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## **The Wisconsin Octopus: Freshman edition. Vol. 15, No. 1 September, 1933**

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# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



Jim Watson

SEPTEMBER 1933

FRESHMAN EDITION

FIFTEEN CENTS



# IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES TO FLY THE MAIL AT NIGHT



● ABOVE—A. M. WILKINS, air-mail pilot for Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc., has flown the night air mail over 150,000 miles. It takes healthy nerves to hang up a record like that!

● RIGHT—AT THE END of his night run A. M. Wilkins joins a fellow pilot, W. Niedernhofer, at Newark Airport, the Eastern Terminal of TWA, for a chat and a smoke. "Camels never ruffle or jangle my nerves," Wilkins says.



● EVER NOTICE HOW airplane passengers smoke at each stop? Camels never get on your nerves, no matter how much you smoke, and there's more real enjoyment in their costlier tobaccos.

## IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. They are milder, richer in flavor. They never tire your taste or get on your nerves.

A  
MATCHLESS  
BLEND



## STEADY SMOKERS TURN TO CAMELS

A. M. WILKINS, air-mail ace, says: "It's a steady grind, all right, living up to our tradition that *the mail must go through!* That's why I smoke Camels. And I smoke plenty! Camels never ruffle or jangle my nerves, and I like their mild, rich flavor."

\* \* \*

Steady smokers turn to Camels because the costlier tobaccos in Camels never get on the nerves ... never tire the taste. *Your* taste and *your* nerves will confirm this. Start smoking Camels today!

Copyright, 1933,  
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

# Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES  
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE



## HERE'S HOW--And Where!

September

### ART

#### Exhibitions

Wisconsin Union Gallery—Wisconsin Union, Exhibition of modern German masters. Franz Marc, Hofer, Kandinsky and others.

Madison Art Association—Wheeler School of Music, University Ave. Opens Oct. 1st.

#### Arts and Crafts

Wisconsin Union Workshop, Old Union Bldg. For those who like to putter around in the various and sundry arts.

### BEER (3.2 no more, no less)

Old English Tap Room, Campus Soda Grill—714 State. 10c a glass with pretzels and peanuts aplenty.

Amber Inn—On Gilman just off State. Nickel stein with peanuts.

Fauerbachs—Williamson St. near C&NW Station. Makers of fine brews since the good old days.

Kings X—University Ave. at Hawthorne Ct. Drink and eat as well.

Lohmaier's—710 State. Where you snatch a beer between classes.

Dad Morgan's—672 State. The bully boys hangout here.

Palm Gardens—N. Fairchild. Drink and dance.

### BOOKS

Wisconsin Union Library. A secluded place to read books and magazines.

Madison Free Library—206 N. Carroll. In case you can't find a book at the University Library take a peek here. (You're welcome.)

Brown's Rental Library. Minimum charge 10c—rental 3c a day.

Co-op Rental Library—Ditto.

Gatewood's Rental Library—Ditto.

### CANOES AND BOATS

University Boat House—back of the old gym (armory). Canoes, Outboards, Sail boats and Speed boats.

Bernard's Boats—624 E. Gorham. Sail boats in particular.

Wingra Park Boat House—Vilas Park. Canoes. No curfew and lots of nice inlets.

(turn to next page, please)

## INTRODUCING ROBERT SURREY STYLES

Designed by ROBERT SURREY from the richness of his experience as a style observer of

the socially elect, and guide to

those who supply their needs.

He haunts the campuses of the

great universities. He goes in

season to Palm Beach, New-

port, Southampton, Holly-

wood. He attends polo

matches, golf tournaments,

hunt club meets. Wherever

well dressed men assemble, he is to be seen

taking notes.

style for Amer-

their ideas that

authentic clothes. ROBERT SURREY personally

selects every fabric and pat-

tern. He specifies every

detail of tailoring and con-

struction. Every model is

sophisticated to the last

degree, yet within the

bounds of good taste.

We present them with pride at

\$30 to \$45.



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OLSON & VEERHUSEN CO. — 7 and 9 N. PINCKNEY ST.  
Established 1877



## We Welcome The Class of '37

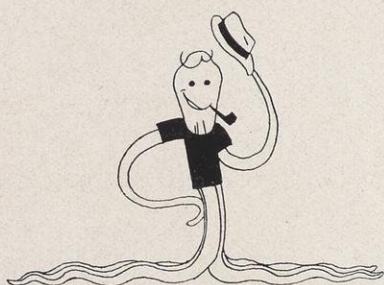
and invite you to inspect our line of  
School Supplies, Artists' Supplies,  
Stationery, Inks, Pens,, Pencils, etc.



*We carry the most complete line of  
SCHOOL and OFFICE SUPPLIES  
to be found in the University district.*

# NETHERWOODS

519 STATE ST.



### BY WAY OF INVITATION

Octy, though produced by a bunch of "weirdies," is, after all, staffed by students and consequently encourages campus artists and writers to contribute their talents. For those less strange people who possess business acumen there is always an opening on the business staff.

Octy waves a tentacle of cordiality to you and invites you to drop into its offices on the third floor of the Union.

## THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

### HERE'S HOW--And Where!

#### DANCING

- Hollywood—Around Lake Monona on Highway 12. 10c a dance.
- Ambassador Club—Across Lake Mendota.
- Marine Gardens (formerly Esther Beach)—Around Lake Monona on Highway 12.
- Chanticleer—North of Middleton on Highway 12.
- French Village (Formerly Dean's Office)—Oregon Road.



#### FOOD WITH FINESSE

- Log Cabin Inn—Middleton Road. Half a chicken for four bits. Eating out doors among the rock gardens and trees, and everything.
- Old Fashioned Tea Room—Gilman just off State. For afternoon tete-a-tete or light supper with the ladies.
- St. Nicholas—Back of Park Hotel. Steaks, all bull and a yard wide.
- Clevelands—King St. Best hamburgers in town. Swell place after a show or when one is staggering.



#### GOLF

- Burr Oaks—Oregon Road. Public Course.
- Westmoreland—Speedway Road. Public Course.
- Municipal—End of Highland Park Bus Line. Public Course.
- Nakoma Club—Nakoma Bus.
- Maple Bluff Club—By rent-a-car or all day swim across east end of Mendota.
- Blackhawk Club—Shorewood Bus, or good hike west of University.
- Monona Club—Around Lake Monona by automobile.



#### INDOOR SPORTS

- Billards and Pool
  - Wisconsin Union Rathskellar.
  - Dad Morgans—672 State.
- Ping Pong (no foolin')
  - Wisconsin Union Rathskellar (men only).
  - Wisconsin Union Kathskellar (women).
  - Wisconsin Union Loft (anybody).
- Card Games, Chess, Checkers, etc.
  - Wisconsin Union Rathskellar—Billiard Desk.
  - Wisconsin Union—Main Desk.
- Bowling
  - Lathrop Hall (women only).
  - Madison Bowling Alleys—110 N. Fairchild.
  - Eagles Bowling Alleys—23 W. Doty.

(turn to Page 5, puleeze)



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VOL. XV

NO. 1.

## ANNOUNCEMENT FOR SORORITIES

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS OFFERS TWO CASH AWARDS TO THE TWO SORORITIES THAT SELL THE MOST SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THIS YEAR'S MAGAZINE. FIRST PRIZE WILL BE \$50, SECOND AWARD \$25.

BEGINNING WITH THE PUBLICATION OF THIS ISSUE, ANY YEAR SUBSCRIPTION MAILED OR BROUGHT TO THE OCTOPUS OFFICE WILL BE CREDITED TO ANY SORORITY DESIGNATED ON THE SUBSCRIPTION BLANK.

INFORMATION REGARDING SORORITY CAMPAIGNS CAN BE SECURED AT THE OCTOPUS OFFICE IN THE UNION BUILDING, FAIRCHILD 7400.

## WORLD'S FAIR

\$2.60

ROUND TRIP

TO

Chicago



EVERY  
Friday  
Saturday  
AND  
Sunday

10 Day Return Limit

ALL-EXPENSE LOW COST

## Milwaukee Road Economy Tours

\$6.60 TWO DAYS \$9.75 THREE DAYS \$12.00 FOUR DAYS

Tours include round trip coach ticket—lodging (2 persons in room with bath) Morrison Hotel—cabs to hotel—admissions to Fair—everything arranged for.

FAST FREQUENT TRAIN SERVICE

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Thousands now in stock for First Semester courses. New books, too, if you prefer them. Official faculty textbooks lists on file.

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## STUDENTS...

*are always welcome at the PHOTOART HOUSE.* We extend an invitation particularly to the CLASS OF '37 to come in and see our studio and distinctive photography.

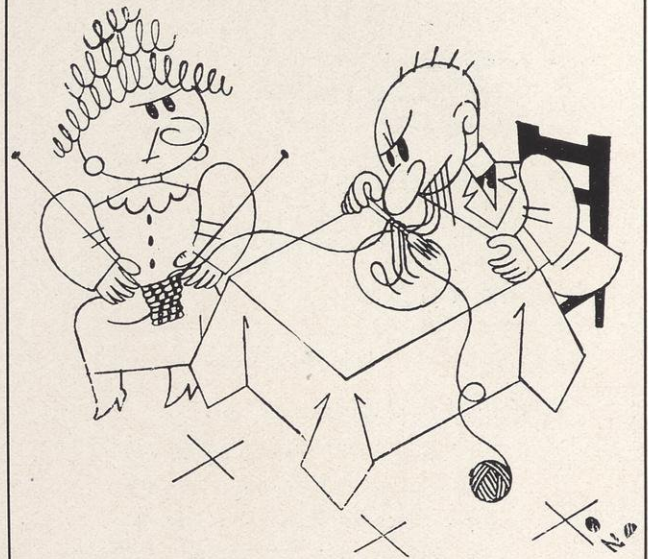
WE WISH TO ANNOUNCE THAT WE ARE ALSO THE  
OFFICIAL OCTOPUS AND BADGER PHOTOGRAPHERS  
THIS YEAR.

## THE PHOTOART HOUSE

413 STATE

WM. J. MEUER, Prop.

"BELIEVE US, THE SALTY  
YARNS WE KNIT ARE  
PLENTY TASTY!"



Once each month Pere and Mere Octopus pack up the knitting and compose it into a chronicle of tid-bits and stories on the facts and phoibles of campus life at Wisconsin.

One buck guarantees nine issues in your mailbox during the school year. Just clip it to the slip below. Last one in's a nigger-baby!

## THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

MEMORIAL UNION BUILDING

NINE ISSUES ONE DOLLAR  
(\$1.35 at Newsstands)

NAME .....

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September, 1933

## HERE'S HOW--And Where!

### MOVIES

#### Free Movies

Wisconsin Union—Friday night (women only)—Tripp Commons.

Wisconsin Union—Saturday night (men only)—Rathskellar.

#### Tariff Movies

University Theater—Bascom Hall. Foreign Films. Nominal Prices.

Capitol Theater—State St.

Orpheum Theater—State St.

Majestic Theater—King St. Good second run pictures.

Strand Theater—Mifflin St. Also good second run pictures.

### PICNIC RENDEZVOUS (hot dog)

Three Springs—Drive out to Lost City, around Lake Wingra and to woods on the right.

Sunset Point—Continue out Regent St. and stop at bluff after turning bend in woods.

Olin Park—On Lake Monona beyond South Madison.

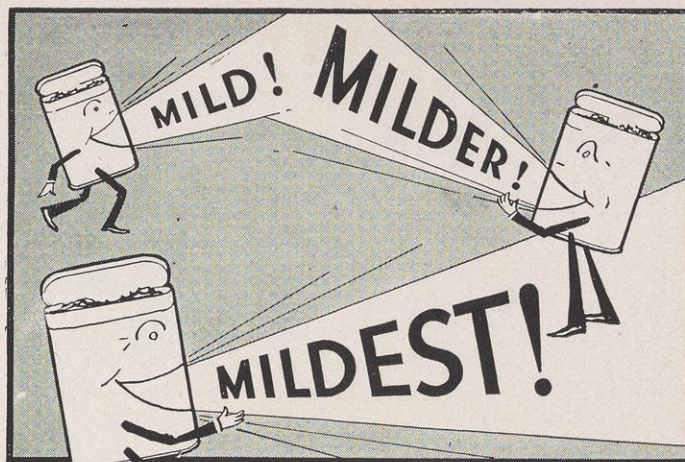
(Octy recommends that you do your picnicking now before cold weather; it's no fun getting frost on your hamburgers.)

### TENNIS

University Courts—Sign up at Ticket Sales Office across from Armory. Courts are hard to get so be there early.

Blackhawk Club—Shorewood Bus. Make arrangements before arrival at courts.

Each month "old-in-the-know" Octy will revise this list and introduce the newest places and latest diversions appropriate to the season. He invites you to take him into your confidence in order that he may pass on your latest "find" to the campus. Whip off a note to "Here's How," Wisconsin Octopus. Thanx.



BUT WHAT ABOUT

# flavor?

THE MOST used (and abused!) word in tobacco advertising today is—mildness. "Mild!" "Milder!!" "Mildest!!!" everybody is shouting. We agree—mildness is important in a pipe tobacco. But have we lost trace of an even more precious virtue—*flavor*?

Mildness alone is not enough in a pipe tobacco. There must be mildness *plus flavor and body*.

