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## Octopus. Vol. 16, No. 8 April, 1935

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, April, 1935

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# Octopus



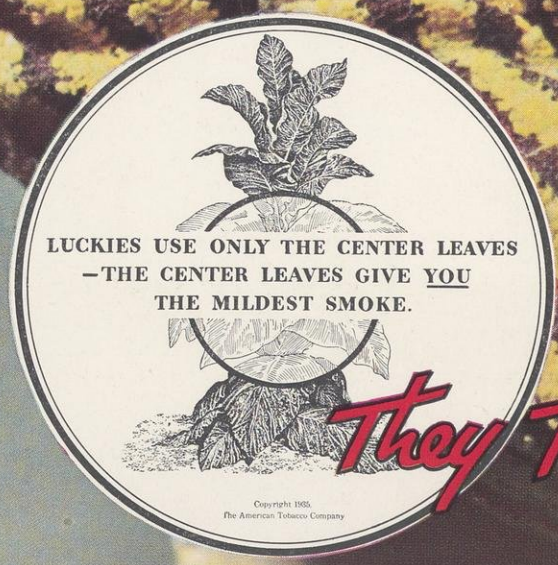
KENASTO

APRIL

15¢



*Luckies*



*They Taste Better*

# DRAMATIS PERSONAE

## CAST:

Charles Adair '35  
 Tony Canepa '35  
 Carl Ruff M1  
 Sidney Wynn '36  
 John McCaffery '36  
 Richard Carrigan '35  
 James O'Neill '35  
 John D. German '35  
 Allen Jorgenson '37  
 Richard Auten '37  
 Willard Putnam L1  
 John Whitney '36  
 Cyril Hager '36  
 Edward Crowley L1  
 Jordan Paust '37

William Nanini '35  
 Gerald Endres '36  
 Ralph Frank '37  
 Richard Karberg '37

## 2nd Line

Edwin C. Gibson '36  
 Fred Fuhrman '36  
 Richard Hartman '35  
 Dave Van Epps '37  
 William Ross '36  
 Lester A. Goldstein '36  
 Kenneth Leonard '37  
 Charles Tully '37

## 3rd Line

William G. Harley '35  
 William Hovis '36  
 Earl Ellis '36  
 Myron J. Thompson '35  
 Gerald Jolin L1  
 E. B. Bailey '37  
 George Clapp '36  
 Joseph J. Fiedler L3

## CHORUS:

### 1st Line

Wilbur Draisin '36  
 Robert Suelflow '37  
 Herbert A. Becker '35  
 Frank Greer '36



JERRY ERDAHL

# CAL CAMPUS

defines "BELOW and AFT"



Below the missus—aft-er the blonde!

## WHILE SAILING AMERICAN TO EUROPE

**CAL'S** nautical definitions appear rather silly. But we must hand him an orchid for the super-intelligence he displayed when selecting a ship to Europe. Maybe he just followed in the trail that smart American travelers everywhere have been blazing to our piers. At any rate, he chose the *Washington*—and he's mighty glad!

The new *Washington*, you know, and her famous twin, *Manhattan*, are America's sensations of the sea! World's fastest cabin liners, they offer wonderful value with their astonishingly large cabins—all with *real beds*, air-conditioned dining salons (*exclusive* in the service), indoor tiled swimming pools, spacious decks and many other features. And the costs are so small! Cabin Class \$167 one way; \$309 round trip. Tourist Class \$113 one way; \$204 round trip. If you prefer informality and quiet comfort—choose the popular *Pres. Harding* or *Pres. Roosevelt*. In Cabin Class you enjoy the very finest the ship offers—and that's plenty! The fares? Only \$126 one way; \$234 round trip.

Weekly sailings to Cobb, Plymouth, Havre and Hamburg. Apply to your travel agent. His services are free.



## UNITED STATES LINES

Associated with American Merchant and Baltimore Mail Lines to Europe; Panama Pacific Line to California; U. S. Lines and Panama Pacific Cruises. 216 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

## PLATTER PATTERN

NORM PHELPS

Victor

**"F**ATS" WALLER and his rhythm have recorded *Baby Brown* and *I'm a Hundred Percent for You*.

Both tunes Waller has recorded before, but on this recording there are no vocals. You may have heard of Willie Bryant before this, but if you haven't, let me say that he is the coming band of Harlem and as proof of his growing popularity he has been asked to record for Victor. His first recording includes *Viper's Moan* and *It's Over Because We're Through*. You will enjoy this band for its precision and style. The soloists—trumpet, piano, tenor, and Willie Bryant's vocal—are all good.

Without doubt one of the most popular band leaders of the moment is Ray Noble. His newest tune, *Sonny's Little Lullaby* (a sequel to *Little Man You've Had a Busy Day* and *Tiny Little Fingerprints*), deserves to be played only on extremely sentimental occasions. On the other side of the disc, however, there is an admirable arrangement of *Clouds*. This recording, which is his first with an American band, does not approach the quality of those he did in England. Compare it with *It's Bad for Me*, one of Noble's last released English recordings. There is a definiteness of style which is typically English and consequently more attractive than just another commercial American band with an English arranger.

Raymond Paige, who has the distinction of being the first orchestra leader to give credit to the man behind the music on his air programs, is now doing the same thing on his recordings and here too he is the first. On both *So Lovely and So Sweet* and *You Got Me Doin' Things* he credits Felix Mills with the arrangements and good arrangements they are too.

Victor has reissued Leo Reisman's record of *What Is This Thing Called Love* and *Moanin' Low*. It seems that way back then Eddy Duchin was just the piano player in Reisman's band but now that Duchin has a glory of his own it's a good time to republish, changing the label to read—Leo Reisman and his orchestra with Eddy Duchin at the piano. Besides Eddy Duchin's jumbly piano there is a great deal of tinkly banjo and blaring brass bass.

Columbia

**A** GAIN Columbia releases a Benny Goodman record. This one is a happy combination of *I Was Lucky* (strictly commercial) and *Singing a Happy Song* on which the band plays at its best.



### Our Apparel Section Is Bursting It's Buttons!

And college women are pouncing upon these gay spring fashions with glinting eye! What a grand collection of spring frocks, suits, and coats . . . picked with college women's needs in mind!

**Harry S. Manchester,**  
Incorporated

COME TO . . .

**Forbes-Meagher** for latest **Victor Records**

### THE DUO Jr.

**Selling at \$16.50**

This little machine will play any record when attached to your radio.

**EXTRA SPECIAL**  
\$52.50 RCA combination  
for radio and records  
**\$29.75**



**Forbes-Meagher Music Co.**

27 W. Main St.



## THE HARESFOOT BOY

(From March, 1925, issue of Octopus)

(With Apologies to J. G. W.)

Blessings on thee little man  
 With thy gown and feathered fan,  
 With thy summer scenes and moons,  
 As thou sing'st those Haresfoot tunes;  
 With thy red lips redder still  
 Kissed by lipstick 'plied with skill;  
 With the spotlight on thy face,  
 Thru thy curls and jaunty grace;  
 From my heart I give thee joy,—  
 Would I were a Haresfoot boy!  
 Queen thou art, —tho grown-up man,  
 Powdered cheeks o'er manly tan.  
 Let the co-ed shyly glance!  
 Haresfoot still can do its dance.  
 Thou dost more than she can do,  
 As thou featur'st steps quite new,—  
 Inward gruff and outward coy:  
 Blessings on thee, Haresfoot boy!

## \$10 buys the New All-purpose Sports Jacket



## of Crompton Tropical Corduroy

NO college education is complete without one of these grand Corduroy sports jackets. With one of these jackets in your wardrobe you have the basis of a dozen ensembles. There are single and double breasted models with keen sports backs — shirred or pleated.

These jackets are tailored from that wondrously soft and tailorable cloth—Crompton Tropical Corduroy. Smart, richly colored and highly fashionable today.

If your favorite store isn't showing these jackets—drop us a line. We'll try to see that you get a peep at them.



CROMPTON-RICHMOND COMPANY-INC.  
 1071 SIXTH AVE. AT 41ST ST., NEW YORK CITY

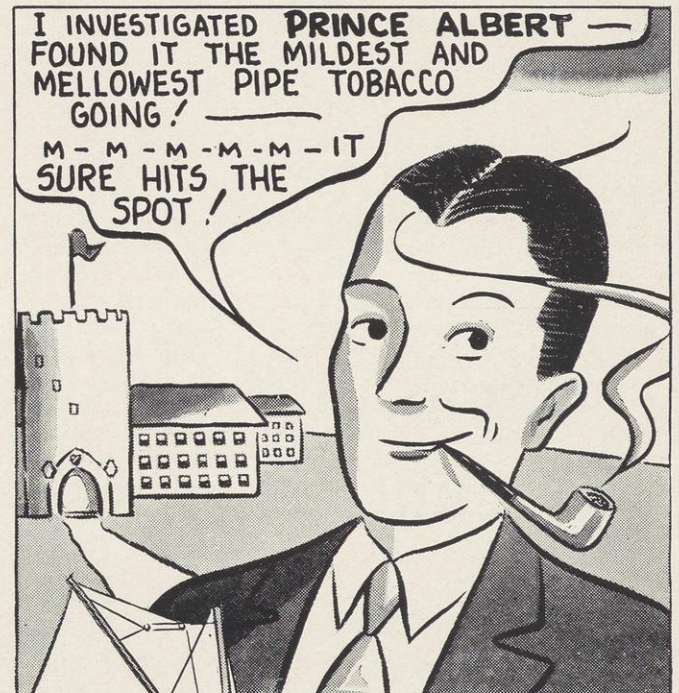
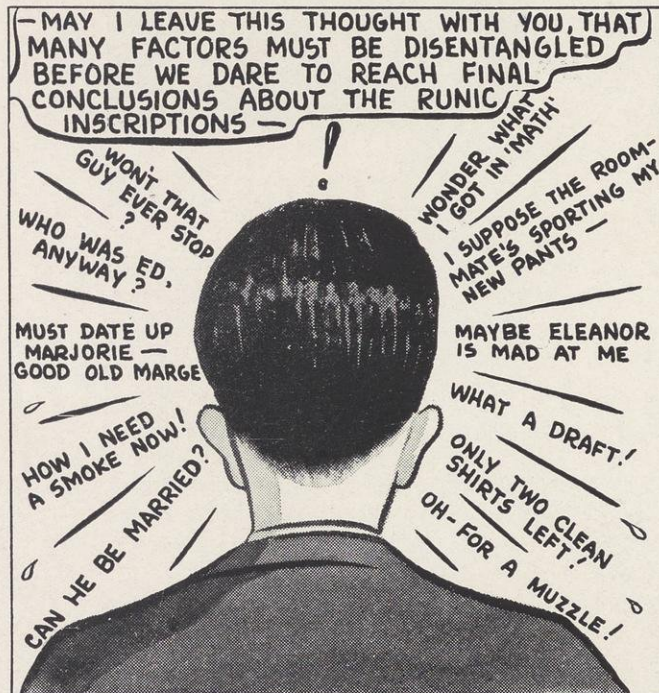
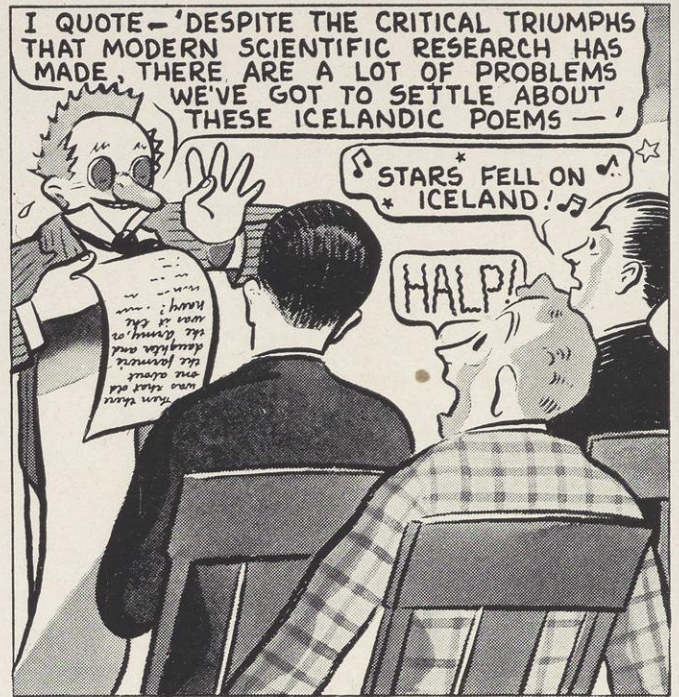
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# CROMPTON CORDUROY

"come in  
 and browse"

- brown's extends a cordial invitation to you to browse through its large and complete stock of new and used books.

