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Washington University Dirge: "Wal, I'll be Blowed, It's the Fourth of July" Number

The Dirge, St. Louis, Missouri

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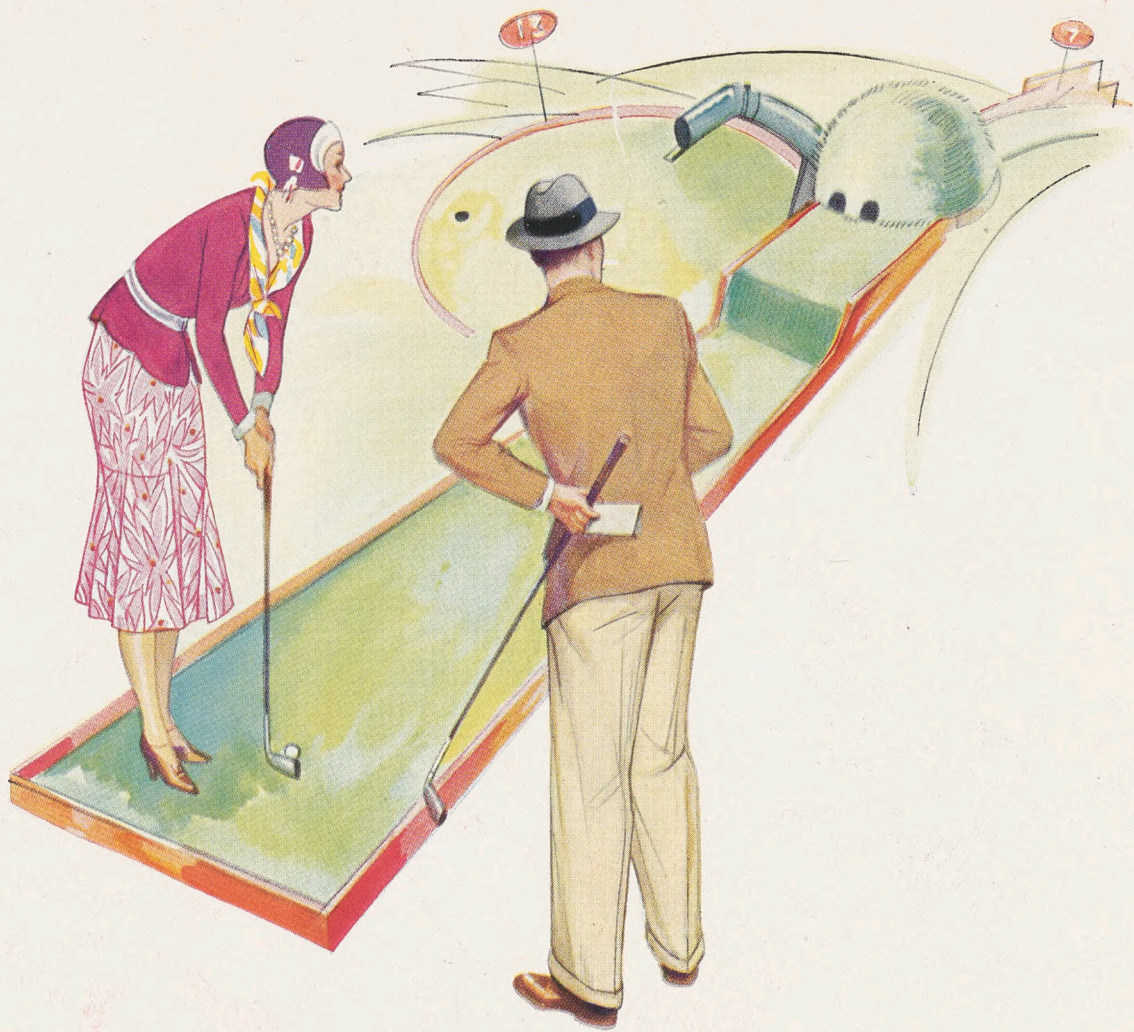
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The DIRGE 25¢

NOVEMBER • 1930



"WAL, I'LL BE BLOWED, IT'S THE
FOURTH OF JULY NUMBER"



The biggest little antidote
for over-work since the invention of Tom Thumb
golf . . . *cigarettes that really SATISFY!*



Chesterfield
MILDER . . AND BETTER TASTE

*Kodaks
Cine' Kodaks
Kodak Supplies
Photo Finishing*

Eastman Kodak Stores

1009 Olive

Kodak Building

CEntral 9770

No Bull

Ambition is a thing to be shunned. Take the example of the street cleaner who was over ambitious and had his face kicked in.

—Ohio State Sun Dial

— D D D —

Although he was a tattooer's son, he couldn't get any designs on her, as she was an architect's daughter and had other plans.

—Log

— D D D —

Such Patriotism!

The meanest man in the world is the man in the canoe who plays "Star Spangled Banner" on his uke in the midst of a crowd of nude, terrified, ducking girls.

—Siren

— D D D —

"That's a nice pleated dress that girl has on!"
"Yeah. A case of 'Pleats Keep Hands Off' I guess."

—Octopus

— D D D —

1st Student: "Back down south we like our liquor strong and our women weak."

2nd Ditto: "And out west we like our liquor hard and our women soft."

3rd Inmate: "Sure, but around here we like our liquor straight and our women curved."

—Gargoyle

— D D D —

The Sociable Barber

Victim: "Cut the whole three short."

Barber: "What three?"

Victim: "Hair, whiskers, and chatter."

—Rammer-Jammer

Absorbine This One

Athlete's foot is composed of twelve itches.

—Octopus

— D D D —

Freshman: "I want some paint without lead in it."

Salesman: "What do you mean?"

Freshman: "I was told to get the lightest colors you have."

—Punch Bowl

— D D D —

Co-ed's Version of it:

Like father—love son.

—Red Cat

— D D D —

A college girl

Is like a cop—

When she gets hard

It's time to stop.

—K. U. Sour Owl

— D D D —

Have you heard the joke about the sailor and the queen?

No, you filthy thing.

—Longhorn

— D D D —

Was he right?—A small boy was asked to write an essay in as few words as possible on two of life's greatest problems. He wrote: "Twins."

— D D D —

"Got hell from my prof today for something I didn't even do."

"Lousy, what was it?"

"My math assignment."

—Gargoyle

FOR

Delicious Sandwiches

Joseph Garavelli's

DeBaliviere and DeGiverville

"Hello, My Friend"

We Call Your Attention to the Fact

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

CASH PRIZE

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

Contributions may include stories, jokes, or cartoons.

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

All contributions for the December Issue must be in by Saturday, December 6.

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

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

"My girl won't speak to me."

"Why not?"

I sent her flowers for her birthday which is three days before Mother's Day."

"Yeah?"

"And they were delayed three days!"

—*Octopus*

— D D D —

We know a man who's getting so bald headed that he has to tie a string around his forehead to tell how far up to wash his face.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*

— D D D —

First Freshman: "I just bought a nickel eraser."

Second Dummy: "Whyn't you get a rubber one?"

—*Octopus*

— D D D —

My Flame

A girl from out west of Saint Paul

Made a newspaper dress for a ball;

She made a great hit,

'Till somehow she got lit,

And burned, funny section and all.

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo*

Him: "You don't smoke?"

Her: "Nup!"

Him: "An' you don't drink?"

Her: "Nup!"

Him: "By George, I'm coming out and see you some time—you must do something!"

—*Louisville Satyr*

— D D D —

Dum: "She's a virtuoso, they tell me.

Bell: "Don't let them kid you; I've been out with that baby."

—*Log*

— D D D —

Six Ways to Make Any Fraternity You Want

1. Drive up to the house in a Rolls Royce.
2. Drive up to the house in a Cord.
3. Drive up to the house in a Cadillac 16.
4. Drive up to the house in an Hispano Suiza.
5. Drive up to the house in an Isotta Fraschini.
6. Drive up to the house in a Dusenburg.

—*Bucknell Belle Hop*

— D D D —

"I want to trade this roadster for a coupe."

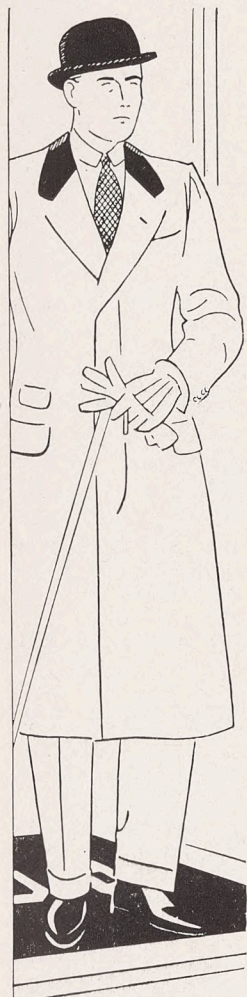
"What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing, only I quit chewing tobacco."

—*Wabash Caveman*

VANITY FAIR

NOV. 3 to 8, 1930

WHEN A CHESTERFIELD IS
CORRECT

VANITY FAIR

The dark gray, black or dark blue Chesterfield overcoat, illustrated on the accompanying figure is one of a man's formal overcoats. Only two other types are considered more formal; the Inverness cape and a strictly dress overcoat with silk-faced lapels.

