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ISCONSIN
OCTOPUS
PRIL 25^o





THE HARESFOOT CLUB

« « PRESENTS » »

"LUCKY BREAKS"

A - SPARKLING - MUSICAL - REVUE

Parkway Theatre

Friday, April 22

Saturday, April 23

Friday, April 29

Saturday, April 30

Matinees Both Saturdays

Prices \$2.00 - \$1.50 - \$1.00

"ALL OUR GIRLS ARE MEN, YET EVERYONE'S A LADY"



It doesn't take a
mint o' money!

to have gay frocks, smart tweeds,
the brightest scarfs, gloves with mesh
backs and all the rest of those
swagger things!

The best dressed
gal on the
campus

doesn't always tell what she paid
for her clothes, and nine times out
of ten, she didn't pay a lot, either!
She's just wise, and does her shop-
ping where she gets the utmost in
style for her money . . . at Barons!

Just be in tune

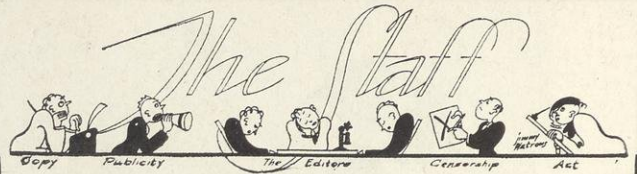
with styles of the times, and you
can count on us to be in tune with
the times as far as prices go! And
our standards of quality are if any-
thing higher than ever!

BARON
BROTHERS
INC.



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We wish to thank these humorists for their contributions:

James Munro Jr.
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 Bennie Bascom

The Guest Editors:

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Supposing . . .

You're Choosey

Suppose you like only the best materials, the best tailoring, superb quality and striking smartness in your clothes; supposing that you know the best in pattern and fabrics, shade and trim; then suppose that you haven't a Spring Suit because you feel you can't get what you want at what you can afford. If these suppositions apply to you, Mr., we simply want to ask you to visit our clothing department and see for yourself just what you can get for your money.

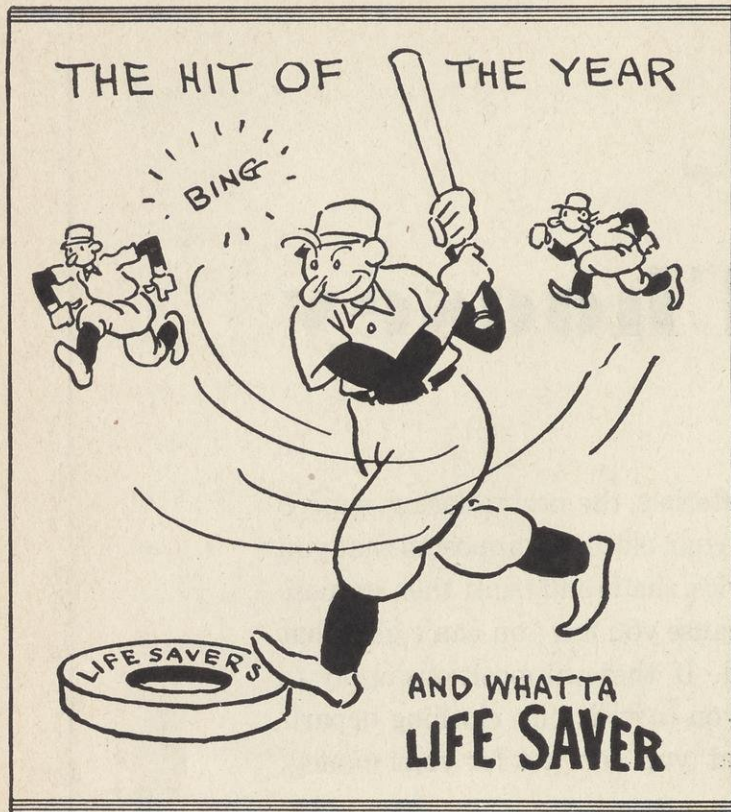
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2 Trousers or Knickers

We Are Now Showing
9 Styles of Sport Shoes **5.00 - \$8.50**

Watch the Co-op Windows

THE UNIVERSITY CO-OP

E. J. GRADY, Mgr.



Man: I am here to bring light and sunshine into the heart of your office.

Homely Steno: Oh, dear, I've never before heard anyone say that to me.

Man: Cut out that stuff, lady, I'm the window cleaner.
—Stone Mill

The other men thought he was a sissy because he used powder, perfume, rouge, and bathsalts, but they had a new respect for him when he told them he had been taking violet in his bath for the last week.

—Dirge

Father: 'Pon my honor, daughter, what did you do last night?

Daughter: Just that.

Father: Just what?

Daughter: Pawn my honor.

—Pelican

"Come in and browse"

BROWN'S RENTAL LIBRARY

Only 3c per day; 10c minimum (for most books); no deposit.

Over 1700 good novels of recent years to choose from.

Over 300 new 1932 books added since January 1.

New books added on the day of publication.

BROWN'S BOOK SHOP

CORNER STATE and LAKE STREETS

I'll open my mouth and you see if you can throw one of those candies into it.

No, you open your mouth and I'll see if I can hit the floor.

—Lyre

Sam: Mah wife done hit me wid a oak leaf.

Bill: Whah did she find dat oak leaf, Sam?

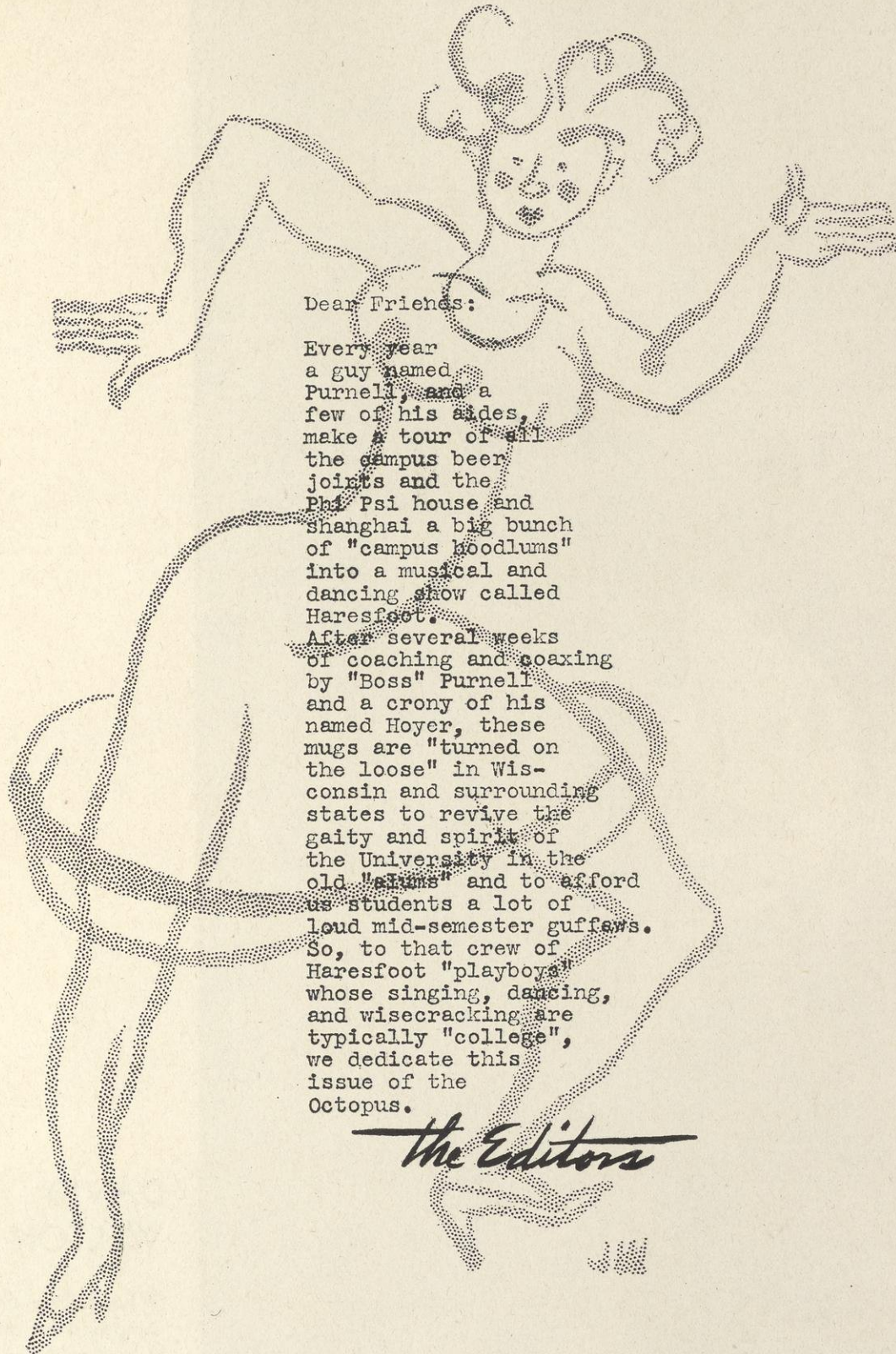
Sam: Right in de middle ob de dining room table.

—Mountain Goat

"This pen is leaky," said the convict, as the rain came through the roof.

—Banter

ALL OUR GIRLS ARE MEN



Dear Friends:

Every year a guy named Purnell, and a few of his aides, make a tour of all the campus beer joints and the Phi Psi house and Shanghai a big bunch of "campus hoodlums" into a musical and dancing show called Haresfoot. After several weeks of coaching and coaxing by "Boss" Purnell and a crony of his named Hoyer, these mugs are "turned on the loose" in Wisconsin and surrounding states to revive the gait and spirit of the University in the old "alms" and to afford us students a lot of loud mid-semester guffaws. So, to that crew of Haresfoot "playboys" whose singing, dancing, and wisecracking are typically "college", we dedicate this issue of the Octopus.

The Editors

YET EVERYONE'S A LADY



**DAVID
WELTON**

Who, for the third year, has composed the catchy tunes for Haresfoot shows.

