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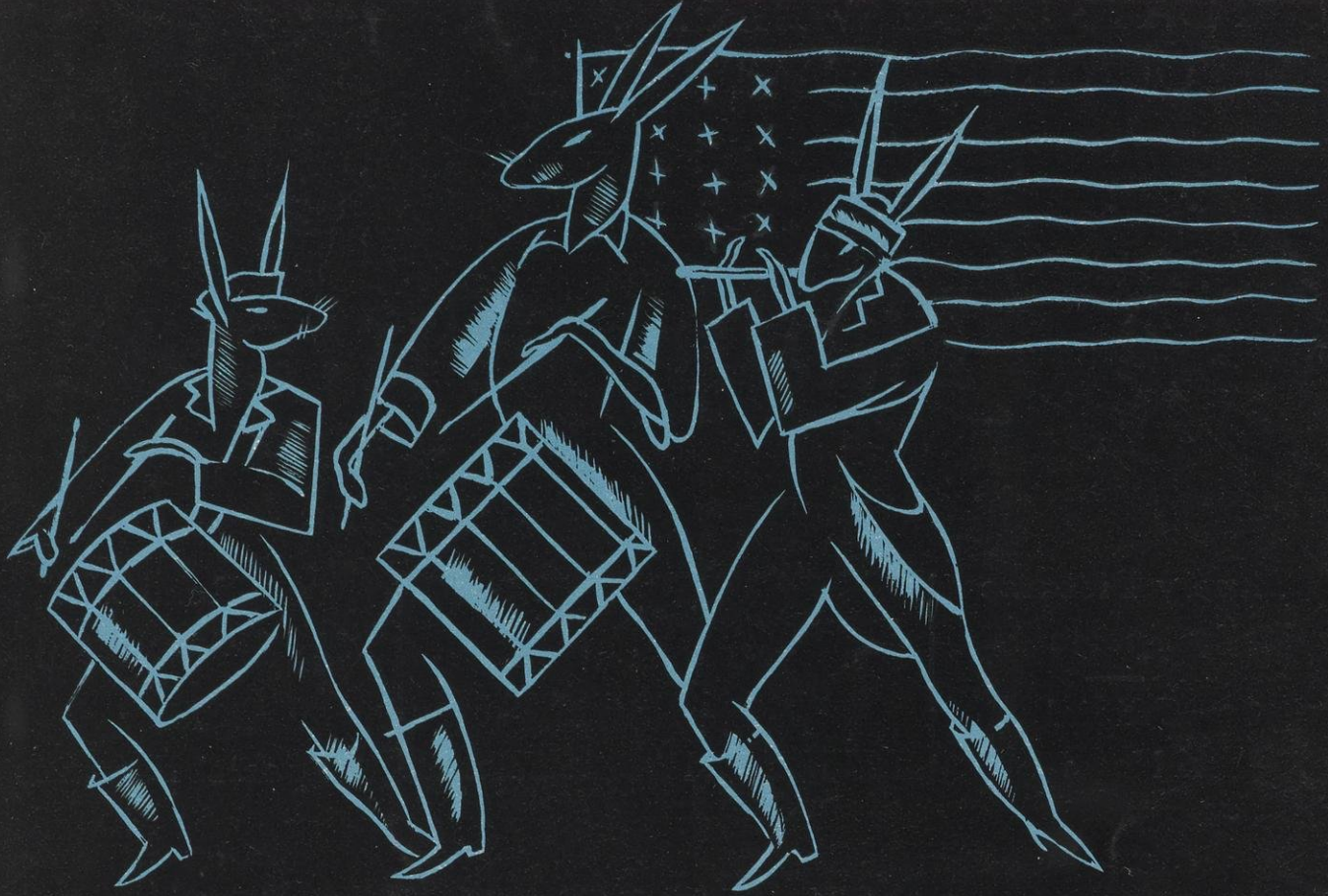
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MARCH HARES MARCH



Jim Watson

OPS
FOR
ALL!

REPRESENTATION
FROM EVERY
BURROW!

COTTONTAIL
IS
KING!



0.000 BUNNIES MARCH ON WASHINGTON !!

THE OCTOPUS 15¢

SIX DAYS EACH WEEK . . .
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Enclosed find check for \$_____

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WHAT A GREAT LINE-UP OF PICTURES!

says Eddie Cantor, as he peruses the booking sheet for
Madison's de luxe show house

FROM a gag that created a role for EDDIE CANTOR . . . to a picture production big enough to change the policies of two of the biggest theaters in the country . . . is the story of "THE KID FROM SPAIN"

CAPITOL THEATER BOOKING SHEET

Feb. 24 to 27

Ronald Colman—Kay Francis
in "CYNARA"

From the international stage success "Cynara" based on the novel "An Imperfect Lover"

Mar. 5 to 8

Clark Gable—Helen Hayes
in "WHITE SISTER"

Mar. 12 to 15

Joan Crawford—Gary Cooper
in "TODAY WE LIVE"

Feb. 28 to Mar. 4

Eddie CANTOR in
"THE KID FROM SPAIN"

Mar. 9 to 11

14 Dazzling Stars! 200 Gorgeous Beauties!
50 Featured Players! 4 Smash Song Hits!

"42nd STREET"

Mar. 16 to 18

Buster Keaton—Jimmy Durante
in "WHAT! NO BEER?"

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Holidays from 2 to 40c
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LOCAL NOTE

IN THE HOUSE OF A LADY NAMED
MRS. KETTERER LIVES A GIRL I LIKE
ETC. ETC.



770

THE ORDINARY LAYMEN DON'T
APPRECIATE DAMEN.

(AMEN)

LIFE OF THE RUT

A rut, commonly known as a rert, is a peculiar thing. On graduation from high school the hopeful student is cautioned against getting into a rut. Throughout the ages of academic endeavor organized propaganda against the rut has been squashed upon the undergraduate in college. The rut and the blind alley have acquired the same reputation as President Hoover's investigating committees.

What's wrong with the rut? We've known some good ones in our time. There was a Jake Rut in Kansas City who could turn three double sommersaults off a spring-board with little or no effort. On the other hand, there is much to be said for the ordinary, garden variety of rut. They're nearly always in the road, to be sure, but that does not condemn them necessarily.

It was the estimable Professor Reigh of Hipgh, Hipgh and Reigh, I believe, who published a monograph on ruts last season. We quote in part, "Throughout the early season the sheep are driven into the lower pastures where the simple peasants cut their wool to be made into clothing. Following the shearing, the flocks are again driven into the mountains, where they are allowed to pasture until they are tired."

Need we say more? As to the history of the rut, we find its first appearance in the Magna Charta, which stated, "The rut is a smallish animal, given to the eating of Rocquefort." Later, Lord Macauley, in addressing the English House of Lords, said touchingly, "Rut or wrong, she's still our country." Who can forget the magnificent tribute paid to it by Kipling in "The Rut to Mandalay"?

All of which points to our conclusion, namely, that, no matter how much mud is thrown at it, a rut may, at times, be found to be pretty deep.

God knows you must be practically blowing a paper horn for our friend the rut by now, but we'll bolster our argument (a sort of softening process) with a few more facts.

1. Despite the teaching of 11,546 principals and as many presidents, it is a well-known fact that he who gets into a rut is worth more than two rolling no moss.

