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## **Octopus: Senior ball. [Vol. 14, No. 9] May, 1933**

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, May, 1933

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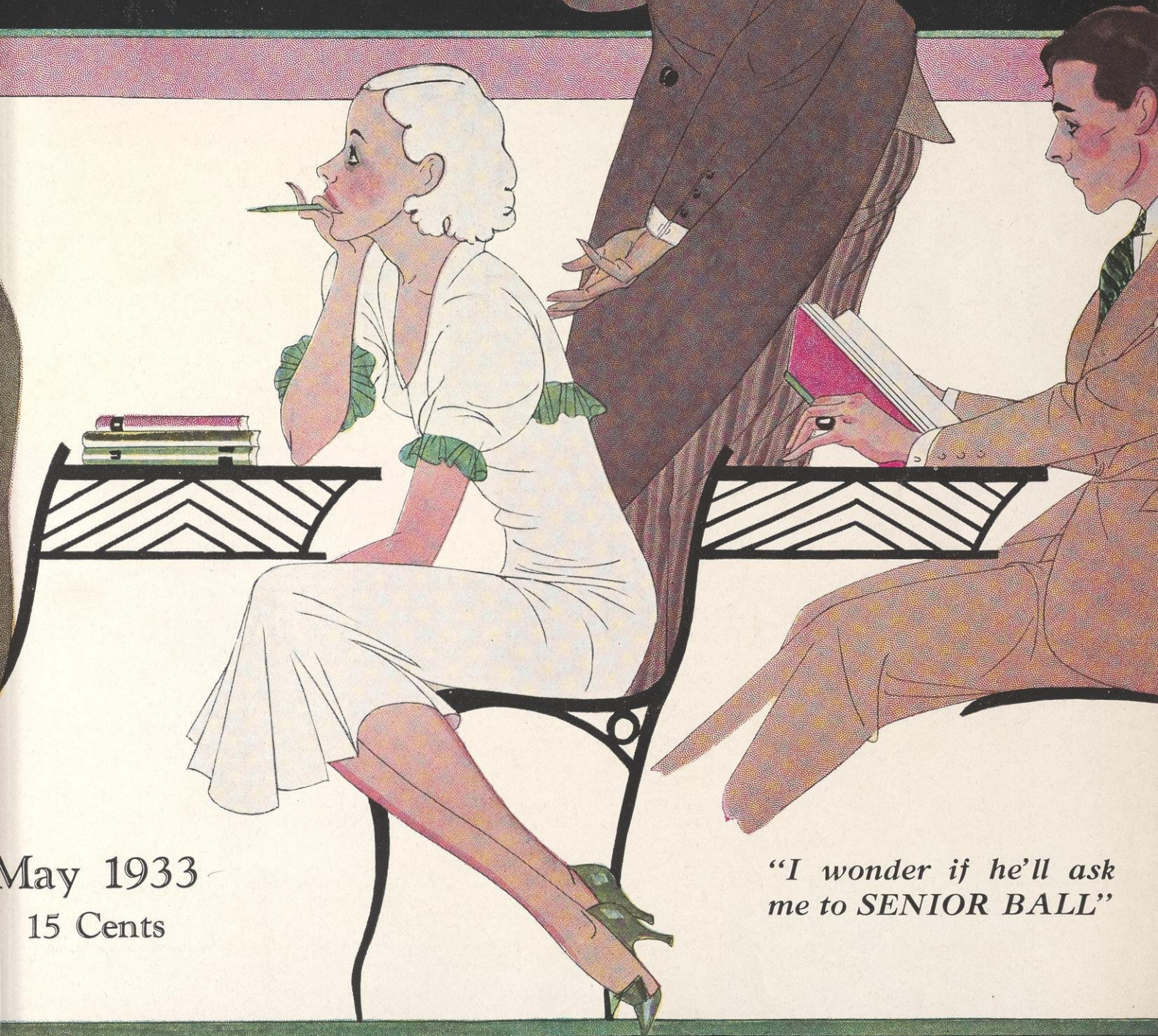
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# OCTOPUS



May 1933 -  
15 Cents

*"I wonder if he'll ask  
me to SENIOR BALL"*

LOREN MOORE



The Class of 1933

PRESENTS

# SENIOR BALL

SPRING'S GALA INFORMAL

Featuring The Incomparable

## Joe Sanders

AND HIS ORCHESTRA

- ♫ The Last Social Event Of The Year
- ♫ One Week After The Last Week  
End For Social Functions.

## SATURDAY, MAY 27

MEMORIAL UNION BUILDING

NINE TILL TWELVE

TARIFF—TWO DOLLARS



## TREATISE ON WOMEN

A few years ago, women were supposed to be dainty flowers to be handled with care, that is, until they married. Since that forgotten time, they have demanded "women's (not 'feminine') rights." And finally the men, sick and tired of the women's bleating, gave in. Women got their "rights." They were allowed to vote (but did you ever see a woman under 35 who was willing to admit she was over 21?). They began to go in for sports, not so much because they liked to, but just to belittle the men.

In universities, women's gym classes were organized, and thereby hangs this tale — let's hope the writer's not lynched. . . .

The trouble with these women who major in P. E. is that they believe in muscle, not charm. They are too big—who wants to associate with a muscle moll? . . . They're weather-beaten—tanned, they call it. They don't have "it" in swimming suits—and that's the nicest way to observe the "weaker sex"—less one. And the walk of these physical monstrosities is one of the funniest sights on the campus . . . it's a cross between a strut and a waddle—it has to be seen to be appreciated. . . .

And their mental traits! . . . They are overbearing—just because they're too dumb to do anything but develop their bodies. They're boisterous and lengthy grunTERS but to find an interesting talker in that group is a job that requires too much patience and we're sick of this article already.

