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Washington University Dirge: Military Ball, Best Dressed Man, Nomination for Oblivion

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

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WASHINGTON U.

DIRGE

« »

Military Ball

« »

Best Dressed Man

« »

Nomination for Oblivion

« »

APRIL

15c
Watch out for the telltale signs of jangled nerves

Other people notice them—even when you don’t—little nervous habits that are the danger signal for jangled nerves.

And remember, right or wrong, people put their own interpretations on them. So it pays to watch your nerves.

Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation—and make Camels your smoke, particularly if you are a steady smoker.

For remember, Camel’s costlier tobaccos never jangle your nerves—no matter how many you smoke.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!

How are YOUR nerves? TRY THIS TEST

See how speedily you can complete this test. With your left hand (or with your right hand, if you are left-handed) unbutton your vest beginning at the top. Now button it again, beginning at the top. If you use more than one hand you are disqualified. Average time for six-button vest is 12 seconds.

Jack Summers (Camel smoker), national professional squash racquets champion, completed the test in 9 seconds.

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CAMELS
SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT
...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
MY LOVE

Oh, my love has dark eyes
and a spark within, like
fires in the black of the night,

And her love is as warm
as the heat of the sun
and her heart is as gay as its light.

Oh, her hair’s like a glossy
black banner that shines
as it flutters along in the breeze,

(And her lips are as free
as an eagle that dives
from the clouds to the foam of the seas).

Oh, my love is a dream
and a queen of queens,
with a beauty that strikes men dumb,

And what’s more, my love’s
an off-campus girl,
so I go around here like a bum.

—E. M.

"Why do they call a ship 'she' when there is
nothing else feminine about it?"
"Nothing else feminine? Didn’t you ever hear
of a ship’s tongue age?"

His father was only a bar-tender, but he was
an ale fellow, well met.

"Willie, give me a sentence with 'osculation.'"
"O-o-o-h-h-h."
**How to Become A Successful Professor**

In Eleven Easy Lessons

1. Get a job as a professor.
2. Wear spectacles.
3. Smoke a pipe.
4. Grow a moustache. If you can manage a full beard, so much the better.
5. Discourage good taste in haberdashery.
6. Cultivate an authoritative speaking voice and practice explanatory gestures before a mirror.
7. Learn by heart three jokes. Tell to classes every day.
8. Read one book covering the course you are teaching.
9. Develop a piercing stare with which to discourage pupils who ask embarrassing questions.
10. Write your own text book, disagreeing with all recognized authorities.
11. Die and leave the university a large sum of money.

---

**Why I Never Joined a Sorority**

1. I wanted to think for myself and not be led around by a bunch of sisters.
2. I never went in for women's organizations at home.
3. My fingers have grown so much I couldn't get my class ring off and people thought I was taken.
4. I didn't want a lot of fraternity boys looking in at me o' nights.
5. I didn't look the part of the usual sister.
6. I had never danced with a man in my life and I didn't want to begin now.
7. Too many men were in the habit of slapping me on the back and poking me in the stomach for the comfort of the sisters.
8. I hated dormitory and having to crawl over a lot of sisters to get to bed.
9. I don't look well in sleeveless, low-cut gowns.
10. I was born male anyway.

---

**Good Guess**

Gypsy: "I tell your fortune."
Mid: "How much?"
Gypsy: "Fifty cents."
Middy: "Correct."

---

Barb: "When it comes to petting parties, I draw the line."
Virginia: "What line?"
Barb: "The line of least resistance."

---

"But, Dotty, aren't you getting Jack and Bill confused?"
"Sure, I get Jack confused one night, and Bill the next."

---

"Hello, is this Mr. Goldfarb?"
"Yes."
"This is Mr. Schneck's office. Will you please hold the wire?" (Pause.)
"Hello, is this Mr. Goldfarb?"
"Yes."
"This is Mr. Schneck's private secretary. Hold the line a minute, please." (Pause.)
"Hello, is this Goldfarb?"
"Yes."
"Well this is Schneck. Gold farb, you stink!"

---

"Baa! Baa! Black sheep! Have you any wool?"
"Yes, sir! Yes, sir! Three bags full! — One for my master, one for my dame, And one for all the college students to pull over the eyes of 37,473,683 professors."
as we go along

We believe you'll enjoy them

Chesterfield they're MILDERT
they TASTE BETTER

© 1934, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Women's Fashions
(As men see them)

Bob Reynolds: favorite color is black, especially with the proper accessories; does not like brilliant nail polish; wind-blown coiffures; prefers sport clothes on a girl rather than formals.

C. Harry Bleich: favorite color is brown; likes dresses that cling to the body, with the minimum underneath to give a slick appearance; likes long bobs with small curls in the back; prefers formals; likes nail-polish when used correctly and with the proper clothes.

Byron Beare: favorite color is blue; likes short hair; does not like any kind of dark finger-nail polish; positively abhors dresses with ruffles or frills; prefers sport clothes to formal dresses.

Harvey Johnson: favorite color is blue; likes long dresses of the Sunday evening type; does not like nail-polish.

George Boepple: favorite color is blue; likes nail-polish with reserve; likes hats with veils; thinks only a few girls can wear the sailor-hats; likes formals because it shows more and one knows what one is getting.

Jack Weaver: favorite color is white; does not like brilliant nail-polish, either natural or rose; thinks the new chapeaux are very smart; thinks women should wear shoes that make their feet look small; likes sport clothes and thinks "whooppee" socks are great.

Barney Ofner: favorite color is brown; hates brilliant nail-polish; thinks very few women can wear the new hats; likes sport clothes to fit slickly if the figure permits; likes white shoes.

