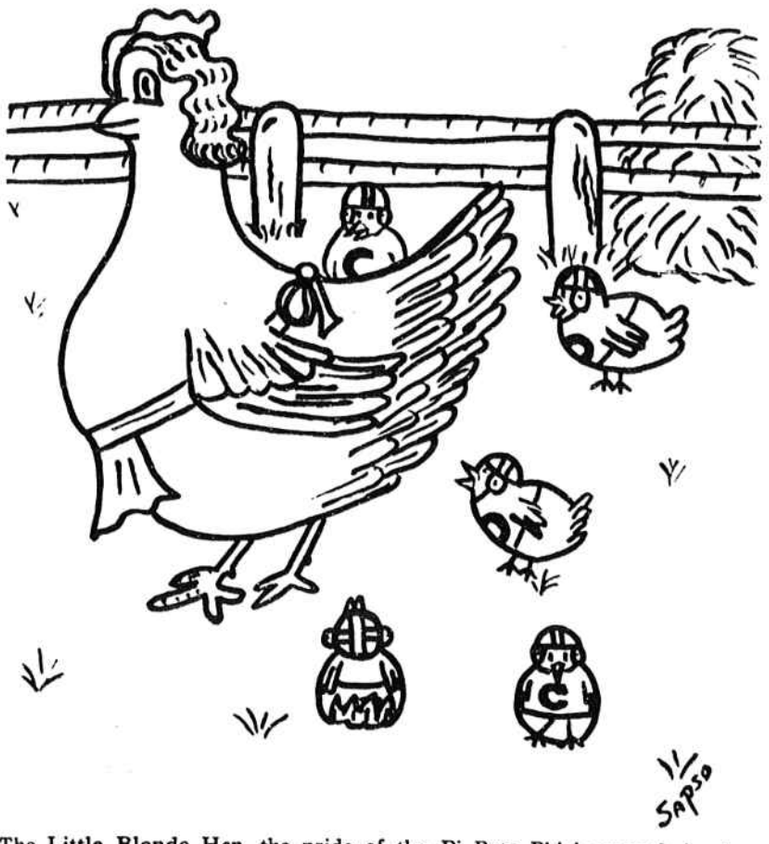
Vol XXXI, No. 20 April 1, 1938 The Gamecock

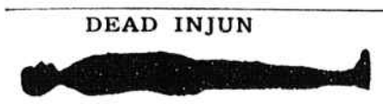
CONFEDERACY LOSES WAR

The Little Blonde Hen



The Little Blonde Hen, the pride of the Pi Beta Phi barnyard, is shown above mothering the latest hatch of Biddies to come from the Harth-Blatt incubator.

DEAD INJUN



DEAD INJUN

—U. S. C.—

SONG SNAGS SIMOLEONS

Werber Bryan, chairman of the committee in charge of raising funds for a pep song for Carolina, announced yesterday that the fund had been oversubscribed, and that dickerings will begin immediately with well known singwriters.

Originally set at $10.50, the goal was lowered to $5.95. This amount, Bryan said, has been oversubscribed, making the total collections $5.96.

Bryan hailed the campaign as an outstanding success, commenting that if the students of the University could give a pep song campaign that much support, they could do anything.

The movement to raise the funds was sponsored jointly by I. O. U., boys' society and by P. D. Q., girls' organization.

—U. S. C.—

MORE INJUNS

MORE INJUNS

Above is a picture of the newly adopted K. A. Pledge pin, which has recently appeared on the Carolina campus.

New K. A. Pin

Stephan Steals Stupid Students

His wax of superficiality melted by the third degree, Maurice Stephan, alias Moe Stevens of Hoboken, N. J., confessed today to G-men that he was the master mind behind the million dollar travel bureau extortion racket.

Sought by G-men for many months, the Hoboken desperado, with the phony French accent, was cornered in the dark depths of New York's chinatown where calling himself Stephan, he lured his "wanderlust victims."

It was also learned that Stephan was using a professorship at the University of South Carolina as a "front."

Breaking through the door with axes, the police found the den with long catacomb aisles, the air heavily prevaded with the odor of opium. From many berths came cries of "Ain't Paris grand." "Ah, Paris in the spring." "Look at the Notre Dame."

Off in a corner sitting on a high stool, drinking a bottle of sweet milk was William, Billy the Kid, Woods, chief henchman of the gang, who later revealed that he was a Spanish professor at the University of South Carolina. There in the secluded opium den Woods read verbatim from a Burton Holmes travel book while poppy-droused victims who had paid more than five hundred dollars to travel through Europe were being paid off in pipe dreams.

An arrogant detective questioned the snarling Stephan: "Why did you do it?"

"Qui, Qui, We figured the international complications in Europe might result in a nefarious culmination to our innerant group." Stephan retorted.

"Cut the comedy, Moe, we know you're from Hoboken."

Stephan's smile disappeared. "Aw nuts, you doped-dicks, you ain't got much on me—and I'm waitin' for me mouthpiece, you flat foot."

"I'll put you boys were you belong; you're gonna have a long stretch up the river—far from Hoboken."

