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The ^{WASHINGTON • U • • • • •} **DIPGLE**



JUNIOR PROM

MARCH

15c



Copyright, 1934, The American Tobacco Company

THE HEIGHT OF GOOD TASTE
and in Cigarettes too — Taste is Everything

ALWAYS *the Finest Tobacco* and ONLY *the Center Leaves*

LIFE IN SOCIETY



Their Engagement Announced

James Blatz and Genevieve Juniper, who have finally secured the consent of the society editors to get hitched.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith-Smythe, late of Walla Walla, after a winter in Baden-Baden, are returning to Sing Sing to their house-house.

Mr. B. McK. Google has arrived on his sail-boat, "Daisy II", Mr. Hugh Dents has arrived on his yacht, "Heigh-Ho", and Mr. Jemson Damp has arrived on his own, flat broke.

Mr. and Mrs. Cabotford Saltonwell are being jointly congratulated upon the birth of a polo-player.

Mr. Bowditch Graftonford Forbes-Wolcott (84 Beacon Street, Harvard '28, Clubs—Porcellian, Pudding, Somerset), was thrown out of the Waldorf Cafeteria last night.

Mrs. John Miltsch gave a lousy party at her home on Commonwealth Avenue, last week.

Mrs. Luella Belch entertained a bridge on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. ——— returned last night after passing out for several weeks in Bermuda.

Mr. ——— departed for Europe last Tuesday. He will be followed shortly by a U. S. Revenue officer.

Mrs. Pamela Lowell trimmed Mrs. Clarissa Cabot in a hot game of stud poker last week.

Miss A and Miss B entertained at a whist party last week. Miss A yodelled while Miss B turned somersaults.

—Harvard Lampoon.

"I CAN USE A GOOD STOKER"



DEVIL TAKE the unpopular soul who neglects his pipe till it's gooey and offensive. Bliss is reserved (at 15¢ the tin) for those pipe lovers who tend their briars and fill them with sunny tobacco... like Sir Walter Raleigh. This heavenly mixture of mild Kentucky Burleys brings everlasting happiness to a man's tongue. It's well aged and seasoned. Fragrant—but eternally mild. Try it. It *may* be the smoke you hoped you'd some day find. (Kept fresh in gold foil.)

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-43.



It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

A Better Position

You can get it

Hundreds of teachers, students and college graduates will earn two hundred dollars or more this summer. SO CAN YOU. Hundreds of others will secure a better position and a larger salary for next year. YOU CAN BE ONE OF THEM. Complete information and helpful suggestions will be mailed on receipt of a three cent stamp.

(Teachers address Dept. T. All others address Dept. S.)

Continental Teachers Agency, Inc.

1850 Downing St.

Denver, Colo.

Covers the ENTIRE United States

School Officials! You may wire us your vacancies at our expense, if speed is urgent. You will receive complete, free confidential reports by air mail within 36 hours.

If a fellow tries to kiss a woman and gets away with it he's a man; if he tries and doesn't get away with it he's a brute; if he doesn't try but would get away with it if he tried he's a coward; but if he doesn't try and wouldn't have gotten away with it if he tried he's wise.

—Exchange.

— D D D —

She was teaching her first class, and she was very meticulous about doing things in the most correct of manners. She first asked the boys to give their names. The first boy gave his name as Si.

"Oh, no, you should say, Silas," said the sweet young thing.

The next boy said his name was Tom.

"Oh, no, you should say, Thomas," she replied forcibly.

"And now, what is the name of the boy back of Thomas?" she asked.

"Jackass," came the sudden and brief reply.

—Exchange.

— D D D —

At a recent freshman chapel, Mr. Distler announced that at the next meeting they were to be entertained by a famous singer. Evidently he felt that a word or two about their conduct would be in order so he said to the first year men, "I want all you fellows to remember that you are men and that you should act as such. Don't forget this is not Minsky's burlesque house." From the rear of the chapel hall came the reply—"It's the same old crowd though!"

—Medley.

— D D D —

She: "So you're going to France. Do you know how to speak the language? Suppose you want to say "egg," what do you say?"

He: "You just say "oof."

She: "But suppose you want two eggs?"

He: "You say 'twa oof' and the silly old maid gives you three, and you give her one back. Man, it's an awfully easy language."

—V. P. I. Skipper.

— D D D —

"Does Bill still walk with that slouch of his?"

"No, I hear he's going with better women now."

—Siren.

— D D D —

...Captain: "Now suppose you are on duty one dark night. Suddenly a person appears from behind and wraps two arms around you so that you can't use your rifle. What would you say?"

Cadet: "Let go, honey."

—Humorist.

— D D D —

Mabel: "What's worryin' you, David?"

David: "I was just wonderin' if Dad would see to the milkin' while we're on our honeymoon, supposin' you was to say 'yes' if I was to ask you."

—Lord Jeff.

— D D D —

"I say, Algeran, what is the difference between a popular girl and an unpopular one?"

"Come, Tristam; do you know the difference? Tell me."

"Well, yes and no."

—Punch Bowl.

CARTER & WILSON

Student Life Printers
for years and years!

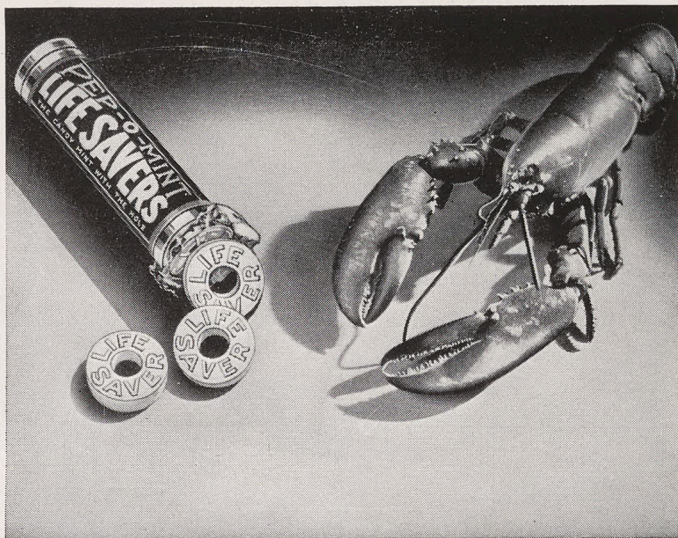
Specialized Sorority, Fraternity
and University Printing

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LOBSTER . . . "Did you ever see a bad dream walking? That's me."

LIFE SAVER . . . "Yea-a-ah? Watch two of us turn you into a lullaby!"



Amazing what a couple of Life Savers will do to ease digestion after a heavy meal. Ever try'em?

A FAMOUS FLAVOR AT ITS BEST . . . PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS



"And now he does this to me!" —Penn State Froth.

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

Virtue

—in the female, lack of temptation.
—in the male, lack of opportunity.

—Brown Jug.

— D D D —

A highbrow is one who pretends to know whether the dancer is interpreting a moonbeam or a cow annoyed by hornets.

—Grinnell Malteaser.

— D D D —

The Martyr

I got a purpose which is high.
I shuns the flowing bowl.
I hits my books while youse guys dance.
I'm pure, I got a soul.
I got a noble duty here.
I got a urge to know.
I got ambition, and besides,
Cheeze guy, I got no dough!

—California Pelican.

— D D D —

Betty: "I'm off all college boys."

Hetty: "Why, what's wrong?"

Betty: "Well, they start out holding your hand and pretty soon they're trying to shuffle the whole deck."

—Mountain Goat.

MEN'S FASHIONS

(as women see them)

Opal Fitzsimmons: Is partial to gray; likes gray shirts and solid red ties; likes snap-brim hats; prefers tuxedos to full dress at formal dances; and doesn't like these big wrap-around overcoats.

Jo Sunkel: Prefers tuxedos; solid colors in shirts and ties; snap-brim hats as opposed to Homburgs; single-breasted suits; and sport clothes in the spring. Strong aversion for corduroys.

Jocelyn Taylor: Likes full-dress better than tuxes; likes solid colors in shirts with blue her favorite color; snap-brim hats again win; has a yen for the pleated, half-belted suit coats; loathes spats and derbies.

Jimye Thorpe: Likes derbies or brown snap-brims for the top-covering; also likes full-dress when formal; her gripes are corduroys, knit ties, and tab collars.

Clara Tarling: Derbies or spats darken her life; likes full-dress for formal wear, and suede jackets for daily wear; in the spring, her choice is a gray suit, blue shirt, and white tie; confesses that she likes white buckskin shoes all year round.

