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## **The Wisconsin Octopus. Vol. 19, No. 3 November, 1937**

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, November, 1937

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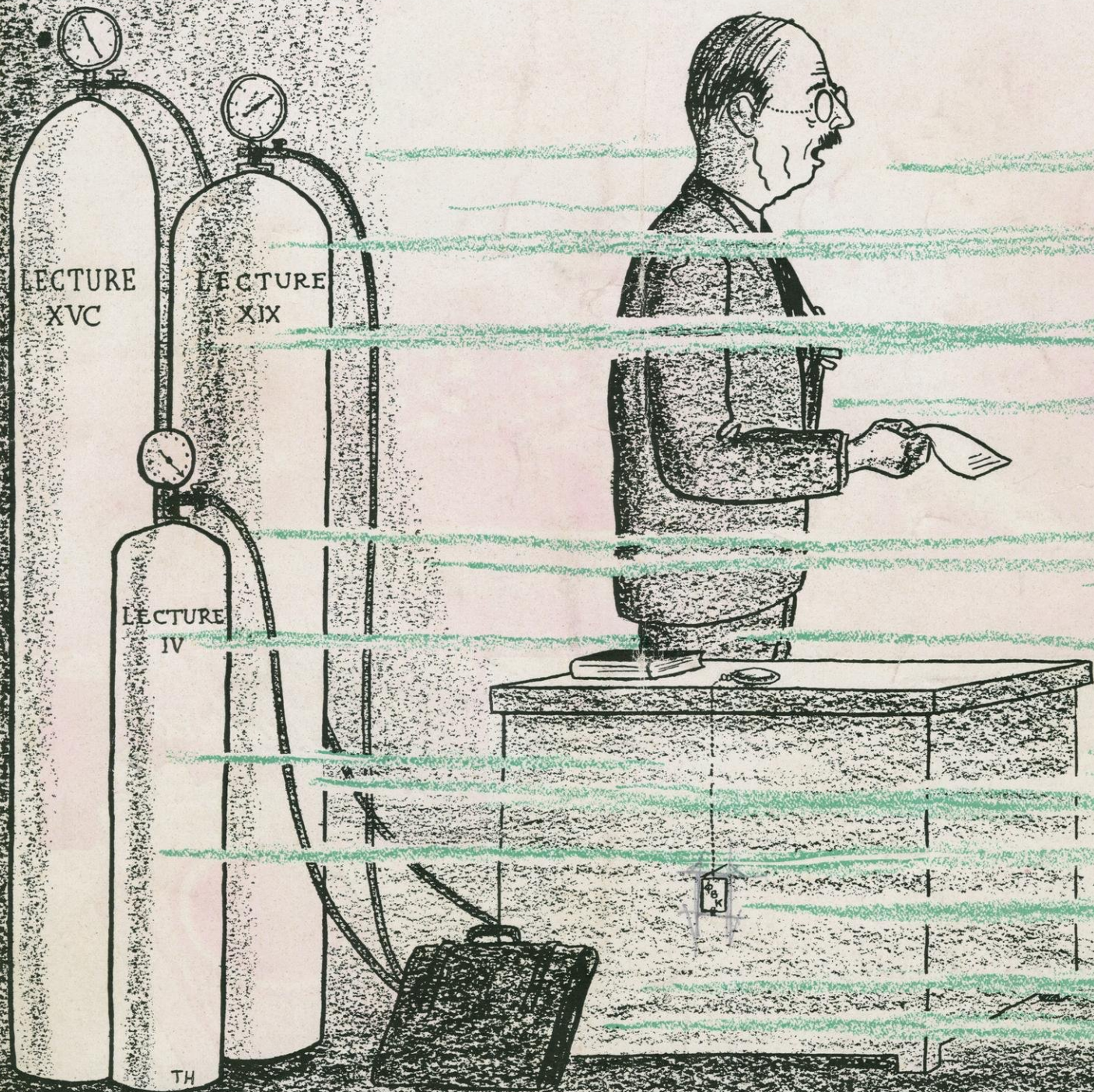
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V. 19, No. 3, Nov. 1937

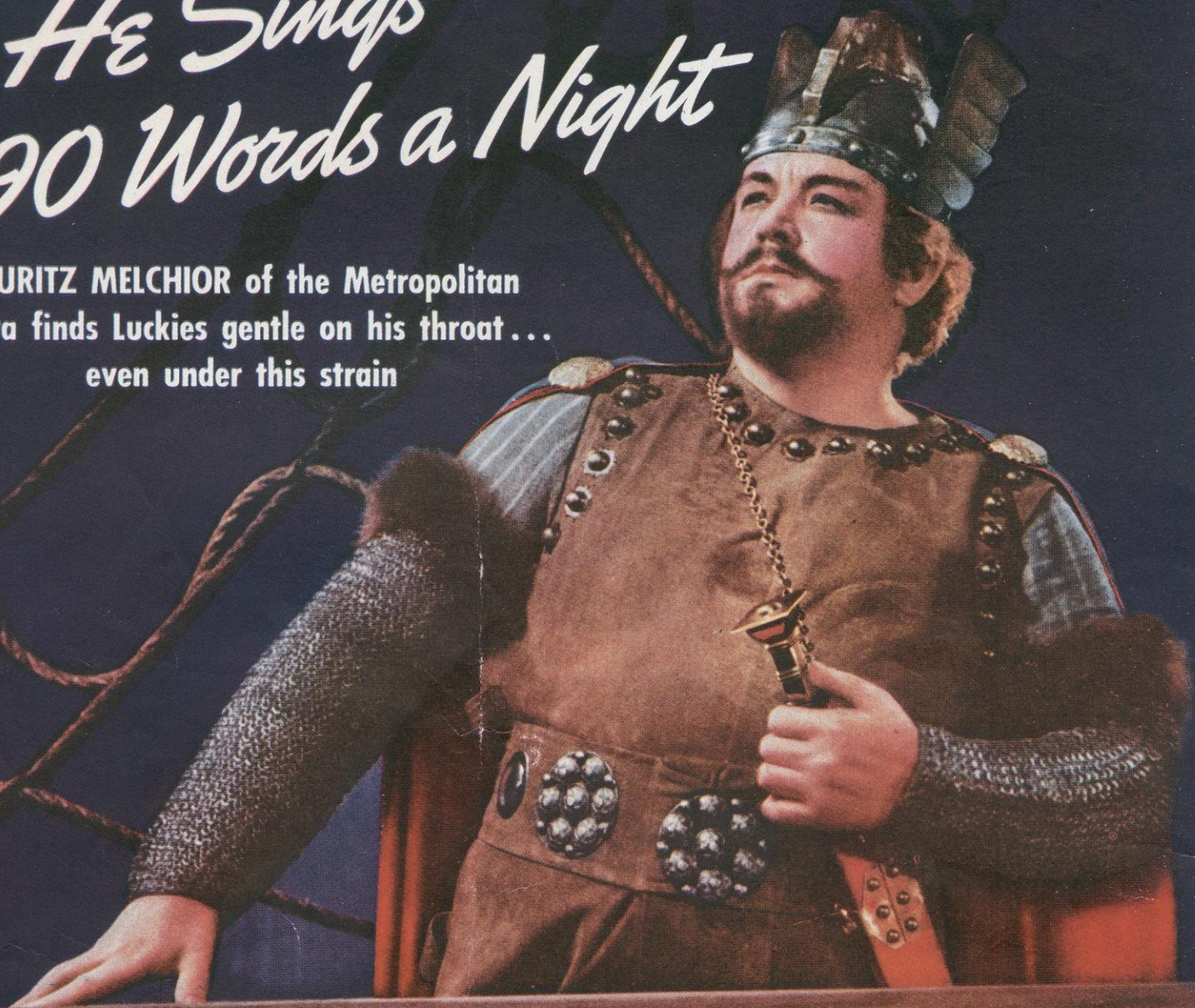
# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS





# He Sings 1,790 Words a Night

LAURITZ MELCHIOR of the Metropolitan  
Opera finds Luckies gentle on his throat...  
even under this strain



Lauritz Melchior is known as the greatest Wagnerian tenor in the world. His roles... such as "Tristan"... are among the most difficult—and hence the most throat-taxing—in opera. So it means a lot to every smoker when Mr. Melchior says: "I prefer Luckies for the sake of my throat."

Luckies are the one and only cigarette that employs the "Toasting" process, the special process that removes certain throat irritants found

in all tobacco—even the finest.

And Luckies *do* use the finest tobacco. Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as all other cigarettes combined.

In the impartial, honest judgment of those who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco...who know tobacco best...it's Luckies—2 to 1.

WITH TOBACCO EXPERTS...  
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST

It's Luckies  
2 to 1



**Luckies—A Light Smoke**

EASY ON YOUR THROAT—"IT'S TOASTED"



*When You're Suggestive  
Of a Dance  
Does the Girl Friend  
Frown . . . or Prance?*

Start the Social Season right . . .  
Private or class lessons at rates  
that please . . . Learn to TRUCK!

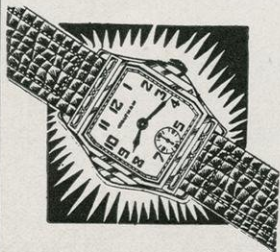
**DIDRIKSEN  
SCHOOL OF DANCING**

Just  
Call . . .  
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245 STATE



—courtesy Wisconsin State Journal



No Gift . . .

*More Lasting*

No Present . . .

*More Effective*

**Than Jewelry**

Coming as it should from our low-priced  
stocks. An early visit to see our stocks  
will pay dividends in enjoyment . . .

**Phil Schwartz**

JEWELER

420 State

420 State

Gold Bond Guarantee Repairing



Are you a Tomboy or a Sissy?



*Tomboy Blouse*

A laced splurgy plaid  
with a drawstring string  
waist and wooden but-  
tons; for all active  
sports.

2.98



*Sissy Blouse*

For all you sissies who  
go in for "watching."  
Varied colors . . . smart  
brass buttons, buckles,  
and belted waist.

1.98

**Burdick and Murray Co.**

On the Square at State Street





You'll hear it from a host of admirers wherever you go in this beguiling changeable taffeta . . . its billowy skirt snugged to your waist with wide smocking. And a smocked bolero jacket to match. \$16.50.

*Baron's*

On Capitol Square

## The Campus CHRONICLE

### Reverie

Prof. Miles Hanley couldn't think of a thing to do a half hour after he had passed out blue books for his Chaucer class to write a six weeks' exam. He went through the pile of books that he had brought like nothing, stretched, and walked to the black-board.

He stood there face to the wall, pensive, like a naughty schoolboy, for a matter of minutes and then walked away. Where he had been standing were the neatly-printed letters,

THE EDUCATION OF H\*Y\*M\*A\*N K\*A\*P\*L\*A\*N

### Abuse

Labor today is organizing by leaps and bounds. But we know one field where labor legislation is badly needed. In this particular field of which we speak, labor is exploited to the extreme — indeed a sweat shop is implied in the very name — *hot house*.

Haven't you ever walked by the hot houses behind the horticulture building? (Every time we say that word we think of what Dorothy Parker is said to have said.) No matter what time of the night you pass by, you will notice that the lights are always on in the hot houses.

Obviously the university is exploiting its little plants who can't see the outside. By leaving the lights on, the authorities lead the plants to believe that it is still daylight and thus they work on and on all night, forever and a day. It's cruel.



### Hero Stuff

It involves two boys from the dormitories: Richard Goldstone, a slim, fragile, old-school book reviewer, who, of course, *would* be majoring in English; and Howard Merry, 250 pound reserve tackle who enjoys beating up little boys and picking his teeth with a blow torch.

What Fate was thinking when she brought these two together, we don't know; but they went out canoeing together. How they happened to tip in the middle of the lake is something else we don't know.

Now Richard, the pride of the Cardinal's editorial page, began to get cold and suggested that they call for help.

*Surprise the  
folks at Home*

Telegraph Flowers  
for Thanksgiving

Guaranteed Satisfaction  
Delivery Anywhere

**RENTSCHLER FLORAL CO.**

230 STATE

BADGER 177



Howard released an oath at Richard for tipping the boat. The latter gulped, and said, to himself, that he *didn't* do it.

Richard, very cold, finally said he was going to yell for help. Here Howard turned up his lower lip, and said, "Ya? And let everyone think that I'm a sissy? No, sir!"

Richard, pale blue and chattering, hung *silently* in the water until a chance boat picked them up.

**Sign**

Three cheers for the bulletin board in Bascom Hall. It has proved the source of another one of those want ads which speak better when they speak for themselves. The low price has us worried.

**TO THE GOOD LOOKING CO-EDS!**

We have room for three girls in a 1936 Dodge going to the Minnesota Football Game, November 20.

Transportation for the round trip, \$1.50.

**Commercial Plug**

It has always amazed us how much more excited the alumni can get over the football season than we can.

We have just found out that after each game, for example, a letter entitled "Stuhldreher's Football Letter" has been sent to those alumni who are willing to lay down a dollar to hear what the coach has to say about the preceding game.

