LITTLE GEORGE:
"Oh, poor cherry tree!
"Oh, poor cherry tree!
"Think of the fuss
"They'll make over thee!"

Medic Grinds.
Scrap Iron from Engine 1909.

(See the Class History.)

Dr. Bleyer's high C wrench stopped the fender's mud throwing.
Y. M. C. A. crossings gave the Whistle much blowing to do.
Who said the Head-light owed its brilliancy to the Reflector?
The Brakes were often observed to slip (away).
Dr. McGuigan's tests made the Boiler foam.
High pressure made the Pop do a great deal of blowing off.
The Wheels, did you ever see or hear them stall?
The Dome often resembled a young library.

Receptions at the Medical Department are quite common. The Junior class is usually the party received. Only lately did some of the members get a typewritten bid like this:

Reception
By the Executive Committee
at the
Dean's Office
Feb. 24, '09. 2 p. m.
Refreshments.

Those who rubbered said the affair was a failure. The decorations were splendid—looked more like a funeral. It must have been, for 1910 later heard that interment was private—Bellefontaine cemetery—and no flowers.

Those who died were evidently killed by the refreshments, which consisted of Lemon Pie, Lemon Ade, Lemon Ice, and after the sweet things had been served, just plain LEMON.

By the way—know what agar is? It is a "Bug Food" or commonly speaking, a medium for the cultivation of Bacteria. Everybody can't make agar. Only certain of the elite were privileged in this respect. That's why the rest of the class were "agar-vated."
WHY ¾ OF THE CLASS DID NOT ATTEND SCHOOL ON MOTHER'S DAY.
On Decorating.

By Bungling Bert.

A fraternity man (not of W. U.) was on a committee for a fraternity banquet and wrote a rather uncertain letter, asking advice about decorations. He received this reply:

Dear Bill:—After reading your letter carefully I have a clear idea of what you didn't say.

So you want some advice about banquet decorations? I've done some decorating myself. I once decorated a whole town in such lurid colors that I was personally congratulated before a court and received a reward.

Now for the advice: About the lights: If there is no ceiling, use moonshine, that's been known to light a whole town. But if it has a ceiling, use artificial lights. Candles are no longer proper, although a heavy brass one might be handy later, when the discussion begins. It might throw some light on the subject.

Perhaps you had better use electricity. But DON'T use GREEN lights. It will make your friends look like dead ones. Don't expose them. Serve blue lights with the consomme: your guests will think it's the light. Pale mauve lights are very effective trimmed with smilax and string beans.

Have the table shaped like a Q. Then you can use the tip for the waiters. Place the top of the table at right angles with the legs. Don't use table cloths: You should make your guests feel at home. Have real chairs for the better comfort of your guests. There is always some danger of splinters when soap-boxes are used.
To decorate the room take down that picture of Washington crossing the Delaware and wash the windows. String a lot of green stuff from the edge of the table to the ceiling and cut out the salad. Have place cards running from the ace down and give the joker to the toastmaster.

Then feed your bunch corn beef and cabbage and don't write me any more fool letters.

Yours,

JIMMIE.

Miss ———? has the distinction of possessing the most attractive coiffure in the University. She does not wear a rat.

Favorite expressions of Dr. Cory: “I do not feel its reality LIKE I DO MY OWN.” “There IS going to be SURPRISES.”

“Mr. Jones, your son needs a rest-cure.” said the physician. “He has studied too hard.” And next day Jones registered for History 25-26.

Hugh Fullerton is a Probation Officer. You all remember his becoming style of hair dressing. One day one of his small protegés volunteered the following sincere flattery, “Say, Mister Fullerton, I couldn't get my hair to stay that way. You got somep'n under there to make it stay up?”

“Oh! rats!” says Fully.

Mr. Emig is reported to be silent in six languages.

Brooks (in the heat of debate): “Stripped to the waist . . . . . clad in a shirt.”
Starbird: "Now, this is a good story. Class, where should the plot explode?"

Miss Nipher (sotto voce): "In the last scene, when the question is popped."

**AMBITION.**

I would not be a Freshman,
I would not be a Soph,
I would not be a Junior,
Nor would I be a Prof.;
But all my world's ambition
Is summed up in this word:
"I want to be a Senior,
And boss the common herd."

Caller (to co-ed): I'm afraid I'm keeping you from working to-night.
Co-ed: O, no! Quite the contrary.