Phil Becker: doesn't like garments that are obstacles when dancing; does not like nail-polish; prefers short hair; takes a very striking woman to wear the new sailor-hats.

Soulard Johnson: favorite color is blue; likes natural nail-polish; crazy about rough tweed sport suits; thinks new model hats are very flattering; likes pomps and flop-tongue sport shoes; thinks you can usually tell what type a girl is by her shoes.

Harold Clover: favorite color is blue; dislikes nail-polish, tiaras, rhinestones, flat-heeled shoes, and sailor hats; likes formal dresses, dresses giving the wide shoulder effect; and can hardly wait for the new bathing-suits.

WE THANK THE STUDENT BODY and CONGRATULATE

Marvin Plake

Once again the Middle West has proven that sartorial perfection is not a matter of geography. (Eastern college papers please copy)

It was indeed inspiring to notice the support given the "Best Dressed Man" contest by the student body of Washington University. The interest in its inauguration presages this event as an annual affair to which we will be glad to continue our assistance and cooperation.

Stuart Johnson: any color is all right; does not like nail-polish; likes long hair; likes formals on girls; and prefers neatness in clothes rather than the clothes themselves.

Delos Reynolds: likes brown colors, short hair; does not like nail-polish; likes suits; white formals; low-heeled shoes for school-wear.

Walter Lorch: likes blue, prefers long hair with short waves and curls; likes natural nail-polish; likes sport clothes; likes the new Breton sailor more than the off-the-face models.

Art Dunn: favorite color is brown; likes short hair; likes medium shades of nail-polish; prefers sport clothes; likes the large hats; dislikes long dresses in the daytime, and thinks neglected finger-nails badly mar a girl's appearance.

It was on a lonely dark road that Mr. John Philpots came upon his daughter sitting beside the road. She was weary and haggard, and her clothes were torn.

"Daughter," he cried, "did a motorist knock you down?"

"No, father, he picked me up."

—Punch Bowl.
 AGAIN IN DEMAND . . . THE WORLD OVER

In the last eight months, more and more requests for BUDWEISER have been received from every civilized country in the world. . . . In the fourteen years that American beers were off the market, these foreign countries still had their own good beer. Yet, after fourteen years, they again single out BUDWEISER among American brews, because it has an unforgettable personality — identified with the fine art of living the world over. . . . The biggest-selling bottled beer in history and the demand for BUDWEISER quality built the world’s largest brewery. . . . Order by the case for your home.

For those who make living a fine art...

Budweiser
KING OF BOTTLED BEER

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • • SAINT LOUIS
Typical College Student
Here today—here tomorrow.

William: “How did you break your leg?”
Bill: “I threw a cigarette in a man hole and stepped
on it.”

“Dear, am I the first man you ever loved?”
“Yes, Reginald. All the others were fraternity boys.”

When It Rains
First Salesman: “You’re a salesman, too? What do you
sell?”
Second Salesman: “Salt.”
First Salesman: “I’m a salt seller, too.”
Second Salesman: “Shake.”

“Who’s the beautiful blonde?”
“That’s Mrs. Wright.”
“Boy—I’d rather be Wright than president!”

Spectator: “What’s the line waiting for?”
Bystander: “Oh, just to see what the line’s waiting for.”

Hireling: “I want more money. My wife’s going to have
a baby.”
Boss: “Well, don’t you carry accident insurance?”

She: “How do you get along with those R.O.T.C. boys?”
Her: “They’re nice, but my relations with them are just
platoonic.”

Joe: “What would you do if that good-looking salesman
waited on you while you were buying underwear?”
Co-ed: “I think I would have a fit.”

“Come on, grandpa, please tell me a bedtime story be-
fore I kick your damn shins.”

Prof.: “You missed my class this morning, didn’t you?”
Headstrong: “No, not at all, Professor.”

The world is made up of 1/4 land and 3/4 H2O. We ought
to be darn glad, what with the chances 3 to 1 against us,
that we weren’t born fishes.

Round Robin
First Frosh: “I heard you didn’t have a
good time with your blind date last night.
Was she too thin?”
Second Nut: “Naw, just the opposite. I
couldn’t entertain her from one side, so I
went to the other, and there was a senior
having as good a time as I was.”

Free Gutter
Sandy was passing Gammons with the
lady fair when the sweet thing looked in the
window with a hungry look and said, “Oh,
Sandy, that chicken in the window makes
my mouth water!” “Well, why don’t you
spit?” said Sandy, and dragged her on down
the street.

True Love
The davenport held the twain,
Fair damsel and her ardent swain,
He and she;
But then, a step upon the stair!
And father finds them sitting there.
He......and..........She.
Dedicated

to the Military Boys

and

Their First Dance
Washington University

JEST IN PEACE

Bearess of The Pall

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Managing Editor ..........EDWARD MEAD
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Elizabeth Hixon

BUSINESS MOURNERS
Walter Lorch
Robert Hillman

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Chief Mourner's Tears

Are You A Queen?

Or even a maid of honor? Totaling the number of girls registered in the College, School of Architecture, Business, Law School, Art School, and University College, there are 929 regularly enrolled co-eds on the main campus. It is from these 929 girls that the queen candidates for the Dirge Popularity Contest, the Junior Prom, the Engineer’s Masque, the Art School Prom, and the Military Ball are selected. Five girls nominated for each make a total of 25.

In other words, any girl coming out to Washington University has 1 chance in 37.16 of becoming a maid of honor at one of the school functions. One girl in every 185.8 will become a queen. The odds that the co-ed sitting two seats away in History I, therefore, of becoming a maid of honor are good enough to bet on. Especially when compared with the winter book prices on the Kentucky Derby.