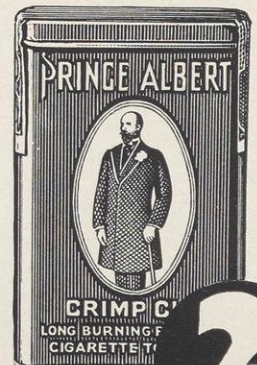
brown's  
 book shop  
 state at lake streets



Copyright, 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

**GET ABOARD  
PRINCE ALBERT!**

MILDER!  
BURNS LONGER!  
CRIMP CUT  
SPECIAL PROCESS  
REMOVES ALL "BITE"  
AMERICA'S FAVORITE  
PIPE TOBACCO!



**2**  
OUNCES



# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS, INC.

## CAMPUS CHRONICLE

### All Over

**N**OW that Haresfoot has been purged of female impersonation and the old motto about boys being not boys but girls, all of whom were of the highest type of womanhood (and take it from Purnell, Haresfoot girls were ladies) has been quietly strangled, a tradition of 25 years' standing, and a bumper crop of annual gags has been strangled with it.

And it was with crocodile tears only that we looked over some of our old files and saw what future generations of Wisconsin men and women were escaping. They are escaping, for instance, the annual cartoon depicting a man, probably drunk, trying to make love to a Haresfoot lady. They will never see (we hope) that one about "Stage door Jennies," the point being that the girls, instead of the Johns, are waiting for members of the cast, who are, of course, all men. There is that one about the Haresfoot "lady" going into a rest room marked "men," and three or four variations on that theme. There is that one of the hairy mug chewing tobacco, smoking a pipe, shaving and performing other male functions while dressed as a woman. Oh, and there's a hundred more. But who cares?

### Forgetful

**T**HE crew is working out almost daily now, and the Haresfoot cast has Sydney Wynn. But, had fate been kind to the freshman shell last spring, it might have been just the other way around; though there are those who say fate *was* kind to the freshman shell.

Wynn, who is the youngest pre-med in the university, being 16 or 15 or something like that, felt as does many another small lad that he would make a wonderful coxswain for Wis-

consin's mighty oarsmen. So he practiced making those noises that coxies make and he hung around until they let him go out with the scow, which, after all, is safe enough. Finally one bright spring day Coach Hunn let junior take out the freshman shell. He got away from the dock well enough, and in the open water they kept upright, at least, although there was some question as to just what the boys were doing with the oars under his direction. So they went along thusly, until they go to the end of the lake. And then poor junior remembered that he couldn't turn a shell around. To make matters worse, the naval reserve boat hove into sight just at that moment, and as junior was wondering just how to express himself to the crew so they would do what they should, they were pulling closer and closer to the navy

craft. Meanwhile, Coach Hunn was also wondering how he could express himself so as to stop junior from destroying an expensive shell. Yelling at the top of his lungs, he decided quickly, was the best method. He did, and just as the sharp nose of the shell was about to spear the navy, junior woke up and, somehow, did something that got them out of the way in time, but just in time. So, junior is again starring in Haresfoot this year, and Coach Hunn believes that crew at Wisconsin is going to have a wonderful season this spring.

### Literature

**T**HIS St. Pat's day parade business always makes us a little curious. We asked one of the freshman engineering students who happened to be running up and down the lake shore with his transit and black and white stick measuring distances that have been measured and re-measured for generations, why, just exactly and scientifically why, the date was set in April when everybody knows that St. Pat's day is usually on March 17. "Well," he said, "youse knew, didn't you, that it was supposed to be March 30?" We said, yes, but that still made it wrong. "Well," he replied with a look of disdain for our ignorance, "youse don't know anything about literature then. The 30th is what is called the Ides of March, see?" We didn't, but what the hell.

### Gallery

**A**FTER while you get so you take the big reading room in the library for granted; but last week, the day before our German quiz, we noticed one of those tall sign posts we hadn't seen (although it was there all the time) since our first week in college. It read something like this: Best view of the reading room can be had from the visitors' gallery on the third floor. It was a warm night, the lake behind the Union was quietly reflecting a skyful of tiny white stars and



A Haresfooter "Breaks the News"

a haunting moon, and we sighed several times and went up to the gallery and leaned over the rail.

It was like something from an Einstein production from the raised angle. The room suddenly seemed large . . . vast, like a cathedral, or the field house when the crowds are gone. The white walls and ceiling were veiled in gray shadows. Through a long, black window overlooking the muddy lower campus we could see the dimly lighted capitol dome glowing dully . . . Below, where the soft chalky whiteness of the walls merged into the rows of brown cases and then into a black floor, rows of green shaded lamps cast yellow circles of light over the long, warm brown tables. The sounds were soft and detached, constant and meaningless, like those you hear when you shut your eyes in a room full of people moving about. The faces around the tables, lit from the indirect reflection, were far away. There were several hundred of those white faces, each with its own thoughts, its own little world. We leaned there a while thinking how significant and dramatic it seemed; then we walked slowly down the marble stairs and had a beer.

### Heavy Stuff

**S**PEAKING of libraries, one of our friends who is around there almost every night, dissipating his young life away, as it were, told us how he used to watch one of the most scholarly of professors come in and walk into the periodical reading room, looking neither to the left nor to the right. Then, about half an hour later, he would walk out again as quietly and as reserved as ever and sit down and read a weighty tome or two. Finally our student got curious, and followed the professor into the room one night. He sneaked up behind the savant, peaked over his shoulder to see what he was reading. Got quite a shock, he told us.

It was Moon Mullens.

### No Gumption

**T**AKE it from Augie (call me Double Mint) Steinbrecker, sophomore politician, the human race is skeptical.

Augie has a job giving away gum for one of the bigger chewing companies. He is supposed to give away about 1,500 sticks a week, which, as the fellow said, is a lot of gum. We talked to him about the problem the other day and he told us that there's one response he always gets—"What's the matter with it?"

We watched him perform for a

while, and he was right. It seems that the average student is afraid of biting on a gag. We're not. We like gum.

### Stock, You Know

**A** young lady, who attends all the musical events here, told us the following story about a sorority sister of hers who is taking a musical appreciation course, and who knows nothing whatsoever about music. In view of the course she was taking, our young lady urged her friend to go to the Chicago Symphony concert in the Stock pavilion, and so they each managed dates and ended up somewhere in the dollar section. Her friend, who was sitting on the other side of our young lady's escort, bore up well for a time, but soon enough began to squirm ever so slightly. Then she took to looking around and squirming. Finally she leaned over and whispered something. Her friend couldn't understand her, but after the concert she asked what she had wanted to know. "Oh, yes," was the bright reply, "where *do* they keep the cows?"

**D**URING the intermission of the Chicago Symphony concert, we dropped around to the lobby for a smoke, and what with the crowds and all, we found ourselves shoved into one of the Animal Husbandry rooms. It was full of musicians trunks and instrument cases, and musicians. From our seat in the middle of the last section they looked very impressive, but right in their midst there in the crowded room they looked surprisingly—well, different. Most of them are

dark and swarthy, not a blond ayan in the lot. And they spoke in excited and often accented tones. In one corner there was a water cooler full of very warm water, and there was a group of musicians crowding around it with large paper drinking cups during the entire intermission. The trunks were big and black and battered. The harpists had one of the biggest; it was open, and we peeked inside. It was empty except for a dirty dress shirt hanging on a tin hanger. This made us notice the dress clothes of the rest of the company, and a little embarrassed, we decided that they weren't as dressy and as nifty as, say, those of a Prom king. When we edged into the room to get a drink we noticed the walls were covered with pictures of bulls, and beef cuts. None of the orchestra seemed to care much, though.

### Dickens

**T**HE function of the school of journalism is to give the world clear eyed men and women who will be able to go out and become editors. To do this, the course's fathers have planned a wide curriculum which takes in literature, social science, this, that, and the 30 required credits of journalism. Recently one of the young ladies taking a feature writing course was sent up to interview Prof. Paul Fulcher on the proletarian movement in literature. The good professor went back to Dickens, expanded a good deal. The young lady from the school of journalism listened closely, then took her pencil out of her mouth. "Dickens . . ." she mused, "she wrote her best poetry just before the war, didn't she?"



*Anent the St. Patrick's Day Parade  
Kissing the Stone . . . The Law Confiscates Some Eggs*

# NOTES FROM A HARESFOOT DIRECTOR'S DIARY (OR, WHAT, NO GIRLS?)

BILL PURNELL



## February 19th . . .

The first call for tryouts. No other room available in the Union but the cafeteria. Everyone waits outside while the cashier counts his change. Don't they trust us? Possibly it's a legislative ruling. Or the greedy look on the Haresfoot manager's face. At last we are inside . . . About three hundred turn out. Tomorrow this number will dwindle to half . . . most of them get buck fever after the first night. Was that change in policy a smart move?

## February 21st . . .

The applicants for the cast outnumber those for the chorus two to one . . . they all want to be stars! Yet, we need twice as many men for the chorus as for the cast. They read for us . . . a few good prospects but where is the novelty talent? Probably the students of 1935 are too busy keeping body and soul together to find time for the more frivolous side of life. Where are the comedians? Memories of Sunny Ray, Chuck Carpenter, Wells Carberry, Wiff Roberts and Dave Willock flash across the mind. They *were* comedians! Sure laugh getters. One could pose as a pretty smart coach when he had talent like that! How's the public going to take the change in policy? No more "girls" in Haresfoot. A radical change! Sure, but doesn't a "novelty" cease to be a novelty after twenty-five years?

## February 26th . . .

Woke up this morning early . . . worrying about the change in policy. Oh well, forget it. Finally picked a cast today . . . had to let three or four very good men go in order to get a balance of types. I suppose I'll be accused of "drag," "politics," "favoritism," etc. Still, they took it pretty well.

This is a mean job. Why did I take it? And why did I change the policy? No "girls" in Haresfoot! Thank goodness when I get home I can forget about it. Home. Ah! Fine dinner, Ah hah! Wife says, "Mrs. Finn asked me today why you left the "girls" out of Haresfoot. She said it was the best part of the whole show." Ugh! Got to sleep real late. Visions of irate theatergoers demanding their money back and asking why there were no "girls" in the show kept parading before my eyes!