Miriam Duke: Antipathies are blue shirts with white collars and knit ties. Likes striped ties best; full-dress and silk hats for formal wear; snap-brim hats and derbies on some men; and rough-grained sport shoes. Dislikes present belted suits.

Anita Steideman: Likes men who smoke pipes and go bare-headed; tuxedos for formals; double-breasted suits; and solid ties over knit ties.

Lauramae Pippin: Likes tab collars, knit ties or small-figured ones; tuxedos; conservative suits; and snap-brim hats. Derbies and spats pain her muchly.

Mickey Hyman: Appreciates belted and pleated suits; shirts in solid colors; snap-brim hats; and tuxedos. Knit ties leave her cold.

Virginia Ebrecht: For school wear, likes bright-colored slip-on sweaters; black shoes with dark suits and brown shoes with brown suits; harmonizing color schemes; and always ties. Full-dress if the men are built right. Despises drooling socks.

Myra Kerwin: Favors white shirts, plain ties, single-breasted coats, snap-brim hats. Wants conservatism in men's dress. Dislikes varsity sweater and dragging socks.

Georga Flynn: Votes for belted suits; tab collars if color is same as shirt; full-dress if the trimmings are present; snap-brim hats; sweaters and clean corduroys occasionally. Scratches out knit

What's all this talk about the best dressed man on the campus?

After all, what have Clothes to do with a College Education?

The answer is—NOTHING (as far as the report card is concerned)

There are a lot of brilliant people in the world who consider clothes are only to be worn to indicate that they are not nudists. Now these people eat regularly, get married and seem oftentimes to be rated as successes.

By the same token there are some good one arm golf players, but who wants this sort of a handicap?

Clothes don't make the man, and they are no guarantee of success, but no one ever heard of a man being denied a good job because he was well dressed.

Maybe we live in a superficial world, but sometimes it pays to humor it. By the way we are in the tailoring business and are known to make the smartest custom made clothes, to fit a cramped pocketbook.

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

ties and derbies. Pet gripe: black sox with brown shoes.

Juanita Meckfessel: Desires full-dress at formals. Puts O.K. on snap-brim hats and derbies; buttoned-down shirt collars; belted suits; and sweaters once in awhile. Knit ties and letter sweaters annoy her. Doesn't mind a few days growth of beard if the boy doesn't carry it too far.

— D D D —

Mistress (to maid): "Haven't we always treated you like one of the family?"

Maid: "Yes, and I'm not going to stand it any more."
—Bison.

— D D D —

Boy: "Daddy, if you give me ten cents, I'll tell you what the iceman said to mamma."

Dad (all excited): "O. K., son, here's your dime."

Boy: "He said, 'Do you want any ice today, lady?'"
—Exchange.

— D D D —

She: "How old do you think I am?"

He: "Oh, about twenty-one."

She: "How did you guess?"

He: "I just counted the rings under your eyes."
—Royal Gaboon.

— D D D —

A modern boy is one who knows what she wants when she wants it.
—Princeton Tiger.

Come now—'fess up—it WAS in Dirge, now, wasn't it?

Collegiate Reporter: "I've got a perfect news story."
 Editor: "How come? A man bite a dog?"
 Reporter: "No, a bull threw a professor."

—Aggievator.

— D D D —

As the meanest man in the world said one cold, below-zero, blizzardy January night, "I wish I had a fallen daughter to put out on a night like this."

—West Point Pointer.

— D D D —

"See that girl with the red dress on over there?"
 "Yes; I brought her. Why? What about her?"
 "Why—er—er, nice eyelashes, don't you think?"

—Exchange.

— D D D —

"The difference between Harvard and Princeton is that at Harvard they have private bathrooms, and you don't get to know anybody."

—Tiger.

— D D D —

Papa: "What was your college average last year, son?"
 Son: "The best in my fraternity, father."
 P.: Pleased, "And what was that?"
 S.: Proud, "Seven dates per week and no woman twice!"

—Cornell Widow.

— D D D —

A beautiful girl was being tried for killing her husband. The jurors had retired. They knew she was guilty, but didn't want to sentence her because of her beauty—yet they feared to face their wives if they didn't. Finally, one of them happened to recall that the dead man had been an Elk. The problem was solved. They passed this sentence: "Twenty dollars fine for shooting an Elk out of season."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

Short Short Short Story

They stood on the Brooklyn bridge and gazed over the placidly undulating waters. Before them stretched crowded shores, oily ripples of water and an incessant stream of boats. Behind them, in the distance, rose the fog-enveloped spires of New York's skyline. Far down the river lay the Brooklyn Navy yard.

"That's a man-o-war over there," he said casually.

"Then that little boat that pulling it must be a tug-o-war," she smirked.

The authorities had one helluva time finding her body.

—Bucknell Belle Hop.

— D D D —

Results

Sophia Jones tripped into the lawyer's office. "Cain't ah sue dat no god fo' nothin' Rastus Smiff fo' somepin', mister? He promised to marry me, dat he did, an' yestiddy he done 'loped with another gal."

"Promised to marry you, eh?" mused the lawyer. "Well, have you anything in black and white to show for it?"

"No, suh," replied Sophia. "Jes' black is all."

—Battalion.

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT MILDNESS?



PAUL: What's all this talk about mildness?

MAC: I say mildness is most important in a pipe tobacco.

STAN: And I say flavor counts most.

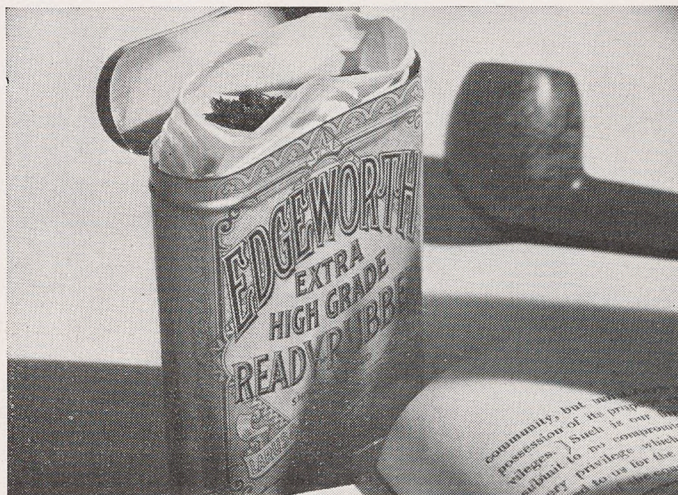
PAUL: You're both right. Why not settle the argument by smoking my brand—the one tobacco I've found that has both mildness and flavor.

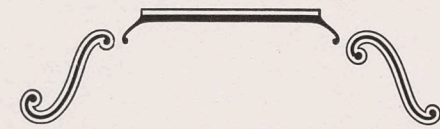
MAC AND STAN: What is it? One of those expensive imported blends?

PAUL: Not at all. Just good old Edgeworth—a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant—mild, cool, rich. Here—try a pipeful on me.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. 15¢ packet package to pound humidior tin. Several sizes in vacuum packed tins. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

MADE FROM THE MILDDEST PIPE TOBACCO THAT GROWS





SEE A PIN

I.

He could say that he'd be philosophic,
But the fact was, she lay on the bed,
And she wore ('twas a thing catastrophic)
Scarce a STITCH from her feet to her head.

II.

You can fancy the fellow's position—
He'd contracted some sort of a dread
Of all females in such a condition
Bent on sprawling all over his bed.

III.

Oh, he loved her—and nothing platonic;
And his wife?—well, it wasn't the same,
For even in households harmonic
It can happen. He wasn't to blame.

IV.

She snivelled, in whimpers pathetic—
Lay her bottle, half gone, on the floor,
Yet it only would make things more hectic
To allow her to have any more.

V.

But she suddenly lapsed into silence.
Something shining she saw on his breast.
He must give her, he shuddered with violence,
The fraternity pin on his vest.

VI.

He fingered the folds of her garment—
She cooed as he fastened it on.
He'd softened, he reasoned, her torment,
But the prestige of Delta was gone.

VII.

Of a sudden he heard with vexation
A sound as of WIFE-COMING-IN—
What to do with the whole situation,
The bottle—the bed—and the pin?

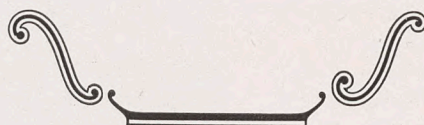
VIII.

Long before he could scrape up a seeming
Of order, she burst in the room,
And with laughter akindred to screaming
She confronted his visage of gloom.

IX.

