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THE WISCONSIN
OCTOPUS
LITERARY NUMBER, MAY 1935



WE ASKED SPORTS CHAMPIONS:

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IMPORTANT TO YOU?"

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EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — TURKISH AND
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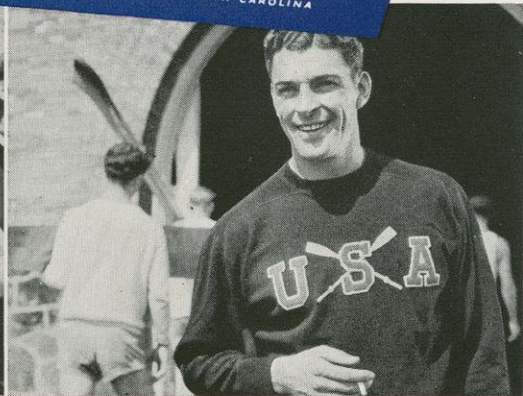
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FLAVOR! "A Camel tastes like a million dollars!" Ellsworth Vines, Jr., tennis champion, told us. "That rich, mellow flavor appeals to my taste," he continued, "and I actually feel a 'lift' from a Camel!"



ENERGY! Helen Hicks, famous woman golf champion, says: "I'm exhausted at the finish of a tournament, but I never mind. I know I can always quickly restore my energy with a Camel—it's a 'lift' I enjoy often!"



VALUE! An answer from Bill Miller, 4 times National Single Sculls Champion: "It's easy to understand why Camels have such mildness and flavor. Camel spends millions more for finer tobaccos. That's value!"



SO MILD! Frank Copeland, billiard champion: "I enjoy smoking all I want. Camels are so mild that they never upset my nerves. When the subject of cigarettes comes up, I say 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"



HEALTHY NERVES! HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—"Any one who spends much time in water sports can't afford to trifle with jumpy nerves," says Harold ("Stubby") Kruger, Olympic swimmer and water polo star. Above, you see "Stubby" in Hollywood—snapped recently by the color camera. "I smoke a great deal, and Camels don't ever ruffle my nerves," he says.

May, 1935

THE END OF WALL-EYED DAN

A Carefree Ballad of Other Days

by CHARLES L. FLEMING

NOW Wall-Eyed Dan were a Texas man, and he spoke
with a Texas drawl,
He could know men down with a single frown, or
cuss 'em up to a wall.
He loved his fun, and a big six-gun was his idee of a
toy,
He could shoot the ants right out of your pants, but was
bested by Joe McCoy.

And Joe McCoy was the sheriff's boy, and proud of his
pappy's jail,
For 'twas many a day till a man got away, 'cause there was
none to fail.
But the boast nigh fell, so the records tell, when they got a
real bad man
Who was big and strong and who lived all wrong and
whose name was Wall-Eyed Dan.

Now Dan, he tried to save his hide from a posse down
Cheyenne way
Which seemed to hope to give him a rope without his hav-
ing to pay.
He found us guys were mighty wise when he rode by the
McCoy home,
For Joe's old dad went kinda mad and made the excuse
for this pome.

For he'd shined his star and he yelled, "Hi, thar," to Wall-
Eyed Dan McCue,
So Dan pulled his gun and let him have one, and to heaven
the sheriff flew.
Which he'll hate, methinks, for he liked his drinks and
mixed the hot ones well,
And I've been told, if I may be bold, that the best bar-
keep's in hell.

But the sheriff's kid weren't the kind which hid, so he
grabbed the shining star,
And he put his thumb in the middle plumb, and said, "Bet
ye cain't hit thar."
So McCue yelled "Done!" and took his gun and made it
go crack-crack
But the star was bright and blinded his sight and he
plugged hisself in the back.

So Joe McCoy, the sheriff's boy, ran got hisself a rope,
For McCue was ill and lay very still, and Joe had a great
big hope.
And he took the guy and strung him up high and said, "I
could not fail;
I was forced, I mean, to keep Paw's record clean, for some-
one has stole the jail."

*Now there's two men dead, and some flying lead and the
shiny sheriff's star,
So I'd like to say that across the way is the aforementioned
bar,
And the drink you'll serve, I well deserve, for I tell you
with greatest joy
That I'm the man that hanged Wall-Eyed Dan, I'm Cross-
Eyed Joe McCoy.*

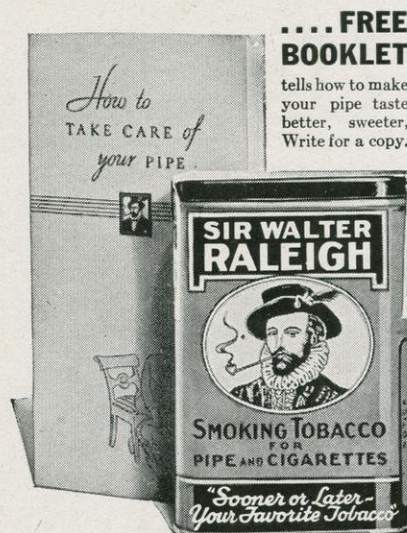
THE ELEPHANT NEVER FORGOT!



TEN YEARS AGO the elephant caught
a whiff of that old pipe, and his trunk
was sore for weeks. Today the first sniff
brought it all back and turned a peace-
loving zoo-pet into a vengeful rogue.

Two easy steps will make buddies out
of this pair. First—a thorough pipe cleaning.
Second—a tin of mild, fragrant Sir Walter
Raleigh Smoking Tobacco. This friendly
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It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

PLATTER PATTERN

Musical Masterpieces

RICHARD STRAUSS' tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," is an extraordinary and remarkable addition to the catalogue of Victor symphonic albums. The work has many points to recommend it to the serious music lover. Particularly noteworthy is the fact that the Boston Symphony under Serge Koussevitsky, of whose repertoire this work is a prominent feature, was chosen to do the recording. The work has never been recorded before largely because the demands of volume and tone range defied reproduction, but now with the new Victor Higher Fidelity recording the work is easily and competently handled.

The work itself was written at the end of the nineteenth century. It is not easy to understand, for it is exceedingly abstract in comparison to the composers' others works of this genre. It can probably be best understood from Strauss' own words. He wrote concerning it: "I didn't intend to write philosophical music, or to portray in music Nietzsche's great work. I meant, rather, to convey by means of music an idea of the development of the human race from its origin . . . up to Nietzsche's idea of the *Uebermensch*. The whole symphonic poem is intended as my homage to Nietzsche's genius, which found its greatest exemplification in his book, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

Whether you accept this attitude of the composer and listen to the work as an idea portrayed in music or whether you listen to it as absolute music it will prove equally as interesting.

NORM PHELPS

THE PRO ARTE Quartet records Cesar Franck's only string quartet. The work, in D Major, is considered by some Franck's best, second only to the symphony. Written in the conventional three movement quartet form, it is, nevertheless, lengthy and drawn out—an inherent characteristic of the work of Franck. It is pedantic in parts, as Franck is bound to be, but more frequently is serenely beautiful and moving.

Another addition to the Red Seal listings of Victor completes the set of Bach Brandenburg Concerti. Six in all, the last one to be recorded and released this month is No. 1 in F Major. It is recorded by the Ecole Normale Chamber Orchestra conducted by Alfred Cortot. The instrumentation and interpretation are as nearly as possible those in use at the time the composition was written (app. 1730). The recording is therefore doubly useful. First, as an outstanding piece of music by the great master of his time and, second, as an authentic example of the orchestral practices of the time in which he lived.

