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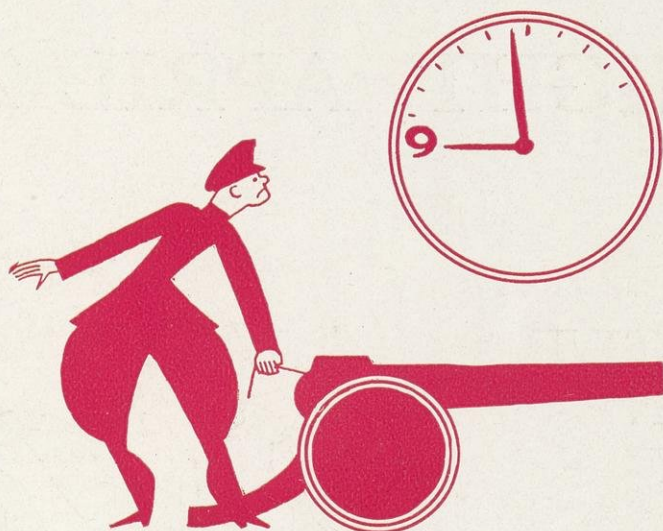
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The
MILITARY BALL **OCTOPUS**



DANCERS PRESENT ARMS!



APRIL 33
15c

21st Annual

Military Ball

FRIDAY NIGHT, APRIL 28th

Music By

THE MOST DISTINCTIVE
DANCE BAND IN
THE COUNTRY

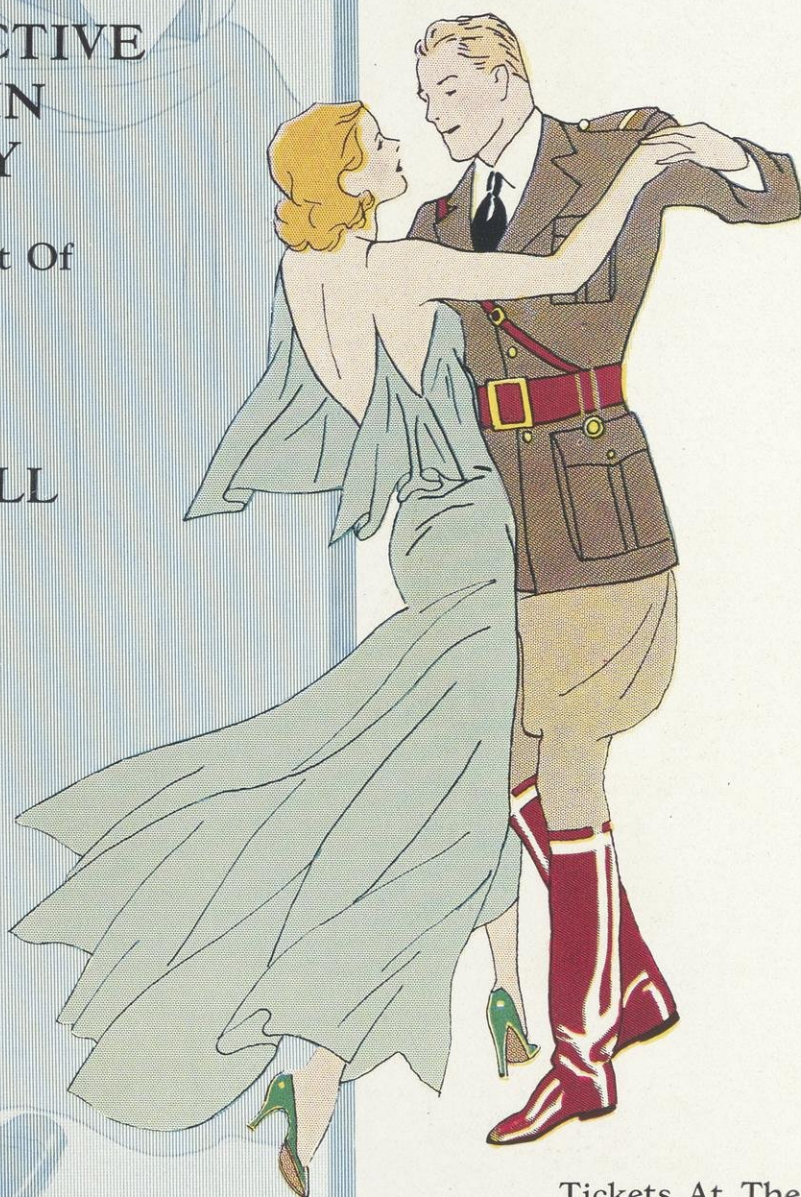
With Its Complete Cast Of
Entertainers

In

THE GREAT HALL

Another Great Band
In The Council Room

MEMORIAL UNION



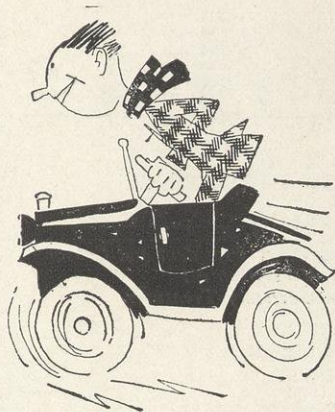
Limited Ticket Sale

Formal Dinner At Union
Before The Ball

CHARLES R.
OVERMAN

Tickets At The
Pharm—Co-op—Union Desk

Four Dollars
Tax Included



On my way to the Crescent for a supply of Arrow Shirts

Such speed in shirt patterns suggests speed in the patrons.

Cotton is King and now cotton mills are delivering patterns as modern as the Mills Bros. Smart new harmony for a nation that can use it above its vest.

These new shirt patterns are so attractive that we have yet to see a man take over 2 minutes to decide and for that reason we suggest that you do not delay if you are interested in a brand new sort of shirts at a brand new low scale of prices.

Arrow shirts are sold under an absolute guarantee at \$1.95, \$2.50 and \$3.50.

Both Plain and Fancy

The Crescent
CLOTHING CO

Specialists in Apparel for Men & Boys

Next to Belmont Hotel



"Hold On Baby"

... and during the next intermission we'll get some laughs out of the May OCTOPUS! They say that the new staff has written an hilarious book.



You, too, will want to laugh with us on May 17. Don't miss it, and don't forget our motto: "Fork over 15 cents."

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

"Complete Campus Confusion"

"If that's catnip I'm a caterpillar!"

