



# LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

## Octopus. [Vol. 13, No. 9] May 20, 1932

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, May 20, 1932

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

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

For information on re-use, see

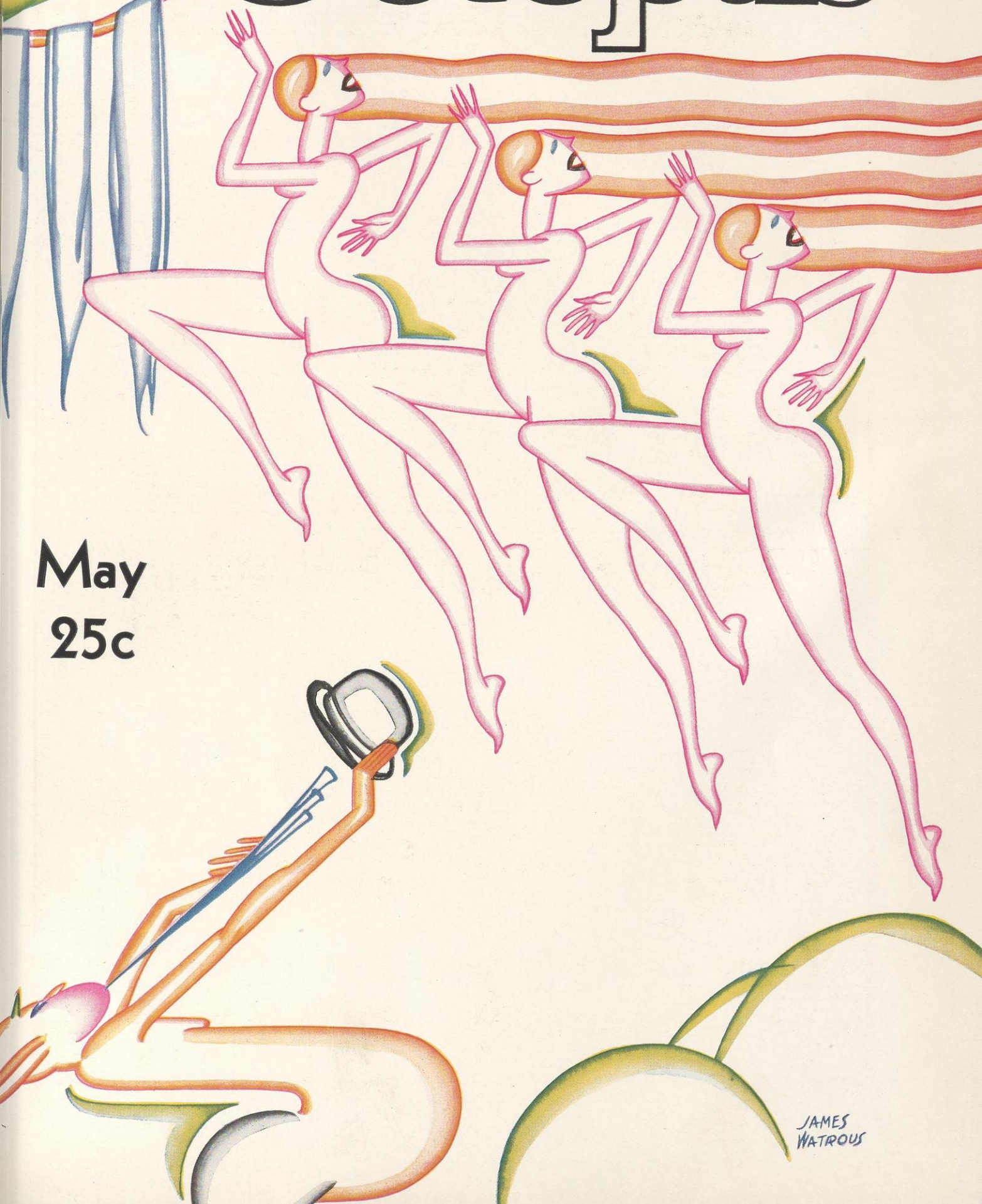
<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

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

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

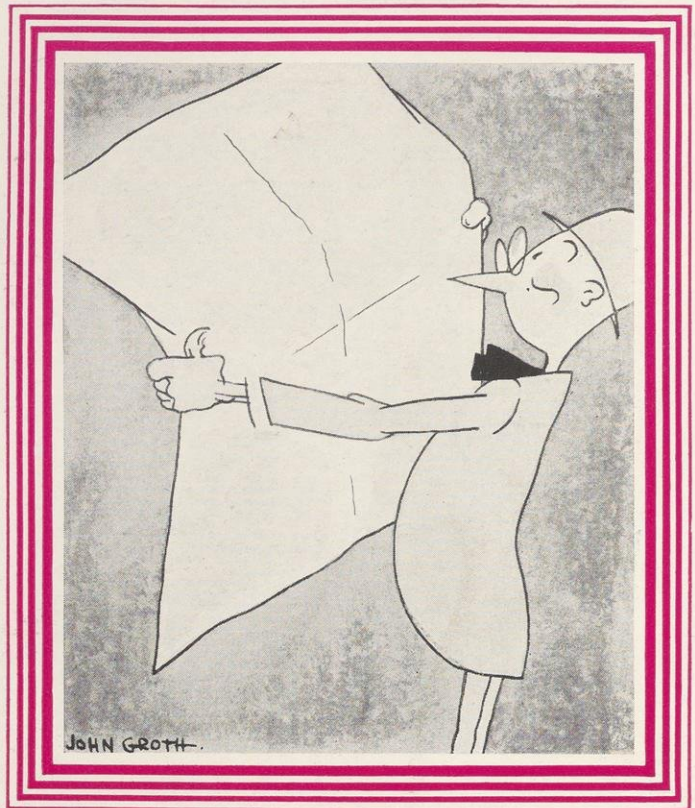
# Octopus

May  
25c



JAMES  
WATROUS





## “That’s Good Printing” He Said

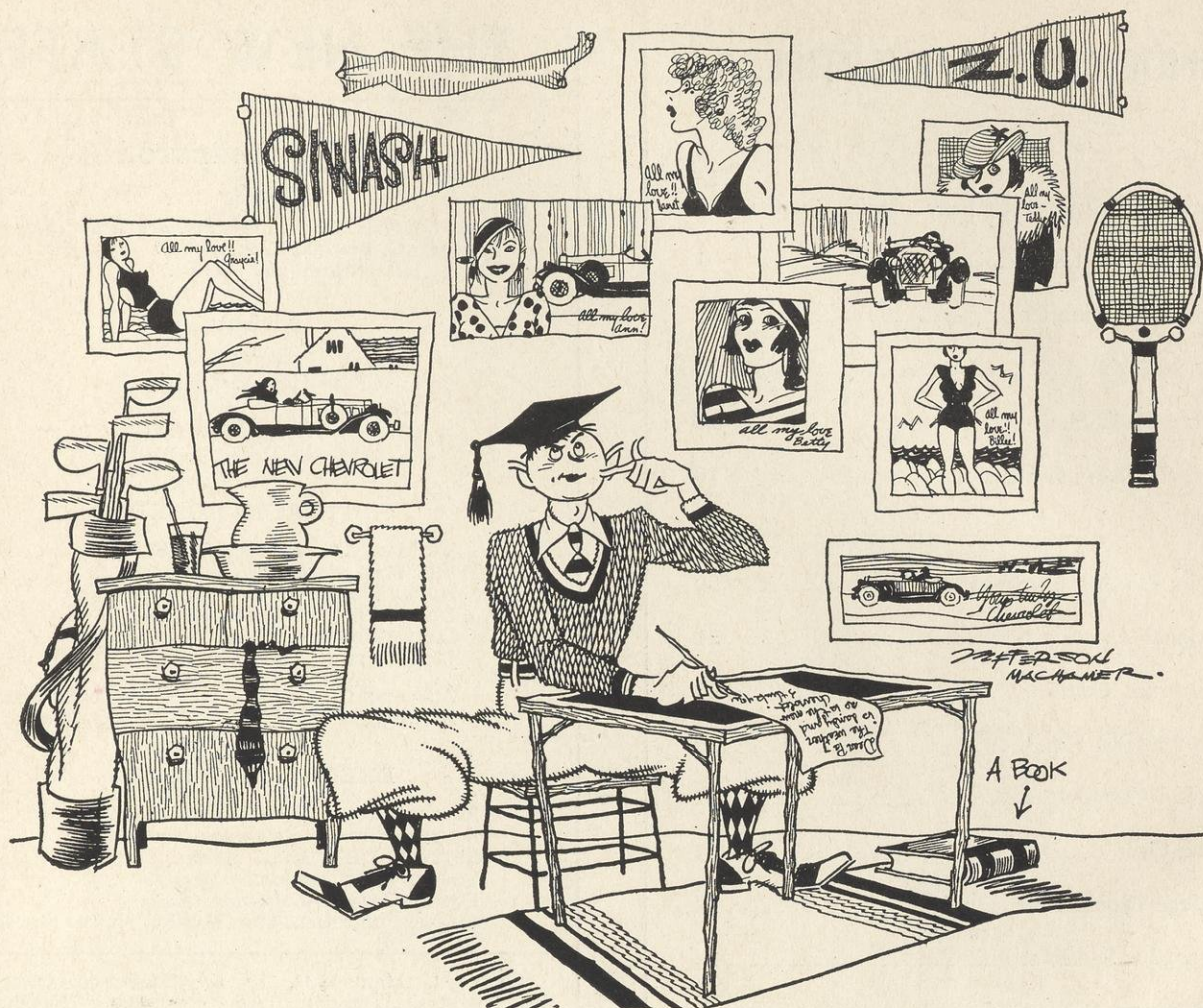
and college graduates today  
will find when they enter  
the world of commerce that  
good printing is always the  
inseparable companion of  
achievement.

### Democrat Printing Company

114 South Carroll Street

Madison, Wisconsin





## Seniors—Pass Out in Style!

**T**HOUSANDS of seniors (well, several anyway) have asked us how to be sure of getting a Chevrolet Six for graduation. Suggestions spring from our typewriter like moths from summer flannels.

Work the word Chevrolet into all your letters home—and write often. Intimate that too much walking is giving you a permanent Charley horse. Have the car sent to your home on approval, disguised as a set of the Harvard Classics. Or even—and this idea is practically infallible—ask for one point-blank.

It really isn't much to ask for, you know, from a purely mercenary standpoint. Chevrolet prices are among the lowest at which any car sells. And *upkeep*—well,

we're certainly glad you asked about *that*, for Chevrolet's upkeep economy is *positively unexcelled!* But, for all that, the new Chevrolet Six is just about the smartest thing on wheels, and possesses all the speed and power you've wanted for, lo, these many years. What's more, the combination of Syncro-Mesh gear-shifting and Free Wheeling makes for thrilling new driving ease.

Right now, when you are actually about to fulfill the hopes of your fond parents, is a splendid time to broach this subject. If you doubt your oratorical powers, pour out your heart in a letter. After all, you might as well get *some* good from all those rhetoric courses.