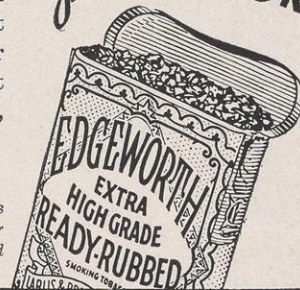
Edgeworth is a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant. No other parts of the burley plant will do. Here is why. First, we have found that these leaves have the choicest flavor. Second, our half century of experience has taught us that this is "the mildest pipe tobacco that grows." Thus Edgeworth burns slow and cool in the bowl, tastes "smooth" on the tongue.

**FREE booklet on the care and enjoyment of your pipe.**

To get the real satisfaction of pipe smoking, to enjoy the full flavor of good tobacco, you must treat your pipe right. Send for a free copy of "The Truth about Pipes." Address, Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold everywhere in all sizes from 15¢ pocket package to pound humidors. Also several sizes in vacuum packed tins.

**MILDNESS  
*plus* FLAVOR**



# EDGEWORTH

MADE FROM THE

## Mildest pipe tobacco

THAT GROWS





# Hear, ye!

We've got  
a lot of what  
it takes

to turn out some of  
the best dressed  
girls on "the hill"

We're not trying to mislead you, unsuspecting Freshmen; ask any Sophomore about it! Put yourselves in our hands, and you'll have all the clothes a well dressed college girl should have; and you'll be surprised at how far your allowance will go at MANCHESTER'S.

## Harry S. Manchester, Inc.

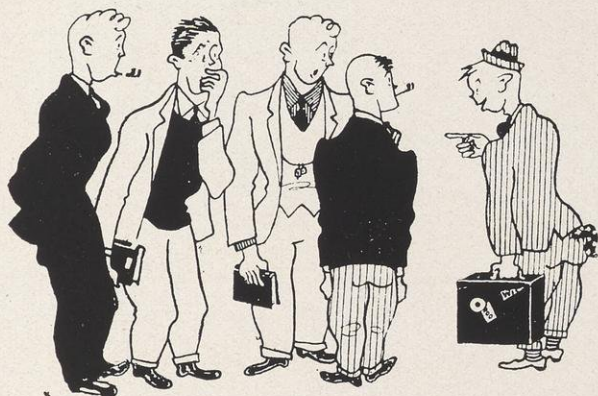




# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS • A CAMPUS CHRONICLE

In this year of our Lord 1933 Octopus is fifteen years old. It is indeed a fortunate thing that an Octopus doesn't grow a tenacle a year like trees grow rings. To achieve another birthday is very pleasant but for Octy to have fifteen legs would be deeply distressing. Imagine going around all year worrying about Octy's 1934 birthday. Who knows but with sixteen legs he might decide to split into two Octopi and what a heck of a mess that would put the circulation manager in.

Dr. Clarence W. Spears, Wisconsin coach, tells a story on himself that ranks high. When Bronko Nagurski, great Minnesota fullback, reported to Spears when he coached



"Could one of you direct me to . . .

there, he asked the giant youngster what his name was. "Bronko Nagurski," was the answer. "No," Spears said, "not your nickname, I want your real name." "That is my name," replied the candidate. "When I was born my father said I was as big as a horse, so Mother named me 'Bronko'." Spears laughed loudly, but he was stopped when the apparently shy football player said quietly, "I think I'd rather be named Bronko than Clarence."

And now that we've started telling tales on the great and near-great, we are reminded of two amusing incidents we witnessed during the concert series in the Great Hall of the Wisconsin Union. Henrich Schlusnus, the famous German tenor, was continuing his performance, and had just embarked upon another number when he was interrupted by the indiscreet gonging of the stage phone. Striding to the rude offender, Schlusnus raised the receiver and brokenly reprimanded: "You can't call here now!" He then gracefully dropped the hook and continued his vocalizing.

When Jose Iturbi, the renowned Spanish pianist, gave his concert at the same place, he faced a similar situation. In the course of the performance he prepared to begin a new composition but upon setting himself for the rendition, he was nonplussed by the realization that he had forgotten the next number on the program. Nonchalantly he walked to the first row of the audience, graciously bowed and begged one of the printed programs and glanced at the name of the

following piece. Returning to the piano he continued the scheduled number with renewed assurance.

The Cardinal's sin has always been to us a matter of over-exuberance. We can vouch that indiscretion sometimes is possible in the best regulated families of the press. It wasn't so very long ago that Octy found itself face to face with ol' devil censorship for printing a cartoon that knocked the whiskers off Elijah's cat. However embarrassing that uncomfortable position was to the editors, for the mercenary business staff it was a Roman holiday. Rumor of a risqué cartoon manipulated a sell-out of magazines that particular month. So many times in the past the Cardinal has been charged with "bad taste" by the legislature, faculty and



... the best fraternity?"

regents that the whole issue has become, to us, rather muddled. However, we are clear on the latest episode. During the heat of the summer months the regents managed to steam their ire up to the point of declaring complete excommunication for the university daily. What cooled their ardor is still a mystery; perhaps it was the involved mechanics of establishing a rival newspaper. Their final gesture has been to appoint, to save the Cardinal from themselves, a graduate advisor. In view of the fact that Octy's den is just down the corridor from the Cardinal we invite "Graduate Advisor" to come on down and put his feet on our desk with us (during those rare moments when Cardinal writers aren't mixing a Badger brew).

Long, long ago, at least a college generation in the past, Wisconsin had a literary magazine. Heavily and depressingly it plodded around the campus frightening the collegiate citizenry by its dark and gloomy silhouette. Eventually, its introversion got the best of it and it mournfully interred itself.

During the summer months an ambitious body of writers have conceived a new literary magazine, a most heartening thing. Wisconsin needed a publication encompassing the finer arts and *The Rocking Horse*, we hope, will achieve that. Most encouraging to us is its antithesis to its immediate predecessor. By its title, its key quotation from Keats and some of its contents it demonstrates that it is under the guidance of writers who understand that *art* may be *gay*.



## THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Long have Tripp and Adams halls been the quadrangles of extremes. Impregnated in the past on one hand by "collegiates" whose antics entailed water fights, room stacking, and general rowdyisms and on the other hand by the radicals whose "pinkness" rarely approved the hammer and sickle, the dormitories are now to witness oil poured on their troubled waters. With the drastic cuts parceled out to instructors and fellows went a notice that a goodly number of them would receive, in lieu of pay, board and room at the twin halls. This catalysing agent, we fear, is just the trick which will turn the dormitories into a neutral solution. With the identity of the dorms gone, where, on this campus, can one enjoy last vestiges of college individualism?

For several years now we've watched fraternities come and

go but the most disheartening end has seemed to have overtaken the TKEs. Uncomfortable in the Empire Architecture of their traditional chapter house and hoping to bolster a fading prestige they added, last fall, to the polyglot of Langdon Street a veneering of Greek Revival. Somehow the hand-painted bricks and machine-made Grecian columns couldn't quite purge from our memory the old TKE house that lay underneath. And now it seems that even Greek Revival has lost its power of reviving and TKE has been separated from the old homestead.

And so the semester begins with the annual pilgrimage of needy students to deplete the coffers of the loan fund while Lincoln on his terrace maintains his customary reserve.



FREDRICK KAESER II.

**IMP II.** Owned and skippered by Bill Briggs, law 2, and John Power, grad, holds the seasonal championship for class C boats in competitions of the Mendota Yacht club.



## ESPRIT DE CORPS

Well, Dad, I guess I've shown you everything downstairs. Come on up to my room. Yessir, this is my study—desk, books, everything a fellow needs to concentrate. Nice view and—

Yessir, that's the radio I bought. How do I study with a radio going? Well, of course I don't study all the time. Sure, that's the closet. There's nothing in it you'd be interested in. Come on, old fellow, I'll show you my—oh, all right, go ahead and look in the closet.

What are those thing hanging under by bathrobe? Why, I didn't know there was anything. Oh, those. You say they look like girls' underthings? Ha ha. Trust old Dad to know everything. How did they get there? Well . . . you see, Jim sends his laundry home, and when it came back last time there was some of his sister's clothes in the package. Just a mistake. So he just hung them up until he sends his laundry again. Why did he hang them in my closet? Oh, just for fun. Ha ha. We fraternity brothers are always pulling pranks. Ha ha . . .

If you'll come this way, Dad, I'll show you my—yes, that's the shower-room. This is Jim's room, that one is Bob's, and over there—you say you smell whiskey? Oh no. Ha ha. That's just Bob—he's majoring in pharmacy and does a lot of experimenting in his room. No, we'd better not disturb him—he's usually a bit nasty when he's disturbed after a full night—sitting up working all night, you know.

That door? Oh, that's just a little room for odds and ends—it's locked, so there's no use trying—oh, it is open, isn't it? What are those file cases for? Well—ha ha—you see, we like to keep souvenirs of our classes and courses, so we file away all the old examinations and experiments and themes for the sake of the alumni. Yes, they come back and like to look over their old work. Oh no, we wouldn't think of using the files for our own work. No sir, the files are sacred property.

You know, Dad, there's something inspiring about fraternity life. It's so clean and wholesome, and there's a standard to live up to. Take those files, for instance. They're an inspiration for us to maintain the high degree of scholarship and honor set by those before us.

Yessir, I value my brotherhood in the frat above my life. The associations, the memories it shall leave with me, the esprit de corps! Why, nothing could drag me away from the fraternity, nothing! It is a necessity of my college life, Dad, an absolute necessity!

Well, right this way and I'll show you my bunk. What? You say you've had enough of my bunk? Why, Dad! You say you can see that I'm becoming just a loafer and a wastrel in the fraternity. Father!

Say, I won't take that even from you, Dad. Nobody can imply that my frat is a den of loafers. We have a sense of loyalty here second to none. Our honor has been insulted. I demand that you withdraw your statement, sir!

What's that you say? You'll buy me that roadster I've been wanting if I withdraw from the fraternity and room at a reputable boarding-house? You will? Wait, I'll get my hat. All right, Dad old boy, right this way. Here's the stairs. Say, wait till you see this bus. Six wire wheels, four horns, rumble seat, everything!

—MAC SMITH.

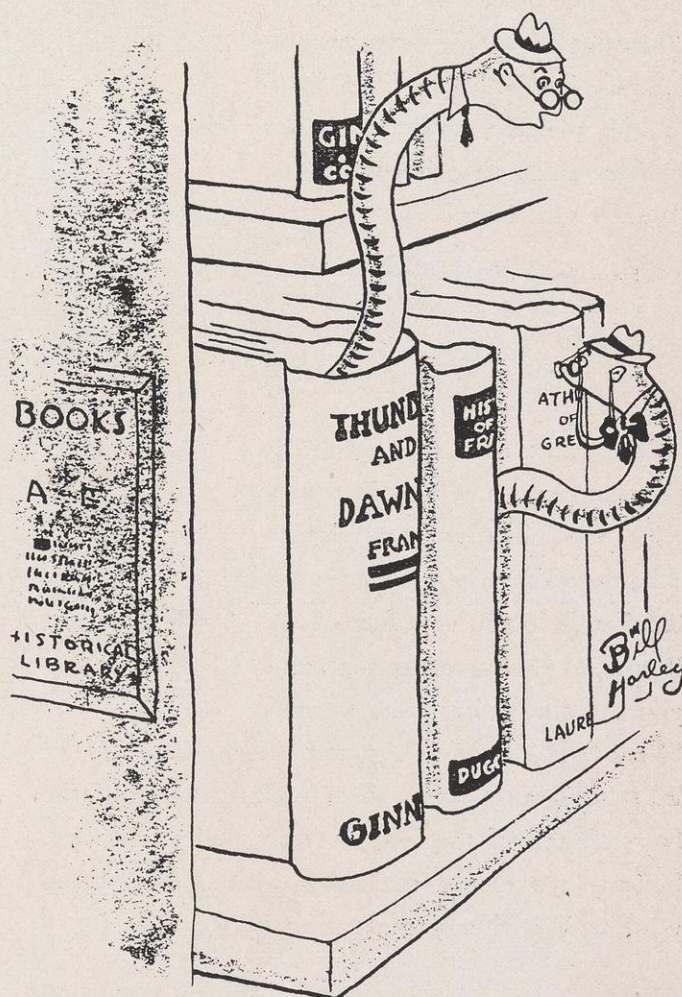
## Clinical Excuse

I must admit our meeting wasn't proper,  
According to the books of etiquette:  
We both were idly waiting for the doctor—  
Our sympathy invoked an amourette.

You've let our pregnant love to slowly smoulder  
And checked the flame that common ill produced,  
But hesitating lips belie your shoulder  
That coldly asks, "Have we been introduced?"

—IRVING BELL.

The difference between an opera singer and a co-ed is that the former can give a more modulated scream.



1ST BOOKWORM: Hello there, old man, fancy seeing you back.  
2ND BOOKWORM: Yes, I decided to digest a little graduate work.

2ND BOOKWORM: Yes, I decided to digest a little graduate work.



## LAND OF THE FEE!

It really is unique, the coincidence of expression that one notes on the faces of students as they walk around the lake-shore trying to figure it all out. Last June they left Madison and spent an entire summer figuring out how they could get back. Prices were estimated and everything balanced with hair-springed ingenuity. But now they just dally around the lake-shore, trying to find the answer in the ironic ripples that grace Mendota's bosom.

The refrain is the same. Thrushes in the willows pick it up, blue jays add saxophonic licks to the melody, while sparrows blithely chirp the chorus of the "Song of the Fees."

