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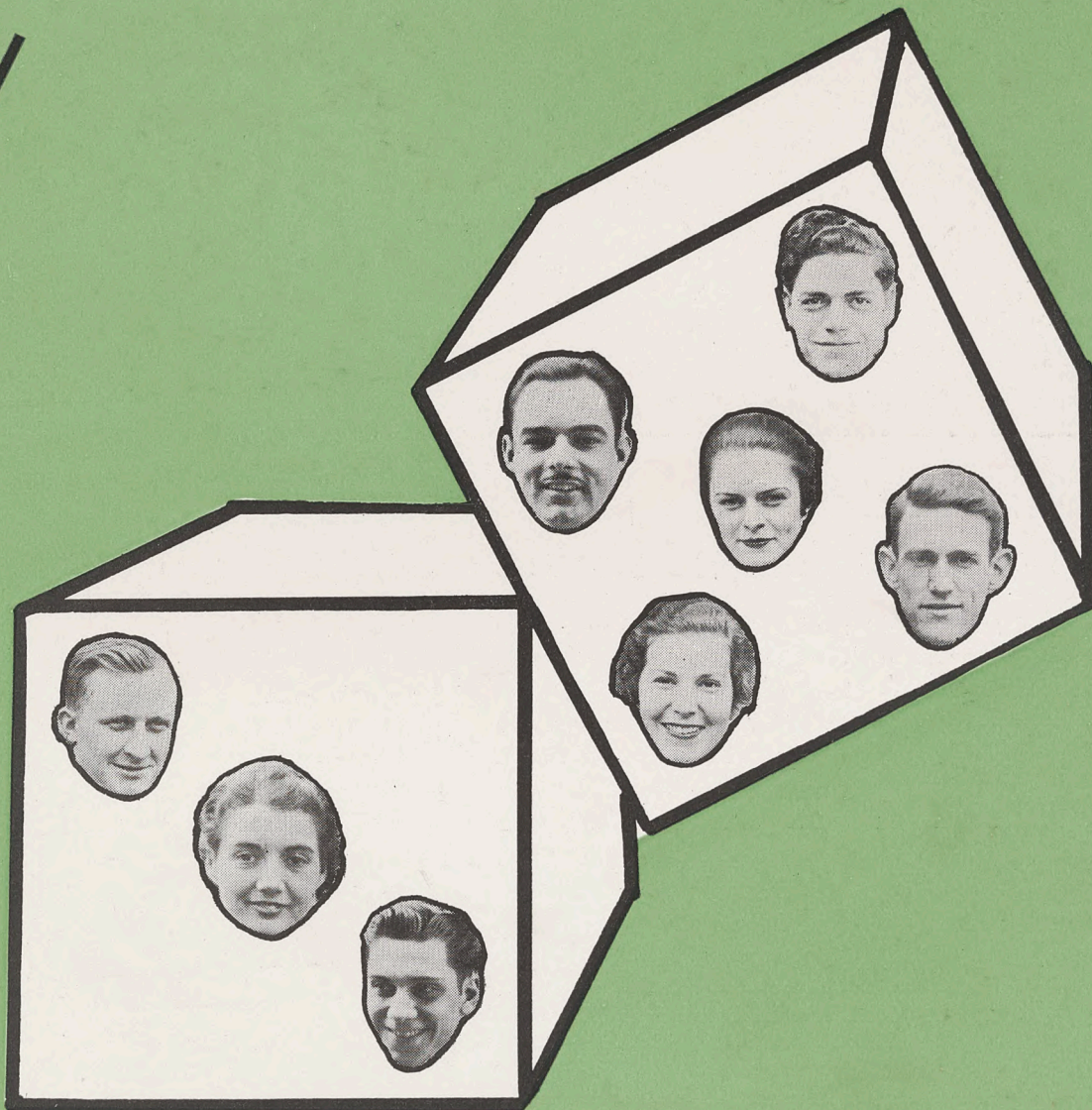
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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

DIRGE

MAY

15c



"SHOOT THE WORKS"

ARE YOU
A
KEY
JUGGLER?



Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Watch out for the signs of jangled nerves

You've noticed other people's nervous habits—and wondered probably why such people didn't learn to control themselves.

But have you ever stopped to think that *you*, too, may have habits that are just as irritating to other people as those of the key juggler or coin jingler are to you?

And more important than that, those habits are a sign of jangled

nerves. And jangled nerves are the signal to stop and check up on yourself.

Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation—and watch your smoking.

Remember, you can smoke as many Camels as you want. Their costlier tobaccos *never* jangle the nerves.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand.



How are YOUR nerves? THIS FREE BOOK WILL TELL YOU

Shows 20 ways to test nerves—all illustrated. Instructive and amusing! Try them on your friends—see if *you* have healthy nerves yourself ... Mail order-blank below with fronts from 2 packs of Camels. Free book comes postpaid.



CLIP THIS COUPON

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

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

Name _____
(Print Name)

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Offer expires December 31, 1934

CAMELS

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT

...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

Our friend Jack is a swell egg, but he is cursed with the last name of Specknoodle. A happy sort, he manages to bear up under his misfortune pretty well. One day last summer, however, he came dangerously close to cracking. Being on Long Island, he called on a friend there, who attempted to introduce him to her aunt, down from New England for a visit. The old lady was stone deaf.

"Auntie," the girl screamed, "this is Mr. Specknoodle!"

"What did you say?" asked Auntie with a puzzled frown.

"I said, this is Mr. Specknoodle!"

With an apologetic smile, the dear old soul said, "I'm sorry, but do you know, it sounds just as though you were saying 'Specknoodle'."

—Cornell Widow.

— D D D —

Waiter: "What will you two gentlemen have?"

1st: "Paradise."

2nd: "Grape-Juice."

1st: "What?"

2nd: "Grape-Juice."

1st: "What's the matter, are you sick?"

2nd: "You heard me, Grape Juice."

(Second round)

Waiter: "You wish something else, gentlemen?"

1st: "Another Paradise."

2nd: "'Nother Grape-Juice."

1st: "Good Lord, man."

(Third round)

Waiter: "And again, gentlemen?"

1st: "Still another Paradise—a strong one."

2nd: "Shtill 'nother Grape-Juishh, shtrong as 'ell."

1st: "Say, what kind of Grape-Juice is that?"

2nd: "Sh'gud shtuff."

(Fourth round)

Waiter: "Gentlemen?"

2nd: "Lishen waiter, ol' boy, jush wumore Grape J-Juicsh-h."

1st: "Make it two."

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

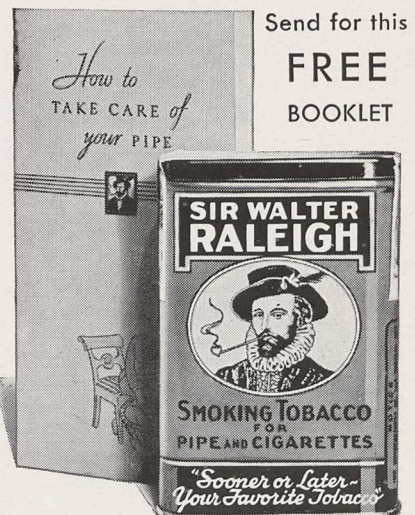
"SIT WITH THE OTHER EXHAUST PIPE!"



IT WAS always the rumble seat for Ralph and his powerful pipe. Why will a man try to save on a few pipe cleaners and load up with fummy tobacco?

Life can easily become happier for Ralph. By putting Sir Walter Raleigh in a well-kept pipe he can ride up front with the driver and even demonstrate that he can handle the wheel with his left hand. Sir Walter Raleigh is a mild mixture of Kentucky Burleys that burns coolly and slowly. And it has a fragrance that wins smokers and fair companions. Try it. You should.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-45.



It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

TASTE TESTED
COFFEE

Morath

Coffee Specialists

Central
6980

Ninth at
St. Charles

Said the monk as she hung by her tail,
To her offspring, both female and male,
From your children, my dears,
In a few million years,
May evolve a professor at Yale.

—Rice Owl.

— D D D —

"Why did you make a date with Madge?"

"Because I wanted to!"

"Wanted to what?"

—Purple Parrot.

What You Plan On Saying To A Prof

You flunked me in this course and it was very unjust. I made only one low grade during the term. Now! I want the grade changed immediately, or I shall take this matter up with the Dean! You *!—**!\$, you!

What You Say

Yes, I did have quite a few cuts. Oh, I'd forgotten you counted that first prelim we had. Yes, I flunked that. No! I guess I didn't apply myself. Thank you so much for your trouble, sir.

