



# LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

## **The Wisconsin Octopus: Haresfoot number. [Vol. 12, No. 8] April 15, 1931**

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, April 15, 1931

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WPMRQCZLCIZAP8G>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

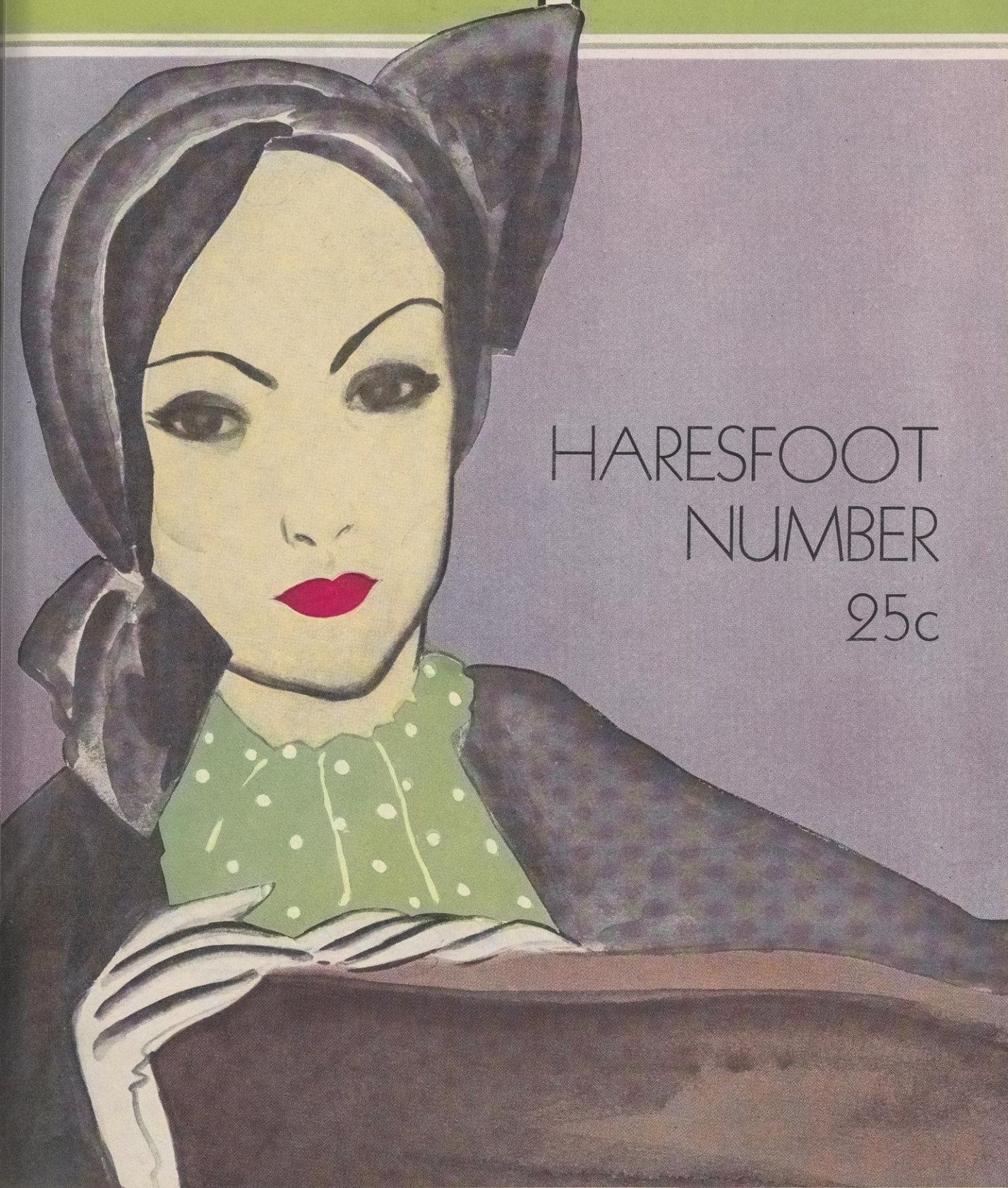
For information on re-use, see

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

# O The Wisconsin Octopus



HARESFOOT  
NUMBER

25c



The most valuable social asset since the invention of The Check from Home . . . *cigarettes that really SATISFY!*



*Chesterfield*

GREATER MILDNESS . . . BETTER TASTE

You've Seen A Haresfoot Medieval  
 You've Seen A Haresfoot Oriental  
 You've Seen Dancing Par-Excellence  
 You've Seen Captivating He-Girls

**But Now You'll See A Brand New  
 Haresfoot—A Real Review**

Here's something you never dreamed of in a Haresfoot Show. Everything from soup to nuts is promised by the 1931 show. Dancing, magicians, comedians, quick change artists, humor;—old timers will say "Here's a Union Vodvil come to life in a greater and more glorified manner than could ever be imagined."

*The Show That Knocked 'em From Their Seats In Ten Cities  
 Including Milwaukee and Chicago ! !*

**And Confidentially ~**

**The Haresfoot Club**

Wishes to Announce to Its Patrons in Madison and Vicinity That Prices

**For The Thirty-Third Annual Production**

**“IT'S A GAY LIFE”**

**Have Been Substantially REDUCED**

THE PARKWAY THEATER will house this original musical revue on two week ends FRIDAY and SATURDAY, April 24 and 25, MAY 1 and 2.

MATINEES BOTH SATURDAYS

**SCALE OF PRICES**

**EVENINGS**  
 MAIN FLOOR—1st Ten Rows \$2.50  
 Balance \$2.00  
 Loges \$2.00  
 Balcony \$1.50 and \$1.00

**MATINEES**  
 MAIN FLOOR—1st Ten Rows \$2.00  
 Balance \$1.50  
 Loges \$1.50  
 Balcony Entire \$1.00

**Box Office Sale Now Open**

# STEP RIGHT THIS WAY—



This versatile magazine offers you refreshing pages of HUMOR, FICTION, ARTICLES and STYLES

## CollegeHumor

1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago

The Magazine with a College Education



### BOARD OF DIRECTORS

DEAN SCOTT H. GOODNIGHT, *Pres. and Censor*  
 WILLARD G. BLEYER, *Vice-Pres.*      RAY L. HILSENHOFF, *Secy & Treas.*  
 GORDON F. SWARTHOUT      RALPH C. PARKIN  
 HOLLEY J. SMITH, *Editor*      ROGER A. HAMILTON, *Bu. Mgr.*

### EDITORIAL BOARD

SAMUEL STEINMAN, *As-sociate Editor*      W. MAC STEWART, *Pub-licity Manager*  
 PHILLIP HOLIDAY, *Art Editor*      FRED PEDERSON, *Exchang Editor*  
 FRANK J. UNGER, *Art Editor*

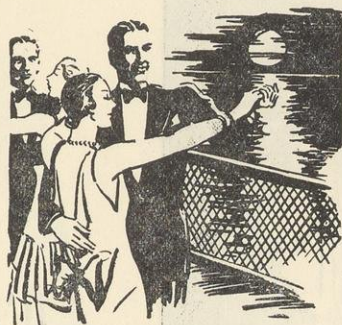
### EXECUTIVE BOARD

HUGH F. OLDENBURG, *Lo-cal Adv. Mgr.*      RAY GUTZ, *Survey Mgr.*  
 DAVE STEVEN      CARLETON E. BATES, *Cash*  
 R. H. BEST, *Nat. Adv. Mgr.*      HERBERT MUELLER, *Cir-culation Manager*  
    EDWARD MAYER, *Collec-tion Manager*  
    BETTY E. COEN, *Secretar*  
    ALICE HARDY

Copyright April, 1931, by the Wisconsin Octopus Inc. Exclusive reprint rights granted to CollegeHumor. Contents must not be reprinted without permission. Member Midwest College Comics Association. Entered as second class matter at the postoffice, Madison, Wisconsin. Subscription, \$1.75 a year.

### CONTRIBUTORS

IRVING BELL  
 IRV TRESSLER  
 DAVE GEORGE  
 DAVE WILLOCK  
 CARBON C. DUBBS  
 ERIC WENSTRAND  
 JAMES H. HILL  
 ART BENKERT  
 ROBERT STALLMAN  
 JIMMY WATROUS  
 MRS. HARRY THOMA  
 BOB DE HAVEN  
 JEAN LITTLEJOHN



# Perfection

Who hasn't heard Wisconsin's Springtime called perfect? Spring parties, mystifying moonlight playing on the lake, canoeing, the call of the drive; the campus in springtime is a most romantic environment.

One of the most essential items in enjoying this balmy season is neat clothing. This is truly the season when one should look his best. By the way how is your wardrobe? Do you need a spring suit, a Tux, golf togs, sport shoes, spring ties or a hat? Way back in 1892 the University Co-op was established to provide for the needs of Wisconsin students, and the Co-op will provide the things that you need now, the kind of things that you like, and exactly at what you care to spend. Make a study of Co-op merchandise and prices.

Use Your Co-op Number

## THE CO-OP

*The Student's Store*

E. J. GRADY, Mgr.



"It's fun  
to feel  
so  
feminine"

"Aren't you going crazy with Haresfoot and Spring formals, coming all at once?"

"Do I look it? You see I relieved the tension at **SIMPSON'S IN THE CO-OP** yesterday with the result . . . one revived young lady."

"You should see the new dresses . . . speaking of fitting, . . . Woops! . . . open work organdies are so fresh . . . chiffon, in white especially, is so airy . . . lace is so graceful . . . and the little jackets . . . well it's terribly hard to decide . . . ."



« « « APRIL » » »



FRANK J. SINGER

"...YET EVERYONE'S A LADY!"

ARESFOOT  
NUMBER





●

S.  
YEWELL  
TOMPKINS

●

Samuel Yewell Tompkins, of Owensboro Kentucky, was born on April 29, 1909. He spent his first Christmas in Italy, and recalls climbing Mr. Vesuvius with his father and mother clearly. In fact he remarked at the time, "Looks just like hell, doesn't it, mama?" And since then he has become known for cracks like that, much to his disgrace.

Of course, he wanted to become an actor at an early age, ever since he first saw Ben Turpin in his first comedy. Now S. Yewell is an actor himself—president of the Wisconsin Players, should anyone not know that interesting fact.

He is a person of decided opinions, and told the writer to be sure and say that he is opposed to Prohibition, but is inclined to believe that moderation in drinking is to be desired.

As a member of the cast of the 1931 Haresfoot production "It's a Gay Life", Samuel promises to be one of the best character actors ever to perform for the club.

Mr. Tompkins has one failing—he is never on time. He'll be late for his wedding most likely.

His favorite costume is a tan topcoat and brown hat with black and white sport shoes. His favorite food spinach, and his favorite beverage water.

●

# C T O P U S THE CREAM . . .

Said the sap: "I can always trust my girl, because she never goes out with any of the boys; take tonight for instance—she's going out with one of her friends who is a chorus girl in the Haresfoot show!"

• •

She smoked constantly, she drank gracefully, she swore violently, she sneezed passionately, but then she was a Haresfoot girl.

• •

We predict that when Haresfoot plays at Menasha, which is near that college town of Appleton, all the local sororities will be empty.

• •

"And why are you so angry at him, Charlie?"

"Well, I invited him to my Bowery party and told him to wear his working clothes . . ."

"Didn't he wear them?"

"Oh, he came in his pajamas!"

• •

The evening was perfectly divine. The full moon lit up the highway and poured down its breeze ruffled rays on the couple dreaming along in the roadster. She snuggled up close to him, and he was the picture of bliss as he exuberantly drove along with one arm on the wheel. Finally he pulled up to a cozy, idyllic nook and parked.