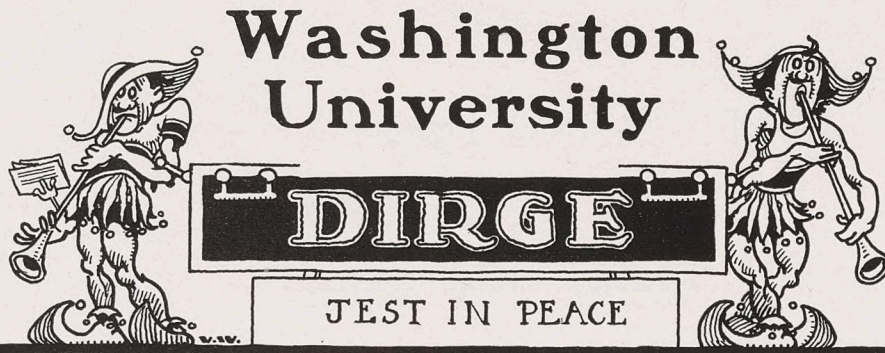
As wild as a mongrel with rabies
He exploded, "We haven't got twins,
But let's either get fewer of babies,
Or a greater assortment of pins."

e. m.



softened lights;
gowns enchanting;
blacks and whites
of formal dress;
a whispered word,
and a faint caress.
thoughts are flying,
thoughts unheard - -
"I wonder if
my compact's found."
"Damn it all,
my garter's down."





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BUSINESS MOURNERS

Walter Lorch Robert Hillman

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Published at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

Vol. XV

MARCH, 1934

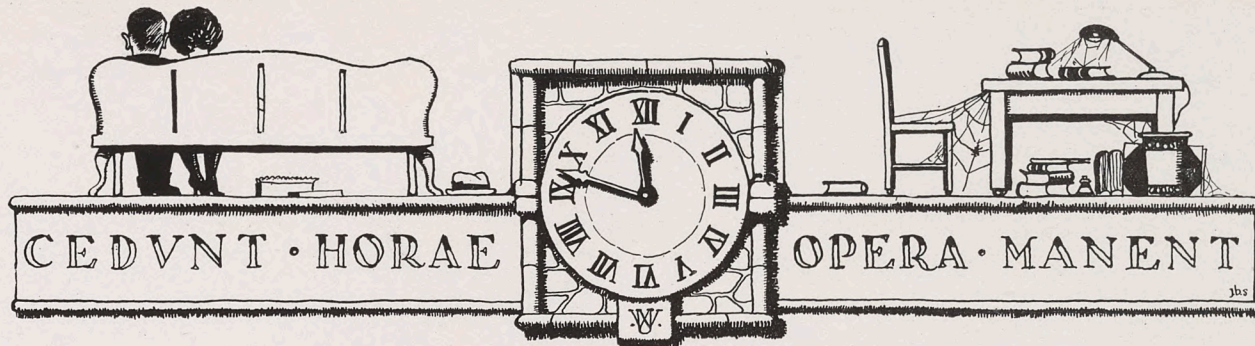
No. 5

Member of Midwest College Comics Association.

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Chief Mourner's Tears

Student Life

We hate to say so, but congratulations are in order for Student Life because of their Feb. 9 issue with the picture of the mob in line for registration. The editorial beneath the picture was unnecessary and superfluous, but the action photo rang the bell. Regardless of the reasons for the delay in registration, the fact that there was, is, in itself, inexcusable from the students' standpoint. A university as large as this one and dependent, to some extent at least, on tuition should guard itself very carefully from mistakes such as the registration one. Undoubtedly there were logical reasons for the pile-up in Brookings Hall but the thousands of students who waited for hours can not be blamed for not listening to them.

So again we say, the picture in Student Life was the best thing appearing in that organ for some time.

Fan Mail

The young lady appearing in the last Hinchell column with our debating friend Bronfenbrenner wrote us a very sarcastic letter recently, taking us to task for casting reflections on her reputation. She also intimated that Washington must be a very unfortunate school if Bronfenbrenner is representative of our social life and Dirge is an example of our intellectual life. At any rate, we apologize, more or less, for any trouble caused you either by Bronfenbrenner or us.

Heck Week

Time marches on and fraternities gradually get more sensible. The last period of Hell Week was one of the mildest on the campus. Besides being more quiet, most of the pledge tribulations were confined to the individual chapter houses. The days of marching around on the Quad with dead fish, pies, and red flannel underwear have been replaced by old actives merely talking about them with vague and hypocritical references to the "good old times".

But we certainly do not advocate abolition of "Hell Week". As we remember it, it was the happiest week of our fraternity career. Doing away with Hell Week completely would be denying plades a memorable and pleasant week. Therefore, continue it still, but soften it down to Heck Week.

Contests

In our brief career as Chief Mourner, we have run about five different contests, and if remem-

bered at all after retiring, will probably be referred to briefly as "that contest man". At any rate, we still believe in contests and can promise one or two more before the final round. But the contest in next month's issue is the first one with a tangible reward. An expensive suit of clothes is awaiting the winner. So rally round, gentlemen.

Aversion Department

We cringe in horror before a disgusting and offensive type of person that has become alarmingly numerous in the past year. Direct and highly personal remarks to the offenders are met with self-satisfied smiles, for these people, misguided by an aborted sense of humor, go calmly on. To get to the point, these unfortunates may be termed "Joe Penners and Mae Wests". And, at any moment, they break into cries of "You nasssssty man," "Is that so?", "I didn't k-n-now that," and "Why 'ncha c'm up, s'mtime?" Curses, threats, and pleadings leave them unmoved. Only by an aroused public opinion, reinforced by physical strength, may they be stopped. Whatever the effort required, we're in favor of it.

Anti-climax

At the risk of being seriously injured by irate students, we would like to confess that the torn page in the last issue of Dirge was a hoax. There was no caption whatsoever. So, we say, shamey, shamey, on you people with vivid



"Yeah, he's queer—he subscribes to the ELIOT."

imaginations. Again, Purity reigns untarnished.

Intelligent, Huh?

"Intelligence tests show Freshmen here have high average," says Student Life in December. With the unusually small number of Greek-letter pledges being initiated because of low grades last semester, we utter this single statement—"Phooey."

The Best Dressed

Washington University men, living in an urban community, are more or less clothes-conscious. But the fact remains that the Middle West is looked down upon by eastern communities when it comes to clothes.

It is for this reason that Dirge is sponsoring a contest to bring out the best dressed men on the Washington campus. We've run a lot of contests already, but this one, as far as we can determine, can mean a lot. In the first place, it will show what the guys out here can do in the line of dress when they want to, and, in the second place, there's a definite reward offered. A custom-tailored suit of clothes has been donated to the winner by the Losse Tailoring Co. And the lucky lad who wins will have his spring suit troubles practically solved for him.

Good old Freud, of course, discovered that dress rests on a sexual foundation, so we expect lots of it tossed around in the next month.

Purely Personal Piffle

Anyone living in Webster Groves and having no classes on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays earlier than 10:30 will receive a slight reward by communicating with the editorial office . . . that mug that called me up the other morning at 4:30 is known, and will be dealt with later.

And, incidentally, that odorous outrage on Fraternity Row was a crummy trick.

"But, Senor, why do you think you'd make a good bull-fighter?"

"I've graded examination papers for six years."

— D D D —



"My Gawd, Mr. Barrett, are you asking ME to dance?"

—Harvard Lampoon.

"My wife was sick last week."

"Did she kick the bucket?"

"No, she just turned pale."

— D D D —

"Is she a warm date?"

"Her telephone number is Dav-enport oh-oh-oh-oh."

— D D D —

Father and son stood watching the young people dancing before them.

"I bet you never saw any dancing like this back in the nineties, eh Dad?"

"Once—but the place was raided."

— D D D —

"Does she give in easily?"

"She gives out more easily."

— D D D —

Teacher: "Who is president of the United States?"

Little Mary: "Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's husband."

— D D D —

Gals who dress in gowns that cling
Lead men on to have their fling—
But those who wear bright ging-
ham dresses
Just sit at home and comb their
tresses.

— D D D —

CONCERNING MORALITY

I.

There's a girl in our town,
She's as bad as bad,
And her name, I think, is Kitty.
All the men that come aroun'
Say "Pretty Kitty".

II.

There's a girl in our town,
She's as good as good
And I don't think her name is
Kitty.
She sits by the fire all year aroun'
And says, "Pretty Kitty".