And furthermore—and this is important—they don't know how to use cosmetics and they can't comb their hair—what's in a college education? And what they know about dressing for social occasions couldn't fill one Bargain Sale ad. Gaudy, gauky, awkward, overdressed, or underdresses —

not undresses, you sap—they make a sight worthy of an old fashioned movie comedy. They can't balance a cup of tea on their knee gracefully (who could, on such knees?), nor can they smoke a cigarette with an air of non-chalance. And when they eat, they look like cows chewing molasses. . . .

And above all they give the impression of being healthy animals fit only for commercial breeding.

—Pelican

## VERNAL WARNING

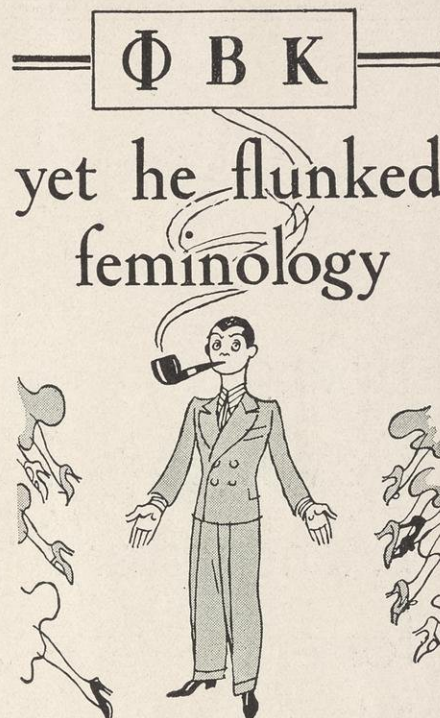
When the vernal equinox  
Has opened up the hollyhocks  
To their utmost regal splendor  
Each, from king to peanut vendor,  
Female, male, or neuter gender,  
Feels like going on a bender.  
All with dreams are soon imbued,  
Some with pure, and some with lewd.  
Senility and adolescence  
Both are filled with effervescence.  
Everyone is on the verge  
Of falling to the mating urge.  
Do your worst, oh gentle Student,  
Do your worst but please be prudent.

—Pelican

## THE MARTYR

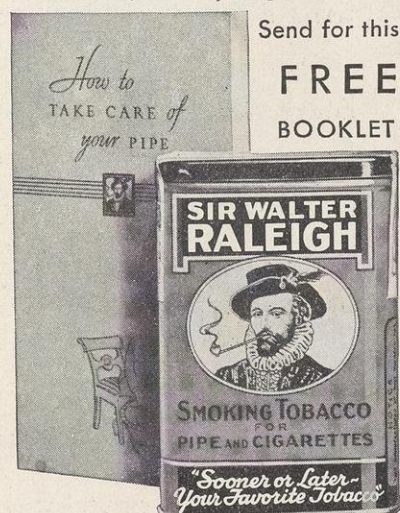
I got a purpose which is high.  
I shuns the flowing bowl.  
I hits my books while youse guys  
dance.  
I'm pure, I got a soul.  
  
I got a noble duty here.  
I got a urge to know.  
I got ambition, and besides,  
Cheezt guy, I got no dough!

—Pelican




A SHORT CHEER for this poor boy . . . and a very short one. When he figured that the ladies love a pipe smoker, he was right. But he ought to be told that they don't like heavy, soft-coal tobacco, in a soggy chimney of a pipe. He'll pass "feminology" the minute he starts smoking Sir Walter Raleigh in a well-kept briar. This fast-growing brand pleases the persons at both the stem and the bowl ends of the pipe by its aromatic mildness and rich, satisfying flavor. Young man, on your way to Greek class, stop in any tobacco store and spend the most useful 15 cents you ever spent for a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh Tobacco. It's kept fresh in gold foil.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation  
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-35



It's 15¢ — AND IT'S MILDER





# Spring Down to Manchester's for a New Cotton Frock

There you'll find three cotton frock departments, . . . the Cotton Corner Downstairs, the Dixie Shop on the third floor, and the apparel section on the second floor. Each one just filled with crisp, cool, little cotton frocks for sports, campus wear, afternoon, and evening. Pique coats too . . . and lots of cotton accessories!

Harry S. Manchester  
Incorporated



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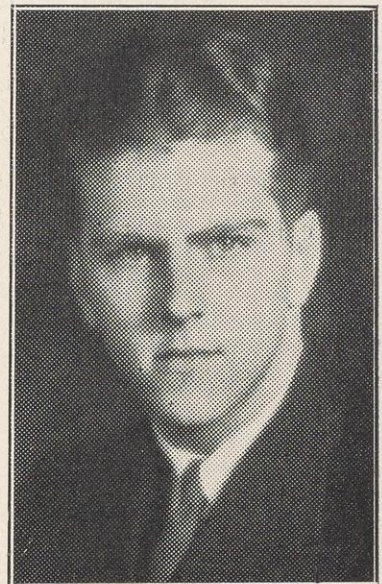
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# SENIOR BALL NUMBER



HUGH OLDENBURG '33  
Senior Class President



## WE AIM TO SUIT

It was called the Warewel Suit Co. A solitary salesman was surveying the world of commerce which passed his door while he puffed a cigar like a true capitalist. He would be the man to see, I thought.

"Good afternoon," I said.

"Good afternoon, young man," he answered, genially. "This is just the time to be buying that summer suit, my friend, and if you'll simply step over this way I'll show you some remarkable values that you won't find duplicated in any store in the city. Now I was just talking to a man who used to trade to the Comfort Clothes Co. across the street and he says to me that some of the things they hand over the counter as apparel simply ain't fit for wear . . ."

"If you don't mind . . ." I began.

