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## **The Wisconsin Octopus: Election number. Vol. 16, No. 2 October, 1934**

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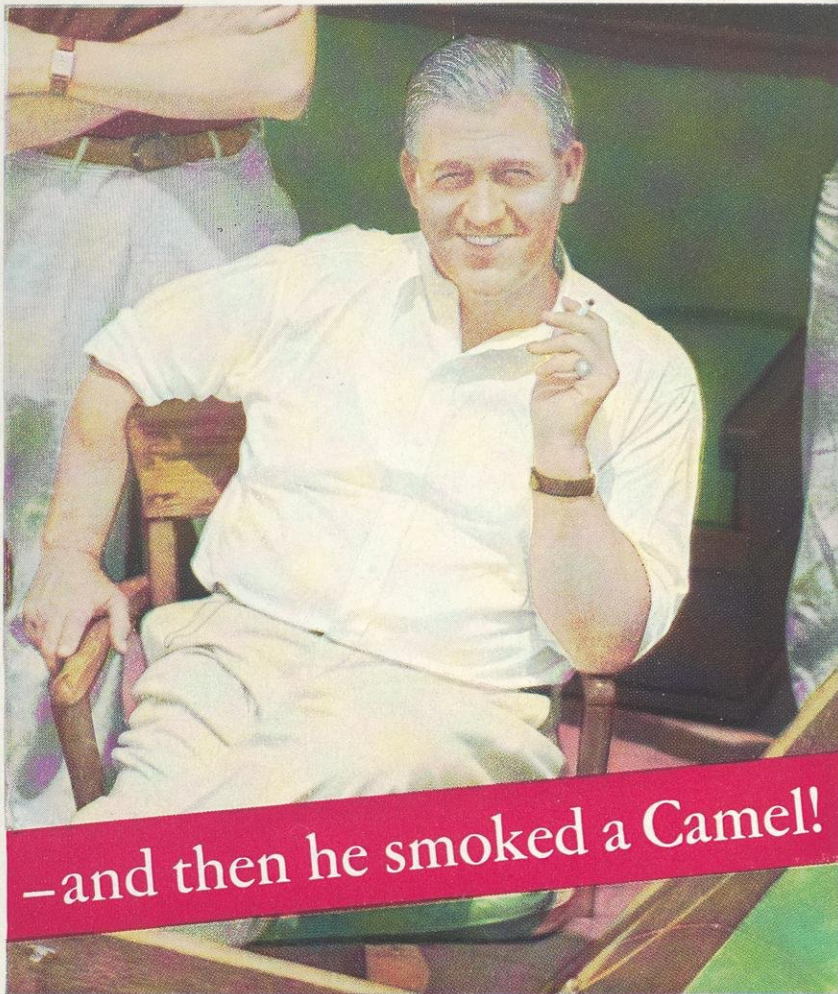
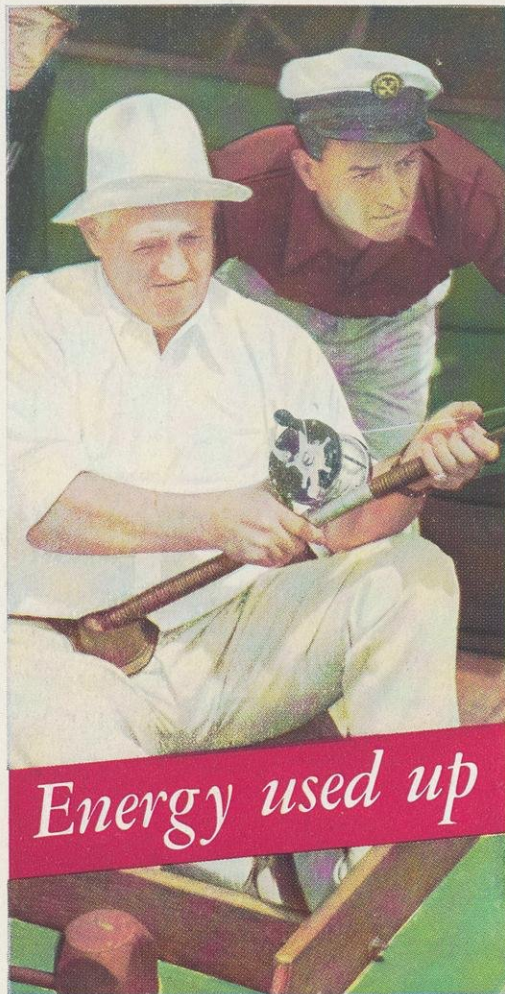
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# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



ELECTION NUMBER  
OCTOBER 1934





*FROM LONG KEY TO NOVA SCOTIA, the famous sportsman and writer, REX BEACH, has matched his skill and vitality against the big game fish of the Atlantic! Below he tells how he lights a Camel after fighting it out with a heavy fish — and soon "feels as good as new."*

## REX BEACH EXPLAINS

**how to get back vim and energy when "Played Out"**

"Any sportsman who matches his stamina against the fighting strength of a big game fish," says Rex Beach, "has to put out a tremendous amount of energy before he lands his fish. When I've gotten a big fellow safely landed my next move is to light a Camel, and I feel as good as new. A Camel quickly gives me

a sense of well-being and renewed energy. As a steady smoker, I have also learned that Camels do not interfere with healthy nerves."

Thousands of smokers will recognize from their own experience what Mr. Beach means when he says that he lights a Camel when tired and "feels as good as new."

And science adds confirmation of this refreshing "energizing effect."

That's why you hear people say so often: "Get a lift with a Camel." Camels aren't flat or "sweetish." Their flavor never disappoints. Smoke Camels steadily—their finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS do not get on the nerves!

**CAMEL'S  
Costlier Tobaccos  
never get on  
your Nerves**



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

**"Get a LIFT  
with a Camel!"**

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



## BOOMERANG

Editor, The Octopus:

I enjoyed the "Bar-fly's Dictionary" in your last issue very much, but I must disagree with you on one definition. You claim that the word "*drunk*" means "a part of a tree." I maintain that it should be defined as *artistic endeavor* . . . you know, like: "drunk pictures on the wall."

—B. F. HEIM.

Attention, Mr. Heim:

*We have no doubt that your definition is all very funny and not a little clever, too, when you understand it; but the thought of inebriated pictures staggering around the room is something not to be treated lightly. We prefer to hold to our own definition.*

Editor, Wisconsin Octopus:

Your issue of September identifies Edna Balsley as Carol Johnson. How come?

—PI BETA PHI PLEDGE.

Dear Pledge:

*Congratulations. You seen our duty and you done it. We did err. For once, to err is not humane. To Miss Balsley, Octy extends a tentacle of apology; to Miss Johnson, a bill for super-publicity.*

Dear Sirs:

Why don't you get somebody on your staff that can draw? That picture on page seven of your Sept. issue says it's supposed to be Dean Goodnight. It's a good thing you identified him or I'd thought it was the new bell tower. If that looks like Dean Goodnight, I'm a Chinaman. Nuts!

—P. H. G.

Dear P. H. G.:

*Dean Goodnight is a very difficult subject to draw by the reason of the fact that he never sits still. Moreover, when our artist called on him to do the portrait, he had just stepped out for a b—er— he had just stepped out. The artist finally had to do the picture from hearsay.*

Editor, Wis. Octopus

After gazing on the dyspeptic green cover on your Sept. issue, I finally recovered sufficiently to look for our Kappa Bete pledge button. Don't you realize that we are one of the most important groups on the campus, and that your stupid negligence will probably cost us several pledges? We wish you would please rectify this matter by printing an engraving of our pin on the cover of your next issue.

Yours sincerely,

E. B., chapter secretary.

Dear Sec:

*Octy realizes the part Kappa Bete is doing to end the depression, by keeping the government well supplied with liquor taxes. We shall do more than print your pledge button—we'll personally apologize to all of you, next time we're in Lohmaier's.*

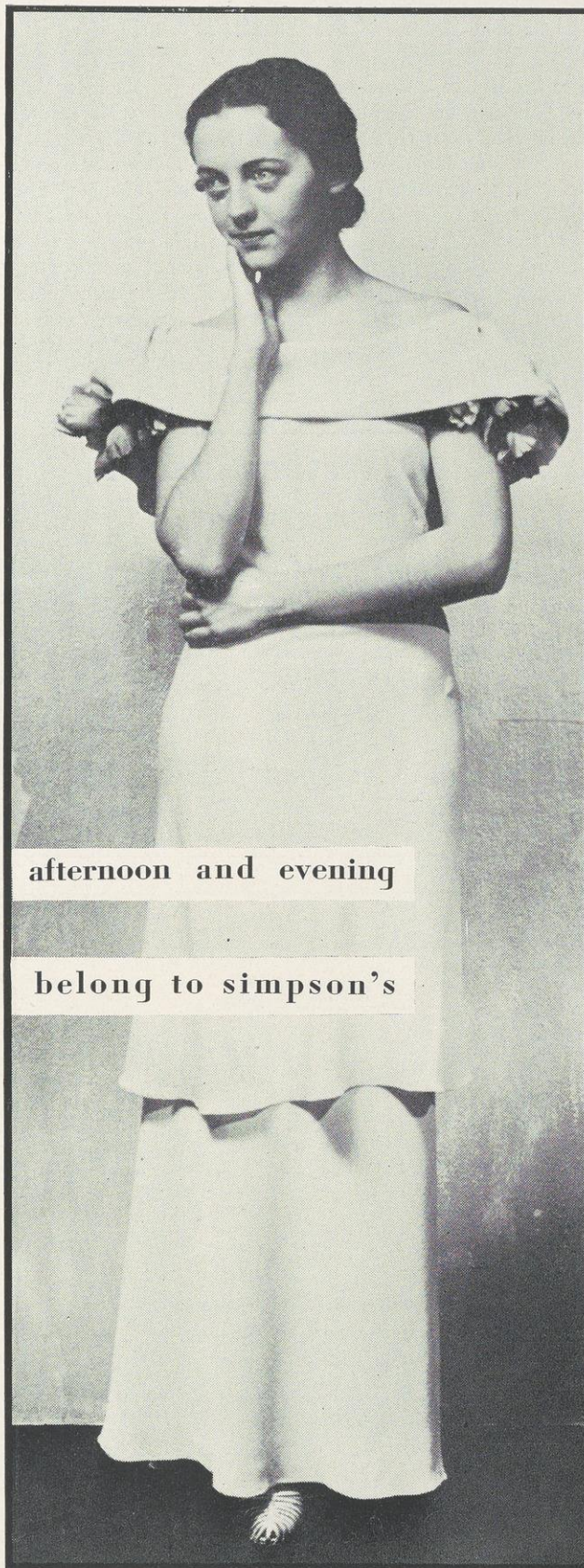
Editor, Wis. Octopus:

Why no mention of the Union dining facilities in "Here's How—and Where"?

—P. BUTTS.

Dear Butts:

*That wasn't no lady, that was three other chickens in here, boss.*



afternoon and evening

belong to simpson's

Margaret Clausen, '36, Pi Phi, favors the romantic mode for evening . . . a petal rose gown with drop shoulders



## PLATTER PATTERN

Freddy Martin, whose steady advance in popularity makes him a Brunswick highlight, comes forward with several well selected discs this month. At the top of the list are *Stars Fell on Alabama* and *Day Dreams*. Both are good music, well orchestrated, and with Freddy's usually fine rendition. *Isn't It a Shame* and *In the Quiet of an Autumn Night* are also A1. The second piece on this record—*In the Quiet of an Autumn Night*—deserves special mention because it's the best tune of the month and very closely ranks with last month's Casa Loma on *Learning* for honors as best record of the fall season. You'll find in these Martin recordings all the things that are good about his band.

The Goldman Band has made a recording of *On Wisconsin*

NORM PHELPS

*sin* and *West Point Football Songs* this month. The *On Wisconsin* does full justice to our sovereign state's patriotism and if you don't have a copy kicking around somewhere already you certainly ought to purchase same. *The Continental* is play with all its rhythmic wonders by Leo Reisman and he really does a good job. On the other side is *A Needle in a Haystack* which also receives our OK. Dick Powell, who seems to be present best box-office bet for screened musicomedy, has recorded two from his latest, "Happiness Ahead," one being the title tune and the other *Pop! Goes Your Heart*. Both are in the accepted Powell manner and good tunes, too.

Our last year's favorite, Hal Kemp, comes out with a better recording in this month's lot, *Strange* and *It's All Forgotten Now*, played in the best Kemp style.

The season's first receipts from Victor include a fine recording of *It's All Forgotten Now* played by England's outstanding recording band, Ray Noble. On the other side of the disc you'll find *Lady of Madrid*, well done but not very attractive because it's a dance form still unfamiliar in this country. Noble's band is a remarkably versatile aggregation mostly for the fact that they play American jazz so much, much better than nine-tenths of our native bands. Since Noble has come to this country, his band hasn't had a good spot or even done air programs. Rumor has it that he was scheduled to go in the exclusive Rainbow Room of Radio City, but the N. Y. music tycoons yelled so loudly that Noble was forced to give up in favor of an American band. Consequently all Noble can do for the time being is arrange.

Rudy Vallee plays *Strange* and *P. S. I Love You* for Victor this month and it's another fine record. Vallee still holds his popularity, for he contributes worthwhile music with a worthwhile band. And again Jan Garber favors his tremendous public with a record on which are *Wild Honey* and *Just Once Too Often*. If you like the Lombardos and all those that follow with their ultra ultra romantic style, then you'll like this record.

If you tune in your radio on Friday night at seven-thirty you will be able to hear for yourself a sample of the eminent Dr. Fiske's risqué (not for children) patter. He is the new and outstanding M C of radio. He offers something exceedingly different, smart and sophisticated to the radio public and also to the record public in releases by Victor under the name Fiskana. Maybe you heard *Mrs. Pettibone* or *Adam and Eve* which were released last spring. If you did you will want to hear the new releases, *Columbus* and *Isabella* and *Africa Whispers*. These records are lots of fun, and folks who consider themselves quite smart and sophisticated go for them in a big way. Fiske plays his own piano accompaniments which fit the patter and enhance no end the clever satire of the dialogue.

