The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

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on the campus

JOHN F. LEE HALL
Cafeteria

WOMAN’S BUILDING
Cafeteria

McMILLAN HALL
Dining Room

ART SCHOOL
Tea Room
The Clipping Scissor clips; and, seeking wit,
Moves on; nor all the Piety, that's writ
    Shall lure it back to Virtue's slender line,
Nor all your Fears wash out a Word of it.

Indeed the Laughter we have long suppressed,
Has seemed, of all our borrowed fun, the best.
    And, bubbling over in a line or two,
Has sold our reputation for a Jest.

The Funny Joke we set our seal upon
Turns rancid—or it tickles and anon,
    Like rouge upon the "Dirge's" dusty face,
Shocking the grim Malvolios—was gone.
—Courtesy Omar Khayyam

THE REFORMER GERM
(Poe's "Conqueror Worm")
Yea! verily! 'tis a fulsome rag
    In cover innocent;
With base suggestion as its flag,
    A banner soiled and rent;
To lead astray all morals with
    A play on words. What's meant
Is not what author brands the pith,
    But reader's mind has lent.

When you smoke a foul, reeking pipe, you may think you're getting away with it with your hostess. But you can't fool a bird.

For your own sake as well as others, start today smoking a good tobacco in a well-groomed pipe. Sir Walter Raleigh's mild mixture of Kentucky Burleys is an excellent tobacco. It's so mild that it always pleases the most haughty hostess. And it's so rich, fragrant and full-bodied that it will give you infinite satisfaction. Your tobacco store has it—kept fresh in gold foil.

Send for this FREE BOOKLET

Men, in the form of Righteous Ralphs,
    Mutter and mumble low,
To scarlet letter paper fly,
    And pen epistles so;
At bidding to their squeamish ire,
    Prurience to and fro,
The ones whose job
    It is to know, shall know!

That varied crew—oh, be sure
It shall not be forgot!
With its Phantom (Goodness) chased for aye
By a crowd that sees it not,
Through a circle that has no end
    Save in Smugness' Slot,
With much Deceit, though but of self,
The substance of the plot.

But see, amid the innocence
A crawling shape intrude!
Obscenity thus writhe from out
    The words. See filth exude!
'Tis Pressure's work! With mortal pangs
    It writhes, in gore embued,—
Impaled it is, on eager fangs—
    'Tis prudery's perfect food!

"Out—out with the rag—out now!
It's come to the end of its term.
To the tune of a dirge it shall make its last bow,
    Then go to the home of the worm."
Then these angels of purity rise,
    And by their actions affirm
That the play is the comedy
    "Pan,"
And the clown is "Reformer's Germ."

Pish, reader—confess it was a DIRGE ad.
GOLGOTHA

There is a synthesis of action, still
As a silver gleam, hurtling once and gone;
And yet, no monotone of death can shatter
This urgent, single suspension . . .
For here is rhythm static as a thrust
Of tenuous steel, and here
Are magnitude and dust, the muffled clatter
Of footsteps pausing on a hill.

Let it be an echo in the vacuum of time,
This moment in Golgotha;
Let it be an echo striving to be sensed
And heard but once on the wind.
These footsteps pausing on a hill
Must linger here, cannot rescind
One pace . . . but wait, unrecompensed,
To climb.

Every moment lives for this
In Golgotha;
Remembering silver . . . and a kiss.

Lola Pergament

IN THE MUSEUM

Who can be sacriligious in his heart
And yet refrain from mumbling a te deum,
When spinsters look at modernistic art
Exhibited within an art museum?
Let Modigliani stretch a woman's curves,
And let Picasso paint a saffron noise;
It's bad enough to have such ragged nerves,
And sad enough to lack expected poise;
But to reveal them where they will deflower
The withered blossom of a spinster's face,
And drop her smile from puckered sweet to sour,
And bring her hand to touch consoling lace,
Is more than any critic can endure
Who boasts himself to be an epicure.

Lola Pergament

LAKONIKSE

Your cry must be austere;
use every device
to make its hardness clear.
Chisel it in ice.

For sorrow needs be hard
if it will live a day;
announce in phrase unmarred
what you have to say.

When pain becomes as great
as mountains are, and you
are ground beneath its weight,
use a word—or two.

Clark Mills
A LEAF of Bright Tobacco or of Kentucky Burley Tobacco has in it about 27% in weight of stem. The stem is woody. It does not contain the same ingredients as the tobacco. It does not burn like tobacco. There would be necessarily a sort of rankness or bitterness about the smoke from the stem. This 27% in weight of stem, therefore, is removed before the leaf tobacco is used in Chesterfields. Everything is done that can be done to make Chesterfield milder and taste better.
The
Well-Dressed Man

Lord! Lord! Just pulled my ear from the rhythms of Paul Whiteman and his orchestra—yes, and when I should have been studying the sociological problem of the unadjusted girl! That boy Ferde Grofe can sure make music—close harmony.

And that’s what we’re concerned with today—clothes harmony. The well-dressed man is conservative in his ideas, but that does not mean that he denies himself the luxury of color. He expresses personal taste in the things he wears.

Too much of one color is monotonous, and so green is often used to very good advantage to set off the general makeup. Dark green is very nice when worn with dark blue suits—or even with grey. The brown suit shows off the green tie to best advantage.

Sox, it should be noted, are not to match the tie and handkerchief, but rather the shoes. Black shoes should be worn with blue clothes, brown shoes with brown clothes, while either brown or black shoes may be worn with the gray flannel suit.

The hat is an integral part of the makeup, each and every specimen of the chapeaux family having their special occasions. The beret—well, more of that later.

Fashion Follies

We are simply deluged this spring by a variety of fashions—of styles and fabrics. The color palette is plastered with the brightest of hues, but the tweed swagger coats for the under-graduate body should be neutral to be smart—ivory, dun, beige, cocoa. A “mannish” knee-length coat is very good-looking if worn with a bright wool dress. Also for sport you may wear light-weight woolen or fish-net lisle stockings.

It’s back to its own—the middy blouse. The same old blouse that we used to wear in high-school—or with side lacing, of suede or wool. Even semi-formals have fallen for this new motif and they are very good-looking. Linens are so stout in the weave that they look like tweeds. In contrast to this there is the very soft wool resembling angora in the daintiest of pastel shades. Suits have matching hats. Flannel dresses or flannel skirts of grey with “Washington Red” turtle-neck sweaters will make the men of the campus turn around for a second look.

Most tailored suits have fabric hats to match—they are called “hats” by courtesy. The wide shoulder is still in vogue, although the waist line has followed the general trend and taken a decided drop. Colors for spring coats are blue and black; and for suits, grey and blue, but your grey suit simply must have black accessories. To be really fashionable light skirts should have dark tops.

SPRING time coming

—time when a young fellow steps out, has heavy dates and has to look the part.

And you can’t get by without a new suit. If you want to do it up proud, see the clothes they custom tailor in the Losse College Section.

A young man’s suit, custom tailored,
$30 to $50.

Black satin, trimmed with white is most suitable for impressing your newest man at a late afternoon tea. Evening dresses use yards of material in the back to make that fashionable fulness. All the new materials are either blistered or wrinkled.