The Chesterfield is strictly a town coat and should be worn with the more formal, darker business suits and accessories. A white starched collar is the appropriate one to wear with the outfit. A white silk muffler, even for business wear, is considered correct. And, of course, a black bowler is preferable to other types of hats.

A velvet collar for the coat, as illustrated here, is generally worn, although a few men have it replaced by a cloth collar to match the coat.

Strictly formal in its lines, the Chesterfield has a slightly fitted waist, a rather straight-hanging skirt and a center vent at the rear. Sleeves are finished without cuffs. A fly-front is preferable to one that buttons through, and a small outside change pocket is a neat touch.

A coat of this sort may be worn in the evening with a dinner jacket or a tailcoat, and it is correct as well with the cutaway for formal day dress.

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

(Copyright, 1930, by Vanity Fair)

Macbeth: "Where the Hell are those three old hags, Banquo?"

Voice from Nowhere: "Don't get excited, Mac old dear, and we'll bewitches in a minute."

—Octopus

a confidential note to the Governor about Christmas

Start it off something like this

Dear Pater:

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

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

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

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

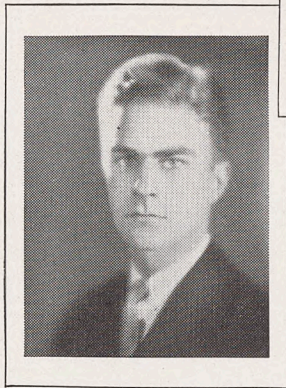
Thanks Dad

(Sign here)

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

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

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



MR. HAROLD JAEGER,
a Wisconsin man



MISS FRANCES LEE,
a Vassar girl

Your correspondents on college styles

College Humor Magazine introduces these two young people, recently appointed to the editorial staff. Each month they will inform you of the modern trend of fashion.

You will meet them each month in the pages of this magazine, and since they will be visiting colleges constantly, perhaps before long you may meet them in person on your own campus.

Alert, keen, so recently out of school themselves that they can easily keep their fingers on the pulse of those influences which affect college styles and customs, you may follow their predictions and know that you are unerringly correct in your dress.

They are ready to help you with any problems your wardrobe may present, with advice and information. This is a service College Humor is happy to offer to college men and women.

College Humor

M A G A Z I N E

"Just why does the sun set?"

Answer: "So it can hatch another day."

—Burr

— D D D —

Sign in public dance hall—HE WHO HESITATES IS NOT DANCING.

—Medley

— D D D —

She was only a fireman's daughter, but she was nobody's fuel.

—The Siren

— D D D —

Blue eyes gaze at mine.—

Vexation.

Soft hands clasped in mine.—

Palpitation.

Fair hair brushing mine.—

Expectation.

Red lips close to mine.—

Temptation.

Lithe body close to mine.—

Aspiration.

Footsteps.—

Damnation.

—West Point Pointer

— D D D —

A group of freshmen were laughing heartily at a joke one of them had told when a burly sophomore pounced upon them.

"What are you crumbs laughing at," he sneered as he clenched his fist.

"Oh nothing; we're just so glad to be here," they answered.

—Kitty Kat

— D D D —

"Ha, ha, that's a yolk on me," said the Swedish lady as she dropped an egg on her chest.

—Anonymous

— D D D —

He: "Listen, you golf bug."

She: "Where do you get that golf bug stuff? I don't play golf."

He: "Well, you try to go around in as little as possible."

—Moonshiner

— D D D —

First Phi Sig: "Where can I get ahold of a good Tri-Delt?"

Second dope: "Around the waist, and if she resists, she's no Tri-Delta."

—Siren

— D D D —

"I'm engaged," said the taxi driver.

"I hope you'll be happy," said the sweet little innocent.

—Red Cat

— D D D —

The collegiate Distress Signal:

\$ O \$

—Colorado Do Do

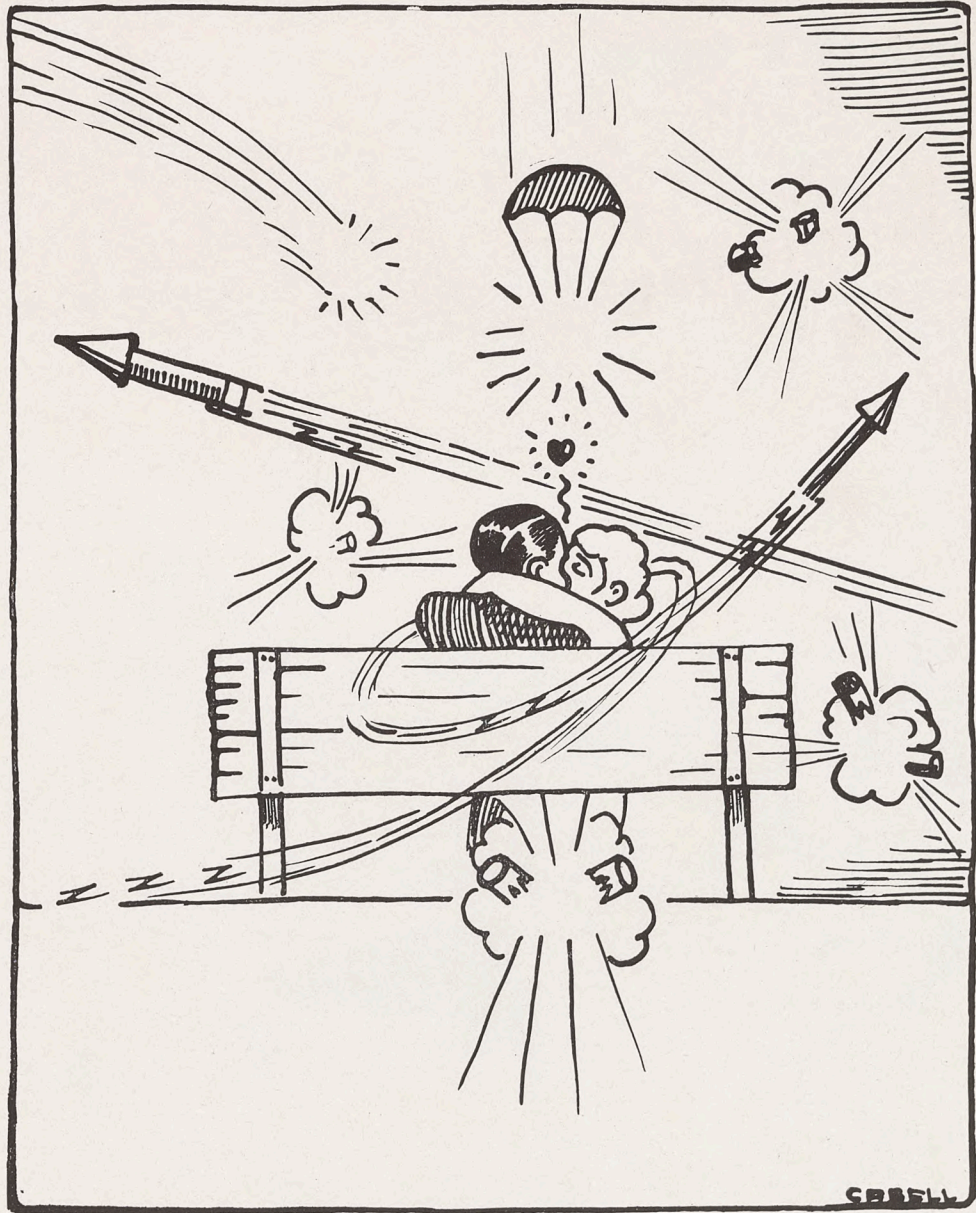
— D D D —

Any taxi driver can make a running broad jump.