*This is really a beautiful city  
For the squirrels play tag in the trees  
But all we can sing is this ditty  
Who the hell's going to pay our fees.*

We can't solve the problem and the best we can do is to prevent the situation graphically. (See opposite page). Observe the indifferent look on the face of the Regents. Look long enough and you can almost hear him mutter, "Fees-Fi-Foe-Fum." As you notice, Miss Justice isn't blind any more, she's cock-eyed. And the large thumb of the Regent, with gladiatorial symbolism, represents authority with untrammelled power. It's all very enervating.

As you consider the cartoon from a horizontal position, think of the poor instructors who can only

see it from the flat of their backs. Some instructors receive slightly more than is allowed laborers on local county relief projects. When you think of the number of cuts the instructors have stood godfather to, the psychological reason for their distress is evident.

Again the lake front becomes the confessor to souls in distress. This time the dithyrambic chants savor of the Arcadia of the pre-Elizabethans.

*The bovines all champ in the pasture  
While the peasants recline in their hut-lets  
We had nothing at all to eat last year  
But this season we'll thrive on cut-lets.*

And so for once, the lions will lie down with the lambs, the L.I.D. with the R.O.T.C. and the bedlam of Babel will become a monotone. A common cause will make all factions one and the battle cry of the republic will be "This is no fee country" A murmur on taxes.

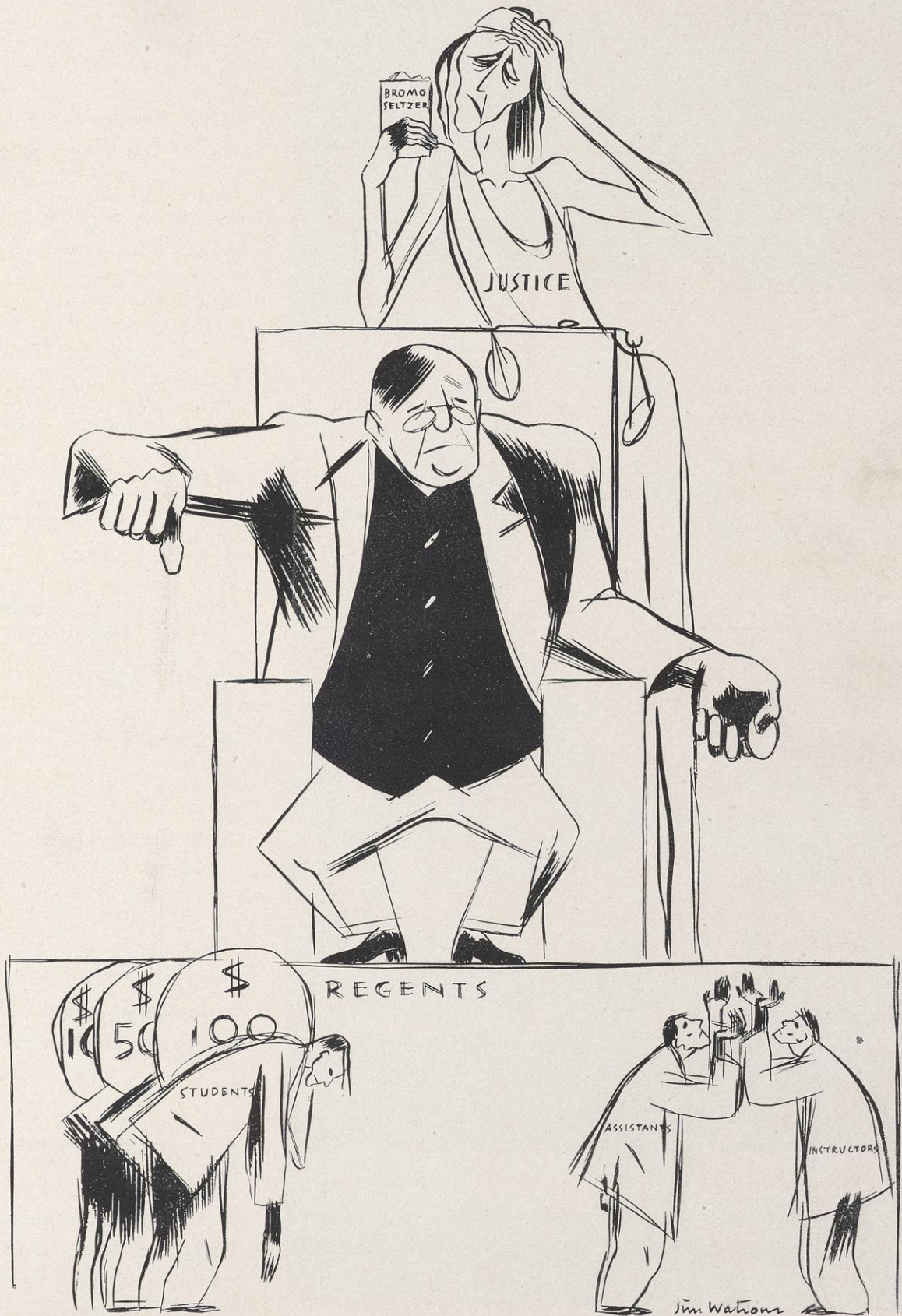
Open air community singing will become the vogue, and as the masses clutter up the hillsides, and the Regents turn out to see what is amiss, a melodious "Varsity Song" will greet that august body of administrators as voices blend into the last couplet of Joyce Kilmer's poem, adjusted to changing conditions:

*"Poems are made by men like me  
But only the Regents can raise a fee."*

N'est-ce que pas?











—HOWARD LEE.

## INCIDENT OF NO CONSEQUENCE

Out on the front lawn  
I met Jenny Wren  
Shopping around  
For bargains in worms.  
She looked rather cold  
And her feathers were crooked.  
She wore such a  
Woebegone expression  
There was hardly a  
Hop-skip-twitter left in her.  
I said, "What's the matter?"  
She rolled a weary eye  
And answered, "It's the children.  
They've got the pip again.  
They must have  
The right kind of insects  
And where am I going to find them?  
There's not enough of anything this  
year."  
Off she went worrying.

I came on in  
To the room  
Where I live with myself  
And took down my authorities  
From the bookshelf  
To see if they knew  
Any more about it  
Then she did,  
But I went to sleep  
In the middle  
Of the forty-ninth page.  
And who ever heard  
Of a fullgrown authority  
Getting anywhere at all  
In only forty-nine pages?

—JANET BREED.

---

The home-town girl who knows a Delt  
Gets more renown than Roosevelt.

---

## A PANCHROMATIC PARADISE

is the isthmus Madison where  
Town and Gown revel in the  
autumnal charm of scarlet and  
brown lake-shores.



## A CLASSROOM CONQUEST

IRVING BELL

Room-mates often have similar ambitions but not always do they have the same approach.

Such was the case with Dorothy Kent and Ariadne Jones, sisters in Kappa Kappa Gamma, rivals for the heart of Prof. Philippe Laurens. This unusual state of affairs dated back to registration day when Dot and Airy, laden with a score of inquisitive cards, presented themselves at the table carrying the placard, "French."

Philippe Laurens was only an assistant professor, but he possessed a physical attractiveness that brought admiring girls to his classes like needles to a magnet. Older professors with a higher scholastic status were disturbed to find their quiz sections invariably masculine. Mr. Laurens, determined to clean his academic slate, became severe with young womanhood.

"No," he said to the Misses Kent and Jones, with a trace of accent, "it's impossible to put you in my quiz section. Neither of you has an 8 o'clock class on Tuesday and Thursday."

"But, Prof. Laurens," pleaded Ariadne. "You wouldn't..."

"*Bien*," he interrupted brusquely, "I'll admit you temporarily."

Dot and Airy tried to mask their jubilation. When they left the building a half hour later, Ariadne was singing:

"He's my man,  
You can't have him,  
For I plan  
Soon to bag him."

"Your voice is terrible," said Dot.

"It needs encouragement," admitted Airy, "and I understand the French are very adept at that."

"I think that Laurens is pretty nice, too, but I don't get as sickly sentimental as you do."

"All right," Airy decided, "You keep your reserve and I'll act in my own inimitable way. Then we'll see who gets the farthest."

"The further," corrected Dot.

Not only was Dot a grammarian but a connoisseur of words. When they were both timid pledges, Dot told Airy that the florid first name and the simple family name were a darling combination. So it was Dorothy that scrambled their two sobriquets and dubbed their room, "The Dairy." She did not foresee that henceforth they would be called the Milkmaids.

Two days following registration, "The Dairy," still resembled a picnic grounds on the morning after. Dot maintained that once she found a place for her things they would stay there, for she didn't believe in moving her property about every weekend.

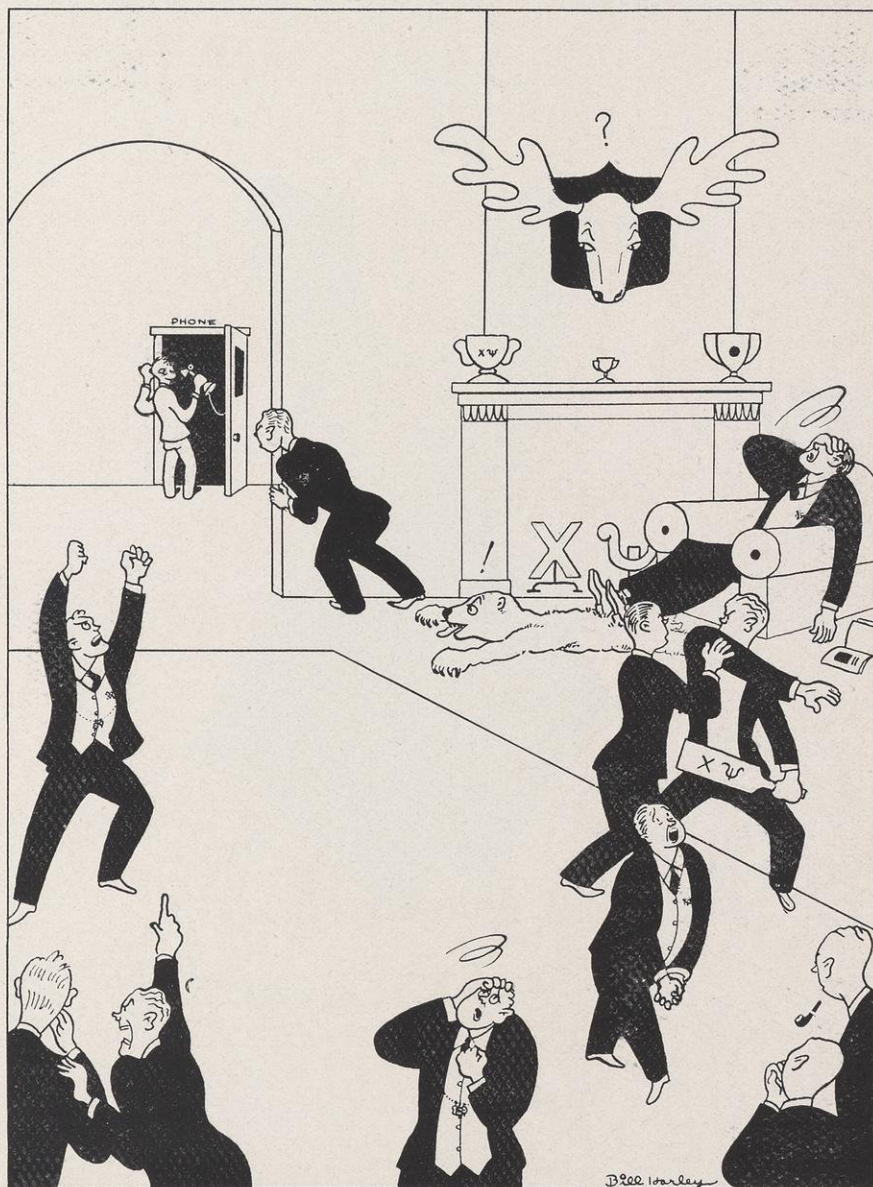
"Listen, you," exclaimed the other Milkmaid. "I don't give a stitch where you keep your stuff, but get it off the furniture by four o'clock or seek other quarters. I've got to sit down and write

a letter to Mrs. Jones telling her that her little daughter is still pure and pretty, and I've got to get it off tonight before some cute college boy finds out the same thing."

Airy had a date with a Phi Delt to dance at "The Navy Yard," so Dot spent the evening alone, unpacking the last of her dresses and step-ins and books and pencils.