Latest hints are—capes, checkered evening dresses, hats with flowers or feathers, and lighter-colored stockings for daytime.

Katherine Laurie.

— D D D —

“Have you any reservations for our honeymoon?”
“No; and I hope you haven’t any either, baby.” —Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

“You know, Henrietta, every time I see you my heart beats faster. I feel the urge to do bigger and better things. I feel so strong and virile. Do you know what that means?”

“Sure. It means in about five minutes you and I are going to have a wrestling match.” —Ohio Sun Dial.

— D D D —

She sat down . . . on his lap . . . (silence) . . . During the Prom intermission . . . soft lights . . . faint, soothing music . . . he shuddered lightly . . . she snuggled closer . . . she cooed . . . he shook . . . “Tell me, dear” she said . . . “It’s that damn flannel underwear!” —Green Gander.
Just as I Told You; Bowlegged as Hell!

—Carolina Buccaneer
Bearers of the Pall

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CAMPUS COMMENT

New Deal

Dirge gets off to a fresh start this issue, with an additional faculty advisor, a slightly warped policy, a new typewriter ribbon, and yes—a new size. Instead of 32 pages, we now have 28—a temporary readjustment only, for the four pages which have disappeared will doubtless be found just around the corner.

We hope that this issue suffices to show that our literary worth is on the up-grade, and that mirth, from now on, will be unconfined. And we ask, in all seriousness, that anyone who has anything at all they would like to see published let us give it the once-over. We're broadening our scope, and perhaps you can help us do it.

We suggest that Student Life follow our lead and cut out four pages.

Tuition

Several banks about town having closed "to protect the depositors," many students found it extremely difficult to scrape together their tuition. This set us to thinking:

The second semester classes will run, roughly, sixteen and a half weeks. There will thus be 49 class hours in each subject. The average student takes five subjects. The tuition is $125. Performing the necessary mathematical calculations on the back of an envelope, we see that the cost of each class hour is .5102—four bits and a mite.

Research

Our Department of Weights and Measures discovered a few facts also: If we paid our tuition in nickels, they would make a stack 175.78 inches high (about 14½ feet) or if placed edge to edge would make a circle something under 175.48 feet in circumference. This circle would be almost large enough to enclose all the wonderful new features in the 1934 Hatchet.

Now if it were pennies . . . .

The Silver Screen

The world being too much with us during examination week, we sought surcease in movies. One

"In that suit you got what it takes."
—Notre Dame Juggler.
neighborhood show we went to had a double program, which it advertised on its electric sign as UNDER COVER MAN HE LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN

just like that—no punctuation, footnotes, or anything. We scurried inside, but can only report that it was a rank fraud and misrepresentation.

A friend of ours went to that picture that "all St. Louis was gaga over," which was advertised with the line "Not Recommended for Children." Our friend reports that the line should have read "Not Recommended for Adults."

Orthography

The dormitory freshmen indulge in strange pastimes. One of the more screwy is a spelling game in which each man adds a different letter to those already given, the aim being to not end the word with your letter, but pass it on to the next man. Certain punishment is given the person who ends too many words.

Some time ago a high old time was being had in this manner and a crucial point had been reached with the letters "j-o-u-l" already given. The man whose turn it was cogitated deeply for a while, then his face brightened and he sat up eagerly.

"How do you spell jewelry?" he said.

Keep It Dark

We last week received an advertising circular addressed to Miss ———. We hasten to inform our readers that we are, in a manner of speaking at least, misters. We hadn't thought of it before, but perhaps the error is quite widespread. If so, it may be the explanation of why we have not yet been horse-whipped (the curl!), or at least pantsed. Maybe all the outraged he-men who look upon us and our filthy magazine as the lowest form of marine, or sub-marine, life have refrained from giving us the works out of a chivalric regard for the sanctity of our sex.

If so, we are just craven enough to hope that the misconception will continue to be current. Shh!

We Arise to Remark That

A mass-meeting was held on the Quad the day the last Dirge came out by six K. A.'s who didn't get mentioned in the Hinchell column. A lengthy paper was drawn up condemning Hinchell for his partiality—if Hinchell ever came out of hiding we are afraid someone would give him a terrific hiding—At least no one can say there is anything suggestive about the quality of paper we print the magazine on—A good epitaph for Ivar Kreuger would be "His word was as good as his bonds"—Two plus two formerly made four, but now it makes a table of bridge—Harold Clover is continually trying a lot of subtle tricks on his profs that don't mean a thing—In philosophy class while the old Greek philosophers were being discussed he placed a weighty tome concerning "Greek Myths" so that Prof. Cory could see the title—we don't think he did but it's probably just as well, for the "myth" part seems to err on the side of over-subtlety—We recently received a dunning note from one of the large department stores, reading "May we courteously call your attention to your account which is now due. We will appreciate your remittance at this time." In an "ear" at the upper right of the sheet it urged us "Use your Charge Account often."

"But Senator, is this the time for conventions?"

—Penn Punch Board.
MYRON WALKER stood in the open French window. It was a lovely fall night with just a hint of chill in the air. The full, saffron moon showed the cloud streamers to be made of the most tenuous and fluffy fleece. The turf was not green but grey, a softly luminous grey. On the left at some distance stood the main quadrangle of the University. The Gothic buildings had a halo above them from the lights of the city, which lay beyond. The turrets and the chapel spires were symbolic of what man can make of his life.

Like new wine the glamour of it all went to Myron's head. He had the impulse to walk barefoot in the grass, to brag, to sing a drinking song, to do, oh, so many things. He was glad, after all, that he had come to the university. Idly he wondered if he was becoming a poet. Such queer thoughts were running through his head. They said that things like that happened to fellows at college: but he hadn't believed them.

The moment of rapture passed and he was himself again. He turned and looked into the fraternity house. On the first floor were gathered the prettiest girls that he had ever seen and their escorts. The atmosphere was heavy with giggling, soft murmurings, perfume and the smell of cosmetics. Impromptu groups and couples stood about and chattered incessantly. But Myron was shy of strange girls. Of all girls in fact. Also, he was tired and lacked energy. In the afternoon he and the other pledges had oiled and waxed floors. Then they had hung decorations. There were bright red streamers and festoons running in long dipping curves from the chandeliers to the corners of the room. Queerly shaped garlands hung over the windows.

Myron thought of himself as far removed from the frivolity of the party. Standing alone in the French window he felt clumsy, young and ill at ease. Everyone else seemed so gay. He wondered why he wasn't having a good time. He had taken more care that evening over his dressing than ever before in his life. He had shaved ever so closely and had brushed his dark brown hair until it lay perfectly. He had even manicured his nails.

After that, he had gone for his date. Her name was Eunice Holm and he hadn't wanted to bring her. Hadn't wanted to bring any girl because he was shy of them. But Milton Knapp, his fraternity father, had insisted on his having a date for the dance. Milton had said, "No freshman can come stag to the dance, especially you, Myron. You're bashful and you've got to get over it. I know what'll cure you of it, too. I'll get you a date with Eunice Holm for the dance." And so it had to pass. Milton had arranged the whole thing. Myron had been introduced to her the day before.

