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WASHINGTON · UNIVERSITY

DIRGE



SEVENTY-FIFTH
ANNIVERSARY · NUMBER

MARCH · NINETEEN · THIRTY-TWO

PRICE : FIFTEEN · CENTS



Let's all go to Turkey...



In every important tobacco-growing center of Turkey, Chesterfield has its own tobacco buyers.

Eastward ho! Four thousand miles nearer the rising sun—let's go! To the land of mosques and minarets. Let's see this strange, strange country. Let's see the land where the tobacco* grows in small leaves on slender stalks—to be tenderly picked, leaf by leaf, hung in long fragrant strings, shelter-dried and blanket-cured. Precious stuff!

Let's taste that delicate aromatic flavor—that subtle difference that *makes* a cigarette!

XANTHI • CAVALLA • SMYRNA • SAMSOON Famous Turkish Tobaccos

*Turkish tobacco is to cigarettes what seasoning is to food—the "spice," the "sauce."

You can *taste* the Turkish in Chesterfield—there's enough of it, that's why. Four famous kinds of Turkish leaf—Xanthi, Cavalla, Smyrna, Samsoun—go

into the smooth, "spicy" Chesterfield blend. Just one more reason for Chesterfield's *better taste*. Tobaccos from far and near, the best of their several kinds—and the *right* kinds.

That's why Chesterfields are GOOD—they've got to be and they *are*.

Wrapped in No. 300 DuPont
Moisture-Proof Cellophane...
the Best Made



Music that Satisfies
Every night (except Sunday), 10:30
Eastern Time, Columbia Coast-
to-Coast Network.

Finest Turkish and Domestic Tobaccos Blended and Cross-Blended

Please Lady

She had just received a beautiful skunk coat from her husband.

"I can't see how such wonderful furs come from such a low, foul-smelling little beast."

"I don't ask for thanks, dear," said her husband, "but I really must insist on respect."

—Dressed—

— D D D —

Maid: "I can give a better kiss than you."

Surprised Mistress: "What! Has my husband been—"

Maid: "No, ma'am, your chauffeur told me so."

—Ohio State Sun Dial—

— D D D —

Proud Mother: "Yes, he's a year old now, and he's been walking since he was eight months."

Bored Visitor: "Really? He must be awfully tired."

—Lafayette Lyr—

— D D D —

First Steward: "Who's your close-mouthed brother over there?"

Second Steward: "He ain't close-mouthed. He's waiting for the janitor to come back with the spittoon."

—Exchange—

— D D D —

Nurse: "Mr. Jones, you are the father of quadruplets."

Mr. Jones: "What! One of them things that runs around on four legs?"

—Ski-U-Mak—

— D D D —

Usher at Football Game: "Can you see the game from your seat, sir?"

Patron: "Hell, no. Where do you think my eyes are?"

—Harvard Lampoon—

— D D D —

Gold Digger Nellie: "Well, Gwyn, I've had more dances this evening than you have!"

Gold Digger Gwyn: "Yes, you're just two chumps ahead of me!"

—Buffalo Bison—

— D D D —

"Hold 'em, Yail," yelled the Swedish guard as the prisoners tried to break out.

—Loni Jeff—

— D D D —

"Who says that all men are born free?" wailed the young father as he received the doctor's bill.

—Wash. State Cougar's Pen—

HOTEL
MELBOURNE

GRAND AT LINDELL

"A Veritable Den of the Bear"

EXCELLENT FACILITIES FOR

BANQUETS

DINNER DANCES

BRIDGE

DANCES

MEETINGS

HOTEL HEADQUARTERS OF
M. C. C. A. CONVENTION MARCH 23-25

A NEW SERVICE



TEA

for

Washington University
Students

Served
Afternoons



Lee Hall Cafeteria

Women's Bldg. Cafeteria

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No. 6

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THE NEW SPRING WARDROBE

At this season of the year the young man begins to think about selecting a wardrobe for Spring. One of the first items chosen should be a top coat. This might be of a gray or brow tweed, plain or belted in back. Another necessity is a new suit. Gray is especially popular here. Wide diagonal weaves of black and gray, various tweeds, tweed effects and solid grays are the favorites. The new suit may be either single or double breasted; if it is single breasted it should have two buttons. Frequently odd trousers of somewhat different material are worn with the coat and vest, the whole forming an effective outfit. A new hat is also needed. This will probably be a snap brim, with either raw or bound edges. Brown and gray are the most popular colors, although one manufacturer is offering a green "that will look well on any man." The styles in hats change slightly each year, so it is inadvisable to try to wear them more than one season.

For sports wear the combination of flannels and sweater is still good. The best sweaters are solid colors, with crew necks. Several new shades have been announced; among them are "Colonial Yellow", "Colonial Blue", and "Colonial Brown". Ribbed golf hose are offered in colors to match. The advance styles say that various pastel shades of the flannels will be worn, with a contrasting coat. These will be especially popular at the resorts. At this season, however, brown and gray are probably best. Incidentally, golf knickers are being almost entirely supplanted by flannel slacks, both for watching and for engaging in sports. The leather jacket is still popular as part of the informal outfit. In the matter of shirts, gray is about the most popular color. Blue and tan are also good. All of these shirts will, of course, have the very short collar. Those with rounded points are suggested for men with thin, narrow faces, while men with round or full faces will find the collar with pointed end better looking. Incidentally, college men will usually wear shirts with attached collars. Solid colors in ties are still good. Small repeated patterns, fine dots on a solid background, or narrow stripes are also being worn. The new gloves should be either of pigskin, capeskin, or one of the light colored leathers like chamois. One firm is putting on the market excellent replicas of various imported gloves at moderate prices. The usual heavy brogues in a wingtip style, will make excellent shoes, especially for outdoor spring wear.

For any further information concerning men's dress for sports, business, or formal wear, write to "Well Dressed Man", care of the Dirge. Any question will be taken care of immediately.

(Copy right 1932. Astorbuilt Styles)

Here's a mid-year exam we're running in on you (co-eds excepted)

How about your pants?
Shape O. K.? Crease O. K.?

How about your coat?
Shoulders fit O. K.? Neck fit O. K.?

How about your whole suit?
Does it grade A after the third month's wear? Does it look good on the third day after it's come from the pressers?

The point is that if you want clothes cum laude you have to have them made the right way . . . custom tailored to your own measurements. And in Losse clothes you not only get style, you get service.

In the Losse College Section a young man's suit custom tailored \$30 to \$50.

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



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Cover Design by Bill Vaughan



WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

1857

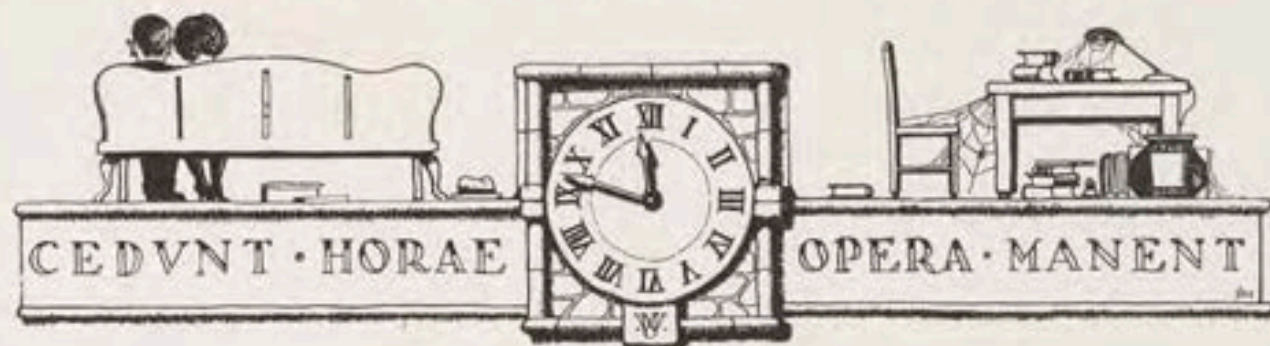
1932



Seventy-Fifth Anniversary Number

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CAMPUS COMMENT

Coolidge Says:

"It is in December that most college and university professors give midterm examinations. It is the middle of the month and just before the holidays that most of the examinations are given. Some students fail in these midterm examinations. That is because they have failed to study their lessons. When a student fails he is placed on probation. If, by the end of the term, he fails to improve he is asked to withdraw from the university. Most students withdraw when asked to do so. This will have some effect on the unemployment situation. It will increase the number of unemployed. That will be a bad thing for the country. Some college fraternities try to improve the scholastic standing of their members. That is a good plan for them to follow. They should do everything possible to keep their members in school. It is not a good thing to be without a job during the winter. It behooves them to correct this matter in December so their members will not be without jobs in February. By so doing they will aid the unemployment situation. They will do a good service to the country."

The above paragraph was written by Calvin Coolidge. He wrote it for the newspapers. Calvin Coolidge was president of the United States. He is a Phi Gamma Delta. I see the little red hen.

Our Catalogue

We caught the CATALOGUE OF THE COLLEGE OF LIBER-

AL ARTS telling a fib! It says, "Francis Field is well-known as one of the finest athletic fields in the country. Excellent tennis courts adjoin the field." It also says that Francis gym has "thirty-six hot and cold shower baths."

We also noted that the Catalogue failed to mention any extra curricular activities other than athletics. The administration is too smart to let prospective students know about Dirge, Student Life, Hatchet, Thyrsus-Little Theatre, the Glee Club, etc. until they have paid their tuition. Other universities are braver and admit in their catalogues that they have publications and clubs.

King for Queen

We received the following interesting communication from a Pi Phi.