She had just received a beautiful skunk coat from her husband.

"I can't see how such wonderful furs come from such a low, foul-smelling beast," she said.

"I don't ask for thanks, dear," said her husband, "but I must insist on respect."  
—Drexler.

"Pardon me, lady. You dropped your handkerchief."

"I did like Hell. I threw it away."  
—Froth.

## Latest Victor Musical Masterpiece

### Dvorak's Quintet in A Major (Opus 81)

Four 12 inch records in album \$8.00.

Performed by ARTHUR SCHRABEL and

PRO ARTE QUARTET . . . Hear this

musical masterpiece at

### Forbes-Meagher Music Co.

27 W. MAIN STREET

New Victor Dance Records - - - - 35c and 75c

You SAVE at

*Gatewood's*

## STATIONERY

Genuine Apollo Grey Wedding

50 Sheets for . . 15c

3 Sheets for . . 1c

Without Seal

50 Sheets for . . 25c

2 Sheets for . . 1c

With Seal

### Envelopes 15c Package

Our genuine Grey Apollo Wedding was bought by us in large rolls while it was at the mill. We had this cut to size and had envelopes made. In this way we save about ONE-HALF the cost. You can purchase this excellent paper by the sheet or by the ream. You'll be pleased with the quality and price.

NEVER have we offered so fine a paper at so low a price.

Available Only at

*Gatewood's*

712 State St.

—and—

UNIVERSITY AVENUE BOOKSTORE

909 University Ave.





America's

Only

College

Nite

Club

THE

7

7

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CLUB

MAKING UP THE SLATE

"Fratman Ben Jakey — may his tribe decrease—  
Awoke one night quite sick and ill at ease,  
And saw within the lamplight in his room—  
Making it yellow with a sickly gloom—  
The devil, scratching on a brazen slate.  
Thinking to chaff him Jackey reared his pate,  
And said, without the customary hail,  
'What writest thou?' The devil whisked his tail,  
And, quite astonished at the other fellow's cheek,  
Answered, 'The names of those who office seek.'  
'And mine is one?' said Jackey. 'Yes, you bet!'  
The devil said. Not hesitating yet,  
Quite unabashed, said Jack, 'I beg—ahem!  
Write me Collector, or at least P. M.'  
The devil smiled and vanished. The next night  
He staggered into Jackey's room half-tight,  
And showed the names upon his slate of brass,  
And lo! this Jack was written down an Ass."

—Swiped.

HOW-NOT-TO-GROW-OLD DEPARTMENT

Guys who dance and ask, "What course?"  
Resemble well-known parts of horse.  
A doomed gazook, I don't mean mebbe,  
Accosts me thus, "H'wya, bebe?"  
And he who takes it on the lam  
Asks me how the hell I am.  
I'll shoot at sight, it's understood,  
The backward lad who yells, "Be good."  
And he won't have much time to grow  
Who asks me next, "Whatdo ya know?"  
The joe who'll soon be thick in salve  
Mentions dough he used to have.  
And he's another also-ran  
Who brags how flush was his old man.  
A bloke whose neck ain't worth a dime  
At parting screams, "Cm'up sometime."  
But of all the guys whose goose I'd cook,  
Is the prof whose text is his four-buck book.

—Chaparral.

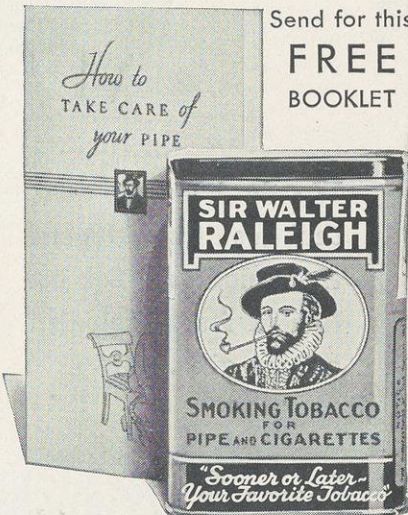
K.O.'D BEFORE HE LEFT HIS CORNER!



STAGE-FRIGHT? No, sir. Dirty work in the dressing room? No, sir. Two or three whiffs of that over-stale pipe and heavyweight tobacco did what fifty-seven opponents couldn't do . . . floored him!

A good pipe, like a good athlete, should be kept in good condition. A few moments' daily exercise with a pipe cleaner and a steady diet of mild, gentle Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco will keep any man's briar right in the very pink. We think we've found a milder combination of fragrant Kentucky Burleys. We think we've discovered a cooler, slower-burning blend. A large and growing army of contented pipe-smokers think so, too. Try one tin of Sir Walter and see what *you* think!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation  
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-410.



It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder



# EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS ACTUALLY RECEIVED AT HOME OWNERS' LOAN CORPORATION (HOLC)

1. Mrs. Brown has no clothing for a year and has been regularly visited by the clergy.
2. I am glad to say that my husband, who reported missing, is now deceased.
3. Sirs: I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my two children, one of which is a mistake, as you can see.
4. I am writing to say that my baby was born two years old. When do I get my money?
5. Unless I get my husband's money soon, I will be forced to lead an immortal life.
6. I am sending my marriage certificate and six children. I had seven. One died which was baptized on half a sheet of paper by Rev. Thomas.
7. I am very annoyed to find out that you have branded my eldest boy as illiterate. Oh, this is a dirty lie as I married his father a week before he was born.
8. In answer to your letter I have given birth to a boy weighing ten pounds. I hope this is satisfactory.
9. Please send my money at once as I need it badly. I have fallen into error with my landlady.
10. I have no children yet. My husband is a bus driver and works days and nights.
11. In accordance with your instructions I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.
12. I want money as quick as you can send it. I have been in bed with the doctor for two weeks and he doesn't seem to be doing me much good. If things don't improve I will have to send for another doctor.
13. I cannot get sick pay, I have children, can you tell me why it is?
14. This is my eighth child, what are you going to do about it?
15. My husband has been put in charge of spittoon (Platoon) so now do I get my money?
16. Please find out for certain if my husband is dead. The man I am living with now won't eat anything or do anything until he knows for certain.

The traveling salesman strolled out to the local cow pasture to witness the Sunday ball game. "What's the score, Sonny?" he asked a tow-headed youngster. "Forty-four to nothing and none out," was the surprising answer. "It doesn't look any too good for the home team," said the professional man. "Oh, I don't know," replied the lad. "We ain't been up to bat yit." —*Kitty Kat.*

Prof. Hercules Strongarm,  
Strongarm Correspondence School of Physical Culture,  
Fifth Avenue, New York.

Dear Prof. Strongarm:

I have completed your course. Kindly send muscles.

Yours truly,

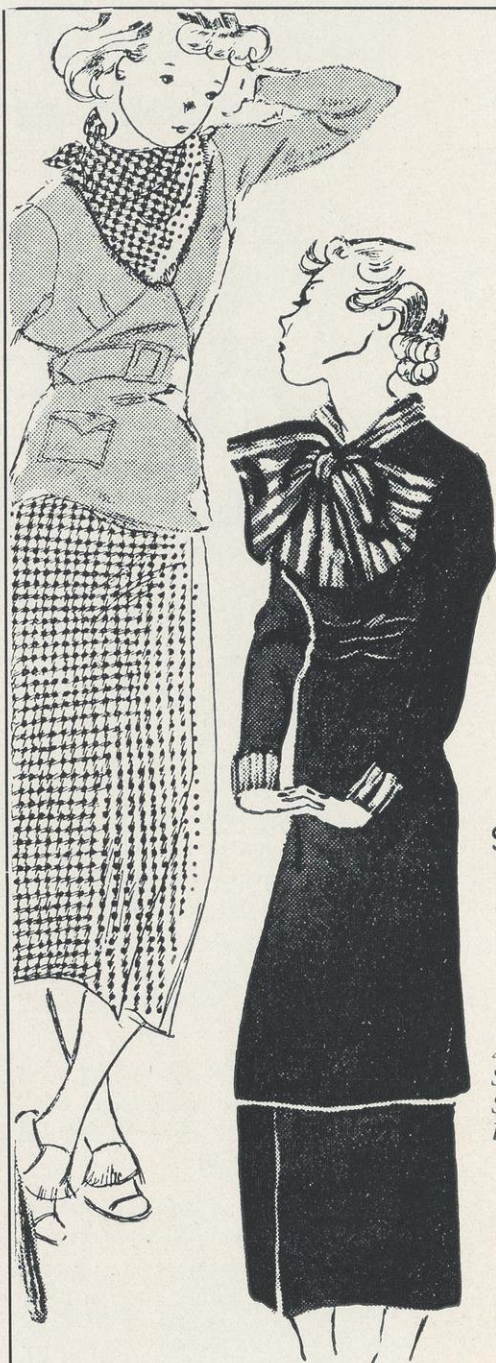
Marvin Milquetoast.

—*Chaparral.*

Found—Lady's purse left in my car while parked. Owner can have same by paying for this ad. If she will explain to my wife how the purse got there I will pay for the ad myself.

Phone M-123 League City.

—*Malteaser.*



**\$12.75**  
and up

*Apparel  
Section,  
Second  
Floor*

We do honestly and firmly believe that good times depend largely on the right clothes! See our clever collection of frocks selected especially for college girls.

**Harry S. Manchester, Inc.**



## CAMPUS CHRONICLE

### FISH FIGHT

● When the dissolute hangers-on around this office have nothing else to do (which is most of the time), we conduct seminars in various instructive and edifying topics. We can't remember just what brought it up; but we've been a house divided, the last few weeks. It's over guppies. The left wing in the office claims that those enchanting tropical fish eat their young; the conservative element, refuse to believe any of that malicious gossip. We hope someone will settle it, soon. We're haunted by the picture of two adult guppies, mistaking each other for unknown nephews, and rushing together, jaws agape. We just can't sleep.

### NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS

● One of our friends, a news reel addict, went to the Capitol Theatre recently. During the first performance, he saw nothing on the screen suggesting that the first yacht race was over, or that they were hot on the trail of the Lindbergh baby kidnapper. Our friend was not one to give up easily; he sat through the second show, waiting, waiting. He went out to talk to an usher about it, after while. The usher was sure that there was a news reel; but he'd see the ticket man. When the ticket man was informed, he couldn't understand it. He went to the manager. It was no use; the thing should have been shown, but wasn't. At the last reports, they're still looking under seats and things.

### SPECIAL DELIVERY

● We can't help being disturbed over the advertising campaign of Shorty's Restaurant, with its recurrent theme of "Sudden Service." When we order a meal, we like to do it leisurely; but we're sure that in Shorty's one just thinks of a cheese on rye, and the next thing one knows there it is on the counter, panting. We're going in there some day and order *pate de fois gras*, a caviar sandwich, and some Napoleon brandy. Then just watch Shorty sweat.

### EXPOSE

● We're planning to write to Prof. Tugwell any day now. That Adonis of the Brain Trust has threatened to clean up advertising; we want him to crack down on "Ten Kinds." We have patronized that melancholy vendor of goodies for several years. Invariably, we challenge him to list ten kinds, or, when we're feeling good, even nine kinds. So far, he's never had more than six. Ten Kinds, we're warning you; that type of rugged individualism must go.

### INTERNATIONAL AMITY DEPT.

● A recent news item, called to our attention, should go far to aid the cause of peace. It seems that the Paris newspapers are in a dither over the fact that pens in the postoffice won't work. It's little things like that which bring Frenchmen so much closer to us—we now realize that they, too, are prey to the little everyday troubles. If a news item from Madison were now shipped around the world, saying that small children were being frightened by the queer looking buses in the streets, the Peace Conferences could adjourn and go home.

### PANTOMIME

● One of Mr. Rusty Lane's speech classes met recently, to produce pantomimes. Each member of the class was supposed to give one. Everything was going fine until one lad walked to the front of the room, then stood motionless for three minutes with his hands at his sides, tightly clenched. After he had finished, Mr. Lane, slightly puzzled, asked him what he had been portraying. "Oh," he answered, "Just a man going up in an elevator."



### SEX APPEAL

● We have been wondering just how the girl feels now. One of our legmen told us about her; came all across the United States to go to Wisconsin. Max Otto, it seems, was the big attraction. She wanted to take his famous course in "Madam Nature." We'll have to ask him one of these days how the old gal is getting on.

### SOME CIRCUS

● When the recent good-will tour, consisting of Glenn Frank, and other University big-wigs went to La Crosse, Regent Gunnar Gunderson was to introduce Pres. Frank. Gunderson's speech was fine until he said, "And now I want to introduce to you a man who has recently committed a new book." Everybody thought this was pretty funny; in fact, Chuck Dollard, Union tycoon, who was seated on the platform, laughed so hard that he fell out of his chair. And Dean Goodnight, as an ardent baseball fan, completed the entertainment by claiming *in re* Dean Glicksman, "We have the Dizziest Dean in the nation at Wisconsin." All in all, the boys had a swell time.

### THE OLD FASHIONED WAY

● One of the young ladies on the staff, being burdened with an English class, has been attending it with boredom until the other day. Then, her gaze wandering over the room, she noticed a student near the front with a rip in his trousers. From the hole, in all its glory, blazed a small segment of a pair of red flannels. She says they fascinated her. Anyway, it proves that *all* the men on the University of Wisconsin campus aren't smoothies.



## PLAGIARISM

● Our favorite world's fair story concerns a gal of our acquaintance, who dropped in on the Globe theater there to listen to a drama by some joe y-clept Will Shakespeare. She sat attentively through the performance, laughing at the correct places, weeping at other correct spots. When it was over, someone asked her how she liked the show. "It was nice," she replied, "but, you know, it was just full of quotations."

## ENGINEEROR

● An Engineer friend of ours, who was in the class, vouches for the truth of this story. The students in a mechanics class were sleepily watching their professor outline a problem on the board. He had just headed a column "Excess Stresses on the Bridge," when the class suddenly came to life. First a snicker, then a laugh, and soon the whole class was rocking ecstatically in its seats. The professor, confused, searched the board for a cause of this unseemly merriment, and discovered to his dismay, that he omitted the "g" in "bridge." Tsk! Tsk! Tsk!