* * *

Sorority statistics on the queens and maids, eliminating the Art School, show that two of the three queens selected so far have been Gamma Phis while the other is a Pi Phi. Totals show Pi Phi leading with five girls; Kappa Kappa Gamma second with four; Gamma Phi Beta and Kappa Alpha Theta with three girls; Delta Gamma and Alpha Chi Omega with two; and Phi Mu with one. Jo Ireland, maid in the Popularity Contest and also at the Engineer’s Masque, was the only one to repeat.

Lawyers

In the classrooms of January Hall are a breed of students setting ballot boxes, highly prophetic as regards their future political careers. Otto (O-t-t-o) Roeslein, chief spirit, was the leading candidate for Student Council President and Most Popular Freshman Girl. His candidates Plake and Curtis ran away with the Best-Dressed Man contest and his dog-show was the best quadrangle exhibit since the Cane-raising ceremonies of two years ago. Next issue we will try to present an interview with this up-and-coming senior lawyer.

“I don’t like to say anything, Professor Schmaltz, but are you sure this is the right costume?”

(Continued on next page)
The Campus Newspaper

The slightly pompous Student Life complimented us last month on running a Junior Prom number of Dirge. It was rather delicately put out that we got this highly original idea from Student Life suggestions. Unfortunately, Junior Prom issues of college comics are close in this issue, we end a series of these things that have been perhaps too numerous. We have, with the aid of the students, selected the "Most Perfect Co-ed," the "Best Man", divided into nine phases, the "Most Popular Freshman Girl", and the "Best-Dressed Man." They were a lot of fun but enough is enough. We're stuffed to the ears.

College-bred

We read in the papers that some stalwart chap with a college degree was found in the gutter not long ago in the same condition as the well-known sieve. We presume, from the fuss made, that this gangster was the first ever to graduate from a university. And, we query, what of it? Although he was one of the best men in his respective field, he was certainly not the first college man ever to be discovered in the gutter.

Bag of Tricks Department

Neatest trick of the past month was pulled at the Masque. Two stags, one dressed in a reversed collar and dark clothes, the other dressed as a nun, got in for one admission. Whereat the nun's outfit was taken off, rolled up into an overcoat and taken out again. Three nuns came in this way, and the kindly door-man must have thought the dance-floor was beginning to look like a convent.

"Shoot The Works"

January Courtroom, locale of this year's Quad show, is on the spot again. Every year when an auditorium is required for campus use, the Courtroom is selected. Its size is a terrific handicap to any dramatic achievements that Thyrus might attain, and is absolutely prohibitive to a good musical comedy which this year's play certainly is. We suppose all possible places for production were looked into, but January, on two successive nights, can hold at most six hundred people. At 50 cents a head, how can the organization ever make any money for a bigger budget? We don't want this to get out, but our third million we make we're going to turn over to the school and let them build an auditorium. Though we suspect most of you will be graduated by then.
Dear Clover,

Well, my first item this month is one of the best scoops I've ever gotten for dear old Dirge. It concerns a rather prominent non-sorority woman who wrote a letter to a girl-friend of hers and tells in detail—

The Conquests of Little Nell

"... I guess you know I entered dear old Washington... The first person I bumped into was T—-K——. He is a nobody, not even a good football player... when I see him coming with that babyish hair-cut, I start running the other way...."

"... little Nell has been doing right well for herself. C— D——, big football hero, and I were pals in high school. He was a life-saver until I got acquainted with school. I first started dating the D—— M—— of the Band, but after a month or so he confessed his love for me and wanted to go steady... He really is stunning in his uniform and all, but I cooled him off a bit. He's still hanging around, but nothing too serious. Then I met the football team through J— H——, a cheer-leader, perfectly darling, low as hell... if you've ever read the papers you've heard of H-, B-, L-, N-, and H-. H- is a cut date. He is fast but very clever about it... But too many dates with him in succession would be fatal for anyone. He was taken down plenty when he couldn't get anywhere with me. Oh, these college boys are awful, and poor little me. H—— and I are still on love-terms, though. Then I traveled a bit in various fraternities, H——, H——, G——, (Frat.); and others in (Frat.), but the one I could really go for if he'd behave is J—— V——, officer in (Frat.). He is a dream. He is tall, dark, and handsome, very quiet and reserved, refined, a deep soothing voice, but lower than hell... he sits and pouts the rest of the evening... We go along swell, and then he has to get fresh. He can't help it, just has no control... I have one of his hankies and a lock of his hair... I also have R— A——'s frat pin. R— is a senior in the engineer's school..."

He is the soft blonde type, has a tiny mustache and really gets them. He is very decent, never tries anything. You know the type. A captain in the R.O.T.C. and a knockout in a uniform. I have C—— S——'s school pin. He is the rugged blond type...

"I didn't have any particular fancy about anyone until Saturday. Ah! but it's different now. R——, big, tall, strong, football, basketball, and track star. Belongs to —— fraternity... Saturday he saw me standing in the Library Arch and asked V—— M—— to introduce us. M—— (the rat!) said "nix, she's mine." Then he asked H—— and H—— told him to go to hell and steer clear of his woman. Well in the end, R—— got an introduction... he turned out to be a perfect gentleman, didn't try a thing and has he fallen hard? Boy! He is the real bashful type. I know I look funny with a bashful fellow, but I like them for a change. He told me he loved me and asked me if I would wear his frat. pin.... He calls me "sugar" and of course when he said that, I came back with the usual I need someone big and strong like you to protect me." I said it to be funny and thought he'd laugh but he took me seriously. I didn't realize how far I had really carried it until he offered me his frat. pin.... On Saturday he called me up, I just had to call you to be reassured. It all seems too good to be true'. What could I say? I couldn't bluntly say over the phone that 'I was only fooling.'... He's really preparing for a siege of heavy courting... I smell trouble-brewing. Why must I always be so impish about stringing fellows along? But he is sweet and tender. He only kisses me, but ah, so tenderly."