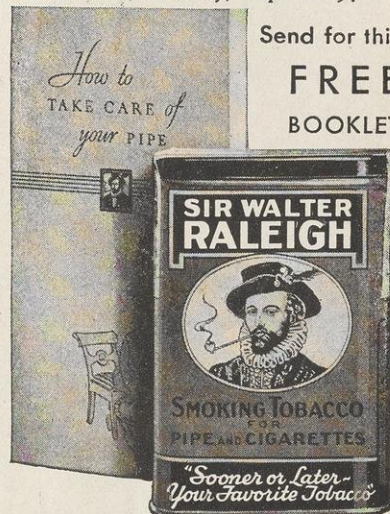


THE Colonel tried to be kittenish ... but the result was catastrophe! There is one tobacco that domestic pets (from wives to kittens) run towards, not away from!

With Sir Walter Raleigh you are almost guaranteed a perfect smoke. Why the "almost"? Simply because no tobacco can overcome the handicap of a foul, unkept pipe. In a well-preserved briar there is just nothing like the satisfaction you get out of Sir Walter Raleigh's fragrant, mild mixture, kept fresh in gold foil.

Your nearest tobacconist has this orange and black tin of rare Kentucky Burleys. You'll agree with thousands of particular smokers that it's the cat's!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-34



Send for this
FREE
BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder



A
Cute
Little
Trick!

That's what you'll be in one of our smart new spring coats with its big sleeves and clever high neckline! And coats are moderately priced in the apparel section on the second floor.

Harry S. Manchester, Inc.



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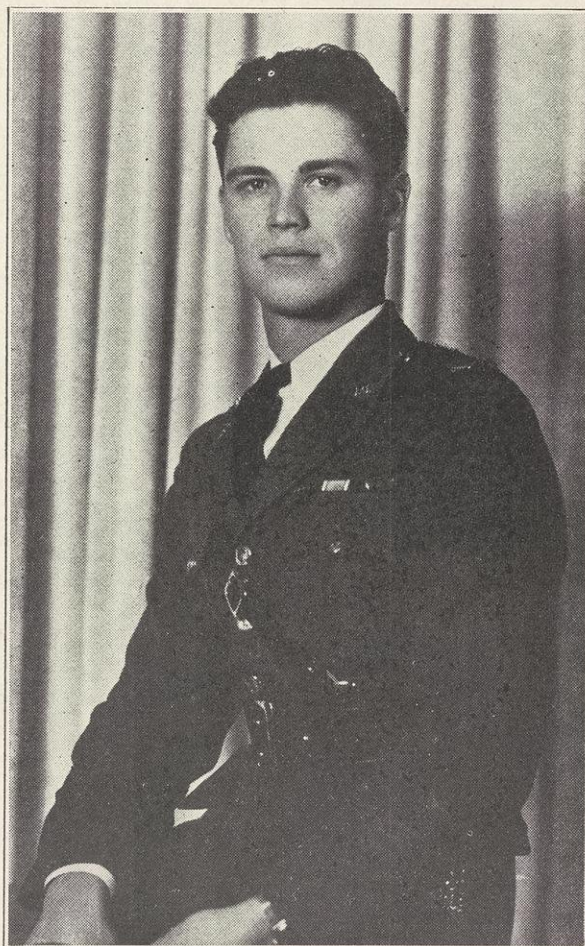
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Honorary Colonel

THE MILITARY BALL NUMBER

OCTOPUS PRESENTS



Oliver Grootemaat '34
Chairman

HEY!

G. B. S.!

Mr. George Bernard Shaw,
% G. B. Shaw,
Self Center, Ireland.

Dear Mr. Shaw:

At last you have done us Americans the honor of setting your Shavian tootsies on the virgin soil of our intellectually sterile land!

Your perfectly canny gift of sensing our shortcomings is really quite remarkable. Notice the way we evidenced our love for you in appreciation of your constructive criticism.

I must apologize for the rudeness of my fellow countrymen. Nobody but a few newspapermen and literary poodles really gave a hoot about you. Instead, we all gave our attention to such insignificant matters as war debts, the European situation, and other items of national or international importance. And some of us even *sneered* at you and your half-witticisms.

Allow me to congratulate you on your literary success (about the 1900 period, that is). It's a funny thing—I read some of your plays a few weeks after completing a volume of Shakespeare, and while I find that I remember many passages in Shakespeare, I cannot even remember the *titles* of your recent works! This is a serious charge against my sense of artistic appreciation, for was not Shakespeare a ham compared to you? (You said something to that effect yourself.)

I had a big fight with my lady friend over you. She said that you looked like a cross between Schnozzle Durante and Santa Claus. That was very rude of her, for one shouldn't go around making fun of people, especially when they know nothing about them. She also said that Schnozzle (he's one of our so-called *comedians*, by the way) is probably smarter and funnier than you, even though he isn't a European. She had no right to say that, for Schnozzle never brags in public about his cleverness and wit. Therefore there is no basis for comparison.

But the big break came when she said that you weren't even worth the trouble to be razzed, but I defended you, Mr. Shaw, I said you were.

Hoping that from now on you become a very good Irishman and attach yourself to your native land like a clam (which you would resemble if you kept your mouth shut) attaches itself to the bottom of a ship, I remain

Yours truly,

Tom Foolery.

Authorities say that true humor is based on brains and intellect. That's probably why we've had such a tough time trying to think up jokes about the R. O. T. C.

WHAT PRICE BEER

The campus will take up that old dirge, "Speak no more, my lady," for that youthful institution, the illegitimate speakeasy—recently entered upon the estate of puberty—has given birth to the legitimate tavern. Gone is the gay camaraderie of Jennie's and Eddie's and in its place is the cool efficiency of the Pharm and Pete's Restaurant. Pabst, Schlitz, Blumer, and Blatz manufacture the brew that used to be credited to a Sicilian in Peoria. The glamor has gone—and so have the jitters you used to get waiting to be recognized by the man behind the knothole.

"Sorry, boss," said a pullman porter to a passenger who was about to light a cigar, "but dey is a rule against smokin' in de cars."

"Well," said the passenger, "how do you account for all those ashes and butts in the aisles, if no smoking is allowed?"

The negro scratched his head. "Well, boss," he drawled, "guess dem wuz left dere by folks who didn't pay no attention to de rule."

20 NEW FACES TO APPEAR ON COUNTY BOARD

—State Journal

Quite the reverse, quite the reverse!

The military paradox
Is Cadet Officer Meighan.
Although he is a "general."
His taste is quite plebian.



