

# **The Wisconsin Octopus. Vol. 19, No. 10 June 5, 1938**

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, June 5, 1938

<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.



THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Subject \_\_\_\_\_

Class \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Instructor \_\_\_\_\_

1 \_\_\_\_\_

2 \_\_\_\_\_

3 \_\_\_\_\_

4 \_\_\_\_\_

5 \_\_\_\_\_

6 \_\_\_\_\_

7 \_\_\_\_\_

8 \_\_\_\_\_

9 \_\_\_\_\_

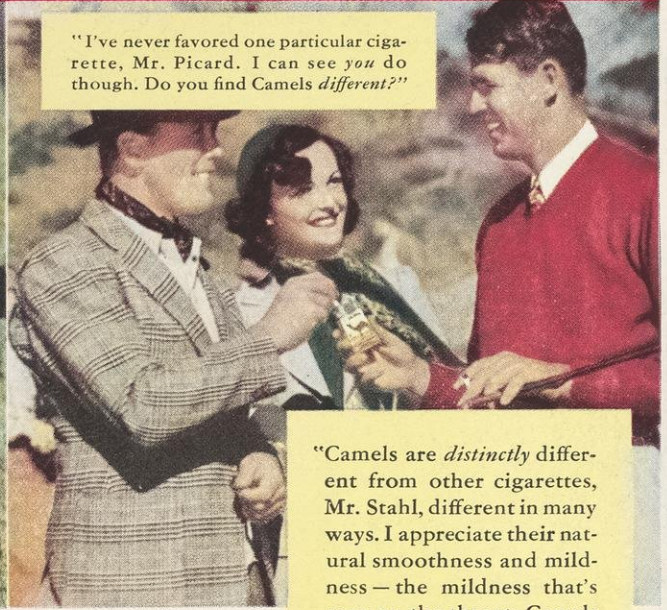
10 \_\_\_\_\_

Total \_\_\_\_\_





# Henry Picard LOOKS THE SITUATION OVER



"I've never favored one particular cigarette, Mr. Picard. I can see you do though. Do you find Camels *different*?"

**Picard's game seems effortless. He's a long driver—in a tight spot, a heady strategist. "A cigarette, too, has to be sized up from a lot of angles," he says.**

**FAMOUS GOLFERS**—men who need steady hands for that winning stroke—and millions of people under the strain of everyday life, all appreciate this fact: **CAMELS SET YOU RIGHT!** Smoke Camels—see why they are different from other cigarettes. Note particularly the greater pleasure you get from Camel's *costlier tobaccos!*

"Camels are *distinctly* different from other cigarettes, Mr. Stahl, different in many ways. I appreciate their natural smoothness and mildness—the mildness that's easy on the throat. Camels never tire my taste. Camels agree with me. They *do*—from *all* angles. I hear so many golfers praise them. Camels never get on your nerves. Most top-flight golfers I know smoke Camels. They set you right!"

## On the Air Monday Nights E-D-D-I-E (C-A-N-T-O-R

America's great fun-maker and personality brought to you by Camel cigarettes. Over Columbia Network. See your local newspaper listing for correct time.

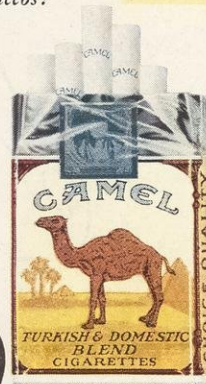
## On the Air Tuesday Nights BENNY GOODMAN

Hear the great Goodman Swing Band "go to town." Every Tuesday at 8:30 pm E.S.T. (9:30 pm E.D.S.T.), 7:30 pm C. S. T., 6:30 pm M.S.T., 5:30 pm P.S.T., over Columbia Network.



**FROM COAST TO COAST** flits Helen Stansbury, Director of Women's Traffic for United Air Lines. Miss Stansbury speaking: "I choose Camels for mildness. They're never harsh. When the pace I go fatigues me, a Camel gives me a 'lift'—sets me right."

**IT'S CAMELS** for Mike Maguire, tunnel engineer. Bossing 200 men deep under mud and water means, as Mike puts it: "I can't risk 'jangled nerves.' I stick to Camels."



A matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE  
**COSTLIER TOBACCOS**  
IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE  
**LARGEST-SELLING**  
CIGARETTE  
IN AMERICA

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER.. **"CAMELS AGREE WITH ME!"**

## TOBACCO PLANTERS SAY:

**"We smoke Camel cigarettes because we know tobacco."**



"The favorite with most men who grow tobacco," is what Vault Snowden, veteran planter, calls Camels. "Camel buys the *best* tobacco. They bought the choice grades of my last crop. I've been a steady Camel smoker myself 19 years."

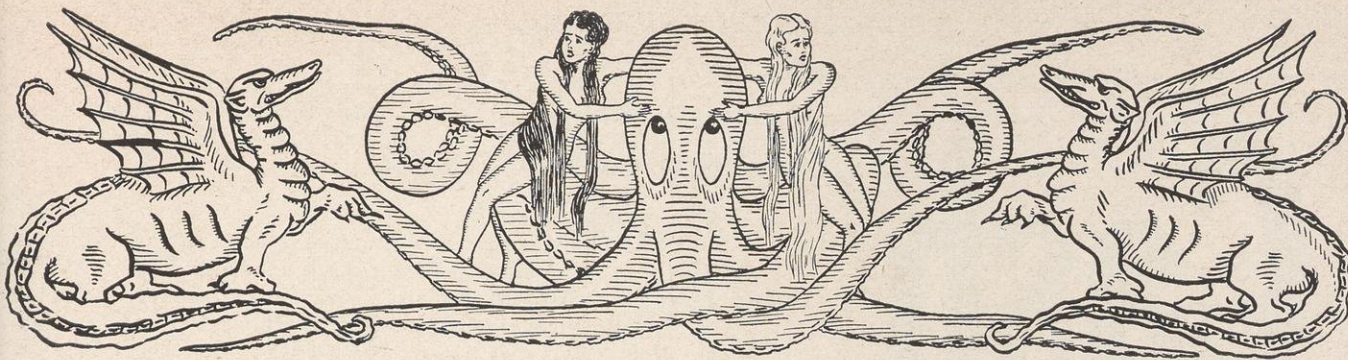


Top prices, that's what J. B. Jackson, successful planter, got from the Camel buyer last year. He says: "Camel pays more to get the best tobacco. That means finer tobaccos for Camels. I say cigarette quality has got to be grown in tobacco."



"The Camel people bought the best of my last crop," says Vertner Hatton, who has grown tobacco 25 years. "Paid high for my finest grades. I smoke Camels. There's no substitute for expensive tobaccos. Most planters favor Camels."





# THE CAMPUS CHRONICLE



NURSE-TO-BE of our acquaintance blushing tells the story of a wild ride through the streets of her home town, when she was home between semesters. It was all because she was late for an appointment with a professional acquaintance the maternity hospital. She had hailed a cab and told the driver her destination. "And please

hurry," she added.

The cab driver looked over his shoulder apprehensively and understandingly, and started out at a rapid pace. A cop pulled up alongside, but a whispered explanation from the cab driver put him out in front leading the way. This was all pretty swell, thought our nurse friend wisely. But the speed was too much for her. After narrowly missing a delivery truck, and negotiating a corner or two on two wheels, she began to gasp freely and chew her handkerchief.

This prompted the driver to increase his speed. They roared into an intersection and narrowly missed two cars converging on them. She shut her eyes and screamed. The cab driver pushed his foot to the floor, and cut corners closer, the more she screamed. It was too much. At length she fainted dead away.

She was very much embarrassed when she awoke, for she had very little on, and the operating table was surrounded by several very puzzled men.

—Gargoyle

## Driftwood

Found on Mendota's coral strand . . .

A girl in some literature class the other day asked the professor if the word "bard" was Scotch for "bird".

There is a freshman who loves his goldfish. He heard that goldfish need exercise to keep them from getting a depressed outlook on life. Now every Saturday morning he takes them out of the bowl and gives the happy fish their calisthenics in the bathtub.

In economics 16 the professor asked a dozer in the back row, "Isn't it true that you too will have to bear the burdens of the nation some day?" "Not me," said the sleepy one, "I'm a Republican."

—Froth

## Pachyderm Passenger

Every once in a while we hear of something which restores our faith in the ability of Uncle Sam's men to cope with any situation. Such an incident came to our notice just the other day on very good authority. It seems that at a certain Navy Yard, one of the under-officers was a man quite popular with the civilian population of the nearby town. One day a friend of his popped up with a large

problem. A very large problem, in fact, for he had to ferry an elephant across a body of water, there being no other way of reaching the objective. The trouble was that no commercial boat would undertake the job. Could he, the friend wanted to know, depend on the navy for aid in his hour of distress? The under-officer puzzled over the situation quite a while. The commander of the yard was not present, and he really did not have the power to issue an order to transport his friend's elephant. However, he finally decided that it would do no harm, so he complied with the request and sent the elephant sailing forth on a navy tugboat.

As the crossing was under way, the commander of the yard arrived. He scanned the horizon and perceived, in the distance, the loaded tug making its slow way. "What in — is that tug loaded with? It looks as if it were carrying an elephant," he said. "It is, sir," was the somewhat timid reply of the under-officer.

The rest of the conversation is mercifully lost, but the upshot was that we now have a naval ruling, stating that no elephant can be transported on a navy tugboat without consent of the commander of the yard.

## News

Just the other day we picked up a 1937 World's Almanac and idly thumbed through it, wondering if we should buy a copy for the office, and a caption at the top of a page caught our attention. It read, "The number of persons gainfully employed by sex." We have two copies in the office now.

—Pelican



## Sentimental

We noticed the other afternoon that one of the workers who was scraping away at the side of the Union was crying. Sensing a human interest story for our Journalism class, we asked him what was the matter. Through his tears, he said, "Oh, it's nothing. I always get this way when I peel Unions."

## Statistics

The other day we got a very official looking communication from the University. Our heart beat a little faster as we opened the envelope. Our heart beat much faster when we read that the Dean's Office wanted to see us.

At great length we summoned up courage to present ourselves at the august portals. Timidly and shakily we asked what it was they wanted, all the while envisioning all sorts



# Cash for Books

The Co-op will buy all of your text books and pay up to 50% of the price you paid for books scheduled for use next fall.

The  
CO-OP

of trouble, or even expulsion maybe. Through prodigious files the clerk pawed. Finally she produced the case against us. It seemed that we had been guilty of recording our birthday as June 2, 1937.