**With Much Ease.**

"Well, at last," said the varsity youth, "the college year is over."
"Sure," asked his Irish uncle, "and did ye get through with aise?"
"Oh, no," replied the youth, who only "took" college work as an after-thought, "not with A's but with E's!"

Dr. Kaiser: Well, now, to take a simple example—a Freshman for instance!
A NEW LIFER WOULD JUST TREAT RIGHTS

WE COULD SELL ONE OF THOSE PAINTINGS

MR. WUERPEL SAID THAT DRAWING WAS CORRECT.

IF THIS ACCIDENT SHOULD HAPPEN

A GREAT DORMAID I ASSURE YOU

THE CAT

LIFERS

ALL FOR YOU
SOME OF THE 'UNWHISKERED GARGOYLES,'
ENGINEERS AT THE M. T. S.
The Song of the Architects.

Tune—"The College Y. M. C. A."

Oh! if you are an architect, you're certainly rather cool.
Oh! if you are an architect you own the whole d—— school.
We're gentlemen of culture and of mighty intellects!
Come, join in the rollicking chorus, Hurrah! for the Architects.

CHORUS:

Oh! we are, we are, we are, we are the jolly architects.
We are, we are, we are, we are the jolly architects.
We're gentlemen of culture and of mighty intellects,
Come, join in the rollicking chorus: Hurrah! for the architects.

II.

We came to dear old Washington as green as "Gloomy Gus;"
And all our friends they pulled our legs and made a mark of us.
But we learned some things at Lippe's, and we're members of the bar,
And now King Edward greets us with a "Howdy! How you are?"

(Chorus.)

III.

Our teachers they are Freddie and also Louis C.
They are rather hard on us as you will all agree:
They ball us out on sketches and cuts continually,
And when the quarter is over present us with an E.

IV.

O! Angelo Corrubia from Italy came here;
He used to drink Italian wine but now he drinks his beer.
He taught the art of making spaghetti to McTague,
And all the drawing that he does is, drawing from a keg.

V.

Nelson is a sleepy man, and sleepily he lives,
And sleepily he talks to you about his sleepiness.
But when the angel Gabriel announces Judgment Day
And goes to look for Nelson, he will find him in the hay.

VI.

The Lord made Hugh an ugly man and gave him curly hair:
He gave him such an overdose of super-heated air,
He could talk to beat the Devil; and the Lord was justly proud,
So to punish all the sinners he sicc'd him on the crowd.

VII.

I don't believe there's anything that Drury doesn't know!
He fusses all the co-eds in a manner "comme il faut;"
His face is always longer than the melancholy Dane,
And his lanky legs resemble the traces of a plane.

VIII.

Bill Hornal is an architect, he surely is a bird:
He never passed in anything that I have ever heard.
He's two weeks late in elements, this darling of his class,
And even by a barroom sign I don't believe he'd pass.

IX.

Oh! Conzelman's our angel, he always does so well,
And if he ever gets a B he thinks it's simply h——;
He passes all his studies in the schools both near and far,
And passes every co-ed, as he passes every bar.

X.

Some day the architects shall die, as other people do,
And as a band of angels they will mount into the blue;
But when they reach the pearly gates and give a rousing knock,
St. Peter will stick out his head and say, "Who stole the Lock?"
A Song Without Words.
In Flat Tones.

I. Di Galla.
II. Arpeggio.
III. Doloroso.

IV. Fiebile.
V. Allegro Furioso.
VI. Finale.

Cigret Societies.

KAPPA BETA PHI—1923—GAMMA DELTA PI.
H. M. Ferriss
J. Pandoa
W. Hornal
Orrick Johns
Cl. Keeline, et al.

THE BOTTOMS GANG.
The Sheet Iron Quartette:
Coleman
Ingram
Nelson

Others:
Emig
Brooks
Gallagher
Drury
Hussey

THE CORPORATION.
Cook
Chivvis
Howard
Eyssell

Ehlers

ONE O'CLOCK CLUB.

William C. Henger
Carlisle E. Rozier
Merrill N. Smith
Frank M. Campbell
Orrick G. Johns
William Hornal
Hugh M. Ferriss
Wall Godfrey

THE TREE CLIMBERS (W. O. W. Lodge 1911.)
Frater in Facultate—P. Wernicke.
S. M. Feinberg, F3.
H. W. Brooks, F3.
C. S. Schiller, F2.
A. B. Frey, F2.
F. E. Glasgow, F2.
A Sample.
(It is unnecessary to name the author.)