"Quick, Major! The Army is marching into Lake Mendota, and I've forgotten how to stop them!"

PORTUGUAYAN PEREGRINATIONS

OR

20,000 Leagues Under a Georgia Chain Gang in Sing Sing

By

HENRY KUPFERSCHMID

Straightening his sleek, curly hair which gleamed dully in the brightness of many extinguished lights, Gregor prepared once more to kiss the luscious armful of sweet nothingness which clung helplessly to the thin biceps of his powerful arms, which peeked maliciously from their holsters.

"Egad!" he sighed, "your kisses taste like champagne of the 1796 vintage!"

Trinity blushed shamelessly and smiled aloud to herself . . . A cynical smile that betrayed the innocent thoughts which were slowly rushing to her brain, for she knew deep in her heart that her kisses *were* of the 1796 vintage, and had been served at Delmonico's, Al's Coffee Pot, and other famous hash-parlours of the élite.

"Pray!" exclaimed the handsome young octogenarian, who had been elected the ugliest man ever to join Company C of the Imperial Army of Portuquay. "Pray, where did you learn to kiss like that?"

After reciting the Lord's Prayer and several *te deums*, Trinity lowered her sweeping lashes, which gathered a goodly part of the rubbish and refuse which had been gracing the palace lawn for some days, and deposited them in an ashcan at four per cent. Then, in her sweet baritone, answered:

"I do confess to have drunk from an honorable bubble fountain."

"Aaahhhh!" hissed Gregor, whose radiator was in dire need of a welding job, "quite delightful, *quite* delightful! And now let us flee back to yon distant Portuquay where His Majesty, Wolfgang von Baden-Baden-Baden-Baden VII, solves jigsaw puzzles with his queen, impatiently awaiting the return of their favorite fourth-at-bridge, yours truly."

Gregor threw out the clutch, hauled in the anchor, switched off the ignition, and dismounted from his trusty

steed, Rudolph. Ah, Rudolph, Rudolph! It was thou who brought me news of my Uncle Zandolite's death when I was a-servin' of Her Majesty the queen (from the bottom of the deck).

Poor old Uncle Zandolite! I cried like a baby, but my mother curtly informed me that I was old enough to drink my milk from a glass. From then on I turned over a new leaf and came upon Chapter XVIII, in which the villian, Bjornsvvnstaaaaad Bjornsvvnstaaaaadsen, is killed by the protagonist, Dieudonné Garfinkle, with the jawbone of an ass—(of a New York mayor, to be more exact).



"Trinity lowered her sweeping lashes---"

Then the plot turns and turns until the characters, the author, the linotype operators, the proofreaders, and the publishers, all get so dizzy that they swear by the tails of their ancestors never, *never* again to ride on the Washington merry-go-round with a tummy full of peanuts, popcorn, lemonade, hotdawgs, and programs (you can't tell the names of the players without a program!)

Gregor and Trinity were in high spirits when they emerged from the sideshow.

"Where do we go from here, boys,

Where do we go from here?"

sang Gregor gaily in his deep soprano, which throbbed with the pulsations of a mighty dynamo.

"How should I know?" asked a nearby guide, "do I look like a road-map?"

Gregor and Trinity looked at each other questioningly, betraying their perfect comprehension. Then both looked at the guide.

"Why," they exclaimed in amazement, "you *do* look like a roadmap!"

The truth of the matter was that the guide *was* a roadmap, and was descended from a long illustrious line of roadmaps which had served the royal house of the Republarchy of Nicamalador ever since the prosperous reign of Guggenheim the Gourmand during the terrible depression of 1329.

But the chap was quite friendly and offered to tell an amusing anecdote concerning a farmer's daughter and a traveling salesman. But Gregor, who was well-versed in contemporary American literature, politely informed him that he knew all the anecdotes on record concerning farmers' daughters and traveling salesmen. And had he ever heard the one about the newly-weds—?

"Tut-tut-tut!" tutted Tutting Tuttlebaum the guide (for that was his name) who, in addition to being a capital roadmap, also claimed the proud title of Royal Tutter to His Highness Tutti-Frutti III, who was no mean tutter in his own right. "Tutut-utututut tut *tut* TUT!!"

"No thank you," answered Trinity, who had been taught to tut a trifle, "we already have a motor boat."

"And," put in Gregor, "would you mind showing us how to get to Parangamaricutirimícuaro without hitting Oshkosh?"

Tuttlebaum obliged by unfolding and spreading himself on the lap of the fair Trinity, which caused him to enjoy sensations which were "not unpleasant," as he often described it to his grandchildren years afterward.

(Continued on page 18)



Ted Weems

1933 MILITARY BALL

AMERICA'S
FINEST
MUSIC
AND
ENTERTAINMENT



Andrea Marsh

TO A SEAL

Oh play at war with bee-bee guns,
Military man,
And wear the pretty uniform
Of your exclusive clan.

Just read the daily news reports,
And you will surely see
That all the nations of the world
Are on a martial spree.

Hitler and his Nazi troops
Defy the world at large,
While France obscures her projects
With transparent camouflage.

The Russian bear seem upset
By A lagging Five-year Plan;
But it might stand upon its legs
And irritate Japan.

Britain, ruler of the seas,
Finds things are not so dandy—
Besides internal problems, she
Must deal with diapered Ghandi.

Spain aspires to be once more
The glorious state of old;
And Poland holds the corridor
With brazen gesture bold.

Italian mothers are induced
To give birth to more sons,
To satisfy Il Duce's whims,
And nourish hostile guns.

Some of our neighbors to the south
Are fighting one another,
And others violently oppose
Their self-appointed Mother.

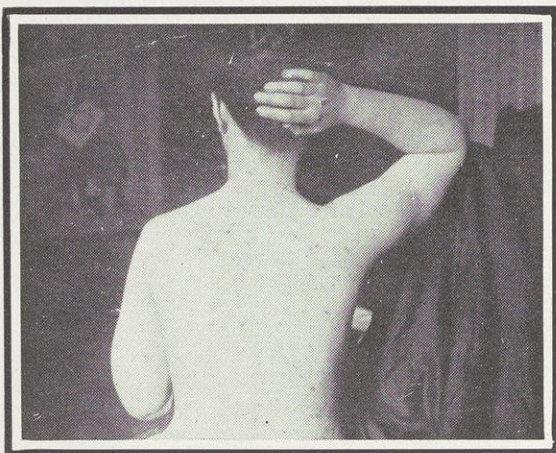
Meanwhile the nation to which
You are pledged in duty bound,
Regards the world with nervous mien,
Aware that it's not sound.