—Coolbaugh-Werner

Haresfoot—where men are men and women are too.

And then there was the catcher on the varsity team; he wanted to be a prohibition officer when he grew up.

"Pardon me," said the Hunchback of Notre Dame, "while I go and gargoyl'".

What this college needs is a good five-cent tuition.

"Did you see that R. O. T. C. cavalryman ride by- He looked just like a part of the horse."
"Yeah? Which part?"

College Co-ed: Oh, Mr. Gandhi, may I try on your pin?

Then there was the lazy housewife who decided that she ought to reduce the dirty work around the place. So she stopped feeding the canary.

CARDINAL COMMUNISM

If Stalin were here
In "Little Moscow"
They'd probably throw him
In the hoosegow.

—Jack Wongun

"Don't forget it's your berthdays today!" yelled Purnell as the troupe climbed into the Pullmans.

Blotto: Bess got married yesterday. Were you to the wedding?

Grotto: Was I? Say, I was Bess' man.

One co-ed was so dumb she thought that a bar pin was a trinket to wear to a Phi Psi house party.

Speculator: I got some Consolidated Buttonhole stock yesterday—regular coffee stock.

Broker: What do you mean, coffee stock?

Speculator: Good to the last drop.

Eight-year-old: Hrrrrmph - grrrrr-phew! Terrible! Lousy!! Stale! Trite and hackneyed! Stinks! Pffffffffff!!!!

Mother: Oswald, where *did* you learn that horrible language?

The kid: I just read a Daily Cardinal review of the Octy.

"Are you in the Haresfoot show?"
"Yeah."

"What are you?"

"I'm a Phi Phi."

"No. I mean what's your part?"

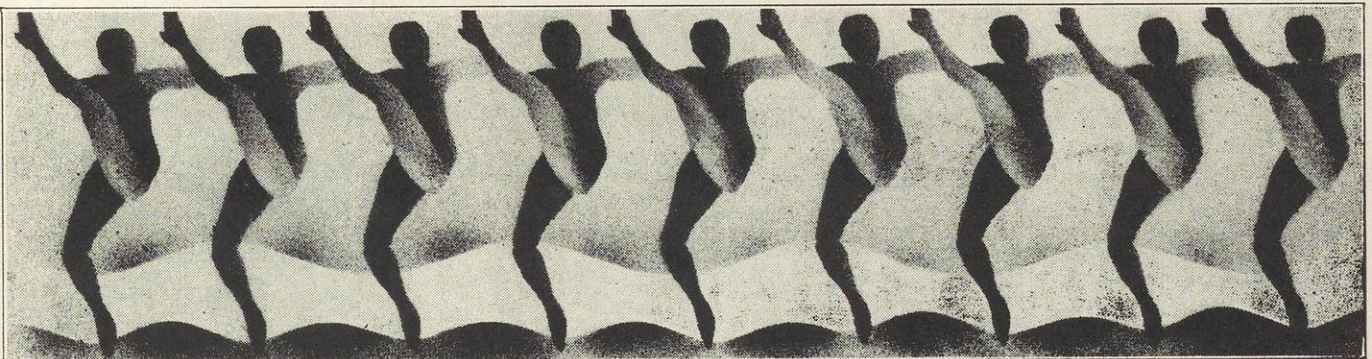
"Twenty per cent of the gate receipts."

"No, no. What acting do you do?"

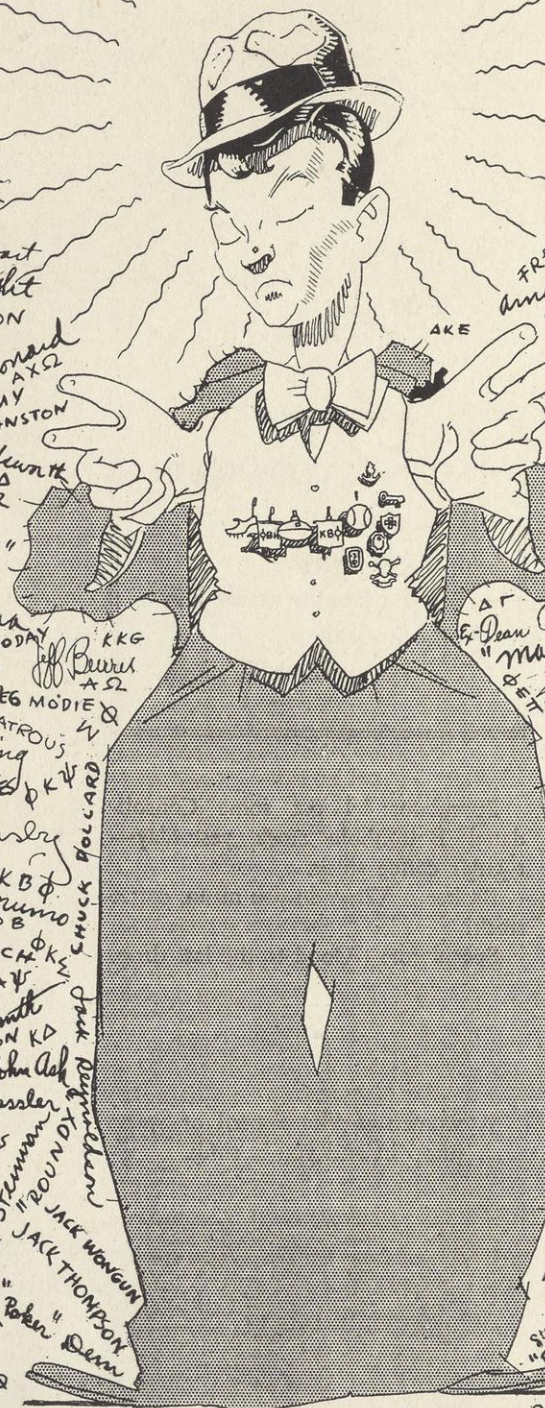
"None. I'm the leading lady."

—Apologies to Punch Bowl

A woman is like a pool of water . . . jump in and you're sunk.



BENNIE BASCOM ENDORSES "LUCKY BREAKS"



"Bull" Kischhofer
BOB HOMMEL F2918
Lowry
Buffy CADDOCK
CHARLIE Matlock
Margaret Matlock
ed Higley
DICK HUSBAND
Marty
DOG WEAVER
Pete Smith
THE KAPPA-BET CHAPTER
THE PHI-BET CHAPTER
mac Stewart
Dean Scott
"AD" GILLAN
"Lion" Breen
JESSE JAMES
ZO GRACE
GIEN FRANK
Alice
Ratty Mercer
Dwight
MIKE MURPHY
Dr. Bell
DAVE KLAUSMEYER
JERRY TOWEL
MAN RUTTER
Bethana
JENNIE Bucklin
Alice POTTER
Robert
FRANK UNGER
Phil de
KEN BROWN
LARRY SCHMECKEBIER
JOHN NORTH
JOSEPH CHAPPEL
HOWIE STALIN
JENSEN
Pay Price
Bud Clark
Carol LANG
JEAN LANG
"Cap" Isabel
"UP AND" KOMMERS
LUCIUS FAIRCHILD
Jan Ricks
THE RAMBLER
HAYWARD HOUSE
GARY MARION
JACK COCHRANE
Tad Hook

Dean Scott
"AD" GILLAN
"Lion" Breen
JESSE JAMES
ZO GRACE
GIEN FRANK
Alice
Ratty Mercer
Dwight
MIKE MURPHY
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Ray
Oscar
FRED DEBERSON
Arnold
KATE
ROGER
LOU DAVORAK
ATA
BILL TROUTMAN
MARY STEPHENS
Prof Fish
Amit
Dean
"Marks"
Nancy
Leo Gage
Betty
PSY PORTER BUTTS
JOHN HUME
Dane
RHO DAMMIT
BOB BASSETT
MORRY SENDOFF
Pearl Button
FRED NOER
Bob
Lydia
JACK WESTCOTT
Jane
at swanson
MARION
Julius
Jan Ricks
Morgan
Cliss
Gordy SAE
PAUL BUNYAN
TONY BEAVER
Jed Holstein
A.O.P.I.
Connie
Wickery
Hubbard
Willow
Dunn
Codina
Stina
Harold
Jack
Smadel
W
PETE
VEK

Despite the lazy appearance of Dave George, who makes such a seductive looking femme in the Haresfoot show, he really goes in for labor at times. At least we understand that he worked in a grocery store one night last year. "Lucky Breaks", Dave!

Bigwig Steinman, the editor of the Deet, holds the position of stage director of this year's Haresfoot production, and in order not to be mistaken for one of those tough townies, he has acquired a lovely PINK smock in which he parades back stage.

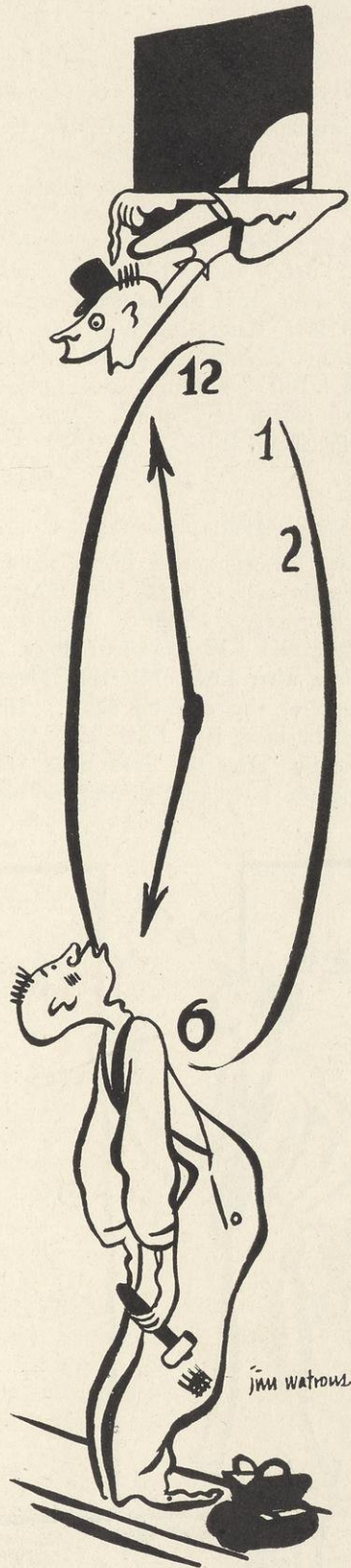
We think the Cardinal ought to be printed on doilies.

