Dedication

GENTLE reader, we dedicate this Quadwrangles section to your best and closest friends, whose donations of pictures and bits of gossip enabled us to complete this book. Look within and see yourselves as others see you.

Quadwrangles Editors
MILTON MONROE
CLARK CLIFFORD
CARLETON HADLEY

Page Three Hundred Seventy-five
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>Times at Bat</th>
<th>Hits</th>
<th>Putouts</th>
<th>Errors</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bab (7,000 Volts) Ward</td>
<td>When her folks go to Florida</td>
<td>With her eyes.</td>
<td>None.</td>
<td>Many.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorothy (Zet) Zedineissi</td>
<td>When the old man isn’t home.</td>
<td>That school-girl complex.</td>
<td>Clark Clifford.</td>
<td>Going to the Embassy with her folks.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patsy Cann</td>
<td>Them days at Monticello.</td>
<td>After dark.</td>
<td>In any back seat.</td>
<td>After dark.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June (Dutch) Mittenberger</td>
<td>Three semesters.</td>
<td>R. Elm.</td>
<td>All Dutch boys.</td>
<td>First two semesters.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dixie (Speak-Easy) Scott</td>
<td>9 p. m. to 9 a. m.</td>
<td>The bottle.</td>
<td>All freshman “jellies”.</td>
<td>The Hebrews.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Madeleine (Googly) Class</td>
<td>Ask Mama; she knows.</td>
<td>Before dark.</td>
<td>Good line.</td>
<td>Hutchinson’s rumble seat.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginia (Red) Sankey</td>
<td>Windy days.</td>
<td>Oh Yes!</td>
<td>Lock and Chain dances.</td>
<td>V. Sankey.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginia (No Trump) Hayes</td>
<td>Fresh and soph years.</td>
<td>Her younger days.</td>
<td>The grads of “92”.</td>
<td>Gallenkamp.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gill (Slim) Gilbert</td>
<td>Her own dances.</td>
<td>Too many calories.</td>
<td>Res.</td>
<td>Her dances.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Betty (Beta) Morton</td>
<td>Sunday nights.</td>
<td>In the kitchen.</td>
<td>Good food.</td>
<td>Letting Russell go.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alice (Alley) Clifford</td>
<td>Webster’s English class.</td>
<td>Her brother.</td>
<td>Rat Man.</td>
<td>Her voice.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE ROYAL CAMPUS GABOON - another popular election

CLARK CLIFFORD
GABOON ELECT

"CURT GALENKAMP"
MADE OF HONOR

CUSPY DORA
DON CHAMBERLIN
LADIES and Gentlemen: You are now starting up the stairway to the Washington University Quadrangle. You will note the cunning way in which they are built. Too small to take one step at a time, and yet too large to take two at a time. There was a reason for this ladies and gentlemen, yes, yes, you betcha. It is estimated that five million people yearly run up these steps to arrive on time for an eight-thirty class. A famous truck company once endeavored to run one of their famous trucks up here and failed—so you must realize what great people these college students be.

This little windy alcove is known as the main archway. No one but seniors are allowed to stand here—and no one but seniors would. That little door over there leads into the "Student Life" Office. The "Student Life" is a semi-weekly reminder that prints everything that has happened within the last week or two. It is really a printed diary. This cyclone center known as the archway is also the selling grounds of "Dirge". For twenty-five cents you can buy one of these little booklets which gives you all of the world's best humor, past and present. This cave-like place may not seem unusual to you, but many great mysteries and crimes have been committed here. This is where all of the votes for popular elections are cast. This historic old spot also has its lighter side. Young lovers meet here for their luncheon dates, and it is also a gathering spot for the clans.

This building we are now entering is known as University Hall. It is the sanctuary of The College. The College which is technically known as the school of Fine Arts has a great many people enrolled in it, and a few students. Most people entering Washington, who have not made up their mind as to what they want to do in after life, enter the College. They do this intending to decide by the end of two years, but after two years of College work they find that they are not good for anything else so they keep on taking College. This is really the cultural abode of Washington. It is here that you get English, History, Science, Lazy, and flunks. You get a good general education here which probably will not help you in the Swivel business, but then neither will Law. The College is noted for its general detached air. Dean James is the Big Boss of it, and he is harder to see than a transparent piece of glass on the bottom of the ocean.

We now leave the College, and by following this dark tunnel we reach the Architect's building. In this building you will find many lines. In fact, that is all that you will find. The general atmosphere is greatly enhanced by numerous be-smocked students wandering around the halls. Ladies and gentlemen, if you will look around you will see many drawings, there are more drawings here than there were at the grand lottery in France. For the benefit of people without artistic training each drawing is labelled. You will observe that these men are all weak and anemic looking—this is caused by overwork. But they try hard to retain their strength—so much so that every fall it is necessary to throw some of them into the sink for a forced washing. It is within these walls that the wonderful St. Fatima's Day parade is concocted. Their national bird is the cuckoo, and their patron saints are St. Fatima and St. Vitus, and they give a dance every year in honor of the last named saint.

Our route now leads us into Duncker Hall. Ladies and gents, this is the Holy Land for morons. This school, like the one we just left, spends a great deal of its time studying figures. In fact, the greater % of the pupils do that here. All the little tricks of business are given away within these walls. The students laboring here usually grow up to be book-keepers and book-makers. Their national bird is the donkey, and their motto is: "Do your neighbors". The students in this school are exceedingly bright, for none of them ever flunk. Dean Loch guides the destinies of these young short-change experts. There are a great many people in this part of the university and there are many classes, but most of them are the lower classes. The number of courses taught here is many, and the number of financial wizards graduating from this school...
is legend. All of the members of this course spend two years in the College preparing for Commerce, and
then spend two years studying Commerce to convalesce from the College. We could spend more time
on this subject were it not so painful, so let us make a move from here—a Cupple, in fact.