DEDUCTION:

If things result as in the past
Forget your pretty trappings,
And rather contemplate yourself
In steel and iron wrappings.

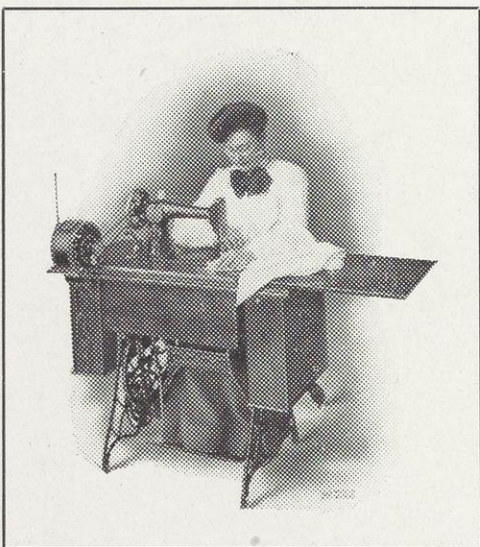
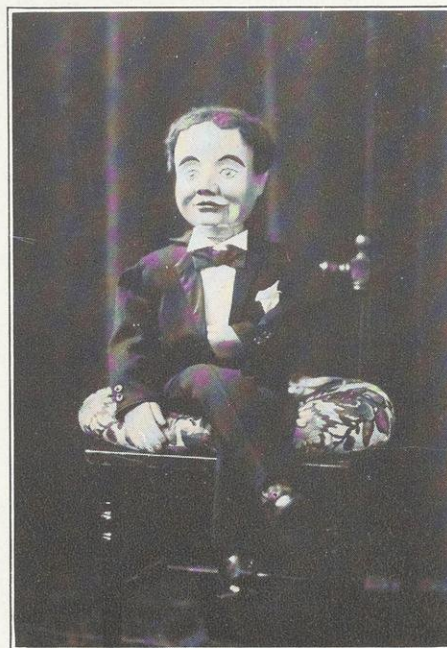
—Henry Kupferschmid

MILITARY BALL GRAPHIC



● (left) Here's an exclusive snap of our Military Ball King primping up for the big event of the second semester. "I'm attending to all the Ball details personally," stated Grooty, "and every one can be assured of a dandy time. The party has my loyal backing."

● (Right) Extra! Extra! L. I. D. (League of Individualists and Demagogues) sets up puppet Military Ball King or Pacifist's Prom King as they put it themselves. "We ain't plannin' on mixin' sassiety and swords like you dizzies, but there'll be fun by cracky," admitted Member Lighthouse yesterday.



● (left) Girls plan weeks and weeks ahead for just such gala events as the Military Ball. Our news photographer caught this coy, little Theta busily engaged in sewing her new style wild oat frock for the occasion. We learned that it features the new 3.2 per cent facade for beer imbibers, detachable rumble seat, and epaulets for sweetie to dry off his chin on.

HANDS ACROSS THE DIVAN

By IRVING BELL

"Religion is a great thing," commented Jimmy Clyde as he drew the five feet four of Cynthia Parker closer to him and fell easily into the rhythm of "Street of Dreams." "Here we are, dancing to an eight-piece band, in one of the nicest buildings on the campus. Refreshments have just been served. You are pretty and a swell dancer. All in all, I'm for it."

"Is that all your organization does—dance and say flattering things?" asked Cynthia, throwing her head back at an angle so that she might observe the twinkle of Jimmy's eye and the cute curve of his mouth.

"Practically. Of course we do have Sunday night meetings at which I doff my earthly mask to discuss 'Happiness' or 'Ideals' or something. It's worth saying a few words for the food you get afterwards."

"If this were during the Inquisition you'd go to bed on a rack tonight."

"Oh, but to die a martyr would be fun. Then in a few years they would make me a saint or something."

The first part of the number ended. Jimmy clapped subconsciously. Cynthia interrupted to brush a hair from the lapel of his jaunty gray suit.

"Thanks," he said. "The fellows would have razed me about that. You know, I'm terrifically glad I found you. I was almost going back to the house to read a little Shakespeare when I saw you."

"Are you sure it wasn't the encyclopedia?"

"No, I've read that. Do you want to walk down to the lake?" asked Jimmy, when the dance had ended. "It's beautiful with the moon shining on it."

"I look like Helen Hayes under a moon."

"Then we'll go," Jimmy decreed.

"We can't stay long though, because I've got to do an English theme before I go to bed."

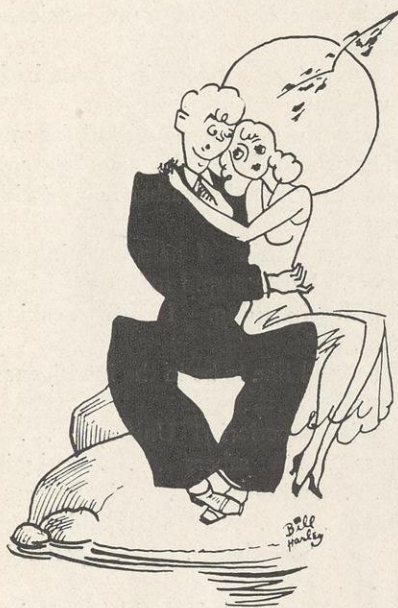
"Don't be foolish. People don't do English themes any more, except the book-worms. My brother took freshman English back in 1926, and I

got A's and B's on his themes all last year. If you'll let me see you tomorrow afternoon, I'll bring over a baker's dozen."

"My partner in crime," she said, putting her hand on his shoulder.

"I have to give a talk on 'What We Can Do For the World Peace Movement' at the church forum tomorrow at five," he said, apologetically, "but it doesn't take more than two hours to deliver a few themes."

They walked along the edge of the lake and sat on some rocks beside a cluster of willows. A few canoes



"I've got to do an English theme before I go to bed"

were still out, slipping through the water with scarcely a ripple. A couple walked past, an arm around each other's waist.

"Perhaps I should hold your hand," he told her.

"Perhaps."

"Can I call you 'dear'?"

"Just call me 'Jo,'" she said, and then explained that all her best friends did and that she didn't like the name Cynthia because it reminded her of grim ancestors whose dust-covered

portraits were piled in a cereal box in the family's attic.

