

Octopus: Homecoming. Vol. 16, No. 3 November, 1934

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, November, 1934

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BOOMERANG

EDITOR, THE OCTOPUS,

In your recent issue you show a scene in the university library where a shade is up, instead of down, and the resulting secretarial confusion. I wish to say that this is absolutely contrary to fact and inconceivable. Not once in many years at the library have I seen a shade up. I think therefore that your artist was exaggerating, and should be reprimanded.

-Louise M. Hibbins.

MISS HIBBINS:

Your complaint is well founded. The artist admitted this on reading your letter. He says that the whole thing was just a figment of his imagination. We have sentenced him to sack cloth and ashes for a fortnight and dates with three Kappa pledges for punishment.

Editor, Wis. Octopus

That horrible collection of nauseating puns in your last issue called "Greek Dictionary" was the lousiest thing I ever read. The definitions are so far-fetched that they're pathetic. Besides, I still can't figure out that one about Kappa Bate.

-R. E. N.

My DEAR BOBBY:

For the benefit of you and several score other blokes whose perspicacity is obviously at very low ebb, we will explain. The whole idea is a play upon the word "bait," i.e., a lure, a come-on. For fish one uses angleworms; for Kappas—free beers, nice shiny cars, or anything else that might attract the eye of the feeble intellect. Catch on?

DEAR OCTY,

Referring to the cartoon labeled "Campus Crisis No. 5"— How could the clock in said cartoon point to 2 o'clock, when, according to Mr. Frank's well-known idiosyncracies, he would be just finishing his noon repast?

—Вов W.

DEAR "DUKE":

We are quite aware of Glenn's "idiosyncracies," as you so quaintly term them, and quite agree that 2 p.m. would hardly be a logical time for him to be present. However, as we understand it, that really isn't a clock at all, but a marker to show the height of the water in the ducky little showers that are to be included in the tower along with the bells.

Editor, THE OCTOPUS:

On p. 18, Oct., 1934 Wis. Octopus, heading, "Octy's Candid Camera." Please note that I found in same no picture of Candid, as title would imply. Please note further: Candid is not subject to photography. Candid was a book, by Voltaire.

-E. C. N.

Maybe Candid, but Octy no cando.

Sotto vocce

DEAR XENOPHON,

Your remarks are fairly clever and even faintly funny. If you'd make them a little shorter and less drivelling, we'd be only to glad to print same. Try again, pliz.

simpson's present

Josephine Walker of the Wisconsin Players in a one-act fashion play

"Fashions a la Russe"



Miss Walker '36, Kappa Kappa Gamma, wears Simpson's brown mink - paw coat and a high Russian turban. Note the attached scarf. —Photo by Van Fisher

A short time ago the most brilliant and luxurious night club in New York was opened on the sixty-fifth floor of the RCA Building, in Radio City. No guesses you know it's Jolly Coburn and His Orchestra, one of the newest finds in dance bands and a Victor find, too. They record Stay as Sweet as You Are and College Rhythm from the new Paramount film "College Rhythm." Both swell tunes and a swell band.

"Fats" Waller and His Rhythm (which Winchell recommends) is sure a "kick." This month he has cut three discs that are brim full of that swing and jig style that makes "Fats'" band one of the very best. He features tricky and tempting rhythms combined with characteristic tunes that you can't help humming to yourself. How Can You Face Me and Sweetie Pie are on one; You're Not the Only Oyster in the Stew and Mandy fill the second, and the third has Let's Pretend There's a Moon and Serenade to a Wealthy Widow. If you are addicted to "collecting hot," or even just "collecting," you'll find more for your collection on any one of these three than you have found on anything since Louie's recording of Sleepy Time Down South.

A society band which has become one of the best and most renowned in the "city of the great" can sooth you easily with a fine recording of two standards, *Tea for Two* and *Avalon*. This same band also records *Winter Wonderland* and *Were You Foolin*? Though these are neither of them distinctive tunes, they are distinctively played by Richard

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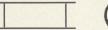
A special Victor treat of the month played by His Majesty's Theatre Orchestra under the knowing direction of Reginald Burston is a tempting recording of most of the melodies in Noel Coward's "Conversation Piece." There are no vocalists, so you can enjoy Coward's fine melodies rendered by an exceptionally fine orchestra.

And you will surely grant the Pickens Sisters' recording of *Happiness Ahead* and *Be Still My Heart* among the best of the month. There is something peculiarly individual in the trio work of these three girls. Trios are not generally very well balanced or in tune, with the exception of the Boswell combo, of course. It is a very pleasant surprise to listen to these artists. They have good accompaniment which is called Their Orchestra.

Nevermore and I'll Still Follow My Secret Heart, both from "Conversation Piece," are blended on a Brunswick disc by Leo Reisman, who can be counted on to blend and blend. For large full bands that aren't interested in delicacy of effect but strive for body in tone and fullness of orchestration, Reisman's is our favorite.

Jimmie Grier takes a new recording lease on life and starts the discs rolling by doing Stay as Sweet as You Are, Take a Number from One to Ten on one record, Let's Give Three Cheers for Love combined with College Rhythm on another, and furnishing excellent accompaniment for Connie Boswell on a third, which includes the tunes Isn't It a Shame and Lost in a Fog. Jimmie Grier hasn't changed much since his last recordings, still having that fine bass player, a good healthy brass section, and the expected Grier piano. Connie is still a favorite, and she sings both these songs with that understanding with which she has sung so many hits.

For a grand surprise this month Brunswick brings on the great "Duke" doing *Moonglow* and his own new tune *Solitude*. The chords he plays in *Moonglow*, in that superb Ellington idiom, and the rhythms that catch you unawares, are almost too much. Duke Ellington has always been way ahead of the "usual," and this record is no exception and adds just one more to a long list of masterpieces.







THESE LATEST VICTOR HITS

24724--It's All Forgotten Now

—LADY OF MADRID

-Ray Noble and His Orchestra.

24727—Blue in Love

-Isn't It a Shame

—Jan Garber.

24750—Tea for Two

-Avalon

-Studebaker Champion Orchestra.

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STOLEN THUNDER

Customer: "Have you any wild ducks?"

Waiter: "No, sir, but we can take a tame one and irritate him for you."

The winning gag in a joke contest conducted by the Minnesota Ski-U-Mah was this honey:

"Are you psychic?"

"Yes, seer."

The state of Minnesota has been asked to withdraw from -Awgwan. the Union.

A small lad hurrying to school one morning, began to pray for aid: "Dear God, please don't let me be late; please help me to hurry!'

He traveled but a short distance when he stumbled and fell. Then he said: "Darn it, you didn't have to shove me!"

-Puppet.

Guide-On our right we have the palatial home of Mr. Gould.

Old Lady-John Jay Gould?

Guide-No, Arthur Gould. And on the left is the residence of Mr. Vanderbilt.

Old Lady—Cornelius Vanderbilt?

Guide-No, Reginald Vanderbilt. And in front is the First Church of Christ. (To Old Lady): Now's your

Housewife: "How did you fall so low as to go across the country, begging?"

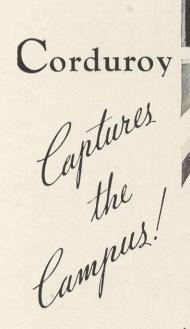
Tramp: "It's a long story, mum, and it's now in the hands of my publishers. I'm on my way to New York to correct the proofs." -Kitty Kat.

"Mrs. George Earl, who gave birth to a nine-year-old daughter, is reported to be getting along fine. A. J. Dill, of Farley, who suffered a broken leg in the same accident, -Waycross (Ga.) Journal-Herald. is recovering."

Thirty days hath September, June, July, and my dad for -Red Cow. speeding.



'Ray for Indiana territory!





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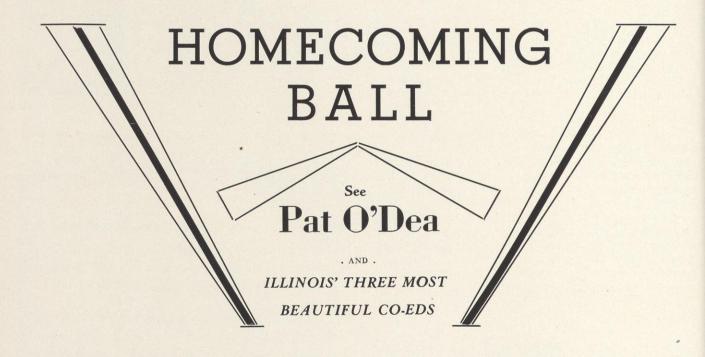
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INFORMAL

FRIDAY

NOVEMBER 16

CAMPUS CHRONICLE-

CONSOLATION

• One of the better recent graduates of the med school tells us a story that bears a moral. He's on the staff of an up-state hospital, serving under a very fine doctor. The ex-Langdon stroller recently had a case in which he was called to set a triply broken arm. He batted 1.000 and did a swell job. The patient praised him in front of the master physician, and then turned to the lad and said, "Well, young man, with you around, folks don't even need a doctor."