The school we are now approaching is the school of engineering. In this course all of the participants
observe the slide-rule, not the Golden Rule. These grimy boys are the future builders of the nation. They
know how to build bridges, railroads, and skyscrapers, but they do not know how to elect queens. They
attend school from eight-thirty in the morning to five at night, and work every Tuesday and Thursday. They
have measured the University grounds from every conceivable angle, but could not tell you where Wilson
Hall is situated. Their official costume is: pants, boots, shirt, and mussed hair. Most of the engineers
can dis-mantle and reassemble any type engine from a locomotive to a watch, yet there are very few of them
who can crank a Ford. These hardy men study calculus, physics, and chemistry; then go forth into the
world and sell bonds. They work so much with electricity that it is practically impossible to shock an
engineer. For this reason they have isolated Cupples II away from the rest of the quad. The only time
they ever see the co-eds is when they are on their way to McMillan. As this is always at lunch time the
engineers are led to believe that all co-eds have hungry looks—consequently, they keep away from women.
Well, I guess we had better be moving on.

The arcade we are now walking along is known as Ridgely Arcade. This passage-way has the
densest population in the whole school. The students sitting here are cosmopolitan, coming from every
school in the university. In this outdoor sport all of the girls sit on the steps and the men line up about
ten yards away. You will notice that all of the men have a far-away look, that is because this game requires
concentration. Well, we will have to be moving on, but you can come back any morning and see this game
being played. The building we are now approaching, Ladies and men, is known as January Hall.

Encased in this building we will find the law school. It is the ranking school on the hill; in fact,
we might say that it is the rankest. The students here work hard and have their trials, but this is not
always the case. Some of them come here to practice law, and some of them to evade it. Their royal bird
is the eagle, and their motto is: “Ignorance of the law is no excuse”. The main prerequisite required for
entrance into this school is track training; this is a necessity for every lawyer so that he may be able to
keep up with the ambulances.

After a careful perusal of the laws recorded we have come to the conclusion that every student who
flunks out his first year is destined to become a Superior Court judge, and all of the honor students will be
bond salesmen. The men you see working so hard here in the Law library are briefing cases. The way to
do this is write the case down in your own words and then translate it into English. I would like to take
you all to a meeting of one of the law classes, but I am afraid we might get in a Junior class and get killed.
This is the most interesting school, and probably the most noted—that is why I brought you here last.

We will now don our gas masks and go through Busch Hall. The motto of this building is: “What
a difference a few scents make”. Well, dear people, we are now back at our starting point. I hope this
little trip has been educational as well as interesting. If there is anything we passed in the course of the
trip that you do not understand just write it out on a piece of paper and drop it in that box labeled: “Keep
our city clean”. Well, ladies, the men all dropped out back at the “Pique” grounds, but I am glad that
you went the entire trip with me. So I thank you for your kind attention, and wish you a bon voyage,
wherever you are going.

The End.
SOME FAMOUS DIVES AND

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON
See what you can find that's right!

SIGMA NU
THE PRIZE BOOBS

TAU KAPPA EPSILON
Easy work, short hours, no pay!
SOME INFAMOUS ONES

PHI DELTA THETA
Open All Night

ALPHA TAU OMEGA
(Architect's Drawing)

SIGMA TAU OMEGA
"Closed House"
HELEN HECHTELL
Dramatic Critique

To Miss Helen Hechtell, actress of notoriety in the K.A.T.'s at Washington University, and last, but far, far from least, a dramatic critic of recognized ability, we respectfully (7) dedicate this page. It is probably in the last-named capacity in which Miss Hechtell is best known.

Miss Hechtell has written many theatrical reviews, but her acknowledged masterpiece is her criticism of the 1926 edition of Pralma Vodvil. The article, which appeared in "Student Life" early in March, is reproduced on this page. It speaks for itself.

THE EDITORS.
AIN'T LOVE GRAND?
"Ham on rye, apple pie, Chief Poo Poo of Sigma Chi."

"Why, Inky's a liar. I never did that in my life."

"Benny sent me."

"De-Composing Editor of "Student Life"."

"Oh, I've heard so much about you."

"That reminds me of the travelling salesman who..."

First and Last Stop—Wichita.
Well Known Professor Negotiating with "Stinky" Davis, the Barber of Seville, in Effort to Exchange Class Cuts for Haircut. (Soap Pun.)

"after every meal"

Such Popularity Must Be Deserved.

Exhibit "A" at the Dayton Trial

June Miltonberger Objecting to Being Photographed.

IS THIS DOOMED?

Mixed Bathing Must Stop, Says Pralma, Inaugurating National Chewing Gum Week. Photo of Proposed Open-Air Pool at W. U.
They Found Health In The Yeast

After a winter of constant social activities at Washington University, I found myself in a seriously run-down condition. I was completely worn out. Dr. Heller advised Fleischmann’s Yeast. I began eating three cakes a day. I improved steadily and am now a well woman. Now I can dance all night and still feel fine the next day.

—Ann Becker, 0202 Pestalozzi St., St. Louis.

My duties as Student Prince overburdened me, and five months ago I was taken seriously ill. The varsity veterinarian was called in. He said it was my stomach. I grew worse. I lived on medicine. Three months ago, on the recommendation of “Campus Joe” Straub, I began to chew yeast after meals. The other day Jake, foreman of janitors, told me all the boys out at the stables are remarking on my improved appearance. My digestion is nearly normal once more. I owe my health to yeast.


Long before the advent of yeast, I was a puny child, faithfully carrying along the family inheritance of indigestion. Manhood brought overwork, worry and low humor. I was plunged into nervous dyspepsia. Somehow I managed to shuffle along through life until one day Aaron Burr, head waiter at Joe’s, induced me to give yeast a three months’ trial. Health, like a radiant rainbow, shone before me. I am an ardent and devoted advocate of yeast, for today I am happy and in the best of health.

