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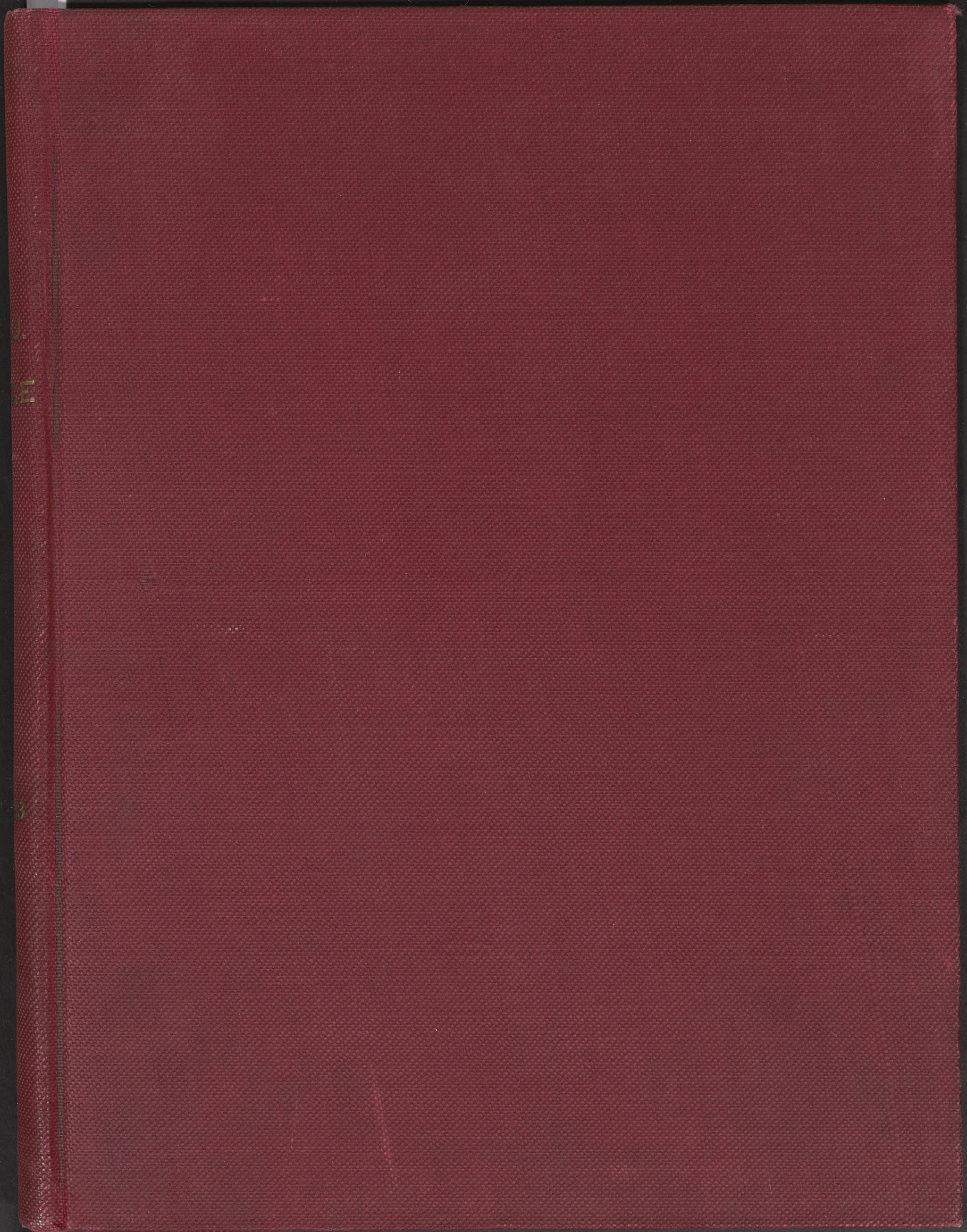
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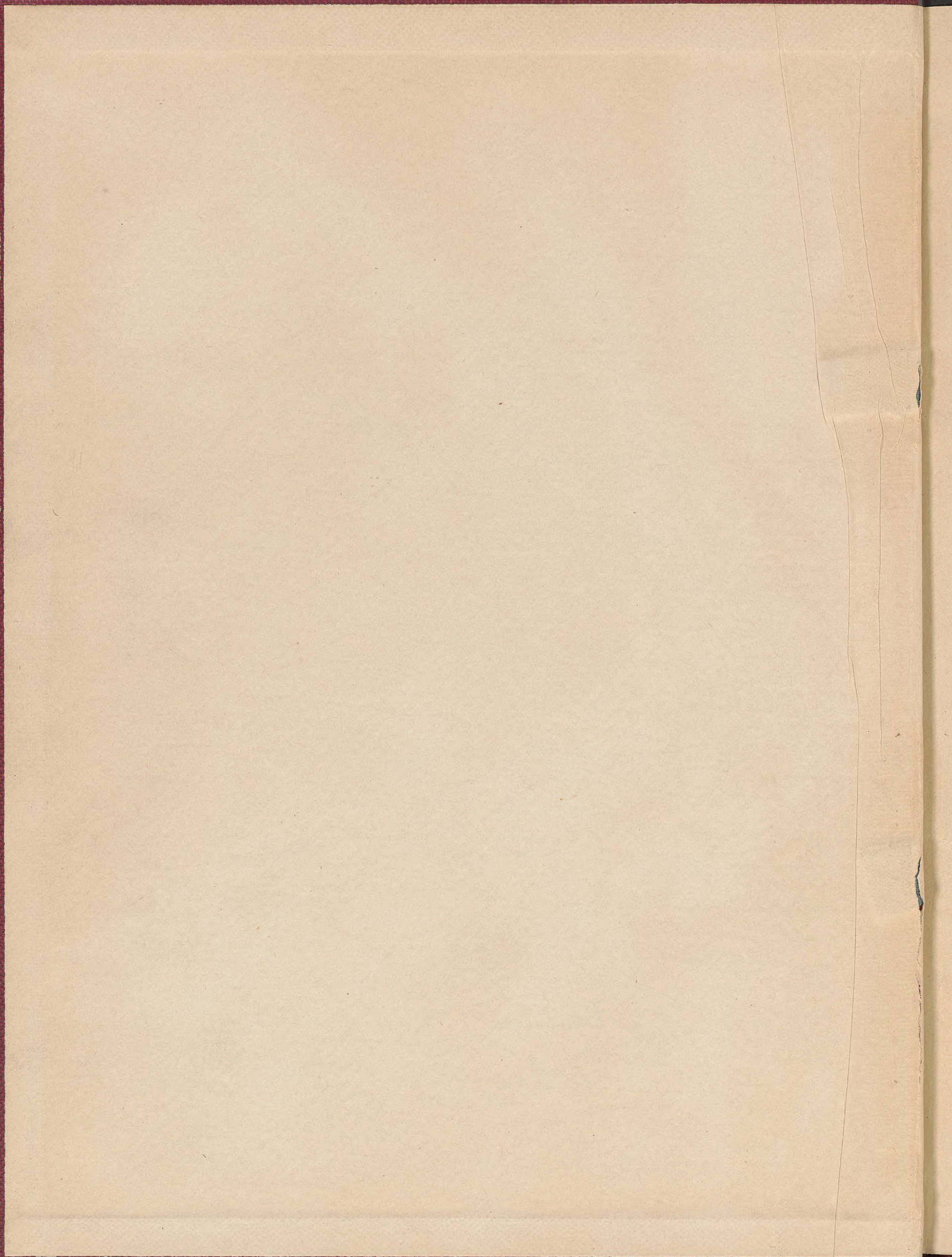
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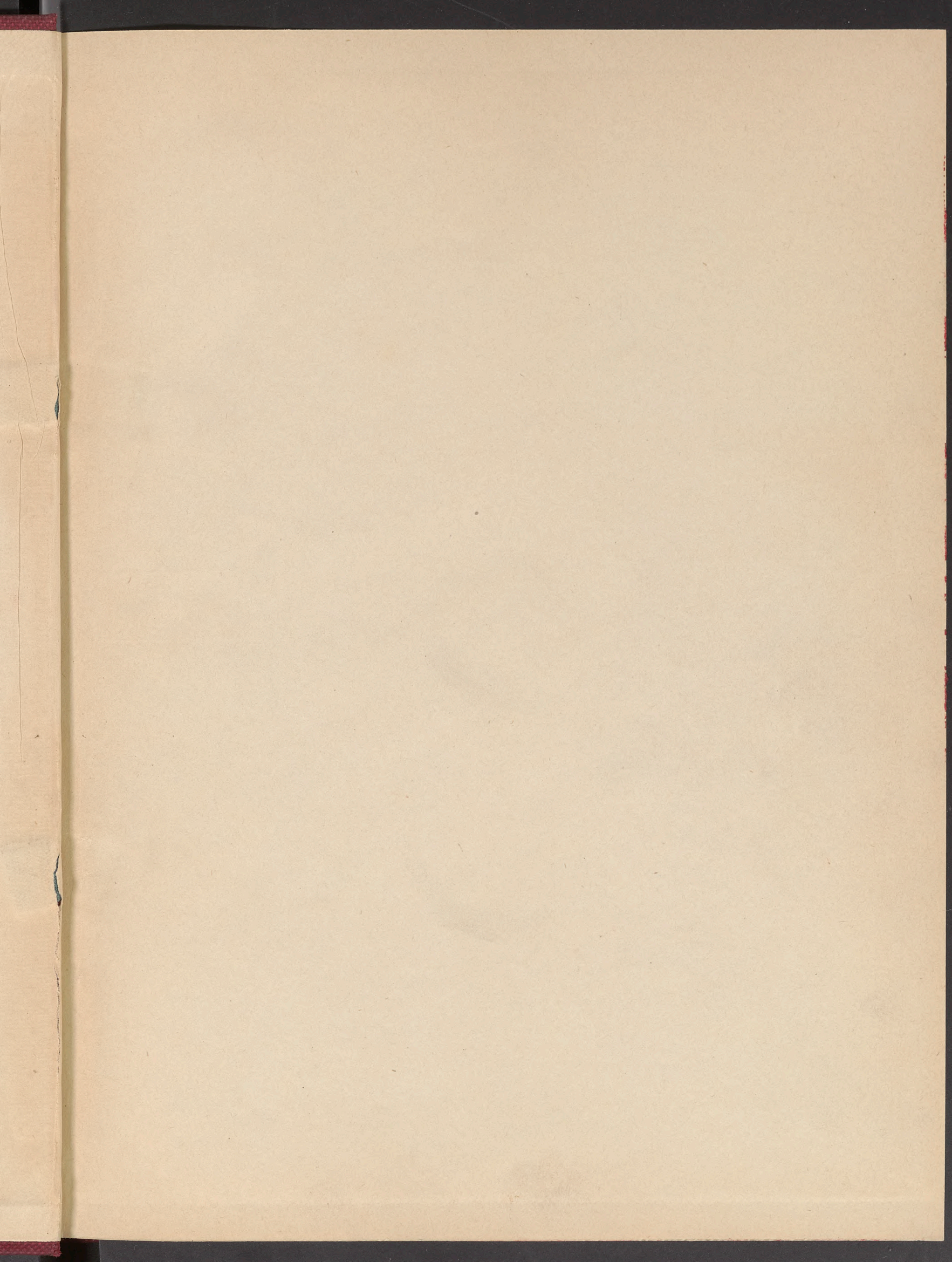
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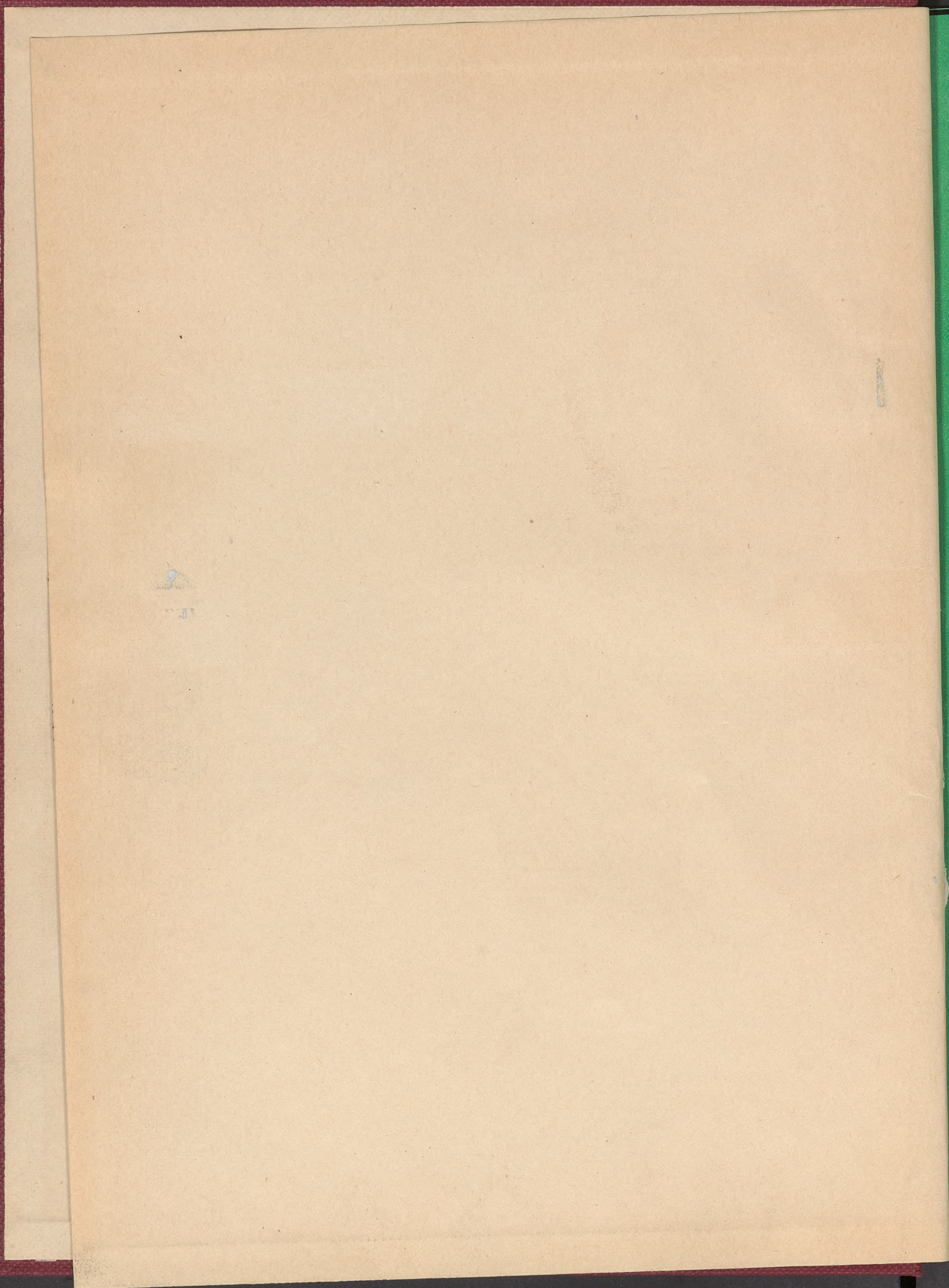
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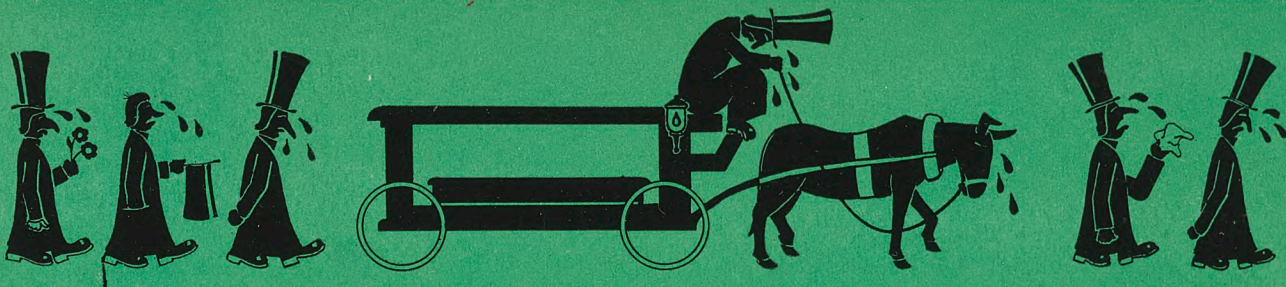
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DIRECT