Over which we moralize that when a young dentist pulls a tooth no one can remark thusly to him, because it's probably pretty plain he's not a doorknob, the only other thing we know that pulls teeth.

GRAMMERROR

• There's a bit of whimsy in all of us, apparently. One wouldn't expect it in the library, but coyness itself blossomed forth recently. At one water fountain that enjoyed spurting high in the air when first turned on was a sign: "Turn on before bending over. There's a reason." The slyness of the second sentence made us forget the improper preposition which is used to end the first one with.

GEORGEAN GORILLA

• It's getting so we just haven't any appetite at all anymore, anymore. We leave our salad untouched; we pass up the blueberry muffins (an unprecedented action on our part); we just can't eat. And all on account of the

over-industriousness of the bus boys in the Georgian Grill. You can't lower the level in your water glass more than a scant half inch before there's a water sprite at your elbow refilling the tumbler to the brim. Once we got the water down an inch and a half and the shock almost killed us. We've tried hiding our glass under the table, but they always get us soon or later when we're not looking. The whole thing is giving us a distinctly defeatest attitude.

ASTOUNDING FACT

• Octy, you know, has his haunt in the depths of the third floor of the Union. We're neighbors of the Cardinal . . . have been for some time now. Like everyone else, there have been times when we wondered about the sources of their editorials. Perhaps it's assuming a duty that isn't really ours, but we would like to point out that we do know for a fact that freshmen don't have to write them for punishment. We're not prepared to say what the true source is, but at least we know one that it isn't.

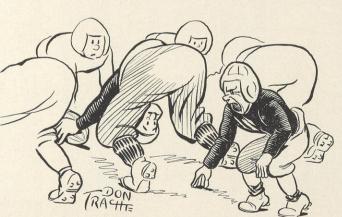
SOMETIMES-WE WONDER-DEPT.

• We wouldn't believe it were not the authority practically perfect. You probably won't know, because we're sworn to secrecy on the name, and so can't tell you even that much. But if you have a good imagination, it's one of the best stories of the year.

One of the sistern from one of the bigger Big Six houses authored the statement. It was said with awe and wondering after one of those dates about which one might say: "He's very nice, and he knows an awful lot."

The remark was, "Do you know—Paul and I have our 2:30s at the same time."

Somehow the explanation that she meant neither she nor the dream man had classes at 1:30 and so went up the Hill at the same time, fails to clear her in our minds. But maybe we're being hypercritical again.



Gad, but I get sick of lookin' at you upside down.

REQUIRED READING

• Dorothy promises not to speak to us again if this sees the light of day, but it's just too good to keep. (You know Dorothy — Dorothy Lohmaier, it must be — or at least that's where you know her. Sure, everybody knows Dorothy.) We stopped drinking tomato juice one evening recently to charge her with wasting her time. Away she raced to bring back the book she was reading. We looked at the title, then at her, then at the Dekes all around the place. Then we apologized for our remarks.

The book was "All Men Are Enemies."

SLOT MACHINE

Pay phones are queer things. While in Chicago for the Northwestern game. we decided to call a girl we know in South Chicago. In went the nickle, and when the call was over, out it came with four quarters to boot. Which, of course, was more worthwhile than the girl. We thought awhile, and tried it again with Urbana on the line. We got a date for the Illinois week-end and also the money back. Nothing extra this time, but nevertheless a free call. This was a good thing, we agreed with ourselves. Thereupon we plotted one more call, to a very sweet young lady at Vassar. In poured all our change—\$3.75—and the call was pleasant because of the expected return. Of course—we should omit the obvious—this time the phone kept the money. At first we were irri-

tated, but then we s'posed the call was worth the money. We thought about the scurrilous trick all the way home, and it especially bothered us to think of how the operator must have sat there, laughing. You really have to congratulate them for figuring out just how far we'd go. But it does hurt to know that the depression is so bad the telephone company would stoop to a come-

on game.

PHOOD PHEUD

• We hate to do it, but we've got another complaint about the Union. It's against the odd names applied to food. As long as it was salads and soups we didn't object. "Waldorf salad" never worried us because we are intent on getting rickets and so avoid greens. "Puree a la Jackson" could also be disregarded, since we prefer to take liquids some other way than via a spoon. But we ran into "Black and Gold Cobbler" in the Grill the other noon. For your information, it was prunes and apricots on pie crust. For the Union's information, we mentioned before that we hate prunes, and we resent this attempt to pass them off on us when we weren't watching. We hope we shan't have to speak of the matter again.

EDJICATION

• One thing about college, anyone will admit, is that the environment is pretty fine. When we came up here we didn't know one adjective from another, but in the past two weeks the newspaper headlines of this fine fat village have called our Badgers "desperate, determined, grim, hopeful, spirited and renewed." The last one sort of made us wonder, but who are we to scoff at adjectives?

THE LITTLE DICKENS

• Speaking of six-weeks exams, as someone has been doing, reminds us of a term paper we saw recently. It was handed in last year to the non-inflammable Dick Husband, psych prof pluperfect. Some industrious youngster handed him a report three weeks late with this note:

"I would advise against reading this paper lightly. You can learn something from it. I'm sure its lowest mark should be a B plus."

After wading through some 15 pages, scrawled rather illegibly in ink, one found another note:

"Don't pay any attention to my first note. I just wanted to be sure you read the paper so I'd get what I deserved rather than the result of your irritation."

But Dick, who refuses to be let down, didn't do so badly by the boy. The paper came back:

100
100
100
15
85
B"



Strong man, nothing! He's practicing to play the carillion!

PAYOFF

• Homecoming always reminds us of the story of one of our favorite freshman. Joe was a favorite frosh to lots of us—he had been one for four semesters. Joe used to sell hot dogs and such at football games, and it was there that he ran across some freshman English instructor in whose class he was studying versification or something.

The instructor, out for a big day, sought a hot dog, but when the time for payment came, his pants offered only a nickel. Always quick on the draw, Joe offered, "Forget about the nickel and remember to give me a B." He went on with his way.

He went on with his way.

Six weeks' exams were returned the next day. The instructor strolled about the room handing out paper. That first time he passed Joe he flipped him a nickel; the second time he handed him his paper. The mark was the annual "E." Which is the one bright spot in our seven years of memories of freshman English instructors.

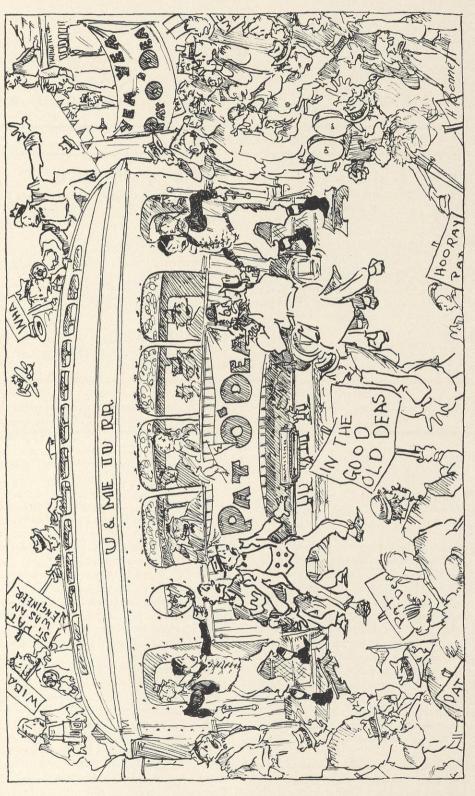
GYP

Octy, one of the oldest of campus smoothies, would hate to be taken to task for inciting rebellion, but we've been doing a bit of thinking lately. Actually. This gang of boys that Ray Dvorak parades around is bothering us. "Students who are members of the university band shall be exempted from physical education and military science," the university rules say.

But what with the precision Dvorak demands and the constant workouts he gives his men to attain perfection, they're being taking for a ride on two counts. Since it mixes a little of both, we might call it the old double cross.

MORE GYP

• We got to thinking about it the other night over our second coke. These people who plan the glasses that make the content seem tremendous when the actuality is a minimum of liquid and a maximum of glass and air space. We polled the folks in the booth around us, and they weren't very interested until we pointed out that steins have a tremendous area underneath that ought to be used. Finally half a dozen of us cornered Portia, our favorite bar-maid, and asked her about it. She looked at us for two long minutes, threw up her hands and fled. Which didn't seem to us a very adequate answer.



CAMPUS CRISIS, NO. 6 Two Pat O'Deas arrive for Homecoming



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NOVEMBER, 1934

NO. 3

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HOMECOMING

OBODY knows exactly, because we're awfully inefficient about our bookkeeping, but Octy is probably sixteen years old this year. For the immortals, that isn't much, we admit, because "a thousand years in his sight are but as a watch in the night." But to Octy it has been more like an alarm clock, early in the morning.

It all comes with the point of view. You'd think it wouldn't be so bad, because no one person has been around here that long. But, believe it or not, that just makes it worse. The trouble is, and we can prove it by statistics, the ennui becomes a geometric progression, instead of merely an arithmetic progression.