—Milton Monroe, 23 Chatteryford Lane.

My long hours in the law library were telling on me. I began to lose my avoirdupois, which I prize very highly. One day I met Dean James down at the Canton Tea Garden, and he advised me to try yeast. I thought this silly, but decided to try it, and I munched on yeast as I peddled sandwiches along fraternity row at night. One night Curt Gallenkamp caught me and I gave him a bite. Soon all the boys in the houses began to ask for yeast, and I now carry it in stock on my regular sandwich excursions. A healthier bunch of boys never existed. We owe it to yeast. (P. S. I take a cake to class with me every day.)

—“Kewpie” Turner, down by the Winnegar Works.

Try yeast on your ice cream, or mix it with your soup. It is delicious with chocolate sauce, and when chopped up with sweet potatoes it is insurpassable. Eat five or six cakes at one sitting. In a few days you will notice a change (in more ways than one), and within three months all your troubles, worries, and ailments will begin to disappear. The millions of teensy-weensy active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the entire system. Day by day it releases new stores of vim, vigor, and vitality. Eat yeast and you will make Lionel Strongfort look like “Emmy” Dorris. Start guzzling yeast today.
CO-EDS RETURNING FROM A TRIPLE DATE!

"Thanks for the buggy ride."

A SIESTA AT FRANCIS FIELD

Betty Fusz, well-known society matron, caught by staff photographer while pounding a wicked ear.

VICTORY! Winner of Fraternity Row Sweepstakes - Happy as a Lark.

Joe Hennessy, Varsity Quarterback, joins House of David.
PHI DELTA THETA

Meeting called to order in Tower Hall attic, but nobody ordered. Brother Ledbetter ejected from meeting for airing his views at wrong time. Brother Dickey arrives three seconds late and is fined half a buck by Chief Poo Poo "I. K." Hadley. "Tubby" Northrop and his co-tub, Ben Oscar Kirkpatrick, keepers of the rituals, constitution, and trade-marks, bring copies of "Dirge" by mistake. Meeting progressed for five minutes before mistake was discovered. Chief Poo Poo calls the annex at "5873" to see if the absent brothers are there. Brother McDonald pole-vaults into the meeting through the window at 8:01 p.m. Motion to run Brother Morgens for Hatchet Queen defeated. Chapter visitors: Brothers Gilbert, Faris, and Vogelgesang. Minutes approved: O. K.—John M. Thompson.

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

Meeting called to order with Wearer of the Placard Gallenkamp in the chair. Secretary sprains his tongue calling the roll. Girl calls Brother Mansfield on phone. House Manager Hughes delivers inspiring address on the evils of giving bad checks. Sister Waterous asks permission to leave. Permission granted. Brother Freidingsdorff ordered to leave. Leaves. Brother Mansfield returns from phone with request that he be allowed to become inactive. He states that he hasn't the time or money for the fraternity, and besides the co-eds won't stand for his absence on Monday nights any longer. Brother Campbell reprimanded for snoring so loudly in meeting. Brother Mansfield leaves for date. Brother Haverstick moved, Brother Miltenberger seconded, that Phi Delt lot be appropriated to park the brothers' cars. Motion passed. Bottle passed. Gallenkamp passed—out. Brother Jaodon took the chair—(back upstairs). Meeting adjourned.

BETA THETA PI

Royal Wooglum E. B. McDonald opened the meeting with a prayer. Name of Walter Vincent Moloney proposed for re-pledging. Ex-brother Harley Miller objects. Chapter dance decided upon. Brother Harry Jolly and wife asked to chaperone. Brother Jones brings up Troop 2, Boy Scouts of America, for pledging. Brother Pfaff offered amendment; said it would be more interesting to get a troop of Girl Scouts. Brother "Balloon-Trousers" Ford said meetings should be turned into discussion groups. Brother Conrades reprimanded for dropping to a "B" in one subject. Brother Wilson commended for passing one subject. Freshman Marshall fined for parking his roller skates in the parlor. Brother Metcalf moves that the chapter negotiate with David Belasco to write Pralma Vodvil act. Motion passed. Chapter assessment of $50 a man levied to cover expenses of the act. Brother Starkloff appointed to invite talented alumni to take part in act. Meeting adjourned when Moloney was heard parking his "disease wagon".

KAPPA SIGMA

Meeting opens after bottles are cleared away. Brother Gildehaus suggests dates be brought to meetings. Names of Calvin Coolidge, Al Jolson, Jack Daniel, and Abe Lincoln brought up for pledging. Brother Black announces he will meet Pledge Gutter of Sigma Phi Nothing in a contest for the wrestling championship of the Ridgely Arcade. Brother Sam Woods elected president of chapter for 1932. Chapter unanimously votes to petition Pan-Hel to return fifty dollars to the chapter in exchange for Brother Sam Woods. Meeting closed as guard passes beer and pretzels.

SIGMA CHI

Meeting opens. Brother Ingamells objects. Brother Schuberg especially anxious to collect dues; it is rumored he has date for big hop at Alhambra Grotto. Dance Manager "Campus Joe" Straub removes gloves to give the grip. Brother Ingamells objects. Chief Poo Poo Eliam announces there will be no meeting next week, as Pralma and the cheerleaders have meetings that night. Brother Ingamells objects. Brother Monroe ejected for speaking to a girl. Brother Ingamells objects. Brother Monroe accused of speaking to a girl. Brother Ingamells objects. Brother Monroe ejected for laughing at his own "wise crack". Brothers Carroll and Chamberlain, the chapter cynics, object to so much sunlight in the front room. Meeting adjourns. Brother Ingamells objects.

