1927

Flamingo Vol. IX N 3

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*Denison University*

James C. Kemper  
*Denison University*

George McDonald  
*Denison University*

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Flamingo Vol. IX N 3

Authors
Reed Smith, James C. Kemper, George McDonald, Dorothy O’Dell, Richard Shiokawa, and Orville Smrcina

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Flamingo Homecoming

Price - Will set you a Quarter-back
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For Fall, Tudor Hall features Zebra Stripes—in rugged wool fabrics—heavy herringbone weaves in oxford and darker grays and the newest shades of tan. As new in the season in style—three-button coats, single or double breasted, small notched lapels, wide bottom trousers.

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NEWARK WEST SIDE OF SQUARE
"Say, Bud, you had better take a streetcar home."
"Is no use. They wouldn't let me keep it."
—flamingo—

"Ebenezer married a spiritualist."
"Did she make a good wife?"
"Oh, medium."
—flamingo—

Seventh Day Adventist: "I can see good in anything."
'31: "Can you see good in the dark?"
—flamingo—

"Mandy," said the doctor very seriously, "my diagnosis of your husband's ailment is that he is suffering from voluntary inertia."
"Lawys, doctor", she exclaimed, "an' I been cussin' the man for being lazy."
—flamingo—

"I'm getting a weigh from you," he said to the scales.

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"Had much car trouble this summer, Jack? Changed many flat tires?"  
"Yeah, I dropped one just the other night. This new one is a little blonde."

---

We've often wondered why women kiss each other when they greet. Maybe it's because some of them would never get any kisses otherwise.

---

Fatalities statistics for the past year fail to mention the large number who were tickled to death.

---

If some children are perfect photographs of their fathers, we wonder if Edsel Ford is an autograph of his dad?

---

Gran: "How'd you like your new flame?"
Ville: "She's punk."
Gran: "What do you mean, punk?"
Ville: "I'm afraid that flame goes only to powder."

---

WHAT'S THAT ADDRESS?  
WHAT'S HER PHONE NUMBER?  
WHAT'S HIS CLASS?  
WHAT'S HER SORORITY?

You'll find these answers in the  
**STUDENT-FACULTY DIRECTORY**

Published by  
Y. M. C. A.—Thomas Parks, Editor—Y. W. C. A.  
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The style sketched is just one of the many attractive models priced at
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ONLY AS
Good Boys
Good Sports
Loyal Homecomers

SO THE OLD BIRD CHIRPS
VOCIFEROUSLY—
WELCOME!!

Volume 9—Number 3
Gripes and Groans

There was a shy young man who wanted to propose to his lady love, but never dared. Finally he took her to his family lot in the cemetery and said: "Wouldn't you like to be buried here some day?"

"Get out of the gutter."  
"You would try to run me down."

Four out of five do not have it.

How are there enough men in the world to furnish all the photos women have on their dressers?

It's a sure sign of spring when a Scotchman throws his Christmas tree away.

We dub "Little Aubrey" that child who wished to know just what kind of a dog a melancholy is.

It all depends on what you've been doing whether you enter college for work or for you vacation.

The Military of Denison went to Camp Knox for the summer, but they couldn't get the darned thing in their grips.

Our idea of a neckband is a snappy prom orchestra.

A mushroom is merely a closet filled with love letters.

Telephone girls should make good athletes. They're so wiry.

Many artists draw only at conclusions.

There are three classes of women—the intellectual, the beautiful, and the majority.

Conscience is a still, small voice that has a tendency to grow stiller and smaller.

Here are absent-minded profs, of course, because all the college comics say so, but we've never heard of one who marked an A, when he meant to mark an F.

Here's a bit of advice to women—don't marry milk-men, or you'll be cremated.

A few habits, good and otherwise, mostly otherwise, done up in a skin.
"YOU DISGRACEFUL BEING," SHE LISPED

Hoist your mugs, Homecomers (we ain't got nothin' for 'em.) Gay Homecomers, these. Who are they? Fast, no, staunch, believers in the rules for men and women at Denison in gay '81. And believers that there isn't sorority rushing. And hard fighting workers against Christmas bidding. Bitterly opposed to dancing, these. Get out the band to welcome these Homecomers, for they are against national sororities. Emma, on our reader's right, is telling Fritz, on our reader's left, to be good. (He's too reckless to be careful.) He has done a shocking thing. He has breathed a word—"neck"—but our Emma didn't hear him say first, "I see a horse's—" Fie, Fie on Fritz.