2. Our opponents say that the rut is giving way to macadam. We say, tersely, Buy American.

3. As well equipped as the State of Nevada is with speakeasies, it still has ruts. If we are going to have beer, let's have ruts to go with it. Nothing is more satisfying than a salted rut on terst.

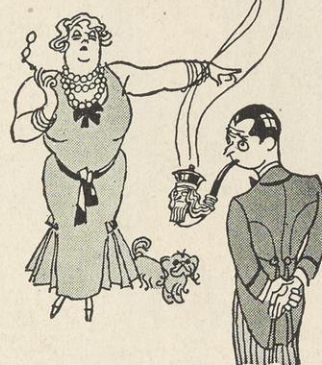
4. If you can't read or rut what chance have you got in competing with other A. B. holders? We apperl to your common sernse. (This is getting us down.)

5. Erven a fertball term is ner gerd if there is nerbody to rut for it.

(ed. note . . . the author was found in a pitable condition late this morning. Raising his head, he said, "They gert me perl," and quietly subsided. Requiscart in Parce.)

—Pelican

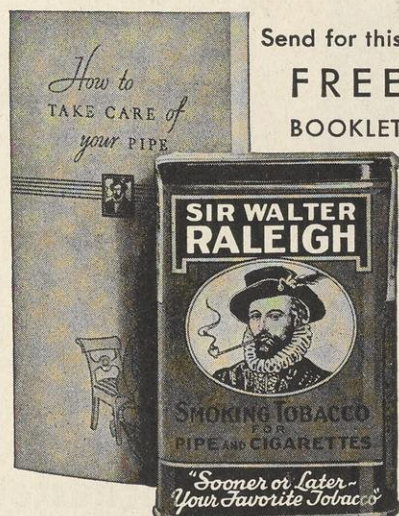
Heirloom or not— give it the Air!



WHEN she told him to throw that reeking relic in the rubbish can, he was offended. Sensitive? Pooh! Not as sensitive as grandma's nose. Let's be brutally outspoken. Why should a man keep on smoking a pipe through sentiment, when it's full of sediment?

When you smoke mild tobacco in a well-kept pipe, *everybody's* happy, yourself included! We never heard anything but compliments about the smoke Sir Walter Raleigh's mild Burley mixture makes when it curls merrily from the bowl of a well-behaved briar. It is smooth and fragrant, yet full bodied, rich and satisfying; and it's kept fresh by gold foil. Its record of popularity alone makes it worth a trial next time you step into your tobacco store.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-32



Send for this
FREE
BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER



New!



And you'll go for them in a great big way! Smart little jackets, cunning capes, or bulky swagger suits, to say nothing of the frocks with white collars and large bows at the neck and huge puff sleeves. Believe it or not the styles this spring are more becoming than any we have ever seen.

Apparel Section,
Second Floor

Harry S. Manchester
INC.

DEDICATION

To James Watrous,

without whose clever and original drawings and capable artistic sense, the copy in this number of the Octopus would seem dull and lifeless and unworthy of a second glance, this issue is affectionately and appreciatively dedicated, by his fervent well-wisher,

James Watrous

To Arnold Serwer,

without whose clever and original copy and capable editing of contributions, the drawings in this number of the Octopus would seem dull and lifeless and unworthy of a second glance, this issue is affectionately and appreciatively dedicated, by his fervent well-wisher,

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To Charles Huey

without whose untiring efforts in securing advertisements and capable business sense, this number of the Octopus with its dull copy and lifeless drawings would never have been possible, this issue is affectionately and appreciatively dedicated, by his fervent well-wisher,

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COURTESY VANITY FAIR AND WIS. UNION EXHIBITION

Hymn, A. D. 1933

Oh, Ogden Mills! Oh, Ogden Mills!
Stern Guardian of the Dollar Bills,
Thy name, each heart, with rapture fills
And profoundly thrills!

Forgive unmitigated nerve,
We lack your Federal Reserve,
Our cash is on a downward curve
That we don't deserve!

Oh, Monied Man! Oh, Monied Man!
The Fourth of March will end your span,
Dish us a bonus, while you can!
(Signed) John T. Veteran

—A. S.

BROADCAST STATION DOSM MADISON

Ladies and Gentlemen of the radio audience, we bring to you this afternoon an absolutely unparalleled opportunity to observe, through the eyes of your favorite announcer, Dwight Mellowtone, the greatest all-time spectacle ever to be put on the air for the first time,—a fight to a finish, behind locked gates, of one against five, George Freshman versus Profs. English, German, Chemistry, History and Math. This program comes to you through the courtesy of the Blue Book Publishing Company—when you have nightmares, think of Blue Books. I will now turn the microphone over to Dwight Mellowtone, Himself.—Mr. Mellowtone!

"Good afternoon, Ladies and Gentlemen! Well, here we are in the class-

room. The air is a bit close in here. They're getting ready for the hot boxing. Nothing but six desks, and a stack of Blue Books, to see as yet. You and I are the only ones who will see what takes place here this afternoon. Woop! What's that. The door is opening! There comes one of the professors! He has something in his hand. It's a gag! No, it's a janitor. He's going to the board. He's erasing the chalk marks. Now he's going out. It's mighty hot in here already, folks. I don't know how George Freshman is going to stand it. Yet he must stand it, or go home, home to disgrace and the sneers of his acquaintances. I hear them coming now. That must be them. Yes! It is!"

"First comes Professor English. He has a near-sighted look and walks with a distinct swing of his moustaches. He has, wait a minute, yes, he has a wicked gleam in his eye, folks. It bodes no good for George Freshman!"

"Here come the other professors. They have their spectacles on. They look savage. They're rubbing their hands. They're blowing their noses.

Now they're hitching up their coats. They are going to sit down! They're sitting down, now, each one at his desk. Now they take out their pencils. Each one has a sheaf of questions on the desk in front of him. In a minute, just a minute, now, George Freshman will come in. The vacant desk here at my right is for him."

"Think of it, folks, when that boy comes in, they will close the door, lock it, and the battle will be on! And now—just a minute, folks, Mr. Standbye has an announcement for you." . . .

"Thank you, Dwight! Ladies and Gentlemen, this report of the great battle is coming to you through the courtesy of the Blue Book Publishing Co., makers of the world's softest Blue Books. Blot out your mistakes! Use Blue Book Blue Books and your severest teacher will not be able to read what you have written. If he can't read it he can't criticize it. What a break, what a break! Take it away, Dwight!"

