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## The Chad review: burlesque number. Volume 19 1929

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**THE CHAD REVIEW** 1926-7  
**BURLESQUE NUMBER**

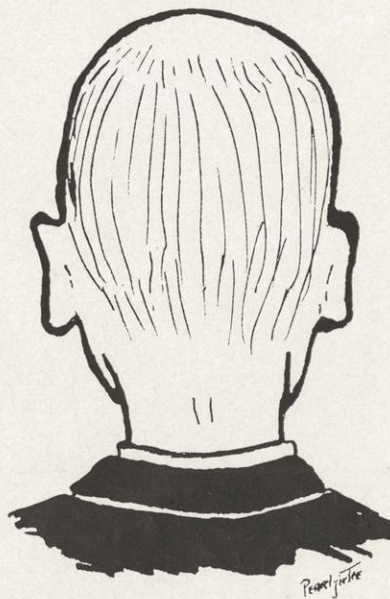












To  
DONALD LITTLEJOHN HALVERSON  
we dedicate this  
seventeenth volume of  
*The Chad Review*



# CHAD GIRLS, PLAINTIFFS, vs. DORMCO, INC., DEFENDANT

*Time* in the year 2000 A. D.

*Place* Madison, Wisconsin.

*Characters*—Officers of the Court and Gentlemen of the Jury. Dormco, Inc. and employees of Dormco, Inc. Chadbourne Girls of 2000 A. D. Socrats, wisest of men.

*Scene I.* A huge court room. The trial is about to begin. People crowd into the seats on the main floor. Supporters of Dormco, Inc. group themselves on the left, Chadbournites on the right of the room. Near the front are the high dignitaries and potentates of Dormco, Inc., with white, strained, anxious faces. Behind them are their secretaries, behind them their secretaries, then sub secretaries, and sub-sub secretaries behind them. Last of all are the great mass of laundrymen, laundrygirls, cooks, scrub women, cleaning men, etc., etc., etc., etc. Hisses fly back and forth from one side of the room to the other, and the

floor is covered with the dead and dying who were stung to death by the cruel invectives. Everything is in a mad uproar when officers of the court enter.

Barristers (rising)—Silence!

The dead and dying pick themselves up and grope their way to their chairs. The jury enter and is sworn. A man enters, and slowly mounts the steps before the judge. Cheers and shouts raise the roof which is suspended in air for fully ten minutes. Hisses rise to the throats of Dormco's men, but they are choked by the cheers from the other side. It is Socrats, wisest of man, who is to take up the cudgels in favor of the plaintiffs, the Chadbournites.

Supreme Magistrate (to Socrats)—Do you swear upon this Octopus to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

Socrats—I do.

(Loud cheers from the Chadbournites; groans from the men of Dormco. Socrats addresses himself to the Court and the Jury and with a stern eye begins.)

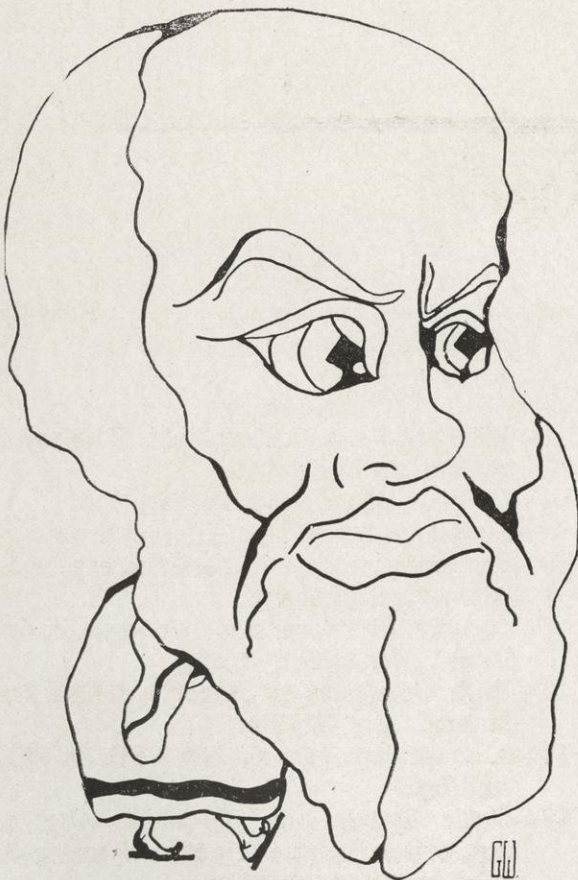
Gentlemen of the Jury! You are already acquainted with this case and you are not unfamiliar with the circumstances. As you know, a remorseless corporation of prodigious power—power not only of wealth and influence but power over lives, human lives—this dastardly dragon, this daedal demon has pitted itself against weak, defenceless maidens.

Never in the history of this state, never in the history of this great nation, and seldom in the annals of the world, has such a monstrosity ever been committed before. But now the fatal hour has come, now is the time when the treason will out, now the moment when the right shall live and prosper, and the wrong be choked till it shall gasp and die. Die, Gentlemen of the Jury, I say—die! (Cheers from Chadbournites. The faces of Dormco's employees become whiter and whiter.)

Socrats (continuing)—But it is not upon their defencelessness that I base my plea. Bring forth the witnesses.

(Witnesses are called. Witnesses! and a long indefinite line of Chadbournites form

(Continued on page 24)





## THE YEAR IN CHADBOURNE

## September

- 24—Gramps resumes his watchful care over 125 Chad girls.
- 25—David calls for Hazel Janda.
- 27—Mrs. Nitzke informs freshmen that girls wearing kimono's cannot ride in the elevator. Start the new year right.
- 28—Proctor shushes Genevieve Barron. Genevieve! Genevieve! so soon!
- 29—First candle night in dining room. We raise our voices in praise of Chadbourne's ivied walls.
- 31—Roast beef for dinner.

## October

- 1—Miss Nardin advises frosh on ways of world.
- 2—Kathleen Crichton makes a dirty remark about the food.
- 3—Beata notes that roast beef has already appeared four times. This from our social chairman. (Perhaps only a little practice in statistics.)
- 4—House meeting. Freshmen sit on floor. Once this year at least.
- 5—David calls for Hazel Janda.
- 7—Frosh "At Home". We look 'em over.
- 9—Freshmen are conducted through the garret. Jipped! Only one coffin. Death, where is thy sting?
- 10—Frosh appear in bibs and pour water at the breakfast table.
- 13—Student welcome at churches. 75 Chadbourne nickels taken in.
- 18—Elevator cleaned by frosh with toothbrush and a glass of water. The wages of sin is death.
- 19—Chadbourne rush. Society column calls it "Open House".
- 22—Roast beef for dinner.

## November

- 1—David calls for Hazel Janda.
- 4—Verna Johnson leaves, and Miss Taylor gets a new office.
- 5—Mrs. Nitsky puts up closed sign on elevator. Goes home smiling.
- 8—Roast beef for dinner.
- 13—Homecoming. Alva Thomsen puts up pretty bulbs and shiny tinsel. Goes on a blind to celebrate. Good looking man



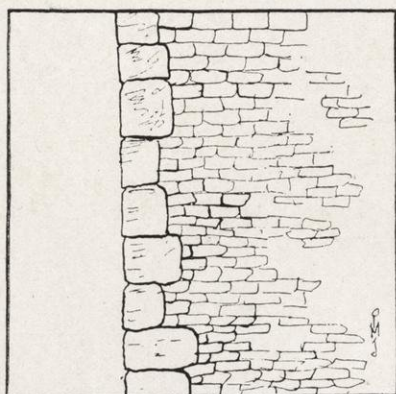
CHADBOURNE "OPEN HOUSE"

- from Chicago. (Montgomery-Ward.)
- 14—David calls for Hazel Janda. (Note—We refuse to chronicle this event again.)
- 15—First snowfall. Galoshes in order.
- 16—Beata advances a philosophic theory: "Absence does *not* make the heart grow fonder."
- 19—Friday night. Harriet Stern goes to Law libe. The rest of us go to S. G. A. party.
- 23—Freshmen begin to study. No need to ask why.
- 25—Turkey. Tea dance.
- 29—Roast beef for dinner. (We refuse to chronicle this event again also.)