Dear Editor:

Is it true that there will be a Hatchet Queen this year and if so that the Kappas have it in the bag? Are politics in this too? Well if yuh have to be strongly organized politically to get acclaim for beauty we'd . . .

A person high up in the Kappa chapter informs us that Miss Betty King will be the Kappa nominee; denies that she is in any bag.



"Just say that the woods are full of pretty girls," she told the Dirge reporter. Ed Alt, chairman of the Junior Promenade, would make no statement. "You slick fellows can't get around me," he said with a nervous giggle.

Portrait

Henry Victor Graves, hero of the St. Louis game and probable captain for next year, has more nicknames than anyone we know. He is variously known as Boidy, Heinie, Bubu, Vic, Red, Hank, but rarely addressed as Henry. His hobbies are girls and minor operations. Did Henry ever show you his operation? His chief eccentricity is taking girl friends to the barber shop to watch him get his hair cut. Sinking crucial free throws is duck soup for a fellow who can sit at ease while his girl is watching him being barbered. Henry's main ambition is to have a derby of his own, but Mrs. Graves says, "No derby."

Our Troubles

These are stern and trying times for the Dirge staff. The question of the hour is propounded by Miss Virginia Wilson. "Don't I rate a better sex appeal grade than C?" The controversy rages. Some say yes and some say no. Others say, "I'm from Missouri." On these, shame! We are thinking of putting the question up to a popular vote. And Art Dunn wants to know who in the hell is the Queen of Schnitzenwortzen. Emily Pasmore says Bill

Gaines, Murray Cabell, and Bud Compton got a nice break but what about the rest of the boys. She says they feel sort of left out of things. And a Student Council Wickersham commission is going to investigate us along with the rest of the publications on account of dirty politics rearing its ugly head. And we have a convention on our hands. Also there is the Phil Becker problem. If we put a lot of nice things about him in Dirge some guy named Glumph who doesn't like Becker will probably write an unfavorable review (not that all guys that don't like Becker are named Glumph; some of them are named Legion) or if we don't put some nice thing in Dirge about Becker he'll write an unfavorable review anyhow. We think he's suffering from unrequited love for Marie Dressler and the anticipation of being Student Life editor. At any rate his severe criticism caused us to omit the Campus Comment department. In its place we are running some reprints from Student Life.

— D D D —

GEMS OF WISDOM

Reprinted from Student Life for those who prefer their gems of wisdom on glazed paper.

Neatest Trick of the Month

"The spring fraternity house parties at Dartmouth were put under a bank by President Hopkins



on account of alleged drunkenness and general wildness."

— D D D —

Calvin Coolidge Department

"In Phoenix, Ariz., there are 110 camps. San Antonio has only 16, but most of them are large,

having 40 to 80 cottages or apartments each. The largest camp in Texas has 112 cottages."

— D D D —

Go Climb a Tree Department

"We often wonder whether the editor of Dirge feels that he is properly appreciated by the 'right' sort of people."

— D D D —

And Stay There Department

"The editor of Student Life can at least boast of having worked at an honorable occupation last summer. Can the editor of Dirge boast of ever having worked at either an honorable or a gainful occupation?"

— D D D —

Helpful Hints Department

"The University of North Carolina's football squad has adopted the skunk as official mascot. This



will probably keep the opposing team in its own part of the field."

— D D D —

"A drop kicking and punting contest was recently staged at Northwestern U. Such a contest at Washington, if actively attended might uncover some good talent."

— D D D —

Uplift Department

The Pla-Mor dance floor in Kansas City is suspended upon 7,900 springs. The resulting resiliency is calculated to prevent dancers from slipping.

— D D D —

A good thought, well expressed, is often a source of inspiration to thousands whom the author never sees.

Real Humor Department

"One good crack is in the magazine 'Hullabaloo' where it says that Susie Poshova, 'star of the new picture, 'Noah's Ark,' was taken from the cast when it was discovered she couldn't say 'Noah.'"

— D D D —

"It is all right to preserve wild life in the forests, but what to do with it in the cities is a problem."

— D D D —

"High Marksmanship

Score to be new Aim
of Sharpshooters
J. Steinmesch (Unassigned)"

— D D D —

"A coed at the University of Oklahoma came to class one day on a stretcher because of influenza. The professor had said that the only excuse for cutting a class was a fractured neck. When she got there the class was ex-



cused because the professor said he had a headache."

And did he have a headache?

— D D D —

"A recent report by the Carnegie foundation states that college freshmen are as smart as seniors. We'll bet, however, if the frosh in fraternities get too smart



in the head, they soon begin to smart elsewhere."

Oh call a spade a spade!

"If you have one person who believes in you, you can be great; if you have two people who believe in you, you can be a giant; if you have three people who believe in you, you can be a genius."

Or a trigamist.

— D D D —

"Recently there was discovered in Leningrad the graves of some of the terrible Huns who ravaged southern Europe during the first few centuries A. D. It is suggested that persons of German ancestry make a pilgrimage to Leningrad to view their ancestors."

And how are **your** folks?

— D D D —

"Beginning with the second semester, parties on the campus of the University of Kansas will not be permitted until one o'clock."

Time all decent people were in bed.

"Track is a major sport at Washington and there is no difference in the size of the varsity letter than that of the varsity football or basketball letter. It carries as much prestige as any other. I have spoken of this merely because there are a few narrow-minded men who think that if they can't win their letter in football, they think that no other varsity letter is as good."

Ah, ah, count ten!

— D D D —

"The New Yorker, that clever portrayer of life in the gay and glittering upper-crust (technically known as the intelligentsia), with its terrible fatality for searching out the truth, now turns its valuable attention to the college press of the country, and in a few succinct phrases dismisses college

publications as 'callow'. And continues by saying that the college editor at twenty-one 'has the lovely tart quality of the unripe' and that he is a 'rainbow of radical thought, largely. . . because of the sudden orgiastic pleasure of literary expression,' and that he has a 'distinctive style, instantly recognizable; a kind of pedantic sarcasm.'

"O. K. Now we know."

Muvver's ittle Carlie have him's feelings hurtie?

— D D D —

"John Masefield, poet laureate of England, formerly was a bartender in New York, and frequently sang the praises of wine. He is a tee-totaler (and we don't mean golfer)."

Aw, stop kidding us!



"Bromo Seltzer, please, double strength."



Take your choice:

- (1) I'd have sworn that the Prom was tonight.
- (2) Curses. Three pints and no elephants.
- (3) They must have moved the Sigma Nu house.

The Strange Case of Joseph Hawthorne

SOME of us believe there is a Fate which shapes our lives—shapes them according to the dictates of its ghastly sense of humor. We have banded together to collect stories of Fate's practical jokes and share them one with another. The strange case of Joseph Hawthorne was presented at one of our recent meetings.

Joseph Hawthorne was a psychologist. He devised a test which would determine whether people had sadistic tendencies or not. The test became popular and school boards made teachers give the test in addition to the nine hundred other psychology tests which they were already giving.

Shortly after Joseph Hawthorne's test gave him international fame he disappeared. Soon after his disappearance various noted psychologists began to receive packages containing portions of a human body—all neatly embalmed. With the package came a note instructing the recipient to bring his part of the body to the convention of American psychologists to be held in the summer. In June the parts were assembled in a crowded convention hall and identified as the remains of Joseph Hawthorne. At this point a stout, motherly looking woman entered the hall, mounted the rostrum and began to speak.

She said she was Miss Jones, the fourth grade teacher in the Lincoln School at Bloomington, Illinois. She had started teaching before there had been any psychology tests and had lived to see the time when students were so busy taking psychology tests that they didn't have time to learn to read or write. She said that psychology tests were more dangerous than Hoover's commissions, that they were ruining the nation. Hawthorne's test, she said, was the straw that broke the camel's back. She killed Hawthorne purely from a sense of duty and as an example to other psychologists. Hawthorne's own test failed to indicate that she had any criminal tendencies. There was rejoicing and revelry throughout the country when Clarence Darrow obtained her acquittal and psychologists slunk into hiding or fled to Russia. At present Miss Jones lives in a little cottage at Bloomington. She devised a test to be given to grade school children to determine if they show any tendency to become psychologists.

Jones' Test for Incipient Psychologists

Check which one of the following five shows you would prefer to see

- "The High C's", showing entire process of making violins from testing wood to tonal qualities.
- "Pigs to Pork", handling and production of meat from farm to table.

- "Higher Learning", what a student must know in handling an airplane above the clouds.
- "The Town Cutup", surgeon performing several major operations showing details of technique on actual patients.
- "Hot Stuff", actual pictures of large fires, showing modern methods of fighting them.

Which of the following would you rather stick a pin into

- Chancellor Throop
- A pincushion
- Joseph Hawthorne
- Greta Garbo
- Yourself

Which of the following organizations would you rather join

- Phi Beta Kappa
- The Butcher's Club
- The Fourteenth Ward Improvement Association
- Kappa Alpha Theta
- The Board of Aldermen

Which of the following jokes do you like the best

- Phil Becker
- Ballyhoo's bathtub joke (1932 model)
- Dr. McMaster's jokes
- Student Life Editorials
- Klamon's lectures

Which of the following would you rather date

- A Lindenwood girl
- Winnie Ruth Judd
- Bessie Jukes
- Rudy Vallee
- A sorority girl

Which would you rather do

- Cut a cat into little pieces
- Cut a psychology prof into medium sized pieces
- Cut a wallflower
- Cut a psychology prof into large pieces
- Cut a psychology class

Which do you like the best

- Blood
- Slime
- Blood and slime
- Phil Becker
- To study in the library

Which of the following is the greatest man in the world

- Joseph Hawthorne
- Joe Hawthorne
- J. W. Hawthorne
- Mr. Hawthorne
- Joseph W. Hawthorne



"Ah, Ah! Count Ten First!"

