The Dirge

Washington University Dirge: Old Time Number

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

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Old Time Number

“Sir Walter Raleigh forgets his coat”
When you’re in a Hot Spot
—light a cool OLD GOLD

Finer tobacco, that’s the answer.
Queen-leaf tobacco from the heart of the stalk. The choicest and coolest burning of all Turkish and domestic.

Get this, folks:
OLD GOLDS are FULL-WEIGHT
not a cough in a carload

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.
PEP-BEARS
or
The plaint of a pensive maid

I want to be a Pepper,
And with the Peppers stand,
With a hot tamale on my back,
And a mitten on my hand.

Oh, I want to be a Pepper,
I think it's simply grand.
I love to help the cheers along,
And sing out with the Band.

I love the little caps they wear,
And coats of scarlet red,
Though their skirts are green, it would be keen,
To be a Bear instead! H. R.

BAD ROOTS
By Joy Killer

I think that I shall always be
A failure in society;
A dub who looks down in despair
At the hopeless row of silverware
And awkwardly attempts to choose
The proper implement to use;
Upon whose shirt-front there has lain
An unsuspected gravy stain;
Who at the table hums a song
No matter what he does, it's wrong.
God's to blame for fools like me,
But not for High society! N. G.

THE CO-ED'S WAIL

Some girls like the Cooper breed.
Gable is the red-head's creed.
Novarro, too does what he can—
But oh—I want a college man.
Barrymore is quite a guy.
Dames for Menjou always sigh.
Baxter has a handsome pan—
But gee—I want a college man.
Farrell gives a lot of thrills.
"Frankenstein" still gives you chills.
Nagel, is an "also ran"—
But gosh—I want a college man.
Berry makes your blood run cold.
Girls on Linden sure are sold,
And Richard Dix still gets a hand—
But oh—I want a college man. A. M.

Sign on trunk in luggage store window: "This size for $50."
Tom Chamberlain, passing by, "So do I."

The above is a typical example of the CHEAP WIT we have been ladling out in great gobs to the persons who have been reading their neighbor's DIRGE this Fall.

Below we print a typical example of the kind of thing you may expect in our next number, out February, after exams:

She sat next to him in class and sighed as she remembered that she was only a co-ed. All the while that the professor droned, she stared into space and wondered what to do. He WAS nice. He WAS polite. But one would scarcely call him enthusiastic.

And then one day she turned and saw that HE was SMILING at her! She smiled back at him! No—he didn't turn away, he didn't disappear—he looked at her more intently than before!

"Smile like that again," he said.
She blushed and dimpled. And he laughed and laughed.
"Just as I thought," he said, "You look like a chipmunk."
—Penn State Froth.

why? our
Exchange Number
"After Every Final!"
"I didn't know you had blue eyes."
I FORGOT my galoshes, but I'm going along in the rain... having a good time... smoking my Chesterfields.

Just downright good cigarettes. They're milder and they taste better.

Just having a good time. They Satisfy.

© 1932, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
The Well-Dressed Man

The wind blows—sharp crystals of snow sting co-eds chiffon-clad legs—and the well-dressed man is not seen lounging on the campus.

So we retire indoors and take time out to suggest to you men that you be more careful in the way your clothes harmonize. Follow the dictates of Beau Brummell, immortal dandy of the 19th Century, who originated the idea of a "system" of dress for men, for he set a precedent that has been followed faithfully by the man who is careful of his appearance.

Care should be taken that the socks harmonize, matching the shoes that you wear. A striped tie should not be worn with a striped pattern shirt—rather wear a solid color, or one made up of small designs.

And did you note at the St. Louis—Washington Thanksgiving Game the predominance of light gray hats—with here and there a striking green?

With the return of the season, the tuxedo must be talked about. Yes, the tuxedo has not reached the point where it can lord it over the full dress suit, being accepted on most occasions which formerly demanded the wearing of a swallowtail.

The tuxedo is worn with either a white or a plain black waistcoat. A black tie is worn, with, of course, black shoes and socks. Important to notice is that fact that gloves should be gray in color.

Following Instructions

Traffic Cop: "You'll have to report at the police station madam. You were driving 50 miles an hour in town."
Fair Motorist: "But the man we bought the car from said we could go as fast as we wanted to after the first thousand miles and you see the speedometer shows 1,200."

Even Santa Claus

Mother: "Who ever taught you to use that dreadful word?"
Tommy: "Santa Claus, mamma."
Mother: "Santa Claus?"
Tommy: "Yes, mamma, when he fell over a chair in my bedroom on Christmas eve."

PI: "Florence has the biggest Hispano-Suiza I have ever seen."
Phi: "Yes, I know, and she will wear those tight dresses."

This Year Dad is probably in a very practical frame of mind concerning Christmas gifts. Good! That's your cue to suggest a suit of clothes. And after you get your opening, follow through to get the best clothes this old world affords. You don't need to say much about the individual swanky style that comes with custom tailoring but enlarge on the extra wear and smaller pressing cost that come with fine woolens. And wind up by telling Dad you can get a custom tailored suit from the Losse College Section at just about the same price charged for an ordinary suit.
A custom tailored suit for young men fourteen to twenty years, $30 to $50.

Co-ed (at end of quarter): "Now that you have kissed me, Professor what do you think?"
Prof.: "You'll fail. I need you in my class next quarter."

An old man of 80 having taken to the altar a damsel of 17, the clergyman said to him: "The font is at the other end of the church."
"What do I want with the font," asked the old man.
"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said the clergyman. "I thought you had brought this child to be christened."

He Took No Risk

Casey, whose work lay close to his place, often sneaked home while the boss was away.
One day he returned all out of breath. Some of the boys asked why he had come back so soon.
"I looked thru the window and saw the boss hugging and kissing my wife," he said.
"And what did you do?"
"Nothing," replied Casey. "Do you think I wanted the boss to find out I was away from work and fire me?"

"If the hen laid an orange what would the little chick say?"
"Oh, look at the orange marmalade."
In days of old when Knights were bold
And Warriors held their sway;
When Women’s hair was natural gold
And Men gave them their way;
When Launcelot loved Guinevere
And Men had the grail urge—
Just step right up, of them you’ll hear,
In this Old Time Number Dirge.

“Ain’t ya gonna kiss me goodbye?”
Bearers of The Pall

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Dear Stokely

O! Halt has received news of the Episode Entertaining, the Incident Incredible, the Occurrence Odious, of the week! It's entitled, "Why Did O. B. Quinn (the Third) Spend the Night over at Jane Davis' House?" and the details unravel themselves in the following manner:

The boys up to the Sigma (Rah! Rah!) Chi House were rather weary of Obie's parlor-dating on Hon-neh Davis, so they packed a grip of Obie's, inserting therein (1) the Third's other suit (2) fresh shirts, socks, ties, handkerchiefs, (3) sundry bottles, both empty and full, (4) several uplifting books, and (5) a cheese sandwich and a piece of cake. When Obie whistled out of the house for his usual Sunday sundown settee session, the grip was entrusted to a Yellow Cab driver, who in turn delivered the package at the Davis' mansion, along with a note explaining to Jane in great detail the reason for the present. Imagine Obie's confusion! And Jane's—should she invite him in? . . . But the sequel is more interesting than the story itself, for Mr. and Mrs. Davis, entering into the spirit of the thing, promptly invited Obie to stay all night. Upon Obie's acceptance, he was led to the guest room, where he proceeded to make himself right at home. And Mrs. Davis woke him the next morning at 7:30 in time for his 8:30 . . . .