## DOILY WORK

● Everyone working in the Georgian Grill is flustered, these days. It's about the doilies. When the waiters aren't waiting, and the hostesses aren't hosting, they all separate doilies, which are received in bundles, all stuck together. Things were fine for a while; they all sat, separating doilies, and telling about that queer gent at table three. Then all hell broke loose. In the Separated Doilies Pile, two doilies were often found stuck together; on one horrible day, *three* were stuck together. Waiters began gathering in corners and whispering; the atmosphere was full of suspicion. One hostess had a nervous breakdown; the old timers are shaking their heads, ominously. It still isn't cleared up. But we suspect that on the day of reckoning, they'll find the hand of the Madison Merchants Association in it, somewhere.

## CONSOLATION

● The Hoofers' recent trek to Baraboo has fascinated this tubercular commentator. We picture them swinging along the road, taking deep breaths all the while, as we drink beer, in spots where air conditioning is considered new-fangled. Or sometimes, in our stuffy third floor back, we picture Hoofers and Heels scaling the perilous Baraboo Bluffs, or beating their way from Bascom to the ski slide, with gun and compass. There's just one thing, though, Hoofers; *we'll* never have to worry about athlete's heart.



*I'd rather vote for the devil than you.  
But perhaps your friend isn't running.*

## FOUL PLAY

● Bored with the tranquil life in the academic grove, one of the 7,900 ciphers attending the university stepped out the other night, to find excitement. After consuming a considerable number of cups that cheer, he fumbled his way out to the street, to play a quaint little game. He would wait until an automobile would come near, and then, dashing madly to the other side, shouting taunts and crying, "Yaah! You can't hit me!" Things were swell for a while, but eventually one *did* hit him. When he awoke in the hospital, some time later, he had to be forcibly restrained from going in search of the offending driver. According to the student, the driver had tried to hit him once, and missed; that was all right, but the lout had been poor sport enough to sneak around the block and try again.

## TOWER OF BABEL

● We hear that the long anticipated campanile (bell tower to you) will contain shower baths in addition to the bells. Well, we won't patronize them; there's something objectionable in the thought of vigorously rubbing our neck with Lifebuoy while the strains of "Row, Row, Row, Your Boat" clank over the campus.

## BACHELOR BABIES

● The boys over in the Bachelor Apartments are a bit upset. It seems that the mail boxes were recently filled with pamphlets called the "Happy Baby" from the Lydia Pinkham Vegetable Compound people, who really ought to know better. Page one informs you that "Healthy Mothers Have Healthy Babies." Page two is on the "Business of Being a Baby," and is very informative. An exhaustive search has not disclosed a single healthy mother at the Bachelor, so perhaps the tonic is needed. One friend of ours got as far as page 21, which urged him not to wipe his baby's nose with somebody else's handkerchief. Then he went out for a beer.

## DENTIST'S HELPER

● Pres. Frank's recent get-together and taffy pull out at the field house was quite a success. We didn't go ourselves, but we understand that Prexy outdid himself in pointing out the three parts in which the matter could be divided, and the four sections of each of the parts; but the thing that puzzles us is just what rhetorical flight caused the filling to fall out of one student's tooth. The student was quite put out about it. He claims it was a new filling, and that the convocation wasn't worth it.

## GENEOLOGY NOTE

● We read in the Cardinal that one of the founders of Chi Psi was hanged at sea, accused of holding secret meetings. That's nothing to brag about; one of *our* founders was hanged, too, accused of thinking up the one about the lady that the gent was seen out with last night.



## HANDY HANDBOOK FOR POLITICIANS

**Elections Chairman**—The fourth hand in a bridge game at the polling place, and a gent who inevitably comes to blows with the editor of the Cardinal. He always affects to have the situation well in hand, but actually knows less of what it's all about than anyone else.



No, I'm not wanted for murder. I say I'm running for the assembly!

**Candidate**—A thin covering over a vacuum, facetiously regarded as the best man in the class. He is generally chosen because he knows more Kappas than anybody else in the chapter, and they have nine seniors this year.

**Election Rules**—Things that add an element of delightful confusion to the election and which may be readily adjusted or interpreted to attain any desired result.

**Brains**—Things that have nothing to do with politics. We merely include them as a passing curiosity.

**Open Meeting**—A gathering attended by the candidate's girl friend and all his fraternity brothers that haven't anything else to do that night. (In the case of independents, the gathering is attended by the candidate himself.)

**Closed Meeting**—Same as open meeting.

**Elections Committee**—A bunch of personal friends of the above who get out of all their classes on election day and sit around eating basket lunches with gay abandon. Ostensibly they're supposed to see that no one person votes more than three times within the hour.

**Campaign Manager**—Something that slinks around the campus lining things up. The fellow who says, "It's in the bag, keed!" and who, under the cover of darkness, runs up tremendous beer bills.

**Polling Place**—The only place in the world where people seriously make crazy X's in funny squares after the names of people they never heard of.

**Fee Card**—A passport to the polls. In case you're interested in voting, any candidate can give you several.

**Independent**—Sometimes known as the forgotten man, the sum total of whom makes up the Frankenstein monster that lurks in the dim region off Langdon, ever ready to pounce on the unwary Fraternity Machine.

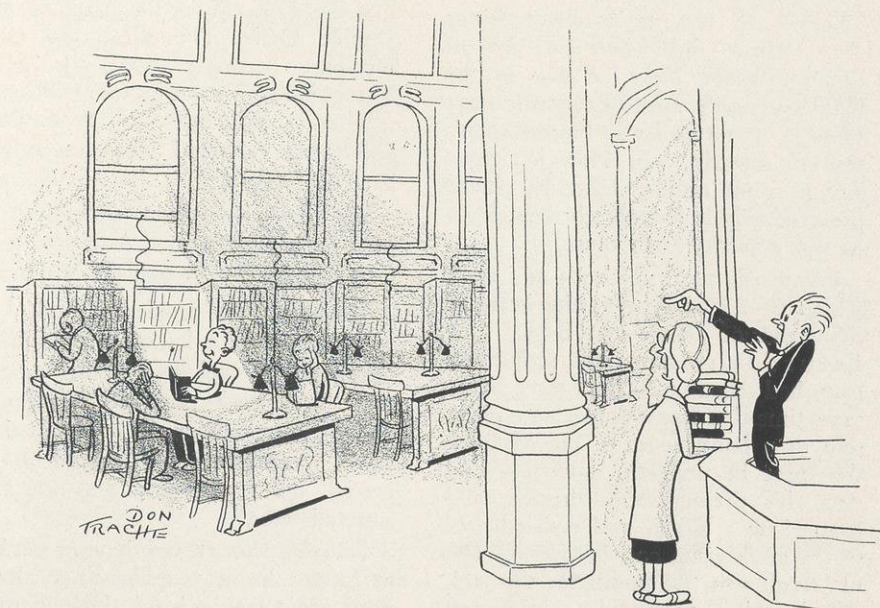
**Machine**—The inevitable result of any chance mention of politics in a tavern containing two or more people and as many beers. Ostensibly The Machine is made up of a group of fraternities, with no fraternity necessarily belonging to more than two machines.

**Stevens Plan**—A democratic method of splitting the class spoils by letting three men in on the pie instead of one.

**Politics**—A general term covering otherwise unaccountable codes of conduct.

**Prom King**—A purely elementary and intrinsically funny object. Now, under the Stevens Plan, the king consists of three different persons.

**Campaign**—A concerted effort to deceive the unenlightened electorate.



Quick! Pull the shade; there's some light getting into the Reading room.

## SPELLING BEE

Paul Bunyan once ate some beef hocks As huge as a large piano hocks.

But where did they come from?

Why, don't be so dumb, from Big Babe, the famous Blue Ocks.

A driver once smothered a hiccough And watched his speedometer ticcough.

It went just too high

And an arm and a thigh

Were all that the doctor could piccough.

An elderly grower of fruit

Was a most peculiar cuit;

He went to a fair

And right then and thair

He insisted on shuiting the chuit.

A student once closely adhered To the project of growing a bered,

One day he did cough

And blew it right ough,

And he said, "This is just what I fered."

A gentleman sailed on his yacht

He felt that the deck-plates were hacht.

As the flames leaped up higher,

Quoth he, "We're on figher

And this is a hell of a spacht."

—C. Fleming.

Prof. Ray S. Owen, injured in an automobile accident Tuesday night, was reported unchanged at a late hour Wednesday.

—Daily Cardinal

1 run; 1 hit; no errors.



## PRUSSIAN DRILLMASTER

CHARLES FLEMING

The Prussian Drillmaster.

The nickname, originally bestowed upon Baron von Steuben, who whipped the green American troops into line for the Revolution, calls up a definite picture. Steel-grey eyes . . . aquiline nose . . . square jaw . . . broad shoulders . . . the carriage of a soldier. The impression conveyed by the nickname fits him perfectly as, tireless, he works his inexperienced musicians into a well-organized marching unit.

Ray Dvorak.

He's serving his first year here at Wisconsin—the first year away from Urbana since he entered Illinois as a freshman in 1918. There he was assistant director of the band, director of glee clubs, and an instructor in the music school. And when he left, they needed four men to take his place.

At Illinois, he is already a tradition. Although he is only a little over 30, he has seen generation after generation of college students come and go. He has coached them in singing, cheering, playing, marching. And he has combined hard work and pleasure in a way that gave his school a musical reputation that rivaled his own campus popularity.

They'll tell you stories about things Ray Dvorak did when he was an undergraduate. How he was in the band and other musical organizations. How he was a leader in Pierrot, men's musical comedy club. How he was a star in stunt nights. How he played professionally in dance orchestras. How he was a varsity fancy diver.

His diving naturally leads to a story which would be dear to the heart of the author of "The Rover Boys." One Saturday afternoon the swimming team had scheduled a dual meet at the same time that Ray was to play a piano solo in a band concert. He attended the meet in uniform, entered—and won—his diving event, dressed, and jumped on a bicycle and pedaled over to the auditorium and his piano. The net result was five points for the tank squad and a successful — although rather damp—soloist.

There are other records he has hung up. He hasn't missed a football game nor a pep meeting in 16 years. He has traveled more miles with Illinois organizations than any other person, making trips with Pierrot, two bands, the glee club, and others.

He is unmarried and an enthusiastic follower of all sports—especially football. He does not yell at officials. His favorite sport for participation is handball, although he greatly enjoys ice skating and swimming. His chief ambition right now is to successfully negotiate the Wisconsin ski jump, which he expects to do this winter. He is an experienced chimes operator, having played them at Illinois and several other places.

Ever since his first days in college he has been in musical work. After taking his degree in commerce in 1922, he directed the band at Urbana high school for four years. In '26 the Orpheum circuit featured his 18 Singing Illini. In '27 he got his musical degree and became a member of the Illinois faculty. And since then he's been on his way up.

Under him the Illinois band developed its intricate formations—things like the Army Mule, the Airplane, the Double Eagle. The Illini also sang four-part harmony from the field. These things Wisconsin, too, will have.

That is, Wisconsin will have them if Dvorak can find someone in the band who can sing.

But Ray Dvorak is unwilling to coast on his reputation. As a matter of fact, he considers it rather a handicap.

"I don't want people to think I'm going to make a lot of revolutionary changes," he explains. "There's been some fine work done at Wisconsin, and we want to keep the results of that work. And no miracles should be expected, for I certainly am not any super-director."

Super-director though he may not be, at Illinois he proved himself a super-press agent for the band. His vigorous directing, which included much leap-

ing about and waving of arms, is popularly blamed for the fact that first-row seats at band concerts were never sold.

Dvorak has several ideas about the work of a university band that are new to Wisconsin. His first tenet is that the band, as a publicity agent of the university, should put on as good a show as it possibly can. It must add color, movement, originality to its basic excellence in music.

It must also play music which is appropriate to the occasion. While songs of pep and drive are needed in crucial football contests, popular music of the day is best suited to the unimportant games with non-conference foes. This sounds strange to a Wisconsin audience which has grown to consider "Hot Time" or "If You Want to Be a Badger" the acme of light entertainment between two and four of a Saturday afternoon.

"Make good music popular and popular music good" has for years been the motto of the university musicians, but never before has it been applied as under the Dvorakian baton. March books that included music for "I Saw Stars," "Carioca," or "Alexander's Rag-Time Band" were unheard of in the old regime, and some criticism has already been voiced.

The critics who sat aghast while the student body sang "Wagon Wheels" and "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" may well have been surprised. The bandsmen themselves were unprepared for the idea when the music was first issued, but they smile their approval whenever the innovation is mentioned. And as for the students—well, at the South Dakota State game they sang these and the more customary "Varsity" and "On, Wisconsin" with pep that was new to Camp Randall.

But all this is background to the enthusiasts who met the news of Dvorak's appointment with the hope that at last Wisconsin would have a marching band. For, while the old organization did yeoman service, the true parade fan turned slightly green when

(Continued on Page Ten)



## DIPLOMATIC NOTES

BEING A SERIES OF MEMORANDA  
BETWEEN PRESIDENT FRANK AND  
THE LAW SCHOOL DEAN--LABOR  
MEDIATOR, LLOYD GARRISON.

September 30, 1934  
Madison, Wisconsin

DEAR LLOYD:

Through sources which at present I am not at liberty to reveal, it has been made known to me that you are in Washington. I feel it my duty to call to your attention the fact that certain of our University activities were resumed on September 28. It is now September 30. These have been anxious hours since September 28. Since that date a number of erudite idlers have been standing on the steps of the Law Building smoking cigarettes. Smoking, in my judgment, is a characteristic of many a Pied Piper of Pandemonium. The need is urgent, it would seem, for a man of Socratic endowments to make known to these luckless individuals the evils of nicotine and incidentally to inform them of the procedure necessary for admittance to the state bar. I am pressed to say that it is entirely advisable for you to arrange transportation to Madison at an early date,

Cordially,

—GLENN.

P.S. I am planning a Convocation soon and, as usual, I should be pleased to have you on the platform.

October 2, 1934  
Washington, D. C.

DEAR GLENN:

*Washington surely is a well layed out town. Nearly everyone is pie-eyed, heh heh. Went all through the capitol today. The Senate chamber needs painting.*

*As ever,*

—LLOYD.