Walker (Bud) Johnson, the lil rascal, sent a huge box of periodicals including choice Whiz Bangs, Smoke House Weeklies, etc., to one Patty Mason, a Delta Gamma. After a sizzling telephone call from up the street, Mr. Johnson was made to say 'nuff.

And now the SAE's are growling 'cause they've nothing to read.

The Easter weekend will be an occasion for many fraternity and sorority parties both formal and informal. One informal dinner will be held at the Pi Kappa Alpha house Sunday. Two informals and eight formal dances will be held at the Pi Kappa Alpha house Sunday. Two informal dances include the other parties scheduled for the holiday weekend.

—*The Daily Cardinal, March 25th*
(Ed. Note: Pi Kappa Alpha is a social fraternity.)



"Hey, look Ed, cuckool!"

Latest reports indicate that the Haresfoot troupe has been spreading the "Marks"ian theory throughout northern Wisconsin and Minnesota.

During Haresfoot rehearsals we were time and again struck by the familiar twang of the jokes, and quips flung over the footlights and it bothered us to such an extent that we started an investigation. Imagine our relief to find that we were right and that the jokes were old friends, for Bill Purnell had garnered a bunch of our old clipped exchange magazines to provide a goodly amount of Haresfoot wisecracks.

Gawd, but Haresfoot's funny!

Even the great have their weak moments. We walked right out of the library door to find William Ellery Leonard strolling down State Street guffawing at a copy of Ballyhoo.

Once a Beta always a Beta!

Gerhard Becker, the business manager of the Badger, sensing the unique publicity that was effected (unintentionally) for the Daily Cardinal when the Octopus published their burlesque of that daily sheet, concluded that a similar issue of the Octopus only burlesquing the Badger was worth a consideration. Accordingly, he drafted a plan whereby the Octopus would quip about the Badger in one of the spring issues, in return for which the Badger would donate a free page in their tome to the Octopus.

Yoo Hoo!!! Mr. Wisconsin Engineer Editor! There's y're chance!

Diary of a Haresfooter

MONDAY—APRIL 4TH—

Left Madison this afternoon about the same time those other poor dopes were going to no-cut one thirties. It's a great feeling to cut five classes without bothering to worry about an excuse from old Droopydrawers. Minnie came down to see me off. Good gal, Minnie.

About three o'clock we unloaded at Richland Center, had a lousy rehearsal, and ate dinner at some club with a churchy name. They say that a lousy rehearsal means a good performance, and we sure had one tonight. At least Richland Center thought so. But Richland Center never saw a Haresfoot show before.

TUESDAY—APRIL 5TH—

La Crosse. Pederson sobers up and goes home to see the folks and eat some good old Smorgasborg. Another damned rehearsal. The dopes get out of school today. We'll see them out in front by tomorrow night. "Lucky Breaks" still breaking with the dear public. Hurray! We don't pull out of here until 4:30 A. M. Nicesh speakeashies 'n thish town. Good beer, yesh verreee good beer.

WEDNESDAY—APRIL 6TH—

Headache. Working too hard I guess. Eau Claire tonight. Nice town, Eau Claire. Good beer, too. Seemsh like all thesh towns have good beer. Good thing for fella like me who 'ppreshiates someshing good, what I mean, ish a pity shome fellahs don't know tha difference between someshing good and someshing wish ish not sho shomeshing beer or good or loushy. Some even don't knows there diffrence, I mean.

THURSDAY—APRIL 7TH—

'Nother show. W a u s a u this time, and Jack Thompson and John Merkel, local

boys who made good at the U. Good performance . . . Shfine town, Wausaush. Good beer. Wonder why I didn't shink before of being 'nactor? Besht time sinsh the Beta picnic. Whoops!

FRIDAY—APRIL 8TH—

Minneapolis, Minnesota. Letter from Minnie. Said she saw the show night before last but didn't see me. Wonder where I was? Great crowd—college town. Great show . . . Purnell wantsh ta know if I'm in thish show, or if I just came along for tha ride. Can't imagine what he meansh. Aren't we sposh t'enjoy ourselsh, Bill? Nicesh dates, nicesh time, nicesh everything. Whataya kickin' about, Bill?

DULUTH—APRIL 9TH—

Taste in my mouth like a motor-man's glove . . . or the bottom of an old bird cage. Matinee. They certainly expect a lot from us fellows. A matinee after LAST NIGHT! Plenty droopy at the evening show. This show business is a hard life. Won the daily "after the show prize" for doing the least work during the per-

formance. Here until tomorrow night. Hurray!! Holley Smith says he knows a swell dive down by the lake. I wonder if he's kidding?

Dlooth—I'd like to know who or what hit me last night. Seems funny I always feel so lousy after a good time. I remember last night that Ken Brown and Charlie Yonts were trying to fly kites off a bridge. They'd better stick to their sister act. Purnell isn't mad at me anymore. He said he wasn't sore, but just pitied me. I like for fellows to sympathize like that. It shows the right spirit.

MANITOWOC—APRIL 11TH—

Big beer center and home of that illustrious Haresfooter, Frank Prinz. I wonder if two years will find me singing with Guy Lombardo or somebody? I think Minnie must be sore at me. She said in her last letter that she supposed she couldn't expect anything from a "mug" except that it should be full of beer all the time. Smart, these Delta Gammas.

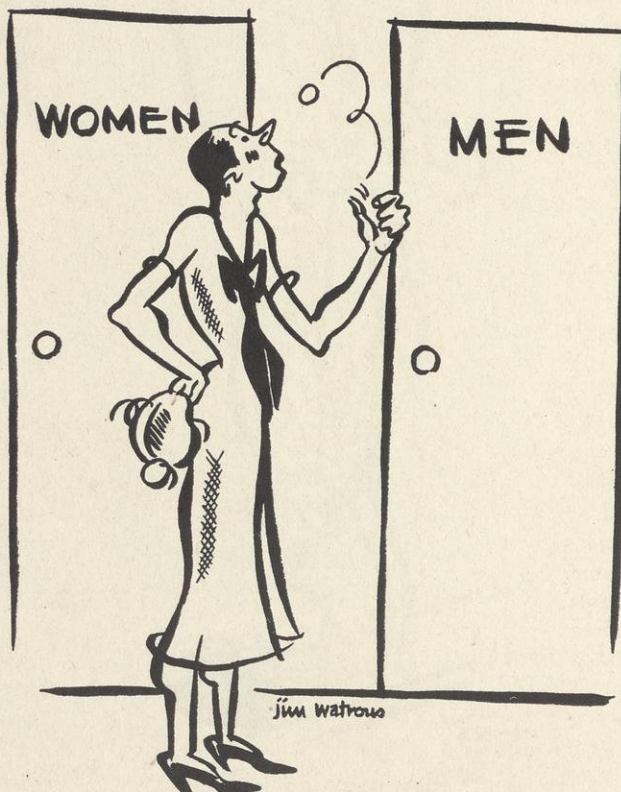
MENASHA—APRIL 12TH—

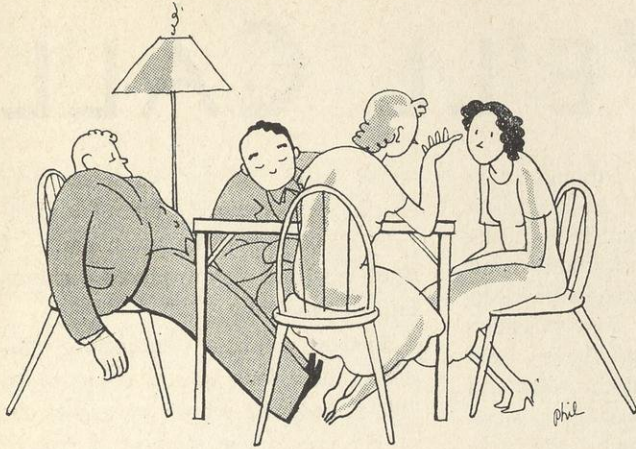
This theatre has the world's smallest dressing rooms. They remind me of the Theta phone closet. I guess we'll have to "Brin and bear it". (That was a fast one, "Brin" being the name of the theatre.) Beer joint just around the corner. Speaking of convenience . . . ash I was shaying, speaking of convenyances, thersh nothing better, to my mind at leasht, than speakeashies ju'round tha corner. Good beer 'n thish town. Orfully goodbeeritseeshtame.

WEDNESDAY—APRIL 13TH—

Oshkosh. Home of Vern Hamel, another ex-Haresfooter. This town usually has to stand for the opening night, but not this year. Minnie has stopped writing. Maybe I should have answered her letters. She needn't get sore. The best places here are near the rail-

(Continued on page 24)





"---And they usually jell in half an hour."

WISCONSIN'S MIRACLE MAN--- RODNEY FORPLESHANK

(Editor's Note: Last June, Rodney Forpleshank graduated from the University. He left Madison, disguised as all six members of the Green International, aboard a Chicago-Northwestern freight train, broke and hungry, wearing a pair of borrowed riding breeches and a frayed Loan Fund Drive tag. Today he is a multi-millionaire. In this exclusive interview, the OCTOPUS gives to its readers the dope (not Mr. Forpleshank).

"Wot is the secret of my success?" That is the question that I have been asked by millions. With characteristic unequivocal directness that is the question that I am going to answer. Listen! Are yuh listenin'? All right then, take your face out of that empty gin bottle.

I hopped off that Chi. & NW freighter in Florida. Around me were acres and acres and acres of swamp. Not a foot of dry land was to be seen within five hundred miles. I could see five hundred miles because I took a course in philosophy once, and after that anybody can see anything.

