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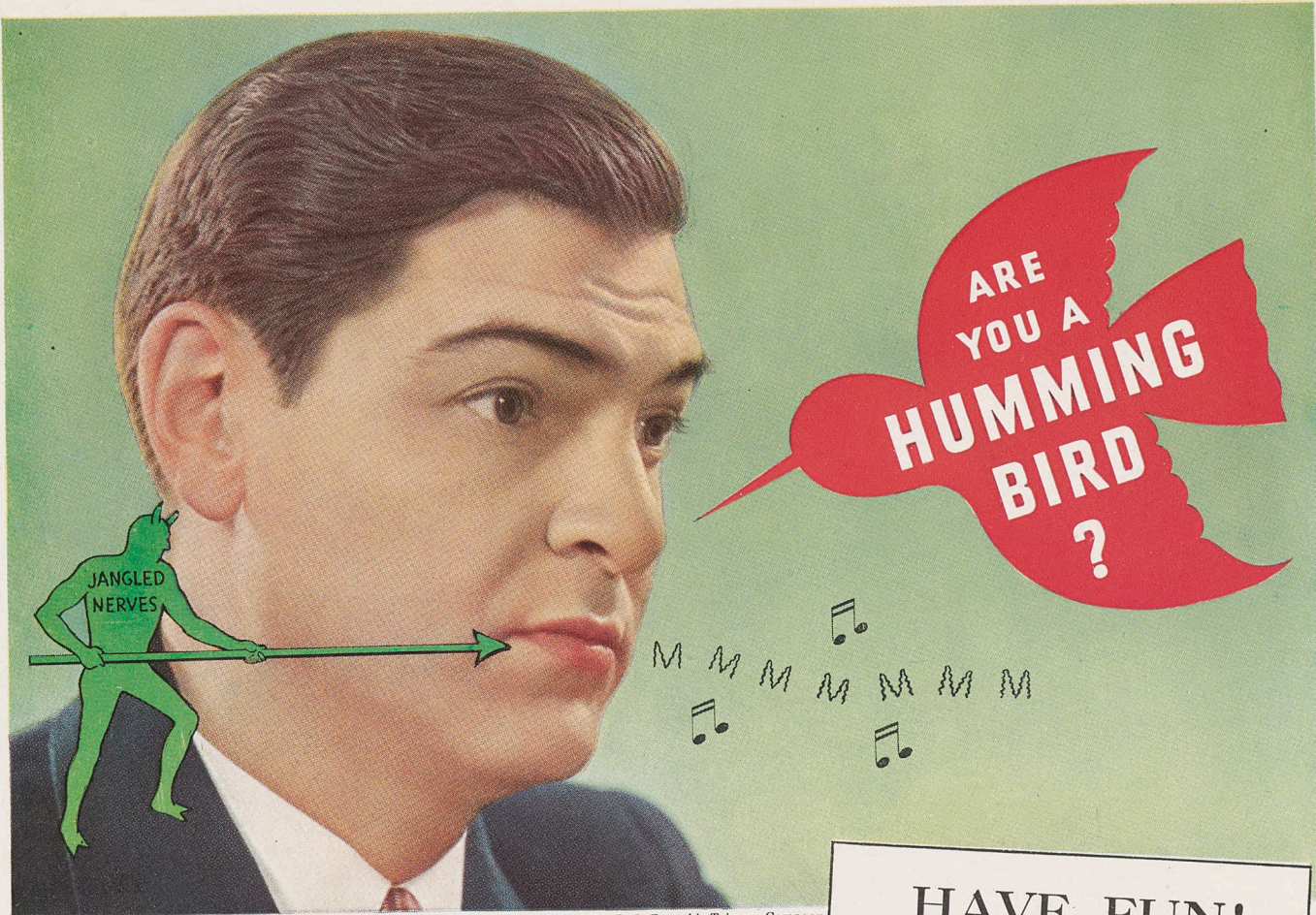
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The WASHINGTON • U • • • • • DIPGL



SPRING
NUMBER

JUNE
15 cents



Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

It's irritating and it means...jangled nerves

Yes, it's irritating to listen to that constant, tuneless humming—and more than that, the humming is a sign of jangled nerves.

If you notice any of those telltale nervous habits in yourself—if you whistle through

your teeth—drum on the table—then it's time to start taking care of yourself.

Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation—and watch your smoking... Remember, you can smoke as many Camels as you want. Their costlier tobaccos never jangle your nerves.



COSTLIER TOBACCOS

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

HAVE FUN! Send for FREE Game Book

New—illustrated book of 20 ways to test nerves... Fascinating! Amazing! "Show up" your friends. See if you have healthy nerves. Send fronts from 2 packages of Camels with order-blank below. Free book is sent postpaid.



CLIP HERE... MAIL NOW

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Dept. 116-B, Winston-Salem, N. C.

I enclose fronts from 2 packs of Camels.
Send me book of nerve tests postpaid.

Name _____
PRINT NAME

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Offer expires December 31, 1934

CAMELS

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT

...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

Careers

They had met, appraised each other, and started off for the evening. He liked her mouth and she, his straight nose, but the conversation couldn't begin with that. She slumped further down on her spine. "Isn't the desert night just grand?"

"Uh-huh. It sure it."

"I love to go riding at night."

"Uh-huh. So do I."

A pause while he admired her eyes and she his wavy hair.

"What're you majoring in?" (Boys liked to talk about their careers.)

"Engineering."

"Oh, that's nice." (She must make her voice sound enthusiastic.)

"Yeah. It's O.K."

"It must be hard work."

"Yeah. Sorta."

Another pause. He wondered whether it was too early to take a drink. She wondered how soon he would try to kiss her. They both started to talk at once.


"Excuse me. Go ahead."

"No, you. Mine's not important."—she tried not to seem confused.

"Er . . . want a drink? It's good stuff."

"All right."

The silence was suddenly comfortable. He slipped his arm around her. And she snuggled still further down on her backbone. Conversation lagged. A good time was had . . . —Clare Scott.



"Why, man, you can just wreck par with these SPALDING* Bobby Jones Clubs!"

*409 North Broadway

Statistics show that Yale graduates have 1.3 children.

While Vassar graduates have 1.7 children.

Which proves women have more children than men. —Diamond Dust.

— D D D —

He: "What's a kiss without a hug?"

She: "A preliminary to a kiss with a hug!"

He: "And what's a kiss with a hug?"

She: "A prelim—isn't it rather warm here?"

—White Mule.

**TASTE TESTED
COFFEE**

Morath

Coffee Specialists

Central 6980 Ninth at St. Charles

<p>GORGEOUS FLOATS</p> <hr/> <p>BATHING BEAUTIES</p> <hr/> <p>MUSICAL COMEDY</p> <hr/> <p>SWIMMING</p> <hr/> <p>FIRE DIVES</p> <hr/> <p>250 PERFORMERS</p>	<p>THE WORLD'S GREATEST WATER SPECTACLE</p> <p>"FOUNTAIN of YOUTH"</p> <p>Coliseum Pool</p> <p>JUNE 7 - 8 - 9 - 10</p> <p><i>Thrilling and Beautiful</i></p> <p>The CORONATION CEREMONY</p> <p>A Queen Selected From 36 Popular Girls 12 Representing Washington University</p> <p>ADMISSION 50c RESERVED SEATS \$1.00 Tickets at Associated Students Advertising Bureau</p>	<p>SPEEDBOAT RACES</p> <hr/> <p>ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS</p> <hr/> <p>FASHION SHOW</p> <hr/> <p>FANCY DIVING</p> <hr/> <p>FOUNTAINS</p> <hr/> <p>250 PERFORMERS</p>
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Come now—fess up—it WAS in Dirge, now, wasn't it?

DIRGE COURTESY CARD

The Dirge respectfully submits a little card that may be of use to some of youse guys who are "always the life of the party."

Mr. _____
 Regrets exceedingly his deplorable conduct while
 a guest at your

_____ on

and humbly craves your pardon for the
 breach of etiquette checked.

-Striking host with bottle.
-Spanking female guests.
-Picking nose at table.
-Inebriation.
-Excessive destruction of furniture.
-Complete loss of equilibrium.
-Indiscreet petting.
-Weeping.
-Nausea.
-Indiscriminate tickling.
-Looking for hidden mole.
-Frequent absence from party.
-Singing "Sweet Adeline."
-Burping.
-Hiccups.
-Target spitting.
-Silverware missing.
-Kicking lady's shins under table.
-Pouring goldfish in silk hat.
-Spiking the punch.
-Walking on hands.
-Swinging on chandeliers.

I Sincerely Hope that I'm Invited Again.

—Oklahoma Whirlwind.

— D D D —

"Hello," called a feminine voice over the telephone, "is this the Humane Society?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, there's a book agent sitting in a tree teasing my dog."

—The Log.

— D D D —

Advice To Frosh

1st She: "First it was love—he fascinated me—and I kissed him..."

2nd She: "Yeh, I know—and then he began to un fascinate you—and you slapped him."

