

Octopus: Haresfoot number. Vol. 11, No. 8

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D C T O P U S



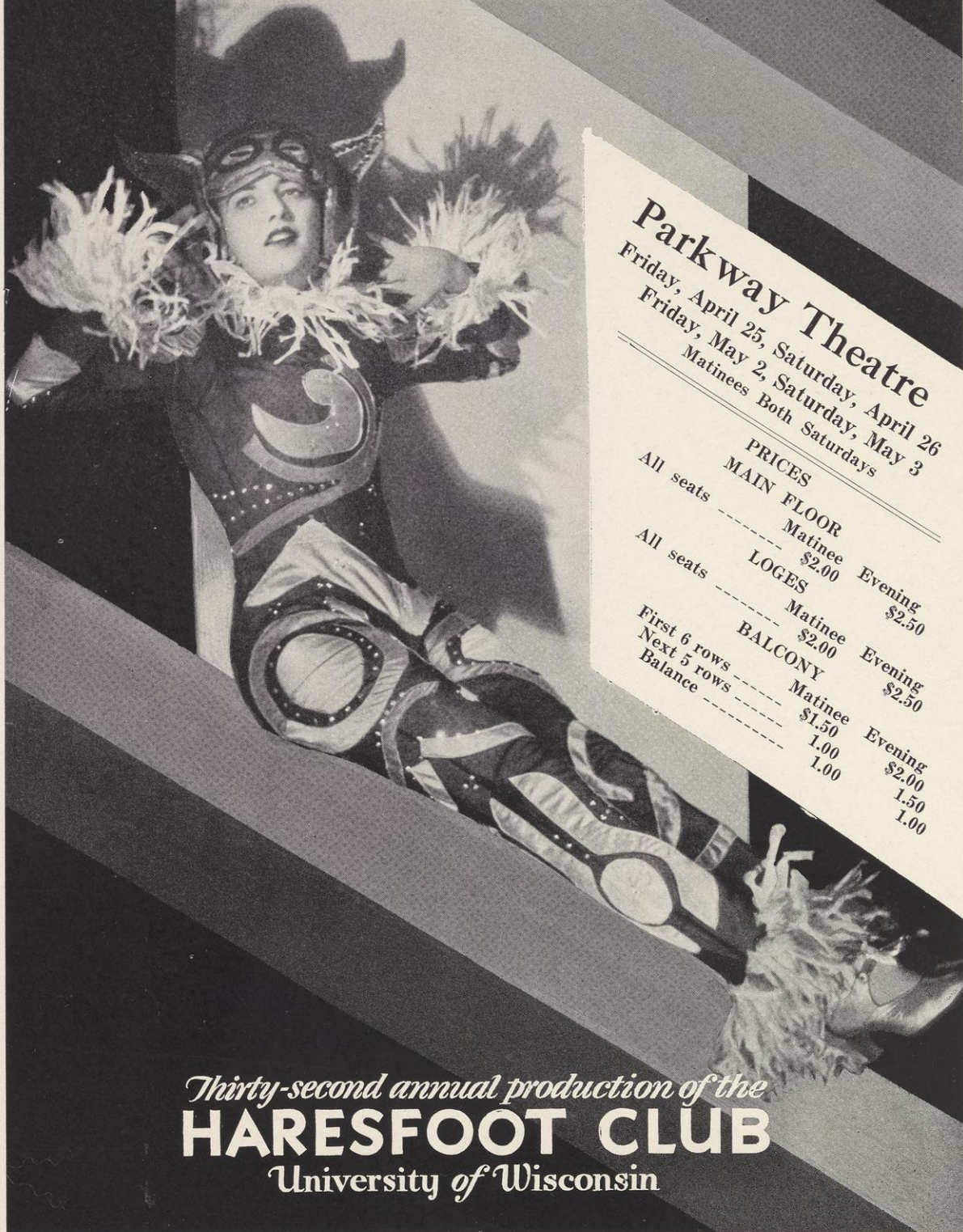
BUTTON
BUTTON

HARESFOOT
< NUMBER
< < APRIL
< < < 25¢

jimmy
watrous



"Button, Button"



Parkway Theatre
Friday, April 25, Saturday, April 26
Friday, May 2, Saturday, May 3
Matinees Both Saturdays

PRICES		
MAIN FLOOR		
All seats	Matinee	Evening
	\$2.00	\$2.50
LOGES		
All seats	Matinee	Evening
	\$2.00	\$2.50
BALCONY		
First 6 rows	Matinee	Evening
Next 5 rows	\$1.50	\$2.00
Balance	1.00	1.50
	1.00	1.00

Thirty-second annual production of the
HARESFOOT CLUB
University of Wisconsin

"All Our Girls Are Men; Yet Everyone's A Lady"



GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN MAN

No matter who the man is, he'll dress up for the Easter Fashion Parade. He may need a little coaxing, at first, but not after he is convinced of the *smartness of the Co-op spring apparel* Come in the store to-day and present yourself with a widely selected ensemble of a suit, hat, shoes, shirt, tie, handkerchief, suspenders and sox At a small cost

THE UNIVERSITY CO-OP

"The Student Store"

E. J. GRADY, Mgr.

STATE & LAKE ST.

... FOR A GAY SPRING SEASON



California Poppy
Prints or London
Dots

\$15

Quaintly sprigged with bright little flowers—this adorable frock of printed silk will win its way into many hearts. It's gay in color, and delightfully styled to lead the mode with absolute newness.

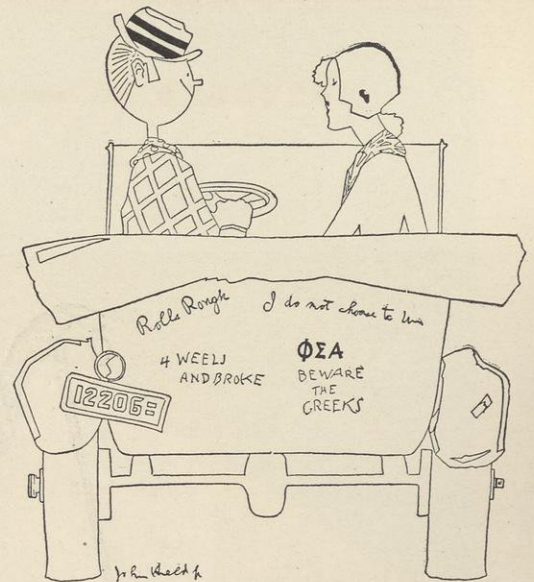
**Wide Lace
Cuffs of
Alencon
Are Youthful**

A deliciously pert little flounce makes the back as charmingly quaint as the shirred front line, and bows add to its smartness.

Our collection of fine frocks has been designed with the greatest care, always following the latest modes of the Parisian designers. You will find them extraordinarily chic at this very low price!

**Bonnie
FROCKS**

231 State



HITTING ON ALL TWO WALK-OVERS

8 S. Carroll St.

On The Capitol Square

The neck of her dress was so low no one could look her in the face.

—The Owl

Ignorance Preferred

A little boy stood on the corner selling newspapers and a well-dressed gentleman walked up to him and asked if the little boy could tell him the way to the Biltmore Hotel in the following manner: "Li-lit-le b-b-boy, cou-could you te-te-tell m-m-me the wa-wa-way t-to the Bi-bi-bilt-m-more Hotel?"

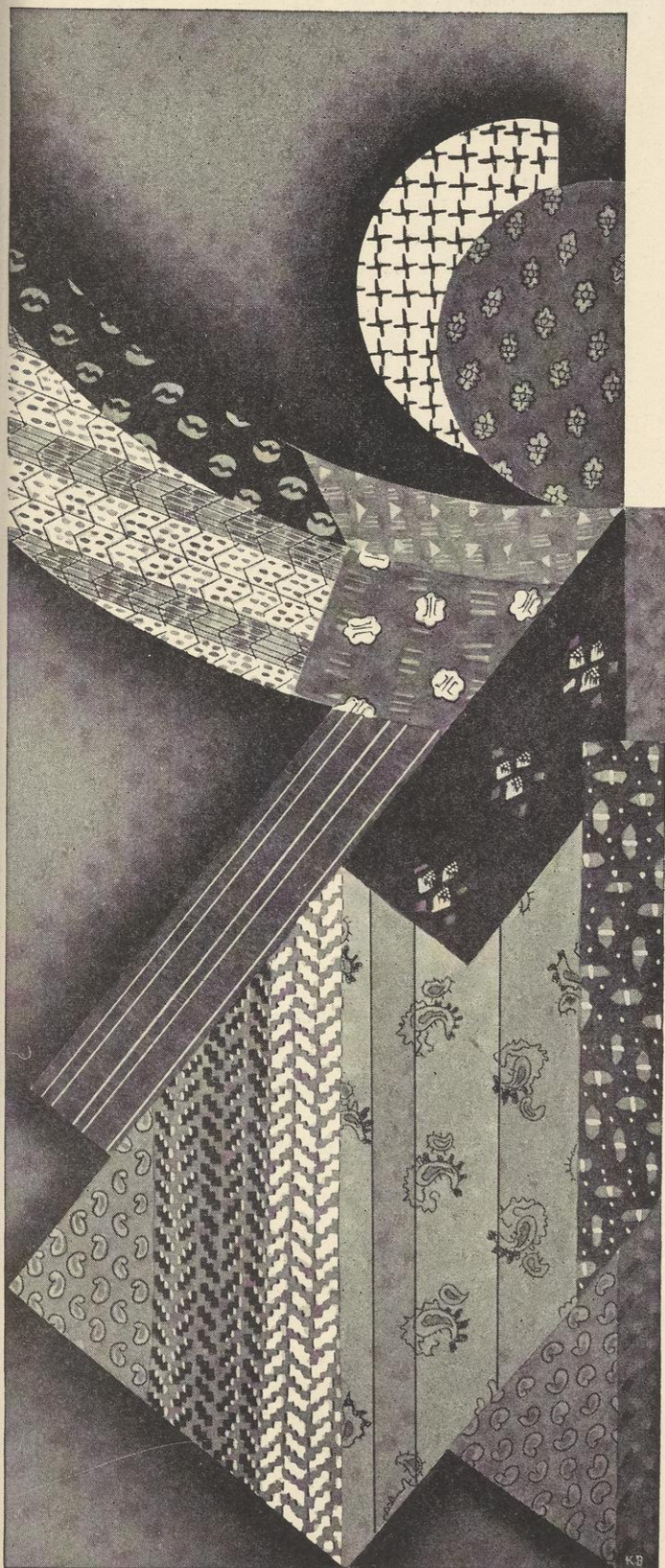
The little boy looked up at the man and sighed, but said nothing. Then the gentleman looked sternly and said, "Li-lit-le b-b-boy, cou-could y-you t-t-tell m-me the wa-way to th-the Bi-bilt-m-more Hotel?"

Still there was silence and the gentleman repeated his request for the third time, after which the little boy looked up and sighed again, but said nothing. The man walked on in disgust.

A by-stander walked up to the boy and asked why the newsboy didn't tell the gentleman that the Biltmore was only two blocks straight ahead. The boy looked up, sighed, and said, "D-d-do y-you th-think I-I-I'm a d-d-damn f-f-fool?"

—Wampum

It used to take hours —



—this shopping for the right cravat for a special outfit. Going through tie rack after tie rack—and then not being sure even when the selection was finally made.

Today—Cheney has done all the searching in advance. The result — a wide and varied range of Cheney Cravats with patterns for the more conservative and the less so — colors for college man and banker — fabrics for every type of daytime and evening wear.

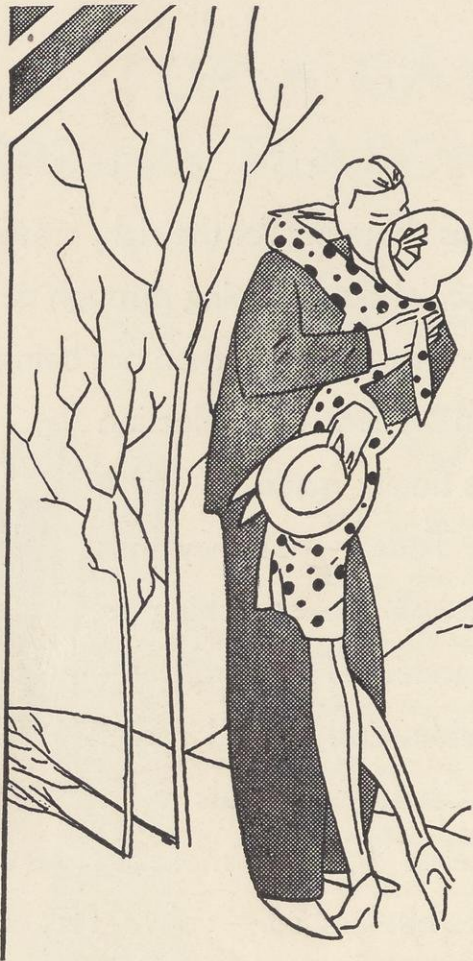


Now it's quick, easy, and pleasant to find the right ties for your business suit, your golf suit, your cutaway—if you'll just mention Cheney Cravats. Your favorite shop carries them.

Cheney Brothers, 181 Madison Avenue, New York.

CHENEY CRAVATS

MADE OF CHENEY SILKS



Have you ever been hungry for something and didn't know what it was—most every one has—have you ever wanted a suit that would express the way you felt, express it in a distinguished manner? There you have the O & V idea -- and that's why so many are selecting their spring clothing and furnishings here.



Patricia: I'd like to see some gifts suitable for a lawyer.
Pat: Bar pins on third aisle on the lift.

—*The Dirge*



Soused Voice: Hello, is this the city morgue? Well, this is the Med. School and we want you to come out and pick out the stiffes so the rest of us can go home.

—*Pitt Panther*



Storekeeper: Look here, young man, I will show you what we consider the real thing in men's hose.

Collegian: That real thing doesn't come in men's hose.

—*Lampoon*



The Difference Between a Diplomat and a Lady

A diplomat says "Yes" when he means "Maybe," when he says "Maybe" he means "No," but when he says "No" he is no diplomat.

When a lady says "No" she means "Maybe," when she says "Maybe" she means "Yes," but when she says "Yes," she is no lady.

—*Frivol*



Sigma Chi (on 'phone): How are you this evening?

Pi Phi: All right—but lonely.

S. C.: Good and lonely?

P. P.: No, just lonely.

S. C.: I'll be right over.

—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah*



"I don't understand why fellows call their girls their babies."

"That's easy—they call 'em that because they're always changing them."

—*Caveman*



She came home with her hat on one side and her clothes all crushed looking.

"Looks as though she's been knocked down by a motorist," said one neighbor sympathetically.

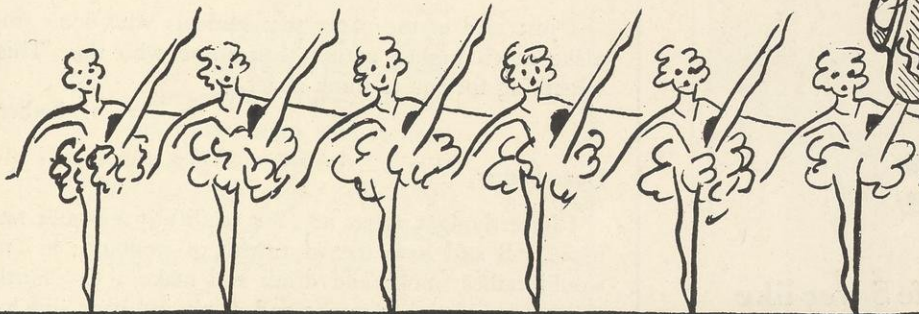
"Or picked up," said another thoughtfully.

—*Dirge*

The Little Frock

*for hours
after seven*

The inherent charm of these important Little Frocks, lies in their utter simplicity. And smart young things adore their naivete, and are choosing these new sheer printed and plain Chiffon Frocks to wear to Haresfoot or for other evening affairs "after seven".



Harry S. Manchester, Inc.

footnotes for spring

The Johnston and Murphy Company cooperates with this shop to present a spring footwear display worthy of the reputation earned by America's leading shoemakers. Included are sport shoes in contrasting leathers, dress shoes, the ever-popular grain leathers and many special lasts and styles.

We call your attention particularly to the British-last oxford designed for this shop and custom-built by Johnston & Murphy.

Pete E. F. Burns.

CLOTHES-IMPORTED HABERDASHERY-SHOES



Mash: Why is a Life Saver like
a perfect golf score?

She: A hole in one.

It has been rumored that Rudy Vallee has set a post-mortem price on his body. If cremated, his dust would make the loveliest bath salts.

—Wasp

"I know a fellow who was actually glad to be down and out."

"Who was that?"

"The fellow I just had up in my plane."

—Lord Jeff

Oh Mr. Mencken, have you had your irony, today?

—Juggler

Don't think we are tight if we divulge the one about the aged Scotchman who upon being asked by a young girl to give a quarter to the Lord, replied, "I'll be seein' him afore you lassie, so I ween that I better give it to him masel'."

—Ex.

First: Did you enjoy yourself when you were a Freshman at college?

Second: Did I! Why, those were the happiest years of my life.

—Stanford Chaparral

Dear Son,

I just read in the paper that students who don't smoke make much higher grades than those who do. This is something for you to think about.

Father.

Dear Father,

I have thought about it. But truthfully I would rather make a B and have the enjoyment of smoking; in fact I would rather smoke and drink and make a C. Furthermore I would rather smoke and drink and neck and make a D.

Son.

Dear Son,

I'll break your neck if you flunk anything.

Father.

—Kansas Sour Owl

QUALITY . APPAREL . FOR . THE . UNIVERSITY . MAN

THE "FOURSOME" Four Piece Golf Suit



Exclusively loomed for
Sportswear, Incorporated.
Subdued in tone, quiet in
coloring, rich in quality;
worn and approved by---

America's Leading Sportsmen

\$40 - \$50 - \$65

Anderes & Spoo
Incorporated
18 No. Carroll - - - - - On Capitol Square

GO "DEAUVILLE", DEAR LADY
—GO "DEAUVILLE"

WITH
molded soles
and Cuban heels,
Deauvilles make
decidedly smart walk-
ing shoes. Or if you pre-
fer, wear them with regular
soles and French heels. You'll
find them in your size—for
they're woven on American
lasts in widths AAA to C.

12 Beautiful Models

Kessenich's

State at Fairchild

CRITICS of Style and Quality



Among the many things
that can be said for the
college men of today—
they know style and
quality. Their judgment
is our standard.

Learbury Says:

"Watch for the
famous blues and
grays of Learbury"

LEARBURY

Stop in and get your free style
leaflet—includes swatch card
and ensemble contrast chart.

KARSTENS

24 NORTH CARROLL STREET

SHE STOLE THE SHOW

A rustling and buzzing of voices in an undertone! Why? Because the curtain is about to go up? Noooo! There's a sweet young thing passing down the aisle that not one eye can resist. She's charmingly clad in a chiffon frock and flowered taffeta coat from BARON'S!



Ready-made Clothes But Tailored-by-Hand

FRUHAUF "INDIVIDUALITY" can no more be put into other Clothes than Racine could put Shakespeare's "style" into his own plays, nor any more than Cuban flavor can be infused into Connecticut tobacco.

Fruhauf Suits, true
through and through

\$65

The Crescent
CLOTHING CO.

Specialists in Apparel for Men & Boys
Next to Belmont Hotel

"Another combination shot," said the coed as she leaned too far over the billiard table.

—Nebraska Awgwan



Two Bad

Two young ladies went into Roxy's theater in New York recently, and attempted unsuccessfully to locate two seats together. One of them sat down beside a respectable-looking gentleman and asked him quietly, "Are you alone?" intending that he should gallantly move and give them his seat. He paid no attention. Again she asked, "Are you alone?"

Finally, without moving or turning his head the man spoke softly from the corner of his mouth:

"Fly away, little bird, fly away. The whole damned family is here."

—Cavalier

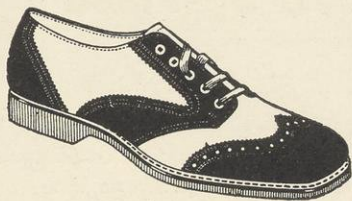


Age of Miracles

Western Union: Twins arrived tonight stop more by mail stop.

—The Green Gander

Style - Comfort - Service



\$3.98

MEN'S Black and Smoke Elk Blucher Sport Oxford. Rubber Sole and Heel.

A distinctive line of new sport shoes, both leather and rubber soled, for the discriminate and well dressed men of Wisconsin.

Kinney Shoes
G.R. KINNEY CO., INC.

18 E. Mifflin St.

On The Square

Velvet
IT'S ALL CREAM
ICE CREAM

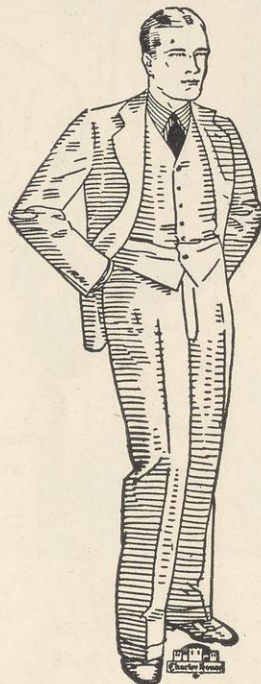
"our wagon passes your door"

Kennedy Dairy Company

Perfectly pasteurized
Milk, Cream, Butter, Buttermilk, Milcolate,
Selected Guernsey Milk

Phone B. 7100

TRADITION



THE SOFT ROLL THREE BUTTON COAT (BUTTON TWO) HAS ENTRENCHED ITSELF IN THE STYLE EYE OF WISCONSIN MEN; IT IS AS MUCH A PART OF THE CAMPUS AS THE IRON RAIL IN FRONT OF THE GYM.

THIS SEASON WE OFFER THIS FAMOUS COAT IN NEW TWEEDS AND FLANNELS; ALL THE SMART SHADES OF GRAY AND TAN SUITS WITH TWO TROUSERS!

\$35.00

\$40.00

\$45.00



109 STATE STREET

"Oh, papa; can you tell me if Noah had a wife?"
"Certainly, Joan of Arc. Don't ask silly questions."

—Frival



"THE MOST BRILLIANT MAN"

REMEMBER, the brain doesn't function alone. "The most brilliant man" of the senior class takes advantage of the added mental stimulus that comes from a strong, healthy body.

Shredded Wheat adds to your thinking prowess by building up your physical reserve. It supplies the essential body fuel in the most

delectable and easily digestible form. If you want your mental wheels to whirl in double quick time keep your physical machinery in perfect condition. A bowl of Shredded Wheat with whole milk every morning will do wonders to increase your intellectual caliber.

SHREDDED WHEAT



"Do you know that girl?"
 "Oh, just a nodding acquaintance."
 "What do you mean, nodding?"
 "Nodding doing."

—Mercury



Colonel: —and I crept out and shot the brute in my pajamas.

Fair auditor: But Colonel, how did the elephant get into your pajamas?

—Dirge



Small Scot: Hey, pop, look at them merry-go-rounds.

Scottie: Come away, me lad. You got circles under your eyes.

—Son Dill



He's Funny That Way



where else
but
Tiffany's

AGENCY

Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

We Haven't
Forgotten . .

Our stock is now complete

MALLATT PHARMACY
708 STATE :-- FAIRCHILD 3400

ORDERS
NOW
ACCEPTED » »

AGENCY

Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

For Mother's Day Mailings

at

Campus Soda Grill
714 State Street :-- Fairchild 3535

Summer Toiletries . . .

Primrose House
Rubenstein
Cara Nome
Du Barry

AGENCY

Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

UNIVERSITY PHARMACY
Badger 40 :-- :-- We Deliver

STATE-LAKE BEAUTY SHOP

We offer three excellent methods
of permanent waving—

REALISTIC FREDERIC'S
LEON-OIL

2nd Floor—Corner State and Lake—B. 7170

She: How did you know I was going to wear my hair
curled this evening?

He: I saw it in the papers this morning.

—Capper's Weekly



A certain young lady named Corie

Went out for a ride in a dory;

She began to talk back

She had to walk back—

Have you any dry clothes she could borrow?

—Grinnel Malteaser



Then there's the passionate Freshman who went to a
corset factory because he saw the sign—"All Kinds of
Ladies' Stays Here."

—Punch Bowl



"Vat you t'ink, Rebecca?"

"I'm sunk, Vater."

"Sunk, Rebecca?"

"Yes, Vater, sunk a dress on de sunk machine."

—Chaperon



"Tommy, can you tell me one of the uses of cowhide?"

"Er, yessir. It keeps the cow together."

—Detroit News



Alf is credited with having pulled another fastie at the
music hall Wednesday night. Midway through the per-
formance, a baritone occupied the stage with his repertoire
of songs. As he progressed, a persistent individual in
front of Alf kept humming loud accompaniments.

"Garn," exploded Alf at length, "what a blinkin' fool!"

The individual turned around and thrust an ugly jaw
in Alf's direction.

"Could it be you was meaning me, you arf-wit?" he
sneered.

"Nah," said Alf, "not you, the bloke on the stage. 'E's
keepin' us from hearin' you right and proper."

—Lampoon

MOTHER'S DAY

MAY 11 TH.



MARY HILL WILLARD
Mother of Frances E. Willard



MARGARET M. CARNEGIE
Mother of Andrew Carnegie



SARAH BUSH LINCOLN
Step-mother of Abraham Lincoln



VICTORIA MOOR COOLIDGE
Mother of Calvin Coolidge



ELIZA TOMLINSON FOSTER
Mother of Stephen Collins Foster



ABIGAIL SMITH ADAMS
Mother of John Quincy Adams



ANNA BULLOCH ROOSEVELT
Mother of Theodore Roosevelt



MARY BALL WASHINGTON
Mother of George Washington

MOTHERS FAMOUS PEOPLE REMEMBER



don't you
forget !

To her your thoughtfulness, your remembrance, is the most wonderful thing in the world.

What more fitting to carry your thoughtful tribute than Whitman's charming Sampler in its special Mother's Day wrap showing the flowers she loves in quaint cross stitch.

"ON THIS DAY LET NONE FORGET MOTHER; BE SHE EVER SO FAR AWAY LET SOME TRIBUTE OF LOVE BE SENT HER."

Carry the Sampler to her if possible. If not, any Whitman agency will gladly mail it for you.

Whitman's
Chocolates

Whitman's Famous Candies Are Sold By

WATER M. ATWOOD . . . 1054 Williamson.
EPUS SODA GRILL . . . 714 State Street.
ADINAL PHARMACY . . . 226 State Street.
ADINAL PHARMACY . . . University Ave. and Park St.
CHOCOLATE SHOP . . . 528 State Street.
LINS PHARMACY . . . 1941 University Avenue.
EYER'S PHARMACY . . . 14 E. Mifflin Street.
ILOFF'S PHARMACY . . . King, Main and Pinckney.
ILOFF'S PHARMACY . . . 831 University Avenue.
OAK . . . 1118 Atwood Avenue.
HARDT'S PHARMACY . . . 1345 Williamson.
STROM'S PHARMACY . . . 122 W. Washington Avenue.

KEEFREY DRUG STORE . . . 1921 Monroe Street.
A. W. KREHL . . . 408 Wilson Street.
LOOKS PHARMACY . . . 2138 Regent Street.
MALLATT PHARMACY . . . 708 State Street.
J. L. MCCARTHY . . . Atwood Ave. and Division St.
MENGENS PHARMACY . . . 1825 Monroe Street.
NORRIS COURT PHARMACY . . . 920 E. Johnson Street.
OTT & PALM . . . 14 N. Carroll Street.
UNIVERSITY PHARMACY . . . State and Lake Streets.
WALTER DRUG COMPANY . . . 111 E. Washington Avenue.
WINGRA PHARMACY . . . 2530 Monroe Street.



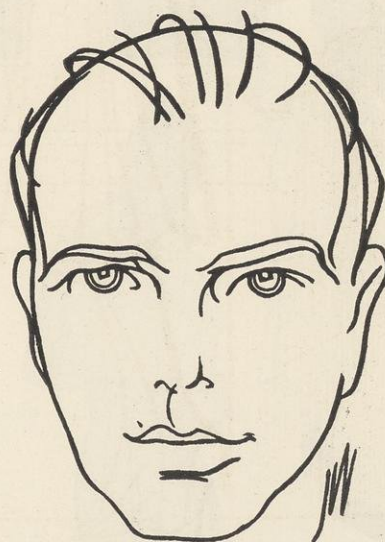
Tom: My, but you look divine tonight!

Mary: There's nothing supernatural about **that**; it's just a natural result of Dad's large-check-
edness and Simpson's heavenly garments. (I got my entire Easter outfit on that one check).

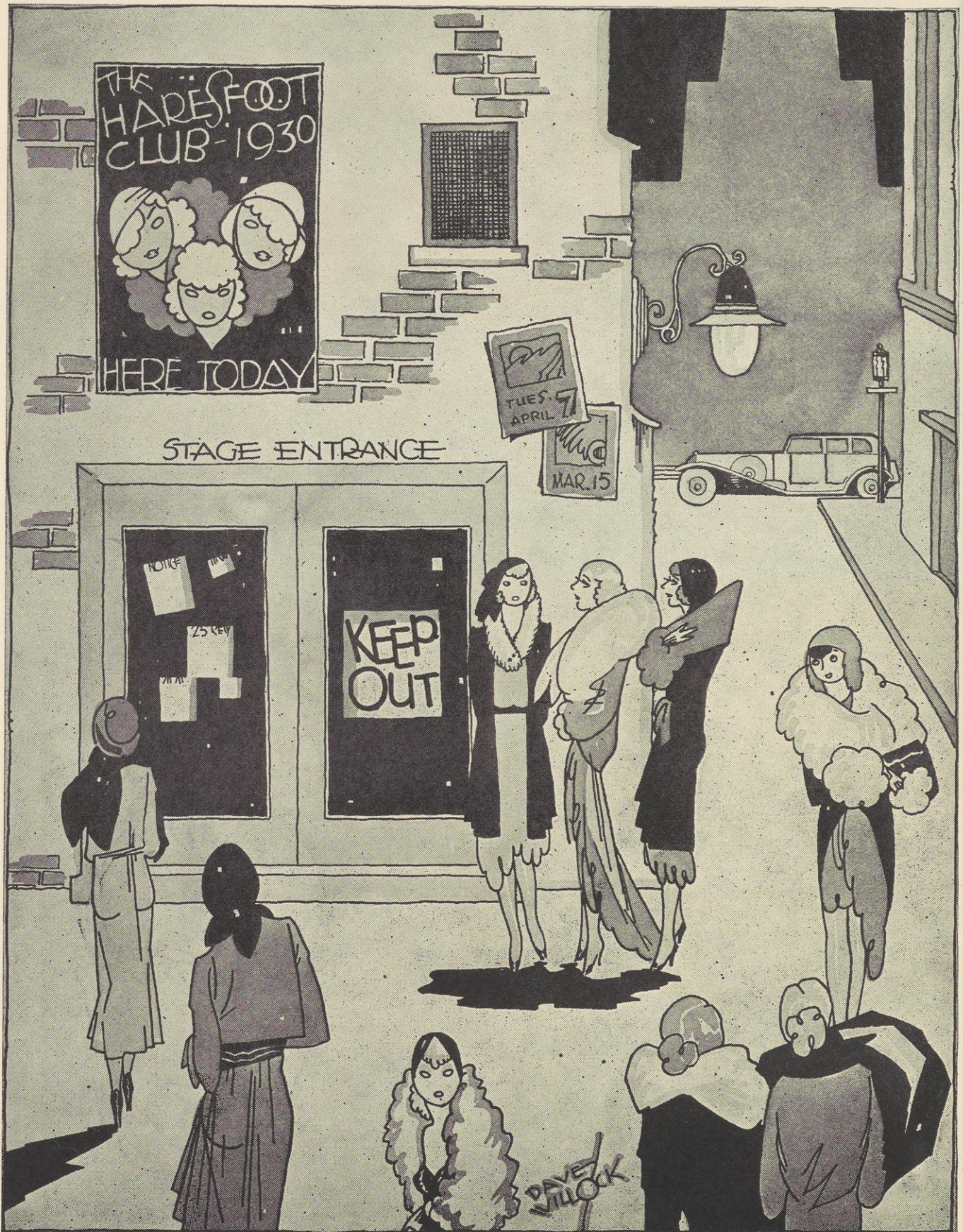
Cole

SIMPSON'S AT THE CO-OP

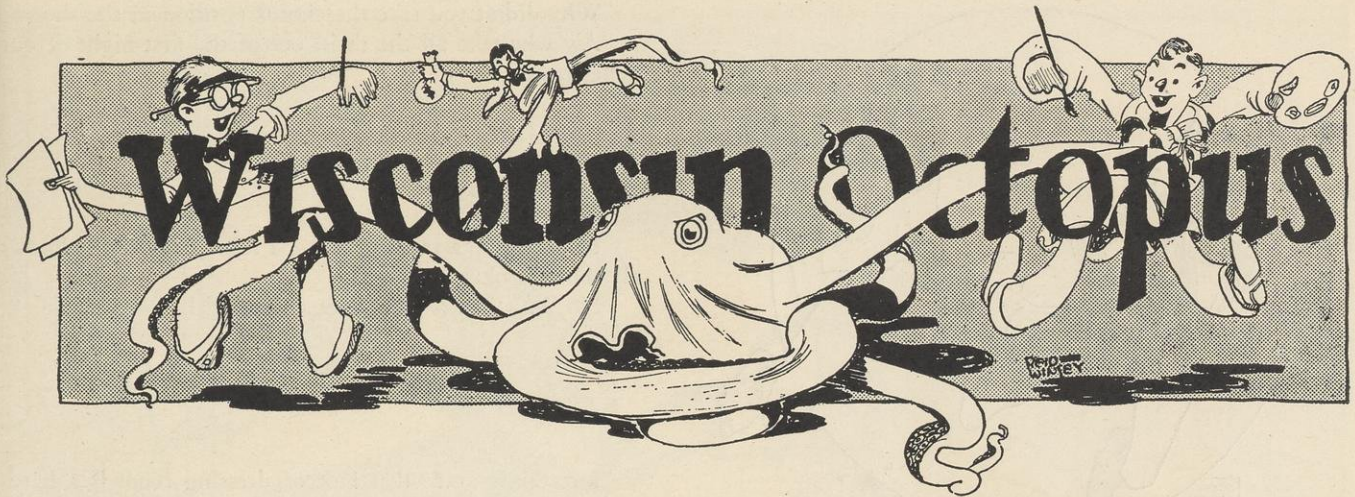
Haresfoot Number . . .



Bill Purnell



Stage Door Jennies



Since we have learned that the Haresfoot show stayed in Chicago over Sunday we wonder if it was a layover or a hangover?

"Stage hand! You call yourself a stage hand? MY FOOT!"

"Why is it called the Haresfoot Club?"

"Well, the club part is what Purnell uses to make the fellows catch the train on time."

"There was a full house in Peoria."
"Then the show was a financial success."

"Yeah, for the guy who held it."

The growing problem is how to dispose of old propellor blades.

We've heard the curtain call and the scene shift but we've yet to see the orchestra's pit.

Do you know that if all the sleepy Haresfoot troupers just returned from the trip were put in a line that they would stretch. . . .

First Nighter: Believe it or not, I got this black eye at a stage door.

Second Nighter: Do you mean to say a frail little chorus girl gave you that shiner?

First Nighter: Hell no! I tried to date up one of those Haresfooters by mistake.

"You say he wears sporting neckties?"

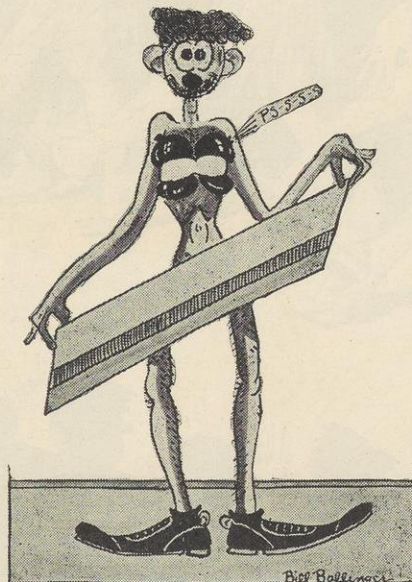
"Well, anyone who wears the ties he does would take a chance on most anything."

And added to the bright prospect of dying in a speakeasy before prohibition is repealed is the impending peril of dying in the next war before anything is accomplished at the peace conference.

Co-ed (to dancing teacher): I want to take a course in athletic dancing.

Teacher: You plan to go on the stage no doubt?

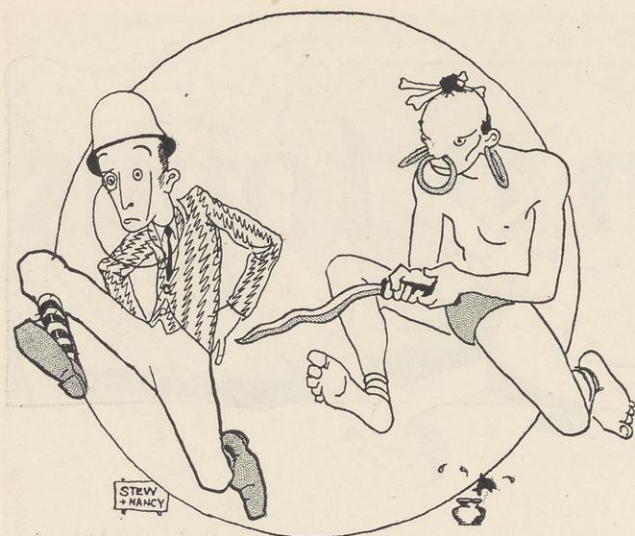
Co-ed: Not at all. You see, my boy friend's in Haresfoot chorus and I really have to do something to keep up with him.



Haresfoot's Greatest Feet

"Scandal!" whispered the horrified electrician to the shocked stagehand, "the ladies of the Haresfoot ensemble are occupying dressing rooms with the leading men!"

It was one of those soft sweet spring evenings when the moon shine silvery bright, etc. Out in the garden were two figures. He was gazing at her with ardor in his eyes. He was about to kiss her—her mouth quivered, it worked curiously, it worked—overtime. (He was a college boy.)



Putting a Kriss in His Pants

"Why didn't you take the chorus position in the show?"
 "Aw why take all the thrill out of the first night of our honeymoon?"

"Bill must be a radio expert. I heard him say he knows all about hookups."

"No, he's just a Haresfoot chorus girl."

"I certainly agree that lack of dressing room is a hardship of a stage career," said the chorine as he tried to get into his brassier.

One good thing about being a Haresfoot show-girl is that in later life, you never feel embarrassed about buying unmentionables for your wife and friends at the ladies counter.

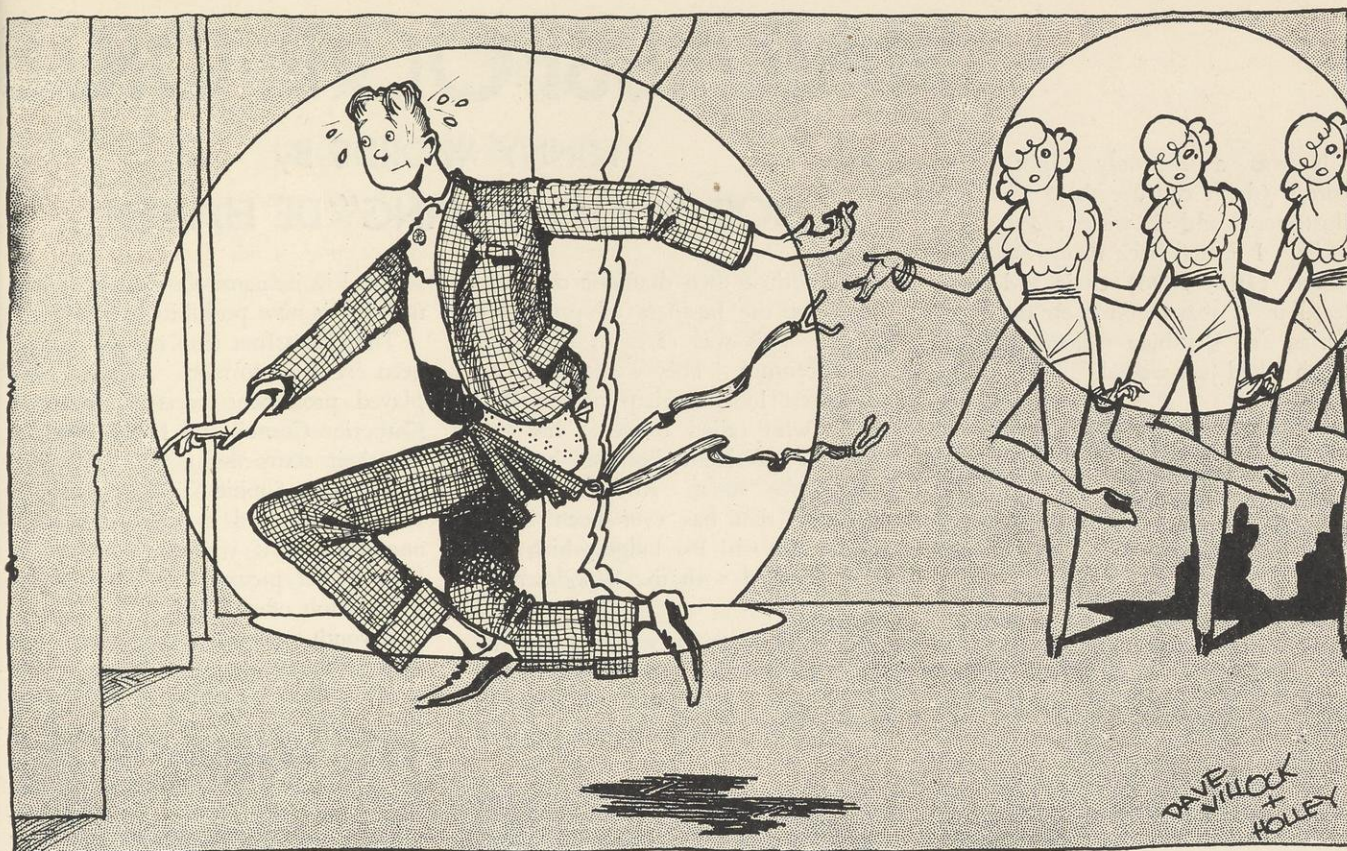
The Heroine: Listen you clown, you swiped my lipstick.

The Engenie: Like hell I did, you damn liar.

The Heroine: Why you— you— you woman.



"Gee, Bill, you're always kicking about something!"



Give the Boy a Big Hand!

On the darkened stage a shadowy figure was prowling about, looking into closets, under tables and on top of shelves. Suddenly he whirled, crossed the stage with decision and opened a door. A charred corpse rolled out and fell at his feet. The audience gasped.

In Row C a young man stood up and bellowed, "Is there a doctor in the house?" Again the audience gasped, and leaned forward to glimpse this unexpected bit of drama. In the back of the theater a small, wiry, bald man with a sad moustache rose and scurried down the aisle to where the young man stood, swaying ever so slightly.

"Yes, yes," said he of the sad moustache, "I am a doctor; what is it?"

"Oh, hi, doc," said the swaying youth, "Jush wanted to know how you liked the show."

Life without beer is simply unbearable.

She: Don't you just love to see a musical revue?

He: Of chorus, dear, of chorus.

"One of the strangest sights I ever saw," said the great traveller, "was Horse's Neck, Virginia."

*A buxom young coed named Kate
Kept cautiously watching her weight,
Till one day when she found
She had lost half a pound,
She yelled "Whoopee!" and went out
and ate!*

"It's a three weeks journey to Sour-dough."

"Mush we go into that?"

Market Reports: Vegetable market owners report a significant increase in business during the week that Hares-foot played Wisconsin small towns.

"He was the guy who brought down the house."

"Male lead?"

"No, clumsy stage hand."



Button! Button!

HARASSFOOT OR BA

FUNNY WORDS By

BOB "BUCK and WING" DE HAVEN

It was a February night. The worms (don't confuse these with my illustrator) and I were among my books. I leaned back in my William Morris (1834-1896) chair and pondered in C sharp minor on the Delmarian and Brushian realism through which I had just waded.

There was a crash! A fairly adequate paving brick with a paper attached had been hurled into my room through the window. My attention was immediately captured. I muttered two fathoms under my breath, "Curses! Gordy, th' old Man!" Due to a French course in rapid reading that I audited once I was able to read the note (which was in Hungarian) in something like three hours and four inches.

The brick bore me an honor. To my amazement and delight I read that I had been chosen by the editors of the OCTOPUS to record once (they hoped) and for all time (they also hoped) the history of the Harassfoot club. I accepted and we all felt swell about it. That was in February.

This brief introduction does not attempt to convey the editors' despair of trying to find another person to write this piece nor does it try to prove what is true—that the brick was intended for the present author's head and not only his window. But on.

Always I have been interested in origins. Since I witnessed that sterling Harassfoot production of that famous closet drama "The Origin of Species" in 1857 I have hotly followed origins and the Harassfoot Club. That little play revealed some spicy bits of sex knowledge that fairly shook the conservative student body. And you should have seen that peachy Charleston endurance number spotted in the second act which was called "The Survival of the Fittest." But let us to chronology.

Inspired by the financial and artistic achievement of the Tennis Club's musical comedy "What's This Fourteen Ounce Racquet," a bunch of the university boys at Madison decided to

organize their own dramatic club and set about the business of producing shows. This was early in the nineteenth century. They were headed by an honest looking chap named Bar-scuffle who failed to serve his full term as president because he was hanged for arson. And it was the only fire that has ever been in or around the Chi Psi lodge which was then affiliated with the Woodmen of the World.

A reorganization was directed by Ernst Lubitch who was then doing good work. The boys drilled hard and presented "Darius Green or Will

secreted in its name the devilish pleasure that it now prohibited by law.

The Harassfoot club has not always been exclusive to men. Women have played prominent parts in the cast. Katherine Cornell and Linda Watkins got their starts doing two a day for the cause. Sophie Tucker, when a Harassfooter, did more than that in one day and if you don't believe it, look at her picture that hangs today in the club office.

A youth named Bertram Russell was then Dean of Men and he put a stop to all women appearing in Harassfoot shows. He argued that no nice woman danced and that woman's place was in the home, and the male Harassfooters contended that referring to nice women was evading the question and that they made them feel at home anyway. But since 1850 no women have taken parts in the shows except in the last row balcony at all-night rehearsals.

The officers of the club put their heads together and conceived the idea of female impersonation, a thing never before attempted on the stage. And to this day men take the part of women in Harassfoot shows and no one, except the men themselves, is the wiser.

And here a note on all night rehearsals may be interesting. (Ed. Note: Yes, and it may not be too.) The first director of Harassfoot, a certain Mr. Plumbhalter, decided that a rehearsal of the first show was none too wise a move. In pursuance of such a policy he called same for nine o'clock Saturday morning March 31, 1823 at the old Armory that then stood on Langdon street between Grady's and the Y. M. C. A. The rest of the company assembled at nine o'clock Saturday morning March 31, 1823 at the Malt House which then stood just across the canal near Tenney Park. The show was the "Student Prince" and the drinking scenes were very popular.

Well Mr. Plumbhalter sat and sat



Tickling feet for revenge or as a means for inciting a riot was permitted by the motion.

We Ever Be Able to Fly:" in the Fuller Opera House sometime in May 1848. The court does not give the exact date in the record of the suit for damages suffered from a public nuisance.

An important piece of legislation was passed by the club in the same year that prohibited members from tickling each other's feet as a form of entertainment in open meetings. Tickling feet for revenge or as a means of inciting a riot was permitted by the motion. But the club had con-

ADO ME SOMETIME

FUNNY PITCHERS By
DAVE "SOFT SHOE" WILLOCK

in the little red armory and by George pretty soon it was dark and then it got late and he issued a statement to the Daily Cardinal which had a reporter in 1823. The statement ran (it's quarter mile in 57¼ is still a record) "I will sit it out here if it takes all night". He broke out of the armory with dawn and met his company marching down the street. He addressed them. "Well it took all night."

They answered with a huzzah for their leader, "Yes, but we got rid of it all."

The first few performances of Harassfoot even in this day and age are sometimes referred to by smart alecks as rehearsals, but such is not the case. If you paid to get in, it is NOT a rehearsal.

During the Civil War a talented student named Eugene O'Neill wrote a play for the club centered around the negro question. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" broke all theatre records of the time, and the famous Harassfoot pit orchestra was founded to take their place. It was while seeing Liza (played by George M. Cohan) cross the ice in this show that Groucho Marx conceived his famous pun "That'll make your eyes water". O'Neill's play later found its way to the boards again under the new title "Emperor Jones."

Around 1900 the club found itself in a new era of development. The Policemen-Firemen Brotherhood of Janesville invited Harassfoot to give its show for the benefit of the new tandem bicycle for the joint use of the chiefs of the departments. The men journeyed south and stood a solid week in Janesville. The quarantine was finally lifted from the hotel. A wealthy jitter merchant from Kane, Pennsylvania, the father of one of the boys, came to catch the show and caught the measles along with it.

From then on the tour continued to be the outstanding event of the year.

For most of the members it lasted but a few weeks, but the business managers usually make a bigger excursion out of it for themselves. After most of the box office receipts have been collected, they start on a real trip. This practice that is continually growing is a little hard on the club but a great thing for the business managers.

The story of how the club began using original student musical compositions is an interesting one. One night Flo Zigfield, who was then handling Harassfoot's affairs as a sideline to his Gilman street garage, was in his office. There came knocks at



Enough shoes were thrown in one evening to outfit the chorus.

the door. This was something new because they usually came through the mail from outraged parents, pastors and student newspapers. An ebon-haired youth burst into the office and panted, "I have a great idea for a song." If Flo had hit him on the head then and there, the talking pictures might be much better, but he didn't and that is a house with another story.

The kid sat down at the pianoforte and pounded out a rhythmic melody that shook Zigfield and broke the piano. When telling the story afterwards, Ziggy said it took him three

days to pick up the piano, but he couldn't learn it in that time no matter how much he practiced.

But that tune was "Alexander's Rag Time Band" and that little Harassfooter was none other than Irving Berlin. Jolson, Donaldson, Friml, Porter, Gershwin and all the others flocked to our college to join the club and start the rocky music road to fame. Old Harassfoot gave them all a break and they gave old Harassfoot many an one too. Oh, ha, ha, ha, how can a fellow be so funny?

In the lean years the choristers had to dance barefooted because of lack of funds to buy shoes. Ted Shawn, then a hooper in the back row, was taken with the idea of serenading the sorority district with the Harassfoot orchestra. He persuaded Whiteman to let himself be hoisted on a truck while the band followed (for there was no room on the truck) and played for the girls. Enough shoes were thrown in one evening to outfit the chorus. Also a silver soup ladle, tin cans, and three Freshman pledges, were added to the Harassfoot trophies.

The club hasn't had a good author since Lardner and Kaufman were kicked out in '02. But some fairly good shows have been produced in spite of the fact. Memorable are these—*No, No, Nannette*, *Going Up*, *Oh Boy, Sonny*, *Good News*, *Whoopee* and *Button, Button*.

Bathed in years of work, play, failure and triumph, each group of Harassfoot players has its slogan. The business staff chants as it works, "The play's the thing but you can put money in your pocket." The cast echoes with "The world's a stage and the men in the cast had better get out of the way when the thundering herd starts to dance." And finally the choristers cry, "Alas! It's all for naught." Banded together, inseparable, for one happy cause the Harassfoot club is one mighty institution—and so is Leavenworth prison.

A really funny short history of the club has always been needed. One ought to be written sometime.

HITS FROM HAREFOOT



*My first suppressed desire
Was a wench with eyes a-fire
And a smile that would inspire Edgar
Guest;*

*But she giggled when I met her,
Then she started giggling better.
And that's how that desire stayed sup-
pressed.*

*My next suppressed desire
Was to don the bright attire
Of West Point, and wear brass buttons
on my chest;*

*But a yearling's classy bonnet
Singed by Camels parked upon it
Decided that desire stay suppressed.*

*The next one I remember
Was a sweet and naive member
Of the W. C. T. U. and all the rest:
At a dance, one night, I saw her
Lying dead drunk on the floor:
I assure you that desire stayed sup-
pressed.*

*And my last suppressed dumb rage, it
Was to write a play and stage it,
Of bootleg booze and killers who con-
fessed;
I watched Troutman and Purnell
Yell and yell and yell and yell:
Thank God that that desire stayed sup-
pressed!*

—Maxwell



They were sitting on the davenport
—the lights were dim.

"Do you love me?"

"Of course, darling."

"Have you talked to father?"

"Yes, we had quite an argument on
the tariff the other day."

"When shall we be married?"

"The sooner the bitter."

"Sweetheart nothing can ever sep-
arate us."

"Except a brick wall."

"I could hold you in my arms for-
ever."

"You'd get the cramps."

"Kiss me!"

"Hey, I'm not the guy you think I
am—"

At this point Purnell interrupted
and made them go over the scene
again.

A CHICAGO TOAST

Well, shoot it in!



It: You gotta be bright to learn
the language I'm taking.

Ittoo: I must know; what lan-
guage?

Itagain: Angloworm-Saxon.



And then there was the man in the
Chinese play who missed his queue.



The Original Haresfooter



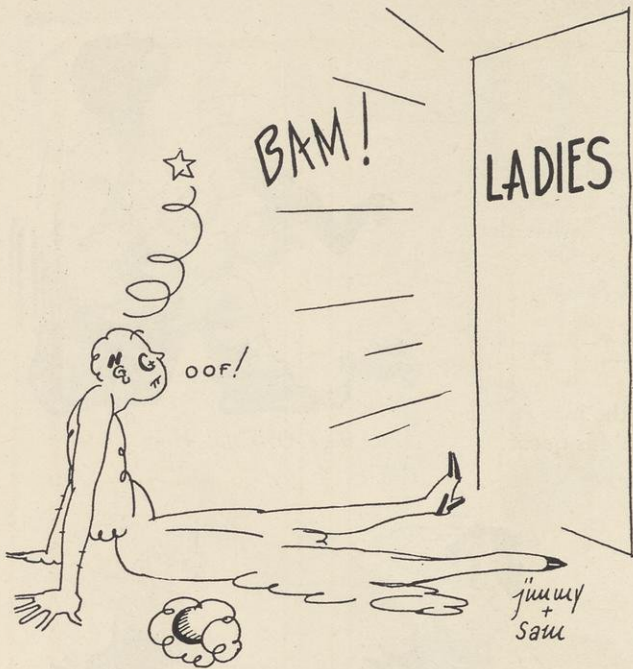
ALL OUR GIRLS—



ARE MEN—



YET EVERY ONE'S A LADY'S

*The Absent Minded Haresfooter*

FACTS AND FACTORS

Did you know that:

Railroad pullman porters who have been with Haresfoot in previous years write to Bill Purnell every year asking to go on the trip again?

By the time Bob De Haven and Dave Willock learned their dance they do in the show they nicknamed themselves Bob "Buck and Wing" De Haven and Dave "Soft Shoe" Willock?

Frank Prinz is a very valuable publicity asset because he can claim that he is a home town boy in several lake-shore towns?

Marcus "Red" Ford, who plays the ice man, added materially to his part by wisecracking at rehearsals?

The "tag" or last line of the show is always made up in Oshkosh?

Purnell has old stage hands in different towns who always come to see him when Haresfoot plays the place? Rumor has it that he always remembers them with a little gift.

The traditional all night dress rehearsals in Madison were put on the shelf this year and that finishing touches were put on the show at the Garrick?

Vernon Hamel has an uncanny ability to "sell" a song to an audience?

Philip Colehour paints his teeth white before doing his specialty numbers so that he will have that personality smile?

Ed Roemer can cry easier than any man in the cast when it is necessary?

Jimmy Porter claimed he was afraid of becoming effeminate in his job as leading lady so he drank four beers after every rehearsal?

Freeman Butts learned to gesture like a woman from

his brother Porter in the Union halls while the show was being rehearsed.

Dick Abert and Dave Willock gave chalk talks and high school entertainments during the trip?

Fritz Harbridge, who last year gained the title, "America's most beautiful showgirl" is again with Button! Button!?

The name of the show was thought up by Purnell one night when he was dressing for a formal and lost his collar button under the bed?

Gibbs Williams, comedy lead owned a suit which fitted exactly into the funny character he plays in the show?

Don Reeke, pony chorister's greatest moan is that the hair on his legs took a whole year growing out from last year's show and just was nicely started when he had to cut it off again?

Gordy (the old man) is playing the part of Old Man Button?

The ambition of every man on the trip is to get an upper berth so he won't have to double up.

Paul Clemens did the oil painting used in the set?

If we wrote much more we'd have the show reviewed?

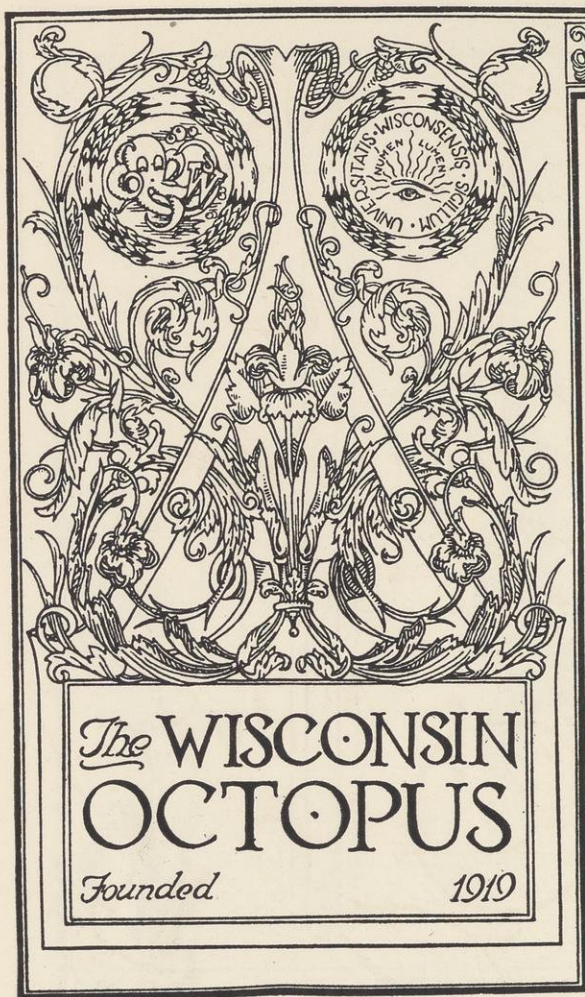
"Whad' ya mean your room-mate came home last night F. O. B.?"

"Full o' beer, dummy, full o' beer!"

*The Mirrorage*



Fraternity Life at Wisconsin
No. 3: CHI PHI



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Vol. XI

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No. 8

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IN REGATTA SOME BOAT RACES

Octy wiggles a tentacle, bats a glassy eye, and shakes his flabby body in sheer joy on this occasion to be able to announce the first Wisconsin Octopus Outboard Motor Regatta to be held on Lake Mendota May 24 under the joint auspices of Octy and College Humor.

In staging this event, which will come the afternoon of May 24 before the Wisconsin-Pennsylvania crew race, Octy has co-operated with College Humor and will offer a College Humor Gold Trophy for the winner of the main event, a ten mile free-for-all.

According to plans already formulated, there will also be races arranged to fit their capacities scheduled for class C and D boats. Cups will be given for three places in all races, second and third awards in the free-for-all also to be furnished by College Humor.

In taking this step to help introduce the sport of out-

board motor racing to Madison and the Campus, Octy has made plans to make the sport of the highest calibre. Arrangements are under way for some of the fastest boats in the country to be here, and with the added crowd which will be here to watch the Wisconsin-Penn crew race, water sports lovers should have a great week end.

Entries will be officially opened and further announcements will be made as soon as plans are more completely formulated. The contests will be open to participants from any part of the country.

In running this Octopus-College Humor Regatta, Octy hopes to firmly establish outboard motor racing at Madison and make the Regatta an annual affair. Further information will be available at the Octy office at any time, and support from interested and experienced outboard motor racers is solicited.

Behind the Scenes

A musical fanfare, bright lights dimmed, the slow rise of the curtain, and the show is on, brilliantly gownned in color and dash and comedy. The choristers prance and clog, comedians gallop about in funny clothes doing outlandish things, the audience leans back in its seat, smiles, and laughs out loud.

The show may be the thing, and as far as the Haresfoot audiences are concerned, the show is the thing . . . but how about the work that went into the finished product? How about those whose work is never seen in the theatre, those who worked before the show started, those who work after? How about the publicity men, the program staff, the ticket salesmen?

The production staff does its work before the show leaves on its annual tour. Advertising and advance work must be done to bring audiences to the show.

Then there is the publicity staff, composed of journalists who write stories from day to day over a four or five week period before the show.

Stage sets must be designed to fit the book, furniture must be arranged for, costuming attended to. There must be artists who draw designs for covers for the programs, men to provide the financing.

During the shows' run a crew is necessary to take care of the thousand and one details backstage; somebody must see that the mechanical devices work, that the timing between orchestra and cast is perfect, that the actors never miss a cue. From where do all the men come who make this possible?

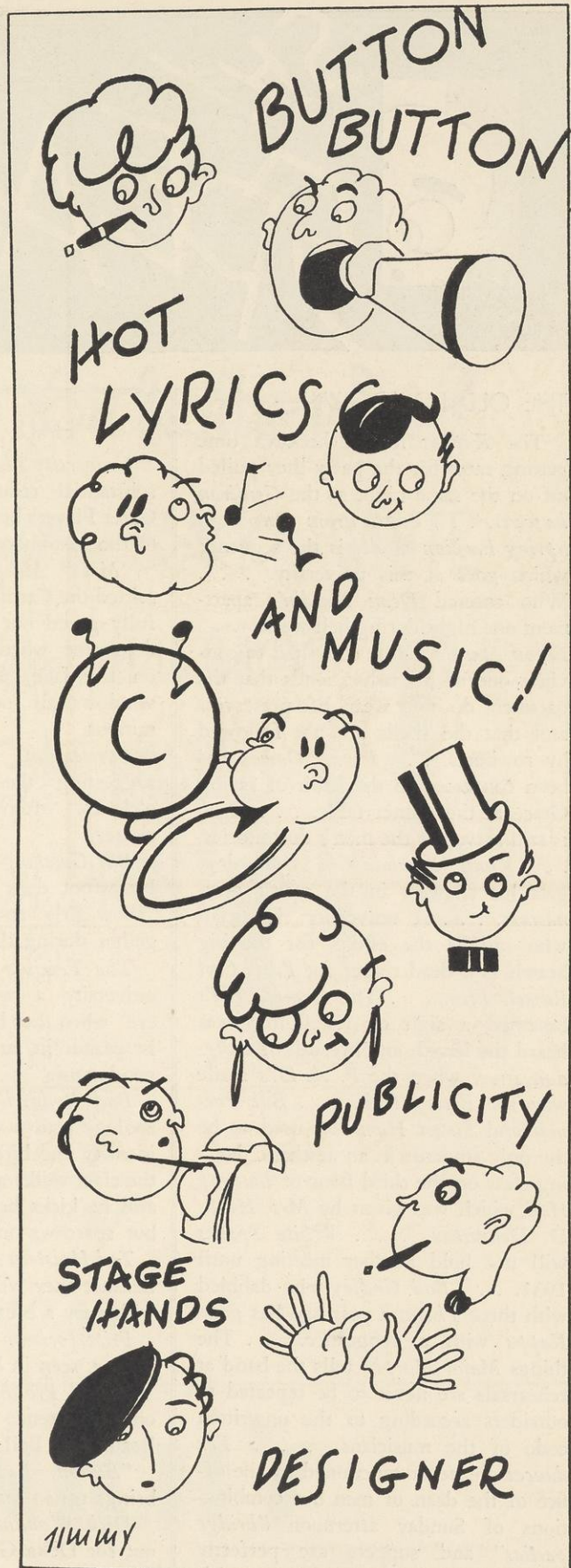
There is no point, as far as we can see, in lauding the actors and chorus. They get their praise and razzberry as they deserve, or sometimes as they don't deserve, but the public sees them and knows them and forms its own opinions.

The drama and stage is a great thing, art is fine and idealistic, but it is in the auxiliary branches of the production of a show like Haresfoot that those participating really get training along the business and artistic lines in which they are interested and in which they hope to work for a lifetime in the future. There is a chance for creation, originality, good work, in all fields of the show. The fellows who work, work because they like it and because they are interested in what they are doing, will reap the benefits of the practice they have gained in true business and finance when the specialty dancers have settled down in banks and the character actors to nice jobs in a box factory.

All hail then, to the auxiliary crew, to the fellows who work in order that the show may go on and provide entertainment, the gang who doesn't have a chance to express itself or appear before the public, or get the praise.

They don't ask for credit, they never get it, but after all is said and done, if one is able to drop collegiate superficiality long enough to look behind the scenes, one is liable to see more than a musical comedy, one can visualize the vital pulsing of the men in this university, the throbs of campus life, the future of its student body.

Gordon Swarthout



Haresfoot from Our Slant



THE OLD LOWDOWN—

The Kappas had a heckuva time getting rates for the party they pulled off on the same night as the Gridiron banquet. . . . From Prom Queen to Spring Fashion model is the sequence which goes at this university. . . . Who entered Dean Nardin's apartment one night during hell-week? . . . Eldon Marple of the crew had to convince one of his lady friends that the oarsmen do not wear life-preservers and that the shells are not followed by rowboats. . . . Irving Dawes has been converted to the habit of saying Grace at the dinner table. . . . Hash is still served at the men's dormitories. . . . Knute, Lambda Chi Alpha dog, gets his showers in the men's gymnasium. . . . A university electrician who installs the effects for the big brawls is a dead ringer for Prof. Carl Russell Fish. . . . The Gamma Phi's breathed a sigh of relief that was heard the length and breadth of Langdon street when the P. A. D.'s made way for Emery Hall. . . . Bill Purnell and Stuart Hamilton used to be the only students in an aesthetic dancing class on the third floor of Lathrop Hall which was given by Mrs. Helen D. Denniston. . . . White Spades will not hold another meeting until 1931. . . . Bod Godley who dabbled with three Thetas a year ago has gone Kappa with a vengeance. . . . The things Major Morphy tells the band at rehearsals are never to be repeated to outsiders according to the unwritten code of the musicians. . . . Tea dances are never sanctioned by the office of the dean of men but combinations of Sunday afternoon "bridge parties" and suppers are perfectly okeh. . . . The field house which started out with 12,000 seats has already

HALL OF SHAME

University Theater—Which forced a substantial reduction from the Ben Greet Players but refunded nary a cent to the customers.

"Mike" Murphy—Because he permitted the Cardinal to say that he wistfully gazed out of a loft window to determine when the ice would open on the lake, even though the loft windows all look out on the lower campus.

Curriculum Committee—For not suggesting the abolition of eight o'clocks, afternoon, and Saturday classes.

Bill Garstang—Who as manager of Haresfoot does not hesitate to make "show girls" and chorus men bunk together during the annual tour.

The Terrible Five—Who gave the university a worse-than-ever "black eye" when they broke up the Communist parade in an endeavor "to save its good name."

Bud Roddick—Because he takes a zoology course which requires him to identify the birds he sees in trees as the class walks about the campus lanes and he kicks because he sees nothing but sparrows on certain occasions.

Ted Holstein and E. Forrest Allen—Because they wrote the Toasting Fork with nary a blush.

Fritz Jochem—Because he is rarely, if ever, seen in long pants.

Veiled Prophets Ball—Because the only difference between it and the Beaux Arts Ball was the name.

"Button, Button!"—Because it brings up so many different thoughts.

Dick Woodman—Because he went out for Delta Gamma instead of crew this year.

shrunk to 8,000 and will probably have a capacity beginning with a seven when opening day arrives. . . . *The Capital Times* never announced the votes given Officer *Scotty Goodnight* in the policemen's popularity contest recently. . . . Ice cold ginger ale is served at the *Union Board* dances. . . . Janitors at women's dormitories who take bribes and let girls out of basement windows after 1 a. m. do not hold their jobs very long. . . . *Jane Greverus* and *Helen Bailey* still pass autograph books around. . . . The Haresfoot slogan, "All our girls are men, yet every one's a lady," is the most famous of the kind and has been paraphrased in a dozen or more places. (*Michigan* uses, for instance, "Our Handsomest Men Are Girls.")

CAMPUS TOURS—

A. Through the heating tunnels, beginning under Science Hall steps.

B. The dome of the Great Hall in the Memorial Union beginning with door on the third floor.

C. The fraternity and sorority dwellings beginning at any house at any hour of the day or night. (They won't know whether you belong or not, anyway.)

D. Above the fourth floor of Science Hall beginning after nightfall. (For those with strong constitutions only.)

E. The ground floor of Lathrop hall beginning with any door. (For men only.)

~ Magpie

ON EASTER

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Crisply Fashion-right in BLACK and WHITE



or smartly demure in GRAY-

pretty in SOFT PASTELS

or dashing in PRINT



?

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BOOK BANTER

Young Man of Manhattan, by Katharine Brush (Farrar and Rinehart), is a lively story of journalism and matrimony, and how they may be made to mix in New York at as nearly this present moment as is possible considering the time it takes to put a book through the press. It is also the story of Toby McLean and Ann Vaughn. Toby is a sports writer and Ann runs a column on the movies. They are both nice children, nice to read about, and probably pleasant to know. Toby, it seems, was kicked out of college, like so many of the attractive juveniles of fiction. In actual life, the people who are kicked out of college are often nothing to write home about; but in fiction, one or two expulsions are a sure sign that the fellow has some good in him after all, and the chap who has really earned his diploma usually turns out mean enough to steal the thumb tacks from the bulletin boards. I have often wondered why this was.

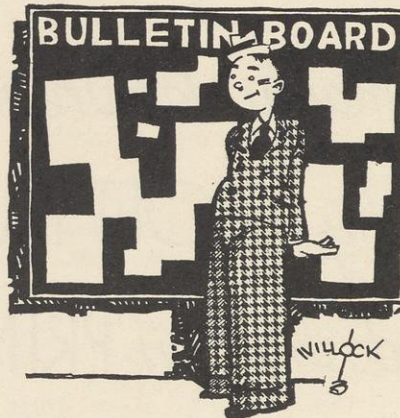
Be that as it may, Toby is a nice youth. Even his waywardness is rather charming. He drinks a bit too much from bootleggers too indiscriminately chosen; he gambles a bit, and is over-susceptible to the kind of ladies one meets at night-clubs; and for exasperatingly insufficient reasons he puts off writing the novel he has it in him to write. These play-boy qualities are not especially adapted to fit him for the role of husband. Combined with the fact that his wife makes more money than he does, and with the presence of a person named Puff, these charming little faults of his cause all the trouble that there is in the story.

The blurbs on the jacket are none of Miss Brush's doing, and she probably likes them no better than any author likes his advertisements. "Aching reality," for instance, seems to be better as a description of dentistry than as a term of literary criticism. But the eulogies of Miss Brush's

By

Paul M. Fulscher

easy, spontaneous, and natural style are justified. Her young people chat their way through the book in the breezy modern idiom that the collegian likes to think he uses habitually but really attains only in his most inspired mo-



"Mean enough to steal thumb tacks from the bulletin boards."

ments. And, to quote another blurb from the jacket, "their appeal is immediate." So immediate is it, in fact, that athletic luminaries like Westbrook Pegler and C. C. Pyle mingle with the fictional characters, and Jack Dempsey attends Toby's wedding. Perhaps the book is too immediate to be permanent. But by the time it has staled, Miss Brush will probably have written another book quite as good, and all will again be well.