October 4, 1934  
Madison, Wisconsin

MY DEAR LLOYD:

Perhaps you missed the purport of my recent communication. In your lamented absence all is not running as smoothly as it ought. Mr. Harris has already registered complaint that directing the Law School is interfering with his janitorial duties. The Western world is passing through a period of disillusion. Beliefs, institutions and foundations, and Skyrides, all formerly folkways and tradition are now being dubiously questioned or not being rode in. Universities do not operate in a vacuum nor are they consumed in hot air, but they function in the center of a swirl of forces that leave the bystander aghast and puzzle the inquiring observer. Out of this chaos you have, in my opinion, three courses open to you: first, you may journey westward via the Great Lakes, which as I like to put it, is "slow but surely not fast"; secondly, you may charter a plane. (Frankly this is good publicity, Lloyd.) Last of all, you may secure the services of one of our larger east-west railroads maintaining a constant service. In your hands lie the fate of these issues. May you accept this heritage in a worthy manner.

Smoothly,

—GLENN.

## UNCOVERED BY JAMES FLEMING

October 6, 1934  
Washington, D. C.

DEAR GLENN:

*Saw Gettysburg cemetery today. Lincoln surely picked a swell spot for his speech. Did you see my picture in TIME?*

*Your friend,*

—LLOYD.

October 8, 1934  
Madison, Wisconsin

DEAR LLOYD:

This year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-Four is hardly a time for jest. The lives of all of us living now will be profoundly and permanently affected by the attempt of lucid statesmen. It is not for us to hamstring their efforts. I have given your two brief missiles my careful scrutiny, yet I fail to find any definite statement concerning your future course of action. It has been my purpose to lay before you the urgent and pressing need of your esteemed presence on our campus. We, in Wisconsin, feel that alert and able leadership in high office is indeed the answer to the constant prayer of the country for alert and able leadership in high office. America is still far from being the jumping off place of self-sufficient statesmen. Science and machinery, not agitators, put the crowd in control. The man at the bottom of the pyramid has his finger in the pie as never before. The temper of the crowd may make or break statesmanship. Absence, then, we must conclude, is not liberalism but reaction; not statesmanship, but surrender; not creative advance, but ready retreat. Let it thus be said that presence is the antidote for the poisons of leisure that come as an aftermath of serious economic mischance. Drink not to the poisons of absence, but taste rather of the sweet wines of presence.

Glibly,

—GLENN.

October 10, 1934  
Washington, D. C.

DEAR GLENN:

*Did you ever see the Washington monument at night? It looks swell.*

*Love and kisses,*

—LLOYD.

P.S. *I suspect that it's the salt air, but for some reason or other I can't make out your letters. They sound like that Prohibition speech.*

A Day in October  
Madison, Wisconsin

DEAR LLOYD:

I have tried to be politely firm in most past letters, but today I am tired. All I can say is for heaven's sake COME HOME. School has started.

Ho Hum,

—GLENN.

Another Day in October  
Washington, D. C.

DEAR GLENN:

*Whyinhell didn't you say so before? I'll be right back. Be seein' yah,*

—LLOYD.



## ADD PRUSSIAN DRILLMASTER - -

the Minnesota or Illinois bands were mentioned.

It is for this large section of Wisconsin followers that Ray Dvorak is doing some of his most difficult work. Taking a band of 150 pieces is a job he has faced before, but when 80 per cent of these have never marched, it is enough to make a conscientious director grey-haired. Not only does Dvorak have to

fit 58 members of the concert band and 70 from last year's second band into his unit, but he must work out positions in the ranks for all of his men. In doing this he must consider height, instrument, part, marching ability, and playing ability—several days' work in itself.

And here is where Ray Dvorak becomes the Prussian Drillmaster.

Not a note, not a step of his 150 men escapes him. His shrill whistle and incisive voice break short a march tune with a snap like the commands of a football coach. There's something strangely reminiscent of Doc Spears in his voice.

"Listen, drum-major, if you can't run this band, I can. Don't you know yet how to get the band started? And you second trombones—where are you? See me after rehearsal."

Echoes of the Big Doc's "See me after practice!"

The practice sessions on the dusty Lower Campus are long and arduous, and the Drillmaster's voice is probably hard to take. But although it cracks, it doesn't cut. It stings for a moment, but in place of a sore spot, it leaves the sincere desire to do better.

And Dvorak has a strong sense of showmanship. Although his bandsmen are sweltering in street clothes or shirt sleeves, he wears his dark blue uniform—the hottest clothes there are—to every marching rehearsal.

Thus far, the band has done nothing but straight marching in public, but if the band goes to Evanston for the Northwestern game—as indications now prophesy—it will uncover some of the results of long hours spent on the Lower Campus.

However, Illinois invades Madison for Homecoming, and the combination of Ray Dvorak's old school, the natural color of the Homecoming game, and the inspiration of the Pat O'Dea tradition will have noticeable effects on the Badger band. Coming out from under wraps for the first time this year, it will demonstrate the Dvorak version of a football squad.

And behind these formations will be one figure. The straight form of a man who is a newcomer but no stranger to Madison—square chin, gleaming teeth, blond hair—

The Prussian Drillmaster.

**Los Angeles, Calif.**—Maybe you think you have had all the thrills there are to be had in this modern day and age, but there is one left for anyone who has not seen—or felt—a marine sipunculid dendrostoma zosterola, and one guess is as good as three.

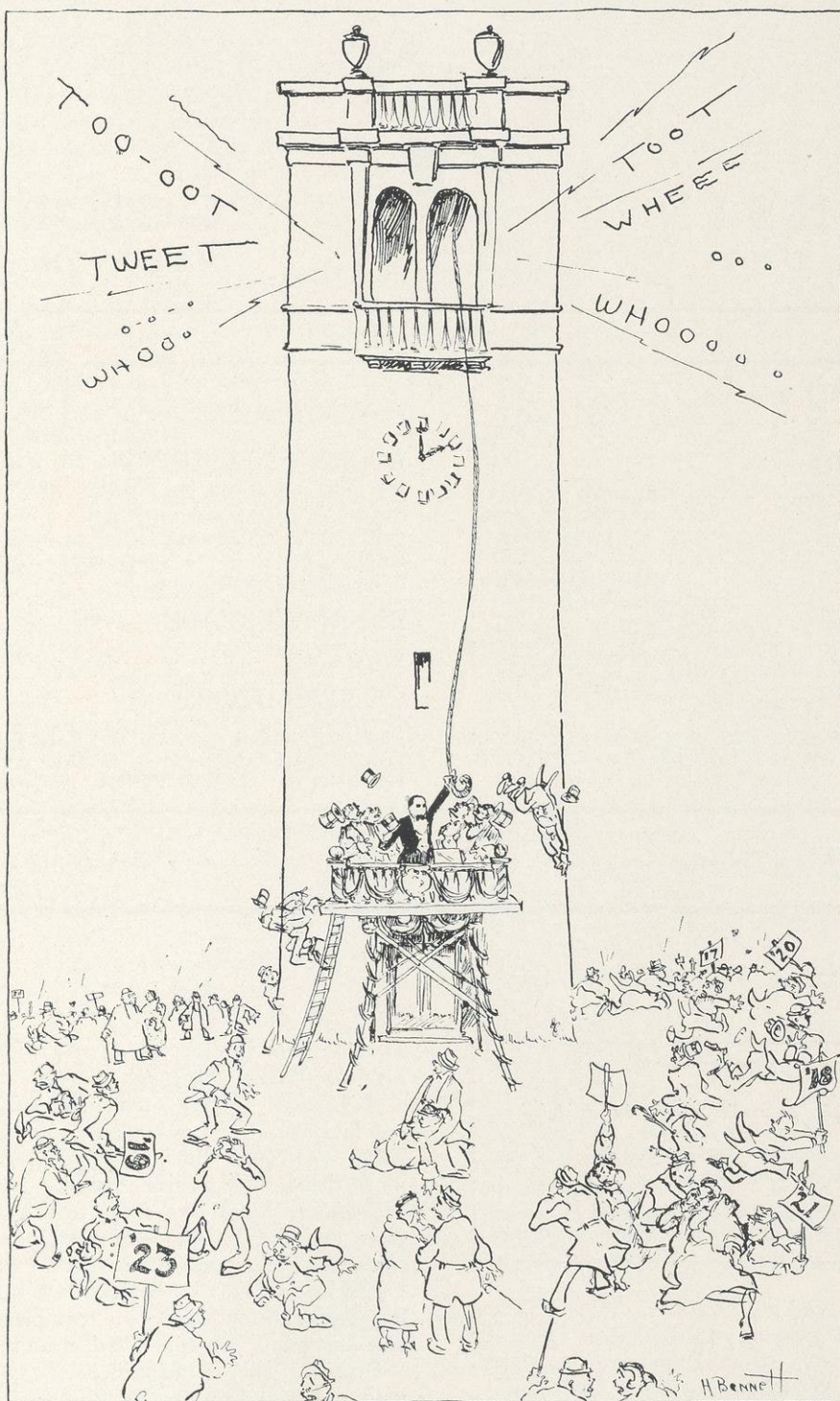
—Daily Cardinal

We'll bet it's what you see after the sixteenth beer.



*Each day you guys play worse and worse, but today you're playing like tomorrow.*





CAMPUS CRISIS NO. 5

● President Frank, dedicating the new bell tower, pulls the rope and it comes out whistles instead of chimes.



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## INSIDE STUFF

## BULLETIN

*At a late hour last night, or maybe it was the night before last, Octy's face was red, indeed. We began this issue with the idea of an election number, but the boys double-crossed us. There isn't going to be an election, after all.*

*Everyone began combining and withdrawing until there was nobody left but the winners and a superfluous election chairman.*

The word is in the air, and it's "elections." What it means and what is behind it is a mystery to the laity. Here, for the first time, Octy takes you behind the scenes and gives you an inside view of what makes the wheels go round.

*Ambition.* This starts everything. It comes from nowhere at all, but causes a lot of trouble.

*Mission.* This is the justification for the ambition. It is a rationalized *raison d'être*.

*Decision.* This comes in either of two ways. It is:

1. Sudden, or
2. The Result of Mature Thought.

*Condition.* Now we get into the politics of the thing. So-and-so will run if such-and-such should happen, if

so-and-somebody else will support him, if so-and-so will give him this-and-that, and so-forth.

*Admission.* Here is a temporary set-back. He tells someone he isn't as good as he really should be. Perhaps he had better withdraw? But this stage is soon over, and there is no further trouble on this score.

*Revision.* Here comes the final platform, the ultimate plots, and the consummated permeation of fruition. This leads to speeches, and comes directly into:

*Repetition.* This is the part that troubles the electorate. It comes with loud noises and complete irritation. Usually it occurs in places you can't avoid, as on the steps of the Union.

*Position.* This is the goal itself. Once reached, there is nothing left to do but enjoy the fruits thereof.

*Politician.* Is the result of it all. He proceeds on the basis of all this to run his own machine. He is a Power. He becomes a Campus Force. Seen nowhere, his influence is felt in the most remote corners. With Pres. Frank, he is revered, honored, and obeyed. He approaches godliness, though not through cleanliness.

*Definition.* A politician is a low-grade moron with a hyper-inflated ego, blinded by the light of his Undergraduate Glory.



## EDITORIAL SURVEY

The Kappa dog is a thing of the past. The pup came in with the last pledge class, but worry about the rugs caused his removal . . . Hal Smith, uniform and all, is coach at Roosevelt academy at Aledo, Ill. . . . Greg Kabat, who preceded Smith, is gold-prospecting in Canada . . .

Bill Reeves draws the semester's dunce-cap for his impromptu theme in some English class: "The Advantages of Alpha Delta Phi" . . . we always thought they were supposed to be 500 words in length . . . Marquette game returners included Elise Bossort, Bill Blaesser, Carl Moebius, Hal Wilde.

Frank Klode used the Park bar for an auditorium to admit he'd be elected senior class president . . . the modest violet . . . Art Benkert, elections chairman, is plotting an infallible method to check multiple voting . . . Howie Morse, if coaxed, will admit he had only three love affairs this summer . . . One word description of Mary Lois Purdy: Pert . . . it's a bit late, but the printed word should perpetuate the fact that the Chi Phi house looked like a billboard in the midst of rushing, what with spot-light and sign-board.

Dottie Ball is teaching phy-ed at Wisconsin High . . . the current College Humor pictures Irv Uteritz, Badger baseball coach, as Ed Slaughter, Michigan All-American of 1924 . . . Pat O'Dea has received an offer for a public appearance on the stage of the Capitol theater . . . Jane Hoover's with Stewart Howe alumni service at Evanston . . . A 24 year method of holding sophomore reporting classes in the school of journalism may go by the board unless the local Newspaper Guild relaxes its prohibition on unpaid workers.

The Kappa's open house changed their policy of an afternoon affair after a football game . . . why? . . . Bob Wareham has told dates he's really the Duke of Wareham and also claims to be considering a call from Paul Ash for his vocal abilities.

The anti-bell tower group on the campus will suggest to Cardinal Key that it paint that new edifice instead of Kiekhof's wall . . . thereby daring official wrath as well as the long arms of city minions.

The Lyman-Ditmars romance, noted here in our last, has exploded so completely that Dick has been flung clear to Boston.

WSGA is experiencing trouble . . . half a dozen freshmen are on their list of all brilliant high school students, but inability to discover whether said folks are male or female is bothering the sponsors of the freshman scholarship banquet, open only to women . . . so invitations may not go out to some deserving youngsters . . . Frankie Greer went "on with the show" at the 770 club last week after being oddly ill in mid-afternoon . . . one of the worst local entertainers is Herb Fredman doing a skirl on the bag-pipes to the distress of all within earshot . . . the noise is as loud as Pip McKenzie's whisper, which can be heard from coast to coast . . . Mendota to Monona.

A new Octy news-reel will soon hit the 770 club again . . . with a dramatization of the semi-annual Pi Phi burglary . . . it won't be long before there's another Third Floor party . . . original plans for a celebration of All Saints' day have been abandoned so that Cardinal staff members can come.

(Continued on Page Twenty-one)

## GREEK DICTIONARY

FRAT—To worry.

