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Washington University Dirge: Seventy-Fifth Valentine Number

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DIPLOE

15¢



WASHINGTON LI

"Watch out, you'll spill the beans . . .

"...but before you say any more, I want to ask you one question.

"Why do they use pictures of pretty girls in advertisements?"

"And while you are thinking about what you are going to say—

"I will tell you this much:

"Many pretty girls like a MILD and PURE cigarette that TASTES BETTER . . . and that's Chesterfield."

They Satisfy

WRAPPED IN DUPONT
NO. 300 MOISTURE-
PROOF CELLOPHANE...
THE BEST AND MOST
EXPENSIVE MADE



GOT A DATE TONIGHT? Hear "Music that Satisfies"
—Nat Shilkret's Chesterfield Orchestra and romantic
songs by Alex Gray. Nearest Columbia station, 10:30 E. S. T.

A woman in a railroad station, holding two babies in her arms, was frantically trying to get her purse to purchase a ticket. A red cap stepped up and offered to take one of the babies.

"Are these babies twins?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied. They were born on election day and we named one Smith and the other Hoover."

Having secured her ticket, she relieved him of the baby.

"Well, I guess I was holding the one named Smith," he said, as he walked away.

—Puppet

— D D D —

"Was he surprised when you said that you wanted to marry his daughter?"

"Was he! Why, the gun almost fell out of his hand."

—Log

— D D D —

He: "I'm groping for words."

She: "I think you're looking in the wrong place."

—Jack O'Lantern

— D D D —

Limits

Business Man: "Well, Miss Smith, how would you like to take a business trip with me next week?"

Miss Smith (chewing hard): "Say, I may be your typewriter, but I'm not portable."

—Purple Parrot

— D D D —

No. 1: "What did Sandy say to that Phi Beta during the final exam?"

No. 2: "He just said, 'A penny for your thoughts'."

—Cornell Widow

— D D D —

Professor (in Lit. class): "What is the greatest Greek tragedy?"

Kappa: "The Pi Phis."

—Aggrevator

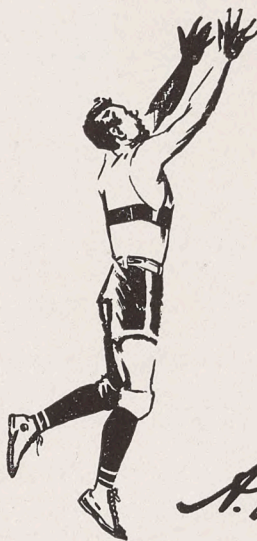
**Rudy Valee is not the only
Sig. Alph.**

There are Other Fish in the Pond.

Why not try a S. A. E. for that
next date?

**OFFICIAL
ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT**

that has borne the stamp of the world's leading athletes' approval for over a half a century. Spalding makes authentic athletic equipment for practically every sport played.



Let us equip you for your winter and spring sports activities.

- Basket Ball
- Handball
- Squash
- Swimming
- Track
- Tennis
- Golf
- Baseball

A. G. Spalding & Bros.
409 North Broadway

A NEW SERVICE



TEA

for

Washington University
Students

Served
Afternoons



**Lee Hall Cafeteria
Women's Bldg. Cafeteria**



Published at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

Vol. XIII

FEBRUARY, 1932

No. 5

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Cover Design by Bill Vaughan

THE BETWEEN-SEASONS WARDROBE

February seems to have become an off season for the wardrobe. The fall and winter outfit has long since been purchased, and its first newness has worn off. The new spring styles are not yet out, although a few fore-runners may have appeared. Yet hardly a more fitting time may be found for the purchase of some article of clothing. Such an acquisition will lend tone to your whole wardrobe, and launch you alertly into the activities of the second semester.

A hat would make an excellent purchase of this type. The newest snap-brims have a full crown, narrow brim, and are frequently rather conservative in style. One type has the brim with a tiny welt edge, while others have the usual raw edge. A pair of shoes will make an excellent addition to the wardrobe at this time. One firm lists what are, in their opinion, four essential pairs. The first is a pair of dress oxfords, of soft, well-polished calfskin. The second is a pair of oxfords, with slight ornamentation, suitable for business wear with dark suits. The third necessity is a pair of full brogues of dull calf, for country wear, and for less formal town wear, with tweeds, homespuns, and soft hats. The final requisite is a pair of oxfords, of waterproofed brown moosehead, which shows a pronounced grain. These are suitable for wet days in town, or for country wear.

A suit would also be an excellent purchase at this time. The most popular ones at this time are of tweed, tweed effects, checks, stripes, or self patterns. They are usually worn in gray, brown, blue-gray, etc. Peaked or notched lapels are equally correct. The single breasted coats have fairly broad shoulders, are fitted slightly at the waist, and hang straight over the hips. The double breasted coats have fairly broad lapels, broad natural shoulders, and, like the single breasted ones, are fitted slightly at the waist and hang straight but not tight over the hips.

A new tuxedo or some accessories will go far towards putting new life in your wardrobe. The dinner coat of black worsted should have dull silk or grosgrain faced lapels. There should be a single braid at the outside seam of each leg of the trousers, and the waistcoat should match the lapel facings. The new tuxedo ties have either square ends or club points, and are made of fine rep, with barely visible small jacquarded designs. A white pique with a design of small diamonds is suitable for dress shirt bosoms. The cuffs and wing collars should, of course, always be of plain fine white linen.

Many of the minor accessories will go far towards lending a new tone to your wardrobe. The new pair of gloves will probably be of some light leather, such as pigskin or chamois. A new tie should be either some all over pattern, or a small

AND NOW are the days when pater is much intent on figuring income tax, budgets, et cetera.

And there is my cue to lay before the head of the house the facts and figures on clothes for the royal son of the house.

Said facts that if I have for me a suit custom tailored in the College Section of the house of Losse, said suit will first do full justice to my manly charms and furthermore said pants will as pants should, but most pants don't hold a crease, and furthermore said suit will far outlast ye suits of the common kind. Logie for pater and a Losse custom tailored suit for son.



repeated pattern. Fine stripes are also popular. Shirts with stripes, in varying width, in blue or brown are good. The new double fold cashmere reefers in shepards checks and plain light blues are popular and correct.

— D D D —

I know hundreds and hundreds of girls,
But the dumbest is Lillian Dare.
She thinks the Eternal Triangle
Is something that babies wear.

—Pelican

— D D D —

Her: "I don't know whether to buy a brass or mahogany bed."
Him of the Coat: "Lady, you can't go wrong on a brass bed."
She took the mahogany one.

—Arizona Kitty Kat

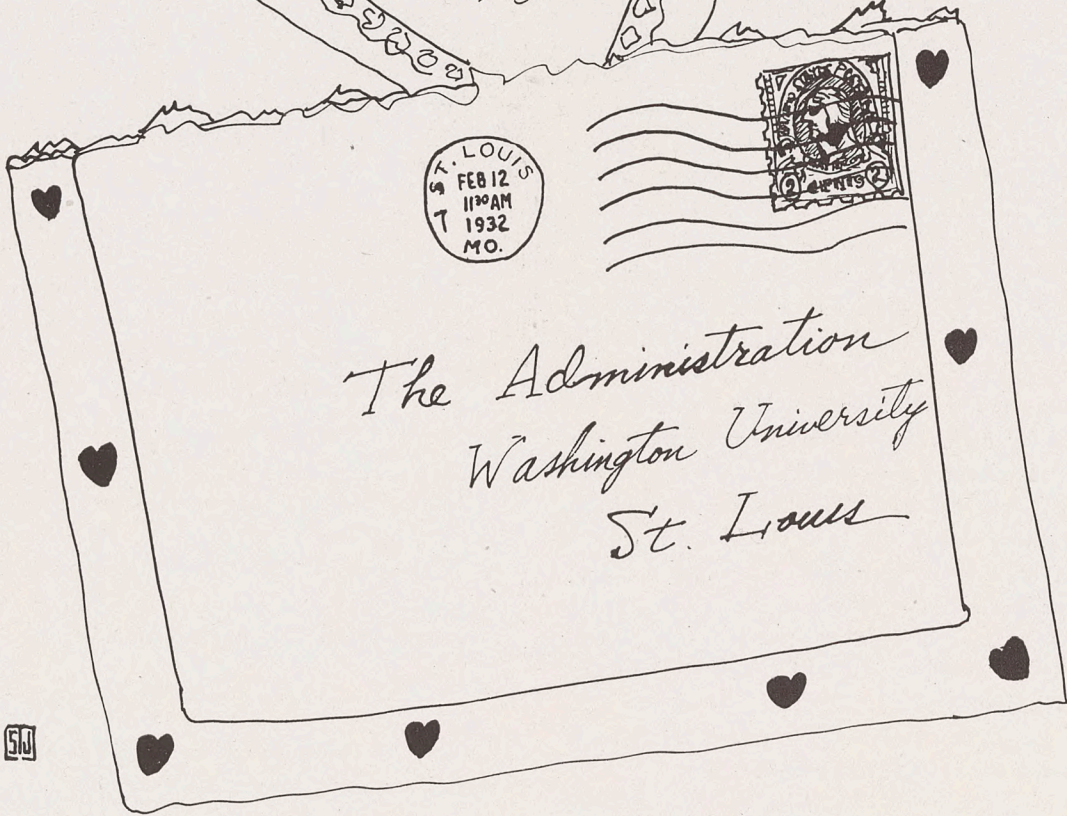
— D D D —

We can't understand why Bill is so popular when the girls all say he makes them tired.

—Grinnell Malteaser

— D D D —

"And I," said the medical student, as he started his dissecting, "suggest that we go in a body."



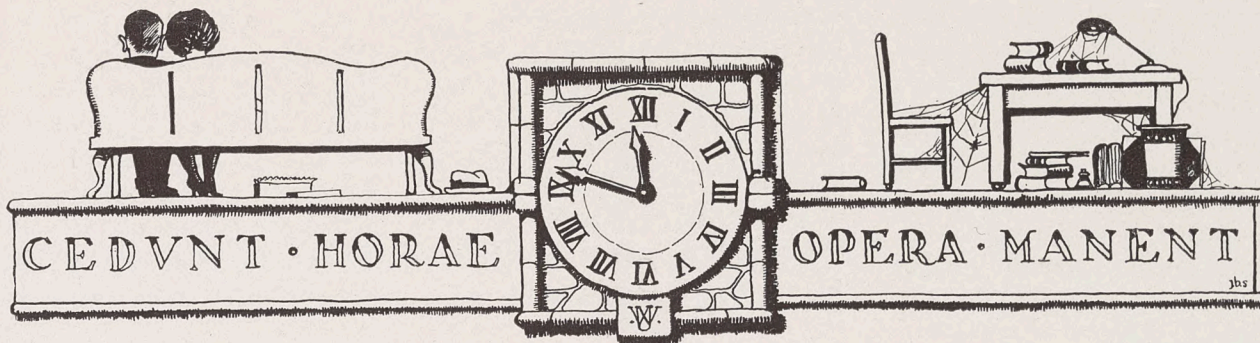
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CAMPUS COMMENT

We Approve!

