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Be Sure To Vote
To-morrow

Student Lies

VOLUME XXVII.

LOGAN, UTAH, RYDAV, OCTOBER 32, 1930.

Be Sure To Vote
To-morrow

Number 26.

Nachmittagskleid aus bedrucktem Seidenmusselin

Hell!
Hell!
Hell!

OUR OWN BULL—
HEAVE IT OR NOT

"Well!"
"What?"
"Go on."
"That's all."
"How about the father?"

A professor at the University of Chicago claims that all women are fix—ces out.



And then there's the Scotchman who says that he feels his women shavings for hay.

"Figure of speech?"
"Yes."
"Great answer."
"Yes."
"What do you mean?"



The mother thought that father was angry, but he wasn't angry at all, just quicky drinking his beer.

If all the Delta Nus were placed end to end they would look very funny.



"I want to hear you tell about something funny," said the bride.

Then, You're Drunk, My Boy, You're Drunk!
It was at a Moonshine Belt. Two moonshiners entered just in time to see the villain bending over the bride, who was prone on the floor.
"Do you reckon he's drunk?" inquired one.
"Naw, he ain't drunk," replied the other. "I just see his finger move."

Probably the greatest shock in a bride's life comes when she discovers her husband in the pictures in B. V. D. advertisements.



MEL BARKHEAD
Mel Barkhead, Epistol, has been making a name for himself as a great inventor. The scientific world is greatly interested in his discoveries. The parlor davenport may be old stuff, but it doesn't have to be. A few just when he has a fellow gets romantic, he has discovered "A powdered nose is no guarantee of a clean neck," he also claims.

MOORMEISTER MURDERER AT LARGE



The above photo is a picture of the murderer of Mrs. Moormeister taken at five o'clock in the morning, as the murderer was making his way across the great Salt Lake desert. This photo is published in Student Lies so you may recognize the murderer if you see him. This is the first radio-photo to be published in a college magazine.

—An Associated Pest Photo

Delta Nu Breaks

Wrist On Sorosis

Social Hygiene Experiment ends in injury.

Joe Thomas is in the hospital today with a broken wrist.

Last night he made a social call on Virginia Tyson. They had an argument as to whether it was possible for a man to kiss a girl against her will. Virginia said it couldn't be done and Joe said it could. They finally decided to settle the argument by trying it out. After the struggle was over, Virginia said:

"Well, you won, but it wasn't fair, my foot slipped. Let's try it again."

They did but Joe was careless and slipped. He cracked his wrist on the table.

How College Jokes Are Originated

College made jokes occupy a unique position in our country's humor. They are the true expression of the inward intellect of the college soul, and hence are an index of what is going on in the student mind. They show the great heights of intellect with which our college boys soar, with the aid of father's hand.

Wanting to find out just how college students made up their jokes, Student Lies interviewed several successful editors of college magazines and obtained the following recipe for a successful college joke—one that is guaranteed to get by the editors and make the author an honorary member of the college humor fraternity.

First, take a petty subject such as prohibition, drinking or petting and mix with with our

alcohol. It doesn't matter much whether the joke has any point or not, just so it covers one of the above subjects. Professor automobiles of co-eds may be mixed in occasionally.

Next, pick two characters for the joke, whose names exactly rhyme. Get something a little juicy or off color but be sure the two names rhyme.

Third, add a silly illustration. The illustration probably

Pi Delta Epsilon

To Publish Paper

Members of the Pi Delta Epsilon, national fraternity, will publish the December issue of the Journal of Instruction. The journal will take over the work next week.

You've never heard that before because I just reminded it out of the lively-lark dining and what's more, you'll never want to again. It seems they were a guy who went into a restaurant and asks the waiter behind the counter to suggest something to eat. "Can I interest you in some special?" the waiter responds. The patron "slips into some and leave us have a look."

Our irrepressible Ted just came in suffering, which led to his favorite anecdote about pulling out his six pockets handkerchieved one time in an emergency and having to have a cleaned.

Popular acceptance has changed the old notation to "two birds with one breath."

Mitt Johnson Murdered

Mitt Johnson, Phi Kap, was murdered early Easter evening at the home of Mayor E. G. Lundstrom on 36 East 4th North street.

Mayor Lundstrom left town in the police car about 8 o'clock that same evening. The murder took place at 7:32 p. m.

