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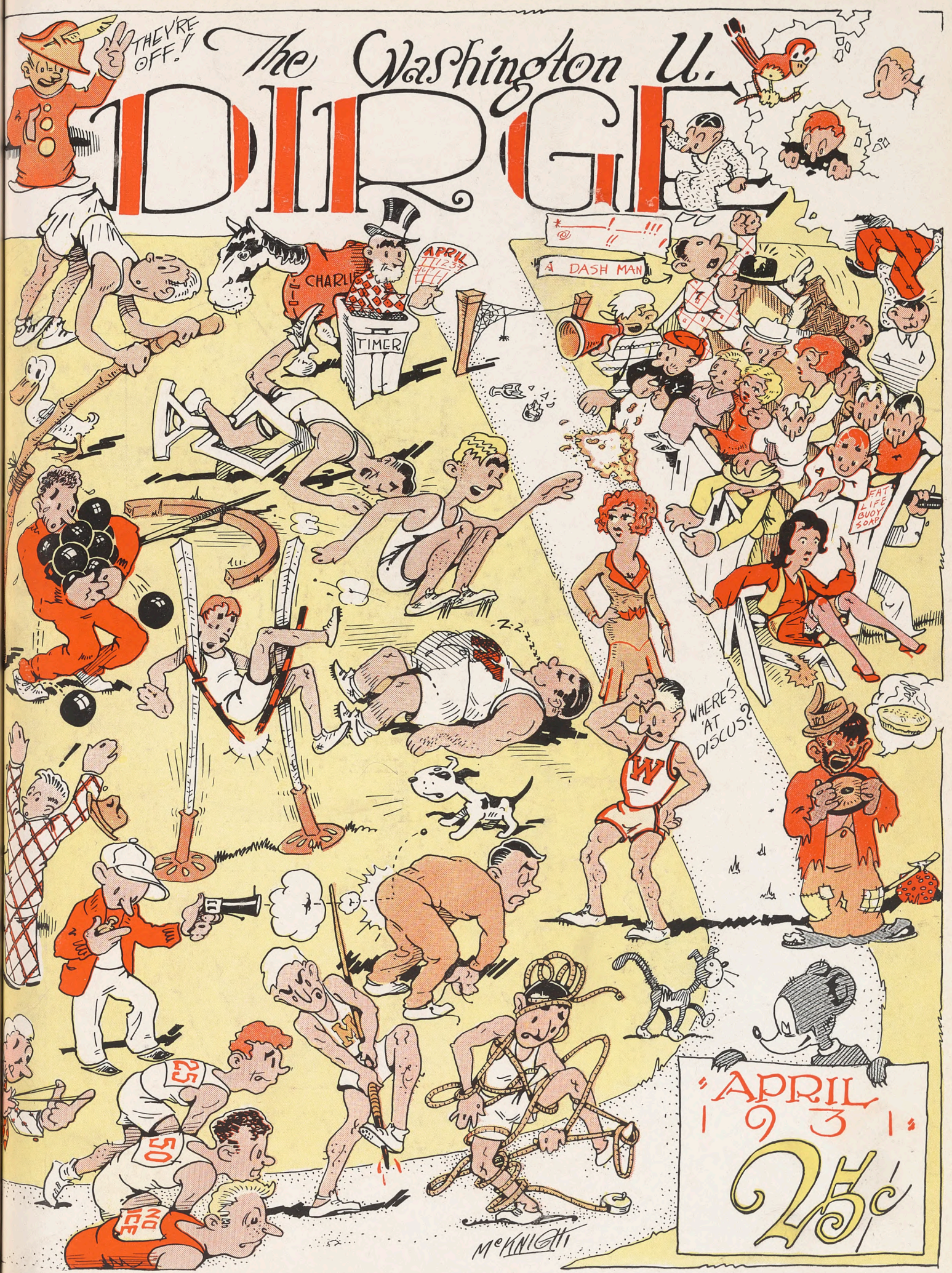
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The Washington U.

THEY'RE
OFF!

FOUR



"APRIL
1931"
25c



The most valuable social asset since the invention of The Check from Home . . . *cigarettes that really SATISFY!*



Chesterfield

GREATER MILDNESS . . . BETTER TASTE

*Kodaks
Cine' Kodaks
Kodak Supplies
Photo Finishing*

Eastman Kodak Stores

1009 Olive

Kodak Building

CEntral 9770

CABANY
5016

CABANY
6590

NELSON'S ICE CREAM

of Finer Quality

Pastry Cakes Salads
for every occasion

440 DE BALIVIERE AVENUE

A Kibitzer is the unmarried part of the Siamese twins.
—*Dartmouth "Jack O'Lantern"*

— D D D —

—the girl whose chief aversion is to pet is often our pet aversion.
—*Wasp*

— D D D —

Mary: "I know the secret of popularity."
Peg: "So do I, but mother says I mustn't."
—*Carnegie Tech Puppet*

— D D D —

He didn't like her apartment so he left her flat.
—*Froth*

— D D D —

—self-made men are fairly common, but we are yet looking for a self-made woman.
—*Wasp*

— D D D —

We hear that some of these tough guys are taking their Packard eights straight with an Austin for a chaser.
—*Pitt Panther*

Co-ed (to librarian): "I want that crew story of Ibanez."

Librarian: "What?"

Co-ed: "Yes, the 'Four Oarsmen'."

—*Octopus*

— D D D —

"Where's my dress shirt?"

"Bill took it."

"Why the lousy bum! I borrowed it from him two weeks ago."
—*Purple Parrot*

— D D D —

Soft Jobs—Garbage man in Edinburgh.

—*Voo Doo*

— D D D —

They tell me that in spite of the depression that the livery business is very stable.

—*Froth*

— D D D —

"Well, how did you find your girl last night?"

"Oh, I just opened the door marked 'Women' and there she was."
—*Exchange*

SHALLCROSS SERVICE SATISFIES



PRINTING STATIONERY

1822 Locust St. CEntral 3755

FOR

Delicious Sandwiches

Joseph Garavelli's

DeBaliviere and DeGiverville

"Hello, My Friend"

RAWLINGS



*Upheld by Clean Sports
for over 40 years*

Your Assurance
of the

Finest Quality and Latest Design
in

Athletic Equipment

Now Showing

Complete Equipment For

Baseball—Tennis—Golf

See Your Rawlings Dealer

Rawlings Manufacturing Co.

St. Louis, Mo.

"How did you come out at the dog race? Did your dog win?"

"No, he was left at the post."

—Tiger

— D D D —

It's funny—some men make the best chorus girls.

—Stone Mill

— D D D —

Psi U: "I hear your girl was thrown out of Smith."

Deke: "Yeah, she was expelled for gambling."

Psi U: "Gambling?"

Deke: "Uh, huh, she took a chance on a couch."

—Wasp

BACK COPIES

of the Dirge, including the
Newspaper Number, may
be purchased at the

Student Finance Office

"Now, Clarita, in this scene you reveal all to him."

"But Mr. Blattenstein, isn't there ANY dialogue?"

—Stanford Chaparral

— D D D —

"I like her sofa and no farther."

CC 10 1000

—Lampoon

— D D D —

Too Bad!

"I shall die," throbbed the suitor, "unless you consent to marry me."

"I'm sorry, said the maiden kindly but firmly, "but I shall not marry you."

So the fellow went West and after sixty-two years, three months and a day became suddenly ill and died.

— D D D —

"Do you know Louis?"

"Louis who?"

"Louis Seize."

"Says what?"

—Whoops

331-COLLEGE COMICS

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

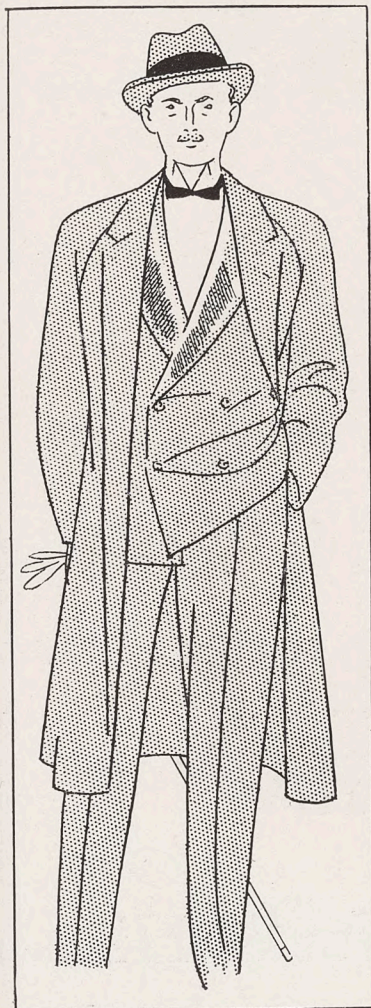
REFRESHING

they take your breath away



try a LIFE SAVER

AN INFORMAL EVENING OUTFIT FOR A STAG DINNER



© VANITY FAIR

The question sometimes arises when a man is dressing for a stag dinner: How informally can he dress and still be correct? Our sketch, accompanying this article, answers the question.

