

Washington University in St. Louis

## Washington University Open Scholarship

---

The Dirge

University Archives

---

12-1930

### Washington University Dirge

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

Follow this and additional works at: <https://openscholarship.wustl.edu/dirge>

---

#### Recommended Citation

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri, "Washington University Dirge" (December 1930). *The Dirge*. 12.  
<https://openscholarship.wustl.edu/dirge/12>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the University Archives at Washington University Open Scholarship. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Dirge by an authorized administrator of Washington University Open Scholarship. For more information, please contact [digital@wumail.wustl.edu](mailto:digital@wumail.wustl.edu).

# The DIRGE

two bits

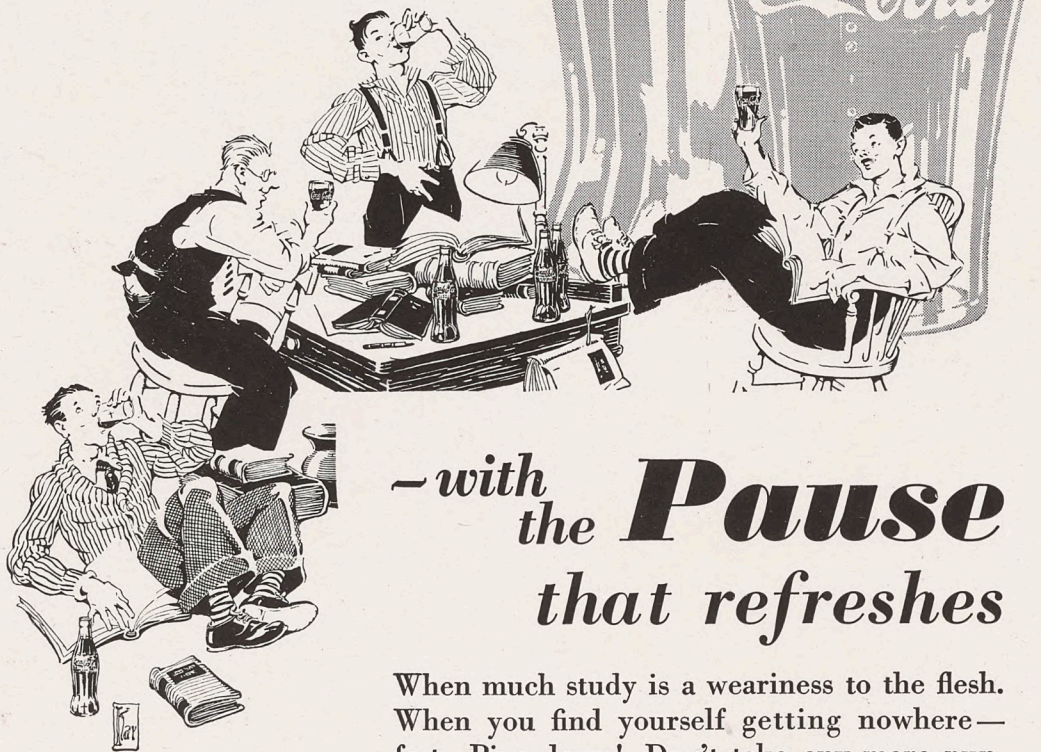


DECEMBER  
1 · 9 · 3 · 0

McNIGHT



# Put the "grin" in Grind



— with the **Pause**  
that refreshes

When much study is a weariness to the flesh. When you find yourself getting nowhere—fast. Pipe down! Don't take any more punishment! Let go everything! Pause for a moment and refresh yourself.

That's just the time and place when an ice-cold bottle or glass of Coca-Cola will do you the most good. A regular cheer-leader with its happy sparkle and delicious flavor, while its pure, wholesome refreshment packs a big rest into a little minute and gets you off to a fresh start.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

— **LISTEN IN** —  
Grantland Rice — Famous  
Sports Champions — Coca-Cola  
Orchestra — Every Wednesday  
10:30 to 11 p. m. E. S. T. —  
Coast to Coast NBC Network

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

CM-1

Decem  
E  
1/  
4/  
1/  
4/  
It  
thoug  
So  
Da  
So  
Da  
Ma  
Wate  
Th  
he stu  
bered  
minu  
a pre  
Gin  
low t  
the m  
Th  
ing to  
his ha  
V  
Publish

*Kodaks  
Cine' Kodaks  
Kodak Supplies  
Photo Finishing*

## Eastman Kodak Stores

1009 Olive

Kodak Building

CEntral 9770

1/c (at table): "Mister, tell us a story."  
4/c: "Once upon a time there were four bears—."  
1/c: "Don't you mean three bears?"  
4/c: "No, sir, this was a year later."

—Log

— D D D —

It is better to keep your mouth shut and be thought a fool than to open it and remove all doubt.

—Log

— D D D —

Son: "Dad, what is the Latin word for people?"  
Dad: "I don't know, son."  
Son: "Populi."  
Dad: "How dare you speak to me like that?"

—Agawan

— D D D —

Math Prof.: "I am going to do Problem 6. Watch the board carefully while I go through it."

—Jack o' Lantern

— D D D —

The drunk tottered along the curb. Several times he stumbled off into the gutter. Each time he clambered on the sidewalk. He did this for several minutes, finally stopping and exclaiming, "Thish is a pretty damn long stairway."

—Jack o' Lantern

— D D D —

Girls are like final examinations—they keep a fellow up all night worrying about them, and then ask the most foolish questions.

—Beanpot

— D D D —

The cheerleader who used to tear his hair out trying to get people to yell, is now married and tearing his hair out trying to stop the baby from yelling.

—Juggler

We aren't quite sure that it's wise to print this one, but we'll take a chance:

### PRAYER OF A MAN FOR A MAID

*I sent a prayer to Heaven,  
And this is what I prayed:  
Please send, for only just this once,  
A really brainy maid.*

*Oh, I've had girls that were pretty,  
Much more than passing fair,  
But I've never even dated one  
With brains beneath her hair.*

*I've never had a sweetheart;  
No—I've never had a dear  
Who'd even have a fighting chance  
In bouts above the ear.*

*So, Powers up in Heaven,  
To YOU, I make this plea:  
Please send a half-way conscious girl  
To keep me company!*

—De Mark Boy

— D D D —

I followed the one and only out of the Libe. Just as she reached the door a book dropped out of her arms. It was my chance. I rushed to her and picked it up. I noticed it was English History.

"Excuse me," I said, "but did you drop this?"  
"Drop it!" she exclaimed, "Hell, I flunked it."

—Beanpot

— D D D —

Visitor (gazing at campus buildings): "I think your porticos are very well shaped."

Co-ed: "Yes, that's what all the fellows tell me, but you needn't get so familiar."

—Black and Blue Jay

FOR

Delicious Sandwiches

## Joseph Garavelli's

DeBaliviere and DeGiverville

### "Hello, My Friend"

# We Call Your Attention to the Fact

That DIRGE, in order to stimulate more student contributions, is offering a

## CASH PRIZE

of \$5.00 for the best original contribution each month.

Contributions may include stories, jokes, or cartoons.

The contest is open to all students at Washington University except editors and members of the editorial board of Dirge

**All contributions for the Next Issue must be in by February 15, 1931**

**Material may be placed in Box No. 38, Faculty Mail Room; given to any member of the Dirge Staff; or mailed to the Dirge.**

### You Don't Have to be on the Staff to Contribute to "DIRGE."

A Russian was being led off to execution by a squad of Bolshevik soldiers on a rainy morning.

"What brutes you Bolsheviks are," grumbled the doomed one, "to march me through the rain like this."

"How about us?" retorted one of the squad. "We have to march back."

—*Iowa Frivol*

— D D D —

And then there was the timid Plebe who preferred blondes, because he was afraid of the dark.

—*Log*

Soph: "When you sleep your noble brow reminds me of a story."

Frosh: "What story, Sleeping Beauty?"

Soph: "No, Sleepy Hollow."

—*Longhorn*

— D D D —

"Dear father," wrote the college student, "would it be presumptuous for me to ask you for the \$5.00 of the money you received in 'Bright Sayings of the Baby' contest when I was a child?"

—*Co-operative Engineer*

## BLUE VALLEY BUTTER



You Need Its Vitamines

Served on the Campus

CABANY 5016

CABANY 6590

## NELSON'S ICE CREAM

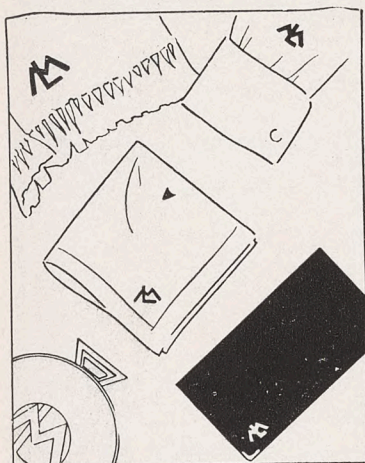
of Finer Quality

Pastry Cakes Salads for every occasion

440 DE BALIVIERE AVENUE

## VANITY FAIR

## THE PLACE FOR MONOGRAMS



© VANITY FAIR

Monograms on the well-dressed man's clothes and accessories are quite appropriate, especially on those things which must be laundered and which are often disfigured by the hieroglyphics of the laundry man.

While monograms are primarily for purposes of identification, they are at the same time decorative, but, like anything decorative in men's dress, they should not be displayed like a distress signal, as some men use them. A muffer, for example, should not hang

over the lapel of the coat like a banner, nor should it be obviously knotted and puffed to show its monogram.

In the same way a handkerchief should not be tucked into a pocket carefully pressed out to show the monogram.

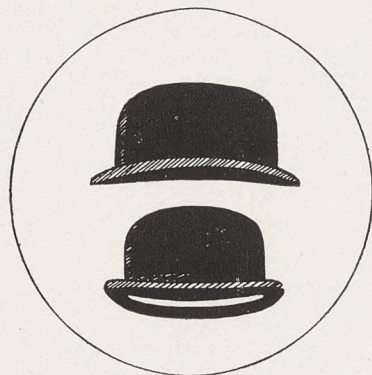
Monograms should be embroidered on a man's linen, they should be stamped on his leather things, and should be put, in some way, on everything with which he travels.

If you are interested in any question of men's dress or etiquette, write to the "Well Dressed Man," care of the Dirge, and your letter will receive prompt attention. Please be sure to give address accurately.—(Copyright, 1930, by Vanity Fair)

## THE NEW BOWLER HAT

The accompanying sketches show two views of the new shape now fashionable in bowler hats—more commonly known as the derby.

The new shape is decidedly smaller and lower in the crown. Looking at it from the side, the crown of the hat slopes to a rounded—not a flat—top. From the front, the crown is quite straight at the sides and rounded at the top. The brim is fairly narrow, and its curve less marked than last season.



© VANITY FAIR

In any discussion of new shapes and new fashions in black bowlers, there arises always the rather vociferous objection of those who require special treatment in the matter of bowlers.

And to repeat what we have said many times before, a new fashion and a new shape does not mean that, to be smartly dressed, a man must wear an exact replica of one particular new shape. Any one must adapt a new style or fashion to his own particular needs. If the bowler shown here with an almost belled crown is worn by a large man and appears to give the same effect as the smaller hat on a thin man, then these two individuals wearing different styles of hats are nevertheless dressed in the same fashion.

