

# The Cliche Expert At Butler

Note: The three following pieces were written as a class assignment and all appear under the same title. The possibilities of the subject were so numerous that there is very little over-lapping in the papers and it seemed proper to print all three as representing a more exhaustive treatment of the subject. — The Editor.

By Kent Mecum

- Q. Good morning, son.  
A. What's up, Doc?  
Q. Where do you study, Mr. Cliche Expert?  
A. I hatch the stairs at Butler in Naptown.  
Q. Are there any other institutes of higher learning near?  
A. There are a few minor colleges nearby; one, a cow college up the Monon, and the other, a shyster school down the Monon.  
Q. What type of students do you have at Butler?  
A. We have a few brains who can slip-stick their way through trig.  
Q. Are there any others?  
A. Oh yes, everyone takes fizz-ed, and some bugology or econ.  
Q. Are any of the classes not on the campus?  
A. The pill-pushers meet on Market St.  
Q. What are the faculty called?  
A. They are the brain trust.  
Q. I see,—  
A. And the English Brainstruster is a comma-chaser.  
Q. What is a freshman?  
A. He is a green pea.  
Q. How about the superior students?  
A. He is a D.A.R.  
Q. D. A. R.?  
A. Yes, a "damned average raiser."  
Q. What do these—er, D. A. R.'s do?  
A. They crack books and exercise their grey matter.  
Q. What else?  
A. They thumb texts and dust 'em off.  
Q. Can you give me one of the more popular sayings?  
A. "Drop Dead."  
Q. What is the reply to this?  
A. "Practice what you preach."  
Q. What is the students favorite day-time ambition?

- A. He wants to sack in because he hasn't hit the sack for a week.  
 Q. What is an unpopular person?  
 A. He is a drip.  
 Q. And when two "drips" go steady —?  
 A. They become a drizzle.  
 Q. What is a sweetheart?  
 A. She is a main drag.  
 Q. How may dances be classified?  
 A. Hops are either stag, or drag a hag.  
 Q. Wait a minute. Where are you going?  
 A. I've got to go to the gas-house and use the graphite constant on my stink-kitchen cook book.  
 Q. What?  
 A. I've got to go to chemistry and change some figures in my lab book. So long. Be seeing you.
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By Waneta Staten

Mr. Joe Jones, Esquire is being questioned.

- Q. You are a student at Butler, Mr. Jones?  
 A. Yes, I'm a loyal Bulldog.  
 Q. Are you familiar with cliches used there?  
 A. Natch.  
 Q. How is college life?  
 A. It's rough.  
 Q. What makes it rough, Mr. Jones?  
 A. Hitting the books so often.  
 Q. Must you hit the books?  
 A. No, I've passed a couple of courses without cracking a book.  
 Q. How did you manage this?  
 A. I crammed the night before D-Day.  
 Q. D-Day?  
 A. The day of the finals.  
 Q. Do you attend many dances, Mr. Jones?  
 A. I never miss a hop.  
 Q. How do you go to these affairs?  
 A. Stag or drag.  
 Q. Whom do you like to take to dances?  
 A. Some B. W. O. C. That means big woman on campus.  
 Q. Where can these B. W. O. C.'s always be found?  
 A. In a hen session.  
 Q. Mr. Jones, how do your friends greet you at school?  
 A. "Hiya, Joe. Whatcha know?"

- Q. And what do you know?  
 A. Nothin'.  
 Q. Who are the fellows there in the rolled up pants?  
 A. You mean in the yellow "cords?" They're local joe-boys.  
 Q. What is the fellow doing who always answers you with smart remarks?  
 A. Cruisin' for a bruisin'.  
 Q. How do you let him know this?  
 A. I told him to D.D.T.—drop dead twice.  
 Q. Did he get the idea?  
 A. Roger.  
 Q. How do you get to Butler each day?  
 A. In my hot rod. That reminds me, I must be going.  
 Q. Of course, Mr. Jones. Where are you going?  
 A. Back to the old grind, I reckon.

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By Eleanor Overstreet

The cliché expert, while wandering about Butler University in great confusion searching for a place called Jelly—no, Jell Hall—becomes stymied by a great shrieking crowd and pauses in his search. While waiting to be pushed forward again, he overhears a conversation between two campus cuties or coeds, if you like.

First coed: "Whatcha know? How was your blind date? Neat or a washout?"

Second coed: "Oh, he was a dreamy hunk of man, really super!"

First coed: "Did he throw you a big line?"

Second coed: "Yes, but I just threw it back; so he knew I was in the know."

First coed: "Where did you go?"

Second coed: "Well, we dropped in at the Delt beer bust, but it was a flop; so we hit a show."

First coed: "Did anyone go with you?"

Second coed: "A real fine couple from I. U. doubled with us. He's a rod, and Tom, my date, said she was a queen."

First coed: "Did he ask you for another date?"

Second coed: "Yes, he's dragging me to their next frat brawl, and they're always real gone. How was your date?"

First coed: "He was an eager character. I'm going to slough him off if he tries to date me again. He told me that even though I only made a point four on finals, I was four point with him. Isn't that a low blow."

Second coed: "How was your double?"

First coed: "They were pinned, but I think the girl would be a male robber if her pin man wasn't around."

Second coed: "That reminds me, I have to scoot over to the house. I haven't done my duty yet, and one of the actives is having a serenade tonight."

First coed: "Bye! I'll buzz you tonight."