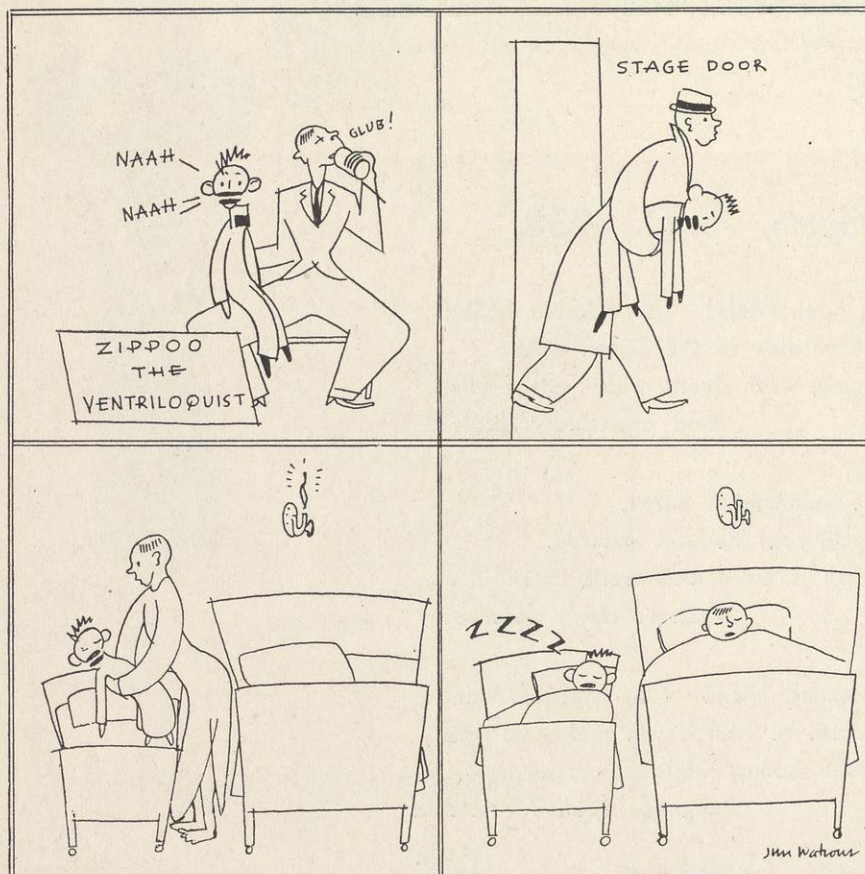
"Here we are, again, folks. The professors are deep in thought. Their jaw muscles are working. They are thinking up the hardest questions they can! Now there is a step at the door. It may be George Freshman. The door is opening. The professors are scowling. There he comes. It is, it is! Here comes George Freshman. Boy, oh Boy, what a shambles this is going to be!"

"George is pale. His knees are quivering. He hasn't shaved for at least three days. You can almost tell it! He has his hands together. He seems to be praying. He sits down. They're going to begin."

"Wait! There's something the matter. George has his hand up! Two fingers. He's whispering to one of the professors. The professor lets him go. He's out of the door. But he'll be back!"

"While we're waiting, let me describe for you folks the way the room looks, now . . .

—S. O. V.



NEVER KICK A LADY IN THE SLATS

Verse (part one) :

McCloskey and McCleary
Sat in a boozing den
And mournful was McCloskey,
For his heart it smote him when
He thought how he had fallen
To this drear haunt of men,
For McCloskey had a weakness,
(Ruinous, time and time again;) *He*
He was always whacking ladies,
And *never* whacking men!
One mustn't whack ladies;
They're much, oh, much too frail!
Besides, it gets the coppers
Hot upon one's trail.
But McCloskey *would* whack ladies!
He thought of it and sighed,
And turning to McCleary,
Bitterly he cried:

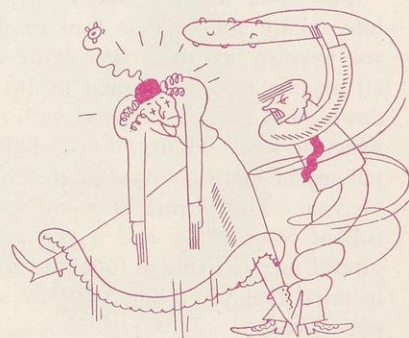


Verse (part two)

Oh, McCleary, dear McCleary, you may wander far
and wide,
Drifting, shifting ever, with Life's ever-changing
tide,
Or mayhap be moored safely, to a blushing bride,
But there's one thing I'd like to say to you and
that's - -
FIGHT the dread temptation to kick ladies in the
slats!

Chorus:

Never kick a lady in the slats!
If you *must*, use sturdy baseball bats.
Throw stones at your grandmother
Or boil your baby brother,
But never, never, never
Kick a lady in the slats!



Knock down tots and trample them like mats.
Fry eggs in your mother's Sunday hats.
Tickle bulls just for to rile 'em,
Go burn down a big asylum,
But never, never, never
Kick a lady in the slats!

Pull the waving tails of angry cats.
Stick pins in loudly squalling brats.
Mail your girl friend poisoned candy,
Brain any aunt that's handy,
But never, never, never
Kick a lady in the slats!

—Arnold Serwer

"ME FOR SOME CLEAN-CUT AMERICANS!"

HESTER HUNDRED-
PERCENT SAYS
"BUY AMERICAN!"

Mr. Herman Somers,
Theatre Editor, Daily Cardinal,
Madison, Wis.

February 7, 1933.

Dear Sir:

I want you to know that the dear in the salutation is just formality cause you aren't at all dear to me! The ritzy stuff you've been pulling in your reviews doesn't impress me. I think your opinions are daffy and your writing is worse!

You've griped me plenty before but now I've reached the point where I've got to let you know. All these columns you've been writing about the quality of foreign pictures and the art of foreign directors I know now is so much bologna! For a while you had me believing that they must be hot stuff even though I did resent your anti-American, and pro-European attitude. (By the way did you ever hear of Stephen Decatur?). But now I think you're either a dope or a liar.

The other night I talked my date into taking me to that Russian film you were so hot about even if he was all against it. He warned me to be careful and I was. I agreed with him when he said, "Hester, don't let them put any of that Communistic stuff over on you. The picture is going to be full of propaganda, and if you aren't careful they're liable to fool you. Keep in mind that you're an American and not a Red!

Now, I don't want you to think that I wasn't open minded. I was ready to enjoy a good picture. I merely didn't want to come out of the Capitol theatre a Red.

I noticed that a company called the Merajorapofilm C o m p a n y produced the picture. Names like that may im-

press you cause you think you're an aesthete. But don't think for a minute I can't see the point of it. Just another way of showing off!

Maybe you didn't notice the cast of characters. Did you ever see such names?! Of course, I know a name



"I've reached the point where I've got to let you know"

is no indication of how good an actor a person is. But isn't it stupid to use names that nobody can pronounce? How are you going to talk about the picture, if you can't even pronounce the names of the actors?

To get to the picture, I took one look at those actors and I said, "Me

for some clean-cut Americans!" Heavens, how those men dressed! Of course I know that in different countries they dress in different ways, but I can't see that that's any excuse for the way they dressed! It's all right to be different but why be shabby and ragged like they were? And those were their film heroes! Well, I'd like to see them make any female breath faster than usual. And you're the guy that complains about Phillips Holmes and Clark Gable! You're not being paid by Moscow, are you?

And talking about that word "Soviet". I suppose they didn't use that just to confuse one. When I saw it said that the picture was made in the Soviet, I was surprised because I had heard it had been made in Russia. And if my date hadn't told me, I still wouldn't know that Soviet was the name of the film capital of Russia.

Of course, I didn't expect to understand the conversations. But what was it all about? No love, no adventure, no scares, no thrills.

To make a long story short, the whole thing disgusted me,—the picture, you, and foreigners in general. Maybe this is a little out of place but I want to say that Hearst isn't so dumb after all. BUY AMERICAN is right! And when I remember some of those long haired fellows I saw at the Capitol, I say it over again!

