

## **The Wisconsin Octopus. Vol. 18, No. 8 April, 1937**

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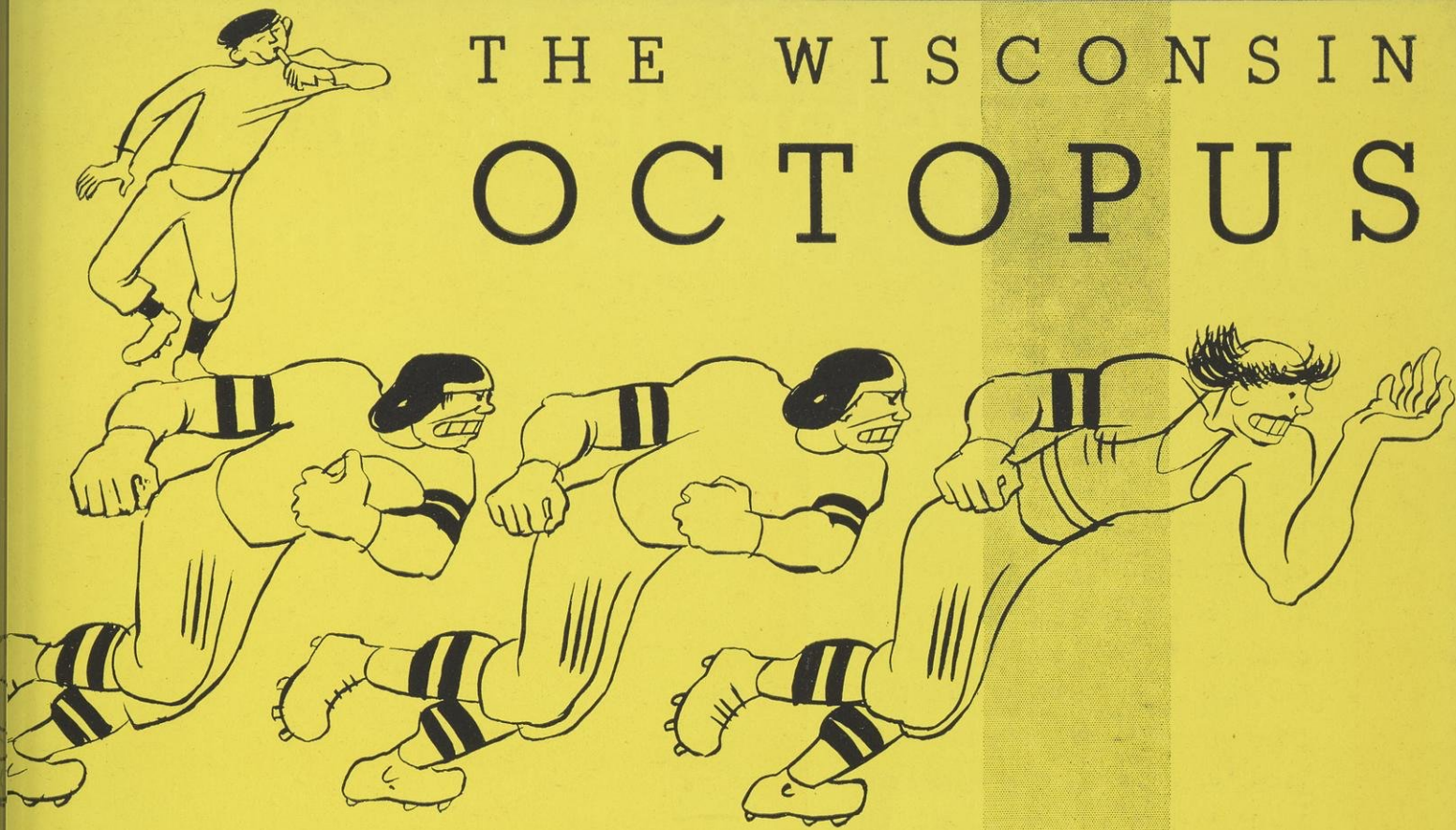
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# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



J. Wahns

APRIL

15c

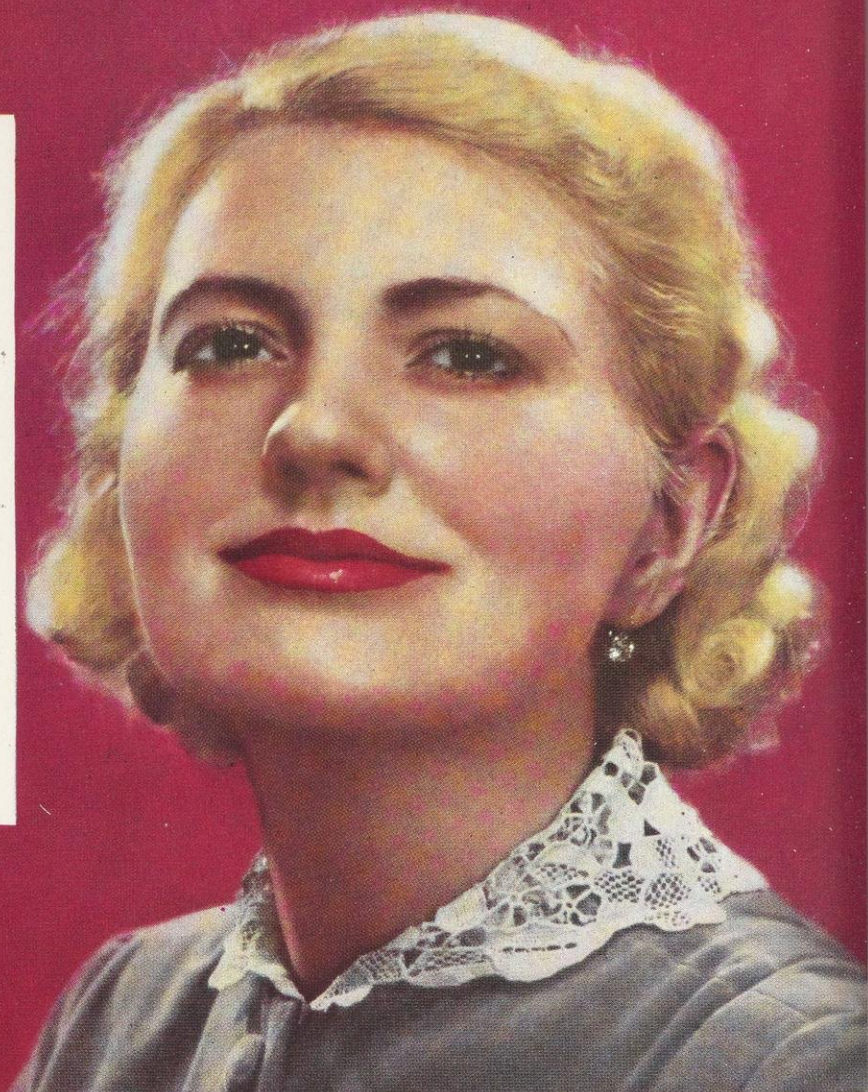


# Helen Jepson tells why she chooses a light smoke

"A season of opera and concert means my voice and throat must be consistently in perfect condition. Therefore, although most of my smoking is done while I am on vacation, it is all important to me that I be careful in choosing my cigarette. I smoke Luckies because I enjoy their taste and, because I feel it is wiser for me to choose a light smoke for my voice."

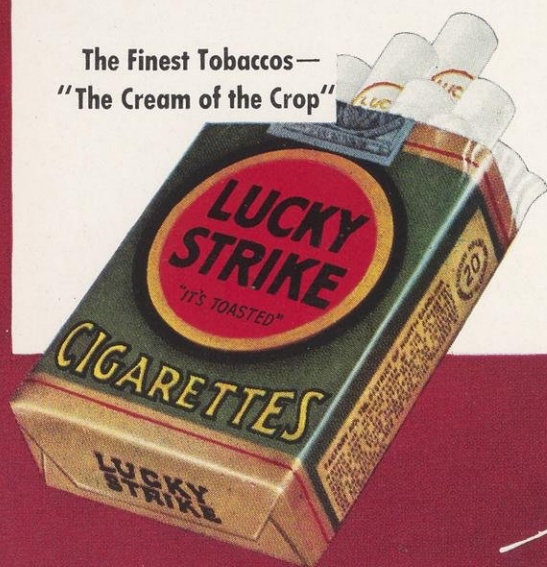
*Helen Jepson*

LOVELY PRIMA DONNA OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA



Copyright 1937, The American Tobacco Company

The Finest Tobaccos—  
"The Cream of the Crop"



An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, over 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

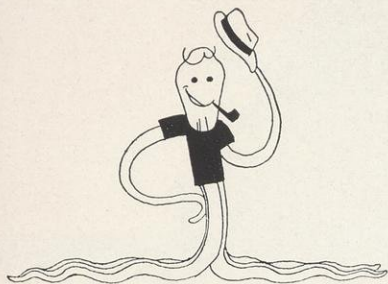
Miss Jepson verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat.

*a light smoke*

**"IT'S TOASTED"—YOUR THROAT PROTECTION** **AGAINST IRRITATION  
AGAINST COUGH**



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VOLUME XVIII

NUMBER VIII

## In the Editor's Brown Study

**F**UNNY, the way all this alumni stuff happened. We had the idea last fall, early, but dropped it. Then, one day, Jimmie Watrous am-bled into the office.

"Why not have an Alumni Issue and have all the old guys write and draw for it?" he asked.

"Will you do the cover?" we de-manded.

Being somewhat weak, he consented. So here's the Alumni Issue.

Whilst going through the files, seek-ing names of the Octy greats of other days, we ran across another Alumni Number. That was in the spring of 1927, just ten years ago. In that one, as in this one, all the copy was new material written by the old boys.

This business of tracing down your predecessors is great fun. For instance, whatever happened to Mike Stivers, who was last seen at the American University in Beirut, Syria? Why has Horace Gregory, an Octyman who has done something with his writing, turned such a deaf ear to our pleas? How about Hub Townsend, one of the best, who never said aye, yes, or no?

But the questions we can answer are even more fun. Tracing down people like Irv Tressler, stormy petrel of the American humor racket, who has tem-porarily settled down on Scribner's. And Ken Fagg, whose really fine work didn't, we're afraid, get the engraving appropriation it deserved. And Fred Pederson, whose Haresfoot movie, "Varsity Show," might have been made on the Wisconsin campus.