ZETA BETA TAU

Brother Eichenbaum opens the meeting by ringing the cash register. (No casualties in the rush.) Brother Berger arrives late, gives the dollar sign, and is admitted. Brother Eichenbaum proposes the following names for membership: Goldstein, Finkelstein, and Beerstein; Levinsky, Goldberg, Iskavitch, and Kabibble (Abe); and Katzenberger and Ratzensteinberg. Brother Levy gets up to speak. Meeting adjourned.
Fraternity Minutes

SIGMA NU

Meeting started as soon as Grand Commander Chase was revived. Eleven more brothers kicked out for non-payment of dues. Brother Hennessy unable to gain admittance to meeting, on account of recently acquired haircut. Brother Willmann proposes name of John Doe for membership. Brother Giessow blackballs. Brother Giessow proposes name of Richard Roe. Brother Willmann blackballs. Suggestion by Brother Baldwin that at next rushing season invitation be extended to the band and their friends to become members of Sigma Nu. Brother Hayes enters dead drunk, having kissed one of Anheuser-Busch's horses. Brother Giessow asks to leave, as he has a date. Brother Willmann leaps to his feet and moves that the request be unanimously accepted. Meeting closed as Burkhardt, the dog-faced boy, barks in distance.

KAPPA ALPHA

Meeting opened by Large Magnolia McCoy in the pool room. "Little Gripe" Turner makes his set speech, "You're not cheating the fraternity, you're only cheating yourself when you sneak a meal." "What's that you said you snuck" queried Brother McNatt. Brother Helmerichs recommends fine of two dollars. Fine assessed. Brothers Willhite and Clifford thrown out for making long noses at each other. Plan discussed to try to keep all non-K. A.'s out of Glee Club next year. Brother Helmerichs fined for filling pocket on billiard table with tobacco juice. Fine assessed. Brother Barron makes long speech but says nothing. Meeting adjourned because Brother Turner had to start on his sandwich tour.

TAU KAPPA EPSILON

Meeting opens in cloud of good old Illinois coal dust, as Chief Miner adjusts his lamp and takes chair. Brother Dyer requests that he be allowed to play violin overture. (Hisses and catcalls from the loving brethren.) Brother Phillips dismissed from meeting for griping seven minutes without a stop. New record. Brother McBryde announces that next "Dirge" will not be edited by him. Riot call sent in to stop prolonged cheering. Lengthy report read on settlement of coal strike in Illinois fields. Rushing prospects brighten. Pledges brought in on carpet for spitting in Pan-Hel cups on mantle. Meeting adjourned, as chapter has to report for varsity basketball practice.

PI KAPPA ALPHA

Meeting opens in "Habashery" of Brothers Cullenbine and Davis, Section T, Tower Hall, as the frat house was leased for the evening to the Amalgamated Association of United Stock Yard Workers of East St. Louis. Brother Harding, head of that association, excused from meeting. Brother Prof. John H. Smith, A. B., Phi Beta Kappa, etc., delivers an inspiring talk on "English As She Am Spoke". The applause was deafening and the crowd was dumb. Brother Davis proposes that he be allowed to pay his dues by furnishing the brethren with haircuts gratis. Brother Bob Smith announces that he has had to drop one of his activities. Brother Conratth comments: "Glad to see you're getting to be one of the boys, Robert." Fine of one dollar assessed for remark. Fine collected. Brother Unruh sent to get the dollar changed into pennies. Meeting adjourns as brothers begin to match pennies.

ALPHA TAU OMEGA

House Mother Bab Frazier opened the meeting in absence of Head Rajah Gibson. Brothers Eckert and Stanford, varsity forwards, come dribbling in. Brother "Kewpie" Alt enters and settles down into two chairs. Brother Knight demands investigation as to why regular weekly chapter dance was not given last week. No further business, so meeting adjourned. Brothers Hannibal and Thrasher leave to commute to South Side; balance of chapter goes to Vescovo's to guzzle coffee and a roll.

THETA XI

Chief Engineer blows whistle and meeting comes to order. Minutes of last meeting read through a transit. Secretary ordered to drop a plumb line to the brothers of the road gang out by Jefferson City. Treasurer ordered to buy "Room for Rent" signs for third floor windows of the hovel. Brother Cheatham appointed Chamin for the ensuing term. Brother Hutton announces he has a bad cold and asks that windows be closed. Windows are shut by Chief Draftsman Kaysing. Meeting adjourns so that chapter can start Brother Quinn's Ford.
The Junior Prom

PROMPTLY at eleven-thirty Friday evening, March 12th the Grand March took place at the Junior Prom. The crowd was divided by some mathematical freshmen to form an aisle from the beautifully draped throne to the other end of the building.

The first chords of the opening March were a little bit flat, but the orchestra soon got organized. The hush of expectancy was broken by the appearance of Miss Dixie Scott and Mr. Harry Jolly. Mr. Jolly presented a lovely picture in his size forty-four Tuxedo; it was extremely large at the shoulders, which is fashion's latest decree. Another burst of applause greeted the appearance of Miss Virginia Hayes, escorting Mr. Robert Smith. Mr. Smith wore the conventional black with black shoes and hose, and lovely baby blue garters.

The next couple to enter was Helen MacFarland propelling Mr. John Spellman. Mr. Spellman wore a bored look, and was wreathed in smiles. They were followed to the platform by Miss Georgia Schon-thaler who was towing Mr. Milton Monroe along. Mr. Monroe's costume was extremely bizarre. The beautiful eight-foot bow tie he was wearing was completely visible owing to the free looseness of his collar.

Miss Carol Crowe next appeared and escorted Mr. John Gustafson to the throne. Mr. Gustafson's blonde beauty was enhanced by the beautiful red rose in his lapel and the green spotlight. Another moment of hushed expectancy and The Special Maid of Honor Miss Fanny Hiestand appeared supporting Mr. Harry Giessow. The red of Mr. Giessow's underwear, showing through an open stud, set off his coloring to perfection.