## March 2nd . . .

We picked a chorus today. How those kids work! Swell bunch of guys this year . . . best dancers in a long time. Looks like a fine show. Kehl is very enthusiastic. And when Kehl expresses an emotion, it's a red letter day. I wish I had Kehl's temperament. Nothing seems to phase him. My stomach is beginning to act up—nervous indigestion ahead for the next two months! I wish I had Kehl's stomach. At the end of the rehearsal one of the boys comes up and says—"Aren't there any girl numbers at all in this show?" I lost my temper. Sorry!

## March 25th . . .

A typical day. Worked all morning checking the newspaper ads which the boys laid out. Outside of dates being wrong, words misspelled and scheduling ads *after* we would have played the towns, they weren't bad. Dean's office called to say that the good trumpet player was ineligible. Dollard called and said no room in Union available for the song rehearsal. Alumni treasurer called and asked me if I thought money grew on trees. I said no. He said his wife wanted to know

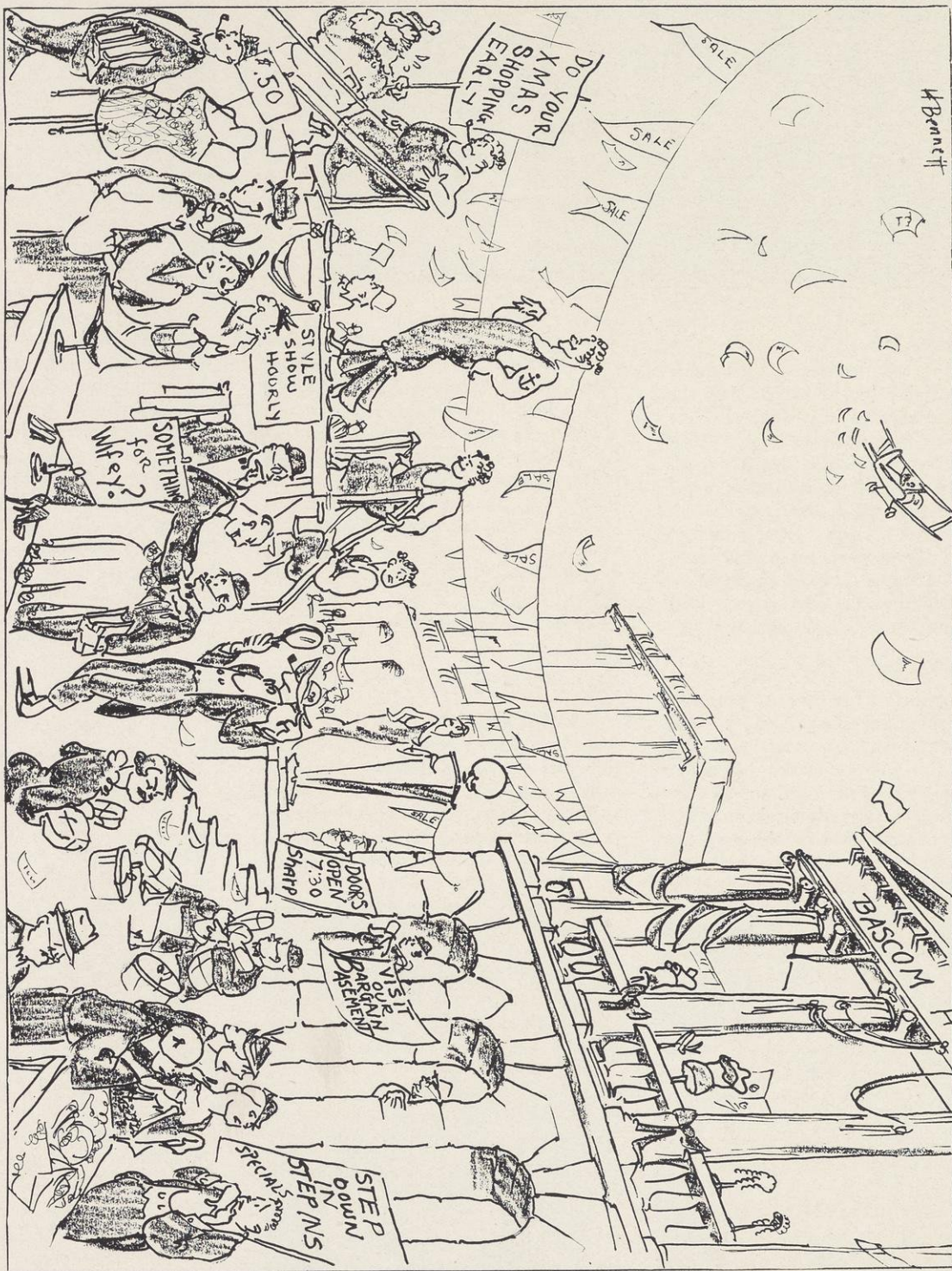
why I had cut out the "girls." Ho hum! Railroad men called and said he had made a mistake in figuring the fare for the trip. It would be \$200 more. Printer called and regretted to say the proofs for the circulars would be a day late.

Had a pretty good rehearsal today. Three members of the cast asked to be absent tomorrow—initiations. Will this show ever get together?

Went to the chorus rehearsal at night. Joe has a sore foot. I examined it and advised him to rest. Nice fellow, Joe! Six members of the chorus asked to be excused from rehearsals tomorrow. Initiations! Kehl said we needed the drums for the military number at once. Ran out to wire Lester and when I got back found out that two fellows had gone home . . . sick from vaccinations. Got home at midnight and found a letter from Frank Prince, who is now with Ben Bernie. Great lad, Frank! Wonderful letter . . . all about New York and a Haresfoot reunion with Jack Mason and Wiff Roberts. Here's a P. S. "Why no 'girls' in this year's show?" That guy Prince always was irritating.

## March 30th . . .

Went to the dentist this morning. He filled my mouth full of hardware and then asked about the "girls." That guy will have to wait for his money! Back to the office . . . dress rehearsal is coming on. No word as yet about the wigs and make-up. My stomach is acting up like a Mexican revolution. And my head aches. Did Kehl remember to order the shoes? How about the window cards for Kenosha? Did I order the tickets for Chicago? How about Tony's special tap plates for the military number? Oscar, the carpenter, wants some special nails for the balcony scene. One of the boys just called to ask to be excused from rehearsal. Initiation at his house! Got home late for dinner. The wife was mad. My cousin, who's on the faculty, called. Would I talk to the Men's Club at his church. What about? Oh, anything. Why not "explain" why I left the "girls" out of Haresfoot. Adams called. Please knock out a story for the Octopus. I'm pretty busy, Mel . . . but O. K. What angle should I play up? Tell them, why no "girls" in Haresfoot!



CAMPUS CRISIS NO. 10  
Scene at Bascom Hall When Hartsfoot Tries to Dispose of a Now Superfluous Wardrobe

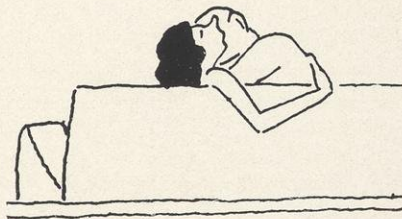
# PARLOR, BEDROOM, AND SINK

AUSTIN C. WEHRWEIN

**T**HE Memorial Union, somebody observed somewhere, is the university's living room.

But lacking in the agile analysis of its functions as Parlor to the Dicks and Harrys the campus over, is the Union's equally potent place as Bedroom and Sink. In fact, somebody else taking statistics somewhere found that a percentage didn't know what the upstairs looks like, using the building only for the wash-room facilities on their way from yon to hither. Others spurn the free movies, the concerts and art shows, everything, in fact, and use nothing but the leather couches to sleep off whatever ails them. But aside from these there is a race, several races, one should say, of dyed in the skin Union inhabitants. To qualify as such, one must not only be a user of the buildings, one must be evident at all times.

And thus is herewith presented as a case history, a dissected inner view of the teeming, hubbuby kaleidoscope that is that greatest of all student flopping joints, that crux of ceaseless student activity: the Union—where the beer is weak and the air is strong, with stale tobacco smoke; the chairs overflowing with Brooklyn accents muffled under bushy heads; where they play politics forever on the third floor and cards forever in the Rathskeller; and where the architecture speaks a mixture of Paul Bunyan, Platt Deutsch, and, as Frank Lloyd Wright put it, rather sadly, a very poor Italian . . . The Union, gentleman, the place (even as is mother) where one may return when there is no other place to return to.



## Richard, Brass Hat

**R**ICHARD is a Union officer. A Union officer is the closest thing to God and Porter Butts on earth. When he answers the phone, he says, "This is Richard, Union Board member."

Immaculate in his well cut belted backer, his calm brow untroubled, his

bearing that of a successful brokerage house salesman, Richard moves in a quiet, rarified atmosphere, and has never been known to do wrong; or to do anything! Smooth, sophisticated, Richard and the Union Board frown on enthusiasm, a constant mulling over takes the place of action in their deliberations. A member of a fraternity, which slid him into his office chair, he is careful to Date People Who Count. A wise, silent man, Richard has no use for those who don't belong, and those who aren't Smooth.

Around the Union he sees and talks with only the right people, and though of necessity adopting a condescending air on the third floor where he currys favors with the college editors, Richard moves about the rest of the building as though he were walking on, though trying to avoid crushing, very tender egg shells indeed. The Union Board has an esprit de corps: play politics but avoid any taint of the politician; dislike your enemy, but never let him know it; don't be so damn original and never say anything anywhere about what you think, if possible, don't think.

Richard has a protege, part of the usual cortege who drift smoothly and snootily in a Union official's wake. Pulling strings and pushing his fraternity brother is one of Richard's major problems. He introduces the protege wherever it is possible to introduce him, and occasionally grants him a benevolent smile.

Some day Richard is going to be somebody's Chairman of the Board.

## Bernie . . .

**B**ERNIE comes from New York. He has black hair, brown corduroy pants, and a gray flannel shirt; once in a while he changes the shirt for a black sweater. He smokes a pipe as though it were a career.

A member of an un-conservative organization, he carries Broun in one pocket, something by or about Marx in the other, snags the New Yorker as soon as it appears in the Union library, once read James Joyce, and dotes on the Nation and New Masses. Honestly believing that he is one of the two intelligent people in school, Bernie has yet to admit that there is anything that he fails to understand. A talker of things profound, he has no use for Langdon street, and those who have Failed to See the Light.

During the lunch hour Bernie stands in the lobby with two comrades and a girl in a battered leather jacket, conversing excitedly. At other times he can be seen slouched in a chair, looking like a disgruntled potato bug, either in the lounge, the library or the music room, where he listens to records turned by somebody in a Russian blouse with that "ah, Brahms!" expression and a cloud of cigaret smoke around his head.

Bernie attends all anti-meetings, lov-



ing nothing so much as Protest, and when the speaker of the day is done, poor fellow, Bernie pops up and asks leading questions, phrased so as to force an admission that Communism, after all, is The Only Way Out. Failing to get a rise, or even better, confusing the speaker who like as not is a mild Progressive in politics, Bernie enjoys a superior and derisive laugh.

If you ask him, or even if you don't ask him, Bernie will tell you that the Capitalistic System is a Rotten Fraud and (a) Democracy is a Fraud and (b) Collective Mass Action is The Only Way Out. Thus, a firm believer in collective action, and obedience to dogma, Bernie never agrees with anybody on anything, and is a sterling example of that vanishing race, the Free Thinking, Rugged Individualist.