Of course, if you are a life member of the Alumni Association (it only costs you \$50.00) you get the letters abso-

**MORAL**  
Everybody's breath offends sometimes...let **PEP-O-MINT** save yours after eating, smoking and drinking

**FREE! WIN A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS!**

Win a box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!  
What is the best joke that you heard on the Wisconsin campus this month? Submit your wisecrack to the editors of Octy. The winner, who will receive an attractive assortment of Life Savers, will be announced next month along with the winning jest.

**THIS MONTH'S WINNER** of a free box of Life Savers is Mr. Miles L. Hanley, 803 State Street. Mr. Hanley's prize winning poem follows—

*King Solomon and King David  
Led very merry lives  
With scores of pretty concubines  
And lots of pleasant wives.*

*But when old age had come to them  
With all its aches and qualms,  
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs,  
And David wrote the Psalms.*

Congratulations, Mr. Hanley!

For Perfectly Pasteurized Dairy Products

phone Badger 7100

**S. Claus, BA3,**

**Says:**

Let's be snappy instead of sappy . . . there are Christmas Cards, and there are Greetings of DISTINCTION . . . for the latter—

SEE

**Netherwood's**  
519 STATE ST.

Fifty Cards Personalized For Just One Dollar



**Victor Herbert's  
Babes  
In Toyland**

**Dec. 13 - 18**

**University  
Theater**

for that *Christmas gift . . .*

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**Beautiful Colored Portraits**

*at prices that eliminate competition*

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On the Square

For Appointments  
CALL B-5880

**The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc.**

Madison, Wisconsin

\* \* \* \*

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 Jane—whew!

\* \* \* \*

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Number 3

lutely free. They have a nice picture of Coach Stuhldreher on the front, but it is the picture on the back which intrigues us.

There, on the back page, is a little box entitled "WHEATIES, the Breakfast Food of Champions." The makers of Wheaties also run a story there on how General Mill's products help to build great football teams like Mr. Stuhldreher's.

Somehow, we can't quite appreciate paying for one's advertising; but then we imagine it's that old alumni enthusiasm!

**Open Forum Abroad**

We spent a rather pleasant hour the other day speaking with a student from Germany. He told us of the wonderful scientific advances which are being made over there — how the people spend days and days studying the newest inventions and discussing them.



Asked to explain this phenomenal intellectual effort of the German people on the question of science, our German friend wasn't quite sure what the reason was, except that "the people talk of science day and night."

After reflecting a moment, he added in an off-hand manner, "Maybe it's because they can't talk about politics."

**Bull Shoots Professor**

According to the poets, it is divine to be awakened early in the morning by the cooing of the birds. But if one really doesn't want to get up, but is awakened nevertheless every morning during the year, we can understand the following lad's position.

At the Dormitories there are loads of pigeons. Every morning they coo to each other under the eaves. One Dick Walsh happens to have a room just below the eaves where the several pigeons play house. Their sweet nothings are audible to Dick every day in the year.

To avenge this distracting element, Dick has brought forth a unique plan of combat. He wakes up the birds; by getting up at three each morning and cooing out of his window at them for all he's worth, Dick once again shows man over beast.

**Racket**

One of the sweetest businesses we've seen since the chain letter has been going on in the Rathskeller recently. Pulling out the plug of one of the lamps in the Rathskeller, a young enterpriser attaches an electric razor and offers shaves at fifteen cents.

It is convenient for him: the Union provides the chair,

**The Campus**

**Institution of Friendly Service**

announces that

**8 New 1937 Ford V-8's  
and Chevrolets**

at

**Capital City Rent-A-Car**

531 STATE

FAIRCHILD 334



electricity, and patrons. However, it should be pointed out to the young man, that operating without a license in the barbering trade is illegal.

Wouldn't it be funny, if he *had* a license?


**Quality Circulation**

A couple of elderly maiden ladies living a couple of blocks up Langdon Street are great admirers of Dr. Frank, late of this institution, and even read his *Rural Progress* from cover to cover — ads included.

They decided, too, it would be sweet to patronize Dr. Frank's advertisers and sent away for some blankets: Small Downpayment and Pay the Remainder upon Delivery.

The blanket company sent them a credit questionnaire to fill out and one of the questions — What is your occupation? — they answered, "None."

Promptly the company sent back their downpayment check. A terse letter explained that they do not sell blankets to people who are on relief.



**He's "sitting pretty"**

because he bought his tails at Karstens. They're right —and they didn't take all his cash.

Tails **\$35**


**KARSTENS**

ON CAPITOL SQUARE      22 NORTH CARROLL

**SMART**

**NEW**

*Noveltone*



**P**ERSONALIZED STATIONERY

With Your Name or Address

*You have your choice of Eight Noveltone Designs . . . .*

The stationery comes in an attractive, double deep box of 36 sheets and 36 envelopes.

*only 79¢*

**FOR GIFTS and your PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE**

**BROWN'S BOOK SHOP**

CORNER STATE & LAKE

**CHRISTMAS CARDS**

*printed with your name from*


**50 for \$1**

*to*

**50 for \$15**

48  
Hour  
Service  
on  
Orders

*Time to Think About Christmas Cards...*





# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



AT MANY GLACIER HOTEL, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, MONT.

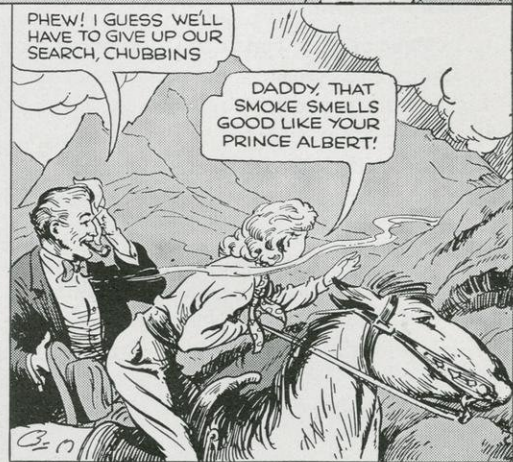
WELL, I SWAN, CHUBBINS! PROFESSOR RANDALL IS STOPPING HERE. LET'S LOOK HIM UP



PROFESSOR RANDALL IS OUT STUDYING GRINNELL GLACIER. HE'LL BE HARD TO FIND, SIR

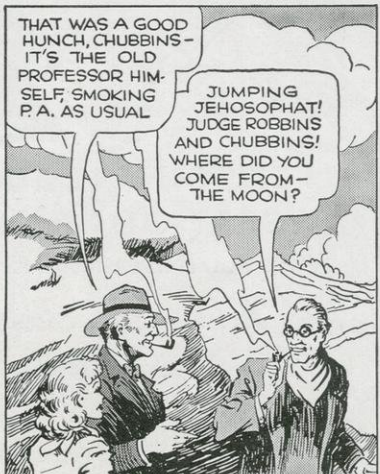
WELL, WE'LL TRY, ANYHOW. THANKS

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



PHEW! I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP OUR SEARCH, CHUBBINS

DADDY, THAT SMOKE SMELLS GOOD LIKE YOUR PRINCE ALBERT!



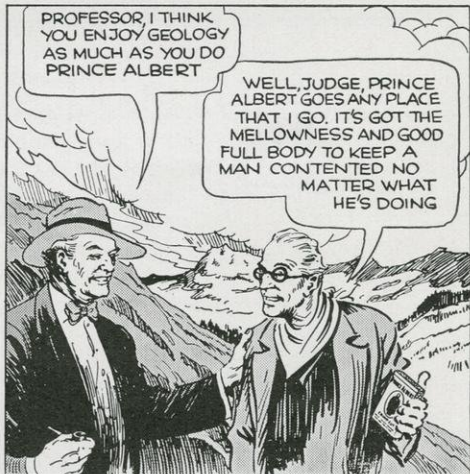
THAT WAS A GOOD HUNCH, CHUBBINS— IT'S THE OLD PROFESSOR HIMSELF, SMOKING P. A. AS USUAL

JUMPING JEHOSEPHAT! JUDGE ROBBINS AND CHUBBINS! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM— THE MOON?



TELL US ABOUT GLACIER'S, PROFESSOR

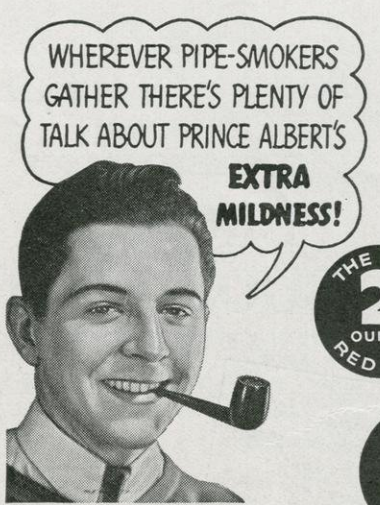
W-E-L-L, THE ICE FIELD YOU SEE HIGH UP THIS VALLEY IS A GLACIER REMAINING FROM THE ICE AGE, WHEN AVALANCHES OF FROZEN WATER, ROCK, AND EARTH ALMOST 3000 FEET THICK CARVED THESE U-SHAPED VALLEYS FROM MOUNTAINS AND ROCK



PROFESSOR, I THINK YOU ENJOY GEOLOGY AS MUCH AS YOU DO PRINCE ALBERT

WELL, JUDGE, PRINCE ALBERT GOES ANY PLACE THAT I GO. IT'S GOT THE MELLOWNESS AND GOOD FULL BODY TO KEEP A MAN CONTENTED NO MATTER WHAT HE'S DOING

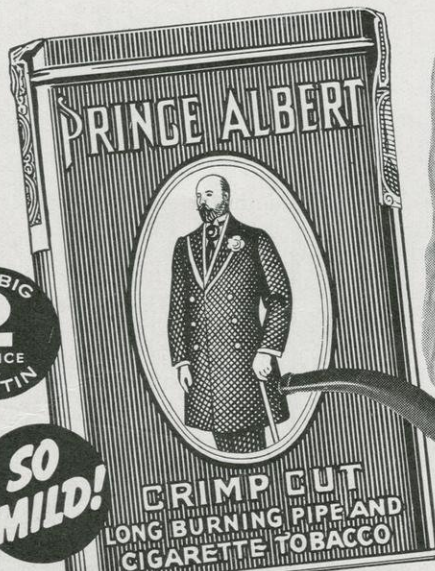
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WHEREVER PIPE-SMOKERS GATHER THERE'S PLENTY OF TALK ABOUT PRINCE ALBERT'S **EXTRA MILDNESS!**

THE BIG **2** OUNCE RED TIN

**SO MILD!**



**GRIMP CUT** LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

**TRY P. A. ON THIS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!**

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

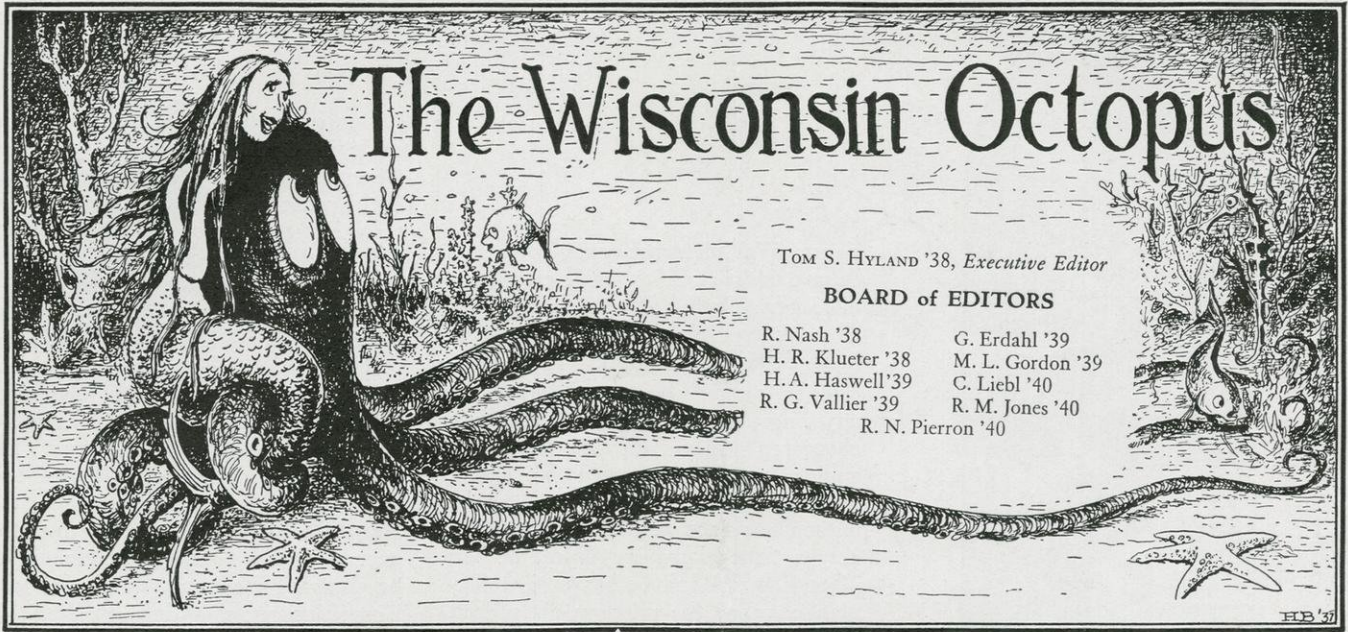
ALSO TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN WITH P. A.