(Advertiser's Note—Don't read these—they're all the same.)

"You're the type," decided the year-book editor as he finally found the suited font.

"Give a poor working-girl a chance," plead the factory hand as she purchased a raffle ticket.

"You boys surely have some line," said D. T. & I. Ford to the Van Sweringen Brothers.

"You can't pull that around here," said the biology prof, as he showed some rare grass specimens to the class.

"Don't rush me, big boy," said the Frosh to a Greek as he showed a newly-acquired pledge pin.

MY GIRL

Got a girl who's a high brow,
Got to learn how to talk,
Got to learn how to eat,
And the right way to walk,
Got to learn how to dress,
What to wear—how and how;
Got to quit saying damn
And learn how to bow.
Got to quit runnin' round
With the guys from the shop,
Got to meet better people
And let my friends drop,
S'posed to sell the old fliver
And get a new boat.
S'posed to ask her old man
Before I can vote.

Got a girl who's a high brow
And I just got to tell
The whole world how I love her
For I love her like Hell!!
Edifying Adventures of Alice
(In Wonderland)
By Dorothy O'Dell, '28

It probably was the fudge she ate the night before—at least her room mate called it fudge—that made Alice follow the rabbit that afternoon. Of course seeing his ears poke up through a little Freshman cap had something to do with it. Alice would never have dared to pursue him down Broadway if he had worn a silk hat or even if he had had none at all. But there is something about a Freshman cap that gives another Freshman confidence.

In front of the Opera House was an excited group of students. They were making a great deal of noise and the night watchman stood by the tree watching them. Alice felt very curious and said to the rabbit, "Is it a riot?"

He said patronizingly, "My dear, a college education always includes departmental, especially literary ones. This is a literary meeting."

In front of the Opera House was an excited group of students. They were making a great deal of noise and the night watchman stood by the tree watching them. Alice felt very curious and said to the rabbit, "Is it a riot?"

"It's ten o'clock, it's ten o'clock," his sweetheart sadly said.
"What makes you look so white, so white," said Johnny-on-the-date.
"I'm using Princess Pat, 'at's what," his sweetheart coyly said.

"Say, old top, what's holding up the new Ford?"
"Can't imagine."
"Ford wheels!"

Co-ed looking at motor: "These are good-looking cylinders.

Escort: "They don't miss."

Sign on door of book-shop: "Books by Modern Authors — dirt cheap."

"Where's Solomon's Temple?"
"In his head, of course."

She was a good washwoman but she had no line.

(Continued on Page 20)
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JAMES C. KEMPER, '29
PROFESSOR J. L. KING, Faculty Filter

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Get your thumb out of the whipsocket, gran'pa, and listen to this. See what you see? Reading from left to right it is Mirandy, Ebenezer, Mirandy, Ebenezer and Mirandy. The one on the thin ice is Ebenezer. The one who has passed out is Mirandy. Imagine that, passed out!! And at the first Homecoming. Imagine that!! And at the first Homecoming, too. All the devilish young folks are watching a football game betwixt Granville Male Academy and Newark men who call on the ladies at the Presbyterian Female Seminary. Outwardly Mirandy, Mirandy, Mirandy are whooping it up for old Male, but inwardly—oh, but that would be telling of those daring times with the Newark young bloods.

Did you hear about the absent-minded professor who rolled under the chiffonier and waited for his collar button to find him?

Prof: (Lecturing to class) You will remember, Over the Alps lies Italy.
Stewudent: (With visions of Greater Denison) "Where's the tunnel?"
Lambda: "That was a hot story Smith told."
Chi: "Yeah, it must have been cooked up."
"How's everything with this semester?"
"O. K., but her name isn't Esther."
I'll make a note of that," promised Dad to the banker when he saw his son's overdraft.

Miss Helen Margaret (Margery) Danner

The winner of the Flamingo beauty contest in the Freshman class. A brunette. The hair is light brown, anyway. The eyes are hazel. A little pack of beauty, you might say, only five feet, three. (If she were five feet two her eyes would have to be blue, of course.) Doesn't claim to be "sweet sixteen and never been kissed"—pardon, the Flamingo means merely that Miss Danner admits nineteen, and NOTHING else. Not very heavy, only one hundred ten. Of Newark, Ohio, high school and Gulf Park College, 'way down in ol' Mis'sippi.