"Oh yes, now just you come over here and cast your eye on these dandies. Two-pair pants, choice of single or double-breasted coat, for only \$19.98. Now if that ain't a buy, mister, I'm not Herman Twitterby and father of half a dozen husky youngsters. Are you a father, Mister . . .?"

"Not that I know of," I said, feeling rather hot and uncomfortable, "But will you . . ."

"Yes sir, we'll fix you up right away. We always want to give you people from out of town special service and we always say to each other that our customers from up-state show more intelligence in buying than a lot of city lawyers and bankers. Naturally we cater to local folk, too, but it's the people from the outlying towns that deserve our principal attention. I don't suppose you know Ed Bittersnag of East Bend?"

"I'm afraid not, but I wish . . ."

"Sure thing and it will only take a second. Just slip off your coat—there!—and put on this lovely piece of goods. You know I was reading an article by Smorgansmith, the famous fashion expert, the other day and he says that the double-breasted coat is due to be a favorite with the American public. Yes sir, there's

nothing better and since you're rather narrow it sets you off to advantage. As to color, this tan one you've got on is just the thing for your complexion. And," he remarked, inhaling audibly, "it's a beautiful fit."

"I'll take the damned suit," I muttered, resignedly, "but can you tell me how I get to the railroad station?"

### A WOMAN FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK

One's a soul,  
Two's a pair,  
Three's a crowd,  
Four's a fair,  
Five's a burgh,  
Six's a clan,  
Seven's enough  
For any man.

For economy and efficiency in bath-house construction, we recommend our exam papers. Professors claim it is absolutely impossible to see through them.

Wife (who's baking her first biscuits): Do I smell something burning?

Husband (who's writing his first novel): It's just my smouldering genius.

In many cases of students who are unable to make the grade, the truth of the matter is that they're too tired to climb the hill.





# SUMMER SESSION

By IRVING BELL

Pam emerged from Science Hall at 10 a. m. in a mood that was hardly in keeping with the pleasant June weather. She was angry and discouraged. The geology exam—it pained her to think of it—had been simply awful with the only pleasant feature being her identification of a certain rock as, "I think you're gneiss."

Maybe she would have to go to summer session and sweat during July and August while her friends vacationed in the mountains, at the lakes, or by a far-away seaside. Pam Peters felt like a scraggly cactus in a huge desert, forlorn but nevertheless ready to scratch the first who intruded on her misery.

Then, as she walked along the margin of the lower campus, she saw a broad-shouldered fellow in a cocoa-brown suit hurrying towards her. She recognized him as being in her lab section. "Very good looking," she noted mentally.

He smiled at her. "Hello," he exclaimed, and then as if by sudden inspiration he stopped short. "Going my way?" he asked, slightly confused.

"I'm not quite sure," decided Pam. "Are you in the habit of walking backwards?"

"Right now I could do most anything. My most recent accomplishment is cutting that exam. Faulty alarm clock, you know."

Pam was afraid afterwards that she had laughed upon learning of this catastrophe.

"I might just as well have missed," she said, sympathetically.

"Now that we're in the same boat, let's go over to the Grill for a malted. I'll claim disability and get a clinical to excuse the cut."

"A what?"

"A clinical. Excuse. You go over to the clinic and get a little slip that says 'Please be seated on chairs numbered such-and-such'."

"I should think one chair would be sufficient."

"But this is a liberal university. Then you wait at least half an hour until your turn comes. Just tell the doctor you had a headache."

"I had one a few minutes ago. If you had spoken sooner I would have saved it for you."

"Thanks, Pam, I'll remember. Sometime I'll give you a pain in the neck."

That evening, Pam wrote "*Ted Lancaster*" all over her desk blotter because "*Ted Lancaster*" was his name and because she was thinking only of "*Ted Lancaster*."

He came over to call for her at eight and they went to "a stirring



drama of human emotions," and when an emotional moment occurred, Ted bent over and kissed her sweetly but sarcastically on the ear.

At 9:30, Pam said: "Let's go now. I feel quite sure the heroine will go back to her husband."

"She may put arsenic in his milk and ship to Siberia with that bond salesman," argued Ted. "But we've seen Mickey Mouse so I'm willing."

They walked very slowly along the street and then left the bright lights for the cool lakeside. They sat for a long while on the pier, which jutted out from Ted's fraternity house. The water rippled faintly but intimately. They both thought that life was very beautiful.

"It's twenty past twelve," Ted announced.

"That means ten more minutes.

Oh, I wish there weren't such things as rules. I've lived by rules all my life and now that I'm enjoying things I bump into more of them. Got another cigaret, Ted?"

"Just. Shall we break it in two or toss up for it?"

"No, I think I'll take it and blow smoke in your eyes. You'll get the same effect without the effort."

Ted placed the cigaret between her lips, and without removing his right arm from around her body, lit a match. The momentary glow was contemporary with a spark that had been struck in both of them . . .

They rested from the ordeal of The Last Exam stretched out in swim suits under a hot sun which beat down upon the pier. Half-dozing, Ted day-dreamed about a number of things, none of which were important except Pam. He became entranced by the funny little circle of parallel lines left by a garter just above her knee. And the tiny scar on her ankle. Though she wore her bathing cap he visualized her copper-tinted hair, how it was parted at the left, and how it billowed toward the right to end in a whirlpool over her ear. It startled him when he found himself analyzing her so minutely.

Ted spied the postman coming down the court and with sudden energy, ran up to catch him before the mob scene occurred—customary during exam week when the mail arrived. The postman reached into his bag and found a card for Ted and one for Pam. Both bore a solemn "F," interpreted as Flunk.

"Darn it all," exclaimed Ted in boyish burlesque, "I guess we'll have to go to summer session."

Pam, dancing on the springboard, ran over to him. And as no one was looking, she cupped his chin in her hands and kissed him lightly.