Well, well, let me catch my breath, then I'll tell another one of these Narratives Neurotic . . . . It was Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving, and Betty (Spots) Mara was trickling over to Spanish class, replete with that nice lighter-than-air feeling that comes from having one's homework well prepared. She arrived in class just in time to hear the instructor's opening remark: "I'm sorry to see so many absent today; you know we're giving double cuts, since it's the day before a holiday" . . . . Betty stopped, electrified. Double cuts! Something she'd never heard of before, but it sounded swell! "Well," thought the Mara, "If they are going to allow us two cuts today, I'd better start taking mine!" And with this she turned about, minced past the open-mouthed instructor, and left the room, feeling very happy and thinking how nice those chancellors and things were for giving all the students two cuts before a holiday . . . .!

One more Report Revolting, Stokely, this one about Dorothy Royal, the Palpitating Pi Phi. Dorothy entered the stands at one of the football games, and suddenly felt that numbing confusion that attacks all girls whose shoulder straps break at the same time; by which you are to gather that both of Dottie's straps had popped. There she was, with the eyes of 70,000 Washington supporters on her, and not a one did she have! . . . . Now, because I don't know what girls do in such circumstances, I want to ask Dorothy just what she did when she felt that slip cascading to the ground . . . . did she walk to her seat with both hands on her hips, as . . . .

Halter Hinchell in a characteristic pose. He is preparing to throw the rat through the window of the Pi Phi room, and take notes on what happens.

Another disguise of O. Halter Hinchell. To show his innate gentility, he has just broken an egg with the heavy hammer.
or did she merely take a few reefs in the belt on her dress? .... What's that, Dorothy? .... Oooo-ooollll!

Jack Pickerel, much in his cups, spent the whole night of the Mizzou game phoning the Tri Delt House at fifteen-minute intervals trying to get a date with—with—aw, you know! .... I learn that Lew Sigler, Napoleon of the middle law class, maneuvered his program at the last K. A. Dance so that he'd have two extra dances with his date—Emily Field. I'm wondering what happened to Fred (Mr. Hyde) Glarner, who was Up in there last year ....

A real case of love at first sight, Stoke, is this Ronnie Shinn—Joe Ledbetter tangle. Ronnie (the coed Bleich) still flies around with other boys, but she and Joe are pigeon-holed .... A great cry was heard throughout the land when Helen (van Twitter-twaah) Van Matre received the news that Tommy (Young) Conway had asked Mary Jane (“I'm so near-sighted!”) Kerwin to the Kappa Alpha Dance .... "Bryant Rich has gone completely baffy over Dick's part, the affair seems to stagger along, anyway .... another case worthy of mention with the Ronnie (I'll-Kick-You-In-The) Shinn—Joe Ledbetter class is the maudlin manner in which Tom (Tempermental) Chamberlain and Ellen (Come-Back) Fischer leer at each other .... We also hear reports that Jane Russell unfastened herself at last from Warren Brown .... The two Ann Quermmann lovers seem to have a different kind of devotion for when Annie is out with Jack Straub, Phil Becker takes Betty Trembley to the Coronado, but while Annie is dancing at the M.A.A. with Phil, Jack takes his sister to the basket-ball game .... Karl Gustafson must be just cu-razy about the name Erwin. After trying to sell his charms to Sara Ervin for a prolonged siege, he has turned to Melba Erwin, the blond beauty from Kirkwood .... "Ginny" Capps has given up angling for Saussele and now looks at both Art Schneithorst and Bob Mooney, in that certain way .... Homer Wright has become Peggy Tenney's shadow. Reminds us of the Mickey Rogers—Dave Bruner case .... Margaret Gordon found a nice substitute for Dale Johnson

Ross (Spike) England? Place your bets now, gents, the wheel is in motion! .... Bill Strand is still corresponding with Francis Tyree (Gamma Phi) of Trenton, Tennessee, despite the fact that his pin is on Betty (Left Tackle) Minton .... Lola Bauman, Trainer in Wiggles, having returned to our fair campus, will Bill Bolz follow her? .... Wasn't I right when I said that Desmond Fitzgerald (Yes, it's all one name) was seeing too much of Ruth Hicks? Now they have went and doused a perfectly good romance—or rather, Ruth doused it .... although the Dick (Go Away, Girls) White—Jane Dunn romance is 90% a grumble on Dick's part, the affair seems to stagger along, anyway .... another case worthy of mention with the Ronnie (I'll-Kick-You-In-The) Shinn—Joe Ledbetter class is the maudlin manner in which Tom (Tempermental) Chamberlain and Ellen (Come-Back) Fischer leer at each other.... We also hear reports that Jane Russell unfastened herself at last from Warren Brown.... The two Ann Quermmann lovers seem to have a different kind of devotion for when Annie is out with Jack Straub, Phil Becker takes Betty Trembley to the Coronado, but while Annie is dancing at the M.A.A. with Phil, Jack takes his sister to the basket-ball game.... Karl Gustafson must be just cu-razy about the name Erwin. After trying to sell his charms to Sara Ervin for a prolonged siege, he has turned to Melba Erwin, the blond beauty from Kirkwood.... "Ginny" Capps has given up angling for Saussele and now looks at both Art Schneithorst and Bob Mooney, in that certain way.... Homer Wright has become Peggy Tenney's shadow. Reminds us of the Mickey Rogers—Dave Bruner case.... Margaret Gordon found a nice substitute for Dale Johnson

(Continued on page 10)
OVERCOAT OF ARMS

by Ed. Mead

I.
Sir Eustace foamed and bubbled;
Sir Eustace paced the hall;
His lordship gnashed bicuspids,
And it did no good at all.

III.
He'd giv'n his wife those mothballs—
Be cursed that slack female
For now his brazen breastplate
Looked like a coat of mail.

V.
They scattered like confetti
(As well-trained varlets do)
They rummaged through the dump heaps
And through the ash-pits, too.

VII.
Tomato cans and biscuit tins
They dragged 'em in galore—
There was enough old junk to arm
An army for a war.

IX.
For forty days (and forty nights)
They hung and hanged and hung—
By seven-ten (the fortieth day)
The hanging all was hung.

XI.
He looked just like a baggage room
Or like an antique shop—
With this and that on here and there
And an oil can on the top.

II.
Do you blame his grace for frothing?
Do you wonder he was mad?
The moths got in his armor
And ate up all he had.

IV.
He bellowed for his varlets.
He bellowed at 'em too.
"Go run get me some armor—
Now twenty-three, skiddoo!"

VI.
For forty days (and forty nights)
They scrambled here and there.
By seven-ten (the fortieth day)
The dump heaps all were bare.

VIII.
With pins and needles, nuts and bolts,
The boys went on a spree.
They hung that tin upon that knight
As on a Christmas tree.

