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### Washington University Dirge: Weaker Sex Number

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

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# DIDCE



MAY

SM

TSWEAKER SEX NUMBER

# The Park Plaza

## 3 ultra-fine Restaurants

in this *ultra-fine hotel*.....  
*with washed, refrigerated air all summer*

### *The* COFFEE SHOP

Service from 7 A.M. to 1 A.M.

Smart . . . moderne . . . with service that's snappy and cheerful . . . and prices that are remarkably moderate. For business and professional men, who seek good food, served quickly . . . for women who appreciate niceties . . . for those who want to eat what they want, when they want it . . . but insist that it be of highest quality and priced moderately.

A la carte service from sandwiches up:

Table d'hote luncheons 11 until 2.....\$.75  
 Table d'hote dinners 6 until 8.....\$1.00

SODA FOUNTAIN

### *The* TERRACE RESTAURANT

With a special bridge luncheon

For luncheon and dinner. Park Plaza inimitable cuisine . . . deft service . . . and a charming environment. Service from 12 noon until 9 at night . . . a la carte and table d'hote.

Special luncheon (12 until 2).....\$1.00

This includes bridge table service for ladies who wish to enjoy both an unusual luncheon and an afternoon of bridge. An outstanding dinner \$1.50. Nightly from 6 until 9.

### *The* EMPIRE ROOM

Finest in all St. Louis

For you who choose to make an "Occasion" of dining. A magnificent room, in the Empire manner, where sophisticated diners will find an atmosphere truly distinguished, where guests whom you entertain will appreciate instantly the compliment bestowed upon them in selecting this exclusive dining room. A setting extraordinary . . . a menu that surpasses the most ambitious expectations.

At noon.....Luncheon \$1.50.

At night.....from 6 o'clock until 9 a la carte service, or extraordinary dinners at \$2.00 or \$2.50.

# *The Park Plaza*

Kingshighway Boulevard at Maryland

Telephone Forest 3300

# \$2,600,000

... IN SALES GO  
THROUGH THIS  
ARCHWAY EVERY  
YEAR



*Are you getting your share?*

Manufacturers and retailers who are cultivating the student market of Washington University are reaping a rich harvest. Amply supplied with money, eager to purchase, these students offer a selling opportunity without parallel in the St. Louis district.

Few business men realize the fact that an extensive research has established the startling sum of \$2,600,000 as the amount spent annually by the students of Washington University for necessities and luxuries. \$2,600,000 in cash for automobiles, clothing, laundry, cleaning, entertainment, candy, ice cream, tobacco! As astonishing as this figure is, it does not include the amount spent for meals and lodging.

Here at Washington University is truly a golden city ready to buy your merchandise. Its inhabitants are young, energetic men and women who actively go in for all forms of athletics and entertainment. They need more clothes, more equipment, more of every necessity than the average person would use. And insofar as the necessary money is supplied from home, they spend it much more freely than if they had earned it themselves.

Here is an eager, responsive market for your advertising. Here you can sell your profitable merchandise in large quantities with a minimum of selling cost. Here you can reach your future customers at the age when they are making the buying habits they will keep for many years to come. And don't forget that every one of these students comes from a family above the average in income, where he or she directly influences many of the family's most important purchases.

It's easy to reach this market. It's easy to win the confidence and good will of the students by bringing the quality and value of your merchandise to their attention. But you must use the publications they see and read. Advertising in

daily newspapers and magazines does not reach the students. They are too busy to read publications that do not carry the news of campus activities.

But when a Student Life, a Dirge, or one of the other campus publications comes out, watch the eagerness with which the students come after it. Watch them read it through from cover to cover. Here is where your advertising will attract attention, interest, desire, action!

Let us give you complete information about these student publications and tell you how to merchandise your products to this \$2,600,000 market. Use the coupon for an immediate reply.

#### THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS' ADVERTISING BUREAU

Hatchet                      Composed of                      Dirge  
   Student Life  
   Ternion Directory

The Associated Students' Advertising Bureau  
Room 15, Brookings Hall,  
Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me complete information on the \$2,600,000 student market at Washington University.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

## Standing the Gaff

Dates . . . proms . . . finals . . . cramming . . . real punishment . . . you get through somehow . . . Vacation . . . what a Grand and Glorious feeling?

Standing the gaff . . . and coming through . . . that's what counts in men . . . and clothes . . . Losse clothes are that kind . . . fine woollens . . . cut to measure . . . hand tailoring . . . they dress you up . . . and what's more . . . they take the punishment . . . and come through . . . and easy to take . . . a Losse custom tailored suit of fine woolen costs only \$35 to \$50.

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

Mrs. Newlywed: "Are you sure this cleaner will really take out the dirt?"

Hardware Clerk: "Will it? Say, lady, yesterday I rubbed some of it on a copy of Scandalous Stories and when I got through I had the Sunday School Gazette!"  
—Pounds

— D D D —

The meanest man in the world is the one that would throw chewing gum down in front of an Austin.  
—Yellow Jacket

— D D D —

"So Jack finally married Betty? Well, he spent enough money on her."

"Yeh, he married her for his money."  
—Punch Bowl

— D D D —

"I like your black dress very much."

"Thanks. But do we have to go all over that again?"  
—Wash. Columnist

— D D D —

Amy: "Why did you lose at strip poker?"

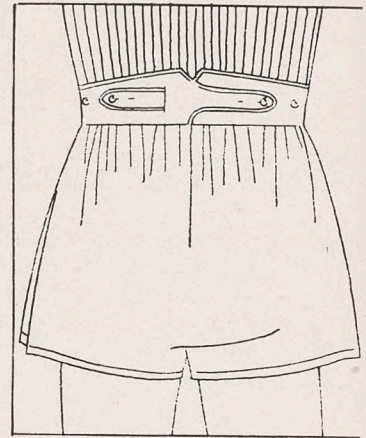
Nancy: "I discarded at the wrong time."  
—Missouri Showme

PATRONIZE DIRGE ADVERTISERS

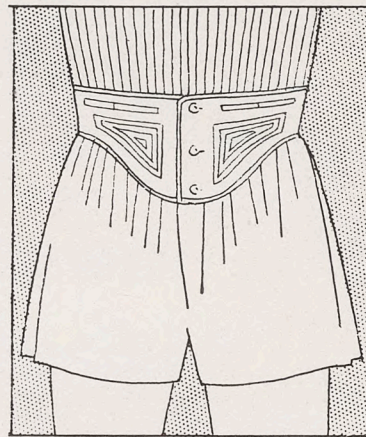
## French Underwear For Men

For one of the most comfortable types of undershorts, well-dressed men are indebted to the French who were the first to develop practically and smartly the type shown in our sketch.

The outstanding feature of these shorts is the adjustable strap at the rear of the waist-band.



© VANITY FAIR



One strap slides through a loop in the other and each strap buttons to one of the several buttons at the waistband. In this way, the shorts are held securely an inch or two below the top of the waistband and therefore do not cut.

Numerous pleats or gathers just below the waistband furnish a wealth of material which makes these shorts extremely comfortable.

The sketch shows also the front of the waistband with the concentric rows of stitching—a typically French touch, and a very practical one because the waistband is strengthened in that way.

Typically French also is the habit of many men of ordering these shorts made of crepe de chine, either in white or plain colors such as blue or yellow.

With these a fine white little shirt, knitted in a springy ribbed cotton is the one most men wear.—

(Copyright, 1931, by Vanity Fair)

Many of us live expensively to impress our friends who live expensively to impress us.

—Rammer-Jammer

— D D D —

Will a safety razor if a tomato can and dynamite?

—The Log



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MAY, 1931

No. 8

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Bearers of The Pall

(Please notify editor of omissions or corrections)

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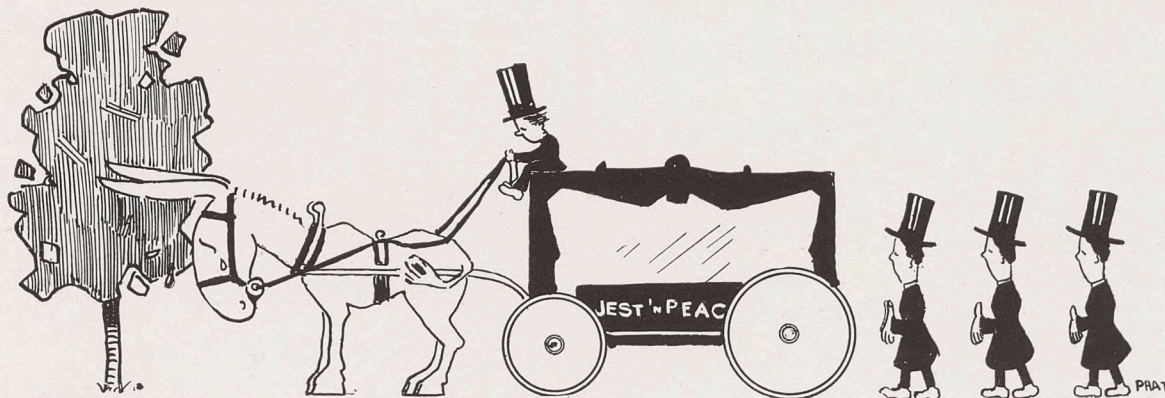
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*Kodaks*

*Cine' Kodaks*

*Kodak Supplies*

*Photo Finishing*

## Eastman Kodak Stores

1009 Olive

Kodak Building

CEntral 9770

Then there's the freshman who went to a corset factory because he saw a sign—"All kinds of Ladies Stays Here."  
—Punch Bowl

— D D D —

He (startled upon finding his wife sewing on tiny garments): "But, dearie!"

She: "Don't be alarmed. I'm just making new seat covers for our Austin."

—Missouri Showme

— D D D —

### Things to Remember

When a circus burns, the heat is in tents.

—The Log

— D D D —

Bum: "Say, bud, can you let me have a dollar and five cents for a coffee?"

Gentleman: "What?"

Bum: "Yeah. The dollar is for the cover charge."

—Longhorn

— D D D —

Tourist (watching Swiss yodeler): "My gosh, that Listerine has gone all over the world, hasn't it?"

—The Log

CABANY  
5016

CABANY  
6590

## NELSON'S ICE CREAM

of Finer Quality

Pastry Cakes Salads  
for every occasion

440 DE BALIVIERE AVENUE

## SHALLCROSS SERVICE SATISFIES

## PRINTING STATIONERY

1822 Locust St. CEntral 3755

Simile—as elusive as a negro full-back in a night football game when the lights fail.