Just before Pam pushed him into the water, Ted had remarked, "What the campus needs is more flunks and less passes."



K

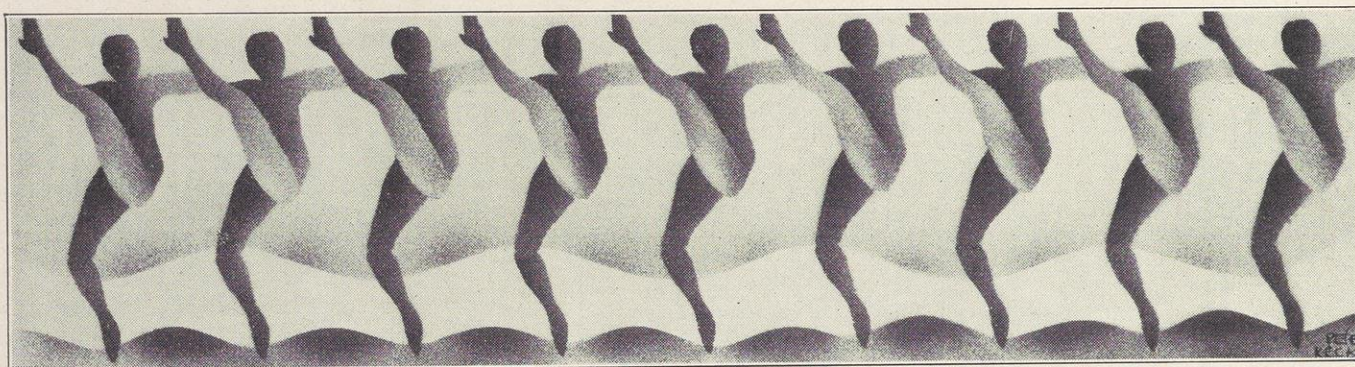
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# SENIOR BALL

*Springtime's Gayest Party*



## JOE SANDERS

*and his*

*Incomparable Orchestra*

H

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G

H



## LATEST MODELS OF THE FULLBUGS BRUSH CO.

A brush to remove crumbs from vest pockets.

A brush for cleaning the coat on one's tongue.

A brush that will play "If You Were Only Mine" when used on a wig.

A brush to knock spiderwebs off red tape.

A brush to sweep the Republicans back to power.

•

*My gratitude is due those unacknowledged benefactors,  
Who underline in libr'y books the gist of many factors.*

•

"I understand that Wisconsin Zeta of Eta Data is holding its spring formal in Cuba."

"Yes, but the fraternity can't afford the transportation so they're only sending a delegate."

•

It's already an old story that the Roosevelt cabinet won't take any Woodin nickles but another thing is the fact that it doesn't give a Dern.



"Just this once . . . can't we forget you're president of the W. S. G. A.?"

## THE LOWLY PUN

Punning has become a common diversion between courses, between dances, and between drinks. The present popularity of the pun can be attributed to nothing else but the earnest attempt of people to be funny when banks are closing on every side and neighbor nations are closing in on every side. The pun is inexpensive and is easily carried about from place to place. Undoubtedly, it is here to stay.

One of the first symptoms of a punning complex is the uncontrollable desire to ferret some hidden meaning from a person's name. In speaking of the university faculty, for example, the novice will think up the darndest things, such as:

"I'm playing with Pyre, I'm going to get burned."

"I wouldn't trust him with a trowel, he's such a Baumgartner."

"I bet I can Beecher in poker."

"Be careful not to Keikhofer the bottle."

The second stage of this plague finds the punster working on broader lines. He has extended his talents to the university in general and can now be heard saying, "Here, kitty! Campus!" From this point on, it's fairly easy sledging for our student, who will soon be able to write to his Congressman to the effect that he thought President Roosevelt's cabinet was a bureau where dirty linen is kept.

Unfortunately for him-who-makes-puns, little appreciation is shown. Sometimes the audience refuses to indicate passive resistance and resorts to strangling and throwing of old slippers. There will be a few, of course, who will take the mirth for what it's worth, will laugh good-naturedly, and will exclaim, "U-pun my word," or "You should be pun-ished at Wau-pun." These invectives, however, have become so yellowed by age that aside from affecting one with jaundice, they're practically harmless.

Those who come from good, conservative homes will express their distaste towards punning by a shrug of the shoulders and occasionally the remark, "That was terrible." Children who have had to work to supplement the father's earnings are found to respond by shrugging the shoulders and declaring, "That one was putrid." In some instances, feeble laughter has ensued following the recital of a pun, but as Baptists usually outnumber the Holy Rollers, someone in the group begins a discussion of "What I Can Do Towards International Security" and nothing is said for quite a few minutes.

This unfavorable reaction is probably acquired, since when you say "Rattle you be when you grow up?" to a baby, the infant will answer, "Ga-ga." This means, "You have a helluva sense of humor," but some people claim that there are other interpretations.

There are those who would banish the pun or put it in irons or something. But if they do that they would also discommode Walter Winchell, Ed Wynn, Eddie Cantor, and above all, the Marx Brothers. No, there's a limit to everything, even the number of Marx Brothers. Assuredly, the pun is here to stay.





"Oh . . . . . Senator!"

Pres. Roosevelt on the platform: I believe the country's morale is improving.

Republican in the audience: Sure, its spirits are up to 3.2% already.

Nellie Nighthawk gets home from formal parties so late in the morning that she acquires her sun-tan without the bother of putting on a bathing-suit.

At least the engineers and lawyers have one thing in common. They both take pipe courses.

#### COUPLET TO SHOWERS ON A HOLIDAY

Rain, rain go away,  
Come again some no-cut day.