*Priced as low as \$445, f. o. b. Flint, Michigan. Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan, Division of General Motors*

## NEW CHEVROLET SIX

*The Great American Value*



## INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

	Page
Democrat Printing Company--Inside Front Cover	
New Chevrolet Six -----	1
Whitman's Sampler -----	13
Manchester's -----	17
Brown Book Shop -----	18
Kennedy Dairy Company -----	18
Tiffany's -----	19
Straus Printing Company -----	20
National Aviation Service -----	21
Pantorium Company -----	22
The Photoart House -----	22
Capital City Rent-A-Car -----	22
Walk-Over -----	23
College Typing Company -----	24
Bernard & Son Boat Line -----	24
Life Savers -----	25
Rentschler Floral Co. -----	25
Lettercraft -----	25
Grimm Book Bindery -----	26
Malone Grocery -----	26
Mouse Around Gift Shop -----	26
Varsity Hair Shop -----	26
Netherwood's -----	27
Hoak & Dunn -----	27
Badger Rent-A-Car -----	27
College Humor -----	28
Conklin & Sons Co. -----	28
Packard -----	Inside Back Cover
Chesterfield -----	Outside Back Cover

## THE NEW STAFF

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS

#### Faculty

DEAN SCOTT H. GOODNIGHT, *President and Censor*  
 WILLARD G. BLEYER, *Vice-president*  
 RAY L. HILSENHOFF, *Sec'y-Treas.*

#### Student

##### Editor

FRED PEDERSON, 1933

##### Business Manager

RAYMOND T. GUTZ, 1933

### EDITORIAL BOARD

W. MAC STEWART, *Associate Editor*  
 BILL HARLEY, *Art Editor*  
 HENRY KUPFFERSCHMID, *Exchange Editor*  
 LESTER LINDOW, *Publicity Manager*  
 DAVE GEORGE, *Editorial Associate*  
 JACK WITTRUP, *Art Associate*

ADELAIDE GILLAN,                      ARNOLD SUNGAARD,  
 ARNOLD SERWER,                      CARL GRUBERT.

### EXECUTIVE BOARD

ROBERT BRUINS, *Local Advertising Manager*  
 AUSTIN SMITH, *Ass't Advertising Manager*  
 BETTY COEN, *National Advertising Manager*  
 ROBERT DAVIS, *Circulation Manager*  
 EDWARD MAYER, *Collection Manager*  
 CHARLES METZNER, JACK HARING, HELEN MORSE

Copyright, May, 1932, by the Wisconsin Octopus, Inc. Exclusive reprint rights granted to ~~College Humor~~ Contents must not be reprinted without permission. Member Midwest College Comics Association. Entered as second class matter at the postoffice, Madison, Wisconsin. Subscription, \$1.75 a year.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Jim Watrous

Philip Holliday

Holley J. Smith

Jack Wongun

Oliver Dennis

Frank Unger

Jack Williams

Lee O'Brien

Carroll Finch



## MAY

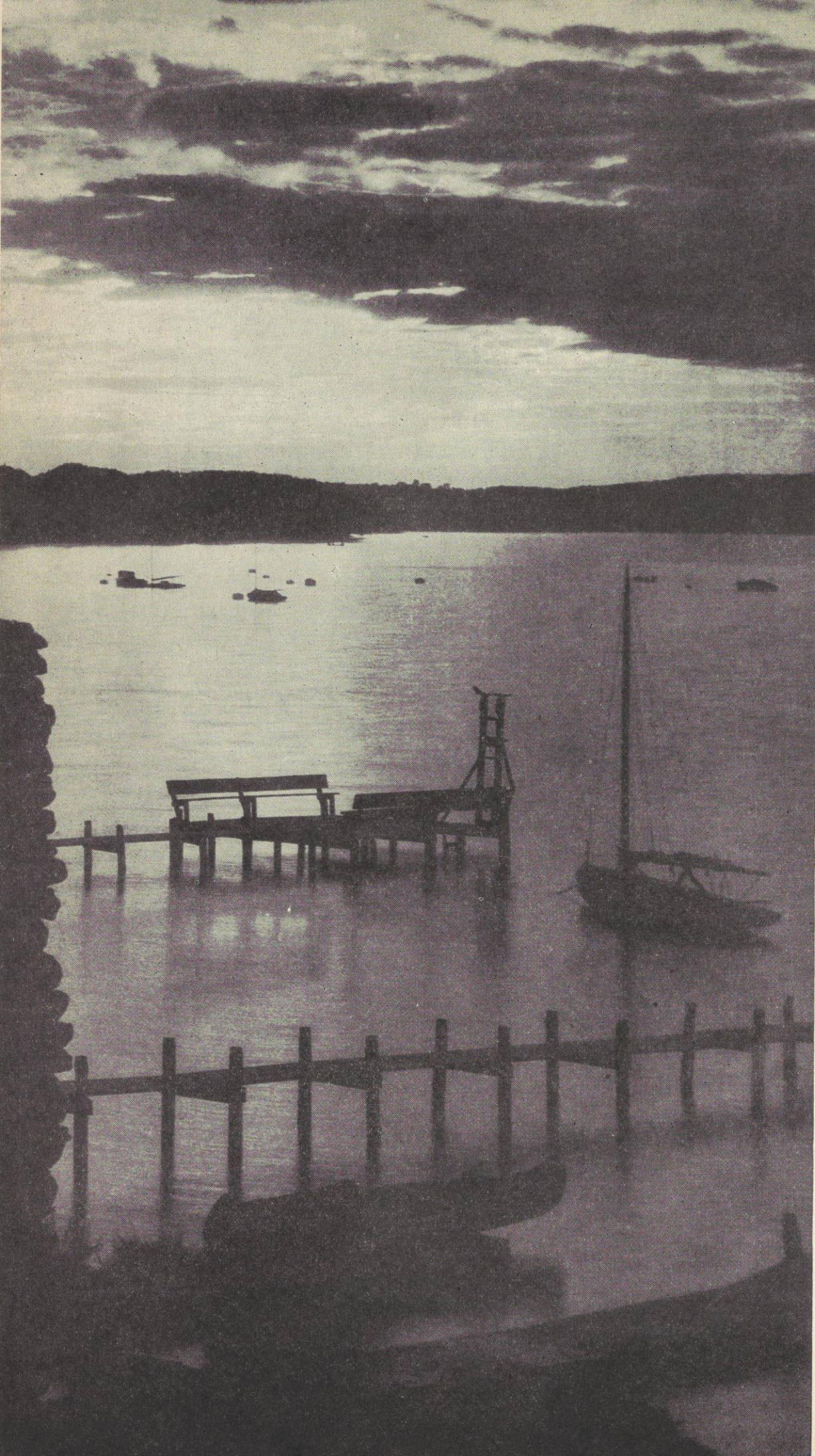
*May, the month of love, and tulips,  
Laughter, melody, canoes,  
Ukeleles, and mint juleps,  
Lips, and moonlit rendezvous.*

*Time of greener grass, and dancing,  
Rippling water, scented dew,  
Birds, gay colors, and romancing—  
May, the month when I left you.*

—Oliver Dennis







MAY

*The  
Tempo  
of  
Wisconsin*



It's May when nosegays and noses  
are in bloom.

"I've got my big league boots on."  
"Big league?"  
"Yeah. Nunn-Bush."

*Note on Gardening*  
Pansies are the smartest,  
Queerest, sly plants;  
Mine, alas, have all  
Grown into pie-plants.

*MEDIC'S LAMENT*  
From trolley to trolley,  
From car to car,  
Who stole the tonsils  
From the pickle jar?  
—Hank

The man was stumped. He didn't  
know what to bid, but looking straight  
at his partner, he asked, "Do you  
write well?"  
And his partner replied, "Yes, I  
have a very good hand."

"Mr. Snitzel has just taken a turn  
for the hearse," announced the bank  
president as the seventh vice-presi-  
dent leaped from a twenty-third story  
window.

"Mandy, am dis a formal or an in-  
formal pahty?"  
"What fo' you want to know, Ras-  
tus?"  
"Ah wants to know should Ah take  
mah bone handled or mah pearl han-  
dled razor."



Some of the boys who used to tear  
up the street in a roadster are now do-  
ing it with a pick and shovel.

By 1950, says the oracle, morals  
will return to their pre-war level. In-  
cidentally, it is predicted that by the  
middle of the decade, ice men will be  
replaced by electric refrigerators,  
plumbing leaks will be mended auto-  
matically, and vitamin pills will be  
consumed in place of food.

Customer: Are you sure that this  
cleanser will remove all the dirt?  
Salesman: It certainly will. Why  
lady, I applied this solution to a copy  
of "Ballyhoo" and in five minutes it  
changed into the "Christian Science  
Monitor".

*Goodness, How Times Change*  
*The girls who like to do the rumba,*  
*Once thought the Maypole quite a*  
*numba.*

Then there is the couple that  
quarreled so much that they corres-  
ponded on scrap paper.

"Why don't you go to England to  
reduce?"  
"Why England?"  
"I read that a man lost fifty pounds  
at a dance there."

The evolution of man will be com-  
plete when folks will be able to  
scrub their own backs.

A stout lady walked up to the box  
office window, and said, "Can I have  
another seat?"  
The ticket seller looked at her  
closely and replied, "I'm warning you,  
lady, you'll look hump-backed."

"Well," said one Old Testament  
character to another as they clinked  
wine glasses, "here's mote in your  
eye".





THE DELTA GAMMAS



## HEY! HEY! THE D. G.'S!

Can it be that Zoe Grace suffers from attacks of amnesia? Not long ago she had a date for a formal, but went riding the afternoon previous with another fellow. And as far as the former knows, she is still riding.

•

The D G girls are still telling about an incident which happened many years ago, when a certain fraternity man left his calling card on the front porch. They seem to forget, however, what was left with it.

•

Who was that announcer on WIBA, who frequently dedicated numbers during spring vacation to the "sweetest little girl in the world, who is spending her vacation in St. Louis"?

•

One D G in particular was enthusiastically paged the night of the Haresfoot serenade. Such popularity, Virginia!

•

Are lock-out rules going to be waived this spring as they were last year? If you will remember, it was just about a year ago that the Rambler counted nineteen girls returning after twelve-thirty. He might have missed a few, too, he said, since he ceased activities as soon as it was daylight.

•

We understand one of the girls regularly brings a certain Psi U a quart of wine or applejack when she returns from a visit home.

•

"Do you know the virgin song?"

"Do you mean 'Sweet Mystery of Life'?"

•

"I see you have a new baby at your house."

"No, Ghandi is visiting us."

### Anatomical Contemplation

Honestly, I have the spasms  
When I think of protoplasms.

And how my mouth froths and foams  
When I think of chromosomes.

I grow weak in all my muscles  
When I think of my corpuscles.

The only thing that keeps me sane  
Is the cortex in my brain.

—Arnold Sungaard

•

After being married so many times,  
can it be said of Peggy Hopkins Joyce  
that she packs them in and vows  
them?

•

People who tell stories about the  
fish that got away are probably the  
same ones that like to lie in bed.

•

"What do those two guys hanging  
around that girl remind you of?"

"One suit with two pair of pants."

### Coxswain Blues

The husky voiced fellow in the stern bellowed out orders to the fast tiring crew. And the crew fought valiantly with the waters and slowly raised their stroke to a steady beat. But they were still ragged. Number three was splashing on the gunwales, and number six was almost ready to drop from exhaustion. They had no guts. They were a bunch of dainties out of place on the water. The husky voiced individual begged them to pull harder. He pleaded with them. He exhorted them, but to no avail.

Finally he ordered them back to the piers. What would the men on shore say when they saw them? He would be chided for coxing such a feeble muscled crew. And as he climbed out of the craft he was heard to mutter in disgust, "Lord, that's the last time I take the Girl Scouts out in a war canoe."