Kyrn Hickman, with the exception of the murderer, was the last to see Mitt Johnson alive. He suspects the mayor, also.

Mitt and Kyrn were visiting the Mayor on the night of the murder, Hickman claims. Mayor Lundstrom, it seems, grew tired of Mitt Johnson's presence and looked about for some means of getting rid of him without offending him.

After remarking about Easter Sunday, the Mayor said to Johnson:

"Don't you think, old fellow, that your fraternity brothers will want you to be with them during Easter?"

Mitt shook the Mayor's hand, Hickman tells us, and in a voice filled with emotion, said:

"Thanks for the invitation; I'll send them at once."

Hickman left the room at this point of the conversation. The next he heard, Johnson was dead.

"BUCK" BUCHANAN FOR STREET CLEANER



Running on the street car ticket Platform—Fewer Horses

—Advertisement sponsored by the Sigma Chi Fraternity.

Il y a loin de la Coupe aux levres

No Virgins in Wis. Claims Noted Prof.

It is reported that Harry K. Hairy, professor of those Seco-omics at the University of Wisconsin, claims that of the 567 co-eds who graduated last year, at the Wisconsin school, not one of them was a virgin.

Mas Vale Tarde que Nunca

Prof. Harry Reynolds is in the hospital today with a broken shoulder blade. Yesterday, a per-son, as he is called, was directed. After the young lady left, Harry was so angered at his purchase that he pulled all afternoon. At 7:47 p. m. he slumped over his lower lip as he was climbing the stairs to the art department.

(Continued on Page 2)

AGGIES LEAVE FOR WISCONSIN

Alan Hulme, Ronald Flamm and Davis McIntire left for the University of Wisconsin, yesterday, to take up post graduate work. It is reported.

There's Gold Diggers In Them There Hills Yelled Dutch Cannon

The police were called to the Sigma Chi house yesterday afternoon. Jess Marinawa was gone.

The police examined his room. It was in disorder. Chairs were tipped over.

"What do you make of it," the one policeman asked the other. "The cops look as though a terrible struggle had taken place," the other policeman replied.

"Correct," said Joe Cowley. "But that doesn't mean anything to get into one of those new-fangled one-button suits of underwear without tearing it to pieces."

TODAY'S FUN
Staff member: "If there's nothing new to do, let's like to go home now."

Night editor: "Sure, go write a head."

BOXERS' LULLABY
"Honey We Knead Each Other."

Someone suggested this ought to be called a collegiate love song. But we didn't know what they meant. We decided it couldn't be nice.

The DANGEROUS DELTA NU

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up at the Theta Sunday tea. And the kid that cranked the motor was the pig of an A D E Back in the den on the davenport sat the dangerous Delta Nu. And during him on with the rust-red hair was the Theta known as Lou.

Out of the night that was hotter than hot, and into the frigid air, There stumbled a frosh from the Sig Chi house with Nujol on his hair.

There are frosh that somehow get your goat and you wonder how in hell They're got by the old night clerk at the old Sig Chi Hotel.

He looked like a frosh who had rated low in the last intelligence test.

As he leamed the oolung in his cup and the drops fell on his vest; And his eyes went rubbing round the room and he seemed in a sort of a daze, and he wondered what they meant.

Till a last that old Victoria fell in the way of his wandering gaze.

The A.D.E. was out filling his nails, and there was no one else at the Vic.

So the Sig Chi stumbled across the room and he anchored there like a hick.

In a hand carved shirt with a hue that hurt, he stood and I saw him choose.

From the cabinet row his one best bet, those doggone "Dangervous Blues."

Were you ever out on the turtle mound when the moon was awfully clear.

And the trees rose round you front and back with a silence you most could hear;

And only the squawk of an old night hawk as you cramped there in a trance.

While through the night came the prowling light of the watchman's prowling car.

Then you've a hunch what that music meant; lunch and a candy bar.

Hunger, not of the Bluebird kind that's banished with Sundae and Tea;

But the hunger that drives these college guys to step out with a Beta D!

And the dizziest co-ed of the mall, with a line that I hear is true—

(Continued on Page Four)

Then there was the Scotchman who got a fever, and they put him in the basement to heat the building.

Hey!

WE HAVE GROWN SO TIRED TRYING TO FILL UP THIS PAGE THAT WE HAVE RESORTED TO THIS. HEH! HEH! HEH! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT? HEH! HEH!