Columbia

WHEN Red Norvo recorded *I Surrender, Dear*, it was hailed as the great record of the year, and so it was, 'way back in '34. Now he has recorded *With All My Heart and Soul* and *Blue Is the Night*, two of the most subtle and expressive renditions in the so-called "jazz idiom" ever recorded. The work is flawless in its concept. The solo parts are gems and the ensemble is so carefully yet spontaneously blended that it overshadows much larger orchestras. The combination, as you remember, of xylophone, tenor sax, trombone, piano, drums, string bass and guitar, though unique, blends well and the fact that such a small group can achieve such a well rounded body of tone is astounding. Even above these mechanical perfections, however, the record is exceptional in contrast to other dance-music groups, in its apparent subtleness of feeling. The members of the orchestra are indisputably artists in their own right and as an ensemble group produce a type of music unrecorded before.

The last of the Columbia Benny Goodman records includes *Dixieland Band* and *Down Home Rag*. The record is good, as Goodman always is, and on hearing you might well say it's exceptional.

CASH

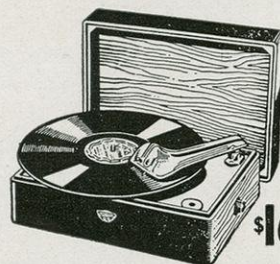
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Richard Strauss . .

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SPRING FEVER

DIFFICULT DIAGNOSIS

Would you,
Could you,
Ever choose
Suddenly
To shed your shoes,
Dance across the white haired lawn
In the early frosty dawn?

If you did I should be glad,
Then I could be sure you're mad.

MORE BOARDING HOUSES

I.
Have you any pets?
I've a score or more:
Millipedes and centipedes
Crawling on the floor,

And flies and spiders
Crawling on the wall.
Insomnia's no worry;
I don't need sheep at all.

II.
I'm a peaceful homo sapiens
As my friends will all agree
But if there's one thing that discovers
The primitive in me
It's to slip into a tubful
From the faucet well marked "hot,"
To find with chills and shivers
That it's not.

SATIETY

Wine and roses are so stuffy;
Incense spoils the air.
Can it be I'm losing interest
In my big affair?

JANET BREED

TO A SCIENTIST

A little more illusion
Would help our case along.
I'd scrap the cant of science
For a sentimental song.

It may be only hormones
That make your kisses burn—
If you please, let's keep it quiet,
For mysteries I yearn.

Though endocrinal urges
Make me do the things I do,
I'd sooner dream it was my soul
Come crying out to you.

THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN

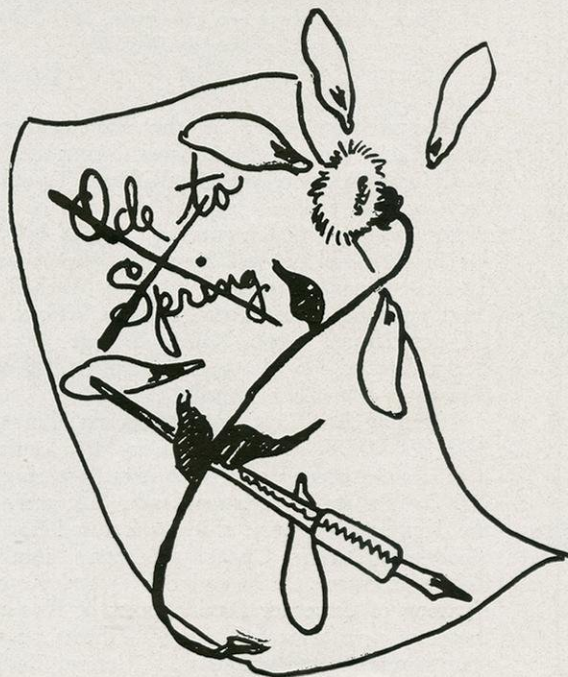
In and out and in again.
Pray, repent, and sin again.
First progression, then depression,
Sure as death will follow.

Look, how clean against the sky
Whirls the evening swallow.

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED

We will sing of love
Since all of life
Has crowded itself
Into that alone,
And pain and beauty clings to it
As the flesh clings to the bone.

We will sing of love
Though the song may fall
Into a minor strain.
We will sing . . . oh, nuts! the same
old song
Hopefully over again.



CAL CAMPUS defines "THE BRIDGE"



Well, after all, the Bridge is HIGH!

WHILE SAILING AMERICAN TO EUROPE

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Harry S. Manchester, Inc.

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

BROADCAST BANTER

JAMES FLEMING

WE'VE been neglecting comment concerning one of the better shows. It's Paul Whiteman's Thursday night Music Hall. Until a few weeks ago, the hour was almost without fault, but unfortunately the sponsors saw fit to add a blemish in the person of Lou Holtz, whose comedy efforts are pretty flat. It's no less than a shame to be cheated out of Whiteman's fine music to listen to this blatant dialectician with his aged humor. A word about Whiteman's music. The excellence of the band and the arrangements needs no comment. Vocalist Ramona is one of the most likeable radio personalities in the song racket. This long, tall girl from Cincinnati, in addition to being a velvet songstress, is a pianist of ways and means . . . the King's Men, Whiteman's male quartette, are ripe for approval stamping, as is Bob Lawrence, the baritone from the Pennsylvania coal mines . . . yeah, the music is swell but Holtz queers the show . . . dammit.

Remember that tuneful hit, SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES? If you do, you may recall that it's from the Broadway fashion bit, ROBERTA. The original book to the show was plenty bad, but the music was just about the top. Radio saved the day, according to Otto Harbach, the librettist. "The show was unmercifully roasted by the critics," he says, "and then Rudy Vallee began to champion the show with complimentary opinions and to sing the tunes from it and the tide was turned. I shall ever be grateful to radio for what it did for that play." (Incidentally, RKO has just released a movie version of Roberta which is an improvement.) Not so lucky was the production of CALLING ALL STARS, which recently folded up. Here again the music was good but the book was so bad that not even radio could save the day.

From New York's CBS studios comes this story of David Ross, the poetic announcer. It seems that Maxwell Turner, an announcer recently assigned to CBS in New York from WEAN, the network's Providence, R. I., outlet, arrived well equipped to take care of himself in repartee. But he found his match in Ross, who can quip with the best of them. On introduction came the following exchange:

Ross: And where are you from, Mr. Turner?

Turner: I was weaned at WEAN.

Ross: Oh, so you came to New York to learn your WABC's?

Chicago announcers in the Merchandise Mart NBC studios held a picnic of their own during the National Farm and Home Hour on April Fool's Day. To enliven the party they sang as a choral group, as a trio of quartettes, and staged a comedy sketch entitled HAPPY HOME, satirizing the brotherhood enjoyed by those who "man the mikes." The participants included: Everett Mitchell, Bob Brown, Norman Ross, Louis Roen, Harlow Wilcox, Don McNeil, Charles Lyons, Gene Rouse, George Watson, Norman Berry, Donald Dowd and Bill Kephart. It was one of the pleasanter offerings of April 1, 1935.

Afterthoughts: Lois Bennett, prima donna of the GIBSON FAMILY, in private life is Mrs. Louis Chatten, the wife of an executive of a radio manufacturing company . . . NBC's Wednesday afternoon radio city party is the best of the daytime programs . . . it has featured Ray Noble, Benny Goodman, Xavier Cugat and many another nationally known maestro . . . Al and Lee Reiser, the piano duo, are nephews of Governor David Sholtz of Florida . . . Things that annoy performers: Lawrence Tibbett, opera singers who take themselves too seriously . . . Conrad Thibault, boasters.