X.
Belly plates and elbow pads
Shin guards, ear muffs and such.
They'd piled it on from top to toe—
No man e'er wore so much.

XII.
"You done noble, boys," he said,
"But we should have thought before,
How in the name of tin-smith's shears
You'll get me out the door!"
“Goldang them pesky mosquitoes!”

CAMPUS COMMENT

(Continued from page 8)

after his graduation in the affable Waldo Smith, Piker A. . . . S. Marie Vaugh and "Piddley Poo" Pennell were seen holding hands at the K. A. dance. With all the brains in that combination, they should be able to think of something more novel . . . . Peggy Ray has found herself a new b. f. in George Pemberton . . . . Jack Pickeral is delighted that Ruth Schmidt has promised him a stag bid to the Theta hop, but he stands some stiff competition from Price Reed and Charlie De Pew . . . . Jaunita McFessel and Johnny Rafters are seen dancing about town together frequently . . . . The Eleanor Shinn—Joe Ledbetter—Helen Ustick—Jimmy Simpson foursome makes its appearance often at the Jefferson and in the library arcade . . . . Up to this year Mr. Simpson has been as unmoved by girls' smiles as Mrs. Fletcher is by Jimmy Rohan's cajoling. Ask Jane Dunn . . . . We wish Tommy Rankin would show us his girl more often. We got one sweet fleeting glimpse of her at the Lock scavenger hunt . . . . Since the Burian—Boepple bust-up, Arline has had her evenings pleasantly taken up by Ed Alt, and Georgie Boepple finds admiration which adds another love-affair to the old D.G. romantic clan . . . . Kenny Gilbert, Phi Delt, and a Pi Phi sophomore had an enjoyable time last summer down at Ironton . . . . remember that dam, Kenny? . . . . Incidentally, talking about summers, Elizabeth Albers was forced to walk through the lobby of the Gatesworth Hotel last summer in her bathing-suit, when her clothes were left in a rumble-seat that couldn't be opened . . . . Mal Bartley who enjoyed a flip-out at the home of his date after the Phi Delt dance was put to bed by her family, and couldn't imagine where he was the next day when he woke up . . . . Grace Andrews, one of the cuter freshmen, has her geology reports written up by one Bob Wing, an instructor . . . . her own instructor knows this and gives the papers a "D" grade . . . . Bill Schuyler is losing his Harvard influence, and wears no garters . . . . Virginia Ebrecht, possessor

(Continued on page 22)
TOURNAMENT OF KING BAGDEMAGUS DRAWS BIG CROWD

Launcelot Licks Sixteen Knights At Once As Records Fall

Before a goodly number of kingly folk, including King Bagdemagus, King Arthur, and Queen Guinevere, and sundry wights and wenches, Sir Launcelot of the Lake single-handedly took all ye honors in yesterday's tournament.

Launcelot fought in turn three of the greatest professional jousts turned out by the King of North Wales. Sir Mordred was struck such a buffet in the joust with Launcelot that his neck was nigh broken; Sir Mador de la Porte then bare down upon him with a mighty spear but it was shattered beyond measure at this and smote Sir Galahantine a sad blow, ending the affair. Sir Andred, Gawaine, and Lamorak are bosom pals again and borrow each other's helmets ... Yelande the Maiden was hit in the nose by what knight the girls are much sought after by Round Table knights ... Sir Nabon's sword is in hock, and he's lighting a duel tomorrow ... Bleoberis and Lamorak are bosom pals again and to a strip poker game after dinner, and I lose my shield, buckler, and one spur, but Lady Howell loseth her garter. Launcelot wore the other one as a boon.

CAMELOT, ENGLAND

June 6, 542

ARTHUR WORRIED

When told today that Launcelot had worn one of Queen Guinevere's garters in the tournament of King Bagdemagus yesterday, King Arthur expressed himself as worried.

"What's bothering me," said Arthur, "is not that he wore it, but how he got it."

AT CAMELOT

with Walther Winchell

Sir Percival and Lady Vivien arelikethis ... Yelande the Maiden was hit in the nose by what knight the Grail Bowl. Once more, and the tournament ended, "it was a great scrap and I'm proud of my boys.能力

SIR PEPYS

Diary of an ancient Pepys: Up betimes and thinkest forsooth how lovely was that fair wench at Lady Belle's party maugre her buck teeth. Accosted by two charms who desireth two times for a cup of java, I give it them and they yept me "Good guy!". One word description of Sir Sagramore le Desirous—Insty. Dine at Ector's Cafe with Sir Gunther and Sir Gylmere and, of a suctery, their bread and wine is gobbled voraciously. Methinks King Arthur should feed his knights better. Gylmere gets into argument with the head-waiter and they have a fray. Waiter smites Gylmere on head but is knocked down by a terrific buffet so that his belt it bursts. Sir Blamor and Lady Elizabeth have a split-up and never so much before do I see them so much so that their faces are red.
Mosquito, flying into the room: “Well, at least I passed the screen test.”

---

John: “B-b-b-but Darling, I l-l-love you.”
Priscilla: “Oh, you remind me of the traveling salesman and the farmer’s stutter.”

---

First: “Where’d you get that bump on your head?”
Second: “From a night club.”
1st: “How come?”
2nd: “It was in a cop’s hand.”

---

SHIEK PREFERRED
They tell me that Sir Galahad was quite a heavy date.
They say he liked to drive around a flashy lookin’ crate.

I’ve heard that all those knights were hot,
That they were quite a handsome lot.
Now, I don’t doubt that this is so—
But every girl must surely know,
They wouldn’t fit into our schemes,
Although they look so good in dreams.
I like the drug-store cow-boys best,
They always seem to stand the test—
As well as did the knights of old,
And certainly, they are that bold!
I’d rather have a football man,
And ride around in his sedan,
Than rescued by some dashing knight,
In silvor armor flashing bright.
Knights might be O. K. for some,
But I think they are awful dumb.
At sight of one, I’d likely die—
I guess I’ll stick to a modern guy!

A. M.

Sick pledge: “’Bout it all right if I open thish window?”
Active: “No, leave it alone.”
S. P.: “O. K. I was jus’ thinkin’ how your carpet’s gonna look.”

---

Tough: “You’re a lowdown, dirty, spineless, flabby jellyfish, and you know what I’m gonna do to you?”
Tuff: “What?”
Tough: “I’m gonna break every bone in your body.”

---

SHORT SHORT VERSE
A glance.
A dance.
Enterance.
Advance.
Romance.
Finance.

Wahl: “You certainly have bright eyes.”
Payper: “Yes, I got some soap in them.”
Wahl: “Whatjamean?”
Payper: “So they’ll be smart.”

---

Henby: “Isn’t it romantic; here we are way out in the country?”
Corbett: “Yeh. What a good place it would be to throw away my old razor blades.”

---

It seems that down in Mizzou, while they were having that Shriner’s parade, one of them got out of step. Turning to his neighbor, he wittily prattled: “Pardon me, is my fez red.”

From such as this comes presidents, and it serves them jolly well right.

---

“Ah—my bitter half,” cried Lot as his wife turned into a pillar of salt.
Tabulation of Markings on Desk Tops in Duncker Hall

(Ed. note: These statistics are up to, and including November 30. The numbers indicate how many times the item was found. This is the first of a series of articles to show what college students scratch on desks.)