—Bucknell Bell Hop

— D D D —

Straw berets are now worn in Paris. In London they are eaten with cream.

—London Opinion

— D D D —

If a nickel will buy Nehi, what will a dime buy?

—Burr

— Decorators For —  
ENGINEERS' MASQUE and JUNIOR PROM

## EDW. C. DILLMANN

MANUFACTURER OF  
Decorations, Awnings and Tents

3053 CASS AVENUE

FRanklin 5920

ST. LOUIS, MO.

## Golf Weather Is Here

Check over your golf equipment—then stop in and see the line of Spalding caddy bags, clubs and golf balls.



Also a complete line of athletic equipment for all sports.

*A. G. Spalding & Bros.*

409 North Broadway

### Collegiate Marriage

*We got in late the other night  
Just as the milk was due;  
The wind was wooshin round the house,  
The room was thirty-two.  
We threw our clothes and hit for bed—  
The buttons fairly flew.  
Then in we dove and cuddled up,  
The covers round us rolled;  
I settled for a peaceful snooze—  
(The crime will soon be told)  
I think the wifey is a peach,  
But gosh! her feet are cold.*

—Missouri Showme

— D D D —

Jelly: "Will you have some coffee?"

Jellette: "I'd rather have a roll."

Jelly: "I'm tired."

—Missouri Showme

— D D D —

He: "Where did you learn to kiss, dear?"

She: "Dragging heavy malts up a straw."

—Missouri Showme

"Forsooth, Rhothgar, dost consider twin physicians necessarily a paradox?"

"Odd's Bodkins, Aristides, a pretty jest! But prithee, answer well this speedy one: Need all rabbits with hiccoughs be Belgian hares?"

—Yellow Jacket

— D D D —

Beta: "It's so quiet in here you can hear a pin drop."

Phi Psi: "I say now, it's terribly noisy though!"

Beta: "I mean a Phi Gam pin."

—Witt

— D D D —

Alpha: "Have you ever seen the wench?"

Beta: "What wench?"

Alpha: "This broad daylight they're always talking about."

Bison

— D D D —

Track Fan: "Well, Coach, is Smith making a good showing in this quarter?"

Coach: "He made a great showing yesterday."

T. F.: "Yeah?"

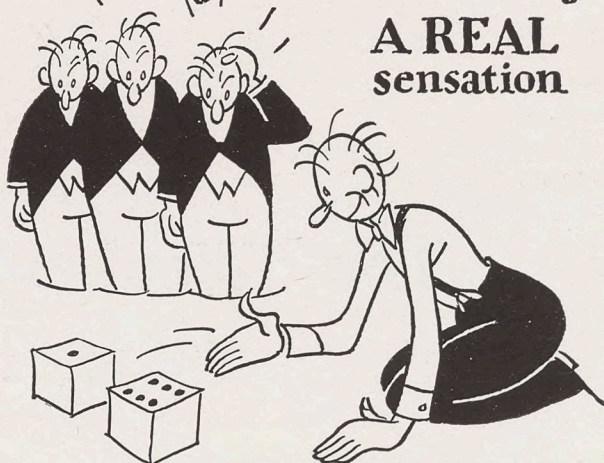
Coach: "Yeah. His trunks fell down on the turn."

—Temple Owl

# What a Life Saver!

*it takes your breath away*

**A REAL sensation**



*try a* LIFE SAVER







# The "Weaker Sex" Number

∞ of ∞

# DIRGE

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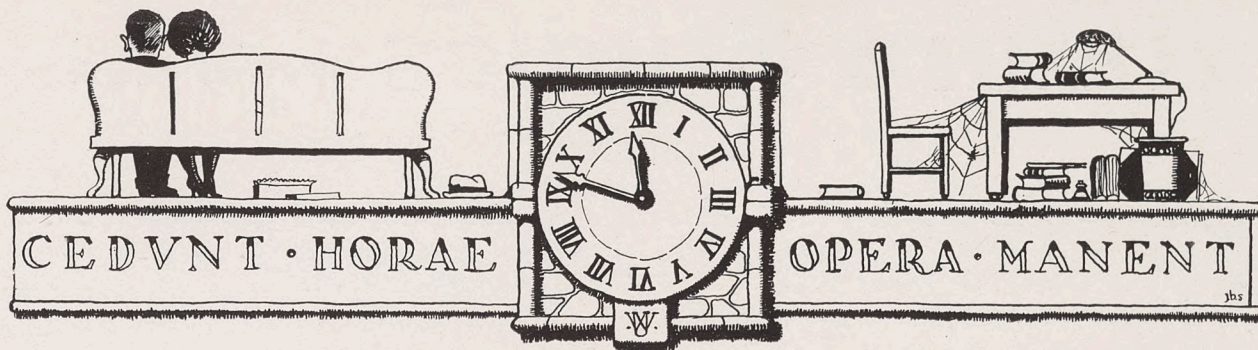
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## CAMPUS COMMENT

### "WAR," SAYS PROF.

Don't forget that General McKenzie, the Grand Old Man of Jacksonian Democracy and an active force in Methodist and W. C. T. U. activities, prophesied war by July first. Knowing Mac as we do we have no doubt that the statement is true and for the last two weeks we have been practicing standing up straight and saluting. Dirge is heartily in favor of war. It would be good for business and kill off a lot of dirty foreigners. Besides we must keep the world safe for Democracy. Will the orchestra please play "The Stars and Stripes Forever!"

Speaking of war reminds us of the thrilling experience undergone in the last war by one of our heroic ex-professors. Let us tell it in his own words.

"War is a terrible thing. Men turn into beasts and the food is awful. There is little or no interest in things cultural. I was shot three times in the last great conflict. The pain was almost unbearable. The third time I was shot the Doctor shoved the needle in almost to the bone."

### THE LIFE OF A DANCER

When rehearsing one of her musical comedy dancing numbers Lolla Bauman misjudged her distance and whirled into the orchestra pit. Everyone came running up expecting to find a welter of blood and bones. Bot Lolla got up grinning and after getting a cut dressed went on with her number. Quothe she, "It's all in the life of a dancer." In the meanwhile the French Horn player who had been on the bottom stood shakily and surveyed the dents in his horn. Said he, "Boss I've got a split lip and can't play. How about taking the afternoon off?"

### EINSTEIN AND PASMEZOGLU

Perry (The Grand Old Man of Physics) Pasmezoglu announces that he understands the Einstein theory. Sometimes he understands it more clearly than others. Late last Saturday night he understood it perfectly. He says its only a matter of

putting yourself in the same frame of mind as Herr Einstein. "It is a very queer sensation," says Perry. "There's a sorta vacuum in your mind and queer thoughts crawl in and dance."

### PHI DELT PLAYS PROMINENT PART

We thought the Phi Delts had reached the epitome of musical comedy achievement when Ev Davis was selected out of a large group of candidates to be the hind end of a camel (a major activity) but the job became practically a monopoly when Art Gaines was appointed front end. Davis claims he has the best job. Says he, "Virtue is rewarded in the end."

### THIEVES LOOT DORMS

Thieves entered the dormitory room of Mess's. Knight and Getlin a few weeks ago and pilfered therefrom \$88 and various odd jewelry and clothes. Boorstein's detectives are scouring the local underworld for a couple of giggling yeggs because the boys had just placed a sign inside their door, "STOP! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ANYTHING?"

### KAPPA BLOOMER

Dorothy "Sweetness and Light" Ball wins the month's prize for the dumbest remark. (Kirkwood papers please copy.) Seated on the quad one day midst a crowd of admirers she asked the group to point out Bill Ohle to her. Inasmuch as Bill was sitting next to her and talking to her everyone thought she was joking. When it became evident that she was sincere someone told her that he was sitting next to her, whereupon Ball remarked, "But the Bill Ohle I used to know was good looking."

### COMMENCEMENT

Pretty soon a lot of seniors will be leaving the dear old school. Will tears well in their eyes and a sentimental sob clutch their throats as they think of the happy days they have spent on the good old campus? We are afraid not. We understand the

(Continued on page 23)

# Nature Studies by Thomas Peeping

## I. THE STORK

**I** WAS ENABLED to make this exhaustive study of the life of the Stork by means of the Dirge Fund for Biological Research. Due to reports to the effect that Storks had been seen hovering over McMillan Hall our expedition (headed by myself) proceeded in that direction. There were twenty of us all told, myself (leader of the expedition), my lieutenant, Joe Pry, a native, and eighteen flunkeys or internes, as they called themselves.

We found certain indications on the roof of McMillan Hall that Storks had been there recently, but not being able to see any of the birds we headed towards the Stork country which we reached after much hardship and delay.

The Stork, perhaps the most important of all birds, lives in a region of singular charm. I enjoyed myself from the very first but do not suppose for a moment that I neglected my work. Far from it. I started immediately.

First let me impress upon you the fact that the Stork is not the only bird that stands on one leg. Herons and Colonel Boorstin also do this.

I was fortunate enough to arrive just as the young Storks were leaving their nests for the first time. How they got there I could not discover. Twice a day, even before they are able to fly, the young birds are required to take exercises designed to strengthen their necks for the proper carrying out of their great mission in life. They begin by lifting a two-ounce weight, which as the days pass is increased to ten pounds. This is usually sufficient. Exceptional cases are later handled by two Storks.

After they have passed the weight test, the young Storks are taught to fold a square cloth—called a “sling” and not a diaper as has been erroneously supposed—in the form of a triangle. This is not as hard as it sounds and they learn quickly.

After this fundamental ground school course the young Stork takes to the air. He practices flying until he has perfected himself in all branches of the art. Then he is ready to begin his life's work.

The Natal Bird is first given a small baby, usually negro or Japanese to begin with. It is a day of great rejoicing for the Stork when it carries its first child to the eager parents, who have ordered it sometime before and who are usually expecting it. Sometimes it takes the child to a central distributing station, called a hospital, and leaves it in the elevator. At other times it enters the home and invades its sanctity with a wave of noise.

As the Stork gains in experience it takes white children. The ambition of every Stork is to deliver a bootlegger's daughter.

It was necessary for me to disguise myself as a Stork in order to obtain this information. Often I have stood for hours at a time on one leg, with a banana in my mouth and a huge rubber plant over my head for protection. It was a hard position, even for an adept, but I think the knowledge I have gained was well worth the cost. The only thing I was unable to discover was where the Stork gets the children it delivers. This secret seems to be jealously guarded by the Natal Bird. However, it is relatively unimportant.