"If I knew where to put everything,"

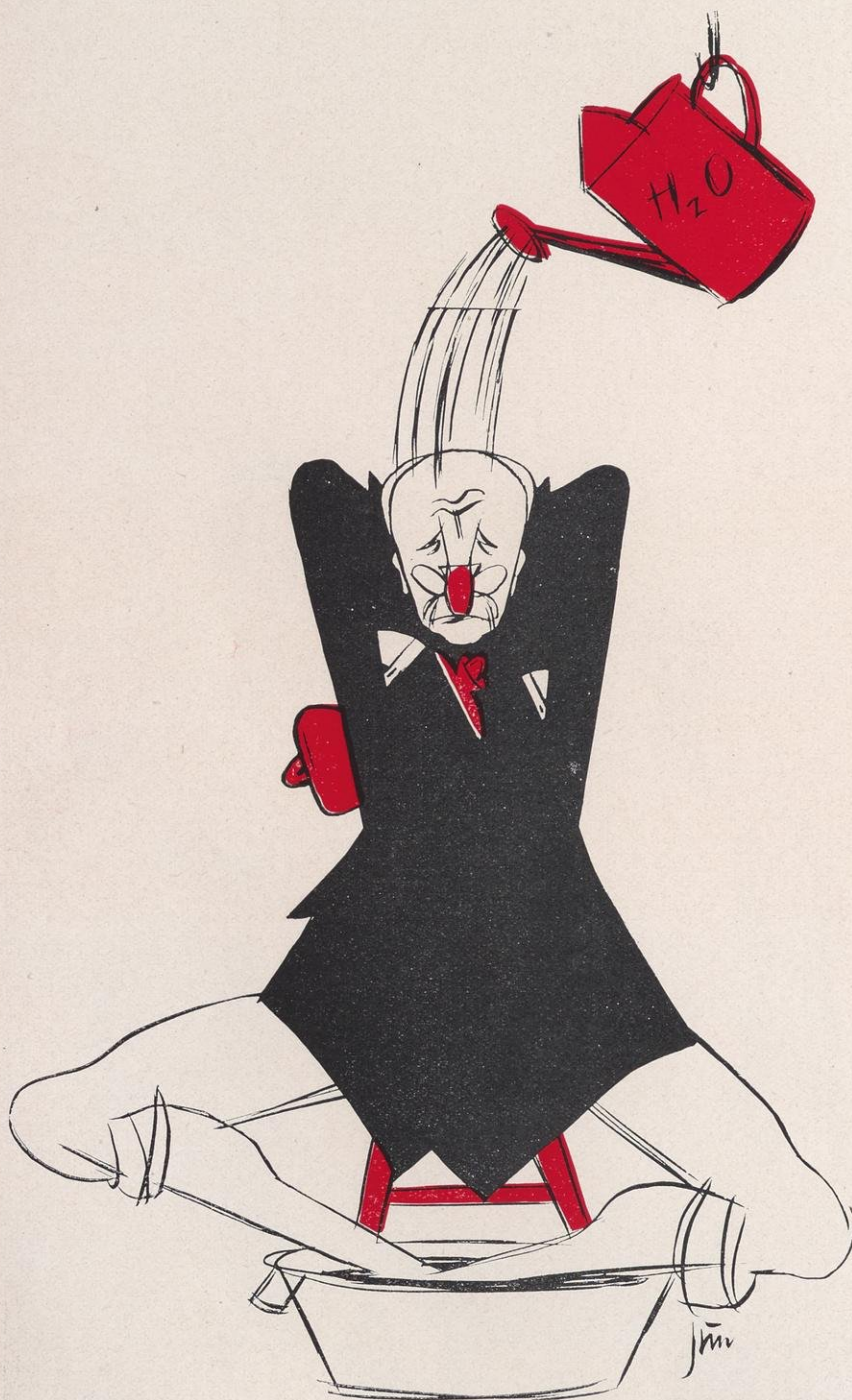
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CAMPUS CRISES AT WISCONSIN. NO. 1.

Consternation at the Chi Psi "lawdge" caused by a pledge answering the phone and saying absent-mindedly, "Chi Psi house."





CAMPUS TRADITIONS NO. 1.

Tradition-making Prof. Julius (It-Never-Rains-On) Olson in training for the rigors of Varsity Welcome in the event that the weather is inclement.

## Chorus of Contrasts

No sweat, no pay;  
No work, no play.  
We are, alas,  
The working-class.

No dad, no duds;  
No soap, no suds.  
We are, indeed,  
The college breed.

—I. B.

## Fair Warning

If you say 'carissima mia'  
That will be all right.  
And 'ma cherie' or 'meine lieber'  
Will not start a fight.

'Mi querida' is accepted,  
Even 'hon' might do,  
But if you have no life insurance  
Never call me 'listen, you.'

—J. B.

## Unnatural History

I don't think I should like to be  
A broad-mouthed hippopotami.  
'Twould bore me frightfully, I fear,  
To *have* to smile from ear to ear.

—J. B.

## Just Desserts

'Only poets should kiss and tell'?  
God, I think, made a special hell  
Where all emotion is dead and cold,  
To put his poets who kissed and told.

—J. B.



# GREEK GRABFEST

PETER BERGSON

In Chicago or South Beloit the "greeks" may be a crew of scurvy bootblacks or smudgy restauranters whose soiled hands and aprons blacken their social opportunities. But what is gog in one place is magog in another. And Madison, or more exactly the University, always what other communities are not, reckons the nomer "Greek" as the eschuteon of social prestige. Social recognition is the major purpose of a fraternity or sorority hence the banding together of college men willy nilly and without any particular respect for their individualities, talents or interests. An Alpha or an Omega are the trade marks of approval which stamp this college man or that university woman eligible for association. Association with whom? Ridiculous question! The Gammas and Omicrons, precisely.

In the autumn of each year when the leaves begin to drop off the trees of Langdon Street and the Freshmen drop off the trains at Madison Station a campaign is launched. The instigation of this campaign by the collegiate inhabitants of "Fraternity Row" or the "Latin Quarter" is for the sole purpose of pledging the fledgling freshmen to the bonds of this

this "battle royal" that many "houses" assess a fine for those members not returning for action by designated dates. With the return of the fraternity group rushing officially begins. But this is not the opening shot—all during the summer months, alumni have written recommendations from Pottstown or Borglebury ballyhooing the potentialities of his pet candidate, Cousin Jack's boy or daughter's boyfriend. If a fraternity man or woman lives in a town of size they conduct quiet rushing functions to smooth the way when the official period is opened at Madison, thus outwitting the Tau Taus or Beta Betas who have no representative in the city.

While freshmen are seeking rooms and galloping through Orientation Week (those Cook tours of the Campus) the fraternities have assigned their prospective duties for the following week. Old Alumni with glib and liquid tongues are invited to soft-soap the youngsters, the chapter "pretties" are relegated to their stations where they can "Yes" with the least effort and maximum effect, and the halfwits, (mistakes of other years) are instructed to pass cigarettes and pacify the cook.



good ol' fraternity or that good ol' sorority. And the ultimate goal of each "greek" house is to pledge enough frosh to fill the house and meet the rent installments. This activity for obvious reasons is known as "Rushing."

"It's fun to be fooled" and while it lasts, believe us, it is lots of fun, and plenty of fooling. It is the business of fraternity people to conjure up for the freshmen a picture of fraternity life drenched in an aurora of brotherhood and encircled by a nimbus of camaraderie. And the freshmen, with the aid of alumni recommendations, overnight become potential athletic stars, geniuses, campus leaders or millionaires. The upshot of the whole business being that when the battle is over and the wool is removed from multitudinous eyes, and believe us it is all wool and a yard wide, the fun is over and everyone has been fooled.

This rushing spectacle has been enacted so many times before us old timers that the motives and idiosyncracies of the activity are no longer an enigma. But for those new bystanders who witness it for the first time it presents the fascination of a Century of Progress side show or the romance of the Rover Boys.

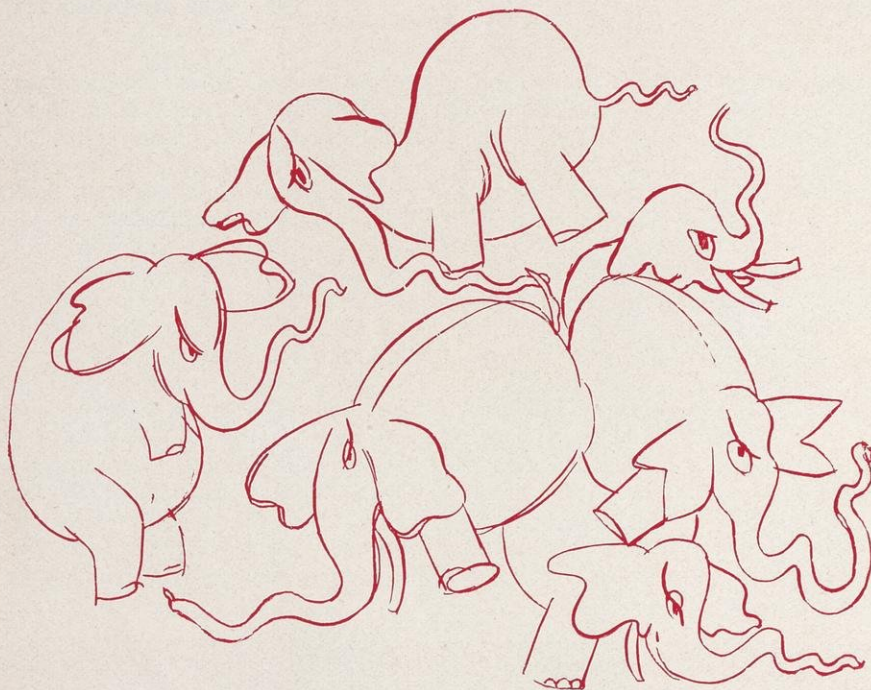
So important is the alignment of full chapter strength for

Upon the opening day of rushing at the scheduled hour freshmen are called on by some member of the fraternity to be conducted to the "chapter house." Never does a yearling approach the fraternity house alone or in unescorted groups with other freshmen; that is a *faux pas* equal only to kicking the Governor or pulling Prexy's nose.

The first assignment isn't so tough but somewhat irritating. Fordized rushing tactics are enacted whereby one shift entertains the freshman for fifteen minutes until the next shift arrives. The rushee is conscious of a new group by the repetition of questions. Questions to which every freshman must know the answers include: Where are you from? Do you know—? Where are you rooming? What course are you going to take? Do you care for a cigarette? How do you like Wisconsin? etc., etc. After an extremely long time the dinner gong rings and everyone is relieved, for now the fraternity boys can sing a few songs around the table and play on the sentimental strings of the rushees' emotions. After dinner bridge is played or one goes to a show or one goes beer guzzling or one goes home. Eventually you go home anyway.

Each night the fraternity boys gather to rake the day's  
(turn to Page 29)





### '37's Illustrious

Timothy Twirk, one of our entering freshmen, has invented what he calls the Little Wonder Exterminator. He claims it will eradicate such common pests as the Slip-Your-Back-Enthusiast, the Got-A-Cigarette-Fiend, and the Mind-If-I-Turn-the-Dial-Nuisance. It seems doubtful that Mr. Twirk's device will work. Little Wonder.

Nancy Nuggles, demure and dainty miss from up-state, plans to mend her own clothes while at the university. "I don't think I'll be all sewed up, however," she reassured us.

Wooster Worchester says he's going to finance his education by publishing The Cardinal. We advise Mr. Worchester to study engineering so that he will be able to extricate himself from the hole he's getting into.

Frieda Fonk hopes to achieve the honor of pledging two sororities. "The big idea," declared Miss Fonk, "is so my boy-friends will have sitting-room space at all times." Kappa and Delta Gamma are the young lady's choice.

Larry Lumper, already a rounder of some years' standing, expects to graduate in 1938. Mr. Lumper is modest.

Pemberly Postum has established himself as a door-to-door puzzle vender and already has achieved the nickname "Problem Child." Jigsaw, crossword, and crosscut-saw puzzles are all in Postum's pack. His advice is, "Take an enigma every night and you will be surprised at the relief it affords."

—IRVING BELL.



"Jush wait till we get theesh guns loaded."

### Advice

Know That  
Love, like a green-grown tree,  
Roofed by the hem of the skies  
(in my swift-winged soul, heavy with  
loneliness),  
Turns leafless,  
And frost-nipped, dies.

—R. W. S.



## WELL WHAT OF IT?

D. H. Lawrence  
likes to rave  
about the superiority of the elephant.

This wise and noble creature  
makes up its mind slowly.  
It takes thirty years to mate  
and two more to produce its elephantine offspring.  
Twins, they say, are practically unknown  
and over-population a mere jungle myth.

Since the legislature has been going in for biology  
this pachyderm precedent  
might be interesting to consider seriously  
especially by Mr. O'Malley  
and the other "scientists."

—JANET BREED.

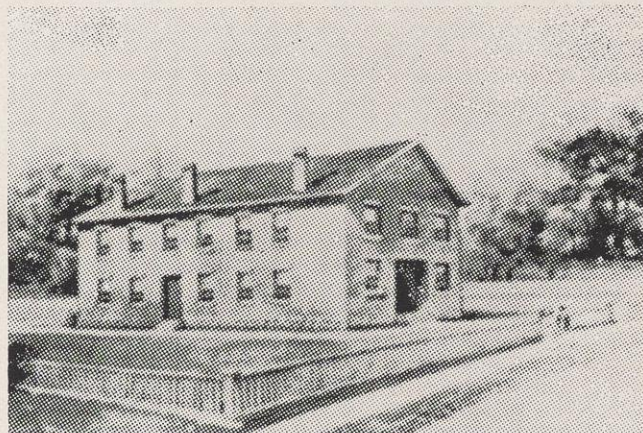
## TO AN UNKNOWN LADY

I do not know with what wide puzzled eyes  
Of what soft color, and with what degree  
Of wonder, or contempt without disguise  
The unknown you receives these lines from me;  
I cannot see the hair which frames your face,  
Nor can I see the movement of your hand;  
And I can only wonder, from this place,  
Upon the way you talk, and sit, and stand.  
Yet I am willing to address my song  
To such a one unknown to me as you,  
Because, on obscure pigments swept along,  
Mad colors often form of brilliant hue;  
And who can know through what most idle chance  
May spring supreme the glory of romance?

—MAURICE C. BLUM.

## BADGER FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

		1932 Scores	
		WIS.	OPPO.
Oct. 7—	Marquette at Madison . . .	7	2
Oct. 14—	Illinois at Urbana . . .	20	12
Oct. 21—	Iowa at Iowa City . . .	34	0
Oct. 28—	Purdue at Madison . . .	6	7
Nov. 4—	Chicago at Chicago . . .	18	7
Nov. 11—	West Virginia at Madison . . .	—	—
Nov. 18—	Ohio State at Madison . . .	7	7
Nov. 25—	Minnesota at Minneapolis . . .	20	13



The old "Female Academy" on the present site of  
Central High School, where first university  
classes were held in 1848.

