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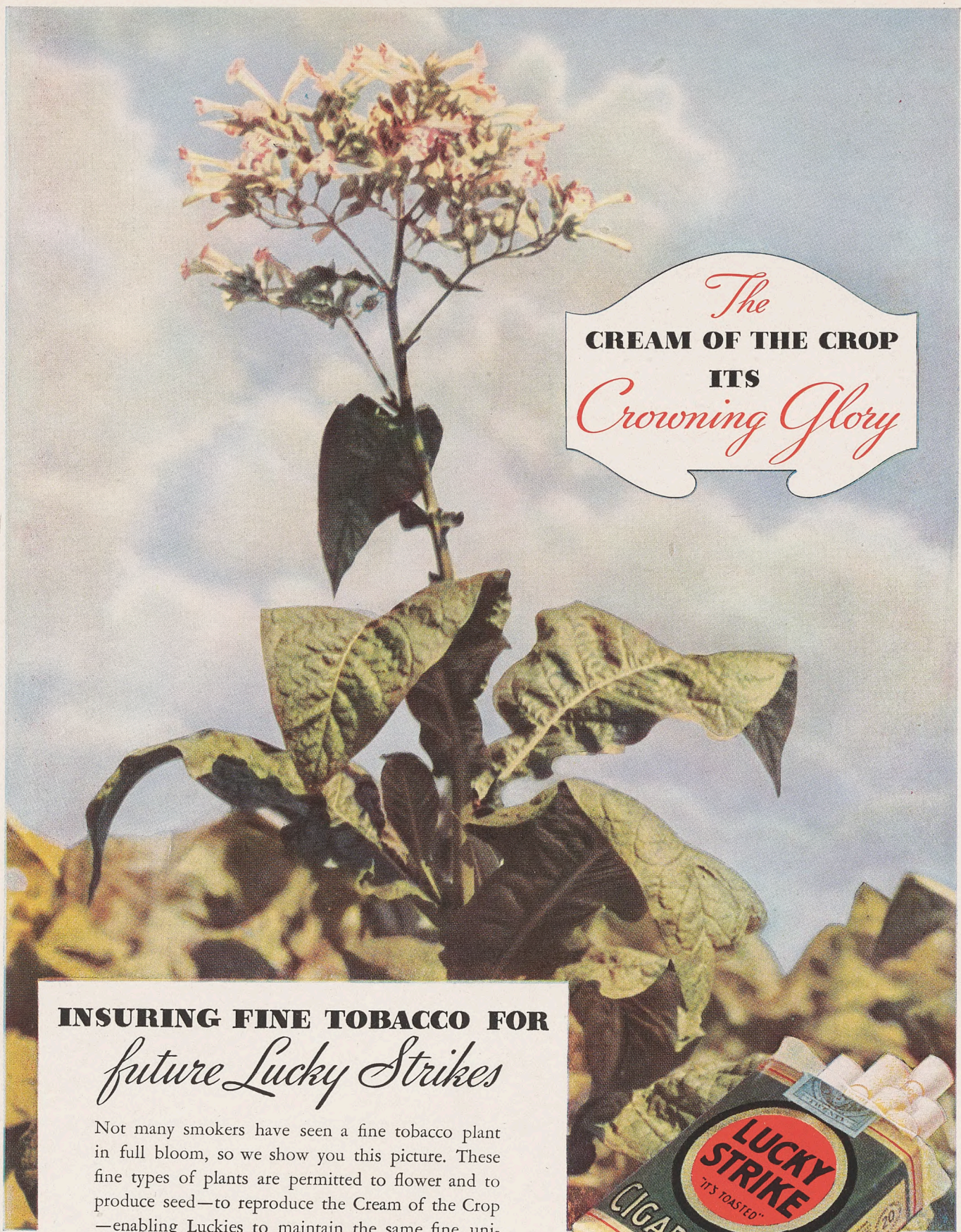


WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY  
D I R I G E



NOV 15





*The*  
**CREAM OF THE CROP**  
**ITS**  
*Crowning Glory*

**INSURING FINE TOBACCO FOR**  
*future Lucky Strikes*

Not many smokers have seen a fine tobacco plant in full bloom, so we show you this picture. These fine types of plants are permitted to flower and to produce seed—to reproduce the Cream of the Crop—enabling Luckies to maintain the same fine, uniform quality that smokers everywhere appreciate—so round and firm and fully packed—free from loose ends.



**ALWAYS** *the finest tobaccos*    **ALWAYS** *the finest workmanship*  
**ALWAYS** *Luckies please!*

**"it's toasted"** FOR THROAT PROTECTION—FOR BETTER TASTE

Copyright, 1933, The American Tobacco Company



# SINGLE STANDARD

or

## THE CURSE OF IT ALL

Assistant

Associate

Professor Spee

(Ay Bee, Ay Em, and Pea Aych Dee)

Loved Ellamine

McGuph MacSquay

(A member of doubleyou, ess, gee ay)

But Ellamine

McGuph MacSquay

(Of doubleyou, doubleyou, ess, gee, ay)

Couldn't decide

if she wanted

to be

Mrs.

Assistant

Associate

Professor Spee

(Ay Bee, Ay Em, and Pea Aych Dee)

Or simply

(and proudly)

be and stay

the Ellamine

McGuph MacSquay

(Of doubleyou, doubleyou, ess, gee, ay)

But the

years rolled

on and now we see

That it's simply

(and proudly)

Professor Spee

(Ay Bee, Ay Em, and Pea Aych Dee).

So Ellamine

McGuph MacSquay

(no longer of doubleyou, ess, gee ay)

Curses the day,

the day when

she

Scorned

Assistant

Associate

Professor Spee

(Ay Bee, Ay Em, and Pea Aych Dee).

—Ed Mead.

**\$10. for a title to this picture**

Life Savers, Inc., will pay \$10 for the most humorous title to this picture. \$5 second prize. And for the next 25 most humorous titles, 25 prizes of a box of Life Savers will be given. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Write your title on the inside of the Life Savers wrapper or on a hand drawn facsimile and mail to Contest Dept., Life Savers, Inc., Port Chester, N. Y. This contest is open to college students everywhere. Entries must be postmarked on or before January 1, 1934.

**The LIFE SAVERS CANDY WITH THE HOLE**

**STEP ALONG IN style**

Smart shoes in the newest leathers for the modern college girl—Suede—Kid and Reptile Leathers—Straps—Pumps—Ties. Sizes 4 to 8 AAA to C.

**\$3<sup>85</sup> and \$5<sup>00</sup>**

A large selection of Sport and School Oxfords—Rough Leathers—Pigskin and Grained Calf—A Real Servicable Lot. Sizes 4 to 8 AAA to C - - - - - **\$3<sup>95</sup> up**

Smart Boudoir Slippers—Dorsay's—Mules in Satin—Brocades and Kid Leathers. Ideal for Gifts—or that "House Party". You will **\$1<sup>25</sup> to \$3<sup>00</sup>** like them. Priced - - - - -

**VARSAITY BOOT SHOP**

6362-64 Delmar



We think it high time someone mentions the fact that the House of David baseball team is obviously in the bush leagues.

— D D D —

**PRANKFUL FATE**

A stout dame was dancing the rumba  
As the orchestra played a hot numba.  
But the straps of her dress  
Broke, we must confess,  
And she stood there while looking quite dumba.

— D D D —

"Great scott, that football player's running the wrong way!"  
"No, he's not! That's the way to the men's room."

— D D D —

Variety is the spice of life  
But it doesn't apply to the wife.

— D D D —

She: "Why do they call this the "Old Ox Road?"  
He: "Because it's such a bum steer."

— D D D —

Max: "Where are you working these days?"  
Climax: "Over at the Maternity Ward."  
Max: "How is it?"  
Climax: "Oh, they just about kid the life out of me."



—Texas Ranger.

"My wife don't answer, wonder what she's up to?"

— D D D —

Many a lad who starts at the bottom gets slapped.

— D D D —

Good old Gus Glutzenschlunger says he lives across the hall from a TAXI-dancer and she hasn't put out her flag yet—(Maybe she won't let him METER).

— D D D —

Cellophane's creation  
Destroyed imagination

— D D D —

One at a time  
Is better than nine

— D D D —

A Frigidaire  
Can't compare  
With an iceman's  
Rarer ware

— D D D —

Prosperity  
ain't so funny.  
when it shows  
round the tummy.

— D D D —

Buttons  
Are nutt'n!  
But zippers,  
Are quicker!!!



—Yale Record.





—Sour Owl.

Horse—And to think that's the guy that always wants to go fast!

— D D D —

Father: "Why were you so late, last night?"

Prodigal: "After the dance Mary wanted some popcorn, and we had to drive all over town to find any."

Father: "And I suppose you used the hairpins I found in the back seat to pick your teeth?"

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

— D D D —

Passionate Pedro: "Ah, senorita, you are divine! I loff you! I weesh your embrace! Geef me you kees!"

Fair Tourist (blushing): "There's no need—my apartment is never locked."

—Penn State Froth.

— D D D —

My gal is like a typewriter keyboard. If you touch the wrong spots you get terrible words.

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

— D D D —

People who carry glass bottles shouldn't sit on stone benches.

—Showme.

— D D D —

"Goodness, George! This is not our baby! This is the wrong carriage."

"Shut up! This is a better carriage."

—Wampas.

— D D D —

He: "Do you like the Four Mills Brothers?"

She: "Oh, I love them. Especially the red-headed one who plays the harp."

—Ohio Sun Dial.

— D D D —

Drunk: "Shee the angleworm."

Second Drunk: "Sh' a cute angleworm."

Drunk: "Sh' no, sh' a right angleworm."

Second Drunk: "Don't be so damn geometrical."

—Wisconsin Octopus.

— D D D —

"You really must see my aunt's collection of statues of virgins and other curiosities."