Several days after my arrival I rigged up an apparatus consisting of a long pole. On the iron ring at the end I fashioned a net out of an old derby hat, in such a manner that one surface would be convex and the other concave. I then attempted to capture a young Stork by sprinkling talcum powder on its tail but was unsuccessful. However, I obtained some excellent action photos which are reproduced in all their gorgeous colors on page 64.

Spring is here, friends, and no doubt many of you have seen an English professor or so, looking anxiously up towards the clouds. If so, step up and explain the rigorous course of training the Stork has gone through and tell him he has nothing to fear. The Stork is especially considerate towards English professors.

In recent years there has been considerable agitation in this country for the abolition or limitation of Storks. Give no ear to this heinous propaganda, my friends. Join my Society for the Conservation of the Stork (dues \$1.00 per annum) and I will guarantee that this noble family friend shall not perish from the earth.

— D D D —

ST. LOUIS AVIATRIX HURT IN SOUTH—  
headline.

Which way was she facing?

— D D D —

We think these up like nothing at all. When asked why she did not bring her son down to the Municipal Baths with her, the mother of the famous Russian replied (not without a twinkle in her eyes): “I do not want to wash my dirty Lenin in public.” They chopped down my heart when they chopped down the old pine tree!

Egg: "Say, I hear Beppo was all liquored up when he went into the 'Women's Room' the other evening."

Nog: "Yeah. He gets that way so he can see double."

— D D D —

"It's a pretty rash statement to tell a man he has Athlete's Foot".

— D D D —

Fireman: "Lady, lady, don't jump!"

Lady: "I won't. I haven't got a thing on."

Fireman: "To hell wid de rules. Jump, lady, I'll catch you."

— D D D —

"I hear they're canning horse meat now."

"Well, there's not much nourishment in an automobile."

— D D D —

If you say you're early to bed and early to rise, that will make you healthy, wealthy, and a liar.

— D D D —

As the advertisements say, can one hundred and sixty thousand persons be wrong? It seems they can, for there are that number of telephone girls in the United States.

— D D D —

We enjoyed the flea circus but the acts were lousy.

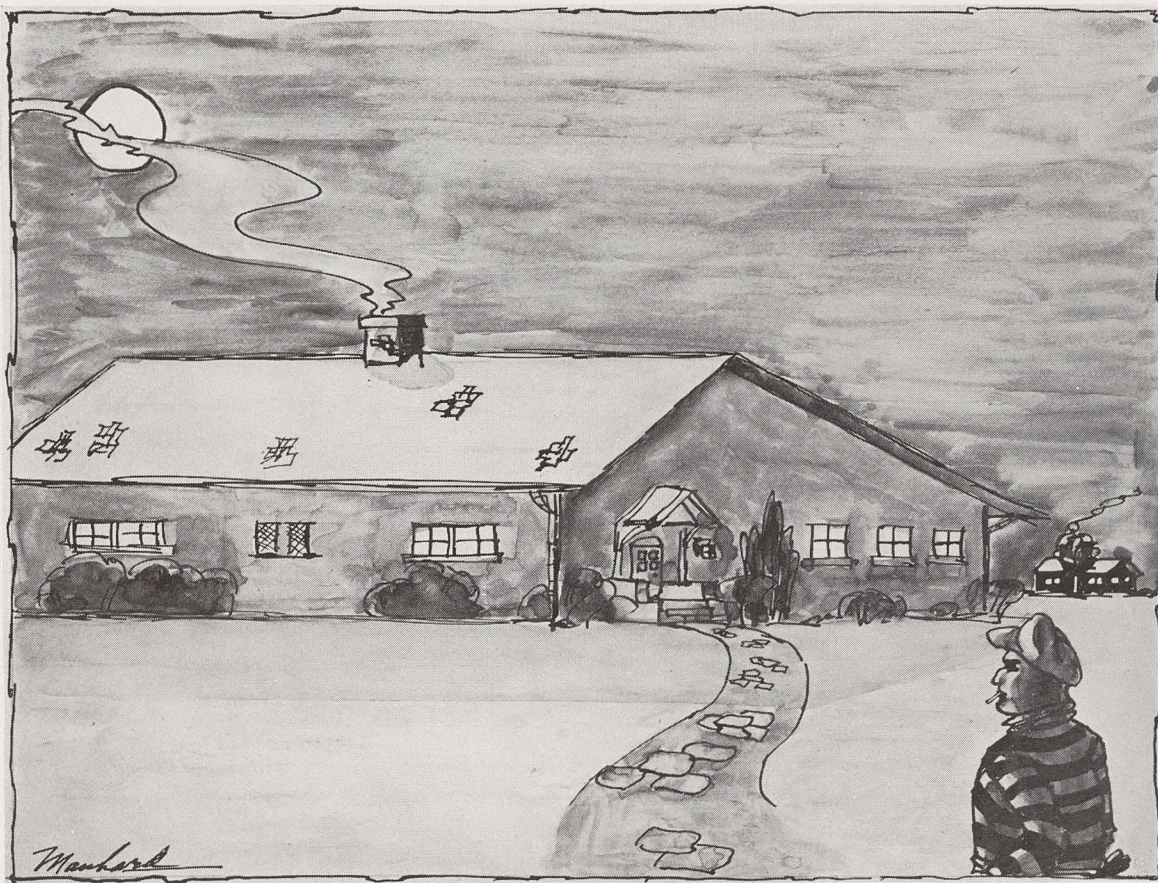
— D D D —

As a prominent politician said, "I'd rather be tight than president."

— D D D —

"Sex" is a horrid word, but it sells more college comics.

— D D D —



Second Story Worker—"Curses! a bungalow!"

# Stag-Line Blues by George Hall

*He saw a line of faces, faces hard and cold,  
Faces white and faces dark, faces young and old,  
Faces laughing, faces grave, all saw his fearful plight,  
That mocking line of faces, faces in the night.*

*They stared at him but saw him not,  
No recognition there.  
Could it be they did not know  
The depths of his despair?*

*Of course they knew, the cowards,  
They saw it and they ran.  
At least he was doing his job, he thought,  
And doing it like a man.*

*"The music's nice", she ventured.  
"It is," he said again;  
And the crooning of the saxophone  
Sounded a sweet "Amen".*

*The black injustice of it all;  
That's what got him down.  
Ten minutes more and then he'd act,  
He was nobody's clown.*

*He'd done his duty, done it well,  
But human flesh is weak.  
He'd run amuck with knife and axe  
And squelch that cornet's shriek.*

*"Why Dave, I think you're stuck with me."  
"Oh, no, that's oke," he said.  
Murder struggled in his breast,  
Far better to be dead.*

*"There's good old Joe, Patricia' date,  
Oh Lord, he's come at last."  
Nausea swept his weary frame  
As Joe went tearing past.*

*When he got Joe he'd quarter him,  
The filthy little wop.  
The trombone wailed a long, blue note,  
"My god, can't that jackass stop!"*

*"Oh, I'm so sorry, Dave," she said,  
As she stepped upon his toe.  
"It's quite all right," he answered back,  
We'd better take it slow."*

*He looked at all those boys he knew,  
Beseeching with his eyes.  
They showed no mercy, made no sign;  
Well, this had made him wise. . .*

*And he had called them comrades. . . .  
His heart filled up with hate.  
Full well they knew what Hell it was  
To be stuck with a brother's date.*

*And so he danced his endless round  
With a tired, disgusted girl,  
No hope of rescue now, he knew,  
He was lost in the merry whirl*

*He saw a line of faces, faces hard and cold,  
Faces white and faces dark, faces young and old,  
Faces laughing, faces grave, all saw his fearful plight  
That mocking line of faces, faces in the night.*

## PIGEONS

*Pigeon, pigeon, wheeling high,  
Around those portals to the sky,  
Slender buildings, pointed spires,  
Far above the screaming tires  
Of commerce; far from human ills.  
I watch you and my spirit thrills  
With hopeless longings, would that I  
Could taste a home-made pigeon pie.*

*Pigeon, pigeon, while you fly,  
Bereft of any earthly tie,  
Pinions beating, soaring there,  
Hungry I gaze, and in despair  
I turn away, but 'tis too late,  
O pigeon, your revenge is great.  
I writhe in fearful pain, I cry,  
You've hit me, pigeon, in the eye.*

# Types of Women

(A Personal Research)

by A Serious Scholar

**T**HE LONG SEARCH for a man who knows about women is ended. Although I do not sing as Kipling, "Learn about women from me," I offer this little treatise as the result of exhausting research into the subject. Although I divide my women into classes by types for convenience of handling, I shall speak about women in general—for I have never been particular in such matters.

The easiest way and once the most scientific way of classifying women is upon the basis of pigmentation; more specifically, upon the basis of hair color, complexion, and eye color. Blondes, Brunettes, Redheads once included all femininity. But now I must add another class popularly called by various inadequate names such as "decided blonde", "henna red", "undecided brunette" or "deciding blonde". To cover all these conditions I present the names "chameleon" or "variable". Chameleon is the better of the two names for it has a popular significance of changing color to fit the situation. In this fourth and highly-inclusive class would be found women with varied shades of hair ranging from "Light Orange" through "Pink", "Pale Green", "Speckled", "Dirty Blonde", "Straw", "Sand", to "Raven's", "Ebony" or "2 in 1 Black".

This pigmentation for selection of types could be carried much further with good practical results. As suggestions for further development I present fields for investigation by the interested reader such as color of eyes, complexion (this would have to be made in seven sets, one for each day of the week such as: Sun-tan, Monday; Light Pink, Tuesday; Cream, Wednesday, etc., ad. infin., ad lib) and color of finger nail polish or almost any other little article or condition usually accompanying the weaker sex.

Of more interest to my casual college reader (You can't tell me that nobody in the college reads this rag) is the carnal classification which I gather from textual sources much augmented by personal investigation. On this plane I mind that women are shapely, misshapen, or re-shapen. Most college women fall into the third class; but this leads me into my next analysis.

From the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, to give this work a scholarly tinge—for although I may sound a bit flip about these flips after all, I am a Washington student with a serious purpose and this is my thesis for master's decree in pediatrics—(caring for babies)—I learn that all women fall into two classes. There are women who pet and there are women who don't date. Well, fellows, let's start an Everybody-Date Week, right here at good old Siwash.