—Gargoyle

### *Dream Hitch*

The other day we were driving leisurely near Harrisburg on an afternoon built for good will. A few miles along we came by a hitch hiker. We felt pleasant and we felt like talking, so we stopped. The thumber was a small and bony framework of a man. His clothes had obviously been constructed for a more meaty creature, and they were patched until they resembled an aerial view of Ireland.

He had a vague, grey goatee that leaned a trifle to the right, and except for a dingy frieze around his ears, his head was as bald as a new-mown door knob. "Well," we said opening the car door, "Hop in if you want a lift." The little man just stood there fidgeting and eyeing us uncertainly. "Hey," he said, and his voice was peculiarly solid for such a small amount of man. "Hey, tell me. What kind of car is this?" We weren't in a hurry and we wondered what was going on, so we told him it was a Hudson.

"Are you sure?" he asked, edging around so he could see the name on the hubcap. We swore that it really was a Hudson. "I guess that's all right, then," he said and climbed in. He didn't say anything so we asked him why he wanted to know the make of the car. "I had a dream," he said. We had to ask him what it was.

"I dremp't I was riding in a Chevvy and we had a smash-up." We said yes go on. "I was killed," he said. That was all he said except yes and no to our questions until we let him off about thirty miles up the river. He did have a dreamy look in his eyes, though.

—Froth

## *The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc.*

Madison, Wisconsin

\* \* \* \*

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS

DEAN SCOTT H. GOODNIGHT . . . . . *President*  
PROF. W. D. SUMNER . . . . . *Vice-President*  
RAY L. HILSENHOFF . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*  
BRADLEY P. BJORK . . . . . MYRON L. GORDON

### BUSINESS STAFF

BRADLEY P. BJORK '40, *Business Manager*  
J. SCHWARTZBERG '40, *National Advertising Manager*  
H. HASWELL '39, *Advertising Manager*  
R. ROSHOLT '40, *Circulation Manager*  
L. HAMES '40, *Assistant Circulation Manager*  
C. Peters . R. Holton . Nancy Yahnke . G. Carlson

\* \* \* \*

MYRON LEE GORDON '39, *Executive Editor*

\* \* \* \*

T. S. HYLAND, *Editor Emeritus*  
H. HASWELL, *Tarpird*

\* \* \* \*

### *Contributors:*

R. Wurtz, L. Fenster, B. P. Roberts, B. Baumet,  
Betty Bennett, Jane Lippold, S. Vladeck, E. Koblitz,  
Marcelle Feybusch, R. P. Neprud, P. A. Philippi

\* \* \* \*

Copyright, June, 1938, by the Wisconsin Octopus, Incorporated, 770 Langdon Street, Madison. Published ten times during the year by the students of the University of Wisconsin. Reprint rights granted to legitimate college magazines; cuts will be loaned upon request. Entered as second class matter at the post-office, Madison, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rate 75c per year in U. S. and its Possessions (except the Virgin Islands); \$2.40 in Italy; \$9.45 in Germany. Single copies, 15c.

Vol. XIX

JUNE 5, 1938

Number 10





## For The Ideal Graduation Gift

see

MILLAR, the Balfour Jewelry Man

Office—708 STATE STREET

Telephone FAIRCHILD 5793

### They Rime

**A**N intrepid young man from New York  
Became lost on a road with a fork;  
Since no map was handy  
He took out his brandy,  
And found the way back to New York.

**T**HERE was a young lady from Georgia  
Who fancied the role of a Borgia.  
She'd say with a grin  
As she poisoned her gin,  
I hope that my party won't bore ya.

**A**BOSTONIAN sub-deb named Brooks,  
Whose hobby was reading sex books,  
Ensnared her a Cabot  
Who looked like a rabbit  
And deftly lived up to his looks.

—Record

The stork is charged with a lot of things  
Which should more properly be  
Blamed on a lark.

—Skipper

Alone in the moonlight is more fun  
If you aren't.

—Lampoon

A story is being circulated by a loyal Republican concerning one of their kind who, when the priest asked him what he should baptize the baby, said, "Franklin Delano Roosevelt Smith." His irate wife a little later berated him thus: "John, what have you done? Do you realize what a stigma you have placed on the head of our offspring? Shall he go through life with this stain upon his escutcheon? What have you to say?"

"Well," answered the crestfallen Republican. "The little devil just looked up at me and smiled, and cooed, and acted so friendly, yet I knew he was soaking me all the time."

—Pelican

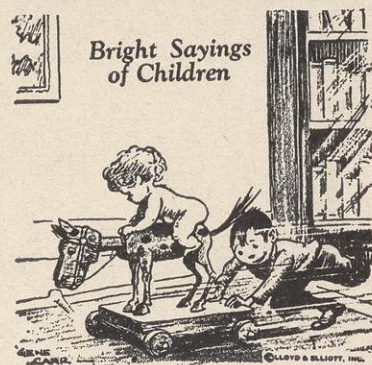
Only a week after he'd started on his new job, the lucky youth announced he was quitting. "Taint the wages," he explained to the foreman, "It's just that I can't help having a guilty conscience all the time I'm working."

"What for?" asked the amazed foreman.

"I'm all the time worrying about how I'm cheating some big strong mule out of a job."

—Pelican

### BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN by R. C. McColl



Bright Sayings  
of Children

"Go on, Lady Godiva, ride right down the streets of Coventry. I swear by my Dukedom that the guy who peeks doesn't get any

### DAIRY MAID ICE CREAM

BADGER 3231

507 STATE

## DO BEAUTY TASTES VARY —by COLLEGES?

Tastes differ—one man's date may be somebody else's wallflower. How much does the taste of one college vary from another? In July Redbook the editors ask "Which is the Typical American Girl?" Frankly, we are curious, and want to know. In July Redbook there are portraits of America's ten most beautiful models, ballots, voting instructions, and an announcement of three cash prizes for winning letters. Later, Redbook will announce the result by colleges. But meanwhile, you have an opportunity to combine amusement with possible profit.

SEE THE JULY  
ISSUE...  
ON SALE JUNE 3rd

# REDBOOK



MISS MAY B. MAYBENOT does not exist but her beauty does. For she is a composite portrait of ten celebrated models whose likenesses you will find in July Redbook.



Wisconsin Students'  
Most Valuable Cash  
Market!

# CASH for BOOKS

For your books that are listed for use in the fall semester we will pay 50% in CASH of the price you paid provided the books are in good condition.

Liberal  
Trade Allowances

## Brown's Book Shop

Corner State & Lake

# PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY

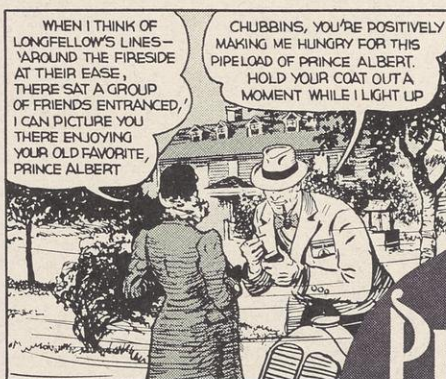
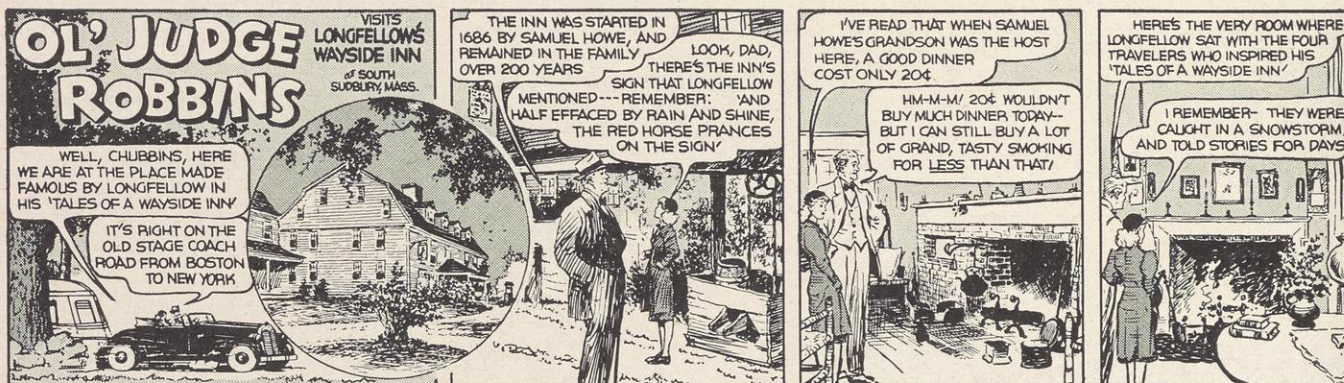
607 University Avenue

## PRESENTS

- **SUN-PROOF**  
The First Grade House Paint
- **WALLHIDE**  
Interior Wall Paints
- **CEMENTHIDE**  
Beautifies and Protects Cement
- **WATERSPAR ENAMEL**  
First Quality Four-Hour Enamel
- **PORCHIDE**  
For Porch and Boat Deck
- **WATERSPAR VARNISH**  
Complete Line of Varnishes
- **FLORHIDE**  
The Ideal Floor Enamel
- **IRONHIDE**  
A Rust Inhibitive for Iron

Headquarters for All Types of Glass

We carry a complete line of  
WALLPAPER AND WALL COVERINGS



FOR SMOOTH-SMOKING TOBACCO,  
YOU CAN'T BEAT THAT **CRIMP CUT**,  
**NO-BITE** PRINCE ALBERT. IT SMOKES  
**MELLOW AND EXTRA-MILD**

**PRINCE  
ALBERT**  
THE NATIONAL  
JOY SMOKE



**SO  
MILD!**

THE BIG  
**2**  
OUNCE  
RED TIN

**P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER.** Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

**50** pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.





Volume XIX

JUNE 5, 1938

Number 10

## Adolf and Ben



USSOLINI: Well, Adolf, congratulations on your latest plebiscite victory.

HITLER: Thanks, Benito. I got 99.75 per cent of the vote, you know. That's a new record.

MUSSOLINI: Well, yes. That is, unofficially.

HITLER: What do you mean, unofficially?

MUSSOLINI: Well, I don't like to mention it, but I think we'd better have the election board go over the thing once or twice. Some of the boys are claiming everything wasn't entirely on the up-and-up.

HITLER: Where do you get this stuff? That was an honest election if I've ever seen one.

MUSSOLINI: The rules call for space at the bottom of the ballot to write in a dissenting opinion, you know.

HITLER: There was plenty of room. Here, I've got a ballot, I'll show you.