We suppose the inevitable result of lifting the ban on girls smoking will be a barrage of hostile letters to Chancellor Throop, Dean Stephens, and Dean Starbird. "I will never, never let a daughter of mine go to such a school. I do not see how a decent institution can permit . . ." Letters like that. On the other hand the far greater number of people who are highly pleased with the administration's action will neglect to write in and congratulate the administration on its action.

The reaction toward the expansion of the athletic department will probably be much the same. Those people who feel that a losing football team is a badge of honor indicating scholastic excellence will be generous with their criticism. And those those who advocated obtaining another coach so that Dr. Sharpe could devote himself to the duties for which he was hired will silently take it all as a matter of course.

In other words the administration will receive mostly criticism for two actions for which most of us have nothing but praise. The traditional policy of Dirge toward the administration has been "Don't boost; knock!" May, we, for a change, express our approval.

Book Review

We don't want to be always carping (after all there are other things in life besides carping)

but we're not at all sure that we can approve of *TECHNIQUE OF COMPOSITION* by Kendall B. Taft, John Francis McDermott, and Dana O. Jensen. We feel that the book is a little too personal, a little too inconsiderate of the reader's finer sensibilities.

For instance the book says, "Luke picked up the sandwich in one hand and the pet rat in the other. He ate it hurriedly."



Now Mr. Jensen, would you like it broadcast over the civilized world that you ate pet rats hurriedly? Of course you wouldn't. In another place it says, "This doublet hung unbuttoned over a close dress of scarlet which set tight to his body; he had breeches of the same, but they did not reach below the lower part of the thigh, leaving the knee exposed." Now even if Scott did write this, isn't it the sort of thing that nice people don't talk about?

"There seems to be no doubt that Gleason was in a state of inebriation when he passed away," according to this handy little

manual, but it would be more direct, it seems, to say, "Gleason was drunk when he died." More direct, yes, but is it nearly so nice, Mr. McDermott? "The street car conductor looked at me and said that I was no better than him." Gentlemen, gentlemen, should you insert your petty little quarrels into a manual on English grammar?

The authors of the book have played more than one jolly prank. One time "The engineer was angry, as he realized that the boys had put soap on the rails so the engine wheels spun around every time they came to a slippery place where the soap had been applied."

Of course not all of the book is offensive, nor is it all devoted to describing the puckish pranks of its authors. There is more than a little of valuable fact and homely philosophy. Witness: "You should not remove the applesauce until thoroughly stewed." "The ibis is a wise bird, standing on one leg." "Battling Jake fought the heavy-weight champion, knocked him out, and lectured on astronomy at Carter University." This doubtless refers to Jake, the Colonel's assistant. "It is," and here we seem to sense Mr. Taft's touch, "dangerous to lean out of a window." The book has just oodles of interesting facts like this so you can see the student who winnows the book carefully will not be only sadder, but wiser as well.

Publicity

Washington's newborn publicity department has been functioning very smoothly. No longer do the papers wait breathlessly for the news that Irma Blotz has cured herself of athlete's foot and won the perfect posture contest due to the good effort of the women's athletic department. No longer need bashful swains wonder what their girls look like in bloomers. All said bashful swain has to do is look in the paper and if he waits long enough he'll see her picture in a gym outfit. However the News Bureau has overlooked some pretty good publicity stunts which we suggest be arranged right soon. Have the Phi Beta Kappas enter intramural teams. Have the chancellor take up tap dancing and put on a skit in chapel. Stage a Billy Sunday revival with Dr. Bieber as his assistant. Have Student Life put out a fifty page rotogravure supplement. Pictures of white mice sending the psychology department through mazes. You can't be half-hearted about this publicity thing. Whole hog or none.

Thank You, Rear Admiral

The other day we received a copy of the Journal of Calendar Reform and clipped to it was a card which read, "This copy of the Journal of Calendar Reform is sent to you at the suggestion of Rear Admiral Upham, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, United States Navy, whose article appears on page 148." Feverishly we turned to page 148 and discovered that Rear Admiral Upham turns a very neat phrase. "But when any of these acts of man run afoul of the laws of the universe they are as futile as would be the efforts of a child to stop Niagara Falls," and "The day is the unit of time and is the period of one revolution of the earth on its axis" are some of his gems. A simple style, without rhetorical flourishes, yet it is crammed full of meaning. We thank Rear Ad-

miral Upham for remembering us. Maybe he knows some of the General Motors people. Any day now we expect to find a new, shiny Chevrolet in front of our house with the inscription, "Sent to you at the suggestion of Rear Admiral F. B. Upham."

The Path to Prosperity

Dirge economists have been at work for some time now and shortly they are going to publish a book entitled, "The Path to Prosperity, or Fooey on Oiving Fisher." We've seen the advance proofs and we're passing on a few of the main ideas to our gentle readers. The main theme of the book is that the future of the world lies in submarines. We all remember what prosperity the automobile brought with its allied industries of tires, roads, Ford jokes, etc. Well, when submarines begin to replace the automobile just as the automobile replaced the horse, that's when prosperity is coming to America. All the unemployed will be put to work building canals. These canals will be very deep downtown so that the submarines can



park underneath each other like sardines in a can. Out in the residential districts the canals will not be so deep. The city government will have no paving graft and within a few years the parking lot down by the Art School will be a big lagoon. Probably with water lilies. Think of that.

World's Worst Ad!

We recently read the world's worst advertisement. It was in, of all places, the sophisticated New Yorker. It ran as follows:

"... Arrived, did you say?" We did arrive, as I recall, quite mahatma in new loin cloths, and barged straight for our table. As we started the trek, I felt the enamored gaze of the populace, and did a couple of preens. . . . But the glad eyes were not for me. Actually, they were for him, the tall hussar who would presently pay for the cakes and ale. . . I was simply trailing him like the family comet; of course what could I expect but the shadow. He is that perfectly devastating Ramseses type . . . you know, rich, mellow, mild, and terrifically aristocratic. Just one statement will explain why Ramseses is the choice of cigarette connoisseurs everywhere! . . ." We predict a big shake-up in the advertising business.

Troubles of the Forensic Department

Those of us who have taken public speaking courses remember spending quite a little time mastering the delicate intricacies of the speech plan. Not so, it seems, the modern generation of public speaking students. Wherein hangs our tale.

When The Forensic Department put his public speaking final on the board he wrote "speech plan" in such a way that his class read it "speed plan." Somewhat at a loss to discuss a subject which they did not recall having taken up in class, they bluffed through the question as best they could.



"The speed plan is one of the essentials of modern public speaking. In fact there are many

times when nothing but speed will save the modern public speaker. All of our modern inventions tend towards speed. 'Faster, faster,' that is the cry of our age. In fact it has been called the Age of Speed by George Bernard Wells. So it is only natural that speed should have found a place in public speaking."

And so on in similar vein, until the student thought he had shown convincing familiarity with the speed plan. We understand The Forensic Department is just a trifle discouraged.

It's a System!

After his examinations are over the average student dashes breathlessly into professors' offices and shouts, "Did I pass?" The professor immediately decides that the student must not have known much or he wouldn't have been worried so he knocks ten points off his grade.

That is why we do not inquire about our grades. We just sit back and let the professors squirm and worry. Here it is a whole day after the grades are due and Professor Blank sits in his office worrying. "Smith hasn't been in yet to see about his grade. Pretty confident, I guess. Well he must have known more than his exam shows. I'll have to add ten points to his grade." That's our system. We're pretty cute; always one jump ahead of the faculty.

Prank

The other day an English instructor was explaining to his class acts prompted by emotion. Said he: "Recently I was a passenger in an auto which was waiting in a side street, trying to force its way into the main stream of traffic. None of the cars would give us room, so finally we selected a timid-appearing driver, and proceeded to edge our way in, in front of him. The other driver didn't seem to enjoy this, and when the stream of traffic slowed down after a few blocks he lost

control of his emotions, and allowed his car to bump us. But



this did not disconcert us, for our driver put the car in reverse and bumped him." Boys will be boys!

Social Classes

We went down to the American Theatre not so long ago and sat in the highest gallery. We were standing at the head of the stairs smoking when two young Mary Institute misses approached my friend whom they evidently took for the ticket taker. Try to say "took for the tacker ticker—that is—took for the ticket taker" over real fast. It's hard to do. Anyhow they told our friend, whom they mistook for the ticker tacker, "We haven't tickets. We have seats downstairs but the man said we could come up here to see what it was like. It's a regular nigger heaven, isn't it?" Our friend nodded rather bleakly. The Mary Institute misses stared for a while and as they left one of them said, "It's interesting to see how the other half lives, isn't it?"

This little incident made us very unhappy. It had never occurred to us that we belonged to the other half. The revelation rather stunned us. We got on the street car to go home and felt our heart warm with a brotherly feeling toward the conductor. We figured he belonged to our half. We sat down (this IS interesting, isn't it?) and noted that someone had spilled a lot of rice in the aisle. At first this amused us. We decided that a bride and groom had started their honeymoon on the street car. We thought there was probably a dirty joke about "the young married couple that spent their honeymoon on a street-car." Then we decided that the rice was the visi-

ble traces of a tragedy—a brave young couple starting life on a street-car—smiles through the tears—things like that. We were morose all evening thinking about slumming Mary Institute girls (at least they had on those funny shoes) and the other half (people who sit in galleries and spend honeymoons on the street cars). It's a small world, eh Mrs. Van Astor?

Patronize Our Advertisers!

Things are sure picking up now that we have, not one, but two business managers. The new arrivals are Mr. Charles Schumacher and Mr. Alexander Johnson. These gentlemen are very alert and just brimming over with ideas and what with this being Leap Year and this being the Valentine number they have persuaded several of the fraternities that it pays to advertise in Dirge. All that we can say is, "Girls, patronize our advertisers!"

Space Filler

In line with our policy of having departments end at the bottom of the page we hereby announce to the palpitating world that the next issue of Dirge will be very elegant. Of course we've said this before but this time we really mean it. Forty-five words so far—two hundred needed to fill the space. Now we know how the editor of Student Life feels—he does feel, doesn't he. Seventy-one words so far. Now is the time for their party. Now is the time for all good men to come to—but surely you get the idea.

At any rate the next issue will be just dandy. The next issue will be called the Burlesque Number. It will be very funny. It will have jokes, cartoons, and advertisements, Professor McKenzie will like it. You will like it. Chancellor Throop will like it. Because it will be very funny. One hundred and fifty-nine words. This make one hundred and sixty-five. This can go on forever.

The Mourners

Oh Dr. Lippincott!

STUDENT tiptoes softly up to door labeled, "Dr. Lippincott, Square Deal Phrenologist. Student bows low three times, knocks softly, and enters. Dr. Lippincott closes the heavy volume of the Congressional Record which he appears to be reading and looks up with a blush as a tattered copy of Ballyhoo falls out from between the leaves.

