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### Washington University Dirge: "Is the man of the house in?"

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

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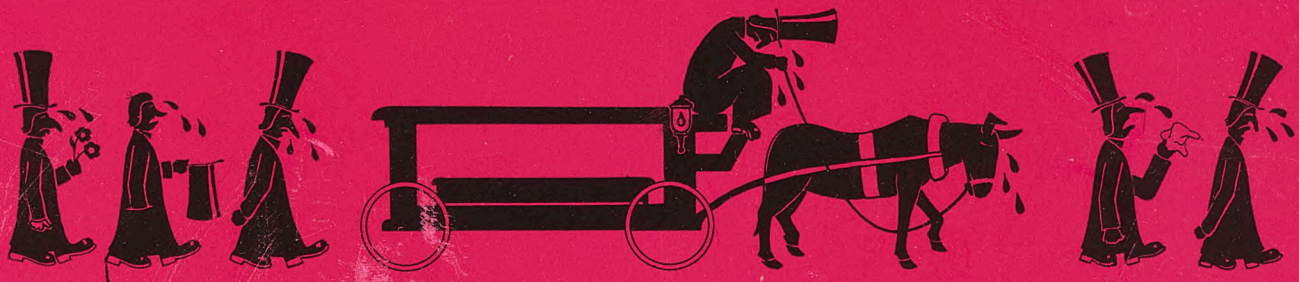
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# DIRECT

March  
1933

Fifteen  
Cents



"Is the man of the house in?"

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY  
ST. LOUIS

ZENAE30





Propaganda by the Scholastic Labor Party proposing a source of income to keep the Library open.

—Harvard Lampoon



From Elsie Robinson, *Post-Dispatch*, Jan. 4th, 1933.

"I'd rather have one hour of fair, 50—50 equality with a prosaic modern male than an eternity of chivalry with a poetical bully . . ."

Fifty to fifty—a kiss for me  
And one as succulent for you;  
When you weep one tear of ecstasy,  
Just one salt tear will be my due;  
And the spinal thrill, when you mount my knee,  
Sharing alike, we may cut in two.

My frown in the morning is your plea  
For a glowering countenance as gray:  
We shall gauge our sighs' intensity,  
And reckon every word we say:  
If I cry "Woe!", you "Woe is me!"  
You are convicted of foul play.

By minus and plus we may agree  
To tally a smile, a rapture even,  
My gastric relish will count for three,  
Your musical at least for seven;  
And a decimal immortality,  
Will cancel out a fractional Heaven.

So, fifty to fifty, the bargain will be  
For a year or two, for bad or worse:  
Till one, in a spasm of chivalry,  
Acts on love as a matter of course;  
And the other, still in the rule of three,  
Gains a hundred per cent divorce.

— D D D —

### WHAT—NO RAVEN?

By the building I was standing, for some mystic force commanding  
With a pow'r past comprehending, held me rigid by the door.  
And I found that I was spurning every impulse to be turning;  
So I feared I'd spend all morning standing rigid by the door.  
And the thought of standing thusly some irrelevancy bore.  
Standing there for evermore.

But I still remained there watching, kept by pow'rs that were bewitching,  
Even though my soul was itching to desert that evil door.  
And it seemed my eyes were drawing to the board that he was sawing,  
To the saw that kept on clawing, clawing at the two-by-four!  
I was held by fascination that I never felt before,  
Standing silent by the door.

"Zounds!" I bellowed, "can I ever from this charm relations sever—  
Must I linger here forever by this captivating door?  
For my class I'm late already—'twould be bad to come in tardy,  
For already I've been tardy a good many times before.  
Surely someday he will finish sawing at that two-by-four.  
Can he saw for evermore?"

But the saw-blade, never ceasing, ripped the board with gash increasing,  
From the gaping wound releasing sawdust to the dirty floor.  
Then with intonation crashing, suddenly the board came smashing,  
All my fascinations dashing, dashing to the dirty floor.  
And my weird enchantment lay there lifeless on the cluttered floor.  
And I turned and left the door.

E. M. (which of course, means Ed. Mead.)

Plsh, reader—confess it was a DIRGE ad.

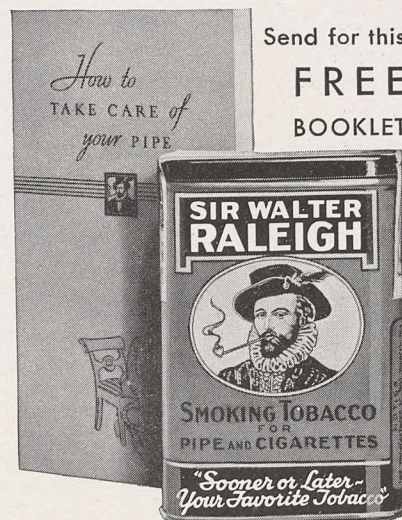
## Heirloom or not— give it the Air!



WHEN she told him to throw that reeking relic in the rubbish can, he was offended. Sensitive? Pooh! Not as sensitive as grandma's nose. Let's be brutally outspoken. Why should a man keep on smoking a pipe through sentiment, when it's full of sediment?

When you smoke mild tobacco in a well-kept pipe, everybody's happy, yourself included! We never heard anything but compliments about the smoke Sir Walter Raleigh's mild Burley mixture makes when it curls merrily from the bowl of a well-behaved briar. It is smooth and fragrant, yet full bodied, rich and satisfying; and it's kept fresh by gold foil. Its record of popularity alone makes it worth a trial next time you step into your tobacco store.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation  
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-32



It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder



## Kontented Kleagle



"Oh, yes—my work is in arrears."

—Penn Punch Bowl.

Amos J. Squibb  
Was a business man  
In Sioux City, Iowa.  
Upon hearing  
That the American Ambassador  
To the Court of St. James  
Wore knee breeches  
To court, he sent a cable  
Upbraiding the Ambassador  
For his lack of American  
Simplicity.  
The next afternoon  
Amos J. Squibb  
Brushed his teeth  
And proceeded to  
Garb himself in  
A pair of purple  
Bloomers, a red vest  
And a silly little cap  
And marched down  
The main street  
of Sioux City  
With five hundred  
Fellow business men  
Garbed like himself  
And all aglow  
With pride and joy  
In their glorious  
Order.

—Pelican.

"Could I see the captain of this ship?"

"He's forward, Miss."

"I'm not afraid. I'm used to men."

—Reserve Red Cat.

— D D D —

## My Nerves !!

Landlord (to prospective tenant): "You know we keep it very quiet and orderly here. Do you have any children?"

"No."

"A piano, radio or Victrola?"

"No."

"Do you play any musical instrument? Do you have a dog, cat or parrot?"

"No, but my fountain pen scratches a little sometimes."

—Penn Punch Bowl.

"Do they make false eyes out of glass?"

"Certainly. How else could you see through them?"

—Princeton Tiger.

— D D D —

— D D D —

Night-Club Habitue (staggering out of dive at 4 A. M.): "Good Lord, what is that strange odor around here?"

Doorman: "That, sir, is fresh air."

—Reserve Red Cat.

— D D D —

Wooden: "What is the date, please?"

Prof.: "Never mind the date. Put your whole attention on the test."

W—"I will, but I want to have something right on my paper."

—The Log.

— D D D —

Lady: "Now, Nora, when you serve dinner to-night, please don't wear any jewelry."

Servant: "I ain't got none, ma'am, but thanks for the warnin'."

—Reserve Red Cat.

A bigamist is a man who likes to keep two himself.

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.



*Out yonder*—

While we stop to rest and  
admire the beautiful 'out yonder'  
let's enjoy a Chesterfield

*they Satisfy*





## The Well-Dressed Man

"Hoot Mon."

This being the supposedly proper way to address anything or any one smacking of scotch, we take pleasure in again saying "hoot, mon"—for it seems only too true that the scotch plaid is again with us. And all sorts of plaids—plaid neckwear, suits and topcoats of Glenurquart plaid, plaid socks, which are surprisingly good by the bye, and Lord! Lord! even plaid shirts. This last ought to be too much for any well-balanced person's good nature.

Hats as a rule are holding to the same general trend—although the homburg and wider flop brims, a bit of old England, are being featured by the makers. It does see, however, that the college man is wedded to the snap brim. The tab collar has the lead in regard to shirt sales, while the longer points are still there, don't forget.

Suits, too, have the Scotch touch on them now, especially the sportier ones, in Grey Glen checks and shepherd's checks in brown. English Cheviots are right in their own, but the fancy backs in jacket-slack and jacket-tweed are doing the going, going, gone act. Plainer backs seem to be the thing now.

— D D D —

## The Correct Use of the Beret

The beret is one of the most useful types of head-gear that a man can wear, but it has certain very prescribed uses. It is not the hat to wear to bed, as some Bulgarian cheesehounds seem to think, for it does not give ample enough protection to the ears and larynx—while a good fedora well pulled down around the adam's apple is ideal for lounging. But for flying, the Zetes find the beret is ideal.

It is shown in an illustration somewhere or other, correctly worn with a polo coat which is worn over a tweed suit which is worn over a suit of lavender B. V. D.s. It is the sort of head-covering that can be kept in the side-pocket of a car and left there.

—Columns.

— D D D —

Mary had a little lamb which she was supposed to keep, It followed little Mary 'round, 'til it died from lack of sleep.

—Red Cat.

— D D D —

Little Boy (to parson): "Please pray for my father's floating kidney."

Parson: "But I can't pray for any one thing like that."

Little Boy: "Well, you prayed for the loose livers the other day."

—The Log.

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

WHAT'S YOUR IDEA OF A SUIT OF CLOTHES? Styled right up to the minute? Material that has real class? A fit that really fits? A suit that keeps its press?

That's talking our language. That's a custom tailored suit—a suit made to your measure and hand tailored.

The Losse College Section is the young men's fine clothes' shop of the town.

And you don't need to worry about the prices. A college man's suit custom tailored, \$30 to \$50.

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

## Gas the Chink

Chinese Patient Over Telephone: "Doc, what time you fixee teeth for me?"

Doctor: "Two-thirty, all right?"

Chinese Patient: "Yes, tooth hurty me all right, but what time you want me to come?"

—Tiger.

