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### Washington University Dirge

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

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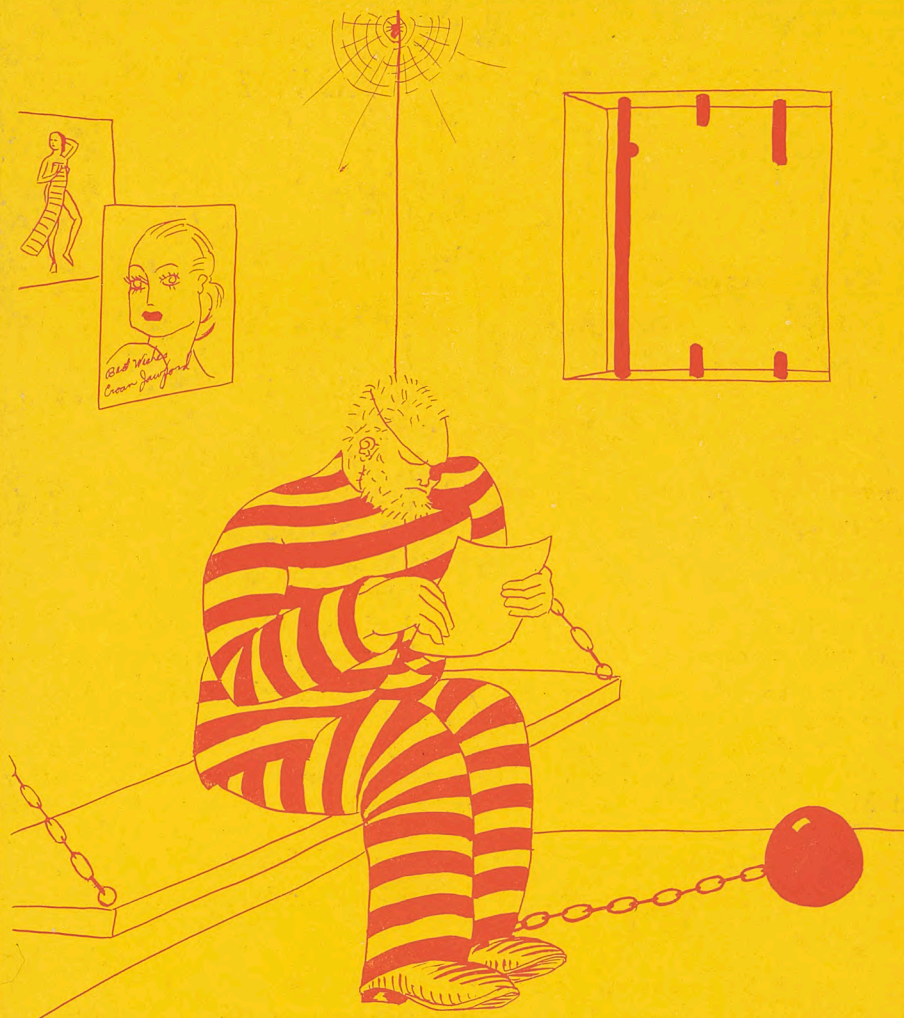
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# DIRECT

OCTOBER  
1932

FIFTEEN  
CENTS



"Honorable Peter McGinnis:

You, as treasurer of the state committee of the party, are requested to attend a special meeting on October 25th. Trusting you - - -"

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

ST. LOUIS

ZENAEBO

NAME	<b>T E R N I O N I O N</b>	TELEPHONE NUMBER
LOCAL ADDRESS		CLASS
SCHOOL		HOME ADDRESS
NOV. 1—10c		NOV. 1—10c
<b>T E R N I O N</b>		NOV. 1—10c
FACULTY		STUDENTS
SOCIETIES		ORGANIZATIONS
DIRECTORS		OFFICERS

The Ternion Director contains the name, school, class, address, telephone number, local address and home address of every student and faculty member at Washington University.

The directory also contains a list of the telephone numbers of the University and the dormitories; the names of the various societies and organizations, together with the officers of each; the names of the students in the Women's and Men's Self-Government Association; the names of the authorized publications, editors and business managers; the names of the Women's and Men's Fraternities, addresses, telephone numbers, presidents and secretaries; the names of all professional fraternities in the various schools; the key to the buildings comprising Washington University and the names of the Directors and Officers of the Corporation.

A handy classified directory appears in the back of the directory.

« Associated Members »

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STUDENT LIFE

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY DIRGE  
ST. LOUIS LAW REVIEW

TERNION  
FOOTBALL PROGRAM

The Associated Students' Advertising Bureau

ROOM 15, BROOKINGS HALL « » WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

Telephone: CAby 2382—Station 82

St. Louis, Missouri

# Rapid Rhymes

## "POEME"

When I am  
Here,  
You are  
There.  
When I am  
there,  
You are  
here.  
Here—  
There—  
Where?

— D D D —

## "AUTUMNAL MODERNE"

As quick as fall the dark'ning shades og\* night,  
The leafy trees are rustled by the breeze,  
And naught is left save trunk.

Trees  
Breeze.  
Trunk  
Bunk.

\* "Og" is the mystic influence of the moderne—  
groping ever with feverous fever.

— D D D —

## "PITH"

To me, George Olsen  
Is like Scott' Emolsen.

A guy I hate  
is Rudy Valle.

If I were king,  
he'd be a galle.

— D D D —

## "WHITHER, WHITE HOUSE?"

I have thought of giving Roosevelt  
My erstwhile potent vote,  
But his figure neither stout not svelte  
Provokes my erstwhile goat.  
On the other hand, there's Hoover, Herb.,  
With claims to staunch support,  
But his fishing stance learned on the kerb  
Makes staunch old trout cavourt.

— D D D —

## "QUERY"

Will Doctor Lien  
Become a Dien?

— D D D —

## "RHAPSODY IN RHODES"

Johnny Smith on Beowulf,  
Conjugating on the hulf  
Oldish English, sure is tulf.

— D D D —

## "SOCIALISTIC SALAMI"

Will Norman Thomas  
Keep his promas?

## "ODE TO A WEST WITCH"

Waves of seething, sibilant sound,  
Reverberating, rushing 'round  
These prisoned souls, these troubled spirits,  
Prostrate, pray to fear; it's  
Nothing, neither more nor less,  
But Maas's economics cless.

— D D D —

## "McADOO ABOUT NOTHING"

McAdoo and Randolph Hearst  
Of Roosevelt patronage want the mearst.

— D D D —

## "ILLITERATE ELECTORATE"

To voters a depression  
Often shows a bitter less'ion.

— D D D —

## "TARIFF TROUBLES"

Hawley-Smoot and Jesse James  
Work together, all-y same.

— D D D —

## "MONETARY MELODY"

Reconstruction Finance Corp.—  
In heaven, from them get your harp.  
Give reasons.

— D D D —

For full satisfaction  
Makek thine selaction  
Ere the elaction—  
Lat's have some ection!

— D D D —

## "DISPUTATION"

Recreation  
Co-operation  
Fascination.  
Invitation  
Infatuation  
Subordination.  
Interrogation  
Consultation  
Osculation.  
Exploration  
Delectation  
Sophistication.

— D D D —

## "AND BABY MAKES THREE"

When wintry winds wind weary o'er us,  
Charging shrilly; shredding cloud,  
Will you consider, blase, blatant,  
Recollecting troth you vowed?  
Or will devotion's duties deadening  
Urge procrastination; pray,  
Shall Rover get his daily dozen,  
Baby lulled at break of day?  
And doctor's fees—  
No kidding puh-leeze!

# Gulliver's Voyage to the Land of Yewsa

ALTHOUGH MY OWN KIND, the smoothly uncouth Yahoos, were odiously repulsive to me upon my return from the ideal land of the Houyhnhnms, I was able to again mix with them when necessary, and only rarely was overcome with nausea when in close contact with them. One autumn day, however, some fortnights before Christmas, these spells became an almost daily trial, and I resolved to forsake offensive human companionship and again undertake a voyage. Two days later saw me shipped on the west-bound merchantman WILD BOAR as the ship's surgeon, I having deigned to accept this more menial station in lieu of a captaincy in order to forego the necessity of a further delay. Meeting with brisk winds, we drove westward for some days, when suddenly in mid-afternoon, darkness fell.

For weeks afterward we alternately ran before the wind, tacked, or drifted, all the time doing the work on the sails in a Stygian Blackness that weighed upon us like a giant basket of coal. Not once did that ebon umbra lift. We gradually lost our

bearings as our supply of combustibles for illumination was exhausted, and we therefore were exceedingly thankful when we finally felt our ship run aground on a gently sloping beach.

On our first exploration trip I unfortunately became separated from my comrades and ended up by stumbling into what appeared to be a gravel pit and spraining my ankle. I swooned, and when I finally came to, found myself a captive in that strange country whose name is most nearly expressed in our language as YEWSA. The darkness had lifted, and the regular procession of light and dark had resumed. I resided there in tolerable comfort for some weeks, and I do propose herein to relate to you some of the strange customs of that peculiar country, together with diverse observations of my own as to the validity of their notions.

At the time of my arrival feeling was running high, for it was the season for the national games, the favorite one being Bean-Bag Tossing. This game, conducted in various form in all the political divisions of the land, and also in the seats of learning and social clubs, is the means of selecting the main or head MUG (citizen) in each organization. The game is very simple, exactly suited to the tempers of its players: any MUG possessing the entrance fee may put his hat in a previously inscribed ring, and then the other MUGS come along and toss bean-bags into the hats—the hat with the most bean-bags wins.

When several hats have been thrown in the same ring, their owners seek to gain support for their own entries by means of speeches and rantings from the "sawed-off tree." The substance of these exhortations is technically termed "hoop-la." At the time of my visit "hoop-la" existed in a state of great overproduction. Consumption was being impeded, so I was informed, by a virulent condition of "hard-thinking." This sad condition was much deplored by stand-pat hat-throwers, who found the going very rough indeed. Another source of irritation at this time were the bull-headed MUGS who went about muttering "wanta change, wanta change."

Three additional characteristics of the bean-bag tossing game are noteworthy. First, to become an **etadinac**—that is, to have one's hat in the ring—is very expensive. Often elimination bean-bag tossing contests are held, the winners of which are permitted to put their hats in the big ring for the final, or **noitceal**.



"May I try on that lingerie in the window?"

(Continued on Page 24)



*“You’re telling ME they’re Milder?”*

IF YOUR cigarette is mild—that is, not strong, not bitter, but smokes cool and smooth—then you like it.

If your cigarette tastes right; if it tastes better—that is, not oversweet; and if it has a pleasing aroma—then you enjoy it the more.

Everything known to Science is used to make Chesterfield Cigarettes milder and taste better.

The right kinds of leaf tobacco—American and Turkish—are blended and cross-blended. That’s why “They Satisfy.”



© 1932,  
LIGGETT & MYERS  
TOBACCO CO.

## "For Men Only"

The bear growls . . . the tiger roars . . . the eagle screams . . . but poor ole man just shivers. When the cold winds blow blusteringly over the stadium . . . or when you're parked in a rumble far out in the wilds . . . intent upon getting in the maximum amount of loving in the minimum of time . . . there is nothing so discouraging to the production of a superior effort with the assurance of a reasonable amount of success as to be improperly clad. Hence, it might be well to consider . . . especially at this time of the year . . . Man's substitutions on ole dame nature . . . namely: "TOPCOATS."

Just picture a beautiful night . . . a gorgeous girl . . . a desolate spot . . . an obscure moon . . . and you in a swelegant polo coat . . . the latest in smart dress . . . full belt and luxuriously soft. Big enough to wrap up both of you for a few moments of stolen bliss. Say! They're great! And for looks . . . broad shoulders . . . narrow waist . . . full drape skirt . . . manly, dignified and correct . . . ideal for all forms of dress . . . especially around the campus . . . or on a date . . . and the POCKETS . . . there is something important! . . . Inside, the pocket will easily conceal normal capacity . . . and those on the outside are large enough to contain supplies for even the peers of T.N.E. or Kappa Bet.