If you are interested in any question of men's dress or etiquette, write to the "Well Dressed Man," care of the Dirge, and your letter will receive prompt attention. Please be sure to give address accurately.—(Copyright, 1930, by Vanity Fair.)

## a confidential note to the Governor about Christmas

*Start it off something like this*

Dear Pater:

With filial devotion and knowing the woes and worries and the sad groanings of the flat pocket book on the gray morning after the glad Christmas day, your devoted son has at last a sensible suggestion.

You know my clothes have reached that sad state where I can no longer hold up my head as the proud scion of a noble family.

*(this is calculated to tickle the old boy's vanity and you're ready for the big act.)*

Now, Dad, see how easy your favorite son has made it for you; just your John Hancock on an order to Losse, the tailor, for a made to order suit for Yours Truly.

Thanks Dad

(Sign here)

P.S. No use waiting till Christmas, I really need the suit now.

P.S. No. 2. Forgot to tell you, Dad, Losse has a College Section; swankiest styles and patterns on the campus. And you get off easy, special college prices, only \$35 to \$55 for a made to order suit; you should see the way the trousers hold their crease and how they do wear; I will save enough in pressing to save you the cost of another suit. There's a thought to add to your Christmas Cheer.

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

There  
are  
**TOO MANY  
WOMEN**

● Katharine Brush has written the saga of a professional life-guard.

A tea-brown giant in a brief gray suit, he followed the sun and the sun-burned swimmers North in summer and South in winter. His profile, like a head for a coin, belonged against a background of beach and beach umbrellas and bright silk beach pajamas—and women. Women's eyes were always on him, but his blue gaze was not to be held for long . . . And then he met Ruby in a hot little inland town where there was no sea, no sand, no nothing—just a girl with yellow hair and violet eyes. Just one girl, when there were a hundred million in the world.

A Complete Novelette by

**KATHARINE  
BRUSH**

One of the grandest of a series of grand stories this writer has done for College Humor, in the next issue.

**College Humor**

**MAGAZINE**



**Uncertain**

Little One: "How long has it been since you made this port, sailor?"

Sailor: "Why, 'er, 'uh—how old are you little girl?"

—*Yellow Crab*

— D D D —

"Poppa," asked little Issac, "What is a guardian?"

"A guardian, mine boy, is someone that takes your fadder's place."

"Chee viz, den I got five!"

—*California Pelican*

— D D D —

Our idea of an unbeatable combination is Methu selah's age and Solomon's wives.

—*Mountain Goat*

— D D D —

"Poor Appolinaris is suffering from stage in ebriation."

"Ah, say not so!"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes. Too much boo's."

—*Panther*

— D D D —

Indignant Father: "Last evening I distinctly saw my daughter sitting on your lap. What explanation have you to make?"

Joe Gish: "I got here early before the rest, sir."

—*Log*

— D D D —

First Newstand Girl: "Say did that handsome guy take a Saturday Evening Post?"

Second Newstand Girl: "Yeah, but no Liberties."

—*Flamingo*

— D D D —

Brutus: "How many cheese sandwiches did you eat, Caesar?"

Cesar: "Et tu, Brutus."

—*Red Cat*

— D D D —

Judge: "Were you ever arrested before?"

Tough: "Now, honest, judge, do I look like a bud just makin' me daboo?"

—*Sun Dial*

— D D D —

Freshman: "I hear you're going to change courses."

Another: "Yeah, I think I'll try this graduate school for a change."

—*The Juggler*

*This is supposed to  
be a title page,*

# BUT—

SINCE this number hasn't any title anyway, and  
SINCE all gags about Christmas spirits, Sandy  
Claws, making Mary, etc., are so darn  
overworked,

THEREFORE we decided to print this little  
picture down in the corner, and if you  
can think of any appropriate title to go  
with it, come around to the office some  
day and we'll give you a swell position  
on the staff.





# Dirge

## Wishes You A—



# The DIRGE

"Jest in Peace"

Simile: As awkward as the guy who can't smoke Murads nonchalantly.

— D D D —

Advice to the parents of marriageable daughters: "Don't count your children before they're hitched."

— D D D —

It ain't the cough that'll carry you off—it's the coffin they carry you off in.

— D D D —

"How's your sandwich?"  
"Awful! This ham must have been cured by auto-suggestion!"

— D D D —

"Why did he take poison?"  
"He was in a vial humor."

— D D D —

Join the navy and sea the world.

— D D D —

Over his keys the musing organist paused—he had forgotten what came next!

— D D D —

"So you owe some chemists money?"  
"Si02."

— D D D —

"What did the popular song writer do before breakfast?"  
"Only Arose!"

"A dead loss," as the Mrs. said when her husband died without insurance.

— D D D —

Who remembers the old fairy-tale about Beauty and the Yeast?

— D D D —

"I'm Thurston," said the magician as he turned the water into wine.

— D D D —

Septic: "I'm going to get married."

Sceptic: "Oh, yeah? You and who else?"

— D D D —

"I have a yen for you," said the Chinese student to his girl friend, as he gave her a piece of money.

— D D D —

"He who hesitates is not dancing," says a sign in a dance hall. Give the guy a break, maybe he's just bashful.

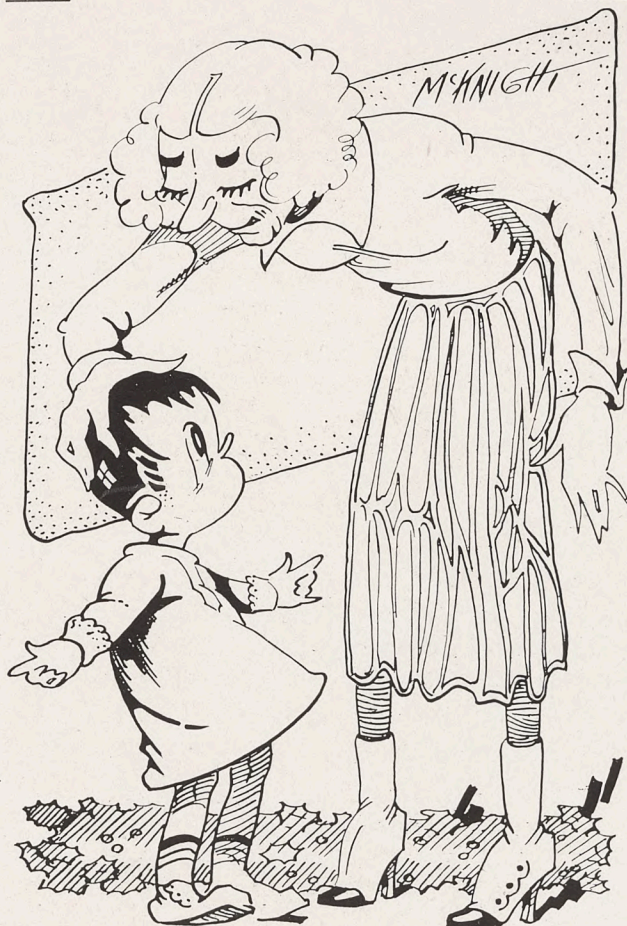
— D D D —

"What's your name?" said the station-sergeant to the prisoner.

"William," was the answer.

"William what?"

"Damn all traveling salesmen!" vehemently cried the prisoner.



Aunty: "Why do you want to borrow my stockings to hang up?"

Boy: "I'm askin' Santy Claus for a fishin' pole."

# CO-OPERATION

by  
GEORGE H. HALL

"Life is a funny thing," said Johnny.

Take himself and Ann for instance. He was in love with Ann, madly in love. At least he thought he was and to all intents and purposes that amounts to the same thing. But the funny thing was that he didn't know Ann, or to be exact, she didn't know him. He had seen her first about two months ago. She was in his French class. She did not impress him so much right away but the more he saw of her the better he liked her. He took special pains to find out what name she responded to when the roll was called. Miss Rutledge. He looked her up in the directory and found that she was Ann Diversey Rutledge, '33, and that she was from down state and lived at the dorms. Johnny didn't like that. He didn't like girls who live at dorms and he simply despised the name Ann. But the next time he saw her he forgot his prejudices. After all Ann was a rather pretty name after you got used to it and it was just possible that

there were some nice girls out at the dorms. Anyhow, the reason he didn't like the name Ann was because he once had an aunt named Ann and they had called her Fanny. With a thrill of horror he wondered if they called this girl Fanny. Or Annie. No, they couldn't. No girl with a face like that could be called Fanny. It just wasn't logical.

Having definitely decided that he liked her, a process that took some weeks, he set about thinking of ways and means whereby he could meet her. Johnny had an aesthetic soul and he approached things by devious ways. It would have been a simple matter to get someone to introduce him but that was so unromantic and besides it didn't flatter Johnny's vanity. He didn't want her to think that he cared. Not he. The impression he desired to create was one of complete indifference. He wanted to appear woman-proof and yet susceptible if he were properly approached. Then again she was obviously not one of those girls you could sit down next to and say "Howdy" and make your friend for

life. That was one reason Johnny liked her. She seemed so aloof and wrapped up in herself. She didn't appear to be cold. It wasn't that. She just didn't seem to care. As a matter of fact she gave Johnny the exact same impression he desired to give her. Anyhow he liked to look at her, even at the back of her head, for she sat in the front of the room and he in the rear. He thought for a moment of introducing himself but gave it up. Any one could do that. And she wouldn't think a great deal

more of him either. No, there was only one thing to do. They must meet by accident. Johnny thought that maybe he could arrange an accident. After that everything would be all right and their destinies would link themselves together and Johnny and Ann would travel down life's highway in a sixteen cylinder Cadillac. Johnny liked that. He began to write poetry.

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning Johnny shaved with meticulous care, saw that his pants were well

pressed and that his tie was correctly tied. Not too tight, that looked awful. And not too loose. A fellow musn't look sloppy. Then he betook himself to school with a light heart for he had French on Monday.

He had figured that his best plan of attack was to lie in wait for her at a corner which she must pass to effect an exit from the building. He took up his station there every other morning after class, hope beating high in his breast. Hoping for what he didn't exactly know. He only knew that some day something would turn up. And when it did he must be prepared. He planted his feet firmly on the floor in such a position that she would have to go a little out of her way to avoid him. Then he assumed a bored air, took immense drags from his cigarette and waited.

Every other morning without fail she passed him. She would turn the corner, look up for an instant and then resume a conversation with one or two girl companions. Those utterly damnable girls, thought



Johnny, didn't they ever walk out of a classroom by themselves. It was bad enough to try to arrange an accident to one, let alone three. Why couldn't she turn the corner all alone and fall or trip or something? Or drop her books? Or cry and dab her face with a handkerchief so that he could ask her if there wasn't something he could do. He wanted to say, "There, there, little girl. Isn't there something I can do?"

And he wanted her to look up with her beautiful blue eyes full of tears or whatever it is that makes girl's eyes shiny, and say, "Oh, if you only would."