#### SUGGESTIONS FOR HOT-WEATHER LAUNCHES

1. A roadhouse on a raft.
2. A combination canoe and davenport.
3. Anti-fieldglass protectors for canoeists.
4. Elimination of men who try to pick up dates via canoe.
5. Establishment of canal system to Bascom Hall.

## COLUMBUS WAS ALL WRONG

The earth is not round like a ball. The theory is false, Columbus was a fraud, and Magellan's voyage was a hoax.

Instead, ladies and gentlemen, the world is a phonograph record. Perhaps this is a bad shape to be in, but one must admit that going around in higher circles has its advantages.

Humanity travels in a curving groove though sometimes it gets dizzy and falls back into its old rut. If it goes too far it will find itself in the hole. The world is quite flat. It has two sides and it is evident that we've been playing on the wrong one.

Our world is always in danger of becoming cracked and is already marred by careless manipulating. We often sway from side to side.

Such is Brunsvictia, the land of ennui and the home of the knave.

Many a lad and lass who don't attend summer school may nevertheless increase their knowledge during the season. Intuition takes the place of tuition, and they pay the piper instead of the bursar.

To the Mayor:

We, the members of the Springdale Literary and Knitting Club, wish to bring to your attention the shocking immodesty of the young ladies of the town in the matter of dress for bathing. We count on you to investigate this startling breach of decency, and as our part, we offer to supply those who are in need with sensible costumes.

Dear Ladies:

I'll gladly attend to the breach if you'll provide the cloth . . .

*The parodies on Kilmer's "Trees"  
Are numerous as puppies' fleas.*



GRAMMAR EDITED FOR THE MEDICAL  
PROFESSION

Period: Time between rendering services and collecting the bill.

Comma: State of insensibility.

Colon: Part of the large intestine.

Exclamation: Oh, doctor!

Interrogation: Is there a doctor in the house?

Parenthesis: Incomplete paralysis.

Bracket: A brace.

Quotation marks: "The fee is ten dollars."

Apostrophe: Denoting possessive case, thus, a person who doesn't want his appendix out.

Abbreviate: Amputate.

Sentences: Doctor's orders.

*Inordinately rash,  
He ate a dish of hash,  
Then lakeward made a dash,  
Where at the final splash,  
His pa collects the cash.*

## CONTRAST

In the city, it's good form to wear white flannels on summer evenings.

In the country, it's good farm to wear red flannels on winter mornings.

Grampa: I lost my teeth.

Gramma: Where?

Grampa: Out of my comb.

## CAPITALISM OVER THE COUNTER

"One without!" I proudly ordered as the waiter passed the bar.

"One without!" the man repeated. "Would you like some caviar?"

Still another thing to do with the wolf at the door is to use the skin for diplomas.

"Oh, John, I forgot my vanity case."  
"You won't need it going swimming."  
"But my bathing suit's in it!"

"My girl and I have a marvelous understanding. She can read me like an open book."  
"Oh, shut up!"

## FISH STORY

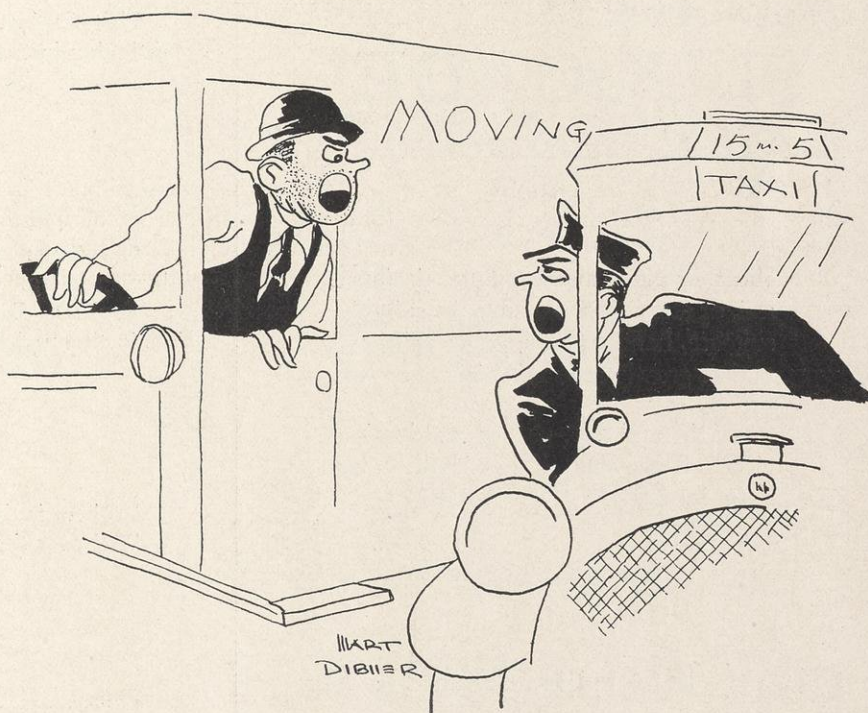
Consider the salmon. It toils not, neither does it sin.

Consider the student. He works like hell and pays people for the privilege.

Salmon have no eight o'clocks but of course they don't have no bull sessions either.

Both salmon and students get canned, and you find them in the red or in the pink. Also, they are always in the swim.

The salmon leaves home when young and is then found at sea in schools, just like us, only they don't get report cards or erase blackboards.



"Aw, Nerth!"

—Punch Bowl



# CASH

## *For Used Texts*

Turn the texts you  
no longer need into  
Cash at Brown's.

# BROWN'S

# BOOK SHOP

STATE and LAKE STREETS

## *How About*

# LUGGAGE

## *for that Summer Trip?*

Whether you travel by auto, airplane,  
rail, or steamship, we have the suitable  
suitcase, handbag, trunk, or golf bag,  
and at greatly reduced prices.