That's all of that, Clover, but I have the original, and will let it be read for ten cents a peek.

Our old artist friend, Bill Vaughan, was looking very soulfully at Kitty Ann Davis, Kappa freshman,

(Continued on Page 16)
My College Romance

"I thought I could play at love... But Amelia mean boss...

...The true story of a young man whisked out of the gutter by love, ... and whooshed back in again by a father that did not understand....

HAVE you ever been in love so much that it hurts? Well, I have. At first I thought I was different and I couldn't never fall in love. But then I went to college.

College was an amazing, educative-looking place with big windows. I liked it. Or at least I thought I did. But then I met Amelia Capricorn...

She came undulating along the path with her radiant young beauty showing all over. My heart jumped out of my mouth with a thrill that loosened all my fillings. "God," I thought, "she's beautiful." And she was...

It was spring, and everything, but I didn't see these things then. Suddenly, my foot slipped. I mean I stepped on a rock or something and fell down right at this dream girl's feet. My face lit in a puddle of water. It was muddy water, but what's muddy water? I felt at home... as if I'd found myself. A great content filled my soul... I was at her feet!

I rolled over and looked up through the bubbling, gray water. Her face swam before my eyes... "Glob! How I lub you," I bubbled, reaching up my arms.

She held me close to her warm young breast for a moment... her red-petaled lips were like rose petals... very red.

"Darling," she said passionately, "Are you drowned... or anything?"

"No," I said, "Let's go on a picnic... or something." And so we did. Ah! the excruciative pain of love on a picnic on a spring day. She was gorgeous. I was mad with love for her. Ten times a day I threw myself at her feet and begged her to do with me what she would... kick my teeth down my throat... anything...

We sat under a bush and ate something. Food, I suppose it was. I didn't care. A snake in the grass...
Her father met us at the door with his gloves on. "I'm going to shoot you," he said. Photos by John Black.

Her father met us at the door with his gloves on. "I'm going to shoot you," he said. Photos by John Black.

was gazing at me, rank adoration adorning her physiognomy... She dropped her eyes in her lap, and a blush crept up from somewhere below her face and suffused it.

"Darling," I said, clutching my necktie. "I love you madly!"

Like a lodestone to a magnet we zlooped our lips together... Her firm, soft lips were all over my mouth and lips, too... It was passion... that's what it was... passion... God!

Night fell... The stars came out. But there was nothing we could do about it... It was love.

"Can't I go home... now?" I murmured.

"Stay awhile longer, darlin-est," Amelia said. So I did...

Her father met us at the door with his gloves on.

"I'm going to shoot you," he said.

Amelia screamed. I tripped over my ukelele and half brained myself falling backwards downstairs... God, how it hurt.

Before I lost consciousness I heard Amelia screaming some more... so, I thought to myself, this is the way it feels to be shot... I wondered if I was really going to die... I really hoped I wasn't because, oh, how I wanted to live... and even more than ever... now.

When I regained consciousness it was raining. I was lying in the gutter again. The water was running over my whole body. It soothed me and I lay there a long time thinking... thinking... I wondered if I was going mad with the tragedy of it all.

I got up dripping like an extra-special hamburger sandwich. In my vest pocket I found a pair of last month's dirty socks and a damp crumpled letter. It was from Amelia... Fear cut my throat and the blood poured over my conscience and chilled me to (Continued on Page 19)
WASHINGTON'S
FIRST
MILITARY BALL

The R.O.T.C. unit, headed by Scabbard and Blade, will inaugurate
the first Military Ball on the campus on April 20, an affair which rates
socially with the Junior Prom on other campuses.

The military boys here, too long hiding their light under a bushel,
have finally determined to blossom forth and make themselves a force to
be reckoned with. They have had a long and honorable career dating
from September, 1891. Their progress may be best shown by an editorial
quoted from Student Life of June, 1898, anent the Spanish-American War:

"Of all the departments of the U., the Smith Academy has made much
the best showing in response to the 1st call of the Pres. for volunteers. 28
members of the Light Battery A., Mo. Volunteers, are alumni of the acad¬
emy...Several meetings have been held and quite a few have signed the
roll. Don’t hesitate, but step up and enlist. Now is your chance. War is
a great thing to strengthen character in young men. Almost all the great
men in this country for the last 30 years were in one of the armies during
the Civil War. Every president of the U. S. since 1861 except Cleveland
was in the Federal Army."

The purpose of military training is not only to provide the students
with a knowledge of guns and the Manual of Arms but to instill a measure
of army discipline in all military students and thus to provide trained men
to meet any contingency that might threaten our country in the future. The
unit at Washington has received a ranking of Excellent, the highest pos¬
sible award, for the last three years.

The dance itself will be held at Norwood Country Club. A feature of
the dance will be the selection of an Honorary Colonel, customary at Mili¬
tary Balls. Herb Mahler’s band, well-known in St. Louis, will play. Miss
Jimye Thorpe, specialty singer and Washington student, will furnish the
vocal entertainment.
THE FIVE CANDIDATES
for
WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY’S
FIRST HONORARY COLONEL
AND HER FOUR MAIDS

HELEN USTICK
Kappa Kappa Gamma, sophomore, 21 years old, 5'-5". Has felt the consuming passion but not at present. Likes motor-boating, football, dancing, and all men. (Ed. note: this last covers a hell of a lot of territory.) Spends her summers on Gull Island in Lake Michigan. Interested in art and, we whisper it, has been known to use coca-cola for set-ups.

