



# THE ECZEMA

M. S. C.

A Truthful, but undoubtedly damaging bird's eye view of the low, lower, and lowest members of this dear old Alma Mammy, culled from the more innocuous observations made by the revolted initiates of

PI DELTA EPSILON

NATIONAL JOURNALISTIC FRATERNITY

If we don't mention your name, or if we do mention it, register your complaint by calling 7930 and ask for Norm.

Entered in an ash can behind the post-office this morning as pretty low matter.

## THE ONES TO SHOOT AT

Chief Foul-Mind	Jack
Not Quite So Foul	Geo.
Bad Enough	Tim.
Hangin' Right in There	Red
He'll Do Too	Mitch
Biggest Chiseler	Snooze
Assistant Ad Tenser	Art
A Little Forty-niner	Phil
'Nother Gold-Digger	Vic

## HOW MANY FINGERS HAVE WE GOT UP?

In the past it has been the custom for Pi Delta Epsilon initiates, who edit this filthy sheet under threat of exclusion from its dusty precincts, to blaspheme, and retch out all the smut and nasty digs that they are capable of after three years on this pure campus, and then attempt to smooth it all over with a sticky apology and hypocritical mouthings. We do nothing of the sort. We frankly admit this Ezema is to pay off old scores, as have been all the others.

This is intended to get under your skins, and don't think we don't hope it will. If you aren't mentioned you aren't worth it. We've taken your dirt for three years, now take ours. Squirm, dang ye, squirm. As student journalists we've taken a lot of nasty cracks from you, the student body and faculty. You've had your own sweet way for too long now. You've begun to think we had no comeback. Ah, but you forgot Ezema. May it get under your skin and sting.

In the future remember, even the lowest worm will turn; we, as some of the lowest worms, have done turned.

May your heads get smaller after reading this sheet. May you remember to speak to us common people on the street, not just at election time, and may you remember that there will be another Ezema next fall.

# POLITICS

Or the Only Way Out of a Dirty Mess

Prex

Let's gather round and choose a name  
To christen that new women's hall.  
'Twill grace with everlasting fame  
The one to which it will befall.

McColl

I know the one who should be classed  
As chief of our alumni horde.  
Well call it Butterfield and east  
A vote for church and mission board.

McPherson

I'd call it Buck if I thought  
My business would benefit  
Or maybe through the deeds I've wrought  
My name would lend more charm to it.

Watkins

I've run this board for weary years  
And still the college fails to buy  
My pork, now my fate appears  
About to sock me in the eye.

Brody

If I may dare I should suggest  
The name you may decide the best  
Will merit my assenting vote.  
My plans make no discordant note.

Berkey

I'm new around this bawwick,  
So if you'll choose with care and pride,  
I'll go along, help turn the trick  
And back the one that you decide.

Lora

I've served my country, state, and grange  
I've mothered every single plan  
That looked as if it might arrange  
To keep my name out in the van.  
I do not feel I could refuse  
The honor if my name you'd choose.

Halladay

'Tis very hard to choose between  
Groesbeck, Brucker, Stockman, Green;  
And then there's Daine, and Rogers too,  
And Mrs. Wilson, thrust anew  
Upon my shrine of honored friends,  
I can't tell where the long list ends.

Prex

To its new members I'd accord  
The same support I'd give the rest.  
I'm for all those who serve me best.

Prex

Now that we feel we are agreed  
And need no further spectroscopic dodge,  
We can announce it is decreed  
The new girl's dorm is Sylvan Lodge.

# Perhaps its Glasses YOU NEED! This Is How You Look to Us!

"Doc" Austin mopped his brow before that flock of stupidity that took up the space in the classroom, because even he realized that a dean, even a pseudo-dean, of liberal arts should be able to differentiate between French and Spanish sufficiently well to tell them apart. But being of that type of individual he decided to take a chance. "Boy," he said, in his most official whine, "erase that Spanish off the board." Not one guffaw escaped the ed., not even one titter arose from the ranks of the co-eds, for they well knew that he was smart enough to have secured to himself the power of recommending them to teachers' positions. Such a person must have something to insure at least outward respect.

But a few ill-suppressed leers sufficed to inform that dimwit that he had blundered, he had fumbled again; vaguely there filtered into that tiny consciousness the idea of his colossal stupidity unmasked, and grinning grotesquely and self-consciously before the corpus studentis. The good doctor again mopped his vacuous brow, and in his own infinitesimally small, immitable way blundered not so blithely on. Feeling in need of a stimulant, he simply slew the class with a story of a little speech he had been begged to make, and (blush, blush) how the audience clapped, and clapped, and clapped.

The learned doctor is revered by his friends and relatives, and the imposed on element in the school because he got his Ph.D. in agriculture, thereby making him particularly deficient both as head of education and feinting-dean of that dumping ground, the liberal arts department. The tin-god is also worshipped for his prolific vocalization of his admiration for himself. Just a gushing filly of the valley.

Walpole, the arrogant Jew, next stumbles shame-flooded before the guilotine of a long-suppressed student vengeance, and his miserly phycog is pitifully nauseating, and he mouths long-forgotten incantations in vain hope of succor, for he is now on the spot where he himself mercilessly inquisitioned the hapless ed. and co-ed. Long may his entrails wail!

The next neck to sever is almost too despicable, almost too minute, too inconsequential, too inhuman in its unintelligence, blasphemous in its smugness, puerile in its inept expression to be considered as arist to this mail. This fatuous nonentity, this zestless goose-egg is none other than our dearly beloved Foggy. (Fulkerson to you!) Long may he wallow in his pyre of intellectual sloth!

Our famous pantomimist now lingers superfluously about the gory scene, and withal he gently mouths a bit of Shakespeare, being very careful not to soil his dizzy tongue with some of good old Willie's pure cracks. He gambols coquettishly about the greensward in suggestive oscillations, like a peacock braying into the wind. The latter reminding me that I am ranting about our most revered W. work. W. and W. Johnson, chief slush man to the English department. The illustration being that he said to one criticizing lowrow thusly: "Shush, never criticize the administration!" Since when has duty so abominably abounded among us that we should forever sit and silently suffer administrative imbecilities?

Albert H. (durrah) Nelson, notorious campus quack, self-styled wet-nurse to all journalistic hopefuls, and infallible critic, next toys distastefully with the keen edge of the bloody but still optimistic blade. He simply exudes Rotarian! Rotarian! And it smells, as usual, to high heaven. The pungent odor emanates as he brags to his classes of the famous newspaperman he was in his dog-days, not too greatly exaggerated, however, since he did put in a month or so on some small backwoods rag. The length of his tenure is explained by the fact that the editor was on a month's vacation at the time.



Phi Deltas tire of building strain and rent the above structure for use as boarding club. Linder said to be main push behind scheme. Well, he ought to feel at home now.

## OFFER NEW COURSE IN BIRTH CONTROL

Hunt Promises New and Original Line of Wise Cracks in Class.

A new course aimed at birth control among college students is to be given next fall term by Dr. Harrison Randall Hunt, Ph.D., M.D., B.S. (mostly the latter), who received his doctor's degree working with angle worms down in the "Mississippi Mud" (it is reported that he had to use an 8 ft. step ladder). The purpose of the new course is to better acquaint the college students with the emotional side of life and enable them to control those impulses which might lead to their downfall. However, the course is not intended to lead to a reduction in the numbers of children after marriage, as the doctor believes that a family should contain at least five children—I have five in my family.

The eminent Hunter, because of his extensive studies with rats and mice considers himself particularly well adapted to teach the new course. He says that Human Heredity, Zoology 313, is to be a prerequisite, and that all medical biology students will be required to take the course. It will be listed as an elective for other divisions. It is assured that none of the "witty" jokes used in Human Heredity for the "15th to the 200th time" will be repeated in this course, as the doctor promises to have a complete new stock

## THATCHER PLANS TO VISIT HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 1)

to read the startling press notices. In a gold picture frame, bearing the marks of many fingerprints, were two clippings. The Lansing daily said: "Garfield Thatcher played the part of a butler." Even more enthusiastic was the pertinent criticism in the State News: "G. Thatcher had the part of a bell-hop."

Reeling with emotion, and with the awe of the mat's presence still in his veins, the reporter swooned. He gazed consciousness to find Thatcher running frantically about the room, crying: "Oh, girls, girls, the fellow is ill." Some of the crude football members of old Phi Delta, knowing Thatcher of old, attempted to pull off the scribbler's pants and pump his legs up and down, but dear old Gar blushed and ran screaming to his room. The only man of action that Phi Delta has, Streb murmured sympathetically to the newspaper man, "What's old Pansy been doing now, kid?"

picked up at "bull sessions." However, he vows that no tainted jokes will be pulled even though the course contain only men students, and a knowledge of a student in the course participating in this vice pastime will be considered sufficient grounds for flunking him in the course—it has been done before. The doctor has hinted that he will attempt to have the course made compulsory of all freshmen in the near future, so as to reduce the dangers of being a college student.