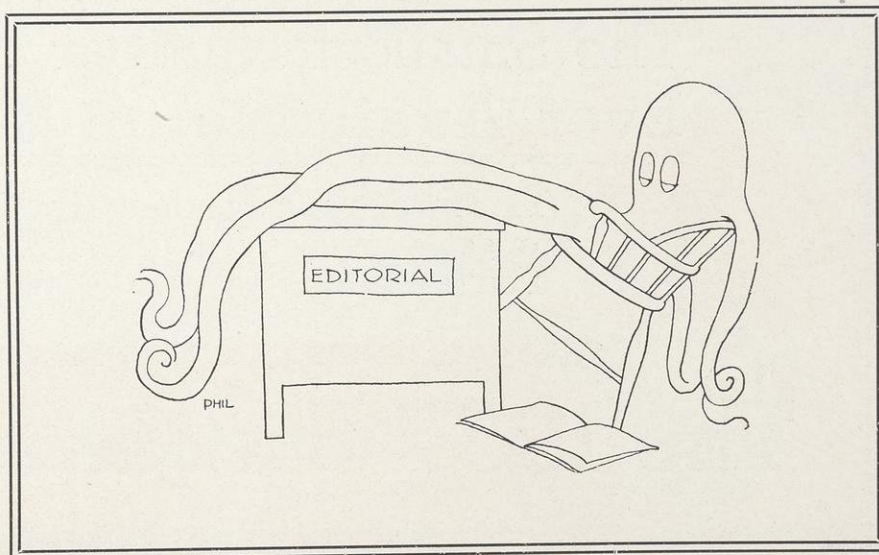
But now we ourselves join the Or-der of the Octopus. This is the last issue. It's easy to see why some past editors have bubbled up a bit as they pounded out their last copy in The Brown Study. Much of the job, after all, is composed of personal associa-tions.

So, to Bob, who proved our boast of last spring that he was the best of the three publication business managers; to Herb, whose pen and brush were perfect expressions of the Octy idea; to Tom and Paul, who never let their competition hurt the magazine; to Janet, who combined editorial and ad-vertising work in a masterful fashion; to John and Hal and Herman and Helen, who paid for the thing; to the Dean, who acted judiciously and most sparingly in the use of his powers as board president; to Ray, who watched the pennies zealously; to Professor Sumner, who said he was "an editorial man" and proved it; to Jack, who will probably do as much for Octy as it is doing for him; and to all the rest of the Octymen who've served as tentacles for the past year and a half . . .

Thanks.

But the swivel chair still squeaks and still catches your pants leg, even as it did with Watrous. We got the second screw to make the typewriter set firmly on the slide, but we never put it in. And a lot of other resolutions we made have gone under the pressure of school work and a magazine every month. There's a lot of work for the new staff.

It's in capable hands.





## MOTHER'S DAY

May 9



Your

Greetings (and heavy ones, too)

Can be conveyed in less

Than wheelbarrow lots

There's more real feel-  
in a few well chosen  
words on an attractive  
card than one imagines.  
You will find just "the  
card" for your Mother  
among the hundreds at

Brown's. Prices begin  
at a modest 5c.

**Brown's  
Book  
Shop**

*State and Lake*

Wheeeee!



*These frilly things we see before us  
Deck the fellows in the chorus . . .  
Why they wear them we don't know;  
We'll find out when we see the show.*

—P. B. SHELLEY, '07

# 321

Copies Left!

## The Smallest Number of Badgers Ever Available on May First!

This means just one thing if you're going  
to get your copy of the 1937 Badger.  
You'll want it, but to get it you must . . .

Sign Up Now

The 1937 Badger - - - \$3.<sup>50</sup>







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Properly Pasteurized DAIRY PRODUCTS  
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## Time Staggers On!

### *A Fleeting Glimpse of Years of Sparkling Octy Wit*

**T**EMPUS fidgets. We have all we can do to keep up. Here we find ourselves almost eighteen years old and with something of a tradition strung out behind us. Octy, since its inception in 1919, has reflected in its pages the ever changing panorama of college life, fads, fashions, and trends. Let's flip back the years to another collegiate era and Octy's younger days.

#### 1919

##### *Octy Sees the Light of Day*

"The Octopus, a Humorous Campus Journal Published Every Now and Then."

—from the masthead, Nov., 1919.

##### *War Memories Linger On*

Father: Well, son, I see you're back from the front and not a scratch.

Son: No, Pop, I quit scratching as soon as we got out of the trenches.

#### 1920

##### *Nation Goes "Dry"*

Prof: Damn Columbus . . . If he hadn't discovered America, I'd still be living in Europe and it isn't dry over there.

#### 1921

##### *Wheeee!*

Old Lady (at the Follies): She ought to go to the 1000 islands.

Friend: And why?

O. L.: She needs some dressing.

#### 1922

##### *"Lizzies" Rattle On*

"A Ford in the garage is worth two in a river."

##### *More and More Arid*

This prohibition makes me sick  
Said little Johnny Hanks.

The only four per cent we see  
Is painted on the banks.

##### *The Industry of the Future*

Dearie: I'd hate to be coming down in that parachute.

Hon: I'd hate to be coming down without it.

#### 1923

##### *Glamour Industry*

Thehim: Do you want to see Gloria Swanson?

Theher: No, I can't stand to look at her.

Thehim: They've got seats so you don't have to.

##### *Styles Change*

"How do you like the new style of long dresses?"

"I don't mind."

"Why?"

"I've got such a darned good memory."

#### 1924

##### *Fads in Parlor Games*

##### *Sweep the Nation*

"Women are beginning to assert



## *If Trumpets Must Be Blown - - -*

WE PREFER TO HAVE IT DONE BY OUR CUSTOMERS. THEY MAY BE GOOD ENOUGH TO TELL YOU — AS THEY HAVE TOLD US — THAT OUR SPRING SPORTS CLOTHES COMBINE GOOD TASTE AND FINE QUALITY WITH ECONOMY — THOUGH OUR THINGS ARE UNUSUALLY FINE — THEY STILL ARE WELL WITHIN THE REACH OF A MODEST BUDGET.

# MACNEIL & MOORE

BUSINESS, SPORT AND FORMAL CLOTHES

602 STATE STREET



# Formals . . .



\$15<sup>00</sup>  
UP

Just arrived from the leading stylists . . . linen and summer formals . . . New wraps are very colorful.

## Woldenberg's

26-28 E. MIFFLIN ST.

themselves in China."

"How's that?"

"Well, you never heard of Pa Jong."

### Aviation Advances

Stunt Aviator: I fooled 75% of those people down there. They thought I was going to fall.

Passenger: Yes, and you fooled 50% of us up here.

1925

### Ooh, Bogeyman!

Jacob: How do you feel toward the Ku Klux Klan nowadays, Abe?

Abraham: Just fine, Jakie; I sell 'em the sheets.

### High Pressure Methods

"Mary calls me Prince Albert now."

"Why is that?"

"She says I don't bite her tongue."

### Golf Becomes Popular

"Much good English is wasted on a billiard ball; much bad English is wasted on a golf ball."

1926

### The Market Climbs

"My stock is worth-less."

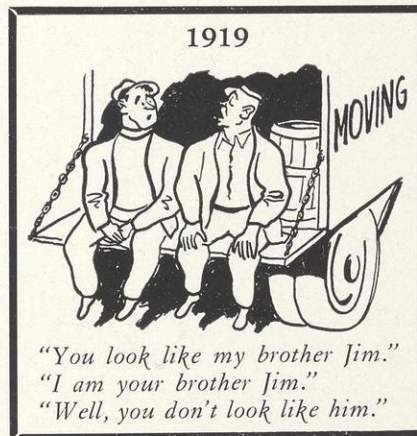
"Cleaned out?"

"No, down two points."

### Violation of 18th Amendment Becomes Major Industry

"Shall we pledge Jones?"

"Yes, he comes from a good family. His grandfather is a leading bootlegger."



1927

### Europe!

French customs officer: Any cigarettes, cigars, chewing gum, or towel checks?

Collitchy Man: Good God! I thought I left my frat brothers behind.

### The Era of Progress

Soph: Man is wonderful. He has learned to fly like a bird.

Frosh: Yes, but he hasn't learned to sit on a barbed-wire fence.

(continued on next page)

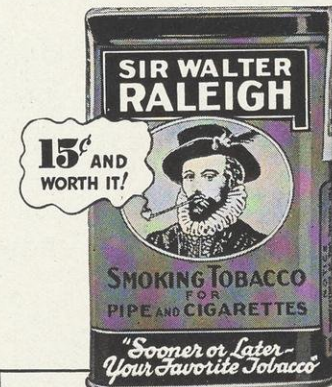
## MAN'S PIPE BITES DOG!



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



THAT'S news, all right—and a dirty trick on Fido! Pipes need a good Spring cleaning now and then to cure their bite. And for your throat's sake—if not for Fido—try switching from your old hot-and-heavy brand of pipe tobacco to mild Sir Walter Raleigh. It is milder. That's no idle boast—it's a cool-burning, fragrant-smelling, Kentucky Burley fact! 15¢ for two full ounces buys you and Fido a million dollars' worth of fine, full-flavored smoke aroma!



UNION MADE

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

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUNCHAUSEN)  
NBC BLUE NETWORK, FRIDAYS 10 P. M., E. S. T.





In  
Filmy  
Chiffon  
\$19.95

Spring romance captured in this ankle-length dancing dirndl inspired by Schiaparelli. A cloud of chiffon to make you a floating vision in silvery grey sprigged with nosegays of color.

Baron's

1928

*The Old Grad*

1st grad: Rah! rah! rah! Whoozis! Whoozis! Rah! rah! rah!

2nd grad: Say fellah, who you cheering for?

1st ditto: Dear ol' Whoozis, of course.

2nd ditto: Why, we played Whoozis last Saturday.

1st grad: My Gawd, I'm in the wrong stadium.

1928



"You look like my cousin Ed."  
"I am your cousin Ed."  
"Well, you don't look like him."

*Joe College Make His Appearance*

Nowadays instead of saying, "I'll love you forever and ever," Joe College says, "I'll love you till the Delta Gamma mortgage is paid off in full."

1929

*Jazz Music Reaches the Depths*

"Why did that Swede start to dance all of a sudden?"

"Somebody said, 'just a jig, Olo'."

*Social Trends Radical*

"Momma love Papa?"

"Yes, Junior."

"Papa love Mama?"

"Yes, son."

"What the hell! Ain't this family modern?"

1930

*Hoover Suggests Disarming*

"Venus de Milo was left out of Hoover's disarmament plan, but she ought to be on probation for carrying concealed weapons."

*New Immigration Laws*

Fresh: Why was that immigration inspector fired?

Fresher: For passing a bum Czech.

1931

*Depression*

Father: And to think that I mortgaged the house to send my boy to college. All he does is go out with girls, drink, and smoke.

Crony: Do you regret it?

Father: Yes, I should have gone myself.



1932

*Depression*

"In spite of what others may say, what this country needs is a good five cents."

1933

*Joe College Still With Us*

"A rag, a bone, and a hank of hair..."

"Is he quoting Kipling?"

"No, he's taking inventory at the Deke house."

1934

*Democrats Control the Government*

"You better be good, little boy, or you'll never be president."

"That's all right, lady, I'm a Republican."

*Pre-War Stuff*

Drunk (to splendidly uniformed bystander): Shay, call me a cab, will ya?

Splendidly Uniformed Bystander: My good man, I am not the doorman; I am a naval officer.

Drunk: Awright, then call be a boat. I gotta get home.