HELEN KONESKO
Phi Beta Phi, sophomore, 5'-3" and 100 pounds. The “one” guy has not yet shown up; likes dancing, chiefly waltzes, major league baseball, tennis, and contract bridge. What a girl!—has made all A’s since she’s been in school. Activities include Thyrsus, League of Women Voters, Latin Play, Alpha Lambda Delta, Frosh Commission, studying. Likes the military uniforms.

JANE SCHWARTZ
Kappa Alpha Theta, freshman, 19 years old, 5'-6" and 117 pounds. Rather swim than anything else; then horse-back riding; prefers slow dancers; was non-committal about love. When in doubt says “Nuts.” Thinks Washington is very fine and likes the idea of having an R.O.T.C.

GLADYS KLETZKER
Gamma Phi Beta, freshman, 18 years old, one of the smallest girls in school—4'-10" and 90 pounds. Has never been in love, likes her men to be medium height and dark; favorite sport is horse-back riding with swimming next. Goes for dancing and contract bridge. Is a first semester girl, and likes the campus “a lot.” Is in the Quad Club chorus.

VIRGINIA WEINEL
Phi Mu, freshman, 18 years old, 5'-2" and 124 pounds. Swimming is her strong point and won the last meet for the Frosh women all by herself. Demands personality in men, has gone steady, but with ten different fellows; her father was a Theta Xi; bridge puts her to sleep. Quote: “Washington is wonderful.”
at the Sigma Nu dance and has been keeping these glances up for some time . . . . Price (Big Words) Reed, trying to impress one of the more blonde librarians the other day, asked her for an "anthropology of verse." . . . .

A rumor dished around the campus by Mary Lee Harney concerning Frances Peil is an out-and-out falsehood and has caused no end of trouble amongst the Pi Phis . . . . the source’s own doorstep should be kept clean . . . . Marlee Rossiter has had backing by Jack Brashear . . . . Stu Johnson is presumably ace-high with the fair Opal and it’s O. K. by me . . . .

Jack Conzelman is doing a little pitching with Genie Sikorski . . . . Jo Ireland is probably getting free seats at the Ambassador every week with the nefarious assistance of Bryant Rich . . . . George Mueller is trying to mess around a bit during Quad Club rehearsals and I suggest that Mr. Buettner drop in occasionally . . . . and he might look over Des Fitzgerald while he’s about it . . . .

Mary Wilson has a great many irons in the fire, with J. Carnahan and Billy (Cow-eyes) Dee doing much of the heating . . . . Jack Losse is still going with Grace Powe . . . .

Did you know that Myra Kerwin, Jo Ireland, Micky Hyman, and Betty Trembley broke dates with Sigma Nu’s to go to the Phi Delt dance on the same night . . . . most of them regretted it . . . . anyway the young ladies have been definitely put down on the Sig Nu black-list . . . . I understand that, next to “Charlie” at Mizzou, Elinor Ermes thinks Jimmy Vasey is the most wunnerful man she knows . . . . the said Charlie, however, gets two or three missives a week signed Elinor . . . . Elinor also turned down a Pi K. A. pin on the night of the Masque that had Fred Doepke’s initials on it . . . . John Kane rises on his hind legs to say without question that his own manly chest still flaunts the badge of Sigma Chi . . . .

Joan (still toddles) Staley was seen where she shouldn’t have been in a fraternity house the other day but was very, very well chaperoned, so it’s all right . . . . Mary Frances Ray, to bring in a well-known former campus light, is still pining for a long lost love . . . . Adolph Conrad took his English XVI role with wonderful acumen . . . . Prof. Klamon announces that the reports for his commerce school classes should be like the well-known quip on girls’ dresses being long enough, etc.

Chris Kenney and Motormeter Mary Lee are a great pair of slobberers, if you get what I mean . . . . Billy Christie has decided he likes girls after all . . . . at least he de-pledged Beta . . . . a bunch of the Sig X’s went out to Lindenwood and stepped all over the girls’ feet as well as being stepped on . . . . old friend Alcohol was just a trifle too friendly . . . . and speaking of Sig Chi’s they’ve given all the dogs around Fraternity Row a break by erecting a bunch of trees in front of their hostelry . . . . one of the better imitations of Mae West is the act produced by Juanita Meckfessel, especially before a red-haired lad . . . . of course, the Dunn boy is no longer around the Meckfessel front door . . . . Annie Comfort contributed a follow-up of the Miami Triad at the Phi Delta Theta swing-me-around . . . . and with the sad statement that Jimmy Durham, three-year Pi Phi lover, has switched to Mae Cella of the Gamma Phi lodge, I close . . . .

Yours,

In meddlesome muck-raking,
O! Halter Hinchell.
DIRGE

is Happy to Nominate

for

OBLIVION

J. Soulard Johnson

because:

He is editor of Student Life.
He writes editorials that no one reads.
He has constantly given us bad write-ups, and even when they sound good, we're suspicious.
He regards being in O! Halter Hinchell as synonymous to being seen with your mother at the Garrick.
His hair is too wavy.
He once went to sleep in the main library when he should have been taking a final exam.
He wears plain collars with striped shirts.
His coat and trouser combinations are practically criminal.
He is much too cynical for callow collegiates.
He rushes around a great deal, but has little to do.
He hates people who burp.
He is editor of Student Life.
AND SO IT GOES

We went into a tavern the other day and ordered a half-stein and the waiter came back with some beer, but when we ordered a whole-stein he brought us some cow's milk.

TRAGIC CASE 1945—C: "I can handle my liquor all right, but after I drink two pints it's not mine any more."