To take up the main theme of this article, I climax this work with a classification which is not airtight logically but which is fool-proof in actual use. Women classified according to Method are shown up in a pragmatic light. "Method" sounds ambiguous, but be patient. Ambiguity never is a bar to action (for instance, take the ambiguous remark "maybe", which never stopped any action I ever started). There are first the delicate, frail (non-technical use) fragile (to be handled gently, use-no hooks, this-side-up) women who are designated by the proletariat, the bourgeoisie, the intelligentsia, hoi polloi, aristocracy, and college men as Clinging Vines.

Gentlemen, I hate to get personal in a scholarly thesis, but I must. I am inflamed to the extent of personally insulting the third class of women by way of the press, for I fear to assault or insult them any other way. These are the athletic women. Funny type. You'll see them striding around most anywhere; sitting cross-legged on the library steps, proning on the campus and otherwise breaking morality rules which no one cares whether THEY break or not. In thinking of these lumpy-legged, bulgy-boitomed specimens, I let the rancor in my soul burst forth in a pity couplet, which is hereby, forthwith, to-wit reproduced:

Big of bone, with bulging muscles,  
Women Athletes need no bustles.

(Continued on page 22)



And he says, "Betty, I'd like to see more of you."

## \*HOW CARTOONS ARE MADE

**D**IRGE SUBSCRIBERS are all atwitter about how we draw up our excruciatingly funny cartoons. In fact just the other day we got a letter from a little mess out at Lindenwood which said in part, "Oh Mr. Editor, how do you ever think up your excruciatingly funny cartoons?" It really is quite simple but to make it even simpler I shall illustrate by telling how the Dirge staff concocted the clever cartoon below.

Some time ago the California Pelican ran a cartoon showing a vaudeville artist sobbing in her dressing room and another actress consoling her. The caption read: "How do you know your act was a flop, dearie?" "A little bird told me." As soon as the staff saw this we had an idea for an original cartoon. It was to show an actress weeping in her dressing room and another one consoling her. "How do you know your act was a flop, McNatt?" "A little birdie told me," was to be the caption. We immediately set a staff artist to drawing the picture. This was the first stage in the evolution of a Dirge cartoon.

However while the staff was searching through a law book in search of humorous material to copy we ran across an interesting little article headed "Plagiarism." The gist of this was that it was illegal to copy other people's jokes, and if you got caught it was ten years in jail as sure as finals. At this crucial moment one of the staff members had, unfortunately, an original idea which resulted in the cartoon below. Dirge had created another side-splitter.

Dirge does not always use this method. Sometimes we do them blindfolded. This is great fun. The artist draws the picture with his eyes shut. At the same time a member of the literary staff strains letters out of alphabet soup and these are placed underneath the drawing.

\*The idea for this article was stolen from the Michigan Gargoyle. It has been mutilated beyond all recognition or risibility. At present Dirge is at work on an original joke which will probably appear in an early issue.

The Morning After the Night Before—

Senior: "All I hope is I won't have to leave town."

Junior: "Boy, oboy, watta girl she was."

Soph: "Whew, what a hangover."

Frosh: "I hope mother didn't notice what time I got in."

## PRINCESS SCHULTZ

We were greatly impressed by Mr. Schultz's review of Princess Nita. Friendly, tolerant criticism of its type is easy to take and causes no after effects. No one can fail to admire its fluent flow of alliteration and metaphor. In fact it has so impressed the Dirge that we have secured Mr. Schultz to review the football games next fall. Inasmuch as the Quadrangle shows rank at least as high in comparison with the musical comedies of other schools as does our football team we may expect to hear the following.

## BUTZ SCORES IN COMEDY ROLE

In an amateurish game far below professional standards the Bears failed to amuse an expectant audience last night. However the music by the R.O.T.C. band was very good. Ted Saussele flatted several notes and appeared nervous at quarterback. Soest failed to be convincing as a tackle. The game was very melodramatic. Senn seemed to get several of his dance routines tangled but it was the fault of Sharpe for teaching him too complicated steps. Among the minor unmentionables were Higgins, Landwirth, Wheeler, etc., etc.

The only trouble is that after this appeared Mr. Schultz might be among the minor contusions.

The phoniest name we know is Alexander Graham Bell.

— D D D —

Advice to bear in mind when stricken with lock-jaw—keep a stiff upper lip.



Etiquette problem: "Should she invite him in?"

### WHAT THE ANCIENTS THOUGHT OF WOMEN

(being exclusive statements made to a Dirge correspondent by various patriarchs of the past.)

BURTON, the prophet—"Women wear the breeches."

BYRON, a connoisseur—"Her stature tall,—I hate a dumpy woman."

CORINGTON, during his first love—  
"Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy;  
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I."

CONGREVE, who drank too deep—  
"Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure;  
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure."

GAY, after getting too gay—  
"Happy I could be with either,  
Were t'other dear charmer away!"

INGLOW, who **tasted** life—"A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath."

KIPLING, the experimenter—"An' I learned about women from her."

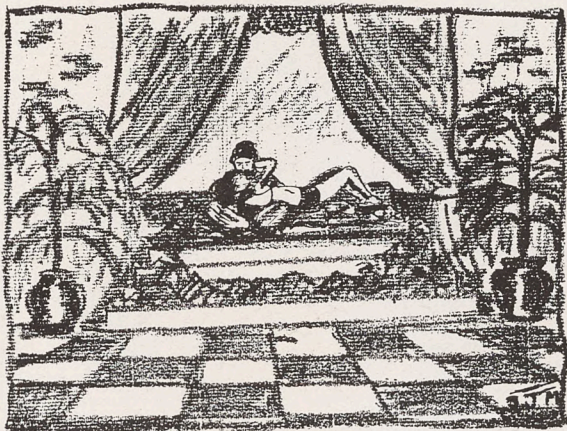
LELAND, the aggressive lover—  
"The brave deserve the lovely—every woman may be won."

MEREDITH, who aimed high—  
"She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,  
Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won."

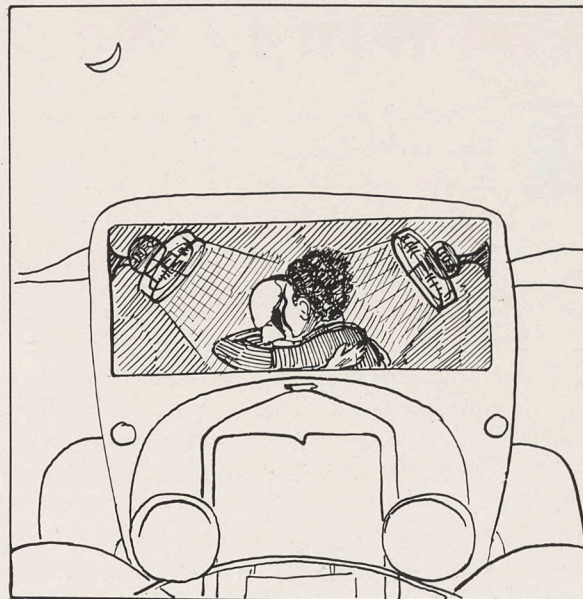
POPE, who suffered—  
"Oh woman, woman! When to ill thy mind  
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend."

SHAKESPEARE, one who knew—"Frailty, thy name is woman!"

THACKERAY, a man-of-the-world—"This I set down as a positive truth. A woman with fair opportunities and without a positive hump, may marry whom she likes."



"But Sultan, I hardly know you!"



"Heat Purifies"

— D D D —

"You sleep too much."  
"It's a lie!"

— D D D —

Out west men are men and pansies are flowers.

### LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE

*While delving deep in ancient lore  
(The library holds a goodly store),  
I read that Martin Luther sang,  
In classic German, not in slang,  
What was told to him by little birds,  
And which I quote in English words:  
"Who loves not wine, woman, and song,  
He is a fool his whole life long."  
Then I saw why I was called  
A fool, in language bald,  
By those whom Luther's dictum followed,  
Whose life, therefore, was full, not hollowed.  
I resolved, therefore, my life to better—  
To make it boisterous, wilder, wetter.  
I took to drink. I sang (I think).  
I fell for a girl—on a skating rink.  
She picked me up—we went to sup  
At a night-club in a borrowed Hup.  
I showered presents, love, and kisses  
On her alone—not other misses.  
But soon she met another lover  
She baby-talked, "Big, handsome bruvver!"  
It wasn't long—she let me down—  
The crash was heard all over town.  
I'm older now, and wiser far—  
To help you shoot life's course in par,  
I add this version modernized,  
Of Luther's couplet fossilized;  
"Who loves his women, wine, and song,  
Is made a fool his whole life long."*

—Westcott



## Wine, Women and Song

**T**HE WEAKER SEX have, almost weekly, been immortalized, or at least mentioned, in one way or another, in the lyrics of some of this country's most popular songs. It is interesting in this connection to note the uncanny way in which the status of the girl in this country has been reflected in her appearance in tender love ballads or swift foxtrots. Having the astounding gall to pay no attention whatever to those songs or ladies which were extant before about 1925, let us proceed in an analysis and comparison from that point which will be both interesting and instructive.

The first melody to smite our ears comes from the horn of a funny-looking 1925 radio, and seems to be entitled "Bam, Crack, Flooey," but later turns out to be only static resulting from a sudden thunder storm in Little Creek, Iowa, which came up with such unexpectedness as to drench the line of petticoats and red-flannels which Mrs. Elisha Jones of that town had hung out to dry while she sat in the parlor to listen to the Corn-Cob Orchestra play "Bam, Crack, Flooey."

A few triumphs in radio engineering soon presented us, however, with "The Little Spanish Town," (which still sounded as if a revolution was taking place), which extolled the mighty charms of a senorita who resided and listened to serenades in a little Spanish town. Within a month there was an epidemic of black-haired, sleek girls trying to look exotic and dyeing in the attempt.

Later, it was just the thing to refer to a femme with "Yes sir, that's my baby," which emphasized the need for the girl who would whole-heartedly aid in the perpetuating of the race. This rugged, cave-man-like philosophy was subsequently softened and modified by the firm statement that "Mary Lou, I love you," with, however, no definite action to clinch the claim.

"I can't Give You Anything But Love," was the leading slogan during 1928, and offered much opportunity for jokesters to refer to Scotchmen, besides pointing out that it was the girl with simple tastes who would get the man.