Student: I was —

Dr. L.: Let's see, you have been getting an allowance of two million dollars a month from Greta Garbo and you want to know what to do —

Student: No, that's not it. I —

Dr. L.: Oh now I remember. You wanted to know how to keep the moths out of your coonskin coat. Well —

Student: No, I —

Dr. L.: Oh yes. It was your mother. Wanted to marry the dramatic critic on Student Life. I've been thinking about that and —

Student: What I was —

Dr. L.: Wait, now I have it. You were wonder-

ing whether the horseless carriage was just a fad.

Student: No, I —

Dr. L.: I remember now. You're the boy who lives on the east side of the Beta house and can't get any sleep nights.

Student: You must be thinking of somebody else. I —

Dr. L. (with a sigh): I don't believe I remem-

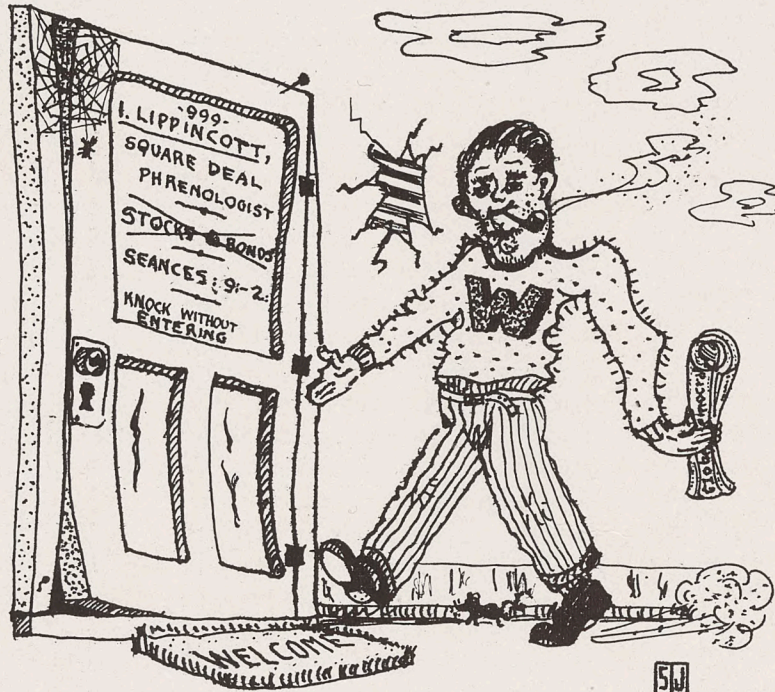
ber you. So many people come to me for advice. President Hoover, Cal Coolidge, Mayor Miller, Gene Tunney, Clark Gable, Evangaline Adams, Oswald Spengler, H. L. Mencken. You see I forget what they all want. Now, your problem is —

Student: Dr. Lippincott, tell me, how do you go about getting a write-up in the Sunday Globe?

Curtain.

— D D D —

"Young man, what have you been



doing to my daughter?"

"I merely gave her an osculatory caress."

"Hey, Mirandy, fetch my shot-gun!"

LUMBRICAN LOVE

(Short, Short Story)

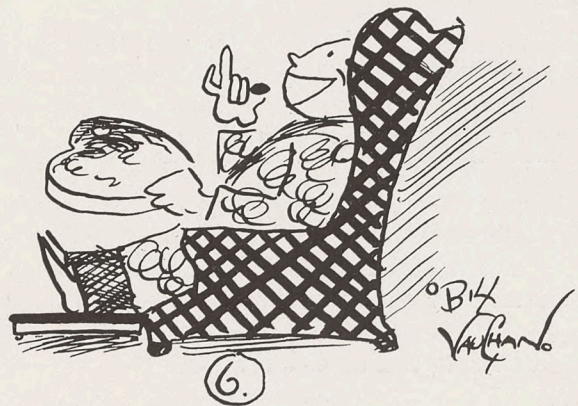
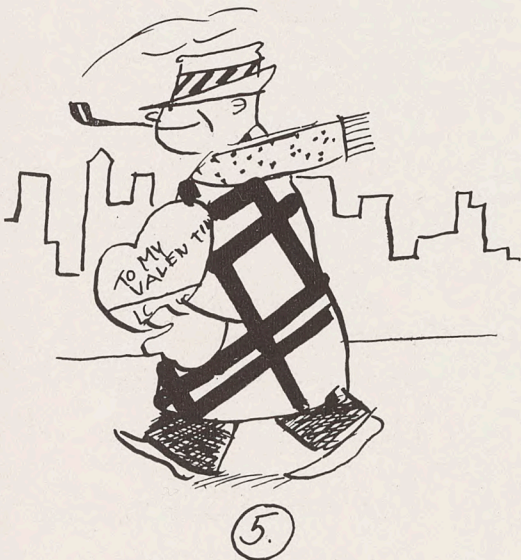
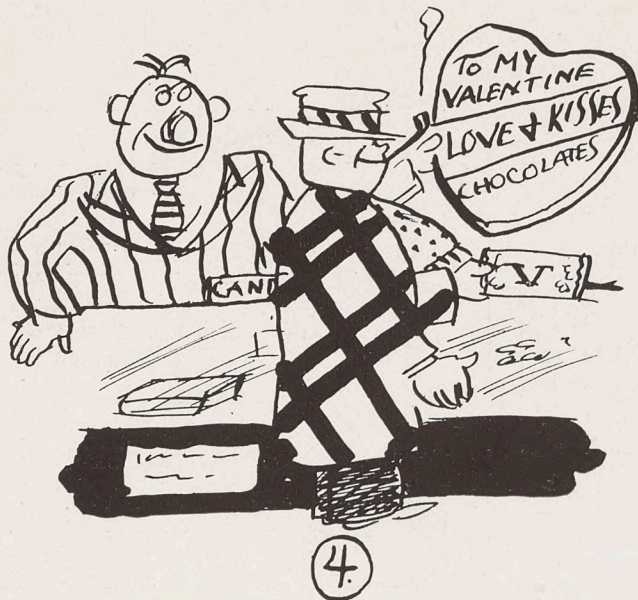
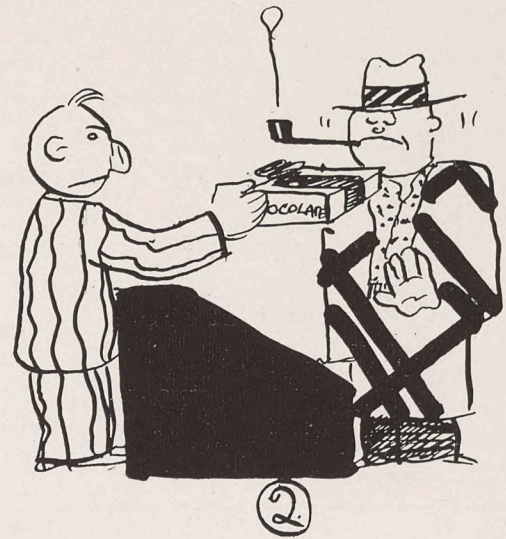
It was approximately six p.m., and night had fallen. Little Ernie the Earthworm (*Lumbricus terrestris*) was filled with longing. Unfilled longing. Last week Ernie's name had been Ermentrude (Ernie was hermaphroditic) and Ernie had spent the whole week as an old maid. Somehow the masculine earthworms had passed her by, but now his position was changed, and he could go out looking.

Ernie peeked out of his little hole in the ground and finally emerged until only his tail was fast in the earth. He was hungry and spent the next few minutes eating a rose leaf nearby. Rose leaves always made him sentimental, and so he made a small bouquet of a piece of leaf and crawled out completely in the cool damp night. He looked about but

saw nothing. Then he emitted the plaintive mating-call of the earthworm group. "Coo-oo, coo-ooo," he cried. His third segment perked up, but he could hear nothing in reply.

"What the hell," he exclaimed in disgust. "There oughta be some of my race left. We haven't all been used for fishing." Then he peered ahead. He saw a long, daintily alluring shape in the gloom, and ambled forward. Now Ernie was very forward, so without a single introductory word, he approached the figure. He sidled up close, and tried all his old tricks. There was no reply. Ye gods! Wasn't this earthworm human? How could she resist him. Then, like a burst of light, the secret flash on him. He had been making love to a dark piece of chalk-line.

"Damn it all!" he shouted in anger. And changed himself back into Ermentrude.



Bill Williams

VALENTINES FOR YOUR PROFESSORS

FLUNKER

You tough old egg
With heart of stone;
Your dome is made
Of solid bone.



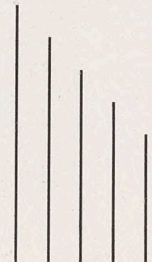
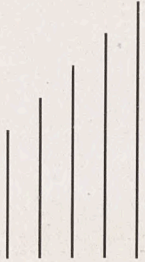
LECTURER

Boresome guy,
With coeds flirty.
How I hate your
Damned 8:30.



ENGLISH

Snooty, snobbish, radical pill,
With your conceit, we've had our fill.
Atheistic and cynical,
Your wish for themes
Makes us inimical.



THE ECCENTRIC

You're odd and unique.
And withal very weak.
Your type can be seen
In any joke magazine.



PROCTORS

When taking exams,
It is hardly fair
That we submit to your
Sneaky and fishy stare.



EDITORIAL



THE SKULL in the corner, which also appears on the Dirge keys, has puzzled some of our readers. "What," they politely inquire, "is that goofy looking thing?" "That," we answer just as politely, "is the skull of Joe Dogberry, the ghost which haunts Dirge editors." We only mention the matter because Joe was around to see us the other evening and had quite a lot to say. It seems that Joe didn't like the idea of sprinkling the editorials hither, thither, and yon. He read one by mistake, not recognizing it as an editorial at first. This made him good and sore.

"You poor sap," he said, "don't you know that nobody ever reads a Dirge editorial. Play fair to your readers, my boy. Put all your editorials on one page and label them plainly so that no one will read them by mistake."

"Maybe that would be better," we admitted.

"And another thing. Time and time again," he said, pale with anger, "I've told you you gotta have an editorial policy. And what happens?"

"We-er—that is—"

"And what happens," repeated Spook Dogberry, his anger rising, "why what happens is you have a date with some silly girl and forget all about your editorial policy. The editor of Dirge must be like Caesar's wife."

"Listen, spook," we interrupted, "we'll stand for a lot, but this Caesar's wife stuff, no sir." Spook Dogberry sighed, then brightened.

"Maybe the next editor will be like Caesar's wife," he said.

We told him Colonel Boorstein was the man to see about that.

"Well anyhow," said the Dirge ghost, "you gotta have an editorial policy."

"Very well then," we retorted, "our editorial policy is 'Who cares?' What do you think of that?"

"Not much," said Spook Joe Dogberry, and evaporated angrily.