It happens this way: There is a sudden sitting down at the typewriter. There is a sudden welling of words. There is a sudden fumbling with keys. And then you are suddenly

Instead of being anywhere, you are tired. You are thinking about how tired you are. You are vigorously impressed with this fatigue of yours. There is nothing quite comparable to it. And then you think about the fellow who sat here last year. He must have been pretty tired, too. Pretty tired? Damned tired? And so you are soon not only tired for yourself, but also tired for him! And then you think how he must have been tired for all the other fellows who sat there before him, and you get tired for the whole lot of them. Boy, we mean tired!

"Well," someone pipes up, "what's all this weariness about? Don't you sleep nights?"

Alas, gentle reader, not that. Not rain, nor sleep, nor coeducational strain, not even lack of Camels is what keeps your couriers from the subtle completion of their disappointed rounds. It isn't even our homework that gets us all down. It's Events.

Events are things that happen. Events are either interesting or dull. Those that happened before are usually dull. Campus Events invariably happened before. Yet, because they constantly happen again, they are practically always with us. And there's the rub, as Hamlet said to his masseur.

Yes, freshman week, and prom, and military ball, and elections, and football, and all the rest become incorrigibly dull, after a while. In fact, that's the chief trouble with a Good Idea. People tend to forget that it's a Good Idea only for a short period of time. Good Ideas have their limitations; they wear out their welcomes. They become Good Ideas Gone Wrong. The reason they stay around so long is that people are too lazy to think up another Good Idea when the first one is worn out.

"Aha," we hear a voice, "Cynics!"

Well, maybe. But look at it from our point of view. For fifteen years we've been writing about Homecoming. This makes sixteen. Sixteen years . . . think of it! *One* person would get tired enough from that; but think of sixteen people! Think of the cumulated fatigue, stretching down the years! Piling Pelium on Ossa was nothing compared to what all this produces.

Fifteen years of Homecoming. Fifteen years of On, Wisconsin. Are we tired, sitting here at this old gray desk, nodding in the lamplight, dusting ashes off our vests? Are we fatigued with all the burdens of our being, all the duties at our door; or overwhelmed with weariness, or sinking into surreptitious sleep, with the undulating buzzing of a multitude of bees, with the murmuring of waters and the flowers and the trees?

Are we the weary ones, or was it all the men before us, who can justly so complain? Think how tired they were, think how bored, run-down, let out! Then add that to our feeling and the ans—wer . . . i ss . . . ahh . . . hu mmm . . .

ACADEMIC DICTIONARY

Chart-Burnt to a crisp.

Globe-An organization as: the Haresfoot globe.

Chalk-To strangle.

Blackboard-A tired Negro.

Lab—What disappears when you stand up.

Lecture—Part of a song title: "Don't Lecture Love Go Wrong."

Pencil—"You have to wear suspenders or your pencil come down."

Topic—"What hotel are you topic at?"

Pupil—Many gents. Of, by, and for the pupil.

Grind—The outer covering of an orange.

Notes—Between the eyes and mouth.

Platform—Having a deleterious effect, as in: "He shouldn't smoke; it's platform."

Answer-Little bugs.

Con-Absent—"Con but not forgotten."

Literature—To call attention, i.e., "Literature vest; it's all covered with gravy."

Credit—Command to cease. "Credit or I'll call the housemother."

Class-To shut.

Botany-To interrupt. "Don't botany; I'm busy."

Agronomy—Because of. Don't stay home agronomy.

Infirmary—"Somebody's always gettin' into line infirmary."

Lawyer-"Your money lawyer life."

Clinic-Holding on.

Bursar—Blessed events.

Editor's Note—We absolutely promise that this is the last of this stuff. It's making us pretty sick, too.

Gent (in furniture store)—What is that piece called? Girl (behind counter)—Highboy.
Gent—Why . . . er . . . how do you do.

—Pelican.

1st Kangaroo—Annabelle, where's the baby?
2nd Kangaroo—My goodness, I've had my pocket picked.
—Orange Peel.

CAMPUS SURVEY

The floor show at the 770 club the first night that Chuck Adair acted as m. c. was pretty good . . . in fact, we even laughed in spots . . . but we can not refrain from maliciously pointing out that the act which was the hit of the evening—the dialogue between Adair and a gal—was lifted almost intact from the 1931 Haresfoot show . . . besides recalling old memories, though, the act gave us a bit of self-confidence . . . it showed that people will laugh at old gags no matter how musty . . . we've been accused oft times of using jokes that our critics assert must have come over on the Mayflower . . . but at least we can say that we give them to you right off the boat.

Margaret Stedman of D G has taken up with the Dekes again . . . this time it's Bob Lind . . . who were the gals that lent the Chi Psis their feminine finery for the clothes line at the bowery party . . . That Pi K A pin you've seen Annaloyce Elkington behind is Mario Pacetti's . . . another football player who also thinks of other things at this time of the year is "Swede" Jensen . . . Kappa Ann Harley is

wearing his Deke enamelware.

Wally Davis and Billy Jones managed be the life of aforementioned Chi Psi party with their imitation of local vaudeville's "stream-line caperettes" . . . Janet Benkert, Georgian Grill tycoon, seems to have Homer Baker eating there regularly . . . last year he was the man behind the change machine in the Union cafeteria . . . WSGA president Charters got a big sky-rocket from the Pi Phi sistern when she was nine minutes late one night last week-end.

Homecoming may get the Phi Gam pier billed to its bonfire . . . said pier disappeared completely last week . . . but the bill would probably be only more fuel for the fire . . . it may have gone back to finance company . . . Tom Gilbert



ine McLeod.

is existing on baloney and crackers nowadays . . . en route to Northwestern, he and another motorist tried to occupy the same bit of pavement at the same time . . . with disastrous results to both Gilbert's car, which, unfortunately, was borrowed for the

occasion, and his pocketbook. Herb Fredman, former managing editor of this rag and practically a permanent fixture of Lohmaier's, has departed these parts . . . he just got fed up, he said, and has gone off to live in a packing box and forget. Octy was presented with a fine fat snail to keep the guppies company, but it just didn't work out . . . two days later the snail kicked up his heels and died.

John Emmerling is taking a beating at the Phi Gam stadium because of the co-ed stampede to take him to Pan-Hell . . . well, going around with women a lot keeps one young . . . we know a young chap who started going around with them four years ago when he was a freshman and he's still a freshman. Norm Phelps has taken to recording the music of his "Refectory Rascals," that group of dauntless musicians that play in the cafeteria though trays to the left and right of them thunder and volley . . . so most any time now you can probably buy one of these recordings livened by an occasional dropping of silverware and other incidental gastronomic noises. Add campus romances: Bob Gale and Betty Young, ditto of KKG house; John Fleury and Kather-

Add funny sights: Betty Osborne sitting across a booth from Doc Nee, consuming as many glasses of milk at Doc (Continued on Page Twenty-three)

GISH, I, 1-7

1. And as I escorted the maiden of my choice away unto the land of Badgeria, lo, her maternal guardian halted me saying, "At the ending of the day be sure thou returnest safely unto me this my daughter." And I assured her that it would be done even as she said.

2. Now when we had passed over the Sea of Mendota and come unto the land of the mosquito, yea even unto the habitation of the Bell Tower, and had settled us down upon the ranks of the arena, behold my fair one turned to me saying, in such a tone that all who attended might hear, "What meaneth this enumeration of the warriors?" And I answered her gladly.

3. Then when the foemen had come together with a great gnashing of teeth and tearing of jerseys, her voice rose in weeping and wailing as he who stood as commander of our backfield was removed from the field, having committed a grievous error against good judgment: "Why is so handsome and goodly a man thus withdrawn from

the fray?" And I replied that the place thereof should know him no more, as he had sinned greatly.

4. And in the second period of the fight, as one of great renown among our mighty line-breakers dropped the spheroid for a loss of many paces, again there smote upon mine ear the dulcet voice of her who abode beside me saying, "For what purpose did he allow the ball to pass him by on the other side?" And I answered her not, pretending that I had not heard the words which she spoke.

5. But lo! even the concluding of the fray failed to put an end unto her questions, which had been mighty as the power of Jehovah and as numerous as the seed of Abraham, for as we departed from the spot she did once more raise her voice, "Is it not excellent to see the weaker conquer the stronger? For although the men of Nassau are great in many things, still these victorious strangers appealed to me mightily."

6. And thereupon I felt in my soul an intense desire to flee the place thereof, leaving her to the mercy of robbers and peanuts venders. But behold, I remembered me of my word unto her mother, and I left her not.

7. Nay rather, at the ending of the day, according to my promise, I returned her safely unto her who begot her, in a receptacle properly inscribed, "Corpse—handle with care."

-Tiger H.C.M.

ADVICE

Sweet Maid hugged her knees And hung on the words Of Able, Honest Seaman.

Who pointed the way To fix up things With many a robust he-man.