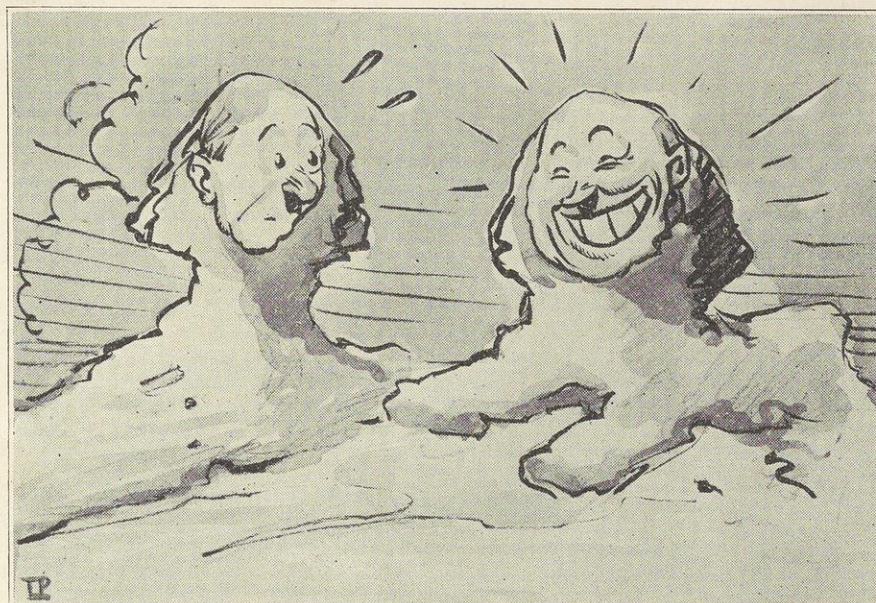
•

*On a co-ed campus,  
The women vamp us.*

•

"Rastus, why do you call your girl  
"B" battery?"

"Thass 'cause she's always run  
down."

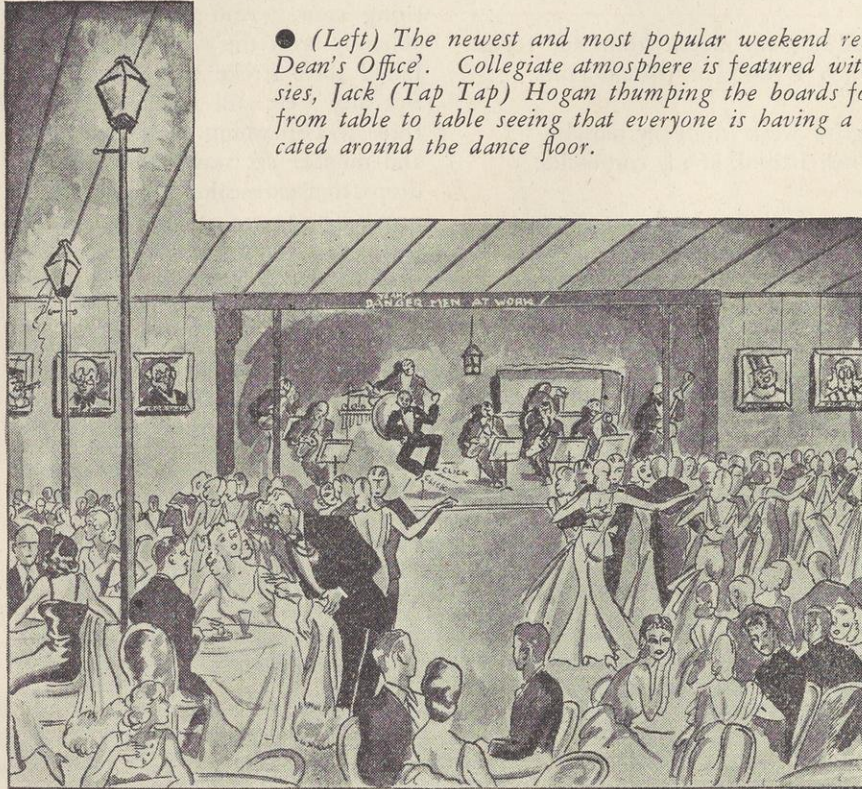


"How do you do it, pal?"

"Oh, I brush my teeth twice a decade and see my dentist twice a century."

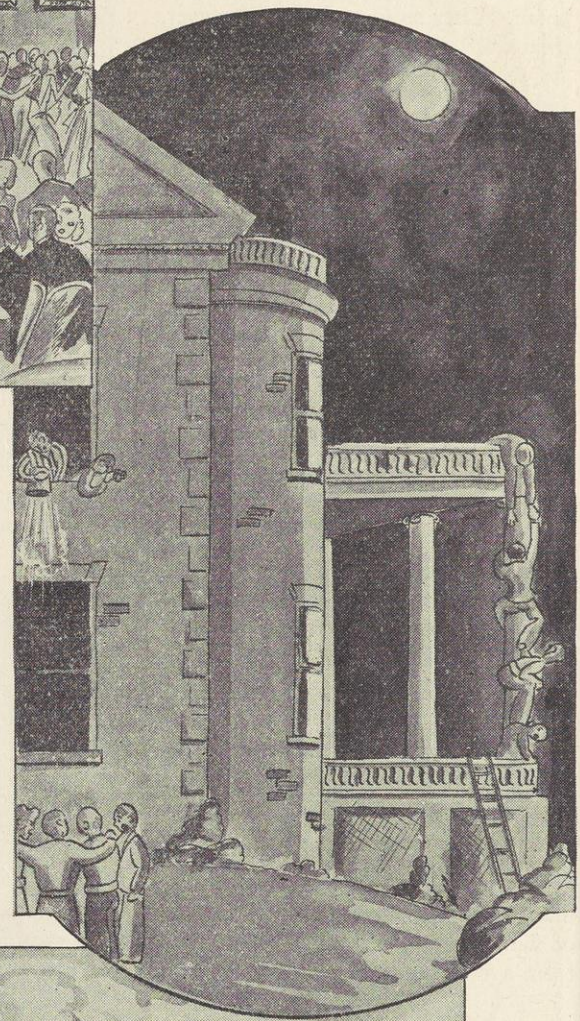


# GRAPHIC

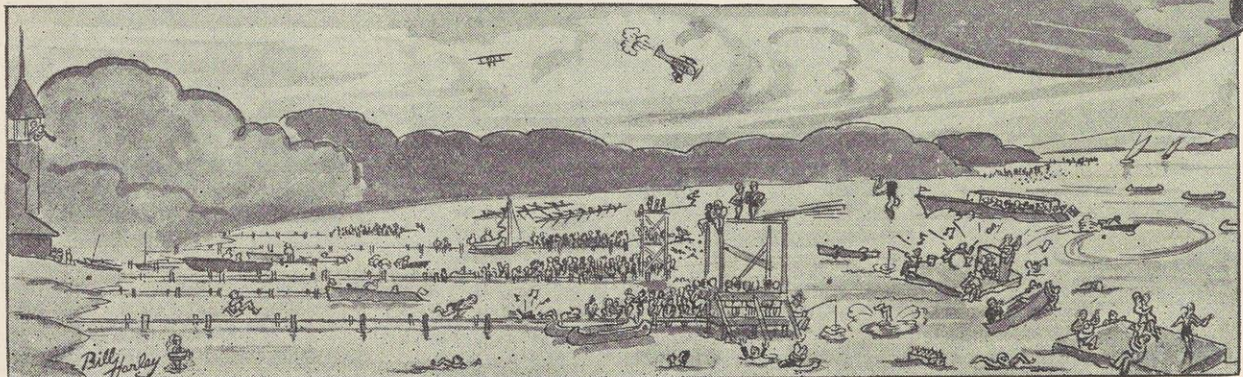


● (Left) The newest and most popular weekend rendezvous for Wisconsin students . . . 'The Dean's Office'. Collegiate atmosphere is featured with campus musicians, Haresfoot lads and lassies, Jack (Tap Tap) Hogan thumping the boards for the boys and girls, and Lee O'Brien touring from table to table seeing that everyone is having a good time. Lamp posts are conveniently located around the dance floor.

● (Right) The recently instituted practice of locking the Deke house at early hours is causing some of the more errant members no end of inconvenience. Here we have some of Charley Huey's Haresfoot pals trying to sneak him in after returning just a wee bit late from a serenade.

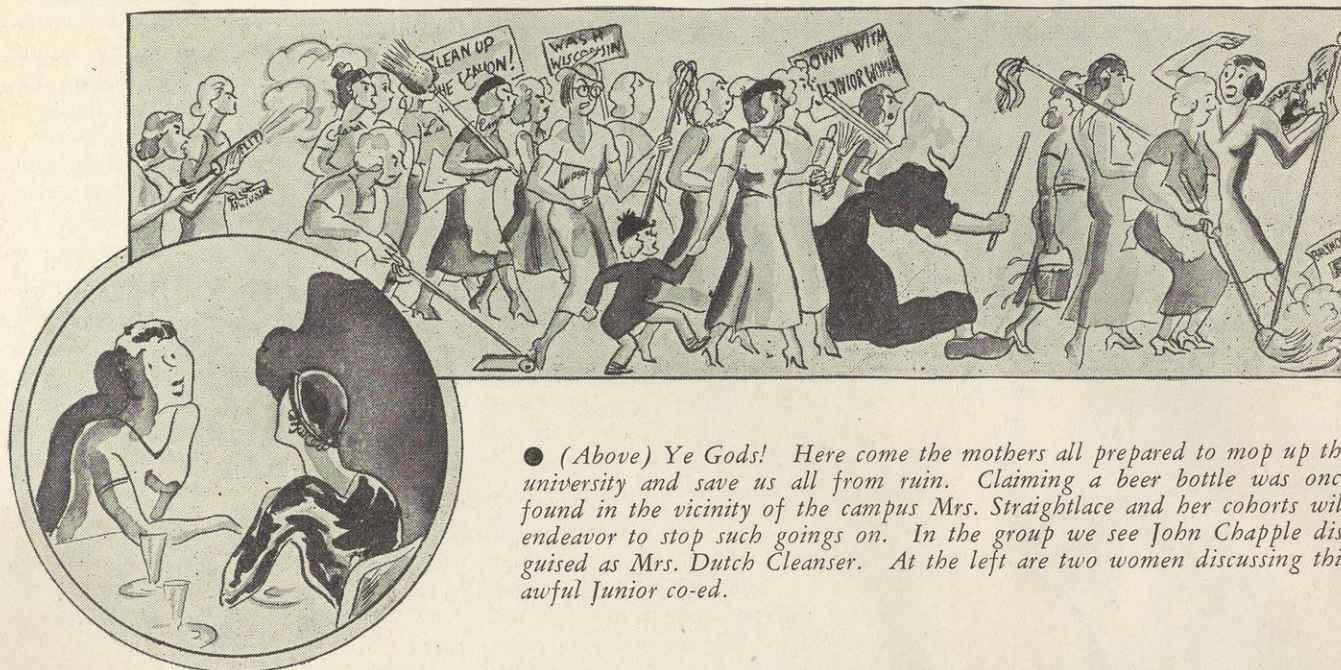


● (Below) There is nothing like the solitude and serenity of Lake Mendota for enjoying a quiet and restful May afternoon at Wisconsin. One can spend a fine afternoon of study on a pier if he does not mind fishpoles, airplane motors, sun back bathing suits, canoes, launches, and ukeleles.





# SECTION



● (Above) Ye Gods! Here come the mothers all prepared to mop up the university and save us all from ruin. Claiming a beer bottle was once found in the vicinity of the campus Mrs. Straightlace and her cohorts will endeavor to stop such goings on. In the group we see John Chapple disguised as Mrs. Dutch Cleanser. At the left are two women discussing this awful Junior co-ed.

● (Below) May Day brings the University Crack Chinning Squad out for a little demonstration. "Either dey release dis mug Mooney, or we boycott California oranges, movie queens, and grape wine", ventures Comrade Finklebaum. Looks like economic chaos for the sunshine state!



● (Above) "Look, fellas, that long, curly one is back on my chest again!" The once Haresfoot show gals are now racing to see who can grow back that manly hair the fastest. Billy Jones and Holley Smith are way in the lead due, perhaps, to proper dieting; while Jack Williams is far behind.