Ten minutes later the car suddenly backed out and sped homeward. He looked as if he could kill his own brother. She laughed. Why shouldn't he? She was a Haresfooter, and had spoiled this old meanie who so impudently picked her up.

The Haresfoot trip is an education in itself—especially for the costume handlers who certainly will have the "inside dope!"

• •

In the days of ninety nine  
When we had our beer and wine  
When we sang "Sweet Adeline"  
I was happy.

Then they took away our beer  
But that's neither there nor here  
I'm telling you my dear  
I'm still happy.

Brother's washed the bottles  
Mother's cooked the yeast  
Father's in the cellar  
With a funnel, O, The Beast

So I care not what they do  
Here's a drink on me to you  
As long as there's HOME BREW  
I'll be happy.



A disappointed stage hand

## Haresfoot Blues

Vexation, indignation,  
Anger, wrath, exasperation,  
Consternation, irritation,  
Virulence, and desperation  
Mark the passion of the people,  
Men of vigor and the feeble,  
Who await the stage door entry  
Of the female dancing gentry  
To discover that their cuties  
Are but hairy, muscled beauties!

—Irving Bell

• •

Why he didn't get an order—the business man who entertained an out-of-town buyer in the third row of a Haresfoot show!

• •

One wife at a time is the limit for men  
A fact which makes us sick;  
When we think about the ice man  
Who always has his pick.

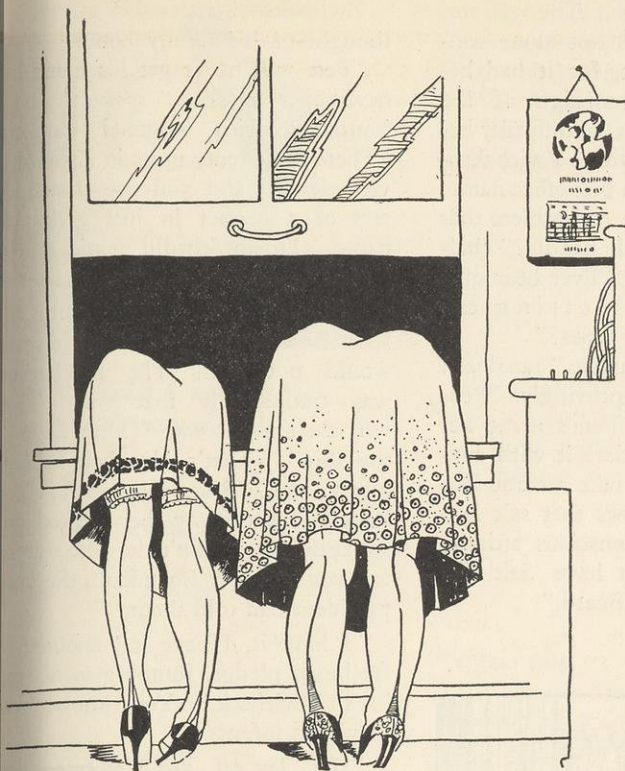
• •

The old stage hand at the Garrick was an ambitious codger. These young chorus girls that played there now and then simply wore him down. How they smiled at him! How he smiled back! By cracky, some time he was determined to have a date with one of those swell dames. George White's show played there for two consecutive evenings. Boy, did he ever make time with that cute blonde in the chorus! Earl Carroll's show came through and did the ingenue in that warm up to him, but as usual he got cold feet. Finally the Haresfoot Show came along, and two hours after the evening performance had closed a shot rang out! The unfortunate stage hand had committed suicide!

# HITS FROM HARESFOOT



DAVE WILLOCK



"Gee, Emmy, we've sure got a swell view from here."

WOMAN FROM AN ENGINEERING STANDPOINT

Although Woman is about the most intricate and complex piece of engineering that has ever been contrived, the reason or excuse for her construction has always been rather vague. She is similar to the Pyramids in that she is a wonderful example of workmanship but not of much use except as a curiosity to the tourist and sightseer. Rumor has it that she is constructed of that simple calcium compound that surrounds the bellows of man. The authenticity of this statement, however, is rather overshadowed by the fact that she shows pronounced acid properties at times. But whatever material she may be made of, her assembly is extremely complex and it is very doubtful if a mere engineer could ever make one of her kind.

As far as exterior workmanship goes, her chassis is a fine specimen of parabolic, hyperbolic, and diabolic curves; over which is stretched some pinkish-white fiber capable of withstanding the constant abuse of dyes, oils, bleaching agents, and tobacco juices. Her frame is of some rigidly-elastic material which seems yielding but is capable of withstanding terrific amounts of squeezing and mauling. Her method of locomotion is a remarkable mixture of contortionistic rollings and short quick jumps in which each and every fixture revolves on a universal joint of its own.

Chemically speaking, Woman shows great affinity for alcohol and diamond. She combines with the former with a marked evolution of gas and heat, and she combines with the latter rather subtly; forming a compound, however, that is almost impossible to break up. In the

presence of a male, Woman's vocal chords give off tremendous amounts of blah gas; but the male is more or less of a catalytic agent in that he usually does not take part in the reaction at all.

From an electrical standpoint her brain is a marvel. It is a low resistance contraption full of positive and negative impulses and running on an alternating current as can easily be shown by the fact that the thought waves change direction about three hundred and fifty times a second. The optics carry high voltage and you can do lots of sparking with them if you don't mind shocks, but care must be exercised for if they get too hot they cannot be re-fused.

In closing I might say that though Woman is of primary interest to engineers, she might well be examined by mathematicians because she is of arithmetic nature. She adds to your discomfort, subtracts from your pleasure, divides your attention, and she can multiply like the Devil.

• •

Diet for a Ziegfeld coryphee: Breakfast—one piece of dry toast and a glass of orange juice. Luncheon—one slice of un buttered whole wheat bread and a plate of fruit salad. Dinner—one lamb chop and one slice of pineapple.

Diet for a Haresfoot coryphee: Breakfast—orange juice, cereal, pork sausages, raw fries, and bread and butter. Luncheon—roast beef, mashed potatoes, peas, salad, bread and butter, lemon pie. Dinner—soup, chicken fric- assee, several tasty entrees and side dishes, and an elaborate, rich dessert.



Haresfooter: "Dear, dear, what shall we do---it appears we're in a quandary."

## THE RUSKY CREW MAN

When Papa and Mama Zwiebaksovitchalewski rocked a crudely built cradle and lulled their infant Peter to sleep, they visioned a glorious future for the babe, a future which would bring honor to the name Zwiebaksovitchalewski.

Almost 20 years later and half as many thousand miles away, Peter wiped the sweat from his brow. It was a significant moment in his career for over night Zwiebaksovitchalewski was likely to spin an unseen cocoon and emerge as John Smith, Tom Brown, or Henry Ford. In a solemn parabola sat the brethren of Rho Rho Rho with Peter, grimacing grimly, occupying the focal center.

Peter was a candidate for the Ath-

letic Board presidency. The tall and muscled oarsman was not alone concerned in the contest, for it had become a do-or-die campaign of the whole brotherhood. One difficulty beset its political plans. Zwiebaksovitchalewski was not a box-office name.

"When was there a real athlete that carried a pronounceable handle?" challenged Chlmnskwitz. "Ever hear of a Stonegate-Wimbledon getting caloused from breaking tapes?"

"That's rank prejudice," analyzed the sociology major reprovingly. "People won't remember Pete's name because they can't associate it with anything but Pete. But take a name like 'Salt'. Everyone knows that salt is a necessity so the subconscious attitude will be that we must have 'Salt' for president of Athletic Board."

Zwiebaksovitchalewski winced at the thought of his family honor.

"Pete will never get his name in a newspaper headline," spoke the hoodlum journalist with assumed authority. "There are twenty units in Zwiebaksovitchalewski and you use three-quarters of a banner in just giving your name. Etoian Schrdlu would go for just as big and is easier on the line."

Two hours more brought the Rho Rhos to no decision, but Pete would not quit. The brotherhood was traditionally that way. Their motto was "Don't Give Up the Ship". That's why their fraternal hymn was "Rho, Rho, Rho, Y Boat". That's why they backed Pete so zealously. Don't let the camera call you "Vulgar Boatmen", the hoodlum president had told them.

"I have it, I have it," shouted the freshman pledge, jumping to his feet. "It's 'Zwieback.' You know, you guys, they feed infants."

"Hey, lay off, kid," stormed Pete. "I'm not carrying any baby cradle name and get that. You guys will be suggesting 'Mellons Food' for a handle soon. Besides, I'm no Milwaukee beer guzzler. I drink good liquor and I drink it straight."

"Well, what about 'Toast'?" continued the neophyte. "It does resemble your maiden name. 'Zwieback' does, but toast is still crisp and hot. Only it's held over the just once."

"Or 'Buttered'," amended the brother who served meals at Han-

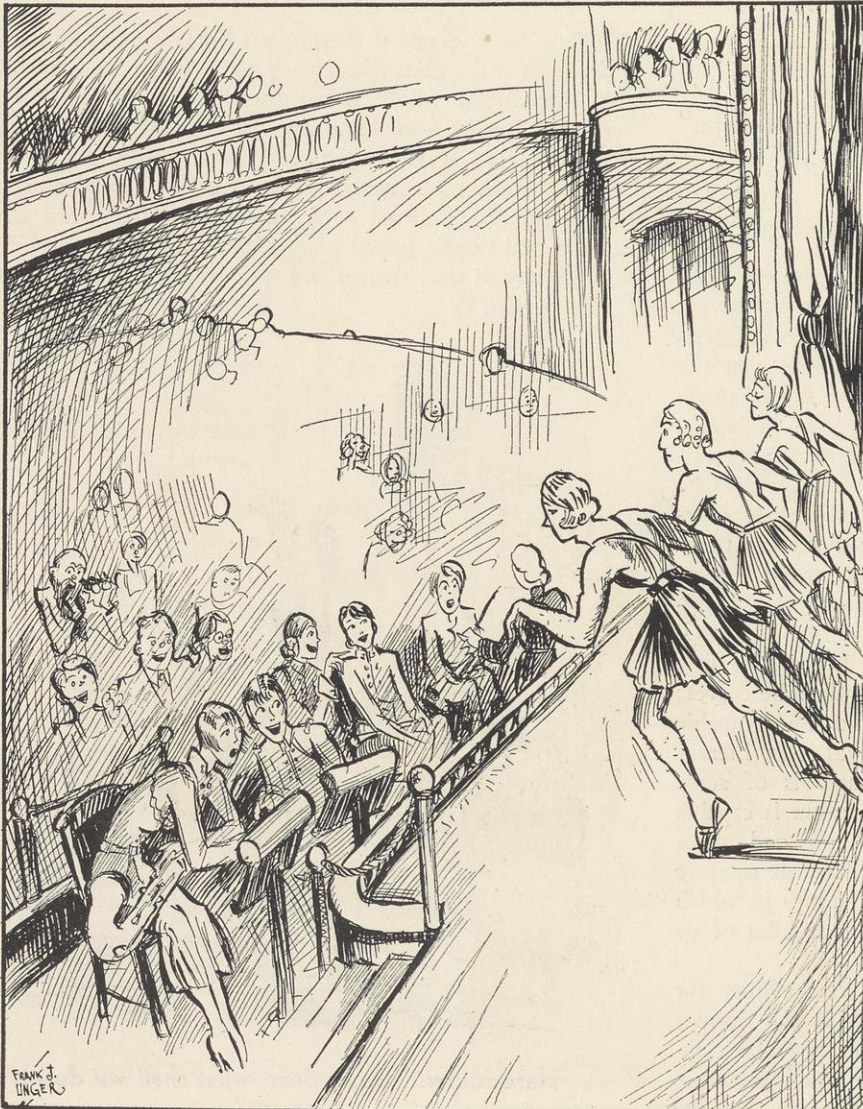
"Very appropriate, that is," drawled another. "When you toast bread, it's sort of fried, isn't it? Well, is Pete always fried?"