## December

- 1—Midsemester grades are in. Freshmen coralled in study hall.
- 4—Eighteen more days till vacation!
- 5—Seventeen more days till vacation!
- 6—Sixteen more days till vacation etc., etc., but not ad infinitum!
- 7—Harriet Stern carries her own books home. Something wrong.
- 9—Ruth Cole goes to Harold's house for dinner. Oh, Ruthie!
- 16—A week has passed, but Ruth is still smiling.
- 18—Doris Evans, our pill-fiend, takes a typewriter tablet and goes out and gets a job as a stenographer.





A PORTION OF CHADBOURNE'S  
IVIED WALLS



WHEN THE BELL SYSTEM WAS CHANGED

- 21—Nobody goes to bed. Tomorrow we go home.

### January

- 5—Happy New Year! Who said we had vacation?  
8—Aileen Haselhuhn tries to blow her head off. Chemical reaction poor or head tough. Which?  
9—Everybody studying. New Year's resolutions, I guess.  
10—Executive council discovers that deposits will not be refunded till June. Fur flies!  
13—Twenty-five days till exams. 83 till spring vacation.  
18—Mrs. Nitsky suspended in mid-air. Elevator on a strike.  
19—New buzzer system goes into effect. Jessie calls Miss Norris dearie.  
20—Genevieve Horton cuts Mr. Showerman's Latin class. Getting reckless.  
21—Bernice Munson opens a new case of peas.  
25—Last day of classes. Doom approaches.  
27—Marg. Hall bawls out Nellie Jane. Or was it vice versa?  
28—Huldah Loye advertises for a tutor. Quiet hours extended. Light bill goes up. There ain't no jestic.  
29—Peaceful Sunday passes. It is the quiet before the storm.  
30—Exams. Lucille Heiman comes home hysterical.  
31—Every one studying but Willie Hahn. You can have too much knowledge. Miss Otto serves chocolate.

### February

- 4—Elizabeth Bloom writes a play over the week-end.  
8—All over. Even prom. The tumult and the shouting has died.  
10—Ruth Parker, Dorothy Leighton, and Jennie Speirs arrive.  
12—"Gentlemen prefer blondes," says Marion Feiker by way of consolation.  
13—We discover Fae Schiffman. Much jazz in parlor.  
14—Big shipment of heart-shaped boxes. Chad well remembered.  
17—Crash! Dorothy Canfield breaks into a ten dollar bill.  
22—Happy birthday, dear George!  
23—Fourth floor bridge game ends in fight. Bee Aronson made nasty remark about Lucille Verhulst's wooden leg.  
25—Books disappear from library. Villains! Thus to despoil our intellectual treasure.  
28—"February alone hath twenty-eight."

### March

- 1—Bill Evans calls at Chadbourne. Evelyn Swenson also has a date. Dormitories and Commons taking on matrimonial activities.  
5—First floor takes a car ride. Maxine parts with \$37.50.  
10—Neva Holmes departs for Park Falls—or was it Hurley? Watch your step, Neva!  
12—Fire captain decides to give us fire drill. Alarm clock fails to go off. Oh, well, we can wait till next year.

(Continued on page 20)



## CHADBOURNE PORTRAITS

Margaret Hall

Have you beheld a woman  
 Slender as a shaken reed,  
 Pensive and mute,  
 Wandering in our lonely corridors?  
 Ever she searches—  
 Ever she fruitlessly inquires—  
 She seems to be seeking something which  
     she never finds.  
 All year she wandered thus from door to  
     door,  
 Hunting new subjects for her thesis.

Hazel Janda

Happy, busy, and gay,  
 We found her one of our cheeriest freshmen.  
 She studied, too, and conned her books in a  
     way  
 That made us proud of her.  
 She was an example of industry.  
 Day after day she sat and learned her lessons  
     o'er  
 Evening found her in the library.  
 We thought she studied—  
 But soon we learned otherwise.

Dorothy Belanger

The college directory is a list of all the men  
     she knows—no more!  
 Her remarks upon returning from a date—  
     how much they tell!  
 "Awfully good-looking, but a rotten line—"  
 "Tall men are nice—"  
 "And blondes aren't half bad."  
 She voiced her utter condemnation when she  
     said,  
 "It's only Eddie tonight; so I don't have to  
     look nice."

Alva Thomsen

Tall she was and stately,  
 Of law and law-courts over-wise.  
 Each day she walked across the sloping hill  
 And shut herself within the castle stern and  
     dull.  
 There she learned of crime and equity,  
 Day by day, and case by case.  
 Were it not that she a modern woman is,  
 We'd hear of other "cases" by and by.

Ruth Parker

Another of those Frosh.  
 They're surely a degenerating influence in  
     an institution like this!  
 Didn't you know that only children bent sil-  
     verware and swiped signs?  
 And only adults made a specialty of dating?  
 You *can't* combine the two.

Beata Prochnow

"Ah, me. Does one use a fo'k or a spoon?"  
 Where have we heard that wail before?  
 Where but from the lips of our social ad-  
     visor, instructress, and referee—  
 A slender woman whose duties well assumed  
     caused a line to form between her eyes,  
 And her brunette-ness to sparkle with silver.

Lenore Hathaway

"We'll keep on going anyway—  
 What's a sign post?"  
 "On with the GO sign—  
 Let the soul of this fliver be unconfined."  
 By such we know her.  
 That frenzied, hurried air must have been  
     produced by something.  
 All pianists are artists—  
 Aha! another temperament.

Pearl Jirtle

Ah, these people with artistic temperament!  
 Whoever dreamed that 'neath that frozen  
     exterior,  
 So calm and poised,  
 A wild desire flamed—  
 A consuming, passionate desire—  
 To out-argue Marion?

Cynthia Stokes

A hundred pounds,  
 Perhaps, a little more or less.  
 Another child on first who labored to grow  
     up  
 With many attempts at sobriety and care-  
     fully tended tresses.  
 She gave herself away when she stuffed her  
     bathing suit  
 And hung it in the window  
 To edify  
 The passersby.

—Maxine Stiles









### EMILY POST FOREVER!

Let us for a moment direct our earnest consideration to a subject upon which all too little has been said—a subject on which university authorities have persistently remained silent, which Emily Post has lacked the temerity to confide to print, which your best friends, assuming that some little child would relieve you of the painful truth, have hesitated to mention. We are reluctant to speak on so delicate a matter and yet we feel that there is an urgent need for a frank discussion of the dining room etiquette of our college home, that henceforth Chadbourne women may enter the dining room poised and serene, confident and assured, no longer harassed by a thousand qualms concerning “what to do”.

One may enter the dining room in whatever costume she chooses but she must adhere to one infallible rule—AVOID THE GOLDEN MEAN. Regardless of Horace, the middle course never was collegiate and never will be. One may come to breakfast wearing hat, coat, galoshes, scarf and gloves, or her attire may be very simple, preferably consisting of pajamas, smock, and mules, sans hosiery always. For lunch almost anything will pass inspection, but for dinner she must come attired either in for-

mal gown or a corrective dancing costume. These costumes not only are of pleasing appearance but allow the necessary freedom of action to cope with the more fibrous protein dishes.