"You gotta larn," he spieled away, "To take tacks in your towline; But most of all you oughta larn To handle a wicked beau-line."

—A Jolivette.

ONCE BIT, TWICE SHY!

Just for a bankroll she left me. Just for a pocket of change,— Managed my heart so deftly My money and me to estrange.

Just for a bankroll she flew And nested with some other bird Whose love had a cash value While mine had a priceless word.

MORNING BIRD'S COMPLAINT

The thing I hate when I wake up Is the cloth-like stuff That tastes so rough And lines my mouth like a ringed cup.

The thing I hate when I wake up Is the impervious feeling Of a mouth that is peeling.

Why must I be caked When I'm awaked With a crusted tart? How can I sing With lips apart And a bitter ring To disclaim my art?

-W. Stallman.

I agree fully with Mayor Law, who in a tribute said Frank Alford was not only an alderman for the first ward but that he has represented the city at large at all and now in its 20th year, has produced 60 extra-large lemons.

-Wis. State Journal.

Political graft?









Blessed Event

—Punch Bowl

ATTIC ANGELS

J. Q. PLUMM

As you might have expected, it was Homecoming night.

Homecoming Night! The thought brought memories of the mind of Mike Shannon '06. As he picked his way through the wet streets of the Latin Quarter, his imagination went back to

that glorious
Homecoming of '05,
when Walt
Hobbins beat a
fightin' Illinois
team practically single-handed.
The shimmering
lights in the gutter

lights in the gutter sent small shivers down his back. It was Homecoming, and even the gutters seemed suggestive of a welcome.

Most cordial, however, were the por-

tals of the Chi Chi fraternity, which beamed into the night. Here, as Mike Shannon approached, he could realize that many good fellows were already assembled, in high spirits and singing together in the oak-panelled reception room. There were brothers from all parts of the country, from all classes, and from all ranks of life. Tonight, however, they were one, united in a fierce brotherly love of Beta chapter and a keen desire to have the team lick Illinois on the next afternoon.

Mike pushed open the white colonial door of the Chi Chi house, and as he entered he was greeted by a rush of warm air and a roar of welcomes. It was good to be back, and good to be out of the rain.

There was Joe Walla '07, and Bob Bishop '08, and even Freddie Rastel, who used to sing with the glee club. In fact, they were all there; and a good many of them had been with Mike at the memorable Homecoming of '05. But there was a touch of sadness to that memory, and none of them could escape it.

They didn't like to bring it up, but invariably they returned to it. For the past twenty years, they have begun each year by avoiding any mention of the misfortune, and yet they had always come round to it. After all, Mike reasoned to himself as the fellows

surged around him, singing and roaring at each other, it was a long time since '05, and they had few enough interests in common. Here was something they could all talk about, and expand on, and elaborate. It was interesting, too, even after almost thirty years.

Everyone knew Mike told the story best, and that he would be telling it all over again to the new men in the house. He enjoyed it, of course, but by now he was a little tired of it, especially since there never was a proper ending. Well, he'd do his best. There was Ed, the house president, beckoning to him now. And the group of pledges, waiting for the traditional treat.

"We all had a darn good time after we licked Illinois," Mike began, after he had joined them and the introductions were over. "You know how it is —you feel good and you want to feel better. You feel better and you want to feel best. Of course, eventually you feel worst, but that comes later.

"Well, to make a long story as short as possible, we piled into the train that night, most of us drunk. In the dim gray of the next morning, we checked up on ourselves, and—believe it or not—two of us were missing. "Hunky" Carter and "Rumpy" McGurk just weren't on the train.

"We wired back to the house, frantically. Every cop in Madison was pressed into the search. Federal agents

hunted every possible clue. But they never found "Hunky" and "Rumpy." To us boys who were there then, it's the "Mystery of '05."

As Mike spoke, the atmosphere took on its usual tenseness. It was the same each year. The room grew gradually quiet. When he was through, a shiver ran through every man in that house. There was

a coldness, a clinging dampness that might have risen from a grave.

The story was a point of sensitiveness for everyone of them. It was as though the loss of "Hunky" and "Rumpy" was a matter of the honor of the house. Mike was silent, and the room was a dead quiet, but there was plenty of thinking going on.

None of them had to be told what the story of "Hunky" and "Rumpy" meant to the house. None of them had to be told that the house was gradually failing. Each year it was harder to get pledges. Soon it might be impossible. How their rival fraternities capitalized on the disappearance of "Hunky" and "Rumpy"! How it undermined the financial structure, the very spirit of the house!

And then there was that other thing, which drove away so many prospective pledges—that eerie clanging of chains from practically nowhere at all; that shrill screeching which came in the dead of the night. No wonder the other houses spoke about the skeleton in the Chi Chi closet.

It was too much to consider. The room was flooded with emotion. There was a general verging of tears. But above all there was a deep quiet, an almost embarrassing quiet.

And then . . . out of that dead silence, there came again that shrill screech, those muffled footsteps. The sounds were dim, at first, as they usually were. But gradually they came closer. And they were louder and more clear.

Somewhere, high up in the nether regions, a door slammed; then a noise as of a heavy body being dragged across a floor. For a moment all was silent again, and then the muffled footsteps again—coming nearer, nearer,

The brothers looked at each other in alarm—what was this Thing?

They got up as one man and ran to the foot of the stairs. Their worst fears were realized. There, in tattered clothes, with beards that came down past their middle, with a whiskey glass in each hand, and, above all, slightly drunk, stood "Hunky" Carter

and "Rumpy" McGurk. Both were grinning and humming somewhat to themselves.

They had come down out of the attic. They had been left there unnoticed, since the glorious Homecoming of '05 . . . and they still had a slight hangover.

THIS MAN SPEARS

DAVID ATHERTON

Ever since the day that Eve had to take the blame for foreclosure on the Paradise Gardens mortgage, civilization has hunted goats. Human beings, at least since they progressed several stages past the Eve era, have had no liking for frolicking up hill and down dale after four-footed animals to which are ascribed abilities for eating tin cans and running down comedians, but where is he that knoweth not that a goat may also be the fall-guy, the front, or he upon whom accumulated wrath and blame may be heaped.

It is beyond the scope set for this discussion to consider whether or not the reverse success of the Wisconsin football team may be blamed upon any one person or factor. Sufficeth to say that John Q. Public, in his wisdom, has found copious fault with Clarence Wiley Spears, the gentleman who directs Wisconsin football practices from Monday through Friday and then sits to one side and sighs on Saturday.

Mr. Public, who resides in Sheboygan and Superior, Prairie du Chien and Prairie du Sac, does most of his thinking during three or four very definite hours during the week. There's one period of about 75 minutes either immediately after he's heard the last of a radio report or finished his Sunday morning session with the morning paper. The other is the first few minutes on Monday when he talks over the game with someone else. If by any chance he attends the game, the whole thing is concentrated over the flowing bowl sometime Saturday night.

But at any rate, it takes him a comparatively few minutes to make up his mind, and thereafter nothing can

That unchanged mind today blames Dr. Spears for a large chunk of Wisconsin's troubles. The newspaper reflections on scholastic demands and the obvious lack of outstanding material in any sort of quantities have changed that mind not one iota.

So let's look at this man Spears. Physically, he's a big fellow, with obvious appearances of great strength which is not faded. He's biggest around the waist, and apparently regaining some of the weight he used to carry and then lost in two successive operations. He's usually stern-faced, and

sometimes appears to be grinning when he is grim.

He makes no hypocritical efforts to appear that he demands the same high degree of training from himself that is expected of his players. He regularly borrows a cigarette from newspapermen he calls by their first names or student managers whose names he never knows. He keeps no regular hours, eats huge meals day or night, and drinks when it won't interfere with any duties.

Dr. Spears, however, is no back-slapper. He has few good friends on the faculty, and it is probably true that some of his players might have a bit easier time in classes if their coach associated with professors a bit more. His opinions are seldom kept to himself, for a few men know him well, and to these he talks to get things off his chest. Through years of close contact with his business, he's formulated ideas that often make him appear brusque: excited alumni and sensation - finders often make their room seem much more desirable than their company. As a result, some of those who have actually tried to help feel a bit constrained about further efforts.

There's no doubt that he knows football. Dr. Spears ranks among the best in the nation, whether his foes will admit it or not. He can teach the game, too. The Thursday afternoon activities of the present team prove that: one cannot blame Spears when sensational mid-week showings are supplanted by bad slumps on Saturday.

There's also no doubt that Dr. Spears demands a lot of work. He is a driver; he has confessed with a laugh that he was sure he could teach his men to block if he could use a baseball bat on those who forget their assignments. He insists on heavy work, and while he's willing to rest those men who get such orders from Bill Fallon, Wisconsin's able trainer, Spears knows how some types like to take things easy. He has little place for the youth who wants to play all his football on Saturday afternoons, and persists in saving himself through the week. The Doctor considers additional work the best remedy for such an attitude.