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<th>Miscellaneous—Continued</th>
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<td>Theta Xi</td>
<td>A, B, C, D, etc. to Z</td>
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<td>Sigma Phi Epsilon</td>
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<td>Kappa Kappa Gamma</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Buddy</td>
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<td>Gamma Phi Beta</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Klamon</td>
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<td>Alpha Chi Omega</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>* Wahoo</td>
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<td>Delta Delta Delta</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Oh Hell</td>
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<td>Alpha Xi Delta</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>D.F. (a heart) &amp; F.H.</td>
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<td>Pi Beta Phi</td>
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<td>Blow Me Down</td>
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<td>F.G.J.</td>
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<td>Do you love me?</td>
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<td>Nuts</td>
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1—Really Roy Quitzow & Dot Zimmerman.
2—Dave Warren & Rodie Graves.
3—Ernie Kreitschmar & Agnes Hart.
4—Phil Becker & Jack Straub are both in the Commerce School.
5—Cheap publicity.
6—Going to Smith.
7—Crude humor by commerce students.
8—Page Kirtley Black.
9—Evidences of a Sigma Nu in the Commerce School.

Sign on our local theater:

DOUBLE FEATURE PROGRAM
BLESSED EVENT
and
70,000 WITNESSES

Dean: "Mr. Johnson, if you are lax as a student, what do you expect to be when you graduate?"
Johnson: "An ex-lax student."

Five year old: "Mommy, can I have a twin?"
Surprised mother: "But why do you want a twin?"
F.Y.O.: "So I can see myself as others see me."
“Chalk up one for the pinks, Alf.”
—From Some Profs.

“Yes—we have seery yers. Our father seem to get a kick out of it!"
"Are you sure that the artist was a hermit?"
—Fitz Faulker.

—Yale Daily News
A Quirk of Fate
(An Old-Timer Auto-Biographs for Dirge)

WAS BORN in a game-keeper's hut in the South of England, the son of a game-keeper. As a typical sixteenth century youth, I indulged in all the outdoor sports of the day that were allowed to a boy of my station. I ran, leaped, rode plough-horseback, and with my snares and cords poached game from the reserve my father was guarding. I also grew up to be quite a hand with the long-bow, being full able to split a willow wand at ten paces with a cloth-yard shaft. I could also do it when I wasn't full, thus proving my skill.

I was oft wont to wrestle a fall with the honored son of his Excellent Excellency my master, and such was my agility and artifice afoot that I never came out worse than second-best in these encounters. At the conclusion of one of these fierce tussles, his E.E. offspring was so well pleased with my showing that he offered me as token of his esteem a ring which he had worn on his left little finger. Of course would have none of this generosity, me believing that manly exercise is its own reward, and besides I had slipped the ring off of his finger and pocketed it soon after the inception of the battle. My character being somewhat damaged by this fiasco, I was socially ostracized by the others, and was left to my own devices.

I had learned to read, however, so my situation was not so bad. I read all the great writers of the day, and also Spencer, Pope, Scott, Dickens, Conan Doyle, Hemingway (for a period), and Dos Passos. I read all these with avidity, and also with the aid of candle-light. I recall once walking twenty miles to return a book that I had just walked ten miles to borrow, for I discovered just before sitting down to read that it was a Grace S. Richmond novel. Grace S. Richmond novels are notorious for the poor quality of the paper on which the characters are printed. In sooth, a too, too porous paper.

I was a great follower of Chaucer too. Geoffrey (or Jeff, as we used to call him) had at that time just published some of his more zippy tales, and was much thought of as a man of letters by the intelligentsium of the day. However, the wily Jeff was playing along too much on his reputation, which was such that he was able to get literature published, and to sell it, that held in it nothing but a pale parabola of innocence. However, the public was eternally hopeful for a revival of the old touch, and, like I, shelled out continually. The only thing I have against old Jeff (or Geoffrey, as the literature books call him) is that soon after making his acquaintance I was thrown down a flume by a jolly miller and was severely lacerated by the mill wheel. As this was not done until dawn, however, I did not too loudly complain of fate.

I had by this time almost passed the hey-nonny-nonny-and-hot-cha-cha period of my life, and would have to soon fend for myself in the cold, cold world. I was courageous and steadfast though, and my only fear was that my father would find me a job. To beat him to it, I went on a search for an author who would put me in a romance as a hero. I almost immediately ran across a man named Pirandello, but he explained he was already fleeing from three characters in search of an author, and refused to have any traffic with me.

Not losing heart by the rebuff, I proceeded along the highroad. At least, I reflected, if worst comes to worst, good old Bunyan can make me into a pilgrim. Occasionally awakening from my thoughts with a start, I would slither down the ditch on the side and hide in the rushes, while a rascally sharp-eyed fellow in a dirty doublet would pass—for I had no desire to be immortalized in a hack-written novel.

"She don't look like a prophet to me."
"Why not? She's got darn little on 'er in 'er own country."

(Continued on Page 20)
Early to bed,  
Early to rise,  
And you won’t be gypped  
By those nite-club guys.

The little girl who used to want an all-day sucker,  
now wants an old one just for the evening.

Judge: "And you are divorcing this man for incompatibility? Do you know what that means?"  
"Oh, Judge!"

"I say, old chappie, isn't this going a bit too far?"

Apartment dweller (in irate tones): "Hey, Jones, what in the world's going on up there?"  
Jones: "Nothing's going on, something's coming off."

"This," beamed the proud father, handing over the offspring, "is my chief asset."  
"Yes," countered his friend, tossing the kid back, "a liquidizing asset."

THE MILLENIUM—when everyone knows that Bulova is spelled B-U-L-O-V-A.
Our Idea of Justice

First Cannibal: "Mencken has arrived."
Second Cannibal: "Put him on the pan."

One-sentence Anomaly: "I read Ballyhoo religiously every month."

We blush and hang our head while remarking that the country M. D. who was walking along the edge of a cliff was just forceps from disaster.

The main difference, as we look at it, between the old-fashioned girl and the modern lassy is that the oldish girl was horrified and the modern one just grins and bears it.

The world is made up of three kinds of people, those that
1. have everything they want,
2. want to have everything, and
3. have to want everything.

"Do you keep your New Year's resolutions?" "Sure, I have a special notebook for them."

The Maiden and the Gallant

A Tender Ballad

Fair Katherine, a comely lass,
Smiled quite winsomely —
A courtier with an answering smile
Approached her speedily.

"Your hands are lily white," quoth he—
She dimpled prettily.
"Your skin is soft as eiderdown"—
Oh what a wit was he.

"Your hair's like burnished gold," he said—
She patted it in place.
"Your fingers are of ivory."
She fiddled with her lace.

He maneuvered for a kiss—
She helped as best she could.
He saw her sweet, alluring lips—
Then up he straightway stood.

Sadly he prepared to leave—
With sad and gloomy eye
He pulled his doublet down in front
And breathed a heavy sigh.

"Don't take it hard, O maiden dear,
That I don't take a kiss—
It's not your lack of form or charm—
The cause is simply this:

"I cannot kiss you, pretty one,
Although your eye's magnetic,
Because your lips are sugared sweet
And I am diabetic."