O! Halter Hinchell

Dear Clover:

O. K. for another bundle of unclean linen that good old Dame Rumor has tossed to her grandson for airing . . . and item one concerns Stokely Westcott suddenly discovering the pleasantries of social life and gallivanting round with just one gal after another . . . including a Shubert chorus femme . . . and Stoke has the added honor of having a date with Ellen Chamberlain, nee Fisher, the evening previous to her elopement with the Pride of Peoria . . . "She didn't say anything to me about it" admits Stokely . . . I hear that Bitsy Fox with the Gawjuh accent is attempting an entrance with this lad Harvey Johnson . . .

Mary Lee Harney broke a date with Vasey and told Chris (Sylph-like) Kenney, "I'll never date any other boy again" . . . so Vasey has definitely departed from the Pi Phi chapter who have so stepped on his young heart and is getting an entree into the Gamma Phis with the aid and assistance of Elinor Ermes . . . Dotty Coombs, that luscious morsel, is once more batting with the Sig Chis in the shape and form of Steve Hopkins . . . it's old by now, but Jane Schwartz has been decorated by Tim Christopher . . . and, wonder of wonders, who should I see but Mary Lee with a Pi K. A. pin that was issued to J. Soulard Johnson, editor of one of the school publications . . .

The Pippin-Bittner affair is running more-or-less smoothly with a few added complications like Dot Dittman, John Skinner, and Art Bonsack . . . the latter name leading me to offer you the sad tale of—

PIPPIN IS PASSED

or

CRISIS AT 7:30

Lauramae . . .

Mae the Pippin
 simply sittin'
 simply sittin'

dates Bittner

likes Bittner . . .

but Bonsack calls
 and Pippin falls . . .

"Well . . . yes
 I'll go . . .
 I guess."

(But remember . . . she

dates Bittner

likes Bittner . . .)

Weeks pass

alas, poor lass . . .

she hears no more

from Art . . .

awful Art . . .

no heart.

"I'm forgotten"

says the Pippin.

The night arrives . . .

A spirit drives

Bittner to call . . .

(After all . . . she

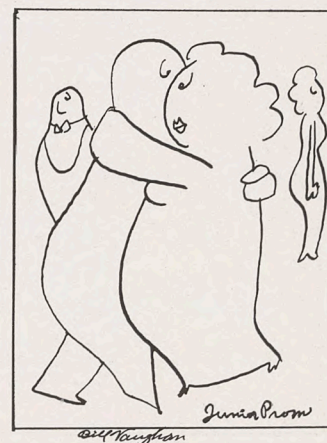
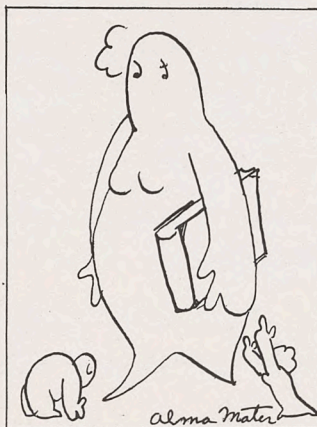
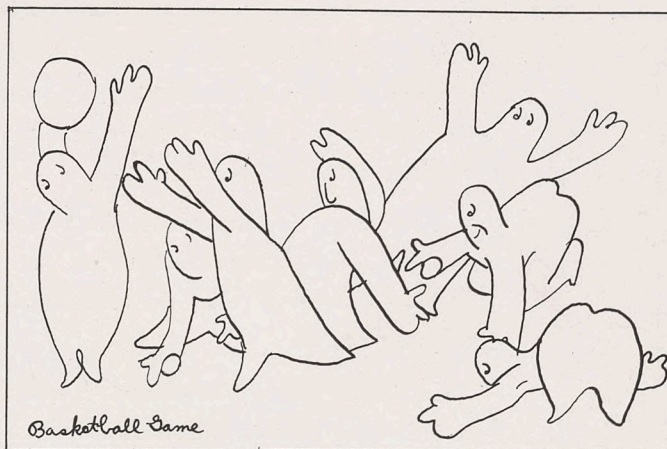
dates Bittner . . .

likes Bittner.)

(Continued on Page 23)

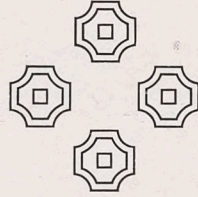
— D D D —

Our Modernistic Artist Gets Tight





CLYDE MCCOY



THE CLASS OF PRESENT

THE beautiful Norwood Country Club will be the scene tonight of Washington University's annual Junior Prom, the climax of the campus' social season.

For weeks, the Junior Class officers, William Keady, Sam Myers, and Bill Rosenbaum, have been working with Jack Brashear, Chairman of the Prom; Jack Hardaway, editor of Hatchet; and Gerald Benson, in charge of decorations. Tonight their work ends when the Queen for 1935 is crowned by Miss Jo Sunkel, retiring Queen.

Following the successful importation of a nationally-known orchestra last year, Clyde McCoy's band will furnish the music for this evening's affair.

In 1927, McCoy organized his own orchestra, and his fame has been steadily rising since then. From 1930 to 1934 he has had engagements at the Drake Hotel in Chicago, where he had a record playing of one year; The Terrace Garden of the Morrison; and the Merry Garden Ballroom.

McCoy is known as a "hot" musician. The Chicago Tribune says:

"What Vincent Lopez does with a piano—

"What Phil Baker does with an accordion—

"What Frankie Trumbauer does with a saxophone—

"Clyde McCoy does with his cornet—he's the maestro of the muted trumpet; the oxy-acetylene blowtorch of jazz rhythm. He's hot!"

He is best known for the recording of his own composition "Sugar Blues", but has done other well-known recordings including "Mood Indigo", "Some of These Days", "Smoke Rings", "Little Women", "In the Cool of the Night", "Black and Tan Fantasy", and our own "St. Louis Blues."

For special entertainment at the Junior Prom, McCoy has made special arrangements of several school songs, and will be accompanied by a male quartet presenting novelty numbers.

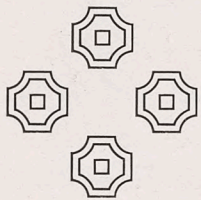
Over 600 people are expected to attend the dance tonight. Decorations will be modernistic in design with white and silver, the color scheme.

Chaperones will include Chancellor and Mrs. Throop and Dean and Mrs. Stephens.

Chairman Brashear, when asked about the dance modestly lowered his eyes until the lashes swept his cheeks, blushed a becoming pink, and retorted: "It will be the most successful Junior Prom ever held."

We leave it up to you to find out.

THE
OF 1935
PRESENTS



—Courtesy, St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Left to right:—MARY STOBIE, CATHERINE BULL, FRANCES PEIL, MARLEE ROSSITER and MARGARET FRECH.

THIRTY-ONE GIRLS dolled up in their spiffiest gowns walked slowly and with great dignity around the Women's Building Lounge.

Three men, Dean Wuerpel, Homer Bassford of the Star-Times, and H. H. Niemeyer of the Post-Dispatch scanned them fore and aft, chalking down comments on slips of paper.

The girls walked around a second time, a third, a fourth, etc. Noses pointing in the breeze, arms hanging stiffly, they maintained almost incredible postures as they stalked around for a fifth time. With but few intermissions, they kept this up for seventeen laps. The judging was rapidly degenerating into a six-day bicycle race when the promenading was suddenly halted.

The tension was terrific. It was so quiet you could hear a Sigma Nu pin drop. And from the melee came five girls—five girls selected for beauty, grace, poise, and whatnot.

From these five will emerge the queen of the 1934 Junior Prom. Look 'em over:

Catherine Bull: Kappa Alpha Theta; freshman; graduate of John Burroughs; has brown hair and brown eyes; height, 5'-5½"; weight, 110 pounds.

Margaret Frech: Delta Gamma; junior; reigning Engineer's Queen; brown hair and blue eyes; height, 5'-4½"; weight, 114 pounds.

Frances Peil: Pi Beta Phi; freshman; graduate of Cleveland H. S.; blonde hair and blue eyes; height, 5'6"; weight, 124 pounds.

Marlee Rossiter: Delta Gamma; sophomore; blonde hair and blue eyes; height, 5'5½"; weight, 125 pounds.

Mary Stobie: Alpha Chi Omega; freshman, graduate of Webster H. S.; light brown hair and blue eyes; height 5'4"; weight, 120 pounds.





"All right, back to the corset department for you, Miss Blotz."
—Penn State Froth.

NEWSPAPER SLIPPINGS

4 INDIANS SHOT DEAD
IN CHECKER GAME FIGHT

—Post-Dispatch.

They jumped their opponents.

* * * *

VIRGIN ISLANDS CHEER
DANISH TRAINING SHIP

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Some fun, eh kid?

* * * *

BRILLIANT GIRL PAYS
\$144 DOLLARS TO SHOW
AT CHARLESTOWN

—Sport page, Post-Dispatch.