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.



Mildness alone  
Is Not Enough



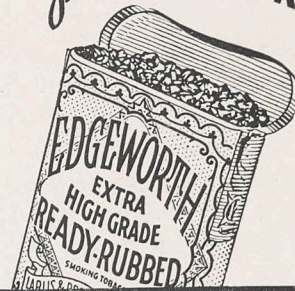
# A pipe tobacco must have FLAVOR

LET US get straight on this matter of tobacco mildness. Of course you want a *mild* pipe tobacco. But mildness alone is not enough. What you really want is mildness *plus* flavor.

In Edgeworth you will find that rare combination—*mildness plus flavor*. Edgeworth is a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant. No other parts of the burley plant will do for Edgeworth. Not only do these leaves have the choicest flavor but, more than that, we have learned in our over half a century of experience that in them is found the *mildest pipe tobacco that grows*.

FREE booklet on the care and enjoyment of your pipe. To get the real satisfaction pipe smoking can give you, to enjoy the full flavor of good tobacco, you must treat your pipe right. Send for a free copy of "The Truth About Pipes." It contains much practical and useful information for pipe smokers. Address: Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va., Tobacconists since 1877.

MILDNESS  
*plus* FLAVOR



Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. Sold everywhere. All sizes from 15¢ pocket package to pound humidortins. Also several sizes in vacuum packed tins.

# EDGEWORTH

MADE FROM THE  
*Mildest pipe tobacco*  
THAT GROWS

You know you saw it in DIRGE, you old reprobate, you—so why not say it straight out?



## FASHION

"Tweak the interest but remain discreet" is College Ann's advice to all smart coeds this month . . . The pledge dances displayed to the writer that many girls do not realize the value of color sense . . . Black is undoubtedly very smart but only when it is worn by someone who looks well in it. The natural autumnal hues are lovely and add so much to your appearance. College Ann suggests deep purple, sapphire blue, carnation red, and Tipperary green for the wise coed who wants to look right at all times. Shun the pastels this winter, for the tawny colors will now hold the limelight. The really new color for the winter is grape or blackberry and believe me it is really elegant in the new cloths, such as Worldmoor—Bangaline and of course Satin . . . The most enticing thing about the new dresses are the backs—fling your back at the public—says College Ann but create the angelical elegance in front . . . Don't buy clothes that are just clothes but invest in something that is distinctive and that will develop your personality. Above all don't wear feathers if you are not the "siren" type.

— D D D —

## MEN ONLY

At last the men are becoming more prominent in the fashion—and believe me they are becoming important!! Shirts are undergoing a drastic change. No more long pointed collars—a collar must either be very rounded or tabbed. All the smart haberdashers are featuring the colored shirt with the white pique collar. The "eyelet" collar with the new Oxford Collar-pin is extremely "fuss" and really improves a suit one hundred percent. Plaids are far more subdued than they were at the beginning of the season. Checks on a smaller average are very good both in the dress suit and the common business suit. Top-coats favor the raglan sleeve and full length to about three inches below the knee, with a roll collar and leather button trim. Seen at one of the smart men's shops was an ensemble of gray. The suit was a double-breasted gray plaid and was set-off with a steel-gray shirt and white pique collar and a striped blue and gray tie. Gray suede shoes, gray snap-brim hat and a gray plaid top-coat complete the outfit and believe me it is what the well dressed man will wear. Above all—men do not mix your colors!!!! Use discretion when you are selecting your outfits.

Yeh, that's the idea! Patronize DIRGE advertisers.

### When The Young Man Switches To "Custom Made" Clothes

HERE comes a time when every young man knows that his clothes should be tailored to his individual requirements and tastes. Our large clientele of younger men is due to the fact that they are able to have that design and tailoring in Losse clothes.

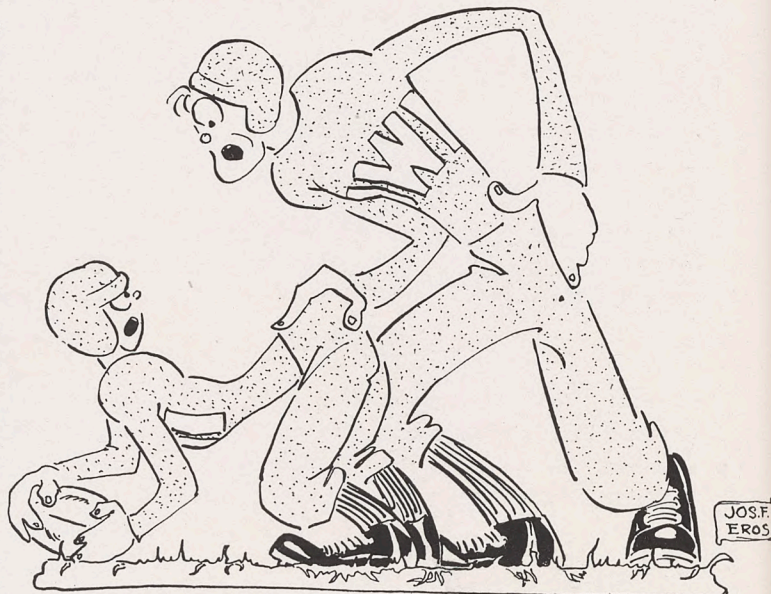
*J. P. Losse*  
PROGRESSIVE TAILORING CO.  
807-9 NORTH SIXTH STREET

Spinach again?

That's what the cook thinks, but Aunt Gussie just can't seem to locate her philodendron.

— D D D —

Samuel Insull, still vacationing in Greece, declares that "politicians have nothing to fear from me." He's telling them?

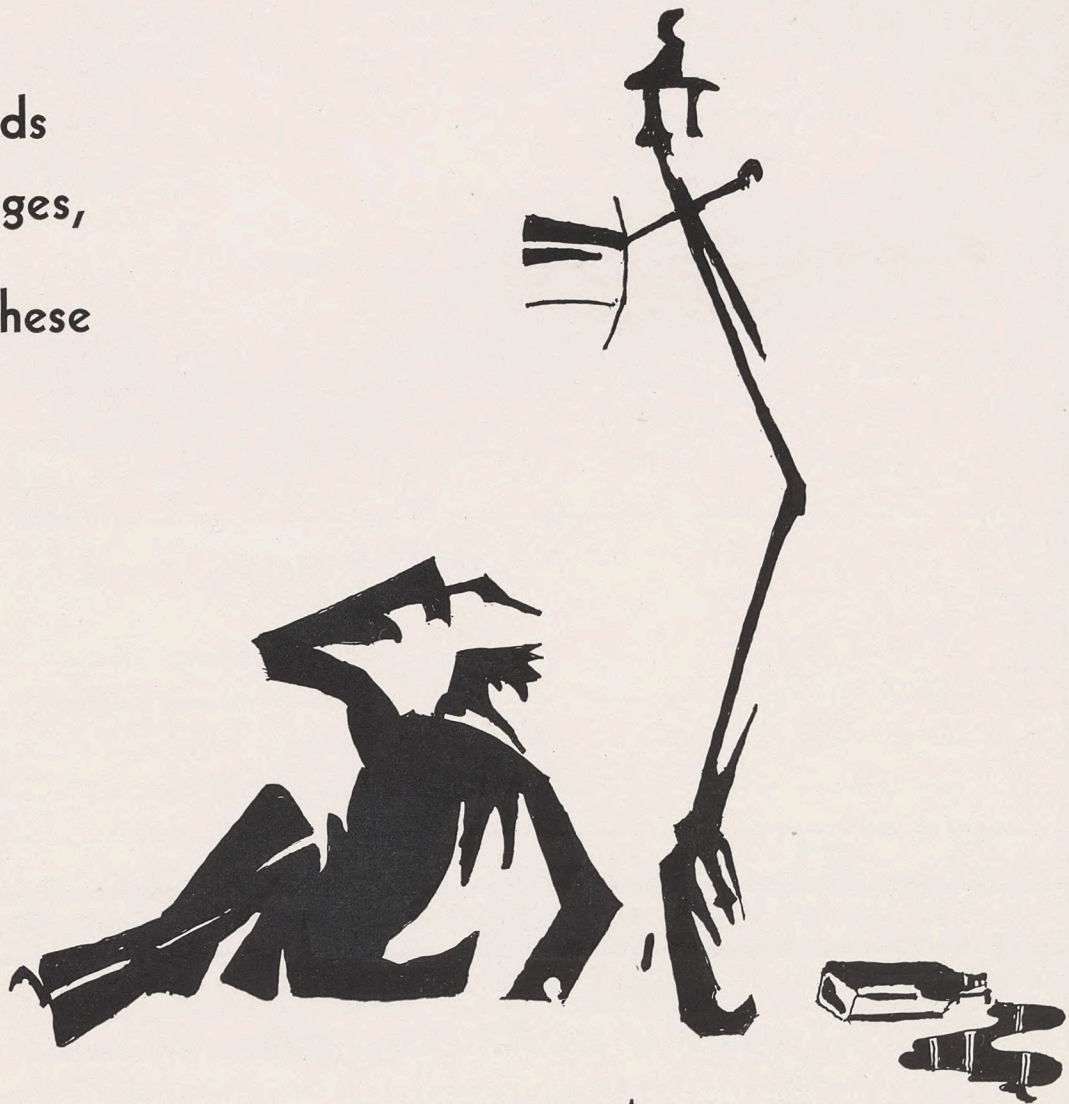


"Which end?"



# HOMECOMING NUMBER

To the Grads  
of all ages,  
We issue these  
pages.



"Gawd! What a  
football game."