Within fifteen minutes, he had kissed her, and immediately followed the first one with a succession of kisses directed at her forehead, her eyes, her cheeks, her chin, and—most particularly—her lips. Jo, who thought discretion was the better part of making love, made sporadic attempts to resist, but she only succeeded in making funny little gurgling noises. The gurgling noises soon ceased.

Jo lived in one of the better rooming houses, and Jimmy left her outside its front door not a second before 12:30.

"Tomorrow at three," he called, "remember!"

"You and the Alamo!" she shouted.

Promptly at the appointed hour, Jimmy buzzed two long and one short, and Jo tripped down the stairs in iambic meter, wearing something gay and green.

"I notice you're on schedule," she said, as manner of greeting, "with the themes."

"I couldn't disappoint my public. And I think it would be a swell idea for my public and me to sit down on this davenport."

"There's no one here. Everyone's gone to a show. It won't be lonesome, will it, Jimmy?"

"The guy that could be lonesome with you around is crazy."

They brushed the Sunday papers off the divan and then sank into comfortable positions.

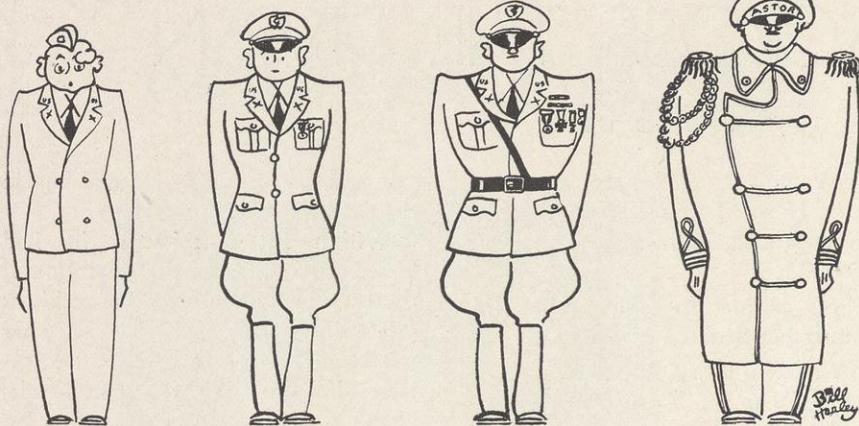
"I dreamt about you last night, Jo."

"Pie sometimes produces that effect," she said.

"No, but really, a fellow doesn't dream about a girl unless he goes for her. Freud wrote a book about it," he added. "The first time I saw you something clicked in me."

"It might have been some defect in your machinery," she laughed and rested her head on Jimmy's shoulder—which had the inevitable result of ending in a prolonged kiss.

(Continued on page 16)



Rising in the Ranks

I WISH I WERE A PATRIOT

I want to serve my country and preserve peace.

In public school I learned that the greatest patriots were soldiers and presidents. My father is a Republican. I had better join the army.

I cannot join the army for I have a glass eye. But I am considered normal mentally. The United States Army is losing a most unusual potential officer.

Only the R. O. T. C. remains for me.

It is too bad that I went through a whole year of freshman gym without realizing that the strutting uniforms were not regular army officers sent to quell uprisings in the Experimental College. Why was I born and raised on a farm?

I would be willing to drill and parade myself to death to wear smart medals!

I would not mind the complications of military tactics to sport a Sam Browne belt!

I would gladly be an ugly blue cadet for two years to swagger along the streets with a silver sword!

I would ignore sneers and jeers to wear a khaki cap with a perky visor!

How the other boys would envy me!

How the girls would admire me!
What prestige! What authority!

I would get money at the end of my course. I might also get some if I were a military ball chairman.

And if there were to be a war, I might stay here and train rookies—maybe.

I *might* get a bonus if I came back a veteran.

How the women would fall for me! They would forget my glass eye and admire my swanky leather boots (with spurs!).

I hate horses. I hate booming artillery. I hate stupid infantry. I hate foolish signalling. I hate sneaking spies.

I would like to be in the intelligence corps.

What superiority! Uniforms . . . spurs . . . sabers . . . insignia . . . authority . . . intelligence corps . . . very smart and clever . . . prestige . . . privilege . . .

(. . . And I would be serving my country . . .)

—Ignatz Dumkopf

SPRIG

Sprig's the tibe whed youg med's fadcy
Throws off widter's hesitadcy.

"And what did the king do when he found a leak in the tub?"

"He yelled: A plug! A plug! My kingdom for a plug!"

As soon as I begin to feel
A new romance commence
I vow that this time, for a change
I'll practice common sense
And profit by the things I learned;
I ought to be a winner, but
Instead I grow a little pale—
Perhaps a little thinner.
Mistakes I made five years ago,
And those of just last summer
Don't seem to mean a thing to me—
With each romance I'm dumber.

—pre-Cellini

Wishing to have "an official flower," Madison conducted a city-wide poll to determine the popular choice of its citizens. The flowers offered were the following:

1. Babcock hollyhock
2. Rosey Morn Petunia
3. Annual Larkspur
4. Marigold
5. Garden Hibiscus
6. Annual Phlox

We take it on ourselves to represent the university, and in view of that fact, we offer these:

1. Stinkweed
2. Moon blossom
3. Bull rush
4. Pansy
5. Milkweed

1.3 and 3.2

One-point-three is for a study
Three-point-two is for a stein
You won't get kicked for lacking the first

The second lacks kick to quench your thirst

Go too far—you pay a fine.

WEDDING SAVES LIFE

—State Journal

Dear editor: There is nothing so stale as last century's news.

BLIND DATES

My first experience with a blind date was during Freshman Week when I developed an urge for a chocolate malted spree. I inquired of my room-mate if he had made the acquaintance of any young woman who would consent to be my partner for the occasion. My friend assured me that he knew of the very girl. Her name was Lucy Blimp, she lived at Barnard Hall, and she was the kind of girl you wouldn't hesitate to introduce to your parents. Arrangements were made, and I met the girl in front of the elevator. "Howdy," she greeted me, "ain't you the young feller come to take me out?" I found that Lucy was in my section of history 166.

Zenobia Spindleshaft was my second b.d. She wore thick-rimmed glasses and read Kipling on summer evenings, so I was told. Zenobia was quite cultured in her own inimitable way, but since I cared little for poesy in a rumble seat, I never dated her a second time. Incidentally, she had a brother named Sylvester auditing mathematics 18, a course which I was also taking.