Sprightly vivacity and easy nonchalance at all times mark the bearing of the Chadbourne woman. Running, skipping, sliding, shrieking, she frisks to her table, flops into a chair, slides down to a comfortable angle and begins to call for her napkin. And her conversation is no less animated. The following dialogue between A and B, scintillating as it does with subtle, sparkling wit, may be used as a model of the most desirable type of conversation.

A. Well for crying out loud! Look what the garbage collector dragged in.

B. F’even’s saks! Cabbage again. And look at the raw meat. My word! you’d think it was four o’clock in the sea-lion cage.

A. They simply never cook it—they just sterilize it in hot water. It’s awfully good for you though. Cutting it is wonderful exercise.

B. One ought to get gym credit for it. Oh, I wonder what the dessert’ll be. I do hope it’s pie.

A. Well I hope it isn’t that stale black pudding stuff—maybe it’s sponge cake soaked in syrup.

B. Well, what’s here? I see they must have a new shipment of tongue.

A. (drinking) Ooh! what awful tasting water. Taste yours.

B. (drinking) My dear! there’s something in this water! (addressing entire table) Girls, girls—don’t drink that water! there’s saltpeter in it. How perfectly terribly awful!

The conversation should chiefly consist of remarks on the food but under pressure one may also discuss any of the following: (1) the girls at the next table, (2) the advisability of letting one’s hair grow, (3) hot dates one has known, (4) birth control, (5) dormitories and commons. But in spite of the wealth of subject matter there come those moments of embarrassed silence which every hostess dreads. These may be alleviated by such playful antics as rolling napkin rings across the table, juggling them in the



air, flipping water to the next table, mixing salt and sugar, et cetera ad infinitum. There need be no dull moments in the dining room.

Concerning the use of the silver—the extra fork may be for the salad; it may indicate suet pudding; it may mean cake, or possibly pie. And then again it may be to fool you. But as Emily Post repeatedly stresses, never let a little thing like a fork come between you and your fun. There is, however, a point of etiquette to which we would direct your attention. With lifted eyebrows we have observed the practice which a dozen or more of the freshmen make of pouring water for the upperclassmen and passing dishes to the hostess before serving themselves. It is a rather quaint little custom, very prevalent among the freshmen in October, but they have long since relegated to the folk lore of l'ancienne regime.

—*Kathleen Crichton*

#### FOURTH FLOOR SKYROCKETS

Hear ye! Hear ye! All Chem. students! May Herrman suggests that either the gravy or the drinking water should make an acceptable Unknown for the Barium group, since potassium nitrate (salt peter) occurs naturally in both.

Curiosity being only fatal to cats comma  
Ruth Lemmer dangling participle  
Asked me today quotation marks  
If Chief Rain-in-the-Face  
Was born in the Spring comma  
Was Heap-Big-Chief-Dirty-Face  
Born in Chicago question mark.

Marion Hering and Jessie Richmond are the Musical Mateys. Marion admits that her talent for playing and accompanying the ukelele is inherited, but Jessie ascribes her loquacity to having been vaccinated by a Victrola needle.

Dorothy Wheeler is planning to take a course in Money and Banking next year in hopes of learning how to get back a few of the thousands that she has lost at solitaire.

Now that Roomey has come back from the infirmary, Pearl Jirtie states that she and the squirrels are again able to sleep nights, as they are more accustomed to sleeping to a snore accompaniment than without.

Now that Jennie Spiers and Dorothy Leighton are using the gravy barrel for an ash can, Jennie should save a few dollars from the clutches of the Rent-a-car dealers.

Laura Stiles—I've got to get home to study.

Margaret Fosse—What's the course?

Laura—I'm going to cram for a cooking exam.

Ruth Pech—For goshsakes, Alice, turn off the light. I can't sleep.

Alice Fosse—The light is off, little one.

Ruth—Oh! . . . Would you mind sticking your head under the pillow?

One of our new arrivals, Fae Schiffman, on getting her first theme back from English class told Marg Hall that she hoped she got good grades *too!* ! !

#### MATHEMATICS

If Bernice Hillier and Betty Collins should room together, would there be more than seven dates in one week, or is sixty-nine a passing grade in Spanish?

The ominous air of impending gloom that hangs like a black pall over D-2 as yet has not been penetrated even by a Rockets reporter. Rumor has it that the cause of the tragedy is a disagreement between Evelyn Webb and Dorothy Johnson over a tall blonde Chemistry instructor.

—*Marion Feiker*



## CHADBOURNE ACTIVITIES

Sign Painting  
 Taking in Washing  
 Growing Out Hair  
 Fire Drills  
 Reforming Halls and Commons  
 Burning Incense  
 Gabbing  
 Gadding  
 Finding Fraternity Affiliations  
 Cramming  
 Criticizing Chadbourne

Yes, indeedy, we girls of Chad are *the* activities girls. Why, we go in for every kind of sport and outside work there is. When it comes to busy people—why, we're right there!

Nearly every one of us is an enthusiastic Badger worker—you just bet we are at the Badger all the time. There's nothing like us for looking up Jimmie's picture, or Ed's fraternity, or that darling house. And as for the Cardinal—why we barely wait until breakfast is over, to get at it. Especially in spring, when all our friends are either getting engaged or married or elected.

And that isn't all we do either. Aren't those fudge stoves going all the time and aren't we contributors to bazaars? As for rummage sales—we dote on them! We are the kind of girls that are good to the needy, and besides, you know that's really a comfortable way to get rid of things you don't want.

We are ready to enter any of our girls into any track event. They have daily practice here and the funny thing is that we don't need a gun to start the racing—only a funny, buzzy kind of bell. All a girl needs is to hear that b-r-r and off she goes like a flash—we don't even bother to time her! And as for the high-jump—well, for any woman that gets over these steps like we do, that little bit of jumping will be the merest workout.

And say, Wisconsin Players has nothing on us when it comes to putting on the acts. How about corridor spreads and take-offs? They are better than any lab play we'll say.

And we've our own little singing fest too. For as most of us can see, we know best the one about returning to civilization, and the funny part of it is, that it is sung mostly near vacations.

## INFERNO

What monster this that feeds within our midst?

Makes quake our beds and thus disturbs our bliss?

What demon this enveloping our souls,  
 Dragging our thoughts down from cultural knolls?

Now, to mock an earthquake not sufficing,  
 It needs belch forth white clouds all unenticing;

With all too pungent steamy, soapy scent,  
 Brings thoughts of Chinks from far-off Orient.

Oh, tell me, were these once our bonny lasses?

These nervous wrecks with hollow, long-drawn faces?

In vain do their fond parents o'er them grieve

As they come to watch, to advise, and then to leave.

Ho! scientist, no longer need you roam.

Beneath the confines of our Chadbourne home,

Long-sought perpetual motion has been found,

Though so cleverly 'twas hidden 'neath the ground.

No Chadbournites fear threats of black inferno

When we live daily o'er such ceaseless turmoil,

'Tis only finer sensibilities

That saves Don H. heartless humilities.

This hulking brute, this implement of power  
 That tortures us each moment of each hour,  
 You ask what rumbling monster this may be?

Helas, 'tis only Chadbourne's steam laundry!

—Dorothy Thier

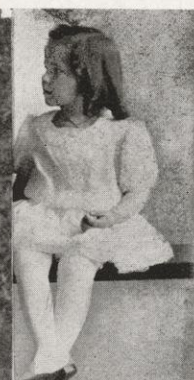
Yessirree, we've any kind of activity, inside or out, including gabbing! We are the activities girls.