SEPTEMBER
1932

FIFTEEN
CENTS



A PERFECT '36

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY
ST. LOUIS

ZENAE30

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

It has been arranged for the Washington University DIRGE to participate generously in every subscription purchased by the students of Washington University from a representative of the Associated Students' Advertising Bureau.

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TIME, Inc., Chicago Ill.

Subscription sale on the Washington University Campus is formally opened with the appearance of this advertisement. Subscription rates: One year, \$5.00; two years, \$8.00.

"There's professional ethics and honor for you!" screamed Leonard Liverwurst, editor of the Kale Kollege Pink Elephant, "The Pennsylvlucky Stinking Skunk went and stole those jokes I borrowed from the Notrewestern Burping Beaver and the Yarmouth Pink P.airie Oyster!"

—Wisconsin Octopus.

— D D D —

"Why use such a high crib for your baby?"
"So we can hear him when he falls out."

—Mercury.

— D D D —

"You never can tell," remarked the hold-up man as he took the deaf and dumb passenger's watch.

—Carolina Buccancer.

— D D D —

K. D.: "Well, how did the strip poker game come out?"
Second Gold-Digger: "Oh, some very good players were uncovered."

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

— D D D —

"It has been proven that opposites attract."
"Can you give me an example?"
"Sure, loose women and tight men."

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

— D D D —

George White of "Scandals" fame weighs 176 pounds and 8 ounces. Now you will know what to say if anyone asks you "What does the 'Great White Way'?"

—Iowa Frivol.

— D D D —

I call my girl Hinge because she's something to adore.

—Cornell Widow.

— D D D —

To the old fashioned girl: "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

To Betty Coed: "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will. Be clever."

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

— D D D —

Junk Man: "Any old beer bottles to sell, lady?"

Lady: "Do I look as if I drank beer?"

Junk Man: "Any old vinegar bottles, lady?"

—Vanderbilt Masquerader.

— D D D —

Students Caught Cribbing

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, students at the University of Oklahoma, a son.

—Oklahoma Whirlwind.

— D D D —

In days of yore: "Wine, Women, and Song!"

In days of depression: "Denatured alcohol, nurses, and Nearer My God to Thee!"

—Vanderbilt Masquerader.



ON THE FIELD AND IN THE GRANDSTAND

Not only will Spalding Equipment be seen in actual play on the majority of college gridirons but also among the spectators as well. Quality and style have not been sacrificed in Spalding sweaters, golf hose, leather jackets and accessories despite their moderate prices.

A.G. Spalding & Bros.
409 N. Broadway

CARTER & WILSON

PRINTERS

GAY BUILDING SAINT LOUIS

A Freshman from the Amazon,
Put nighties of his Gramazon,
The reason's that, he was too fat,
To get his own Pajamazon.

—Bucknell Belle Hop.

— D D D —

Announcer on a Rubberneck bus in Hollywood: "We are now passing the home of Jean Harlow."

R. B. Semple (leaping from the hack): "The hell we are!"

—Skipper.

I understand that Miss Brice chose the name of Fannie before she became so prominent.

—Iowa Frivol.

— D D D —

The following notice was posted before a fraternity dance recently. "The chairs here are for the ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to make use of them until the ladies are seated."

—Wittenberg Witt.

— D D D —

"How did you happen to oversleep this morning?"
"Well, there were eight of us in the house, and the alarm was only set for seven."

—Purple Parrot.

— D D D —

Her: "I don't know whether to buy a brass or mahogany bed."

Him: "Lady, you can't go wrong on a brass bed."

She took the mahogany one.

—Utah Humbug.

— D D D —

One of the two girls in the bus was reading a newspaper. "I see," she remarked to her companion, "that Mr. So-and-so, the octogenarian, is dead. Now, what on earth is an octogenarian?"

"I'm sure I haven't the faintest idea," replied the other girl. "But they're a sickly lot. You never hear of one but he's dying."

—Indiana Bored Walk.

Rin-tin-tin's favorite actress must be Helen Twelvetees.

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

— D D D —

According to Mr. Coolidge's scintillating column, a "slush fund" is a donation to buy galoshes for Republican candidates.

—Iowa Frivol.

— D D D —

Mrs. Gold: "So you went to the University of Palestine? It's co-ed, then?"

Mrs. Stein: "Yes, indeed; I got my Abie there."

—Harvard Lampoon.

— D D D —

The Courter (doubtfully): "If you knew what I was thinking about, your heart would turn to stone."

The Skoit (wearily): "And if you knew what I was thinking about you'd be a little boulder."

—Battalion.

— D D D —

A woman is like a pool of water . . . jump in and your sunk.

—Wisconsin Octopus.

— D D D —

"Did you test this stuff?"

"Yeh, I poured some in the ash-tray to burn it."

"Did it burn green?"

"I don't know, I can't find the ash-tray."

—Harvard Lampoon.

If the advertiser gives you credit, please give DIRGE credit.



"I'm gonna quit, George—they put me on the night shift."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

Naturally — YOU WANT A MILD CIGARETTE



WHEN you come right down to it... mildness is the most important thing about a cigarette. For it means the definite absence of everything harsh or irritating.

Try Chesterfields today... and you'll discover the word mildness and the word Chesterfield mean exactly the same thing. They always *satisfy*...because they're *milder*.



© 1932, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Early Fall and the Well-Dressed Man

The average man, as a recent examination of over 300,000 War veterans has revealed, is about five foot eleven and a half inches tall with a slender body inclined to a slight abdominal growth. Consequently, when the College boy begins to arrange his fall ward-robe he will find that at least one of his suits will be of the Drape model since that style is best suited to minimizing stomach prominence and is at the same time suitable for emphasizing broad shoulders, manly chest, etc.

The fall suit will be of the usual colors running from grey—always a favorite in College towns—to brown. The loose fitting flannel suit, preferably of grey, has been gaining in popularity. The ever dependable tweeds and cross-grain materials will also play a part in the annual style parade of fall clothing. Collegiate models seem to favor double-breasted and single button form-fitting suits while the two and three button single breasted modes will also be wearable.

The fall hat is of the usual grey and brown with an occasional green to be boldly worn and accepted by the well dressed man. There is a slight tendency to bring the face more in the open this year with the up-turned brim.

Last minute style bits which may be of interest include the wide peaked lapels with handkerchief pocket raised up near the peaks. Also, on some double breasted suits the middle button has been raised waist high thereby accentuating the smooth drape effect.

If you are thinking of buying a complete wardrobe let us remind you that the formal tail-coat should be closely fitted at the waist and around the sides to the back to give the last minute touch of finish. If you are intending to purchase a dinner jacket or what is more commonly called the Tuxedo you will be able to choose between the single-breasted and the double-breasted model with the latter style gaining in popularity. Your formal top-coat will also come in these styles. Moreover you will find that the new single-breasted models have satin-faced notched lapels.

For any further information concerning men's dress for sports, business or formal wear, write to the "Well Dressed Man," care of the Dirge. Any questions will be taken care of immediately.

(Copyright 1932, by Astorbuilt Styles)

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

Let "X" stand for the way you
want to look. » » »

And "X" is easy to find.

The finest of wools in young men patterns
. . . swinging style custom tailored . . .
Losse College Section . . . Clothes worth
a million.

A College Man's custom tailored suit

\$30 to \$50

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

Tired Worker: "Boss, is you got a nigger on your book, by the name of Simpson?"

Boss: "Yeah. What about it?"

Tired Worker: "Wal, l'se da nigger, boss. I just thought you had it down 'Samson'."

Loyola Ho-Hum.

— D D D —

Father: "Mary, is that young man there yet?"

Mary: "No, father, but he's getting there."

—Harvard Lampoon.

— D D D —

"But Mary. You said you'd love me if we had only a hut to live in."

"Yes, one of those little huts on the top of sky scrapers."

—Bucknell Belle Hop.

— D D D —

But Oscar, certainly life insurance salesmen shouldn't pester people to death.

—Grinnell Malteaser.

— D D D —

Virgil: "Has that girl lost her dress or am I seeing things?"

Varsity: "Both."

—Blue Bucket.

— D D D —

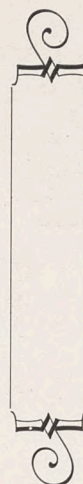
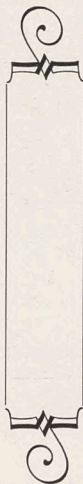
And then there was a Gamma Fi who looking through the Family Bible, came across a pressed leaf. "Oh, look, mamma," she cried, "Here's Eve's dress."

—Grinnell Malteaser.



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Cover design by Phil Becker

Cover cartoon by Fred McKnight

THIS MONTH
Teaching you what to expect.

