
seen such an unusual phenomenon as
Three rodents with defective vision?

—Red Cat

— D D D —

Our idea of taking tall chances is playing strip poker with Ghandi.

— D D D —

The others were all seasick, but I managed to hold my own.

—Bison

"I hear Joe got caught cheating in his anatomy exam."

"Go on; I'm breathless."

"They found him in class with some French post-cards."

—Columns

— D D D —

Are you writing that letter to a girl?"

"It's to a former room-mate."

"Answer my question!"

—Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern

— D D D —

She: "I'm tired."

He: "Let's go to my apartment."

She: "I said I was tired."

—The Wasp

— D D D —

Ambition is a thing to be shunned. Take the example of the street cleaner who was over ambitious and had his face kicked in.

—Ohio Sun Dial

— D D D —

A Graft

"Where did I come from?" asked the rosebud.

"The stalk brought you," answered the rose.

—Rice Owl

Professor McKenzie Reads Dirge!

Why Not You?

Do we pay Professor McKenzie for this testimonial?

You may be interested to know that we do not pay Professor McKenzie for this testimonial. He may be interested too. Professor McKenzie has read Dirge ever since we started mentioning his name although we doubt if he buys a copy. We hope the publicity herein given will be helpful to him in his Political Science classes.

The city room was a scene of wild confusion getting ready to put out an extra. The city editor was giving orders.

"Smith, you get all the pictures of him you can. Baby pictures, pictures when he was married, when he joined the force, all the pictures you can get. Jones, you get an exclusive interview with him. Try to get a contract to run his life story. Reilly, you interview his mother. Cohen, you get a story from his minister and school teachers. We gotta get this extra out in a hurry. This is the biggest news story in years."

A policeman had shot a gangster.

— D D D —

Has anyone remarked, at any time since the depression started in 1929, that the only business concern that is making money nowadays is the Government Printing Office? If they have, we want to say right here and now that they've got a mighty weak sense of humor.

— D D D —

"Willie, what was 'The Charge of the Light Brigade'?"

"Madam. British soldiers were never mercenaries."

Don't miss him, boys, shoot to kill.

— D D D —

Headline—"Prison for Kissing Girls"—The lucky warden.

— D D D —

The book store owner who couldn't leave town because he kept stationary.

Avoid the
Christmas Rush
Get Your Back Copies
of Dirge
Now!
at the
Student Finance Office
15c a Copy

WM. FAHERTY

H. H. FICK

ST. LOUIS ENGINEERING and HEATING CO.

CONTRACTORS FOR

*Steam and Hot Water Heating,
Power Plants
and Ventilating Systems*

CENTRAL 2561

1417 Olive Street St. Louis, Mo.

Prof. Fletcher in Labor Class: "So John Ryan prepared what he called a 'fig-leaf budget'—It just barely covered decency."

— D D D —

"Go Ask Papa"

"Go ask papa," the maiden said,
The young man knew papa was dead;
He knew the life papa had led;
He understood when the maiden said,
"Go ask papa."

— D D D —

Officer, to College Boy: "Hey, you! Pull over to the curb."

C. B.: "Well?"

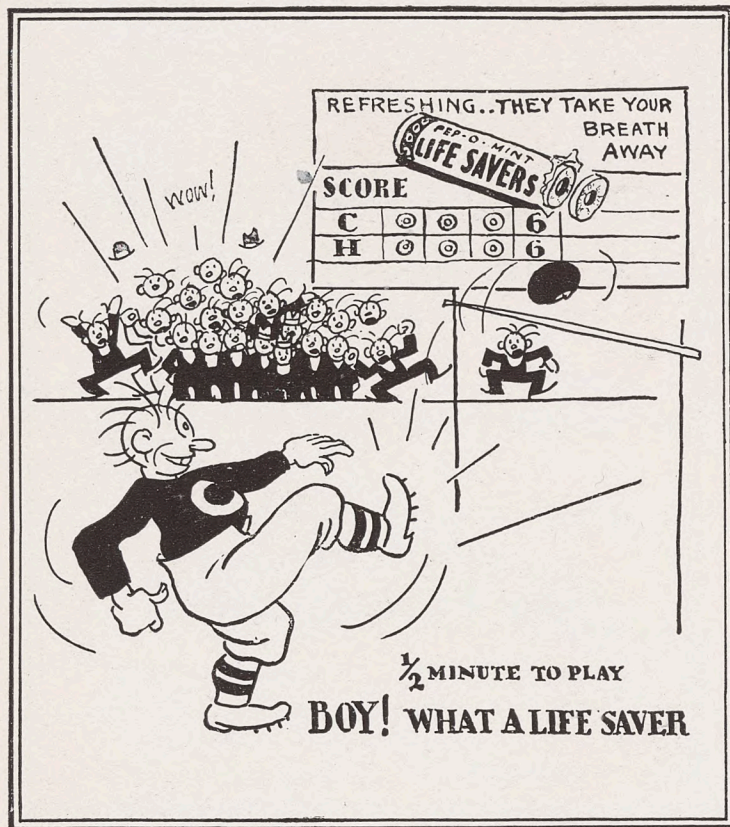
Officer: "O. K. That's where you belong—in the gutter."