For those rainy, drizzly days . . . cold and bleak . . . when slickers freeze and grow stiff . . . when the conventional trench coat becomes as saturated and useless as the average grad at homecoming . . . try the new innovation in toppers for inclement weather . . . fleece-lined for warmth . . . waterproofed for protection . . . styled for correctness . . . a boon for the college man of today . . . and of intense importance in this present day.

Always correct in dress . . . neat in appearance . . . essential to everyman's wardrobe . . . is the tweed . . . rough and shaggy . . . taken from the old country . . . with all the old world style and smartness . . . fitted with both raglan and set-in sleeves . . . full and half-belt . . . new color combinations that vary according to the capacity of the pockets . . . Ah! those pockets.

Speaking of tweeds . . . make it a point to see the new "Two-way" coats . . . they're reversible for people that fail to come in out of the rain . . . when the Heavens begin to function . . . and the clouds begin to unleash a deluge of torment upon an unsuspecting you . . . just rip it off . . . spin it inside out . . . button up into your gabardine lining . . . give the clouds five fingers . . . and strut nonchalantly down the boulevard. At the conclusion of the precipitation . . . reverse the procedure and step out in the tweed reversible. (P.S. they're reasonable too.)

There are new models in dress for the bird that insists upon correct attire . . . setting one off to his best advantage on occasions demanding fussy clothes . . . those nights at the hotels . . . formal parties and the holiday rush . . . Beau Brummelish to say the least.

YOU KNOW THE OLD WISE CRACK about beauty being skin deep. Something to it . . . but brought up to date maybe it would read, "beauty is only paint deep."

Anyway you put it, the fact is that the outside shell is seen first and counts most. Whereby hangs a moral for worldly wise young men. If you want to step out in shining style these chilly days, your topcoat should (by ye gods, MUST) be custom tailored.

In the Losse College Section, a young man's topcoat custom tailored, \$35 to \$60.

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

"Let's go down to the drugstore and guzzle a couple nice big cokes."

"I'm not very thirsty; I'll just get a coquette."

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

Lily: "And when did you first discover he was no gentleman?"

Daisy: "When the davenport broke."

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

Scotchman (eating at PK's): "Why does this chicken have a leg missing?"

Pete: "It was in a fight sir."

Scotch: "Well, take it back and bring me the winner."

—Loughorn.

— D D D —

"Where's that five bucks you owe me? I feel like punching your face."

"Tutut, be careful; if we fight it'll be a war debt, and then where'll you be."

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

Harry, son of the well-known Scotchman, fell off a bridge into a river and would have drowned if another boy hadn't dived in, to save him. That night the Scotchman came to see the boy.

"Are you the lad who saved my son's life?" he asked.

"Why, yes."

"Well, where's his hat?"

—Loughorn.



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#### THIS MONTH

This month we shatter political precedent by nominating as our candidate for president a fellow by the name of Hoover, of whom you may have heard. We conduct his campaign—in our own trail-breaking-way—and we were confident, on the eve of the election, that our candidate would get a vote. Thus you can easily conceive our chagrin to find that OUR PARTY and candidate had not been placed on the ballot. What a gyp!

But there's always 1936.

#### NEXT MONTH

- 1 bold, bad villain.
- 1 handsome, dashing hero.
- 1 damsel in distress.
- 1 heavy—the damsel's father.

Beat thoroughly, add a pinch of salt, and boil for 10 minutes. Presto! Our sterilized

MELODRAMA NUMBER



**Washington University DIRGE**

*"Jest in peace"*

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY SAINT. LOUIS. MO. 1853

**Bearers of The Pall**

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 Art Editor .....BILL VAUGHN  
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 Herbert Ross

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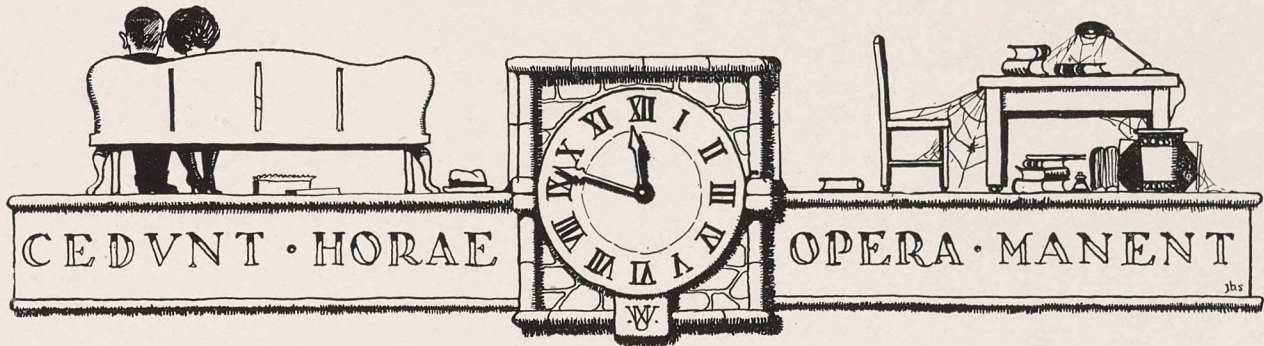
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*Member of Midwest College Comics Association.*

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## CAMPUS COMMENT

### Keep Your Pants About

This is one on Rupert (Dean of Women) Allan. Rupert, you know, likes to tell the kind of joke that ends in somebody getting socked—somebody else, you understand. "So he hit me like THIS..." that sort of performance. Well, the group of fellows that were being regaled by Rupert's choice wit stood for just about three of those, and then they took out after him. They chased him to the women's athletic field before they caught him.

Somebody had the smart idea of de-pantsing Allan—no sooner said than done. But it was Ray Wiese's brain-work that thought up the stunt of carrying the pants into the front hall in McMillan and draping them over the statue that so bleakly views the incoming and outgoing girls.

But Rupert wasn't licked. He sent his little brother Harpo—pardon us; Harper—in to get the pants. Encountering Dean Starbird, Harper fumbled for a second, and then said, "I came—I came in to get Delos Reynold's... pants!" And the Dean answered him: "Will you tell Delos Reynolds that he would be wise to keep his trousers with him at all times?"

### C. Harry

It was one of those sessions at the fraternity\* house when the boys were looking for somebody to rag. Someone had to be put on the pan.

By common consent, the choice fell on Harry ("Glad-Hand") Bleich, who was at the moment peacefully practicing back-slapping on the sofa at the Bleich family manse. Accordingly, the Local Dim-Wit evolved a plan, fastened himself to the telephone, and, with the brothers draped about him, called the Personality Boy. The following conversation took place:

L. D-W.—Is this Harry Bleich, Junior?

H. B.—Yes, it is.

L. D-W.—The Bleich who is the editor at Washington U?

H. B.—Editor of the Year Book? Why... (clearing his throat)... yes, this is he.

L. D-W.—This is the city desk at the Post-Dispatch. We're calling to check your name as turned in on an article.



"Ham on Rye to Go!"



**The Stork Evens Matters with Walter Winchell.**

H. B.—(with rising inflection) Yes?

L. D-W.—Is your name Harry C. Bleich or C. Harry Bleich?

H. B.—Why, C. Harry Bleich is the correct name.

L. D-W.—C. Harry, eh? . . . Good. Thanks, Bleich. Watch for tomorrow's issue. The article will be on the first page of the second section.

H. B. (taking notes rapidly—First page . . . second section . . . I see. Well, thanks very much. I'll look for it.

L. D-W.—Not at all. Good-bye.

H. B. (falling inflection) — Good-bye.

We just wanted to tell you, Harry, so you could stop looking for the article.

\* Not Sigma Chi. We said "fraternity."

#### Incident

Now that the Rushing season is over the usual rushing stories are circulating. The best of the

current batch involves two of the boarding-houses on the Row. For convenience we will call them Frat. "A" and Frat. "B."

It all started when Frat. "A" received with joy a letter from one Elmer Hofstedler, graduate of the local high school in a small Illinois town. E. Hofstedler said that he would deem it an honor and a privilege to wear the pledge button of dear old "A", but that the wily "B's" had trapped him into promising to move into their asylum when he came to town. When rush week arrived a Frat. "A" delegation came over to the "B" house to get Hofstedler. To the "B's", however, the name was as strange as it was phony. During the following week the boys from Frat. "A" were loud in their demands that Elmer be released into the caressing clutches of their open arms. The day after pledge night a bunch of the "B" boys were talking things over and decided it would be peachy fun to pull what we college boys call "a fast one." Accordingly one of the number phoned the "A" house and asked to speak to the Rush Captain. When that worthy answered the phone he was told that he was speaking to Elmer Hofstedler who had just arrived at the Union Station. When asked what his plans were Mr. H. averred that he had heard nothing further from Frat. "B". The Rush Captain took the cue and said he would be at the station in twenty minutes and would be wearing a dark suit and glasses.

"I," said Elmer, "will be wearing a dark suit and a yellow suitcase."

When the boys dashed from the house a few minutes later they found that a "B" delegation was leaving simultaneously. There was a wild rush to the station. When the "A" nimrods arrived they saw no Hofstedler. They looked around and when they finally went out into the train shed they found a triumphant ring of

"B" brothers congratulating a boy in a dark suit and a yellow suitcase. In his buttonhole gleamed a frat pin. After questioning "Elmer" as to whether or not his decision was final the forces of "A" retreated, nonplussed for the nonce.

The "A's" reported the whole sordid matter to the authorities and appointed a committee to talk things over at the "B" house. It took a great deal of explaining by the "B's" to persuade them that the boy whom they saw so unceremoniously pledged was not Hofstedler, but a freshman whom they pledged the night before. When they were finally convinced that the whole affair was a hoax it is reported that one of their number accepted it as a fairly funny joke; steps will probably be taken to evict him from the chapter.

Mind you, we don't know about all this—we only heard. If you really want to know ask a little bird.

#### Newsreel

Our neighborhood theatre showed a newsreel talky the other night of the lady who is president of the Anti-Saloon League. Slightly scared, but speaking with a true reformer's sneer, the good lady started out slow and finished in a rhetorical cloud-burst concerning the drunken father beating his little children. The audience listened politely at first and ended up by laughing, hissing, and booing. The biggest laugh came when the good lady wise-cracked that the wage earner doesn't spend his money for liquor any more. A man behind us remarked, "I guess you couldn't call it liquor at that." An old lady sitting near, who smelled rather beery, said, "Tsk, tsksk." We murmured something equally funny too, but we've forgotten what it was.



# VERSE, bad and VERSE

## ELECTION TERSE VERSE

Herb Hoover—  
Fun remover.

Little Frank  
Has a wet plank.

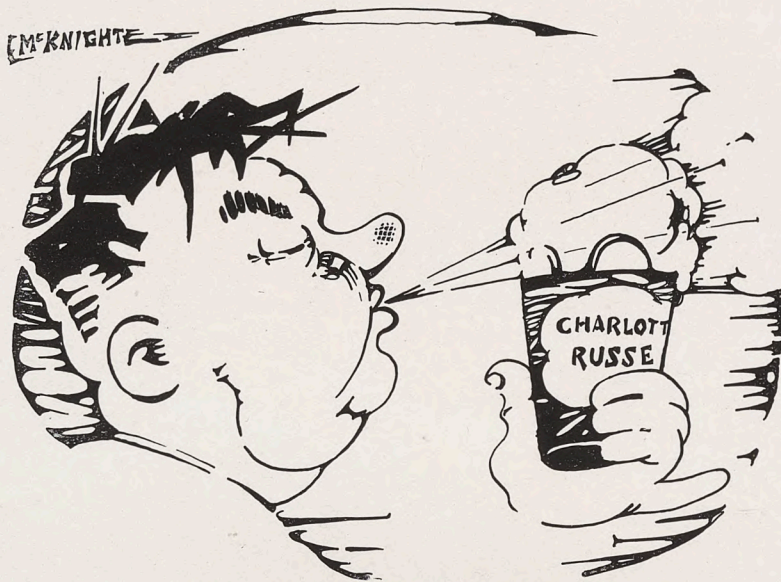
Harmless Charles  
Curtis,  
He won't hurt us.