Tantalus, by Jo Van Ammers-Kuller (E. P. Dutton and Co.) is a study of modern marriage problems as seen in a Dutch family, the middle third of the story being laid against the violent contrast of these United States. The author tells us on the jacket that she visited America in 1925. How long the visit was I do not know, but I suspect she eked out her impressions

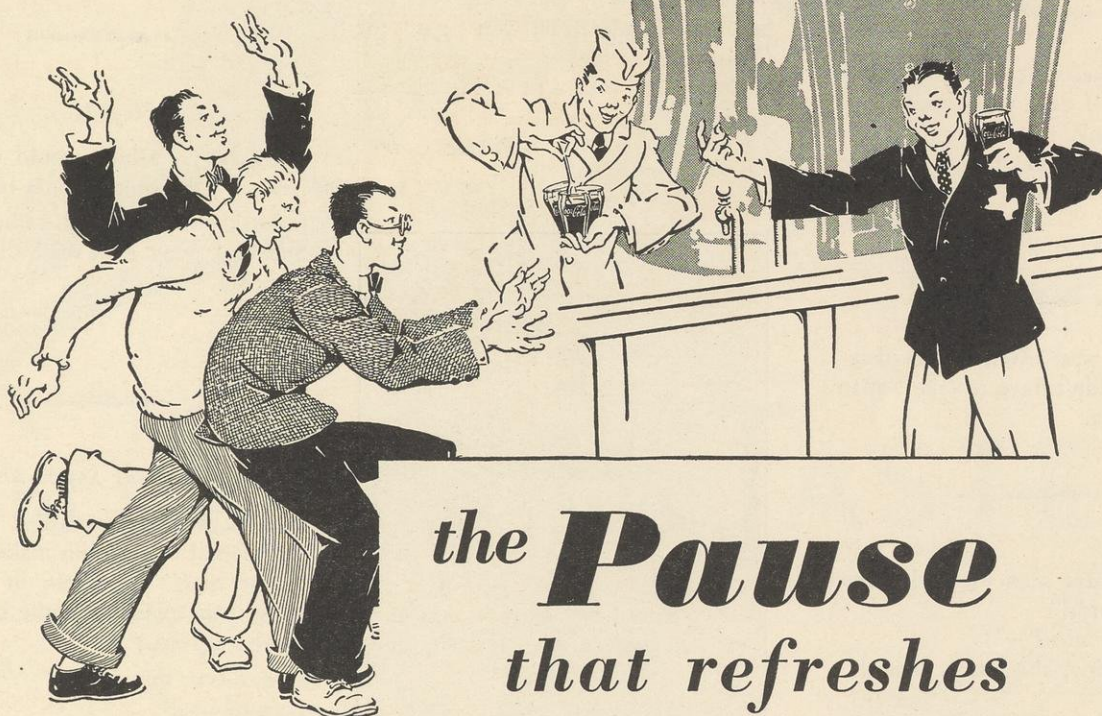
by going to a few movies, too. I myself have, I suppose, as good a right as anyone to claim a knowledge of Dutch family life, as this summer I spent five hours in Delft, the author's native city. The houses there, I learned, are open to visitors, and the man of the house shows you around, giving you the dates of the furniture. Everyone sits on the floor in a Holland house, apparently, as all the chairs I saw were roped off, and bore signs in three languages saying "Not to Sit Here, Please." They hang their plates on the walls, and apparently do not put food on them; at least I saw none. The family is kept in a room marked "Private". The phrase "Dutch courage" must come from that quality of self-reliance a Hollander acquires from roaming thus alone through his house, and from the tax it puts upon his energies to keep the wife cooped up in the room marked private. I may be all wrong about family life in Holland, but this is what I saw. Maybe Jo Van Ammera-Kuller is all wrong about us, too. . . .

The author of *Tantalus*—her name is too long to use again—would imply that modern marriage needs revision—the kind that would make a middle-aged man with a wife and three children free to go as far as he likes or can in philandering with every girl whose pretty face or ankles—depending on which extreme he sees first—attract him; the kind of revision that would make his wife say benignly: "Yes, my dear? And you say it's a girl with red hair this time? Um, well, how long do you think you'll be gone? I wanted you to take me and the children to Scheveningen next August. . . ." The author has read widely in Keyserling and his school, and apparently, like our younger better minds, believes nearly everything she reads if it is drastic enough. She is, however, a close observer of hu-

(Continued on page 34)



Your good deed
for today



the ***Pause***
that refreshes

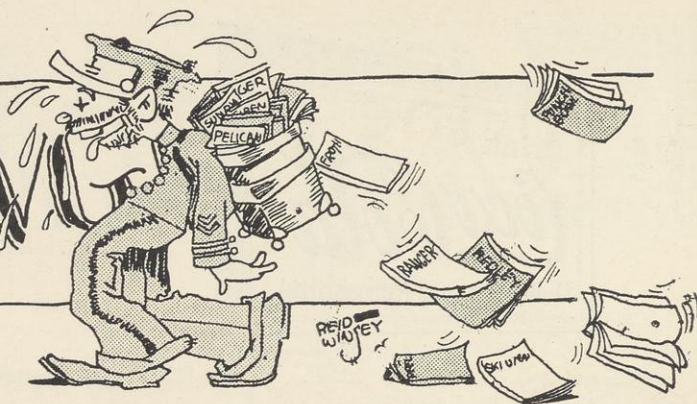
No matter how busy you are—how hard you work or play—don't forget you owe yourself that refreshing pause with Coca-Cola.

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EXCHANGE



Tom: What would you do if some young salesman waited on you while you were buying teddies?

Lucille: I think I would have a fit.
—Claw

One (studying English): What the devil is a metaphor?

Another: For cows to graze.
—Log

In 1860

He: Prithee, fair maid, what is this bustle all about?

She: I'd hate to tell you.
—Princeton Tiger

"Rastus, you-all cain't go out with mah gal. I'll have you know she am a lady ob rank."

"Dat ain't nuffin, niggah. Ise jest as rank as she am."

—Dodo

Mother: Why don't you wear that beautiful underwear you got for Christmas?

Daughter: Oh, I'm saving that for a windy day.

—Purple Cow

Hey! Hey!

Mother: Which would you rather have, a baby brother or a baby sister?

Little Johnny: I'd rather have a Shetland pony if it's all the same to you, Ma.

—Exchange

Alimony was invented so that a woman wouldn't have to take a man's name in vain.

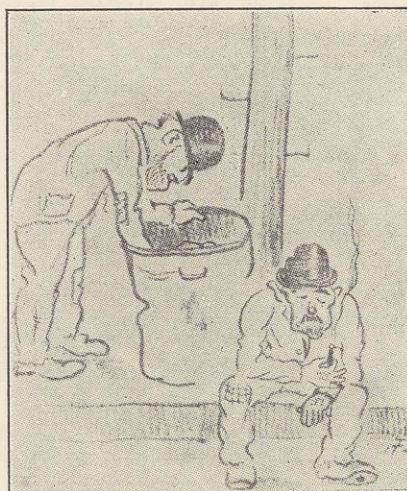
—Brown Jug

"Should have seen the girl I spent last night with!"

"Was she nice?"

"Nice? Boy, she was a dream!"

—Lord Jeff



"Today's Sunday, isn't it?"

"Yeab."

"Hot dog! Funny papers tomorrow."

—Harvard Lampoon

Expected

The heavy sugar daddy and a new chorus girl were enjoying a little dinner in a private room at a roadhouse.

As the meal neared its finish he cleared his throat and said: "Er, er, how about a little demitasse now, dear?"

"I knew it! I knew it!" exploded the girl. "I knew you weren't treating me this nice for nothing."

—Dirge

It was in a cheap vaudeville house. An Oriental act had just been concluded and incense filled the house.

"Usher," complained a pompous man in an aisle seat, "I smell punk."

"Thats' all right," whispered the usher, confidentially, "Just sit where you are and I won't put any one near you."

—Bison

Excellent Supporting

Will Rogers was asked to give a testimonial to a certain make of piano, "Dear Sirs," he wrote in reply, "I guess your pianos are the best I ever leaned against."

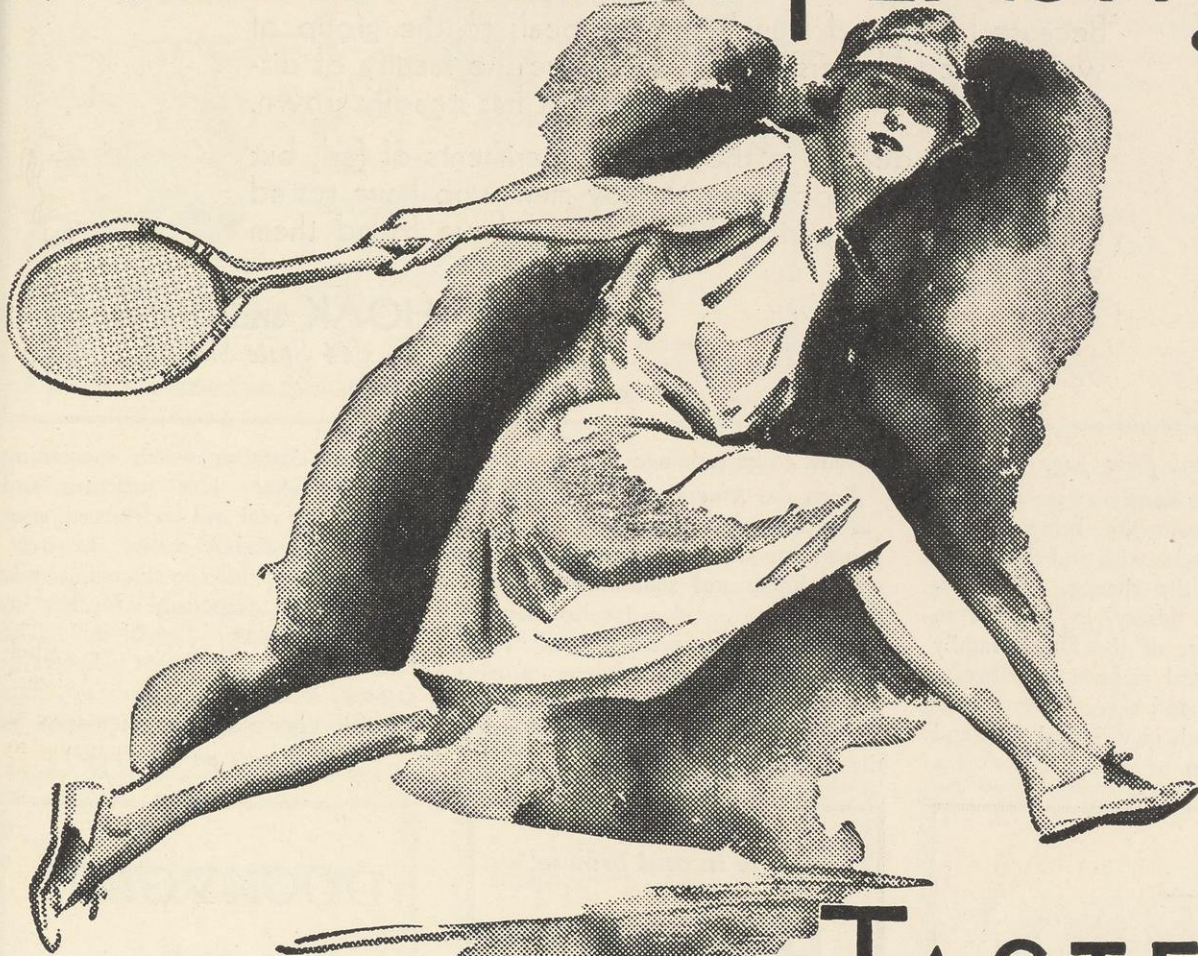
—Exchange

A young man was interested in moths. His professor told him to read all the books he could find on moths. The fellow did, but came back with a puzzled expression, telling the professor that there was one he could not understand. The good man was surprised and inquired what the name of the book was.

The answer was, "Advice to Young Moth-ers."