To his men, he may seem to be a

driver. He insists on perfection, and the ability which won him an All-American honor in his undergraduate days at Dartmouth sets a standard that often seems too high to his students. Yet he believes in the adage, "Nothing succeeds like success," and believes that if he can bring his men up to greatness, they'll maintain that standard. This season, he's had little chance to test that belief.

Those who believe Spears has taken his team's misfortunes lightly, err greatly. Both the Doctor and his wife take their criticism straight—they resent it intensely when it is blended with complete misunderstanding.

Perhaps the most indicative thing about the man is that those who know him well like him well. His opponents—for he has few enemies—are those who do not know him. He's a true gentleman with the ladies, but he's best in relaxation with men he knows and likes. The reason is fairly obvious—Clarence Wiley Spears is a man's man.

He's not soft, but he can be kind. He knows his profession, and is confident in that knowledge. He's the best friend his children have, and he becomes actually enthusiastic talking about Bobby, his son. He's considerate—so considerate that the captain of his team is always in the starting lineup, whether he is playing well enough to deserve the place or not. And when satisfied with the work of his men, he doesn't hesitate to tell them.

Clarence Wiley Spears is a man's

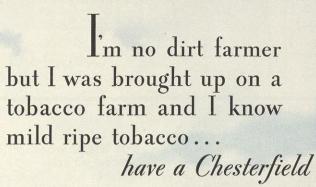
SAD TRUTH

When I get big I'm gonna be A captain And I'll sail the sea.

When I get big I'll wear a cane And every day I'll ride the train.

When he got big Each day he sat And drove a street car— Life's like that.

-A. Jolivette.





MORTGAGE ROW

Few streets, indeed, compare in pomp and show, In glamor and prestige with Mortgage Row. Competing for the gaze of passers-by, On either side the frat'ney houses lie. Imposing piles are these, where Gothic groin And Greek pilasters happily adjoin. In bulk and size these cynosures seem meant To house an army or a parliament. Each house of solid stone is stoutly made To stand until the Mortgage has been paid. To awe-inspire prospective pledges more, Each has a coat-of-arms above its door (Sometimes at fault for having been designed Without the laws of heraldry in mind). Here, with their Brothers, dwell the campus great At real expense and in apparent state. Here co-eds fair and football heroes mix At pretty parties and in politics. Here smart attire and pretty maids appear, And shiny roadsters, fleeter than the deer. Here rival brotherhoods for fame contend, And pledges, posed for paddling, meekly bend.

The setting, this, for "college life" as seen In motion picture and in magazine Where gin and jazz combine in one "smash hit," And co-eds have "allure," and athletes "wit." But Grecians live in quite another way Than Brother Hearst and Warner Brothers say. Outsiders are attracted by the show, But those who live in frat'ney houses know How loose the bonds are and how mild the sin, How flat and stupid is the life within. Here stands a House of Brothers. Come inside And see in what fine splendor they reside.

Within the living room the Brothers curse, Jest, read the papers, wrestle and converse. The finest room, here dancing is enjoyed, And frosh are rushed, and pledges are annoyed. The furniture, some pieces odd, some matched, Is sturdy, masculine, and slightly scratched. Upon the mantle, spoils of sport and fray, The trophies form an elegant display-Assorted silver vessels, large and small, And one Adonis with a basket ball. And where the Brothers gather round to croon, A piano stands, a trifle out of tune. Obscure in make, elaborate in case, It adds distinction and it fills up space. The radio is like a saxophone And compensates with volume for its tone. Upon the phonograph who choose may play The merry melodies of yesterday. On floor and table, brimming with debris, The ash tray is the chief accessory. Celebrities and founders . . . Brothers all, With Maxfield Parrish sunsets share the wall. While in the hallway, high above the stair, A moose head hangs with moths throughout its hair. Bestrewn with stub of fag and scattered chip, The card room is a shrine of sportsmanship. 'Tis seated here on unupholstered oak The Brothers gab and game in veils of smoke. The library a love for letters whets With cyclopædias and standard sets, With foreign grammars, texts for Physics 8, An Em'ly Post, and *Tarzan and His Mate*. Here, too, are annals of the order found, While yearbooks, atlases and dust abound.

A seat of intercourse and chapter strength, The dining room's impressive for its length. Some two by twenty long, of sturdy build, The table's always crowded, never filled. The cloth is gravy-stained and needs repair And thick, but crested, is the dinner ware. Of their superior manliness and grit The Brothers stand and sing before they sit. By seniority around the board They're 'ranged. Congeniality ignored, The conversation sometimes suffers lull And . . . yes, it even gets a little dull. In uniformity the menu errs. It varies daily, weekly it recurs. Incompetently cooked and seldom hot, The food is cheap although the meals are not. The waiter (more than one is rare indeed) Is some athletic Brother sad in need. Untrained, he slaps the diners' backs in play, Planks down the plates and snatches them away. The kitchen, unpretentious since unseen, Is spacious, sultry, smelly and unclean. And here, amid the garbage and the grease, The cook presides, complaining and obese.

Throughout the upper floors, from end to end, Discussion-study-dressing rooms extend. Two men, unlike as possible, share each To learn to live together without breach. The walls, naively innocent of paint, Are washed, as are the windows, with restraint. The furniture's made strong to stand abuse,

And marked by age and evidence of use. Here smiling actresses in deshabile And gay advertisements make their appeal. And here, at high and varied levels hung, Collected compacts find a place among The traffic signs and paddles, and the brave, Bright pennants from Purdue and Mammoth Cave. An Indian blanket serves to hide a crack, Pin laurels on, and hold loose plaster back.

The "dorm" 's an attic, or a porch of sorts, Where Morpheus reigns and Boreas disports. Here, clad in flannels, wrapped in blankets deep, 'Mid sleet and snow and snores the Brothers sleep. Too fond to part, together they repose

(Continued on Page Seventeen)

FRENCH M'SIEUR JONES WEEL PLEASE READ EN FRANCAISF ZE FAIR-R-R-ST PASSAGE.





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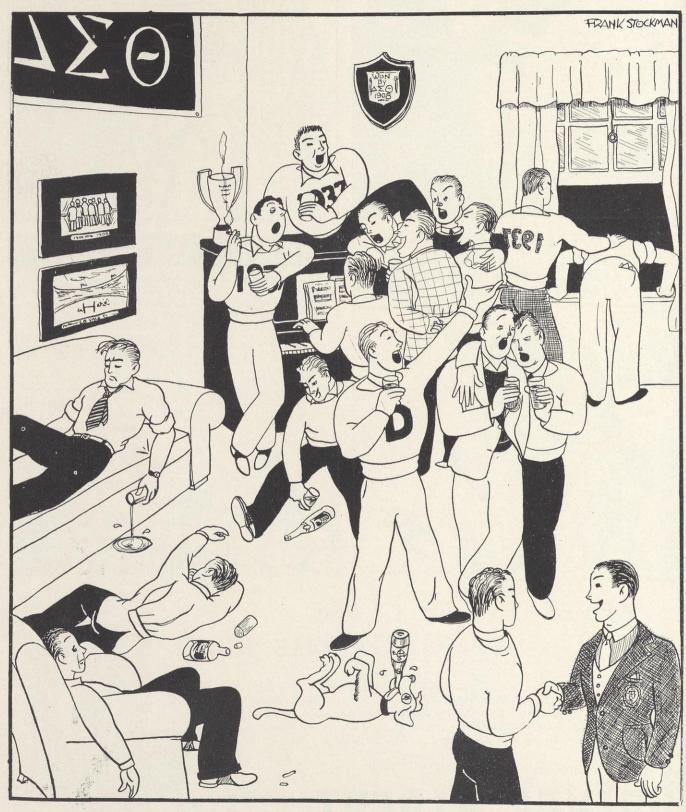


AFTER EVERY CLASS
IT RINGS THE BELL!

PIPE SMOKERS! Here is a fact to bear in mind about Prince Albert. Prince Albert is blended by a special process which removes every hint of "bite" or harshness from the tobaccos. So try this mild, mellow tobacco. Discover for yourself why Prince Albert is known among men everywhere as "The National Joy Smoke."







C'mon, gang, let's go over to OUR house.

November, 1934

ADD MORTGAGE---

In "double-decker" beds arranged in rows. Each bed is narrow, loosely made with rags, So hard it hurts and yet so soft it sags. No need to fear one's sleep will overrun! Some twenty-five alarms announce the sun.

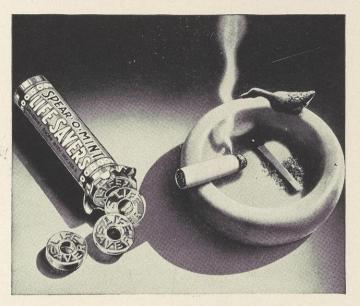
The Brothers, in their bonds forever true, Are close together in the bathroom, too. A room without extravagance of space, This is an intimate and steamy place. Among such mutu'lly devoted men One washbowl satisfies the needs of ten. The water's hot three hours or more a day And always cold, except in summer, say. The drains release their contents with a growl. The shower curtain is the chapter towel. The mirror pride and vanity defies By fingerprints and modesty of size. Capriciously the shower spouts and drools. One moment it gets hot, the next it cools. A vent upon the wall attempts to cope With clouds of steam, and antiseptic soap. A useful room, if not magnificent, Where, after all, but little time is spent.