A History of Washington University

IN 1853, Wayman Crow obtained from the Missouri State Legislature a charter for the establishment of an "educational institution." The outgrowth of that grant represents an investment of over \$32,000,000, today. It offers 13 departments of instruction, has an enrollment of 7,444 and a faculty of 580. Such has been the phenomenal development of the Washington University in the seventy-five years of its existence.

Much of its academic superiority the university owes to its two guardians—Dr. William Greenleaf Eliot and Robert S. Brookings. Credit for the unique place it occupies in educational circles falls on its strict adherence to the ideals of its founders.

Early in the history of the institution Dr. Eliot expressed the desires of the founders. "We would found a university so widely acknowledged in its influence that St. Louis and Missouri should be honored throughout the world for its being there," and we would "provide a useful and practical education for the many, concentrating on the best education for the few." In a recent message to the alumni, Chancellor Throop summed up the policy of the university—"It has preferred to grow in thoroughness rather than size... It now stands prepared for its future with the same ideals and the same standards which have placed it honorably ahead in the field of education up to the present".

Dr. Eliot, Harvard graduate and Unitarian minister, who had founded the public school system of St. Louis, been largely responsible for the state system and had served as a curator of the state university at one time, felt the growing need of a center of cultural influence in St. Louis. In the recognition of this community deficiency Washington University had its inception.

In 1853, Wayman Crow, a personal friend and a member of Dr. Eliot's congregation, who happened to be a state senator at the time, procured the charter for the establishment of "Eliot Seminary". When he returned to St. Louis with the charter in his pocket, the seventeen co-corporators named whose aggregate finances totaled not more than half a million, inclined to regard the whole thing as a joke. However, when Crow pointed out that the charter imposed no limitations whatever, was perpetual, and authorized the holding of an unlimited amount of property free from taxation as long as the income derived therefrom should be turned to educational purposes, it was determined that the opportunity should not be wasted.

Since, by a curious coincidence, the charter had been signed on February 22, and the first full meeting of the board of trustees took place on that day a year later, Dr. Eliot requested that the more personal and sectarian name of "Eliot Seminary" be changed to "Washington Institute", indicative of the broader and democratic nature of the institution.

In 1857, a non-sectarian, non-partisan clause was inserted in the constitution and the charter for Washington University obtained.

The corporation, at first, turned its attention to vocational education and established the O'Fallon Polytechnic Institute—an evening school for artisans employed during the day, conducted in conjunction with a day school. Later, the evening school was taken over by the Public Schools and the day school merged with Smith Academy, a secondary school conducted under the Washington University charter which was the real beginning of Washington University.

In 1857 the formal inauguration took place. In 1858 the College proper was set up under the Chancellorship of Joseph G. Hoyt, and in 1862 the first college degrees were granted.

The Civil War taxed the resources of the struggling university but under Dr. Eliot's supervision, it managed to survive. In 1860, the Board of Directors and Dr. Eliot subscribed \$80,000 toward the creation of a permanent endowment fund. Outside subscriptions trickled in slowly, however, and there was an annual deficit—much of which the members of the board of trustees made up from their personal funds.

During the Chancellorship of Hoyt who died in 1862 and of William Chauvenet who succeeded him, resigning in 1867, the curriculum had been improved, the scholarship and academic standing raised, and a Law School organized in 1867.

In 1871, Dr. Eliot, who had devoted much of his time to the institution's affairs, gave up his pastorate to become Chancellor—a position which he held until his death.

During that period he made an intensive drive for endowment funds. The Schools of Architecture and Engineering were established in 1870; the School of Fine Arts in 1879.

In 1885, the proposal of Henry Shaw that a School of Botany be set up in affiliation with the Botanical Gardens for their mutual benefit, was accepted by the corporation.

In 1878 the university property exceeded a million dollars and more than \$200,000 had been sunk in annual deficits. In 1885, Dr. Eliot described the School of Fine

Arts as the best in the United States. The Astronomy Department, although equipped with an unpretentious observatory was regulating the time system of several railroads and supplying central time for cities all over the west. The present library of over 300,000 volumes and 85,000 pamphlets was gradually amassing. The College had undergone an entire reorganization. Hudson E. Bridge had donated a hundred thousand dollar Chancellorship endowment—an endowment which was not inductive, offset by other consideration to any other man of reputation in the country at the time Dr. Eliot took it over.

After the death of Chancellor Eliot in 1887 the university languished. With the removal of the indomitable force and energy which had given it its initial impetus and maintained it throughout the early years, its old friends became discouraged. Funds dwindled.

The dawn of a new century, however, was the dawn of a new period of prosperity. Robert S. Brookings, an eminent business man and successful organizer, had retired from active life after he had accumulated his fortune. With customary zeal he turned his attention to the Washington University. His activity in behalf of the University extended into every field.

An appeal to seventy-five of his friends purchased the excellent site overlooking Forest Park, on which the main campus is located. Through his efforts the present endowment fund of over sixteen millions was moved rapidly forward. Out of his own funds Mr. Brookings donated the University Hall now known as the Robert S. Brookings Hall and by 1898 the Corporation had \$450,000 toward the new buildings to be erected. In February, 1899, largely through his influence, again, the Corporation could announce that two buildings for the Schools of Engineering and Architecture and an Engineering Laboratory had been donated by Samuel Cupples, former associate and business partner of Brookings. Adolphus Busch gave the Chemistry building and Stephen Ridgley gave the Library. It also announced that Mr. Brookings had given \$100,000 for endowment on condition that the corporation raise \$400,000.

In 1900, Mr. Brookings and Mr. Cupples decided over in fee simple, property valued at \$3,000,000 for endowment.

The World's Fair Exposition leased the university grounds in 1901 for \$650,000, so that the university did not move to its new site until 1905.

Meanwhile, in 1891, the St. Louis Medical College had been admitted as a department of the university and in 1899

combined with the Missouri Medical College to form the Washington University School of Medicine. In 1914, Mr. Brookings built and equipped at his own expense a \$1,000,000 medical school which forms the nucleus of the School of Medicine group as it is today, with its affiliated hospitals. By an operating agreement, the university provides the staffs and laboratory service for the hospital. The hospital, in return, permits the use of their wards for teaching and investigation. The group now includes, in addition, the McMillan Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, the Oscar Johnson Institute for Research in Ophthalmology and Oto-Laryngology, and the Mallinckrodt Institute of Radiology. Together with the Nurses School and the new School of Dentistry, admitted as a department in 1892, the group contains fifteen buildings—an imposing lot.

Elected to the Chancellorship in 1923, the former Governor Herbert S. Hadley, served the university until his death. Under his direction the university again stressed the aims of its founders. Scholastic requirements were raised. Intellectual activities of the student were emphasized; entrance requirements made stricter and a course of study prescribed for the first two years. In addition, the Grace Valle January Hall for the Law School opened in 1923; the Charles F. Duncker Hall of Commerce and Finance in 1924 and the Wilson Geology Building and Rebstock Biology Building as well. The first session of Summer School was held in 1924.

During the Chancellorship of Dr. George K. Throop progress has gone rapidly on. The Field House, the Women's Building, the William K. Bixby School of Fine Arts are complete. Through the generosity of T. Z. Givens, son of one of the architects who designed the buildings on the campus, construction of a new building for the School of Architecture is under way.

By action of the Corporation in 1931 the Division of University Extension is now the University College and is empowered to grant degrees. Classes held in the late afternoons evening and Saturday mornings are available to all.

Situated near the outskirts of St. Louis apart from the industrial atmosphere of the city, and rising on its hill above the pall of city smoke, the university is still in close proximity to music, drama, museum collections, libraries, and the political, industrial and social activities of the city. Offering in return, its own museum collections, its extension courses, its library including numerous rarities, its lectures open to the public, Washington University is fulfilling in large measure the ideals of those seventeen trustees—"a Harvard of the middle west;—a counterbalancing influence against the inroads of pure materialistic progress"; an institution of thorough training; a laboratory of independent research.

As the tangible evidences of seventy-five years of progress are surveyed, they are not unimpressive. Thirty-one red granite Tudor-Gothic buildings in triple quadrangle formation on the hill overlooking the west side of Forest Park, constitute the college campus nationally noted for its beauty and academic atmosphere. The Fine Arts Group of white limestone in the English Renaissance occupies one side of the plaza in the foreground. A block or so away are the rambling house and gardens of the Chancellor.

On the east side of the park, the Medical buildings present an interesting skyline together with the hospitals and the Gallaudet School for the Deaf which has recently affiliated with the university.

In another part of the city, the Henry Shaw School of Botany is located in the Botanical Gardens.

Nor is development static. Plans for further and necessary expansion include an Art Museum. Through the efforts of Halsey C. Ives who was at one time connected with the university, Washington already possesses a valuable art collection. In 1909 these collections were placed in the custody of the City Art Museum. Since the capacity of the Art Museum has been taxed by recent augmentations, many have been returned. Primarily, too, the function of a school museum is for teaching purposes and its exhibits are consequently, of little interest. With this completed, it is hoped that endowment funds may be obtained to allow the Art School to grant degrees, and with the combined facilities of the School of Architecture and the Shaw School of Botany it is to be hoped that instruction in landscape gardening may be offered.

Plans for the proposed museum include an auditorium seating from six to eight hundred, besides libraries, lecture rooms and galleries. The cost of the building is estimated at \$500,000 with an equal fund indicated for endowment.