DORMITORY—Kind of dates or camels.

QUEST—From where young Lochinvar rode out.

DU's—Question of utility; as: "DU's Lifebuoy?"

BID—A young apron worn by babies to keep gravy off their vests.

TUMAS—More than enough.

TUX—More than one resident of Turkey.

UPSILON—"Upsilon lon way to Tipperary."

DG—First and last letters of "dog"—also "God" if you turn it around.

PORTAL—"You mustn't spit in the Union or Portal break your \*\$%()'(- neck.

WSGA—We're So Gosh Awful.

TRIAD—A species of nymph.

ATHLETES—In any event. "Athletes one of these pledges ought to succeed."

DUES—Lowest playing card.

SMOOTHIE—"Under the spreading chestnut tree, the village smoothie stands."

ANTHEM—"I can't danthem; I got anthem in my panthem!"

GREEK—A noise made by fresh shoes when walked in.

KAPPA BATE—Packard cars, free beers, etc. (This one is subtle, no end.)

A O PI—"I'm going to a party; A O PI have a good time."

HOUSEMOTHER—O. K! House yours?

OATH—Grain eaten by hortheth.

STEWART—A condition which prunes often are found in—also Delts.

STAIRCASE—Fowls eaten at Thanksgiving. (We bet you never get this one.)

HEARTH—First name of the gent who said, "Go West, young man, etc."

MICE—Plural of moose. Also, "With Mice Wide Open I'm Dreaming."

WAITER—A person who rolls up his or her pants and goes splashing around in water.

RITUAL—Phrase of designation. "Ritual pig had roast-beef, etc."

ATTIC—One who takes drugs.

KITCHEN—Receiving; as, "Dean's pitchin'; who's kitchen?"

MOTTO—A red vegetable, the juice of which is widely imbibed the morning after the night before.

SISTERN—A sorta well.

CUP—A bookstore on the corner of State and Lake on the right hand side going up.

RUSHEE—A female comminist.

CHAPTER—"My hands are chapter yours!"

ACACIA—In the event that: "Acacia don't succeed at first; try playing second base."

DEKE—A plainclothesman.

INITIATE—The waiter brought the caviar, initiate with great gusto. (Aw, shut up; we just put this in to please ourselves.)

BIG SIX—Laura Bickle, Jean Charters, Tish Carish, Joan Parker, Patty Graney, and Mary Lois Purdy.





## VOTERS' GUIDE PERTINENT FACTS ABOUT THE FORTHCOMING STUDENT ELECTIONS WITH NAMES AND NUMBERS OF ALL THE PLAYERS



G. ARMBUSTER

### *My Platform*

1. No senior dues! I wish to go on record as saying that the price of being a senior should not be made prohibitive. However, to meet expenses, there will be just a few incidental fees of \$15 or thereabouts.

2. No cap and gown required at commencement. Come in your night-shirt if you want to; that's what I'm gonna do.

3. 10% rebate on every vote. (This does not apply on special prices.)

4. Free membership in the Co-op and L.I.D. for every man, woman, and child, and it'll serve them right.

### *Armbuster's Activities*

Co-op representative 3, 4, and also wrapped bundles there my freshman year; Adams hall 1, 2, 3, 4; sub-freshman English 2, 3; Thesis: How to give bigger rebates than Brown's or Gate-wood's and still gyp the public.

### *What Others Say of Me*

Joe Blow '36, of Adams Hall: "Arm-buster looks good to me. I knew him in high school. He's a little slow on his math, though."

Adolph Banjo '38: "Armbuster's the man for the job. I don't know him myself, but I used to go with his sister back in second grade."

Eilene Over '35: "If we don't co-op, we go down. Let's co-operate on the co-op issue. Co-op and see me some time."



BOB MUDLEY

### *My Platform*

1. Continuation or abolishment or something of the Men's Assembly. (I'm not just sure what that is, but somebody told me I ought to mention it, so there it is.)

2. Free copy of Toady "News Heels" to every senior. (This ought to queer him sure.)

3. Revival of the Senior Beer picnic on the president's lawn. Think of the chance to blow foam into Prexy's face and tell him what you *really* thought of that prohibition speech.

4. Free beer in Bascom bubblers.

5. No gown required at commencement, just a cap. Personally, I don't care a fig, because I'm not going to graduate anyway.

6. Come on over to the Phi Psi house and see the dandy bar we got in the basement.

### *Mudley's Activities*

Irving Apts. 2; Bill Shroder's roommate 3; living under Dave George's room 4; Pi Phi lounge 2, 3; Lohmaier's 2, 3, 4; there's nobody here but us chickens, boss.

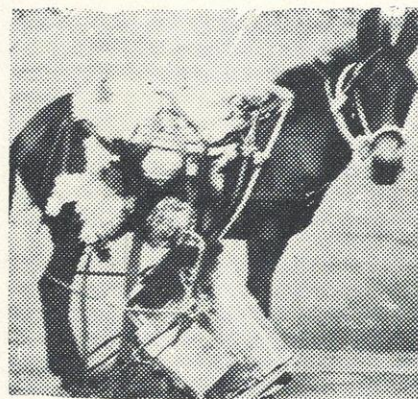
### *What They Say About Me*

Bennie Bascom: "Mudley's a good gent, and I'm getting plenty for saying so."

Elmer Shortcake '08: "Who is this guy Mudley, anyway?"

Garner Woolmutton '35: "Never heard of 'im."

Joe Gertz '38: "Is my father in there?"



FRANK TOADY

### *My Platform*

1. No secret sessions of the senior council. We'll have them broadcast from one end of the state to the other. I'll announce.

2. A bound volume of my screamingly funny "Klode, News Heel." It will simply kill you. (It sure will.)

3. Viva l'Alumni Association.

4. Complete representation of a senior council composed of every member of the class . . . for complete representation, you know.

5. A college-bread man is just a crumb a-loading. (Get it? I just *had* to get in some of my lovely puns. I used to write a column just full of them for the Cardinal—until everyone cancelled their subscriptions.)

6. An assistant general chairmanship of Senior Ball for every five votes—and if you vote with two hands you can run the darn thing yourself.

### *Toady's Activities*

Cardinal Bored, until he gloriously decided to give up and be senior pres; radio and other broadcasting whenever possible; nauseatingly funny Cardinal column 3; managed Bachelor Apt. 3; managed to keep on good terms with the Dean 2, 3; I love Goaty committee 2, 3, and 4.

*What Campus Leaders Say*  
Campus leaders: "Nutz."



# STEVEN'S FOLLY

DAVID ATHERTON

Another step in the march toward the collapse of all that was once dear to the hearts of Wisconsin under-graduates has been taken. A supposedly bullet-proof plan to lengthen the life of a traditional event has been riddled. All that remains now is for those who may pronounce the last words over the corpse of campus elections is the decision of whether student thinkers of other days have been circumvented or whether the slow death of student ability has caught up with student elections.

One of the outstanding men Wisconsin activities have produced is Bill Steven, editor of the Daily Cardinal in 1930, who left a well-considered election plan as one of several monuments in his honor when he left. But today Bill Steven and a parade of defeated Prom King candidates may roll over in their graves and give voice to moans.

Luckily, Steven is remembered as a campus saint. Were he more, heavenly ire might be visited upon the heads of present-day students. It has been written, "What God has wrought, let no man put asunder." But Steven was no god, and those who praised his efforts and later worked to improve it may now see the work crumble.

Ted Wadsworth, staunch conservative who came to Wisconsin bearing the burden of being named "Arthur Littleford" and left bearing the honor of having been Union president, fought the introduction of the plan two years after Steven left. He saw no improvement over the old system still in use in the senior class. And time has proven him right, for either the masterminding of student geni or the complete downfall of student ability has brought the collapse.

Ten years ago, even when sophistication was beginning to rear its ugly head on the campus and the Memorial Union was a mere campaign fund, the office of Prom king was bitterly contested, and fortunate was he who won the race, for he had added the school's major social honor to his athletic, publication, and perhaps scholastic attainments. Those were the days when it was an honor to be varsity cheer-leader; those were the days when class contests produced the "best" men as offi-

cers, even if the appellation was won by the most intricate connivings.

But today we have had revealed the counter-part, a ridiculous situation, indeed. The Junior prom chairman goes to the man who first thought of running, and even then his rival (defeated candidates for junior royalty please roll over in their graves) gets a position. Time may come, it seems safe to predict, when office will go to him who has \$15 and is a member of the junior class.

Nor is this an isolated case. In only one other is there the parallel of two offices open, and in that one the parallel is completed to include offices for the only two candidates. The sophomore class has also produced a job for every job-seeker. And there are no indications that next year's senior race,

cessful regal aspirants of other years) the trend is discouraging.

The main argument for the Steven plan was the elimination of political machines and subsequent extension of representative government. Yet in practice even that aim has not been achieved, for the machine which formed to elect one director chairman of the class in one year has been able to name one of the two chosen the following fall, and even though the second man might not gain sufficient votes to be chairman of the directorate, the 2 vs. 1 result enabled the machine to roll on.

There are, it is plain to see, only two possible courses, almost too simple to mention. One of them is throw the whole system to Bill Steven or some similar public servant for evolution of something new to cope with campus lethargy. The other is to retain the present Steven plan, give every office-seeker a job, and therefore solve Mr. Roosevelt's little problem that weird and wonderful combinations of alphabetical symbols have so far left in mid-air.

The Hoofers went for an outing in eight canoes to the tent colony Sunday.

Taffy apples, meant for dessert, were served while the oversize fire burned down to embers that could be used for toasting weiners. Even the coals were too hot, so that the cooks were finished a long time before their cooking was.

—DAILY CARDINAL.

*Rare or well done?*

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.—With the beginning of the new school year, a new sort of privileges is being inaugurate at Smith college at Northampton. The new rules include permission to stay out until 12 o'clock on Saturday nights, the right to smoke on college porches at all times, and the right to attend social events at Amherst college with out Smith chaperones.

—DAILY CARDINAL.

*"Oh, Amherst, brave Amherst!"*

Fashion note: "They're wearing the same thing in brassieres this year."

—Mercury.



*The Political Pot*

when the eldest group turns to directorate government, will provide any change.

The possibilities of the trend are tremendous and bewildering. To the mere politician, they are satisfactory. But if one may admit the ordinary premise that some of our more thoughtful fellows deserve to be considered as more than politicians, he must admit the oft-quoted distinction: "A politician thinks of the next election; a statesman of the next generation." And to our student-statesmen (and unsuc-



## ROVER BOYS AT HUXLEY HALL OR WHO STUFFED THE BALLOT BOX?

Dick was desperate. He sat on the platform watching the milling mass of men (the boys at Huxley Hall always called each other "men"), apparently wedged into the confines of the gymnasium or "gym," as it was called, but actually slowly moving about. It was election day, and the leaders of four or five factions were hastening hither and thither, thither and hither, speaking a last few words to wavering voters.

Dick, as retiring president of the fourth form, was chairman of the meeting. And down there on the floor his brother Sam was campaigning for the third of the fraternal trio, Tom. Yes, as the reader probably already guessed, it is our old friends the Rover Boys! Tom was one of the leading candidates for the class presidency, and one of the most popular boys in school, and Dick honestly believed him to be the best man for the job. That was why he wanted Tom to get it; certainly he would support the best man, and it was sheer coincidence that his brother should be the one.

Dave Dashaway, Roy Blakely, and Tom Swift were each surrounded by a little knot of friends. But what was troubling Dick was that back in one corner he thought he could see Dan Baxter passing out papers that looked suspiciously like Dollar Bills! Dick knew that Baxter hated the Rovers three, and as prexy (the fun-loving boys always called their president "prexy") of the class he had been doubly careful not to feed fuel to the foul flame of Baxter's jealous hatred. He had been very fair, but he knew that if his suspicions were untrue, his career would end with a black mark of false statement.

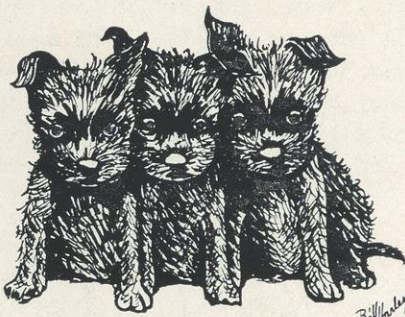
How to catch Baxter, the brute and bully whom the reader will recall appeared in several previous volumes—that was the problem. But now the five minute recess he had ordered was up, and the youthful voters, who for the most part were taking their duties in a manly fashion ("Huxley Hall, Mother of Men" was the academy's proud boast). No sooner had the meeting been called to order than Tom Swift claimed attention.

"Fellow cadets," the "roomie" of Sam Rover said, "I want to withdraw in favor of a better man. We are both seeking the same ends, we understand

each other perfectly, and I think the class could have no better leader than Tom——"

The last word was drowned in the cheer that rose from nearly three score healthy young throats. Dick saw a look of hate cross Dan Baxter's face as the latter turned to Reggie Van Alstine, a rich but pampered youth who was known as Baxter's toady. Reggie scuttled off across the floor, smirking at his importance as a messenger; and Dick could see Reggy digging into the pocket from which Baxter's spending money was said to come.

Reggie hurried up to Dave Dashaway and Dick noticed a hurried consultation as Brother Tom thanked



... our old friends, the Rover Boys!

Swift for his support. Again it appeared as if money changed hands, and then a boy leaped up to withdraw in favor of Baxter. Dave Dashaway, for it was indeed he, had welched. There were a few cheers and some hisses, but Dick, manly youth that he was, raised his hand to still them. "The spirit of Huxley" was all he had to say, and the few hisses hung their heads in shame. The reader must not be too hard on the lads, for it was their enthusiasm for Tom rather than ungentlemanliness that caused them to act so.

Now all eyes were on Tom and Baxter. The former talked good humoredly to the friends about him, but Baxter was again whispering to his toady.

"I should like to say,"—it was Tom Rover speaking, "that I hope the whole class will back the man who wins the election, no matter who he may be."