We wouldn't have charged her anything.

A POEM

ABOUT FRENCH PEOPLE

Of course, I don't doubt that the
French people are very smart.
They raise fine moustaches and talk
very fast and their art
Is nice too, especially when they
make dresses.
And then, in that matter of ad-
dresses,
There is hardly anybody that can
say that 4496 Cass Avenue
Sounds as nice at 14, Rue de la Rue.
In fact, I like them a good deal, and
their ladies have very good looks,
But I still think it is very silly to put
the CONTENTS page in the back
of their books.

— D D D —

A firm of shipowners wired one
of their captains: "Move heaven
and earth; get here Friday."

When they were becoming an-
xious they received a reply: "Raised
hell; will arrive Thursday."

— D D D —

ANESTHESIA

As a matter of fact
I like girls
With curls.
But as a matter of fact,
My Girl
Hasn't got curls.
And there are many times when I hardly notice it.

— D D D —

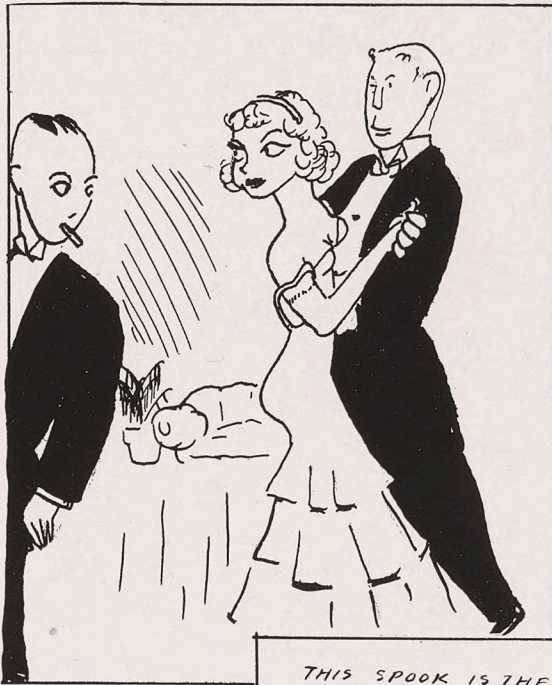
"Boy, you certainly drive nails like lightning."
"Thank you sir, I'm glad you think so."
"Yes, you know lightning never strikes in the
same place twice."

— D D D —

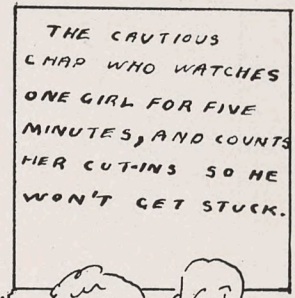
He: "Once for all, I demand to know who is
master in this house?"

She: "You'll be happier if you don't find out."

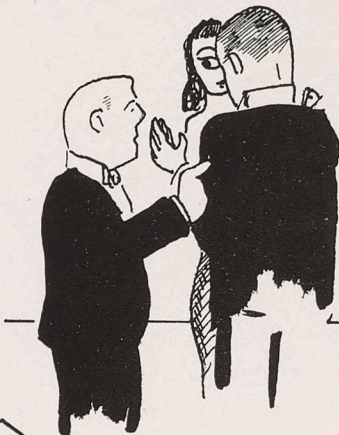
PROM



THE YOUNG LADY WHOSE SHOULDER STRAP IS CONTINUALLY FALLING OFF. THIS GOES BIG WITH THE STAG LINE.



THE CAUTIOUS CHAP WHO WATCHES ONE GIRL FOR FIVE MINUTES, AND COUNTS HER CUT-INS SO HE WON'T GET STUCK.

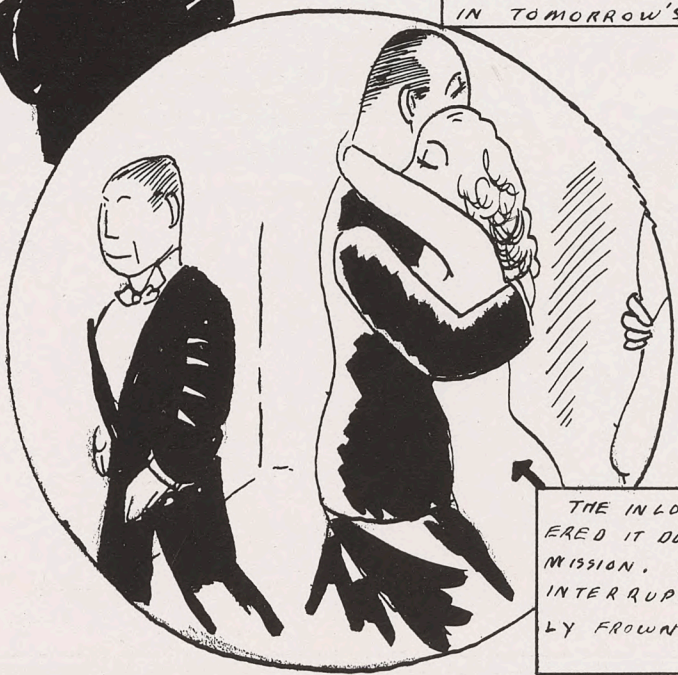


THIS SPOOK IS THE FUNNY MAN WHO PANICS EVERYBODY BY PERFORMING ON THE BAND'S INSTRUMENTS DURING THE INTERMISSION. THE TRUMPET PLAYER IS LOOKING ON IN GREAT AMUSEMENT

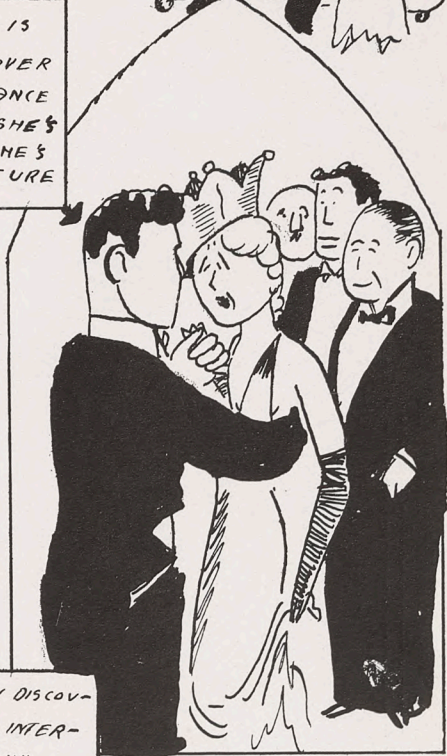
THE CHAPERONE AT 12:10



THE QUEEN!! THE CROWN IS A BIT TOO LARGE AND HANGS OVER ONE EAR. EVERY GUY AT THE DANCE CUTS HER AT LEAST ONCE, AND SHE'S HAVING A HELL OF A TIME. SHE'S ALSO WORRIED ABOUT THE PICTURE IN TOMORROW'S PAPER.



THE IN LOVE COUPLE. THEY DISCOVERED IT DURING THE FIRST INTERMISSION. FROM NOW ON ANY INTERRUPTIONS WILL BE SEVERELY FROWNED UPON.



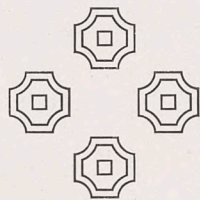
Bill + H.E. VAUGHAN

CAMPUS CHA



That blond guy that has been dashing madly around the campus for the last two weeks muttering to himself phrases about "Bernie Cummins . . . Agnew is out . . . long-distance call from Chicago . . ." is none other, of course, than Jack Brashear, Chairman of the Junior Prom.

Jack was in love once—at the age of seven. Refers to himself now as "a cynical bachelor." Does not like the "hot" type of girl, wants them gentle and ladylike, "a pleasant companion." Likes spinach and carrots but hates fish. Likes to swing around on soda fountain chairs and confesses putting his shoes on in the morning before his trousers. Favorite colors are red and blue. Is a sports writer and cartoonist. Asked what he thought about being Chairman of the Junior Prom and one of the most prominent men in the Junior Class, he replied tersely and distinctly, "Nuts."

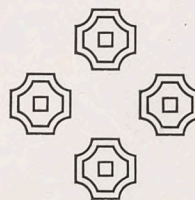


CHARACTURES



At approximately 10:30 p.m. on March 3, 1933, the lights in the ballroom of Norwood Country Club were turned down, a fanfare of trumpets rang out, and into a bright spotlight stepped the Queen of the 1933 Junior Prom. Jo Sunkel, small, blonde, and pretty, had received the choicest honor that university society could bestow.