You all probably know by now just which examinations were "out". . . . Willis Wager thought "The American Tragedy" was the greatest piece of fiction in English but the examining board for the Rhodes' scholarship didn't. . . . How many of you knew that Lindbergh was here Christmas? That he stayed with the W. K. Bixby's on Upper Ladue Road? That he flew some of the family while here? . . . Coach White might inform some of his team that it is courtesy to stand at attention while the national anthem is being played. Two of our boys didn't during the trip to Missou. Incidentally, that was the time White got a foul called on his team for coaching from the lines. . . . Those last five dots so we won't be like Winchell who uses three. . . . Like that. . . . Who has been swiping the late copies of Scribners from the Library reading room? . . . Dean Loeb evidently doesn't know that "don't" isn't used with "he", as in "he don't". Really, Dean Loeb, we're surprised. . . . What Sigma Chi was present at the Ednell raid, if you can remember that far back. . . . Kraft-Ebing's book is kept in a locked case in Ridgley. . . . When the lease is up Eleanor Werber will again become South Side Dutch by moving to Blaine Avenue. She will likely never be heard from again, at least, in Our Set. . . . Did you ever know that Beethoven wrote music for a song called "Sally in Our Alley"? . . .

— D D D —

Roses are red,
Pansies are purple,
Art's the nerts,
According to Wuerpel.

— D D D —

"Don't you think," asked the president of the Woman's Club of the renowned author, "that Literature is closely allied with Life?"

"Yes," responded the author, fingering a copy of his latest brain-child, which had taken him nine months to produce, "I am convinced of it."

— D D D —

The revival of learning took place in the fifteenth century. A few of the more cynical business men in the vicinity are wondering in what century the revival of earning will take place.

— D D D —

Rookie pitcher: "But why do you call me 'Ventriloquist'?"

Hardboiled Manager: "Because you throw voice than any other man in the training-camp." (Editor's note: Oh my Gawd!)



It don't pay such good salaries, the coach told me, but it's got a more cultural atmosphere.

— D D D —

TELL US WHY:

Tommy Rankin plus femme always "just have to" leave all the brawls early? We knew Thomas took beauty sleeps but . . .

All the Kappa pledges, all the Pi Phi pledges, all the Theta pledges run back and forth across the quad by the center walk fifty times a day?

The big argument at the Triad for the theme songs of Beta, Phi Delt, and Sigma Chi when the boys get ready to go home? This year the Betas left last. "We are the People," etc., was the last on the program.

Some one doesn't tell that terrific combination of Daniels-Gilchrist that they aren't the whole show in class. The dears are so chock full of mischief that they can't contain themselves and simply have to play "Eddie Canter" throughout a lecture.

Charlie Freeman can't get hold of a constitution? The president has to have 'em you know. And besides we never could figure out what they were for when you did have them, 'cause nobody could interpret all the articles. Is Thurtene's book of laws in the same condition as the dramatic(?) clubs were last year?

Charles Lamkin still has to bounce to attract attention when he promenades?

Emily Pasmore doesn't make up her mind?

Our incognito primer Donna doesn't get cognito about now? It's the second semester class.



“Goin’ North, Mister?”

— D D D —

“He’s a man who doesn’t talk much but I could feel his eyes accusing me every time the bathroom drains slowed up.”—Ad in True Story Magazine.

— D D D —

Lousy, Isn’t It?

Many people don’t vote in national elections because they are afraid of establishing a precedent.

— D D D —

Reflect a moment—all mankind’s sin and trouble merely because one snake in the garden of Eden was out of work. Tch, Tch.

— D D D —

MORALE, CO-OPERATION, INTELLIGENCE HELD NEEDS OF BUSINESS—headline.

And a few profits wouldn’t come in amiss, either.

— D D D —

As we understand it, the pacifists want us to beat our swords into plow-shares so we can raise more wheat.

SOCIAL NOTE:

Since the following have received innumerable bids to the leap year dansant, which will be attempted some time soon with the gayety of the Women’s Building as the setting, the League of Women (you know the rest) will send sweet pea corsages to the smoothies as that ultra feminine touch: Joe Misel, Bill Eaton, Chris Kenney, H. Bleich, Carlotta Schumacher, Ford Pennell, and Mr. Robert Bush. H. Bleich, when interviewed on the subject, remarked that he, being the retiring soul that he is, “simply dreaded the affair” because there might not be many stags and he was so nervous anyway when he was introduced.

Another event of feminine charm was the tournament of the huskies in the intramural department for a volley ball championship, feature it girls . . . Taking our sports away.

James Parker is out to beat Groucho Marx again. Whenever the lad is heart free he assumes that disguise, so many in its abundance.

Thyrus-Little Theater (Shampaine says “Thyrus” and the Sig Nus say “Little Theawter” still) announce the list of eligibles for blood hounds for the coming distraction “Uncle Tom’s Cabin”. (We didn’t know any cabin could be much fun with so many in it) (Witty? no); Ed Young and John Horner, because they go around with that blood hound expression; ‘cause . . . well because. . ; Henry Graves because he’s a K. A.; Freddy Guth because he dances like one; and Ted Armstrong because he frightens rushees with his Houdini activities. These members of the cast will rehearse in Rebstock next Thursday.

Finally, to ye who would seek advice, “It’s better to be on the back row and be discovered than on the front row and found out.”

— D D D —

Whale of a Story

Poor old Jonas forgot his head was under water and started singing in the bathtub.

— D D D —

WE WONDER—

who’s the dumb bunny whom the Bulova Watch Co. is still trying to teach to spell “B-u-l-o-v-a?”

what’s the name of the girl who thought “Mata Hari” was a picture about a fellow who had just returned from six weeks in the jungle without a comb?

why Student Life shouldn’t be called the K. A. House Organ?

why does leading a highlife so often result in a low-lifer? and countless other things too numerous to mention.

CAMPUS SWEETHEARTS

(An unknown informant lists a few Campus love affairs. Some, we suspect, are phonies.)

- Dick (Fooferdoofer) Mason, Beta, and Ruth Jacoby, Delta Gamma.
- Fullerton Luedde, Beta, and Ginny Lou Woods, Kappa pledge.
- Esther McNay, Delta Gamma, and Hord Hardin, Sigma Chi.
- Genevieve Quinlan, Delta Gamma, and Pat Frank, Kappa Alpha.
- Mary Lou Diamond, Delta Gamma, and Ike Vandover, Sigma Chi.
- Johnny (Red) Kane, Sigma Chi, and Dot Rhodius.
- Meredith Reed, Theta, and Naughton Lane, Sigma Chi.
- Sue Gilbert, Theta, and Ed Harman, Sigma Nu.
- Betty Quermann, Delta Gamma, and Willard Sandford, Kappa Alpha.
- Ann Quermann, Theta pledge, and Ken Meacham, Sigma Chi pledge.
- Bud Schoenthaler, Phi Delt, and Dot Lakin, Delta Gamma pledge.
- Kay Jones and Bob Higgins, Sigma Chi.
- Virginia Wilson and Martin Bronfenbrenner.
- "Doc" Brown, Sig Alph, and Ella Belle Bowmer, Theta.
- Art Dunn, Kappa Alpha, and Queen Marie of Schnitzenworzten.
- Emily Pasmore, Fi Fi Pi Phi, and Bud Compton, Murray Cabell, and Billy Gaines (Please tell us, Emily, who do you like best?)
- Marietta McIntyre, Pi Phi, and Everett Davis, Phi Delt.
- Marian Waugh, Delta Gamma, and Burton Kelly, PI K. A.

— D D D —

BETWEEN THE HALVES

We read in the paper the other day where "With the exception of the last five minutes, Carter's rest periods are spent in absolute silence, players who have not played bathing with cold water the faces and necks of those who have participated." This little gem of description encouraged us to imagine what happens at Washington between the halves.

Steideman: "Here Mautz, bathe my face and neck in cold water."

Mautz: "What d'ya mean, bathe your face and neck in cold water. I participated in the early part of the game. Get someone who didn't participate to bathe your face and neck in cold water."

Maysack: "Oooh, careful Marshall, you're tickling me. Watch out, that water's running down my back."

Marshall (quick as a flash): "Oh, what the Hell."

Whitehouse: "Rub a little more in there behind the ears. And I believe I'll have a shave."

Wise: "Hey, coach, they sure been watching me this half."

White: "Serve you right for wearing such a tight uniform."

(Editor's note: My God!) (Author's note: I think it's pretty funny.)

Landwirth: "Hey, coach, don't I get anybody to bathe my face and neck in cold water?"

White: "I guess not. Only ten fellows dressed and seven have participated so there's not enough to go around."

Graves: "Ooh, it's so nice." (Where can his mind be?)

Gustafson: "Can I be excused?"

White: "Pipe down, you guys! Here's nice Mr. Ringgenberg come to play some bag-pipe music so you'll be in the right mood for the second half."

Everybody falls asleep and the game is postponed.

— D D D —

Eve: "Are you sure that the apple is good? I once ate a green apple, and I got a terrific stomachache. I later found that the apple was a cooking apple."

Snake: "Oh, this one's all right—it's an Eden apple."

— D D D —



The Phi Delt who didn't go to the Kappa dance turns in his pin.



"These Mediterranean Cruises always bring out the poet in me, Joe."

— D D D —

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE MEN ON THIS CAMPUS

The main trouble with the men on this campus is, without a doubt, the prevalence of that curse of mankind, the plus-four. This atrocious garment is, in my estimation, responsible for the depression, the drought, the milk scandal, Gandhi's stand on the suspender question, and the ants in our sink. This is, of course, a sweeping indictment, but the facts justify the statement. I ask you, as a personal friend, doesn't the sight of one of these peculiar outfits (Get them at Goldberg's—Adv.) make you feel that the Ballyhoo (Adv.) covers are somehow futile? The strange part of it all is that the men seem to feel that they somehow add to that "come hither" effect. But do you, honestly, now, think that just revealing the painful fact that he has bow-legs is going to double a man's sex-appeal? Can you imagine a less appealing picture than a heretofore inoffensive male suddenly blossoming out parenthetically? (That last crack is pretty deep, but just hold your nose, jump in and after the first shock, you won't mind it at all.) The amazing rise in cold feet among the men of the campus may be directly traced to this sad state of affairs. Men, I beg of you, before it is too late, consider this terrible thing that you are doing! Must I break into inky tears to make you see the error of your ways? On my bended knees, I beseech you, for heaven's

sake, to cover up your infirmities. We women are losing our illusions about you quite fast enough, thank you, without being suddenly confronted with the appalling fact that you are **bow-legged!!!!** And here we thought all along that you were so big and strong and manly and Clark Gable. Let me illustrate this delusion of chivalry. I shall never forget the thrill that I had when I overheard a member of the football squad say to a girl who was struggling under the combined weight of a Geology book, two English II books, and one of the heftier dictionaries, "Here, kid, I'll carry your gloves for you." But he wasn't wearing plus-fours, so he could get away with it.