## Tics Take Alpha Phis to Vote



## THE OFFAL TRUTH

The Chi Omega's are always the first ones on the floor at tea dances. Thanks to the efforts of Carruthers and Blessing.

A guy called up Thelma Cole at the old Chi O barn the other day and told her he represented the Lansing Civic Players guild and that he had heard her work on Theta Alpha Phi stages was superb. She swallowed it. He asked her to tell him about it, and old Thelma drooled at the mouth getting the details out to him. Poor old Thelma, little did she know it was nothing but a nasty trick and she has been running after the mail man ever since. (Also several male men). (My God! That's terrible).

Holly Biers, Aethon tail-light, got engaged over the telephone after a two-hour conversation with Abbott hall. What he promised her we don't know, but whatever it was, he evidently couldn't come up to expectations, so she had to run out with a lot of other old dogs, like Ward Duncan, sometimes as many as four in one night. Also she called him up the other night when the fire alarm turned out at Abbott hall and went riding with him in her P. J.'s.

Dr. Ward Gilmer told a class that the reason he had such a big family was because he used to live near the Tic house and they kept him awake at night. And so to quote Doc: "What else was there to do?"

That all the big shots at the S. A. E house (that is, both of them), the boys who made the old fraternity what it is today, love their dear brothers so much that they haven't lived in the house for over a year. It is said they don't have to do their own cooking, either. Lucky dogs!

That the Dolphins, due to the veteran plottings of those two old window-peepers, Doc Crist and Chuck Lranga, invented the smoothest knock method for seeing behind drawn curtains at a social house. These smart imps used a B.B. gun to shoot at the windows in the Senate house, and let themselves in for a police call.

That the local Watch and Ward society of People church, protested to Liz Conrad about the DISGUSTING manner in which coltish students sat around that Seat of Sophistication, Mary Stewart's and raised hell in general (as quote the complainants) so that people couldn't BEAR to eat there. The main objections were to young ladies streaking and to rough guys throwing sugar cubes. It was as much as your life was worth to enter my dear!

As a result, Grace Lyons, proprietress of that select ham and egg joint across the avenue (where you can wait and wait and starve to death) asserted herself and forbade such loose actions as cigarette smoking on her sacred premises.

"Beauty" Ritzhart, famous campus funnyman (though not as funny as Fracky thinks he is) was observed carting a known-to-be-married woman, lead down across his shoulder on the way to an elevator in the hotel lobby at Georgetown. Riney was seen to pat the lady on the part that stuck up the highest with great gusto.

## CAMPUS YES-MEN THROWN IN UPROAR

(Continued from page 1)

thinking they were all lovers. Lewy Richards and James Blood Hasselmann (what a team of press-agents were observed with their arms about each others' necks, patting each other on the back. "The black-hearted villains.")

The rest of the conversation followed. Richards: "I'd like to submit a petition for more money from the legislature if you gentlemen could only realize how the eyes of the world—"

Cox: "How dare you, you old chiseler, you when we've got a \$200,000 horse-barn coming to us yet. Why, we've only had ninety-five per cent of the appropriations for the last ten years to build barns with."

Shaw: "Gentlemen!—"  
Chorus: "Yes, sir."  
Shaw: "Would like—"  
Chorus: "Yes, sir."  
Shaw: "A little piece—"  
Chorus: "Yes, sir."

Froulx (the rube who): "Speaking as the dean of Liberal Arts, I—"  
Enthusias (with blood in his eye): "Since when? Why you're nothing but a chief clerk. If I had my way—"

Proxas: "My God, don't speak of such calamities in a loud voice."  
Bessey: "By golly, if youse guys can't behave like real gentis how the hell do youse think the dumb students is gonna—"

Pedro Young (coarsely): "Aw lish."  
Proxas (whining): "Well I am too the dean, ain't I Aussie old kid, ain't I. Tell you just what to do, don't I, huh? Tell you the power behind the throne, ain't I?"  
Austin (in a hell of a hole): "Well,

## BIG PHI TAU TO GYP BLONDE

(Continued from page 1)

in a way that won't drive the printer's union nuts over night. For three years this shy, modest, retiring little lassie with golden curls has been the plaything of succeeding big-nos who have stepped into the Wolverine editorship for the grand that's in it, and with less than no knowledge of what it's all about.

Each term has brought nearer the wretched day when she would be nominated for the editorship, the aim of her life. And now with that nomination scarcely a month in the van (ah, a new word he says) it appears that the dear little kiddie is about to suffer the crowning disappointment of her career. And they have been many, what with psychology profs dropping you and having to resort to Hermians, etc.

That marcelled beauty centest man—

## INK POT

DEAR BOIT LA VINK,  
I want to find  
A beautiful creation  
That I may offer to a friend  
In happy celebration  
A few weeks hence of all goes well  
Of that friend's graduation.  
My Dear Enquirer,  
Here's a gift  
For women or men—  
It has appeal for everyone—  
A lifetime Parker Pen  
For friendship's chain you thus may  
Forge a link.  
Yours,  
BOIT LA VINK

ager who also makes a stab at getting out this year's Wolverine. Bill Pratt, is rumored to be in the throes of another of those slimy tricks for which he is becoming famous. With him and "Rice-petals" Carruthers, the only two signposts that the Phi Taus have had since Porter, at last leaving this school to fare forth in a wise world that isn't so lenient about dirty tricks, it was finally decided that a smart move would be to run into the Wolverine field of possible nominees an unknown caker from the old Phi Tau palace, little Johnnie Jennings, and groom him for the job with the understanding that he wouldn't have to do any work this year but just lend his name to the furtherance of this clever little move against co-eds in politics.

Pratt also loaded his staff with a couple of veteran State News assistant editors, both independents and without political backing. Then, Pratt thought the stage was set for the consummation of another year of Phi Tau participation in activities.

He is quoted as saying that he wouldn't run his old pal and chief assistant, Izzy Paulson, against a big, although poor Izzy seems to have gotten the idea that she was to be in running. Campus politicians were amazed and worshipful at Pratt's consideration and gallantry for this little prosaic blonde, and deny stoutly the insinuation that it was done because Izzy has so strong a co-ed backing that the dear old Phi Taus would suit for a look-in if she were up for election.

With the co-ed population of the campus already bitterly against Pratt for his beauty contest farces, it is said by high-ups at old Sparta that another move against female suffrage would result in a good old fashioned necktie party with Pratt going out in the squeeze play.

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**Sleep Any Place but EAT AT REX'S**



# WE NOMINATE FOR OBLIVION



**MARTHA FARLEY:** Because she has spent her college career perfecting that oily, hypocritical air of a dean of women, and ought to get a job in some good mid-west educational institution, because she is the ace of stool pigeons around here, because she has kept the independent janes down for four years, and now sticks her finger in the Spartan Women's League pie whenever things get too tough for the poor sorority girls.



**JOHN TATE:** Because he is the most blatant of the pseudo-intelligentsia on the campus, because he has to change babes at least once every three weeks (there must be a reason for this, too), because he sent his name into College Humor as being one of the outstanding students on the campus, and then tried the impossible (acting modest) when some of the boys caught him with his britches in a lowered position and tried to lie out of it by saying that he "couldn't imagine who could have done a dirty trick like that anyway", because he succeeded in Haskins' position as Frisburn's room-mate.



**BILL HOLY JOE PRATT:** Because of the nefarious scheme called a beauty contest which he sponsored for the Wolverine in which co-eds would be clasped on a par with the worst of Lansing's wenches, and all to no avail since the winner, his own little Helen, was picked before the thing started, because he earns ten bucks each Sabbath throwing a sermon at simple Perry parishioners, because he traded Escaliburship through Joe Porter to Meno for Wolverine editorship, and finally because he used up the debating team's expense money to buy Chicago rotgut during spring vacation.



**DOUGLAS CARRUTHERS:** Because the one opportunity he had as president of the Student Council, to demonstrate his ability as the chosen leader of the Student Body, during the Bolshevik day last fall, he was soundly sleeping in his little bed in the Phi Tau house, because he is an engineer out of his element, and because he, a noble Phi Tau, lowers his status to the Tie level by going with an Alpha Phi, thus justly earning the title "Rose Petals."



**FRANK CONOVER:** Because he tries SO hard to live up to the old Phi Delta tradition left by McGinnis, and yet can't seem to do things anyway but crudely, because he's gone out for every activity on the campus long enough to get his name in the paper, and then quit before the work begins, because he got gyped by an Alpha Phi and was beaten in love by a Tie (no greater shame can any man), because he played politics with the Hesques and then got screwed by them in the Student Council presidency.



**DOROTHY TROTH:** Because she's got more brass and is the biggest social climber on the campus, and still she can't rate anything but one third date, because she has chiseled all her friends into Theta Alpha Phi, and let those that don't Brown her stay out in the cold, because she picks all the casts for college plays from her select group of Browners, and is thereby responsible for the disgusting decline of drama on this campus, because she can't understand why it is that since dear Paulie left, she can't seem to gett herself into decent society. Poor old Paulie, what a birdie he has!