Jo admits she feels a little sad as she thinks of being retiring queen tonight and regards her selection last year as the biggest thrill of her life. She offers her sympathy to the incoming queen "if her crown is too large like mine was." Her chief attraction at school is athletics, at which she's a star, and she also likes athletes, particularly if they're tall with dark curly hair. A steak dinner with french fried potatoes on the side constitutes her one big passion. When she graduates she wants to take a long southern cruise. Asked about the fire that consumes, replied simply, "Love is grand."



Journalistic Interlude

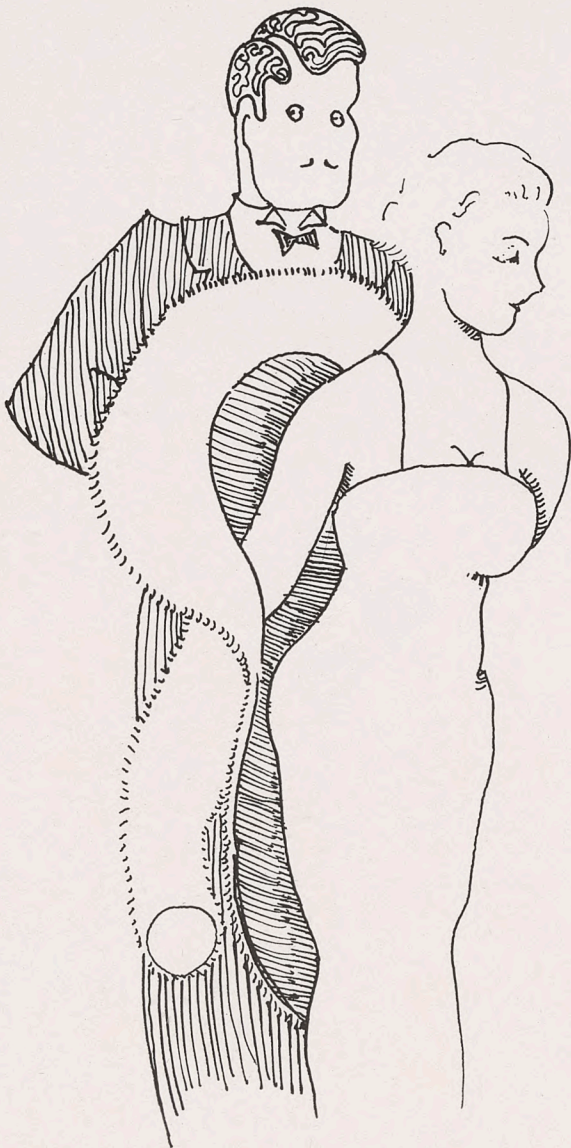
I have no idea how long I had been lying on one of the tables in the Student Life office, trying to put the International Relations Club into an 18-count headline, when the pigeon-hole boxes immediately alongside my head let out a terrific screech, jumped off the table, and transformed themselves into Conway, who immediately hung by his toes from the door frame, shouting all the while,

"Fifty thousand words—thirty thousand words—everybody work—work—work. Million inches advertising—work—work—work.

Boom! Boom! Boom!
Call up the Pi Phi Room!"

With that he copy-read four stories with his left hand and subsequently dissolved into a dumbbell and an Indian club and rolled under a table.

Whereupon a considerable number, somewhat



"Letting the cat out of the bag, or—."

above thirty-two, young men and boys emerged from the News Bureau amid the blaring of horns and the peeping of fifes, not to mention the extraordinary noise of drums, of which there was a great preponderance, and betook themselves to marching, exuding this martial music as they thumped and rumbled in and out the typewriters. At each revolution, so to speak, an inspired figure seated in the corner would rise, whistle two bars of "The Stars and Stripes Forever", and between these **moments musicales** would apply himself frantically, with closed eyes, to a typewriter in which was inserted a torn and battered sheet, headed:

eDittoxial

tHz nEW deAL fxR thE XXXXX baND,
though I coul dread, in semi-X'ed-out condition,
"RoOty-toOT FOR FALKEhEINER", and
"TOotle, tooTLE, COLLEGE MaN."

Indeed, as the music swelled to a greater degree of booming and squawking, the whistling and the typing came at more and more frequent intervals, until typewriter, instruments, and Johnson glowed in white heat and disappeared in a puff of smoke, leaving only a friendless Underdog with his tail between his legs.

The smoke itself had no sooner disappeared than a terrific clatter burst from the copy-box, and a figure approximately the size of a hazel nut, shot out, tearing the yellow paper from its hair, and forthwith assuming normal human size, the clatter increasing proportionately. Since this racket was interrupted periodically when he stooped to bite the punctuation marks off the typewriters, I forthwith mounted upon his shoulders, and we careened about the place, screaming, "Bronfenbrenner, Bronfenbrenner, International Relations Association", interspersed with alternate beatings on the filing cases and pounding with the News Bureau dictionaries. At this very instant we threw out Bronfenbrenner and the International Relations Association, and from that point on the headline was very easy to write, and was done in perfect form, as follows:

**STUMP DEBATES WITH
OOKY POO, OOKY POO.**

**We Come Here To Bury Caesar
Ooky Poo, Ooky Poo
Pooky!**

As the very last **Pooky** fitted impeccably into place, my friend's shoulders, of course, dissolved, and I went rattling down his vertebrae onto the floor, an

(Continued on Page 20)

You Know How It Is

Dec. 16—Migawd, Diary, I've got a date for the Prom! From now on, I'm on the wagon. And three bucks for a ticket; two for a corsage; four for spiritual relaxation. But maybe I can get a complimentary ticket.

Jan. 4—Prom will be in March. Saw my date today. She said "Hi, there." Can't these damn co-eds cough up a decent "Hello"? Am flat broke. But maybe I can get a comp to the Prom.

Jan. 15—Prom will be March 2. Guy Lombardo will play. Said "Howdy" to Prom Manager today. Maybe I can get a comp.

Jan. 16—Prom will be March 9. Wayne King will play. Offered Prom Manager a cigarette. I might get a comp yet.

Jan. 18—March 2 set as final date of Prom. Wayne King wanted too much. Hal Kemp and Ted Weems will alternate at dance. Looks plenty good. Hope I can get a comp.

Jan. 25—Prom called off. No money. My worries are over.

Jan. 26—Prom on again. Jan Garber will practically play for nothing. Dance will be sometime in April. Borrowed a cigarette from Prom manager.

Feb. 9—Prom tentatively set for March 2. Prom Manager is looking considerably older. Think I'll ask him for a comp tomorrow. He looks weak.

Feb. 10—The son-ova-gun wasn't weak enough. Local band, Pete's Palookas, will play at Prom. I oughta go to a show that night.

Feb. 28—Saw my date today in a strong light. I think I'll cut out the corsage and get another pint. Two more days. My last bid for a comp turned down. I'll get even with that guy. And I voted twice for him when he was running for sergeant-at-arms of the freshman class.

March 2—Ah, the Great Day! Got up at noon, cut all classes. Took a nap at 1:10 p.m. Sent corsage of sunflowers to my date. 7 p.m. Got up. Shirt arrived. Started dressing. 9 p.m. Still dressing. Forgot to shave and had to undress again. My studs didn't match and there wasn't any black shoe polish. Kicked younger brother in teeth for laughing while I was inserting collar button. 10:30 p.m. Got date. 11:00 p.m. Had three high-balls apiece. 11:20 p.m. Arrived at prom. Same old bunch. Same old orchestra. 11:50 p.m. Got slapped during intermission. Was merely trying to find the cigarette I dropped. Had four more highballs. 12:10 a.m. Lost six-bits in crap-game. Killed rest of what I had. 3:40 a.m. Woke up on lavatory floor. Attendant was smacking me in the mush with damp towel. 4:15 a.m. Arrived home. Couldn't find date. Or maybe

she couldn't locate me. And all she had to do was open the door marked "Gents" and find me. But, Jeez, I had a swell time. I can hardly wait for next year. I'll get a date for it tomorrow.

— D D D —

The worms were working away in dead earnest . . . poor Earnest.

— D D D —

1.

Hickory Dickory Dock
Two mice ran up the clock.
The clock struck one . . .
What happened to the other?

2.