A moment of silence, and a little soot, settled on the crowd, as two flower girls appeared, hesitated a moment and began their mincing walk in the general direction of the throne. The great moment arrived and the curtain again parted revealing Miss Virginia Sankey with Mr. Edward Cannady slightly in the background. This beaming couple started out with a great deal of reluctance on the part of Mr. Cannady, and preceded to the throne by way of the punch bowl. A vision of beauty, Mr. Edward Cannady, attired in a beautiful new set of studs and a powder blue vest, bowed right and left to the deafening applesauce. This charming couple ground to a stop in front of the throne, while Mr. Cannady made his presentation speech to the tune of "Stars and Stripes Forever". The Junior Class President, Mr. Charles Koerner, neatly bedecked in a 'three flights up and save thirty' jacket, accepted Miss Sankey in words and music by himself. The Queen of Love and Beauty for the ensuing year mounted the stairs.

Just as she reached the top Mr. Koerner crowned her. After twenty or thirty flashlight pictures were taken Koerner was revived enough to lead Miss Sankey down the stairs. They were followed by the maids, their escorts, and a few detectives; and at the end of the first dance, in which only the honary ones took part, the dancing was resumed by everyone still able to.

It would hardly seem just, after this description of the gentlemen of the ensemble, not to say a few kind words of the Queen and the Maids. All of them, fully attired and sleepy, made a startling appearance as they conveyed the members of the Hatchet Staff toward their destination.

There were no casualties.
$10,000,000.01
IN PRIZES
for Anyone Who Cannot Guess
What Is Going On Inside of
This Ford.

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS CHILD?

Guy (Falstaff) Golterman
Taking a Curtain Bow
After Successfully Singing "Thanks for the Buggy Ride"

INSIDE LOOKING OUT

This forlorn Kiddy, tiny Walter Vincent, disappeared from home shortly after the election of Thos. Jefferson. Finder notify City Health Dept.

Who Takes Care of the Zoo-Keeper's Daughter?

Page Three Hundred Ninety-one
TRUE CONFESSIONS!

I Was a Good Girl Until I Was Rushed by the Sororities

By Susy Blotz

Chapter I.

I CAME to Washington an innocent and unassuming young girl. I came searching after knowledge (book knowledge). I wanted to meet cultured and learned people. Instead, I fell in with a bunch of sorority girls. The first shock came when I went to a Theta rush party. Dorothy Galloway took me around in her gas-buggy. She seemed to be a sensible home girl. The first girl I met at the party was Ann Becker, who was extremely profuse in her affectionate greeting. I then met Bob Ward and Eleanor Fidler, both of whom represent the type I had often visualized as real seekers after knowledge. I was thrilled. To myself I thought, "These are the intelligencia. What a perfectly darling bunch of girls." But I was soon awakened from my wonderful dream, as one K. Hafner noisily announced the entrance of the Theta pony ballet, which consisted of four diminutive damsels, Virginia Hayes, Middy Wild, Lee Kinnard, and Gill Gilbert. They danced to the strains of "Down by the Winnegar Woods," played by an auburn-haired girl named June Miltenberger. The party broke up amidst a vocal contest between K. Hafner and Nancy Moore. Mary Gene Gowans took me home, and I noticed a marked coolness when I told her I wasn't going out for any activities. I knew then that these girls were not my type.

Chapter II.

The next day I went to a Pi Phi party. They looked like a bunch of good home girls to me. Carol Crowe was awfully nice; she offered to get me some dates. I told her I didn't date, and Googly Closs said she didn't either. Just before tea was served, the Pi Phi Rockets, a rather poor imitation of the Missouri Theater aggregation of the same name, came bouncing in, led by Lucile McCutchan and Dorothy Dehlerdorf. This was followed by a free Charleston lesson for all rushees, conducted by Helene Higgins. Sally Selby seemed to be all agog. Copies of the Pi Phi "Bull-ette" were passed around. The humor in this chapter scandal sheet was rather crude, but stopped this side of being coarse. Martha Garland, who reminds me of a stately countess of long ago, left early with a rather tall farmer boy. Alice Clifford, who is as pretty as a picture, promised to get me a date with her big blonde brother if I would go Pi Phi. Patsy Cann started to tell about how she hurt her ankle in the basketball game, but was interrupted by Betty Morton, who began a discussion as to the merits of the two rival burlesque shows in St. Louis. She said she never enjoyed either one very much, as she couldn't understand many of the jokes. Every time the telephone rang or an auto horn blew, Dorothy Zetlmeisl, Mary Stoker, and Lucile McCutchan dashed madly to see which one was wanted. I was talking to Eloise Garland, and when several of the girls overheard me tell her that I never practiced gold-digging on boys, Dorothy Lippman was delegated to offer to take me home. I knew from the start that this was too frivolous a bunch for me.

Chapter III.

The following day the Kappas asked me out to their Kappa Gamma Gambol. This was a refined looking group. I was thrilled beyond words when they told me that Anita Bowling was substitute librarian. Ardath Noah seemed so quiet and unassuming until she started discussing Freud, eugenics, and philosophy. Gene McNellis helped to liven up the party by playing on a ukulele, and Dorothy Ladd gave some original interpretations of popular song hits. Dixie Scott offered me a cigarette, but, of course, I declined. Frances Butts told a lot of Hosmer Hill jokes. A lively discussion as to the relative advantages of Smith and Vassar Colleges was carried on by Abbie Lewis and "Cookie" Armstrong. Martha Strickler then read a paper on "Breaking Dates and Getting Away with It". Betty Fusz took me home and on the way told me the sad tale of the silver stein which was found in the highway following last year's Apache dance at her house. I concluded that this lodge's capers were too capricious for me, so I crossed a third sorority off my list of possibilities.
TRUE CONFESSIONS!

Continued

Chapter IV.