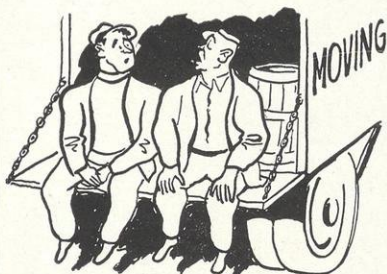
1935

*Radical Propaganda*

"Chicago has started a 'Red' investigation. The University of Moscow will be next."

"Anti-Warers expect about 2,000 student strikers at their coming walk-out. 1% Anti-Anti-Warers, 40% Senatorial investigators, and 59% students who didn't feel like going to class."

1937



"You look like my Aunt Prunella."  
"I am your Aunt Prunella."  
"Well, you don't look like her."

1936

*Drought*

"The drought sure made the wheat short this year."

"Short? Say, I had to lather mine to mow it."

1937

*Collitch Fun!*

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"

"Thank you, sir, most people call it dishwater."

Time staggers on!

—J. J. LA RUS

IT SOUNDS SILLY, BUT MY SKINS TOO SENSITIVE FOR DEODORANTS.

IT IS SILLY, DARLING. I THOUGHT THE SAME 'TIL I TRIED NONSPI. IT'S SAFE.

**HOW WOMEN TALK**  
ABOUT "TOO-SENSITIVE" SKIN

Yes, *your* skin is sensitive, too, especially under the arms. Be *safe*. Use non-irritating Nonspi as the dependable anti-perspirant and deodorant. One application protects you from two to five days. No under-arm moisture to ruin fine fabrics. At drug and department stores everywhere. 35¢ and 60¢. Slightly more in Canada. Try it—today.

*Safe* **NONSPI**

Pronounced "Non-spy"... Means "The Safe Deodorant"

NONSPI OFFERS YOU THESE FOUR ESSENTIALS OF PERFECT PROTECTION AGAINST UNDER-ARM MOISTURE.

1. Nonspi has been pronounced entirely safe by highest medical authority.
2. Nonspi may be used full strength by women whose delicate skin forces them to use deodorants half-strength, with only half-way results.
3. Nonspi protection lasts from two to five days...and you can depend on it.
4. Nonspi's siphon-top bottle prevents contamination. And there's no dripping or waste with this patented Nonspi applicator.

## "Alias the Ambassador"

39th Annual Haresfoot Club Show . . .

### 35 GORGEOUS GIRLS 35

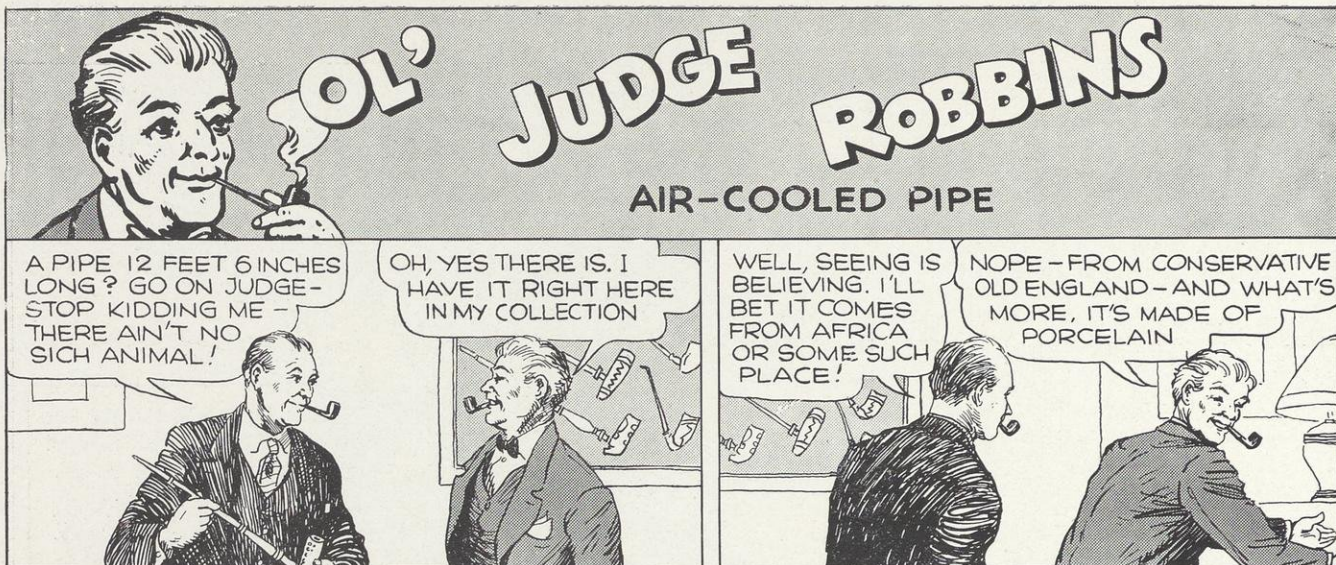
Madison Performances

**April 30**  
**May 1**

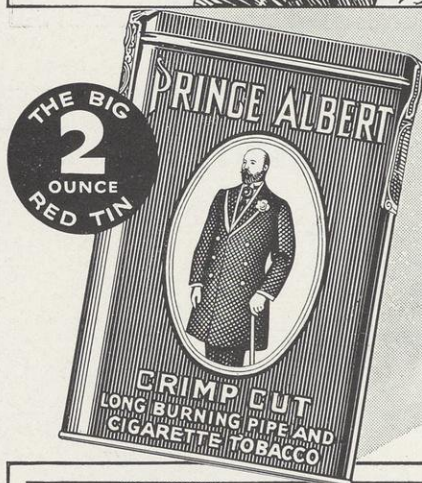
50c, 75c, \$1.00  
\$1.50

"All Our Girls Are Men, But Every One's a Lady"





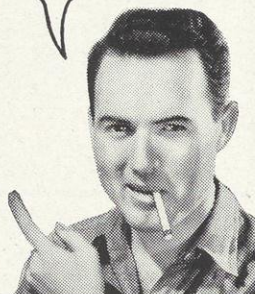
SEE, THE STEM IS CURVED AND INTERTWINED IN AN INTRICATE PATTERN. STRETCHED OUT STRAIGHT, IT WOULD MEASURE TWELVE AND A HALF FEET. ITS PURPOSE WAS TO COOL THE SMOKE AND SAVE THE SMOKER'S TONGUE FROM "BITE"



## PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

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

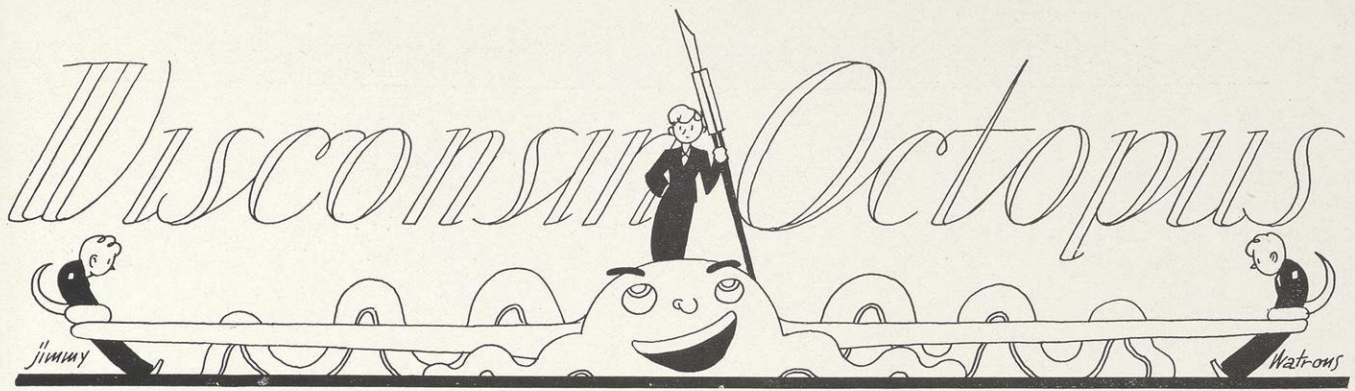
PRINCE ALBERT  
IS SWELL  
MAKIN'S TOO!



Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company







## Hold 'Em, Hollywood!

**W**ITH spring football practice almost over and coaches and fans eyeing next fall with both hope and trepidation, the big question confronting the stadium-filling public is: What's Hollywood going to do this year?

Most sports forecasters are predicting that Minnesota, Notre Dame, Pittsburgh, Alabama, or Stanford will win the national football championship this year (in recent seasons Wisconsin has been remarkably free of this type of conjecture), but the fact remains that when Thanksgiving Day rolls around again, Hollywood, as usual, will be right on top in undisputed first place.

Enthusiasm among the film capital's coaches already is running high. I have talked with Adolph Zukor, Louis B. Mayer, B. P. Schulberg, and Harry Cohn, and each is optimistic over the season's outcome. Coach Mayer looks for a very successful year with capacity crowds, but adds that it's going to be hard to tell whether MGM, Columbia, or United Artists will win the pennant.

Having had the opportunity of first hand, personal observation, I'd like to venture a few predictions and comments myself. I, too, expect a splendid season, although several of the players such as Jack Benny, Lanny Rose, and Joe Penner are untried. However, I am told Benny may take up coaching.

But Hollywood's greatest assets are its old and experienced team-mates. The film city is especially fortunate in this respect, as it has no graduation and no ineligibility. Such capable ball carriers as Robert Young, Bruce Cabot,

and Richard Arlen are still playing on studio elevens; while Richard Barthelmess, Robert Montgomery, and several other All-Hollywood selections of a few years ago are available in a pinch. Hollywood should be hard to beat this year; that is, if neither Jack Oakie nor Harold Lloyd carries the ball the wrong way too often.

The film capital's greatest and most urgent need is a strong line. Most of its stellar material is in the backfield, and a strong line would enhance Hollywood's chances for an undisputed national championship this year. Probably a revolving system can be arranged whereby each man must serve part time in the line. Incidentally,

Ted Healy looks mighty promising at center.

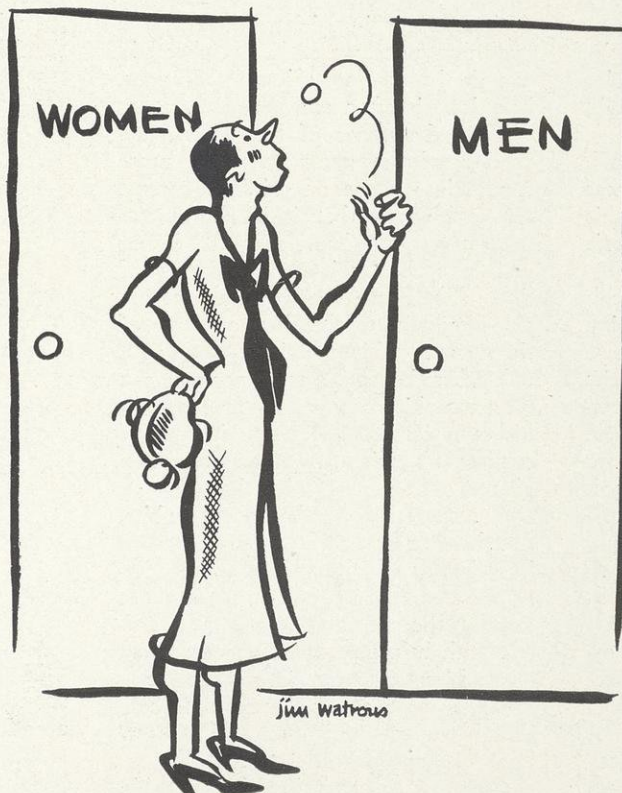
Of course, it is extremely difficult this early in the year to predict with any degree of accuracy which player will become intoxicated the night before the big game with State, who will get framed, who will be compelled to bear unjustly the taint of professionalism, or what lucky fellow will make the winning touchdown, preferably in the last three seconds of play, to capture the hand of Ruby Keeler, Mary Carlisle, June Travis, Loretta Young or other picture colony sorority girls. At the time of the last check-up most of these camera co-eds were available for post-season weddings with the coach as best man and the combined glee club and band lending an earful of Lohengrin's bridal march.