**JANE HEWITT:** Because she is without a peer among the campus hat-bats, because she had ever since having her to be a sweet young thing whose motto was "Lips, that's all, liquor never shall touch mine," and the great pilgrimage to Georgetown when her true self was revealed, yes, she kept pace with the football star's hotel room that night.



**MARGARET PATTERSON:** Because she has degenerated from the pinnacle of social achievement, the queen of the 29 J-Hop, to obvious obscurity, because she and Palmolive-face Sternsma are the only Themas on the campus, because she keeps the Kappa home fires burning on week end nights, and because she is one of the few existing "greybeard" co-ed.



**ROGER GROVE:** Because he is proud to call Rudy Valee his fraternity brother, because he managed to make two hundred on the Varsity party at the expense of the other members, because he and the other three apartment beams can only afford to keep two in addition to the cook, because as a star athlete he is probably the worst toastmaster ever to serve his fellow mates.



**MARUE HORNE:** Because he is one of the campus loudmouths, because all the girls in the Union opera think he's just the *raucous* thing (which gives you some idea of their intelligence), because he is engaged to a sweet young thing back in Detroit but isn't above dating anything that comes around here, because he is such a tight buddy of Lizzie Conrad's, because the good lord only made one of him (thank God).



**J. SAMUEL HASKINS:** Because as managing editor of The State News, because one of the most famous "yes" men on this campus, allowing his associate to carry on all the duties of editorship, while he (Haskins) drew his salary, because he is one of the most avid of the Hermians, because he never had a date with the same girl twice (there must be a reason, and finally because of his activities before, during, and after the Bolshevik day last fall.



DEE PINNEO - FORWARD

**DEE PINNEO:** Because he bears more fake titles such as "Noisy," "Half-Fin," "Asyrian," "Banana," "Pedler," "Chicken" than any other athlete, because he browns the coaches through his position as office boy, in the gym, because he is a Sigma Nu! from North-western (believing himself quite a pretty fellow), and because he has gone with the Alpha Chi, Jean Birtler, for over a year and still retains his pin.



**MARIAN HAWLEY:** Because during her freshman year she was THE freshman "fud" of the campus, and she accents dates (and is damn glad) with Hermans, including the great Haskins, because she was one of last year's beauty queens (so called) although possessing the physique of one of the inhabitants of the new dairy barn, because she is a Sesame seed in the K-D house, and finally because she garnered a minor lead in the Union opera by cooing the mad-agers through her wily charms.

**AVRD'S**  
LANSING AND EAST LANSING  
YOU CAN'T LEAVE DISSATISFIED

Cleaners' Naptha  
at  
**WASH O'BRIEN'S**  
DIXIE SERVICE  
Corner Michigan and Harrison

Stockings  
Stockings  
Stockings  
Stockings

**De Camp's**  
EAST LANSING  
MICHIGAN

**MARUE HORNE SHOWS OPERA CHORUS HOW**

**THE OLD COCK AND PART OF HIS BROOD**

**NATIONAL PRESIDENT INSPECTS KAPPA KAPPAS**

Heflin Hutchison and Pals—See Story on Page 1

What did that squaw man, DeCamp, do at the foresters' camp last summer? Ho, ho—ask the foresters.

One of life's little ironies. Jake Daubert, that flowing haired artist went to Iowa's finest ag school to study the delicate art of chime playing. Or is that a nasty crack at our own well advertised music department?

Jerry Breen is one of the most accomplished merchants in East Lansing. Christmas vacations he slices sausages in a Holland meat market and when not working he serves up bologna at Hurd's Fashion Shoppe.

Another fairy story. What kind of life has LeRoy Sample lived to obtain that coquettish wiggle of the britches.

The  
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of  
MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE

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# Pinetum Scene of Wild Orgy Spawned for Faculty

## EXTRA

# THE

## HOT!

# EZEMA

### SECOND EDITION

We don't tell all we know, but it's a good thing for most of you dumb bunnies that we don't

"All the Truth That's Unfit to Print"

ITCH ONE---SCRATCH TWO

MAY 13, 1931

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE---DON'T BE A TIGHTWAD

# STATE POOPING OUT

## FACULTY FOGIES GAMBOL ON GREEN

Numbkull Outing in Lascivious Affair; Conrad Comes Out for Smoking; Johnson Goes Back to Nature and Nearly Assaults Roseboom; Rest Censored.

The woody glens of Pinetum last night were the stomping ground for another of those delightful little get-togethers (you know—let's get together and cut his throat) that the local Back Slappers Club, sometimes known as the Faculty Folks, are noted for as far as you can smell a barrel of manure. It had been first voted to dish out the swill and onions at Lyons Select Cafe for Christian Young Women, but when good old Lizzie Conrad, campus moral pillar, learned that smoking the filthy weed was forbidden in them shady premises, she threw a monkey wrench into the carefully laid plans of the club's social secretary, Rose O'Neil Mason.

Said our Liz, "The idea of that old hypocrit saying I can't smoke in her cheap dump. Why if I were to tell what I know about Gracie Lyons—well, you'd never believe me. (At that point there were indignant whispers. "Why, of course we would dear Priestess," from twenty little AWSers, headed by Madeline Dulso herself. It was touching to see the faith these little ones had in old Liz). The hard heart of the old harridan seemed touched also. (Page Ripley). "Oh, of course you know I wouldn't," she gushed, "but anyway I don't think it's quite refined for a church woman like Gracie to run such a joint—even if she does have to support a full grown son and his wife." The efforts of this bunch of big-brains to reach the scene of the brawl were touching, and showed what numbskulls they were when they tried to put their theories in practice. Prof. Wobbly Wobbly Johnson, campus press agent for the Liberal Arts lecture series, and noted and cussed for his half-hour introductions on each of said lectures, was in the throes of the back-to-nature movement. "Oh gosh," he gulped with his half-moon ears flopping like the udders of a bull. "Whee—we're going to revel on the grass like little children; flutter like birds on a spring afternoon; be like Brownie again—doesn't anyone here want to play Elizabeth Browning?" said he coyly casting cowlike glances at Mrs. Leather-lungs Roseboom. This nasty crack coming after the reference to the playing in the grass, so terrified that shy, sweet old lady that she retreated to the side of Tarzan Mayno and was observed slapping him on the wrist to work him up to protecting her chastity.

Graduate Instructor John Barrymore-Kimball spent two minutes trying to lure that innocent lassie, Maggie (Pussie Pie) Miles, in a canoe to the scene of the festivities, but she had had enough with naughty gigolos of the Pinetum, and kicked him below the belt. He then tried to put his hands into fourteen other faculty members, with the success, and finally landed on that little young lady, Louise Clemons, who insisted she was going to protect the good name of the campus sweetheart, Lois (Queen of Hearts) Pysburg, veteran of Pinetum, because innocent and pure. "Oh, she's a hussy!" Then that same scoundrel, Leona Leona Primrod, (Continued on page 2)

## Beauty Contest Not In Vain--PRATT

Insult to Real Campus Beauties Justified by Winning of Chi Omega.

The true love and unending gallantry of a collegiate big-shot for his little sweetheart has at last been rewarded. Bill Pratt, magnificently manicured pastespiller for the Wolverine, has finally secured the affections of his own dear Helen Chadwick, after the whole campus had reached the conclusion that his votary offering on the altar of campus beauty had been in vain.

Last fall Pratt descended to the lowest level that a Wolverine editor has ever reached (and that's pretty low) and pulled a monstrous Beauty Contest in the State Theatre for the sole purpose of showing a hoxenog blonde how much he loved her. Not satisfied with a general insult to the campus by naming her the most adorable co-ed here, he attempted to inveigle a lot of really good looking broads into the line-up. But they were too smart for him and he had to be content with a posse of pretty screw looking dames. Even at that he must have had to bribe the judges a hell of a lot to get away with murder the way he did.

But Helen was picked the best looking damsel at State, had a chance to talk with Gov. Col. Fred W. Green, got a radio she didn't need, and a nice ring. For all this she has finally given herself to Pratt, and received in return another ring that they say looks just like the one she got as a prize. Maybe Pratt had two rings for prizes and had one out on her. Well, never mind she got 'em both anyway.

The only reason Bonnie Jean Carr got flunked in Economics was that she thought assets were little donkeys.

There are only three Hawleys at the K. D. house, but then give them time. Hurrah for old Ludington! There's a tank town for you.

Are you troubled with fallen women? Call Holly Biers. He will raise 'em.

## STATE SENATORS OVERRIDE DEAN; AID MORAL VIPER

Politics Re-admit Jane Once Bounced From Campus for Moral Turpitude.

VIRGINIA PULLS FAST ONE Nice Bed-time Yarn for Poor Unfortunates Who Have Suffered Same Fate With No Comeback.