The speaker was promptly silenced and the comment frowned upon.

A lull followed the storm. The chapter of Rho Rho Rho fraternally cogitated, meditated, and simulated thought. Then a head was thrust between the portieres.

It was Cook. "I say, boys," he said, "why not call him 'Rusk'?"

"A skyrocket for Cook," yelled the hoodlum journalist, "RUSK CAPTURED BOARD POSITION FOR RHO RHO HOUSE in a number eight!"





"Oh, lady I see through your subterfuge!"

Annie: That third fellow from the  
 at is a very intimate friend of mine.  
 Fannie: Say, I know him so well  
 s wearing my brassiere.

"Suddenly there came a tapping, as  
 of someone gently rapping, rapping at  
 my chamber door. 'Tis the wind—"  
 "Wind nothing," exclaimed a furi-  
 ous voice. "It is the landlady and I  
 want my rent!"

Our heart goes out to the absent  
 minded professor who fixed the maid  
 and fired the furnace.

Sign of sure success as a Haresfoot  
 "woman". Asked by André to model  
 for his spring creations.

"Oh Gee, I've got a date tonight. I  
 hope it won't be too hot or all wet."  
 "Never mind, Girlie, I'll stick to  
 you through fire or water!"

We'll bet that it's a wise father  
 who knows his own child—especially  
 when he's a Haresfoot chorus girl!

Explain this:  
 A gossipy University sorority girl  
 knocks.  
 A dancing Haresfoot chorus man  
 taps.  
 And yet they both click!

The Finnish of a Swede Tale should  
 get a Norse Laugh!

The manager threw out his chest—  
 was another case of show-off.



"Rudy Vallee? No, Haresfoot Show.

Mary's lamb has left her,  
But Mary's not a fool;  
For now she has a boy friend  
Who follows her to school.

• •

If all the people who like to stretch  
things were placed end to end they  
would stretch quite a bit.

• •

"Greek" fire is not as ancient  
As the histories declare.  
Campus men reveal it  
In the heavy love affair.



Active: Get busy, Frosh, or I'll  
slap ya down!

• •

"What was that college which you  
was going to?"  
"That wasn't no college, that was  
Minnesota."

• •



"Suitehearts"

And then there was the drafts  
who didn't have any fingernails  
had plenty of thumbtacks!

• •

In America the jazz age; in Ala  
the package, but in England its  
peer-age.

• •

They all laughed when I sat  
to play—it was a silent piano!

Joe was the typically dressed pe  
of his class. His head gear comp  
an oval, visored affair with a kn  
the center. It covered only the  
of his cranium. If you saw him  
warm weather, he wore a w  
sweater carrying a large "W", th  
he could not tell you how he ea  
it. His trousers were of imm  
proportions which made you think  
father was a woolen manufact  
You couldn't see his shoes bec  
they never emerged from beneath  
expanse of cloth which covered th  
With a colder climate he migh  
mistaken for a porcupine if he  
on all fours. That blanket of  
nearly obliterated him. Only  
friendly pipe and a pair of feet  
caped the camouflage. Yes,  
dressed like all the other vaude  
actors.

• •

Coarse girls and chorus girls n  
the same when you're referring  
Haresfoot.

### SHERLOCK HOLMES FINDS THE MODERN SPEAKEASY

Counts cars parked at curb. Enters building before which is greatest number of autos. Should prove to be haunt of playboys, traveling salesmen, and young vikings. Finds Policemen's Ball in progress.

Takes sample of air and analyzes. Traces alcohol to radiator of 1921 Studebaker. Finds owner absent and number plates missing so abandons theory.

Hears raucous music coming from second story window. Demands entrance of apartment 27. Investigation reveals spinster listening to Rudy Vallee over radio. Begs pardon.

Follows suspicious looking character five blocks. Suspect walks with stagger and has something on hip. Turns out to be janitor of Chancellor Soap Works who fought at Chateau-Thierry and carries monkey wrench in pocket.

Thinks Tokio Tearoom may dispense liquor. Place has oriental atmosphere and sets back from street. Courteous Jap disproves supposition.

In desperation, turns on heel and enters first door to right. Discovers complete bar. Drops in dead faint.

### Pretty Sorry I Am

I'm sorry, dear for all I've done  
And all I've meant to do.  
I'm sorry if I broke your heart.  
I'm sorry. Yes, that's true.  
And yet, I'm just a little cruel,  
For I see your weary eyes.

I watch your slow and saddened step;  
I hear your chesty sighs.  
I'm sorry, yes, but why must you  
Keep living such a lie?  
Why not admit it's not the flu and  
not the grippe,  
But I!

• •

"Aye, son. In my college days my best friend was a chorus girl, and—"  
"But father dear take care lest mother hear thou talk so."  
"'Tis perfectly all right, son; your mother was in love with him herself."

• •

If all the Haresfoot shows of past years were placed end on end, the long legs would pack a manly kick.



"Gee, look at the build on that blond at the end."

It has been whispered about the campus that the title of this year's Haresfoot production aptly describes the experiences of all its troupers.

• •

Have you heard of the stiff called "Winter" because he was hard, long, and had had an early fall?

• •

Years ago the stage coach was held up by two guns; now he's held up by three shots.

• •

"You're yellow!"  
"What of it? Can I help it if I just had jaundice."



Customer: "Have you any apples for sale?"



# THE GREAT WATCH CASE...

By  
S. S.  
RED WI

Vilo Phance, society detective, reclined leisurely on a Louis XVI footstool, and calmly lit both ends of an Egyptian cigarette, which he broke in half, and offering one of the parts to his visitor, placed the other between his pendulous lips.

"Y'know, my dear fella, y'can't scare me quite as easily as you may have first supposed," began Phance in a smooth, hesitating manner. "No, I was born the son of a Buddhist priest and the wife of a Scandinavian whaling-captain. Despite all your threats, I most emphatically refuse to tell you the time. That is my private affair. My wrist-watch is my own for my own benefit."

"Why, soitainly," replied Greene Canary, "youse are poifectly justified. But, remember youse are in a responsible position. I have a hunch dis watch is gonna be swiped at midnight. If youse don't tell me de time, I won't be able to, perfect it when midnight comes, because de infoinal t'ing has stopped."

Phance chewed the end of a gum-wood-tipped walking stick, viciously without fervor. Drawling, he snapped back, "'Pon my word, Canary, I see that I misunderstood you. In that case I shall most certainly give you the time. It is now 12:43 A. M. I should deduce that your watch was pilfered forty-three minutes ago."

Startled, Greene Canary slowly rose from his chair with a jump. "Ah don' believe a wuhd yo' all says," he began. "Ah has dis watch right heah—Oh Lawdy! It done disappeared."

"Quick!" whispered Phance in a deep falsetto. "Lock the door! There is someone in this room. Canary, open the door of that closet and keep it covered with your automatic."

"Oi, but I hev no gun. Should I be shooting criminals daily? Geeve me your gun. Nu—Hends Opp!!"

With a terrific leap, Phance placed himself quietly in front of the door. From his watch-pocket he extracted a roll of clothes-line. Tearing off the label, he fashioned a noose by a method he had learned from the Red Indians. He threw the other end of

the rope over a chandelier, and suspended the noose in front of the door to effectively trap the intruder. Canary jerked open the door.

Startled, they stood still in amazement, and stared, for there in the doorway of the closet stood a gaunt, disheveled figure shivering in the tremendous draft caused by the opening of the closet door.

Phance finally regained the power of speech, and blurted out slowly, "Why, John X. X. Barkham, how did you come to be in there? A district attorney found snooping in clothes-closets! Y'know, you're in a deucedly awkward position, old fella."

Canary, never having been introduced to the great district attorney,



In the doorway stood Phance . . . .  
holding the unconscious Barkham  
in his arms.

remained silent. Suddenly, step by step, John X. X. Barkham's eyes closed, and he lunged forward motionless into Phance's arms. With a quick chiropractic jerk of Barkham's neck, Phance returned the attorney to consciousness and gently tossed him into Canary's outstretched arms, admonishing "Keep him warm until I get back with some coffee! He's suffering from acute refrigeration."

Quickly Phance rushed across broad length of the room, grabbed Brazilian jinx coat from the costume, dashed madly into the kitchen, grabbed a cup of steaming hot coffee, and turned by way of the bathroom, from which he emerged carrying a hot water bag.

Stretching the attorney out on the couch, he wrapped the hot water bag around Barkham's shoulders, and placed the fur at his feet, while Phance Canary was endeavoring to force the coffee down the stricken man's throat, which to his dismay he discovered was Barkham's waistcoat pocket.

"You allee samee in vellee b' way," broke in Canary, after some liberation.

All at once, John X. X. Barkham opened and closed his eyes drowsily, a smile playing about the corners of his ears.

"Believe it or not, I wasn't waiting for a street-car," said the attorney, and dropped immediately into a stupor once more.

A low moan came from the now vacant closet, and both Phance and Canary turned to listen. When they turned again to the couch on which Barkham had been lying, they were suddenly stupefied. Barkham was gone!

Where could Barkham have gone to? He wasn't able to go anywhere by himself, and therefore someone must have taken him. These, and many other things flashed through Phance's mind sluggishly.

"Search all the crooks and nannies in the apartment!" he ordered Greene Canary, and rushed into the vacant closet, silently banging the door behind him.

"Hit's bloomin' funny wot 'e went into the closet fer," thought Canary aloud to himself. "Oho, Bli'me if wouldn't be searchin' the blood-thing. 'Ere's 'opin' 'e finds the blighter wot took poor Mister Barkham."

Canary ran to the couch and very methodically began tearing the upholstery

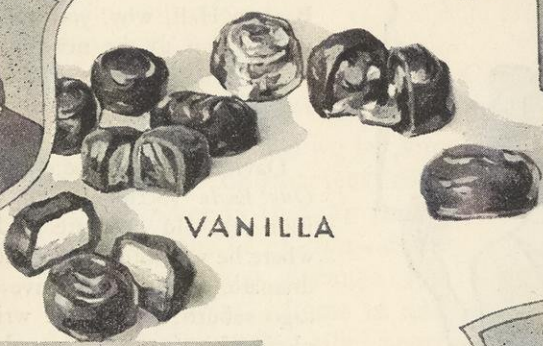
(Continued on page 32)

# Whitmans

## PRESTIGE CHOCOLATES



J.W. Hawkins



VANILLA



MILK

SEMI-SWEET

### THREE KINDS OF CHOCOLATE COATINGS

The Prestige package of chocolates we offer fine examples of three kinds of Whitman's coatings:

*Vanilla Chocolate*, flavored with vanilla beans.

*Milk Chocolate*, made with rich milk.

*Sweet Chocolate* with half usual amount of sugar, depending upon the sweetness of center, and giving a rich taste tang.

These coatings are readily recognized by their color. Vanilla, a seal brown; milk, a creamy white color; and semi-sweet, darker than the others.