A proposed plant to house adequately the enlarged departments of Engineering and allow the College to expand its estimated at \$3,000,000. Although the construction of the entire group is not possible, the need for portions of the program to be executed immediately is requisite if the School shall retain its present high level of work and reputation.

Expansion in every department is imminent if Washington University is to enjoy her position of influence and educational importance, for the department enrollment is relatively small: Graduate School—321; College—1,416; Engineering—386; Architecture—123; Business and P. A.—221; Law—131; Medicine—321; Dentistry—199; Nursing—254; Fine Arts—364; University Extension—2,770; Summer School—938. Applicants increase yearly.

In its seventy five years the university has entertained approximately 12,000 students, although it has granted over 15,000 degrees. It can point to a list of alumni which seems to justify the emphasis on quality rather than quantity.

There is, for example, the Honorable Charles Nagel, former Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of Pres. Taft; Henry Stewart Caulfield, Gov. of Mo., Senators Harry B. Hawes, Spencer and G. H. Williams; Dwight Davis, Sec. of War; Rolla Wells; David R. Francis, Former Gov. and Ambassador to Russia; Mayor Miller of St. Louis; Hugh M. Ferriss of New York, architectural designer; Conde Nast, publisher; Paul Elmer More, editor and leader of the Humanist movement; Fannie Hurst, novelist; Dr. Harvey William Cushing; Dr. John Blasdel Shapleigh; Phoebe Cozens and others. The School of Fine Arts boasts of William M. Chase, noted portrait and still life painter; McClelland Barclay; Eulalie Dix, miniature painter of New York; George Auld, etcher; Paul Cornoyer, landscapist; etc.

Ruth Pruett.

— D D D —

Telephone Poles

Telephone poles
Fit in holes
In the ground.
They are round.
Both the holes
And the poles.

— D D D —

Stacks

The stacks
Are musty
and full
Of dust.
I would get whacks
If caught in the stacks

— D D D —

Students

Students sit in classes
Professors sit in classes
Students wear glasses
Professors wear glasses
Asses sit in classes
Asses wear glasses
Students are asses
Professors are asses.
Asses are . . .
Asses.

TWO HUNDRED STUDENTS DIE IN WOMEN'S BUILDING CONFLAGRATION

Three hundred students were burned to death late last night in a fire which completely destroyed the Women's Building at Washington University.

The origin of the fire is unknown but it is suspected that women smokers started it at the Lock and Chain dance which was being held that evening, according to Dean Stephens who told a Dirge reporter, "I knew it. I told them so. And besides one of the boys had been drinking."

Members of the St. Louis and University City fire departments which rushed to the scene expressed the belief that the great loss of life and the destruction of the building was due to the fact that no one was allowed to enter or leave the building. The situation was graphically described to a Dirge reporter by Joseph Reardon, one of the firemen.

"When we arrived at the building," he said, "we found a crowd of students trying to get out of the building but the door was blocked by a chubby, dimple-cheeked little rascal who said, 'Sorry, no pass-out checks after 11:30.' He stood there like Horatius at the bridge and would let no one pass him. We tried to enter the building to put the fire out but we were stopped by a long-legged, skinny guy who told us, 'A dollar and a half for stags. Get out of the entrance or I'll call the Colonel.' None of us had a dollar and a half so I went back into the crowd and put on a false mustache. Then I walked up to the skinny guy and said, 'I'm a member of Lock and Chain but I forgot my pin. Mind if I go in?' The skinny guy said, 'That's an old one, beat it.' Shortly after that the little fat guy and the skinny guy ran out of the building and it collapsed, burning three hundred people."

University records show that O'Reardon was initiated into Lock and Chain in 1927.

John Ernest, reputed to be the "chubby, dimple-cheeked little rascal", described by Reardon, could not be reached for an intelligent statement. "Hee, hee, hee," he told a Dirge reporter late this afternoon.

Adolph Schlossstein, who answers Reardon's description of the person who kept the firemen out, is not regarded as very bright by those who know him but a Dirge reporter interviewed him anyhow. "Spell my name with three S's," he told the reporter, "and you'll never get me to ride in one of those new-fangled horseless carriages."

Charles Foote, director of the A. S. A. B., cornered the reporter as he was about to leave. "What about me," he asked. "I wanta be interviewed.

My name is Charles Foote, Napoleon of Finance. I do not ride in elevators when I am green. Would you like a picture of me for the paper. Look at all the pretty files I've got. I'm going to get some more files for my birthday and a phone on my desk just like Mr. Ernest has. Goody, goody, goody."

The Dirge reporter tore himself loose and started to leave as Foote followed him to the door babbling. "I'm going to Honolulu for my vacation," he said with a wink and a leer.

— D D D —

Science and Invention

There is a certain reflex, said the Psychologist, which works in this manner; when you lift the head of an infant it will tend to lift its feet. Now what we want to find out is the average age at which this reflex action leaves the infant. To do this we must go through the clinics and lift up the heads of all the babies under three weeks old we can find.

But, said the voice of a girl destined to become a school teacher, how can you? The nurses won't let you get near the babies.

Oh, returned the Psychologist rolling his eyes until they looked like two saucers full of beef tea, you can get around nurses if you know how.

— D D D —

Lament

I wrote a sonnet
On a lady's bonnet
They wouldn't print my sonnet
Doggonit.

— D D D —

Book Store

The book store
Is a crook store
Where they get more
For books
Than Crooks.
Gadzooks!

— D D D —

Crooner

Crosby, Bing,
Tried to sing,
But wasn't
A hit eftsoons
So now he croons.
Why doesn't
Bing
Sing?

"I've been feeling terrible lately," alibied the pianist as he finished the rendition.

"Oh, but that was wonderful, superb," gushed a sweet young thing obviously attracted by him.

"Yes, you certainly do put feeling in your playing," added her escort.

— D D D —

He (to real estate agent): "I'd like to get something good in a secluded apartment at small cost."

R. E. A.: "You said it, buddy—so would I."

— D D D —

"That's the bunk," said the helpful steward.

— D D D —

Long: "I'm a champion boxer."

Short: "What weight?"

Long: "Light-heavy."

Short: "What?"

Long: "Light-heavy."

Short: "Dammit, sir! Make up your mind!"

— D D D —

If Longfellow had gone to Washington

The Walgreen Hour

Between the nine-thirty and the ten-thirty
When the day's beginning to get sour
Come's a pause in the day's occupation
That is known as the Walgreen Hour

I hear in the classroom above me
The patter of little feet
And a horrible screech in the hallway
A Pi Phi being sweet

From my classroom I see in the sunlight
Descending the broad hall stair
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra
And Edith with golden hair

A whisper and then a silence
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning to cadge
A coke from a coupla guys.

They grab a guy with some cigarettes
They collar a guy with a car
And start their day's occupation
That is known as the Walgreen Hour.

No, Arabella, sterilizing insane people is not boiling them.

— D D D —

"Don't take the roll, professor, somebody might need it."

— D D D —

You've heard about the Pi Phi who chirruped,
"There goes our best rushee. Grab her in the archway."

— D D D —

And then there's the Scotchman who bought a reproducing piano.

— D D D —

Knight: "Prithee, maiden, —"

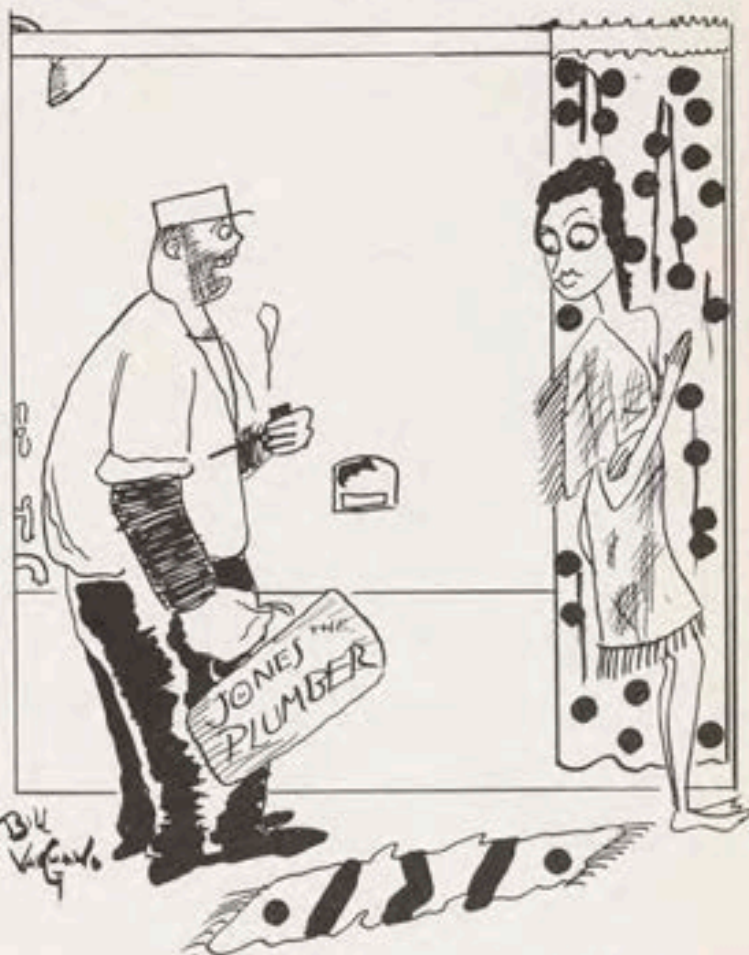
Maiden: "I know I am, but you're wasting your time."

— D D D —

"That girl is very décolleté."