Little John Garner  
Will sit in a corner.

Senator Borah  
Gets sorah and sorah.

The Happy Warrior  
Is feeling sorrier.

Ogden Mills  
Handles bills.



It's expensive for Wickersham  
To send off a telegram.

New York's Jimmy  
Always Says, "Gimme."

Dolly and Alice  
Once were jalice.

Will Norman Thomas  
Keep his promise?

Tammany Hall  
Can easily stall.

Has Volstead  
Been misled?

Silent Cal—  
Herby's pal.

Ambassador Andy  
Came in handy.

After the din  
May the best man  
WIN.

—G. S.

## WHILE YOU'RE BANISHED

How I longed to press your lip to mine;  
How I longed to link my life with thine.  
The cooler you were, the dearer you seemed  
You were my only wish; of you I dreamed.  
They said you drew me down and then  
Wouldn't let me up again.  
But now, I've gone down deeper still  
Since they took you away, against my will.  
Yet, it took millions of people and the President  
To make complete your banishment.  
And Congress, too, must have her say  
In sending what I need away.  
Each candidate for Presidency  
Says he'll bring you back again to me.  
So the end of your exile is drawing near  
And I'll soon have my mug of old-fashioned beer.

—D. B.

— D D D —

## THE HORN'S THE SAME FOR A' THAT

The new Ford car's a well-made job,  
With emblem proud, and a' that;  
With stream-lined body, chromium plate  
(That won't becloud), and a' that.  
But a' that, and a' that,  
Won't change its name, for a' that—  
A Ford's no better than its horn,  
And it's the same for a' that.

## All highfalutin bravado

And stuck-up airs and a' that,  
Is but a tinsel outward show—  
The horn still blares for a' that.  
That horn's the self-same raucous thing  
That Fords have had for years—  
Its tone is strident, brazen, harsh,  
And grates upon one's ears.

The calm of any day is shattered  
When that horn horns in—  
Pedestrians for blocks around  
Are scattered by its din.  
Henry's newest model makes  
The "T" type look forlorn—  
But this illusion disappears  
Each time one hears the horn.

What though it ostentation claims  
With shockless frame, and a' that?  
This fact is patent of one's ear:  
The horn's the same for a' that;  
For a' that, and a' that,  
I say but "fie" to a' that—  
The fretful, irate, little horn  
Gives the lie to a' that.

Don't say  
Paper—

# Daily Scram

Say  
Scram!

Warm-Cha Edition

Straight from the Old Home Town.

Price, 2 d.

## DIRGE NOMINATES HOOVER!

American political precedent was shattered last night when the newly organized Dirge Party named as its candidate for president one Herbert Hoover, former Belgian purveyor of foodstuffs and at present president of the United States and candidate of the Republican party for the same presidency. This is the first time (and probably the last) in history that one man has been the candidate of two parties. This nomination, coming as the climax of a bitterly contested convention session held at the printers, fell like a thunderbolt on the country at large. The three reserved seats in the convention hall were filled to overflowing with such noted political observers as Charlie Freeman, Henry Whiteside, and John Miksicek—especially Miksicek—and when the deciding vote was finally taken after a three hour deadlock bedlam broke loose.

When Mr. Hoover was notified of his nomination by the Dirge Party he stated "I do not choose to pun." This is not only sound Republican doctrine but is an out-moded political phrase, and was taken by the political writers present to amount to a tacit acceptance of the proffered honor. Mr. Hoover would say nothing more, so the newspaper men took their departure and ran for the telegraph office to wire a half a column each.

The excitement which had greeted the announcement of the nomination was only excelled by that which rocked the land when the news of honest Herb Hoover's tacit acceptance was flashed over the wires. Thousands of yards of ticker tape were thrown out of a basement window in the Flatiron building and celebrants on skyscraper roofs tossed their hats hundreds of feet above the street. The cloud of gloom which had

enveloped the nation for so long seemed to lift momentarily, and the Happiness Boys got a week's booking in Fort Wayne, Indiana. A new spirit seemed to animate the people, and the last three starvation cases brought into the morgue had smiles on their faces.

Although the Dirge Convention (called three days before the deadline) is now over, there are a few details to be cleared up, one of them being the election of the candidate. However, a n

Election Committee was appointed, consisting of Bill Vaughan, Herbert Ross, Gilbert Palen, and Bill Edgar, and they report progress.

### DIRGE'S PLATFORM

WHEREAS, Will Rogers has declined to enter the lists this year. And the two major parties are so old they are feeling twinges of rheumatism everywhere except the crazy bone, and are both chewing up the public funds with false teeth (not to mention words and promises.)

AND WHEREAS, nine-tenths of the citizens have nothing and are in a fair way to lose that. And the name La Follette is as mud in Wisconsin. And politicians are bow-legged from straddling.

AND WHEREAS, the people demand a new deal, and the Dirge party is the only party low enough to deal from the bottom of the pack.

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that the platforms of the two major parties, in essence, are as conservative as the people about whom H. L. Mencken writes diatribes, that the American people have been forced up a tree by political grafting, and that it will be a devil of a lot of fun to nominate as candidate a man already nominated by one of the major parties and see what will happen, and also to campaign for him and elect him **on our platform.**

THEREFORE BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that the several toothpicks in our platform shall be that:

1. An egg in every pot.
2. Theatre programs in which the cast is given more space than the persons who supplied the props.
3. More sit-in-the-parlor dates.
4. A lower tariff wall—this will require the hiring of a wrecking crew and will help to do away with unemployment.
5. We will supply the country with a good new joke—our administration.
6. And now, by crackee, and by natural processes, a chicken in every pot!

### Roosevelt "on to" Attempted Stragem of Dirge Party

"He isn't fooling me any," stated Franklin de Roosevelt to a reporter this morning, when asked what he thought of Mr. Hoover's candidacy under two party flags, "he is obviously trying to curry favor with a variety of political factions. No one should be deceived for a minute by this thin camouflage. It is a cheap contemptible trick. Poo-ey!"

### WHEREIN POPEYE DECIDES FOR WHOM TO VOTE

Well blow me down, if it ain't time to voke for  
Presidinks.

Ahoy there, Mister Hoover, come 'ere and tell me  
what ya thinks.

Ya say ya got a plak-farm. Has it got a spinach  
patch?

Hey, don't laff at me. I'll slap ya down a hatch.

Ahoy, ya swab, I know yer pan. Yer Mister  
Roosefelk.

Ya say when yer erlected, the depression won't be  
felk.

Ya'll gladly pay me Tuesday fer a voke fer yer  
today;

Why that ain't nothin' fer a poltishun to say.

Say, ya blasked landlubber, ain' cha Mister  
Thomas?

Like all the other canderdates, I gues yer got a  
promise.

Ya'll put me where I blongs—with other nuts up  
in the trees

Hey, don't say that ta me! I'll lay ya 'mong swee'  
peas.

And all ya other candidates, step up now but don't  
crowd.

Does ya blieve in Perabition? Don't be scared to  
say it loud.

Why'reya all so quiet and not a sound I hears?  
Get out of here, ya coyards, 'fore I knocks ya from  
between yer ears.

With all this talk 'bout fanince and Presidinks  
salaries,

We should reduce the blasked bugdet—that I easily  
sees.

A fella who don't wear much cloes would certain  
come in handy

And I doesn't like the other swabs, so I thinks I'll  
voke fer Ghandi.

—D. B.

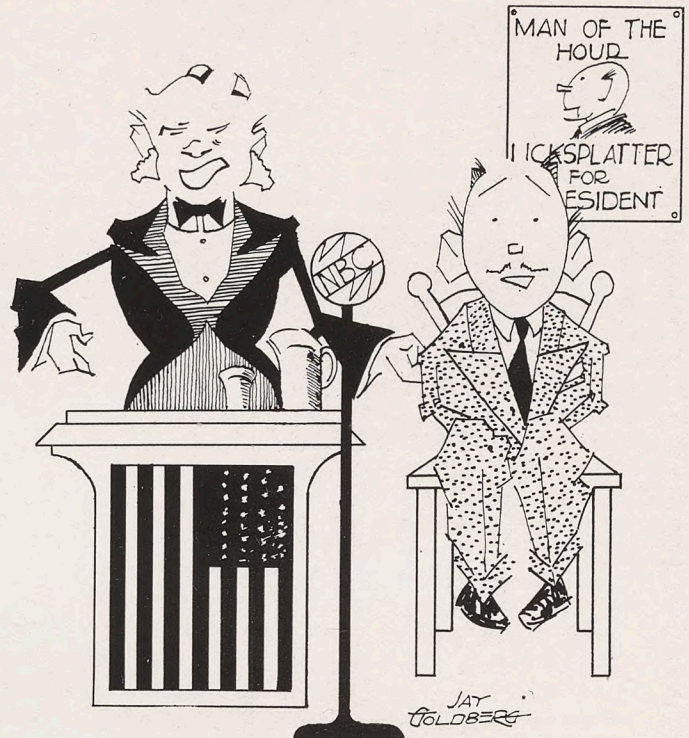
— D D D —

News Note—Judge Ben Lindsey says that it is  
not good for college boys to "run around with girls  
until early in the morning," but we think that the  
danger arises only after they have stopped "run-  
ning around."

— D D D —

Liza (after a fall and recovery at the ice rink):  
"Did you see how quick ah recovered mah equi-  
lib'ium, Rastus?"

Rastus: "Golly, yas—almos' befo' ah noticed  
it was uncovered.



"—that I present Senator Licksplatter, another  
Lincoln!"

### POPEYE FOR PRESIDENT

"Vote for Roosevelt," some will say.  
Some want another Hoover day,  
Others still for Thomas sigh,  
But my vote goes for old Popeye.

He may not look so, but he's strong.  
Follow him; you can't go wrong.  
His platform may not sound so hot,  
But it says an awful lot.

"Eat your spinach twice a day,  
You'll grow strong and stay that way."  
Hoover got a four year try,  
Now lets give one to old Popeye.

Make Mr. Wimpy, treasurer,  
That is all he's really good "fer",  
Give him quite a lot of pay,  
To buy hamburgers every day.

Just cross off Herb and Franklin, too,  
For now, you know just what to do.  
For other candidates, don't sigh.  
But cast your vote for old Popeye.

—A. M.

— D D D —

"Hey, fellows, that English Prof just passed our  
three flunking pledges."

"Great!"

"Yeah, but he wouldn't stop the car even when  
they waved to him."

# The Glittery Digest

OCTOBER 31, 1932

## GEMS OF THE DAY

### Candidates Neck-and-Neck In Poll

WHAT NO CANDIDATE is going to have a walk-away in this year's presidential election is the conclusion pointed to by the first returns in the mammoth straw vote being conducted by the Glittery Digest, the best weekly commentary on world events in America. For these initial scattered returns from three states picked at random give each of the candidates of the three major parties (Dirge, Republican, and Democratic) an identical number of votes. But do not construe this to mean that no candidate will be elected—it only indicates that the campaign this year is to be strenuous and hard-fought, with the probability being that one candidate will defeat his rivals by a vote or two, or perhaps three. The Glittery Digest has conducted these comprehensive polls for years, and never has the balloting concluded with a three-way tie. "Never," says the London Courant.

The returns which have been flowing into the Glittery Digest office at a crescendo pace, are being tabulated as rapidly

up-to-date magazine and we'll attempt to leave you in even greater suspense than we do now.

Buy the Glittery Digest and be sure that your candidate isn't left at the poll.

### The New Dirge Party

The W. U. "Dirge" (Dirge) enumerates the following advantages of the newly formed "Dirge" party:

It is the youngest political minority in the U. S.

It takes a straddle on more issues than either of the so-called major parties.

It is simple and easy to operate.

It is inexpensive—costs only 15 cents.