On the way to a Delta Gamma party, Maxine Bray kept saying she was going to stop off and get gin. I was shocked, and wondered what sort of a party this was going to be until I learned that she was talking about one of the girls—Madeline Ginn. I met Georgia Schoenthaler, a near Hatchet Queen; "Bathless" Bowles—I think it is a dirty trick to wish a nickname like that on any girl; Ruth Morgens, a young lawyeress who told me all about her handsome, dashing, romantic lover, Francis Peter Linneman; and Amy Von Maur, whose father years ago hit the Overland trail. Oh, I almost forgot; I met the Henckler twins too. This was certainly a quiet bunch—so quiet, in fact, that I nearly went to sleep. I was playing shut-eye when the doorbell rang. It was Peggy Frudenstein, who had come to take me to a Gamma Phi Beta party.

Chapter V.

The Gamma Phi's were as noisy as the D. G.'s were quiet. I was introduced to all the Hatchet Queens—ex and present. I asked them who was going to be queen next year and they said "Gamma Phi know". Then Emiliny Arbogast said, "Anyway, I Giessow." She said she heard that at "Tame Oats". Everybody at the party was talking about how clever two boys are; I believe their names are Bill Freilingdorf and Curt Gallenkamp. They all thought Charlie Eichenbaum and his Perspiring Reporter, who axes Hatchet questions, were perfect dears too. Glenn May said she had sold ten of the surplus Hatchets to several of her admirers. They all talked Hatchet all afternoon, making a lot of cutting remarks. I was very tired after attending these two parties in one afternoon, so as soon as I got home I took an aspirin and went to bed.

Chapter VI.

I felt much better after a good night's rest, and was all ready when "Zev" Hollman called to take me to the Alpha Chi Omega party in her yellow Cadillac, which just matches her hair. The chapter was vocalizing when we arrived. I am told they are always harping on something. Helen McFarland reached high C, whereupon Alma Berglund said, "Ain't that a belluva note." They kept on singing all afternoon, which rather bored me, to say the least. I don't think I would like a bunch that is so interested in bars, anyway.

Chapter VII.

The last rush party I attended was that given by Phi Mu that night. They always have their parties at night, as they are never bothered with dates, so I am told. Mary Beardsley, who is in training for a moot court trial in January Hall, kissed all the girls as they came in, after which she passed the cigarettes. "Doc" Henning put on a solo dance, with the emphasis on the "lo". Forrestine Wilson read a paper on "Woman, the Home-Builder, or Victrola Accessories on the Third Floor." Little Fanny Heistand, runner up in the Hatchet Queen contest, is awfully cute. But when I learned they had a Schieck in their order, I decided it was not the bunch for me. I went home that night very tired of it all.

Chapter VIII

After I looked over all of the sororities and they gave me the "o. o.", it was decided that I would not join one. Therefore, I am still a good girl.

Finis
Two Reasons for Present Unpopularity of "Student Life"

Iowa Special—Through Sleeper.

Boning for an Exam

Harley Miller

Co-eds' Jeer-Leader

Washington's Leg-a-cy
Are you the lucky one in five?

Googly Closs, Girl Athlete, Enjoying a Quiet Chat on the Quad.

Our Hero, Cleaner of the Cleats, Now Starring in "Bound to Win".

For Sale by:
JNO. M. THOMPSON
Campus Dealer
212 (Section B) Leighart Hall
Washington University

Wobbly, the Smiling Songster, Who by Popular Demand Will Never Sing Again.

Lindenwood Girls Hold Spring Festival — No Casualties

Time Photo of Riot on Quad Following Announcement That Low Talk Would Be Permitted in Library.
Giving Washington The O. O.

By O. O. Nuttynye

Mr. Nuttynye is here seen seated in the front seat of his new Sax Rhoneer sport model touring Benzine buggy. Immediately to the rear is his old friend Al Jolson with his famous mammy. The smiling young femme, waving a greeting from the top of Mr. Nuttynye's head, is the well known Fanny Brice. The others in the party are DeWolf Hopper, his seven wives, and Rin-Tin-Tin.

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, March 20.—The diary of a modern Sam Peeps: Up betimes at an early hour. Breakfasted with Boorstin, head janitor, at Coral Gables (usually called the Commons after the commoners) on yesterday's roast beef and prunes. Munched a few of "Chunky" Baldwin's peanuts on the way out. Waved a cheerio to Braswell and Meyer, the electricians. Splendid bathroom basso emitting from shower room. Gene Hutchinson, the daredevil driver, rolled up in new horseless carriage. Waved to whistling char-ladies, who were gaily beating the bedclothes outside Section D, Liggett. Gathered numerous and sundry cinders in my new boots while strolling quadward. Stopped at the side of the new Biology Building to watch the giant crane, forsooth, which reminded me of numerous co-eds with their eternal digging. There goes the "Take-Off Man" bowling along at a tremendous rate on his bicycle, headed for his job in the library. Arrived opposite January Hall, whence issued great tumult, indicating that the junior lawyers had started class.

Parked on library steps and was rapidly drifting into the arms of Morpheus, when I was rudely awakened by hue and cry as crowd of students were being ejected from the library by "Bo" McMillan. There's Walter Metcalfe. I wonder how much longer he will be at Washington? There are no scars on his face from his long sojourn here, but I noticed several Crowe's feet. I see Lucile McCutchan has just returned from Florida. She's got lots. Bob Bassett, the banjo-banger, introduced me to Bill Taussig, who gave me a wet-fish handshake.

There goes Eloise Garland, the girl with the hydraulic brakes; and, as I live, it's Marjorie Blumeyer with her. I wonder if Dr. Swift was ever a cowboy. The quad between classes more nearly resembles a social gathering than a group of students seeking knowledge. All that was needed for a dance was some music. There goes Bobby Herr, drummer, and Lionel Hencken, ivory-tickler, of the Herr-Hencken Horrible Harmony Hounds. Maybe they'll play a tune. Much screaming, wailing, and cat-calls as the Whiteacres burst out of the Law School. The gathering grew into a near-riot as the worthy followers of the eagle attempted to remove Les Rayfeld's shoes. The Whiteacre delegation broke up as three Pi Phi's appeared on the quad.