## Harsy, Pool Shark . . .

**H**ARSY, like Bernie the Long Hair, and Richard the Brass Hat, lives in the Union, only Harsy, unlike Bernie and Richard, has a very limited run; where Bernie wanders up and down, and Richard busies himself officiously here and there, Harsy glues himself to the low ceilinged, smoke-filled billiard room.

Harsy is a very ordinary sort of gent in his brown pants and open vest and a tie pin that he bought two years ago at the World's Fair. Harsy isn't Smooth, he isn't intellectual or radical; he doesn't give a whoop for appearances or Doing the Right Thing. Scholarship doubtful, Harsy spends

(Continued on page 24)

## OCTY'S SCHOOL OF HARESFOOT

• JOSEPH KLEINFELD

*How to Write a Musical Comedy*

SO MANY of you have written in asking How to Write a Musical Comedy, that we have decided to give the lowdown on how it's done. First of all, it is necessary to decide upon something to write your musical comedy about.

For the sake of convenience, let us say that we have decided to write a musical comedy about Shirley Temple. It would be a good thing to gather some material about the little darling, and then build our story, or as the French say, *mise-en-scene*, about the material we have gathered.

Shirley Temple, as you all know, gained her fame after appearing in that classic drama of the fallen woman, "Rain." She soon rose to stardom, and her performance of the role of one of the ducks in Ibsen's "Wild Ducks" was hailed as perhaps the foremost portrayal of a difficult part that the twentieth century has seen.

Following a tour of the provinces, during which a performance of "Wild Ducks" was given in Madison, Wis., Miss Temple returned to Hollywood, to appear in a series of sociological dramas directed by Maurice Chevalier. During her appearance in Madison, Shirley was acclaimed as the foremost actress who had ever appeared in the Wisconsin Athens.

"Miss Temple charmed me by the charm of her portrayal, and at one portion of the program, the tremendous vitality which surged out over the footlights like a steam roller had me in the aisles," a local writer reported.

\* \* \*

THIS should be enough to base the scenario on, and you are now ready to start actual composition. It might be a good idea to start your story in Hollywood, where Miss Temple started, and gradually work up to a climax in Hollywood.

As most musical comedies have music, or as we say, a score, contained in them, it is necessary to compose some fitting accompaniment to the action and songs. To do this, more than one person is usually required, and consequently, a group-production would be recommended to those of you with a musical comedy in mind.

To write music for a musical comedy, however, no musical background is required, and consequently, it is



*A Haresfoot Beauty of Former Days*

really the easiest thing in the world to compose the score. All you do is to take the hit songs of the last half-dozen movies you have seen, combine them in what the French call a *potpourri*, and from this *potpourri*, work up another half-dozen lyrics, calling them: "The Girl of My Dreams Came to Me Last Night But I Wasn't Dream-

(Continued on page 20)

*How to Dance*

HOW can I become a second Isadora Duncan? How many of us have asked ourselves that question, and waited vainly for an answer that was not forthcoming.

Now that Haresfoot is here again, you must all be tense with the desire to emulate their dancing. So if you read this carefully, you will know all about the Art of Dancing.

Now, the opportunity to do something big in the way of the terpsichorean art awaits all who are interested in bettering themselves. Do you wish to better yourself? What do you wish to do? Are you happy in your work? Have you any problems?

The Art of Dancing can be divided, like Gaul, into three parts: ballroom dancing, aesthetic dancing, and dancing at the Palm Gardens. The latter is perhaps the most difficult accomplishment, but one well worth the effort. For who of you can fail to respond to the magic allure of a night at the Palm Gardens?

The writer, who is a grey-bearded old gentleman, nearly dithering, and not as you might expect, Jackie Cooper, can remember with ease the last gala evening he spent at one of the glamorous affairs for which the Palm Gardens is so famous. Music, soft lights, gallant women, and outside, the night breezes, thick with the scent of roses, all merged into a compelling rhythm that was irresistible. How can I forget that night? . . . The powdered shoulders of Paul Bunyan, the gay laughter of beautiful young men and women, and above it all, the strange rhythms of the Palm Gardens trio . . .

Enough. We come to aesthetic or Haresfoot dancing. Here the problem consists of the division of the stage into many equal portions, all filled with dancers, strangely enough, who are attempting to perform certain extremely involved antics in the limited space to which they have been allotted. The trick lies of course in the proper handling of the arms and legs.

Many novitiates of the art of dancing fail to realize this, and the result is disorganization of the worst kind. Hands and legs flying at the most uncertain angles always leave the audience with a somewhat inchoate impression, that is the mark of a dancer's

(Continued on page 20)

# WHO'S WHO IN HARESFOOT

MEL ADAMS

**JOHN WHITNEY**, the only DU who wasn't on the interfraternity dance committee, and who, being a black-sheep in his own right, decided to go thespianish for Haresfoot, Glenn Frank and the Alumni Association. His favorite comedian was Hugh Johnson, and he hails from Green Bay.

**JAMES O'NEILL**, an exceptional man of the Phi Delt category, boasting of Patch Grove for his home shack. Was a chorine last year and makes his debut in the cast as a "stooge" in "Break the News."

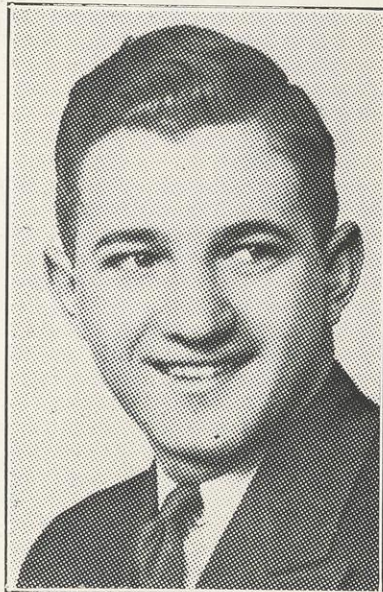
**RICHARD AUTEN**, God's, Milwaukee's and Mrs. Auten's gift to the beer barons. Weighs over 300 in the avoirdupois as well as in the pink. Making his Haresfoot debut as a comedian.

**ED CROWLEY**, of the School of Shysters and Madison. Makes a swell, hard-boiled city editor for the "Utopian Bugle," "Next to the World's Greatest Newspaper," in the 1935 production, in his Haresfoot debut, although he has made faces at children across the footlights before in several of the Players' productions.

**TONY CANEPA**, who is making his last appearance for Haresfoot this year. Comes from Madison, and is hailed as "America's greatest college tap dancer." Would like to apply his taps to the "Blind Pew" character in "Treasure Island." Goes to South America next year to tap rubber sap for the Goodyear people.

**JOHN ("Dixie") GERMAN**, a Sig Ep who is making his second Haresfoot appearance. Comes from Poca-hontas, Vuginia, suh, and rarely uses a John Smith alias. Played the role of Glenn Frank to such perfection last year, that "Frankie" is thinking of putting him on the payroll for a standin.

**CHUCK ADAIR**, president of the club and one of the vocalists. Hails from Xenia, Ohio, and is the only musical comedy juvenile on record to go in for boxing. Fought in the all-university boxing show, coming out with two black eyes, one false tooth, and his hair mussed up. Claims the Phi Gam stadium for his own.



CHUCK ADAIR

**FRANK SALERNO**, the musical scribbler, inspired to great heights by his uncle Lawrence, who sings over WGN. A Sig Chi, but not an athlete, not even of the Spanish variety. A charming guy, who is writing his second 'Foot score.

**DICK CARRIGAN**, a regular Milwaukee Hillbilly, who can strum his guitar and hillbillysing with the best of 'em. He's as modest as Glenn Frank's undershirt, also an easy mark for the women. Phi Kappa Phi, and how!

**BILL PUTNAM**, who, between the acts, shows Bill Purnell how Haresfoot should be directed. Comes from the Law School, though he admits he prefers the rough and ready life of an engineer. A perfect politician, and a good comedian.

**JOHN McCAFFERY**, of the Madison and stage McCafferys. Has the Barrymore hair (not the absence of it), as well as the temperament. A Players' man, he also has a swell dog, which put on too much dog at one of the earlier Haresfoot rehearsals in the Great hall of the M'Union.

**AL JORGENSON**, the best sophomore Tarzan Haresfoot ever subsidized. Hasn't any hair on his chest, but he can make a real beast of himself with the women. Practices his Tarzan role at the Vilas Park zoo, before Cheeta the panther, Numa the lion, Tantor the elephant, as well as a group of psych majors.

**CY HAGER**, the Marshfield Menace, whose greatest ambition is to play Juliet in the balcony scene from Shakespeare's great musical extravaganza. "What I wouldn't do to that part," says Cy. "I'd give them a Juliet that really has a wealth of passion in her pizzacado."

**CARL RUFF**, the big-chested barytone, who booms out in full force with the spirited marching songs in "Break the News." A second year medic, comes from Sun Prairie, and takes his cadaver home to bed every night.

**SYDNEY ("Junior") WYNN**, the young 'un who played the role of "Junior," sonova dictator in the 1934 show. Will strike them dead with his Boy King and Shirley Temple roles in "Break the News." Is from Milwaukee, and a pre-medic.



SYDNEY WYNN



TONY CANEPA

# REPORTER'S NIGHTMARE



caricature by  
rudy jegart

dialogue by  
harry sheer

## *bill purnell v. flo ziegfeld's ghost*

PURNELL—The only difference between me and you, Flo, is our names. Then, you married Billie Burke and I married Haresfoot.

ZIEGFELD'S GHOST—Yeh, and I had nine Rolls-Royces and you've got a second-hand Ford. Yeh!

PURNELL—Yeh, and you had a bald-head . . . almost . . . and I got one . . . almost. I'm getting a little tight around the waist, too. How's yours?

ZIEGFELD'S GHOST—Let's skip that, eh, Bill?

PURNELL—OK, Flo. OK. Let's talk about women, eh, Flo? Nothing like good old times. Why, I remember when Haresfoot was lousy with 'em. Some were and some didn't.

ZIEGFELD'S GHOST—Yeh, I glorified 'em, and you petrified 'em. Or is it petrified, Bill?

PURNELL—Let's skip that, eh, Flo?

ZIEGFELD'S GHOST—OK, Bill. OK. Did you ever hear the one about Phil Baker? It was in the Follies of

1928 and . . .

PURNELL—Oh, woe! Oh, woe! Men . . . men . . . men! Look! I've got a whole show full of 'em! What repartee! What snickersee! What the hell! You'd think they were Faith Bacons the way they . . . uh . . . they . . . you know, Flo!

ZIEGFELD'S GHOST (getting wise)—Yeh. Well, anyway, it was in the Follies of 1928 and . . .

PURNELL—Ill n'y a pas de quarry, Flo. I am weary unto Speth (that's how I get my clothes); Oh, for a woman in my show. Boy!