JOS. F.  
EROS





**Bearers of The Pall**

Editor .....Harold Clover  
 Business Manager .....Harry Bleich  
 Managing Editor .....EDWARD MEAD  
 Art Editor .....BILL VAUGHN  
 Make-up Editor .....GORDON SAGER  
 Exchange Editor .....WALFRED NOREN  
 Feature Editor .....ZENAEBE BECKER  
 Faculty Adviser .....Prof. ALEXANDER BUCHAN

**LITERARY MOURNERS**

Stokely Westcott	Eleanor Davies	Gene Beare
Art Brauer	David Wallin	Jimye Thorpe
Bill Edgar	Clarence Garvey	J. P. Haupt
Edith Tidrow	David Carpenter	Ellen Fisher

**ART MOURNERS**

Jack Brashear	Con Gross	Ray Bartling
Helene Callicott		

**TYPIST**

Shirley Hatch

**CIRCULATION MOURNERS**

Jocelyn Taylor	} Co-Captains	Barbara Friedman
Martha Milam		Estelle Rott
Ann Linsday		Betty Wagner
Martha Bush		Josephine Ireland
Attwood McVoy		Betsy Howell
Betty Johnson		Leon Matthey
Ruby Jane Smith		Bee Ferring
Erdwine Holekamp		Virginia Emig
Conrad Budke		Bert Kent
Dorothy Coombs		Harriette Kent
Grace Powe		Frances Peil
Mary Lee Harney		John Carnahan
Dorothy Edwards		Marion Hymen
Mary Stobie		Dorothy Joslin
Florence Leutwiler		Joan Stealey
Margaret Harrison		Dorothy Beall
Cora Swift		Marcia Nelson
Inez Wilson		Helen Umbeck
Helen Bertick		Thaise Oakley
Eleanor Schuler		Clover Oak
Betty Bohannon		Adah Nash
Ione Sternberg		Hope Bridges
Leone Sternberg		James Hicks
Edith Wilson		Dorothy Doenes
Myra Kerwin		Mildred Gausman
Mary Wilson		Nancy Holekamp
Mary Williams		Betty Schmitz
Virginia Henwood		Molly Jauncey
		Elizabeth Hixon

**BUSINESS MOURNERS**

Walter Lorch                      Robert Hillman

**CONTENTS**

	Page		Page
O! Halter Hinchell .....	7	1890 Game with Missouri .....	14
Chief Mourner .....	9	Frosh Popularity Contest .....	15
Campus Charactures .....	10 and 11	Phooey .....	17
Tiger Claws .....	12 and 13	Class at 8:30 .....	19

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# O! Halter Hinchell

Dear Clover:

Well, another month has rolled around, and . . . .

POROUS MORRIS . . . .

Sally Rand

fanned . . . .

And all the boys

saw the joys,  
saw the sights—  
forbidden delights—

Of Sally Rand

Who fanned

And unmanned . . . .

The Sigma Chis

went

to see  
a knee;  
to spy  
a thigh . . . .

The Sigma Chis

Rolled their eyes—

thighs . . . .  
sighs . . . .  
fan . . . .  
oh, man!

Ha!

What's this?

After bliss

Who's this?

The Colonel!

The rotund  
Rubicund

Colonel!

The Keeper

of Buildings

The Keeper

of Grounds

out  
of  
bounds . . . .

And the Sig Chis stood—

As the Sig Chis would—

While

the infernal

Colonel

Parked his car.

Then Morris—

Porous  
Sonorous  
Morris . . . .

Sophomorous  
Morris . . . .

Sneaked across the street . . . .

Feet and meat

crossed the street . . . .

And with

broken expression

Conveyed

the impression

To the girl

at the wicket

That he wanted

a ticket.

Ah, Morris!

Sonorous  
Morris!

Ah, ticket!

Wicked  
ticket!

Ah, youth!

Ah, love!

(Continued on Next Page)



"But it must be second down, the announcer just said so."



Ah!  
 Then the Sigma Chis  
 In  
     great surprise  
 Rolled  
     their eyes  
         But  
         not  
         at  
         thighs . . . .  
 At the  
     Infernal  
         Colonel  
 And his  
     Sneaking  
         Peeking . . . .  
 And then rang out  
 a healthy shout  
 That was without doubt  
 Meant  
     for the Colonel  
         Infernal——  
 The skulking  
     hulking  
         Morris . . . .  
 And the Colonel  
     he saw  
 And he dropped  
     his jaw  
 And his face——  
     call it face——  
                                 went white  
 As  
 Well  
 It  
 Might  
     In  
     Such  
     A  
     Plight . . . .  
 But he looked  
     not right  
     not left.  
         No.  
 Morris pretended  
     that  
     the  
     greeting  
     extended  
 Was not for him  
     the  
     cherubim . . . .  
 The greeting spurned  
 Our Morris turned  
     and churned  
                                 into  
                                 the

lobby . . .  
     not speaking . . .  
     still  
     sneaking . . .  
 And Sally Rand  
     fanned . . . .  
 And Morris Boorstin  
     Looked at sin,  
     Saw  
     the  
     sights,  
     The gay  
     delights  
 Of Sally Rand  
     Who fanned  
     And unmanned . . . .  
 The infernal  
     Colonel,  
 Unmanned  
     By Rand . . . .

And so to press. The Colonel is the last man I would ever have picked to furnish material for this column . . . and incidentally some guy sang "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" at the Garrick several weeks ago . . . such popularity . . .

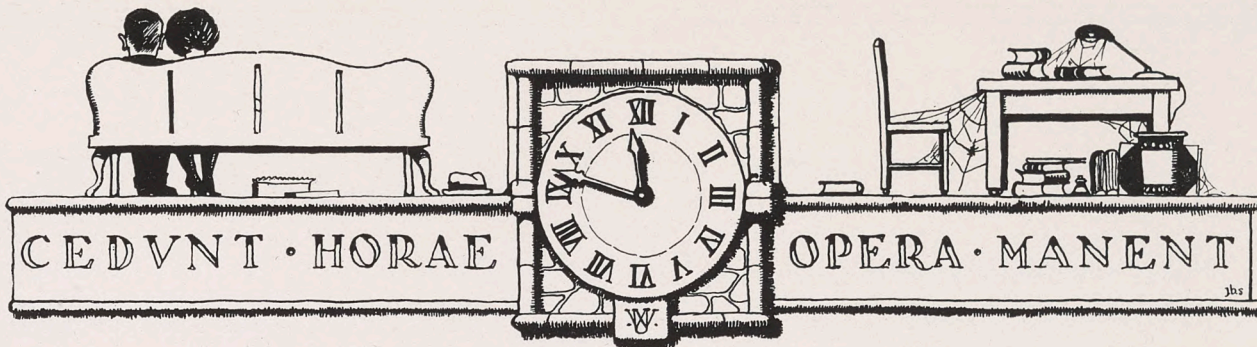
An interesting episode involves Lauramae Pippin, the Theta Highlight. Dizzy Desmond Fitzgerald, following the Theta dance, felt sure that he had met Pippin; and, visualizing a small, dark-haired girl, he called her up for a date. But Pippin was sure she hadn't met Fitz, so she asked him to describe her over the phone. Fortunately someone standing by the phone said something about Pippin being a "beautiful blonde;" so Fitz got the date. But when he rang the doorbell on the eventful night, he had forgotten; and when a blonde instead of a brunette answered the bell, he opened his mouth and started: "Good evening. Is Lau---" But Pippin saved the day by saying, "Hello, Fitz, come on in."

Also why wasn't Lauramae put up for Dirge's Most Popular Freshman Contest? And too, what happened to Dorothy Dittmann in the same contest? When the entries were first asked for, those two were to be the Theta candidates, but something seems to have happened.

Bert Kent went down to Mizzou with a Sig Chi had a late date with a Phi Delt, and wore the Beta pin of Ed Callaher, an alum, all evening . . . Now that Bryant Rich's summer affair with Jo Ireland is over, Jo is freelancing, despite the effort of a Beta, a K. A. and several others . . . Probably for Ronnie Shinn's benefit, Gene Starkloff is taking tango lessons from M. Klatoff at the Chase . . . "Hero Harry" Bleich and Margaret Blanke, a current deb, won the dancing contest at the Castilla some weeks ago . . . Although Rose Eleanor Findley lives in

(Continued on Page 22)





## Chief Mourner's Tears

### Homecoming!

Homecoming! That word means a football game, luncheons, open house, and a dance to the student body. But to the alumni it has a larger meaning. It is literally "coming home." Coming back to a campus where their college days were spent; the renewing of old friendships; the forgetting for a brief time their outside worries and again indulging in the antics of their youth.

The students are prepared to welcome the alumni with parades, entertainment, and a football team under Jimmy Conzelman that is rapidly forging to the top. There is a new spirit on the Hill, one of enthusiasm and optimism. Let the alumni feel the spirit, give them a good time—Homecoming is but once a year.

To you old grads who are coming home, Welcome! And may you come back for many more years.

### Smart Frosh

The class of '36 has been taking a terrible beating from the class of '37. No one knows exactly how it all started. It is sufficient to say that the freshmen are revolting successfully. There are no uprisings with clubs and attacks on the Sophomore wall. There is simply a passive resistance that bears a strong resemblance to the one pulled by our friend of the diaper,

Mahatma Gandhi. And the Sophs are nonplussed. No one comes to the wall and no one obeys the rules. We feel sorry for the Sophomores.

But we also feel sorry for the Freshmen. Not because they are going to receive a terrible punishment for their crime, because they

rules, that the rules themselves be cut down to four or five, and that the members of the Senior class rigidly enforce them.

### Mr. Hinchell Is Defended

O! Halter Hinchell, that obnoxious creature who stealthily sneaks about the campus and collects bits of personal news for the benefit of the public, is on the spot. We rise to his defense. Everyone reads his stuff before anything else in the magazine. We have a little hunch way down deep that no one really minds appearing in it. And furthermore, there is no personal animosity of any kind appearing in it, intentionally. If anything is said in it that hurts, we're sorry, even though Mr. Hinchell himself simply grins evilly and goes out for more.