—Blue Jacket

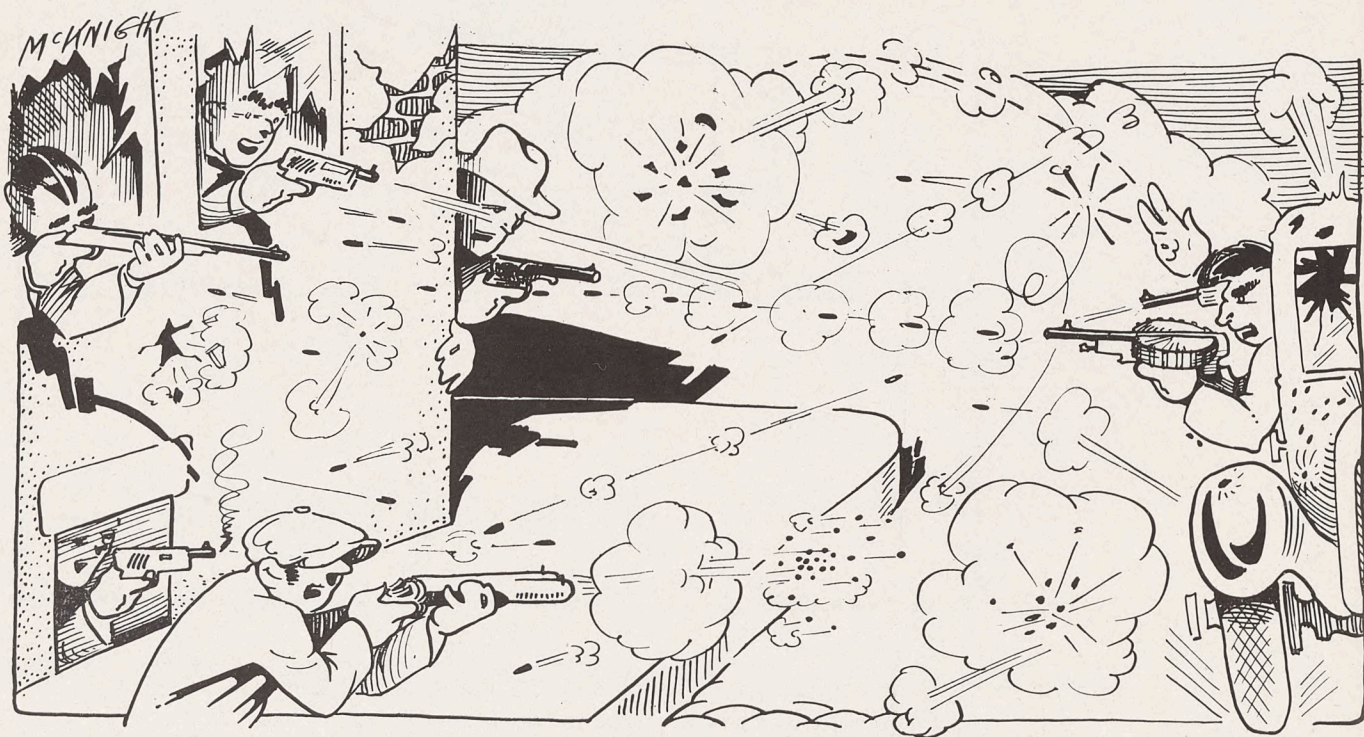
Just for the hell of it— — —

A Fourth of July Number[★] of "Dirge"



★ For the benefit of Student Life Critics, all material pertaining to Fourth of July is marked with an Asterisk.

★To those dear old Chicago gangsters—“beer today and gun tomorrow”—who showed this country what a real Fourth of July celebration could be, we dedicate this month’s opus.



(*See page 5)

The
DIRGE
"Jest in Peace"
*Fourth of July Number**

*There wouldn't be nearly so many historical points of interest in the East to-day if George Washington had been troubled with insomnia.

— D D D —

*Cook-book catchwords: "Don't fry 'til you see the whites of the eggs."

— D D D —

*Patriotic man, in 1776, whose helpmeet becomes a nurse: "I regret that I have but one wife to give to the service of my country."

— D D D —

The "Dirge" should print snappy jokes, for as the old maxim puts it "Nothing risqued, nothing gained".

— D D D —

Lind: "What do you think of Jane's figure?"

Berg: "Too angular for me."

Lind: "She's acute kid, though."

— D D D —

The Liquor Song: "Buy Buy Booze."

The Farmer's Song: "Sow Beets, My Heart, For You."

— D D D —

Martin Bronfenbrenner has bought a new Freshman cap. He finds it cheaper than Sloan's liniment, even in quantity lots.

*George Washington, during the Civil War, came very close to being the father of twins.

— D D D —

*John Paul Jones with a patented cigarette lighter: "It has not yet begun to light."

— D D D —

*We submit that the gent who bought this issue of Dirge is like a slightly used fire-cracker, because he's blown two bits.

— D D D —

The Austin dealers report a shortage of cars.

— D D D —

It wasn't H. L. Mencken that got married last summer; it was just his "alter-ego".

— D D D —

History Prof: "Where did the Franks originate?"
Stewed: "Coney Island."

— D D D —

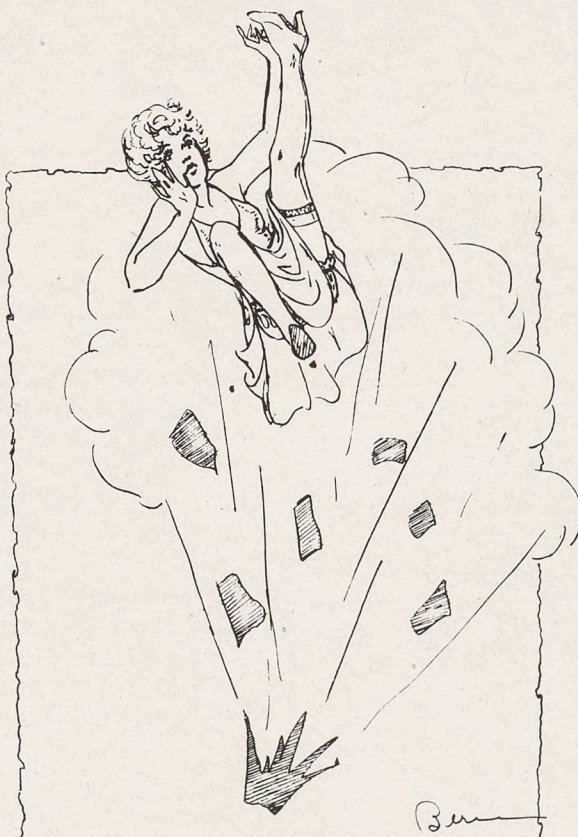
"How are library books like crying babies?"

"They're always in tiers."

— D D D —

"Is he a literary man?"

"Yes—he has the best-cellar in town."



"I'll be down in a minute!"*

(*See page 5)

BLOWN TO BITS*

(A Story with a Bang)

By GEORGE H. HALL

“A BIRDIE!” said Wofford as the firecracker exploded in the face of a Bavarian fishmonger.

It was the Fourth of July. Wofford knew because he had been looking forward to it for weeks. Just now he was seated in the window of his third floor apartment dropping lighted firecrackers on the passers by. It was a pleasant pastime. Wofford liked it.

He searched for the next victim. “Ah,” he said as a stranger approached. It was one of the strangest strangers that Wofford had ever seen. He had carrot hair, cauliflower ears, a pear (pun) of cherry colored eyes and cheeks like ripe apples.

“A fruit!” said Wofford as he dropped the firecracker.

He had not time to see whether he had scored a hit for he was interrupted by the ringing of his doorbell, no doubt

announcing the presence of a visitor. Hitching up his hand-me-downs he went to the door, kicked himself three times for luck, and opened it. A vision stood without. Wofford liked the vision's eyes and mentally told himself that her figure could hardly be improved upon.

“Could I speak to Mr. Bilgewell, please?” asked the vision.

“Bilgewell? Bilgewell? What Bilgewell? Oh! you mean—”

He handed her his card. On it was written—

Q. WOFFORD BILGEWELL
DABBLER IN CRIMINOLOGY

(*See page 5)

“Yes, that's the one,” said the girl.

“I am he,” said Wofford, “at your service.”

“Oh!” said the girl. Mr. Bilgewell, I'm so worried. I'm sure there's something wrong with Mr. Welter. I wish you would come right over.”

“Something wrong with Mr. Welter? Singular! Singular! Why should any thing be wrong with Mr. Welter? Oh, ah, by the way, who is this Welter?”

“He's a codger. He drools. He lives on the next block. I'm his secretary. He didn't answer when I called this morning and I can't get his door open. I'm so afraid there's been an accident, Mr. Bilgewell.”

“A plain case of suicide; but please call me Wofford,” he corrected. “What's your name?”

“Marjorie Morrison.”

“Marjorie Morrison. Marjie Morrison. Marge Morrison. No, I like Marjie best. Won't you

come in and have a cup of tea?”

“But Mr. Bilgewell—Wofford—I have got to get back to Mr. Welter.”

“Dash Welter. I guess we better, though.”

* * *

The two of them bounded along the street, exulting in their youth and freedom and pulled up with a loud “whoa” before the library door of Bilious Welter.

“You see, Wofford, the door is locked and the key taken away.”

“Let me handle this, little woman,” said Wofford; “I'm an old hand at it. Mr. Welter! Yoo, hoo, Mr. Welter! Come out of there this instant I say, sir, this joke has gone far enough. Come out I say—” beating on the door with a cast iron umbrella stand.



"Maybe he can't come out," protested Marjie.

"Of course he can. You don't think he wants to stay in there on a day like this. But wait. Didn't you say something about suicide? Tut, tut, trying to keep a skeleton in the closet! Why didn't you remind me sooner? The poor man may be bleeding to death. Help! Where's the butler? Get the butler. Help! No. Never mind. I can get in."

Wofford knelt before the door and peered thru the keyhole, at the same time wiggling the handle. Not the handle of the keyhole, for it is well known that keyholes have no handles. For if the keyhole had had a handle, how on earth could Wofford peer thru it as he was now doing? Soon he stopped peering, rubbed his hands on the seat of his trousers and spit thru the key hole with amazing accuracy. The door opened as if by magic.

He smiled an explanation. "Just a little trick I learned while working in a cigar factory."

"Good Heavens," shrieked the girl, narrowly saving herself from swooning.

"Why, what's the matter, Marjie?" asked Wofford.

"Look!" She pointed to a body piled practically all over the room.

"O Ho!" said Wofford, "singular indeed. It looks as though someone had met with foul play. A bit gruesome, too, but I've seen much worse. I mind the time when I was working on the 'Basher' case that we came across a poor fellow whose throat—but it was too brutal. It would stagger you. One can bruise a girl's feelings so easily. But let's take a look at the situation."