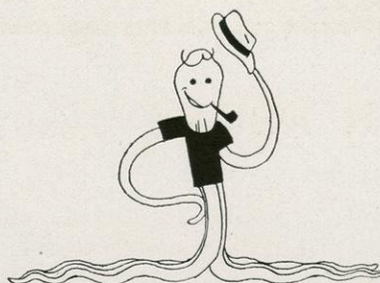
*The editor comes over to me,
and says: "You, you
write some poetry." I say,
"I can't write poetry."
He says: "You write poetry."
So I am writing poetry.
Violets are blue, roses are red,
E. E. Cummings is rarely read.*

J. K.

The Spring
Literary Number



WISCONSIN
MEMORIAL UNION



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NO. 9

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IF THERE is one thing worse than Spring itself, it is a delayed Spring. Spring means poetic inspiration, and people lying on the grass, and sun-baths, and canoes on Mendota, and couples on the campus, and classes behind Bascom, and bird trips, and field trips, and bicycles, and women in shorts, and God knows what all.

But a delayed Spring means that all this happens, and then it snows, and then it all has to happen all over again.

And so, if you are of the school which is agonized by all this, by the reawakening of nature, and all the rest of that rot, then you are agonized not once, but twice and even three or four times, as the occasion may be.

It is, therefore, in agonized expression that Octy issues this Literary Number. There is no reason why Octy should not have a Literary Number. It may sound strange, but, in one form or another, Literature is a campus phenomenon. Even writing for the Country Magazine is Literature.

Octy does not apologize for a Literary Number. We know damn well it wouldn't do any good.

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS, INC.

CAMPUS CHRONICLE

Turn About

IT'S things like this that make the world seem a little brighter. One of those people who are constantly standing on the Union stairs waiting for their turn at the free telephone booths got to a point where he could not contain his baser instincts any longer, and when the young lady ahead of him left the booth to look up a number at the main desk directory, this snake in the grass slipped into the booth. Consequently when the young lady returned with the number she had forgotten on the tip of her tongue, so to speak, she found him with the door closed against her. She stood glaring at the door for a moment. Suddenly the snake in the booth, so to speak, sheepishly slid out again. In his excitement he, too, had forgotten *his* number, and sure enough when *he* went back to the desk, the young lady took his place.

Drilling

AS SOON as it gets hot enough and the lower campus gets dusty enough, the ROTC will take the boys out to drill. This spring they are doing double drill because they only did half the drill they were supposed to last fall. If you think that out, you can see it comes out even. Nobody especially likes the idea, except the anti-war committee. We never get very worried about anything that the ROTC does, however; we always say the parades are all right. After watching a ROTC parade, it's hard to understand how the corps could be a menace to anything, except a recently pressed uniform.

One of the freshman soldiers told us an interesting little story about these inspection drills. As we understand it, the function of most of the senior cadet colonels is to go along a line of fresh-

men and sophomores and inspect them. To be inspected, the boys in line hold their guns up in front of them, and the cadets come along and wrench it away from them. The idea is to hold the rifle just tight enough so that when it is transferred from one to the other it is done with snappy precision. Nothing softy, you understand, about our ROTC boys. But the hitch is that some of the freshmen are stronger than the cadets, and just to be devilish they hang on so tight that the poor cadet can't snap it away.

They get sore hands and it makes the cadet colonels very angry, the freshman told us, but, boy, is it fun.

Purist

OUR church correspondent, who told us (as you probably don't remember) about the little Congregational girl who lives in the apartment next to the Deke house and therefore unable to think of Jesus and things holy when she got up in the morning as her teacher urged, came



"Shhh! I'm a fugitive from a chain-letter gang"

around to the Octy office last week, and insisted on telling us a second little charming story. Shows something vital about the young generation, he pointed out.

In this case, a university girl who teaches a class of young 6th grade children in a Madison church had the little dears over to her house for a party. After a nerve-wracking meal, at which her mother's best table cloth was ruined, and two glasses broken, they adjourned into the front room to play game. For some reason, the teacher chose anagrams. It was pretty tough going for most of the kiddies, but finally one little girl succeeded in rearranging m-a-d, into d-a-m. She was duly congratulated by the teacher, but one of her class mates pointed a scornful finger. "Aw, nuts," sneered the child, "Annie spelled it wrong, it should have an 'n' on it!"

Exit

DOWNTOWN newspaper men have a tendency to dislike journalism students, especially those that get in the way all the time, although as a rule they can bear up well enough. But last week one of the students from the sophomore class who was sent down to do re-writes was almost, as he tells it, thrown out on his ear. As it happened, he was there when one of the older, more conservative men was handling telegraph copy. This man honestly suspects radicalism, and he takes his ideas very seriously; a story came in in the wire concerning the activities of some New York communists who were arrested trying to spread propaganda among the naval forces. To him it was big stuff and he carefully read it to the staff.

When he had finished, the school of journalism reporter stood up and very solemnly announced, "Mr. Editor, I am quite sure that those men are University of Wisconsin graduates!"

Mr. Editor didn't think that clever, and suggested that walking was the next logical step to standing.

Dynamite Darby

by Darby Hicks

A FELLER has perty near got to have a College edjucation if he expects to git anyplace these days. Now, I ain't a graduate or nothin like that, but nobody can every say that Darby Hicks ain't been to college.

My opportunity came when I'm least expectin' it, but I ain't no dummy, an' I know enough to grab it. It all starts when I see a guy tryin to get outa the hotel where I'm workin, without payin his bill. "Stop him," yells the manager. So I runs after him, and dives for his legs, just when he gits to the door. My head hits the door, and opens up a way for us both to go thru, me still hangin onto him. "Get a cop," I yells, to the manager, as he runs up. "Cop, Hell!" he says, taking a look at the fella that I come thru the door with, "Git a ambulance."

Well, while I'm brushin off my pants, and pickin splinters outa my head, a fella comes up and grabs me by the arm. He rushes me over to the elevator, and holds me while the elevator boy closes the door, and starts goin up. Finally, we gets to his room.

"What's the idea?" I says, as he lets go a my neck.

"Have you ever been to College?"

"No, Mister," I tells him. "I ain't even been to High School."

"Did yuh ever play football?" he asks, next.

I don't know what this is, so he explains to me, and perty soon I begin to see what he means. Well, it turns out that this fella is a football coach at a College, and he wants me to come and play on his team.

"Well, Darby," I says to myself, "this is your opportunity."

So I quits my job, and I and the coach goes to his college.

Boy, is that a swell place. The buildings is perty nice, considerin that they plays second fiddle to the football stadium. The way I gets it, a coach gets up a good football team. Then they builds a big stadium for the people to watch from, and then they puts up buildings so the fellas an girls can go to school close to where the team is.

Well, the coach gets it arranged so I only has to take one regular subject. The rest of em I take under him. You know, like settin up exercise, and strategy, and things like that. Well, I thinks, as long as I'm in college, I might as well get me a good edjucation, so I takes chemistry for my regular subject. Now, this is awful technical, an takes plenty a work, but the coach gets me a good tooter, so I'm fixed. A tooter ain't a fella that blows a horn, like you probaly think. In college, a tooter is a guy that you pay money to, an he finds out what the questions is ahead of the examinashun. Then he keeps at yuh, till yuh git it in mind till yuh can't forget it.

We start right in playin football, as soon as we gits to school. Boy, this is my pie. I don't tell the coach, but when I see what the game is, I realize that I been playin it ever since I got to Chicago.