It's a long, long road [that has no road-house. Heh! Heh! Heh!]

—read editorial: "A girl on the lap is worth two on the phone."

STUDENT LIFE

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idiot-orials

THE VALUE OF SOCIAL HYGIENE

I am the girl who took all the courses from Professor Frank R. Arnold. First there was that time I fooled all my friends by ordering fish. They didn't know I knew what fish was, but I fooled them. I had been out with some.

Then the very next day at tea—at the Bluebird—when the waiter said: "Couchez vous, Mam'selle," while the other guests giggled as well they might, I slapped the waiter's dirty face for him! and didn't order chicken salad, either.

It was only the next night at the Sorosis reception for a distinguished foreigner. My host and hostess thinking I had never been abroad, took great pains to play a joke on me. They presented Sir Roderick Gulp of Haw-Haw House, Upper Bilge, Tootinghamshire, and then, beckoning to all the other guests, they tiptoed out of the room, leaving us two alone together.

"I say—what ho?" murmured Sir Roderick.

"I bally well do," I retorted.

Sir Roderick brightened. He adjusted his monocle. "Deuced decent of you, old thing," he responded.

"Silly ass," I laughed behind my fan.

And they thought I couldn't speak his language.

(editor's note—this true confession, broadcasting the value of education at a co-educational college, was written by a girl who wishes to keep her name secret).

WHY HAVE A LIBRARY?

by Ray B. Vest Jr.

he who did that, the man who was here, he who did that, that which happened, scrotum-screwing through the dark stars, the burnt stars, the men whose house this is.

the woman to whom you sold it, the man to whom she sold it, says napoleon, the dark stars, leonard, the blank darkness.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party, the party, leonard black stars, the party of the - - - of the - - - aid of the party - - - good men - - - good party - - - good aid - - - Good good!

he who did that, black stars, circled benches skirting the moon, lover's lips melting, melting, melting.

A college man can accomplish almost anything, except keeping his hair from falling out.

How about a Shock-of-the-month club.

A pinch of snuff is an infallible cure against colds, a famous doctor states. Snuff said.

SOUR PROGRAMS

Thunder, we now learn, does not cause milk to turn sour, but it certainly does just that to radio programs.

Low Music

REVIEWS, PREVIEWS AND INTERVIEWS
ray b. west jr.

LITTLE JOURNEYS INTO THE HOMES OF GREAT ARTISTS, WE DECIDED ON NICOTIN POINT AS THE LOGICAL STAMPING GROUND FOR ANYONE WITH ARTISTIC TEMPTATIONS AND WE CONTINUE WITH A SLIGHT PRESENTATION OF VON ROBERTSON'S OF THE CELEBRATED REPORTER AUGLER IN HIS OWN TONGUE. THAT WHICH IS TIED TO THE BOTTOM OF A CALF'S JAW — QUESTION — DOES

THAT MAKE THE EDITOR TONG TIED? BUT ALL JOKING ASIDE, WE'VE COMPLETED A LITTLE INTERVIEW OF THIS WELL KNOWN JOURNALIST WHICH WE SUBMIT FOR THE APPROVAL OF ALL STUDENTS PERSUADING WITH AN OVER DOSE OF INTELLECTUALS.

question—to what do you contribute your success as editor of student life for the coming school year?

answer—those \$1.75 printer who wanted to go Thursday evening brown brawls.

question—to what fact do you contribute your wonderful journalist style?

answer—to an intimate study of the works of horatio alger.

jr., photo, aristotle and edgar wallace.

question—whom do you consider the most influential person on the u s a c campus?

answer—mrs. party, of course.

and so with this MOST IMPORTANT KNOWLEDGE WE ARE NOW PLANNING TO MOLD OUR LIVES AFTER ALL GREAT MEN WHO SUBMITTING THEMSELVES TO THE USE OF SSS AFTER EVERY MEAL.

"mold as mold, not mold, you guess which star denotes the mode, the others are typographical errors).

poetry? modernizing stepping into the Cal-Artia we brought some soup, some soup—some soup, no, we brought no soup, they had no



THE LONELY ROAD

No single gleam of star light came in a moon, through tightly closed masses to relieve the link blackness. The wind stirred a morose region among the leafless branches of the trees. Frantically, the pitifully fluttering hands of the girl strayed or groping random, here and you, about The Thing, which, a moment before, without with life had held her little young form.