—Laurelton Laurel.

Harry: "Hello, Jane? Say are you going to be busy tonight?"

Jane: "Why, yes, Harry, I'm awfully sorry."

Harry: "Jerry? Say, will you be busy tonight? I've got a ticket for..."

Jerry: "Oh, didn't you know? I'm going to a frat dance at Tech tonight."

Harry: "Say, Ruth, don't tell me you're going to be busy tonight. I've got a ticket for the dance to hear Guy Lombardo."

Ruth: "I'd love to go, but really I am going to be busy."

Harry: "Loretta, I've got a ticket to hear Guy Lombardo tonight and I was just wondering..."

Loretta: "Well, isn't that tough. I'm all dated up. Sorry."

Harry: "Emily are you by any chance not busy tonight?"

Emily: "Why, don't you remember? We were just talking this afternoon about the week-end party I'm going to attend at State."

Harry: "Eva there? Listen, Eva. I've got a ticket to hear Guy Lombardo tonight and..."

Eva: "Good, I'll be looking for you. I'm going with Jim."

Harry: "I'd like to speak to Constance. Yes, I'll wait. Oh, Constance, I'm wondering if there's the slightest possible chance that you're not going to be busy tonight."

Constance: "Harry, you old kidder. You didn't think I'd throw you down on that date to hear Guy Lombardo did you? Say, I've been planning on it since you asked me two weeks ago. I'm dressing now; when will you be over?"

Harry: "Yes, yes, of course; should we say 9:30?"

—Pitt Panther.

— D D D —

Parson: "Good-bye, and God bless you—and be careful, now that rowdies of this town don't play any tricks on you."

Newly-wed: "Don't worry, Parson, they won't catch us napping."

—Vanderbilt Masquerader.

— D D D —

1st: "How'll I cook these sausages?"

2nd: "Fry 'em like fish."

1st (after ten minutes work): "There's not much left to them after they're cleaned out."

—Yale Record.

— D D D —

He: "I can read you like a book."

She: "Yes, thanks to Braille."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

Student: "I can't hear you, Dr. Lynch."

Dr. Lynch: "That's funny, I can hear you."

—Rice Owl.

*I'm "that way" about
Chesterfields, too—*



the cigarette that's **MILDER**
the cigarette that **TASTES BETTER**

Hank's gal is tall and thin,
 My gal is short and low.
 Hank's gal wears silks and satin,
 My gal wears calico.
 Hank's gal is wild and wooly,
 My gal is pure and good.
 Would I trade my gal for Hank's gal?
 You know damned well I would.

—Yellow Jacket.

— D D D —

"Come on, grandpa, please tell me a bedtime story before I kick your damn shins."

—Aggievator.

— D D D —

Brightly shining are her iii
 Manners sweet and gentle eeee
 Soul so pure and wondrous yyy
 Busy as the bumble bbbb
 I recognize these urging qqq
 Her in my arms once more to cccc
 And lips divine again to uuuu
 And breathe in rapture: Holy gggg

—Purple Parrot.

— D D D —

Logic

No cat has nine tails.
 One cat has one more tail than no cat.
 Therefore, one cat has ten tails.

—Aggievator.

— D D D —

Old Maid: "You say there's a question you've been wanting to ask me for months. Well, don't be bashful, the answer has been waiting for years."

—Rice Owl.

— D D D —

Colored Preacher: "An what is you goin' t' name dis chile?"

"Hallud."

"Hallud—Hallud."

"An just where in de Bible does you find dat name?"

"What, you all been a preacher all dese years and don' know 'Hallud, be thy name'."

—Sour Owl.

— D D D —

Then there's the coed who goes out every Saturday night sowing wild oats—and on Sunday morning goes to church to pray for crop failures.

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

— D D D —

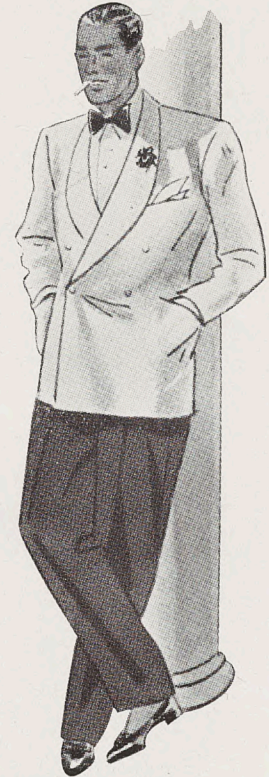
Policeman: "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

Student: "I just bought a new textbook and I'm trying to get to class before they change the edition."

—Exchange.

FORMAL DRESS

for
 Summer



Single or Double Breasted
 White Dinner Jacket

Black Bermuda Trousers

\$20

J.F. Losse
 PROGRESSIVE TAILORING CO.
 807-9 NORTH SIXTH STREET

So You're Going To College

College... a glimpse of an ivy covered Gothic tower... lanes through emerald green lawns shaded by century-old oaks, beneath which students sprawl and chat... a football arcs its way over a great concrete stadium... College... where bright colored roadsters flash in front of palace-like fraternity houses... where gay crowds gather along the Senior Wall to sing the College songs at twilight... where couples stroll along the bank of a lazy river while a pale yellow moon looks on... College... where all the profs are amiable nitwits who ride bicycles... where everybody hangs out at a soda fountain run by a nice old man who extends unlimited credit... where all the co-eds are blond, amorous, and lovely, and all the men are star half-backs... it MUST be like that, the books and movies couldn't all be wrong. Yet, it must be swell to go to college.

—Penn. State Froth.

— D D D —

Irate co-ed: "Hey, why are you following me? Didn't you ever see anyone like me before?"

Frosh: "Yeah. But I had to pay a quarter."

—Zip 'n Tang.

— D D D —

Slogan for a nice night's entertainment: "So-fa and no father."

—V. P. I. Skipper.

LIFE OF A JOKE

Birth: A freshman thinks it up and chuckles with glee, waking up two fraternity men in the back row.

Age 5 minutes: Freshman tells it to senior, who answers: "Yeah, it's funny, but I've heard it before."

Age 1 day: Senior turns it in to the campus humor rag as his own.

Age 2 days: Editor thinks it's terrible.

Age 10 days: Editor has to fill magazine, prints joke.

Age 1 month: "Thirteen College Comics reprint joke.

Age 3 years: Annapolis **Log** reprints joke as original.

Age 3 years, one month: College Humor reprints joke, crediting it to **Log**.

Age 10 years: 76 radio comedians discover joke simultaneously, tell it accompanied by howls of mirth from the boys in the orchestra. (\$5 a howl).

Age 20 years: Joke is printed in **Literary Digest**.

Age 100 years: Professors start telling joke in class.

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

Two chorus boys had a fued and they finally came to blows. The result of the battle is that one has a cauliflower wrist.

—Medley.

— D D D —

The click of knitting needles, the creak of a rocker, and the tick-tock of a grandfather's clock, were all that disturbed the soothing silence of the room. With childish curiosity little Ellen sat watching the purls and stitches.

"Why do you knit, grandma?" she asked.

"Oh, just for the hell of it," the old lady replied.

—Princeton Tiger.

— D D D —

Voice from above: "Mary!"

Voice from below (pleasantly): "Yes, mother?"

V.F.A.: "The clock has struck twelve three times now. Let it practice on one for a while.

—Flamingo.

— D D D —

Bellhop (knocking at bridal suite): "Did you ring, sir?"

Mr. Newlywed (muffled voice): "No, that's my wife. She's tingling all over."

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

— D D D —

Little sister was entertaining the visitors until her mother was ready. One of the ladies remarked to the other with a significant look, "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y," spelling the word.

"No," answered the child, "but awful s-m-a-r-t."

—Jack-O' Lantern.

CALL IT POKER

My father calls me William
And my baby calls me Will.
My aunty calls me Willie
And the fellows call me Bill.
My mother calls me Junior,
But that doesn't sound so nice;
At the frat they call me every time
I raise the ante twice.

—Boston Beanpot.

— D D D —

Do you believe in antidesestablishmentarianism?
No, I believe hanging is the better way.

—The Log.

— D D D —

The Devil sends the wicked wind,
To raise the skirts thigh high:
But Heaven is just
And sends the dust,
To close the bad man's eye.

—Red Cat.

— D D D —

Red Head: "I hate that man."

Blonde: "Why, what'd he do?"

Red: "He said I couldn't whistle and just to show him I puckered up my mouth just as round and sweet, and what do you suppose he did?"

Blonde (blushing): "How should I know?"

Red: "Well the darn fool just let me whistle!"

—Wittenberg Witt.

— D D D —

"Give me a match, Bill."

"Here it is."

"Well, can you beat that? I've forgotten my cigarettes."

"S'too bad; give me back my match."

—The Log.

— D D D —

The English prof called the trembling frosh up to his desk after the class had been dismissed.

"Do you know," he exclaimed in a harsh tone, "that the essay you handed in yesterday is one of Emerson's?"