—Exchange.

— D D D —

"A traveling salesman like yourself got pretty fresh with me last night."

"Did you finally get the upper hand?"

"Yes, but I couldn't do a thing with the one he had on my knee."

—Skipper.

— D D D —

WORD OF WARNING

Four long years he worked and sweated,
Labored conscientiously,
Crammed for tests and wrote his papers.
Then he won his Phi Bete key.
Now he's working at a counter,
And while waiting to make sales
Reaches for the gold insignia,
And calmly cleans his fingernails.

—Wampus.

— D D D —

"When I looked out of the window, Johnny, I was glad to see you playing marbles with Billy Simpkins."

"We wuzn't playing marbles, Ma. We just had a fight, and I was helping him pick up his teeth."

—Boston Beanpot.

— D D D —

Announcer (at poultry show): "This prize hen has laid an egg daily for the last five years."

Judge: "Impossible! How'd she know when to lay an extra egg for leap year?"

—Boston Beanpot.

— D D D —

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

Listener-in: "There they go with another one of these damned mystery stories."

—Augwan.

— D D D —

"I wonder why Alice always gives me the same old stall?"

"Probably because you're the same old jackass."

—Wampus.

"What do you do with your garbage?"

"Oh, kick it around till it disappears."

—Harvard Lamphoon.

— D D D —

"Man, oh man, was he ever a necker!"

"Who?"

"Da Vinci—they say he spent two years on Mona Lisa's lips."

— D D D —

Chinese civilization may be older than the Western hemisphere. But its language has felt a distinct Western influence.

Chinese word for virgin is "Tuyungtu."

Pronounced, Tu-yung-tu.

—Vanderbilt Masquerader.

— D D D —

Mary had a little lamb,
Some salad and dessert.
And then she gave the wrong address,
The dirty little flirt.

—Orange Peel.

— D D D —

When you hear a man speak of his honesty, give him a trial; when you hear a woman speak of her virtue, make a late date.

—Skipper.

— D D D —

What's the difference between Mr. and Mrs. Kelly?

Kelly Tires.

—Exchange.

— D D D —

Girls with zippers on their dresses should be careful with their yesses.

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

— D D D —

"Were you ever in Carlsbad?"

"No, but I've been in his apartment."

—Scranton Scratch.

— D D D —

"Is he lucky? He took a penny to class the other day and made 97 on a true false exam."

—Battalion.

— D D D —

"I hear you were out golfing with the college champ this afternoon, Mame. How does he use the woods?"

"Don't know; we played golf all the time."

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

"Does little Johnny look like his father?"

"Oh, no. My husband would be furious."

—Penn. State Froth.



MELLOWED BY AGE Enriched by Tradition

Fine beer can't be made over night. Behind fine beer must be age—and tradition. BUDWEISER is richly endowed with both. Anheuser-Busch began brewing in 1865. BUDWEISER was created in 1876. Its unforgettable quality was so outstanding that in the International Exposition in Paris in '78 it won first honors from all the brews of the world. It was awarded the gold medal at the World's Fair in Philadelphia in 1876, at Amsterdam in 1883, at New Orleans in 1885 and Chicago in 1893. BUDWEISER'S greatest distinction never has been matched by any other brew anywhere—the biggest-selling bottled beer in history.

*Order by the Case
for your Home*

For those who make living a fine art



Budweiser

KING OF BOTTLED BEER

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS

MEN'S FASHIONS

(From Esquire)

There are many late spring and summer functions, such as country club parties on Saturday nights for instance, where the ladies appear breezily comfortable in sheer gowns, that might tip the laboratory scales at a few scant ounces, while their less fortunate escorts swelter in odd jackets and flannels, or regulation evening kits—comfortable enough in season, but on sultry summer nights, as weighty as medieval armor.

Esquire for May, therefore, selects the single or double breasted dinner jackets, two recognized trends for summer evening wear. The material may be light weight white cotton, linen, or Palm Beach cloth with shawl collar and self lapel facings. These are worn with tropical worsted dress trousers, patent leather oxfords or pumps, a white soft shirt either soft or laundered collar, and a black dress tie.

Midnight blue, calculated to look even blacker than black after nightfall, is also an acceptable shade for the trousers. For that matter, trousers of the same material as the jacket are also correct. The blue waistcoat may also be worn, this a warm weather adaption of the growing popularity for color in this particular dress accessory—wine color incidentally has been the prevailing favorite in recent months.

The floral decoration in the lapel is another desirable touch of color, and should be either a deep red carnation or a blue cornflower.

— D D D —

AS HEADLINE-WRITERS SEE POETRY

Lord Ullin's Daughter

ANGRY FATHER REPENTS BUT IS TOO
LATE: DAUGHTER AND LOVER ARE
DROWNED IN STORM AS HELPLESS
PARENT WATCHES FROM SHORE
Miss Ullin and Highland Chief had
eloped despite father's wish
took dangerous passage on
ferry rather than face
pursuing parent
"Am inconsolable" say Lord Ullin as he collects
the insurance money.

* * *

The Ancient Mariner

PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF
ALBATROSS SHOOTING TO BE
EXPLAINED BY MR. MARINER
AT LADIES' POETRY CLUB
Author will discuss
entoptic phenomena as
seen thru the eye of
scitizophrenic sailors
Autographs will be twenty-five cents.

"Thank you Marvin Plake"

"We are glad you are
pleased with your Losse suit"

Our clientele of younger men has been built because in addition to fine tailoring we pay particular attention to details of design that assure an air of smartness at a price that is within the undergraduate's budget.

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

The Raven

DISAPPOINTED LOVER FOUND
IN STATE OF COLLAPSE AFTER
BIRD FLIES THRU WINDOW AND
CROAKS AT HIM FROM BUST
E. A. Poe, mystery writer of the north side, whose
sweetheart died off recently, rushed to hospital
screaming "Nevermore"

* * *

Annabel Lee

YOUNG POET FOUND WANDERING
NEAR TOMB OF SWEETHEART
WANTS TO SUE ANGELS FOR
ALIENATION OF AFFECTIONS
Says wedding was all set when defendents caused
her death; considers self unfortunate and has
had no rest since

* * *

Lochinvar

SUITOR REJECTED BY PAPA STEALS
BRIDE FROM RIVAL IN BOLD DAY
LIGHT KIDNAPING: GROOM FAINTS
WHEN ABANDONED AT THE ALTER
Young Lochinvar asks bride
for dance and then carries
her off on waiting charger
Father and kinsmen search
countryside while mother
tries to revive groom



"Tch! Tch!—Is that ball back already? He must be playing a SPALDING* Top-Flite bat!"

*409 North Broadway

WE'LL GUESS

Doctor: "Congratulations, Professor, it's a boy."
Absent-minded Prof.: "What it?"

—Boston Beanpot.

— D D D —

Father: "In my days girls were nice and innocent."

Daughter: "Nowadays we're only nice. One must specialize, you know."

—Lion.

— D D D —

Hitler: "What's your name?"

Culprit: "Abraham MacBromovitz an' 'tis a bra' bricht nicht we're 'aving."

—Wataugan.

— D D D —

Mary had a swimming suit
Quite pretty, I've no doubt.
But when she puts herself inside
The most of her stays out.

— D D D —

Speaker (at a fashion show): "Now this is our new three-fashion dress; with the coat we have an ensemble; remove the coat and we have a jacket afternoon dress; remove the jacket and we have a dinner dress—"

College element (in the audience): "Bring on the four-purpose dress!"

—Pitt Panther.

"We're telling YOU about
PIPE TOBACCO"



"FINDING a pipe tobacco that's just right is about as easy as picking a perfect wife. We haven't found the wife yet—but our tobacco search is over.

"It wasn't easy. We ran the gamut first—tobaccos so strong they sent our heads spinning, tobaccos so mild you didn't even know you were smoking.

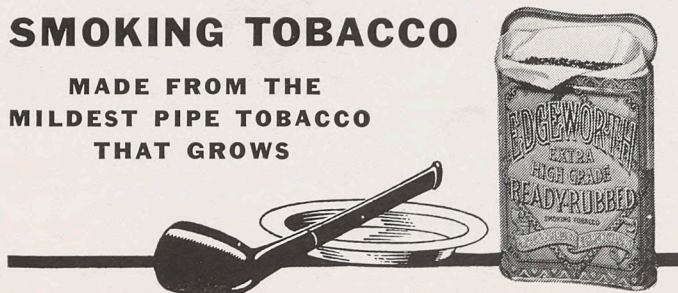
"And then we found it! Ah, what a tobacco! Edgeworth! Mild—but not flat and tasteless. Rather a rich, full-bodied, flavorful kind of mildness . . . Yes, we know our tobaccos. And we're telling YOU!"