1929 echoed with the pleas of multitudinous men for girls who were "Exactly Like You," though these males steadfastly refused to accept you, the real article. In other words, they persisted in looking in the visionary future for their dream girl, and each of them musically stated that "I'm a Dreamer."

Last year the trend was back to nature, the song writers and pluggers ceaselessly emphasizing the merits of a "Sweetheart of the Mountains," or female of similar ilk.

Leaving out the super-popular "Kings's Horses," who have been causing quite a lot of trouble to the

Lord Mayor's street-cleaners, it is evident that the girls aren't getting much publicity this year. Of course, mention is made of ladies who live in sunny Tennessee, on the banks of the river St. Marie, in Ten-ten-tenessee, Virginia, and Tennessee, but most of the real emphasis is placed on "Little Joe," the gambling song, three little words, simple songs, peanut venders, the coming of the sun, and the giving of something to remember persons by.

That's why I wrote this—to give you something to remember me by.

— D D D —

Women may be more immoral than men, but the men don't fail from lack of trying.

— D D D —

Old Maid: "What do you mean by hiding under my bed?"

Onlyaman: "Madam, I'll never be so low again."

— D D D —

"This cooks my goose", he said as he sat down in the electric chair.

— D D D —

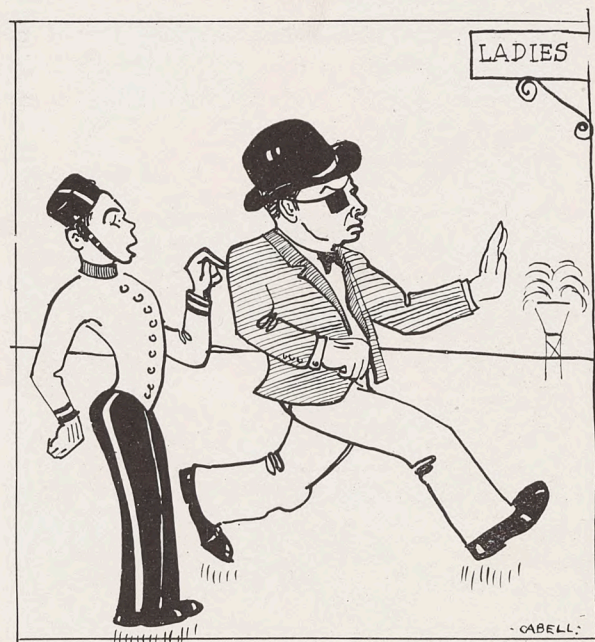
"Do you stand on ceremony here?"

"Do we? We trample on it!"

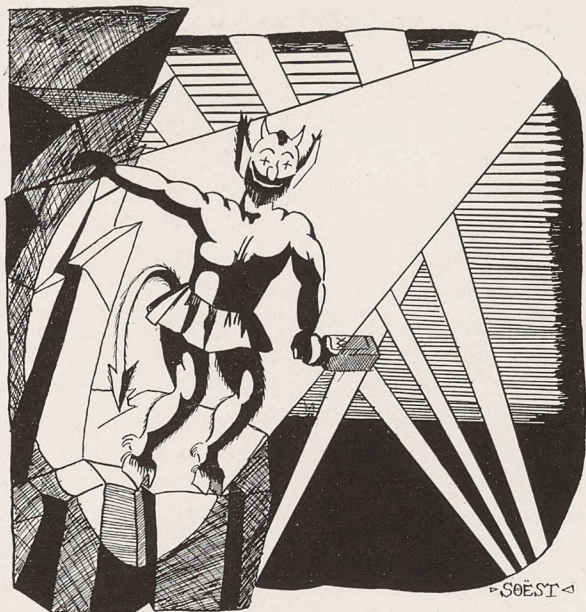
— D D D —

"How did you learn this new dance step?"

"Oh, I just stumbled on it!"



Bell-hop: "Just a minute, Mr. Connelly."



"Where'n the Hell am I?"

— D D D —

Irate father (to slightly inebriated daughter entering at three a. m.): "What does the clock say?"

Daughter: "Tick tock and dogs say bow wow and cats meow."

— D D D —

"I'm going to be a brewer some day."  
"Yeh—vat chance you've got."

— D D D —

*A happy shout the patient gave:  
"I'm just a step out of the grave."  
The doctor wondered; then realized  
The patient's legs were paralyzed!*



The Dean comes home late from a meeting of the Discipline Committee.

"Alone at last," exulted the solitude-lover a week after throwing away his bottle of Listerine.

— D D D —

Strangers may kiss. Sure, but dammit I never see a good looking girl that I haven't met.

— D D D —

A job we'd all like to have would be to have the power to contradict Will Hays.

— D D D —

The traveling salesman who used to be thrown out of the boarding house when the landlady heard two pairs of shoes drop on the floor, now wears Keds.

— D D D —

And there was the Scotch father who had his daughter's boy-friends call at the house to save on electricity.

— D D D —

1881: "Hahaha, Hoho, Hee. Little Brown Jug, how I love thee."

1931: "Hic, Hic, Hic, Damn, O Gee! Silver Flask, you are empty."

— D D D —

Most examination papers seem to be attempts to pull the bull over the professor's eyes.



She: "Oh yeah!"

# MAY FETE

by Harold W. Clover

**T**HE REMARKABLE MAY FETE of Washington University's women was recently held in the fair environs of McMillan Court on May 1. About 1000 people were in the audience which was composed of fond mothers, sheepish-looking men, and the writer of this article. Unfortunately, the latter was forced to be present in order to write an unprejudiced criticism.

The scene of the fete was "an English Courtyard in which are gathered the villagers to celebrate the crowning of the Queen of May". Not content with merely gathering, these precocious villagers bowled on the green. However their game was constantly interrupted by prancing hobby horses. The only trouble with these horses was that they were two-legged horses, and, personally, I've seen better horse legs on the one that pulls our milk-wagon. But, as one critic put it, the show would have been better still, if the entire cast had been horses, instead of only the two. After the villagers had gathered, the revelers arrived, and after them came the queen's retinue. I don't know what a retinue is, but I wouldn't care to have one if I were to be a queen. Then came the Daisy Chain, but any astute observer would have noticed the dandelions smuggled into it, evidently as filler.

And then the climax! The "advent of the Queen of May". The handsomest person in the show appeared in this scene, but unluckily he was only a newspaper photographer, and not one of the maids of honor. Then the fun began. The dances started. There are only two states in the Union which have not as yet prohibited gigging, and it would be just our luck to have Missouri be one of those. The Freshmen Women gave a gige dance. They were still unsatisfied and followed it up with a Flamborough Sword Dance. Your critic feebly cried "Quits! I give up!" But no one heard me, and "The Prince Who Was a Piker" strutted his stuff. Let me tell you, boys, that Snooky Wickenhauser slings a mean window-pole even though it is all dolled up as a spear. My one objection to this play was that the lead was not masculine enough, although a "chaw o' terbaccer" would have aided greatly.

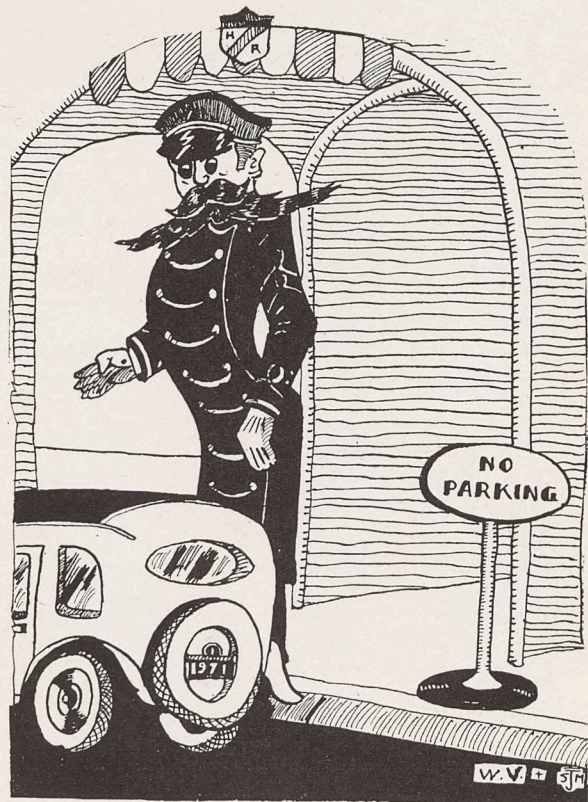
And then came the best part of the May Fete, although it wasn't on the program. One of those careless co-eds left her window-shade up, and the critic forgot all about his business, going so far as to overlook the Scarf Dance of the Sophomore Women. However, the afore-mentioned co-ed must have felt the piercing gazes of the male element of the audience and put her shade down. We returned to the prosaic just in time to witness the tumbles of the tumblers which was outstanding

mainly because of Helen Evans, a member of the Famous Tiller Chorus of "Princess (Samuel Schultz) Nita." The next number of the Fete (I'm getting all this from a program) was a Minuet and Garland Dance by Mozart, ably assisted by the Senior and Junior women who ought to know better, having been going to school for so long. Following this was the Ballad Singers (Selected Voices. adv.) who sang ballads.

A very impressive ceremony came next; none other than the Planting of the Ivy. And the way that the Superintendent of Buildings (you know who) held the ivy it must have been poison. Unfortunately, however . . . . The Sophomore Women next came out with a May Pole dance. This was a pretty good dance, but I wouldn't recommend it to Lock and Chain, for one of their \$1.50 stag or drag affairs. The part that the audience liked best—at least they clapped the loudest—was the Departure of the Queen, the Revelers, the Villagers, and the Audience.

But now, I want to register my loudest gripe. I failed to get any tea, and I wasn't pledged to any honorary something-or-other. In conclusion, though, it was a fairly nice May Fete, and, in the words of a popular song: "May Fete is in your hands."

— D D D —



"Check your parcel, sir?"

## A Letter From Bigham Young

To the Editor:

**H**AVING JUST LEARNED that you are to publish a "weaker sex" issue of "Dirge", which will be about women, I would like to know where you got the damfool idea that women are the weaker sex. Have you ever been married? Ah-ha! I thought not—and so you've just got that sweet, innocent, callowness of opinion which goes so well with the complexion of an unweaned two months old baby. Let me ask you another question. Did you know that there is such a thing as marriage? Why, if there wasn't, you dope, how could there be any children (answer in plain envelope.)