MUSSOLINI: Where's the space?

HITLER: Right there along the bottom margin. Plenty of it.

MUSSOLINI: You mean where all those swastikas are printed close together?

HITLER: They could write in between them, couldn't they?

MUSSOLINI: Well, frankly, Adolf, I

don't think that will do.

HITLER: Listen, Benito, I don't like to bring these things up, but I remember a plebiscite of yours in the Tyrol a few years ago in which all dissenting votes were ruled invalid if they weren't filled in with green ink.

MUSSOLINI: That was to make it easier for the counters. It was a perfectly legitimate restriction.

HITLER: So have all mine been. And I've never found it necessary to make any rules about the color of ink used. We don't do things that way in Germany.

MUSSOLINI: Listen, Adolf, I'll make you an offer. We'll each hold a perfectly honest election for a small sidebet, say five dollars—I'll add it on to my budget—and we'll solve this thing once and for all.

HITLER: What do you mean, honest?



*"I think I'll stick around for my Ph.D."*

MUSSOLINI: I mean let them vote either yes or no.

HITLER: I don't think the people would stand for it.

MUSSOLINI: It would do for a publicity stunt.

HITLER: Maybe in Italy. Besides, where could I get five dollars?

MUSSOLINI: Put up Austria, that's worth five dollars.

HITLER: I doubt it, I used to live there and it's not worth much.

MUSSOLINI: Well then, put up Goering. His medals are worth five bucks.

HITLER: Most of them are phoney. I think we'd better just drop the whole thing.

MUSSOLINI: Maybe you're right. But you've got to let me introduce a grandfather clause in my next plebiscite.

HITLER: What do you mean, a grandfather clause?

MUSSOLINI: All dissenting voters whose grandfathers were not present at the March on Rome are ineligible.

HITLER: It seems to me that's carrying things a little far. What's the vote going to be on?

MUSSOLINI: I think I'll make it "Who's the Greatest Man in Italy Since and Including Napoleon?" What are you using for your next?

HITLER: Ratification of the annexation of Jersey City, I guess.

—Gargoyle



## Hotel Cecil Calvert



**A**STRONOMERS may talk about their galaxies and planets, but the hotel is a world in itself, and just as mysterious. Though the hat-check girl may have the same dull lines all day ("Bonn-jouerr mussir, put 'em all on one check O.K.?"), no one would make so bold as to guess at the intimate conservation of her life after hours.

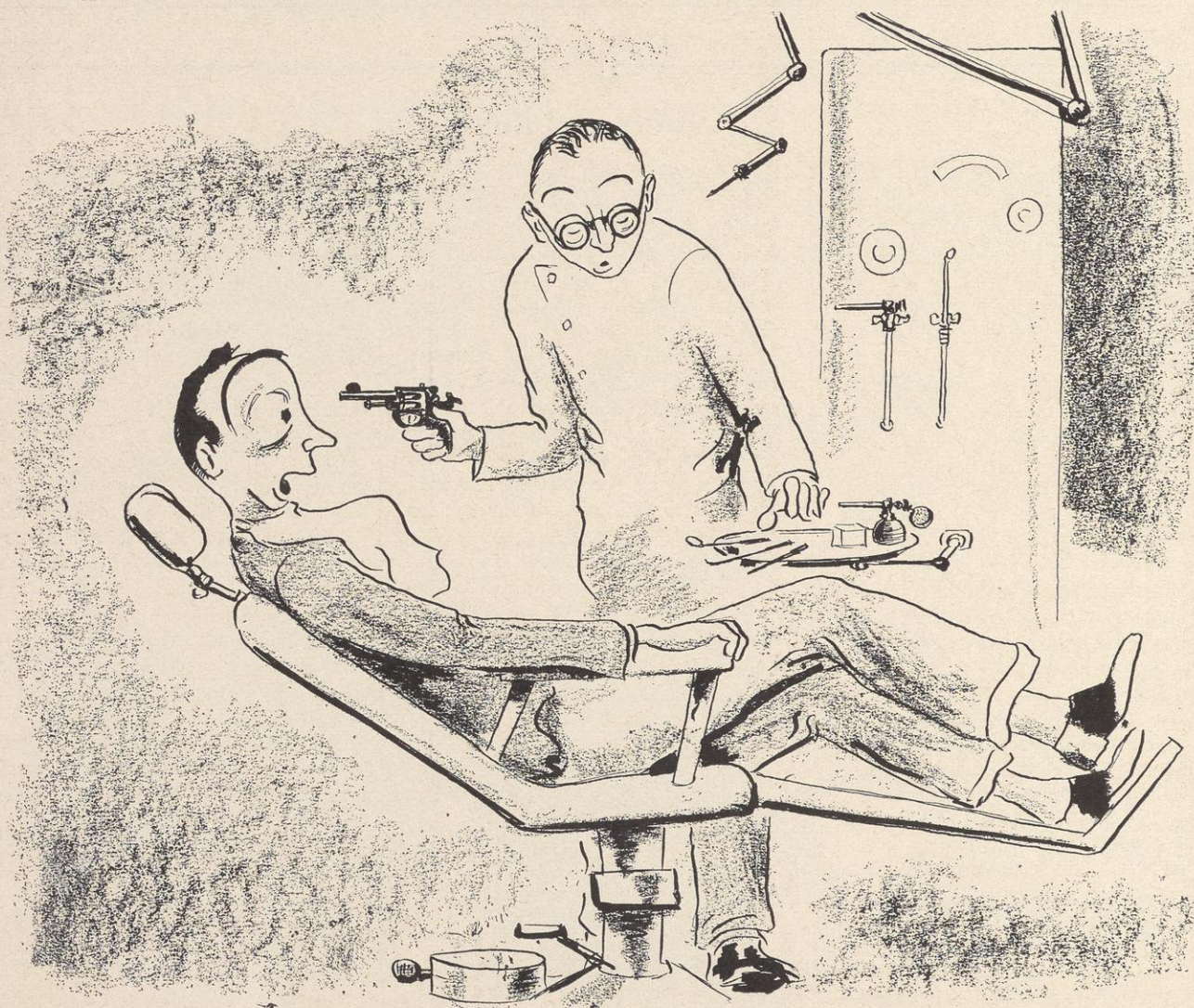
I speak not of the small town hotel whose menu offers for the main course a choice of boiled schrod or boiled schrod and for dessert blueberry pie or small green melons; the hotel with the china potty under the marble-topped, "claw and ball" table; but of the hotel in the big city.

The name of this hotel is optional, the field of choice wide. It can be that of some second-rate famous American like Roger Sherman or Cecil Calvert. In that line, it is always safe to pick the name of some foreigner who helped Washington in a left-flank attack in the Battle of Germanville, or Bull Wine Creek, or something. Or if you like it, it can be some acme of luxury like Ritz, Copley-Plaza, Ritz-Plaza. The French do that kind very well. They have such titles as Grand Hotel du Casino de Luxe Imperiale.

As to the appearance, there are only two qualifications. First, there must be three flags above the awning in front, one American, one Italian (for no reason), and one nondescript, with man holding spear on navy blue background. Second, the awning must contain a box with the numbers 000 formerly used for calling Mr. So-and-So's car.

Off the lobby are beige, marble corridors, containing elevators, chiropodists, men in vests and rolled-up shirt sleeves rearranging flower displays in windows, plate glass windows exhibiting one tie casually but artistically draped over a riding whip which hangs in space, in such a manner as no one but a walking shirt-ad could contrive without obvious exhibitionism.

**O**NE OF these corridors leads past more ladies in shabby Persian lamb, past the door which reveals a dark, nichy, cocktail bar, where swarthy bartenders, silhouetted against thirteen hundred and fifty-two thousand glasses, shake cocktail shakers with a tango sound; past all this glamour to the dining room, not to be confused with the grill downstairs, the small private dining room upstairs, the breakfast room, the Royal room, or the Snack Bar. Here