Football always has been an outstanding financial success in Hollywood. It seems a large portion of the American public would just as soon see gridiron contests in a comfortable theater, and there are a lot more theaters than stadii in our country. Besides, Consolidated Film Laboratories can turn out ever so many duplicates of the same game.

While we all know that some one Hollywood team will eclipse all the others, it is another matter to name that particular one at this early date.

**J**ACK WARNER, whose firm has sponsored some of Hollywood's champion teams, told me the difficulty he and his brothers were encountering in talking players into going out for football.

"If we can get Errol Flynn





# Wisconsin Octopus



*"Isabel, dear, PLEASE can't I have my fraternity pin back?"*

and Humphrey Bogart in suits," Warner stated, "I think our bunch has a chance for the pennant!"

Warner's probably will offer the position of head coach to Max Reinhardt, although Frank Borzage will handle the line as usual.

Charles Rogers, head of Universal, is frankly pessimistic over his chances this season. Mr. Rogers confessed his inability to interest Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff, or Henry Hull in the game.

If Gary Cooper's contractual difficulties can be ironed out satisfactorily, Paramount should come out on top. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is staking its hopes on Nelson Eddy, hitherto untied, but reputedly a clever triple threat man. Although a charming voice is a questionable asset in a rough and tumble game like football, we'll venture Eddy will use his to advantage. A Victor Herbert medley with every touchdown. How the crowds will roar! As this goes to press Darryl Zanuck's Twentieth Century-Fox organization is trying, and trying hard, to induce Ronald Colman to enroll as a freshman at, preferably, Tate or Holton. If Colman satisfies the entrance requirements, Zanuck's team

will be the dark horse. Watch it! And watch RKO, too. Sam Briskin may decide to put in Richard Dix at the last minute and we all know what Dix can do in the last minute. Heavens, he's done it often enough.

The advantages of the Hollywood version of the game over the more conventional type of gridiron contest are so obvious that it is almost unnecessary to list them here: (1) Every seat in a theater is on the fifty yard line. (2) There never is any reasonable doubt as to the final outcome of the game (this facilitates betting). (3) After the final gun a spectator can return to his own comfortable bed in his own comfortable home instead of curling up with three or four bon vivants on a fraternity house sofa. (4) Tickets are, at the most, six-bits, not three dollars. (5) Feet rarely freeze in a theater which, of course, materially lessens the amount of anti-polar solution the spectator must fortify himself with in order to endure the rigors of alma mater loyalty (It's a good idea to have some along, though, in case the picture gets a bit dull). (6) Cheering is obligingly ready made.

I confess that naming the probable

Hollywood All-American is largely guesswork, but I don't think the final list will vary too embarrassingly from the following:

L.E.—Lew Ayres

L.T.—Lyle Talbot

L.G.—Joel McCrea

C.—Bing Crosby (With a song hit, "I'll Rip Up the Goal Posts for You, Baby," thrown in for good measure.)

R.G.—James Dunn

R.T.—Joe E. Brown (Keep your eye on this fellow)

R.E.—Jack Oakie (An eye on him, too)

Q.B.—Robert Young

L.H.B.—Bruce Cabot

R.H.B.—Richard Arlen

F.B.—Clark Gable (In "It Happened One Saturday Afternoon" with Claudette Colbert playing for Delta Gamma)

Coach: Roscoe Ates

Cheerleader: Dick Powell

However, don't you Laughton fans abandon hope. Charley, acknowledged a crafty field captain, may wind up in a collegiate backfield yet!

—FRED PEDERSON '33



## What College Did For Me

DEAR FELLOWS:

It was nice of you to ask me to write, and there's so much to say I hardly know where to begin. But most of all I want to tell you, and all the other boys and girls at school, what college did for me.

College worked wonders for me. To begin with, as soon as I graduated, I wanted to go out into the world and really do something. But my family said no. "No," they said, "you must complete your education."

So I went into grammar school. Now most fellows, when they start grammar school, have to begin with kindergarten. But not me. I started right in 6B. That's what college did for me. It gave me a headstart over the other kids, right off. The only trouble was, they put me in a special class, with a lot of other college graduates. Boy, were they dopes! It was embarrassing to listen to them when they recited.

At present I have reached junior high school, and am coming along very nicely. Whenever the teacher shows me off to a visitor, she says, "It's his college education that does it." She says she wishes all her students were college graduates. She really thinks an awful lot of them.

Well, fellows, I could go on like this forever, telling you all that college did for me, and how grateful we all ought to be for going there. But the climax of the story comes when I meet Dr. Robert F. Doomsday.

When I first met Dr. Doomsday, I was lounging around the waterfront, waiting for a girl named Flossy, who a guy named Joe wanted to meet, Joe not knowing her address, and she not having any—any to speak of. All of a sudden, I noticed this queer-looking fellow throwing silver dollars into the water.

"Doc," I says to him, "that's a mighty strange game you're playing there."

He looks me up and down for a minute, blank-like, and then says, "No spik English."

Now here's where my college education helped me. It taught me to make trigger-quick judgments, and I said to the Doc, "Me no spik English idder. Me velly nice Chinese."

This got the Doc, somehow, so he sat down and explained the whole thing to me. This idea of throwing

silver dollars into the river was The Doomsday Plan. The idea was to get rid of money quicker than you got it. Eventually, he planned to have someone standing next to him, filling a bucket with silver dollars, while he took them out and threw them in the river. But so far he had only perfected half of his plan—the second half. He was working hard on the other part.

"Doc," I says to him, after he explains all this to me, "Doc," I says, "you got something there. What you need, Doc, is a good publicity man."

Well, this got the Doc so interested, that he stopped throwing his silver dollars for a while, and listened to me. And here again my college education helped me. I told him about the University of Wisconsin—how I once studied journalism there. He needed me, I told him, and I needed him. "Every journalism student," I told him, "has to become a publicity man sooner or later. Otherwise he dies."

At this the Doc looked sort of sad. He put out his brawny hand, and said, "Son, it's a deal. I'll work on my plan, and you'll be my press agent."

Well, fellows, you probably read in the papers what happened after that. You probably read my first stories about The Doomsday Plan, and I guess you know how we had the country wild with the idea of getting rid of money quicker than somebody else could give it to you. And I'm sure you all remember the riot the Doc and

I started that day in Milwaukee, outside the Allis-Chalmers plant, when we had all the workmen pitching silver dollars down the sewers.

And I suppose you remember how that Senate investigating committee got after us, and how the Doc, he says he's not going to be investigated by any dirty Senate, and so they go and hold him in contempt.

But that was only the beginning. You probably read the big story about the end of The Doomsday Plan—how the police found out the Doc was just a clever counterfeiter, coining silver dollars in competition with Uncle Sam, only his weren't silver, and Uncle Sam's were.

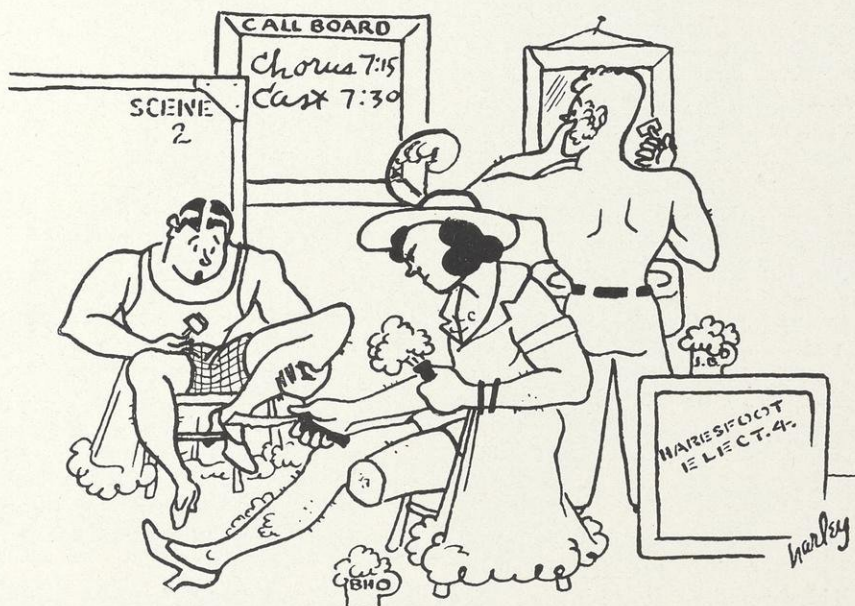
That was it, boys. The Doc really didn't give a whoop about The Doomsday Plan. He just wanted a market for his silver dollars.

Well, I guess you all read how we skipped out of the country, pretty quick. And I suppose the papers carried the story about how the Doc and I walked off the boat here in Cuba—right into the waiting arms of a dozen federal cops.

That's the whole story, fellows. The Doc is in the next cell, here. We're waiting for the next boat back to the States, and it won't be long now.

It's been a wonderful thing, fellows, and I give all the credit to my college education. In fact, after I get through serving my term, I think I'm going back to college. There's nothing like it. Look what it did for me.

—MAURICE C. BLUM '35



"Gad, Henry, didn't you learn to use a safety razor in Wausau?"



## Crosswell Takes a Cut

**T**HIS is a story about the days when salary cuts came faster than pay-days, and strong men trembled at the boss's frown. It is also a story about Crosswell.

When Crosswell told me that he had landed a good job at eight thousand a year we celebrated it as it deserved, and for a few months I never saw a happier man. Then there came a change.

One day I said to him, "Crosswell, what's wrong?"

"Burton, old man," he answered, "it's a matter of eight cents."

"You can't mean it," I told him. "Eight cents to a man with your pay-check means nothing. You are joking. Yes, Crosswell, you are certainly joking."

"God," said Crosswell earnestly and simply, "I wish I were. But I'm not. What can I do? I can't speak of it, can I?"

"Pull yourself together! Tell me about it." I looked longingly at the bar across the room, but he did not notice.

"It's devilish, I tell you, positively devilish! To think that they take that eight thousand so literally. And the way the Chief talks about details."

I must have looked dazed, for he suddenly screamed at me.