— D D D —

In her school essay on "Parents," a little girl wrote: "We get our parents at so late an age that it is impossible to change their habits."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

A chaplain, placing his hand on the unruly sailor's shoulder in a fatherly fashion, said: "My boy, I believe the devil has got a hold of you."

—The Log.

— D D D —

She (cooly): "You bad boy. Don't you kiss me again."  
He: "I won't. I'm trying to find out who has the gin in this party."

—The Log.

— D D D —

And then there was the absent-minded professor who drove down in his car to the police station to report that his car was gone from his garage.

—Exchange.



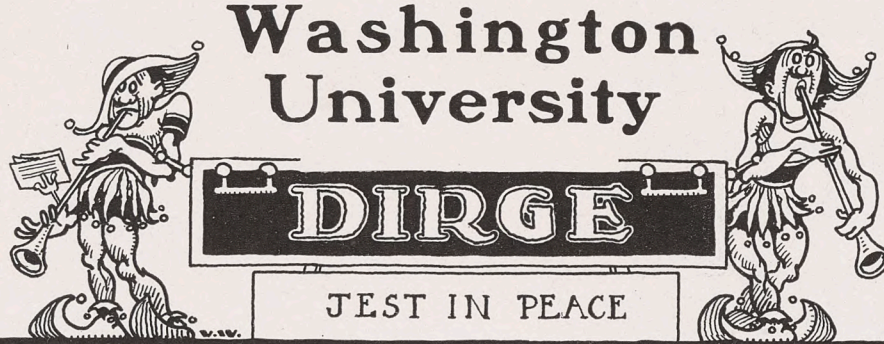


Bobbie  
Mason

"But Mc Glowsky, I think I'd better consult my barber first."

—Carolina Buccaneer





**Bearers of The Pall**

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## NOTICE

Will the gentleman who took the suit of pyjamas off the rack in the hall of the College Building, Monday night, please return them to Mr. Griffiths at once, he needs them very badly.

## NOTICE

If the lady, whose identity is known to the Carnival Officials, will return the skeleton hand which she stole Monday evening from the Med. Booth, before Friday, 6 p.m. of this week, no further action will be taken.

We are now taking up a collection to send this student paper regularly to Ted Cook, the "Cook-Coos" man.

Incidentally, we learned that there really is a Lamar, Mo., "Democrat," but the news items attributed to it are the products of Cook's own easy pen. He is stewing the burg in his own juice.

## Hinchell Speaking

## PROBLEM OF THE MONTH

Who's the D. G. freshman,  
And the A. T. O. so tall,  
Who meet in Duncker one-o-six  
(The room just off the hall?)

Most afternoons they scurry in  
Equipped with books and notes;

But what they do ain't studyin'—  
They're sowin' many oats.

No chair but one is occupied,  
Yet both of them are sittin';  
'N' th' loud and juicy smacks you hear  
Don't come from no sick kitten.

They thought they's no one peekin',  
But Hinchell's everywhere;  
Now, Stokely, see if you kin guess  
The names of this here pair.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Back to Prose

Dear Stokely:

I was to the Junior Prom, where I seen many things . . . Let's start out with the Queen, although I don't know what fun there is in that, because everybody, (includin' Harpo Allan) knows about Jo and Bob Nolan. A tangle-foot, that affair is . . . Then comes Marjie Simpson, but I don't get any kick out of that, either, because she and Ed Taylor 've been nailed for years. Sizz-Marie Vaughn—another obvious one: Ford Pennell. When we get around to Gene Penney, the goin' gets tougher. Gene, of course, is supposed to be Paul Kunkel's woman, but if she is, what does she do with Norwood Trampe and Frank Neun? Frank must be gettin' nailed to the mast, because Kunkel is the iron-fist-in-a-velvet-glove to Gene . . . Well, that's four of the five who are spiked . . . An' then we come across Jim

Miller (yes, Becker, the name is Miller). I thought that she'd be one at least who'd be heart-free and fancy-ditto, but what did I discover? Why, there's an off-campus nigger-in-the-woodpile (purely a figger of speech, Stoke) by the name of Clark Honig, and he's the boy that gives Jim indignation . . . this'll crush Delos Reynolds, because he thinks Jim's a pomegranate. In fact, before the Prom, many people were bettin' on Jim for Queen, because Delos had a date with her the Friday before . . . So all in all, the five members of the Court of Plush, Pulchritude and Paah don't furnish much material for sich big-game dazzlers as Louie (Har ya, little girl?) Schaeffer and Jack (Egg-Face) Pape . . . an' speakin' of the latter:

\* \* \* \* \*

He should sit at home and study,  
Said the Dean.  
He should sit at home and study,  
'Cause he's mean,  
Growled the Dean—  
He should sit at home and use his  
Rusty bean,  
Croaked the Dean.  
He was playin' out of bounds  
With some queen  
An' was seen  
By that mean  
Dean . . .  
So Pape sits home an' studies,  
Thinkin' mean  
Of the Dean.  
Pape's mean,  
Eh, Dean?

\* \* \* \* \*

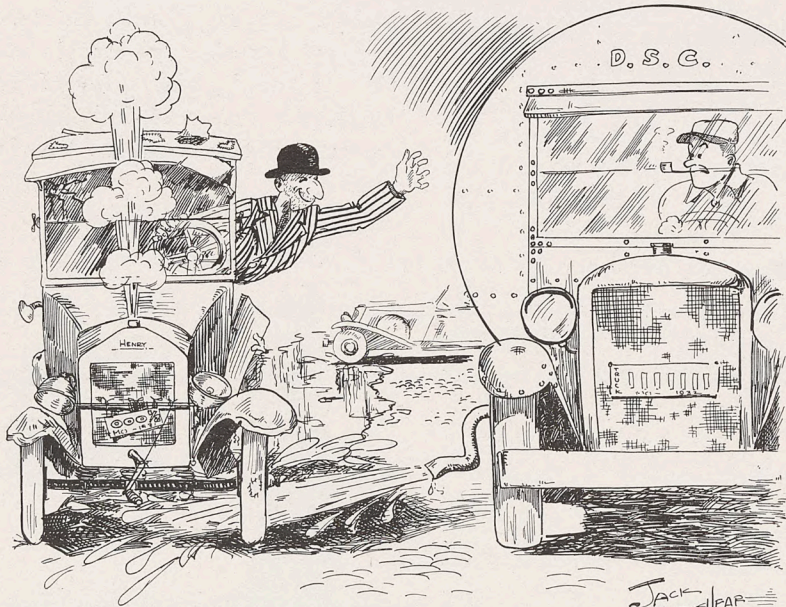
Well, if the Dean thought Pape was mean, just think how  
Mean  
The Dean  
musta thought Burns was!

\* \* \* \* \*

## Are Safety-Pins Safe?

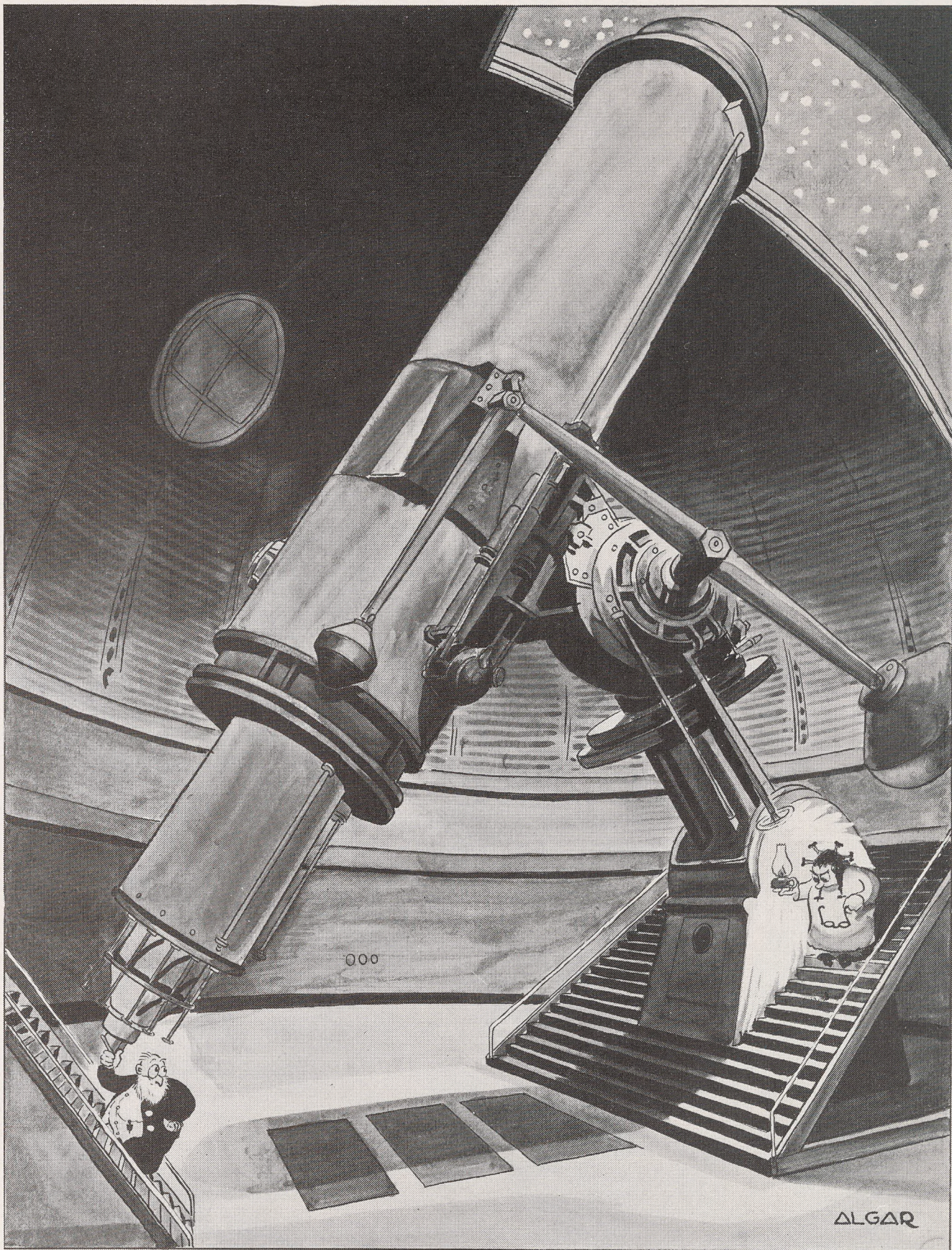
At last we hear about Mary Robertson's blood pressure. Jack Thompson, from Illinois, is the all-important safety-pin in there, Stoke . . . In fact, when Louie Schaeffer tried to hang his miniature Sig Alph pin on her, she put the skids under him . . . Just by way of squelching Price Reed (as if it were possible). I want to remind him that Ruth Schmidt is in love with Charlie Depew . . . maybe Price realizes it, because he's

(Continued on page 20.)



