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NOV 16 1928

Octopus

October
25¢



A BAD BREAK
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
MADISON

JIMMY
WATROUS



The Fashion Parade Starts At Kessenich's

G OUNG moderns demand the utmost in style—and in the ranks of fashion there are no more delightful creations than these modes of striking individuality that are being displayed at Kessenich's. Lovely gowns for evening, with the new dipped-in-the-back lines, suave satins and supple velvets for afternoon, and the jaunty simplicity of chic sports costumes take the center of the stage. No wonder each charming frock has been acclaimed by all the smartest critics! Kessenich's invites you to come in—at any time—and see the distinctive fashions here assembled.

Kessenich's

Owned and Operated By Wisconsin Alumni.

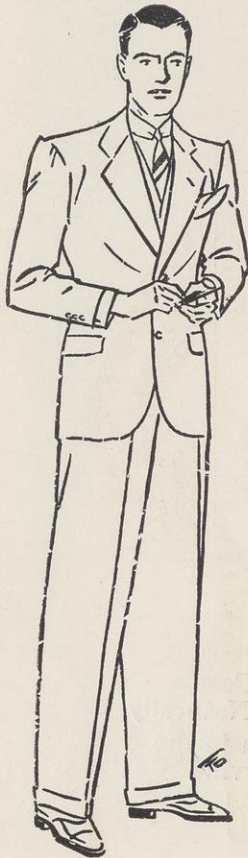
**A Reflection of Age-Old Hospitality
Enriched by Delectable Foods**

**So People
Quite Naturally
Turn to the
Irving**

**THE
IRVING COFFEE HOUSE
AND CAFETERIA**

Sterling at Irving

Buy Everything Possible on Your Co-Op Number



STRATFORD

'U' APPROVED

CLOTHING

FOR UNIVERSITY MEN

STRATFORD . . . one of the foremost makers of clothing for University men . . . Showing for this season . . . blues and blacks, some with faint striping and others plain . . . The finest tailoring—the coat in three button two to button. Also showing some two button models . . . We suggest you come in and look them over.

\$45 To \$55

*Buy Your Clothing
On Our "Monthly
Payment Plan"*

Come In And Ask About It



THE UNIVERSITY CO-OP

"The Student's Store"

E. J. GRADY, Manager

STATE AND LAKE STREETS

They Tell A Story About Al Smith—

It seems that Al Smith was calling up his secretary to tell her that he wouldn't be down at the office that day.

"Hello!" said Al over the phone, "I won't be down at the office today, I'm going out to the Gun Club."

"You are going where?" asked his secretary.

"I say I won't be at the office, I'm going out to the Gun Club!" replied Al.

"I'm sorry," said the secretary, "I get the 'I won't be at the office', but I can't make out where you are going."

"TO THE GUN CLUB!" shouted Al, exasperated, "I'LL SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU! 'G' as in Jiminy Crickets; 'U' as in Europe!; AND 'N' AS IN Pneumonia! DO YOU GET IT?"



SUPERHUMAN TASKS

*The Official Poser For The Nightshirt Section
of The Mail Order Catalogue Attempting
To Look Dignified*



"Something happened that spoiled my tennis game yesterday."

"What?"

"My false teeth fell out, and I lost the set."

FRED W. KRUSE CO.

205-207 State St.



**You'll Need a Fur Coat
at Wisconsin**

For the games . . . for the chilly hikes across the campus . . . for dressier occasions . . . a fur coat is a necessity at Wisconsin. Make Kruse's your fur coat headquarters. We carry a complete assortment of youthful models. Conservatively priced-----\$50 to \$500.

COLLEGE MEN

have developed styles and clothing desires peculiarly their own which we recognize.

Nottingham Fabrics have gone over bigger this fall than ever before, because these desires have been met in every detail and at a reasonable price.

Two Trouser Suits \$40 & \$50
Topcoats -----\$35 & \$40

Anderes & Spoo

MADISON

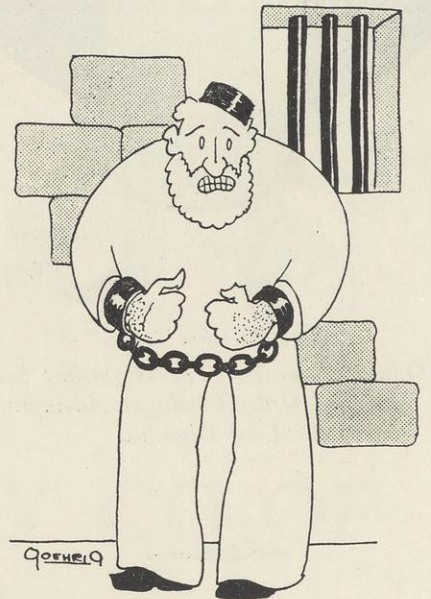
Sold exclusively in Madison at this store
On Capitol Square
18 No. Carroll

Tiffany's



Claire Tiffany Frocks are created for young girls who wear charming clothes both in and out of school.

A Creation for the Price of a Dress



Tongue Tied

**The Past Justifies It
The Students Demand It .**

Two good reasons why we have the best in rent-a-car equipment. The best is always the cheapest in the long run.

For your next date

Just Call

BADGER RENT-A-CAR CO.

We Deliver

Fairchild 2099

State at Henry

College doesn't affect me. I can sit in front of a window and watch the cars *swish* by in the dusk of a beautiful day *beeping* softly at one another now and then. I can watch the sun set behind a hill and the moon rise from behind a tree as I lie upon the grass with the tree's shadow branches whispering across my face. I can sit in a canoe and listen to the water *lap lap* upon a beach, hear a guitar and a sweet low voice tremulo across the water. I can watch a beautiful woman on a dance floor and not care to cut in; I can sit beside my friends and watch them drink their gin. I can

"Say, don't know as I've met you. Well . . . sniff! Sniff! My name's Rover. Say, did you ever have a flea . . . ?



Dean: Where is your home?

Eddie: In Jenkinsville.

Dean: Is it quite a busy town?

Eddie: No, business is so terrible that even Smith Brothers have taken a drop.



Old Lady: Is that bottle the only consolation you have in this world?

Disconsolate and inebriated student: No, mam, I have another in my pocket.

"Come in and browse"

NEW!

A Son of Earth

William Ellery Leonard

The poetic autobiography of the author of "Two Lives."

On Sale at

BROWN

BOOK SHOP

621-623 State Street



Football

At OLD CHARTER HOUSE

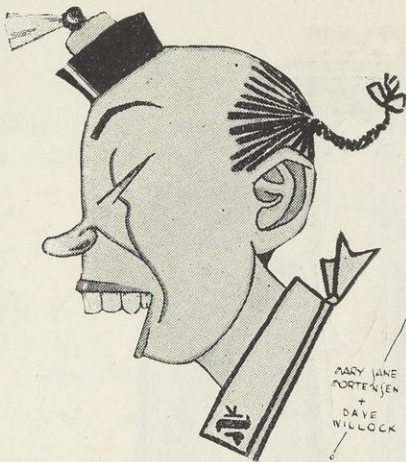
Although the rules and procedure of football have changed a good bit since the days of this picture, the old English schools still maintain leadership in dress and style and we are prepared to equip you with the same stylings as are popular there this year.

\$40 \$45 \$50

SUITS AND OVERCOATS



109 STATE STREET



A Vacant Yellow



Office boy to boss: Mr. Jones, there's a book agent waiting to see you.

Mr. Jones to O.b: Tell him I'm in Europe.

O.b. to agent: Mr. Jones is in Europe.

Agent to O.b: May I call next month if he's back by that time?

O.b. to agent: One moment please. . .

Ditto: He says he'll still be in Europe next month.



The Water Wagon

1st Champion Beer-drinker: Ah there, Joseph, couldst but guzzle a half gallon of yon noble ale?

2nd Champion Beer-drinker: Truly, Abraham, thou hast me on the run now.



William is a demon with the women, but he's a dragon his old man.



Reginald, the dumb pledge, will never understand. The other day when the telephone rang an active yelled, "Get that phone!" Reginald jumped to his feet and hurried to the telephone booth to return two minutes later dragging the whole darn phone behind him.



LEADING New York tailors advocate the wearing of suspenders for the proper hang of the trousers.

Pioneer Suspender Company, Philadelphia, Pa., Makers of Pioneer Suspenders, Pioneer Belts, Brighton Garters.

In addressing an advertisement to the most critical of audiences--the American under-graduate--Pioneer is conscious that no "blurbs" or superlatives of expression will get by.

Pioneer simply states that suspenders are back--and that it is grateful for the fact that college men were the pacemakers!

It's the hang of the trousers that matters



Visiting Alum: I think the new pledges are remarkably poised, don't you?

Pledge Captain: It's no wonder, really—they have a passion for Simpson's at the Co-Op and—well, clothes do make a difference!

Simpson's

Why don't they call Peeping Tom a see scout?



Al Smith is an unusual politician, but his nomination was conventional.



DAYBOOK OF A GREAT MAN WHO FELT HIS DUTY TO ACCOMMODATE HIS BIOGRAPHERS

6:00 A. M. Arises, stands beside bed and recites verse from Bible in a dictaphone with the remark that he does this every morning of his life.

6:30 Runs five miles and eats breakfast after remarking that he must keep his body fit and pure for the work the world has cut out for him.

7:00 On way to office pats small boy on head with the remark that he may be president some day should he exercise the virtues of honesty, integrity and decency.

8:12 Discovers that bank clerk has made his account total too great, summons battery of cameras, goes to bank, and demands the error be corrected.

10:00 Writes letter to a friend in which he says that should his code of honor be violated in his election to the presidency of the United States he would go fishing the day of the inauguration. Sends copy of the letter to all leading publishing houses.

11:59 Declines to lunch with senator because he promised to be with his dear wife. Camera catches him leaving senator and approaching wife.

3:30 Makes hole-in-one on golf course, writes on score card "It was purely luck", has other three players attest score, sends score card to museum.

4:45 Throws life preserver to aged drowning man with remark that we must never be too busy to assist our elders.

9:55 Puts out cat before noted caricaturist holding animal by nape of neck so not to cause it undue discomfort, wears a kind smile.

10:00 Goes to bed, saying to dictaphone, "The press must reform and exert its power for good."

—B. DeH.

Man (to aviator who has just landed in a parachute): What's the matter? Did your motor stall?

Aviator: No, when I took my wife out for a spin, she began to drive from the rear cockpit and she insisted on going straight ahead.

Man: Well!

Aviator: The devil of it was, I was in a nose dive!



"Hic! . . . Pardon me, but am I keeping you up?"

A farmer named Simon McSneezer Was struck by his wife on the beezer, When he howled, "Why'd ja' do that !" She replied, "Because you're a fat, Good-for-nothing, lazy, old geezer!"



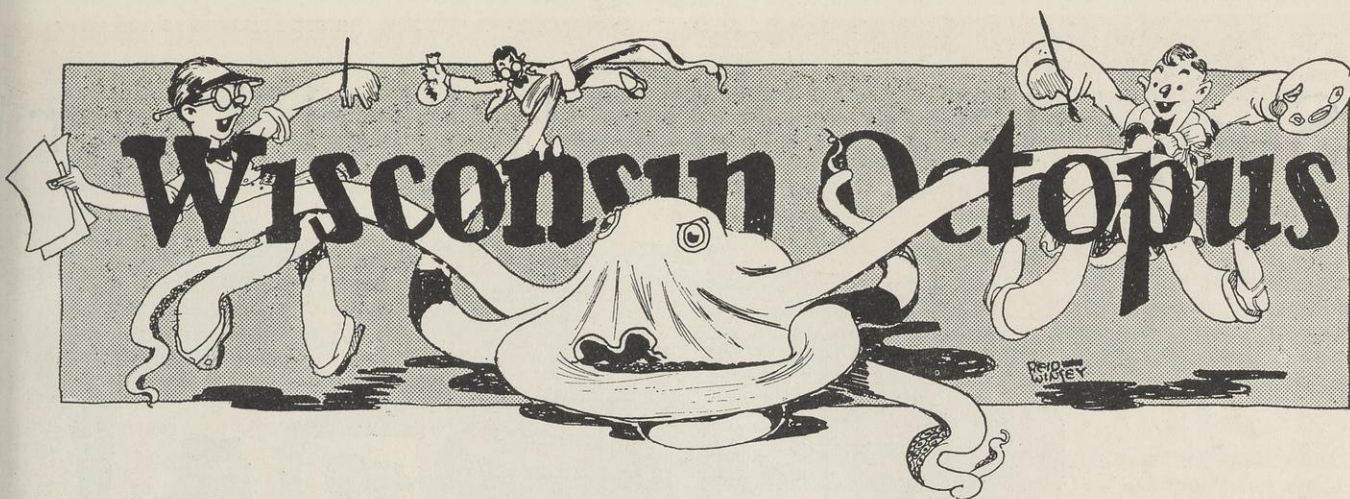
"I haven't any sympathy for a man who drinks."
"Neither have I. Only envy."



In 1980

Old-fashioned Aviator to Helicopter Salesman: No sir, I ain't interested in these new-fangled contraptions. I got some sentiment left. W'hy, d'ye know my old father an'

mother was married on the wings to this plane! And I was born in it myself forty years ago, right over Chicago! Yes sir, what's good enough fer my father is good enough fer me!



"Hear about the Scotchman who was arrested for going down the street naked?"

"No."

"He was on his way to a strip-poker game."

King Arthur: Pray, what is that horrible clanking?