But, after all, the women are pretty broad-minded and could stand the plus-fours if accustomed to them gradually, say by wearing them once a year, but the color schemes indulged in are enough to make the average woman go color-blind. (Pysch, students please note.) It's a great idea to have your sweater and socks match, provided you don't let the impulse go haywire. I've seen combinations that even ye ed would censor as offending his delicate artistic perceptions. But if you buy the matching sweater and socks at the conclusion of a three weeks jag—after long observation, I think most men do—the only thing that can be said in their favor is that they do match. As far as the color is concerned, you'd better change your boot-legger.

Betty Reel

— D D D —

Returning Pilgrim: "I brought this water from Jerusalem."

Worldly Sceptic: "That sounds a trifle far-fetched."

— D D D —

Song Symbolizing Sensuality: "Sweetheart, We Knead Each Other."

— D D D —

In yesteryear the youths of the land used to dream of becoming the president of the nation. Nowadays that kind of dream is known as a nightmare.

— D D D —

"The iceman married the cook."

"How strange—I thought with your new Frigidaire you didn't take ice any more."

"We don't—that why he married her."

— D D D —

"You've disappointed me, Henry. You're not the man I took you for."

"Migawd, woman. You've taken me for everything I've had."

INTRAMURALS

Mr. Chairman, I'd like to say a few words about the intramural situation. The support hasn't been all that it might be. The last volley ball game we had to play two alumni and a fellow that stopped in on his way to California. It is very disgusting to those of us who do support intramurals and there are more than one of us who do although I'd like to have a little attention from you guys there in the corner maybe if the chairman would slap a few fines on some of you guys things would be a lot better to see that the rest of you guys who don't come out for intramurals do come out for intramurals so we would have more people out.

A lot of you guys don't realize the values of intramural athletics. Athletics is good for you on account it trains you to better fight the battle of life because the business world is just like a volley ball game only there's a net in the volley ball game. Not only that but intramurals fosters a keen spirit of friendly competition between the different houses. You get to know the other men on the campus better. Just like in the Olympics a friendly spirit is fostered between nations although France may not come over here this year on account their men can't get wine, and there has been some charges of boxing runners and things like that. I want all of you fellows to come out for the next game so we can beat those damn Rho Dammits. We can win easy if we stop Gulp. He's there best man and he should of gone out for the varsity but they kept him out for intramurals or something, but if we can stop him or get him out of the game or something we can win. Thank you.

— D D D —

"I have a past," declaimed the screen siren.
"Yeah, and look at the present I got for you,"
said her lover.

— D D D —

The fellow who didn't look before he leaped from the Chrysler Building should have seen himself as he looked after the leap.

— D D D —

"Life may be just a bowl of cherries", but every darn one has got a pit in it.

— D D D —

"The scarlet letter" nowadays usually costs some millionaire plenty of dough—in a breach-of-promise suit.

— D D D —

"There are still lots of fish in the ocean," remarked the angular old maid.

"I hear Jonesy got arrested for being the father of twins. How come?"

"It would have been all right, only the twins had different mothers."

— D D D —

This may be the official leap year, but the year of the stock market crash was pretty good as an unofficial one, for the stock brokers.

— D D D —

The fellow who locked his garage doors with the car's engine running, wasn't so dumb. His mother-in-law was inside with it.

— D D D —

We took our girl-friend to the American last week and sat up in Piker's Peak. She wondered how the 50c seats could be so near the ceiling with the top at \$3.00.

— D D D —

There was once a young girl from Peoria
Who used to drink lots of Castoria;
But after one shot of rye:
"Here's mud in your eye."
Come on, guy, give me some moria."

— D D D —

Sticks and stones
May break my bones,
And how I detest all
Chaperones.



"Light Opera"

Concerning Dreams

THERE is one phase of contemporaneous rot, found in huge viscous gobs in many of the popular songs of the last few years, which, I believe, should be treated summarily to a complete process of debunking. Which feat I will strive to accomplish in the appended commentary, if the style of my stylus suffices, and if my supply of papyrus has not all been appropriated by the kid sister for her typing exercises (making me the goat). Having thus horned myself into your notice, I will now proceed to the meat of the matter. Perpend:

One of the popular songs referred to above has the title "When My Dreams Come True." This I shall take as the text for the morning sermon, brethren and cistern. Another musical excrecence pleads for the hearer to "Dream a Little Dream of Me," another has to do with dreaming by the old mill stream, and countless others include references to various aspects of dreaming, all in a tone which implies that a dream is a prize-package of Elysian sublimity. "Dreams enfold you" while some roue holds you, Spanish castles are standard equipment, and indeed the average dream is both praised as the quintessence of all that is beautiful (if not true and good), and exalted as an advance picture of the millenium. It's about time, I think, that the songwriters stop distorting the true facts of dream-life and get down to brass-tacks.

And now for the point—what really does happen when dreams come true? Speaking from wide and varied experience (I have an 8:30 every day in the week) I can say that most dreams deserve the more specific sobriquet "night-mares." Eight times out of nine the climax is reached in a swift fall from a mountain-top, under a newly-felled redwood tree (in which circumstance is but slightly comforting to remember from your botany course that your masher is *sequoia gigantea*), or in a room-full of society folk without so much as a palm leaf to perform the function of yards of cloth. Such is the stuff of which dreams are made, at least in a majority of cases, and I challenge anyone to prove it otherwise (without blushing). Thus it is that I, for one, am exceedingly chary about having my dreams come true—for, in my case at least, a dream come true would mean sure death within twenty-four hours.

For instance—several years ago my Saturday matinee diet of movies was such that I would invariably wake up about one A. M. every Sunday morning just in time to escape a meanly whirring wood-saw in a saw-mill down by an old mill stream, which was inexorably whining through my wide money-belt at right angles to my prone and bound figure. I remember regretting at the time that these

loathsome movie villains always insisted upon doing things by halves. Time and again I relived the breath-taking adventures of Buck Jones or William Duncan to win the fair hand of Pearl White, but I always awoke before I got around to Pearl. Common visions at this time were of "Yellow" Lejeune, the he-devil of the North, pushing me off into the narrow strip of freezing water between two swiftly converging ice-bergs, and of my ankles tied to the tops of two bent-over saplings, with the diabolically grinning Blackfeet about to let the saplings spring once more into the air, thus rending me unconscious. But this trying period of cereal in the morning and serials on Saturday afternoon came to an end, finally, and I dreamed easier for a while.

But a puissant imagination won't lie quiescent long, and so school-book tales of the Spanish Inquisition took their toll for some six months, and indeed still crop up periodically as distillers of cold sweat. Those long black robes, hawkish faces with sunken, malignant eyes, and hooked noses on a grand scale, would certainly be unpleasantly painful to me if my dreams really did come true.

And as my sub-conscious mind increased in power and scope, it required less and less food. One evening I went to bed ill, after hearing five jokes about the model T Ford, and soon after retiring found myself bound and gagged on a narrow mountain road with what I somehow knew to be a 5,649 foot drop off the edge a yard away. Three mustachied bandeleros with carbines were chugging up the road in a model T, cracking jokes. I thanked my stars that the cruel desperadoes couldn't get at me, there being a steep curve in the road just below where I was, and they, of course, in a model T. But that damnable car (probably having been assembled in an English factory and not knowing when it had enough) so far forgot itself as to surge powerfully up the grade and around the curve to prod me with its dangling crank just as it came to a sudden halt after having been thrown into reverse. The three blind mice with the dirty looks got out, cursing scandalously, and two of them seized me around the middle. The third said, "It's another sack of that damned gold," and his comrades forthwith tossed me far over the edge into the void. I writhed and struggled, meanwhile sinking like a steel stock, and, figuratively, my stomach emptied. A few hours later I braced myself for the crash, which took place on some igneous rock in Wild Goose county. Ever since I have wondered why houses are built with hardwood floors.

Indeed, just such a precipitate plunge from a high altitude to the faraway earth is my most common

(Continued on next page)

Turning the Tables on Fables

SCHOLARLY research having lately added many new chapters* to the book of knowledge concerning fairy tales, myths, and other whimsey of similar genre, it naturally falls to the lot of Dirge (the spokesman for all that is either true or untrue) to present these revolutionary theories (called "revolutionary" because the thought goes in circles) to its more patient class of readers. In fact, we were only restrained from publishing a special number as the "Myth Variorum" by a saving sense of the ridiculous. To the concepts below there was to have been twice as much more under the heading "Errata," but time and space, length and breadth, width and height, latitude and—oh, to hell with it—would not permit. Therefore, our ghost writer believes it meat to preface the meat of this treatise by just a shade of apology.

First, the beastly tale about the straw that broke the camel's back. It is now firmly established that it was not a straw at all, but a hair, that broke the camel's back. You may say "Humpf" if you wish, but we have the straight dope (he's editor). We have it on the authority of a learned savant of Ridgley Hall, the "keeper of the bees", bees being insectious students who buzz incessantly. According to our authority, an Egyptian Sand Duke, Sahara Nevedeh by name, found his steed to be too hard-riding because of a bald back. He (the Sand Duke) therefore purchased a 50c bottle of Marcher's Golden Hair Restorer, applied it sedulously for a year, and, wonderful to note, a huge mane grew up on the heretofore barren waist. The presence of dandruff greatly increased the weight, and accordingly, when the 1,923,496th hair sprouted, it was too much. The poor ship of the desert keeled over, dead. It was the hair that broke the camel's back!

So let's have no more of this dashed nonsense about straws breaking camel's backs, for the authority of a savant in Ridgley cannot be gainsaid. It was a hair, and perhaps next issue we may be able to prove to you it was not a camel, but an ass.

Second, the Pocahontas fiasco. Dawnn, after Knight, who quoted from Abernathy, explodes the errors in this crackling tale. He explains, that the name was originally in two parts, like water, being Poker-Hontas. Hontas was Iroquois for face. The fact that the light-fingered Poker-Hontas had just finished a game of what was quaintly called "strip" with the braves accounts for their natural appearance when John Jones (not Smith) first saw them, when they were in such great nude of clothing. The part of the tale which has to do with the braves chasing Jones through the woods is true, for they were merely following the age-old custom of

trying to keep up with the Jones. However, they did not catch him, since John disencumbered himself of his trousers in order to run faster. However, that's another tale.

However, to get back to Poker-Hontas. She was sitting in attent, intent upon figuring out a way to make use of all the gee-strings and blankets she had won from the warriors. In two-thirds of a trice she had made up her mind—she would give a costume play. The little we know of this play is as follows: She opened the prologue by saying "In a costume as I am—" The three braves who got this swift one were buried in the mourning—the legend is that their agonized pitchings and tossings are the cause of earthquakes. Mayhap.