"What this country needs", I says to Forpleshank, "Forpleshank, what this country needs is to convert these swamps into good black, fertile earth and then grow something on it." "If you could do that", I says to myself, "you could make yourself a millionaire." Well, that's just what I done. (Ed. note: Student Forpleshank paid his way through college sweeping out "The Stables", 103 Langdon St.)

A friend of mind who didn't have no college education, but what had some brains, had a species of plant he'd been cultivating for some time called Ztocalpsysis. It was a sort of amphibious cotton plant and he'd been trying to find a use for it for years. Well, it's a short short story from here on.

We planted a dozen hundred of these amphibious cotton bulbs in the Florida swamps. No sooner had their roots sunk into the swampland than they began a horrible sucking noise.** In a short time all the water in the

** See Pi Phis at Wednesday lunch.

swamps had been sucked up the stems into the cotton pods. And there it stayed absorbed in the cotton ball.

But this was only the beginning. After the pods were full of water we froze them into cotton ice balls. (Ed. Note: Union Ice Cream). These we shipped to old Arizona. Good ol' Arizona. Here under the blistering, blazing, burning desert sun they soon melted and furnished irrigation for the entire Southwest.

We became famous. Telegrams, cables, telephone calls and chain letters poured in. People came from all over the country to study our irrigation system and one day, a bright young fellow says to me, "Say, now that you've got the whole desert irrigated, what good is it going to do you? What are you going to grow down here."

Well, that started me thinkin'. We had scientists and plant growers and florists and farmers look over the land to see if anything worth cultivating could be grown on it.

In the meantime, during this delay, the land began to sprout a curious indigenous plant. Amid much excitement we observed that it was that rare species of cactus known as Fuller Brush. We were made!

In less than a month we were millionaires and the heroes of the American housewife, for the Fuller Brush salesman is replacing the iceman.

—James Munro, Jr.

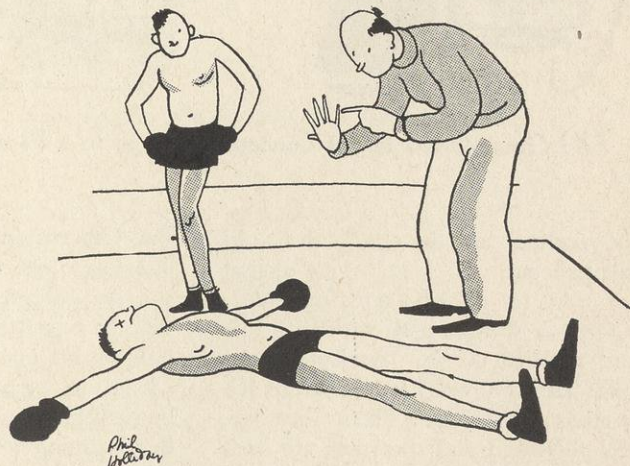
The Haresfoot "Lady"

Hairy legs and painted face,
Husky shoulders draped in lace,
Size ten feet in size two pumps,
Stuffed here and there to create bumps.

Chest too husky, hands too big,
Short-cut hair covered by a wig
Which at times falls at crazy angles.
From his neck a ridiculous necklace dangles.

A pocket watch takes the place, at night,
Of Woolworth's finest, sparkling bright.
Many of these creatures can you see
In the U. W. Haresfoot company!

—Hank



"One, two, buckle my shoe--"

—AND WE'LL CALL

April 20, 1932

Mr. Wm. Purnell,
Haresfoot Club,
Union Building,
Univ. of Wis.

Dear Bill:

Now that this year's show is under way successfully and all you have to do before closing the season is to move the piano on to the stage for that riotous fifth scene, for only a few more performances, sweep up the debris after a few more finales, and then cap everything by counting up the receipts, subtracting the costs, and wondering what on earth became of the net; now that all that is soon going to be over with, what are your plans for next year's production?

Obviously you'd like a breathing space before tackling that problem. However, let me say now that the problem is no problem because I've thought everything out and I've got

As I had planned it, I thought next year's Haresfoot should be a musical comedy. A musical comedy with one of the most unusual backgrounds ever conceived. All these Broadway, medicine show, circus, and show business-in-general backgrounds have been worn so threadbare that the warp and the woof of each are taking up separate residence. Know what the background of this show will be? If I gave you the rest of the Eocene you'd never guess. The locale is laid among the poison-ivy pickers of Paraguay! Think of that—a great and thriving industry, supplying poison ivy for picnics, treasure hunts and other types of cross-country romps, the world over!

Concepción, the heroine, is a stunning field hand on the poison ivy plantation of Senor Gómez, a rich and villainous braggart who is always striving to get her to take a spin out to one of the local Paraguayan roadhouses.

tennis balls. So far we have three characters, leaving 87 out of a company of 90 still to be given parts. I think it's time we introduced a chorus into this melange.

So there you have Concepción, wondering how long she is going to be able to keep the Senor's mustaches out of her eyes. The moment is ripe to throw the chorus in to thicken the plot. Concepción breaks into her first song, a sob ballad titled—"Who's To Protect Me Against His Leers?" Then the chorus, costumed as poison ivy dryads, come out of the hollow of an oak tree, singing:

"Thirteen little dryads we,
Living in a hollow tree,
Just because the place is free,
If you envy our lot
It's plain that you've not,
Ever lived in a hollow tree!"

After that song I can just picture the atmosphere inside the theater dark with flying vegetables. As long as we get some kind of enthusiasm worked up in the audience, we don't much care what kind, do we, Bill? Anything's better than a flock of frozen faces out front with the silence unbroken except for people rustling programs, eating caramels, and getting out of the wrong seats to remove to other wrong seats.

Well, what with Concepción already letting out local anguish and dryads hopping around and trying to keep padding from slipping, and a villain and a week old father on the premises, it looks as if the bluejackets ought to be along soon. And here they come, off the U. S. S. Al-bumen, swinging along the road to the plantation. They're just on a visit. They never saw a poison ivy plantation it seems. It goes to show what a year in the navy will do for a man in the way of travel and education.

As they march along, 73 of them



Old Gomez tried to get Concepcion to go to a Paraguayan roadhouse

the outline for the 1933 show all mapped out. So I guess it's alright for you to go off gypsying somewhere in Wingra park with your lute and practice up on "Funiculi, Funicula" until the birds topple out of the treetops with envy. Then when you feel refreshed and the roses are back in your cheeks once more, you can return and we'll get to work.

But Concepción is surprisingly virtuous for a girl with the kind of eyes she has. She resists him. But all the time he is getting a financial stranglehold on her poor father, old Pedro, by advancing money to him on futile horticultural experiments. The old boy is trying to graft together rubber plant seeds and Mexican jumping beans to be later used as the cores for

IT "MAGNOLIA"!

with Ensign Connaught at their head (and that completes our quota of 90, thank the Lord!) they sing their special number, "We're Just Gobs of Fun!" Amid plaudits the bluejackets are welcomed to Paraguay by the Minister of the Interior who just happened to be around at the time. (Make it 72 bluejackets. We've got to squeeze the Minister in some way.)

The bluejackets pair off with the dryads, who are really nice girls and who invite them to a taffy pull inside the hollow tree. This leaves 59 sailors over who can be kept busy watching the ticket sellers out in the box office.

The Ensign of course picks out Concepción, in spite of her being just a hired hand. In fact, to my surprise I notice that she is the *only* hired hand. Just an oversight on my part. Well, it's a smallish plantation.

In spite of black looks on the part of Señor Gómez the two stroll off among the poison ivy. Meanwhile, the gobs come back with the dryads after having taken a look at that tree. They decide it's not big enough for the whole party and instead everybody agrees to hold the affair out in the open. Concepción and Connaught return. Somehow it's pretty plain that they're already in love or something. She sings another song—"It's About Time You Came Along." The dryad chorus, reinforced by their boy friends, sing snatches of Pinafore, Wagner, Friml, and Victor Herbert, under the name of "We Hope Youse Live To Be A Hundred, Maybe Longer."

By this time I think we're in the third act. It's a funny thing but if you follow the plot you forget the songs and if you remember the songs you forget to say anything about the dancing. If this epic slows up once in a while I think we'd better patch it

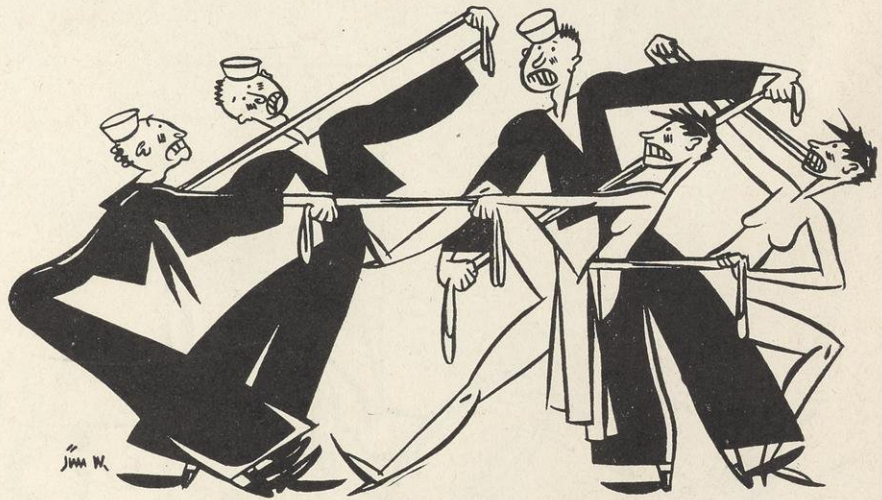
up by sending the acrobats on for a short turn. To be perfectly truthful I wish I were out of this whole business and back in my study sleeping. I'm getting into difficulties.

The last act opens with the *fiesta* in full swing that same evening, and not a duenna in sight. Everybody is pulling taffy like mad. If you think this scene might seem a little too raw we can tone it down a bit by having everybody paired off, tilting lottoes. What a gay scene it is! And just at this very moment ten Paraguayan policemen march on looking strangely familiar. They should. They're part of the 59 sailors we tossed aside a while back. Anyway, on the order of the Minister of the Interior, instigated by Gómez, they've come to arrest old

and heavier with coin and just as Connaught has about enough pesos to free old Pedro, the lights go out. When they come on again the Ensign has disappeared with all the jack.