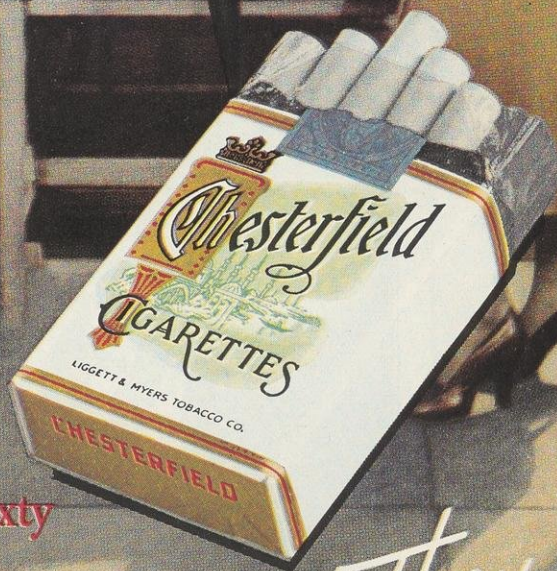
ZIEGFELD'S GHOST (getting wiser now)—It was in the Follies of 1928 and Phil hit the juvenile lead in the head with his accordion . . . Phil's accordion, Bill . . . and . . . America, I love you.

PURNELL (holding his head and throwing kisses at the audience)—Oh, woe! Oh, woe! All our men are men. Oh, woe!

*It always has stopped raining*



*Life begins at sixty*



*They Satisfy*

## HARESFOOT FLOORS 'EM

(Being an interview with the floor at Kehl's Studio, during Haresfoot rehearsals)

**K**EHL'S STUDIO, No Man's Land, (Extra Extra Special to the Dilly-Dally Octy)—There we were, the three of us—the Floor, Samson the cockroach, and your correspondent stretched out in one corner of Kehl's dancing studio, wondering if the Revolution had come. The Floor was taking a helluva lot of punishment that night—there was nothing lady-like in that bunch of Haresfoot men, you can bet. And Samson, big husky Samson with a muscle-bound body any phy ed would envy, he just stood on his antennae and sparred with his legs like a punch-drunk kangaroo. And there was I, Octy's white-haired reporter (nee Cardinal) chewing my pencil and taking notes with my finger.

We lay there, watching our friend, the Floor, sag and the walls lean inward, as though in sympathy. And every once in a while, the Floor would get sick and tired of taking it and would bounce back and send a couple of Haresfooters spinning on their backs. It was swell fun, if you didn't get sea-sick.

"Now look here," I murmured, between undulations of the Floor, "what do you think of this year's crop of Haresfoot toe-and-heelers?"

"A balloon crop," groaned the Floor. "All body and no feet."

"Heels, all of 'em," whined Samson. "Heels, and tough to boot."

"Now, now," I objected strenuously.

"I guess Samson ain't the same as he used to be," explained the Floor. "Getting old, you know. He used to be a pretty tough louse in his day. Why, just last year we staged a match between him and the cat, and Samson knocked him out in three rounds."

"Two rounds," put in Samson, getting off his stilts.

"Three rounds," replied the Floor. "I forgot to ring the bell for the second round."

"Honest, now," I said, "What do you . . ."

"And now look't him . . . you might think he was sea-sick."

"Sea-sick hell! I'm wiped out."

"Oh, the market again, eh?"

The Floor rocked ominously as the Haresfoot elephants broke into a dainty step. When we got disentangled, Sam-

son was down on his haunches, or what passed for his haunches.

"Look," I said, taking advantage of him, "Let's take the local angle. There's Bill Harley in there. He used to ruin, I mean run, the Octy. What do you think of him?"

"Etaoin, shrdlu etaoin sherdlu," said Samson, comprehensively.

"Fine," I said, "can I quote you on that?"

"Why not? I'm not running for class president."

"Well," I said, "what's your opinion of the rest of the Haresfooters who are neither ladies, maidens, nor wenches?"

"What the hell . . . !" groaned the Floor.

"Oh, that bunch of dithering danc-ing dizzards?" Samson asked.

"Come now," I put in, "stop being so intellectual. After all, this interview is for the Octopus, you know, and not for the Cardinal."

"That's the trouble with Samson," said the Floor. "He can't forget his days on the Hill."

"You don't say," I didn't say.

"Yeah," answered the Floor, not hearing me. "He used to have a swell hang-out, right in Bascom Hall. He majored in Philosophy, he did. You see, there was a comfortable hole behind one of the radiators in a philosophy lecture room. For years Samson

used to be lulled to sleep by the hum of the radiator and the professor."

"You don't . . ."

"Yes, I do," said the Floor. "Samson told me all about it. One day he discovered he could sleep sounder if he turned off the radiator. Another day, a professor startled him out of his sleep by mentioning Karl Marx, so Samson hops out and takes a bite out of the professor's leg. Well, he got kicked out of school for that."

"Honest," I said, "I'd like to know what you think of this Kehl."

Samson bristled and began to sharpen his antennae.

"Sh," whispered the Floor, "Samson don't like Kehl. You see, Kehl killed off a couple of hundred of Samson's kids. He's been trying to get Samson, too, but Samson thrives on poison. I guess he'll need dynamite to kill Samson."

"If dynamite doesn't kill me," shrieked Samson, "those Haresfoot sis-sies will."

"Oh my gosh!" groaned the Floor. "Look who's coming."

It was wee Willie Purnell with a smile in one hand and a whip in the other.

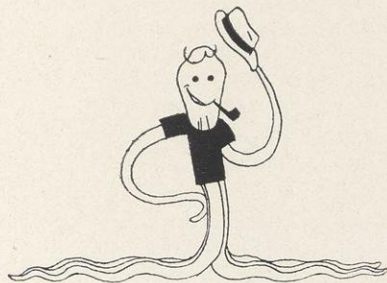
"Let me out of here," shouted Samson. "I'm going back to the Hill where I can go insane quietly."

And off he galloped.



Reportorial Scene from "Break the News"

H. D.



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VOL. XVI                      APRIL, 1935                      NO. 8

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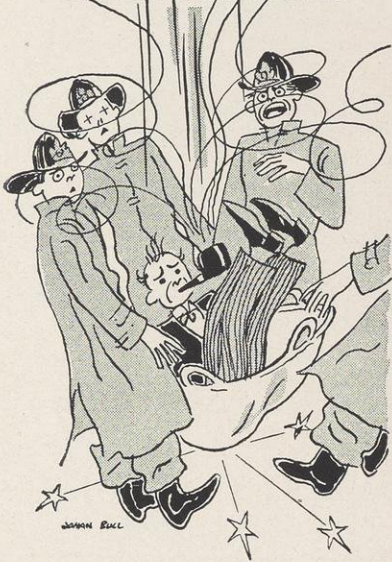
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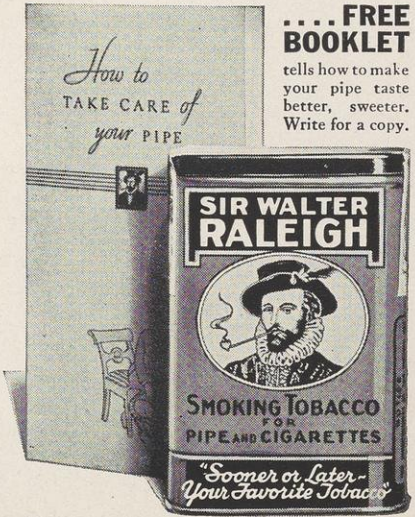
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## OOMPAHS AND ZZHOOMS

ROBERT G. BLAUNER

WITH a tap tap on his music stand, the director calls to attention his motley and assorted ensemble of musicians. The Haresfoot orchestra comes to attention and the leader, starting somewhere in the basement, raises his baton to the higher stratas of the atmosphere. The crucial moment; just before all instruments chime in for the opening chord. And then the bass tuba player makes a noise that only a bass tuba can make.

The audience doesn't pay any attention to the mishap. They weren't listening to the orchestra anyway, and the one or two that did hear the noise probably realized that it, or something like it, was a yearly occurrence and to be expected. So again the leader taps his men to position and again he soars on high with his baton. This time they get off to a grand start, only three men started a little early and two a little behind, the rest of the orchestra, all two of them, were right on the beat.

The overture swings merrily on. Some of the patrons who didn't get a pass begin to catch on to the tune and hum along with the music, disregarding the one of two discords that seem to emanate from the sax player but probably comes from the violin player who is constantly fiddling around just a little off tune. The overture finally comes to

a smashing end; the drummer banging his drum a little too viciously and going through the head.

A chord in "G," the horns playing in "F," raises the curtain and the show is on. The orchestra subsides, its members slouch back into their seats, trying to be attentive to the show which they are now seeing for the 100th time, but they aren't holding up so well. The drummer attempts to fix his drum in time for the next selection and manages to slap a cymbal or the block every time one of the cast sits down. The violin player accidentally scrapes his bow over the strings as one of the players bends over. The book writers make a note of it to incorporate it in the next show; and to get another fiddle player.

One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four; like a metronome the cadence is kept up. But the man, or woman, as you will, on the end seems to be having a little difficulty. He missed a step somewhere and is trying hard to catch up. The bass fiddler in the pit, zumming serenely away, notices the difficulty and increases the beat. The rest of the band speeds up, too; the leader awakes and he swings his little stick faster. The chorus is only three steps behind and the befuddled lad on the end is six ahead, so the chorus leader increases his pace. The band maestro notices the differential and slows his men down. One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . swings the baton. The chorus doesn't pay any attention, they just keep going on and on, faster and faster, as if they were trying to get somewhere.

By this time the bass tuba player has sore lips and the arm of the bass fiddler is worn to a frazzle. The drummer, entirely oblivious to all that is going on, is practicing a new routine that he heard over the radio the night before. The tuba is giving out weird sounds something on the order of a cross between a not-so-good fog horn and a dying lion. The fiddler just doesn't give a darn any more and zzumms on one note with ever decreasing time. The sax player is tired of having his back jabbed by the slide trombonist, so he captures the slide under his arm while the fiddler, wearying of the sax in his ear, sticks his bow into the keys of the instrument and quiets it, and himself at the same time. The chorus forgets how their dance ends and just keeps going on and on till the only instrument left is the flute playing a cross between a slavonic dance and "Here Comes the British." No one knows what the drummer is doing, but he seems to be doing a swell job of it, anyway. Happily, some one thinks to let down the curtain and the pit subsides to straighten things out.

After many ignominious starts and hesitations throughout the score, the finale is reached. Accidentally, they all start off together. Even the leader was on time. The beat is perfect, the music sounds swell, in fact, it doesn't sound like the Haresfoot band at all. Right through a whole group of songs with not one mistake or discord. This can't be the Haresfoot orchestra; they must have substituted another band for it. But no, the same men are playing. Oh, there's the answer. The bass tuba player has swapped instruments with the bass violinist and both are going through the motions, but they aren't doing anything about their umpahs and zzumms.

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ABOVE . . .  
left: Howard M. Teichmann,  
co-author; right: Mel Adams, co-  
author

LEFT . . .  
A group of laughing Haresfoot men  
including Messrs. Hager, McCaffery,  
Wynn, German, Whitney, Auten,  
Putnam, and Jorgenson, of the cast



ABOVE . . .  
left: Frank Salerno, music  
composer; right: Norm Phelps,  
musical director

RIGHT . . .  
A shot from the Haresfoot family  
album, revealing the Victorian coun-  
tenances of Cy Hager, left, and Ed  
Crowley



# The Madison Argus

APRIL, 1935

MADISON, WISCONSIN

VOL. I, NO. 1

## VICE SQUAD RAIDS REVUE

### Good Night, Everybody

By The Boss

Last night this writer and Z. went to the Sparkway theater to see the college boys put on their annual Haresfoot show. We haven't missed a Haresfoot production since the Great Blizzard of 1934, so, of course, we attended this one. (That's the nice thing about being editor of your own paper—no one gets to the complimentary tickets before you do.)