Marvin Shearer, 70 years old, has completed, after 10 years of work, this timepiece which gives the hours in 27 cities; daily, at hour of Lincoln's funeral, it recites the Gettysburg address, plays "Lead, Kindly Light" at hour when President McKinley was buried, and "Gates Ajar" for President Garfield, by means of reedless pipe organ to which it is attached. Every hour the clock does something unusual.

Not a dull moment, eh?

Great Minds At Work

In our factories if a man is found drinking we even go so far as to discover where he gets his liquor.—Henry Ford.

The long skirt is a badge of slavery.—Bernarr Macfadden.

In the old days, a Napoleon had to be short. If he had been a little taller he would have been killed by the first of the bullets that went an inch above his head.—Arthur Brisbane.

Although I would not think of maintaining that the whale swallowed Jonah, I feel quite certain that some day he will.—Heywood Broun.

I am not authority on women. I gave them up years ago. But I haven't given up drinking.—H. L. Mencken.

Nobody wants to kiss when they are hungry.—Dorothy Dix.

I have never known a husband to wear longer than six months, but I have had men friends who have remained wonderful all my life.—Peggy Joyce.

It is of the utmost importance that every girl should be a good girl.—Rupert Hughes.

Richard Halliburton's "Royal Road to Romance" is the book I would most prefer to use for shaving papers.—Noel Coward.

The women I most envy are the weak ones that smell good.—Joan Lowell.

The foreman reported the jury was unable to agree upon a verdict. The judge said the case was a clear one and added, "If you do not reach an agreement before evening, I'll have twelve suppers sent in."

"May it please your Honor," spoke up the foreman, leering at one of the jurors. "Make it eleven suppers and a bale of hay."

—Texas Ranger.
My College Romance
(Continued from Page 13)
the marrow... I read the note...
"Dear Adolphus:
It was not to be. Your love was too noble and screwed itself all up. My father committed suicide last night by eating himself to death. All is lost, but I forgive you. I am going away. Don't try to see me.
Amelia."
The letter dropped from my nerveless fingers. It plopped foolishly into the gutter and wrapped itself plaintively around an empty sardine can... like my soul, I thought dumbly... So this was the end... I was homeless... friendless... eviscerate.
How I hate it all. Why don't I bash my head over my eyes with a mallet?... Any of you who read this story of my consuming college love, take heed. Believe me, a young fellow can't play like a girl can. A girl can get away with it, but a young fellow has to pay the consequences... like me, home alone with only my baby to comfort me...
—B.A.

With a wee bit of a smirk, we present the plea of the alcoholic sweetheart: "Lover, cognac to me."

"Yes, I'm a medic, Why?"
"Then keep your hand still. You ought to know how many ribs I have without counting them."

Athletic heroes are made, not bored.

Entirely too many of our "exotic beauties" are "ex."

Those who get married in June are all wed.

She: "Will you love me like a cave-man?"
He: "I'll give you the beast that's in me."

GOVERNMENT BUSINESS MONOPOLY
BEING SET UP IN VIRGIN ISLANDS
TO TRY OUT ROOSEVELT'S IDEAS
—Post-Dispatch, March 9

Down with government interference!

Miss Dorothy Merkel wins the carton of Life Savers for a joke submitted in the last issue.
Our Own Best-Dressed Man Candidates

Joe Doakes—Mr. Doakes is a sophomore in the Engineering school and has an easy and nonchalant manner of wearing his clothes which makes him the sine-cure of all eyes. He is particularly striking in a leather jacket and a pair of dirty corduroys. He thinks this costume is pretty darn collegiate and has never seen any reason to change it. There was some talk for awhile of getting the pants cleaned, but it never came to anything. This stoop usually completes his outfit with as snappy a pair of sickly white sport shoes as you may see in a long walk.

Hubert Mellish—This stooge wears Norfolk jackets, high-water pants, and suede shoes. Hitherto no criminal action has been taken against him.

Jason Grope—Here is a guy who professes to be the owner of sixteen different suits and to prove it he wears parts of all sixteen at the same time. This gives innocent bystanders the impression that our hero dressed in the dark. We think this is unjust. No one could mix his clothes so completely without doing it on purpose. Jason is thinking of going to Amherst next year, those eastern college boys appreciate knobby clothes.

Hiram Blong—Hiram’s favorite costume is a red sweater with an incredibly small “W” upon it. (Together with other garments as dictated by modesty, of course.) He won the letter in fencing two years ago. He has never appeared on the campus without it since. I have heard he wears it in bed. I think this is an exaggeration.

Frank Upthegrove—Frank Upthegrove wears a derby. Phooey on Frank Upthegrove.

IN MEMORIAM

Robert Burns—
And heaven smiles.
Poor guy! He fell
For woman’s wiles.

It’s low slung body and flashy lines caught my eye as I approached it. Boy! They sure built class into these new models. Smooth flowing colors and fiery knobs that looked like the instrument board of a transport plane. My hands fondled the controls and I looked about for admiring glances. Then I slipped into it and reveled in its comfortable seat swung so low in the frame. Suddenly I reached up and twisted one of the protruding dials. A slow warm feeling of mixed pride and comfort swept through me. God, but a bath tub felt good after a year in those showers.

Dream Girl

Hello, Dora? This is Gus. Yeh, I just got home from school. Say, how about a date tonight? What’s that? Oh, you’re going out with a fullback from Princeton? Well, I’m sorry—I’ll see you soon. So long, Dora.

Hello, Victory 830? Oh, how are you Mrs. Smith? Is June home? What? What? Oh, she’s out with a tackle from Princeton. I see. Well, just tell her Gus called.