"Pliz, meester, riss it oop a leettle higher and get de rest of de car clean too."





"Horace! You've forgotten your glasses again!"

—Stanford Chaparral



# Twinkbury Gets His Man

By ED MEAD

T. Twiddlethrop Twinkbury III sat in an armchair and a lounging robe and lit a Reggie, and thought little of it. Indeed, he presently took out another Reggie and lit it off the end of the first. I had been sitting there silently, as was my custom when in the presence of T. Twiddlethrop, waiting for him to speak.

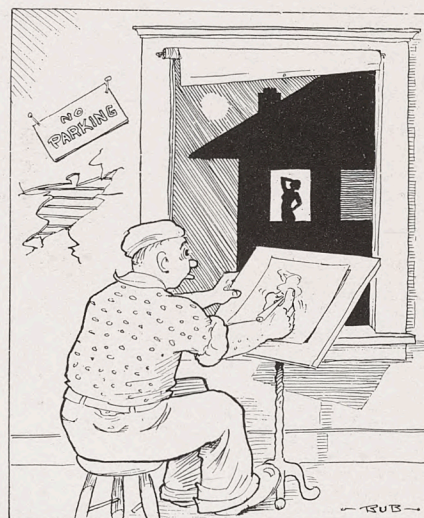
"I say, Bertram, old top," he began presently (T. Twiddlethrop always called me "Bertram" because it was my name), "I am uncommonly bored. Deucedly so." His words fell slowly and concisely in an impeccable Harvard accent that Twinkbury invariably remembered when he wasn't excited. "In fact, if another case does not turn up in the near future I shall be forced, in short, to translate another volume of hieroglyphics out of sheer ennui."

"Oh, anything but that, T.T.!" I babbled, in short, excited syllables. "If I recall it correctly, the last time you shut yourself up to

translate hieroglyphics I found you a week later feeding peanuts to the aldermen."

The embarrassed silence (T.T. always experienced embarrassment when I referred to his more distracted moments) was exploded by the sharp ringing of a bell. "A telephone!" announced Twiddlethrop, the old light of deduction shining in his eyes. It was only a matter of seconds before he made the second revelation—"My telephone!" Scarcely had the words been uttered when Droops, my friend's *valet de chambre* entered with the extension phone. "Amazing!" I muttered.

Twiddlethrop whipped off the receiver, saying, with a semblance of calmness, "I say, are you theah?" I gathered that whoever was there was certainly there all right. Little squeals and shriekings wafted over to where I was sitting, across the room. Twinkbury murmured some strongly calm words of reassurance, called



The Fine Arts Student Does a Little Cramming.

—Washington Columns.

for his lavender cravat, his coat and his automatic and rushed out of the house without saying so much as a word to me.

Being used to such treatment, I followed his powerful, active strides to a taxi and climbed in with him, getting nothing but silence for all my questions. But such was the manner of the man when in action.

The address he gave to the driver was in the most fashionable section of town, and thither we whisked with never a word between us. With a jolt we halted before a gleaming mansion. Twiddlethrop sprang to the curb with a preoccupied air and I followed as soon as I had paid the bill.

We were ushered into a room as amazing and elaborate as the wash room in a movie house, where we sat down in nervous expectancy. With little ceremony, a large woman came barging through the door, looking, in her tight dress, like a 1929 Buick.

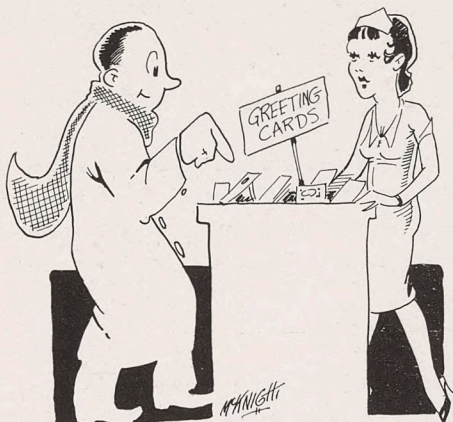
"Like I told you, Mr. Twinkbury," she gurgled, with sobs, after crunching into a sofa, "it's my husband. He ain't been home all night." With that she swung into all the gruesome details. It



"I've been trying for two hours to think of the name of the Christian purgatory, and I just can't."

"Ain't that hell?"





"Give me eight of those that say: 'To the only girl I love.'"

seemed that Aloysius Van Horn Pinderbuilts (of Newport, Cedar Rapids, and points west Pinderbuilts) had not been home all night. What is more, his roadster had been found, empty, on the street. Yes, it was in the garage. Would Mr. Twinkbury like to give it a look?

Mr. Twinkbury said that he would and away we tramped to the garage. "That," said a chauffeur, "is the car my poor master was last seen in." Twiddlethrop lunged forward and tore open the door. By the time I had caught up with him he had closed it again. A strange light was shining in his eyes.

"The case," he intoned, "is well in hand. Will you be so kind as to stay with Mrs. Pinderbuilts until I return with her husband?" So saying, he turned and climbed into the roadster, sending me a triumphant glance that as much as said, "Twinkbury always gets his man."

Seeing Twiddlethrop roar off in the roadster left me with a strange sense of loneliness and perhaps of coming disaster. Would I ever see my friend again? I returned to comfort Mrs. Pinderbuilts as well as I might. "Mr. Twinkbury is on his trail," I spoke "My assumption is that you will see your husband within the week. Twinkbury never fails." Announcing that I would wait an hour or so for further developments, I sat and watched Mrs. Pinderbuilts

play with her chins.

It was, I had noted carefully, exactly five minutes past eleven when T.T. had left. At ten minutes past twelve the doorbell rang and in walked my friend with a bleery-eyed little man on his arm. He motioned to me and we left discretely as the poor little fellow's wife proceeded to shower endearments on him.

Once more seated in T. Twiddlethrop's rooms, I demanded an explanation. "I confess I am confused, T.T. What amazing discovery did you make in the automobile that so definitely gave you a course of action and which no other person had noticed? It all seems too uncanny to me."

Without a word, Twinkbury reached into his pocket, fumbled around for an instant, and drew forth a tiny object concealed in his hand. "This," he announced, uncoiling a single and immensely long strand of glistening white

hair, holding it between his hands that were stretched about two feet apart.

"Platinum!" I hissed.

"And that," he said, "concludes the Pinderbuilts' case."

"But I must say, T.T., that I am not satisfied. How did you know where Mr. Pinderbuilts was when you had only one hair as a clue?"

"Even with you, Bertram, I will go into no more details," he said decisively. And seeing that I could get no more out of him, I presently took my leave, still much puzzled.

Still pondering the mystery, I wandered to the closet, too much occupied with my thoughts even to call Droops, and proceeded to unhook my coat. By chance my eyes fell to Twinkbury's other top-coat. There, glistening on the black cloth of the right shoulder, lay a hair, a long, shining platinum hair.



"Did I ever tell you about my operation?"

—Ohio Green Goat.





The Return of the Native.

#### Health Note

Isabella of Spain, it is rumored, never took but two baths in all her life and was proud of it.

Now we understand why Columbus had to discover America.

— D D D —

#### Giant Stride Toward Something or Other

##### Post-Dispatch Fashion Note:

The girl sketched in the circle is removing her coat so that everyone can see her candy-striped pique blouse and recognize it instantly as belonging to a tailored suit.

— D D D —

Add Sad Case: The toper who went on the waterwagon but didn't have enough will power to stay there without a daily fortifying bibful.

— D D D —

Girls who flit about and flutter  
Cause right-minded men to utter  
Imprecations 'neath their breath  
Apropos of sudden death.

— D D D —

Our broad humanitarian view is that the main thing the older generation has against the younger generation is that it is younger.

PUNSTER, upon arriving in Hell: "These are the times that fry men's souls.

— D D D —

Pessimistic Pedro remarks, with a curl of his lip, that "things have now got to the place where we can define prosperity as the time when apples were being sold on the street corners by the unemployed."

— D D D —

If that Hollywood fad keeps up much longer things will come to the point where the wearing of a dress by a woman will be termed an affectation.

— D D D —

"No sirree," says Alice, "none of those cheap cigarettes for me. I can't stand the taste of a cigarette that isn't widely advertised."

— D D D —

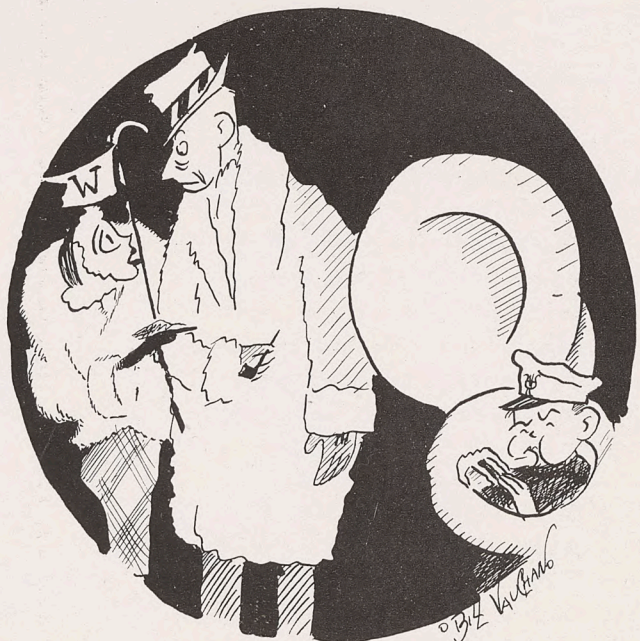
Girls without morals  
Win all the laurels.

— D D D —

In this age of technocracy there seems to be a great number of people somewhat confused as to just what an erg is. A very simple definition is that an erg is a strong impulse. For instance, everyone has at some time felt the erg to do something important.