Edgeworth, gentlemen, is made from the tenderest leaves of the Burley plant. And it's skilfully blended to bring out the rich, savory flavor that is found only in Edgeworth. Also, you will find Edgeworth lasts longer.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin. Several sizes in vacuum packed tins. In these airtight tins the tobacco retains its freshness in any climate. Edgeworth is made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va., Tobacconists since 1877.

EDGEWORTH
SMOKING TOBACCO

**MADE FROM THE
MILDEST PIPE TOBACCO
THAT GROWS**



Come now—'fess up—it WAS in Dirge, now, wasn't it?

NO MORE PICTURES

About five years had elapsed since the wedding of Lige Holt and Little Nell. Mr. Holt had finished his business in town and was lounging under the elm which shaded the street near the jail. Between yawns the gentleman was purveying the news of his neighborhood to the nosey reporter and owner of the Lummoxtville Hooter.

"Just happened to think of a little session we had at our place t'other mawnin'," Lige drawled. "One of them picter fellers come by the house and offered to take anyone of our picters and put it in a nice frame, us to pay fer the frame. First thing I thought of Nell's old man, him lookin' pretty clever when he was sober, and bein' a deacon in the church, but Nell says no, she seen more than enough o' him when she was home. She didn't want none o' me because I was generally in yellin' distance of the house an' I didn't need none o' her as the feller said it would be a speakin' likeness.

"The upshot of it all was we picked on our onliest boy, Hardpan, goin' on four years to represent us and the picter man said it would be nice to capture his childish innocence in a photygraft. But when his maw started to lay hands on him to wash his neck and grub out his ears, he let out a whoop, tore out the door and over the ridge like a swarm of the hornets was behind him.

"I got me a fresh chaw, collected my gun and my ole dawg Tracy and started to track the little feller through the brush. After ole Tracy found the trail we got along purty well and inside about an hour we caught up with him. The little varmint was full o' fight and I had quite a job totin' him home.

"The picter feller was at the house waitin' and little Hardpan still objected when his maw tried to tidy him up. I was goin' to get a rope and hog-tie the boy when Nell fotched him a clout with her fist that woulda killed a horse, and that seemed to calm him down some. Leastwize he set quiet with his fists balled up and let the man git his likeness.

"Then what do you reckon the little cuss did?" and Lige chuckled with pride, "He slipped around t'other side of the house and gets hisself a sizable rock which he heaves right through that picter machine and plumb demolishes it."

— D D D —

"Abie, vot are you doing?"

"I'm drunk, papa."

"Vot?"

"Yeh, I'm drunk pictures on the wall."

—Cornell Widow.

— D D D —

She: "Oh, look, the bridesmaid."

He: "My gosh, so soon?"

—Cornell Widow.

A bookseller in Baltimore sent a telegram to Philadelphia ordering a copy of Canon Farar's book, "Seekers After God."

A few hours after, the following reply came over the wire: "No seekers after God in Philadelphia or New York. Try Boston."

—The Log.

— D D D —

1st Author: "Have you heard about my new book dealing with sex life of the Indian?"

2nd Author: "No, what's it called?"

1st Author: "The Lust of the Mohicans."

—Lyre.

— D D D —

Well, Do You?

Co-eds are divided into two species: those who shut their eyes when kissing and those who look to see if you do.

—Blue Bucket.

— D D D —

"Why do you call your girl fire?"

"If I play with her I get burned and if I don't watch her she goes out."

—Penn. State Froth.

— D D D —

Three of a Kind

Dear Folks:

I am in the midst of my examinations. I write for two hours steadily, and then dash over to my room to prepare for the next one coming up. I am working and slaving from early morning till late at night in order that you may be proud of me. I realize that you want me to do the best I can, and that is what I am doing. The exams will be over soon. I am in great need of relaxation for my wrought-up mental condition. I wish you would send me some money to make me happy after such a trying week.

Your loving son,

Livino.

Dearest Peggy:

I have missed you terribly since I have returned to the University. As I open a book to study, your beautiful face peers out at me from the page. You are constantly uppermost in my thoughts, and I curse the day I had to leave you. I never knew that I could miss any one so much. My only relaxation is in attending the movie palaces. I have remained faithful to my promise of not dating other young women. I am doing my best in scholastic endeavor for I know that it means so much to you. I am counting the minutes until I see you again.

With deepest feelings,

Livino.

Heigh-ho Pal:

I am in the midst of my exams now, and what a time I'm having. Haven't cracked a book for any of them yet, and I'm hitting them right on the nose. I go to a two-hour test and I walk out finished in forty-five minutes. Out every night with Ruth. Boy, and she's got class and clothes, and these and those. By the way, don't mention Ruth's name to Peggy or she will get sore. I am writing this letter to you while I am taking a history exam. It's a snap. Well, pal, keep your nose clean.

Livino.

—Exchange.

Dedicated to
the Chorus of
"Shoot The Works"





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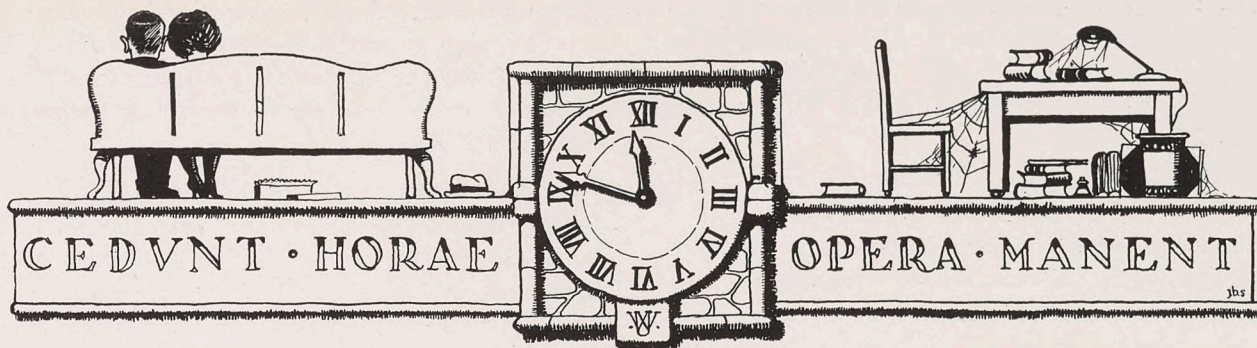
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Chief Mourner's Tears

Editorial "I"

With this number a rather mediocre (to quote Student Life) career is brought to a close. For four years I've contributed drool and half-baked puns to Dirge. For one year I've sponsored a Dirge which I've tried to make a truly representative campus publication, spiced up by the best humor of sixty college contemporaries. And now as I make the last deadline, I begin to feel ancient and a bit decrepit.



"Don't stand there, Hawkins. Answer the phone."

—Punch Bowl

My own reflections on the university which perhaps mean nothing are: I think Washington is a good school with a great future . . . the co-eds average higher in personal appearance than do the men . . . if I had to go to school all over again, I'd enlist in the Law School . . . in extra-curricular activities, the freshmen and sophomores do all the work, the upper-classmen get all the credit . . . the English department has the most eccentric bunch of professors ever assembled . . . the best individual group of girls I've ever known are this year's seniors in Kappa Alpha Theta . . . one of the biggest thrills I've gotten out of school was a proffered bribe by a St. Louis man to omit a letter from the Hinchell column . . . Student Life, this year, has completely failed to live up to what should be expected of a campus newspaper . . . O! Halter Hinchell has been the biggest feature in the magazine and has caused the most discussion, both pro and con . . . yet it's the least liked by the staff members . . . I've conscientiously tried to keep personal animosity out of the column, and have never knowingly used it to kick someone in the teeth or get anyone in trouble, though it has done both . . . persons requesting to be left out of the column have seldom been denied, but any that have threatened were sure to be included . . . I've had a lot of fun out of Dirge, and think the editorship of it entails less work and creates more pleasure than any other major activity in school . . . I recommend it to anyone.

We Mourn

O! Halter Hinchell
 April 25, 1934
 Requiescat in Pace

Over two years ago a tall dark individual garbed in a black cape applied for a position on Student Life and obtained it. Thus began an eventful career

of tattle-telling that proved entertaining and enlightening. Too much so for Student Life, because the person was discharged. But Dirge, ever on the look-out for talent, signed him up immediately. And the fun began.