YUH see, when I got my job at the hotel, I has to walk about five blocks home from work every night. Well, the first night I goes home, I gits in a little argument with a guy who was leanin against the front of a pool hall. We got shovin each other around, an finally I gits mad and hits him over the head with my fist. A bunch a his friends carried him away, but every night after that when I comes home, I has to run thru this block with them guys swingin





at me with clubs an fists, an now an then peltin me with rocks. It don't bother me none, an it gits so I can knock a few of em down, as I run.

Well, football is just like this, except that yuh can't use clubs an rocks. There's only one thing I don't like about it. They have signals which I can't remember. So I asks the coach not to have em anymore.

"Yuh don't need 'em," I says, "just gimme the ball, and I'll take it wherever yuh want me to." But he don't see it this way, but we finally decides that when they want me to have the ball, they'll git together in a huddle before the play an tell me.

Well, did I have fun. The first coupla weeks we play other colleges, an I get myself a reputashun. The papers is all writin about me. They call me Dynamite Dunn. I guess this is on account of how hard I hit the line. Boy, I bust that line right open. There's only one trouble. Sometimes, when I hits the line, I get twisted around, an start runnin the wrong way. But it don't make no difference which way I run, I most allus gits all the way down the field without nobody ketchin me.

Well, the season goes along with me makin six or eight touchdowns every game, until the middle-a-the-year exam comes. My tooter is a great guy, an he has found out what my exam is to be. Yuh see, I don't take my exam with the rest of the fellas. They have a special exam for me, and I takes it in a room all by myself. This is what comes from being a famous football player.

Well, the tooter keeps drillin me on the question, for two weeks, an finally he figures I got it good. I goes to my exam. The professor is a nice fella, and likes football. He sits me down, an hands me a sheet a paper, and there is my question.

It says, "What is H₂O?"

Well, now, if I don't find myself getting all nervous an excited. An I never was no good being nervous. So I sits an tries to think, but it's no good. I has forgot what my tooter tells me. Finally, the professor, who has some money bet on our next game, says, "Mr. Hicks, are you thirsty?"

"Yes," I answers. So he gits me a drink, and puts it on my desk right in front of me.

"Now, Mr. Hicks," he says, "do you see anything around, that would suggest the answer?"

I takes one look at the drunk, an then it all comes to me.

"I got it," I yells.

"Careful," he says. "Better tell me first before you put it down."

"It's water," I tells him.

"Hurrah," he shouts. An we both run outside to where the crowd is waitin to find out how I hits the exam.

"Darby got a hunderd," yells the professor. An then they carry me off on their shoulders, me bein as glad an surprised as they are.

WELL, by this time, I has been heard of perty near all over, so I ain't surprized when I gits a letter from home. Pay says as how he's proud of me, an so is everybody else in Hicksville, an that they is all comin to the big game which is next month. I gits the coach to help me answer the letter an I sends em some tickets.

Well, it ain't long till the big game rolls around, an at the same time comes my final exams in chemistry. I ain't so worried about this as how I'm ready for it. But it takes right up till the last minute fer me to cram, an so I'm takin the exam while the rest of the team is gettin into their suits.

The professor an I has to run to git to the game on time.

(Continued on Page Fifteen)



Note To A Florist

YOU thought your bright blue violets,
Your tulip's deep, dark chasm,
allowed you to say anything;
I stood for your sarcasm.

You thought because you owned a shop
Of bright and scented flowers
That you could keep me, in a coat,
Waiting around for hours.

Oh, did you think, you double fool,
That presents orchidacious
Alone could make a maiden's heart
To clumsinesses gracious.

But now you've learned a moral deep:
Lillies are not all one needs—
(And Shakespeare says that festered ones
Smell even worse than weeds!)



Green Eyes

MY LOVE is radiant tonight,
Red lips, blue eyes, and golden hair.
She dances like a shaft of light—
That's she, the blonde right over there.

More lovely she's not been before,
I heave a long, admiring sigh;
As moments pass, I love her more
You see, she's with another guy.

Romance: A Sonnet

THEY told me that you're staying out of school—
I should be dying of a broken heart,
I should be weeping like a tender fool,
And heaven knows I tried to play the part;
I should be staring at a lonely lake,
And shouting laments to a mocking moon;
I should feel deep within my soul an ache,
And die of grief which spoiled by life too soon.
But when I sing songs that don't quite sound blue
And laugh at jokes you never heard, I hope,
I hardly see how I can write to you
And say that all I do is sit and mope.

My love is fading rapidly, I fear
And what is more, I'm glad of it, my dear.





Letters To A College Man

December 29.

DEAR ROBERT,

I received your letter and was glad to receive it from you. Everything with me is just about the same except for school where there is a big difference. At the rate I am going now I won't have to go to summer school.

I have moved to Ratbush in my own private home where I hope to remain for a few years. (please turn over)

Now that you know you are on foot and not on horse-back I hope you will show it in your letters. Sorry that I wasn't able to answer you sooner, as lack of paper did not permit me to write. By the way, how did you enjoy Thursday? How are you getting along with your school work?

Robert, I would greatly appreciate if you could send me a picture of yourself.

I will close now, waiting patiently for your next letter to be received. My mother sends her regards to you.

Very truly yours,
SYLVIA.

February 3.

Dear Robert,

Sorry that I couldn't write to you any sooner, as I had a fractured wrist. Caused by a horse gallop, and I am just about getting over the fall and shock of it. After having my right wrist in cast for two weeks. How are you, and how is school? Everything is all-right except for the great fall. It didn't affect me mentally just physically.

Glad you called my attention to my English as you say, and will make sure that from now on I will be more careful for your individuality. Precisely I hope I am free from errors in this letter. Nothing more to write.

Very truly yours,
SYLVIA.

February 12.

Dear Robert,

Received your letter and was glad to receive it. It is too bad about the weather you expect to have.

Just got through with some examinations and found it easy. Last night I went to a "Beer Party" and had a lovely time, but did not drink any beer.

How are you getting in, general? (please turn over)

I will now close with my love.

Very truly yours,
SYLVIA.

April 10.

Dear Robert,

Being that I didn't receive any answer from you. I thought it might be my duty to write to you again as it may be possible that you do not wish to correspond with me or I'll look at it in a different way that you were too busy to write & thought I was not important enough for you to devote your time too. Which is it? How are you getting along in school and health? I am fine in both, I have just received my report-card and by energy and luck I passed in everything.

I had a surprise recently, my brother George the oldest one married. Well what a shock it was to the family it was done all so sudden. Coney Island is very deserted now when it comes toward evening you can't even find a dog

(Continued on Page Fifteen)



Octy's Twelfth Annual Kill-A-Poet-Week



NOW that Spring is here, the damn poets are bursting out everywhere you turn. They get into your hair and between your salad leaves. They are being sealed into cornerstones and strained out of the lake. They are so numerous you find them under rocks you happen to turn over.

THERE is only one thing to do. Only calm thought and decisive action can lead those of us who are still sane out of this crisis.

OCTY issues its twelfth annual call for **KILL-A-POET-WEEK**. We call on each sane man, woman, and child to kill at least one poet during the next seven days. The earlier the better, because if allowed to live these poets breed and reproduce among themselves, producing more poets. **DON'T BE FOOLED BY THE SILLY LOOKS ON THEIR FACES. THEY ARE DANGEROUS.**

YOU owe it to yourself and to the peace of the university to kill at least one poet this week. Any method you use is good enough with us. But, in the name of continued sanity, make sure you get your poet!



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



PRINCE ALBERT *the national joy smoke*

STYLES: A DRESS REHEARSAL

ROSEMARY McCORMICK

Scene: Bascom reading room. Time: Anytime from now until exams—somehow even the most frivolous of us can't think about styles during exam period. Cast: Joan, tall, and stately; Jane, blonde, dimply, and a little plump.