Page: Please sire, it's only Launcelot and the queen on the parlor sofa.

"My job's an awful pain."

"What are you?"

"A window washer."

"Are you a Spanish Major?"

"Nope, a Russian General."

Serious Student: Professor, do you believe the Russian Soviet government is sound?

Prof. of Pol. Sc: Largely.

Kissing a girl is like emptying a bottle of olives—if you can get one, the rest come easy.

Son of Pro Football Player (tearfully): Well, maybe your pa can punt farther than mine, but my pa's had three more offers from colleges to play football this fall than your pa has!

Deacon Parsnell entered the drawing room and found his wife sewing on a dainty bit of material.

"What are you doing, dear?" he inquired.

"Making a pair of curtains for my sitting room," nonchalantly answered his spouse.

"Mamma, can I have a fifth of gin?"

"What on earth do you want that for?"

"Well, we're playing train, and I'm supposed to make the toots."



Soup, Horseradish and Liver!

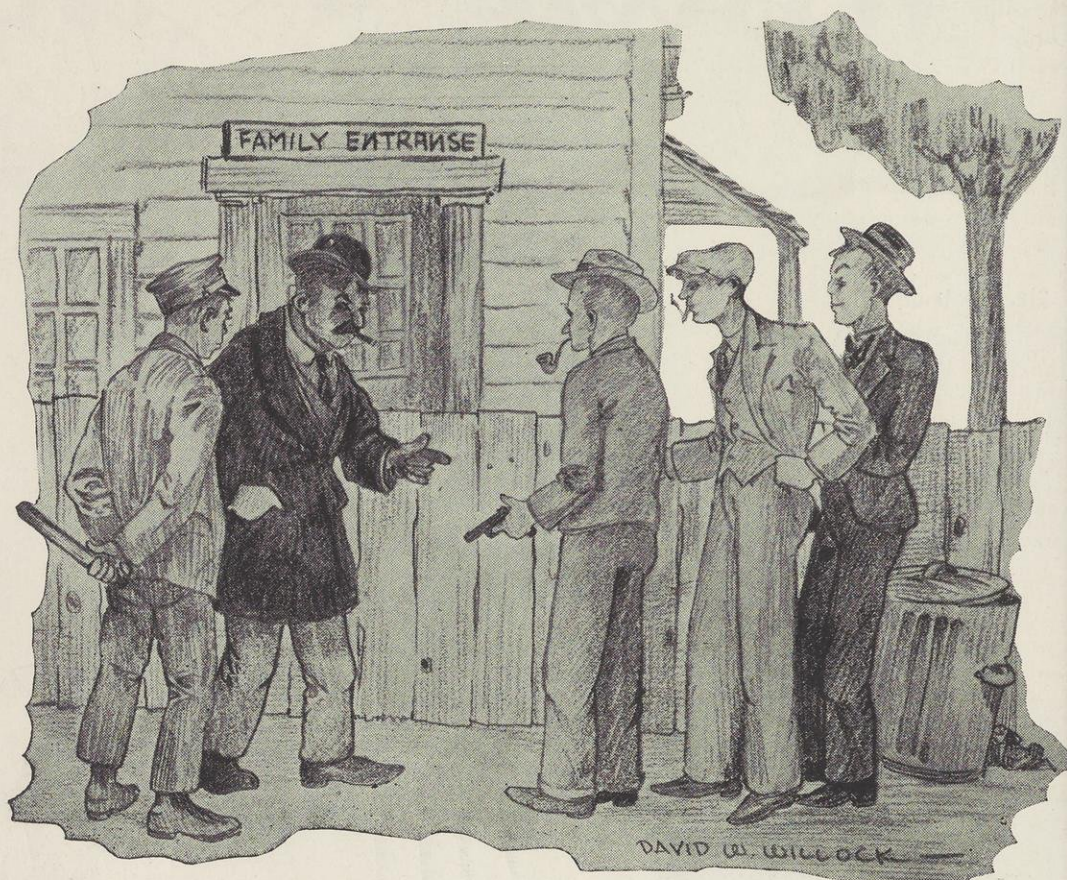
By

IRV TRESSLER

Illustration

By

DAVE WILLOCK



... "I seen her down t'ree bottles a'ready, an' I only been here an 'our."

IT IS with some trepidation that I am at last placing before the public the details of the weird Smith Murder Case, an adventure that for sheer horror and mysticism is exceeded only by the successive elections of "Big Bill" Thompson as mayor of Chicago. It was a case that only Webb himself—the great "Spider" Webb—could unravel, and the facts as I relate them now occur in the same identical succession as they did on that stormy night twenty-three years ago. How recent it all seems!

I had retired for the evening one rainy, blustering night, and was lying snugly in bed, when suddenly I felt myself falling. With that quick presence of mind that one obtains only

after he has been kicked twice by the same horse, I seized hold of the bed and for the moment saved myself from falling into a deep sleep. As I lay there breathing rapidly, I heard a great pounding upon the door. Slipping on my bath robe and stumbling over a stool, I danced across the room to the light switch, nursing my throbbing foot as I went. By this time I was thoroughly aroused.

"Did you wish something?" I ventured timidly through the keyhole to the person on the opposite side of the door. In a flash came the reply, "No, of course not! I'm waitin' for a street car, whadd'ye suppose! Open that blankety blank door before I—"

I opened it.

With a blast of wind and rain, a rubber-coated, glistening figure blew into the room—it was Webb. I stood there uncertainly, not knowing just what to do, wondering what the great Webb could want at this time of night.

"Won't you take off your things and stay awhile?" I began somewhat weakly. Then realizing instantly what a poor beginning it was I said in a rather louder voice, "Have you seen the road show at the Rialto? They say—"

He cut me off short. "Smith is dead!"

"My God! Not Smith!"

Not an urchin in all Chicago but what knew this famous saloon keeper.

"Smith, you say!" I repeated again.

"No, Smith!"

"Oh, you mean Smith!" I shouted, a light dawning upon me.

"Yes, and I want your help!" he hissed through his upper plates. "Slip something on; you an' me's going to take a little waltz down to the morgue."

"But I haven't a thing to wear!" I faltered.

He looked at me reproachfully.

"Arthur," he said, "do you remember the afternoon you stroked old Oklahoma Teachers to victory with a broken arm and a toothache?"

I snapped to attention, the tears welling up in my eyes. Faintly, the roaring of the crowd came back to me.

"Forgive me, Spider," I choked.

"And we're going to fight for her again?" he roared.

"Yes! Oh God yes, Spider! Sing—remember it—sing the old battle song once more!" And with the wind howling about the eaves, and the tenants above thumping upon the floor for silence we stood there arm in arm booming out the "Snarl Of Victory".

Potter, keenest of the Chicago detective force, was striding up and down in front of the cab. He seemed oblivious to the rain which came down in a steady sheet, ran down the front of his oilskin helmet and thence along his drooping cigar where it splashed dismally upon the ground.

"Ready?" he barked.

I nodded.

"Queer stuff," he growled. "Smith was as alive and healthy as you are, two hours ago, and they got him."

"Who did?"

"How do I know!" he yelled. "He had just gone upstairs after dinner to change his collar and get ready for the evening trade. His wife heard him fall. She caught him on the bounce, and he lived just long enough to hand her the key to the malt cellar and wind his watch."

"Was it a Hamilton watch?" I ventured, hoping to keep conversation going. "I have a Hamilton and in the last two years—you won't believe this—it has lost only—I always keep it on my dressing table at night—"

Webb broke in harshly. "Potter, he's been poisoned!"

"No sir!" The little detective shot a glance in Webb's direction. "We've checked up on everything he had to eat and there was nothing in his entire supper. Soup, radishes, catsup, boiled eggs, fried onions, liver, beer, and prunes—absolutely nothing!"

"What kind of catsup?"

"Heinz, sir!"

"And the soup?"

"Van Tramp's! A delicious combination of fresh tomatoes cooked to a tasty simmer, iced, pure East Indian pep-

per added, and tinned by capable dietetic experts. Untouched by human hands from start to finish, sir!"

"Did anything happen between the time he left the dinner table and the moment when he ascended the stairs?"

"Yes, he sat down to play a few pieces on a second hand mandolin he had purchased the week before. Starting off with *Darling Nellie Gray*, he moved to Cowski's *A Lower Flat*, and then hesitated a moment before commencing *How Pure You Are Tonight, Dear*. His playing grew worse as he proceeded, and after striking the eighth sour note in succession, he flung the instrument across the room, hiccoughed twice, and swayed towards the stairway. He was dead ten minutes later."

There was a pale light shining through the rain, which had turned to mist and then back to rain before we could stop it. The three of us clambered out of the vehicle and swarmed up the steps to the morgue. The cabby stood looking after us, and I thought he appeared a little mistful.

A policeman sat dozing in an armchair at the grilled entrance to the undertaking room. Potter kicked him viciously in the ribs. The man awoke with a start, shouting, "I'll raise you five!" and then catching himself as he saw who it was.

With unerring accuracy Potter went directly to the lone body lying under its temporary shroud of the previous day's *Tribune*. He whisked the paper off, handing it to me, and we stood gazing in silence at the body of Smith.

"He's dead!" I could hear my voice echoing and re-echoing down

the silent halls, finally ending in an old trash barrel in a closet.

Webb had whipped out his microscope and was busily examining the lips of the dead man. Suddenly he whirled upon Potter.

"Why didn't you tell me!" he fairly screamed.

"Wh-a-a-wh-a-a-t?" faltered Potter, turning deathly pale.

"There was garlic in those onions he ate!"

I bent over Webb.

"Have you seen this?" I queried, fairly trembling in my eagerness.

"What?" he snapped, glaring at me with eyes that glowed like a cat's.

"Why, oh, nothing very important, but I thought you might be interested."

"What, for God's sake, what!" He had gasped me by the coat collar with a grip of steel.

"Here," I said, shoving it in front of him. "Brigg's cartoon in yesterday's *Tribune*. It's pretty good, and you'll die when you come to the part where—" he shut me off.

Potter was staring at the mouth of the corpse.

(Continued on page 32)

SELFISH

*If I'm shedding any tears at all,
Don't flatter yourself they're for you,
I'd never let my eyes get red
Because of what you do.
Cry for you? Why, no, indeed;
Myself, my tears are for.
It's painful to me to realize
My judgment is not worth more.*

—Ananias

Judge: You are charged with stealing an iceless refrigerator from a local electrical store. What have you to say in your defense?

Prisoner: Your honor, it was all a mistake! My wife told me what to bring home, and I couldn't remember whether she said a refrigerator or a sewing machine, so I took a chance and got the wrong thing!



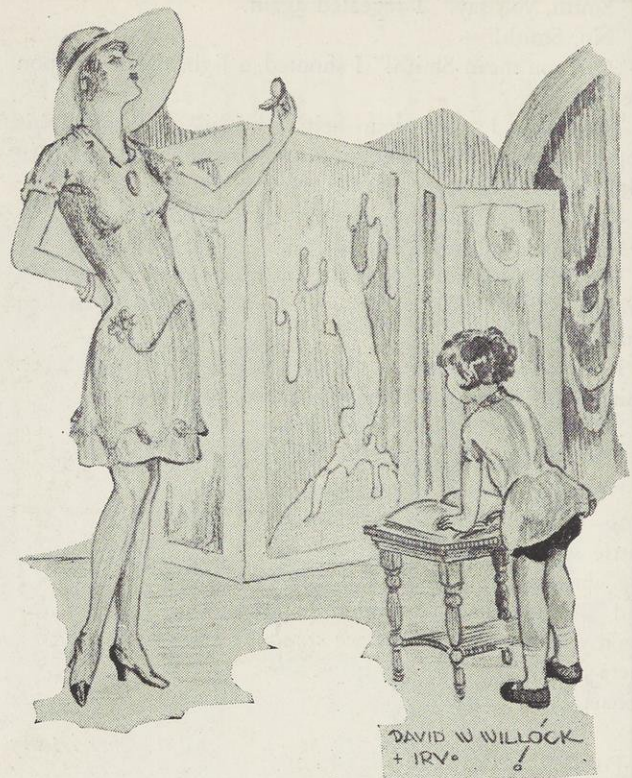
Wife: What do you think about this new hat I bought?

Hubby: I'm mad about it!



Exalted Supreme Grand Plenipotentiary Extraordinary of the Supreme Order of Sea Gulls (gent on the left) to the Worthy Imperator: D'ya tink dat guy who just came into de sacred chambers is a bona-fide Sea Gull?

Worthy Imperator: I dunno, he ain't dressed in good taste for a Sea Gull lodge meetin', he ain't so well voised on de inner woikins of de lodge, and I don't tink his education is so hot. Mebbe we'd better quiz him again.



Modern Small Girl: Mother, what the hell does 'blush' mean?