"Gee," said Stephan crying, what'll me mudder tink?"

"Whose gonna play the Carnegie records?" asked Woods.

Both Stephan and Woods were being held at the Tombs. Hope rose as they looked through the bars and saw a streamlined maroon Auburn come to a halt and a wiry man step out, carrying a heavy briefcase.

The "mouthpiece" entered and shouted "Here I have the bail money!"

And the man of mystery exclaimed: "I'm Lawyer Frierson, and I have the money."

"Confederate money ain't no good," said the detective.

"Foiled again," shouted Stephan.

"Nuts," said Woods.

"Is the law!" yelled the mystery man, who reentered his super streamlined maroon Auburn and headed for Broadway.

—U. S. C.—

INJUNS

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Sweet Sheep Soothe Sleep

Announcement of a new statistical service by the University of South Carolina personnel bureau, under direction of W. C. McCall, was made early this week.

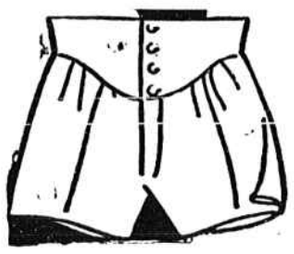
The new service has been made possible by the purchase of a new statistical machine which counts sheep for insomnia victims. It was announced that the machine would be available to students of the University at nominal coat per night.

SHEEP NO. 9999

Besides counting the sheep, the machine figures costs of shearing and carding the wool, cost of feeding the flocks, and probable margin of profit to expect from the wool-producing industry engaged in by insomnia victims.

Already the bureau has compiled valuable information through the use of the machine. Records obtained from its use have shown that there is a marked deficit in the production of black sheep. The records show that whereas 10 years age ago the average insomnia victim produced one black sheep out of 1,000 images, the number has dropped to 1 out of every 1,000. If this deficiency keeps up, the bureau intends to report to the Bureau of Animal Husbandry of the Department of Agriculture.

—U. S. C.—



Here we ran a little short of copy.

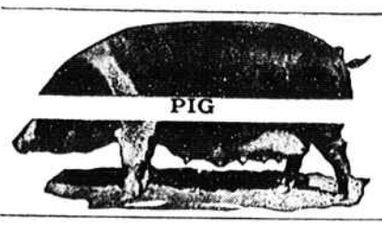
Plenty Points Punks Post

Omicron Delta Kackler, honorary office-seeking fraternity at the University held its regular tapping exercises at a recent meeting held for that purpose. Much tapping was engaged in and from all reports there was plenty on tap. Frank E. Jordan, chief tapper and grafter of the organization presided.

O. D. K. is one of the country's most distinguished societies. Only men who can take it are admitted. Each candidate must have amassed by fair or foul means at least one hundred points. The following point system is used:

1. Member of Blue Key: 2 points.
2. Member of S. A. E. (in good standing): 15 points.
3. Member of S. A. E. (no longer able to stand): 5 points.
4. Member of Hykal's Society: 50 points.
5. Kicking an instructor: 10 points.
6. Kicking a professor: 20 points.
7. Kicking a dean: 50 points.
8. Borrowing German Club money, and getting caught: 5 points.
9. Borrowing German Club money and not getting caught: 25 points.
10. Member of the Student Union poker team: 25 points.
11. Kissing a Chi Omega: 10 points.
12. Kissing a A. D. Pi: 25 points.
13. Kissing a Tri Delta: minus 25 points.
14. Kissing Mrs. Hawkins: 250 points.
15. Striking one of the Chase Campus Cops: 20 points.
16. Pulling a "Hummel Harley" after dark: 20 points.
17. Pulling a "Hummel Harley in broad day-light: 100 points.

—U. S. C.—



Johnston Calls Out Militia

Flash!

The Inkybaiter crystal gazer conjured up this picture of the political machine a month from now. Having lost their pants in the elections, Bimbo Howe, Maxcey Harrelson, Stokes Davis, and J. Bubba Ness (l. to r. above) are shown wearing sackcloth and ashes.

Zhemale Zhows Ztoker Zenith

Last week in Professor Stoker's astronomy class, Miss Frances Bart was stricken with paralysis of her right arm.

As is the custom of Professor Stoker, he made Miss Bart point to her zenith. Forgetting about the young lady, he went on and lectured to his class. The beautiful but dumb co-ed did not have enough sense to sit down, but stood up with her hand still pointing to her zenith.

Three quarters of an hour passed and class was finally dismissed. The professor asked Miss Bart what she was pointing at her zenith for. She told him that she was doing it upon his request. He laughed and explained that he forgot all about her and that she may put down her hand. She tried to put it down to her side but found it impossible. Professor Stoker immediately rushed her to the hospital.

At the time we went to press, pleasant information was received from the Columbia Hospital. Miss Bart has returned to normal.

Carolinian Out This Century

Prof. R. E. Weenie'eft above, has resigned his position in the history department of the University to accept a position as clothes modler for Sears-Roebuck and Co. He is shown above practicing for his first appearance.