Thanks, Mrs. Smith, good-bye.

Hello, Is this Alice? This is Gus. Yeh, Gus Flamp!—you know, from Notre Dame. Yeh, that’s it—Notre Dame. Oh, you’re going to a dance with that center from Princeton. Oh, sure, I guess they did have quite a team. Uh-huh, good-bye.

Pullman 2222? Mrs. Jones? This is Gus. Yes’m, I just got back today. Well, off-hand I couldn’t say just what happened to our team, Mrs. Jones. Yeh, it was too bad. Did you say Mary was home? She isn’t eh? Now don’t tell me—I know. She’s gone to a party with the Princeton coach! G’bye.

Hello, Grace? This is Gus. Yeh, I know I haven’t called you in three years, but listen, do you know any one at Princeton? You don’t? Darling, I’ll be right over!

D D D

A drunk stood in the lobby of a skyscraper and asked every one who entered the elevator where they were going. No one seemed to answer him. Finally a young man came along.

“Where ya goin’?” muttered the drunk.

“Up on the roof,” replied the stranger.

“Mind ‘f I come ‘long?”

“Not at all, not at all.”

They entered the elevator and a few moments later stepped out on the roof of the building, some hundred or more stories high.

“Where ya goin’ now?” piped the inebriate.

“I’m going to jump off the roof,” said the other.

“Mind ‘f I come ‘long?”

“Not at all, not at all.”

The stranger went to the edge, poised a moment then jumped. The drunk regarded the disappearing figure a few seconds, then jumped, too. Three-fourths of the way down the stranger suddenly opened a parachute and began a more leisurely descent.

At the sixtieth story the drunk came hurtling by at a terrific speed. Scornfully, he turned and blurted “Sissy!”

D D D

She was an attractive young widow. She entered the hotel lounge and seated herself next to a handsome and dashing young brute. She coughed lightly, but the stranger ignored her presence. When their eyes finally met, she shot at him a flirtatious glance that indicated plainly that she desired to make his acquaintance. With all of this the male seemed cool and gave no answering sign.

Finally a handkerchief dropped to the floor and she mured softly, “Oh, I’ve dropped my handkerchief.”

The man turned an eye to the woman and responded, “Madam, my weakness is beer.”

D D D

I sat by the duchess at tea;
It was just as I feared it would be;
The rumblings abdominal
Were simply phenomenal,
And, of course, they all thought it was me!

D D D

—Ohioan.

—Battalion.

—Yale Record.
MILITARY BALL

Presented by the
R. O. T. C.

of
Washington University

FRIDAY, APRIL 20
Nine Til One

Witness the Commissioning of
Washington’s First Honorary Colonel

Norwood Hills Country Club

Formal $1.50

MILITARY BALL

Bowlers!!

It’s Every Man For Himself in the Wash. U. Handicap Elimination Singles Tournament at Vescovo’s

A Handsome Gold Medal to the Winner

ENTER NOW « « « «

Entries taken at the Students Advertising Bureau, and at Vescovo’s Recreation Parlor.

ENTRIES CLOSE APRIL 18th

VESCOVO’S
6800 DELMAR BLVD.

Journey’s End
A Play in as many acts as you care to read.

ACT 1

SCENE 1

Dusk and dust are falling fast.
Shortest soldier—Blimey, men, ’ere comes the bloomin’ gas attack.
Very short soldier—Blimey, men, ’ere comes the bloomin’ gas.
Short soldier—Blimey, men, ’ere it comes.
Tall soldier—Blimey, men, ’ere it is.
Very tall soldier—Blimey, men.
Tallest soldier—Blimey.

ACT 7

SCENE 4

The gas attack arrives.
Tallest soldier—(Smiles).
Very tall soldier—(Smiling, he falls dead).
Tall soldier—(Smiling, he falls and dies).
Short soldier—(Smiling, he falls dead and dies soon).
Very short soldier—(Smiling, he falls dead and dies soon, too).
Shortest soldier—(Smiling, he falls dead and dies soon, too).

—Lehigh Burr.

He was rather shy, and after she had thrown her arms around him for bringing her a bouquet, he stood up and started to leave.

“I’m sorry if I’ve offended you,” she said.

“No offense,” he replied, “I’m going for more flowers.”

—Red Cat.
It's bad enough when they steal King Tut's mummy from his tomb, but when Eddie Cantor steals his jokes, that's too much. —Purple Parrot.

Julie sleeps without her nightie, Holy smoke, and Gawd Almighty! —M. I. T. Voo Doo.

"Step back in the car please, both ends of this car go to the same place." —Punch Bowl.

A Chinese cook was walking through the woods. He turned around to see a grizzly bear following him, smel¬ling of his tracks.
"Hm," said the Chinaman, "you like my tracks? Velly good, I make some more." —Orange Peel.

"Why use a high crib for your baby?"
"So we can hear him when he falls out." —Mercury

"How do you like my new evening dress?"
"I can't tell until you get up from the table." —Ski-U-Mah.

Hint to Sots: Left-handed beer mugs can be made into right-handed ones by walking around the counter. —Skipper.

Egotist
The boy friend who, when kissing his sweetheart, murmurs that he must be the second happiest person in the world. —Punch Bowl.

Preacher: "Verily, life is but a dream."
Choir (waking up): "Verily, verily, verily, verily, life is but a dream." —Penn. State Froth.

Guard: "Sir, the prisoners are rioting again."
Warden: "What's the matter now?"
Guard: "The chef used to cook for a fraternity." —Lyric.

Uptown Shoes
for the man about town

The splendid styling and fine fitting qualities of Uptown shoes appeal to well-dressed men, and for fine value at such modest prices they have no equal.