### Whitman's Famous Candies Are Sold By

- DA GRILL . . . . . 714 State Street.
- PHARMACY . . . . . 226 State Street.
- LATE SHOP . . . . . 528 State Street.
- PHARMACY . . . . . 1941 University Avenue.
- PHARMACY . . . . . 1839 Monroe Street.
- PHARMACY . . . . . King, Main and Pinckney.
- PHARMACY . . . . . 831 University Avenue.
- PHARMACY . . . . . 1118 Atwood Avenue.
- PHARMACY . . . . . 1345 Williamson Street.
- PHARMACY . . . . . 122 W. Washington Ave.
- PHARMACY . . . . . 1921 Monroe Street.
- PHARMACY . . . . . 408 Wilson Street.
- PHARMACY . . . . . Regent at Allen
- PHARMACY . . . . . 708 State Street.
- PARK PHARMACY . . . . . 2607 University Avenue.

- J. L. McCARTHY . . . . . Atwood Ave. and Division.
- MENGES PHARMACY . . . . . 1825 Monroe Street.
- NORRIS COURT PHARMACY . . . . . 920 E. Johnson Street.
- UNIVERSITY PHARMACY . . . . . State and Lake Street.
- WALTER DRUG COMPANY . . . . . 111 E. Washington Ave.
- PALACE DRUG STORE . . . . . 114 State Street.
- RENNEBOHM DRUG STORES, Inc.
- No. 1—1357 University Ave.
- No. 2—208 State Street.
- No. 3—13 W. Main Street.
- No. 4—123 W. Washington Ave.
- No. 6—19 N. Pinckney Street.
- No. 7—901 University Ave.
- No. 8—702 University Ave.



"Special University of Wisconsin Package"

# BOOK BANTER...

By PROF.  
PAUL FULCH

With *The Owl in the Attic and Other Perplexities* (Harper and Brothers) James Thurber confirms the enviable reputation which he established for himself (with his collaborator, E. B. White) in *Is Sex Necessary?* and takes his place with Stephen Leacock, Robert Benchley, Corey Ford, and Walter Traprock among America's most skilled practitioners of the art of nonsense. When you finish reading a book of this sort, the last thing you want to do to it is review it. You want to read it aloud to somebody, and then begin lending it around. So if you—and I mean "you" this time, and not the "one" I was trying to avoid in the previous sentence—if you intend reading the book, please go right ahead without wasting any more time on me. Of course if you are not going to read it, there's no use wasting any more time on me either, but you may not think of that till you've finished this review.

First of all, then, there is a section about Mr. and Mrs. Monroe. Now if you have read the book already, when I mention the Monroes you giggle, or snicker, or guffaw, or whatever it is you do when you are amused, and save me the need of writing any more. If you haven't read it, you merely ask more or less indifferently, "What about them?" and of course I can't tell you, as that wouldn't be fair to Mr. Thurber. So that's that.

Then there is the pet department, and that is where the owl in the attic comes in, and the hypnotized bloodhound, and the horse with antlers, and the stiff-necked gull, and the seal that wouldn't juggle, and the people who had cast the way most people have mice. You ought to be laughing really uproariously by this time, if you've read the book. If you haven't, you probably wonder how the owl got into the attic, and what the horse was doing with antlers, and why anyone should try to hypnotize a bloodhound. And once you begin asking about things like that you might as well give

up and go out for a brisk walk, and so might I.

Finally comes the "Ladies' and Gentlemen's Guide to Modern English Usage." Now you may not think the sections about the subjunctive mood and the perfect infinitive very funny, as not many people besides Mr. Thur-



"Frequently ginny . . . . promiscuously inclined young female . . ."

ber and me know anything about these things; and as for the split infinitive, you may think it is something you get at a refreshment booth, especially if you mistook "pet" for an obsolete verb in the last paragraph, in-

stead of the noun it really was. Even so, you should appreciate the rations on "who and whom" and "which". If, for three weeks reading the book, you can use "whom", or "which" without getting the same sort of silly grin on your face you have when you bump somebody around a blind corner at Bascom Hall, why, you might just well go on to the next review now. It all seems pretty hopeless now. I was afraid it was when I began

David Burnham, the author of *Our Exile* (Scribners), is a twenty-four year old graduate of Princeton where he was interested in literary and dramatic activities; a native of a Chicago suburb; and a fast writer, completing his first novel in about six months. All these facts are even in *This Our Exile*. The scenes of the story are suburban Chicago and the curricular Princeton. The philosophy of the story seems to be a mixture of Mr. Burnham's "outside reading" of whatever corresponds at Princeton to "bull sessions". And his comparative youthfulness and his rapid composition betray themselves in the notion that a certain bewildering amount of life and an uncertain putting of paper of large masses of unassimilated material constitute a novel.

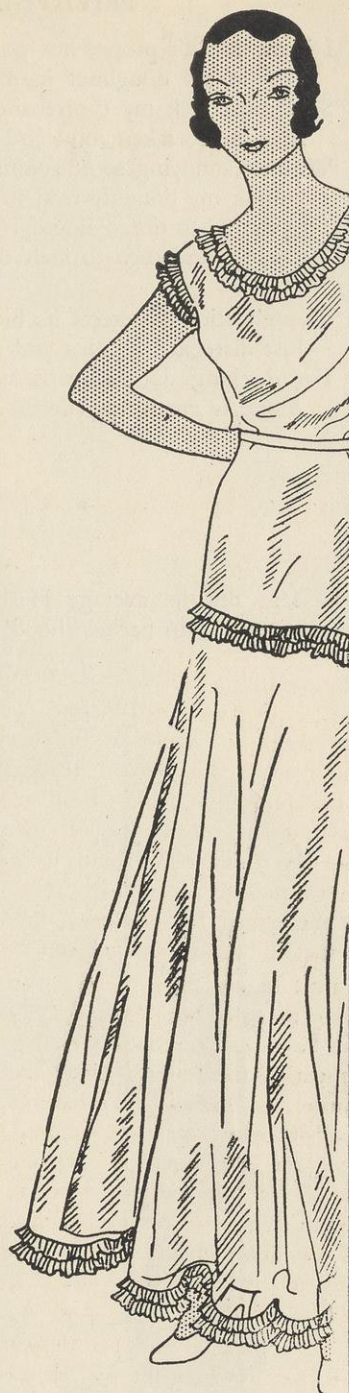
Evident, too, is the influence of Ernest Hemingway on style, manner, and view of life. The central feminine character, strangely named, is by now so familiar a phenomenon in modern fiction that she is even beginning to exist in perceptible quantities in actual life. The reasons why she is frequently ginny, sophomoric, mouthed and promiscuously inclined young female, for whose other alternative qualities we have little evidence except the author's manifest faith in their existence, should prove worthy of emulation in both fiction and life. I have always been to me somewhat

(Turn to page 30)

# Don't Believe Everything You See in Print . . .

For instance, when we tell you that by far the smartest frock for summer is the gay pastel of flat crepe or chiffon—don't believe us just because you see it in print. Come in and see these little silk sport dresses that can be so nonchalant about their chic. These clinging afternoon gowns that take their femininity seriously. And see for yourself that their price tags are only

**\$19.50**..... and **\$29.50**.....



*Above — Typical dance dress for summer evenings. At left — the sports dress that may be worn for all daytime occasions.*

## Kessenich's

Two Convenient Stores

201 State Street---Town Shop

903 University---College Shop

PRIVILEGE

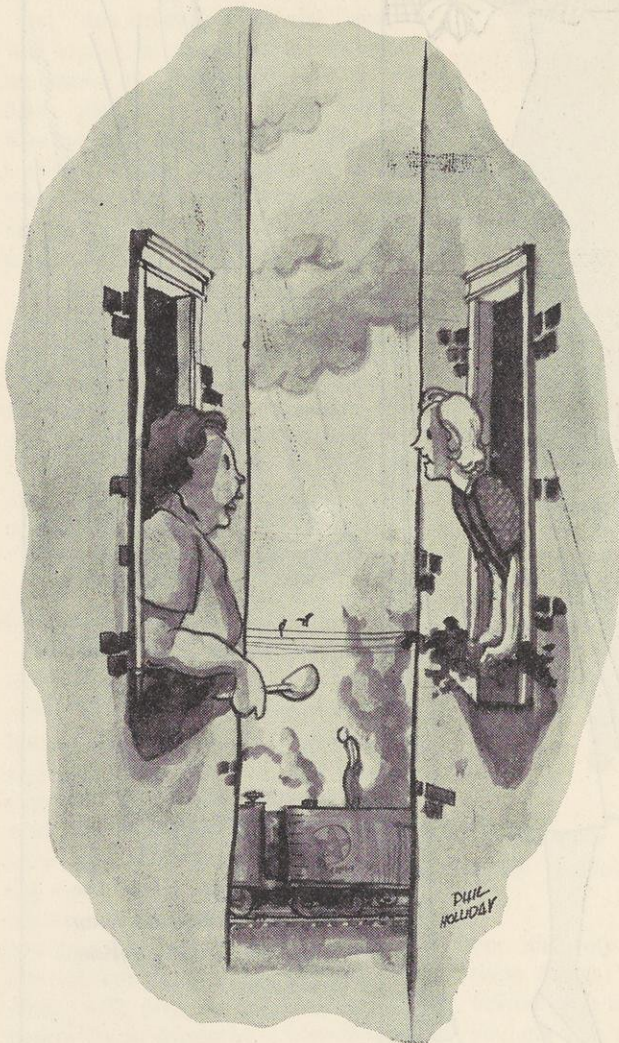
I know it isn't proper nor polite  
 To dip my doughnut in my coffee cup;  
 So I must seek my contraband delight  
 In some forsaken joint and there to sup;  
 Without annoying some sophisticate  
 I dunk my doughty oval in the drink;  
 The warm tan-tinted liquid is but bait  
 To lure and then to melt the luscious link.

Though etiquette erects its bitter ban  
 Just disregard its plea and eat your way;  
 For dunking doughnuts is a game which man  
 Alone is greatly privileged to play.

—Irving Bell

• •

The legs on the average Haresfooter are enough to scare any youth into bachelorhood!



"Yes and tomorrow we're moving into an apartment with beds in the wall!"



THIS WINCHELL WORLD

No. 2

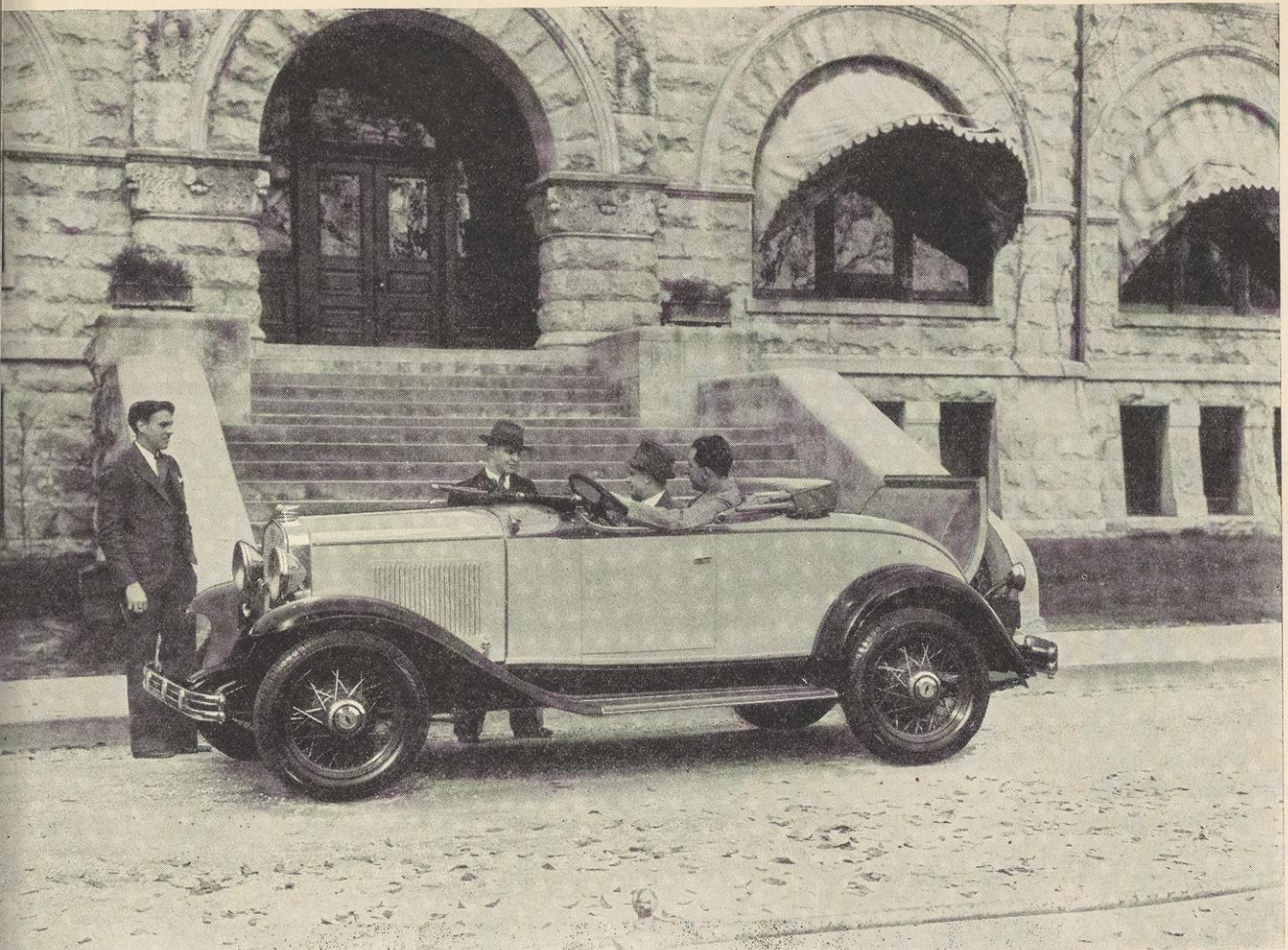
Solomon has decided on a swanky temple instead of a repent-house. . . . Those yellaphant tusk door knobs cost plenty coin all right all right. . . . Sol's Joosh folks lay down their smackers. . . . The Queen of Sheba Something to See and does old Sol see it. . . . The man is blazing no end, making it difficult for the cettakers. . . . It's a wise child that knows his old r. . . . Wonder if the pure-itans of the tribe are bar about the younger degeneration. . . . Sol is no dope he has a penchant for awry-ental hoofers and laugh soup. . . . Ailing with bhelleeache in the hosp, Solon fades out.

• •

Don't you feel sorry for the ladies of such and such church circle in such and such a town on the Hares route who innocently invited some of the chorus girls to tea, and were completely taken aback when a group of boisterous, young men came whooping in on them.

• •

Every sorority on the campus was ably represented. The train was all set to go—last minute preparations had been made. The station platform was a myriad of bright, legiate colors. Tall girls, short girls, pretty girls—all were there. Was the W. S. G. A. sending a group to a convention? No. The Haresfoot Club was beginning its annual trip!



The new Chevrolet Sport Roadster photographed on the Tulane Campus with Gibson Hall in the background

## Drive a six and you'll buy a six



Get behind the wheel of the new Chevrolet Six and try its smooth, quiet, flexible performance for yourself. Turn it loose on a straightaway and thrill to *real* speed—open it up on a hill and know what *power* means—swing it into traffic and learn what a great broken-field runner this car can be! Chevrolet gives you *modern* multi-cylinder

performance—the dash and vigor of a 50-horsepower valve-in-head Six! Yet this capable car is one of the most economical you can own. With a purchase price lower than ever and a cost-per-mile as low as the lowest, the economy of Chevrolet ownership has become more pronounced than ever. Drive a six and you'll buy a six—for Chevrolet is indeed the Great American Value.

Chevrolet prices range from \$475 to \$650, f. o. b. Flint, Mich. Special Equipment Extra  
Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

# NEW CHEVROLET SIX

*The Great American Value*



Dad: I hated to see you come out of that speakeasy the other night.

Son: Yeah; I hated it too, but it was closing time.

—Punch Bowl

• •

"What's going on in there—an international parley?"

"No, no, simply a sailor's family reunion."

—Lampoon

• •

Little girl reading: "Mother, you've been gypped! This is the expurgated edition."

—Judge

• •

A form divine, a dream in curves;  
A sight to calm the tortured nerves.

The sort that many lives has wrecked—  
Entirely void of intellect!

—Widow

Whose Zoo

Although he has no legs to move  
As fast as he might please,  
The angle-worm makes arcs and so  
He gets there by degrees.

Jack rabbits are fast animals.  
To hit them on the run  
You have to be outfitted with  
A rabbit-fire gun.

They say the aardvark hates a pun.  
Still, writing of these beast,  
I find it aardvark not to pun  
Upon his name at least.

—Lord Jeff

He didn't know his own strength—  
so they told him to use Life Buoy.

—Kitty-Kat

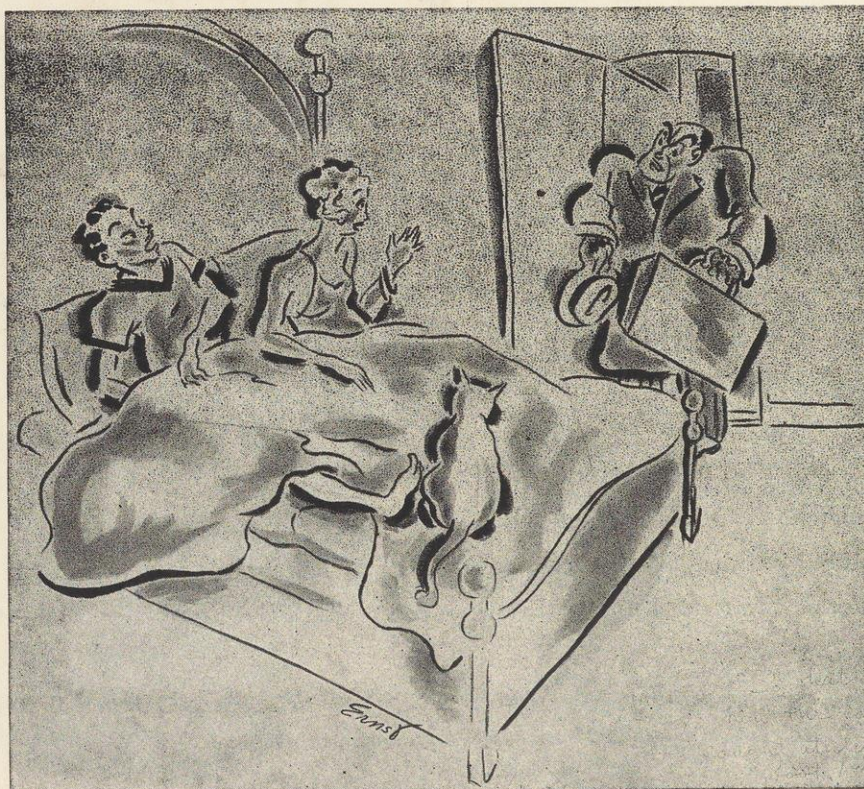
• •

Once: Was he surprised when you said you wanted to marry his daughter?

Twice: Was he? The gun near fell out of his hand.

—Rice Owl

• •



"Who is that man over there snapping his fingers?"

"That's a deaf mute with the hiccoughs."

—Wampus

• •

"How come you always smoke quarter cigars?"

"Somebody always smokes the other three quarters!"

—Burr

"Oh, so that's how the cat caught athlete's foot."

—Purple Parrot

|      |    |    |    |    |    |    |
|------|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1931 |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| ○    | 1  | 2  | 3  | 4  | 5  |    |
| 6    | 7  | 8  | 9  | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| 13   | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 |
| 20   | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 |
| 27   | 28 | 29 | 30 |    |    |    |



She'll be there —  
but will you?

Of course, with

HOLEPROOF

*Autogarts*  
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Pat. Pend.

the Self-Supporting Socks

*Just pull 'em up  
and they stay up*

55¢ and \$1<sup>00</sup>

at your Haberdasher's

A date—and how—but will she wait? You bet your life she won't! So many good-looking fellows wear Holeproof Autogarts and get there in time. The funny part of it is that Autogarts are correct as well. And so they wear and wash? We'll say they do. The Autogart feature's guaranteed to outwear the sock—and the sock is a Holeproof! Need we say more? And style that's there, too, with some snappy new designs—those Holeproof exclusive designs.





# EVERYTHING IS LOV-LAY NOW

UNION BARBERS  
 RUNDELL  
 RAY'S  
 U. W. PHARM.  
 MALLATT  
 CRAMTON  
 LEWIS  
 PLAZA



"You remember Jack. He had tattooing all over his chest---perfectly fascinating."

Ye Union Man to Prospective Suicide: Don't kill yourself.

Prospective Suicide: And why not? Have you a job for me?

Ye Union Man: No, but we're boycotting the undertakers this week.

—Rammer-Jammer

• •

### *Trials*

The jury had been out for twenty-four hours. All but one obstinate Dutchman stood firm for conviction. He could not be persuaded to vote guilty, though all evidence had seemed convincingly in that direction. Finally the bailiff came in and asked the foreman if the jurymen were ready for their meal.

"Yes," answered the weary juror, "we're ready, and make it eleven dinners and a bale of hay."

—Pelican

# Fitch's Lov-Lay

**RULES UNRULY HAIR**



There's No Such Thing as a Woman Who "Can't  
Wear Clothes" . . . It's All in Knowing  
What Type to Wear and  
Where to Get  
Them!

Do you remember the typical well dressed woman of a few seasons ago? The one who wore a slim fitting black dull crepe frock, a close fitting black felt, off the forehead, and a pair of black patent shoes. Every well dressed woman looked alike then . . . but not so today! Now every woman dresses to suit her type and is more attractive for it. You'll enjoy trying on and selecting coats and frocks at Manchester's, that look just like you!



Harry S. Manchester, Inc.

# Spring » » »

and thoughts turn to  
roads and lanes . . . .  
Of course the best  
way to go places and  
do things is in a FORD  
DE SOTA or PLYM-  
OUTH from the



**BADGER**  
**RENT-A-CAR**  
STATE AT HENRY  
**FAIRCHILD 6200**  
WE DELIVER. RANNENBERG-PARR, MGRS.

SERVICE » » »  
NIGHT or DAY

### Statement

"I never kissed a girl before in my life," said the young man as he removed his cigars from his vest pocket and took her in his arms.

—Whirlwind

• •

Student (translating passage in German class): 'I fell to the ground and clasped her by the knee—' and that as far as I got, Professor.

—Purple Parrot



"Look, Joe, they've got our bed."

Customer (in hash joint): What's in my soup?

Waiter: That's an oyster, mister.

Customer: Better take him back. How are they going to make more soup without this oyster?

—Punch Bowl

• •

Anne: How is it that Harwood never takes you to the theater any more?

Howe: Well, you see, one evening it rained and we sat in the parlor.