It is easily seen that your first flush of infant innocence has not yet been sullied by the modicum of college experience which you presumably have undergone, but it doesn't seem possible that no one on your staff has been married, or knows what happens after marriage. But since they evidently don't, let me tell you.

It all begins as you are climbing into the taxi for Niagara Falls. One of the bridesmaids, a hefty twenty year old, propels an oversize hobnail boot at your retreating form, and, with a skill resulting from hours of open-air baseball, crocks you one smack on the bean. And for the next few minutes you are a virtual has-bean, and are unable to properly embrace the opportunity in the rear of the cab.

Opportunity knocks at once, for, as you and bride descend from taxi, she anxious to help you with the bags in your weakened state swings the grip containing the portable flatirons in a powerful semi-circle which ends forcibly on the third vertebrae below the mole on your back. This, in addition to the blueness of the moment and the blackness of the future, makes you black and blue, and for the rest of your honeymoon you rest as rigidly as a ramrod, and therefore get about as much enjoyment.

Thus concludes the happiest part of your married life, for it is my experience that after the first two weeks of forbearance the little woman looses all restraint, and exhibits all those endearing little traits which appear in a woman who has spent the most of her life at tennis, medicine ball, and Swedish exercises, and whose idea of complete relaxation and lassitude is a siesta with two dumb-bells and a copy of "Physical Culture."

Though the later years may find you somewhat innured to the flying rolling-pin and similar toys, such play will never reach the favor with you of a major indoor sport. Of course, if you have the money you can go to one of the big gymnasiums and take a course in rolling-pin-rolling, which will enable you to meet the most bullet-like projectile with a tricky "chinese twist", which has the two-fold

advantage of minimizing the pain and of giving off a loud and impressive "slap" as it hits, which obviates the possibility of friend wife deeming it necessary to throw another.

Another thing. By all laws of evolution and of justice, the intensive training which every husband undergoes in process of carrying Christmas parcels for the little woman on shopping tours should in time develop men built roughly on the Carnera plan. The result seems to be negligible, however, except in so far as it tears down the tissues and destroys the molecular membranes. This disintegrating action is especially tough on me, who am, so my doctor informs me, a kelptomaniac in the matter of wives. A kleptomaniac, you know, is a person who goes about collecting useless trifles, and I suppose my forty odd (very odd) wives would put me in that class. In fact, when I recently endowed three maternity hospitals, the Moron public accused me (Bigham Young) of being selfish and self-centered.

If any further proof is needed that men, not women, are the weaker sex, I point to the fact that when a shop or building is torn down it takes a corps of men with crowbars to do it, even when assisted by gravity, but that most shop-lifters are women. Significant.

Yours weekly,  
Bigham Young

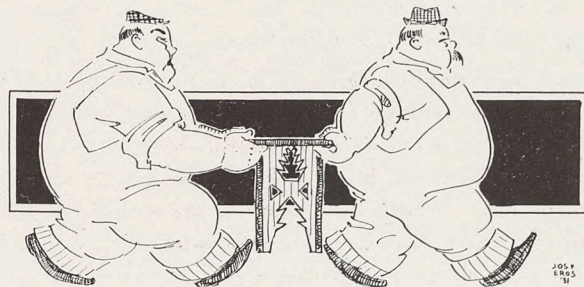
P.S. Have just started work on a new wing for the little home. (I call it "Wee Abode", because abode the last payment on it for twenty years.) My wife informs me that there is a late afternoon run on the Trousseau Department of the Bargain Basement downstairs, and on top of this my scouts are sending in reports from all quarters that there are a number of prospects in fine form. Looks like I'll have to invest in a new dress-suit.

Yours Connubially,  
B. Y.

Witnessed by,

Kind Solomon, husband to a "grand" harem.

— D D D —



As she melted into my arms I said, "I'm yours, body and soul."

# UNDERSTANDING *by Marion Judell*

## I.

**P**AUL WALKED SLOWLY along the mossy brick walk that led from the Phi Psi house to the Chapel, sucking a cigarette that glowed bright orange in the darkness. There was some comfort in being alone. Music of a hushed blues song floated along the still air from the fraternity house.

Those who do not know boys like Paul may think that walking away from a fraternity dance as he was doing in sheer loneliness seems a little stupid. But that May evening left its mark on Paul's memory.

Paul was an imaginative boy; and now, at the end of his freshman year, he had come to that place in his life, where, for the first time, he had taken a backward view. The eighteen years he had lived seemed to him now but a brief moment in endless humanity. The ambitions he had had when but a few months younger seemed futile now; he had begun to think, and to see himself as one little leaf among thousands blown about by the heedless winds of fate. He saw for the first time the uncertainty of life and death, the emptiness in the brave stout talk of his elders.

Along with this realization of the nothingness that life can mean, there came a terrible feeling of loneliness, a feeling intensified rather than assuaged in a crowd. The medley of sounds at the fraternity dance, voices and music and gliding feet, swaying bodies under Japanese lanterns, older fraternity brothers dancing smugly with the girls who wore their pins all got on Paul's nerves. All day he had felt this strange loneliness, the sense of crowding, moving life closing in about him; and tonight his dejection seemed unbearable.

Now he felt sad enough to weep, but pride made him whistle very softly to himself as he moved slowly along under the elm trees in the dark.

The thing Paul needed most was understanding. His utter loneliness included a vague and at the same time distinct longing for the companionship of another human, some one who understood him. A girl, he preferred, for he believed a girl would be gentle, a girl whose hand he could touch, she would come nearer to understanding, he thought. It was this he wanted more than anything else.

Paul had never known any girl intimately. He had come to college from a little town in Illinois, where there were few girls to know, and his diffidence toward them had offered little in the way of introduction. When he joined a fraternity he had begun to have occasional dates with girls he had met in classes. But girls, were still for him just gay casual bits that laughed often and sparkled up at him as they danced. Knowing a girl on more fa-

miliar terms was as yet only one of his hopes,—perhaps his greatest hope.

Paul was wondering now whether any girl ever felt the lonely dejection he was feeling now; then he began to wonder skeptically if any person would ever understand him.

Paul's nerves jumped suddenly when his thoughts were interrupted by a voice behind him.

"Have you a light, please?" the voice, crisp, vivid, of a young girl. Paul turned around.

"Yes", Paul answered, regaining his equilibrium. He flicked his lighter and there was a yellow flare. Paul let the flame burn longer than necessary while he scrutinized the face of the girl beside the tall hedge.

"Why, Paul Lansdon!" said the girl smiling in the yellow light. Paul smiled back, gazing at the girl's great dark eyes that peered at him widely from the white oval of her face. It was like an angel's face, Paul thought, framed by a mass of light hair wound around coronet-fashion, with little curls escaping about the temples. Paul let the flame burn until his embarrassment forced him to blow it out. He had seen the girl's face somewhere before, in one of his classes, he thought, but never had any pair of eyes seemed so kind. Paul was embarrassed and felt that he must say something.

"Fine night", he ventured. Overhead the stars powdered the black sky with silver frost.

"I used to like nights," came the girl's voice, gently, "but I don't now. They're so cold and cruel and—lonely—"

Lonely. The girl's hand touched Paul's in the dark. The hand was warm. He felt himself strangely drawn to the girl beside him. The irritation he had felt seemed suddenly gone. The girl's presence refreshed him; it was as though the touch of her hand helped him to make adjustment to his puzzling life. He longed to tell her of his loneliness, too,—this girl who would understand. Then he grew suddenly embarrassed again and said nothing. Paul and the girl stood on the path in silence. Paul wished they were not in evening dress, he longed to be far away from here,—in the country, perhaps, where they could be natural—where they could run. There was a long minute of silence; the cigarette ends glowed in the darkness. The girl's cigarette made a gesture. "Let's run, shall we?", said the girl's voice.

Without answering, Paul took the girl's hand as she ran ahead in the dewy grass, her white dress floating out. They ran across past the Chapel and under the trees to the cannon on top of the hill overlooking the stadium. At the girl's suggestion

*(Continued on next page)*

they climbed up and sat down on the cannon, very out of breath.

Paul wanted to say something impressive, to tell the girl how he felt. He wanted to appear significant in her eyes, to tell her what he intended to do in life. But the confused boy found words to say nothing.

"I feel better now," said the girl, softly. "I've felt so dreadfully lonely lately."

Paul's hand trembled a little as he put it about the girl's waist. "Why, I understand just how you feel," he said in a rather shaky voice. From their haphazard perch they could look down at the scattered yellow lights of the campus like a little city below them. A breeze blew and Paul shivered. For five minutes neither of them said anything. Paul felt terribly embarrassed.

"Hadn't we better go?" he asked. "The dance will be over soon."

"Yes, I suppose we'd better, agreed the girl, slipping down from the cannon.

Through his own inadequacy his one chance to find understanding had been lost.

Paul felt utterly angry at himself. The fireflies flitted along in front of him, flashing defiance at the stars.

## II

Sally was one of those daughters of the gods on whom fate has bestowed, among other gifts, that of saying the right thing at the right time, always, whether she meant it or not,—and curly hair,—and a pair of huge dark eyes that could look merry or conveniently sad as the moment required. No wonder that at the end of her freshman year she had completely captured dozens of masculine hearts, and with the practice in ensnaring these, was aimed to overtake any others that she chose.

So, sighing for new worlds to conquer, she tried the tricks of the trade on the slim blue-eyed boy in her geology lab. The quiet type, she decided. He was singularly immune to her coy glances, in fact he never seemed to see her. One day when she had stopped him on a field trip to ask, with dancing eyes, what a brachiopod was, he picked up a piece of rock and began talking fossils, not as much as looking at her face. Too bad, she thought, that such a nice looking boy should act that way,—and,—true, he belonged to no mean fraternity; a Phi Psi pin would certainly not have detracted from her collection of insignia.

She found out, by subtle questions well-placed among sorority sisters that Paul Lansdon attended fraternity functions stag. The charms that she employed at dances had proved in the past especially potent; a bid from some Phi Psi to their spring dance might settle the matter of Paul Lansdon satisfactorily. Paul, in spite of his shyness, was a lamb and something had to be done. So that when Jim Adams asked Sally to the Phi Psi spring formal,

and she answered that she would rather go there with him than anywhere else in the world, there was some truth in what she said.

