

ZIMMERMAN FIRED ON BY BLANKHEAD

WAS TAKEN FOR BEAR

"It's a grizzly," screamed a panic-stricken co-ed, as she and her friends began to run.

"Shoot, shoot, shoot!" nervous boys shouted to Judge Blankhead from their perches in nearby trees.

It was 8 o'clock on the sunshiny morning of April 1, and a huge, hairy, ferocious looking bear strolled towards Davis college.

Judge Blankhead fired repeatedly at the bear's tail light but without effect. The bear hurried after a fair co-ed more rapidly than ever, and Blankhead went into hysterics.

"Huzzah! Huzzah! Robin Hood and his merry men!" With these appropriate words, Harry Hamlet and Roy Prince, local archers, leaped in sight, bent their bows and shot arrow after arrow into the furry beast.

He fell dead at the maiden's feet. The day was saved, and the girls too. Hamlet was made Sheriff of Nottingham by Dean L. T. Baker, while Prince was hung on the gibbet for shooting dears.

At an inquest yesterday afternoon, it was learned that the bear answered to the name of Zimmerman, and was only half-wild. Funeral services will be held to the strains of "Who Killed Cock Robin."

—U.S.C.—

WOMEN SINGERS ARE BAD FLOP

(Continued from Page 2)

Frances Monteith tried very boldly to give an imitation of a Spanish song, but the act was what we famous critics call a Fiasco. Get the word, we had to look it up too, and if she hadn't flavored it toward the last with a little "fiddling" I think the audience would have actually walked out en masse (we know our Latin perfect) and we couldn't help from detecting that her darn fiddle needed tuning badly. I think she would have made quite a hit if she had disregarded the instruction of Mrs. Dulie Hansen, and suddenly struck up "Turkey In The Straw" or "Gray Eagle." Miss Monteith's number was applauded uproariously.

The next number was a piano solo by Miss Onolee Ebaugh and for a while we thought it was somebody tuning the "pianner" until the curtain revealed the struggling female Paderewski. We, as well as the whole audience, were glad that the composer of this piece made it a short one, for if it had lasted another five minutes we would have been ready for the bug house. But Miss Ebaugh shows slight traces of some musical ability and if she practices forty or fifty years longer we don't see why she shouldn't get so she could play such difficult pieces as "Red Hot Mamma" and "Tight Like That."

Miss Elizabeth Carson's rendition of the "Egyptian Song" seemed to please the listeners to a higher degree than the other numbers, and we will have to say right here that she "warnt so bad to look at all diked up in them gypsy fixin's and trappin's." She was the spit image of a young gypsy gal that came through our town once along with some others, and cousin Will nearly took up with her while they stayed, but she got all the money that his heaviest bale of cotton brought and then skipped on to the next town with her tribe.

Miss Louise McIntosh's "Chinese Love Song" was veelec muchee good. The costume that she wore and the paint sure did make her look like a real Chink girl. It seemed strange to us though, to see a McIntosh singing a Chinese song.

In the "Indian Song," Miss Louise Long deserved a couple more wahoos from the audience than she got. Her make-up alone deserved this. She looked just like old Rain-in-The-Face himself or Big Chief Sitting-Bull. And the way she had the old map painted up gave us an idea as to what color to paint our new garage. Those pretty feathers in her Indian hat sure didn't come out of no "dominecker hen," they were too white for that. We enjoyed her war-whoops fair to middling.

The gay girls presented in part two what we moderns call "hot stuff." The first thing in this act was a jumping, twisting and galloping chorus, dressed in colorful overalls that made them look very wicked to some of the older members of the audience, we heard them say so. We got the laugh of the season when Annie Laurie Mitchell's shoulder strap broke and she was in such a way twisting and pirouetting across the stage, we thought we were going to be embarrassed by the falling of the other strap, but she finally retreated behind the scenes to adjust her apparel.

The evenings suffering terminated with the singing of an old negro spiritual and Miss Virginia Whipple's voice towering way above the rest reminded us of the way Aunt Mandy use to hum while she labored over the wash-tub. It is hoped that something can be done to prevent the recurrence of such a program next year and a petition is being circulated to get the students body's approval.