— D D D —

Her father was only a pepper-grinder, but she was nothing to sneeze at.



"Why Henry! I'm ashamed of you!"



**TO OUR ASSISTANT EXCHANGE EDITOR**

Little sister with a knife,  
 Made an end to Wally's life.  
 Mother saw her as she played,  
 And shrieked, "My dear you've dulled the blade."

— D D D —

Perpetual something or other: "My wife is just like an umpire, she thinks I'm not safe when I'm out."

— D D D —

1st Hobo: "Were you ever in the Navy?"  
 2nd Such: "No, but I was my wife's first mate."

— D D D —

**JOCKEY**

He knew his breed and he knew his mood.  
 He curried him daily and found him good.  
 A conscious feather upon the wind  
 He sped the track with his purpose thinned.

To an eager line toward victory.  
 He was the young epitome  
 Of every man who had loved his steed.  
 His title was "The son of Speed."

Speed and rhythm, beating on,  
 A sudden turn and the dream was gone.  
 He lay on the track his mount had trod  
 Kicked to death by his only God.  
 Louise Osterberg Hunsche.

— D D D —

Tri Delta: "Preston's mustache makes me laugh."  
 Pi Phi: "Tickled me, too."

— D D D —

**DINNER FOR TWO**

Attendant on the food we shared:  
 A table-cloth of sheerest lace,  
 The crystal glass, the candlestick,  
 The silver spoon, its curving grace.  
 How sweet it was to dine like this,  
 Untouched by anything near drab.  
 How sweet it was. (The irony  
 Of too much pepper in the crab.)  
 Louise Osterberg Hunsche.

— D D D —

Most popular song of the street-cleaners: "It's just a street where old friends meet."

— D D D —

**WORST PUN OF THE MONTH DEPARTMENT**

Our year-book is like an incubator because it's a hatch-it.

Speaking of year-books, Herbie Schroeder has been wanting us to put this in for months: "If a brunette should peroxide her hair why would it remind you of the editor of Hatchet? Because it's a Harry Bleich." You're welcome, Herbert.

— D D D —

"I hear you had a big petting party the other night. How come?"

"We drank a case of rubbing alcohol by mistake."

— D D D —

"Yes, indeed, our family has had blue blood in its veins for five hundred years."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Van Astor, but could you oblige me? My fountain pen's empty."

— D D D —

The sailor on furlough who went for a row in the lake had nothing on King Solomon who was once discovered in a girl's dormitory.

— D D D —

Believe it or not, the poker-player who became the father of twins last year and triplets this year, has a full-house.

— D D D —

A brewer, in a section where raids were frequent, invented a collapsible receptacle suitable for the aging of mash, and became known as a humorist—because of his wise crocks.

— D D D —

?

A woman was having a friend stay with her over night while her husband was out of town. As it happened, she had a glass eye, and she had neglected to tell her friend about this. The two went to bed, in twin beds with a table between them. The friend awakened during the night, and wanted a drink of water. She did not wish to awaken the other, and when she saw a glass of water on the table she drank it. Suddenly a scream filled the room. The owner of the apartment woke up with a start, and asked the friend what the trouble was. "Why," was the terrified reply, "the house must be haunted. I just took a drink of water, and when I finished I saw something looking up at me from the bottom of the glass." The other woman gave a slightly relieved laugh, turned on the light, and pointed to the glass. There, in the bottom, lay the glass eye.

— D D D —

Prof. Klamon speaking of Larceny in an insurance class said, "it's petty if its small and grand if its large."



# Staghound Bill and Them Damn Varmints

By DICK (KILLER) STEPHENS

(University of Washington COLUMNS)

## SYNOPSIS OF PART ONE

General Miles' men are all sick with smallpox, and the Indians, "them damn varmints," are running wild. Staghound Bill offers to fight the Indians, but is rebuffed by the General. So Bill starts back up town. Lying in wait for him is the gambler called Paler Gray, from whom Staghound has won \$10,500.

STAGHOUND BILL hitched up his belt and started back to the Gold Dust Exchange. The street was dark and the only light was a moon about the thickness of a bowie knife edge, and so as Staghound Bill walked along he unhitched his belt a notch so his guns would hang low. And just as he reached the corner by the Gold Dust Exchange he came face to face with the gambler called Paler Gray. Now when the gambler called Paler Gray saw Staghound Bill he looked around and about and then said:

"I've gambled here, an' I've gambled there, an' never before did I see a man win thirty-five for one three times hand running. It's against nature, an' it don't seem right, so what I want is my money back. So come on, you Staghound Bill, an' hand over that money or I aim to shoot you dead." And when he said these words he pulled the Derringer from his yellow silk shirt sleeve.

But before he could get it halfway cocked Staghound Bill drew his right hand gun and shot the Derringer from Paler Gray's hand. And then he drew his left hand gun and shot a hole in Paler Gray's right ear. And then he aimed the right hand gun again and shot a hole in Paler Gray's left ear. And when he had done this he chomped down hard on his chew and spit into the street so the dust rose in the night like a cloud, and said:

"I hate Mexicans so bad I don't eat chili beans, an' I hate sheep herders so bad I don't eat mutton chops, but most of all I hate tinhorn gamblers. So be on your way, you Paler Gray, afore I git nasty an' chew you up an' spit you into th' gutter."

And the gambler called Paler Gray sneaked off into the darkness holding both ears.

Now Staghound Bill stayed around Scooptown for quite some time and played faro, and chuck-a-luck, and fan tan. He drank a gallon of white corn whiskey and a gallon of redevye a day, and every now and then he sang the song about Sam Bass:

"Sam Bass was born in Indianner,  
It was his native home,  
An' at th' age of seventeen  
Young Sam begun to roam.  
He first went down to Texas,

A cowboy fer to be,  
An' a kinder hearted feller  
You'd seldom ever see."

And when Staghound Bill had sung the song about Sam Bass he would sing about the Dying Cowboy, which went like this:

Git sixteen gamblers to carry  
my coffin,

Git six pretty maidens to bear up  
my pall,

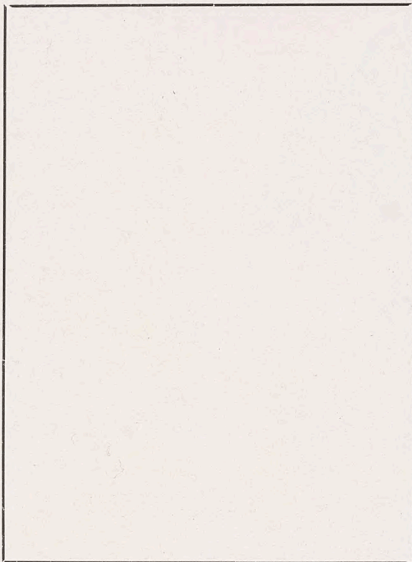
Git bunches of roses to put on my  
casket,

Git roses to deaden the clods as  
they fall."

And often as not he sang the whole forty verses with never a stop.

Now all the while that Staghound Bill stayed around Scooptown, Paler Gray stayed in the back room of the Gold Dust Exchange and waited for his ears to get well. And when they were finally well he thought long and deep and plotted the doom of Staghound Bill. And after he had thought for more than a week he put on his yellow silk shirt and his cutaway coat and his black silk hat, and went to see General Miles.

"General Miles," said Paler Gray, "What I want to see you about is this man as calls himself Staghound Bill. Now I've been around, an' I've been about, an' the last time I saw Staghound Bill he was a-livin' with th' Indians, an' had himself a squaw, an' was a-callin' himself Shagnasty Bill. So what you better do, General Miles, is to lock him up in th' jail house for a white renegade. He's a no good man, an' th' son of a sheep herder,



Varmints after Staghound Bill  
gets through with them.

an' there ain't no question that he'd be better out of th' way."

Now when General Miles heard this he bellowed and snorted and sent a squad of soldiers to arrest Staghound Bill. And twenty soldiers went down to the Gold Dust Exchange and told Staghound Bill that he was under arrest for being a white renegade. And they took him away to the jail house. And there he stayed and pined his life away while the gambler called Paler Gray ran his roulette game in the Gold Dust Exchange. And all the while the Indians got worse and worse.

It was late one evening that the jailer came around to the cell with a plate of sow belly and beans and biscuits for Staghound Bill. And when he opened the cell door and handed in the plate of beans Staghound Bill set his hat on the back of his head and said:

"I've been in jails here, an' I've been in jails there, but never before did I see a jail where they served beans as what had a fly in them. Look down, you jailer, an' tell me what you see." And when he had said these words he pointed to the plate of sow belly and beans.

Now the jailer bent low and looked, and when he did this Staghound Bill brought his fist down on the jailer's neck, and took away the jailer's guns, and was gone before anyone had time to even think about it.

When Staghound Bill got out of jail he walked down the main street of Scooptown toward the Gold Dust Exchange. And as he did he swore loud and long and said:

"I'm a gamblin' man, an' a drinkin' man, but most of all I'm a revengin' man. An' now what I want to do is find this man called Paler Gray an' send him to his doom. I'm wild an' wooley, an' hard to currey, an' was raised in th' mountains an' suckled by a she bear, an' there ain't no man livin' or dead as can call me a white renegade an' live to tell of it. So watch out, you Paler Gray."

And when he had finished saying these words he walked up to the front of the Gold Dust Exchange and kicked the swinging doors off their hinges and walked inside.

Now the gambler called Paler Gray was dealing roulette, and when he saw Staghound Bill he drew the Derringer from his yellow silk shirt sleeve. But before he had it half way raised Staghound Bill put two bullets between his eyes, and the holes were not more than a half inch apart.

And when he had done this the bartenders gathered up all that was left of the mortal remains of the gambler called Paler Gray and loaded them into a buckboard and took them to Boot Hill. And then they buried him six foot under sod. And when they had



done this they put up a wooden slab at the head of the grave and wrote on it:

PALER GRAY  
LIES ON THIS HILL  
HE PULLED A GUN  
ON STAGHOUND BILL

Now when Staghound Bill had shot the gambler called Paler Gray he set his hat on the back of his head and bit off a chew of chewing tobacco and said:

"I'm tough as a tiger, an' rough as rocks, an' hard as th' hobs of he'l, an' mostly I shoot tinhorn sports just to see them wriggle. An' now what I'm goin' to do is to see General Miles an' teach him how to hunt Indians. An' when he sees that he'll know that I ain't no white renegade, an' no man livin' or dead can call me one."