The boy turned white.

"I got it from one of my fraternity brothers," he retorted bitterly, "but I never thought he could be such a low-down cheat!"

—Ohio Sun Dial.

— D D D —

Coquettish Co-ed: "How do you like my new hat?"

Cadet (absently): "Fine! But you have a run in one."

—Skipper.

THE WASHINGTON MAN'S CREDO

We herewith present some typical opinions of the local species of the genus College Boy. Look 'em over. If 75%, or more, of them agree with your opinions you are eligible for the leather medal with Joe College inscribed across the front.

1. No one outside of St. Louis ever heard of Washington University.
2. It's impossible to get a grade higher than C without apple-polishing.
3. The campus is ruled by politics, but the offices don't really amount to anything.
4. Student Life isn't worth reading.
5. Guy Lombardo has the best band in the country.
6. Because of the power of the Board of Student Finance student initiative is impossible.
7. Next year's football team will be the best in the history of the school.
8. Washington will someday build a stadium which will be among the best in the country.
9. Nothing under \$2.00 a pint is worth drinking.
10. Only suckers would pay \$2.00 or more a pint. (Check one of the last two.)
11. No dance on the campus would be any good.
12. The honor system would never work.
13. It's great to be in school instead of looking for a job these days.
14. The depression will be over by the time I graduate.
15. Zane Grey and E. Phillips Oppenheim are the foremost living authors.
16. Smoking a pipe is a sign of distinction.
17. Shakespeare, Milton, and Longfellow were good poets.
18. "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" has been good publicity for the fraternity, but it has been cheapened by popularity. I'm glad it's not **my** fraternity's song.
19. Profs never read more than the first two pages of a term paper.
20. All football players are dumb.
21. All St. Louis U football men get a regular salary and a commission for touchdowns.
22. No school spirit is possible in a college in a large city.
23. All coeds are gold-diggers.
24. Drunks are funny.
25. All English instructors are eccentric.

— D D D —

Prof.: "If there are any dumbbells in the room, please stand up."

A long pause and then a lone freshman stood up. "What, do you consider yourself a dumbbell?" "Well, not exactly that, sir, but I hate to see you standing all alone."

—V. P. I. Skipper.

1/c (referring to raw steak): "I said well done, waiter, well done!"

Waiter: "That's the first compliment we've had in a long time, sir."

—Rice Owl.

— D D D —

Census Taker (after many questions): "Now lady, about politics, are you a Democrat or a Republican?"

Lady: "I'm afraid I don't know."

C. T.: "Maybe you're a Technocrat."

Lady: "Just a minute, I'll ask my husband. (Calling upstairs) John, dear, are you a Technocrat?"

Voice Upstairs: "No, I'm shaving!"

—Red Cat.

— D D D —

Customer (in cafeteria): "I'll take that huckleberry pie."

Attendant: "That's not huckleberry pie, Shoo!"

—Rice Owl.

— D D D —

Miss Sophia Jones tripped into the lawyer's office. "Cain't ah sue dat no good Rastus Smiff fo' somepin', mister? He promised to marry me, dat he did, an' yesterdy he done 'loped with another gal."

"Promised to marry you, eh?" mused the lawyer. "Well, have you anything in black and white to show for it?"

"No, suh," replied Sophia. "Jes' black is all."

—Battalion.

— D D D —

Teacher to pupil: "Spell 'straight.'"

Pupil: "S-T-R-A-I-G-H-T."

Teacher: "Correct, what does it mean?"

Pupil: "Without ginger ale."

—Skipper.

— D D D —

Abie: "Vell, lkey, how's dot goil of yours?"

Ikey: "It's my business."

Abie: "Vell, how's business?"

—Ski-U-Mah.

— D D D —

All the things one really likes to do are either immoral, illegal, or fattening.

—Zip 'n Tang.

— D D D —

Child: "God gives us our daily bread, doesn't He, Mamma?"

Mother: "Yes, dear."

Child: "And Santa Claus brings the presents?"

Mother: "Yes, dear."

Child: "And the stork brings the babies?"

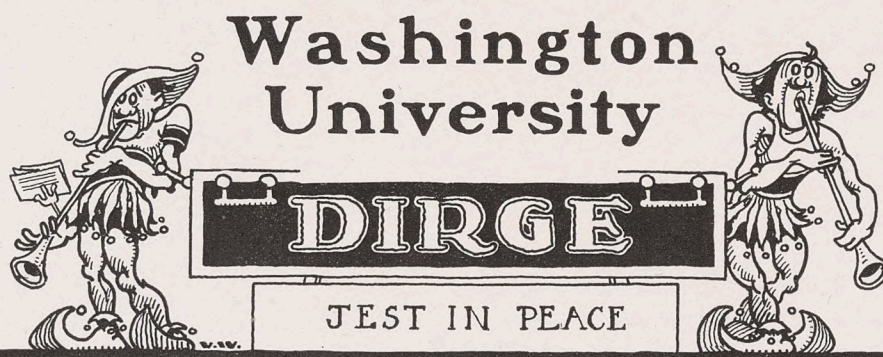
Mother: "Yes, dear."

Child: "Then, tell me, mamma, just what is the use of having papa hang around?"

—Kitty-Kat.

To spring.
When robins sing
And everything.





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 Managing Editor **EDWARD MEAD**
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Myra Kerwin		Betty Schmitz
Mary Wilson		Molly Jauncey
		Elizabeth Hixon

BUSINESS MOURNERS

Everybody mourns about business,

CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Chief Mourner's Tears	9	Written on Rubber	16
Campus Charactures	12, 13	A Poem About A Worm	17
The Man in Black	15		

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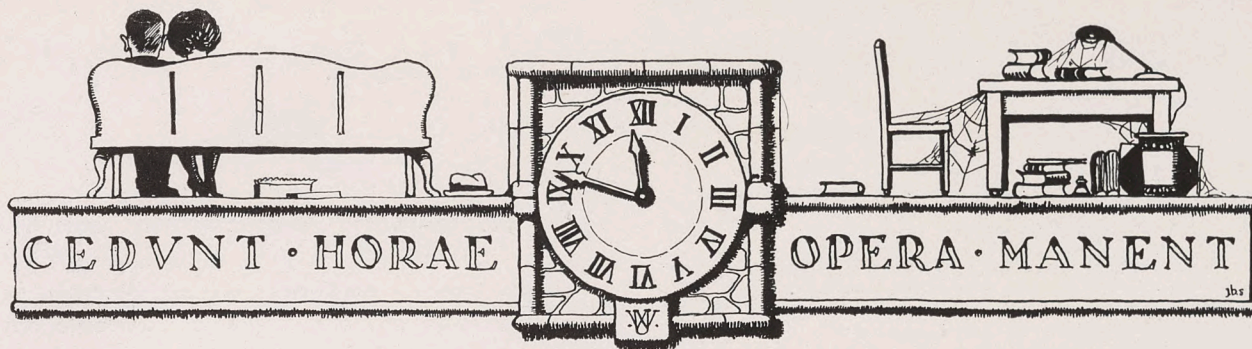
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Chief Mourner's Tears

You Can Skip This.

It is the custom for each incoming editor of this sheet to start things off with a Statement of Policy, Treasure's Report, and general clambake. And we (surprise) are no exception. We're still looking around for an Editorial Policy, but can't seem to find one, so we'll just give you a brief indication of what Constant Reader will be up against next year. In the first place, you may think me a foolish old fossil, but for some time I've had a silly little idea kicking around in the back of my head that a humor magazine should be funny. So our primary concern will be to make Old Subscriber cachinnate his head off. There is another little matter which we don't like to mention in a family journal of this type, but it involves a large problem in the life of an editor. For example, Minnie Glutz approaches us and says, "Of course you're going to cut out all those awful jokes with double meanings and everything." In the next moment Osbert Klink sidles up and leers, "We'll have some real snappy red-hot jokes now, hey keed." What our policy in this matter is going to be time alone will tell. Meanwhile, let us have no griping.

The next problem is that of O! Halter Hinchell. Ex Chief-Mourner Clover buried the old gentleman with sorrow and enough words to fill out the issue. This is all very lovely, but the reason that we are discontinuing the use of the name O! Halter Hinchell is that it sounds like the scandal column of the Punkville Junior High Gazette (or the April Fool number of Student Life, Hinchell's original creator). Always awake to journalistic trends, however, we are replacing O! Halter with a column in the same spirit. God help us. The identity of the author or authors will remain a secret. Regular rates will be twenty-five cents to get your name mentioned and fifty cents to keep it out.

We have a lot of new features up our sleeve. You may have noticed some in this issue. We doubt it though.

And so, a respectful nod in the direction of ex-

Editorman Clover. And may our magazine be as super-colossal as his has been.



Accident.

We have emerged from our probings into contemporary life in these United States with a quaint and touching story of a son's sad plight and a mother's resourcefulness. A friend of ours told it to us.