Come in and see us for graduation  
gifts. Remember, if it's leather, we  
have it.

## Chas. Wehrmann & Son

—Leather Goods—

508 State St.

Near Gilman

"Is he fresh? Why I had to slap him three times before  
I gave in."

—Bored Walk

Baby: I want my bottle.

Mother: Shut up. You sound like your father.

—Brown Jug

"What were you doing after the accident?"

"Scraping up an old acquaintance."

—Skipper

Some people's idea of a great country is a land over-  
flowing with milk-maids and honeys.

—Rammer-Jammer

A highbrow is one who pretends to know whether the  
dancer is interpreting a moonbeam or a cow annoyed by  
hornets.

—Malteaser

First Canine: Why were you running away from that  
little dog just now?

Second: You would, too. He had a burr in his nose.

—Record

Chauffeur: Sir, I feel sure that we just ran over a  
human being.

Tourist: Excellent, Hawkins, then we are still on the  
main thoroughfare.

—Scope

"Where is the capital of the United States?"

"All over the world."

—Bored Walk

Pastor: I was certainly pleased to see you at the Tem-  
perance rally last night.

Rounder: So that's where I was—

—Flash



# THE FOLLOWING RESIDENCES WILL BE OPEN TO STUDENTS FOR THE SUMMER SESSION

All Are Approved By The Dean Of The Summer Session And Recommended By The Octy

## Phi Delta Theta

Excellent Cuisine

Private Pier

Summer Suites For Men

**\$65      \$70**

Write or Wire Bill Frawley

620 N. Lake St.

4 Minutes from Bascom Hall—100 Feet from Lake

## SIGMA CHI

Offers all possible advantages to women attending summer school . . . Adjoining the campus, only two blocks from the student shopping center, private pier, next door to University boat house, pleasant airy rooms, and excellent meals.

The price is \$60, linens furnished, with a 10 per cent discount on reservations made before June 1. Suites arranged for groups.

Address Summer School Manager

**SIGMA CHI HOUSE**

630 N. Lake St.

Madison, Wis.

## ANN EMERY HALL

Invites women guests



one block from Lake Mendota,  
airy, comfortable rooms, recreation  
roof and sports director,  
excellent food.

Rates: \$50 - \$55 - \$60

265 Langdon St.

## Sigma Phi Epsilon

offers to

**WOMEN**

The 1933 Summer at 1933 Prices

New Home



On The Lakeshore



Famous Cooking



Board and Room for the Six Week Session at

**\$55 !**

Call F. 2230 or write Art Benkert, 146 Langdon St.

## Alpha Xi Delta

A Home-Like Residence  
For College Women

On The Lake    :-    Private Pier

**\$55**

For 6 Week Session

Write or Call

**Mrs. William MacLoren**

12 Langdon St.

## Chi Psi Lodge

On The Lake

**OPEN TO MEN**

**\$60 ROOM & BOARD \$60**

Address Inquiries to Charles Hanson

150 Iota Court

Suites

Private Pier



Herman: What were Webster's last words?

Sherman: Zymase, zyme, and zymotic.

—*Sour Owl*

A sweet young thing, from a window: "Say, ice man, do you have the time?"

"Sure, but who's gonna hold the horses?"

—*Malteaser*

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

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

—*Bison*

"New York's a kindly city. Very friendly and hospitable to business men."

"Why?"

"The bootleggers give you a tin cup and some lead pencils with every quart of liquor. If you go blind, you're all set up in business."

—*Black and Blue Jay*

She: If you kiss me, I'll scream.

He: Not with all these people around.

She: Well, let's find a quieter spot.

—*Wampus*

Professor: I will not begin today's lecture until the room settles down.

Voice from the rear: Go home and sleep it off, old man.

—*Black and Blue Jay*

Dean: Know you? Why I knew you when you and your mother got kicked out of college.

—*Green Goat*

Paul Revere: Husband at home?

Lady: Yes.

P. R.: Tell him the British are coming.

—*Battalion*

Freddie Frosh: Darling, I love you as no one ever loved before.

College Widow: Humph! I can't see any difference.

—*Longhorn*

"You say beer makes you lean?"  
"Yes, against buildings, poles, and lampposts."

—*Froth*

Many a chorus girl has been pinched when the cops couldn't find anything on her.

—*Old Line*

Prof: What do you consider the most memorable date in history?

Student: The one Anthony had with Cleopatra.

—*Jester*

Established 1854

## Conklin & Sons Company

Coal, Coke, Wood and Ice

Fuel Oil Best Suited For  
Your Particular Burner

*The service and personal attention given  
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Building Materials

Main Office 24 E. Mifflin Street  
Phone Badger 25

## WE WISH TO THANK WISCONSIN MEN . . .

For your patronage this past year and in return are offering our entire stock at a great savings because of our Reorganization Sale. We hope that we shall be able to serve you again when you return to school next Fall.

Sincerely,

R. GILBERT STEPHAN,

Manager

*Anderes & Spoo*

On The Square



"Smile that way again."

She blushed and dimpled sweetly.

"Just as I thought—you look like a chipmunk."

—Widow

•

"Do you really think you are fit for hard labor?"

"Some of the best judges in the country have thought so."

—Tiger

•

Mother to tiny but bright offspring: "Do you know what happens to little boys who tell lies?"

"Yes, mother, they travel half fare."

—Log

•

"What was her pantomime like?"

"I couldn't see it; I sat in the second balcony."

—Cornell Widow

•

Lady clerk (in music store): Can I show you something?

Man: Yes, "Bend Down, Sister."

L. C.: Wouldn't you rather see "All of Me?"

—Green Goat

•

#### MEDITATIONS AFTER MILTON

When I consider how my nights are spent

It seems a shame to have to pay for rent!