The basement. Here the greedy furnace eats, And sometimes, when it suits its fancy, heats. Although the light the windows give is spare, The broken panes insure fresh draughts of air. The ping-pong room is large with distant walls To furnish lots of space for chasing balls. The table is a scene of constant fray, So much in use that nobody can play. One room holds tools with which to scrub and scrape. And keep the house and lawn and boys in shape.

Behind locked portals lies the Chapter Room, Enshrouded in ecclesiastic gloom. The uninitiated may not view This Mystic Fane, this Temple of the True Where men in cambric, green with ruby trim, Discuss financial measures in the glim Of candle flame. Beneath a skull and bone, The Consul and the Warden share a throne. The latter, striking in his purple cloak, Can wield his gavel with a mighty stroke. The Scribe makes slips of grammar in his scroll. The Ritual inspires in each man's soul Love, Virtue, Loyalty and Self-Denial By scraps of Greek and a heroic style. (The Wizard always stumbles on his verse And half-refrains from muttering a curse.) The vows professed, songs sung about "fair friends," The Sacred Grip exchanged, the meeting ends.

Expensive? Well . . . but what, pray, ranks above A Brother's expert guidance? Or his Love? Pledge, and "Society" will let you in! Pledge, man, and wear a pearl-encrusted pin! Think how impressed your friends back home will be! And there's no better group, I swear, than we . . . Six lettermen, three men in Iroquois, Soph prex . . . You will? Congratulations, boy! What sacrifice too great to undergo To have a smart address on Mortgage Row?

AT THE END OF A PERFECT SMOKE



When you lay down your cigarette, pop a Life Saver on your tongue. These cooling rings of mint take away the *burn* and leave only the yearn . . . for another cigarette.

THRILL YOUR TASTE WITH SPEAR-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS...THEY'RE NEW



Marinello Shop

MRS. W. WENGEL

(Liscensed Chiropodist)

Try Mrs. Wengel's SCIENTIFIC PERMANENT WAVING

She thoroughly examines and analyses your hair before giving the wave.



I wish you'd quit burping.

"Where'd ya get that black eye?"

"At a dance the other night."

"What kind of a dance was it?"

"A costume ball, and I went to somebody dressed up like a fat woman of a circus and-'

Well, what about the black eye?"

"I remarked that he looked comical wearing a bustle and with a pillow in his shirt."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Well, he wasn't wearing a bustle and he didn't have a pillow in his shirt-and he was a she." -Battallon.



Presents

a brand new selection of Frocks for the festive season ahead . . .

Models for Street, Afternoon and Formal Wear

DURING OUR 9TH ANNIVERSARY

Discount

"Open the window.

"No. It's cold out."

"Well, open a door then.

"There's too much draught."

"Well, turn the fan on."

"Hey, what's going on here?"

"I don't want to inconvenience you but there's a dead guy under the table." -Burr.

With eyes so demure

And lips that al-

lure, Her hand assure

That all's secure. She says: "All right,

Turn out the light. I'll not fight,

But please, Ma, can't I stay up later tomorrow night?"

-Punch Bowl.

NORTHWESTERN NOTES

Frankly admitting that the following tid-bits are elaborations, or even exaggerations which our wandering mind has produced in the telling and re-telling to those who did not go, we introduce what to us deserves to be considered the best theme of the year: Northwestern.

BUSTER BADBOY

Buster Badboy would have been Willie the Wailer if he had been Willie. He had wailed ever since we left Madison Friday afternoon . . . wailed through the trip down about having to sit in the rumble seat and then about being cooped up inside while others enjoyed fresh air. Friday, you will remember, it did not rain. Saturday it did. Quite.

Buster wailed Friday night. We didn't seem to go to the right places. He wasn't satisfied to rest a bit Saturday morning, so he wailed some more. At the game Saturday, he found quite a lot to wail about. Buster, we'll admit, wailed quite often. And he didn't enjoy what the cop said when we left by request at the end of the third quarter.

But Buster stopped wailing Saturday night. Along about 1:30, in the College Inn, suddenly there was a loud report. Everyone thought it was a shot or at least everyone that mattered. The bar-keepers put on their coats and went home, the orchestra stopped playing, bouncers appeared and then suddenly there were a couple dozen cops around us again. We weren't shot; we checked up and found that out. Somehow no one noticed that Buster was gone. But when the cops left, it was strangely quiet . . . Buster had quit wailing.

We didn't find him until almost Sunday noon. He was hiding in the men's room of the Allerton hotel, having spent his first nickel of the week-end. In his coat pocket, we discovered, were the rest of his package of fire crackers.

EDDIE EDUCATION

• Eddie was graduated last year, and is a respectable young business man in South Chicago these days. So the rumor goes; we wouldn't know, for we didn't see him in South Chicago.

We saw him Saturday night, though. He arrived a bit late at the College Inn, alone and looking for a table. He saw one, vacated by a couple that had moved over toward the dance floor to watch the show. Eddie sat down.

It was nice, he thought, that the couple left their dinners there. Eddie ate the one on his side. Then he shifted chairs and ate the other. The waiter asked if he'd have anything more; he said, "Yes, a raspberry sundae and a cup of coffee." Eddie got them just as the couple returned. The man looked at Eddie, at the vacant plates, and at the sundae. He pulled up another chair, and he and his date watched Eddie finish the sundae. Eddie rose, shook hands with the gentleman and thanked him. The gentleman accepted the check; Eddie walked away. Education, we might point out, is a fine thing.

If a canary refuses to use his bird bath, try sprinkling a little sand in the bottom of the bath before filling with water. The bird's refusal is often due to a slippery bottom. -(Plainfield, N.J., Courier News). -Lyre.

Or let the little fellow keep his pants on.

DESIGN FOR DRESSING

PEG STILES

LANGDON STREET ISN'T THE ONLY THING DECKED OUT FOR HOME-COMING---SO ARE THE CO-EDS

It may be homecoming at Wisconsin for the alumnae but every co-ed is dragging together her smoothest outfits to wear out and away from home or house. Home at Homecoming is defined as the place you are *not* at. So clothes that are for dashing about; clothes that are simple, warm, yet casual and striking, are the kind to be

flinging on.

If it should rain, as it has some years, but, of course, simply couldn't, this WGHC (see Homecoming button, which should be worn conspicuously on the left shoulder or lapel if one is very correct in choosing her accessories this week-end) . . . if it should rain, haul on your balmarcaan waterproof, and be warm and dry, too. Just in case, might we explain that aforesaid long name describes the beltless sports coat of impervious tweed, buttoned at throat and down the front usually, with leather thong buttons. It is the successor to the loose belted polo coat, and about twice as comfortable.

Fruity colors, deep rich Victorian shades that fairly glow in any light flatter any gal's coloring. Fairly dressy wool date dresses are useful on busy week-ends when you may be greeting returning alumnae or visiting friends, tea dancing, putting up decorations, or tearing off to the lower campus for the bonfire. Wools with a slender metal thread striping, or plaiding the material act as all-occasion dresses.

Of course, it's absurd to talk about classes in the same breath with Homecoming, but everyday clothes are still important. Shirts and tailored blouses are renewing their popularity for wear under sweaters. The smartest combination is a checked blouse with a dark sweater. From Smith comes the news that it is also smart to wear small pearls with your sweaters. And that reminds us that brown and white spectators, the dirtier the better, are still and forever being worn.

Our campaign for less "dressy" cos-

tumes on the campus and about town is being abetted by designers who promoted short sleeved woolens. Wear them everywhere; they are simply swell for dancing, dining and the w.k. show. And if you're a fellow sufferer from the heat in Bascom, you will appreciate skipping long scratchy sleeves.

You who knit and knit and knit your brows over new projects of the yarn and needle are now faced with a Herculean task. Hand knit formals in every known shade have made their appearance. The most popular pat-

tern shows capelet slevees.

Have you substituted your silk or wool cowboy scarves with the knit type? All Boston is agog over them, so why not Madison? In three harmonizing colors and a heavy yarn, you can perform an open weave knit-crochet effect that is a lark after weeks of knit and purl on a sweater.

Wintry winds off Lake Mendota have blown in the rest of the fur coats.

FASHION FORECAST

For the Game: Swagger fur coat, bright wool dress and matching gay hat.

MATERIALS: Very sheer wools; more velveteen and duvetyne; quaint tulle and net for evening; black tulle with satin.

GADGETS: Fringed wool neckerchiefs; tortoise shell clips; lots of huge flowers of the dahlia, chrysanthemum s c h o o l plastered all over your chest.

Colors: Ecclesiastical and rich, so we hear.