The sight that met their eyes was really too

shocking for levity. Poor Mr. Welter, may he rest in peace (Dear me, I was about to say "pieces"), had been BLOWN UP FROM THE INSIDE. At least it looked that way to Wofford. Little bits of Mr. Welter's anatomy were scattered here and there, some in the untasted breakfast dishes. But the most horrible thing about the crime was the fact that 74 Mason jars were strewn around the floor, each one being labeled, and nearly every one containing a ghastly object. On closer observation these objects could be seen to be parts of poor Mr. Welter. The labels read; Heart, Appendix, Liver (right half), Liver (left half), and so forth.

"An inside job," said Wofford. "Mr. Welter must have swallowed a skyrocket. But come, Marjie, you must get out of this terrible room. You collect the servants so that I can question them and I'll call the police. Have them gather in the front room. Yes, the servants."

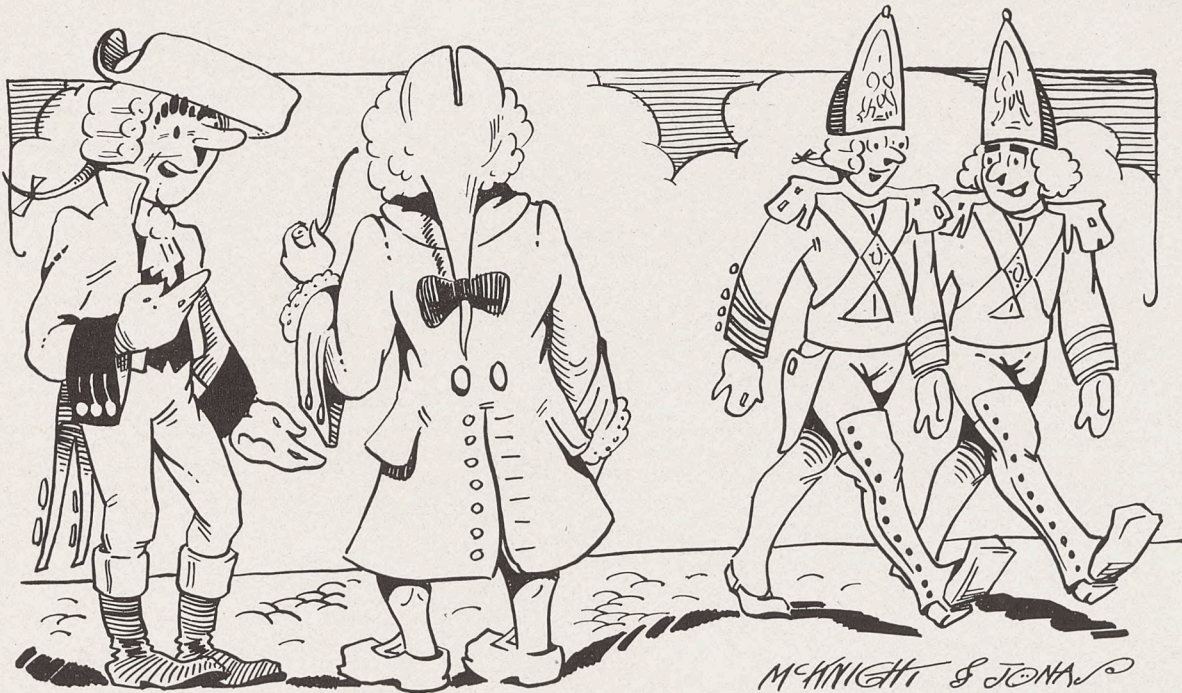
"I thought I smelled something out here," mused Wofford as he left the room and entered the hallway, "It smelled like Gin. I'll be willing to wager that it was a furtive butler. And that reminds me, I must get Gripes, or whatever his name is, to mix me a highball."

"Gripes," he called, "Gripes! Oh butler. Ah, there you are," as a furtive butler turned the corner. "I say, what's your name?"

"Gripes, sir."

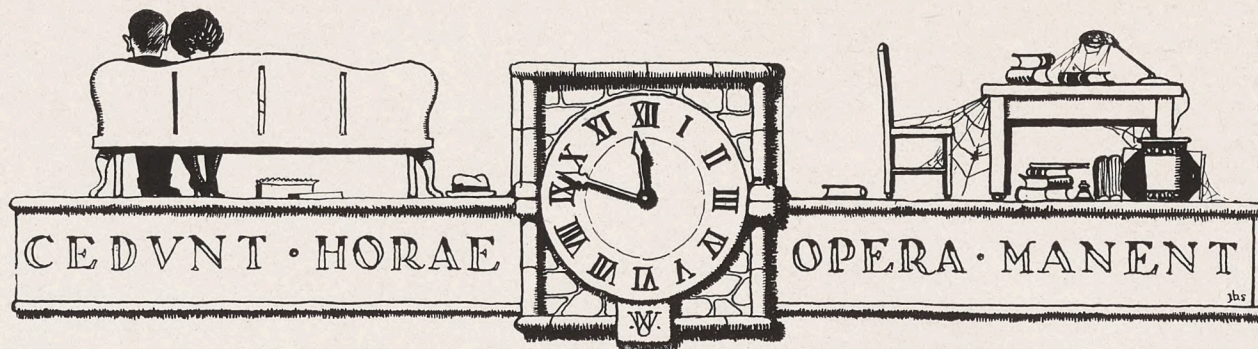
"Gripes, of course. I knew I was right. Well, mix me a highball, Gripes, and show me the telephone. Ho! What's this?" he asked, picking a fly out of the ointment, "you have gin on your breath!"

(Continued on page 20)



"You say those Hessians remind you of a couple of bottles of Bromo-Seltzer? How come?"
 "Teutonics, my lad, Teutonics."

(*See page 5)



SEND IN YOUR SCANDAL!

We open this new page with mixed feeling—hot, cold and strawberry. In the first place, we think a few premises that pop into our active brain at this time might be appropriate. We know that it would be impossible for us to write this stuff on neutral litmus paper without losing our dear public, so don't say we didn't warn you. We shall not stroke the familiar fur of platitude. We shall speak out in church, knowing that no one will be offended at seeing his name in print; rather, we expect disappointed people who aren't in this page every other issue will send in anonymous squibs with a little self-promotion in mind. These we shall squelch like a Lon Chaney joke. So, away! ad astra, ad nauseum!

* * *

In the first place, let us announce that we will be glad to receive communications from the student body. If you think "Dirge" is no good, or that the faculty is worse, or if you know any choice bits of local scandal, send it in to "Dirge" and we may surprise you by printing it. "Send in your scandal!"

* * *

Apropos, the first letter Dirge received was as follows:

Dear Mr. Henry:

As long as the Colonel and his men insist on continually tearing up some of our campus roads and paying no attention to the holes in the rest of them might we suggest, that a different color patch be added each time a hole is filled. Think how beautiful we could make our campus—with a little effort fraternity crests, coats-of-arms, and mottoes could be woven in—how educational and inspiring it would be to see, "It is more blessed to give than receive," running across the parking fields next to the Women's Building, or "There's no place like home," in back of fraternity row.

Hoping to see this plan put into execution, I remain,

Washington Winnie

* * *

Frequenters of the library often stop and admire the beautiful Stuart which hangs in the East end of the room. Very few of them appreciate the symbolic strength and beauty of the painting, however.

The figure with the hat on represents George Washington, himself. The figure with its back turned, if we may so phrase ourselves, represents Washington's opinion of the man who started the Cherry Tree story.

* * *

The Kappa Gamma Ditto rooms were as empty as a Kansas prairie during Homecoming; reason: no food. They evidently joined the Betas in more or less high-hatting the occasion. The Thug Party at Black Jack partly renewed our faith in the girls. Incidentally, Mary Tuttle appears to be a buddy with Isham Jones at the Coronado Dance Hall; she can't get reduced rates for food, etc.

* * *

WANTED—A bid to the formal sent to the whole Phi Delt chapter. I can't get enough stag bids from the sisters.

M. Duke

* * *

We had our suspicions about George Dumas Stout some weeks ago, along with a few other observant souls. When apprised sometime before the official announcement of his coming responsibility, he shyly smiled in his lady-like way and said, "You didn't think I could do it, did you?" The truth is, we didn't.

* * *

The Theta stiff collar and long glove affair will come off December 22 at Glen Echo. Frog legs, fresh peas AND butter, and cabinet pudding will be part of the dinner given as an added attraction. Time to get in a few Theta rushes, boys. (adv.)

* * *

It strikes us that Harry Bleich has pretty well taken over Johnny Langenberg's old position as all-round campus smoothie. Let us not forget, however, to award Looie Schaeffer honorable mention in this competition.



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Dirge's Editorial Policy



BELIEVING that a policy ruins the efficacy of an editorial column by limiting its field, the Dirge herein enters an unprecedented field of editorializing by having no policy at all. Policies are silly. If we feel differently about something stated in this issue, under our plan of campaign, all we have to do is argue for the other side with no embarrassment or apologies in the next issue.

Also believing that it is not out of keeping with a magazine of this type to have an editorial column, we are going to have one, and have it regular, too. Sometimes the editorials will be funny, sometimes they will even be serious, but the fact remains that they will all be subtle and full of double meanings and pointed underlying truths without exception.