A double-breasted dinner jacket is worn, and with it no waistcoat is needed. For this time of year a plain starched shirt or one with a pique bosom and bold wing collar is preferable even on informal occasions to the fold collar and soft white shirt permitted on very warm summer evenings.

Socks are black silk or lisle. Shoes are plain-toed black patent leather oxfords, or a less formal shoe is an oxford with a toe cap.

The coat may be a single-breasted raglan topcoat in dark blue or dark grey. The hat is a black Homberg with black grosgrain band and black grosgrain binding at the brim-edge. The tie is a black silk bow; gloves are white or lemon-yellow chamois; and the stick is a plain malacca.

(Copyright, 1931, by Vanity Fair)

Girls who are chased aren't pure.

—Owl

— D D D —

"How much cider did you make this year?" inquired Sandy.

"Fifteen bar'ls," replied Jack.

Sandy took another sip.

"It's a shame that you dinna have another apple, you might have made another bar'l."

—High Tension News

OUT FOR SPRING PRACTICE. Spring's the time for stepping out; the time to finish up the year in high style with a grand flourish.

That brings us right down to clothes. And clothes lead right down to Losse's front door. Swanky woollens . . . step up on a little platform and get measured all over . . . then the cutter who knows his college stuff . . . swings a wicked pair of shears. . .

That's the kind of a suit for a young fellow for Spring.



In the Losse College Section . . . a custom tailored suit for only \$30 to \$55.

Pie-Eyed

He cried, "Let's ride!"

She sixed,

They imbibed,

He lied,

Now they're tied.

—Wisconsin Octopus

— D D D —

Nanook: "I had to stay up all night with a sick friend."

Mrs. N.: "Tell it to the moraines."

—Lord Jeff

— D D D —

Doc: "Any scars?"

Frosh: "Naw, but dere's some cigs an' a pack o' chew in me coat."

—Phoenix

— D D D —

1-c (back from leave): "Had a terrible time with my flivver."

2-c: "Yeah?"

1-c: "Yes; I bought a carburater that saved 30 per cent of gas, a timer that saved 50 per cent, and a spark plug that saved 20 per cent, and after I went ten miles my gas tank overflowed."

—The Log

PRINCESS NITA

QUADRANGLE CLUB'S

Presentation of

Edmund Hartmann's Musical Comedy

CHORUS OF 32

16 PIECE ORCHESTRA

Directed By Walter Seim of North Hills
Country Club

CAST OF 60

American Theatre
May 7-8-9

TICKETS IN ARCHWAY

OR

AEOLIAN, 1004 OLIVE

PRE-WAR PRICES

\$2.00 \$1.50 \$1.00

WHAT THE CRITICS SAY—

NATHAN: "There is no Whangdoodle, Claptrap or Drivel in this Show. Only a Season Pass to the Liberty could make it more enjoyable."

COOLIDGE: "A Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss and Haste Makes Waste. In Fact 'Princess Nita' at the American is Worth Two in the Bush."

AL CAPONE: "Anyone Who Does Not Like It Goes on the Spot."

HOOVER: "A Great Step Forward. Two Shows Like This One Would Stop the Depression."

MENCKEN: "Only Beer Between the Acts Could Have Made It Better."

NIEMEYER: "The Best Show in the Next Ten Years."

A Crowning Triumph To A Record of Triumphs

ROSITA
HIGH HAT
SHIP AHOY
SI SI SENORITA
AND NOW
PRINCESS NITA

WE DEDICATE THIS ISSUE

to the

QUADRANGLE CLUB

CHORUS GIRLS

**Those hard-working girls
who help make the
famous "Hooper Prosperity"**



The
DIRGE
"Jest in Peace"

The Declaration of Independence is the Statute of Liberty.

— D D D —

Speaking of lawns—Sodom today and Gommorah you mow 'em.

— D D D —

King: "Why didn't you pick a quarrel with him?"

Tut: "He has a duel personality."

— D D D —

"You say the police arrested the windshield-wiper, the spotlight, and the front bumper of the murderer's car?"

"Yes,—they were charged with being accessories in the crime."

— D D D —

The average college comic has plenty of he-she jokes, but what it needs is some good he-he jokes.

— D D D —

Bartholemew: "There's something about an old-fashioned girl."

Oscar: "Sure — about ten yards of gingham and whalebone."

— D D D —

It has been a poseur for historians for some time how it happened that Columbus started from Spain with a crew composed entirely of grown men and returned from America with several parakeets.

The first prize for Dippy Diplomacy goes to the attachee who tried to compliment the English Royal family by calling it the family without a peer.

— D D D —

"My hat doesn't fit."

"Have it blocked."

— D D D —

Ye Editor always take a drink before every meal in order to whet his appetite.

— D D D —

The only time a night-club has the right to make a cover charge is when you stay there long enough to drink yourself under the table.

— D D D —

"You missed a great deal by not coming to the card game last night."

— D D D —

The soprano keeps her singing on a high level.

— D D D —

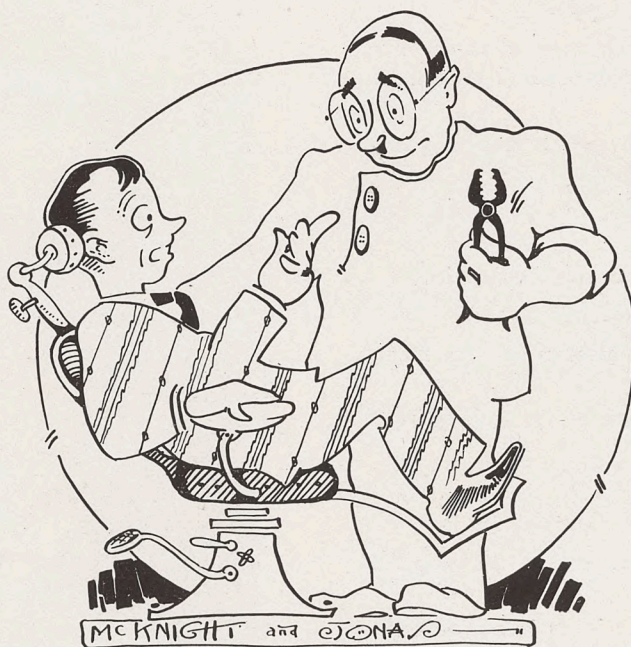
The Optimist's Song: "Hello Beautiful!"

— D D D —

Our idea of the perfect yes-man is one who agrees when the boss tells him his salary should be reduced.

— D D D —

It looked like rain, so the country girl went out with the city slicker.



Victim: "How come you call your office a dental 'parlor'?"

Dentist: "It's just another name for a 'drawing room'."

THE QUADRANGLE CLUB AT THE AMERICAN



MARY McNATT
as Princess Nita

WHY THEY ARE IN MUSICAL COMEDY:

ELIZABETH LEAVITT: because she adds local color by playing the part of a pyramid.

BODINE FORDER: Because she wanted to see life, and because she thought all chorus girls had fur coats and limousines.

ELIZABETH SHILKEE: Because somebody told her she looked cute in rompers.

LOUISE LARUE: Because she has so much personality.

PATTY DRESCHER: Because Gaylor got in.

JANE GAYLOR: Because Drescher got in.

MARJORIE CAIN: Because you meet so many nice people.

DOROTHY RHODIUS: Because only God can make a tree.

—o o—

MILLARD ALLEN: Because he's a K. A.

HARRIET INGALLS: Because there are seven Phi Deltis in the chorus.

MARY McNATT: Your guess is as good as ours.

JACK CONREUX: Because he gets to be king for three nights.

RUTH WALDBAUER: Because she promised to sell three tickets.

JOE LEDBETTER: Because Maginn graduated.

Here is one of the reasons why the cast leaves the rehearsals ill and reeling:

Lola Aguado: "Do you like any kinds of breakfast food?"

Tommy Rankin: "Not mush!"

—o o—

In a mythical kingdom called Unk-bay
The quadrangle club show was unk-say.

'Cause in spite of their pains

The show made no gains

And the critics all said it was unk-pay!

—o o—

(NOTE:—On the night of the show a Pig-Latin dictionary will be furnished with every program.)

—o o—

A noted critic said of "Princess Nita" (which features bits from the song hits of bygone years): "When better songs are written, the quadrangle club will copy them."

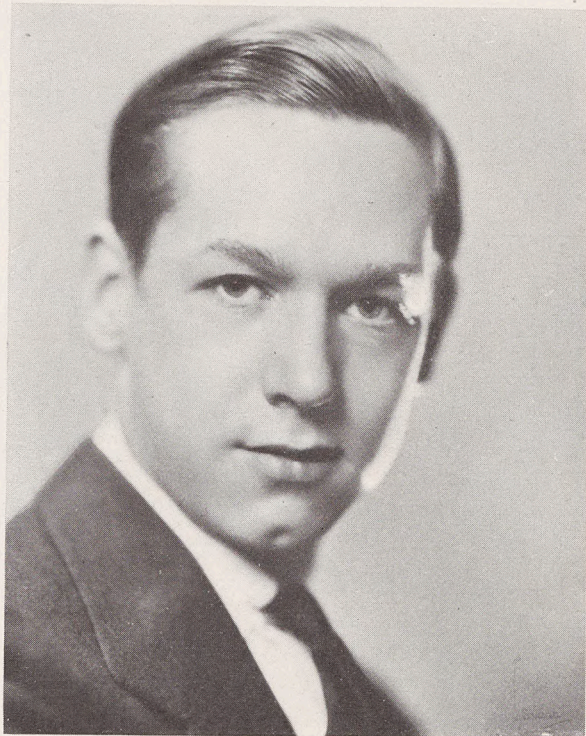
—o o—

There was a young girl named Mary.
Of boys she was always quite wary.