But Hinchell, for such was his name, grew tired. No longer could he climb up fire escapes as he used to. His sleep was constantly disturbed by the telephone and in his dreams he saw weeping persons whose privacy had been invaded, whose hopes had sometimes been frustrated. Today his small and narrow soul could stand no more. That ill-beating heart could no longer keep the pace. He dies miserably.

To you, O! Halter Hinchell, we stand and drink a toast. You served us well, or even worse. You were a good lad—who went wrong. Rest in peace, and may the devil have mercy on your soul.

Misnomer

This happened way last year but we think it's too good to pass up. A certain young freshman girl at the beginning of school, as do all young freshmen girls, had to undergo the usual complete physical examination by a young hospital interne. That very same evening the co-ed had a date—a **blind** date. Who it was is just a little obvious.

Degrees

In about one month several hundred people are going to receive a so-called reward for years of more or less hard work—a diploma. And this is as it should be. But college degrees in this generation are so numerous and general that the prestige they formerly carried has been considerably diluted.

And no one is to blame but the students themselves. At the risk of being called snooty we feel that a graduate of a university should act like one. They should have culture, social grace, personality, and a general desire to learn. Too often the degree recipient talks and acts like a grammar-school graduate. The masses of people still regard a degree with something of awe and reverence, and though we would condone no false fronts of superiority, we feel that a college man or woman owes enough to society to endeavor to improve it, directly as well as by setting an example.

Pretty Fair

When we read of arguments, fights, and cut-throat tactics between fraternity men and non-fraternity men at some schools, we heave a sigh of relief for Washington University. Though there are sub rosa conflicts between the two groups here, we think the situation is, on the whole, pretty fair. Fraternity men, to a great extent, control most of the campus offices, but ambitious and conscientious independents will always be rewarded. To those who nod knowingly when the incumbent in a prominent campus

office is succeeded by a fraternity brother we say that it does not imply that there is politics. Quite often a fraternity interested in a special field of activity will naturally draw to itself new members in the same field.

Congratulations

Two upper-class honoraries have existed on the same campus for a year and a half even though their work and ideals were almost synonymous. We refer to Pralma, a local of long-standing, and Omicron Delta Kappa, established only last year but with a high national reputation. The men and faculty advisors of each had enough sense to realize that competition was hurting both, and therefore the two are combining.

The combination will make for an organization that should become one of the most respected on the entire campus. Men with fairly high grades and undoubted leadership ability in extra-curricular activities will compose the group. With senseless bickering between the two groups at an end, the one group can go just about as high as it desires.

Architectural Note

We, for one, are pleased with the new Physics building and consider it a worthy addition to the architectural beauties of our campus. There is one thing, however, that we miss in the newer buildings. There's not a gargoyle in the lot. Washington has, at the present time, one of the dandiest collections of gargoyles on this side of the Mississippi. But we are slipping badly. Instead of good, honest, down-to-earth gargoyles we are getting architectural frills, as standardized as Student Life editorials, stuck on the buildings like raisins on a cake. Is there no romance left?

Our favorite gargoyle has always been the little chap in the southwest corner of the archway between Brookings and Busch. When things go wrong we are always cheered up when we see him there patiently, even happily, maintaining the most ridiculous position ever devised by the human mind. There are other favorites; the little gentleman with the beer mug, for example, and almost any one in the main archway. We are thinking of organizing a Know Your Gargoyles Week in order to foster an appreciation of the true merits of these delightful little figures among youse muggs.

Those who are inclined to view with pleasure will view with pleasure the fact that we have refrained from making a single one of the many obvious puns on the word gargoyle during the course of this little essay.

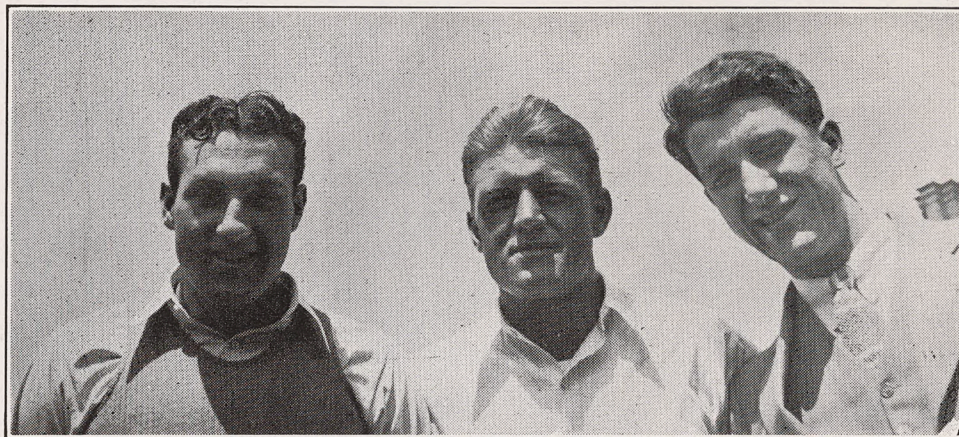
Father

We were over at the home of Prof. W. G. B. Carson the other afternoon. We were conversing idly when we happened to see a piece of paper on the

(Continued on page 21)

Shoot The Works

THE BIG SHOTS



THE THUGS

Three of the four thugs who star in the flop-house scene. Dwight Hafeli, Ed. Niehaus, and Tom Draper. Jack Pape is standing behind Niehaus. The boys were asked to smile and this is the sorry result. Besides lending a chorus of deep and pretty awful voices to Barney Ofner's solo, they throw Walter Lorch off of January stage with much gusto.



William (Roberti) Schuyler, that lucky chap, is sick, and who does he get for a nurse but Georgea (Jane) Flynn. That pill she is getting ready to toss down Bill's favorite throat is in reality a piece of paper. We forget if Georgea's singing and dancing make Bill sick, or cure him. But we're inclined to favor the latter. Bill's part in "Shoot The Works" is to speak in an orchidaceous voice, and it's so darn good, a slap on the wrist will practically ruin him.



WILLIAM SCHUYLER and GEORGEA FLYNN

The Cast

(In order of appearance)

ROBERTI	WILLIAM SCHUYLER
WESTERN UNION BOY	DALE CLOVER
SPEED HOWARD	WALTER LORCH
LUPE DE LUPE	VIRGINIA EBRECHT
BUTCH	"BUTCH" FREDERICKSEN
JANE	GEORGEA FLYNN
ALFRED	BARNEY MORRIS
JERRY	JACK WEAVER
CAMERA MAN	SIEGMUND BARACK
SEBASTIAN	BARNEY OFNER
FLEUR D'AMOUR	LAURAMAE PIPPIN
ROSCOE	ROBERT SCHARFF
FOUR THUGS	ED NIEHAUS
	DWIGHT HAFELI
	TOM DRAPER
	JACK PAPE
HERBERT	GEORGE MUELLER

MEMBERS OF THE CHORUS—Jane Stern, Ronnie Shinn, Betty Tureen, Gladys Kletzker, Ruth Harrison, Genevieve Schroeder, Gene Penney, Jane Konesko, Virginia Wulff, Audrey Cregier, Ruth Marschel.

SPECIALTY NUMBER HELEN SUSMAN

PRODUCTION STAFF—Stage-manager, Nelson Darragh; scenery, Dietrich Rixman, Ralph Board, Milton Hansen; lighting, Frank Adam; publicity, Harold Clover, Sigmund Barack, Nelson Newman; accompanists, Winfield Homer, Charles Hendrie; costuming, Margaret Breen.

Quadrangle

Presents

"SHOOT THE

April 27 and

A Musical Comedy in

Book and lyrics
STOKELY WESTCOTT and W.

Music by WINFIELD

Directed by PEY R.