A sigh escaped Johnny as morning after morning she passed him by. And the funny thing was he liked her more and more. He built up a psychological armor about himself by which supposedly he was to become impervious to the darts of her indifference and lack of co-operation. Johnny took psychology but he didn't realize that he was rationalizing. As soon as she had passed he would wander dejectedly off to his class, telling himself that she was just a type; that if he once spoke to her he probably never would again and so why spoil a pleasant illusion. She probably had no sense, anyway. Still she got "A"s. Damn "A"s. They didn't mean anything. He excused himself on the grounds that he had not as yet had his semi-annual heavy love affair and that he was really just shopping around. Good Lord, what difference did it all make anyhow, he didn't intend to marry the girl. Still—Oh, Hell.

Then invariably he would settle back in his seat, and while Mr. Buchanan droned sweet nothings into his un-receptive ears, cast himself into the realms of romance. Empathy, they called it in psychology. He was fond of picturing his first date with her. He had decided to take the family car—there was usually more gas in it. She would be dressed more sweetly than ever. She would keep him waiting just long enough and he would ask her what she wanted to do. Of course she would leave it up to him and they would go somewhere and dance. They would

waltz well together and he would be stimulated to say things he didn't dream he knew and she would respond with a sympathetic smile. And when she smiled he would be lost. He would pat her hand over the table and she would squeeze his gently, just enough to let him know. When they left the Hotel they would be old friends. There would be no restraint. Suddenly he would crush her to him and pour forth his love. And wonder upon wonders, she would co-operate. They would sit on the doorstep in the snow until 3:30 A.M.

Then he liked to think of Ann in her room fixing her hair for his forthcoming visit. Gorgeous hair was only one of her attributes. How sweetly she would write her mother about "Johnny and I". Their love would always be tender and mutual; nothing would ever come between them. A thousand such delicious thoughts pervaded the atmosphere and through it all ran a picture of Ann lifting up her sweet young face to be kissed.

At this point he would be brought back to earth by a startling statement from Mr. Buchanan to the effect that somewhere in the jungles stinking, repulsive snakes were crawling through the lousy, green slime among rotting tree trunks and poisonous weeds.

Then the bell would ring and Johnny would plod his weary way to the candy counter. He might see her there. He had once, but she had been in the company of another boy and a pang of jealousy had shot through him. Previously he had not thought much of the boy but now he had cause to envy him. He knew Ann. But life was like that.

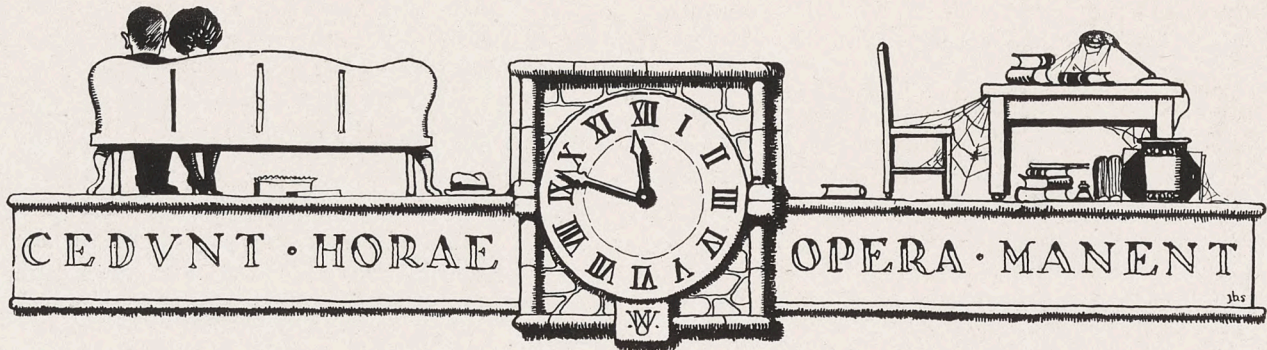
Johnny began to get desperate. Accidents just wouldn't happen. This silly romance was going too far, or rather it wasn't going far enough. His poetry took on a strain of dejection and hopelessness. Then with a horrible oath he would speak to her or die in the attempt.

He dressed with more care than usual next morning and was so excited he could hardly eat his breakfast. He had made up his mind. Today he would win



The Surgeon opens his Christmas Male

(Continued on page 22)



## SEND IN YOUR SCANDAL!

"Student Life" is at last showing first faint glimmers of intelligence, as evinced by their new bulletin board. As a reflection of campus opinion and an outlet for campus gossip the bulletin board is *sine qua non*. Drop around and view it some day.

\* \* \*

Dirge wishes to announce that the more presentable members of its staff will consider any invitations to social functions being given during the coming holiday season. Bids may be placed in the Dirge box, number 38.

\* \* \*

A group of ambitious people who were taking part in the all-night psychology experiment several Saturdays ago decided to explore Brookings Hall in general and the Tower, that famous trysting spot in particular. Subdued voices were heard at the top of the stairs and rather than embarrass the people who were above, the party refrained from further investigation. However, later they heard footsteps coming down the steps and what should they see but two very abashed people, both males, come into view.

\* \* \*

Dirge has asked Santa Claus to bring Prof. Marsh a new idea, not necessarily original.

\* \* \*

Dirge has secured a staff of gigolos. These completely sober, impeccably attired young men will be rented out to sororities to dance with the unpopular sisters. Larger girls require two gigolos. The charge is five dollars per evening, seven-fifty if sweet nothings must be whispered into ears. We have rented these boys out to several dances already and the Thetas were especially pleased with service rendered.

\* \* \*

December 6 was a pretty cold day for the A.T. O.s. They had run out of coal and the warm, cheery sizzle of the radiators ceased. The boys sat around in their overcoats playing-er-bridge. No one had a nickle to phone for more coal. The

problem was finally solved when the chapter went down to the Rock Island tracks with bags (cloth bags) and picked up lumps of coal.

\* \* \*

This will be the first time in nineteen years that diminutive Ed Alt will not hang up his Christmas stocking. You're old enough for a goose now, his brother said.

\* \* \*

Our theory is that many people go to formal dances to be in-TUX-icated. We got the jump on you there, Winchell.

\* \* \*

After sobbing into an empty mail box all during the month of December we have decided that parties and dances and things like that aren't very important after all. We'll stay home and get a lot of studying done and sleep a lot and read some of those books we've been meaning to read. But as for you, Arabella Zilch, after we took you to our fraternity parties and you didn't even give us a stag bid to your sorority dance, we wouldn't even take you to a dog fight. And we did get a bid to a perfectly aristocratic dog fight.

\* \* \*

We nominate to the Hall of Fame:—

Homer K. Blotz, '43, P. S-W., who has faithfully attended all the Frosh mass meetings, and actually took his assigned date to the Mixer.

Susie L. Sniffleblatt, anytime after '34, Pie-Bus, who has sold more tickets for Little Theatre, Thyrsus, Glee Club, and the Engineers' Banquet than all the Pi K. A. pledges combined.

Aristophanes I. Blurten, the pride of Podunk, Arkansas, who has withstood the onslaught of the Phi Deltis for nearly three (3) months.

Arabella M. Gimble, just plain college, who can walk the length of the library Arcade without a blush while half the commerce school and 99 44/100% of the lawyers are lined up on the steps.

(Continued on page 20)

# PUTTING

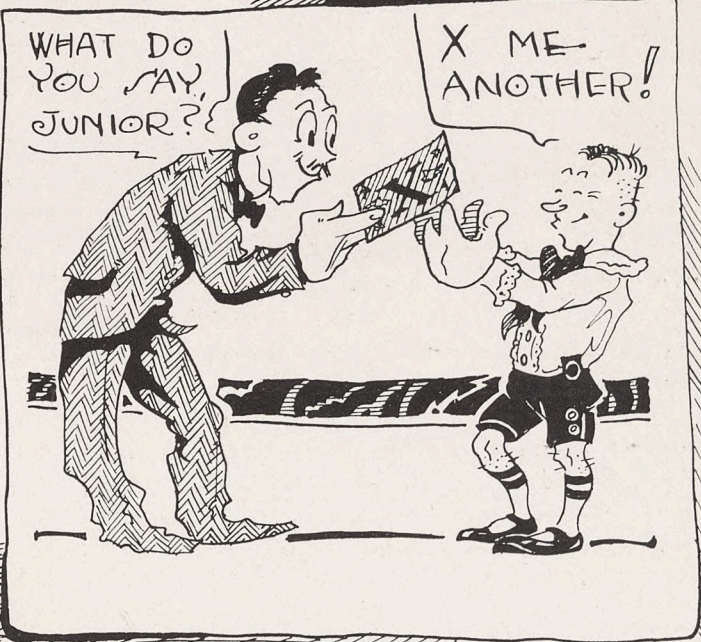
# THE "X" IN

# Xmas



DON'T FORGET THIS X

*Merry Xmas with a happy new year  
Love and XXXXX's  
from Your Devoted  
Dennis  
P.S. XXXXXXXXXX  
XXXXXXX  
P.P.S. MORE XXX's*





*Published at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.*

Vol. XII

December, 1930

No. 4

*Member of Midwest College Comics Association.*

Copyrighted, 1929, by Washington University Dirge  
Material must not be reprinted without permission.  
Exclusive reprint rights granted to *College Humor Magazine*.

### Bearers of The Pall

(Please notify editor of omissions or corrections)

|                      |                          |                          |                    |
|----------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------|
| Editor-in-Chief..... | <b>John Porter Henry</b> | Business Manager.....    | <b>Burk Dawson</b> |
| Art Editor.....      | FRED McKNIGHT            | Exchange Editor.....     | MARGARET POOS      |
| Secretary.....       | ELEANOR WERBER           | Circulation Manager..... | S. MARIE VAUGHN    |

### CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

#### Editorial Board

Sam Brightman  
William Ohle  
Ed. Young  
Harry Chapman  
Ann Hodgden

Ed. Lyman  
Stokely Westcott  
James Wolf  
Anna Beall Wittman  
Marian Megginson

#### Literary

Henry O. Whiteside  
Sam Schultz  
Harold W. Clover  
Ned Meller  
Adolph G. Schlossstein

#### Art

Murray Cabell  
Bernice Purcell  
Paul Langenbach  
Steve Manhard  
William Vaughn

#### Circulation Assistants

Kathryn Jones  
Barbara Diebel  
Miriam Duke  
Woodrow Lamb  
Isabelle Bonsack  
Virginia Mays

Harriet Schultz  
Warren Smith  
Eleanor MacGregor  
Ruth Pollock  
June Toney  
Douglas Fletcher

Jane King  
Rose Marie Hokekamp  
Virginia Wulff  
Emily Field  
Ann Gruner  
Eloise Berg

Louise LaRue  
Arline Burian  
Jane Wenban  
Melba Gaertner  
Herbert Mortland

### Dirge takes pleasure in acknowledging the following letter:—

DEAR EDITOR:—

I want to thank you for your editorial on "The Bears." Our guests went to the game with my son, a Washington U. student.

The memory of that poor, little frightened pig, that was crippled for the "amusement" of the crowd, seemed to stay with them and instead of a pleasant, holiday memory of that game they could think only of the revolting cruelty to a poor, dumb animal.

That one of your editors saw fit to write of the affair in the tone he did, and that my son and his young friends were shocked and ashamed of such a display, makes me feel that such a thing will not be allowed in the future.

Sincerely,

A STUDENT'S MOTHER.

## All-American Team



HIS seems to be an age for picking All-American teams of one kind and another, but that does not prevent an intelligent individual from appreciating the futility of such a practice.