She had several dates;

Some were sent home in crates—

Now boys are quite wary of Mary.



JOE LEDBETTER
as the valet

PRESENTS "PRINCESS NITA" 

MAY 7, 8, 9

**"PRINCESS NITA" AS HENRY THOMA WILL
REVIEW IT IN STUDENT LIFE**

Last evening at the American Theatre the alleged musical comedy "Princess Nita" was presented in a blaze of putridity before a potential appreciative audience.

For what seemed like six but was really only three hours, the audience stout-heartedly remained in their seats in utter silence. In fact, the silence was the most complete thing about the show.

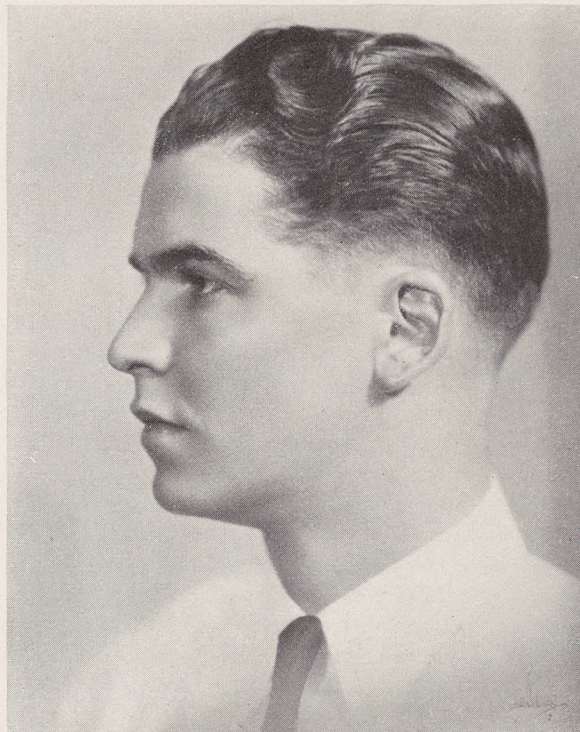
Laid in Unkbay, the show should have stayed in Unkbay. Some people say that the production dragged. That is an exaggeration, the production never moved.

The chorus did some eccentric dances. That is, each member of the chorus introduced a few original steps of his own. The chorus must have been picked with the idea of being impartial to all peculiar feminine figures. At least, each girl was a distinct and novel oddity.

With a great many sour lines to begin with, some incompetent direction accentuated the general sourness. Mary McNatt, the perennial campus leading lady, was just fair as the Princess Nita. She had a few exciting wrestling scenes with Millard Ailen but appeared to suffer no ill effects.



RUTH WALDBAUER
as the maid in the palace



MILLARD ALLEN
as the American tourist

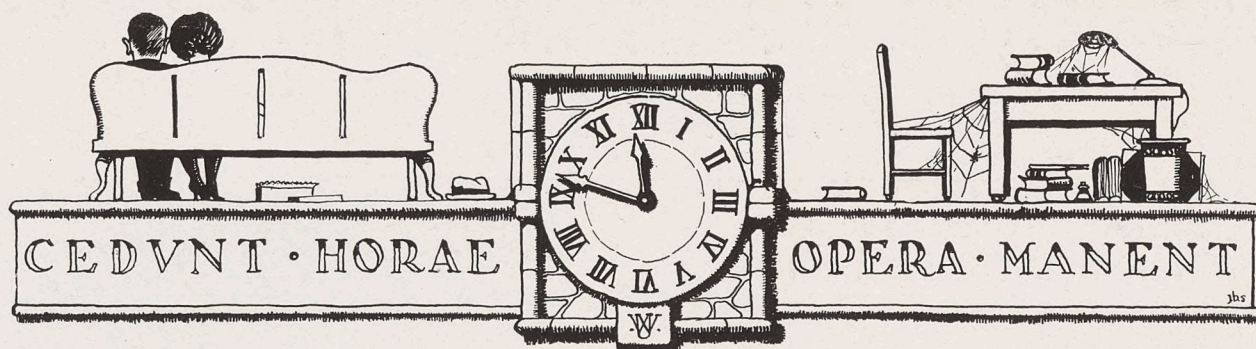
This boy Allen stunted around the stage and gave off a decidedly pungent air of heroism. As a singer he made a handsome American tourist. If there be any praise let it be given to Joe Ledbetter and Ruth Waldbauer. Ruth appearing in the flesh (and lots of it) as the commedienne was captivating. Joe was his natural self and that was enough to make even a few of the patronesses smile.

Tom Rankin, the thirteenth Phi Delt in the cast, is a newcomer to the campus stage. He proved it. Harriet Ingalls sang several songs to her family and friends in the first two rows. For that matter, the entire cast seemed to make a point of disregarding the audience beyond the fourth row.

Barney Morris, the villiyan, made quite a few guttural sounds which were supposed to pass as stage laughs.

Jack Conreus appearing in his mother's nightgown as the King of Unkbay was not exactly soul-stirring. Arthur Moore, brother of Gilbert Moore, would have been better if someone had tied his hands. They seemed to bother him.

Altogether, the show was eclipsed in general lousiness only by some of Zigfield's.



SEND IN YOUR SCANDAL!

The Hanke-Lawyer-Engineer fiasco seems to have ended with a moral victory for the Engineers although neither their attempted hanging nor their drowning proved to be fatal. However the Engineers are to be congratulated for their keen sense of humor which gave the school some desirable newspaper publicity. The official Engineer's version of the incident is worthy of a lawyer. The funniest incident of the feud occurred the first day when Dean Langsdorf appeared while the hardy Engineers were preparing to storm the Law Library. The boys from the engine school melted like butter. What a man you must be, Dean!

* * * *

Things are quiet along the Society front these days now that Bob Bush's prom is over and all the smoothies have packed their soup-and-fishes in the moth balls. A few of the wealthier clubs and sisterhoods are planning spring dances, with no one evincing much enthusiasm. Dirge bemoans this lack of social interest and feels that it can be quickened by a few suggestions. It seems that there is nothing like a queen to make a dance a good success. The Pi Phis realize this and they are planning to crown a Pi Phi queen at their next party. We feel that this is an excellent suggestion and could apply to all the other sisterhoods that got left out of the big show. Dirge expects to see the idea go over in a big way with the Delta Gammas, Phi Mus (Stoffregen makes the grade at last), Alpha Xi Deltas, Tri Delts, Thetas, etc., all having their own queens.

* * * *

Another thing we'd like to suggest while we're on the subject of proms and queens. We think the queen contest ought to be divided up into divisions according to weight and size. For example what chance has a little girl like Irwin got competing with Beckers. It ain't fair. Under our plan there would be three divisions. The first would be the midget division. This would include all girls under five feet in height and 115 pounds. No girl shorter than five feet and over 115 would even be eligible to compete. The second class would be for everyone under six feet and 200 pounds. The third class

would be the free-for-all class open to students living at the dorms, graduate students, people who work in the library, etc. This seems to us to be a more fair and equitable plan than the haphazard system now in use.

* * * *

Of interest to Porter Henry, S. Brightman, Ford Pennell, and C. Foote is the fact that Porter Henry, S. Brightman, Ford Pennell, and C. Foote spent the Easter vacation attending a comic convention at Madison, Wisconsin. A quiet week-end was enjoyed attending the convention meetings and visiting the state capitol and other points of interest.

* * * *

The spring morality campaign commenced the other day when Col. (Shipwreck) Boorstein arrested Henry Graves on the serious double charge of proning and playing bridge on the quad. Before his disgrace Graves had been held in good repute. He is a member of Kappa Alpha, Lock and Chain, and the basketball squad. It is stated that Graves' heinous career of reckless debauchery started when Love passed him by. The Col. is to be complimented on his prompt action in the matter. Bridge playing and proning must cease at all costs.

* * * *

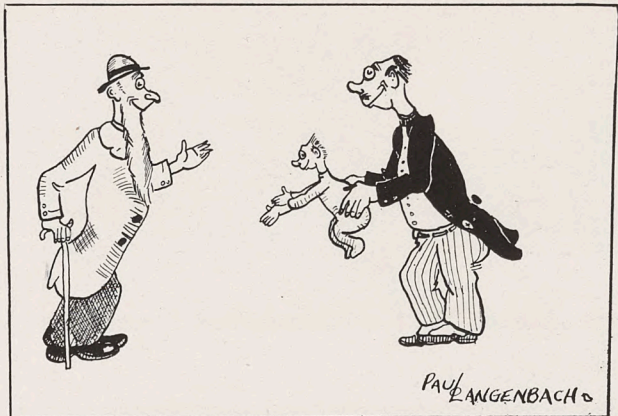
We owe an apology to Pop O'Brien. Before we ran the article about him in the last Dirge we told him we were going to use his name in a bootlegging story. Being a good sport Pop consented. The story, however, was a little different than he had anticipated, for he had expected the story to merely poke fun at the boots he is wont to wear on stormy days. Unfortunately, the article we printed has caused Pop to be criticized by his superiors for consenting to its appearance. We regret the misunderstanding and apologize to you again, Herr O'Brien.