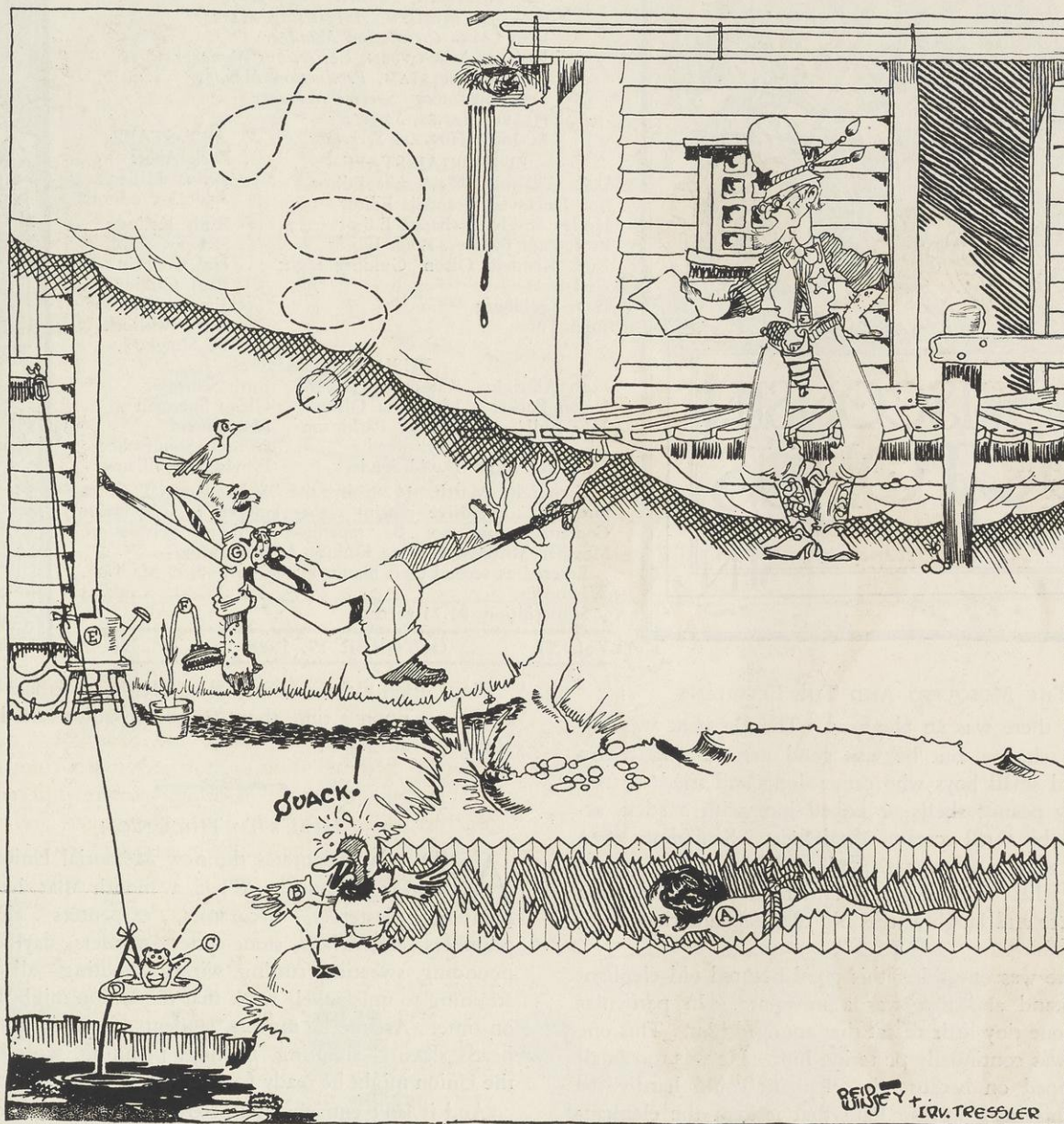
The Fine Art of Rushing

"Glad to meet you Mr. Heffalfinger . . . this your first semester here?—it is, that's fine, I know you'll like it, everyone does. You come from Homebrew, Iowa don't you?—I thought so, say do you happen to know Jim Smith out there? No, well that's too bad . . . maybe you know Al Brown? You do, say isn't that a coincidence, Al used to be a great pal of mine, went to different schools together and all that. Say Hoopalwinger, are you going out for football, baseball, basketball, track, swimming, crew, debate, Octy, the Lit, the Cardinal, tennis, hockey, or gymnastics? You are, well that's fine. I always like to see a fellow out to make something.

Yes, we have five lettermen in the chapter, three managers, two editors, two captains and one water-boy. Yes, we have a very active chapter, in fact I may say that we have the most active on the campus. You've heard of Ted Arnold of course?—he graduated last year, ran everything on the campus for two years, great fellow. Where are you living Hummendinger? Oh, you are, nice place isn't it? I roomed there my first semester. You like the house? Well, we think it is very nice. It was only built last year. No, Italian . . . it's awfully easy to mistake these styles of foreign architecture, fact is I thought it was late tenth century Swedish when I first came here. What course are you taking? Arts, yes, that's what everybody takes the first year. How do you like Prof. Greer? Well, there's the gong, how about something to eat? I guess you won't refuse, eh Hozzensinger? We have great food—finest cook on the campus."

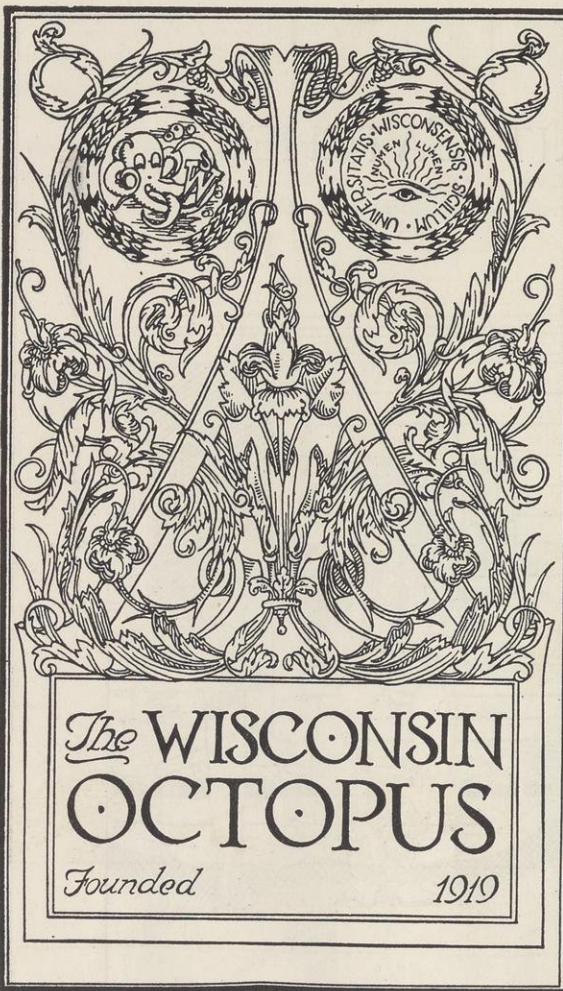
THE CULVERT CULPRIT CATCHER

OBJECT: To Prevent the Bodies of Newly Murdered Young Ladies from Being Stuffed Under Culverts



Key to Diagram: When body (A) is stuffed into culvert it startles duck (B) which drops frog (C) from mouth. Frog leaps out end of culvert on to false lily pad (D) causing watering can (E) to upset and empty its contents onto drooping golden rod plant (F) which revives, straightens up, and

thrusts its pollen laden blossoms underneath nose of sleeping hay-fever sufferer (G) who sneezes, wakes up, and dislodges carrier pigeon which flies home to nest on roof of police station where note of alarm on leg is read and culprit is apprehended.



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THE MOSQUITO AND THE ELEPHANT

ONCE there was an elephant. The elephant was big and clumsy, but he was good natured and didn't really mind small boys who came along and tried to feed him empty peanut shells or poked him with a stick, accompanied by shrill screams of delight. Sometimes even grownups were mean enough to thump him on the end of his trunk where it was tender and then stand back at a safe distance and laugh at this big old elephant chained to his post.

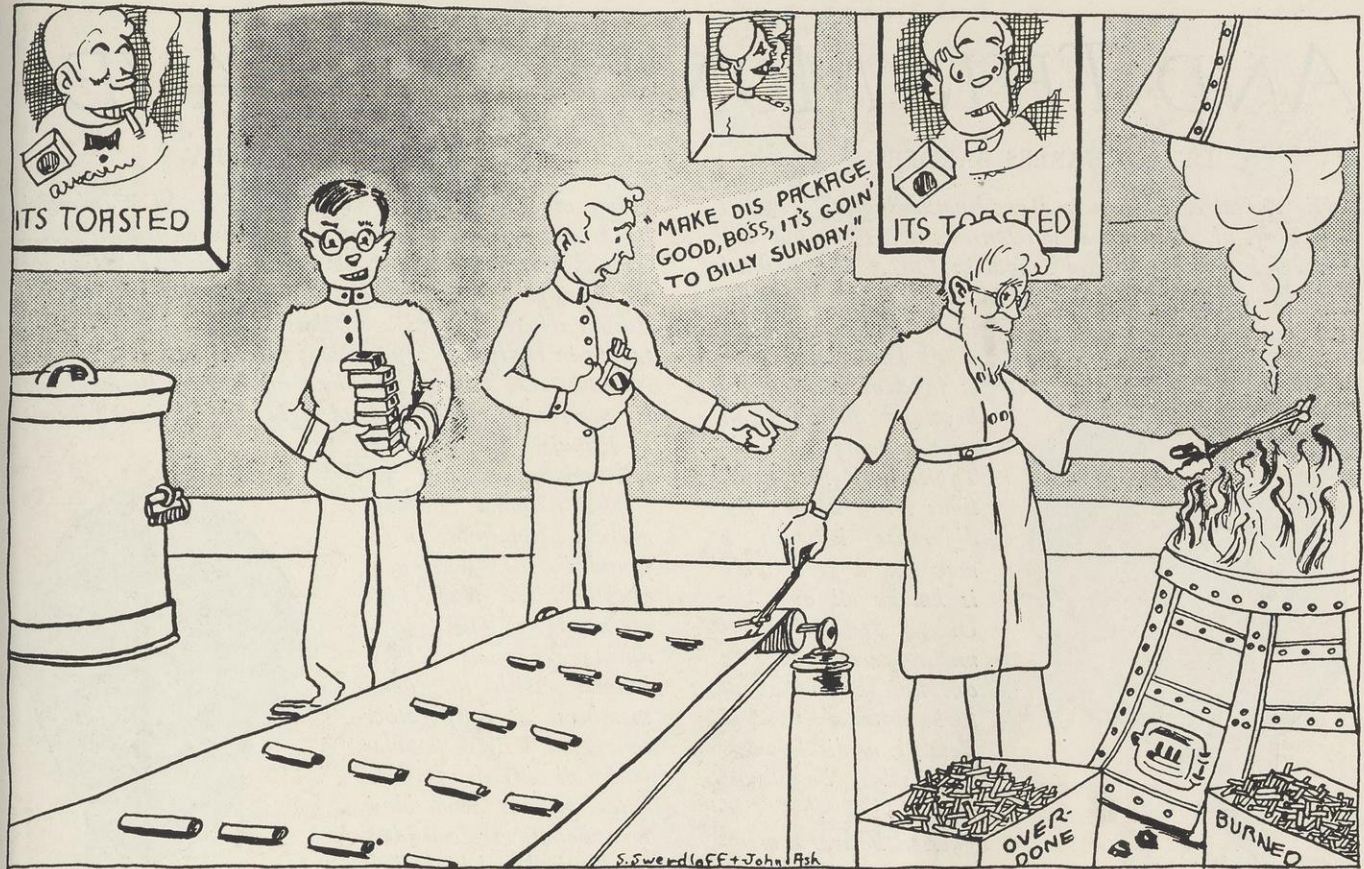
But there was one thing this good natured old elephant couldn't stand and that was a mosquito. In particular there was one tiny little insect that annoyed him. This one mosquito was continually pestering him. He was too small to be stepped on because the elephant could hardly see him, but his buzz was so loud that it kept the elephant awake nights. Then in the daytime when the elephant was busy the tiny mosquito came buzzing around again and tried to bite the elephant. But the big creature only brushed him away with his trunk and went on eating. This made the mosquito angry, terribly angry, so he went away and told a lot of other mosquitoes that the elephant wouldn't pay any attention to him. The other mosquitoes grew angry also and came back and tried to show the elephant that they were his equal and not to be trifled with. But the big old elephant again only snorted, brushed them away with his trunk, and went on eating his hay.

Once upon a time there was an elephant named University; once upon a time there was a mosquito called Father Hengell; once——.

HERE'S TO THE UNION

AND today celebrates the new Memorial Union's first working month! What a month that has been. Painters, plasterers, decorators, carpenters, tinsmiths, plumbers, electricians, stone-cutters, graders, day-labourers pounding, sweating, cutting, wiring, shouting—all of them straining to finish their work that the Union might be open on time. Architects, movers, students, foremen, committee heads slaving, shouting, rushing, planning, worrying that the Union might be ready for Freshman Week. They did it.

And it isn't entirely completed yet. For another month there'll be workers around. There's more decorating to do. There's more stone-laying, more fixture installing, more grading to be done. All the telephones aren't in yet. The elevators only work about two-thirds of the time, and there are crates and boxes in nearly every hall. But no-one kicks. Did you ever try to set up and start going a small city, and expect it to operate like clockwork from the start? No, nor has anyone else. We take our old gray fedora's off to all those who have worked like demons to put the Union in operation, and leading them all are two supermen, Porter Butts and Charles Dollard!



Famous Men of Famous Industries: The Man Who Toasts Lucky Strikes



Seats Of The Mighty

AND THIS MONTH WE HAVE—

DEAN CHARLES BARDEEN

His typical expression is a good-natured grin. He has been Prof. of Anatomy at Wisconsin since 1904 and was made Dean of the Medical School in 1907. He obtained his B.A. at Harvard and his M.A. at Johns Hopkins.