No response came at her soft touch. Already the warmth of life was departing—her fingers encountered only a clammy chill which terrified.

Her voice, sodden with tears, rose almost hysterically above the dimmed sound of sweeping wind.

"Dead?" She flung the question in passionate wondering at the dark void about her. "Dead?"

"More the exclamation I smote upon the air. It cannot be—it is impossible!" The word came.

came in a moon, through tightly closed trees.

She lifted her face imploringly upward, as though seeking from the darkness beyond a reason for this blow which had come, all in a moment, upon her.

A drop of warm rain, falling and mingling with her tears, told her of a coming storm.

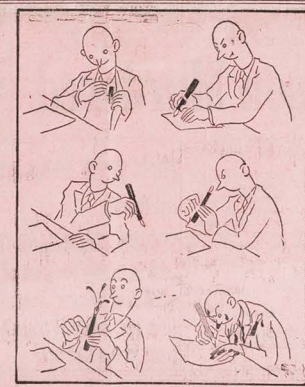
"I must get help," she murmured dazedly, and dutifully cast her eyes about, but no sign of life met her gaze. The main road was miles away.

Warily, she drew away from The Thing, now inert, dead!

She realized then that she was alone. The lonely road now bore her.

Her small hands beat helplessly together, in a futile resentment. Again her voice rose, plaintive wail.

"Dead! No past And now, I gotta hoof it five miles for ser—it is impossible!" The word came.



step soup soup soup, we look, about a step—a step, two steps, three steps, a step—and thought.

a step—NO—some gray, some gray, we are named by the sun, the sun, THE GRAY.

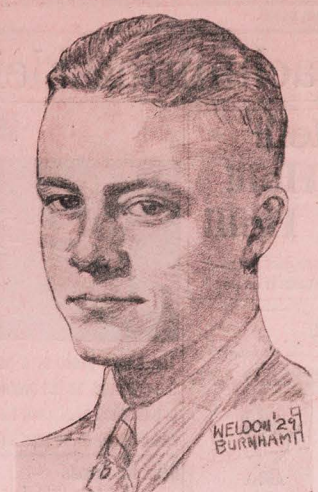
poetry of the old style—As we once upon a time, in a mood, as we addition, felt an acid of desire and needed some soup alone a five in we walked in best after.

It was on the bathroom floor but the rock was such a sore that we did not say a word and thought of soup no more. So we bought a plate of gray on a plate so nice and dainty and was so very tasty.

That we took it to our lips, and it was so very tasty, that the gray, from the pot that it turned me quite a lot.

Pamphlets containing outstanding themes written by fresh men are published at Thirteenth three times a year and contain about ten or twelve compositions.

Visual instruction in the form of motion pictures will be considered by a faculty committee as a possible means of educating students at Temple University.



"Peg" Bankhead—Your girl asked me out last night.

Paul Grace—Were you over to her house?

The Place You Feel At Home
—We are fully equipped to serve you—Give us a call—
MODERN BARBER & BEAUTY PARLORS
11 West Center Street—Phone 1240
TRY OUR "NATURAL" PERMANENT WAVES

FRED MAX

Student Headquarters

For

A Real Meal

East of Cache Valley Bank

RUBBER GOODS SICK ROOM SUPPLIES

Always the Best—For Less, at the Drug Store you can Patronize with Confidence.

City Drug Co

Prescription Dispensing Phone 288 67 N. Main

Look for this Emblem

NTAL

The Symbol of Service

After trying a week to write an editorial to fill up this space, Ned Marsfield has given it up as a bad job.

BEAUTY AND THE FEAST

(The following short, short story, written by a student of Utah State college, was published in the June issue of "College Life." We were short of material and thought the story was interesting so we are printing it for you.)

BEAUTY AND THE FEAST

Paul stopped with a start!
He had been walking along the bank of a small woodland stream. Everything was quite and peaceful. Nothing could be heard but the soft chanting of the rustling trees and the mossy murmuring of the brook. And then—

He saw a figure moving behind a clump of bushes.

Paul was a brave man, but he was startled. That figure was a woman—a beautiful woman. She was sitting on the bank of the streamlet, without shoes or stockings, kicking her feet in the water.

She was wearing a thin homespun dress that clung to her figure as if it were damp.

She had silken hair that hung carelessly about her delicate, white shoulders. She was old-fashioned, Paul thought, but beautiful.