University  
of  
Wisconsin

Fauerbach  
Brewing  
Company

BOTH STARTED  
IN 1848

DOWN THE YEARS, the University of Wisconsin and FAUERBACH'S BREWERY have grown hand in hand. For many, many years, the beautiful old tap room down at FAUERBACH'S BREWERY has been the rendezvous of university students—just as it is today. ¶ And there are now many attractive taverns in the university district which serve this delicious beer. ¶ Everywhere, people of discriminating taste have found that FAUERBACH'S long years of brewery experience . . . plus the finest scientific equipment . . . plus 100% pure hops and malt . . . give to FAUERBACH BEER its rare flavor. You owe yourself this treat—drink FAUERBACH!

*Fauerbach*



# SUIT YOURSELF

JEFF SCOTT JR.

"In the fall a young man's fancy" turns to haberdashery rather than Homer and suits rather than Socrates. With the return to the campus the disheveled summer attire is doffed for smart apparel which marks the college man.

Obsolete is the *passe* picture of collegiatism composed with raccoon coat, billowing bags, hat pushed up in front and socks rolled down in back. In 1933 the college man dresses inconspicuously and correctly for all occasions, reflecting in his clothes the growing sophistication of university life. At Wisconsin, students through their dress reflect the social prestige it is accorded among Mid-Western universities.

For wear on the "Hill" one senses an increasing acceptance of country clothes such as odd slacks and tweed jackets, country brogues and felt hats. Of



Tom Fontaine, Varsity backfield man, wearing a Harris Tweed suit with a bi-swing back, one of the smart fall styles tailored by Adler-Rochester and displayed at Karstens, located on the square.

## Style Forecast

**Coats:** Sport jackets made up in tweeds and plaids. Brown the predominate color.

**Suits:** Semi-formal wear will favor double-breasted suits in solid shades or with light stripes.

**Topcoats:** Double-breasted camel coat with shorter skirt. Also the reversible topcoat of Gaberdine and Harris Tweed.

**Hats:** Popular models will be headed by the brown snap-brim felt.

**Shirts:** Clocked or stripped patterns will be contrasted with the newer plaids.

**Ties:** Solid shades with broad strips and small all-over pattern. Also some knitted styles.

**Shoes:** Scotch grain patterns in addition to brogues. The favorite shade for fall will be the new briar brown.

course, the matched suit with sport back is attractive to the more conservative undergraduate and it is always desirable for its adaptability to almost any informal use.

The well dressed undergraduate should include in his wardrobe either a Glen Urquhart plaid or the new Shephard plaid. (Plaids by the way are the most dominate innovation of the autumn season.) This suit is proper for several purposes. It may be worn Saturdays to Badger football games or at any athletic activities. In addition it may be worn to evening entertainments, dates or fraternity rushing functions. Thirdly, the coat may be worn with slacks or trousers may be combined ideally with an odd jacket to achieve smart variations and thus expand the possibilities a limited wardrobe. A Harris tweed or Shetland suit in shades of brown may be substituted for the newer plaids. It is most successfully worn for outdoor activities during Madison's crisp autumn days.

For semi-formal attire Wisconsin men will find popular a double-breasted suit of dark blue either of solid color or with chalk stripes. This suit is unquestionably correct. It is the style that college men will wear to informal parties and after dinner social engagements. The model varies in shade and color at the different Madison shops but it is

invariable in its smart though reserved character.

The general trend in style is returning to the two button coat and is accompanied in the "lower regions" by a slight narrowing of the trouser at the cuff. This development in direct contrast to the wide bottoms that swept the country several years ago. As for fabrics, fashion is favoring rougher and softer suitings than ever before. The day of the hard surfaced material seems to be over and it is the timely thing to be in the "rough." Many of the latest arrivals at the local haberdasheries include sport jackets with leather buttons.

As for auxiliary coats the reversible topcoat of Gaberdine and Harris Tweed is especially suited for local campus wear. This practical coat furnishes a splendid all-weather garment for uni-



Harry Parker, Delta Kappa Epsilon, wearing the new Shetland suit and carrying a topcoat of the same fabric. These clothes are styled by Fashion Park and shown by Anderes at the Co-op. The shoes are the wing-tipped model and are shown through the courtesy of E. Olson at the Co-op.



# The University's New Style Center

*... at the University Co-op are featured those styles for men and women which are approved CORRECT by universtty folk*

for

## UNIVERSITY MEN - -

- The new rougher textures win the center of attention in suits of briar brown and Cambridge grey . . . in belted and plain backs with new touches such as leather buttons.
- In topcoats look for the long, full belted model . . . raglan or set- in sleeves . . . in check and plaid effects . . . with medium grey and tan tones predominating.
- New "Spittle-field" effects . . . and brighter stripes of color this year . . . these are the new notes in neckwear.
- The hats this season are small proportioned, full crowned with bound edges. In hose, Lisles are right this fall . . . with clocks and small effects . . . and in larger plaids, you will be interested in the Argyle patterns. And for Shirts, see Arrow's new Mitago.

for

## UNIVERSITY WOMEN - -

- Afternoon gowns and formals are shown in the new, rich deeper shades of the 1890's, notably Pansy Purple, Deeper Reds, Browntones and Dundee Green in faille cloth, taffetas, velvets and satins . . . with the new front neck line . . . in the Mae West and Sheath interpretations.
- The sportsmode dictates for 1, 2 and 3 frocks, angora, wools, rabbit hair wools, soft textured novelty weaves. And the coats are shown in a profusion of new ruff wools, featuring the Polere, swagger and Semi-dress types.
- Interesting too are the accessories — gloves, hand bags, hankies, neckwear, scarfs, hosiery, blouses, jackets, sweaters and sweater sets.
- And all are individually chosen for university women.

**ANDERES**  
MEN'S APPAREL at the UNIVERSITY CO-OP

*Baron's*  
AT THE CO-OP

AT THE UNIVERSITY CO-OP

STATE AT LAKE



## SUIT YOURSELF

providing a shower proof covering. Another coat which will continue to be popular on the "Hill" is the double-breasted camel coat. The newer ones are cut much shorter, many have leather buttons and there is a decided flair in the skirt.

We must also consider that one attending the university needs shirts for every type of occasion. For general campus wear a sport type of shirt should be of flannel or heavy cheviot Oxford. The button down collar-attached shirt and the round collar-attached to be worn pinned and the medium pointed collar are the three favorites. The accepted colors in order of preference are white, blue, gray and tan. Checked patterns such as hound's tooth and the new Tattersal check can be found in some of Madison's smart shops. Shirts for general and semi-formal wear should be of stripped or fine checked madras, broadcloth or lighter weight Oxford. Included in this category are the neckband shirts to be worn with a white starched collar.

Fall styles in neck wear are composed of a return to heavy silks and rough weaves to complement the newer suiting fabrics. Solid colors varied by wide stripes will be popular harmonies to go with the new suiting shades. Wool types although slightly premature for September and early October wear will be in evidence later in the semester. India madras ties are also good, new and colorful.

Another very essential item for the well dressed university man is head-wear. Best for local campus wear is the brown snap-brim hat. This hat may have a binding or it may be the new semi-Homburg which one may wear with the brim down or up. Other shades in this model which will go well with 1933 styles include gray and green.

The neatly shod man will be prepared to wear the proper shoes to the many university activities. Scottish and Highland grains as well as buckskin are expected to retain their popularity. The smart shade in men's shoes is brown, especially the shade known as briar brown, a rich dark reddish cast. For all shoes except strictly formal evening wear brown is now smarter than black.

With the fulfillment of these predictions and innovations, the well dressed male student promises to lift the Wisconsin campus out of the doldrums of dull apparel into a gay and masculine realm.



*When Dempsey fought Firpo for the World's Championship, Firpo shot a right to the jaw that lifted the champ clear out of the ring. Jack would have landed on a sharp pine board and would probably have been out—or worse. But, the crowd was packed in so tight that it couldn't move out of the way, and outstretched hands prevented Jack from completing the fall. A crowded house was Jack Dempsey's LUCKY BREAK.*

Most everyone gets a lucky break once in a while. It'll be a lucky break for the newcomers to Wisconsin if they pick—first shot—the right place to get their togs.

Pardon our modesty—but we simply must tell you that ours is a favorite store for Wisconsin men—that here you will find always the smartest and newest in men's wear. Come in soon.

**SUITS . . . . . \$20 to \$40**

**TOPCOATS \$17.50 to \$35**

**OXFORDS . . \$5 to \$8.50**

**HATS . . . . . \$4 to \$8**

# KARSTENS

ON CAPITOL SQUARE . . . . . 22 NORTH CARROLL



## I LOVE YA, BABY

The shades of night were falling fast,  
When through the hotel swiftly passed  
A poker player, eating chips (potato)  
Who spied a girl with crimson lips,  
So down he knelt, and out he whips:  
"I LOVE YA, BABY."

"O Solo Mio," sca-reamed the lass.  
"Excelsior!" Pa-llease let me pass.  
"Corrupt me not . . . no te amo.  
"But what this gal would like to know—  
"Is why the hell all men must blow:  
"I LOVE YA, BABY."

The poker player "pa-layed his cards."  
And wove a line that strung ten yards.  
He wept how lonesome he had been  
Arched his eyebrows . . . plucked his chin,  
And cried-out (flourishing the gin):  
"I LOVE YA, BABY."

"I beg your stuff," says she to him.  
"Sca-ram and kid some other bim.  
"Some doll who isn't near so pure;  
"Who'll pitch the woo, and men allure,  
"With bedroom eyes, while they assure:  
"I LOVE YA, BABY."

"You bray a lovely psalm," she flipped.  
"But every heart you trump is gyped."

"Full house," sighed he. "Can't make the grade.  
"But still—Sangarra! A spade's a spade!"  
(So just for spite, he told the maid:)  
"I LOVE YA, BABY."

The orb of dawn rose aglow.  
The gal skipped-off to Buffalo.  
While he, chagrined, was heard to groan  
From day to day, in mournful tone,—  
As his wife play on the Gramophone:  
"I LOVE YA, BABY."

—BOB STALLMAN.

## DISCIPLINES OF DIVERS DECADES

### *Stone Age*

"If you brats don't look where you're going, the dinosaur will get you."

### *Golden Age*

"Horace, dear, mind your mater and practice your piano-forte, or else a fluffy white rabbit will run up and bite you."

### *Crinoline Age*

"If you don't want a big black bear to carry you off, you'll go out to the woodshed and get that kindling."

### *Modern Age*

"Don't go messing around with your old man's whisky or you'll be seeing pink elephants."

### *Future Age*

"If you brats don't look where you're going, the dynamo will get you."

●

Numb Nira thinks the "blanket code" has something to do with the regulation of informal, out-door parties.

●

## TIME WOBBLES ON!

On a thousand fronts, absurdities of the world move dizzily forward. New fools come into being every hour. A sucker is born every minute.

Madison, Wisconsin! Hundreds of eager-eyed high school graduates converge from all parts of state and country on the Badger campus, republic of progressive President Glenn Frank. It's September 13th, first day of Freshman period, and student hordes find much to see at the lakeside country club. On Park street, below the academic hill, a crowd surrounds a youngster in the throes of matriculation pains.

Rushing chairman: Would you like to view the fraternity district?

Barker: Will you sign your name here for the Daily Cardinal?

Y. M. C. A. scout: Do you come from the Far East?

Steerer: Have you found a room yet?

State Street merchant: Will you make a point of trading at my store?

Sponger: Are you looking for a good speak?

Salesman: Do you want meals for six dollars?

Radical: Are you class-conscious?

Activity man: What are you planning to do?

The Freshman: I'm going back to the farm!

—I. B.



## THE MEMORIAL ONION

## PROFILE

By SCALLION SCHALLOT

I am one of the most gullible persons I know.

When I was a freshman, a course in elementary biology was forced upon me against my will. And you know what always happens in elementary biology courses, whether taken in high school or in college—the first thing the professor does is to show off by pulling that famous variation of Chris Colombo's egg trick, the osmosis experiment.

A perfectly good egg of the common garden variety (common *hen* variety, I should say) is cracked on the bottom; the bits of shell are removed from the aborted chick, leaving what is commonly known as a *semi-permeable membrane*. Then another opening is made on top, usually squashing the whole egg and necessitating the need of a few more eggs until one of them is put into the proper frame of mind for the experiment.

When both openings are made, an eyedropper without the rubber thingamajig on top is put into the *un-semi-permeable-membraned* end of the egg and sealed with chewing gum, for sealing wax is always much more scarce in classrooms than nice, sticky wads of Mr. Wrigley's Great American Curse.

Now the most disagreeable part of the preparation is done. The next step consists in the mysterious production of a water-filled whisky glass. (I assure you that the appearance of this last named item is 150% quicker in college labs than in high school labs.) The membranous end of the egg is then placed into the glass in such a way that it is immersed in the H<sub>2</sub>O.

So what? So after a few days the pupils (pardon me—stewdents) return after a prolonged process of class cutting to find a dilapidated egg in a dusty whisky glass. The professor, without taking the trouble to look at his adopted brain child, wags his head with self-satisfactions, twirls his moustache if he has one, and asks the inmates what has happened since the last bicentennial meeting of the class.