The two are sitting at a table not far from the desk, a good vantage point since all of us at least draw out a book while there.

Jane has before her a disheartening looking volume, "Recent Social Trends." Joan gazes disinterestedly at "The American Commonwealth." Both open at page 1.

JANE—Have you seen Betty's new gray suit? It's just *darling!* The coat is swagger in a checked material and the skirt is plain. They say that contrast in suits is the latest thing. Of course, I'm too short to wear that type but it's certainly good-looking. She wears a red taffeta blouse with it and red doeskin gloves. Really, I don't know how she can keep her mind on classes.

JOAN—She probably doesn't. I never saw anyone who liked to show off the way she does. Now, I like navy better than gray. Saw a very tailored jacket suit in a shop window yesterday. If my check comes today I'll get it. It has a short jacket and the material is sort of rough and tweedy. Bill said he doesn't like fussy things so I know he'll like this. I think I'd like a "bumper" straw hat with it. They're rather severe but they *do* have a sophisticated air.

JANE—That sounds like a honey. My mother wrote and said I didn't need a suit, but I finally changed her mind. I got one yesterday in a dark blue with blue fox on the sleeves. The coat is swagger and finger-tip length. I'll get one of these bonnet affairs to wear with it.

JOAN—Oh, I love blue fox but I've never been able to afford it. And I *hate* cheap fur because it gets so ratty looking. Pat, up at the house, got a brown and white checked action back suit. It's cute but is really only good for sport wear. She wears these new brown unfinished leather sport shoes with white trimming. They're easier to clean than all white.

JANE—Do you see that girl sitting two tables ahead of us? Isn't that the darlinest hat? It looks just like the one Claudette Colbert wore in "The Gilded Lily." I love hats with brims but I look better in turbans or off-the-face types. You can wear brims to perfection.

JOAN—I *do* like them better. I think I'll get a tan felt for school and then I can wear it for horseback riding, too. That kind is so practical.

Time lapse: At least seven minutes.

JANE—Joan, did you notice the gold-colored dress Helen wore for rushing last week? It had big, full, three-quarter length sleeves, a high neck with a little turn-over collar, and shiny gold buttons down the front. Just tailored enough to be smart.

JOAN—Yes, I saw it. She got it in Chicago about two weeks ago. I'd like one of these printed shirtwaist dresses



that opens all the way down the front like a coat.

JANE—Peggy was wearing one something like that in soc. lecture yesterday. Hers was black with white dots, and she wore a black felt hat with a white grosgrain ribbon on it.

Time lapse: Nearly two minutes.

JANE—Didn't Jill have on the most gorgeous formal at Matrix? You know, the white chiffon with blue dots and a rhinestone buckle. Formals are getting more fussy all the time but they are attractive.

JOAN—I saw a *smooth* formal a couple of days ago. It was black taffeta with a *very* full skirt, and a white jack-

et, hip length with wide revers. It was so very different looking.

JANE—I'd rather have some fluffy material. Taffeta is sort of stiff. Lace is rather nice. You don't have to worry about it wrinkling and losing its freshness. I saw a pink and black one in a fashion magazine and it was striking. But I guess I'll just have to



keep on wearing the white crepe I wore to Military Ball.

JOAN—What's the matter with that? I *like* it.

JANE—Bob doesn't like it. Says it looks like a tennis outfit made too long.

JOAN—I wouldn't pay any attention to him. I like the pale yellow chiffon I just got, the one with the brown and yellow twisted sash and the yellow quilted wrap, and I don't care what anyone says.

JANE—I guess we'd better study. There is so much outside reading for this course.

JOAN (turning to page 2)—Mine, too.

JANE—Let's go shopping after our 1:30. I want to get a pair of white pigskin gloves.

JOAN—Let's go. It's awfully warm in here. We'll get home early for lunch, and won't have to rush around so.

The two pack up their belongings, dump the disturbing volumes in the slot, and depart.

The two persons sitting across from them heave a sigh of relief. Now to get some work done.

Br - r - r - Br - r - r. The bell! Thwarted again.

Well, can we help it if spring is in the air and wily designers are contriving to get us into the clutches of intriguing new modes for every mood?

Add Dynamite . . .

As I'm dressin, the coach comes in. "Did you git thru the exam all right, Darby?" he says.

"Sure," I tells him. "I got a hunderd again."

"What question did he ask yuh?" he continues, as I push my big toe thru my sock.

"The question," I says, "was, what color is blue vitrol?"

I starts pullin on my pants.

"What did yuh answer?" asks the coach.

"I answers that I don't know," I says.

"Well, then, how come yuh got a hunderd?" he comes back, gettin a little white around the mouth.

"I can't figure it out myself," I tells him, "but the professor says as how that's correct, cause he knew I don't know what the anser is. But gosh, I still wonder what color it is."

"That's all right, Darby," says the coach, lookin some relieved. "Yuh just fergit about chemistry, now, an git out an play football."

But I can't fergit it. And so all thru the game I keep trying to think of the anser, but it's no good. I don't seem to get it. Boy, was that a football game. Was this other team ever tough. When I sees this fella on their team which is supposed to be so good, I thinks, "Darby, you seen that fella before. He seems familiar. He's got a build just like a bag fulla hammers. Well, when I start my first run, doesn't this guy tackle me, before I hardly git goin."

"Well, if it ain't Darby Hicks," he says, diggin his knee in my stumick. Then I sees who it is.

It's the truck driver what used to haul garbage from the hotel. Him an me has fought on different sides before. He keeps on, stoppin me from makin touchdowns, an playin dirty tricks with his knees until I git mad. By this time, the game is most over. I think there is three minutes left to play.

Well, we go into a play, an I soon find myself on the bottom of the pile. Mr. Truck Driver is next to me, and doesn't he shoot out his fist an hit me.

"The hand," he says, "is quicker than the eye."

WELL, you can believe me, I'm plenty mad. My eye swells up, so I can't see out of it. The next play it's the same thing, me carryin the ball an him tacklin me. But now I figures I'll git even. So when they pile up on us, I lets go a the ball fer a minute, and shoots out my fists.

"Both hands," I says, "are quicker than both eyes."

Well, it seems I has jiggled him worse than I thought, cause they carry him off the field. But that's O.K. with me. Now, it's clear sailin for Dynamite Darby.

"Gimme the ball," I says. Well, they do, an I busts right thru the line, as usual, an starts runnin thru the few guys what's left. I kin hear the crowd yellin, an shoutin my name, and believe me, it feels good. I am a hero once more.

I gits by these last fellas easy, an has a clear field ahead. As I am runnin, I look over to the sideline to see if I can see pa, an who do I see but the professor, jumping up an down, an yellin like he's crazy. He has on a blue overcoat. I take one look at that overcoat, an I has my answer to the exam question. So I turns to the left, and goes over to where he is.

"It's blue," I yells. An just then somethin hits me that feels like a earthquake.

When I come to, my college edjucation is over. I can see myself, just like it was yesterday, going thru the outskirts a that city, as fast as I kin, with the coach about ten feet behind.

Add Letters . . .

on the boardwalk it is so quiet. I manage to do something though when it comes Saturday and Sunday, on Saturday I usually spend my day at football games and on Sunday I usually go horseback riding so far for the past three Sundays I have been riding. I'll close now with hopes that I'll hear from you soon.

Very truly yours,

SYLVIA.

April 30.

Dear Robert,

Sorry I couldn't answer your letter any sooner as I was being busy with school. Being that I have some leisure time now I will start to write. How are you getting along with your school? I am doing fine at the presence and hope it will be this way for good. Coney Island is quiet and clean being that the majority of people left I guess that is the reason. My school activities is out of the question at the present time my school takes up most of my time and part of my life I guess. (please turn over) Well I guess before the time comes I'll be seeing you as time flies and you will be in New York shortly. I'll close now as I have nothing more to say but hope that this letter finds you in good health and also if you notice the address on the front page above you will see that I have moved, which I hope it is understood. Waiting to hear from you.

Very truly yours,

SYLVIA.

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THE WORSTED FOR WEAR by R.

GENTLEMEN, may I recommend a short comfortable drive to Milwaukee, and a visit to some of the smarter clothes shops there, when Madison shops don't seem to have "just what you want."

McNeil and Moore in the Hotel Pfister is one destination. Illustrated is their smart reversible topcoat in a plaid-gabardine combination which comes in mighty handy in these days of alternating sun and rain. With this new coat is recommended the new lightweight hats, with emphasis on the pork pie, a smart piece of headgear for the smart collegian.

Although fashion at the moment smiles upon the gaunt of rough-textured suitings, such as tweeds and cassimeres, her door is not all closed to smart worsteds.

The worsted is the thing for town wear, as it combines the returning sharkskin weave with the addition of a light overplaid design. Many smart suits now shown have center or side vents, and these are not to be frowned upon, as they have a very practical purpose. They make the jacket a lot more comfortable, as when you sit down, and eliminate much of that creased appearance because they provide a little extra freedom of movement around the waist. You may have noticed that all riding jackets have long vents for this very purpose. So if you like your comfort, and if you don't like creases, buy vents.

Smart new summer ties are now being shown, and they tell me that the bow tie is coming back. The smartest ties will be done in diagonal broad and multiple stripes, and the colors will be very fetching, to say the least. A good point to remember in connection with bow ties is that they are very becoming to slender men, and not particularly happy-looking on stoutish fellows.

Sport clothes and accessories are becoming more important now, and most of the new ones are knockouts. The turtle-necked bib is the most sensible neckwear for those sultry days in the near future. Bill Tilden, cable-stitched sweaters, are the real McCoy, coming all the way from England, and certainly showing it.



BY AND LARGE ROBERT G. BLAUNER

PROF. E. A. "Cardinal Standby" Ross characterized the "Red Scare" as a "Pipe Dream." An old pipe, with a lusty smell, a lot of smoke, and little flame.

Columbia's student newspaper was forced to discontinue on the charges of mangling the news. Can no one compete with Hearst?

New York's legislature killed the "loyalty oath" for college students in that state. "On Wisconsin."

Wisconsin is the only land grant college that has optional R. O. T. C. After the present turmoil the past tense may have to be used.

The Senate refused to increase the farmer representation of the Regents board. Part of the AAA policy.



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OF COURSE THIS TESTIMONIAL
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Read what Madame Plotz
of Vassar says about

OCTY

Dear Editor:

Just saw a copy of the Octopus in the waste basket here and can scarcely wait to get this letter on paper to tell you what I think of your magazine. It is the best example of lousy punning that I ever saw— It is as dirty as any college magazine—and it should be printed on Scott tissue, but God it's funny.

That's why I enclose the jack for a subscription, and hope that Octy continues to get better as time marches on.

Yrs.

MADAME P. X. PLOTZ

NOW LOOK

Octy is available for the entire coming year for 50c. Get your subscription from your favorite sorority or stop at our office . . . third floor, Union

WISCONSIN OCTOPUS
INCORPORATED

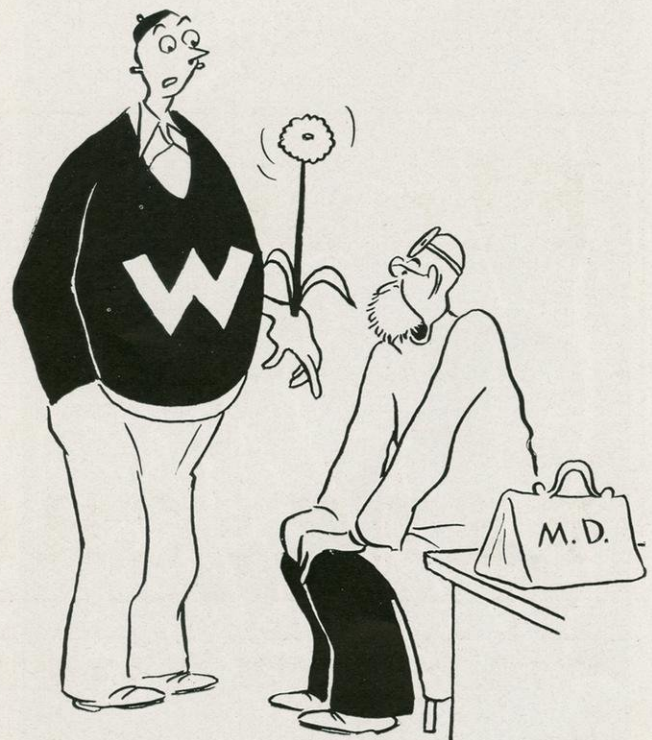
BEWARE THE STORM

by JOHN GILL

THE southwest wind has darkly overclouded
The sky, made it a hanging vault, and then
Bent fiercely down to leer at trembling men
Beneath; and its grey length is ruddy shrouded.

In winter time men say, thunder is dumb
It is in spring the throaty roar is heard
North of our tropic; the north-borne word
Says that to Africa a storm has come.

Forget it I say, forget the cloudy day
For we have things to do, forget the drumming
African thunder, forget it, it does not pay
To fret ourselves with storms so far away.
Yet to our ears these solemn words are humming
"Only together men can keep the war from coming."



JOHN ERDAHL

"And you say it blooms every year about this time?"



"What gave you your literary inspiration?"
"It was the handwriting on the wall."

alfred and the boids

"boids," said alfred. "boids . . . boids . . ."

alfred is a poet and, as poets will, he was writing poetry. but he had a line which ended with "boids" and was having his difficulties in finding a rhyme.

"boids, coids, doids, foids, goids, hoids, joids." alfred realized he had gone through the alphabet seven times already, but this was the only way he could compose.

boids . . .

there was plenty of things to rhyme with bees or flowers, but not for boids. there was trees and knees and bowers and mowers, but what was there for boids?

suddenly alfred looked up in the tree he was sitting under. there was a boid. he sat there and twittered—the boid, not alfred. alfred leaned back and listened. soon alfred was asleep . . .

alfred awoke with a start five minutes later. as the boid flew off, croaking mendaciously, he—alfred, not the boid—wiped off his tie with the poem he had started.

"butterflies, cutterflies, dutter flies, futterflies," said alfred.

Not only the 8,000 odd students at the university itself.
—DAILY CARDINAL.

* * * *

And have you seen the professors?