In succeeding issues Flamingo will present, respectively, the Misses '30, '29 and '28. Then they'll all line up to contest for the title of Miss Flamingo. Good luck, Margery.
"Wrong number," said the negro as his seven refused to come up. "That don't mean a thing," reflected the Frosh as he saw the zero.

—flamingo—

"Do you realize why Scotchman is loathe to send his children to school?" They have to pay attention."

—flamingo—

Theta: "Say, if the moon had a baby, would the sky-rocket?"

Gam: "Dunno. Here's one that gets me. If a mouse ran through the mountains, would the Catskill it?"

—flamingo—

Feminine bridge hound: "This is a rubber score card."

Amateur: "Oh, I thought it was cardboard."

—flamingo—

"This is a deep study," said the preacher as he went down cellar with his Bible.

—flamingo—

Girls who are thick with each other keep off thin ice.

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WINS HORSERADISH HONORS

Another Boot son has brought home the pork stripes and we certainly kick up our heels and neighs in honor of Phineas Benedictine of Rum Bay, Md.

Phineas, Jr., of Malt Hopkins University wasn't content with the B. S. degree, the A. P. Badge, and I. 0. U. certificate; he wanted more. He had all the qualifications but one. He had the most-decorated slicker in school, had mugged all the "Sadie," had drunk stove-polish straight, and had whistled "Kitten-on-the-Keys" with his mouth full of crackers. But the final qualification was held secret, and it was not till he was led down to the "gym" eating table that he knew. 'T was a pie-eating tourney, and Brother Benedictine came thru with both ears clean! Thus he won the "Horseradish" medal.

Phineas, Jr., is indeed talented, and upon graduating he plans to become instructor in physical education.

—flamingo—

IT'S BEST FRIENDS

I had a little onion,
It wasn't very well.
I took it to the doctor
To see what he could tell,
The doctor took the onion,
And gave his diagnosis,
I'm very loathe to tell you,
It had the halitosis.

—flamingo—

Girls who are thick with each other keep off thin ice.
THE FLAMINGO

V. MIGHTY (OLD) STUFF

"This here'll be the last—"
A member of the Denison family speaks.
Rather, a perpetrator speaks.
This is his twelfth (child).
He is not acquainted with control—birth control.
He complains: "Sociology warn't re-
quired when I graced them college halls."
(We take it nothing else was.)
He missed sociological courses (and all others).
He and his 11 aren't playing—they are
boxing in this old (but powerful) grad's
box on the 40-yard line.

"That fellow's sort of scrubby."
"From the brush, eh?"

They named him Bill because it cost so much
to bring him into the world.

"Did Wisconsin?"
"Yeah, and Minnesota divorce."

"What is your wife doing?"
"Either dressing or undressing, I can't tell
which."

She was only a lighthouse keeper's daughter
but she knew her bouys.

EDIFYING ADVENTURES OF ALICE
(Continued from Page 12)

Alice wandered down Broadway to Sheperdson campus. There were half a dozen rings of excited women on the campus. In the middle of each were two people prizefighting.

Alice asked a wise-looking campus dog what the trouble was. He answered with the condescension of all police dogs, "The weekly chapter, meetings, my dear. A recent innovation."

"Very recent!" Alice thought.

On the front of Recital Hall the Math Club was computing in chalk the number of possible color combinations and the amount of brass used in all the pledge pins in the United States.

The faculty were holding a tea on the tennis courts. Alice hoped they would offer her a cup and went up to the doormouse who was sitting watching the tea.
He wore a suit of blue and yellow stripes. He squeaked at Alice, "Such an original idea, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Alice, "quite regularly."

"Stupid!" said the doormouse, and his stripes turned purple with indignation.

Frightened Alice fled up the steps. A Roman Triumph was coming down College Street. The tall gentleman leading it wore a stern, dignified air and copious purple robes, Alice fled on.

On the steps of Doane Academy a small, bald man was turning handsprings. When he saw Alice he cried, "Alice I've decided to give all Freshman A in French 111.

Alice woke up.

When dressed for evening the girls nowdays,
Scarce an atom of dress on them leave,
Nor blame them; for what is an evening dress
But a dress that is suited for Eve?

Susie Green to SOPh(ia) Sophisticated: "You know, I'm simply dying to taste some of that track meat I've heard so much about."

Barber: "Shall I cut your hair close?"
Tillie Timid: "I should say not; stand off as far as possible."

"Is it loaded?"
"No, it just has one shell in it."

Lambda: "Did you know that Coolidge chews?"
Cheese: "He does not choose!"

"There's some weight to her playing."
"Yeah, she's heavy on the scales."

Ain't It So?

It must have been hard Oh Henry
When off of his throne he was kicked
It must have been hard on the knights of old
When by fair ladies they were tricked.

I'm sure it hurt friend Caesar,
When Brutus didn't play fair;
I can easily imagine how Meneleaus felt,
When he lost his Helen, so fair.

Yes, it was hard on those heroes,
These brave old fellows of old;
But the saddest story of all, my friends,
Our histories have left untold.

There's one thing sadder than all these,
And harder by far to bear,
To wait for hours to get your mail—
Then, alas!—find nothing there!

Teacher: "Jimmy, use exam in a sentence."
The addressed: "X am a term used in algebray."
THE CRAZY FOOL
Donald and Ogden Stewart
Albert and Charles Boni

The Crazy Fool contains the uproarious adventures of a boy who inherited a lunatic asylum. On the last day of the year in which he was to make good in order to gain his sweetheart he went to take charge of the lunatics. The station men, street car conductors, and his interesting train companions were all lunatics, but "the crazy fool" took them for sane. The letters which he and a traveling lunatic wrote to the train engineer suggesting delicately that sodium bicarbonate might relieve his stomach trouble are absurd parodies of the foolish business and vacation letters we write. The conversations he held with two men who, owing to their college education had risen to the high positions of street car conductors at the lunatic farm, and with the modern Don Quixote should never be read in a library where quiet is requested.

THE ORPHAN ANGEL
Eleanor Wiley
Alfred Knoff

It seems that Shelley didn't really drown, but, according to Eleanor Wiley, came to America—a precarious alternative at that time. All the astonishing and fantastic adventures which Shiloh, as she calls him, went through in his efforts to rescue a girl named Silver are described in The Orphan Angel. The delicate Shiloh earns the right to have it said of him, "His middle name was Fight" and, in the end, saves Silver and resists a sore temptation offered by one who was once "of a very old family in heaven."

THE CANARY MURDER CASE
S. S. Van Dine
Charles Scribners Sons

The "Canary" Murder Case is a psychological detective story. Philo Vance, the erudite and drawing amateur detective, discovers the identity of the murderer through the psychology of a pokier game. But the most exciting moment of the story comes when a phonograph record betrays in an uncanny and startling manner the "perfect alibi" of the guilty person. The whole of the book is well written and the reader's intelligence is not insulted by a totally unprepared-for conclusion.
“Get the Habit” of buying your party goods, greeting cards and stationery here at all times, and so be assured of service and quality.

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“Where’s Jones?”
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“Where’s Jones?”

Tourist to resident: “Know anything about bridge building?”
Second Party: “Say, stranger, I ain’t no contractor. I’ve lived here as a ranchman all my life.”

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"Words fail me," said the disappointed young litterateur, jerking a rejection slip from its envelope.

—Flamingo—

Chiropractor—I had a patient today whose spine—
    Wife—Stop! I don't want to hear any more of your back talk. —Life.

—Flamingo—

First Kid—Less go t' da show, huh?
    Second Nuisance—Naw, less wait'll tomorrer. We kin come ol'ier and see fi' times instid o' four. —Wampus.

Policeman (to pedestrian just struck by hit-and-run driver)—"Did you get his number?"
    Victim—"No, but I'd recognize his laugh, anywhere." —Life.

"No," said the engaged man, "I'm sure I didn't do wrong. You see it's this way. I figure that it is cheaper to marry them and keep them at home than it is not to marry them and take them out."

—Flamingo—

Tux—My you look beautiful tonight.
    Arax—Yes, I took a beauty nap this afternoon and overslept. —Flamingo—
    Gargoyle.
    Carrie—Peg has a lot of boy friends hasn't she?
    Cash—Yes, she has so many that she's stopped trying to keep them straight. —Prith.

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"No," said the engaged man, "I'm sure I didn't do wrong. You see it's this way. I figure that it is cheaper to marry them and keep them at home than it is not to marry them and take them out."

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    Arax—Yes, I took a beauty nap this afternoon and overslept. —Flamingo—
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The Old Bird has had a jolly time jotting down the funny stories and sketching a few hot ones to illustrate.

The tenth year sees a bigger and better magazine.

What Do You Say, Alumni?

Customer—"That odor, what is it?"
Merchant—"Do you smell it too? That's business—it's rotten."

—flamingo—

He (at apartment hotel phone)—"Patricia Van Horn, please."
The Voice with a Smile—"She has retired, sir."
He—"Well just put me in her room, please."
V. W. T. S.—"Sir!"

—flamingo—

A TAKE-OFF

A girl from the Thousand Isles,
Once walked for miles and miles
Very scantily clad
In a very scant plaid,
But her face—it was wreathed in smiles.
—Texas Ranger,

—flamingo—

IT'S UP TO HER

George—"How much do you love that blue-eyed baby?"
Jack—"As much as she'll let me."
—Molley.

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Buick Sales and Service

"How Many Times" will I be paddled before I have a "Black Bottom?" said the pledge.
—Gargoyle.

—flamingo—

"Do you pet?"
"No."
"Drink?"
"No."
"Cuss?"
"No."
"Smoke?"
"No."
"You're hired—first side show to the right, please!"
—Cracker.

—flamingo—

"I've come to fix the old tub in the kitchen."
"Oh, mamma! Here's the doctor to see the cook."
—Harvard Lampoon.

—flamingo—

"Did Martha get mad when you kissed her?"
"Yea; every time."
—Texas Ranger.

—flamingo—

IF American colleges continue to bar automobiles we may expect a revival in the popularity of the Latin pony.
—Frivol.
THE FLAMINGO

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Chaperone (to young girl)—Don't worry so.
Your brother will come home all right.
Girl—Yes, but I'm horribly afraid he's out
drinking somewhere without me.
—Princeton Tiger.

Father—"Your new little brother has just ar-
rived."
Very Modern Child—"Where did he come
from?"
Father—"From a far away country."
V. M. C.—"Another damned alien!"
—Barnacle.

"It is better to go to school and flunk than never
to have slept at all."
—Beanpot.

"Ha, ha! This is rich," laughed the prospector
as he struck the first gold vein.
—Gargoyle.

Customer—"Is there any soup on the menu?
Waiter—"There was, but I wiped it off."
—Gargoyle.

She—"You know, you remind me of Adolph
Menjou."
He—"Oh thank you."
She—"Yes, he has a mustache, too."
—Pup.

"Say, boy, can yo' speak animal talk?"
"She can."
"Well, next time yo' see a skunk, ast him
what's de big idea."
—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

As Aesop said: "No matter how fast a fish
swims he never sweats."
—Pup.

"My dad is a Moose, an Elk, an Eagle,
and a Lion."
Mark—"Gosh, how much does it cost to see
him?"
—Penn State Froth.

Stude—"What's the matter, old timer, sick?"
Dejected One—"Yes, I just underwent a ter-
rible surgical operation, father cut off my allow-
ance."
—Pup.

THERE'S something everywhere about
you—something as sparkling as the
crisp November sunshine. Gay is the pen-
nants fluttering from the stadium walls.
Into that something goes the dull percus-
sion of punted footballs . . . chrysanth-
mums . . . hawkers' cries . . . crowds hurry-
ing, laughing, happy . . .

Does it catch you up—sweep you along?
If it does—if you warm to the charm, the
verve, the gay light-heartedness of Youth—
we believe you will like COLLEGE HUMOR.
You clever collegians write the things we
feature; our stories by today's front rank
writers are written with you in mind, as an
audience.

Scott Fitzgerald's article on Princeton,
and a complete novelette by Lois Montross,
The Return of Andy Protheroe, are two fea-
tures of the many that compose the Decem-
ber issue.

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To Both—

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Fair College on the hill
AND DOWN IN THE TOWN
— IT’S —

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