And when he had said these words he set off for where the barracks were to see General Miles.

Now the orderly was so surprised when Staghound Bill came to the barracks after breaking jail that he did not have a word to say, but Staghound Bill only spit into the cuspidor so that it rang like a gong, and asked to see General Miles. And when General Miles came out Staghound Bill set his hat on the back of his head and said:

"There was a tinhorn sport as said I was a white renegade, an' now I aim to show you he was wrong. What I aim to do is git ridden these here Indians with lesson no trouble at all. So give me a chance you General Miles, an' I'll show you how to hunt Indians."

Now General Miles was sore disturbed because the Indians were as bad as could be. His men were sick and could not fight, and were no more use than nothing. And General Miles did not know what to do.

"Well," he finally said after scratching his head and looking hard at the floor, "I reckon as I might as well give you a chance. But remember this, you Staghound Bill, if you don't get rid of these Indians I'll shoot you at sunrise for a white renegade. Now how many men do you want, and when do you want to start?"

"Well," said Staghound Bill, chomping a chomp on his chew, "I don't need any men. I'm an Indian fighter from way back, an' I don't need th' help of a bunch of shavetails sick from Smallpox. An' I aim to start right now."

"What I want, General Miles, is sixteen army mules. An' when you git me those army mules I'll be ready to start. I'll go out of town where th' Indians are, an' in lessen no time at all they'll be all deader'n so many pizened coyotes."

Now when General Miles heard these words he gave Staghound Bill sixteen army mules. And when he had done this he saddled up his horse and rode to the top of a butte just outside of town to watch Staghound get rid of Indians.

And he had not waited long before he saw Staghound Bill riding his long bay horse out of Scooptown, and leading sixteen army mules tied nose to tail. And then General Miles began to swear loud and long because every one of the sixteen army mules were loaded down with army blankets.

Now as General Miles watched he saw Staghound Bill ride out past Gumbo Buttes and into Indian territory. And just as Staghound Bill reached the far end of the Buttes, fifty Indians rode out from behind a hill. Now when Staghound Bill saw this he wheeled his long bay horse and cut loose five of the mules loaded with army blankets. And then he started for town on a high lope, leading the eleven mules that were left.

Now when the Indians saw Staghound Bill heading for town they took after him on a dead run, but when they came to the bunch of mules that Staghound Bill had dropped twenty-five of the Indians stopped and roped them while the rest chased Staghound Bill.

Now Staghound Bill rode a half mile farther and dropped another bunch of six mules, and when the Indians came to the place twelve of them stopped and gathered them in. And when Staghound Bill had ridden another half mile he dropped the rest of the mules, and the rest of the Indians stopped and gathered them in. And when he

had done this he rode into Scooptown on a high lope.

When Staghound Bill rode up to General Miles he said never a word, and General Miles swore until the sagebrush burnt. And when he was done he said:

"Damn my soul if you don't get shot at sunrise! What's the idea of giving mules to the Indians? Never afore in my life did I see a bigger fool."

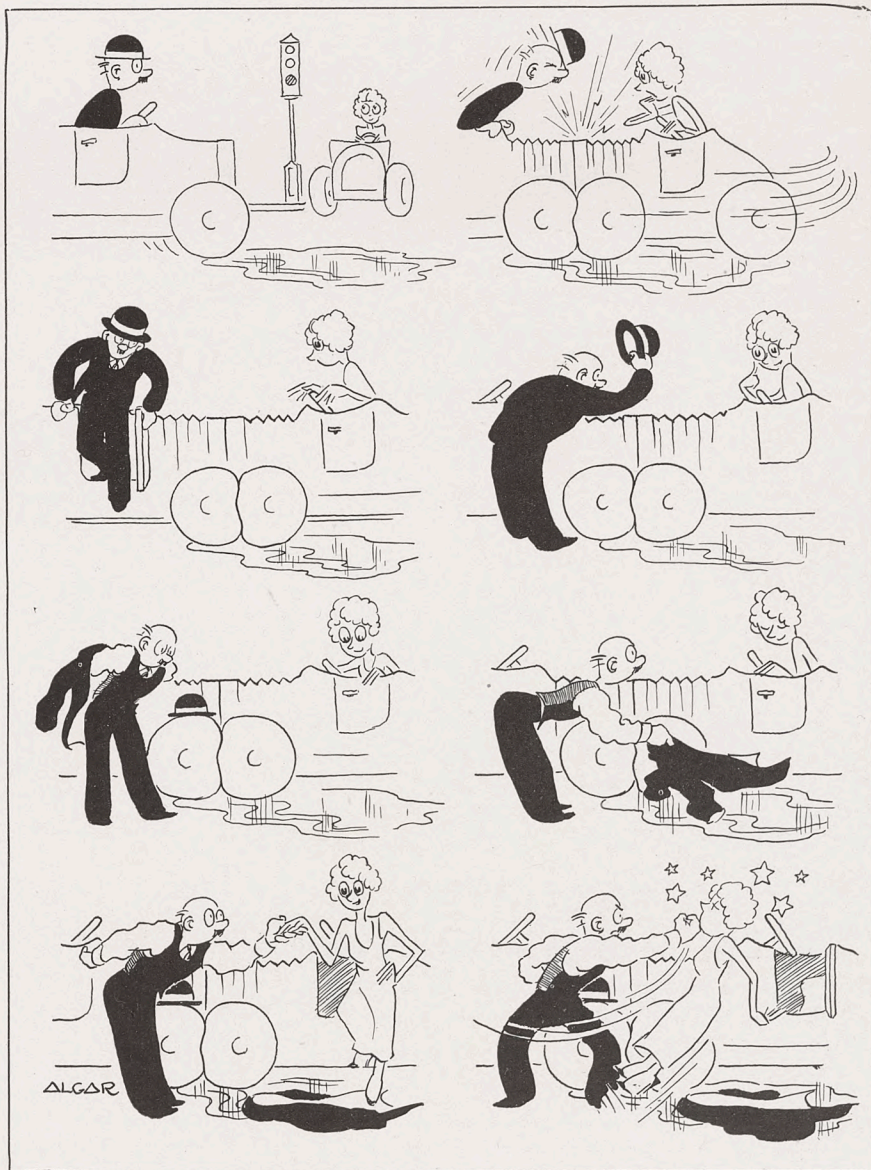
But Staghound Bill said never a word, but only grinned and spit into the street so the dust rose like smoke out of a chimney. And when General Miles saw this he swore loud and long and finally said:

"Just where in the name of sizzlin' hell did you get those blankets, you Staghound Bill?"

And Staghound Bill set his hat on the back of his head, and chomped a hard chomp on his chew of chewing tobacco, and said:

"General Miles, I got them blankets from th' pest house."

And never again did General Miles say an unkind word to Staghound Bill.



—Stanford Chapparral.



## REMARK

The night that I was born they say  
 The rain began to storm,  
 And those attending drew the blinds  
 To keep me safe from harm.  
 But I, I heard the thunder  
 And saw the lightning flash,  
 And wept a tear and cried a cry  
 At every fire and crash.  
 There were dimples in my shoulders  
 And a dimple in my chin.  
 They closed the doors and comforted  
 And wrapped me close within.  
 But one they missed, a window pane  
 Had left her framework flat,  
 And wind and rain, they sifted in,  
 And all my life has been like that.

Louise Osterberg Hunsche.

— D D D —

GEMS—(an imitation of Student Life's "Pearls")

The fairest peach that ever grew  
 Possessed a heart of stone.

Ed. A. Guest.

Who burns the house to kill the fleas  
 Ill serves the friend he tries to please.

Edger A. Guest.

— D D D —

Speaking of War Debts—our early settlers came  
 from Europe but it doesn't look like any of them  
 returned.

— D D D —

Lover: "Darling, if I were to tell you I was knee  
 deep in love with you would you put me on your  
 wading list?"

— D D D —

## Where Is the Censor?

Sign on a grocery: A. Bogus Gives Eagle Stamps.  
 Sign on a hospital door: Merry Christmas.  
 At 21st and Olive: Hotel Utopia.

— D D D —

## PROPHECY FULFILLED

When first my pen discovered rhyme,  
 When first I followed Rhythm's way,  
 The neighbors gathered round and said,  
 "The world will hear from you someday."  
 That day is come. The rent is due.  
 My verse won't sell, but anyway  
 A deep and heart-wrung cry for checks  
 The world has heard from me today.

Louise Osterberg Hunsche.

Topsy: "Simon Ligree you're Eva minded!"

— D D D —

Inventions Colonel Stoopnagle hasn't invented yet.

Cellophane pajamas for nudists.

Cellophane cups for detectives to look through  
 instead of over the rim at suspects.

Cellophane ham so the drugstore clerks won't  
 have to cut it so thin.

Cellophane posts for theaters, auditoriums, etc.

Cellophane covers for the biographies of people  
 who have nothing to hide.

— D D D —

You never poison an Englishman's tonic. You  
 poison his tannic instead.

— D D D —

The manager of the American, while burning a  
 lot of left-over programs from Ed. Wynn's last  
 visit, was heard to remark, "H'm. The perfect  
 fuel, eh?"

— D D D —

The class had been discussing the evil effects of  
 the consumption of alcohol. The teacher thought  
 she had properly impressed the pupils, and said,  
 "Johnny, what would you say if you saw two men  
 breaking the necks from bottles?"

And the reply was, "I'd say 'Gee, look at the  
 soda crackers.'"

— D D D —

Add similes: As protuberant as a bustle on a  
 chorus girl.

— D D D —

There was the blacksmith who, when he received  
 the order for a set of horseshoes, went at his work  
 hammer and tongs.

— D D D —

At last the meaning of the "C.I.D." seen in so  
 many detective stories has been revealed. It means  
 "Certified Incompetent Detectives", thus leaving a  
 clear field for the hero.

— D D D —

When Fate's unkind,

Don't give up hope. Think of the Venus de Milo  
 whose dress has been slipping down for centuries  
 and she unable to pull it up.

— D D D —

"Listen, bo, for three and a half cents I'd paste  
 you in de mug."

"What's the half cent for?"