—White Mule

•

"How's everything with you, Mister Winchell?"

"Okay. Business is peeking up."

—Owl

•

Betty: I'm off all college boys.

Hetty: Why, what's wrong?

Betty: Well, they start out holding your hand and pretty soon they're trying to shuffle the whole deck.

—Mountain Goat

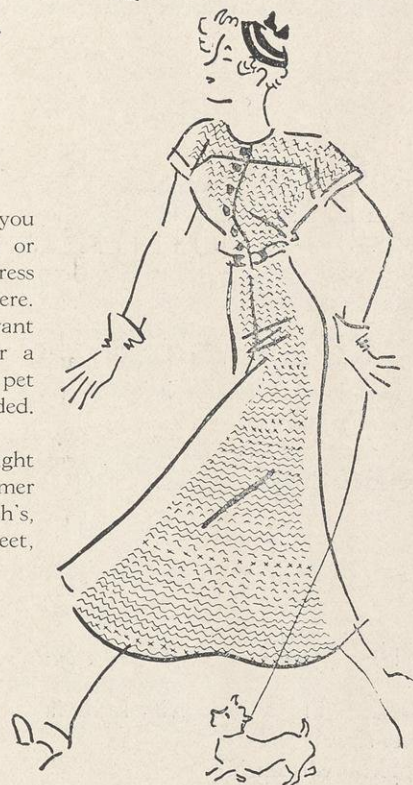
## A New Cotton Dress Shop Comes To Town . . .



**KESSENICH'S  
COTTON  
COTTAGE**

And whether you want to pay \$1 or \$5.95 your dress will be found there. Whether you want a linen lace or a sheer voile, your pet fabric is included.

Visit this bright spot for summer frocks. Kessenich's, 201 State Street, 2nd floor.





A couple of weeks ago the Penn debating team journeyed up to Smith to engage the feminine Demostheneans in forensic combat. The debate was completed, and when the lights of Northampton had begun to gutter out, our worthies were escorted to pleasant sleeping quarters in one of the girls' dormitories (a vacant one, but not the only one around). "Nice work!" thought our hardy demagogues—and then their guide, bidding them pleasant dreams and all that, bowed out of the room. And locked all the doors on the OUTside!

And that was one night when curfew rang on time!

—Punch Bowl

College girls and chorus girls are almost alike except that the former get their education by degrees and the latter by stages.

—Rice Owl

### I CALL HER

Oil painting, because she looks better from a distance.

Laxative, because she works.

Electric phonograph, because she plays automatically.

Electric heater, because she gets warm by degrees and then stops abruptly.

Self-conscious, because she never forgets herself.

Old-fashioned desk, because she has rolled tops.

Pain in the neck, because she is one.

I call my girl "photography" because she's so well developed.—*Cajoler.*

She was only a photographer's daughter; she sits in a dark room and awaits developments.—*Buccaneer.*

She was only a real estate man's daughter, but oh, what a development.—*Rammer-Jammer.*

Why not call her "developing" because she's always negative?

Soph: What's the matter with you?

Frosh: I'm a little stiff from lacrosse, sir.

Soph: Wisconsin?

—Log

There was in a village called Hot Bedspings, Ark., a fair and winsome maiden who -----  
----- Accordingly, one night she -----  
----- This done, -----  
she betook herself to -----  
----- Whereupon, the eager young -----  
----- In process of time -----  
it came to pass that -----  
----- "I'm sorry," she said, "but I don't think -----  
mother will let me go to your church party."

The meanest girl we know was the one who sent back the engagement ring in a box marked "Glass—Handle With Care."

—Witt



"He got the big one the year he was at the Claridge."



He: Are you the kind of girl who walks home from auto rides?

She: No. I'm the kind of a girl who rides home from a walk.

—Humbug

He held the gun to his head, a look of anxiety, determination, and tenseness crossing his face. He grew tense, and gradually applied pressure to the trigger. At last a detonation, a resounding shot, and the timekeeper sat down to watch the half-mile race.

—Rammer-Jammer

Wise Guy (boarding a street car): Well, Noah, is the Ark full?

Conductor: Nope, we need one more jackass. Come on in.

—Log

"I didn't raise my daughter to be fiddled with," said the pussy cat, as she rescued her offspring from the violin factory.

—Sour Owl

If you fathom a girl's mind you'll find out that still water runs deep.

## 2's Lunch

Formerly  
New Wisconsin Lunch  
**WE SPECIALIZE IN HOME-  
MADE PASTRY**

437 State St.

25c Meals

## Kennedy's VELVET ICE CREAM

Fast Frozen

For

Finer Flavor

### Kennedy Dairy Company

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

621-29 W. Wash. Ave.

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## MALONE GROCERY

Groceries, Fruits and  
Vegetables

Wholesale and Retail

434 State Street

Tel. Badger 1163-11

## PESSIMISTS WE BE

When approached by the aggressive Octopus ad solicitor—our resistance was great—no, we don't believe in advertising. So here is our story, fair reader if you read this ad hack it out with a pair of sheezers. Come in and make your purchase and we will be forced to accept this ad in place of one of Uncy Sammie's Greenbacks. Good on purchase of dress, coat or suit. Value \$5.75 and up.

# HUGHES

When the Sheepskins are tossed into a  
memory box, there will  
still be that

**COMMENCEMENT GIFT**  
on hand from

**Mouse-Around Gift Shop**

Upstairs at 416 State St.





## YOUR GRADUATION PORTRAIT

It will become dearer to you  
with every year! Our beau-  
tiful photography will result  
in pictures you can really  
treasure!