At present, with football standing out as the predominant inter-collegiate sport, practically every school in the country places a team on the football field each fall, prepared to battle for gate receipts, the honor and glory of the Alma Mater, and the Championship of the Big-Valley Conference. In every section of the country from coast to coast and gulf to lakes hundreds of athletes are playing football from early in October until December. Some are playing for large schools and some for small, some are paid and some are not.

Each Saturday an army of reporters almost equal in number to the athletes themselves crowd the press boxes at the various games, typing articles for a great chain of newspapers or for a tiny home-town paper, each taking it upon himself to laud the playing of some local hero who by reason of his own ability or that of the rest of the team has played an outstanding game. This is done, not because the writer fails to appreciate that team play is the essential factor in any game, but in order to make his article more interesting.

At the end of the season groups of coaches and sport-writers gather around a stein to pick an all-American team, supposed to consist of the eleven best football players in the nation. They can not possibly base their selection on the men they have seen, for at best an individual can witness only a dozen football games in a season. Therefore, selection is made upon the size and number of headlines the individual players have rated. Players from small colleges and universities have no chance to appear on these lists of All-American selections because of the limited scope of their schedules, and hence the limited advertisement received in newspaper write-ups.

Taking for example the case of Joe Lintzenich, who in recognition of three years of remarkable football at St. Louis U., was given an ignominious "honorable mention" rating along with fifty or so backs from all parts of the country last year. This year Joe has been playing in a backfield composed of Cagle, Sovoldi, Grange, and himself, and has been a success in professional football ranks where many an all-American has failed. This in itself proves the unfairness of such selections.

Given fair chance, there is not the least doubt in the writer's mind that Ted Sausselle could make any team in the country, and for his playing this year and last deserves All-American rating on any basis of selection. His headwork and all around ability was proven many times this year. In the words of Assistant Coach Bullman, who has himself been a fine football player as well as coach, and as such is well qualified to pass judgement: "If the Army had had Sausselle in their backfield, they would have beaten Notre Dame". Such a tribute from a competent authority constitutes fact in Washington minds and establishes Ted as our selection for a half-back position on the All-American football team.

## The "Y" Comes To Life



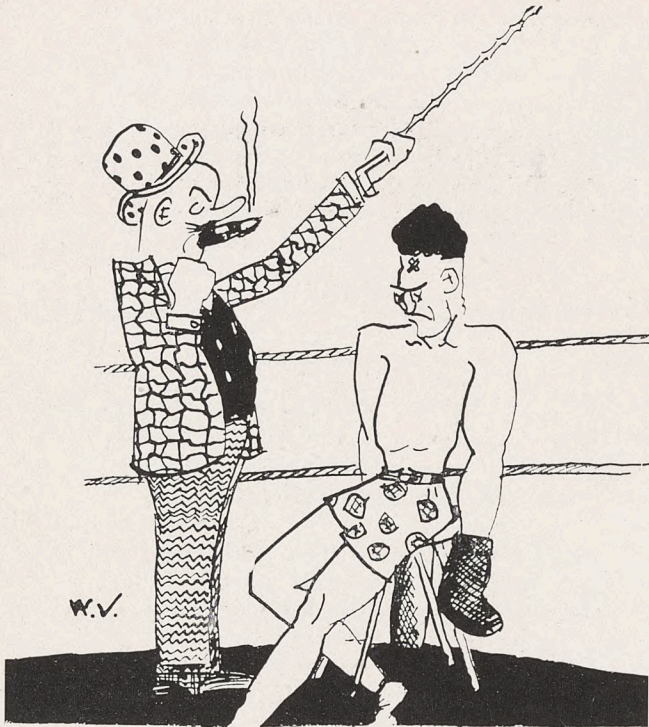
THE Y. M. C. A. has begun to make its presence on the campus a dynamic influence for betterment of campus life at Washington. For many years the "Y" has existed rather passively, not interesting itself directly with campus affairs. Recently, however, a series of open-forum discussions including interested students and faculty have been endeavoring to uncover certain influences which tend to destroy the cooperative spirit which is fundamental if the students are to receive the greatest possible benefit from their brief association with the University, and to adjust to these situations.

For some time there has been a feeling that campus elections have been railroaded through by the political faction, and there has, from time to time, been a suggestion of unfair and illegal voting.

The Y. M. C. A. has presented a plan for the approval of Student Council whereby each student will be requested to present his registration card at the polls before being allowed to vote. This plan will be feasible because of the fact that the registration card is used as a Library Card, and is always on the student's person.

Such a plan represents a movement toward cleaner and better politics. The Y. M. C. A. is to be commended in its efforts which will undoubtedly lead to greater student welfare.





Manager: "Now you see what Shakespeare did for ya—ya better switch to Edgar Wallace."

— D D D —

*Grandma sat sewing and talking one day,  
Talking of present and past.  
Telling of people when she was a girl  
Saying they weren't so fast.*

*"We didn't do things the girls do today.  
We hardly ever were kissed  
Backward, turn backward, O, Time in your flight,  
Give me the things that I've missed."*

— D D D —

"What makes you think my head is made of cork?"  
"It always seems to be at the mouth of a bottle."

— D D D —

He: "Something seems to be wrong with this engine, it—"  
She: "Don't be foolish; wait until we get off this main road."

— D D D —

1st Critic: "What was wrong with that last Fourth of July issue of Dirge?"

2nd Moron: "I thought it was very poorly seasoned."

### Feeture That!

She was a sweet young thing. Very. But dumb. Prior to being behind the counter, she had worked in the bookkeeping department, until she had asked to be transferred, as the attentions of the men were too marked. Behind the counter she found it to be the same—day after day, hour after hour, men would lean over the counter and stare at her feet. To her unwary eye she could see nothing unusual in their appearance (the feet—not the men). Finally she resolved to approach her employer again.

"Mr. Klotz," she said, "I'm sorry, but I'll have to quit my job unless I can find some way to ward off the men who are continually leaning over the counter and looking at my feet. Even now, Mr. Klotz, I notice that you are staring at them."

"Well listen, girlie," said Klotz. "If you really want my advice, quit wearing them shiny patent-leather shoes."

— D D D —

"I'm going to steal aweigh," said the little boy as he put a slug in the penny scale.

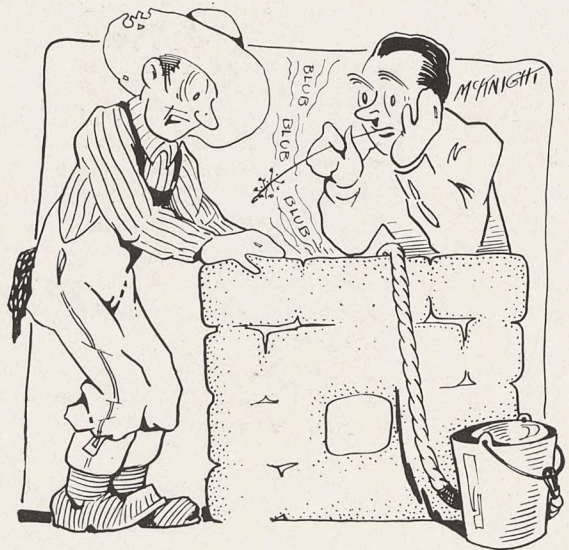
— D D D —

Professor Emile Coue taught us to say "Every day and in every way, I'm getting better and better." The words of the song disappeared but the malady lingers on.

— D D D —

1st Hobo: "Yes, I was just about broke—down to my last two pence."

2nd Hobo: "Well, how many can you wear at the same time?"



"Why don't you help your sister out of the well?"  
"How can I be a brother and assister too?"

## Eat, Drink, and be Married

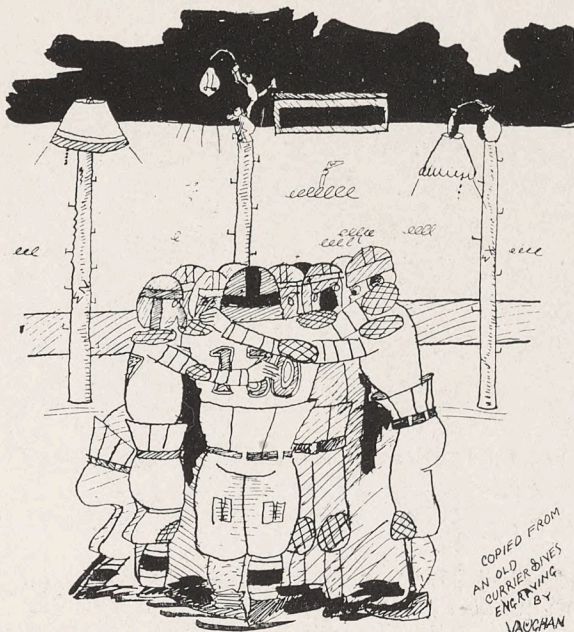
**B**RONSON GOOCH was happy. In fact, he was so completely saturated with the spirit of joie de vivre that he was seriously considering taking a correspondence course in contortionism in order that he might hug himself in a manner suited to his feeling. Why shouldn't he be happy? For only the day before the only girl in the world had promised him faithfully to leave her girlhood behind and become his wife. And therefore, let me repeat, Bronson was happy, even though he did not know her name. As he sipped a beverage concocted mainly of medicinal whiskey, he thought to himself that only once before in his entire life of twenty-five odd (nay, peculiar) years of existence had he had a sensation even faintly resembling this.

It was only two nights before that he had experienced what was undoubtedly the most delightful night of blotto mortal man had ever had. Even now the fond thought of it served to send his bounding exuberance up another notch or two in what was very close to divine rapture. He shivered with thankful joy, and took another shot of the cure-all. The inspiring liquid did the impossible, and Bronson sat up in bed with a brilliant thought. The smoke of sleep, that often lingers so long, was completely gone, and he realized that his latest brainchild was undoubtedly the "cream of the crop."

"Lowdown 0000," he dialed, and munched a toothpick while waiting for his love to answer. She was not long in doing so, for she was a bonnie lassie, and it always pained her to keep other people



Fodder: "Political science, my son, are those things that say 'vote for Al Smith'."



"—and so the traveling salesman went up to this farmhouse—"

waiting while she stayed longer under the cold shower.

"Hullo," she said, in a tone that reminded one subtly of the aforesaid. But this did not dampen Bronson's spirits and so he reached for another drink.

"Are you there?"

"Oh! It's you, dear! I thought for a moment it was my husband—"

"Your what!" Bronson's ears were as good as the best of them, for he came from Iowa, and he was positive that the girl of his dreams had said "husband". His heart dropped like a plummet, and it was only his baseball training which enabled him to catch it before it broke on the hardwood floor. He put the receiver back to his ear and was forced to listen to the pitiful sound of a woman sobbing.

At times of stress and crisis like this it is very common for the human mind to play strange tricks on its owner, and do something entirely unfitting and incomprehensible. So it was with Bronson Gooch. At this turning point of his life, he opened his lips and said:

"Wire you crying? Telephone listener all about it."

She did. A torrent of verbiage swept over him like a tidal wave.

"Oh! I'm broken hearted. I'm heart-broken! I'm so sorry! My life's ruined! I love you with all my heart, but honey, I can never be yours. It's horrible! I woke up this morning the happiest girl

(Continued on page 28)



She: "Oh, Santa, won't Gillette me do it?"