Paul's heart pounded against his ribs. His brow beaded with a feverish perspiration.

"Hell-o," he said simply after he had summed up enough courage to approach her.

She startled. Her eyes widened. Her soft lips parted.

"Oh, excuse me," muttered Paul smoothly. "I didn't mean to frighten you—really."

The girl warmed toward the figure beside her. She smiled slightly, as if surrendering her friendship. Paul's heart missed a beat.

He sat down beside her. They both stared at the water for several moments. They were content with watching the little eddies as they whirled in the stream.

Everything was happy. The girl was happy. Paul was happy. The little woodland stream sang a carefree song. It gurgled and laughed.

"What college do you go to?" asked Paul, finally, by way of conversation.

The girl bowed her head. She watched a helpless twig as it whirled giddily down the stream.

"I've never gone to—any school," she said softly.

"Why, you poor kid. But then, I guess you're lucky. You didn't have to grind with arithmetic."

"Arithmetic," pondered the girl, her eyes widening—"I'd like to learn arithmetic."

"She's green, but she's beautiful," Paul said to himself. Then out loud:

"Do you want me to teach you?"

"Please do," pleaded the girl. Her eyelids flickered. She seemed to be playing some game.

Paul explained the rudiments of arithmetic. He gave examples. He worked problems. The girl listened eagerly. She grasped the facts quickly.

She brushed close to Paul. He felt her warm body against his. Women have a way of doing that—even uneducated women.

Paul was rapidly losing his head. The girl's slender, lithe body—her small rounded breasts—her sparkling eyes—her ripened lips tantalized him.

He placed his arm around her waist. She quivered, slightly, but left the arm remaining there.

"Now comes the next lesson," said Paul.

"Yes," sighed the girl.

He pulled her close and kissed her.

Wham!

Suddenly the girl flung her smooth arms about Paul's neck. Her warm body pressed close to his. Her red lips sought his, eagerly, found them—soothed them. Paul's arms tightened about her slender body.

Time out!

"What has this to do with arithmetic," the girl asked a few moments later, pushing a wisp of hair from her cheek.

"I'll show you," Jack answered. He kissed her again and again. He finally persuaded.

"I kissed you two times on the cheek and four times on the mouth. How many does that make altogether?"

"Six," whispered the girl, disengaging herself to breathe more freely.

"That," said Paul triumphantly, "—that is arithmetic."

"Goodness," gasped the girl, "whoever would have dreamed of it!"

Richens Wins Dash

Dallas Richens won the hundred yard dash in the track meet last Friday. This was a complete surprise. Richens, under normal conditions is rather slow but he can always cover the ground.



This is an Associated Pest photo of Rulon Walker, student body president, catching the season's biggest fish. "The fish was so large," President Walker boasts, "that I had to cut it in three pieces to get it in the car. I used its eyes to bowl with, and its scales were used for plates."



Paul fairly beamed.
"Now, we'll try subtraction. You take two from me."

The girl did.
"How many are there now?"

"Four."

"Perfect," said Paul, "now prove that sum by kissing me four times."

The girl did so.

It wasn't an ordinary class lecture. It lasted a long time. The moon—a full moon, like a huge goblin eye—arose and filled the forest with a brilliant white light.

The two continued studying arithmetic.

Paul finally broke away.

"Goodbye," he said, on departing, "We will continue our lessons tomorrow."

The next day found Paul at the study hall. The girl was not there. He hunted for her. He called for her. His search was useless. However, he found a note tacked to a tree. It read:

"My Dear Instructor:—"

"I was called to town early this morning. I shan't return."

"It might interest you to know that I am a teacher of mathematics in the Bifly high school in Wyoming. I was on my vacation here. I found your lessons highly interesting and instructive. I might try them on my students when other methods fail."

"Your first lessons were so good, I hate to miss the others."

"Goodbye,

"YOUR RUSTIC SWEETHEART."

(The End—We're Sorry)



The above visage is the physog of Mr. Darrell Crockett, one of the most brilliant, talented and outstanding students that the U. S. A. C. has produced since Ronald Flamm passed a class.

Mr. Crockett ascribes his success to his lovable personality and meek temperament. During his career at Utah State Mr. Crockett has gathered many cohorts to his fold.

(Editor's note:—Mr. Crockett will gladly verify the above).