#### TABLE OF VOTES

	<i>DIRGE</i>			<i>How the Same Voters Voted in 1776.</i>		
	<i>Candidate</i>	<i>REPUB. Candidate</i>	<i>DEMOC. Candidate</i>	<i>Red</i>	<i>White</i>	<i>Blue</i>
CALIFORNIA .....	0	0	0	CALIFORNIA .....	0	0
MAINE .....	0	0	0	MAINE .....	0	0
OREGON .....	0	0	0	OREGON .....	0	0
GRAND TOTALS.....	0	0	0	GRAND TOTALS.....	0	0

**This vote will be trebled next week.**

as is consistent with absolute accuracy and an hour off for lunch. The figures are checked four times before being thrown into a clothes hamper for donation to the salvation army, and thus there is very little chance of making a single mistake.

Students of our poll (conducted at our expense to satisfy the nation's curiosity bump) should keep a weather eye open for signs which will enable them to interpret the vote totals given in the tables to be printed each week. A spherical ball of clear glass would not be amiss, nor would a philosopher's stone, but for all around utility we recommend a pair of smoked glasses and a dark room.

Who will be leading next week?

The week after?

The week after that?

Any week?

These questions and many others remain to be answered by our very, very important poll. Buy next week's issue of this

The Oklahoma "Okumhoma" (Democrat-Republican), however, stands on the other side of the fence. It gives the *disadvantages* of the newly formed "Dirge" party as:

It is the youngest political minority in the U. S.

It takes a straddle on more issue than either of the so-called major parties.

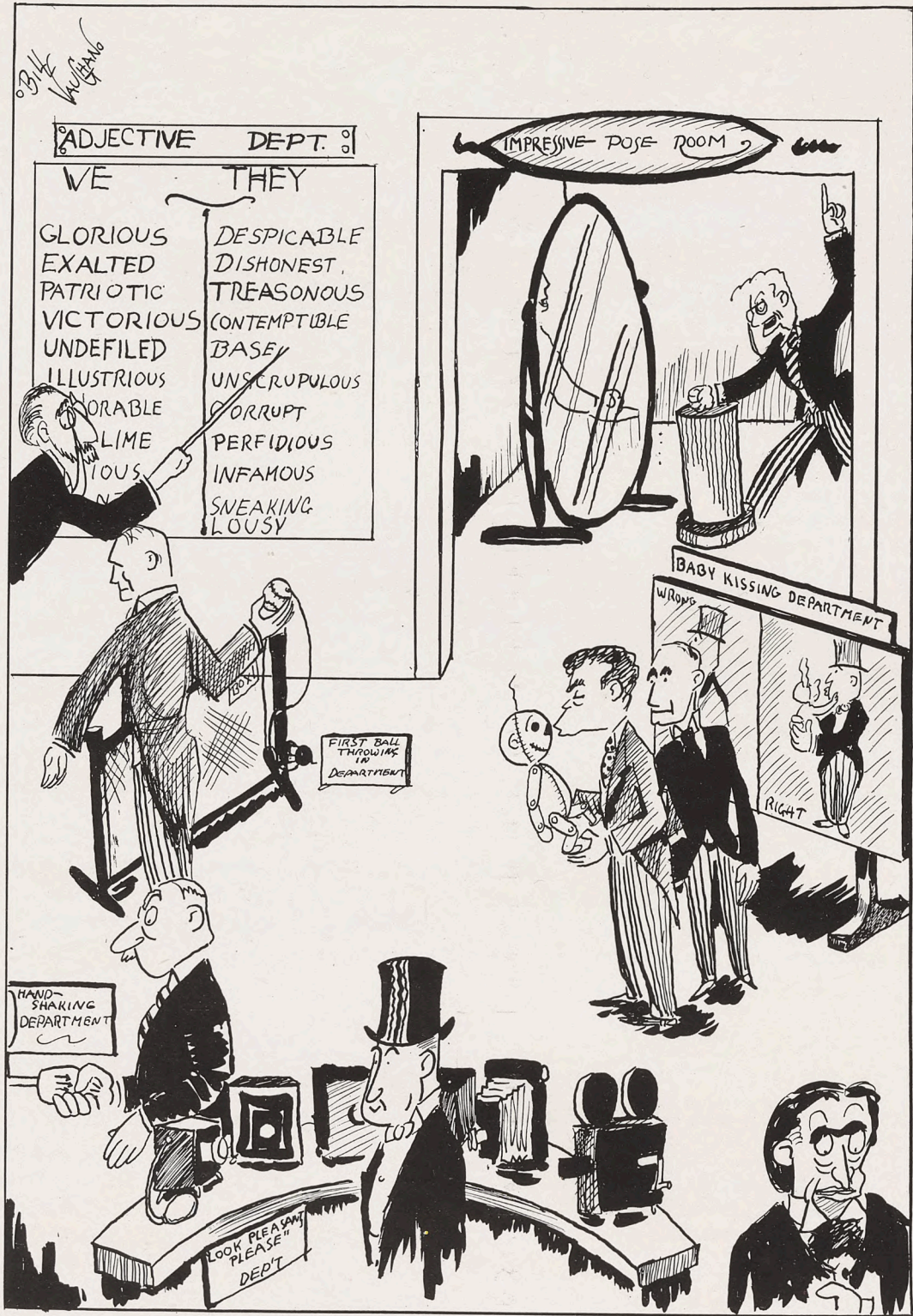
It is simple.

It costs 15 cents.

Views similar to one or the other of the above, or else entirely different, are given by the Norfolk "Pilot," Tampa "Gazette," Hiold "Times," Minnehaha "Tribune," and "News" of Detroit, New York, Rochester, Chicago, Elmo, and points west. Their disagreement was concurred in by one Isaac Bickerstaff, an Englishman. Just how he got into the picture, or what he is doing there, no one seems to know.

Until more facts are known about this new "Dirge" party, we all join the Nebraska "Plain Dealer" in saying "Ho hum! How about a little nip?"





Dirge's Training School for Presidential Candidates

Teacher: "Who was the originator of that noted character, Jean Valjean?"

Frosh: "His full name was Lester Miserables."

— D D D —

"What kind of a football team do you think we'll have?"

"The regular kind—eleven men on it."

"One good thing about being ugly," said the bachelor Sultan, "is that no harem will ever come to you."

— D D D —

"Archie's frat pin was hung the other day."

"What! That mug!"

"Yeah, he left it on a dirty shirt that was thrown in the wash."

Don't say  
Paper—

# Daily Scram

Say  
Scram!

Warm-Cha Edition

Straight from the Old Home Town.

Price, 2 d.

## Hoover's Candidacy Under Two Parties Seizes People's Imagination

Candidate Hoover of the Dirge Party is showing unexpected strength in all sections of the country as a direct result of his being the candidate of two parties. (Hoover is also running for the Republican Party). People are coming in droves to both Dirge and Republican rallies, even when these rallies are held as far away from their homes as fifty miles, and partaking liberally of the free pumpkin pie, sauer-kraut, and root beer provided for the occasion by the Grocer's Association in conjunction with party whips in the various regions. Even in outlying districts there has been noticeable a quickened interest in political affairs, and especially in the dual candidacy of Hoover, a result of political ingenuity on the part of Dirge.

The other party leaders whose candidates are running for only one party each are very worried, for their men are at a decided disadvantage in view of the warm reception given the multi-party candidate by the citizenry of the nation. It is also understood that the clerical force handling the Literary Digest poll is getting all balled up, and that one clerk, Helene Boguski, jumped from a seven-story window early this morning clutching three ballots and, of course, the hem of her skirt (for she was a very, very modest girl.)

Where will it all end?

### Circuit-Riders to Start Swing Around Circuit for Dirge

A corps of circuit-riders will start a swing around the country in a day or so, according to a written announcement handed out by the campaign headquarters for the Dirge Party today. Few details were given, but it is understood that some of the most farce-

### OUR POET'S CORNER

If we had a dozen Herberts  
Life would be a row of sherberts.

A jolly twelve to Franklin D.'s  
Would ample be to thirst appease.

Six plus Six of guys named Norman  
Would make each millionaire a doorman.

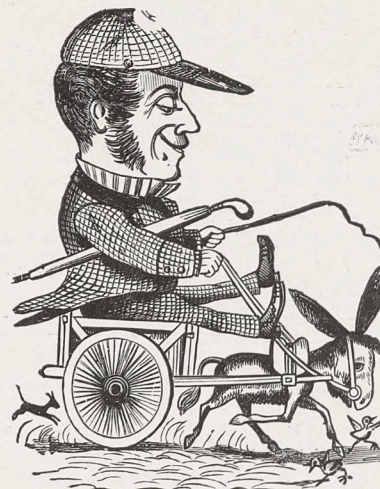
ful speakers on the staff will regale the audiences with humorous stories from "The Irish Joke Book" and "Wit and Humor for Public Speakers" as well as with some of their own cheap wit, after which they will make regular campaign speeches. Their strategy will be to speak as though representing the other candidates, not Dirge Candidate Hoover, which, they believe, is more likely to secure votes for their candidate.

Where will it all end?

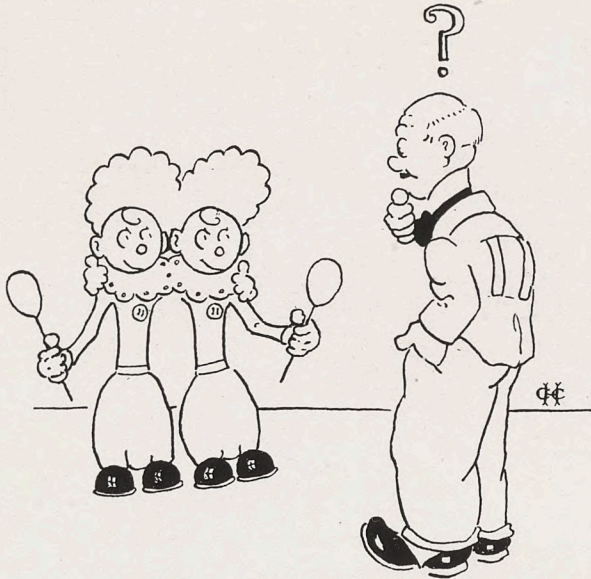
### EDITORIAL

The qualifications which must be possessed by a worthy leader of this great and one-time prosperous nation are many, multiple, and manifold. He must be strong enough to place principle before party, and his ways of acquiring this principle must not be susceptible to Seabury exposure. He must not be the tool of any special interest, but must always keep himself morally straight, but even more important than this is to keep a straight face. He must be able to give the people what they want, or at least make them think he is. He must be a man of the people, of plain and simple intellect, able to answer "yes, and again—no" to every question. He must always promise such things as "the full dinner pail" and "a chicken in every garage" without snickering.

He must get the votes.



The first of the Dirge Circuit-Riders is off.



"Confusing the Issue"

Try These on Your Linoleum!

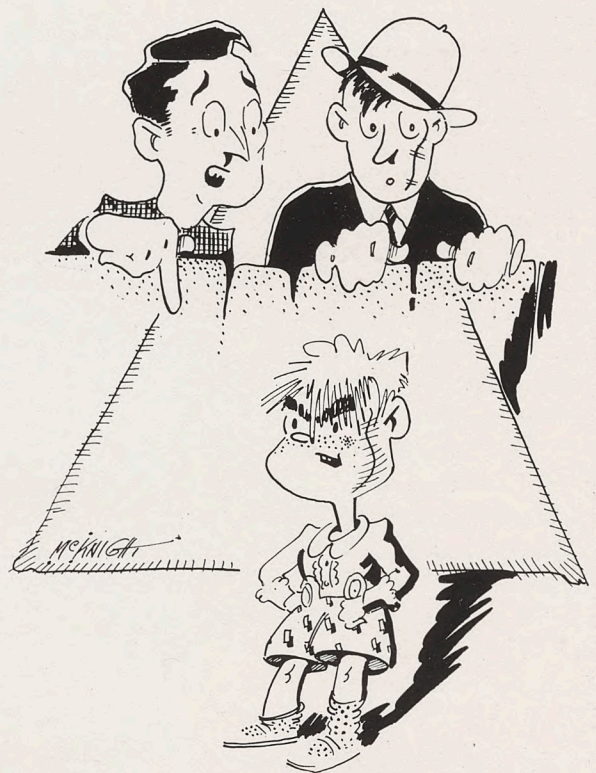
- The rye-bread song: "Just Freund's."
- The Botanist's song: "Say It Isn't Zoo."
- The desert song: "How Am I Dune?"
- The hair tonic song: "Martha, Rambling Rose of the Wildroot."
- The racketeer song: "Smuggled on your Shoulder."
- The poker song: "Let Me Call You, Sweetheart."
- Song of the frozen north: "Ice in Love With You."
- The ghost song: "I Ain't Got No Body."
- The soap song: "You've Got Me in the Palm-olive Your Hand."
- The church song: "Good Chimes Are Coming."