These famous shoes are made by the Roberts, Johnson & Rand Branch of the International Shoe Company, and are sold in good stores everywhere.

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Congratulations . . . .
MR. BEST DRESSED MAN
Our Young Men's Department
Features the smartest styles, priced within reach of the younger set.

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Hundreds of teachers, students and college graduates will earn two hundred dollars or more this summer. SO CAN YOU. Hundreds of others will secure a better position and a larger salary for next year. YOU CAN BE ONE OF THEM. Complete information and helpful suggestions will be mailed on receipt of a three cent stamp.

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Covers the ENTIRE United States

School Officials! You may wire us your vacancies at our expense, if speed is urgent. You will receive complete, free confidential reports by air mail within 36 hours.

A Questionnaire for Debutantes

Q. What is the correct way to enter a ballroom?
A. With eight men.
Q. Wearing what?
A. A silver lamé dress and an expression of supreme indifference.
Q. How should a débutante behave at a coming-out party?
A. As if she were afraid she might have a good time unless extremely careful.
Q. What is a wallflower?
A. A girl who dances six steps without being cut in on.
Q. How late should one be for the theatre?
A. An hour and ten minutes is considered de rigueur.
Q. De what?
A. Rigueur. That's French.
Q. I know it's French. If you don't like this country, why don't you go back where you came from?
A. One must speak French to be "in the swim."
Q. How many of New York's "Four Hundred" are really in the swim?
A. All eight thousand of them.
Q. Should all of them be invited to the coming-out party?
A. It doesn't matter. They'll be there.

—Exchange.

The only thing more dangerous than waiting is keeping a woman waiting is keeping a woman.

—Scranton Scratch.

The climax was nearing. I knew what was coming, but I did not have the power to stop him. I was putty in his hands. Should I accede to his desires... I listened to his passionate appeal and I felt weak... I was but a woman, alone and with no one to keep me company... What should I say... I tried to get a grip on myself... How could I say "no" to him... the poor, sweet boy. Suppose I did do as he wished... Who would know? Harry was away. Nevertheless, I felt weak...

"All right, boy," I almost whispered, "I'll subscribe for one year."

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

Forget It

He: "You're thinner."
She: "Yes, I've lost so much weight you can count my ribs."
He: "Gee, thanks!"

—Ohio Sun Dial.

Yeh, that's the idea! Patronize DIRGE advertisers.
Why all the black crepe on the door? Is your roommate dead?
That's no crepe; that's my room-mates towel.

Indefinitely Prolonged
She: "You certainly have love-making down to a science."
He: "Sure. I've learned the secret of perpetual emotion."

Preacher: "Young man, don't you know you will ruin your stomach by drinking?"
Inebriate: "Oh, that's all right; it won't show with my coat on."

Conductor: "I'll have to charge you full fare for your little brother—he's wearing long pants."
Young Brother: "Gosh, sis, you ride free!"

First Cow: "Where's the rest of the girls?"
Second Contented One: "They're over in the other lot in a bull session."

Where are you going with that feed bag?"
"I have a date with my girl, and she eats like a horse."

Guest: "What's that strange looking plant over there in the corner?"
Host: "We raised that from a canary seed. We always wondered what they were like."

"Heck! Can't have a date with my girl for two or three nights."
"What's the matter?"
"Aw, she just ran off and married me room mate."

I said "Go 'way, I hate you,
And don't come back no more,
'Cause when men get so fresh
I get plenty sore!"
And so he up and left me,—
No carin' how I'd feel.
Gosh! He thought I meant it.
The dirty, low-down heel!

A Toast
Here's to you—
May God bless and keep you.
I wish I could afford to.

On A Proverb
An enemy I know to all
Is wicked, wicked alcohol;
The Bible, though, commandeth me
To learn to love mine enemy.

I've never kissed
A girl that lisped.
I've kissed the red heads,
Blonds, brunettes.
Which caused regrets.
Once, in the dark, I made a bad slip—
I kissed a girl who had a hairlip.
I've even been so very rash
As to kiss a girl with a mustache.
I've even made passes
At girls who wear glasses;
But never kissed
A girl that lisped.
I never met
A girl that lisped.

"And this, gentlemen, illustrates the remarkable progress of evolution."

"And this, gentlemen, illustrates the remarkable progress of evolution."
The University's Best-Dressed Man

F. Marvin Plake, Junior lawyer, was awarded this title in the final selections judged by Mr. Usselman, of Kohler & Romer, Mr. Sigillito, of The Sigillito Tailoring Co., and Mr. Wm. Losse, Jr., vice-president of the Losse Tailoring Co. The latter two men have both been presidents of the Merchant Tailors Association.

Plake, a neat and conservative dresser, was given the decision over Arthur Dunn, Jr. and Walter Lorch. The winner was a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon at Kansas University and has also attended Missouri University. His wardrobe consists of five suits, several summer suits, and full-dress for formal wear.

He will receive a custom-tailored suit from the Losse Tailoring Co.; a hat from Guerdan's; a box of shirts from Cluett-Peabody; and a pair of City Club shoes from Peters.

Plake wears stiff collars for dress and favors the ascot type muffler. He said that the “yoke pleated-back has taken the place of the bi-swing in men’s suits in smart collegiate wear, with the Norfolk leading for country and extreme sport wear.” He suggests that light sport coats go extremely well with dark slacks.
On the Center Leaves—these are the Mildest Leaves

THE HEIGHT OF GOOD TASTE

NOT the top leaves—they're under-developed—
they are harsh!

Only the Center Leaves—these are the Mildest Leaves —

NOT the bottom leaves—they're inferior in
quality—coarse and always sandy!