She was of medium height and slender. Her mouth was wilful and painted an alluring red. The long lashes that shaded her eyes and her dark eyebrows set off a thick crop of loose red hair which she wore semi-long.

He had been a dolt at the introduction. He had said woodenly, "How do you do?" to her.

She had looked at him: "You know this is one of my big moments. I've heard so much about you. I'll be ready at 9:15. You can call for me then. Good-bye." Her brevity and his awkwardness had shocked him and he had stood in a daze while she went off.

When he called for her, she was in a grey gown, ready to go. He shoved her into the car where she sat down in a funny way. Her legs were curled under her like an Indian Swami's. On the way to the fraternity house, Myron nearly ran into another automobile because he found her method of sitting so interesting.

They arrived safely, however, and the dance had started. Myron had been "cut" quickly, for which he was grateful. He had come over to the French window and had given himself up to introspection and the queer thoughts of a Freshman.

The orchestra started playing. The standers and the sitters began to dance. Myron watched them. He envied the confidence that some of the boys had in talking to the girls. He wished that he possessed it. His dancing was good but his "line" was bad. He would have to get over his self-consciousness.
Milton Knapp came over and said, "Listen, Myron, go over and cut Nelson. He's been stuck for half an hour."

"But I don't know the girl he's with," objected Myron.

"No one wants to know that hag," Milton said brusquely. "Go ahead and I'll see that you're cut."

Myron did as he was told. He tagged Nelson, who quickly left him alone with the hag. He put his arms about her and they whirled into the maelstrom of the dance. Myron stopped whirling when he discovered that his partner was heavy on her feet. He danced slowly and she shoved him around and bumped into other couples. He tried whirling again but his stamina wasn't up to it for any extended period of time. He turned beseeching eyes to the stags imploring them to cut. They acknowledged his pleas with broad grins and looks of ridicule. As he became increasingly warm he maneuvered over in front of the open French windows where it was comparatively cool. He thought "Even Hell has degrees of comfort." Some one tapped him on the shoulder.

"Thank you a lot," Myron said impartially to both the girl and the boy who had cut. Then he hurried to a safe distance. He was afraid that some senior would make him cut another homely dame.

So in order not to dance forty-five minutes with another bag, he cut Eunice as soon as he found her. She welcomed him with a smile and a flushed face. He swung round the room with her several times but when she paused beside the open French window and suggested a stroll in the moonlight, Myron was suddenly tongue-tied. He mutely nodded his assent. They went out and turned toward the quadrangle. At first their shoes made a crunching noise on the gravel path, but after they stepped on the turf, the only sound was the ever-diminishing strains of the orchestra music.

She turned to him; her eyes gazed into his.

"I think you're the most perfect dancer I have ever met," she said smoothly.

He looked at her very seriously and thought her statement over in all its possible ramifications. He even thought of a big word or two.

"It is very easy to dance if you have a musical ear, and if you have been in the habit of making your body do what you want. My dancing has been subjected to a very severe test during the last fifty minutes or so. It has survived it and the change to your graceful swayings has inspired me. He said this in a matter-of-fact tone for his grievance had temporarily thrown down the walls of his reserve.

The unexpectedness of the reply silenced Eunice, and, as he did not know how to follow up his opening speech, they walked along quietly. Under a row of elm trees, she halted and calmly sat down on the grass. He felt foolish and a bit anxious as he did likewise.

"It's rather nice out here on the grass," Eunice said tentatively.

Myron's heart pounded, and his eyes that he kept fixed on his clasped hands, had a worried look in them.

"Uh—you mean that you want to sit out this dance with me?" he asked.

"Yes," she stammered rather foolishly. And then regaining her poise, she went on, "It's so much fun under the moon and stars with someone you like. The wind whispers and the grass is so nice.

(Continued on page 20)
Sergeant: "If anything moves, you shoot."
Negro Sentinel: "Yassuh, an' if anythin' shoots ah moves."

He: "Have you heard the story about the nasty military officer?"
She: "No. What about him?"
He: "He was rotten to the corps."

Farmer: "Be this the Woman’s Exchange?"
Woman: "Yes."
Farmer: "Be ye the woman?"
Woman: "Yes."
Farmer: "Well, then I think I’ll keep Maggie."

Young Man: "May I have the next dance?"
Fair Woman: "I’m sorry, sir, but I’m afraid I’m too danced out."
Young Man: "Oh, I wouldn’t say that. I think you’re just pleasingly plump."

Frosh: "I was out with a nurse last night."
Co-ed: "Cheer up. Maybe your mother will let you go out without one sometime."

"Too bad about the disappearance of Professor Smith. He was a profound thinker."
"Yes, he was always thinking no matter where he was. The last time I saw him he was in swimming and he suddenly called out: ‘I’m thinking! I’m thinking!’"
"You fool! Professor Smith spoke with a lisp."

There was a young man from Japan,
Whose poetry never would scan.
When they said, “But the thing
Doesn’t go with a swing,”
He said, “I know, but I always try to
get as many words in the last line as I possibly can.”

"Yes, but wouldn’t it look better in old Gothic?"
—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.
Now time was in the Little Big Horn country that the Indians were bad and fast getting worse and never a thing could be done about it. So General Custer took a command of four hundred men and chased the Indians into the Powder River country. But when he came to the place where the Rosebud flows into the Big Horn the Indians stopped running and turned to fight, and when they were through fighting there was never a man left of the Custer command.

Now, when the men in Washington saw this they scratched their heads and thought for a long time, and finally sent General Miles out into the Big Horn country to get rid of the Indians. General Miles was a fighting man, and a soldiering man, and as good a general as could be found near or far.

But never before nor since did any man have such bad luck as General Miles. First of all, he lost fifty men when the Indians ambushed him down on the North Fork of the Cheyenne. And then next his men got smallpox.

When General Miles saw that his men had smallpox he set out for a town called Scooptown, and when he got there he picketed the mules, and sent the men with smallpox to the pest house in the lower end of Scooptown, and went about building a barracks. And there he stayed while the Indians ran loose and took pot shots at what few soldiers were able to be around and about.

It was late one evening, just as the sun was sinking behind the Big Horn Mountains, that Staghound Bill came riding into the Big Horn country. Now, Staghound Bill was nigh onto seventy years old, but he rode his horse up straight. He was six foot, and had a long black moustache that drooped way below his chin. There were silver roses on his leather vest, and his hat had a horsehair band. He rode a long bay horse with a white mane and tail, and he wore two guns at his belt.

Now, some people said that Staghound Bill was a hunter. And other people said Staghound was a trapper. And still other people said that he had a pack of staghounds, the like of which had never been seen before. But when it came right down to it there was never a person around or about that knew less than anything about Staghound Bill.

So when Staghound Bill came riding down into the Big Horn country he looked ahead and saw the town called Scooptown. And when he saw the town called Scooptown he set his hat on the back of his head and hitched up his belt and bit off a chew of chewing tobacco and said:

"Now, I've been here, an' I've been there, but never before did I see such a likely looking town. I'm dry as rocks an' what I need right now is a drink of bob-wire whiskey to soothe my inners. So get along, you long bay horse, an' lope on into town, because I'm dry as old harness leather."