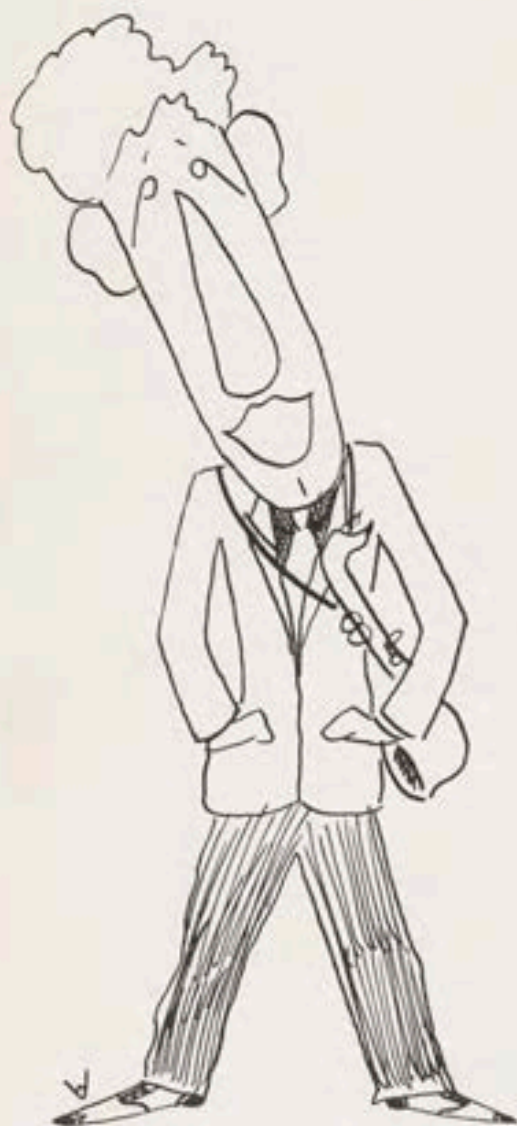
"Yes, I just love these fragile, pale beauties."

— D D D —



"Say something funny lady and we'll sell it to Ballyhoo."

Dirge Nominate



RUDY VALLEE:
Because we didn't have
room for Paul Whiteman.



GRETA GARBO:
Because our artist couldn't
draw Marlene Dietrich.



WILL ROGERS:
Because our artist
the Saturday Evening
and thinks Rogers
diplomat.

to For President



WILL ROGERS:
Because our artist reads
Saturday Evening Post
think Rogers is a
diplomat.



GROUCHO MARX:
Because we're starting an
anti-Cantor campaign



CHARLES G. DAWES:
Because our artist couldn't
draw Hoover.

TRIAL BY ERROR

IT SEEMS that the author was sitting at his desk one day watching his mystery story move before him. It was quite a good story, full of life and color, with a flapping shadow of death pulled by a string just to make things interesting. But all the usual stuff, he decided. How to make it different? He didn't know, so he set the story in motion again to see what happened to it.

Just then his friend came in.

"Huh, huh!" he boomed. "Another story? Let me see now, let me see . . . Um. Quite good really. Never thought of having a man murdered in a circus crowd before. Absolutely unprecedented." And then, turning to the author, "I'd like to see what happens . . . may I?"

Now that delighted the author. At last some one would read his story, he thought, but he needed all of his good breeding to cover his disappointment when the friend said, "Say . . . if you don't mind . . . I think I'd rather not look at the story with you. I'll just get in the ferris wheel and see how everything goes along from the first."

"All right." The author was resigned. He watched his friend mingle with the circus crowd, work his way to the slowly revolving ferris wheel, and at last become a passenger on it.

"Say!" The complaining small voice of his friend floated up to him from the twinkling scene. "You said that the wheel revolved slowly. It may look like that to you, but it's really whirling. I can't see a thing. Where's your physics?" And then he howled, "Get this into some sort of proportion . . ."

"Yes," replied the meek author. He slowed down the scene. He watched the corner in which the murder would be committed. And then he smiled, because no one would see the foul act, and therefore everyone in the book would have to be questioned. His friend should see, he should see . . . There was a tiny puff of smoke.

"Hey! Hey!" It was the friend again. His voice was more weak than ever with excitement as he called, "I saw that . . . I saw it happen. Why are you going to let that poor little girl go through such trouble . . . such a sweet girl, too . . . when that fat old man shot him? I tell you, I saw it!"

"You'd better get out of all this," advised the author, "For, look!"

Sure enough, a flying squadron of policemen appeared out of nowhere, pointing pistols at everyone and saying, "No person shall leave this circus until we have talked to them. Sorry, lady, but

them's orders from headquarters." Now it couldn't have been possible that each person had a cop pointing a gun at him, so it must have been that they were all feeling self-conscious. (Get into a mystery story and see how you feel.)

"I know who did it, I know," chanted the friend.

"Shut up, do you want to spoil my story? The first thing you know, I'll have you arrested, too."

"Do! It'll be lots of fun; I can't get hurt because I know how your book turns out."

"All right." And the author settled down to enjoy his story. He watched with interest as the policemen grabbed his friend and began to shake answers out of him. His friend's confident smile faded; he clutched at his trousers.

"I say, this is a hell of a note," he wailed. What would the pretty blonde heroine think of him, she who was by now accused of the murder? Just look at him, standing there holding up a pair of pants at least two sizes too large for him.

"Circumstantial evidence," pronounced the cop, "Them pants is the same size as them of the dead man. Therefore, YOU done it!"

"No, now wait a minute," he begged. "Really, I did see who shot that man. Saw him around here only a few minutes ago. Name's—name's—!" Snapping his fingers, "Oh, I never could remember names."

"What did he look like?"

"Like this," and the resourceful friend bent down, gooped up some grease from the machinery of the ferris-wheel onto his fingers, and smeared it all over his face. They all stared at him. They were puzzled. Hooray! No one recognized him. He started to shuffle away.

"Hey, negro," yelled the detective on the job, "Did you see a white man around here?"

The negro looked carefully through the crowd and then shook his head.

"NOoo sub, Ah ain' seed nobody."

He left. They let him leave. After all, they had years of tradition to live up to. The reputation of the police force must be sustained at all costs. And he was going home, or somewhere, to get a pair of pants that fit . . . it wasn't at all nice of the author to play a trick like that on him . . . But he'd make the best of the situation, and he might, he might even go to see if he couldn't find that tricky heroine while he was about it.

Her house was rather hard to get into, and he spent a good deal of time wandering about in the cellar, or some dark halls, he couldn't decide which

they were. For some reason he had brought along his circumstantial evidence and for some other reason he thought he'd better struggle into them. He got the suspenders safely over one shoulder and still no one came.

"Hey!" he shouted up to the author. "It's time for some one to come in and discover me in this condition . . . that always happens, you know. I think you're a bit slow about things . . ."

"You have a low sense of humor", coldly retorted the author. "Talk to the hero; you'll probably get along with him . . . he's such a man of action . . ." With even more annoyance, "Go ahead, You know how everything's going to turn out—you said you did, but just see if you can get those characters to behave."

"You gotta be polite to 'em," said the friend.

"Oh, alright, alright," soothed the author. "Now see what a mess you're in. No, look back of you. That's the hero with his gun pointed at you . . ."

But the friend could no longer hear his words of advice and stared in horrid shyness at the sophisticated gleam of the very newest thing in automatics. Of course he would speak in just a minute, but what he had to say was not in any way related to what he really meant to ask, therefore: "Am I looking in a mirror, or is this the hero?"

"Of course, I'm the hero. Don't you see the gun I'm carrying? I'm going to shoot you in just a little while."

"Oh." And then, "But say, why are you all blacked up, too?"

"Well, I figured that you were the murderer, and that as the murderer was blacked up, everyone who is hunting for him would shoot at him. So far, everyone has taken a shot at me, and that way I know they are innocent." He changed his tone.

"Everyone—but—you."

The friend felt that this was truly a time for politeness. "May I see your gun?" he asked.

"Certainly."

They bowed from the waist, and then, as the friend took the gun, he thankfully pointed the barrel to the ground and leaned on the stock. The long barrel bent softly and restfully into the likeness of that kitchen essential, the corkscrew. They both looked at the enormity, and then stared at each other with expressionless faces.

"Say," said the hero, "Who did kill that man?"

"I never could remember faces. Mother used to say to me—"

"Well it doesn't matter. I know another reason why you couldn't have done it . . ."

"Prove that."

"Well . . . You see, as I've figured this out, you're in a dream, while I'm really in the story. There-

fore, if you're in a dream, and not real like me, your guns will never shoot when you want them to. Haven't you noticed that before?" He pointed, "See what happened just now? Look . . ."

They stared again. The undulating barrel of the rifle had grown during their conversation and was now trailing on the ground. Proof incontestable.

"Oh." The friend was clearly disappointed at being found out. "Well, I'll tell you the truth. I came into this story because I—well, I liked the heroine. Do you think she'd marry me?"

"You're only the hero of a dream," replied the cynical book over-lord, "But do ask her. By all means."

She was standing by the hero's side. Just like that. She must have been back of him all the time that they were talking. Slight she was, and just tall enough so that her hair got in the hero's mouth. She insisted upon standing close to him anyway, so that was how you could tell. If the author had made him taller, she would have had to have clasped both hands about his neck and swung. To get the same effect, that is. And as men do stick together in small matters where it costs them nothing, the hero was allowed to remain short, and saved his neck thereby.

"I guess you heard me propose to your fiancee," faltered the friend. "I'd like to do it over again, if you don't mind, because I have some swell things to say to you . . ."

Quoth the heroine, with her perfect lips and imperfect brain, "I'm sorry, but I really don't think you could do any better than George, here. Why, the author spent hours on his love speeches, so . . . if you don't mind, I think I'll take . . . My hero!"