S. W.

Yes, sir! They were men in those days. Caesar's legionnaires used to perform their best fighting during a cloud-burst, used to make their longest marches on empty stomachs, and when sick would throw up fortifications.

Both Sides of Every Question Department

Headline and squib from one issue of Student Life:

"Students at University of Missouri Are All Morally Upright and Industrious; No Time to Drink or Pet"

Bad checks were passed around at the University of Missouri at the rate of seventy-five a day last year, says the Rensselaer Polytechnic.

She's got a mind like a bed—she's always making it up.
CANTO I  QUARTO I  FOLIO I
( Scene: A table. A round table. With a room around it. And a castle around the room. That is about the castle, so that the table is around the—see? With a southern exposure and a view of the park.)

A flourish of trumpets. Enter the King, with pants on.

King Arthur: "Hey! Churls, scullions, rabble, the king speaks."
Churl No. 1: "Who, me?"
Arthur: "Who else, churl?"
Churl No. 1: "Mister churl to you, kingywingy."
Arthur: "Where's Guin at? I can't find my clean shirts."
Churl No. 1: "I haven't the faintest idea, and besides she said not to tell you."
Churl No. 2: "I'll tell, I'll tell, I'll tell."
Churl No. 1: "Tattle tale."
Churl No. 2: "She went for a ride in Lancelot's new charger and I'm not a tattle tale."
Arthur (pacing the floor) (with beetled brows): "Ah, me."

CANTO II  QUARTO II  FOLIO II
( Scene: The same. A few days later.)

Doorbell rings. Arthur answers it.

Arthur (smiling sardonically): "So! I suppose his charger broke down again, huh?"
Guinevere: "No, that's next week."

CANTO III  QUARTO III  FOLIO III
( Scene: Waiting room in castle. Arthur is seated in a blue funk in a dark corner, waiting)

(Enter waiting maid)

Arthur: "H'lo, you have pretty knees. Where'd you come from?"
Maid: "You have nice knees too and I came from the employment agency. It's such a small world, isn't it?"
Arthur: "What's your name and won't you sit down?"
Maid: "Mary, but you can call me George."

CANTO IV  QUARTO IV  FOLIO IV
( Scene: The same. Decidedly so.)

CANTO V  QUARTO V  FOLIO V
( Scene: A doorbell.)

CANTO V  QUARTO V  FOLIO V
( Scene: A doorbell.)

( Guinevere is ringing the doorbell. In fact, Guinevere keeps right on ringing the doorbell.)

The offeratory hymn was frequently delayed in the early nineteen's, due to lack of religion on the part of the organ pumper.
A Quirk of Fate

(Continued from Page 16)

broadsheet ballad, and hawked about the streets by bleary-eyed rascals.

I had one narrow escape—a kindly-looking old gentleman wearing a pince-nez and carrying a volume of Chambers Encyclopedia approached and inquired if I could direct him to a good serviceable hero of gentle parts. I was about to offer myself, when a native caution restrained me, and I first asked what the nature of the work would be. "Social-problem hero," he said. Ye gods I thought, who can this fellow be!

"I'm afraid you were born too late," I told him candidly.

"Really, do you? I'll fix that," he replied, and it was only as he jumped aboard his Time Machine and whisked himself back into a former age that I realized it was H. G. Wells. My knees shook for some two hours after.

By this time I was getting hungry, and besides was seized with the desire to rescue a fair damsel from durance vile. I approached Sir Walter Scott, whose mortgaged home I was then passing, about my chances and he said no, alibiing that he already had an over-supply of heroes, and besides was then working on his income tax blank and not a novel. He laughingly admitted, however, that his income tax return for that year was his greatest piece of fiction.

That afternoon I traveled on an empty stomach. As dusk drew on, I often would stumble and go on a long trip. Each time, though, I would recover. I had by now swallowed my pride, and was looking for a hashish shop and Tom de Quincy. But it is ironical that in my weakened condition I should be set upon by a trio of nasty Dirge men and reduced to the saddest state of all—that of pawn in a humorist's hands. 'Tis sad brother, sad.

"No! this is not Louie's joint! This is the Liberian Embassy"
—California Pelican
The Tale of Citronella

Once upon a time there were three sisters—the oldest sister, the middle sister, and the youngest sister—who lived with their mother in a penthouse. She was a good-looking widow who did not pay her own rent and who treated her step-child, little Citronella, very nasty-like. She threw wild parties and made Citronella clean up the mess the morning after, but she would not let the poor dear come to them, although occasionally some of the men would go in and say good-night to Citronella just before she went to bed.

Citronella had to help make her bovine-shaped step-sisters attractive enough for someone to ask their hand in marriage. And, believe me, there was no eight-hour day for Citronella when they got a date. One New Year’s Eve, they both got blind dates for the Sigma Aleph Gimmel prom, and were they excited? It took them more than eight hours, with Citronella’s help, to put on a dress, a pair of stockings, a pair of shoes, and other things to make them more alluring. Finally, nine o’clock came, and with it their dates. They were poop-outs, but then, so the poor girl, in her childlike innocence, believed him. “Here is a beautiful dress,” he said, put it on and you and I will go to the prom together.” And Citronella said, “You will have to go out of the room while I dress.” But he said, “That is all right; I want to help you.” (And, by gosh, he did!)

So Citronella got dressed, taking care to heed the three “L’s” that her fairy god-father had warned her about—Lifebuoy, Listerine, and Lux. They went to the party, and Citronella could not tell the difference between water and intoxicating beverages, so she got tight. But her fairy god-father did not care—he was big-hearted that way. They left early, and then he said that a little ride would clear her head. So they went for a ride...

The next morning the two sisters were talking about the awful time they had and about that beautiful hussy who seemed to enjoy herself so much. They were very jealous of Citronella, although they did not know it was she. As they were talking, the fairy god-father entered and startled them by his great handsomeness. He told them that he was looking for the girl who had lost something in his car last night.

“Oh, what did you find?” demanded these bovine beauties who never had a chance to lose anything in anybody’s car. His quick glance seemed to say, “Golly, they’re hopeless! And then his eyes fell upon Citronella. She was curled up on the sofa, asleep with a helluva hangover, cheeks tear-stained, and the book she had begun reading the night before, opened to the last page, lying across her bosom. He eyed the book. He hemmed uneasily. “Pardon me,” he said, his eyes still glued to the book, making for the door. “I must have been mistaken.”

—N. G. and G. S.
CAMPUS COMMENT
(Continued from page 10)

of two large dimples, breaks down
and admits having interests at
Westminster.... Al Wilkinson
and Betsey Huxel, because of con¬
tinual play rehearsals together, are
almost youknowwhat....

Before I fade away into the
night, to take up my long vigil
on Art Hill, I'd like to voice a
rumor to the effect that Jules
(Shy) Campbell and Isabelle
Bonsack are finding each other
growing cooler.... Who will Izzy
take to the Theta dance on the
23rd?....

Don't believe all the songs you
hear, Stoke; it ain't true that "love
comes but once to the hearts of
men—nor women nuther!