And when he had said these words Staghound Bill kicked his long bay horse in the ribs and rode down into the main street of Scooptown.

Now, the main street of Scooptown was two miles long and there were forty saloons to the mile. There were twenty gambling houses and thirty dance halls, and they ran all day and all night long. And the main saloon was called the Gold Dust Exchange, and was owned by a man called Lou Blood.

So when Staghound Bill rode into Scooptown he hitched his long bay horse to the hitching rack outside the Gold Dust Exchange, and kicked open the doors and went inside. Then he walked up to the bar and set his hat on the back of his head and chomped down hard on his chew of chewing tobacco.

"Bartender," he said, "what I want is some whiskey. Gimme a water glass full of redeye, an' a water glass full of white corn likker, an' then throw th' chaser in th' trough, because I got inners like bull hide an' saddle leather."

And when he said these words the bartender set out a waterglass full of redeye and a water glass full of white corn whisky and Staghound drained them with one gulp. Then he bore down hard on his chew and loosened his belt so his guns would hang low, and said:

"I've been hearin' strange things, an' they don't sound right, an' what I wanta know about is these here Gawd damn varmints a-chasin' General Miles."

"Well," said the bartender, "it's a sad fact. Most all his soldiers have smallpox, an' even when they didn't they weren't doin' beans again' th' Indians."

"Smallpox, hey?" said Staghound Bill. "Smallpox! They ain't nothin' but a lily-livered bunch of shavetails fresh from West Point. Now, take me—smallpox don't bother me none. Ain't no more serious than a saddle gall to a good horse. I'm tough as a tiger, an' rough as rocks, an' smallpox don't bother me any more'n a light head cold."

And when Staghound Bill had said these words he ordered five more water glasses full of white corn (Continued on Page 21)
Some Blarney, Appyack, and a bit of the Old Mullarkey about the Junior Prom on March 3rd

The Junior Prom is the climax of the social calendar (the Glee Club dance, the engineer's masque, and all the fraternity dance people have just been kidding you). For further details about the Prom, read Student Life or see Reynolds (who is, in case you don't know it, president of the Junior class and is just full of information about the Prom.)

However, we will give you some choice bits of history about the orchestra that will play. These meaty little paragraphs were sent to us by Herbie Kay's publicity bureau. We quote:

"Herbie Kay—The nation's popular young collegiate maestro.

"Herbie Kay—The idol of the collegiate crowds.

"Herbie Kay—(In person with his famous radio, recording and dance orchestra.)"

The publicity bureau boasts at great length about Herbie Kay being a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon at Northwestern. He is also a member of the Sioux Indian tribe and bears the name of "Chayda-Sappa"; an honorary member of the Hibbing, Minn. police department and wears his jeweled badge on his nightgown; and has played at the Trianon Ballroom, the Blackhawk Cafe, and the Aragon. His first job with an orchestra was obtained for him by his fraternity brothers who disliked his banjo practicing around the fraternity house.

The climax of the publicity bureau's publicity is their paragraph about Dorothy Lamour, the singer with his orchestra. We again quote:

"Dorothy is the type of person that men stand and gaze at with the 'far away' look and whose clothes, speech and business arrangements the public are ready to make a topic of the day. When 'Dot' sings, the 'stags' nearly mob the orchestra platform. It is not only that her singing voice and speaking tones are so different—the one throaty and sensuous*; the other—soft and girlish, it is more to try to win a glance from this unexpectedly lovely person. (According to Reynolds, anyone who does win a glance from this unexpectedly lovely person may sell it to him for ten cents.)"

We also gather that Miss Lamour likes to cook in her little kitchen; likes to sew in her little sewing-room; likes to bathe in her little bathroom; likes to wash dishes in her little sink; likes to knit in her little knitting-room; likes to peel potatoes with her little potato-peeler; and longs for a little bungalow and numerous babies.

Reasons for the Sororities Selling Prom Tickets

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<td>Mary McGuire</td>
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How the Girls Will Be Judged*

The most important thing in the judging, of course, is how many tickets you sell. After this mercenary process is completed, the respective beauty of the respective candidates is liable to help a great deal. After the girls have been picked for their pulchritude, comeliness, attractiveness, and the homogeneity of their mugs, their pictures will be sent* to that great trio of stars* Clark Gable, Richard Barthelness, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. From here, the trail of their portraits will be unknown. When replies have been made about them by that great trio of stars* Gable, Barthelness, and Fairbanks, Jr., the girls will be put through the gauntlet of gracefulness. Gracefulness and that queenly appearance* is indispensable to any of my queens*. "Any girl who trips over her train," he snorted, "will be automatically lowered five points in my estimation."

When the queen has finally been selected, and the four maids, they will be coronated at the Prom, tickets to which are $2.50.

"My chief worry at present, however," declared Reynolds, "is how the hell I'll sew swallow tails on my tuxedo coat so as to make it look like full dress."

* Says Reynolds.
Halter Coyne Tosses His Hat Into the Ring

by Mr. Charles Clayton, a member of the staff of the St. Louis Globe Democrat

CAST: Coyne, seated at the desk in the Mayor's office; with a glass of water and crust of bread on the desk. Reporters for Star and Post. Queen of the Fiji Islands, and photographer. Reporter for Post enters as scene opens, with pencil and paper in hand.

REPORTER: Mr. Coyne, we want a statement from you as acting mayor on the relief situation.

COYNE: You are just in time. This is a great and wonderful occasion. I am about to take my noonday meal of bread and water. You know I am on this diet of bread and water until the city provides relief to the unemployed.

REPORTER FOR P. D.: But isn't the city going to do anything about it. Aren't you even going to appoint a crisis committee?

(COYNE is interrupted by a photographer who enters and proceeds to set up his camera.)

COYNE: Just a minute, you'll pardon me while I let the papers get my picture. They have been begging me to pose for it ever since I started this die... (Photographer finally gets camera set up and takes Coyne in various poses. Photographer leaves.)

COYNE: Now, as I was saying. This great crisis calls for the united action of this great community. I haven't exactly decided what I shall do yet, but I am certain that a wonderful plan can be worked out so that no man, woman or child, regardless of race color or political affiliation need go hungry in our great city while I am at its head.

(Enter photographer with Queen of the Fiji Islands)

COYNE: Excuse me a moment, they want me to have my picture taken with Miss Hula Hula here. Come here my dear. (He puts arm around her and after photographer gets camera set up, is snapped handing her the key to the city.)

ENTER REPORTER FOR STAR: Mr. Coyne I am from the Star and Times. We understand that there is a rumor out that you are to be a candidate for mayor and the voters all want to know if you can pass this new intelligence test for candidates.

COYNE: Intelligence test. What's that? Oh, yes, yes. Why of course I can pass the intelligence test. I yield to no man in intelligence.

STAR REPORTER: You see Mr. Coyne, we want to find out your I.Q.

COYNE: It's a lie. I never had anything to do with any woman. My life is an open book. I have nothing to hide.