The rafters ring with the volume and variety of answers:

"We got a new coach!"

"The Phi Gams got two pledges!"

"Nineteen juniors are running for prom king!"

"My Aunt Tillie got twins!"

"There's a new dive at Park and University!"

The professor shakes his head in disgust and exclaims, "No, I mean what has happened to our apparatus!"

Everybody looks at it, but no one notices any change except the weak-chinned, weak-eyed, weak-kneed individual in the front row, who bashfully murmurs something about the "conspicuous absence of the eyedropper."

"Sure, somebody swiped the eyedropper!" chorus some 175 lusty young voices.

It is true; the eyedropper *is* gone. The professor harrumphs several times, and, finding himself in a most embarrassing situation, nonchalantly lights a Bunsen burner in preparation for the next act.

But sooner or later he reinforces his knowledge by a careful study of "The Care, Feeding, and Guarding of Eggs to be Used in Osmosis Experiments" and gathers enough courage to try the trick again, and nine times out of ten he ruins a disgusting number of eggs. So the only alternative is to illustrate the principle of osmosis with the membrane of an onion. Not wishing to undertake the unpleasant job of procurvity use. In most cases it incorporates means of keeping warm while

(turn to Page 30)

The Blotter boys are back. Old Octy artist Winsey and athlete Pacetti are passing out a monthly letter drier (with pictures!). Some'pin new!



There is no question but what the Bedbug family started from scratch. Records found upon old parchments and other skins prove that this family, which now covers the entire civilized globe, originally shared the same couches with the lowest of our ancestors.

Just when the first of the family migrated to America is uncertain. But it suffices to know that it was in the autumn of 1834 that Phineas T. Bedbug first saw light in a rough, unfinished room down by the railway yards in Trenton, N. J. From this bare, rude beginning was destined to rise the Bedbug whose persistency and stick-to-it-iveness were to make the family name a byword in the home of twenty million Americans. Phineas was soon to be surrounded by scores of brothers and sisters, cousins, aunts, uncles, and others of more distant relation.

At the opening of the Civil War, Phineas attached himself to the general staff of the Union Army and remained with it throughout the entire conflict. It was this association with these burly, bearded fighters which provided him with the raw material for future growth and development. Always was Phineas destined, in later life, to retain this ability to grasp the bare outlines of each problem as it lay before him, and this knack was to stand him in good stead during many a critical hour as he passed along life's highways and byways.

Deserting the army during demobilization, Phineas allied himself with the Pullman Company, organizing and starting the company's famous lying-in hospital for berths. But this was only a mark-time position. The West was calling, the West with its great unexploited miners and prospectors. So, one morning Phineas hopped a tramp, who hopped a freight going to California, and was on his way to the territory which, many years later, was to refer to him as the one who did more to prevent sleep than anything prior to the radio.

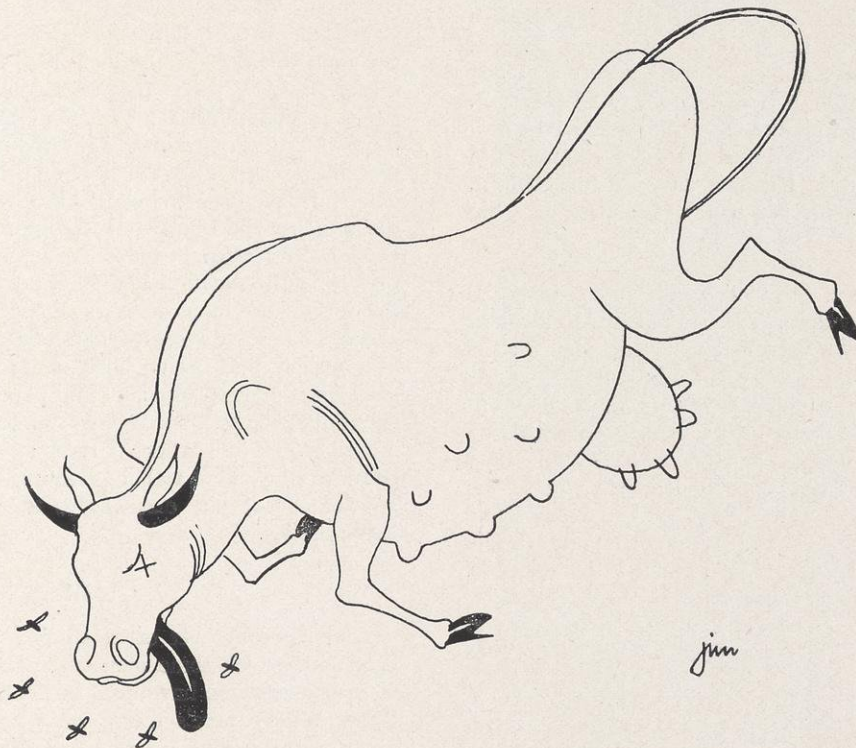
From Pullman cars to hotels was his destiny. Eventually Phineas controlled half the hotels west of Chicago. In later years he was fond of telling of his rise: "I started out with one bed, and I owe my success to the fact that I took advantage of the openings. It was a version of the old skin game, but I was smart enough to come out on top. The West and its men were ripe for a fol-

(turn to Page 26)



## We're Ready With The Fatted Calf . .

And a ringing welcome, too, for all our returning prodigal sons . . . we'll serve her (the calf) up to your order in whichever of the Union's Dining Rooms suits your fancy. Roasted — fried — grilled or broiled — even raw if you feel that way about it.



Of course we're setting aside a big share of both the calf and the welcome for you new prodigals just arrived on the campus. This is your week — and we're out to help you make the most of it.

## THE WISCONSIN UNION

RATHSKELLER  
(bar service for men)

GEORGIAN GRILL  
(table d'hote and a la carte)

REFECTORY  
(cafeteria service)

TRIPP COMMONS  
(table d'hote on Sundays)



## THE LITTLE SMILE

There are few enough things in this world amusing enough to produce what is known to those who traffic in such commodities as a Belly Laugh, and these few should be avoided, for while a Belly Laugh is paradoxically enough known to be definitely beneficial to the liver, it cannot be proved that it is of any help to Civilization, which is infinitely more important than the liver, as is shown by my spelling it with a capital C. I couldn't spell liver with a capital C, or even a capital L. It would just never do. But Civilization is another matter, and I'm sure we are all ready to admit that the Belly Laugh is derogatory to Civilization. (This will be easier if you picture Civilization as a beautiful maiden holding her ears against the fearful clamor of a Belly Laugh. I confess that I cannot envision this tableau, but I'm certainly willing for you to try. It would be a big help.)

However, there exists a form of laugh very pleasing to Civilization. There really does. This is the Little Smile, and I defy anyone to bring forward a tenable argument to the effect that the Little Smile is not eminently favorable in the gazelle-like eyes of Civilization, or Civvy, as she is known to her intimates. The Little Laugh, then, is now recognized by the floor as an empty-tough booster to dear old Civilization, and the only thing that can possibly be annoying to the novice at this point is, one, where does one find Little Smile material, and, two, how does one prevent the Little Smile from becoming a Belly Laugh? Well, No. 2 is quite simple. The instant you feel your Little Smile becoming a Belly Laugh, remember that the Belly Laugh is derogatory to Civilization, and that will take care of that, I am sure. As to part one, *that* is somewhat more than simple. There is Little Smile material all about us, dear friends of the radio audience, if we will only make an effort to seek it out. We'll start at the very top. Always aim high. That is one of the cardinal principles of life, as well as of Little-Smiling. So we shall begin with Prom Kings.

*"The King, he is a funny fruit;  
Small boys at him are wont to hoot,  
Because the King is such a funny fruit."*

I am not inclined to spend much time on Prom Kings, because they are purely elementary, intrinsically funny, and almost anyone should be able to see it, especially in these days of depression. It used to be that a Prom King had a mighty, mighty good thing, but now there's nothing much in it but glory. And ex-Prom Kings! If one is well informed, one always smiles when one sees an ex-Prom King. It may be cruel to laugh at a broken-down big league ball player, but ex-Prom Kings are different. Very. It occurs to me that this might be a good time to have a go at the age-old question, *Are Prom Kings People?* But it would take rather long, so we may as well leave it with others of the kind, such as the ancient gag about the number of angels on the pin-point.

## (Potential Smirk)

### II

But there are other funny things. Personally, I think there is nothing funnier than most cases of Love Among the Student Population. What's more laughable than the sight of a callow youth of 21 tearing up and down the hill after his beloved, haunting her in the class-room, making obvious entrances into the Pharm with her, and cluttering up her sorority house with himself to such an extent that the sisters are wont to think him twins? And all, in 999 cases out of the w.k. 1000, with one purpose in mind, and only one. What spectacle offers more good clear fun than watching the girl in the case, who is invariably five years older than the boy, as she turns the heat on and off; as she casts out The Line, the only one of its kind in her crowd, and hooks the unwary youth squarely through the nether lip; as she exudes indifference in public, and pants after a phone call in private? What's funnier? Why, nothing, unless it be when the lovers are in a different mood; this business of two people in a crowd working like fiends to give the impression of oneness; this boring into each other's eyes with soul-searching glances; this silent and paradoxical saying to everyone around them, "You see, we are oblivious of everyone but ourselves." This latter is perfect Little Smile material because in addition to being funny, it is in very poor taste: an element of pity often helps to make the very best of Little Smiles.

### III

And there are yet other things. There's the incredible ease with which some men and women apply the pressure to instructors who have been in the business long enough to know better; there's the youth who can spend four years and a disheartening chunk of the bank roll in acquiring an alleged education, and then graduate with all his initial prejudices intact, including a firm belief that the Republicans are God's Chosen People. (Specimens of this rare fauna can still be found, b.i.o.n.) And there are people such as myself, who make ourselves funny by poking fun at others. Truly, dear friends of the radio audience, there is Little Smile material all about us, if we will but seek it out. The world teems with it.

—K. W. P.

## PORTRAIT

She tends with love the common mound,  
And that is right and just.  
Are not its neat straight spears of grass  
The children of his dust?

—J. B.



## Song of the Sandwich Men

First man:

Ten kinds! Candy, Eskimo pies,  
Sandwiches (Shall I itemize?).  
Ham, bologna, American cheese  
(Soft as a coed's silk chemise),  
Peanut butter and olive, peanut butter and jam,  
(Did I forget to mention ham?),  
Tomato and lettuce, sausage of liver,  
(Each night at this time I'll deliver),  
Tuna fish, peanut butter a nickel  
(But for that price you get no pickle).  
Ten kinds! (Who says there's only nine?)  
Do you guys want to lunch or dine?)

Second man:

Sandwiches, ice-cream, (Quiet hours, hell!)  
Hershey bars, apples, milk.  
(Terrible job to try to sell  
Gentlemen of your ilk.)

Third man:

Ham on rye, ham on white.  
(Last again! Well, good-night.)

First man:

Sandwiches two for fifteen now.  
(I'd make more dough behind the plow.)

—IRVING BELL.

## To My Own Taste

You ask me that, to demonstrate  
Regret for words of haste,  
I poetize, or, rather, prate  
Your beauty fair and chaste.

For this is what you ask of me:  
To write upon cold sheets  
Words no more warm, with choice so free  
Your purpose it defeats.

What can mean words, when thoughts they speak  
To all, for all to read  
At any time, and strong or weak  
To each, as each has need?

For me, before the words of weight  
A Shakespeare could command,  
I place an act whose thought is great:  
I'd rather kiss your hand.

—MAURICE C. BLUM.



Miss  
HELEN SLINDE '33  
wearing  
a  
Dinner Gown  
done in  
Black and White  
featuring the  
new  
T silhouette  
as shown  
at  
TIFFANY'S

The discriminating co-ed chooses  
her wardrobe at Tiffany's . . .  
makers of exclusive dresses.

*Tiffany's*  
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## NUMBER PLEASE

We have often thought that a paragraph in explanation of the Madison telephone system should be inserted in the Freshman handbook, because statistics show that every year a number of instruments are torn out by the roots and cast out of the window by hurt and angry frosh, often to their great detriment. The operators, we find, are wont to complain of unusually harsh treatment during the first two months of the school year, also. All this causes the telephone company no little trouble and expense, which would be avoided by a word of explanation such as we now propose to offer. We feel that we have a Duty in this regard, since the university authorities have consistently refused to do anything at all about it.

And so we begin. At the beginning. And we say unto you that after removing the receiver, no man hath a right to grow angry if the operator answers before at least two minutes have elapsed, during the day, and three minutes after 6 p. m. Three minutes seems rather long, of course, being often sufficient time in which to make the call, have yourself two drinks, disrobe and go to bed, but you should remember that telephone operators have to sleep, too, and that they naturally want to sleep at night, like civilized human beings, and not during the day, when they're off duty. The gals are quite crafty about making one wait, too. Oftentimes, after a minute or so has passed, a faint click will be heard, and the novice mistakes this as an immediate preliminary to a "number, please." He has been deceived, for it is merely a shrewd device to keep the poor fellow from chewing the mouthpiece off. There will ordinarily be from two to four of these false alarms before the operator voices her sweet innocence in a way calculated to make the most hardened and soulless of Mr. Bell's clients think that she has just put through a call from Washington to the American legation at Peking. In case you're interested, the longest wait on record took place on February 17, 1931, when Mr. Charles Handley, of the late lamented Teke house, noted an interval of 4:03:¼. This, of course, was not a bona fide record, since it was made under the forcing system, the receiver being constantly moved up and down. Under the passive system, with nothing to call the operator's attention to the matter but the customary light flashing on the board, the longest recorded time is something over five minutes.