As she laughed up at her partners under the lanterns on the Phi Psi lawn, she kept watch on Paul over the shoulders of their tuxedos. Paul danced only occasionally, and spent most of his evening in the stag line, smiling seldom, as was usual. Certainly Paul didn't recognize Sally, for she knew that had he known who she was he certainly could not have resisted the provoking glances in his direction. But Paul didn't dance with her.

During an intermission she excused herself and slipped into the house to get her cigarette case. From the front hall she watched Paul walk down the steps at the dark end of the long veranda and cross the drive. Right now was the time for her to act quickly. Follow him. But tactfully. She knew from experience that to get him alone meant success.

She jumped from the veranda onto the grass and ran softly down to the brick path where Paul was ambling slowly, some thirty feet ahead of her, in the darkness. She followed him as deftly and as stealthily as a cat preparing to pounce on an unwary mouse. The orchestra was striking up a quiet blues song on the lawn behind her. The question now was how to approach Paul. Matches always started conversations. She had matches in her silver case, but could pretend otherwise. There!

She came closer to him, walking on the grass along the hedge in order to make no noise to startle him before the proper moment.

"Have you a light, please?" she asked, in a soft voice so as not to frighten him.

As the boy flicked his lighter and illuminated their faces, she smiled her sweetest and gazed up at his blue eyes. "Why, Paul Lansdon," she said, in a tone of utmost surprise. She must have impressed him a little, for he held the flame up to her face much longer than necessary.

She waited for him to say something. She was a little disappointed when he suggested merely that it was a fine night. Perhaps she hadn't made such a good impression after all. Now was the time to use technique. Tell him she had left the dance because she was lonely; the loneliness line had conquered more than one man,—it was better, as a rule, for the quiet ones.

"I used to like nights, but I don't now," she answered, "they're so cold and cruel—and—lonely." On the word lonely she came closer to him and touched his hand in the darkness. The boy's hand was cold.

She waited, again, for him to say something. The big minute seemed an hour; what a reticent boy he was. Perhaps she had said the wrong thing. What an opportunity she had here; she mustn't waste it. Maybe, if they got away from here, fur-

*(Continued on page 22)*



## Editorially Speaking

### UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

This is the first issued by the new staff. Isn't it swell! The new staff is full of enthusiasm and pep. We are going to have an editorial policy. Here it is:—

### FOR FACULTY ONLY

We believe that cleanliness is next to godliness. The new Dirge will be a moral publication and very respectful to the administration.

### FOR STUDENTS ONLY

Don't you believe it!

### HELP! HELP!

There aren't enough funny people on the Dirge Staff. (Idea courtesy of Student Life.) Of course everything we do print is screamingly funny but if we had more funny people we could have more funny pages and that would be swell. Therefore we urge more people to contribute. The next issue will come out next fall and you've got all summer to write or draw. Send in some jokes and don't forget the \$5 prize is still in force.

### MERRY CHRISTMAS

Happy vacation days will soon be here! So whether you're going to work in a glue factory, or sell magazines, or go to summer school, Dirge wishes you all a happy vacation.





*It keeps them so*  
**MILD and FRESH!**

THERE'S more real mildness in a Camel,  
*sealed fresh* in the new package, than in  
any cigarette you ever smoked!

# CAMELS

TIGHT-SEALED IN MOISTURE-PROOF CELLOPHANE



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Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



## UNDERSTANDING

(Continued from page 19)

ther from the dance, he would feel more like talking. Perhaps he was afraid that her date, Jim, might overtake them. That had happened to her before and made the situation a little clumsy. That was it, she knew,—they must get away,—run.

"Let's run, shall we?" she suggested at last, and she knew her surmise that Paul wanted to get away had been right when he immediately took her hand and ran with her to the top of the hill where they sat down on the cannon. She was glad it was dark so that Paul couldn't see how wildly her hair was flying after their chase. She didn't like to run really. It got her feeling so awfully disheveled.

She waited again, now, regaining her breath, for Paul to say something. "I feel better now," she said, to relieve the stillness. "I've felt so dreadfully lonely lately." When Paul put his shaky hand about her waist, she felt better, to be sure. Certainly now she knew she had said the right things, and he would say what she had waited for. It had been the first time she had ever been in doubt. Always, before this, the boys had responded quickly, and she had never once had reason to lose the confidence that comes of an infallible line.

Paul said only this: "Why I understand just how you feel." That was all. She realized the strategic point had been reached. She must wait for him to say more. She waited. Paul said nothing.

Finally he suggested going back. Perhaps then this Paul hadn't yielded; she could not admit frankly to herself that evidently she had bored him. She realized that urging him to stay longer here would be forcing the matter, and that was fatal. Oh, well, she might as well go back with him now. The dance wasn't over yet, and she hadn't used all her tactics.

This Paul was a strange boy, she thought, as she slipped down from the cannon and started back with him toward the house where the Phi Psi's danced under the splashed brilliance of colored lanterns.

— D D D —

A musical-comedy is like a base-ball player—it makes a hit and then takes a long run.

— D D D —

"So you have a son."

"Yes, to heir is human."

— D D D —

The University of Chicago system may be all right, but imagine reviewing four year's work in one night.

## TYPES OF WOMEN

(Continued from page 11)

Even having to mention the great big, superior, husky, hoarse-voiced, hard-faced, brawny-breasted skirts (their sole visible claim to womanhood) leaves me with a disgusted feeling.

There remains a class of little interest to my male readers. For undoubtedly he has found it easy to discover and classify these women for himself. They are technically known as "Hot-Sketches". They are very hard to discern in the light. Often, however, you may know them by their proportions (geometrical). Although fig-leaves are prohibited by law as wearing apparel, these women, despite legal handicap, manages to dress interestingly. They are a strange combination of ability and incapacity. For they are always able to take care of themselves but they can never get out of a dark room and find it practically impossible to get out of close corners. But more of this from your horoscopist; or your own books of records.

Big as the subject is, I hope this treatment covers it. If there is any difficulty left in your mind which you want cleared up, I will be glad to tell you personally anything which was cut from this article by the censor if you will call upon me at 205 Liggett Hall or arrange for an appointment by seeing me on the quad.

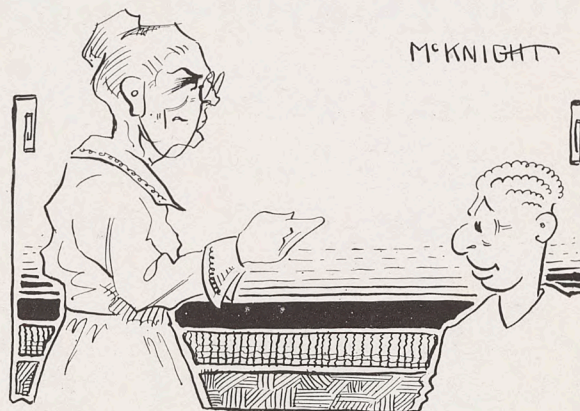
Incidentally, there are some women who belong to the Y. W. C. A. and the Girl Reserves. I didn't think you'd be interested but I mention them for the sake of completeness.

— D D D —

Most newspaper columnists seem to favor the old law: "An I for an I."

— D D D —

It used to be the baying of the dogs after the stag's fine horns, but now its the baying of the horns after the pedestrian's dogs.



Teacher: "Abie, who lives in the Arctic circle?"  
Abie (unprepared): "Esk Moe."  
Teacher: "Fine."

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**NEWPORT PALM BEACH**



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**CAMPUS COMMENT**

*(Continued from page 7)*

usual parting memory is of a feeling of sore arches induced by long standing during the graduation exercises and a splitting headache induced by the goofy hats not to mention the gassed and slightly shell-shocked condition brought on by the commencement speech. It takes years to erase this painful memory and get the alums into a sentimental state so that they will kick in an endowment. If we ever graduate (and it is not one of our immediate worries) we hope to see a more humane commencement.

**PLEASE, MR. NAGLE!**

We have found a paradox. (You must come over and watch them swim some day. Catch on?) All summer students work and save up money. At the same time the professors work too, revising their texts. When the students return to school they spend the money they have saved buying the new books that the professors have revised. This seemed quite silly to Dirge because we thought that if the professors didn't revise their books they could loaf and have a good time and the students wouldn't have to work and save money. We spoke to several professors about the whole matter and they informed us that their salaries were so meager

that the only way they could eke out a living was by revising books. How about raising salaries, Mr. Nagle?

**EXAMS**

For weeks we've been dreading to come to school and see milling crowds of long-faced students clustered around the bulletin boards. In other words we were afraid the exam schedule would be posted. It's not so much that we mind knowing when our exams will be but that we've noticed that after the schedule goes up the sun goes behind the clouds and everyone has a nasty temper. Incidentally we have nothing but admiration for the mathematical genius who arranged the schedule so everyone's exams come hand running the first three days.

**KIDNAPPING DONE CHEAP**

Dirge has secured the exclusive kidnapping agency for the Washington campus. Our rates are reasonable and we guarantee no discomforts. Kidnapping is great for publicity purposes and if you are a doctor or an insurance agent it will increase your business no end. We can also accommodate about fifteen students during the final examination period. We expect more applications than we can fulfill so send in your name now. With or without goggles.

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and  
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Some like men that are cavemen, and rough, but most girls like the man that has something tender about him—legal tender.

—Siren

— D D D —

“How come the asbestos gloves?”

“I’m going out with Gregory-May to-night.”

—Pitt Panther

— D D D —

“She: “Would you love me if I didn’t have a cent?”

He: “Sure thing, old dear, but did you ever try using Life Buoy?”

—White Mule

— D D D —

He’s the kind of a movie director who has film even on his teeth.

—Bison

— D D D —

“Why do you close your eyes when you kiss?”

“They say it is bad to focus on close objects for hours at a time.”

—The Log

— D D D —

Macbeth: “Where in the hell are those three old hags, Banquo?”

Voice from Nowhere: “Don’t get excited, Mac, old dear, we’ll bewitches in a minute.”

—Octopus

### Scotcha Again!

A Scotchman was returning home late one night when he was accosted by a couple of gangsters who demanded his money. Instead of complying, Sandy struck out wildly and then there ensued a terrific battle. The Scot was overwhelmed, however, by superior weight and numbers, but not before he had left his mark on his assailants. Panting, they sat down beside him and rested. Then they proceeded to search the recumbent form. After an exhaustive search one unearthed a nickel. “Migawd, we’re lucky,” he breathed. “Lucky!” Wot da yuh mean?” hissed the other. The first one glared at him, “Cripes, you’re lucky you are alive. Suppose he’d had a dime!”