Politics again raised its head on this virginal old campus this term, and when the monster had again been pacified another innocent co-ed, wronged by a misunderstanding faculty, was re-admitted to college against the dictates of common-sense and decency.

That is the story in a nutshell of tender maid who was most rudely bounced from this here college by the powers that be for general moral turpitude and told never to show her face on the greensward of Old Sparta again. It all happened a year or so ago, and when she left, the doorway of the campus heaved a sigh of regret and laid fresh plans for inducing some more innocent freshman into the hole that was so suddenly left vacant by faculty intervention. They little expected to see her horse-like face again.

But that is where dear Virginia, a pseudonym slipped one over on campus hixtopers and faculty alike. Suddenly deciding to return to the scene of her youthful sins, Jimmy appeared like a storm cloud on the horizon and sweetly petitioned entrance. Pretending that she was throwing herself on the sympathies of the administration, she came back and said nothing of the deep laid plan that was being certain high up female, who protects chastity and Christian behaviour wherever she can unearth it around here, and a certain acting dean, who ought to know better than to lay himself open to such a smooth scheme, joined hands and said, "Nix, Nix, Virginia, thou shalt not enter the kingdom of heaven."

Then Jimmy sprung the mine that nearly caused four faculty and administrative outsiders overnight. When next she was heard from, who should be backing the story of her wronged innocence but two most influential State Senators, who arrived posthaste with wrath on their furrowed brows, and demanded, "What the hell boys, what the hell." The fool story came out, and the powers that be learned that unless Sweet Virginia was readmitted to good standing, there would be two Most Influential State Senators rising in that Seat of Procrastination, the honorable legislature, and putting a monkey wrench in the long debated mill tax provision for M. B. C.

Then, my dear children, you can bet there was a hasty slapping of faces behind the walls of the faculty deans' offices. Really you have no idea of the stinks it all aroused. Somebody awfully high up demanded who the hell let him in for a mess like that, and the Great Protector of Moral, seeing which way the wind was blowing did a hasty jump to the other side of the fence (Continued on page 2)

## Crooner Goes; Admirers Weep

Our Own Rudy Ditches Native Dames to Feel Around in New Territory.

Current reports have it that the great campus maestro, Nate Fry who with his inimitable Gold Diggers is famous throughout this village, is about to leave on a state-wide tour. Although he realized that this would be a fatal blow to the status of campus bands, Fry was determined not to disappoint the hundreds of admirers who had practically demanded his appearance.

At first his departure was viewed with alarm. Due to the large female following he now boasts, it was feared that several co-eds might be forced to resort to suicide or something else more practical. However, common common sense seems to be that this loss is somewhat offset by the fact that Fry's departure will put an end forever to the outburst feud between his band and that of the great, THE GREAT Kenneth (Chase) Carlisle, known on the campus as the Posttime Players and in dark alleys and the Union as pitiful.

When interviewed last night, Fry said, "well damn it, I know I'm good. Can I help it if I have to say way to the demands of these bags? There is a limit of course, to any man's endurance. Naturally, I have an advantage here, but I'm not bragging about it. It grieves me to know that many of my companions will miss me, but missed they broke their own heads, didn't they?"

It is said that Jack Morehardt gets all his expenses paid and ten smokers a week while he goes to college, yet the low-life chiseled into a job waiting table at the Kappa Kappa house. To get more nickels (Heh, Heh) And what is worse, the smooth way he slides himself into that sinecure. They say that he was never hired, but simply walked in there after some other sisk had left, put on a nice white coat and with a dish of cherries, tripped in to give Adams a thrill. They have cherries (Adams) every week at the Kappa house. Just a defense mechanism.

## Baby-Faced Cross-Country Star Spends Cold Night In Mishawaka

At Least it Was Cold Outside, But Inside, Ah, Ah, Ah, (We Could Go On Forever.)

It is a raw, stormy night in Mishawaka. A Chrysler sedan stands out in the dim street, piled fender deep around the doors with treacherous, dirty snow. The car is deserted, to all intents and purposes, slowly becoming a part of the white that falls with ever-increasing thickness from the sky. Dejected, did we say? Let us look closer. Let us pry down far beneath the blankets of the tonneau, and see what we shall see. Something is stirring, coming to life, nurtured by the relentless surges of passion that form an integral part of a temperamental cross-country champion's nature. A strain of music from the taxi dance keeps running through his mind. "Just a Gigolo... everywhere I go... 'Evelyn,' he whispers. 'Evelyn... The fated warmth from her body overpowers his jaded senses, and he sinks down into a blissful coma again.

## KOBBSMEN NOT SO GOOD AS HOSERS

Sons of Old Pukio University Wham Hell Out of Skaters in Bilingual, Biweekly, Bifocal, and Bicycle Chaseball Tourney; Gibbs Swipes Diamond for Catty Cookerly.

Pukio, Japan, May 7.—(Dissociated Bress Barbed Wire Service, special to the Ezema)—In one of the bloodiest, most gruesome chase-ball games ever concocted for the edification of the illiterate pit-washers of East Lansing and parts west, Michigan Skates lost a very screwy, positively putrid example of how the game should not be played to the brainstraining Hoser University athletes today by a score which it would be much better not to mention.

The star of the Hoser outfit was a brawny son-of-a-Nippon named Wish-a-had-dacanna-goosmilk, who single-handed and alone and all by himself contributed seventy-four runs, a dollar's worth of Pinch Hit, a hole in one, a pair of steps-ins, and a bottle of slightly-used

The three year struggle of a listerine to the afternoon's festivities. When questioned by Defective Fred Jicks, he confessed to having fished the steps-ins from Chum Cathbertson's locker.

The pray by pray account of the laughter follows:

FIRST INNING—Takeda smacked the first one for a row of tin out-houses, and the ball went down for the count. Takeda was penalized two strikes for failing to keep his head down, and he slithered in an oily fashion toward first, where Alvo Elio-witz grinned at him affectionately and invited him out to dinner at the Olympic House. "We need men," Elio-witz was heard to whisper. "If you pledge up, we'll make you baseball captain or something very senior year, and give you fifty per cent of the gate." Takeda became so excited that he turned and sprinted for home plate, sliding in on his not his stomach for the initial marker of the game. Bull Green ruled that there had been foul play, and legalized the score.

Nagasawa booted a high spiral to Gabby Gibbs, parked in a convenient apple tree overlooking the Red Cedar. Gibbs made a perfect swan dive, counted ten (all the finger he had) and came up with the pill writhing between his teeth. Flyy pipped viciously in the general direction of Madona, who, being a well-bred little brat, squealed "I have it!" The marble vided him, however, and Madona skidded around like a drunken sailor on a night like this. Foyce rounded the outer pylon, and was coming down home stretch far ahead of his interference. As a last resort, Jawn Kohn tossed in the water bucket in the hope of enticing Foyce into a cup game or something, but was unsuccessful. Fly-city slid into the pible standing up. Time was taken out, and tea was served off dainty little plates of ham. Up came Whalerean...

...the famous Hoser quarterback, half-back, all-back, throw-back, drunk as a pipped out on his first pinema party. He protruded daintily before the audience, answered seven certain calls and a bush of insults before announcing he was ready. Grills served up a loss, each just to be dismissed. In fact, the losing team, the Hoser, was awarded, and found their names (Continued on page 2)

## DAILEY HERO TO SOME POOR DUBS

Is This a Fairy Story?—or Why Do the Kids at Old Girard Miss Bud Dailey.

That touching longing with which old "dope" school pals wait the return of a long-gone buddy is most tenderly typified in the following pathetic appeal broadcast in the "Steel and Garnet," a kid newspaper edited by the youngsters in dear old Girard Preparatory School and found framed on the wall of an little known freshman on this campus. With respectful regards to the aforementioned sheet we reprint this choice bit, tendered one James (Bud) Dailey by his darling little friends at old Girard. (Ed. for old Girard.)

## Grand Old Man of Drama Stricken By News of Thatcher's Brainstorm

Egbert Sylvester King is Revolted at Assininity of Gar's Vanity.

(Editor's Note—Following the unparalelled revelation made in the first edition of Ezema that Nancy Thatcher was planning an invasion of Hollywood, a reporter secured the following interview with the man who taught Thatcher all he knows, or ever will know for that matter.)

One of the best beloved old men on the college faculty this noon lay at Death's mysterious door. He had just seen the handwork of a lifetime of earnest, though slightly screwy, effort destroyed by the folly of a vain nincompoop.

He is Egbert Sylvester King, head of the college dramatics department, and the white-haired coach of many a boring Theta Alpha Phi play. Not an hour before he had read the horrible story in Ezema of how Garfield Thatcher, one of his most beloved Browners, was actually planning to display his so-called talents in Hollywood. Looking for all the world like an old Roman Emperor, at last about to

mount to the Elysian fields of Valhalla and Nirvana, he lay on a snow white coverlet in his old-world mansion on Ann street, while tears streamed down his rouged cheeks.