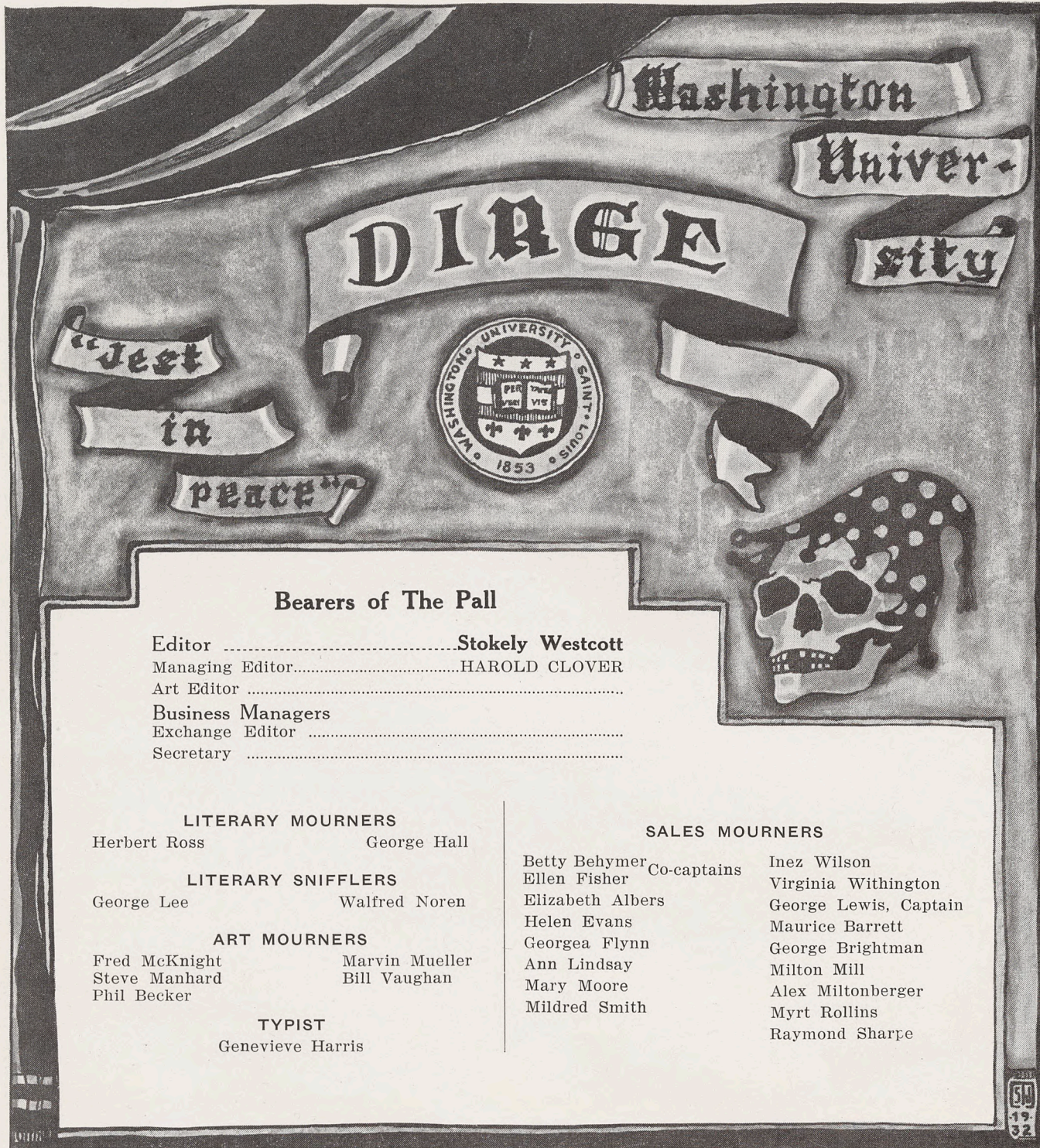


NEXT MONTH
About what you'd expect.

Dirge earnestly pleads for new contributors. As it is now, the Editorial Board has to do too much of the writing, and the magazine as a consequence, suffers. So if you have the slightest attack of writer's itch, try-out for the Dirge staff. Our next issue will be about politics, the presidential campaign, etc. The following will be the melodrama number, all about villians, heros, and sheros.

The thing has got past joking. Dirge needs new blood—much more than it got last May. It needs it bad. So please come out, whether frat bro., sor sis., or barb. Anyone with ability welcomed with open arms.

Tryout for Literary and Art Aspirants, Brookings 109, Friday, 4 p. m.



Bearers of The Pall

EditorStokely Westcott
 Managing Editor.....HAROLD CLOVER
 Art Editor
 Business Managers
 Exchange Editor
 Secretary

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Herbert Ross George Hall

LITERARY SNIFFLERS

George Lee Walfred Noren

ART MOURNERS

Fred McKnight Marvin Mueller
 Steve Manhard Bill Vaughan
 Phil Becker

TYPIST

Genevieve Harris

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Ellen Fisher		Virginia Withington
Elizabeth Albers		George Lewis, Captain
Helen Evans		Maurice Barrett
Georgea Flynn		George Brightman
Ann Lindsay		Milton Mill
Mary Moore		Alex Miltonberger
Mildred Smith		Myrt Rollins
		Raymond Sharpe

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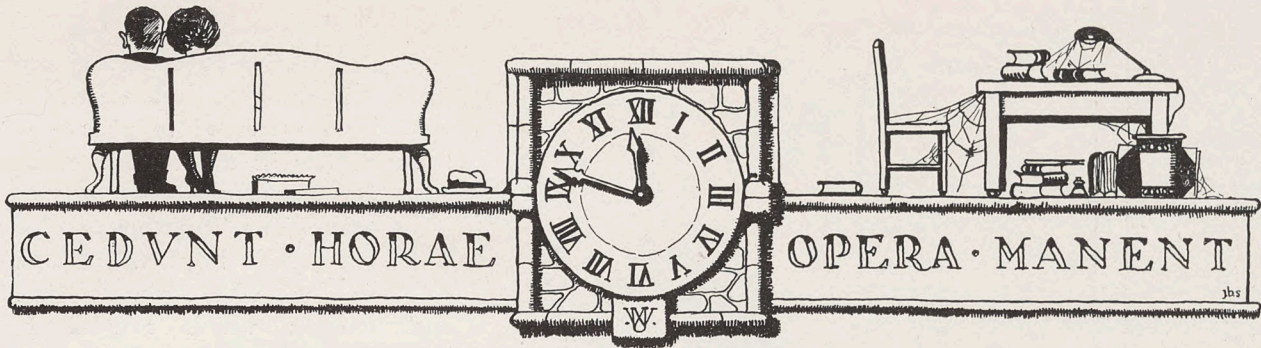
No. 1

Member of Midwest College Comics Association.

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CAMPUS COMMENT

In the Swim

Dirge is trying awful hard to be smart, modern, and up-to-date. This praiseworthy aim received support from an unexpected quarter the other day when her budget was cut. Not badly, you understand—just enough to cause a small loss of blood and a mild attack of the jitters. And then there's the bright side—Dirge enters the class of big business. U. S. Steel, the United States government, and Dirge! Yes sir, you have to fly low these days to get in the big company. If you see any funny-looking little men on the campus digging, don't be alarmed. It'll just be the Dirge staff retrenching.

Idea! If they cut our budget again we'll call it a "budgetette!"

Second Floor Up

Just above the McMillan Hall archway there is a room; in fact, there are two rooms, one above the other. Until this year, the occupant of the second-floor room has always been given a key to the upper chamber by her predecessor. Not official, you understand—just a hand-me-down. It never occurred to the girls to wonder whether the authorities knew about the key.

The girl who tenanted the room last year was the innocent possessor of the key, and the delightful hostess of several parties given in the dusty, moldy attic. Then one day she was summoned before Dean Starbird, accused of having possession of the key, and sent

before the Disciplinary Committee. It was here that Dean Stephens, as Prosecuting Attorney, spoke feelingly of the girl's utter depravity, and thundered to a close with the rhetorical question: "Don't you feel ashamed of yourself?" And the girl's answer, combined with her heinous crime, won her the penalty of being "campused" for a week: "No, I don't."

Justice for the millions, eh, Dean?

Pledge Denses

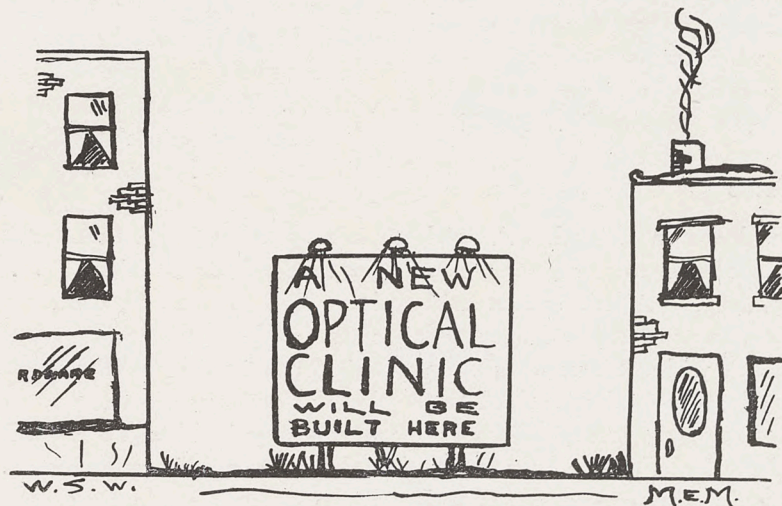
The time is coming when Miss Sorority Sue, '36, is to make her debut to collegiate society. This is brought about by an insidious process called a pledge dance (just kidding, girls, don't forget to send us a bid) to which about three hundred men are invited, and where there are approximately fifty girls. Fifty into three hundred goes . . . five into thirty . . . six . . . carry zero . . .

or, in other words, six men for every girl. Of course, two of the six are either shooting craps in the locker room, etc., leaving four partners for each girl. The only men who get around have either football letters or spurs. But it's hard to get more than ten steps with the least beautiful girl on the floor.

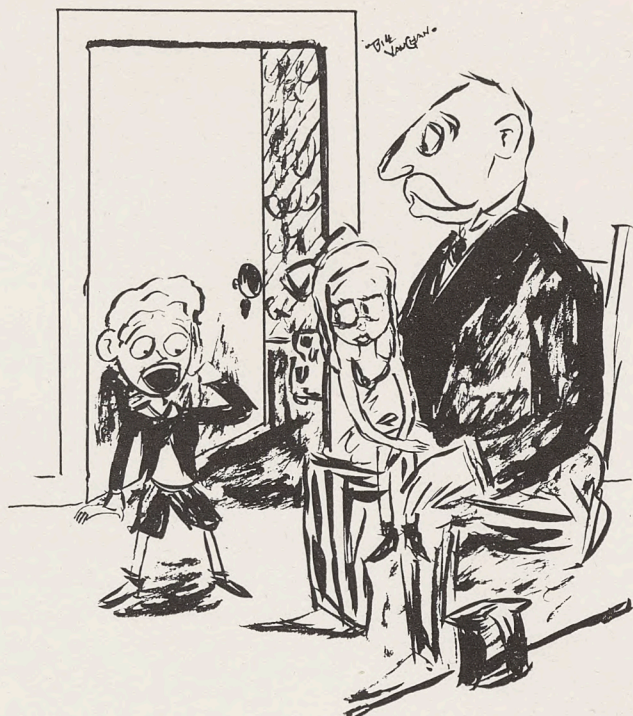
And then the reception line! The joy in ducking it, only to cut a girl later on with "I've forgotten your name, but I met you in the reception line," and to have her reply, "Sorry, but I wasn't in it." However the girls love it, and the gents seem to come, so why worry. Let the chaperones do that.

Activities

Aha! you little Freshy, you! You must become an **activity** man, and bring glory to yourself and the grand old fraternity. If you weigh over a 110 and have a chest expansion of three-quarters of an



A Site for Sore Eyes.



"I've stood enough of this sort of thing, Annabel. This is the End."

inch, you go out for athletics; if you get over D in English you go out for Student Life (May God have mercy on your soul with Becker, ed.); if you said at least three lines in your high-school senior play, you just must pay your dues and become a member of Thyrus; if you have headaches three times a week, go out for the freshman chess team; if you can hum a tune, and fake a tap dance, and have the right connections, go out for the Quadrangle show and bury yourself for six months; and if you're a darned fool and once said something that made somebody laugh, go out for Dirge, and write very funny stuff like this once a month, and be scared of the faculty censorship. BOO!

Skip This

We have a friend. A girl friend. She is rather young—so young, in fact, that she is still able to run around her front yard barefoot without exciting the scorn of the neighbors. And but for this happy privilege this story would not be. For one July morning she abandoned her shoes and socks, and cavorted in barefoot

comfort on her front lawn. Until, most rudely, a bee stung her right on the toe.

Nothing unusual in that, you say. No—except that our barefoot girl happens to be the daughter of one of the higher-ups of the Brown Shoe Co.

Bumper Crop

The cheery news has made the rounds this summer that the new freshman crop of girls is undoubtedly one of the best in recent years. The sophomore boys on up to the English instructors are sharpening their nails and getting ready for a big social season with a consequent increase in college widows. Which again reminds us of the dirty crack that James Montgomery Flagg once made about co-eds. Flagg, who has been asked to judge many college beauty contests, said: ". . . I have had to gaze on some of the most god-awful female mugs in this broad tho' narrow land! I know now why there are so many pretty gals in New York—all the ugly ones are in colleges. . . ." Drop around some time, James, and look the class of '36 over.