* * * *

Eleanor Werber submits this as her own (original) he-she joke:

He: ?

She: !



“What’s your son’s name?”
 “I don’t know—we can’t understand a word he says.”

— D D D —

In the Spring a young man’s fancy lightly turns
 and turns and turns.

— D D D —

When a co-ed repulses you, be cautious. When
 she beckons you, beat it.

— D D D —

Elephant: “What killed the laughing hyena?”
 Giraffe: “Some college students came in here and
 he died of over-exertion.”

— D D D —

She: “You remind me of Samson.”
 He: “Because I’m so strong?”
 She: “No, because you have the jawbone of an
 ass.”

— D D D —

Irishman: “What shall I do when the actors dis-
 please me?”
 Scotchman: “Hoot, mon.”

— D D D —

“There’s a girl after my own heart,” said the
 most eligible bachelor as he pointed to a debutante.

— D D D —

Professor: “Boys, are you passing notes back
 there?”
 Rear of Room: “These aren’t notes, they’re dol-
 lar bills; we’re shooting craps.”
 Professor: “Oh, pardon me.”

— D D D —

“A sentence with ‘psitacossis’ in it, Algernon?”
 “What ho, Percival. I always try to psitacossis
 her as I can.”

“Dearie me,” said Charlie as Fraternity Row
 went up in flames, “The frat’s in the fire.”

— D D D —

In a recent survey conducted in St. Louis, it was
 discovered that, although times were hard, very
 few college graduates were looking for work.
 There are two possible explanations.

— D D D —

He: “Wotcha thinking of?”
 She: “You.”
 He: ““Evil-minded!””

— D D D —

English Prof: “Spell ‘avoid.’”
 Student: “Well, vat is de void?”

— D D D —

Sale of Fence-Posts, Wire, etc.
 All the Latest Stiles.

— D D D —

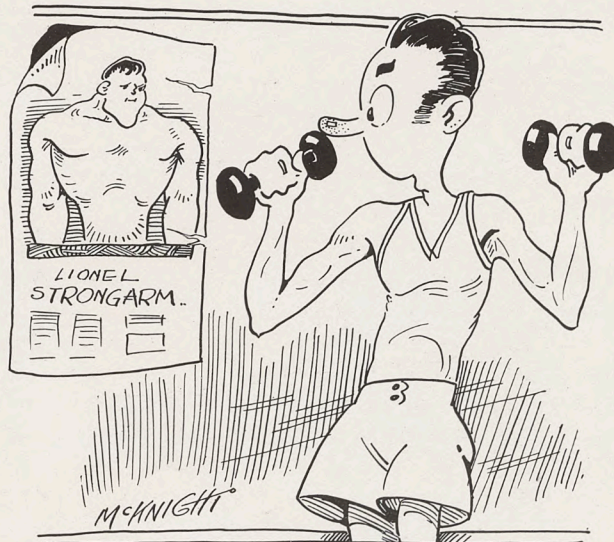
Loo: “Jack’s an atheist.”
 Ney: “That so? I thought he was a Phi Delt.”

— D D D —

Mother: “Willie, what are you reading?”
 Willie: “Whiz Bang’, ma.”
 Mother: “Oh, that’s all right I thought you
 might have gotten hold of a ‘Dirge.’”

— D D D —

“See that cop over there? He pulled in the Yale
 crew?”
 “Yeah? What had they been doing?”



His hope chest



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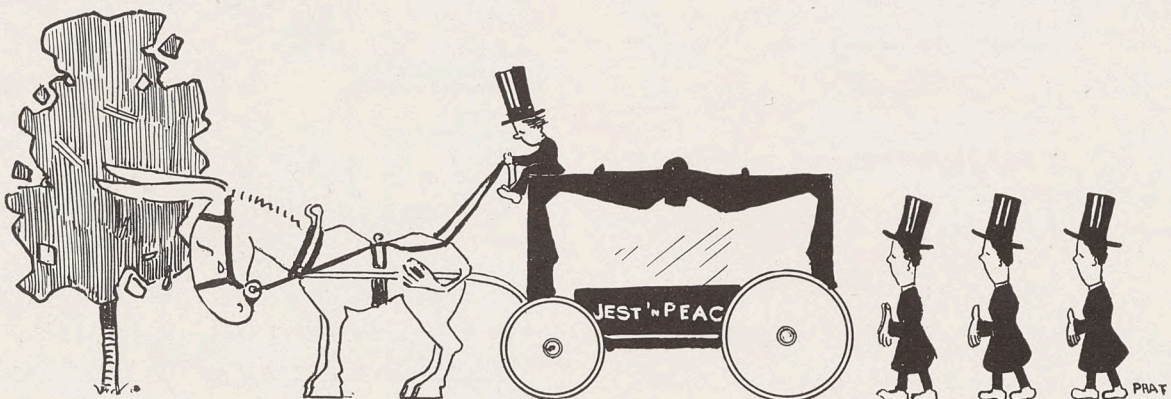
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Loafing as a Fine Art

Comes now the time of year when little birds and co-eds twitter of love, when grass and the freshmen grow greener, when grades, ambition, and the price of gasoline sink to new low levels. In short, to express ourselves in words of one syllable, Spring is here!

Loafing becomes a fine art, and is practised on the quad, the library arcade, parked autos, and whatnot. However, we submit one brand new and hitherto undiscovered place to loaf in ease, comfort, and exclusiveness.

The Dirge office, in the east end of Northeast Hall, recently dry-cleaned and renovated, now boasts startling (!) new decorations, seven chairs, two tables, and an air of hospitality. You're all invited! it's always open.

Our two big attractions are:

Exhibit A: Lots of spicy magazines from other colleges.

Exhibit B: The '31-'32 staff hard at work on the May number of Dirge.

Drop around and see the inside workings of the Dirge staff.



We Make Our Bow

This issue marks the Swan Song of the '30-'31 staff. (Geze, we never thought the day would come when we'd be able to say that!)

With the May issue, the dirty work will be taken over by a newer and fresher bunch of jesters under the leadership of Sam Brightman, who has been for the last two years the chief luminosity in the Dirge firmament.

Sh!

The topic of the May number, according to the new editor, will be kept a secret,—that is, until he decides what the heck he'll write about.

Anyway, it'll be good. Watch for the final Dirge!



Salted Peanuts by One of Them

THE PLAINTIVE CRY of a newsboy in distress dribbled around the corner and into the ears of Emilio ("Fruity") Vanilla. Emilio pricked up those same ears into which the plaintive cry of a newsboy in distress just dribbled and sneaked cautiously to the corner



around which he peered. He saw a flatfoot, a large Irish flatfoot as Emilio could tell by the star he was wearing, brutally kicking a small newsboy with the patented cast-iron toe of his Policeman's Shoe (adv.) The boy was on the ground and the copper was booting him along the street like a soccer ball.

"Zut," barked Emilio. He always barked when he was angry. "Bow-wow, woof-woof!" he said.

At the dread word the Bull whirled and took off his cap, fear written on his every feature.

"S'help me God, Emilio 'Fruity' Vanilla," he said. "We was only playing."

"When you call me that," barked Emilio, "don't forget the parenthesis!" He whipped his rod from a spring holster in his belt and gave the cop the works. The huge bulk in the blue uniform slumped to the pavement to the tune of Emilio's .45. Lots and lots of blood oozed from the still form.

"You oke, kid?" asked Emilio.

"Gee, you're a great guy," said the boy in admiration.

Emilio slipped him half a grand and walked on into the darkness of State street with a muttered "Scram kid".

He covered about four blocks and entered the Oasis cafe. Traversing the dimly lit dance floor he

entered a small back room. Three eggs were seated around a gold-plated table, cigarette butts drooping from their lips.

"Hello, Big Shot," said Lewd Louis Mustacioli.

"Hello, mugs," said Emilio, "What's new?"

"Joe ("Screwey") Bilk's mouthpiece sprung him out of stir," said Vincent ("Oatmeal Cracker") Broccoli.

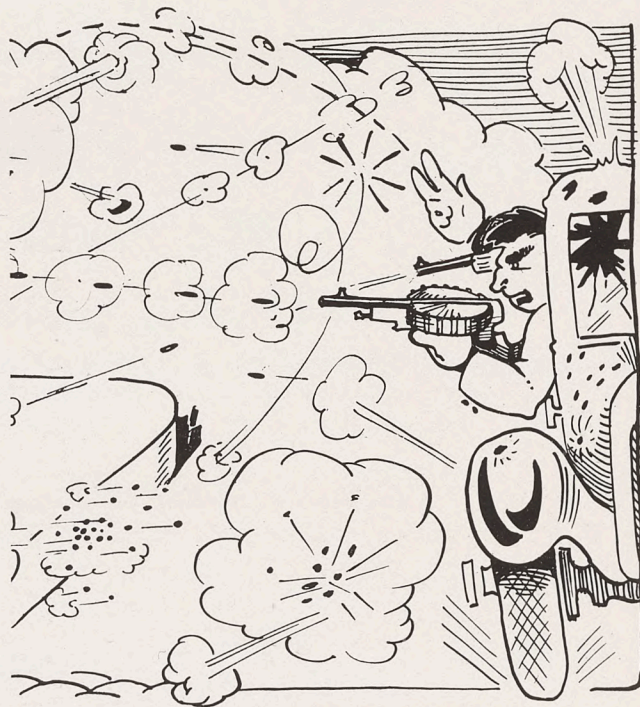
"Yeah?"