Yours in palpitating expectancy.
O! HALTER HINCELL,
Discloser of Dirt Diabolic.

P. S.—Straight stuff on this, Stok¬
elly; Ruth (Squeal) Rosborough
and Eugenia Barklege had a real
fight over the privilege of taking
Delos (Green Suit) Reynolds to
the last Kappa dance. Barklege
finally won out, evidently; maybe
they'll swap for the next one.....

And, last, Jack Calloway spent
two weeks in New York last sum¬
mer protecting the honah, suh, of
a chorus girl.... I know more,
but it can't be printed.... ask
me in person.

A Practical Man

Speaking of Old Times, this
one takes us back a long ways. It
all happened the other day, in
one of these glorified bull sessions
called euphemistically (yes, eu¬
phemistically) in the catalog,
"English I—required of all
freshmen". Remember? Well, after
the class had thoroughly
scrambled an essay that somebody
had copied verbatim from a mag¬
zine, they started to formulate a
proscription list of another bunch
of titles.

"I," said one enterprising lad
with scarce a by-your-leave,
"have already constructed a
title."

"Then," announced the Chair
with a knowing smile and a laugh¬
ing eye, or something, "will you
present it to the class?" Just like
that.

"My title," he thundered, "con¬
cerns 'The Unfair Interference of
Government with Legitimate Busi¬
ness.'" It was long before they
could speak. They were spell¬
bound. And from a Freshman,
too!

"Hah!" came the depreciating
sneer from the Chair, "and what
do you know about that, may I
ask?"

"Plenty," wafted back, flaunt¬
ing snarl to snarl and sneer to
sneer. "My father, (with a note
of just pride) was a saloon
keeper. And when Prohibition
came in, why it— and he paused
for a hasty consideration, "—prac¬
tically threw him out of business!"

Fifty useful and valuable prizes
will be given for solution of above
cryptogram.

Wrong Address

Attendance at the intercolleg¬
iate debates of former years was
sad indeed, but if what we heard
the other day is true this year
marks a new low. Two minutes
before a recent debate was to
start the sum total of the audi¬
ence, outside of the debaters,
chairman, and timekeeper, was
three persons. Two of these were
sitting together, and seemed twit¬
chy and ill at ease. As time
passed (the chairman was waiting
for more people to show up) their
perturbation increased. Finally
they could stand it no longer.

"Beg pardon," one of them
called over half-a-dozen seats to
the third spectator. "Is this the
Thyrsus meeting?"

"No, a debate," came the an¬
swer.

And the two arose and trotted
out, the chairman looking agon¬
izedly after them.

We publish a joke

We have been followed about
for several months by a short,
black-haired gentleman of our
acquaintance. His protracted pur¬
suit had but one object—to get
us to publish a joke which he
handed in long ago. It was a
three-line joke, neatly typed
(double-space) in the exact cen¬
ter of a large sheet of gleaming
white paper. He handed it to us
as a Page of Humor." Our judg¬
ment told us not to print it, so we
didn't. But there's no withstand¬
ing perseverance—we still think
it's a mistake, but to win peace
and surcease from solicitation, we
publish it:

Hee: "Wotch'a thinkin' of?"
Shee: "You."
Hee: "Evil-Minded!"

We hope the world is happier,
at least Benish must be.

Give 'em a hand (also 15 cents)

Once a month, fair weather or
foul, forty or fifty people are seen
running around the campus with
quantities of this publication in
their numbed fingers. And for
what? For you, for an activity,
for the scattering of good clean
fun, for Dirge, for Student Fi¬
nance, for Bill (Gaekwahr) Vogt,
etc. Therefore we think that the
least those members of the student
body who borrow our publication
from their friends can do is re¬
frain from cheap cracks at the
These salesmourners deserve a lot of credit, say we, especially in this weather. Therefore, give ‘em a hand (also 15 cents).

P.S.—This is an editorial.

Holidays

Ah ha! So you thought we’d forget all about Christmas coming, and New Year’s Day coming, and Easter coming. Well, we didn’t. All we want to say, however, is please not to make New Year’s resolutions. Why come back to school being a bunch of hypocrites? Everybody who resolves not to resolve anything this year kindly mail in your determination in a self-addressed stamped and plain envelope to this office. Martha Carr will be promptly notified, and the unused stamp steamed off and used over. We now wish you a Merry Xmas and a hang-over New Year. Beware of the season’s bathtub gin, and lipsick on your formal shirt.

Student Directory

Every year Student Life has one of its humorous reporters look through that little book with a red cover (incidentally the bear on the cover was drawn by Olga Moser, one of our better swimmers) and report humorously on it. But since Student Life is no longer humorous, we receive the privilege.

We discover that the first name is Aaron and the last is Zwick. Miller leads with 35 representatives to keep up its record for the past three years. There are 27 Joneses to keep up with; 26 Smiths, and 22 Browns. The color scheme is Brown, Green, White, Black, and Grey. As to universities, we picked at random Brown, Perdue, Butler, Drake, and Duke.

And then, our two-year old mind functioning rapidly, we swung into personal theme songs.

“You Got Me In the Pahmeyer Your Hand.”

“Bigger and Becker Than Ever.”

“O. Hughes, You’re Driving Me Crazy.”

“Williams be Mine in Apple-blossom Time.”

“But only Gog Can Make a Tree.”

“Free and Wiese.”

“How’m I Dewey.”

“I Didn’t know the music, and You didn’t know the Wertz.”

The other day an upper classman was explaining to a plebe that one should always be kind to dumb animals. He said: “If I should see a man beating a donkey and stopped him, what would you call that?”

“Brotherly love, sir.”

—The Log.

She: “It don’t matter whether I wear chiffon or velvet, you like me anyway, don’t you?”

He: “I’ll always love you through thick and thin.”

—Wampus.

“How did you find the girls?”

“Opened the door marked ‘Women,’ and there they were.”

—Puppet.

Just a Duty

Bill: “The girl I am married to has a twin sister.”

Mae: “Gee! How do you tell ’em apart?”

Bill: “I don’t try; it’s up to the other one to look out for herself.”

—Drexel “Drexerd”

“You know, I simply can’t bear children.”

“Well, who asked you to?”

—Kitty-Kat.

Express your individuality—tell the advertiser you saw his DIRGE ad.

Automobile Driver (to girl who succeeded in begging a ride of him): “How far are you going?”

She: “I knew there was a catch in it.”

—Vanderbilt Masquerader.

“What’s the difference between the fraternity man and the old-fashioned knight? Once a frat man always a frat man but once a knight is enough!”

—Grinnell Malteser.

“You know, I simply can’t bear children.”

“Well, who asked you to?”

“Can you show me something thin in a fall dress?”

“I’m sorry, mam, but she’s out to lunch.”

—Sour Owl.
Mike: "Was Jim's wedding really such a swell affair?"
Ike: "Positively! Why, they even used Puffed Rice!"

-An optimist is a guy who opens a pint in a crowd and saves the cork.

"You say that I am the first model you ever kissed?"
"Yes."
"And how many models have you had before me?"
"Four. An apple, two oranges and a box of cigars."

-An optimist is a guy who opens a pint in a crowd and saves the cork.

And there was the Scotchman who gave the gal a watch case for a present one Xmas, and then gave her the works the next.