It seems that this friend was riding on a street car and noticed a lady and a little boy who were sitting in front of him. Now what was remarkable about this little boy was that, covering the little boy's head was a large hat box. The little boy presented a comical appearance. Our friend's curiosity



"Oh, Father, I believe you know Mr. Mellish."

was piqued, but being a gentleman, he did not go up to the lady and say,

"Pardon me, Madam, but hasn't your son a hat box on his head."

No, he merely waited. Finally, mother and son left the car and our friend followed them. As they were crossing the street a gust of wind removed the hat box. And there, wedged securely on the lad's head, was a white porcelain article such as country hotels are fond of placing under the bed. Our friend was surprised.



Phooey.

Although this journal lacks a constructive Editorial Policy, it will come out in opposition to anything which, in its opinion, is degrading, depraved, **effete**, deleterious, unethical, and lousy. Among the things against which we will raise the standards of righteous indignation and the fiery sword of Fearless Journalism are:

... painted fingernails ... radio comedians except Benny and Allen) ... people who imitate Joe Penner ... masters of ceremonies ... Princeton boys ... profs who cut classes without letting you know beforehand ... campus politics ... people who take campus politics too seriously ... ninety-nine per cent of the comic strips (cheers for Popeye, Bungle, Skippy, and a very few others) ... old jokes ... lyrics to popular songs ... hoofers who try to dance like Bill Robinson ... labs in the spring ... flat beer ... people who talk about things they don't like ...



Grandmother.

A young lady of our acquaintance one afternoon recently when a young man, whom she did not wish to see, but to whom she was obligated phoned and asked if he might come over. She said yes and set about formulating a plan for avoiding him. Finally she had an idea and enlisted the aid of her small brother in the scheme. When the young man arrived our heroine met him at the door with a sad story.

"I'm sorry, Joe," she said, "but I'm afraid I can't talk to you now. We just got word that grandmother is arriving at the Union Station in ten minutes and we have to meet the train."

Just then, the kid brother popped in to help his sister along.

"Come on, sis," he chirped, "we've gotta hurry if we're going to meet Uncle Fred."

"Uncle Fred," echoed the suspicious swain.

It was a tight place, but this brave little lady carved for herself a niche in the Hall of Fame and saved the day by her reply.

"Oh, yes," she explained, "we often call grandmother Uncle Fred."

"It's true, s'help us."



Spring.

... dandelions and people on the grass everywhere ... people yoo-hooing out of lab. windows ... field trips ... that old Stanley Steamer reappears ... spring formals ... finals ... people vigorously staying out of the library ... the trek down to Walgreen's ... ice-cream bars at the Bookstore ... white shoes ... coeds don short socks ... car tops come down ... tennis ... two or three people get excited about campus elections ... the campus begins to look like a nice place—for everything but study.



Drink.

We were surprised and just a bit nonplussed the other day when we saw a young fellow strolling across the campus, casually carrying a well-filled bottle of w—ky in one hand. The other hand tenderly toted a jug of what, to these old eyes, looked like wine. Slyly looking around for the dean, we followed this interesting chap. He entered Busch where, in answer to a few pointed questions, he revealed that he was a Chem.E. and that his class was analyzing various types of liquor to ascertain its alcoholic content.

Science is a wonderful thing and Chemical Engineering is a noble profession. We are considering it as a possible life work.



Popcorn and Peanuts

The principal result of digging forty thousand post-holes in the cinders of the parking place was the Pralma Carnival, alias Univee Carnival. Generally speaking, the post-holes were worth it; we recommend digging them next year. Everybody enjoyed himself but the turtles, the rats, and the Lock pledges.

Lovick Draper, one of the latter, nearly panicked the crowd Friday night. After a dozen or so baseball- marksmen had hit the trigger chair and dunked him in the ducking pool, he decided to duck the duckers by simply holding his breath and staying down. After a half minute or so, the barkers, who thought he had hit his head, began sloshing around in the deep water. Draper was too far down. About ten seconds more and the Lock members would have been in, high hats, red ties, and all but Draper's lungs had had enough.

(Continued on page 23)

Off My Chest, or Who Loves a Comic Editor?

by Ex-Chief Mourner Clover

"Say, you're just the guy I'm lookin' for. I heard a swell joke yesterday and it's just right for Dirge."

I actually cringed when somebody came up to me with this prefatory remark. For the chances are 10 to 1 that the joke "heard yesterday" is, in the first place, pretty foul, and in the second place, pretty old. In either case it is bound to smell. All year long this has happened. It is one of the many crosses that a college comic editor must bear. And one must be pleasant about it, for these helpful peoples' hearts are in the right place, even if their jokes aren't. For this reason the editor must create and cultivate a hearty chuckle that can be brought forth at any time and place.

Because of his very position, the editor of the college comic is absurdly regarded as an expert on wit and humor. This makes for a difficult situation in social gatherings. The editor simply cannot behave as he'd like to. He has but two alternatives—to be the life of the party, or at least try, or to remain perfectly quiet all evening. The former is by far the harder. Any attempt at wisecracking will invariably be met with jeers and cries of "There goes Dirge again." There is no such thing as polite laughter where a comic editor's bon mots are concerned.

Being a shrinking soul this sort of thing repelled me. Therefore, at parties, I made it a point to sit in one corner in the deepest arm-chair available and brood. Or go to sleep. Through months of practice I have become a great brooder and can compare with any egg-incubator on the market (cries of "There goes Dirge again."). Of course, when sulking like this, it is often embarrassing to overhear someone ask the host, "Who's that sour puss over there?" and to hear him answer "Oh, he's the editor of the college comic. Just ignore him."

Perhaps the most ticklish situation I've been in since connected with Dirge was last year. The usual large number of jokes clipped from other college comics were turned over to the faculty advisor for censorship. About half of the jokes were considered unfit for student

consumption and carefully put to one side in an envelope. Those regarded as safe for student morals were also carefully put to one side in an envelope. But the deadline for the next issue was close at hand. We were in a hurry. We grabbed an envelope and gave it to the printer. It was the wrong envelope. The jokes were printed; letters of protest from outraged parents were written in; and we were regarded with deep suspicion by the administration.

The question as to what becomes of college comic editors after they graduate is hard to answer. No one will ever admit he was a college comic editor after he graduates.



Smack!

The roadster skidded around the corner, jumped in the air, knocked down a lamp post, smacked three cars, ran against a stone fence, and stopped. A girl climbed out of the wreck.

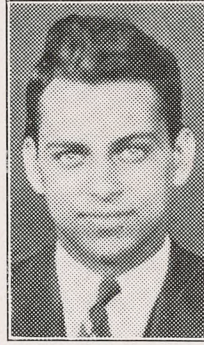
"Darling," she exclaimed, "That's what I call a kiss!"

—West Point Pointer.



"I'll take a glass of billiards, please."

—California Pelican.



Selwyn Pepper

C A M F

CHARACT

This month the Chief Mourner introduces Mr. Selwyn Pepper, recently chosen editor of **Student Life**. We admire him because he is making a serious attempt to salvage his paper from the mediocrity which has characterized it for the past few years; because his Editorial Board plan is a good one (if we **must** have editorials); because he is a member of Lock and Chain, Thurtene, and O.D.K.; because he is one of the few college men we know who has a job awaiting him when he graduates; because three years of news-hawking on the **Post-Dispatch** have taught him more about journalism than most college editors ever learn; finally because he's a good guy.

Vital Statistics:

Height	5'-6"	Weight	135
Eyes	green	Hair	black

Graduate of Soldan High School where he edited the school paper . . . Chief interest is in journalism . . . likes to swim and play tennis; has no championship aspirations in either one . . . likes Washington University . . . favorite profs are Howes, Jensen, and (of course) Lien . . . favorite course is Mr. Jensen's course in English Composition . . . gets a kick out of writing a weekly Winchellesque column for this class; says the class likes it . . . complains that the editor of Student Life has a ticklish job and he often runs afoul of the faculty . . . says that one indignant reader has threatened to have him expelled. He's not worried . . . his first big project, the political mass meeting on the quad, was a flop . . . he was the victim of a recent newspaper hoax when he wrote a story about five Italian boys who claimed to have been locked up in a barrel for five hours . . . doesn't mind being kidded about it though . . . finds newspaper work exciting and has dodged bullets when on the track of a story . . . has interviewed notables, but has never met the mayor . . . he is a member of Sigma Alpha Mu.

CAMPUS

FEATURES



Lucile Waite

And on this page we present Miss Lucile (careful of that one "e") Waite.

We admire her because she is the recently elected May Queen, one of the few campus Queenships that mean anything; because she is a member of Mortar Board and Ternion; because she has the tough job of governing the unruly Pi Phis; because she is a former chairman of the Frosh Family system.

Lu is a senior and expects to receive a degree in Education, but she's not very proud of that and does **not** expect to teach . . . University City was her High School . . . likes to read and is interested in athletics . . . is a big league baseball fan . . . spends her summers as a Counsellor in a girl's camp . . . her favorite professor is Dr. Usher although she admits he doesn't give her such good grades . . .