And last and NOT least, it's a damn good circulation builder if nothing else, and it's going to stay. So please don't come around and threaten us anymore, we're getting fed up on it.

### Why Is The Colonel?

We can't answer this question but we can, and will, explain who he is. The Freshmen are just now coming to the conclusion that there is such a person. We are hereby delighted to explain him.

He was at one time on the Governor's state staff. He is now

*(Continued on page 21)*

## THE FORGOTTEN MAN

**Homer, Roland M.**

**7541 Lovella Ave.**

**Highland 3981**

*Ternion please copy. You forgot his name.*

aren't. But they are missing out on a lot of fun. The rules laid down for the Freshmen are for their edification as well as for the Sophomores. That they are deliberately remaining indifferent to them means the loss of something intangible, but still real. They aren't really Freshmen but a neuter class simply attending the university for the first time. The only thing that the Frosh and Sophs can do now to redeem themselves in the eyes of the student body is to throw a whale of a big fight on Homecoming.

And we hereby suggest that next year the Sophs be removed from the enforcing of Freshmen



".... Cla-a-ark made the tackle," grated the loud speaker.

And two thousand gave the announcer the birdie. Even the youngest freshman knew that Glynn Clark had brought the runner down; it was impossible to overlook that great red-clad figure with the big white "1" on its back.

Five years ago, Glynn Clark played left guard on the Wellston High team. In four years he was captain of the Bears, and weighed "Oh, I guess 205 or 210.... How? I don't know; it was more or less innate."

Don't believe him. No 150-pounder ever in-



creased his weight by over one-third without conscientious training and diligent work. Glynn did it by going out for track and throwing weights all over the field.

But let's get on:

"Well, I like to go fishing and hunting.... Eccentricities? No, I ca---well, when I get home from practice in the evening I like to open up a book and go to sleep. In twenty minutes or so, I wake up, turn the page, and go back to sleep. That's fun.... And I hate to wear ties.... And suits, too...."

## CAMPUS CAR

"Profs? Oh, I guess I like the Psych. profs best; most of 'em are almost human.... Who, Conzelburg? A swell guy. People expect to much of him; he's got a tough job trying to please the students, the alumni and the faculty.... No, I don't like to cut classes; never have, except for trips and so forth.... I don't know. I guess I'm afraid that if I ever start I'll never be able to stop...."

"Women? Oh, they're all right.... yeah, in their place.... I don't know; I haven't decided yet where that is.... Dates? You mean, how many? Well, it all depends on how the women are running, and so forth... During football season, I don't have many dates; only once since school started...."

"Necking? It's okay; good exercise.... Yeah, I guess petting is even better exercise; it's okay, too.... No, I don't have any Ideal Woman; they all look all right to me.... but she ought to have a little above the ears; not too much, though.... Sophistication? Yeah, I like it, just so it's not too much. Just so they don't try to play the outside corners too much...."

"The prettiest woman on the campus? I'd rather not try to pick one. But there are plenty of good-looking ones running around...."

"When I get out of school I'm going to try and get a coaching job.... Oh, being captain of the team is okay when you're winning; otherwise it's not so hot...."

"Oh, yeah; I like to scrimmage in the mud, and once I chopped my thumb off...."



# CARACTURES

Many years ago, a little girl with long brown hair and big blue eyes stood before an assembly in St. Roch's Convent, opened her mouth, and looked scared. From her interior issued a shaky, treble voice, just barely heard above the accompanying piano. And at the conclusion of the song, she looked very flustered and proud, and sat down amid such applause as is usually accorded to little girl singers . . . .

Ten years later, this same little girl stood in the theatre wings and heard her cue. She grinned at her partner, yanked her skirt around, muttered "Crowbar!" and went out to sing before an audience in the third largest theatre in the world. She was no longer shaky and not quite so scared, and her listeners were even more pleased . . . .

And now Jimye Thorpe is heard on the radio, at the Castilla, at Van Horn's. And though her name is trickling through the city, only a very few people know what her ambitions are, whether she likes swiss cheese and dogs, or why she spells her name J-i-m-y-e. So we thought we'd tell you.

"Well, I guess that more than anything else, I like to sit on moving escalators . . . . No, I really mean it. Not many people like it, and mother gets embarrassed, but it's swell fun. Haven't you really ever sat on a moving escalator? . . . . Oh, yes, there are lots of other things I like to do. I like to press my nose against windows, and I like to take off my shoes and jump on the furniture . . . . Sure it's hard to do both of them at once . . . . Oh, for long-run pleasure, I like jelling best, I guess. There's nothing I'd rather do than jelly . . . .

"What do you mean, my chief claim to fame? . . . Oh, that's so silly, I---- . . . . Well, I always try to like everybody, so I guess th---- . . . . Oh, I see what you mean! Well, I guess it's because I make funny faces . . . . Demonstration? Oh, no . . . . Well, maybe the Chinaman one . . . . All right, change the subject if you want to . . . .

"Oh, I don't know what was the most embarrassing incident of my life. I guess, though, that it was the time at Soldan when I was walking down the

stairs, and a Men's Health Class was lined up at the bottom, and my purple undies fell down. Whooh! I thought I'd tee off! . . . . Oh, I don't believe in Ideal Men. When he comes along, I'll know what he looks like . . . . No, he doesn't have to cook and sew—I'll do that. But he must be able to keep—I mean, he has to be able to make a decent living . . . . Oh, not necessarily. I don't like goodlooking men much; they're mostly terrible jellies . . . . And he must have ambition.

"Well, I've never counted my love affairs. I mean—oh, that sounds sorta silly, I guess. But I've been in and out a lot of times, more or less . . . . There've been only five or six I ever wanted to marry, though . . . . Yes, I like sophisticated girls—not men, though . . . . Oh, I try it sometimes, but I can't get away with it when my friends are around . . . . Necking? Aw,



say courting or wooing, please. Necking sounds so—I've been dating an Arkansaw boy, and he always calls it courting or wooing . . . . Oh, it's all right, but not promiscuous. If the boy's all right and knows how to go about it . . . . Finesse? You mean like in bridge? . . . .

"Oh, professors! Well, I like Duffy, because I always want to twirl his hair. And Klamon—he's so cute when he blushes . . . . Oh, and Jimmy Conzelman. Outside of my father, I think Jimmy is the finest man I know . . . . I hope Dad heard that . . . . And Eoff, because he wears swell clothes . . . . And Mackenzie—he's so fascinating and queer . . . .

"Well, you might say I think a lot of my mother . . . . she's a very fine lady; very fancy."





Coach  
Frank  
Carideo

Coach Carideo is bringing a team with a heavy line and a backfield enjoying the services of Woody Hatfield, one of the fastest backs in the Big Six conference.

Washington will be outweighed and will probably rely on trick plays and a passing attack. Our Sophomore backfield will bear the brunt of the running.

Both teams will be in the peak of condition and have improved with every game. The game is decidedly a toss-up as to the ultimate victor.

The years and scores of previous games with Mizzou are:

Year	Washington	Missouri
1890	28	0
1898	18	12
1900	5	6
1902	0	29
1903	0	0
1904	11	0
1905	14	10
1906	12	0
1907	28	0
1908	0	40
1909	0	5
1910	3	27
1911	5	5
1912	0	33
1913	0	19
1914	3	26
1915	13	0
1916	0	13
1917	0	19
1919	0	7
1920	10	14
1921	0	7
1922	0	27
1923	13	7
1924	0	35
1925	0	14
1926	6	45
1927	0	13
1929	0	6
1932	14	6

# TIGER

## Missouri Roster

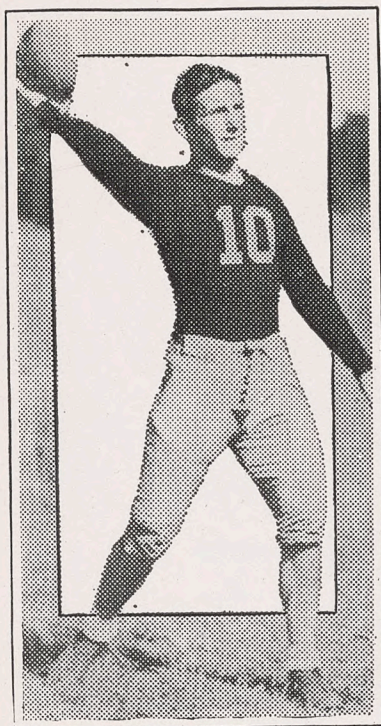
Beall, John	.....	Gu
*Bland, Theodore	.....	Gu
Blase, George	.....	Gu
Caldwell, Dan	.....	Ce
Chorn, William	.....	Ta
Cole Sam	.....	Ta
*Consolver, George	.....	Gu
Cooper, Grant	.....	Be
Davidson, Frank	.....	Be
*Faurot, Jaylyle	.....	Be
Friguletto, John	.....	Be
French, Wayne	.....	Ta
Grenda, Herbert	.....	E
*Hader, Townsend	.....	Ta
*Hanley, Lloyd	.....	E
*Harris, Clarence	.....	E
*Hatfield, Woodrow	.....	Be
Houston, Kenneth	.....	Be
*Johnson, Sidney	.....	Be
*Koenigsdorf, Richard	.....	Ta
Lawhon, J. Lavert	.....	Be
Lochner, Arthur	.....	Be
McKay, James	.....	Ta
*McMillan, Edmond	.....	Cent
Orr, Warren	.....	Cent
Pipe, Frank	.....	Be
*Ramsey, Hugh	.....	Be
Ream, Dale	.....	Gu
*Ross, Frank	.....	Be
*Schiele, Charles (Capt.)	.....	E
Schwackhammer, Cletus	.....	Ta
Sconce, Ed	.....	Ta
*Scott, William	.....	E
*Stuber, George	.....	Be
*Swatek, Jack	.....	Ta
Wright, Wayne	.....	Be
Hudson, Forrest	.....	Be
Powell, Evans	.....	E