**50**

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

**PRINCE ALBERT** THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE





# The Wisconsin Octopus

TOM S. HYLAND '38, Executive Editor

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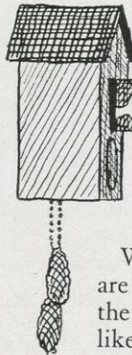
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Volume XIX

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## On Second Thought



WE sometimes wish we were a dean, like Mr. Sellery. It must be nice to have your actions answerable only to God—and the Daily Cardinal.

\*\*\*  
We can't see why the regents are so excited over the fact that the new Union wing looks like a silo. Hasn't anyone shown them the bell tower?

\*\*\*  
Mr. Dykstra, when asked what he thought of the results of the student elections, commented, "What's the difference, as long as I get my comp to prom."

\*\*\*  
Tearing down the Old Union seems to us quite a shame. Another few years and the antique stores would be fighting tooth and nail for it.

\*\*\*  
We hear that the Daily Cardinal was thrilled at the prospect of getting Lucky Strike to sponsor their work. Seems just a few days ago that we read editorials fearing that the dean might become their sponsor.

\*\*\*  
The depression is over, tra la tra la. About 50 students neglected to call for their NYA checks.

The deans' salaries have been raised, and waivers have been practically returned. There should be a few less editions of text books this year.

\*\*\*  
The Madison boycott of Japanese silk continues. Somewhat like Mata Hari of former days, Wisconsin co-eds are going to win wars by uncovering their legs.

\*\*\*  
Our cinema expert reviewed "Double or Nothing" this week. His only comment was that the play was mostly the latter.

\*\*\*  
In about two months the contractors will start digging for the new wing. We hear the Troubleshooters will turn up the first spadeful of dirt.

\*\*\*  
Bowery parties, bless them, are fun. One doesn't dress for them; in fact, quite the contrary is true.

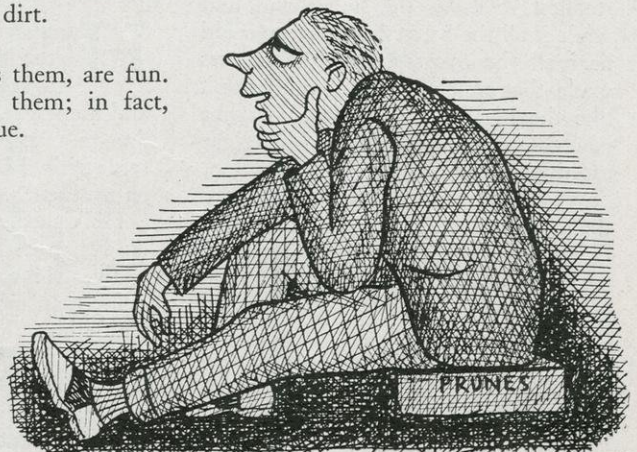
\*\*\*  
Fathers' Day seems to have been quite a successful experiment. There was hardly a girl on the campus not dated.

\*\*\*  
Now that the Windsors are not coming to America,

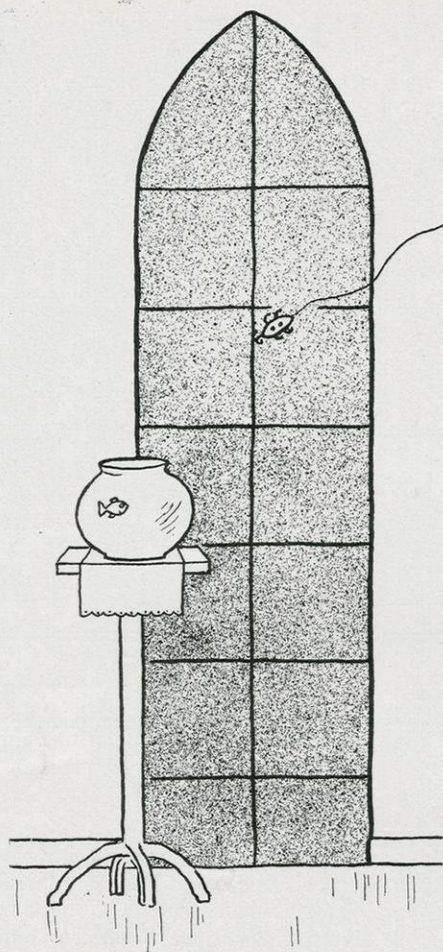
the housing conditions might improve anyway. The thousand and one hotels and homes where they were supposed to stay may again be placed for rent.

\*\*\*  
Someone threw a stink bomb in Bascom Theater last Tuesday while Mr. Husband was lecturing. The incident, however, passed unnoticed.

\*\*\*  
We have just learned that the man who runs Tony's Palm Garden also runs the barber shop right next door. In other words, he's running not one but two clip joints.







### In the Dark

**P**ROBABLY a lot of people enjoy listening to "Lights Out" on the radio and think it is lots of fun. It can also cause a mess of trouble. I know because just last week over at old Nu we had to pass a rule forbidding anybody to listen to it in the house.

We used to have a good time on Lights Out nights. We would all get together in Squill Wibbins' room and turn out the lights. Squill had the smallest room in the house and that made it all the better because you could hear all the crazy sounds the fellows made that much better. Squill didn't like the idea, but we told him if he wanted the room he'd have to let the meetings go on.

We never were sure why he wanted the smallest room in the house anyway. It had the fire escape right outside of the window and he said he was afraid of fires. We had our own theories, though.

Of course we had had trouble before, like the night Herman Tompkins hung his pin. He was so happy that he passed around a box of big black

cigars. Well, everybody seemed to sort of save theirs until it was time to listen to "Lights Out." After the room was all dark you could see little spots of light glowing all around.

Then pretty soon you couldn't see anything. When we had been listening about ten minutes we heard two fire engines tear by. Ordinarily we would have been right out to see what was the matter, but since we knew it was probably a false alarm we didn't bother. That is, we didn't bother until a fireman chopped the window out. Then we realized that we were the fire.

Well, when we finally turned on the lights to explain we found Jimmy Kuuugers and a pledge named Walter on the floor out cold. It took the firemen about forty minutes to get them revived with the pulmotor, and they were pretty mad about the whole thing because they had to stay away from their cribbage game to wake up some fool college students.

That was bad enough, but this year something worse happened. It all was because a guy named George transferred here from Northwestern. We never learned what his last name was. He got here late so we had to put him in with Squill in the fire escape room.

George was a funny duck. He used to study every weekend and then go out and get stiff as a goat every school night. He never seemed to be interested about anything around the house and he never heard of "Lights Out."

### Lakeshore Meeting

**H**ERMAN trudged along the lake road through midnight gloom to Tripp Hall. He was lonely and homesick. He wished he had someone to talk to. He wished he knew some girls. Maybe things would brighten up then.

He kicked at the dust under his feet. And then he heard a pleasant voice say softly, "Hello, Herman."

Herman looked up and saw a ghost beside him. He had never seen a ghost before, but somehow he knew this was one. It was whitish and transparent. A sad, tired smile played about its indefinite mouth.

One night when we were all gathered in Squill's room listening, George came in. The program that night concerned a snake charmer who turned people into snakes and they went slithering around scaring other people. Just about the time everybody was well nigh turned into snakes and crawling around, George walked in.

The way he was feeling he was probably seeing snakes or pink elephants anyhow, and when he heard the radio that was all that was necessary. He jumped up and down like he was trying to kill some snakes lying on the floor and finally he tried to dive for one. When we finally got the lights on Jimmy Wednesday and Herman Tompkins were sitting on him. It wasn't necessary, though, because he was out cold.

**W**HEN he did come to, it was all three of us could do to keep him down. He swore he was going up and throw the snakes out of his room. At first we thought he meant us, but no. He thought that there were really snakes there.

We got him calmed down all right, but for days he kept acting strange. He would jump up suddenly and run over and stomp like he was killing a cockroach on the floor. This went on for awhile and then one night it got him again when he came in late. We got him to bed again, but there wasn't much we could do. They had to come and take him away.

Of course, this was all sort of an accident, but then we don't want it to happen again. We passed a rule against listening to "Lights Out" at old Nu.

—H. R. K.

"Are you a ghost?" asked Herman.

"Why, yes, I am," said the ghost. "I hope you don't mind my stopping you like this. You see, I wouldn't have spoken only I know how you feel. I'm lonely, too."

"No, I don't mind," said Herman. Then after a short pause, he continued, "Say, you aren't like any ghost I've ever read or heard about. No chains. No wierd and eerie noises. And you don't scare me a bit."

The ghost chuckled, "Well, Herman, I'm a retired ghost. I am a changed ghost since I left the Union."

"The Union?" Herman was inter-



ested.

"Yes, the I.G.U., the International Ghosts' Union. All really A-1 professional ghosts belong to it."

"Hmnn, tell me more about this International Ghosts' Union."

"Well," continued the ghost, "The I.G.U. has agencies established with both St. Peter and Lucifer. Whenever anyone up there or down there needs a ghost, the agency notifies the I.G.U. Then some Union ghost gets the job."

"But what does anyone need a ghost for?"

"Sometimes just to haunt a house. Sometimes to scare people and relatives. Sometimes to deliver secret messages. Say, old man, would you like to have me tell you about my career as a professional ghost?" The ghost seemed loath to part with Herman.

"Yes, tell me," said Herman eagerly.

THEY sat down on dead leaves and brown grass and looked at the lake. The ghost started, "Well, my first job when I joined the Union was to be Caesar's ghost. That was fun; I like to scare people. I'll never forget the expression on Brutus' face when I told him what a licking his army was going to take. After Caesar didn't need me any more, I got a lot of routine work.

"Later on, I got to be bandit Dick Turpin's ghost. I rode around on a spook horse with a hangman's noose

around my neck. I liked that job, but the damned noose was too bothersome."

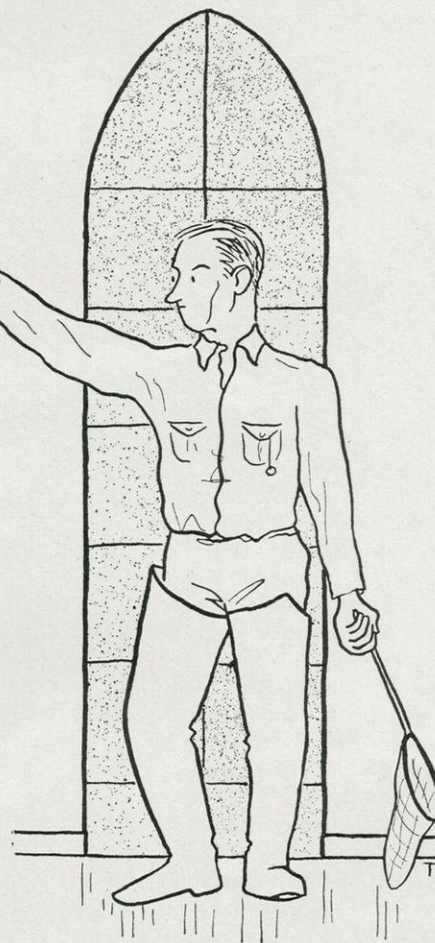
"Gosh, you must have been pretty good. I've read a lot about Caesar's ghost and I've heard about Dick Turpin's ghost."

"Well, Herman, the Caesar job and the Turpin job were the biggest ones I ever got. They were the most fun, too."

"But I don't see why you retired if it was so much fun," said Herman, who was already feeling very proud of his new-made friend.

"But it wasn't always fun. I remember when I was the mad barber's ghost. That time I had to carry a razor dripping with blood. Ugh! I never could stand blood. And I always got lonesome when I had to haunt houses and castles alone. You know, Herman, sometimes I think I just wasn't cut out to be a ghost." A sad, far-away look came into the ghost's eyes, and he lapsed into silence.

A few minutes later, he said to Her-



man, "Lately, things have been so monotonous I've been wishing I could do a little free-lancing. I haven't done any real ghosting since 1931."

"Why don't you?" asked Herman.

"But where can I get a job? I hear all the University buildings are all filled up with spooks already, so I couldn't very well do any haunting."