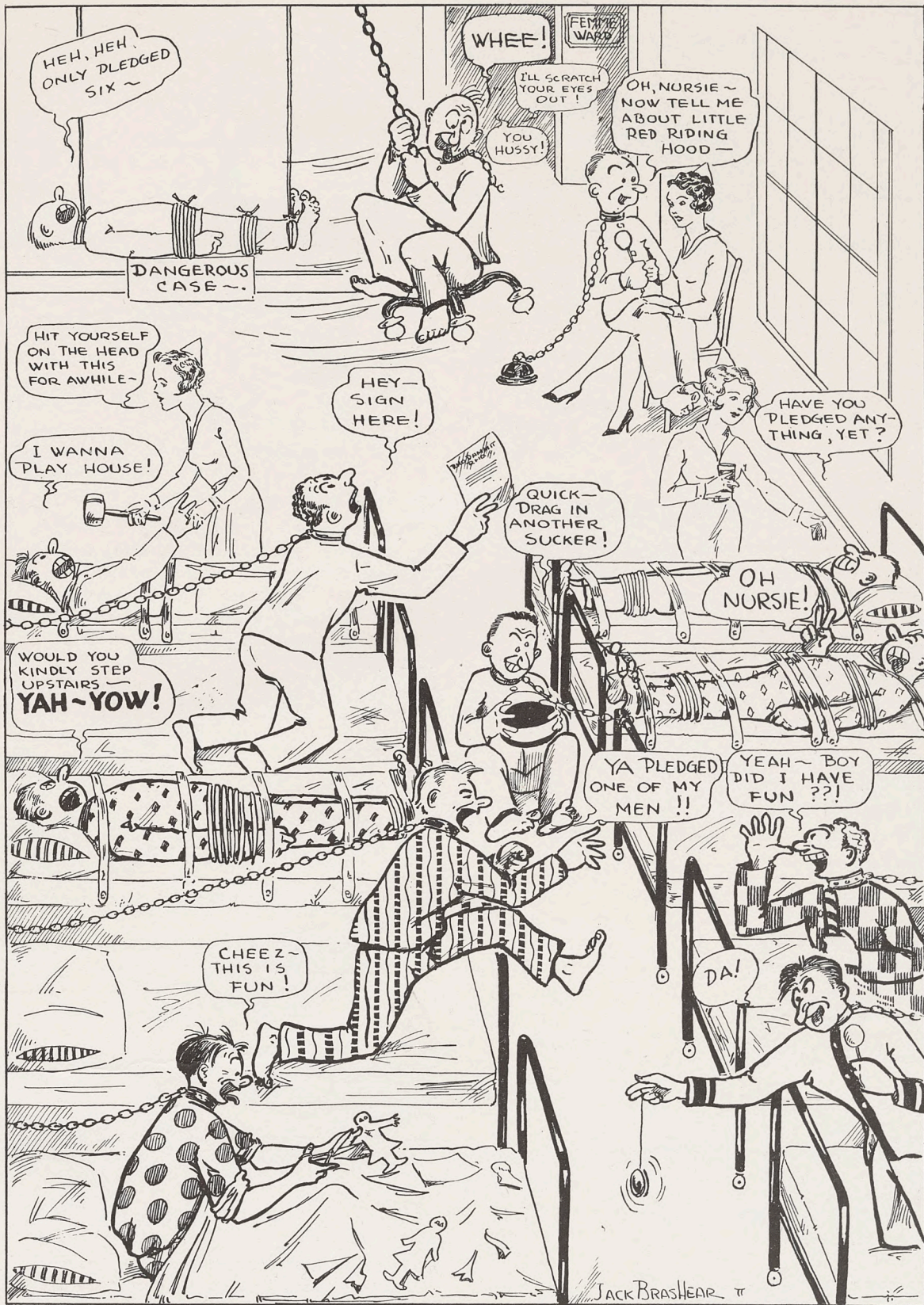
Jobs

Vacation jobs were plenty few this summer, but a few of the boys managed to pick up some nickels at the various curb-service places springing up around town. The "courteous and clean-cut college boy" was a tradition at some of the places. One restaurant which advertised the "clean-cut college boy" had, out of ten employed, three actually from college, while one of the other seven had graduated from the Florida and Texas State—penitentiaries—Johnny Gillis and Fred Guth were councillors at dear old Camp Quiver, and became, of all things, the camp's dramatic coaches. Thyrus has as yet made no offers. . . . Jack Straub went to Colorado as an officer for a boy's camp and caught some of the hay fever that everybody else was losing there. . . . Filling station attendants, tennis court attaches, and road workers about filled out the jobs for the loafing collegian, although it is rumored that one student actually sold magazine subscriptions "to work his way through college."

Rushing

By the time this is in print, the hectic antics of rushing will be over, and the several hundreds of new pledges will be just beginning a semester of pledge-ship. Rushing is an awful strain on the rushee and rusher alike. We've seen 'em after the parties—especially the girls. The actives can scarcely speak, the rushees can barely wriggle their right hands, and one girl claimed to have lived on cokes and cigarettes for four days. We're not quite up on the female rushing system, but it seems to us that this preferential bidding is rather a hit-or-miss proposition. The rushee puts in her three preferences in order, and if Number One doesn't want her, maybe Number Two will be griped at being Number Two, and Number

(Continued on page 24)

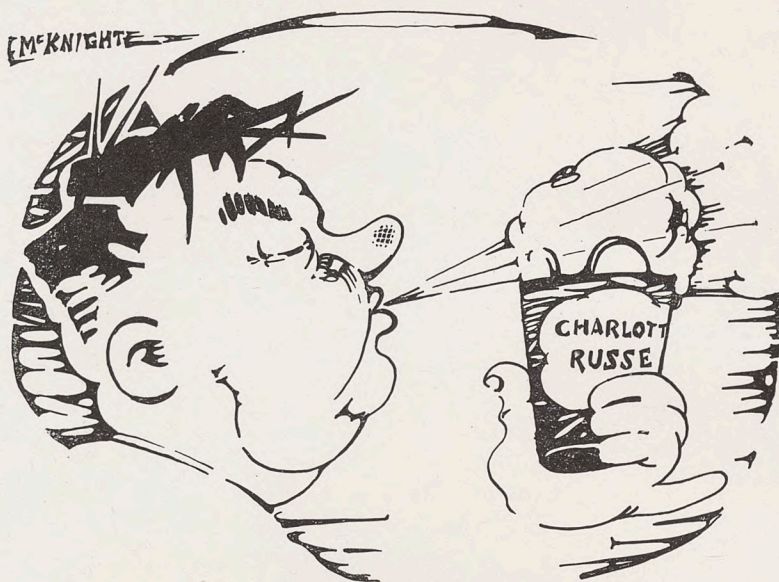


BEHIND THE SCENES AT A GREAT UNIVERSITY

Number Two—The Sanitarium For Rush Chairmen

VERSE, bad and VERSE

"It's a great life if
it" said our noble
took another shot,



you don't weaken
philosopher as he
straight.:

WARNING, IN MIXED METER

Fraught with dangers lies your course
Reckon I in numbers bold!
Escape Ye cannot! All is lost
Show Ye not your very soul!
Heed the warning of your
Masters, Sophomores most evil.
Enter not through sacred doors,
Note you're but a weevil!

Count your days as numbered.
Lease all gayety behind.
Attention! Too long you've Rumba ed
Stop! Fall in line.
Slow! Take your time.

Often will you stumble, fail,
Fall beside the lonesome trail.

3 will barely blossom, where
6 did flourish before.

W. N.

— D D D —

SONG OF STUDENT LIFE

Slayer of grammar,
Printer of scathing editorials,
Fearless attacker of campus politics,
Humorist, and
Mother-confessor
To students—
I am Student Life.

The McGILL Daily is my shepherd
I shall not want.
The Daily Kansan,
The great newspapers of the great colleges—

Illinois, Missouri, Iowa—
Furnish me with my bon mots,
My sparkling wit, and my interesting facts.
"76.8 out of
Every hundred graduates of Vassar intend to
Marry." According to the Vassar Daisy Chain.
"Men at Princeton are wearing green hats
This spring."

Or
Was
It
Last spring.
The

Paper has no
date.

My typographical errors
Are
Wonderful to see.
My typographical errors are wonderful
—errors are txblpto sea.

I am edited by funny men.
Every
Man on the staff is a
Droll chap, but
I hate the Dirge with a hate that
Knows no bounds.
My funniest wwriters review it and the
Result is positively
A
Scream.

And so I go along
Defying the books on grammar, the books
On spelling. Defying them all except the Daily Kansan
And the Daily paper of McGill University.
Proud to be Slayer of Grammar, Printer of Scathing
Editorials,
Humorist, Maker of Typographical Errors, Reprinter of
Bon Mots,
And Personal Representative of the Powers That Be
In Washington University.

W. V.

Dirge Predicts The First Semester's Calendar

(all dates rough)

- September 29**—prominent students deliver inspirational talks to frosh mass-meeting. Nineteen freshmen visit University health office.
- September 30**—Student Life carries 400 words comparing enrollment with last year's.
- October 1**—seasonable temperatures predicted for October. Maybe rain.
- October 2**—Bears win their annual football game.
- October 3**—successful football season predicted.
- October 10**—elections start. Noticable increase in loitering near Archway.
- October 12**—fencing team starts agitating for funds to carry on with.
- October 5**—proning on Quad.
- October 6**—more proning on Quad.
- October 16**—football team loses.
- October 20**—Student Life prints gaga about proning.
- October 22**—a student organization keeps appointment with photographer for Hatchet picture. Harry Bleich attributes it to the fine spirit and morale of his staff.
- October 23**—football team loses.
- October 24**—organization head admits misunderstanding as to date for Hatchet picture.
- October 28**—football team loses. Telegrams pour in congratulating the team on losing only one game.
- November 1**—seasonable temperatures probable for November. Perhaps precipitation.
- November**—Ternion on sale. Student Life reporters intend to buy one for the office.
- November 4**—football team goes into a slump.
- November 5**—somebody holds banquet.
- November 10**—Hadley and Williams, in response to urgent pressure and pleadings from the Quad club, write a musical comedy overnight. Heroine named "Kita" and hero "Jim." One of best in years.
- November 14**—Bookstore announces blanket price decrease of 10%. School in hubbub.
- November 15**—hubbub changes into furore. Bookstore salesladies wild.
- November 16**—All a mistake. It was a 10% increase.
- November 17**—Students settle down. Student Life publishes editorial about fatality.
- November 20**—freshman tries to trade milk bottles for candy at bookstore. Saleslady still so flustered she accepts bottles.
- November 21**—many students have dates.
- November 28**—supersalesmanship triumphs. Two men in same fraternity buy Dirges. Suicide pact.
- November 30**—reporters still intending to get Ternion for Student Life office.
- November 31**—ain't no such day.
- December 1**—seasonable temperatures probable December. Some snow—maybe.
- December 2**—watchman puts sticker on car.
- December 3**—heavy rain washes sticker off car.
- December 4**—student returns and gets car. Mystery—where has student been?
- December 5**—only about ten or fifteen more shopping days until Christmas.
- December 6**—business managers (seven) for Dirge selected.
- December 11**—Dirge circulation drops 18%.
- December 12**—successful basketball season predicted by coach and Student Life sportswriter.
- December 13**—still a number of shopping days until Christmas.
- December 14**—new Ternion in Student Life office—Left there by mistake by professor who called to give the editor a dressing-down.
- December 15**—Ternion disappears.
- December 19**—strong Bear quintet loses third game of season.
- December 20**—Engineering School professor invents something or other.
- December 21**—professors urge students to utilize holidays to catch up on work.
- December 22**—Christmas holidays start. Heluva good time anticipated by heluva lot of students. Professors start ten-day bridge session.
- January 1**—most of students arise early afternoon. Go back to bed. Seasonable temperatures probable for January. Maybe sleet.
- January 3**—holidays over. Heluva rotten time had by heluva lot of students.
- January 4**—watchman puts sticker on car.
- January 5**—snow obscures sticker.
- January 6**—student returns and gets car. Won't start because some pedicular person has drained all the alky.
- January 21**—students start boning for finals.
- January 22**—finals start! Predominant sign in the heavens is Taurus the bull.

A Guide To The Greeks

{ Look this up in the telephone book under the heading "Restaurants" or see *Dirge*, September 1931, *Dirge*, September 1930, etc. }

U. S. SETTLES FIVE-CENT DEBT

—headline in *Post-Dispatch*

Which should make Mills the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Mellon.

— D D D —

Revised Proverb:

Let sleeping horses stand.

— D D D —

A news dispatch reports that Japan has recognized the new nation, Manchukio, which the Japs organized in Manchuria. If this keeps up, we will soon read about the United States recognizing the United States.

— D D D —

A frosh's idea of a good joke: cracking wise in the A. S. A. B. advertising questionnaire.

