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## **Octopus: Prom issue. Vol. 16, No. 5 January, 1935**

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Jan. 1935

# OCTOPIJS

15¢



PROM ISSUE • JAN.

BILL WRIGHT



**ACROSS HIS DESK** flows the news of the world: Ray Baker of International News Service. Telegraph wires . . . cables from foreign countries . . . flash 100,000 words a day to Baker . . . to be quickly judged and edited.

**TIRED OUT?**



**GET A LIFT  
WITH A CAMEL**

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**LEAF TOBACCO EXPERTS AGREE:**

**"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."**



**PERSONAL EXPERIENCES THAT POINT THE WAY TO INCREASED ENERGY!**

Newspaper man—hockey star—business woman—wherever smokers are placed in life, they notice a positive energy-refreshing effect from smoking Camels when they are tired or "out of sorts."

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Science confirms the experience of smokers regarding Camel's "energizing effect." You can smoke them freely since Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos never upsets the nerves!

**HOCKEY STAR.** "Bill" Cook says: "I smoke only Camels. Their taste sure hits the spot! I smoke a lot and I find that Camels never get on my nerves or tire my taste."



**COLLEGE STUDENT**—Majoring in chemistry. "After a hard session a Camel tastes simply swell," Richard Whitney says, "and what is more important, it refreshes my energy."

**Camel's costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!**

# BOOMERANG

WISCONSIN OCTOPUS,

Inside Dope on the Prom King's Kidnapping—  
after the Prom King had been "stolen" his kidnapers called up the pre-prom comm. and offered to release him for a certain sum of money. Imagine the kidnapers faces when the Pre Prom comm. refused to take him back unless the Kidnapers paid them (the comm.) at least \$10.00.  
its a fact ask the kidnapers—

—LEUMAS "38"

DEAR L. "38":

*Even if you are a Freshman, you ought to know how to spell "kidnappe—" er—"kidnapers" by now. Incidentally, we did ask him. Their answer is contained in this issue.*

\* \* \*

OCTOPUS EDITORS:  
GENTLEMEN:

As the possessors of Fairchild 260, Kappa Alpha Theta welcomed the diversion you offered us by inserting in your last publication a suggestion that readers call the number and ask for Gladys.

We are writing to inform you that you have more readers than we realized. Also that we got more laughs from the calls than from the magazine itself.

—PSI CHAPTER.

DEAR SIGHS:

*Education 91 teaches that the child, as he progresses, acquires more and more of his knowledge from reading. The spoken word is elemental to the youngster, the written word secondary and augmentative. Perhaps you too in time may be proof of this.*

\* \* \*

SIRS:

The American Society of Civil Engineers calls attention to a flaw in your last publication, saying "There are no civil engineers at Wisconsin." Enrollment for the present semester is 194. You err.

—WISCONSIN DIVISION, A.S.C.E.

DEAR ASCES:

*Mebbe so, mebbe not. Our source was WSGA. We regret having to display the obvious, but if you prefer a re-wording, what the dear gals were saying was "There are no civil Civil Engineers at Wisconsin."*

\* \* \*

WISCONSIN OCTOPUS:

As a member of the freshman class, may I remark that your satire on some alleged publication of '38 cannot cause anything but resentment in that group. "New Student" is a good title, but the inanities you credit us lack comprehension that we, too, strange though it may seem to you, are actually students of university mentality.

—P. H. McC.

DEAR MAC:

*Octy meant no reflections on '38, is quite sure that the publishers of the liberal magazine "New Student" likewise do not mean to consider only freshmen in their publication. With the passing of time and the acquisition of knowledge, youngster, you'll discover that this was actually a satire on an actual campus publication.*

## H. R. H. Queen of the 1936 Prom



VIRGINIA WHEARY '36  
wearing an imported French lapin  
evening wrap selected at

# simpson's

## PLATTER PATTERN

## VICTOR

Now that vocal ensembles have become a commonplace, and unfortunately most of them are of very dubious quality, it is gratifying to find Victor recording the first and the best of these groups. The Andre Kostelanetz orchestra and chorus records "Revenge With Music," from Dietz-Schwartz score, with excellent taste and musicianship. The chorus singing "If There Is Someone Lovelier" is the outstanding spot on the record.

Paul Whiteman and his orchestra record "All Through the Night" and "Anything Goes"—both from the Cole Porter score. The vocal on "All Through the Night," successor to Porter's "Night and Day," is sung by Bob Lawrence. Ramona, friend of the college boys, sings the other and when you hear it, notice the fine brass work *a la* Dorsey Brothers.

Collectors of jazz piano classics have already heard Thomas "Fats" Waller's disc containing "Alligator Crawl" and "African Ripple." It's good. "Fats" has recorded two other discs with his band, "Honeysuckle Rose" and "Breakin' the Ice" on one, and "Dream Man" and "I'm Growing Fonder of You" on the other. "Honeysuckle Rose" and "Dream Man" are both excellent.

Frankie Trumbauer has begun a new series of recordings with the new Hoagy Carmichael tune (lyrics by Mercer), "Down 'T Uncle Bill's," a typical Broadway hill-billy but with a little touch of the old Carmichael that makes it pretty good. Of course the orchestra is fine. "Blue Moon," on the other side, is fast becoming one of the most popular tunes of the month. When you listen to the Trumbauer recording, you'll know the reason why.

## MASTERPIECE RECORDS

The Victor album of the Concerto in D Minor by Mozart, played by Edwin Fischer and the London Philharmonic, is an excellent addition to their Musical Masterpiece series.

The Concerto is typical of Mozart's genius, his conception of form and ability to invent lovely melodies. The composition was completed Feb. 10, 1785, and the following day he played it at one of his subscription concerts at the Melhgrube in Vienna. Edwin Fischer has won acclaim for himself in Europe, as a concert pianist and particularly for his interpretations of Bach. His conception of the Concerto in D Minor by Mozart is authoritative and convincing.

## VICTOR DANCE RECORDS

35c and 75c



## SPECIAL

Play your records on a new R.C.A. Victor

## PORTABLE COMBINATION

Special at \$29.95

Forbes - Meagher Music Co.

27 W. MAIN

## NORM PHELPS

## BRUNSWICK

Among the many Brunswick recording artists there are two orchestras that merit particular acclaim: those of Freddy Martin and Hal Kemp. Martin with his usual style records a number of good discs, the best of which is "Sweet Music" and "Ev'ry Day." "Ev'ry Day" is the outstanding tune of the month and as Martin plays, it's twice as good. Other good Martin recordings include: "If It's Love," "I'd Like to Dunk You in My Coffee," "Did She Ask for Me," "No Lovers Allowed," "Just a Fair Weather Friend," and "I'm Growing Fonder of You."

Hal Kemp has enlarged his band by one man, a second trombone player, but this doesn't alter his established style. He records "In a Blue and Pensive Mood" with "I Woke Up Too Soon," and, taking a fling at the Cole Porter ditties, "All Through the Night" with "You're the Top" where Skinny Ennis sings to top off a fine record.

The Boswell sisters, again with Jimmie Grier's orchestra, turn out "It's Written All Over Your Face" and "The Object of My Affection." It's good to hear them again, though even with Jimmie Grier's fine orchestra, you'll probably miss the Dorsey Brothers. The accompaniments are now just accompaniments and no longer an integral part of the solo as well as ensemble work.

## COLUMBIA

From the "Cotton Club Parade" Benny Goodman, using his new and larger band, records "Like a Bolt From the Blue" and "I'm a Hundred Percent for You." This new band is very fine, as you probably know after hearing it on the weekly broadcasts.

Mills Blue Rhythm Band casts off a typical "jig" tune, "Keep the Rhythm Going." On the same disc is "Solitude." Because of the bad intonation you can hardly recognize it.

Another record by Harry Rosenthal, Columbia's newest band, has "Say When" and "When Love Comes Swingin' Along." This band is building a good reputation by playing the better show tunes such as these, and making them good dance music.

## RECORD MAKER

Benny Goodman, the ace of jazz clarinet players, is one of those rarities: a child prodigy. At the age of nine he made his debut in the Chicago Theatre, doing an imitation of Ted Lewis. Today he is only twenty-four, but has won fame and acclaim as an orchestra leader and clarinetist.

For some years, when he first played professionally, he was with Ben Pollack's band and was playing with Pollack when his band played the Prom here in '24. He left Pollack when Pollack was in New York and joined Don Voorhees' orchestra, leaving him three years ago to take charge of Russ Colombo's orchestra, playing at the Woodmansten Inn. At this time Benny had a commercial bent and had the band playing only the sweetest tunes; as a result the stars of the band became dissatisfied and the band broke up.

In the past Goodman has made some excellent recordings, many of which, like Beale Street Blues and Basin Street Blues, are considered classics. Teagarden's appearance, along with Arthur Schutt and Gene Krupa, on these records aided a considerably in their popularity. Now Benny has one of the largest "swing" bands in the country. He recently played at Billy Rose's Music Hall and the Casino de Paree, and now is the featured band on the Saturday night "Let's Dance" NBC program.

## STONE AGE PROM

### I

*Now it happened, so they say,  
In that dim and distant day  
On the campus of the Neolithic U.  
That they ruffled up the calm  
With a Prehistoric Prom  
Because they lacked for better things to do.*

### II

*So they chose a sylvan glade,  
Mighty preparations made,  
That the Prom might be a whizz of an affair.  
One and all desired to go,  
Who could beg or steal the dough,  
For they knew that all the college would be there.*

### III

*Now a student Harry Aippe,  
Loved the co-ed, Whatta Shaip,  
And each day he'd bounce a boulder off her skull.  
So he thot he'd take a chance  
And drag Whatta to the dance,  
For they dragged their dames in those days by the wool.*

### IV

*As the fatal hour drew nigh  
Harry calmly blacked her eye,  
And they left upon a Brontosauri's back,  
Whatta wore a bare skin garb;  
His tuxedo was a darb—  
'Twas a tiger's epidermis painted black.*

### V

*At the designated dump,  
They had covered o'er a stump,  
For a drum, with hide from off a mountain goat.  
For the saxophone's sad wail  
They would twist a panther's tail,  
And at every twist attain a higher note.*

### VI

*'Neath the prehistoric moon  
To a wild barbaric tune  
Did the students dance and frolic thru the night,  
When a stag desired to cut,  
Harry cracked his coconut,  
And every one agreed it served him right.*

### VII

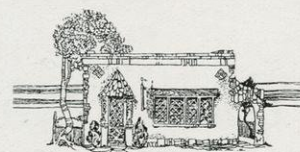
*When a female shriek was heard  
No one stopped to say a word,  
It was just a petting party going strong.  
For the way they showed their love  
Was to maul their lovey-dove  
And their line was a shillalah two feet lozg.*

### VIII

*But the struggle was intensified  
When the dash for eats commenced  
And the strongest guy grabbed all that he could glom.  
Then each student, tired and lame,  
Grabbed his badly-battered dame  
And rode homeward from the Neolithic Prom.*

—P. PARROT.

Elsa Kessenick's



Tea Shoppe

. . .

*Known for its  
unexcelled cuisine*

. . .

*And for the PROM  
goers rendezvous*

. . .