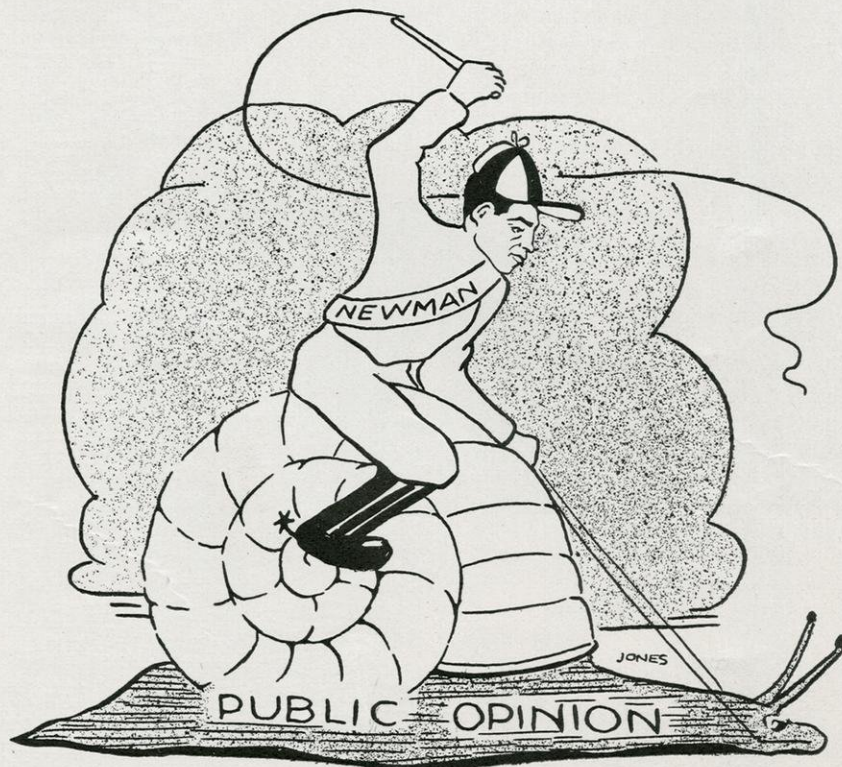
"I know," shouted Herman, "you could be my ghost!" Tripp Hall would turn upside down when Herman's ghost appeared—and the real Herman, too.

"But *you* don't need a ghost," protested the ghost. "You're still alive."

"I know, and it's never been done before. But I think it would be a good idea. You could move in with me. Then we wouldn't be lonely either any more."

"You have a good point," said the ghost. "Okay, it's a go."

They shook hands. —R. P.

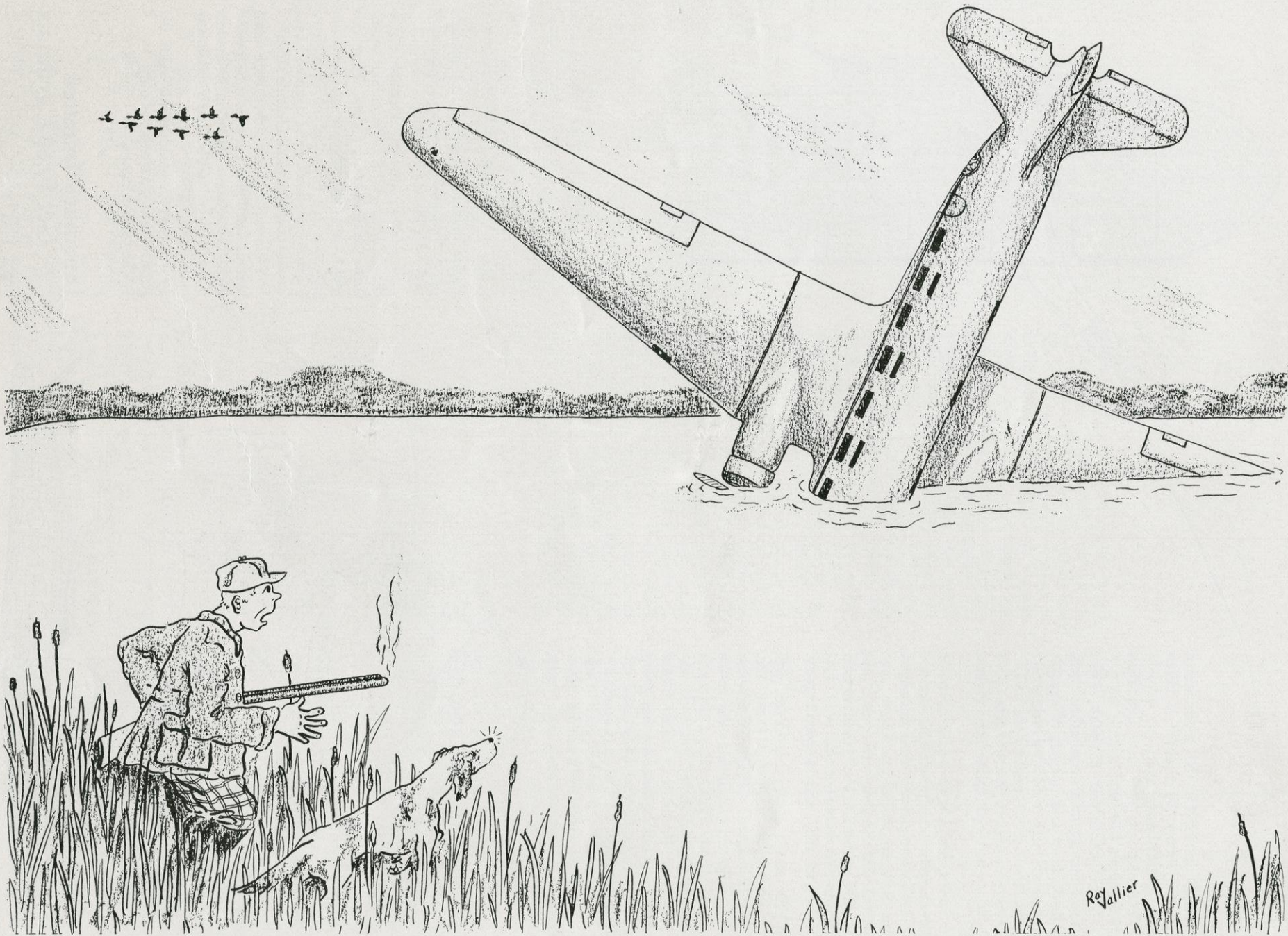


### Infirmaries Inmates Get Free Cardinals

—CARDINAL

Why make things worse?







## Why Work?

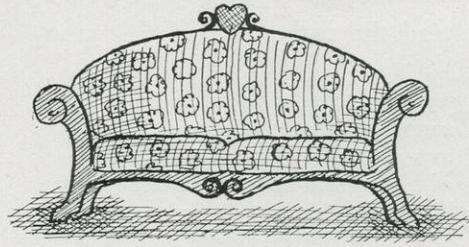
Lots of fellows think that it costs a pile of dough to go to college but it doesn't if you know your way around. Take me, for example—I don't do any work at all up here, but I get through on next to nothing. This noise about "working your way" is all right, but if you can get through without even working, you're even smarter.

I believe in conserving my monetary resources. My pa didn't even bother getting a PWA job, he went right on relief. I suppose I'm very much like him, too, because I'd rather try to save a penny than earn one—which I know isn't exactly what the fellow who said it meant.

When I get here at school in September, I don't look for a room right off; I spend the first few weeks in the park or in the Capitol, depending on the weather. After two weeks I put fifty cents in my hand and walk around with a sign on my back: "Wanted, cheery room, single, shower. 50c." Well, after two weeks, anyone with a room will practically give it away; so I get my pick of the town—often fighting off housemothers to make them stop pulling me toward their rooms.

The second big item of expense of the student is food. People are continually griping about the price of meals in Madison. What I do is buy myself a bottle of catsup and go into the restaurant of my liking and order a bowl of hot water. Really, you must taste my tomato soup sometime.

During the summer any drugstore will provide you a glass of cold water and some sugar free; all you've got to do is what I do—carry your own lemons. Now and then I indulge in one of the meals at the Union. By waiting until 12:30 they chop a nickle off the price. I can usually save a few more cents on that meal by buying my meal coupons from some student working at the Union who is in need of cash and will sell meal checks



## Well, Mr. Dykstra?

[from the Capital Times, November 3]

[Blanchardville, Wis., Nov. 1.]—What is a love seat? I read in The Capital Times that the regents of the university have spent about \$10,000 fixing up the home of Pres. Dykstra and that he spent \$158 for a love seat. I don't know what that thing is, but have an idea it isn't necessary.

With a wife and four children we have all we can do to raise money to pay our taxes and then you fellows spend money like drunken sailors.

How long do you fellows think we can stand for high taxes and foolish spending? Up goes salaries of heads at university. You could buy my farm for what one of those fellows now gets. It took my wife and I 20 years to make and save \$8,000. If that's the sort of things you Progressives do, we better kick you all out and get a farmer who knows the value of a dollar. I think if a man is old enough to get married, he don't need a love seat.—  
**Enemy of Tax Boosters.**

at a discount.

Entertainment is another big expense with most students, but not with me. Dates cost me nearly nothing. I don't get pretty girls *all* the time, but those rich girls with the buck teeth are certainly ready to pay for anything.

If I don't have a date, I can always get in the dateless dances. Simply tell the ticket taker you play with the band. If that doesn't work, get someone to talk to him and keep him busy as you saunter up the stairs. Occasionally, I slip a date into 770, too. I tell the ticket taker that I've got to talk to someone in there and he lets me by. When he lets me in, I take off my coat, wig, and false moustache; get a pass-out as I walk out and walk back in with my date. Simple? Poof!

Liquor? Well, I do like a shot now and then. If I have a hankering I drag up to the Park bar and sooner or later someone offers me a drink. It never

seems like sponging because the boys always seem so glad to buy you one.

I get in all the football games by putting on my usher's badge. I take it off as soon as I get in and sit down to enjoy the game. A penny saved . . .

BY SEWING the crease in my pants, I never have to have my pants pressed.

It is just this year, however, that I have discovered the best way of saving. Since food is the most costly item of living I keep forever on the lookout for free meals. I've found the answer to my search in the great number of open houses and coffee hours which are held. The Union holds some pretty good coffee hours. I usually eat enough cookies there on Friday afternoons to last me two or three days. After the football games most of the girls' dorms and sororities hold open houses with tea and cookies.

The real answer to my prayers has been the President's Open House. He serves real sandwiches! Last time I brought along a brief case to fill, and next time I'll be there

with my suitcase. Since Mr. Dykstra's been president, I've only had to buy two meals.

Shucks, fellows, get smart. Don't work your way through college. *Conserve* your way through. It's more fun; and as at Mr. Dykstra's house, one meets *such* interesting people!

—M. L. G.

## Pomes

The Hill to a gal is displeasing,  
When up it she climbs all a-wheezing,  
Although when she goes down  
There's a smile for her frown,  
For she knows that her bouncing is  
pleasing.

There is Sally who studies Home Ec,  
And who claims that from Chem she's  
a wreck,  
But it's plain to observe  
That she's lost all her verve,  
From a lab course that's known as  
Home Neck.

—P. G., Jr.



B.



## Hail to Thee, Blithe Spirit!

The well-documented but little known saga of Chester Freemartin and the early days of this great University

**T**HIS month, November, 1937, marks the eightieth anniversary of one of the most exciting events in the history of the University of Wisconsin, an event which would pass unnoticed but for the scholarship of the editors of the Octopus.

On a clear cool autumn day, November 27, 1857 a large and excited crowd of people gathered on the university campus where the library is now located. Among them were Governor Carlton R. Harris, President Bascom of the University, the entire faculty and most of the population of the town of Madison—which isn't saying much, for in those days cows still grazed on State Street and an Indian was shot the year before in the woods behind the Observatory.

All eyes were focused upon a slim, pale youth with a bad complexion, Chester Allen Freemartin, a sophomore from Green Bay. The occasion was the second balloon ascent in the United States and the first west of the Appalachian mountains. Benjamin Franklin was the first American aeronaut; ever a pioneer, he made a six minute flight in Philadelphia in 1792.

Chester Freemartin, though but a sallow stripling of eighteen years, had behind him a remarkable record. As a lad of twelve, he had discovered a new formula for the cosines of multiple angles and had invented the first self-lighting gas-jet.

At the University he was the pet of Professor Augustus Sterling, who held the chair of Applied Physics. Labora-

tory equipment was scarce, but with a seething thirst for knowledge Freemartin and Sterling performed most of their pioneer experiments in the kitchen of the Professor's home.

Writing in the *Scientific American* for July, 1870, Professor Sterling reminisced, "Chester was undoubtedly a genius, and I feel that I learned as much from him as he from me. That

boy simply gave off sparks. He was a skilled athlete as well, playing second fiddle to no one in the sport of horse-shoe pitching." Horse-shoe pitching, by the way, was in those days a major sport; in fact the second territorial legislature of Wisconsin passed a law in 1839 forbidding gambling in connection with horse-shoe tournaments.

It was natural that Chester Freemartin should be enchanted by the rather new science of ballooning, and natural too that he should be restless at merely doing experiments with paper bags in Professor Sterling's spacious kitchen. Chester resolved to fly himself.

People thought he was crazy, of course. Even his physics professor did. "I confess I thought Chester Freemartin was living in a Fool's Paradise," wrote Sterling. "Yet I did not try to hush-hush him. Anyone who invents a self-lighting gas-jet, I feel, must be basically sound." At a faculty meeting the Professor of Latin demanded that "this smart-aleck fool" be suspended, but Sterling and Professor James North of the Mathematics Department, for whom North Hall was later named, defended Freemartin on the grounds of academic freedom.