We are informed that many politicians this year are handing out cigarettes instead of the usual cigars. The Drys should, we suggest, hand out Camels. For the Wets we suggest Paul Jones. The problem becomes more acute when our candidate Hoover is considered—Lord knows what he should use—perhaps Camels soaked in gin.

— D D D —

How About Appendicitis?

Clipped from a medical bulletin: "A recent interesting study by the British Medical Research Council revealed that the only diseases which affect intelligence are diseases of the brain."



"Why bring that up?"



**STREET DREAMS OF  
OF SUCCESS IN 1933;  
CARLETON TO PITCH TODAY**

—headline in Post-Dispatch.

Go ahead, Tex, poke him one.

— D D D —

One of Calvin Coolidge's latest articles for a weekly magazine is entitled "The Republican Case." Evidently a bid for the wet vote.

— D D D —

**HOOVER ORDERS U. S.  
\$200,000,000 BUILDING  
PROGRAM BE SPEEDED**

—headline in Globe-Democrat.

Yes sir—November is getting mighty near.

Our  
Candidate

# Dirge Election Bulletin

Bless  
Him!

## IF ELECTED, I PROMISED TO DO ALL IN MY POWER Says Our Candidate

Oscar Rouletta, official spokesman for Our Candidate, today released this statement: "If elected, I promise to **do** all in my power."

It is gratifying to have a candidate who will come out in the open like this and state his position on vital and pressing problems of the day in an open and straight-forward manner. Our Candidate is fearless and honest and deserves your vote.



Oscar Rouletta snapped while reading Our Candidate's message to the assembled multitude.

Rouletta has received letters from all over the country commenting on his forensic form.

### KAUFMAN AND RYSKIND SUPPORTING OUR TICKET

The Dirge Party has been pledged the support of the two Party Bosses of New York, George Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind, according to a telegram sent us by those two worthies yesterday. It read:

**DIRGE PARTY: FIND OURSELVES IN COMPLETE ACCORD WITH THE PLANKS OF YOUR PLATFORM AND HAVE JUST RECEIVED YOUR CHECK STOP ESPECIALLY PLEASED AT YOUR INABILITY TO REMEMBER THE**

### They Will Vote for Our Candidate

Dear Sir:

I will vote for your candidate if my naturalization papers arrive in time. Who should I see about being naturalized. Thank you.  
Stanislaus Cucyesiki.

**Note**—See our Candidate for safe and snappy results. Hrs. 9 A.M. to 9 A.M.

Dear Sir:

We are two wayward girls who are voting for your candidate because we know he will protect us.  
Daisy and Doris.

**Note**—Our candidate says "One for all and all for one."

Dear Sir:

I am voting for your candidate because he is a man who hides the fact that he uses perfume and wears silk underwear. I have read the ads.  
Li-Lac.

**Note**—We are for the single standard. Our candidate also avoids all references to the No-hips form beautifier.

**NAME OF YOUR VICE-PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE LONG ENOUGH TO GET IT IN PRINT STOP STROKE OF POLITICAL GENIUS STOP SUGGEST YOU BILL HOOVER'S MIDDLE NAME AS WINTERGREEN FOR PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECT STOP GIVE YOU AUTHORITY TO USE SLOGAN WINTERGREEN THE FLAVOR LASTS STOP**

**KAUFMAN AND RYSKIND  
PS HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF RHODE ISLAND**

Dear Sir:

I am 60 years old and am voting for your candidate because he led a blind old woman across the street. A noble action indicating refinement.

Mother Machree.  
**Note**—Our candidate also does not drink his bath-water.

Dear Sir:

The music-loving Clarions of Larkville Center are for your candidate. His flute playing shows that he has the divine spark of the music-lover that will carry him through all problems.

Dolie Heffingswater.  
**Note**—Our candidate also has a lovely soprano voice and sings in his shower.

Dear Sir:

The Humane Sodality of Belleville endorses your candidate as a Humanitarian of the first order. The country needs a man who will protect the animals of the nation.  
**Note**—Our candidate has the low-down on this country. He also sleeps with his dog (Jim).

This is but another example of the way in which people all over this mighty nation are flocking to the Dirge standard. The more intelligent voters realize that the Dirge Party is their only hope, and it is expected that within a few days this rush to the fold will turn into a veritable stampede. We, the Dirge Party, will thus be able to put our collective foot down on the other two major parties. And we very much doubt that they, when crushed to earth, will rise again.

*Remember—if the people defeat Our Candidate they will be biting the hand that fed them boloney.*



"Psst, Charlie! How do I stand on farm relief today?"

— D D D —

Politics used to be greatly concerned about the "dark horse," but the coming election seems to indicate that the "white mule" is now in the ascendent.

— D D D —

Roosevelt's early speeches as given out to the press, criticized Hoover's administration in rough and robust fashion. Just another Roosevelt Rough Writer, we'd say.

— D D D —

"Hello. Is this the White House? Well, I'd like to speak to Mr. White, please."

— D D D —

**Short Short Story**

One maid  
Won maid  
One made.

— D D D —

**Poem**

D—m if I'd date a  
Gamma Phi Beta.

— D D D —

Tri: "I just love to dance with Les."  
Delta: "After all!"

Oh: "I just found out Greta Garbo doesn't love me."  
Yeah: "Oh, do you know her?"  
Oh: "No, I just tried it on a Daisy."

— D D D —

Kappa: "Doesn't this dress fit me like a glove?"  
Theta: "Yes—like a boxing glove."

— D D D —

Forgotten man? During the Hoover administration? Rubbish! Why, every time the addition of a new tax is contemplated he is remembered.

— D D D —

**CITY DEMANDS PROBE  
BY COMMISSION OF  
ONE-MAN STREET CARS**

—headline in *Globe-Democrat*.

This machine age! !

— D D D —

We read that "Germany is angered by denial of her right to arm." If she were armed she would probably go to war about the matter.

— D D D —

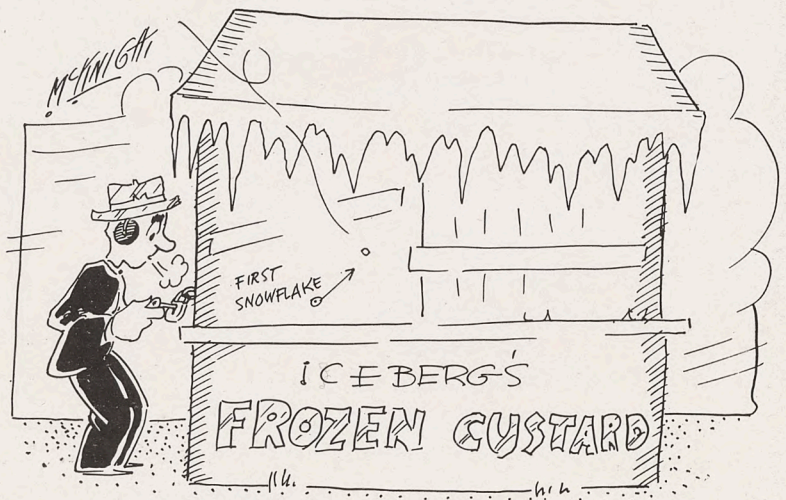
What does the Republican party pray for every election day?

Answer—That it's "sleepy time down South."

— D D D —

After the dance as the happy couple were saying goodnight, she gazed wistfully into his face and gurgled, "Then you do love me, don't you?"

"What," said he, "do you think I'm doing shadow boxing?"



**Custard's Last Stand.**

Don't say  
Paper—

# Daily Scram

Say  
Scram!

Warm-Cha Edition

Straight from the Old Home Town.

Price, 2 d.

## Flamboyant Senator Nominated In Showy Fashion

**Crowds Cheer Licksplatter's  
Mammoth Show at  
Local Playhouse**

### Another Performance Tonight

Senator J. Oscar Licksplatter, already candidate for nine parties, added another to his rapidly swelling total in sensational fashion here today when he was nominated by an enthusiastic convention of the Cycling Club held on the stage of a local theatre. The convention and nomination, billed as the star act of a three-act vaudeville show, played to a capacity crowd which greeted the naming of the candidate in tumultuous acclamation which beggars description.

It is becoming more and more apparent to acute political observers that Senator Licksplatter, far

from being a personified nonentity in the race for office, is a very real threat to the supremacy of the Dirge, Republican, and Democratic parties. Licksplatter's genius for publicity is remarkable, and to him must be given the credit for devising the most novel means of nomination to be seen so far in this campaign. It is understood that tomorrow he will be again nominated, this time in a theatre with twice the capacity of the one in which he performed today, and will very likely render several selections on the harmonica, of which he is master.

Franklin de Roosevelt, when asked what he thought of this new political satellite and his methods, answered: "He isn't fooling me any, and no one should be deceived for a minute by this thin camouflage. It is a cheap, contemptible trick. Poo-eey!"

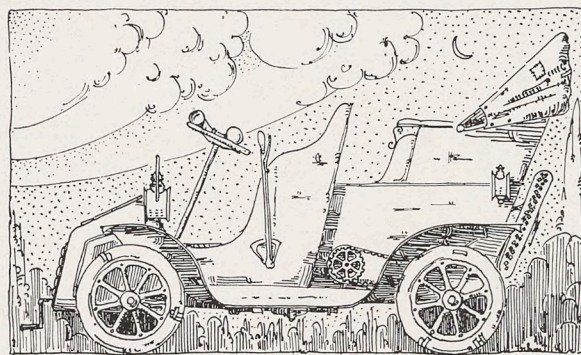
## ROOSEVELT HOPES DIM AS DEMOCRATS FALL FROM LADDER

Simon Tutimeski, second-story man, suffered a severe fracture of his right ankle last evening when, in escaping from an apartment house while coming home from work, he came down a fifteen foot ladder five minutes after it had been removed by the cop on the beat. It is very doubtful if Tutimeski will be recovered sufficiently to go to the polls on election

day, and his vote will be missed by Franklin de Roosevelt and his ticket.

Tutimeski, however, expects to be back to work for the post-Christmas rush.

Followers of Franklin de are attempting to oust the over-zealous cop who removed the ladder.



Franklin de's high-powered car. The siren is in the rear seat hidden by the top.

## Candidate Nominated by Seven New Parties, Breaking Record

### Siren to Assist Tonight

Franklin de Roosevelt, swinging down the home stretch in his presidential campaign, made great progress here last night when he whisked rapidly from hall to hall through the city and was named presidential candidate of seven other parties. This breaks the record of five made by Senator Licksplatter last Friday. Shortly after Franklin made his fifth acceptance speech he got mixed up on his schedule and pledged two fraternities—he will be hailed before a special Pan-Hel meeting at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning, and the republican members are rumored to be planning to Pan-Hel out of him.

The new parties supporting Franklin are the Almanac Party, the Steal-Worker's Party, the Red Tennis Ball Manufacturer's Party, Birthday Party, and others too humorous to mention. Tonight the plans to add nine more to this imposing total, having procured a high-power car and a siren. The siren will ride in the rear seat of the car with him on every trip.

"This campaigning will be great fun," chortled Franklin in high glee to our reporter just outside the door. "I guess I showed that bird running for the Dirge Party, eh? When I get into office I'm going to appoint him secretary of the treasury—then where will he be?"

The Dirge Party, alive to possibilities, has put two plainclothes detectives on Franklin de Roosevelt's tail (so to speak) with the intent of discovering the use of a double to accept nominations. Meanwhile the Dirge Party candidate himself is laid up in bed with a cold and about the only thing left for his campaign manager to do is to start a whispering campaign. Negotiations are already under way for the leasing of several speakeasys for this purpose.