As to activities she says the old saying about freshmen and sophomores doing all the work and juniors and seniors getting all the credit is a lotta hooley. Also says that politics don't mean anything in girls' activities; their tactics aren't as rough anyway.

Her coronation as May Queen is her strongest memory of Washington, but she has liked everything about the school. (Gawd, we'd like to interview somebody who **didn't** like this place!)

The School for Scandal

We're vexed, quite vexed, and have been for some time,
And grow more vexed, indeed, with every rhyme.
It's Hinchell's fault, poor man; he's breathed his last,
And Gossip's banner droops on half a mast.
But here's the thing—the cause of our vexation—
Wise Gossip, who knows all, needs education.
Thus, ere we bless Her, we'll remove Her taint;
We'll give Her counsel—THEN a patron saint.

With sporting sinners, Scandal at its best
Should please the victims, as it please the rest.
Let fury seize those Mouths who sit and grin
While scanning sagas of another's sin,
Yet—here's the rub—THEIR names no sooner read
Than come a-cursing Scandal, Vaughan, and Mead.
It's in Her power; She can use her wiles
To bring confusion, or to bring us smiles.

Now, Gossip, dry your eyes and gaily sneer;
You've lost your Halter, but we've found his peer.
The lie's his limit, but the truth's enough
To gorge your gullet, and to fill his cuff.
He's yours forever, till you dub him quack;
Let Hinchell rot! Long live the Man in Black!

The Man in Black

Dear Bill,

It is with some timidity that I undertake the position recently vacated by our mutual friend, Mr. Hinchell. However, my friends all tell me that I am every bit as nasty as he was. If I can only gripe everybody as intensely as did my illustrious predecessor I'll be happy. My sole purpose will be to create a stench in the public nostrils. I'll do my best.

One of the funniest stories that has come to these old ears in recent weeks concerns Joan (Small Fry) Stealey. According to our informers, Joan is one of the few coeds who can boast of defending her honor in an airplane. Successfully, too. Things have come to a pretty pass when a girl isn't even safe in an airplane. Need we point out the obvious difficulties?

I dropped by Lindenwood the other night to see how the boys are making out in that part of the country. That's a fertile field, Bill, but a dangerous one. The night after C. Harry (Activities) Bleich had a date for that school's Sophomore Prom his date accepted the fraternity pin of a recent graduate of this institution.

I suppose you've heard more stories about the Quad Club's trip to the Cape than you can shake a stick at, but here's another one. Shake a stick at it if you care to. It seems that the local hellers joined in the festivities but were no match for the big town boys. One of the more active participants was confined to his bed for three days following the party.

I guess you know that Jimmy Vasey finally dug up the five-armed star and has it definitely planted on Elinor Ermes . . . and you can tell Clover that this stuff of dancing so much with old flame at the K.A. formal just to make Dottie Joslin jealous is pretty dull . . . you can also go on record that the John Kane-Myra Kerwin combination is strictly one track despite hints at outside interests made by Mr. Hinchell who Just Didn't Know . . . Virginia Withington, bye the bye, no longer sports that Theta Xi pin . . . if you own any stock in gasoline companies you can shake hands with Ralph Dumbell who has been using so much of it in frequent trips to Lindenwood . . . I understand that Otto Roeslein, in a recent run-in with the Discipline Committee staunchly refused to divulge the name of a girl who was implicated with him on a charge of (of all things) lagging pennies in January Hall . . . the Lawyers are tossing scallions at the person who identified the guilty parties in the great Rape of the Ballot-Box . . . one witness, when questioned by the authorities, said that two men on stilts were the culprits . . . the Boat Lock was a bit more controlled this year but, even so, the fellow who took those flashlight photos

on the top deck could make a pretty penny out of blackmail, I know several fellers who wouldn't be any too glad to have pictures of themselves and the Other Fellow's date exposed to the public gaze . . .

And listen, Bill, if you have any girl friends who would like a Sigma X pin tell them to see Tim Christopher about it. He recently retrieved the jewelry from Jane Schwartz, you know. Beta Theta Pi furnished the party of the third part. As you probably remember, Tim had pin trouble of the same type last year when Zetta Berger decided that Christopher was no longer the man for her.

Everywhere I go these days I see Steve Hopkins and La Ebrecht. It would make it a lot easier for your correspondent if this little girl would make up her mind. As it is we never know where she stands. There doesn't seem to be a pin involved in this Hopkins affair, although indications are that Steve thinks that would be a good idea.

Tell Osbert to polish up the leather medal for Partnerships That Endure and present it to Bill Eaton and Ruth Harms. The Carson-Flynn affair, also, goes bubbling merrily along and furnishes another example of the late O! Halter being screwias-hell.

The Kappa chapter is expecting sister Lukie Keeler to come forth with a Sig Chi pin any day

(Continued on Page 22)

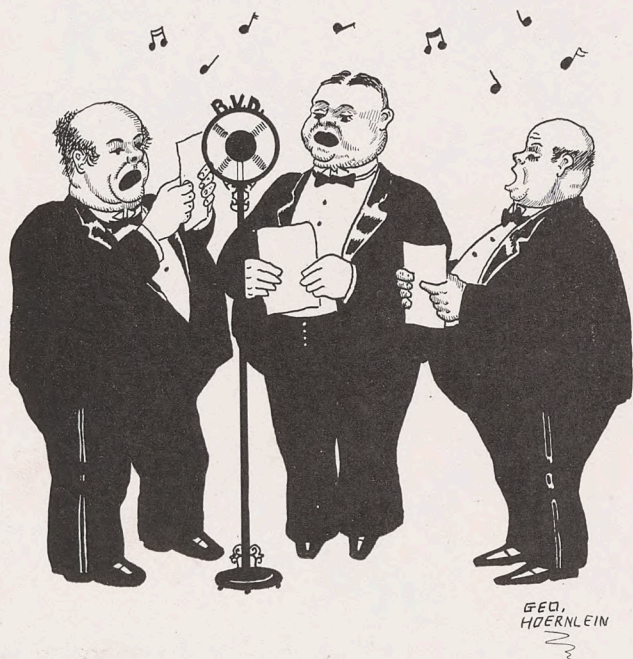


"But, dammit, Merriwether, I told you spring in Hawaii would do this to me."

Written on Rubber

A look at the newer recordings

The month of May comes out with more hits from the disc makers than any monthly release for a long time. In the popular vocal field the incomparable Boswell Sisters return with two recordings, Brunswick 6783 and 6798. The former pairs off **Shout Sister Shout** and **Everybody Loves My Baby**; the second **I Hate Myself** and **You Oughta Be In Pictures**. The accompaniments are supplied by the Dorsey Brothers for all but **Shout Sister Shout**,—where their masterful talents are missed to a pitiful extent. However, all of the offerings are good with **Everybody Loves My Baby** especially well done, bringing out like few of their recordings have, the lilt and soft swinging accents of their particular style. This performance almosts ranks with **If It Ain't Love** which may easily be classed as a superb phonographic triumph in any man's league. There is also Brunswick 6785 bringing back to an extremely receptive public the Mills Bros. who, after a prolonged absence due to illness in the case of one of the organization, outdo themselves in a magnificent recording of the ever favored **I Founda New Baby** and a neat little number, **Jungle Fever** (the latter from "Operator 13"). The former is the better of the two, bringing out to advantage all the old tricks and emphasizing their ability to break up tempos and swing out to the taste of the most modern. The Yacht Club Boys come through with an amusing release done up in their lively style telling about **The Great American Tourist** and the fact that **Sing Sing Isn't Prison Anymore**. (Columbia 2908-D).



"Long ago there was three pigs."

Hits from the shows have flooded in with the film "We're Not Dressing" offering the greatest variety and number. Bing Crosby making **Once in a Blue Moon** and **Good-Night Lovely Little Lady** with the same smooth, versatile baritone appeal. Also **May I?** and **She Reminds Me Of You** (Brunswick 6853), and **Love Thy Neighbor** (Brunswick 6852) with **Ridin' Around In The Rain**. The Crosby enthusiasts are now flooring each other to get up to that counter and get that perfectly divine record so any further comment would be useless. If you go for Bing you'll like all these, especially **She Reminds Me Of You**. Hal Kemp does **Good Night Lovely Little Lady** and **She Reminds Me Of You** with unique and deft precision. A typical Kemp intro. characterizes **She Reminds Me Of You**, the whole performance being very outstanding and again featuring a fast, highly accomplished reed section working around a notably solid brass. (Brunswick 6790). Eddie Duchin plays **May I?** and **She Reminds Me Of You** using piano introduction number 3 and modulation number 2. Yaas Sir, Oh Boy. Rudy Vallee does the best he can with a jazzey tune, namely, **You Nasty Man**, the results being commendable considering the material to work with. The reverse, **Hold My Hand**, is just another one of those things. Since these tunes come from "George White's Scandals," no explanation is necessary as to who would record them. (Victor 24581). Don Bestor grinds out **Little Did I Dream** and **Waitin' For Katy**, the latter a 10¢ novelty tune of the first water (Victor 24596) both from the show "Bottoms Up." The tunes from "Wonder Bar," **Why Do I Dream Those Dreams**, and **Don't Say Good Nite** are more or less competently cared for by Dick Powell in a rather mediocre performance. (Brunswick 6793). Duchin helps along with a dance disc of **Why Do I Dream Those Dreams** and **Looking Forward To Going Back To Ycu**. (And Stuff). (Victor 24576). The show "New York Town" provides several pleasing tunes with the sad Canadians under the direction of Guy "P" Lombardo bleating soulfully that **You Oughta Be In Pictures** and tinkling along concerning the **Little Dutch Mill**. Vallee doing **You Oughta Be In Pictures** and **Without That Certain Thing** filled his contract to make two recordings. (Victor 24581). Needless to say Lombardo's coupling is immensely popular. Very amazing. From the "Cotton Club Parade" comes again this month, **As Long As I Live** and **Ill Wind**, this time by Leo Reisman