"Can't you see? Eight thousand divided by twelve is six six six six. Except it isn't. That only makes seven nine nine ninety-two. Eight cents, I told you!"

"Ah," I responded. "I see. You're losing eight cents on your year's pay. But why worry about it?"

"You don't know the Chief," said Crosswell more calmly. "He's always harping on details. Only yesterday he said, 'Crosswell, any man who doesn't get everything he has coming to him is a fool, and has no place in business.' Two weeks ago he told me he didn't want a niggardly man but he did want a man who watched details. Four weeks ago he told me that the man who watches the pennies loses the dollars." He shuddered, rolling his eyes back and up until only the whites showed as the enormity of it all struck him. "Burton, old man . . . he's testing me. What shall I do?"

"Speak of it," I suggested. "Maybe they will make up your half-year on the next check."

"Speak of it!" he shouted. "SPEAK of it! After what the Chief said about watching pennies! You're insane."

"All right then, let it go."

"How can I let it go? I'm going crazy. I thought maybe I'd casually pick up four stamps and say laughingly, 'Chief . . . here's the eight cents difference.' Lightly, you know, with a twinkle in my eye and a half-smile on my lips. But I don't dare. I think he wants to get rid of me. And I've got the baby just half paid for!"

"Don't be hasty about it, Crosswell," I suggested. "Maybe it will come out all right."

**F**OR ONCE I was right. A month later I saw Crosswell looking positively beamish. He was his old self . . . laughing, joking, radiating cheer, slapping bartenders' cheeks and occasionally doing a ballet-step. I seized him joyfully.

"Crosswell," I beamed, "what's hap-

pened?"

"Burton!" he shouted. "Burton, my dear friend, my valued adviser, everything is all right. We've taken a cut!"

"Is that a laughing matter?" I felt constrained to ask.

"Of course it is. Of COURSE it is. What's ten percent of eight thousand?"

"Eight hundred, of course," I calculated after a few minutes of figuring on my cuff.

"Precisely. And what's eight hundred from eight thousand?"

"Pooh, that's easy," I smiled, entering into the spirit of the thing. "Seventy-two hundred."

"Certainly, certainly. And what's that divided by twelve pay-checks?"

**S**UDDENLY the light struck me. But right after it, a terrible thought came.

"Crosswell, old man," I said, "you must brace up and consider what I have to say . . . How about the first six months?"

"My Heavens!" He fairly shrank into himself. "And only yesterday the Chief gave me a lecture on watching the pennies, in personal finances as well as business . . ." I caught him as he fell . . .

The next day Crosswell resigned. He has a good job now—at three thousand a year. Unless they cut him a third, or boost him to four thousand, he's all right. The baby, though, is only eight-tenths paid for, and there's another one on the way.

—RICHARD BELLACK '24

## Corda

The song is ended, and it proves

A fact I shall not soon forget:

That one who's loved, and one who  
loves

Should never try a long duet.

For *da capo* I might have guessed

*Appassionado* in the bass

Cannot to *Lento* be suppressed

Or move at the *Andante* pace.

At times it seemed *Allegro* might

Fit in the scheme, and I recall

A movement started, one fair night,  
*Cantabile*, but once was all!

Yes, *Ritenu*to will not fit

With *Presto* time, and so it seems

That our duet (if that were it)

Can only synchronize in dreams.

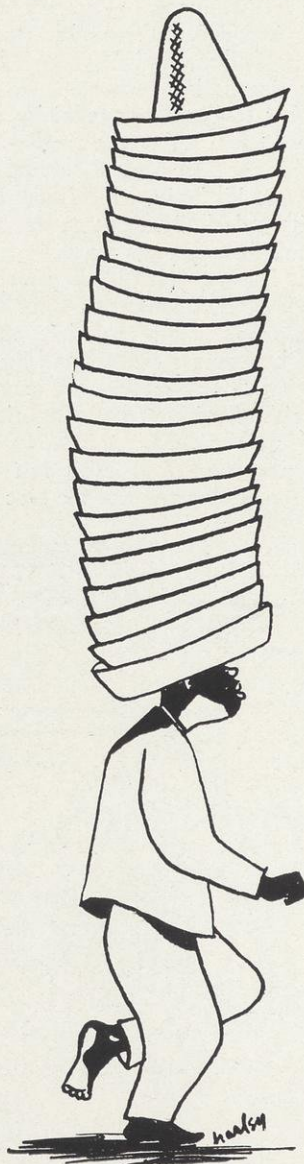
So now my hands won't touch a key.

I've learned, dear heart, it can't afford

(This strange duet of you and me)

A single singing, ringing chord.

—RICHARD BELLACK '24







*"Sometimes, Helen, I wish I was back with Haresfoot again."*



## A Real Gent

THE NEWSPAPER said illness brought on the suicide of Horatio Snaggles, my closest friend. Mothers who had been eyeing Horatio with son-in-law intent intimated that Horatio had never seemed quite the same after their darlings had married. Scandal-mongers mouthed the gossip that accompanies a catastrophe like this.

Every bit of it was hokum of the most malicious sort. Horatio was a capital G gentleman. The flame of his spirit was kindled by the spark of gentlemanliness. Shortly after the spark was extinguished and the flame died, we buried Horatio.

He told me the whole story not long before he pulled the trigger. Blind idiot that I was, I failed to grasp the significance soon enough to have him packed off to a sanitarium. My only solace is that such a gesture would have only prolonged his agony.

"As a small boy," he told me, "I was taught that to be a perfect gentleman was the only way to fulfill my obligations to God, country and my parents. I used to take off my hat in crowded elevators. I used to give up my seat in streetcars. I was president of my Sunday school class and was awarded a gold button and three bars for never missing Sunday school. I was no sissy, but, dammit, I thought I was a gentleman."

"You thought?" I asked consolingly, pouring us another pair of drinks. "You not only were—you still are."

Horatio winced, but at the time I passed it off as a slight stomach reaction. Horatio had never been much of a drinker.

"The training clung to me in and through my four years at Wisconsin," he added reminiscently.

"What about that auburn-haired Alpha Phi," I reminded him, hoping to get his mind off the subject, "and that gorgeous Kappa and the A.O.Pi who dressed like Kay Francis?"

"They were merely tempering influences," said Horatio, "and the Kappa couldn't dance, anyway."

"What's eating you?" I asked.

HORATIO slumped deeper into his chair. His well-modulated voice had taken on a rasping tinge.

"Do you read Esquire?" he demanded.

"What does that have to do with it?"

"I read Esquire," said Horatio as

though he hadn't heard me, "I read every word of it. My eyes have been opened. An Esquire gentleman is what I want to be and I can't do it."

"Your clothes look good enough to me," I said.

"It isn't my clothes, it's me," he moaned, "I can't seduce worth a darn and a true Esquire gentleman can seduce like anything. His Japanese prints carry a wallop. He can love and leave and love again."

"And you?" I queried.

"Every time I get definite, I hear that line about 'you're-just-like-a-brother-to-me.' And I take it. I can't seem to do anything about it."

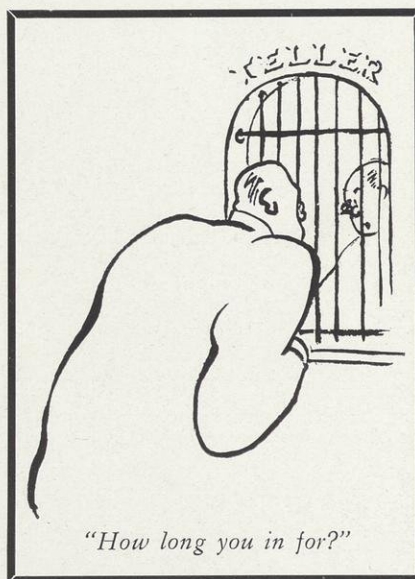
"What's more, every time I drink Scotch all night long I get indigestion. An Esquire gentleman can drink Scotch all day and night and come up looking and smelling like a rose. I can hardly come up. I can't stand it, I tell you, I CAN'T STAND IT!"

RISEING to his feet, Horatio gripped the edge of the table at which we had been sitting. He turned abruptly, upsetting everything, including me and the Scotch.

"What am I going to do?" he shrieked . . . half hysterically, half-pleadingly.

He staggered out the door and disappeared. I never saw Horatio alive after that.

—JOHN ASH '29



Frank sat silent and smiling as Wilkie presented his charges of mismanagement to the regents, and as the regent president concluded his arraignment of the president, a monetary general silence prevailed.

—CAPITAL TIMES

How much—\$20,000 a year?

## Aged in Wood

A CAMPUS used to be inhabited by wise guys who produced an uninterrupted flow of wit and humor as well as the common garden variety of pun. So hoping to discover at least one gag-writing genius, I delved into the Octy contribution box in the Engineering building on an afternoon in '34.

Just as I anticipated, the box was full. Some long-gone editor had offered a ten-dollar prize for the best joke and no quipster could resist this easy way to pay for a week's board-and-room. So impressed was I by the fecundity of the undergraduate mind, that I gently gathered up the material (evidently untouched for several years) and carefully transferred it to a large envelope.

The inventory I made on this day in '34 is a treasured possession. The list of contributions is as follows:

- 2 buttons, Wisconsin Engineering Society.
- 2 candy mints, very stale.
- 2 nails, one of them bent.
- 1 package of matches, used.
- 1 "Dracula" advertisement.
- 1 program, Engineers' Convention, Feb. 18, 1932.
- 1 joke about Law School signed "Honey."
- 1 ream of poetry by an Ann Emeryite.
- 1 dirty joke, prefaced by the announcement, "I'll call for my ten \$."
- 2 ticket stubs from Strand theater.
- 5 miscellaneous jokes, including—"What's worse than seeing a worm in an apple?" "Half a worm."

Something of the thrill experienced by the archeologist digging up a dinosaur egg together with a rasher of Mesozoic bacon crept over me as I perused this rare collection. It seemed, however, that all this belonged in the box in the Engineering building. And so I replaced the contributions—including candy mints, nails, and ticket stubs—in the box, where they remain to this day.

That is, unless Octy's editorial curiosity has won over editorial indifference and the box has since been emptied of its contents. But I hope not. For it is fitting that these relics should remain undisturbed, to serve as a monument to Wisconsin wit of years past.

We were darn funny back in my day—so said the magazines and movies.

—IRVING BELL '35



## The Old Boys

**F**ORMER Octy editors and art editors from near and far have been scuttling in to get their copy in this month's issue. Some of them are well past their fortieth birthdays. One couldn't be traced any further than Beirut, Syria, where the Alumni Association's beaters lost all traces and headed back to civilization. An unholy proportion of them are college professors.

Some of the gentry whose work you see on these pages are the following:

LOWELL J. RAGATZ, the founder, is a professor of history at George Washington university, Washington, D. C. He says, "If you look at the titles in Who's Who and at the last 15 volumes published by the American Historical Association, which I have edited, you'll understand." He means we'll understand why he didn't write anything. "The copies of Octy were the first I'd seen in years and proved very entertaining," he admits. "Congratulations on the high quality of both text and art work."