To HIS KNIBBS, THE EDITOR (T. Dawes, b'gob),
Sanctum Sanctorium Hatchetorium.

Mignonne:
I am moved! At last! Aroused from a letheian languor of "dead laurels," from the dim Song of Yesterday—to the virile, onsweeping Hymn of Today. Truly it is a World of Marvels.

Therefor: Look thou thro' thy Stories, Essays, Treatises, Write Ups, et cetera, and tell me the first letters thereof. And Lo! I shall surround them with Lovely Lilliputian Landscapes so dear to the Heart of the Alma Materite.

Not only that! Not only to that extent am I roused! Nay! Every morning ere breakfast I go blithely to the woodpile and chop—chop—chop. Simply for the pleasure of having a hatchet in my hand! I can spell all the class Representatives' names backwards! I say their Telephone Numbers over and over again in my sleep! I celebrate May 15th instead of New Year!
IN SHORT, if there's one on Thy Board more Engagingly, Enthusiastically Energetic, more Soulfullly, Ceaselessly Slaving, more Deliciously, Dotingly, Dutiful, than the Rest, that One, by the Nine Muses, is most surely

Thy Humble
THE ORIGINAL BARN DANCE

By Albrecht Dürer

A MEETING OF THE BORED OF PUBLICATION.
A Meeting of the Board of Publication.

Meeting called at 2 P. M.
At 2:20 enter Editor-in-Chief Professor Heller (because he was fat and had to walk from the dorm).

Professor Heller: Gentlemen, the meeting will come to order! It will be necessary for ME to take the minutes of this meeting, as our ambitious secretary will not be able to keep up with us—if we may judge from his assistance with the Record. First of all, I would like to ask our Board of Finance to provide this Board with a magnifying glass of EXTRA size and EXTRA strength, that we may study the proof more carefully, and see any defects in the type. Now, gentlemen, is there any copy ready for my O. K.? Mr. Usher, is the material for the May Chronicle prepared for me?

Mr. Usher: Well—er—at HAAAA—Vah—

Professor Heller: Mr. Usher, this is Washington University. As I was asking—

Mr. Usher: Well, you see—

Professor Heller: Just vot I do NOT do! As you know, all copy must be O. K.'d by—

Mr. Usher: It's already been O. K.'d.

Professor Heller (rising): Has been! By whom? What an atrocity!! The RULE, as you know, is that before the articles go to the printer—

Mr. Usher: It's already gone to the printer.

Professor Heller: Mr. Secretary, will you please look up the printer's telephone number?

Professor Hall: Mr. Editor-in-Chief, a very important matter in regard to the color of the type to be used in the Record has come up, and which must be referred to you—

Professor Heller (nodding): Quite right! Quite right!!

Professor Hall: Mr. Ohle favors tin type; with pink margins—

Mr. Ohle (jumping up excitedly): Editor-in-Chief! May I have the floor?

Professor Heller: Not if you stamp on it that way.

Mr. Ohle: Mr. Chairman, I do not want pink margins—and I think green type with yellow half-tones would be much nicer.

Professor Hall: Mr. Ohle's color-sense could scarcely be called practical. According to me, light blue would be more appropriate for the type as it is much more becoming to the letters of the alphabet, especially eyes. Then the pictures could be in lavender.

Mr. Usher: But would that do for the punctuation? In England, you know (telephone rings; Professor Heller answers it.) Yes, this is Mistah Hellah!—Vot? Oh, the printah!—Vell, vat iss it? Two manuscripts?—Vat?—Four O. K.'s!!—Who's O. K.'d them?—WHO?—Usher! Browne!! STARBIRD!!! ABBOTT!!! Vot!!! Send them Kveeck!—Yes, KVEECK. SCHNELL!!!

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The College of Heraldry.
The College of Heraldry.

I. Buschmann. Crest: a bread-line rampant. Arms: dexter chief a plate (note food sinister). Sinister a meal-ticket shot to pieces, a Greasy Spoon. Base, a ticket punch, a Dirty Dish Towel, etc.


III. Reichert. Crest: a goat gardant. Arms: Base, a cow, a mail box, and a salary, argent. Sinister Chief, a library clock, or.


VII. Pieksen. Crest: A donkey rampant backwards. Motto, "And her name was ——." Arms: Chief an encyclopedia. Stupid life quartered with padding, surmounted by hot-air balloon. Base, a camera, a switch box, a bloody Hatchet, a frown.