(Continued on Page 20)

A Poem About a Worm

Named Herman and Mary Anne

(Being nothing more than a scientific dissertation on the hermaphroditic tendencies of the *Lumbricus terrestris*)

I. The Preamble

You've heard, of course, of innumerable worms, of impeccable purity of mind,
And of all these, Herman, perhaps, was the purist one you could find.

(A virtue quite falsely estimated,
As I think can be quickly demonstrated).

II. The Main Part

Spring came, that year, with her flowing breast,
To the chickens, and Herman, and all the rest.

With the usual results—to be specific,
A decided tendency toward being prolific.

And along with the daisies and buttercups,
Came negotiations for kittens and pups.

In fact, everything, without reservation,
Was helping to add to the population.

Yes—one exception—and only one;
Poor Herman sat alone in the sun,

And twiddled his thumbs, and thought a wife
Would greatly add to the spice of life.

And so, with not the least attentions
To proprieties of polite conventions,

He spoke to the very first worm he saw,
And, blushing and squirming and dropping his jaw,

Said, "Sir, or madam, your pardon," said he,
"Would you greatly object to marrying me?"

"Marry? MARRY? I say, it's absurd,"
And it flipped out cold with that very word.

And, the moment awake, gave a dissertation
In the interests of Herman—and education.

Herman said, "Oh," and then and there
Proceeded to go and beget an heir.

III. The Last Part

I saw my friend the other day, with progeny galore,
Two dozen kids (two dozen sons, and daughters twenty-four).

And smilingly he told me, there was nothing better than
Being half a worm named Herman, and half named Mary Anne.

e. m.



"Did you hear about the little girl who borrowed her mother's corset."

"Nope. Wise me up."

"She didn't have the guts to wear it."



**Do Delta Gammas
Wear pajamas.**



**There was a young girl from Bryn Mawr
Who was the same behind as before;
Since no one knew where
To offer a chair
She had to sit down on the floor.**

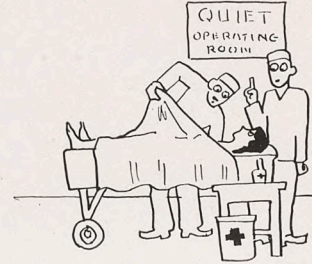
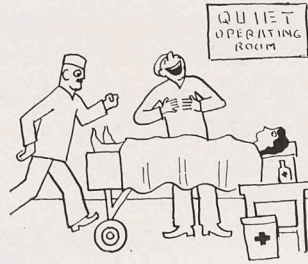
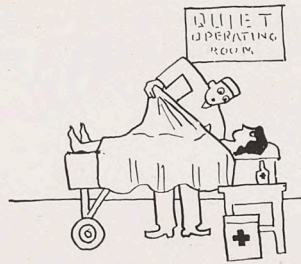
-Punch Bowl.



Radio Voice: "We will now hear from Professor Jones on the 'Advantages of a College Education.' "

Listener-in: "There they go with another one of those damn mystery stories."

-Cornell Widow.



Antecdoter

The story is told of a young doctor who was making a sort of pilgrimage to the Harvard Medical School in order to meet some of the famous scientists about whom he had heard all during his college days. He was walking down one of the corridors when he passed a dignified, gray-haired, old gentleman. Struck by the distinguished manner of this person, he wondered who it might be. A janitor was standing nearby and the young man approached him and asked the name of the man who had so impressed him.

The janitor eagerly answered him, "Why, that's Doctor ———, the famous embryologist," he said. "Very theoretical fellow, though. He has no children of his own."



Might Ask the Lawyers

A, B, and P bought a keg of beer;
A and B drank the beer.
Are A and B liable to P?

John Alden in the Minneapolis Tribune:

"There must be a lot of Sigma Chis in town. The theater was crowded with youths just under shaving and voting age."

Please, Mr. Alden—that hurts.

-Ski-U-Mah.



"I see they pinched one of the local cops with a whole car full of moonshine."

"Corn on the cop, eh."

-Penn. State Froth.



She was only a shoemaker's daughter, but she stuck to the last.



The winning gag in a joke contest conducted by the Minnesota Ski-U-Mah was this honey:

"Are you psychic."

"Yes, seer."

The state of Minnesota has been asked to withdraw from the Union.

CONTRAST

**John J. Piddlepoop
Just didn't care a whoop.
When, in the evening, he went out
There was never any doubt
That the night would be a pip.
When he left home with flask on hip**

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BUT

He came home like this.

Spook

It seems there was a fellow who lived in a haunted house. In this house was a ghost named Marvin. There was also supposed to be a large treasure hidden in the basement.

One day this fellow called the ghost and said, "Marvin, take this flashlight and go down in the cellar and look for the treasure."

So the ghost said, "O.K., boss." And he took the flashlight and went down in the basement to look for the treasure.

Marvin didn't come back out of the cellar for about three months. Finally he came back, without the treasure.

"Boss," he said, "I looked and looked for that treasure. I did my best, but I had to come up because this flashlight is getting dim."

The moral of this little parable is: "The Spirit was willing, but the flash was weak."



College boy's imitation of Greta Garbo: "Ay get tanked and go home."



"A new lipstick is being made with whiskey and wine flavors."
—News Item.

We can just see ourselves squirting the girl friend in the face with a soda when she comes around with her whiskey lipstick.



**Horace McSlope,
Intercollegiate dope,
Is a sub-minus moron
Beyond any hope.**

**On the slightest excuse
This flash-in-the-pan
Gleefully chortles,
"You nasty man."**



The girl who minds those Little Things
Never sews Little Things.

This Is Real Humor

"Hello, who are you."
"Hello, I'm Thurston."
"Well, have a drink."
"Thanks."



Operative No. 9648 reports that Ben Bernie has a new suit—a coat, vest, and two pairs of yowzahs.



**STRING MAKES
SPORTS DRESS
FOR YOUNG GIRL**

—fashion column in Post-Dispatch.

For what kind of sport?



**Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey
Burp!**



?—"Why does it take women longer to dress than men?"

ç—"They have to go slow around the curves."



**A girl I despise is Mary McSnoot
She goes to Mary Institute.
She has learned to say, "Quite."
And she gripes me on sight.
She's an All-American rottitootoot.**



**Why do Pi Phis
Peroxidize.**



Punk: "I have a piece of land 16 miles long and 7½ feet wide, and full of rocks and holes. What should I do with it?"

Bunk: "You ought to sell it to the road commission for a detour."

WRITTEN ON RUBBER

(Continued from Page 16)

on Brunswick 6789 in a spirited fashion, but very a la carnaval, if you know what I mean.