*Getting Double Duty From Your Wardrobe*

Mesh stockings: Use to strain ice cubes from liquor.

Swim suits: Make fine handkerchiefs in cold weather.

Handkerchiefs: Make fine swim suits in hot weather.

Neckties: Serve excellently as suspenders and set off the individual as somewhat of a moron.

Hats: Unsurpassed for filling with cold water and dashing on sleeping room-mate. Also useful in burlesque shows.

Collar buttons: Can be used as ammunition for sling-shots or as the object of the game, "Button, button, where the heck is my collar button."

•

Sunday school teacher: And, children, Moses was born among the rushes.

Kid: Oh Yeah? Next you're gonna tell us they had fraternities in Egypt.



"Now let's see, was I going to bed or to the beach?"

**The Junior Woman » »**

*Editor, Daily Scardinal:*

Down with morals! We want free love and pretzels. And a good five-cent Bromo Seltzer. I'm getting darned tired of looking under my bed every night and being disappointed. So is the man across the alley with the field glasses.

*Sadie Fannyswagger, a junior woman*

*Editor, Scapital Times:*

I was horrified to learn of such licentious goings-on at the university, and all under the apparent approval of Pres. Shank. When I was a student, the height of scandal was the time the bloomers of the glee club's soloist drooped to public view during a Sunday afternoon musicale. I've regusted.

*Mother of Thirteen*

*Editor, Daily Scardinal:*

Can you slip me Sadie Fannyswagger's phone number? I've been living with an old fool for 15 years and darned if I don't intend to emulate them college boys for once.

*Father of Thirteen*

•

*May Morning Tonsorial*

I fear I never shall forego  
The pleasure got from shaving;  
I feel Delilah's power then  
And hear mad Samson's raving.

I part my hair in furrowed lane  
Just athwart the middle,  
And find that fuzzled, hirsute maze  
A fascinating riddle.

And then I brush my blues away  
And hope I'm not in "pink";  
I brush my morning mouth away  
And send it down the sink.

I gargle well, and hope to kill  
The micro-germs infesting,  
And give, I find, in swishing round,  
My vocal chords a testing.

Now talcumed fresh as morning dew  
My one regret, alas,  
I want to sing, but I've been told  
I sing like Balaam's ass.

—Arnold Sungaard

•

If business gets much worse, the only thing left for merchants to fire will be the store.



# OLD PROFS FOR NEW » » »

By ARNOLD SERWER

Every Spring at about this time my desk up here in the Knickknack Nook department gets all cluttered up with all sorts of pamphlets that are just simply stuffed with the cleverest ideas for renovating things! And so Knickknack Nookers, and other readers of The Homemaker's Helper who occasionally glance into our little Nook, I make it a practice for this number, every year, to select the best pamphlet and pass the bad news on to you. That's what you get for falling for that slick young fellow's line about working his way through the State

Institute for The Blind. (picking pockets.)

This Spring I have been extremely fortunate in receiving the most novel sort of pamphlet. It's title is—"Solving The University President's Great Problem—How To Make Old Professors Look Like New," Including An Appendix Concerning Their Feeding And Care, (2 shillings net, 6 pence less with the Appendix cut out; please return money or pamphlet within 30 days; We Mean Business! — these aren't Christmas seals!)

I can't understand how this pamphlet came to be sent to me. I am sure that if I looked anything like a university president my best friend would have tipped me off so I could mend my ways and no longer be a wallflower, wondering if it was my face that had slipped or what. But in some manner it got to me and before I sent it back with the usual breadcrumbs lost in the binding, and the jam smear that Cousin Gustaf got on the frontispiece while trying to erase the trace of egg that Uncle Gussie left there several minutes earlier to cover up the prune whip dropped on it by Junior, I will—What the heck was it I was going to do at the beginning of that sentence? Anyway, those English fellows who sent the pamphlet will be glad to learn when they get it back that some of us Americans are still keeping a good table.

The little treatise begins with a number of interesting testimonials by university presidents, concerning various old professors on their staffs who were rejuvenated by the methods of the author, Dr. Gregory Ichbodenno-goodmethinks, known familiarly to his friends as Ike. Well, to save space, he's going to be a friend of mine.

Fig. 1 is Professor Fusty Winslip, 69, world authority on Problems in Old Razorblade Disposal. Observe the drooping beard, the morose ears, the low cut neck, and the tightly laced bodice. When Ike took his case the doctors gave him only 38 years more to live, exclusive of quarter hours for



Figure 1

radio addresses and three classroom lectures weekly. If the denouement seems to have disappeared from that joke, please don't blame me. The way the charwomen mix things up around here in sweeping up is a caution. Always throwing out packages of commas and bundles of periods before they're even half worn out, and then saying that they thought they looked old enough to be thrown away. Time and time again I tell 'em that in magazine and newspaper offices nothing is ever thrown away but old hack writers like myself. But you can't tell THEM anything!

Fig. 2 shows the Professor six weeks after taking Ike's treatment. Observe how bright and shiny he

(Continued on page 20)



Figure 2



## Dick Ferriwell '03 » » »

### *The Inside Dope on a Badger Big Shot*

By HANK KUPFERSCHMID

We of the old school remember, with a vigorous sigh, the young immortal of the Wisconsin campus, the hero whom men call Dick Ferriwell, '03. There was a man!! A straightforward, cleancut, moral, young fellow who sparkled in all phases of college life. One needs only to look in the Badger of 1902 to see how varied his activities were: football, baseball, basketball, track, crew, cross-country, Phi Beta Kappa, Hysteria, prom king in '02, Phi Kappa Phi, Iron Cross, White Spades, Full House, Royal Flush, Two Pair, Mendota Sewing Circle, and legislative scholarship 1, 2, 3, 4. As a matter of fact, there wasn't room enough for all his activities; some of them had to be continued in the Satire section.

Good old Dick brought glory to his school—Dear Old Wisconsin!!! He was the man who scored 23 touchdowns against Minnesota single-handed in '02 . . . although his team-mates had been all drugged the night before by villainous Minnesota students, the vipers! It was Ferriwell who exposed the treacherous bathtub ring of Lathrop hall—bringing the female traitors to justice before Judge Schein's court—and did they ever get a bawling out from Hizzoner!

And who was the man who won the crew race with Milwaukee-Downer? Ferriwell, and single-handed again! When three of the rowers dropped exhausted from over-exertion, Ferriwell lay on his back in the middle of the boat and rowed the Wisconsin shell to victory with his hands and feet! He could run from Middleton to Westport in 8:25:32, and for setting-up exercises in the morning he would lift the Kappa house on his shoulders and carefully set it back in place without disturbing the occupants. He was the mainstay of the baseball team for four years—he was the only man in the country who could pitch the quadruple shoot—a ball which was made to perform so many twists and turns before it reached the plate, that the opposing batter would drowse off to sleep—and then the ball would shoot over the pan for a strike!! Only one hit was made off of him in four years, and that was due to an error on the part of the umpire.

As for basketball, his like was never seen. He was a triple threat man, being able to dribble with his ears, nose, and throat. His black, magnetic eyes had such force that he once hypnotized the Purdue man who was guarding him—and then graciously socked him on the jaw, kicked him in the teeth, and blacked both his eyes attempting to wake him up.

Ferriwell was not only an athlete, but a reformer—such a combination of fine qualities was never seen in one person.

He, together with Father Hengell, cleared the Wisconsin campus of social parasites, and exterminated the vicedens of the Latin Quarter. It is too bad that a gentleman

(Continued on page 21)

Last summer, two Wisconsin men who were spending their vacation in Chicago decided to attend a performance one afternoon at the well-known Woods Theatre. Here they were entertained by two female blues singers, who were, to say the least, very fascinating. However, after the performance it was still early, and they decided to see another show. Their admiring instincts having been aroused by the blues singers, they proceeded to a burlesque show not far away. Here they were again quite taken by the antics of three girls in very abbreviated costumes.

After the show, they emerged from the theatre to encounter a little boy on the street corner who was selling fairy tale books.

Said one of the men, "That reminds me; what did you think of the Three Bears?"

The other replied, "Not bad, but what about those Babes In The Woods?"

"A date with a bank clerk? Not on your life," says Slinky Sue, "he might turn out to be a teller."

### NAUTICAL BUT NICE

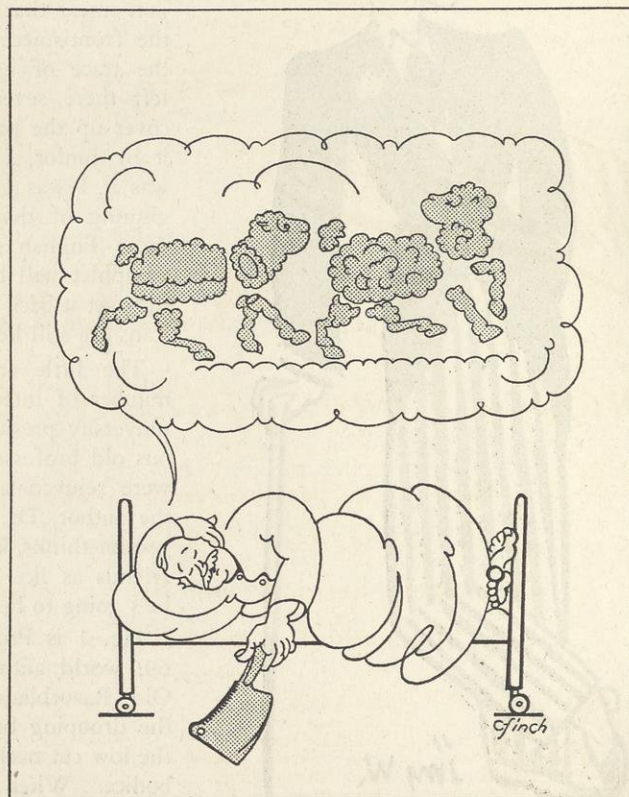
There was a young lady named Banker,  
Who slept while the ship was at anchor,

She woke in dismay,

When she heard the mate say,

"Now hoist up the top-sheet and spanker!"

—Dave George



The Butcher Counts His Sheep.





# Whitman's SAMPLER

*America's most famous box of candy*

Here is the best-known, best-liked box of candy in all the world. Give Whitman's Sampler—the gift dependable, desirable and always welcome. In 17-oz., two, three and five pound sizes at \$1.50 a pound.

*Send a Sampler  
and win a smile*

## Whitman's Famous Candies Are Sold By

AMPUS SODA GRILL . . . . . 714 State Street.  
ARDINAL PHARMACY . . . . . 266 State Street.  
IE CHOCOLATE SHOP . . . . . 528 State Street.  
OLLINS PHARMACY . . . . . 1941 University Avenue.  
OLLYER'S PHARMACY . . . . . 1839 Monroe Street.  
ETTLOFF'S PHARMACY . . . . . King, Main and Pinckney.  
ETTLOFF'S PHARMACY . . . . . 831 University Avenue.  
ERHARDT PHARMACY . . . . . 1345 Williamson Street.  
RIMM'S PHARMACY . . . . . 1875 Monroe Street.  
GHLAND PARK PHARMACY . . . . . 2602 University Avenue.

A. W. KREHL . . . . . 408 Wilson Avenue.  
LOOK'S PHARMACY . . . . . Regent at Allen.  
MALLATT PHARMACY . . . . . 708 State Street.  
J. L. MCCARTHY . . . . . Atwood Ave. and Division.  
NORRIS COURT PHARMACY . . . . . 920 E. Johnson Street.  
PALACE DRUG STORE . . . . . 114 State Street.  
STADIUM PHARMACY . . . . . 1511 Monroe Street.  
UNIVERSITY PHARMACY . . . . . State and Lake Streets.  
WALTER DRUG COMPANY . . . . . 111 E. Washington Ave.  
WISCONSIN PHARMACY . . . . . 1303 University Ave.