— D D D —

Note on economics:

Railroads used to have rolling stock, but not it's tumbling.

The actives are still looking for the pledge who, when he was asked if his house was a respectable house, answered, "No, it's a fraternity house."

— D D D —

Voice over Phone: "Is Mr. Rockefeller there?"
Frat Boy: "No."

Voice over Phone: "Tsk! tsk! and you told us rushees he was a member of your fraternity."

— D D D —

Polonius: "All good things must come to an end."

Bolonius: "Sure—that's why we have the institution of marriage."

— D D D —

LAWYER STILL TRYING TO PATCH UP RUDY'S ROMANCE

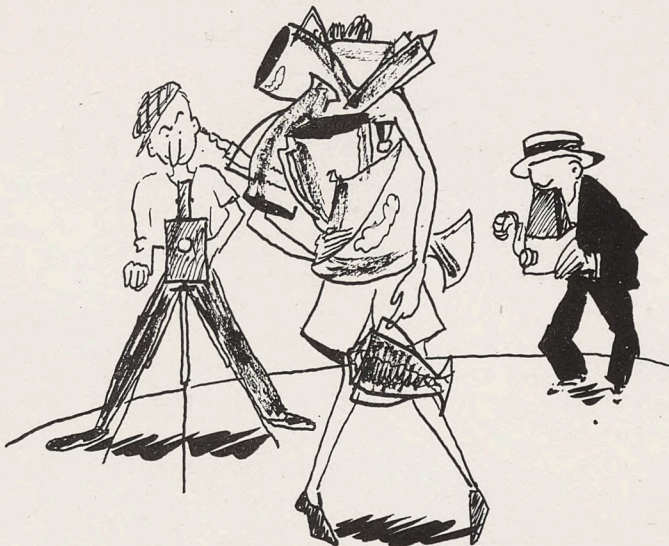
—headline

We have a withered spray of honeysuckle we would be glad to loan him.



Nero Fiddled While Rome Burned

OLYMPIC H



MISS DIDRIKSON

Mildred (Babe to you, Tex to you, What-a-woman to you, and nuts to you) Didrikson throws things. She also runs and jumps. She is the coming golf champion of the world. It must be true—**she** says so and she hasn't fooled her public yet.

OFFICIALS

Officials work hard and what do they get for it? Magnolia, or maybe rheumatism. There is no word for any information leading to the whereabouts of the official who made the steep boys run an extra lap. If you have any information, notify Joe McCluskey, the boy who was second at the real end of the race, but who dropped back to third in that phoney lap.



FINNS

Finns are people with bony knees who throw javelins and run long distances with comparatively little effort. A very strange people, indeed.

CHO'S WHO

EDDIE TOLAN

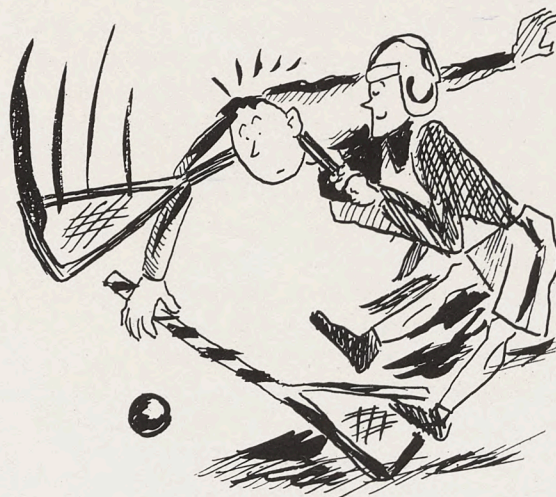
Eddie Tolan is a runner. He runs fast. In fact, he runs very fast. He wins races nobody expects him to win. He wears glasses and adhesive tape around his leg (that is,—not on his leg on his eyes—I mean—O, tahell with it). His feet are big, but his grin is bigger—rum titty um tum digger. Quite a boy. Yas suh.



do they
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LACROSSE PLAYERS

Lacrosse players are people who were dropped on their heads when they were babies. They are in the same class as marathon runners. The less said about them, the better.



Words and music by BILL VAUGHAN

Presenting Mr. James G. Conzelman

by HERB ROSS

THE date was March 6, 1898, the place was south St. Louis, and the blessed event was James G. Conzelman. His mother hoped he would be President, his father hoped he'd get rich but no-one, not even little Jimmy, could possibly gaze far enough into the misty future to foretell that he would reach prominence as a football mentor and honorably mentioned contributor to Dirge (he used to, you know) right here in what is, liberally speaking, his own back yard. Jimmy got his first experience at shoving the pig-skin between goal posts at Loyola Academy but later achieved more prominence at Central High school in and around about 1914. At this particular time his remarkable playing earned him a position on the all-star high-school squad. Not content with being good at just one school Jimmy carried his abilities over to McKinley High from which school he graduated and received the necessary credits required for matriculation at Washington U. Naturally Conzelman played football on the Frosh team; but that was in 1917. Jim left school at the first feverish call to arms and enlisted in the Navy. At the Great Lakes Training Station Jimmie's pent-up enthusiasm for muscular action persuaded him to let loose with some fancy capers in the boxing ring. And in case you don't think they were fancy just go up to that Training school and ask about the Middle-weight Champion of 1918. Jimmy achieved that honor and retired after 15 fights—seven of which were in defense of his title.

After the War "Our Jeemy" left the fourteen points up in the air and came back to Washington U. to see about a couple of more important points—his grade points. With a definite determination to make some progress Conzelman applied himself diligently and began to make headway both physically and mentally and to learn the fundamentals about Keats and cleats. In one year of playing with the Washington varsity Jimmy distinguished himself as a "darn good quaterback" who had the capabilities of excelling in everything a triple threat man is supposed to be able to do—run, kick, and pass. It was at this time that Washington U. had acquired the absurd nickname—"Pikers". There have been many rumors about the reason for this name but we've got the low-down on it. It seems that during the World Fair days the famous "Pike Way" extended through the present campus, hence "Pikers." So don't go making any cracks to Conzel-

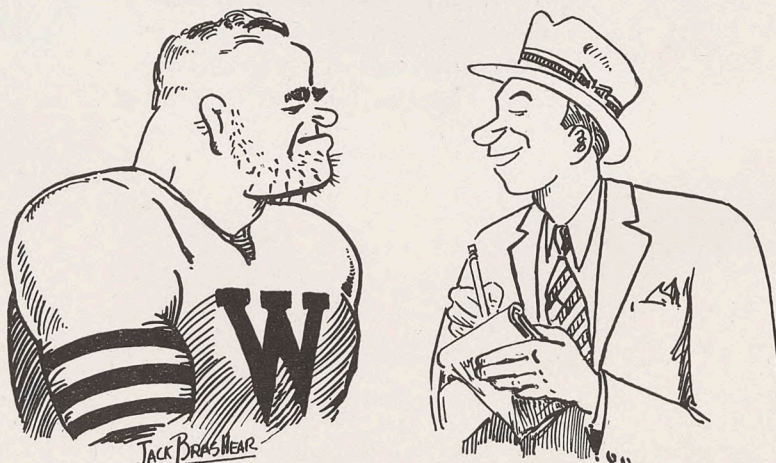
man about his playing with a piker team because—well don't forget, he used to be middle-weight champion.

James Conzelman's recent appointment, which took place at a time the "know all" boys called the psychological one, was something of importance in Washington University history. It makes the first time a coach has been chosen from the ranks of former students of Washington U. and it is the first major College appointment Jimmy has received. His experience which equips him for his job has been of the soundest and most practical kind. He has coached several professional teams and capably handled the proverbial "hard boiled" pros. Rock Island, Milwaukee, Detroit, and Providence have all been graced with a display of the coaching ability of Conzelman. In 1928 his Providence team won the Championship of the National Football league.

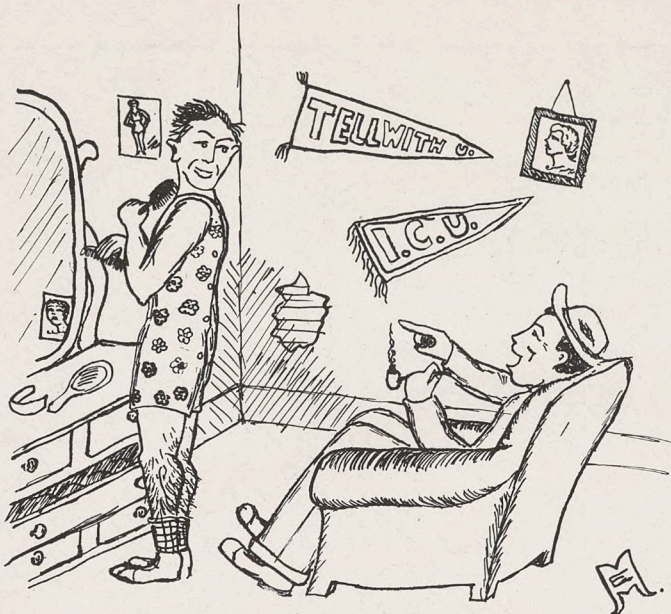
All of Jimmie's life hasn't been spent coaching football teams, some of it was spent on music lessons. Of course you wouldn't think it to look at him but Conzelman would make a first-rate master of ceremonies. River John, or is it Brooke John, would be jealous of Jim's handling of a banjo. While in school here he got tired of playing by himself so he ups and organized an orchestra. Moreover he sometimes wrote the popular music which they played. Oh but that isn't all. Besides twirling a pretty good football, and strumming a Hot-cha banjo, James G. types out a pretty neat sport article. He wrote a football column for newspapers in several cities and when he withdraw from professional football at the close of the 1930 season he returned to St. Louis and started a neighborhood newspaper in Maplewood—of all places.

But that's enough about J. G.'s past, just listen to his plans for the future. Conzelman is no follow

(Continued on page 23)



"— and, Mr. Boggs, —do you inhale?"



"Boy, that's some suit of D. V. B's you're wearing!"
 "O. K., but why call 'em D. V. B.'s?"
 "You got 'em on backwards."

— D D D —

THE GLASS MANUFACTURER'S SONG

Obsidian On Top of the World.

— D D D —

"Oh, my dear, why are you so blasé?"
 "I'm not, I took a bath last week."

— D D D —

"Isn't that the stag's line over there?"
 "Listen, sister, the stags are always lyin'."

— D D D —

"Great scott, the strap on that girl's formal is breaking."

"Oh well, to hell with formalities. Let's cut in."

— D D D —

"Well, well, well. If it isn't my old pal, Annie Bowen."

"Back up, buddy. Your face isn't nearly as familiar as your actions."

— D D D —

"Let's mix a 1932 Scotch highball."
 "What's that?"

"One part of liquor to twelve parts of water."

— D D D —

We wonder if the same preparations for "athlete's foot" will cure "rushee's hand."

Tom Mooney got eighteen votes for President in the Pathfinder poll. Evidently some people figured he hadn't had enough punishment.

— D D D —

"I've got designs on you," said the octogenarian tatoer to the sailor.

— D D D —

Asyou: "My boy friend was sure dumb on that date last night."

Likeit: "Dance?"

Asyou: "I'll say he was!"

— D D D —

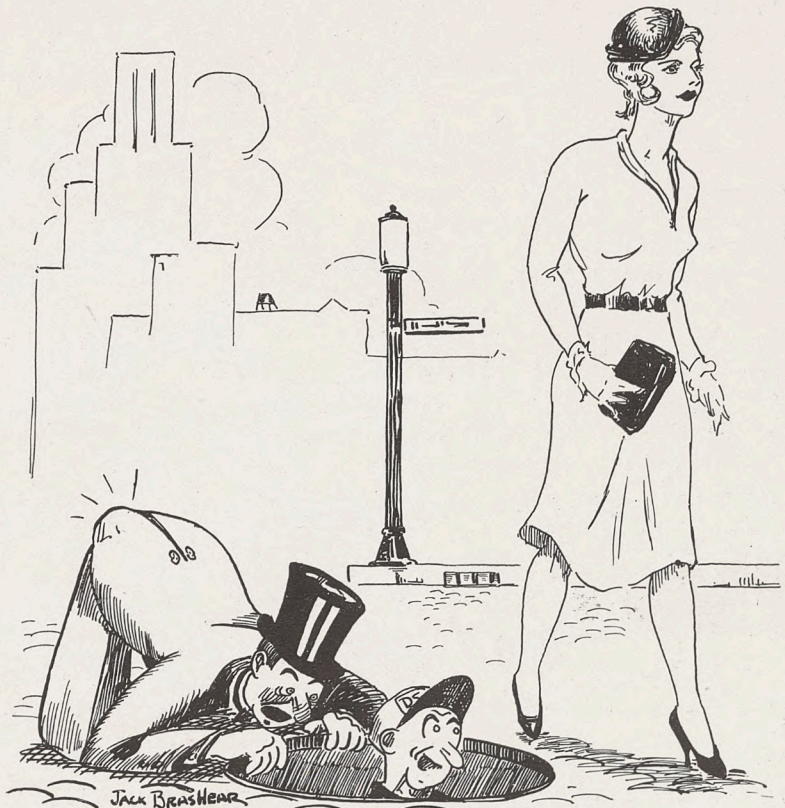
Captain: "Man the lifeboats!"