"Ah, woe is me?" he cried in purest Shaggyperian, beating his talons against the bedpan. "What have I done? I suffer such brutal humiliation? I have not turned out any great actors since Willie Montgomery, but I have tried and I've been fair with man and beast, though possible fairer with beasts, because I see less of them. But imagine, my dear fellow, to have a tailor's dummy like Thatcher going out in the dramatic training. Ah, it is too much. It is more than mortal man can bear. It is almost more than a drama coach can bear. I have dreamed of someday unearthing a new Barrymore, a new Skinner, and for thirty years I have had to labor with addle-pated numbskulls like Thatcher and Dorothy Troch, and still I have not faltered.

"And now it is all ruined. That old (Continued on page 2)

They Take Alpha Phi to Vote



Perhaps its Glasses YOU NEED! This Is How You Look to Us!

Doc Austin mopped his brow before that flock of stupidity that took up the word in the classroom...

But a few ill-suppressed leers sufficed to inform that dimwit that he had blundered...

The learned doctor is revered by his friends and relatives and the imposed element in the school...

Walpole, the arrogant Jew, next stumbles shamefacedly before the gullibility of a long-suffering student...

The next cock to sever is almost too despicable, almost too minute, too inconsequential...

Our famous pantomimist now lingers superfluously about the gory scene and withal he gently mouths a bit of Shakespeare...

Albert H. (hurray) Nelson, notorious campus quack, self-styled wet-nurse to all journalistic hopefuls...

Year's Best Sellers And Their Authors

- Trials of a Radio Announcer's Daughter—Dorothy Tomp. Married Life With a Pants Presser—Jane Hewitt. Complete Guide to Press Agency—Lewis Richards.

STATE SENATORS SAVE MORAL VIPER

And so, dear children, they let her back in, and the Two Great State Senators sheathed their knives...

GRAND OLD MAN OF DRAMA STRICKEN

accustomed act! Why he's nothing but a stuffed shirt. He walks around with his hands sticking out from his sides like a windmill...

THE ECZEMA

M.S.C.

A Tragic, but undoubtedly damaging bird's eye view of the low, lower, and lowest members of this dear old Alma Mater...

PI DELTA EPSILON NATIONAL JOURNALISTIC FRATERNITY

If we don't mention your name, or if we do mention it, register your complaint by calling 7630 and ask for Norm.

Entered in an ash can behind the post-office this morning as pretty low matter.

THE ONES TO SHOOT AT

Table listing names and nicknames: Chief Fool-Mind (Jack), Not Quite So Fool (Geo.), End Enough (Tim), Hangin' Right in There (Red), He'll Do Too (Mike), Biggest Chinsler (Steve), Assistant Ad Teaser (Art), A Little Forty-niner (Phil), 'Nother Gold-Digger (Vic).

HOW MANY FINGERS HAVE WE GOT UP?

In the past it has been the custom for Pi Delta Epsilon initiates, who edit this filthy sheet under threat of exclusion from its dusty precincts...

This is intended to get under your skins, and don't think we don't hope it will. If you aren't mentioned you aren't worth it.

In the future remember, even the lowest worm will turn; we, as some of the lowest worms, have done turned.

May your heads get smaller after reading this sheet. May you remember to speak to us common people on the street...

POLITICS

Or the Only Way Out of a Dirty Mess

Prex: Let's gather round and choose a name To christen that new women's hall; Twirl grace with evanescent fame The one to which it will befall.

McCull: I know the one who should be classed As chief of our abominable horde; We'll call it Butterfield and cast A vote for church and mission board.

McPherson: I'd call it Buick if I thought My business would benefit; Or maybe through the deeds I've wrought My name would lend more charm to it.

Watkins: I've run this board for weary years And still the college fails to buy My park; now my fate appears About to sock me in the eye.

Brod: If I may dare I should suggest The name you may denote the best Will merit my assenting vote; My plans make no discordant note.

Berry: I'm now around this hallwork, So if you'll choose with care and pride, I'll go along, help turn the crank And back the one that you decide.

Dora: I've served my country, state, and grade; I've authored every single plan That looked as if it might arrange To keep my name out in the van; I do not feel I could refuse The honor if my name you'd choose.

Mahoney: 'Tis very hard to choose between Goshawk, Brasher, Shekman, Green; Add Sam Gray's Deano, and Rogers too, And Miss Wilson, they're sure When my name out of limbo runs; I can't tell where the line lies ends; I'd vote for all the present board; To its new members I'd accord The same respect I'd give the rest; For all my name you'd give me best.

Prex: Now that we've got us agreed Add need to further spread dodge, We can announce it is agreed The new name's done is given ledge.

PUT ON PANTS

Gallant Swallow Pride and Rush Appeal to Modest Sisters.

Notice was issued late Friday by controlling bodies that members of the Alpha Phi Omega sorority must wear pants. As a result urgent requests were sent to several prominent fraternities...

Viewing the matter from the college, not the individual, standpoint, Ellen Larsen, president of the Pan-Hellenic council, after calling a special session of the incongruous array...

Doc Finnee, Cliff Deer, Jerry Tiesner, Steve Roganini, and Jerry Brown were among the first arrivals coming to the fair grounds...

Thanks to the heroic efforts of these boys, the abandoned Chi-sun found themselves attired with pants which should be presentable in any company.

After passing inspection by the committee in charge the entire group with the exception of Marie Tuffie, was permitted to make the trip, being declared representatives of their group.

At the convention their apparent modesty won them the highest awards for a desirable group of young womenhood with many compliments from the national chapter.

KOBMEN NOT SO GOOD AS HOSERS

Thumbing its nose at the Nipponese hero, "Pansass" said Goseemik "Caddy—my maahle nibblek. I'm going to kill a snake." Bernard, the water boy, solemnly handed him a cane rattle...

FACULTY FOGIES GAMBOL ON GREEN

With an avid look in his eyes, pointed "where she" and in the midst of merrily registering the party called forth to Finnee.

The vast of spreading the blankets in unvarnished spots had been left to that master of expediency, that smiling old Leathwaite, John Caswell, and who-must-choose-his-bits-from-his-supply-of-cards-for-the-entertainment-of-his-fair-lady, Norm Kiesel, and drinking wild goose milk, he had his hands full.

There's a certain red-head over at the A. O. A. house that the women all call for.

Who have any hidden reasons why the Chi-sun work at Schraun? Now we ask you.

PARADE PLANS

lying behind the Cavalry stables in such a state of insubordination that he had to be taken to his home to be revived with black coffee and tomato juice.

A committee of faculty members at once took up the matter as soon as this information reached them. The committee closely questioned the captain concerning his personal conduct...

It seems that the officer had obtained his contraband refreshments from the well-supplied Hesperian canteen which caddy Corcoran replenishes frequently by making hurried trips to Detroit.

There seems to have been a gentlemen's agreement between the captain and the captain to the effect that the latter should advance the interests of all Hesperians in his division in return for being made an honorary member of this society and receiving a weekly supply of stimulating beverages.

It so happened that during the week of the ill-fated parade Killian had been unusually successful in pushing the Hesperian students into the mounted troop, sergeant's posts and other attractive and coveted positions.

He was promptly rewarded as per agreement and having no place to store his booty he drank it. The excessive imbibition resulted and the parade was postponed.

COLLEGE CANDY KITCHEN. Jan Elizabeth and Peggy Jones. Fancy Candies. Handwritten and Fountain Service.

CANOE PAINT, PINE GUM, GRASS STAINS, PARTY WRINKLES, SOILED HANDKERCHIEFS, GREASE SPOTS. All vanish by our magic treatment. Our motto is, "Let Hygonen Be Hygonen."

Twitchell's

DAILEY IS HERO TO SOME DUBS

(Continued from page 1) wants to "apologize for the way I've been neglecting my classmates," but hopes to take care of things on or about May 20th.

All in all, Cat seems to be one of the big runs out there in Michigan State College, and is now in his Junior year in the Liberal Arts course.

Dailey approached the Ezema editor with tears in his eyes and begged that this testimonial be printed. Before doing so a reporter was detailed to ascertain the truth of the insipid yarn.

The reporter sought out his "Sweetest little girl" and finally found her in the Alpha Gamma Delta house, slaving her "little tootsie woolies to the bone so that Kitten could wear Kollege Kase Klothes from Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Dailey readily admitted that he was one of the "big guns" at State, and the reporter rushed right off to acquaint student politicians with his presence.

His class honored him with the treasurer's job, (it takes guts to brag about a thing like that). It was also learned that he was third assistant from manager to the frosh scrub baseball nine.

Why not send our Kitten a bag of fan mail fellows? Oh, jody, jody, why not send little pussy a hair ribbon, fellows? Why not send Kitten a brassiere, fellows? You-hoo, let's get down to the Y. W. C. A. and play tick-tack-toe, fellows. Now don't push, fellows.

Did you ever notice the way regular army officers stand at rest? Is that spread leg as the result of seeing too many horses behind the barn?