Resigns History Chair

"Due to unforseen difficulties the Carolinian will not appear today as was previously announced." Albert (iosin, editor, said this morning. "However, I have put the pressure on my staff and, it the work is not held up, the magazine will be distributed beginning at 6:01 p. m. on April 1, 1999, not a day later; that is, it something doesn't keep us from keeping our promise."

"The feature of this issue will be a little game that we and the public play together," Gosin said. The idea is for us to put as many mistakes in the magazine as possible. To the student finding the fewest mistakes we will give a prize: an autographed portrait of Louis Searson hugging the Maxcy monument."

"The guest editorial for the commencement issue is written by Dr. J. M. Can't-he, long possessor of a chair at the University. The article will be entitled "The Philosophy of Reclne and Squat." Dr. Can't-he has spent years coptating and experimenting in this field: his forthcoming book, "Happiness Through Hard Work," will be published next month.

Raging fire broke out in the offices of the Carolinian last week, but was put out before it had time to do any good. Both the copy for the next issue and all the editors escaped. "I attribute the fire to hot stuff coming out in the magazine," Gosin said. "Next issue's cover will be made out of asbestos and will have a picture of Dr. Red Smyth on the front; we hope this will cool things down."

*As usual Gosin's column, "The Grits (Gravel-path—(from New Brookland to Cayce)," will be included in the magazine. The featured article will be by Bob Haze, and will be called "The Story of My Wife."

Yanks Take Richmond

SHERMAN BURNS COLUMBIA

Chase Calms U. S. C. Campus

Grant Grants Grand Grant

Forty Acres And A Mule

Oh, Horrors, Oh Horrors

McKissick Starts Reconstruction

WEINEFELD SAYS I TOLD YOU SO

Now Is The Time For All Good Men

(Details on this story are unavailable. The Inkybaiter, refusing to print anything but the truth, will wait until all facts are known and will publish full details in the next issue.)

—U. S. C.—

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INJUN

—U. S. C.—

Attention! Attention!

Due to the limited space on the bulletin board outside the canteen, the Inkybaiter has consented to let the talent scouts of the Varsity Show use its columns to get the notices to its members:

ATTENTION JANE WARD: Revise Beethoven Fifth Symphony by six o'clock tonight and set it to popular words. Put some Yumph in the Andante Cantabile.

ATTENTION JANE CROUT: For heaven's sake don't wear shorts to rehearsal.

ATTENTION DIRECTORS STEPHAN: Just come, all is forgiven.

ATTENTION HARRY RIDDLE: Just don't come, then all will be forgiven.

ATTENTION HARRIET COCKFIELD: Leave your knitting at home. Our faculty adviser says it doesn't look nice.

ATTENTION ATHLETES: Dan Millsaps, David Parker, Lane Woodcock, Henny Cohen, and freshman Cone. We need you. The athletic type of young man has been neglected too long on this campus. Come in tiger skins.

ATTENTION LOUIS NUNNERY: Don't let the judge catch you sneaking home from rehearsals. That dress is too convincing.

ATTENTION CHARLIE OWENS: Please! ! ! !

ATTENTION JERRY MILLER: Keep that face out of here. We're running this thing now.

ATTENTION SHIMMY WALTERS: Kelax; papa won't be in the audience.

ATTENTION BEN POLAVES: no, no, No, No, NO!

—U. S. C.—

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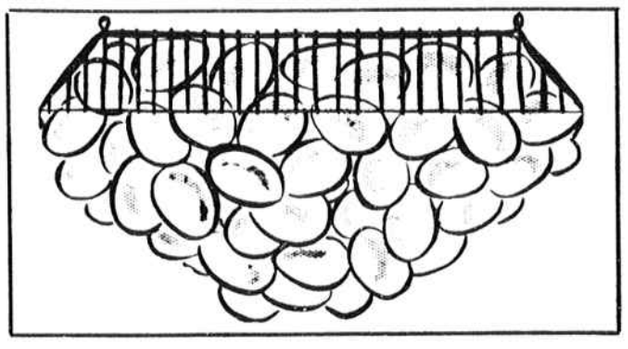
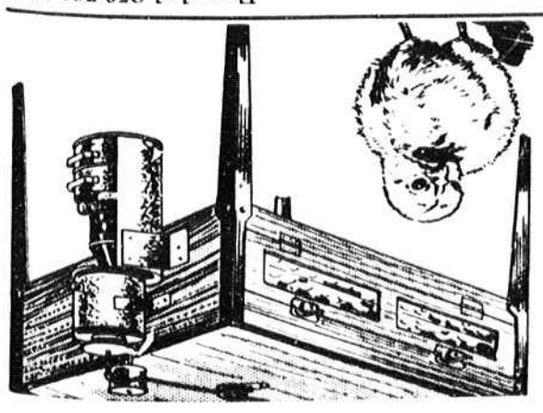
INJUNS

Crate No. 602 Niagara Fowls, N. Y., November Umteen-Uh-Teh-Uh Founded 259,789 B. C.



Later We'll Fry

THE INKYBAITER

EGGZACKLY HALF CRACKED