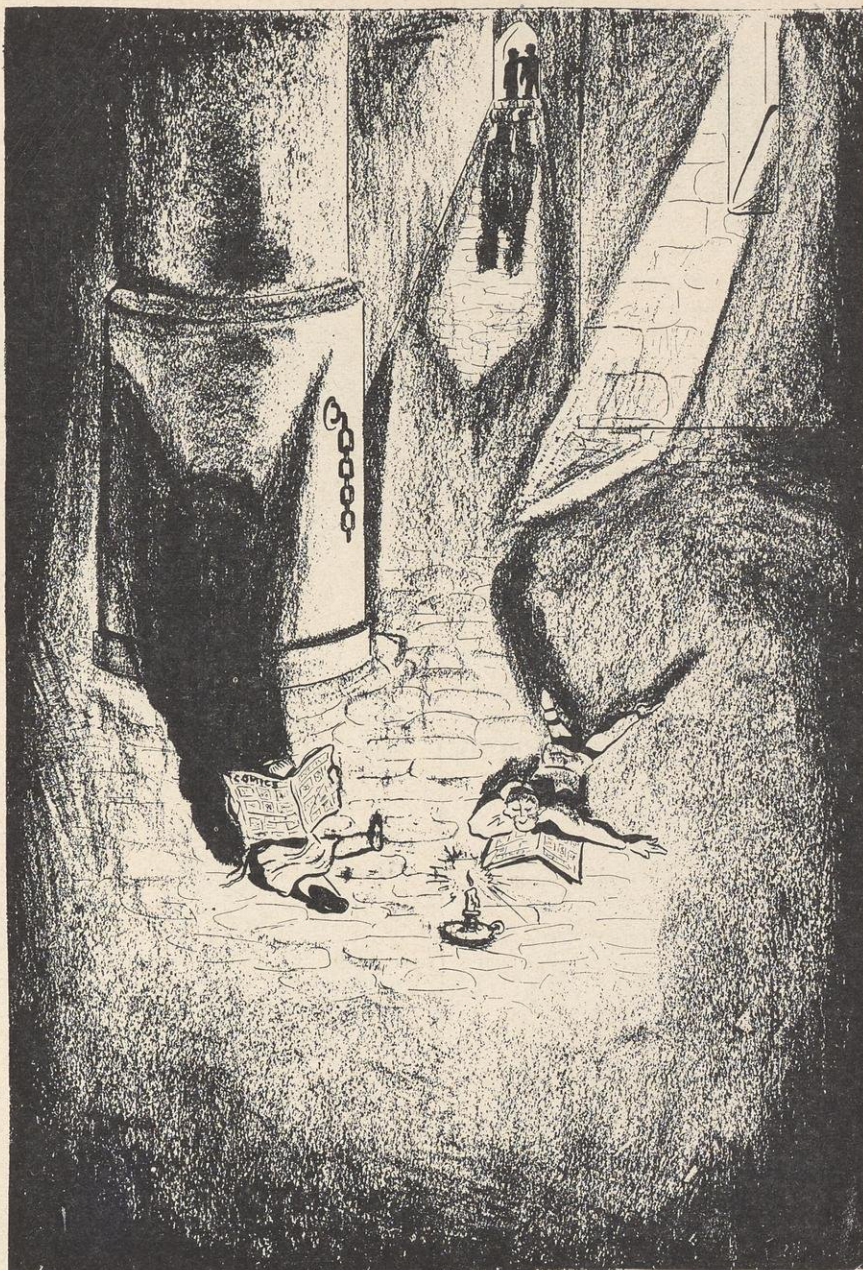
*"I'm afraid this may hurt a little."*



a violin, a 'cello, and a bass chop away at some early Haydn job, the violinist taking great care to slur every note from high E to low A (there is no extra charge for this.) The waiters are all Italian, thought they speak just a little more French than you do. The menus topped by a coat of arms of Cecil Calvert are superb: *Bordelaise a la Bordelaise*, *Broccoli Marguerite*, *Consomme a la Jardiniere*, *Ercasse des Fruits Turtin* (fruit salad), and *Jonjon Fougere a La Victor Hugo*, which waiters can only describe by touching their forefinger and thumb so that a circle is formed, and simultaneously doing a vibrato with the hand thus. Nothing except the bill is more annoying than a padding waiter serving you humble mashed potatoes with three spoons, one between each finger, and then ladling gravy over it before you have time to make a well.

1412, your room, has beige walls just like every other hotel room since the beginning of Man. On the wall between the twin beds is "The Gleaners" by Millet, over the bureau Rheims Cathedral, and in the next room a man is practicing on the clarinet. It's freezing in the room and, as you turn on the heat by the window, you can get a glimpse of the murky metropolis in its night glamour (not to be confused with early morning glamour, which consists of walking around the house in your pajamas until lunch time.) There's a red sign which says, "Acme Life Insurance," another, "Open-All-Nite Garage Parking 50c," and off in the distance the airport beacon trying to hypnotize you. The radiator is so powerful that by now you could grow orchids in the room, so you open the window and the curtains rush outside to catch the soot. The melee of taxi horns and trolley tink-tinks casts a spell over the brain, but you'll be brought back to earth again by the sound of the high-powered, two-cylinder cyclone toilet in 1414. All I can say is you're lucky you aren't on the second floor, with the sunta, sunta, sunta, sunta, of a standing trolley under your bed at night, and stewed trolley cars on toast for breakfast. No! Up in 1412 you are connected to life in the world only by a cheery operator at 7:15 A. M. saying, "Good-morning, Sir, it's 7:15." Of course if you can't find anything else in the *New Yorker* to read you can always play double solitaire with room service.

GOING to the window in the morning you can see what the Acme Life Insurance belongs to. All the



"This is our recreation room."

square and parks are the same, the whole city is about as interesting as a graph in the *Dentists' Weekly Research* on the increase of pyorrhea since 1922, and you wonder what is the use of learning how to get from one place to another in this city. So you might as well find out that the hot shower is hot and powerful, so hot in fact, that just as you turn the hot-water faucet on with your left hand, you can write your name in the steam on the medicine cabinet mirror with your right forefinger.

With bacon, eggs, and coffee inside,

and the tip purpocasionally hidden under the bill on the small silver tray, you pass into the land of draughts, reclining guests, and palms. The manager, though pasty, is so well shaved that he could be left for weeks and still have no sign of a beard.

Pick up your bags, plunge from the pressured world of low conversation, through the guh-flup, guh-flup of the revolving door, and out into the world of clapping sewermain covers, raucous taxi horns and push; into a taxi, into your train, and home, where nothing ever happens.

—Lampoon



## Oriental Interlude



OME in, Ah Sing, most honorable one. I hope that this wretched, unspeakably filthy hovel will not soil your precious feet."

"I shall come in, Sun Lung, but I shall remove my shoes so as not to cover your honorable floor with the slime of my house."

"Do not say that, Ah Sing. This house is not worthy enough to receive your most almighty presence."

"Oh, no, Sun Lung. I, descendant of generations of swine, am besmirching this honorable magnificent dwelling by merely standing within its walls."

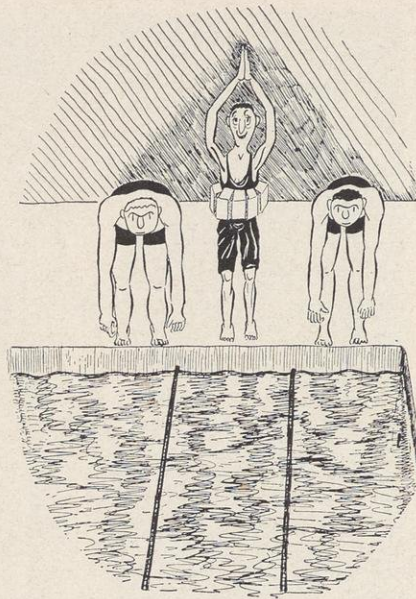
"On the contrary, Ah Sing. I am humbled by your visit. Pray sit down in this disgustingly repellent thing that is called a chair."

"Thank you, Sung Lung. This work of art should not be befouled by the scum which I carry from my miserable house, but I shall profane it with my body if you insist."

"You honor me and all my unworthy ancestors by doing so. Will you partake of some of the revolting fluid which my scurrilous cook honors by calling tea?"

"Your tea, most worthy one, is the finest in Hankow. I am presuming when I suggest that I should like some."

"It is on its way to thy presence, Ah Sing. To what do I owe the honor of this visit?"



"I have come to discuss a subject which I am afraid will profane your honored ears. Forgive me for being so bold as to mention it in your presence."

"Before you honor me by even discussing it I hope you will compliment this vile tea by tasting it."

"IT WOULD be insulting to call it nectar, Sun Lung. It is delicious beyond words."

"You are kind to flatter me so. Of what were you speaking when I so presumptuously interrupted you?"

"I came, most noble one, to tell you that the three dollars Mex which I borrowed from you last week cannot be repaid at this time."

"You mean, Ah Sing, that you have defaulted on the debt which you so honorably contracted?"

"For the time being, yes. Do not be impatient, honored host; I shall repay you soon."

"You treacherous swine! Out of this house before you befoul the air! Cook, throw away the cup which this pig has used! It is not fit for human use."

"I, I befoul *your* air! I have contracted my death of horrible diseases by entering this contaminated hovel."

"CALL my house a *hovel*! Out, out, you descendant of thousands of idiots! Out of this house before I have some of my countless servants soil their pure hands on you!"

"Soil their '*pure*' hands on *me*! Ha! As if anyone's hands in this slum could be free from the foul matter which covers everything. I go, and I go hurriedly to wash myself, though I shall never be clean again. Good day, you money grubbing, selfish pig!"

"Go, you dishonest defaulter, son of a cockroach and a slimy worm. He has gone, cook, and with him your last year's wages. He has such a bad memory. I wonder who he borrowed the money from. It was not I."

—Pelican

## New Process Will Make Furs Regain Life-Like Appearance

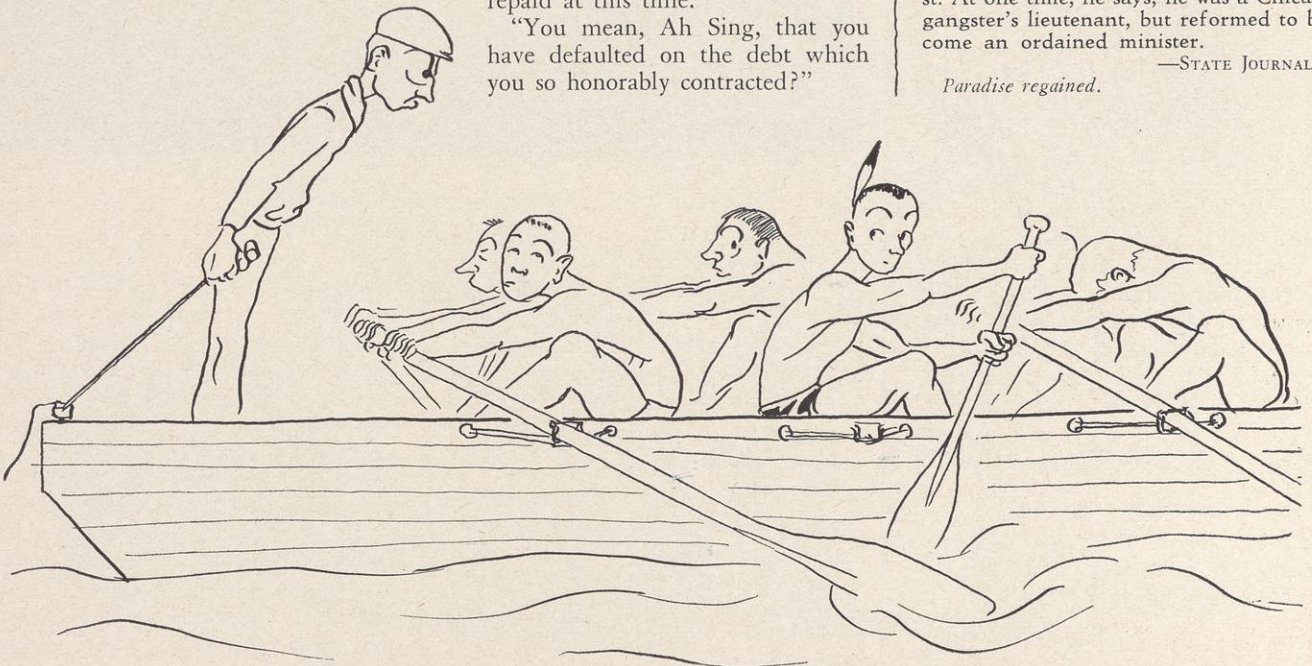
—CAPITAL TIMES

Here, pussy, pussy, pussy!