STAR REPORTER: I am not accusing you of anything, Mr. Coyne. We, that is the voters, just want to know what your intelligence quotient is. This test isn't hard, the children in the first grade pass it easily. Now the first question is: Two plus two equals what sum?

COYNE: My position on this question is unequivocal. The Republican Party has always stood for the rights of the common people and honesty in government.

STAR R.: Well never mind that one, Mr. Coyne. The second question is: If an elephant can travel five miles per hour and a donkey ten miles per hour, which one will win next April?

COYNE: The Republican Party adheres firmly to the principles laid down by the immortal Abraham Lincoln of Give me liberty or give me death. Now in my platform I propose to promise the people to run the gangsters out of St. Louis if I receive the mandate of the voters at the polls. (Post reporter begins to nod and yawn openly.)

STAR R.: Well, let's not bother with that one. Here is the next question. Do you believe in gondolas in Forest Park?

COYNE: The Republican party believes in conservative progress. We have governed this city in the interests of the tax payer since 1909 and we have always been the first to give the people what they want. Yes, I am not afraid to answer your question fearlessly. The Republican Party believes in gondolas for the lagoons if the people demand them. But I believe in economy. I will even go farther. I believe the city should buy two gondolas so we can raise little ones.

STAR R.: Well this is the last question, Mr. Coyne. Explain the difference between your two favorite words, great and wonderful. (The Post Reporter is frankly snoring.)

COYNE: My wonderful record as president of the Board of Alderman stands as a great testimonial to my qualifications as a humble servant of the public. I point with pride to my great leadership and I feel certain that the public will view with alarm any change in the party in power in this wonderful city.

STAR R.: Mr. Coyne, you have failed on every question and your intelligence quotient is zero. The Star and Times will be glad to inform its readers that you are above the average in intelligence as a candidate for mayor. Perhaps we shall even support you.

(Continued on page 16)
I Rise to a Point of Order

The usual tranquility of the Foreign Trade class was disturbed recently by a convert to Technocracy. In the heated discussion that soon developed classical economist Whiteside demanded: "Who is this Howard Scott anyway? No one ever heard of him two years ago."

A voice spoke from the rear of the room: "That's nothing. Two years ago who had ever heard of Whiteside?"

Henry merely "did not understand" until the laughter had subsided. But the matter bothered us and we became convinced that it demanded investigation. The following is the result, although just how the question may best be answered we leave to the reader.

Henry Overton Whiteside (Mr. Overton to you, suh) hails from Aubrey, Arkansas, a town whose hopes for immortality depend upon the success of its already famous son. Henry learned enough at Aubrey to go to prep school at Bell Buckle, Tennessee where he was a big duck in a little puddle. To show his versatility, and actuated by a desire to study medicine, he came to Washington and became a little duck in a big puddle. While here he has shown rather greater ability to get votes, than to get grades and has therefore entered politics and the commerce school.

We cornered Henry in his exclusive section of Liggett Hall one evening about midnight and purchased a good interview by avoiding details.

"I don't attribute my success to anything. You can attribute it to anything you want to."

We think that he probably knows best.

"Campus politics are great. And they will always be here. And they're good training—anyway they have helped me." Henry has political aspirations.

"Naw I don't approve of censorship except as a last resort. I think "Halter Hinchell" is a good thing. It helps school unity and it satisfies a secret yearning for publicity."

Henry thinks that marriage is a good thing—"for the other fellow."

"As far as I am concerned, I go batty for awhile but I get over it pretty quick and pretty soon I'm going somewhere else."

Very interesting, but are you sure about all this, Henry?

Henry the Boss

We have it straight that he has been consulting one co-ed about proper tactics with another. Not exactly political astuteness, it seems to us. But considering his confidante is very much "that way" about some one else, we can't enlarge upon the subject, especially since we haven't been able to learn the young lady's name or the answer given, as yet.

Don't treat us that way Henry, we have been to too many places together.

Henry says that the campus doesn't appreciate the work and the dignity connected with the office of Student President. In December he had a bid to a "big shot" sorority formal. He couldn't go, and he couldn't sell his bid or even give it away, although he spent a half day trying. Evidently no one wanted to be Whiteside.

Henry works in the Commons during the school year and out on the county road in construction gangs in summer. His heart is out on the county roads though. He may be a construction boss, and not a politician, some day, when his heart heals. —Bill Edgar.

Halter Coyne Tosses His Hat Into the Ring

(Continued from page 15)

COYNE: You know I do not seek the office. I would much prefer to retire to private life. I have announced my candidacy only at the urgent request of my constituents, who have demanded that I run. (Reporters steal silently from the room. Coyne goes on talking, not realizing they are gone.)

COYNE: This wonderful tribute is a clarion call for me to do my duty at a great personal sacrifice. The stern needs of the hour and the important problems before this great city can be solved only by the great Republican Party. Our position on this issue is clear. In the words of the great immortal Abraham Lincoln. England expects every man to do his duty. You can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool some of the people, some of the time.—(voice dies out as stage is darkened giving the impression he is still talking.)
Unfinished Symphony

She was a farmer's daughter and he was a debutante—
No, he was the daughter's farmer and she was elegant.
They were sitting in an auto underneath the moon above,
Not because the moon was really, but because it rhymes with love.

On her face was writ impatience—could you blame her for it though?
When would this guy get going? How could he be so slow?
He felt the same as she did—he didn't want to wait,
But policemen, almost always, are inconsiderate.

Her lips were ripe for kissing, but that was nothing strange;
They were always red and shiny, like a puppy with the mange.
His brawny arms were twitching—he was waiting for his chance;
You'd say, to see him jitter, that he had St. Vitus Dance.

"Oh, come, we must get started. Can we wait all night?" she said,
"Yes, Miss," he said politely, "but the stop light still is red."
Anyone can see, dear reader, that this end's an awful gyp.
Just imagine how it ended before our censorship.

E. M.

— Illinois Siren.
About Us and Others

It was a wise freshman, and when forced to apply at the Wilshire police station for lodging, he gave his name as Smith.

"Give us your real name," ordered the sergeant.

"Well," said the frosh, "put me down as William Shakespeare."

"That's better," said Sarge, "you can't bluff me with that Smith stuff."

Risley: "Who was the boy sitting next to you, whose paper you kept staring at during the prelim?"

Sage: "Oh, just a passing acquaintance."

Beyond All Rivals

"Are mine the only lips you ever kissed?"

"Absolutely, and the nicest."

Did you vote for the honor system?"

"Bet I did—four times."

"Did you vote for the honor system?"

"I want to buy a gift for my son."

"Yes, sir. May I suggest a silver cigarette case, or a pen and pencil set, or perhaps—oh, how old is your son?"

"Why, he goes to college."

"Let me show you something in the line of yo-yos."

The human brain is truly a wonderful thing. It starts working the minute you wake up and never stops until you get to class.

Dean: "Young man there is no place for drinking in this college."

Stude: "I guess you haven't seen Louie's place, Dean."

Professor: "And are you sure that this story is original?"

Student: "Certainly it is."

Professor: "Great heavens! I didn't think that I would ever live to see the day when I would meet Rudyard Kipling."