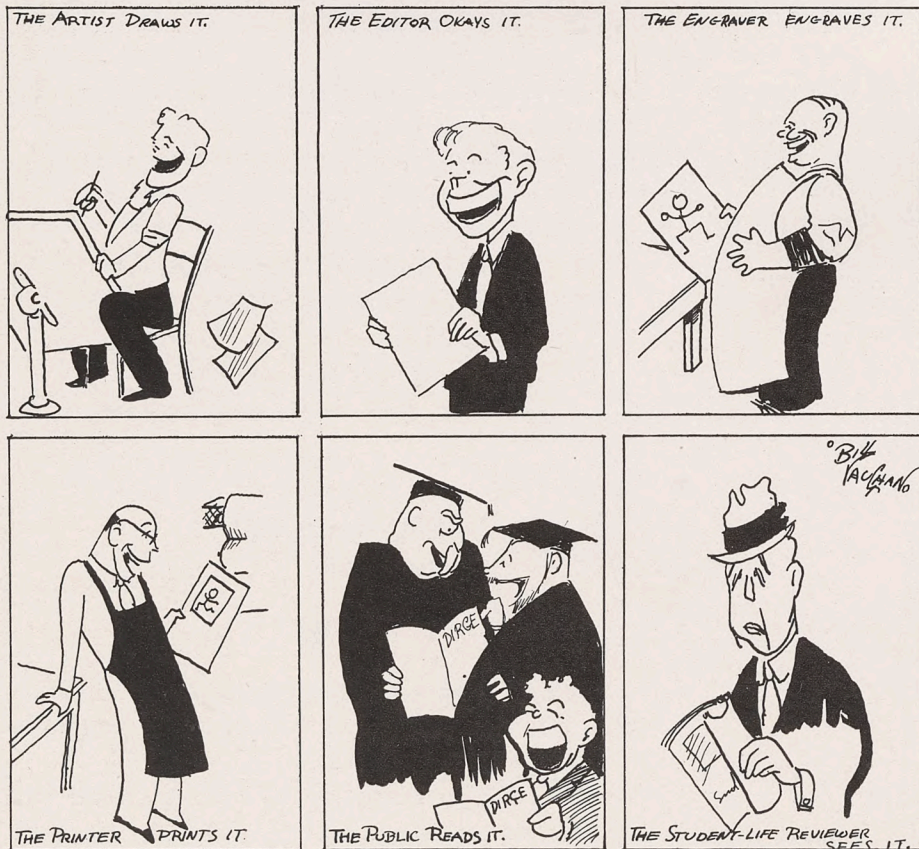
Regarding the no-show dance discs, Columbia offers two fairly notable numbers by Ben Pollock, namely, **Here Goes** and the **Beat Of My Heart**, (Columbia 2905-D) and **The Voodoo** the reverse by Madriguera on **I Knew You When**, (Columbia 2906-D) Jack Teagarden does a very effective vocalization on **Here Goes**. The itinerant King Teagarden of trombone fame seems to be back with the Pollock tribe after wandering from Eddie Sheasby's band at the World's Fair to Mal Hallet's terrific organization, on to the fourth trombone position in Whiteman's 33 man symphoneeee and then making various and sundry vocal recordings with occasional indifferent snatches of tromboning. Some of the more critical in musician's circles were forwarding the theory that the King was slipping due to his careless playing on his independent discs, but anyone listening in on Pollock's clean, fast band will hear, aside from some very excellent music, the best of the slip horn-men, once again the old Jack. Pollock's band is still feeling the loss of Paul Warney, ace trumpet man, one of the best in the business and now with Cliff Perrine's band, one of the better ballroom orchestra's in the country.

Benny Morton, now recording for Columbia,

makes **Get Goin'** and **Fare Thee Well To Harlem**, two typical Market Street style numbers—reed introduction on **Fare Thee Well** smacks of the King of all arrangers, Don Redman, but who would be the first to make an accusation of plagiarism, especially when all the modern bands are listening to the magnificent arrangements of the diminutive Redman and wondering hopelessly where one man can get so many ideas and be so far ahead of the field. Let it be said, softly perhaps, that even the modern contemporaries of the great symphonic composers are listening also with more than half interest to the lifting power of chubby little Don's amazing ability in voicing brass so superlatively. There, my children, is the band that is five years ahead of every band in the country to put it very conservatively. No proof of such a statement is needed as all one has to do is to listen to some of the Don's older recordings and then listen to the rank and file of the would be rhythm bands, including some very well known radio organizations now using the little maestro's older ideas. Finishing his engagement at the fancy Casino de Parea in New York, Redman played a startlingly successful engagement at the famous Castle Farms in Cinn. and condescended to play a one night stand here Wed. nite May 9. Those who were lucky enough to hear about it and attend, came away unable to talk coherently. The only band I ever heard that so completely carried away the whole dance crowd

that everyone forgot where he was and dancing was entirely abandoned. It is very difficult for one to express such an emotional lift in mere words. The jovial little leader and his band go to play the elaborate junior prom at Alabama University and it is rumored that the Casa Loma Band will be at the other end of the gym. I'm sick already. Well, I'm going to state right here that I thoroughly agree with my colleague who writes a similar column for the **Stanford Chaparal** that the Casa Loma Band is far and wide the best all around white dance band in the world. No one can touch the suave weaving of overtones and the insidious interlacing of,—I'm off again, pardon me but who wouldn't get hog-wild at the mention of the name of a band like that. I might say, though, that they're new offering for Brunswick is executed so sweet-

The Progress of a Dirge Cartoon



ly, so perfectly blended and the melting vocalizations of the softly modulated voiced Kenney Sargent so superb that it is too much for this poor, susceptible person. **Infatuation** and **Love Me**. (Victor 6791). Ray Noble puts out a sizzling but not modern **Tiger Rag** and **Japanese Sandman** both, however, being excellently recorded as far as mechanical perfection goes. It lacks the punch and rippin' color of such bands as the Casa Loma Band, Isham Jones, and Mal Hallet. Too stilted. (Victor 24577). Don Bestor turns out a subdued and very danceable recording of **Butterfingers** and **Love Me**. (Victor 24586). The aristocratic Isham Jones, the real sophisticate of the dance game, does **Neighbors** and **Over Somebody Else's Shoulder** (Victor 24583) with vocal choruses by the inimitable Eddie Stone. Needless to say the disc is smooth and at the top of the list as is their other release, **I Knew You When** and **Infatuation**. The satin-smooth trumpeting of Buddy Carlson contributes largely to their absolutely sweet perfection. Also for Victor, Harry Sosnik, who is supposed to open Meadowbrook Country Club this summer, records his theme number, **Lazy Rhapsody** coupled with **Winter Interlude**. (Victor 24572). Very slow, and gliding sort of tune that makes them give you the benefit of the doubt even if you aren't a Fred Astair.

And now let this humble person say at this point that there has been another "Star Dust" written. Its the intoxicating **Leavin' Me** by the famous trio of composers who have written innumerable hits, the ace lyric writers for the Mills Music Publishing House, Waller, Razaf, and Mills. The number is recorded by the band that is the new sensation and the talk of the town in New York, Jimmie Lunceford. A rippin', stompin' crew if there ever was one. **Leavin' Me**, however, is slow and sweet with subtle and delicately lovely chord changes in minors and diminished sevenths. An excellent vocal chorus finishes off a number that is a knock out. The reverse is **White Heat** a terrific jungle tune with typical screaming brass and the reeds running amuck. I still don't know whether that is a trumpet playing in that third chorus or a fife, its so high. Don't miss hearing **Leavin' Me** it's the best. (Victor 24586). I might mention for those who are still Lombardo fans that his newest disc **Nothing But The Best** and **True** for Brunswick is typical and as well played as possible considering the monotonous style adopted.

Yours till the Casa Loma Band
don't swing,

The Riff Man.

A double hit!



SUE: That smells good. Wish I could say the same for all pipe tobacco.

SAM: Tastes good, too. And you can't say THAT about all pipe tobacco either.

SUE: That makes it a double hit—pleases the ladies, pleases the men. What's the secret?

SAM: Edgeworth is a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant.

SUE: What does that mean?

SAM: In those leaves you get the mildest pipe tobacco that grows.

SUE: You mean Edgeworth is made from the mildest pipe tobacco that grows?

SAM: Right. Edgeworth has that rare combination — mildness plus flavor.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidior tin. Several sizes in vacuum packed tins. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

EDGEWORTH

MADE FROM THE

Mildest pipe tobacco

THAT GROWS

THE MAN IN BLACK

(Continued from Page 15)

now. She's been seeing a lot of the boys, but seems to have finally settled down to Bob Hillman.

Mait Marshall has been squiring Ginny Siefert around since he and Ebrecht are Just Friends . . . Bert Kent has Worcester Heimbuecher's Kappa Sig pin, in case anybody cares . . . Johnnie Carnahan, Kappa Alpha Southern, has fooled the know-it-alls who expected him to pin Mary Wilson; he spent a lot of time with Bee Ferring on the Cape Girardeau trip and it looks as though it might lead to something . . . speaking of Mary Wilson, her sidekick, Mary Williams seems to have given exclusive rights to Ray Flint . . . despite gossipmongers Kibbie Henry and Jim Miller are still firmly cemented. Kibbie, by the way, is down on college educations for women and doesn't want Little Jim to come back next year . . . if there is anyone who doesn't know about Dottie Coombs and Ev Davis, here's formal notice that she is wearing the Sword and Shield (or whatever they call those damn Phi Delt pins) . . . Bob Fletcher and Betty Trembley seem to be Interested in Each Other again . . . the Beta boys tried to throw a dance in competition with the Boat Lock and as a result they only had about four stags and Operative 64, who was covering the affair for me, reports that he had a tough job getting unstuck a couple of times.

It's rather hard to say whether or not Harold Clover has his pin on Do'th'y (Alice in Wonderland) Joslin or not. The crafty fellow has two of the blame things. However the Man in Black knows that she had it at one time. Harold, by the way, froths at the mouth when he hears the name of Herb Mahler, local band leader, whom he suspects of chiselling in on what he regards as his own private sphere of influence. Another thing, Harold, it must be pretty tough for a Big Man On the Campus like yourself to be stood up by a mere Hatchet Queen, How about it?

