1927

Flamingo Vol. IX N 7

Virginia Reel  
Denison University

Orville Smrcina  
Denison University

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Denison University

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Captain—"All hands on deck! The ship is leaking."
Sleepy—"Aw go on! Put a pan under it and shut up."

—Illinois Siren.

— flamingo—

"She wears too thin skirts, doesn't she?"
"No, only one."

—Washington and Lee Mink.

THE FLAMINGO

Published by Students of Denison University, Granville, O.
Office at Jolley's
Nine issues per college year
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VOL. IX FEBRUARY, 1928 No. 7

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Come into lecture late—slide down the aisles—arm waving as you go and passing out greetings to any one.
When the prof. calls on you, mumble “Well fel-las—” and burn faintly—don’t answer.
Carry an old folder with last semester’s notes in it.
Don’t allow yourself to be seen with a book.
NEVER take ANY notes in ANY class.
Shave once a week (maximum).
High hat your section leader on the campus —?
Talk—or rather—he seen talking to as many GOOD women in as little time as possible.
Never have either cigarettes or matches—somebody else will.
Have pants of any description cleaned once a semester at most.
And, beyond a shadow of doubt, at NO time have ANY money at ALL.
—N. R. (California Pelican).

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“Is your roommate in love?”
“Is he? He’s so bad off he makes me wake him up every fifteen minutes after he’s gone to bed so he can go to sleep again thinking of his girl.”
—Yale Record.

“I wouldn’t trust him if I were you, dearie.”
“How come?”
“I have it straight from his garage man that he leaves each night with a girl and a gallon of gas, and comes back four hours later with a girl and half a gallon of gas.”
—Texas Ranger.

(The) ORTHOPHONIC VICTROLAS
NEW RECORDS EVERY WEEK C. E. WYETH
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Little Boy—“My dog has four paws.”
Little Girl—“Well, I wouldn’t brag about it.”
—Ohio Green Goat.

Black: “Mind if I smoke?”
Gold: “Hell, no, burn up if you want to.”
—Washington Dirge.

His Honor: “Get the prisoner’s name so we can tell his mother.”
Rookey: “He says his mother already knows his name.”
—Virginia Reel.

The laziest man in the world is the one who sang:
“Moonbeam Kiss Her for Me.”

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To our fellow men, of ink and pen,
And the birds that deck their covers;
To their plaintive songs of fancied wrongs,
Of other college lovers.
To their aged bars, which, in varied garbs,
They give their hapless readers,
To their panelled busts of the real-time "busts,"
Those who pose as college leaders.

To the girl whose face has an endless place,
In all the college features,
Who has all the style, that we walk a mile
To find in desert creatures.
But, most of all, to the endless thrall
Whose bounds are the world's range,
To the treasured bliss of a sugared kiss
That passes for FAIR EXCHANGE.
"Ah," said the exchange editor as he perused the latest number of Judge. "Life is like that."—Boston Beanpot.

Talk about some fast acting—you should see a Hawaiian dancer with her grass skirt afire.—Stone Mill.

She was only a fireman's daughter, but she sure filled out her hose.—Cincinnati Cynic.

There are only two kinds of co-eds: those who expect things and those who suspect things.—N. H. Golden Bull.

She was only a coal dealer's daughter, but, holy smoke, where she had bin!—College Humor.

Although doctors proclaim that each kiss shortens life three minutes, none of the col-litch boys seem to regard Methuselah as a hero.—Oklahoma Whirlwind.

A girl in the cab is worth a dozen in the choir.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Necking is so petty.—M. I. T. Voo Doo.

When a girl loses her head over a fellow she usually finds it on his shoulder.—Buffalo Bison.

Have you heard of the frosh who was so dumb she thought a neckerchief was the head of a sorority house?—Bucknell Bell Hop.

Would that Hades were as pleasant as the road that leads to it.—Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket.

Now comes the story of the absent-minded professor who rolled under the dresser and waited for the collar button to find him.—Red Cat.

We have inside dope that Sir Walter Raleigh didn't throw his coat in the mud for nothing.—Nevada Desert Wolf.

She was only a country belle, but she told on me.—Mississippi Scream.

God pity the Phi Betas; they know not what they do.—Colorado Dodo.
THE DENISON FLAMINGO

VARIATIONS
Mr. Webster in his Famous Book Says that a dumb Waiter Is an elevator for Carrying dishes. He is Wrong. A dumb waiter Is a Guy that Asks a girl For A kiss, and then Waits for it. — Arizona Kitty Kat.

Sir Robin Rustum—"I can tie a bow tie without looking in the mirror." Allah B. Praised—"That's nothing, I can tie one in the dark." — Princeton Tiger.

Early to bed and early to rise—It's the way of the co-ed before she gets "wise." — Iowa Frivol.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK ON THE CAMPUS (or) ONE CO-ED TO ANOTHER
"I think the fellow you are engaged to is a fine looking student ... and what a wonderful pin!" "Yes, my dear, but you should have seen the one that I didn't get." — Bucknell Bell Hop.

1st She: "Why did Jane break up with George?"
2nd She: "Oh, George got confused when he proposed the other night and kissed her finger and jammed the engagement ring in her mouth." — Carolina Buccaneer.

"Gosh, I had a narrow escape last night."
"How's that?"
"Well, I woke up in the middle of the night and saw something white moving in the room. So I grabbed my gun and shot at it. After I turned the light on, I found it was my shirt."
"I don't see any narrow escape in that." "Well, just suppose I hadn't taken my shirt off last night." — Detroit Jabberwock.

TRUE LOVE
Last night I held a hand in mine, So pink and small and fine, I swear I've never held before A fairer hand in mine.

It brought forth visions of delight, It made my heart beat fast; My heart turned light within my breast, My dream come true at last.

I pressed it to my burning lips Kissed all five pink white parts Of that dear hand I held last night, That Royal Flush of Hearts. — California Pelican.

ADVICE
One semester
A young chap
Went to college
And never studied,
Never went to Classes more than Once a week
And spent most Of his time With the co-eds.
A young chap Went to college One semester. — Penn State Froth.

First Drunk—Shay, whawsh at shine shay?
Second Ditto—It shays Billiards.
First Drunk—Shpell it.
Second Drunk—B-I-L-L-I-A-R-D-S.
First Drunk—There ain't no Q in billiards.

THE COLLEGE WIDOW'S LAMENT
Goo, I'm tired of taking preps And giving them the dope On how to neck and pet and dance And still give teachers hope. My dogs have traveled many miles In weariness for ease, In dancing hard with some big fake That I should like to please.

For when he learns to do the steps, And sails divinely o'er the floor, He drops me for another girl, And I am left once more. More promises from men are naught; This year I just resign, And when I want a shiek I'll get One "broken in" for mine. — Iowa State Green Gander.

ASK ME ANOTHER
If it takes ten men ten days to build a house how long will it take five men five days to build it? — Ohio Green Goat.

Even the laziest student must admit that a hen is the only thing that can produce dividends by just sitting around. — Iowa State Green Gander.

Q. "How come your dress torn like that?"
A. "Oh, I just went out with that dam' fool who thinks the only place to hold the World's Fair is around the waist." — V. M. I. Sniper.

FAIR EXCHANGE
Eleven

The Father: "Marry my daughter? Why dammit young man, you couldn't even keep her in clothing."
Young Floye: "But, sir, am I to blame for this modern spirit." — Pitt Panther.

Man, look at her. Don't you think she has IT? IT? Boy, that girl has THEY. — North Carolina Buccaneer.
THE OLD QUERY

"And do you think you can support my daughter?"

"Asking me that after the number of times she's passed out on me!"
—Carnegie Puppet.

"When Jack proposed he confessed and told me every girl he had kissed since he came to college. Don't you think that shows lots of courage?"

"You bet—also a darned good memory."
—Texas Ranger.

I: "Oh, Doctor! Doctor! I'm so sorry I made you come way out here this time of night."

Doctor: "Oh, that's perfectly all right, madam, you see I have another patient out here, and I intend to kill two birds with one stone."
—V. M. I. Sniper.

FAIR EXCHANGE

SOMEBODY'S FABLE

"Lo kiddo, want to go for a ride?"

"Sure."

"All right, jump in."

"How about a little spin through the woods?"

"Absolutely."

"Nice ride isn't it?"

"Yep."

"Well, here we are."

The car stops in a dark roadway. Both look at each other in silence for a while. Nothing happens. Then, simultaneously each one grabs the other round the waist and begin to struggle. Each shocked by such conduct on the part of the other try to escape the other's clutches.

"Let go of me, what do you think this is?"

"Well what do you mean by laying your hands on me?"

"I'm not that kind of a boy."

"I'm not that kind of a girl."

"I never expected anything like that from you."

"And I never thought you would do anything like that to me."

"I won't stand for such ungentlemanly conduct."

"And I won't stand for such unladylike conduct."

"Boo hoo! I'm going to get right out and walk home."

"Boo hoo! So am I."

Both climb out of the seat and leaving the car standing there start to walk back to town; as they trudge home in silence two lilies drop from the sky into each of their hands. —Brown Jug.
Fair Exchange

Not a very conventional nomenclature for the latest outburst of the Flamingo, is it? It's not a fault of ours though. We did out best to think up some highly synchronized and sweetly flowing streamer which would give Bill Shakespeare halitosis if he were to cast his double-strength gaze upon it, but our efforts were for naught.

But who was ever harmed by a fair exchange?

Variety is the spice of life, all the world's a vario-syncrasy (or is it vo-centricity?). Anyhow, we are convinced that it's all too true after living in Granville, so we are presenting in the following pages what we consider a fair idea of the sallies into the realm of wit by our contemporaries.

As Editor of This Issue Homer Williams, '28, Becomes Associate Editor.

Proceeding Further

As the editor of the Virginia Reel wrote to the editor of the George Washington Ghost, “We wish you much success in this exchange number, for having just put one out we are sure we can sympathize with you.”

When Editor Beardsley, in making out his schedule, jotted down, Vol. IX, No. 7—Exchange Number, he wanted to give Flamingo readers an idea of the phylum of other college humorous publications. He then assigned the issue to an associate editor who got out his paste and shears and proceeded to write a lot of letters to other publications asking them for the use of cuts and material.

As Has Been Said

And we will repeat in the same manner, we wish to thank our fellow conspirators who have so generously loaned us cuts without asking for security in the Mellon National Bank of Newark (Ohio) or the Otis and Company of Hebron, and, in addition, collect a bit of praise for the business manager of our sanctified volume who has so kindly assisted in making this the highly-besmirched mess that it is.

Moral Policy

The Flamingo has long been a member of that moral crusade among college publications which remonstrates against triple-threat jokes. The Bird maintains a policy of printing only those jokes which have a double meaning, both upright. Contrary to the opinion of the Baptist Bible Union, this high standard of wit has permeated the pages of our summum bonum.

And So

Here we are (the page is almost full). With this end in sight, not far away, what could be more inspiring! Well, anyway, in the preceding paragraphs we have attempted to give you a general and specialized idea of the workings and "carryings-on" of this, our most virtuous news issue. Naturally, we need not proceed further in this strain, but will leave it all up to you and your imagination without superfluous comment and explanations. So here 'tis...
Porter: "Does you all wish to sleep head fust or feet fust?"
The Co-ed: "That's very sweet of you, but I'd prefer to take all my sleep at once."
—Reserve Red Cat.

The Plea
He: "Please!"
She: "No!"
He: "Just this once!"
He: "Aw, Ma—all the kids are going barefoot now!"—Southern California Wampus.

"Is that man rich."
"Is he? He's so rich he doesn't know his son's in college."—Sewanee Mountain Goat.

"Don't you love this kind of weather?"
"Heh, heh, girlie, just try me."—Oregon Orange Owl.
—D. N. (California Pelican.)

Most college men
Are just obscene
And black their lungs
With nicotine,
And play at cards and
Booze and brawl,
And kill themselves
With alcohol,
And neck with pretty girls and dance;
But me . . . I've never
Had the chance.

I'm Dorsey Brump,
Of finer clay,
A college man
In a nicer way,
I never ogle
Co-ed's knees,
I simply loathe
Fraternities,
And hate their horrid
Boozing bats
I'm kind and nice to
Homeless cats.

If you like pep and
Fun and smiles,
Come meet the gang
At Mother Giles,
We have the swellest
Times at nights
With checker games
And pillow fights,
And songs and yells
At every feed,
And are we happy? Yes indeed!

We go to Neptune
Beach on toots,
And sing and yell and
"Shoot the Chutes,"
And drop in Dad's
For Cherry cokes . . .
We're all nice boys
From Homey folks.

At night before we're
Tucked in bed,
Each fellow bows his
Sleepy head,
And prays for friends
Beneath the sod,
And things that he
Deserves from God.
—D. N. (California Pelican.)
Eighteen

BANANA SKIN

Fresh: “I wonder what kind of evening gowns Eve had?”
Senior: “O, use your own imagination, I’m trying to study.” —Lehigh Burr.

He—“Say, gimme a little kiss, will ya, huh?”
She—(No answer.)
“Aw, come on and be sport—just one little kiss.”
(No answer yet.)
“One little kiss you won’t miss—will ya, huh?”
(Still no answer.)
“Say are you deaf?”
She—“And how about yourself—are you paralyzed?” —Texas Ranger.

Legs by Steinway.
Body by Fisher.
Necks by the hour. —Michigan Gargoyle.

FISH DON'T PERSPIRE

A passenger on a train speeding southward from San Francisco was intensely thirsty for a drink of ice-water, the water cooler in the Pullman being out of commission. The passenger rang for the porter and said to him:
“George, I'll give you a dollar if you’ll get me a drink of ice-water.”

“He'll try,” said the compliant negro, who returned with the desired ice-water. The passenger rang for the porter and said to him:

“Boss, this am positively the last drink ah can bring yoah, 'cause them fish in the baggage car am beginnin' to smell already.” —Westheimer.

Freshman Flo: “My dear, you file your finger nails.”
Sophomore Sue: “Oh, no, dear child. I simply throw them away after I cut them.” —California Pelican.

FAIR EXCHANGE

IF EVERYTHING ELSE FAILS, TRY THIS

She: “Why should I let you kiss me?”
He: “Well, if you want a technical explanation, that will take some time. It’s like this——”
She: “Oh, go ahead and kiss me!” —Navy Log.

“Conductor!” inquired the intoxicated gentleman gravely, “Is thisa through train?”
“Yes,” the conductor replied.
“Lemme on, then,” came the unsteady reply, “this’s my train. I told her I was through.” —Virginia Reel.

Wallace—“I would like to have been a furniture dealer in Solomon’s time.”
Warren—“Why?”
Wallace—“Just think! He had to buy 500 pairs of twin beds!” —Boston Beanpot.

“How many, please?”
“Two nice sweet ones, and not on the forehead, either.” —Ohio State Sun Dial.

He enjoys his wife’s literary taste.”
“How is that possible?”
“She reads the cook book.” —Northwestern Purple Parrot.

TRUE FAIRY TALE

Once upon a time there was a college student who was all that is perfect. He looked like Johnny Gilbert, a tux fitted him to perfection. He played football almost as good as Gibby Welch, and made his letter in every sport except archery. Handling all the different forks at a banquet was easy to for this superman, and he spoke French like a Bordeaux longshoreman. His Pierce-Sparrrow car was the spiffiest thing on the campus. He used Listerine daily, and always bathed with Lifebuoy soap. Yet he was unpopular. The entire student body looked upon him with disdain. The poor sap used to waste an hour or two every night—studying. —Pitt Panther.

Agnes—“I had the most terrible dream last night. I dreamed that I was being strangled by a boa constrictor.”
Mabel—“I told you that you shouldn’t date that fraternity man.” —Ohio Green Goat.
A lamp-post is a gillhickey with a light on the top. People lean against lamp-posts. Cops especially. Lamp-posts are awful handy at times. They've upheld some worthy people. Some lamp-posts move about from place to place. There ought to be a law against it. May name my son Lamp-post. He's a shining light in our family, but he's a daughter. That's tough. Some lamp-posts don't work. The one on our corner doesn't. That was one of the best shots I ever made. As I said before the yeast market is on the rise. Must get some dough to cover. S'long.

---Brown Jug.

I have a sweetheart—
I have never kissed her—
I have never cursed her—
I have never been out with her after midnight—
She has never taken a drink from my flask—
I have never told her that I love her—
Oh, how I wish she would give me a date.

---Lehigh Barr.

The average professor's lecture.

Boy (who has caught his father kissing the maid): "Whatcha doln', dad, kissin' the maid?"
Father: "Bring me my glasses, son; I thought it was your mother." —Arizona Kitty Kat.

Angry Papa: "Sir, why did you kiss my daughter last night in that dark corner?"
Angry College Boy: "Sir, it was because I had not seen her in the light." —Texas Ranger.

The latest one we know about the conventional absent minded professor is the one who passed his coat around the class and hung the exam paper on the back of the chair.

---Illinois Siren.

"Did you ever play poker with a bridge hand?"
"No, and neither did you."
"Oh, yes I have. He worked for a construction company."

---Ohio State Sun Dial.

"Next to a beautiful girl, what do you think is the most interesting thing in the world?"
"When I'm next to a beautiful girl, I'm not worrying about statistics."

---Virginia Reel.

Frosh—"Will you hold these books for me?"
Prexy—"Sir, I am President of this University!"
Frosh—"Oh, that's all right. You look like an honest fellow."

---Bucknell Bell Hop.

Next to a beautiful girl, what do you think is the most interesting thing in the world?" "When I'm next to a beautiful girl, I'm not worrying about statistics." —Virginia Reel.

"My cuspidor"
For thee, dear heart, we cry aloud,
Abuses which thou had to bear;
Can we do naught to comfort thee,
Thou silent being, my cuspidor?
Thou hast suffered long enough,
Spat upon, kicked at, and long endured;
Thy duty thou hast well fulfilled,
As a lighthouse thou hast stood,
My faithful friend, my cuspidor.

---Lehigh Barr.

The girl who wouldn't
Janice puzzled Fred. Rather she hurt his susceptible sense of ego. Fred had never yet met the female whom he could not kiss five minutes after he had parked his roadster in an appropriately dark spot on the road. Janice was the first exception that he had ever come in contact with.
The first night that he had a date with her, he ran out into the rural districts, as per his usual custom, to a distance of five miles and demanded a kiss. When Janice indignantly refused, he allowed her to reflect over her folly while hoofing it the five miles back to town.
The second night he decided to work a little more cautiously, and accordingly ran out ten miles into the woody sections of the countryside. A repetition of the first night's performance occurred, and you may shed a tear for poor Janice, tramping disconsolately ten miles back to civilization.
The third night, to make sure of his object, Freddy toured fifteen miles out into the wilds of the jungles. He parked his car, made the customary demand, and to his astonishment, succeeded very easily in kissing Janice.
"But, sweetheart, why didn't you let me kiss you the first two nights?" he asked.
"Well, I don't mind walking five miles, or even ten miles, but I'll be damned if I'll walk fifteen miles to keep from giving the syphilis to any sap." —Texas Ranger.

---Ohio State Sun Dial.

MY SHAVING BRUSH
Soft as silk and fresh as hay
Against my skin its smoothness lay,
Hairy as a wildman's breast
This shaving brush was nature's best.
Soft its bristles as they flew
Lathering up my face anew,
Peace and joy were always near—
This shaving brush had not a peer.

---Lehigh Barr.

Did you ever play poker with a bridge hand?" "No, and neither did you."
"Oh, yes I have. He worked for a construction company."

---Ohio State Sun Dial.

THE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T
Janice puzzled Fred. Rather she hurt his susceptible sense of ego. Fred had never yet met the female whom he could not kiss five minutes after he had parked his roadster in an appropriately dark spot on the road. Janice was the first exception that he had ever come in contact with.
The first night that he had a date with her, he ran out into the rural districts, as per his usual custom, to a distance of five miles and demanded a kiss. When Janice indignantly refused, he allowed her to reflect over her folly while hoofing it the five miles back to town.
The second night he decided to work a little more cautiously, and accordingly ran out ten miles into the woody sections of the countryside. A repetition of the first night's performance occurred, and you may shed a tear for poor Janice, tramping disconsolately ten miles back to civilization.
The third night, to make sure of his object, Freddy toured fifteen miles out into the wilds of the jungles. He parked his car, made the customary demand, and to his astonishment, succeeded very easily in kissing Janice.
"But, sweetheart, why didn't you let me kiss you the first two nights?" he asked.
"Well, I don't mind walking five miles, or even ten miles, but I'll be damned if I'll walk fifteen miles to keep from giving the syphilis to any sap." —Texas Ranger.

---Texas Ranger.

---Lehigh Barr.
"ADAM AND EVE—THOUGH HE KNEW BETTER"

BY JOHN ERSKINE

In the third of his fascinating character novels John Erskine has presented the inhabitants of the Garden of Eden in an entirely new literary interpretation. We see the sacred garden as an ordinary rural community, a road, a stone fence, a pasture, a hay stack, a cow, and Adam, the philosopher, lord over all. These things and a host of others the reader accepts as a natural setting for the story.

Lilith, Erskine's traditional first woman, is the ideal; she is beautiful, unselfish, worldly-wise, and practical. It is from her that Adam learns about one of the fundamental necessities of life, shelter. (He had already learned to eat.) Adam spent most of his time philosophizing about nature. The cow, the rabbit, and the stones were all great puzzles to him. The purpose of his creation was another momentous problem overshadowing his mental activity. It was not until Lilith told him that he realized the idea of having a mate and even then his conception extended no further than conversing and eating together. She was leaning over the bars in the fence observing the cow when Adam's emotion surpassed his better judgment. Instinctively, he leaned forward and pressed his lips against hers. She expressed no undue emotion, but he was nervous and excited and felt as though he should make an apology. Adam had invented the kiss.

Eve was a different sort; she was out to get her man, woman everlasting, the gold-digger. Adam's visits with her were always extended. He wanted to go to Lilith, but for some reason he could not explain he stayed; she had so many things for him to do and besides she was so helpless. On one of his visits Eve made her appearance clad in a burlap dress. She told Adam that it was more refined and that he should make an apology. Adam had invented the kiss.

Adam philosophized. Lilith is beautiful. She knows everything and she would be a good companion. On the other hand though, Eve is refined. She doesn't permit familiarities; she wears clothing and has nice manners. Eve is the better woman.

Eve bore Adam a son which proved to be the only tie that kept them together. Adam longed to be with Lilith and Eve gloried in her triumph. There was no love and no companionship.

Man, the fool that he is, living under a philosophic misapprehension, is led around by woman. Erskine has crystallized a keen observation on human nature. —J. C. K.

"SOMETHING ABOUT EVE"

"A Comedy of Fig Leaves"

BY JAMES BRANCH CUBELL

In "Something About Eve," James Branch Cubell shows that though their names differ every woman is Eve. George Musgrave, in his journey to the goal beyond good and evil, is detained by the wiles of Eve. Lazy and contented, intending to be on his way soon, George whiles away his time conversing with those on his way. Constantly urged by his wife to be on his way, he dallies, thinking he has found what he desires. For his love for Maya, George gives up attaining his goal.

Phantasy mixed with philosophy, Cubell's fascinating style, holds the reader's interest through all the illicit relations and strange adventures of George Musgrave.

The spirit of "Something About Eve" may well be summed up in the following: "I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself." The whole book beguiles the reader so that he can not lay it aside until he has followed the hero into the realization that the immortal sin is not so bad when it is connected with a woman like Maya, who is another Eve.

—Arizona Kitty Kat.
Once upon a time there was a college boy living in a fraternity house who got up one morning and found his EOX without any trouble and when he opened the dresser drawer there was a clean white shirt on top and then when he got to his eight o'clock class the prof assigned seats alphabetically and he got put between two swell looking mamas and at lunch time there wasn't any honor society eating at the house so he didn't have to go out and buy a hot roast beef sandwich and coffee for twenty cents and then after his roommate took him to the show with the four bits he owed him they fixed up some blind dates and he drew a babe with curly blond hair and a Lincoln Roadster all her own who had just transferred from some hick school and didn't know any boys yet and when he came home there wasn't anyone in his bed so he laid down and dropped right off. That will conclude the program for tonight folks. Next Tuesday evening at this hour Uncle Ernie will be on the air with another fairy story for the kiddies. Good night everybody. —California Pelican.
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SAME HERE, BROTHER

1st Stude—“If I had a date with a woman like Cleopatra, my girl would never let me come to see her again.”

2d Stude—“Mine would, she would have me out the next night to show her all the new holds.”


—DENVER—

Wife: “This is positively the last straw.”
Husband: “Hic, go on and use it, m’dear. I’ll drink out of the bottle.”

—Oklahoma Whirlwind.

—DENVER—

She was young and fair and pretty,
She’s a girl I’ll never forget.
We were in a Pullman sleeper
When by accident we met.

Yes, I always shall remember well
The girl and time and place;
I was coming from the upper berth
And stepped upon her face.

—Columbia Jester.

NOW WE’LL STUDY!

I sure have to hit the books tonight. Sixty pages of history, that means the whole evening in this bloomin’ library. Now where’s a good place to sit?—Nev-u-u-uh!

What a red-head! Well, I certainly won’t sit near her; I’d never get any studying done. She’s the sweetest thing I’ve seen in a blue dress this year. I’ll have to find a seat away down the other end of the library . . . . It’s too dark down there. I’d go up to that end but it’s always noisy. There’s a seat near the door—but there’s always a damned draught. Hmmmm—doesn’t seem to be any place to sit but right next to that red-head. Maybe if I get interested in this history I won’t notice her . . . .

“Pardon me, may I borrow your blotter? . . . Oh, did your pen run dry? Sure, take some of mine, I have plenty . . . May I use your blotter again? . . .”

Hell, I don’t need to study this history anyway, I took good notes in the lecture.

—California Pelican.

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PICS.
TRUE CONFESSIONS
Chapter 1

He seemed the only man in the dining-car to me—dark, distinguished and, as he looked casually toward me, those eyes—ah! those eyes! My heart leaped as I realized that I was being led to the opposite place at the twosome table at which he sat. Picking up the menu I gazed blindly at it while I struggled to remember what the Dean of Women told me to do under similar circumstances. Something, who knows what, made me glance toward him. His black eyes were fairly burning into me! In them was an expression of such pleading and pathos that my heart ached to help him. Shaken by my emotions I tried to fasten my attention upon the scenery flying past—but to no avail! As though hypnotized my eyes traveled back to meet his! We gazed for a long, long moment. Suddenly his eyes softened—he leaned impulsively—his lips parted—he spoke:

"This is New Year's eve, isn't it?"

"Yes," I breathed faintly, wondering what he would suggest and yet knowing that I would be as putty in his hands.

"Well, good night! This menu says spring chicken! Do you suppose it's last spring or next spring! —Wash. State Cougar's Paw."
Thirty

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Lunch
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DELICIOUS FANCY SUNDAES

“Do you ever get absent-minded and leave your frat jewelry anywhere?”
“Do I. Why say, last night I even left my ring in the bath tub.”
—Washington and Lee Mink.

—flamingo—

Baboon—“Y-a-w-s, the supreme success in life is creating something different.”
Babette—“Gee! Your parents must have been successful.”
—Middlebury Blue Baboon.

Customer—“I'd like to buy something for my wife. Some little trifle.”
Salesman—“Bathing suits are one aisle over, sir.”
—Reserve Red Cat.

—flamingo—

Wise—“Did you kiss her?”
Guy—“No, she closed her eyes, and I didn’t know whether she trusted me or dared me.”
—Lehigh Burr.

—flamingo—

Wall—“How dare you? Father said that he would kill the first man that kissed me.”
Street—“Interesting. And did he?”
—Bucknell Bell Hop.

—flamingo—

Wise—“Did you kiss her?”
Guy—“No, she closed her eyes, and I didn’t know whether she trusted me or dared me.”
—Lehigh Burr.

—a man is like an electron—perfectly simple, but utterly unanalyzable.

—a man who goes to college is like one who buys a lot in a cemetery.

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—California Pelican.

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—Buffalo Bison.

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A man is like an electron—perfectly simple, but utterly unanalyzable.

—a man who goes to college is like one who buys a lot in a cemetery.

—a man who goes to college is like one who buys a lot in a cemetery.

—Buffalo Bison.

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Keeps the wolf away.
A blond each night
Makes the bankroll light.”
—Buffalo Bison.

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THE NECKLACE

"Now that school is out, marry me, Mary," he shouted.

"Nay, nay," she whispered, a little hoarse.

"Never?" he gasped, wilting.

"Well, hardly ever," she quoted.

"Then there is hope?" he queried.

"Some," she stated, "you have proved yourself on you football field like unto few others, but 'twill not buy bread and butter and fur coats and dresses and silk stockings and . . . ."

"Stop!" he sighed, "What would you have me do?"

"Go forth and make of thyself a success," she insinuated.

"And how, O lovely lady," he heaved, "may I know when I am a success?"

"Bring unto me a necklace of pearls and the wedding bells will straightway ring out," she answered.

"Oh, most beautiful one, 'twill be eons ere I am wealthy enough to buy enough pearls for even so swanlike a neck as is thine," he gasped.

"I will wait," she vowed.

THE DENISON FLAMINGO

GOING UP

(Read from the bottom line up)

let you off about here.
time and they hear you in but they don't at, and it is about here; wish to get off what floor you You tell them are like this:
Elevator operators
—Judge.

—flamingo—

John—"My wife has been using a flesh-reducing roller for nearly two months."
Doe—"And can you see any results yet?"
John—"Yes, the roller is much thinner now."
—Boston Beanpot.

—flamingo—

"Are my lips the only ones you have ever kissed?"
"Yes, and the sweetest I do believe."
—Texas Ranger.

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