— D D D —

Spit is a horrid word, but expectorate is harder to pronounce.

— D D D —

Strangler Lewis—the coed's ideal.

— D D D —

"So Algernon didn't pass his flying test?"  
"No—his solo flight was solo he crashed."

— D D D —

"Pip, pip Richard, I hear your girl is a ballet dancer."

"The hell she is, Algernon, she can dance good."

— D D D —

#### A New Slant on the Bedroom Scene

Mother had told Mary that her brother, Johnny, must not come in her bedroom and see her in her nightie. One morning bright and early Johnny rapped at Mary's door and said, "I wanna come in."

"Mamma says she doesn't want you to see me in my nightie," answered Mary.

"I wanna come in!" repeated Johnny.

"Aw right, come on in," said Mary. "I took it off."

— D D D —

"Why is it that brilliant women don't have anything to do with men?"

"Because geniuses are born, not made."

— D D D —

He was only a baker's son, but he sure kneaded dough.

## \*WHY CHRISTMAS IS IMPORTANT

by SAMUEL BLOGGERSTHWAITE, PH.D

**I**T has come to my attention that in this restless age of horseless carriages and flag-pole sitters the younger generation does not know what Christmas is. I shall try to explain what Christmas is and why it is important. The date of the first Christmas is not hard to remember. It is either December 25 in the year one or December 25 in the year zero. I am not quite sure which. At any rate it is easy to remember. Everyone believes in Christmas except young English instructors, people who have taken a course in Philosophy, and others of like ilk.

Christmas is important to the college student primarily as a holiday which commences a two weeks vacation. Of a certainty such a vacation is important to the dullard in his studies for he can catch up with neglected work, and valuable to the scholar because the social activities of the holiday afford him wholesome relaxation from his strenuous scholastic labors. (My colleague, Dr. Bloggers-thwaite, who is a great wit, or kidder, said the situation was "vice versa", but that is neither here nor there.) A young psychology student of my acquaintance utilized idle time during the holidays to experiment upon the effects of alcoholic stimulants, which he said was very pleasant and instructive.

The economic structure of American civilization is woven about Christmas. Thousands of men are employed in occupations which depend directly upon Christmas for their existence. The Christmas card industry is an example. You have all probably re-

(Continued on page 26)

\*This is the first of a series of articles by Dr. Samuel Bloggers-thwait, Ph.D., noted authority on economics, history, and social problems. Dr. Bloggers-thwaite was educated at Bellefontaine Farm, Cape Girardeau Normal School, and International Correspondence School. At present he is controller of the Board of Student Finance at Tuskegee Institute. His next article will be called ARE OUR COLLEGE STUDENTS SISSIES?



The poker-player's sweetheart who called his bluff and raised him five.

"What's your line, sister?"  
 "Line of least resistance, brother."

— D D D —

He: "You've a faculty for making love."  
 She: "Oh no—just a student body."

— D D D —

Did you know they took Amos 'n' Andy out of  
 the movies?"  
 "Yeah, Pepsodent removed the film."

— D D D —

"I saw a man treating his wife as I wouldn't treat  
 a dog."  
 "How zat?"  
 "He was kissing her."

— D D D —

The Mississippi river—the way of all flush!

— D D D —

Attendant, to occupant of car at filling station:  
 "Juice?"  
 Driver: "Vell, vot if I am—can't I get some  
 gas?"

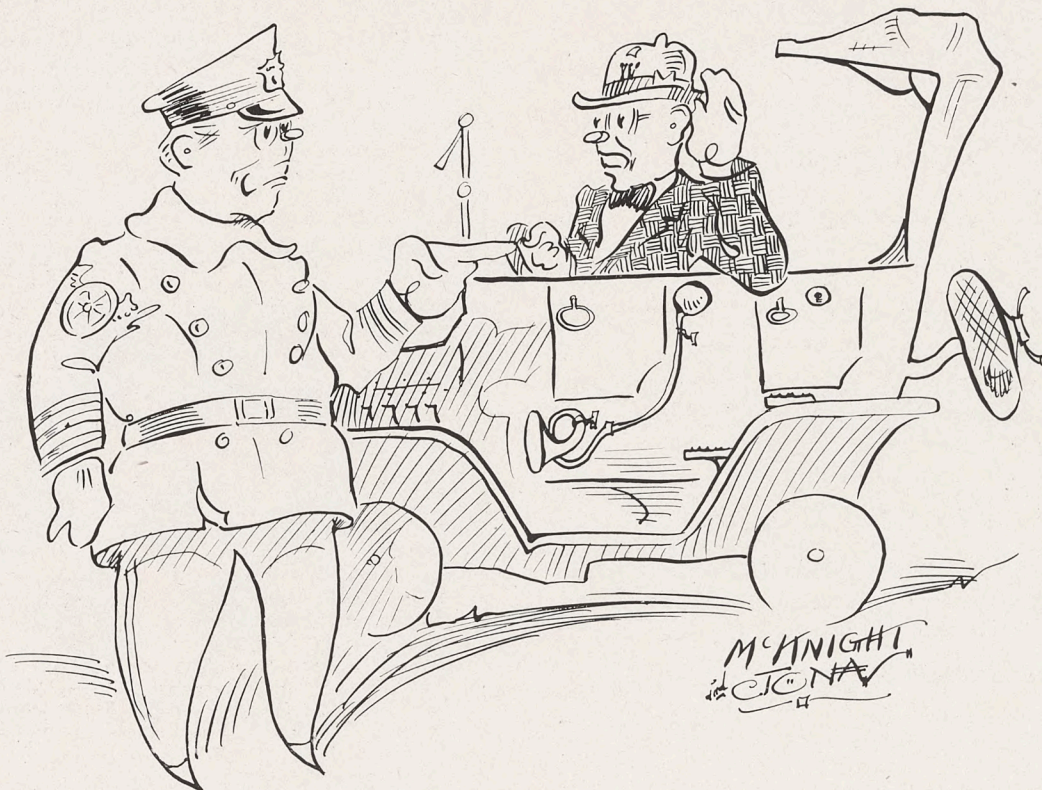


"Say, sailor, wanta job on this love-starved  
 ship?"

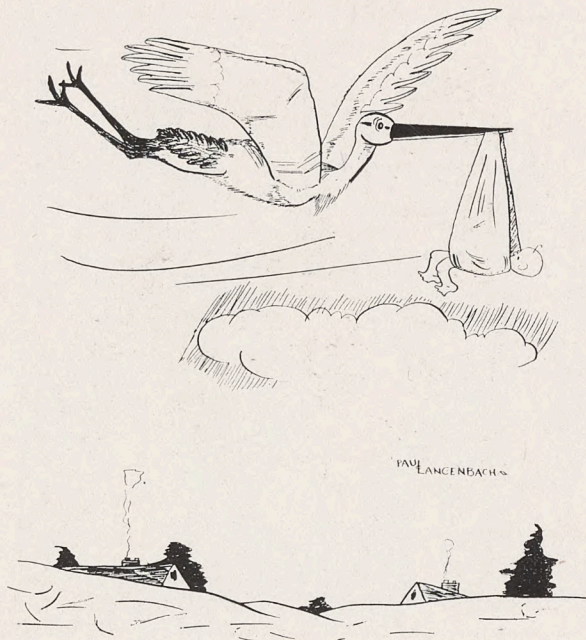
"What do ya mean 'love-starved ship'?"  
 "She needs a mate, pal."

— D D D —

"He's got athlete's foot and halitosis."  
 "Sure—the old hoof and mouth disease."



Guardian of Peace: "Why didn't you stop when I blew my whistle?"  
 Anney Sez: "Well, officer, I'm hard of hearing."  
 G. O. P.: "We'll fix that. You'll get your hearing tomorrow in court."



## HEIR MALE

— D D D —

## Popularity

*Date Alice cause she can't  
 say "No!"  
 Or Mary,  
 'cause her Dad's got dough.  
 Elizabeth  
 is never late—  
 Josephine's a red hot date.  
 Dorothy—oh what a form!  
 Ann's apartment—  
 nice and warm . . . .  
 With Mariam you have a lark,  
 Take  
 Pauline if you want to park.  
 Mary Ann, that girl  
 can dance,  
 And Betty gives you every  
 chance—  
 B U T  
 On ELINOR I place my bets—  
 She carries her ozen cigarettes!*

— D D D —

"Hands off," cried Willie the wisecracker, as the train wheel passed over his wrists.

— D D D —

The latest Scotch song: "Just a Little Closer."

— D D D —

"Ah, my mate!" he cried. An then the first officer of the ship relieved his captain on the bridge.

## a new feature by bertie the bedbug

just because some college student once wrote two or three good jokes accidentally, every university has been attempting to publish what purports to be a university comic magazine ever since this school is no exception washington too indulges in the fond fancy that there is hidden beneath the crust of sophistication a virgin lode of spontaneous wit and humor well there is but it is deeply hidden except in rare instances i am one of those instances modesty has always been an attribute of our family anyway here is my initial contribution if the public opinion is favorably expressed by an unprecedented sale of this month's dirge this letter will blossom into an unlimited series it may even reach the dangerous proportions of a book everyone knows that we have plenty of books of unexpurgated love letters now still mine will be different if i think enough people will buy it to make it worth my while to write it anyway here is the contribution as i hinted about forty words ago;

larry libido's letters

(being as i am constantly in attendance upon larry libido i am enabled to be present at every social function he attends to read all his letters, and to divine his every thought because of a thorough course in psych I and mental telepathy)

—letter number one—

Dear Ma.

its awful hard to be good at this university especially when the frat boys are trying to take care of you ma them sigchi fellows are taking me all around this here hunkadunga campus i am a pledge i stay at a house right on the campus near the school bldgs and the womens athaletic field the house is just like the county courthouse back home but i am gettin used to thir citified ways now i still run for the back door instead of the staircase but i remember quicker now

ma i got sumthin reel interestin to tell yuh last week the head of the chappiter i forgot to tell yuh they call thir club a chappiter jus like it was a part of a book i told that to one of the kappalpha boys and he sez the sigchis is a part of a book they are the second chappiter in mac and tillie i didnt unnerstan what he was trying to tell me but he sez thats all rite and ill get along with the sigchis without nowin enyway las week the boys had what is called a formal becuz they introduce all the new men thats whut i am to the good forms of the school i met a gal who is a piefie and since then i have seed her seven times and every time she has talked to me sort uh confidential like the last time she met me int a corner of the quadangel and tol me she had the wunnerfulest dream about me the nite befor and would i like to hear ut of course i wasnt interested specially but the fraters (which the boys is also called) said i should never refuse to listen to a girls dreams so i said to the piefie shoot a head sistuh becuz i am reely interestud well she kind a turned reel read and smiled and said she reely cudent tell me rite there out in public and i must come over to her house sumtime and when culd i come i said i would have to find out and tell her after while she said alright i was to call her and her number was washington 1603w

i went out to the house and told the boys and asked them what i shud do and they asked me what the piefies name was but i said i didnt remember and i told him the number she gave me and he said yes he knew her he said she was reel interested in country boys because they was so timid and didn't know nuthin about social praktices he said i shud go over and see her becuz she would teach me how not to be bashful as i have been and i culd lern to be popular with the hunkadunga women so i went out and called the number and i am going to visit her at home tonite and i will tell yuh allabout how i become popular in my next letter

son larry

**I Wondered**

*I thought her simple childlike face  
Was innocent and tender,  
And wondered when they said that she  
Had gone on many a bender.*

*I wondered why they warned me of  
Her smooth enticing ways,  
And said she was the reason for  
"It is the man who pays."*

*I wondered why they said that she  
Was so exceeding wild,  
And had a dozen men or more  
Into some sin beguiled.*

*And so I dated her—she got me, too,  
Just like she had a hundred.  
And from the straight and narrow path  
I fear—and hope—I wandered.*

—Westcott

— D D D —

"Until we meet again," said Goldenstein to Leviskey as they sat down to Friday dinner.