—B. Aronson





FLORENCE  
WUERZBERGER



ELIZABETH  
QUADE



MILDRED WITTICK



GWEN WITMER

THE EDITOR



HULDAH LOYE



RUTH EGGE



SALLY FOWLER



VIOLA  
BYRMEISTER



LEOTA SWENSON



## TO CHADBOURNE HALL

In an age when Youth discounts much sound tradition,  
 All the formulae bequeathed it from the Past,  
 Like some light-house, in a sea of weltering friction,  
 Stands old Chadbourne, sure, impregnable, steadfast.  
 Turreted façades, their windows gleaming brightly,  
 Serve as beacons to the wand'rer homeward bound;  
 Comfort, fun, good-fellowship and all that rightly  
 Makes for happiness, she knows may there be found.

But these rays light not alone Wisconsin water,  
 Far across the broad Pacific do they gleam.  
 One who here had loved the sunny life and laughter  
 There in Chile shared with me the lovely dream.  
 I returning, disillusioned, found "the substance  
 Of things hoped for," found a sturdy faith in Right.  
 So to you, old Chadbourne, here I pledge allegiance,  
 And to you, dear girls, the keepers of the Light!

—S. N.

## CHADBOURNE HALL OFFICERS 1926-27

President-----Evelyn Fossum  
 Vice President-----Alva Thomsen  
 Secretary-----Helen Osterbind  
 Treasurer-----Virginia Wright  
 Fire Captain-----Hazel Hoesly  
 Librarian-----Ruth Cole

Social Chairman-----Beata Prochnow  
 Keeper of the Archives-----  
 -----Helen Schneider  
 Head of Chapel-----Lena Marty  
 Head of Dining Room-----  
 --Lethol Wolter and Helen McCullough  
 Head Proctor-----Margaret Hall

## EDITORIAL

Chadbourne spirit! What does it mean to those of us who are living in Chadbourne Hall? To me, this spirit means several things—true friendship, willing cooperation, and the promotion of traditions and customs. With the close of this year, I wonder if we have succeeded in fostering the group spirit. We, who will soon leave Chadbourne, have striven to carry out the ideals and to encourage the group spirit so well defined within our hall. Now it is up to you, who will "carry on" for Chadbourne, to strengthen and preserve that feeling of unity which we have entrusted to you.

It is to every one, who has contributed in any way and who has cooperated to further the interests of Chadbourne, that I wish to express my appreciation. To Miss Norris, who has guided us and has given us a closer feeling of comradeship, I owe my sincere thanks.

—E. M. F.

## THE EDITOR SAYS

The staff of The Chad Review has this year seen fit to build the magazine upon a burlesque pattern. It shall be for the girls of the hall to say whether we have not found suitable material upon which to trace the lines of such a pattern. We have taken personalities, idiosyncracies, conditions, events, pleasantries, and unpleasantries as the mark for the barbs of our subtle and all-invading humour. Nothing has this year been sacred to us.

We hope that the girls of the hall will laugh with us about the many incongruous events of the year. We hope that they will appreciate the grave purpose of our humour, that they will feel what unity is necessary in order that Chadbourne Hall may publish its yearbook. When we nominate the girl who criticizes Chadbourne in any way for our burlesque Hall of Fame we wish the girls of the hall to know that we are doing more than "cracking a joke." We hope they will realize the seriousness of our burlesque

—D. B. G.





# SOCIAL EVENTS

Dear Mabel:

Last night was the most wonderful night of all my life. We had the most marvelous open house. It was just darling and I am all thrilled to little bitty hunks. Open house you know is so the girls and boys of the university can get to know each other better. Isn't it a lovely idea? This morning's Cardinal said our open house was just like the bag rush, but I don't think so. Nobody got hurt or anything, so I think they were just being sarcastic.

Well, anyway, it was perfectly gorgeous and did I ever have fun! I wore my pale-blue organdy with the ruffles and Helen's rose head-band and my earrings and I have to admit that I was a real knockout. And listen, honey, I met H. I. M. And he is divine! He is tall and handsome—a sort of a cross between Ramon Navarro and Lewis Stone, if you know what I mean. His name is Clarence. Don't you just love the name Clarence? And oh, kid, he fell for me, too, just flat! I can tell from the things he said, the clever, darling things!

He came over where I was standing and said, "I've been watching you all evening. I think we ought to get acquainted. I'm an awfully nice boy and I know you'll like me." We danced a while. Then he said, "Where've you been all my life anyway?"

I was taken off my feet at that and didn't know just what to say, but I said finally, "Well, where've you been all *my* life?"

"Well," he said, so cute, "my life didn't amount to much till I lamped you, and I've been unconscious ever since. By the way, what's your first name?"

"Emily," I said.

"That's my favorite name," he said, "and it just suits you."

And the funniest thing—he knows a girl in Milwaukee named Emily. Isn't that a coincidence? He said he felt as if he had known me for years and years. "You are a

real queen," he said. "You must come from some big city. You've got class."

Of course, then I had to tell him that papa runs the livery stable at home. He asked me if the Phi Beta Kappas had been rushing me. "You'll go over big with that crowd," he said. "You're a regular Pola Negri on roller skates." Wasn't that sweet?

Then we went out on the porch. He held my hand so darling and said, "What a wonderful, wonderful night for the drive."

"What drive?" I asked him.

"The Memorial Union drive," he said. I wonder what that is.

He is so magnificent and he is crazy about me. I can always tell. He had to go early because his gang was waiting—his fraternity brothers, you know. They are crazy about him, too. Why, he's been pledged with them for over two years, so he rates hundred per cent, I guess. He said he just hated to tear away. "But now that I've found you," he said, "I can't lose you. I'm going to be awfully busy till Christmas but I hope after that you'll let me see you once in a while.

Oh, I'm so thrilled.

Love,

Emily.  
—K. C.

## SOCIAL PROGRAM

Frosh "taken in"  
Frosh-Soph bag rush  
Marshmallow party on lake shore  
Apache stampede (open house)  
Unformal dance  
Dinner for papas  
Homecoming dinner  
Thanksgiving party  
Tux party (this means dressed up)  
Bridge game (Prom consolations)  
Banquet—Spread in corridor  
Dinner for profs  
Dance (Spring)  
Frosh corridor spreads  
Dinner for mammas



## CHAD REVIEW STAFF

Editor-----Daisy Grenzow  
 Assistant Editor-----Helen Osterbind  
 Business Manager-----Bertha Schmidt  
 Advertising-----Nellie Jane Schneider, manager; Helen Findley, Lenore Hathaway, Ruth Helz, Margaret Martin, Lena Marty, Gertrude Plappert, Elizabeth Plumlee, Eleanor Ritter, Elizabeth Serwe, Ethel Stokes, Margaret Twohig.  
 Circulation-----Beatrice Aronson, manager; Kathryn Hartnett, Genevieve Horton, Helen Schneider, Maxine Stiles.  
 Humor-----Mary Elizabeth Reinking, editor; Dorothy

Belanger, Kathleen Crichton, Marion Feiker, Harriet Grabandt, Lenore Hathaway, Hazel Hoesly, Helen Kundert, Bernice Olsen, Cynthia Stokes, Florence Wuerzberger.  
 Literary-----Elizabeth Bloom, editor; Gretchen Duchac, Maxine Stiles, Dorothy Thier.  
 Art-----Helen McCullough, editor; Pearl Jirtle, Helen Findley, Ruth Pech, Elizabeth Quade, Gladys Sieverkropp, Janet Smith, Jennie Speirs, Gwen Wittmer.  
 Society-----Dorothy Canfield, editor; Kathleen Crichton.  
 Activities-----Fae Henry, editor; Beatrice Aronson.