**Depression Note**

Nit: "She teaches Kindergarten."  
 Wit: "Yes, she's trying to make the little things count."  
 — D D D —

She: "We are as different as the two poles."  
 He: "Yes, Paderouski and Chaicousky."  
 — D D D —

Sig: "Whatjo have for breakfast?"  
 Ep: "We had scrambled eggs—two eggs on the table and we all scrambled for them."  
 — D D D —

Radio Announcer: "And next on the program we have Eskimo Moe. Do you NOME?"  
 — D D D —

Frosh: "Say, boy, I've got a girl that's only been kissed by two parties."  
 Senior: "Yeah, I know that kind, by the Republicans and the Democrats."  
 — D D D —

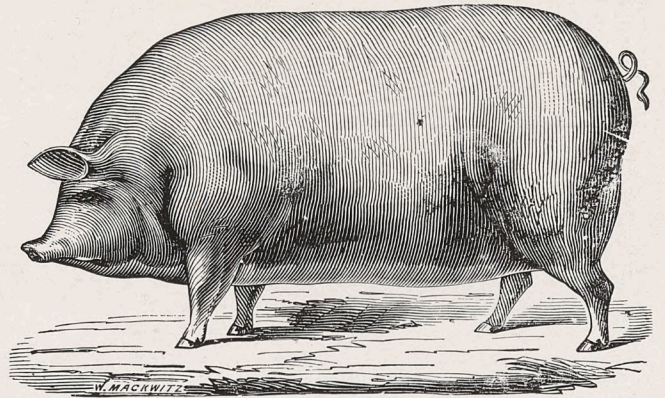
Guinivere said please but Sir Galahad enough.  
 — D D D —

The moon affects both the tide and the untied.  
 — D D D —

Voice in the dark: "You're like an old radio."  
 Ditto: "Whatchamean?"  
 V.I.T.D.: "Too much interference."



"I'd like a little oven, please."  
 "Sorry, I have to work 'til 5:30."



**Dirge's Vice-Presidential Candidate is Corn-fed.**

— D D D —  
 "Did you see that hair-lip of Pledge Schmaltz's?"  
 "Great Scott, I didn't know he was deformed."  
 "No, he's only growing a mustache."

"Mamma, where did I come from?" queered the little Greek youngster of his mother.  
 "A Stoic brought you," quickly answered the stately matron.  
 — D D D —

"What are you thinking of?"  
 "How awful; you ended that sentence with a preposition."  
 "I did not. I ended it with a question mark."  
 — D D D —

"Oh, hubby, isn't that just too cute. Look at that little puppy playing around with that Saturday Evening Post."  
 — D D D —

Father: "I saw you kissing my daughter at eight o'clock last night. What's the idea?"  
 Bf: "Well, you see I drew straws with three other fellows, and I got the early shift."  
 — D D D —

"Stop your shriekings, you young monkey wenches," shouted the peevish old king of the tribe.



**Ministering to the fallen.**

Don't say  
Paper—

# Daily Scram

Say  
Scram!

Warm-Cha Edition

Straight from the Old Home Town.

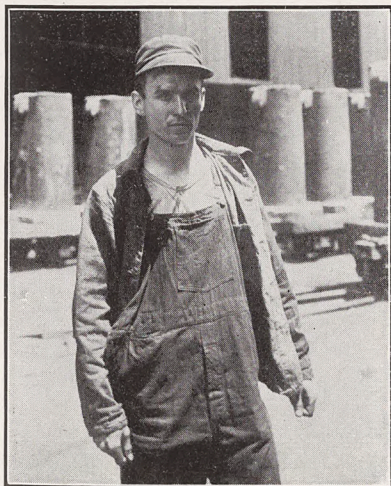
Price, 2 d.

## DIRGE CANDIDATE WINS IS IDLE RUMOR

### Returns Not Even Begun To Come In

An unconfirmed report which arrived at our office at 7:30 this evening saying that Hoover, the Dirge Party candidate, had amassed a stupendous total of votes in all precincts reporting and was undoubtedly the winner of the election, was branded as false an hour later when a new dispatch came in saying that a journalism student had been playing around with the KA telegraph machine in New York and had inadvertently sent out the incorrect report.

As a matter of fact, the probability of the report being true was exceedingly slim, due to the fact that the election will not be held until tomorrow. However, we pledge the Daily Scram to print the news first when it does come in even if we have to print it before it does come. Just another instance of Scram service. Don't say paper—say Scram!



Miner with Tongue in Cheek

#### COAL STRIKE BECOMING HABIT

Coalville, Pa.: For the third time this week the anthracite coal miners of this city went on a strike and through up a picket around the three mines which are being worked this year. This time they are provoked because they have to work hard coal and the miners in other regions get to dig soft coal. The mine owners refuse to budge an inch in their stand, which is that the miners are violating all the unwritten laws of labor wars, one of which says that there shall be a strike no oftener than once a week.

"It's too much of a good thing," snapped out Oswald Ollingham, spokesman for the owners, "first they strike because wages are too low, then because hours are too long, and now because our mines give anthracite coal instead of bituminous. Can a cow give goat's milk?"

"Look," said strong John Barlico, leader of the striking miners, holding out his horny hand for inspection, "them blisters—those callous. We will not be exploited by bloated pluto-water guzziers."

Meanwhile, the families of both miners and mine owners are shivering unprotected before the first chill blasts of the oncoming winter.

Where will it all end?

#### DIRGE BREAKS LONG SILENCE TO NOMINATE CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

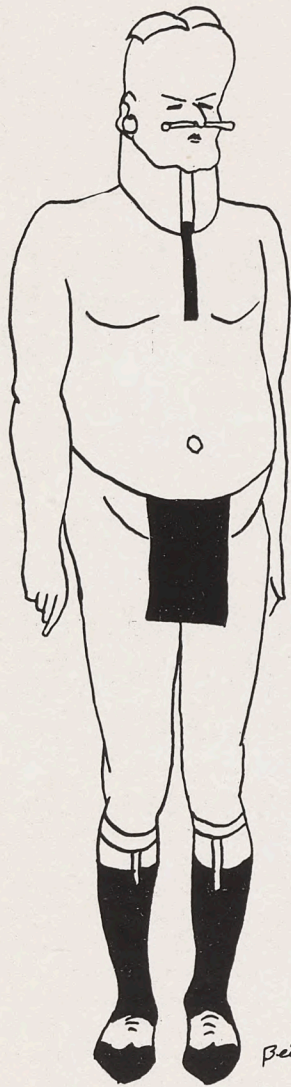
Oscar Rouletta, gambling czar, was nominated for vice-president on the Dirge ticket late last evening as the result of a hasty party caucus held just back of the linotype operator. This last minute naming the vice-presidential candidate is in keeping with modern political procedure, for it gives the voting populace less time in which to forget his name. Mr.—er—oh yes—Rouletta was chosen because he was the only available man who was willing to take a chance.

Mr. Rouletta takes pride in the fact that he is the only candidate for any office supporting the following:

- A—sales tax on pork-barrels
- B—the installation of a large capacity typewriter ribbon re-inker in the Navy Department offices
- C—less buying power so that consumers will not be gypped so much
- D—a family of three boys and seven girls.

Mr. Rouletta points to "D" above as proof that he comes from hardy and virile stock. Our idea is, however, that if what is wanted is hardihood, Mr. Rouletta's wife would be the ideal candidate for the vice-presidency. We pas this suggestion on for what it is worth to anyone considering forming a new political party.





Seein' as how our presidential candidates take great delight in posing in Indian costume to get votes, isn't it lucky we don't live in Africa.

— D D D —

You should have only contempt for an anarchist, for isn't he a person who seeks to overthrow a corrupt government?

— D D D —

**MAN FOUND DROWNED IN POOL OF WINE**

**Becker and Hay Secure Approval of Anti-Saloon League**

*—consecutive banner headlines in the Globe-Democrat.*

— D D D —

Walker and McGee illustrate the two different ways of cleaning up a town.

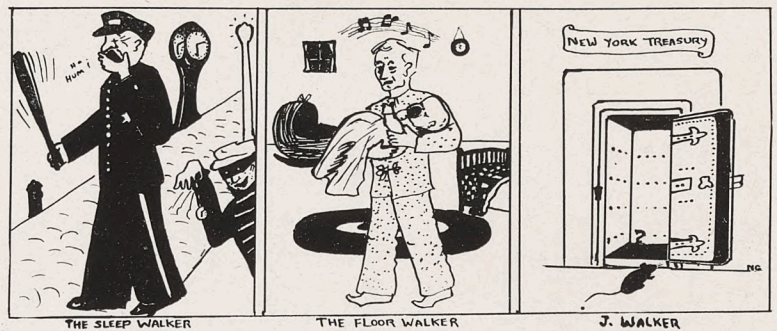
— D D D —

A Veiled Prophet is better than no profit at all.

— D D D —

And then there's the violinist who eeks out a bare existence.

**THREE WALKS OF LIFE**



**FORGOTTEN MEN**

The Beta Theta Pi rushee who said "But there are other great national fraternities, aren't there?"  
 The Sigma Alpha Epsilon rushee who said "Do we have to listen to that confounded orchestra for a whole hour?"

The Kappa Alphas etc.: "I don't think you fellows are quite as good a bunch of 'hellers' as all that."  
 Sigma Nu: "But I am afraid my mother wouldn't approve of my living that near to sin."

Phi Delta Theta: "What fraternity pledges all those hicks from Arkansas?"

Pi Kappa Alpha: "You fellows certainly pick out appropriate nicknames for each other."

Sigma Phi Epsilon: "You're wrong, Prof. MacKenzie."

Sigma Chi: "It's been so long since that song was popular I hoped everyone had forgotten it."

Theta Xi: "But that doesn't appeal to me. You see, I'm a pacifist."

Tau Kappa Epsilon: "Of course, the Betas are a nice bunch too."

Alpha Tau Omega: "But what good does a big chapter at N. Y. U. do out here?"

Phi Beta Delta: "I'll have ham and eggs for breakfast."

— D D D —

Henry Ford should run for president.  
 Why?  
 He has the makings of another Lincoln.

— D D D —

Republican Campaign Song: "Hoover little whosis?"

— D D D —

**Heard in the Ford Plant**

"Why was the wheel assembler fired?"  
 "Oh, he spoke out of turn."

— D D D —

**Idea for Ad:**

Ashes to ashes  
 Dust to dust.  
 If nature won't do it  
 The Cascarets must.

He had been calling every night in spite of the warnings from his lady love about her irate father. This particular evening they had been cuddled together before the fireplace planning their elopement. Only the hallclock, announcing that the witching hour had been reached, broke the silence. Then, without warning, a thump and a click was heard, and the room was flooded with light. There as big as fate, stood the old man, glowering and puffing at the terrified young caller. "Who in h— are you?" he bellowed. The boy gulped, turned pale, and appeared on the verge of fainting. But the color returned to his face suddenly, and, rising to his feet, he said in a clear, loud voice, "I'm her brother."

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

The captain realized that there was no hope for the sinking boat, and said, "Is there any one among us who can pray?"

A meek man stepped forward: "Yes sir; I can pray."  
 "Good," said the captain, "you start praying while the rest of us get lifebelts on. We're one short."

—The Log.

— D D D —

He: "Where have you been lately, I haven't seen you?"  
 She: "I've been away at school—I'm taking medicine this year."

He: "Feel any better?"

—The Log.

— D D D —

Sam Jackson: "What is the difference between an elephant and a dog?"

Drag Night Watchman: "I'll bite."

Sam J.: "There isn't any difference. Neither one can ride a bicycle."

—Loughorn.

— D D D —

"I'm wild, wicked, and extravagant with money. Will you marry me and reform me?"

"No, but I'll marry you."

—Brown Jug.

— D D D —

Artist: "Can I interest you in an etching?"

Frosh: "No! I'm suffering from eczema now."

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

"I wonder why my girl closes her eyes when I kiss her?"

"Look in the mirror."

—The Log

— α α α —

Aunt Hetty: "Sakes alive! I don't believe no woman could ever have been so fat."