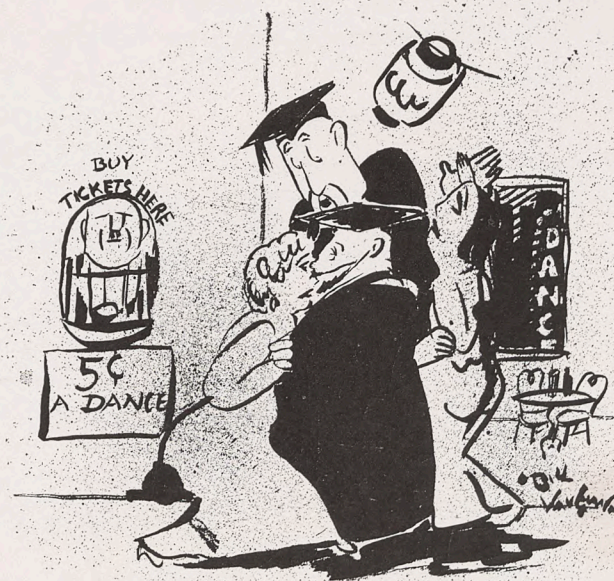
Mary had a lil' snake
She bought it for a penny.
But as for hips, it hadn't any.
It was everything that a snake should be.

3.

Mary had a lil' lamb
Its fleece was black as ink.
It chewed the paper off the wall
And spit it in the sink.

— D D D —

Zo. Instructor: "What's a bacteria?"
Student: "The hind end of a cafeteria, teacher."



"I don't like to say anything, Professor Schmaltz, but are you SURE this is the Junior Prom?"

Private Life of a Dance Chairman

(Prom Day)

- 8:00—Rise and moan about the rain.
 8:00-8:15—Vigorous setting up exercises, with special attention to knee-bending and shoulder-sway.
 8:15—Drink one glass of orange juice, in accordance with diet of past two weeks.
 8:20-8:35—Dress for classes.
 8:35-9:00—Study for classes (optional).
 9:05—Leave for classes.
 9:30-12:30—In classes (figure possible success and profits).
 12:30-1:00—Light lunch, consisting of two slices of toast, plate of spinach, and half of one grapefruit.
 1:00-2:00—Rest and relax.
 2:00—Call Dress Suit Company about getting "tails."
 2:10—Call florist on chances of a complimentary corsage for partner.
 2:40—Visit ballroom, scene of dance. Go through twenty minutes of shadow dancing. Practice bowing, smiling and mumbling "Nicetaseeya."
 3:30—Bawl out manager about condition of floor.
 3:45—Distribute any kind of handbills on downtown corner to get wrists in shape for handing out programs and favors (optional).
 4:30—Jog one mile.
 5:30-6:30 Rest and relax.
 6:30-7:30—Drink glass of milk and eat plate of vegetable soup, salad.
 7:30-8:30—Hunt tux shirt.
 8:30-9:00—Hunt studs.
 9:00-9:10—Bathe (optional).
 9:10-9:30—Dress, lose collar button.
 9:30-9:40—Ten minutes of warm-up dancing to radio orchestra.

- 9:40-10:00—Go for partner.
 10:30—Arrive at scene of dance.
 10:35—Take bracer in back room.
 10:40—Take bracer in back room.
 10:45—Calm down partner.
 10:50—Take bracer in back room.
 10:55—Take bracer in back room.
 11:00—Lead the grand march, with splitting headache.
 11:25—Pass out.

—Pitt Panther.

— D D D —

Wisecrack Yourself a Free Box of Life Savers!

Now your pet wisecracks can get you more than a grin. Here's a prize contest where your funny-bone can tickle your sweet tooth.

Send us in your best laugh-maker. An attractive cellophane wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors will be awarded for the best joke submitted each month by one of the students.

Contributions will be judged by the editors of this publication and the right to publish any jokes is reserved. All Editors' decisions are final.

How about that wisecrack you like to pull? Win a sweet prize with it.

— D D D —

Journalistic Interlude

(Continued from Page 18)

experience which I should not like to repeat.

As a matter of fact, this was not what really woke me up at all, but simply that one of the women sport writers had kicked me off the table, depositing me in an indeterminate position, which I maintained, while the soft murmuring of I-W-A--A-I-CH-E--W-S-G-A--A-S-M-E--Z-B-T that trickled into my ears from the copy desk lulled me into a peaceful and dreamless sleep.

— D D D —

Chorus girl (to boy friend): "Hello, big boy, feeling up to scratch tonight?"

B. F.: "I dunno, where's the scratch?"

— D D D —

The sparrow and the elephant may illustrate the old adage about two living as cheep as one, but a pair of sparrows shows that two can live chipper than one.



"Has puppy been alone all day?"

—Yale Record.

THE BLOOM BOX

Delmar at Skinker Road

Makes lovely Corsages as low
as 75 cents

Phone CA bany 9101 We Deliver

A Freshman's Prayer

"God bless mother and father. Bless my little brother and sisters, and friends. And good-bye God, I'm going to college."

—Tiger.

— D D D —

Doc: "When did you first suspect that your husband was not all right mentally?"

Mrs. Jones: "When he shook the halltree and began feeling around on the floor for apples."

—Ollapod.

— D D D —

"Why, half the pages of this novel are blank!"

"Well, you'll notice that the hero and heroine quarrel on page 145, and never speak again."

—Mugwump.

— D D D —

Hostess (to musician): "Would you care to play a little polka?"

Musician: "Draw or stud?"

—Penn State Froth.

— D D D —

Once a master mindreader met a beautiful young newcomer to his profession. She immediately slapped his face.

Whereupon he drew himself up in a dignified manner. "Madam, you are mistaken!" he said, "such a thing was farthest from my mind!"

—Lake Forest Student.

—FRATERNITY JEWELERS—

L. G. BALFOUR CO.

Serves 540 national organizations under contract.

6625 DELMAR BLVD.
Room 309

CAbany 1100

If he's smart, he won't go poking his nose in my father's business.

What's your father do?

He's in the fertilizer business.

—Phoenix.

— D D D —

Old: "What's a censor?"

Line: "A censor is a person that can see three meanings to a joke that has only two meanings."

—Red Cat.

— D D D —

Repetition

Upper Classman (to Plebe who returned early from the Masqueraders): "It's only ten o'clock, wasn't the show any good?"

Plebe: "Sure, it was all right."

Upper Classman: "But why didn't you stay for the last act?"

Plebe: "What for? It says on the program, 'Act 3 same as Act 1.'"

—The Log.

TASTE TESTED COFFEE

Morath

Coffee Specialists

Central
6980

Ninth at
St. Charles

"You know, there's something about you that I like."

"Not really—well, try and get it."

—Wampus.

— D D D —

Tobacco manufacturers say that this country now has several good five cent cigars. The trouble is that they sell at two for a quarter.

—Grinnell Malteaser.

— D D D —

According to our fraternity caterers, what's right is right, and what's left is hash.

—Penn State Froth.

— D D D —

"Waiter, here's a half-buck for you."

"Yes sir. Do you want to reserve a table?"

"No. When I bring my girl friend in here tonight, tell us they're all reserved."

—Cribbed.

FRANK SCHWARTZ Says:

What a combination for power, efficiency, and economy. LIVON-ZOOM MOTOR OIL & D-X LUBRICATING GASOLINE. Car washing, expert greasing, finest car polishing—all at lowest prices.

LIVON-ZOOM OIL CO.
5812 DELMAR AVE.

"Sunflower seeds are good bait for rat traps."—Arizona Daily Star.

But who wants to catch a rat trap?

—Kitty-Kat.

— D D D —

"Be Prepared"

On rainy days, when the lecturer waxes unusually dull, we sit and chuckle quietly to ourselves over the story of a certain freshman. We shall call him Oscar. Oscar was being rushed by a certain fraternity. The brothers had him cornered in the living room, and were giving him the old pep talk. Finally it was decided that Oscar was just the man the house needed, so the president approached him. "Oscar, would you like to go upstairs...?" Oscar, who religiously lived up to his Boy Scout motto, blushed prettily, and answered, "No, thanks—I attended to that before I came."

—Cornell Widow.

— D D D —

He: "I would like to have some good old fashioned loving."

She: "OK, come out to the house and I'll introduce you to Grandma."

—Exchange.

— D D D —

"Where are you going with that?"
"Ahm takin' this heah rug out ta sweep."

"Rug? That's my towel."

—Exchange.

CAbany 8800-01

Paul T. Heil Florist

6142-44 Delmar Blvd.
St. Louis, Mo.

Special price for student corsages

O! Halter Hinchell

(Continued from Page 11)

"A date?"
 says Bittner
 "Too late,"
 says Pippin
 "I have a date
 I think,
 with Bonsack"
 Awful Art
 No heart.

But Bittner's nice
 "Call me up
 at 7:30 if
 Art's unfair
 But no later, for
 I won't be there"

Art is late
 to tell the truth,
 he never comes
 And Pippin sits
 and twiddles thumbs.