Aronson, Beatrice -----Hobart St., Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 Ames, Mildred -----Brooklyn, Wis.  
 Anderson, Inez -----Peshtigo, Wis.  
 Barron, Genevieve -----R. F. D. No. 2, Fond du Lac  
 Bassett, Josephine -----Baraboo  
 Belanger, Dorothy -----Wausau  
 Bloom, Carol -----Butternut  
 Bloom, Elizabeth -----Butternut  
 Blum, Anne -----Monroe  
 Burmeister, Viola -----Waukesha  
 Burnett, Marion -----Sparta  
 Caldwell, Tirzah -----Poynette  
 Canfield, Dorothy -----Antigo  
 Chase, Jeannette -----Sun Prairie  
 Cole, Ruth -----Madison  
 Collins, Elizabeth -----Oregon  
 Crichton, Katherine -----Richland Center  
 Dickie, Marianne -----North Freedom  
 Diemer, Leila -----Brodhead  
 Dole, Edna -----Chicago, Ill.  
 Duchac, Gretchen -----Antigo  
 Egge, Ruth -----Rockdale  
 Evans, Doris -----Markesan  
 Feiker, Marion -----Racine  
 Fields, Alice -----1840 Park St., Racine  
 Findley, Helen -----393 Church St., Wauwatosa  
 Fink, Margaret -----842 Park Ave., Racine  
 Fosse, Alice -----Cambridge, Wis.  
 Fosse, Margaret -----Beloit  
 Fossum, Evelyn -----Cambridge  
 Fossum, Gladys -----Beloit  
 Fowler, Sara Louise -----Lancaster  
 Gier, Mildred -----Mt. Horeb  
 Grabandt, Harriet -----Verona  
 Graf, Edith -----Mukwonago, Wis.  
 Graf, Grace -----Mukwonago, Wis.  
 Grenzow, Daisy -----Monroe, Wis.  
 Hall, Margaret -----364 Church St., Wauwatosa, Wis.  
 Hannahs, Mary -----Kenosha  
 Hartnett, Kathryn -----Richland Center  
 Hathaway, Lenore -----Spring Green  
 Haselhun, Aileen -----Hayward, Wis.  
 Hauch, Celia -----Sheboygan  
 Heiman, Lucille -----Monroe, Wis.  
 Helz, Ruth -----232 E. Division St., Fond du Lac  
 Henry, Fae -----940 Elm St., Beloit  
 Hering, Marion -----Lodi  
 Herman, Mav -----Racine  
 Hillier, Bernice -----Lodi  
 Hoesly, Hazel -----New Glarus  
 Holmes, Neva -----Genoa City  
 Holt, Viola -----Cambridge  
 Horton, Genevieve -----139 Warren Ave., Wauwatosa  
 Janda, Hazel -----Hartland  
 Jirtle, Pearl -----1432 Grand Ave., Racine  
 Johnson, Dorothy -----Stoughton  
 Kaplan, Edith -----Cleveland, Ohio  
 Klockow, Norma -----Twin Bluffs  
 Kundert, Helen -----Monroe  
 Leighton, Dorothy -----322 E. Madison St., Pontiac, Ill.

Lemmer, Ruth -----Spooner  
 Loye, Huldah -----Milwaukee  
 McCullough, Helen -----33-8th St., Fond du Lac  
 Marty, Lena -----Monroe  
 Martin, Margaret -----322 Fulton St., Wausau  
 Mortensen, Martha -----Des Moines, Ia.  
 Munson, Bernice -----London  
 Nott, Mabel -----Janesville  
 Olsen, Bernice -----Monroe  
 Olson, Inez -----Blanchardville  
 Osterbind, Helen -----Monroe  
 Parker, Ruth -----Mason City, Iowa  
 Pease, Florence -----Richland Center  
 Pech, Ruth -----729 North 7th, Manitowoc  
 Petty, Martha -----Lancaster  
 Plappert, Gertrude -----New Holstein  
 Plumlee, Elisabeth -----Brooklyn  
 Ponder, Evelyn -----Tuscola, Ill.  
 Prochnow, Beata -----Wilton, Wis.  
 Quade, Elizabeth -----Kewaskum  
 Quandt, Bernice -----Hartford  
 Reinking, Mary E. -----Baraboo  
 Richmond, Jessie -----Lodi  
 Ritter, Gertrude -----Milwaukee  
 Ryan, Clara J. -----Lodi  
 Schiffman, Fae -----1104-45th St., Kenosha  
 Schmidt, Bertha -----Monroe  
 Schmidt, Catherine -----Wausau  
 Schneider, Helen -----Beloit  
 Schneider, Nellie Jane -----Beloit  
 Serwe, Elizabeth -----365 E. Division St., Fond du Lac  
 Sieverkropp, Gladys -----Racine  
 Smith, Janet -----365 First Ave., Wauwatosa  
 Speirs, Jenny -----Eau Claire  
 Stern, Harriet -----Kenosha  
 Stiles, Laura -----Lake Mills  
 Stiles, Maxine -----Milwaukee  
 Stokes, Cynthia -----Elkhorn  
 Stokes, Ethel -----Waterloo  
 Stubbe, Meta -----69 and Gross Sts., Wauwatosa  
 Swenson, Evelyn -----Sparta  
 Swenson, Leota -----1622 Holmes Ave., Racine  
 Thier, Dorothy -----Lancaster, Wis.  
 Thompson, Elizabeth -----312 St. Lawrence Ave., Beloit  
 Thomsen, Alva -----Park Falls  
 Trumpy, Ruth -----Monroe  
 Twohig, Margaret -----Milwaukee  
 Vance, Harriet -----Racine  
 Verhulst, Lucille -----Milladore, Wis.  
 Voight, Helen -----Kenosha  
 Wolters, Lethol -----Monroe  
 Webb, Evelyn -----Poynette  
 Wellner, Lillian -----  
 Wittmer, Gwendolyn -----1812 College Ave., Racine  
 Wittich, Mildred J. -----1150 Harrison Ave., Beloit  
 Wright, Virginia -----Baraboo  
 Wuerzberger, Florence -----  
 -----1241 Milwaukee Ave., Racine  
 Zwolanck, Helen -----Elkhart, Ind.



## CAMPUS ACTIVITIES

## PUBLICATIONS—

Cardinal:  
Beatrice Aronson, junior editor  
Wisconsin Literary Magazine:  
Daisy Grenzow

## LITERARY SOCIETIES—

Castalia:  
Beatrice Aronson

## CAMPUS CLUBS—

Dolphin Club:  
Martha Mortenson  
German Club:  
Lena Marty  
Mathematics Club:  
Doris Evans  
Lena Marty  
Outing Club:  
Margaret Fosse  
Lena Marty  
Bernice Quandt  
Laura Stiles  
Student Forum:  
Ruth Cole  
Lena Marty  
Psychology Club:  
Margaret Hall  
Physical Education Club:  
Margaret Fosse  
Fae Henry  
Martha Mortenson  
Helen Schneider  
Lucille Verhulst

## W. A. A.:

Margaret Fink  
Fae Henry  
Lena Marty  
Martha Mortenson  
Gladys Sieverkropp  
Meta Stubbe  
Lucille Verhulst