Uncle Hiram: "What y' readin' now, Betty?"

Aunt Hetty: "Why, this paper tells about an English woman that lost 2,000 pounds."

—The Log.

— D D D —

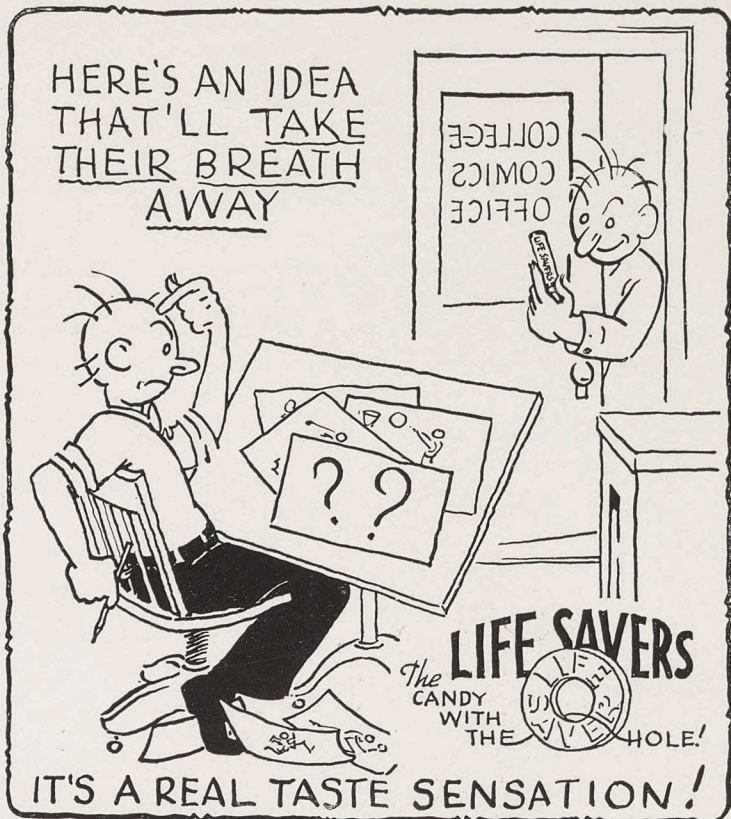
1/c: "Ya gotta cigarette?"

4/c: "Sure."

1/c: "Ya gotta match?"

4/c: "Great scott! Ya didn't bring along anything but the habit, did you?"

—The Log.



"My girl can talk for hours on one subject."

"My girl doesn't even need a subject."

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

"You look like a million tonight, baby."

"And I'm just as hard to make."

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

"Come on out in the woods," said the Freshman. "I hear a nightingale." She followed him. It wasn't a nightingale—it was just a lark.

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

Fraternity President: "Don't be afraid of the ham, Mr. Jenkins."

Rushee: "That's all right. I've kept my head when faced by pieces three times this size."

—Purple Parrot.

— D D D —

"That portrait is the breathing image of your Uncle Antonio."

"Gracious! Pour some Listerine on it quick."

—Brown Jug.

— D D D —

D. O. (inspecting rooms): "Why have you two pairs of rubbers under your bed?"

Plebe: "Well, sir, you see, I have two pairs of shoes."

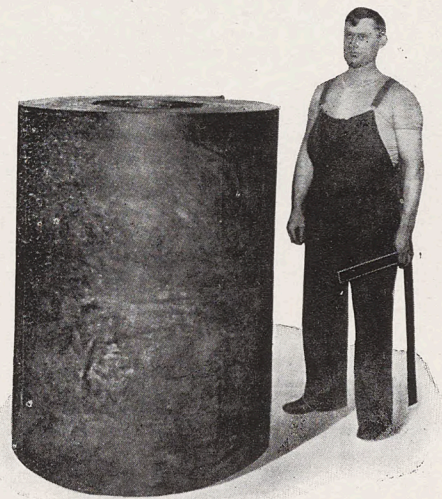
—The Log.

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

## Gulliver's Voyage to the Land of Yewsa

(Continued from Page 2)

These costs sometimes mount up terrifyingly, but **etadinacs** never bat an eye—if they can win once every few years they know they will come out ahead, for until a new winner displaces them they are given (or take) *carte-blanche* at both the pie counter and pork-barrel. Winners seem to have an extraordinary capacity for consuming such viands, and never arrive to a state of repletion or surfeit, no matter how they gorge. Besides, a victorious **etadinac** always has his own little circle of loyal sychophants whom he must take care of.



Native (or MUG) stripped ready for tussle with porkbarrel. This is a favorite pastime.

Second, the bag-tosser (as contrasted with the **etadinac** or hat thrower) must have attained to at least twenty and one years, but there is no upper age limit. He must also have "signed-up." In the region where I was this was done once a year at great expense, and it was being suggested that it be done twice a year to give employment to more MUGS. Theoretically, the twenty-one year lower age limit is to insure the tossing of an intelligent bag, and it is thus seen that the body of the people make no distinction between "theoretical" and "practical." The total lack of an upper age limit is even more serious, for old men in their second childhood toss bags as eagerly as do MUGS in the prime of life, but they are often so shaky from being hidebound and senile generally that their aim fails and their bag lands in an opponent's hat. This mistake is usually remedied, however, when the official tabulation of the bean-bags is made. For let it be known that any bag cast for an entrant not personally satisfactory to the tabulator is carefully scrutinized for technical defects such as a ripped seam, etc. If such a fault is found, or imagined to be found, the bag is, in the interests of fairness and impartiality, ruthlessly thrown out. It is cus-

tomary to raise the eye-brows when this subject of ripped seams is mentioned in polite conversation.

Third, I was astonished to observe the sudden inertia and apathy of many of the MUGS on contest day. During the days immediately preceding the big contest they would argue heatedly with anyone handy about the vices and merits of the several **etadinacs**. They would lay wagers, often of tidy sums. Then, the morning of the contest, they would go to the river for an outing, or straight to work, and return home only in time to anxiously await the first scattered returns.

But the most amazing feature of the great national contest (held every four falls) is the denouement. After the bean-bags are counted, and winner unofficially announced, a period of some months is allowed to elapse before the victor is crowned. The ceremony is as follows: representatives are sent from each section of the land to the head city, located as far as possible from the center of the country. These emissary MUGS meet in a large room. Each one of them is given an individual round cylinder built very like a grain elevator. There is a chute projecting from each through the floor and into the room below. As the head MUG calls the roll, the designated MUG pulls a lever and a number of large bean-bags shoot down the chute and land in the room below. To this room, known as the counting room, all the MUGS repair after the last lever has been pulled, and the bags sorted as to color. A color-blind emissary MUG usually has a friend with good eye-sight along for luck.

In case two MUGS come to the ritual claiming to be the real representatives of their section a commission is appointed to decide the matter, this decision being made according to the taste of the beans in the respective bags in the commissioners' opinion. The selection of the right commissioners is thus a matter of great delicacy. When the case has been decided, the chosen representative becomes a full-fledged **rotcele**, and the rejected one "sore-head." It is sometimes necessary to forcibly eject him.

After the winner has been officially decided upon, the oath is administered. There have been a great many before this, but this is the first one that counts. The oath consists of promising to take the complete blame for all misfortunes, catastrophies, panics, declines in savings accounts, floods, hail storms, and other acts of God, crime waves, epidemics, municipal and state corruption, and all other manifestations of an evil or undesirable nature during the succeeding four years. There is a tacit understanding that all things beneficial and desirable will, on the other hand be attributed solely to natural causes, and accepted by the public with a self-satisfied complacency.

# CARTER & WILSON

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GAY BUILDING

SAINT LOUIS



History Prof: "Have you finished making up your map, Miss Smith?"

"Co-ed: "No sir. I can't find my compact!"

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

Housemother: "Did you go to the Sig Alph Frontier dance?"

Inmate: "No, I ripped that shoulder strap playing tennis."

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

His wife determined to cure him of his bad ways, and with the aid of a sheet and an electric torch transformed herself into a very fair imitation of a ghost. Then she went out to the drunkard and shook him.

"Whash that?" murmured the toper.

"Satan," came the reply in sepulchral tone.

"Shake handsh, old horsh. I married your sister."

—The Log.

— D D D —

She is a rarely beautiful girl.  
Very rarely.

—The Log.

— D D D —

"World Almanac," p. 687: Statistics show that the number of Frigidaires in American homes has increased 700 per cent since 1925.

"World Almanac," p. 853: Statistics show that the mortality of icemen has decreased 700 per cent since 1925.

Vast progress this medical science is making.

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

1st Corridor Boy: "What was you' job befo' you came heah?"

2nd Ditto: "Best in the city, niggah."

1st C. B.: "Whazzat?"

2nd C. B.: "De job on de garbage wagon. Twenty bucks a week, an' all you kin eat."

—The Log.

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There's nothing like a Spalding Leather Jacket for keeping you warm without bundling you up. Cut for snug comfort, minus bulk. Beautifully made of carefully matched leather that's soft as velvet. Uniform in texture, color and weight—no thin spots to give out. Some with elastic knit cuffs and bottom strips. Others with plain leather cuffs and bottom. Pockets made to hold things without going baggy. Unusual values. \$6.75, \$7.50 and \$10.

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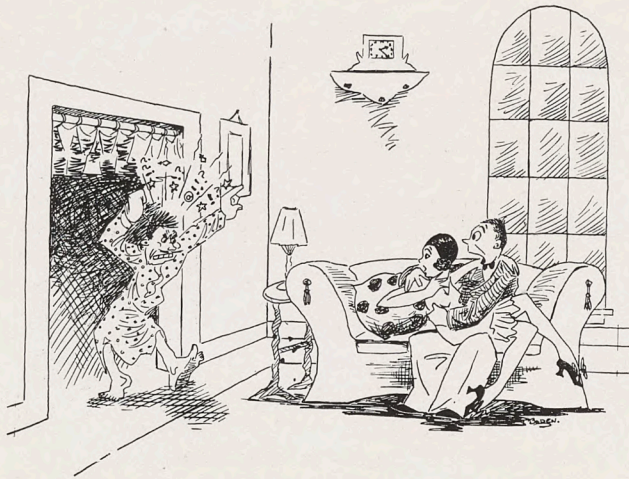
# FROSH

You will enjoy every meal at The Commons because only the best of everything is served

# The Commons

Lee Hall

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



Managing Editor interrupted while making dummy.

—Iowa Frivol.

— D D D —

“Have you ever been in Texas?”

“Oh yes, I take one to the office every day.”

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

“Is there any cure for snake bite, besides whiskey?”

“Who the hell cares whether there is or not?”

—Loughorn.

— D D D —

Prof. (going over exam paper): “But Abe, I can’t give you credit for this question, ‘What would be the interest on five hundred dollars for three years at 3 per cent,’ because you didn’t even answer it.”

Abe: “For 3 per cent, professor, I ain’t interested.”

—Loughorn.

— D D D —

Can you change this please? It’s the second edition, and I haven’t read the first yet.

—Medley.

— D D D —

“Young man! Did I just see you kissing my daughter?”

“Ehhhh, liiii, wwww.”

“Never mind, but don’t let me catch you chisseling in on her maid.”

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

“Goodbye, Mom, I’m going out to play.”

“Come back here. You can’t go out with that dirty neck.”

“Whaddayuh mean, dirty neck? She’s a nice girl!”

—Loughorn.

— D D D —

Device Permits Home Study of Atom,  
Using Ordinary Lighting Current

—New York Times.

— D D D —

Study the Atom at Eve!

—Pitt Panther.

— D D D —

“For two cents I’d kiss you.”

“Gigolo!”

—Kitty-Kat.

Tramp (knocking at a back door): “Good morning lady, is your husband in?”

Lady (at the door): “What makes you ask that?”

Tramp: “Force of habit m’m, I used to be a Fuller Brush man.”

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

Gus: “I’ll have you understand there’s good blood in my family.”

Bill: “Yeah? And how much did they pay for transfusions?”

—The Log.

— D D D —

Hi: “I can always tell a camel by the blindfold test.”

Ho: “By the taste?”