It is not our purpose to hurt anybody's feelings, but to bestow credit where it is due, and criticism where it is deserved. In fact all we are trying to do is to arouse interest in pertinent campus questions, stir a sleepy student body from its lethargy, use big words which nobody knows the meaning of, and give vent to all the split infinitives and foggy thinking which gave us low grades in Freshman English. Thank you.

Has Anyone a Limbo?



VARIOUS faculty members and students have recently stated what they think Washington University needs. They are wrong, all wrong. What Washington needs just at present is a limbo. There are a great many things here at our University which should be relegated to the limbo of things long ago abandoned and forgotten.

Dirge steps forward with a solution to the problem—holding to the theory that a tradition is worthless unless it can support itself. Why all this ballyhoo about lost traditions? If they have to be maintained by artificial respiration they are better off abandoned. Let us relegate them to some limbo or other. Washington is sterile of limbos. Washington needs some spirited student who will produce a limbo in the interest of progress.

Times change, and certain customs tending to emphasize class distinctions are bound to become outmoded. Back in the "good old days" the class was a distinct unit, and alums were known as "Brown, '06" or "Woonsocket Snatch, '01". Today the fraternity has taken the place of the class as a distinct unit. Whether a student is a sophomore or a junior is merely a matter of a few hours credit, and doesn't make much difference to anyone. Unless a tradition continues to be supported whole-heartedly by the students, it becomes merely a perfunctory duty, an undesirable avatism. Thus with all the "traditions" which we make half-hearted attempts to maintain.

The Dirge has written to Sears and Roebuck, requesting prices on large, medium and small limbos, of the first, second, and third water. If we find we can purchase a limbo of satisfactory size and character for a reasonable amount, we shall do so at once, and once we get a limbo around this quadrangle, all our worries about traditions, etc., will be over!



The "Bears"



STUDENT LIFE had the jump on this column as far as the Bear situation is concerned, except for the fact that the last editorial dedicated to their iniquities came out before the Homecoming game.

The cheering organization distinguished itself at that game by leading a few cheers in the middle of the field in competition with the Creighton band, which was doing its level best to execute intricate designs for the entertainment of the spectators. This action was discourteous to say the least, and deserved more than passing comment. Washington guests should be treated with respect.

To add insult to insult, the Bears proceeded to catch a pig after the cheering was finished, and not only displayed their ill manners more in this manner, but gave a display of brutality in crippling the animal which was reminiscent of the Inquisition amusement. It is to be hoped that some reorganization within their ranks may occur which will change their policy.

Dirge considers it a privilege to print the following excerpt from

"The True History of the American Revolution"★

written by the "FATHER OF TOLERANCE", Senator Heflin of Alabama

"WE'VE got a pretty nice revolution planned here," said Thomas Jefferson, taking out a quill tooth-pick and reflectively flicking the debris from his molar, "but it has no real popular appeal. Of course this 'No taxation without representation' makes a pretty fair slogan but it only appeals to the tax-payers. If we're going to get the man on the street to participate we've got to make it a community project. I think maybe we had ought to have this propaganda and slogan expert, Patrick Henry."

"Hic," said George Washington, the father of his country although personally I never listen to scandal.

"You're quite right T. J.," said J. Quincy Adams, a prominent Rotarian whose family were of the first water though goodness knows I knew a man named Adams once who was simply impossible. "I think I can swing the Elks and the Woodmen of the World over to our party."

"To get down to brass tacks," interrupted Robert Morris, the big butter and egg man from Philadelphia who was paying for the fun, "we've got to get a damn good slogan—which we'll do as soon as Patrick Henry arrives—and we had ought to stage a big pageant to arouse public enthusiasm—show the common people we're just one of them."

"Hic," said George Washington, who blushed and giggled, "something I ate, no doubt."

"Well, said jovial Ben Franklin, "if here isn't Patrick Henry, the lousy old (the leaders of the American Revolution were none too careful of their speech and Franklin said a naughty word derogatory to Henry's ancestry). We want to get a good slogan. Start sloganing."

"Slow-gunning. Heh, heh. Damn those German Spies. Eventually why not now. I'd rather be sparrow food than a Beta. Four out of every five. Wait. I'll think of a good one."

"Like fish you will," interjected witty Ben Franklin, the publisher of a lascivious almanac.

"Give me liberty or give me death," said Henry. "So there." The gathering was silent except for the asthmatic snoring of Madison, who was snoring with asthmatic snores.

"Hic," reiterated Washington who had a one track mind.

"Dam it, T. J.," said Franklin, "I wish you'd put that dam quill toothpick away. It gives me the creeps. Nasty fellow!"

"Hey, what about my slogan, Mr. Jefferson," said Henry, who was not a rotarian and could not call him T. J.

(*See page 5)

"Lousy! You can't write slogans," said kindly Jefferson, the father of the Democratic party. Jefferson was only a step behind Washington on the father proposition, only some say he used more discretion. "You damn fools never get anything done. Now listen. The Quakers at Philadelphia are pretty luke warm toward the Revolution. Why not write a Declaration of Independence and sign it down at Philadelphia. John Hancock, the heel, writes a large hand and he can sign it first."

"No, Thomas, you can have the honor of signing first," said John, who had a family.

"No you sign," said Jefferson. "See, we'll have a regular Pageant and get our names in history books."

"I've got an old hall down in Philadelphia I can never rent," said generous John Morris, who was financing the Revolution so he would get some franchises. "By God! you can have my new bell to ring after we sign it. Wait, maybe we better use the old cracked one. It gives kind of a sour note, but it's good enough."

"Gentlemen," said Thomas Jefferson, "I think we can make a financial success out of this revolution. In addition if we work it slick we can be heroes in

(Continued on page 27)



Employer: "I don't mind your making love to me, just so you don't get motherly."



Wm. Tell's son: "Gee, what an arrow escape!"

LITTLE JOHNNY'S FOURTH OF JULY*

little johnny had been a very good boy because he wanted his father to get him some firecrackers, torpedoes, bombs, guns and other nice explosives. the parent of little johnny who earned the money was happy because little johnny had been a good boy so he bought him a great big box of great big firecrackers. little johnny's father had strange as it may seem been a little boy once himself although his name had not been little johnny but hymie and he knew that little johnny would be very happy if he had some firecrackers. little johnny was very glad to get the firecrackers.

before little johnny went to bed on the eve of july 4 he was a very bad boy because good boys do not put snakes in their mamas bed nor do they put burrs in papas bed nor do they hit their little baby brothers over the head with the nice new potato masher mama bought for her fourth of july present nor do they do countless other things that bad johnny did.

bright and early johnny jumped out of bed on the morning
(Continued on page 22)

(*See page 5)

"Hey, watta idea of thumbing your nose?"
"Cause I ain't got a handkerchief."

— D D D —

*The saddest person in the Revolutionary War was the Minute Man whose watch was slow.

— D D D —

*And then there was the hen-pecked husband who refused to celebrate Independence Day because it was his wedding anniversary.

— D D D —

"Shades of Cleopatra", muttered Akhmet the Egyptian student, disappointedly, as she pulled them down.

— D D D —

And now comes the cautious old maid who locked the door of her room before looking under the bed for a burglar.

**The poets and the artists
Give us views of George's fame;
The battles that he never lost,
The way he played the game.
He never told a falsehood,
And was gallant, calm, and square,
But we protest against the way
He crossed the Delaware.*

*There is an old-time slogan
Which Washington did not note,
His soldiers should have told him,—
"Don't stand up, you'll rock the boat."*

— D D D —

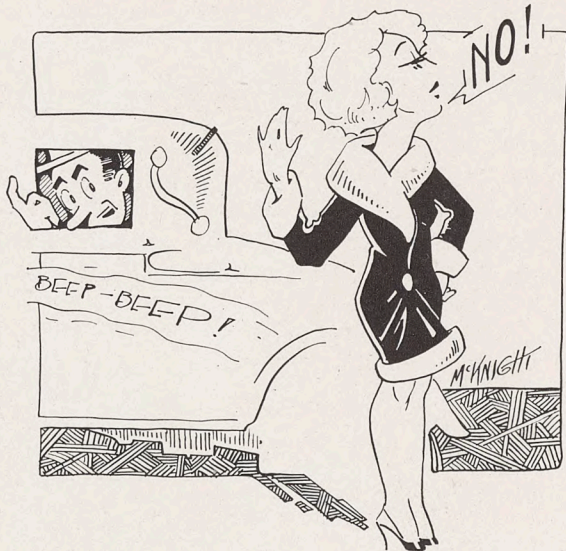
There is a fair co-ed from X—
Who has all the appeal of her sx.
But when she goes out,
She is ready to clout
The escort who dotes on hot nx.

— D D D —

*Give me Listerine or give me breath!" shouted the modern Patrick Henry.



HIS ONLY ACTIVITY
was dating a Pi Phi, yet he was troubled with
ATHLETE'S FOOT!



"Independence Day"*

— D D D —

CORRECTION*

Historians state that on April 19, 1783, George Washington retired, and thus imply that this is the only date upon which he did retire. This conception is entirely erroneous, as will be seen with a close perusal of the following evidence:

1. In Nuendo, New Jersey, were recently discovered testimonials signed by Washington himself which praise the sleeping qualities of no fewer than eleven different brands of mattresses.