— D D D —

The only time a Wall Street speculator uses his brain is when he puts a bullet in it.

— D D D —

"All right, fellows," said the president of the medical school, "let's go internes."



Week End

The neighboring church clock tolled twelve. It was pitch dark—but just right for my nefarious purpose. I stole out into the hall, and past the room of my host and hostess. The broad stair-steps creaked as I went down them, bent on violating my host's hospitality. But their beautiful young maid had tempted me at dinner, and was aroused to action. I searched for the proper door and opened it. I crept in. The pale moon shone through a window directly on her. Gosh, she was a pretty picture. What tender skin. What a fair white breast. I desired her—I starved for her . . . and sat right down and devoured the whole damn' chicken lying there on the kitchen table. I was plenty hungry.

— D D D —

"Me and my shadow," sang the girl getting ready for bed. But to the boys outside the window it was only the shadow that mattered.

— D D D —

"At last my worries are over," said the mother whose children had just crossed the busy street.

— D D D —

"Migawd! I'm a victim of amnesia!"
"So was I, the dirty little gold-digger."

I Am Thankful

That there is no "Wall" on Sunday.
That the bill on the Freshman cap doesn't extend all the way around.
That I don't have to be bothered with trimming a mustache.
That I save the price of a date every time there is a football game.
That the Freshman hat is not a derby. I couldn't hide a derby under my shirt when off the campus.
That I am not forced to hang around the Archway and talk to a lot of girls.
That there is no Vigilance Committee in Freshman classrooms.
That the "Wall" paddles don't have nails in them.
That I am not twins.
That I am not triplets.

Freddy, the Freshman

— D D D —

We wonder why George Bernard Shaw can make a Shavian comment, when he's got such a long beard.

— D D D —

Joe, to vain roommate: "Have you got a picture of yourself?"

V. R.: "Yes."

Joe: "Let me use that mirror then. I wanta shave."

— D D D —

Phrenologist, feeling the bumps on a man's head: "You have a strong, accurate, quick-tempered, ferocious, unafraid character—but you shouldn't have married it."

— D D D —

"That's the last straw," said the farmer. "And there wasn't a dad-gummed needle in the haystack."

Watch for our Joke* in the
December Issue.

*There will be a joke in the December Issue.

1931

tend

ng a

re is

dn't

pus.

way

man

em.

n

ake

long

ture

anta

ead:

ero-

ave

And

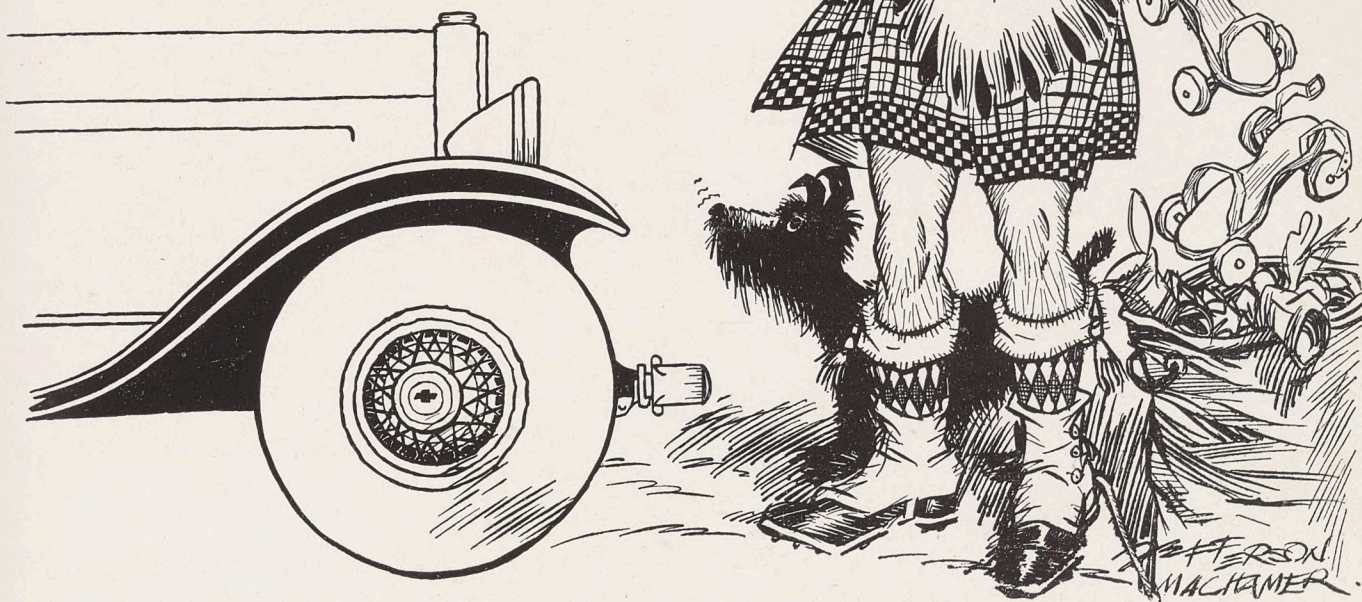
hay-

e.

March

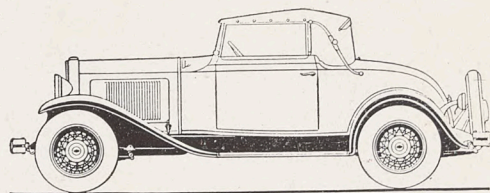
Io.

The American car with a Scotch reputation



Rumor has it that a Chevrolet six has been placed on a pedestal in the very heart of Edinburgh. 'Round about it, day and night, you can see a circle of agitated Scotch whiskers. For on the pedestal are carved these words: "Chevrolet defies all Scotland to match Chevrolet's record for economy." And rumor concludes by saying that the defy still stands!

Exaggerated? Well, at least it's no exaggeration to say that the Chevrolet will actually cost you less for gasoline, oil and upkeep than any other car you can buy. *That's* been proved so often that there is no longer any need to keep it secret. Take the case of Joe Zilch of Burning Stump, Okla. Or rather don't take it, because it's too long a story to tell here. Take a ride in a Chevrolet instead, and note the mileage you get on every gallon of gas you buy. If you still feel mercenary after *that* experience, remember Chevrolet's low prices. They simply remove every reason why you can't own one of these handsome sixes—smart as a Winchell wisecrack and even faster than that!



The Convertible Cabriolet, \$615

Twenty beautiful new models,
at prices ranging from \$475 to \$675
All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich., special equipment extra. Low
delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Chevrolet
Motor Company, Detroit, Mich. Division of General Motors.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value

ARROW HAS THROWN SHRINKAGE FOR A LOSS!




On the blackboard—a Notre Dame touchdown play, diagrammed by Sol Metzger

THERE'S no bunk about it. Arrow *has* thrown wasteful shrinkage for a total loss. Every single Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk Shirt is guaranteed for permanent fit—or your money back! Trump and Paddock, two All-American Arrow broadcloths, are Sanforized-Shrunk.

Colors are guaranteed fast, too. Why take a chance on a shirt that may shrink? Why waste time and money experimenting when Arrow offers its clear promise, its positive *guarantee* of permanent fit—or your money back? Arrow Sanforizing is a new, patented process registered

in the United States Patent Office and protected by the United States Government!

Don't take chances. Insist on the Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk label and know that the shirts you buy will fit—forever.

 CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.

TRUMP
white and colors \$1.95

PADDOCK
white and colors \$2.50

SANFORIZED-SHRUNK
and guaranteed for permanent fit

ARROW Sanforized Shrunk SHIRTS