Pansy Poopdeck was rumored to be the daughter of an old salt named Peter. I was referred to Pansy when I asked my fraternity brothers whom I should take to the house masquerade. Pansy came in a chorus girl's outfit, which, as she explained, was all right except that it was a trifle moth-eaten. When I told her that I was going in the men's room for a drink of water, she said it would be all right if she went along too, as she had always been accustomed to being in the bathroom while her father shaved. Pansy, it turned out, had an uncle who was my lab instructor in physics 201.

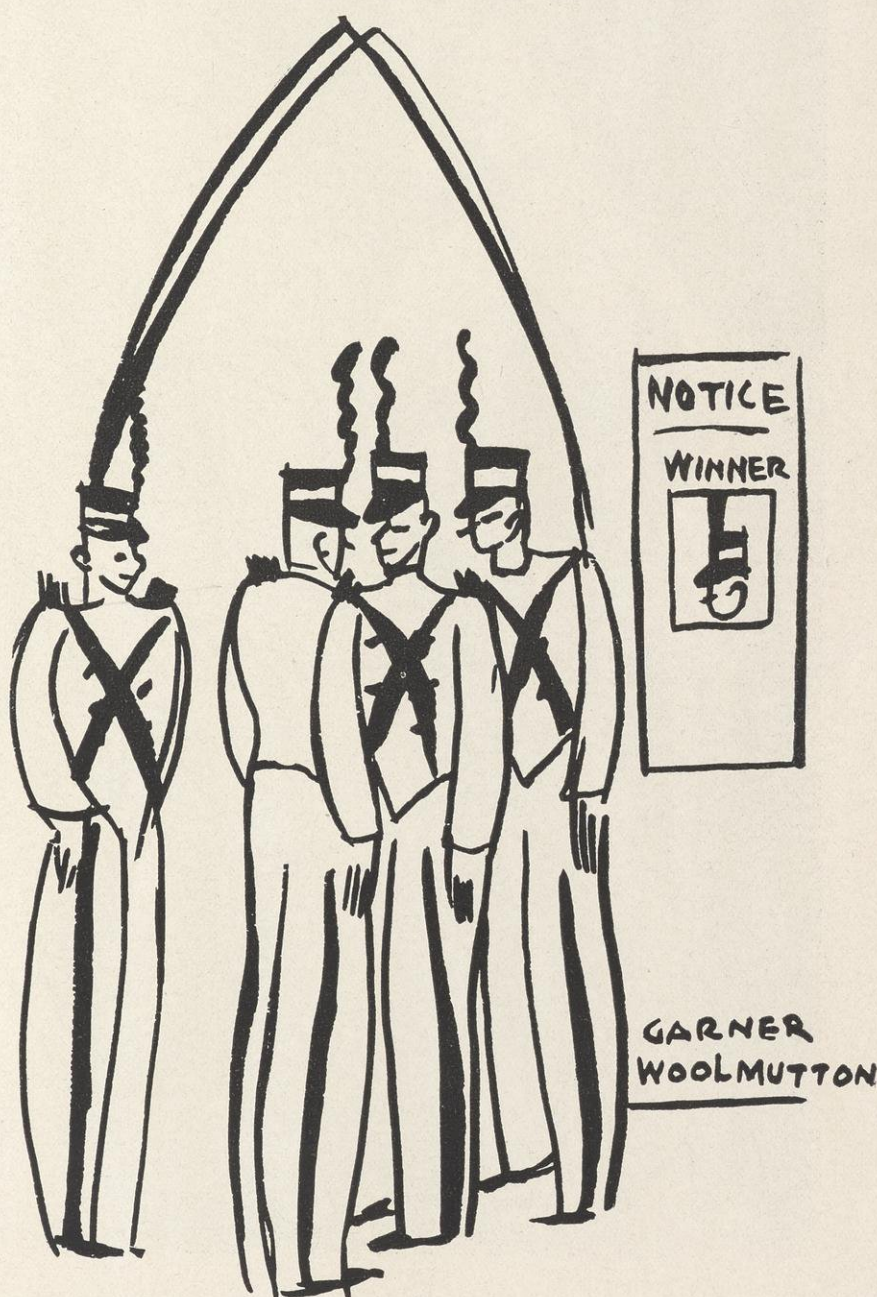
Eunice Twirp was recommended to me when I sought a companion for an all-day picnic. She was a phy-ed, and while she put up a big front, I thought that at heart she was as demurely feminine as any girl. However, Eunice quite outdistanced me during the hike. I offered to carry her across a stretch of swampy land, but she insisted on wading and upon reaching the other side, pulled off her pants and hung

them on a branch to dry. Eunice surprised me by remarking, "Aren't you the boy who sits in front of me in English lecture?"

I didn't expect much of Tabitha Tailtosser. The fellows said she was cross-eyed and knock-kneed, homely, dumb, and uninteresting. I asked Tabitha if she had anything to do with history, mathematics, physics, or English. She told me that she didn't, for she had no relatives and none of the subjects are required of majors in economic entomology. Tabitha and I were married last week.

We notice that there is a Miss Bierbach enrolled in the university, which just goes to show that coming events cast their shadows before. Beer has returned, indeed. We are thumbing the directory for a person named Speakeasy.

Suggested title for movie of Military Ball: Medlers in Uniform.



"Jones just won the prize for being the best dressed man in school."



—Ski-U-Mah

"And they say he never misses a target."

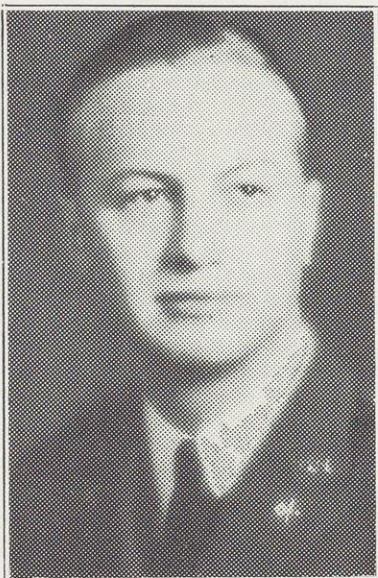


*B*y the way, you know
friends sometimes offer me
Chesterfields, and about the
only thing they say is, "I be-
lieve you'll enjoy them!"

they Satisfy



*—the Cigarette that's Milder
the Cigarette that Tastes Better*



CLYDE SCHLUETER

MILITARY BALL



ORVILLE THOMPSON

ASSISTANT
GENERAL
CHAIRMEN



LORENZ LEIFER

A motorist was helping his extremely fat victim to rise. "Couldn't you have gone around me?" growled the victim. "Sorry," said the motorist, sadly. "I wasn't sure whether I had enough gasoline."

—Kitty Kat

"I know a girl who plays piano by ear."
"Snothing—I know an old man who fiddles with his whiskers."

—Black and Blue Jay

If the depression keeps up, the highways will be cluttered with mothers hitch-hiking out to see their sons graduate.

—Juggler

"Everyone is crazy over me," said the inmate on the first floor of the insane asylum.

—Frivol

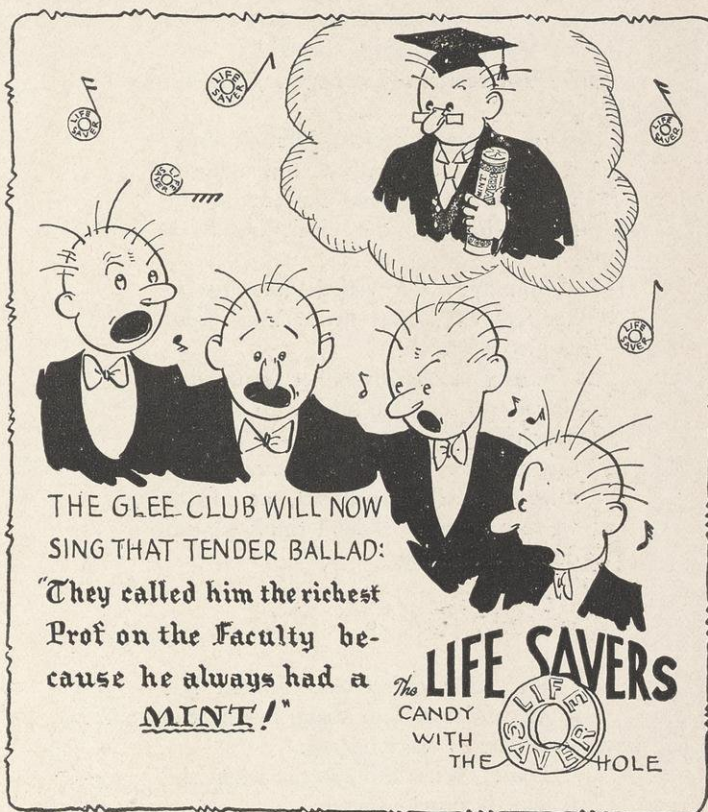
"What do you do for a living?"
"I paint men and women."
"Ah, a portrait painter."
"No, a specialist. I paint 'Men' on one door and 'Women' on the other."

—Cajoler

Co: Your friend has the funniest knees.
Ed: Oh, they won't seem bad once you get onto them.
—Rice Owl

Then there was the boy who drank two bottles of gold paint and now feels guilty.

—Skipper



HUGHES

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Suits and Coats

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(Continued from page 9)

"You're a darling," he said.

"You're awfully sweet, too," she replied.

Jo, propped against Jimmy's knee, was gazing dreamily at the opposite wall, at the artificial flowers on the mantelpiece, at the clock beside it

"Jimmy!" she yelled, jumping to her feet, "It's after five! You've got to give a speech!"

Jimmy looked at her amusedly. "That's so too," he said, with feigned nonchalance. "A speech on '*What We Can Do For the World Peace Movement*'. Well, sweetheart, as far as we're concerned, I don't think we can do a damn thing."

Joe: My girl friend fainted last night, and I had to shake her by the shoulders to wake her up.

Tom: What did she say when she regained consciousness?

Joe: She called me down.

What the full-dressed R. O. T. C. man wears to Military Ball would fill an arsenal. His girl friend's clothes could be put in a bullet, but not if she knew about it. No girl wants her clothes to be all shot.

A millionaire owning a yacht,
Believed that his booze could be
bracht,
To his private bar in it,
From the 12-mile limit—
He thought so until he was cacht.

Perhaps those who wanted to have Military Ball at the Capitol thought there was a better chance of feeling high with the dome several hundred feet above.

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1st Negro: Gosh! Sam's done wig-
gled his feet twice today. What's de
matter with 'im?

2nd Ditto: Well he's one of dese
niggers dat don' beliebe in layin'
around all day doin' nothing.

—Log

At least there's one thing about our
government muddles. Our diplomats
are going around in the best circles.

—Columns

Artist: Any suggestions?

Nude Model: Why, yes. You've
been painting for the last half hour
without any paint on your brush.

—Tiger

Jim: Say Mose, whafor yo all
name yo baby "Electricity"?

Mose: Well, mah wife's name's
Dinah and mine's Mose, and by golly,
if Dinah-Mose don't make "Electric-
ity", Ah don't know what does.

—Phoenix

Bootlegger: It's pre-war stuff.

Student: Good lord. Is there go-
ing to be another war?

—Phoenix

Wife: Robert!

Hypnotist: Yes, dear?

Wife: I wish you would come
here and tell the baby he is asleep.

—Log

Sam (to wife at show): Mandy,
tell dat Niggah to take his ahm away
from 'round yo' waist.

Mandy: Tell him yo'self. He's a
puffect stranger to me.

—Brown Jug

She: What do you think of this
split skirt I'm wearing?

It: I think it's a regular side show.

—Phoenix

You've no doubt heard of the fresh-
man who wanted to be a motorman on
a street car so he could kick the gong
around.

—Sun Dial

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(Continued from page 5)

With several preliminary tuts, he exposed his appendix, upon which the directions were printed with confusing simplicity.

When the couple had examined the directions carefully, they thanked Tuttlebaum, waited for him to fold up, and then continued on their way until they came to the great tariff wall of America.

(For the further adventures of Gregor and Trinity, read the next installment in "Baboons Just Baboons," which should have called it a day on March 5, 1933; for really, Mrs. R., there's no use in tugging at maternal heartstrings after elections are over!)

•

Famous epitaphs: "This tomb was paid for by his toothpaste savings."

—Orphan

•

Epitaph: Here lies Walter Winchell—"The Latest Dope off Broadway."

—Red Cat

•

She was only an Englishman's daughter, but did she have a broad A!

—Rammer-Jammer

•

He: Listen, where I live I'm the most popular man in town.

She: I didn't know you were a hermit.

—Punch Bowl

•

An enemy, I know, to all
Is wicked, wicked alcohol;
The Bible, though, commandeth me
To learn to love mine enemy.