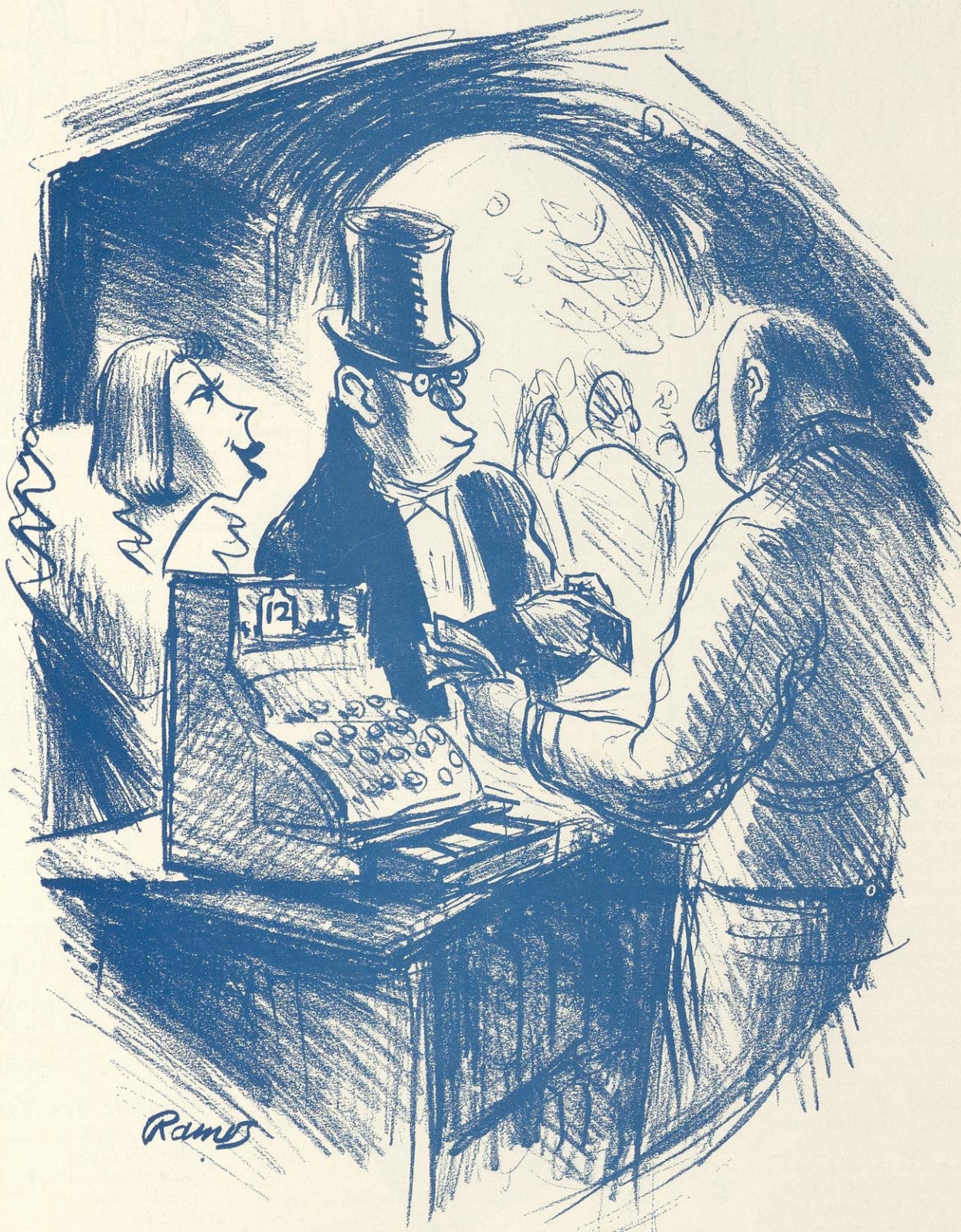
The Rev. Louis D. Hill will lecture each night at 7:45 until Sunday at the Gospel Rescue Mission, 404 E. Wilson st. At one time, he says, he was a Chicago gangster's lieutenant, but reformed to become an ordained minister.

—STATE JOURNAL

Paradise regained.

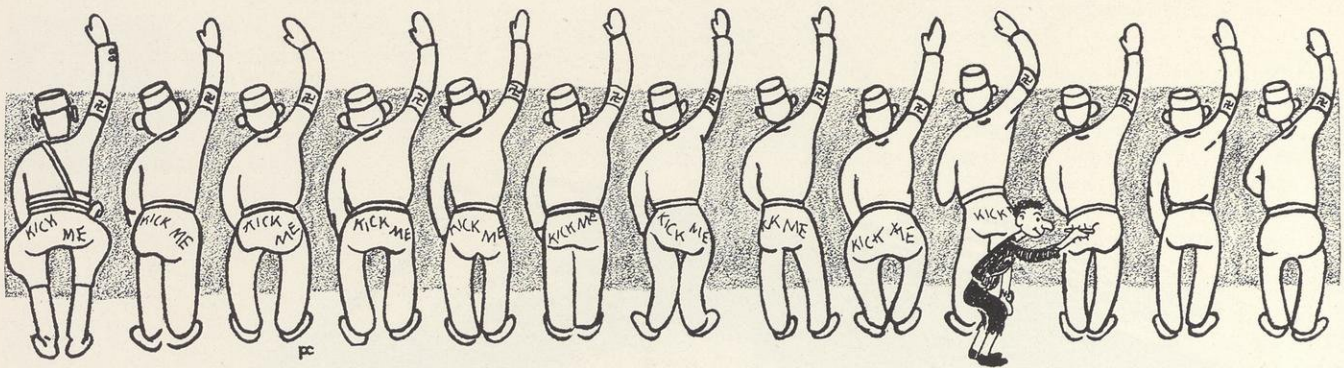






"Gee! Harvey, and me thinkin' you wuz a piker."





## Hollywood Holocaust

**P**OSSIBLY the movies haven't done anything else, but they've provided an easy test for female intelligence. I'm not so sure a test for female intelligence is a good thing, though; somehow every girl I've tried it on I've had to cross right off my list.

Sometimes, of course, you can spot a girl by what she *says* about the movies; just yesterday one asked me, "Don't you wish they'd put Joan Crawford and Robert Taylor together?" But generally you have to take her to a movie before you can be sure.

There was Anne for instance. Before I saw her in a theatre, I'd have described her as quiet, sensitive, and sweet. We didn't get by the shorts, thought, before I found out different. She thought the newsreel was funny. I didn't hold that against her, because when you're in the right mood, they can be funny as hell, but when she started to laugh at the comedy, I was sure; comedies are never funny.

"Isn't Patsy Kelly a riot?" Anne chortled as Miss Kelly hid in a trunk to evade the customs officials. "Oh, I'll bet now they're going to toss the trunk around." They did, and I don't know whether Anne laughed more at Patsy's expressions inside the trunk, or her own cleverness in guessing what would happen. I stared at the people who turned around to look at us.

Betty was at the other end of the scale. She'd always seemed a little dumb, but lively, and I thought probably she could pass the Marx Brothers test. I was a little

surprised when she asked if Groucho was Zeppo, but I didn't let it worry me, and in a minute I started to laugh. But every time I laughed, Betty asked, rather loud and rather bored, what was going on. I had to sit there mute as a mummy while the rest of the audience went into hysterics. I couldn't even listen to the jokes; Betty gave me a lecture on how you certainly couldn't call the movies art.

It was Martha, though, who really broke my heart. She was a damned attractive, high-spirited girl; I liked being with her, and after I'd seen three or four pictures with her, I thought my jinx days were over. She was a little over-inclined to feel emotional at the troubles of the heroes, but that might even be a good sign.

**I** WASN'T even worried when Martha asked me to take her to a Russian picture at the Fine Arts. I rather like foreign pictures once in a while myself, and I'd heard particularly good things about this one.

But Martha started weeping softly about a quarter of the way through. "Hey," I said, "no one's in trouble yet."

"No," Martha said, "but they're going to be. Don't you see—they're so terribly happy now; that's what makes it tragic."

**T**HINGS got worse fast. Martha sobbed louder and louder, and I had to lend her by clean handkerchief, and after that by dirty one. I felt like a wife-beater, sitting there calmly while she wept torrents.

The hero died at last; obstinately, I was glad to see him go. "Oh," said Martha, "Russia certainly gets something into her pictures that Hollywood can't approach. The Communists die so beautifully."

On the way out Martha started to sing the *Internationale* under her breath; it was too much. "Martha," I said. "I loved you once." I kissed her and ran.

—Lampoon

## For Rent

*Lonely little rooming house  
Standing in a lot,  
Slowly being eaten by  
The termites, bills and rot.*

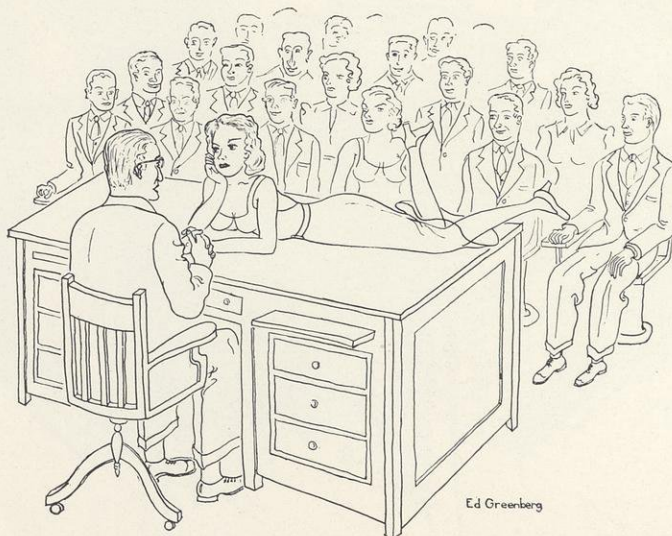
*Lonely little rooming house  
Overrun by mice.  
If you were near the campus  
We would think you pretty  
nice.*

—Pelican

## Goodbye, New York

*20 stories high  
when day begins . . .  
down below me the little  
white taxis  
shoot by  
like little white maggots  
or little white aspirins.*

—Lampoon



*"But, Miss Feiner, there is such a thing as paying  
too close attention."*

Ed Greenberg



Mr  
Mrs

and  
Chesterfields  
for a lifetime of  
*MORE PLEASURE*



.. better taste  
.. refreshing mildness

*They Satisfy*





*"Dammit, you can't whistle and work at the same time around here."*



## Strange Interlude



WAS just about to lay my exam book on top of that of the fellow who had just gone out of Greek 117 when I happened to look down—and written on the book—was—you'd never believe it—

H\*Y\*M\*A\*N K\*A\*P\*L\*A\*N 4\*1  
—in the true Kaplan style.