So Concepción's old father is hauled off to jail after all and the girl, who was getting pretty tired of supporting him, anyway, marries the Minister of the Interior, after promising to support *him*. And somewhere is Connaught with his ill-gotten gains. The thing ends with everybody singing—"Loafer, Where Can You Be?"

That ending is as much of a surprise to me as it is to you. The thing got out of hand, Bill. Maybe it would be better to make an operetta out of it. Or an O'Neill thing with seventeen acts, and masks. Well, let



They began to pull taffy like mad.

Pedro for debt. Concepción screams and faints, holding up the show for twenty minutes until the rest of the cast gets a chance to change their costumes.

For a little while it looks pretty bad. Then Connaught passes the hat around and everybody chips in to help pay the old man's debts. The excitement keeps growing as the hat gets heavier

me know what you think of it. I'll start collecting poison ivy now because we're going to need bales of it for background.

Yours,

Arnold Serwer

"And will you tell the press, Mrs. Winchell, why you married Mr. Winchell?"

"To tell you the truth, I fell for his I's."

"There's professional ethics and honor for you!" screamed Leonard Liverwurst, editor of the Kale Kollege *Pink Elephant*, "The Pennsylvucky *Stinking Skunk* went and stole those jokes I borrowed from the Notre-western *Burping Beaver* and the Yarv-mouth *Pink Prairie Oyster!*"

"Whatcha throwing your suit in the lake for?"

"Just throwing a terrible fit, thas-all."

PINT COUNTER PINT, or Who'll Milk the Sacred Cow, or What Have You?

A drama in one (one) act and five (five) sections. It is permissible to leave for dinner between the first and fourth scenes, or to bring your lunch with you, or to go on a hunger strike protesting the Japanese aggression against Ireland. The author furnishes the action, the management furnishes the exits, and the board of censors furnishes the excitement . . . bring your own ideas.

Act One: Scene 1

Stage directions: Office of the Prexy. Hidden plumbing by Kohler of Kohler, politics by LaFollette of Wisconsin.

President Glenn Frank is seated at his desk, reading "Thunder and Dawn" with great interest. The regents are shooting craps around the board table. Enter rear right, Glenn Jr., with a Great Idea well in hand.

Glenn Sr.: (looking up) A penny for your thoughts.

Glenny: (carefully weighing the penny against his weighty Idea) Shucks, pop, you'd get gyped.

Glenn Sr.: (turns back to his reading, tears off a couple more chapters and stuffs them in his breast pocket) Where's mother this afternoon?

Glenny: (with quiet dignity) You mean Mrs. Frank? She's out with a couple of the local bluebloods.

Glenn Sr.: (shakes head) She better watch out. Them social hounds ain't gonna do her no good. She'll only get varicose veins. (Author's note: don't puzzle over this crack. It doesn't mean anything.)

Glenny sniffs and goes to join crap game of board of regents, playing for football comps. Glenn Sr. sighs with relief, and so do we (or am I alone by this time?)

Scene 2

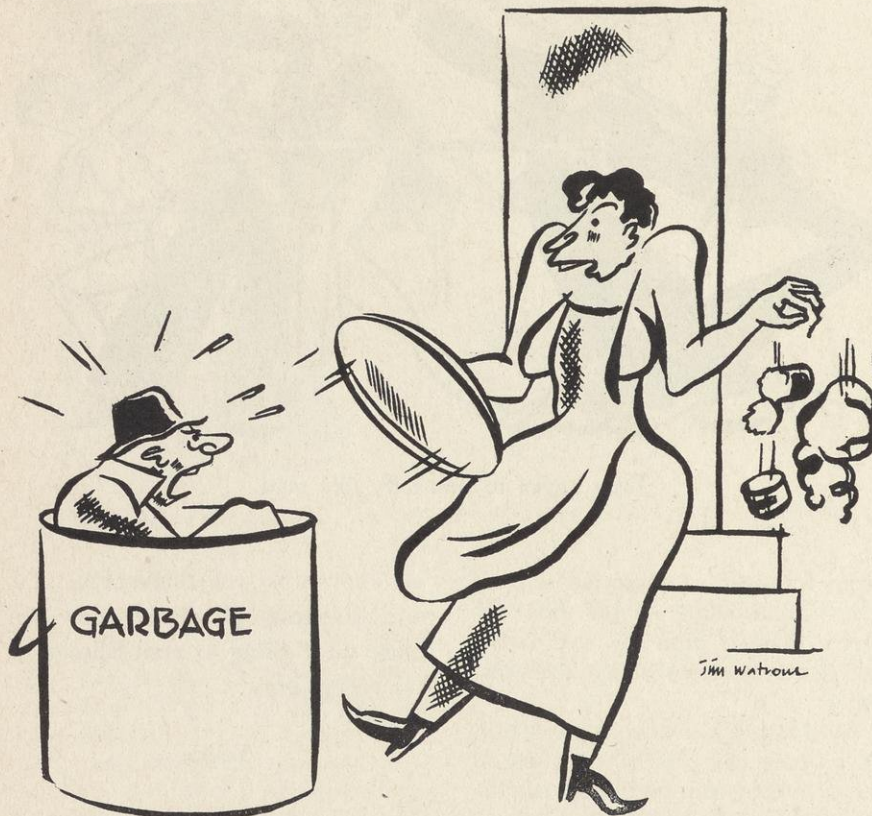
(Just another one of those Frank-Evjue scenes—not essential to action of play, so omitted.)

Scene 3

Stage directions: Office of the athletic council. Present are Sunny Pyre, the student representative, Sonne Pyre, the alumni representative, Sonny Pyre, the public relations counsel, Sunai Pyre, thirty-seven faculty representatives, and Professor J. F. A. Pyre. The room is furnished in virile style with plain wooden table and chairs, wall pictures of champion teams of 1889, and dumbbells in wallracks. The dumbbells can be distinguished from the council members because they are varnished (that is, the dumbbells are varnished).

Alumni rep.: We'll spin this coin (deftly removing an 1893 buffalo nickel from the vest pocket of the student representative) and if it's heads we'll not keep Thistlethwaite and if it's tails we'll fire him. OK? (fifty percent of the council nods, Prof. Pyre doesn't. The coin spins in the air and falls. Alumni representative hurriedly picks it up). I win, I mean, Thistlethwaite loses.

Pyre: (rises, and rocks back and forth on his feet as he talks) Ahmnn! I stand upon academic prerogative and faculty right when I declare that—(everybody rushes



"Scram!!!"



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SAMPLER

America's most famous box of candy

Here is the best-known, best-liked box of candy in all the world. Give Whitman's Sampler—the gift dependable, desirable and always welcome. In 17-oz., two, three and five pound sizes at \$1.50 a pound.

Send a Sampler and win a smile

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out except student rep. who begins drawing up a contract).

Thistlethwaite comes out of the night, stepping into the room through a closed window. He is grinning gloomily.

Pyre: (jovially slaps coach on shoulder) It's OK, Glen, ol' boy, ol' boy, you'll stay here until your bones fall apart, or the team does.

Glenn T.: (writhing) Oh, shades of Andrew Volstead! I can't stand it any longer. The inhuman mechanism of this modern Athens, this musicale center. The street car wheels go bump, bump, bump—I tell you, I can't . . .

Pyre: (slips arm under Glenn's shoulders) Steady, ol' man, steady there!! Everything will be all right. The Journal has just had another straw poll which proves you . . .

Glenn T.: (shrieking) What, another straw vote! That's the straw which bust the Camel's cellophane pack! (rushes out) I resign!

Pyre: (in hot pursuit, calling) Thisty! Thisty, thwaite! (student rep says nothing but tears up contract and begins filling out new one.)

Scene 4

Stage directions: Guest parlor of The Little Grey Home in the West. Anti-macassars cover all the chairs, dust covers all the anti-macassars, and the Anti-Saloon League covers the entire parish.

A very old lady hobbles in right center with an armful of kindling wood, chopped off her dear pappy's wooden leg (times is tough). She puts the wood in the range back center and lights up her corncob pipe. Then she turns on the very modern Super-Sucker radio and sets down to her reading of a movie magazine. The last strains of dance music come over the radio.

Radio voice: The program of modern melody and visceral vocalizing has come to you through the courtesy of the Gosh Dern Baby Blanket Corporation. And now, folks, the most recent news flash says that Dr. Clarence Spears will be the new headcoach at Wisconsin. And this bit announces that . . . (but the old lady mutters, "Praise the Fates!")

and collapses onto the double entry ledger she has been using as a footstool).

Scene 5

Stage directions: double stage. On stage at left is exterior view of The Little Grey Home in the West, shrouded in darkness, with a candle burning in the window front. The stage at the right shows the front entrance of the Orph with crowds pouring in* to see some punk acts ("You can fool some of the people all of the time"). As the candle slowly burns down and sputters out, a jazz band from within the theatre blares out a hot version of "Varsity".

CURTAIN.

Audience directions: the impressionable, subunconscious, suggestive drahma is over. Leave your seats in an orderly manner and slowly file out, feeling slightly bewildered, somewhat

upset, and wondering who is nuts, you or the author. If you have sat through or read the entire play, it's you.

*This gives Bill Troutman a swell chance for one of those mob scenes in which he and the sororities take such delight.