Coats: Dressy afternoon coats are going out along with shoulder corsages; Russian flared lines, and three-quarter lengths of less formal nature appear for all occasions. First ranking are lapins, which is no news but good news. Among the new interesting treatment is "blocked lapin," made of the center of the skins cut into squares and run cross-wise of the coat. This gives both distinction and fine wearing qualities.

Another new quirk is "summer ermine" lapin. The skins are run up and down in fine narrow strips, giving the coat the appearance of the expensive fur from which it takes its name. Little fur jackets are back also; many are of lapin, some of flat caracul, or kidskin. Hip length, simple sleeves, a bit form-fitting, with interest centered at the neck by ascots, ruffled effects or simple boyish collars, are characteristic points. A few belted fur coats have made their appearance.

Stiff fabrics from moire, taffeta, velveteens and velvets, to stiff satins are still with us. For that extra special formal dance, a drop shouldered, full skirted gown with a few stiff flowers on the front decolletage is the most romantic and correct that is skipping the bony shoulders possibility. For such as prefer more pert evening wear, the sleek empire lines, with split skirt, tunic, and mayhap furred shoulder line is an idea.

mayhap furred shoulder line is an idea. At the "W" club ball will be every type of dress from wool to ankle length informal, while dull fabrics scintillating with metallic touches predominant.

Sequins, or paillettes as the great designers say, are with us once more. Chocolate brown, or mother of pearl sequins are newest. Whether your formal shimmers entire of them, or you dress up your oldest rag with new straps or jacket of paillettes, is inconsequential as long as you glitter. We've even seen tailored date dresses with Peter Pan collar and tiny cuffs of iridescent sequins on mocha brown crepe. Try that in your remodeling project.

It will probably relieve most of you to discover that your hats do not have to be crazy to be smart. Turbans are retaining their popularity. High white hats are being shown for formal afternoon wear. And for evening, tiny white turbans of satin or moire are worn with black velvet. Incidentally, early predictions decree off-the-face hats for another spring. Berets, we hear, are "out."

CREAM OF THE COLLEGE CROP

OR DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE MAN WHO?

SERVICE WITH A SMILE

The genteel motorist had just pulled into the gasoline station for the inevitable gasoline. That being over, the attendant was going through his little ritual.

"Check the oil, sir?"

"Naw, it's O.K."

"Got enough water in the radiator?" "Yep, filled up."

"Anything else, sir?"

"Yes, would you please stick out your tongue so I can seal this letter?"

-Panther.

Two drunks were leaning over a bar telling intimate stories of their life.

"I weighed only a pound when I was born," said one. "Only a pound? Did you

live?"

"Did I? You should see me now!" —Gargoyle.

A boy friend of Rebacca dropped around to call on her one evening rather unexpectedly. He knocked very softly on her apartment door.

"I'm comin' in, Rebecca," he cooed.

"It's Jake by me, old kid," she flipped back at the surprised admirer.
"Oi!" he moaned. "I'll

come back ven he's gone." -Rice Owl.

Judge-And you say you were attacked by a crowd of hoodlums?

Latin Professor-Hoodla, your hon--Lampoon. or.

First Collegian: "If ya don't mind." Second Ditto: "Sure."

First Collegian: "Gimme a cigarette."

Second Ditto: "Want me to light it for you, too?"

First Collegian: "If ya don't mind." Second Ditto: "How ya fixed for spittin'?" -Buccaneer.

"At the prom last night, my suspenders broke right in the middle of the dance floor."

"Weren't you terribly embarrassed?" "No. My room-mate had them on!"

Gargoyle.

Testy Diner — "Are you the young lady that took my order?"

Waitress—"Yes, sir."
Testy Diner—"Ah! You're looking well. And your grandchildren - how are they?" -Froth.

Woman Hides \$75,000 in Bustle— Headline. That's a lot of money to leave behind.

1010 -Punch Bowl.

I'll flip you - double or nothing.

RIGHTO

Otto Ginsberg and his frau, Were gifted with a babe. Said Otto Ginsberg to his frau, "Vat say ve call him Abe?" "Nottink doink," piped his wife (Her accent not of Boston) "Since he is a little Otto, Ve'll simply call him Austin."

-Bison.

Reginald once in a mood of choler Thrust his head beneath a street steam-

The neighbors were strangely surprised to find

How the incident broadened Reggie's -Old Line.

MEET MR. ZWICKY

"Paul Zwicky has left the home east of Churdan where he has spent the greater part of his life and has gone to the county farm where he will make his home until spring at least. Paul Zwicky would like to find a good Christian home where he can live and work. He is now at the county home,

> but would like to work for a good Christian family next spring. Anyone interested, call Paul Zwicky at the county home." —Churdan REPORTER.

What was the name again, please? -Frivol.

LINGUIST

Preacher - "Bredern, we must do something to remedy de status quo."

Member—"Brudder Jones, what am de status quo?"

Pleacher-"Dat, my brudder, am Latin for de mess we's in." -Log.

There was a young lady from Wheeling To disrobe for a swim she

was stealing; Says the owl in the tree,

"How'd you like to be me, When the belles of the village are peel--Chaparral. ing?"

Festive One—"Whash yer looking

Policeman: "We're looking for a drowned man."

Festive One: "Whashver want one for?" -Widow.

WISCONSIN STAND-BYS

Past---



Pat O'Dea Captain - 1898

and---



Dr. Walter E. Meanwell Athletic Director

Present



Jack Bender Captain - 1934

And---

in the Future we'll Keep on Boosting you

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Our New Home
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LOHMAIER'S

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JAMES

"What is your name, please?"

"James Senior, Jr."

"What?"

"Did you say 'what class'? Junior. James Senior Junior

"No. What is your name again. I didn't get it."

"James Senior, Junior."

... Who are you?' "Well, I'm a dropped Junior which means that for the time being I am a Junior but in a little while I'll be a Senior."

"No, what do you call yourself?"

"Well, for that reason I call myself James Senior Junior

"This is a horrible nightmare. What do your parents call you?"

'Junior."

"Now listen, James-am I correct in calling you James?

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- New titles added almost daily as published.

BROWN'S BOOK SHOP

Lake Street State

-we must get this cleared up. What is your father's

"James Senior, Sr."

"So you are James Senior-Senior, Jr.?"

"No, I won't be a Senior until next spring. I'm James Senior, Jr., Junior, coming on Senior-next spring.'

"Why? Are you changing your name next spring?"

"No! That's not my name, that's my class.

"Oh. Well, I'm glad that's cleared up. Now, you say that you are on the Junior Varsity football team?"

"Yes. James Senior Junior Junior-Senior Junior Varsity." "Ah. That's it. Now, Mr. Varsity, tell me-what is your complaint?"

"I don't want to be Junior Varsity."

"But your father's still alive, isn't he? You must stay Junior until he dies."

"What's that got to do with it? He doesn't play tackle." "What's that got to do with it?"

"Well, if he played tackle I certainly would have to wait until something happened to him before I could get out of being Junior."

"Tell me, Mr. Varsity, do you stutter?"

"No."

"Well, what would you think if I called myself Mr. Dean Dean Dean Baby-Dean Dean?'

"I would call you crazy." "Well. You are crazy."

"This is humiliating. I am leaving at once."

"S'long. I'll be Senior."

-Lampoon.

Dear Sir: I am engaged to a Kappa. I have been informed that you were seen kissing her. Kindly call at my fraternity house at 11 o'clock Friday night and make an explanation. -Leo Lure.

Dear Leo: I have received a copy of your circular letter and will be present at the meeting. -Whirlwind.

Boss (who had just dropped in to see a baseball game): "So this is your uncle's funeral, is it, Perkins?"

Clark: "It looks like it, sir. He's the umpire."

-Arizona Kitty Kat.

Prof. Hart gets off a story about a young English teacher who began teaching in the grades. She opened her first class by laying down the law, telling the kids what would be expected of them, and, above all, what would not be permitted. She said, "There are two words that I positively will not allow anyone to use in this class. They are "lousy" and "screwy."

She paused a moment to let it sink in, but one little fellow got impatient and asked, "What are the words, teacher?"

-Pelican.

Jo-Jo: Still engaged to that girl with the wooden leg?" Ga-Ga: No, I had to break it off. -Exchange.

Welcome Alumni

- A Pitcher of (Refresher) enough for six,
- Served along with some pretzel stix.

40c The Campus Soda Grill

Bring In Your Date ...

714 State

ADD SURVEY---

does of beer . . . Ed Binswanger has got himself a cute little pooch . . . he claims its mother had fifteen offspring so they named her Outboardmotor . . . you know, pup-pup-pup-pup . . . Incidentally, while we think of it, we'll be glad to accept contributions to this here fine fat column . . . but they must be truthful and in fairly good taste . . we don't want this to turn into another Rambler.

Willie Schilling is no little worried of late about whether his hair is too long on the sides . . . it seems he's had complaints. Max Knecht, University heavyweight boxing champ, claims Marnie Wiesender is without doubt the best dancer on the campus . . . needless to say, we didn't think it especially wise to argue . . . besides, we are more or less inclined

to agree.

