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## **The Wisconsin Octopus: Homecoming. Vol. 19, No. 2 October, 1937**

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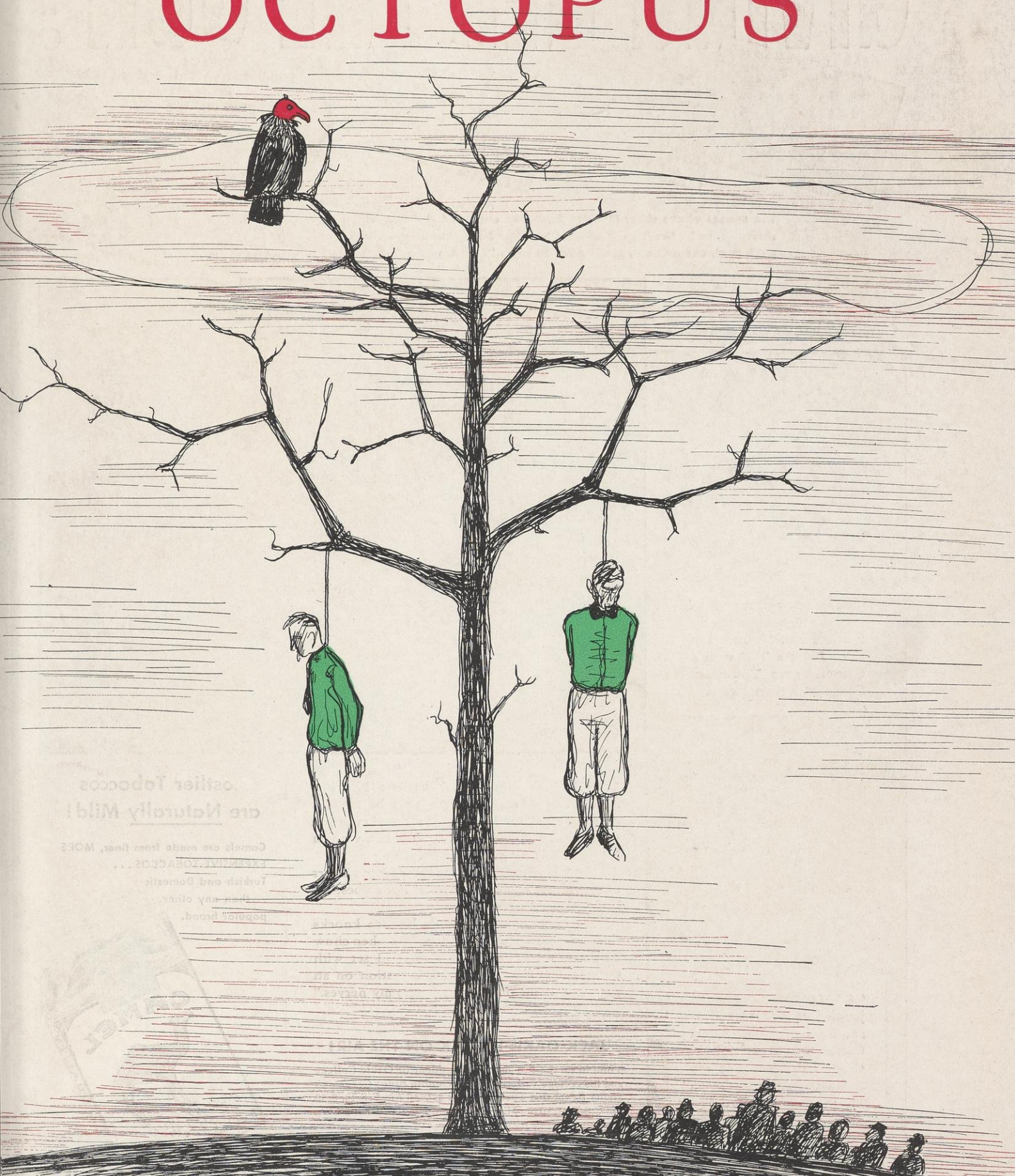
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# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

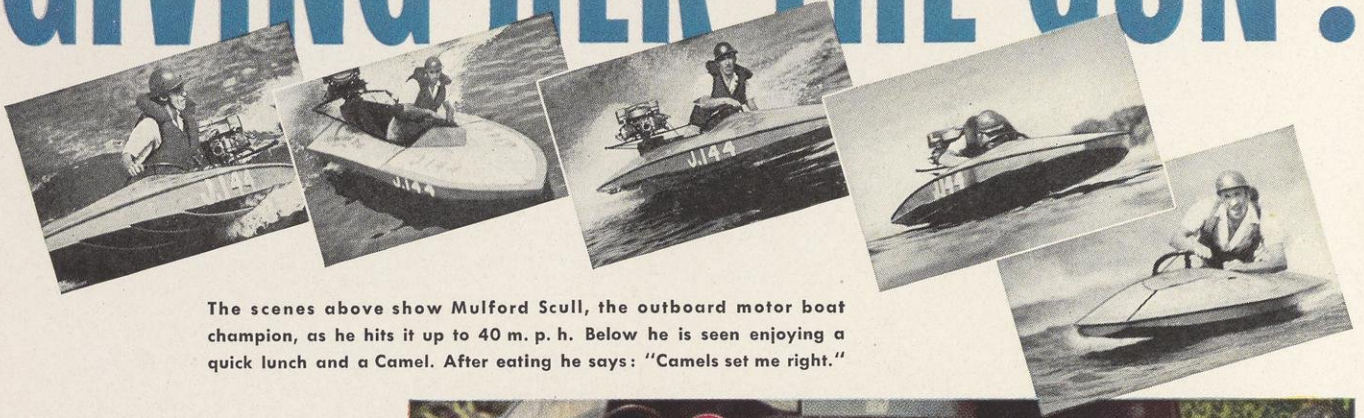


Homecoming

Fifteen Cents

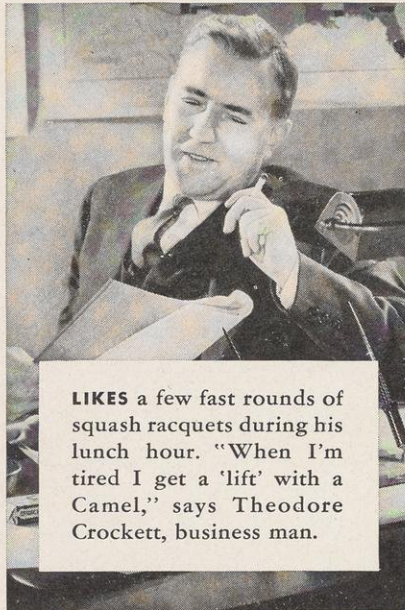


# GIVING HER THE GUN!

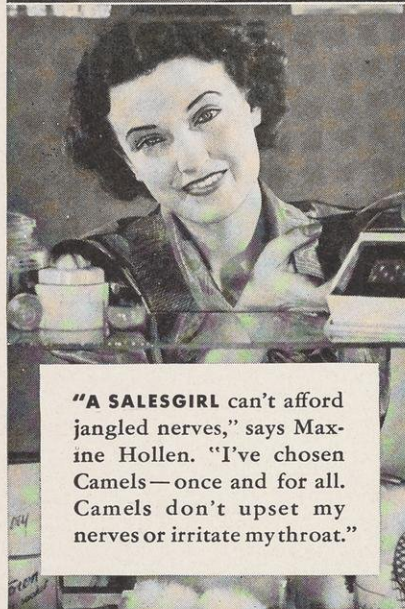


The scenes above show Mulford Scull, the outboard motor boat champion, as he hits it up to 40 m. p. h. Below he is seen enjoying a quick lunch and a Camel. After eating he says: "Camels set me right."

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



**LIKES** a few fast rounds of squash racquets during his lunch hour. "When I'm tired I get a 'lift' with a Camel," says Theodore Crockett, business man.



**"A SALESGIRL** can't afford jangled nerves," says Maxine Hollen. "I've chosen Camels—once and for all. Camels don't upset my nerves or irritate my throat."

**I**N 1929, Mulford Scull became National Amateur Champion. This year he made a clean sweep of the Class "A" Outboard events at the Miami Regatta. The trophies he's won in his years of racing fill a room.

Jolts, vibration, nervous tension—are all part of what an outboard driver undergoes. In Mulford Scull's own words:

"The way these outboards bounce knocks the daylights out of digestion. Yet when chow comes around, I'm right there—all set with Camels. They help keep my digestion on an even keel. And they never jangle my nerves."

## JACK OAKIE IS BACK ON THE AIR!

Tune in on the fun-making President of Oakie College and his college variety show, including *Benny Goodman's Swing Band*, this Tuesday night at 9:30 pm E.S.T., 8:30 pm C.S.T., 7:30 pm M.S.T., 6:30 pm P.S.T.—WABC-CBS.

## Costlier Tobaccos are Naturally Mild!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...

Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand.



# FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS!



## Don't Bust

The members of an exclusive hunt club decided to hold a fox hunt and instructed the members to bring only male dogs. However, one influential member owned only a female, and she was allowed to run with the pack.

The morning of the hunt they followed the dogs for an hour and then lost them completely. One of the hunters saw a farmer working in a field and questioned him.

"Have you seen anything of a pack of dogs and a fox?"

"Sure, just a minute ago, they were going that way."

"What were they doing?"

"Wal," said the farmer, "the last I saw of them the fox was running fifth."

—Red Cat.

Waiter: Mr. Brown left his umbrella again. I believe he'd leave his head if it were loose.

Manager: I dare say you're right. I heard him say only yesterday that he was going to Switzerland for his lungs.

*"First I was on pro, then final pro, then absolutely final pro, and if I don't make my grades this semester I might get kicked out."*

“Why, this water runs off my back like water off a duck’s back,” said the duck.  
—*Lampoon.*

daily bit of philosophizing with, "Yew might as well turn 'er off, fellers, there's no concrete comin' out of her.—*Siren.*"

Overheard at the American Bar Association meeting: "The law business is terrible in St. Louis. I think I'll take all my witnesses and move out of town."  
—*Phoenix.*

Professor: Are you doing anything this evening, Miss Riffle?

Clara (hopefully): No;  
not a thing.

Professor: Then try to be on time to class tomorrow morning.

—*Not Octopus.*

Trackman: What's my temperature, doc?

Doc: A hundred and three.

Trackmen: What's the world's record? —*Gourd*.

The flivver pounded laboriously down the pavement and gradually settled at the curb with a groan and a sigh. The motor continued to rumble. The town wit nearby did his philosophizing with, "Yew ell turn 'er off, fellers, there's comin' out of her.—*Siren.*"



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of looking your best

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*to students at reasonable rates...*  
**COLLEGE TYPING COMPANY**  
 BADGER 3747 *across the campus from library* 720 STATE ST.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

*(In the manner of the better periodicals)*

RAY VALLIER has a permanent charleyhorse and likes to draw pictures of football players. He is unlucky at cards and unlucky in love, too. Favorite reading: *The American Boy*.

LEONARD SILK once had a poem printed in the back pages of the *New Yorker*. He is a sophomore and wants to be editor of the *Octopus* next year. (He won't be.)

BOB NASH worked at the French House last year and has been an incorrigible cynic ever since. He plays a trombone and his right arm is three inches longer than his left. We do not print most of his limericks, which are quite dirty. He comes from Oshkosh but does not go around telling people about it.

ROBERT PIERRON comes from Belgium and still does not know which end of a French phone to talk into. He is

taking Journalism, the fool.

TOM HYLAND has galloping consumption and probably will not live out the year. He has, however, received rejection slips from all the better magazines. He reads *Punch* every week and laughs at it hard.

BOB KLUETER did the Mona Lisa job. He hails from Altoona and Lodi. He also hails from Wilmette. He's a hail fellow Wilmette.

MYRON GORDON will be sixteen this January but has all his second teeth. He is on the Union Board and gets into everything free. Women fear him.

HOMER HASWELL is six feet four and has a tapeworm named Arnold who goes everywhere he does. He is majoring in Gaelic and plans to be a veterinary when he grows up.

R. MORTON JONES lives on beer and tomato juice and is beginning to show it. He lives next door to a sorority house and never gets to bed nights before twelve.

CAROL LIEBL is wearing a man's fraternity pin so you had better look out. She is careless and lazy and has to be dealt with harshly. This is her third semester in sub-Freshman English.

# THANKS A MILLION!

*For Every Little Thing . . . . Namely . . . .*

- *Your Fine Support*
- *Your Response to a New Store*
- *Your Courteous Patience with Our Oft-Depleted Stock*

Sincerely,  
 JERRY BRATLIE.



*And this is  
 no BULL!*

## STUDENT BOOK EXCHANGE

Incorporated

712 STATE STREET



## Platter Patter

### If You Should Ever Leave

Ella Fitzgerald has her own outfit, The Savoy Eight. But in spite of some good sax and piano work in addition to Ella's fine vocals they won't get any place with numbers like this and *Everyone's Wrong But Me*. Decca.

### Two Old Maids in a Folding Bed

Decca.

### Study in Brown

Glen Gray still turns out some mighty fine swing; and if this doesn't make you want to truck, nothing will. *Whoa Babe* is the same stuff with a fine vocal by Pee Wee Hunt. Decca.

### Have You Got Any Castles, Baby?

Will Osborne's trombones still sound smooth as ever and help this kind of number along plenty. The same holds for *Moonlight on the Campus*. Will and the chorus really do this up swell. Decca.

### I Got Rhythm

Typically Red Norvo. Lots of rhythm, very little melody. Also plenty of xylophone. *Lady Be Good* is a lot like the reverse side, but the xylophone drags a bit. Decca.

### The Lady Is a Tramp

Henry King's rhythm really sparkles here. Good piano and vocal. *Little Fraternity Pin* doesn't click, but then we doubt if anybody could do much with it. Decca.

### Alice

Freddie Fisher sounds about like the three piece band that he probably has. This is good Bowery party stuff, but don't bring it out till then. *My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean* is a great deal worse. Selah. Decca.

### Wabash Blues

Freddie Fisher throws in a couple of Harmonica Choruses for good measure, but it still isn't in the least convincing. *I'm a Ding Dong Daddy* has a long vocal which doesn't help at all. Pretty poor stuff, in spite of what a certain weeklynewsmagazine says. Decca.

# Pipe Smokers, please accept this generous free offer



**We'll gladly send you at our expense, a full day's supply of this tobacco, which most men claim to be the finest blend they've ever tried**

Dear Sir:

Probably, like most pipe smokers, you are constantly on the lookout for a finer tobacco than any you have ever smoked.

We believe we have achieved such a winning blend in Briggs Pipe Mixture and most of those who try it agree with us.

But we don't ask you to accept their verdict. We don't ask you to spend a cent. Instead, we offer you free a full day's supply of this unique tobacco and ask of you only the simple favor of trying it at our expense.

We believe in the short space of 1 smoking day you will become a Briggs fan. We believe you will readily see that Briggs surpasses other pipe-tobaccos in these 4 ways.

#### In 4 Ways Superior

There is nothing unusual about these 4 claims we make for Briggs. The difference is, smokers tell us, they are *true*. Most men who try Briggs find in it these 4 advantages:

1. More delightful in flavor. 2. Cooler burn-

ing (mellowed 4 full years). 3. Utterly *biteless* to tongue and throat. 4. Keeps pipe cleaner and sweeter.

#### Now Mail the Coupon

Won't you give us a fair chance to prove our case for Briggs? Remember it is at our expense, it costs you nothing. And this *free* full day test of Briggs may easily introduce you to the pipe tobacco you have always sought. The coupon is for your convenience. Won't you fill it in now, please, before you forget?

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Mail to BRIGGS, 119 W. 40th Street, New York City, for a generous supply of Briggs Pipe Mixture.

(Offer good in United States only.)

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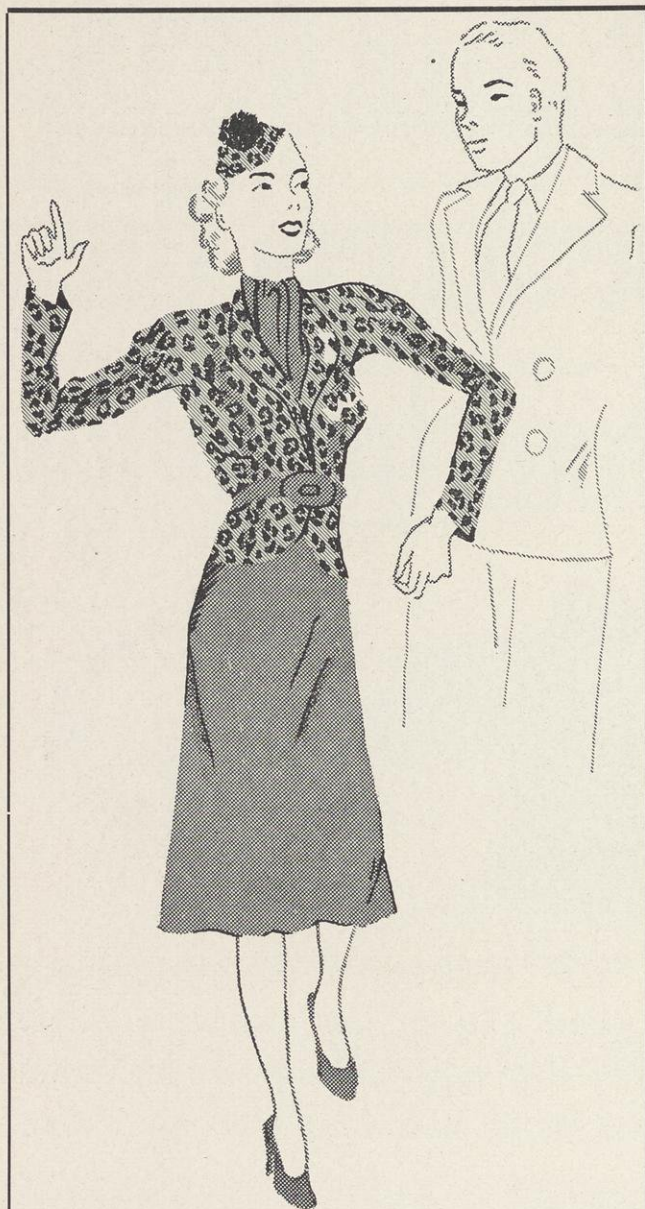
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for cheering at  
the game or dancing  
"the big apple" . . .

Leopard Velveteen jacket-dress with  
a slim skirt and ascot tie of brown crepe. A  
lilting ensemble with its matching hat . . .  
equally smart for the stadium or Homecoming  
dance. \$19.95.

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## The Campus CHRONICLE

### *Hmmmm*

The dormant Ku Klux Klan has been big news ever since a trace of it has seeped into the Supreme Court. Yet little do the people of the state realize that another former Klansman is holding a high position at the University of Wisconsin. Perhaps another noxious scandal would be in order.

We refer to Porter Butts, one-time member of the student Ku Klux Klan.\*

### *Foreign Affairs*

At the language placement tests for late arrivals and transfers, held in 165 Bascom, French, German, and Spanish students were thrown together. To effect order in the tri-partite lecture room, an ideology-conscious examination committee wrote the following message on the blackboard:

SPANISH  
*left*

FRENCH  
*center*

GERMAN  
*right*

### *At Last*

It's time this "Kiekhofer's" wall business was settled. The professor has a thousand times denied that the wall is his, and yet his name is continually mixed up with it.

Well, the fact is Professor Kiekhofer married the red brick wall. Mrs. Kiekhofer, nee Owen, and her sister own the wall and the property behind it stretching to State Street.

The other sister, though, lives far from Madison; and to Mr. Kiekhofer, as the Man in the Family, falls the duty of calling the cops—in the years before wall-painting was a Sunday school picnic, and the privilege of denying that the wall is his.

### *Not in the Soup, Anyway*

An Ann Emery lass tells us a charming tale which took place recently at their switchboard. A young lady phoned up the girl at the desk and complained that there were two windows in her room and only one screen, and that the flies were coming in.

"Are they coming in the window without the screen?" the desk girl asked.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Are they coming in the window with the screen?"

"No," replied the lady in distress.

"Then simply take the screen and put it on the window where they are coming in."

### *Recent Researches at—*

In order to graduate, people are willing to go through a lot. Glancing over a list of theses done for graduation, we hardly know whether to laugh, cry, or hang from branches.

The title of one young man's thesis was "Bacteriological

\*This student Ku Klux Klan, prevalent around 1922 or so, was a sort of honorary society like Iron Cross. It had no connection whatever in organization or principle with the then expanding national Klan; in fact, when the national Klan began to grow large and notorious, the students dissolved their group forever to emphasize their disapproval and absence of connection.

This rather clears Mr. Butts. Oh well . . .



Studies of the Men's Swimming Pool in the U. of Wis."

One fellow even drags his fraternity into the fray: "Heat Treatment of S.A.E., 3130 Steel." This must have been a stirring subject, "Game Management Studies at Faville Grove."

We thought that this fellow must have done his work under Professor Gaus, but on looking him up we were wrong: "The Modern Shoe—Its Manufacture and Sale."

We don't doubt but that this fellow had an uneasy time doing his thesis: The Effectiveness of Dishwashing in the Taverns and Restaurants of Madison."

### Oh Emily!

Mr. Wentworth has started another feud at the dormitories. This time it involves his order that all men must wear suit coats to dinner or they will not be served. Many of the boys got around it by taking off their coats as soon as they had their miserly sustenance safely before them.

Questioned as to why he wanted coats worn, Mr. W. explained that it is the only dignified way to have dinner. One lad has pointed out that it isn't particularly dignified to dress at *all* for breakfast; the dignified way is to have it in bed. Match that, Mr. W.

### Milk & Water

The picture *Varsity Show* caused quite a sensation to Wisconsin fans. In one scene Dick Powell (we *adore* his singing, pffff) walks by a statue of A. Lincoln with his heart interest. The startling point is that Abe is not only standing up but is holding a torch. The legend, slightly modified in the picture, is that if anyone sits on the bench in front of the statue and kisses his girl, Lincoln will shout aloud.

Fie on you, Hollywood! Kid stuff!

### Him Again

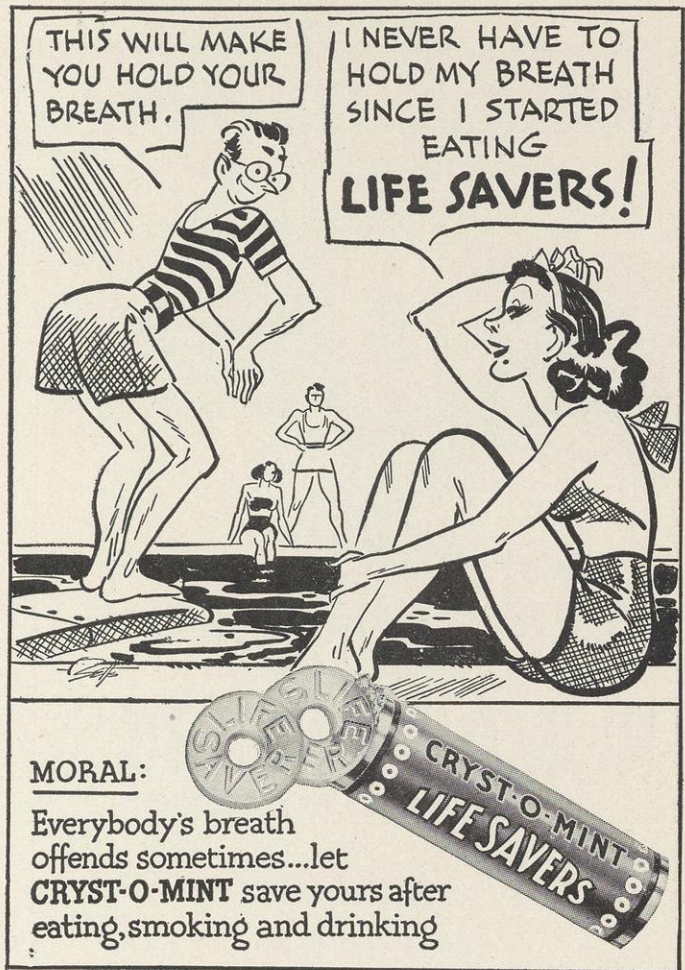
We have Professor Lucifer Rogers of the French-Novel department to thank for a more full explanation of what is meant by the "absent-minded professor." The other day we passed his office and noticed that he had posted the following hours and days in which he would be available for office hours:

#### OFFICE HOURS

Wednesday . . . . . Sept. 22 . . . 10-12  
Friday . . . . . Sept. 23 . . . 10-12

### Sale

We love the story of the freshman who wondered where he could buy a low priced pair of tennis shoes for gym class. He went on to explain that he thought that most tennis shoes were too expensive. A rather clever lad explained



**MORAL:**  
Everybody's breath  
offends sometimes...let  
**CRYST-O-MINT** save yours after  
eating, smoking and drinking

## It's No Joke!

Even if we ARE under  
new management, our  
meals are still the best



## UNIVERSITY Restaurant

Wm. Lathrop, Prop.

317 N. PARK

"The Esquire of the Campus"



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Sirs:

Please put my name on the mailing list of your  
periodical, Rural Progress.

NAME .....

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Perfectly  
Pasteurized  
**Dairy  
Products**

phone  
**Badger  
7100**

to him that the Octopus brand was inexpensive, only 75c.

The boy was very interested and asked where he could get them. He was told that these tennis shoes were advertised in front of the Old Union. "Haven't you seen the sign in front there: *Octopus, ten-issues, 75 cents.*"

### *Laissez-Faire*

We are constantly delighted by the laissez-faire type of teacher. No hale fellow will deny that Professor Mack Singleton of the Portuguese Dept. is decidedly in this class.

Disputing over the pronunciation of a word, Prof. Singleton asked for a vote.

"How many would put the accent on the first syllable?" A few hands were put up.

"How many would stress the last syllable?" More hands.

"How many don't give a damn?"

### *Whoops!*

A lad we know who works in the registrar's office tells us of the large number of cards which were received dropping ROTC after the current onslaught. One card, he said, was marked:

"Subject dropped: Military Science . . . and how!"

### *Signs*

The want-ad board in Bascom continues to be a source of endless interest to us. One darling frosh, not realizing that there are exactly thirty-one different floors in Adams Hall with the same call number, left this on the board:

WANTED: second-hand band uniform  
Phone F. 5000—One long, two short

## *The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc.*

Madison, Wisconsin

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Vol. XIX

OCTOBER, 1937

Number 2



## The Whole World Over

I WAS reading in the paper the other day about some Australian professor who was raising a smell about the way globes of the world were made. He didn't like it at all that Australia was always on the bottom of the globe. He said that even on his expensive globe which had a universal movement when he got Australia on the top the printing was upside down.

The worst of the situation was that it gave children the wrong idea at a time when their minds were easily impressed. Indeed, because they were taught with globes on which Australia was on the bottom, they might carry through life the mistaken idea that they were living upside down.

Therefore, the professor says that globe companies should be required to make another type of globe on which Australia was on the top and the United States, etc., are on the bottom.

Now I am aware of the grave danger to the youth of Australia as pointed out by the professor, but still I would advise him to proceed on his campaign to turn Australia right side up with care lest he cause greater troubles than now exist. Let us consider what awkward situations might arise were there two standard forms of globes.

Consider the case of a child who has been accustomed to the right type of globe for his country and then suddenly comes upon the opposite type. Will he not think that he has been tricked and that he is in reality living upside down? It might even give him such a shock that he would start walking on his head.

The explanation that really neither he nor the Australians were living upside down would only lead to the conclusion that instead it might be the case that both of them were upside down, for it certainly is not hard to believe in these days that the whole world is upside down.

Also we must consider the probability that people will travel from one hemisphere to the other. A man who had been taught with a globe on which Australia was upside down at a time when his mind was easily impressed could scarcely be other than stupified by the Australian version of the globe when he arrived there. With his ideas already set there is little hope that this experience could do him any good, and because his ideas were set he would continually act as though he were upside down.

This would lead his Australian friends to believe that he acted this way because he came from a country which they believed was wrong side up. All in all, a general misunderstanding on both sides would ensue and might even cause ill feelings.

LASTLY, let us suppose that *both* types of globes were adopted. It would be a logical step to place each top half side by side. Continued contact with such an idea might conceivably lead to a common belief that the world, rather than being round, consisted of two sliced spheres along side of each other.

In the end this might set at naught the valuable work done by Christopher Columbus in proving the world was round. Indeed, it might even become necessary to rediscover America to bring us back to our senses.

So I would say to our Australian friend that he should consider a few of these facts and decide himself whether it might not be better to leave things as they are. For while this may result in topsy turvy printing and a few misled Australians, it is not nearly as likely to cause misunderstandings or to change the course of world events.

—H. R. K.

*IF you're stuffed with  
knowledge and weary  
of college . . .*



*THEN what you're  
needing is lighter  
reading . . .*

*from*

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The perfect fall tonic for a head that grows weary over learned volumes are the hundreds of entertaining new books in Brown's RENTAL LIBRARY.

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..and  
LITTLE  
AUDREY  
just laughed and laughed,  
because her aspiring boy-  
friend didn't know that  
her pretty shoes from  
MANCHESTER'S  
were very comfortable  
for walking home.

## Madison After Dark

### A Careful—Oh! So Careful—Survey of Joints in the, er, Metropolitan Area

*An asterisk \* means you'd better dress, but not obligatory.*

o o o

**WEST SIDE PALM GARDENS**—When Tony hung up his canvas palm trees and opened his doors for business down on W. Wash. Ave., he thought he had a fine spot for the Italian families of the neighborhood. For some reason (maybe spiked beers at 15c) the college boys came instead. You'll meet all the best people.

**GOLDEN PHEASANT**—Just a few blocks out of the city limits on Highway 14 one finds the G.P. The signs behind the bar are something you must see for yourself, and there is a very dim back room if your date is *that* kind of a girl.

**EVERGREENS**—Not quite as far out Highway 14 as the Golden Pheasant and up a hill to the right. Nobody seems to know why, in spite of the fifteen cars parked outside, there are never more than ten people or so to be seen in the place.

**THE STABLES\***—The name isn't deceiving, for this hole out on a back road behind the Packing Plant used to be a horse barn and for all we know maybe still is. Rustic . . . but oh! so fashionable.

**THE PINES**—This spot out about a half mile short of the Chanticleer is pretty dull until about eleven-thirty. Specialty dancing by candlelight after closing hours.

**THE MARCHO\***—This joint, about three miles out on Highway 30, is really the wildest near Madison. The neighborhood farm girls rather spoil the Spanish atmosphere, but they more than make up for that in other ways. A fan-dancer here, too.

**ROMIE'S**—If you whisper in the taxi driver's ear, you're likely to end up just past Hollywood and over the Black Bridge. Bring your date or find one here. Yow!

**CUBA CLUB**—This used to be a farm house and when the present owners took it over they just forgot to tear out any partitions so be careful and don't wander too far. You might get lost. Pretty well patronized; D.U. chapter meetings were held here for a time last year. Slot machines usually in basement, and good hamburgers.

—O. W. L.

Judge: On what grounds do you ask for a divorce?

Wife: Insanity, Your Honor. I put crackers in his bed and he ate them.

Judge: Is that all?

Wife: No, Your Honor. After he had eaten the crackers, he wanted to know who stole his soup.

—Owl.

Lady: I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year-old daughter, please.

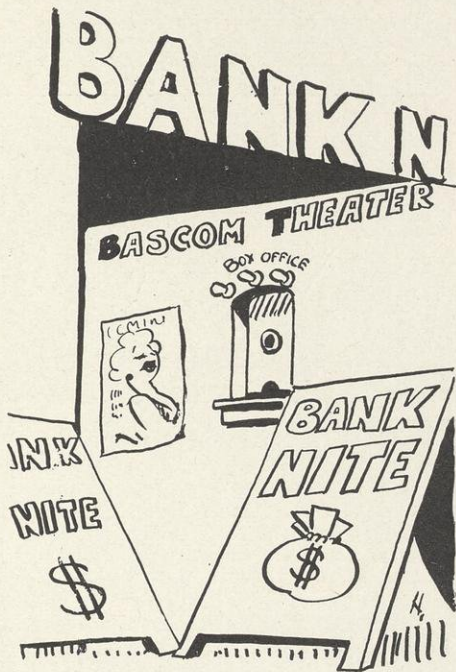
Polite Clerk: Yes, Ma'am, white kid?

Lady: Sir!

—Tiger.







but honestly . . .

we predict our greatest season with

EXCURSION . . . Victor Wolfson

BABES IN TOYLAND . Victor Herbert

HIGH TOR . . . Maxwell Anderson

NOAH . . . . . Andre Obey

MARCO MILLIONS . Eugene O'Neill

SEASON TICKET

5 major productions

3 studio productions . . .

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UNIVERSITY THEATER

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*the 1938 "Pacemaker" CORONA*

**SPEED MODEL. . .** *the finest, fastest,*

*most complete portable we've ever demonstrated*

- All makes of reconditioned Typewriters for Sale or Rented...

*Just think —*

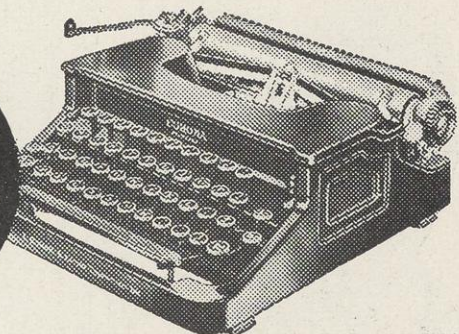
**\$100**

*a week*

*takes one of these*

*new Coronas*

*home!*



**JONES TYPEWRITER CO.**

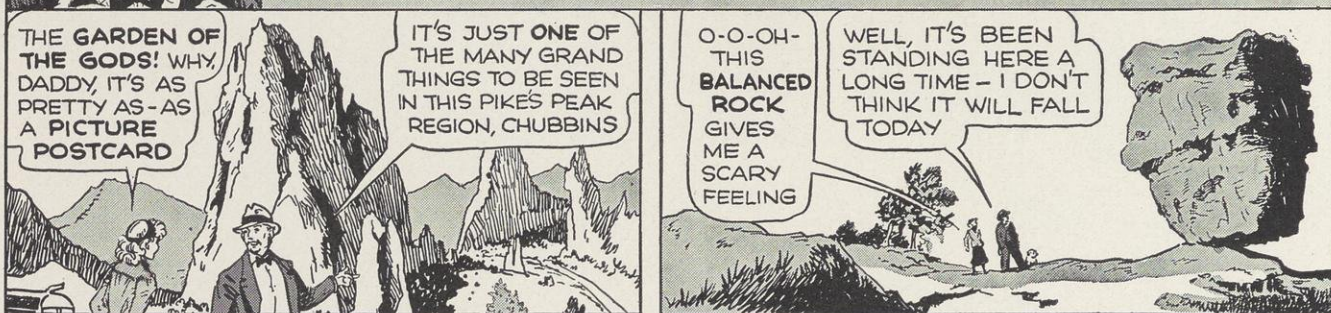
506 STATE STREET

BADGER 1364



# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

AT PIKE'S PEAK



Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

' THE GREAT THING ABOUT PRINCE ALBERT IS THAT SUCH A **MILD** TOBACCO CAN BE SO **RICH** AND **FULL-BODIED!**



TRY P.A. ON THIS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

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

ALSO TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN WITH P.A.

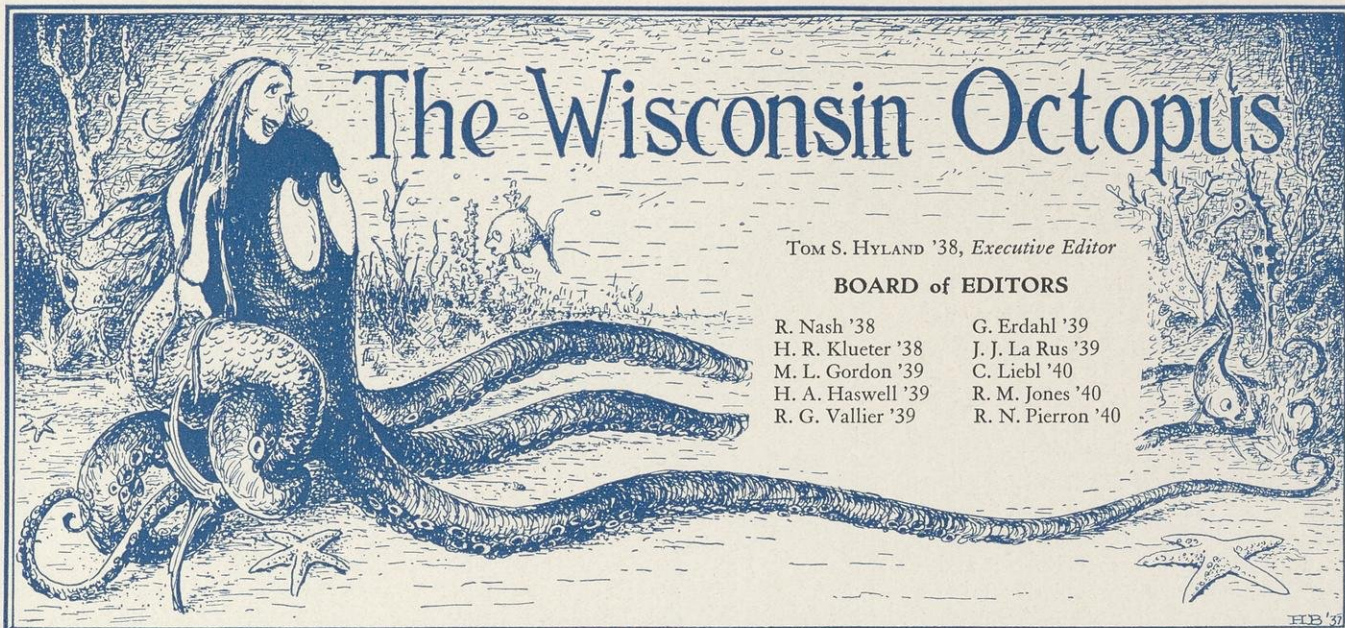
50

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

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE





Volume XIX

OCTOBER, 1937

Number 2

## On Second Thought

**W**E note that Pres. Dykstra was willing to croon for *Life*. Perhaps he would consider swinging it down in 770 Club some night—for a nominal remuneration, of course.

\*\*\*

Last year Dorm residents made a collection to send their nightwatchman on a trip to Switzerland. This year the enthusiasm is being focused on sending one Mr. Wentworth on a one way trip to the Antarctic.

\*\*\*

Records break on every side of us. We hear now that the University directory will be out before Groundhog Day.

\*\*\*

"Dead End" was quite a good movie, but it was very lengthy. It was so long, in fact, that we walked out with one.

\*\*\*

Wisconsin is famous for its Observatory Hill. Imagine how we scorned when one freshman explained that he thought it referred to the hill overlooking Barnard Hall.

\*\*\*

We read that a grand total of two men signed up for the course in classical

Arabic. Probably two souls who got lost looking for the men's room.

\*\*\*

At the open houses the rounders' techniques vary from trusting to memory to scribbling the girl's name on the back of an envelope. You can always pick out the superior student, though—he carries a little black notebook and an eversharp.

\*\*\*

We were all pleased that Wisconsin cleaned up Marquette. One old codger, obviously well on his way out, was yelling, "What a Homecoming, What a Homecoming!"

\*\*\*

Mrs. Dykstra, in inviting the students to their open house, suggests that it is all right to bring a date.

"Or", comments Mr. Dykstra, slyly, "find one here".

\*\*\*

Since Iowa is our Homecoming foe this year, the house decorations will no doubt play up the "beat Iowa" angle. We predict that twenty houses will feature "Step on Iowa's Corns."

\*\*\*

Mr. Dykstra has chosen a representative from a sorority and one from an independent house to take care of his open house. Apparently Mr. Dykstra is not taking sides, pending results of the student elections.

\*\*\*

For the first time in years the front lawn of the Union wasn't dug up, and the Kieckhofer wall can now be painted at high noon without apprehension.

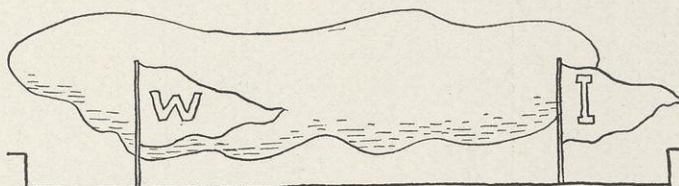
Pretty soon Fred will serve nothing but cokes.

\*\*\*

With South Dakota and Marquette under his belt, Coach Stuhldreher can count on a football job for next year—as well as being a free-lance movie author.

\*\*\*

Enrollment in Gaelic has skyrocketed from nine to fifteen students. The legislature is planning to send to Ireland for two more professors.





## Are You in a C Section?

**A**S A SENIOR member of a fraternity who helped twenty freshmen pledges get through English 1, I feel that I am qualified to help the nearly three thousand freshmen now taking the course and to make it, if not a bed of roses, at least free from thistles.

I find that the assigned reading never causes any trouble, since nobody bothers to do it anyway. The big problem is theme-writing; something tangible must be produced.

Writing themes is really simple, however appalling the task may seem to the freshman. There are probably not more than three fundamental subjects. Since each freshman must submit an outline of his theme, I have outlined these three themes below; and the writer need only to pad the frame as it stands to have a theme worth a B any day.

Writing on any subject not listed here will lay the student open to charges of plagiarism, so it is best not to try anything else. Your instructor does not expect it of you.

### I. HOW TO BUILD A BIRD HOUSE

*Intro. Sent.:* The building of a bird house is one of the things I like to do best and much profit and fun can be gained by everybody if they watch the daily life of our feathered friends.

1. The house itself
  - a. Getting the wood
  - b. Old orange crates and prune boxes
  - c. Be careful of splinters.
2. Making the hole big enough for a bird
  - a. Swallows
  - b. Wrens
  - c. Orioles (2 in.)
  - d. Others
3. Putting the bird house up
  - a. A pole or stick
  - b. Hanging from a tree
  - c. Look out for cats

*Concluding sent.:* When this is done you have a bird house and much fun and profit may be gained by all if they watch the daily life of our feathered friends.

### II. MY AMBITION IN LIFE

*Intro. Sent.:* Although I would like to make quite a bit of money in life, money is not all and too many people only go on in a shallow way with no thought for other things.

1. Money not everything
  - a. What St. Paul said
  - b. Happiness not for sale
  - c. Case of a boy I know

2. Things that count
    - a. Good books
    - b. Love
    - c. My dog, Randolph
    - d. Walks in country, swimming, etc.
  3. My Career
    - a. Taking pharmacy in U. W.
    - b. Work in my uncle's drug store
    - c. Good books, movies
    - d. Raise garden—frts. & vgbles.
- Con. Sent.:* So while I might like to



be a millionaire, I have not much chance; and there are other things that count more in life than this, I think.

### III. MODERN YOUTH OF TODAY

*Intro. Sent.:* Modern youth of today is not like youth of before the depression.

1. The good old days
  - a. Bootleggers
  - b. Automobiles, frat clubs, jazz
  - c. Not prepared to face the world
2. The depression
  - a. Less students
  - b. Some hungry
  - c. The CCC, NRA, SEC
  - d. Interest in econ, soc, etc.
3. Sex
  - a. Sex
4. 1937 dawn on the campus
  - a. More serious
  - b. Still like good time, movies, football, etc.
  - c. Mature, grown up; NYA
  - d. Will not make mistakes of older brothers and sisters
  - e. Not taken in by Communists, Socialists, etc.

*Con. Sent.:* Modern youth of today is wiser and better than formerly and thinks many things must be changed to rectify the country, like the supreme court.

\* \* \*

Clip these outlines and paste them over your study-desk. They will enable *anyone* to pass the course with flying colors—even football players.

—T. H.

## New York Landscape

**I**T WAS just at the time of the five o'clock rush, when the subway crowd was the thickest. A big burly guard was packing the people into the train. He jammed, slammed, and threw the people into the cars but finally even his strength would not avail against the internal pressure.

Suddenly a party of twenty came thundering down the steps. The guard looked at them helplessly. It was impossible to pack them into the train. But at that moment a little old lady came walking by. Seeing the poor guard's dilemma, she walked over to the people and in a few minutes had every one on the train. The guard was amazed.

"Who are you?" he gasped.

She hung her head demurely and said, "I run a rooming house in Madison."

—R. N.





### Master Minds at Work

Inconsistency, said Emerson, is the bugaboo of little minds; and here indeed — in this glimpse of the Student Life & Interest Committee — we see truly great minds at work. The honorable committee, speaking out of its collective pool of wisdom, allows freshmen to work their little heads off all fall on the freshman football team. And, as far as these gentlemen are concerned, a regular member on the football team can have nothing but D's and still be eligible. However, they forbid freshmen to work on publications and other activities and insist upon a 1.000 average for upperclassmen. That's life . . .

### The Lost Battalion

**I**T WAS Homecoming Day in Madison. Mystery, glamor, intrigue were in the air, it was rumored.

At the throttle of the Baraboo Flash, bound for Madison, Engineer Daniel O'Grady was cursing. He looked evil. The Flash was bearing the great class of '07, returning for their 30th reunion. How many of those alumni would ever see their happy homes again?

Only one man could answer that question. He, however, does not come into this story. If you suspect Engineer O'Grady, you are mistaken.

Soon the train rolled into the Chicago and Northwestern station-yard. "All right, fellows!" cried Harry Tiffle, the parade marshal. "Line up quickly, and we shall start our march to the campus. Class officers first, please. Our president, Jasper Crumpet, will lead. *Allons!*"

To the square they marched, then thrice around it. "Ha!" laughed Marty Throckmorton, once a Cardinal night-editor. "When we were freshmen, remember how we used to get lost around the square?"

"Ha!" laughed Harry Tiffle.

"Ha!" laughed President Crumpet.

After the third circuit, Crumpet decided to lead his forces to the campus. But instead of turning down State Street, as he had intended, Crumpet led his fellows down adjoining Carroll Street.

When blue water suddenly sparkled before them, the class decided something was amiss. "Maybe we'd better ask somebody," ventured Throckmorton.

"What!" roared President Crumpet. "Like a pack of stupid freshmen? *Never!*"

They turned right, up Gilman. Then they *had* to turn right, down Butler. Five blocks of marching down Butler left them with two choices: going left, back to the railroad station, or going right again.

They turned right . . . nine blocks down Wilson. Two of the better-known class weaklings fell exhausted into a gutter. "Leave them!" President Crumpet ordered crisply, to prevent a panic.

They turned right again . . . six blocks up Bassett. Three more men

collapsed. They had been ping-pong aces.

"Let's try a left turn for once," pleaded Throckmorton, failing fast.

"O.K.," snapped the president, irritably.

The class struggled on, through a web of alleys. A sign said Clymer Place.

"I know the way now!" cried Crumpet. "We turn left."

**O**N THEY marched . . . five, ten, fifteen blocks; by then 14 more alumni had fallen. On, on . . . twenty blocks, twenty-one, two, three . . .

"After that they kinda disappeared," Jacob Wibbins, Madison bus-driver, last man to see the marching class, told reporters.

A survey conducted by an independent fact-finding agency later revealed that Lake Wingra comes after Ridge-wood Street, the twenty-fourth block south of Clymer Place.

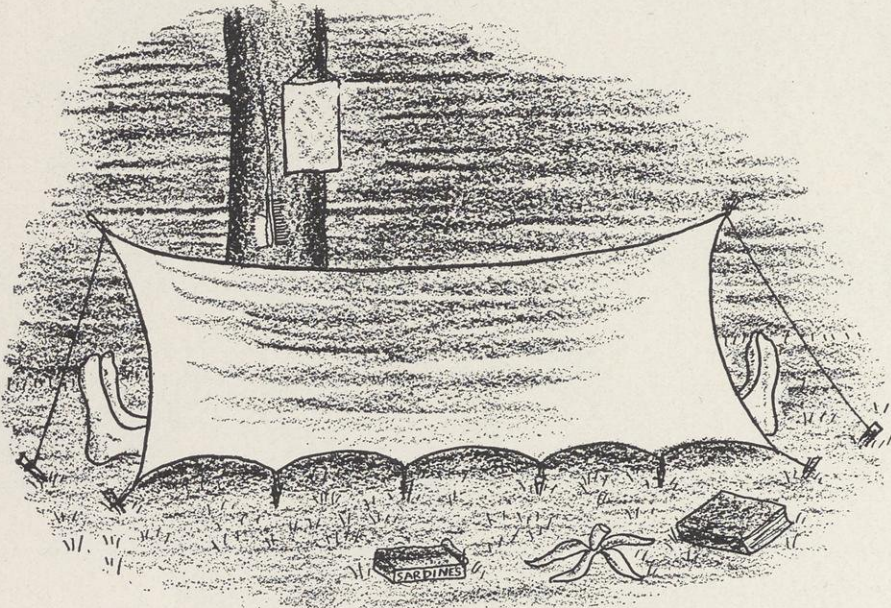
No member of the class of '07 has ever been seen since, not even the ones who fell exhausted in that memorable Homecoming march.

—L. S.



## WHERE DO THEY LIVE?

*Record enrollment of 10,850 causes huge demand for rooms; many students forced to shift for selves.*



*"Albert and I get along swell," chirps Homer Pigeon, geography student. "We bought a bottle of fly-tox and now the place is occupied just by the two of us."*



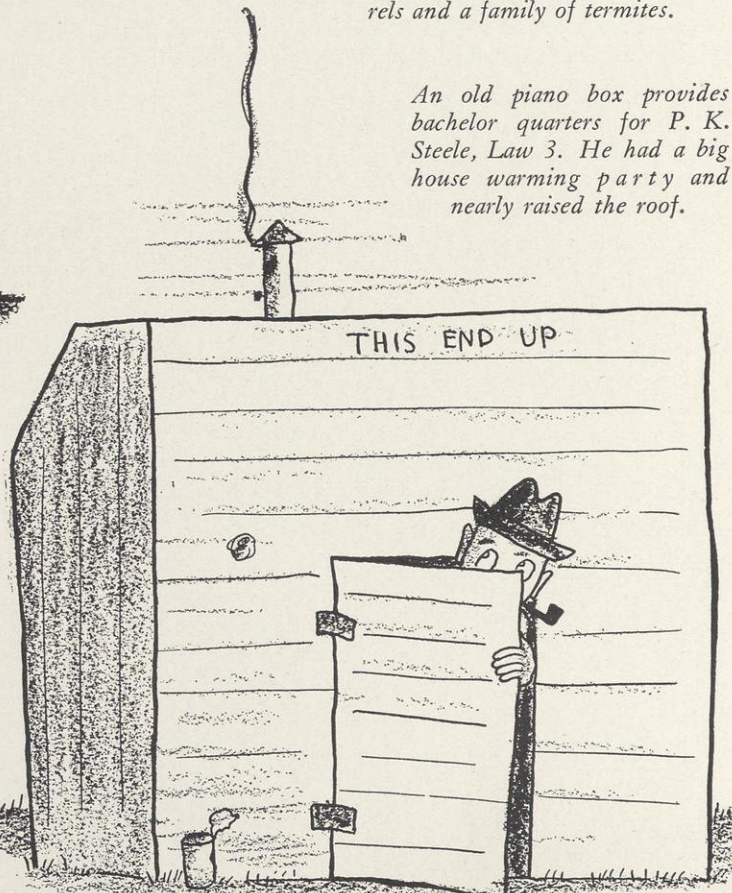
*Clarence O. Weems '40, English major, shares this hollow tree with two squirrels and a family of termites.*



*"It was either this or the Y.M.C.A.," says Henry Biddle, "and here I am. The roof doesn't leak, and the food — wow!"*



*The heating tunnels make a snug nest for Baldwin Wibbins, '41. "It's not very much," he explains, "but to me it's home."*



*An old piano box provides bachelor quarters for P. K. Steele, Law 3. He had a big house warming party and nearly raised the roof.*



## Aladdin and the Baffled Djinnee

A High Old Time midst the Mosques and Fig Trees of College

THE MIGHTY mogul of the fraternal tribe of Phi Phi brought forth from his bosom a tiny, gold-plated pin, and with a sumptuous air did thereupon fasten it upon the velvet vest of Aladdin. A look of immense pride stole over the bland visage of Aladdin as he silently gave thanks to Allah, the Omnipotent, for his good fortune.

He had just been rendered a pledge of Phi Phi.

The sheikh of the Phi Phi tribe then designated to Aladdin a long row of dingy, dirty trophies and loving cups, and said, "It is a time-honored custom for every newly-rendered pledge to be given the exalted privilege of polishing the society's accumulation of trophies."

And at that the innocent Aladdin did again beam with pride. Pulling forth from his purple silk pantaloons a square of lace handkerchief, Aladdin earnestly set to work. A group of villainous, heathen Phi Phi remained in the background, with many a sly and nasty smirk upon their faces.

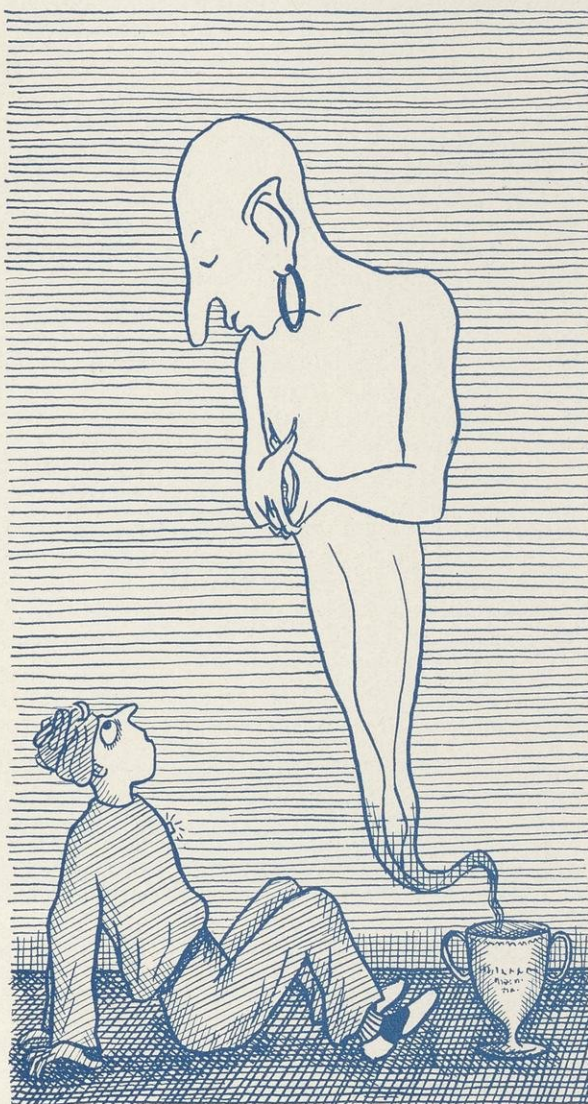
Aladdin returned to two of the battered loving-cups a degree of their former luster. He next wiped perspiration from his forehead, unwound forty feet of silken turban from his noble head, and seized a third loving cup.

He proceeded to rub it vigorously, but in a trice the room was transformed with a blinding, bluish, perfumed smoke, which, when it disappeared, revealed to the eyes of the thunder-struck Phi Phi the gigantic form of an awful Djinnee.

"What wouldst thou have?" asked this terrifying being. "I am thy slave, and can and shall do anything thou may please to command."

Aladdin regained his senses almost immediately, and with dignity replied, "I wouldst have thee construct for this honorable society a magnificent palace."

"It shall be done!" said the Djinnee, and so saying, he disappeared amid another cloud of blue smoke. When the smoke cleared, the Phi Phi found



*Out of the cup rose the Djinnee*

themselves standing in an elaborate room, with the thick carpets of plush beneath their feet. Diamond-studded tapestries hung upon walls of marble and onyx. A hurried search revealed to them that they were in a luxurious palace.

Now, Aladdin being a very affable soul in spite of his exotic and haughty appearance, it was not strange that the mighty sheikh of other fraternal tribes should broach the subject of desired palaces in Aladdin's company. And Aladdin found the ruling princesses of the sororities most beautiful, charming, and seductive . . . overlooking the fact that they were also mercenary.

Therefore, Aladdin sent the awful Djinnee forth upon an orgy of palace building. The Djinnee took pride in his

achievements and appeared each time when summoned with a more smug, more self-satisfied look than ever on his awful face. For his part, Aladdin came to believe firmly that the Djinnee could do anything.

Soon Langdon Street was lined on both sides with splendid, sumptuous palaces of Oriental beauty.

A villainous Sultan, Ben Ali P. Butts, did one day see this luxurious avenue of palaces and turn green with envy. Thereupon Aladdin, wishing to avoid trouble with the scheming Sultan Butts, did again rub the Wonderful Loving Cup, summoning the Djinnee. He bade the Djinnee to construct for the Sultan Butts a new Memorial Union.

It was done. Soon the Sheikh Porter Butts was blissfully happy with his harem in the enjoyment of a new Memorial Union, constructed entirely of alabaster, gold, and ivory, rivaling the Taj Mahal in size and splendor and possessing six whole wings.

All was then well for a time, but one day, Harry Stuhldreher engaged in earnest conversation with Aladdin. Aladdin smiled and said, "Thy wish shall be granted, my esteemed friend."

He rubbed his Wonderful Loving Cup and immediately the Djinnee appeared out of a cloud of perfumed smoke, with

a smug, self-confident look on his visage, saying, "What wouldst thou have? I am the Slave of the Cup, and can and shall do anything thou may please to command."

Aladdin said, "Harry here desires that Wisconsin win the Big Ten football championship."

"*Wisconsin!*" exclaimed the Djinnee, stunned. His confident look fading, he groaned hoarsely, "No . . . NO . . . Not *that!* Anything but *that!*" Then turning a sickish green, he shriveled up into himself and disappeared in a puff of acrid smoke.

On balmy moonlit nights Aladdin often stands beneath the stars wistfully rubbing his Wonderful Loving Cup. But the Djinnee has never come back.

—BEN ALI PIERRON.



## Once a Band-Man . . .

**W**HEN I wrote Dad and asked him to come down to Homecoming I remembered that up in our attic was an old, dented trombone which he once played in the university band. I figured that even if he didn't enjoy the game too much he probably would get a kick out of seeing the band go through some of their maneuvers that Mr. Dvorak stays up nights thinking up.

At least I think he's awake when he gets the ideas; he gets them at night anyway, I'm sure.

Dad was glad enough to come down, just like I figured; he wanted to get to the game early so we could see the band come in. We got there early enough all right; in fact, the team was just going through its first exercises. I tried to point out a few of them to Dad, but he didn't listen.

He kept his eyes glued on the gate where the band came in. He didn't ask me anything about like how large it was or anything; I guess he wanted it to come as a sort of a surprise. And when the band finally did come he *did*

seem surprised. He kept repeating over and over about how there were over two hundred guys and when he went to school there were only fourteen.

From then on I didn't see much of Dad because he left. He said he'd meet me at the car and for me to enjoy the game and not bother about him. I didn't know exactly what to do, but I sort of kept my eye on him as he pushed through the crowd. Sure enough, he headed right for where the band was playing.

Just before the game started I took another look at him. He was walking slowly around in front of the band watching them as they played.

I figured that if that was what he wanted to do it was OK by me so I forgot him and watched the game. At least I forgot him until between halves when the band went out. I didn't think much about him even then till I noticed that one of the trombone players in the front row seemed to be always turning the wrong way.

Then when he turned my way I saw why.

It was Dad. Dad was out on the field with a uniform and a trombone marching with the band. He got through the marching all right and then he went right back and took a seat with the band.

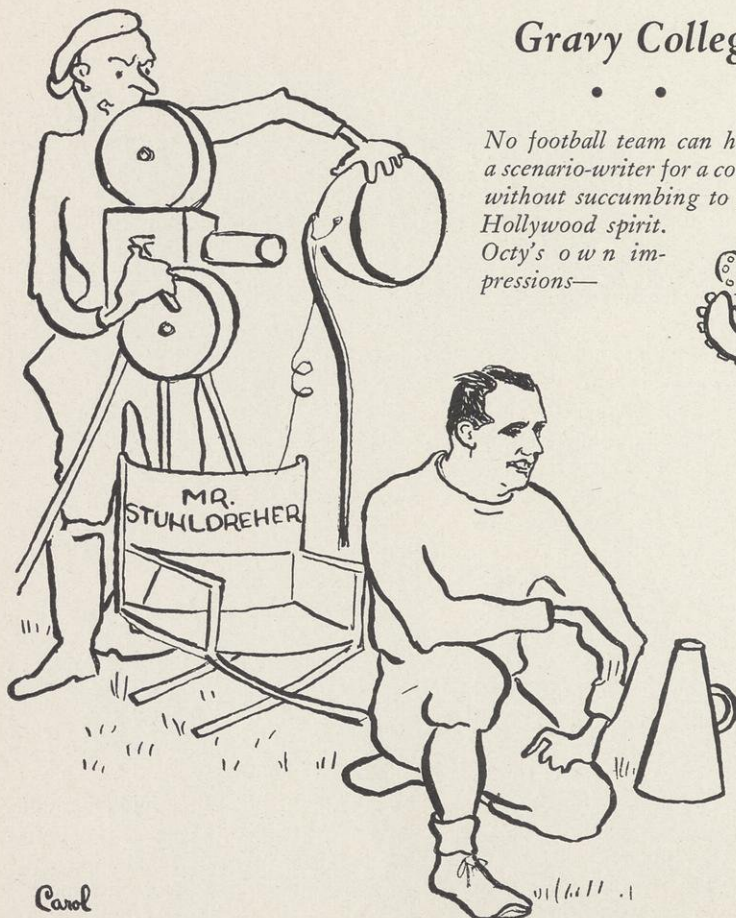
I didn't see much of the second half, but I sure saw Dad. He acted just like any of the other fellows in the band and played right along with them. When the game was over I watched him hurry out over the other side of the field, and then I left for the car.

I hadn't been there for more than five minutes when Dad came along. But he didn't have on a band uniform anymore. I began to wonder if maybe I shouldn't have touched that pint I bought to keep warm.

**A**S A SORT of a starter I asked him whether he enjoyed the band. That was just the cue.

"Like it?" he shouted, "Why, I played in it!"

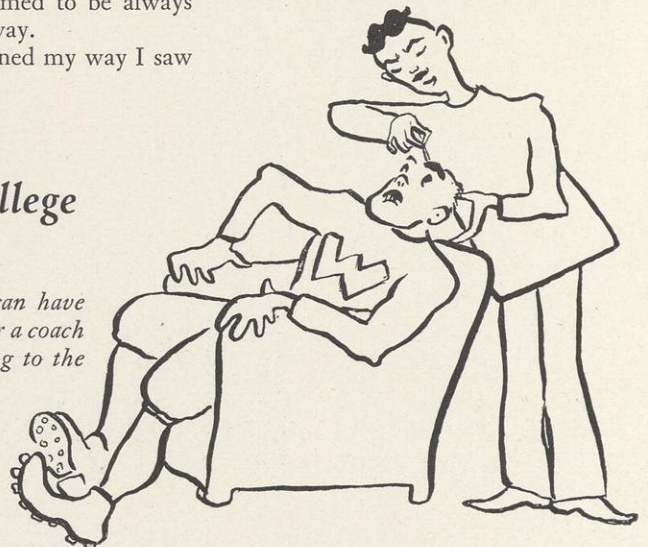
I did my best to seem surprised and



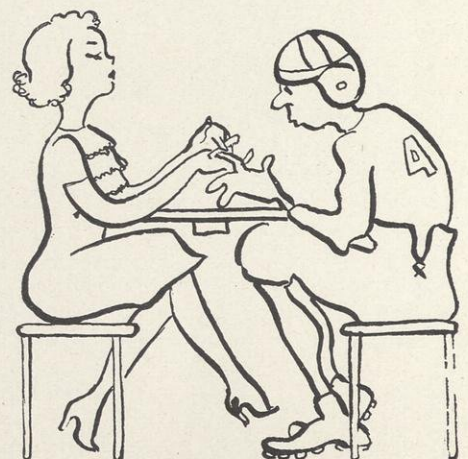
Carol

## Gravy College

No football team can have a scenario-writer for a coach without succumbing to the Hollywood spirit. Octy's own impressions—



Eyebrows



Fingernails



pleased, but I'm afraid I wasn't so convincing.

Dad was almost unmanageable. "Yes Sir, it was worth the five bucks I had to slip the guy for his uniform and trombone," he explained.

Dad got home in good shape, but last week I got a letter from Mother.

She said that all Dad did when he got home evenings was to play his trombone and figure out maneuvers for the band. He was practicing up for next year he said, and if he got good enough he might even write a new school song. Mother wanted to know what in the world I did to him. He never used to be that way, she said.

I wish I had never taken Dad to Homecoming. —H. R. K.

Fraternity or non-fraternity; a meal job or an NYA job; a B.S. or B.S. degree; this man a friend or not; French or Latin; gym, band instruction, or military training.

—DAILY CARDINAL

*Sounds like at lot of B.S. to us.*

## Congratulations!

"**R**EALLY it's awful nice of these people to give a poor freshman a meal," mused Edward as he hastened straight down Langdon Street until he got to the right address.

Standing at the door was that nice fellow with the dotted bow tie who had invited Edward. He greeted Edward very cordially and taking Edward's hand, walked into the house.

Edward sat around for awhile, chatting, shaking hands with fellows, and watching them blow smoke rings. "Gosh," said one of the men in the circle, "it's certainly getting warm in here. Let's take our coats off before we go in to eat." One nice fellow helped Edward off with his coat and took it in the other room.

The meal was soon over, and Edward, preparing to leave, asked for his coat. One of the boys brought it and helped him put it on. But just as Edward started for the door, a strange

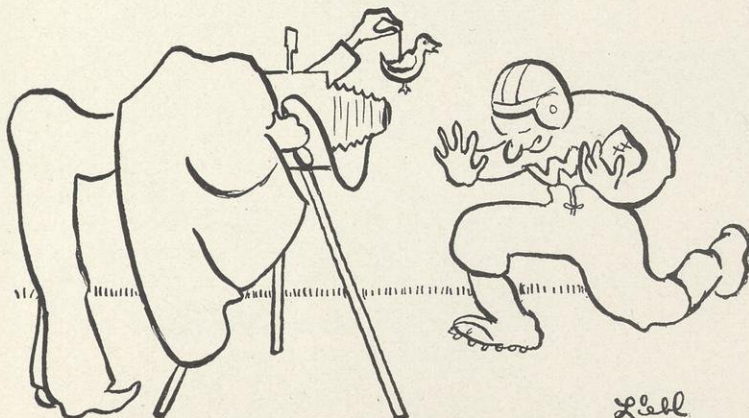
thing happened. About fifteen young men rushed up to him, slapped his back, and said, "Congratulations, Eddie, ole boy!"

"Well . . . gosh, fellows, thanks, er . . . ah, thanks a lot." Edward had no idea why they were heaping such attention on him. Maybe he had said something very clever, "or perhaps," he thought, "they just like my style." A complete social success, Edward walked triumphantly out, planning definitely to buy a pipe the first thing in the morning.

When he took off his coat at home, Edward noticed a small shiny pin on his lapel. —L. E.



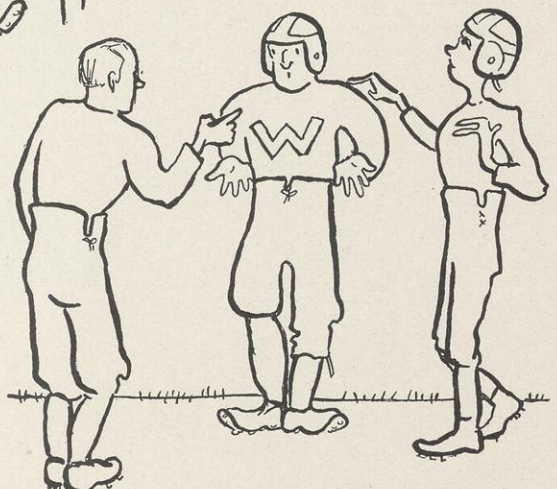
*Locker-room*



*Lell*



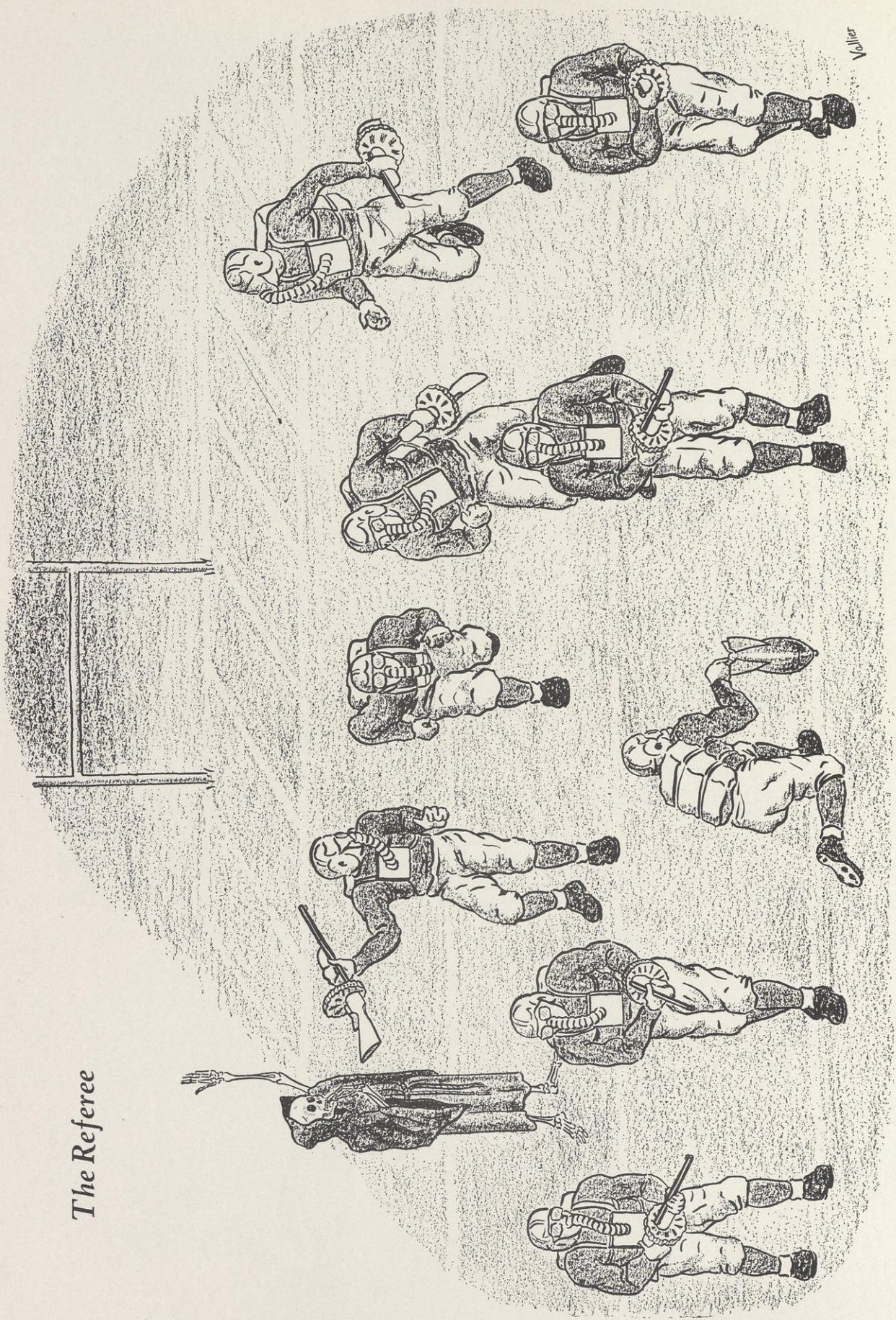
*Personality boy*



*"On the bench, Nussbaum! You flunked your screen test."*



*The Referee*



Volter



## Flash!

## Octy's Own Shopping Column

WELL, my dears, the fall has crept in again on little cat feet, as has also the clothes question. What *am* I going to wear this season seems to occupy our minds even more than those horrid old themes we must write for English.

Maki's Smart-Shop certainly does its best to help us out on the wardrobe question. They are featuring those suede jerkins, lined with manganese steel inserts which make them bullet-proof and they are specially treated to keep out all but the most persistent gases. Down in the Co-ed shop is a display of the best looking tweed swag-gar coats that you'll see in many a day. It is just an ordinary three-quarter affair but the colors are such as to make the coat invisible to enemy snipers beyond an eighth of a mile.

Culottes this year have forsaken their mad gray-greens of the past and have settled down to a complacent khaki. However, to make up for this, they have been completely re-designed and are now guaranteed not to catch on barbed-wire, which was my principle objection to the old ones.

Over at Tiller's Hatte Shoppe they are all hysterical over their new fall hats. But no wonder! for they're certainly the cleverest lids I've seen in a long time. Made of a light-weight aluminum-steel alloy, they have a cute half brim which extends all the way around the back and is the best thing yet we've seen when it comes to warding off shell fragments. In their new shoe department, Tiller's also are showing some rugged brogans which are extremely smart as well as being practical as all get out. The shoes have a steel arch support for long marches and hob-nails that will grip even the slipperiest mud. Something exciting in the line of stationery is being featured at Snacks. Finely engraved, the stationery is divine for your correspondence. Homing-pigeons carry it miles without tiring. A bottle of invisible ink accompanies each box.

And in the way of creams, the new gas-proof type is all the rage among the smart college set. Over at Kest's is an intriguing variety which needs only to be spread on the face in a thin layer to

render you secure even from mustard gas.

You can get revolvers here, too, with a compact cunningly inlaid in the handle. They shoot a forty-five caliber shell and the lipstick is in the peachy new "Shell-burst" shade.

#### And About The House:

Crombie and Snitch have added to their housing department again, and this time it's a pre-fabricated bomb shelter. A child could set the thing up, and it comes completely equipped even to a bag or two of cement to be used in making the top tight so the little shells won't bite.

Over in their sporting goods section you can find axe and hatchet handles of stout hickory and ash and they can quote you wholesale prices if you want them. And in their book department, they are headlining the season's best seller, "How to Win Strikes and Influence Them," written especially for the practical man.

—R. N.

#### Lament of No-Rose

I know I'm not a Beauty,  
My fortune's not my face.  
But boys can be so damning with:  
"Her heart's in the right place."

#### Found

The owner of this portrait may have her athletic coupon book, found in the bar room of the Malt House, by presenting her fee card and phone number to the Secretary at the Octopus Building on Langdon street.

#### I Hate Women

THE NIGHT before Homecoming I stood on the corner of Lake and Langdon sipping my bottle of cherry pop. The reason I was sipping it there was that the man in the little shop wouldn't let me move until I had given his bottle back.

I was just about finished when I noticed about ten fellows coming down the street carrying paint cans and big paint brushes. They stopped directly in front of a cream-colored wall across the street, and began to mix up the paint. While they painted they were giggling; my, I thought, how happy they are at their work!

Soon I saw some words appear on the wall. They looked a little crooked until I cleared my head with another swig of pop. It was easy to see that they were high class painters by the



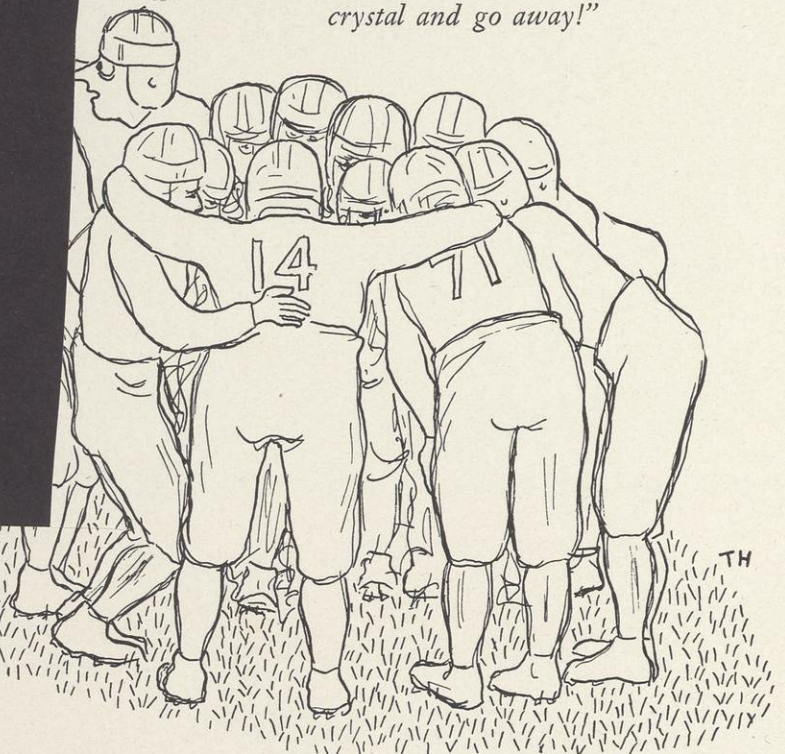


nters probably like to  
their work and not be  
oying questions.  
nny time to put up a  
These painters in Mad-  
fully busy during the  
finished their work,  
pretty. It read, "Re-  
Very nice sentiment,  
And just before they  
of the painters added  
sh by splashing some  
m.  
essed that I returned  
ning so that I could

see the sign by daylight. Just as I ar-  
rived some girls came out of the house  
and, to my surprise, started to stamp  
their feet and carry on something terri-  
ble. One of them, even, started to  
swear a little (under her breath, of  
course). Another mentioned something  
about \$100.00 to repaint the wall. All  
in all, they insulted the painters and  
seemed *quite* ungrateful.

I walked thoughtfully away, deter-  
mined to write a theme for my English  
instructor, Mr. Dalrymple, on how lit-  
tle women appreciate things that are  
done for them.  
—M. L. G.

st time . . . take that damned  
crystal and go away!"



## The Man Who Typewrites With Toes

**M**AE WEST and I do our typing  
in bed. I used to hold my  
typewriter in my lap; I pre-  
sume that is where Mae still holds  
hers.

But last week, I got to thinking  
about how Mae and I both write the  
same way. Somehow the thought dis-  
turbed me.

I put my typewriter at the end of the  
bed, stretched myself out flat, and  
thought some more about Mae West.  
But while I was thinking some more,  
my feet collided with the keyboard.

At this point, Fate stepped in, lit a  
cigar, and cracked me over the head  
with an idea. I would typewrite with  
my toes.

The first line I thumped out was:

*Il m brynf to tu p r y eith my to s*

Translation: "I am trying to type-  
write with my toes." As you see, the  
last three words were pretty good. En-

couraged, I tried the familiar now-is-  
the-time business. It came out:

*Ne is teh tume fr goof men to  
c me tp the aud of th party*

I was really progressing. And I must  
say I liked the little tickles that came  
as I ran my toes over the glass-topped  
keys.

I worked late that night, and woke  
up next morning with my typewriter  
still sitting faithfully at my feet. I  
twiddled on, missing my eight-o'clock  
class, but jumping my pace up to 18  
words a minute with only four errors.

That was six days ago. I have prac-  
ticed unflaggingly ever since. I dis-  
covered that by placing thimbles on my  
two little toes I could shoot my speed  
up to 28 words a minute with three er-  
rors.

I guess you won't believe me when

I tell you that I banged out this piece  
by toe in 6 minutes 23 seconds flat,  
with only four errors.

For my novel, reasonably accurate  
work, the Student Typing Bureau has  
made me an offer of 20 cents a page—  
I am still sniffing.

Now that success has blessed me, I  
sleep each night with my toes on the  
keyboard of my trusty old machine.  
Soon I may rap out some new stream-  
of-consciousness stuff that will revolu-  
tionize American literature. You see,  
I *talk* very well in my sleep.

—L. S.

Boston U., 33; Lehigh, 6.  
Boston college, 21; Kansas State, 7.  
Dartmouth, 312; Amherst, 7.

—CHICAGO TRIBUNE

*They really play ball out East.*



## Compliments of the Management

THE FILMACK Trailer Co. of Chicago, Illinois, has been in business for many years before the now receding boom in auto trailers, but it is doubtful if it has shared any of the wildcat profits of the boom.

You see, although it has—in its way—a neat little trade worked up, the Filmack Trailer Co. does not make auto trailers. It makes theater trailers and has nearly a monopoly in the field. A theater trailer is a strip of movie film bearing an announcement supposedly of interest to the audience.

And not without good reason has the Filmack Trailer Co. a monopoly. "We know that when showmen order a trailer they demand SPEED," they boast, "and that's why we're geared up to give you instant service."

"Experience is the best teacher *and we've learned* PLENTY," they go on. "As to QUALITY . . . we don't take off our hats to anyone."

But let's have a preview look at some of these trailers—if you haven't seen them all the last time you went to Bank Nite. Although the list of trailers is headed, "USE THESE TRAILERS TO CREATE BUSINESS BUILDING GOOD WILL," most of them have an ominous ring calculated to strike fear into the hearts of the docile movie-goers.

"The eating of peanuts, popcorn, or any other confection in paper bags has no place in the modern theater." All theaters should stock this trailer (No. IN7) so that when the snapping of peanut-shells and popping of paper bags becomes too deafening in the back balcony, the manager can flash this scathing remark onto the silver screen and quell the rabble.

A perennial favorite, though maybe a bit less popular than formerly, is this, "Ladies: as a courtesy to those sitting behind you, please remove your hats. Thank you,

The Management."

Another public nuisance is deftly taken by the scruff of the neck, as the Filmack Co. warns, "Silence will add to the complete enjoyment of the program for you and those around you." How true!

And the kiddies, Lord bless them, get quite a bit of attention, whatever their ages may be. "Parents!" exclaims No. IN17, "Should your child become restless or cry, will you please take the child out until quiet again? Thank you."

At the grade school trade No. IN16

holds up a severe finger: "Children! Please do not shout, whistle or otherwise misbehave when the serial commences. It is not good manners and annoys your elders." Sort of takes half the fun out of the serial, though.

A note of hypocrisy enters No. IN15. "This picture will neither be appreciated or understood by children. Therefore, during the showing of this attraction no children will be admitted." We cannot help thinking that perhaps the management fears that the children, especially the high-school set, will understand the picture all *too* well.

**S**NIPPY as the management may be to its patrons, it takes it in the neck now and then.

### "AN APOLOGY

Due to circumstances beyond our control, the picture scheduled here for today has not arrived but will be shown at a later date."

Not a word, you will note, about refunding the customer's money. This trailer, though, is handy during floods,

earthquakes, revolutions, and other "circumstances beyond our control."

Best of all is the cost of these trailers, all of which are accompanied with music. They are only \$1.50 each (6c per foot), three for \$5.00, so there is no excuse for the smallest theater being caught with its pants down with no trailers to show and a rioting, revelling crowd filling the rows, cheering, whistling, eating peanuts, crunching peanut brittle, and whispering in loud hoarse voices beneath their large hats.

—T. H.

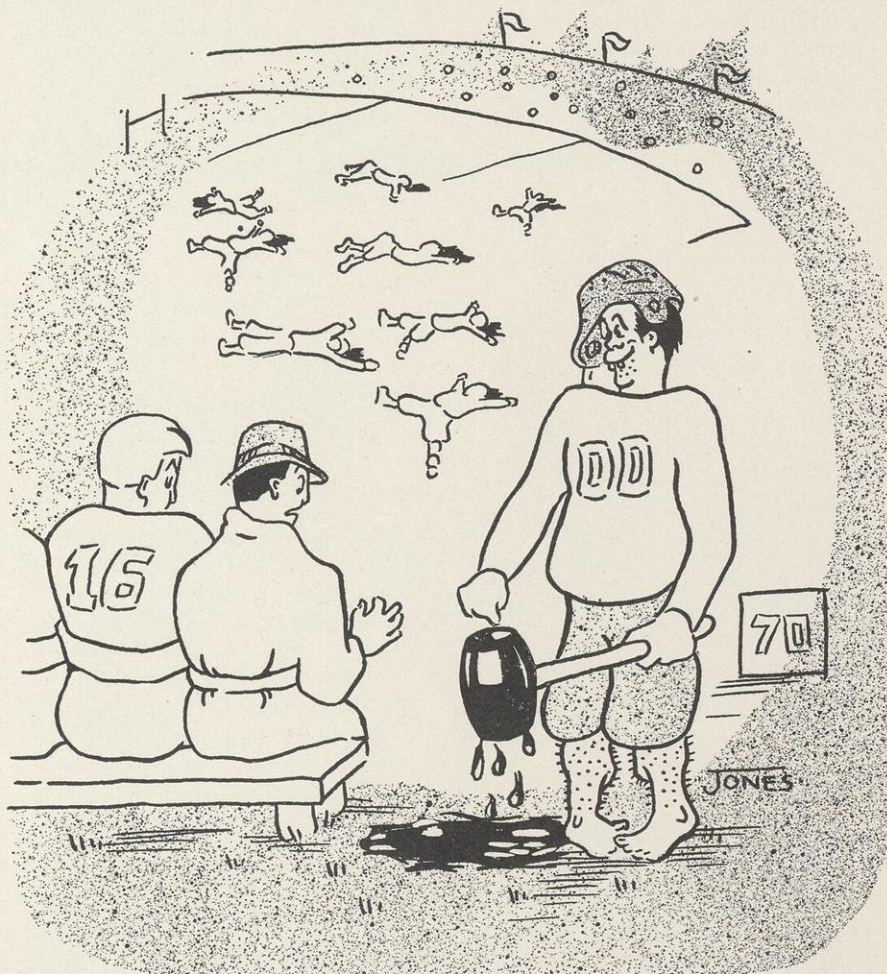
### A Worthy Cause

A careful check-up reveals no fire-escapes on the new Pi Beta Phi plant. This is an intolerable situation. The National Association of Morons is raising a fund to present the house with at least two of them. Every penny counts. Contributions may be sent to the Secretary, Octopus House.

### THE LITERATE REPORTER

[from the CAPITAL TIMES]

R. J. Batz, of the weather bureau, said he could not promise no lasting break in the heat wave.



"Handy . . . ain't it?"



## The Major Takes a Bow

### Campus Leaders Protest Militarism at U. of W.

Open Letter to Freshmen Advises Phy Ed, Not ROTC

MADISON—(*Special*)—Signed by fourteen prominent students and two student pastors, a letter was distributed to all freshmen today advising them not to take military drill.

Lieutenant-Colonel Weaver, newly appointed head of the Reserve Corps here, complained, "It's a hell of a welcome, but by building up the free blue serge suit idea, with *two* pair of pants, I think the enrollment will not drop."

### ROTC Rollcall Zooms; Baffled Colonel Beams

MADISON—(AP)—With an enlisted membership of over 300 greater than any year in Wisconsin's history, the Department of Military Science looked forward to its biggest year.

Unable to explain the huge increase just at the time when the corps is under hottest criticism, all Lieutenant-Colonel Weaver was able to say was, "Hooray for the American Flag!"

### WHITE HOUSE, WAR DEPT. PRAISE R.O.T.C., WEAVER

ROOSEVELT HAPPY, WAR OFFICE  
TICKLED PINK WITH  
INCREASE

MADISON—(UP)—Flashing notes from both the President and the Secretary of War, Lieutenant-Colonel Weaver and Major Yancey, accompanied by twenty-seven armed members of the advanced corps, invaded the offices of the anti-ROTC daily newspaper of the Wisconsin campus and demanded a front page splurge.

"People are beginning to appreciate what the ROTC can do for the American Youth: his stature, moral condition, and wardrobe," announced Major Yancey in a mimeographed press-release.

### Reds, Communists Cause Large ROTC Increases

Ranks Eaten Through With Marx-  
ists, Anarchists, Wierdies

MADISON—(*by leased wire*)—Self-

avowed communists and the left fringe of the University of Wisconsin campus have joined the R.O.T.C. this semester, it was revealed today.

"I was a little surprised at the long names and the fact that so many of them ended in *ski* and *owitz*. Also it seemed to me that about one hundred of them needed haircuts badly," admitted Major Yancey when faced with the cause of the large enrollment this year.

"They make an awful looking squadron, and they all use red handkerchiefs," complained Lieutenant-Colonel Weaver as he watched a few of the new recruits blow their noses. "Bah!"

### Can't Expel Radicals, Weaver Admits Sadly

MADISON—(AP)—Chaos ruled today as the head of the department of Military Science at the University of Wisconsin admitted that there were scores of radicals in the R.O.T.C. corps at Wisconsin.

Weaver confessed today that there is no way of getting rid of the new militarists. "They are duly enrolled and have paid their fees. We have even fitted them with uniforms."

It was also learned today that the expressed reason for their joining en masse was to learn all about guns so that they will be prepared for the revolution.

### WISCONSIN TRAINS COMMUNISTS; TRIB EXPOSES CONDITIONS

CHICAGO—(*Special Tribune Correspondence*)—The Chicago Tribune, The World's Greatest Newspaper, again has proven the existence of communism on the University of Wisconsin campus.

The Reserve Officers Training Corps is to be condemned as an organ of Red Russia. Almost one thousand students are annually taught the intricacies of war to use in overthrowing democracy.

### Wisconsin ROTC Infested With Long-Haired Reds

WM. R. HEARST DEPLORES INVA-  
SION OF "RED MOSCOW"  
IN MADISON"

MILWAUKEE—(*Hearst Special*)—(Picture of Red Max Otto on p.2)—Claiming that Wisconsin must free itself of the clutches of Moscow, Wm. R. Hearst in a signed editorial, demanded that the University of Wisconsin abolish the student R.O.T.C. from its campus.

"The plaything of Stalin and Roosevelt, the R.O.T.C. must be driven from the nation," thundered Mr. Hearst.

### Reactionaries, Red-Baiters Condemn U.W. R.O.T.C.

Chapple, White Clamor for Disbanding  
of "Red Army"

MADISON—(AP)—John Chapple, Ashland editor, and former minor politician, published a new book today entitled "Your University Develops Red Army," Mr. Chapple, who begged to be quoted, said, "The R.O.T.C. is clearly the tool of La Follette, Otto, Glenn Frank, and that guy Meiklejohn."

Senator White, author of repeatedly defeated bills to make military training compulsory in the University, in a torrid speech in the legislature today insisted that "this damnable breeding place for communistic war machines be driven from Wisconsin's campus."

### Regents Ban Dept. Of Military Science

Officers' Tails Between Legs

Uniforms to be Given to Salvation  
Army, C.C.C.

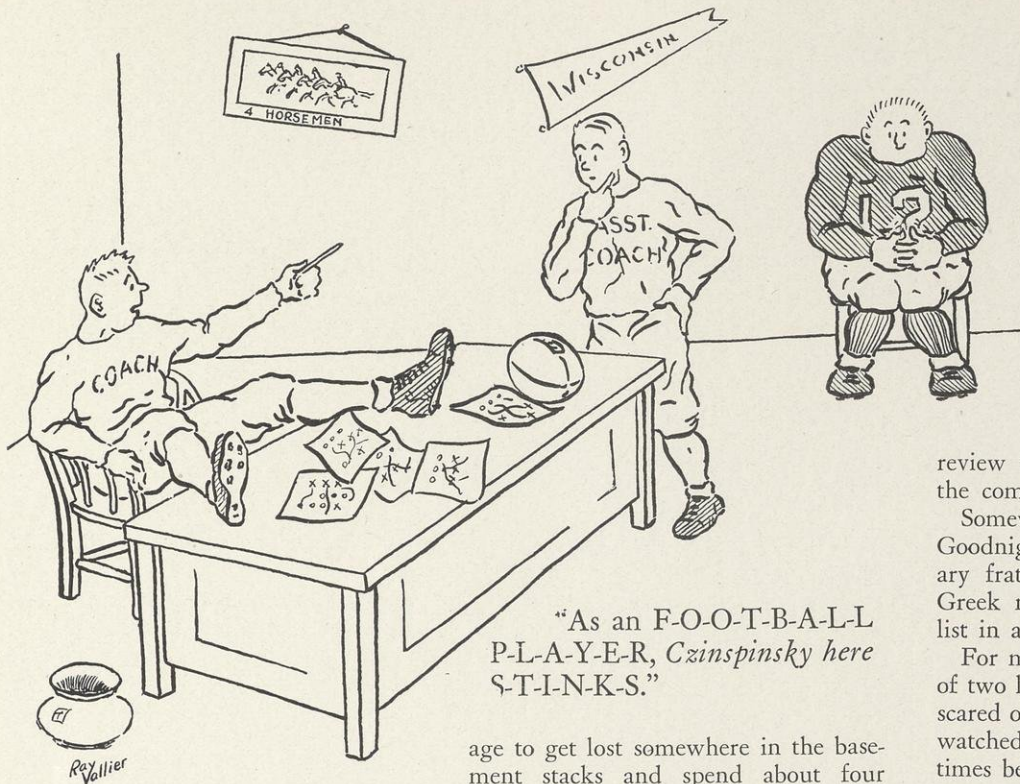
MADISON—(INS)—At a special session late this evening, the Department of Military Science was ordered abolished by a unanimous vote of the Board of Regents of the University of Wisconsin.

The Young Communists League has announced a beer party open to all. "Your R.O.T.C. suit is still proper," reads the notice which was handed to all YCL members.

Inside sources hint that the former majors and captains are to be offered waiter jobs at the Memorial Union, but that the lieutenants will have to shift for themselves.

—M. L. G.





"As an F-O-O-T-B-A-L-L  
P-L-A-Y-E-R, Czinspinsky here  
S-T-I-N-K-S."

age to get lost somewhere in the basement stacks and spend about four hours of company time finding my way out.

At the beginning of each semester I sell about fifty Cardinal subscriptions and quite a few Badgers. I always keep

the money; sometimes I wonder how they get their copies because I don't turn in their names. Also when I sell books at Brown's I forget to ring up some of the sales.

I've arranged with the man over at the Co-op that anyone who comes in and mentions my name rates me 10 per cent of the sale. One job which is a lot of fun is selling field glasses to fraternities. I get comps for the movies because I review them for the Cardinal; I sell the comps and copy *Liberty*.

Somewhat in competition with Mr. Goodnight, I've started several honorary fraternities. I've got some clever Greek names and publish the pledge list in a little box ad in the Cardinal.

For my room and board I take care of two little boys, but I've got them so scared of me that they don't need to be watched. I only smacked them a few times before they caught on, too.

Also, because I've got something on him, a fellow named Wentworth pays me ten dollars a week. But you know, I *never* use crib notes—I don't think it's ethical. —M. L. G.

## Working My Way

PEOPLE say that I'm just like my father. He has a PWA job; neither of us likes to work.

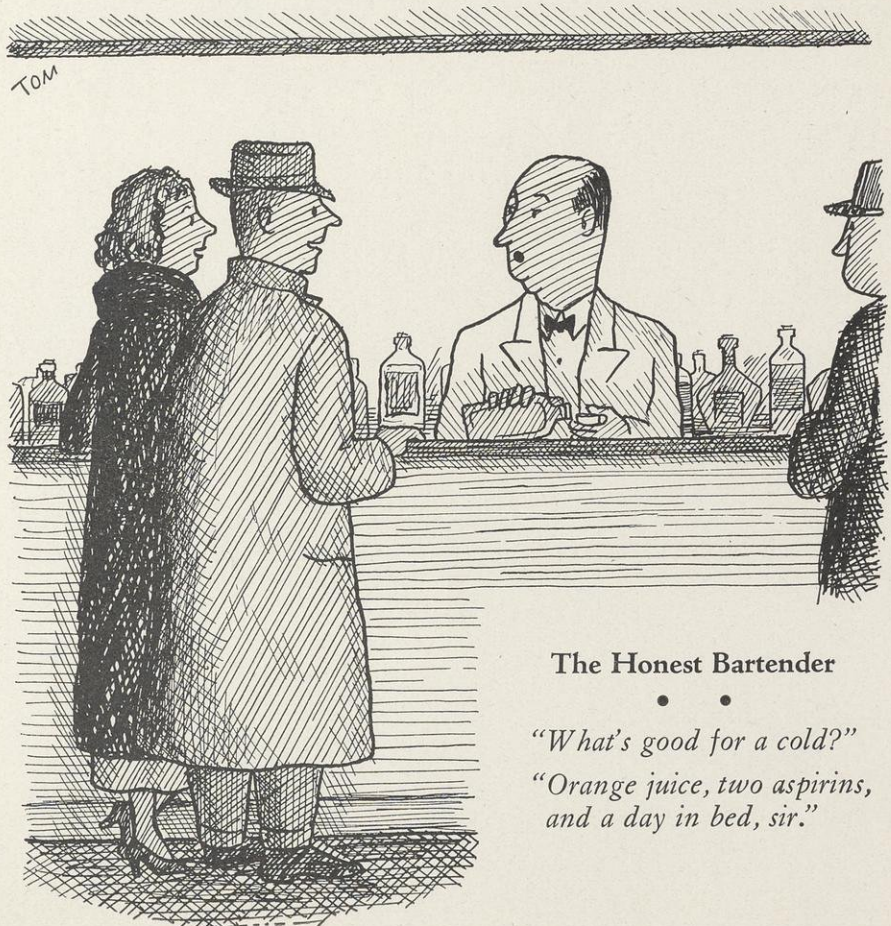
This idea of pounding on ladies' doors and saying "I'm-working-my-way-through-college" may be all right for some people, but not for *me*. No, sir, I'll cart no plates of soup at 30 cents an hour. Wisconsin is a haven for PWA workers' sons, and I know all the techniques.

One of the best jobs I have is collecting tickets at the football games. We only get paid 3 dollars an afternoon, but the possibilities provided are innumerable. I let loads of people in my gate who buy their tickets directly from me. My rates are fixed: single—\$1.00; couples—\$1.50; children—.35. I sell pass-outs at the halves for whatever I can get, usually two-bits.

A good source of income has been writing freshman themes. Usually, a freshman is willing to pay one buck for a three page paper. Most of the time I take the stuff directly from *Collier's*; it's so convenient. Edgar Allen Poe is also very good.

By bringing stray dogs to the Physiology Dept. and cats to the zoology building I earn about three bucks a day. I have to work pretty hard to cut the collars off sometimes.

In the library I chase after books at 35 cents an hour, but I always man-



## The Honest Bartender

"What's good for a cold?"

"Orange juice, two aspirins,  
and a day in bed, sir."



## In the Editor's Brown Study



EVEN before the business staff has mailed out the September issue, here comes the October one, lipperty lipperty lip. That's how fast the Octy staff works. The editorial staff, that is. We had to come out before Homecoming, of course. No need to repeat the time when a Prom *Octopus* came out the day after Prom. (That was in 1916.)

All—or most—of our good resolutions have gone down the drain, as we go to press with a backhouse cartoon snuggled away among the ads. It appears over the editor's veto—he is a fanatic when it comes to hating backhouse, dog-and-hydrant, nekkid-women, and drunks cartoons. But . . . this time it's different, the other boys say. And it is appropriate. Funny, even.

It does our heart good to see our Glenn Frank cartoon of last month reprinted in the *Capital Times* and the *Milwaukee Journal*. A little publicity

never hurt anyone. It does our heart good, too, to hear from Miss Wilkinson, the president's secretary, that Mr. Frank noticed and enjoyed our cartoons of him while he was working in Bascom Hall. He even liked our cartoons of Mr. Dykstra.

It was only last week, too, that we heard our legislature-baiting in January caused quite some anger and amusement up in the State Capitol, with some of the sage legislators sure that they were personally attacked.

And then there was the Dane County sheriff . . .

That's the sort of stuff we like. Too many college magazines never try to rise above the level of *Esquire* humor. There probably aren't ten college magazines in the country worth starting a fire with. As a whole they're a dismal lot.

It's all a question of knowing an old joke when you see one. Nobody much would print the tramp and the dog, or Pat and Mike, or the cannibal and the missionary any more. Whatever line



you put under the cartoon, it's still the same old joke.

And today's crop—the sultan and his harem, the auto trailers, him & her on a raft, the escaping prisoners, the come-and-see-my-etchings stuff are all old jokes and have been for years. Variations don't freshen the situation at all. Phooey.

But about all you find in the college humor magazines is a small-time version of *Esquire*. Two or three are versions of *Collier's*, with atrocious use of color. One or two still belong to the 1928 *College Humor* school of wit. Ten out of seventy, to be generous, are worth looking at. We hope the *Octopus* is one of them.

It's not because we haven't tried.

\*\*\*

Octy further deplores the current trend of syndicated ready-to-wear cartoons and features among its contemporaries. It's an inspiring sight, indeed, to find the same wan humor identically in scores of magazines. There is little enough to justify the existence of so many of these seed-catalogues—from the *Oregon Onion* to the *Florida Mildew*—without the added fact that they're all alike except for the name on the cover, existing merely for the sake of the New York advertising office.

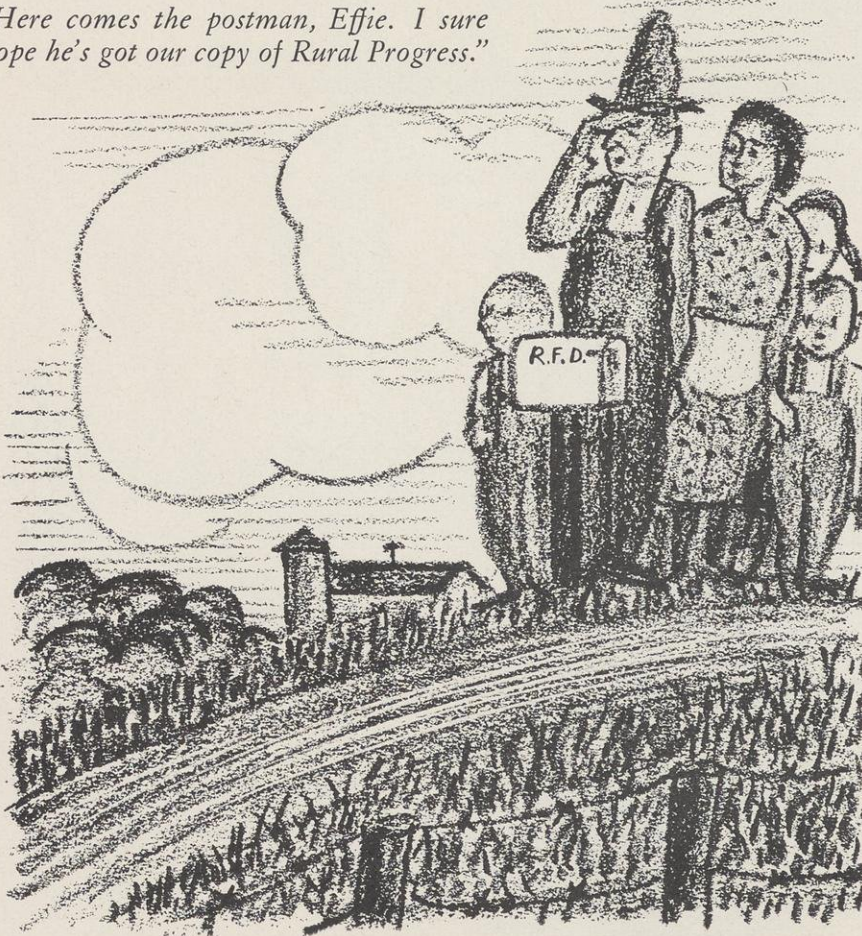
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FRESHMEN clutter the Octy offices—in wastebaskets, on shelves, in drawers, hung on the clothes-tree. Some are good, some show promise, a few are outright meatballs. As a whole they are good little freshmen. There is still room, though, for about 523 more. This Freshman Shyness, as we said last month, is a silly thing. Or do you want to be coaxed?

### Dirge

Girls, girls, girls, girls,  
They're all that I can see.  
Flitting here, flitting there,  
But, alas, not one toward me.

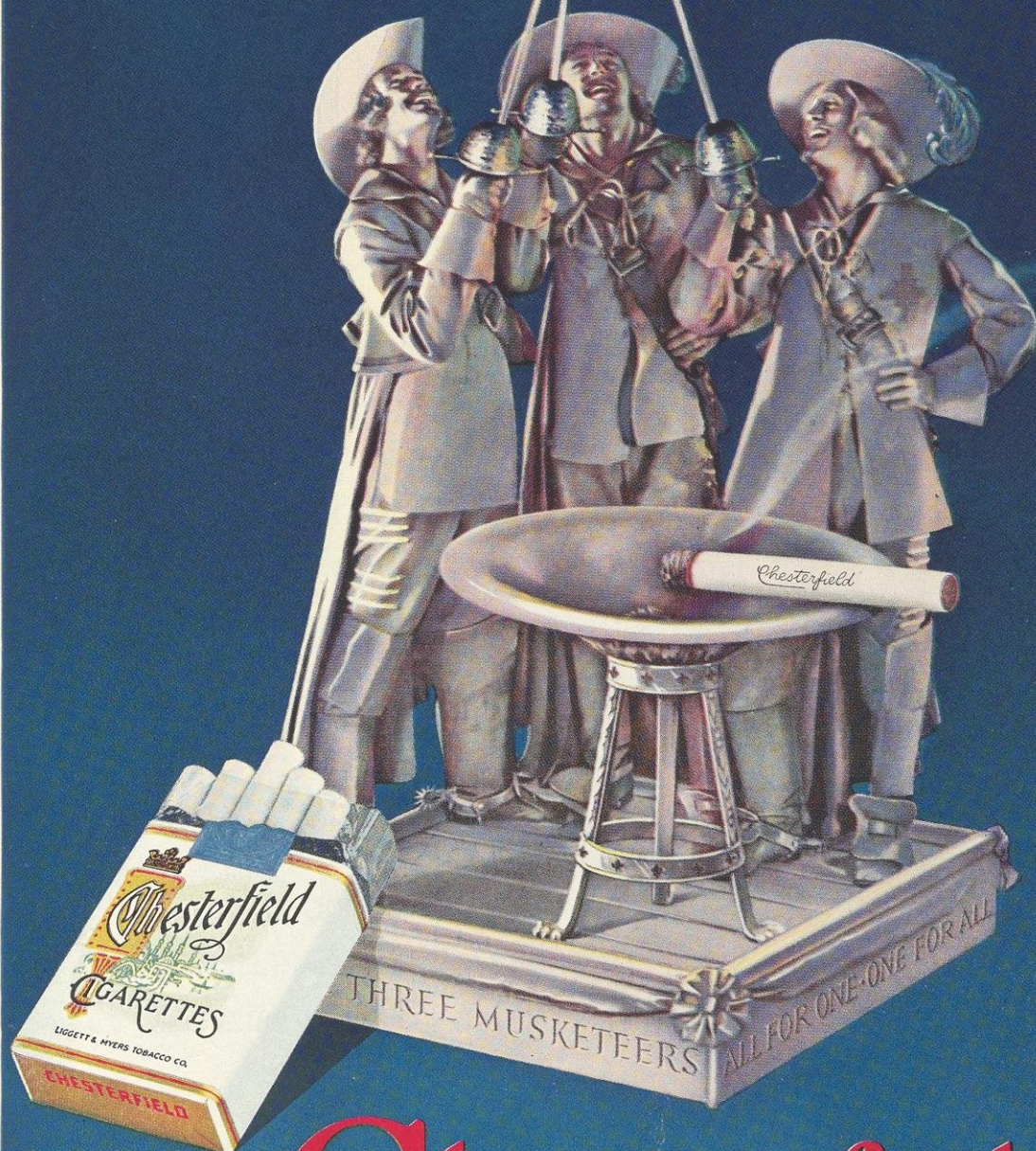
"Here comes the postman, Effie. I sure hope he's got our copy of *Rural Progress*."





*The Three Musketeers  
of Smoking Pleasure*

...refreshing MILDNESS  
TASTE that smokers like  
Chesterfields SATISFY



**Chesterfield**





*"...not HIM! He didn't buy a Badger  
from his girl in the Sorority Sales Contest!"*

WE AREN'T HINTING THAT PEOPLE  
WILL STOP AND STARE AT YOU IF  
YOU DON'T BUY YOUR 1938 BADGER  
DURING THE SORORITY SALES CON-  
TEST; BUT IT'LL BE YOUR LAST  
CHANCE TO BUY **THE** COLLEGE  
YEARBOOK BEFORE THE PRICE GOES  
UP! AND YOU CAN DO RIGHT BY  
YOUR LITTLE NELL, BY HELPING HER  
TONG WIN THE SORORITY PRIZE!

# The 1938 Badger

MEMORIAL UNION

FAIRCHILD 7400



## Helpful

DALE CARNEGIE, author of *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, the book which is more basic to a man's success than the daily stock quotations, "A Message to Garcia," or the manual of the Boy Scouts of America, was not so much a pioneer in corraling a busy business man to read a book as he makes out.

I have before me *A Practical Book for Practical People*, published in 1896 and written, like Mr. Carnegie's book, for the plain, honest, practical people, the backbone of the nation. It was intended to aid men to make their way in the world, and it, too, followed a period of hard times.

*A Practical Book for Practical People* was not interested so much in helping you to flatter people into position to put the screws on them as to tell the earnest citizen all he needed to know to inspire him to work hard, and to get up two hours early every morning to make extra money from his cabbage crop.

In 1896, housepainters were paid \$2.28 a day, ham cost 11 cents a pound, and the first horseless carriage chubbled down Main Street in Dayton, Ohio. The three most controversial subjects were: (1) tariff legislation, (2) the silver question, (3) the National League pennant race.

The last, through some printer's error, was not reviewed, but the first two occupy the first 252 pages, discussed by six of the foremost authorities, including William McKinley, governor of Ohio when the book went to press. The photograph and signature of each author appeared with each article; but the signature, in the case of McKinley, didn't cause the scandal Roosevelt's did in the Democratic Yearbook.

The chapter on the silver question contains a fine batch of proverbs about gold and silver—like "There is no lock one cannot open with a golden key," "A silver hammer breaks an iron door," and another bunch like "A golden bit makes not the better horse," and "A golden gallows is still but a gallows."

These were the facts and finger-nail philosophies no man could get along without in 1896, and after 252 pages on tariffs and the silver question, an oration by Chauncey Depew might relieve the strain. This oration—on Christopher Columbus at the unveiling

1. In the United States, that is. In Mexico they got \$125 in Mexican silver dollars, equivalent to 98 cents in U. S. gold coin.

# NEXT on the program — a real hit, BEECH-NUT GUM



Most popular flavor of gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor.

BEECHIES  
Gum in a crisp, candy coating... doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin!

ORALGENE  
The new firmer texture gum that gives your mouth needed exercise. "Chew with a purpose!"

"Always Worth Stopping for"



## SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS Biggest Little Show on Earth!

A mechanical marvel, three rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.



of a statue of him in Central Park, May 12, 1894 (two years before the book went to press)—was something of a scoop, because this was the first time the *full* text had been published.

Then come chapters on success, economy, sincerity, 65 pages on potato culture, 88 on Parliamentary Law, 92 on "Things You Should Know"—like how to draw up a promissory note, rights of married women, and words often mispronounced—and "The Country Lad in the City" by Edward Bok, who was a good listener and who had encouraged General Grant, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Louisa May Alcott "to talk about themselves."

IN OTHER words if you knew something about the tariff, potato culture, and how to pronounce "egg," you were sitting pretty in 1896. Business was as simple as that.

Mr. Carnegie, it seems, has to handle people with gloves on; he "boosts the other man's ego." The way he boosts the other man's ego was generally by

2. Daguerreotype, da-ger-o-tip, not da-ger-e-o-tip; egg, eg, not ag.  
3. Dale Carnegie, p. 122.

starting a letter, "I wonder if you'll help me out of a little trouble"—sort of making the little man on the other end feel he was indispensable to society and wish to answer the letter. The 16 examples of business letters in *A Practical Book for Practical People* make no attempt to make the receiver feel important. Here is one example:

*Subscribing to a Paper.*

Rochester, N. Y., May 27, 1894  
Perry, Mason & Co.,  
The Youth's Companion,  
Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find Money Order for \$1.75 for one year's subscription to your paper.

Archie K. Baker.

*A Practical Book for Practical People* closes with a chapter by a Mrs. Julia M. Dewey, who looks like Dorothy Dix. It's called "Manners and Usages of Society" and Mrs. Dewey has laid down rules for visits of ceremony, weddings, church, places of amusement, introduction, and correspondence. A few pointers from the section on Table Usages and Etiquette:

1. The napkin should be spread over the lap when one first sits down at the

table. It is considered *outré* to tuck the napkin under the chin.

2. The mouth should not be filled full, and it should be closed when the food is chewed. Smacking the lips or drawing in the breath when eating soup, drinking coffee, etc., is vulgar and most offensive to the well-bred.

3. The knife is used in cutting up the food but it should not convey the food to the mouth. The fork should be used for this purpose.

4. The knife should not be put into the mouth. It is considered almost a barbarism.

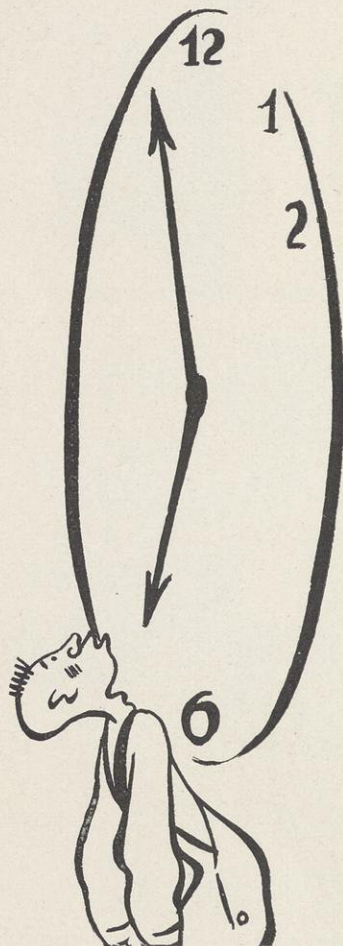
5. Tea or coffee should be drunk from the cup and not from the saucer.

We hope that *How to Win Friends and Influence People* shall do for this generation of busiest business men who have time but for one book in their lifetime what *A Practical Book for Practical People* did for the plain, honest, practical people of the nineties that neither Mr. Carnegie nor Mrs. Dewey shall have lived in vain.

—H. H.

Sign on Theater—Mae West in "It Ain't No Sin."

Sign on tabernacle across the street: "Tis too."  
—Log.



Any time at all . . .

you'll find good eating at the Gables --- especially, of course, for your three squares a day, but darned handy after the game and on your dates. Priced, too, to interest college students . . . Bring the folks this Homecoming.

The GABLES Restaurant

1439 University Ave. . Near the Stadium





## Just About the Cutest Blouses We've Ever Had!

With No-Pull Belts and  
Crispy Crepe, these will lay  
the latest Flame for a row of  
4-Alarms!

## And . . .

for that blase' touch of  
*Savoir Faire* . . . neat indi-  
vidual Scarves, phone num-  
ber and name on corners,  
of Hand Tied Crepe!

# Burdick and Murray Co.

*On the Square, of course!*

God gave us two ends, one to sit on  
and the other to think with. A man's  
success depends upon which end he  
uses most. It's a case of heads you win  
and tails you lose. —*Sour Mash*.

"May I take you home? I like to  
take experienced girls home."  
"But I'm not experienced."  
"No, and you're not home yet,  
either." —*Jackolantern*.

The frugal Scott was taking his  
small son for a walk. Suddenly he  
said thoughtfully, "Sandy, have you  
got your Sunday boots on?"  
"Aye, father," was the reply.  
"Well, take longer steps." —*Lutefisk*.

Notice! Will the person who lost a  
ten dollar bill please form a line out-  
side of the Memorial Union?  
—*Frivol*.

"Let's take a walk in the garden."  
"I can only spare a minute."  
"That's O. K., I'm an efficiency ex-  
pert." —*Red Cat*.

Realtor: Now here's a beautiful  
home overlooking the lake.  
Buyer: Where's the lake?  
Realtor: That's what we're overlook-  
ing. —*Sewaunee Mildew*.

Then there was the high salaried  
Hollywood director who was always  
trying to make a little extra.  
—*Red Cat*.

## FREE!

### Win a Box of Lifesavers



What is the best  
joke that you  
heard on the Wis-  
consin campus  
this month?  
Wisecrack your-  
self into a free  
box of Life Sav-  
ers. Submit your  
wisecrack to the  
editors of Octy.  
All jokes will be  
judged by the edi-  
tors, and all  
rights to publish  
are reserved. The  
winner, who will receive an attractive  
cellophane-wrapped assortment of Life  
Savers, will be announced next month  
along with the winning wisecrack.

## "DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR, GENTLEMEN?"



...then he switched  
to the brand of  
grand aroma



THE glassy-eyed students can't  
listen to *reasoning* until their prof  
will listen to reason about his *pipe*!  
In plain English, professor—it smells  
bad! Why not give your briar a  
good cleaning? Then switch to a  
milder, more fragrant tobacco. Try  
Sir Walter Raleigh. It's blended of  
mellow, slow-burning burleys grown  
in the famous Blue Grass country.  
Fifteen cents buys *two full ounces*...  
and a hearty vote of approval from  
pipe-wise students. Try a tin and see.



**PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN.** In a recent  
survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative  
universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh  
first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos  
at a majority of these colleges.

**TUNE IN** Tommy Dorsey and his Famous Orchestra  
NBC Blue Network, every Friday 10.00 P. M., E. S. T.





## THE FIELD OF DISHONOR

**A** BATTLEFIELD—strewn with the remnants of men, and of animals, and of machines designed to kill them . . . littered with the hopes, and ethics, and ideals, of a world gone mad.

And *this* is what they would have us call “The Field of Honor!”

We gladly honor the poor devils who fight there so bravely and die there so pitifully. But for the men who put them there, the battlefield is a Field of *Dishonor*!

And men *did* put them there. Let’s face facts: War is not the idea of a divine power . . . it is not an inevitability of nature . . . it is not a part of the universal scheme. Wars are made by *men*!

Men greedy for fame and power. Politicians so fond of seeing themselves on the front page that they’ll risk international complications to get

there. Men who make a living manufacturing implements with which the citizens of one nation can kill and maim the citizens of another nation. Men, in various lines of endeavor, who see in a war a chance to line their pockets with gold.

These men make war. Not directly, of course—nothing so crude as that. But by sowing the seeds that grow into misunderstanding, hate, and finally *war*.

Do you want them to make another war—a war infinitely more horrible and disastrous than the last—a war in which planes will mock at “front lines,” women die in their homes, children be stricken down on their way to school?

Then remember this: those who stand to profit by war are not idle, nor stupid, nor scrupulous. Neither

are they without vast funds. The efforts of this busy minority are more than a match for the efforts of a lethargic majority. The one thing that can stop the coming war is an aroused public opinion of hitherto unknown magnitude. *Your help is needed!*

### WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

Today with talk of a coming war heard everywhere, Americans must stand firm in their determination that the folly of 1914-1918 shall not occur again. World Peaceways, a non-profit organization for public enlightenment on international affairs, feels that intelligent efforts can and must be made toward a secure peace. To this end you can do your share to build up a strong public opinion against war. Write today to WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.





### THIS KREISLER MAN

*"I play the guitar much better," fumphs one-man orchestra Fritz Kreisler, in terse clearness from under his bristly moustache. Guitarist, fumpher, or juggler, there'll be a cup-flowing-over crowd to hear him fiddle on November 2. We suggest you run like mad to the Union desk if you want a seat.*

*Seriously, though, this is your chance to hear the far-famed violinist, Fritz Kreisler, right in town. The opportunity of a lifetime, we'd call it.*

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

Bright  
Sayings of  
Children

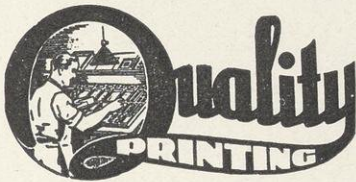


McCoy's "Golden Rich"  
ICE CREAM  
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Frosh (bumping into gray-haired man on campus): "Say, where d'ya think you're going?"

Man: "Listen, I guess you don't know who I am. I'm the assistant football coach."

Frosh: "Pardon me, I thought you were the Dean."  
—Ski-U-Mah.



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Last week when I blew into Cheyenne I had a nice time with the hotel clerk, who says to me, "How did you get here?"

"Just blew in with a load of cattle," says I.

"Where's the rest of them?" says he.

"Down in the yards. I ain't as particular as they are." —*Kitty Kat.*

Where are you going with all that sandpaper?

I'm taking it to my grandfather. He has gooseflesh on his wooden leg.

—*Pelican.*

Guest: I'll have some raw oysters, not too large nor too small, not too salty nor too fat. They must be cold and I want them quickly!

Waiter: Yes, sir. With or without pearls?

—*Jackolantern.*

Mrs. X: "Does your husband talk in his sleep?"

Mrs. Y: "No, and it's terribly exasperating. He just grins." —*Log.*

They tell the pitiful story of Sally Brown whose good name was ruined. She married a fellow named Schlemplewitz.

—*Growler.*

There was a young man from Moline,  
Ashtabula, Petoskey, Racine,  
Topeka, Bellaire,  
Shamokin, Eau Claire,  
New Haven, and Prairie du Chien.

—*Tiger.*



Bohemian

Bank Clerk: You forgot to dot an "i" in your signature.

Patron: Would you mind dotting it for me?

Clerk: I'm sorry, but it has to be in the same handwriting. —*Widow.*

He (on phone): Hello, what are you doing?

Feminine Voice: Getting ready for church.

He: Sorry. Wrong number.

—*Turnip.*

Customer: I don't want to buy your crackers; they tell me the mice are always running over them.

Grocer: That isn't so. Why the cat sleeps in the barrel every night.

—*Lampoon.*

The prof drove up to his garage door, looked inside, and blinked. Then he leaped into the car and drove like fury to the police station.

"Sergeant!" he gasped, "My garage is empty! My car's been stolen!"

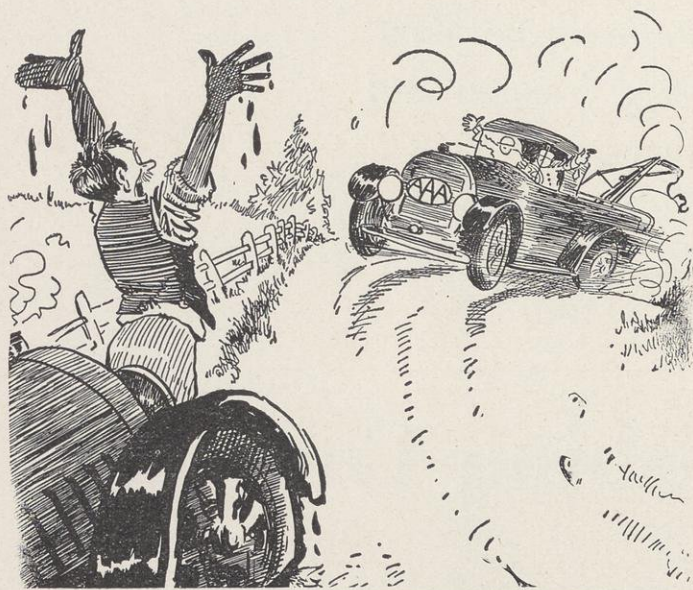
—*Pelican.*

"We have everything on the menu today, sir," the waitress said.

"So I see," the customer said. "How about a clean one?" —*Record.*

Wedding Guest: This is your fourth daughter to get married, isn't it?

MacTight: Aye, and our confetti's gettin' awful gritty. —*Awgwan.*



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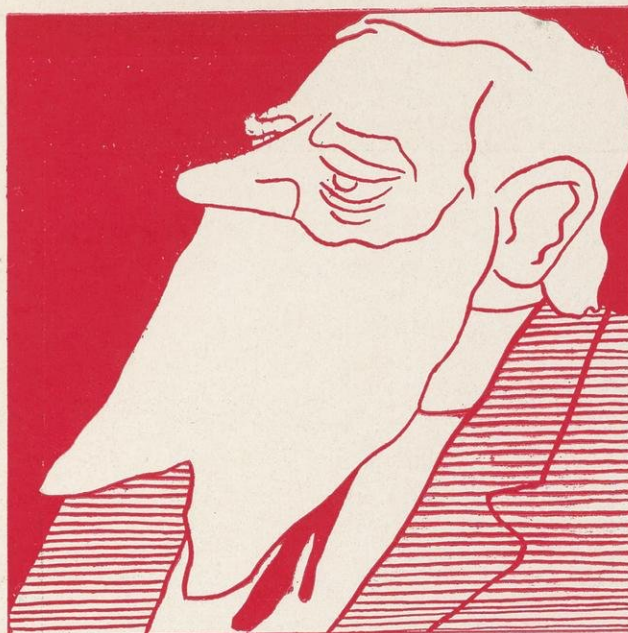


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- *Homecoming Queen*
- *Also announcement of the 5 judges*

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SATURDAY, OCT. 16

INFORMAL

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# Her Singing Coach Advised A Light Smoke

**CAROLE LOMBARD<sup>\*</sup> PREFERS LUCKIES  
BECAUSE THEY'RE EASIER ON HER THROAT**

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**\*Star of the new Paramount  
production "True Confession"**

## A Light Smoke

**EASY ON YOUR THROAT—"IT'S TOASTED"**

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WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST**

*It's Luckies 2 to 1*