\*—Letterman

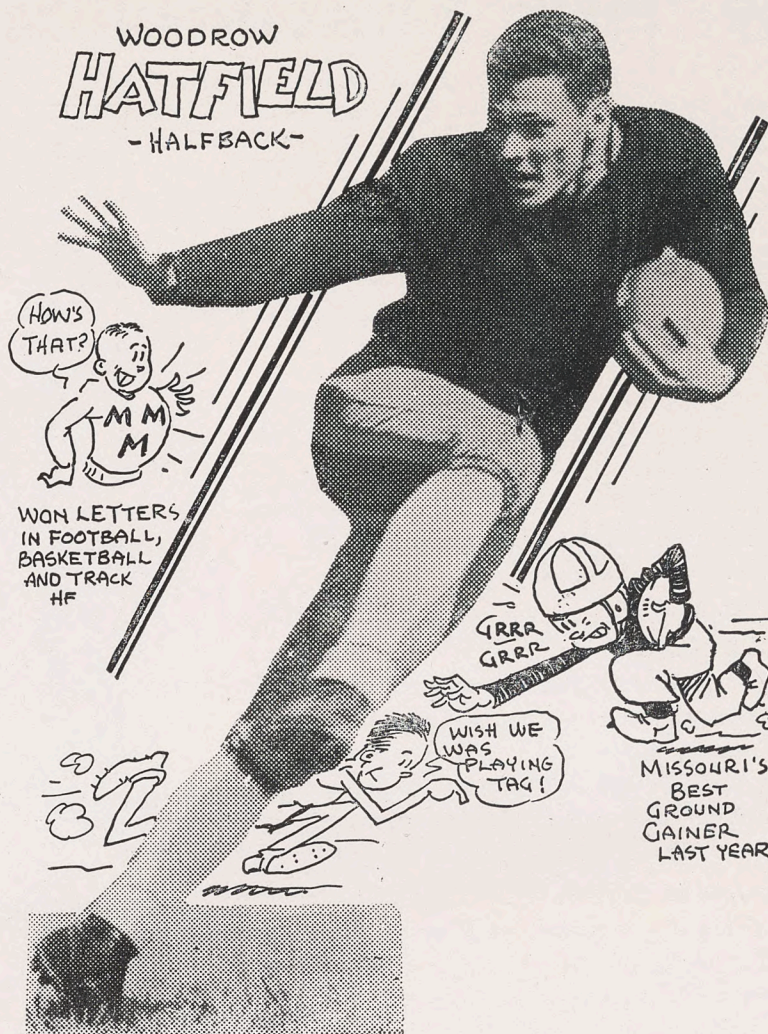


# R CLAWS

WOODROW  
**HATFIELD**  
-HALFBACK-



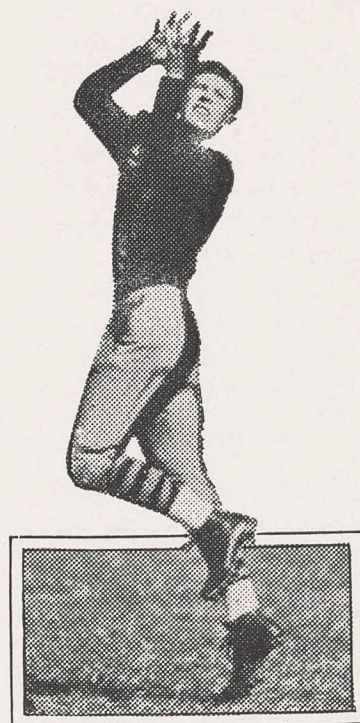
STUBER-QUARTER



These sharp claws of Missouri's Tiger will bear watching in the annual Homecoming tussle on November 18.

Upper left is George Stuber, and upper right is Woodrow Hatfield, both veteran backfielders.

The lower picture is of Capt. Charles Schiele, senior end whose home is in East St. Louis.



SCHIELE ~ END



# The First Missouri-Washington Game

(Editor's note: The first football game between Missouri and Washington was played in 1890. The following paragraphs are excerpts from the St. Louis Republic, November 28, 1890.)

## THE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY WINS FROM THE MISSOURI STATE TEAM A LARGE ATTENDANCE AND GREAT ENTHUSIASM

"Wash-ing-ton U-ni-ver-sity. 'Rah. 'Rah. 'Rah.' It was delivered in hoarse, sub-cellar tones, but it told the story of yesterday's intercollegiate football game at Sportsman's Park. The score was: Washington University, 28; Missouri State University, 0."

"... Fully 3,000 persons, many of whom were ladies, witnessed the triumph of the home team. The red and green of the Washington University were the popular colors, and though a delegation of 200 strong, decorated with orange and black, were present to see the Missouri men play, they were lost in the overshadowing prevalence of the local colors.

"Both teams showed lack of practice, and the Missouri men were lamentably weak at fullback . . . . The visitors were weak in passing the ball and very little punting or running was done by the half and fullbacks. They have a good rush line and two splendid sprinters in Bogie and Kane, but team work is lacking. The team, however, has only been organized six weeks, and in time will develop a splendid eleven.

"The Washington University team never played a stronger game than yesterday. Captain Tuttle, C. S. Reber, and H. L. Reber carried off the honors. Charley Reber's running and blocking, Tuttle's rushes and H. L. Reber's punting, were the features of the struggle. The local men passed the ball with dexterity and precision and kept possession of it nearly all of the time.

"The teams lined up as follows:

WASHINGTON	POSITION	COLUMBIA
F. Harney	Right end	B. F. Goslin
W. Howard	Right tackle	G. P. Whitsett
W. G. Brenneke	Right guard	A. P. Shull
E. S. Munson	Center	W. R. Littel
J. R. Whittemore	Left guard	W. P. Records
C. C. Collins	Left tackle	W. E. Gordon
J. R. Fordyce	Left end	C. A. Keith
L. C. Metcalfe	Quarterback	D. W. Kane
A. L. Tuttle	Left back (half)	D. L. Shawhan
C. S. Reber	Right halfback	M. M. Bogie
H. L. Reber	Fullback	B. M. Thompson



FORE-BEARS OF 1890

From left to right, Standing: Williamson Howard, H. Linton Reber, John R. Whittemore, Edward B. Fay, Charles Cummings Collins, E. S. Munson. Seated: Charles S. Reber, Arthur L. Tuttle, William G. Brenneke. Reclining: Landon C. Metcalfe, John R. Fordyce.

"... The struggle was kept up until dark, the Missouri men fighting desperately for at least a few points. C. S. Reber, by a splendid run scored the last touchdown. Final score, Washington, 28; Missouri, 0. Both teams played a fair game, and there was very little slugging. Charley Reber was tackled sharply once and thrown so heavily that he did not revive for a few seconds. He was kicked in the head subsequently, but not seriously, and fortunately no ambulances were required."

— D D D —

Gather your kisses while you may,  
For time brings only sorrow.  
The girls who are so free today  
Are chaperones tomorrow.

— D D D —

Jane: "Lou is an awful pest. He never seems to know when to stop."

Kay: "That's strange; I was out riding with him last night and he found a dandy place."



# Freshman Popularity Contest

The names of twenty-two girls were turned in as candidates for Most Popular Freshman girl. The winner and four runner-ups will be announced and introduced in the December issue. The voting will be done by general balloting and will be held in the near future.

Below are the descriptions and characteristics of the candidates:

## Ruth Lange—Alpha Chi Omega

5 ft. 2 in.  
120 pounds  
Brunette  
Brown eyes

A very breezy young lady who is quite anxious to obtain a happy medium with all her playfriends. Admits smoking as one of her bad habits—and is particularly interested in men's physiques (watch it boys). A really swell girl to know.

## Ruth Leilich—Alpha Chi Omega

Exactly—5 ft.  
100 pounds  
brunette

Luscious brown eyes (and maybe you don't think she can use them) Prefers medium sized men to tall ones because young giants are too far away—plenty could be said for or against this, but we're letting it lay! A nifty little tap dancer—watch for her in Quad show this year. A charming young lady.

## Barbara Friedman—

Alpha Epsilon Phi

5 ft. 6 in.  
125 pounds  
dark brunette  
elegant brown eyes

Smokes—thinks the men are alright!!!—prefers tall blondes and is seeking a man that is intelligent but understandable—lets wish Bobsy just lots of luck...an awfully nice gal' with a most contagious laugh. She is particularly well talented in athletics—for she rides, swims, and plays tennis and any other sport that one can mention. She wears white shoes all winter.

## Dorothy Joslin—Delta Gamma

5 ft. 1½ in.  
100 pounds  
blue eyes (what do things to you!)  
Ash blonde

She likes the men a lot but prefers good dancers (perhaps some of you young goliaths are interested in taking dancing lessons) She insists upon a good-looking man with a fast, hot line—(what about action...) Her freckles are positively the most fascinating I have ever seen—the innocent stare sort of gets one at first but wears off after a while when one talks to her and finds out all her very nice points. She is in college for a social whirl and believe it or not she loves to sell Dirges (not one cent is paid for this—ask her).

## Peggy Pirrung—Tri Delt

5 ft. 4 in.  
105 pounds  
blonde  
large gray eyes

She smokes, drinks, and is guaranteed not to rip, ravel, tear or run down at the heel. She rides very well (Last Horse Show) paints quite well and has published a book of poetry "Faun Fancy." She is very interested in collecting first editions but don't get us wrong—she is not the studious type—One of the personalities in this old home town and is really a very fussy "ginny."