I looked again at the paper in wonderment. Yet it seemed to be a quite normal exam paper, except for a few misspellings like “pladge,” “jantlemen,” and exmination” in the pledge. But it was no mystery to me who this Mr. Kaplan '41 was, as I rushed out to get an interview. When I finally caught up with him, I looked closely at him, and it was not until then that he seemed really uncollegiate or unfreshmanic. He did have a dink on, but he looked rather silly in it, as I imagine he was a good bit older than the usual freshman.

“By the way,” I asked, tapping him on the shoulder, “are you *the* Hyman Kaplan?”

“If you meaning de Prazdent of de kless in Amarian Night Prepartory Schull for Adolts, I'm enserring afairmative. Odderwise, nagative.”

“I guess you're my man,” I replied. “But what are you doing taking an exam here?”

“Wall,” he answered, “I'm talling you. Old Pockheel, mine ticcher in Night Schull, was saying Kaplan, if you're so dem bright, why doncha go to collitch—so here I em.”

“But are you enrolled? How long have you been here?” I fired the questions at him.

“I was comming month ago incognitel. I was comming onder nem of Parcy McKee. Meester Pockheel talling me I didnt having cradits enoff, so I wasn't seeing Dodds annyhow. I was jost sitting in de lactures and klesses. Also I was lakking de presaptorels—I can talking planty. And since I was enjoyng de tells of de hencient Griks, I took de exhiemineion. What a Got!” he added. “I was lakking de drammars of Eskylus, and Sofocles, and I would be liking ecting in em. A coppla tichers was esking me who I was and what in hall I was doing in dere clessrooms, so I

was bing werry cagey talling em I was deenking in de knowlitch. So dann dey kapt quiet.”

“How do you like it here?” I inquired.

“How wall would anyone lak de bast old pless of all!” he said emphatically. “I'm calling old Nassole wonnderful. I'm enjoying all de klesses and lacutures, and espacially lakking crew.”

“Crew!” I interrupted with a look of amazement on my face.

“Yas, I'm talling you, I'm de bast struk in de frashmen kless. I'm in de foist boat. Look!” he cried, taking off his dink, revealing a snappy crew cut, “what I'm talling you? De boys down dare was talling me I'm gattting coligit.”

“I should say so, Mr. Kaplan,” I replied. “You're certainly a lot more athletic than I would have thought. But what else have you been doing down here?”

“Wall, I was spanding all mine ivinings at de Ness. I'm enjoying gozzling beer.”

“But,” I said, “I thought it was going against tradition for a Freshman to go in the Nass.”

“Schlemiel!” he exclaimed, “wot a heel I was mekking from myself, going

agant Nassol tradition. Navar again! I'll be going to de Hennex wid de odder frashmen.”

“Have you been going in for any extra-curricular activities, though?” I asked.

“Yas,” he answered, “was going out for de 'Prince.' I'm bing in compatishel now. Supposing to get interview with Beckon Bonn.

“I was writing swall hadline, sayng 'Snarling Striped Bengal Puckmen Devour Rotgers Scarlet Tribe, bot the aditor said it wasn't picturesk enoff. He was wanting me instad of writing hadlines to interview goils at Orfyum Dence Palace in New York, but I must talling him de meneger was knowing me and not latting me in de pless!”

SUDDENLY he glanced at his watch and whistled. “I wasn't watching de *tampus fugit!*” he exclaimed. “I'm hevving havy date with liberry lorelei and I'm five minutes late hallready. I'll be seeing you,” he added, and hastened over towards the library, singing, in a low monotone, “Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen.”

—Tiger

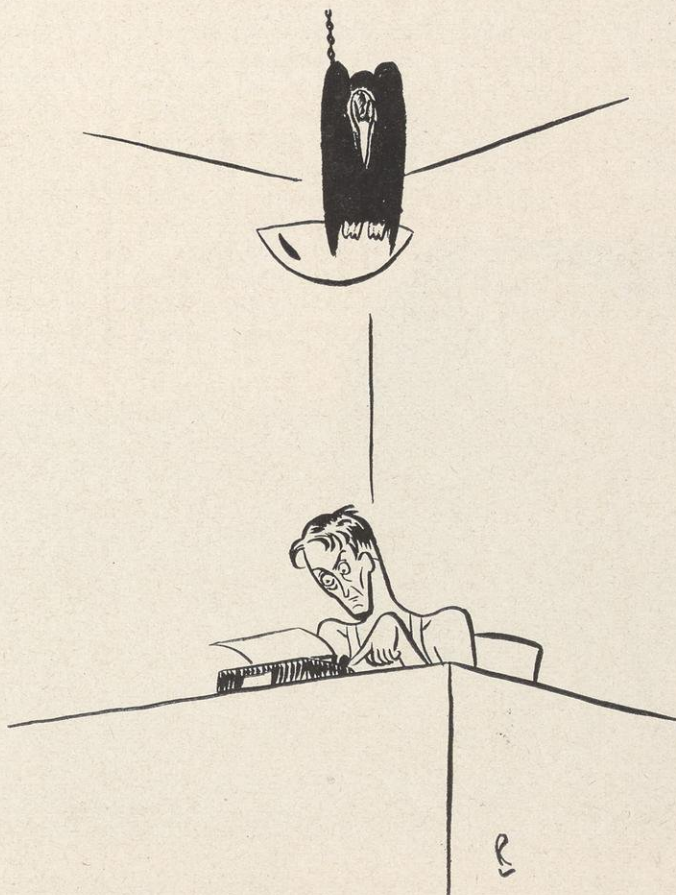
## Aplomb

We find that we are a sucker for giving away cigarettes. We decided to make a survey to discover if possible how many people manage to get along without having half of every pack bummed from them. We've come across several interesting methods. One was a system of keeping the cigarettes you smoke in a package of a brand that not even a high class street cleaner would smoke.

Another way is the “one left” method. This consists of taking the trouble to carry two packs around with you, one of which contains only one cigarette. You take this pack out and offer it around, being sure that everyone knows that there is only one cigarette left.

And finally we have the “out-fumble” system. After a meal or after the movies, when cigarettes are in order you feel in your pockets one after another as if trying to find a cigarette, asking at the time if anyone wants a cigarette. If you can outfumble the other gents you save yourself a cigarette and unofficially win that round.

—Tiger





## Diaries of Leaders

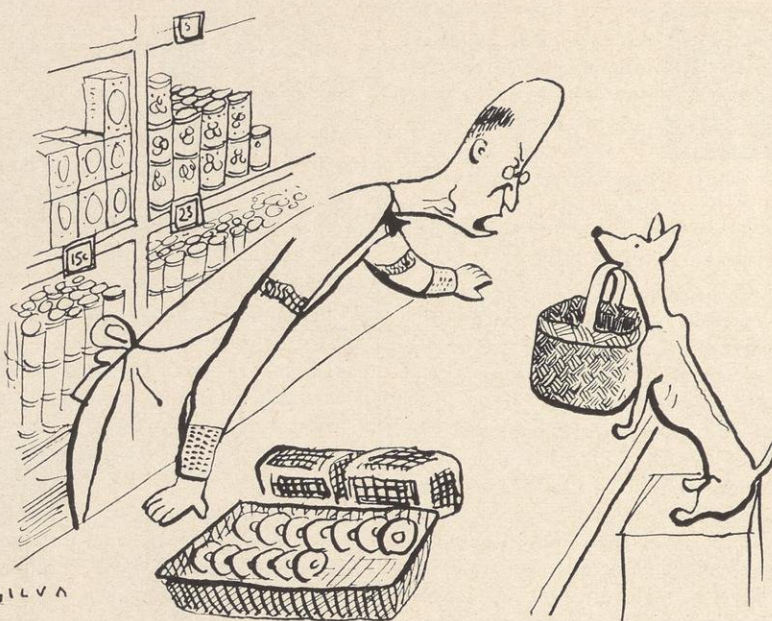
### The Whole World Over

#### Berlin:

The whole world is wondering what I'm going to do with Austria, now I've got it. The truth is, I don't know myself. There aren't any treaties left to break, and I don't feel like shooting people, yet all the foreign correspondents tell me I *have* to do something. You know, it's quite a puzzle when everybody wants to follow you and you don't know where to go. Goering says to go straight ahead, but that doesn't make much sense.

To be perfectly frank, dear Diary, I don't think Hermann is his old self. He wants to put all the soldiers in colored armor—says it'll make the parades look pretty. General Keitel considers this rather impractical. But of course these army men, you know, are absolutely impossible. Keitel, by the way, is next on that little list—if you *know what I mean*. I'm going to run out of generals one of these days, and then I don't see how we'll ever manage a decent war.

Goebbels says that's a good reason to hold the war in Russia—they haven't got any generals left either. Goebbels really has a marvelous sense of humor, considering all he's been through. I've known him to keep right on cracking jokes during fifty-six consecutive mass executions—the firing squads couldn't even shoot straight, they were laughing so hard. But of course that's the kind of men National Socialism produces,



"Are you sure your mistress ordered 30,000 left-over bones?"

heroes able to endure anything for the Fatherland.

This evening I'm inviting the diplomats to a reception so they won't notice the 3rd Army Corps slipping off to Spain. Franco says he's run out of Spaniards. He's been very careless with them lately in the front lines—on the grounds they can't shoot well, anyway, so why bother. Of course, it was rather difficult as nobody in the army could understand what they were saying. I suppose we'll have to run the whole show in Esperanto now.

Now, dear Diary, I must go for a speech to some visiting French veterans. Another one of those tiresome peace things. My secretary has written a rather good one this time, though. You know, that's one bad thing about the next war—it'll mean more veterans and more peace speeches. But the Bureau of Chemical War-

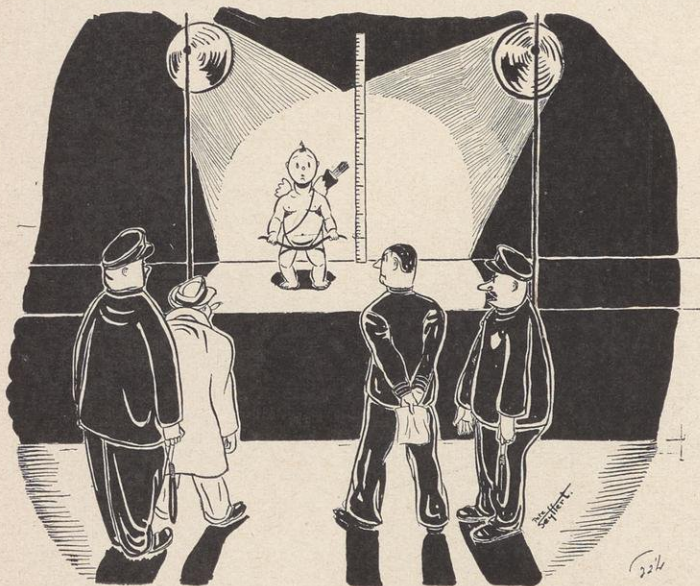
fare tells me there won't be so many veterans after all . . .