Izzy Panlson wears orchid pants and blue brassiere (pardon, just one). How do we know? Well, we helped go to the co-ed prom.

DEAR BOTT LA VINK: I want to find A beautiful creation That I may offer to a friend In happy celebration A few weeks hence (if all goes well) Of that friend's graduation.

My Dear Enquirer: Here's a gift For women or men— It has appeal for everyone— A Lifetime Parker Pen For friendship's chain you thus may forge a link.

Yours, BOTT LA VINK.



INK POT. DEAR BOTT LA VINK: I want to find A beautiful creation That I may offer to a friend In happy celebration A few weeks hence (if all goes well) Of that friend's graduation.

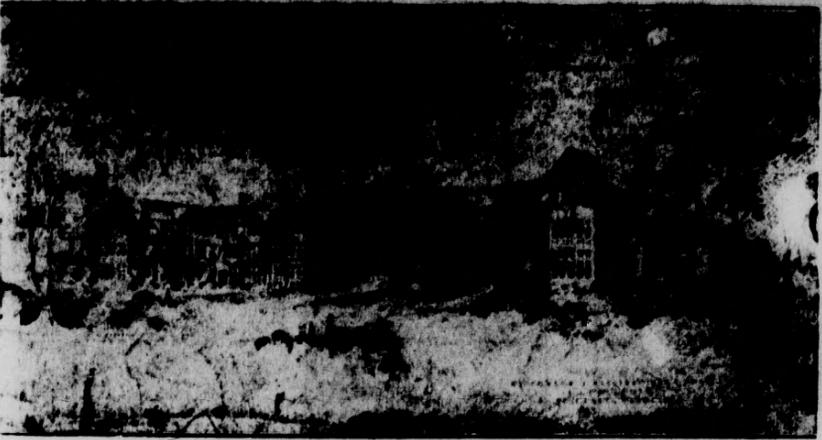
College Drug Co. If the lead is all out of your pencil, After working on something essential, Come in the next day, be sure and not delay. If our drugs do not help you, Our confections and school supplies may.

At Least Work Your Way Thru College Buy a Book State College Book Store

Box's Bunkers are the Best in Town THIS IS NO BULL After you have tried the others - try ours Sleep Any Place but HERE AT HERE

# Are You in Trouble? -- See Our Fanny

Change Name To "Dew Drop Inn," But Don't Fall Through



**Dear Fanny:**  
I am a famous East Lansing high school football star, although I got too good to play that rough game my last two years, and have never had much to do with girls of the weaker sex, figuring that I can't lose, and that hurts my football nature. Recently I have become convinced of a low-brung and-blowie at the Coop, and since that time I have slipped terribly. One week I spent as much as seventy-five cents on her. I don't think I could be happy with her since she is a hell of a tennis player. Is she worth all the money she cost me?  
**Little Robert Spindler.**

**Dear Robert:**  
How do I know whether she's worth it? What do you get out of her? Did you ever try to kiss her good night? If she's probably worth at least a dime a week. Seventy-five cents is a lot of money to spend on one of them Coop birds. My advice is give her up and get out a K. D., they'll come for nothing.  
**Fanny.**

**Dear Fanny:**  
I'm going with a little Alpha Phi girl, after trying practically every babe in the campus. She's terribly dumb, but she's probably worth at least a dime a week. Seventy-five cents is a lot of money to spend on one of them Coop birds. My advice is give her up and get out a K. D., they'll come for nothing.  
**Junior Tate.**

**Dear Fanny:**  
As far as this Jane being dumb is concerned, she's just the type for you. You would take an awfully dumb one to appreciate your brand of intelligence. Probably that's why Ann kicked you. Still a full belly to a man of your intelligence must mean a lot. Why don't you try going with both of them--give done that before, haven't you?  
**Fanny.**

**Dear Fanny:**  
I've got a sister that's an Alpha Phi. She gets me dates with all the girls. I don't like her well. But none of them will ever go a second time. I'm red-headed, good to look at, and a charming company. What is the matter? What can I do to get my dates?  
**Howard Come.**

**Dear Howard:**  
I wish I were you I'd join the Alpha Phi's.  
**Fanny.**

**Dear Fanny:**  
I started working the fraternity houses when I was ten years old, and now there seems to be other broads stealing my racket. My dad found me out to Webberville so I could get some new material, but country boys are even slower than the Trimeiras, next to whom I live now, and God knows, they are bad enough. I know more about the inside of the Tic house than the ties themselves. I've Browned Dot Troth till she let me in some Theta Alpha Phi plays, will that help?  
**Irma Caswell.**

**Dear Irma:**  
My heart goes out to you. Think of having rated at the Tic house once, and now coming down to the level of a Trimeira. You sure have slipped. However, if social climbing is to be your career, you're in the hands of a master. Dot Troth can chisel you in decent society if anyone can.  
**Fanny.**

**Dear Fanny:**  
We are de members of Alva society, and we can't seem to make pippul, zee dat ve're az rook az dev is. Dat fanned Indevaderendy consil von's led us blax bishal vit de read of yonse yellows. Ve can't get any dades either cuz de rain'd no Jewissh gods or dis sampos. Vat vill ve done about id?  
**Alpha Society.**

**Dear Alphasites, Memtites, Shanaites, and Skinitites:**  
You're indeed a sad case. You are indeed outcasts, but then it's your own fault. Why didn't you stay like you were, instead of raising all this hell? You can't get into heaven by kicking Saint Peter in the seat of the pants. But this matter of no dates, is serious. I would suggest you import a bunch of your own country women and start a sorority and call it Beta, but that would be an awful trick to play on Panhellenic. They are having enough trouble keeping the Spartan Women's League from making them look like a bunch of tomatoes. Please lay off them for a while yet. There's an idea--why don't you join the Spartan Woman's League, and be with the rest of the blacksheep?  
**Fanny.**

**Dear Fanny:**  
When I was a sophomore I picked up a bowlegged Swede at a Peoples' church Freshman week mixer and rapidly lost my heart to her. Since then I have done every little thing I

could to make her mine, even acting as rushing captain for her house every fall. It happens that I have great big red ears, and I've often noticed her watching them as if fascinated, so much so that she never says anything more. I went down to her home last summer and for some strange reason didn't go over so hot with her old man. In fact they forbade her to see me any more. Are my ears the cause of all this trouble?  
**Bud (Buff) Smith.**

**Dear Bud:**  
Yours is indeed a strange case. Undoubtedly your ears have much to do with it all. Why don't you turn the tables on her and stare at her legs, if it isn't too painful. Maybe she'll get sore at you and quit you. Then your troubles would be over.  
**Fanny.**

**Dear Fanny:**  
One time in Speech class I got up to make a speech and somehow my skirt had gotten caught in my armpit and exposed most of my bare leg. Now my legs aren't really big, but they're rather large and it created quite a sensation. Right after that Blosser quit me and I have a dickens of a time getting dates since then. What is the matter?  
**Katy Grosvenor.**

**Dear Katy:**  
You think trouble is that you now lack that element of mystery that intrigues the boys. They all want to find out for themselves what a girl's legs look like, and when you get right up in class and show them, you ruin your own chances. You can comfort yourself by realizing that they would all have quit you anyway as soon as they had once seen your leg--so don't fret.  
**Fanny.**

**Dear Fanny:**  
I used to be able to sell more hum-buckets than any other Beta Kappa Pi on this campus, but this fall I fell for a little Lansing dame, and have had to reform. Now my trouble is that every time I take her into some cheap joint (that's the only place I feel at home) I see some fat blonde with gold teeth that rushes up to me and makes a hell of a fuss over me, and wants to know why I don't come down and see her any more. I've told my to that I am pure think God I'm pure and she is beginning to doubt me. What to do?  
**Al O'Donnell.**

**Dear Al:**  
My advice is to play with both of them--that is, for awhile. If you pay a few visits to these old-bags, when your girl isn't looking, they'll soon get sick of you and lay off bothering you, then everything will be hunky-dory.  
**Fanny.**

**Dear Fanny:**  
I am the most sought after girl on this campus. The way the men run after me is something terrible, and I really don't want them to, really. I don't please believe me. It's terrible to be cursed with such devastating and virtual beauty. Of course I am a Kappa Kappa, and that explains part of it, because all Kappas are sought after by the men that really count, but I am worse afflicted than any other.  
**Madonna Steensma.**

**Dear Madonna:**  
I can see you really have a virginal mind--one that never gave birth to an idea. The thing for you to do is to take three quarts of strychnine, cut your throat with a safety razor (you have one, haven't you?), blow your brains out with a handkerchief, and thus relieve both yourself and a long-suffering campus.  
**Fanny.**

**Dear Fanny:**  
I am a sweet little boy, one of the home sort, with beautiful curly hair and a lovely complexion. I work in the library and have wonderful fun with all the other girls there. There is one that is madly in love with me, and I would like to encourage her, but the fellows all kid me so I have to rebuke her. She really is quite forward, not quite madly, I don't know. What should I do to show her my affection without being subjected to rude jeers?  
**Bron Douglas Bennett.**