The argument of the play tells of the wild spirits that were stalking about in the cornfield in that damp, dark hour just before dawn, and how an intrepid medicine man came prowling in the clearing. This medicine man (who later discovered Big Elk's Corn Remedy, which was 95% what it said it was) had lost his hearing, and had entered the field of maize to get some ears. The evil spirits, resenting this thoughtless invasion of their private hunting ground, straightway fell upon the unlucky M.D. and thrashed him soundly. A great noise arose, of course, but the braves in the nearby village thought nothing of it, for it was nothing uncommon for threshing to go on in the fields. After an hour spent profitably in pummeling the poor interne in turns, the spirits at last returned to their dire abode in because ye cock had crowed in his pheasant way, presaging dawn. At ye crack of dawn, which was very loud, the medicine man struggled to his feet, held up his hand imperiously, and said:

"Don't shout—I can hear you."

And he pointed proudly to his cauliflower ears.
Don't shoot—though it sear you.

*And an appendix—M.D.

(Continued from page 18)

method of dream-death. I have forgotten the position of the rip-cord on a parachute more times than you could shake a stick at, and more than once my Zeppelin has gone up in smoke while I have gone down, in sooth.

So let's have no more of the folderol about the delights of dreams coming true—or at least not unless it is enclosed in a plain envelope. And let me here warn all enterprising young Freudians against attempting to uncover my secret sex life and a dozen odd inhibitions through analyses of these dreams. For the dreams related above are not really mine—they are merely verbatim transcriptions of a phonographic reproduction of a photographic reproduction of an alley cat's brain. Meow-w-w. W. S. W.

The Stroller Says

Back Seat Coaches

Now that the football season has become a page or two in the Hatchet, the campus coaches have their hammers out for Don White and his crew of Basketeers. Saw a letter in the twice-a-week campus rag, in which one of the more vociferous members of the student(?) body expounded his views on just what was wrong with the team. He said that the boys, resenting the fact that undergraduates were not forced to hang from the rafters in order to see them perform, had decided, by common consent, to throw a few games thereby awakening the habitants of Fraternity Row to the fact that their team should come before a first-class "leg-show" at the American. Such twaddle, and coming from a mind supposed to be somewhat mature . . . anyone who has participated in athletics knows that when one's mind is on the game, one's mind cannot be, and is not, on the crowd. If Don has gathered, about his august person, a bunch of grandstanders, he ought to tie the can to the whole bunch, and go over to the Beta house for another outfit. Some teams develop with greater speed than do others, and if we can only make our suspenders work a little while longer, that team is going places in double quick time. When Maysack begins to use his elbows and knees under the bank, and succeeds in getting the ball most of the time so that the rest of the boys can get some of those deadly shots around the foul circle, the bridge tables will be deserted, after eight o'clock on game nights.

Now then as to tempting a crowd into our modernistic field house (it is modernistic too . . . right in line with the depression), Professor March might try one of two methods . . . (1) Prohibition, laugh if you so desire, but stop and think for a minute. If the student body were not allowed to attend the next game, I have a feeling that they would gather in such large and copious quantities that they could easily batter the doors down. The above may be the product of my over-worked brain, but I'd like to see it tried. (2) My second brain child is not so good because the more juvenile of the undergraduates might seize upon it as another means of outwitting the already sadly outwitted faculty. The idea is simply this, each man and woman might be allowed three cuts from athletic contests, and if they were to exceed that number, they might be docked three semester hours. As I have said, it's pretty weak, but students might be forced to keep abreast of the schedule, and to know that certain games are played on certain nights. As it is today,

I seriously doubt whether more than twenty percent of the students realize that Washington has a basketball team.

That's all, they ain't no mo'. . . . If you've read this far, I'm sure that the next time a fair(?) coed shoves a Dirge in your face, you'll hord your fifteen pennies and buy that package of cigarettes instead.

Women

Not long ago, I noticed an article in one of the evening papers which should have been brought to the attention of each and every Co-ed. This article dealt with a boy and a girl . . . a very refreshing boy and girl. They were not much older than we are, and like us they had their desires and ambitions, commonly called dreams. These dreams were all tangled up with a home that they could call their own, plus a cat and a dog. All they had to go on was a world of courage, and two hundred-fifty berries. Much more has been accomplished on less, and these two were no exception, for they crashed thru in grand style. Needless to say, they are at present living in their home, with the cat and the dog. How did they do it? They did just what our ancestors did, pitched in, worked shoulder to shoulder, and built it themselves.

After I had finished the article, I couldn't help but pause for a few moments, and wonder just how many of the women on our campus, fresh from their great victory over the old fashioned ideals of the "gay nineties", would have been willing to do the same. Not many, I'm afraid who would go to such lengths to establish a home of their own. The women who crossed the sea to live in the New World, and the women who traveled across the country in covered wagons were wonderful creatures, but I'm sure that they have done quite a bit of rolling around in their graves these last few years. The sweet young things who make Psychology lectures less boring with their presence, are pretty swell little creatures too, but I wish that they would cease this hysterical struggle for equality long enough to realize that they are using up a lot of good energy getting no place.

How was that? Pretty nice thought wasn't it? That was my idea too, but I didn't mean a word of it, so I hope that you didn't shed too many tears of retribution. Sorry to disappoint you, but it was really all in good clean fun, although there is the nucleus of a damn good W. C. T. U. sermon there—if you were looking for one.

Yours,

The Stroller

50/50 DATING QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Have you ever had a date? Why? (If the first question is answered in the negative you may omit the rest.)
2. Do you date Washington U. (girls? (boys?))
3. Do they date you? Why not?
4. Do you see any essential difference between Washington U. coeds and the lady instructors (100) at the Rex? What?
5. Which of the above do you prefer for
 - (a) An evening at home?
 - (b) An Easter egg hunt?
 - (c) A dog fight?
6. Do you think the girls should share the expenses of a date 50-50? 60-40? 10-20-30?
7. Do you think she ought to contribute anything?
8. Do you think she ought to contribute everything? In Leap Year?
9. Do you believe in dates as social phenomena?
10. Do you think tall, thin girls ought to pay more or less than short, fat girls?
11. Would you consent to an arbitrary rating of 15% for Thetas, 50% for Kappas, 85% for Pi Phis and 2% for desirable girls?
12. Do you think a girl ought to pay more if she
 - (a) Chews gum?
 - (b) Discusses sociology courses?
 - (c) Bites her finger nails?
 - (d) Falls asleep?
13. Do you think a boy ought to pay more if he
 - (a) Is an engineer?
 - (b) A lawyer?
 - (c) A Beta?
 - (d) Croons?
14. Do you think a commission should be appointed to make a list of offenses such as the above and devise the proper penalties?
15. Would you stand by the decision of the commission?
16. Do you think a commission could ever reach a decision?
17. Would you be willing to accept checks? Give credit?
18. What security would you ask for a long term loan? Short term?
19. Do you believe in girls sending their escorts flowers?
20. Should the girl be compelled to carry her date's keys, bill-fold, button-hook, gloves, etc.
21. Should she drop the boy at the door and then park the car, or should they both walk?

MEDIUM GRADE HARPSICORD EXERCISES

If you've been practising conscientiously and playing all your lessons **con amore**, we give you a gold star and assign the best music you've had in months. Just run off a couple arpeggios and pizzicatos so we can tell if you've practised. O. K. Most of the new pieces are from the good shows.

Jerome Kern has gonged it again with his "Cat and the Fiddle" score, critically avowed to be the best music in New York. Particularly worth considering and playing, singing and whatever else you do with music are "Try To Forget," "One Moment Alone," "The Night Was Made For Love" and "She Didn't Say 'Yes'." It's smart stuff. Kern has the facility of writing music which is distinctly Kern, but never twice the same.

Then there's "The Laugh Parade," an Ed Wynn show with Harry Warren music. Warren, recent graduate to show composing ranks from pop song composition, has injected genuine **joie de vivre** into the score: masochistic "The More You Hurt Me, The More You Make Me Care"; lightly mysterious "Ooooooh That Kiss"; whimsically lugubrious "The Torch Song"; and ecstatic "You're My Everything." Each "Laugh Parade" song is unusually good, whether judged by show or popular music criteria.

"Everybody's Welcome", reasonably priced musical, gives us the unreasonably excellent "As Time Goes By". We'll give it the D.S.M. (Distinguished Show Music) for its melody and lyric.

And Tin Pan Alley continues its sentimental cycle. The writers give their numbers novel twists, however, which takes the maudlin edge off. There's no more crying into the beer and saying au revoir but not goodbye. No more breaking the news to mother. No, indeed. Today it's "I'm Happy When You're Jealous" or "I'm Happy Because I Was Wrong." Not that we haven't some very nice maudlin stuff, too, for-crying-out-loud-on-the-shoulder sessions. Take your choice from these: "When The Rest Of The Crowd Goes Home," "I'm Falling In Love," "Temporarily Blue," "Too Late," and that great cry-baby number "Freddy The Freshman."

— D D D —

"REPORTS SEX IN BACTERIA"

"Iowa Scientist Reluctant to Discuss Laboratory Findings"

—Headlines in the "World"

Go ahead, Doc, there aren't any ladies present.

— D D D —

The unemployed school-teacher has finally gotten a job grading roads.

Try a Fresh Date.

The Sigma Nu's are
cellophane wrapped.

Try a Sigma Nu tomorrow.

Then change
if you can.

An Engineer and a Lawyer came to words and decided to fight a duel. They both obtained pistols and got set for the momentous event. At the count of three the seconds turned the lights out. The lawyer, unwilling to take another man's life, fired up the chimney and brought down the engineer.

— D D D —

Question: "What kind of a ride does a gunman take his enemies on?"

Answer: "A Slay ride."

Don't shoot!

— D D D —

Celia Cooney will receive a parole from the Auburn Prison for Women as soon as employment can be found for her, the Parole Board decided.—
News Item.

We understand Miss Cooney is going to appeal this extension of sentence.

— D D D —

Victim of Burns is Buried—headline. Further proof that poetry is vital stuff.

— D D D —

CANDY FREE!! to all ladies in an improved dining room with luncheon—advertisement. What the well dressed woman will wear!

— D D D —

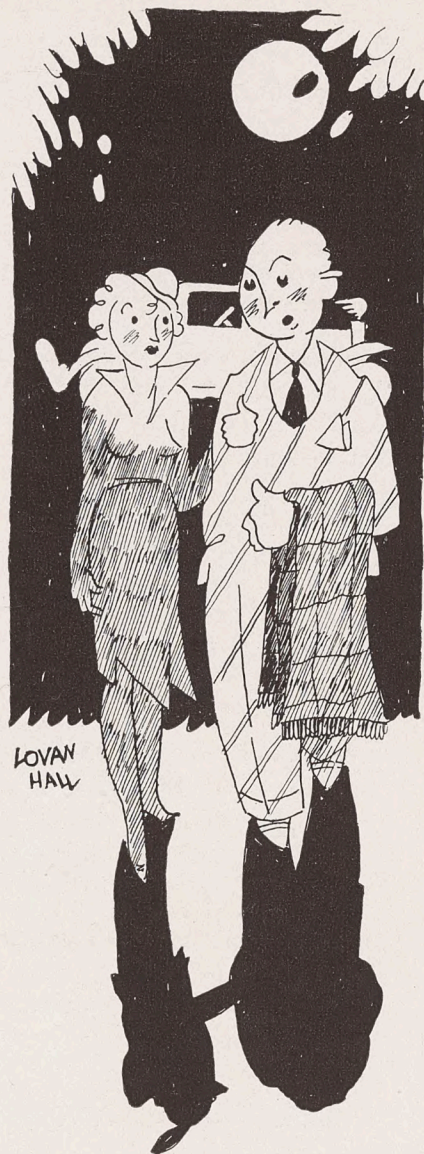
Java Man is 500,000 Years Old—News item. Migod! Perhaps he's the one they named that undated coffee after that we bought the other day.