Hi: “No, by the hump.”

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

The judge read the charges against the defendant. He was being sued for breach of promise by one of the most beautiful women who ever danced on Broadway. Hour after hour the plaintiff told how the defendant had taken her to an apartment and nothing was lacking in detail. She told how he kissed her, and how he took her into his bedroom to make promises to her. Then he broke her heart. At length the defendant sighed—“My God if it were only true!”

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

Co-ed: “I always go to bed at 10 o’clock.”

Meanie: “Yea, but what time do you get home?”

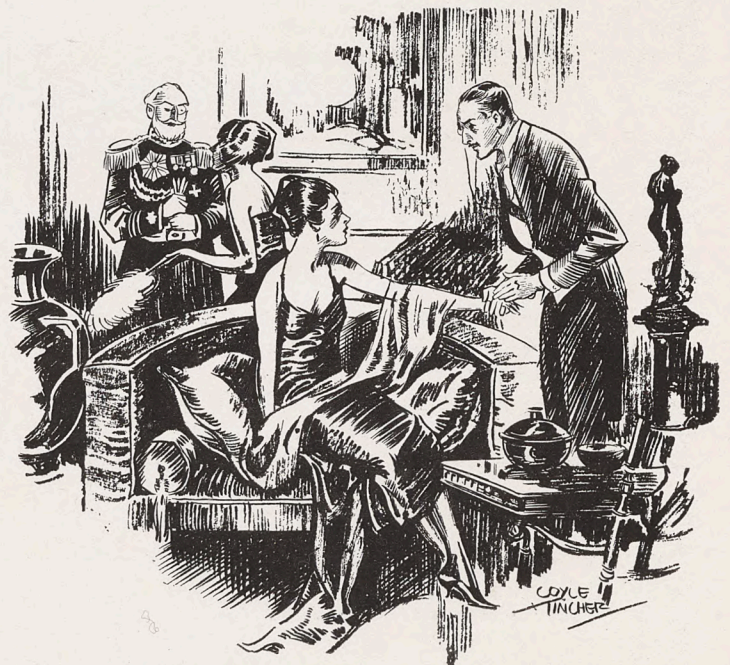
—Whirlwind.

— D D D —

“Will you have chloroform or novocaine?”

“Since I have my choice, I’ll take ether.”

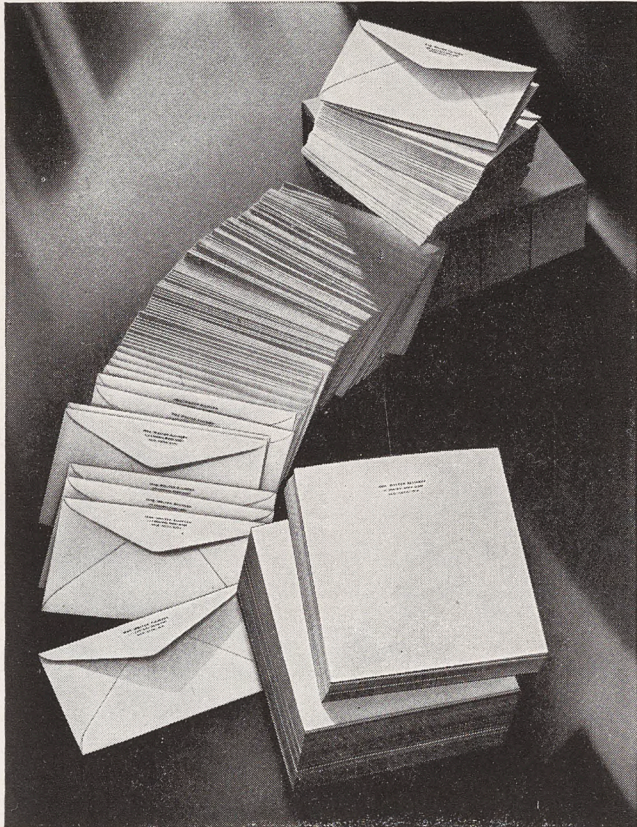
—Punch Bowl.



“You look chawming tonight, Madam Van der Astor.”  
“Da Hell you say, Butch.”

—Iowa Frivol.

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**S**ERVICE  
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1822 Locust St.      CE ntral 3755

There was a young lady named Banker,  
 Who slept on a ship while at anchor.  
 She awoke with dismay,  
 When she heard the mate say,  
 "Now raise up the topsheet and spanker."

—The Log.

— D D D —

1/C: "I told her that I was knee deep in love with her."  
 2/C: "Yes? What was her comeback?"  
 1/C: "She promised to keep me on her wading list."

—The Log.

— D D D —

Salvation Army Lassie (passing the tamborine): "Won't you give a quarter to the Lord?"  
 Ragged Spectator: "My gosh, has the depression hit Heaven too?"

—Loughorn.

— D D D —

"My car was stolen last night."  
 "Get a look at the fellow?"  
 "No, but I got his license number."

—1925 Record.

Harry: "Try one of these cigars my girl gave me for my birthday. They're the best out."

Gish: "How are they when they're lighted?"

—The Log.

— D D D —

Eng. Prof: "Correct this sentence: 'Before any damage could be done, the fire was put out by the volunteer fire department.'"

4/C: "The fire was put out before any damage could be done by the volunteer fire department."

—The Log.

— D D D —

Dentist's Daughter: "Have you asked father if we can marry yet?"

He: "No, every time I come into his presence, I lose my courage. Soon I won't have any teeth left."

—The Log.

— D D D —

Who: "Our Scotchman's riding club has disbanded."

Woo: "Whatsa matter? No funds?"

Who: "No, the horse died."

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

A cultured woman is one who can pull up a shoulder strap without going through the motions of a small boy scooping his new hat up out of the mud.

—Loughorn.

— D D D —

And then there's the very thorough young lawyer who asked his stenographer out to dinner.

"But, Mr. Van der Rotter," exclaimed the said stenog, "you know, I have a child three months old."

"Be specific. Coming or going?"

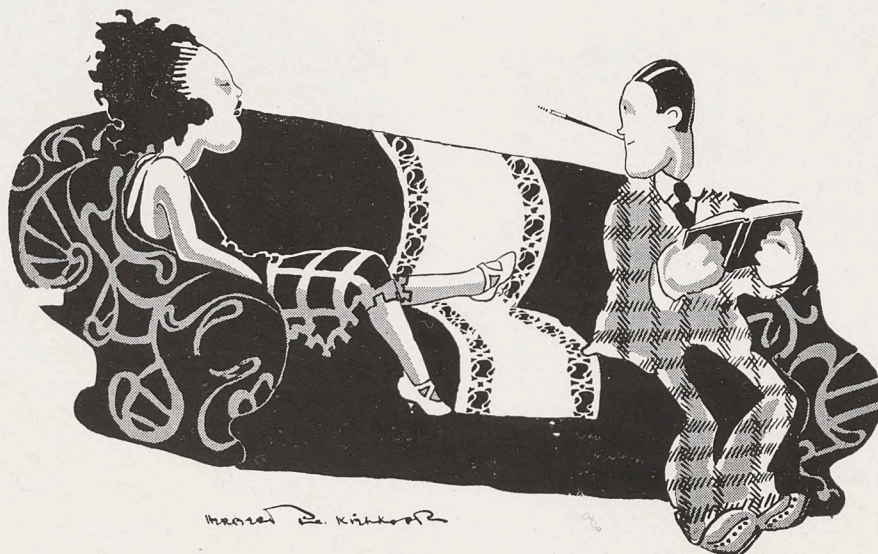
—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

Coach: "Have you played much tennis?"

Ex-Convict: "I've been serving for seven years, sir."

—Kitty-Kat.

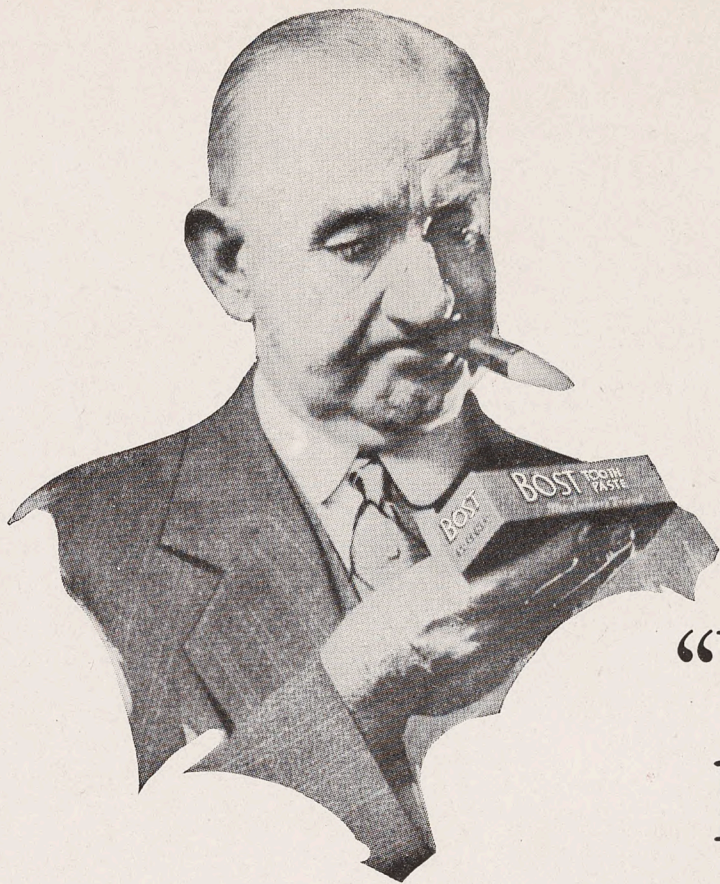


Harold E. Kirkor

"Say, what wuz the idea of kicking me out of bed last night?"  
 "Aw, shut up, you'd think we were married."

—Iowa Frivol.

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



Beware  
Of  
Smoker's  
Teeth

“Wish I’d  
had this  
40 years ago”

**N***o use wishing!* This man, like countless others, was born a bit too soon. The best he can do is to start right now to Bost-clean those tobacco-stained teeth of his.

*Now think of yourself.* If your teeth show any dingy discoloration, get right at them. Don’t waste a day. Bost for yours. And won’t you bless the day that Dr. Bost started on his quest for a new and different dentifrice that would really be the smoker’s friend.

If your teeth still are in perfect condition—keep ’em that way. Give them a Bost brushing three times a day. Bost uses an innocent oil to *dissolve* stain from your teeth. It has no abrasives of any kind. Its action is dental—its effect amazing. Try it, why don’t you? There’s nothing like it. You’ll like two things—the way your teeth look and the way your mouth tastes. Use the coupon.



You make  
this test

*The Smoker's Friend*

**MAIL THIS COUPON**

**SPECIAL ECONOMY PACKAGE**

BOST, Inc., Dept. H, 9 East 40 Street, New York City.  
Three full-size tubes of Bost (regularly 50c each) for  
\$1.00. Just pin a dollar bill or your check to this coupon.

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is seldom MILD"*

THE FORT DEARBORN  
MASSACRE

"Nature in the Raw"—as portrayed by the artist, N. C. Wyeth . . . inspired by the heartless treachery of a band of vicious Miami Indians, who massacred the settlers with inhuman ferocity . . . August 15, 1812.



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Tobacco Co.

—and raw tobaccos  
have no place in cigarettes

They are *not* present in Luckies  
. . . the *mildest* cigarette  
you ever smoked

**WE** buy the finest, the very  
finest tobaccos in all the  
world—but that does not explain  
why folks everywhere regard Lucky  
Strike as the mildest cigarette. The  
fact is, we never overlook the  
truth that "Nature in the Raw is

Seldom Mild"—so these fine tobac-  
cos, after proper aging and mel-  
lowing, are then given the benefit  
of that Lucky Strike purifying pro-  
cess, described by the words—"It's  
toasted". That's why folks in every  
city, town and hamlet say that  
Luckies are such mild cigarettes.

**"It's toasted"**  
That package of mild Luckies

"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, tho he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.  
Does not this explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of Lucky Strike?