But this year Haresfoot has abandoned the showgirl idea. Instead, they have a tap dance of all men. My, how time does go by! We can remember when a boy who could tap dance would have been a featured performer in Haresfoot. Now the featured performer is Anthony Canepa, a tap dancer. It's a little old world after all. Z. thinks so, too.

This writer was in the Haresfoot show when he was in school, and the whole Phi Gamm chapter used to come down to see him waltz with another Phi Gamm. (Nothing like giving the house a break in the column—maybe it will get some pledges and pay off the mortgage.) As a matter of fact, the whole cast and chorus was made up of Phi Gamma Deltas that year, and did the Phi Delta Thetas get jealous!

That was back when the Kappa house was on the corner of Irving court and Park street. Chadbourne hall, right across the street, was facetiously called the "Kappa annex," because every girl who lived there was a Kappa pledge. That was in the days when belonging to a sorority of the first rank or to a good fraternity (like Phi Gamma Delta. Wanna see my pin?) was a real honor. The "Kappas" only took the best girls then. But, of course, they also took the "Fiji boys" for plenty.

### STOP!

AN EDITORIAL

This outburst of immorality must be put down.

Haresfoot men are acting as men. As men, mind you. Madison **WILL NOT TOLERATE THIS.**

The Argus calls upon the Madison police force to **CLEAN UP** this hotbed of **IMMORALITY.** The Argus calls upon Mayor Statute to stop this **ILLEGAL performance.**

The Argus calls upon Bill Purnell for six more comps, center front.

### Society . . .

Gerald Endres, of the Madison Endres, was host to a group of friends and other drunks at a reception at the Sparkway theater last night. About 500 guests were present, including some of the university's outstanding ladies, gentlemen, and Haresfooters.

The fact that the evening marked the end of a long friendship between Mr. Endres and the Wisconsin boxing team was made vivid early in the evening when, at the request of Mr. Endres, Mr. Franklin L. Greer forcibly escorted Mr. Gordon Harman and Mr. Fausto Rubini to the door.

Touching as the scene was, Mr. Richard John Karberg made it even more touching by his action during the entertainment. As a matter of fact, he touched the Madison Argus society editor for five bucks at about 10:30. Any information as to Mr. Karberg's whereabouts will be greatly appreciated.

### Theater . . .

Haresfoot scores again!

It is amazing, colossal, stunning, gigantic, awe-inspiring.

Haresfoot scores again!

Bringing the greatest show of its long career to the Sparkway theater last night, the University of Wisconsin playboys put on a show that was amazing, colossal, stunning, gigantic, and awe-inspiring.

Spacious scenes! Lovely tunes! Skillful dancers! Laugh-provoking skits! Beautiful show-girls (or was that last year's show?)—Haresfoot has them all.

It will panic you. It will wow you. It will roll you in the aisles. Maybe you'll even laugh at one of the jokes. Haresfoot is that kind of a show.

They were all heroes, from the lowliest property boy (who wrote this review as publicity manager in Madison six weeks ago) to the leading characters.

Haresfoot scores again!

### Rally Falls Short as Battle Of Century Is Consummated

By Hank McCassery

The sweltry sun beat down on the backs of the powerful Haresfoot contingent late last night, but the greensward flashed a second half rally which floored the savage Badgers for a tough 48-6 loss. Three yards left and the score would have been 48-12, but the final gun blasted the serene sky and the Haresfoot hopes for a title, operative X9311 informs us.

The local boys were rip-snotters, all right. All through the tilt the offensive buzzed like

bees through the greensward defensive, but the Haresfoot boys lost a thriller, 48-6, late last night, before frenzied crowd of seven, including your correspondent.

The visitors made 3½ tackles to the Haresfoot poll of ¾, scoring 74 inches ahead of the nearest competitor, who was eight laps and four strides ahead of Purnell, who placed third ahead of Canepa, four grunts and a tap-dance ahead of Adair, who was a left and a right hook to the head before

### Haresfoot Show Hotbed of Sin, Chief Charges

"Got Seats in the Front Row,"  
Mayor Boasts

Sirens and chorus boys wailed and screamed in the night as the vice squad last night raided the Sparkway theater, where "Break the News," revusical of the University of Wisconsin Haresfoot club was playing its opening performance.

"Men were taking the parts of men in last night's show, and we can prove it," Police Chief Onderdonk L. Murphy charged. "This is a clean town and no hotbed of immorality such as this will be allowed to thrive in our midst."

"No"—Statute

"No," declared Mayor James L. Statute.

"We're going to tear it out—root, stem and branch—until not a vestige of its evil influence remains. We will show that this town is pure," Chief Murphy emphasized.

"Yes," Mayor Statute pointed out.

"No Haresfoot man can act as a man and get it away with," urged Chief Murphy. "We must preserve the sanctity of the American schools and home."

"Yes"—Statute

"Yes," bellowed Mayor Statute.

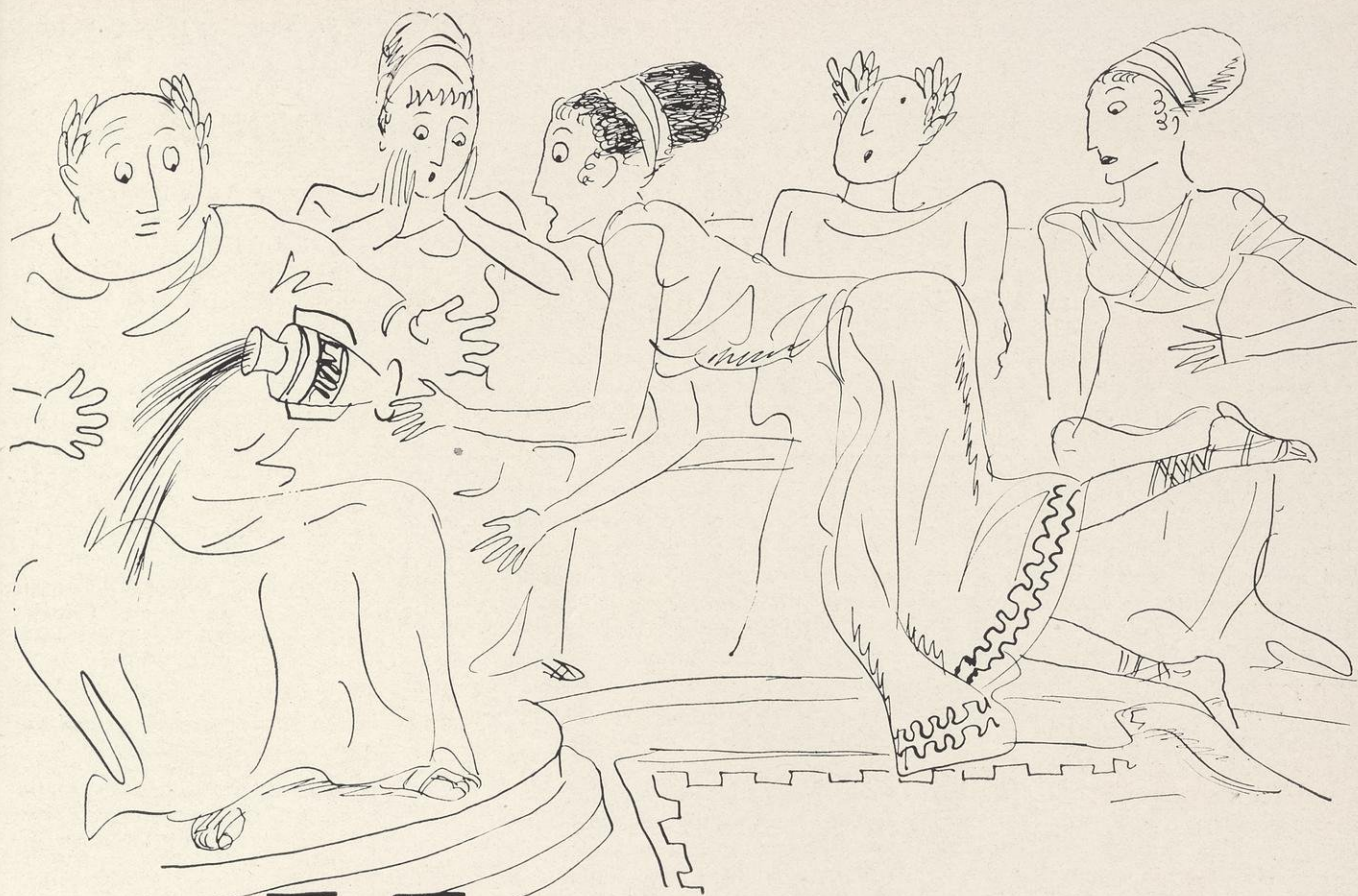
Steps were being taken to disprove the insinuations raised by the police force late last night, William H. Purnell, director of the show, declared.

"It's all a foul lie, and I want to contradict it here and now," Purnell declared at the county jail, where he is a temporary guest.

"But," he added, "be sure the story gets on front page, will you?"

the game ended, which was thrilling, no end.

It was a thrilling game—thrilling to the crowd and thrilling to Coach Purnell, who has never been defeated in five bouts at the Amber Inn. Coach Purnell substituted for Harley, who was also ahead of the pack by four puns and a bun.



# H EBE GOT DEPOSED *for stumbling!*



It was hard on Hebe! In her job as cup bearer to the gods, she was handing around the nectar. She stumbled a bit and the gods deposed her!

But think what it might have been! Supposing Hebe had tripped with Schlitz Beer instead of nectar! Quite

rightly the gods would never have stopped at *deposing*.

For Schlitz Beer is different . . . delicious, from its creamy white "collar," cool and firm, to the very bottom of the glass. A brisk beer that's mellow, too, and gives just the right stimulation without worry about bad after-effects. And *Vitamins* make it still better for you!

## Schlitz

**The Beer  
That Made Milwaukee Famous**

Ask for Schlitz — The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous — on draught or in brown bottles. Its flavor is *always* delicious, because it is brewed under precise Enzyme Control, a Schlitz secret. No "stumbling" in brewing Schlitz.

## ADD HOW TO WRITE---

ing," "How to Write a Musical Comedy," or, if you wish to add that bitter and cynical note that has become so popular in recent years, "Why Was I Born to Write on How to Write a Musical Comedy?" or "What Is the Meaning of All This?"

An absolutely required feature of musical comedies are "blackout scenes," as they are technically known. This consists of a little drama lasting only a few moments, and ending with a "blackout," during which all the lights are turned off. This is sure-fire, and no musical comedy is worthy of the name without several "blackout scenes."

After writing an outline of the plot, or if you will again forgive the technical term, the book, we must arrange for a number of sub-plots, which will provide us with the opportunity to bring in "blackout scenes," etc. If the hero, for example, is a travelling salesman, travelling through Wisconsin to forget his love in Hollywood, we might very easily involve him in an affair with the Trouble Shooter, thus providing the necessary touch of local color. Let us snare him in a compromising situation at the end of the second act, in a farmhouse to which the Trouble Shooter has come in search of a joke about a travelling salesman.

It seems there is only one vacant bed in the farmhouse, already occupied by the Trouble Shooter.

"Well," says the farmer reflectively, chewing on a straw, "it's all right with me, but think of the gossip."

You can already see how easily this scene can end in a "blackout." Indeed, how easily this *will* end in a "blackout."