## Euthenics Club:

Edith Graf  
Grace Graf  
Laura Stiles  
Elizabeth Plumlee

## French Club:

Tirzah Caldwell  
Laura Stiles  
Leota Swenson

## Commerce Club:

Genevieve Barron  
Ruth Egge  
Gladys Sieverkropp

## Sophomore Club:

Cynthia Stokes

## Brown Law Club:

Alva Thomsen

## Girls' Glee Club:

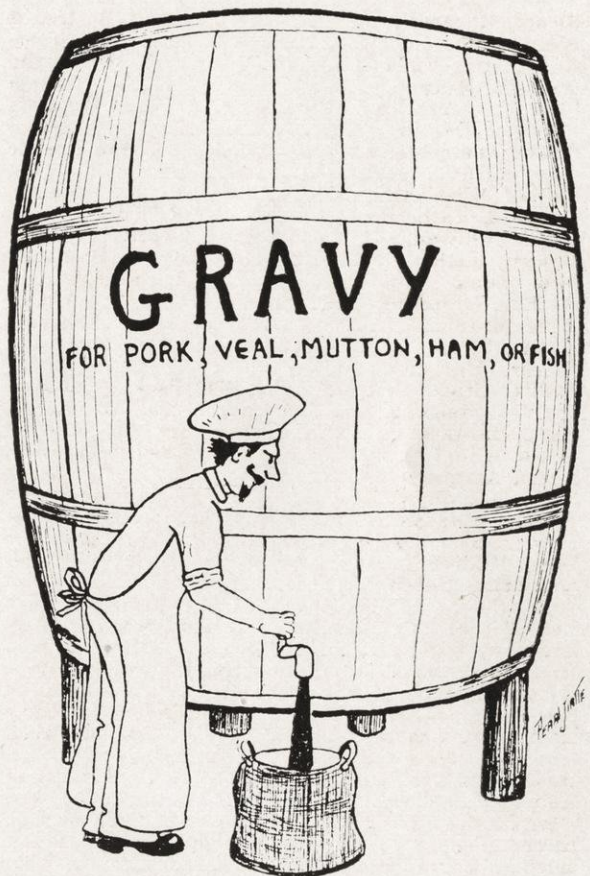
Mildred Ames

## MISCELLANEOUS—

Keystone Council:  
Evelyn Fossum  
Junior Councilor Committee:  
Nellie Jane Schneider  
Lutheran Memorial Student Council:  
Beata Prochnow  
W. S. G. A.:  
Alice Fields  
Helen Findley  
Bernice Hillier  
Nellie Jane Schneider  
Sophomore Honors:  
Lena Marty  
Bertha Schmidt

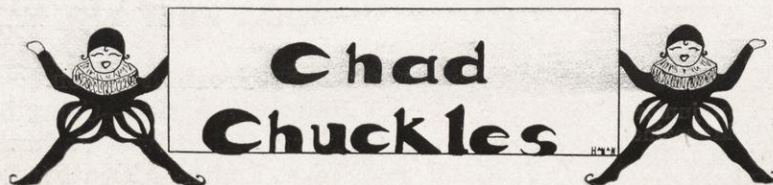
## WHAT THEY ARE FAMOUS FOR

Gladys Fossum—Econ.  
Elizabeth Serwe—Going home.  
Norma Klockow—Washing and Ironing.  
Janet Smith—Helen Findley.  
Helen Findley—Janet Smith.  
Celia Hauch—Coffee and doughnuts.  
Tirzah Caldwell—Grades.  
Elaine Ames—Her sweet voice.  
Elizabeth Thompson—Marcel's.  
Meta Stubbe—Dates.  
Margaret Fosse—Dolphin form.



Freshman Bowling Team:  
Leota Swenson  
Laura Stiles  
Sophomore Volley Ball:  
Meta Stubbe  
Varsity Bowling Team:  
Gladys Sieverkropp





Dorothy Thier—What would you give to have such curly hair as mine?

Genevieve Horton—Well, I don't know. What did you give?

Mary Liz—Roy told me I reminded him of a girl on a magazine cover.

Marg. Martin—That's because he sees you only once a month.

Leila Diemer—Am I the first girl you ever kissed?

He—As a matter of tact, yes.

Gretchen (yelling down the hall)—I got two calls and they were both from boys in Adams hall. Isn't that funny?

Lucille Verhulst (reading history)—And he was imprisoned in Bologna the rest of his life.

Helen Zwolanck—Gee, that must have been a dog's life.

Mildred Gier (Making a brilliant attempt at French)—Je t'adore!

Jeanette Chase—Shut it yourself.

(Heard during an animated bridge game)

Florence Wuerzberger—Which is the top card?

Gladys Sieverkropp—The last one put down!

Evelyn Ponder (hears knock)—Come in, honey! ! !

Enter Mr. Mahaney.

Inez Anderson—Oh, Norma, I'm so happy. I got through in Geography.

Norma—What d'ye get?

Inez—Con!

### FAMOUS LAST LINES

Mildred Wittich—Shall I wear my kitty coat?

Anna Blum—Why can't I have chocolate cake a la mode now, since I dieted this noon?

Harriet Stern—I'm lonesome tonight, guess I'll go over to the Law libe.

Elizabeth Bloom—I am not, said the philosopher.

Helen Osterbind—I got an Ex . . . in Chemistry.

Beth Plumlee—And I'm going to live the rest of my life with him!

Helen Schneider—What's the matter with my left eye?

Virginia Wright—Where's my roommate? I just realized I've been neglecting her.

Lethol Wolters—Why did I call Lorry Pete over the telephone?

Florence Pease—Where can I find out how many more grade points I need to make Phi Bete?

Lena Marty (to Bob)—No medals, no Lena. (Apologies to Tin Hats)

Margaret Martin—Why should I be proctor? Most people don't talk to themselves.

Bernice Olsen—I think they're just a darling bunch of girls.





## Three Stages of Misery

Ruth Helz—I lost the ribbon for my gold basket ball.

Lenore Hathaway—Let's rent a car. They're cheap if you don't park too long.

Marion Feiker—Who wants a blind with a handsome Notre Dame man?

Helen McCullough—This room is all right but, oh, the dresser.

Evelyn Fossum—U-o-o-o-f!

Maxine Stiles—I'm glad I moved 'cause I think the B. R. on first is so cute.

Hazel Janda—I just love the library.

Joe Bassett—Come on, kids, I just got a bushel of apples.

Clara Ryan—Don't touch me. I could just turn inside out when you do that.

Ruth Trumpy—That got me so cross.

Gertie Plappert—I'm so tired.

Viola Burmeister—Interesting if true.

Edith and Grace Graf in chorus—The way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

Helen Kundert—Don makes me so sick.

## POOR LENORE!

After a prolonged and thorough examination at the clinic, the doctor adjusted his glasses and announced results.

"Miss Hathaway, I find that you are suffering from an assorted crop of suppressed desires. You are also the fortunate possessor of three types of complex—superior, inferior, and ulterior. Your thyroid gland is slightly out of focus, while neurotically your reactions are very poor. I find definite traces of dual personality and chronic melancholia. You live in a dream world and are mixed up in five or six interlocking personalities. You also have a marked susceptibility to a state of hypnosis.

"Other than this, you are in no danger. You will have a long life."

—V. E.

Elizabeth Quade—I think I have a cold or something in my head.

Marianna Dickie—It must be a cold.

Harriet Grabandt—Have I any mail?

Jessie—What is your name?

Harriet—You'll find it on the envelope.

Inez Olsen—He said . . . and then I said . . .

Elizabeth Quade—Now, my brother . . .

—Hazel Hoesly



## CHAD SONGS ON CHAD GIRLS

**Evelyn Fossum**—(*Jingle Bells*)

From Cambridge came two girls  
On Registration Day  
In 1923—they were Vi and Evvy.  
They took the very same course  
Because they loved it so.  
And some day they're going to teach  
The little ones—you know.

U. S. History, English History,  
History every day,  
Ancient History, European History,  
Oh take it away!  
Professor Paxson, Carl Russell,  
Mr. Deutsch is fine.  
Oh, we have so very much fun, for—  
History is our line.

Evvy is Chad's President;  
We all congratulate her  
If History doesn't interfere  
She'll make a fine one sure.  
She knows when Congress meets  
And parliamentary law,  
For she is a history major  
And loves it best of all.