Page Three Hundred Ninety-six
Giving Washington The O. O.

Betook myself into Ridgely Library, and was greeted at the door by one Desk Sergeant, who asked me to leave. Prevailed upon her to allow me to enter, after promising to utter nary a word. Had been there but a few moments when the order and decorum of the place was interrupted by a loud crash, resulting from the hurling of an electric light bulb by one moronic-looking character. Desk Sergeant accused a junior lawyer. Incessant babble disgusted me, so I left, waving an adieu to little Freddie McCoy, who smiled sweetly. Tripped over Jack Adams' outspread feet, and a guffaw trickled over the room. Burst blinking forth into the bright sunshine, the library stoop reminding me of a country club veranda. I wonder if so many men take law because the books are so large and comfortable to sit on. Chatted a bit with Prof. Ernie Conant, who deserted me as a sprightly-looking girl passed. A prudent man, Conant. Listened awhile to Curry Carroll's narratives of the high and low spots of a naval aviator's life. (He made no reference to Vassar.) Overheard Arnold Willman trying to break his regular Sunday night date with "Googly" Closs.

There goes Russell Gaus with Ardath. She's a clever girl—arranges to have Ingamells in class when Gaus is free, and vice versa. Ed Wise invited me up to the Law Library to read 48 Georgia, but I declined, that I might chat with the co-eds. Waved a cheerio to Marion Smith: odd name that.

Out to the Beta House with E. B. McDonald for lunch. Beautiful lagoons in front of the fraternity houses caught my eye. Muddy shoes at Washington is a sure sign of a fraternity man. Sat down to appetizing repast of hash. They serve hash every Saturday. Choice Elliott said he heard they were going to paddle the freshmen girls over at the K. A. house next week. Went for a ride with Dave Tompkins and Don McClure in the former's Ford after lunch, and we wound up at the Midway Theater.

Had dinner with the K. A.'s. Bob Helmerichs fetched me down to the Odeon after dinner, where we witnessed "Tame Oats". I was unfortunate enough to draw a seat between Carl Revelle and Grant Torrence, the only two men at the show without dates. There's Freddie Hageman and Vera Louise Hawley down front—a well-matched couple. And Mary Stoker earnestly talking to some lad. A hush fell over the audience as Virginia Sankey stepped into her private box.

The lights grew dim and the curtain rose on the chorus. Dorothy Galloway hastily stepped back into place. The chorus performed splendidly, centering around Kay Hafner, who worked hard throughout to make the show a success. Enter Maginn, wearing the English department's blazer. Clark Clifford remarkably resembled "The Man in the Brown Derby" in the Sunday Post-Dispatch comic section. I thought I was witnessing "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" when Gallenkamp burst on the scene. Cyril McEnroe looked too good for words; so good in fact that no one could hear any of his words. I have come to the conclusion that Martin Hughes looks best as a girl. The lighting effects during Bill Feiningson's song were spectacular. I had a good chance to study the settings, as the stage was empty a good part of the time. Occasionally the members of the orchestra all hit upon the same piece at the same time, which effect was pleasing to the ear. Fullerton Willhite took the part of "The Well-Messed Man" very ably. Sally Selby said she wanted to be bad. I wonder if that's why she went to Wisconsin for summer school? Four out of Carol Crowe's five lines went over big. "Wobbly" Robbins, as Jeeves, had a black look on his face— that is, a little dark under the eyes. Alice Clifford showed long years of training in that final kiss. And since when has Lucile McCutchan been so "Stingy"? I am still wondering if "I. K" Hadley's prediction that "It won't be long now" ever came true. Guy Goltermann wasn't in such good voice, but was in fine spirits. There's Don Murray, the Student Life dramatic critic, arriving with pad and pencil, just as the company goes into the grand finale. Arose to leave, but was blocked by the sleeping form of Butch Elam. After much pounding, I succeeded in awakening him. Went backstage to congratulate the boys, entered a room, and was thrown out by a bevy of twenty chorus girls. I guess I hit the wrong place.

So to Joe's, where a bunch of the boys were whooping it up. Sat at a table with Raith, Jasper, and Latta, and we chatted over hot fudge sundaes. Noticed Charlie Eichenbaum eating a ham sandwich. Mary Elizabeth Connors ate heartily of steak, fried potatoes, peas, fruit salad, rolls, and coffee, and her date partook of Coca Cola. So home and to bed.
"But, officer, we were only going twenty."

He: Mean hop at Arcadia tonight, Babe. What say?
She: Father says no!
He: Crowe's your old man.

T H E  W A S H I N G T O N I A N

Washington's 115-pound Wrestling Champion. He won by Default of the Other Guy.

House
No House

Interest on the Quad Is Lagging.
CAN YOU REARRANGE THESE PHOTOS SO AS TO GET THREE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES?

Look Who's Here

News of the Boy Scouts

FREE — COMPLIMENTARY TICKET — FREE

Informal Dance
Given by
ST. LOUIS RETAIL DRUGGISTS' ASS'N
FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 12

Arcadia BALLROOM
401 N. 6TH, ST. LOUIS

FRANK RUMBAUER AND HIS ORCHESTRA
SPECIAL GIFTS TO THE LADIES AT THE DOOR
THIS TICKET ADMITS ONE FREE

F. H. TRICKE, PRES. RETAIL DRUGGISTS. ASSN.
B. J. SPAETH, CHM. ENTERTAINMENT COM.

THE JUNIOR LOCK AND CHAIN

Three Hundred Ninety-nine
ARE you satisfied with the manner in which Student Life is being conducted?" This query by the Hatchet Inquiring Reporter evoked an emphatic negative answer from five thousand students consulted on the quad last Saturday. Of these, 4,997 considered a simple, "Hell, no!" an effective expression of their opinion. The two printable answers follow:

"Yes. Student Life has been coming out too often of late, also too awful. I have never been able to figure out why they put "Here and There" on a page where there is so much funnier stuff. Ah, yes, I always get a good laugh out of the editorials. I am told that the stolid-faced Psi Delt writes them, and that the mouse-faced youth, whom I always see dashing madly about the quad, is the big gun on the staff. Therefore, I heartily disapprove of the whole damn thing." (K. M. O. X.)