— D D D —

"Porter," remarked the Massachusetts man, who had a chair on the train from Boston to New York, "will you kindly notify me when we have crossed the Massachusetts line?"

"Yes, boss. Anything I can get you then?"

"No, I have a book I want to read."



"See that big pile of manure over there?"

"Yes, isn't it offal?"



She: "You know, darling, I must be old-fashioned—I just love to collect funny old things."

— D D D —

"The rent—"

"Oh, yes. I know it's been due for a week, but—"

"That's all right, but the rent—"

"It'll be paid if you'll only give me a few days to—"

"Young fella, it seems to that the rent—"

"Well, I can't pay it now. Gonna throw me out?"

"HUH? I was just going to say that the rent no use of your eatin' at a restaurant tonight, 'cause the wife's got enough stuff here for you."

— D D D —

He: "There ain't no justice."

She: "We don't need one, dear."

—Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern

— D D D —

"Has winter come?"

"Snow doubt about it!"

— D D D —

They left when I sat down to the piano.

— D D D —

"What were your grades, Jack?"

"A, B, C, D, and F."

"A-ha! A Jack of all grades!"

## SEND IN YOUR SCANDAL

*(Continued from page 10)*

Lillie won't go out with Burt Constance since he's playing basketball. She says he's a little forward.

\* \* \*

We wouldn't want to insinuate that the Tri-Delts had started a matrimonial bureau, but—

\* \* \*

Unless you order a couple of their works of art, you have no "proof" that your Hatchet picture will be you or some other guy.

\* \* \*

From Corey Ford's review of "Prohibition Punches" by Roxana B. Doran, in this month's Vanity Fair we learn a few things about the drinking tastes of the Thetas and Tri-Delts. We quote from the article.

Sally Lou Ellsworth, National Secretary of the Delta Delta Delta Sorority, submits something which is known as "Delta's Delightful Drink" and which we won't go into here; while the Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority of Washington sponsors a weird combination of coffee, whipped cream, and ginger ale called a "Pansy Cocktail." (I have a mild suspicion that the Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority is having Mrs. Doran on.)

— D D D —

One: "I got a new car yesterday. It's a Reo."

Another: "Reolly?"

— D D D —

We guess the reason blind dates are so popular with girls—they just feel their way around.

—Iowa Frivol

*My parents told me not to smoke;*

*I don't.*

*Nor listen to a naughty joke—*

*I don't.*

*They told me that I must not wink*

*At handsome men; nor even think*

*About intoxicating drink—*

*I don't*

*To dance with boys they said was wrong—*

*I don't*

*I musn't sing a naughty song—*

*I don't.*

*I guess, when all is said and done,*

*You think my life's a dreary one;*

*You think I haven't any fun—*

*I don't.*

— D D D —

In Atlantic City the hotels charge \$2.00 extra if you have a dog, and \$3.00 extra if you have a baby with you, so evidently rugs are cheaper than linen.

— D D D —

Teke: "How was that date you had last night?"

Deke: "Well, her features weren't so good. But oh!—the added attractions."

— D D D —

"When is a maid not a maid?"

"When she's made!"

— D D D —

He (as highly-rouged girl passes): "There goes the best-dressed pan on the campus."



"Seems to me there was an awful lot of drinking at that Thanksgiving-day game."

"Well, why not? It was Thirst-day."



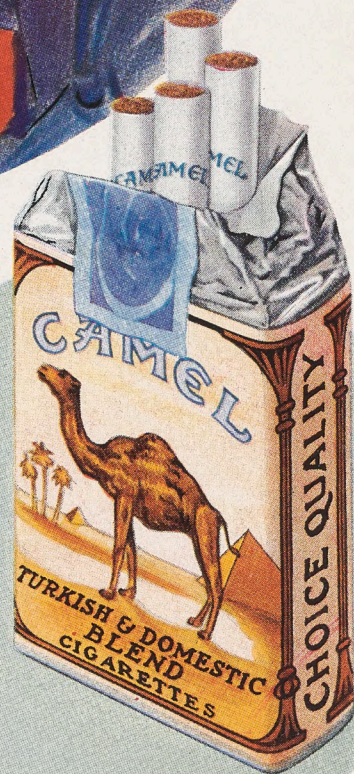
## NATURAL CHARM

A CIGARETTE so mildly mellow, so alluringly fragrant, so whole-heartedly satisfying that you respond to it as instinctively as to the charm of natural beauty.

Camels are mild! But their mildness is never flat—never artificial. Through every step of their manufacture the delicate, sun-ripe fragrance of choicest tobaccos is scientifically preserved.

Swing with the crowd to a smoke that's all pleasure. Don't deny yourself the luxury of

# CAMELS



© 1930, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



## CO-OPERATION

(Continued from page 9)

or lose. There was no longer a middle course. In his frantic haste to get to school he inadvertently took the rear wheel off a slow moving milkwagon and was detained for a full fifteen minutes by an altercation with the driver. He finally rushed breathless and late into class with a look on his face like that of a young husband expecting news of the stork. He looked at her chair. My God, it couldn't be true. She simply had to be there this morning of all mornings. Damn women, anyhow. Unreliable. He sank into his seat and mechanically drew out a pencil.

"You're late," said a voice.

Johnny stiffened. That voice. Her voice. And coming from that greasy looking woman on his left. He turned slowly, hopefully, fearfully. Good Lord, it wasn't the greasy woman. It was Ann.

"Gulph," said Johnny, clearing his throat, loosening his collar and reddening. It was the first time he had ever felt totally inadequate and unable to cope with the situation.

"I was late, too, so I sat back here. You don't mind do you?"

"Uhh, mind? Ho, Ho, not I. Sit anywhere you like."

Until near the end of the class the only thing that broke the silence was the inane driveling of the professor. Then she said,

"I wonder if it would be too much trouble for you to show me something about the irregular verbs?"

"Glad to," gasped Johnny.

"Have you a class next hour?"

"No," lied Johnny.

"Shall we go over to the library?"

"All right," said Johnny.

When he reached the library he found he knew absolutely nothing about irregular verbs. He knew nothing about anything. He couldn't even talk connectedly. He told her about his grandfather being bitten by a dog and about the man next door who cut the grass at 4 o'clock every morning even in the winter. His highly intelligent conversation was freely intermingled with a group of sounds remarkably similar to the words "Can I come—". He looked at his watch frequently and wondered if he would be able to get up enough nerve to ask her before the next bell rang. But he was doomed to failure. He just couldn't do it.

When she had left him Johnny began to ponder. Gosh she was a swell girl. It was probably just as well he hadn't asked her. Now that he knew her he could call her up any time. That very evening, perhaps. She had said something about studying

the next night. Maybe she would go out instead. Fine. That was settled. He'd try it. And Johnny, being a firm believer in the old saying that half the pleasure in doing a thing is in the anticipation thereof, immediately cast himself back in the realms of romance and for the next 24 hours or so wandered with Ann through moonlit rose-gardens, whispering in her ear so as not to disturb the sacred stillness. The sight of Johnny's little sister eating zwieback and butter in the middle of the afternoon disgusted him almost to the point of nausea. He fled to the comparative quiet of his own room and emerged only for a dinner that he didn't eat and a phone call to Ann that was eminently successful. He tried to write a few bars of music and in his own eyes was quite successful.

Johnny dressed next evening with a care that was rare even to him. He went over his speeches on the way but when she came smiling down to him he could repeat nothing he had learned. His mouth felt like it was full of carpet tacks. Gosh, was she beautiful! He did manage to ask her, however, if she wanted to dance and she said she did but hadn't they better ride around for a while as it was so early. Johnny thought it would be a good idea. The family car had other advantages besides a full gas tank.

That girl certainly has personality, thought Johnny. She made him feel comfortable and confiding. In a little over a half hour he was telling her all his troubles.

"You know, Ann," he said, "I've been trying to get up enough nerve to speak to you for nearly two months. You're so sort of beautiful and—O, I don't know. I just couldn't, that's all."

"Yes, I know," she said.

"You what?"

"I know. I've been watching you for nearly two months."

"Oh, baby," sighed Johnny as she snuggled closer.

The following testimonial was received recently by a prominent tobacco manufacturer:

"Gentlemen:—

When I was a boy, I was unable to spit over my chin, but after chewing your cut leaf plug for fifteen years, I can spit all over it."

—*Octopus*

— D D D —

"Ha! Ha! me fair maiden," snarled Rudolph. "I can see through your subterfuge!"

"Well, who couldn't! It's only silk."

—*Malteaser*

ESTABLISHED 1818

# Brooks Brothers, CLOTHING, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET  
NEW YORK

## Christmas Gifts for Men and Boys

Send for  
CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

A Price-List  
Illustrated in Colors

### BRANCH STORES

**BOSTON**  
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET  
**NEWPORT**                      **PALM BEACH**



© BROOKS BROTHERS

First Hebrew Courtier: "Solomon's always talking about his harem."

Second Ditto: "Yeah, it's his pet subject."

—California Pelican

— D D D —

"According to statistics some one dies every time I breathe."

"How about using Listerine."

—Sour Owl

— D D D —

4-C: "How did you get in the habit of wearing a mustache, sir?"

Lt.: "Oh, it just grew on me."

—The Log

— D D D —

And then a prune is nothing more than a plum that has had a secret sorrow which made it wrinkle young.

—Siren

— D D D —

He: "Yes, I changed schools."

She: "Oh! I'm so glad. I never did like engineers, for they always leave blueprints on your neck."

—Aggievator

Then there's the absent-minded guy who got thrown out of his apartment when the landlady heard him drop his shoes on the floor twice.

—Voo Doo

— D D D —

Motorcycle Cop: "Where do you think you're going to so fast?"

"To the game."

"Well, wait a minute and I'll give you a ticket."

—Lampoon

— D D D —

"What was that riot at Loew's last night?"

"There was a delegation from the Pepsodent Company and they all started shouting 'Remove that film!'"

—Mercury

— D D D —

Nurse: "It's a boy."

King Solomon: "Curses—I wanted a girl."

Nurse: "Be patient, oh king. There will be three more this afternoon."

—Brown Jug

— D D D —

Notice (outside second hand store): "Mrs. Molinsky, having cast-off clothes, now invites inspection."

—Yale Record

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

## PAUL T. HEIL

*Flowers  
Telegraphed  
Anywhere*

*Flowers Delivered  
to  
Fraternity Houses*

6142-44 DELMAR BLVD.