P. S.—I've designed a new uniform with a hat that'll make me look at least three inches taller than Benito next time he calls. Boy, will he ever be mad!

#### London:

It's really astonishing how little people care for treaties, these days. No sense of moral responsibility. Purely selfish objectives. But Britain will fight for the Right, as Sir Robert put it the other day. Sir Robert, by the way, tells me that if we give the colonies back to Germany, there will be a drop of 1/5% in his dividends. This is patently monstrous. England will never succumb to the doctrine that other nations put their material well-being above our sacred treaty rights.

In the League today, we passed the usual blank condemnation form: "We deplore aggression and barbarity in—, and —. The secretary looks up the week's atrocities, picks the three juiciest, and writes them in—with illustrations. The Ethiopian delegate managed to sneak in by the fire escape to propose that something be done, but I referred him tearfully to the Committee on Chinese tariffs, and of course everybody was so busy weeping that they forgot to tell him that the committee has been suspended since 1931. The Scandinavian delegates woke up towards the end and threatened to withdraw, so I prom-



"He was running around the Lake Road nekqid with a dangerous weapon."





"He says, 'The last one through is a meatball'."

ised to order another crate of vodka for the League bar.

I just learned that Italian submarines had been firing torpedoes at English ships which had suddenly sunk. The Italian ambassador advised me that it was his personal opinion that the ships had sunk because of boiler trouble and that the submarines were just on hand to pick up the survivors. Anyway, he thinks the boats were really Russian vessels in disguise, and the U-boats concealed in Loyalist craft.

#### Paris:

I might as well start off by telling you that I'm not sure whether or not I should be writing this diary as I'm not absolutely certain that I'm still Prime Minister. They had a vote in the Chamber Friday, but the clerk lost the totals and the deputies couldn't remember how they had voted. Anyway, nobody's sure I'm not Premier, so I might as well stay here till

they kick me out. You know, that's how I got here: just walked up to the Premier and said, "You're out, 531 to 3." "O. K.," he said, "this is a hell of a job anyway."

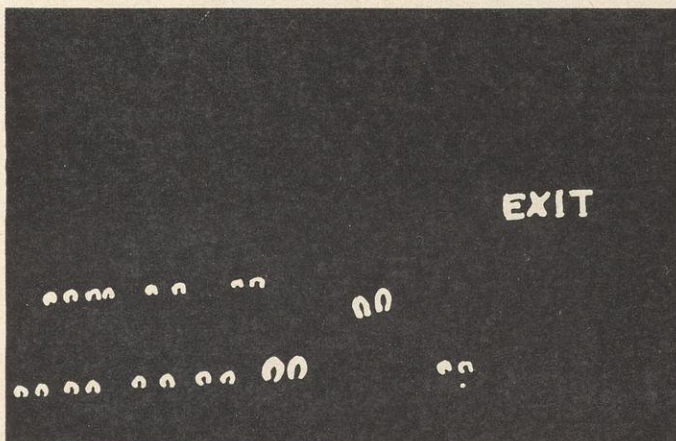
I asked him what I had to do, and he said, "Just renew the non-intervention pact till the Loyalists win. If anybody tries to get in a question in the Chamber, say: 'I will not let people

spit me in the face. I give you your liberty,' and go see President Lebrum—he keeps a lot of good magazines in his waiting room."

"But what if Hitler does something?" "Oh, just send him a copy of the Treaty of Versailles—we've got a lot of them left over—and call in the British ambassador for a short game of poker. If he gets really drastic, you might create a new ministry or send a postcard to the League."

De La Rocque has announced a revolt at the stock exchange for this Tuesday. I've nipped three of these plots in the bud this week—one of them before breakfast, too—and I'll be damned if I can always be expected to get around to these things on time. If that man wants to be nasty about it, I'm just not going to bother. He can have his old revolt and see if I care.

—Lampoon



"Pardon me, madam, I was reaching for my hat."



## The Trap



IN THE street car, Arthur didn't realize that he had shoved his toes too far under the seat ahead of him until a man sat down in it. Arthur squirmed and tugged, but the man's weight had imprisoned his feet between the bar and the bottom of the seat. He gave up sadly, hoping the man wasn't going too far beyond his own stop.

Staring despondently at the man's back, he noticed something peculiar. The man's blue serge coat was covered with short white hairs, as though some animal had slept on it. He tapped the man on the shoulder. "You've got hairs all over your coat," he said. "Dog's or something."

The man said, "What's it to you," without looking up from his paper.

Arthur sat back uncomfortably. If he obeyed the powerful impulse to brush the coat, the man would probably smash him in the face. He began to pick the hairs off gently, one by one, and drop them on the floor.

A heavy man boarded the car and took the seat next to the man with the hairs on his coat. The seat now bore down so hard on Arthur's feet that he was unable even to wiggle his toes.

AFTER Arthur had removed all the hairs from the man's back, he tried carefully to get a few from the shoulders, but the man pushed the buzzer to get off. As he stood up, Arthur could see the point to which the back of the seat had come on the coat: below that level the white hairs remained. Arthur was trying to see if the man's trousers had hairs on them when he suddenly realized that the heavy man was sliding over in the seat. Arthur pulled his feet frantically and got one

loose, but the other was still caught. There were no hairs on the heavy man's brown coat. Arthur retrieved some from the floor to put on him.

It was something of a job to make them stick, but a few did so. Then Arthur leaned forward and said to the heavy man, "Pardon me, but did you know there are some little white hairs on your coat?"

"HUH?" the man cried. He screwed round to swipe vigorously over his shoulder.

"Here, I'll help," said Arthur. The man stood up and Arthur got his other foot out from under the seat. He brushed the man's back a couple of times.

"Thanks, Buddy," said the heavy man.

"No trouble," said Arthur and got off the car."

—Pelican



"Stripes will be predominant with the better dressed man this summer."



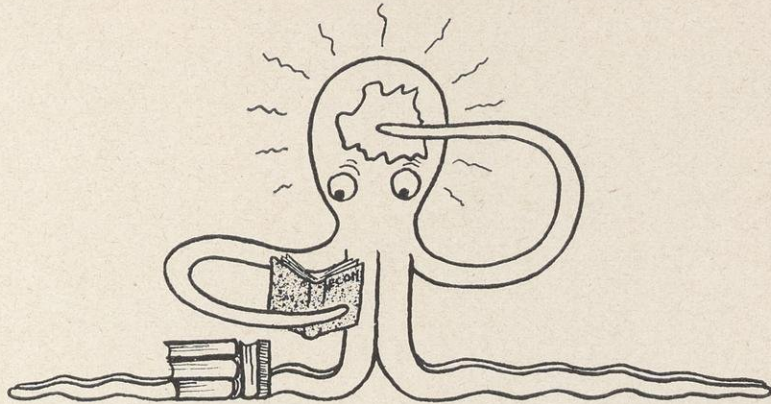
## In the Editor's Brown Study



IT MUST have been a sad thing for the highest state of monkey to find itself the lowest form of man. Yet the animal kingdom can well afford to sneer at the cavemen who rule the world. As the major note this month, we have stressed the woe-ful world into which the men of '38 are entering. For lads who give birth to a humor magazine each month, this would seem, at first glance, an un-called for and pessimistic viewpoint.

Yet the Octy outlook is not pessimistic—but rather realistic. Spain *is* bleeding; China *is* being ground into dust. To see these conditions is not to be pessimistic; not to see them, however, is to be asleep at the switch.

We would not bear arms in a war on foreign shores. The Octy editor and his tapeworm refuse to shoulder guns and march to death on European soil for the benefit of the munition makers and the industrialists. Momentary propaganda may make this seem to be the cowardly position, yet so too was Old Bob La Follette condemned for his refusal to vote for war. Today, we recog-



nize the desirability of having followed his stand. We remember the "Round Robin" which faculty members blush to be reminded about. We point to the stand of the revered Senator Norris on our entrance into the war.

Ours is not a stand of simple isolation, however. We favor economic sanctions. Economic pressure need not drag us into war. Japan will not attack us for refusing to buy her silk; yet not buying her silk can aid materially in lessening her war supplies. Perfect isolation or neutrality is impossible. Absolute neutrality aids the stronger side and thus is not true neutrality. But let our pressure be economic—not blood-spilling, combative power.

The question arises, "Is a humor magazine the place to give vision to this unhumored strain. Octy thinks it is, for ours is a double purpose. Primarily we are trying to evoke a mirthful glow; this is the *raison d'être* of a humor magazine. Too, however, are we aware of the sharpness of well placed satire: *Castigat ridendo mores* (teach morals by laughter) as the old Octy slogan goes.

The siege through which the University has just passed is the most serious whence our memory

runneth not to the contrary. The vote was close; one might say Davis lost by a nose.

Tradition has it that Octy holds its annual exchange number in June. This year we went through our files of the better college magazines in the land, and wielding a vicious scissors in one hand and a fearful paste brush in the other, we have produced THIS—the second issue of the current staff.

Why, you ask, do we have an exchange issue at all? Here are the reasons:

1. *Octy uses no exchange stories or cartoons in its other nine issues, and hence it is important to present the work of our contemporaries.*
2. *Exams, too, come in June. An exchange issue takes comparatively little time.*
3. *Borrowing cartoons, it seems, is decidedly inexpensive.*

We are pleased to have represented in this issue the cream of the college crop. We have leaned heavily on our good friends the *Pelican*, the *Lampoon*, and the *Tiger*. The *Record* has likewise done its part. Happily we announce the following cartoons and their originators:

*Pelican*: Page 12, 14 top; *Lampoon*: Page 6, 7, 8 bottom, 13, 17 bottom; *Tiger*: Page 8 top, 14 bottom, 15 bottom, 17; *Record*: Page 9, 15 top; *Bucaneer*: Page 16; *Froth*: Page 10.