Chivalrous Passenger: "No! Women and children first!"

— D D D —

DROLL CHAP

You are quite a funny fellow
 You do tricks that keep us roaring
 Your sense of humor is quite mellow
 You, of course, are never boring.
 My only question, by the way,
 You troubadour with nature sunny,
 Is why must you, day after day,
 Go on being so damn funny.



"Howsh shings wiss you, pal?"
 "Oh, tings is lookin' up, pard!"



Aircastles — For Rent, Lease or Sale — Cheap

PLEASE turn your gaze momentarily upon the opposite page. What do you see? Yes—aircastles. Are these aircastles the plain, ordinary, unexciting aircastles that most people have? Are they run-of-the-mill aircastles? The garden variety? No. Not by any manner of means. They are finest quality, A-No. 1, triple tested, double plus aircastles. For they are the aircastles, not of a stodgy or prosaic John Doe or the fat lady who just got on the street-car, but of the freshman who enters college this year.

For the freshman, green, callow, timorous though he may be, is in one respect the superior of his "superiors"—his aircastles are honeys. Yea, darbs. Humdingers. His aircastles about college spring into being as a result of many impressions. He has read Fitch's stories about "good old Siwash." He has been to see movies, for instance "Good News", or "Confessions of a Coed". He therefore believes that college life will be one joyous round of dancing, good fellowship, and painless acquisition of scholastic honors without any work at all. He believes that if he should attend the dance which climaxes the social season (and all dances climax the social season) in defiance of an English theme due the following day, on his return after seeing home the college "belle" (quaint, what?) he will find a neatly typed five-page essay on his type-writer, the work of his loyal and thoughtful roommate. And so to bed.

He believes that all college dances will be given in magnificently tapestried halls, complete with imposing winding stair-cases, cut-glass lamp bowls, gleaming floors, etc., only a trifle more splendid than Cecil B. DeMille's idea of the Lord's bathroom. He still believes a gymnasium to be only a place where the game "climaxing a successful basketball season" is to be held, with himself, perhaps, in the role of hero of the day. Gymnasium dances are something else again.

He dreams of the time when he (if, by some strange chance, he isn't on the team, jumps out in front of the stands at the football game of the year and leads some mighty cheers that are given just in time to inspire the team to one last effort that means victory. The only time we saw a freshman attempt this the reaction was compounded mainly of a razzberry from the crowd and a strawberry on the hip.

He in many cases cherishes the ideal that all coeds show a marked resemblance to either Loretta Young or Sue Carol. What a cruel shock when he first glimpses a beef-trust or piece of string! You can just see him slinking into a niche under a gargoyle to cry out his disillusionment in salt, salt tears. Yet, if he but reflects a moment, he will see the justice in this state of affairs, for are not a goodly percentage of the male portion of his own class (and even of the upper classes) a far cry from the strapping, six-foot, inordinately handsome devils whom he has seen squiring the beautiful Loretta and Sue around in movies. A mirror is the best cure for this aircastle.

Again deflect your gaze to the opposite page. There are **hundreds** of aircastles stretching their spires skyward, "reaching for the moon", as dozens of song-writers would say (and have said.) Too many to go into detail about—even if we could. But all are aircastles about this, that, and the other, ever different with each individual. And below, in the picture, on a placid inlet to some magic sea are boats. "The Ship of Life", perhaps. But there are several boats—maybe nine. We must be talking about a cat. We are. We'd better start a new paragraph.

But no, on second thought—that's pretty good, getting to another idea by the seventh paragraph—we do not believe that any of the above-mentioned aircastles now bear good repute generally. They may have last year, but not now. A few may believe them yet—fortunate ones! But a great majority of this year's incoming frosh must have gone to see "Horsefeathers", that saga of the modern university, in which the antics (and uncles) of the four Marked Brothers exposed What's Wet in the present-day football university, and by exaggeration definitely put the kibosh on the illusions previously inculcated by other romantic college movies. Those movies might, perhaps, be accepted—but the Marx epic, never. And thus were the fallacies in the earlier movies shown up by the Marx's madcap slapstick. We oughta start a movie column!

No, a frosh's aircastles today are something a mere upperclassman like us knows absolutely nothing about. We **would** wait until the last paragraph to say this, but we had to reason it out for ourselves, and we always reason better on paper. And so, freshmen, colonize the aircastles on the opposite page for your own self according to your own exquisite taste—they are your own private, personal ones, and we promise (cross our heart and hope to die) that nosey Dirge will not go snooping around in them again. And other undergraduates, if the spirit moves you, you many take over a few aircastles yourselves. With the low rents prevailing today, now is the time to snap up a few choice ones at bargains. We ourselves recently purchased three outright, and report complete satisfaction. We can get Cuba on a cold night with an outside aerial.

Second-Story Squint Says His Say

About This Here Depression

SAY, wait a minute! I'm gettin' fed up on youse lousy squawkers shootin' off yer traps about the damn depression! We got it, ain't we? Well suffer in peace an' quiet, cantcha?

Of course I knows we got a depression! Say, mug, an' take this straight from th' horse's mouth; I ain't tellin' yuh to put th' lid on yer gripe because I'm tryin' to keep my pan in th' sunshine, neither, see? I ain't tryin' to look on th' bright side after th' glim's popped out altogedder, see? I ain't no goofy optymist; I ain't tellin' myself I'm ay la mode because my socks are fulla holes, jis, like th' dames' shin-veils! Why I'm wisin' yuh up to pipe down is 'cause I got so damn much troubles a' my own that if'n I hears another wail I'll bust out like a cracked water main.

Oh, yuh can't see where I'm sufferin', huh, buddy? Say, you subdued splash, th' guys in my business are the original Unhappiness Boys. Yeah, of course you knows what I means—th' ancient an' ornery trade of burglin'—burglary to you, passion flower!

I says it is a trade! What if it don't jibe with th' laws of supply an' demand? Neither does any other racket—that's how come we got a depression. But here's what wafts me a wallop—we ain't never done nothin' to pull in no panic; we jus' been burglin' peaceful along not hurtin' nobody! Th' big business guys wanted all th' meat an' potatoes, an' now they got their just desserts! But all we wanted was a little candy!

Okey, Izzy, if yuh wanta really know why we got th' weeps, I'll spill our sorrow. Now git this.

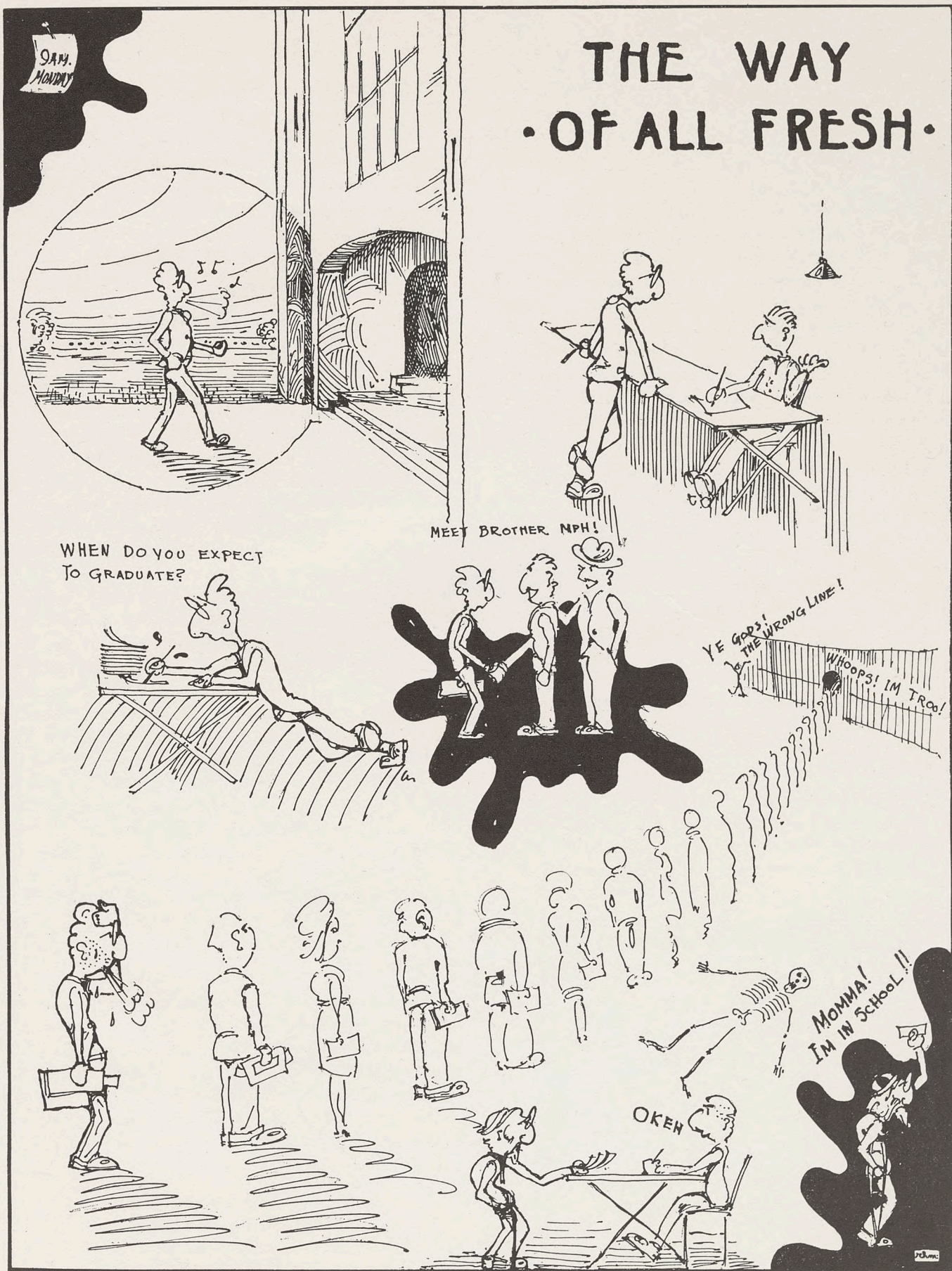
The first moan is as plain as th' schnozzle on yer pan, Izzy—there ain't nothin' left to burgle! There's about as much profit in ordinary housebreakin' as there'd be in openin' a speakeasy in Berlin. Th' only valu'ble thing yuh kin find in th' average home-sweet-home is the gold fillin's in Papa's teeth, an' even if they was easy to swipe (which I guess yuh will admit they ain't), most of 'em been traded in fer a soup-bone an' a loaf a' bread. If a coupla us boys puts the spot on a bank, it usually goes pop before we gets our foot inside the door. If we tries th' store of a merchant what's noised up to be rollin' in rocks, we crack his pete and find out he's on th' rocks! An' when a burglar can't find no ports a' call, it don't take no Einstein to figger out that he ain't makin' no profit.

Well even a dumb duck like you, Izzy, kin understand that that's a hefty setback to th' boys what's gotta plug fer a livin'. But another big sob comes in here—the customers won't hand over peaceful no more. Yuh'd think they'd catch on that not havin' so much, they ain't got so much to lose! They're too solid in th' steeple to see that, though—they allus puts up a scrap. They'll kill yuh if yuh tries to get two bits off'n 'em today where they'd almos' hand yuh a five-X spot with their blessin' yesterday. Course, that goes fer stick-ups. If yuh jimmies a winder in a house an' sticks yer snoot in Papa's sock, or wherever it is they keeps th' kazaza, yer jist about to cuss out the family fer only havin' enough to keep yuh in fags fer a week, when like as not, th' ol' man plugs yuh in th' back. In th' good ol' days, they'd yowl fer help—now they don't even warn yuh they're gonna bop yuh. I tells yuh, it's gittin' to be a dangerous life! Th' insurance bozos kin smell yuh a mile off, an' they won't take a chanst on yuh at all no more.

But after all, Izzy, burglars is used to th' bumps. Jis' cause stuff to burgle is as scarce as checkbooks on a Scotchman, that wouldn't keep th' ol' masters in th' dumps. Yuh'd be bound to pick a meaty joint one swell day. But every dumb cluck like to think burglin's a last—what do they call it?—a last retort, ain't it? Yeah. Well that's what they tries to make outa burglin'—a last retort. They're only dirty amachooors, an' a' course they picks all the decent dumps an' makes a mess of 'em!

It ain't only that they put the big bonanzies wise, but they're a disgrace to th' perfession! Cheez, every trade's gotta have etticks, a' course, an' them nutty so-an'sos are wreckin' th' repitation an' smearin' th' fair name a' burglin'. Gas about yer overcrowded fields all yuh kin spout! Fer Capone's sake, every Pat an' Mike that loses a job pitchin' bricks, every Sam an' Henry that gits kicked off th' garbage wagon, every Mischa an' Yascha an' Jascha that goes flooey in th' clothin' racket, gets a nertsy notion they kin clean up all th' tripe as burglars. Jehosaphat P. God!