Pro: "Can you tell me anything about the great chemists of the 17th century?"

Con: "They are all dead, sir."
Beowulf

"Gentlemen," said the movie magnate, "what our corporation needs is a hit. Have any of you any suggestions?"

"Mr. Klausbach," said the head of the continuity department, "I think that we must try to make this picture entirely different from anything we have ever made. The public is sick of gang pictures, horror pictures, newspaper pictures, and even college pictures. I is up to us to think of some entirely new idea."

A murmur of approval arose from the group assembled in the magnate's office. First one suggestion was heard and then another, but none of them seemed to be very original. Finally Mr. Klausbach's secretary spoke up.

"Maybe you ain't gonna like this idea so much," she began, "but it's a cinch that no other company has tried it. I think our next pitcher should be a really intellectual pitcher, something that'd appeal to people like us."

"What do you mean, intellectual picture?" asked Mr. Klausbach.

"Well, I was thinking of something maybe a little bit old—classical, maybe, but good."

"I've got it, I've got it," cried the head of the continuity department, "she's exactly right. What we can do is make Beowulf."

"Naw," said the publicity manager, "none of that foreign stuff, the public won't go for it. We want something strictly English."

"He's righ'," said Mr. Klausbach.

"But we can make it English," said the continuity man, "it's a wow."

"What's it like?" asked Klausbach.

"Oh, I don't know exactly. It's something about a guy that lived in the woods and he has a fight with another guy or something."

"Too much like a gangster story," said the publicity manager.

"No love interest," said the continuity man.

"We'll fix that, Mr. Klausbach. We can make the hero fall in love with the other guy's girl. The fight can be over that. They'll all live in caves and everything. We can bill it as the world's greatest outdoor love story. What a plot, what a plot!"

"That plot sounds O.K., but that title won't do at all. Beowulf—hell, it sounds like a mouthwash," complained the publicity manager.

"How about Nature in the Raw?" suggested the stenographer, "you can go: a couple of athletes all dressed up in skins and things for the two leads."

"What about the girl?" asked Klausbach.

"Easy," said the publicity manager, "we'll have a nation-wide contest for the girl with the most beautiful figure. 'The Tiger Woman,' we can call her. I like the idea."

"And for comedy relief we can use Falstaff. He was some classical slapstick. He can be the girl's old man—a big arrowhead and bear skin man from the neighboring cave," continued the continuity man.

"Maybe we can work in a chorus of dancing Amazons," said Mr. Klausbach. "Are you taking all this down, Miss Goldstein?"

"Maybe we can make the hero find a buried treasure. That would add the adventure element. I tell you Mr. Klausbach, this will be the best picture we've ever made."

"Yeah, I was the one that suggested the intellectual part," said Miss Goldstein.

"You're a wonder, Miss Goldstein," said Mr. Klausbach. "I can: understand why we never thought of making an intellectual picture before. From now on the slogan of our corporation will be: 'Give 'em Intellect and Make 'em Like it.' Beowulf. Hell, I'm beginning to like the name even. Besides it's more intellectual. We'll call it Beowulf or Nature in the Raw, bill it as our super-super multi-million dollar production and make this country intellect conscious."

—Rice Owl.

"Some flowers for your love nest, lady?"

—Pitt Panther.
and soft. I don't like to dance inside on a night like this. I'd rather stay out here and talk to you. But give me a light for this cigarette, will you?"

Myron didn't know what to make of her. He fumbled in his pockets and brought out a box of matches. His hand shook a little as he held the match for her. In the brief flare, her features showed to their best advantage, smooth and cool and round. His fingers were burnt before he remembered to put out the match. His hand jerked and dropped it. Was he burnt? Instantly she was all contrition. It was all her fault. Where had he been burnt? She took his hand and gently ran her fingertips over the burnt spot. Though the skin on his hands was tough, it responded to the stimulus of her soft hands as they stroked his.

"You have an awfully nice hand," she said. "May I continue to hold it?"

"Sure," said Myron. As her slender fingers clasped his, there welled up in him a terrible desire to press her hand to his lips. Realizing that it was an insane urge, he fought it and subdued it like a man. For a moment he toyed with dreams of winning Eunice's love. He thought of the bliss, of the delight of holding her in his arms. He had never thought of such things before for it was the first time that he had ever sat on the grass with a girl in the moonlight. His imagination began to glow, to incandesce, to blaze. How lovely she was! How very desirable! Something that had always swelled. As soon as he realized what he had said, he was aghast.

"Eunice, let me kiss you, just once?"

She deliberately put out her cigarette and came near him. Without thinking he blurted out, "I think you're swell." As soon as he realized what he had said, he was aghast.

But her whispered reply, "You're rather sweet yourself," made him even more confused.

Not knowing what he was doing, he broke out, "Eunice, let me kiss you, just once?"

She deliberately put out her cigarette and came very close to him. She said slowly, "No, Myron, I don't know you very well."

Myron was puzzled. She didn't seem offended, and he felt vaguely that he ought to do something heroic. What he did was to keep silent. They sat thus for several moments, close together and speechless. A gentle breeze stirred the leaves overhead.

"It must be getting late. Take me back to the French window and went out.

* * * * *

Myron Walker ran an appraising eye over the gathering. He was meticulously dressed. There was a careless, insouciant grace in the handkerchief sticking from his coat pocket. The knot of his tie was very small and very neat. His white flannel trousers and blue double-breasted coat had a nicety of drape that would have been envied by a classical Greek sculptor. He was a senior now. He didn't quite know why he had come to the dance. Probably just force of habit. He looked over the arena of the ballroom in order to decide what girl to begin with.

The orchestra began to play. Couples meandered around the floor. The stags encircled the dancers continuously, like a pack of hungry wolves around a cornered moose. Myron held aloof from the mob and quietly stood his ground. He scrutinized each female face as it went past him. He noted the degree of popularity of each one, and his choice fell on June Smith.

She was a brunette, slender, supple, perfectly groomed and extremely graceful, with delicate aristocratic features. Her merry eyes gave a human touch to her otherwise cold beauty. She had never particularly been impressed Myron before, but for some reason, tonight she appeared very attractive. He carefully scrutinized her again in order to make certain that he wasn't committing an error of judgment. The second examination was satisfactory; she came up to specifications. He would tell her how much she pleased him. Having waited until the piece was nearing its end, he thrust past all the smiling faces until he was at her elbow.

A young man, whose bliss had been interrupted, murmured his thanks to June and strode off. She turned an ecstatic face to Myron. The orchestra began to play. Couples meandered around the floor. The stags encircled the dancers continuously, like a pack of hungry wolves around a cornered moose. Myron held aloof from the mob and quietly stood his ground. He scrutinized each female face as it went past him. He noted the degree of popularity of each one, and his choice fell on June Smith.

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As they danced, he asked very suavely, "Would you like to take a stroll in the moonlight?"