—Purple Cow

Pupil: Pop, what's a traitor in politics?

Pater: A traitor is a man who leaves our party and goes over to the other.

Pupil: Well, then, what is a man who leaves the other party and comes over to yours?

Pater: A convert, my boy.

—Punch Bowl

"Say, Mose! That mule you sold me is plumb blind. He goes around running into trees and fences."

"Boy, dat mule ain't blind, he jest don't give a damn."

—Log

Supporter: Were you surprised when you received the nomination?

Candidate: I should say! My acceptance speech nearly fell out of my hand!

—Punch Bowl

"Didn't I tell you to notice when the soup boiled over?"

"I did, mam. It was a quarter past nine."

—Banter

We have finally found the meanest man. He's the guy who sings the "Star-Spangled Banner" when his wife is taking a bath, so that she won't sit down and wear the tub out.

—Yellow Jacket

Wife: This is our tenth anniversary. Let's have duck for dinner.

Husband: Why kill a duck for what happened ten years ago?

—Longhorn

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PLAIN BULL

Some day I shall go to Spain. The first thing I shall do is go to a *corrida de toros*, or bull fight, and see if Hemingway is a liar. I shall carefully watch the poor horses of the *picadores* get gored by the bulls, and see if their entrails are really made out of a high grade sawdust.

I shall sit in the grandstand and watch the emotions of the fans. Somehow I have a lurking suspicion that they eat Spanish onions and garlic at the bull fights. That is probably why they cry so much.

One of two things may happen to me at the bull fights. I shall become very disgusted or very enthusiastic. If I am disgusted, I shall throw pop-bottles at the umpire; but if I am not, I shall stay through the whole fight, and at the end of the final *corrida*, I shall go to some café where the bull fighters congregate and contract tuberculosis and venereal diseases, like the brave Narciso Claveles y Rosas, who, it is rumored, was so diseased that he could kill a bull by spitting in his face.

I shall sit at a table and drink delicious wine made from the purple grapes of Alicante, smoke Spanish *cigarettes*, (or *cigarettes*, as they are called in France, or *cigarettes* according to British pronunciation). I shall admire the brunette albino *muchacha*, who sits two tables away seriously talking with a greasy-looking *hombre* whose name is probably Pedro. All greasy-looking Spaniards and Latin-Americans are named Pedro, although in the past some have been known to be called Luis, Manuel, and Pepe.

If I am tired, I shall return to my hotel and challenge myself to a game of chess, which is a very interesting and restful game. But if I stay and finish my quart of wine, I shall become very emotional and passionate, like an Andalusian or a Granadino. I shall probably start a fight by pulling the queue of a *matador* and accuse him of being drunk. Then he will become real angry, call me a damn *yanqui*, or yankee, and, with a deft, graceful movement, place two *banderillas* in the nape of my neck, causing me to roll over and point my four legs to the Castilian heavens.

It will be a most undignified posi-

tion; and with my newly-acquired Valencian sentiment, I shall get back on my feet and pound my chest madly, shouting that I have been insulted and dishonored, and that I would see that the State Department heard about the matter. I shall threaten them with an invasion of American marines, but everybody laughs at me.

"Loco norteamericano!"

"Borrachon!"

"Si—borracho—demasiado vino."

"No sería acostumbrado a beber —"

"Claro que sí!"

Crazy American—drunkard—yes—drunk—too much wine—probably not used to drinking—of course—

They are right. I can't drink wine. It seeps through my nose and stains the table-cloth. I shall have to drink something else—something cruder, befitting a vulgar American who cleans his fingers with the prong of a fork, and blows his nose in the linen napkin. So I switch to Camels, which cost 80 cents a pack in Madrid because it is so difficult and expensive to transport them over the central *meseta*. But now there are macadam roads and air lines across the Pyrenees, which probably accounts for the recent over-supply of French poodles in Spain.

Then 300 years pass in a second, and I see the *pícaros*, and the *hidalgos* (sons-of-something, or aristocrats)—the *pícaros* play *veinteuno*, *veinte y uno*, or *ventiuno* (21) with the muleteers. They make jack-asses out of the muleteers, so the donkeys lead their masters away, braying like burros; and the sewers stink like an athlete's arm-pits.

Sooner or later, probably later, the *camereros*, or waiters, will throw me out of the door, for it is closing time and they must go to the cathedral to pray. I shall pick myself up and stumble drunkenly to my hotel, ignoring the high pressure saleswomanship.

The next day, after I get rid of the brown taste in my mouth, I shall go to Lisboa, in Portugal, take in a marvelous bull fight, and drink 3 quarts of beautiful red wine, made from the delicious grapes of Málaga. Then I shall proceed to the United States, write a book, and become the world's foremost authority on the life and customs of the Basque Provinces.

—Homer Pigeon

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ILLUSION:

This very old illusion was invented by Indian fakirs. Robert-Houdin used it in claiming that ether could make people light as air. He caused his subject to rise into the air, passing a hoop around the body to prove there were no wires or supports.

EXPLANATION:

One version: The girl wears a concealed harness, which ends in a socket between shoulder blades. This is attached to invisible mirror-covered piston. Piston is pushed up from below, raises girl in air. Hoop is cut in one place to pull apart when passing piston.

SOURCE: "Modern Magic" by Professor Hoffmann ... George Routledge & Sons

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

Another "magic show" is the illusion that cigarettes can be made miraculously "MILD" through manufacturing methods.

EXPLANATION: All popular cigarettes are made with modern machinery. *All are heat treated*—some more intensively than others, because inferior, raw tobacco

require more intensive treatment than choice, ripe tobaccos. But these processes do not explain or achieve mildness.

Cigarettes differ in the costliness of the tobacco used. The better the tobacco, the *milder* it is.

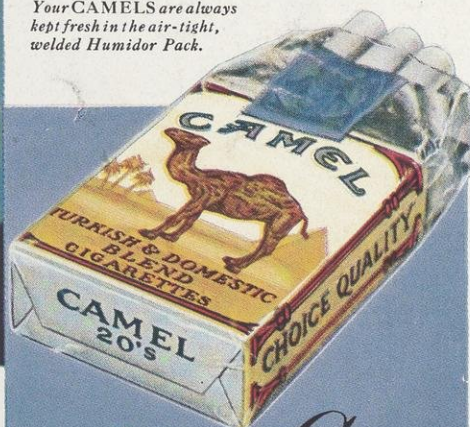
It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

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