The K. A.'s are smooth.

That mild mellowness is not
an accident. No indeed.

Remember, K. A. (Southern)

(At Your Naborhood Druggist)



"And what did you say your name was?"

Missouri Showme

— D D D —

Loosening the bung
Loosens the tongue.

— D D D —

"Aye, aye, sir," said the columnist to the captain of the ocean liner.

— D D D —

Unconscious Humor

From Provident Association records:

"Mr. A. is employed as a truck driver on the corner of Grand and Olive."

"Mrs. M. was referred to the Well Babies' Clinic, and was given castoria in the interim."

— D D D —

Did you ever hear about the fellow who got hiccoughs in an Austin and broke the rear axle?

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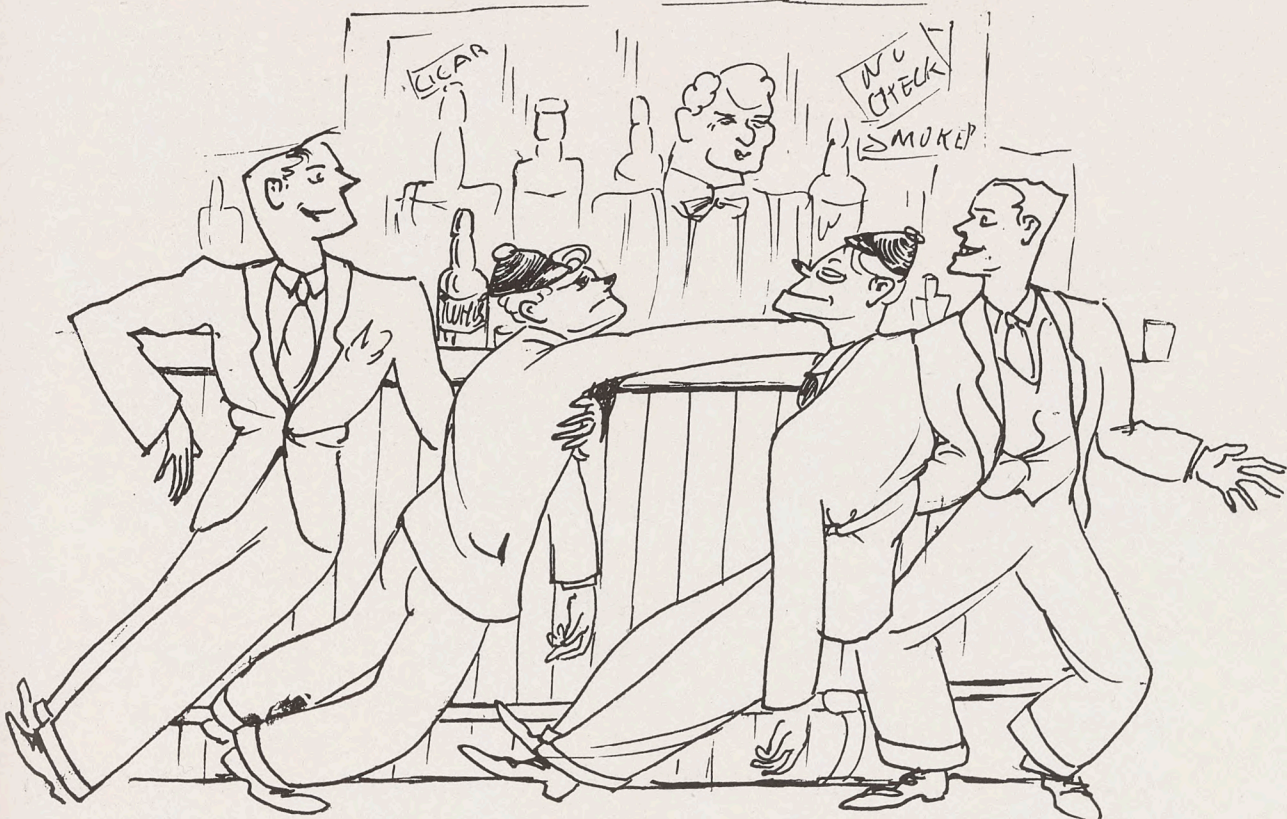
Our Representative will be at the
HOTEL JEFFERSON
on the following days
March 9, 10, 11, 12
April 27, 28, 29, 30
May 30, 31, June 1



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BRANCHES

NEW YORK: ONE WALL STREET
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NEWPORT PALM BEACH



"Coupla pledge pins, Joe."

Bucknell Belle Hop

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

The "OPEN DOOR"

to
**SALES
OPPORTUNITY**



Have You the "KEY" to This Market?

MEN'S CLOTHING—SUITS

Purchased (Annually)	Preference				No Preference		Grand	
	Stores	%	Brands	%	ence	%	Total	%
1 Suit	61	19	66	17	31	34	158	20
2 Suits	145	46	188	48	39	43	372	46
3 Suits	73	21	86	22	15	16	174	22
4 Suits	21	7	32	8	4	4	57	7
5 Suits	14	5	13	3	2	3	29	4
over 5 Suits	5	2	5	2	0	0	10	1
Total	319	100	390	100	91	100	800	100

This is an excerpt from a survey to be released shortly, which will give information concerning the brand and store preferences of the Student Body of Washington University. The "key" to this information and the solution of many problems of the retailer lies within the Washington University Campus.

The one effective means of reaching this select market is through the media maintained by the students themselves—Student Publications. Let us give you complete information about them—and the Market which they reach.

—Associated Members—

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STUDENT LIFE

HATCHET

ST. LOUIS LAW REVIEW

The Associated Students' Advertising Bureau

Room 15, Brookings Hall
Telephone: CAbany 2382: Station 82

Washington University
St. Louis, Mo.

Folded

Feminine Voice from Upper Pullman Berth:
"Porter, is that my coat down there in the aisle?"

Porter: "No ma'am, that's just an A. T. O. coming back from a convention."

—Mountain Goat

— D D D —

Intelligence is the ability on the part of the editor of a college comic magazine to distinguish between the naughty, the very, very naughty, and the terribly naughty. Will-power is the ability to withstand the temptation to print the latter class.

—Kitty Kat

— D D D —

He (playfully): "Let me chew your gum."
She (more so): "Upper or lower?"

—Red Cat

— D D D —

So Did We!

"Haw! Haw! Haw!" howled the judge, who had a sense of humor, just before delivering a death sentence, "you'll die when you hear this one."

—Princeton Tiger

— D D D —

Problem

John and his date drive due north at a speed of 45 m.p.h. Joe and his date drive due south at 20 m.p.h and stop in thirty-six minutes. Both parties are gone three hours, yet Joe gets further than John.

—Arizona Kitty Kat

— D D D —

She: "Gilbert has the most wonderful pair of binoculars!"

Also: "Has he? I dearly love these strong virile men."

—Satyr

— D D D —

Good Reason

American in English Restaurant to Waitress:
"What have you today?"

Waitress: "We have roast beef, rabbit, rutabagas, rice and Spanish bread."

American: "You certainly roll your R's."

Waitress: "Maybe it's these high heels I'm wearing."

—Mt. Goat

— D D D —

Alas!

Then there was the absent-minded professor who forgot to write a \$3.50 textbook to sell to his classes.

—Wampus



SMOOTH or SHAGGY?



WHICH shall it be? The good old grads are attacking the Eastern colleges and calling names. It all came about because their football teams didn't win. If you want to know why, read HENRY MOTON ROBINSON'S defense of the effete Princetonian in the March COLLEGE HUMOR.

Darrell Ware again writes a smooth story about LITTLE BLACK CLOUD, and the smoothest novelist of them all, DONALD HENDERSON CLARKE, has turned out a serial especially for us concerning "Baby Face," gangster's son and college man.

Other smooth stories complete an issue that is a tribute to the campus.

College Humor MAGAZINE

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

The Sigma Chi's are Different

Wouldn't you like to waltz in the arms of an activity man? Of course you would. The Sigma Chi's have no harsh irritants. They're out so they can't be in. Just activity men.

Theme Songs For:

1. Anthropology Department—Gorilla My Dreams.
2. Infirmary—You Took Abandage off Me.
3. Japanese Languages—I've Got a Yen for You.
4. P. E. Majors (female)—Wouldn't "It" Be Wonderful. —*Columns*

— D D D —

"How are all the little pigs down on the farm?"
"Fine. And how are all the pledges at your house?" —*Sun Dial*

— D D D —

He: "Cold?"

She: "Yes."

.....
She: "No, you don't. I'm good, and cold." —*Rice Owl*

— D D D —

Kappa Alpha, to pledge who has just buttered a very complete slice of bread: "We butter just one bite of bread at a time."

Pledge: "Well?" —*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

— D D D —

The girl who never kissed a boy
Can scarce expect connubial joy
A kiss is trifling, still we know
That mighty oaks from acorns grow. —*Lampoon*

— D D D —

They are making a college movie of Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter, calling it "How Hester Won Her A." —*Arizona Kitty Kat*

— D D D —

Watch for the
C. W. McKenzie
Cigarette.

It's Different!

Oh, you funny collitch guy, why don't you print something about barefooted people forming a dog show—it's so good: "Speaking of dogs," I spoke, while speaking of dogs, "is there a canine national anthem?" "Forsooth, forsooth," my friend Odds bodkined, "haven't you ever heard of the **Black and Tan Fantasy**?" What's sauce for the mon-goose is sauce for the goose. —*Froth*

— D D D —

"It's not wicked, Jack. Do the animals think it's wicked?" —*Jack O'Lantern*

— D D D —

Our idea of the height of something—ham at the Phi Bete banquet. —*Cornell Widow*

— D D D —

"You're an apt boy. Is your sister apt, too?"
"If she gets a chance, she's apt to." —*Lampoon*

— D D D —

Wear a Phi Delt Pin!

The Phi Delt boys are nice boys.

REMEMBER

Mother likes the Phi Delt's best.

Whjoops, My Djeat! Gjet a Bjarrel!

Bjornson Bjornsternee was swjimmin'—

Hjis cjostume he ljooked vjery sljim in.

Sjome djames hjappened bgy—

Tjook hjis djuds on thje sljy—

Njow he's shjouting, "to JJJJ wjith thje wjimmin'!" —*Jack O'Lantern*

— D D D —

Spokesman: "We are Kappa Sigs and honest men."