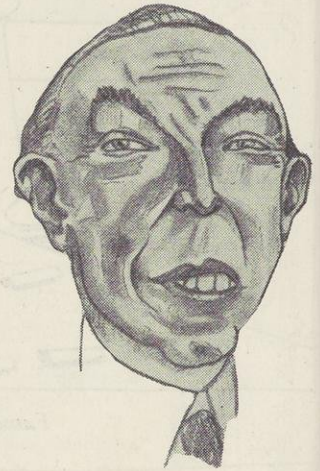


Even his best friends don't know him. He is fond of asking Embryology questions on an Anatomy exam. Typical of his questions is: "What's the difference between a man and a fish?" He is known all over the United States for his medical writings. At one time he was about to be initiated into Phi Beta Pi, medical fraternity, when he slowly recalled that "he guessed he was a member of another fraternity." He belongs to

Alpha Mu Pi Omega. He has three sons, William, John, and Tom, and two daughters, Helen and Ann. He plays a good game of golf, but has a bad slice to his drives. He doesn't know what "enemy" means.

MAJOR E. W. MORPHY

For nine years he has taught members of Wisconsin's bands and orchestras all they knew. He went to school at State Normal, Potsdam, N. Y. His musical education was obtained at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston where he held a scholarship. For three years he taught in Halifax, Nova Scotia, followed by a year of study in Paris. On returning to the United States he taught for six years at Decatur, Ill., and eight years at the University of Illinois. He is a charter member of Phi Mu Alpha, national honorary musical fraternity, and founded the Wisconsin chapter. He plays the violin. He is VERY strict during rehearsals, VERY intimate with the band members at any other time, and VERY popular with all his boys. He hates persons who blow saxophones. He considers the football and basketball bands which he trains as "vaudeville stuff". He was married on June 30 last.



GEORGE LITTLE

"Big George" the boys call him. He was born in Washington, D. C., thirty-nine years ago. He took his undergraduate work at Ohio Wesleyan and Ohio State. Between 1912 and 1922 he was head football and basketball coach at Ohio State, University of Cincinnati, and Miami University successively and successfully. For one year he taught agriculture at Cincinnati U. In 1922 he came to Michigan as Assistant Director of Athletics and Football Coach. Two years later he was made head Football Coach, and the following year came to Wisconsin as Coach. The next year he was made Director of Athletics. He was a Captain of Infantry for twenty-six months during the war. He is a member of Alpha Tau Omega. He personifies the "go-gettem, out-of-my-way, pardon-me!" American. Some people don't like him, most people do. His hobby is trout fishing. He has a fourteen months old son, George. He is a man of boundless energy. He is an ideal Director of Athletics. For three and a half years he has worked as an usher—ushering in a new and finer era in Wisconsin athletics.



Words by

John Ash

and

Irv Tressler

**DRAWN BY
DICK ABERT**
WITH ALL DUE
RESPECT TO
THE VICTIMS

Russian Lover:
And what shall we do
tonight, dear?

His Woman: Oh,
let's go out and sit on
the steppes, mother's
in the parlor.

"Did you know
that Bob nearly
drowned last week?"

"How was that?"

"He flunked out of
the floating Univer-
sity."

"What about our foreign relations?" roared the
candidate for Senator.

"My poor relations trouble me enough as it is,"
replied the meek little man in the back row.

McSlice: Do you remember that old golf song?

McHooch: Which?

McSlice: After the Ball.

He: Do you know that man over there?

She: Yes, I used to sleep with him.

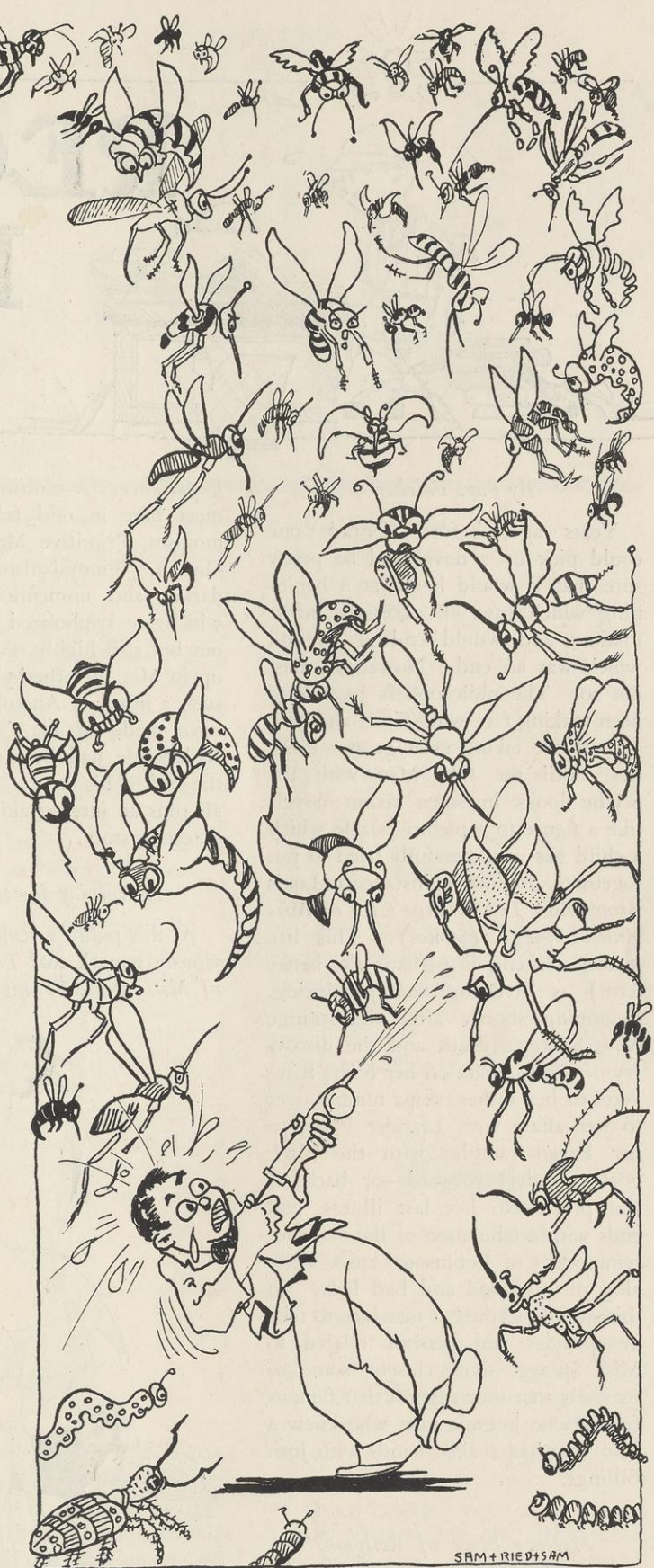
He: What?

She: We used to sit together in econ lecture.

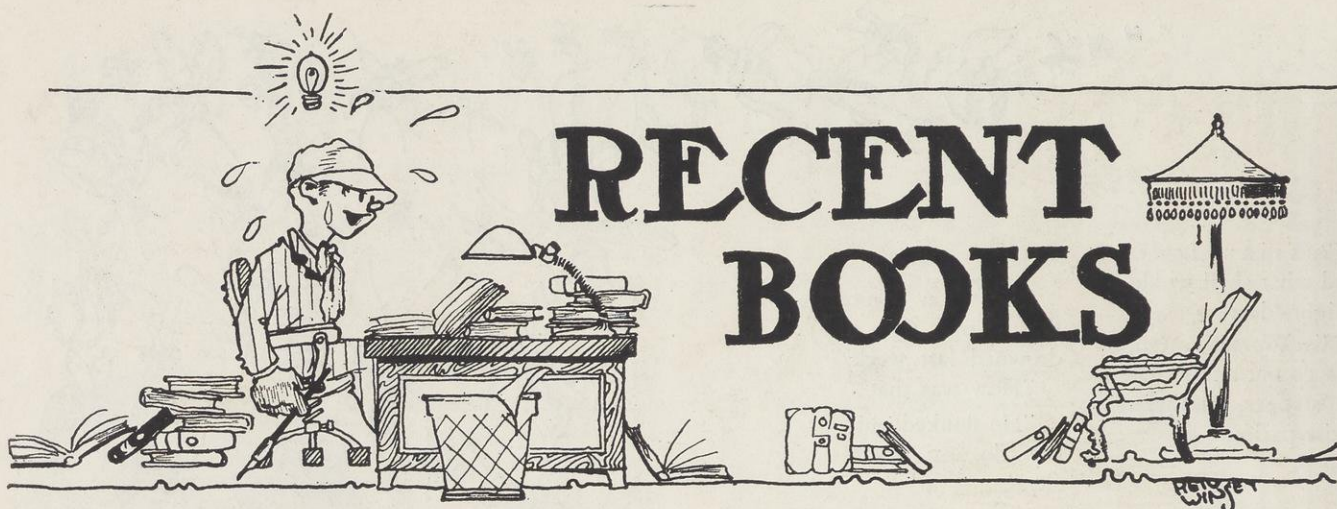
She: No, John, I am sorry, but I can never be
anything but a sister to you.

He: All right, sis, give your brother a kiss and
lend him five bucks till next week.

A young married couple received a copy of Judge
Lindsey's "Companionate Married" for a wedding
present. On the card enclosed was: Many Happy
Returns Of The Day.



The Inventor of "Flit" Has A Nightmare



By Paul Fulcher

Years ago, before Conrad, one could pick up a novel and be pretty sure that it would begin at a beginning which gave all necessary information, and would end at an end which was an end. Nowadays, alas, not so. The philosophers have long been making free with Time, and now authors are taking even greater liberties, until the Old Man with the Scythe looks in some recent novels like a figure in a picture-puzzle which a child has unsuccessfully tried to put together. A notable instance is Louis Bromfield's *The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg* (Stokes). This life history (legend is perhaps the better term) is diverting and perplexing. Beginning shortly after the strange Miss Spragg's death and the discovery of the stigmata on her body, it reverts to her father, skips nimbly over to her affair with Leander Potts, to her Pagan rambles with the black goat—wanders forward—or back, if you prefer—to her last illness, and ends with a tabulation of the evidence reminiscent of Robinson Crusoe's catalog of his good and bad luck. In this nimble leaping it manages to take in episodes and persons related to Miss Spragg, some closely, some so remotely that they suggest that famous fellow who knew a man who knew a man who had shaken hands with Josh Billings.

Meeting Place of Religions

Had not William James already appropriated the title, the novel might have been called *Varieties of Religious*

Experience. A multitude of religions meet here in odd fellowship—Mormonism, Primitive Methodism, Catholicism, Dionysianism, and those darker and unmentionable worships which are symbolized by the indecorous but still highly revered statue dug up in Mrs. Weatherby's garden. It is such a novel as Anatole France might have made of his Legend of Saint Radegonde had he written it toward the end of his career. And through it all runs an interest akin to that of the detective story.

A Holiday for the Reader

At this point, a reviewer should obviously remark that *The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg* is more than a

pot-pourri of these elements, with something of Aldous Huxley, Norman Douglas, Murray Sheehan, D. H. Lawrence, Dickens, and Howells' *The Leatherstocking* God thrown in. Something more it is, but we scarcely know what. Let us leave it at that. Mr. Bromfield calls it a holiday. A holiday it certainly is, for him and for us, and a merry, giddy one. And if nothing but confetti, tinsel, a burst balloon or two, and a sense of sympathy for and wonderment about some of the performers is left us at the end, that is quite enough. After his fourfold study of the American scene, Mr. Bromfield has earned his day at the carnival, earned even his peep into a naughty side-show or two, and he is kind to take us with him. Only, even on a holiday, he shouldn't write such sentences as "She never seemed to have had but one costume."

Good-bye Wisconsin, by Glenway Wescott (Harper and Brothers) has nothing to do, as one might think from the title, with the embarrassed farewell of a student at midsemester time. It has nothing to do with the university at all, for which we might as well be thankful at once, in case no further cause for gratitude turns up between now and the last Thursday in November. It is, instead, a collection of short stories, introduced by an essay finer than any of them, and attempting to crystallize a transition period in Wisconsin somewhat like that which Miss Cather describes for Nebraska in portions of *My Antonia*.



... to her pagan rambles with the black goat—



If you have admired the interior of the Sig Phi Ep house as we have, you'll enjoy this yarn. When that club was in the hey-day of planning its new house the brothers called in an interior decorator with quite a reputation and asked him to perform. He did; they invited him to remain all night in one of their double deckers, and he did. In the night an S. P. E. somewhat artistically inclined, got at the decorator's plans and by mistake copied all the good information therein. And that is how, boys and girls, they have such a beautiful interior and no decorator to brag about it.



Never was such a screaming and honking of horns heard in Madison as when the Kappas pledged the two "prize" local girls and edged out the Delta Gammas.



Give the land to the common people but the good football seats to someone else. If you are not a "W" man, a university gardner, a governor of the state, or a rooter for the opposing team, you just don't get a good seat and that's that. If you have enough jack to buy a coupon book, you can get a few feet inside one of the goal posts, but if all you can do is send in a common mail order, you are lucky if you can pick out the home players from where they stick you. Oh Well.

One Of The Season's Best Stories Is—

The one about Hamp Randolph while he was writing some rushing letters for old Phi Kappa Sigma this summer. It appears that Hamp got wind of a promising rushee from Milwaukee and immediately sat down and wrote a beautifully phrased letter to him telling of the beauties of and at Wisconsin, and explaining how glad he would be to help the struggling lad get acquainted. It was a splendid letter from the Phi Kappa Sigma point of view. Imagine Hamp's embarrassment when he received back a very polite letter from the "rushee" stating that he was very sorry, but that he had been a member of the Wisconsin Chapter of Sigma Chi while in college, and had been out of school for several years.



For the first ten days of school our John Best, of Sigma Nu, was not quite himself although he startled his fraternity brothers by answering to his own name. The climax came when he got locked out with a student nurse he'd never seen before, and now he is himself again. Who wouldn't be?

We hear from a reliable source, good looking too, that the son of a multimillionaire registered at summer school for the purpose of passing off as a college man who is perpetually broke. His only object was to discover what part money plays in attracting the feminine sex. Coin is apparently very important. The man left before the six weeks were over.

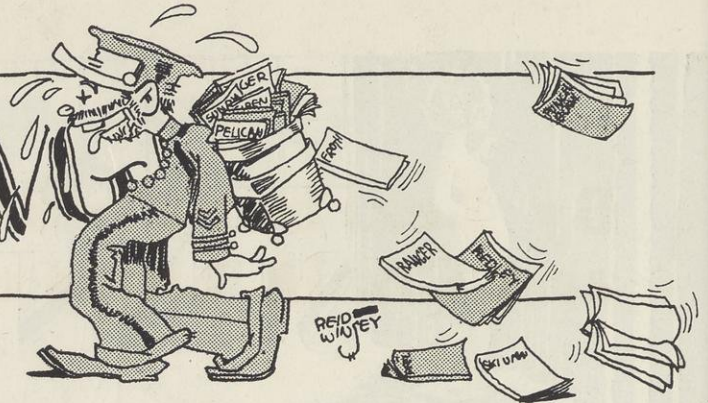


Rumor has it that Hadji-Ali, the regurgitator de-luxe who thrilled audiences at the Orpheum recently, has been giving lessons to Theta daters in anticipation of a repetition of the famous ptomaine poison party of last year.



Sororities are not allowed to give gifts to rushees . . . but they can play bridge with them . . . and the last night the Delta Gammas did . . . but there is no statute against winning a bridge prize . . . and the choice rushee was given the first half of the evening to the first named . . . and she, to the surprise of all, won the prize . . . it was a puppy dog . . . the Thetas dragged dog and girl over to their house . . . the girl left the dog . . . it was quite a mess . . . and the Thetas got the girl, too.

EXCHANGE



Street Urchin: Why did Washington go to Philadelphia?

Frosh: Dunno.

Street Urchin: To play the Athletics.

—Burr



"Well!" said Mr. Kohler of Kohler as he went set, "I played that like a plumber!"

—Virginia Reel

Haughty Lady (entering sea food market): My man, three two-pound lobsters, if you please.

Fish Man: Yes, ma'am, shall I wrap them up?

Haughty Lady: I think you had better, my man, I don't believe they know me well enough to follow me home.

—Colgate Banter

The Height of Something

Chapter won
Glad to meet ya.

Chapter to
Hello, busy Thursday?

Chapter tree
Oh, I simply adore flowers.

Chapter fore
Outsie luf wootsie.

Chapter fife
And I promise to love, honor, etc.

Chapter sick
Da, da, da.

Chapter seven
Where the sam—dinner?

—Bison

No, Joe will not be out tonight.
I have to stop and snicker,
We colored up the "Citrade"
And he thought it was "licker."

—Puppet

'29: He's got camel feet.
'28: Howzat?
'29: They go weeks and weeks
without water.

—Pelican

Shades of the Drama

He: Do you mean to tell me he gave your friend a Rolls-Royce?

She: Well, my dear man, you wouldn't expect her to go to h—l in a wheelbarrow, would you?

—Exchange

He: Shall we sit in the parlor?
She: No, I'm too tired—let's go out and play tennis.

—Bucknell Belle Hop

She: You have such nice lips.
He: I warn you not to talk about anything that might be used against you later.

—Texas Ranger



ADVERTISING NOTE

"Slip into a Bradley and out of doors!"

—Cornell Widow

Store - Of - Friendly - Service

By Learbury — Shadow Stripes and Chalk Lines on Oxford Grey

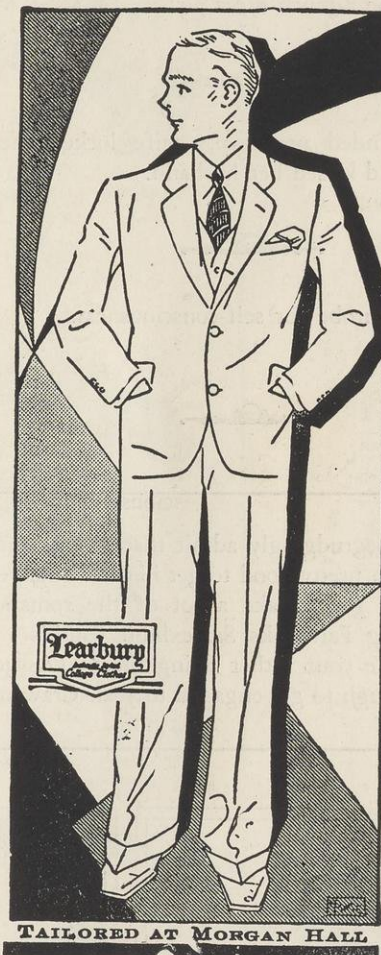
Learbury, exclusive tailors of clothes for University men, have developed this season a variety of dark grey patterns with shadow stripes and chalk lines. The appeal of these clothes to Wisconsin men has surpassed anything in our previous experience.

And the Learbury model—with its smart three button coat—two to button—its six button vest—its correctly shaped trousers—is in our estimation the most perfectly styled garment that we have seen.

And though the materials, styling, and tailoring of Learbury are exceptional, the prices are moderate. You can see them here.

With Two Trousers

\$45



KARSTENS

On Capitol Square—Carroll near State

"Was that Wagner they were playing?"

"No, Binisch."

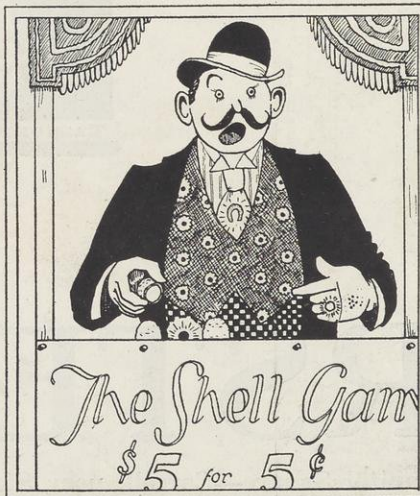
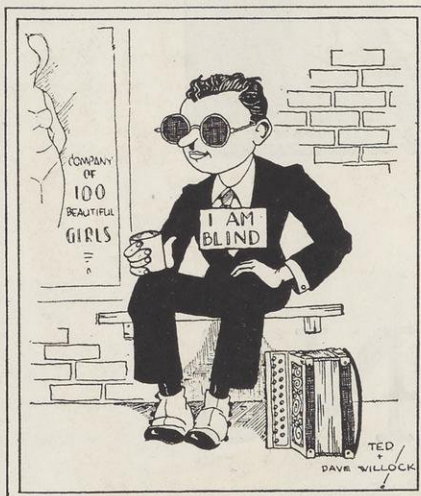
To A Freshman Girl Who Has Not Made A Sorority

Don't worry, it makes little difference—
Especially ten years from now.
Powder your nose, put on a perky hat,
You'll get just as many dates. There are
Lots of boys in your classes.
And when it's all over,
You'll be a much nicer girl.

The absent minded professor's wife locked the door
on the ice man and kissed her husband.

Humor is a bathrobe for self-consciousness.

While we begrudgingly admit that Doug Fairbanks Jr.
must have been pretty good to get himself engaged to Joan
Crawford, it's gonna take a lot of the romance out of
watching Doug Fairbanks Sr. exhibit youth's young pas-
sions. Imagine your father doing that! (Assuming that
you're old enough to get engaged to Joan Crawford.)



How Some People Think The Football Referee Spends His Extra Time



Rookie, first day at army camp: Yessir, when dat cap-
tain told me *I wuzn't* good enough even for K.P. (what-
ever dat is) I said I could hold down dese big jobs as good
as he could widout knowin' nothin' about the army. Boy,
did 'at ever take him down a notch—why he's gonna put
me in a court marshall job dis afternoon. At dis rate I'll
be a general in six months.

USE IN A SENTENCE THE WORD—
(Translated)

Diplomacy

"If the pipe leaks, let diplomacy it"
(the plumber see it).

Bilious

"The bilious sent me has been paid
before."

Donor

"We donor our damndest!"

Cistern

"Will all de brethren and cistern
rise!"

Turnip

"I got turnip that plan in the bud!"
hissed Dan Baxter.

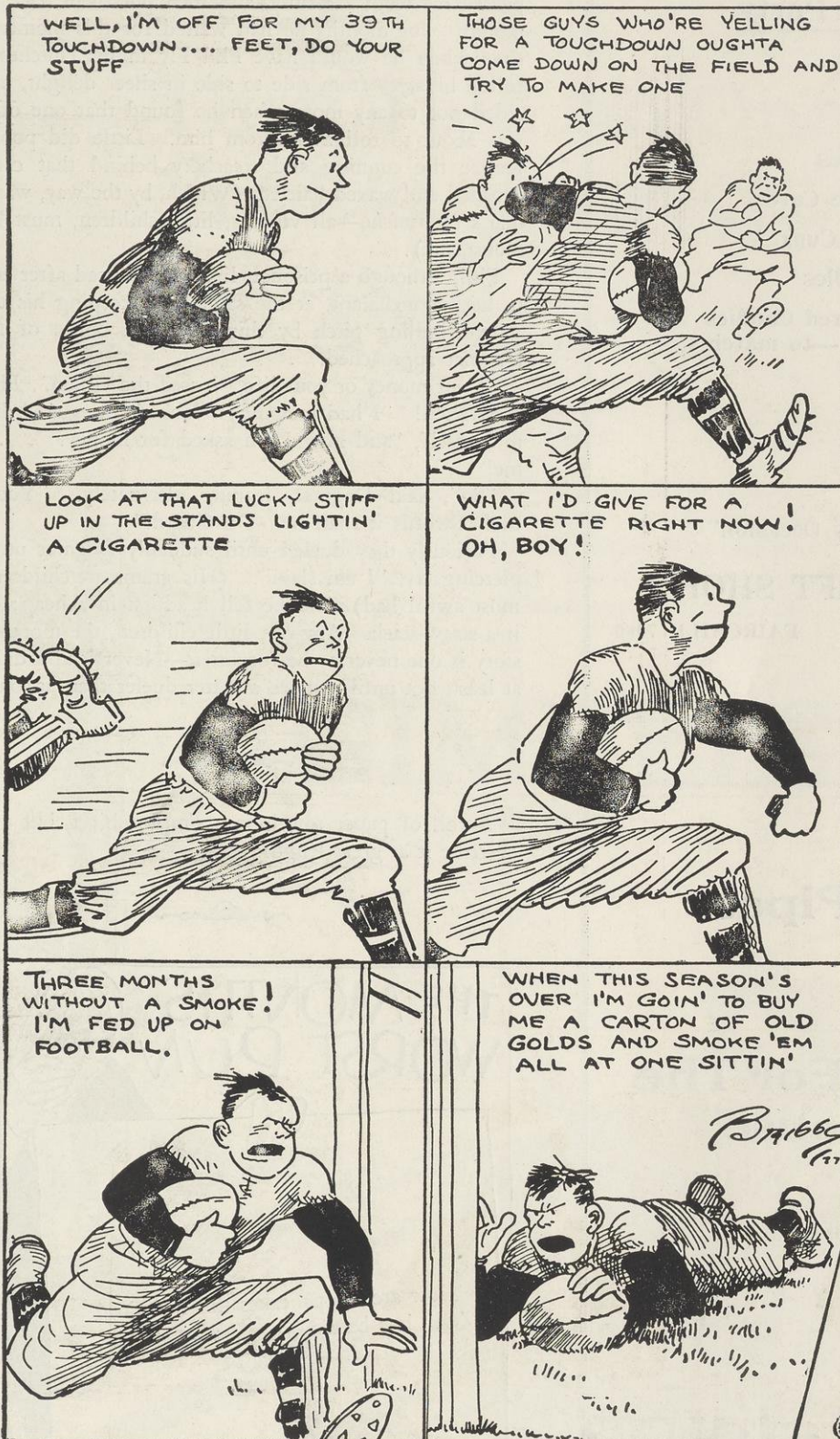
Window

"Let me know window rent comes
due."

Offer

"Offer gosh sakes, can't I go out!"

Wonder What an All-Star Half Back Thinks About : By BRIGGS



© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

.. not a cough in a carload

For that Halloween Party

Tallies
Place Cards
Nut Cups
Candles
Colored Candies
—to match

"A Gift for Every Occasion"

GODARD'S GIFT SHOP

512 STATE STREET

FAIRCHILD 7080

A Bad Time Story

Dagmar Spider whistled a little tune, a catchy little tune, called, "I Got Those Low Down Cobb Web Blues," as he picked his teeth carefully, and then put them back in his mouth. For months he had waited for this moment, the time when he would have Phil Fly in his clutches. He rolled his eyes from side to side in sheer delight, but decided not to any more when he found that one of them was about to roll away from him. Little did poor Phil realize the cunning and treachery behind that carefully brushed and waxed hairlet. (Which, by the way, was Dagmar's moustache—all villains, little children, must have a moustache).

Phil, although a prisoner, light one Murad after another to keep nonchalant, at the same time keeping his temper to the boiling pitch by thinking of a bottle of fly-tox. Dagmar approached. . .

"Your money or your life," hissed the villain. Phil felt crestfallen! "I had imagined I looked collegiate", he said to himself, "and now I am asked for money. . . Ah, me!"

"So", said Dagmar, leaping alternately. "You defy me! Swords it shall be. On Guard!"

Furiously they duelled until suddenly Dagmar uttered a piercing cry, "I am slain". (His grammar, children, was most awful bad) And he fell headfirst in a heap; or was it a straw-stack. Anyway, little children, the moral of the story is one never to be forgotten—Never lead a duel life, at least, not until you are a better dueler than anyone else!

Leaky Pipes

OR

Plumbing For The New House

They're All Pipe Jobs

FOR

R. T. ROYSTON

1319 University Avenue

Fairchild 378

A roll of paper towels is a simple object, but you can describe it at great length.



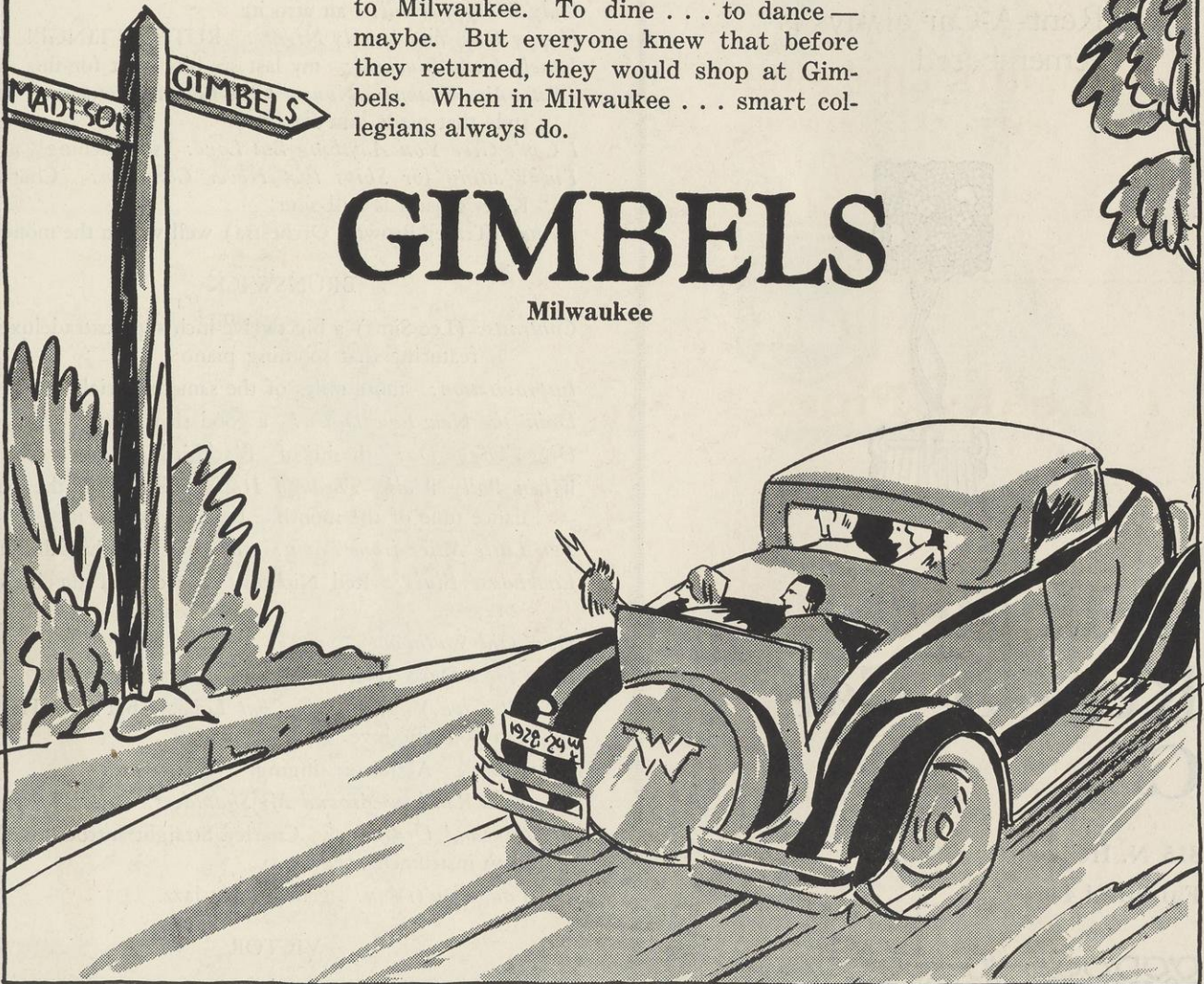
They Told No One . . . Yet Everyone Knew

A FLAME colored roadster . . . two men and a maid . . . and another coed. A whir . . . a whiz . . . a dot in the distance. They were gone. Just where . . . they told no one.

They merely said they were off for a jaunt to Milwaukee. To dine . . . to dance — maybe. But everyone knew that before they returned, they would shop at Gim-bels. When in Milwaukee . . . smart collegians always do.

GIMBELS

Milwaukee





The Same Old Custom Prevails

Most traditions are
discarded into the scrap-
basket but a College
Rent-A-Car always is
remembered



College Rent-A-Car Co.

315 N. Henry St.
Fairchild 4464



THE WAXWORKS

By Tod Williston

COLUMBIA

By Paul Whiteman:

Blue Night: utterly devoid of rhythm.

Roses of Yesterday: smo-o-o-th.

Sidewalks of New York: all politics aside, it's a good recording.

In the Good Old Summer Time: medley of old waltzes.

By Others:

Farewell Blues: the Charleston Chasers revive another great tune.

My Gal Sal: interestingly rowdyish.

Right Out of Heaven: not a harp solo.

Lady Whippoorwill: an atrocity.

Happy Days and Lonely Nights: RUTH ETTING!!!

Lonely Little Bluebird: my last six bits went for this.

That's My Weakness Now: Cliff Edwards returns to the style that made him famous.

I Can't Give You Anything But Love: so touching!

I'm Waiting for Ships that Never Come In: Charles Kaley's band is still sour.

Joline: (Tracey Brown's Orchestra) well within the money.

BRUNSWICK

Contrasts: (Lee Sims) a big twelve-inch superextradeluxer, featuring that soothing piano.

Improvisation: more miles of the same material.

Doin' the New Low Down: a good rhythm number.

Digga Digga Do: the hit of "Blackbirds".

When Polly Walks Through Hollyhocks: quite the best dance tune of the month. Ben Bernie did it.

Ten Little Miles from Town: the choice of the salesgirl.

Limehouse Blues: Red Nichols' wide one of the hit of '24.

Dear Old Southland: yes.

King for a Day: Harry Richmond sings it.

I Can't Give You Anything but Love: but how Harry can pour the love.

Sonny Boy: Al Jolson singing.

There's a Rainbow Around My Shoulders: more Jolson.

Waiting and Dreaming: Charley Straight introduces the new instrument, the F sax.

Do You, Don't You: gentlemanly jazz.

VICTOR

Nagaski: something new.

Moonlight Madness: all triplets.

Is It Gonna Be Long: selected.

Don't Cry Baby: nothing original there.

Memories of France: so-so.
Wild Cat: no other name would do.
Doin' Things: squeaky fiddle and guitar.
That's Just My Way of Forgetting You: just another waltz.
Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble: hectic.
Milenberg Joys: (Cotton Pickers) the noisiest Victor record in some time.
If You Don't Love Me: Johnny Marvin. Hear it.
Old Man Sunshine: real much good.
That's What I Call Keen: hot hash.
I'm More Than Satisfied: effective arrangement.
My Angel: (Jesse Crawford) well worth hearing.
What D'ya Say: the month's best on Victor.

A frugal Scot
 Is Jock MacWham
 He dinna even
 Gi' a damn.

—News

WHAT THEY LAUGHED AT WHEN MOTHER
 WAS A GIRL



A MERE FORMALITY

Bertie Blazer: Suppose I should kiss you?
Miss Summerhaze: I'd scream.
Bertie Blazer: But no one could hear you.
Miss Summerhaze: I know it.

—Puck (1893)

Know us as the home of
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES
JOHNSON & MURPHY SHOES
STETSON HATS
Smart Style and Good Quality



Copyright 1928
 Hart Schaffner & Marx

**It's the wide variety
 you find here**

The new shades of Grenadier blue, stone grey and Chippendale brown—in the new fabrics and correct styles—hundreds of them here

\$50

With Two Trousers

Olson & Veerhusen Company

7 and 9 N. Pinckney Street



BOLD STRIPES HAVE GONE

To Leavenworth perhaps or, if you prefer a southern exposure, to Atlanta.

Stripes for university men this fall are subdued, soft rich blends which savor of gentility.

Braeburn has exactly expressed this spirit.

The College Shop

Next to the lower campus

U. W. RENT - A - CAR

Better Cars and Better Service.

Fords and 1928
Pontiacs

Delivered and Called For

Fairchild 6676
218 N. Bassett Street

"I've been window shopping."

"Whadda ya mean, window shopping?"

"Why, looking in windows."

"Hell, nobody's going to bed at this time of night."

—Pelican

My girl is as patient as the president of a poverty-stricken college listening to the grammatical errors of a philanthropic millionaire.

—The Log

Buzz: I've only had two girls walk home on me.

Fuzz: What did the rest do?

Buzz: Run.

—Arizona Kittykat

THE CARDINAL BEAUTY SHOPPE

625 STATE ST.

Reminds you of Excellent Service
In every line of beauty culture

Call F. 3966
Open: Wed. Fri. & Sat. Eve.

Member of
National Hairdressers Assn.

It's a weak clothes-line that breaks under the strain of a flapper's wash.

—Ranger



"I say there, Van Kramp, what do you hear from your boy at college?"

"The boy is having quite a time. Going in for a little plastering and painting on the side, you know."

"Oh, working his way through school as a decorator, eh?"

"No, just getting 'plastered' nights, and then trying to paint the town red."

Fountain

Billiards

Camel's Billiard Hall

619 University Avenue

Badger 1

Lunches

Bowling

Mabel: He's so romantic. Whenever he speaks to me he starts, "Fair lady".

Fogarty: Shucks, there's nothing romantic about that. That's just force of habit. He used to be a street car conductor.

—Annapolis Log

Inscription on a tombstone: "Here lies an atheist. All dressed up and no place to go."

—Rutger's Chanticleer

She: Hoot, why did you park here when there are so many nicer places farther on?

He: Because, Joan, this is a case of love at first site.

—U. S. C. Wampus

They tell a story about a tiny ant who gazed longingly but helplessly at the body of a dead horse. Just then a bootlegger's truck rattled by and a case of stuff fell over the end gate and crashed to the ground. A puddle formed and the ant took one sip. Then he seized the dead horse by the tail and shouted: "Come on, big boy, we're going home."

—Ranger

And Goes a Long Way

She: Why is a kiss like a rumor?

He: 'Dunno, why?

She: Because it goes from mouth to mouth!

—N. Y. Medley

The kind old lady came up to the bright young urchin that was playing in the mud-puddle beside the roadway, and spoke to him. "What pretty red roses you have in your cheeks," she said.

"Naw," replied the kid, "That ain't no roses; that's chewin' terbaccer."

—Arizona Kittykat

Down in the Mouth

She: Um-m-m.

He: Don't squirm like that.

She: Oh-h-h-ah

(Silence)

She: Um-m-m, ug-ahhhh!

He: Get your tongue out of the road.

She: Ogrlmf—mm-mm.

(Silence)

She: OHH! AH-AH-OOO-OOO!

He: Here's your tooth. I bet you couldn't even feel it coming out, could you? Two dollars, please.

—Puppet

Speaking of Lines

There Are "Wicked" Lines, "Fast" Lines, "Hard" Lines, Dramatic Lines And Many Others,—To Say Nothing of Clothes-Lines.

But The Line That Makes You — (Or Breaks You) — In University Is The Line You "Sling" With Your Fountain Pen.

The Fluency Of Your "Line" Depends Upon The Ease With Which Your Fountain Pen Makes Its Line Upon The Paper.

Rider's Masterpen Writes At Touch. With Rider's Masterpen In Your Hand, Just Think! — And You Find Your Thought Neatly Recorded. Get In Line With The Host Of Satisfied Users Of Rider's Masterpen—The Pen That Makes The Line That Makes You.

Sold Locally At

Rider's Pen Shop

650 State Street



In Step with the New Coat Mode

The outstanding themes upon which all Paris is agreed is stressed in many beautiful versions for the young Collegienne.

A Feature Group at

\$49.75

Baron Brothers
INC.

GILLER'S DELICATESSEN AND SANDWICH SHOP

For something different in food try Gillers. Our sandwiches and salads are delicious. Fountain service and Steak dinners.

Open Until After Midnight

540 STATE STREET

FAIRCHILD 5662

WE DELIVER

(Continued from page 13)

"Webb," he said in a tense voice, "I believe Smith died of madness. Look at those flecks of foam upon his lips!"

The three of us leaned over the body. Webb, high-powered glass in hand, was examining the latest discovery. Suddenly he snorted. "The only crazy person here is yourself!" he growled, looking scornfully at Potter.

"But that foam—" began Potter.

"Nothing but beer; plain, ordinary, common beer!" He replaced the paper over the body and commenced walking towards the door. We followed.

"1856 Eighth Avenue!" shouted Webb, leaning out of the cab door and emphasizing each separate number with a thump upon the cabby's back.

A small crowd of curious people and thirsty theatre-goers stood before the closed door of Smith's Liquid Emporium, the upper and rear part of which served as the living quarters for the Smith family. We elbowed our way through the jam.

A burly sheriff's man stood guard at the *Family Entrance*. He grinned in recognition as Webb nodded to him.

"The owld lady's inside consolin' hersel' wi' some 'a Snitz's Straight," he whispered hoarsely. "I seen her down t'ree bottles a'ready, an' I only been here an' 'our."

"Anybody left here this evening since the murder?" Webb asked.

"No zir, there wasna' a bloody person, an' you kin lay to that! But wait 'arf a minute, there was—"

Established 1854

Conklin & Sons Company

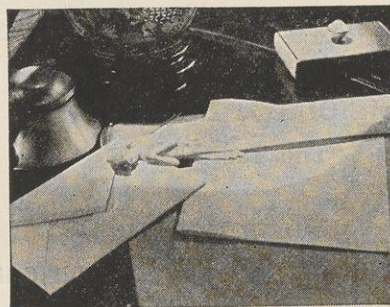
Coal, Coke, Wood and Ice

Fuel Oils and Building Materials
Cement, Sand, Gravel, Lime, Sewer Pipe

Brick and Building Tile

Main Office 24 E. Mifflin Street

Phone Badger 25



A jewel changes
according to its setting



A gem, reset by an artist-jeweler, acquires new radiance and beauty.

Similarly, a letter on rich and correctly styled Old

Hampshire Stationery, takes on added character and charm. Correct stationery of fine quality is an important social asset.

Old Hampshire Stationery

"The Aristocrat of the Writing Table"

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, South Hadley Falls, Mass.

"Who? Tell me quick, you black scoundrel!" cried Webb grasping the man by the coat collar.

"W'y, zir, it wa'nt nothin' but an ol' cat wot ducks between me legs. I ain't so spry as I was oncet, an' I just missed her by a cork's width. As I was tellin' McFlaherty, if I'd 'a been a young man of, say, 'bout your age, zir, I'd 'a had—" Webb had released his grip and was striding through the bar into the small red-carpeted parlor.

A red-eyed, weeping woman sat at the centre table slowly sipping from a mug of beer as she dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief.

"Mrs. Smith, I presume?" Webb began, when the woman turned quickly upon him, snarling, "Yes, go on beat it! I know his policy expired last week without your tellin' me about it!"

Potter stepped forward.

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but this is Webb, the great Webb, who has condescended to help me clear up the mystery of your husband's death."

The woman started, then leaped to her feet, murmuring apologies.

"And now, madam," Webb commenced, "may I see the instrument upon which your husband was playing a few minutes before he—uh—uh—uh—"

"Kicked off?" suggested Mrs. Smith courteously. "Sure!" She placed two fingers to her mouth and whistled shrilly. A rickety-looking girl of about ten years appeared in the doorway. "Betsey! Bring the old man's plinker!" The girl nodded and disappeared.

(Continued on page 34)

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Frank's Restaurant

(Continued from page 33)

"Who's that!" demanded Webb sharply.

"My daughter, sir, and a finer little helpmate you never saw. She's goin' to miss the old fella'. He used to let her take her beer straight on Sundays and holidays."

The girl reappeared, bearing a battered mandolin. She handed it to Webb. He examined it closely, carefully pressing the strings. Suddenly he straightened.

"Smith was not killed by a mandolin!" he announced. "However, he stopped playing somewhere between P and G—the beginning notes to the chorus of *How Pure You Are Tonight, Dear*."

Mrs. Smith smiled.

At this moment the door was flung open. "Mose is here and—oh, I forgot!" It was the little girl. She stood staring uncertainly at her mother. Mrs. Smith turned pale, then regained her self composure.

"Yes, dear, tell him to put the ice in the ice-box and be careful of the milk bottles," she cooed, smiling at her daughter whose thin emaciated form showed through her silk dress.

Webb cleared his throat. "I think that is all for the present", he said, turning and looking at Potter and myself. We took the suggestion and retired from the room, leaving Webb alone with Mrs. Smith.

It was early the next morning that a sharp ring of the bell brought me out of bed with a groan. It was Webb, looking strangely calm and satisfied. He seated himself in an old green easy-chair.

(Next page)

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"Smith," he said slowly, "Smith was not murdered. He died of natural causes."

"But I thought—" I began when he stopped me.

"Arthur," he said, "did you ever hear of a man who made this life a living hell for his wife by forcing her to get up at five o'clock each morning and boiling prunes for breakfast for him?"

"How romantic!" I breathed, wondering what was coming next.

"And," he continued, "did you ever hear of a combination of vegetable soup, horseradish, and liver?"

"The deadliest poison known to man!" I cried.

"And," he went on, "can you imagine the wife of this man having her love for him killed by his tyrannical methods, and having her heart stolen away by a handsome and attractive ice-man? And can you possibly feature her accidentally combining a dinner of these three dangerous ingredients? If you can't," he added, "then you haven't the faintest idea as to how Smith died."

"I-I-I'm afraid I don't quite follow you," I began somewhat weakly. "I-I-I thought at first you might be referring to Al Smith, but it seems that isn't the person. What Smith? You know I'm not very strong. Many people tell me that I should go—"

For a long time he stared at me. Then suddenly, slowly he got up, walked across the room, and struck me a blow—a brutal staggering blow. Then he walked out, slamming the door behind him. For a long time I rather resented this act of his, but now I can see that we all have our idiosyncrasies and that this was probably just some queer little twist to his makeup.

(The End)

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Nearly A Half Century

Thomas, the minister's small son, was invited to dine with a very wealthy playmate of his. Upon arriving at the dinner he was somewhat abashed to find a larger gathering of grown-ups than he had expected and was extremely embarrassed when his friend's mother asked him to say grace.

"What is grace?" asked Thomas.

"Why!" exclaimed his hostess, "it is what your father says when he sits down to eat."

"Oh," replied Tom, much relieved, and then as everyone bowed their heads, "God what a meal to set before a white man!"

—*Harvard Lampoon*



"Harry, let me up this instant—
from the way those people who just
went past stared, I can tell my nose is
shiny!"

Quantity Production

"Do you fellows wash your own clothes at the house?"

"Heck, no."

"Well, what's that washing machine for?"

"That's no washing machine. That's our cocktail shaker."

—*Cornell Widow*

An Apple A Day . . .

"Where are you goin' with that bag of apples?"

"To see the doctor's wife!"

—*N. Y. Medley*

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FAIRCHILD 334

WHY I ACCEPTED MY INVITATION TO THE BETA SIG SORORITY

I always believe in doing things thoroughly or not at all as any of my friends who know me will tell you, and so I am going to tell the story right from the beginning which is when I first got my bid. I rushed right in to mother as I always tell my mother every little thing I do and think and all about my dates and how I do everything she tells me to when I am alone with a young man as any of my real friends will tell you, and so I rushed in as I always do—I am so affectionate by nature and mother says I get it from her side of the family, but that is another story even if it is very interesting especially what my father says about it—and so I rushed in and I danced around and shouted—mother always tells me I am so impulsive but that is half my charm which is being very natural and loving as all of my friends who are not catty will tell you.

I danced around, very impulsively throwing my arms around my dear mother's neck and shouting look what I got, look what I got, and mother said how can I see when

you're choking me to death, dear mother she is so practical and I am just the opposite being very frivolous but practical when I want to because my mother gave me a Settlement Cook Book for my last birthday which says that the only way to a man's heart is thru his stomach and one cannot cook with a frivolous mind but must put one's whole heart and soul into it, not that I am interested in men but it is my nature to try to learn everything I can that will help me in my later life. And my mother read the invitation and she said to me, well Cuddles—she calls me Cuddles because all my young men do, not that I ever give them cause to as any one who knows me will tell you if they are not jealous—and my mother said well, Cuddles, are you going to join the sorority, and I said, I will do whatever you say, mother dear. I am very obedient and I honor and obey my parents except in extreme cases where they do not see things clearly and mother said to me, Do whatever you think best but remember that you were probably brought up better than most of those girls and if you

(Continued on page 38)

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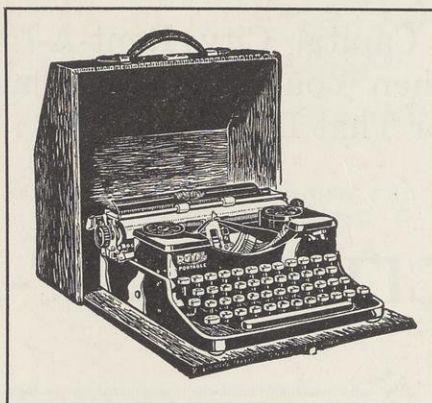
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(Continued from page 37)

do accept their invitation always remember what you are and who you are and do not let them spoil you, and I drew myself up haughtily and said gently but very firmly, Mother, I am not a snob and though I realize all that you tell me and have never forgotten it still I am very democratic and pride myself on not being conceited and so if you will give me your permission I will write to the girls and tell them that if fortune favors us all I shall soon be one of them and mother said with tears in her eyes, my daughter, I am proud of you.

And my dear, dear mother sank down in tears of happiness and pride and I sank down beside her and I thought what a glorious moment this was and how not every daughter could make her mother feel so proud of her and I said very softly and dreamily—I have always been a great dreamer as any of my friends will tell you—and very bravely too for I was frightened at the thought of the great future before me and of how I should always have to live up to the wonderful things people expected of me but it should not be hard as I am a sort of genius for which credit does not belong to me as I was born that way. I am very modest and never take credit that does not belong to me and I said very gently and dreamily and bravely, with my arms around my dear mother and my cheek close to hers, you but spoke the truth mother dear, and I shall always try to live up to our high ideals and then we both cried with happiness and that is how and why I accepted my invitation to join Beta Sig sorority.

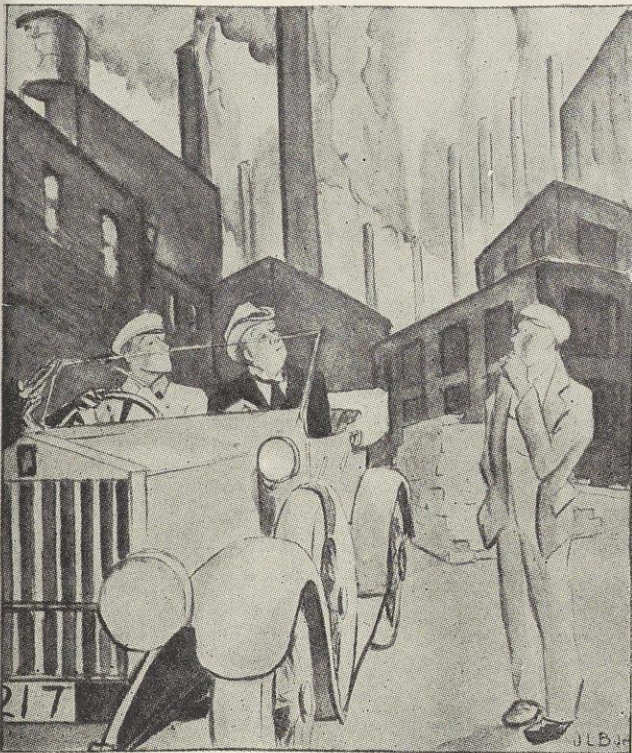
—Molly Pumpian

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SOME OPEN LETTERS TO AL AND HERB

By Bob DeHaven

Oc. 17, 1928

Dear Al,

Yrs. of the first received and allready sold, the Notre Dame Game sure pepped up business. Say, Al, where have you been keepin yourself? I haven't saw anything of you since the Moose convention.

Al, if you could get in this colege, you would like it because the football team is parshul to Smiths. The nuse-papers like them as well because of how easy it is to smell I mean spell. And also, Al, here you wouldn't have anybody to run against you as that is always taken care of before election in a frat house where I eat and sleep when the food's good, unless the Cardinal reporters gets hold of your plot and then they can be silenced and paid off in a few dollars and quarts.

In your last letter, Al, you wanted me to look up the likker question. There ain't no question about likker here, Al, its always terrible and hard to keep from being stole.

And about that brown derby, Al, honest I didn't throw it out that train winder, you just don't remember, you might ask that salesman what sat in with us, it seems that it went into the pot jest after yer red underwear.

I know you like the Yanks, Al, but it would have been an entirely different world serious had old Terre Hote been there. Ain't they the ones what got that McNary Haugen combination.

Must quit now and tend to the baby. Remember me to the Mrs.

Ver. Sincy. Yrs.

Bob

Oc. 17, 1928

Dear Herb,

Enclosed under sepearte pkg. please discover six stiff collars which are no longer large enough for me. I thot you'd like to finish them so to speak, but don't get em near fire.

Herb, here at colege I have a g.f. (which means girl friend in our parlence) who would aful like to see you get this office. She has charge (and there will be plenty of them Ha! Ha!) of Next yrs. Cappa rushing funkshuns and she thot it would look good if yer woman poured. I told her I'd really never seen Mrs. H. even cloud up but she didn't laugh.