2. Investigation of his laundry receipts shows that his sheets were laundered on an average of once every six months.

3. It is necessary for George to have retired on more than one date in order to have become the father of the country.

— D D D —

We don't realize how lucky we are that booze doesn't govern the world, because a corkscrew would make a mighty poor ruler.

— D D D —

And we find in one book that a ditch is defined as an open air tunnel.

— D D D —

This idea of daylight saving seems to be to make day while the sun shines.

— D D D —

Every woman has the "Bye Bye Blues" when she sees a fire sale.

— D D D —

Scotchman, to Elbert Hubbard: "A penny for your thoughts."

(*See page 5)

I'M ASPEN YOU!

Douglas Fir: "He's due at tree. He should be here."

Si Press: "Walnut quite yet. He may stop at the beech for a few twigs of liquor."

Douglas Fir: "He butternut! He'll get trunk as sure as I'm stemming here."

Si Press: "Cedar he comes now."

Jack Pine (he is trunk, and larches from side to side. He cracks his head against the hat rack): "Tamarack!! It's plum in the way."

Douglas Fir: "Look at him. The dirty dog-wood go and get trunk. And he's supposed to have his hand at the elm of the launch tonight when we crosses the arbor. Without him we'll meet our myrtle deaths."

Si Press: "Yes. You can't ever tell what those coppers maple off next. And speaking of coppers—say, Jack, can you loan me a berry?"

Jack Pine: "You holly well know I can't. I've sworn off linden money forest of my life. Besides, I'm burr oak."

Douglas Dir: "Dad gum! He's not even worth a dime. Here Si (whispers) have hemlock the door and we'll give him the works."

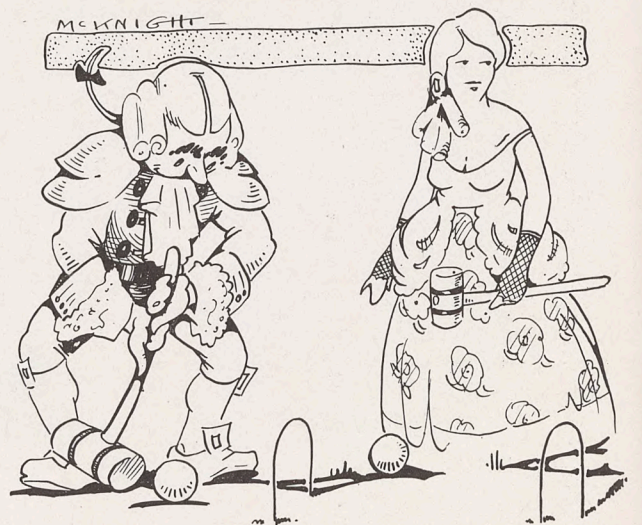
(They do, and they sure make him balsam. Then old Jack Pines away and dies, after which they conclude their nefarious work by berrying him.)

— D D D —

Then we have heard of the Scotchman who's still looking for a woman who will pay and pay and pay.

— D D D —

The man in the upper berth was snoring so loud the lady below knocked on the panel. The man yelled, "Sorry, lady, but I saw you when you came in."



My! My! Such a wicket game!

A Safe Insane Fourth*

or, "The Life Story of Bertram Baumgaurtner"

"DO YOU want to come to my Fourth of July party?" trilled diminutive Tessie Numglotz, her curly teeth blowing in the breeze, and her feet twinkling gaily over the green grass like smoke spiraling from a giant smokestack.

"No, I don't," reiterated harassed Bertie Baumgaurtner, rolling his cigar to the other end of his mouth and spitting a clear, mellow brown stream from his pursed mouth to the recipient bowels of a shiny spittoon. "When is it?" He awoke with a start. Of course it wasn't worth much, but it was a start anyhow.

* * * * *

The asterisks, one who is versed in literary usages understands, are to indicate the passage of five years, three hours of Geology, and several bad checks.

Fate had always been like that Bertie felt as he sank into a lethargy (box-sprunged and with leather upholstery) and was wafted hither, thither, and yon, respectively, on the dreamy carpet of Narcotic dreams. "Damn those Old Golds", rasped Bertie, clearing his throat with a long-handled rake with six prongs. The sunlight streamed bright and clear into the butler's pantry. Bertie's head throbbed like a tri-Delta heart. Maybe Freud was right.

Bertie lay on the beach at Honolulu. Dusky maidens danced and sang to the strange white god. A strange Oriental oblivion, a certain je ne sais quoi, swept over Bertie, racking his body and with its swift torrential, neurotic impact reaching, indeed, into the very shreds and fibres of his soul. Bertie drank deep of the languorous fragrance which suf-

(Continued on page 24)



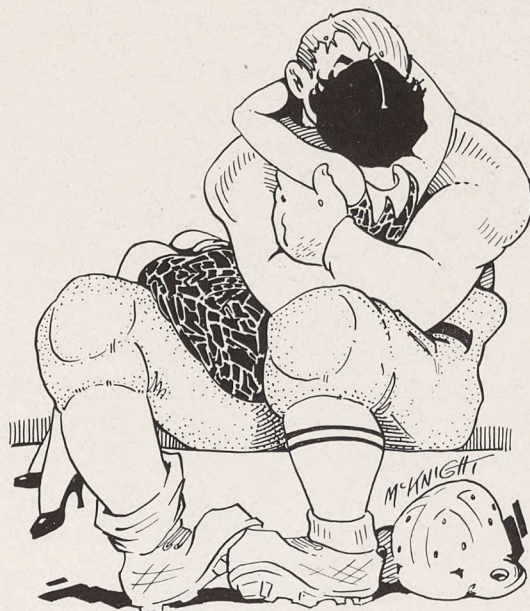
"What could be worse than a guy with fleas?"

"I know."

"What?"

"Supposin' they chirped!"

(*See page 5)



"Nearer my guard to thee"

— D D D —

1st Frosh: "I went to the bookstore and bought a Parker fountain pen."

2nd Frosh: "That's nothin'. I went to the Soph wall and got a Wahl pen."

— D D D —

Women on this campus simply can't be nonchalant in the traditionally advertised way.

— D D D —

The shift has already been in football some years, but the night shift entered only last year.

— D D D —

A well-known man-about-town says that when it comes to taking one of two co-eds for a ride, the modern collegian chooses the yesser of two evils.

— D D D —

Maybe you heard this:

Once upon a time there was a young doctor who was called out one night on his first maternity case.

"Well, how was it?" asked his wife when he returned.

"Fine!" exclaimed the young doctor enthusiastically. "The baby died and the mother died, but I think I'm going to be able to save the old man!"

— D D D —

Speaking of morality, did you ever hear of the modest sorority girl who wrote the "immoral" parts of her English lecture-note in short-hand so that they wouldn't corrupt the morals of her future sorority sisters?

BLOWN TO BITS

(Continued from page 9)

"Just a bracer, sir. The telephone is just around the corner."

"And that's that. Give me police headquarters, operator. Hello, Inspector? Bilgewell speaking. I'm out at 123 N. 45th street. There's been a murder... Yes, blown to bits!... Yes... Yes, I suppose you had better come out....All right."

"Marjie," said Wofford, as he joined the girl in the front room, "let's go out to luncheon."

"But Wofford, aren't you going to question the servants?"

"No. I really don't think it would be of much use. Anyhow, the inspector will be out in a few minutes. He can question them as well as I can." he added with a guttural chuckle. "Come, let us away."

"All right," responded the girl, "I'm rather hungry myself. You know I haven't eaten since breakfast."

"Oh, just a minute. I almost forgot to toss off that highball that Gripes mixed for me."

* * * *

"Marjie," said Wofford across the table, "I want to tell you a story. Oh, its printable!" he laughed, as he saw her cock her ears. "It goes like this. Once there was a famous detective who solved a gruesome crime but in so doing he fell in love with a beautiful girl. He had known the girl only about three hours, so he decided to wait until the next day before asking her to marry him. Do you think he was right?"

"Oh, Wofford, you're hinting, you cut-up! I think he was right—but you haven't solved the crime yet."

"Ah, but that's where you're wrong. I have. I will deliver the murderer into your hands tomorrow at precisely four P.M."

"But Wofford, I don't want him."

"No? I guess I'd better deliver him into someone else's hands then."

"Please don't feel hurt, Wofford, but I really wouldn't know what to do with a murderer."

"No, you wouldn't, I guess. Well, lets go to a movie."

Somehow the girl felt that she had hurt his feelings.

"Marjie," said Wofford as they emerged from the show, "let's go to dinner."

"Yes, let's," said Marjie, slightly flushed and trying to repair a hopelessly damaged makeup.

Here it is necessary to draw the curtains for the night and the scene opens at five minutes to four the next day. Wofford and Marjorie are shown creeping down the hallway of the Bilious Welter

mansion towards the library door, from behind which slushing sounds are proceeding.

"Shh!" hissed Wofford as a lamp tottered and almost fell.

"Shh!" said Marjorie as she saved the lamp from falling.

"He's there!" said Wofford.

"Where?" asked Marjorie.

"There!" said Wofford.

"Oh!" said Marjorie.

Wofford slowly pushed the door open and stared into the semi-darkness of the library, gat in hand. The slushing sound ceased. "Stick 'em up Gripes," he barked.

"Gripes?" gasped Marjorie.

"Yes," said Wofford. "Come, let's go in."

A gurgling sound was now coming from the room. It was Gripes in his death agony. He had taken poison.