Dances arranged and directed by

Orchestra directed by ESTE

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

1. Opening Chorus
2. What The Public Wants
3. Tsk, Tsk, Tsk
4. Give In
5. Reprise (Give In)
6. Shoot The Works
7. Finale (What The Public Wants)

ACT II

8. Platonic Love
9. Reprise—(Platonic Love)
10. The Dark Brown Blues
11. Reprise—Dark Brown Blues
12. On the Spot
13. Finale (Give In, What the Public Wants)

Orange Club

The Play

Presents

THE WORKS''

27 and 28

Comey in Two Acts

Book and lyrics by
SCOTT and WOLFRED NOREN

Music by WINILD HOMER

Directed by PEIY RAMSAY

Produced by LOLA AGUADO

Directed by ESTER CAPLAN

CAST MEMBERS

- Ensemble
- Speed, Lupe, and ensemble
- Four Censors
- Jane and Speed
- Jane
- Speed, Roberti, Jerry, and ensemble
- Ensemble
- Fleur and Alfred
- Fleur and Alfred
- Sebastian and Thugs
- Helen Susman
- Sebastian and Thugs
- Entire company

ACT I (Time, present)

Scene 1, On the lot of Perfect Pictures, Inc. (in receivership)

Scene 2, Entrance to studio

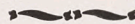
Scene 3, On the lot

ACT II (Time, one month later)

Scene 1, On the lot

Scene 2, In a flop-house

Scene 3, On the lot



The Story

Speed Howard, irrepressible graduate of several correspondent schools in high-pressure promotion, breaks into the West Coast Studios of Perfect Pictures, Inc. (in receivership). In an attempt to advance the fortunes of Fleur D'Amour, our heroine, he incurs the ill-will of Director Roberti and is thrown out on his ear.

Subsequently he gains admittance to the studio with the credentials of Efficiency Expert lost by Sebastian Q. Rutherford, the villain. Speed proceeds to rearrange the policies of the firm according to his own designs. "Any plan to economize is out" says he. "To give the public what it wants, you must Shoot The Works."

In the meantime, Sebastian, an outcast, has made contacts with the eastern offices. With the support of their representatives and four pugnacious individuals of the underworld, he storms the studio. A disastrous ending for Speed and his friends is only averted by an exceedingly good report on the one picture he has completed. This happy news culminates in the finale.

Shoot The Works

MORE BIG SHOTS



BARNEY MORRIS and LAURAMAE PIPPIN

Ah-hah! What have we here? Nothing more than Barney Morris and Lauramae Pippin. Barney as Alfred, and Lauramae as Fleur D'Amour, are shown here in a snappy back-to-back waltz. They are playing in a horse opera with Lauramae as Freda, The Full-bodied One, and Barney as Catgut Charley, the terror of Sunset Pass. Lauramae, though bravely smiling, is none the less worried about the way her dress hangs down in the back. (But you oughta see the way Ebrecht's is.)



WALTER LORCH and VIRGINIA EBRECHT

The climax!! The maddest scene in the play. Walter Lorch, as Speed Howard, and Virginia Ebrecht as Lupe De Lupe, are presented. Lupe has been threatening Speed for ten minutes with "I weel kill you." So Walter, to stop her, kisses her, as she has never been kissed before (Haw!). In the actual play Virginia is bent backwards in the general shape of a pretzel, but the photo caught fire and this more sedate one had to be used.



O! Halter Hinchell

Dear Clover:

Well, here's my last crack-down. But I hope to give up the ghost with a bang. I report that Mickey Hyman has struck out Jimmy Parker some time ago... with Jimmy devoting his all to the ever-faithful trombone... and Richard Young now the lead-off man in the batting order... Georgea Flynn has been doing some plenty large dating with some of the lads in "Shoot The Works", principally Walter Lorch... and Milton Mill has also put in an occasional bid... all making Big Bad Wolf Carson's lower lip catch on his belt-buckle...

It's a pleasure to say that Lolabelle Taylor, Delta Gamma pledge and a red-head of the luscious type, has finally seen the light and told off her away-from-the-campus steady... which should make things entertaining for Hilltopper males... off again, on again, Jimmy Durham took Jane King to the Lawyer's Brawl... Helen Ustick and John Mavrakos are rapidly approaching the pin stage... and solved what could have been a very embarrassing situation the other night with aplomb, esprit de corps, and the aid of a signboard...

Jimmy Vasey and Stu Johnson are getting new Sigma Nu pins with intentions, probably, for Opal Fitzsimmons and Elinor Ermes... the delightful Ruth Hicks is giving food for thought with her men in Texas, Illinois, and the extra-fuss guy in the local community... Bill Eaton talks pretty tough when only men are around but a hundred-pound red-head gal tells him what to do, and how to do it... a sad case of hen-peckedness... William Moor is at the drastic place where he'll take a date with practically anyone... and how about the beer that was on tap at the last Thyrsus meeting?... Betty Jane Jack is nearing the College Widow era in her young college life... Dorothy Coombs has gone back to Phi Deltis again, after experiencing trouble at Nos. Three and Five on Fraternity Row... Miriam Duke, however, has remained faithful to the Phi Delta bunch for four years with no perceptible results.

Dorothy Joslin is flitting around with Billy Evans and Jack Norwine, but your foot-prints are on the Joslin door-step about as much as anyone's... a Beta at Wisconsin named Heinrichsmeyer is written to once in a great while... Lukie Keeler has apparently definitely chosen Bud Smith as the dream-man

... and Joan Stealey does a lot of playing around for a girl supposed to be in love with a gent somewhere in Ohio... fraternity pin planting were numerous at the Frosh Prom with Pi Phi leading, but it was mostly just good clean? fun...

Robert Ecoff can really take it, and right now Mary Jane Kerwin is making him do it... I've heard complaints about Gus Homer... it's all right, it's just his way, though maybe the beret he wears annoys some people... good old C. Harry Bleich is doing a little rushing at the Bert Kent household... Bud Schoenthaler and Dorothy Lakin are at such a discouraged stage that they're still going with each other... Mary Wilson has been driving Johnny Carnahan's purple Chevrolet around, but no more... she picked up too many other boys... this affair may be getting a little rocky... there's Scotty Madding, the crazy Dental student, to consider... Jane Schwartz served at a Sig Chi Mother's Club meeting the other day... you can call your own pun... poor old Bob Hillman is the world's best chump to get hooked up in a double date... and Mary Buss casts her eyes at Maitland Marshall sort of longingly... every time I see Jack Hardaway he's heading for Webster Groves... I suppose he wants to see how Chris Siegmund is taking care of his Sigma Chi pin... Question: does Kibby Henry think he's made a mistake?

No Kappa active will be allowed at their next dance with less than a "C" average... the stags will have to dance with each other... and I found out that Bert Lynch has a well-hidden young lady way out in Lindenwood by the name of Peggy... there may be a pin... Lou Horton has finally succumbed... to the charms of an Ambassador chorus gel... does anyone, especially Shorty Fisher, know who Betty Trembley thinks of... Jo Kumbera had a tough time deciding who to drag to the last Gamma Phee dance, but finally took Bill Rosenbaum... Frank Marschel got the stag bid and may get promoted the next time...

The following are nominated for Indiscretions of the Month: Harper (South St. Louis) Allan... Mary (Took a bet) Williams... Jo Ireland and Martha Milam who went dancing one night...

That's all, Clover, and I'll see you in Hell.

Yours

In Promiscuous Peeping, O! Halter Hinchell.

OTTO ERKER ROESLEIN

GRANTS AN INTERVIEW

I have a happy faculty for sticking my neck out and I'll probably get it cracked by giving Dirge this interview Why do I organize campaigns to burlesque campus characters? Because they take themselves too seriously. That's a cardinal fault in anyone and I'm enough of a reformer to try to remedy it. But there's one thing about humor I've always fought clear of. Most humor flows from a sense of superiority, but a lot of it is based on cruelty. Most practical joking is merely a diluted form of sadism What is an example of something funny that has its source in a sense of superiority? Well take the head janitor out here, the one that's always giving himself airs. Even the Engineers, an unintelligent sort at best, can feel superior and laugh when they see him strutting about Certainly its easy to spot an Engineer. You can always tell one by his tendency not only to know nothing but also to prove it The student body of the law school is better than average, the faculty otherwise No, there's not much that can be said for the R.O.T.C. and their ludicrous upholstery. Most of their recruits are regular enough fellows, temporarily carried off by delusions of grandeur It strikes me that most lectures in the college consist of a transfer of knowledge from the Prof's notebook to the student's notebook without passing through the brain of either one Yes, public speaking is a good thing especially for shy people. Unfortunately it breeds less self confidence than brazenness My hobbies? Poetry and poker. My vice? Poetry. My virtue? Poker. My pet aversion? Platitudes. My philosophy? I believe that a perfect life consists not in never falling but in rising every time you fall No, I don't know anything about women, but I've observed this much. Any girl can make a palpitating footstool out of any man by working on his love for himself. There's only one thing in this life more intense than a woman's vanity and that's a man's egotism.