—Neal Keehn

Upon Being Trampled

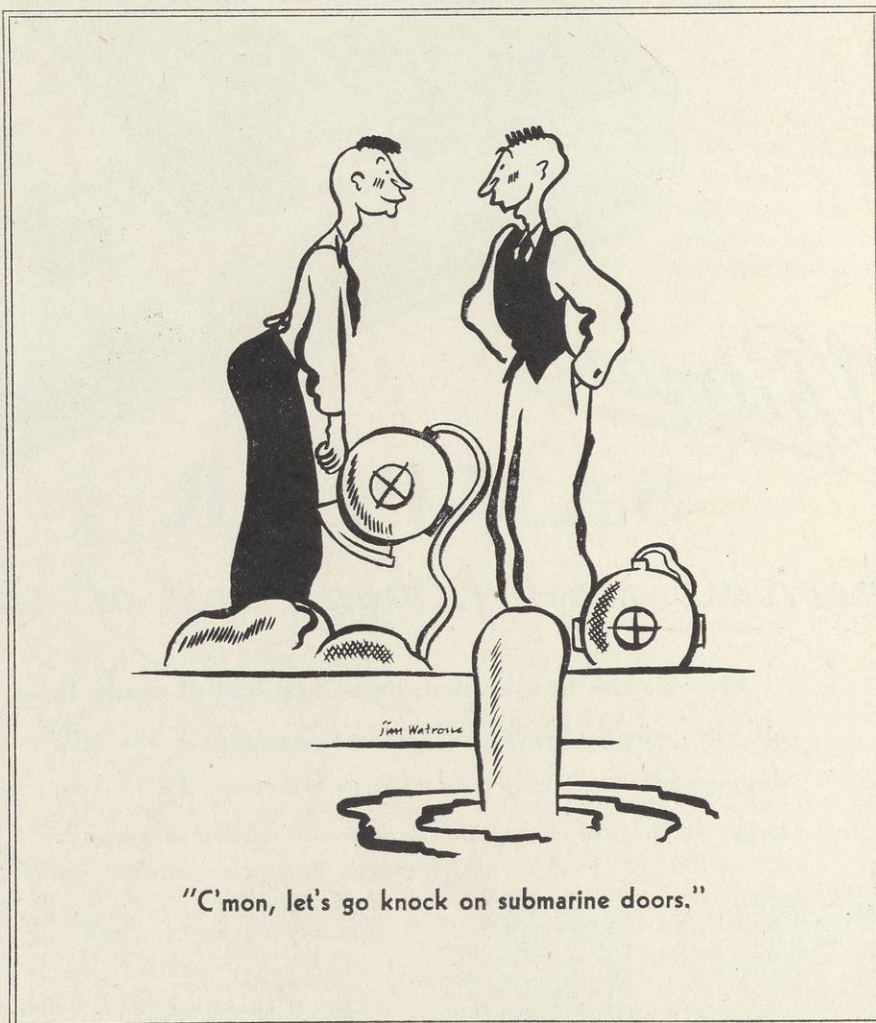
A lousier thing
Than any frat dance
Is the Saturday P. M.
"Union Mat. Dance".

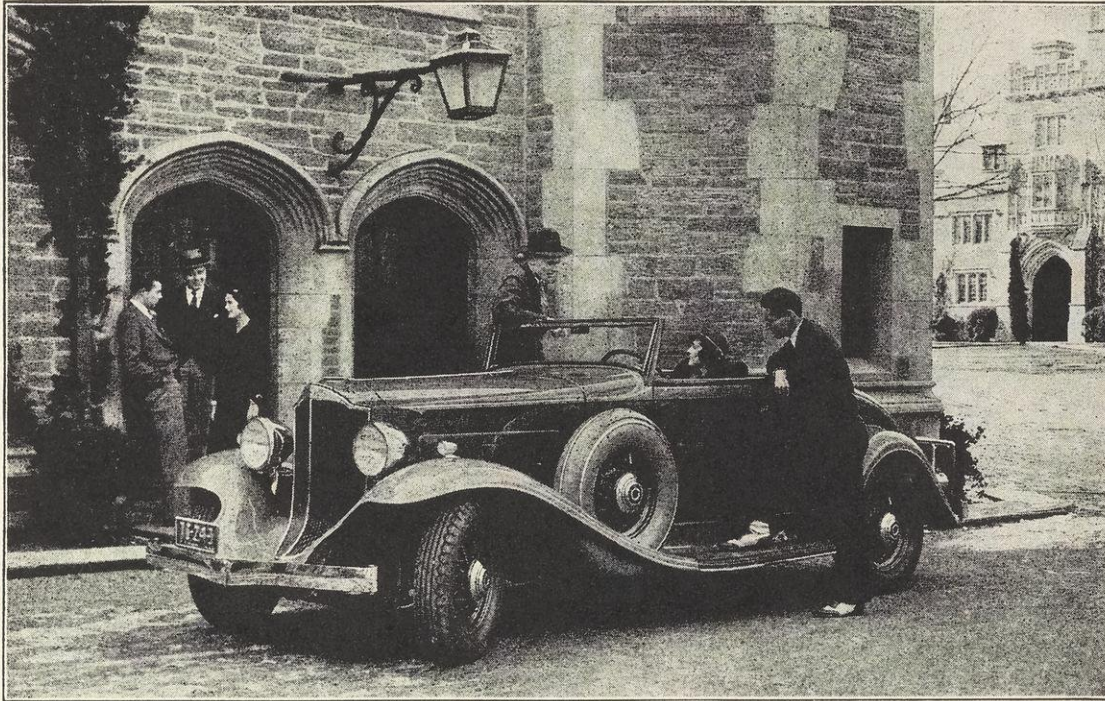
—Jack Wongun

Golfer: Whassa matter, lose a ball? What kind of a ball were you playing.

Ditto: A Black Diamond.

Golfer: Oh, a case of a diamond in the rough.





In personality, prestige and performance — what a car!

THE new Packard Light Eight is a youthful car—trim and graceful in its lines, flashing in its performance. It belongs unmistakably to the distinguished Packard family and, in addition, carries a smart distinction all its own . . . Of course it includes Packard's latest engineering advances. Silent Synchro-mesh transmission, *quiet in all three speeds*—simple and safe Finger Control Free-Wheeling—Ride Control, the original system of dash-adjustable

shock absorbers—all are there. Shatter-proof glass all around, six-ply tires and bumpers, front and rear, are standard equipment . . . The Coupe-Roadster, a smart, convertible model if there ever was one, accomodates two or four. It is long and low, with a wheelbase of 128 inches—brutally powerful with a straight-eight engine of 110 horse. And most astonishing of all, it is factory-priced at the low figure of only \$1795. Ask the Man Who Owns One—then ask Dad.

PACKARD Light Eight

ASK THE
MAN WHO
OWNS ONE

Junkman's Season

I wish I were a junkman when
The Haresfoot train pulls in again.
I'd pile old bottles in my trucks
And fill my pants with "plenty bucks".

—Jack Wongun

"A-chew! A-chew!" sneezed the farmer boy.
"Gol dern it!" scolded his father, "ain't I told ye I
ain't got no terbaccy?"

Many a husband has been a miserable wretch since his
wife made him the happiest man on earth.



PHONE

JIM
WATSON

"Long Distance."

HENRI BECOMES ECCENTRIC

(A Varsity Show in Seventeen Acts)

Act I

(Scene: the Shipping room of Henri Inc., Chicago
Theatrical Costumers.)

Henri (whose real name is Hank Schmaltz): Jees, I
feel like hell. That is I mean I feel lousey. What did
those express guys just dump out there?

1st Ass't.: Very good, Monsieur Henri.

Henry: Good, Hell! I tell you I feel pfhhhhht!

1st Ass't.: Pfsssst?

Henri: No, pfhhhhht! Go see what those lousey ex-
press men left.

1st Ass't.: It's from Madison, Wisconsin—The Hares-
foot Club.

Henri: Haresfoot Club? My gawd—open it up.
Quick!

(1st Ass't. proceeds to unfasten the tip of the box and is
about to open the lid)

Henri: Wait! I can't bear to look. (He shuts his
eyes.) You look.

(1st Ass't. looks. His face blanches, then turns a hor-
rible green color. He faints. Two express men come and
haul him away.)

(A 2nd Ass't. takes his place.)

Henri: Don't spare me. Tell me everything.

2nd Ass't. (looking into box): Good Gawd! (He
hauls out a human head.)

Henri (opening his eyes and taking the bloody head
from ass't.): God! Purnell's arm! Alas, poor Purnell, I
knew him well. Horrible fate. Ah, my good friend
Purnell. What else is there?

2nd Ass't.: Thirteen dirty red wigs.

Henri: Thirteen! I sent that guy Purnell fifty wigs.
If he were only here I'd kill him! Oh my beautiful wigs.

2nd Ass't.: And seven pairs of worn out slippers, a
pair of overalls, and two suspender buttons.

(Henri reels, staggers and crashes through a stack of
bass drums)

Henri: Oh, my pride, my joy, my glorious costumes.
I'm going crazy!

2nd Ass't. Four mangled Tri-Delts, six broken tam-
bourines, 200 empty beer bottles, and fifteen smashed top
hats.

Henri (wildly): I'm going mad, Mad, MAD!!!!!!!

(His face becomes distorted and a maniacal smile plays
over his lips.)

2nd Ass't.: An old toothbrush, a bloody hotel towel
and fourteen torn dancing costumes.

(Henri grabs up an Indian costume and dons same,
meanwhile loading an old flintlock. Twenty Haresfoot
enter the doorway doing a chorus routine. He shoots
them.)

Henri: Damn ruffians!

(He shoots the 2nd Ass't.)

Henri: Damn ruffian!

(He commits suicide.)

Henri (dying): Haresfoot! Lucky Breaks! Ha ha.

(Two express men arrive and drag off the bodies.)

—Jack Wongun



A counter 25,000 miles long!



Five continents supply raw materials.

Western Electric goes all around the world to make its purchases.

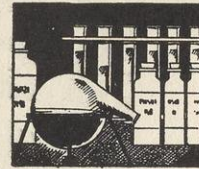
In distant parts of the earth materials are gathered for manufacturing

Bell telephones—silk from Japan, mica from India, South African

gold, Australian wool. ☐ Not only is purchasing done on a world-

wide scale, but buying is raised to the status of a science at Western

Electric. It includes thoroughgoing studies in the fields of economics



Testing is part of purchasing, here.

and geography, rigid chemical and physical testing of many

samples before definite selections are made. ☐ Western Electric

men, as a kind of second nature, are constantly striving for

improvements. In serving the Bell System, they search constantly

for better materials, better methods of manufacture, better means of distribution.



Think how far your Bell telephone has already traveled.