## THE PHOTOART HOUSE

413 STATE  
Wm. J. Meuer, Prop.

NOW THAT IT IS  
THESIS TIME,  
YOU WILL FIND  
THE CORRECT  
PAPERS HERE.

For those supplies  
you have not been  
able to find, come to

## NETHERWOODS

519 State St.

## THE INFLUENCE OF HARESFOOT

Mon. Listen, Diary. Swam some and had good work-out. Went up to "Ocity" office and handed the editor some jokes. He upped and said, "Boy, puns are bad, but this is verse." Was I sore? I almost clamped one on him.

Tues. Today, Diary, I went out for Haresfoot. I asked for the hero part. After showing them how I could act, they told me to try out for the chorus. I made it.

Wed. Dear Diary, my dance steps are so cute. I practiced before a mirror. My kid sister kidded the pants off of me. I need a new suit, anyway.

Thurs. Haresfoot had final tryouts, Diary, and I was picked for the female lead. Isn't that ducky?

Fri. Oh, Diary, I met my future last night! He is so big and strong and handsome. He plays the lead opposite me in the show.

Sat. He asked me out to dinner. We had a wonderful time. He gave me some liquor. It stirs m-me. B-b-but I-I-I like it. G-g-g-gosh!

Sun. Whoops!

Mon. Oh! What calamity! We quarreled!

Tues. Hurrah! We made up!

Wed. Whoops!!!

—*Apologies to Punch Bowl*

He heard a scratching on the door. "Aha," he said, "there's the wolf again." The next day the neighbors noticed a sign on his door: "Flea Circus, Admission 10 Cents."

—*Punch Bowl*

## VIRTUE

—in the female, lack of temptation.

—in the male, lack of opportunity.

—*Brown Jug*

My friend laughed when I spoke to the waiter in French—but the joke was on him. I told the waiter to give him the check.

—*Augwan*

"I'm enthusiastic. I always throw myself into everything I undertake."

"Splendid. Why don't you dig a well?"

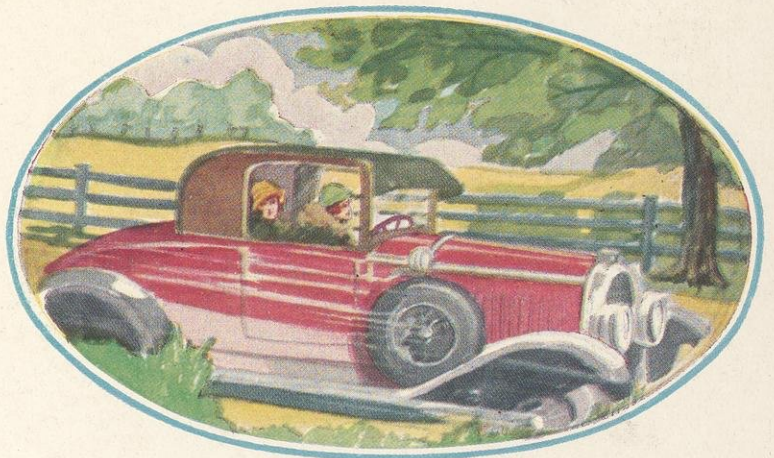
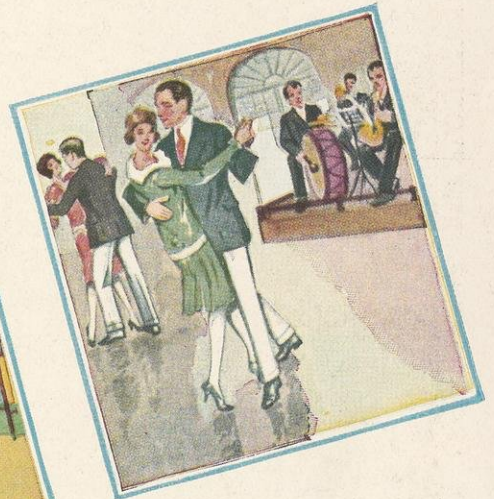
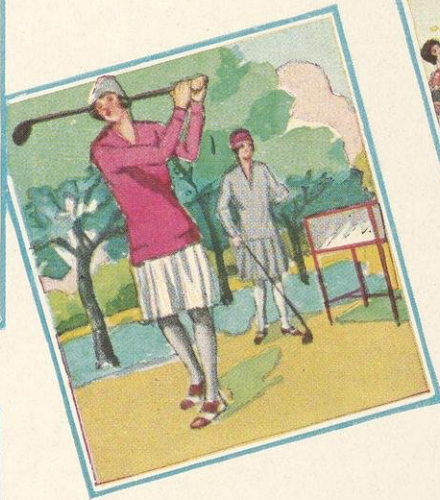
—*Drexerd*



# PLAY IN WISCONSIN ..... THIS SUMMER

Wisconsin is the vacationist's paradise, with ever present opportunities for fishing, sports, varied scenery and recreational activity.

The Democrat Printing Company situated in the heart of this vacation land invites you to enjoy these advantages. Don't forget to take in the Wisconsin Dells, one of nature's master-pieces and headquarters for real summer enjoyment.



Color Printers—

Publication Printers—

And Producers of All Sorts of  
Pulling Advertising Literature.

**DEMOCRAT PRINTING COMPANY**

114 South Carroll Street  
Madison, Wisconsin



# Something to Say

*— not just saying something*



A friend of CHESTERFIELD writes us of a salesman who had "something to say":

"I dropped into a little tobacco shop, and when I asked for a pack of Chesterfields the man smiled and told me I was the seventh customer without a break to ask for Chesterfields. 'Smoker after smoker,' he said, 'tells me that Chesterfields click . . . I sell five times as many Chesterfields as I did a while back.'"

Yes, there's something to say about Chesterfields and it takes just six words to say it—"They're mild and yet they satisfy."

*they Satisfy*