Judge: "Fine, the Kappa Sigs line up over on this side and the honest men on the other side." —*Puppet*

— D D D —

Motorist: "Officer, come quickly, I've knocked down a student!"

Cop (picking teeth casually): "Sorry, it's Sunday, you can't collect your bounty until tomorrow morning." —*Punch Bowl*

— D D D —

**DIRECTORY OF CHORUS GIRLS FROM
"LOOK WHO'S HERE!"**

Elisabeth Albers
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Cabany 4003
Dancing; Fair
Sex Appeal; A—

Arline Burian
6539 Scanlon
Hiland 8192
Sex Appeal; B

Marjorie Cain
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Grand 6477
Dancing; O.K.
Sex Appeal; A—

Sylvia Detjen
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Hiland 6746
Dancing; Good
Sex Appeal; A

Louise Kanasireff
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Sex Appeal; B

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Sex Appeal; B

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Laclede 4764
Dancing; Good
Sex Appeal; C

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Jefferson Barracks
Riverside 2280
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Sex Appeal; C

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Parkview 8065W
Dancing; A plus
Sex Appeal; A

Enid Hirshberg
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Riverside 6078W
Dancing; B
Sex Appeal; AA
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Dorothy Mayne
3670 Castleman
Grand 1858W
Dancing; B
Sex Appeal; B—

Mary Moore
Saum Hotel
Grand 9263W
Dancing; B
Sex Appeal; C

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Hiland 7513
Dancing; B
Sex Appeal; C

LaVerne Simon
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Dancing; A
Sex Appeal; B

Mildred Smith
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Sex Appeal; C

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CABany 5016

CABany 5017

Clara Tarling
4114 Kossuth
Colfax 3885
Dancing; C
Sex Appeal; C

Constanze Wiedmann
6216 Delor
Hudson 2100
Dancing; C
Sex Appeal; C

Lucile Tralles
Kirkwood Road,
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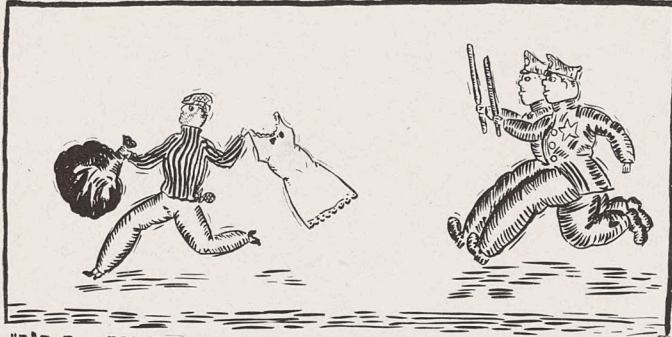
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"I'LL JUST GIVE THESE GUYS THE SLIP!"
SNICKERED SLIPPERY SAM McWHOOSLE
 CARVED IN PURE GREAMERY BUTTER by MAYNARD WOOD

Penn State Froth

"Now, tell the jury, lady," instructed the young lawyer, "just where the prisoner was milking the cow."

The young lady, a trifle embarrassed, smiled sweetly and replied: "Why, I think it was just a little back of center, sir."

—Michigan Gargoyle

— D D D —

Father is the necessity of convention.

—Medley



G. DANIEL

"This bathing suit is simply stifling me."

Yale Record

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Passing the Buck

Dear Son:

Please join a fraternity as I cannot afford to keep you in clothes.

Your Dad.

— D D D — —Rice Owl

He: "Please, just one."

She: "Nay, nay, sir."

He: "Please—."

She: "Nay, nay."

He: "Was your mother scared by a horse?"

—Log

— D D D —

Professor: "Are you cheating on this examination?"

Student: "No, sir. I was only telling him his nose was dripping on my paper."

—Octopus

— D D D —

Newly-wed (honeymooning in the west) wired to his boss: "Please give extension of vacation, it is wonderful out here."

Boss replied: "Come back at once, it is wonderful any place."

—Illinois Siren

— D D D —

Flap: "What's two?"

Jack: "Company."

Flap: "What's three?"

Jack: "One year later!"

—Caveman

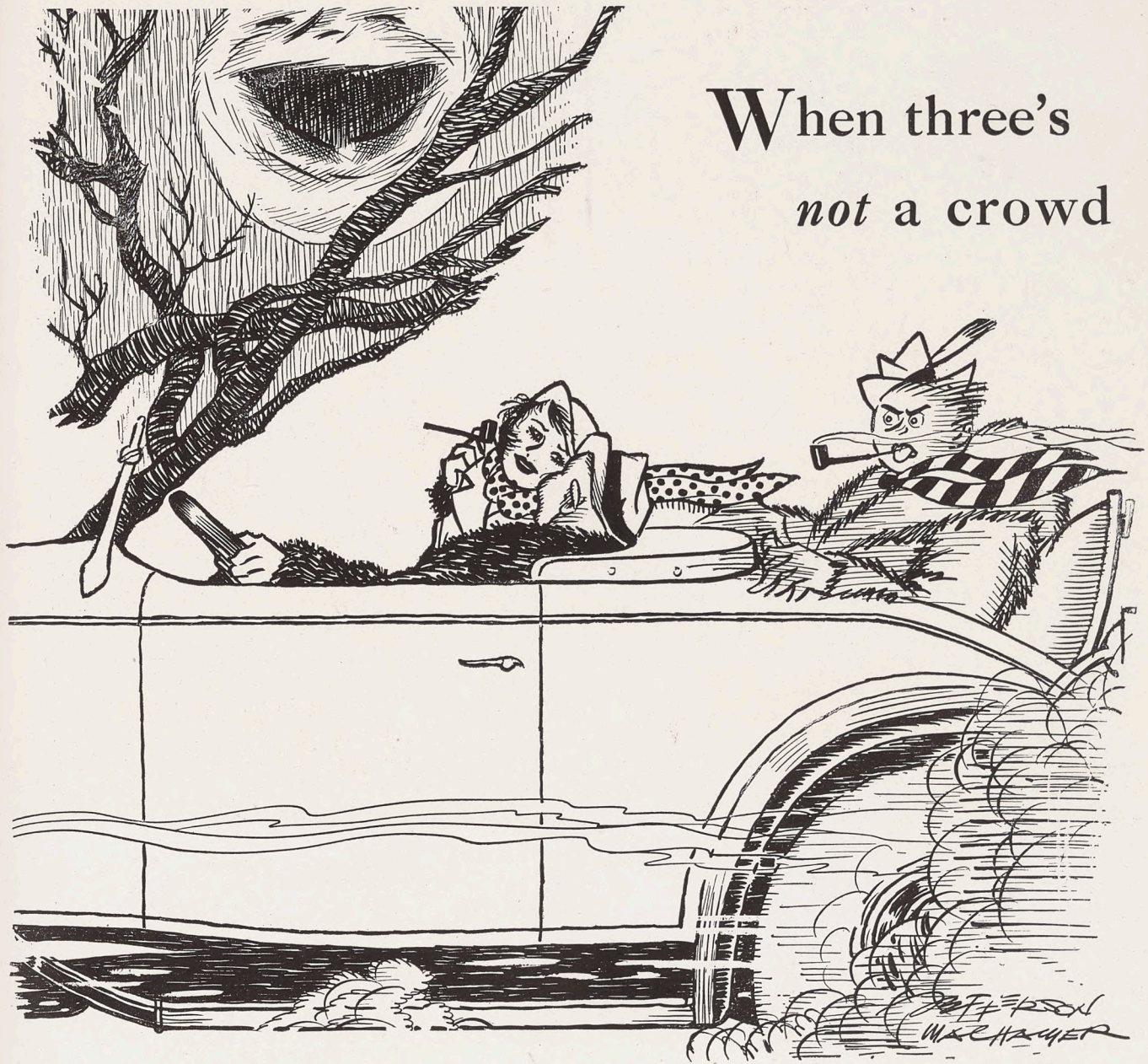
— D D D —

Him: "Will you marry me?"

Her: "Marry you? Why you haven't enough money to keep me in clothes!"

Him: "Listen! That doesn't take money; that takes will power."

—Witt



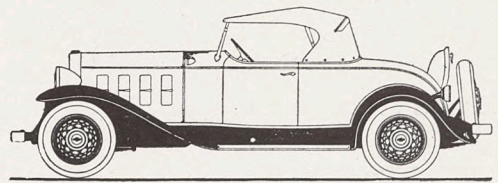
When three's
not a crowd

When there's an important selling job to be done, after hours, on some moonlit roadway, or shadowy campus drive, nothing gets you off to a better start than one of those new sport roadsters being built by Chevrolet.

The front seat has plenty of room for the great American blonde, *yourself*, and several tons of raccoon coat—as well as a second blonde, if you believe in numbers. Then, if some offensive male decides that he'll go along too, there's a pleasantly remote rumble seat, where he can be placed in cold storage indefinitely.

In addition—with Syncro-Mesh and Free Wheeling, you can let the car practically drive itself. Chevrolet's six-cylinder motor runs so noiselessly that you can put across your personality without using a gold-lined megaphone.

And just as the Chevrolet Six never cramps your technique, it never cramps the allowance, either. Gas, oil, and servicings can be paid for, with plenty of change left over for cover charges and refreshments. And as for first-cost—well, bless your soul—just snap on the bifocals and take a look to the right!



The Sport Roadster, \$495

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value for 1932

Twenty beautiful new models, at prices ranging from \$475 to \$660

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich., special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan. Division of General Motors.

★ *NOW, AS THEN, ARROW SETS THE STYLE* ★



1911

Back in the days when football players gloried in unshorn locks and the Flying Wedge, many a shoe string tie peeped from beneath a collar like this. It may look a bit goofy to you today—but remember! Your Dad probably wore a collar like this—and won approving glances from the girl who was to become your Mother. For then—as now—the style was set by Arrow.



1932

Here is the Arrow Trump—the shirt that sets the style for 1932. Made of a specially woven broadcloth, the Trump has carefully tailored shoulders—correct arm lengths—a shirt front that lies as smooth as a summer sea—and a collar with the trim, smart fit that only Arrow can achieve. In white, stripes and plain colors. The Trump is America's best shirt value at \$1.95.

Arrow Shirts stay their original size because they are shrunk by Arrow's own Sanforizing Process. The only process of its kind. The Sanforizing Process guarantees permanent fit, no matter how often the shirt is laundered.

And that fit is worth retaining. For every Arrow Shirt is tailored perfectly throughout. And you can get your correct sleeve lengths in Arrow Shirts, and they stay correct forever.

And every Arrow Shirt has a collar that has been the despair of other shirt makers. For Arrow—maker of over four billion collars—knows more about putting fit and style and trim into a collar than anyone else in the world. When you're buying shirts, be sure to look for the Arrow label. Remember, if it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt.

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Guaranteed to fit you PERMANENTLY — or your money back