## Lola Bell Taylor—Delta Gamma

5 ft. 2 in.  
105 pounds  
lovely blue eyes  
Brownish red hair (guess if you can, but it's awfully nice)

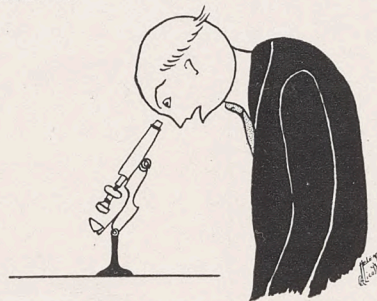
Smokes—approves of necking if love is the object (We'd be glad to change our objects for such a miss) Loves to dance and is very unusual in that she always tells the truth and is very frank—(put this down in the book) Is quite interested in a career as a social worker but we can't imagine any man letting this little lady spend her life visiting starving families.

## Mickey Hyman—

Gamma Phi Beta

5 ft. 4 in.  
Swwwwwwwell—brown eyes  
115 pounds  
brunette

A most vivacious youngster that doesn't smoke, drink or (?). She prefers talkers and good dancers and believe me she should, for she is undoubtedly one of the best dancers in this old town...Her only bad habit is her great love for food—she is particularly fond of cheese and jam sandwiches—she calls this her passion but we doubt this very much. She gets around a plenty but is not in the least conceited about it.



"Gosh! What a libido!"

## Jane Schwartz—

Kappa Alpha Theta

5 ft. 7 in.  
115 pounds  
beautiful blonde hair  
blue-gray eyes

Jane likes the men of the campus so much—especially the Sigma Chi's (we can't imagine why). She is particularly interested in the hidden qualities in her men and her opinion on necking is a secret but we can imagine if its gone about in the right way it's not hard to find out.

## Jo Kumbra—Gamma Phi Beta

5 ft. 2½ in.  
112 pounds  
Big blue eyes  
Platinum blonde

Doesn't smoke, drink, or neck, is crrrazy about the men of the campus. Loves to ride bicycles and is very fond of ice cream cones. She sings—another Jeannie Lang.

## Lucille Keeler—

Kappa Kappa Gamma

5 ft. 7 in.  
125 pounds  
brunette  
very brown eyes

A perfect knockout—drinks (and enjoys it, too) hasn't very decided views on anything. Prefers tall men with fair looks who are intelligent conversationalists. Expects to be married eventually.

## Josephine Ireland—

Kappa Kappa Gamma

5 ft. 5 in.  
109 pounds  
brunette  
hazel eyes

Her bad habits include smoking and eating peanuts—prefers strong and masterful men...Sings very well. An awfully nice girl. We quote..."I'm like God, children—I love 'em all..."

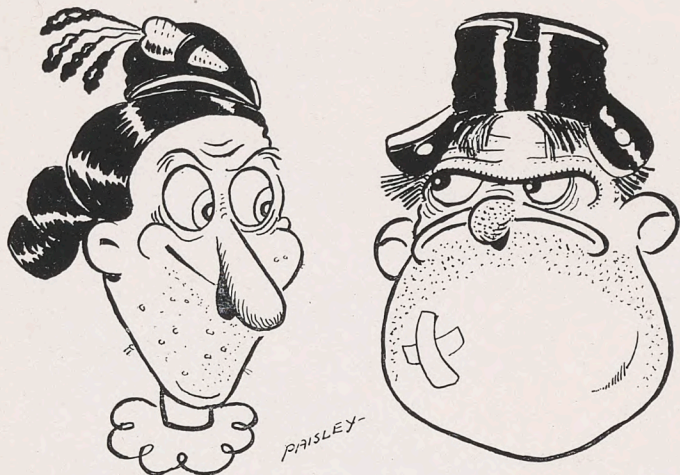
## Hazel Schaffer—Zeta Tau Alpha

5 ft. 4 in.  
115 pounds  
green-blue eyes  
blonde

A talented girl—interested in journalism—has a perfect passion for sliding down banisters (you asked for it, lady) prefers men with a good line...

(Continued on page 20)





"If you win, Henry, I shall give you my all."

— D D D —

**Page Mr. Johnson**

squib:

"Editorials have been abolished in the Ashland College paper because of the belief that the editor's ideas are no better than those of the student body and that they do not represent the policy of the paper"

— D D D —

She: "What do you mean by telling me that the dates you had with me were like a string of pearls?"

He: "Neckless, darling, neckless."

— D D D —

**I crept upstairs, my shoes in hand,  
Just as the night took wing—  
And I saw my wife, four steps above,  
Doing the same darned thing.**

— D D D —

news story:

"The fire department was called last Thursday evening to extinguish a fire in a dump at the end of Hope Street. It is said the fire had been smoldering for several days."

Congratulations on the quick work, boys.

— D D D —

She laughed when I sat down to play.  
How was I to know she was ticklish.

Stokely Westcott is the winner of the Life Saver Contest for last month. His reward is a carton of mints.

The contest continues this month and anyone is eligible to submit jokes, gags, or humorous articles of any type.

**OLDEST LIVING  
GRADUATE DIES**

—Headline in Student Life.

Now you see it; now you don't.

— D D D —

Une: "Who is that dame I saw you with the other night?"

Deux: "She's a World's Fair girl."

1: "Huh?"

2: "It takes a century to make any progress."

— D D D —

**BEFORE DISCARDING YOUR HAT**

have it remodeled at

V— Hat Shop

—Advertisement.

Are ash-men that particular?

— D D D —

**Hickory dickory dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock.  
The clock struck one,  
The mouse went out to lunch.**

— D D D —

"My girl has been out with everybody but Santa Claus."

"And why not with him?"

"'Cause there is no Santa Claus."



"Jack, old man, allow me to present Miss Warburton, my model."



# P H O O E Y

## (A short history of the Birdie)

According to the new **Comprehensive Standard Dictionary**,<sup>1</sup> the bird, or birdie as it is commonly known, is defined as:

a contemporary American custom of expressing disapproval of a person, persons, or inanimate object. It is accomplished by a peculiar pursing of the lips and the harsh exhalation of air. (The hand is sometimes used as well.) It is thought by some authorities to be synonymous with the archaic "razzberry."

Unfortunately the dictionary definition is too meager. It has been definitely established that the birdie has evolved simultaneously with man, and has undergone several periods of change.

The first type of birdie, known scientifically as Classification One, Drooly saliva, is thought to have originated in the later Palaeolithic Age with later post glacial man. From the skeletal remains discovered in what is now northern Italy, it is believed that the earliest birdie was given by protruding the tongue between the lips and blowing. This resulted in a rather damp birdie for a vicinity of seven feet, and spectators at all public gatherings carried towels.

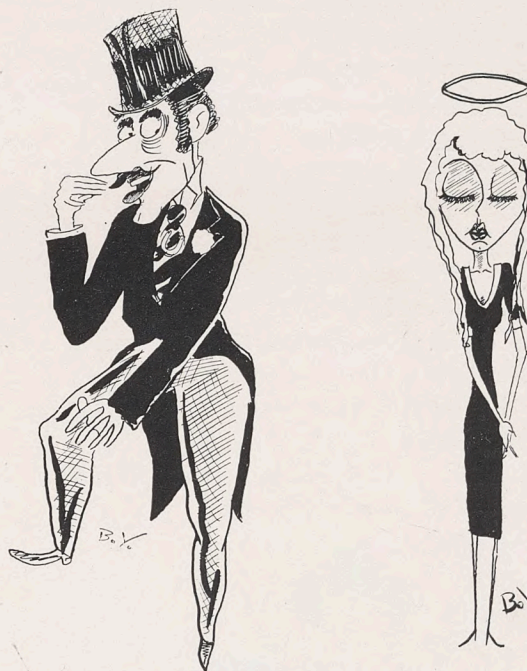
This type of birdie, simple and disgusting as it was, was the only one used for thousands of years. It is now fairly well established that Eve used this type against Adam when he came home late one night with a hesitating story about a "sick friend." Excavations at Pompeii tend to disprove Professor Norton's claim that the "Drooly saliva" had disappeared at the time of the Aryan wanderings into the Balkan peninsula about 1,500 B. C.<sup>2</sup> Bodies found in a wine-house at Pompeii show conclusively that the bartender was giving one when the lava flow from Mount Olympus reached him. The evident recipient of the birdie was found, his hand still resting in the empty pretzel bowl.

The first proofs of the second type of birdie<sup>3</sup> are found during the zenith of Roman civilization. Prof. Hardy MacFlooze! of Columbia University asserts that this type, far from being evolved, arose spontaneously at the speech of Marc Antony on the death of Caesar. At any rate Plutarch describes it as being given by bringing the inner side of the mouth in contact with the upper gum and sliding the former backwards. Its advantages are its double-barrelled effect, since both sides of the mouth may be used. This allows for consecutive discharging, mak-

ing for length, or concurrent discharging, the latter making a singularly vulgar and loud tone.

The history of Rome is mingled inextricably with this second type. Although it has been ignored by modern historians, it was used at the Roman Colosseum as extensively as the "thumbs down" gesture, and cowardly gladiators were often greeted with 85,000 birdies at once. The Emperor Nero himself was a confirmed user of the birdie and once wore a blister on the inner side of his mouth giving them to Poppaea who had just presented him with twins.

With the fall of Rome, the art of giving birdies was lost. The barbarians from the north apparently



Lawrence McTwittle, wiping off his moustache after giving the "drooly saliva" birdie.

Miss Olivine Burch in the act of a "piddly bilateral," type two birdie.

had no use for this facet of Roman culture, and we hear no more of the birdie until the eleventh century and the advent of feudalism. In this period it flourished with a vigor that had been unsurpassed until the present group of heavy weights arose. A feudal baron, receiving a messenger from the king asking for money, would simply raise his drawbridge, stick his head from an upper window, and let him have it. Later, when the wearing of full-length armor came into style, the birdie developed

(Continued on Page 20)

1. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York and London, 1933.  
 2. **Forms Of Booring**, Herzog Norton, p. 17.  
 3. This type is called the "piddly bilateral."  
 4. **Origin Of The Razz**, Hardy MacFlooze!, Columbia U. Pamphlet series 12.



# ASSEMBLY TODAY

SUBJECT: **Petting On The Campus**  
by Prof. Ph D.

Prof. Ph D.: "Please come to order. Quiet please." (a pause is heard and much throat clearing) "Today's assembly announcements is for the purpose of bringing to the notice of the student body the names of all young ladies caught petting since our recent non-petting legislation was put into effect. I shall now read the list.—Pardon me but will the boy in the first row stop sharpening his pencil.—This list was compiled with much care and I hope its publication will be a lesson to all earnest students. I will now read the list. Virginia Andrews, Bobby Mason, Jean Schafer, Mazie Wimple,—"

Masculine Voice: "Louder."

Prof. Ph D. (with more volume): "Constance Benwell, Alma Douglas, Mildred Brown,—"

Mildred Brown: "Oh professor."

Prof. Ph D.: "What is it Miss Brown?"

Mildred Brown: "If you don't mind, would you put in my middle initial. There's another Mildred Brown in the school."

Prof. Ph D. (continuing): "Mildred E. Brown, Winnie Gale, Elizabeth Dodson,—"

Miss Dodson: "Professor, you must have made a mistake. Was I petting?"

Prof. Ph D.: Yes, young lady, I had a specific complaint."

Miss Dodson: "That's odd, I've never had any complaints before."

Prof. Ph D.: "Hazel King, Ruth Hamilton, Betty Sheldon,—"



"What is there, mine host, that is better than a jolly group of good fellows gathered in a merry Hostelry?"

Boy Student: "What was that last name?"

Prof. (repeating): "Betty Sheldon, Dorothy Kraft, Joy Linsley,—"

Miss Joy Linsley: "I think you mean my sister Francis, don't you professor?"

Prof. Ph D.: "Miss Francis Linsley, was it you or your sister I observed petting after Geology yesterday?"

Francis: "I guess that was me alright cause Joy did her petting between Math and Spanish."

Prof.: "I'm sorry about the error, Miss Linsley, and I apologize."

Joy: "Oh, that's O. K. professor, you can't be everywhere."

Prof.: "I shall resume the list. Caroline Schrader, Pat O'Toole,—will the boy in the third row put away that paper and pen!—"

Boy Student: "I can't remember names, professor."

Prof.: "You do as I say, Young Man." (continuing list) "Sally Thompson, Sarah Ogle, and Dora Smith. That completes the list of petters as reported to date."

Fem Voice (from the rear): "I demand justice."

Prof.: "What's the trouble, young lady?"

Fem Voice (indignantly): "You left my name off the list."

—H. R.

— D D D —

We saw our first defunct NRA store yesterday. The grimey windows and the empty shelves seemed somehow in incongruous contrast with the proud boast of the eagle's supporters that "We do our part."

So with this issue we begin a campaign for a separate emblem for businesses which go broke after joining the NRA. This emblem shall read

**N R A**  
member  
**We Did Our Part**

— D D D —

**Little boy,  
Roller skates,  
Open sewer,  
Golden Gates.**

— D D D —

**Maids who act foolish  
Soon become jewlish.**



## Chief Mourner's Tears

(Continued from Page 9)

Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings. He is the policeman extraordinary, the bawler-out superb, and has been the target of student jokes for decades. He is more than a person, he is an institution. And what's more, he's going to stay that way. We'll whisper a secret: the Colonel's job is permanent and lifelong. He was given to the University as an endowment along with Busch Hall.

We admit he often sticks his nose in student affairs but he does it because he likes you. He is often gruff, but behind that big black cigar beats a heart that is friendly and genial. He may gripe your soul at times, but he doesn't mean it. He wouldn't hurt you for the world. So make up your mind to like him 'cause if you stay around here you're going to see him a lot.

And with these few words we relapse once more into our promise never to mention the Colonel in these pages.

### An Asterisk

There is a new professor in the Commerce School this year. He is a six-footer, wears clothes better than any other professor out

here, and has a resemblance to Charles Ray, ex-hero of the silent films. Suffice it to say that all the girls in his class fell for him the first day of school. Then an important thought halted their nefarious plans to entrap him. What if he should be married? The young ladies didn't have enough nerve to ask him, so they laid odds of 2 to 1 that he was. Several of the more optimistic coeds took the bets. The discussion grew more rife each day about his marital status as it grew closer for Ternion to be issued. On the great day it came out, there was a rush to buy it. **An asterisk was in front of his name.**

### Pledge Dances

Sorority dances are over now until the stiff-shirted Christmas season arrives. The pledge dances this year were better than usual even if the pledges as a whole weren't. The limitation of bids cut down the stag-line, and one unidentified person claimed actually to have been stuck at one of the dances. Drinking was at an absolute minimum, probably because most of the dances were held in the Women's Building under the austere eye of school authorities.

The decorations at the Delta Gamma dance were generally conceded to be the best of the season.

Four people failed to recognize that they were in the women's uncouth gymnasium.

### Datathon

A new collegiate record (or we think it is) for long-distance dating was set at Mizzou during the first month of school. For thirty-two consecutive nights this congenial couple were in each other's company and at last reports were still going strong. The Missouri newspaper introduces them to us. "Won't you speak a few words to the listening world, Miss LaNell and you, too, Mr. Clark Kidd."

### Student Wants

The state of the nation is well indicated by the wants and desires of its inhabitants, and so with Kendall Harrison's guinea pigs as subjects we will now proceed to analyze the nation to a fare-thee-well. Every one in the Advertising class was asked to write down the ten things he most wanted that advertising (pardon, Advertising) could help to give. Selected classified results follow:

**SHELTER:** Almost all wanted a southern home, preferably on a beach, but one went so far as to speak for a hermitage on a deserted tropic isle.

**TRANSPORTATION:** Eleven wanted new cars (Packards or Cadillacs), four "just cars," and one wanted merely "repairs." The palm was given to some unblushing soul who asked only for "unlimited transportation."

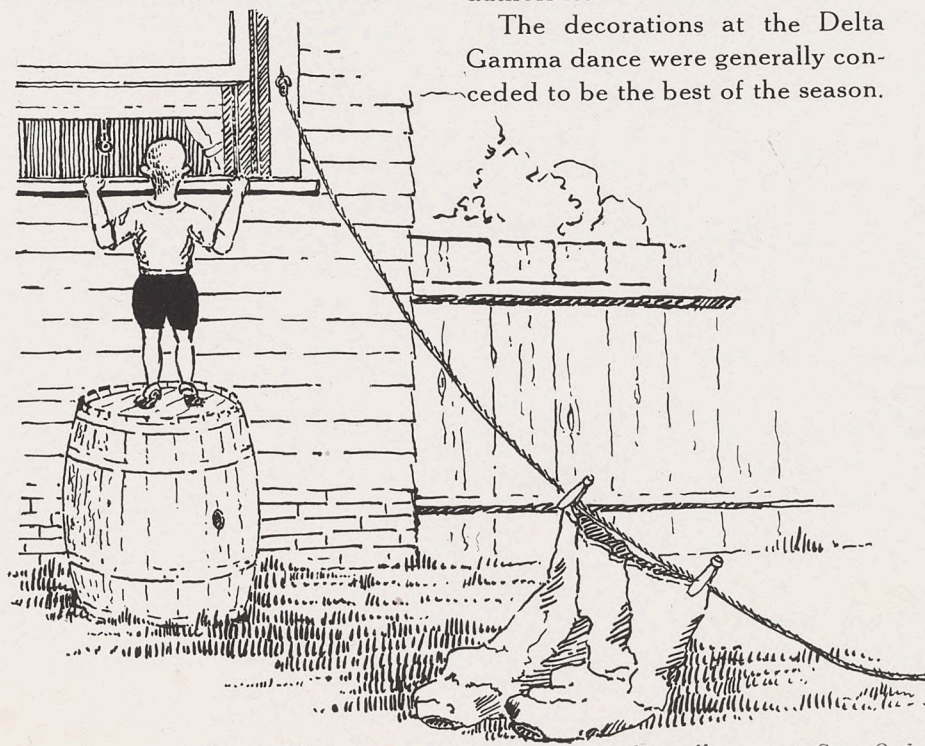
**CULTURE:** Everyone wanted culture, and one said that if he ever got out of college he was going to get it.

**WOMEN:** One man wanted the esteem of the opposite sex, and another wanted a harem.

**MEN:** One woman "would like to meet an intelligent man."

**GASTRONOMY:** One wanted "plenty of bakery goods." This was written in an awkward hand, however, so might have been something else.

**COWS:** One woman wanted to be contented.



Boy: "Mrs. Jones, your pants are down."

—Sour Owi



**SHALLCROSS  
SERVICE  
SATISFIES**

**PRINTING  
STATIONERY**

1822 Locust St.      CEntral 3755

### O! Halter Hinchell

(Continued from Page 8)

Webster Groves, Fred Varney gets several letters a week from her in the K. A. mailbox . . . With Bill Dittmann back in town, I suppose that Cotton Siegmund will go out of circulation again . . . People say that Peggy Pirrung has not been to a Tri-Delt pledge meeting since they hung the pin on her; and she wasn't at the pledge dance. Too many other society duties, says Peggy . . . I wonder . . .

Little Dottie Coombs, Theta pledge, says she just lo-o-o-ves the Phi Delts, but the Phi Delts won't have anything to do with Little Dottie Coombs. But that's all right, because Dottie has a definite yen for Johnny ("Little Jesus") Kane. Coombs accepted a date with Junior Conrad for the Sig Chi dance; but later she hunted up Johnny and told him that she'd break the date if he'd ask her. "No," said Little Jesus, "I've got a date." So we'll look for you, Dottie, at the Sig Chi dance—with Junior . .