That's why I'm griped about th' depression! Ain't I got a right to be, geezer? Well, yuh'd be a messed-up palooka if yuh didn't say so, Izzy! I don't know wotnel I'm gonna do fer a livin'. Cheez! about all that's left fer me is to start in as a dirty bootlegger, or run fer alderman!



Essay as Pie

or

Nonchalance in English One

IF YOU are a Freshman and are enrolled (all students who have visited the Treasurer's office will understand what the term "enrolled" signifies) at Washington University it will be absolutely necessary for you to plunge into the activities of English One. Or, to speak more correctly, "to treat essential matters of grammar, diction, spelling, and mechanics, and develop with thoroughness the principles of sentence structure, and organization of larger elements, particularly the paragraph, and such matters of logic and style as make for effectiveness in the composition as a whole." If that doesn't make sense to you let it go.

It is our avowed and sincere purpose to deal plainly with this perplexing problem which every year proves to be the bane of so many Freshmen. We intend to beat a path for you Freshmen. Nay, we will do more, we will beat about the bush. Before we tear into the meat of this Essay it is proper that we should digress for a moment to call your attention to a certain novel attempt contained herein (and that's no story) to consider both the paragraph and Term Paper technique under one cover. The usual thing, of course, is to soak the undiluted Frosh for two books for the price of two. The boys and girls up in the English department learned that years ago. Darn smart, these Englishmen!

At the beginning of such a promising year (Hurrah for Hoover, his promises are better worded than they were four years ago) one is naturally filled with abundant exuberance but the Freshman will

need every inch of his and more to keep himself from being "done under" by such formidable adversaries as "misleading parallelism", "Emphasis by subordination", "Superficial resemblances", and "Ambiguous coordination" not to mention "Syllabication", and "Fuzzy thinking in general".

A complete knowledge of these rules is only a beginning to English 1. The essential thing for the perspired young writer to have in his possession is a topic about which to write. The best list of topics one can possibly use are those which come from life about him. If the girl on your left hasn't any ideas try the one on your right. Taking the obvious and then running them into the ground one can proceed with one single topic and soon have a positively nertsey list which will nauseate anyone except a young English teacher. Let us begin with the idea **Morning**. The first thing you will think of will be, let us say, Morning flowers. Now, of course, in order to write a really good knock-down C. paper one will have to limit his subject. If you have any left-overs write two separate paragraphs and get two C's. No-one ever gets more than a C grade on his first efforts unless he is the off-spring of some famous writer or is a great writer in embryo, then he will get an F. Incidentally, let us warn you, if you are mathematically inclined don't try to be smart and hand in two graphs for a "pair of graphs". English instructors are not responsive to this nuance. To get back to my digression: paragraph topics should narrow down to such things as "The Cruel Tragedy of the Long Stemmed Morning Flower", or "The Stalk of the Tiger Lily", or better yet, "One Thing I Learned from the Morning Flower". English teachers fairly eat these up. Sometimes they burn them up.

The Neophyte must have—to use the vernacular—his guts to stand up under the strain. In fact he must have them to stay alive, but that's beside the point. Week after week teachers vie with each other in assigning list after list of paragraph topics so that they can ostentatiously stack them up on their desks and play such games as "Pile, pile, whose got the biggest Pile?"

After the student has mastered the technique of the paragraph, which is the same as saying, after he has completed the prearranged schedule for paragraphs, the next thing in order is the putting of two and two to-gether and making one. These are known as short themes and are very simply made



Striking a happy Medium

by writing two separate paragraphs and a conclusion. There should be no more than one idea in each paragraph. As a matter of fact, you will be classed as a Frosh phenomena if you get as many as one idea to a paragraph. This is considerably above the average. These directions, if faithfully followed will help you to write a remarkable theme but they don't necessarily guarantee a good grade, for a great deal depends on which side your teacher is. If you are writing about Prohibition and your teacher's tongue hangs out for Roosevelt's beer, then tear heck out of that novel experiment. If, on the other hand, he is the proud possessor of a few shares of Concentrated Oil, well then, vice-versa as they singularly say in East St. Louis Courtrooms "Vice versus the city of East St. Louis."

Alack a day, one theme soon leads to another, and so we find ourselves lead, no, dragged, to the very brink of relaxation—the final examinations. But, before the final examination must, by everything that is sacred, come the semi-final examination and that is your proof-reading of your Term Paper.

After you have completed the necessary preliminaries of selecting and re-selecting your subject six or seven times (ending up with your original choice) and have conscientiously lost at least four packs of note cards you are then ready to draw up an outline. The actual laying out of an outline is really much more complicated than one is lead to believe. First of all the belligerent student will pick out a topic, such as the Navy. Then he will proceed to narrow this down to something he can capably rattle with in some three or four thousand words. "Getting at the Bottom of the Navy's Budget with Submarines" is a very fitting topic. "Officers Uniforms" is an ill-fitting one. This main topic is then divided into sub-topics and they are in their turn enlarged and merged together.

You then write your theme. It is best, if only for appearance's sake, to make your theme longer than your outline. It naturally follows that after having written your paper you will have to write a new outline which will coincide with your Theme.

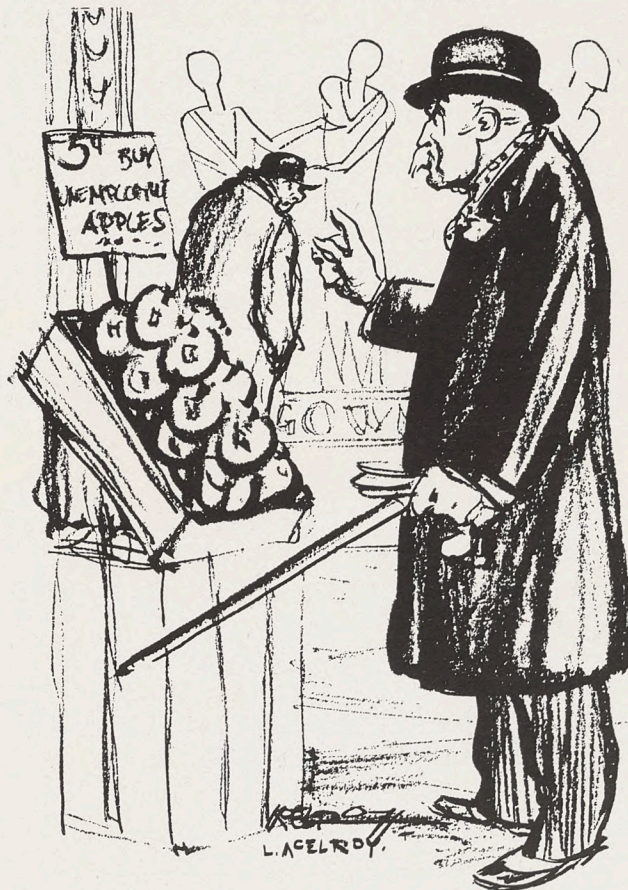
As a final bit of friendly advice may we offer a suggestion or two as to the general preparation and appearance of your Paper. It is always wise, in fact it amounts to Term Paper etiquette, to preface your efforts with a dedication as "To my father, on whose account I am Banking", and the like. At the very end of your masterpiece you should make a complete bibliography giving the Author and name of every reference used and a few you didn't use along with the date of publishment, the place of publishment, the name of the publisher, the name of the Publisher's daughter and her phone number, etc.

Presenting Mr. James G. Conzelman

(Continued from page 16)

the leader coach, he's got ideas and plenty of initiative. His first step was to establish new training rules for the bettering of the team and the team's morale. Freshmen (according to the law as Jimmy lays it down) will have to stay off the campus from 1 to 4 p.m. They will have to spend their time either at home or in their respective fraternity houses. Also Jimmy intends to keep a close tab on the grades of all the athletes and to tutor all those players who are on the near-dead-line. The entire purpose of all his rules and training requirements is to develop a better team through plenty of hard and effective practice. Conzelman's pronouncements about this years team are much as you have been reading them in the papers: "A team with a good line and one that will put up a hard fight."

Conzelman himself is an inspiring sort of person. His muscular physique along with his sincere and interesting way of talking made us so chuck full of enthusiasm for the man that we gave three silent hoops for Jimmy and Washington as we were saying "au revoir". And if his catching personality doesn't get hold of the student body and make them turn out "en masse" for the three or four student rallies which he has planned and if it doesn't make them shriek themselves hoarse for "Jimmy and his team" —well, then we don't know our Jimmy.



"No avocados, my man?"

—Notre Dame Juggler.

CAMPUS COMMENT (Continued from page 8)

Three might take her. Why not let the sororities on the last night bid their favorites who can answer either "Yes" or "No" (at least over the telephone) and finish the matter right off. But they probably all enjoy it.

Two car-loads of Kappas argued fiercely until two-thirty in the morning after their regular

meeting on the last night, and frightened several prominent rushees who overheard them almost to death . . . One Miss Co-ed whose first name sounds decidedly masculine, was sent a sweet little rush letter by the Kappa Sigs, thus keeping up the old Vivian Guilford tradition who

was rushed by every sorority on the campus . . . It is also rumored that the Tri-Delts were the best bunch of sobbers that the rushees encountered. The tears of the actives rained down upon Grand Boulevard from the Continental roof in a steady stream in an effort to get their women.

Revising the Old Ones

Familiarity breeds contempt.
Familiarity breeds attempt.
Familiarity breeds.

— D D D —

Frosh: "Pardon me, but would you mind repeating what you just said?"

Active: "I merely announced that the leading sorority on the campus has sent this chapter a blanket bid."

Frosh: "So this is college."

— D D D —

Many fraternities are planning to abolish their regular "Hell Week" this year and make their pledges attend all of the sorority pledge dances.

— D D D —

She: "Eustace, this summer has changed you so. Why don't you clasp me in your arms and say 'I love you', just as you used to do."

He: "Darling, I'm not changed; I'm merely sun-burned."

— D D D —

If all the fraternity rushers were laid end to end, they would lie from here until pledge night.

— D D D —

"I was ashamed to look her in the face."

"What happened?"

"She put her backless bathing-suit on backwards."

— D D D —

This new song "Three On A Match" is all right, but did you ever try it in a rumble-seat?

— D D D —

The height of something or other would be the Cremo Tobacco Co. manufacturing chewing tobacco.

Obstetrician: "See here, King Solomon, when do I get my two weeks vacation?"

— D D D —

"Ye gods, will this rain never stop," cried the wangled Soph who had stumbled into the shower room at the frat house.

— D D D —

First White-Wing: "Where's your pride? Look how much cleaner Blotz keeps his street. There's not a blemish in a block."

2 w.w.: "That's all right, but the S. P. C. A. is gonna get Blotz. He won't even let the horses hesitate."

— D D D —

"Say, you oughta see the keen table lamp I made out of an old whiskey bottle."

"I guess your room is all lit up."

— D D D —

"I say, Eve, a fig for your thought."

"Oh, Adam, now don't get evil-minded."

— D D D —

"Frank has never been seen drunk. After each drink of liquor he takes a spoonful of olive oil."

"Aha! Pouring oil on trouble water."

— D D D —

Oh, for the good old days when the guys who drove Model T Fords had to learn to shift for themselves.

— D D D —

"I can't stand these insipid, semi-sophisticated, half-baked, partially conscious, painted-up, stupid, dense, and thick-witted college-girls."

"What? You don't like co-eds?"

— D D D —

"That bloke's father owns three Packards."

"Yeah, their favorite song is 'Fliver, stay 'way from our door.'"



The difference between a movie producer and a college astronomer is that when the producer discovers a new star he makes a lot of money.

—Bucknell Belle Hop.

— D D D —

A musician who can play in ten flats in one night has got to be good.

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

— D D D —

It doesn't take very long before a ring on the table develops into a circle under the eye.

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

— D D D —

She: "How are we going to get home?"
New Yorker: "Oh, there must be subway!"

—Iowa Frivol.

— D D D —

Noise: "Knock, knock, knock."

Pope: "Who is it?"

Pope's Chamberlin (a bit griped for 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."

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

—North Carolina Buccaneer.

— D D D —

Lady: "Have you been offered work?"

Itinerant: "Only once, madam. Aside from that, I've had nothing but kindness."

—Battalion.

— D D D —

The supreme optimist is the girl who says, "He never said so, but I just know he loves me."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

— D D D —

Police Chief: "How's that murder story?"

Cop: "Awful! The same old bunk! They catch the murderer in the end!"

—Mercury.

— D D D —

He: "What are you thinking about?"

She: "The same thing as you."

He: "Well, I'm sorry, but it is impossible. I am in training."

—Battalion.

— D D D —

Father: "Look here, son, I don't want to see you drinking out of a bottle again. I had a friend who cut his lip very badly on a bottle once."