I don't see any point patronizing foreign movies, even if they are good, at a time when all patriots are buying American. And you know what they say people can do who are not satisfied with this country! Personally, what's good enough for America is good enough for me!

Furthermore, if they're so important, why can't we make Russian pictures in America?

Yours truly,

Hester Hundredpercent

—Herman Somers

Ancient History

In Ancient History we find
 The years before B C
 Are running **down** instead of up—
 A puzzling thing, to me.
 Imagine Time upon his head,
 And **our** clocks running backward!
 To point one's life the other way
 Seems just a trifle awkward.

A man born in one hundred nine
 Dies, say, in sixty-five:
 The world was younger when he died
 Than when he was alive;
 When Alice through the mirror passed
 Her Space was in reverse;
 But Caesar's **time** ran hindside to —
 Which I suspect was worse.

Suppose that all **our** dates were aimed
 At some time still ahead,
 And all our daily schedules went
 The other way instead:
 We've dined at midnight, seen a play
 (The last act first). "I guess
 The first act's nearly over, dear—
 Lets hurry home and dress".

And then at dinner, "Thanks, I think
 I won't have soup tonight;
 I ate so much of that dessert
 I've spoiled my appetite.
 I'm playing golf this morning, with
 Two buyers from Piraeus;
 We may be late to breakfast, so
 Expect us when you see us"

"You'd better breakfast at the club,
 I'm having tea quite soon—
 They're coming after supper-time
 To stay all afternoon.
 And after breakfast don't forget
 To start the furnace fire;
 I'm nearly dead—is six A M
 Too early to retire?"

—Iwan Iwanovitch

50,000 ITALIANS MUST BE WRONG

Characters:

Giuseppe Renaissanso, Architect to
 the State.
 50,000 Italians scholars . . . Alumni of
 classes '17-'28, Patrons of the
 Belles Artes.
 English Instructor . . . English In-
 structor.

Act I

(Spot where Blackhawk retreated
 across the Campus, near Bascom
 hall.)

(Enter Giuseppe Renaissanso, with a
 book on Italian Verbs and a plate of
 steaming Spaghetti.)

Giuseppe: Ah, beautiful knoll!
 Would thou fathered the crowning
 glory of ancient Italia! O sole mio,
 that thou could create the majesty,
 the beauty, the grandeur of the
 Renaissance! On this spot, with the
 aid of my adopted spirits, Michel-
 Angelo, Sansovino, Raffael, and
 Brunelleschi, I shall create an Italian
 campanile. Ah, my dream, my life,
 my art, my all!

(Giuseppe exits, left, toward library
 to secure a volume on Italian Renais-
 sance architecture.)



"I got these squirrels so tame they eat out of my hands".

Act II

(Scene—same as in Act I.)

(Enter Giuseppe with book, sketch pad, and a bottle of Botticelli.

Giuseppe: At last my plans are complete! O Dio Mio, I shall erect a campanile, the most beautiful in all America! (He opens book on Renaissance architecture.) Here I shall build a strong foundation, as on page 3. (Indicates spot) And there I shall erect a facade of chaste columns, as on page 76, plate a3. And soaring above, I shall introduce a celestial frieze resting upon a serene entablature, as on page 54. And from chapter seven, plate 3b, I shall draw the motif for my pilasters, which shall ornament the apertures through which the chimeric tones of the silver bells will mingle with the trilling of the feathered folk inhabiting the silvan dells! And this, my achievement, will bring peace and contentment to the scholars who contemplate the apotheosis of intellect!

(Enter, right, 50,000 Italians with 100,000 lire in senior dues. First Italian steps forward with extended arms.)

First Italian: Ah, dreamer Renaissanso, we brother Italians to you in the spirit, overheard your meditations and majestic plans to bring joy and beauty to all scholars! We offer you gladly our 100,000 lire in senior dues so that you may realize your God-given creative dream.

49,999 Italians: So say we all!

Act III

(Enter Giuseppe Renaissanso. The campanile is complete and methodically tolls and chimes at fifteen minute intervals.)

Chimes: Bing Bong Bing Bong!
BONG BONG BONG! TINKLE
TONKLE!

Giuseppe: Ah, ring out, brave bells . . . harbingers of the Renaissance and ancient ages! Four times in each clock's round thy voices bring beauty to mundane-weary students! Monument to my genius and also to those other masters of tectonic pur-

ity, I salute thee! *Anch'io son pittore!*

(Enter English instructor with disheveled hair, torn tie, and wild-eyed countenance.)

Chimes: Bing Bong Bing——!

English Instructor: My God, those damn bells again . . . every 15 minutes!

50,000 Students: So say we all!

Curtain

—Guillamo Harley and
Jacopo Watroso

The latest Dodge advertisement contains a picture showing a super-attractive young miss and an elderly man, evidently supposed to be her daddy, sitting in an automobile. Their conversation is as follows:

She: This is the loveliest car I've known, Dad!

He: Yes. You couldn't have bought a car like it for \$3000 three years ago.

And you can't today, either.

Judging from the obstinacy of both parties, it looks as though the United States will get her money from France in clash payments.

"---in Unadulterated Piggery"

Some think the Pig a Horrid Beast
That wallows in the mud;
Some see in him their Sunday Feast
And other kinds of fud.

In spite of these and other digs
Somebody must befriend 'em;
And so, as long as Pigs is Pigs
I'll gallantly defend 'em.

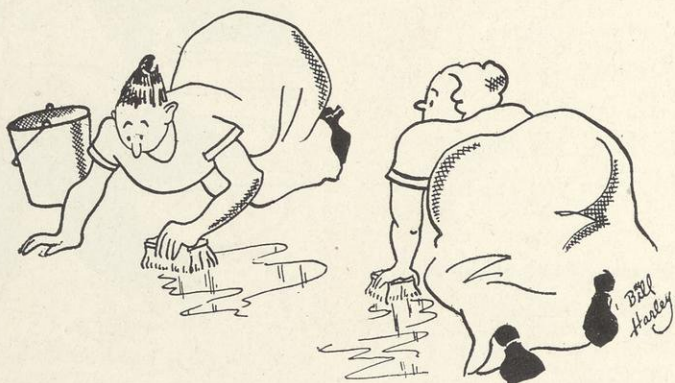
On winter mornings crisp and clear,
When frost our bones is shakin'
What smell is that brings us cheer?
'Tis coffee, eggs, and bacon.

We brush our teeth and brush our hair,
But not with grass or thistles;
Those brushes came--in case you care--
From Brother Porker's bristles.

In pigskin bags our clothes we slide,
And drive to Such and Suchtown,
And cheer to see our Piggy's hide
Get carried for a Touchdown.

Sow what? Sow I could ramble so
For half an hour more;
But if I tried to hog the show
I'd only be a boar.

—Iwan Iwanovitch



"I caught Baby, crawling for the first time today"

DEATH IN THE P. M.

By Ernest Hemstitching

I

First of all there are three parts to a bullfight, or *Lazarillo del Tormes*, second there are only two parts, and third there is only one part. I have

II

I never will forget the *faena*, or act, action, or acting, of the bullfight in which Pietro Joneso fought for two

days with a bull from Andalusia. It was a greatly tired and careworn bull that returned to his bed after that terrific struggle.

Words may mean nothing to a reader, especially if he is illiterate, but they mean a great deal to a writer. Aldous Huxley stated that I was very indiscriminate in choosing my words, but where he got that idea is beyond me. I never chose a word in my life. Mr. Huxley is a pretty bum writer, if you ask me.

III

Killing a bull is a past art in Spain, or *at home*, as the natives so often say. There are very few *toreros* who really take pleasure in killing a bull, perhaps because they have seen so many killings, one way or another. I have only seen a few killings *recibiendo*. The *matador*, or killer, stands still with feet together, awaiting the charge of the bull. The bull charges, the man goes "in" over his head and places the sword, which he holds in his hand, between the shoulders of the bull, killing him beautifully. If the bull raises his head during this last part of the *faena* he will undoubtedly empty the matador's innards onto the sand, and the spectators are enabled, if they are *aficianado* (love bullfights) to see what he has had for lunch. It is this that makes the bullfight so interesting.

Are you tired of all these technicalities? At the time of the war I remember how a friend of mine met a friend of his who accused him of taking his wife (the friend's wife) to Lyons on a fishing trip.

"Go to hell," said the first, who was a lieutenant.

"The hell with you," said the second, "if you can't watch out for your own wife, don't expect me to."

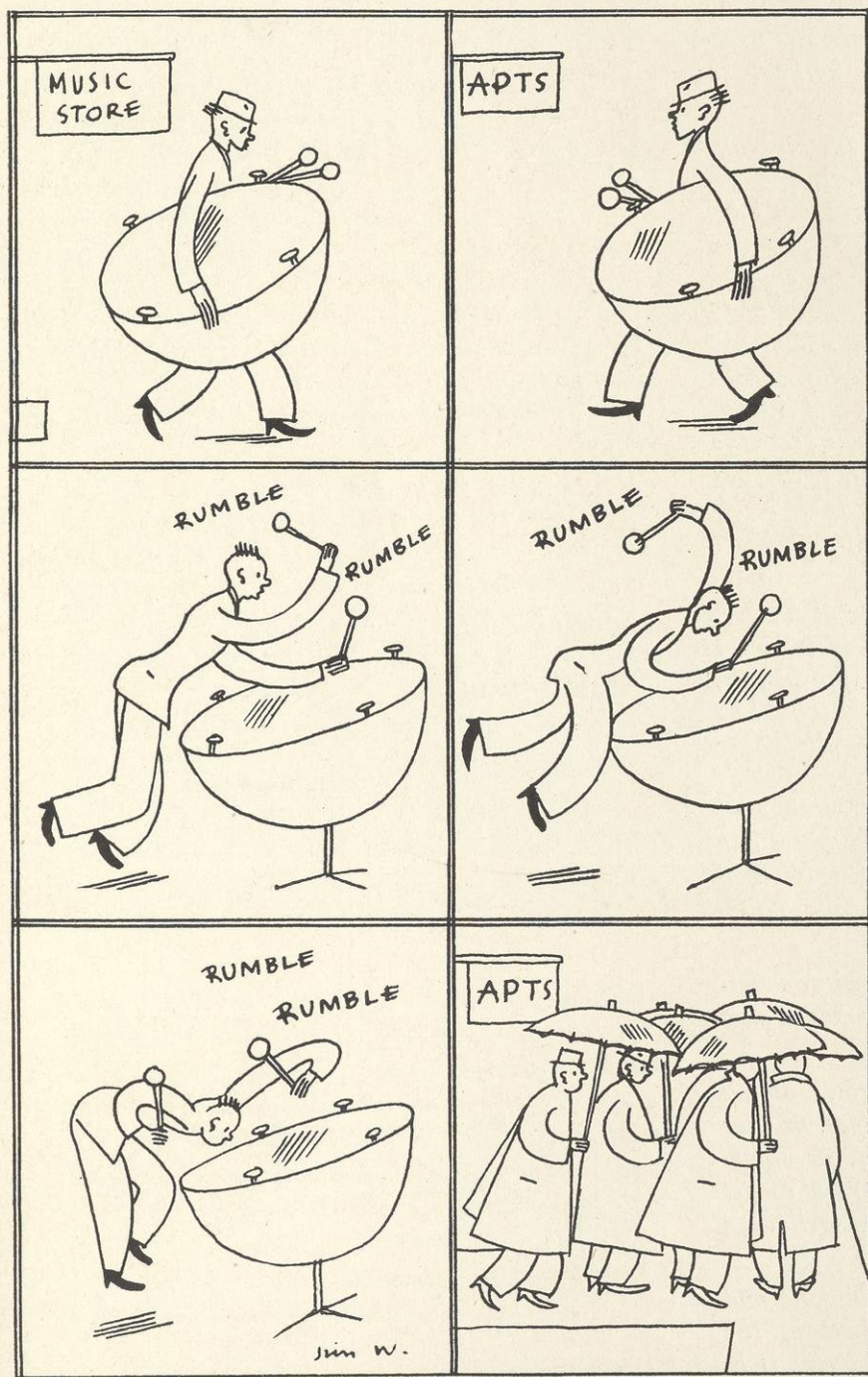
"Why you," said the first. "The hell with you."

"Go to hell," said the second. "You can go to hell."

The first then drew his case knife and disemboweled his friend, who shouted, "The hell with you. Oh, I'm dead."

"You're all right," said the first, "so the hell with you."

(Continued on page 20)



THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

In view of the fact that West Allis, or someplace, threatens to go off the gold standard within six weeks, it seems to us to be high time to look around and ask ourselves, "What are we getting out of college life?", and whether we are going to sit by supinely while American imperialistic interests overrun the territory below 125th Street, without so much as a by-your-leave?

For if Congress wants to put through such iniquitous measures as that of January 12th last, and enforce the using of soft water in every American family, be it white or black, large or small, Republican or Democratic, rich or poor, in spite of the coming on of a hard winter, then we pray that reverend body to remember the Jacqueries of 1025, 1099, \$3.25, and 63/4, and the Peasants' Revolt of 1346, which historians have aptly named the Black Death, and if Congress still DARES to light the fire that will brew the whirlwind and sow wild oats broadcast, then they have burned their bridges and will reap their Rubicon, or we miss our guess and are false prophets without honor, crying in the wilderness!

Then who are we to cast the first stone at the faculty? It should be remembered that when we were but prattling infants they were already greybeards, and now that we are men full-grown, they should be respected and honored and escorted with all proper reverence to some peak in Darien, and their beards notwithstanding, hurled therefrom! In a time of doubt, who quibbles is lost, and so let the bitter cup be drained to the lees, or dregs! A house divided against itself must fall, willy-nilly, dilly-dally, hoity-toity!

But at this crucial point, County Supervisor Peterborough Mooley comes forward and makes a suggestion:

"The only way to balance the budget," opines Mooley, "is to put a bunch of old envelopes, or your magazine, or some phonograph records, or something, under the left leg, preferably under the carpet where it won't show, and in that way I believe a solution can be achieved."

This is a sample of the sort of loose thinking and ignorance of economics that is prevalent in the United States. Mooley stands for more business in

government, and standing as we do for more business in government, with the occasional addition of more business in government, we find we speak an entirely different language from that gentleman. Moreover, we resent his insinuation about our magazine, and we promise our readers that this malefactor will not go unapprehended. The press once gagged, it is but a short distance to the assumption of shackles by the American taxpayer!

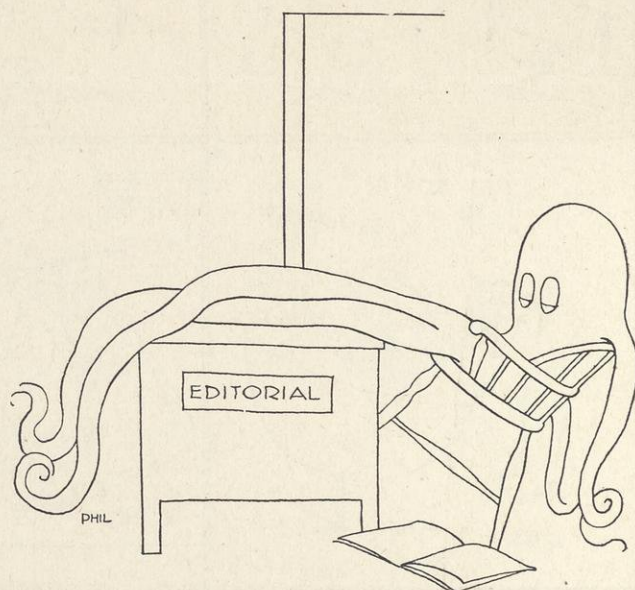
Yet some people imagine Cellophane is but a passing fancy and not here to stay! The same thing was said about automobiles and the first eternal triangle, but both of these now exist in hundreds of thousands of homes, and who is there to say them "Nay"? YOU, Mr. Citizen? YOU, Mr. Politician?

So it is with hearts bowed down that we contemplate the passing of Chauncey Buffle, that well-beloved citizen, that warm-hearted philanthropist, that heart of gold beneath a stiff shirt front, that friendly philosopher and understanding soul who used to wander up into this office of an evening and rifle the petty cash box. Who is there that can fill his place? Who is there that can refill the petty cash box? Ay, he is passed into the Great Beyond, with the petty cash box, and so let him rest in peace, and curses on the profane hand that dares to disturb his sacred bones!

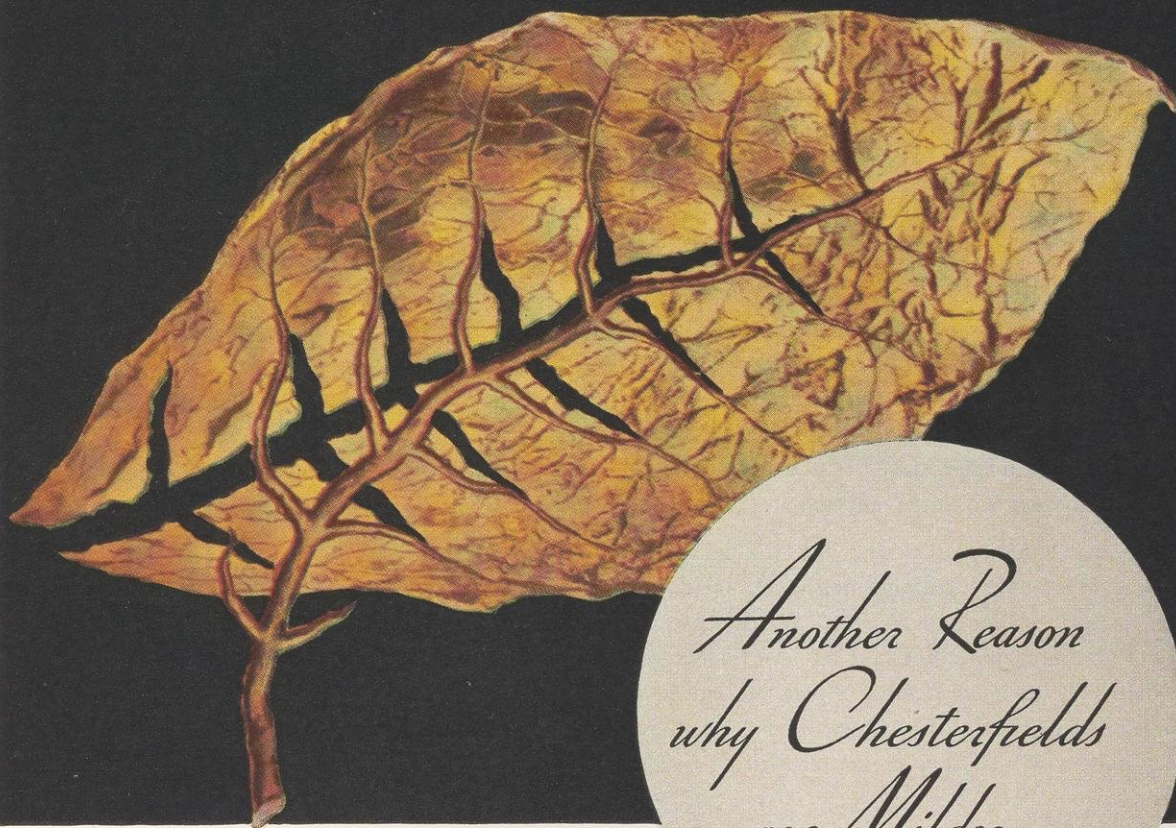
And lastly, let us take cognizance of the fact that in spite of the fact that the Eastern bankers will object to the facts herein presented, the fact remains that the interest rate is too high, ipso facto, obiter dictum, rub-a-dub-dub.

WEST ALLIS MUST REMAIN ON THE GOLD STANDARD!!

—The Editors



Why do we throw away
27% of this Leaf?



*Another Reason
why Chesterfields
are Milder—*

A LEAF of Bright Tobacco or of Kentucky Burley Tobacco has in it about 27% in weight of stem.

The stem is woody. It does not contain the same ingredients as the tobacco. It does not burn like tobacco.

There would be necessarily a sort of rankness or bitterness about the smoke from the stem. This 27% in weight of stem, therefore, is removed before the leaf tobacco is used in Chesterfields.

Everything is done that can be done to make Chesterfield milder and taste better.



THE FIGBOTTOM BUDGET PLAN

TEN-PETAL DAISIES BECOME NINE-PETAL

Because the university budget has to be reduced \$2,000,000, and because he is grateful for small favors, Quince Figbottom, '00, ate a textbook on statistics, footnotes and all,—and deduced the following plan, whereby, with no offence to anyone, the university can take the \$2,000,000 cut without so much as disturbing a hair.

Figbottom's plan is simple. In fact, it is so simple it had to be translated into English in order that the general public could see it. It was printed in 12 point italic, which costs more than 6 point Roman, but after all, as Figbottom said, when it's a question of millions, one can't stop to count pennies.

The first step saves the university \$575,000, which shows that Figbottom is in no mood to be trifled with. Abolish all 8 o'clocks, the plan asserts. This will save two hours wear and tear on the buildings, since the students won't get up in time to make their 9 o'clocks, anyway.

Now there are 8,000 people who use the buildings daily, declares Figbottom, becoming statistical, including students, professors, mailmen, and pets. By reading the constitution of the Phillipines with his left eye, Figbottom computed that each student wears out 2 bags of cement, a keg and a half of nails, a 25 foot board seven feet thick, and 13 flagstones. Statistically, the result will be something like this:

Depreciation on Building

\$575,000

Cost of Materials

2 bags cement -----	\$14.27
1½ keg nails -----	7.72
25 ft. board, 7 ft. thick -----	11.08
13 flag stones -----	21.33
Total -----	\$53.47

Multiply that total, if you are still interested, by 8,000, and you will get what Figbottom is driving at.

Figbottom's second item is to cut the blue books in half, and make up for lost pages by having twice as many lines on each page. Considering the fact that 80,000 blue books are used at the university, not counting the 13,000 that are taken home to help light the furnace, you will thus have saved enough paper to publish the Chicago Tribune for one month, provided you want to publish the Chicago Tribune for one month.

Paper costs .0003 cents an inch. Multiply half as many pages by 80,000, then add .0003 cents for each inch and you have enough on hand to keep the legislature busy until the Republicans come in.

The third point in this constructive program for the University, is a saving on heat and man power. By having ventilators above the lecture platforms, the heat can be concentrated in those buildings in which lectures are not delivered. An equitable distribution of heat will be had, and 20 men who get 50 cents an hour, 24 hours a day, throughout the year, will be saved. In order that the men won't be thrown out into the cold world, however, Figbottom provides for them by having them lecture. This saving is estimated as being well up into the thousands and will impress the budget cutters.

The final plan of Figbottom requires detailed study. The various garden plots around the university are a waste of money with their 10 petal daisies. By growing 9 petal daisies, Figbottom estimates that a saving of 9,000,000 petals can be made a year. These daisies can be grouped in bunches of 15 and sold as buttonieres at a nickle each.

Figbottom also goes into minor details, such as using the president's spats for keeping the animals warm in the agricultural school, having escalators around the campus which will take care of the problem of getting rid of the snow, sealing windows and saving on glass and heat, and many other intricate problems which require a pair of calipers to follow.

Modestly, Figbottom gives this plan to the university to do with as they please. It is hoped that his virile mind will not be disregarded. All he asks as recompense is that he be given another box for his shoes, since he wrote his plan on the last one he had.

—Aldric Revell

PICCARDY SPRINGTIME

France's small long-haired, bespectacled Piccard slowly entered the legislative chamber, where jostling intellectuals maneuvered for favored positions in his cortege. Before him lay the remains of a bleeding university budget whose last gasps were being persistently pommelled by the sanguine solons.

Taking in the situation at a glance and throwing up a protective arm against the blasts of hot air, he hastily snatched a 300 foot hose from his right pocket. With dexterity he directed this conduit out of the chamber window to his stratosphere balloon.

As the metal bag quickly became inflated he borrowed a ham sandwich from a passing Republican and climbed into the basket.

As dusk settled a mob of wild, cheering students greeted the explorer of the heights upon his descent, and

a cordon of police protected the professor from friendly brutality.

"A record! A record!" shouted the four-year loafers. And true enough, Piccard's altometer showed that he had risen to new heights, thanks to legislative hot air; ten miles better than the previous record.

The city went wild! The county went wild! The state went wild! The nation went wild! The *world* went wild! Said Piccard: "Barbarians!"

President Frank congratulated him, and informed him that the university was his for the asking; but Piccard, who reads English in an uvular staccato, allegro, pizzicato voice, politely informed Prexy that he saw a copy of the State Journal once, and that, although he appreciated the kind offer, he preferred to spend the rest of his life in the stratosphere to owning a state university.

The professor was very tired, and retired early to his suite in the Memorial Union. Upon being asked if he had rested well, he replied that he was so fatigued that he didn't have the energy to be disturbed by the breaking plates and glasses in the Union board dinner next door to him, the 770 Club orchestra below him, the L. I. D. debate over him, or the echo of clicking typewriters in the Cardinal office in the distance.

M. Piccard spent the rest of the day giving our fair burg the once-over. He was escorted through the capitol, the Union, the campus, Greenbush, the Eagles' ball-room, and many other points of interest.

"Will you please give your impression of Madison in one sentence?" he was asked by a local newshawk when the tour was over.

"I was very amused by the baboons in Vilas zoo," the scientist said simply.

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Auguste
PICCARD

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MAY I CUT IN?

or

How to Get Your Face Lifted

The Saturday matinee dance at the Union was in full blast. The floor was thronged with humanity while on the sidelines stood a corps of engineers. The versatile orchestra was playing three songs at the same time, which added to the confusion, since a group of couples would be doing a tango in one corner and as they approached the middle of the hall they would have to change off to a hidalgie only to run into a coterie of taxi dancers from Eagle's ballroom without horns.

The stag line, equipped with flash lights dashed in and out, cutting in. Now and then, one enterprising youth would espy a pretty ankle, make a grab and find himself with something built like Grand Rapids rococo furniture. On the sidelines, the ambulance chasers from the Law school were making business.

Algernon Wishbaum leaned against a pillar and breathed heavily. The pillar moved and a phy-ed threw her arms around him and before Algernon could say "What the hell," he found himself doing a rumba in a two by four space. Algernon was about to excuse himself in the best possible manner, when a fist descended upon his shoulder and as he sank to the floor in a faint he heard a voice saying "May I cut in?"

The orchestra was playing "My Old Fraternity Pin," with "Three on a Match," and "You Try Somebody Else," by the saxophone and drummer for melody. A group of football players in full uniform formed in wing back formation, the signal was called, and the crowd was thrown aside as the left end cut around to receive a pass. He caught it on the fifteen yard line but was stopped short by a couple doing the Madison Shuffle. Cheers resounded as he was taken off the field with minor abrasions and the water boy.

People were falling in various parts of the large hall, and screams could be heard as they were trampled by the onrushing dancers. There was a fanfare and Frank Buck, lasso in hand and a fishing net over his shoulder, stood on the balcony, looking for something to bring back alive.

Again and again he threw his net, but upon hauling in his catch found only minnows and a few grad students. He threw them back in disgust. Finally he caught an exhibition dancer from the Studio and with a smile, posed for a Movietone film. When interviewed he declared that it was a fine specimen of the *puella lasciva* and he expected to get a fine price for it from the London museum.

As the zero hour approached, the dancers twirled around in a last mad splurge. Hollow sounds were heard as head connected, and the grinding of bones drowned the sound of the orchestra, fortunately. The lights went on and with a scream the girls rushed around looking for parts of their shoes, dresses and compacts. The sad procession started down the steps as the more hale limped off. Those on crutches used the elevator. The orchestra which had been slumbering for the last hour unnoticed awoke and picking up their beds walked.

—Aldric Revell

THE DIRTY BARON

Upon this day
The Baron lay
And looked down from his tower.
He let his prey
Go on their way,
For they were in his power.

A maid passed by
Who caught his eye
And stirred his inner man,
He said no more,
He only swore,
And thus his oath began:

"Oh blow my nose
And pinch my toes
And curl my ears up fine,
For by thy boasts
Oh Lord of Hosts
That woman shall be mine."

Though wife said
(His thoughts she read),
"By Jove! You will be sorry."
He made a plot
With utmost thought
And found where lived his quarry.

He took his sword
Without a word
And strapped it in its sheath,
He tread so hard
Across the yard
The worms were slain beneath.

He rode a horse,
You know, of course,
He got there fast and well.
She—not so dumb—
Had seen him come
And cut the castle bell.

The villain came,
His heart aflame,
He knew his plans would work.
He took the rope,
The door to ope'
And gave a lusty jerk.

The pull for fair
The rope did tear
And out caromed the bell,
It's clangor spent,
Right down it went
And knocked him straight to hell.

By Andy Salz

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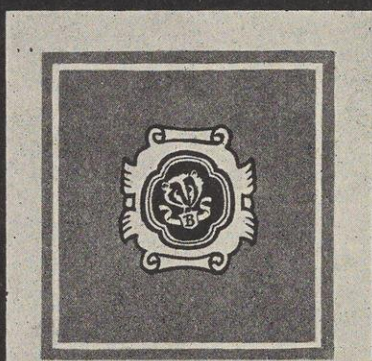
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DATELESS DANCES

In the hottest of her frocks
(Each of which cost plenty rocks)
Our Nell went to the Union dateless
dance.
She primped her hair and fixed her
face,
And practiced gestures full of grace
To make a hit with any guy she'd
meet, per chance.

Sallied Nell from Kappa Kappa
With the coyness of a flapper,
To the Union. Then she plod the
weary stairs,
And hurried to the room marked "LA-
DIES,"
Where she met some pals from
Grady's.
She chatted with them, conscious of
their piercing glares.

"I feel the need of variation,"
Said our Nell with hesitation,
"I'm rather bored with dull house par-
ties, and all *that*."
Then she waved a gay adieu,
And the gals, who took the cue,
Whispered "Did you see her *awful*-
looking hat?"

Trying to look very pleasant,
Nellie strutted like a pheasant
To a sofa, where she laid her anxious
carcass.
While from the hidden room marked
"LADIES",
One of Nellie's pals from Grady's
Meowed "Just gaze upon the queen—
Her Royal Harness!"

With a booming and a blare
The bleating band took to the air
With a tinny tune of slapping twangs
and crashes.
The fellows present chose their women,
And a rustic, dumb and grinnin',
Approached our Nell, attracted by her
false eye-lashes.

"M-may I have this dance?" he stut-
tered
"I'm not dancing," Nellie muttered
As she looked around the hall to catch
an eye.
No response from any male
To the flirting of this frail—
But she stuck to her guns and made
another try.

Almost dying with frustration,
 Just imagine her elation
 When a handsome chap approached
 and asked her hand.
 She just purred "Ye-es" and fixed her
 looks
 Like worldly dames' in modern books
 And talkies—not unlike the Connie
 Bennett brand.

They glided 'round the hall—
 Out of place in such a brawl.
 Nellie's partner was as graceful as a
 swan.
 She shut her eyes and sighed—
 And in her wandering mind she tried
 To be the Inez of this chivalric Don
 Juan.

"What is your name?" she asked her
 Brummel.
 He answered "Cecil Percy Wummel;
 And what is *your* name, may I ask?"
 (He was so dapper!)
 "Oh, people call me Little Nell—"
 (*Emotions are so hard to quell!*)
 "—And you may care to know I am a
 Kappa Kappa."

When the dateless dance was ended,
 Cece and Nellie were befriended,
 And they pledged to meet in some ro-
 mantic bower.
 Cried Cecil, "Don't forget our date—
 At seven-thirty—don't be late!
 And bear in mind—my fee is seven
 bucks an hour!"

—Henry Kupferschmid

Some magazine editors are often ac-
 cused of abiding by the policy, "the
 scissors are mightier than the type-
 writer."

And can you blame them? You
 can't cut paper dolls with a typewriter.

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(Continued from page 11)

XX

I might tell you more about bull-fighting, but space will not permit. I might tell you about how Jose Jose was gored and how the spectators passed his entrails about the stadium, but I won't. I might tell of the life of Jose Canusee, brother of Jose Jose, who was first a sailor, a barber, a shoe black, a debutante and finally an old toothbrush with the bristles falling out, and who died in the Madrid ring when a cowardly bull killed him by running the sword through his chest instead of between his shoulders.

Sometimes when a real cowardly matador comes into the ring the bull has to draw him out of his corner, placing banderillas in his back, and often running him through the neck with the sword. This makes an uninteresting fight and probably shows that the matador has strained his back in trying to push the bull into the ring. If you are lucky you may see a good bullfight, but probably none as

exciting as these that I have told you about. That is, unless you are *afician-ado*, which means a "damn good liar." So the hell with it.

—Pelican

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We are the Daughters of the American Revolution,

Staunch supporters of our sacred constitution.

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We have faith in science (except evolution.)

Our policy is peace—and no agresi-sions.

The United States has weathered past depressions.

(If there'll be any change at all

We shall demand a bugle call

To have our army drive away the scheming Russians.)

Among the nations of the world we are the cream.

The Stars and Stripes shall always wave supreme.

We hate everything that's foreign,

And next time you hear us roarin',

We'll be fighting foreign actors on our screen.

We have no sympathy for followers of Marx—

A bunch of lazy bums who live in public parks.

They have increased since '29,

"Reds" whose names end with "baum" and "stein."

They are unpatriotic, blatant demagogues.

First and last of our ideas : we do believe

That from our liberal ideals we must conceive

A country drenched in liberty,

A home and haven for the free!

(Excepting "reds" — those "communists" shall have to leave!)

—Hank

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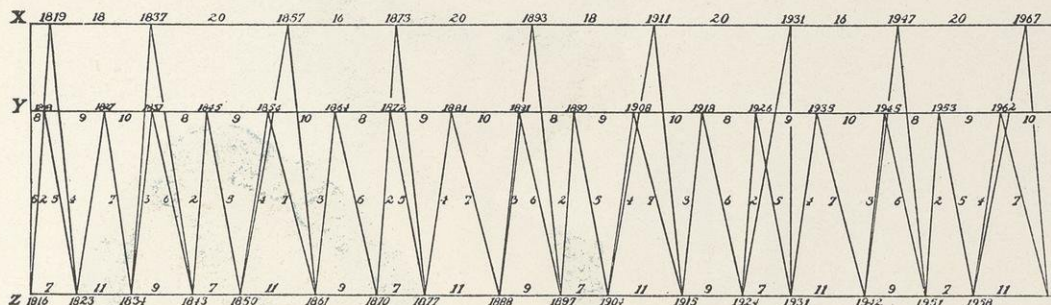
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THIS chart, showing the trends of business in the United States from 1816 to 1967, was published by Farmer Benner in Cincinnati in 1871. Students of economics say it has hit the nail on the head up to the present time. The chart shows that the 1931 depression officially ended with that year, and that for four years, beginning in 1932, business will be on the upgrade. The next big panic will occur in 1947.

The late John H. Patterson of The National Cash Register Company, kept this chart ever before him and it had a great deal to do in the planning of his operations during past periods of depression.

The man who made this chart died in 1884, and this chart was first published in

Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1871—60 years ago. If you will study it carefully, you will note the accuracy with which this chart has hit the business cycles.

Key to Chart

X—Years in which panics have occurred and will occur again. Their regular cycles are 16, 20, 18, 20 years.

Y—Years of good times, high prices and the time to sell stocks and values of all kinds. Their cycles are 8, 9 and 10 years.

Z—Years of hard times, low prices and a good time to buy stocks, corner lots, etc., and hold until the boom, then unload. Their cycles are 9, 7 and 11 years.

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