IX. James. Crest: a high ball charged high on a jag sable. Sinister Chief, an owl car surmounting a lobster gules. Dexter, stars. Base, a pink elephant surmounted by marks. Sinister, a clock, 2 A.M. sable. Center, the morning after, azure.


XI. Henger. Crest: Four aces surmounting a pile azure. Arms: Chief a four years' loaf. Base, a candle, pipe, and other things.

*Dexter and Sinister—the right and left, respectively, of a shield, from the point of view of the wearer.

Gules—Red; Azure—Blue; Vert—Green; Argent—Silver; Or—Gold.
XII. Gray. Crest: Rocks paternal. Arms: Dexter chief a large I (meaning unknown). Sinister quarter shattered. Dexter base, per bend a flag undefend, supported by several hearts, pierced gules. Sinister, a limousine, a cross-section of conversation, gules.

XIII. Frey. Crest: a typewriter. Chief invert. Representing Masons, Law, Argument, Marks, and Frat pin. Base, a foot, marked Kosher. Way down at the bottom, some “points which he would like to raise.”

XIV. Thompson. Crest: a tripod courant. Chief, music. Dexter, a sundial, sinister a love affair and a hatchet. Base, a figure like a bean pole, vert.

XV. Tiedemann. Crest: family temple. Arms: Bordure of lace, lavender, center charged straight front lacey, on a ground of refinement, pink.

XVI. Winston. Crest: a horse. Chief, showing a spur, two dollars representing trusts, a candle and policeman’s star for the dormitory. Center a color scheme for neckwear. Base, Wall St. Journal, a blush gules and a salary in small corner, blank. Sinister, a cross-section of office desk, surmounting two milk bottles, azure on white field.


XVIII. Proetz. Crest: Selbst-portrait, very modest. Arms: Dexter, a signature, drawing materials, a joke, a case. Sinister, a Hatchet, music, and a bag of sure-death.

XIX. Logan. Crest: a fox winkant. Center a pale showing a hot-air balloon, or, supported by Student Life on a blank background. Dexter and sinister, symbols.

XX. Patton. Crest: Hair surmounted by curling-iron. Arms: a bend sin-
ister showing money bags invert, upon a scutcheon showing Hatchet and ticket-office dexter chief, and base two C. E. books surmounted by cobwebs. Sinister, a bauble.


XXII. Boorstin. Crest: a dachshund. Symbols, a broom, a spade, a stall, sausages.
The Washington University Women's Auxiliary.

Prof. Rolanda G. Fusser ........................................ President
Prof. Laura Cory .................................................. Secretary
Geraldine Tiedeman .............................................. Vice-President
Johanna Mare ........................................................ Treasurer

Tillie Furlong Katherine Becker Gladyse Dixon Dovy Robb
Frances Hardaway Edwina Luedde Bedelia Abl Sarah Emig
Angelina Elliot

Beauty and the Beast.

Those Co-eds................................................. The Howling Mob
Pitsey ......................................................... Genie .............. Rock
Betsey ......................................................... Susy .............. Heiny
Dor ............................................................. Kokie .............. Cree
Gert .............................................................. Carlie .............. Bubbling
Myrt ............................................................. Cherry .............. Trix
Puddy ............................................................. Jule .............. Dug
Muddy ............................................................. Trude .............. Rome
Bug ............................................................... Mehit .............. Hank
Mag ................................................................. Flower .............. Pat
Fish ................................................................. Puss .............. Shorty
Cush ............................................................... Pessie .............. Sid
Billy ................................................................. Pat .............. Zoo
Fullie ............................................................. Winnie .............. Biscuit
Louie ............................................................. Immie .............. Koko
Leesie ............................................................ Peter .............. Chief
Len ................................................................. Rufus .............. Eddy-current
Lussel ............................................................... Onie .............. Shrimp

The Dynasties of Laundria.

I—PREHISTORIC AGE.
The Great Migration.
Period of local laundresses or Matriarchates.

II—THE HOUSE OF MUNGER.

III—THE HOUSE OF WESTMINSTER.
2. George the Rabbit, 1907-8. Became King of Busmgrs. Was carried away by his thoughts.
4. Sidney, also Duke of Schuck. Never woke up. Throne usurped by
5. Harry I. Long live the King!

IV—THE COLONIAL HOUSE.
(Split in the territories of Laundria, 1907.)
2. Henry I, the Child, now under the guardianship of Eleanor, the Queen Dowager, Duchess of Commons.
Lexicon Rolandensis.

