

VAGABONDAGE

Granville Unthinks Merger

or

Why Hate Celery

BY WOLFGANG BEETHOVEN BUNKHAUS

Characters:

Mother H. G. Bailey
Detective Flavius J. Hawk
Lord and Lady Hank Q. Fulwider
Martha Baritone
Snyder, the Barber
Mephistopheles
Six fig-wavers

Act I

Scene: Lord Fulwider's henhouse. Martha Baritone seated on empty box of Dr. Horace Q. Buzzard's sawdust pills. Enter Flavius Hawk, the detective.

Hawk: Shhhhh. Have you bought your Christmas seals? (Enter six fig-wavers through left board. First fig-waver sees rat and leaves through funnel.)

Second fig-waver: Don't bother her. She ain't Mother Bailey.

Martha Baritone: Who ain't Mother Bailey?

Chorus of fig-wavers: We ain't Mother Bailey. (Exit through left board.)

Detective Flavius Hawk: No Christmas seals, no Mother Bailey. Guess I'll walk.

Act II

Scene: Room 3. Hotel Pencilsharpener. Lord and Lady Fulwider.

Lady Fulwider: Mow them whiskers.

Lord Fulwider: The barber. Call Snyder.

(Lady Fulwider pours milk in stove and calls Snyder. Enter Snyder, the Barber.)

Snyder the Barber: Ain't there any raisin?

Lady Fulwider: Get to work young feller.

(Barber sharpens razor. Enter Martha Baritone and Detective Hawk with harpoon and saw.)

Lady Fulwider: Shave my husband at once.

Martha Baritone (singing):

Farewell old face

Farewell to thee

Farewell to thee

Farewell to thee

Detective Hawk: Stop! Have you bought your Christmas seals?

(Enter five fig-wavers through left board. Second fig-waver steals Hawk's saws and saws his way home through stove.)

Third fig-waver: Leave her alone. She ain't Mother Bailey.

Detective Hawk: Who ain't Mother Bailey?

Chorus of fig-wavers: We ain't Mother Bailey. (Exit thru left board.)

Mephistopheles (Appearing in background): Heh, heh, heh, no Mother Bailey, no Christmas seals, no face. I wonder if we're going to have fish for breakfast.

Act III

Scene: Midnight during the public kraut season. Empty field with no business. Enter Mephistopheles carrying a gas chisel.

Mephistopheles: Could I be April? Sometimes I can almost count my father milking the sunburn. I wonder what

became of father's vest. (Stumbles over corpse.) Ha! What is this? Heh, heh, heh, who could it be but Martha Baritone? What ails thee, little one? By heck she's dead! (Enter Detective Flavius Hawk.)

Hawk: Have you bought your Christmas seals? (Enter four fig-wavers thru left board. Third fig-waver disappears under a plough.)

Fourth fig-waver: Leave her alone. She ain't Mother Bailey.

Hawk: Who ain't Mother Bailey?

Chorus of fig-wavers: We ain't Mother Bailey.

(Indignant audience slaughters fig-wavers as they attempt to leave through left board.)

Mephistopheles: Heh, heh, heh, no mother-wavers, no Christmas Baileys, no fig-seals, no face. Haw!

THE END.

BLOOMINGTON'S BEST HOTEL
AND CAFE

Hotel Graham

P. C. GILLIATT, Prop.

WHERE ALL STUDENTS
ALUMNI AND FRIENDS
MEET

GLORIANA

(An After-Dinner Speech at a
Pan-hel Banquet.)

Mister Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: Indiana University has every reason to be proud of this Student building in which we are now partaking of this sumptuous repast. (Shots from the gallery and a co-ed vociferously squeals "Applesauce.") This building fittingly represents the spirit and the make-up of Indiana. (Cat-calls and hisses.)

In this spacious chamber with its myriad twinkling lights and its melodious strains of collegiate syncopation, we have the premier Sock Emporium of the academic world. (Laughter.) And in the great dining hall below we have the greatest collection of prunes that ever escaped from the ark or the Garden of Eden. (Groans.)

Ladies and gentlemen: (Everyone looks about inquiringly.) One-half of us have no interest in the classroom. (Policeman Peterson shouts "Amen!") And the other half will never know what it is all about anyway. (Pippa passes out.) The regimented wisecrackers will exhibit their doggy duds and their heavy lines back in the sticks, marry, acquire wealth and waistlines, and become local influences, prominent bankers, leaders in the Tuesday literary clubs, and public nuisances generally; and the dessicated fruit of the orchard below will perforce remain unmarried and will teach the thick-headed numps who don't want an education and in due time will send them rah-rahing to Bloomington to become regimented sorority sisters and devilish Pan-hellers and Shinx clubbers and Aeons. (Cries of "Panhel out of 'em!") From the cafeteria comes the sound of angelic voices shouting "Hosanna" to the tune of Tarred Spanish Bangler. The natively tux-edored orchestra strikes up "Indiana" and the assembled multitude sinks to edified slumber.)

—Alvin B. Zeplovitz.

Masses ran away from classes
Shouting for some forward passes.
Did you ever see such asses
As these educated masses?
And they didn't get the passes
Promised by bridge-burning asses.

The Place Where Friends Meet

after the dance, the show,
or on the date

Our Pleasing Service has
won us many patrons.

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LIGHT LUNCHES

THE ARCADE CANDY SHOPPE

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Let us Suggest Something
to take to any or every
member of your
family for
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STOUTE'S

West Side Square