She turned to smile up winningly at the author. She wanted his approval. But he was asleep. He knew they'd get each other in the end, anyway. He'd read lots of stories like this one.

Cecil Mitchell

— D D D —

"Good-looking? Naw, he's got the kind of an onion that makes you dance with tears in your eyes."

— D D D —

She: "We have a house with three dining rooms."

He: "Fagoshakes! Where do you sleep?"

She: "Sirl!"

— D D D —

Some of those racketeers get away with murder.

— D D D —

"She's good-looking, but it seems that she never washes her face."

"Ah-ha! Filthy lucre!"

Five News Flashes from Washington, D. C.:

February 5.—Sudden terror possessed the hearts of the inhabitants of the capitol city here today as a mysterious man wearing a black slouch hat and a scowl was seen slinking through the back streets of the city. He had on a black mask which completely hid his features, and when accosted by an officer, muttered a vile imprecation and took to his heels. Eluding his pursuer, he was seen no more, but his appearance was so singularly terrifying that the policeman and two citizens who saw him underwent nervous breakdowns.

February 5.—Later today the Mysterious Man was seen again. He emerged from an alley in back of the Treasury Building and, upon seeing two schoolboys tossing pennies, tore his hat from his head, threw it on the ground, and jumped up and down on it like a madman, meanwhile muttering to himself. The boys could see his flashing and malignant eyes through the holes in the black mask, and they stood rooted to the spot in terror. The Man leaped at them and past them, dove to the ground, picked up the two pennies they had tossed, and bit them savagely. "Gawd! Real money!" he cried, "The irony of it!" With that he was gone. The city is agog with fear and wonder.

February 6.—The hope that the Mysterious Man is nothing but a figment of the imagination of the policeman, two citizens, and schoolboys was completely shattered today when investigation showed that not one of the five had attended the showing of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" at the Bijou Theatre here last week. Upon receipt of this intelligence the Commissioner of Public Health issued an order that no one venture outside his house until the Mysterious Man has been caught and put behind bars. A troop of Singer's midgets currently appearing in a local theatre has been sworn in as a special body of deputies, and at present are hiding in garbage cans in the alleys immediately adjacent to the Treasury Building with periscopes and sawed-off shot-guns.

February 6.—Up until nine o'clock this evening the Mysterious Man who has been terrorizing the city for two days had not been seen again, but the citizens who have been forced to virtually hibernate for fear of attack look on this as nothing more than a respite before more slaughter and horror comes. The police spent the major part of the afternoon in going through trunks which had been checked in the check rooms of the main railroad depot, but no evidence of trunk murders was found. Remembering that Singer's Midgets are still in town, they have now started to go through the suitcases.

February 7.—The citizens of Washington are again going about their several duties here today, for at six o'clock this morning the Mysterious Man was caught and taken to the police station under a heavy guard.

He was identified as the Circulation Manager of "Hooey", and said he was trying to deliver a copy to Senator Fess. Senator Fess could not be reached for a statement.

— D D D —

"Keep away from me, daughter!" roared Jed Peters. "I'll have no child of mine coming in my house in your condition." Arn't you ashamed of yourself? I told you not to trust him. Now look at yourself; a fine mess you've gotten into. Where's my shotgun! I'll shoot the dirty skunk, that's what. The Peters family 'ull be the laughing-stock of the Ozarks. The idea of a daughter of mine not knowing any better than to try to tame a polecat!"

— D D D —

"I've loved you from the day I first set eyes on you," he breathed.

"Yes, but you needn't set your hands on me, do you?"

— D D D —

Famous Last Words

"Ask her if she's got a friend?"

— D D D —

"And as I enclose you in my arms, and gaze deeply in the black-blue depths of your star-lit eyes hanging in the perfect canopy of your oval face, I think of love, moonlight, zephyrs, and bosky dells of undiscovered—"

"Wait a minute. A pin's sticking me."

— D D D —

Commuter's Theme Song

"For east is east, and west is west,
And never the train he'll meet."

— D D D —

Our Psych prof told us that if a cornetist sees someone before him sucking on a lemon, he is forced to stop playing.

Maybe so, somebody made Rudy Vallee stop singing with a grapefruit.

— D D D —

The industry with the biggest volume of trade since '29 is the Public Library, while the largest turnover of goods was accomplished by the flap-jack-cook in the window of Child's.

Spring is the time when—

Professors spring exams on Saturday mornings
 And young men say, "My God, she didn't look like
 that last night."
 And Student Life editorials get mellow
 And Phil Becker writes, "April Dirge best ever."
 And the latest and best Hadley-Williams opus is
 produced.
 And the Hatchet editor goes crazy
 And some dolt gets sucked into the Dirge editorship
 And girls wear red dresses and lie on the quad
 And Dean Stephens says the nice equivalent of
 damn
 And the profs don't mark the exams they spring on
 Saturday mornings
 And there are lots of dances and nobody dances
 And there are track meets and baseball games
 And term papers and final exams
 And some men join Pralma
 And some men say, "It's all run by politics anyhow"
 And Dr. McFayden lectures out the window
 Where most of the class are anyhow
 And it's hell to work on Dirge, or Student Life, or
 Hatchet
 While sensible beings are out having a good time
 And big executives come around trying to hire the
 graduates
 And then the graduates rub their eyes and wake up
 And people go to the library and study and end
 up by looking at the moon
 And the girls look prettier and the boys look oftener
 And—oh hell, I'm gonna get a date.

— D D D —

"It's not safe to sit out under the stars."
 "How do you know?"
 "A little bird told me."

— D D D —

Has anyone ever accused the freedom-seekers in
 India of Propagandhizing?

— D D D —

"Thirty days," said the conscientious judge when
 the lawyer for the defense admitted he was a criminal
 lawyer.

— D D D —

The newspaper economists were right—prosperity
 is just around the corner.

— D D D —

A gink by the name of Lefink
 Mixed malt and hops in the sink
 There arose such a stink
 That he said, with a wink,
 These limericks are harder'n you think.

Dean Stephens
Approves
This Costume!

The girl who believed everything she read in
 College Humor.

— D D D —

She (to he): "So-o, false lover, thou didst in-
 form Titus that you had not fallen for me?"

He (to she): "Nay, not—if Titus quoth in that
 vein he hath misunderstood. I told him that I was
 head over heels in love with you."

— D D D —

It is truly marvelous the depths of passion to
 which a man is sometimes moved by some cold,
 lifeless, inanimate object. Why, look at Louis XVI
 of France—he lost his head over a mere chopping
 block.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

Thyrus-Little Theatre knew that a serious production of Uncle Tom's Cabin ought to be funny, but they were not sure that the audience would be clever enough to see the humor so they filled the audience with plants who laughed, or cried, or booed industriously just before the actors said whatever the audience was to laugh, or cry, or boo at. That, if you understand what we are trying to say, was not so good. Nor was the ten minute intermission between each five minute scene. (Note to editor. Write a ringing editorial decrying lack of facilities on January stage and urging a campus theatre.)

Taking these handicaps into consideration the actors did right well. Miss Jocelyn Taylor (who for some reason did not have to compete with the over-enthusiastic plants) made a very wicked Topsy. Norvell Brasch was quite sinister as Simon Legree, the viper. Mr. van Ravenswaay was funny as Phineas Fletcher although he persisted in going right on with his speeches when the curtain was down. Mr. Lemonds was fine as Uncle Tom, albeit an Uncle Tom with a complexion like a pinto pony. Miss Evers, as little Eva, inspired one with a desire to stick her with a pin and Miss Stannard, as Ophelia, made one want to kick her every time she said "shiftless", which, we take it, is evidence of a part well played. And Phil Becker was quite awe-inspiring in the auction scene. We have no quarrel with the acting and directing, but oh, the scene shifting.

Inasmuch as January Court Room has not adequate facilities for handling scenery some effort should have been made to curtail the amount of scene changing. Or at least they could have devised some between scene specialties to amuse the audience during its tedious waits. Incidentally once the scenery was trundled into place it looked just dandy.

Additional notes: Little Eva looked too pudgy. And we were very disappointed when she didn't go to heaven on a length of piano wire. Uncle Tom's Cabin is not by Molnar. That, we maintain, is something. We would like to see T.L.T. put on some more revival plays. Produce some melodramas not so well known as Uncle Tom's Cabin, produce them seriously as was done in Uncle Tom's Cabin, don't have so many changes of scenery, don't have a lot of noisy plants. Such a show would be right swell. The last scene of the show had the audience on the edge of their seats. All in all we thought it was good entertainment. Can we have a comp to the next stupendous production, Mr. Becker?

CUTE KIDDIES DEPARTMENT

Miss Marietta McIntyre, editor of Dirge's CUTE DEPARTMENT, thinks the following essays by third grade children "just too cute for words". "They are," she told us confidentially, "just too cute for words. Even Phil Becker will like them." So we print them—and remember, if you don't like our CUTE DEPARTMENT we'll start a WHIMSY DEPARTMENT.

Grownups

Grownups must work for a living. If they donot they will not have food clothes and shelter. They must send there children to School. Children must have a good edgocation. The pepol that can must send money to the poor. The men must goto work. The wimon must do the housework. The men must bring in the money. Lot of pepol are so poor they cannot buy food and clothing let alone shelter. They must not make children work that are under 16. They must work thereselves. More than 100 pepol are so poor that they cannot stand the de-preshon.