HENRY SCOTT RUBEL '23 is the minister who paid off his church's 20-year-old mortgage by writing gags for Joe Penner.

RICHARD F. BELLACK '24 has just started an advertising agency in Wausau and is making money hand over fist, our Wausau correspondent tells us. "Octy, as befits his age, has mellowed considerably since Bill Fronk and I walked him around on a leading string. By today's standards, he was pretty crude and juvenile then . . . We were pretty young, and felt a little awed by the ex-soldiers who made up most of the campus celebrities. After all, they had eaten hard-tack and drunk vin rouge, and breeches and boots were still popular campus wear."

IRVING D. TRESSLER '30 was on Life (the old one) until it closed up. Then he took his "Are Your Sure?" department, which was copied by scores of college magazines, over to Judge.

A new publisher fired him, like *that*, so now he's asking all sorts of silly questions via Scribner's. *He* says, "You're doing a good job."

JOHN ASH '30 was editor when Octy was filthy rich. "For the love of Pete don't forget Paul Cassidy" (NOTE—Where, oh where is this guy Cassidy?) "whose cartoon came within a pica of getting me thrown out of school. That cartoon sold out the book, and sell-outs are wonderful things." John is a big shot on the Appleton Post-Crescent, selling no end of advertising and writing some sort of a column on the editorial page.

JOHN POWELL '26 is connected some way with the School for Social Studies, in San Francisco.

"Writing copy is a habit more than an art," he tell us. "After some years of indolence, your stroke is awkward, your timing is off, your judgment of the speed of the ball and the power of your drive is faulty. Add to that the new rules, laid down by the New Yorker et al., and the old-timer comes back to find that the net has been raised till his old serve won't clear the tape," he goes on.

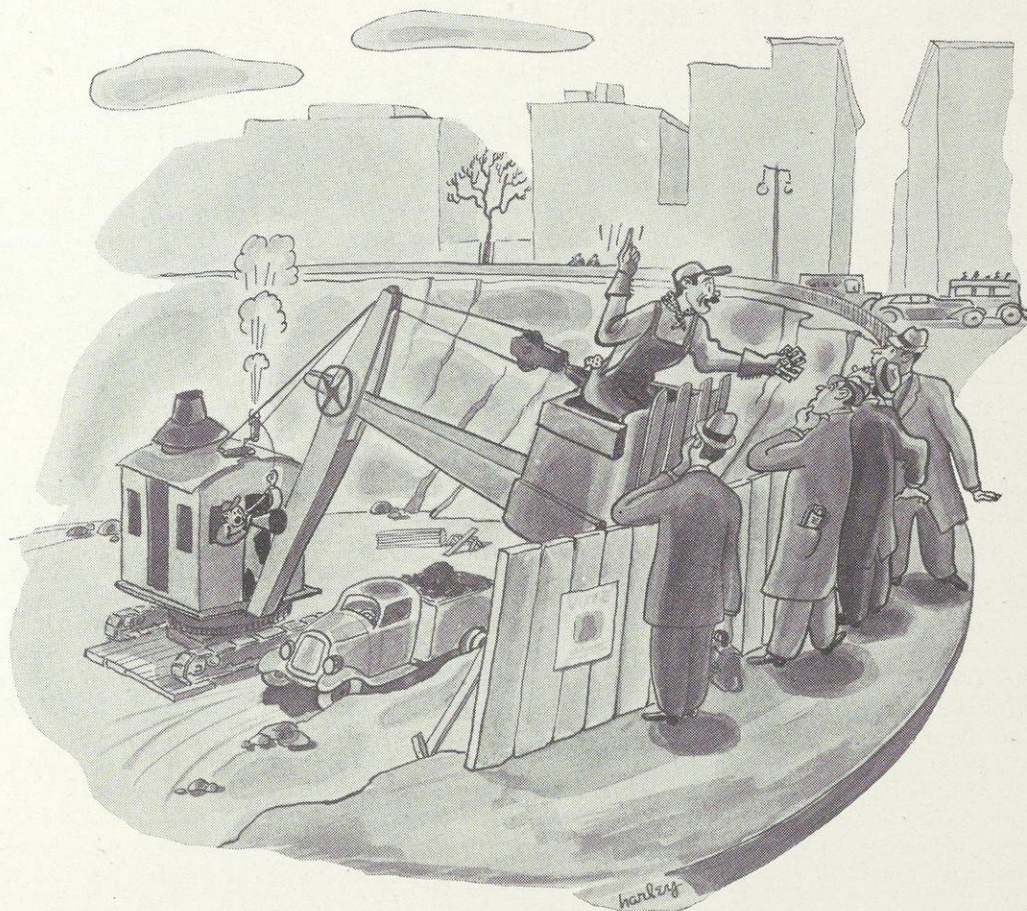
"Congratulations on your magazine." (NOTE—Do we love to quote these!) "It's worth reading—a remark whose full significance appears only in comparison with other comics of other places and other times."

KENNETH FAGG '22 was another artist in the earlier days of the magazine. Right now he's earning his living by the sweat of his brush, apparently art-directing in a New York advertising agency.

PHIL HOLLIDAY '32 was the founder of the Holliday-Watrous-Harley school of art, which seems to be running out just now. He's in Washington, D. C., hard at work on Mr. Ickes' projects.

JIMMY WATROUS '33 drew the cover in between postoffice murals and art classes on the hill. Some dozens of other Watrous cartoons make the hills resound with chuckles.

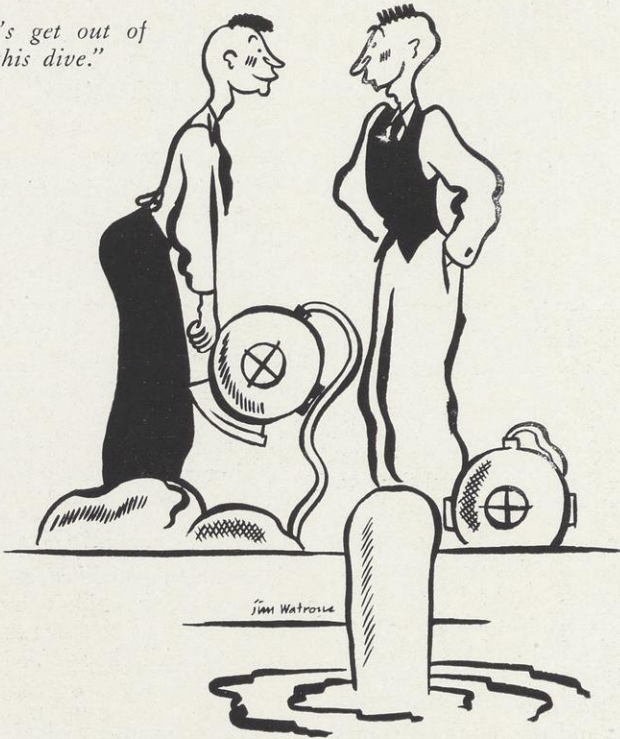
FRED PEDERSON '33 is writing for the movies. BILL HARLEY '36 is head announcer at WHA. IRV BELL '35 is in the advertising business in Buffalo.



"Take home a poissonally autographed photo."



"Let's get out of  
this dive."



## The American Way

The 1940 Presidential campaign ended in the election of 37-year-old bachelor Republican George G. Barnes.

On January 4, 1941, President Barnes attended a private dinner at which his partner was one Lady Eleanor Dilchester. Eight hours later all Hearst papers carried the headline:

### PRESIDENT INTERESTED IN MYSTERY WOMAN

Sixteen hours later the New York Mirror printed the following details about Lady Dilchester in an exclusive 5,000 word copyrighted cabled all rights reserved story: (1) She was born in Staffordshire, England, and had been divorced four times; (2) She loved onions but onions didn't love her; (3) She had an inherited fondness for going through revolving doors to the left.

American tongues began to clack with the monotony of chamber music. Who was Lady Dilchester? Was the President really going to marry her? Rumors flew about like crazy ducks. Time printed a candamora shot of President Barnes gnawing at a cob of

corn at the dinner table with the caption:

### Bachelor Barnes Benedict?

One day later the Chicago Daily News issued an extra at 3 a. m. with a lead story telling of plans to retille the White House swimming pool in yellow and green, favorite colors of Lady Dilchester. Next morning all New York tabloids carried the heading:

### Barnesy Has Ring Ready for Ellie!

The Denver Post reported that the President has been secretly married for 24 hours, the ceremony having been performed by the Secretary of War in an Army transport plane 5,000 feet above Washington. The Washington Post denied the secret marriage, but editorially admitted it was the "greatest romance since the kidnaping of John Barrymore." Roy Howard published a two column front page editorial in all the Scripps-Howard papers, demanding: "American must know your intentions towards Lady Dilchester, Mr. President!"

By February the Literary Digest had

commenced a nationwide poll to determine the attitude of the American people towards a Presidential marriage with a divorced Englishwoman, and Western Union was offering a 25c telegram from any part of the United States to the White House saying:

THROUGH ALL THE YEARS MAY  
ALL YOUR FEARS YOUR JOYS AND  
TEARS BE LIGHT AS BEERS YOU  
PAIR OF DEARS  
FROM ONE OF YOUR WELLWISHERS

In quick succession the following events took place: An Omaha, Neb., bartender concocted a drink made of whiskey, gin, rum and Pluto water and called it the Dilchester Daisy; a New Orleans dancing master created a crouching glide which he introduced as the Barnes Bounce; a Los Angeles bottle cap manufacturer announced a \$500 prize for the best high school essay on *Why I Think President Barnes and Lady Dilchester Would Be Happy Together*; a Washington, D. C. aviator was arrested for towing a sky sign back and forth over the White House, reading:

*When You Walk Down  
That Church Aisle with Her  
Why Not Be Comfortable  
In a Pair of Rex Shoes?*









# Wisconsin Octopus



"And when you grow up, won't it be fine to go to Wisconsin?"  
 "Naw, I want to go to a C.C.C. camp!"

## The Minutes of the Last Meeting

(SCENE: A Faculty Meeting in a large University. The meeting is held in, let's say, the Law Building. Of course, this all happened far away and long ago. PRESIDENT BLANK is in the chair, various DEANS are within reach of both the PRESIDENT and the water-bottle, linesmen and water-rusher-out-with-ers are on the bench. The seats are filled.)

PRES.—The next item on our agenda is— (A JANITOR rushes in with his hair on end—the usual end)

JANITOR—FIRE! FIRE! THE BUILDING'S ON FIRE ALOW AND ALOFT! RUN FER YER LIVES!

PROF. A—I trust that the ladies present will pardon our friend's homely terminology.

JANITOR—My terminology may be homely, but—

PRES.—The gentleman meant no slur upon your appearance, my good man. He only meant that you had made yourself unusually plain.

JANITOR—Plain be damned! This ain't a beauty contest, it's a FIRE!

PRES.—What is the pleasure of the Faculty?



PROF. A—Is this the place to discuss such subjects?

PRES.—I mean, what do you think we should do in respect to this unforeseen contingency?

A DEAN—I've already appointed a Committee to take care of it.

PRES.—Where is the Committee?