-Little drops of whiskey,
Little sips of gin
Make the world a little rosy,
And make little Rosy sin.

-Freshman: "I've got a date tonight with a chiffonier."
Senior: "Don't be silly; a chiffonier is a big thing with drawers."
Freshman: "I know."

-Sandbagged

-Would You Believe It?

SCENE I
He: "Would you believe me if I told you I was going to kiss you?"
She: "No."

SCENE II
He: "Would you believe me, Jane, if I told you I was going to hug you?"
She: "I should say not."

SCENE III
He: "Would you believe me, darling—"
She: "Oh, you fibber!" (Curtain.)

-Pardon My Staring

She: "Laugh, you cad! I can plainly see you are no gentleman."
He: "Madame, I can see you're not either."

Then there is that crack that runs thusly: "Pajamas are garments that newlyweds keep under the pillow to be used in case of fire."

Correct

Medic: "The right leg of the patient is shorter than the left, which cause him to limp. Now what would you do in a case of this kind?"
Voice (from rear of classroom): "Doc, I'd limp, too."

-Lawyer: "Anything you say will be held against you."
Helie: "Jean Harlow!"

-He: "The biggest men get the prettiest girls."
She: "You conceited man."

-Co-ord: "Are you sure it is me you are in love with and not my clothes?"
Jack: "Test me, darling."

-Co-ord: "Are you sure it is me you are in love with and not my clothes?"
A: "Only one. Here's our ticket."

-Today's Good Deed
Dean (to Frosh): "Do you know who I am?"
Frosh: "No, I don't; but if you can remember your address I'll take you home."

-Prof.: "Mr. Jones, what do you know of this light theory?"
Mr. Jones: "Well—uh—I don't think I'm so sure of it; what do you think of it?"
Prof.: "I don't think, I know!"
Mr. Jones: "I don't think I know, either."

-Pardon My Staring
She: "Laugh, you cad! I can plainly see you are no gentleman."
He: "Madame, I can see you're not either."

Then there is that crack that runs thusly: "Pajamas are garments that newlyweds keep under the pillow to be used in case of fire."

Yeh, that's the idea! Patronize DIRGE advertisers.
Him: “I’m going to kiss you as you have never been kissed before.”
Her: “Oh yes I have.” —Lehigh Burr.

**GAMES for FIRESIDE ATHLETES**
Rockne-McNamee Football and Baseball Game
When not in use as a scoreboard for radio broadcasts, play baseball on one side, football on the other. The most authentic reproduction of our national pastimes. $5.00

**Sign on Providence, R. I. theatre:**
Two Kinds of Women
Miriam Hopkins and Phillips Holmes
Two kinds ? ? ?

Prof. in Ethics: “I will lecture today on liars. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter?”
Nearly all raised their hands.
Prof: “That’s fine. You’re the very group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter.” —Red Cat.

Do: “Where you goin’?”
Dodo: “Fishin’.”
Do: “Got worms?”
Dodo: “Yeah, but I’m goin’ anyway.” —Wittenberg Witt.

He (knocking at door): “Any ice, coal, brushes, magazines, or houseold necessities today, lady?”
She: “No. But come in; I might think of something.” —Kitty-Kat.

The laziest guy in the world handed in an exam paper in which he said the following: “Please see Pete’s paper for my answers.” —Wampus.

“To hell with all this red tape,” sighed the deb as her shoulder straps fell off. —Punch Bowl.

He: “Let’s get married or something.”
She: “We’ll get married or nothing!” —Phoenix.

**Pressing Business**
The Judge (sternly): “Well, what’s your alibi for speeding eighty miles an hour through the residence section?”
The Victim: “I had just heard, your honor, that the ladies of our church were giving a rummage sale and I was hurrying home to save my other pair of pants.”
The Judge: “Case dismissed.” —Battalion.

**That’s Different**
“Is your daughter in tonight?”
“No, and get out and stay out.”
“But I’m the Sheriff.”
“Oh, I’m sorry. Come in. I thought that was a Sigma Nu pin.” —Texas Ranger.

Don’t be proud—tell them where you saw it.
My Dear Miss Dix:

I am a healthy woman of 42 years. I have been married fifteen years and have ten lovely children. Now after all these years I realize that my husband never loved me. Oh, what should I do?

Worried.

Dear Worried:

You say you have been married only fifteen years and have ten lovely children. You should thank God, my dear, that your husband never loved you.

—Punch Bowl.

"Consomme, Bouillon, Hors D'oeuvres, Fricasee Poulet, Pommes de Terre au gratin, Demitasse, des Glaces, and tell dat mug in the corner to keep his lamps offa me moll, see!"

—Puppet.

The census taker approached a little-tumble-down shanty on the outskirts of Savannah and pushed his way through a bunch of little pickaninnies who were playing in front of the door. He knocked. The door was opened by a large lady of color. After the usual preliminary questions the statistics gatherer asked:

“What's your husband's occupation, Liza?”

“He ain't got no occupashun. He's died. He done passed away fo-teen yeahs ago, suh,” replied the negress.

"Then who do all these little children belong to?"

“Dey's mine, suh.”

"Why, I thought you said your husband was dead."

“He is, but ah aint.”

—Jack-O' Lantern.

Foreman on job: “Do you really think you are built for hard labor?”

Applicant: “Some of the best judges in the country have thought so.”

—Showme.

Other Reasons

Mark Anthony made two famous speeches. One was at Caesar's grave when he said, “I come here to bury Caesar, not to praise him.” The other was at Cleopatra's tent at midnight: “I didn't come here to talk.”

—Notre Dame Juggler.

“Brigham Young was a great prophet.”

“Yeah! But I wonder what his wives thought of his prophet sharing plan!”

—Kitty-Kat.

My friend laughed when I spoke to the waiter in French—but the joke was on him. I told the waiter to give him the check.

—Augiean.

Asking a modern girl for a kiss is like sneaking in a speakeasy and asking for a Coca-Cola.

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

Absent-minded sales girl (as date kisses her goodnight): “Will that be all?”

—Battalion.

When a man of sixty marries a girl of twenty-five it’s like buying a book for somebody else to read.

—Grinnell Malteaser.

“That opera singer certainly has a large repertoire.”

“I know it—and she insists on wearing such tight dresses.”

—Augiean.

Reformer: “Stop, friend! Do you believe that a glass of that vile stuff will quench your thirst?”

College Lad: “Nope. I'm gonna drink the whole jug.”

—Texas Ranger.

Philosophy

If hope springs eternal in the human breast, women must be twice as hopeful as men.

—Syracuse Orange Peel.

Bob Stiven: “My girl got her nose broke in three places.”

Second Beta: “She should have kept out of those places.”

—Siren.

Co-ed: “I want a postage stamp.”

Clerk: “What denomination?”

Co-ed: “Presbyterian.”

—C. S. C. Carolinian.

Watson: “How do you know there's been a picnic here?”

Holmes: “I see by the papers.”

—Siren.

Mother (on entering the room unexpectedly): “Well, I never—.”

Daughter: “Oh, mother, you must have.”

—Out.

“Does the printer is laid up with a broken arm, is he?”