RENNEBOHM DRUG STORES, Inc.  
No. 1—1357 University Ave.  
No. 2—208 State Street.  
No. 3—13 W. Main street.  
No. 4—123 W. Washington Ave.  
No. 6—19 N. Pinckney Street.  
No. 7—201 University Ave.  
No. 8—702 University Ave.



## Alpha Xi Delta House

**A Home-Like Residence Built Especially For College Women**

Newly Built  
On The Lake Shore  
Close To University  
\$85 For 6 Week Session

For Further Information Write To

**Mrs. William MacLaren**

12 Langdon St.

Madison, Wis.

## Chi Omega House

115 Langdon St.

A most desirable residence for women students.

Five blocks from the campus across the street from Lake Mendota—pier & bathing facilities.

Spacious living rooms. Cool and comfortable bedrooms.

**Rates For Room and Board \$75**

## Sigma Alpha

Offers every accom-  
woman. Near the car  
shade from the willow  
rienced cook. Full ro  
with the

## There Are Many

fine places for women to live this summer, but the

### Sigma Chi House

630 N. Lake St.

Closest to the campus and on the lake offers the finest accommodations of them all. Room and board with linens furnished \$90.00. See the

Summer Session Manager

523 N. Carroll St.

B. 4604

## We Offer . . .

Excellent Board  
Cool, Comfortable Rooms  
Maid and Linen Service  
Laundry Facilities  
New Reduced Price

## PHI GAMMA DELTA

16 Langdon St.

F. 136

## YOUR

## SUM

These are the  
summer home  
to summer s  
—Make You

## An Ideal S

On The Lake S

Price \$70 for  
and Room, (I

Inquire: Sun

## Chi Phi



Offer Room and Board To

**MEN**



New Home

Ideal Location

Famous Cooking



200 Langdon



Badger 5974

## Pi Beta Phi

233 Langdon

**FOR WOMEN**

**TOTAL CHARGE—\$75.00**

Includes room, board, blankets, linen,\* and laundry of bed linen.

**ROOMS** equipped with Simmons Beds—inner spring mattresses.

**SLEEPING PORCH**—large and cool.

**LAKE**—for bathing, canoeing, sailing, etc. only one block away.

**RESERVATIONS** with \$10.00 deposit.

On arrival—\$35.00.

Balance—three weeks after residence.

**For further information:**  
**Mrs. George Kemmerer**  
**(Regular Housemother)**

## KAPP A

Beautiful home on t  
\$85.00, includes room re  
maid service) and the  
posit will reserve a r  
Street, Madison, Wisc



discriminating Gentle  
advantage—cool breezes,  
Cuisine by an expe-  
gements may be made

Summer Session Manager  
N. Lake St. F. 2947

HOME

COOL

most popular  
accommodations

asant One—

ce For Men

et—Private Pier

on for Board  
(ice Included)

cia Fraternity

HOUSE

O

for your cars—Price  
ilities (linen, blankets,  
s, etc). A \$15.00 de-  
u Bane, 124 Langdon

## A Luxurious Summer Home On The Lake

### Delta Tau Delta OPEN TO WOMEN

Separate study rooms and bedrooms—  
House handsomely decorated—located  
two blocks from campus—private pier  
facilities.

**Price \$90.00**

Includes Room, Board, Linen, Maid Service

Summer School Manager

16 Mendota Ct.

## Lambda Chi Alpha

Room and Board

**FOR MEN**

Ideally Located

**\$60 For 6 Week Session**

Call B. 7150

521 N. Henry

## Phi Psi . . . .

Offers Summer Accommodations To  
**MEN**

You'll be only four minutes from Bascom  
Hall—a stone's throw from the lake and next  
to the lib. Excellent food, attractive rooms &  
parlors at a 1932 price (towel-linen & maid  
service included) only

**\$68.00**

**PHI KAPPA PSI**

811 State St.

## Sigma Phi Epsilon

Offers to

**WOMEN**

For the 1932 Summer Session at 1932 Prices

One of the newest homes, finely furnished,  
and situated right on the lakeshore.

Including board and room for the six week  
session at

**\$65.00**

Call F. 2230 or write House Manager 146 Langdon St.

For The Eleventh Summer . . . .

## Delta Gamma

Offers discriminating women the finest  
type of accommodations—spacious, new,  
Early-American home—across the street  
from the lake—private pier—maid serv-  
ice and bed linen furnished—room and  
board, \$75 to \$85.

**Mrs. K. P. Dietrich**

103 Langdon St.

B. 661

## Sigma Nu . . . . Fraternity

An Ideal

Home

For Women

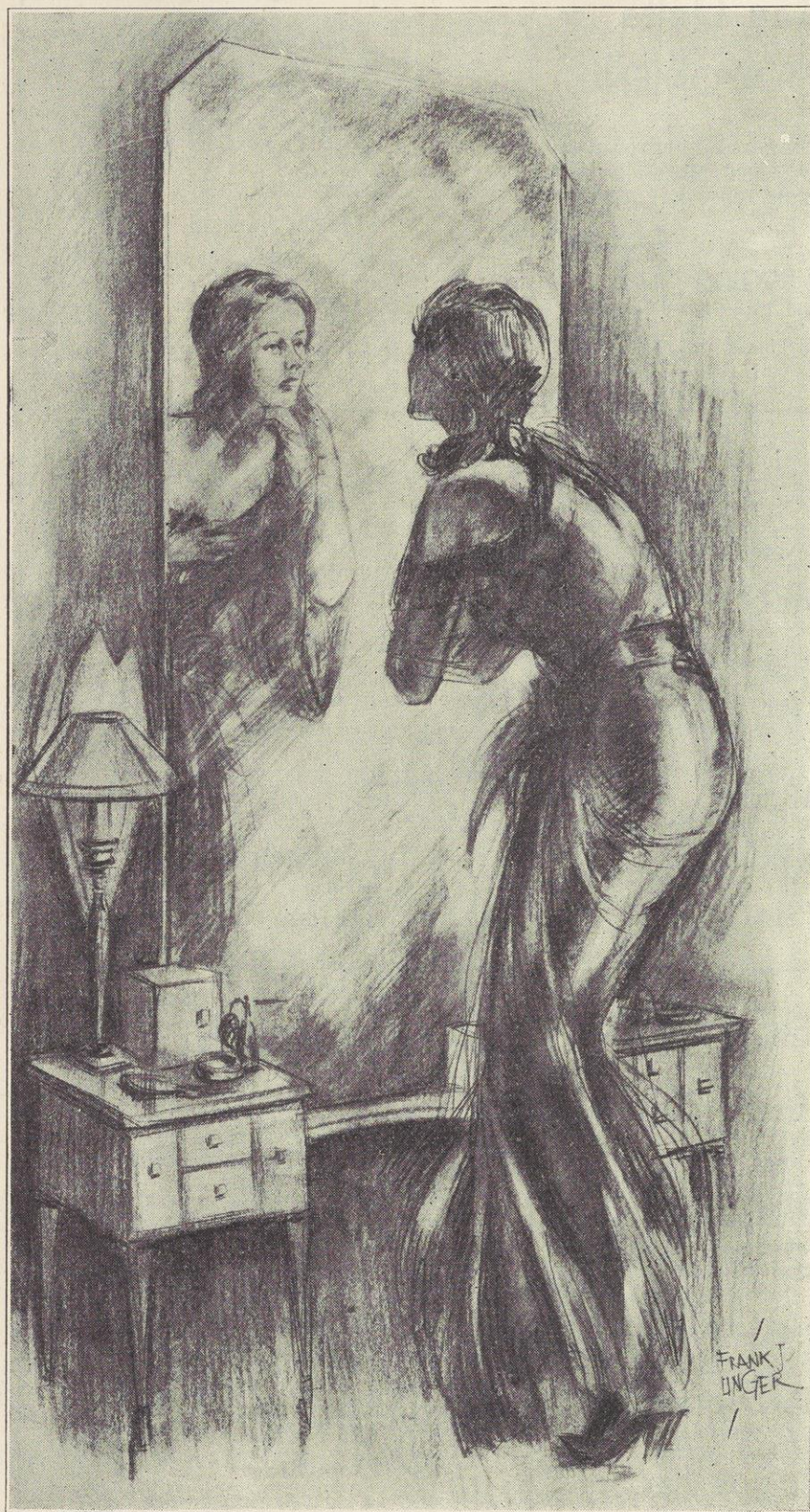
**NORBERT A. McGREANE, Mgr.**

625 No. Henry St.

Phone Badger 7528



# MISTER MACADAM » » »



*Listen, child . . .  
All the famous  
Storied ladies had 'em,  
Gentlemen like  
Your Mr. Macadam,  
Dumb admirers,  
Submissive, mild and meek,  
Who never ask  
And just as rarely seek  
(Or so you thought,  
But you got caught!) . . .*

*Then the moon rose  
Over the potted palms,  
In vain you used  
The icy stare that calms.  
This saintly man,  
Having a comely lass,  
Became a snake  
In all that phoney grass . . .*

*Moral:*

*Oh, you should have known  
That through all the Ages  
The Mr. Macadams  
Have asked their wages  
In the form of being  
Allowed to sack  
The disguising syllable—  
"Mac"!*

—Arnold Serwer



"Say, Bill, I hear there are four co-eds living at your apartment house."

"And how! Our house is well furnished."

If Adam came back to earth today the only thing he'd recognize would be these jokes.

—Purple Parrot

She: Isn't it strange that the length of a man's arm is equal to the circumference of a girl's waist?

He: Let's get a string and see.

—Royal Gaboon

It doesn't take very long before a ring on the table develops into a circle under the eye.

—Voo Doo

Customer: I don't like the ring of this half dollar.  
Clerk: Well, what do you expect for fifty cents, a peal of bells?

—Old Maid

Anna P. Oops fell down in front of the Synagogue late last night, hurting her somewhat and bruising her also.

—Beanpot

Housewife: Oh you salesmen are all alike.  
Salesman: But, madam, your husband need never know.

H.: All right then.

S.: Besides, you'll be paying for his vacuum cleaner out of your budget and he need never know the exact price.

And now that you smut-hounds are properly disappointed, we hope you like it, you meanies.

—Owl



## Our Smart Little Frocks Downstairs Cause Riots!

We're talking about the frocks in the Downstairs Dress Section at MANCHESTER'S . . . the silk crepes, and cottons. They're new and different, and moderately priced!



# CASH

Or A Liberal Trade  
Allowance For All  
Of Your

## USED TEXTS

### BROWN'S BOOK SHOP

CORNER STATE and LAKE STREETS

*Kennedy's*  
VELVET  
ICE CREAM

Fast Frozen

For

Finer Flavor

### Kennedy Dairy Company

Perfectly pasteurized

Milk, Cream, Butter, Buttermilk, Milcolate,  
Cottage Cheese, Selected Guernsey Milk

621-29 W. Wash. Ave.

Phone B. 7100

## Confessions » » »

*An Ex-Editor Tells  
The Inside Dope*

By HOLLEY J. SMITH

It was five years ago that I first started to work my way up the ladder—today I am at the foot again. Fate has done that to me, but I will start anew with the slate wiped clean, and conquer Life once more, or Judge, who cares?

When I first stepped into the Octopus office in the old Union, I was a frightened freshman clutching two sheets of much erased copy paper. I had walked along Langdon whistling to steady my nerves. I was whistling one of Whistler's old classics, "Never Mind the Wood, Willie, Pa'll Come Home With a Load".