Flowers

for every occasion

Mother's Weekend

Formal Parties

— Graduation —

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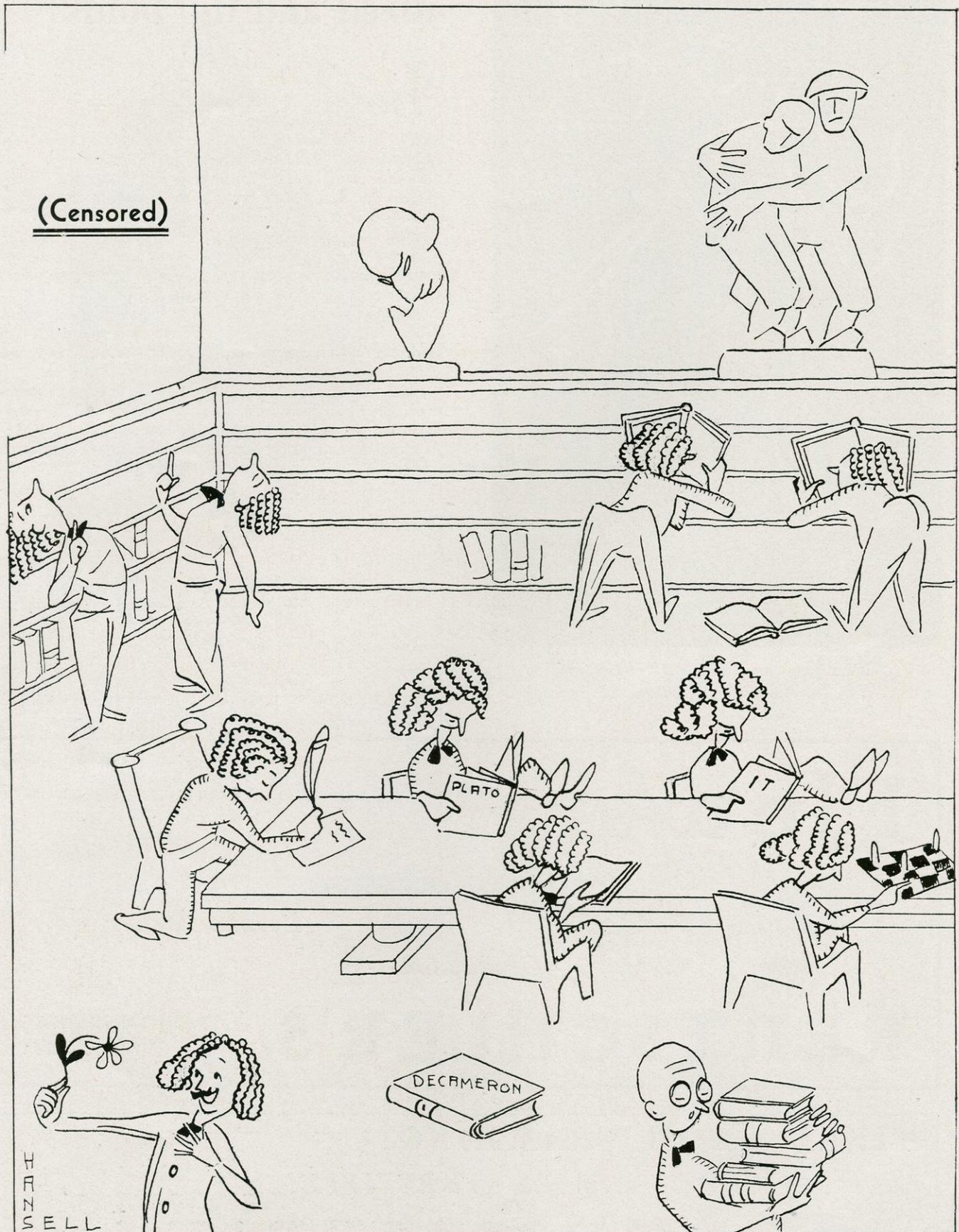
TIRED FROM CRAMMING?

... drop in for a REVIVER!

LOHMAIER'S

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Spring Comes to the University Library

Mrs. Capulet didn't have Schlitz
—or Juliet would have known better...



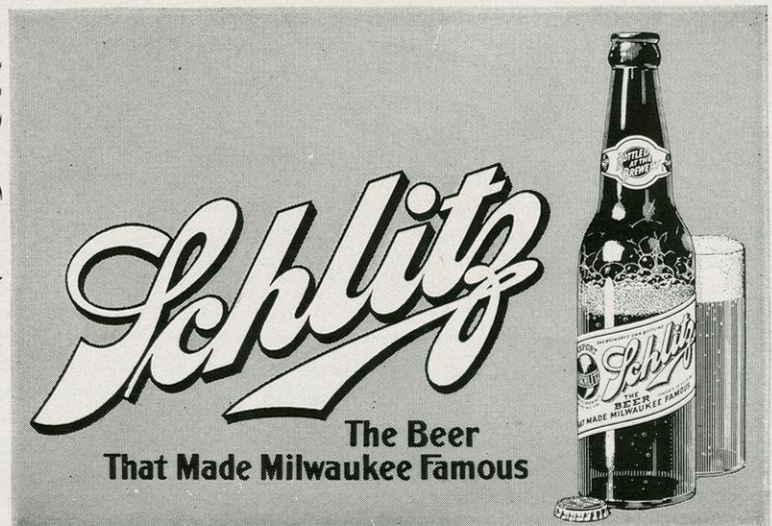
*"What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet,"*

breathed Juliet — and proved they didn't know a thing about beer in Verona.

For the name of a beer *matters*. There's no greater name in beer than Schlitz. It is as lively as Romeo, clambering up the balcony. As mellow as the Italian night. As creamy as the gentle Juliet. But unlike the Montagues, it stimulates without a let-down.

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JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.



A TRIP TO THE INFIRMARY

DRAGGING one foot over the other you gradually manage to pull yourself to the student infirmary. Your head aches and your stomach feels as if some one took it for a ride on a scenic railway from which you saw no scenery, but just a lot of blur.

Staggering to the desk you wait till the young lady concludes her argument over the phone with some recalcitrant freshman who insists that he wants to see Dr. Lyght at six that evening and at no other time. Whether Dr. Lyght will be at the infirmary at that hour makes no difference. Isn't he paying four fifty a year to support the hospital; then why shouldn't he get the service he asks for. It's an emergency, too. He cut his finger that morning and it needs a bandage. Such service; he's going to appeal to the governor,—and hangs up.

After fiddling around with a few slips and making one or two notations in the appointment book the damsel looks up, glances at you and then turns her attention to the John Barrymore-ish lad that just walked in. Yes, of course, he can have that splinter taken out. And he's just in time, too. There is only one appointment left open for this afternoon and if he'll take this slip and sit down in one of the chairs he'll be taken care of almost immediately.

With another flickering glance at you she gets up and walks up and down the corridor for a while looking at the number of vacant chairs and picking up some cards left in receptacles by the doctors. Your head is swimming and your knees are quivering. Chills race up and down your back trying to break the speed record. You still don't know how, but a chair, some way or other, snuck up on you and hit you where you needed it most. After a bit of fumbling, you manage to pull out a cigarette, which didn't satisfy but did almost steady your nerve, and get a few drags before the sweet young thing comes back to her desk and gives you a dirty look.

Waveringly you get up and decide to make another attempt. Just as you

reach the desk the phone rings. Your throat is parched and your head feels like the head end of a lighted match. Hearing a bubbler down the corridor you start in that direction. Faintly, in the distance, you hear the conversation going on over the phone. Some one is cancelling their appointment. Again you reverse your field and start back so fast that the Minnesota eleven would be as good as the League of Nations in the Chaco situation in stopping you.

Your tongue is hanging so far out that some one might think it was your tie, and you pant to a stop asking if you can have the vacant ten minutes. With a north pole expression in her eyes, the young lady informs you that if you will be seated you will be taken care of at the first available vacancy but that some one already has been as-



signed to the space. "John Barrymore" spryly steps up and takes the offered slip. The other doctor was too rough. He couldn't stand such coarse treatment.