—Ranger

TRAVELERS FROM EVERYWHERE  
*PREFER*

# HOTEL EMPIRE

14 STORIES AND 700 ROOMS  
OF MODERN COMFORT

Conveniently close to everything yet  
removed from the noise and  
confusion of Times Square

## NEW YORK

BROADWAY AT  
63<sup>RD</sup> STREET

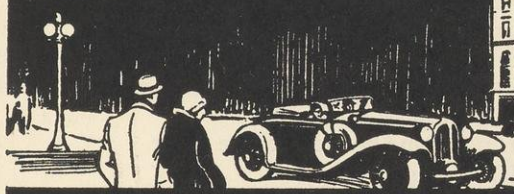
Reduced Rates Now From

**\$2.00** up

Attractive weekly  
and monthly rates

Liberal Parking Space

**GARAGE IN  
CONNECTION**



ATKINSON SERVICE

*Neither Here nor THERE*

For many months I had pondered over that unfathomable problem. For weeks at a time I had sat long into the waking hours attempting to arrive at a solution, but none seemed to be forthcoming.

THERE—what is it. It exists but in the hereafter and not in the now. Many yesterdays have I started there only to discover to my chagrin that my arrival in the There is destined for the to-morrow which never comes. When I have attained what yesterday was the THERE, I say "I am here" and the There has become a mythical place, unattainable.

I am half way THERE, and on reflection, I discover that I was almost here instead. Ah, me, I have sought the other side of the street many a time, only to discover on reaching there that I am here and the other side is across from me.

—Widow

• •

Fair Damsel: Where do you think I'd be if I had a million dollars?

Male Escort: On my honeymoon.

—Black and Blue Jay

• •

*Tragedy of Love*

They had been gazing into each others' eyes for a long time. Soon a relentless fate was to part them forever. If she had known, would those rosy lips have been still parted in a smile that revealed a double row of evenly matched pearls. Swiftly his spotlessly and smartly arrayed manly glory would vanish never to be seen again by her sparkling blue eyes.

Swish! The stroke of fate fell. He was gone. In his place appeared a homely little imp with a horrible grin and triangular shaped head. Did she scream or weep or turn her pretty eyes away from him? No, indeed. She smiled as sweetly as before. Such is the way of toothpaste billboard Ad. girls, even when Arrow Collar men are replaced by Wrigley's imps.

—Juggler



"Take another hunk off that corner, Jake."

An Englishman was in the States for the first time. Some of his friends in New York took him to see the Yankees play baseball. After the Yanks had been hitting the opposing pitcher all over the lot the Englishman was heard to remark: "Jolly good pitcher, eh, what, hits t' bloomin' bat every time."

—Skipper

• •

He: Come horsie, eat nice sugar.

It: Neigh! Neigh!

—Kansas Sour Owl

• •

A bird in the hand has to be watched closely.

—Cajoler

Advertisement in a newspaper: "Eskimo Spitz Pups for dollars apiece."

—Satyr

• •

You buried your wife just a month ago. If she knew you were tearing around she'd dig out of her grave." "Let her dig! I buried her face down."

—Malteaser

• •

Do you like tight skirts? Yes, for when they're tight they're loose, as a rule.

—Battalion

• •

Old Maid: Has the canary had its bath yet? Servant: Yes, ma'am. You can come in now.

—Skipper

• •

Collegian: What's wrong with these eggs? Waitress: Don't ask me, I only laid the table.

—Puppet

• •

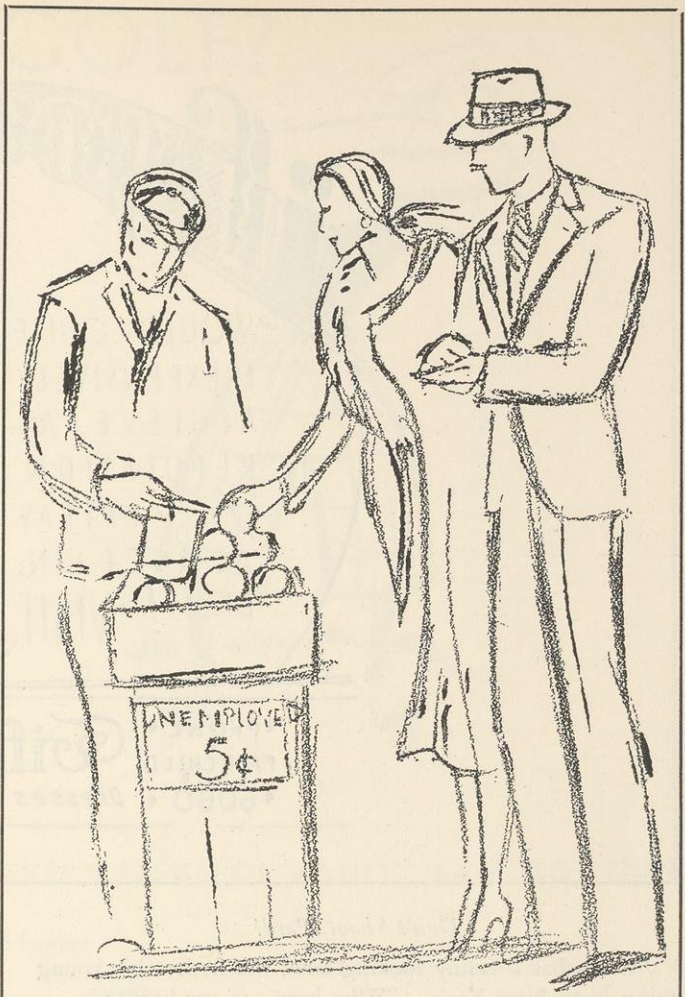
Mr. Bigman: I'd like a nice pair of oxfords. Shoe Clerk: For an oak desk or mahogany?

—College Humor

• •

College is the place where one spends several thousand dollars for an education and then prays for a holiday to come on a school day.

—Sun Dial



## Ditch the Apple Business


Buy yourself a good suit when you go looking for a job. We feature Suits by Braeburn and Hart Schaffner and Marx, with two trousers, at

\$40



**if you**

WOULD • QUITE  
INEXPENSIVELY  
ACHIEVE • A  
REPUTATION  
for • EXTRAV-  
AGANCE • IN  
DRESS! — VISIT



◆PHONE◆ 546◆  
FAIRCHILD Tiffany's STATE  
◆6060◆ Dresses Exclusively ◆ST.◆

*Don't Shoot, Pard!*

"Oh, what a funny looking cow!" said the chic young thing from New York. "Why hasn't it any horns?"

"There are many reasons," answered the farmer, "why a cow does not have horns. Some are born without horns and do not have any until the late years of their life. Others are dehorned, while still other breeds are not supposed to have horns at all. There are many reasons why a cow sometimes does not have horns. But the chief reason that this cow does not have any horns is that it isn't a cow at all. It's a horse."

—Ski-U-Mah

• •

They call her "Mussy Lena" because she's the Fascist girl in town.

—Brown Jug

• •

A patent medicine manufacturing company received the following letter from a satisfied customer:

"Dear Sirs:

"I am very pleased with your remedy. I had a wart on my chest, and after using six bottles of your medicine, it moved up to my neck, and I now use it for a collar-button."

—Lampoon

The largest truck stopped in front of the sorority house. A man, well-dressed in a suit of livery, stepped sprightly from behind the mahogany steering wheel, walked jauntily up the stairs to the door, and with a jocular air rang the bell most shrilly. Suddenly the door opened and a beautiful farmer's daughter smiled benignly at the young man.

"What is it?" she asked.

The man did not smile. It was against orders to fraternize with damsels. He silently put his hand in his waist pocket and drew forth a package of very small dimensions. He handed it gently but firmly to the fair young maiden.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Is it a ring?"

"No," he answered, "it's the sorority laundry for the week."

—Rammer-Jammer

• •

Euripides had just passed the examination at the recruiting station. He said to the examiner: "Boss, I'd like to ask one favor, now that you're goin' to put me in the army."

"And what is that?" patiently asked the examiner.

"Don't put me in the cavalry, because when Ah's to retreat, Ah don't want to be bothered wif no hoss."

—Tig

# DO YOU LIKE GOLF?

## IF SO

## READ VANITY FAIR

Is an umbrella the most versatile club in your bag? . . . It shouldn't be . . . Bobby Jones explains why, from time to time, in *Vanity Fair* . . . When you miss a putt do you throw your caddie into a water hazard? . . . Does this cost you one stroke or two? . . . Do you pivot on the wrong foot and lash back as though you were fly-casting? . . . What is the proper way to address a ball?—or a girl you've just picked up in a sand trap? . . . If you wore your Reddy tees around your neck do you think you'd change them oftener? . . . Will hot applications cure a tymie? . . . Follow through, for a year, and keep your eye on *Vanity Fair's* articles on the Royal and Ancient.

Try to figure out how much it would cost you to buy the most talked-of new books . . . to go to the best shows, cinemas and musical comedies . . . to visit the London Tailors . . . to see the best new works of art in Paris . . . to attend the world's great sporting events . . . to arrange for demonstrations of the latest cars and planes . . . to learn the inner secrets of Backgammon and Contract Bridge . . . to go to the opera: in short, to know what's what about everything that is interesting and new in this modern and quick-moving world.



### EVERY ISSUE OF VANITY FAIR CONTAINS:

**Humor:**

The most original witticisms of the younger humourists and satirists.

**The Theatre:**

Intimate glimpses of the really interesting personalities on the stage and screen.

**Art:**

Perfect reproductions of the creations of modern European and American artists.

**World Affairs:**

Entertaining political sketches dealing with the foibles and weaknesses of world leaders.

**Fashions:**

A department of women's sport clothes and the trend in fashions, with reports from the leading tailors of New York and London.

**Motor Cars and Airplanes:**

The newest developments in motor cars and airplanes.

**Contract Bridge:**

Searching and expert articles on Backgammon and Contract Bridge.

**Books:**

Views and reviews on the latest books.

**Sports:**

Golf, fighting, etc.

**Music and Opera:**

The latest musical trend.

In short, you will find the Last Word on subjects that differentiate the successful and cultivated person from the uninformed nobody.

VANITY FAIR, GRAYBAR BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

Enclosed find \$1 for 5 issues.

Enclosed find \$3 for 1 year.

I am a new subscriber.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ CC

SIGN, TEAR OFF AND MAIL THIS COUPON NOW  
 FOR THIS SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER OF  
**5 ISSUES OF VANITY FAIR \$1**



## If You're Clothes Shy

treat yourself to a HOAK & DUNN Fine Spring Suit.  
You'll enjoy every minute of its long and respected life.

### HOAK & DUNN

*"Not only a toggery but a Wisconsin Institution"*

*(Continued from page 16)*

scure. They are especially obscure in view of the fact that Mr. Burnham, in his portrayal of the mother and of Jimmy himself, can do so much better.

If I should ever become violent, and go running down the street with a blood-stained battle axe, it will be on account of the discrepancy between the blurbs on the jacket of a book and the book itself. *This Our Exile* is terrifically over-blurbed. All the cant words and phrases are there—"dramatic sector cut from living reality", "inevitable", "important picture of life", and so on. Mr. Burnham's

style is called "crisp" and "exact". Now "How long do you favor we provincials?" as a question coming from a "sophisticated", "o v e r-civilised" Princetonian, may be brisk; but whatever exactness it may have, grammatical exactness is not included. And such painful fidelity to life as "The waiter said, 'One minute?' as usual and I said, 'One minute'" may be exact, but it is scarcely crisp. The first step to a fair perusal of a new novel has come to be the immediate removal of its paper jacket.

• •

*'S'Truth*

Of course, I came to be with Joe  
(He is so nice to me.)  
I danced a lot with Frank and Bill  
With Harry went to tea.

Wallace met me at the prom.  
(He was so nice to me.)  
And Freddy kissed me at the door  
(The end was soon to be.)

Ozzy took me to the train,  
And kissed me for the rest.  
Joe stayed in bed  
"A cold," he said.  
(With kindness Joe is blessed.)