Sitting at a battered desk, before a battered typewriter—in those days the Octopus had no money to buy anything new—was Don Abert, the editor, smoking a corncob and spitting occasionally into the sawdust box at his side. He tore the copy from my hand, saying nothing as he rapidly read it. I waited with bated breath—it was baited with garlic that day as I recall. He thrust it into a drawer and remarked, "Not bad—not good". When the book came out I searched through it feverishly, and lo and behold, my copy had been used. I was made! I had never been made before, it was wonderful. I shrieked with joy, tore up the window shades, and burned all my schoolbooks. That was the start of my career.

The way was hard and strewn with unseen rocks, and none of them were 36 carat either. During my first year on the staff we slaved in the old Union—often with snow six inches deep on the floor, snow that had drifted through the cracks in the walls. Our typewriters froze, the ink froze, and our brains froze—mine haven't been the same since.

But with the spring came the thaw—I can hear you say it gentle reader, "I thawed so", but don't get your thawed off shotgun yet.

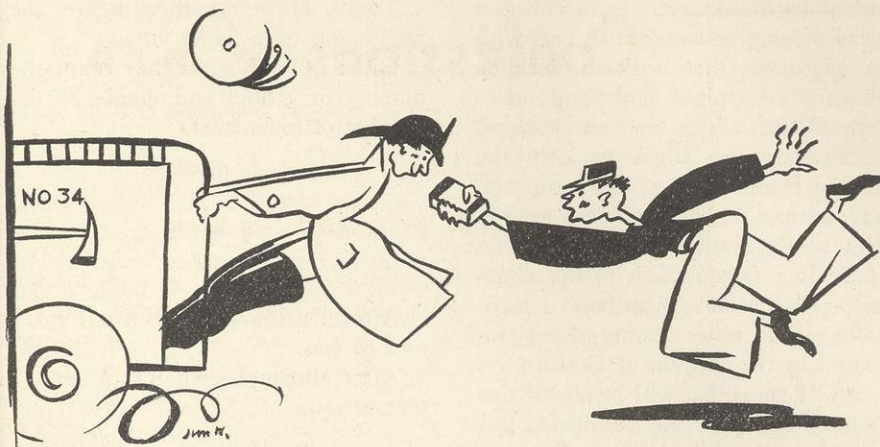
Now let's all sing that old favorite, "I Can't Go Out Tonight 'Cause Annie's Got my Store Teeth at the Gasfitter's Ball", and then we'll roast some chestnuts—you know that's the only thing to do when some one pulls an old chestnut—give it a good roasting and it'll know enough not to do it again.

But wait—in my sophomore year I was promoted to janitor, and we moved into the NEW UNION!! My duties as janitor were easy and gave me a chance to study on the side—for, like Abe Lincoln, I couldn't afford paper and ink, but had to scratch my problems in arithmetic on a side of bacon. John Ash, that master of mirth, was editor and promised me he'd let me in on the graft as soon as he fixed things up. He never fixed them though, so I had to wait for my share of the loot. And then I only got a couple of strings.

When I was a junior Irv Tressler became editor, and I was promoted to undercover man with a salary of fifteen dollars (\$15) per day. My duty was to keep bill col-

*(Continued on page 23)*





"Hey, Bill, ya forgot the marshmallows!"

"That sure was a lousy trip," said the comb as it went through the Communist's hair.

Slogan for local "refreshment parlors"  
WE TANK YOU VERY MUCH.

"Have you a yo-yo?"

"Sure, first door to the right?"

—Banter

"Geraldine, where is your doll?"  
"Aw, Bill has the doll and I'm awarded five lollypops a week alimony."

—Punch Bowl

And then there's the basketball player whose wife got dribblets.

—Froth

Brewster L. Barnacle gave his wife a look of thorough contempt. She had just ruined another of his favorite jokes in the telling, and to make matters worse had credited the thing to him. Why in hell couldn't she let him tell his own jokes in his own way? They were never funny when she got through with them. The guests laughed, Brewster admitted, but only out of politeness and not because of the joke. He had always wowed them with the same joke. Brewster stalked out of the house gnawing a cigar in his anger. Out in the garden he heard voices. "I thought I'd scream," someone was saying, "when she told that old joke of his. But you know the way she fixed it up was REALLY funny. She's a darned clever woman."

"So you asked Betty to marry you?"

"Yes, but I didn't have any luck."

"Oh! Didn't you tell her about your rich uncle Dan?"

"I did. Betty's my aunt now."

—Log

## We Suggest an Economy

### One Hand Bag . . .

with removable slip cover to match every Tiffany costume . . .

### Like the idea?

Cover made of same material as your dress . . . as many covers as you have Tiffany dresses. Just take the cover off and clean it when soiled.

The bag at \$2.00, cover \$1.00. Dress prices begin at \$10.00

**Tiffany's**  
*Dresses Exclusively*

546 State



(Continued from page 11)

looks. Weeks of rubbing with a good grade of chamois and sandpaper did the trick. Ike works on the theory that if you whittle on a professor long enough you'll work down to the nickel on him sooner or later. Once in twenty years he comes across a professor that's gold filled due to having mistaken his wife's wedding ring for a Life Saver in a fit of absent-mindedness. More frequently ones turn up with carmel, nougat, or hard-filled centers. But maybe you don't like the chewy kind.

Looking at Fig. 2, notice how the subject's carriage contrasts with his carriage in Fig. 1. He's certainly in the pink. That's because Ike by psychoanalysis and two whiskey sours persuaded him that he's not in the red. Also notice the proud way in which the head is held, the straight upward line from the back of the neck to the top of the head, along the region known as the lumber curve.

In Fig. 1 Professor Winslip has a parchment-colored complexion, and in general is only fit for the teaching of Sanskrit. In Fig. 2 he looks spry enough to teach sociology with only half his mind, and use the other half to speculate concerning the young lady piquantly chewing gum in the front row. This change of complexion and mind was brought about by using a mixed feed of Purina Chow, and Gunderson's Gravel No. 2, (for teeth hard to whiten.) washed down with a nip of sack or canary, with black wal-

nut shells for dessert. Beat with two yolks of egg, or better still, beat with an eggbeater, then soak in Reckitt's blue for a fortnight, and hang out to dry. When dry, sew on scallops, baste along the edges to keep the stuffing from slipping, and serve with ice cream. A bit of cheese on top goes well. Scalloped Professor a La Mode is a famous dish at the Automat, Thompson's Armchair Lunchroom, and other eating-places favoured by the bon-ton of Gotham.

And I guess that will be all for this month. It's high time we mailed this engaging pamphlet back to Ike. In our next issue we hope to have an article on "How to Make Decorative Blotters Out of Old Pie Crusts."

"I know every girl at this dance."  
"But not one of them has spoken to you."

"Isn't that proof enough?"

—Wataugan

Sig Alph: Who invented work, anyway?

Sig Chi: You should worry; you'll never infringe on his patent.

—Purple Parrot

"What is a waffle?"

"I give up."

"A pancake with cleats."

—Purple Parrot

Tom: How do they figure the population of a Swiss village?

Dick: Oh, I guess they count the number of echoes and divide by the number of mountains.

—Blue Gator

After matrimony: All that I am, I owe to you.

After alimony: All that I have, I owe to you.

—Malteaser

Entomology Prof.: What is a caterpillar?

Fersh: An upholstered worm.

—Orange Owl

Betty Co-ed says—the dimmer the porch light the greater the scandal power.

—Rammer-Jammer

"Is that a Jersey cow over there?"  
"Couldn't tell you. I wasn't able to see its license."

—Punch Bowl

For Attractive Designs in

## Programs, Announcements, Cards

and

Printed Matter of all Kinds, at Moderate Prices

visit

### STRAUS PRINTING COMPANY

214 E. Washington Ave.

Badger 1763



(Continued from page 12)

by the name of Chapple was just a little boy then, for he would have been of invaluable aid to these missionaries.

First the Whiffle machines were done away with. These insidious, dangerous machines were instrumental in hoarding student capital around a place called Pop Smorgan's. Next came the hamburger cafés, and then the Phi Psi bar.

One of the most demoralizing institutions in those days was the weekly bag rush. It was originally a monthly event, but became so popular that it was practiced once a week. It was really a brawl between the men and women of Wisconsin. The men would all gather at the library end of the lower campus, and the women on the other side. At a given signal from the University Club, the males would rush at the females, who seemed to enjoy it in spite of some rough handling. The man who captured the greatest number of women each week was given a free ticket for the Eagles' ball on Doty Street. The man who always won was a Deke named Bill Ballyhoo, who was always plastered with AOPi's when the rush was over. He usually sold the Eagle tickets for whatever he could get, and donated the money proceeds to the Students' Loan Fund.

Well, Ferriwell and Father Hengell did their best to erase the bag rush from Wisconsin, and they did. In its place was installed the Union dateless dances.

When Ferriwell was elected prom king in '02, he made it known that he would tolerate no drinking. The first step was to eliminate the sources of supply. In those days there was no prohibition, and all the local dispensaries were located all along State Street, Park Street, and University Avenue. He was ably helped by the Carrie Nation brigade, and the hatchet business thrived that year. As a result, the saloons were pushed behind the capitol and into the Bascom Theatre, around Lake Monona, Lake Mendota, and into Greenbush. But they were no longer on State Street! Ferriwell had a great deal of trouble with one powerful monster named Smarx—and gave up in the attempt to get rid of him.

At present, Ferriwell is the dean of

men at the University of Chihuahua, in Mexico, where he is busy fighting the Regents and the Inter-fraternity Council. His wife is the girl who was his Prom Queen, Hephebia Huasempfefer, '02, and a member of Tri-Zilch sorority. He has two fine sons, Dick II and Dick III, and a pet Brazilian snifflehound named Marmaduke which he loves like a brother.

Wisconsin is proud of Dick Ferriwell!!!!

Old Maid (phoning from her hotel room): This room has a chink in the wall.

Hotel Clerk: Well, what do you want for two fifty—a couple of gigolos?

—Rammer-Jammer

Sweet Young Thing: Have a cigarette?

Elderly Woman: What? Smoke a cigarette? I'd rather kiss the first man that came along.

S. Y. T.: So would I, but have a cigarette while we're waiting.

—Frvol

"Where are you going?"

"To a lecture."

"But you can't go to a lecture at four in the morning."

"You've never met our house-mother."

—Green Goat

## The Greeks Had A Word For Them! Xzespio (born with wings)

Exhibit A. Mercury :: Exhibit B. Pegasus

In the best families (or any others for the matter) that doesn't happen nowadays. Hence the United States Air Corps offers some attractive inducements to you college students for whom it has built a \$10,000,000 institution at San Antonio, Texas, where they teach you to fly and while you are learning:

Pay you a salary of \$75.00 per month. Pay your living expenses.

Supply you (free, of course) with snappy, tailor-made, sky blue uniforms.

Grant you the social and military privileges of potential officers.

Pay your traveling expenses from your home to the new field at San Antonio. 700 men are taken in each year. The course requires a year to complete and includes over 200 hours of solo flying. Those who stay the full year are commissioned as Lieutenants in the Air Corps Reserve.

If you don't like the training you may resign at any time. For Example:

Should you stay three months and then resign you will receive \$225.00 cash, your round trip expenses from your home to San Antonio, and about 50 hours of solo flying.

The service and associations of the Air Corps gives its members a very real distinction and a very noticeable breadth and poise.

If you have applied and are ready to go, we have compiled information and tips giving you inside angles and dope that will be invaluable when you arrive at the field. If you haven't applied yet then by all means get our information. We tell you the entrance procedure and certain twists that make your getting in easier and quicker. The information written by men who have been thru the school covers all points from beginning to end that you are interesting in knowing. This information cannot be obtained elsewhere; it is complete. Nothing else to buy. The price is \$1.00 or sent C. O. D. if you desire.

### NATIONAL AVIATION SERVICE

742 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif.