—Exchange

...on the court it's **FLASH!**



...in a cigarette it's **TASTE!**

"A FACT is more powerful than twenty texts."
Two puffs tell more of a cigarette's *taste* than
any two-hour speech.

Taste must speak for itself...and Chesterfield's
refreshing, spicy flavor, its characteristic fra-
grance, do just that.

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making you like them, requires only this:

"TASTE *above everything*"



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We are not dealing in the costly experiments of fad, but show only those goods created by men who have tested them over a long period of years and have found them successful.

HOAK and DUNN
644 State Street

(Continued from page 30)

manity, and is keenly aware that any violent readjustments bring misery both to those who wish and those who do not wish the change. The portrayal of this misery, in addition to the fine picture of the Dutch family unit, is her real claim to distinction as a novelist—and a very strong claim it is, too. Both in technical skill and in presentation of character she is a

novelist to be reckoned with.

Even the American practitioners of "revision" are shown not to have gained much from it but "an occasional brave and somewhat mocking smile from . . . eyes that had bought wisdom with so many tears." And Evert, the Dutch philanderer, misses his children and hates the burned eggs his new mate cooks for him. Thora, the philanderer's first wife, is almost

the only character worth concerning ourselves over. Her suffering and her pain are real and undeserved, even though the author makes the over-rigid attitude of the Dutch family group largely responsible for her inability to accept "revision." The Dutch, it seems, are great believers in *fatsoen*, a word which has no exact English equivalent but seems to be

(Continued on next page)

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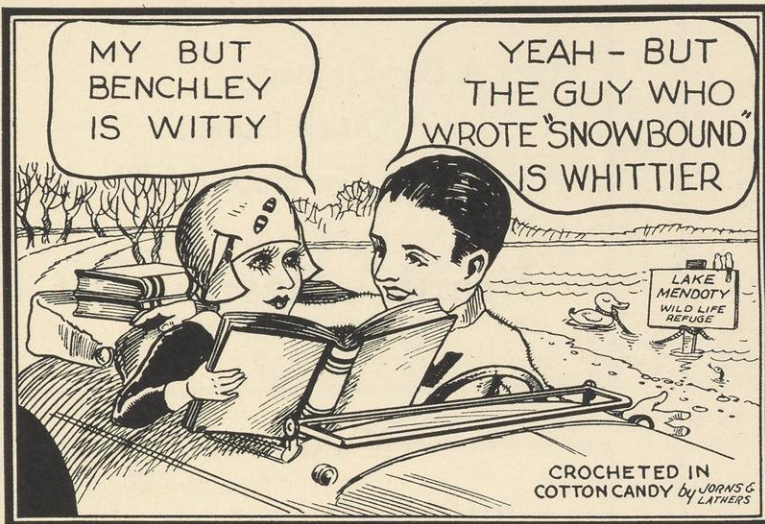
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synonymous with what Victorians used to refer to as "The home-life of Our Dear Queen."

It is, as I have said, in its understanding treatment of the human element that *Tantalus* finds its center of interest for me. The characters, whether one likes them or not, are alive. I do not speak of the American women; as the author draws them,

they seem to have no character at all; the American scene is not a scene but a scenario. Evert Tideman, however, in spite of the author's determination to make us sympathize with him, will seem to most men a rather contemptible figure. On him is hung a minor thesis, certainly as old as Shaw, that in these days men are the pursued and women the pursuers.

But Evert is too frantically eager to get caught to give the chase much zest. We can feel a certain reluctant admiration for the ruthless Don Juan type. We can understand the "world-well-lost" conception of a great illicit passion. But Evert's notion of extra-marital love is about on a par with that of the prowler who peeps into the windows of girls' dormitories.

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The Dekes don't drink any more, they
say,
Of gin and beer and such;
It's true they don't drink any more,
But they're drinking just as much.
—Ski-U-Mah



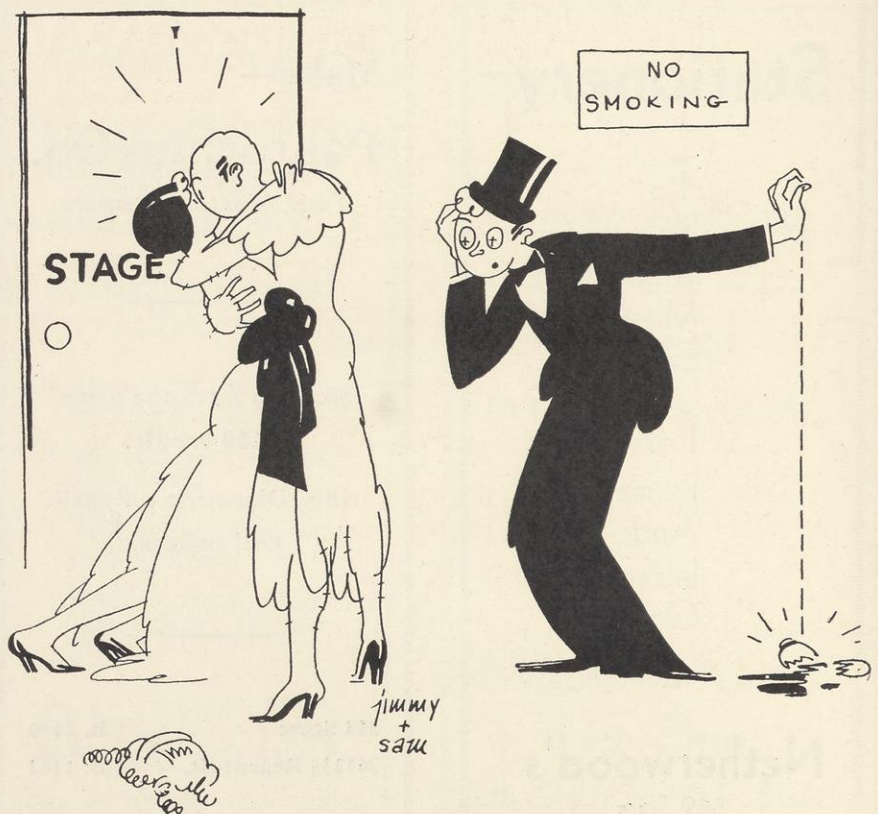
He: Did you hear the latest news
about Milton Work, the bridge expert?
His wife had twins.
She: You don't mean it?
He: Yea, it looks like she doubled
his bid.

—Gargoyle



"Is this the Weather Bureau?"
"Yes, Sir."
"How about a shower to-night?"
"It's all right with me. Take it if
you need it."

—Stone Mill



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"What will you have, sir?"
 "A toasted cheese sandwich."
 "On toast, sir?"
 "No, bring it on horseback."

—Chanticleer



I'm Venus de Milo.
 Whatddyamean?
 Hands off.



Si: Down on our farm we had a hen that laid an egg
 six inches long."
 Alec: Up in our town we can beat that.
 Si: How?
 Alec: With an egg-beater.

—Boy's Life



The inebriated individual stumbled, fell on one knee
 and then rolled over into the gutter. A traveler in pass-
 ing, paused to inquire the location of the nearest hotel.
 "Brother," gurgled the prostrate one, "thish is the right
 place. Plenty of room and runnin' water."

—Show Me



Nearsighted Old Man (eating a box of loose-leaf re-
 inforcements): Well, by heck, these Life Savers don't
 taste like they used to.

—Banter



"I'm determined to kiss you before I go home."
 "You leave this house at once!"

—Ranger



Padre: Still running around with that little brunette
 of last summer, son?
 Hijo: Why, Dad, she's married now.
 Padre: Answer me!

—Pelican

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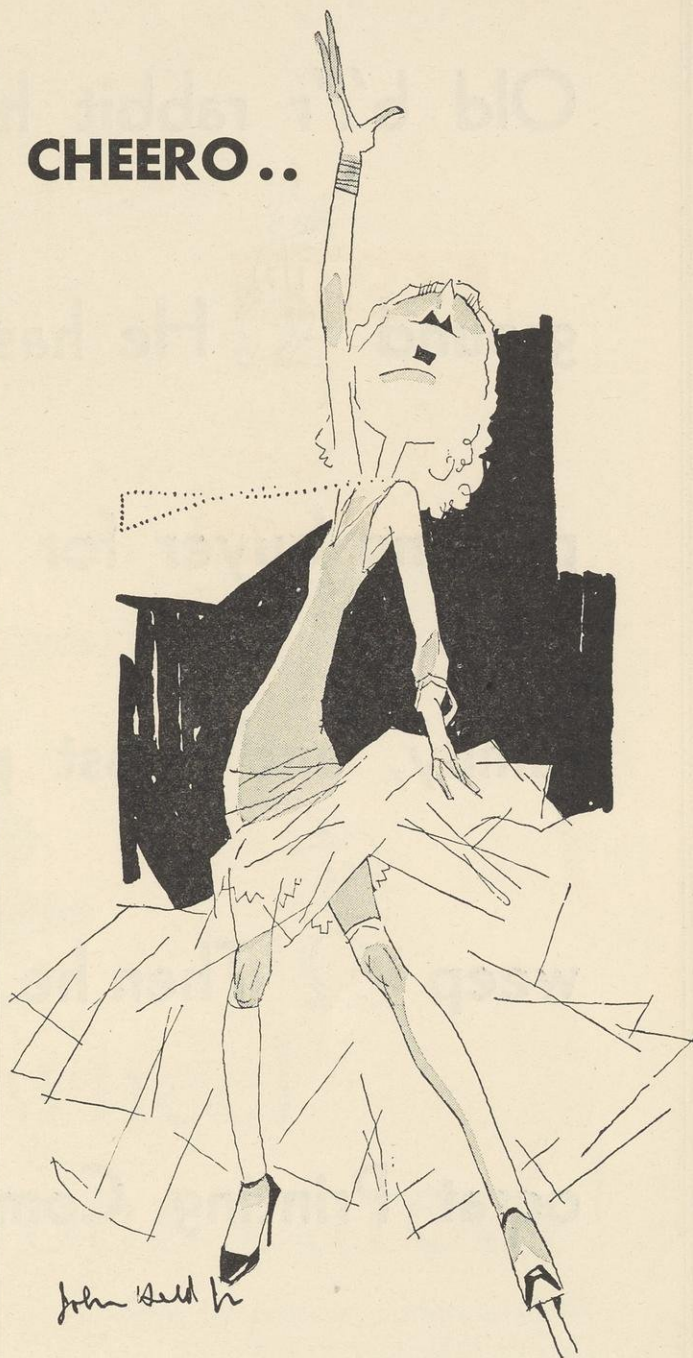
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ground  He has to because he is

printing buyer for the Easter Rabbit

family, and most printers make him

weep  Then he heard of the Dem-

ocrat Printing Company  Now he

sleeps most of the time because we

absorb his worries 



“Take the wheel” of your career!

WHY NOT take the time now to think this over? To get anywhere in the world of business—just as in driving an automobile—a man must choose a definite road and keep on it.

Natural ability gives him power to go ahead—college tunes him up to go faster. But to *get anywhere* he must have a “steering gear”—



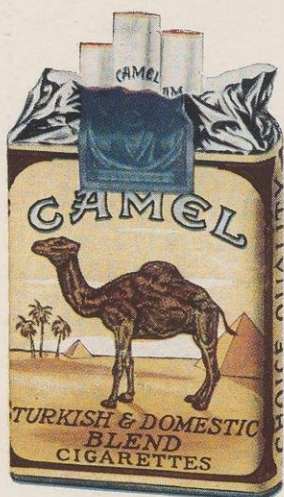
a guiding purpose, an ambition in life.

Every man has certain aptitudes and interests that fit him peculiarly for one kind of work rather than another. A little careful self-analysis will help you to get started in the right direction. Industry always has room for the man who knows what work he wants to do and *can* do.

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BETTER Prom than last year . . .
look at that something in the blue
dress. . . . Hey, Tubby . . . you
passed my Camels to the whole
stag line. . . . Never mind . . .
another carton in the booth. . . .
Hello, Jack . . . why the fatigue?
. . . This committee racket's no
cinch . . . been trying to keep the
boys from crashing the gate . . . I
need a breathing spell. . . . You
need a Camel . . . have one. . . .



When they tell you they smoke Camels "just because they're good," they mean that Camel is a better cigarette.