Know you also that Madison boasts two exchanges, yecept respectively Badger and Fairchild. And this opens up one of the greatest mysteries of all. For it seems that the Fairchild exchange is semi-automatic, and any F-number will go on ringing indefinitely, at regular intervals, once the operator has plugged it in. This, of course, is a mighty fine idea. But the Badger exchange is different. Very. When you have given the operator a Badger number, you are apt to hear it given a short, indecisive buzz, and then not rung again, though you wait all night, or until another operator (a different one) begs to know what number you would like her to tear out and get for you. About the best way to avoid all this is to patronize Fairchild exclusively . . . it's the elite among the exchanges, anyway . . . if you must get in touch with someone at a B-number, get out the old duster and the high storm rubbers and walk. It's more satisfactory in the long run. Or take up wig-wagging or heliography. And when you do take up a telephone receiver, remember that you've only one temper and it'd be a damn shame if you lost it. Not that it worries us. We're just telling you.

—KEN PURDY.

## PERVERSE CINDERELLA

So I'll dance the night in diamonds,  
Though I should be searching rue.  
But why's a song if not to sing?  
And what's a rose if not to bring  
Bright flowers to the dew?  
And where's the good of anything  
If midnight loses you?

## TRANSFIGURATION

Now she is a poppy  
Brazen red and gay.  
None dare touch her scentless petals  
Lest they fall away.

Once she was a rose bud  
Soft and perfume born.  
Devotee of Venus, lacking  
A protective thorn.

Soon she will be ivy  
Clinging to a wall,  
Decorative and shady—with no  
Flower left at all.

## PROFILE

West and its men were ripe for a following, and where they led I followed." It is significant to note that whenever Phineas took over a new flop house or hotel he immediately placed it in the charge of relatives, and it was this policy of keeping affairs in the family which stood him in good stead through many a lean year. And there were lean years. One year the prospectors were so lean that ten of Phineas' nephews died.

There is but little more to relate of the history of this remarkable man. Pages have been written about his court fight in behalf of Ye Olde Strawe Matresse Company against the newly invented coil spring trust, a fight which he eventually won by taking over the coil spring right himself. Time and changing habits may have left old Phineas a lesser light on the Broadway of Fortune, but Fame and family are still carrying on the banner which he once waved so proudly over the un-aired rooms of the nineties. His was a life of unswerving devotion to an ideal. He has bitten deep into the heart of American civilization and his mark remains.

—DART KENDALL.



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*Perfectly Pasteurized*  
MILK - CREAM - BUTTER - BUTTERMILK - COTTAGE CHEESE AND VELVET ICE CREAM  
VISITORS . ALWAYS . WELCOME

## SPORTSMEN ARE WITS

### A symposium of sport antidotes

One of the best developed from an invasion of Ann Arbor some years ago, when a Wisconsin team played Michigan there. Tradition had told Badger football players that over the door in a Chicago theater hung an admonition to over-confident vaudeville players: "If you think you're good, try Madison, Wisconsin." Someone else had heard of that sign, for on the day of the game a shortened version of it hung over Michigan's dressing room door. Wolverine players passing to and from in preparation for the game with the Badgers read: "If you think you're good, try Wisconsin."

A Wisconsin team that sought to draw the ire of Purdue accounted for one of last year's best stories. Purdue had heard of the fame of certain Wisconsin players, and had been warned to watch for each particular star. The result was that every time a Wisconsin substitute entered the game, a Purdue man would race over ask his name. Wisconsin players soon saw the purpose, and begin answering "Tobias," the name of one big Badger lineman, to question after question. Purdue players grew more and more perturbed, until finally one husky growled, "The next man that tells me Tobias is coming in had better beware." He had to be held back when the next substitute actually was Dave Tobias.

One of the saddest things in the history of Wisconsin sport-lore is that the identity of the greatest "scholar-coach" has been lost. Some time in the past one of the assistants stopped a *prolonged discussion* uncomplimentary to the Wisconsin football team by quoting Macauley, "There are cases

on record where armies in the field won even when commanded by poor generals, but there are no records of armies winning where a debating society was in command."

"Roundy" Coughlin, local newspaper columnist, provided another. Shortly after George Little came to coach some years ago, he called "Roundy" on the telephone and invited him to come out for dinner. The meal over, he brought out his charts and showed "Roundy" the plays he proposed to use. His listener was interested, but when Wisconsin sustained her first defeat, the columnist blazed about Wisconsin's poor football. The coach called him again, this time to say, "See here, 'Roundy,' you apparently didn't understand. But you saw the plays; you know we can get touchdowns." The reply became a local by-word: "Never mind them touchdowns on the dining room table. What we like is touchdowns between 2 and 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, Huh!"

Back in 1930, when the powerful Pennsylvania came west to play Wisconsin here, Milo Lubratovich, 238 pound Badger tackle, provided one of the seasons' best remarks. After breaking through the Pennsylvania line several times to drag down the ball carrier, Lubratovich heard Richard Gentel, Penn's quarterback, ask his linemen, "Who's that big devil coming through there?" Lubratovich rose from his crouch on the scrimmage line, struck a pose and answered, "Milo Lubratovich, All American tackle."

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MRS. WENGEL'S

**MARINELLO SHOP**

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FAIRCHILD 79



## MISS NICKLEFICTION

She was different from the other girls of Cowdun County, so Glootenous Gloogla told me. Never, before he met her, had he seen a girl so beautiful, so intriguing, so versatile as she. So different was she, in fact, that the villagers of Heapville who knew her by sight when they saw her said that she was different from the other girls of any other county that had girls in it. Gloom always had been fond of the ladies; he just seemed to have a natural affinity for them, but he seemed to be especially partial toward different girls. He couldn't rightly say just what there was about Ficticia that made his morning coffee taste better, his razor cut deeper and his trousers loose their press quick than before he had met her.

At first he thought it was her hair; her hair always did puzzle him—he wondered about it a lot because it wasn't just ordinary hair. It was extraordinarily remarkable hair. Sometimes it was coiled in a glittering golden mass on the back of her neck, sometimes it hung over her face and down the front of her neck like a shower of platinum

spray; and sometimes it hung in two glittering black braids that one could tell that they were black, when they saw them; sometimes her tresses had a coppery glint that made him think of autumn leaves; and sometimes, when she had been worrying, it even had streaks of gray in it to show that she had been worrying, which made him sad. Not only was it the color of her hair that attracted him, but its seductive odor of Canadian pine needles, Wisconsin cedar, assorted flowers, and prairie grasses from Maine to California and farther west, kept him awake nights. These thoughts went through his mind in a longer time than I can tell it, but he finally decided that it wasn't her hair that made her different.

Each time he saw her, he searched further for that indescribable something about her that made him think and think about it when he was thinking. He couldn't quite get accustomed to her face, not that her features didn't please him, but it was unlike all the other faces one doesn't see, hear, or read about. She had the most winning smile—it kept on winning and winning and winning. It won all the time. But he decided that it was neither her face nor her smile that kept him interested when he was interested.

Ficticia wore her clothes so becomingly. How they hung! Gloom marvelled and marvelled. Sometimes they hung on this side of her, sometimes they hung on that side, sometimes they hung on the other side, and sometimes they hung so invitingly on a delightful bit of breeze. She always wore red, yellow, blue, green, pink, brown, lavender, etc., etc.—it was her favorite color; and he liked her best in it. Of course, she sometimes wore black, especially on those occasions when her dear rich Uncle Multi was going to die. He kept on dying and leaving her all his money, until he finally died at the ripe old age of ninety-nine and six-tenths years old, and he left her all of his money.

From what has gone before, the intellectual reader might infer that the affair between Glootenous Gloogla and Ficticia ran tranquilly on and on and on, with Gloom searching and searching for that elusive quality which she had about her that eluded him. Ficticia's hair remained the same color, smelled the same, her dress always the same

color, her favorite color, that he liked her best in. So, ten years will be allowed to elapse for their whirlwind courtship which was just like love at first sight.

Then one beautiful spring afternoon, the afternoon of April 5, 1898, they went for a walk in Spreader's Woods which was just two miles from Heapville before it was cut down. When they finally reached a secluded spot where no one could see them, a spot that was secluded because it was filled with towering lone pine trees which stood all around like a sentinel watching over them, Ficticia picked the prettiest little twig of pussy-willows and pinned it on his coat as a token of the love which she had for him. Gloom was so taken by surprise that he couldn't figure out why she was that way. So to his discomfiture he poured a torrent of hot passionate kisses on her face, neck, arms, and ears. His kisses kept on raining and raining and raining down on her until she knew that he was happy on account of she had love for him. His sudden passion being quieted at last, Gloom doggedly resumed his quest; on and on and on he searched, searching, relentlessly searching for the reason why she held such a potent charm over him.

All afternoon long he "quested" and "quested" and "quested." Evening fell, night passed; his tenacity of purpose did not waver. Ficticia's keen intuition told her that Glootenous either had something on his mind and was thinking about it, or he was hunting for something. And just as the last stars twinkled dimly and disappeared one by one, singly, Gloom instinctively felt that he was getting warmer and warmer. His quest was almost at an end. Suddenly the realization that Glootenous had kept her out all night smote Ficticia with a dozen and a half fears. What would the villagers think of her when they were thinking? What would mamma say? She struck him a savage blow that resounded, sprang away from him, and ran off through the woods. Then came the bright dawn just as Gloom carefully picked himself up from the ground and made ready to pursue her. At last he knew the truth. No longer would that elusive quality which she had about her elude him, for now he knew her for what she was. She was DIFFERENT.

—CLAIR FINCH.

WE WELCOME  
the class of '37

and invite you to visit  
our Soda Grill and

Old English  
Tap Room



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MADISON MASTER CLEANERS

Welcomes The Class Of '37

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BADGER 1180

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## GREEK GRABFEST

rushees over the coals and to weed out the candidates. By majority vote or sometimes unanimous vote a rushee is dropped—this is colloquially called “blackballing.”

This procedure is repeated daily until a rushee is ripe for pledging (plucking). Without warning the freshman is whisked off up stairs or to a beer joint, or up in an airplane or out on the lake or where have you for a confidential chat. If you pledge easily OK, but if you are a “toughy” they excommunicate you from the world and get to work. This is commonly known as “hot boxing” and makes the Taus mad at the Alphas because they’ve got the rushee hidden where the Alphas can’t get their chance to “hotbox” him. Another dodge is to convince the rushee that he should break all his other dates. Sometimes through exhaustion the freshman consents but freshmen of other years have gone at least once to each fraternity.

Between daytime rushing and night time hashing the upperclassmen go to a few classes the first week, and a frosh might as well not because he thinks of nothing during the periods but whether he should pledge *this* or pledge *that*.

This continues until the houses have pledged enough men to fill the vacancies at their dining room table and then it is all over and the boys take time off to watch sorority rushing.

Where in fraternity rushing the method is *laissez faire*, in sorority rushing there is government control—and tough luck to Annie Rooney’s sorority if they break a rule such as rushing a girl during unofficial hours or spending more than the prescribed amount for this luncheon or that dinner. With such restrictions the sorority rushing lacks the color of the males’ grabfest but it has its highlights too.

For some freakish reason autumn begins with rushing and a lady rushee is frowned upon who wears summer clothes.

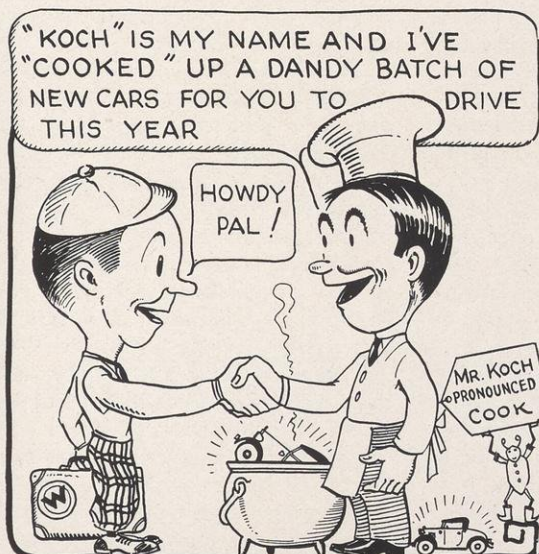
Fall frocks only are allowed even though the mercury is heavenward. So gals put on their browns and blacks and bear them with a smile.

Sorority rushing is something more of a peacock parade and the girls overnight become international sophisticates (maybe). You can imagine though, at night when they have taken their hair down and have their pajama blackball session, how they pick the poor rushees to shreds. Daily luncheons, dinners and finally the dinner dances constitute the rush functions until that Friday night when it all ends by the Dean’s office decree. A day of silence and then the big sorority show.

From Timbuctoo to Scandinavia there’s nothing to equal that Sunday evening pilgrimage when the newly elected freshman women are ordered to their respective houses. If there is a college boys’ heaven this is it. With alacrity the fraternity men assemble firebells, horns, whistles, bass drums to announce the arrival of each new pledge to each particular chapter house. Many males chorus the count of pledges and often a score board is erected to tally an impromptu total. The insuing din is only heightened by the shrieks of the sorority gals who rush out of their house to squeal and maul each newcomer. Who gets the most fun out of it is beyond our judgment, we have been side line participant and spectator—in fact everything but a sorority girl. And in case these last few lines are read by Chief McCormick we still deny that we called out the fire department to the Kappa House three years ago that Sunday.

THE END

Dekes can give more ready banter  
Than the clown called Eddie Cantor.