The recent Hoofers bicycle hike, we understand, was quite a flop . . . especially the time when Peg Stiles fell out of the saddle. Some campus cut-up called up Faith Hardy a while back and demanded to know if she, as a member of the Women's Affairs committee, had had any affairs that week. There was an almost murder in the P. Bunyan room the other noon . . . we ordered coffee with our lunch, and the waiter, after writing vigorously on the order blank, turned and inquired sweetly, "And was there anything you wanted to drink?" ... only the exquisite politeness of our ancestors caused us to refrain from bashing in the chap's rafters. And while we're in the P. Bunyan room, we might mention that J. Watrous, the man that painted all those snappy posters on the walls of same, intends to incorporate the faces of several Union figures in one of the murals that is to be painted in those long panels . . . so if you should see P. Butts running around in a checkered wool shirt, and a flowing black beard, don't be alarmed . . he's just posing as a lumber-jack.

We'd have given practically anything to have seen Hannah Greeley portray the part of a storm at sea in a recent play-let put on by the Pi Phi sistern for the pledges . . . she did it all, we are told, with a sheet and considerable backfield in motion. There was considerable competition for the jobs of escorting the three Illinois' beauties who are being brought here, for no particular reason that anyone's been able to discover, as part of the Homecoming festivities . . . Herb Lee, Bob Dudley, and Les Haentzschel have got the starting assignments. We were talking to a gal over at "Green Gables" the other afternoon when we had our conversation suddenly interrupted by the house mother, who chimed in on the extension . . . she demanded that we get off the wire because she had to make an emergency call . . . the

house was on fire!

Expose . . . that elaborate marble pedestal over in the library which supports the bust of Ex-Pres. Van Hise ain't marble at all . . . it's just wood painted to look like that . . . pound on it the next time you're over thataway and see. Ken Purdy, of "My Dad Wrote On Wisconsin" fame, is out in Worchester, Mass., doing free lance writing . . . poitree and shawt stories . . . he even threatens to send us some of it . . . but we'll fix him . . . we'll turn it down just like all the other mags did.

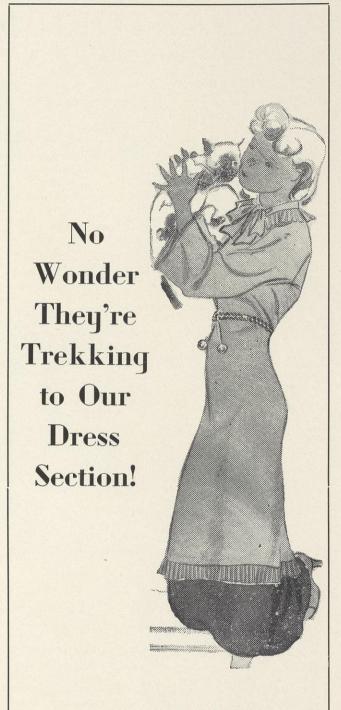
Frank C. Klode, Chi Psi, was elected senior class president Wednesday.

—Daily Cardinal, Nov. 1.

CHI PSI COOK PLANS

TO LEAVE 'HER BOYS'
—MILW. SENTINAL, Nov. 1.

Time to leave?



For where can you find such gay, such youthful, such positively ravishing dresses as you can find right in our second floor dress section? College girls declare our campus dresses "just right" and our dance dresses "just too divine"!

Harry S. Manchester

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Wife—Bob, we'll have to do something about the mutler's battress. He claims he wants a new one.

Hubby—The what? Who? Wife—How silly of me. Of course. I mean the matler's buttress.

Hubby—I still don't get it. What? Wife—We'll have to get the battler a new mutress. He's been complaining.

Hubby—Who's been complaining? What about?

Wife—The mutrer has been complaining about the batless. I mean the batrer has been complaining about the mutless. The matress has been complaining about the butler! —It's Hawkins; he wants a softer bed.

-California Pelican.

News note: "Football is being overemphasized."

Monday
STAR HALF-BACK INJURED
Ted Dee Bruised in Practice
Tuesday
DEE SENT TO HOSPITAL
Thought Out of Big Game
Wednesday
TED DEE OUT OF BIG GAME
Star on Bench With Broken
Legs and Ribs

Thursday
STAR'S CONDITION SERIOUS
Dee Suffering From Fractured Skull
Friday

LOSS OF DEE WEAKENS TEAM Backfield Flash Out for Rest of Season Saturday

DEE MAY START TODAY Halfback Released From Hospital Sunday

DEE STARS AS TEAM WINS, 76-0
Ted Runs Wild; Scores Every
Touchdown in Big Game
—Chaparral.

TRAGEDY AT DUSK

As afternoon slides slowly into night, The murmuring stands are pricked with flares of light.

And soon the raccooned boy beside you lights

A stogy and takes many vicious bites.

But what is this? Oh, what to do? The lad is turning every hue! First white, then grey, now green, and blue;

He bit off more than he could chew.

TRACHTE 33

Duck down, y'mug; they're getting wise to this hidden ball play.

Obadiah: "Brown got kicked out of school this morning for cheating on an astronomy exam."

Joshua: "What was he doing, copying from the fellow in front of him?"

Obadiah: "Naw, the professor caught him bumping his head against the wall."

—Exchange.

You take her to the game and all She does is watch another; You try to cheer your team while she

Is spotting some one's brother.
The hats of other girls to her
Mean ever so much more

Than forward passes, end-run plays, Or even what's the score.

She cannot understand why you

Don't love to watch the rooter

Don't love to watch the rooters— She makes you buy her hot-dogs, little

Megaphones and tooters.

And every time the people roar

You must explain the play

You must explain the play. Whenever there's a thrill, you find She's looked the other way.

She's looked the other way.

And then you doubtless start to wonder

Why she ever came—
She could read the evening papers and

know
More about the game.
But when the final whistle blows

But when the final whistle blows
And you must rush away
So she can catch her train, she'll have

The sweetest things to say— But sometimes e'er the train pulls out There's one thing to be done—

You cannot let her go until you're Sure she knows who won.

—Tiger.

"Sonny, can you direct me to the People's Saving Bank?"

"Yes, sir—for a dime."
"Isn't that a high price, my boy?"
"No, sir, not for a bank director."
—Epworth Herald.

Dillar a dollar, An eight o'clock scholar, His lights don't stay on very late. The student in college Has no zest for knowledge, He went, like his lights, out at eight.

-Lampoon.

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Smokes slowly—a tin lasts a long time. Some smokers report fifty minutes to an hour per pipeful. So-why punish yourself with

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WHEN YOU FEEL "ALL IN"___

CRAWFORD BURTON.

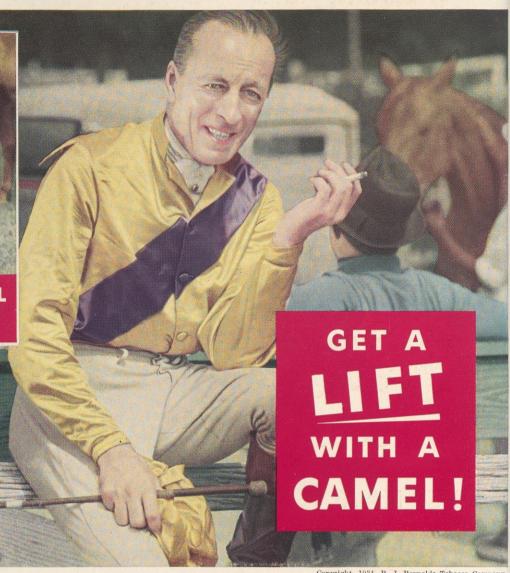
gentleman rider, twice winner of the Maryland Hunt Cup, dean of the strenuous sport of steeplechase riding ...a Camel smoker. Everyone is subject to strain. Hence the importance to people in every walk of life of what Mr. Burton says below about Camels.



COLLEGE STUDENT. "When mental fatigue sets in," says John Birgel, "I just smoke another Camel and soon have the energy to concentrate again."



REX BEACH, famous sportsman, says: "When I've gotten a big game fish landed I light a Camel, and feel as good as new."



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TRIED **ENJOYABLE** WAY HEIGHTENING ENERGY? OF

As this magazine goes to press, reports pour in from all parts of the country...showing that thousands of smokers are turning to Camels...and that they do "get a lift with a Camel."

Here's a typical experience. Mr. Crawford Burton, the famous American steeplechase rider, is speaking:

"Whether I'm tired from riding a hard race or from the pressure and tension of a crowded business day, I feel refreshed and restored just as soon as I get a chance to smoke a Camel. So I'm a pretty incessant smoker, not only because Camels give me a 'lift' in energy, but because they taste so good! And never yet have Camels upset my nerves."

You have heard the experience of others. Science tells us that Camel's "energizing effect" has been fully con-

So try Camels yourself. You can smoke as many as you like. For Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. They never taste flat...never get on your ALL TOBACCO MEN KNOW:

"Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBAC-COS — Turkish and Domestic - than any other popular brand."



Camel's costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves