

1927

## Flamingo Vol. IX N 4

Orville Smrcin  
*Denison University*

George McDonald  
*Denison University*

Bud Watkins  
*Denison University*

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# Flamingo



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SMRCINA  
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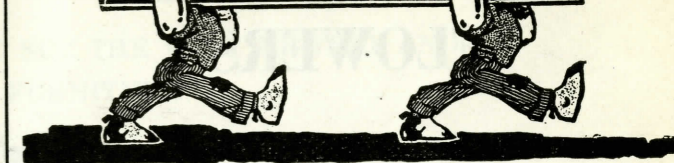
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know but that some misguided Freshman may be  
harboring a suppressed desire to go out on her  
hands?

—flamingo—

Tri Phi—"And shall I return your letters?"

Alpha Thet—"Yes, there is some good material  
in them I can use again."

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Published by Students of Denison University, Granville, O.

Office at Jolley's

Nine issues per college year

Subscription Price:

Two dollars the year, twenty-five cents the copy.

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Granville, Ohio

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VOL. IX

NOVEMBER, 1927

No. 4



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And nothing in the art line beats  
The Maltese Cross upon my horn.

These high-art patches make me proud  
Until I don't know what to do.  
No more the girls would round me crowd  
Were I a lion in the zoo.

And I am brimming full of glee  
For highest fames now mine, you bet  
A football idol, after me,  
They're going to name a cigarette.

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"They call that fellow Gillette because he cut  
himself with a razor the other day."  
"Nick-name, eh?"

—flamingo—

The church committee favored the purchase of  
a new chandelier. The new member opposed it.  
He said, "Well, I don't want to be stubborn, but  
who can play the darn thing after we get it?"

"That was enough to make a preacher cuss." A  
Freshman.

"Did you curse?" A Girl.

"No, I'm not studying to be a preacher."

—flamingo—

Buyer—"Is this areoplane an absolutely safe  
one?"

Manufacturer—"Safest on earth."



(ORTHOPHONIC)  
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**NEW RECORDS  
EVERY WEEK**

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The year's biggest celebrity is the little fresh-  
man girl who signed up for a sneak date.

—flamingo—

Big-hearted Prof.—"Now I'm going to dismiss  
you early today. Go quietly so as not to wake up  
the other classes."

—flamingo—

He—"Do you believe in conventions?"  
She—"I don't know; I never attended one."

Waiter—"What will it be, sir? We have—"  
Army Officer (absently)—"Bring me a tent  
stake, some one-pounder shells, and cut out the  
applesauce."

—flamingo—

John Hopkins—"Prithee, Agimenticus, what  
can be the cause of yon hilarious uproar?"

Bellevue—"Forsooth, Ophelia, 'tis but the medi-  
cal students cutting up again."

Capital \$60,000

Surplus \$15,000

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Surroundings

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SOUTH PROSPECT

SPECIAL CATERANCE TO GROUP PARTIES  
BY APPOINTMENT

We are afraid all the hunting some men do is shooting sidelong glances.

—flamingo—

“Say, Jack, I saw a neat girl in the grandstand at the ball park the other day.”

“Zat so? Get a good look at her?”

“No, I was below see level.”

—flamingo—

Woman novelist, visiting army post: “You men must lead a drab life.”

Recruit: “Yes, olive drab.”

—flamingo—

Colum: “Why are a murder case and an uneasy meal alike?”

Bus: “I’ll bite.”

Colum: “You never know when either will come up.”

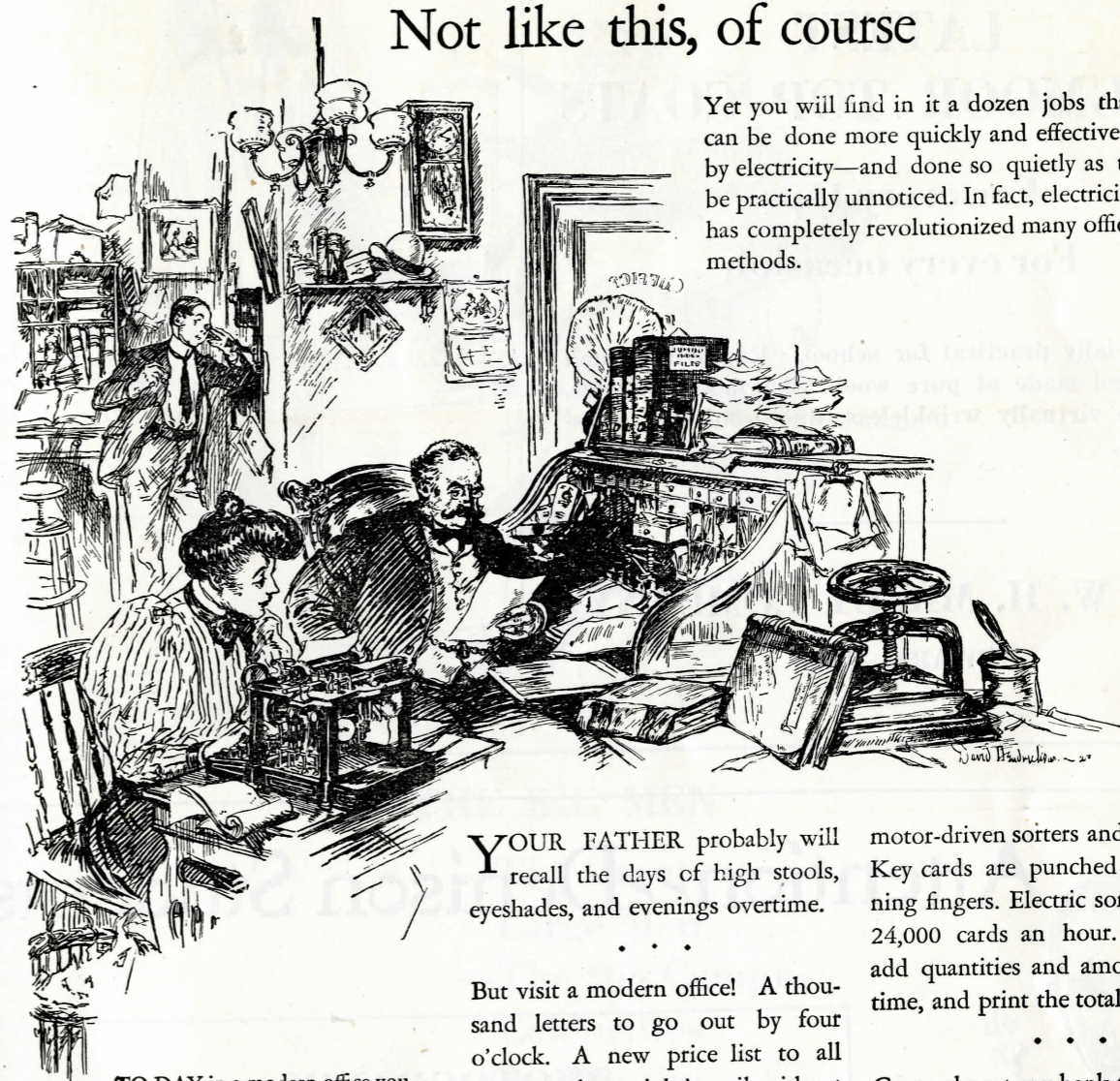
—flamingo—

“Yes, my salary is adequate,” he mused. “I feed four mouths.”

“That’s nothing, I feed three presses, the printer retorted.

# How will your office look?

Not like this, of course



Yet you will find in it a dozen jobs that can be done more quickly and effectively by electricity—and done so quietly as to be practically unnoticed. In fact, electricity has completely revolutionized many office methods.

YOUR FATHER probably will recall the days of high stools, eyeshades, and evenings overtime.

But visit a modern office! A thousand letters to go out by four o'clock. A new price list to all customers in to-night's mail, without fail. Enter electricity. Two or three people turn switches, and the finished letters come out of an ingenious machine. Another motion and they are sealed and stamped. Only electricity could get that job done.

Here's a statistical job. The reports are in; thousands of figures to analyze. Looks like overtime for fifty clerks. “Certainly not,” answers electricity, as a button starts the

motor-driven sorters and tabulators. Key cards are punched with lightning fingers. Electric sorters devour 24,000 cards an hour. Tabulators add quantities and amounts in jig time, and print the totals.

Go to almost any bank today. Hand in your account book. Click, click, click, goes the electric book-keeping machine and back comes the book to you. Five operations performed in that brief moment. Everybody saves time,—you, the clerk, the bank,—when electricity is the book-keeper.

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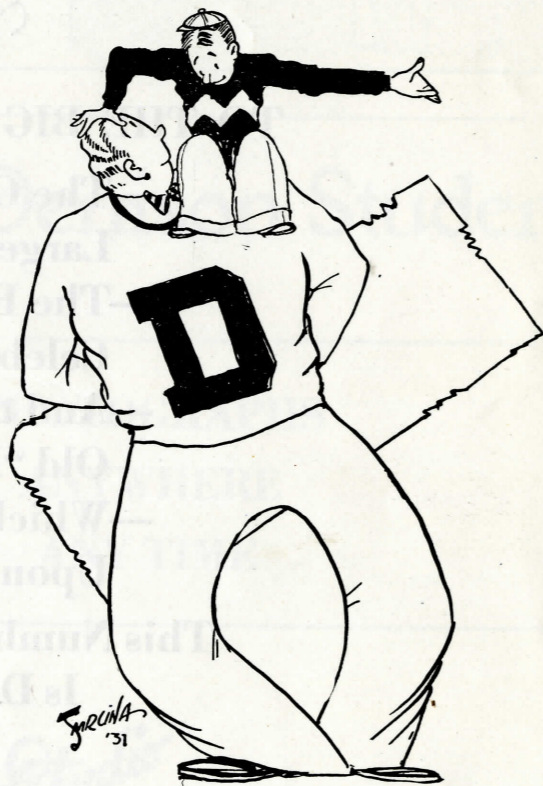


### TO THE BIG MEN

- The Great,  
Large Men
- The Big Campus  
Celebrities
- And to the  
Old "Bull"
- Which Ever Strides  
Upon Our Campus

This Number of Flamingo  
Is Dedicated

Volume IX, Number 4



"Hey, Frosh, what time is it?"  
 "How did you know I was a Frosh?"  
 "I guessed it."  
 "Then guess what time it is."

# FLAMINGO

## GRIPES AND GROANS

**WE** hope that we never get so low as to dub a rain hat a crown.

—flamingo—

**CORN** and wild oats go against some people's grain—to others these are the principal grains.

—flamingo—

**MAMIE** calls her sawed-off boy friend a caterpillar—he's just a worm with a raccoon coat.

—flamingo—

**SINCE** Charley Lindbergh has set the pace we expect many students to hop off on non-stop flights for home in the Spirit of Resentment.

—flamingo—

**SOME** dresses aren't so bad for the shape they are on.

—flamingo—

**PEDESTRIANS** used to be run down at the heels. Motorists don't specialize now.

—flamingo—

**A ZOOLOGIST** reported the other day that when looking through a microscope at a dog he discovered the seat of his pants.

—flamingo—

**WHEN** day is done and shadows fall on the Beaver and Sawyer hall windows, the boys line up along the driveway.

—flamingo—

**DARWIN** pulled the catty one. He said that the amount of red clover in the world depends on the number of bees, who fertilize the clover. That the number of bees in the world depends upon the number of field mice, worst enemies of the bees. That the number of field mice depends upon the number of cats, enemies of field mice. And that the number of cats depends upon the size of sorority chapters.

**THERE** is a saying that flappers have the "skin they love to retouch."

—flamingo—

**WOMEN** in Denison classify girl gripes as those who claim they have lost weight since they have been in school.

—flamingo—

**SOME** people are so dumb that they think a Rhodes scholarship is given to a faithful highway worker.

—flamingo—

**A STYLE** expert is a person who gets the Denison girls to pay more for fewer clothes.

—flamingo—

**THERE** was the Romeo who said that he didn't care for his girl's bathing suit, and then added: But outside of that she's all right.

—flamingo—

**HAS** it come to the point when Denison men are either of two classes—pool players or football players?

—flamingo—

**WOMEN'S** purses look fine with red and yellow linings—but men's purses must be lined with green and yellow to be effectual.

—flamingo—

**SOME** students are lucky. But some girls don't have visiting parents every other week-end.

—flamingo—

**MANY** a mob scene becomes obscene.

—flamingo—

**THE** first thing American students do in England is try to get dates with the famous Oxford bags.

The 'Varsity Drag



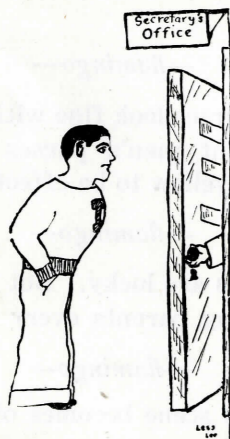
—flamingo—

Professor's Wife—"Why dear, you've got your shoes on the wrong feet!"

Professor—"Why, Mary, they're the only feet I've got."

—flamingo—

Big Problems of Our Big Men



—flamingo—

Famous Footballer—"No student aid? Why the ministerial students—"

BIG DENISON CRIMES OF 1927

Highway Robbery—Holding up a Senior as a good example.

Murder—Killing time during exams.

Larceny—Stealing a kiss, when they're given away.

Money Under False Pretenses—Ten dollars from Dad for dues.

Bribery—Offering a Prof a good excuse for poor work.

Conspiracy—Meeting of student government—

Extortion—Thirty-five cents for a movie.

Riot—At the Hut after movies.

—flamingo—

Johnny Ego, the campus bore, says: "Now, really, I don't think I'm much of a celebrity, but then what's MY opinion against hundreds of students?"

—flamingo—

Fat—"Do you think that a girl should love before twenty?"

Askala—"That many?"

—flamingo—

MEN—ARE YOU HUNGRY?

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Mathematics Club

Phi Beta Kappa

Unaffiliated

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Chemical Society

Engineering Society

Literary Clubs

Eta Sigma Phi

Boosters

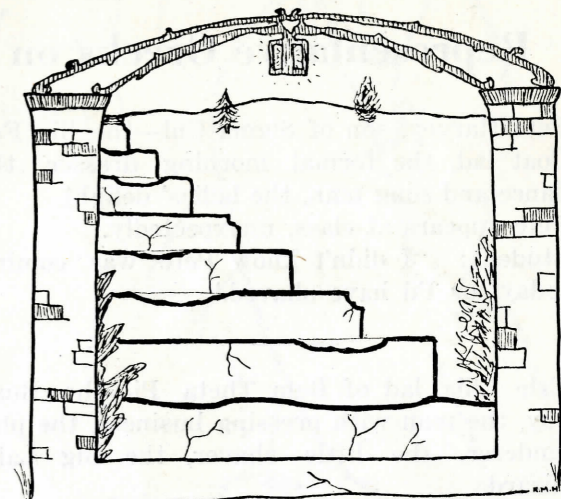
Rounders

Intramurals

Tau Kappa Alpha

Y. M. and Y. W.

—flamingo—



—AND WHEN OUR STEPS HAVE FEEBLE GROWN—

—flamingo—

College Prof.—"Anyone I catch cheating will be fined twenty-five cents."

Stude—"Two bits a copy, eh?"

—flamingo—

Conservatory Student—"Yes, I'm continually breaking into song."

Passer-by—"If you'd ever get the key, you wouldn't have to break in."

—flamingo—

AFRAID? HA, HA!

I'll Make You Bristle With Fighting Courage in 48 Hours

What are you afraid of? Afraid of professors? Afraid of women? Afraid to assert your rights? Afraid to demand your grades? Brace up! Stop being afraid.

Give me 48 hours and I'll destroy the fears that are holding you back from punching your brother in the nose. I'll teach you to stand up and demand what's coming to you. I'll give you courage to square your jaw—stick out your eye, and look the whole active Chapter in the chest.

Courage! I'll hand it to you ready-made—ready to wear. You can put it on like a suit of clothes and wear it to your fraternity house! Courage! I'll give you gallons of it.

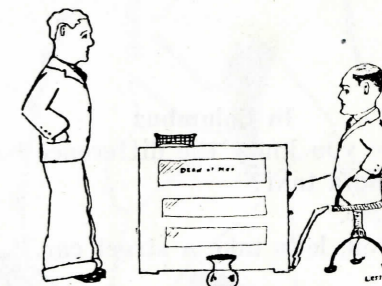
STOP FEARS OR MONEY BACK

Bobby Van Voorhis gives you his secrets of real fighting courage in his book called "The Fighting Freshman;" you can't read it without a quickening of the pulse—without a surge of red-blooded courage.

This book is declared to be the masterpiece of Bobby Van Voorhis, who has astounded throngs in America's greatest colleges and shown thousands of freshmen the one way to courage, success and self-confidence. Send only 50c in full payment and if you are not delighted return the book in five days and your money will eventually be refunded.

Don't Be Afraid—Be a Big Campus Personality

Big Problems of Our Big Men



Degraded Debater—"Well, you see, Dean, activities take all my time—"

—flamingo—

"I ain't got no body," sang Marie Antoinette, when the guillotine had been removed.



Representative Greeks on Our Hills and in Our Valleys

1. Pete Harvey, son of Sigma Chi—the Big Fur Coat lad, the formal morning dresser, the dance and song man, the ladies' delight. Pete appears at class, unexpectedly. Student: "I didn't know Pete was coming today, or I'd have shaved."

---

2. Erle Ellis, lad of Beta Theta Pi—the Busy boy, the man with pressing business, the philanthropist, the little shaver, the Big Lake Lizard. Erle walks down street. Student: "That wasn't a lady I seen Ellis with last night, 'twas Bob Flory."

---

3. Ray Otto, idol of Phi Gamma Delta—All American football prospect, exponent of Denison's cheery "hello" custom, dashing quarterback. Ray drops a punt. Student: "That wasn't Otto, it was the all-Big Ten frosh quarterback."

---

4. Mickey De May, boy of Kappa Sigma—the Irishman, the brainy thing, the most handsome man in school, intrepid chess player, soft, soft, soft. De May Throws chest out. Student: "That wasn't Rose what took out that 200-pound tackle, it was Micky."

---

5. Coach Baker, lad of Phi Delta Theta—long range punter, Freshman strategist, living ad

- of the Phi Delt boys, a worthy of bigger and better football. Coach instructs his dumber football mates. Student: "I'll say Livy's getting thin."
- 
6. Robert Hoffhines, son of Sigma Alpha Epsilon—virile go-getter, early initiate, expert and sole activity, sack racing. Robert walks down street. Student: "Wonder where he got them stilts."

---

  7. Earl Seidner, boy of Lambda Chi Apha—man among men, the actor supreme, the winning personality, the suave wearer of the moustache. Earl goes in hash house. Student: "Guess I'll go next door and see if the barbers are striking."

---

  8. William Love, idol of Alpha Theta Sigma—the play boy, the dignified Senior, the past master at Fords and love. William cuts up on street. Student: "Will that Frosh ever grow up."

---

  9. Russell Shively, the boy of Pi Kappa Epsilon—the sophisticated night clubber of Newark, the driver, betimes, of the "thing," the Pi Kap super excellent. Russ drives sawed-off Ford down Broadway. Student: "My brother has had his toy stolen again."

—flamingo—

In Columbus

Post—"Do you know the difference between a street car and a taxi?"  
Office—"No."  
Post—"Well, let's take a street car."

—flamingo—

More'n Likely

Prof.—"Use the word 'moron' in a sentence."  
Frosh—"Papa said sister couldn't go out until she put more on."

—flamingo—

An Englishman, after watching an American couple dance, remarked to a friend: "They always get married after that, don't they?"

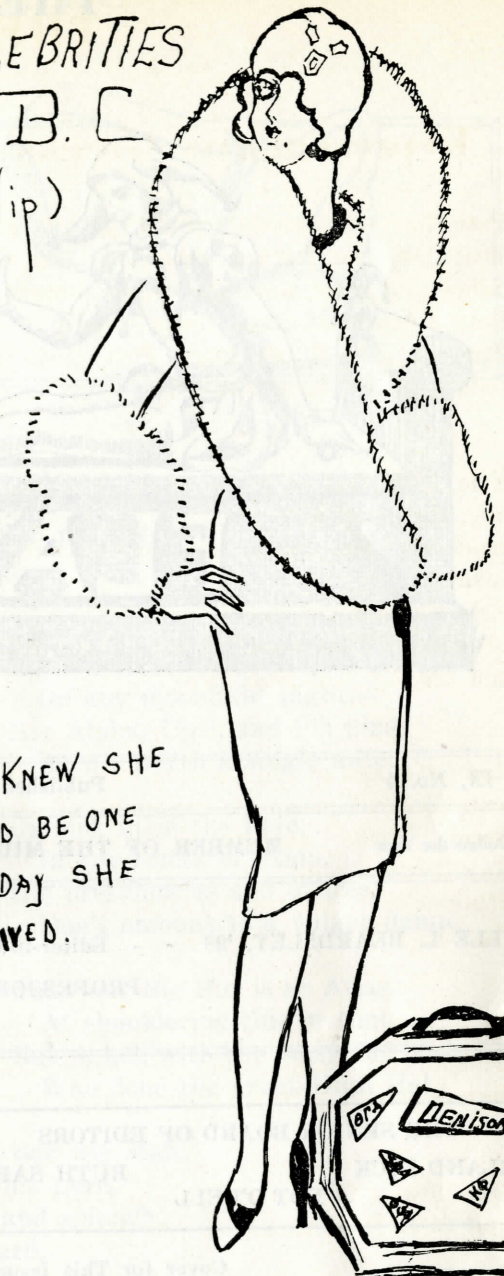
Our idea of a really democratic Denison student is one who says "hello" with just as much friendly enthusiasm when he is puffing up the hill as he does when he is coming down!

CAMPUS CELEBRITIES  
1927. B.C.  
(Before Censorship)

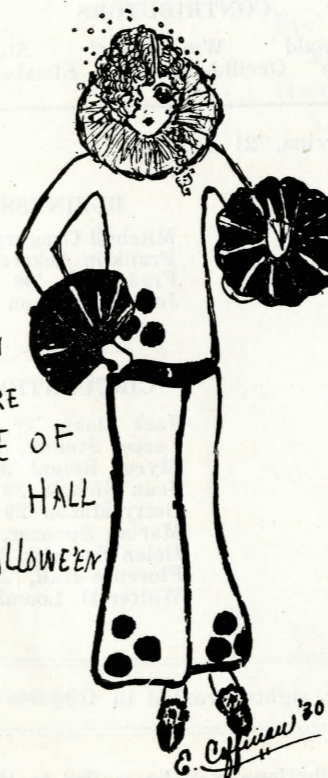


SHE WOULD BE IF SHE WERE ONLY HERE!

WE KNEW SHE WOULD BE ONE THE DAY SHE ARRIVED.

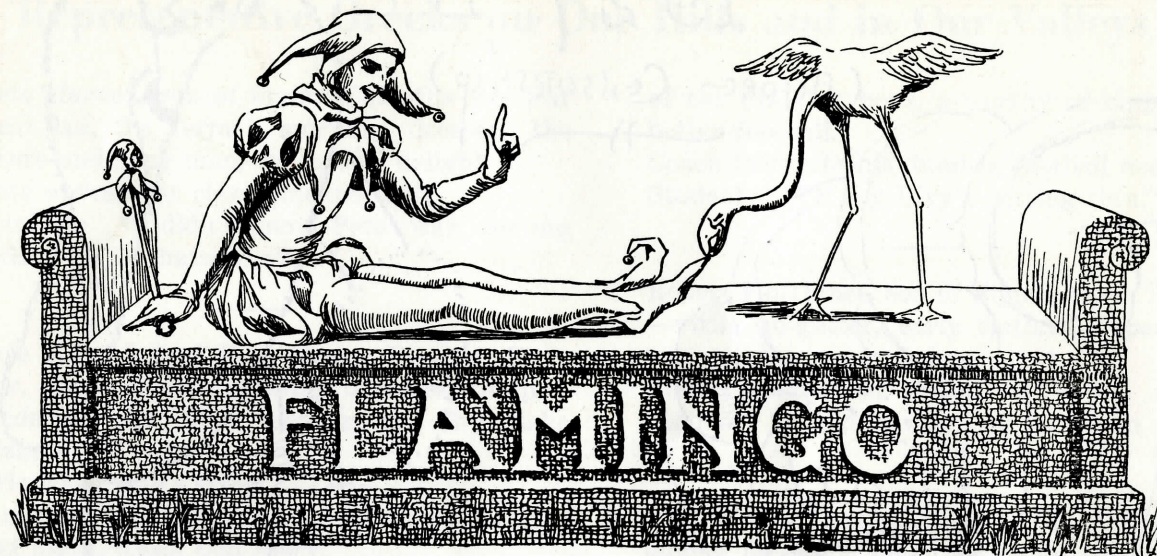


THE COED SEEN ON THE FIRE ESCAPE OF STONE HALL ON HALLOWEEN NITE



SHE SMOKED WITH SUCCESS—ONCE!





VOL. IX, No. 4 Published at Denison University NOVEMBER, 1927

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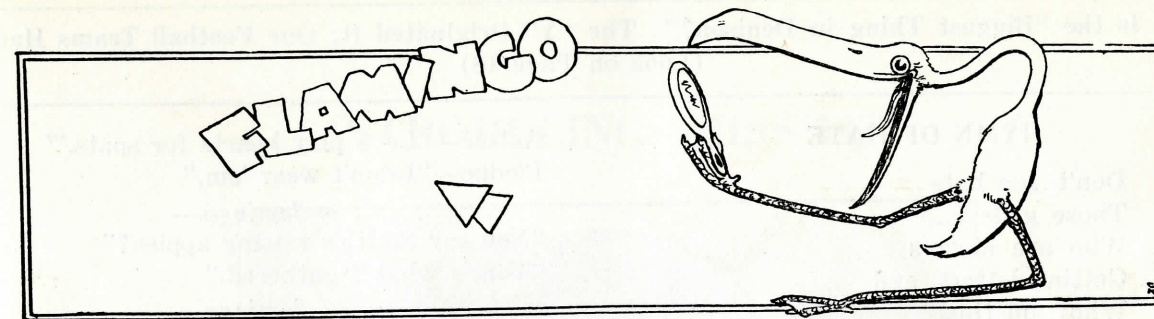
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GET YOUR HEAD DOWN, BIG BOY

The Big Man of the Campus—  
We meet him everywhere,  
He struts upon our hillsides,  
With a most superior air.

He is a king among his fellows,  
His vest is decked with pins,  
Of this, and that, or what you've got,  
He knows his outs and ins.

He seldom speaks to commus "us,"  
Except on election day,  
He's that, and this—most everything,  
Big problems are his play.

But watch him with his sweetness,  
On any moonlight night—  
His Alpha, Upsi, and Psi pins,  
Aren't worth a single mite.

Or look upon the hero,  
In any semester exam,  
His presidencies and offices,  
Don't amount to a vulgar damn.

Yeh—our Big Boy is an Atlas,  
At shouldering this or that,  
But to hell with the lousy Big Man,  
Who dons the great High Hat.

For no matter how great our Big Man,  
No matter how great this Lord,  
He eats common carrots and spinach,  
Around the Phi Pi Board.

—flamingo—

What Is the "Biggest Thing in Denison?" The "Y" Originated It; Our Football Teams Had It.  
(Look on Page 18)

**HYMN OF HATE**

Don't you hate  
Those girls  
Who are always  
Getting letters, and  
Who ram this  
Down your throat?  
"My dear, this  
Is the third 'special'  
That I have got  
From John this week."  
Of course you do.

And did you ever  
Dash to your room  
Expecting at least  
A dozen letters, and  
Maybe a telegram  
From that "sweet boy"  
In Cincy, saying  
"I love you."  
And then find  
Nothing but a daily paper?  
Of course you have.

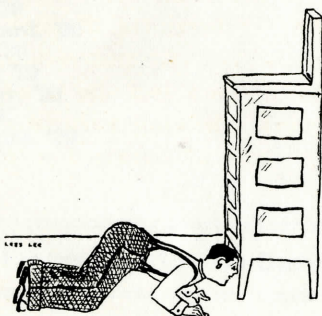
Don't you hate  
Those girls  
Who are always  
Getting letters?  
All together  
Now—  
We do ! ! ! ! !  
I thank you.

—flamingo—

She worked in a wet wash and she was only a laundry bag.

—flamingo—

**Big Problems of Our Big Men**



Renowned Researcher—"Where in hell's that collar button—"

Active—"Let's play hearts for spats."

Pledge—"I don't wear 'em."

—flamingo—

"You say Smith's raising apples?"

"That's what I gathered."

—flamingo—

"Heard the new razor song?"

"Whassat?"

"To Denison, we razor song."

—flamingo—

She was only a newspaper woman but she had good features.

—flamingo—

He was a big leaguer so he bought her a baseball diamond.

—flamingo—

**AFRAID OF MY OWN VOICE**

**But I Learned to Dominate Others Overnight**

Suddenly the garrulous co-ed turned to me and queried, "Well, Harold Stubbs, what's your opinion?" They all listened politely for me to speak and in the silence I heard my thin wavering voice stammering and sputtering a few vague phrases. Like a flash Mamie interrupted me and launched on a brilliant description of her plan for the Home of the Wayward Youth. All sat spellbound as she talked—my views were forgotten and yet I had been waiting for this opportunity since my Freshman year and was prepared to suggest a sound, practical plan which would win her favor and solve all difficulties. And that was the way it always was—I was bashful, timid, nervous. In fact, I was actually afraid of my own voice! Constantly I saw others with less ability than I conversing with my very best girl friends. In social life, too, I was a total loss—I was always the "left-over." I seemed doomed to be an all-round failure unless I could conquer my timidity, my bashfulness, and my inability to express myself.

**Read How Mr. Stubbs Became a Powerful Speaker Over Night**

Suddenly I discovered a new method which made me famous. I learned how to bend others to my will, how to dominate one woman, or even an audience of thousands.

Today I have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to meet any emergency with just the right words.

There is no magic, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer self consciousness, bashfulness, and win advancement in social standing.

**Send for This Astounding Book**

This new method for training is fully described in a booklet called "How to Work Wonders With Women." You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack." Free copy may be sent upon mailing the coupon.

**Don't Be a Whisperer—Be a Big Campus Personality**

**INTRODUCING—MISS 1930**



MISS MARGARET (PEG) BESANCENEY

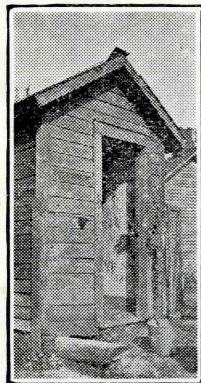
A "Square Peg" with all-round interests is the Sophomore selection for Flamingo Beauty Queen. 1930 repeated the Frosh idea and also selected its winner from Licking's capital.

She's five feet five and one-half and is exactly correct in her weight of 124, according to Bernarr McFadden standards. A brunette of dark brown hair and eyes, with medium complexion, she prefers red and yellow which she wears admirably. Swimming is a favorite sport and she is no amateur as an equestrienne. As daughter of Newark's leading furniture dealer it is highly proper that she be accorded the chair of beauty queen for the second-year women.

Good luck, Peg!

Major Amos—The Great Dane and Big Campus Personality—Once Had It, But Alas!  
(Look on next page)

DE-BUNKING HONORABLE HONORARIES OF BIG MEN



An important student of Denison strode down Broadway. The sun shone. The sun reflected from his vest. But, alack, only nineteen gold pins shone upon his garb. A serious fault of Denison! Many of our honoraries are deserving of the name. In the insert is one—Kappa Beta Phi, its house. But how many organizations measure up to this honor? How many worthwhile organizations can a deserving man be affiliated with? The answer is not enough. Our great men deserve to be members of more than twenty-six or twenty-seven great organizations. Each class should make bigger and better honoraries—should honor its appointed. Why, lookee, one class did—ah—there was an honorary. And there's Kappa Beta Phi and the Green Liars. More, where are more and more?

—flamingo—

GRIPES WHICH CAUSE GRINS

1. The freshman girl who whistles your sorority whistle.
2. The freshman girl who tells of her popularity at home, and who can't "see" the men here. (They don't give her the chance to look 'em over.)
3. The funny little Gripe who turns into a big Grin by the end of the year.
4. The assinine Grin on some Gripe's face.
5. Gold diggers who succeed in rating a box of candy every week—and pass it around.
6. The habitual borrower who borrows your umbrella, loses it and buys you a nice new one.
7. Anyone who studies, really studies, Physics or Psychology.
8. The grinning, gasping, groaning, go-getter who goes, but doesn't get her.

—flamingo—

"God Save the King!" shouted the checker player as he saw his finish.

"James Aloysius Johnson, stop using such language."

"Well, Mother, Shakespeare uses it."

"Then don't run around with him, he's no fit companion for you."

—flamingo—

The cream of all absent-minded professors is the one who, about to start on a journey, filled his wife with gasoline, kissed his road map good-bye and tried to shove his automobile into his pocket.

—flamingo—

"One of our little pigs was sick, so I gave him some sugar."

"Sugar—what for?"

"For medicine, of course. Haven't you heard of sugar cured hams?"

—flamingo—

There was once a man named Fisher. He fished on the edge of a fissure. A fish with a grin Pulled the fisherman in, Now they are fishing the fissure for Fisher.

—flamingo—

"Are you a Spanish student?"

"No, Irish."

—flamingo—



"How does it come you fell for me?"  
"Your line was so low it tripped me."

These Have All Passed—It Isn't the "Y," Nor Major, Nor Schaller, No, None of These.  
(Look on next page)

Phi—"Did you hear that "Prexy" stopped the Newark 'bus?"

Phi—"How come?"

Phi—"He wanted to get on."

—flamingo—

"You can't pull that one on me," said "Fatty" Arbuckle, looking at Baby Peggy's sweater.

—flamingo—

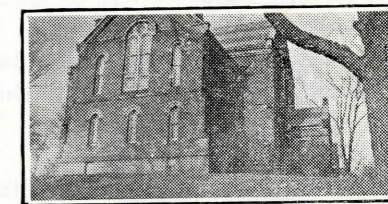
We once knew a college man who took a trip to Paris and never had a drink there. The ship went down in mid-ocean.

—flamingo—

Stude—"Could you help me with this problem?"  
Prof.—"I could, but I don't think it would be just right."

Stude—"Well, take a shot at it, anyway."

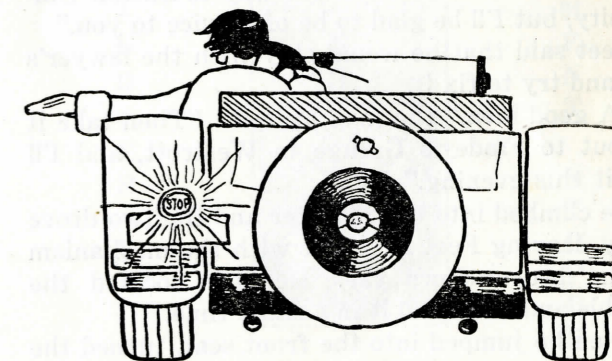
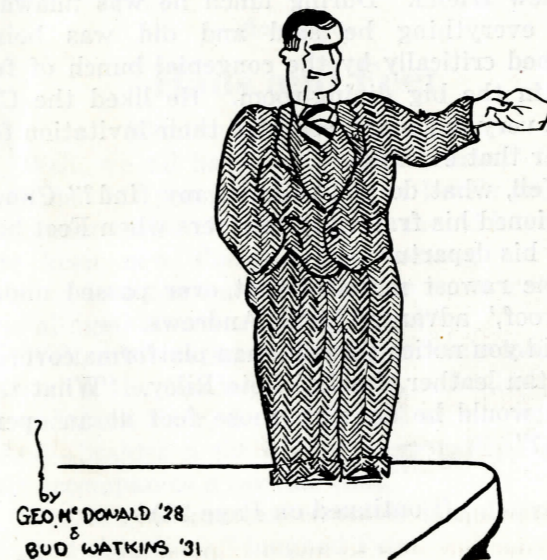
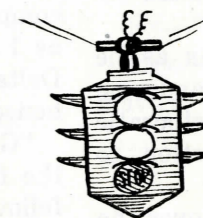
EXTRA! PLACE PROVIDED FOR BULL IN GREATER DENISON



Large organizations—expanding—oft lose touch with the creatures of nature, with the beauty of tradition, with the love for older things. But one glance at the spacious library for our Greater Campus reveals that our builders will not lose touch with the sublime, the ethereal, and the traditional. And to further convince one of the real feeling for nature, the Builders have even left a spot for nature in their plans. The Bull is thriving in the plans. The Great Tunnel—what an admirable pathway for the progress of the Bull on our Campus. And the temporary quarters of some departments and basketball. How fitting these places as mangers for the old Bull. May she thrive!

THE HEIGHTH OF DEMOCRACY

THINKING SHE WAVES AT YOU WHEN THE LIGHT SAYS STOP!



But It's Here, It's Causing a Lot of Dirt, Clouds Our Horizons. Mike Has to Do With It.  
(Look on next page)

### The Separation of Hans and Feet

A Story by Eugenia Bibby

A battered-looking roadster was chugging along one of the smooth-surfaced highways of the middle-west one morning in early September. The car bore a Pennsylvania license, and the sandy-haired youth driving it was a typical Pennsylvania Dutchman.

"Say, Feet," he interrupted the meditations of the heavy-set, sleepy-looking fellow sitting beside him, as he wiped a streak of dust vigorously from his round, red face, "already we're just seven miles from West Westcott."

His companion smiled good-naturedly and placed a friendly hand on the other's knee. "You know, Hans," he replied, "I wouldn't feel nearly so pepped up about going to college if we weren't bucking up against it together."

The two boys had been inseparable during their high school days, and they had finally selected the same school to complete their education. Hans, who was a physical weakling compared to his sturdy friend whom everyone called Feet because of his ridiculously large extremities, worshipped his chum with unquestioning devotion. They were confident that nothing could break the David and Jonathan friendship which existed between them.

"Man having trouble here," said Hans as he stopped his car across the road from a handsome touring car whose long, gleaming, aristocratic nose was pointed in the opposite direction to which the boys were driving.

"You're a God-send," the man bending over the engine of the stalled car addressed Hans. "I'm a corporation lawyer, Jonathan Blake, and I have a big case coming up in court in half an hour. Do you think that you could get me to the city in that time? I can't do a thing with this car."

"I'll sure try," responded the youth. "My friend here and I are one our way to Sutton University, but I'll be glad to be of service to you."

Feet said that he would stay with the lawyer's car and try to fix it.

"A good idea," the man agreed. "Then take it on out to Findey's Garage in Westcott, and I'll get it this evening."

He climbed into the roadster and the two drove away, leaving Feet to tinker with the mechanism of the broken-down car. He soon located the trouble and remedied it in a short time.

Then he jumped into the front seat, turned the car around, and headed towards Westcott.

A few minutes later he drew up before the Log Cabin, the principal hang-out for the students of Sutton. He stopped there merely because he noticed a group of young people standing outside and intended to ask them for information about the university. Before he had a chance to leave the automobile, a snappily-dressed young blonde sprang upon his running-board and inquired eagerly: "Are you going to enter Sutton?"

Feet explained that he was a prospective freshman and that he was entirely unfamiliar with the campus. The stranger introduced himself as Chuck Madison and offered to go with Feet to register. The fellows left the car parked in front of the Log Cabin and started out for the Administration Building, which was three blocks away.

During the walk Feet listened intently to all the virtues and advantages of the Chi Delta fraternity. Chuck was the president of the group, and according to his consistently-smooth speech, it was composed of the most outstanding men in the university. Feet knew very little about fraternities, but he did know enough to keep his mouth shut in the presence of an authority.

"We have decidedly the best house on Fraternity Drive," elaborated Chuck, "and the strength of our national organization you doubtless know. Now, Simms, frankly, I'm paying you the highest compliment I can bestow when I say that as soon as I saw you, I recognized you as the type Chi Delta wants. How'd you like to run up to the house for lunch and meet some of the fellows?"

"Gosh, that's awful decent of you, Madison," the freshman returned shyly, "taking a strange fellow up to your fraternity house."

After registering and paying his matriculation fees, Feet set out for the Chi Delta house with his new friend. During lunch he was unaware that everything he said and did was being weighed critically by the congenial bunch of fellows in the big dining-room. He liked the Chi Delta very much and accepted their invitation for dinner that evening.

"Well, what do you think of my find?" Chuck questioned his fraternity brothers when Feet had made his departure.

"The rawest material that ever passed under this roof," advanced Hank Andrews.

"Did you notice those human platforms covered with tan leather?" asked Pete Riley. "What the deuce would he do with those feet at an open-house?"

(Continued on Page 21)

And It's a Great Big Thing—It Towers above Us—It's Pretty Hot at Times—Oh, What Can It Be.  
(Look Below)

Little Bobby—"Father, what does a better half mean?"

Father—"Just what she says, son."

—flamingo—

Smith—"What phrase is common to graduate students and fraternity pledges?"

Jones—"I'll bite."

Smith—"I'm working for my masters."

—flamingo—

#### TO THE CAMPUS FLIRT

You, of all maidens, are fairest.  
Oh, pity me!  
Unhappy my lot, my rarest,  
All on account of thee.

Royalty hath not thy graces,  
Each but a thorn to me;  
Angels could change faces  
Fortunately with thee.

Love comes at looking  
In thy bright eyes,  
Radiant as God's candles  
Twinkling in night's skies.

—flamingo—

"Where's your buddy?"  
"He's out west. Went out for tuberculosis."  
"Did he make it?"

—flamingo—

He—"How did you compile the Annual figures?"

It—"I 'Adytum'."

—flamingo—

### Hans and Feet

(Continued from Page 20)

"Well, we all have our beauty marks," Chuck defended his prospect, looking at Pete's protruding upper teeth. "Anyway, you should have seen the keen new Pierce-Arrow touring car that breezed into town along with this same awkward and altogether unsuspecting chap!"

"Well, a Pierce Arrow would certainly look neat parked in the Chi Delta driveway, I'll admit," observed Jack Barr, from his post at the window. "And—besides a lot of—er, personality—generally accompanies a car like that."

"Yes, a good car can certainly run down a lot of good objections," laughed Pete.

To Be Continued.



Bon—"Is she good-looking?"

Ami—"Figuratively speaking—yes."

—flamingo—

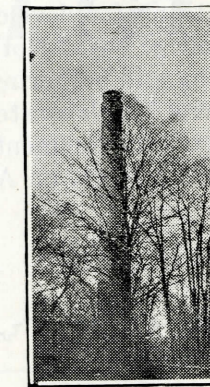
Ex—"Did you take much interest in girls?"

Ray—"Don't bother me, that's only a petty matter."

—flamingo—

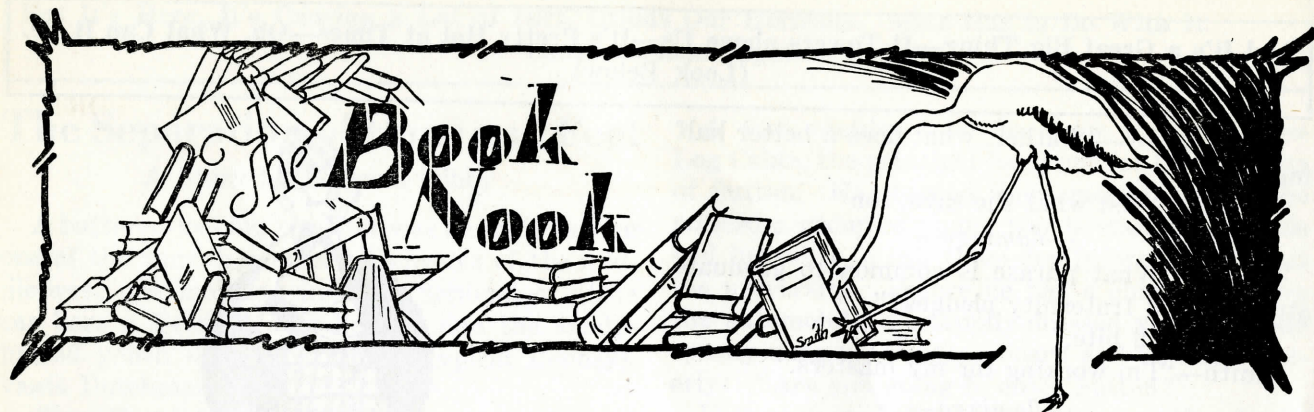
HERE IT IS, FOLKS

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HERE IT IS, FOLKS



California's Pelican Reviews—

**"The New American Credo"**

By George Jean Nathan

The junior partner of that irritating Mencken-Nathan duo jeers at us once more. This is getting positively annoying. It's about time that something was done to keep that man from telling the truth.

For seven years the merciless George Jean aided by a volunteer corps of assistants in all parts of the country has been spying on us, taking note of our homely doctrines, in his words "the articles in the philosophical faith of the American people," and the big expose has now taken place. The assembled tome of over twelve hundred articles, couched in the widely-but-never-successfully imitated Mencken-Nathan sarcasm is an amazing and painfully revealing piece of work, a cold-exposure of the tenets of the average American citizen—from his political theories, to his opinions on matters discussed only after the ladies and clergy are safely in bed.

It is interesting to check off those articles accepted in one's own category. Who for instance would dare to doubt but that the Revolutionary War was caused by the evil machinations of George III who was a pro-German, or that a bull will chase anyone wearing a red necktie, or that football is a fine thing for developing the moral character of the college boys? Not us you can bet.

There is one thing still bothering us. Just why did Mr. Nathan write his elaborately worded preface, hinting at the establishment of a new descriptive sociological science, on April 1, 1927?

Michigan's Gargoyle Reviews—

**"Elmer Gantry"**

Sinclair Lewis

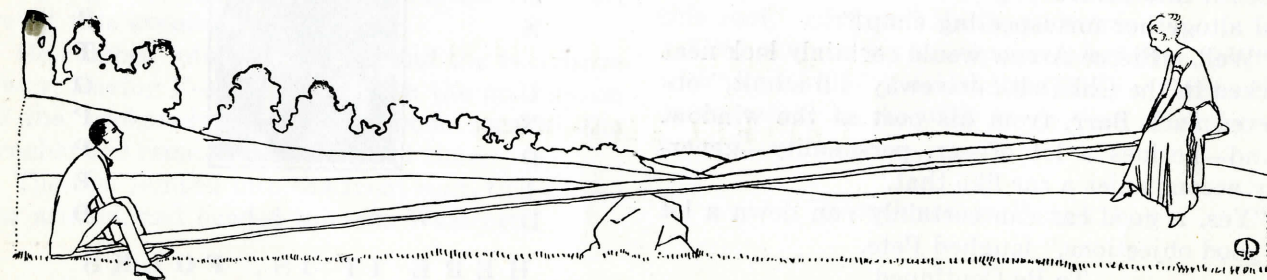
Harcourt Brace & Co. \$2.50

Sinclair Lewis carefully follows the principles of his tutor, H. L. Mencken to whom the book is dedicated and joins the battle upon the Philistines. The theme is a promising one today, but Lewis has lost his greatest opportunity in telling most of his story in the past. Revivals and their attendant evils have passed the day when they are subjects for hot debate among the intelligentsia, who, after all, are going to give the heavy praise and blame.

Taken as a character novel, the book is a masterpiece—Elmer is a glorious hypocrite, fascinating in his ability to get away with it. He wallows in vice privately—the details are plainly put—and struggles with the devil superbly in public. One is never sure whether the latter doesn't over-balance the former after all. His affairs have the redeeming feature of being with very interesting women.

His best bits are those in which he destroys all sympathy for Elmer—the betrayal of Dr. Zechlin, the betrayal of Frank, the crippling of Frank, and the very vivid scene of the raid on the "not-so-nice" girls' apartment.

The story is the liberalist's attack on puritanism and hypocrisy, with enough vulgarity to make spicy reading for the great number of people who are going to pay two fifty to enrich Mr. Lewis for getting away with it.



"KAYSER" AND PHOENIX  
SILK HOSE

*Carroll's*

WESTMINSTER SPORT  
HOSE

**NOT "HOW MUCH?" BUT "WHERE"**

IT isn't the amount of money you spend on your clothes that counts, but where you spend it that makes all the difference in the world. Good taste is not necessarily high priced. You'll enjoy shopping at Carroll's.

**New Dresses—Sport and Cloth Coats—Furs**

**Millinery and Accessories**

For Holiday Wear

NEW VICTOR RECORDS EVERY FRIDAY

**John J. Carroll**

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*The Sparta*



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CONFECTIONERY

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NEWARK, OHIO

## SCATTER SUNSHINE

— with —

## GREETING CARDS

PARTY GOODS FOR  
ALL OCCASIONS

See Our Selection of New  
and Recent Books

### AN ODE TO A WASHBASIN

To you fair bowl of cleanliness,  
That with stately grandeur stands  
Before our gracious Science Hall,  
A tribute to the lands.

Never was there anywhere  
An architecture so like thine,  
Ah, wondrous are your carved sides;  
Your snow-white bowl divine.

You are an inspiration,  
We grovel at your feet,  
Only a towel and soap rack  
Would make you more complete.

And now to thee, dear washbasin  
Our homage do we pay,  
And wash our neck and ears  
While drinking thy cool spray.

—flamingo—

He—"Isn't it queer to what extremes women  
will go to get rid of their husbands?"  
She—"Killing, isn't it?"

Why not add the following clause to our Honor System:

"I pledge on my honor as a Denison student to strain my vocal chords to the utmost to support the varsity in football."

Cards with this pledge and the usual dotted line printed on them could be presented along with the chapel slips. Each time the student attends a pep meeting or a football game, he is to turn in a card. (Glee clubs, operatic singers, elocutionists, debaters and orators may take three bucks a semester.)

We admit that if male members could control their fluttering nerves in any other way than by demonstrating daily contortions with a horn in front of the student section—well—yells might be heard above the pin dropping.

—flamingo—

"He's quite the card shark."  
"Oh, a cahd fish."

—flamingo—

He—The Pi Pies must be bird lovers.

She—Why???

He—They know so many foul stories.

—Sour Owl.

## CLOTHES

Ready-made  
And Cut to Order

ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY  
STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL  
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED  
SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.



## Charter House

Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Overcoats



Bearly  
Camels Hair  
Coat  
\$165

Bearly  
Camels Hair  
Coat  
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For Quality and Service

## Chas. M. Mears

The Grocery with Correct Prices

Phone 8137

Granville, O.

## EMERSON

# Christmas Hints

Here are Suggestions from the store of his choice—Make his Christmas happy.

A Suit—Overcoat—Raincoat—Lounging Robe—House Coat—  
Sweater—Lumber Jack—Leather Coat—Sheep Lined Coat  
Corduroy Coat—Shirts—Hose—Gloves—Belts—Belt-  
o-Gram—Pocketbook—Handkerchiefs—Trunk

SUIT CASE—BRIEF CASE—LEATHER BAG—LADIES FITTED LEATHER BAG

## ROE EMERSON

CORNER THIRD AND MAIN

NEWARK, OHIO

# THE KROGER GROCERY AND BAKING CO.

We Appreciate Your Patronage  
ALBERT BROWN, MANAGER

## Casey's Candy Kitchen

WELCOMES THE STUDENTS  
OF DENISON

She—"I think it is fair that a man and wife pull together."

He—"Surely not when the man is bald!"  
—Phoenix.

—flamingo—

Chuck—"Will you have some pie?"

Knip—"Is it compulsory?"

Chuck—"No, apple!"  
—Exchange.

—flamingo—

Man is but a worm. He comes along, wiggles about a bit, then some chicken gets him.

—Blue Bucket.

—flamingo—

Teacher: "Use 'debate' in a sentence."

Kid: "Dad and I would have caught a good string but de bait was rotten."

—flamingo—

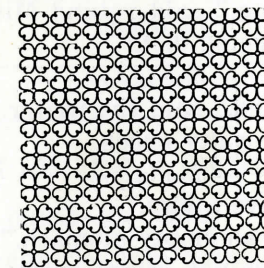
The problem of the modern condensed house is to keep the kitchen big enough to hold both the refrigerator and the stove without having them side by side.

—flamingo—

"This is a grave situation," he said, as he stumbled over a tombstone.

### A KING NUT

By Lon Chaney, Notre Dame '89



Inset is photo of Brother Gorill A. Face, of Steubenville. The world of commerce has in Bro. Face a genius of the first degree. In fact fifteen states are looking for him. But he's our brother, so we love him just the same.

As a boy Gorill started his career by selling the "Sunday Star" and soon had enough to buy an air-rifle. His ambition was to be a trap-shooter, and he used to go around shooting sparrows, mice, and bats. Then, one day he parted his hair on the wrong wing. This set Gorill to thinking: sparrows and mice were plentiful and attained a surprising flavor when seasoned with "catsup-shel-lac" (remember that one). And many a time he had staved off starvation with a mouse stew. So, why not? So he got in a crap game with his Sunday school teacher and won enough to buy a portable garage. Behind locked doors he worked night and day—faster, faster. Then, on that memorable Sunday of July 5, 1923, just outside of Cheesburg, on the Garbageville road, he gave to the world its first "BARBECUE."

Movie and vaudeville offers poured in. "Success Magazine" gave him a write-up. The advertisers went cuckoo. His face was on, in, underneath, behind, in front of, newspapers, signboards, etc. He endorsed "Lucky Strikes," Texaco Oils, yeast and Mellon's Food.

Things went from bad to worse; soon he had sixty-eight barbecues.

Then one day (let us bow our heads), he met a "big cocoa lady from Marblehead," and she threw him with a half-nelson.

But his marriage went on the rocks. After the third set of triplets his wife sued him for breach of promise. And so, to make it realistic, he went into the "movies" where he is at present. His last picture, "Red Horse," brought him a nice wad, and he's now gabooning right along with the Pickmores and the Barryfords.

Three cheers for Brother Face. He's arrived. Or, as Gen. Andrews said when he had his first swig of New Year's arsenic, "All it takes is 'guts'."



## STRICTLY AS COLLEGE MEN WANT IT

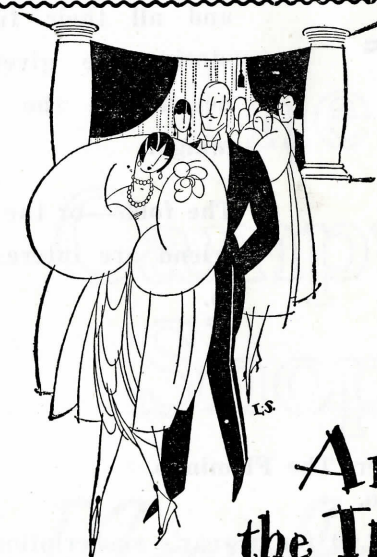
And it takes them just about two seconds  
to give their approval to these

### OVERCOATS

\$22.50 to \$45

### THE CORNELL

29 SOUTH PARK, NEWARK



## AFTER the THEATRE

Then the dance. And remember—all those cigarettes you have been smoking between the acts have positively not improved your breath. They have if anything—well, why go into details? A tobacco breath and romance do not go together.

A breath-sweetening Pep-o-mint Life Saver after smokes is a life saver indeed. She'll agree.



JUST PHONE 8131

And watch Erle Ellis get that Dry Cleaning Pressing or Laundry— And then watch him get it back to you on time.

You may want to see Ross Ashbrook in action too, so stop in the Campus Shop when you begin to feel like needing something. "Ash" gives you the "buyers' urge," the painless way.

# The Campus Shop

## Markert

R. S. ASHBROOK, '27  
E. M. ELLIS, '29  
Managers.

### WILLIAM F. EILBER

MEN'S TAILOR

Suits personally designed for you

Phone 91934 NEWARK Arcade

#### SCHEDULE FOR A DENISON DATE

- 6:30—Man phones for date.
- 7:00—Man shuffles into dorm.
- 7-7:30—Man waits and waits and waits.
- 7:30—Co-ed rushes frantically down and painfully makes out hall-slip.
- 8:00—Co-ed and her man seated in Opera House dismally watching wild west scenes.
- 8:15—Co-ed: "Isn't this boring?"
- 8:20—Man: "Let's go."
- 8:45—A certain tombstone in the cemetery.
- 9:30—The Hut—and a double lime 'coc.'
- 9:45—Co-ed coyly refusing sneak-date after 10:00.
- 10:00—Fond good-byes (that hall girl makes me ill).

—flamingo—

1. Freshmen should have only 5 dates per week.
2. Two a. m. permission for class functions, after that time chaperones required.
3. At least 2 couple if unchaperoned, in elevator going up the hill.
4. Dances at fraternity houses limited to 2 a week. Chaperones required after ten.
5. Five points at end of semester to be able to stay in school.
6. Freshmen take turns as night watchmen.
7. No more than seven or eight in car going up hill.
8. Examinations optional.
9. No classes on days of unfavorable weather conditions.
10. No outside assignments or textbooks.

For Appointment Call 8648



### PINE LODGE

Luncheons, Dinners, Parties

Newark Road

Granville, Ohio

Our idea of the height of optimism is the Freshman who is glad that he flunked because he won't need to buy any new books.

—flamingo—

"I'm re-forming," said rotund Miss 21, as she outlined her reducing diet.

—flamingo—

"I'm author-ized," said the writer, as he glanced at his first royalty check.

—flamingo—

He—"Let's have a kiss."

She—"Not on an empty stomach."

He—"Of course not—right where the last one was."—Purple Cow.

—flamingo—

One on the Right—Who was that gentleman I saw you with last night?

Other—That was no gentleman; I'm a brunette. —Log.

—flamingo—

Fraternity brethren are finding all sorts of odd feminine knick-knacks around their rooms. One brother reports three garters and a chemise, and "the darned thing won't fit me."—Banter.

—flamingo—

"This means a good deal to me," said the poker player as he stacked the cards.

—Minn. Ski-U-Mah.

## ROSES and other fresh fragrant FLOWERS

THE FINEST GROWN IN CENTRAL OHIO

All grown in our own greenhouses. We Telegraph Flowers Anywhere



### "POSEY" HALBROOKS

12-14-16 E. Church St., Newark, Ohio



## The Real Dope

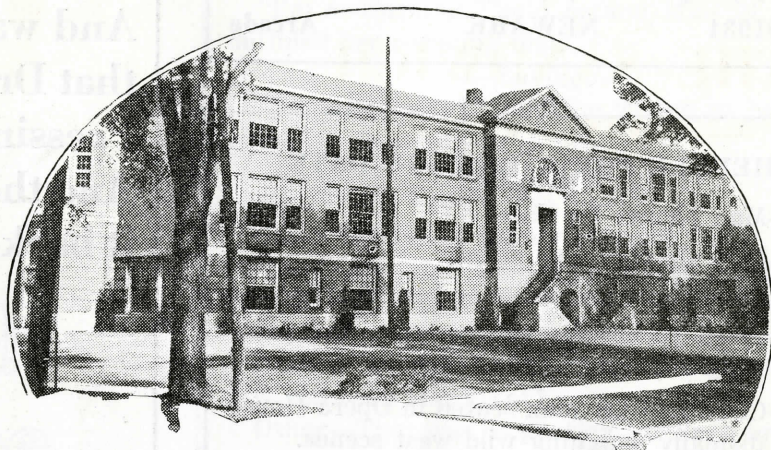
That's what the Old Bird is after. All the wit of the campus—printed out so everybody gets to laugh. The Co-eds and Profs. and all their funny stories are given a hearing in the Flamingo.

The folks—or the girl friend are interested, to.

Business Manager, The Flamingo, Granville, Ohio.

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### ON THE HIGH AMBITIONS OF SHEPARDSON WOMEN

The high ambitions of Shepardson women can never be too greatly praised. From the first hour a freshman arrives, till the moment she walks from the platform diploma in hand, these worthy ideals are ever before her. Shepardson women never waver in their desire to attain each and every one of them, and we leave it to you—do they ever fail? These ambitions are so very superior that we feel it would not be out of place here to enumerate them, in order that those who heretofore did not fully comprehend they may do so now, and join in with the rest in hearty praise and commendation.

1. To get one D notice.
2. To pull one A through bluffing.
3. To get one campus.
4. To be engaged at least twice.
5. To have a scheming date; a, on Sugar Loaf; b, in the stadium; c, in the college cemetery.
6. To be hauled up before Student Council through a mistake on their part.
7. To have a date with the football captain.

—flamingo—

Bill—"I got awful stomach trouble—ha, ha!"

Ed—"Why do you laugh?"

Bill—"I got laughing gases—ho, air, ho!"

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Would someone kindly produce that individual who replies to the following description: an iron-jawed fellow with steely eyes, bronzed complexion, gold hair, and a rubber neck. He might even have a block head.

—flamingo—

"I'm sleepy," said the chasm as it yawned.

—flamingo—

The rumble seat isn't new. Many a farmer has ridden the old spring wagon seat for years.

—flamingo—

Diz: "Why do you call her dear?"

Zee: "Because she has lots of doe."

Diz: "Bucks, too, huh?"

—flamingo—

"I'm wrapped up in my work," said the farmer as he fell in the way of his binding machine.

—flamingo—

"Give me 'Liberty' or give me 'Collier's,'" quoth the traveling salesman, turning to the magazine dealer.

—flamingo—

In modern college life the danger line is continually being lowered.

—flamingo—

A: "What is the situation in Greece?"

B: "Very slippery."



**1**  
**something's  
in the air!**

**T**HERE'S something everywhere about you—something as sparkling as the crisp November sunshine. Gay as the pennants fluttering from the stadium walls. Into that something goes the dull percussion of punted footballs . . . chrysanthemums . . . hawkers' cries . . . crowds hurrying, 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 features of the many that compose the December issue.

**CollegeHumor**

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of Every Kind

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Little Bobby, age five years, had been taken to a basketball game. That night, as he knelt at his bedside and said his evening prayers, he ended them with this:

"God bless Mama, God bless Papa, God bless Stevents—Rah, Rah, Rah." —Sour Owl.

—flamingo—

Frosh—"Sir, I want permission to be away three days after the end of vacation."

Dean—"Ah, you want three more days of grace?"

Frosh—"No, sir, three more days of Helen." —Drexer.

On this sterling quality of our noble students! Oh, what standards, what high attainments they ever reach for! What a noble aim is theirs as they endure strife, agony, and pain! Ever reaching forward, ever pushing aside all obstacles, as they journey onward. Their great bravery, their dauntless courage, as they strive to reach their goal! Only the few are chosen, only the strongest, most worthy, after struggle, conquests, despair, fighting; until staggering, broken, bent with hardship, crushed, lifeless, yet radiant with joy as they drag their tired body up, and gasp out with their last breath, "At last I am a social success."

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