—Widow

## Stationery Of Distinction

Quality Job Printing  
that EXPRESSES and IMPRESSES

### STRAUS PRINTING COMPANY

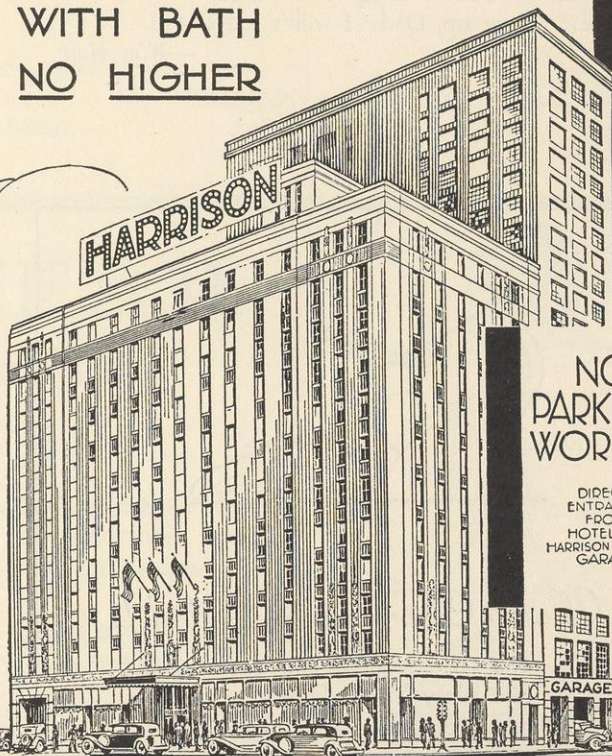
118 East Main Street

Badger 1763

NOW OPEN  
**CHICAGO'S**  
 NEWEST DOWNTOWN  
 HOTEL

RADIO AND RUNNING ICE WATER  
 IN EVERY ROOM

**\$2.50 AND \$3.00**  
 WITH BATH  
NO HIGHER



JUST OFF  
 MICHIGAN  
 BOULEVARD

**NO  
 PARKING  
 WORRIES**

DIRECT  
 ENTRANCE  
 FROM  
 HOTEL TO  
 HARRISON PARKING  
 GARAGE

H HOTEL  
**HARRISON**

HARRISON STREET JUST OFF  
 MICHIGAN BOULEVARD

(Continued from page 14)

stery open in a hit or miss man  
After a time he gave this up.

"Wal, they ain't nothin' here,"  
remarked, "I reckon I'll jest tak  
look outa that there durned win  
Them crooks is allus gainin' entr  
through a winder."

He went to the only window in  
apartment which was exactly opp  
a window in the building next c  
With a slow jerk he raised the  
luminous shade, just in time to  
an utterly feminine shriek  
glimpse a dainty arm groping w  
for the shade. Very thoughtfully  
covered his hands with his eyes.

Making certain nothing else  
taking place within the precinct  
the window, he tiptoed with a  
tread across the heavy mulsified c  
nut matting which covered the r  
and sat down in front of the clo

Suddenly, with a soft detona  
the closet door flew open, and cl  
of acrid, sweet smoke poured into  
room. There in the doorway s  
Phance, his clothes torn and his  
covered with blood, holding the  
conscious Barkham in his arms.

Everything went black, and Ca  
felt himself sinking down . . . c  
. . . , then up . . . up . . . ,  
he was himself again.

Canary picked up the unconso  
pair, Phance fainting in his arms.  
carried them to the couch, and ru  
their noses to revive them. C  
ually, almost at once, Phance op  
his eyes and wagged his ears  
fully in Canary's direction, indic  
his return to life.

"Hey, you," said Canary, "v  
that feinting business. That last  
just missed my jaw. Say, what's  
pened anyway?"

Phance yawned sleepily, and qu  
went through his daily half-doze  
liven himself up. When he felt  
mal again, he graciously pushed  
nary into a chair, and opened  
mouth to speak. Very strangel  
words came from it. Calmly, he  
his mouth and tried again. Sti  
words came. In desperation,  
sauntered nonchalantly over to  
writing table and picked up a  
of paper. He scribbled a few v  
on it, and brought it back to Ca

(Continued on page 34)

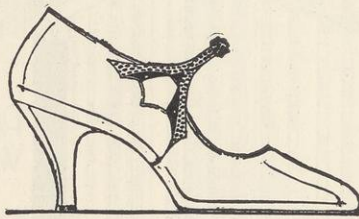


"Oh I say, don't you know it's vulgar to point."

Father: Lucille, this disappoints me dreadfully, seeing  
you smoke. You're no daughter of mine.

Lucille: Cheer up, Dad—I won't tell a soul.

—Wet Hen



### Walk-Over Spring Models

The same leathers and patterns  
that New York's Fifth Avenue  
has accepted as its own . . . high  
style at low prices, value con-  
sidered.

### Walk-Over Shoe Store

8 So. Carroll St.

On Capitol Square

Our New Store Will Be at 8 E. Mifflin St. About May 1st

lam: Eve! You've gone and put my dress suit in  
alad again.

—Mugwump

• •

aternity Pledge: This house is filled with a bunch of  
thieves. Since Monday I've lost four Y. M. C. A.  
s, a Hotel McAlpin bath mat, a Yale sweater, and  
Brainerd ash trays.

—Lyre

• •

tist (talking to model): I wish that you wouldn't  
such tight garters—

tist (looking more closely): And for goodness' sake,  
sitting on those cane-bottom chairs.

—Buccaneer

• •

: Do you smoke?

e: No.

: Do you drink?

e: No.

: Do you pet?

e: No.

: Oh, goody, let's go out and have a hell of a good

looking in pool-room windows.

—Purple Parrot

TO A LADY'S MIRROR

What very lucky Providence,  
Is yours, to have her confidence:  
She asks you, "Truly will you tell  
Me if you find me looking well?"  
When she leaves you, you are blank,  
Discreet and silent as a bank;  
Honored crystal, flat, smooth Sphinx,  
You know all the darling thinks;  
I'm sure that mutely you caress her,  
And for your job that you must bless her,  
For you see her when she rises,  
All her tears and her surprises,  
Tempers, smiles, minute distractions,  
Impulses and counteractions.  
The way you hold your own is zealous,  
And like the gods, I'm very jealous.

—The Boulevardier

• •

Pa Skunk says: Remember, children, millions for de-  
fense but not one scent for tribute.

—Green Goat

• •

Strangler Lewis—the coed's ideal.

—Dirge

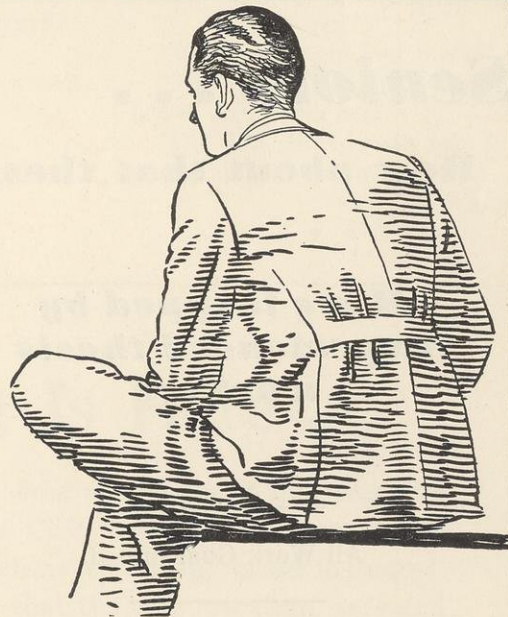
# SPORTWEAR

THAT IS CORRECT IN  
EVERY DETAIL

SUITS WITH PATCH POCKETS, BELT BACK---ONE  
TROUSER AND ONE KNICKER, IN TWEEDS AND  
FLANNELS---THIRTY-FIVE TO FIFTY DOLLARS.

NEW SWEATERS---LEATHER JACKETS, GOLF  
HOSE, TO COMPLETE THE SPORT ENSEMBLE.

SPORT SHOES OF BLACK AND WHITE OR BROWN  
AND WHITE---\$5 AND \$6.



109 STATE

:::

:::

:::

:::

:::

:::

:::

STREET

*"Come in and browse"*

**Brown's Book Shop**  
CORNER STATE AND LAKE STREETS

**NEW WAHL  
EQUIPOISE**

**PENS and PENCILS**

Greater Value — Lower Cost

New Colors  
New Clips  
New Shapes  
Lower Prices

On display at

**BROWN'S  
BOOK SHOP**

CORNER STATE AND LAKE

**Seniors . . .**

**How about that thesis?**

***Have it typed by  
experienced thesis  
workers***

---

All Work Guaranteed

---

**COLLEGE TYPING CO.**

Badger 3747

720 State St.

½ block from library

*(Continued from page 32)*

"Here, my good fellow," said Phance. "This is the reason why I am unable to talk."

On the blank sheet were the words, "*I have lost my breath*" written in unblotted pencil. Canary scrutinized the paper at a glance, and tore it up.

"Heap big lot of bunk," he mumbled. "You make much talk now."

"So I do, so I do," replied Phance. "I must have found it again. Perhaps it came home like a homing-pigeon, or a cat."

He sat down on the prostrate form of Barkham, and continued.

"I have solved the mystery of your watch," he began. "Look in your OTHER 'coat pocket!'"

Canary reached in and drew out the missing watch. Phance roared with mingled laughter and sobs.

"You must have forgotten to look in that pocket!" he screamed.

The two put their arms around each other, and sang a verse of "Auld Lang Syne" for old time's sake, Canary singing tenor and baritone, while Phance carried the alto and bass.

"Tella me," broke in Canary, "what's a matta wit' Barkham. Wy wasa he ina dat closet, huh?"

"Remember that arm that y'saw pullin' down the shade?" asked Phance.

"Sure."

"Well, Barkham got into the wrong apartment, that's all."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah," replied Phance as he skillfully dodged the pillow Canary threw at him.

• •

"Waiter there is a fly in my soup."

"Well, after all mister, how much soup can a fly drink?"

—*Wampus*

• •

Early to bed  
And early to rise  
Makes a girl  
Healthy and wealthy.

—*Gargoyle*

# Stationery

To  
Please  
The  
Most  
Exacting  
For  
Formal  
And  
Informal  
Occasions

at

## Netherwood's

519 State

### Mary's Skunk

Mary had a little skunk;  
Its back was white as snow,  
And every time he wagged his tail,  
Boy, how Mary did go!

He followed her to school one day,  
Which was against the rule.  
Next day poor Mary stayed in late  
To fumigate the school.

—Black and Blue Jay

• •

"Working, Joe?"  
"Nope, not now, but I'm getting  
fixed up to start soon."  
"How long will it last?"  
"Oh, about 72 hours."  
"Quite a bit of work. When will  
it start?"  
"Just as soon as I can put this cake  
of yeast in the crock."

—Kitty-Kat

• •

1st Salesman: What do you sell?  
2nd Salesman: Salt.  
1st Salesman: Why, I'm a salt  
seller, too.  
2nd Salesman: Shake.

—Lyre

• •

# To Be

## Truly Smart

Have your Dresses, Ensembles, and Coats made by an accomplished dressmaker.

No frock is too intricate.

### Special Service

#### Hemstitching Covering Buttons

## The Hetty Minch Shop

Over Rentschler's Floral  
Shop  
228 State St.  
Call Badger 3029

• •

As Is

"Who is that girl over there?"  
"That's Mary Johnson. Would you  
like to dance with her?"  
"Oh, I've danced with her, I just  
wanted to know her name."