Escaping from the snares of the Trouble Shooter, who, incidentally, has been accompanied by a chorus of twelve beautiful Kappas, sirens all, and ready to do dirt to the poor travelling salesman, the latter, after performing several routines with the chorus about the farmhouse, finally gallops away in his Ford V8, his virtue still untarnished.

The third and final act finds him back in Hollywood, searching for Shirley Temple, who has been captured by a band of desperate criminals, and is being held for ransom in a little shack atop the Biltmore. Further complications, about which we shall not expand, set in, and the third act, like all third acts, is chock full of that rousing drama to which all of us respond.

But by curtain time, all has been cleared up, and Shirley Temple is once more reunited in the arms of her lover, as the band plays "On, Wisconsin," and a group of Los Angeles R.O.T.C. men wave American flags. There is another chorus just before the curtain, and, to be candid, there should have been choruses before each of the three curtains, our musical comedy being made up of three "acts."

One more problem must be solved before we can call our job complete: What shall we call the show?

Relevance to the story in musical comedy titles is hardly necessary, and experts testify to the success of the so-called box-office titles, which have nothing to do with what has gone on. Consequently, some such name as "The Return of the Native," "The Girl in Apartment 8," or "Frolicsome Frolics," would be appropriate.

This finishes the musical comedy, and we can take a well-earned rest while the publicity men compose little human interest stories on the authors, actors, title, and anything else they can think of about the show. It is very important, by the way, to have a good publicity staff if you expect to get anywhere with your musical comedy. If you don't expect to get anywhere, it is still important to have good publicity men to fill up the house on opening night.



## ADD DANCING---

lack of success. Is that clear?

If that isn't clear, a little book by John Martin, dance reviewer of the New York Times, will illuminate the problem for you, and anyway, this is not the place to get technical, or study "Break the News."

So now we come to ballroom dancing. This is extremely simple, as who of you who has lightly glided through the Great hall at Prom will not testify. What you should do, is to clutch your partner as tightly as you can, and whirl in concentric circles about the floor, disregarding any other dancers who may be in your way. This involves an experienced clutch, of course, and some practice may be required. But a few lessons should do the trick, and before you know it, you too will be clutching like Clark Gable.

With the proper clutch mastered, the rest is simple. If you are a male, you are now ready to lead your partner into the most intricate steps. If you are a female, you are now ready to follow your partner into the most intricate steps. If you are neither, you don't belong on the dance floor.

By now you should have learned the elements of good dancing, and the only problem that remains to be solved, is: how to handle yourself on the dance-floor or dance-stage.

This is not too easy, and critical opinion regarding the problem differs. Some say yes, and some say no, and some say nothing at all. The best authorities, however, advise handling with care.

Haresfoot dancing is probably the best training conceivable for good dancing of any kind. That is why all the good dancers in the university are in Haresfoot, that is why . . . . .

You should be an experienced dancer now, and able to take your place on the stage with Isadora Duncan, the Ballet Russe, or what have you? Do you want to take your place with Isadora Duncan, the Ballet Russe, or what have you? What have you? If you had anything, you would be in Haresfoot.

After reading this article, you should be qualified to enter Haresfoot. It is a pity that it is too late for you to play in Haresfoot now, but if you study this little excursus carefully, you may be assured of a place in the chorus next year.

# "BREAK THE NEWS"

BOB FLEMING

## Verse:

Haresfoot's bringing you its show,  
You will like it, that we know;  
We're expecting to please you well,  
Listen to the story that we have to tell:

## 1st Chorus:

Greetings to you  
We're going to do a new show,  
And now we are proposing  
To "Break the News."

We'll prove to you  
That we can entertain you  
By changing the menu  
In "Break the News."

Through the years we have been giving  
Haresfoot shows,  
We are ending a tradition as we change  
our clothes.

We bring to you  
A Haresfoot show that's missing,  
The romance, the kissing,  
It's "Break the News."

## 2nd Chorus:

One change we'll make  
Our men will still be bringing  
The laughs and the singing  
In "Break the News."

But we shall cause  
A change that you've been waiting  
While we are parading  
In "Break the News."

We have done away with pretty dancing  
girls,  
All our men were ladies, now they've shed  
their curls.

Don't leave your seats,  
Though we have quit romancing,  
We will still be dancing  
In "Break the News."

# *During Vacation!!*

SEE

# HARESFOOT'S

# "Break the News"

IN

# *Your Home Town*

WAUSAU . . . . . Monday, April 22  
GRAND THEATER

FOND DU LAC . . . . . Tuesday, April 23  
RETLAW THEATER

SHEBOYGAN . . . . . Wednesday, April 24  
SHEBOYGAN THEATER

KENOSHA . . . . . Thursday, April 25  
HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

CHICAGO . . . . . Friday, April 26  
CIVIC THEATER  
Tickets at A. G. Spalding—211 S. State St.

MILWAUKEE . . . . . Saturday, April 27  
DAVIDSON THEATER  
*Matinee and Evening*

## In Madison:

*Gala Premier . . . Friday Evening, May 3*

*Special Sorority Matinee*

*Also Evening . . . Saturday, May 4*

*Final Madison Showings*

*Matinee and Evening . Saturday, May 11*

You Don't Want to Miss

# HARESFOOT

"This Year's Show Is A Different Show"

## BY AND LARGE

By ROBERT G. BLAUNER

**B**Y INSINUATING that there is something rotten with the teaching profession, Mr. Hearst has so angered the teachers that they are preparing to fight back. The truth always hurts.

"Madison needs painting and remodeling," asserts Mrs. Glicksman. So do the co-eds.

Says Bill Purnell, about the change of style in Haresfoot. "We've been playing to the same audience for the past 25 years." On the same free-list?

Haresfoot is eliminating girls' choruses out of sheer necessity. And wool hose.

Adj-Gen. Ralph Immel stated that "soldiers are the agencies that correct the blunders of statesmen." And the ones who get shot.

There are more than 60 college football conferences in the U. S. Red investigations will soon hold second place.

"With the use of paddling one may lay the foundation for life long enemies," stated Dean Goodnight. Which gets right down to the bottom of things.

Chicago has started a "Red" investigation. University of Moscow will be next.

A professor at Denver U. believes that the average college man is too honest to steal, too proud to beg, too poor to pay cash, and too decent to ask for credit. And too dumb to live?

The Anti-Warers expect about 2,000 student strikers at their coming walk-out. 1% Anti-Anti-Warers, 40% Senatorial investigators, and 59% students who didn't feel like going to class.

Claims of election abuses flared up again. But not enough candidates dropped out to charge graft.

## POOR HANS

(Who Made It His Aim to Act Like a Dame)

**T**HIS is the tale of Hans Tichigan, God save his soul, who was born in Sheboygan by Lake Michigan.

One spring, just about bock beer time, he saw Haresfoot And Hans, young and impressionable, became resolute To be a girl who was a man and yet a lady, And sure enough, our Hans succeeded to a marked degree. And thereby hangs our tale

For he

In his spare time began

To jig and amble like a woman

And soon folks said it was downright miraculous,

And Hans himself sometimes wondered just *what* he was.

Poor Hans Tichigan, of Sheboygan by Lake Michigan,

Who made it his aim to act like a dame.

Then one fall Hans thumbed his way down 151 by way of Fond du Lac

And entered the university. And no sooner had he began to unpack

Than he was rushed both by Chi Psi and Kappa Kappa Gamma,

But Hans, God save his soul again, said for them he didn't give a damna,

And dreamed only of becoming a star in the Haresfoot cast And, tossing no mean hip, receiving the cheers and plaudits of the people en masse.

And then stars did, indeed, fall on Hans

For at last

Purnell, slightly weary of it all, decided the time had come

To get rid of all this stuff about woman impersonation.

God save his soul, Hans was stuck: at the end of his tether.

Man or woman? . . . Hans was neither.

Poor Hans Tichigan, of Sheboygan by Lake Michigan,

Who once had his picks, but now's in a fix.

—AUSTIN C. WEHRWEIN

The frosh contingent seems to have gotten the raw end of the dance deal. But they'll be sophs next year.

Prexy advises that students keep a close watch on government policies. And study at the same time?

The University of Pittsburgh is being investigated for conservatism. The coal dust makes everything look black there.

Motor oils are now of a superior grade than ever before, according to tests in the Engineering department. Also class oils.

From Texas we hear that the theater will never be replaced by television. It depends on your parents.

The U. of Georgia defines love as "an itching around the heart that can't be scratched." Try bi carb.

The rush to be vaccinated has materially subsided. Just another fad.

Dean Bardeen estimates that to give good medical aid to everyone in Wisconsin, there should be an increase of 49 doctors to every 100,000 persons, over the present amount. With all those rejects from the Med. School?

YOU HAVE HEARD OF IT . . .

*Come and see for yourself*

710 STATE STREET

LOHMAIER'S

April, 1935

## BROADCAST BANTER

JAMES FLEMING

OF LATE a number of former University of Wisconsin students have been carrying away laurels on the national networks. Don Ameche, the handsome young leading man of the *FIRST NIGHTER* and *GRAND HOTEL* dramas over NBC, was a hard-working Pre-Law student on the hill before he turned to le T. S. F. Don is one of the few well known radio actors who also sings. Although Ameche's professional vocal career is of recent origin, he sang as a boy in the church choir at Kenosha, Wisconsin. Don's young brother, Jim Ameche (who has never climbed Bascom Hill), is the well known *JACK ARMSTRONG*, who nightly thrills the kiddies with adventure twaddle.

Another Wisconsinite, Vivian Fridell, who last year was often heard on WHA, has been unusually successful in the big time. At the present time she has the lead in the serial-drama *BACKSTAGE WIFE* heard on WGN at 10:30 a. m.

One of the more famous of alumnae who has made good in radio is Bernadine Flynn, who is best known for her role of Sade in the *VIC AND SADE*, a serial aired on NBC. While at Wisconsin, she was extremely active in the University theater.

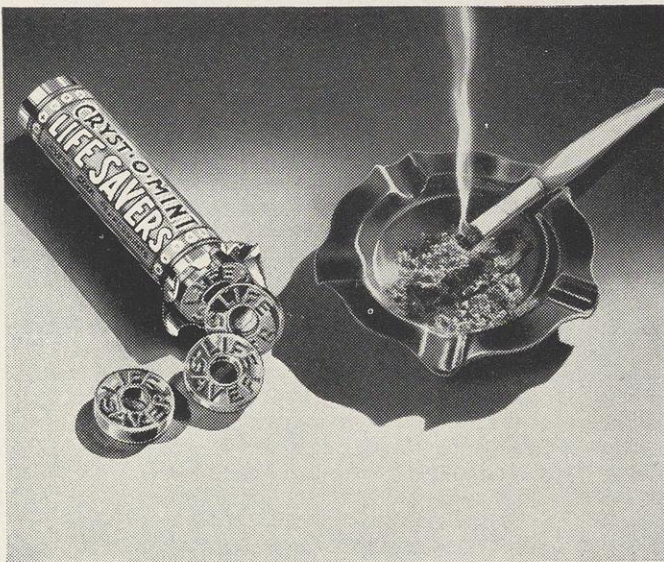
Bob DeHaven, an alumnus of not so many years' standing, was an announcer on WIBA during his undergraduate days. From Madison he went to WTMJ in Milwaukee and thence to WTCN in Minneapolis, where he holds the coveted position of Program Director.

Wisconsin with its fine University theater facilities has real training to offer to prospective radio performers. Another worthy training school on the campus is WHA. The University Station has gained national recognition for its pioneering efforts in radio education and better entertainment programs.