Building the balloon was a bitter task. Every dry-goods store in town was searched for materials. A balloon *should* be made of heavy silk, but Freemartin's balloon was made of silk, cotton, dimity, and flannel. Involving 1234 square feet of cloth, the balloon was a month's work for a corps of seamstresses; but through sheer force



Wood-engraving from the "London Illustrated News" for January, 1857, showing Freemartin's balloon sailing over the University of Wisconsin campus. Note that Bascom Hall was then but two stories high, but that the elms had already attained a considerable height.

(Courtesy Wisconsin Historical Library)





### Weather Report

Snow today. Much colder. Light northwest winds.

of character Chester alone finished sewing the endless seams in three weeks. He could get no help from his fellow students. They called him a "wierdie" and left him and his balloon for the beer parlors and resorts surrounding the State Capitol.

The balloon was of the hot-air type, and he filled it by burning resinous pine-knots which gave a fine hot air of the most buoyant qualities. After several delays, mainly financial—for Chester found his meager spending money insufficient for his enterprise, the balloon was ready to explore the skies.

The event was announced in the *Madison Democrat*, a weekly paper, and a large crowd turned up to witness "Freemartin's Folly", as the venture was called. Several ministers pre-

dicted a grim end for the affair, quoting scripture to prove that, "Man was not made to fly."

*Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*—the *Esquire* of pre-Civil War days—describes the ascent as follows:

"In a simple homespun suit Chester Freemartin stepped up to his balloon, blushing like a rose. All morning the fires had been burning and by this time the ungainly balloon was straining at its ground-ropes, eager to soar. The crowd, containing many notables, began to halloo and cry, urging the lad to hurry.

"Stepping into the observation carriage, Freemartin turned to the crowd. 'My friends', he said in a high, nervous voice, 'it may be that I shall never set living foot again on earth'. At this point a group of rowdy students

cheered loudly. 'And should I die', continued the brave lad, 'you may say I died for *Science*. Then, looking down from a Better World, I shall be happy.'

"He then signalled for the ropes to be cut. Quick as a wink the balloon soared aloft, up from the gasps of the crowd. Up over the trees it floated, over the main building of the college, and out of sight. Those who came to scoff remained to cheer."

\* \* \*

Chester Freemartin was never seen again.

"The wreckage of a balloon, looking like a crazy-quilt, was found in the wilds of British Columbia in 1869. It may have been Chester Freemartin's. Or it may not.

I suppose we shall never know.

—T. H.





R. MORTON JONES

### W. Norris Wentworth

Housemother to 500 boys is W. "Curly" Wentworth, and it may be truthfully said that all those warm little hearts out at Adams and Tripp Halls beat with one accord in rhythmic devotion for him, the sissy.

### Sweet Mystery---

**B**RRRRRRRING!  
Albert abruptly stopped pacing the floor, tore open the door of his room, and dashed out into the hall. The doorbell. Maybe it was the postman. Maybe he had brought the book today.

Albert ran down the stairs and opened the front door. It *was* the postman. Albert blurted, "Have you got my book, Mr. Postman, did you bring my book?"

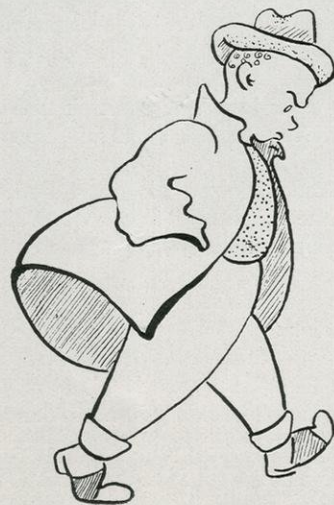
"I've got a C.O.D. package here for Mr. Albert Doakes," replied the postman.

"That's me!" shouted Albert ecstatically. The book had come. He paid the postman \$3.33. His hands trembled with eagerness as he took the package.

"Oh boy!" he whispered to himself as he scampered up the stairs, clutching

the package to him. At last he was to find out about all those things his parents could never tell him.

It was a good thing his roommate was out. He wanted to discover all



those secret mysteries by himself. Locking the door behind him, he looked about. Yes, all alone now.

He put the package on his desk and gazed at it fondly. What amazing wonders it contained. What astounding facts. Nervously, he started opening it.

At last, he was to know *all*. All the things he had been in doubt about all his life. All the things which had seemed so unreal, and yet could not be denied. All the things which had puzzled him, mystified him. The things which he, as a mere boy, had discussed uncertainly with his schoolmates.

Albert breathlessly finished opening the package. He took out the book.

With a glint in his eyes and breathing heavily, he gazed at the title. Yes, now he could learn all about THE FUNDAMENTALS OF THE MODERN DIESEL ENGINE. —R. P.



## Conversation at 9:45

I HAVE spent a lot of time during my college days at a place called Uncle Fred's. Some say too much time, but I've learned a lot there that I wouldn't have learned otherwise. When I'm sitting there drinking a beer or two, I think about things.

Once it occurred to me that lots of interesting conversations might be going on there that would be fun to hear. It wasn't long after that I did hear a conversation. One night about 9:30 I couldn't help overhearing what came from a booth where a fellow and a girl were sitting.

"Cigarette?"

"Yes, thanks."

Then the crowd got noisy and I couldn't hear any more. About a week later I saw the same two people in the same place. I sat down in a booth next to theirs to see if I could hear anything.

"Want another beer?"

"That will be four, won't it?"

"Yes."

"Let's have another."

One of the people leaned out of the booth to call a waitress, and just then a couple of fellows I know joined me. That was all I heard that evening, but I knew I was on the trail of something.

Four or five days later I was sitting by myself drinking a beer when they came in and sat down near me. It was quiet and I could hear everything they said.

"Want a beer or ale?"

"I'll take a coke."

"Oh."

Something or other interrupted me then, I don't remember just what, but that was all I heard.

And so I waited for a while. And sure enough, in another week I saw them again in Uncle Fred's.

"Beer?"

"Mmhhh."

"Mary!—Two beers, please, Schlitz."

"Cigarette?"

"Mmhhh."

This time I thought maybe it would be better if I stopped listening. I was patient; I could wait. You can't rush history, it happens so slowly at Uncle Fred's. Anyway, I thought the next chapter wouldn't be so far away this time.

It wasn't. It couldn't have been more than two or three days more before they were in there again. I had to wait for a booth to clear before I could get near enough to hear.

"The beer tastes good tonight."

"Mmhhh."

"So do the cigarettes."

"Mmhhh."

"Everything's good tonight, it seems."

"Does it?"

"Mmhhh."

THEY got up and put their coats on and walked out. Only two days later they came in together again. They sat in a booth next to the bar, and I was at the bar. I had to move only a couple of feet to hear them.

"Do you like olives?"

"Both kinds."

"I hate anchovies."

"So do I. Do you like double features?"

"Nope. Too long."

"I think so, too."

They were sort of looking my way. I moved back to the bar and heard no more that night. The next night they were back again.

"It's a nice night for a walk."

"There's a cold wind."

"The trees break the wind."

"It gets through this thin coat anyway."

"Want another beer?"

"Mmhhh."

Next time they were in the place I

listened while pretending to read a magazine.

"School goes pretty fast, doesn't it?"

"Won't be long before exams now."

"Nope. But Prom comes right after that."

"Oh, that's right."

"Want another beer?"

I thought that another chapter had been written. They came back pretty well on schedule and both sat in the back booth. I walked past slowly to see if I could hear.

"It's a nice night tonight."

"Full moon."

"It's stuffy in here."

"Let's go for a walk."

By that time I had gone too far to hear any more, but they got up and walked out, though it wasn't anywhere near ten-thirty. I didn't see the two people there for quite a while. In fact, I didn't see them together again at all.

BUT in a week or two one of them was back, but with somebody else. I thought they might say something interesting, something that would help me get straightened out. They were.

"Nice night for a walk, isn't it?"

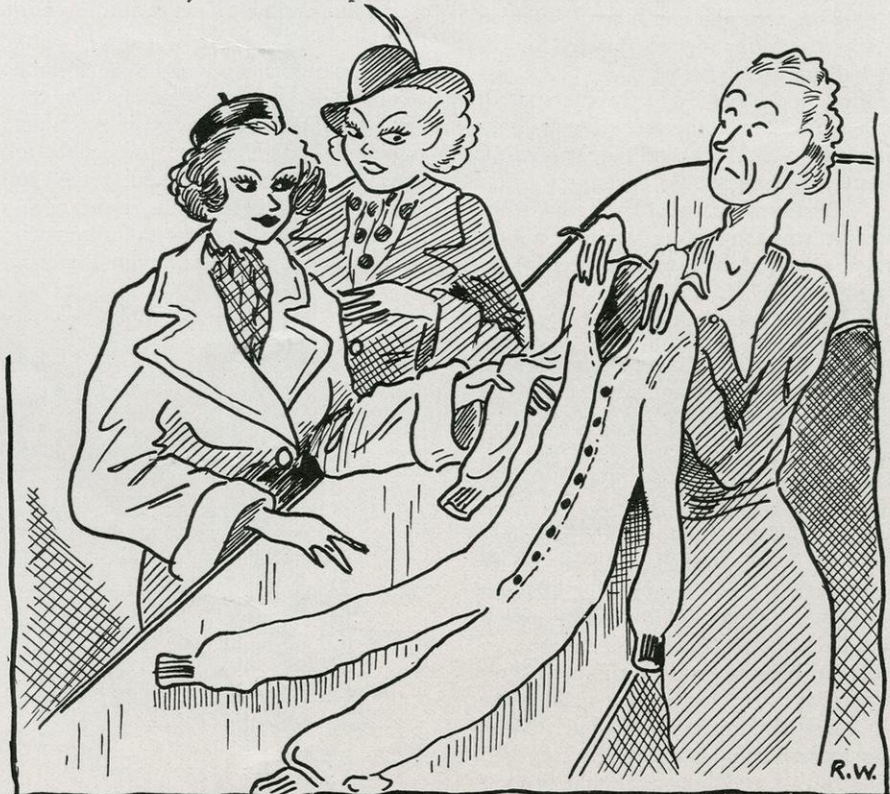
"Yes, it is sort of nice for a walk."

"Shall we?"

"Let's. But wait till I finish my beer."

Soon they got up and left. I had another beer.

—P. G., JR.



"Make sure there's no silk in them, Isabel. You know what the Cardinal says."



## Cheery and Well-Lighted

THE Little Old Lady hesitated before entering the store. She was puzzled by its appearance. Although she had walked down that street each day as long as she could remember, she wasn't sure that she had seen that particular building before. But she swallowed her caution and entered.

Furniture was arranged in suites on both sides of the long room, as in any furniture store. And down the aisle was gliding a besmiled clerk. Nothing mysterious there.

"Could I be of the slightest assistance to madame?" he inquired, his smile reaching half way around his sleek head.

"I'd like to look at some boys' bedroom furniture," she quavered.

The clerk—slightly bald and bow-legged—led her over toward one wall. "We have here a lovely bed. Solid mahogany. Louis XIV. It would delight the heart of any boy. And you can just picture his cries of amazement when he views this gorgeous article, inlaid with genuine—" he paused to let his words sink in—"Mozambique Zebra wood!"

"Then, too," he continued, "we also stress the *orientale* or Eastern motif. This little gem can be had—"

But the Little Old Lady interrupted. "This isn't quite the thing I was looking for . . . I run a boys' rooming house, you see . . ."

"Oh, I understand. Perfectly!" But he left her abruptly and for such a long time that she had almost decided to leave.

Then he was back again but with a long velvet cloak around him. He looked like the devil himself! "Step over here, please," commanded his clerk's voice. All hell was concentrated in his silky tones. Quivering, she followed him into the back room. Bunks of all sizes and latticed combinations were standing around the dark room.

"We've just unpacked these, so, of course, they aren't ready. But I'll soon fix that." And from his cloak he pulled a little box, extracted a pinch of powder and blew it towards the beds. Immediately there was a great noise. The air smelled faintly of sulphur. Then she looked around. Why, nothing had changed! Everything was exactly as it was before. She walked over to a bunk and examined it.

"This is our leader," explained the

clerk. "We sell more of these than of any other kind. Feel of this mattress, for example."