"He and his mob hi-jacked three of our trucks this afternoon," said Dan ("The Droop") Droolagen.

"O yeah? A heavy guy, hanh? I'll show him. I'll show him. Thinks he can bust up my racket, does he? That—that toad. Put him on the spot. Get me, take him for a ride. Go on, screw." Emilio ("Fruity") Vanilla gave an angry snarl.

"Yeah? Well he's riding with three cars full of organ grinders right now and he just bought twenty cases of ukelele music this afternoon."

"Well, we got plenty of typewriters ain't we? Go on, you punks. Put the spray on him. Rub him out, see? Scram."



The three red-hots took a shot of Morphine apiece and cheered up immediately.

"We get ya, Big Rod. Leave it to us," said Lewd Louis Mustacioli.

When the three had gone, Emilio "Fruity" Vanilla put on a silk dressing gown, took a harp out of his pocket and commenced to play "The



The big game hunter reports to the Zoo

Peanut Vendor". He was interrupted by a scratch on the door, twice repeated. He advanced slowly to open it, his puff box in his hand. A sweet looking moll in a Southern accent and a coat of brown Weevil was standing on the threshold.

"Oh, good evening, Marguerite ("Maggie the Maggot") Lavalier, I was expecting you. Won't you come in?"

"Thanks, Emilio ("Fruity") Vanilla. How are you?"

"A slight case of *Pediculos Vestimente*, but otherwise I am well. Shall we commence?"

The two darkened all the lights except one and sank luxuriously into their accustomed places. No sound was heard for nearly an hour except a few little clucking noises. Then Emilio said softly,

"You are mine, Marguerite ("Maggie the Maggot") Lavalier. At last I have mastered you. For months I have tried but you bested me by your woman's wiles. Now you are in my power and I shall show no mercy."

"I succumb, Emilio ("Fruity") Vanilla. You are stronger than I." A sigh escaped her.

Emilio turned up the lights again and put the Backgammon board back in its drawer. "Perhaps tomorrow night," he said by way of condolence.

The phone rang and Emilio answered it. He talked very quietly. All that could be heard was "Hell. . . . Dam. . . . Rakestraw Throckmorton. . . . oke."

Emilio strapped on his Tommy and ran towards the door.

"You will not leave me in the lurch?" cried Marguerite ("Maggie the Maggot") Lavalier.

"We're not using the lurch this week," he snapped.

Emilio went over to his garage where ten or twelve other racketeers were gathered. The place was full of an odor peculiar to the product that Emilio's trucks daily carried to and fro throughout the city. There were several trucks in the garage and three powerful, black touring cars.

"Who tipped off Joe ("Screwey") Bilk?" asked Emilio, his piercing gaze searching the faces of the guys before him. One mug seemed to shrink up like a pea.

"Zut," barked Emilio, and drawing his grind-organ from his trousers he filled the man full of holes. The victim fell, after swallowing his death rattle, and arranged himself on the floor in such a way that he could welter comfortably in his own blood.

"Now to business," said Emilio. "You choppers get in those three powerful, black touring cars and . . ."

Just then shouts were heard and a man in police uniform clumped heavily into the room. He stopped before Emilio ("Fruity") Vanilla whose hand was on his speaker.

"I'm a policeman," he gasped.

"Yeah?" said Emilio, not to be taken in. "How do I know?"

The cop showed him the cast-iron toes of his Policeman's Shoes (adv.) and shook some sand out of his hair.

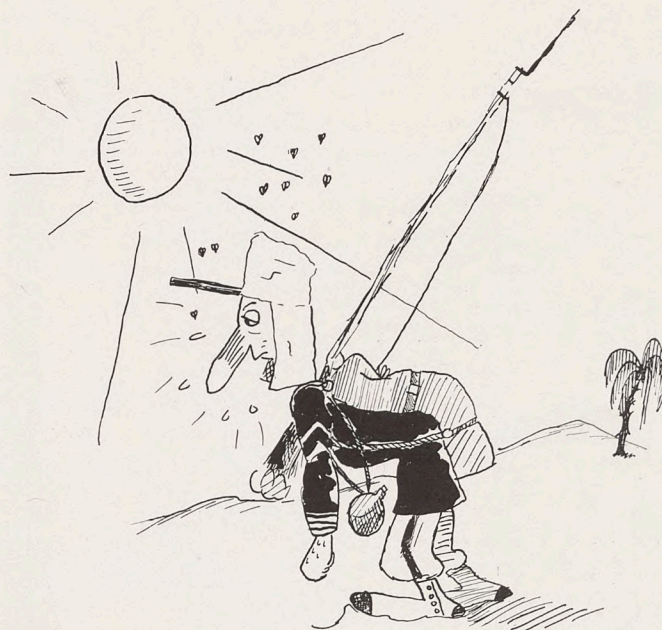
"You're a copper all right. What do you want?"

"Joe ("Screwey") Bilks on his way over here with three powerful, black touring cars full of choppers. He's gonna bump you off. He's got a load of pineapples with him, too. You better scam."

"Thanks, John Law," said Emilio. "Now beat it."

The cop ran out knowing full well that for the rest of his life Emilio ("Fruity") Vanilla's trucks would serve him free of charge.

(Continued on page 23)



Legionaire: "Just wait'll I get my hands on the guy that wrote **Beau Geste!**"

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE HYPOTENUSE

THE AUTOMATIC STOP-SIGN at the corner was very beautiful. It was so beautiful, in fact, that motorists often brought their cars to a complete stop and gazed at this work of art for several moments before they drove away. And because this sign was so ravishing, two of her neighbors, Larry Lamp Post and Freddie Phyre-Plugg, had fallen madly in love with her. And there you have the eternal triangle.

In order that the geometrical state of affairs may be better understood, it becomes necessary to give here a short character sketch of each of these individuals.

Minerva Stop Sign, or "Minnie", as she was affectionally called by those who knew her intimately, was a very queer person. Hers was indeed a heart of stone. She also possessed that quality of fickleness characteristic of her sex, for sometimes she "Go" to Larry and "Stop" to Freddie, while at other times she said just exactly the opposite.

On account of this peculiarity of Minnie's, Larry Lamp Post and Freddie Phyre-Plugg were continually arguing as to which of them held the highest place in the affections of this young lady. Larry Lamp-Post was a tall thin youth, with a bright and beaming countenance. He was, however, not without his faults. He was a trifle light-headed, as most youths are; he often went out nights; and on those nights when he didn't go out, he absorbed a great deal of ohm-brew and got somewhat "lit up".

Freddie Phyre-Plugg was the exact opposite of this luminous personality. He was a short chubby individual, inclined to be stubborn and immovable—set in his ways. Moreover, he was very unsociable, and even refused to allow motor vehicles to park near him.

After endless bickering between the two male sides of this triangle, they finally decided to flip a coin to decide which of them would marry the hypotenuse. But at this point there entered into the story another individual, making the triangle a quadrilateral. Since there can be no

hypotenuse in a quadrilateral, the entrance of this fourth figure inevitably destroyed the hypotenuse entirely.