Suddenly
 she blinks
 and thinks
 "I'll call back Bittner."
 (You know . . . she
 dates Bittner
 likes Bittner)

But, it's very sad
 too bad
 Lauramae,
 You're late
 it's twenty to eight
 The telephone
 a moan
 alone

Bittner has left
 Pippin's bereft.
 Lauramae

Mae the Pippin
Simply sittin'
Simply sittin'.

Betsy Howell, the flaming Pi Phi, confines her attentions strictly to off-campus guys Jo Kumbera and Frank Marshall have made up in case you didn't know they had had an argument and Eleanor Hopkins and Mavrakos have finally split with the Greek seeking off-campus consolation Bill Morgan and Mary Noland are headin' for the central aisle Harper Allan has finally become reconciled to Chris Siegmund's affections turning elsewhere the Opal Fitzsimmons is now playing the boys with the five-armed cross Virginia Emig has a Little Hero away from this fair school



"Getting any fresh air, honey?"

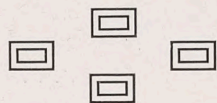
—Penn. State Froth.

. . . . Fred Varney is still going great with the pulchritudinous Rose Eleanor Findlay of Visitation the J. Kane-M. Kerwin affair is blazing successfully to hear Miss Marcella Hickey, there's lots of gold fraternity pins in that thar dresser drawer at home.

I'd like to get the straight stuff on this B. Trembley-Shorty Fisher affair. Anyway, it seems Ruth Hicks was told off for attempted larceny but this Fisher boy claims to have been burned previously by a gal that he almost married, and refuses to get serious anymore, Pi Phi charms being what they may Jack Weaver, Walter Lorch's biggest rival for the Quad Club lead, is on the auction block for practically any female bidder Frances Van Matre is sewed up, off-campus the Pi Phis certainly must look good to the K.A. lads, the way they're marrying 'em Kibby Henry and Jim Miller have finally gotten into the rut a few Sig Chis have been dating Louise (Stand up straight) LaRue, but their intentions were evidently light 'cause they turned away when she moved way out to Geyer Road James Coyne, handsome second semester boy from U. City is going steady with Jane Maney

Ginny Noell has shown Junior (You love to touch) Conrad the entrance to her home as

(Continued on Page 24)



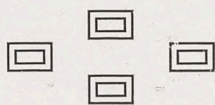
Who is the Best Dressed Man on Our Fair Campus?

Have you ever wondered why one man looks better than another when physiognomies are almost identical? Maybe it's the clothes he's wearing.

There are a lot of well-dressed men walking around here in sartorial obscurity. But Dirge will drag out his trusty spotlight and flash it on them. Only we need the valuable assistance of the students out here.

Figure It Out For Yourself, Folks

and you can express your ideas in a couple of weeks. More complete announcements will be made later in this effort to ferret out the best-dressed male in these here parts.



SHALLCROSS
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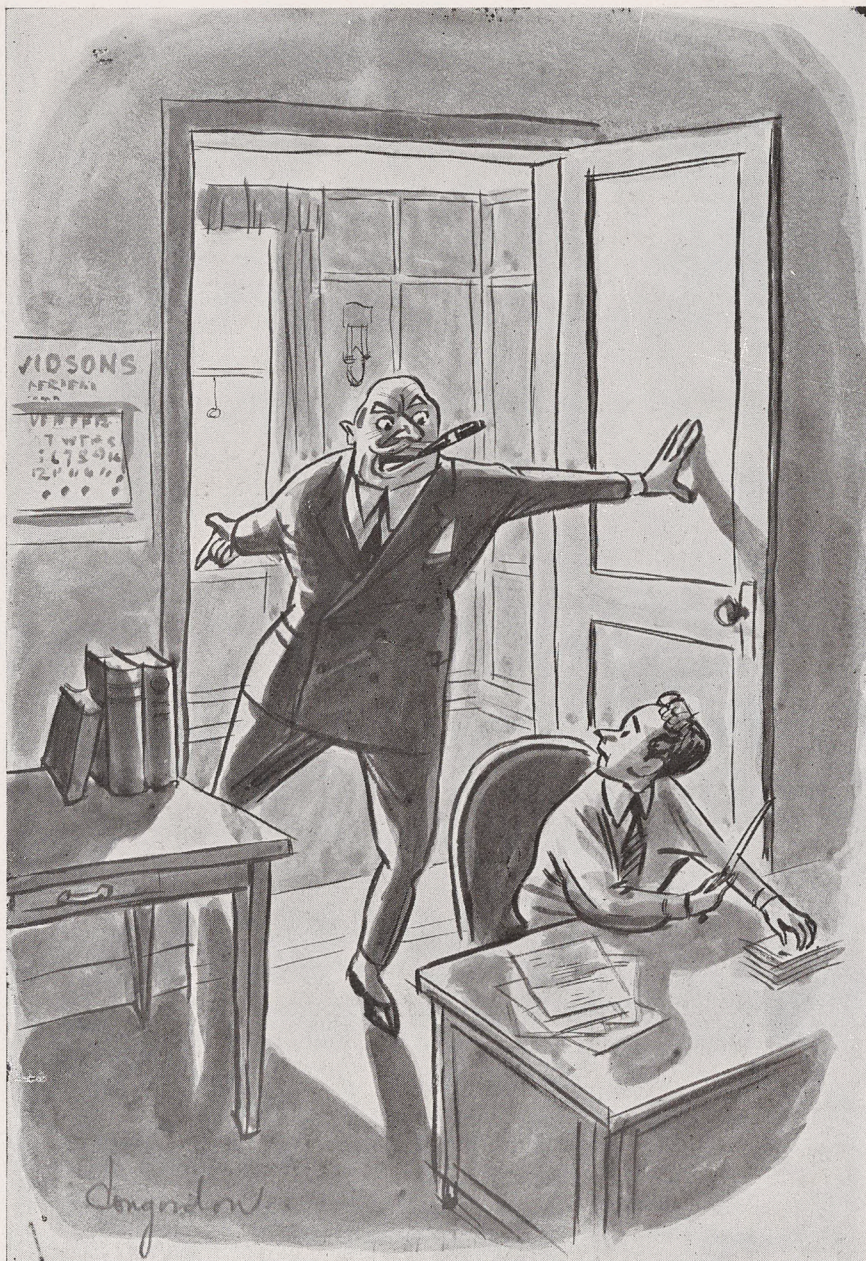
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He: "I can't see what keeps co-eds from freezing."

She: "You're not supposed to, Mister!"

—Purple Parrot.



"Who the hell spit in that new cuspidor?"

—Penn. State Froth.

O! Halter Hinchell

(Continued from Page 22)

has Ruth Harms similarly to Bill Eaton . . . Jack (Joe E. Brown) Stoddard admits that Cotton Siegmund could tie him up and take him home, anytime . . . So Bill Christie went Beta because he thought that the men in the other fraternity he considered talked about girls too much . . . what do the Betas talk about? . . . I hate to say so, but virtue has a difficult battle with picnic dates—and so . . .

John Eales and Sue Chaplin are finished . . . Byron Herbert has the shield and dagger of Phee Delta Theta on the bosom of Kathryn Hampton from U. City . . . well, Clover, what with Spring coming on, and a few hundred new actives, we can expect lots of feminine fronts to flaunt fraternity finery.

Yours,

In snivelling secrecy,

O! Halter Hinchell.

— D D D —

"Have you heard the old refrain?"

"No."

"That's right."

—Rice Owl.

— D D D —

"My car was stolen last night."

"Did you see the thief?"

"No, but I got his license number."

—Wittenberg Witt.

— D D D —

Professors' daughters by me marched,
Their lovely eyebrows Gothic arched,
And, flying buttressed from behind,
They showed disdain for all mankind.

—Yale Record.

— D D D —

Caller: "Is your mother engaged?"

Little Boy: "I think she's married."

—West Point Pointer.

— D D D —

She: "What's a saw horse?"

He: "Fast tense of a sea horse."

—Purple Parrot.

— D D D —

The Devil sends the wicked wind
To raise the skirts thigh high
But Heav'n is just
And sends the dust
To close the bad man's eye.

—Red Cat.

— D D D —

Him (telephoning): "Is my wife home?"

Maid: "No. Who shall I say called?"

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer.

— D D D —

What this country needs is a good zipper olive bottle.

—Awgwan.

WASHINGTON'S 1934

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AND HIS RECORDING
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!! TONIGHT !!



- somehow
I just like to
give you a light

*They
Satisfy*

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the cigarette that's MILDER • the cigarette that TASTES BETTER

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