**Dear Bron Douglas:**  
My heart goes out to you, dear lad. I know how hard it is for a sensitive soul without experience in matters of sex and wooing to know just what to do. Are you sure she is quite the girl for one of your innocence and that she has no designs on the fellows all kid me so I have to rebuke her. She really is quite forward, not quite madly, I don't know. What should I do to show her my affection without being subjected to rude jeers?  
**Fanny.**

Believing that the previously selected title for the new co-ed dorm, Sylvan Lodge, lacked the color and advertising appeal that all road-side hot dog stands have, the State Board of Agriculture voted in secret session last night to change the name of the more common and euphonous "Dew-Drop Inn" (but don't fall through).  
They regard their choice as particularly appropriate to the nature of the structure, and still enables them to keep away from the embarrassing

result of honoring some famous person connected with state government or history (there have been so many of them, don'tcha know).  
Other titles considered were "The Wind-Blew Inn" (discarded because it might be construed as a crack at certain well-known politicians, Kum-On Inn (dropped because of the effect on faculty morals) and Virgins Rest (eliminated for seemingly no good reason at all).  
Contracts for barbecue and gas-and-

oil concessions were let to the McPherson Oil company of Howell, and the Board stated its intention to make the dormitory one of the most attractive spots along any state highway.  
Members of the board were jubilant at choosing such an attractive name, and considered it much better than Sylvan Lodge, which they admitted was terribly "dumb," and a whole lot better than any such high-hat names like Abbot Hall, or such like.

**HALL OF FAME**  
Eczema Humbly Nominates the Following great for Everlasting Honor:  
We recommend the following students and members of the faculty:  
Majel Horning: She has consistently kept all foreigners out of Sigma Kappa.  
Paul Younker: Because he leaped to political fame in the recent campaigning.  
Jim Haskins: For his gutless administration of The State News.  
William Pratt: His beauty contests are the source of his fame.  
Liz Hortense Conrad: Dean of women, she has caused more ill will than any other person we know.  
Anne Emmons: The only co-ed on the campus who is not catty.  
"Pop" Warner: He went to Traverse City on a cherry inspection tour and found a wife.  
Prof. Barnett: For creating that I'd-like-to-step-on-the-rat feeling among French students.  
Clark Chamberlain: For his speed the got it running around after fast women.  
Dr. Ward Gilmer: For the same, fifth, sixth, and had he has dished out to his students in the name of education.  
Marvin Horne: Because of his struggles to get Dean Conrad to permit the Union Opera chorus girls to appear in teddies.  
Leo Parman (the one of rifle team fame): Because he was found behind Old Hall so often with his gun in his hand.  
Josephine Haybarker: The outstanding home ec student of the year; she discovered how to prevent gut rumbling on dates, at parties, etc.  
Jean Blessing: For her lack of "it." Cornet Hampton broke a date for the Military Ball with her under the pretext of three broken fingers.  
Perry Sidney Mayne: The only human English instructor on the campus. His chest is as hairy as a bear rug.  
Douglas Carruthers: For his strict supervision of the all-college election.  
Prof. Dunford: Because he has afforded students so much amusement. They delight in changing his name to Dungleork.  
Lee Browning: Famous for the number of times he voted in the last election.  
Joseph Foley: Because he is the biggest grafter on the campus.  
Claude Streb: For his appreciation of the beautiful (beautiful women).  
Prof. Walpole: He was only a bit of "white trash" in the old home town, but he made good in the north.  
Harris Coslee: The only student in school who can flunk three subjects a term without being asked to leave.  
Dr. Austin: Because he does not smoke, chew, drink, swear, or play cards. In fact, he is the school's saint of virgin chastity.  
Mabel Peterson and Pearl Ferris: Because they brought all the feminine black sheep into the Spartan Women's League fold.  
Pedro Young: He carries weight in any field he chooses to enter.  
Ward Kelly: Because he is the campus Beau Brummel.  
Maurice Poncin: The only milk fed man on the campus.  
Bernard Stoney: For his close inspection of pink bloomers.  
How does Limpy Logan figure he can be president of Student Council and president of Sashwood and Sash at the same time? Good thing it didn't show no eligibility on this year campus shall?



One of life's most pertinent questions how to distinguish a psychology prof. from a student. Now don't say "By his actions."  
Russel Daubert claims he is an intimate friend of Johnny Weismuller's--just because he once lent him a pair of water wings.  
**Hey Gang!**  
This ad and we will entitle you to knock the balls around for a whole hour.  
We have lively cushions on our tables.  
**Washburn Smoke Shop**

Van Lopik and Beckwith, two up and being young State News chiselers, re their residences listed in the News ahead as "the campus." Under a we suppose. Or if like most dogs der a tree they should work on the set" instead of the News.

**PROF. ADVANCES ECONOMIC PLAN**  
Well-known Economist Begs Brain Child Which Will Restore Prosperity.

After much research (in most of the toilets on the campus) Professor Wengarden, has discovered a sure-fire solution to the present depression that has the United States in its grip--it was announced late yesterday.  
In commenting on the present condition the professor stated: "What this country needs today more than a repeal of the Volstead Act is new in-

dustries which will utilize her resources and put the idle men and machinery back to work. I have, I think, a plan which will completely revolutionize modern industry and put it on a paying basis once more."  
Outstanding among the innovations of the new scheme for cleaning up the mess is the basic idea around which the rest of the structure will be erected. This idea is entirely new, but economically sound according to the professor. The key idea is that of printing comic cartoons, jokes, and short stories on toilet tissue.

The advantage of this plan is twofold. They would not only add to the comfort and edification of the users of toilet tissue during moments that were previously lost, but these cartoons, jokes and stories would lead the consumers to read off yards and yards of the paper. Here is where the plan has its greatest commercial value. The consumption of this universal necessity would be increased far beyond the audacity of modern paper mills to supply the demand. This demand would, almost immediately in that the paper mills would have to begin immediate expansion to fill the volume of orders. This would call for more lumberjacks in the north woods at once. The increased supply of pulp wood demand would call for an expansion of transportation facilities, and the wholesale and retail marketing of the finished product would also employ many more men and women.  
Not only would the paper industry receive a great stimulus but other industries would also be benefited. As a result of his survey, the professor discovered that many of the warehouses were rather shady places, electric lights would have to be installed before the patrons could reap the maximum benefits of the innovation. This would materially aid electrical manufacturing corporations, thus putting more men back to work.  
If the plan were to be successfully carried out, commercial artists, joke-smiths, and cartoonists would be at a premium. It would take men of skill, imagination and wit to produce the type of copy to interest the various classes of readers. There would have to be animal pictures, especially monkeys, for the children, household hints for the wife, styles for the stenographers, breezy stories for the young men and rather passionate pictures for the old men. The Braille system could also be employed in producing the issue for the class of customers who have been deprived of their vision.  
This new product would also be of benefit to the taxpayers in that the country could levy a luxury tax on this product such as is paid by the playing card companies thus reducing the burden of the citizens. The professor also called attention to the fact that each man employed in this or associated industries would also be a potential consumer of the product which would guarantee the financial stability of the industry.  
A Chicago novelty firm has already agreed to furnish musical tissue rollers which will greatly add to the comfort of those who will indulge in the new form of diversion.  
With men back to work, business back to normal, taxes reduced, former idle moments converted into periods of genuine enjoyment, and the general standard of living improved, the professor thinks that economic situation is bound to clear up.

**CAMPUS BOSSES HATCH UP PLOT**  
Grossome Plan to Screw State Out of Public Funds Revealed.

One of the most nefarious and most atrocious plans ever conceived by man was brought to light this morning by an enterprising Eczeema reporter involving several prominent professors and deans of Michigan State College. This coterie of supposedly meek and mild college faculty members had conspired to swindle the college funds with such smooth, satanic, slick, and fiendish plans that even Captain Hicks would be without a solution.  
Last night one of those quiet secretive made faculty meetings was called and as the Eczeema's policy is to print all the news "right here" a reporter was planted behind a screen in the Faculty club rooms on the third floor in the Union building. The base and sinister doings of the meetings are herein recorded from the reporter's hastily written shorthand.  
Old man Emmons, famous for his classifications plans, called the scene-gracers and parents to order. "Gentlemen we are gathered here this evening for an important and auspicious proposition. Oh hell, here's the dope. Youse guys gotta crash through and sell the board members the idea of buying these silver nickle plated buttons for 100 smackers each. If we can place one of these cuspidors in each room of these buildings on the campus, that'll mean a split of about 350 letters apiece. Alright, I'm now open for suggestions."  
Joe Caswell, noted for his skillful political boss control of Webberville, addresses the "sheep in wolves clothing" as follows: "I'll fix the contract so it's fool proof, not even a court could deny its legality."  
Johnston, the boy who made Browning famous on this campus, uttered in the soprano voice of his boys, I've got the sweetest nude Greek myth we can inscribe on the side of the silver plated spittoon. That will get the attention if anything will."  
Dirks, the big shot at the Old hole, says, "I'll engineer the supplying of the spit catchers. I'll see that they have strong bottoms."  
Austin, another one of those yessing men for a deanship, "All I've got to say is that if this deal goes over big, I can assure you of future sales in these dinky one-horse high schools throughout the state."  
Hughes, the prof. who gives D's with a smile, lets out the wisecracks, "Well, me hearties, I can give you a dirty remark in French to accompany Willie's nude myth."  
Haber, the guy what hires and fires them, whispers, "Listen youse Unions, I'll handle the help that cleans the cuspidors, and I guarantee no strikes or walkouts."  
Wyngarden, the theorist what wouldn't have economic depressions if he was running the country, thunders, "I'll give you business cycles until we get the right one. Why this is a chance of a lifetime to put the country back on its feet. The demand for silver cuspidors will put thousands of men to work. Boys, we are the salvation of the country--why we can--"