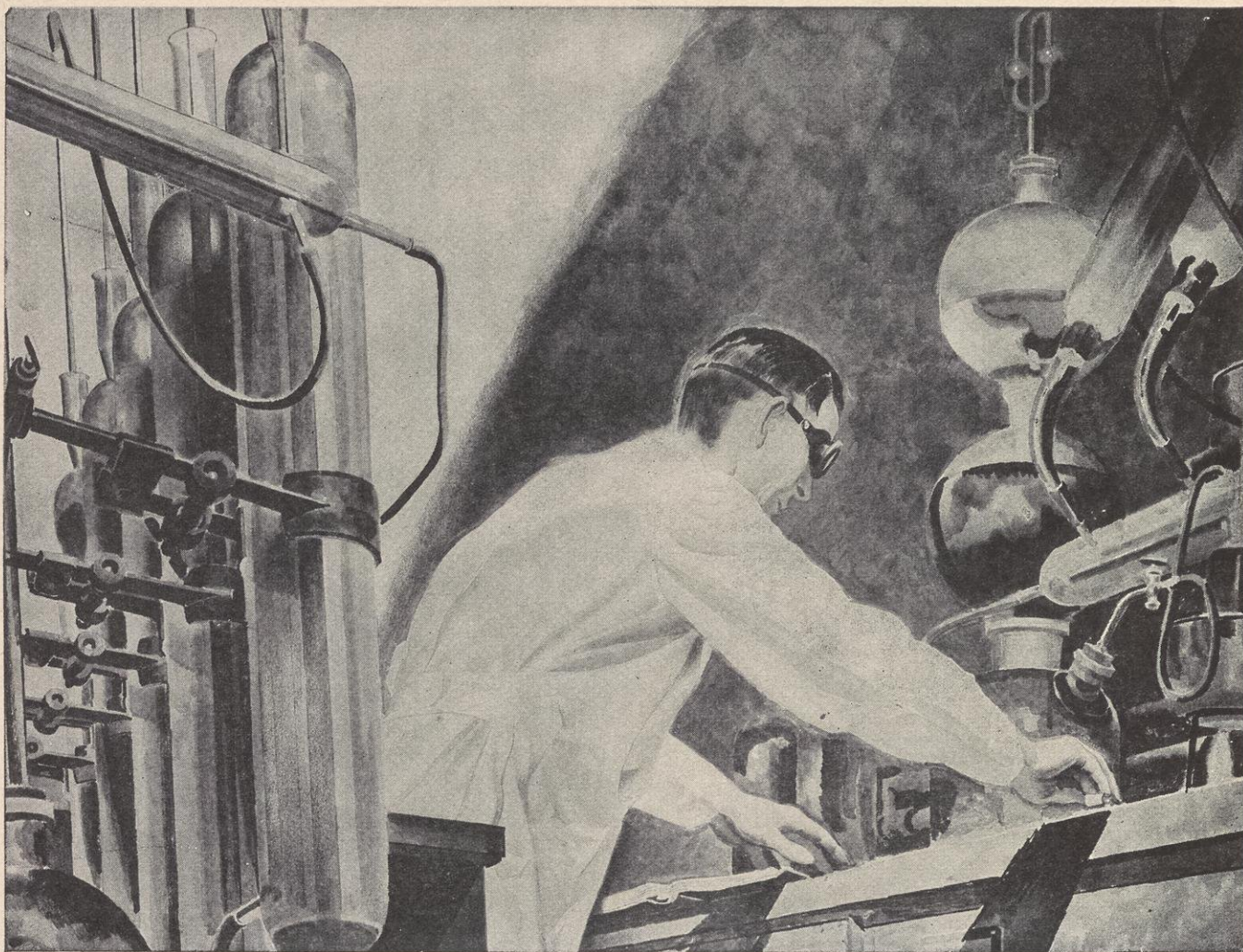
We will be blossoming out again in September before school starts—even before freshman week. Staffmen are, of course, going to send their efforts to the Octy offices in the Union. They'll be forwarded to the editor. Cartoons must be in by August 10; copy deadline is August 15.

A brief word to all enterprisers: Octys sell like hotcakes during the first month of school. It's fun selling them, too. One sophomore made \$40 (honestly!) in three days last September.



"I still think we should have saved some food and to hell with your thesis."





## IF HE'S LUCKY, A MILLION MEN WILL DIE!

**H**E was top man in his class when he graduated from college. It was predicted he'd have an exceptionally brilliant career.

And here he is, on the way to fulfilling those predictions. Do you know how? *By working on the development of a more deadly and inhuman poison gas!*

He might have been the scientist destined to find the cure for cancer. He might have held the key to the discovery of a preven-

tive for infantile paralysis. He might have saved millions from agony, and heartbreak, and twisted limbs.

But the world couldn't spare him for that. He's needed to make poison gas. If he succeeds, a million or more men will die horribly when the next war comes.

Behind the lines, planes will zoom over cities and towns, and children will fall down struggling from one breath of air that a second ago had been clean

and sweet. Death will have the greatest picnic of all time . . .

. . . when and *if* the next war comes. Will it? That's largely up to you—you and all the other decent people of the world. You'll have to fight hard to preserve peace. You'll have to keep your wits about you in order to resist extremely clever appeals to your emotions, and extremely ingenious propaganda. You'll have to throw the weight of aroused public opinion

against the handful who want war. So far, in the world's history, this handful has had things entirely its own way. And in the future ? ? ?

**What YOU can do about it—**

World Peaceways is a non-profit agency the purpose of which is to solidify the desire most people have to abolish the whole silly business of war.

We feel that intelligent effort **CAN AND MUST** be made against war and toward a secure peace. If you think so too we invite you to write to World Peaceways, 103 Park Ave., New York.



With a grinding of brakes the officer pulled up his motor car and shouted to a little boy playing in the field, "I say, sonny, have you seen an airplane come down anywhere near here?"

"No, sir!" replied the boy, trying to hide his sling shot. "I've only been shooting at a bottle."

—*The Lookout*

Definition of a professor: "One who talks in someone else's sleep."

—*Student*

Two pints make one cavort.

—*Owl*

The teacher had forbidden the eating of candy and the chewing of gum during school time. One day she became suspicious of a lump in Jimmie's cheek. "Jimmie, are you eating candy or chewing gum?" she asked.

"No," replied Jimmie. "I'm just soaking a prune to eat at recess."

—*Pelican*

A little boy returned home after his first day in school and was greeted by his mother who asked, "Well, did you learn anything today?"

"No, we didn't learn anything," replied the little boy.

"Didn't the teacher ask you anything?"

"Yeah, she asked me where poppa works."

"And what did you tell her?"

"I told her that poppa plays the piano in a saloon."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished mother. "Why did you tell her such an outrageous lie?"

"Did you think," answered the little chap, "that I was going to tell her that poppa works for Hearst?"

—*Gargoyle*

The thespian says: "They laughed when I came out on the stage in my glove-tight shorts, but when I bent over, they split."

—*Froth*

"What kind of a dress did Betty wear to the party last night?"

"I don't know, but I think it was checked."

"Boy, that must have been some party."

—*Pelican*

"Waitress, what's wrong with these eggs?"

"I don't know, I only laid the table."

—*Owl*

You can lead a fraternity man to water, but why disappoint him?

—*Old Line*

## ALPHA GAMMA DELTA

OPEN TO

### GRADUATE AND UNDERGRADUATE WOMEN

Easy walk to the campus and shopping district  
On the shore of Lake Mendota with a private pier  
Large, spacious rooms and excellent food

.. RATES ..

Double room and board . . . \$65 and \$70

*Bed Linen furnished and laundered*

MRS. BERNIECE BROWNFIELD

220 Lake Lawn Place

## Frenchman, Go Away!

Y'all is sure out of place at the  
PHI DELT HOUSE. We got  
Southern Cookin' here . . .  
Shortnin' Bread, Corn Pone,  
an' all de fixin's. Yas suh!



## PHI DELTA THETA

622 North Lake Street

OPEN TO MEN FOR THE SUMMER SESSION

Room and Board \$65

Board \$42

## CAMERAS and SUPPLIES

LEICA  
CONTAX  
RETINA  
SUPER IKOMAT  
EXAKTA

FILMO  
CINE KODAK  
DuPONT FILMS  
AGFA FILMS

EASTMAN FILMS  
CHARCOAL BLACK  
BROVIRA  
VELOUR BLACK  
KODABROM

## UNIVERSITY PHOTO SHOP

816 UNIVERSITY AVE.

W. H. SAECK, Prop.

## HIGHEST CASH

PAID FOR BOOKS

AT THE

## Student Book Exchange

Incorporated

"LET JERRY BUY 'EM"



# Attention BROWSERS & SUMMER SCHOOL STUDENTS

We *BUY, SELL, TRADE* magazines of all kinds

For those issues you've missed, try us before you write to the publishers . . . We can save you time and money.

UNIVERSITY AVENUE MAGAZINE EXCHANGE

774 University Avenue

## YOUR THESES AND NOTES

*can be*  
*inexpensively and sturdily*  
*bound*  
*by*  
*our master craftsmen*

GRIMM'S BOOK BINDERY

454 W. GILMAN ST.

PHONE F-469

### Procedure

We hear our friends at Dartmouth have a statue of General Howe in the dim recess of one of the libraries. And now when girls come up for the week-ends the D. men take them to the library and show them Howe.

Rastus—"Brothaw president, we needs a cuspidor."

President of the Eight-Ball Club—"I appoints Brother Brown as cuspidor."

—Awgwan



For  
Perfectly  
Pasteurized  
Dairy  
Products

phone  
Badger  
7100

## COEDS!!

*Make an early date with us*  
*for your*

## SPRING COIFFURE

WISCONSIN BEAUTY  
SHOP

FAIRCHILD 9797

927 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

MACHINE  
WAVES

\$3.50

and up



ZOTOS

\$10.00

MACHINELESS  
WAVES

\$4.00

and up

## Quality Printing

*... is the watchword in our plant. Get your  
printing from us and profit by our superior  
SERVICE and QUALITY at a fair price.*

Always UNION

Cardinal Publishing  
Company

740 LANGDON STREET

BADGER 1137




# Congratulations!





• WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:  
Ray Oglesby Has Smoked  
Luckies for 11 Years



# AN "EYE FOR TOBACCO"— *trained for 20 years*



Copyright 1938, The American Tobacco Company

**RAY OGLESBY, Independent Tobacco  
Expert, Says: "At Every Auction,  
Luckies Buy the Same Fine Leaf"**

FOR YOUR TASTE...think over the cigarette preference of America's independent tobacco experts. These experts—like Ray Oglesby—are not connected with any cigarette maker. They are skilled auctioneers, buyers

and warehouse operators. Sworn records show that with these men—with men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1.

FOR YOUR THROAT...keep in mind that only Luckies give you the throat protection of the "Toasting" process. This process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco. So next time try Luckies ... try them for a week, and see.

*Sworn Records Show That...* **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST - IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**