**Grace Graf**—(*Good Morning, Mr. Zip*)

Grace Graf, you got your notebooks done  
For it's time that we were on our way?  
Grace Graf, you got your notebooks done,  
For you know they're due today?  
'Twixt Costume Design and that darn House  
Dec.  
There's mighty little rest for a poor Home  
Ec.

Grace Graf, How 'bout that man from  
home—  
'Mong the Masons he's a leader, too?  
Grace Graf, how about that man at home,  
Who's pining there for you?  
A girl must be proud of the man she  
marries—  
And these secret societies, ain't they the  
berries?  
Grace Graf, how about that man at home  
Who's a leader with the Masons, too.

**Gladys Fossum**—(*Turkey in the Straw*)

Gladys Fossum is a junior who lives on third,

She's an athlete, and say! that's a popular  
word.

She's a basketball star in Beloit they say  
And can wield a darning needle in a marvel-  
ous way.

She's a his-to-ry major so she must be pretty  
tough

For it takes a great head to remember that  
stuff,

And not to mix Mohammed up at Waterloo,  
But that's not all that Gladys can do.

**Neva Holmes**—(*Home, Sweet Holmes*)

O'er studies and papers though she may  
roam,

Be she ever so busy our Neva goes home  
No moon goes by but she writes to her folks,  
On many a walk her friends she can coax.

Home, says Neva Holmes,  
There's no place like home,  
There's no place like home.

And what do you think Neva wants to do  
this June?

To go swimming she longs in the light of the  
moon,

But Neva, we won't tell the rest of the plan  
For fear that the Deans might put on their  
ban!

**Martha Petty**—(*Onward, Christian Soldiers*)

Martha Petty loves her vinegar  
On everything she eats.

On salads, beans, and water cress  
But never on her meats.

She is a very little girl  
And really isn't sour,  
How does she keep her temper sweet  
Eating vinegar every hour?

Martha Petty, tell the girls

All about your food,

We'd like to know why you eat that stuff—  
We'd guess it if we could.

Martha's kimono is very very red,  
It hangs below her knee.

The passionate hue of this bedroom wrap  
Is as red as red can be.

Why she wears this color gay  
No one here can tell



But everyone who sees her in it  
Says she wears it well.

Martha Petty, tell the ladies  
Is it your favorite hue?  
They say you're in love with the color red—  
Tell us, is it true?

**Clara Ryan**—(*How Do You Do?*)  
How do you do, Clara Ryan, how do you do?  
Is there anything we can do for you?  
You haven't been here very long,  
So we can't make you a song.  
How do you do, Clara Ryan, how do you do?

**Doris Evans**—(*Oh, It Ain't Gonna Rain No More*)

Oh, some people in this hall are smart,  
With grades that would appall,  
But a girl named Doris Evans  
Gets the best marks of them all.

We don't see very much of her,  
For she's gone most every day  
To work for Mr. Stebbins  
In her own efficient way.

She gets the nicest roses  
From a man who's far away,  
We wonder who this can be,  
Tell us now, we pray!

**Margaret Hall**—(*The Irishman's Shanty*)  
Have you ever been up to the lab of psychology,  
There's where Marg Hall studies freaks of biology,  
Imbeciles, idiots, criminals, and half wits,  
And the reasons why they all turned out to be nuts.

Oh, the perfectly, marvelous, gorgeous experiments  
That Prof Hull performs in abnormal psychology,  
So instructive, revealing and so thought-compelling,  
If you don't take the course you'll miss half of your life.

Oh our Marg is completely bound up in her subject,

If she does take time off for a few games of tennis,  
She's soon back in her room holding forth for her neighbors.  
Oh how she can talk, this is just what she says:  
Oh, the perfectly, marvelous, gorgeous experiments, etc.

**Lethol Wolter**—(*Sweet Clementine*)  
Lethol Wolter, Lethol Wolter,  
Secretary of Chadbourne Hall,  
You're the one who sends the warnings,  
You know plenty about us all.

Even though her major's English,  
That's not why she is so small,  
For she has a man named Mickey  
And he doesn't like 'em tall.

If you want to know more about her  
A man named Russell you can ask;  
We can't tell you any more,  
It really is too great a task.

**Mabel Nott**—(*From Greenland's Icy Mountains*)

From balmy California  
Came Mabel Nott to stay,  
In Chadbourne's friendly portals  
To learn just how to play.

Our Mabel's hair is auburn,  
She lives on back of third,  
And oh! such modern music  
You never before have heard.

**Daisy Grenzow**—(*Coming Thru, the Rye*)  
Daisy Grenzow, you all know  
Lives on the back of second.  
She is quiet and reserved,  
But'll make piles of coin I reckon,  
For she's a Theta Sigma Phi,  
A whiz of a journalist, they say,  
And oh we'd like to read the articles  
That she will write some day.

She's very fond of the American Mercury,  
She keeps copies in her room,  
And you all know the type of things  
That have given it a boom.

(Continued on page 20)





Chadbourne—the week of exams

(Continued from page 5)

- 12—Edith Kaplan breaks her leg.
- 15—Mabel Nott sports another fur coat.
- 17—Margaret Halls goes to formal dance—  
at Mendota.
- 25—Miss Taylor gets a spot on her car.
- 29—Much excitement. Gramps shaves off  
his mustache.

#### April

- 1—Five more days till vacation. No April  
fool this.
- 2—Four more days till vacation.
- 3—Three more days till vacation.
- 4—Two more days till vacation.
- 5—One more day till vacation.
- 6—House is adjourned. Lethol Wolter  
changes her telephone number to B5052.  
Adams Hall—please note.
- 12—Martha Petty back from Portage. Stay  
home a while, Martha!
- 13—Viola Holt gets an offer (to teach in  
Johnson Creek.)
- 17—Gramps has a new mustache. Smiles  
come easier now.
- 20—Proctor shushes Marion Burnett. Why  
did you do it, Elizabeth? We waited  
three years for that.
- 28—Faculty dinner. Best manners. Swell  
eats! Great impression of dormitory  
life.
- 31—Fresh strawberry sundae. First of the  
season.

#### May

- 1—XY's school teacher makes plans to see  
Wisconsin first this summer.
- 3—Birthdays this week!

(Continued from page 19)

If Daisy had been a thrifty lass,  
She'd have charged for it by the hour,  
That April number, if you want it,  
'Tis from Daisy you can borrow it.

**Viola Holt**—(*Auld Lang Syne*)

Our Cambridge lassie has not dined  
Amid us for so long;  
We're all very glad to have her back  
From clinic's order rare.  
Poor Fannie must have suffered much  
Without you, Viola;  
Take care hereafter and you'll both  
Laugh much in C-thirty.

**Beata Prochnow**—(*Sweet Clementine*)

Beata Prochnow, Beata Prochnow,  
We've a tale to tell on you;  
And if we wish to ask your pardon  
If a thing may be untrue.  
In the fall at registration  
There's Beata on the scene,  
She will give her best attention  
To the freshmen men, I ween.

Once Beata was in the parlor  
And three men were with her there;  
Someone said the noise was awful—  
Beata, shame on you.

It's a man here, it's a man there,  
And if it's a Delta Sig,  
We all know your affairs,  
For you tell everything.

Beata Prochnow, Beata Prochnow,  
Have we given you away?  
Never mind, now this is over,  
Let's be friends and go our way.

**Verna Johnson**—(*Annie Laurie*)

Verna Johnson is a Junior,  
She lives in Chadbourne Hall.  
Of Systematic People—  
She is the best of all.  
She is the best of all,  
Each hair is in its place,  
And for robust Verna Johnson,  
There is only pious fun.