Gene

Grownups

Grownups are bigger than we are. Some poeple can drive a car. And they can go dountoun by there self. They buy there oun clothes, some of them buy the goods and make clothes. They go to big places. And we can't. They go to clubs and have fun. The grounups go to cards game, and dance. And we can.t. My father was going to drive a truck but he said he didn't want too. Some poeple that came over our house Saturday night Jan 16 1932, they said to me I was a dollbaby and they said goodnight and then kiss me. And a other man said boy she sure is a dollbaby. A lady said was cute

Betty

— D D D —

A financial wizard is a person who buys Listerine toothpaste only on sale.

— D D D —

"And there I was, stalled on the center of the crossing, with a speeding train bearing down upon me."

"Freight?"

"You're darned tootin' I was!"

— D D D —

"I made a mistake when I told the wife we needed new blood in the family," said the husband as he started proceedings for a divorce.

Imaginary Interviews

Russell Vaughan

We knocked timidly on the door to the Hatchet office.

"Come in," a voice called. We opened the door and peered timidly inside. Russell Vaughan, Editor of Hatchet, looked up from the toe-nail which he was neatly trimming and said with a smile, "I suppose you want to interview me."

"Mr. Vaughan," we said, "Dirge readers would like to know how you achieved your great success."

"Hard work and long hours," he said. "My father raised me to be a Sigma Nu, you know."

"And how do you find time to edit Hatchet besides all your other activities?"

"Where there's a will, there's a way. A man of my ability, pshaw."

"Mr. Vaughan, how do you ever get the schedule for Hatchet pictures so tangled up. Surely someone helps you with that."

Oh yes. The schedule for Hatchet pictures is revised by the guy who makes the schedule for final exams—the fellow who writes the grammatical errors for Student Life. I could never get the schedule so balled up all by myself."

"And what is your hobby, Mr. Vaughan?"

"Lamp shade tapping. I can play 'Onward Christian Soldiers' on an ordinary library lamp. It is great fun. My father raised me to be a Sigma Nu, you know."

"Goodbye," he told me as I left. I have found that that is one characteristic of all great men. "Goodbye," they tell me when I leave.

Carl Schumacher

Mr. Schumacher was feverishly writing when we tip-toed up behind him for an interview. We looked over his shoulder and read, "A good journalist is one who can expand material for a paragraph into a whole article—"

"You wish to interview me," said the Beau Brummel of Sigma Chi, flashing his famous smile.

"What do you think of co-eds, Mr. Schumacher?"

"Oh I wouldn't want to say," he said, and blushed prettily.

"And how do you feel about the Sino-Japanese situation?"

"Well the McGill daily says, 'A goose on the table is worth two or three some place else.' Do you ever read the McGill Daily. I don't know what I'd do without that and the Daily Kansan."

"Mr. Schumacher, could you tell me how you scooped the big city papers on this story which appeared in Student Life, March 4, 1932. 'More than

150 colleges will give gent tests this spring. Why limit it their sophomores intensive, intelligent tests this spring. Why limit it to the poor sophs?'"

"Oh," said Mr. Schumacher modestly, "I guess it's just good organization and the force of my personality. I have always been a good writer."

As we left Mr. Schumacher said, "Goodbye."

Phil Becker

We found Mr. Becker in the Student Life office taking the keys out of the typewriters and laughing softly to himself. "Ha, ha," he said softly to himself. He is always saying "ha, ha" softly to himself. It is an integral part of the man.

"Are you Phil Becker?" we said.

"I am the Phil Becker," he answered simply.

"Mr. Becker, we hear you think of the funniest things. Is that true?"

"It sure is. I do think of the funniest things. My hobby is getting old ladies in swinging doors and twirling them until they're dizzy. You oughta see the expressions on their faces. Boy, is that a scream. And the time I put worms in all the beds out at the fraternity houses. That was a good one. Another time I called up all the taxi companies in town and told them to send a cab to the Sigma Chi house. Then I had all the ice cream companies deliver them five gallons of ice cream. That was a real laugh. Boy, I sure have a lot of fun. And I was the guy that put a stink bomb in the chapel." He laughed softly to himself.

"You know," he went on musingly, "I was just like other little boys once upon a time. Then I thought up the idea of pinning a sign labelled, 'Kick me' on the back of a little boy. From that time on my eyes were opened to the opportunities of humor and I devoted myself to making others happy with my good clean fun. I've never regretted it."

"Well," we said, you have certainly led an interesting life."

"I sure have. Well, so long. I'm going over to the library to glue the pages together in the books." He laughed softly to himself.

Edward Alt

Mr. Alt was smoking a cigar and had a derby cocked on one side of his head when we went to interview him. He rolled the cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other and said, "You don't owe me any money, do you?"

"Mr. Alt," we said, "it must be great to be chairman of the Junior Prom."

"Aw," he said, "it ain't so much fun. Of course when it comes time to select the queen, that's a horse of a different color." He leered.

"We understand you were appointed Chairman of the Junior Prom because of your many unusual social activities."

"Yes, that is the case. I have gone to every Lock and Chain dance since my freshman year and have never danced a step. It's interesting to watch a dance. Lots of fellows get stuck with girls and have to dance with them all evening. I just laugh. Lots of fellows go out walking with girls, too. I had a date once when I was a Freshman but I've gotten over that kid stuff."

"We understand that the Junior Prom is just one of your many big time operations. We heard that you were a big time racketeer. And somebody said that you go down to the race track a lot."

"Aw, that race track doesn't mean a horse race track. It's a name for—oh, you wouldn't understand. That racketeer rumor got started on account of how I look in a derby. To appreciate my real nature you must come out to the fraternity house some afternoon and hear me play my saxophone. Oh, but that is delightful, to while away the weary hours with sweet music and elfin melodies. To pour out my soul in the clear, poignant notes of my saxophone, that is how I find the real Alt." He sighed softly.

"Aren't a lot of beggars blind?"

"Yeah, those kind of beggars can't be choosers."

— D D D —

An evangelistic sermon is usually the revival of the fittest.

— D D D —

"That woman across the way has insulted me," cried Deacon Smithers. "She's just pulled down the shade."

— D D D —

"How come this gas-bill is so high?"

"Lighter than air, Henry, lighter than air."

— D D D —

Additional research has revealed that George Washington stood up while crossing the Delaware because he gave his seat to a lady.

— D D D —

"Egad, Polixenes, that's not a very nice habit."

"Forsooth, Antigones, my other one is at the cleaners."

Charles Freeman

Mr. Freeman was quite willing to be interviewed. "Just ask me anything you want," he said. "I am very democratic."

"Mr. Freeman," we said, "why do they call you the St. Charles Demosthenes?"

"Oh that," he smiled modestly. "That is because I live in St. Charles and am such a good speaker—like Demosthenes. So powerful is my oratory that quite often my introduction of a speaker takes up more time than his speech."

"What have you done since you were student president?"

"Well I've organized shirt-tail parades, pep meetings, all sorts of collegiate things I've seen in the picture shows out at St. Charles. And I've gone to the midnight shows at the Garrick. Just had one big rip snorting time, I have."

"That's mighty fine, Mr. Freeman. I understand you have the full confidence of the administration."

"Oh that I have. They know I'm the boy to clean up all this nassy political situation. I'm a ding dong daddy—"

"It's been rumored around that you gained your office by the support of a political combine—that you yourself have been quite active in organizing political combines. How about that?"

"Oh nonsense. I'm just a big, clean fun-loving boy that nobody understands. All men in the public eye have their traducers."

Blues Cure

When your friends have all departed;
When your girl has turned you down;
When you feel so broken-hearted
That you'd sorta like to drown;
When your tongue is swollen, and your mouth seems
full of dust,
Knock three times upon the door and ask the man
for Gus.

When you've finished hours of cramming
And you've flunked three subjects straight,
And you feel the whole world's damming
You to some forsaken fate,
Then hit for Delmar avenue, and grab the nearest
bus,
Knock three times upon the door and ask the man
for Gus.

When the day is black and dreary,
And the smile has left your face;
When of dances you are weary,
And you cannot stand the pace,
Go to the place I told you of, where all you do
is just
To knock three times upon the door and ask the
man for Gus.

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"Is your fiance ambitious?"
"Oh yes. Ever since he's been knee-high."

— D D D —

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill" was merely getting a head start on the rest of the boys.

— D D D —

"What's in that bottle?"
"Gin."
"Great heavens, don't you know that the wages of gin are breath."

— D D D —

We were wondering about this recent marriage between the wooden soldier and the china doll, and, incidentally, if the children will be papier-mache, but maybe the soldier wooden."

Johnny: "Miss Smith, may I leave the room?"
Teacher: "Where are you going?"
Johnny: "Whither I goest, thou mayest not follow."

— D D D —

Minnie the stenographer got a cold from sitting in a draught while on her boss' lap. He was bow-legged.

— D D D —

The inveterate smoker gradually broke his habit by playing on the pipe-organ.

— D D D —

"Doesn't that fellow sing bass?"
"It's pretty bad, but I wouldn't put it that strong."

— D D D —

There are so many college men out of work that it is rapidly becoming the well-bred line.



Society Note:—The K. A.'s entertained at their chapter house last Friday. The couples danced to the rhythm of Joe Gooch's orchestra.

We hope the wolf outside the door has been trained better than our neighbor's police-dog.

— D D D —

"Why don't ya treat your Pa with more respect?"
"I'm disappointed in him. Ma tells me the stork brung me."

— D D D —

"Oh dear, Aloysious, my strap has broken."
"Pish tush, Ermentrude, the suspense is now over."

— D D D —

Our great-great-grandmothers wore several petticoats at once. Why didn't they just wear one large one?

— D D D —

The bridal path in Forest Park often leads to the bridal path.