Western Electric

Manufacturers . . . Purchasers . . . Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM



Frosh: It says here that a butcher found a collar button in a cow's stomach.

Senior: That's a lot of ballyhoo—how could a cow get under a bedroom dresser?

—Mugwump

Someone estimated that if all exams and quizzes were placed in a pile in the Sahara Desert it would be a very good idea.

—Beanpot

Lady: This milk isn't good any more.

Milkman: I know it, lady, our cows haven't been contented since they tore down the tobacco signs with the handsome bull on it.

—Wampus

"There's Nell, the miner's daughter."

"She's a miner's daughter?"

"Yes, but from the looks of her husband she didn't have her pick."

—Sun Dial

Patient: I'm in love with you and I don't want to get well.

Nurse: Never fear. The doctor is in love with me, too, and he saw you kiss me this morning.

—Yellow Jacket

Mrs. Naybor: Is Mrs. Flubdub at home?

Maid: No ma'am; but I'll tell her you called. What shall I say you wanted to borrow?

—Mugwump

Nolle: How did you get out of admitting that your father was electrocuted?

Prose: I said he occupied the chair of applied electricity at one of our public institutions.

—Mugwump

Salesman: Have you seen the latest fountain pen? It is absolutely impossible for ink to escape from it anywhere.

Business man: Huh, I've tried to write with that kind for years.

—Mugwump

To Get A "LUCKY BREAK"

Phone a Lucky Number

CALL F. 13



Ride the Roads to Romance

The Lake Road

The Willows

Picnic Point

Lost City

Etc. Etc.

—in a—

COLLEGE RENT-A-CAR

Our Insurance Policy Is the Best in the State

—Ask to See It—

315 N. Henry St.

"This is the skull of a man who was shipwrecked for two years on a desert island with two chorus girls."

"How did he die?"

"He wore himself out tearing down the signals they put up."

—*Western Reserve Red Cat*

•

Bellhop (after guest has rung for ten minutes): Did you ring, sir?

Guest: Hell, no, I was tolling; I thought you were dead.

—*Beanpot*

•

"I've just been reading about the guerilla warfare in China."

"My gosh, don't tell me there's monkeys fighting over there, too!"

—*Orange Peel*

•

Doctor: Did you give your husband the mustard plaster I ordered?

Wife: Yes, Doctor, but he says couldn't he have a bit of bread or something with the next one—it was awfully hot eating it alone.

—*Lyre*

•

"Shall we join the ladies?"

"What's the matter, they coming apart?"

—*Siren*

•

Portrait of a Disappointing Lady

Sugar of purple wine is on your lips,
Nectar to catch and hold the fire-light
That warms your cheeks and fills my heart tonight.
And all the picture would be perfect, quite,
But for the cake-crumbs on your finger-tips.

—*Jack-o-Lantern*



You're In the
Army Now!

And doesn't this snappy reefer coat look like it? You can't get along without one this spring! At MANCHESTER'S we know of nothing that rides in rumble seats, strides up hill, or goes in for sports any more satisfactorily than this very coat. Why not get one?



"Tell me, Mr. Coolidge, do you ever feel blah?"

• Do you ever feel blah?

There's a sure cure for that sort of thing, and it doesn't come in bottles. It takes away that tired feeling, cures petrified pores — and doesn't make you feel like yourself again. It's a famous old formula, containing just the right amounts of double-chocolate humor and pungent fiction, topped with a delectable dab of Rolf Armstrong beauty. Makes you laugh and cry! Don't suffer in silence. Ask your druggist for

College Humor

1050 N. LaSalle Street CHICAGO

Giggy and Ginny Greek

"What d'ya Zeta coke, Baby?"

"On your way Chi, or I'll Lambda freshness outta U."

"Kappa the wisecracks for some Chi who'll appreciate 'em, Baby. I Theta wise-cracking goil. Why don'tcha Gamma a break?"

"You hold me, Big Boy. If ya don't quit your Xi' an around I'll Beta hel outta ya."

"You're not scaring me, Baby. Your kind is Pi Tau a Chi like me. I been Delta lot worse threats than that."

"You're a Nu kinda Chi Tau me, Big Boy. Phi I'm even beginning Tau like U a little."

"Fine, I Nu you'd wise Tau yourself, and ya did it Alpha me, didn't ya? No what do ya Phi Tau a coke?"

"Omega it a choclit soda!"

"Nu! Nu! Nu!"

—Humbug

Eloping Coed: Oh, I'm afraid father will be all unstrung.

Dumb Frosh: That's all right, we'll wire him.

—Punch Bowl

If every boy in the United States could read every girl's mind, the gasoline consumption would drop fifty per cent.

—Texas Battalion

Diner: Where's the menu?

Waitress: Down the hall, three doors to the left, sir.

—Punch Bowl

The barber takes the red hot towel
As though he were just learning,
And drops it quickly on your face
To keep his hands from burning.

—Siren

"What could be worse than a guy with fleas?"

"I know."

"What?"

"Supposin' they chirped!"

—Sour Owl

The nurse entered the professor's study and said softly,
 "It's a boy."
 "Well, what does he want?"

—Siren

She: I can't marry you,—you're practically penniless.
 He: That's nothing,—The Czar of Russia was Nicholas!

—Bean Pot

"I understand there is a rush of college men to the South Sea Islands."
 "Yes the grass crop failed."

—Kitty Kat

Big-Game Hunter: Do you want to see an elephant hide?
 Gun-Bearer: How are you going to scare it?

—Panther

"So ye've been to college, eh?"
 "Yeah."
 "How high can ye count?"
 "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king."

—Drexerd

When Abel was a little tyke and growing slowly up his mother, Eve, was never stumped to dress the little pup; a cabbage leaf was good enough to wrap the rascal in, and when he got too big for that she used a nanny skin. But every kid I ever knew and every little miss wore duds until the age of two that folded just like this.

—Beanpot

Give the boys a hand!



April 14th

that's the day we cracked the All-American record

HOW? By slapping a price of **\$29.50**—extra trousers, **\$3.50**—on the famous Guardsmen Suits by Hart Schaffner & Marx—the lowest price found in any store in the United States!

You know there's nothing to prevent us from shoving prices back just as far as we like. At the same time there's nothing that possibly detract one iota from Hart Schaffner & Marx quality—you **KNOW** what you're getting!

Pick out that Spirng suit at this All-American store. Not only better values but campus styles that are authentic, set by Wisconsin's style-makers.



(Continued from page 10)

road. Fifty cents extra and they'll pour you on the train. Of course, I didn't have to be, since I drink for pleasure and carry it well. The dopes had to go back to school today. If they only knew what they're missing! And all free, with an excuse.

•

THURSDAY—APRIL 14TH—

Big town, but I didn't know there dwash two Tribune towersh. Newsh to me. Purnellsh mad at me again. Mosht unreesnable guy I ever saw. And they told ush we were supposedh to convey the spirits of Wisconsin wever we went.

•

MILWAUKEE—APRIL 15TH—

Whoops! Here shree whole days. Stopping at the Blatz, General Grant's favorite. Big theatre. Don't see why tha people don't sit on tha stage. Could see better and we wouldn't hafta break our necks to smile at the sixth balcony. Great town. Too bad those ladiesh who used to live acrossh tha street don't live there any more. No letter from Minnie. Darn Minnie.

•

SATURDAY—APRIL 16TH—

SUNDAY—APRIL 17TH—

Well, thish ish jush one grand weekend. The idea tha Schroeder

throwin' us out of their dining room because we asked for two beers and upset a table. The timesh coming when theshe hotels gotta realize we college stewdens gotta few' rights onceinawhile. I shink everyone's 'gainst ush 'cause we have better times 'n anyone else. Gotta have little fun sometime. Can't wait'll we get too old ta have any fun, 'cause, as I shaid oncebefore itx all thesnw . . . whassa mattervthis typewriter anyhow? . . . no, ya gotta haveshum funbfhi he sell this 'n get a good typprityr no funifyyr too old t'have any fun, yjk us hhjwxx . . .

•

Mrs. J. Worthington Pippey,
3343 Giggewater St.
Wilmette, Illinois.

Dear Mrs. Pippey,

As president of Gamma Epsilon Tau at Wisconsin it is my sad duty to inform you that your son and our brother, Worthie Pippey Jr., was delivered at the chapter house last night from the Haresfoot train in a barrel marked "Beer". You may have same by calling before the rubbish is collected at the end of the week, or by wiring us permission to ship the barrel to you C. O. D. Please reply.

Sincerely,

REGGIE VANMOVING,
President of

Zeta of Gamma Epsilon Tau.

—P. Modigliani II

A Tech Greek addressed a letter to a pledge of another fraternity pointing out that he understood the second fellow had been taking his engaged girl out. He requested that the offender call at his boarding house and talk the matter over. Two days later he received this reply: "Received your circular letter. Will be at the meeting."

—Carnegie Tech Puppet

•

"Can you act?" asked the movie director.

"Act! Why on the stage last week I died so naturally my life insurance agent, who was in the audience, fainted."

—Log



Smart New Creations in Social Stationery

With Raised Letter Monogram . . . Special Price \$2.00 Box

THE popular Bondcraft Line of correct personal stationery is now on display at our office. Leading numbers include beautifully designed laid papers in Japanese Linens, French Linens, Modernistic finishes and Basket Weaves. Your choice of designs in monograms in raised letters.

Also—we still produce as distinctive announcements, cards and programs as ever.

STRAUS PRINTING COMPANY

214 East Washington Ave.

Phone Badger 1763

"Heap good firewater," said Injun Joe, as he took another swig out of the fire extinguisher.

—Orange Peel

"Say, what's Minnie's last name?"

"Minnie who?"

—Oklahoma Whirlwind

Him: Why don't you use that comb that I gave you?

Her: I like it so much I can't part with it.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot

Spring Formal—a marvelously rhythmic band, a surging tide of dancers, dim lights, a couple dancing near a doorway—

She: Oh, I simply adore that funny step. Where did you pick it up?

He: Funny step, hell. I'm losing my garter.

—Punch Bowl

Coed (shyly): Am I the first girl you ever kissed?