It was a dull month, Bill, but I'll keep the old peepers peepin' during the summer and let you know. Keep in touch with me.

Your friend,
The Man in Black.

— D D D —

An attorney for an electric light company was making a popular address. Warming up to his subject, he cried out: "Think of the good this company has done. If I were permitted to pun, I would say in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the Light Brigade'."

Voice of consumer in audience: "Oh, what a charge they made."

—The Log.

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The fawn before the pool is posed
She's leaning down to drink.
The stag he reels on toes and heels,
He's bending o'er the sink.

—Penn. State Froth.

— D D D —

He (with her): "Have you a room and bath for wife and me?"

Hotel Clerk: "We have double rooms but none with bath."

He (to her): "Will that be all right?"

She: "Yes, mister."

—Bison.

— D D D —

"That's a good one on Jokely."

"What happened?"

He had an insurance policy on the contents of his cellar and he thought it funny to put in a claim when he had burned all his coal."

"What did the company say to that?"

"They had him arrested for arson."

—V. P. I. Skipper.

— D D D —

If the right fellow loves her, she is happy;
If the wrong fellow loves her, she's sad;
If nobody loves her, she's desperate;
If anyone says so, she's mad.

—Rice Owl.

COMPLIMENTS
OF
A FRIEND

Chief Mourner's Tears

(Continued from page 10)

Next door, the KA's were selling shots at the professors' pictures. Our Friend in Black writes that Colonel Boorstein took repeated swings at his own portrait—and missed. Saturday night it was demolished . . . Dr. Thomas hurled wildly for awhile, and one "Mr. Pocohantas" took it on the chin several times, accidentally or not . . . Frances Bleich was one of the few people who brought down the Sign of the Flaming Hand, signifying brother C. Harry . . . One determined young gentleman demanded, "Where's Schmitz" and ran through ten or fifteen cents in a decidedly vicious manner.

The SAE's had an awful time with a bunch of sleepy "racing" turtles, and finally ended up with a nail-driving game. Saturday night, one enterprising group brought out a goose, the object being to ring his neck . . . The Sig Chis deliberately advertised their roll game as "the worst on the lot."



Be Funny.

We are getting just a bit annoyed at hearing the inmates of this University gripe about this magazine. It seems like every time we get set for a moment or two of peace somebody comes up and shoots off his big bazoo about lack of original material, and a couple of etceteras. Well, if you had to get out this sheet with the assistance of no one save a couple of old faithful contributors and Alfred, the half-witted office boy I guess you'd start looking through the joke magazines, too, I guess you would. All of which is an appeal for funny men and women to write, draw, or what have you. We want to make next year's *Dirge* just a dandy little publication, but we need HELP! Come around.



A youth the other day, applying for C. W. A. work, was filling out the application. He managed to get his name written properly in the first blank; also age, 23; and color white were simple. But the next blank said sex. . . . After considerable deliberation, befuddlement, and embarrassment he finally scrawled "occasionally." —*The Carolinian.*

— D D D —

One for Mae West's next production:

"How about breakfast, baby?"

"Alright."

"Fine. Shall I ring you—or just nudge you?"

—*Showme.*

Thir!

One of the instructors in Freshman English makes a practice of handing back themes and other papers personally to each member of the class. The other day he returned a paper to one freshman with the comment: "On the whole, this is rather pithy." The freshman replied: "Yeth, thir," and for some odd reason was kicked out of the class.

—*Tiger.*

— D D D —

"Momma, where do little babies come from?"

"Such a silly question, Junior. Run and ask your father."

A minute or so later. "Momma, daddy says you haven't told him either—and we'd both like to know."

—*Exchange.*

— D D D —

A man was discovered by his wife one night standing over his baby's crib. Silently she watched him. As he stood looking down at the sleeping infant, she saw in his face a mixture of emotions—rapture, doubt, despair, admiration, ecstasy, incredulity. Touched and wondering alike at this unusual parental attitude and the conflicting emotions, the wife with eyes glistening arose and slipped her arms around him.

"A penny for your thoughts," she said in a voice tremulous. He blurted them out:

"For the life of me, I can't see how anybody can make a crib like that for three forty-nine."

—*Lehigh Burr.*

— D D D —

Such a perfect scene for romance!

It was a heavenly night;

The moon was warm and golden,

The stars all shining white.

He was a perfect lover,

He held her in his arms;

And told her of beauty,

And of her grace and of her charms.

He said his love was like a fire—

A fire that could ne'er be quelched.

He said that then he wanted her,

And then—the fool—he belched.

—*Tiger.*

— D D D —

During the Christmas examination, a question in one of the courses was "What causes a depression?" One of the students on pro wrote "God knows! I don't. Merry Christmas!"

When the examination paper came back he found the professor's notation, "God gets 100. You get zero. Happy New Year!"

—*Rice Owl.*

FOUND—Roll of five dollar bills. Will the owner please form a line at the north entrance to Main Building?

—Zip 'n Tang.

— D D D —

Little Fishie in the brook,
Papa catch him on his hook.
Mama fry him in the pan,
Baby eat him like a man.
Hey, hey—who cares,
Burma shave!

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

— D D D —

Sure he's a smart guy. He played the dictionary in "Another Language."

—Medley.

— D D D —

"There's a personal letter for you at the house."
"What did it say?"

—Cornell Widow.

— D D D —

Bootlegger: "It's pre-war stuff."

Student: "Gosh! Is there going to be another war?"

—Vanderbilt Masquerader.

— D D D —

Momma: "Pa, Charlie has been a very bad boy today. I wish you'd say something to him."

Poppa: "Hello, Charlie."

—Sniper.

— D D D —

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!"

—Black and Blue Jay.

— D D D —

The difference between Lot's wife and the lady driver is this: The former looked back and turned into a pillar of salt. The latter looked back and turned into a telegraph pole.

—Exchange.

— D D D —

And then there was the sweet young thing, taking the examination for a driver's license, who was asked: "If your brakes suddenly failed to work while you were going down hill, what would you do?"

She hesitated only a moment, then smiled brightly, and answered: "Why, that's easy; I'd just jump out and put a big stone under the wheel."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

She: "Do you know what good clean fun is?"

He: "I'll bite—what good is it?"

—Lehigh Burr.

A lady motorist was driving along a country road when she spied a couple of repair men climbing telephone poles.

"Fools," she exclaimed to her companion, "they must think I never drove a car before."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

"Do you want gas?" asked the dentist as he placed the patient in the chair.

"Yes," said the absent-minded professor. "About five gallons—and take a look at the oil."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

College President (calling meeting to order): "Order, please."

Freshman: "Ham and eggs and a cup of coffee."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

Mother: "Why are you reading that book on the education of children?"

Son: "To see if you are bringing me up properly."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

The Menagerie

"Everybody in our family is some kind of animal," remarked Tommy.

"What do you mean?" asked his mother.

"Why, mother, you're a dear, you know."

"Y-e-s," replied the mother thoughtfully, "and I guess baby is mother's little lamb."

"Sure," approved Tommy, "and I'm the kid, and sis is a chicken, and auntie is a cat, and little brother is a pig, and dad's the goat, and—"

"That's enough, Thomas."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

A negro maid came into the bank with a check from the lady for whom she worked. As she could not write, she always endorsed the checks with a big X. But on this occasion she made a circle.

"What's the matter, Linda?" the man in the cage asked. "Why don't you make a cross as usual?"

"Why," Linda explained, "Ah done got married yesterday and changed my name."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

Timid Wife (to husband who has fallen asleep at the wheel): "I don't mean to dictate to you, George, but isn't that billboard coming at us awfully fast?"

—Red Cat.

— D D D —

Doctor (attending patient who had swallowed a half dollar): "How is the boy today?"

Anxious Mother: "No change yet."

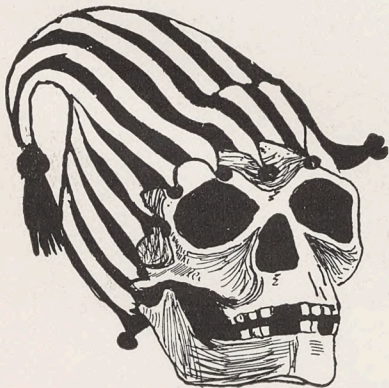
—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.



The Clanging iron doors of the crypt swung open. A huge black coffin supported by black-garbed mourners was carried slowly to the entrance. On the side of the coffin was inscribed "Staff—1933-1934." Then it was pushed into the gloom of the crypt and the doors closed. A long sigh of relief welled up from the interior that was broken off suddenly as the chief mourner, distinguished by a tinkling cap of bells, turned the key in the huge padlock that forever sealed the coffin.

This accomplished, the chief mourner turned, smote himself on the chest, and muttered, "That settles Clover. Now I can have some peace." And he strode toward the gate of the cemetery, ready for a year of puns, cartoons, contests, and fights with Student Life and the business-manager.

William Vaughan had finally come into his own.





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"it's toasted"

Only the Center Leaves—these are the Mildest Leaves



They Taste Better