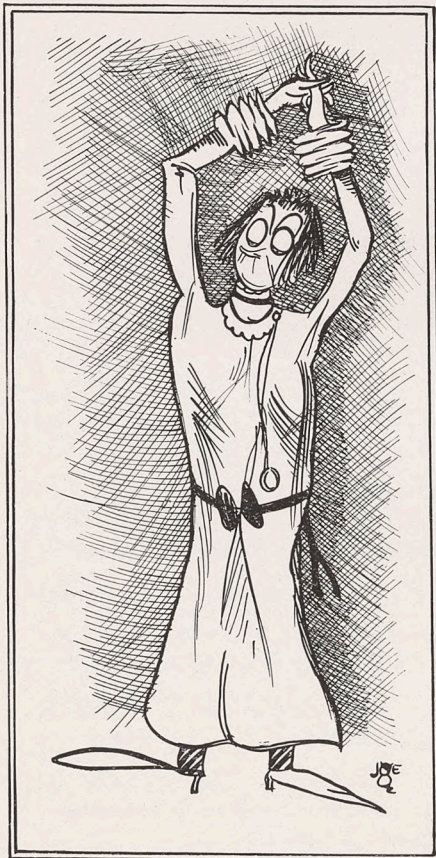
"Dat's de amusement tax."



# THIRTY-FIRST INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS

## FOREWORD: *(and backward)*

Washington men and women (and students, too) are missing the customary annual exhibition of paintings in the Institute this year. Civic pride (and an unfilled page) will not permit us to leave this cultural demand unfilled. We here show the prizes that were hung in our own exhibition. The artists were hung later.



### First Prize

*Reclining Nude*

(With lingerie, dress, shoes, etc.)

By MAY WEST

(NOTE: Nude refuses to recline)

—Pitt Panther

### THE JURY OF AWARD

Ozzy Schmergeldurgle

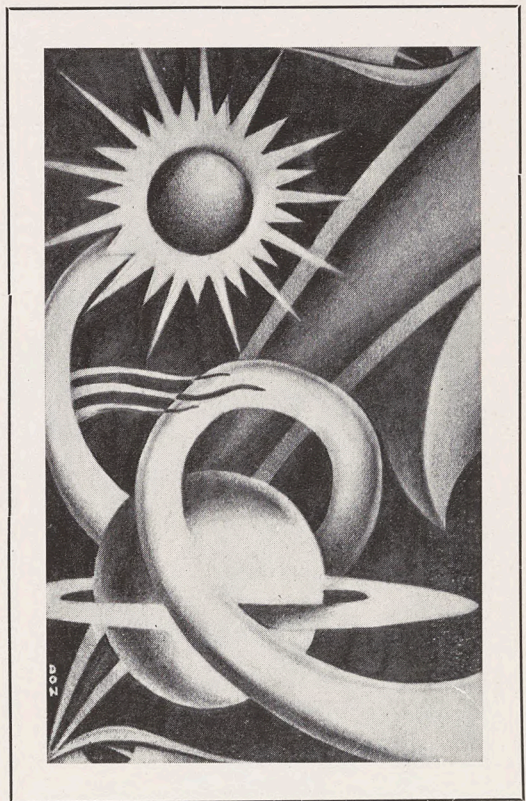
Gus Schmergeldurgle

Fanny Schmergeldurgle

Butch Schmergeldurgle

Joe Blintzes

*(He married one of the Schmergeldurgle girls).*

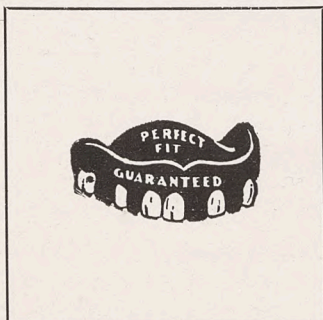


### Third Prize

*Night life of germ plasm,  
hedonistically conceived.*

By HENRI MATEESE

—M. I. T. Voo Doo



### Second Prize

*Upper Sixth St. Bridge*

By JOHN KAIN

—Pitt Panther



# SHAKESPEARE SIMPLIFIED

(So that you, too, may understand Shakespeare, we herein amplify and emphasize his inuendoes, his subtleties,— in short we ruin the original but produce something which you, too, may understand.)

Juliet appears on a balcony, looks soulfully at yon moon and sez—

JULIET: Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo? (She sinks into a chair, rests her chin on her hand, and remarks, in an entirely new tone of voice) Migawd, what a town! Here I am, the belle of the place, and the best they can throw is a masquerade. Just because I am not of voting age, they think anything stronger than water is not wanted nor desired. Phooey! (Having duly given the exposition, she subsides.)

From around the corner of the house comes sounds closely approximating horses hoofs. Romeo appears. He does not ride a horse. You are here to draw your own conclusions. We encourage free thinking. He is neither tall nor handsome. He wears customary moth-eaten Romeo costume.

ROMEO: (He gasps for breath)

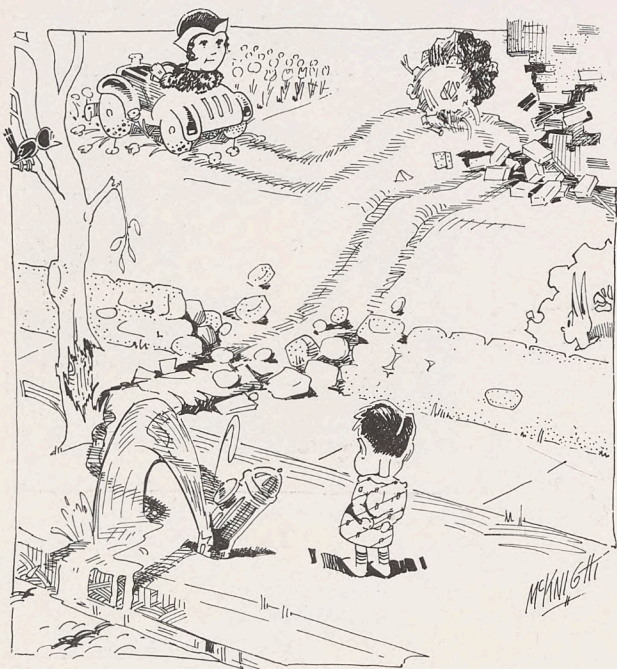
JULIET: (Not having looked at him as yet) Ah-h-h-h! Cavalry! The Army at last! (She looks) My God!

ROMEO: (With intense drama in voice) But soft! What light through yonder windows breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

JULIET: (Asking you) Could he mean me?

ROMEO: Arise, fair sun, and (Fairly screaming in his earnestness) kill the envious moon, who is . . . .

JULIET: O.K. You asked for it! (She produces a pitcher of water and gives it to Romeo . . . . gives it upside down.)



"Ya gonna build ya garage there, lady?"

ROMEO: (In his natural and none too pleasant voice, as he wrings out assorted plumes, spurs, and what-not) Say, sister, wot's de big idear?

JULIET: You said chill the envious moon.

ROMEO: Kill was the word I used.

JULIET: (Again straight at you) Is there a gun in the audience?

ROMEO: (Going right into his number, with renewed vigor) Arise, fair sun, and KILL the envious moon, who is already sick and pale with grief . . . .

JULIET: What's the matter with you? Are you moonstruck?

ROMEO: (Slightly annoyed, but going right on) It is my lady! O' it is my love! Oh, that she knew she were!

JULIET: Nothing slow about this one.

ROMEO: She speaks, yet she says nothing. (And in a rather loud aside) Thank Gawd!

JULIET: (She heard) Listen, deerie, silence ought to speak louder than words!

ROMEO: See how she leans her cheek upon her hand! Oh that I were a glove upon that hand that I might touch that cheek!

JULIET: (Showing decided animation) Well, I don't mind taking you on for a round. What shall it be? Marquis of Queensbury rules?

ROMEO: (Decidedly annoyed) Do you know who I am?

JULIET: No, but I have my suspicions.

ROMEO: I AM THE ORIGINAL ROMEO. (Thinking to impress her)

JULIET: Well, fan my brow! That proves it! What's in a name? I'm no rose, but if you're Romeo, I'm Julia Marlowe!

ROMEO: (Attempting to get back to Shakespeare's original intentions and stop the talkative lady) By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am.

JULIET: Maybe I could help you, E. H. Southern—you're a fresh egg to begin with, and you're a—

ROMEO: (Hastily he interrupts) Had I it written, I would tear the word!

JULIET: What was that last crack?

ROMEO: Had I it written, I would tear the word!

JULIET: Say! (This belligerently, and about to crawl over the balcony rail to get at him) What's the idea? Are you insinuating that



I ain't no lady? (**Dawn breaks**) Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROMEO: (**He gets hard**) Don't laff. You sound like hell yourself. Art thou not Juliet and a Capulet?

JULIET: (**She goes coloratura soprano and gestures**) How camst thou hither, tell me, and wherefore? The garden walls are high and hard to climb.

ROMEO: (**Letting by gones be bygones**) With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls!

JULIET: (**An even blanker look beclouds them eyes**) I don't think I got that!

ROMEO: (**Raising voice**) With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls!

JULIET: Another trans-Atlantic! Come on, Commander, take off your disguise, we know you.

ROMEO: Cut out the wise cracks, we've got to finish this don't we? (**Clears throat**) Thy kinsmen are no hindrance to me!

JULIET: If they do see thee, they will murther thee.

ROMEO: (**With great tremulo**) Alack!

JULIET: A what?

ROMEO: Alack!!!!

JULIET: Oh!

ROMEO: Alack, there lies more peril in thine eyes than twenty of their swords!

JULIET: That's known as looking daggers, deerie!

ROMEO: Lady!

JULIET: Thank you!

ROMEO: (**Glares at her and continues**) Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear!

JULIET: O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon that monthly changes in her circled orb.

ROMEO: What shall I swear by?

JULIET: Say, it's hard enough to hold up my half of this conversation without furnishing you cuss words too.

ROMEO: (**He ignores it—if possible**) Wilt thou leave me so disconsolate?

JULIET: 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone.