— D D D —

We suggest the "Song of the Vagabonds" as the official song for the teetotalers of the world, not because of any peculiar applicability of the title, but because it ends in a rousing "and to Hell with Burgundy."

— D D D —

She: "I've sure got a stiff neck this morning."
He: "Who were you out with last night?"
She: "A magician."
He: "What d'ya mean, a magician?"
She: "Necromancer, buddy, necromancer."

— D D D —

Theme song for the Humane Society and the S. P. C. A.: "Was that the Humane Thing to Do?"

— D D D —

The couple had been in the darkened parlor for well over two hours.

"Do you know what I'm thinking?" he queried.
"What?" she whispered.
"That women are all alike," he answered.

— D D D —

The biological urge in springtime is often to cut your Zoology class.

— D D D —

"This one is on me," shouted the guy at the breakfast table as he got his second bite of grapefruit.

— D D D —

"Wine, women, and song" don't go nearly as well together as "Wine, women, and wrong."

Why do doctors tell you to open your mouth and say "Ah-hh"? Has anyone ever said it with his mouth closed?

— D D D —

"What hotel is this?"
"Astoria."
"Who the hell's Oria?"

— D D D —

The old one-piece bathing suit has now become a two piece suit. The middle part has disappeared.

— D D D —

Collegian: "What's wrong with these eggs?"
Waitress: "Don't ask me, I only laid the table."
—Keweenaw-Jammer

— D D D —

"This last drop won't be so good," said the coffee maker as he stepped up to the gallows.

—Yoo Doo

— D D D —

Teacher: "Now, children, every morning you should take a cold bath and then you ought to feel rosy all over. Are there any questions?"

Boy (in the back of the room): "Yeah, teacher, please tell us some more about Rosy."

—Sour Owl

— D D D —

"And does the nice little cow give milk?"
"Well, not exactly; you gotta sorta take it away from her."

—Annapolis Log

— D D D —

Budding Artist: "Here's a modernistic picture of a steam shovel."

Magazine Editor: "Sorry, we can't use it. The dirt's there all right, but it hasn't any sex appeal."

—Columbus

— D D D —

Noah's wife: "What was all the racket down in the steerage?"

Noah: "A big row. The skunk refused to room with that college man we picked up."

—Cajaliv

— D D D —

"What's your mother so upset about?"
"Oh, the cat went and littered up the place."

—Yoo Doo

— D D D —

Hear! Hear!

Little Slime Epiglottis says that the only difference between castor oil and whiskey is that one's a movie and the other's a talkie.

—Rice Owl

Evolution

Said a monk as she hung by her tail—
To her offsprings both female and male—
From your children, my dears—
In a few million years—
May evolve a professor at Yale—

—Black and Blue Jay

— D D D —

He: "Afraid?"

She: "Not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."

—Log

— D D D —

Neck and Neck

I like to neck
I think it's swell
I don't want heaven,
I'll neck in hell.

There's nothing like
A good clean neck
To make a man
Become a wreck.

I've necked 'em standing
I've necked 'em lying
If I had wings
I'd neck 'em flying.
I LOVE IT!

—Pelican

— D D D —

"Bill: "Are you going to have any more babies at your house, Will?"

Will: "Never! We're overstorked already."

—Vanderbilt Masquerader

— D D D —

He: "What business are you in?"

She: "Not what you think, big boy, so keep your distance."

—Vanderbilt Masquerader

— D D D —

Ho, Hum

Prof. (after lengthy lecture): "Now, is there anything anyone would like to ask?"

Voice from Rear Row: "What time is it?"

—Texas Longhorn

— D D D —

"Stand behind your lover," said the Scotchman to his unfaithful wife, "I'm going to shoot you both."

—Jack O'Lantern



Presidential Timber!

▼ What this country needs is an all-around, all-wet president. Homer Bru, banker, business man, farmer and statesman, is that man. Mr. Bru's modesty is shown in his answer to his party's request that he throw his hat in the ring in the forthcoming election. His answer was simply, "Who, me?"

A play-by-play and plank-by-plank story of Homer Bru's campaign is being published in COLLEGE HUMOR. As citizens of these (we hope) United States, it is your duty to keep your finger on the pulse of the hectic politics of the aforesaid States. Bru's spotless record will inspire you. Read about him in

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Do tap dancers have a love
life?

How about the tenor?

Who is that blonde?

These and other questions
will be answered in the

Musicomedy
Number
of Dirge

You'll want a Copy

They laughed at Joe

when he took up acrobatic
dancing and contortion work
—but now he knows more
than any of them. Some
fun, eh Joe?



To the Zoologist

Have you ever seen:

A cow that had lavender fur;
A hen with a deep, grizzly grrr?

A snake with a pair of red wings;
A fish that can talk while it sings?

A snail that will hop, skip, and jump;
A camel without any hump?

A monkey with five-pointed ears;
A mule shedding crocodile tears?

A rabbit that whistles a tune;
A bee that will bark at the moon?

A lizard with four-million eyes;
A lion that sleeps as it flies?

A cat that will run from a mouse;
An ant just as big as a house?

An ostrich of roseate hue;
An eel that was speckled with blue?

An oyster with seventeen heads;
An eagle that crawls under beds?

What! You say you haven't? Here, drink
some of this and then see if I'm crazy!

—Purple Parrot

— D D D —

Father (going over son's expense account):
"What is this thirty dollars for?"

Son: "Oh, that's for a couple of tennis rackets I
bought."

Father: "H'm, in my day we called them bats."

—Pennsylvania Peach Basket

— D D D —

I'm not much good, but, oh, I'm so determined.
"Ludwig," I raged, "what do you call money ex-
pended for disinfectants." "Tush, tush," he
blushed prettily, "I'd call it a stinking fund." From
such as this come Presidents.

—Frank

— D D D —

"I hear Dorothy's going to be married."

"Is she? Who is the lucky man?"

"Her father."

—Harvard Lampoon

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Famous Men Have Said

"The final stage in the evolution of our famed product." King C. Gillette

"Big." Ernest Hemingway

"It isn't real. It isn't true. It's just another damn lie!" Judge Lindsay

"Very pretty." Nice old lady from Brooklyn

"The dirty ditch!" Will Rogers

"Our country is a great land. It is our land. It belongs to us. The wealth of natural wonders makes our country a great land. The natural wonders belong to us. The Grand Canyon is the greatest of these. It is a masterpiece of nature. It is on the Colorado River which runs through the canyon. All Americans should see the canyon. The canyon is our heritage. It belongs to us."

Calvin Coolidge

"Eichen gehecten houterbrober. Nicht in den vagon spuchen."

Albert Einstein

"We recommend that it be padlocked."

Mr. Wickersham

"It certainly makes me think." Senator Hefflin

"Well, I want another highball." Jimmie Walker

"It reminds me of something I've seen or eaten but I don't know just which." Clara Bow

"I'll bet Mussolini is at the bottom of it."

Maj. Gen. Smedley Butler

"I say 'dam it'!" Herbert Hoover

—Punch Book

— D D D —

"Clarice! You know I bruise easily—"

—Yellow Jacket

— D D D —

Co-ed: "Is he fresh? Why I had to slap him three times before I gave in."

—Rice Out

— D D D —

Or as the girl at the wrapping counter said, "I'm just a little girl trying to get along."

—Punch Book

— D D D —

"She laughed when I sat down on the park bench, but when I started to play—"

—Pilot

— D D D —

"Is that pooch a bird dog?"

"Sure. C'mere, Oscar, an' give the lady the bird!"

—California Pelican

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There was an old lady from Brewster,

She had six hens and a rooster.

The rooster died,

And the old lady cried,

'Cause she couldn't get eggs like she uster.

—Bannister-Jewett

— D D D —

That reminds me, Joe, did you get the oysters your wife told you to bring home?

—Colorado Dude



**Weary of scenes
like this?**

—then lend us your ears

This is the time of year when you feel that the lights have shone on fair women and brave men for the last time, as far as you are concerned. The feet that have trod so many miles of dance floors begin to itch for a more exciting occupation. And Absorbine Jr. won't cure *that* itch. What you need is to apply the uneasy members to the controls of a new Chevrolet Six.

And what a thrill that is! At the lightest pressure on the accelerator, the Chevrolet leaps ahead like a startled fawn (ah there, Keats), devours the miles like a ravening tiger (howdy, Byron), and skims along as smoothly and quietly as a bird in flight (and you, too, Shelley).

To be less zoölogical, you get places in a hurry, laughing mockingly at heavy traffic the while. For Syncro-Mesh gear-shifting combined with Free Wheeling makes the new Chevrolet Six as responsive to your touch as a generous parent. And wherever you go, heads turn, for the new Chevrolet Six is one of the smartest cars on the road. Moreover, you won't have to pawn those discarded dress clothes to pay for one, since Chevrolet prices are among the lowest at which motor cars are sold!

So climb into a coat—anybody's coat—and go down and see the new Chevrolet Six. It's a guaranteed sure-fire cure for winter jitters.

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POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

Sue Carol's wealth was a hindrance rather than a help. Hollywood thought she was ritzy, but Sue soon proved she was a "regular guy". . . she made 14 pictures her very first year . . . her latest is UNIVERSAL'S "GRAFT." She has reached for a LUCKY for two years. Not a farthing was paid for those kind words. That's white of you, Sue Carol.

"I have had to smoke various brands of cigarettes in pictures, but it was not until I smoked Luckies that I discovered the only cigarettes that did not irritate my throat. Now I use Luckies only. The added convenience of your improved Cellophane wrapper that opens so easily is grand."

Sue Carol

"It's toasted"

Your throat protection — against irritation — against cough
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