CABany 8800

### Blow, Wind, Blow!

Mother: "Why don't you wear that beautiful underwear you got for Christmas?"

Daughter: "Oh, I'm saving that for a windy day."  
—*Williams Purple Cow*

— D D D —

We hate to cross the administration, but we think college girls should be allowed to stay out as late as Austins.

—*Whirlwind*

— D D D —

An old maid went to have her picture taken and the photographer noticed her tying a piece of clothes line around the bottom of her skirt.

"What's the idea of that?" he asked. "I can't take your picture that way."

You can't fool me, young man," said the old girl. "I know you see me upside down in that camera."

—*Malteaser*

— D D D —

"How come, Esther, that you were born in Wisconsin?"

"Well, you see, sir, I wanted to be near my mother at the time."

—*Buccancer*

— D D D —

He (in street car, seeing an ad for ice cream next to one of pickles): "Awful combination."

She (just getting into car): "Fresh! Keep your eyes where they belong."

—*Voo Doo*

— D D D —

It happened on the marble, that mart of tears and joy at our most cultural department. Two frosh were froshing, and one said: "Well, anyway, you're Less Miserable than I am!"

Said the other: "There Hugo complaining again!"

—*Boston Beanpot*

### Thirsty?

"How is Mary's soap factory coming?"

"The last time I saw her she was opening a bar."  
—*Grinnell Malteaser*

— D D D —

"I call my razor little cut-up, but that's a nickname."

— D D D —

"I'm the fastest man in the world," said the drummer; "I beat time."

— D D D —

—*Longhorn*

A dumb co-ed is one who thinks that "hanging a pin" is a wash-woman's job.

— D D D —

—*Siren*

"Dotty no longer goes out with the basketball captain. She says he's a little forward."

— D D D —

—*Medley*

Pave: "Why did you swear in the presence of that lady?"

Ment: "My tongue got wrapped around my eye tooth and I couldn't see what I was saying."

—*Cougar's Paw*

— D D D —

Mother (calling from upstairs to daughter who is on the porch): "Daughter, who are you with?"

Daughter: "Oh, one of the boys from the University."

Mother: "Daughter, come inside this minute! And bring the porch swing with you."

— D D D —

First Angel: "I hear they had Isaac up in Heaven the other day, but he didn't get to stay long."

Second Angel: "No, he asked for a Jew's harp."

—*Pitt Panther*

**SHALLCROSS  
SERVICE  
SATISFIES**



**PRINTING  
STATIONERY**

1822 Locust St.      CEntral 3755

The Irony of Date

She pledges a sorority because she thinks that it is the way to meet the smoothest men on the campus and the second night in the house she gets rung in on a blind date. She decides to go because she hasn't anything to do anyway (the liar) and then, it's best to keep on the good side of the siteren.

He looks as though he hasn't shaved for a week, he has two front teeth missing and he has a bad cold. His clothes look like the winning costume in the horribles parade and he's two inches shorter than she is.

To be sociable, she takes pity on him and cuddles up close but he shrinks back in the other corner and tells her that the only woman that he ever kisses is his mother.

And when she gets home she is told that he is varsity quarterback, member of the Slow Pie Club, president of the Student Council and was elected the most popular student on the campus.

—Beanpot

— D D D —

"I hear some Scotchmen are training to be contortionists."

"Why, how come?"

"So they can brush their teeth with their moustaches."

—Bison

— D D D —

Insignificant Parent: "Isn't it time he could say 'Daddy'?"

Fond Mother: "We've decided not tell him who you are until he gets a bit stronger."

—Pelican

— D D D —

Wife: "Is that you, John?"

Voice from darkness: "Who was you expectin'?"

—Medley

— D D D —

"We need another guy for a party tonight. Will you hold a hand?"

"Sorry, but I don't play bridge."

"Who said anything about playing bridge?"

—Panther

— D D D —

"And let that be a lesson to you," said the mailman to the correspondence students.

—Desert Wolf

— D D D —

She: "You remind me of the ocean."

He: "Wild, romantic, restless—"

She: "No, you just make me sick."

—Malteaser

The Ideal Christmas Gift

NEW BOOKS

- Angel Pavement—J. B. Priestly . . . . \$3.00 (The Nation-Wide Best Seller)
The Wanderer of Liverpool—John Masefield 3.50
Stories of Love, Courage and Compassion—Warwick Deeping . . . . . 3.00
A Note in Music—Rosamond Lehman . . 2.50 (The Author of Dusty Answer)
Mosaic—G. B. Stern . . . . . 2.50
Philippa—Anne Douglas Sedgwick . . . . 2.50
Vagabonds—Knut Hamsun . . . . . 3.00
On Forsyte' Change—John Galsworthy . . 2.50
The Deepening Stream—Dorothy Canfield . 2.00
The Mysterious Universe—Sir James Jeans 2.25
Roosevelt—Owen Wister . . . . . 4.00

GOOD DOLLAR BOOKS:—

- The Story of Philosophy—Will Durant
The Royal Road to Romance—Halliburton
This Believing World—Lewis Browne
The Outline of History—Wells
The Art of Thinking—Dimnet
Believe it or Not—Ripley

and

Many Other Excellent Titles

Washington University Store

Ground Floor

Brookings Hall

She "After all, what are men? They're made of dust."

He (hooked for the date): "But, you femmes think it's gold dust." —Banter

— D D D —

Phi: "Your sister is spoiled, isn't she?"

Bete: "No, that's the perfume she uses." —Wasp

—Wasp

— D D D —

Our idea of the best joke of the season: The directions on a whiskey prescription . . . Two table-spoonfuls every three hours.

—Rice Owl

## WHY CHRISTMAS IS IMPORTANT

(Continued from page 16)

ceived Christmas cards. They are little square, oblong, or rectangular bits of pasteboard bearing either pictures of snow or Santa Claus (now deceased) and the printed greeting.

"I'd like to kick you in the rear,

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

The Christmas tree ornament industry, and the Santa Claus costume industry, and countless others all depend directly on Christmas for their *raison d'être* (reason to be).

Practically all large industries are, indirectly at least, based on Christmas. As my colleague, Dr. Bloggersthwaite, says, "Major industries, the warp and woof of the economic and financial fabric, are woven around Noel, or Christmas." All year the wheels of gigantic factories are spinning, workmen are toiling, executives are holding conferences so that retail stores will have a sufficient large stock of unattractive and useless things to sell for Christmas presents. These articles are shipped to the retail stores.

All during the year the banks have been running only because of their "Christmas Saving Clubs" which induce bookkeepers and stenographers to save money during the year so they can buy Christmas presents. These people rush into the banks and draw out their money and besiege the retail stores fighting to buy "gifts" or "presents" as they are called.

And in the meantime do not suppose that the retail stores have been idle. Far from it. They have been busy as bees. (My colleague, Dr. Bloggersthwaite, says that "busy as bees" is a mixed metaphor or an out-worn simile, he is not quite sure which. He explains that the octopus of mixed metaphors is wrapping its tentacles around civilization and swallowing it; we must chop it off at the root.) We were saying that the retail stores were busy as bees. Along in July or August all the atrocious neckties, hideous shirts, porous handkerchiefs, out-moded apparel, and undecorative bric-a-brac, is resurrected from the stock rooms and placed throughout the store. The price is marked up to twice what it originally was and signs are placed around the store, "Special bargains, suitable for Christmas presents." Advertisements are run in the papers saying, "Only 136 more shopping days until Christmas. Do your Christmas shopping early." Extra salespeople are hired and cautioned not to wait on anyone until he has waited fifteen minutes, because this piques the customer's interest and makes him buy more. The salespeople buy an extra package of gum, learn a few more "he says and I says he says" stories and prepare for the deluge. From then on until Christmas the stores are filled with

angry, pushing, cursing crowds, such as one sees at a pledge dance. Most modern department stores employ detectives to see that tired business men do not obstruct the view at the electric train counter, or try to steal an unbreakable doll.

In this age when men are constantly being thrown out of work because of the increasingly large use of machinery in industry the profession of Santa Claus affords labor to a large number of unskilled laborers. (My colleague, Dr. Bloggersthwaite, in his book, "Vocational Guidance for Feeble-minded and College Graduates", says that 187,237,009 men are employed during the Christmas season as Santa Clauses.) Of course many of these men receive a mere pittance for their labors, but some have made almost an art of the thing and receive fabulous salaries. Unfortunately there is little or no opening in this field for men with only one leg, but it is said Professor Marsh started his career in high finance as a Salvation Army Santa Claus.

The vendors of illicit alcoholic beverages reap their greatest harvest during the Christmas season. Early in the fall they begin to fill their bathtubs full of gin and if they need a bath between then and Christmas—what's the difference? They work like elves and gnomes and sprites pasting on labels, diluting whiskey, and answering phone calls from fraternity row. Their rushing business culminates on New Years Eve after which their customers patronize the seltzer merchants for a day or so.

The Christmas spirit is a very important part of the institution Christmas. It is the dynamo that starts the ball rolling, as we might say, to be sure. It explains many things about Christmas, for instance why Junior who goes to Yale gives a coon-skin coat to Papa who lives in Florida. It explains almost everything except why professors assign long reports to be written over the holidays.

I wish to acknowledge indebtedness to my colleague, Dr. Bloggersthwaite, for material used in this article. Dr. Bloggersthwaite made ten million dollars by his invention whereby Christmas was shortened to Xmas, and in appreciation of the fact that his fortune is due to Xmas he has assembled the most complete library on the subject in America. At present he is working on an abbreviation of Happy New Year.

— D D D —

No, Loved One, the reason they call a party given to an engaged girl a shower, is not because it is the beginning of the reign.

—Beanpot—

— D D D —

Poe came home late one night and his wife started the ravin', but Poe finished it.

—Juggler

Mac: "How was the geology lecture?"

Obie: "Fine; I was rocked to sleep."

—Juggler

— D D D —

(Voice over phone): "Who is this?"

Plebe: "How the devil do I know. This is a telephone, not a telescope."

—Pointer

— D D D —

The next number will be a ballad dedicated to Alvin (Shipwreck) Kelly, world's champion flag-pole sitter, "Swinging in a Hammock."

—Froth

— D D D —

**Ann How**

"Ann Hathaway," gently chortled Bill Shakespeare as he snuck up the stairs in his stocking feet.

—Amherst Lord Jeff

— D D D —

"Bang! Bang! And another redskin bit the dust!" gleefully cried the house president, as he directed the paddling of the neophytes.

—Medley

— D D D —

The life of a sorority pledge is a life of dues and don'ts.

—Beanpot

— D D D —

Remember, ye Romeos, that while some fellows may boast of being the reason why girls leave home, it's the guy who can make them come back that's got a really good line.

—Beanpot

— D D D —

A Freshman came to school with an ambition to work his way through. Seeing an advertisement in the paper he applied for the job. His prospective employer told him that besides driving he would have to cut the grass, trim the shrubbery, keep the car in good mechanical condition and take care of the tennis courts. After considering the proposition for a few minutes the Frosh asked, "What kind of soil surrounds your place?"

"Just ordinary loam?"

"Well, I won't take the job then. I wouldn't have anything to do in my spare time. If it was clay I could make you some bricks."

—Punch Bowl

— D D D —

The morgue song: "Around the Coroner."