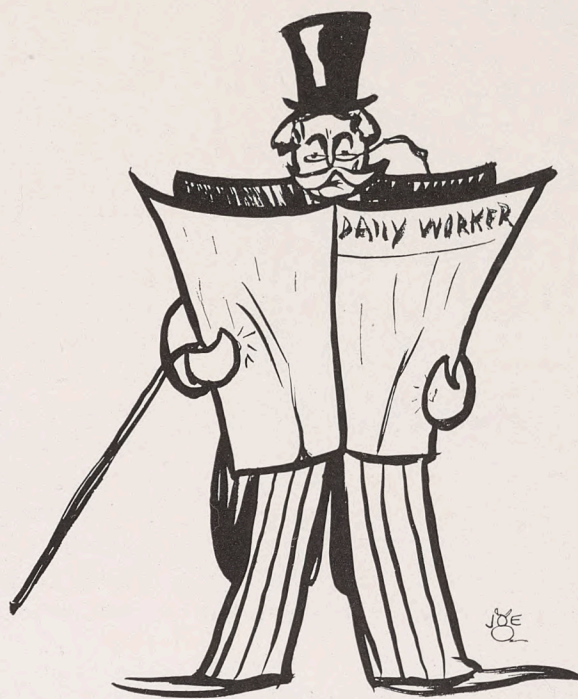
ROMEO: NEVER, without you!

JULIET: What are you proposing? An elopment?

ROMEO: Sure!

JULIET: Well, I don't mind. Anything for a change. Just a minute, I'll get my things!

ROMEO: Hasten, my love.



—Pitt Panther.

JULIET: (**She reappears on the balcony lugging assorted suitcases. She throws one down to Romeo.**) My, won't this create a stir! I can just see the headlines: "Champion Balcony Sitter of the World Elopes with Romeo of Montague." (**She throws down an even heavier suitcase.**)

ROMEO: (**Groaning under the weight of the cases**) Say, what do you think I drive? A Mack truck? You travel light don't you?

JULIET: Are you arguing already? You'll carry those and like it!

ROMEO: You've given me everything but the birdcage and the bird.

JULIET: (**Suiting actions to the words**) Well, here's the birdcage and there's the boid (**As she gives him the boid we have**

A BLACKOUT

— D D D —

We may be wrong but the famous chivalry of the sea is rather inconsistent. Remember the old cry, "Man the lifeboats. Women and children first."

— D D D —

"Well, well, well," said the old gray mare as she surveyed her newest foal. "What a jackass you turned out to be."

— D D D —

Headline in St. Louis Star and Times:

CONZELMAN

IS TO MAKE

END OF CLARK

And, we suppose, that's that.



## CAMPUS COMMENT

(Continued from page 8)

been seen lately with Jane Davis an' Engine Barklage . . . .

Y' know, Stoke, dance-floors is funny places . . . they's always somethin' happenin' on dance-floors that's interestin'. For instance:

\* \* \* \* \*

She wore a dress of gleaming white,  
A snaky dress, it was;

And she up and slapped Bill Bryan's face—

You ask me why? . . . Just 'cause!

At the Junior Prom the scene occurred,  
As he in her ear did buzz:

Then she up and slapped William's face—

You ask me why? . . . Just 'cause

The snaky dress swept o'er the floor;  
Laughin' and dancin', they was.

But she up an' slapped the Glee Club's face—

You ask me why? . . . How the hell do I know?

\* \* \* \* \*

Yessir, Stoke, that's what happens on them dance-floor things . . . . You remember the Sad Case of Ruth Rosborough an' the kiss at the Kappa dance, don't ya? . . . Tsk, tsk! . . . . And another thing about dance-floors—

\* \* \* \* \*

The M. A. A. band was a-tootin' it up,  
'N' th' crowd was a-hoppin' about—

'N' Jinny Lou Herring was steppin' it, too,

With many a swirl an' flout.

A-leapin' an' dancin', much fun did she have—

When all of a sudden—a something broke!

Then creamy billows swirled 'round her feet:

Embarrassin' thing, eh, Stoke?

Was Jinny-Lou daunted? Huh-uh— not she!

With elaborate grace an' poise

She swept up the billows and swept off the floor;

No muss, no fuss, no noise . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

### Publicity Blurb

Jinny Lou and Dottie Royal oughta start a Clasp-Me-Tighter-Darling Club . . . . an' speakin' of Clubs, the K. A.'s have started a new one . . . . They call it the Auf-gestunde Society, and anyone who

has been stood up by a popular girl is eligible. Rollie Miller is honorary president, vice-president, and chairman of the board of directors, thanks to Betty Trembley. Rupert Allan (sponsored by Mary Robertson) and Phil Becker (Helen Ustick) are both officers. Delos Reynolds, Soap Milton, Desmond Fitzgerald, Wilbur Scott and Harpo Allan (until the Junior Prom just a pledge; now, by the grace of Betty Mara, a full-blown member) are all in the charter bunch . . . . I'd recommend that they establish a chapter over to the Sig Chi house, since Johnny Kane got taken over the bumps by M. F. Ray . . . .

Look out; here comes the Pi Phi's skeleton:

\* \* \* \* \*

O! Gene Penney,  
She says to herself:

"What's the use-a me

"A-settin' on the shelf?

"I'll fix me up

"Like the male sex's boon,

"An' I'll go to the Kappa dance,

"An' wiggle me a tune!

"Yes, sir, I'll go!

"Why shouldn't I

"Go to the Kappa, though

"I'm a P. B. Phi?"

"All the boys crash

"Every dance they please—

"So why shouldn't I?"

Thus did Penney wheeze . . . .

So she hitched up her socks,

'N' painted up her pan,

Then she picked up her feet

'N' to the dance she ran.

It caused quite a furor,

'N' all the Kappas shocked;

'N' Slat's, the Pi Phi rep.,

Back on her heels she rocked.

### EPILOGUE

So Penney had her fling,

'N' the Kappas had their bust;

But all the Pi Phi sisters

Said Penney was "the wust!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Apologies to Betty Mara. I hear that the closest she came to bustin' up with Jim Lane was when Jim read in this column that they was near to bustin' up . . . . But all is hearts an' flowers, now. Still, I can't help feelin' that Betty

has more'n one iron in the proverbial combustion . . . .

### Musclin' In

What's happened to Helen Ustick, the Kappa sports announcer, and Jimmp Simpson? Two weeks ago, Ustick had a date with Bobbie Meeker on Monday, Wednesday and Sunday nights . . . . she was seen entering the Avalon with him about three o'clock Thursday morning . . . . an' a word about Ronnie Shinn, the Sweetheart of Phi Delta Theta. It seems that Ronnie an' Cliff Powers are just like brother an' sister . . . . Hal (Heel) Rice and Johnny Gilchrist are the new ones in there. Hal is carryin' on an extensive note correspondence with Ronnie, evidently trying out some correspondence school romance . . . . but how's he gonna explain his date for the Engineers' Masque with Betty Mara? . . . .

News Item in the Globe-Democrat: "The new Hatchet Queen was crowned by Delos Reynolds, president of the Junior Class . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

L'il Jo Sunkel,

A-settin' on th' throne;

L'il Jo Sunkel,

Was heard to softly moan:

"Oh, please, kind Delos,

"A-standin' by my side;

"Oh, please, kind Delos,

"My crown is rather wide!"

Said flame-haired Kitty Fisher,

The Queen who'd just been fired;

Said red-top Kitty Fisher:

"Your ears'll sure get tired."

So then young Reynolds

And jiggled with the crown

That set upon the Queen

He jiggled long an' carefully

The crown upon her bean;

He took so long, the papers thought

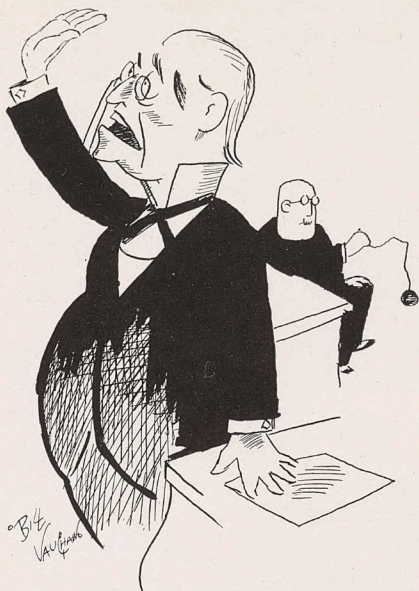
That Reynolds crowned the Queen!

\* \* \* \* \*

### What? No Seegars?

Preston Ryan, who stepped out an' left Louie Horton to Hazel Ramsey, is now all a-buzz over Rosemary Nelson, but he gets knocked around in there, too . . . . Ryan is a "Lock" man, but Bill Randall beat him to getting a date with Nelson for the Lock dance.





....“Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Minnesota refuses to return my YO-YO.”

Ryan put her up for Engineers' Queen, an' Bob Morris got the date for the Masque....He kin take it, Stoke....

Alex Johnson has been walking home from Deedee Jaspering's about four a. m. every morning. Alex just can't keep away from them Art School gals.... And Bill Bryan, despite the Girl in the White Dress, has been givin' that Manchester car hell goin' out to see Ginny Wagoner....

The Sig Chi's are all mad at Harry Moss, because he didn't



Our snooper runs into the guy who used to water the elephants!

give 'em no see-gars when he put his pin out on Helen Josephine (Hosie) Miller.... an' the K. A.'s looked for somethin' from the Chamberlain-Fisher unveilin', too....

I was interested to see Bud Lungstras dancing with Virginia McDermott at the Junior Prom. She's one of Bud's former heart-burns. They'd been dancin' for about five minutes without speakin' a word, when suddenly they looked at each other, an', still without a word, linked arms and pranced off the dance-floor. Then they set in the lobby for about twenty minutes: still no communication (at least, not audible). Ol' O! Halter didn't see where they went after that....

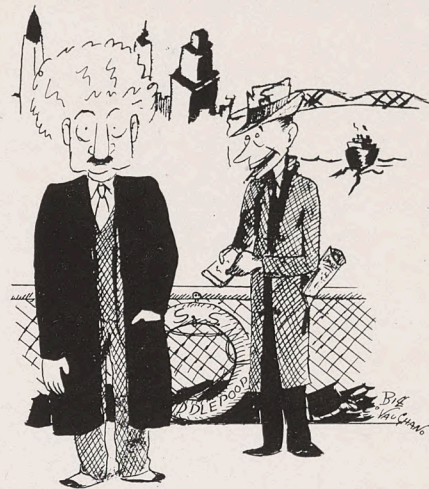
Floyd Kern and Bill Strand vie with each other for the largest amount of letters received on basketball trips. Claudia Melville and Kern have it bad, but Betty Minton sent Bill five letters on a three-day trip, so the laurels go to them.... So little Mary Miller likes to go places with Bob Brossard!... Watch out for Betty Bainter, of Webster Groves, Mary!