"If any or what have you, no. Otherwise, yes. The main trouble is that Washington's bi-weekly has no comic strips. I just love comic strips. For instance, every morning I read Phil Hardy, the "Bound to Win" boy, in the Globe. I think this daily feature carries a great lesson to freshmen. Think of the unprecedented value that would accrue to our horde of young embryo intelligencs if Student Life had a strip of this kind. Then again, such strips as "Bringing Up Father" have such a great effect upon American home life. What we need here at Washington is less stiffness in our sheet." (I. O. U.)

In answer to another question, "Do you think the proposed merger of Student Life and the St. Louis Times would be detrimental to the St. Louis Times, and, if not, would the student body sanction the moving of the Times Building (siren included) to the present spacious quarters of the Student Life office, just off the archway?" the great majority of replies indicated a negative affirmative, limited by several dangling participles. Three answers, representative of the majority opinion, follow:

"I think this is an excellent idea, although it is quite true that it would be hard on the Times. A big advantage of the proposed merger would be the daily weather reports, which I follow closely. The pink sheet would add local color to the varsity publication. We might even change the university colors to pink and yellow—pink for the Times and yellow for the Life. Think of the gorgeous banner floating in the breeze above University Hall, unfolding its mellow pink and yellow, bordered with purple and azure polka-dots. The very thought sends shivers up my spine and back again. The more I think, the more I approve. By George, it is a capital idea." (B. S. M.) (Editors' Note: B. S. M.—Benny Sent Me.)

"I should like to consult my parents before giving a definite answer." (J. J. J. Jr.)

One answer was received in rhyme. Here it is:

I like the headlines in the Times;
The front page has such gory crimes:
Murders, suicides, and robberies galore.
I love these tales; they never bore.

Imagine our dear Student Life
With stories of campus crimes so rife
That from the north, east, west, and south
They'd hail our paper as uncouth.

This step would be the needed link
To make our noble paper pink.
The combination would be great,
And with the world I'm sure we'd rate. (Q. K. Q.)

A third question asked by the INQUIRING REPORTER was: "Do you think the present price of Student Life is excessive, and, if so, has this fact anything to do with the paper's present unpopularity?" Following are two of the best answers received:

"It isn't the money, it's the principal of the thing. What price glory? Dimes mean nothing to Rockefeller. Nevertheless, I see no need for two comic papers on the hill. I suggest a combination of Student Life and Dirge, the proceeds to be devoted to an automatic traffic tower to be installed in the center of the quad." (F. O. B.)
The true end of satire is the amendment of vices by correction. And he who writes honestly, is no more an enemy to the offender, than the physician to the patient.

—Dryden.

BOOK I

The Argument: The poet, for a good and sufficient reason, invokes the muse. A description of the night before the Hatchet election. Visions of success appear to the contestants, with a foreboding of evil attached to each success.

Help me, O Muse, who poet's woes desery
From cultured summit of Parnassus high,
Whence thou, when'er heightened mortal dreams
Of giving voice to the tremendous themes
Of perfidy of man, of woes of maid,
Of angry fair by politics betrayed
And all such tragic stuff dart send him aid:
Help me with all your esoteric tricks
To sing the year of nineteen-twenty-six,
When raged abroad that dire and bloody strife
When all that famous Hatchet feud began,
Whence thou, whene'er benighted mortal dreams
To fix the blot on Giessow's hated name,
Help me to sing the perjured Hatchet's shame,
And all such tragic stuff dost send him aid:
When raged abroad that dire and bloody strife
When all that famous Hatchet feud began,
Help me with all your esoteric tricks
To fix the blot on Giessow's hated name,
Help me, at length to sing the cheated fair,
And praise to the high heavens, the virtuous Eichenbaum.

BOOK II

The Argument: The momentous day dawns. The poet hopes that no candidate will be disappointed—that all will be Hatchet Queens. It seems unlikely, however. The voting. The candidates learn that they have been betrayed, and, in righteous indignation, repair to the temple of Rumor to see whether she won't do something about it.
Thou who dost rule all things canst intervene;
Make every Hatchet candidate a queen!
But turn to where, arrayed in serried line
The embattled Amazons in conflict join;
At length the strife is over. Near and far
From what, in short, has stood the test of time,
The nymphs betrayed their wails in protests raise;
The irate nymphs to nearby shrine of Rumor
The space seat of Rumor's worship stands.
Have ye daughters, though sometimes she flays 'em.
She worshipped Rumor with benevolent breast.
And play rate havoc with the cool skirt,
And play rate havoc with the cool skirt,
The nymphs betrayed their wails in protests raise;
The nymphs betrayed their wails in protests raise;
Drawn by th' parental hand they hardly go,
And loves her daughters, though sometimes she flays 'em.
And with high counsels heal the female heart.
And Hatchet contests ceased to trouble man.
For Rumor is to females near allied,
An incense-tray with gathered Camels filled,
The regal crown. And further—'tis averred
And Hatchet contests ceased to trouble man.
Then, with a cap much higher in the crown
And Hatchet contests ceased to trouble man.
Henceforth the years in long procession ran,
Of politics, but eyes with quiet blessed
Of politics, but eyes with quiet blessed
O, O, ye gods, who list no man's requests,
GOOD BYE!