DEAN—Well, two are in Europe and one's dead. That's what I call a Committee.

PROFESSOR B—Mr. President, I don't believe we should take any hasty action at this time. We didn't do it when Bascom Hall burned a couple of times, and to do so now would be contrary to Roberts' Rules of Order. I move the Janitor be ruled out of order.

DEAN—Shut up, can't you?

PROF. B—Oh, excuse me. I thought



that was what you wanted me to say.

DEAN—Not yet—I'll give you the high sign.

PROF. C—Well, now, why can't we allow four credits to firemen who extinguish this conflagration? Milton gave credit to Lucifer, and Brown's still give me credit, so why—

PROF. D—I don't think we should act in this matter until we know what other Universities do when their Law Buildings burn down. For instance, do they require such high grades for campus firemen? How about the eligibility of those men that put out the Chicago Fire? The Coach tells me—

PROF. B—Good idea. I move a Committee be appointed to look into the burnings of Law Buildings and report to us in 1942.

PROF. D—I move to amend that by including the question of fire insurance.

PRES.—That's a burning question.

DEAN—No incendiary remarks, sir!

PROF. E—Can we have the windows open? It seems awfully warm in here.

DEAN—Prexy can open them with prayer, like he does the Legislature. *(A lady prof holds up two fingers)*

JANITOR—Too late, lady, it's on fire.

LADY PROF.—So am I. *(A mere instructor holds up a fire extinguisher, and shouts—)*

INSTRUCTOR—Here's a fire extinguisher!

PRES.—It's out of order. When we want a squirt of an instructor to enlighten us, we'll ask him.

PROF. E—I don't want to seem irrelevant, but isn't this the time to consider whether the fire as we feel it is where we feel it to be, or not, and if so, whether it is one and the same fire in several different personal perspectives, or several different fires? Now, let's take an example. Take my car.

PROF. B—Take it back and bring a chemical truck.

DEAN—If the meeting is going to get personal, I move we adjourn. *(With a rending crash, floor and Faculty disappear in flame and smoke. Only the Secretary remains, standing on the brink, shaking his head and his Minutes.)*

SECRETARY—What will the regents say?

•

NOTE: You may think this never happened. All right, then, just look around and see if you see any faculty members. Never missed 'em, eh? Well, now who's right?

—LORENZO DE' MEDICI

## Oh Hollywood!

DEAR OCTY:

It has been so many years since my unworthy Underwood underwent uninhibited undertakings of unintelligent unthinkables for our unexcelled University that I feel unbelievably unqualified to unleash my underdeveloped utterances for the undergraduates.

However, it behooves me (or beehives me, I forget which) to maybe give a slant, or two slants, who cares, on this centre of culture, this Mecca of Mental Genii, this Eden of Erudition—Hollywood.

Most people—and by most people I mean, you Mr. Taxpayer and Average Citizen, you Mr. University-of-Wisconsin-average-student-body member, who may still be suffering from Frank-incense—most people think of Hollywood as a place where strange folk gather for a short period of stardom to receive inordinate salaries for a brief spell, build great mansions in Beverly Hills and then go on relief. Most people have the notion that Hollywood is filled with chiselers, parasites, maudlin art, and grammatical lacerations . . . I would like to prove that this is not the case, but I haven't been able to think up any arguments on account of because I'm all tired out from a preview of "Snazzy Lady" which is a historical picture of the life of Darwin.

This is a great opportunity out here, especially for those who have not had the advantages of a college education or any schooling at all.

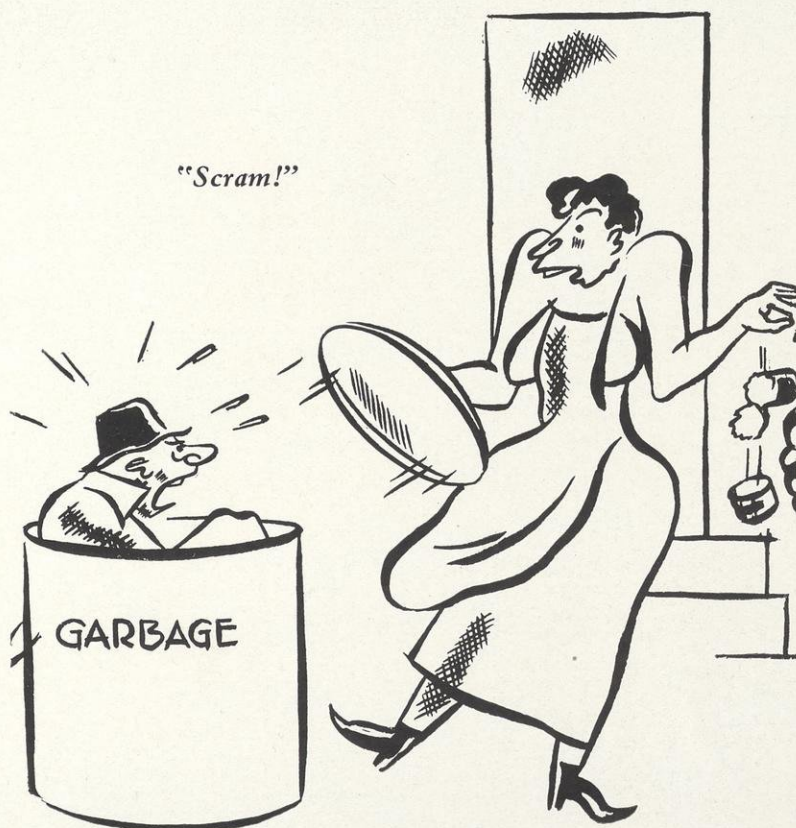
For instance, if you are a writer for Super-Colossal Stupendous Pictures, Inc., Benny Glutz, Pres.,—if you have been sold as a writer and can't read, they have a reading department.

The other day I met a writer with two interpreters, two stenographers, two readers, a valet, and a legal-custodian.

But not all is like this. I met a Phi Beta Kappa the other day who has been working in a studio for five years. He is a night-watchman in the property room of Terrific Pictures, Inc., Sam Glutz, Pres.—(Benny's brother).

I must close now—Gigantic Pictures, Inc., Milt Glutz, Pres.—(Sam's and Benny's brother)—has a tap dance team and two trained seals under contract and so they want to do an historical picture called "Sin Sister" based on the life of Galileo or Copernicus—they don't care which. They're liberal out here.

"HEINZ" RUBEL '23







*L. G. Hastings*

*Bertram White, Jr.*

# HASTINGS & WHITE

## INVESTMENTS and INSURANCE

COMSTOCK NATIONAL BANK BUILDING  
RENO, NEVADA

April 1, 1937

Dear Mr. Fleming:

I was pleased to receive yours of March 22, asking me to contribute to your Alumni issue. I enjoyed the copies of the magazine you sent me; they are first rate.

But I fear I am no longer the carefree lad who batted off joke after joke with the greatest of ease. However, you mention the famous "'What chart?'" joke, and I am glad to tell you how I invented it.

I used to make up jokes by taking the last line and then thinking up a line or two to precede it.

One day Dick Bellack, who was editor then, was feeding me last lines and I was coming back with the first lines when this "'What chart?'" comes along. Quick as a flash I snap back at him—

OCULIST: You're not in bad shape — just read the letters off the chart, please.

PATIENT: Surely, doctor . . . what chart?

It was several seconds before we realized the hot piece of goods we had on our hands, but quick as a wink we were yelling all around the building like mad. That night we had a big blow-out to celebrate the event up at the Chi Psi house,

Ever since the joke has been a perennial, It has appeared within the last few months in Machamer's theater page in Judge and in the Saturday Evening Post. Within the next six months it will appear, I predict, in Colliers, Whizzbang, and the Yale Record.

Ah, well. Best wishes for the success of the Alumni number — be sure to send me a copy.

Sincerely yours,

*Larry Hastings, '24*



*Ride a bike  
and enjoy Chesterfields  
They Satisfy*



When smokers find out the  
good things Chesterfields give them  
*... nothing else will do*



## Process-Aging Prevents Tongue Bite



### Here's Edgeworth's Guarantee

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

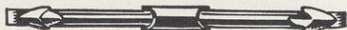
The use of the finest Burley tobaccos will not prevent tongue bite. It's the processing that does it. As every tobacco expert knows, pipe tobacco can be rushed through the plant and save big sums of money. It is pipe tobacco, but it is *not* Edgeworth.

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

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

**NOTE: There are three kinds of Edgeworth for you to choose from:**

- 1—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed—a cool, long-burning tobacco preferred by seasoned smokers.
- 2—Edgeworth Plug Slice—for the smoker who likes to crumble the tobacco in his hands until it's just right for him.
- 3—Edgeworth Jr.—the same tobacco also Process-Aged, but cut for a milder, more free-burning smoke.



Please accept 50¢ Gold Plated Collar-Pin for only 10¢ when you buy Edgeworth. Merely send inside white wrapper from any tin of Edgeworth with your name and address and 10¢ to Larus & Bro. Co., Dept. 400, Richmond, Va.

## EDGEWORTH AND EDGEWORTH JR.



*Smoking  
Tobaccos*

## Platter Patter

### Victor Book of the Opera

Completely revised, the ninth edition of Victor's Baedeker of the opera is again a valuable handbook of operatic music.

For the first time, Gilbert and Sullivan have been included in the book. New operas, such as "Capponsacchi," first heard in the Metropolitan this winter, "Porgy and Bess," and "Emperor Jones" are also treated.

Completeness, perhaps, is the chief characteristic of the work. An opening

section treats great opera stars of the past and present. Following this is a discussion of "What is an opera?" informal and informative. "An outline history of opera," done by countries, is included, followed by a guide to pronunciations.

The operas are arranged alphabetically by title. For each one, a brief account of the composer and librettist is given, with a few interesting facts concerning the opera itself.

The book is well worth having, but you'll probably have to get it at a mu-



*"Gather round for the fight of your lives,  
Led by the daring and swearing Roderigo,  
Load up your rifles and sharpen your knives!"*

That's the way Haresfoot looks at the whole thing as Sidney Cohen and his cohorts raise a fine old rumpus in "Alias the Ambassador." It seems there's some sort of revolution and this general, he . . .



April, 1937

sic store rather than at your usual bookshop.

### *The Mood That I'm In*

Teddy Wilson's orchestra, but the main attraction is Miss Billie Holiday, a personality singer with plenty of stuff. Emotion of a fetching sort is in her voice, but this is a dance record—not a mere vocal. *Sentimental and Melancholy*, on the reverse, is just as good . . . anything better would be hard to find. Brunswick.

### *My Last Affair*

Miss Holiday again in all her glory, but don't forget that Wilson's band is no slouch at lilt, either. *You Showed Me the Way* is on the other side. Brunswick.

### *Tiger Rag*

The Original Dixieland Five show us how it used to be done. Not half bad, but *very* barrelhouse and it's chief interest is historical. A great big scarlet geranium of a piece, not to be compared with the cowslips and orchids of today. Victor.