## Pantorium Company

**Madison Master  
Cleaners**

**20% Discount on  
Cash and Carry**

2136½ Regent St.  
909 University Ave.  
558 State Street  
Phone Badger 1180

"Isn't Jim good natured though? I always hear him singing the first thing in the morning while he dresses."

"Hell, it isn't because he's good natured; the bath room door won't lock."

—Green Goat

There he was again. He seemed to sense my presence on the beach, and each move I made to elude him ended unsuccessfully.

I felt like a trapped man. I looked about for some means of escape. I walked to the end of a pier with a nonchalant air, slid slowly into the water, and swam underneath out to the float. There in that jostling mass of humanity I would be lost and he would pursue me no longer.

Up on the float I assumed a most undistinguished pose so as not to seem conspicuous, but almost at once I felt that his watchful eyes were glued upon my back. I sat terrified that he would recognize me. Agonizing seconds went by. But just as I was about to give myself up to fate I noticed his eyes stray towards another fat man emerging from the bath house. While his eyes wandered I plunged into the water and pulled quickly for the next pier.

Damn those horseflies! Why must they pick on me?

•

Some Casanova,  
My neighbor's dog Rover.

—Punch Bowl

•

"Hey, what's the idea of wearing my raincoat?"

"Well, you wouldn't want me to get your suit wet would you?"

—Widow

## Thanks!

We take this opportunity to express our appreciation and thank the students, professors and student organizations for their splendid cooperation they have given us in making our studio so successful its first year.

We are glad to be of service to you in any way we are able.

**The PHOTOART  
HOUSE**

WM J MEYER PRESIDENT

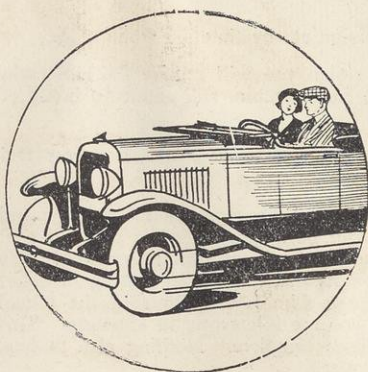
413 State

'33: I dreamt of you last night.

Theta (coldly): Really!

'33: Yes; then I woke up, shut the window, and put an extra blanket on the bed.

—Widow



## Peppy Service!

Our new cars and the absence of red tape in securing one here insure you of a rental service that is second to none.

The attractive and speedy models our rental service places at your command are in accordance with your wishes for a car that is both sporty, speedy and practical.

## CAPITAL CITY RENT-A-CAR

*The campus institution of friendly service*

531 STATE STREET

WE DELIVER

FAIRCHILD 334



(Continued from page 18)

lectors away. I did—in fact nobody ever came around—they were all square gents in them days.

Next Gordy (the Old Man) Swarthout came into office and I was his left hand man. I never knew who his right hand man was—possibly "Legs" Diamond.

When I finally attained the office of editor-in-chief I realized that I had reached my goal—I determined to rule with an iron hand. I did. The money came rolling into my pockets from every source—rake-offs on printing contracts, on engraving contracts, on advertising—I found the magazine a maze of corruption that would put even Chicago to shame—it was rotten to the core, of course. I was amazed at first, then disturbed, then horrified, and finally realized I had to accept things as they were—I could do nothing to stop them. I was caught in the web just as the poor fly is caught by the spider. If I talked they would get me, put me on the spot, take me for a ride out on the Willow drive with five Phi Mu's. It would be another Valentine's Day Massacre. I did not fancy that, for I'm not a fancy guy.

And now I'm through, worn out, discarded—nobody wants me, what am I to do? (adv.) My office has been given to a younger man—I can't get another job, for I have gray hair—the Five Foot Shelf has grown stale—I can't even remember Addison Sims of Seattle—my grammar is terrible, is your's sick too? And I haven't the price of "How to be an Oriental Rug Renovator in Five Lessons".

There's only one way out for me, but I can't bear to leave the children unprovided for; so I shall have to become a bootlegger, I guess. And that's a yet job at best, though I may locate in Brassball Corners. Good-bye dear readers, God bless you all and make you happy every one.

Hospital Nurse to Impatient Magician: Congratulations, it's a fine bowl of goldfish!

—Lampoon

Guest: Waiter, there's a fly in my ice cream.

Waiter: Let him freeze, and teach him a lesson.

—Purple Parrot

Some folks smile in the night time.

Some folks smile in the dawn.

But the man worth while is the man who can smile  
When his two front teeth are gone.

—Columns

"Who is that funny looking guy over there?"

"Why, that's Zeke."

"Sorry, never heard of the fraternity."

With the importing of Doc Spears and the cooperation of alumni, merchants, faculty, and students, the Badger football team will ride to town this fall with a dependable coach and four.

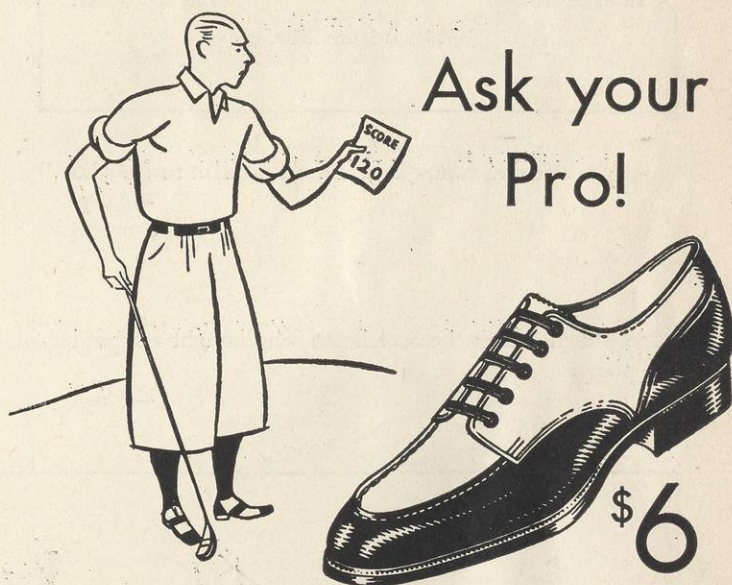
"May I have this dance?"

"Yes, but take it easy. I've got a stomach ache."

"The fraternity feud at our school is something terrible."

"Yes, I know, I used to eat there myself."

"It isn't the drinking," says Joe Playboy, "it's the moaning after!"



Last year at the National Open, a big percentage of the players wore the moccasin-type golf shoe. And your pro will tell you how much your game depends upon comfortable, correct support... why this black-and-white deerskin, soft-toed FAIRWAY is outstanding—especially at the price. With pro golf studs . . . . \$6

# WALK·OVER



Eight  
East  
Mifflin

Next To Manchester's

Eight  
East  
Mifflin



## Seniors . . .

**How about that thesis?**

**Have it typed by  
experienced thesis  
workers**

—  
All Work Guaranteed  
—

**COLLEGE TYPING CO.**

Badger 3747

720 State St.

½ block from library

"Say something funny 'lady and we'll sell it to Ballyhoo."

—Dirge

And then there's the Scotchman who bought a reproducing piano.

—Dirge

The unknown roomer next to me  
Whose late hours lack propriety  
Invariably disturbs my sleep  
By trodding on a board that squeeks  
So that the numbered hundreds mount  
Of jumping sheep that I must count.

And so I raise a prayer to God  
That when that roomer's 'neath the sod  
They'll bury him inside a coffin  
Whose planks refuse to creak so often,  
Since such a noise from that guy's tomb  
Would wake the dead before their doom.

—Jack Wongun

Citizen (directing stranger to the city maternity hospital): Posterity is just around the corner.

—Dirge

"Say this ship is listing badly, isn't it?"

"You bet! You'd better tell the captain to move the bar to the center of the boat."

—Temple Owl

Boss: What, another raise? It's only been a short time ago that I gave you one to get married on.

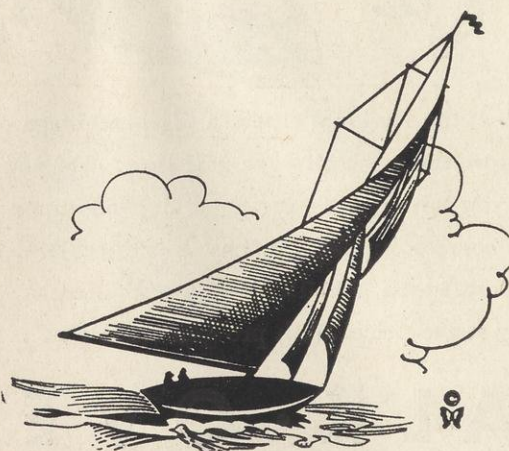
Employee: Yes, sir. But I want this one for a divorce.

—Owl

"What did your son learn at college?"

"Well, sir, he can ask for money in such a way that it seems an honor to give it to him."

—Exchange



Call Badger 373 For Reservations

## Sailing Time

Start in at once to take advantage of beautiful Lake Mendota—The Bernard Boat Company offers you the finest in sailboats, motorboats, and canoes and at the most reasonable rates. Wisconsin is noted for her lakes—sailing has become the most popular of summer sports among Wisconsin students.

**BERNARD & SON BOAT LINE**

624 East Gorham St.



## WHAT'S THE USE

"Watch studyin'?"  
 "Soc'ology."  
 "Hard?"  
 "'N'vry."  
 "How many cuts y' 'lowed?"  
 "Never calls za roll."  
 "Lotsa prelim?"  
 "Never gives any."  
 "Outside readin and writin'?"  
 "Nope."  
 "Called on offen,"  
 "Once a week."  
 "Thought there was a string to it."

—Widow

Magician (sawing woman in half): Now ladies and gentlemen, after the young lady is severed, her brains will be given to a medical college and the rest will be thrown to the dogs.

Gallery Gang: Woof, woof, bow wow!

—Rammer-Jammer

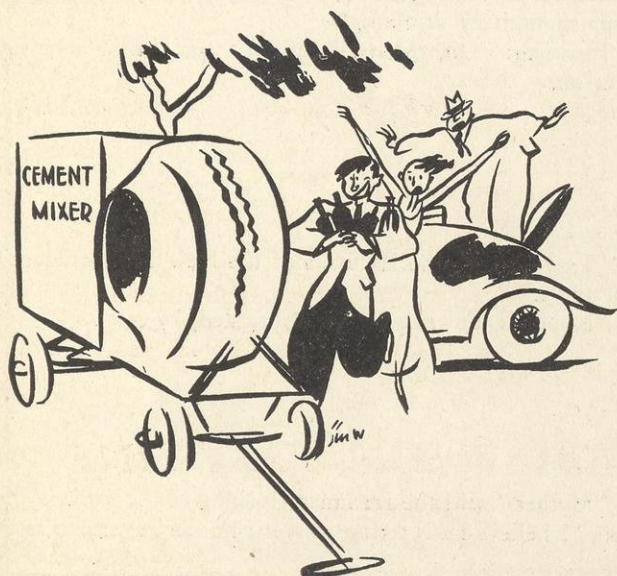
Chauffeur: Sir, I feel sure that we just ran over a human being.

Tourist: Excellent, Hawkins, then we are still on the right road.