She nodded and looked at him with shining eyes. He thought: "What gorgeous eyelashes she has. I'm
Staghound Bill and Them Damn Varmints

(Continued from page 13)

whisky and three more glasses of readeye and drained them down. And then he set his hat on the back of his head and said:

"I've been wanderin' near, an' I've been wanderin' far, an' right now my sperrit needs a little rest. So what I better do is play a little roulette, an' play a little chuck-a-luck, an' see iffen I can't get my mind offen my worries. So, watch out, you dealers, an' watch out, you gamblers, because I'm a gamblin' fool from way back an' my poke needs fillin' up."

And then Staghound Bill walked over to where a gambler was dealing roulette.

Now, the gambler was a tinhorn sport and wore a yellow shirt with pearl buttons on the cuffs. He carried a Derringer in his sleeve and had shot fourteen men, but they were all Mexicans and did not count for much. He wore a cut-away coat, and shoes with pearl buttons, and he had a long finger nail on the little finger of his left hand. He wore a black bow-tie and a black silk hat, and his name was Paler Gray.

"Gimme a hundred dollars worth of blues," said Staghound Bill, "an' a hundred dollars worth of reds, an' a hundred dollars worths of whites, because I aim fer to break th' bank."

So the gambler called Paler Gray, gave him a stack of blue chips, and a stack of red chips, and a stack of white chips. And when he had done this, Staghound Bill said:

"Spin your wheel, you Paler Gray, an' whirl your ball around, because I figger to break this here bank in lessen no time at all."

And when he said these words he put a hundred dollars worth of blue chips on the single ought. And Paler Gray turned the wheel and whipped the ball, and it bounced and rolled and finally fell into the slot that was marked with the single ought in the pea green. And the gambler called Paler Gray had to pay Staghound Bill thirty-five hundred dollars. And when he had done this he spit into the cuspidor under the orderly's table so that it rang like an anvil, and the orderly went to fetch General Miles.

When General Miles came out Staghound Bill hitched up his pants and set his hat on the back of his head, and said:

"I'm a fightin' man, an' a drinkin', man, an' there ain't no man livin' or dead as can come anywhere close to me when it comes to playin' faro. I'm a howlin' hyena from th' hill tops, an' a bellerin' bull from th' breaks, but most of all, I'm an Indian fighter. I've killed more'n a hundred Indians in my time, not countin' half-breeds, an' so far I ain't no more'n warmed up. So come on, you General Miles, an' let me help you hunt down these here Gawd damn varmints."

Now, maybe it was that General Miles had never heard of Staghound Bill, or maybe it was that he was afraid of his job, because he only laughed deep down in his chest and said:

"Go on with you. You aren't anything more than a worn out old man. So be on your way, because I have trouble enough of my own. My men have small pox, and the Indians are wild and killing people off so fast they can't be counted."

And when he had said these words General Miles turned and left the room, while Staghound Bill chomped hard on his chew and scratched his head.

"I've been around," he finally said, "an' I've been about, but never afore did I see as foolish a man as General Miles. What I better do is wait around town an' play a little chuck-a-luck, an' wait fer him to change his mind."

And then Staghound Bill hitched up his belt and started back to the Gold Dust Exchange. The street was dark and the only light was a moon about the

(Continued on page 24)
going to enjoy this.” They went out on the veranda and from it down to the golf course. He tuckered her hand into the crook of his elbow and kept it there. As he led her to the deeper shadows of the links, he shortened his stride so that she could walk easily.

Her hand resting in his elbow seemed tiny, and there welled up in Myron such a wave of tenderness and longing as he had not felt for two weeks. She was a cute girl. He knew that he was going to enjoy himself.

He led her to a bench set into a bower. It was a favorite spot of his. The gloom there was so profound that at first the grey blur that was a limestone bench could hardly be seen. On it, they sat down. It was very sweet there: for a slow and sleepy breeze wandered about drunk with the fragrance of clover and honeysuckle, and the rustling of many leaves made a strange lullaby. In the distance was a lake on whose ever-moving surface the moonbeams dallied.

In the darkness June was the most spiritual being whom Myron had ever known. She was a sylph whom he had captured lurking in a forest glade. She might at any moment slip away.

Disengaging his hand from hers, Myron carefully put his arm along the back of the bench and gathered June into his embrace in the approved manner. He was amazed to encounter resistance instead of yielding. Evidently she didn’t know the rules. She struggled against his arms with an amazing strength for one who looked so frail. He had to fight to hold her. She wrenched so violently in his embrace that when he tried to kiss her, he missed her face and his lips fell upon the nape of her neck. He felt very foolish. He had not blundered so badly since he was a sophomore.

He pleaded, “One little kiss, please?”

“No! No!” she said frantically; and despite all his experience with women’s “No’s”, Myron felt that she meant it. It was a most ridiculous situation. For a moment he was at a loss what to do.

Suddenly he changed tactics but she turned into a vixen of terror and fierce self defense. She dug her nails into his hands and wrists until he relaxed his hold enough for her to slip out. She stood up before him; a pale, stormy white statue of Victory. She was more desirable than ever to Myron.

He clung to her wrist, as one must in such cases; and begged again for the boon which he had intended to grant as a propitiatory sacrifice to her femininity. She shocked him with her refusal and its reason.

“It wouldn’t be right,” she said. “It would be shallow.”

“It wouldn’t be right?” he came near to stuttering. “In this God-given night and moonlight! With our youth upon us!”

That doesn’t make a bit of difference,” she retorted. “I refuse to let you or any other man paw me because of atmospheric conditions. It never occurred to me that you would do anything of this sort. We have been good friends and I never thought it would turn into this. Why can’t you treat me as you do your men friends? You never slobber kisses over them, do you?”

He said, “Do you suppose it’s possible for a man to stay just good friends with a woman as beautiful as you? Heaven knows I’ve tried, but it’s beyond my power. I have always appreciated beauty. It makes me very emotional. I can’t help my nature.”

She wouldn’t even play up to this confession although Myron had found invariably that it smoothed things over for every girl he had tried it on. Generally it produced fluttering.

June, the erratic, answered, “You don’t love me. I’m nothing more to you than a dance intermission, an interesting half-hour. And I don’t propose to waste my emotion on you or have you spread yours on me. It would be different if you took me seriously. But you don’t.” And then she began to cry. Her body shook and her hands clenched convulsively.

No man could endure such a cry from any woman. It would be beyond the pale of humanity and decency. Myron was commanded by his conscience to hold her in his arms and try to console her. His duty was very clear. Marshaling his wits about him, he began to sooth.

His voice carried a tone of sincerity as he whispered, “Oh, you poor little, meek little angel. Can’t you realize how wonderful you really are? You’re exquisite, adorable, and I adore you! You’re the sweetest thing in all the world and I love you. How could I help it?”

She struggled no longer, but let him hold her close. “You don’t love me. Those are merely pretty speeches. You think you’ve got to say such things because we’re together, and it’s dark, and there’s a moon. But I won’t believe them. I won’t, because I know they’re not true.”

He could not let her get away with that. He tightened his arms and gave free rein to his fancy. He spoke to her as if he held Aphrodite herself in his arms. He told what he had told countless other girls, only at greater length and with more intonation and a greater flexibility.

Drugged by his eloquence she let him talk, marveling at his smoothness, his intonation, and the resonance of his chest. Her head was on his breast and it gently rose and fell as the honeyed cadences poured from his lips.