You are practically swimming in your own soup, so to speak, and an egg cracked on your forehead would fry in nothing flat. That same chair repeats its former actions luckily, and you slump into it adding a pending functional nervous disorder to your list of ailments. You don't know why, but

—a freshman theme dug up by
ROBERT G. BLAUNER

you have a feeling that that desk in the middle of the room is on a turnstile. It seems to make a complete revolution to every thump in your temple. That's all right; a repair man will come around some day soon and tie it into place. You wish some one would take that battering ram away from your arm, and slap that bee in your ear where it should be slapped. With a startled expression you look up and see that it is the desk girl poking you and telling you that you can take your place for professional advice.

Your short—you look at your watch and discover that you have been hanging around and sleeping for about an hour—your snooze did you some good. Those chills are slowing down to a runaway's pace and the bass drum in your head has quieted to a trip hammer pounding. Surprisingly, the bubbler is still working, and you cool your throat just about enough to ask the chap in the seat next to yours to please remove his coat. You didn't realize that the chair was built so low down, but the bump goes disregarded; at least you are seated in a chair and not on the floor.

A white coated figure opens a door and beckons you to enter. "Come into my office said the spider to the fly," you mutter to yourself. After fussing around with a rainbow assortment of cards which contain symbols and script that only a doctor could write and understand again, and interspersing his perusal with a few hmms and humphs, the medico finally looks up at you and asks what the matter is today. You catch yourself just before you fall off your chair and reiterate your symptoms—omitting half of them because your throat threatens to constrict on you. With a few more hmms and humphs, the doctor advises you that it is of no immediate moment and that you should take an aspirin and go to bed early.

You thank him for his courtesy and wobble out. So you aren't sick, after all. What's the difference how you feel so long as the doctor says you're healthy.

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PARENTS!_____

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COLLEGE HUMOR

--a page for people who don't realize
that there has been no new collegiate
joke in the last forty years.

Statistics show that Yale graduates
have 1.3 children.

While Vassar graduates have 1.7
children.

Which proves that women have
more children than men.

—Diamond Dust.

Judge: "And you say you were at-
tacked by a crowd of hoodlums?"

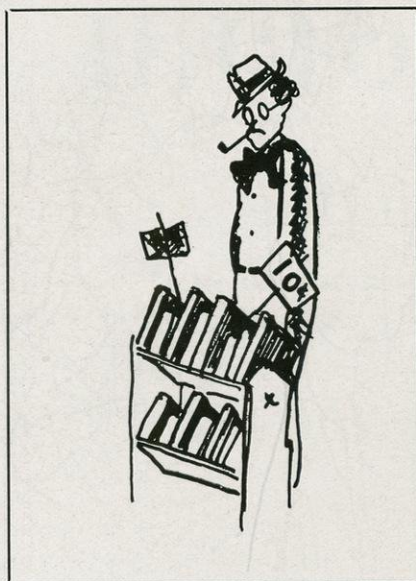
Latin Professor: "Hoodla, your
honor."

—Orange Peel.

Mother (on entering the room un-
expectedly): "Well, I never—"

Daughter: "Oh, mother, you must
have."

—Maroon Bee.



A fraternity had sent their curtains
to the cleaners. It was the second day
that the house had stood unveiled.
One morning the following note ar-
rived from a sorority across the avenue:
"Dear Sirs:

"May we suggest that you procure
curtains for windows. We do not care
for a course in anatomy."

The chap who left his shaving to
read the note answered:

"Dear Girls:

"The course is optional."

—Ski-U-Mah.

Jake: "Tell me, Sebastian, why has
your brother Mortimer gone crazy?"

Oscar: "You see, he worked in a
roundhouse and he went crazy trying
to find a corner to spit his chew into."

—Princeton Tiger.

Over the week-end we watched a
friend of ours, stunk to the gills, drive
up to the house. There is a large tree
right at the curb, and he drove up
with drunken ego to park the car, only
succeeding in hitting the tree with a
resounding thwack and bouncing back
several feet. Nothing daunted, he
drove forward again, only to hit the
tree once more. This went on for
about ten minutes, damaging the tree
and the front of the car no end, but
not fazing our bigulous friend's insis-
tence in the least. But finally he reached
the end of his tether. Utterly disgusted,
he snapped off the ignition; stepped
out of the car and muttered resignedly
to himself, "'Sno use. I'm lost in a
damn forest."

—Cornell Widow.

Communist Father: "What do you
mean by staying away from school?
What do you mean by playing truant?"

Son: "Class hatred, father."

—Annapolis Log.

"If a canary refuses to use his bird
bath, try sprinkling a little sand in the
bottom of the bath before filling with
water. The bird's refusal is often due
to a slippery 'bottom'."

—Plainfield Courier News.

Why not buy the poor thing a pair
of pants?

—Jester.



Statistics show that locomotives are
not afraid of automobiles.

—Chicago Choo-Choo.

Pastor: "Why don't you come to
services any more, my young man?"

Stude: "Oh, the choir is terrible."

Pastor: "What the hell do you expect
for a dime—a Russian ballet?"

—Burr.

"Wanta neck?"

"No!"

"You could use some backbone."

"Thank you. I'm getting along
splendidly."

"You haven't any wings either."

"Don't get sarcastic."

"Well, dammet, you can't have all
the white meat, I like it myself."

—Nevada Desert Wolf.

There once was a sculptor named
Phidias,

Whose tastes were extremely invidious.

He carved Aphrodite

Without any nightie,

Which shocked the ultra fastidious.

—Exchange.

Pocahontas: "Yeah, girls, and then
he tried to pull a fast one—told me
his name was John Smith."

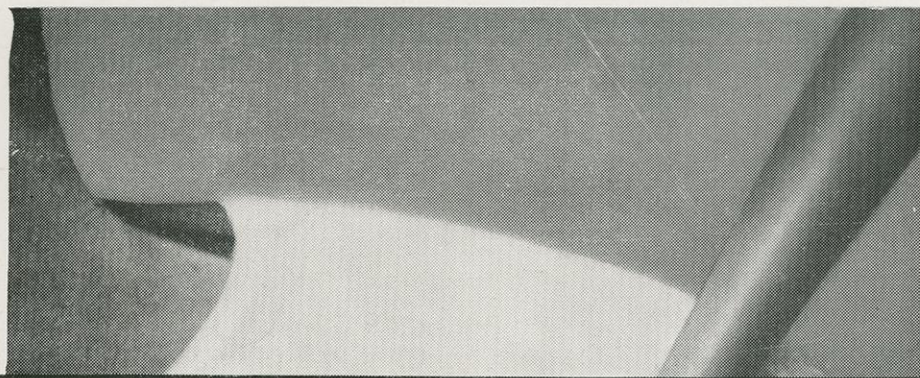
—Alabama Rammer Jammer.

Postman: "Mail's very crowded to-
day."

Stude: "What's the excitement?"

Postman: "The Correspondence
School is having a rally and they're
mailing a bonfire to each student."

—Exchange.



AS A BATTER NEEDS **BOTH** HANDS

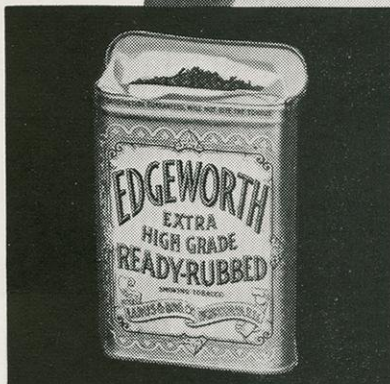
*So a pipe tobacco
needs **BOTH**
mildness and flavor*

IT TAKES the swat of *two* good hands around a bat to set the cheering section on its feet—and it takes *two* good qualities in a pipe tobacco to please you completely.

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