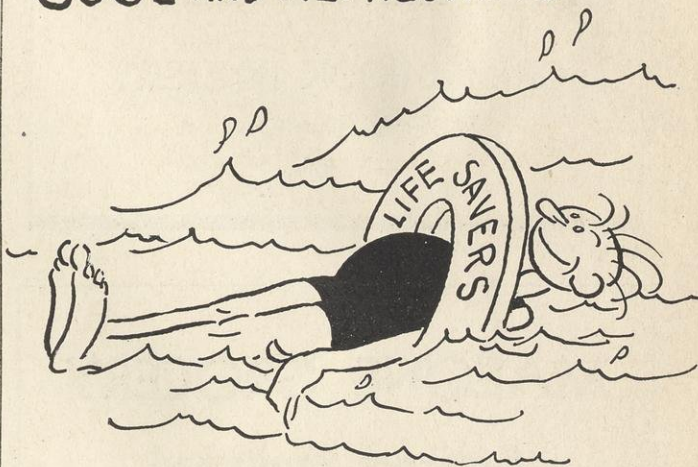
—Punch Bowl—

Meet Rattlesnake Pete, he's so bowlegged that he gets his feet in opposite stirrups if he doesn't watch 'em.

—Ranger



THE BIG SENSATION THIS SUMMER  
 COOL AND REFRESHING



THEY SURE ARE **LIFE SAVERS**  
 ...to parched palates

## Flowers

for all Occasions

**Rentschler**  
 FLORAL CO

230 State St.

Badger 177

## Lettercraft

Engraved Stationery  
 Dance Programs

725 University Avenue



*Now is the time . . .*

Have Your Thesis Notes and Topics Bound

**GRIMM BOOK BINDERY**

454 W. Gilman St.

—F. 469—

## MALONE GROCERY

Groceries, Fruits and  
Vegetables

*Wholesale and Retail*

434 State St.

Phone Badger 1163-11

## They Only Graduate Once

Get Their Gifts At

**MOUSE AROUND GIFT SHOP**

UPSTAIRS AT 416 STATE

## Beauty Service

*Specializing*

In All Branches of the Profession

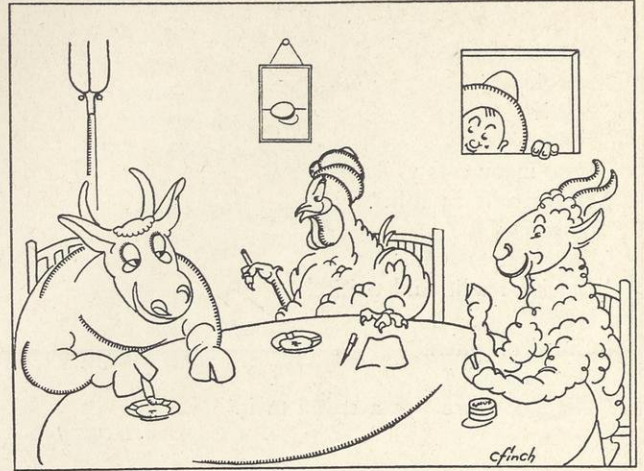
**VARSITY HAIR SHOP**

Main Floor

640 State

Fairchild 6391

Open Wednesday and Friday Evenings



Meeting of J. B. (Mutt) Chapple's Mental Zero Club. They are seen here doping out their campaign against traces of immorality, communism, and atheism in Sunday School Cradle Rolls.

Old Lady (to child): What is your name, little girl?

Child: None of your darn business.

Old Lady: And is your father a college man, too?—

—Kitty-Kat

Guest (at hotel): You told me that my room was so quiet that I could hear a pin drop.

Clerk: Sir, your room is over a bank.

Guest: Yes, and I can hear the notes when they fall due.

—Punch Bowl

Preacher: Young man, don't you know you will ruin your stomach by drinking?

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

—Yellow Jacket

"I say, Hiram, the last issue of the New Yorker weren't so subtle."

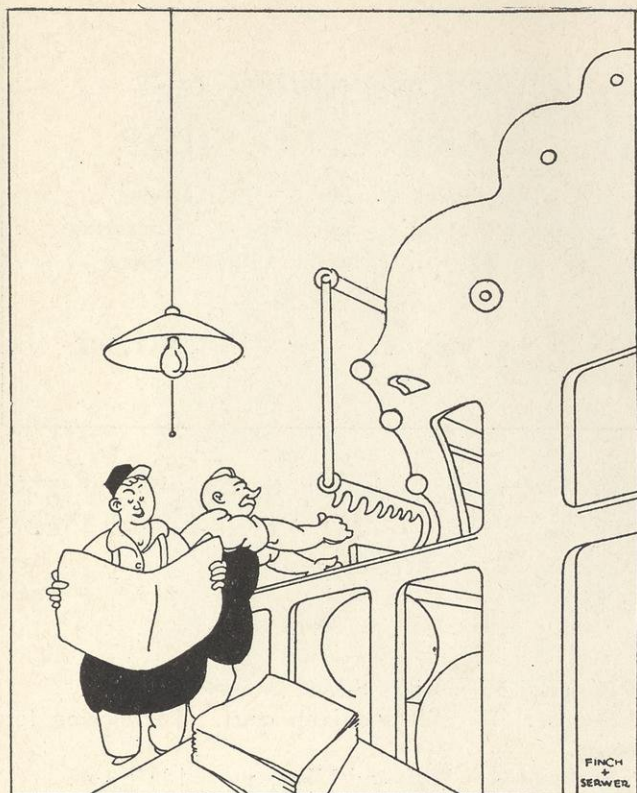
"Nope, Si, downright unsophisticated, by cracky!"

—Frivol

"Mother," said the freshman, looking at the stork in the zoo, "I believe he is trying to see if he can remember me."

—Blue Gator





"Hey, Joe, I see the Vandergoulds are phfffffft again!"

Mr. Bronson died very suddenly and an important business letter was left unmailed.

Before sending off, his secretary, who was Irish and who had a passion for explanatory detail, added the following postscript below Mr. Bronson's signature:

"Since writing the above, I have died."

—Siren

Louis Day tells of this incident in the East Side Yiddish quarter. A customer entered a store.

"I want some pepper."

"What kind of pepper; black, red or green?"

"I want it writing pepper!"

—Rammer-Jammer

Wife: You're driving me out of my mind.

Golfer: That's not a drive; that's a putt.

—Longhorn

Director of orchestra (on phone): Play your instrument over the phone so I can hear how good you are?

Applicant: Impossible. I'm in a phone booth, and I play the trombone.

—Dirge

Always The  
Best In . . .

Mimeographing  
Thesis Paper  
Job Printing  
Stationery

**NETHERWOODS**

519 State St.

responsibility  
of reputation

*the course of least resistance  
may jeopardize years of  
prestige building*

a definite and grave responsibility devolves upon the merchant whose quality policy established confidence in his integrity. the course of least resistance is a violation of the rights of the quality buyer, who is deprived of the service and economy inherent in the quality to which he has been accustomed. american men today, are demanding, more than ever before, a name that definitely stands for quality.

**Hoak & Dunn**  
Incorporated



**BADGER  
RENT-A-CAR**

State and Henry  
Fairchild 6200





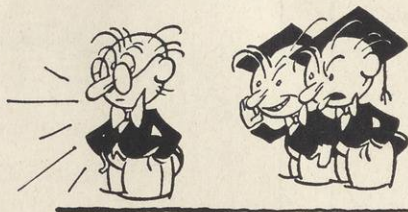
## It won't be long now

● The time has come (the walrus said) when freshmen doff their dinks, sophomores and juniors tear off to Europe and seniors discover whether or not there is life after college.

Make your last days at school more pleasant by reading *Swizzle-stick*, a novelette by a débutante, which is as stimulating as the title implies; *Know Your Olympics*, an informative article on the event which holds the spotlight; and many other fiction and fact features reflecting all your high moments. There is rollicking, panicing humor to cheer your remaining days, in the July issue of

## College Humor

1050 North LaSalle Street  
CHICAGO



Phone for Appointment Fa. 79

### MARINELLO SHOP

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

MRS. W. WENGEL —:— 125 STATE ST.

We rise to state that bootleg whiskey is harmful to our health. Look how it has weakened Uncle Sam's constitution.

—Dirge

Professor X: Who's there?

Burglar: Lie still and keep quiet. I'm looking for money.

Professor X: Wait and I'll get up and help you.

—Beanpot

"My father made his mark in the world."

"What's the matter, couldn't he write?"

—Dirge

"It has been proven that opposites attract."

"Can you give me an example?"

"Sure, loose women and tight men."

—Voo Doo

Phi: Your sister is spoiled, isn't she?

Bete: No, that's the perfume she uses.

—Wasp

Established 1854

### Conklin & Sons Company

COAL, COKE, WOOD AND ICE

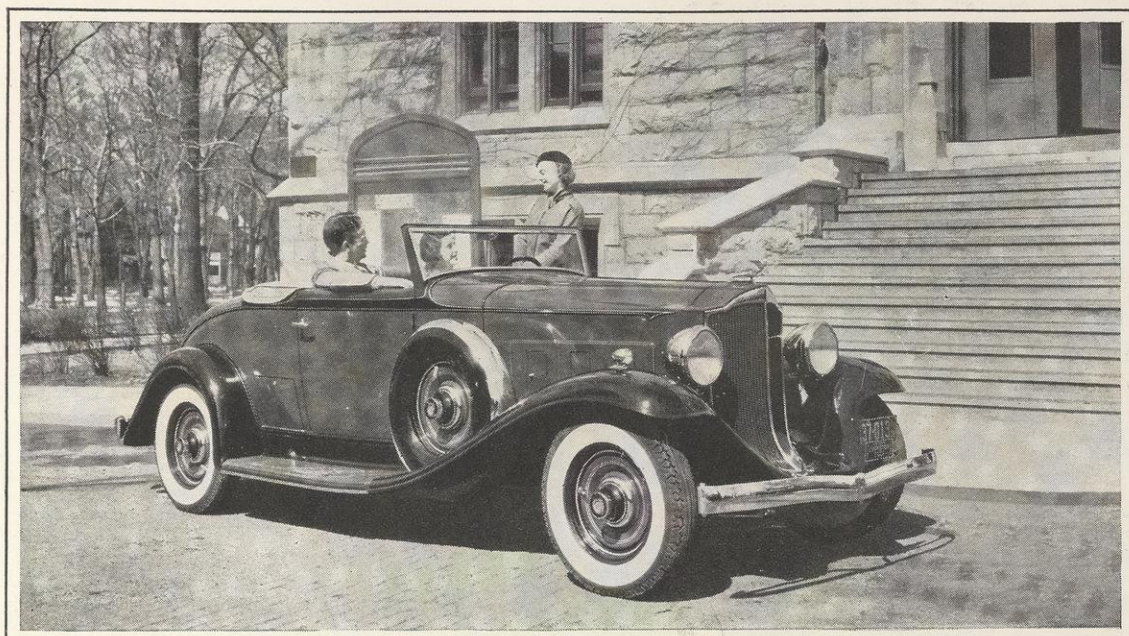
FUEL OIL BEST SUITED FOR  
YOUR PARTICULAR BURNER

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

BUILDING MATERIALS

Main Office 24 E. Mifflin Street  
Phone Badger 25





## Smart and Swift - *and How!*

HAVE you seen the snappy, new Packard Light Eight? Try this number over on your speedway and you'll join the rousing chorus, "What a car!" . . . Just get behind the wheel and go places. Put it through all its paces. You'll find it accelerates like a rocket, rides like a Pullman and turns up speed no end. And is this car *quiet*? You scarcely hear the engine purr. You glide away in low as noiselessly as you

flash along in high. And you shift without a click. Free-Wheeling? It's yours at the flick of a finger . . . Now stand off and look at the job. It's long and rangy—low and smart—brimming with motor car "it." For you or your family here's a car that renews the thrill of youth . . . And, the marvel of it is, this Packard Light Eight lists at less than \$2000 at the factory. A Packard! At a price! Use your influence!

## PACKARD Light Eight

ASK THE  
MAN WHO  
OWNS ONE





*Clicking*



© 1932.  
LIGGETT & MYERS  
TOBACCO CO.

*Chesterfields are clicking with* **MILLIONS** *— They Satisfy*