The boys cheered this generous statement till the historic rafters rang, and there was a murmur against Baxter when he remained seated and said nothing, watching Reggie out of the

corner of his eye as the latter edged up to Roy Blakely, the third of the remaining three candidates. Blakely and Reggie talked a minute, and then Baxter smiled evilly as Blakely jumped up to ask recognition. But the smile faded to a look of fear as Roy, a manly though usually quiet fellow, shouted:

"Van Alstine has just offered me five dollars to quit in favor of Baxter. Huxley Hall, 'Carver of Character,' doesn't want such actions, and I ask my friends to vote for Tom Rover. And may I suggest that those of the rest of you who received money from Van Alstine make sure you did not get cigar coupons! That was what four of the five bills offered to me actually were!"

There was a wave of sentiment swept the hall, and then Dave Dashaway shouted, "I'll admit I did wrong. I'll take my punishment. They also bought me, the dirty dogs. I got cigar coupons, too."

Now in a trice there were half a dozen other lads fishing in their pockets, and anger mounted in their young faces as they saw that they, too, had been duped.

Suddenly there was a rush for the door, and Tom Swift and Sam Rover came back triumphantly holding the two evil-doers by their collars. "They tried to run away, Dick," Sam called. "What shall we do with them?"

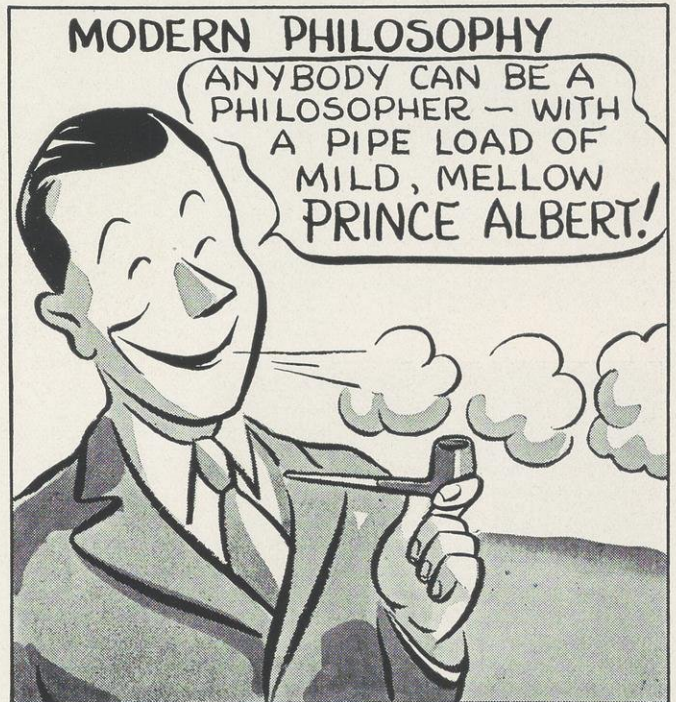
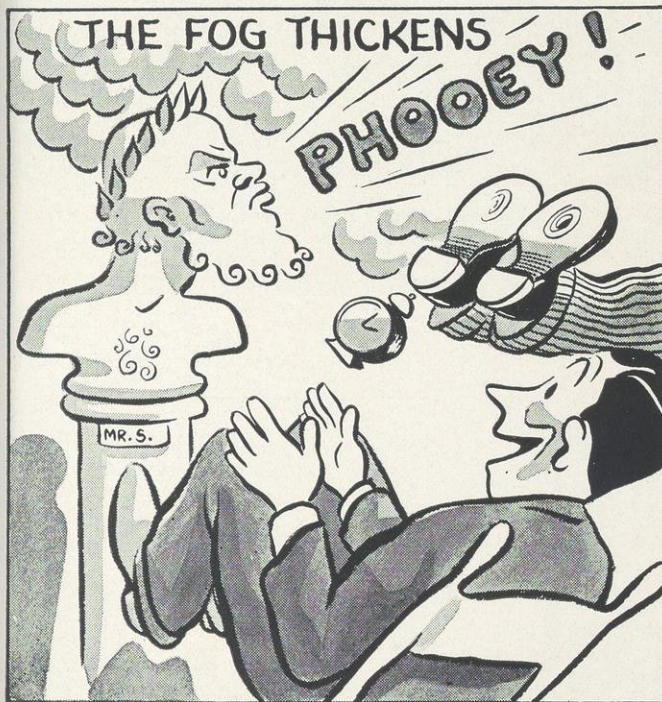
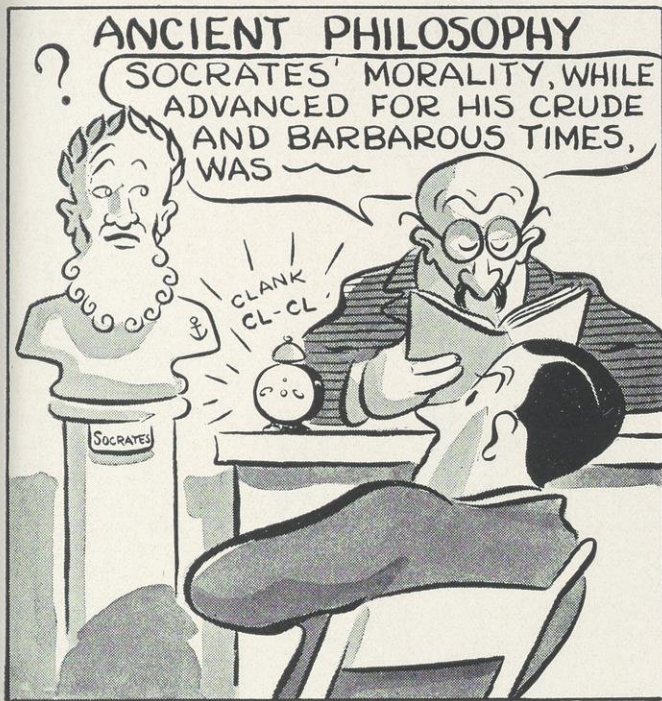
"Let Prexy Tom Rover decide," came a cry, and in a moment the whole crowd was shouting, "We want Tom." It was evident that this was the will of the crowd, so Dick handed over the gavel to his brother, shook hands, and then stepped down. "Three cheers and a 'tiger' for Tom!" Dick shouted, and again the rafters rang (like a bell-tower!).

And now the culprits, both cringing from the despising stares of their classmates, were pushed up in front of the platform as murmurs of "Into the pond," "Ride 'em on a rail," and even "Tar and feathers" were heard. But Tom proved himself a man and a good prexy to boot, as the saying goes.

"These two are beneath our notice," Tom said. "They have violated the trust old Huxley places in her men. We shall not punish them, but they

(Continued on Page Twenty-eight)





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## AFTER EVERY CLASS IT RINGS THE BELL!

PRINCE ALBERT earned its title, "The National Joy Smoke" by being a blend of the choicest, top-quality tobaccos—tobaccos from which all the "bite" is removed by a special process. That's why Prince Albert is such a cool, mild, and mellow smoke. Try it! One pipe load of Prince Albert will open up new vistas of pipe pleasure for you!



# PRINCE ALBERT

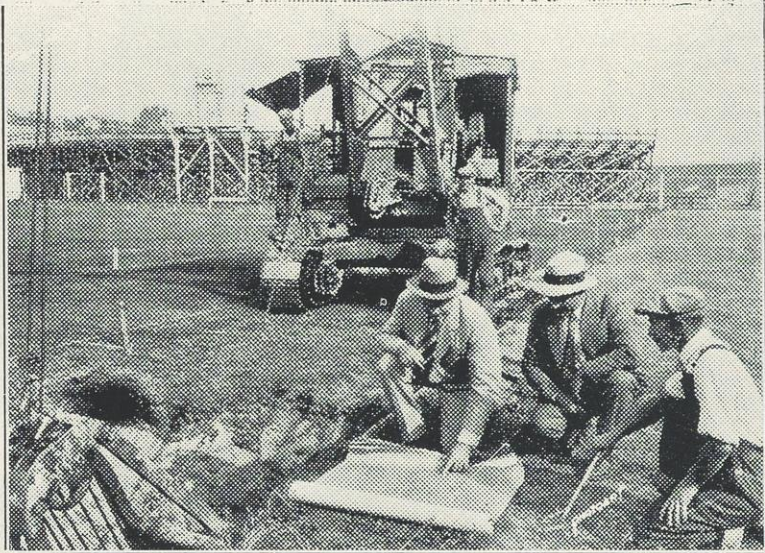
*the national joy smoke*



## OCTY'S CANDID CAMERA - -



● Encarnacion Schultz '36, who is leading the pack in full cry for the office of Prom Queen. A member of Kappa Kappa Gamma, she will brook no opposition. Encarnacion will be the thirteenth Kappa who has made good.



● W. Norris Wentworth '87 and two other bell-towerers, with gun and compass, deciding the exact spot that Chief Blackhawk crossed the campus. Due to footprints of later students, the matter is in considerable doubt. Behind the jolly group can be seen the Cardinal presses, panting; ready to rush out an extra. "Nobody," smiled Wentworth, "is going to sleep in classes anymore, by golly, when we get the merry bells aringing."

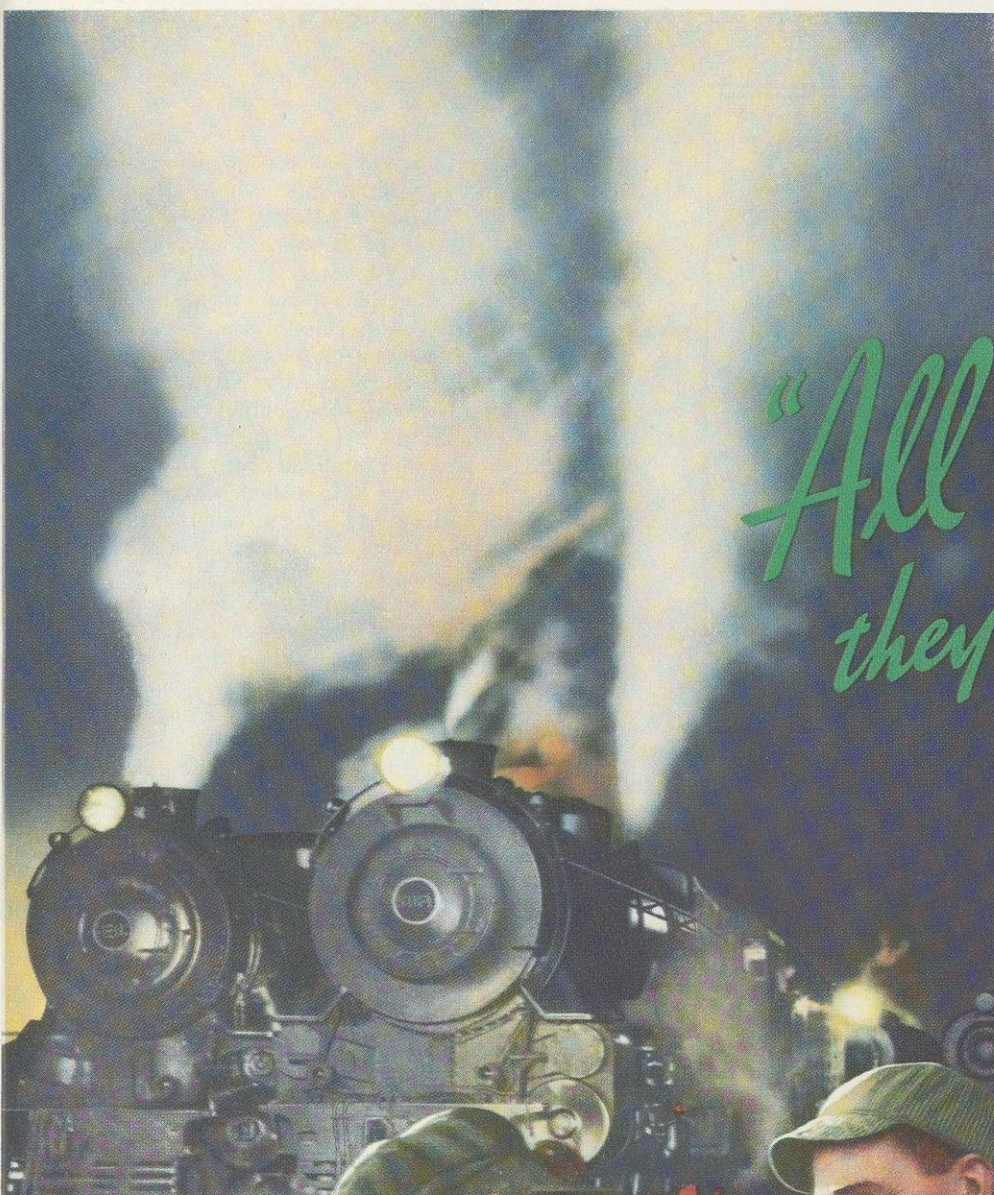


● Cadwallader Blitz '35, prominent campus politician, who "gracefully" withdrew from the senior class race after he discovered that his platform was exactly the same as three others! —and that he'd probably be beaten, anyway. "I got my name in the papers, though," he declared wistfully, "and saved 15 bucks besides!"



● Amid huzzas and cries of "Oh, Fig," Octy presents an exclusive photo of an "open meeting" of campus political leaders, bent on no good. They have just come from the "closed meeting" in an old discarded phone booth. The lad with the Harris tweeds is a spy from the opposition camp. He has just crouched down, ready to cast an aspersion and is not shown in the picture.





*"All clear  
they Satisfy"*

"To me a cigarette is the best smoke. It's a short smoke... and then again it's milder.

"I notice that you smoke Chesterfields also. I like them very much."



"I HAD A BERTH in the ninth sleeper. It was a heavy train and a cold night—snowing—and I thought about the man with his hand on the throttle. I admire and respect those men."



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UPSTAIRS

## ADD SURVEY - -

Ocety is enjoying a bumper crop of pledges from Theta, Delta Gam and Kappa . . . the activity-point seekers are being used for inspiration, decoration, and paper weights . . . one of those things that seems to crawl out of Lohmaier's woodwork is Chuck Beaumont . . . managed by Jack Ferguson . . . who blows dimes from the table-top into upright glasses . . . you may not believe it, but we know it's true, and it wins the team many a free beer.