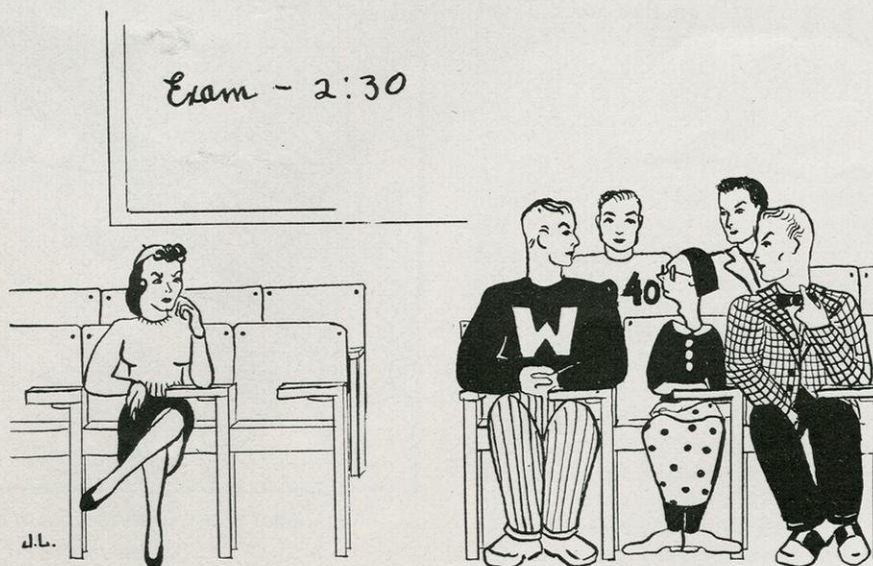
The Lady did as she was told. It felt like any other mattress and she told him so.

"AH, but keep your hand in one spot for a time and what do you find?" Why . . . why there were lumps of something forming inside! Hard lumps at that. "The theory behind this is that the lumps never form until the sleeper is almost comfortable. And here is another feature." He snapped his fingers at the pad. Slowly at first, and then picking up speed, it slid from the top bunk to the floor.

The clerk's smile widened an inch more. "It will slide off the springs no matter how tightly anchored or how stable it might seem. And it operates only at night.

"And then, over here, we have something brand new: The Adjusto-Bunk. The upper bunk automatically rises so that it is impossible for the owner to get into it without the aid of a chair or ladder." That solid pillow that you see on top is standard equipment; it's practically impossible to get it into a comfortable shape."

The salesman motioned toward some chairs. "After years of research in the factory laboratories, a chair was designed in which it was impossible to study. If the student should succeed in getting comfortable through the addition of cushions, one leg will automatically collapse." The salesman beamed.



"It's practically foolproof," he boasted.

"We also have accessories," he explained, pointing out round-bottomed ashtrays and greased rugs. "You will also notice that this desk lamp departs from the old unlightable type. It has the manufacturer's guarantee to remain lighted until exam time, and then no amount of tinkering will be able to get it to light again."

The man then turned to a shelf on which a number of clocks were displayed. But as soon as his back was turned the Little Old Lady began to transform herself. A shawl was thrown aside; a wig ripped off, and lo, there stood Miss Glipp of the Student Housing Committee. "This clock," he said turning . . . and then stopped short.

"So, wolf, I've unmasked you at last!" shouted the girl. And she started toward him, hair bristling slightly. Frightened, the clerk clutched the clock. It started ringing and rang, and rang, and rang . . .

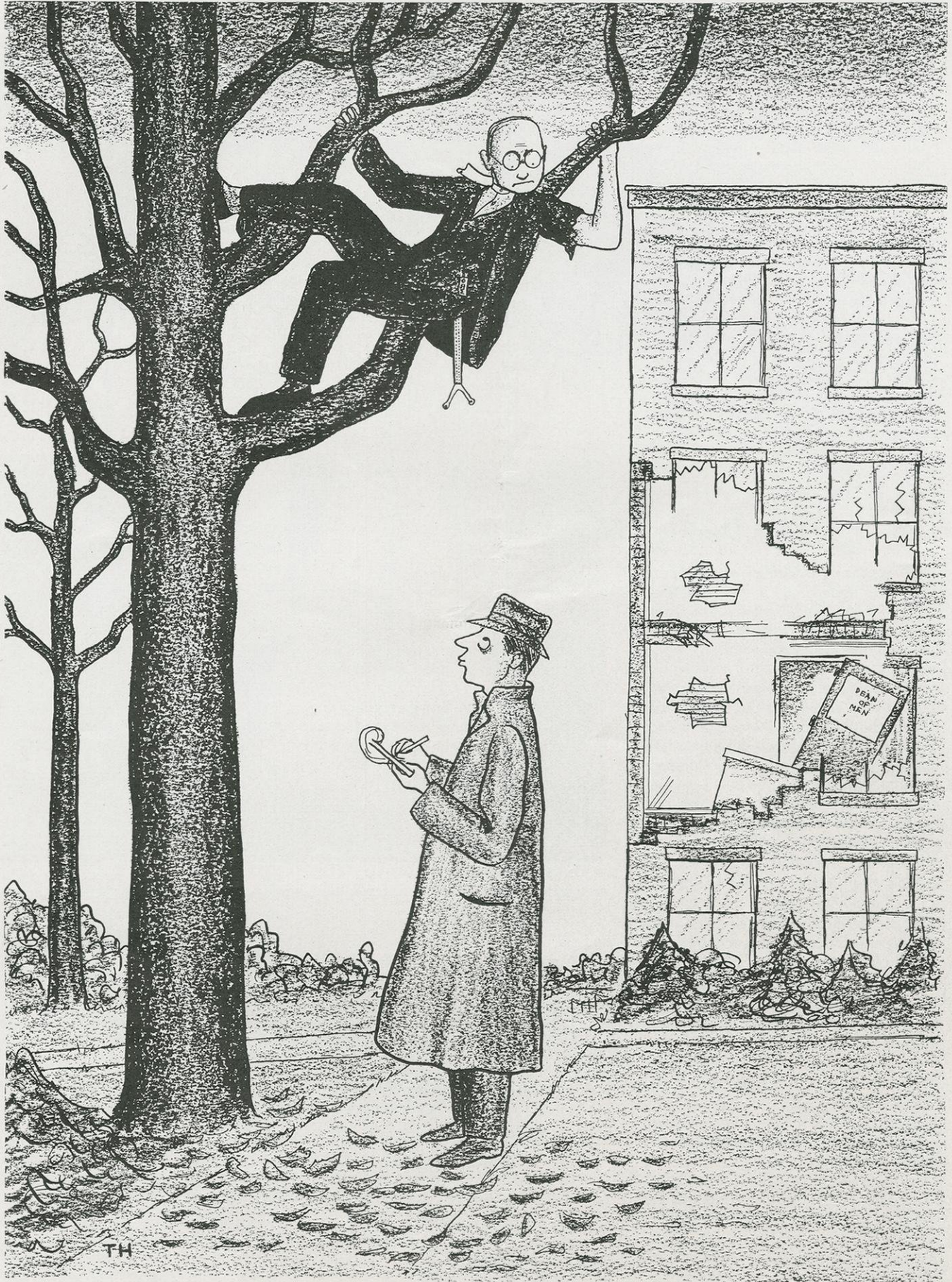
BETTY GLIPP rolled over in her bed and shut off the damned alarm clock. It was bad enough to have one's sleep troubled without being awakened abruptly. She cuddled into a comfortable ball and prepared to sleep through her eight o'clock. But as she did, she felt the mattress slipping from the springs, slowly at first, but then gathering speed until it had deposited her sprawling on the floor. —R. N.

## Cardinal Looking For Feature Writers

—CARDINAL

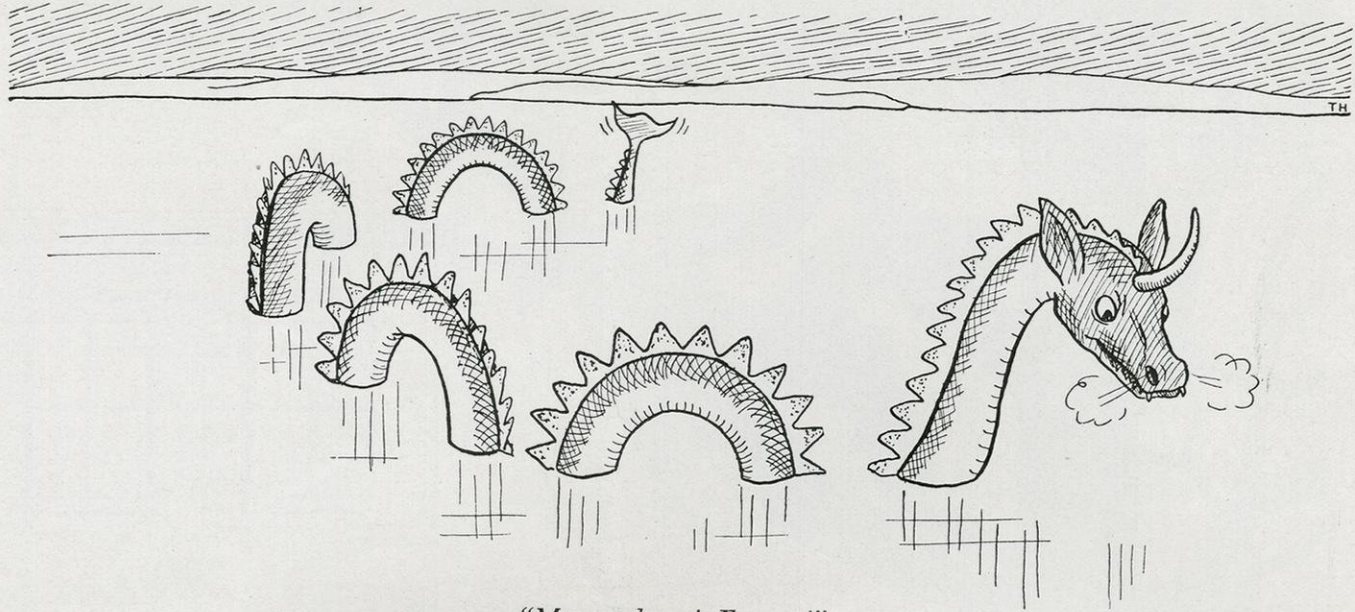
*Have you looked in the heating tunnels?*





*"You may state that the Dean of Men deplures undergraduate hoaxes of this nature."*





"My goodness! Frozen!"

## Our During-Dinner Reading

THE Saturday Review of Literature is a phoney. So is the New York Times Book Review. Ask them, or any of their cousins, "What is America reading?" and you will see soon enough.

To learn the truth, you must go directly to the people; to the quick-lunch joints, the burlesque shows, the public highways, the football stadiums, the grocery stores. Now what is America reading?

We have determined to aid you first with reviews of the during-dinner literature about town. No one we know of has ever reviewed the menus you will be reading while you are sipping.

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ORANGE FOUR-SHEETER. By G. A. Weber. *The Star Restaurant*. 4 pp. plus mimeographed sheet.

The idea which prompted Gus Acropolis Weber's symposium was eminently sound. He wanted to tell people what they could eat in his place.

Mr. Weber gets off on the right foot, glibly running the gamut of soups, eggs, and omelets. But operating a quick-lunch has shaken his confidence in people. Mr. Weber has seen too many customers ploughing into his American chop suey, elbows flying, suey sailing. He tacitly advises on his front cover, "TWO HOURS SERVICE. ELITE CLEANERS. DRY CLEANING FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE."

Somehow this statement, though well meant, casts an atmosphere of gloom

over the same "particular people." Even the consoling thought that whether you order vegetable soup or tomato soup, each priced at fifteen cents, you will still get vegetable-tomato soup does not fully smooth over that dry-cleaning talk.

We are quite sure, however, that you will enjoy reading of the "Bar-b-que Pig on Bun." We did.

\*\*\*

A LA CARTE BILLO FARE. By the *Coney Island*. 4 pp. plus hectographed insert.

The little breath of the big city is woefully given to superlatives. The management brags, "Our coffee is the

finest brand obtainable. The finest Wisconsin cheese and butter served. We serve the highest grade meats, made only as Frank knows how."

Indeed, the entire leaflet is gripped with strain. Coney Island tries to overcome this tension with banalities like "Keep cheerful!" but fails. Part of the reason no doubt is a disconcerting picture on the orange cover of a lady and gentleman dining at a round, white-clothed table, with a waiter in tuxedo standing by. We must encourage this note of optimism and ambition where we find it, but think sticking to the facts is usually safer.

The management seems quite proud of its publication; they beg, "Please do not destroy Menu," as though Menu were a delicate porcelain vase. But such sincerity commands attention. Coney Island will do better when sincerity runs unshackled by strain and superlatives.

\*\*\*

TOBY AND MOON. By Moose Tobias and Moon Molinaro. 4 pp. plus carbon-copy insert.

The technical mastery of Tobias and Molinaro would be a shallow triumph were it not in itself an expression of the wisecracks and athletes who love their joint. Their phrases shift, charge, and smack the line like Badgers, or even like Panthers. "Where the customer is never right," snaps Toby. "Food with a flavor," cracks Moon.

Yet there is something journalistic-scalp-scratching about, "The Home of . . . the All-American Meal at all Hours." This pig-skin motif is even







"Er . . . Georgie, haven't you forgotten something?"

carried into a plea to "support the Badgers."

Toby and Moon's menu has a polish that many admire. We feel, however, that the menu would have breathed more of the essence of their art, had that polish been scraped off in places. An occasional "The Hell with You," or "Nuts to Minnesota," might turn the trick.

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#### Briefly Noted

LAWRENCE'S. *By Lawrence's. 1 p.* An uninspired pot-boiler. The store's reputation as a throbbing microcosm would be much stronger if this menu had never been printed.

LIFE ITS FLAVOR. *By Lohmaier's. 2 pp.* Lack of balance in phosphates.

Weak conclusion—"We serve Wisconsin cheese and butter." Syndicated stuff on front and back covers.

MEMORIAL UNION. *By P. Butts and staff.* Sign boards and 2 blackboards. Amateurish, hand-made job. Baby beef livers and other cute sayings. Shows degeneration, possible hardening of the arteries.

MY MENU. *By Bob. Bob's. 4 pp.* It slipped under the counter; we did not see it very well. —L. S.

#### Cardinal Tops in College Dailies

—CARDINAL

Look who's talking!

## The Human Radio

Prague, Czechoslovakia—(UP)—Two men who are able to receive and transmit radio programs through the medium of their own bodies without the aid of any radio set have created a sensation in their native Moravia-Ostrau in Czechoslovakia and so far have succeeded in baffling visiting scientists.

—MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

I hope those two fellows in Czechoslovakia will not make the same mistake I did. I hope they will not let wild hopes of fame lead them into a Cloud Cuckooland.

My story is one of heart-break and woe.

I was a simple country lad when I discovered the secret which brought me temporary pleasure, but which was later to ruin my life. One evening as I was chasing the cows to pasture, care-free as a lark, I was experimenting with revising the alphabet. I said WENR and then I heard a buzzing sound. Soon I heard some music. It was coming from inside me.

That was the beginning.

Before long I was a local child prodigy. People said WTMJ or WBBM or WIND when I was around, and then a radio program from one of those stations came through me. At first it was embarrassing, but after I got used to it, I didn't mind being used as a radio. I rather enjoyed showing off. Oh vain human pride!

When I discovered I could also transmit radio programs, I got myself licensed as a broadcasting station by the Federal Radio Commission. That was when I was in high school. I was known as station RUFU.

The day came when I was to go to college. My parents had skimped for years so that I could study agriculture at the University. They wanted me to be a farmer.

Just before I left home, Paw said, "Son, you're a grown man now. But don't forget all me and Maw's ever told you. Remember, Son, it's better to work hard and make an honest living, than to try the easy ways of becoming rich."

I've often thought back on those last words of advice from Paw. I've often wished I had listened to him. But I was young. I was foolish. I wanted to become rich and famous. Oh vain, youthful dreams!

I had been at the University about three weeks when a man offered me \$500 a week to go into vaudeville. I quit school.

Within six months I had become famous the world over as RUFUS, THE



HUMAN RADIO. I was rich. I had everything I wanted. I held wild, extravagant revels at my apartment. Chorus girls came, even. Wow!

And then came my appendicitis operation. Only when the doctors took out my appendix, it was a burned-out radio tube. Immediately they x-rayed me and found that instead of a heart, a stomach, lungs, and other internal organs, I had a lot of wire coils, antennae, and tubes inside me.

The movie magnate for whom I was working at the time stamped the floor and tore up my contract in my face. "SO!" he shouted, "A HOAX, EH!

A FAKE, EH! WHY, YOU CHEAP CHISELER. WHO DID YOU THINK YOU WERE FOOLING? WHOM, I MEAN?"

He stormed out of the hospital and signed up two other fellows who were also human radios, but who did not have radios inside them. Their reception was quite inferior to mine. I could get better distance, too.

I walked the streets in vain, trying to find another job, trying to stage a comeback. I was penniless, heartsick, discouraged. The people I had believed my friends ignored me. I turned to drink in order to forget the past. Oh evil brews! Oh human weaknesses!

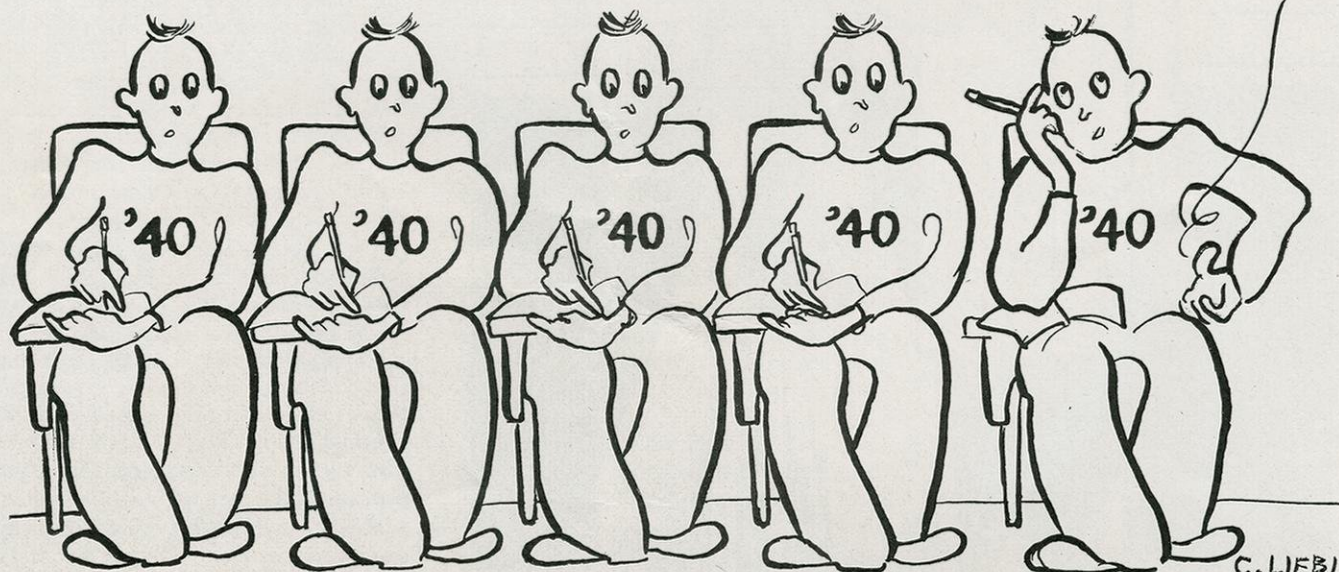
MY HEALTH snapped under the strain. My reception faltered, and I was often subject to severe fits of static. One night when I was trying to pan-handle a dime for coffee, six tubes blew out at once and I collapsed.

I spent six months in a sanitarium.

My parents forgave me for disobeying them. They knew I had erred and knew I was repentant. Now I am going to the University, trying to salvage the broken bits of my life. I only use myself as a radio for my own amusement now.

I have learned my lesson. Take heed.

—R. P.



C. LIEBL

### I'm a Stooge

THE FIRST thing that Alvin heard about when he arrived in Madison was the Octopus. He thought that this would be an ideal activity for him, since back in dear Moose Creek he had been the editor of the school paper, the *Echo*. So he decided that he would go up and see this thing they called the Octopus.

The Old Union stairs creaked as he ascended. He wasn't sure whether the place was falling or whether someone was playing a trick on him. Alvin arrived at his destination only to see a sign on the door: "The editor is out . . . he will be back lord knows when . . . come back and see him, though. He doesn't bite."

Alvin decided to wait awhile and see if the editor wouldn't come along. Just as he was falling asleep, the editor comes stalking up the stairs with "Well, well, look what's here . . . young blood."

Alvin, completely terrified, answered as steadily as he could, "Oh . . . er . . . I would like to be an Octyman. Last year I was editor of the Moose Creek High School *Echo*. Moose Creek isn't a very big town," he added hastily, seeing the doubtful look on the editor's face.

"Well, I'd like you to write some-

#### Editor's Note

This story was, of course, written by a freshman; and it is offered as such. We were amused at the picture of ourselves-as-others-see-us. It has been pruned and hacked at plenty.

thing as a tryout, so we can tell if you'll do or not."

"O.K. When can I come back?"

"Oh, any time. I'm never in."

"Thanks, pal," muttered Alvin, under his breath.

Three days later, Alvin was an enlisted contributor to the pages of *Octy*. And, like all good Octymen, he had to

go through a grueling period of stoogedom. It hurt his pride. Why, Alvin had been the biggest biggie in Moose Creek. He wasn't used to this sort of treatment.

HE WAS stooge to everyone from the soup to nuts editor on down. He was sent for beers and weeds. He even had to carry out the empty bottles. They had him racing around town at a terrific rate. He only hoped he could stand up under the strain. He would no sooner stick his head in the door than someone, oh, just anyone, would think of something for him to do.

He began to think it was a conspiracy to get rid of him. Why, they were making a regular galley slave of him! Intolerable! But there was one thing about Alvin: he was not a quitter. No, he stuck it out. Till one day the editor sent him over to the printers to get some proofs so they could paste up the dummy.

"Sometimes," sighed Alvin, "I think I am the dummy." —M. E. S.



*A pack o'  
pleasure*



CHESTERFIELD

CIGA

LIGGETT & MYERS





## "If the People Would Only Read"—Marx

"Was it a big wedding?"

"Big? Why, I got in line twice to kiss the bride, and nobody noticed me."  
—Tiger.

"Are you troubled with improper thoughts?"

"Naw, I enjoy them." —Lampoon.

Joe: "I want to change my name, your honor."

Judge: "What is your name?"

Joe: "Joe Stinks."

Judge: "I don't blame you, what do you want to change it to?"

Joe: "Charlie." —Lampoon.

Two gentlemen from Harvard, arriving at a debutante party recently, noticed a large number of their compatriots, naturally. One of them, for sheer lack of anything else to do, remarked to the other that, "This place is lousy with Harvard men." Whereupon, from nowhere at all, emerged a man who corrected, dogmatically, "Any place is lousy, with Harvard men," and then disappeared into the obscurity from whence he came.  
—Tiger.

Two mosquitoes once lit on the features

Of two fair and peroxidized creatures.

When asked by what right,  
They replied, "We're not tight,  
We're just seeing the game from the bleachers."  
—Pelican.

Him: "You know you are not a bad looking sort of girl."

Her: "Oh, you'd say so even if you didn't think so."

Him: "Well, we're squared, then. You'd think so even if I didn't say so."  
—Awgwan.



"So I sips my tea and says,  
'How are YOU, Mrs. Dykstra?'"

"Good morning," said a stranger to a woman who had answered the door bell. "Would you like to buy some insect powder?"

"No," she snapped. "I have no use for that stuff."

"Good," replied the stranger. "I will take that room you are advertising."

—Jackolantern.

Sergeant (during a war game): "Private Hurja, don't you realize you are exposing yourself to an imaginary enemy only 250 yards away?"

Private: "That's all right, Sergeant BJones; I'm standing behind an imaginary rock 25 feet high."  
—Siren.

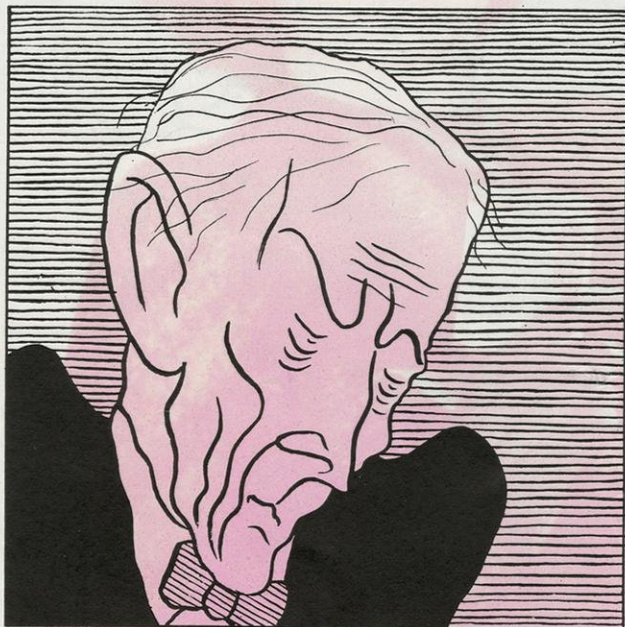
The Doctor: "So God has sent you two more little brothers, Dolly?"

Dolly (brightly): "Yes, and he knows where the money's coming from. I heard Daddy say so."

—Widow.

"How kind of you," said the girl, "to bring me these lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I believe there is some dew on them yet."

"Yes," stammered the young man in great embarrassment, "but I am going to pay it off tomorrow."  
—Ogosh.



## Look here, Mr. Crabapple!

You'll get a lot more out of life if you enjoy your meals. And to enjoy your meals you need good food, reasonable prices, and pleasant surroundings. All this adds up to equal--

# The GABLES Restaurant

1439 University Ave. . . Near the Stadium



S.A.E.: "Do you like to kiss?"  
 Chi O: "Does a duck like to swim?"  
 S.A.E.: "You got the wrong idea."  
 —Kitty-Kat.

He—"Do you love me?"  
 She—"I love everybody."  
 He—"Let God do that . . . we should specialize."  
 —Kitty-Kat.

"Do you mind if I cut in?"  
 "No, go right ahead. This certainly tastes good for a wedding cake."  
 —Froth.

"I never associate with any of my inferiors. Do you?"  
 "I wouldn't know. I never met any of your inferiors."  
 —Sundial.

On a New Haven campus, a sleepy-eyed, unwashed, and uncombed student was hurrying to class, when he was hailed by a friend.

"Say, Bill, don't you take a shower in the morning before you start out?"

"Heck, no," was the reply. "It doesn't make me dirty to sleep."  
 —Record.

"What makes you so worried?"  
 "Just lost \$5,000 in a crap game."  
 "Five thousand!"  
 "Yes, and the hell of it is, \$15 was in cash."  
 —Turnip.

"Halt!" cried the young rookie on his first sentry-go. The major halted.  
 "Halt!" the rookie cried again.  
 "I've halted," snapped the major.  
 "What of it?"  
 "Well," faltered the rookie, "in the manual, it says, 'Say halt three times, then shoot!'"  
 —Record.



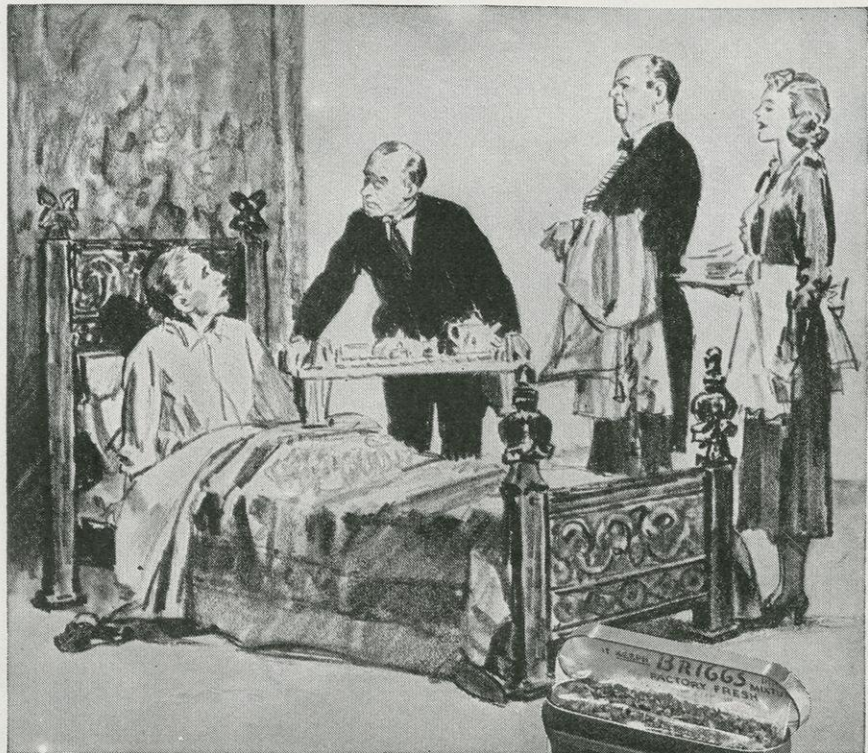
Lambkins: "Last week I was crazy about Bill. Now I can't stand him."

Honey puss: "Yeah, it's funny how changeable men are."  
 —Red Cat.

Clerk: "These are especially strong shirts, madam. They simply laugh at the laundry."

Customer: "I know that kind; I had some that came back with their sides split."  
 —Gargoyle.

# Sleeps 4 Years . . . Wakes Up Rich!



*Drowsing 4 winters and summers in oaken casks, BRIGGS waxes wealthy in mellow pipe charm*

**A** FOUR-YEAR NAP, with a wealth at the end! That would be news, if it happened to a man. It's twice the news, when it happens to a tobacco!

That's just what *does* happen to Briggs. For 4 long years it rests in oaken casks, accumulating a fortune for your pipe. Growing rich from a longer siesta of seasoning than is given to many blends selling at \$5 to \$10 a pound.

But, then, Briggs is fortunate to start with. Blended from only



Copyright, 1937, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

the choicest pipe tobaccos that Nature grows. And of those tobaccos, only the mildest and most flavorful leaves.

At 15¢ the tin, richly aged Briggs costs a few cents more than ordinary tobaccos. But those extra pennies are *miracle pennies* . . . in the extra quality and enjoyment they put in your pipe!

# BRIGGS

**THE BITELESS BLEND**

*When a feller needs a friend . . . page Briggs*

**BRIGGS . . . CASK-MELLOWED 4 FULL YEARS**





---Badgers are going up, too!

**THE SORORITY SALES CONTEST OFFERS YOU YOUR LAST CHANCE TO BUY A 1938 BADGER AT THE PRESENT RATE:**

**\$3**

**Buy Now! You Save Money, And You Can Help Your Favorite Sorority Win!**

**The 1938 Badger**

MEMORIAL UNION

F. 7400



*Hello, Mr. Pinza!*

COLLECTING poisonous rings is just a hobby with Mr. Pinza, but when this eminent basso sings out a few golden chords, those who aren't at the Men's Gym will feel like poisoning themselves.

The former six day racing star will present his Metropolitan Opera voice on the 23rd of this month and we urge you to pedal right over to the Union desk, pronto, for your ticket.

*Evolution of Insanity*

I HAVE lived at the dormitories for two whole years. In order to get to the dormitories, I have to walk on the Lake Road which is covered with cinders.

Cinders are very hard on shoes. I have worn out six pairs of shoes on the Lake Road. The cinders just seem to eat away at the soles and before one realizes it there is a hole on the bottom. I planned moving out of the dormities to save my shoes, but somehow I just keep staying to look up and find that I'm *still* staying there.

Cinders wear out my shoes too fast, but I can't move for all my distraction.

But now I have the solution. When I walk on the Lake Road, I go barefoot. —M. L. G.

The doctor was visiting Rastus' wife to deliver her twelfth offspring. While riding along with Rastus he saw a duck in the road.

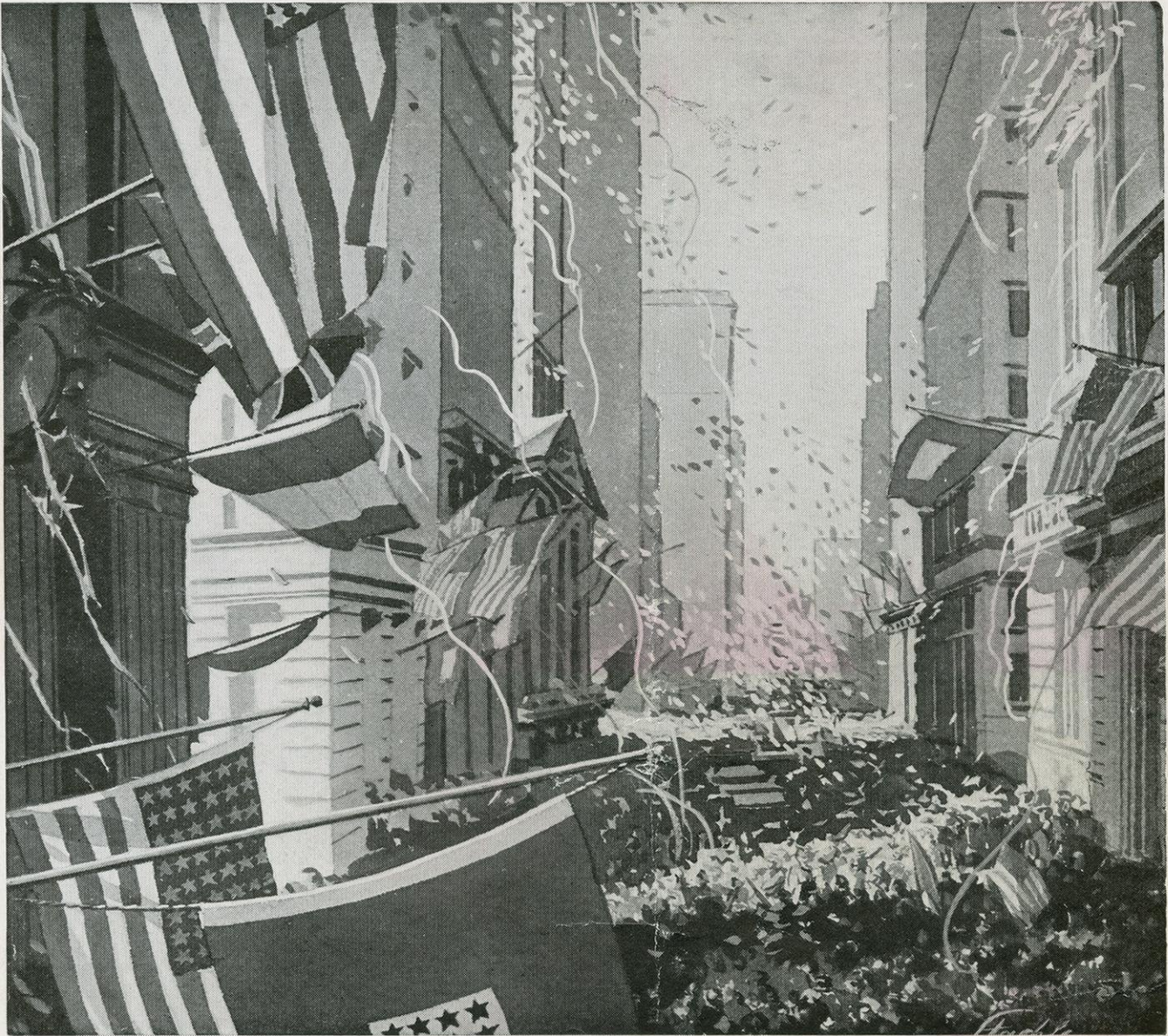
Doctor—Whose duck is that?

Rastus—That ain't no duck. That's a stork with his legs wore off. —Log.

PLEASE

MEMORIAL UNION





## HURRAY FOR WHAT?

### The war is over?

Is it over, Mother?—No, your son was killed.

Is it over, little girl with the big blue eyes?—No, your daddy was killed.

Is it over, soldier?—No, you lost a leg.

Is it over, laborer with the horny hands?—No. You, and your children, and *their* children, and **THEIR**

children must lay out their hard-earned dollars in taxes to pay for it!

### *So why do we cheer?*

Only the fighting is over. Hearts will go on aching. And men will walk on crutches. And laborers will work and work, and pay and pay—for years. For years, and years, and years.

*Let's not have another war.*

### *What to do about it*

Hysterical protests won't avert another war, any more than will "preparedness."

Civilization must build its own defense out of human reason and intelligence, properly organized and applied.

To every reasonable and intelligent man and woman in America goes the responsibility of doing his or her share to avert the coming war.

World Peaceways offers a practical plan of how you *can* help. Write for it. There is no obligation involved in your inquiry, except the obligation to your conscience and to your conviction that *there must be* no more wars. World Peaceways, Inc., 103 Park Ave., New York City.



John Butler  
319 N. Brooks  
city



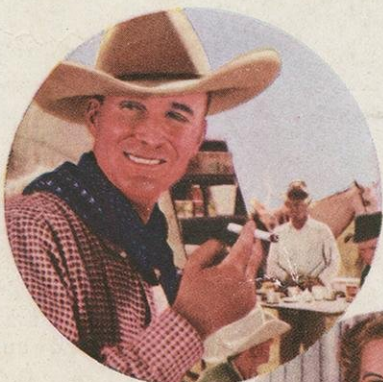
Can people really appreciate the Costlier Tobaccos in Camels?

**ANSWER:**  
Camels are the Largest-Selling Cigarette in America

Camel pays millions more for finer tobaccos—so smokers may enjoy them with increasing pleasure

CAMELS bring a new thrill to smoking. If you are not a Camel smoker, why not try the cigarette which has brought more pleasure to more people than any other? Turn to Camels. Put them to the *severest* test—smoke them *steadily*. For then the true nature of a cigarette is revealed. Find out for yourself how true it is that there's no substitute for *costlier tobaccos*.

**PRIVATE SECRETARY,** Rosamond Morse (*right*): "Camels make even a hurry-up lunch seem pleasant. They help my digestion run more smoothly."



**TEXAS RANCHER** (*above*), Fred McDaniel, says: "I never saw the beat of Camels for genuine tastiness. Me and Camels have been getting along fine for 15 years."



**SOCIETY AVIATRIX,** Mrs. J. W. Rockefeller, Jr. (*left*): "I prefer Camels for steady smoking. I smoke as many as I please—they never get on my nerves. Camels are so mild—so gentle to my throat."



**COL. ROSCOE TURNER** (*above*): "I smoke Camels all I want. What I especially like about Camels is this: After a tiring flight, I smoke a Camel. It sure tastes good! And I get a quick, pleasant 'lift.'"



**RALPH GULDAHL**, (*above*) Golf Champion: "Camels are different from other cigarettes. Playing against a star field, my nerves run the gauntlet. That's one reason I prefer Camels. They don't frazzle my nerves."

**THE CAMEL CARAVAN** now on the air with a full-hour show!

"Jack Oakie College" and Benny Goodman's "Swing School"! Sixty fast minutes of fun! Every Tuesday night at 9:30 pm E.S.T., 8:30 pm C.S.T., 7:30 pm M.S.T., 6:30 pm P.S.T., WABC-CBS.



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**A MATCHLESS BLEND** of finer, More Expensive Tobaccos, Turkish and Domestic