Little Jim Miller seems to have flourished on last month's publicity. Not only is Kibby Henry on the rocks, but two other Sig Chis, Ed Waite and Fred Powell, are doing a good bit of angling . . . And speaking of Powell, Anne Comfort seems to have come out of the I-hate-all-men state that Powell left her in . . . Ken Carter, the prexy, has flung out the meat-hooks for Anne Bennett, and the pin has exchanged hands . . . Juanita Muckfessal is still between Fred ("Devil") Hunkins and Art ("Deep Blue See") Dunn; and it looks as though she feels like swimming . . . Francis ("Banana") Peal, or Peil, or Peel, or however it's spelled, is confounded by a gent named Don Roland, who has now attained the lofty place known as "going steady" . . . although the Ustick-Mavrakos affair doesn't seem to amount to much, I doubt if it's Johnny's fault . . .

Has anyone noticed the sparkle in Betty McIntyre's eyes these days? It's because Larry has switched schools; M. I. T. to Washington . . . Bud Lungstras, having broken with Billie Diebel, is now being

seen again with Virginia McDermott . . . And speaking of the Siegmund family, it is noticeable that Chris ("Love, Honor and Oh Baby!") Siegmund is seen in the places that people get seen in with Jack ("Haliburton") Hardaway . . . If Louise LaRue still has Dwight Dickinson's pin, why is she seen about with Johnny Kane? . . . Seems that Steve Hopkins is going to town with Ginny Koken . . . Jane Scholz still has the K. A. pin of Shorty Fisher, of Rolla . . .

It is said that Ruth ("Harlem") Hicks is gonna get a K. A. pin from Texas within a month . . . Ted McDonald's Sig Chi pin is now reposing with Betty Detro of Webster High . . . and Joan ("Toddle") Staley, a new Pi Phi, is hanging 'em up on Dale Clover . . . Mary Jane Kerwin is all involved with Charley Jones, an off-campus gent . . . and I now present a little skit entitled—

#### SEE 'EM IN THE MOVIES

Gabriel Over the White House—C. Harry Bleich  
Three Little Pigs—Pape, Kenney, and Kane  
S.O.S. Iceberg—Sara Erwin  
Adorable—Jack Pickerel  
Tug Boat Annie—Betty Trembley  
Bombshell—Jim Miller  
I Loved You Wednesday—Price Reed  
Mayor of Hell—President, S.A.E.  
I'm No Angel—Virginia Ebrecht  
She Had to Say Yes—Helen Ustick  
Rasputin—Hafeli  
Africa Speaks—Marian Schmid  
Bring 'Em Back Alive—Ruben Taylor  
Hell's Angels—Delta, Delta, Delta  
Love, Honor, and O Baby—Chris Siegmund  
Betty Boop—Juanita McFessel  
Double Harness—Sunkel, Noland  
Warrior's Husband—Leonard Roach  
The Pagan—Greek Mavrakos  
Island of Lost Souls—Pi Kappa Alpha  
Gigolos of Paris—Men's Dormitory

And now out of a clear sky:

Young love foments,  
Breeding sweet sorrow;  
Faith, then distrust,  
Which change with the morrow . . .

Who said I should stop after the first four words?

Yours in skulking skulldudgery . . .

O! HALTER HINCHELL.

— D D D —

BANKER TO  
TESTIFY IN  
UNION SUIT

Drop-seat style?

—Newspaper headline.



### A MOUNTAIN IDYLL

Little Nell was in the front yard of her mountain home cooking soap grease. They called her "Little Nell" to distinguish her from her mother "Big Nell." However, Little Nell was brawny enough to lay out Big Nell which she frequently did when the girl tired of her old lady's arguments.

Lem Livergood sat moodily watching her lithe form as she slowly sloshed the grease around the kettle with a wooden paddle. Her placid face changed expression occasionally and her cherry lips murmured "damn" when a drop of grease hit her arm or coal from the fire touched her bare foot.

"Ain't no use Lem, I just cain't make up to marry ye."

Lem shifted his tobacco and said, "I got the frightenest hound dog in these 'ere parts."

Little Nell shook her head. "Any gal would be right proud of thet but 'tain't 'nough, Lem."

"I make the best whiskey on the mountain, gal."

"I know, Lem, I know."

"Last week I killed two revenoo officers, Nell."

"So has lots of fellers killed revenooers, Lem, but I can't marry you for that."

"Who give ye that black eye yer carryin', then," he demanded.

"Yew did Lem Livergood and I respects ye fer it, but I don't love ye."

Then the mountaineer played his trump card.

"Where's yore pappy and yore two brothers?"

"I don't know," faltered the girl. They ain't been home since hog feedin' time last night."

"I'll tell ye whar they are," countered the swain, "I licked all three of 'em down at the corners last night and they ain't bin able to git home."

Little Nell dropped the paddle and her eyes glistened, "Yew did that for me, Lem? Throw that tobaccer out of yer face and come and kiss me!"

—Shirley Hatch.

— D D D —

"It looks like I'm a failure," said the Indian's bloodhound. "Here I am in the woods, alone and without a red scent."

— D D D —

"It looks like I'm stuck for the drinks," moaned the penniless toper as the bartender stabbed him through the heart.

— D D D —

Ashes to ashes,  
And peaches to pears.  
The gals won't get nowhere  
Using too many airs.

Don't be proud—tell them where you saw it.

*The first all-school hop—*

## HOMECOMING DANCE

November  
18

Women's  
Building

Drag 75c  
Stag \$1.00



Stunts

Music

Entertainment

Come one  
Come both

### HOMECOMING

The first general dance for the whole school will be personified in the Homecoming dance in the Women's Building next Saturday night. Special entertainment, surprise orchestra, surprise everything, will be included. And furthermore, it'll only cost six-bits with an extra pair tossed in if you stag.

The beard-growing contest is now in its ugliest stage. The beards are now bedraggled, straggly, and homely. But by Saturday at 12:30 they will be masses of ringlets, or at least bushy. It's too late now to enter, but you can all come out and see the winners. The Bears are sponsoring the contest.

— D D D —

Peggy Hopkins Joyce is said to be on good terms with all of her ex-husbands. She apparently doesn't choose to be "one against the world."

— D D D —

Patient: "What shall I do? I have water on the knee."

Doctor: "Wear pumps."

— D D D —

You may talk of signs of weather,  
Of coming days you may sing;  
But when you sit on a good sharp tack,  
It's a sign of an early spring.

— D D D —

Applicant: "Have you an opening for me?"

Manager: "Yes, behind you, close it when you go out."

— D D D —

Almost Bald Customer (brusquely): "I want the parting in the middle."

Barber: "Yes sir; but what would you like to have done with the third hair, sir?"



Our idea of a fast typist is one who keeps the machine sounding like a doorbell.

— D D D —

It's all Ill Breath That Blows No Good!

— D D D —

News item:—The Zion Luthern Congregation at Manheim, Penn., is required to pay for the grounds occupied by its church as a rental price one red nose.

—The Bond (Minneapolis)

— D D D —

**"Through the nose" they have to pay  
When they go to church to pray.  
Their latest motto is, they say:  
"A bottle a day keeps the preacher away."**

— D D D —

### SIGNS ON THE STREETS

"Rat Sausage."

For 'em or of 'em?

\* \* \*

"Dancing Oysters."

Something like trained seals, we suppose.

\* \* \*

"Custom-made living-room suits."

Well, why not? But if one wanted to go out on the porch—?

\* \* \*

Sign on a coffee delivery wagon:

"We roast daily."

That's good practice for the hereafter.

\* \* \*

On a loan office window:

"Auto and Trick Loans."

The first to admit it!

\* \* \*

"Half Fried Spring Chicken—35c."

A rare example of truth in advertising.

\* \* \*

"Hot Chocolate and Waffers."

Have **you** ever eaten waffers? Tch, Tch. Just think what you've missed all these years!

\* \* \*

"Dinning Room."

'Nuff said.

### RIDGLEY IN WINTER

And now that the skies are getting darker, the wind just a little wilder, and the thermometer scantier, those people who have them will begin to wear their overcoats. For some this will have considerable significance. The frivolous type will probably object that they will now see less of the lasses. But for people like you, Dirge reader, the purely intellectual type, it will have a wholly different significance.

It will mean that the library, your sanctuary, your holy of holies, will begin to assume a decidedly sartorial aspect. In short, the library reading room will begin to look like a fire sale in an overcoat emporium.

Tripping in for a quiet hour with the classics, you will discover that Ulysses has become inextricably tangled with someone's fuzzy Bluenosed Lapin, and that Plato and Aristotle become periodically besmothered in somebody else's Harris Tweeds. You will, of course, decide altruistically that it is highly preferable to sit on your own mangy mackinaw than to sling it, with a devil-may-care smile, onto your neighbor, who is already trying to get the hats and gloves out of his ears, and the other three overcoats untangled from his neck. You will not particularly mind sitting on your coat, any more than you will mind the mass of ulsters and greatcoats sitting in the chair to your right, piled halfway up to the ceiling. But at first you will balk at the random pieces of apparel that occasionally get in your hair and under your feet. That is, until around December, when you begin to get into the spirit of the thing.

But before that time you will probably write a few letters to Student Life, where they will be printed, alongside the editorials about the freshmen and the band, on the second page. Since you are going to do this, we leave the solution to Souldard and minions, who may suggest that somebody put up coat-hooks and those tree-things they have in barber shops and dentists' offices. Until then, of course, Dirge will remain respectfully silent, and come to school in a flannel shirt.

—Ed Mead.





# Next Month's DIRGE

Winners of the Popularity Contest  
to be Announced

*Watch For It!!*



In addition

The Cream of Washington Humor  
Extra-Condensed



*“What does it take  
to Satisfy?”*

*“That’s easy . . .  
and they’re Milder  
and they TASTE BETTER.”*



**Chesterfield** *They Satisfy*