I Loved La Verne

(Ed. Note—This being the diary of one Spenser Thomas, student, who, finding it difficult to write 15,000 words for a course in the short story, decides to go out into the world and gain some valuable experience for himself.)

By Walfred Nelson Noren

Day the First:

You know, in spite of what the movies would have you believe, shop girls are just like any other girls. You just can't walk up to one and get any place at all.

I went down town today and tried to take a shop girl out to lunch. I had to ask eight of them before one would go with me. She works in Kresge's basement; she's about five foot four, has platinum blond hair, and brown eyes. Somehow or other, brown eyes and platinum hair just don't seem to go well together.

I can't remember just how I asked her, but it was something like this.

"Howdy Babe" I said winking (you always have to call these shopgirls "babe" and wink at them) "How about putting on the old feed-bag this a.m. with yours truly."

I think this bit of slang went over just right, for she looked at me in amazement before saying "Ya ain't kidding me, are you, mister?"

I immediately relieved her of any misapprehensions she may have felt, and further assured her that my intentions were strictly honorable, as they were at the time. I did it in somewhat this manner.

"Of course not, ma cherie" I said (I thought it wise to use a bit of French; it has that certain air of gentility; too much slang is bad.)

"What was that you said" she asked in a rather hard voice.

"What did I say" I countered.

"That's what I want to know" she said "and don't try any funny stuff on me big boy." She turned her back on me.

"But cherie" I pleaded.

She turned on me like a flash. "There you go again. If you don't cut it out, I'll take a poke at you."

After a bit of argument, which consisted mostly of gesticulations on my part, we finally got over the "cherie" episode. (there are certain places where it is seemingly best to avoid the use of French)

"Well, how about the lunch, babe" I insisted.

She broke down "Oh, all right, meet me here in twenty minutes and I'll go out with you. But no funny stuff" she warned.

Miss Kelly, for that, she told me, was her name, regarded me with no little suspicion throughout the entire meal, which cost me \$1.20. After some bit of conversation, mostly in the vernacular, I did manage to arrange for a date on the following evening.

Day the Second:

I saw Miss Kelly again today. Her first name is La Verne—La Verne Kelly. We went to a movie and saw Jean Harlow in "The Gilded Lily". La Verne thought it was wonderful. Everytime Miss Harlow, who also has platinum blond hair, went into a clinch with any one of her three admirers (this three men is sort of a new angle, too) Miss Kelly would grab my hand.

"Gee, they're swell, ain't they? Don't you like that fellow and ain't he handsome?" she murmured, rather too loudly.

La Verne evidently read all the movie magazines because she knew all about the character's private lives, and what they liked for dinner, etc. She told me all about them.



There was La Verne, very slightly draped.

When the picture was over, she said "Come on, let's stay and see it over again." We stayed.

She hung onto my arm as though she were afraid I'd run away from her as we walked to the car. For the first time, I'm getting along very nicely. On the way home, she chatted gaily, mostly about other fellows with whom she has been out, and how much her boy friend Harry looks like Max Baer, the prize-fighter.

We parked the car in front of her house for about a half-hour. She hasn't invited me in to see her folks yet—they live in a four family apartment house.

(Continued on page 20)



"Naw, that's me old man."

—Punch Bowl

S. D. J.: "What character do you have in the next act?"

Girl: "I'm not supposed to have any character; I'm in the chorus."

—Boston Beanpot.

— D D D —

"How are your children getting along?"

Oh, fine. Tony wants to be a racketeer, and Molly wants to be a chorus girl."

"But what happened to Al?"

"Oh, we had to kill him. He wanted to go to college."

—Wampus.

— D D D —

Dan Smith: "I spent last night in company with the one I love best."

Clement: "Getting to be a hermit, aren't you?"

—Skipper.

They call 'em virgin pines, because they've never been axed.

—U.S.C. Carolinian.

— D D D —

"Are you a co-ed?"

"No, I got that way from sitting in a hammock."

—Carolina Buccaneer.

— D D D —

Spring Is Here

The golf course in local tradition, you know, is a place where they play a round in the day-time, and play around at night.

—Show Me.

— D D D —

History Prof.: "How can you explain the great increase in population which occurred after the industrial revolution?"

History Shark: "Everybody went to town."

—Red Cat.

english student's nightmare

(Picture of what a theme reader's vicious pencil would do to our best known national songs)

AMERICA

stilted	My country, 'tis of thee,	obsolete form
word choice	<u>Sweet</u> land of liberty	
repetition	Of <u>thee</u> I sing.	
	Land where my <u>fathers</u> died	how many do you have?
sentence	Land of the <u>pilgrim's pride</u>	too flowery
structure	From every mountain side	
	Let <u>freedom ring</u> .	I do not like your figure

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

slang	Oh, <u>say</u> , can you see by the <u>dawn's</u> <u>early</u> light,	repetition of idea
indefinite	<u>What</u> so proudly we hailed at the	
spelling	<u>twilight's</u> last gleaming!	
why	Whose broad stripes and bright stars	
inverted order	thru' the <u>perilous fight</u> ,	pink tea, perhaps
	O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!	
trite	And the rockets' red glare, the bombs <u>bursting in air</u> ,	what else?
	Gave proof thru the nite that our flag was still there:	you call that proof?
slang	O <u>say</u> , does that <u>star-spangled</u> banner yet wave	word choice
obsolete contraction	<u>O'er</u> the <u>land of the free</u> and the <u>home</u> <u>of the brave!</u>	be more definite

(Your repeated use of exclamations is not effective!)

—N. Y. State Lion.

Our Ideas On All-American College Jokes

(Reprints from the last three years)

Noise: Knock, Knock, Knock

Pope: "Who is it?"

Pope's Chamberlain (a bit griped at having to wake his master every morning): "Eight o'clock, sir, and all is fair."

Pope: "The Lord and I know it; you may go."

Pope's Chamberlain: "You and the Lord are two wise guys—it is four o'clock and raining like hell."

—Carolina Buccaneer.

— D D D —

He knocked at the door of my room.

"May I come in? It's the room I had when I went to college in '09" he said.

I invited him in.

"Yessir" he said in revery "Same old room. Same old windows. Same old furniture. Same old view of the campus. Same old closet."

He opened the door. There stood a girl, terrified, half-clothed.

"This is my sister" I said.

"Yes, sir. Same old story"

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

Mark Anthony: "I want to see Cleopatra."

Steward: "She's in bed with laryngitis."

Mark: "Damn those Greeks!"

—Exchange.

— D D D —

Pajamas are garments that newly-weds keep under the pillow to be used in case of fire.

—Cajoler.

— D D D —

Mary bought a pair of skates

Upon the ice to frisk

Now wasn't Mary foolish

Her little *

—Exchange.

I Loved La Verne

(Continued from page 17)

I'm going to write a story called "He Stole a Kiss"—all about first love, disillusionment, etc. It'll be good stuff, and I can depend on it for 5,000 words.

Day the Third:

Called on La Verne today without warning. I met her folks, both of whom smiled a knowing smile at me when I was introduced. They promptly retired to the kitchen where they sat around a coal stove fire and talked—I'm afraid they talked about me.

La Verne talked nervously for a while before she told that her boy friend Harry was calling that night, too. I offered to leave, but she insisted that I stay.

I met Harry easily, but he greeted me brusquely and with a look of warning. He looked very clean and newly shaven. I was told that he was a furniture mover—this may account for the way his suit bulged here and there.

La Verne enjoyed the conflict situation a great deal, enjoyed it as much as Harry was embarrassed by it. I repeatedly attempted to start a bit of conversation going, but it always died by the way when Harry became absolutely silent and insisted on staring moodily at La Verne.

She insisted on sitting close to my side most of the time, more or less neglecting her other suitor. He must have been thinking dreadful things about me.

After having said "Nice weather we're having, isn't it" for about the fourth time, I became slightly discouraged. I feared that the parlor would soon become the scene of a grand battle if baleful glares from the piano mover meant anything.

I reached for my hat and coat which were laying nearby, and prepared wisely to bid them adieu (good-bye). La Verne insisted on kissing me good-night, smacking me luciously and leaving a deep maroon blotch of "Rose du Nuit" on my lips. The piano mover gurgled in protest but managed to hold himself in anchor like a gentleman.

Came home and wrote "The Price of Love", a confession type of story, which featured the piano mover as its hero. I was in it for about 2,000 words, but the piano mover bumped me off then. This story ran a little over 6,000 words; I'm sending it to the **True Story** magazine.