(Continued on page 24)
CAMPUS COMMENT
(Continued from page 8)

Dear Stokely:

The item of major importance for this issue is the Ebrect-Cabell tangle on New Year's Eve. Murray, it seems had made all arrangements (including the necessary place and refreshments) with a couple of other fellows for a private party; but when he arrived at Ebrect's, Virginia had other plans. "Oh, Murray," warbled Virginia, "Let's go to the Jefferson; everybody is going there!" And when Murray, thinking rapidly in terms of set-ups and cover-charges, told her about the other plans, the femme poo-pooed them in a loud voice. The Jefferson it must be. Finally Murray, seething inwardly, gave in, and to the Jeff, they went.

Once there, Murray began playing tank by way of revenge; and before the evening was over, Cabell had been carted out on a shutter, leaving the perverse Ebrect to find her way home with a stray friend she found. And for more side-lights on the Ebrect, call Walter Hedenkamp . . .

Jane Dunn has given back Dick White's pin, I hear . . . . I suppose she found out that he'd had another pin out on Myrtie Lothman, about a month ago . . . . that diamond-studded Pi Phi pin that Virginia Capps flaunts is a Christmas present from Art Schneidhors—

Easter . . . . Jane Forder, the erstwhile Theta pledge, wore Ted Armstrong's pin for about two days; wonder what Rupert (Rupe-dee-doo) Allan will say? There was a momentary hearts aflame feeling between Julia Jones and Soulard Johnson, but it seems to have been mutually extinguished.

Frosh Fadeouts

You know, Stoke, most of the freshman girls who arrive out here in the fall have hang-over affairs from high-school, but they usually get over them after the first month or so . . . . the last two hold-outs seem to be collapsing. Betty Trembley and Bob Gates, a senior at Webster High, are reported on rocky ground, while Betty Mara is letting it be understood that Jim Lane is a thing of the past . . . . Betty seems to have been bouncing young Harpo Allan around recently . . . . after dating approximately fifteen Tri Dels, Herbie Ross has started on the Pi Phi Chapter and is squiring Virginia Slattery about.

I don't suppose that the Ledbetter-Shinn flame is cooling off, but immediately after Ronnie came back from her Christmas-holiday visit to Joe's folks in Stone, Ark., she began to be seen with Cliff Powers . . . . Cliff, you remember, flounced around with Ronnie a good bit last summer . . . . and I didn't see Joe at the Kappa dance . . . . Jo Sunkel visited Bob Noland's family in Farmington, Mo. Christmas, too.

This Fitzgerald lad gets himself pummeled by all the girls. After taking Hick's shots on the chin, he got upstage with Ruth Rosborough, the squeak from Webster, and for a moment it was touch and go. But old O! Halter saw him kiss her on the forehead at the Kappa dance (and he saw the dirty look that Ruth gave him, too!) . . . . George Lee has been called the Adonis of Phi Mu—but watch out girls! Too many letters seem to go to a certain Miss Margie McCarthy, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York . . . . With Ginny Wilson out of school Bob Wing seems to have turned his attention to Mary Lizzie Meckling, but Rosemary Nelson also likes Geology . . . . I heard the other day that both the Roach family and the Forder family have warned Mary Jane and Bodine, respectively, that they "go out with too many foreigners! Honestly, I don't think that some of those boys can speak English!" . . . . ah-ah, Mary Jane! . . . ah-ah, Bodine!

Well, Stoke, I'll see you in subsequent issues, if Mary Jane Kerwin doesn't fall absolutely for this Julius Lesser guy . . . . so long, Conway . . . .

O! Halter Hinchell.
The Lover's Lament.

P. S.—Tell Granville Lemos, for me, Stoke, that he'd just as well go away from Martha Stannard, because Charley Van Ravensway is the spit-ball pitcher in that league.
After Four Years

(Continued from page 22)

And he enjoyed his eloquence more than ever before. He was good, and he knew that it was his best performance. Tonight he had both ardor and control of vocabulary. It was extraordinary. On other occasions he had lacked one or the other. At last he had achieved perfection.

He loved the spirit of June with a greater love than he had ever felt before. She had inspired him to great heights of love-making. He was proud of being able to love so well, and his ardor mounted ever higher and higher. Out of disaster he had brought success, from defeat he had brought victory.

Like a tame dove in his arms, she yielded to his caresses without further struggle. Tenderly, he took off his fraternity pin from where it lay over his heart and pinned it over her heart. He told her that from thenceforth she could ask anything of him. They pledged undying love. Immortal love was theirs.

Their first ecstasy of love passed. They became aware of other things besides one another. Faint strains of orchestra music reached their ears. They remembered dimly that a long time ago they had been at a dance somewhere. They had to go back. They drew apart. She smoothed out her dress and repaired her tear-stained face as best she could in the faint light. He straightened his tie and combed his hair with the small pocket-comb he always carried.

With his right arm around her waist, they started back. Each small step was accompanied by whispered endearments. They snuggled up to him while they were walking; and it seemed as if they were returning to the accompaniment of celestial music. The quickness with which they reached the veranda was very painful. Having kissed her hair, he led her inside, and then started dancing.

Nothing was changed in the ball room. Couples still whirled around in dizzy zig-zags. The stags still circled the dancers like beasts of prey. One of them came over and cut. Myron pressed June's hand, turned, and went over to the stag line. He felt used up and exhausted.

He said to one of the stags: "For God's sake, Carl, give me a drink. I've just put my pin on another of them."

"Eyes right!" thundered the negro lieutenant. "You's wrong!" came back from the depths of the black troops.

Sir Walter Raleigh wasn't the only guy that spread his coat for a pretty lady.

Staghound Bill and Them Damn Varmints

(Continued from page 21)

thickness of a bowie knife edge, and so as Staghound Bill walked along he unhitched his belt a notch so his guns would hang low. And just as he reached the corner by the Gold Dust Exchange he came face to face with the gambler called Paler Gray. Now, when the gambler called Paler Gray saw Staghound Bill he looked around and about, and then said:

"I've gambled here, an' I gambled there, an' never before did I see a man win thirty-five for one three times hand running. It's agin nature, an' it don't seem right, so what I want is my money back. So come on, you Staghound Bill, an' hand over that money or I aim to shoot you dead." And when he said these words he pulled the Derringer from his yellow silk shirt sleeve.

(To be continued in the March Dirge)

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Eskimaux

A funny people, Eskimaux,
They never mind the wind that blaux,
The rain that rains, the snow that snaux,
A funny people, heaven knaux.
They never use a garden haux,
They never go to picture shaux,
They live in peace and have no faux.
A funny people, Eskimaux.
They travel 'round on icy flaux,
They haven't pockets in their claux,
They need scare-bears and not scare-craux.
A funny people, all of thaux.
But something no one ever knaux
Is why the people carefully chaux
To spell their plural without aux,
Those peculiar Eskimaux!

---

Who?

"Were you the only sober man there?"
"Certainly not!"
"Then who was?"

S

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Shake hands with the tab collar shirt...the style hit of the season

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The Aratab comes in white and a wide range of stripes and patterns. $1.95. © 1932, by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, New York