**Get Resouled AT Barrat's Shoe Shop**

**FOR REAL LAUGHS try the ECZEMA**  
For Real Eats try the Green & White Cafe  
Upstairs Over the Postoffice

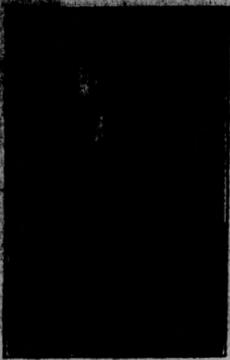
**DOLL UP**  
For That Heavy Date  
Complete Beauty Shop Good Barbers  
**M. S. C. Barber Shop**

**Believe It Or Not We Make Rotten Pictures**  
Try Us And See  
**CameraShop**

**A big fluffy bun Stuffed full of Meat Makes the finest sandwich You will ever eat**  
--THE--  
**Hamburg Shop**  
319 EAST GRAND RIVER AVE.

**STATE**  
Have You Tried Our Balcony? Tonight You'll Know Why  
**SIXTY**  
**CAN'T BE WRONG**  
**TOMORROW NIGHT ONLY**

# WE NOMINATE FOR OBLIVION



**MARTHA PARLEY:** Because she has spent her college career perfecting that oily, hypocritical air of a dean of women, and ought to get a job in some good mid-west educational institution; because she is the ace of stool pigeons around here; because she has kept the independent James down for four years, and now sticks her finger in the Spartan Women's League pie whenever things get too tough for the poor sorority girls.



**JOHN TATE:** Because he is the most blatant of the pseudo-intelligents on the campus; because he has to change babes at least once every three weeks (there must be a reason for this, too); because he sent his name into College Humor as being one of the outstanding students on the campus, and then tried the impossible (acting modest) when some of the boys caught him with his britches in a lowered position and tried to lie out of it by saying that he "couldn't imagine who could have done a dirty trick like that anyway"; because he succeeded to Haskins' position as Fricburn's room-mate.



**BILL (HOLY JOE) PRATT:** Because of the nefarious scheme called a beauty contest which he sponsored for the Wolverine in which co-eds would be chased on a par with the worst of Lansing's wenches, and all to no avail since the winner, his own little Helen, was picked before the thing started; because he earns ten bucks each Sabbath throwing a sermon at simple Perry parishioners; because he traded Excaliburship through Joe Porter to Mono for Wolverine editorship; and finally because he used up the debating team's expense money to buy Chicago roigt during spring vacation.



**DOUGLAS CARRUTHERS:** Because the one opportunity he had as president of the Student Council, to demonstrate his ability as the chosen leader of the Student Body, during the Bolshevik day last fall, he was soundly sleeping in his little bed in the Phi Tau house; because he is an engineer out of his element; and because he, a noble Phi Tau, lowers his status to the Tic level by going with an Alpha Phi, thus justly earning the title "Rose Petals."



**FRANK COSOVER:** Because he tries SO hard to live up to the old Phi Delta tradition left by McGinnis, and yet can't seem to do things anyway but crudely; because he's gone out for every activity on the campus long enough to get his name in the paper, and then quit before the work begins; because he got gyped by an Alpha Phi and was beaten in love by a Tic (no greater shame can any man); because he played politics with the Hespies and then got screwed by them in the Student Council presidency.



**DOROTHY TROTH:** Because she's got more brass and is the biggest social climber on the campus, and still she can't rate anything but one blind date a term; because she has chiseled all her friends into Theta Alpha Phi, and let those that don't Brown her stay out in the cold; because she picks all the casts for college plays from her select group of Browners, and is thereby responsible for the disgusting decline of drama on this campus; because she can't understand why it is that since dear Paulie left, she can't seem to worm herself into decent society. Poor old Paulie, what a burden he has!



**JANE HEWITT:** Because she is without a peer among the campus high hats; because she had everyone believing her to be a sweet young thing whose motto was "Lips that touch liquor never shall touch mine"; and the great pilgrimage to Georgetown when her true self was revealed, oh, yes, she kept pace with the fastest, and was it bridge she played in the football star's hotel room that night?



**MARGARET PATTERSON:** Because she has degenerated from the pinnacle of social achievement, the queen of the 29 J-Hop, to obvious obscurity; because she and Palmolive-face Steensma are the only Themians on the campus; because she keeps the Kappa home fires burning on week-end nights; and because she is one of the few existing "greybeard" co-eds.



**ROGER GROVE:** Because he is proud to call Rudy Valee his fraternity brother; because he managed to make two hundred on the Varsity party at the expense of the other members; because he and the other three apartment bounds can only afford to keep two in addition to the cook; because as a star athlete he is probably the worst toastmaster ever to serve his fellow mates.



**MARUE HORNE:** Because he is one of the campus loudmouths; because all the girls in the Union opera think he's just the "funnest" thing (which gives you some idea of their intelligence); because he is entranced to a sweet young thing back in Detroit but isn't above dating anything that's loose around here; because he is such a tight buddy of Lizzie Conrad's; because the good lord only made one of him (thank God).



**J. SAMUEL HASKINS:** Because, as managing editor of The State News, became one of the most famous "yes" men on this campus, allowing his associate to carry on all the duties of editorship; while he (Haskins) drew his salary; because he is one of the most avid of the Hermians; because he never had a date with the same girl twice (there must be a reason) and finally because of his activities before, during, and after the Bolshevik day last fall.



**DEE PINNEO - FORWARD**

**DEE PINNEO:** Because he bears more fake titles such as "Navy," "Half-Pint," "Asyrian Banana Pedler," "Chicken" than any other athlete; because he browns the coaches through his position as office boy; in the gym; because he is a Sigma Nuts from North-western, believing himself p.d.g. (pretty damn good); and because he has gone with the Alpha Chi, Jean Butler, for over a year and still retains his pin.



**MARIAN HAWLEY:** Because during her freshman year she was THE freshman "find" of the campus, and now accepts dates (and is damn glad to) with Hermians, including the once great Haskins; because she was one of last year's beauty queens (so called), although possessing the physiog of one of the inhabitants of the new dairy barn; because she is a Sesame out of place in the K. D. house; and finally because she garnered a minor lead in the Union opera by covering the managers through her wily charms (?).

**HURD'S**  
LANSING AND EAST LANSING  
YOU CAN'T LEAVE DISSATISFIED

Cleaners' Naptha  
at  
**WASH O'BRIEN'S**  
DIXIE SERVICE  
Corner Michigan and Harrison

Stockings  
Stockings  
Stockings  
Stockings  
**DeCamp's**  
EAST LANSING  
MICHIGAN

**MARUE HORNE SHOWS OPERA CHORUS HOW**

**THE OLD COCK AND PART OF HIS BROOD**      **NATIONAL PRESIDENT**  
**SUSPECTS KAPPA KAPPAS**

What did that squaw man, DeCamp, do at the foresters' camp last summer? No, he—ask the foresters.  
The delicate art of chain playing. Or is that a wacky crack at our own well advertised music department?  
In a National meet, make one and when not wanting to make up balance at Sport's Fashion Shoppe.  
One of life's little ironies. John Daubert, that flowing haired artist went to Iowa's Apeed ag school to study  
Jerry Brown is one of the most accomplished musicians in East Lansing. Christmas wenchies he does tonight.  
Another busy day. What kind of day was today? (Should have been a day of quiet reflection.)

The  
**Campus Press**  
(Incorporated)  
**PRINTERS TO STUDENTS**  
of  
**MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE**

**Necking Is O. K.**  
BUT  
NOT WHILE DRIVING  
**You May Have a Flat Tire**  
Bring Her in--We'll  
Fix Her Up  
FULL LINE OF NEW TUBES  
Brake Service      Wheel Alignment  
Lubrication      Tire Rotation  
General Repairing      Windshield Repairing  
**College Garage**  
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MICHIGAN AT HARRISON