Freshman: Now that you mention it, you do look familiar. Were you at Steve's dance six years ago?

—Skipper

An Evolution

My dear Miss Smith;

Dear Miss Smith;

Dear Mary;

Mary Dear;

Dearest Mary;

Mary Darling;

Mary, beloved;

My soulmate;

Darling Wife;

Dear Mary;

Hello Mame;

Pay to the order of Mrs. Mary S. Doe.

—Jack-o-Lantern

A dog-faced individual is barking in the lecture room: "And, gentlemen, I want you to know that my mother was a saint—"

Voice from the deeper confines: "A Saint Bernard?"

—Jack o' Lantern

Can You Imagine Yourself in All the Frills and Ruffles?



Not in this co-educational age!

Imagine yourself dashing up the hill in those skirts, sitting thro' class hours in those bustles---but, thank goodness, you can close your eyes to such a sight, for Wagner's sport clothes---designed for comfort, freedom of movement, and joyous relation---have advanced with the evolution of education.

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When you are looking for something different why not drop in the Staber Shop at Washington Ave., Hotel Loraine Building?

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Silk tailored dresses as well as the more dressy gowns in flat crepes, summer wools, etc., and in all the high shades.

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Also carry a nice line of lingerie, hosiery, purses and novelty jewelry.

Call on us.

STREET SCENE

She passed.
I saw
And smiled!
She turned
And smiled
An answer
To my smile.
I wonder
If she too
Could know
Her underwear
Hung down
A mile.

—Widow

The drunk, merrily: I'm one urp on you!

—Humbug

"Gawd! Here comes a coupla Chi Ohs. Put another gallon of grain in the punch!"

—Humbug

"Now, Junior, what do you say to the nice man?"

"Damn white of you, Smith."
—Whirlwind

LOST—A lead pencil by Marjorie Weats, blonde, blue eyes, good dancer. Finder please call Holloday 9998 between the hours of 7 and 9 P. M.

—Pelican

"Whatcha got?"
"Musical instrument."
"What is it?"
"Cross between a saxophone and bagpipe."

"Instrument, hell! That's a weapon."

—The Drexerd

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The Reason

I'm convinced that I don't dance just as expected,
I believe that I am awkward on the floor,
It seems that I lack poise and rhythmic fervor,
Furthermore, my feet are always sore.

I'm a neophyte in all things deemed as graceful,
I simply cannot function as I ought,
I coordinate in rather jerky fashion,
But needless at all parties I am sought.

I'm the man who makes a party really lively,
And it's not because I never fuss or bicker
I'm the man who never lacks an invitation,
For I'm the man who's never short on liquor.
—Arnold Sundgaard.

Capt.: Where is the balance of your rifle?
Frosh: That's all they gave me, sir.

—Lyre

From a post card sent by a world touring father to his son in college:

Dear Son:
This is the cliff from which the Spartans used to throw their defective children. Wish you were here.

Love,
Dad.
—Whirlwind

Whirlpool: I'm irresistible.
Ulysses: Oh, don't be Scylla.

—Pointer

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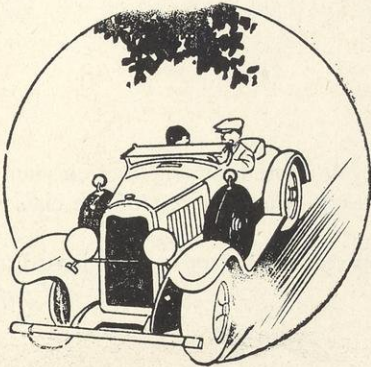
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Jim Knox
Starter

Glenn (Hunce)
Vitense
Pro.

Prof.: Who signed the Magna Charta, Mr. Cords?
Jerry: I don't know. It wasn't me.
Prof. (*thoroughly disgusted*)—That will do, sir; that will do for you.
Member of the Official Board of Visitors: Here, don't let that fellow off. I don't like his looks. I believe he did sign it.

—Pelican



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"All I did was ask you a simple engineering question. Why did you flare up like that?"

"Well, you see I'm not a civil engineer."

—Lyre

Salome, the first woman to discover the relation between gauze and effect.

—Blue Baboon

Friend: That's a nice looking office boy you've got.
Boss: Yes, he doesn't smoke, cuss, gamble or run off to ball games. As far as I know he has only one fault.

Friend: What's that?

Boss: He won't work.

—Mugwump

Tardy Plumber: Well, here I am, and how's things?
Optimistic Householder (three feet deep in water): Oh, not so bad. While I've been waiting for you I've taught the wife to swim.

—Reflector

"What's progress?"

"When she stops telling you to be careful of her permanent."

—Wataugan

Prof: Why is it you wrote only ten lines on your project on the milk industry, when the rest of the class wrote several pages?

Frosh: Well, you see, sir, I wrote on condensed milk.

—Wampus

Teacher: What insect requires the least nourishment?

Percival: The moth—it eats holes.

—Mugwump

Secret

Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., '33, was host to thirty-five guests at a four o'clock tea yesterday afternoon at his home in the Bridgman Block. Mrs. E. E. Redcay poured the tea and Mrs. Edward Decker poured the coffee.

Who squeezed the lemon?

—*Jack o' Lantern.*

Our Own Vice Dictionary

Adultery—the state of being an adult.

Carbine—a place where naughty trolleys go.

Gat—a feline.

Gun—after you've departed.

Heroin—a very smelly fish. (No Wilhelm, nothing to do with a melodrama.)

Moll—to handle roughly.

Robber—something on the end of a pencil.

Rum—a small apartment.

—*Punch Bowl*

"I want a rope for a cow that changes his hide every night."

"Quite strange. And how will a rope help?"

"You see, I want to tie him up. One night he hide in the pasture, another night he hide in the garage and some nights we can't find where he hide."

—*Yellow Jacket*

"Now," said the super-salesman, "this instrument turns green if the liquor is good—red if it is bad."

"Sorry, but I'm color-blind," apologized the prospect. "Got anything with a gong on it?"

—*Juggler*

My old flame, Bee, was as sweet as honey—but I got stung in the end.

"One seat, well forward in the center downstairs, for tonight's performance. Have you got it?"

"Can you play a fiddle?"

—*Pointer*

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HUMAN MADNESS

What a crazy world we're living in! Whatever you do, whenever you do something, and however you do it, is always cockeyed in somebody's opinion.

If you're conservative, you're unliberal; if you're liberal, you're a communist; and if you're a communist, you're a shiftless bum with an excuse for not looking for a job. If you're a hobo, you're a conservative!

If you go to college, you're a lazy loafer who is too lazy to look for a job; if you work, you're too lazy to get an education. If you join a fraternity, you become a standardized product; but if you don't, you lack the companionship that is necessary for individualism. If you're an athlete, you're dumb; if you came to school to get an education, you're a "grind." If you study, you're a sap trying to just get by; if you don't study, you're a sap anyway!

If you have a car and a fur coat, you're showing off; if you haven't, you're not collegiate. If you take part in extra-curricular activities, you didn't come to college to study; but if you concentrate on the books, you're missing half the benefits of a college education! If you go to concerts, you're crazy, if you don't, you don't appreciate the finer things in life. If you go out a lot, you're a spend-thrift; if you don't, you're a Scotchman. If you . . . AW NERTS!!!!!!

—Hank

Guide: Now we shall see the sarcophagus of King Tut.

Bashful Old Maid: I'd better wait here.

—Widow

"Do you know how they keep the crime wave down in Scotland?"

"I'll bite."

"They charge the prisoners board and room."

—Dodo

Little Edgar (age 4): Papa let me ride on it now. Mama might catch you.

Papa (not so old himself): What do you mean son?

Little Edgar (only ten seconds older): Well, Mama told Mrs. Smith that she'd knock your block off if she caught you playing with a hussy.

—Punch Bowl

"Now," said the professor, "pass your papers to the end of the row; have a carbon sheet under each one, and I can correct all the mistakes at one time."

—The Columbus

You can lead a horse to Vassar, but you can't make her think.

—Yale Record

"I think I'll go on a bender," said the fly as he started crawling around a pretzel.

—Lyre

"So you want a job here, do you understand the work?"

"I think I do—I was president of this company last year."

—Purple Cow

"They are making a college movie of Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter, calling it, 'How Hester Won Her A.'"

—Arizona Kitty-Kat

No, Josephine, I can't tell you the name of the quarter-back, but I am a personal friend of the man who made the best paper airplane at the Cornell game.

—*Jack-o-Lantern*

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

—*Phoenix*

Clarence (to the waiter): Let me know when it's eleven-thirty.

Lucy (sweetly): The time or the check?

—*Beanpot*

Newsboy: Morning, Herald?

Drunk: Mornin' Bud.

—*Sun Dial*

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1 1 4 S O U T H C A R R O L L S T R E E T

Que
voulez-vous
encore?



No, we haven't forsaken our good old American language (off with your hats—the flag is passing by). We are merely using an approved technique to lure you into reading this advertisement. Don't leave the room, please. You'll thank us for it before we're through. Yes, Corona Coronas will be all right if you simply *must* express your gratitude that way.

But to return to our subject. What more *could* you wish in a motor car than all that the new Chevrolet Six provides? You have doubtless thrilled already to the smartness of Chevrolet's long streamlines and spacious Fisher bodies. If you want speed, the new Chevrolet touches 65 to 70 miles an hour, with six-cylinder ease, quietness and smoothness. If you yearn for power—well, 60 horsepower is more than adequate for any demand you are likely to make. Marvelous handling ease is assured by combining the easy, quiet Syncro-Mesh gear-shift with Free Wheeling. And as for running costs—any owner will tell you that Chevrolet operating and upkeep economy is unexcelled.

Does that strike a responsive chord, or are you just an old cynic? If you are, we suggest a *ride* in the new Chevrolet Six. Once you take one, you'll agree with every point we've made. And you'll agree, too, that the best place to be these fine spring days is at the wheel of this smart, fast, and *remarkably inexpensive* automobile.

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If you haven't smoked Camels lately, perhaps you've been missing something. Why not switch over for just one day? After you've known their rare, throat-easy mildness, then leave them—if you can.

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