BARN DANCE FEATURES ALUMNI MEET



Alumni meeting of Clemson men, held on Si Parsnips farm. They are seen singing the Alma Mater to the tune of "Pass Around the Bottle." Johnny Justus is in foreground, covering something with his hat.

MURCHISON LODGED IN COUNTY JAIL

TAKEN WITH MISS SANER

Dr. Douglas was called from his all-day doze last Tuesday to come to court and furnish bail for Dr. Murchison and Grace Saner, who were arrested the day before.

At the preliminary hearing Tuesday Dr. Murchison was charged with disturbing the peace and resisting arrest down at the station where the whale was on display. The reverend gentleman after being warned, persisted in looking down the whale's throat to see if he could discern Jonah. He also wanted to take his companion, Miss Saner, into the darkness of the whale to experience Jonah's feelings.

Dr. Murchison refused to make a statement except that the students in his Bible classes continually pelted him with questions concerning the Biblical account of Jonah's sojourn in the big fish.

Miss Saner claims to have ascertained the exact age of the whale by counting his teeth.

MACK INVOLVED IN BAD SCANDAL

Delta Chi Alpha May Take Charter From Local Chapter Because Of Misdemeanors

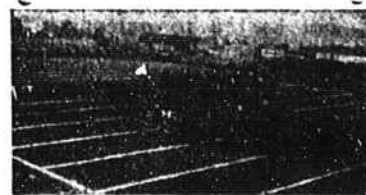
Alpha Chapter of Delta Chi Alpha, national religious service fraternity, has been placed on probation by the national fraternity authorities. The chapter has been accused of fostering improper standards of honor in the class rooms and of supporting the Y. M. C. A. in its campaign to erect a bar room in Flinn Hall.

Jack Hydrick, national secretary, arrived in Columbia yesterday to confer with members of the University chapter. J. J. Brown, local president, has been asked to resign by Mr. Hydrick, because of his supposed complicity in helping Kenneth Grimsley pass a quiz under Professor Mercer. Mr. Brown has refused to resign his office and declares that the Reverend J. J. Mack was the only member of the chapter who committed the crimes the group is accused of.

Mr. Brown also stated that Dr.



Hank Dorset, oldest Clemson alumni. He has been farming in the swamps of Berkeley county for 108 years, and never stumped his toe once.



Clemson reserves and hired henchmen rush into annual battle with Sawcowsaw College.

It is reported that Sarah Bernhardt Wilmot Jacobs has met with astounding success in the establishment of a kosher synagogue korus at Furman where he was a zealous and popular student.

—U.S.C.—

Mack has been asked to withdraw from membership and if he continues in his refusal, the necessary steps to force his withdrawal will be taken.

POISONOUS PEN TELLS SCANDAL

(Continued From Page 1)

party. The editor sat back thoughtfully, ate all the hash, and was reduced to nothing more than a cynical grin.

"I think kisses are sticky," said Pinerosin, the Kaiser's daughterling. A little library research revealed at least twenty negations of this sentiment. According to the Morse code, we are informed of the word "rationalization." We wonder, fair Rosin, we wonder—

"Service will always be rewarded," said Dr. Blabrooster to Half-nelson Gasket, whereupon the campus steeds were carefully watered in front of the canteen.

Have you ever heard Plute go tooty-root-toot?

On his clarinet? I bet That the girls get hot For this big hot-shot With his long tooty-rooty-root-toot.