(Translated for the common herd.)

Ab initio—I am right in it.
Ad infinitum—There's no stopping me.
A priori—I always knew it.
Argumentum ad hominem—If it doesn't puzzle you, you don't understand it.
Audaces fortuna iuvat—The Lord helps those who throw a big enough bluff.
Autem ecce alterum
Aude alteram partem (Obsolete) To hear the other side.
Aura popularis—Social leoninity.
Aut Britannia aut nulla—Give me England or give me death.
Si rex habeamus—God help the King.
De iure—Lay down the law.
De facto—The facts.
Ecce homo—See me.
Ex parte—Only one side to a question.
Habeas corp U S—You may have what's left.
Humanum est errare—Ordinary mortals make mistakes.
Ipso facto—It works that way and that's all there is to it.
Lapsis linguae—Any virtue of U S
Nolens volens—I sometimes find myself looking at the boys.
Ne plus ultra—R. G. U.
Odi profanum vulgus—I hate the vulgar mob.
Omnia vincit amor—My smile is a killer.
Ora pro nobis—Lord help whoever wrote this.
Quasi—It's all a bluff.
Ride si sapis—Get wise and smile.
Requiescat in pace—Let it R. I. P.
Similia similibus curantur—If I could only see myself.
Sine qua non—That stove-pipe.
Suum cuique—He'll get his.
Usque ad nauseam—Who smiled?
Veritas vincit—I am above the truth.
Vale—Ta ta, sweetness!
The Craven.

Late upon a midnight dreary as I studied weak and weary
For a final which I'd failed to pass before,
While I nodded nearly napping suddenly I heard a tapping,
   It was someone loudly rapping, rapping on my chamber door.
"They can all stay out," I muttered, "stay outside my chamber door."
   Only this and nothing more.

For, since I do study rarely, when I do, I study fairly,
   Burning oil until the sunbeams cast their light upon my door,
With a towel around my temples, bound about my fevered temples,
   To prevent my brains from running, running out upon the floor.
On the white and polished woodwork which the fellows call the floor—
   Polished wood and nothing more.

And I pursed my lips and pouted, and I raised my voice and shouted
   To the person who was standing patiently outside my door.
And, in answer to my bellow spoke up this degen'rate fellow:
   "Come up to the chamber yellow which is on the second floor.
For the bunch is in that chamber shooting craps upon the floor."
   And he vanished from my door.

Presently there rose a yearning and I knew my heart was burning,
   To participate in what was doing, doing on the second floor.
And I had a hunch within me that tonight they would not skin me
   But that I would win their shekels and would make them awful sore—
Give them that defrauded feeling, which interpreted, means sore.
   Yes, and make them very sore.

Up the stairway I was speeding, fast I ran and all unheeding,
   Thinking of the coming session, stirred my soul unto its core.
Right into the room I bounded, with my fist the table pounded
   And with confidence unfounded knelt I down upon the floor.
Took the dice and shook them,—cast them—rolled them out upon the floor.
   Oh! that fateful, hateful floor.

On the first cast I grew graver: cruel fate sans fear sans favor,
   Gave me not a sign of seven, but a measly little four.
And the silence was unbroken, as I prayed for some small token,
   Only these few words were spoken as I whispered, "Come on four!"
"Little Joe, now as you love me, please, oh, please turn up once more.
   Three and one come on the floor."

But next time there came a seven, and I murmured, "Gracious heaven,
   Have I then so soon forgotten all the mystic ivory lore?
"Oh, blind fate, have I displeased thee, in an idle moment teased thee?
   Then, oh why has anger seized thee that thou grudgest me a four?
"Now redeem thyself and grant me five and six upon the floor."—
   "Box cats" came up; nothing more.

But I played on, all unheeding how the golden hours were speeding,
   And I lost more cash than I had ever lost in times before.
Then I grew hot in the collar, and, forgetting that a scholar
   Should not part with his last dollar, cast it down upon the floor.
Wagered it, and lost it quickly, there upon the chamber floor.
   And the grizzly work was o'er.

To the lecture hall I stumbled, and my mind and soul were humbled
   - When I saw I'd flunked the self same course that I had flunked before.
For my folly I was paying, for I saw the foolish playing
   Made me flunk (as I was saying) that hard course I'd flunked of yore,
For I flunked that final paper, and, at last, by Heav'n I swore,
   I would gamble nevermore.
Feminine Celebrities of 1910.

Index in Back of Book.