- 6—Forty more days till vacation—and  
graduation, maybe!
- 12—Elections. We refuse to prognosticate.
- 30—Mother's week-end. Chad Review out.  
Everybody mad!

—V. E.



Dorothy Ann: "Annette always has the best looking clothes—how does she manage it?"

Annette's Roommate: "I went with her yesterday, shopping at Manchester's, and do you know—she doesn't spend as much as the other girls here. She knows just where to go and the selecting is so easy!"



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## MURDER WILL OUT

A great battle was about to take place on second floor. Anne Blum and Margaret Twohig were the contenders for the championship peanut-roller's contest. As they were roommates and natural-born fighters they took to it like ducks to water or Margaret Fink to special deliveries.

Harriet Vance was umpire, because she is of neutral leanings, and Lillian Wellner and Martha Mortenson were coaches, because they are athletically inclined. However, that night there were no peanuts to roll. Edna Dole, who has a passion for peanuts, had munched the very last one. Then up came little Dorothy Canfield and nobly donated her earrings for the cause.

Pandemonium reigned. Poor Anne! When Margaret was declared the winner, she became delirious and murmured, "Coffee, Frank's" in a choked voice. Ethel Stokes who had been quietly eating her customary chocolate pecan sundae on the sidelines was requisitioned to revive Anne. Sally Fowler and Helen Voight, wan and aesthetic from continuous fasting, were disturbed. Even Bernice Quandt stole a few moments from her egg report to investigate the disturbance.

But alas! Eleanor Ritter declared her roommate's earrings weighted, and the excitement waxed strong.

"Are you from Milwaukee?" asked Alice Fields of Eleanor.

"Yes," meekly replied Eleanor. She couldn't think of a better answer.

"Well, Gwen Wittmer has gone to Racine again, all of which has nothing to do with the weight of earrings."


Once more peace was restored to second floor. The mice reigned undisturbed in the telephone booth once more.

—Helen Kundert

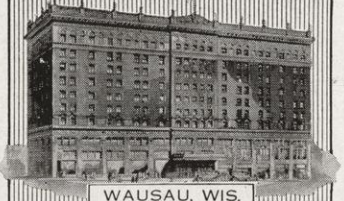
## A SOCIAL PROBLEM

Evelyn Webb asks that if your grandparents were all native-born and you had no more than three uncles below the age of forty-five on your mother's side, is it probable that your great-granddaughter will be a blonde or a brunette?







GREEN BAY, WIS.  
HOTEL NORTHLAND



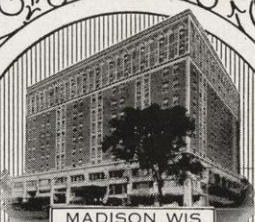
WAUSAU, WIS.  
HOTEL WAUSAU




MILWAUKEE, WIS.  
HOTEL SCHROEDER




DULUTH, MINN.  
HOTEL DULUTH



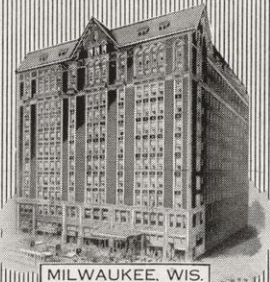
MADISON, WIS.  
HOTEL LORAINÉ



FOND DU LAC, WIS.  
HOTEL RETLAW



MILWAUKEE, WIS.  
HOTEL ASTOR



MILWAUKEE, WIS.  
HOTEL WISCONSIN

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Corner State & Gilman

"Others may equal our prices but never our values."

(Continued from page 3)

before the front of the court. Each girl carries a plate on which there is evidently something to be looked at through the small microscope which rises from each plate.)

Socrats (continuing)—This case is based on the just and lawful plea that the defendant should be made to *define his terms* in the future, and for his past mistakes—but we shall come to that all in good time, my friends, all in good time. Gentlemen of the Jury—there have been so many and varied examples to prove my case that I have been able to rely upon one to prove my point. I, the attorney for the Chadbournites, do hereby demand that the court force the defendant to define the terms of *Hash*, Gentlemen of the Jury, *Hash!*

This Hash is made in the kitchens of Dormco, Inc. by the right honorable chef and his staff, and served with the permission of the said Dormco, Inc. to the Chadbournites. Years and years and years has this same Hash been served. Great-grandchildren return to eat of the same sort of Hash

they ate when they lived in Chadbourne. But now the truth has been revealed, Gentlemen, the materials of this Hash have been examined, they have been analyzed by the greatest chemists in the world. And what has been found? Oh terrible to tell,—this Hash which has been fed to Chadbournites for years has been found to contain the hair of cats, of dogs, of man, fish scales and bone, tin cans ground up with leather mittens, paper and rag carpets, egg shells, etc., etc.

(As the materials of this Hash are named and shown to the Jury, the Jury becomes so horrified that they faint one by one.)

Supreme Magistrate—Hold, Socrats! Gentlemen of the Jury! With your consent I dismiss the case in favor of the plaintiffs, for the testimony is overwhelming. If the defendants wish to make a stand they may do so. (No response from the Dormco men. They sit meek, silent, white, cowed, and speechless.) Their sentence is this. Each and every employee for the space of one year shall be compelled to eat Hash for one meal per day; every officer down to the subest secretary, Hash for two meals each day for one year, and from thenceforth on to *define their terms*, and to call an ace an ace and a spade a spade. Gentlemen of the Jury, the court adjourns!

(Employees of Dormco, Inc. exit, the fainting ones carried out toe and heel. The Chadbournites form into a snake dance and with Socrats and the Supreme Magistrate wind their way down State Street amid shouts of victory.

—E. Bloom

What is meant by public sentiment?  
Scenes in the South parlor?

It hung from the window—limp as a snake—Algernon, the mummy in A5.

Saw your man last night.  
What? Been flirting with my man?  
Certainly not.  
Then it wasn't my man.



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and temptingly good sand-  
wiches are a treat. Eat your  
noon day luncheon at the  
Chocolate shop. You like it.

## The Chocolate Shop

## SONNET TO SENIORS

Seniors, in grave and reverential awe  
We look to thee as patterns of repose.  
We humbly guide our footsteps in thy paths  
And follow where thy light doth lead.  
Seniors, we envy thee thy calm sincerity;  
We envy thee thy poise and dignity;  
Afar we gaze and see thy graceful charm,  
But even more we honor thy firm minds  
And ever dauntless intrepidity.  
We saw thee grasp thy knife in thy right  
hand,  
Thy fork in left, and feed thyself forthwith.  
We saw thy meat, thy gravy, e'en thy pie so  
disappear.

### L'envoi

Seniors, as long as Englishmen reverse  
The order of this happy universe,  
May thou prosper, but you may all expect a  
fuss,  
If e'er thou press thy teachings once again  
on us.

—V. E.

## WANT ADS

### WANTED:

More sororities. (Too many dresses.)  
Mary Hannahs.  
Weight. At least twenty pounds.  
Kathryn Hartnett.  
Time. Dorothy Johnson.  
Three more nights in every week. Can't  
make ends meet. Carol Bloom.  
A hot orchestra. Apply in person.  
Lenore Hathaway.  
A cute blind. One to be remembered.  
Marion Hering.  
One more lung. Marg. Martin.  
Movable telephone posts. Iron rent-a-  
car. Four Adventurers.  
One fraternity pin. Gretchen Duchac.  
Cornflakes. Eleanor Ritter.  
"It". Maxine Stiles.  
More Ginger. Marg. Hall.  
The art of make-up. Evelyn Ponder.  
A tall pharmacist. Hazel Janda.  
A slang vocabulary. Dolly Loye.  
One suppressed desire.  
Lenore Hathaway.



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and

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Corner State and Lake

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