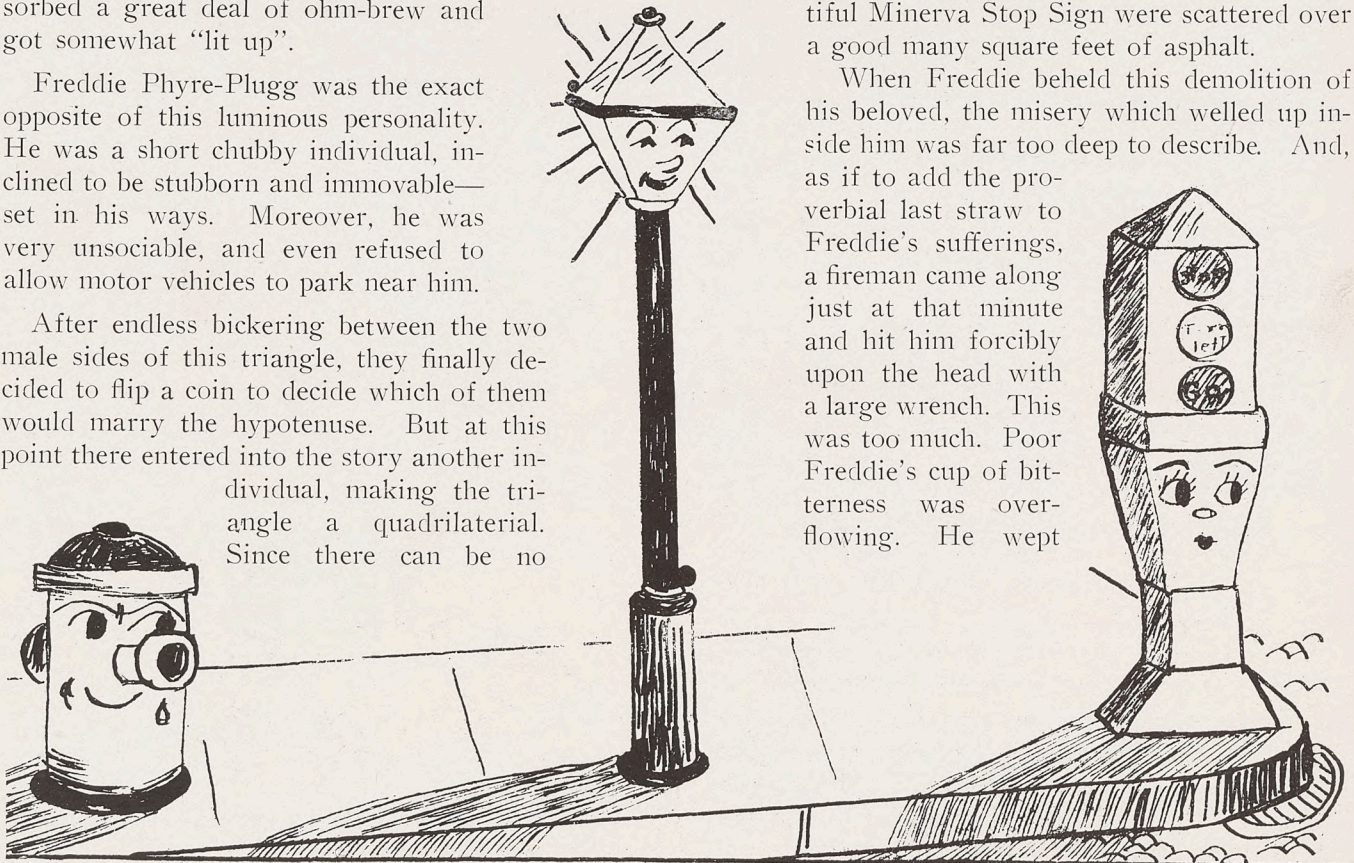
Johnnie Fire Engine was an aristocrat. He was such a lordly person that when he came down the street all other vehicles humbly steered toward the curb to let him pass. And, like most lordly persons, Johnnie was a rather fast fellow. There was one avocation at which he was very adept,—that of singing. He could sing a high soprano, accompanying himself simultaneously with a low basso rumble.

One peaceful night Larry and Freddie were startled by the sound of this individual's voice. They peered up the avenue and saw him advancing toward them at a terrific rate of speed. When Johnnie Fire Engine had almost reached the corner, the driver turned to say something to the man at his side.

It has been said that Minnie Stop Sign had a heart of stone. But when Johnnie Fire Engine was progressing at his fastest speed, he was absolutely irresistible. So no matter how obdurate Minnie was, she was unable to withstand the impact of a ton or so of steel traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

By the time Johnnie had recovered from the accident and pulled up at the curb next to Freddie Phyre-Plugg, the remains of the once beautiful Minerva Stop Sign were scattered over a good many square feet of asphalt.

When Freddie beheld this demolition of his beloved, the misery which welled up inside him was far too deep to describe. And, as if to add the proverbial last straw to Freddie's sufferings, a fireman came along just at that minute and hit him forcibly upon the head with a large wrench. This was too much. Poor Freddie's cup of bitterness was overflowing. He wept



copiously into a handkerchief of peculiar construction known as a "fire hose".

As for Larry Lamp Post, he felt rather put out about the matter. In fact, he was absolutely extinguished.

MORAL: Believe it or not, every woman has a soft spot in her heart.

— D D D —

A man went into Cohen's book store and asked, "Have you a copy of Who's Who and What's What, by Jerome K. Jerome?"

Cohen replied: "No, sir; but we got 'Who's He and Vat's He got,' by Bradstreet."

—Drexerd

— D D D —

They call her Fanny, because she's at the bottom of everything.

—Penn. Punch Bowl

— D D D —

"I'm cutting quite a figure," said the chorus girl as she sat on a broken bottle.

—Tennessee Mugwump



"What would Father Neptune say if the sea dried up?"
 "I haven't a notion."
 "That's right."

— D D D —

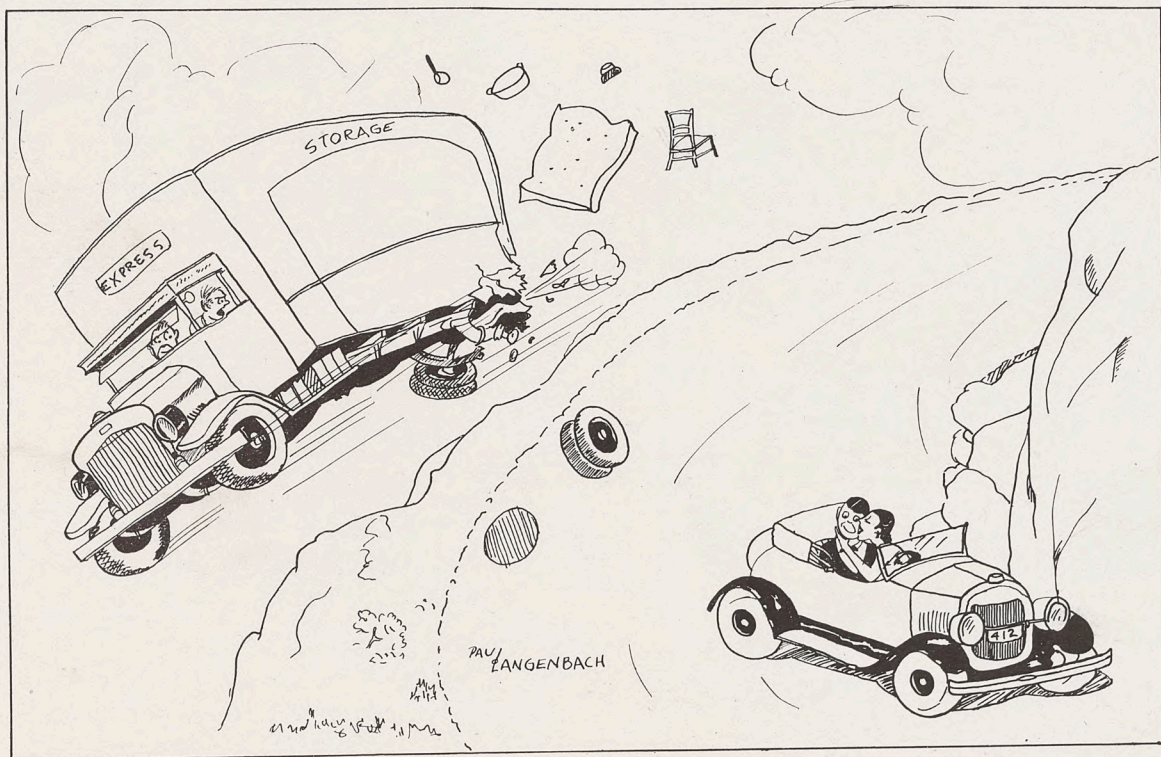
"Ah, success at last," happily exclaimed the young artist as a horse fly lit on his just finished portrait of a jackass."

—Wampus

— D D D —

"I'm engaged to a girl I've known only two days."
 "What folly!"
 "Ziegfeld's."

—Drexerd



Truck driver: "You see, Bill, there's the cause of most auto accidents."



"But, Dean, do you think my daughter will be safe in a co-educational school?"

The Guy Who Drives the Car

The owner of the car's the guy
Who gets the dirty deal—
He gives free transportation
And he's often called a heel.

His "pals" look horrified when he
Suggests they buy the gas—
When dirty cracks are passed around
He gets them by the mass.

He's the boy that pokes around
To fix the broken spark—
His "pard" remains aloof, and acts
As if it were a lark.



"Your broker reminds me of Pharaoh's daughter."

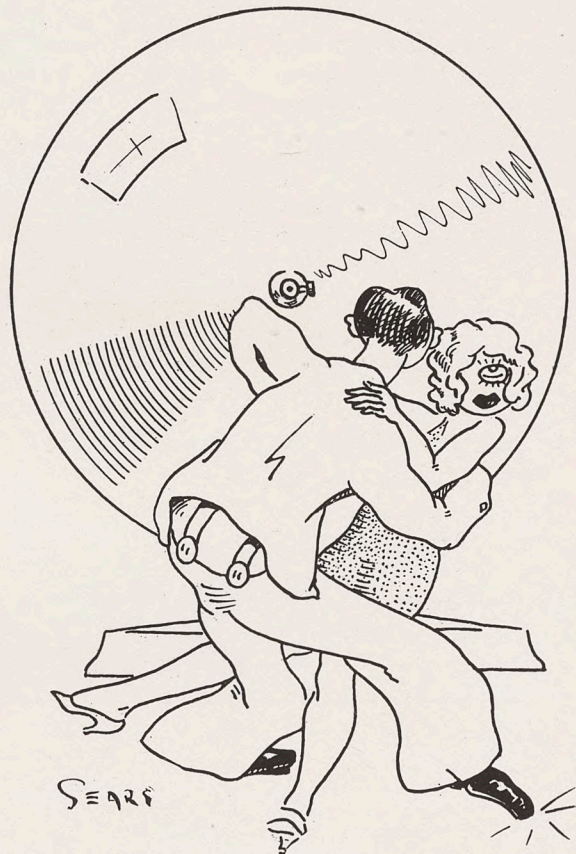
"Why so?"

"Because he found a little prophet in the rushes."

He's treated as a hireling chauffeur
By boys and girls alike—
He's lucky if he makes his car
A trade-in for a bike.

It costs him two good hours of work
Without a single stop
To take away the heelmarks from
The inside of the top.

While at an obstinate flat tire
He tugs, and twists, and twirls,
His "pal" remains inside the car,
Necking both the girls.



"Have you heard the song of the life-time convict?"

"I'm ready—"

"One sin a life-time."

Such rotten treatment here below
Merits compensation—
Let heaven give him, first of all,
Gratis transportation,

And hours beautiful to turn
The key in the ignition,
And maidens fair to drive or ride
With him at his commission.

And mechanics in the shape of those
Who rode with him on earth—
Then, perhaps, he'll cease to curse
His fearful day of birth.

—Wm. Westcott (one who knows)

A questionnaire sent out by the S. P. C. A., in an effort to find the college boy's ideal girl in regards to dimensions, revealed the following answers:

- Ankles—Weak (So she can't walk home).
- Calves—Ought to have 'em.
- Hips—Narrow enough for a Ford rumble-seat.
- Waist—Accessible.
- Bust—Yes.
- Neck—Plenty.
- Arms—Essential.

— D D D —

"Reach for the heir!" yelled the kidnapper to his comrade as he covered him with his gun.



"Why shouldn't I ship in a schooner?"
 "The Bible says no man can serve two masters."

— D D D —

"This will remove your bad breath," assured the hangman to the criminal, as he adjusted the knot around his neck.

— D D D —

*"Sing a song of sixpence,
 A pocket full of rye,
 I'm going on a heavy date;
 The limit is the sky."*

*But when the guy received the bill,
 The birds began to sing,
 "Sixpence isn't near enough
 To pay the lousy thing."*



"Didja know Horace Glamfph kicked in?"
 "What—ole Horace dead?"
 "Oh no, just pigeon-toed."

— D D D —

This is the time of year when it is hard to believe that love is merely the increased functioning of a few glands.

— D D D —

A Deep One

Prof: "Can you use Afghanistan in a sentence?"
 Stude: "Sure. 5 plus 4½ is 9½ and Afghanistan."



Face-lifting M.D.: "Madame, will you please pick your nose with this chart?"

THE COLLEGE COMIC

(A play in one act)

Act One

Time: The week before the college magazine comes out.

Place: Office of the magazine. The staff is seen lounging around the room.

Editor Henry: "Well, boys, we got a magazine to get out."

Dawson: "Zz-zz-zz-zz-zz."

Brightman: "I got it! I'll write a play about getting out a magazine."

Henry: "Good idea, Sam. What magazine did you see it in?"

Bright: "Why, this is strictly original." (He takes out a copy of the Harvard Lampoon and a pair of scissors.)

Dawson: "Zz-zz-zz-zz-zz."

E. Werber: "Gimme a cig, somebody."

Henry: "Hot Dog! That'll make a good joke. The girl says 'Gimme a cig, somebody.' The boy says 'No. It will make you cig'."

(Entire staff, with exception of Dawson, bursts into loud laughter.)

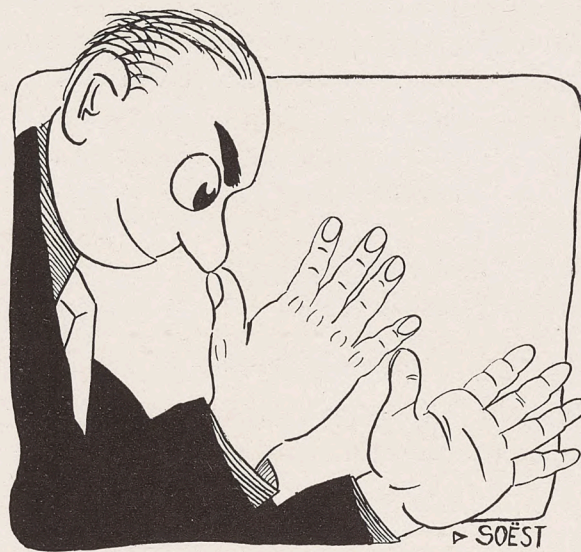
Henry: "That joke will win the five dollar prize this issue. I need the money."

Dawson: "Zz-zz-zz-zz-zz."

Henry: "Now, let's buckle down to work."

(Entire staff takes out a pair of scissors, a belt buckle, and a copy of College Humor.)

Question: What's wrong with this picture?



Answer: The man forgot his piccolo.

Bright: "Henry, Henry! The paste jar; it's stolen. I can't find it."

(Chaos reigns. Entire staff realizes that if any of their jokes get in, they will need paste jar.)

Dawson (Aroused by the confusion, wakes up and attempts to rise): "My Gawd! I'm stuck."

Entire Staff: "Saved! The paste jar is found, and our reading public will get his magazine."

The Curtain Falls (and high time, too.)



"A bunch of the boys were whooping it up—"



CAMEL-LIGHTING TIME

SOFT LIGHTS and friendly shadows, intimate, alluring — and

returned the light of war. The night of the
 face force. The dirty creek.
 The cats stopped in front of the garage and
 blue spat lead at one another. In the back of
 a handsome man, hatless, wearing, quite and
 holding a cigarette in a singular manner, got out
 of one of the powerful, black touring cars and
 amidst the hail of flying lead. It was Joe
 Serwey. "Heh,
 "Heh, heh," he laughed. "try to rub me
 milio ("Urinn") Vanilla. Heh, heh. I have a
 bullet-proof vest on. Heh, heh. Drop your gats
 me. I ain't gonna bump your mugs off; I'm gonna
 give you guys a good time. I'm gonna send you to
 college. Yeah? Heh, heh, heh."

PATRONIZE BIRDS

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 aromas of
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She: "I've noticed that. How can he tell when to stop?"

He: "Well every time he takes a drink he swallows a bean and when the bean rattles against his back teeth, he knows he has had enough!"

—Zip 'n Tang

— D D D —

She was only a fireman's daughter, and her father put out her flames every night."

—Longhorn

— D D D —

"I didn't catch the name but the breath is familiar."

—California Pelican

She: "Is anyone looking?"

He: "Not a soul."

She: "Then I won't fix my garter."

—Troubador

— D D D —

"My, I'm tired," quoth Eve, after taking a swim in the nude. "I wish there was somebody here to re-leave me."

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

— D D D —

"I'm hot and bothered."

"Well, I'm hot—now if I could only be bothered."

—Mountain Goat

— D D D —

Be original. Don't wear suspenders or a belt. Eventually, your originality will be noticed. Oh, my yes!

—Exchange

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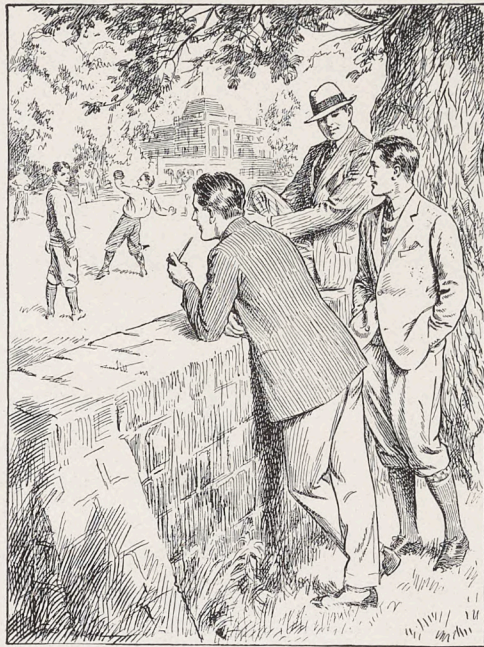
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SALTED PEANUTS

(Continued from page 15)

"Come on you hefties, get your peanuts ready. We'll make this Bilk think he's on the Hot Squat."

Laughing at his grim joke Emilio arranged his crew at points of vantage around the front of the garage and awaited the coming of Joe ("Screwey") Bilk.

Soon the whining of sirens was heard in the distance and three powerful, black touring cars, preceded by a police escort of twenty motorcycles, turned the corner, spitting death at every step.

"Blank him," said Emilio ("Fruity") Vanilla as he returned the hail of lead, "he's bought up the police force. The dirty crook."

The cars stopped in front of the garage and both sides spat lead at one another. In the midst of it all a handsome man, hatless, wearing spats and smoking a cigarette in a singular manner, got out of one of the powerful, black touring cars and stood amidst the hail of flying lead. It was Joe ("Screwey") Bilk.