Chuck Bernhard, Cardinal editor, is learning why Ocety chose to call the holder of that position "one of Wisconsin's two best-hated men" . . . for in one night recently he had to listen to a sophomore candidate, both juniors, two seniors and almost half a dozen irate backers of one or another . . . Art Benkert, coming out of retirement to be elections chairman, has so far avoided knowledge of why he should be the other of the two.

All one new campus organization needs before announcing itself is a name . . . it's a men's honorary without limitation to any one class . . . already includes eleven campus leaders of all sorts . . . has as its only qualification that a candidate must be accepted as "a good guy" . . . and the original group of seven founders is having trouble picking the rest of the 13 members . . . who are expected to attend each of the Sunday supper meetings . . . thereby boosting food bills for a dozen dates.

Bill Schilling, Union prexy, persists in becoming ired when challenged on his age at local beereries . . . he is also said to ride on street cars for half-fare . . . Chuck Hanson will marry Mary Lib Parker on Nov. 17, thus proving that there can actually be romance in the Prom king-queen arrangement . . . under the Steven plan, if this Parker-Hanson example is followed, we'll be graduating bigamists . . . Another of these things that persists in popping up to worry Chuck Bernhard is that his staff members forget things . . . most recent being to print a story on "Behold This Dreamer" . . . which would probably be an apt comment on the lad who did the forgetting . . . Gunnar Back has finally moved out of the Theta Chi house . . . after seven years . . . he was probably something left over from the 1927 Homecoming . . . Jean Campion has finally forgiven us for last year's mention of her girl grout activities . . . we hope . . . Who is the young man who recently hung his Iron Cross pin?

We've been worrying lately about our guppies . . . we're afraid they'll grow so beeg there won't be any room left for them to swim . . . now we're teaching them to smoke cigarettes to stunt their growth . . . The Alpha Phiz haven't found any man lurking on their fire-escape this semester as yet . . . wonder what's the matter . . . incidentally, they're not having an open house this fall . . . must be ashamed of their pledges.

A rooster got out of the barnyard one day, and walked down the road where there was an ostrich farm. Looking through the wire fence he saw a bird lay a huge egg. He went back and called all the hens together and took them down to the ostrich farm. Pointing out the egg to them, he turned and said, "I'm not complaining, girls, I just want to show you what can be done!" —*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

A Very, Very Kindly Old Lady—You don't smoke, do you, little boy?

Little Boy—No, ma'am, but I sure get damn hot at time.  
—*Froth.*



# DESIGN FOR DRESSING

PEG STILES

## COATS, HATS, SCARVES, JEWELRY

### Suggestions on what you'll wear where and when--be it head, foot, classroom or date

Campus elections may be here, but most of the gals about campus consider it politic to elect to do a bit of changing of wardrobe from fall into winter clothes. Cold weather just *might* be with us any time now.

Looking forward to a new fur coat, perhaps, there are a few things to weigh carefully besides the smooth impression to be made. Alaska seal (from the real circus variety animal, if you can afford it) is the most fashionable fur of the season, either in rich brown or black. Good imitations of black Alaskan seal come in dyed muskrat, known as Hudson, while most other sales names such as Northern and American seal, denote good old buck rabbit. This latter has the poorest wearing qualities, and is apt to grow "ratty" most quickly, but as a group, the seal coats just never wear out and can be worn for classes or as dress coats with equal impunity.

Forget not the dark gray black Persian lamb coat or its less expensive cousin, the Krimmer. They too are tough guys when it comes to defying wear. Should you happen to slip on the steps going down to Sterling, think nothing of it. No tears would appear in your coat, though your pride might be worn.

Trim coachman closings, nipped in at the waist, are newest for all around wear in fur coats. Matching muffs are again the thing. And be sure you don't miff this opportunity! Get a long daschund shaped muff to match the coat.

It will be a feather in your hat to vary your head covering with amusing quills and wings. If you tire of the high crowns, those sophisticated toques which are desirable beyond words in fur to match your coat, remember the

squashy cowboy hat, or the off-the-face Norwegian bonnet for wear with tweeds and casual outfits.

Make your hand-knit sweaters with wide rib and thus beat Schiaparelli at her own game. Long ribbed scarves to match are knotted nonchalantly with an end thrown over one shoulder. Blue sweaters with brown tweed are considered something very special. Violet blue velveteen is the ultimate for blouses with brown or gray suits, and devastating when draped simply into date dresses.

Speaking of sweaters, the cleverest thing that's been done with them on campuses for ages is this business of wearing one's cardigan backwards. Get your room-mate to button it up the back, tie your neckerchief on, and there you have a Brooks-like outfit at half the price.

Still with us is the medieval trend from draped Chatelaine's robe (in velvet with Guinevere girdle of metal), to medieval cowls, knightly tunics, wide troubadour sleeves, and pages' collars of regal fabrics. Such influences spring out in everything from sports wear to evening.

You'll find a glorious chance to use this medieval influence if you are bored to tears with your old black formal. Ask your favorite dressmaker to put together a bright velvet tunic of some shade to wear over it.

Such little niceties as an evening cape made like a Doges' mantle, and gorgeous wraps sweeping ankle length in full bodied materials brighten up the formal you had two years ago, no end.

A study in economics and budgeting comes with possession of the short or three-quarters length extravaganza in gold or silver cloth because they are

practically irresistible over any color or type of evening gown. You can make them yourself or purchased at far less than the long velvet or fur wraps.

Things to look out for are these:

1. The familiar cowboy scarf, gold threaded or plain. Turquoise over a brown sweater is interesting.

2. Round beret bags, capacious enough for a multitude of fee cards, lipsticks, fountain pens and cigarette cases. Initials of suede applique on are fun.

3. Slit skirts, when not too extreme, are good in tea gowns and Empire evening dresses.

4. Madly impractical but nice to think about are the fur coats and trims dyed luscious blues, or wine.

5. Blue suede shoes, for fall, actually are with us to wear with the churchly blues advocated by Vionnet.

6. Starched lace collars like those of medieval noblemen are perky.

But in the midst of such frivolous thoughts on clothes, don't forget the all-powerful smartness of Harris tweeds in suits or coats for Hill wear; flats with moccasin flaps, or ghillies; stitched pigskin gloves, a casual antelope pull-on hat that can be jammed into a pocket; Angora or hand-knit sweaters, or a corduroy blouse complete the outfit. Comfort is the keynote.

### FASHION FORECASTS

FURS: Alaska seal, Persian lamb, sleek caracul, muskrat.

MATERIALS: Black taffeta, rich velvets, metal fabrics for evening; sheer wool, tree-bark crepe, cloque crepe for dresses; velveteen for all occasions.

BLOUSES: Corduroy, shirred silks; metal cloth, plaids, silvery silks, to meet every occasion.

MUFFS: Whenever possible.

JEWELRY: Winged earrings, gold leaves clipped on the ear; curled shells jewelled for hair and ears. (Make the leaves yourself at the Union workshop.)

GLOVES: Giddy ones to match gay hats, red suede with a black suit, new washable black suede that will not crack.



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*we present:*

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The Collegiate Digest  
*"a college roto-gravure"*

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Early Morning News Flashes  
*"of last minute world happenings"*

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FOOTBALL AS SEEN BY

AN ENGINEER—  
The force with which the back is directly proportional to the speed at which he is going and to his weight. Of course, we must figure on the wind resistance and the lack of friction due to wet ground.

A LAWYER—  
The party of the first part kicks off to the party of the second part, who returns it until he is tackled. Penalties as recorded in the book of Statutes and Laws are imposed by the referee. However, if you'll give me three yards, I'll save you two.

AN ART STUDENT—  
Gee, this liquor is good. Some woman down there in the third row! By the way, did you listen to the world's series? You had classes, eh? I only have Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning classes, myself. Some game, huh? Have a drink?  
—Widow.

“Here,” drolled the drunk in the music store. “Here’s a nice double-barrel shotgun.”  
“Liar,” said his sozzled friend. “It’s a single-barrel gun.”  
“Hey, you two,” shouted the clerk. “Get away from that pipe organ!”  
—Froth.

“Are they very strict at your college?”  
“Huh! Are they? Why, when a man dies in a lecture there, they prop him up until the end of the hour.”  
—Ranger.

ITEM

... To be is the node of the soul, the central sun. Then, already distant from *being* there is the planet to do. Then appears this obscure world: *to have*. To have, is the frigidity of the abyss; Formerly, in our America the Red Skin *was* and to a certain extent, the Pere Pelerin of the seventeenth century also *was*.  
—Book review, N. Y. Times.

Once again, please, a little more slowly.  
—Pelican.



Take it all off, Nick. The L.I.D. refuses to support me!

770 CLUB WILL FEATURE  
NEW ENTERTAINERS  
—Daily Cardinal  
It's about time.

BATHROOM ODE

Deep and secret  
Is the guilt  
Of the leering rogue  
Who built  
  
Our little room  
(It's name is banned)  
Where we take  
Our showers and—

He built it strong.  
He built it tight.  
But he forgot  
About the light.

Chorus  
It's safer  
To lay for  
A man-eating leopard  
By cold-bloodedly daring and braving

His talons  
Than challenge  
The darkness and jeopard  
Your neck and your life in this Black  
Hole by shaving.  
—Yale Record.

DISGUISE

Voice on Phone—“John Smith is sick and can't attend class today. He requested me to notify you.”  
Professor—“All right. Who is this speaking?”  
Voice—“This is my roommate.”  
—Voo Doo.

JUST OFF CAMPUS

For that hour between classes  
Drop in for a refresher

at LOHMAIERS

710 STATE STREET  
FAIRCHILD 1804

our DUTCH PLATE LUNCH  
will fill the bill for Sunday nite supper



# CREAM OF THE COLLEGE CROP

## OR WHO WAS THE LADY I SEEN YOU WITH?

### ODE TO RUDY

I cannot wait until I hear  
Your lovely vibrant tones;  
I count the hours until you're near  
Some station's microphones.

I sit and visualize your face,  
Your darling, wavy hair;  
Your underwear all trimmed with lace,  
Your dainty shape, so fair.

Let cynics rave (there are a few),  
Let non-believers scoff;  
I do not sit and sneer at you—  
I turn the darn thing off!

—Sundial.

An Easton lady, returning from New York, tells of an amusing visit to the theatre with some friends there. It seems her hostess had sent a youngster of the family to the playhouse to get six seats "on the aisle." He did, all right—entirely on the aisle. They were all singles, the second behind the first, etc.

During the show, the Easton lady, hoping to have one of her friends beside her, turned to the gent occupying the seat next to her and said, "Pardon me—are you alone?" He gave no answer and she repeated the question. Still not answer. She tried a third time. "Nix, sister!" he whispered fiercely, "I got the whole darn family with me!"

—Lafayette Lyre.

### A BLACK SPASM

A little Canadian boy had never seen a negro before, so when he saw one he asked his uncle, "Why does this woman black her face?"

"She doesn't; that's her natural color," was the reply.

"Is she black like that all over?" the boy pursued.

"Why, yes," said the uncle.

The boy looked up beaming. "Gee, uncle," he exclaimed, "you know everything, don't you?"

—Wataugan.

I don't see really what the Ten Commandment are for: they don't tell you what to do; only put ideas into your head.

—Owl.

### TSK! TSK!

Old Maid (phoning from her hotel room): "This room has a chink in the wall."

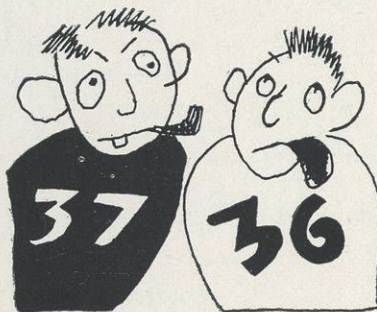
Hotel Clerk: "Well, what do you want for two-fifty, a couple of gigolos?"  
—Very Old.

### A LOWER DEGREE

A divinity student named Tweedle,  
Once wouldn't accept his degree,  
'Cause it's tough enough being called  
Tweedle,

Without being Tweedle, D.D.

—Record.



—Oompah

Do you know Ignatius Blatz of  
Walla Walla, Wash.?  
No, what's his name?  
Who?

### THE ALL-AMERICAN COLLEGE HYMN

Hmmmm da da daaa, do da da

Alma Mater thee,

Hmmmm doo do classics halls,

Hmmmm la la doo doo ivied walls,  
Alma Mater thee!

Hmmmmmm da da do la

Hopes and fears,

Hmmmmmmmm loo da loo loo  
da la years

Alma Mater theeeeee!

—Christian Science Monitor.

### MORNING AFTER

Did you really

Think last night

When we kissed

'Neath stars so bright

That our love

Would never die?

Were you wrong?

Well, so was I.

—Rammer Jammer.

### TRUE LOVE

Your car is not as big as Bill's  
And you dance worse than Fred,  
Your line is not as smooth as Phil's  
Nor are you blond like Ted.

You're not a football star like Bob,  
A millionaire like Lee;  
You wonder why I love you?—well,  
The others don't love me.

—Chaparral.

### BLESSED EVENT

A man bought the only remaining sleeping car space. An old lady next to him in line burst into tears, wailing that it was of vital importance that she have a berth on that train. Gallantly the man sold her his ticket, and then strolled to the telegraph office. His message read:

"Will not arrive until tomorrow.  
Gave berth to an old lady just now."

—Purple Parrot.

### WHY, GRANDMOTHER!

Grandmother was a diabetic patient, and, although put on a strict diet, she would not play the game, and was "cheating" all the time. After numerous violations, she was sent to the hospital.

Owing to the crowded condition of the hospital, the only available room was in the Maternity Ward. After she had been there a few days, her little granddaughter paid her a visit and was lolling in front of the door of her grandmother's room when some visitors walked past.

"What are you doing here, little girl?"

"I'm visiting my grandmother."

"Grandmother!" said one of the visitors in astonishment. "What is she doing here?"

"Oh," said the youngster, "she's been cheating again."  
—Medley.

### FEEESH!

Fishes are of dubious sex,  
And hatch their young 'uns out of ex.  
Fishes must be very smart,  
To tell the hims from the hers apart.

—Chicago Phoenix.