Their has been some talk, Herb, out in our secshun, the wheel wrks. plant too, as you remember, about you spendin so much time abroad. Now, Herb, anyone who can see what I hear there is to see in Parus and come back willing to sign a 4 yrs. contract not even statin the split on gate receipts deserves to have the Presi Dency as well as a third interest in Peggy Joyce's next divorge.

I will here stop my facial pen and put in my haff hour on the saxaphone. Please excuse the pensil as because the kids are makin nigger dolls agin, rite when you git time and tell me if you git the office.

Ver. Repsy. Yrs.

Bob

6 Keen Reasons why every man wants a Schick Repeating Razor

- 1 These blades are super-keen, infinitely sharper
- 2 They load inside the razor handle, 20 in a clip
- 3 Not one blade edge is ever touched until it touches the face
- 4 The razor itself is perfectly balanced
- 5 Blades are changed in 1 second by a pull and a push of the plunger
- 6 Results: Marvelous shaves in half the time



THE Schick blade is different—it feels different on your face, if you can feel it at all. It glides over your cheek in long smooth strokes. It severs every hair close to the skin line but leaves no sting or soreness. That is because in the Schick plant there are new processes of grinding, honing and stropping.

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WHEN you acquire a Schick you acquire a lifetime of smooth, quick shaves. The razor balances perfectly in your hand. It is easy to get the correct shaving angle and to keep it so that the beard is removed evenly.

And Schick's handle contains 20 fresh untouched blades, each good for many shaves. A quick pull and a push of the plunger removes the used blade and puts a new one in shaving position. Ask your dealer to show you.

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Peggy—

It's the new "Secretary" Dress. I bought it at the Rosmor \$15 Shop. While they designed it for the business woman it is the smartest dress for school wear I have seen this season. They have it in several colors.

First Co-Ed—

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Fairy Tale

The newlyweds boarded the train on the start of their honeymoon. The embarrassed groom tipped the porter to not let out that they were just married.

Everything went along fine for an hour, and then laughter and pandemonium broke out. The groom called the porter.

"I thought I told you not to tell these people that we were just married."

"Wal, suh," replied the porter, "one genman ask me if you all is jes' married, and I told him no, that you all is jes' chums."

—Pitt Panther

"What are you going to do with that wood alcohol?"
"I'm saving it for my blind brother."

—Mugwump

Keep Going

Jones went to the picture show the other night and saw "The Purple Garment." Came home and slept in purple pajamas.

The next night he saw the "Black Mantle." Came home, and slept in his black night shirt.

A night later he saw "The Follies."

Now the durned fool is about to die with pneumonia.

—Ranger

Paul H. Simon

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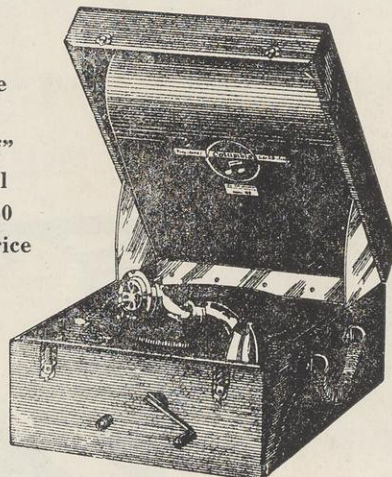
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"G'By Parson, I'se taking mah bride to Florida fob our honeymoon."

"Is you goin' to Tampa wit her?"

"Miami."

—Okla. Whirlwind

When the
Whistle Blows

Be Ready
in a
LEARBURY



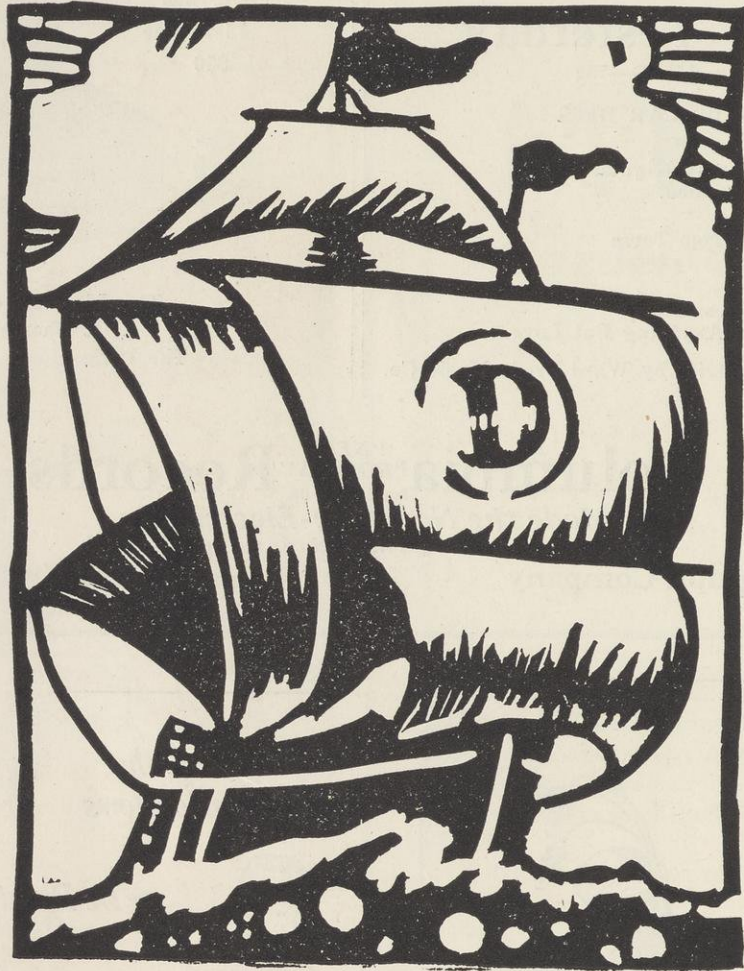
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—Exchange

Wife: I've put your shirt on the clothes horse, Jim.

Jim: What odds did you get?

—Grinnell Malteaser

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the lecturer, "I understand the language of wild animals."

From the back of the hall piped a voice, "Well, the next time you see a skunk, ask him what's the big idee!"

—Lyre

1988

"Grandfather, tell us where you got those wounds."

"Wa-al, let me see, I came by this scar on my face when John Gilbert captured me in 'The Big Parade'. As for this broken leg of mine, I got that when I was a member of the German Air Forces in 'Wings'. But it was in 'What Price Glory' that I finally was killed."

Terrible, Eh?

"What is your Christian name?"

"Heh! Heh! Fooled you—I'm a Turk!"

—U. of W. Columns

Middy: My grandfather was a successful man. He made his mark.

Second Ditt: Yeh, mine couldn't write either.

—Annapolis Log

"Have a cigarette?"

"Sir—I go to Wellesley."

"Pardon me. Have a cigar."

—Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern

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Phone Badger 1180

Hirum: Going to town tomorrow, Firum?

Firum: Don't guess so, Hirum. What's happening up there?

Hirum: Oh, nothing; only a nude woman is going to ride a horse down town.

Firum: Guess I will go then, Hirum; it's been nigh onto fifty year since I've seen a horse.

—Georgia Cracker



Good God!

B. H.: What was the matter?

T. B.: He couldn't bear to hear his triplets crying, and so he went bankrupt buying Castoria.

—Arizona Kittykat



"What's that song you're singing?"

"The Road to Mandalay."

"Would you mind taking a detour over the rough spots?"



The average man sets his alarm clock early to prove his intentions—and then shuts it off to go back to sleep—to follow his inclination.

Cluck: Why are you eating those tacks?

Hen: I'm going to lay a carpet.

—Reserve Redcat



"I hear the Sultan is introducing the Honor System in the harem."

"Yes, he caught the doctor cheating on his examinations."

—Va. Reel



Prof: Who invented bookkeeping?

Stude: Well, Eve had a loose-leaf system.

—Oklahoma Whirlwind



She: Whose picture is this?

He: Oh, that's a picture of me when I was a baby.

She: Oh, you were a nice bald-headed baby.

He: Hey, you're looking at that picture upside down.

—Pup

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the elite, the intelligensia
and the cognoscenti of
varsity circles, usually
buy their gifts at the
mouse-around gift shop,
upstairs at 416 State St.

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A Gift Shop

Now they all say,
And the argument's sound,
It's love that makes this world go
round;
Is there any better reason
You've heard
Why things should be so horribly
absurd?

—Ananias



The bride was very much disconcerted at seeing twin beds in their bridal suite.

"What's the matter, dearest?" asked the attentive bridegroom.

"Why I certainly thought that we were going to get a room all to ourselves."

—Punch Bowl



All men are brothers under the gin.

Malone Grocery

Agency

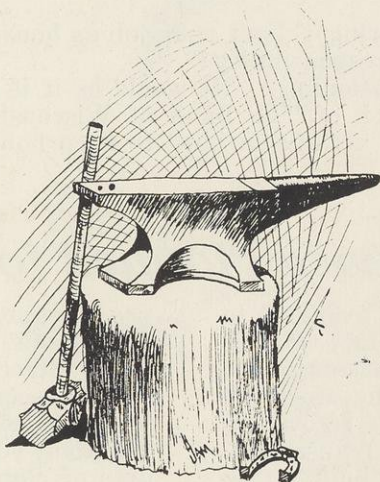
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Something Hard to Beat

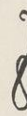


"And here, operator," said the somewhat stingo young man, dropping another nickel in the phone box, "is a little something for yourself."

—Yale Record



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Impression Is
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Important



In printing the personality of the writer shines forth



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Straus Printing Co.

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State Street Branch

STATE AT GILMAN



How to be a "letter-man" in 1949

THE game is like the games of undergraduate days.

Line-up mental stature and intellectual courage with physical stature and personal courage. And you have

the ingredients of the man to whom industry turns for its big decisions.

It may be reassuring to the man in college to know that the limitations on the number who can take part in industry's game are few.

The field is open — wide open.

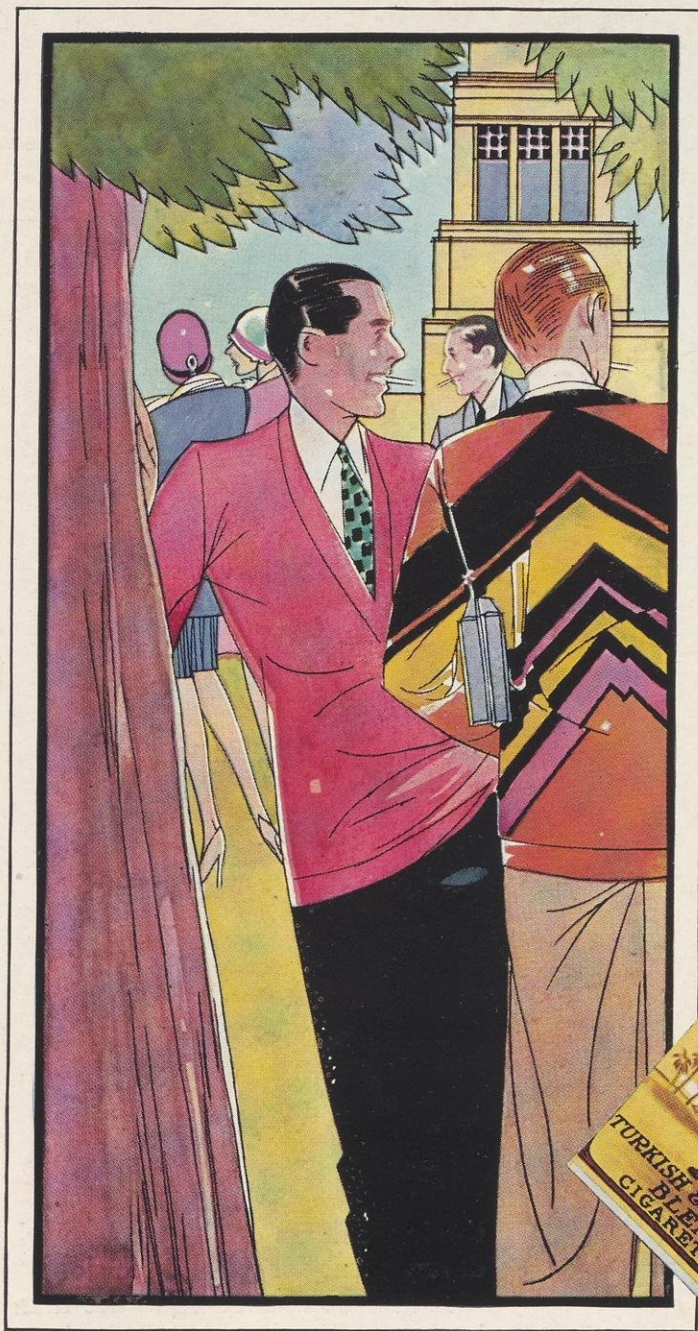
The needs are vast.

There's plenty of room for those who can answer the call for candidates with the mental equipment and the viewpoint to tackle the world's problems hard and sure.



Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM



If all the Camel smokers in the world were placed end to end, they would reach—for more *Camels*!

CAMEL smokers know too much about choice tobaccos to go off on a tangent. In the idiom of a prominent public personage, they “do not choose” to be sidetracked. Why? Dunt esk! For thereby hangs a tale . . . a tale of the up-and-up enjoyment experienced smokers have found in this finest blend of choice Turkish and Domestic tobaccos.