....Son: "But I'm hardened to it. Don't you remember when I used to cut my teeth on a bottle?"

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

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

"Had a rather bad time last night at the Drake's dinner. I told Mrs. Drake how well she looked in a bustle."

"What's wrong with that?"

"She wasn't wearing a bustle."

—Harvard Lampoon.

— D D D —

Chaperon: "Who's that under the piano?"

Pledge: "Er—the fellow must have danced until he was exhausted, ma'am."

—Penn State Froth.

— D D D —

"I'm the best street-cleaner in the city."

"Hm, that's a sweeping statement."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

— D D D —

Salesman (telegraphing from Ohio): "Having wonderful time. Marion is great."

Wife (telegraphing back immediately): "Same here George is not so bad."

—Cornell Widow.

— D D D —

If the depression keeps up, the highways will be cluttered with mothers hitch-hiking out to see their sons graduate.

—Notre Dame Juggler.

— D D D —

Favorite Sorority.

(Preferences voted by the students of Colgate University). First, Theta; Second, Alpha Phi.

—Banter.

— D D D —

When writing love letters to your girl, it's always an act of precaution to begin: "My dear sweetheart and gentlemen of the jury."

—Grinnell Malteaser.

— D D D —

Modernized Melodrama.

Father ((to the villain): "If you'll promise to take Nellie off our hands, we'll give you the farm, by cracky!"

—Cornell Widow.

— D D D —

"Where did you get those big, tender sympathetic eyes?"

"Oh," the sailor replied, "they came with my face."

—The Log.

— D D D —

NOTE

"Now," said the super-salesman, "this instrument turns green if the liquor is good—red if it is bad."

"Sorry, but I'm color blind," apologized the prospect, "Got anything with a gong on it?"

—Notre Dame Juggler.

— D D D —

We have heard about the girl who skated back from auto rides, girls who swam back from canoe rides, and girls who parachuted back from aeroplane rides, but we have yet to hear what happened to the girl who was taken out walking.

—Ski-U-Mah.

**SHALLCROSS
SERVICE
SATISFIES**



**PRINTING
STATIONERY**

1822 Locust St. CE ntral 3755

His Wench?

The day	But out
Was hot	On the
And dreary.	Lone highway
The sun	On this
Made folks	Torrid,
Grow bleary.	Sultry day,
The hot,	A man
Dry wind	In a
Going past	Topless wreck,
Like a	An old
Roaring	Rattling
Furnace blast	Ford, by heck,
Made man	Rolled on
And beast	Like mad
Discontent	Toward the town
As though	With two
A plague	Out of
Had been	Three tires down.
Sent.	The rim
Not a vulture	Of the
In the sky.	Other wheel
Every pig	Ripped
Was in	The pavement
His sty.	Up with zeal.
City streets	But why,
Were	You inquire
Still and empty;	This mad ride?
Thousands	Well, the plumb-
Of straws	Er for-
Drained iced tea.	Got his bride.

—Harpo.

— D D D —

Mist—white foam—a swirling sensation of billowing waves—where is he? He blundered against something hard and cold—a blinding, stinging sensation in his eyes—he gasped and choked—involuntarily he reached forward—the thing was within his grasp at last—a towel—and the soap was gone from his eyes.

—North Carolina Buccaneer.

— D D D —

Love Life

Freshman year: "Where did you get all the babes' pictures?"

Sophomore year: "Are those the two girls you like?"

Junior year: "Is that your girl friend?"

Senior year: "My Gosh, are you really married?"

—Notre Dame Juggler.

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

The school teacher had been reading her class stories of the lives of great inventors.

"Now then, Edgar, what would you like to invent?"

"Well, teacher," said the youth, "I'd like to invent a machine so that by simply pressing the button all my lessons would be done."

The teacher shook her head. "That's very lazy of you, Edgar," she reprimanded. "Now let Willie say what he would like to invent."

"Something to press the button," came the dreamy reply.

—The Log.

— D D D —

"When you say that, smile," said the news agent as the customer asked for a copy of Ballyhoo.

—Carolina Buccaneer.

— D D D —

"Pardon me," said the Hunchback of Notre Dame, "while I go and gargole."

—Wisconsin Octopus.

— D D D —

College Co-ed: "Oh, Mr. Gandhi, may I try on your pin?"

—Wisconsin Octopus.

— D D D —

Coed: "I call my boy friend Pilgrim because every time he dates me makes a little more progress."

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

— D D D —

Twenty Years After: The Big-Man-on-the-Campus Goes to Sing Sing:

Trusty (8, 9, 10); Assistant Trusty (5, 6, 7); Prison Band Leader (3, 4); President Cells on Tier D (4); Treasurer Double Stripe Club; Member, Ball and Chain; Organizing Member, Reformed Racketeers; Tobacco Monopoly (8, 9, 10); Cheer Leader Inter-Cell Baseball League (2, 3); Largest Number Attempted Escapes; Voted Biggest Pest.

—Carolina Buccaneer.

— D D D —

1st: "Where are you going, Tom?"

2nd: "Up to the gym to punch the bag a little."

1st: "When the cat's away—eh?"

—Vanderbilt Masquerader.

— D D D —

Then there was the lazy housewife who decided that she ought to reduce the dirty work around the place. So she stopped feeding the canary.

—Wisconsin Octopus.

— D D D —

She: "Why, I can't marry you. You're practically penniless."

He: "That's nothing. The Czar of Russia was Nicholas."

—Banter.

— D D D —

He: "Baby, you've the prettiest legs in captivity!"

She: "They're not in captivity; I'm single."

—The Log.

— D D D —

Our idea of a really clever guy is the ping-pong player who leaps the net to congratulate his victorious opponent.

—Penn State Froth.



It's easy and  it's smart

Two excellent reasons for the popularity of *Draped* clothing.

Sold exclusively in St. Louis by Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

Twenty-five to Thirty-five dollars

BRAEBURN UNIVERSITY CLOTHES

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

At first he liked being pledged, but he got sore in the end.

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

— D D D —

"What are you doing with that outboard motor?"
"Just puttering around a bit."

—Harvard Lampoon.

— D D D —

He "Did you hear about the Scotchman who had apoplexy?"

She: "No."

He "He was throwing pennies to children and the string broke."

—Banter.

— D D D —

Advice to party girls. Never let a fool kiss you and never let a kiss fool you.

—Banter.

— D D D —

Worst gag of the year, it seems to us was about the boy who stole a kiss and was told that it was petting larceny.

—Banter.

— D D D —

Our ancestors, we are reminded, used to hang from trees . . . nowadays the electric chair is more popular.

—Banter.

— D D D —

"Darling, I love you!"
"Who, me?"

—Notre Dame Juggler.

— D D D —

Hotel Clerk: "With bath, sir?"
Guest: "Naw, I'm only staying till Friday."

—Yale Record.

— D D D —

It was just another Scotchman who married the half-witted girl because she was fifty percent off.

—Yale Record.

— D D D —

Husband: "You, my best friend, with my wife? Really you know, old man, that isn't cricket!"

Twombly: "Of course not, but it's more fun."

—Tiger.

— D D D —

Lecturer: "Potts was a great man. At his death three towns were named for him: Pottsville, Pottstown, and Chambersburg."

—Wasp.

— D D D —

A maid announced with vigor.
"But some of them lack the nerve," I said,
"And some of them lack the figure."
"Girls have a right to dress as they please,"

—Boston Beanpot.

— D D D —

"Daughter, your hair is all messed up. Did that young man kiss you against your will?"

"He thinks he did mother."

—Phoenix.

Her sorority pin gleamed on her breast
Its sparkling jewels caused me unrest
I determined to get it.

Later, loving her, saying goodnight,
Kissing her, hugging her, doing it right,
I palmed the coveted bit.

Then I thought to myself—it's rather mean!
If she took my pin, I'd vent my spleen
So I returned her pin.

Surprised, she said, "How did you get that?"
I thought I was smart. Then, blow me flat!
She returned My pin.

—Boston Beanpot.

— D D D —

"My dear! Why, that's a tearable dress for a picnic."
"Ssh! Its got zippers too."

—Aogwan.

— D D D —

"I just left Harold. He's fast asleep."
"That's good. He's fearfully slow awake."

—Wataugan.

— D D D —

"Waiter, two orders of Spumoni Vericelli, please."
"Very sorry, sir, that's the proprietor, sir."

—Tiger.

— D D D —

Old Lady (to child): "What is your name, little girl?"
Child: "None of your damn business."
Old Lady: "And is your father a college man, too?"

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

Drunk (gently rapping on a light post): "There's no body home, but there's a light upstairs."

—Wampus.

— D D D —

"I am sorry," said the dentist, "but you cannot have an appointment with me this afternoon. I have eighteen cavities to fill." And he picked up his golf bag and went out.

—The Siren.

— D D D —

Notice: From this date, I will not be responsible for any debts or obligations made by my wife.—G. A. F.

Notice: I have not purchased anything for cash or credit since I became Mrs. G. A. F.—Mrs. G. A. F.

—Indiana Bored Walk.

— D D D —

Here lies a young salesman named Phipps,
Who married on one of his trips,
A widow named Block,
Then died of the shock,
When he saw there were six little chips.

—Syracuse Orange Peel.

— D D D —

"Did you ever see a Straight 8?"
"No, all I ever saw were curved."

—Carolina Buccaneer.

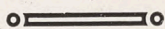
— D D D —

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

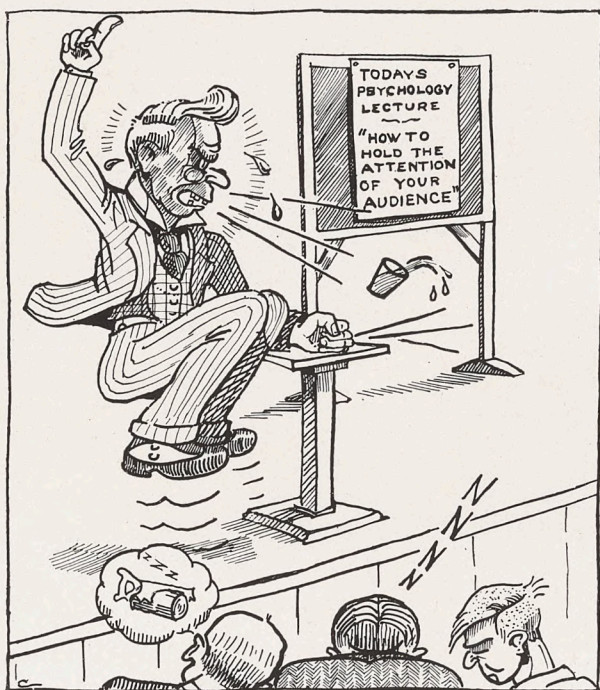
—V. P. I. Skipper.

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

"Forgotten Four"



WHEN Northeast Hall was torn down last summer, several



Audience Coma induced by a surfeit of old Dirges. A sure cure for insomnia or something.

small stacks of old Dirges were found hidden away in dark and musty recesses of the Dirge Office. Feeling that they might be of some slight interest to a few students, and anxious that they might fulfill their rightful destiny in this world, we conceived the idea of grouping them in sets and offering them to whomever. These sets, each containing four different issues of Dirge, we dubbed "Forgotten Fours." We'll give you a "Forgotten Four" for 25¢ (one two-bit piece). If interested, you

better "do it now." Quantity is naturally limited.



Two-bits equals one "Forgotten Four"

at

Student Finance Office

15 Brookings

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



1911

This dashing equestrian was much in evidence at the more fashionable horse shows of 1911. To the hard-riding set of today, his costume may appear just a trifle noisy—his collar just a bit too formal. But then he was the very “glass of fashion and mould of form”—as evidenced by the admiration of the Girl Friend. For then—as now—the style was set by Arrow.



1932

The well-dressed young man of 1932 wears the Arrow Gordon. An oxford shirt with a collar into whose folds have gone all the secrets Arrow has learned in tailoring over four billion collars. In white with either a plain collar or the button-down collar shown here, the Gordon is \$1.95. Its companion is the Trump. Of specially woven broadcloth, in white, stripes and plain colors, \$1.95.

Arrow Shirts are shrunk by Arrow's own Sanforizing Process—the only process of its kind—a process that guarantees permanent fit no matter how many times the shirt is laundered or you get your money back.

Whether your arms are long or short, you can get your correct sleeve lengths in an Arrow Shirt, and they stay correct forever. For Arrow is known for its meticulous fit—from the

cuffs to the collar. An Arrow collar is the best-fitting, smart-looking collar that ever graced a shirt. And it's the collar, you know, that makes or mars the style of a shirt—the part of the shirt that the world sees. Only Arrow Shirts have Arrow Collars. When you're buying shirts, look for the Arrow label. Remember, if it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow.

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ARROW SHIRTS SANFORIZED SHRUNK

Guaranteed to fit you PERMANENTLY — or your money back