Brand Whitlock, a student in the college of engineering, who lives quietly at Adams Hall (if quiet is possible in Adams) is a gentleman of no small fame. Prior to his exodus to Wisconsin this semester, he held a position on the announcing staff of the National Broadcasting Company in New York. But Brand decided that announcing wasn't his first love, so he forsook the life in favor of the more prosaic technical field.

FRED ALLEN gets our vote for the best comedy effort on the air during these past few weeks. He has an amateur show in his hour program that packs a knockout punch. This dry humorist has the manner of a sophisticated Will Rogers which coupled with an able power of ad lib makes him the neatest M. C. on the air. (Yes, even Jack Benny gets a second place rating against Allen.) For an able stooge Allen has Portland Hoffa, a drawling Gracie Allen who handles the answers well. Allen digs deep for his gags, according to NBC. Take, for instance, the famous dictum, "when a man bites a dog, that's news." Allen, delving deep into the classics, finds Cato, the Younger, the Roman poet and philosopher, first gave expression to the thought when his servant informed him that mice had eaten his shoes. "It's no news that mice should eat shoes," said Cato. "Had the shoes eaten the mice, it would have been portentous news indeed" . . . . . Anyway, give a listen to Fred Allen and his Town Hall Show on Tuesday nights at 8 . . . . . NBC airs the melange.

## SMOKER RECONCILED TO OLD FLAME



You needn't change your brand.  
Just follow every cigarette  
with a minty, *mouth-cooling*  
Life Saver and you'll fall in love  
with the old brand all over again.

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE . . . IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER

DEBUT ISSUE • DEBUT ISSUE • DEBUT ISSUE • DEBUT ISSUE

DEBUT ISSUE • DEBUT ISSUE • DEBUT ISSUE • DEBUT ISSUE

Just Out!

● It was bound to come sooner or later. Now it's here . . . this brilliant, topical, tempting magazine, *MADEMOISELLE*. Talking to smart young women in their own smart lingo . . . Treating their pet subjects in their own sophisticated way. Better do your newsstand shopping early to avoid the worst of the rush for this first April number!

**20c ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW**

DEBUT ISSUE • DEBUT ISSUE • DEBUT ISSUE • DEBUT ISSUE

## ADD PARLOR---

most of his waking hours whacking billiard balls around a green table. Vocabulary not extensive, but none the less vigorous, he begins every sentence with a "For ——— sake," and casts the following implications: his partner is of doubtful parentage, and is addicted to various lewd and unprintable acts. No sissy is Harsy. He kids with the billiard room attendants, and gets a good deal of billiards free by going to work on the "Union fish," as the boys call those suckers who any given individual can beat. By offering a "spot" he "sucks" the fish in and the fish pays for the time.

Once he went to class; spent the whole hour talking about the last exhibition match that was played in the Rathskeller.

Don't confuse Harsy with Ray, the jumping jack ping pong player who bounces celluloid balls all over the Rathskeller and barber shop. Ray rolls up his shirt sleeves and says, whoops, and nice work, fellow, and good shot. Ray is a sportsman, just a big boy scout; nuts to Ray.

## Fred, Editor . . .

FRED is an editor. When not moulding the Great Forces of Public Opinion, and Keeping Intact the Great Traditions and Policies of his publication, Fred dabbles in politics. Caught between the radical intellectualism of Bernie the Long Hair and the much more expedient subtle influences of Richard the Brass Hat, Fred doesn't know just what he does want. This, and the possibility of bonuses are his chief worry; the younger staff members No. 2 worry. The younger staff members are mostly something like Billy, who drifted down from the school of journalism. Billy worked on his high school paper, and has a sneaking suspicion that he knows a damn sight more than does the editor. Maybe he does. Billy has buck teeth, and glasses and a light green sweater. He usually misquotes speakers, and asks questions like, "Mr. Kirk, are we going to have another war?" He can't spell; God, how he can't spell! Essentially adolescent, he goes out seldom, and is still telling how he drank a shot of whisky. He is positive that he is going to be editor, and strongly suspects that the New York Times is going to ask him to work for them.

To get back to Editor Fred: Fred is wrapped up in Policy and Making This a Better Publication. He somehow feels that the darn thing isn't

ALTHOUGH belated arrivals, Madison's movie presentations at the local cinema halls ran the gamut of entertainment to provide a pleasant interim between columns. Not that I saw them all, for I must admit that I miss a few now and then. It is, however, encouraging to perceive a distinct elevation in production standards. There was the experiment in drollery by the late Lowell Sherman in "*Night Life of the Gods*," Paramount's exciting tribute to British imperialism in "*Lives of a Bengal Lancer*" and Robert Flaherty's outstanding "*Man of Aran*," a chiaroscuro that was strangely impressive.

While watching Universal's opus of Thorne Smith's racy book, I could not help feeling that Hollywood had lost a figure that would have been an asset to its current crop of directors, actors, scenario writers, et. al. Mr. Sherman was one of those actors who never caught the public eye but he could always be depended on to turn in an intelligent performance. I recall his part in "*Bombshell*" as the drunken director who commits suicide when he discovers he is a failure. Playing opposite Miss Harlow is a job in itself but if I remember correctly, he stole the picture from the adept Miss Harlow.

"*Night Life of the Gods*" was on its way to becoming a grand comedy but somewhere in the middle it bogged down. Perhaps in transcribing some

what it used to be, but every editor feels the same way every year. As a crusader and righter of wronger, he bites off more than he can chew, stirs up more than he can ever hope to quiet; seeks ends without considering means; rides his Policies, most of which he has come upon in some absurd manner, until they drop from under him; does the rashest first, and will never admit or retract errors and like Schmedeman goes straight ahead, neither to the right nor to the left, never stopping, and in all directions.

SO YOU see, the Union, like Paul, is all things to all men. A bedroom for the weary, a haven for the forgotten, a sink for the unclean, a parlor for the proletariat, a game for the gambler, a precinct for the politician, and the puppet stage, the strings of which, the brass hat, the organizer, the propagandist, and the personally ambitious, pull and pull, and pull . . . actors all on the stage. The campus laughs, for it sees under the false faces.

## CINEMANIA

of Mr. Smith's choice passages which would be considered taboo for the screen, the picture lost its zest. The touch was there but when the scenario ran out of ideas it became quite silly. It was, however, entertaining enough to reveal that Lowell Sherman, had he lived, would have been an ace director. Allan Mowbray turns in his best performance, too.

"Thar ain't no place for sentiment in the army" and that theme embellished with some grand and glorious hokum by Paramount in "*Lives of a Bengal Lancer*" will probably make Prof. Knaplund's students in his Empire course turn to their books with a reawakened interest. Although there is quite a bit of "My Britannia," it never becomes sloppy and as a result Henry Hathaway has to his credit probably the most exciting picture of the year. One of the best shots done with the right amount of suspense is the scene where Franchot Tone faces a cobra as he is playing one of those peculiarly shaped instruments that snake charmers use.

This is really a man's picture. There are only two women in the picture and they figure very briefly (but nicely). As long as I am continuing in this panygeric mood, I would like to point out that Gary Cooper, former cowboy and now the society man, is developing into a corking good actor. And Franchot Tone shows that he can be counted on even without the glamorous presence of Joan Crawford. In this picture, he combines charm and humor to a good advantage. The gallant C. Aubrey Smith and Sir Guy Standing are as good as usual, which is enough.

"*Man of Aran*" is the result of Robert Flaherty's study of the people of the Island of Aran. Mr. Flaherty shows a keen sense of the aesthetic. Some of the shots are strikingly beautiful. The camera shows the elemental struggle of the fishermen folk in a graphic manner, and with Mr. Flaherty's assistance, Gaumont again chalks up a creditable production.

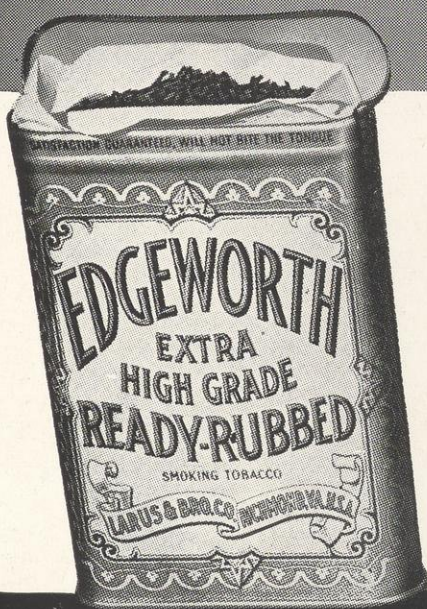
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I received a kick out of the following news which will probably be released when this magazine hits the stands. The one and only Miss Helen Hayes will probably be here at the end of April in Maxwell Anderson's "*Mary, Queen of Scots*." For your enjoyment, I recommend this play as one of the finest that left Broadway for a tour of the sticks.

—DOUBLEDEE

JUST AS A GOLFER NEEDS *Both* HANDS

A GOOD  
PIPE TOBACCO  
MUST HAVE *Both*  
MILDNESS  
*and*  
FLAVOR



**M**ILDNESS in a pipe tobacco is important, to be sure. But mildness alone is not enough. A good pipe tobacco must have both **MILDNESS** and **FLAVOR**. Then it's a comforting smoke.

In Edgeworth you get the blandest blend you can pack in your pipe, because it is made from the tenderest leaves of "the mildest pipe tobacco that grows." And then you get that rich full-bodied flavor that has won thousands to Edgeworth over the last thirty years.

*Economical, too.* On account of the way Edgeworth is prepared for your pipe you will get more hours of pipe smoking than many cheaper tobaccos provide. It's not the first cost—it's what it costs to keep your pipe going that counts.

Try Edgeworth and get higher pleasure at lowest cost per hour.

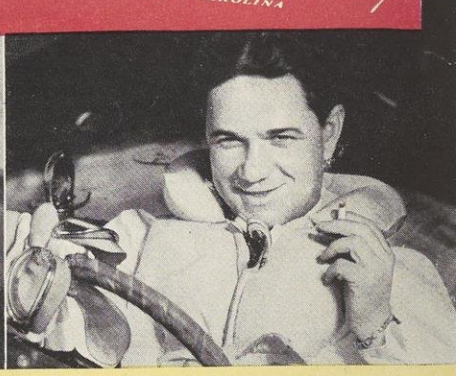
Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidior tin. Several sizes in vacuum packed tins. Made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

**EDGEWORTH HAS *Both*  
MILDNESS *and* FLAVOR**

# WE ASKED OUTDOOR PEOPLE:

"Is this fact important to You?"—

*"Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand."*  
(SIGNED) *R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company*  
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA



**VALUE!** "Camels are manufactured from costlier tobaccos," says Charley Belden, Wyoming rancher. "No wonder they have such a rich, cool flavor!"

**MILDNESS!** "I smoke Camels because they are mild — pleasing to my throat," says Miss Helene Bradshaw, an enthusiastic horsewoman.

**HEALTHY NERVES!** "I have smoked Camels for fourteen years, without a sign of upset nerves," says Bill Horn, former Gold Cup winner.



**FLAVOR!** "It's been thrilling to have a part in the vast enterprise of building Boulder Dam," says Erwin Jones, Boulder Dam engineer. "Plenty of strain, too. When I get tired, there's nothing like a Camel. Man, what a swell taste Camels have! Mild, cool, and mellow! You can tell they are made from choice tobaccos, because they don't get 'flat' or tiresome in taste when you smoke a lot."



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Tob. Co.