“Yes, he's obscene.”

“Whatya mean, obscene?”

“Not fit to print!”

—Augiean.

Judge: “How many children do you have, Mirandy?”

Mirandy: “Well, Jedge, I has two by my first husband, one by my last husband, and then I has two of my own.”

—Battalion.

Father: “Tell that man to take his arm from around your waist.”

Daughter: “Tell him yourself. He's a perfect stranger to me.”

—Longhorn.

First Collegian: “Jiggers, here come a speed cop.”

Second Delt: “Quick, hang out the Notre Dame pennant.”

—Siren.

Be a man—tell them to their face you saw their DIRGE ad.
December, 1932

Washington DIRGE University

Mother: "My dear, I am shocked to find that a daughter of mine would stoop to parking in a dark spot, on a lonely road, with a young man."

Daughter: "But, Mother, I was driven to it."

—The Log.

Usher at wedding to cold, dignified lady: "Are you a friend of the groom?"

The lady: "Indeed, no, I am the bride's mother."

—Siren.

She: "Fresh! Who said you could kiss me?"

It: "Everybody!"

—The Log.

"Yes, m'am, both of us twins were called Henry, except John, and he was called Paul."

—Siren.

"Sir," said the fortune-teller, "you will travel a great deal, especially in the Far East. There you will meet your dream woman, whom you will marry. She will be very beautiful."

"And young?"

"Yes, and very wealthy."

"Thank you," said the recipient of this good news. "Now will you tell me how I am to get rid of my present wife?"

—Harvard Lampoon.

"Charge it."

"What name?"

"Zazvorkinski."

"Take it for nothing," the druggist said languidly. "I wouldn't write Zazvorkinski and potassium permanganate for no nickel."

—Laughbna.

Old Lady (on train platform): "Which platform for the Chicago train?"

Porter: "Turn to the left and you'll be right."

O.L.: "Don't be impertinent, young man."

P.: "All right, then, turn to your right and you'll be left!"

—The Log.

HERKERT & MEISEL TRUNK CO.

910 Washington Ave.

LADIES' FITTED CASES
LADIES' OVERNITE CASES
WARDROBE CASES
LADIES' PURSES
MEN'S GLADSTONES
MEN'S DRESSING CASES
BILL FOLDS

"You say Bob went into the hold up trade?"

"Yeh, the wholesale brassiere business."

—Kitty-Kat.

"Mother, will college boys go to heaven?"

"Yes, but they won't like it."

—Lord Jeff.

"All right, pledge, for that you can help the cook around the kitchen."

"Gawd! Is she drunk, too?"

—Kitty-Kat.

One cold and rainy day three thousand years ago Aesop stood shackled before 42,031 armed Roman soldiers. He raised his hands to command silence, drew himself up to his full height, looked them squarely in the eye, and uttered these immortal words: "Hi, Elmer!"

—Yellow Jacket.

"I know every girl at this dance."

"But not one of them has spoken to you."

"Isn't that proof enough?"

—Wataugan.

Senior coed: "I'm to be an M.A. in June."

Freshman ed: "Oh... I didn't even know you were married."

—Laughbna.

Snob: "I don't associate with my inferiors, do you?"

Other girl: "I don't know, I never met any of your inferiors."

—Western Reserve Red Cat.

"I know every girl at this dance."

"But not one of them has spoken to you."

"Isn't that proof enough?"

—Wataugan.

Helen: "Gracious, it's been five years since I've seen you. You look lots older, too."

Kitty: "Really, my dear? I doubt if I would have recognized you, but for your coat."

—Virginia Reel.

Come now—'fess up—it WAS in Dirge, now, wasn't it?
Menu of a Fraternity House During Rushing

**Breakfast**
- Melon a la canapé.
- Coffee with enriched cream.
- Bacon and shirred eggs, country style.
- Buttered toast a la ration.

**Luncheon**
- Baked squab a la créole.
- Potatoes Queenesant.
- Hot rolls with butter.
- Blase salad with pecan dressing.
- Grecian ice cream.
- Whipped cream delite.

**Dinner**
- Shrimp cocktail.
- Consomme.
- Radishes and olives.
- Filet mignon with mushroom sauce.
- Italian bread
- Surprise salad.
- Special lemon cream pie with mountain meringue.
- Demitasse.

Menu of a Fraternity House the Day After Rushing

**Breakfast**
- Special reservoir water.
- Bread.

**Luncheon**
- Beef goulash.
- Bread.
- Special reservoir water.

**Dinner**
- Hash.
- Bread.
- Special reservoir water.

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"I would like to obtain a position, sir."
"Um-m, I say, aren't you the fellow whom I saw trying to kiss my daughter last night?"
"Er, yes—but I really didn't, sir."
"Well, good day, sir. We do not wish to hire any failures in this store."

---

Clerk (to a suspicious looking young couple in the hotel lobby): "I don't believe you people are married at all."
Lady: "Sir! If my husband were only here he would make you swallow those words."

---

He: "Are you the kind of a girl who walks home from auto rides?"
She: "No. I'm the kind of a girl who rides home from a walk."

---

Stewed: "Are you sure that he was lit?"
Oiled: "Well, not exactly, but he brought in a manhole cover and tried to play it on the victrola."

---

"This dress doesn't quite come up to my expectations."
"Oh, but madam, we couldn't make it any shorter."

---

He: "I had to come clear across the room to see you, so I wanna kiss you."
She: "Gee! I'm glad you weren't in the next block!"

---

"It's dangerous to be fond of a girl."
"How's that?"
"Look at the declension: Fond, fondling, foundling."

---

One of the freshmen, bless their little hearts, was bearing up rather nobly under a particularly weary R.O.T.C. drill when he very inadvertently passed by the captain without saluting.
"Say, Buddy," said the captain with characteristic sweetness, "do you see the uniform I'm wearing?"
"Yeh," said the rookie looking enviously at the captain's almost immaculate uniform, "look at the damn thing they gave me!"

---

The Ol' Factory Ballad

"Mudder dear," yelled Mamie McMullin,
"Kin I go down t' d' sewer fer a swim?"
"Sure me daughter, ya little louse,
But not d' sewer by d' slaughter house.
Yer pa got lost dere one night late;
He dropped a quarter troo d' grate.
A pair o' pals, dey let him down.
Dey foun' him in Long Island Sound.'
'Cripes!' dey yelled when dey dragged 'im in,
'It's Gentleman Joe or Patsy McMullin,'
'It's Pat,' dey said, cause in his mitts,
Wuz d' cause uv it all, them damned two-bits.
So beat it, brat, an' you be sure
Dat ya don't take yer swim in d' slaughter house sewer."

---

Mr. Klotz:
I understand you are the young man who took my daughter to the Prom. When she arrived home two days later, she told me she had slept with a girl friend. Is this true?

Mrs. Hemingway:
I am highly insulted.

---

He: "Do you know the secret of popularity?"
She: "Yes, but mother says that I mustn't."

---

Mother: "Jane, did you let that young man kiss you last night?"
Jane: "Well, mother, when a young man comes all the way from Yonkers to see me, that's the least I can do for him."
Mother: "But I thought he comes from Albany."
Jane: "Yes, mother."

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