### *Swing High, Swing Low*

Glen Gray, which means that everybody who owns a phonograph will buy it. Gray is popular and this, with *Please Keep me in Your Dreams*, is as good as anything he ever did. Decca.

### *It Don't Mean a Thing*

Our admiration for Stephane Grappelly and his string-swing outfit is still strong, though not quite as rhapsodic as before. This and *St. Louis Blues* are fine, but we'll not praise it as much as we did his former pieces. Decca.

### *The Love Bug*

If you must have a recording of this latest goon-song, get this one by Jimmy Dorsey. Rich, unusual, and just crazy enough. *Listen to the Mocking-Bird*, the reverse, is the same piece you used to practice on the piano . . . but you'd never know it unless we told you. Decca.

### *I Hear a Call to Arms*

This is a vocal number by a Dorothy Lamour who looks nice. You can't see her at all in this record—you can only hear her, and we're not so sure she's worth listening to. *Swing High, Swing Low* goes with it. Brunswick.

(continued on next page)

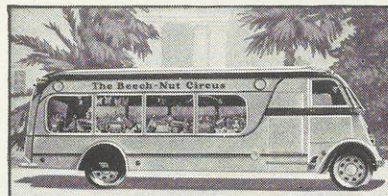
**"Always worth stopping for"**



## BEECH-NUT GUM



*You can taste  
the difference  
Quality makes*



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

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



## The New Palm Beach Tux



Full at the shoulders, trim at waist and  
hips, adroitly cut to bring out the  
best in you . . . and only



**\$18.50**

(White coat and black tux trousers)  
Also available in Sand Tan and Grey

**C.W. ANDERES CO.**  
at the UNIVERSITY CO-OP

### Yehudi Menuhin

Two Paganini caprices, the *Caprice in E Minor* and the *Caprice in G Minor*, form this single-record offering by Yehudi Menuhin. Georges Enesco, famous composer, conductor, and pianist, presents a sympathetic accompaniment. Victor recorded the selections.

### Marian Anderson

Marian Anderson, colored American singer, tackles a man-sized job in her Victor record, *My Soul's Been Anchored in the Lord* and *Go Down, Moses*.

The first seems better suited to her voice. If any woman can really succeed with *Go Down, Moses*, it is Miss Anderson. But somehow, it's still a man's spiritual.

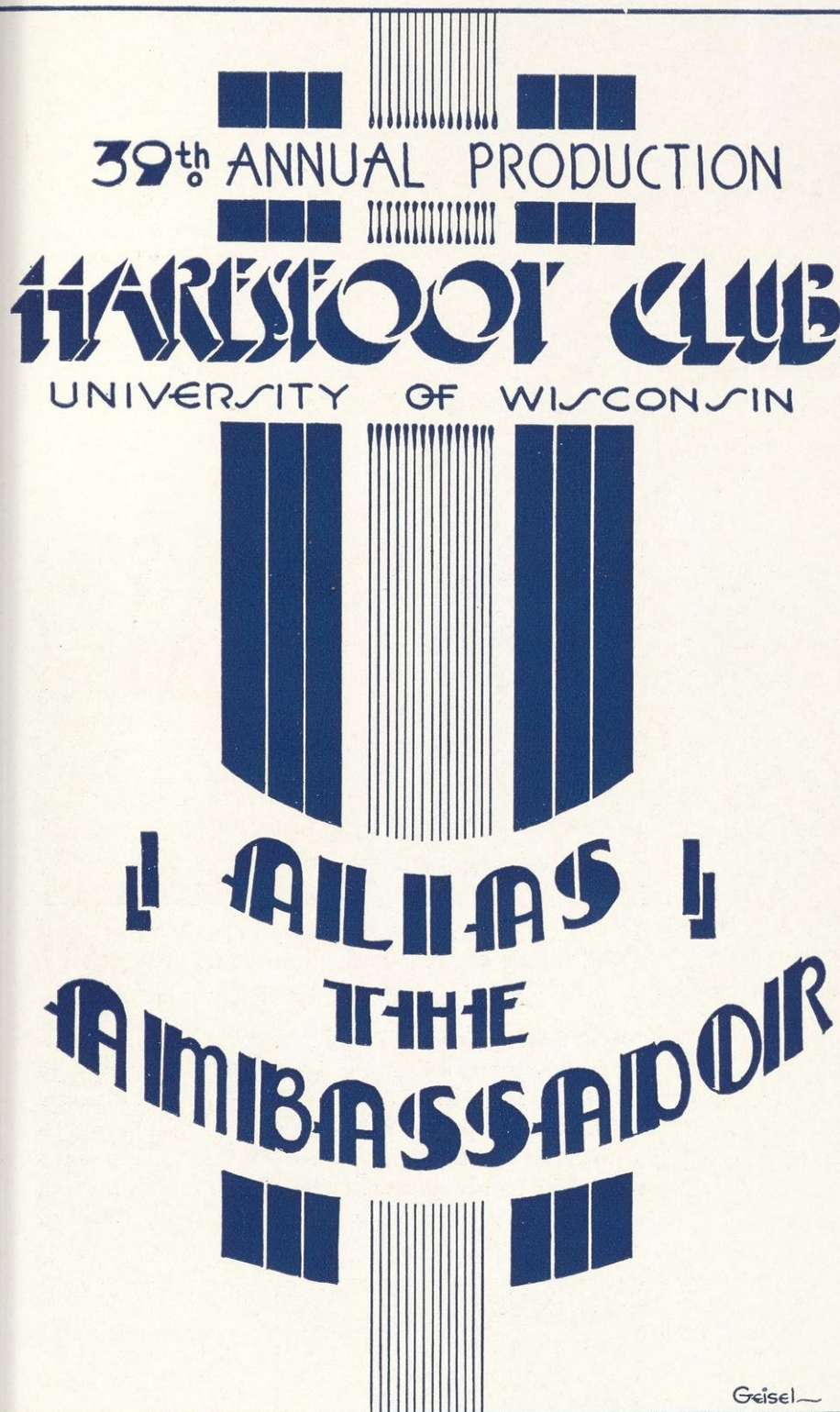
## Last Artist In Union Series . . .



**R**ICHARD CROOKS recently won a radio poll for the title of "most popular romantic tenor." That's what the average Union concertgoer wants, it seems, for they'll fill the university stock pavilion from one smelly end to the other when he sings there May 11. Among his best roles with the Metropolitan are tenor leads in *Tosca*, *Il Trovatore*, and any number of others which can use his warm, passionate tones, as the publicity stories say.



*The Critics Say - - - - -*



★ "Stupendous"

★ "Gigantic"

★ "Colossal"

★ "Dynamic"

★ "Hilarious"

**BUT**

*we*

*want to*

*say just*

**3 things**

**1:** If you've never seen a Haresfoot show your college education isn't complete.

**2:** Don't miss the return of female impersonation.

**3:** You must attend . . . a campus tradition.

*In Madison---*

**APRIL 30---Formal Opening**

**MAY 1---Faculty Night**

**SATURDAY  
MATINEE  
10 - 75c - 50c**

**PARKWAY THEATER**

**FRIDAY & SATURDAY  
EVENING  
\$1.50 - \$1.75c - 50c**

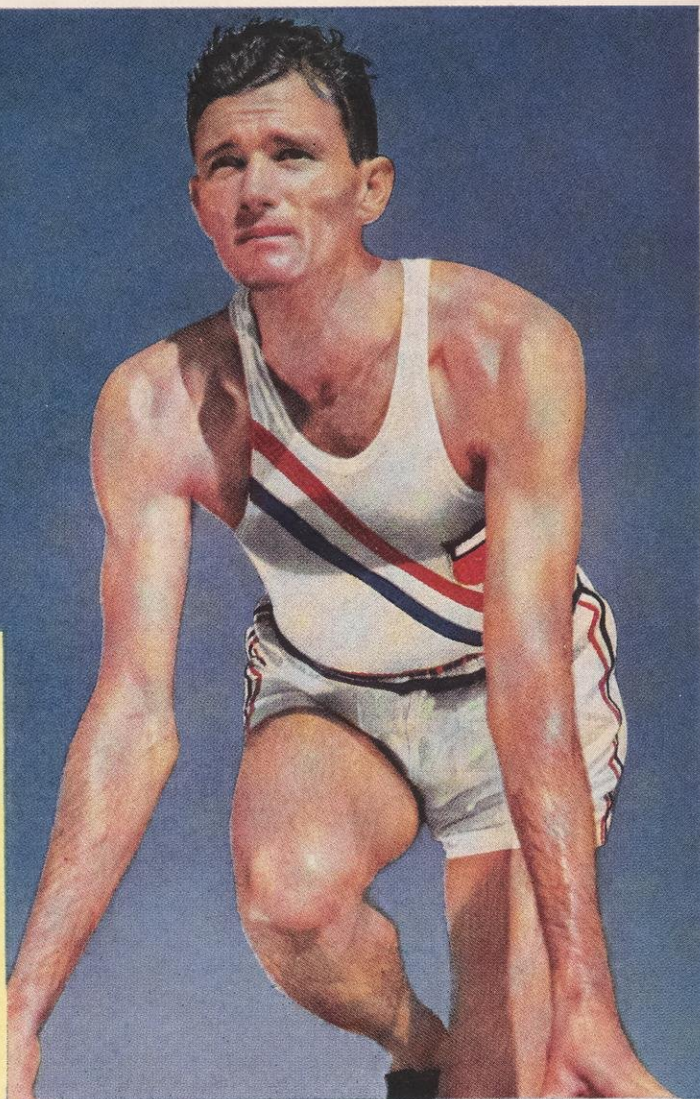


# FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS

"That's what I do — and my digestion goes along O.K.," says Glenn Hardin, world's champion hurdler



"I'M A GREAT BELIEVER in the way Camels help to ease strain and tension," says Glenn, one of America's great athletes. "It's no wonder Camels are the favorite cigarette of athletes. Take my own case. It wouldn't do me much good to eat and not digest properly. So I smoke Camels with my meals and after. Camels give me an invigorating 'lift.' And you'll notice, the same as I do, that Camels don't get on your nerves." Camels set you right! Choose Camels for steady smoking.

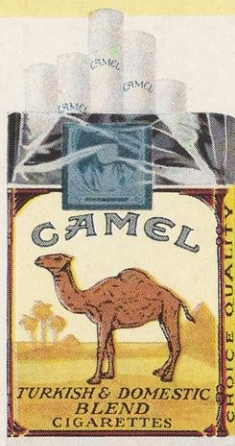


## A feeling of well-being comes after a good meal...and plenty of Camels

FOR that luxurious feeling of ease so worth-while at mealtime—light up a Camel. Fatigue and irritability begin to fade away. The flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids—speeds up. You get in the right mood to *enjoy* eating. Camels at mealtime and afterwards help to keep digestion on its proper course. You'll welcome Camels between meals too! They are milder—better for steady smoking.

## COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand



MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, of the famous Philadelphia family, has won international recognition for her charm and grace as a hostess. "Camels are a bright spot in my entertaining," she says. "I think a meal is not complete without them. And Camels are so mild—so gentle on my throat that I smoke as many as I like. They never get on my nerves."