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THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



MARCH
15 cents

"Why I choose Camels...."

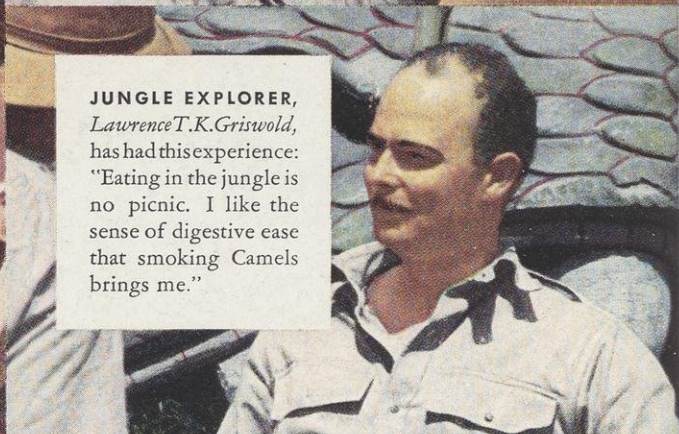


NAT'L OPEN GOLF CHAMPION, record-smashing *Tony Manero*, says: "I had healthy nerves and good digestion on my side. Naturally I would. I'm a hearty Camel smoker. Camels don't get on my nerves. And 'For digestion's sake—smoke Camels' hits the ball right on the nose. When I enjoy Camels, I feel cheered up, enjoy my food more, and have a feeling of ease."

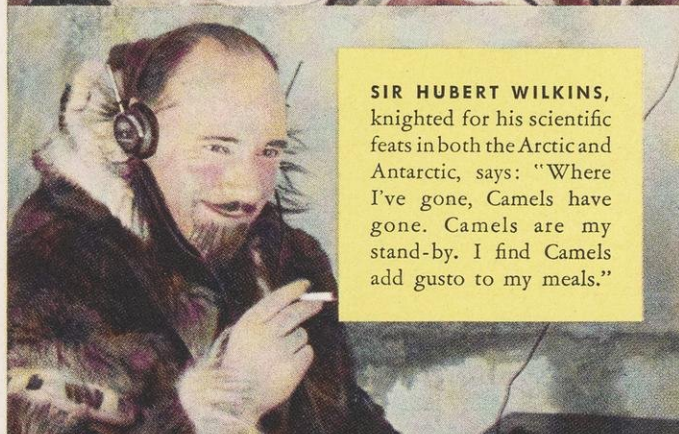
Take up Camels yourself. Enjoy Camel's costlier tobaccos the whole day through. At mealtime, smoking Camels aids digestion—speeds up the flow of digestive fluids—increases alkalinity.



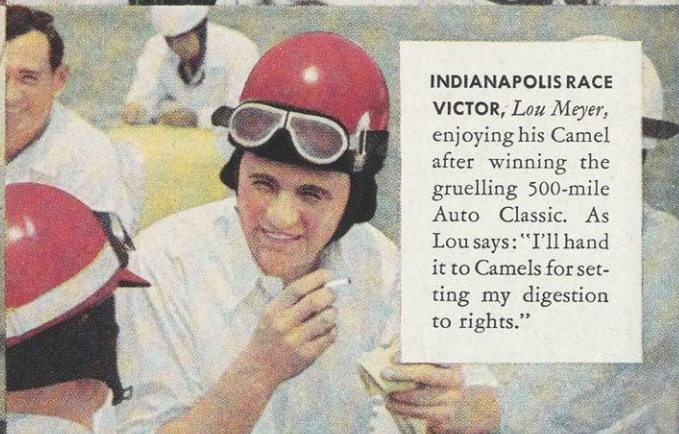
GLOBE-CIRCLING REPORTER, *Miss Dorothy Kilgallen*. She carried Camels on her record dash. "I ate all kinds of food," she says, "but Camels helped to keep my digestion tuned up."



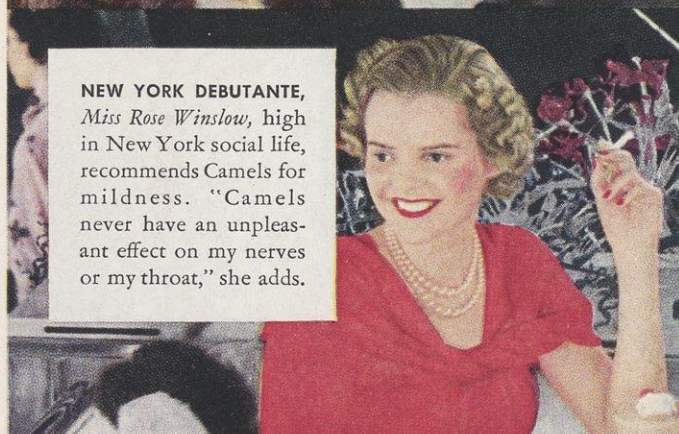
JUNGLE EXPLORER, *Lawrence T.K. Griswold*, has had this experience: "Eating in the jungle is no picnic. I like the sense of digestive ease that smoking Camels brings me."



SIR HUBERT WILKINS, knighted for his scientific feats in both the Arctic and Antarctic, says: "Where I've gone, Camels have gone. Camels are my stand-by. I find Camels add gusto to my meals."



INDIANAPOLIS RACE VICTOR, *Lou Meyer*, enjoying his Camel after winning the gruelling 500-mile Auto Classic. As Lou says: "I'll hand it to Camels for setting my digestion to rights."



NEW YORK DEBUTANTE, *Miss Rose Winslow*, high in New York social life, recommends Camels for mildness. "Camels never have an unpleasant effect on my nerves or my throat," she adds.

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"CAMELS SET ME RIGHT"—STEADY SMOKERS SAY

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TH



"Susie always dates the darnedest spooks!"

Stolen Thunder

"Hello, coach."

"I thought you were told not to drink while in training."

"What makes you think I've been drinking, coach?"

"I'm not the coach." —Ogosh.

A simple countryman saw a gaudy-plumaged parrot on the roof of his cottage.

He climbed to capture it.

The parrot looked at him and said sharply, "What do you want?"

The countryman touched his cap. "Beg pardon, sir. I thought you were a bird." —Vancouver Province.

Irate Father (discovering his daughter on young man's lap)—Mary! What does this mean?

Daughter—Come back in about fifteen minutes, Dad. I ought to know by then. —Red Cat.

A FRESHMAN'S PRAYER

God bless mother and father. Bless my little sisters and brothers and friends. And goodbye, God, I'm going to college. —Oberlin Lutfisk.

Mother—You little brat! Why don't you pattern yourself after your father?

Son—What has he done?

Mother—Why, he has just been paroled from the penitentiary for good conduct. —Owl.

"Somebody throw an axe at ya?"

"Nope, got a haircut."

"Well, sit higher in the chair next time." —Pelican.

Alice—What's your father's occupation, Bill?

Bill—My father's a cop, but I'm no flop.

Alice—Well, my father's a baker, but I'm no Quaker.

Fred—Huh. My father's a chauffeur, but I'm no loafer.

Helen—Er—ah, my father's a surgeon.

—Oshkosh Ogosh.

The messenger had just caught sight of Birnam Wood marching upon Dunsinane. He turned to Macbeth and shouted:

"Your Majesty, cheese it! The copse!" —Sundial.

"Were you copying his paper?"

"No, sir, I was only looking to see if he had mine right."

—Lampoon.

"What kind of husband would you advise me to get?"

"You get a single man and let the husbands alone."

—Rammer Jammer.

Judge: Young man, you have been brought in for intoxication.

Student: That's fine, Judge; you can start in right now.

—Rammer Jammer.

Perverted Portraits



*Hinky dinky, parlez-vous—
What's the army coming to?*

The Horror

AT 4 A. M. on the 1st of April, 1937, the New York Times learned by radio from its Vienna office that Prince Albrecht of Moravia had been shot by an unknown assassin.

Further details were cut off as the radio suddenly went dead.

By dawn that morning all communication with Europe was cut off. Cables were silent, and only garbled radio signals could be picked out behind vast clouds of static.

No ships sailed for Europe.

No one was sure what was happening. Uneasily, people walked the streets trying to buy the latest newspapers; but the lack of news only made things worse. In their bones people suspected the truth.

Then at noon they heard the guns, and everybody knew.

From St. John's to Charleston a muffled thundering could be heard coming in from across the Atlantic, far-off, ominous, powerful. And though there was no storm, the sea became rough and lashed at the shores with choppy, foaming waves.

Seismographs all across the country indicated a severe and continuous trembling in the direction of Europe.

By nightfall the thundering guns had become louder and more distinct, and

the eastern sky glowed as if all the world behind the rim of ocean was on fire. No one laughed; the faces of the crowds in the New York subway were pale and thoughtful.

Everyone had known that no group of nations could go on arming to the teeth against their neighbors, feeding their hates, and screwing up their courage to hysteria, without some day having all that hate break loose. Everybody had known it, but they would not admit it even to themselves in the cold dark hours of early morning.

But now they *heard* the guns, they *saw* the flames.

A week it went on, ceaselessly, by day the guns, by night the flames. Sometimes it would die down to a murmur as if exhausted, and then with a second wind it would spurt up again, louder than ever.

Then the bodies came.

When the first news came from Halifax, Nova Scotia, that fishing boats reported bodies floating in the sea, nobody believed it.

But two corpses in Nazi uniforms and one in a British uniform were found the next day washed ashore on Long Island.

The next day the sea was choked with them, bodies in uniforms, bodies in diapers, bodies naked, some whole, some mangled, bodies turned green by gas, bodies with gaping bloody holes in them.

The rumbling died down and disappeared. The nightly glow faded to blackness. The sea became calmer.

BUT still the bodies floated in from the Atlantic. The first ship, captained by Mayor LaGuardia and filled with newspapermen, sailed for Europe on April 8th. Three million people saw it sail out of New York harbor, and no one cheered. It was a more eventful departure than that of Columbus or Vasco da Gamma.

Overnight, a soldier had become an outcast, a minion of Satan in the prejudices of the people. The Military Ball at the University of Wisconsin, scheduled for April 9th, was cancelled, because of the public's unreasonable abhorrence of anything military. Allen S. Jorgenson was sore as hell.

THE WELL DRESSED MAN College Life Dept.

[ad in N. Y. World-Telegram]

GARBO

loves

ROBERT

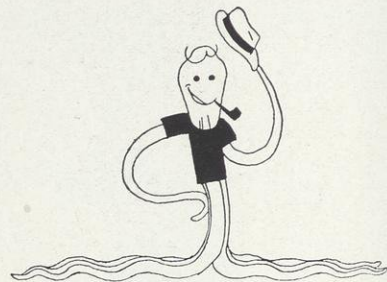
TAYLOR

in

"CAMILLE"

SPECIAL
SHORTS

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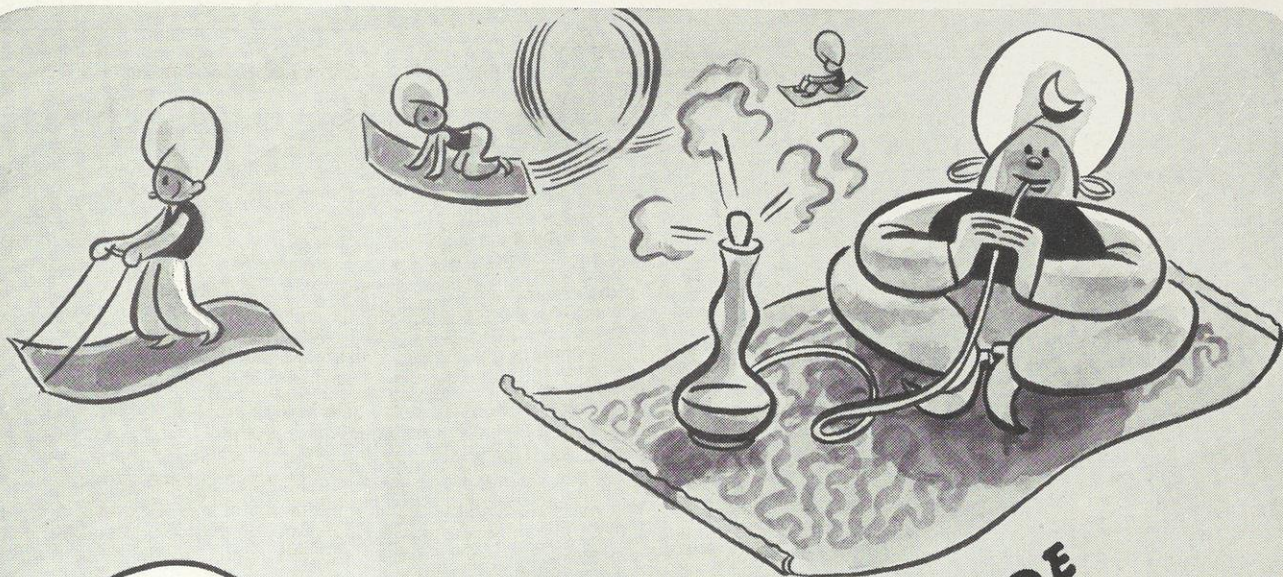
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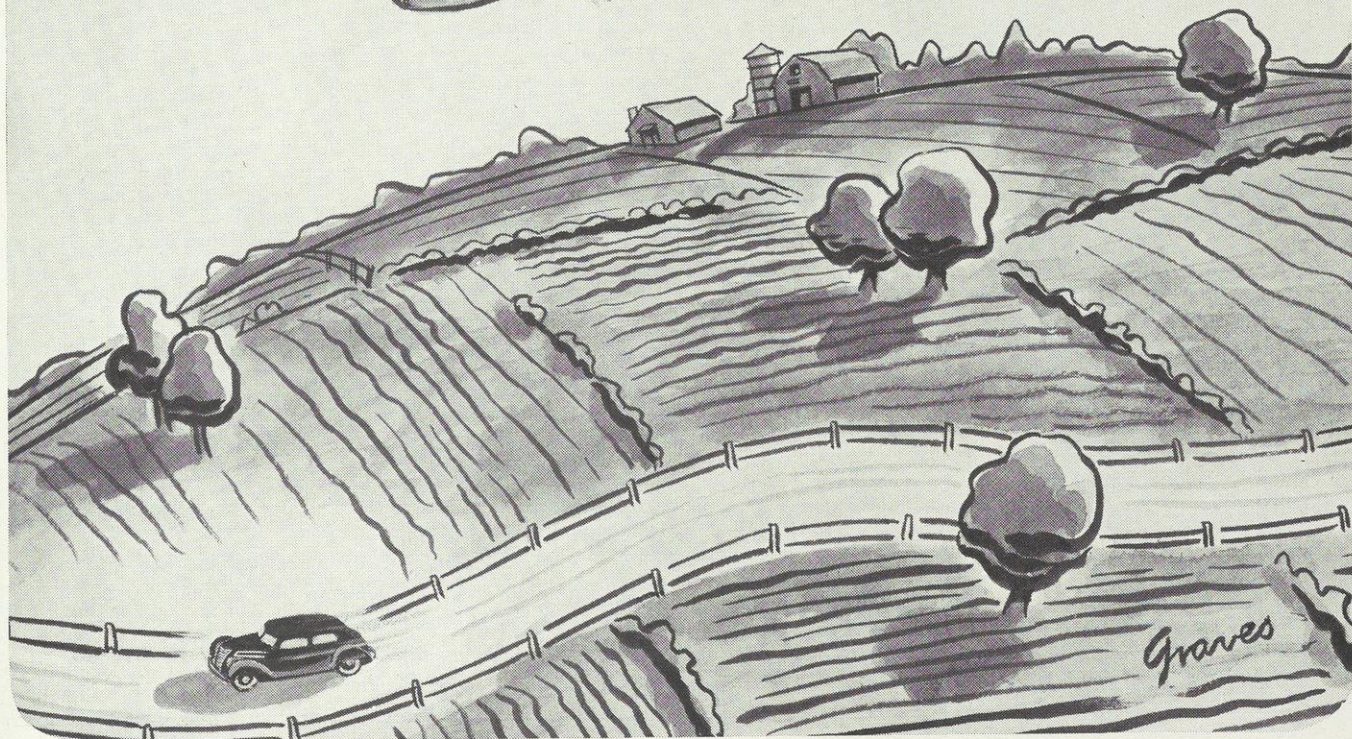
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VOLUME XVIII

NUMBER VII



HEY POP - CAN I TRADE
MINE FOR A **FORD V-8?**





MORAL:

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

Wisconsin Tragedy

MARGE burst into the room, tossed her hat on the bed, and then stopped suddenly. Her roommate, Betty was on the bed, sobbing.

"Don't cry, dear," said Marge, putting her arm around Betty. "Tell me what the trouble is." Betty tried hard not to cry; she even managed a bit of a smile.

Marge understood immediately.

"Darling, darling," she whispered, "you must be brave." And she hugged Betty tightly, as if to force strength into the sobbing girl's body. "When did you first learn about it?"

"This—this morning when the doctor told me."

"You'll have to be brave," repeated Marge, "it's something that we all have to go through, sooner or later."

"I really didn't think that it would happen at all," Betty protested, "but I suppose I should have taken some precautions."

The door was thrown open, and Betty's face became ghastly pale as she saw the housemother stride in.

"A lovely mess you're in, dearie, a lovely mess," said the housemother, sweetly.

Marge jumped to her feet. "Can't you give the poor girl a chance? Can't you help her out at all? She's just a seventeen-year-old in a jam!"

Something in Marge's earnest plea must have softened the old hag's heart, for her face lit up with a heavenly smile.

"Dear child," she said, turning to Betty, "I'll help you out. Come down to my room and I'll give you a list of questions that Reynolds might ask you in your history quiz."

—BOB NASH.



The Peninsula Players

SUMMER THEATRE COLONY

IN DOOR COUNTY, WISCONSIN, SEASON 1937

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LIKE Mozart and Shirley Temple, Bronislaw Huberman first appeared in public at an early age. While a mere child he played a command concert before Emperor Franz Joseph. The old boy thought he was pretty good, so he gave him enough money to buy a violin. Thus Haberman is another person who is paid to fiddle around in the Memorial Union.

Officials of the Union concert series say that for weeks before a Huberman concert in Vienna, all one can hear in the cafes is discussion of the coming event. So now all the Union board does is sit around in the rathskeller drinking beer and talking about Bronislaw, as they call him. The fact that nothing else can be heard makes it rather difficult for one who is trying to get a snack, such as a coke and a piece of cake.

There was a school of thought which said that the boy Huberman was but a flashintheban. This was when he was about twelve. Now he is older and no longer considered such.

Huberman, by the way, says that the fine tone of Italian violins (and he has permission to play on Paganini's whenever he is in Genoa) is due to the fact that they are thin in the belly. This fails to account for Huberman's tone, as he is not thin in the belly. This will be proven when he plays in the Union April 6.

*A Haresfoot laddie named Herman
Was sadly infested with vermin
He got kicked out of church
Since he'd jump and he'd lurch
In his seat all during the sermon.*

*A ewe and her lamb used to roam a
Grassy hill on a farm near Tacoma;
"Take care," said the mother,
"Or like your poor brother,
You'll end up as a college diploma."*

*A dieting maiden cut loose,
And ate dumplings and corn-bread and
goose.
Her friends who came in,
Said, "Your face is still thin
But you've added, my dear, a caboose!"*

*A fairly intelligent Theta
Admitted she always would rate a
Man by the size
Of the whites of his eyes
And other irrelevant data.*

*It distressed a young tar named Cervan-
tes
To hear his ship-mates singing chanties.
For the songs made him weep
Till he fell in the deep
And removed all the starch from his
panties.*

DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS!



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



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AND, PARDNER, IT'S A MIGHTY FINE 'MAKIN'S' TOBACCO TOO

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THE BIG

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2 OUNCE RED TIN

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



The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

March, 1937

"Dear Mr. Dykstra . . ."

Clarence Addison Dykstra
City Manager
Cincinnati, Ohio
Dear Mr. Dykstra:

Since it was announced that you're the new president of the University, there's been a lot of talk about just what kind of president you'll be.

Frankly, I have my doubts.

What you need, Mr. Dykstra, is a few pointers . . . a tip or two on how to get along here at Wisconsin. I've been reading a lot about you in the papers, and I think I can set you straight on a lot of things.

Throw those spats away, Mr. Dykstra. Anyone else in Madison could wear *ten* pair of spats if he wanted to, but not you. Maybe you'll just have to get used to cold ankles for a while.

The newspapers describe you as "a gentle but firm dictator." Well, let me tell you right now that that stuff doesn't go around here. You can be gentle all you want to, but if you *have* to be a dictator, stay on this end of State Street.

I realize that your youngest son is 16, but he can help you a lot. All he has to do is say cute things that sound as though he were in the third grade. The Madison papers just love that. You might let him have pets, too . . . weird animals that no one else would have around. But better not send him to Harvard. You know how those things are.

I hesitate to mention this, Mr. Dykstra, but how about your name? Not that we couldn't learn to spell Dykstra, you understand. But *Clarence!* "Addison" has a bad ring, too. Why not something plain, like William Evjue Dykstra? or Harry Stuhldreher Dykstra? or even Frank Glenn Dykstra?

There are some things which must be mentioned even if they're not so pleasant. Here you are, six feet tall and you never went out for football. What do you mean, telling reporters that you were too busy studying and working to play football? Tommyrot! Wisconsin expects every man to do his duty, and if you've never played football, by gosh you'll do it now!

There's been some loose talk around

about your lack of doctor's degrees. Well, Glenn Frank had a flock of honoraries, which are the next best thing to real degrees. Why don't you work a trade with Mr. Conant or Mr. Hutchins? You could even pick up a little money by padding your expense accounts, unless the others got the same idea.

According to the papers, you've played an organ and led hymns in a Negro church. Now, that may be all right for a city manager, but it just won't go in Madison. After all, you're going to live in University Heights and the neighbors have some rights. You'll have to choose between the presidency and the organ.

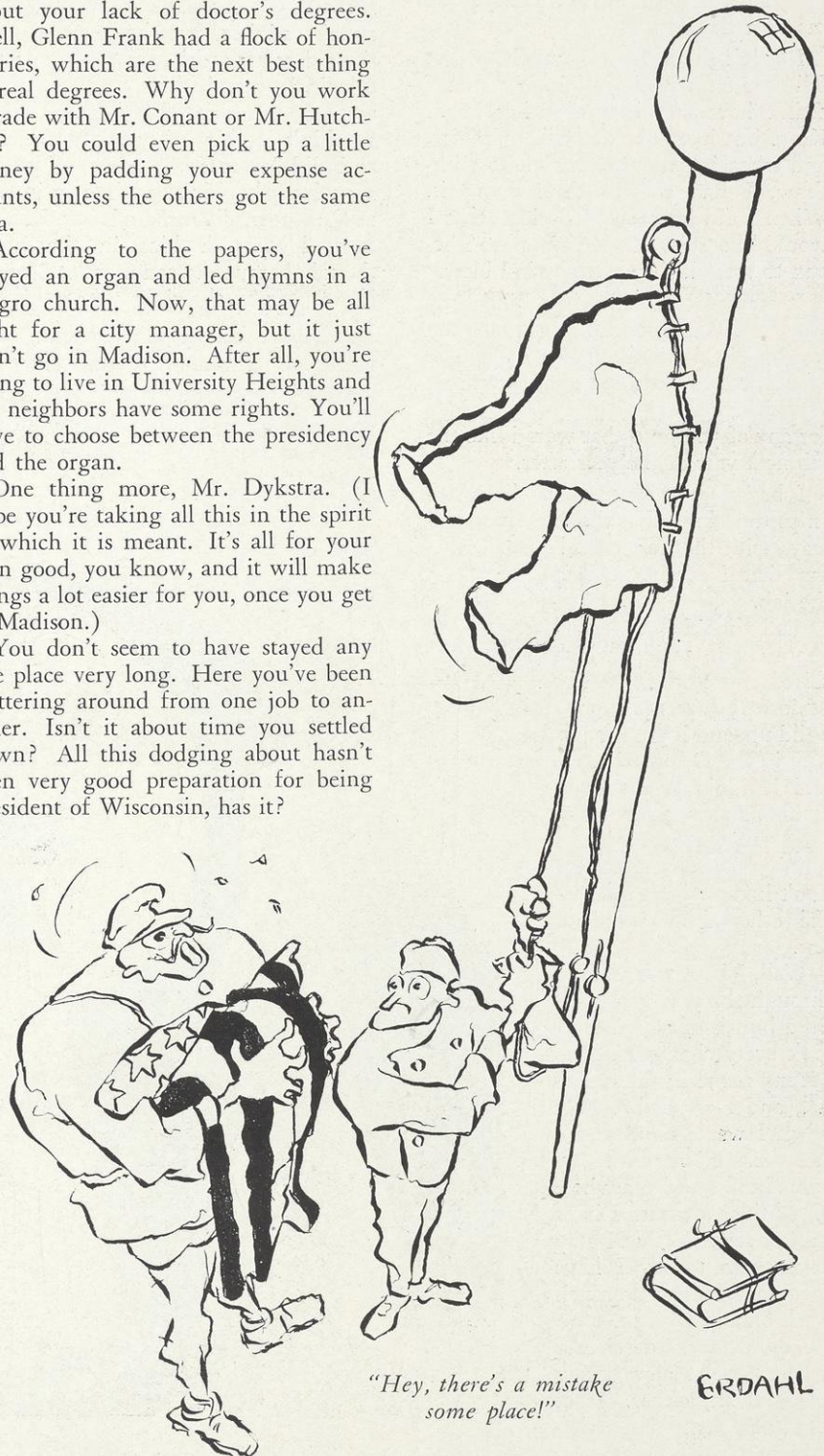
One thing more, Mr. Dykstra. (I hope you're taking all this in the spirit in which it is meant. It's all for your own good, you know, and it will make things a lot easier for you, once you get to Madison.)

You don't seem to have stayed any one place very long. Here you've been skittering around from one job to another. Isn't it about time you settled down? All this dodging about hasn't been very good preparation for being president of Wisconsin, has it?

Or maybe it has.

Cordially,

—CHARLES L. FLEMING.



ERDAHL

Why Be Military Ball King?

A YEAR ago I had an idea that the Major might pick me for Military Ball King. It was only an idea, but I thought I'd be a pretty good man for the job.

I didn't think about it much, so last fall I ran for Prom King. At first I didn't have any idea of being Prom King, but it sort of tickled my vanity, and when it came time for me to withdraw, I had a hard time doing it. When I did back out, I decided that I would like to be MB chairman, so I began to see which way the wind blew.

It seemed to be blowing faintly my way, so I began working on that even during PK elections, and I got a couple of chances to do some good polishing with Mrs. Major, which is a good idea for any of you guys that would like the job next year or the year after.

I began promising small chairmanships to fellows that did me favors, always with the understanding that I might not get the job.

And then I got a good Prom chairmanship, which raised my stock with the Major. It gave me a good build-up, and it got my picture in the Co-op window, and I didn't do any work at all for my comp. The only trouble was that I didn't make any money. I don't know whether any of the other fellows did or not.

Well, I kept working through the year and piled up a bunch of activities. I took every chance I got to get my name in the Cardinal, and I remember once when I was around and a story came in with my name in it, I added a whole lot of titles after it. I have a lot of activities, but I only have them to say I have them, and I don't do much work on any of them.

I didn't miss any chance to let the Major know about them, either. I let him know many times what a big activity man I was.

Anyway, the Major realized what a good man I was and gave me the MB job. I wasn't very surprised, because I had kind of thought so all along. I didn't have much trouble picking my chairmen, because I had promised half of them long before I had been picked, and the Major sort of let me know about the rest.

There have been lots of problems, though. In the first place, the Military Department doesn't like the student financial adviser, but they have to hire the old comp cashier, as a letter to the Cardinal called him, anyway. He wanted to pick the bands, but I wouldn't let him. I went to Chicago and did it myself. Anyway, I didn't see why I shouldn't get the trip instead of the student financial adviser. I didn't ever fight with him in the open, though, because he can do a lot of good if you stay on the right side of him.

Anyway, here I am, Military Ball King, and I have lots of worries. I got myself into too many activities trying to get myself a build-up, and now I am nearly flunking out because of them.

Why be Military Ball King?

—PAUL GODFREY

Joe Bleep and His Great Research

NO ONE would ever take Joe Bleep seriously, and the pity of it was that Joe was so much in earnest about the whole thing.

Joe was an entomology major, one of those fellows who covet insectivora of every kind and variety. He would take people up to his rooms and show them his trophies, his nets, and his killing bottle. But everyone laughed and invariably asked him what he was *really* going to do when he got out of college. It was exasperating, but it seemed as if there were nothing that Joe could do about it.

"I must do something that will make me as famous in the field of entomology as Pasteur or Naguchi in the annals of medicine," mused Joe. "Then people will believe me!"

For months, nothing apparently came of this high resolve. But Joe was working harder than he had ever done before in his scholarly life. His friends began to notice a change.

They began to worry about him, and when it became evident that he was actually avoiding their company, they decided to do something. They decided to get him to go on a date with them.

The psychology worked perfectly. Joe, urged on by a desire to impress his date—the first one in six months—practically glowed. His friends realized that they were seeing a new Bleep, a Bleep who was ready to take his place in the world of men.

At last he came to the end of his story.

"And so," concluded Joe with a flourish, "in this great experiment, I have crossed a spider with a moth."

"But what will that give you?" asked his astonished audience.

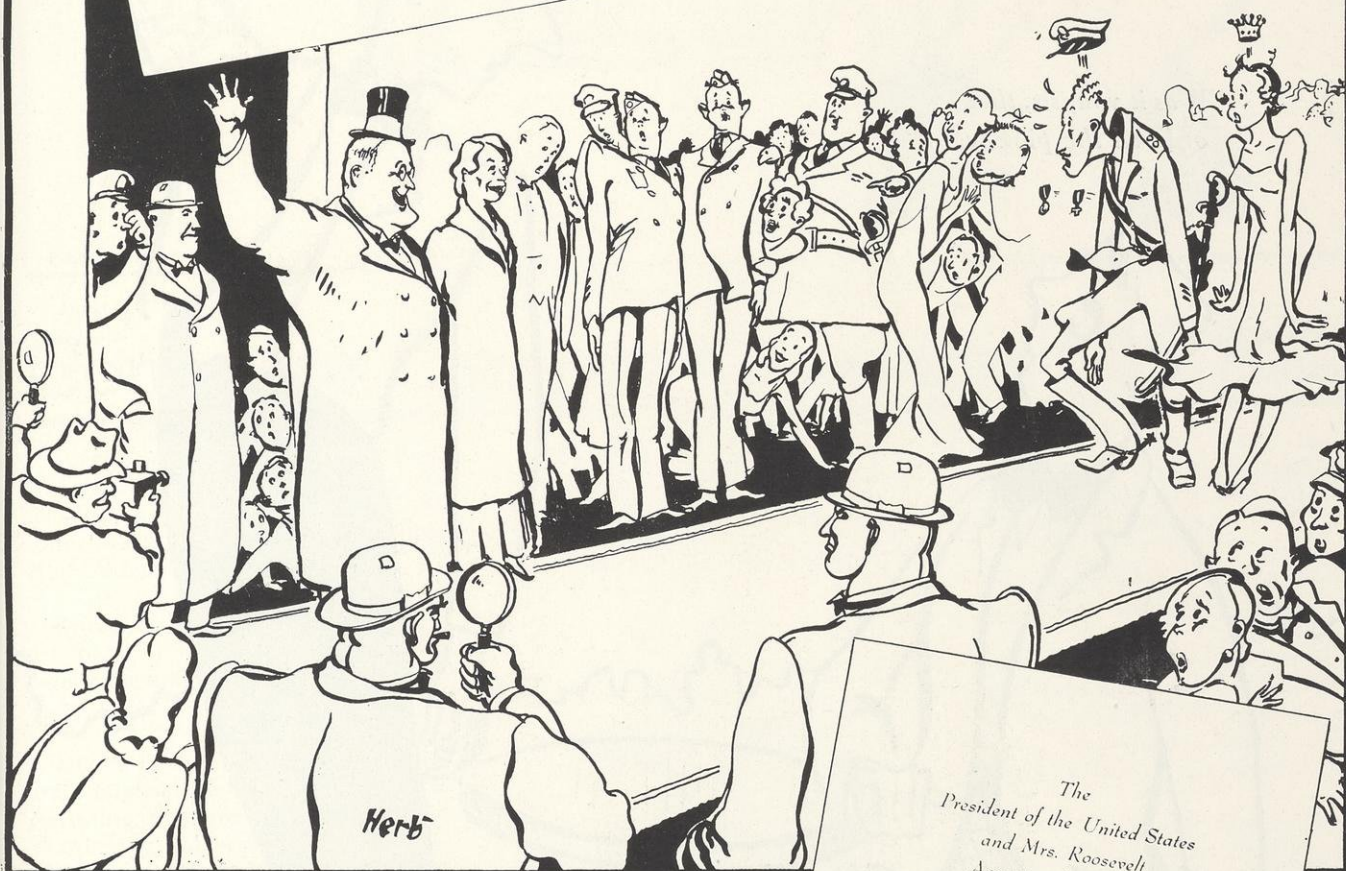
"Lace!" he shouted triumphantly.

—DAVID OPPENHEIM



"Your slip shows, my dear."

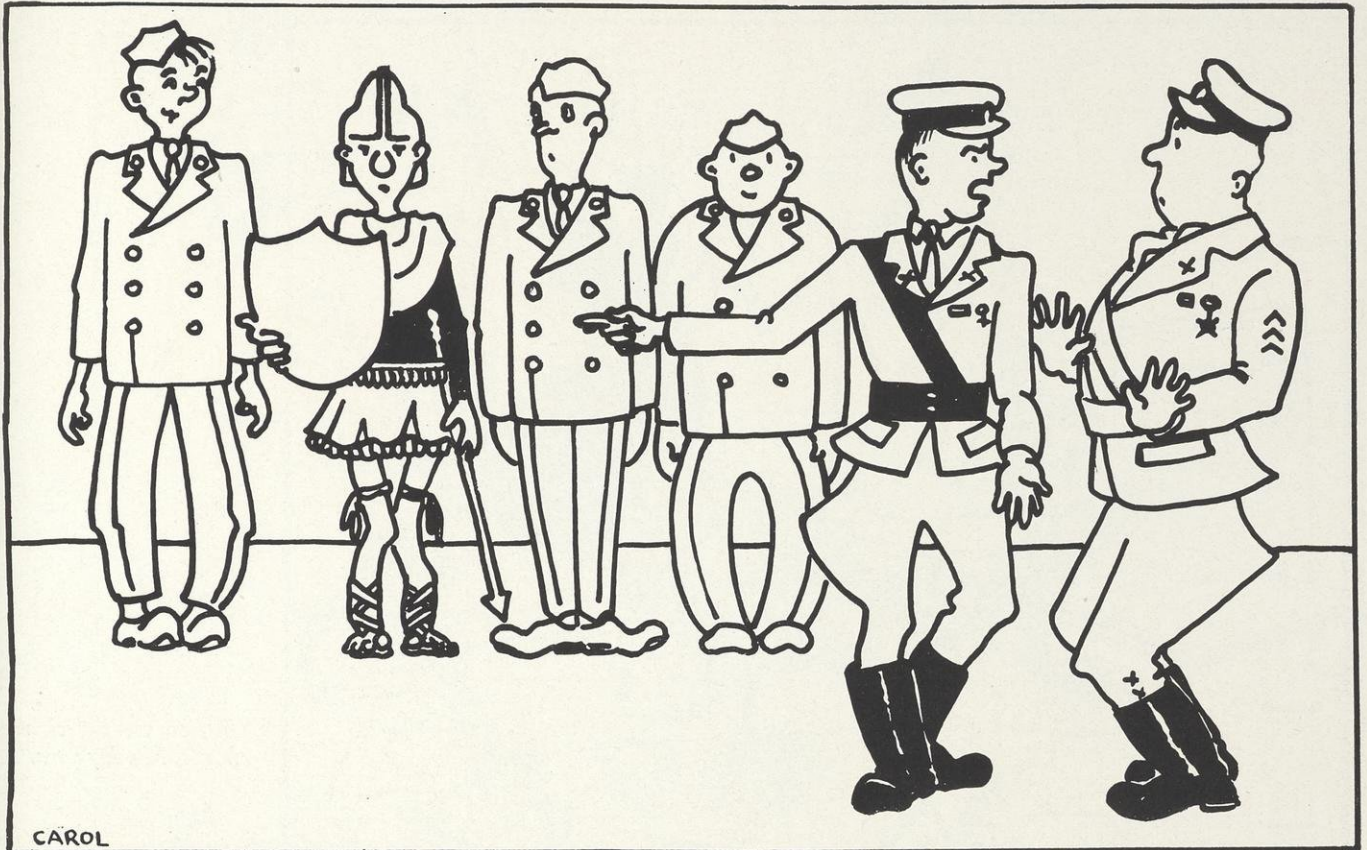
The
Corps of Cadets
of the
University of Wisconsin
Cordially Invites
The President of the United States
and Mrs. Roosevelt
to the Annual
Military Ball
in the University of Wisconsin
Memorial Union
on Friday, April the Ninth.



The
President of the United States
and Mrs. Roosevelt
Accept with Pleasure
the Invitation of
The Corps of Cadets
of the
University of Wisconsin
to the Annual
Military Ball
in the University of Wisconsin
Memorial Union
on Friday, April the Ninth.

*"Was it you, sir, that
ordered the pink lady?"*





"I can't do a thing with Popopoloupas, sir!"

Complete Campus Coverage Actual Clippings from the Cardinal

For the first time airplanes have been flown over Chimborazo, a volcano 20,500 feet high in Ecuador, one of the airmen taking motion pictures over the crater, which was filled with snow.

Remnants of heathen snake worship are found in Sweden, where many still believe the killing of a snake brings bad luck.

Land's End is a headland in Cornwall, England, about 60 feet in height, consisting of granite cliffs bristling with sharp fangs of rocks. It forms the southwestern extremity of England and is the entrance to the English Channel from the Atlantic ocean.

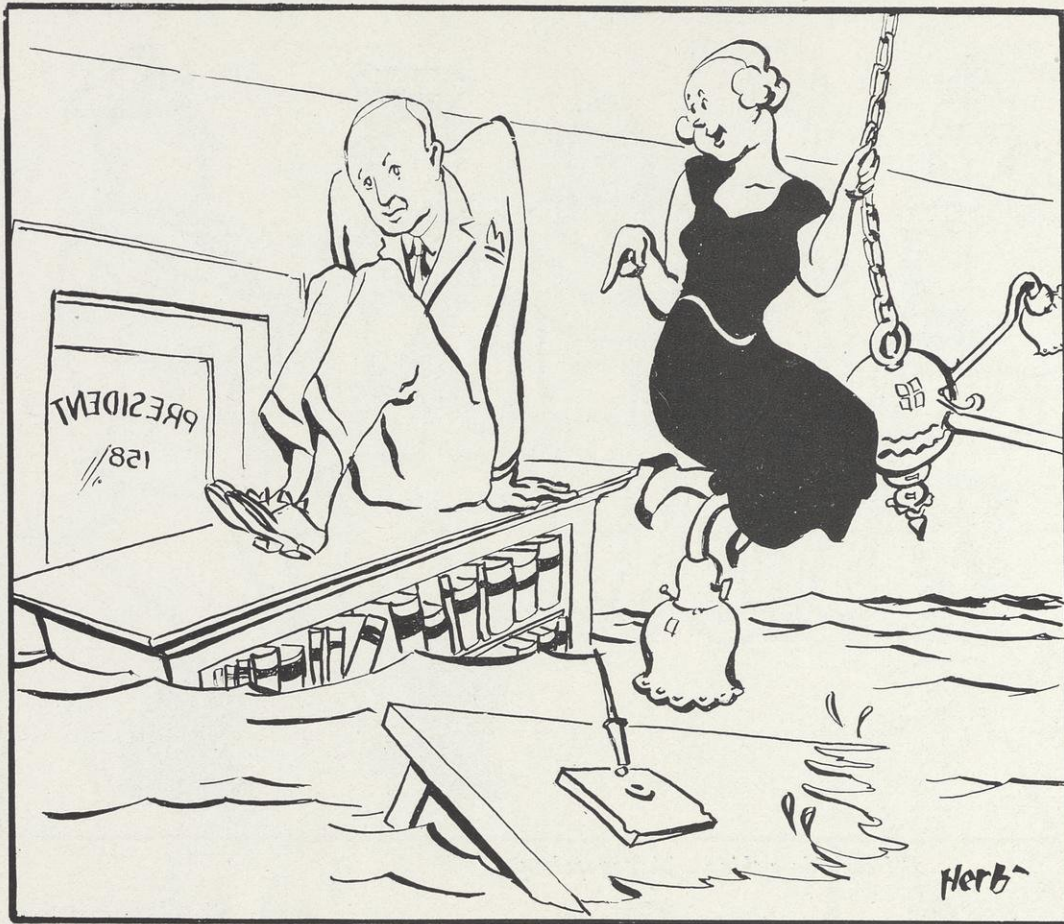
Kay Francis has already made plans to be present for the coronation in London next May. Her reservations have been made subject to studio plans for her new film.

Johannesburg, South America, is considering ways and means to relieve traffic congestion in its business center.

Mexico has a surplus.

After several slayers had been convicted of manslaughter instead of murder, mobs stormed and burned the court house at Cincinnati in several days of rioting, beginning on March 28, 1884.





"Just so you'll feel at home, Mr. Dykstra."

The Corset

HERBY was castor oil to his Chi Chi Chi brothers. The feminine flock ignored the poor Chi Chis, but they went for Herby like a horde of amorous Amazons.

The Chi Chis couldn't understand it.

But they did realize that Herby was a serious threat to their recreational evenings. They began avoiding him.

One night Herby was escorting a young female Greek into a place known as Lohmaier's, when the Chi Chi who had originally introduced this fickle femme to him walked by. This fellow spied Herby and his former light-of-love. He clenched his fists, and then called to Herby, "Hi ya, Corset!" Herby gasped.

The other fellows began calling him Corset. Among themselves, they spoke of him as The Corset. Herby was bewildered and nonplussed. Why should they call him Corset? He didn't know. So he suffered in silence.

The feminine flock began to wonder, too. There must be some reason for Herby's own brothers' calling him Corset. They felt sorry for poor Herby and vocally sympathized with him. But the mystery deepened.

One night, Herby wandered into a Chi Chi Chi bull session. He knew he wasn't wanted, that he was a social outcast. But their discussion so interested him that he remained. A slanderous statement made by a disillusioned Chi Chi to the effect that all women were mercenary mermaids had just been enthusiastically seconded by the other disillusioned Chi Chis.

Herby's ire was irked. He defended the feminine flock with eloquence and fervor. When he had finished, the Chi Chis sat in petrified silence, that is, all the Chi Chis but one. And this one Chi Chi chose this moment to let the proverbial cat out of the bag.

He turned to Herby, and said to him, scathingly, "You tell 'em, Corset. You're always around the women."



"Pacifist, hell—I got a comp!"

Desire

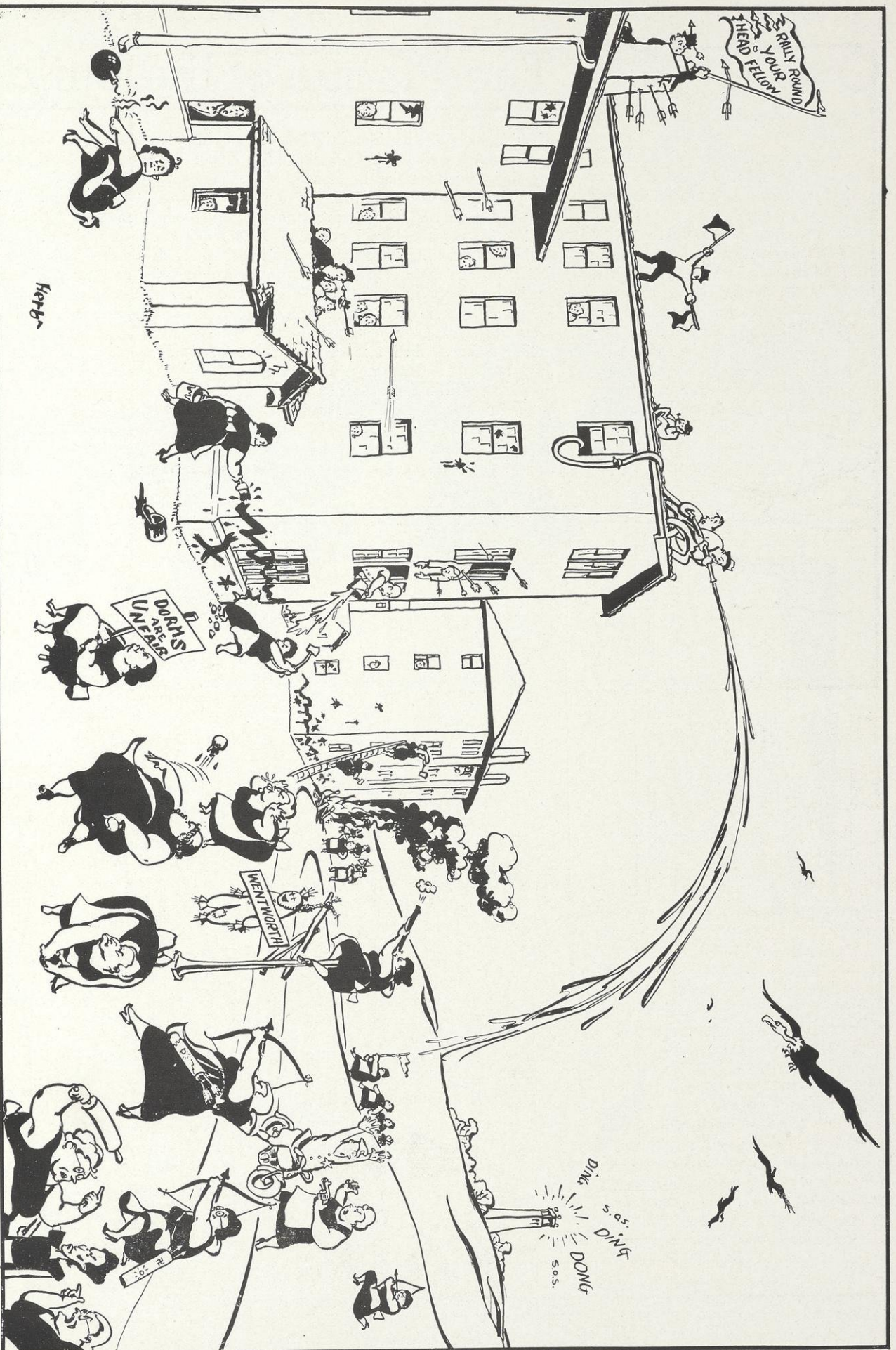
*Like some nervous animal
I search for you . . .
I peer down musty corridors,
Hoping, ever hoping,
That I'll come upon you.
Are you a myth?
Do you exist?
Or are you but a dream
Devised
By my tortured imagination . . .*

No!

*I've found you!
There ahead of me
You are,
Exactly as I've pictured you.
Jogging
Running
Thundering
Toward you I go,
Knowing that
Complacency
Satisfaction
Serenity—All these
Will be mine
When I reach that haven*

Marked: MEN.

—BOB NASH



Zero Hour

The feud between the landladies and the Department of Dormitories and Commons breaks out in open warfare.

OLD NU has been bothered with plagues and epidemics in its day, but I don't think any of them can shake a stick at the Plague of the Builders.

It really was Jick Steele's fault, although in the end it probably did more good than harm. But anyhow it was Jick Steele's fault.

Jick was sitting down in the living room one day when a fellow in overalls walked in and wanted to know if this was the house where the roof leaked. Of course, our roof leaked like all hell and Jick says yes and the fellow goes upstairs to look at the roof.

The guy stayed up awhile and when he came down he said it was really worse than he thought and that he'd be back. When we got home for dinner the next day there was a pile of stuff out in the back yard and a couple

of ladders against the side of the house.

Also there were three workmen eating their lunch out in the front yard. They hung around for three or four days before the first fellow came around again. He was the boss I guess.

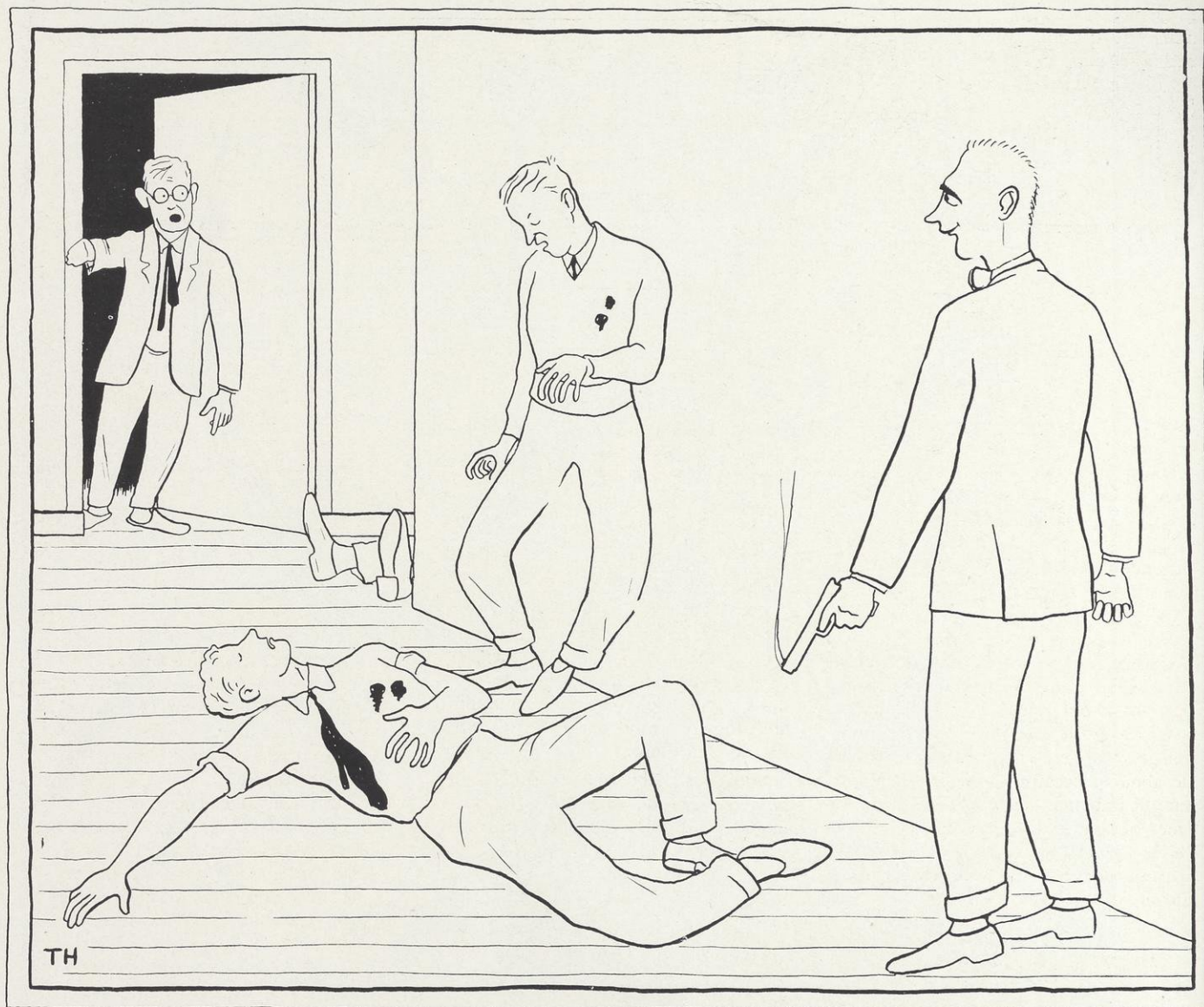
"Well," he said, "that there roof is o.k. now, but there is plenty of other stuff that needs fixing." "Sure," says Herman, "we know. Come around some time later."

The fellow looked sort of hurt at this. He said here he was just trying to give us a little good advice like any father might give to his son and here we don't even consider it. Herman never could hurt anybody's feelings so he told the guy to look around and see

what could be done. That was a mistake because after that old Nu was plagued with builders.

Things got worse and worse. Some of them even took to eating at the house regularly while they were working. Jick Steele even slept a whole night with one. Jick got in sort of late one night and he was in no condition to know who was in his bed. Anyhow, he didn't notice anything until the next morning, and even then he wasn't in the proper condition to care much.

What really was bad was what happened when the chief builder reported that the stairs needed fixing. Jimmy Kuuugers got the idea somehow that the steps weren't safe.



"Hey, quiet hours!"



"Now that we've got a president, how about a halfback?"

When we wouldn't do anything about it he moved all his things down to the storeroom in the basement. Herman thought that this was going a little too far, but he couldn't argue Jimmy into moving upstairs again.

"I won't, I won't endanger my life walking up those stairs for anybody," was all he would say. "You can hear them creak, they're dangerous." Of course there wasn't anything much to do then but let the builders tear out the stairs and put in some new ones.

All this had us plenty griped, but then they started coming to chapter meeting. For a while only one at a time would come to make various suggestions about what repairs the house needed, but as time went on the number grew. There wasn't much we could do about it because somehow they had caught onto the password. In fact, the chief builder even corrected us on our ceremony once or twice. We got pretty worried for fear that we would find ourselves outvoted.

IT WAS Squill Wibbins who finally thought up the idea for getting rid of them. Squill felt sort of guilty about getting us into all this, I guess.

Squill went to see the chief builder

one day. The builder was up on the roof looking for loose shingles, but Squill said the spirit was in him and he might as well have it over while he was in the mood.

Squill climbs out on the eaves and yells up to the guy who is sitting behind the chimney watching the Theta house. The view, I admit, is good.

"Hey!" Squill yells.

"Shhhh," says the carpenter, gesturing toward the Theta house.

Squill cranes his neck over toward the Theta house, and he discovers two more carpenters crouched in the leaves in the trough on the other side of the house. He looks around some more and finds one more carpenter on top of the sleeping porch.

Squill is flabbergasted and nearly falls out of the eaves trough, which would be awful, what with him owing the house three months' room and board.

But getting a firm grip on himself, he climbs back down the rainpipe and makes a phone call to the Theta house.

PRETTY soon the carpenters come down from the roof, madder than hornets.

"See here!" says the chief builder, "we, the members of United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners Local No. 350, are up in arms. You cannot do this."

"Do what?" asks Squill, cool as a cucumber.

"Put those women onto that we was on the roof."

"Who, me?" asks Squill, innocent like.

"You," says the builder nastily.

Squill smiles softly to himself.

"If you don't like it," he says, "you know what you can do."

The carpenters all stand in a circle around him, glowering. "All right, then," says the builder, "if that's the way you feel about it, your old house can fall apart before my men lift one finger to stop it."

Squill just stands there, smiling. The carpenters pack up their ladders and hammers and saws and drive away.

We never saw them again, and I guess it's Squill we owe a vote of thanks to.

—H. R. K., Jr.

CONFERENCE ON WILD
LIFE NEARS AT PURDUE U.
—CHICAGO TRIBUNE

Yeah, we have those parties, too.

Albert Couldn't Sneeze

WHEN I left our room that afternoon I noticed that Albert was behaving rather strangely. He had a wry look on his face and anticipation in his eyes; he was holding a handkerchief before his partly opened mouth. I looked at him questioningly.

"I think I'm going to sneeze," he explained.

"Yeah?" I murmured.

"Yeah," he said. "I feel a sneeze coming on. I think I'm going to sneeze."

When I returned three classes later, Albert was still standing there, holding a handkerchief before his mouth. The wry look was still on his face, but the anticipation in his eyes had dimmed somewhat.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I can't sneeze," he said.

"You can't sneeze?"

"No, I can't sneeze."

"Why not?"

"I don't know."

I began to do some thinking.

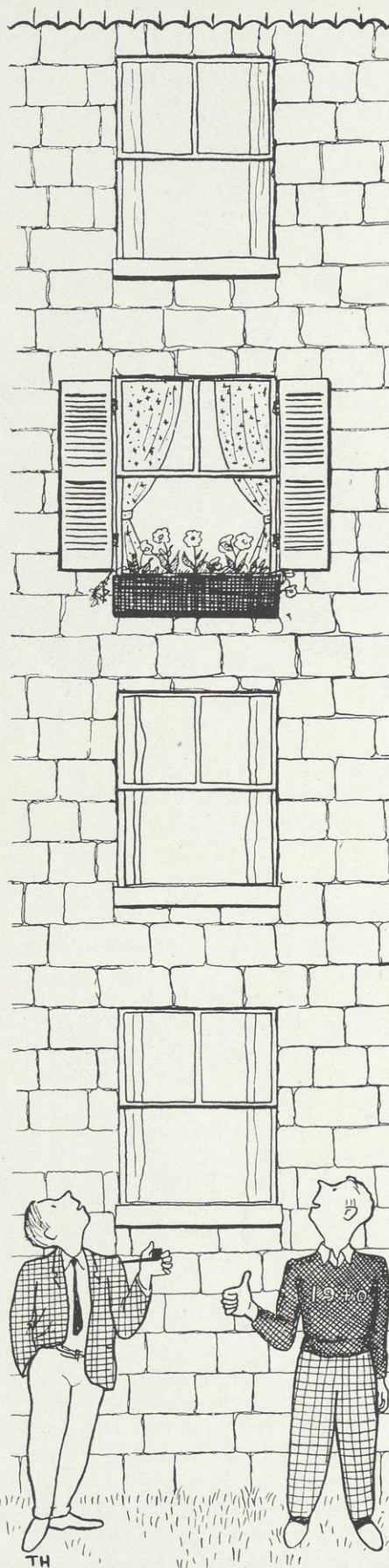
"Let's see you try to sneeze," I said. He tried until he was red in the face. But he was right; he couldn't sneeze.

Then I got a bright idea. I called a couple of the fellows into our room. We atomized the air around Albert's head with finely-ground pepper. Nothing happened. Then we blew sneezing powder in his face. But Albert couldn't sneeze. He said that pepper and sneezing powder made him feel more like sneezing, but it couldn't make him sneeze.

Albert suffered terribly the next three days. He couldn't sleep nights. All night long, he paced the hallway. He couldn't eat during the daytime; he didn't have any appetite, he said. Of course, he didn't go to classes. He haunted the theatres, trying to forget that he couldn't sneeze.

He became a nervous wreck. He had dark circles beneath his eyes, which were bleary and bloodshot. His face had a weary, haggard look. He lost a lot of weight. His hands shook, and his voice trembled when he spoke. When he asked me how much a revolver cost, I realized how serious the situation had become.

On the evening of Albert's third day of misery and suffering, he went for a walk in a heavy rain. He walked for about three hours and, when he re-



"Farrington lives there. He loves nice things."

turned, was drenched to the skin. I knew that Albert no longer cared about his own health, so I tucked him into a warm pair of flannel pajamas and put him to bed. He protested that he couldn't sleep anyway, but I made him stay in bed even though he tried to get up several times.

I couldn't sleep either that night, knowing that Albert lay there in the same room, suffering because he couldn't sneeze. There was a strained silence in the room. Neither of us spoke. About three o'clock in the morning I was startled to hear a lusty sneeze. It was followed by an immense sigh of relief. Albert had sneezed.

Twenty-four hours later, he lay on a hospital cot, dying from pneumonia. That walk in the rain had been responsible. "How long before the end, Doc?" I asked the doctor in charge, choking a little as I did so.

"Poor boy, he won't last more than twelve hours," the doctor replied, sadly. Then a nurse brought me a gauze mask, which I slipped over the lower part of my face. Then the doctor led me to the room where Albert lay.

I saw Albert then, lying there against a background of white sheets. His eyes were closed, but he was smiling. I recognized that smile immediately as the smile of a man who knows he is dying and is resigned to his fate.

He opened his eyes. "Don't take it so hard, Bob," I heard him say. "After all, I can sneeze again. That's all that matters now."

The nurse tapped my shoulder. I turned and followed her out of the room.

—ROBERT PIERRON

She Dyed She Did

Ernestine, oh, Ernestine,
With your braided hair so pink;
Tell me, are you happy
Scrubbing carrots in the sink?
Don't you wish that you had listened
To what friend Maisie had to say,
And had put off going henna
Till a more propitious day?

—E. B. B.

Good-Bye, Mr. Brokerton

I thank you, Mr. Brokerton,
For the diamonds and the pearls;
For the town car
And the Bedlington;
Why, I've been the luckiest
Of girls!
How grand it was to know you, sir;
You were an income, too,
But all your gifts
Cannot compare
With the way Bill
Pitches woo.

—E. B. B.

The Goat

Most of all, they hated that man Farley. It was probably because they had to have a goat, and they could call Farley nasty things they did not *quite* dare to call his chief. And Farley was a politician, an incredibly smooth one.

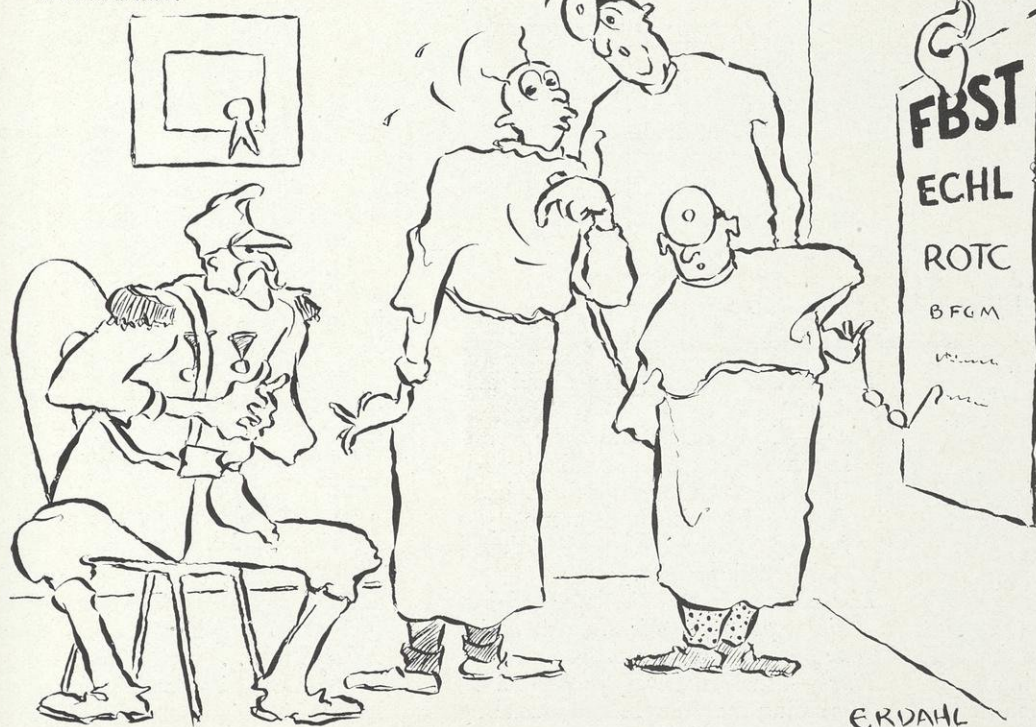
Look at the things Mr. Roosevelt was doing! It was twice as bad as any hysterical editor had imagined during the months before the election. So every press in the country turned out tons of invective on newsprint, book-paper, and shiny coated sheets.

Every Tuesday the *Saturday Evening Post* deplored the spread of the co-operative movement, which the New Deal patted gently on the shoulder. It was communistic; and besides, the advertisers raised hell.

Every Wednesday *Liberty* blossomed forth with the Inside Story of how Farley talked Mr. Roosevelt into such treacheries as the new Labor Relations laws which with their guarantee of collective bargaining rights set back American Labor 75 years.



"All he can see is the third line."



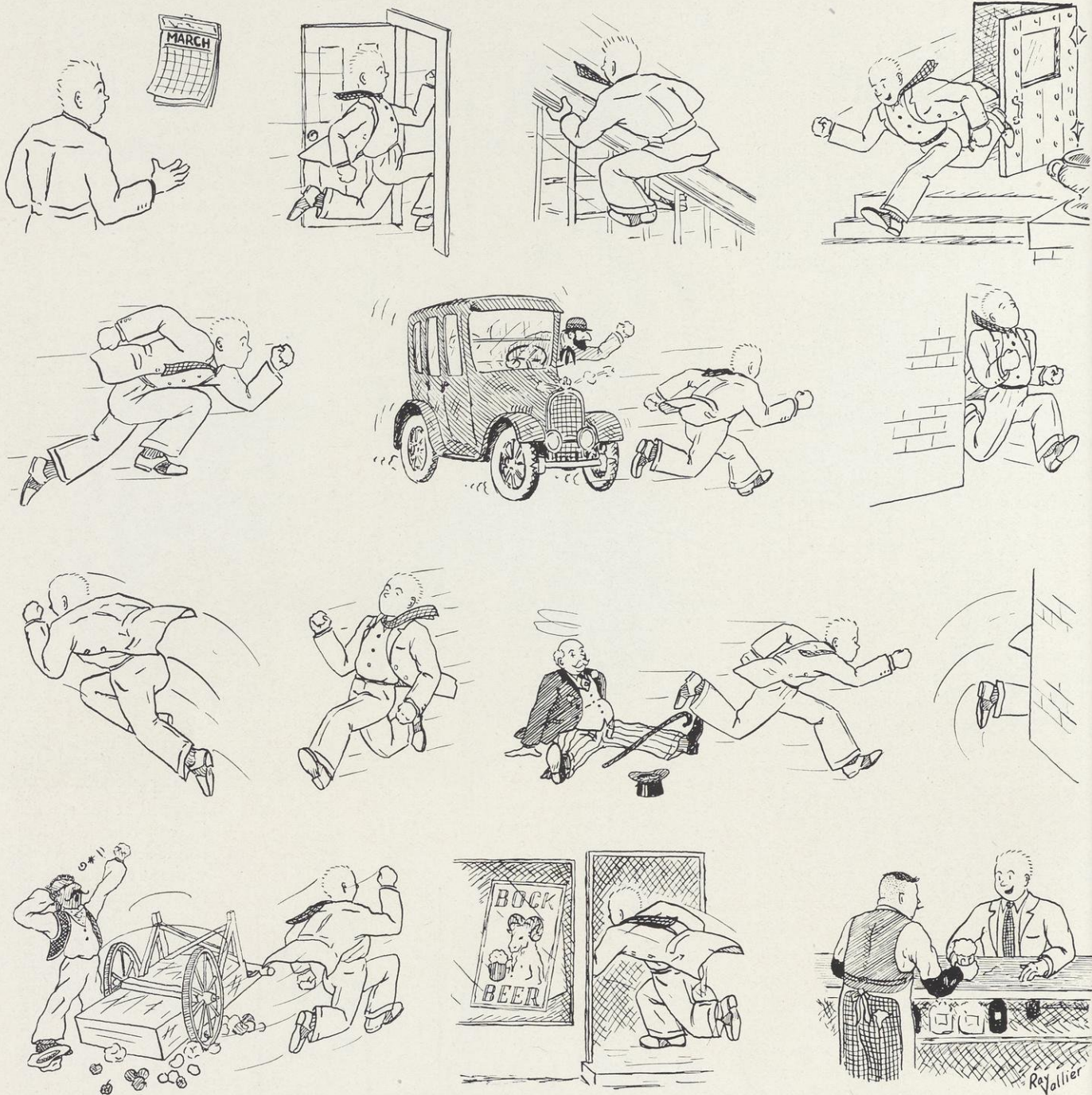
Every Thursday *Collier's*, which had disowned the New Deal, snapped at the stooges in congress who had forbidden child labor without waiting for 10 more states to ratify the pending amendment. Farley was to blame; he held back patronage unless the congressmen voted "right."

Every Friday *Time* in acid words went after the president and his right-hand man, Farley. No longer pretending to be impartial, *Time* made short work of "oily, glad-handing J. J. Farley."

Every Saturday a new crop of monthlies appeared, all vying with each other in the frenzy of their attacks upon "Farleyism."

Oh how they hated that man Farley! He was a devil, a demon, a serpent, and a scoundrel of deepest hue. In

(Turn to page 25)



Professor Pinch

Pinch, anxiously regarding a barometer on one hand and lovingly clutching an armful of Mollweide homolographic, Sanson-Flamsteed Sinusoidal, and Lambert azimuthal projections on the other, is happily preparing for another day on campus.

Pinch—Located in a high pressure center and the rear quadrants of a well developed anti-cyclone moving northeast, plus the rapid radiation of terrestrial energy—

Mrs. Pinch—You mean it's cold out, dear?

Pinch—If you can refrain from repeating everything I say for the time it takes the earth to rotate through .15 degrees of longitude, I'll trouble you for my alluvium muffler-weathered and eroded material.

Mrs. Pinch—Here it is, honey, (*gives him a physiographic diagram which he puts on*) and don't slip.

Pinch—I shall take every precaution descending the drumlin and ascending the —er, marginal moraine.

Pinch, Jr.—Say, that's good, Pop! Going down Langdon Street and up Bascom Hill. Say, that's good, Pop! (*Pinch smiles benevolently and pats him on the head with the barometer.*)

Ten minute intermission while Pinch figures out the time by means of latitude, sun angle, and logarithm tables.

Pinch—Farewell, farewell! I can just make it unless a violent manifestation of diastrophism causes crustal fracture to . . .

Mrs. Pinch—(*with tears in her eyes*) Isn't it—Isn't it WONDERFUL?

—MARCELLE FEYBUSCH

*My compliments on your
very good taste, sir*



*for the good things
smoking can give you*

Chesterfield
Wins

The Success Story of Ira W. Bawkskin

IRA WALLACE BAWKSKIN strutted confidently up and down the floor of the Octopus office. The editor slapped him on the back and affectionately called him "I. W." The associate editors smiled in approval and the exchange editor shot him an admiring glance. Ira Wallace had come into his own at last.

But things had not always gone so well with him. Time was when Ira Wallace was naught but a lowly stooge groveling at the feet of the lowest ranking staff member.

Our hero went out for the Octopus at the suggestion of his fraternity brothers who thought his queerness would make him a perfect Octyman. That was last year when he was a freshman. He had strutted into the editorial office and presented himself to the editor with a few curt words.

"Up to now this rag has been kind of putrid," he had declared. "But there is hope and I will put you on the map. When do I start work?"

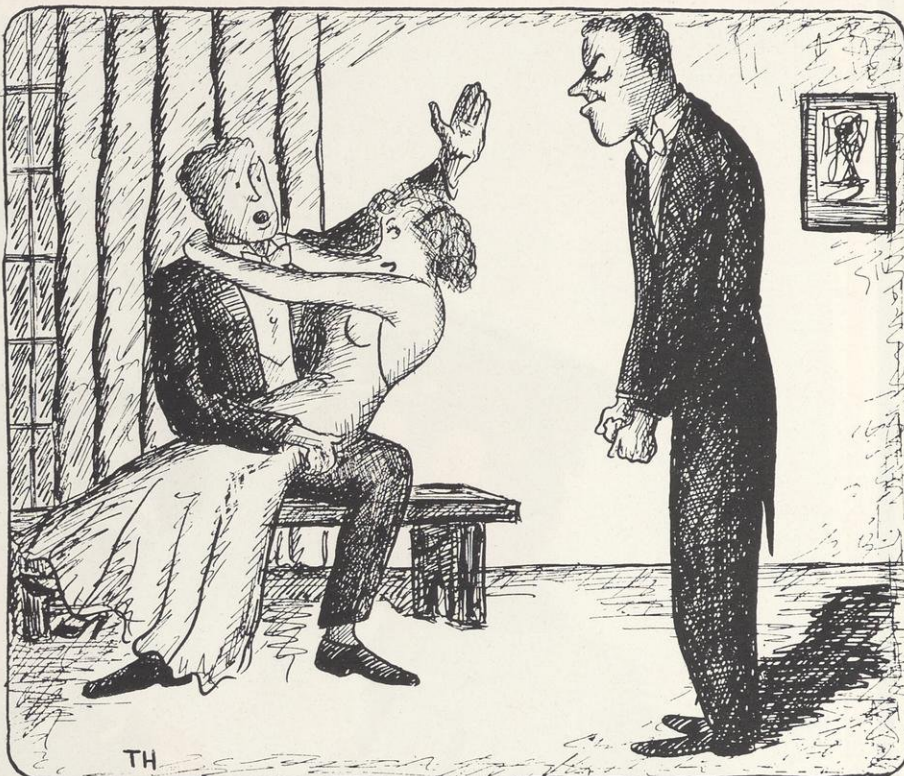
"Right now!" replied the editor, handing him a pile of copy to take to the printers. From then on that was about all Ira Wallace did—run errands, file cuts, buy cigarettes for his superiors, and answer the phone. What feeble attempts he did make to write were futile. His copy invariably found its way into the waste basket.

Ira Wallace longed to become a lime-light figure on the staff. He turned green at the thought of Baldwin Blivis, who had risen from stoogedom to associate editorship overnight. Dismayed and discouraged as he was, he stuck and became an expert errand runner.

As Ira W. Bawkskin, BA 2, life on the Octopus staff was little improved for him. He was still a satellite and a minor one at that.

But light dawned for him. A new kind of joke came into prominence—the "waiter-and-fly" type. It seemed to be taking the university by storm with its unlimited variations. Bawkskin's chance had come at last, although he knew it not. All he needed was inspiration.

On the fateful night, one that was to make college humor history, Ira Wallace went to bed as usual. After he had



"All right, Holley, finders keepers!"

become lost in slumber his inspiration came in the form of a terrible nightmare. Great swarms of giant flies descended upon him while waiters coming from every direction poured hot soup over him. The flies bit and the soup scalded. Ira Wallace awoke with a start.

Turning on his desk lamp, he grabbed a piece of paper and a pencil and began to write. One by one he dashed off "waiter-and-fly" jokes until it was time for his eight o'clock class. He knew that at last his day had come. That afternoon he rushed to the office and gave his work to the editor.

"Colossal, magnificent, titanic!" exclaimed the tycoon with enthusiasm. "They're actually good."

"I would never have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes," commented Associate Editor Blivis, "My boy, you are made." And made he was. Ira Wallace became overnight an expert and authority on this type of humor.

A special position was created for him—Waiter and Fly Editor. He gave all his time to his new found work. It came to be such an obsession with him that he could hardly eat, sleep or study without having these jokes pop into his head every minute. But he was made at last.

Such is success.

—J. J. LA RUS

Nursery Rime For an Introvert

Mount it up over,
Up over me dead;
Throw on great shovels full,
Cover my head!

I lived in a corner
A corner so small,
Each side of my body
Was close to a wall.

I built it myself
My life of seclusion,
And no word of mine
Invited intrusion.

The walls I pulled in
And ever pulled stronger,
Till even for breathing,
I wanted no longer.

Of taking another's air
Now I am free,
And only would wish that one
Come cover me.

Mound it up over,
The dirt on my head;
Mound it up over,
All over me dead!

Mount it up over,
Up over,
Up over,
Mount it up over
All over me dead!

—D. H.

March, 1937

Mr. Weatherman!

Hey, Mr. Weatherman—
You're such a very
bungling old fool;
with all your
million years' experience
you shouldn't make mistakes.

To make it warm,
you've got it fixed
so you just press a switch
that pulls back clouds
and lets the sunlight through
while you just sit.

But, you big sap,
Why can't you even keep
your switches straight?
You get things all balled up
and change your mind,
and out comes something else.

At football games
you make me shiver in the wind and
then,
you dumb palooka,
then you turn on rain
and get us soaked.

And so it goes . . .

I only hope
That when I get
to be so old and mean
and run a business
of my own I won't
be half so dumb as you.

*"Vun minute if you pleeze—
I em the boss,
I do vat I vant
I'm owning a monopoly,
em I not?
I'm asking
you?"*

—HOMER HASWELL



"Always worth stopping for"



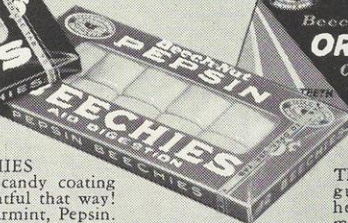
BEECH-NUT GUM



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

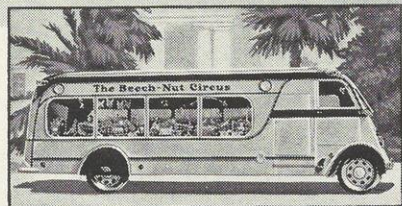


BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating
... doubly delightful that way!
Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.



ORALGENE
The new firmer texture
gum that aids mouth
health and helps fight
mouth acidity. Chew
with a purpose.

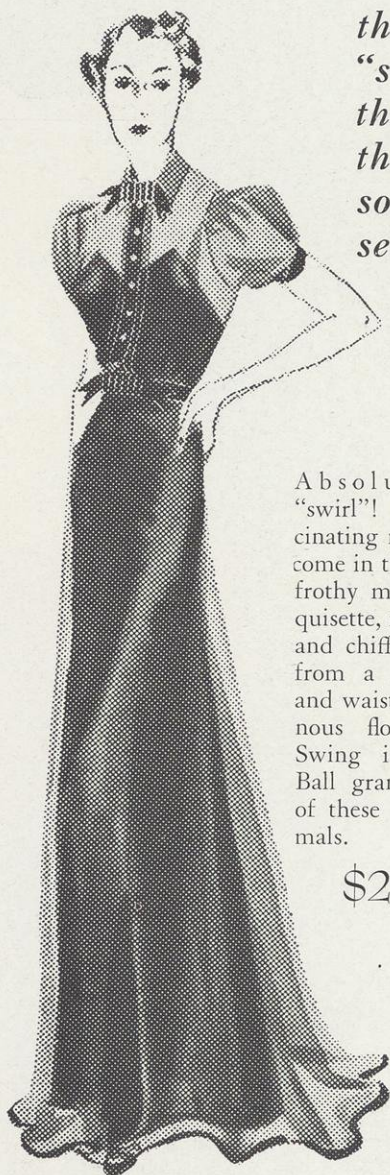
*You can taste
the difference
Quality makes*



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

A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers,
clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now
touring the country. Don't miss it.

Glamorous Party Gowns



that will
"swirl" you
through
the spring
social
season

Absolutely, we mean "swirl"! Because these fascinating new formal frocks come in those vaporous and frothy materials . . . marquissette, mousseline de soie and chiffon . . . that falls from a trim fitting bust and waist line into voluminous floor length folds. Swing into the Military Ball grand march in one of these lovely spring formals.

\$29.50 up

Simpson's
On the Square



Platter Patter

Popular Recordings

Dedicated to You

Big Boy Blue

Mills Brothers and Ella Fitzgerald

It seems good to hear the Mills Brothers again. The combination with Ella Fitzgerald is a good one, and the five negro voices blend together nicely into some swell harmony. The harmony is good in both sides, though *Big Boy Blue* is just a shade better, we think.

Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider

Chlo-e

Goodman Quartette
Benny Goodman

Chlo-e is a very neat modification of the typical Goodman arrangement. Instrumentally it is not among Benny's best, though he lets his clarinet loose a couple of times for some nice effects. Instrumentally, *Ida* is a wow, but the score puts the emphasis on musical effect rather than on the tune. The four boys are in top shape, making this one of the best records of the quartette we have heard.

Who'll Buy My Violets

Melody in F

Tommy Dorsey

In this stamping, T. Dorsey lets loose with some of the finest modernizing of the classics we have ever heard. The arrangement of *Spring Song* puts a swing into spring. *Who'll Buy My Violets* is a close second to *Melody in F*, and not to be overlooked.

Easy to Love

Swingin' the Jinx Away

Frances Langford with T. Dorsey

Those of you that look for much of Dr. Dorsey on this waxing will be disappointed, but not for long, for the vocal is one of the smoothest we have heard. Frances carries the honors with two smooth and well-recorded vocals. *Easy to Love* is one of those ultra-smooth jobs, and *Swingin' the Jinx Away* turns Frances around and fills her with very peppy, but pleasing, swing. This is one your guests will want to take home with them. Don't let 'em.

A Thousand Dreams of You

Trust in Me

Abe Lyman

The music in this record is very well handled by Mr. Lyman, but it is not outstanding, either for its score or for its instrumentalists, but it makes good dancing stuff, simply because it is smooth, rhythmic, and lacking imperfections to grate on one.

I Can't Break the Habit of You

You're Laughing at Me

Fats Waller

I Can't Break the Habit of You is a very typical Waller wax-work. Fats takes the front seat with his piano and his voice and gives it a good Waller twist. We like it a lot.

You're Laughing at Me is one in which Fats plays with his voice and his celeste and has a good time with them. He is no slouch at the celeste, but one must play the disc with

a new needle or the bells won't come through. He twists the vocal around, adds his comments as he thinks of them, and finishes off a very informal waxing in fine shape.

When Ruben Swings the Cuban . . . Louis Armstrong with Tommy Dorsey

Red Nose . . . Louis Armstrong and his orchestra

When Ruben Swings the Cuban is one of the swellest rhumbas we have heard. Mr. Dorsey does some nice swinging, but it's Armstrong that makes the disc outstanding, vocalizing the rhumba as we have never before heard it sung. He puts the rhythm into the vocal so that the whole thing is nothing but rhumba, yet rhumba in a pleasing, smooth form that adds a lot to it for us.

Red Nose is a very lively Armstrong production. It uses a lot of Louis both vocally and instrumentally. While the band is not outstanding, it has a lot of rhythm, and makes for a good dance record.

Classical Music

Metropolitan

Presenting nine of the Metropolitan's most famed artists in arias from favorite operas, the new Victor album, "Stars of the Metropolitan" is a valuable addition to a modest collection.

Lawrence Tibbett—*Toreador Song* (Carmen), *Room for the Factotum* (Barbier di Siviglia).

Lauretz Melchior—*Then Here in His Arms Holds Thee That Friend* (Die Walkure).

Helen Jepson—*Ever Since the Day* (Louise).

Giovanni Martinelli—*Heavenly Aida* (Aida).

Lucrezia Bori—*My Name Is Mimi* (La Boheme).



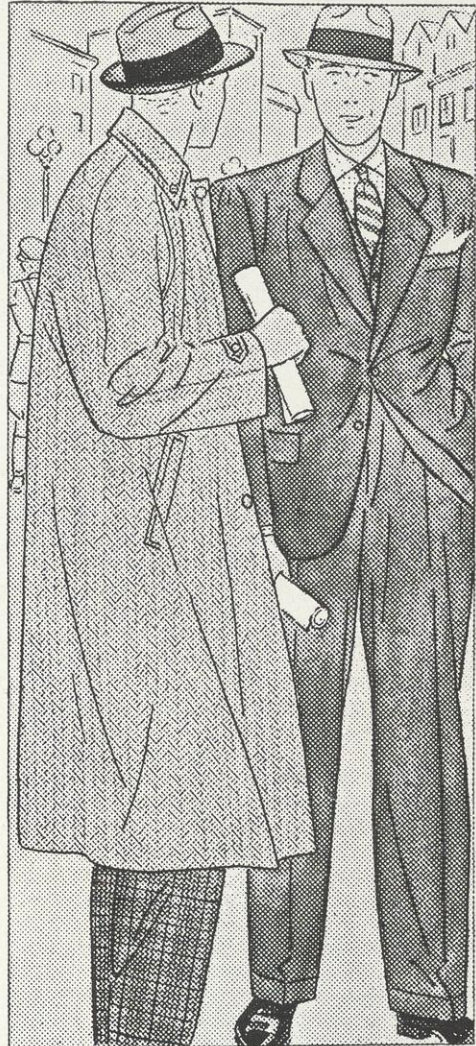
*You're the
Goat --- Unless*

You wind up some of these spring evenings with a stop in at Lohmaier's. Sandwiches, cokes, or full meals at . . .

LOHMAIER'S

710 STATE STREET

FAIRCHILD 1804



Smartly Styled

SUITS

\$25 to \$50

TOPCOATS

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K A R S T E N S

ON CAPITOL SQUARE

22 NORTH CARROLL



Spring - - - into a jigger suit

The pet suit of the season . . . new boxy jacket of finger-tip length. The slim-as-a-pencil look in the contrasting skirt. And a brilliant riot of colors—thistle with navy, leather with beige, black with beige, navy with dawn. \$19.95

Baron's

On the Square

Lotta Lehman—*The Host of Kinsmen Stands in the Hall* (Die Walkure).

John Charles Thomas—*My Home in Fair Provence* (La Traviata).

Lily Pons—*Dearest Name* (Rigoletto).

Richard Crooks—*The Dream* (Manon).

Sibelius

If you belong to the cult of Sibelius, you will bow down and worship Victor's re-pressing of the *Fifth Symphony* and two tone poems. If you don't belong to the cult, you'll still be greatly impressed by the music of this modern Finnish composer.

These recordings, by the London Symphony under the baton of Robert Kajanus, are those done two years ago for the Sibelius Society, and are accompanied by the society's discussion of the music.

Besides the *Symphony*, the Victor album includes *Pohjola's Daughter*, the story of a Finnish hero and his goddess-heroine, and *Tapiola*, a musical poem about a Finnish forest in a storm.

Cesar Franck

Franck's only symphony, the *Symphony in D Minor*, is presented in this Victor recording by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony. Stokowski's reading brings out the churchly mysticism which has marked much of Franck's music.

Franck's forte is in setting up a theme and then, by variations and contrasting elements, making it a living, breathing force. The music is strongly suggestive of his religious background—so much so that the final triumph of the joyful theme seems almost a triumph of good over evil.

Brown's Rental Library

Treasure loads of the finest of fine new spring books are awaiting you in the Rental Library of Brown's New Bookroom. Need we add that you'll be missing more loads of enjoyable reading if you fail to read these latest best-reviewed titles.

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no deposit

Brown's Book Shop

CORNER . STATE . AND . LAKE

The Goat

the heat of their wrath the editors almost forget that he was also the postmaster general.

Who first thought of it is unknown. But a conference was held in New York City on a clouded gusty day and after only 15 minutes the publishers of the nation came forth and gave a statement to the press.

ALL the magazines in the land, weekly and monthly, would henceforth appear on Thursday.

And they did. Every postman in the country toiled from dawn to dusk with four assistants every Thursday, and even then the job was often unfinished. Looking forward to piles and piles of magazines every Thursday, thousands of postmen quit and took up chicken-farming. The post office service was completely demoralized.

Only when the entire postal system was about to collapse did the publishers inform Mr. Roosevelt that if Farley resigned, the former publication schedule would be resumed.

And after an all night session with his chief in the White House, Mr. Farley resigned.

Where swarms of poisoned, pointed words had failed to pierce, a clever trick had found the Achilles heel of the demon Farley and had slain him like a rat. It was as simple as that.

**WAR POSSIBLE IN 1397,
BUT PEACE IS SEEN**
—CAPITAL TIMES

We're not worried.

Absent-minded Dean (knocking on the Gates of St. Peter): "C'mon, open up here or I'll throw the whole fraternity out."
—Chaparral

"Oh, yes, the girls up at the Pi Phi House are very religious. Every time I walk through the door I hear them murmur, 'Ah, men'."
—Sundial



College Boy—"Do you pet?"
Co-ed—"Sure—animals."
C. B.—"Go ahead then, I'll be the goat."
—Yellow Jacket

Visitor—"I suppose you farmers would be glad to have this rain keep up."

Farmer—"Waal, it'll do us more good if it comes down."

"Honey," she asked, "You don't mind if I wear serge instead of georgette, do you?"

"No, Darling," he answered, "I'll love you through thick or thin!"
—Record



Pipe Smokers!

Please Don't Believe

all Smoking Tobacco bites the Tongue



Edgeworth Guarantees that Process-Aging Prevents Tongue Bite

TONGUE BITE is the bane of pipe smokers. We guarantee that Edgeworth will not bite the tongue.

The use of the finest Burley tobaccos will not prevent tongue bite. It's the processing that does it. As every tobacco expert knows, pipe tobacco can be rushed through the plant and save big sums of money. It is pipe tobacco, but it is *not* Edgeworth.

Our method is Process-Aging—a process as vital as the aging of old wines. There are twelve required steps, each under laboratory control. It takes 4 to 7 times as long as might seem necessary. But in no other way can we guarantee that Edgeworth will not bite the tongue.

We ask you to try it under our money-back guarantee. If Edgeworth bites your tongue, return it and get your money back. You can't lose.

Edgeworth is made in three forms to suit the two types of pipe smokers. Edgeworth Ready Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are cool, long-burning tobaccos preferred by seasoned pipe smokers.

Edgeworth Jr. is the same tobacco, also Process-Aged, but cut for a milder, free-burning smoke. Both are guaranteed against tongue bite. Try one of them today to discover new pleasure in your pipe.

Please accept 50¢ Gold Plated Collar-Pin for only 10¢ when you buy Edgeworth. Merely send inside white wrapper from any tin of Edgeworth with your name and address and 10¢ to Larus & Bro. Co., Dept. 100, Richmond, Va.

**EDGEWORTH AND
EDGEWORTH JR.**



Campus Chronicle

Fan Mail

We were strolling up and down the corridors of Sterling Hall, musing idly on the business cycle and free trade, when our eye was caught by a letter on the Sociology Department bulletin board. We copied it down:

Dear Professor Ross—

I see where the Pinkertons have been on your trail.

I must say that you are their match anytime, anywhere, and any place.

Your loyal students know that you are as ever an alert Hunter of truth, regardless of obstacles put in your path.

The letter was signed "Robt. G. Brehner, Jr.," so we know who wrote it. What we wonder is, who put it on the bulletin board for all to see? One of Mr. Ross's admirers, no doubt.

Modern youth

The blackboard in the room where we have our Shakespeare class is always covered with writing when we get there. A freshman English class has the room in the preceding hour, and one gets a deep glance into the freshman mentality as he looks over these writings.

The "zipper age" and the "kick-hunting age" has gone, and you no longer see the spiffy runabout or closets full of gin bottles which left many gaping freshmen astounded at his new friends.

No longer do we find the sophomore of conspicuous waste in contact with rumrunners and bootleggers.

The desire for business success no longer shapes the undergraduate course of action.

Financial success isn't the undergraduates goal today.

We pause mute and reverent at the sight of the freshman soul, so pure, so brave, so noble.

Tunnels

About two weeks ago while laying out quests to chase the pledges over the countryside for cows' footprints, etc., a couple of the boys dropped in the Malt House for a beer. The bartender overheard their talk, and being a helpful fellow he suggested that they put a note in the tunnels underneath the building.

It seems that in the old days when the Malt House made malt and beer they used these tunnels to age their product. The bartender led the way down some creaky steps and through a short dirt floored passage. The next door opened into a long, low-ceilinged room.

The bartender's flashlight revealed cats scurrying around in the damp darkness. On the left was another dark room with its rounded ceiling and walls painted a speckled red and white.

At one time it seems somebody ran a speakeasy in the tunnels. The bartender let the boys use his flashlight to plant the note farther back in the labyrinth which he said extended to underneath the hill across the road.

In case you wonder, the pledge did get the note and finished his quest.



MEN'S WEAR of DISTINCTION

WISCONSIN men are turning to SPOO & STEPHAN's for finer tailoring, finer fabrics and more distinctive styling in their apparel... for they have come to rely on this store as headquarters for clothing and accessories that make a man distinctly well-dressed.

• **SPOO & STEPHAN**
18 NORTH CARROLL . . . On the Square

Free! A box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!



- What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?
- Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free box of Life Savers!
- For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.
- Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the Editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.



Last Month's Winning Joke

Submitted by MABEL SCANLON, 2242 Eton Ridge

Lattin, who knows his arithmetic backwards, figures that the classic will bring into New York about 0,000 visitors who will spend approximately \$3,500,000.

—WISCONSIN STATE JOURNAL

Yes, backwards.

Two of a kind

After seeing that show with the Irving Berlin songs a few weeks back, one of the boys on the staff decided he'd like to see a copy of the Police Gazette.

So, with visions of that "pretty young brunette on the pink Police Gazette," he wandered into a cigar store.

"Gimme a Police Gazette," he said, sturdily.

The clerk looked at him and snapped his galluses.

"We don't have any," he announced. Then he paused for a minute.

"How about an Octopus?"

Resourceful

Facing hell week with a few qualms, mainly induced by the horror stories Esquire prints for the benefit of the non-college millions, a freshman friend of ours is feeling pretty soft.

Well, that's his worry, but we *were* a little surprised when we walked into his room the other night. There he was, in the position known as "the angle." He must have been practicing for hell week.

"Hold on, fellows," he was saying in clarion tone. "Don't forget what happened to the Dekes."

We cracked him across the pants with a book. Then we left.

"Ars longa, vita"

James Dugan, editor of Penn State's Froth, is a genuinely good cartoonist—maybe the ace of the present college field. He's also one of the few cartoonists who keeps his stuff timely, even though he goes outside college life into the Class Struggle. Jim, you see, is what is known as a Subversive Influence.

But we'd like to quote an ad in his magazine:

"We have installed the only revolving door in town to accommodate the crowds who are taking advantage of our greatly enlarged dining room."

Illustrating this epic was a picture of a revolving door. And the signature on the drawing was "James Dugan."

Mascot

Maybe you don't know about Fee-Fie, the old plaster bust who, decorated with signatures of diverse people of the past, sits in solitary state on the Octy bookcase.

If you don't you're even with the lady at the Photoart house. It seems the Badger needed a picture of Fee-Fie for the Octopus pages. So this lady decided she'd have him make an appointment. Someplace—God knows where—she learned that his first name was George.

After about three days of worrying she called Bill Beers, who's editing the best Badger in years.

"I'm sorry, Bill," she pouted prettily over the phone. "But I just *can't* find George Fee-Fie in the directory."

We're all chuckling, but Fee-Fie seems unamused.

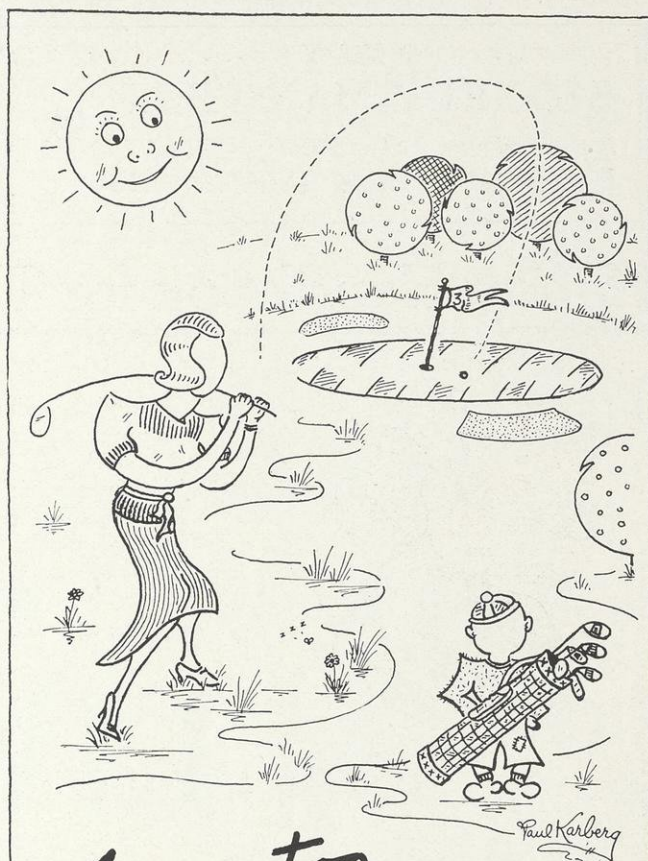
Gossip

This really belongs in Tish-Tosh, but since that fine department is no more, it must be printed here.

It seems that a certain editor of a certain campus daily put his pin upon a certain young lady. And a certain columnist in this certain paper ribbed him (in print) in no uncertain terms. So the editor disciplined him publicly in his best outraged-deity manner.

The pay-off, though, is that the editor's girl saw the story before it was set in type and insisted that it be printed.

But the editor had to save his own face, even at the expense of his stooge.

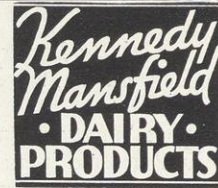


You, too,
can get out o' the
ROUGH and onto the
GREEN if you'll amble
down the FAIRWAY to
Harry S. Manchester's
FORE your Spring
sports apparel
— and you won't
have to wire PAR
for additional \$



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 Avenue

Handy Handbook for Those Who Expectorate . . .

Canto I

Girls, when ogling for a date,
 Bear in mind there are three types who
 rate.
 Only these merit the bother—
 The smoothy, the he-man, and wit.
 Are they popular?
 Well, ra-ther!



Canto II

First, there's the wit, full of fun an'
 zest—
 A date with him is a punnin' fest.
 I've always thought they were nuts in
 the head.
 Hmmm, maybe they're not moronic
 but me in their stead.



Canto III

Next, there's the smoothy in all of his
 glory.
 Being quite proper is his greatest worry.
 Sleek as a swan with manner exquisite;
 A one word description would not be
 explicit.
 He looks as he'd just stepped from a
 page of Esquire.
 That reminds me, my subscription is
 about to expire.



Canto IV

Last—note the he-man-mountain of
 power.
 In athletic combat he's the man of the
 hour.
 Just picture him, girlyies, in armor with
 war axe,
 Epidermis of bronze resembling floor
 wax.
 With jaw slung forward in manner
 thugnastic
 The only improvement for a face so
 drastic
 Would involve surgery . . . resultant:
 mug-plastic.

—R. MORTON JONES

Send . . . *Easter Greetings of Flowers*
 by wire or fast mail
 to friends and relatives out-of-town



Easter is early this year . . . March
 28th! Order your Flower Gifts
 now for friends near and far.

Rentschler Floral Co.

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BADGER 177



Join the Army

at

Military Ball

with

TED WEEMS

- *Elmo Tanner*
- *Red Ingles*
- *Country Washburn*
- *Perry Como*

FRANKIE MASTERS

Starring Donna Dea

and

PAUL CHRISTENSON

Again hosting it in 770 Club

Friday, April Ninth

FORMAL

FOUR DOLLARS





You need this throat protection too.

... That only a light smoke offers



The stars of the radio have to protect their throats—naturally. But keep in mind that your throat is just as important to you... be sure you have a light smoke. You can be sure Luckies

are a light smoke because the exclusive process, "It's Toasted", expels certain natural impurities harsh to the delicate tissues of your throat. So follow the stars to a clear throat! Choose Luckies

a light smoke

**OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED
TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"**