—Widow

• •

Angry Guide: Why didn't you  
shoot at the tiger.  
Timid Hunter: He didn't have the  
right kind of expression on his face  
to shoot a rug.

—Yellow-Jacket

• •



# Spring Is Here

Start in at once to take advantage of our beautiful Spring—The Capital City Rent-A-Car always stands ready to serve you whenever transportation is desired. You may be certain that the cars are clean, safe and comfortable.

## CAPITAL CITY RENT-A-CAR

The Campus Institution Of Friendly Service

531 State St.

WE DELIVER

F. 334

## St. Nicholas Cafe

(Formerly Ben Stitgen's)

STEAKS . . . CHOPS . . . FISH

Booths for parties of 3 or more

*Phone Your Order*

120 W. Main—Badger 922

## THE L. G. BALFOUR COMPANY

ATTLEBORO MASSACHUSETTS

Manufacturers of

|                  |                    |
|------------------|--------------------|
| Athletic Figures | Rings              |
| Door Plates      | Favors             |
| Medals           | Programs           |
| Cups             | Stationery         |
| Trophies         | Fraternity Jewelry |
| Medallions       | Memorial Tablets   |
| Plaques          | Emblem Insignia    |
| Badges           |                    |

*\*\*Known Wherever There are Schools and Colleges\*\**

## Lettercraft

Engraved Stationery  
Dance Programs

725 University Avenue

## When

You Miss Mother's  
Cooking

Visit

**BELMONT TAVERN**

in the New Belmont Hotel  
Phone Fairchild 3866

### Loyalty

"Oy, I am dying—send for a priest quveeck."

"Vat, Abie, you don't vant a rabbi?"

"I should gif heem small pox? Call for a priest."

—Beanpot

• •

Little Willie, rough as hell,  
Threw his sister down the well.

"Gee, it's hard to raise a daughter."

Said his mother, drawing water."

—Purple Parrot

• •

She: If you don't leave this room immediately, I  
call the whole police department to put you out.

He: My love, it would take the whole fire departme  
to put me out.

—Brown Bull

• •

Wife: I'm going to take up horseback riding. It w  
increase my social standing.

Hubby: I don't know about the social part.

—Wet Hen

• •

Judge: Isn't this the fifth time you have been arrest  
for drunkenness?

Old Friend Sot: Don' ash me. I thought yoush kee  
ing score.

—Lyre

• •

### Evil of Delay

"Where'd you get that black eye?"

"I kissed the bride."

"But I thought that was the custom!"

"Not two months after the ceremony, it isn't."

—Purple Parrot

Life

could feel his sensuous breath  
 and go as I lay against his warm  
 ast . . . and then, suddenly I felt  
 moist hand grope for me . . . It  
 ched my smooth neck . . . Then  
 wly and lovingly he caressed me,  
 ning his hand up and down my  
 y, murmuring that I was his one  
 all and must never desert him.  
 A throaty chuckle escaped his  
 . . . Suddenly, as if his passions  
 mastered him, he pulled me to  
 n and pressed his rough mouth  
 inst mine! . . . His breath reeked  
 liquor and his lips moved convul-  
 sively . . . I could feel him drinking  
 the very dregs of my soul . . .  
 en—I knew . . . he knew . . . I  
 l given him all I had to offer . . .  
 th an oath he tore me from him  
 l dashed me to the ground . . .  
 ken . . . scorned . . . an empty  
 k.

—Ski-U-Mah

• •

Cheer Up

she  
 ho stole your heart  
 afar away from you  
 home  
 at some summer haven for the  
 studes  
 nd every fibre in your body  
 ches for her,  
 nd her divine caresses.  
 ches, until you aren't yourself  
 t are a hollow shell of lover's  
 memories . . .  
 on't sigh, my friend, but be a man  
 loyal to your school, and crowd,  
 rget the Past, do what I do,  
 b sightseeing near the dorms.

—Owl

• •

Man (after being cleaned in the  
 nochel game): Well, any how, I  
 on't have to tell my wife about this.  
 Eager Chorus: What'll you do?  
 Man: Nothing. I ain't married.

—Phoenix

Statistics show that  
 Yale graduates have  
 1.3 children  
 While Vassar graduates  
 Have 1.7 children  
 Which proves that women  
 Have more children  
 Than men.

—Diamond Dust

• •

A cigar lighter salesman named John-  
 son  
 Once got lost in the wilds of Wis-  
 consin;  
 He discovered his Clark  
 Little good in the dark,  
 So he now sells the Dunhill and  
 Ronson.

—Widow

• •

Aftermath

The graying shadows on the far  
 horizon heralded the dawn of another  
 wintry day, as Brother Glutz fumbled  
 for the doorknob. The house party  
 in full swing a few hours before had  
 now passed into history, and as he en-  
 tered noisily the whole first floor was  
 bathed in the dusk of romance.

Gradually his eyes began to pene-  
 trate the pitchy blackness, and to his  
 ears some mingled creaking sounds did  
 come. Slowly the lofty walls of Mu  
 Dammit Mu appeared before him, and  
 in front of the well-worn sofas, veter-  
 ans of many a hard-fought battle, all  
 facing towards the walls.

Taking a swig from his favorite  
 Golden Wedding he advanced towards  
 the darkest corner, for with unerring  
 instinct he sensed his party date. With  
 an elephant's cat-like tread he advanced  
 upon his quarry, all unaware of his  
 approach. How he would wreak his  
 vengeance on dear old Brother Butz,  
 now wrapped in the arms of his best  
 beloved! So reaching them he leaned  
 carefully toward the loving couple,  
 straining every muscle to hear his  
 darling's golden voice. Then he heard  
 her softly murmur, "Ronald, what  
 do you think of Renaissance poetry?"

—Widow

# Pantorium Company

Madison Master Cleaners

20% Discount on  
Cash and Carry

\$5.00 in Advance Gives  
\$6.00 in Credit

558 State Street  
Phone Badger 1180

## Haresfoot "Ladies"

Use

## Unique Shop Jewelry



UNIQUE SHOP

Upstairs at  
130 STATE ST.



It was in the subway during the rush hour. The little man suddenly thought of pickpockets. Thrusting his hand into his pocket he found another hand there ahead of him.

"Get out, you thief."

"Get out yourself," said the other.

"Say," interrupted a third: "If you two guys will get your hands out of my pocket I'll get off here."

—Orange Peel

"Mama, when I grow up, will I get married and have a husband like papa?"

"Yes, dear."

"And if I don't get married, will I be an old maid like Aunty?"

"Yes, love."

"Well, no matter which way you look it, it's a hell of a tough world on us women."

—Whirlwind

• •

"Just another one of those thrill slayers," muttered G. Hot, as the chaperone hove in sight.

—Crackles

• •

Shoe Clerk: Do you know what wears out most shoes leather?

Sheba: No.

Shoe Clerk: That's right.

—Longhorn Range

• •

"Confidenshally, Brother Binks, your girl ish a dream." "Hic! I hope not; hic! I gotta date with her tomorrow."

—Rammer-Jammer

• •

There is irony in the victorious Hoover looking up from the depths of the depression at the defeated Al. Smith sitting on top of the Empire State Building.

—Juggles

• •

Mary had a little lamb—

Which is unconventional to say the least—

—Snipe

Established 1854

### Conklin & Sons Company

COAL, COKE, WOOD AND ICE  
FUEL OIL BEST SUITED FOR  
YOUR PARTICULAR BURNER

The service and personal attention given each order, insures your entire satisfaction

**BUILDING MATERIALS**

Main Office 24 E. Mifflin Street  
Phone Badger 25

Phone for Appointment Fa. 79

### MARINELLO SHOP

Permanent Waving    Hair Dyeing  
Finger Waving    Marcelling    Manicuring  
Facials    Electrolysis    Hair Bobbing  
Chiroprody

MRS. W. WENGEL    -:-    125 STATE ST.

Phone Badger 698

617 State Street

### CARDINAL HAND LAUNDRY and SHIRT HOSPITAL

We do Mending, Darning, Replace Buttons, Turn Collars and Cuffs Free

We Wash Anything, Return Everything--But the Dirt

WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED

Teacher: Young man, don't you know that you will  
your stomach by drinking?

ebriate: Oh, thash all right, it won't show with my  
on.

—Yellow Jacket

• •

Chic Sale were presented to Saint James' court, he  
ld probably be made Privy Councilor of the King.

—Phoenix

• •

Hi there, big boy, how'd you like a red-hot date with  
te little devil?"

Fine baby, O. K."

Go to hell, big boy, go to hell."

—Rammer-Jammer

• •

st Student: That girl must have a good family tree.

nd Student: Why?

st Student: Notice the limbs.

—Beanpot

• •

What sort of people does the aesthetic dancing  
ol admit?

All the nudes that's fit to sprint.

—Lord Jeff

• •

ophomore: What's stranger than a one-armed man  
ing his wrist watch?

eshman: I fess up. Dunno.

or-phomore: A glass eye at a key hole.

—Beanpot

• •

and he said shall we discuss Keats, and I said lissen,  
big furriner, don't get domestic."

—Masquerader

Proof

Chief of Police H: And what was the prisoner doing?

Constable: He was having a heated argument with a  
cab driver.

C. of P.: Well, that doesn't prove he was drunk.

Constable: But there weren't no cab driver there.

—Jack-o'-Lantern

• •

Ike: I'm going to raise rabbits for a living.

Jake: Is zat so? How many?

Ike: That's entirely up to the rabbits.

—Green Goat

• •

He: Changing a tire?

It: No. I just get out and jack it up every few miles  
to give it a rest.

—Log

**Kennedy's**  
VELVET  
**ICE CREAM**

"our wagon passes your door"

**Kennedy Dairy Company**

Perfectly pasteurized  
Milk, Cream, Butter, Buttermilk, Milcolate,  
Selected Guernsey Milk

Phone B. 7100



**G-rrh-umph!! Here comes Director Bill Purnell! Somebody has come in late for rehearsal, the double bass in the orchestra**

**let go of a "sour one", the juvenile has missed his cue, or one of the chorines has broken "her" garter. Something always happens in the show business. That's what makes it fun.**

**So here's to Haresfoot and its 1931 offering. We're happy to have had some part in its preliminary activity. Perhaps the program, the advertising folders, and the other printed material we have prepared will help to *make* "It's A Gay Life." On with the show.**

**And also, here's to Octy, -- server of delectable gossip tid-bits and artistic wielder of rapier wit. The Octopus, a campus necessity for good humored collegiates. We're proud to print it!**

---

**Democrat Printing Company**

114 South Carroll Street

:-:

Madison, Wisconsin



## One step in telephone making starts in a mulberry bush



The cord on your telephone requires silk as part of its insulating cover. For this and other uses, Western Electric goes all the way to

Japan to get the kind of silk that reliable telephone service must have and spends more than \$2,000,000 annually for this one item . . . It's a huge market basket that Western

Electric carries. In it go pins. In it go locomotives. But in it goes



nothing bought at random, nothing bought without investigation of world-wide sources of supply. When quantities are so great—many factors must be carefully considered.

. . . Purchasing for



the entire Bell telephone System calls for imagina-

tion, too — for minds unshackled by any such considerations as "what we used to do".

# *Western Electric*

*Manufacturers... Purchasers... Distributors*

SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM





## CAMEL-LIGHTING TIME

SOFT LIGHTS and friendly shadows, intimate, alluring—and the mellow contentment of a Camel!

The pleasure of *any* moment is heightened by Camel's fresh, cool fragrance, tingling with the delicate aromas of the world's choicest tobaccos—sun-ripened—naturally mild.

# CAMELS

*Made to be enjoyed*