*Meet*

*King Brazeau and  
Queen Wheary at*

405 WEST GILMAN

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**BOOK SHOP**  
STATE AT LAKE STREET

AFTER EXAMS

*The Smartest Social Event  
of the year*

1936

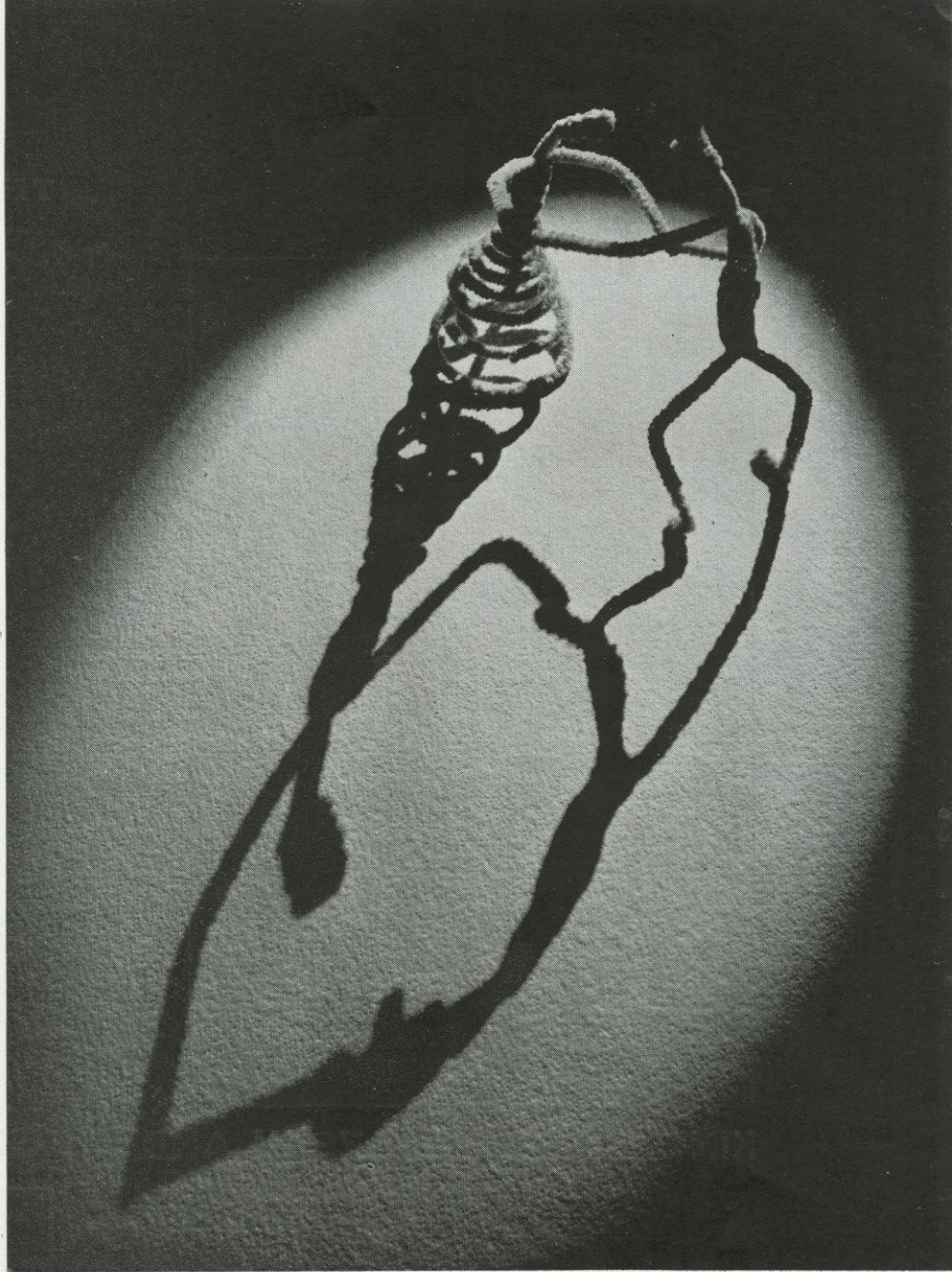
JAN GARBER

*I D O L O F T H E A I R L A N E S*

PROM

MEMORIAL UNION - - - FEBRUARY 7  
*at 9:00 p. m.*

\$ 4 . 5 0 P E R C O U P L E



## STRIKE UP THE BAND

● Exam week opens, and for ten days you and you and we will slave to learn the things we should have discovered before Christmas. Those ten days will be horrible, but for those of us who refuse to be constantly concerned with the sterner things of life will soon come gaiety, glamour, and a revelling release from scholasticism . . . The campus spotlight, piercing the gloom, points again to Prom.





KING RICHARD BRAZEAU AND HIS QUEEN, VIRGINIA WHEARY

● Presenting their royal highnesses, Virginia Wheary and Richard "Dick" Brazeau, who will rule over the Junior Promenade the night of February the seventh.

Miss Wheary, the second member of Kappa Kappa Gamma to receive the Prom Queen honor in as many years, is a striking brunette from Racine and is a member of the Junior class.

Brazeau, the first Junior Prom chairman under the class directorate plan, is president of Tumas and a member of Psi Upsilon fraternity. His home is in Wisconsin Rapids.



THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS, INC.

CAMPUS CHRONICLE

REVERSAL OF FORM

● We've run into some strange ambitions in our time, including that which one lad fulfilled when he walked from one end of Langdon street to the other at 12 midnight New Year's eve without meeting a single car.

But the queerest one came up the other night over a dish of pretzels. It hit the little fellow in the big overcoat between the eyes. He shook his head slowly and pondered a bit. And then a truly beautiful—and we use the word advisedly—a truly beautiful smile covered his face. He had decided, he said, to get gloriously drunk Prom night, have two friends carry him in, and sober up enough during the evening to be able to walk out upright. What appealed to him would be the novelty and the precedent-shattering. Imagine what the state newspapers could do with a story about a Prom with a student who wasn't carried out after the party was over. It's nearly as good as kidnapping the door-man.

ACCORDING TO SCHEDULE

● Very shortly the annual row about the dormitory food will be raised and Don Halverson will have to quit cooking for the Georgian Grill to spike all sorts of rumors. And before long some freshman will object to paying for a meal he has missed, and someone will ask him if he doesn't know when he's well off, and that will close the whole matter.

FORLORN HOPE

● The announcement of Wisconsin's Little International Stock show is attractive to us, and Feb. 6 we'll go out to the stock pavilion for the event. We've seen six now, and not really liked any of them, but we're still intending to be present in the hope that the ag boys will introduce a new breed of sheep designed to travel 60 miles per hour so it can keep up with Mary.

JOURNALISTIC GEM

● Journalism sophomores, in their reporting of this meeting and that for the local papers, turn up some outstanding oddities each month. One of the best appeared on one society editor's desk about a week ago. From a discussion of the seriousness of keeping sex information from growing children, the sophomore gleaned this startling lead sentence:

"Sex is a driving force which can be turned to great good if handled properly."

Now that she mentions it—and indeed the writer was feminine—we have noticed some fine people who must have come from somewhere.

TOO GOOD T'BE TRUE

● We recall that exams will shortly be here. We also recall that our freshman advisor (Tod Williston, drum major in '28, just to show how old we are) was excused from three by saying he was subject to epileptic fits. We also recall an even better deed.

A lad of the early '30s took two Poli Sci courses from the same professor. One was easy for him, the other was horrible. He showed up for the tough one with his hand bandaged and got the desired sympathy and excuse. But when he appeared for the second cleared for action, the dear old soul behind the desk saw through his first plan.

He seized his book and jotted down a "Zero" in the exam column. Then he jotted down another in the final grade column. And then, as he said, "That's the first time in 12 years I've been completely fooled," he placed a figure "1" in front of the zeroes for a perfect exam grade and gave the lad a "B" in the course.

IT'S STILL CHEESE TO US

● It would seem that Miles Hanley, professor in English, has a problem. He is, as you may or may not realize, the gent who compiled a complete collection of dialects of this fair nation. And he has, after deep research, discovered that the word is Welsh rabbit, *not* rare-bit. He managed to make the change on the menu of the University club, and then took a year's leave. Upon his return, he discovered that the word had been altered again. Now, he confides to his classes, he has convinced the chef of the treason committed against the mother tongue, but he is afraid to leave town. They might change it back.

Personally, we don't care how they spell it, just so we don't have to eat the d—ed stuff.

CINEMA CYNIC

● One of our own editors produced the smoothest deed of the month just before vacation ended. He sought a date at Villa Maria, but the girl he called hadn't returned and so he talked for a time by telephone to the one who answered.

One word led to another, and finally he suggested the movies. She agreed, and up the street he went. She wasn't particularly impressive when they met but seemed pleasant enough. She lost even this attribute, however, when they sought to plan the evening:

He: What'll we see?

She: I'd like to see Eddie Cantor.

He: I'm really sorry, but I saw it this afternoon.

She: Well, that's what I want to see (which might well be termed "leading with her chin").

He: Maybe I'm wrong, but it looks a bit silly to me.

She: Maybe it's a bit silly for us to have a date.

He (turning her around and placing her back on the doorstep): I think so.



## FAT CHANCE

● We've puzzled over the whole thing for a few days and gotten nowhere at all. It seems that Glenn Frank, who is president or something of this university, was in Chicago during the holidays and met a prominent graduate of half a dozen years back.

The two passed the time of day in casual conversation for some time before the p. g. had an inspiration:

"Tell me, how are things in Washington?"

Glenn, a bit puzzled but never nonplussed, talked generally for a few minutes and then took his departure.

It was not until an hour later that he realized he had been taken for Dean Lloyd Garrison, ex-Labor Relations board chairman.

What's puzzled us is not the mistake, but what the graduate must have thought about how well Roosevelt is feeding his help if Garrison grew to Frank's not only slightly heavier but shorter figure. All we can do, apparently, is puzzle; there's simply no settling such things.

## BOY BANDITS

● The city had a busy week-end some days back. On Friday night Dick Brazeau was kidnaped and on Monday night five Michigan basketball players were late getting back to their train after playing Wisconsin and so were suspended from the squad.

Octy imagines that before another week is out the Deke and Psi U playboys will offer to apologize for the Michigan difficulty, too.

## HOW 'BOUT WAXING MARY

● We sat in one of the city's foremost eating houses recently, enjoying the food, regretting the service, and generally feeling quite a gourmet (epicure, to you) to be spending \$1.50 for a Saturday night meal again.

The nearby bar, the white-crowned chefs, the waiters in black and the genial host . . . it seemed almost too much for Madison. But it wasn't. Before we left we heard an old lady at the next table say, as she stopped drinking her second cup of very weak tea, "Mary, did you ever wax fruit?"

Somehow the metropolitan character of the place was lost just like that.

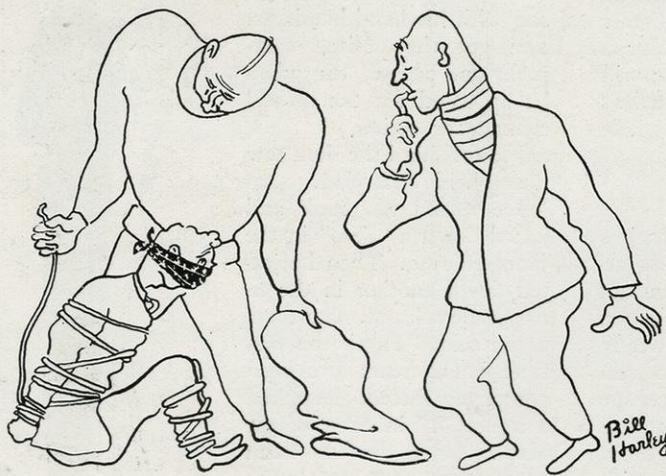
## DIET DISCIPLINE

● Eating around the Union brings some of life's nicest little pleasantries. Being sure that the Paul Bunyan room crew gets all the money it should, being chronic kickers in the Grill and making a big Tripp Commons reservation at the last minute every Sunday night all please our obtuse nature. But to friends who would follow the similar course a word of warning: beware cafeteria breakfasts.

The food is good: we have no complaint about that. But method is king, and one of Octy's best men is still groggy after a battle over wheat cakes. Two big cakes form an order, you know now if you didn't before you started this sentence. But two is too much for our hero to dispose of at one sitting, and some time ago he took steps about the matter.

He asked that he be given just one cake, but the counter girl explained that he was supposed to get two and she didn't intend to cheat him. He assured her he wouldn't feel cheated and was willing to pay for two, but still she didn't see it. So she gave him two and sent him on his way with a promise to see if she could take care of the matter for him.

The next morning her report came: she couldn't give him one cake, but she could see that he got two small ones. That satisfied him, and he thought everything was settled, but now he's discovered that he must get a slip marked SMALL cakes to insure delivery of what he wants. The surprising thing to us is that he still eats them. He killed our wheat cake appetite just reciting the story.



*Cripes! This is only an assistant general chairman*

## DUEL PERSONALITIES

● One of the better stories we have heard recently concerns a pair of pals who split their friendship in twain when one went to Princeton and the other to Yale. They didn't meet again for 20 years and then one night they renewed their friendship in a quaint old place up in the Adirondacks. They talked of old times for hours, but when one finally criticized the other's choice of school, the feud was on again. At last they decided to settle their argument with pistols at 10 paces without the light of the single lamp in the cabin.

Each took one of the old pistols mounted on the wall and they marched off five paces. As they waited the word to fire, the Yale man thought to himself, "He's my friend in spite of everything else. When the clock strikes (which was to be the signal) I'll shoot my gun up the chimney."

The clock struck, he walked swiftly to the chimney, pulled the trigger and killed the Princeton man.

## DARN WHITE OF THEM

● Trust the Union to do things properly. In its Graduate Lounge there's a notice of the facilities which will be available to students during Christmas vacation. We too thought at first that it was a sign that just hadn't been removed, but a few hours of concentrated wondering produced the decision that it was for the benefit of those who spent the holidays at home and so wouldn't otherwise have known what they missed.

## JUST CALL HIM BILL

● Someone came down the Hill the other day and stopped by to tell us, rather too casually, that there are 344 known ways of spelling Shakespeare's name. Not that we care one whit, just for the sake of round numbers . . . we always have gone for well-rounded numbers . . . let's make it 350 (no sense in being small about the thing), thus:

- 345—Shukspoor
- 346—Chakespare
- 347—Shkspr
- 348—Snakesappear
- 349—Walla Walla
- 350—Who, me?



CAMPUS CRISIS NO. 7

Consternation at Psi Upsilon palace Prom night when the Prom King's free dress suit fails to arrive.

## WE KIDNAPED DICK BRAZEAU

BY TWO OF  
THE "SECRET EIGHT"

*The kidnaping of Dick Brazeau, Junior Prom king, on the evening of Pre-Prom dance has been the sensation of the school year and surpassed all other news of this major dance. For the first time Octopus now presents the story told exclusively to this publication by two of the actual participants in the kidnaping. For obvious reasons, all names other than that of Brazeau are omitted.—EDITOR'S NOTE.*

The kidnaping of Dick Brazeau, a mid-summer inspiration by fraternity brothers who foresaw his election, was seriously proposed for the first time two weeks before Christmas vacation.

It was suggested by one of his own fraternity brothers to some of us who were his good friends. We (there were eight of us altogether) thought it would be a good way of helping him get a lot of good publicity for his dance. We did not consult Dick because we feared objections of his might over-rule us, and the combination of publicity and the pleasure of the prank seemed too good to pass up.

Actual plans for the kidnaping were laid after all of us returned to Madison following vacation. Because we realized that Brazeau knew all of us and would recognize us, we knew we had to get some strangers to act as "lures." Two young fellows in business in the city agreed to help. They were never offered any payment nor did they receive any; they simply joined in the spirit of the thing and allowed us to have strangers to get Brazeau out of his apartment without suspecting anything.

We drove out to Dick's apartment on West Johnson street at Randall avenue two days before Pre-Prom and looked over the ground. It was decided to park the car on the opposite side of the street near an unused garage so that Dick would have to walk down the court of the apartment buildings and across the street before we seized

him. We also noted a good place for hiding.

The first actual step was a call from a pay telephone, Friday noon.

"I'm from the Wisconsin Rapids Tribune," the caller told Brazeau, "and would like a feature story and picture of you at your apartment before Pre-Prom. How'd it be if I came out at about a quarter to seven . . . I have a deadline to make?"

Brazeau agreed, and even suggested that the caller enter the unlocked apartment to wait if he had not returned in time.

Shortly after 6:30 that night, we drove out Johnson street. Two of us from the original eight hid in the weeds in the vacant lot and the two older fellows, whom Dick did not know, went upstairs. Brazeau was there alone; his two roommates were at their fraternity house on a faked committee call.

"I'm Frank Donning from the Tribune," Brazeau was told.

"Oh, yes. Could you take the picture right away? I'm in a hurry,"

Brazeau asked. He was told that this could be done, and then asked, "Do you want me to wear my derby?"

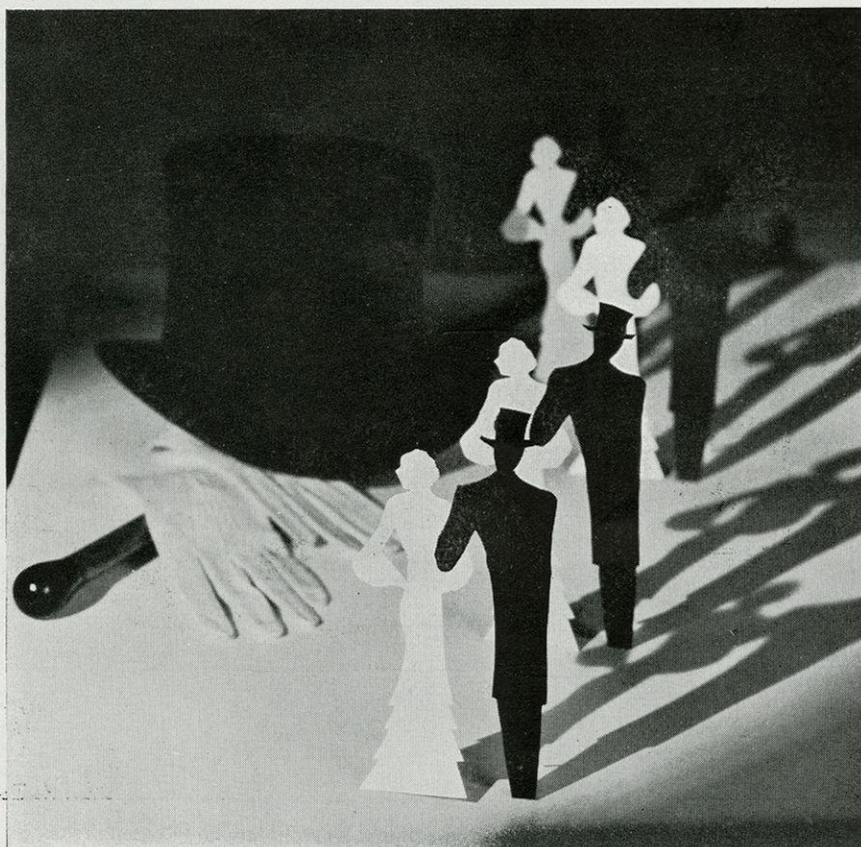
"No-o-o. A felt hat might be a little better."

"Oh, well, I'll wear the derby. It's right here, and brand new. Might as well use it," Dick said.

The two went downstairs and crossed the street to where the second "reporter" was waiting. Dick then "posed" with one foot on the running board as if he was just about to step into the car to go get his queen. As soon as his back was turned one of them suddenly grabbed a towel from the running board and pulled it over Dick's face.

"O. K. The jig's up," came the signal. We jumped from our hiding place and ran over to help. Brazeau put up a terrific battle and managed to shout to two girls who came down the street, "Hey, get help. Take the license of the car. For God's sake, do something."

The girls were unimpressed, however, and after a battle that smashed the derby, brought two bad scratches



on his face and a badly ripped shoe, Brazeau was placed in the back seat of the dark Buick sedan, blindfolded and with a man on each side of him.

The car was started and driven around for about ten minutes in the western part of the city in order to confuse the captive. Brazeau apparently soon thought things out to his own satisfaction, for he offered:

"All right, how much do you guys want?"

"We don't want your dough," we told him. "You'll get back when we're through with you."

"Will that be in time for Pre-Prom?"

"Maybe for the latter part."

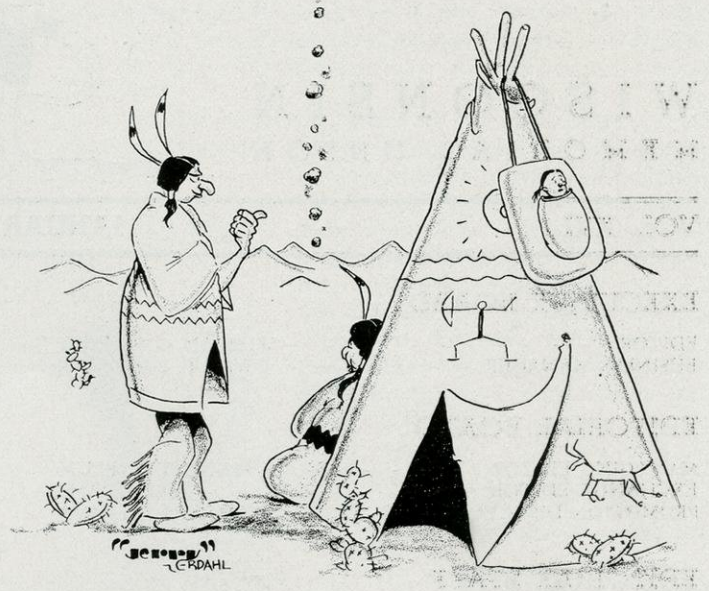
It was then, apparently, that Dick realized what we were doing. He suggested going somewhere for beer, and the suggestion was accepted when we stopped at a University avenue store and bought six bottles. We took these with us as we drove directly to a cottage on the far west shore of Lake Mendota.

It was agreed that time might pass slowly, so the two of us whom Brazeau knew took the car and left while the other two fellows kept Dick there. They played poker with paper matches for counters and the two of us came back to Madison and killed some time.

We typed a note to one of the Pre-Prom chairmen and sent it by Western Union messenger. "You guys can't run everything in the junior class," the note said. It was intended to give Brazeau the explanation that the kidnaping was the work of disgruntled classmates who resented his easy election and subsequent narrow scope in Prom appointments.

We went back to the cottage about

● **Dates come and dates go, but at Wisconsin there is nothing quite so important as one's Prom date. Two by two, into Great Hall they go for a few fleeting happy minutes and then out again. But somehow nothing can ever spoil the memory of a fortunate Prom companionship.**



*Running Water says she's been picked for the Court of Honor*

9:30 to get Dick and the other two. We yelled before going in and Brazeau was again blindfolded before we went inside. The others told us he had played poor poker, having to borrow from the bank twice and each time thanking the banker.

We all returned to the car and drove on part way around the lake. About 10 o'clock we pulled into a side road to listen to the broadcast of the presentation of the queen. No one said much, but Dick was absolutely silent, either keeping his thoughts to himself or refusing to give us any satisfaction.

After the broadcast was over, we drove on around the lake and came back to the city through Maple Bluff. As we passed Tenney park, a car began to follow us and on Gorham street it was identified as a police squad car on night duty. Dick caused no trouble when we told him to sit up straight and pull a hat down over his blindfold, and the police car turned east again at Wisconsin avenue.

Our kidnap car was driven past the Memorial Union, where we offered to let Dick out, but he refused the offer.

"Going in looking like this would look like cheap stuff. Drive me back to the apartment, will you?"

He was driven back to the corner of University avenue and Orchard

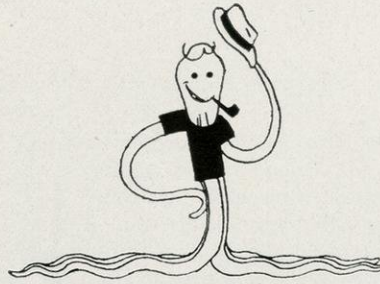
street and there helped from the car. We drove away in a hurry but stopped around the next corner. One of us called the Union to get one of Brazeau's assistants, but instead we told Chuck Dollard, who took the call, that Dick could be found at his apartment.

The other two boys left us when we got back on State street, and we came on home and went to bed. It turned out later that neither of us went to sleep very soon, but I don't think it was a case of troubled conscience. We had enjoyed the joke and believed we helped Dick with some publicity that he never would have developed himself.

Thereafter the eight of us held nightly meetings in the kitchen of our house to discuss the way things went. We didn't know Brazeau's dad was a lawyer, and when he came down to investigate rumors about the incident, we decided it would be best for everyone to present a round-robin confession and all share alike in the results.

We admitted the kidnaping to clear him. He knew nothing of the plan at any time before he was in the car and gave us a lot of trouble until we finally got him into the car. After that, he took it well. It is our hope that this explanation will stop any doubts that may still exist about the whole affair.

WISCONSIN  
MEMORIAL UNION



OCTOPUS, INC.  
MADISON, WISCONSIN

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JANUARY, 1935

NO. 5

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ON PAGE FIVE COURTESY OF THE LYRE; ON PAGE TEN COURTESY OF FROTH

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**INSUFFICIENCY**

Out of the void comes the 1936 Junior Prom. Yesterday it was the dream of a thousand men and women on a hundred committees. Today it is here, throbbing, palpitating, living—moving to the music of America's finest dance orchestras, breathing beneath the many-colored lights of the Great Hall. And tomorrow—tomorrow it will be gone—the vague memory of a beautiful evening to hundreds of dances; and a collection of platforms, tinsel, and potted-palms to the Union workmen who do the cleaning up.

What is Prom, that it comes, it goes, then comes again and goes again?

Why all the concentrated effort, when the glamour lasts but the night? What an awful waste is this! That it should be repeated year after year proves the unfitness of students to run their own affairs.

The Octopus proposes a stabilization plan for Prom. The organization which each King laboriously builds up should not go to pot right after the complimentary tickets are handed out. Permanency is the life of success. The Octopus proposes more than one Prom a year—five Proms, ten

Proms, twenty Proms: you can write your own ticket.

Profits on an ordinary Prom are held down, by sheer inefficiency, to the neighborhood of three or four thousand dollars. With twenty Proms a year, large-scale savings would be effected which would eventually send profits up to hundreds of thousands of dollars. In the matter of complimentary tickets alone, thousands could be saved. With each Prom, the resistance to appeals for such tickets would develop, until by the twentieth complimentary tickets could be reduced to a minimum of say, five hundred.

Large-scale buying of supplies and music would bring proportionately welcome results. In fact, the entire structure of Prom could be favorably modified. Instead of merely the front and editorial pages, publicity committees could then afford to buy entire issues of the Daily Cardinal.

For some years now the Octopus has had a reputation on the campus for being a humorous magazine. However, Octopus is in deadly earnest in this proposal. We sincerely beg the interested parties to consider our plan. Further details can be developed later. In the meantime, we reiterate our plank: Twenty Proms Are Not Too Much!

# EDITORIAL SURVEY

## ASSORTED GORE, GOSSIP, & GAS

According to report, the girls selected for Prom's Court of Honor were picked because they best represented certain TYPES . . . not because of their beauty . . . which after seeing them we can readily believe. And while we think of it (not that there's any connection), we wish to say that any one that has any extra guppies they'd like to give away can find them a happy home in the Octy den . . . we've got a perfectly good bowl but nothing to put in it . . . and we've been so lonely since ours departed this world to go to the happy hunting ground . . . or wherever good little guppies' souls go.

Add new romances . . . P. Graney and Ben Ritchie; Phi Psi Bob Dudley and Kappa Carrol Wagner. And speaking of Kappas reminds us of the story about the futile sprig of mistletoe that hung in a prominent place in said domicile for over two weeks before any lad took advantage of the prerogative thus provided . . . nuff said. Dean Goodnight made a New Year's resolution . . . it seems that he has sticky fingers in the matter of cue chalk and is always walking away with same after finishing his usual noon billiard game in the Ratcellar . . . he now has a fine chalk collection in his office.

We've just finished glancing through our new alleged rival, "Variety," and are faintly amused . . . at the numerous 5a English themes . . . and in particular by J. Kennedy's so-called straight dope on politics at Wisconsin as they really am (or were) . . . especially when he modestly states that



he got one of his henchmen in the fall of '33 "to line up the Elections Board" to assign pal Hample the Election chairmanship. Having been a member of said board, we mildly resent the allegation that we were "lined up" . . . as a matter of FACT, the Elections Board chose Fred Suhr, Joe Werner, and Hample in order of preference . . . when the first two choices declined to take the job, the chairman, without calling another meeting of the board, handed the job to the thirsty, third-choice, Mr. Hample. Therefore, it appears that it was Chance and not Mr. Kennedy that brought about the "Iron Man's" ap-

pointment . . . which also proves, as subsequent events brought out, that Mr. Kennedy's guardian angel was asleep at the switch on that occasion . . . Mr. Hample being largely responsible for his disqualification from the P. K. race. Incidentally, here is something that Mr. Kennedy does not know which might interest him . . . late in the second semester of that same year, an informal opinion was rendered the Elections board by one of the Election referees that they had not been justified in their action according to their constitution as of that time.

Kappas Lois Montgomery and Jean Newlin almost had to spend the night in the Engineering Bldg. recently . . . took a make-up exam and got themselves locked in . . . after vainly searching for chimneys and outside coal chutes, they discovered a pay phone, and with their lone nickle called the U . . . which sent somebody to un-jail them . . . very accommodating of the Dept. of Bldgs. and Grounds, say we . . . but what we want to know is where the professor was all this time. We have some qualms about the next Haresfoot show . . . a preview of the script disclosing not just one but two "Cmup and seeme s'mtime" gags.

If the Badger persists in going through with their asinine publicity stunt of holding a contest to determine Wisconsin's four most eligible bachelors . . . we see where the student body will be decreased by a like number right speedily after the winners are announced to the panting public. A plot is already afoot to start a campaign to get co-perpetrators Bridgeman and Wood elected winners of their own contest . . . which would serve them jolly well right . . . Girls who see the humor in the opportunity are expected to form the support.

Prom and its fashion parade are not so far away . . . It's not out of order, we think, to expect that the gals wearing the lastex-topped formals will be among the evening's sensation . . . unless the Prom king (what is that guy's name?) is kidnaped again . . . It'll probably be very noticeable around Prom time that the state teachers' convention is being held here the same week-end . . . J. Doolittle relays this one about Margaret Ellingson, Dean Goodnight's right hand, who was recently deprived of her appendix . . . after she came out of the ether she is said to have scolded the surgeon no little for performing the operation on what she claimed was



a "no-cut day."

Despite this fall's farce, the fraternity lads are already beginning to plan for next year's P. King election . . . Kappa Sig D. Johnson, backed by the present Soph directorate, intends to strive for the privilege of being kidnaped. And Kappa Sig Vic Falk has recently resigned from the Badger Board to make a try for the editorship of said publication . . . present candidates being none too plentiful.

Plenty people were plenty griped about that nasty Cardinal edit in re Bob Kaska's appointment as Mothers and Fathers weekend chairman . . . most people agreeing that it was entirely uncalled for and in very bad taste. Editor Bernhard gave as his raison d'etre that there were others better fitted for the job, as for example, his fraternity brother, Jim Kennedy . . . Glenn probably feared, though, that James might kidnap some of the mothers . . . just for another cute prank.

That senior class open meeting a while back at which the Alumni association attempted to explain why the graduating class should join up, was one of the funniest farces we e'er did behold. On one side sat the Cardinal editorial board's heckling crew . . . on the other side sat the Alumni association stooges, headed by Red Peterson . . . and every few minutes, when the hecklers seemed to be getting the best of it, Chief Stooze Peterson would skip over and whisper words of encouragement and sage advice into Egstad's ear . . . verra funny.

Incidentally, it might be of interest for youse lads and lassies to know that the Cardinal editor knew about the projected kidnaping of the P. K. at five o'clock on the day of Pre-prom . . . the napers taking him partially into their confidence to determine what the Cardinal attitude would be if the stunt were actually did . . . and we knew about it, too . . . Bernhard telling us to get our reaction . . . but we didn't do anything about it, since we thought they'd never go through with it . . . being under the impression that this was a university . . . not a high school. Also incidentally, it might be of interest, that a few prominent lads who still refuse to be convinced that the snatch was not a publicity gag are thinking seriously of really kidnaping the P. K. on Prom night . . . and locking him up in the Union Bldg. . . just for the irony of it.



## PROFESSOR, HOW COULD YOU?

M. C. BLUM

The seven hundred members of the 1945 Junior Prom publicity committee put their heads together one afternoon late in January and wondered what more could be done for the season's greatest social affair.

"What more can be done?" they asked each other.

"You mean for the season's greatest social affair?" they asked.

"Yes," they replied, "what more can be done for the season's greatest social affair?"

So far everything had gone perfectly. Each bit of publicity had fitted smoothly into the columns of the Daily Cardinal. It had been done with such finesse that Cardinal readers had come to read Prom publicity even between the lines. From the front page to the back page, over sports and advertisements, Prom, Prom, Prom had dominated the paper.

From Langdon street to far across the tracks, the results of the intensive campaign were evident. A wave of hysteria had swept the student body. The campus was throbbing with the emotion of the season's greatest social affair. Students lay in gutters, murmuring "Prom, Prom," over and over again. From balconies and from the housetops the word was shouted.

Not even the staid old professors were immune. (They were called "staid" because all the rest had gone elsewhere.) In the midst of all sorts of lectures they broke into incoherent bits about Prom. One professor of romance languages acquired a certain fame, within the month, for doing a dance routine on the platform, on an average of once each lecture. Still another professor, this time of astronomy, frightened his classes on more than one occasion by including in his examinations the question: "Have you got your date yet for Prom?"

With these results, the publicity committee was more than satisfied. Yet they felt that something was missing. A final, consummating bang seemed essential. The public seemed to expect it of them, and they were not going to let the public down.

What would it be? The question seemed a hard one. Evidently, there was nothing that had not been tried. Nothing remained, so it appeared.

The seven hundred members of the 1945 Junior Prom publicity committee shook their heads. The rattling was heard for blocks. Warily, but with that certain sad satisfaction which comes from a good job well done, they looked over old Cardinal headlines, to see if they could derive new inspiration.

The heads were interesting enough. As they approached the memorable date, they grew more intense.

JUNIOR PROM SET FOR FEBRUARY 8.

GALA OCCASION FORESEEN FOR PROM.

PROM DECORATIONS TO REACH NEW HEIGHTS.

COURT OF HONOR TO BE CHOSEN FOR PROM.  
ELIGIBLE BACHELORS TO BE CHOSEN FOR PROM.

DEAN DENOUNCES DRINKING AT PROM.

WHO WILL BE THE QUEEN?

CAMPUS BEAUTIES HOPE FOR COURT OF HONOR POSITIONS.

WILL HELEN HELLESTRA BE PROM QUEEN?  
WILL LOUISE LALLALLA BE PROM QUEEN?  
WILL BETTY BETTETTRA BE PROM QUEEN?  
WILL GRETA GARBO BE PROM QUEEN?  
PROM QUEEN NOT YET CHOSEN.  
COURT OF HONOR WILL BE PRESENTED.  
COURT OF HONOR IS PRESENTED.  
PROM QUEEN IS CHOSEN: JANE JANARIO  
LUCKY GIRL.

EXTRA! PROM KING KIDNAPPED! QUEEN FORSAKEN.

EXTRA! PROM QUEEN KIDNAPPED; KING FORSAKEN.

EXTRA! COURT OF HONOR KIDNAPPED; KING AND QUEEN FORSAKEN.

EXTRA! PROM - GOERS KIDNAPPED; KING, QUEEN AND COURT FORSAKEN.

EXTRA! DEAN KIDNAPPED; DRINKING NOT FORSAKEN.

EXTRA SPECIAL! DEAN PROVES TO BE PROM KING!

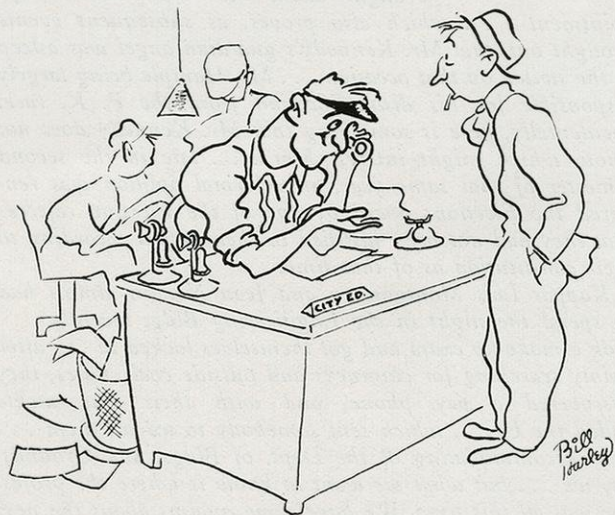
EXTRA EXTRA! QUEEN PROVES TO BE ELIGIBLE BACHELOR.

EXTRA SUPER SPECIAL! PROM KIDNAPPED!

The publicity committee sighed at these past glories. Was there ever a Prom campaign like it? Could there ever be another? One more story, that was all they needed.

So they put their heads together again. And the next day the papers carried the story that jammed Great Hall on Prom night.

LINGUISTICS PROFESSOR TERMS 'PROM' MISAPPELLATION: SHOULD BE 'PROMENADE,' CLAIM.



What them students won't do for publicity—now they claim the Prom King just bit a dog!

## PROM PARODY

'Twas the night after Prom, when all thru the house  
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
 The dress suits were slung over any old chair  
 For Freshmen to pick up or else get the air.  
 The brothers were nestled all snug in their beds,  
 Just ninety-six hands holding forty-eight heads;  
 And Harry on History, his head in his lap,  
 Had settled his brains for a long evening's nap;  
 When out on the road there arose such a clatter—  
 The boys rose as one to see what was the matter.  
 Now listen, my children, and you shall all hear:  
 'Twas not our dear Santa and his famed reindeer,  
 But only the Chi Yi's, with all their huge horde,  
 Arriving from Prom in the old chapter Ford.

## IF YOU'D KNOWN

If you'd known I borrowed the money I spent  
 And even my tux I had to rent  
 You wouldn't have been a half hour late  
 You wouldn't have made the taxi wait,  
 You wouldn't have carelessly spilled the punch  
 If you had known it would cost me my lunch  
 To wash my shirt, and remove, in brief,  
 The rouge that you dabbed on my handkerchief—

\* \* \*

Oh, you wouldn't have made me pinch and lie—  
 You'd have gone to Prom with another guy.

## CHEM WARFARE SHOULD NOT KILL

Captain Barker of U. S. Army Service  
 Says It Is Not Objective

—DAILY CARDINAL.

In other words, the Barker's not worse than  
 the bite.

\* \* \* \*

## SHORT SHORT STORY

Love at first sight;  
 Divorce at first fight.

## CO-EDS SMART?

### DEBATE QUESTION

—DAILY CARDINAL.

Well, we think they do.

## ODE TO A SUCESSFUL MAN

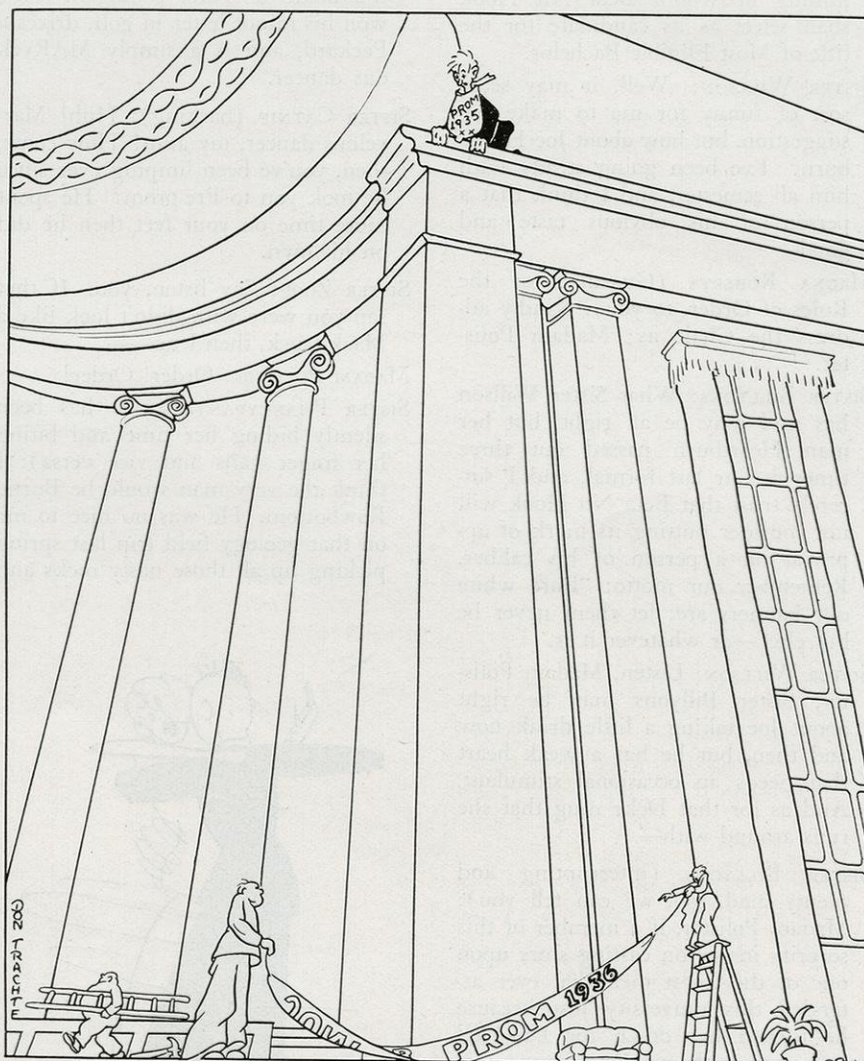
His head is up among the clouds;  
 A gay song doth he sing.  
 He is the chap to whom this school  
 Just doesn't mean a thing.

His daily work begins at ten,  
 And classes end at one;  
 His nose he thumbs at those who said,  
 "It never could be done!"

In first floor rooms his classes meet;  
 He no more needs to climb  
 Four weary flights in greatest haste  
 To get to class on time.

Oh, toast his name in red, red wine;  
 Till the manly chest doth burst,  
 Of him who got his schedule back  
 As he made it out at first.

—Adapted.



Hibernating drunk: What, again?

## WISCONSIN'S MOST ELIGIBLE . . .

- Detailing the chapter meeting discussion of almost any campus sorority that takes seriously the year-book's plan to elect Wisconsin's most eligible men by popular co-ed vote.

(Sistern of Beta Nu Hook having disposed of the routine business of who made those three long distance calls to Tuskaloosa, prepare to take up more important matters.)

MADAM POLISTER (Sororities' whimsical term for "president"): There being no further old business, we shall proceed to the question which I know has been foremost in your minds all evening, namely: the determining of whom Beta Nu Hook shall select as its candidate for the title of Most Eligible Bachelor.

SISTER WILLSON: Well, it may seem sort of funny for me to make the suggestion, but how about Joe Heartburn? I've been going steady with him all semester, and I think that a person of his obvious taste and good—

MAGNA ROBERTA (Guardian of the Rules of Order, to you): Kindly address the Chair as "Madam Polister."

SISTER BILLYONS: What Sister Willson has said may be all right, but her man Heartburn passed out three times at our last formal, and I sincerely trust that Beta Nu Hook will not consider putting its mark of approval on a person of his caliber. Remember our motto: "Pure white our banners are; let them never be but else"—or whatever it is.

SISTER WILLSON: Listen, Madam Polister, Sister Billyons may be right about Joe taking a little drink now and then, but he has a weak heart that needs an occasional stimulant. And as for that Deke mug that she runs around with—

SISTER BILLYONS (interrupting and plenty mad, too, we can tell you): Madam Polister, if a member of this sorority insists on casting slurs upon one of the finest men that ever attended this university just because he turned her down for Pan-Hell and went with me, I no longer care to remain in the organization. I wish to take this opportunity of

handing in my pin. (Whereupon she makes her semi-semester grab toward the bosom hardware, and whole chapter rises to reassure her of their sisterly love and devotion. Things finally quiet down, Sister Willson apologizes, and the meeting continues.)

SISTER ZOOP: Madam Polister.

MADAM POLISTER: Sister Zoop.

SISTER ZOOP: I would like to present the name of Felix Flanigan. He's won his minor letter in golf, drives a Packard, and is a simply MARvelous dancer.

SISTER CATNIP (barking): Huh! Marvelous dancer, my aunt! How come, then, you've been limping ever since he took you to Pre-prom? He spent more time on your feet than he did on his own.

SISTER ZOOP: Say listen, you. If that sap you were with didn't look like a Mack truck, then I ne—

MADAM POLISTER: Order! Order!

SISTER PHANCYPANTZ (who has been silently biding her time and biting her finger nails and vice versa): I think the very man would be Burtie Rowbottom. He was no nice to me on that geology field trip last spring picking up all those nasty rocks and



things, and he knows lots about—well—lots of things.

SISTER WILLSON (What, again?): Yeah, but he's not a fraternity man; he wears the darndest get-ups; and he never combs his hair.

SISTER GRAUTZ (getting inspiration): I believe that the criterion should be the ability to get along with people. Now you all know that no one gets along better with the faculty than my Hugo. He always stops at the desk after class to see if there's any outside reading he can do.

SISTER WILLSON (definitely erasing his name from the ballot): Yeah, the worst apple-polisher in school.

SISTER BILLYONS: I suggest Holgar Bogan.

SISTER WILLSON: Lousy!

ENTIRE CHAPTER (in unison): So say we all of us.

SISTER ZOOP: I still say we ought to vote for Felix.

SISTER WILLSON (shouting): No, Joe!

SISTER GRAUTZ (screaming): Hugo! Hugo!

(At this point the tension grows too great and the floor becomes the scene of a mad struggle. As a matter of fact, a melee ensues.)

THE MELEE (very wild): Joe—leggo my hair—Felix—cat—apple-polisher—stop scratchin'—drunk—crook—etc.

(Finally things quiet down to a soft roar, and after the sistern pick up the furniture, put back the chande-



lier, they make-up—both literally and figuratively. Sisters Willson, Zoop, Phancypantz, and Grautz decide their men aren't worth the struggle after all.)

(Continued on page 22)

# BUSINESS 102

IN BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION, WE MUST STUDY CLOSELY MARKETING, ADVERTISING, MERCHANDISING AND MANY OTHER THINGS.



NOW, A COMPANY'S MARKETING SITUATION IS NATURALLY SUBJECT TO CONTINUAL CHANGE SO IT MUST KEEP IN TOUCH WITH A POTENTIAL MARKET FACTOR..

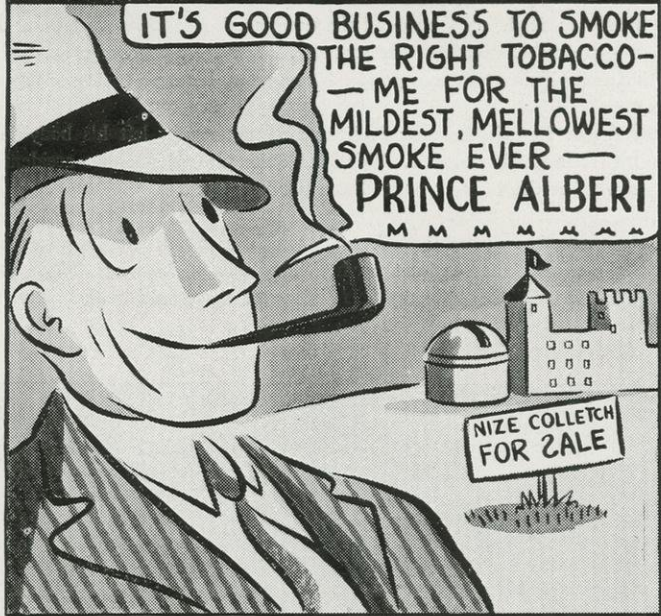


THE COMPANY MUST ALSO KEEP IN CONTINUAL TOUCH WITH THE PRICE FACTOR AND THE STYLE FACTOR AND THE CHANGING CONSUMER — IN FACT, IT IS KEPT VERY, VERY BUSY, NO END. TSK, TSK, TSK!



# PLEASURE PDD

IT'S GOOD BUSINESS TO SMOKE THE RIGHT TOBACCO — ME FOR THE MILDEST, MELLOWEST SMOKE EVER — PRINCE ALBERT



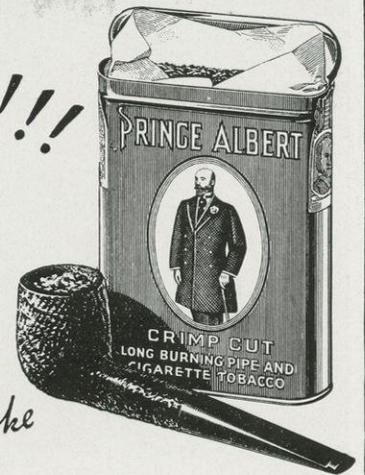
Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

## 2 OUNCES OF PIPE JOY!!!

YES, SIR, IT'S PRINCE ALBERT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT, THE MILD, SMOOTH, CRIMP-CUT SMOKING TOBACCO THAT NEVER BITES THE TONGUE. MAN, WHAT A SMOKE — AND 2 FULL OZ. IN EVERY TIN. NO WONDER "P.A." IS THE LARGEST-SELLING SMOKING TOBACCO IN THE WORLD!

# PRINCE ALBERT

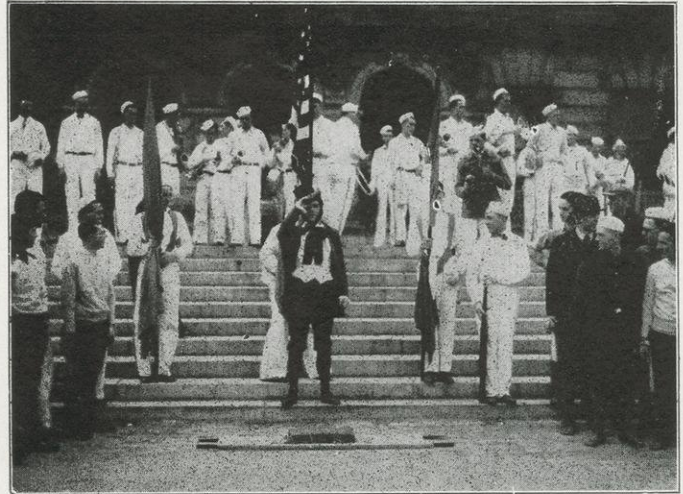
*the national joy smoke*



# CRIME OF THE CENTURY IN PICTURE AND PARAGRAPH



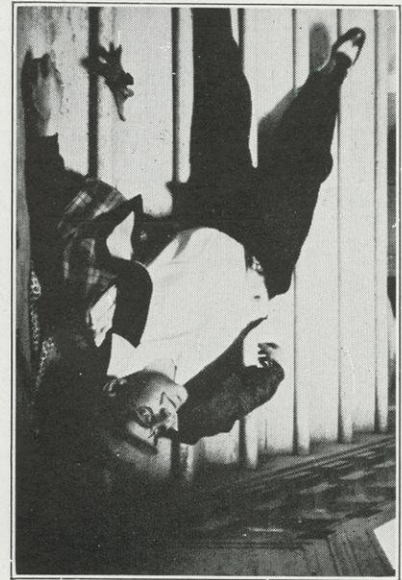
● *Right:* A mere sprinkling of the four hundred Prom Asst. Gen. chairmen sprinkled about the steps of the Union. They are just about to venture forth on a search for the stolen King and will employ their proven skill at beating about the bush. The lad in the center is calling, "Yoo-hoo! Come out, come out, wherever you are."



● *Above:* Right on the job all the time; that's us. Here we have a snatch of the actual snapping—we mean snaphch of the snating . . . er . . . well, anyway, here it is: the P. King in the big, bad villain's lecherous grasp. "Come now, Richard; be a nice boy and say 'Ah!'"

● *Right:* Here is the poor P. King after the napers left his body for Langdon St. wolves and Grecian gossip mongers. We're not quite sure whether we accidentally stood him on his head or whether this is just another Prom publicity stunt.

● *Below:* The powerful black sedan which, as usual, was seen speeding away from the scene of the crime. The gent at the wheel, Slug Martin, is saying, "Have yah got yer date for Prom?" "What Prom?" flips Gloomy Gus and continues to sulk in the sulky.



● The lonely cottage wherein the king-napers held their prisoner prisoner. The P. K. has just about come to the conclusion that his job isn't worth all the trouble and maybe he ought to quit. (Note the resigned expression on his face.) Which all goes to prove that a boy's best friend is his mother.

## DESIGN FOR DRESSING •

PEG STILES

FORMAL PROM SUGGESTIONS  
FOR THE GIRL WHO CLAIMS SHE  
"SIMPLY HASN'T A THING TO WEAR"

Octy's eight tentacles are no harder to escape from than the eight "wants" of almost any girl on the Hill who would like to look her loveliest at Prom. And everyone knows that if one can't look her best in an evening gown, then there just isn't any hope. Here are eight frivolous points that must be considered.

1. Wear a truly glamorous formal, perhaps a vaporous, floating chiffon (if you are the langorous type) or a stiffly picturesque robe de style with drop shoulder decolletage.

2. Don't forget that even rather short girls are wearing heel-less slippers, or the high vamp low heel shoe. Admittedly, the Empire or medieval sandal with high lines looks like a nicely brocaded gondola, but on the foot tempered by a long full skirt, it actually becomes flattering, as well as smart and comfortable.

3. An evening cape (for capes are appearing for every type and time of day) makes one feel like Katie Hepburn in *The Little Minister*. But to be more economical, drag out the knee length bunny job or invest in an ankle length unfurred velvet of a dark neutral color, and feel equally well dressed.

4. Muffs—of fur to carry with your wrap, or ruffles and net for your evening dress—still manage to be a charming frivolity. Several girls we know baffled their friends by resurrecting their white ermine or bunny muffs from the attic mothballs. The muffs had been their proud possessions at the age of five and six. Who says fashions don't go in cycles as well as depressions?

5. It's a wise gal who protects her evening slippers with white velveteen or furred suede cloth carriage boots in snow or slushy weather.

6. Evening is the one time to splurge in jewelry. Cheek earrings like tiny wings, brilliant hair ornaments or sparkling Juliet caps, even flowers in your hair if you are clever about being different, all make an evening ensemble finished and often give it the dash and verve it would lack otherwise.

7. Gloves matching the formal frock are extravagant but dear to the heart of most gals. We have seen some in print, others in net, tulle, and lace.

8. And dare we mention flowers . . . the white hope of any Prom gadding co-ed?

Enough of such impracticability and on to details of evening wear. Paris murmurs something about the wonderful effect of sheer net or diaphanous chiffon formals with long sleeves, and high neckline *under* which one wears glittering rhinestone jewelry to give the appearance of "lights in a fog"—a very nice sentiment indeed, we think.

Formal wear has never been more flattering, more romantic, than this year, for period taffetas, printed nets, moire, and chiffon vie with slim classic prints and pastel crepes.

Go in for square revers and youthful sailor collars on your evening gown, if you simply squirm in a frothy formal of the too-too-feminine type.

On the other hand, ruffles and full swishing skirts are no less than menacing to the male population of the campus if you can wear that type of evening gown and not feel like a cream puff.

Colors dominate the scene more than ever before, and again two colors are smarter than one. Shaded tones of the same color vie with contrasting and complementary combinations. "Cari-

oca," a warm peach tone, shades beautifully, as does a white, pale blue, and royal blue fluttering chiffon or tulle. Cire net in black with turquoise accents, white taffeta with cherry red velvet, navy and yellow, wine with gray, shrimp pink with raspberry, and hyacinth with deep red are the colors to watch.

Long tulle scarves frilled and puffed like feather boas (worn with simple white, sheer black, or frothy net formals) are thrown nonchalantly over the shoulder or even twisted over one arm into a pseudo-muff. Look for tiny button detail, rhinestone clip fastening in rows, corded trim, or materials that are beautiful in themselves such as angel skin lace that is like soft white snow flakes.

Getting back to the light of day, and afternoon wear, you'll find capes, dusty pastels alone or combined with black, childish round collars, the long daytime skirt with a short slit to allow walking freedom, flared jackets, pep-lums, tunics and full sleeves.

Paisley print is smart, especially in a redingote combination with a dark navy or black. Start planning now for a three-quarters length sports coat, big plaid or checks, or a plain wool going-to-school-coat, in butter or chamois wool.

Hats appearing this early spring will be definitely calculated to make men nervous. Foolish flat round hats which your date will say looks like a round door mat; off the face halo hats (which make slender faced gals look angelic); the pill box popularized by the Princess Marina; or the poke bonnet with brim that goes before you by inches; all are guaranteed to panic the object of your affection. He will either like you despite the hat, or because of it.

And so with such extravagantly delightful thoughts of hats and Regency bonnets, ribbons, and grosgrain jobs to top your curls, we take leave of you sweetly and firmly for the joys of exams, and after that aeon of text and type . . . PROM.

## PROM WEEK END

*Arrival*

He met her at the train. They kissed.  
He felt the thrills that he had missed.  
"My sweet," he cried; they kissed again.  
She murmured, "How you talk, you men!"

*The Big Dance*

She dazzled him in gold and green.  
He sang, "You are my fairy queen!"  
She murmured, "How you talk, you men!"  
He wished she hadn't said it then.

*Departure*

He asked, "When will we meet again?"  
She murmured, "How you talk, you men!"  
He felt it hadn't been much fun,  
And wished he hadn't sold his gun.

—Punch Bowl.

●  
"Up-ss-daisy," said the old lady upon seeing a little girl  
fall down.

"Up-ss-daisy, hell," said the little girl, "I'm hurt."

—Old Line.

●  
"Oh, you're a football player, aren't you? I've heard  
some great tales about you."

"Aw, the tales of most football players are padded."

Jester.

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**PROMEPIISODE**

"I'd love to go to Prom," she said,  
In answer to his question;  
"The idea swims around my head,  
Just at the first suggestion."

"That's swell with me," he said in turn,  
"I'm glad you don't eschew it,"  
(Not knowing that the day would come  
When he would rue and rue it.)

"I'd simply *love* to go to Prom,"—  
Her sweet reiteration  
Lulled his mind (he was so domb),  
But gave no indication

That what she'd simply *love* to go  
For wasn't only dancing,  
Or that she found the fellow so  
Int'*resting* or entrancing,—

Only (and a woman's heart  
Can understand her turmoil)  
She had to wear (for Art is Art)  
Her newest gorgeous formoil.

She had the dress (the little rat),  
And plenty of persuasion;  
She only needed after that  
The guy and the occasion.

And here he was, a perfect catch;  
Though it would have been more thrilling  
If only he didn't care so match,  
And if he was less willing.

All this, at any rate, to get  
On into our brief story,  
Was months before the campus met  
The Power and the Glory

Of the scintillating Junior Prom,  
Triumph of Beautiful Reason—  
Smoothest Music, Gayest Song,  
Highlight Of The Season.

Three months our hero like a mon  
With bated breathing waited,  
Until, from lack of oxygen,  
He was all dissipated.

\* \* \* \*

Then came the night before The Night  
And he, to fill his stomach's cavern,  
Invited her to sit with him  
At some convenient tavern.

There, plied with this and that, she soon  
Got into such condition  
It wasn't long before she lost  
Her every inhibition.

She told him all about that dress,  
Between the bouts of drinking,  
And this, at last, we must confess,  
Set the fellow thinking.

J. Q. PLUMM

He took her home, deposited  
Her weight upon a sofa,  
Then left her there, and said,  
"To think that I could go fa

"A girl like that; it is too much;  
The low ingratiante."  
Next morning, then, he took the step,  
And boldly BROKE THE DATE!

\* \* \* \* \*

He BROKE THE DATE! The campus rang  
For months with such a story—  
Denying her (for auld lang sang)  
The Power and The Glory.

And that is why for three long years  
(Or does it seem absurd?)  
A campus guy and a campus gal  
Have not exchanged a word.



*Drat it—too late again!*



There's pure witchery in these glamorous outlandishly becoming formal frocks! Beguiling frocks that will be responsible for many a good time. \$15 and up.

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JIM BOWLBY

## ADD WISCONSIN'S - - -

SISTER PHANCYPANTZ: Well, now that that's all over, wasn't there one man at our Christmas formal that would qualify?

SISTER ZOOP: You mean that tall, dark, good-looking boy with the—

SISTER WILLSON: I know! You mean that cute boy that insisted on straddling his chair backwards?

MADAM POLISTER: Oh, yes. That boy with the simply gorgeous curly black hair. I think he was a Chi Psi—or was it a Deke?

SISTER BILLYONS: Whose date was he, anyway? I had one dance with him, and went around in a trance all the rest of the night.

SISTER GRAUTZ: Didn't he come with that little pledge from Ann Emery—Joan Clark?

MADAM POLISTER: That's who it was. Do I hear a motion to make him the Beta Nu Hook candidate?

ENTIRE CHAPTER (enthusiastically): So say we all of us, and how!

(The entire chapter thereupon troops upstairs in search of the pledge, who is located in one of the active's rooms memorizing the names of the chapters in the seventh district.)

SISTER WILLSON: Joan, dear, who was that man that you brought to the Christmas formal?

PLEDGE JOAN (suspiciously) What's it to you?

SISTER BILLYONS (coaxing): Joan, dear, if you'll tell us you can wear Sister Willson's green formal to Prom.

SISTER WILLSON: And you can wear

Sister Billyons' new silver slippers.

PLEDGE JOAN: We—ell—

ENTIRE CHAPTER: Ye—es?

PLEDGE JOAN: You see, it was like this—

ENTIRE CHAPTER: Yes! Yes!

PLEDGE JOAN: That night I happened to be walking along the street . . .

ENTIRE CHAPTER (impatiently): The street?

PLEDGE JOAN: And I saw a sign that said . . .

ENTIRE CHAPTER (in a dither): That



said?

PLEDGE JOAN: "If you want a boy . . ."

ENTIRE CHAPTER (in two dithers): You mean you found that wonderful man by calling the dating bureau?

PLEDGE JOAN: No, it said: "If you want a boy, call . . ."

ENTIRE CHAPTER: Call whom?

PLEDGE JOAN: " . . . . Call Western Union."

## CARDINAL CAPERS

Wisconsin Dames Have  
Three Dates for This Week

—DAILY CARDINAL.

*Some fun, hey kids?*

\* \* \* \* \*

## HALF OFFENDERS

FAIL TO APPEAR

—DAILY CARDINAL.

*How about the whole ones?*

\* \* \* \* \*

## California Student Engineer

Introduces Tennis Gadget

It's a beautiful gadget. It must have been invented by the Mad Engineer in a fit of nervous debility. Really, it's a "triumph of science" and its official title is Equal Tension Tennis Racket Restraining Machine. You've gotta have guts to operate it. And a racket. The Co-op sports department of the University of California, where the marvel is enthroned, has both guts and rackets.

The idea of the ETTRRM, as it is known by its friends, is that it applies equal tension to all strings with which a racket is festooned, thus preventing warping and twisting of the frame.

At last the beautiful co-ed need fear no longer. No matter how much tension is applied to her guts, her frame won't be warped in the slightest degree.

—CARDINAL, January 18.

*We quit! There's no room for two humor publications on this campus.*

## CORSAGES FOR THE PROM

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# AND ANOTHER THING . .

## RELATIVITY

Each semester's divided  
 In two seemingly equal parts:  
 One begins when school does,  
 The other when exam time starts.

The first one covers sixteen weeks,  
 The second only one,  
 But you think the second twice as long  
 Before that week is done.

In Chicago, at least, experience must be the best teacher;  
 the rest go unpaid.

When Robert Benchley, the humorist, autographed his latest book for a Cornell student, he wrote: "To my esteemed friend and colleague, \_\_\_\_\_, without whose whole-hearted cooperation this entire book was written."

And when elderly women ask for his autograph, he asks them their first name. Should it be Marie, he writes: "To Marie, in memory of those glorious days at Atlantic City."

This depression might sooner be gone if there were more good buys.

—V. Edward Johnson.

A Negro preacher of the Methodist faith was beseeching his flock to join the army of the Lord. After a prolonged harangue, he was interrupted by a brother who was a stranger to the church.

"I belongs to de army ob de Lawd," he said pridefully.

"What denomination is you, brother worshiper?"

"I is Baptist," was the reply.

"You ain't in de army, my son," said the parson, "you is in de navy."

—Wataugan.

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is the place  
 to go for . . .

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A date for Prom means a date with *Rentschler's*—the official prom florist—to help you plan a distinctive corsage of assorted spring flowers or of the always exquisite gardenias. She will expect flowers from *Rentschler's*.

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THE PRICE—

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THE PLACE—

Memorial Union

## NAIL IN MY SHOE

"What you want?"

Joe — all Italian cobblers are named Joe — paused and asked the question.

"I've got a nail in this shoe. Can you pound it in for me?"

"Youbetchamlife. Sit here," he ordered curtly.

"Here" was a small, square pen with an unpainted wooden chair which somehow managed to suggest both a telephone booth and a dog house. I sat "here" and began to wrestle with my left shoe. Emerging triumphantly, I met Joe's cold stare.

"Both da shoe," he remarked.

"But only the left one hurts."

"Both da shoe."

"Why? All you have to do is drive this nail back into the leather."

"Needa both da shoe."

I took off the right one and Joe retired to his lair in the rear of the shop, leaving me a paper tag with a number on it. Soon wild noises began to emanate from the back room. Snatches of song were punctuated by lusty poundings of a hammer on soft leather. Could it be? It sounded as though Joe were shouting out the Internationale in his ringing proletarian bass, and I shuddered at the thought. Those magazines in the rack looked communistic enough. What a beating my purely capitalistic shoes were taking at the hands of the Red!

Joe came back in a moment, his mouth full of nails, and lumbered toward me. I glanced down at my sock. That hole didn't show. Well, not much anyway.

"Wantadasull, dahill, dashine?" he shot at me, catching the tacks in his teeth.

"Well"—I stalled.

"Hokay," he mumbled through his hardware and ambled back to his den.

An hour later Joe emerged once more. He seemed slightly dazed, like one who has been through a harrowing experience, but he smiled gamely and advanced upon my cage.

"Here da shoe," he remarked.

I glanced at them. He held an ROTC boot and a canvas sneaker. I ventured a protest.

"Dosa your shoe. Da number."

Sure enough, the number on them was the same as that on the tag I held in my hand.

"But they're not even mates. They are not my shoes," I told him, gently but firmly.

"Dosa your shoe. Ain't?" Joe turned toward the three other repair men who had filed into the front shop from their common hideout.

Suddenly I remembered the highly revolutionary-looking magazine on the rack. I remembered the hole in my sock. I suddenly recalled the loud and weird noise of Joe singing at his work. I looked at the hostile faces and thick muscles of his colleagues. . . .

So that's why I'm in the infirmary. It's sort of nice here, and I really don't mind having to break my date for Prom. But the thing that gripes me is that, after getting my own shoes back three days later, I should get infection from a nail in the left heel.

We GIVE IT UP

Joe: "Do you know that a single fly can have over a thousand little flies?"

Zilch: "Goodness! How many do the married ones have?"

—Panther.

## CASH REWARD

Are you so homely that you always look at the reverse side of a pocket mirror to keep from scaring yourself to death? Do you sleep with your face in the pillow just to be kind to burglars? Do men dodge you when you walk down the street instead of Packarding or Rolls-Roycing you? Are you knock-kneed, cross eyed, pigeon toed, and hawk nosed? Do you have to pretend that every day is Hallowe'en before you have the courage to go downtown? Are you the kind of a girl that jealous wives like their husbands to go out with? Are you lantern jawed and droop lipped? Do you pray for rain so that you can hide behind an umbrella? Are you sweet sixteen and never been kissed? Do crooners swoon when you look at the radio? Do your hands dangle below your knees and do your pair of shoes equal one cow? Are you called to the 'phone every five minutes to turn down a side show offer? Do you protect yourself from Peeping Toms by leaving the shades up?

Now then, take stock of yourself. Get a toe hold in the carpet and crack the mirror with one good stare. Are you the female described above? If so, sister, I'll pay you fifty dollars spot cash for an answer to this article. All you have to do is drop me a line and tell me the hiding place of that dizzy, long eared bum who dug you up for me in a blind date for Pre-Prom.  
—Punch Bowl.

### WET FLY-IN-SOUP JOKES TO END ALL WET FLY-IN-SOUP JOKES—

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"  
"That's all right, sir, it won't drink much."  
"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"  
"That's quite all right, sir, it can swim."  
"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"  
"That's all right, sir, it's not hot enough to burn him."  
"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"  
"It will be all right, sir, if you'll strain the soup with your teeth."  
"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"  
"Well, let the poor thing have a little fun."  
"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"  
"I might add that it's a *Drosophila Melonogaster*, sir."  
"Waiter, there's a gnat in my soup!"  
"It's 'flies' to me, 'gnats' to you!"  
"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"  
"You'll usually find them quite tasteless, sir."  
"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"  
"You see, sir, our cook used to be a tailor."  
"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"  
"Not so loud, sir, everybody'll want one."  
"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"  
"That's all right, sir, he's house broken." —Lyre.

There was a dense fog and the officer on the bridge was becoming more and more exasperated.

As he leaned over the side of the bridge, trying to pierce the gloom, he saw a hazy figure leaning on a rail a few yards from his ship.

He almost choked.

"What do you think you're doing with your blinking ship?" he roared. "Don't you know the rules of the road?"

"This ain't no blinking ship, guv'nor," said a quiet voice, "this 'ere's a lighthouse." —Log.



*This gown of tucked white crepe is modeled by Miss Genevieve Anderson of TIFFANY'S. The boa of white tulle may be whirled into a huge muff.*

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---



---

## CREAM OF THE COLLEGE CROP

### OR WHY DOES A CHICKEN?

---



---

#### AND FATHER, TOO

"Mother is the necessity of invention," said the young maiden as she crawled in the window of her home at 3 A. M.

—Exchange.

"I wear this gown only to teas," said the debutante.

"When?"

"Not when. Whom?"

—Exchange.

She—"What do you call it when two people are thinking the same thing—mental telepathy?"

He—"Sometimes it's that, and sometimes it's just plain embarrassment."

—The Claw.

Drunk: "Believe it or not, officer, I'm hunting for a parking plash."

Officer: "But you haven't an automobile."

Drunk: "Yesh, I have. It's in the parking plash I'm looking for."

—Black and Blue Jay.

"What's the hurry?"

(Puff, puff) "Ain't."

Wh'yah running, then?"

"I got a blind date (puff) for Prom, and I gotta be too tired to dance after the first hour."

—Punch Bowl.

"Hey, your shoes are mixed; you've got the left shoe on the right foot."

"And here for twenty years I thought I was club-footed."

—Cornell Widow.

Visiting Divine—John, don't you ever say grace before meals?

Johnny—Naw; father says the cook is pretty reliable.

—Skipper.

The dentist had just called on one of his clients to try to collect a bill for a full set of false teeth he had made for him about a year before.

"Did he pay you?" asked his wife.

"Pay me!" echoed the dentist, scornfully. "Not only did he refuse to pay me, but he actually had the effrontery to gnash at me—with my teeth!"

—Exchange.



The newly-weds on their honeymoon had the drawing room. The groom gave the negro porter a dollar not to tell anybody on the train they were bride and groom. When the happy couple went to the diner for breakfast next morning all the passengers snickered and pointed and eyed the couple knowingly. The groom called the porter and demanded: "Did you tell anybody on the train we were just married?"

"No, sir," said the dusky porter, "I told 'em you all was just good friends."

—Atlantic Seal.

#### REBELLION

I'm sick of cheap and tawdry jokes,  
I cannot laugh at foolish things.  
I want the laughter of the soul—  
That sort that takes you up on wings.

I want to soar and free my heart  
From all these childish puns of men.  
These tricky endings sicken me—  
I long for better things again.

But if I'd reach high heaven's realm,  
St. Peter would make nought my flight.

To greet me he would ask, "Who was  
That lady you were with last night?"

Elderly dude rancher, to tough cowboy: "My, my, do those notches in your gun mean you've shot that many men?"

Tough Cowboy: "Naw, lady, I ain't no tough guy. That's just where I was chewin' on it kind of absent-minded-like the other day."

—Widow.

He—This dance hall is surely crowded.

She—I'll say so. Half an hour ago I fainted and had to dance around four times before I could fall.

—M. I. T. VooDoo.

"What have you done?" St. Peter asked,

"That I should admit you here?"

"I ran a comic," the editor said,

"Of my college for one long year."

St. Peter pityingly shook his head

And gravely touched a bell.

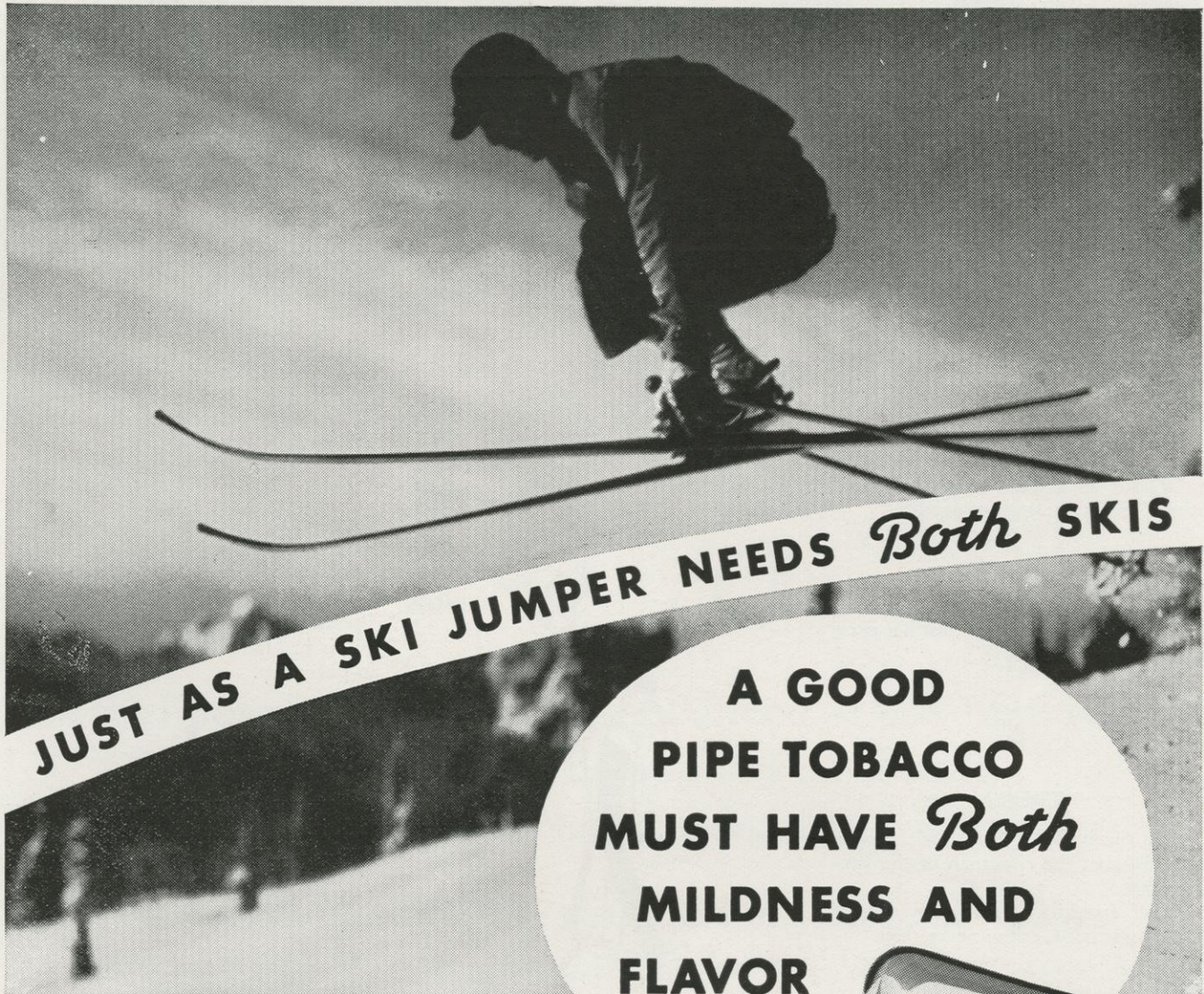
"Come in, poor thing, select a harp,

"You've had your share of H—."

—Witt.

Preacher—Verily, life is but a dream.  
Choir (waking up)—Verily, verily,  
verily, verily, life is but a dream.

—Penn. State Froth.



JUST AS A SKI JUMPER NEEDS *Both* SKIS

A GOOD  
PIPE TOBACCO  
MUST HAVE *Both*  
MILDNESS AND  
FLAVOR

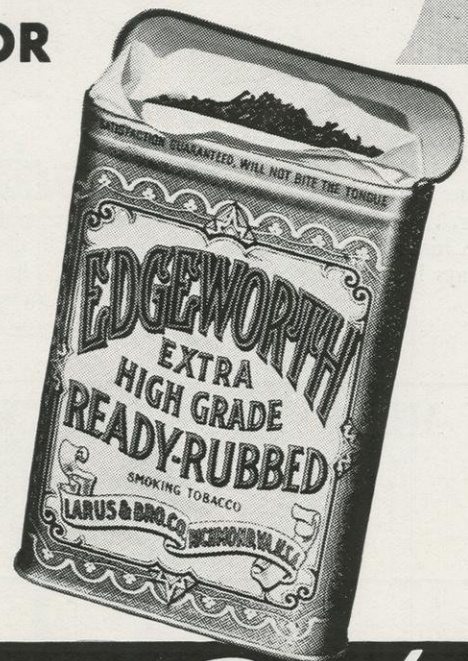
**U**NDERGRADUATES—here's a logic lesson that's a "pipe"! (No pun intended!) Your tobacco may be mild or it may be flavorful. In either case you say, "It's good!"

But if it had mildness AND flavor *both*, wouldn't you say, "It's *better!*"

Yes. And that's what you get in Edgeworth, the blandest, mel-lowest, tastiest blend of fine old Burley you've ever stoked in a pipe!

Try a 15¢ tin! You'll go for it! Not alone for its mildness AND flavor, but for its slow-burning economical quality as well. Pipe-smokers report to us that one pipeful has lasted them as long as *one hour and ten minutes!*

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**EDGEWORTH HAS *Both*  
MILDNESS *and* FLAVOR**

# PEP UP FOR THE PROM

.. AT ..

## LOHMAIERS

### ACCORDING TO HOYLE

"There ain't a hotel here," he said, "but you can sleep with the station agent."

"Sir," she exclaimed, "I'll have you know that I am a lady."

"That's all right," drawled the old man. "So is the station agent."

—Log.

Calvert—"Has that girl lost her dress or am I seeing things?"

Shirk—"Both."

—Tiger.

### TRUISM

Cop (excitedly): "Hey, Chief, someone just shot the chairman of the Junior Prom!"

Chief (wearily): "Just proves what I've always said, crime never pays."

—X-Change.

Madam (to Chinese man-servant): "After this when you enter my bedroom, please knock—I might be dressing."

Chinaman—"No need knock. Me allays look in kleyhole first."

—Dirge.

### AT THE PROM

She—"Darling, you aren't sick, are you?"

He—"Not exactly, but I would hate to yawn."

—The Bear Skin.



Old Lady (to parachute jumper stranded in treetop): "My, my, did you fall into that tree?"

Jumper (disgustedly): "Naw, I been sitting on this thing since it was a sapling, and now it's so big I can't get down."

### GENIUS

"What makes you think you'll be a success in college?"

"I always beat the reading time in Liberty."

—Exchange.

"Why is 'i' the luckiest of vowels? Because it's in the center of bliss, while 'e' is in Hades, and all the others are in purgatory."

Gambler (flipping coin in the air)—  
Call it!

Stooge—Yoo, hoo! —Ohioan.

The modern Woman, sly and wise,  
Never talks of other guys  
But concentrates her verbal dither  
Upon the gentleman's who's with her.

—Bugs Baer.

The Gentleman is not the same;  
He plays a very different game.  
In speaking to the Weaker Sex,  
He tells of all the gals he necks.

## MEET YOUR FRIENDS HERE . . .

and after the dance is over, make it the "CAMPUS" for a Sandwich or Hot Fudge

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Here's the way I write  
Chesterfield —