—Juggler

**Hemorrhoids Cured Without the Knife**

Fistula, Fissure cured by my Soothing, Gentle Method. My Guarantee—Cure or No Pay. No Chloroform. No Danger. No Hospital. No Detention from Business. Call or write today. It will pay you.

FREE BOOKS—Valuable to Sufferers

CONSULTATION AND EXAMINATION FREE

**DR. C. M. COE**

RECTAL SPECIALIST

501 Pine Street ST. LOUIS, MO.

Office Hours  
9 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays, 10 to 1

THIRTY-THREE YEARS EXPERIENCE

**Hopeless**

Pete: "My wife doesn't understand me, does yours?"

John: "I don't know, I've never heard her mention your name."

—Juggler

— D D D —

"Would you object to a little kissing?"

"You know, Bill, that's something I've never done yet."

"What, kissed?"

"No, objected."

—Puppet

— D D D —

Louise: "When someone kisses me I feel as though I had been struck a blow."

Bob: "So you turn the other cheek?"

Louise: "No, I return blow for blow."

Bob: "Let's fight."

—Wittenberg Wit

— D D D —

She: "My hubby does so enjoy smoking in his den. Has your husband a den?"

Other She: "No, he growls all over the house."

—Log

— D D D —

**To the Last**

Farmer: "An' how's Lawyer Jones doing', Doctor?"

Doctor: "Poor fellow! He's lying at death's door."

Farmer: "That's grit for ye—at death's door an' still lyin'."

—Drexler

— D D D —

Then there was the Theta who took problems of agriculture because she thought it would be cultivating.

—Beanpot

**T**HIS name has guided  
men and women for  
many years in their  
choice of shoes.

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



612 Olive St.  
and  
Grand at Washington



I am no gentleman. I never doff my hat to a lady. Why should I? If a lady should drop her handkerchief in front of me I wouldn't stoop to pick it up. I would let it lie. If I were riding in the street car and was fortunate enough to find a seat, I wouldn't get up to offer my seat to a lady; even if she were standing directly over me. I insist I am no gentleman; I am a lady.

—Wampus

— D D D —

"Do you think you can learn to love me?"

"I can, sweetheart, but the Tuition's going to be high."

—Beanpot

— D D D —

Prof.: "Why, you don't know the first thing about chemistry!"

Co-ed: "Maybe I do; what is it?"

—Beanpot

## Eat, Drink, and be Married

(Continued from page 15)

in the whole pied world, and now I'm the twin sister of the wreck of the Hesperus! And why? Because—oh because—because I'm married. I forgot about it last night when I was talking to you, but that was the spell of the magic Moon. What a car! But, sweetie, I do love you, and my heart is yours forever. But, dash it all, I'm already married."

Bronson's first thought on hearing this was that he was dreaming, but he discarded this hypothesis when a pin prick drew blood. Then he was angry at himself for even unwittingly destroying much of Hoover's good work by invading the sanctity of the American home. Then sanity returned, and he sought to devise means whereby he and she could escape that very unnecessary human, her husband. But his mind refused to work properly on this new idea. Enraged at this return to normalcy, Bronson reached over, took another long swig at the bottle, and then remained posed with the bottle to his lips as a horrible recollection crossed his brain. He was transfixed with terror at the thought, and his heart almost made the unpardonable mistake of stopping to beat!

For he remembered that he also had got married recently! Yes, it was last Friday, two days ago, the night of the Flood. And that just about put the bee on the whole proceedings, the cap on the climax as it were. He was down, and almost out with the shock of remembrance. But not for long! In a

moment he was up, and for the second time that day the old brain began to function. There was one hope, and one only. Maybe—he rushed frantically over to his dresser, seized a piece of paper hidden under the cover, and dashed back to the phone with it clutched tightly in his hand.

"Hullo," he shouted, and from the earpiece floated a disconsolate sob as an answer. "Sweetheart! Honey! My beloved! What is your name?"

"Mabie Jones," she answered, surprised at his getting so personal.

And as we leave the scene we find that Bronson Gooch has slumped back in his chair in a dead faint. But a smile on his lips, and his face is even more radiant than it was 800 words ago. But—would blighted love look like this? No, of course not—let us examine that sheet of official looking paper still clutched in his hand, a dead give-away. For on it can be discerned the two printed words, MARRIAGE LICENSE, and two written words, Mabie Jones.

— D D D —

### Another Smoker!

Dean of Women: "And do you have any bad habits?"

Co-ed (on carpet): "Well, I drink a little; I go out with strange men in their roadsters; I attend fraternity dances occasionally; . . . and I smoke every now and then!"

D. of W.: "What! You smoke! How dreadful!"

—Green Goat

# DO YOU LIKE NIGHT LIFE?

## IF SO READ VANITY FAIR

Can you gain access to a speakeasy without knowing a fellow from Princeton? . . . Williams? . . . Harvard? . . . Yale? . . . Is it considered *the thing* to bring a flask of ale to a night club? . . . Would you roll a half of beer up the steps of the Central Park Casino, or try to smuggle a gallon of corn up onto the St. Regis roof under your opera coat? . . . In fact, is it the *dernier cri* to wear an opera coat over corn licker before 6 o'clock? . . . Can you tell a good vintage of bicarbonate of soda from a bottle of 1912 Moët Chandon? . . . Should you order a turkey leg when lying under a table at Reuben's? Vanity Fair answers all these questions.

Try to figure out how much it would cost you to buy the most talked-of new books . . . to go to the best shows, cinemas and musical comedies . . . to visit the London tailors . . . to see the best new works of art in Paris . . . to attend the world's great sporting events . . . to arrange for demonstrations of the latest cars and planes . . . to learn the inner secrets of Backgammon and Contract Bridge . . . to go to the opera: in short, to know what's what about everything that is interesting and new in this modern and quick-moving world.



EVERY ISSUE OF VANITY FAIR CONTAINS.

**Humor:**

The most original witticisms of the younger humourists and satirists.

**The Theatre:**

Intimate glimpses of the really interesting personalities on the stage and screen.

**Art:**

Perfect reproductions of the creations of modern European and American artists.

**World Affairs:**

Entertaining political sketches dealing with the foibles and weaknesses of world leaders.

**Fashions:**

A department of women's sport clothes and the trend in fashions, with reports from the leading tailors of New York and London.

**Motor Cars and Airplanes:**

The newest developments in motor cars and airplanes.

**Contract Bridge:**

Searching and expert articles on Backgammon and Contract Bridge.

**Books:**

Views and reviews on the latest books.

**Sports:**

Golf, fighting, etc.

**Music and Opera:**

The latest musical trend.

In short, you will find the Last Word on subjects that differentiate the successful and cultivated person from the uninformed nobody.

SIGN, TEAR OFF AND MAIL THIS COUPON NOW  
FOR THIS SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER OF  
**5 ISSUES OF VANITY FAIR \$1**

VANITY FAIR, GRAYBAR BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

Enclosed find \$1 for 5 issues.

Enclosed find \$3 for 1 year.

I am a new subscriber.

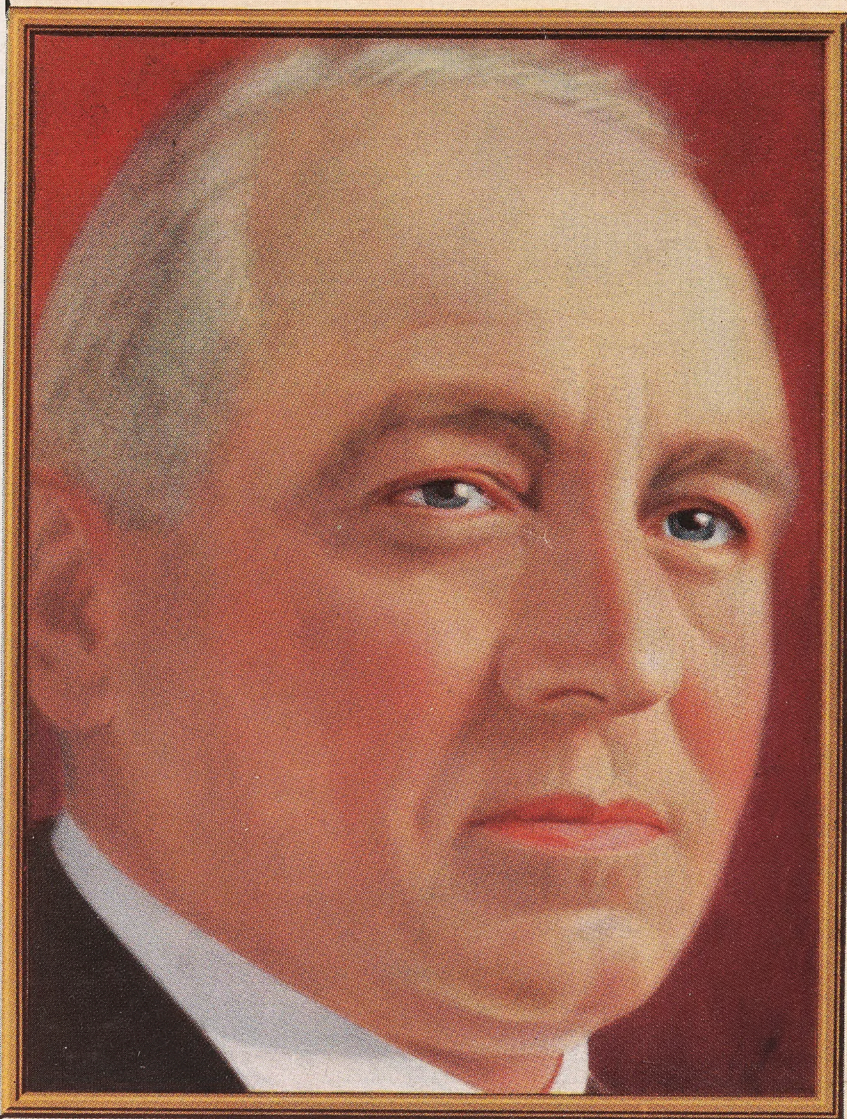
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ CC



# "CLEAR EVIDENCE"



Says

## L. J. HOROWITZ

Chairman of the Board  
Thompson-Starrett Co., Inc.

Builders of the new Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, the Woolworth Building, the Paramount Building, the Equitable Building, New York; the General Motors Building in Detroit; the Palmer House in Chicago.

*"When modern enterprise joins hands with sure-footed experience, success becomes a certainty. The fusion of these two important factors has given Thompson-Starrett over a billion dollars worth of activity in thirty years. It is interesting to note the application of this same principle in your business. Its clear evidence is your use of the Ultra Violet Ray in the 'Toasting' of the LUCKY STRIKE tobaccos."*

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "L. J. Horowitz".

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows — that's why TOASTING includes the use of the Ultra Violet Ray. LUCKY STRIKE — the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobaccos — the Cream of the Crop — THEN — "IT'S TOASTED." Everyone knows that heat purifies and so TOASTING removes harmful irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing. No wonder 20,679 physicians have stated LUCKIES to be less irritating!

## "It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough



Consistent with its policy of laying the facts before the public, The American Tobacco Company has invited Mr. L. J. Horowitz to review the reports of the distinguished men who have witnessed LUCKY STRIKE'S famous Toasting Process. The statement of Mr. Horowitz appears on this page.