Deane Steger is pushed about by Barney Morris and Dave Campbell, but Deane says she's in love with a Harvard graduate... That leaves Campbell out!.... Gordon Graber has been pushing Jimye (Clatter) Thorpe all over the Quad, the library, and even the Jefferson. I suppose he knows about the guy at Mizzou....

By permission of the copyright owners: Anne Quermann had to get permission from Jack Straub to go to the K. A. dance with Rollie Miller.

**Always the Gentleman**

I overheard Harry (Wringer) Bleich say to Jesmine Meyer at the Prom: "You know, you're the best dancer on the floor tonight.".... honest, Harry? (Or, should I say, "Oh, Harry, I bet you say that to all the girls"?). ....



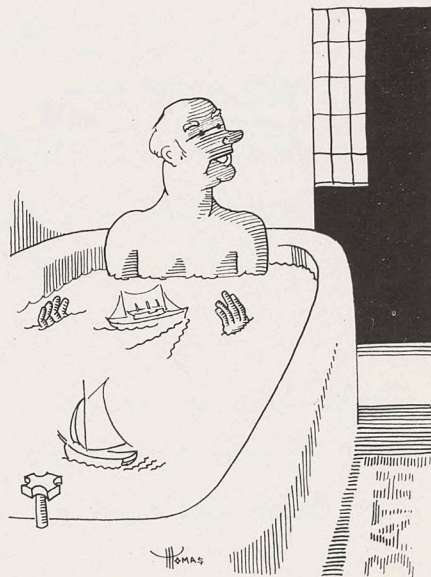
“And now, Mr. Einstein, will you please state your theory so that the readers of the Daily Blab can understand it?”

They tell me that Betty McIntyre is twenty years old—g'wan! Anyway, she's in love with a boy named Larry, who goes to M. I. T. .... an' tell Preston Ryan to ask Rosemary Nelson who gave her the combination compact and watch for Christmas.... Speakin' of Jimmies (who was?) Jinny Noel has one down at St. Louis U., an' he sent her a carload of flowers on Valentine's Day....

Well, Stoke, take it or leave it.

Recess.

O! HALTER HINCHELL,  
The Prussic Acid of Romance



“Herbert, bring me my three-masted schooner.”



# CARTER & WILSON

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### Show Off!

Little Lucy had just returned from the children's party and had been called into the dining-room to be exhibited before the wealthy guests.

"And tell the ladies what you did at the party," urged the proud mother.

"I frowned up," said little Lucy.

—Pelican.

— D D D —

The young minister was reading announcements at the Sunday service. He stumbled across one of them and the following words slipped out: "The Little Mother's League will hold their weekly meeting this afternoon. All those who wish to become Little Mothers please see me in the rectory."

—Princeton Tiger.

— D D D —

Poor old Hiram. He went up to New York determined to make his fortune pulling some skin games on innocent strangers. However, the first fellow he tried to sell the Brooklyn Bridge to, turned out to be the owner of the darn thing, and if Hi hadn't paid him ten dollars to keep quiet the man would have had him arrested.

—Brown Jug.

— D D D —

"Yes, Mrs. Schmalz, but you should have seen my Sadie last night."

### The Joy of Being Editor

Getting out this magazine is no picnic.  
If we print jokes, people say we are silly.  
If we don't they say we are too serious.  
If we clip things from other magazines, we are too lazy to write them ourselves.  
If we don't stick too close to the job all day, we ought to be out hunting up news.  
If we do get out and try to hustle, we ought to be on the job in the office.  
If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate true genius.

And if we print them, the magazine is filled with junk.  
If we make a change in the other fellow's write-up, we are too critical.

If we don't we are asleep.  
Now, like as not, some guy will say we swiped this from some other magazine.

We DID.\* We swiped it from Witt.

\*So did we. Our swipe was from the Fulton County Medical Bulletin.

\*We did too. We clipped it from California and Western Magazine.

\*And we pilfered it from the Gargoyle.

\*And we from the Green Gander.

\*And we from the Punchbowl.

\*Yes, and we stole it from the Dirge.

\*And we hocked it from the Mugwump.

\*And our lift was from the Frivol.

\*And we sneaked it out of the Beanpot.

\*And we slickered it out of the Longhorn.

—Pelican.



JOE

—Pitt Panther



"I wanna quarter's worth of rat poison."  
"Okay. Will you take it with you?"  
"No! I'll send the rats down here after it."

—Ski-U-Mah.

— D D D —

"What's this?"  
"A portrait of a lady."  
"My God! And you call yourself an artist?"  
"Oh, no, I'm a woman hater."

—Gargoyle.

— D D D —

"Where yoh goin'?"  
"Fishin'."  
"What fer?"  
"Oh, just for the halibut."

—Gargoyle.

— D D D —

He: "And then I traveled through Walla Walla."  
She: "I heard you the first time."

—Owl.

— D D D —

Mary had a little lamb;  
The doctor fainted.

—Yale Record.

— D D D —

"Is that pooch a bird dog?"  
"Sure. C'mere, Oscar, an' give the lady the bird!"

—Pelican.

— D D D —

**Chivalry**

Little Jasper trembled with excitement. Such a project had never occurred to him before.

"I'll go alone. I'm not afraid, Mother. You've nursed me through childhood. Gad! I'll never forget. But I'm something of a man now. Yes, sir; one of that seething mass called youth. And what's more, I'm game. I don't need your help as I once did. Cripes Mom, don't cry! We men gotta stick together. I won't be long—just wait."

Little Jasper's face beamed with angelic nonchalance as he pushed open the door to the men's room.

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

**Younger Generation**

Newly Poor: "I hang my head in shame every time I see the family wash in the back yard."

She: "Oh, do they?"

—Brown Jug.

— D D D —

Dr. Wendell: "Tomorrow we take the life of Burns. Please come prepared."

—Sour Owl.

— D D D —

"Let's get a couple of dates tonight."  
"Can't; have to go to bed early and get some sleep."  
"Why?"  
"Tomorrow's my tough day; gotta shave."

—Lafayette Lyre.

THE GLEE CLUB WILL NOW SING THAT TENDER BALLAD:  
"They called him the richest Prof on the Faculty because he always had a MINT!"

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The CANDY WITH THE HOLE

Good Food  
at  
Reasonable Prices

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"Did you say your fiance stammers?"  
"Yes, but you only notice it when he speaks."

—Red Cat.

— D D D —

"Did you make the debating team?"  
"N-n-no. They s-s-said I w-w-wasn't t-t-tall enough."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

"Darling, I love you for your beauty and culture."  
"Youse wouldn't kid me, would yuh?"

—Brown Jug.

— D D D —

Bootblack: "Shine your shoes, mister?"  
Bank President: "No."  
B. B.: "Shine 'em so you can see your face in 'em."  
B. P.: "No."  
B. B.: "Coward."

—Phoenix.

— D D D —

"No," said the centipede, crossing her legs, "a hundred times, no!"

—Jack-O'Lantern.

— D D D —

### Pome

Why is it professors can wear purple ties,  
Haphazard haircuts, and coats the wrong size,  
Trousers too short, and color-schemes vile,  
Yet bust me in English because of my style?

—Cornell Widow.

— D D D —

Co-ed, conscientious English major, at Grail Dance:  
"Don't mind my dangling participles."  
Partner: "Not at all, not at all."

—Carolina Buccaneer.

— D D D —

"Ah Watson. You've changed your underwear."  
"Marvelous, Holmes! How did you know?"  
"Very simple, my dear Watson. You neglected to put  
on your trousers."

—Purple Parrot.

— D D D —

"Get something in your eye?"  
"No, I'm just trying to look through my thumb."

—Skipper.

### No Gentleman

Mary: "I don't like your boy friend at all."

Mazie: "Why not?"

Mary: "He whistles so many dirty songs."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

In marriage the big responsibilities are the little ones.

—Carolina Buccaneer.

— D D D —

"What did you do when the judges awarded you first  
prize in the contest for the healthiest girl in the U. S. A?"  
"I fainted."

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

— D D D —

First Athlete: "See that girl up in the stands?"

Second Ditto: "Well, what about her?"

First Athlete: "Well, she's fresh from the country and  
it's up to us to show her the difference between right  
and wrong."

Second Ditto: "O. K., pal. You teach her what's right."

—Punch Bowl.

— D D D —

A story is told of a young man who went walking in  
the country. He suddenly came upon a nice horse grazing  
in the field. He was perhaps the prettiest horse he had  
laid eyes on. He walked up to the farmer nearby and  
said:

"Do you want to sell that horse?"

"Sure, I want to sell the horse," the farmer replied.

"Can he run?"

"Can he run? Look," thereupon slapping the part of  
the horse sometimes used for that purpose, and off trotted  
the horse full speed, running just as prettily as could be.

The young man thought he had never seen a prettier  
horse. Suddenly the horse ran full speed into a tree.

"Is he blind?" the young fellow hurriedly blurted.

The farmer thought even quicker.

"Hell, no," he drawled. He just doesn't give a damn."

—Gargoyle.

— D D D —

Teacher: "Angelo—give me a sentence using the word  
spigot."

Angelo: "No spigota Engleesh."

—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

— D D D —

"Do you box?"

"Well, no... but you should see me wrestle with temp-  
tation."

—Purple Parrot.

— D D D —

D. A. R.: "There's a rug grandmother hooked."

N. U. T.: "Tsk, tsk."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

— D D D —

Young George: "Yes, father, I cannot tell a lie; I cut  
your sherry."

—Ohio Green Goat.

— D D D —

Mere Man: "Come on and have a drink."

Phi Beta Kappa: "I don't drink, thanks, but I'll have  
a lead pencil on you."

—Grinnell Malteaser.

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



An advertiser says—

I advertised in the Washington University DIRGE  
in the good olde days . . . . and here is my ad today:

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**25¢ lunch**  
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Dirge says—

Patronize a loyal advertiser.



Howard Chandler Christy  
1932

# Luckies Please!

"It's toasted"