—Hettinger

— D D D —

Negro Woman: “Ah wants a pair of shoes for mah son, sir.”

Shoe Clerk: “Black kid?”

N. W.: “Git de shoes and mind yo’ own business.”

—The Log

— D D D —

Delta Delta: “Y’know I don’t like to say anything about the Gamma Gammas but I hear they drink all the time over there, have girls in the house at all hours, and they never study.”

Rushee: “Yeah? Well, I guess I’ll be going now.”

Delta Delta: “What’s the hurry, where are you going?”

Rushee: “Over to the Gamma Gamma house.”

—Rammer-Jammer

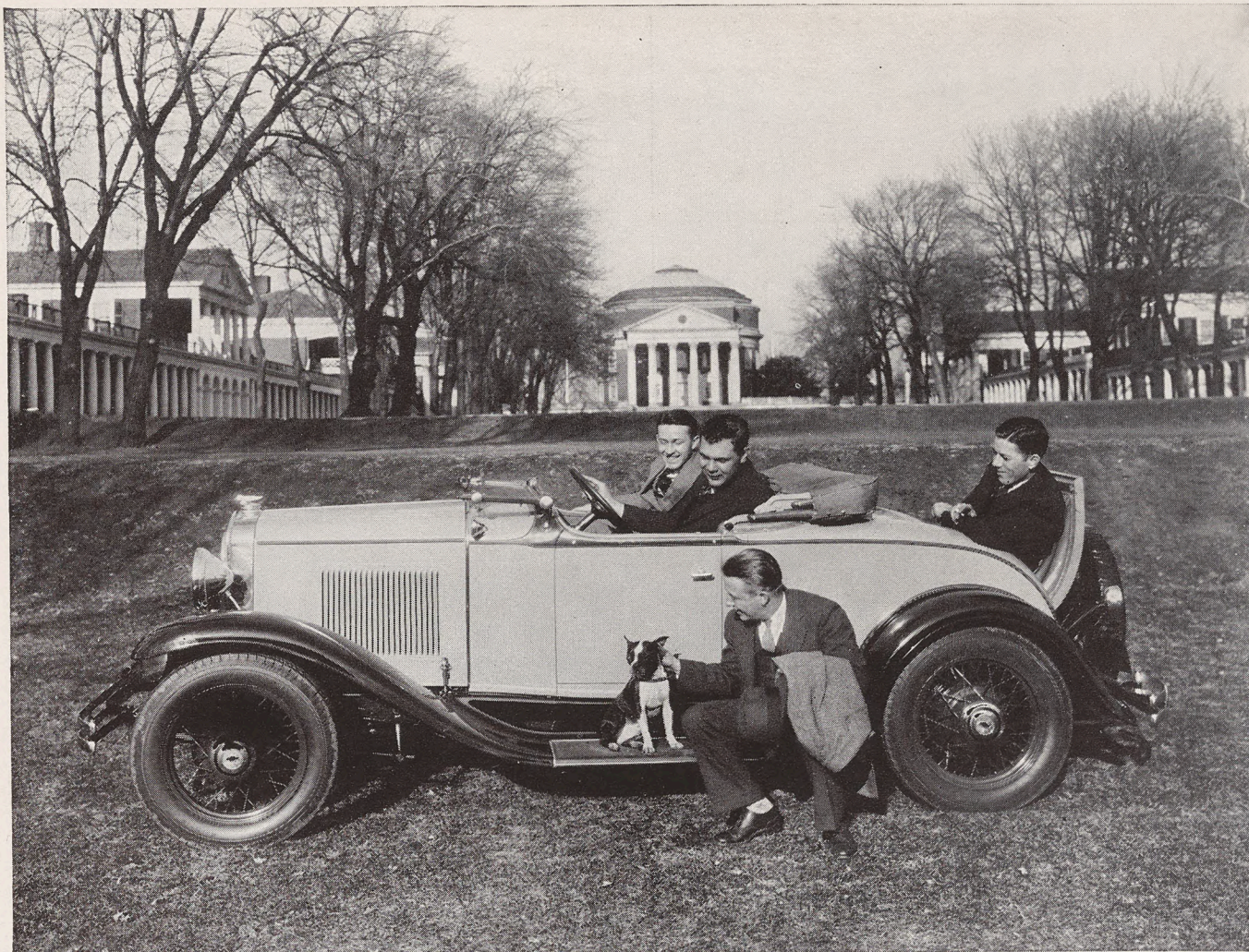
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— D D D —

Mrs. Astorbilt's butler was quitting. Upstairs babies were squalling and carpenters were knocking out the plaster. The radio was going full blast and next door some one was shooting a machine gun.

"Why are you quitting, George? Is it too noisy here?"

"No mam. No mam. That's the trouble. It's too quiet here."

"Where did you work before, George?"

"At the Sigma Chi house."

— D D D —

Idea for a cartoon: "Cast your bread upon the waters." (Another one of those seasick cartoons.)

— D D D —

One: "Do you file your fingernails, mister?"

Four: "No, sir, I just discard them after cutting."

—The Log

— D D D —

He: "I would like to have some good old-fashioned lovin'."

She: "O. K. Come over to the house and I'll introduce you to grandma."

—The Log

— D D D —

A college professor started on his career forty years ago, with only ten dollars in the world. He retired last spring with \$70,000 deposited to his account. He acquired this fortune by steady, hard work, perseverance, untiring spirit, and by inheriting \$60,990 from his wife's father.

—Sour Owl

### WHEN COLLEGE STUDENTS

Save half-smoked cigarette ducks.

Visit the corner drug store only twice a day.

Decide that the dance wouldn't be good anyway.

Accept relatives' invitations to dinner.

Reach for a Bull Durham instead of a Lucky.

Buy half a gallon (of gasoline) instead of a gallon.

THEN IT'S HARD TIMES.

—Yellow Jacket

— D D D —

Mr.: "Where shall I put these unexpurgated editions?"

Mrs: "In the sexional bookcase."

—Southern California Wampus

— D D D —

Diner (sniffing suspiciously): "Waiter, just forget about that order of mine. I can't eat where there is a smell of paint."

Waiter: "If you wait just a minute those two young ladies will be going."

—The Log

— D D D —

I/C: "Who's that dame that's giving us the glad eye?"

Ditto: "Oh, just a school teacher who can't make her pupils behave"

—The Log

— D D D —

Hostess: "Will you have a demi-tasse, Mrs. Malaprop?"

Guest: "No thanks, I'll have cabriolet."

—Lord Jeff

— D D D —

Question: Oh Where, Oh Where, Has My Little Dog Gone?

Answer: Around the Corner and Under the tree.

—Sour Owl

— D D D —

"Quick, Watson, the needle," said Sherlock Holmes as he took a spool of thread from the table.

—Octopus

— D D D —

"How did you find Prof. Einstein?"

"Brushed the hair aside, and there he was!"

—Black and Blue Jay

Fraternity Pledge: "This house is filled with a bunch of dirty thieves. Since Monday I've lost four Y. M. C. A. towels, a Hotel McAlpine bath mat, a Yale sweater, and three Brainard ash trays."

—Lyre

— D D D —

Guess Which

Broker: "I'm a pauper."

Banker: "Congratulations. Boy or girl?"

— D D D —

As a booster for his home State, a certain Western Representative is noted for his famous "movie-picture" highballs. You know—one drink and you go home in six reels.

—Punch Bowl

— D D D —

"Do you approve of tight skirts?"

"No, I think women should leave liquor alone."

—Zip'n Tang

— D D D —

She took all her workouts with an engagement ring, but she still had athlete's foot.

—Wasp

— D D D —

Mary had a little lamb—

Which is unconventional to say the least.

—Sniper

— D D D —

"All right, men, right through that tackle with the lousy breath."

—Kansas Sour Owl

— D D D —

Garbo: "What makes that yacht jump about so?"

Gob: "It's on a tack, I guess."

—Froth

— D D D —

"How was your chicken sandwich?"

"Fowl!" —Missouri Showme

— D D D —

Sappy Sadie says a guy isn't a freak just because his hands aren't where they belong.

—Yellow Crab

— D D D —

"Honey, I love the very ground you walk on," said the dashing young suitor, as he proposed to the girl whose father owned the oil lands.

—Medley



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BIG BOW-EY!

*Allcz! Regardez!*

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George: "Your dog growls every time he sees me."

Georgette: "Dogs always growl over a bone."  
—Missouri Showme

— D D D —

Flapper: "So I mustn't marry, eh? What do you know about it?"

Mother: "Why I was married before you were born."  
—Missouri Showme

— D D D —

Modern Miss: "Silence, Romeo! Wait until I remove the screen from the window and you will not have to strain your voice."

—Green Griffin

— D D D —

"There's piles of work to do," said Dr. Brinkley, beckoning to his assistant nurse.

—Missouri Showme

— D D D —

Just because the girl fell and her shoe heel came off is no reason that her name is Lucille.

—Rammer-Jammer

— D D D —

Some girls are young but willing; others aren't so young.

—Ski-U-Mah

— D D D —

"What do you want for your birthday?"

"Something for my neck."

"My gosh! Have you started charging for that?"

—Battalion

— D D D —

We can't understand why Bill is so popular when the girls all say he makes them tired.

—Grinnel Malteaser

The charming unconcern of the Phi Mus over the lighting effect in evening gowns at their recent dance would lead one to believe the fixtures were not premeditated to lower the sights and raise the eyebrows of the stags at eve.

—Missouri Showme

— D D D —

She: "... and what is your occupation?"

He: "I'm a cross examiner."

She: "Well, I'm no cross."

—Panther

— D D D —

Artist: "Have you ever done any etching?"

Abe: "Not since the cooties left me in France."

—Froth

— D D D —

"Gee, James, are you sure you love me?"

"What do you think I bought you that box of popcorn for?"

—Sun Dial

— D D D —

Vassar: "Many of our graduates are working girls."

Smith: "Well, quite a few of ours are working men."

—Harvard Lampoon

— D D D —

He: "Mary must be getting good grades in school."

Him: "Howzat? I don't think she is so smart."

He: "She doesn't have to be, 'cause they mark on the curve basis."

—Green Griffin

— D D D —

Mama: "You're too old to cry, Tommy."

Tommy: "And I'm too young to have what I'm crying for."

—New Jester

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W.S. DIXIE  
Sept. 1930-May 1931