"Wofford, how did you know?"

"Marjorie," he smiled, "when a furtive butler with gin on his breath listens at the door of a library, you can be sure something's wrong. But when I am able to pick a fly out of his ointment, the case is practically finished."

"But why did he come back here?"

"Dear girl, can't you see? He was trying to finish sorting the pieces of poor Mr. Welter and put them back into their proper bottles."

"How beastly! Then we'll never know why he killed Bilious Welter."

"No. We'll never know. The case is over."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said Marjorie as she leaped into his arms. Their lips met, shook hands and parted. "Now we can be married at once!" she bubbled.

"So soon? But Marjie, after we drew the curtains last night the reader will think—"

"No, he won't, Woffie," she responded, "he never does."

"Just put it on my Bill," sobbed the young widow as she left a floral offering at the cemetery.

—Longhorn

— D D D —

Mother: "Give me that cigarette right away, young man."

Upstart: "Aw, ma. Go bum one off pop."

—Red Cat

— D D D —

Customer: "Say, waiter, where is the menu?"

Waiter: "Straight down the aisle and the first door to the left."

—Green Goat



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LITTLE JOHNNY'S FOURTH OF JULY

(Continued from page 17)

of the glorious fourth. he ran downstairs and got out his biggest firecracker and got ready to shoot it because he thought it would be fun to wake all the neighbors and his mama and papa. so bad johnny lit the firecracker and started to run away. but a great big snake seemed to block the path for johnny drank rather strongly for a little boy of four and so now he had the nasty nasty

delirium tremens just like papa has. as little johnny stood there spell bound by the horrible apparition his cigarette hanging limp in his mouth bang went the cannon cracker and johnny was blown into little bits smaller and less savory than the pieces of meat in a mincemeat pie.

while johnnys mama and papa wept with sorrow little johnny descended what his playmates laughingly called the primrose path to perdition. youre in a hell of a fix now the devil greeted little johnny for the devil liked to joke and he

did not realize that little johnny would disrupt hell with his mischievous pranks through the ages to come. little johnny did not like hell and neither would you little kiddies for he had to go to school all the time and when he would raise his hand and say teacher it is urgent the teacher would not let him leave the room so little johnny was always uncomfortable. children do not like little johnny. listen to the moral advice of your parents who know best and be a good boy like dean stephens wants you to.

"Say, have you got hay fever?"
"Yes, asthma weakness now."

— D D D —

—Lampoon

Rooster: "Why are you eating those tacks?"
Hen: "I'm going to lay a carpet."

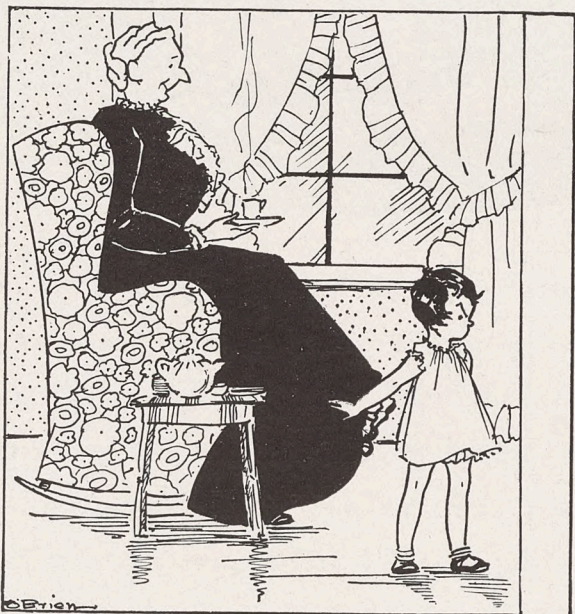
— D D D —

—Malteaser

If you are caught red-handed, be nonchalant—
tell 'em it's mercurochrome.

— D D D —

—Medley



Doting Relative: Come give Aunty a dreat
bid kiss!

Modern Child: Perhaps I shouldn't speak
about it but my answer is "No!"—unless
you take a LIFE SAVER first.

1830: "Shall we join the ladies?"

1930: "Where the Hell's my woman?"

— D D D —

—Life

She: "I see you're no gentleman."

He: "I see you're not, either."

—Reserve Red Cat

— D D D —

United We Stand

Two microbes sat on a pantry shelf,
And watched with expression pained
The milkman's stunts, and they all said at once,
"Our relations are getting strained."

— D D D —

—The Siren

Si: "Down on our farm we had a hen that laid
an egg six inches long."

Alec: "Up in our town we can beat that."

Si: "How?"

Alec: "With an egg-beater."

— D D D —

—Boys' Life

One evening a beautiful vision in blue walked
into a Soph's room.

"Get out of here," said the Soph.

"Make me," said the vision.

And he did.

—Williams Purple Cow

— D D D —

She: "How dare you, with your scandalous past,
propose to me? It wouldn't take much for me to
throw you downstairs and turn the dogs on you!"

He: "Am I to take that as a refusal then?"

—U. of Boston Beanpot

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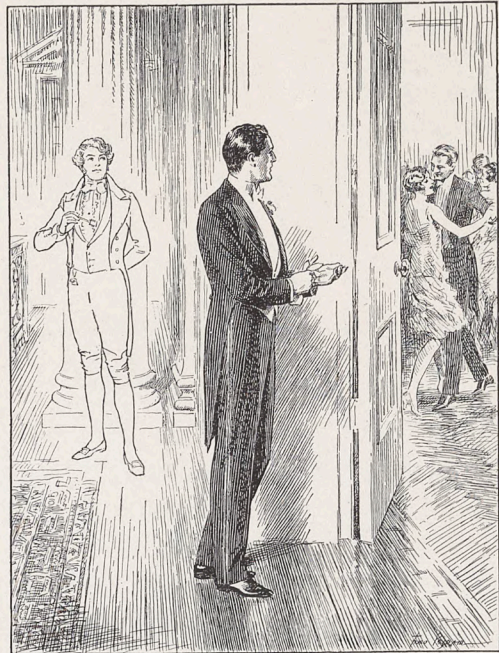
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1818 AND TO-DAY

"Have you heard the Prince of Wales' new song?"

"No, not yet?"

"Over the bounding mane."

—Oklahoma Aggrievator

— D D D —

"Joe is certainly a fast dancer."

"In what way?"

"Whenever he is dancing with a pretty girl, he always finishes the dance before the orchestra and has to sit the rest of it out."

—Panther

— D D D —

Some women go wrong—and men go right after them.

—Voo Doo

— D D D —

"They call my twin brother 'Encore' 'cause he wasn't on the program."

—Old Maid

— D D D —

"My girl was pinched for finger-waving."

"Why? That's a legitimate business."

"I know, but she isn't a hairdresser. She thumbed her nose at a cop."

—Punch Bowl

In Old Greece

Tailor: "Euripides?"

Customer: "Yah, Eumenides?"

—Malteaser—

— D D D —

"Who you shoving?"

"I dunno—what's your name?"

—Sniper

— D D D —

Iowan: "Why these cattle are small. My dad raised the largest jackass ever seen in Iowa."

Texan: "So I see."

—Wampus

— D D D —

Father: "Tell me frankly does my daughter let anyone neck her?"

Honest Young Man: "Yes sir, anyone."

—The Mountain Goat

— D D D —

Customer (in drug store): "I want a little pink tablet."

Druggist: "What's your trouble?"

Customer: "I want to write a letter."

—Orange Peel

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A SAFE INSANE FOURTH

(Continued from page 19)

fused him like a strange mental aberration. Bertie wondered if it was the Fourth of July in Moscow.

The owls and two-toed Fimus hooted dismally across the murky sun-drenched swamps of the Himalayalayas. "Hist," said Thursday in his best springs, "it is not yet too late. The king has dysguttural with gritted teeth and long hydraulic pepsia. But maybe you will have to marry his daughter." A sinuous snake spiraled in serpentine circles around the fragile barque. Overhead the stars twinkled and glittered like lumps of mud set out into the sun by some disgusting brat who is making mud pies. "Fastidious," he muttered grimly gritting his teeth almost to the gums. Far off in gay riotous Clayton, couples laughed and danced far into the dawn. Gay, silvery, tinkling laughter mingled with gay, silvery, tinkling bottles. After all, life is like a gyroscope. "I can't go on," said heroic Bertie Baumgaurtner, flexing his biceps and triceps with a flexible flexer and a flourish. "I think it's in my Libido or my Mackinaw." Sclerosis, the keen-eyed men of science tell us, is often fatal.

"I love you Bertie, for your many estimable qualities of manhood and virtue, and a certain sex appeal which you possess," whispered diminutive Tessie Numglotz, twitching her teeth which gleamed like huge moss-covered boulders. Overhead a Boche aeroplane motor roared and shrapnel whined like an English instructor face to face with a comma splice. It was a knell to Bertie's hope and ambitions. She loved him. "If only the bullet had been three inches lower," sighed Bertie and side by side they sauntered down the leafy lane.

I hate to think of my old gray haired grandfather. He warned me. "My son," he said, "never split an infinitive, for every dishonest act is another gray hair on my wise old head, and every whiff of cigarette smoke drives another nail in my coffin."