Day the Fourth:

Called up La Verne and told her I was sorry I couldn't see her tonight. She said she loved me, and blew me a kiss over the phone. Worked until 2 in the morning on a paper called "The capital indebtedness of tug boats under two thousand tons on the

Puscatawny River" for my Transportation essay. No story here.

Day the Fifth:

Things are happening just like they did in my story "The Price of Love". La Verne told me that Harry was terribly jealous and that I'd better be careful, and keep away from him if possible. Looks bad; I only need four thousand more words; I think I'll quit this romance stuff.

We went to a dance at the Arcadia ballroom. La Verne said she loved the beautiful music, although she did like Guy Lombardo much better. About 11:30 I saw Harry come into the place. He seemed to be looking for someone so we left.

Day the Sixth:

I met La Verne today resolved to tell her I could see her no more. She refused to believe me when I told her. My heavens but she must think she's alluring!

"Darling (I said) it would be for the best if we saw each other no more." I stated this simply and concisely without any of the preliminaries sometimes considered a prerequisite.

She looked at me seriously for a moment and then giggled "Quit foolin'. You know I don't like to be teased."

I tried to look even more sober than I had but a minute before. I lied easily to her "Darling, Harry has convinced me that I would only spoil your life—that he is the man for you. My dear, that noble man worships the very street on which you walk."

She interrupted "Has that big mug been threatening you? Well, don't mind him; I'll fix him" I almost felt sorry for Harry at that moment.

"No, No" I said in Harry's behalf "He has not threatened physical violence (although he probably will when and if he catches me) We merely had a friendly chat and he begged me as a gentleman to consider his future. Can't you see, dearest, I can't ruin a man's life?"

Evidently I had hit upon the wrong bit of feminine psychology, for La Verne, realizing that I was truly in earnest, burst out in flood of tears "But you will ruin my life" she tormented. "That's the trouble with you men. You never think about us women. You only think about yourself." She was talking and crying simultaneously, but not without difficulty. "Here you want to go away and leave just for Harry's sake, but you don't think about me. I hate you! I hate him! I hate all men!"

That is just the way she said it. Of course you couldn't use it like that in a short story—too melodramatic.

I didn't try to calm her or anything. I just walked out while she was laying there on the couch, kicking away and, I'll bet, even biting her lips.

Boy, she did raise Holy Terror. This incident will furnish me with a nice bit of experience for another story. I think I'll call it the "Purple Passion".

Day the Seventh:

It seems hardly true that only a week has passed since I got this marvelous idea. I've had most of the experiences of a lifetime. Handed in my words this morning—not 15,000 but 17,000.

Well, this will probably be my last day with the old diary. I'll not see La Verne any more, although it has been great fun.

Day the Eighth:

I was wrong about La Verne. When I dropped around the fraternity house this evening, there she

(Continued on page 22)

— D D D —

Chief Mourner's Tears

(Continued from page 10)

floor. Prompted by our reportorial curiosity about the more or less private lives of prominent campus figures, we picked up the slip. On one side, in the boyish handwriting of the professor's young son, was written:

"Daddy overpowers the truth."

We make no comment.

Genius

Charlie Pape, self-styled World's Greatest Artist, recently made his first visit to this campus in some five years. Charlie is what is commonly referred to as a "character" and shrewdly cashes in on his quaintness. At sometime in the past he picked up the knack of drawing faintly recognizable profile sketches of people. Now he travels around to fraternity houses at colleges all over the country offering to paint portraits for one dollar. (He painted the Beta boys here for fifty cents; charged the Sig Chis seventy-five.) His pictures are painted with fountain-pen brushes (invented by Charlie Pape, World's Greatest Inventor.) He exhibits scrapbooks with signatures of fraternity men from all over the country and articles about him clipped from college papers. **College Humor** mentioned him in a piece called "Racketeering the College Student." Charlie is pretty proud of that. He says that he has painted the crowned heads of Europe and that the Smith brothers grew their beards while waiting in line for him to paint their pictures. A typical Pape remark:

"It's only the dumb clocks who stay in their studios. The real go-getter, successful artist gets out among his public."

Several of the boys offered to paint his picture for a dollar. He said, however, he didn't believe he'd have it done.

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I Loved La Verne

(Continued from page 21)

was waiting for me. She barged up to me and shouted "If you think you can throw me aside like an old shoe" she began "you're crazy. You can't do this and get away with it" and lots more.

I don't know how I got rid of her. I guess she left because of the big crowd she was attracting. The boys really enjoyed it. If she ever comes around again, I'm sunk. They're already panning me to death for this.

I walked into my room today, and there was La Verne, very slightly draped, looking as though she'd been getting some plenty rough treatment.

She warned me that if I wouldn't listen to her and do what she said, she'd scream and have the police in on me, and then she'd charge me with all sorts of indecencies. She's evidently been to an unusually good movie lately to have gotten such an idea.

Her mistake, however, was in trying the idea out in a fraternity house—if it had been a hotel or an apartment I'm afraid it might have worked.

I grabbed her mouth, and hollered. With the aid of several of the boys, all ready to die for the honor of the old fraternity, we bundled her up and got her outside.

I moved immediately after this episode. I'm keeping under cover until exams are over.

Epilogue:

La Verne is still trying to find me. I saw Harry snooping around the campus several times during exams. That story "The Price of Love" which featured Harry as Hero got me a check from the True Story magazine . . . well, it should have; it was closer to a true story than I ever want to come again.

I've just decided to quit school here and transfer to Michigan. Who knows, I might accidentally run into Harry some day?

I've found out one thing: its much easier to get rid of 15,000 words than a woman who thinks she wants you.

SHE'LL GET AROUND MORE

"Can you help me select a gift for a wealthy old aunt who is awfully weak and can hardly walk?"

Clerk: "How about some floor wax?"

—California Pelican.

— D D D —

Englishman: "Hi say, what's that awful noise outside?"

American: "That's an owl."

Englishman: "Hi know bally well it's an 'owl but 'oo in 'ell's 'owling?"

—Purple Parrot.

— D D D —

Time

Frosh: "I woke up last night with the feeling that my watch was gone, so I got up and looked for it.

Soph: "Well, was it gone?"

Frosh: "No, but it was going."

—Jack-O'Lantern.

— D D D —

Voice Over Telephone: "Hello, hello—this is Judge Babington Peterson McFeatherson the third. Will you please tell my son, Cravenwood Rutherford McFeatherson the fourth, that his father would like to speak to him?"

Frosh: "Hey, Mac, your old man wants to talk to you."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

"I used to sell underthings to Nudists colonies."

"What kind of underthings?"

"Cushions, Dodo, cushions."

—Phoenix.

— D D D —

He: "I dreamed about you last night."

She: "How did you make out?"

—Lafayette Lyre.

— D D D —

College girls and chorus girls are almost alike except that the former get their education by degrees and the latter by stages.

—Rice Owl.

— D D D —

A sweet young thing, from a window: "Say, ice man, do you have the time?"

"Sure, but who's gonna hold the horses?"

—Grinnell Malteaser.

— D D D —

Shorty says gentlemen may prefer blondes, but he thinks the fact that blondes know what gentlemen prefer has a lot to do with it.

—Exchange.

— D D D —

"I know two girls that don't neck."

"Well, tell me who they are."

"What, and give them a bad name."

—Penn. State Froth.

— D D D —

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Smith, but we haven't a 'Virgin Model' dress that will fit your daughter. I'm afraid you came in too late!"

—Purple Parrot.

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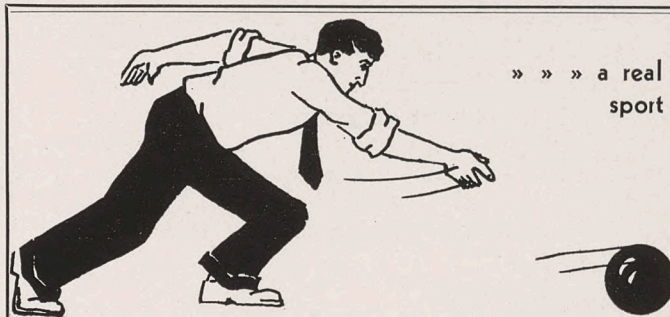
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Diner: "Waiter, I came in yesterday for a steak."

Waiter: "Yes, sir; will you have the same today?"

Diner: "Well, I might as well, if no one else is using it."

-The Log.

— D D D —

Two pigeons were cruising over Germany:

1st: "Isn't that Hitler down there?"

2nd: "Yeah! I just spotted him!"

-Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

Teacher to Pupil: "Spell 'Straight'."
 Pupil: "S-T-R-A-I-G-H-T."
 Teacher: "Correct, what does it mean?"
 Pupil: "Without ginger ale."

—Skipper.

— D D D —

"Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."
 Your lips?"
 "No, my liquor."

—Awgwan.

— D D D —

Kay: "Do you dance?"
 Cub: "No, but I can hold you while you dance."

—Grinnell Malteaser.

— D D D —

Thirty days hath September, June, July, and my
 uncle for speeding.

—Red Cat.

— D D D —

"I know," said the little violet, "the stalk brought
 me."

—Siren.

— D D D —

"And what was the cause of his social downfall?"
 Oh, he went riding with a girl who had a Cadillac,
 and when it stalled he looked under the front seat
 for the gas tank."

—Iowa Frivol.

— D D D —

Anonymous

"Boy, I'm scared! I just got a letter from a man
 telling me he'd shoot me if I didn't stay away from
 his wife."

"Well, all you have to do is stay away from his
 wife."

"Yeah, but he didn't sign his name."

—Virginia Tech

— D D D —

Mrs. Smith: "Is your husband fond of apple
 pie?"

Wife of Traveling Salesman: "Indeed! Why it's
 the second thing he asks for when he gets back from
 the road."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

Guide: "On our right we have the palatial home
 of Mr. Gould."

Old Lady: "John Jay Gould?"

Guide: "No Arthur Gould. And on the left is
 the residence of Mr. Vanderbilt."

Old Lady: "Cornelius Vanderbilt?"

Guide: "No, Reginald Vanderbilt. And in front
 is the First Church of Christ. (To Old Lady):
 "Now's your chance."

—The Log.

Dear Joe:

The half-gallon of gin which you promised me
 arrived about ten minutes ago. Thanks a lot for
 the liquor, Joe. It is certainly pleasing. As a mat-
 ter of fact, I have the bottle here in front of me
 now. It is standing sentinel beside my typewriter,
 and as I said before, it is damn good.

I mean the gin is good, not the bottle. You
 know what I mean, Joe. You're my pal, and you
 would know what I mean. It takes a pal to send
 a pal a half-gallon of gin to a pal. Your mupal,
 Joe, and you kknowe what i meann, Joey. if there
 wass anxthing I can't do fo yu, lets menose—its
 itchy nowe, because youre mupal Joasdfghjklouiy
 trewcvbv —————!!!!

—Skipper.

— D D D —

Did you hear about the girl in the cotton stock-
 ings?

Two: "No; what happened to her?"

One: "Nothing."

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

Wife (arriving unexpectedly at hubby's office):
 "Rupert, I could swear I heard Miss Smith shout
 out, 'Let me go,' as I came into the office."

Husband: "Yes, dear, I was er—er just saying
 that some one would have to go to the bank."

—The Log.

— D D D —

It was dark in the sorority living room. Two
 vague figures were tangled up on a davenport. A
 faint voice was heard:

"Now, Joe! Quit that!"

Joe's voice boomed out magnificently in the
 darkness:

"I'll have you know there are no quitters at
 Iowa!"

—Iowa Frivol.

— D D D —

We were returning to our hotel after a strenuous
 Big Game celebration. I pulled over to the curb
 and said to Frank, "I can only last about two more
 blocks. How about you?"

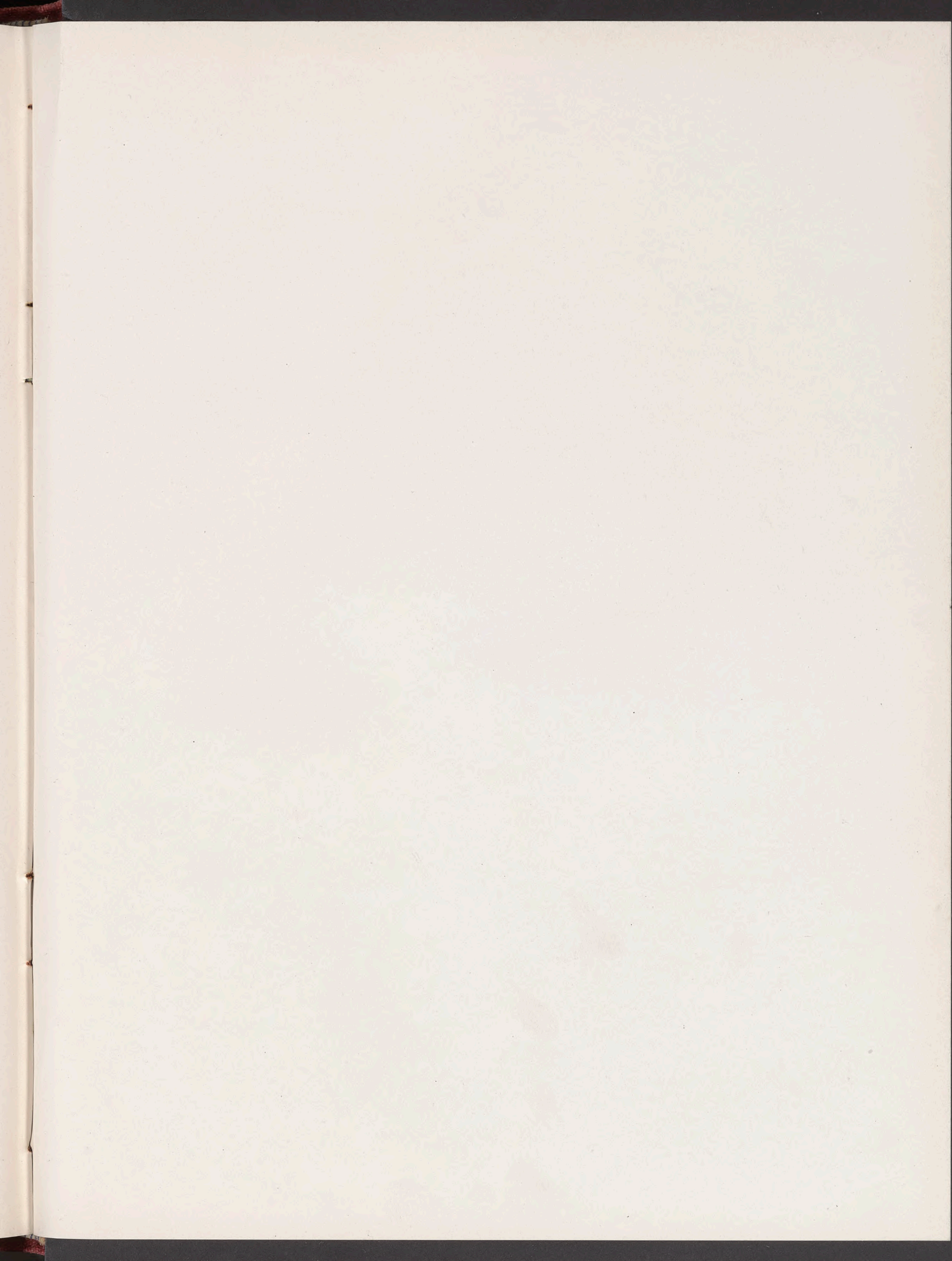
"I think I can hold out for four," he replied.

So I moved over and let him drive. How we did
 it, I can't say, but we arrived at the hotel O.K. We
 went up to our room and turned in. About two
 hours later I opened my eyes to find several uni-
 formed attendants working over me.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

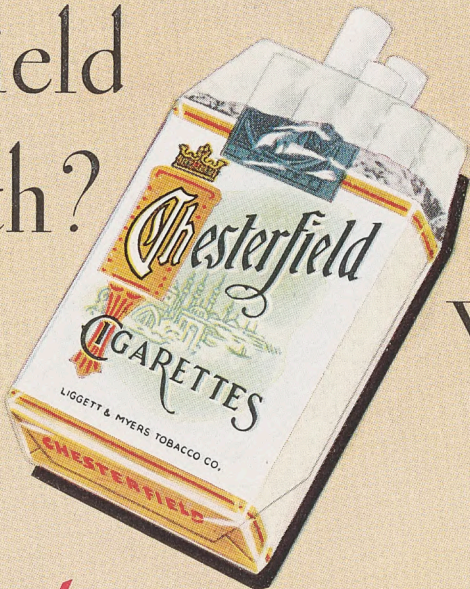
"Wake up!" one of them yelled. "The manager
 wants you to drive that damned car out of the
 lobby."

—California Pelican.





Chesterfield
M^{rs} Smith?



Yes, thank you
M^r Smith!

They Satisfy