October, 1934

## JUST DESERTS

A co-ed was silently letting her date  
Impart at a passionate soul-stirring rate  
Those kisses that only a man of technique  
Can fix upon a fair maiden's fortunate cheek.

When suddenly flinging the lady aside,  
The man rose up quickly and angrily cried:  
"You've pulled your last boner, you slow-witted child!  
To call you a moron is putting it mild."

Thus did the lounge-lizard angrily chide  
The co-ed whose favor with him fully died  
When she laughed, as he kissed her in passionate way,  
At the wise cracks he'd pulled the preceding day.

—*State Lion.*

## DIZZY DEFINITIONS

A doorknob is a thing a revolving door goes around  
without—a straw is something which you drink something  
through two of them—cobblestones are a pavement that  
people would rather were asphalt than—a fern is a plant  
that you are supposed to water it once a day, but if you  
don't it dies, and if you do, it dies anyway only not so soon  
—summer is a season that in winter you wish you could  
keep your house as warm as—a cartoon is a funny drawing  
that makes people laugh when other people claim cigarettes  
come in it—cream is something which dry cereal doesn't  
taste as good without it, unless you use milk, but haven't  
any—and one car they are all dying to ride in is the hearse.

—*Buccaneer.*

## NEWS?

Mr. and Mrs. Murdock announce the engagement of their  
daughter, Miss Elaine Murdock, to Mr. Ruben Hughy, of  
Los Angeles. Miss Murdock has been loving quietly in  
town since her graduation from Savage two years ago.

—*Madison, W. Va., Argus.*

We visited a cemetery the other day and happened to pass  
a stone with the inscription:

"A lawyer and an honest man."

We are still wondering how they came to bury two people  
in the same grave.

—*Yale Record.*

1st Drunk (on train): "Wha time-issit?"

2nd Ditto (pulling match box from vest): "Ish Thurs-  
day."

1st Inebriate: "'Sgood—here's where I get off—!"

See that feller with that blond?

Yup, he seems to be doing all right by himself.

He's doing all right, my fran, but he ain't by himself.

—*Kitty Kat.*

Did'ja hear about the Kappa Frosh who thinks smelling  
salts are sailors with B. O.?

—*Rammer-Jammer.*

## SUDDEN DEATH TO SMOKER'S BREATH

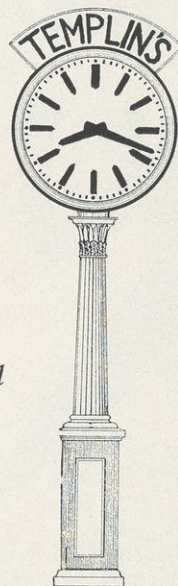


Two of these 'holesome, minty rings of fine  
candy make a complete disguise for any  
pipe-smoker. They take your breath away!

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## THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

### NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

The driver slowed down for the corner, seeing that the truck blocked the road without loosing step with the music.  
—*Saturday Evening Post.*

At the same time leads and clues elsewhere were not neglected. District Attorney Joseph T. Bartlett said that the young man in a Virginia college had been completely eliminated. He added that another former student, now at Syracuse University, also had been definitely eliminated from the case, through the aid of the New York State Police.

"So far everything we have done has tended to eliminate persons," said Mr. Bartlett. —*New York Times.*

Nothing like calling a spade a spade, is there, Mr. Bartlett?  
—*Jack-o-Lantern.*

Two plebes got together recently to practice for the Plebe Show. The first said, "Now you be my stooge, and when I say 'We have a goat over at our house that has no nose,' you say, 'How does he smell?' D'yuh understand?"

Yeh.

"O. K. 'We have a goat over at our house that has no nose'."

Silence . . . .

Continued silence . . . .

In exasperation—"Well, why don't you ask me how he smells?"

"I know how he smells; I've been over to your house."

—*Log.*

A man in the insane asylum sat fishing over a flower bed. A visitor approached, and wishing to be affable, remarked—"How many have caught?"

"You're the ninth," was the reply.

—*Log.*

Dear Mrs. Nix:

My stenographer yesterday asked me if I belonged to the House of David.

P. S. I don't have time to shave in the morning. What can I do?

—*Fuzzy-Wuzzy.*

Dear Fuzzy-Wuzzy:

Try some of our new soap which so permeates the inner skin that it makes the whiskers grow inwards and then all you have to do is to bite them off.

—*Tiger.*

Sign seen in the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. yard in New Haven:

DO NOT  
CLIMB OVER  
THE ENGINE.  
TANKS!

O. K., Fred. Anything to oblige!

—*Record.*

A hotel manager going along a corridor saw a kneeling bootblack cleaning a pair of shoes outside a bedroom.

"Haven't I told you never to clean shoes in the corridor, but to take them downstairs?"

"Yes, sir. But the man in the room is a Scotchman and he is hanging on to the shoelaces."

—*Sour Owl.*



October, 1934

CAMPAIGN SONG

"Vote for Joe, the guy you know!"  
Loud came the voters' cry,  
And Smokey Joe, the brothers' pal,  
Heaved up a modest sigh.

He lit a Murad casually,  
With calm determination,  
And rising to his feet at once,  
Declined the nomination.

The boys knew that this stand of Joe's  
Was just an attitude,  
And overruling his decline,  
They proved their gratitude.

"Down with Schmeerbaum! Up with Zilchblatt!"  
They made the rafters ring;  
As gathering 'round the harpsichord,  
The lads did gaily sing.

The whole street rocked with gaiety;  
A gent of erudition,  
Would soon be our librarian,  
And censor each edition!

His platform stands on bedrock firm;  
He'll stick up for our right:  
No more of "Time" or "Collier's,"  
But lots of "Paris Nights"!

—Cornell Widow.

LIFE OF A JOKE

Birth: A freshman thinks it up and chuckles with glee,  
waking up two fraternity men in the back row.

Age 5 minutes: Freshman tells it to senior, who answers:  
"Yeah, it's funny, but I've heard it before."

Age 1 day: Seniors turns it in to the campus humor rag  
as his own.

Age 2 days: Editor thinks it's terrible.

Age 10 days: Editor has to fill magazine, prints joke.

Age 1 month: Thirteen College Comics reprint joke.

Age 3 year: Annapolis Log reprints joke as original.

Age 3 years, 1 month: College Humor reprints joke, cred-  
iting it to Log.

Age 10 years: 76 radio comedians discover joke simul-  
taneously, tell it accompanied by howls of mirth from the  
boys in the orchestra. (\$5.00 a howl.)

Age 20 years: Joke is printed in Literary Digest.

Age 100 years: Professors start telling joke in class.

—Kitty Kat.

The biology Prof. was speaking—"I have here some very  
fine specimens of dissected frogs, which I will show you."

Unwrapping the parcel, some sandwiches, fruit and hard-  
boiled eggs came to view.

"But, surely—I ate my lunch!" he exclaimed.

—Penn. State Froth.

OFFICIAL DUTY

Lady—So you are on a submarine, what do you do?

Sailor—Oh, I run forward, ma'am, and hold her nose  
when we want to take a dive.

—Annapolis Log.

A Grand  
*Knock-a-Bout  
Lounge-a-Bout*  
Suit of  
Crompton Corduroy

CORDUROY takes  
its place this se-  
mester along with  
calculus, sociology  
and football as an  
essential adjunct to  
University life. . .

Here is a grand  
outfit of Crompton  
Corduroy stressing  
a keen version of the  
Norfolk jacket as  
worn at Princeton  
and Yale. You can't  
see it in this picture  
but it also has a  
dashing two-hinged  
sports back. . . .

Would you add  
sartorial glamour to  
the daily classroom  
grind? Slip into one  
of these Corduroy  
suits! . . . .



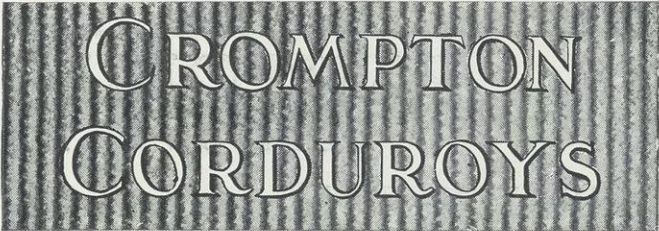
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### ADD ROVER BOYS - -

shall leave here tonight, never to attend Huxley again."

Thus it was decided. That night two disgruntled scoundrels packed their bags and slunk shame-facedly down the road. Dick, Tom, and Sam saw them go, and as they went Tom, ever a fun-loving lad, chuckled, "Onward, Un-Christian Soldiers," and his merry eyes twinkled at this jolly quip. He meant no harm, however; he simply was bubbling over with youth and happiness at his new honor, which was so justly his.

And as the boys moved down the hall to a secret celebration party, they thought they had seen the last of Dan Baxter. All of which proves the Rover Boys wrong for once, for without a villain, how the hell could there be any more Rover Boys stories?

Baa, baa, black sheep! Have you any wool?

Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full.  
One for my master and one for my dame,

And one for college students to pull over the eyes of 37,473,890 professors.

—Augwan.

### AND GET OUT

Wife: Darling, the new maid has burned the bacon and eggs. Wouldn't you be satisfied with a couple of kisses for breakfast?

Hubby: Sure, bring her in.

—Augwan.

### TICKLE HER

A novelist claims that the best cure for hysterics is a kiss. The only problem now is how to give a girl hysterics.

—Sun Dial.

### ALL OF A SUDDEN

I took her to a night club,

I took her to a show;

I took her almost everywhere  
A girl and boy could go.

I took her to swell dances,

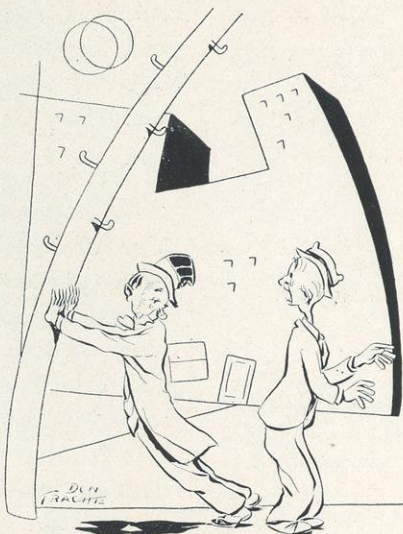
I took her out to tea;

When all my dough was gone

I saw

She had been taking me.

—Jack-o'-Lantern.



Shay, Buddy; gimme a hand!

### FRATERNITY HOUSE RULES

1. No liquor of any kind will be allowed in the house.

2. Bottles will not be thrown from upper story windows. —Column.

My analyze over the ocean,

My analyze over the sea,

My analyze over the ocean,

Oh bring back my anatomy.

—Exchange.

"Daughter, is that young man down there yet?"

"Darn right, I am. What's it to you?" —Punch Bowl.

### PAGE ED WYNN

The fraters were having a very solemn meeting. Suddenly a knock was heard on the door, and a timid young pledge entered.

"Can I have a glass of water, sir?" he asked nervously.

"Go ahead, take one," call an active, quite annoyed.

Soon the pledge returned and requested another glass of water.

"Take it and get out, damn it," they growled.

Once again he returned. "Another glass, please."

"Go ahead, go ahead," was the sarcastically sweet tone. He was back.

"May I . . ."

"Say, what the hell!" they exploded, "you sure got a lousy thirst, eh?"

"Not at all, sir," said the pledge, timidly, "but the house is on fire, sir."

—Purple Parrot.

Preparation,  
Graduation,  
Then vacation.

Registration,  
Dissipation,  
Then probation.

Desperation,  
Illumination,  
Then elation.

Graduation,  
Congratulation,  
Then vocation  
Or starvation.

—Record.

Vocabularies on the various campuses are as different as the fashions. At Vassar they call their girdles "susans," while at Purdue they are known as "squeezers."

—Daily Cardinal

And at Wisconsin they're known as "Pouffs."

## PANTORIUM COMPANY

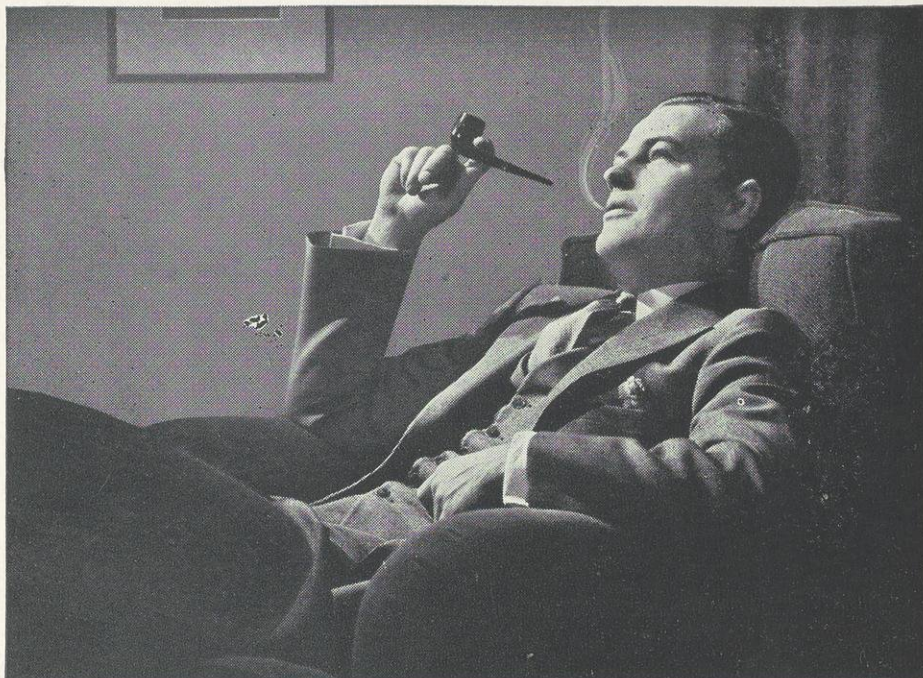
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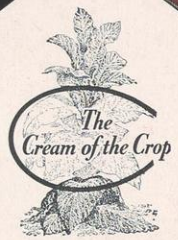
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I KNOW WITH THE RICH TOBACCO  
FLAVOR I LIKE"



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