Baffled and buffeted as we are by the hostile fates,

life has its recompenses. It's a comfortable life here at the asylum. Right now I can hear the guard passing my padded study and saying in his aristocratic Southern drawl, "Dat dere's a sad case. He was a book reviewer before he came here to live."

And then of course there's the musical carpenter. He plays on the tuba four.

— D D D —

—Octopus

Why did you quit your job?

The boss was so bowlegged I fell through his lap.

— D D D —

—Longhorn

First Bystander: "See that pretty blonde coming this way? She's a warm mama, and how she does neck. . ."

Second Bystander: "Uh-huh. Know who I am? I'm her husband."

First Bystander: "Uh-huh. Know who I am? I'm the biggest liar in Pike County. S'long."

— D D D —

—Voo Doo

And that one about the mechanical engineer who wanted to take his nose apart and see what made it run.

— D D D —

—Cajoler

Customer: "A ham sandwich, and make it snappy."

Waiter: "OK, sir. Ham on rye, Joe, with chopped rubber relish!"

— D D D —

—Pitt Panther

Have you heard that the magazine is to be suspended on account of questionable jokes?

Those aren't questionable jokes. I understand them all right.

—Ohio State Sun Dial

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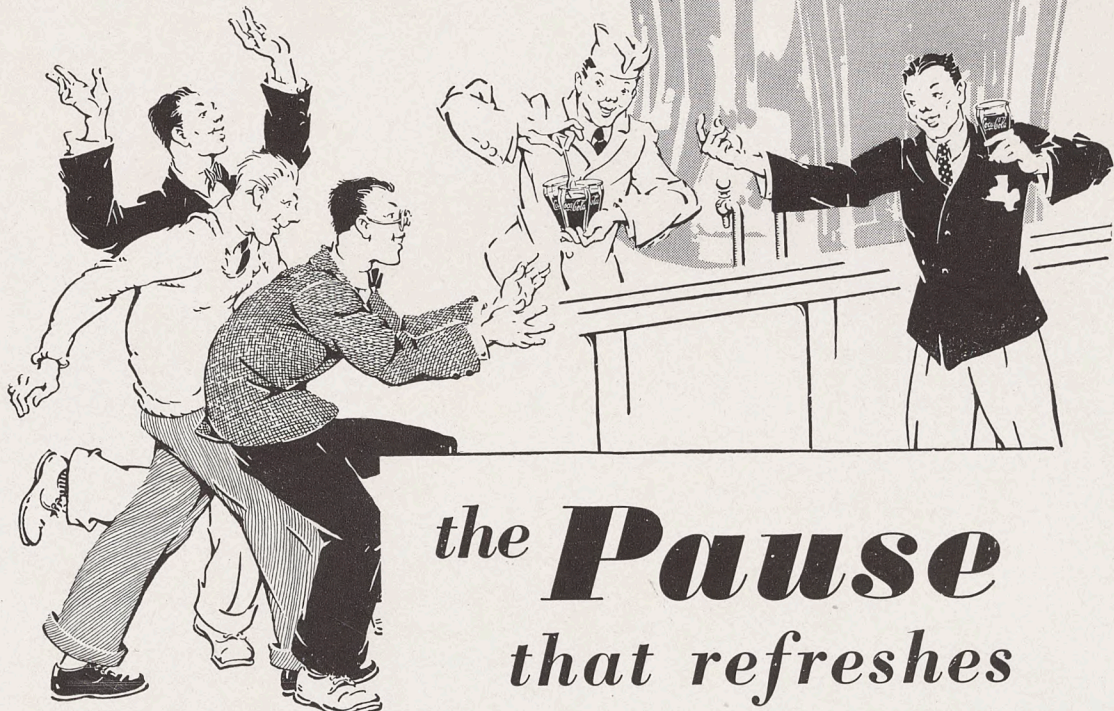


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Mother is the necessity of convention.

—Tiger

— D D D —

Father: "I can see right through that chorus girl intrigue."

Lovesick youth: "I know, dad, but they all dress that way nowadays."

— D D D —

Our idea of absent-mindedness is the bride who walks home from a ride with her husband on their wedding night.

—Buccaneer

### You Ought to Know THIS Girl, Mr. Carroll

She just adores nature—she thinks a kernel is an army officer and that a furrow is a soldier's leave; a Buddhist, she thinks, is a gardener, and a bugbear an insect.

She thinks a balustrade is a folk-song, and that a cubit is a fairy that makes people fall in love and that incest is what the Chinese burn.

According to her, a cassock is a Russian soldier, a Riff is a sort of separation, and she says a Mormon is a classy car.

I told her I liked the Marxian theory and she said, yes, I believe we should teach everyone to shoot.

She thinks gamin is a vice, especially betting on horses. She says she's dying to see how salmon spawn, she thinks it's a new game.

And when I mentioned the disarmament conference, she told me that the first things they ought to scrap are the tugs of war, because even the colleges have those!

—Octopus

— D D D —

First Villain: "How did you manage to cheat your brother out of his inheritance?"

Second Ditto: "I just set to work with a will."

—Cornell Widow

— D D D —

**Meow!**

A grammar-school boy handed in the following composition on "cats":

"Cats that's meant for little boys to maul and tease is called Maultese cats. Some cats is reckernized by how quiet their purrs is, and these is named Purrsian cats. The cats what has very bad tempers is called Angorie cats, and cats with deep feelins is called Feline cats. I don't like cats."

—The Log

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(Continued from page 16)

the history books, especially in Chicago. Let us adjourn. Tomorrow night I want you all to listen to Francis Scott Key and his Minute Men broadcast direct from St. Regis through the courtesy of the American Revolution. See if you think it's good advertising."

Thomas Jefferson went over to Washington and shook him gently, then roughly. "Get up, George, we're going back to Virginia."

"Virginia who," said George, who slumped to the floor and started to sleep again. Jefferson waited until Washington's mouth opened and violent snores emanated therefrom. He then hid Washington's false teeth in the goboon, and pocketing his watch silently walked out of the room.

Readings on this chapter

- Bryce—American History.
- Student Life.
- Herb Juice Almanac .
- Life and letters of Senator Heflin.

— D D D —

Once upon a time a man got up early one Sunday morning to let the iceman in, and not being able to find his bath robe he slipped on his wife's kimono. When he opened the door he was greeted by a nice big kiss by the iceman. And the only way he could figure it out was that the iceman's wife had a kimono just like the one he had on.

—V. P. I. Skipper

— D D D —

"These Russians sleep on their stove, and eat with their fingers."

"How Volga."

—Red Cat

— D D D —

"I'm going to shoot the man who married my wife."

"But that's murder, isn't it?"

"No, it's suicide."

—The Log

The Manager: "What? You have played a comedy part in grand opera?"

The Ham: "Yes, sir, I was the nut in 'Ben Bolt'"

—Log

— D D D —

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

He: "They come East and turn icemen."

—Belle Hop

— D D D —

Kid Paul always asks a blind two questions. The first is always, "Do you drink, chew, or smoke?"

The second is optional.

—Sniper

— D D D —

"There's Nell, the miner's daughter."

"She's a miner's daughter?"

"Yes, but from the looks of her husband she didn't have her pick."

—Longhorn

— D D D —

"I'll bring this to an end if you don't get in by two o'clock," shouted the irate father, brandishing his hair brush at his daughter who had been holding late dates.

—Penn. Punch Bowl

— D D D —

Cop: "No parking; you can't loaf along this road."

Voice within Car: "Who's loafin'?"

—Sour Owl

— D D D —

Young Father: "What's that white cloth on the line?"

Young Mother: "That's baby's undie—the flag of our union."

—Boston Bean Pot

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Betty Co-ed says that after sitting through a certain lecture class she knows how that Philistine felt who was slain by the jawbone of an ass.

—Purple Parrot

— D D D —

Some claim that the shortest story in the world is "Adam had 'em." But an even shorter story is "Eve had 'it'."

—Purple Parrot

— D D D —

#### Caught With The Goods

A backwoods mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost. "Well, if it ain't my old dad," he said as he looked in the mirror. I never knew he had his pitcher took." He took the mirror home, stole into the attic to hide it, but his actions did not escape his suspicious wife. That night while he slept she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror. "Mm-n," she said looking into it, "So that's the old hag he's been chasin'."

—Exchange

— D D D —

The young woman had just returned to her rural home from several years in the big city. She was exhibiting the contents of her trunk, to the admiration and amazement of her mother, who had bought her clothes for forty years at the general store.

"And these," said the daughter holding up a delicate silken garment, "are teddies."

"Teddy's? You don't say. Young men are certainly different from what they used to be."

—Orange Peel

"Are you Ethel's roommate?"

"Yes."

"I thought that lipstick tasted familiar."

"But this is Muriel's lipstick."

—Loughorn

— D D D —

A school magazine is a great invention,  
The school gets all the fame,  
The printer gets all the money,  
The staff gets all the blame.

—Burr

— D D D —

"Love me, hon?"

"Uh-huh."

"Love me a lot, hon?"

"Uh-huh."

"Love me an awful lot, hon?"

"Uh-huh."

"Then sit up. Your sorority pin's tearing my necktie."

—Beanpot

— D D D —

Doctor: "What you need is a little sun."

Sweet Young Thing: "Oh—Doctor!"

—Lord Jeff

— D D D —

She: "You've broken my heart."

Football Player: "You've broken my training."

—Iowa Frivol

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