## Let's Get Acquainted

Orientation week is get acquainted week . . . and we want to meet you . . . and make you acquainted with our rent-a-car service.

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## KOCH RENT-A-CAR

BADGER 1200

WE DELIVER



## ONIONS

ing an onion himself, he assigns the duty to a member of the class.

When I took the course, the professor assigned it to *me*. Somehow I always felt that I was chosen because of my prominent exterior twin appendages, hanging ornaments, and (architecturally speaking) handsome volutes to the human capital. (*Oh Kaaay, Charley Lamb!*) In other words, my big ears.

Oh insipid intellectual iconoclast! Oh dainty, delicate dogmatic deacon of Darwinism! Oh memorizing mandarin of the microscope! Oh vain, vague, vitascope of vegetables and verdure! Oh tyrannical textbook of technical tommyrot and trifling tripe! You made me what I am today! You made me a social outcast! You made me a man to be shunned and avoided. *You are the one who made me an onion addict!*

I procured an onion in an unmentionable manner, removed the *semi-permeable membranes*, and brought them to the next class. The professor thanked me coldly, went on with his experiment, and explained its meaning in words *not* his own. He then suggested that we try the experiment at home. My intellectual curiosity finally got the better of me, and I converted my room into a veritable osmosis laboratory. The fraters all wondered where their flask glasses might be; many were puzzled by the sudden disappearance of their bean-shooters and putty-blowers; the cook complained to the house steward that somebody was stealing sacks of onions from the pantry; and soon the whole house was in an uproar of protest because of the strange nauseating odors which settled comfortably and permanently in every square millimeter of space.

By the time they discovered me, I was a hopeless victim of the onion habit. Iota Lambda Chi indicted me, found me guilty, and sentenced me to three years at zoology 1. Finally they could stand me around no longer, and I was forced to move to Adams Hall. I was no longer one of the brethren.

I have tried every cure—blisterine, benzine, benedictine, absorbine, gasoline, kerosene, grenadine, vasoline—and oh everything. I have consulted every famous doctor in the world. Dr. Sigmund Freud said my condition was mental, subconscious—an undeciphered expression of my suppressed desires. This, while exceptionally *vague*, impresses me most, for it sounds best of all the explanations I have received.

When this terrible habit first got its grip on me, I ate adulterated onions—

I mixed them with various foodstuffs. Later, I ate synthetic onions, tossing them in with everything that went into my mouth—bread, soup, meats, and desserts. And now I have reached the last stage. My one great passion of life is to devour unadulterated *raw* onions—any kind of onions—*Bermuda onions*, *Spanish onions*—Memorial unions—*onions, onions, ONIONS!!!!*

When I am without onions, I am as the drunkard is without his bottle; the dope-fiend without his pipe or needle; the smoker without his tobacco. My hands twitch nervously—my mouth twists itself into horrible grimaces—my eyes get red with big blue circles under them—and when I walk along the street, little children flee from me as if I were Dracula with a hangover. I am a shunned outcast, a hunted animal.

And when I do have onions to pacify my mad ravings, I am avoided as if I were a Fuller Brush man, a magazine salesman, or a bill collector. When I walk into crowds, people turn around and take a deep breath—some of them stuff their mouths and nostrils with their handkerchiefs. Wherever I walk, be it a lonely lane or a gay, crowded boulevard, there is always a clear street ahead of me for miles and miles and miles.

There is talk in Washington of Congress putting through a twentieth amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of onions. If this is done, I don't know what I shall do—I shall be reduced to a common habitue' of onion speakeasies—I shall have to go to Montreal, Havana, or Tia Juana to satisfy my cravings legally. Policemen will dog my tracks and run me down; the judges will all put me in jail for being under the influence of onions.

Alas, dear reader, *dry* your tears! Dry your *tears*, I say, and save your pity for your own kiddies when they go to college—and above all, protect them from perfidious biology professors who seek to install the scientific spirit and enchantment of osmosis experiment in their students.

Dry *your* tears, kind perusers of my humble history, and use the ballot, not bricks, to save our fair nation from those misled minds who seek to deprive its citizens of their constitutional rights. After all, a *little onion once in a while won't hurt nobody!*

Meanwhile, I remain in my lonesome little room—four walls—in Weinerschnitzelwurst House, Adams Hall, my breath as offensive as ever. Hoping yours is the same, I remain

—SCALLION SHALLOT.

## A Classroom Conquest

she soliloquized, "I could get somewhere . . . It's almost as bad as registration . . . I must have signed my name *fifty* times that day . . . How I'd like to put a check after 'Mrs.' and give people a jolt! . . . Oh, well . . . Tomorrow is my first class with Laurens . . . Rowdy dow!"

She treated her complexion with more than usual care before she went to bed that night.

## II

On their way to class, Dot and Airy maintained a truce. Besides, it was almost impossible to argue sitting on the top of a roadster carrying a total of seven passengers. It was the Kappa Nine O'clock Omnibus, one for all and all for it. At the top of the hill, the Milkmaids jumped from their perch.

"Damn," said Ariadne, "my hair is blown all over the place."

"Keep it that way," Dot suggested. "It makes you look torrid and devilish."

But Airy hurried down the corridor to fix her hair and makeup before the second bell rang. Dot, on an impulse, hurried just as fast to reach the classroom. Yes, Prof. Laurens was there, fidgeting with a sheet of a paper and taking occasional glances at the students as they came in the door.

Dot sauntered down to his desk, smiled demurely, and said: "Prof. Laurens, I'm wondering if it will be necessary to buy a textbook for this course. My budget doesn't allow for . . ."

"Yes, yes. I can understand. Now I tell you, if you'll come down to my office after class I'll see what I can do for you. Let's see, you are Miss Bent?"

"Miss Kent. And thank you very much."

*"Il n'y a pas de quoi, Mlle. Kent."*

Tall, eyes sparkling, a little oblong of moustache under his nose, Prof. Laurens looked over his class in French 14 with surprise at seeing so many girls in the room.

"I'm glad," he said, "that I don't see any shining faces before me."

The class broke into laughter, and Laurens occupied the interval by abstractedly walking towards the window, juggling a piece of chalk with his right hand. He turned around and counted his students.

"I wonder if such popularity is deserved," he remarked. "*Vingt-neuf*. Too many! I regret doing this but I'll have to place some of you in another section. Now, in order that I may



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know who you are, will you please write on these slips of paper which I'm passing out, your name and your reason for taking the course.

Ariadne made use of the opportunity. In a spasm of daring she wrote, "Airy (to you!) Jones. Because of a darling moustache." That should hold him!

The slips were passed along the row and Prof. Laurens took hasty glances as he straightened them into a neat pile. A grin spread over his face when he came across the unusual reply.

"Miss Jones, I'll want to see you after class. All of you bring 'Essentials of Grammar' by Darnet the next time and look over the first chapter. I'll put some of you into other quiz sections as soon as I can make arrangements. That is all."

The class hurried out, exultant over being dismissed so early. Airy, posed like a movie actress, faced a Prof. Laurens who was fast losing his usual composure. In saner moments he had thought that he would never fall for "apple-polishers," in spite of their charming femininity.

"Thank you for the compliment, Miss Jones. But do you think you have satisfied the prerequisite for French 14?"

She raised her eyebrows in a sophisticated version of the Mae West technique.

"I'm quite sure," she answered.

"All right, Miss Jones, you will be one of those staying in this section."

Airy's triumph was somewhat dulled by finding Dot still in the room, and quite ruined when Laurens remarked, in what she did not know was a self-conscious attempt to be flippant: "Well, Miss Kent, I guess you and I have a date in my office, have we not?"

"That's right," said Dot, simply, but it was enough to send the disillusioned Ariadne staggering out of the room.

Laurens shared his office with a Frenchman of recent emigration, M. Renais. When professor and student entered, Renais politely bowed his way out, a twinkle in his eye as he amusingly comprehended the situation of his co-worker.

"It was a textbook you wished? A Darnet?"

"If you can spare an extra copy, Prof. Laurens."

A half hour later, Airy was asking:

"How come you rate so high with the dear professor?"

Dorothy gave a rhetorical cough. "Laurens and I are like *that*," she explained, crossing two fingers.

### III

For a whole day, the name of French 14's good-looking instructor was unmentioned in the Kappa house. It wasn't that Dot and Airy had words; conversely, they didn't exchange a single syllable. But a night's sleep gave Ariadne what she thought of as a new angle to the triangle. The two of them would have to win Laurens over to the sorority!

"Say Dot," she remarked, an apologetic note in her voice, "you're a gamer kid than I thought you were. I admit that you've got pretty far with Laurens and I'm rather jealous. But for a while we've got to have a truce of some kind. You see, we should bring Laurens over to the house for Autumn Tea."

"What for?" questioned Dot.

"As sort of a prestige-builder. If Laurens knows we're Kappas, we're laps ahead of every other girl right there. And if we ask him over here and fill him full of tea and cake, what do you suppose his reaction will be?"

"That we're trying to raise our grades," Dot suggested.

"No, silly, he'll want to retaliate but it won't be on the Hill. If we work it right it will be *over* the Hill, parked conveniently in his roadster. See? But after he accepts the invitation to the tea, it's each of us for ourselves."

"I'm beginning to comprehend," said Dot. "Let's go over to the Pharm for a coke. I think I'm entitled to a pause after that studying I did."

The Milkmaids swung themselves around on the white-topped stools, saying in turn: "Cherry coke." "Make mine lemon." When their respective thirsts were quenched, they moved over to the magazine rack. Airy glanced at the pornographic offerings of "Blah." Dot fingered a copy of "The Literary World."

Ariadne shoved a burlesque drawing under her room-mate's nose with the remark: "Look at the build on that woman!" She was shushed by an excited Dorothy who motioned with her eyes toward the doorway. There was Laurens, as limber as a pole-

vaulter, walking with quick strides toward the cigaret counter.

"Is he ever grand," mused Airy to herself. "And I bet he looks simply swelegant in a tux. If I don't get him for Thanksgiving Formal I'll choke. I like his tricky habit of snapping his fingers. I wonder if he drinks . . ."

Dorothy's heart was fluttering like a butterfly in a net. "Oh, he's darling," she thought. "I'd give anything to have him order me around and I wish I could buy ties for him, only he knows more about it than I do. He's so lovely and tall. I wonder if he'd go to Thanksgiving Formal with me . . ."

He was coming towards them. What would he say?

Ariadne turned at her hips, and looked seductively in Laurens' direction. Dorothy beamed above the protective wall of her magazine.

"Good evening, young ladies," said the professor, benignly, "I did not realize that women were so fond of periodical literature. I'm looking for 'Romantic Fiction.' I think that's the name, 'Romantic Fiction'."

Dot discovered it in a far corner. "Here it is, Prof. Laurens."

"Thank you, indeed," he said.

"I thought pulp magazines were rather—well, you know—looked down on by the faculty." Airy gazed into soft blue eyes.

"I won't deny your accusation, Miss Jones—isn't it?—but you can't blame me for defending myself." His fingers executed a familiar click. "The magazine, I must inform you, is for my wife."

The foolish little dream was shattered.

As Laurens left Airy exploded, "Darn the luck, I never thought of a prof getting married during the *summer*. He *would* pull a trick like that when he's in Cannes or Nice instead of waiting until he gets back to the campus."

"And then he buys her ten cents' worth of love stories," sobbed Dorothy.

"Oh, well, you can wait around for a divorce if you want to. I've still got that Phi Delt!"

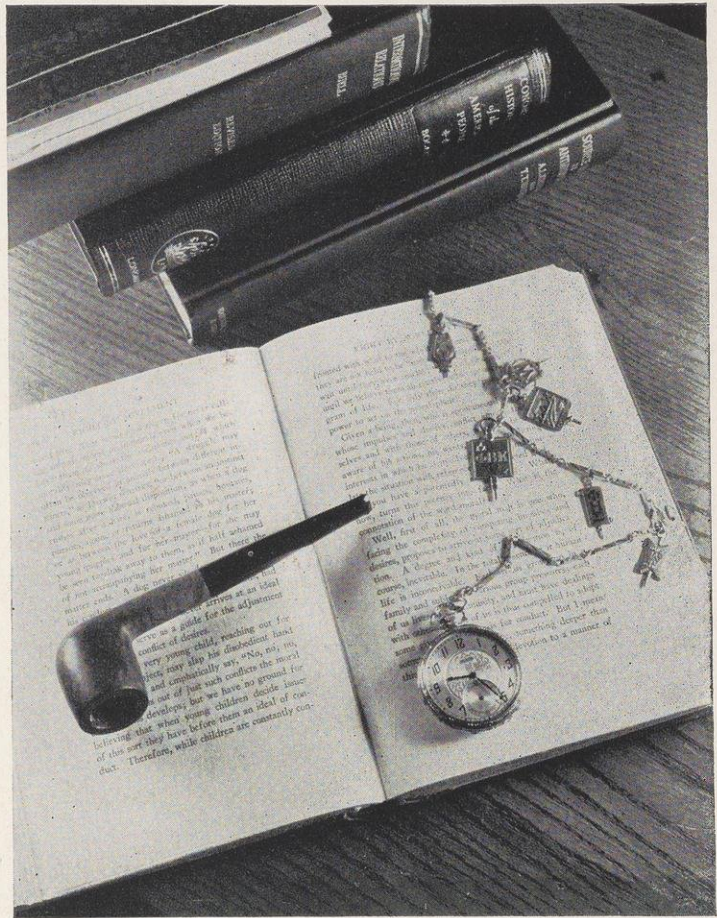
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