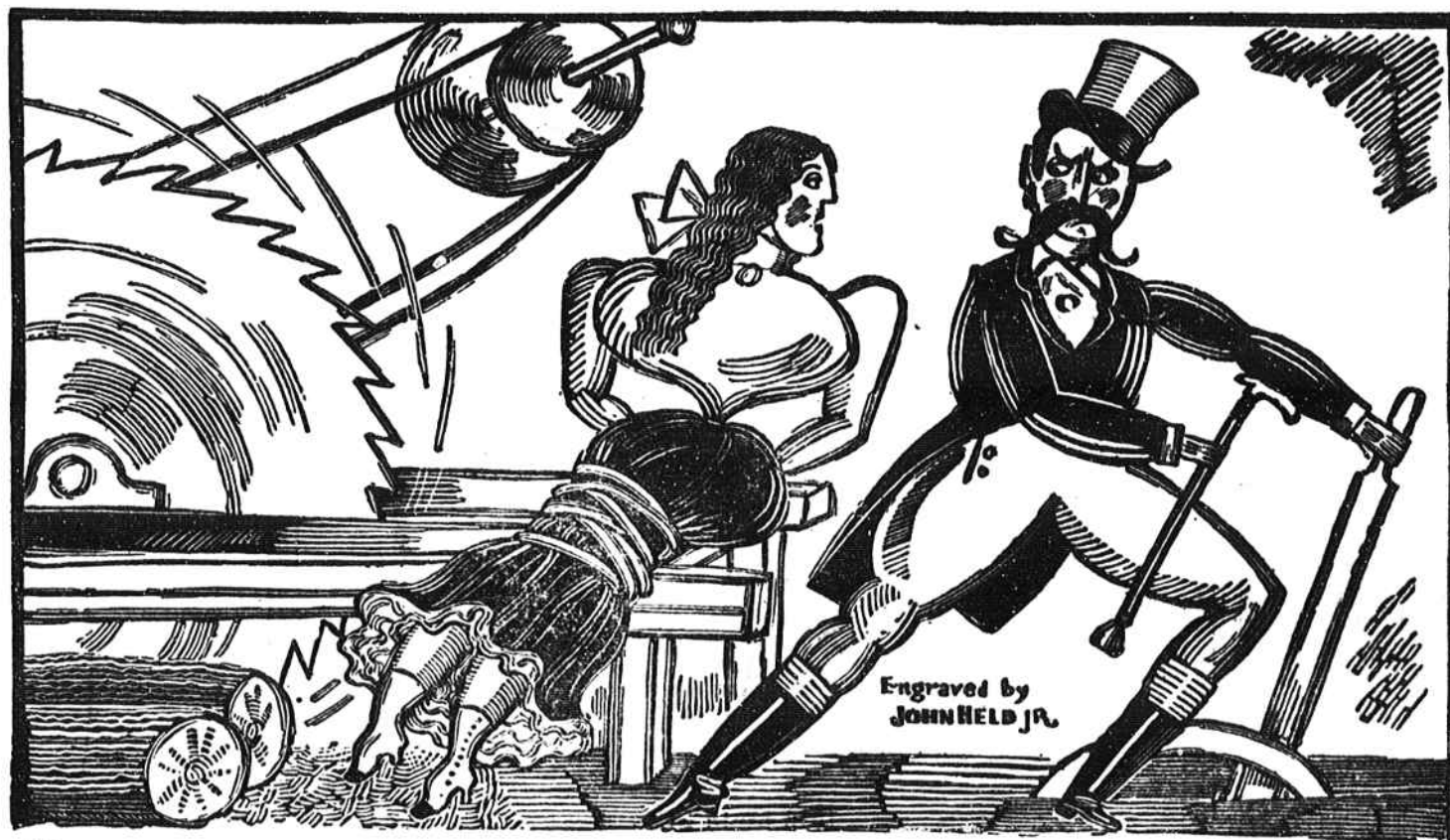
"P'shaw," exclaimed Nig gel. An assistant cheerleader jumped up and down, up and down, up and down, but his efforts did not help him rise.

A big fish of the environs is notorious for his milky preferences. He has been known to produce a quart of the mild beverage at a banquet and down it with provocative relish. Somebody get a pot. We'll have a big Bass stewed in milk.

If ever I see one young robot Wauchope the campus not looking like a hobot, I'll make esoteric moan on my obot, and write his name in Chauchope on the walls of Jerichot.

They put Bill Broughton in jail. For what? He got hot and jazzed the piano.

1. Death of Christ.
2. Death of Thomas Becket.
3. Death of Joan of Arc.
4. Death of Wilson.
5. Death of Taft.
6. Somebody Kilpatrick.



"SO, MY PROUD BEAUTY, YOU WOULD
REPULSE ME, EH?" barked DALTON

"I would indeed," said the fairest flower of the countryside. "And how!"

"What is there about me, gal, to bring this disfavor down upon my head?" he demanded.

"Your voice, sir," she answered him haughtily. "The man who wins my heart must smoke OLD GOLDS in kindness to his throat—and to his listeners."

OLD GOLD



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