"Heh, heh," he laughed, "try to rub me out, Emilio ("Fruity") Vanilla. Heh, heh. I have a bullet-proof vest on. Heh, heh. Drop your gats, get me. I ain't gonna bump you mugs off; I'm gonna give you guys a good time. I'm gonna send you to college. Yeah! Heh, heh, heh."

Emilio's crew stopped their puff-box fire to listen to the gangster's diabolical words.

"You guys is gonna have just as swell a time as if you was in the Big House. I'm gonna give you an exam every day. See! Heh, heh, heh."

Nearly paralyzed with terror at the appalling thought of a stretch in college, Emilio's red-hots dropped their gats and even the face of their Big Rod blanched with fear, like an almond.

Then Emilio ("Fruity") Vanilla, not to be taken in so easily, said:

"Look Vincent ("Oatmeal Cracker") Broccoli, he's on the spot!"

Sure enough, Joe ("Screwey") Bilk was standing in a little circle marked off on the sidewalk with yellow chalk and labeled "Spot". With a happy laugh, Emilio pressed a button underneath the concrete floor and a large safe, which was suspended from a second story window of the garage, fell and spread Joe ("Screwey") Bilk all over the pavement as if he were butter.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Seeing that their heavy guy was rubbed out, the rival gangsters sped away in their three powerful, black touring cars and Emilio and his remaining mugs left their dead on the floor and went into the back room of the garage and drank a quart of

(Continued on next page)

FOR over half a century men who make an art of good dressing have looked for this name in selecting their shoes.

Walk-Over
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

612 Olive St.
 and
 Grand at Washington



whiskey apiece. They had been narrowly saved from a fate worse than death.

The next morning Emilio's trucks roamed the city and Highway 42 without molestation, carrying their precious cargo. Emilio and his frail watched them with satisfaction.

"Now that Joe ("Screwey") Bilk is dead," said Emilio, "I have nothing more to worry about. I can be assured of a supply equal to my demand at all times. Shall we get married and settle down?"

"Yes, Emilio," said Marguerite ("Maggie the Maggot") Lavalier. "Won't it be nice? Now you can raise those pure-bred Hampshire swine you've always wanted and you can give your Arkansas razorbacks to the county eleemosynary institutions."

The two of them left the Oasis Cafe and got in one of Emilio's powerful trucks. They admired the sign on the side, printed in heroic letters,

EMILIO VANILLA
 GARBAGE

— D D D —

"So's your old man," snorted the Ugly Duckling. "The jok'e's on you," brayed the Little Red Hen, "I'm an incubator chicken."

— D D D —

"Oh," said the bride disgustedly to her newlywed, "you're one of those men who sleep in the night."

—Masquerader

Five men were trapped in the stoke-hole of a big boat. All ventilators and doors had become jambed. The members of the rescue party estimated that the temperature of the air in the hole after the period of inclosure was close to 300 degrees. When the rescue party finally succeeded in breaking down the door, they found four men dead, and one, a slightly built person, as lively as ever. The leader of the rescue party examined the strong looking dead men, and then turned to the weak looking man and asked, "How did you manage to survive this intense heat and hot air when these four strong looking men couldn't?"

The man replied, "I was a Senator for four years."

—Octopus

— D D D —

If you don't succeed at first, try playing second base.

—Beanpot

— D D D —

Birth Control

He: "You see if we enter a companionate marriage we can live together awhile and then, if we find we've made a mistake, we can separate."

She: "Yes—but—what'll we do with the mistake?"

—North Carolina "Wataugan"

— D D D —

People who live in glass houses shouldn't.

—Black and Blue Jay

— D D D —

Game Warden: "Have you ever shot a doe?"

Rastus: "No suh, but Ah've rapped on lots ob dem."

—Pitt Panther

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"That's the minister's wife,—but she can certainly raise the deacons."

—Record

— D D D —

She: "So you've seen me on the stage? What was I in at the time?"

He: "Three feathers and a string of beads."

—Life

— D D D —

She: "What kind of wood is used in making a match?"

He: "He wooed and she would."

—Punch Bowl

— D D D —

Boys who have chauffeurs to drive them around never learn to shift for themselves.

—Bison

— D D D —

"I hate dumb women."

"Aha—a woman hater!"

A chestnut!

—Bison

— D D D —

Jane: "I want a shorter skirt than the one you showed me."

Clerk: "This is the shortest we have. Have you tried the collar department?"

—Claw

— D D D —

Determined Woman: "Have you a good automatic?"

Hardware Dealer: "Yes, here is one that will shoot nine times."

Determined Woman: "What do you think I married? A tom cat?"

— D D D —

Clerk: "What's the matter, sonny?"

Little Boy: "Please, sir, have you seen a lady without a little boy who looks like me?"

—Frivol

— D D D —

Rooster: "Why are you eating those tacks?"

Hen: "Im going to lay a carpet."

—Panther

— D D D —

Iskey: "Do they have cowboys in New York?"

Bibble: "Of course not, silly."

Iskey: "Then why the 'Bronx'?"

—Beanpot

Maid: "There were two men standing outside your window while you were dressing, madam."

Madam: "That's nothing, you should have seen the crowd when I was younger."

—*Buccaneer*

— D D D —

Stout Woman: "I want to return this washing machine."

Salesman: "Why, what's wrong with it?"

Stout Woman: "Every time I get in the thing the paddles knock me off my feet!"

—*Rensaeller Pup*

— D D D —

Aviator (eating chicken) "Is this a wing?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir. Why?"

Aviator: "Well, next time leave the struts out."

—*Black and Blue Jay*

— D D D —

Student (translating passage in German class): "I fell to the ground humbly and clasped her by the knee— and that's as far as I got, Professor Hatfield."

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*

— D D D —

"Jack loves to make people feel at home."

"How so?"

"His house party girl was from Davenport."

—*Cornell "Widow"*

— D D D —

"A little bird told me what kind of lawyer your uncle is."

"What did it say?"

"Cheep! Cheep!"

"Oh, yehhhh. Well, a duck just told me what kind of a doctor your pa is."

—*Reserve Red Cat*

BLUE VALLEY BUTTER

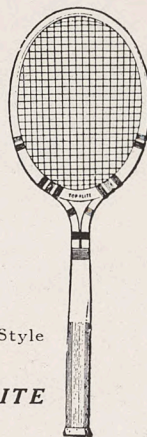


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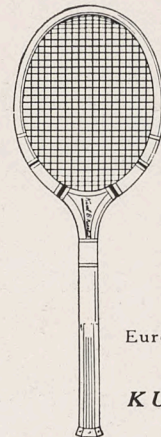
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Then there's the girl who worked in an ammunition plant so that she would have lots of arms around her.

— D D D —

Sig. Ep: "Oy, am I sick!"

Delt: "Whatsa matter?"

Sig. Ep: "I ate one of those Unemployed Apples, and it started to work!"

—*Lchigh "Burr"*

— D D D —

"What are the young man's intentions, daughter?"

"Well, he's been keeping me pretty much in the dark."

—*Stanford Chaparral*

— D D D —

He: "Mabel, I'm burning with love for you."

She: "Come, come, Aloysious, don't make of yourself a fuel."

—*Beanpot*

— D D D —

She: "What happens to Mormons when they leave the faith?"

He: "They come East and turn icemen."

—*Bison*

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Drug Clerk: "Anything wrong, sir?"

—Gargoyle

— D D D —

Advertisement in a newspaper: "Eskimo Spits
Pups for ten dollars apiece."

—Satyr

— D D D —

"Why do you call your car the 'Mayflower'?"

"Oh, that's because so many puritans have come
across in it."

—Purple Parrot

— D D D —

Telephones and Happiness

*The telephone
rings
& mi hart goes flop
lik a fish
in the deep blu
sea
but i mite hav new
that the calls
cumin thru
aint
newur 4 me
newur 4 me. . .*

—Malteaser

Times Change

The Puritan had his blunderbus—today we have
the baby carriage.

—Voodoo

— D D D —

"Pawdon me, Mrs. Astor, but that never would
have happened if you hadn't stepped between me
and that spittoon."

—Zip 'n Tang

— D D D —

In a Fraternity House

First Stewed: "Who's your close-mouthed
brother over there?"

Second Stewed: "He ain't close-mouthed. He's
waiting for the janitor to come back with the spit-
toon."

—Exchange

— D D D —

Phi Delt: "Do you know that Phi Delta Theta
maintains five homes for the feeble minded?"

Frohs: "I thought you had more chapters than
that."

—Frivol

— D D D —

Well, anyway, being editor of a college comic
mag has one compensation. You can always get a
job on a steam shovel.

—Columns

— D D D —

"Well, I think I'll put the motion before the
house," said the chorus girl, as she danced out on
the stage.

—Washington Ghost

— D D D —

Nowadays there are more stalls in automobiles
than there are in stables.

—Log

— D D D —

Guide: "Now, we shall see the sarcophagus of
King Tut."

Bashful Old Maid: "I'd better wait here."

—Widow

— D D D —

Satan (to new arrival): "Hey, you act as though
you owned this place."

Newcomer: "I do. My wife gave it to me."

—Exchange

— D D D —

"Oh, yes the girls up at the Pi Phi House are very
religious. Every time I walk through the door I
hear them murmur 'Ah, men'."

—Sundial

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