Mr. Crockett reached the zenith of popularity at the recent student elections when his army of devoted admirers and followers turned out en masse to railroad him into the office of Student Body President.

(Paid Advertisement)

"Gracious! That skirt is so tight I can plainly see what you have in your pocket."
"But I have no pocket."
"Then what is that lump?"
"Oh, that's a mosquito bite!"

Class presidents at Vanderbilt university supervise chapel programs.

A Junior college embracing the freshmen and sophomore classes is being planned at the University of Wisconsin.

GENIOLOGY DEPT.
She was only an airplane manufacturer's daughter, but you should see her sturn.

On the dance floor it's grace in a rumble seat it's taste.

Radio programs given by the University of Oregon fraternities were a recent feature of station KOPF. Eugene.

To stop ralling parties before athletic contests the student council of Wichita university recently signed a treaty with South western.

The DANGEROUS DELTA NU

Continued from Page One

God! how foggy she looks through the smoke, the Theta known as Lou.

All of a sudden he flipped the disc, and put on the piece "My Man". And you felt like the ding who had bought a ring and the girl had slipped you the can.

'Twas a wailing cry of a Sigma Chi and it thrilled you through and through.

"I guess I'll just have one more cup," said the Dangerous Delta Nu.

The record scratched and the needle slipped and the music burst like a flood!

And it seemed to say, "We're beat! We're Beat!" and the air was filled with mud.

And the thought came back like a paddle whack; and the lust arose to dance.

The Sig Chi turned and his wild eyes yearned for the girl with the heena hair.

With his pin of gold and his face grown old he stood and I heard him swear;

And his lips went out in a kind of a pout, and his face was sad as a crutch.

"Now girls," said he, "you don't know me, 'cause I never went out with you much,

But I wish to assert, and I'll bet a wafer it's true, That some guy here has done me dirt, it's the Dangerous Delta Nu."

I grabbed my watch—the lights went out and two pins flashed in the dark

A woman screamed and the lights went on, "Sweet shades of the Campus Lark."

The Sig Chi's crest was pinned to the breast of the Theta known as Lou.

While the Theta cook wore a startled look, and the pin of the Delta Nu.

Now here's the low-down on the case, I was there and I'd ought to know

Some say the Sig was crazed with tea, but strictly between us two, I ain't so wise as those school guys, but I ain't denying it's true,

The girl that kissed him and plucked his pin was the Theta known as Lou.

—Paradised by Hatfield and Robb.

HOW COLLEGE JOKES ARE ORIGINATED

Continued from Page One

fact, with bow ties, baggy knees and Dunhill pipes.

The second may show a rah rah boy talking to a rah rah girl. Both must be typically clothed, the beardless youth with a Brooks suit and the she in short skirts to look as much unlike a co-ed as possible (the idea being to make co-eds believe they have sex appeal). Sprinkle the picture well with sex! the more the merrier.

The third illustration may show any combination of the above two in some form of animation such as motorizing, necking or bathing. This is perhaps one most difficult as few college artists can draw a figure in motion.

All that is necessary now is to add an illustration to the joke we already have, being sure that the illustration has nothing what ever to do with the joke under-

neath, and we have a perfect riot.

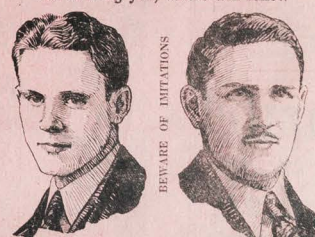
For instance! Let's make up a joke about necking. Two characters that rhyme are "Malt" and "Hall." These are good because "Malt" has rather a taint of devilry about it, as all college students know that malt is the father of all beer, neat and otherwise.

Now "Malt" says, "Did you get any kick out of kissing Dorothy?" and "Hall" replies, "My Grand man, my shine still ache." Add a spicy heading over the joke, such as "Free Love, and we have a college joke."

A good illustration for this would show two college professors working in a laboratory or some thing else that has nothing what ever to do with the story. Season the illustration well with sex appeal, such as leaving the trousers off of one of the professors, and we have a college joke guaranteed to make "Judge."

Aren't you sorry you didn't go to college?

Let us sting you, others will follow



SHOES FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

COLLEGE B. S.

THE LOGAN SPORT SHOP

Successors to Jack & John

BILLIARDS

Up-to-date, Clean, Efficient

