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THE WISCONSIN
OCTOPUS

FEBRUARY 1935

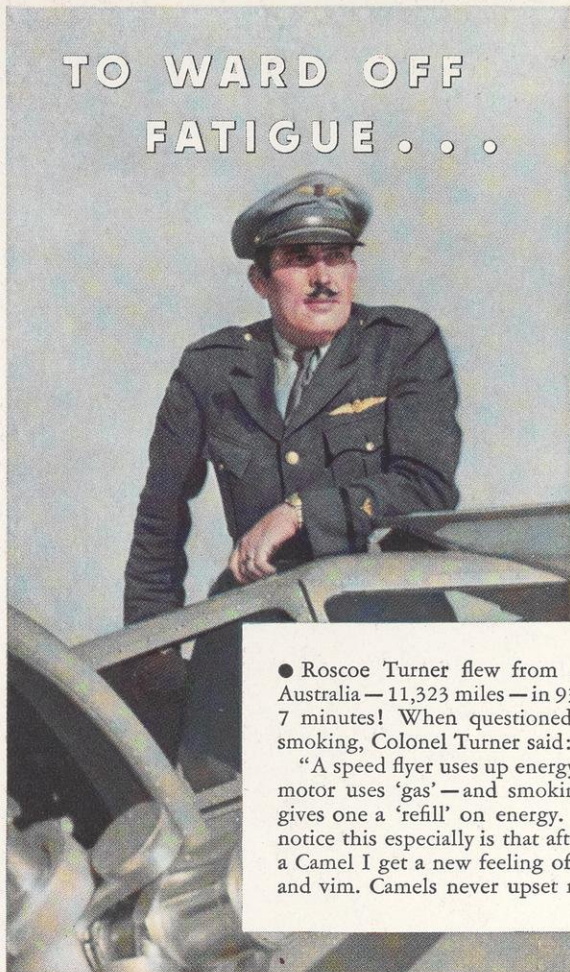
INVESTIGATIONS

NUMBER

15c



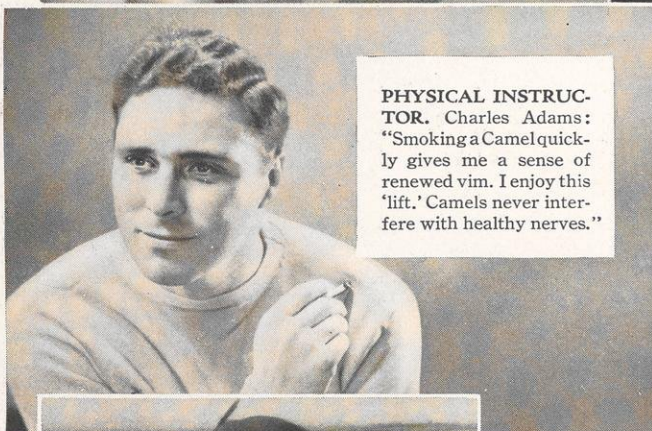
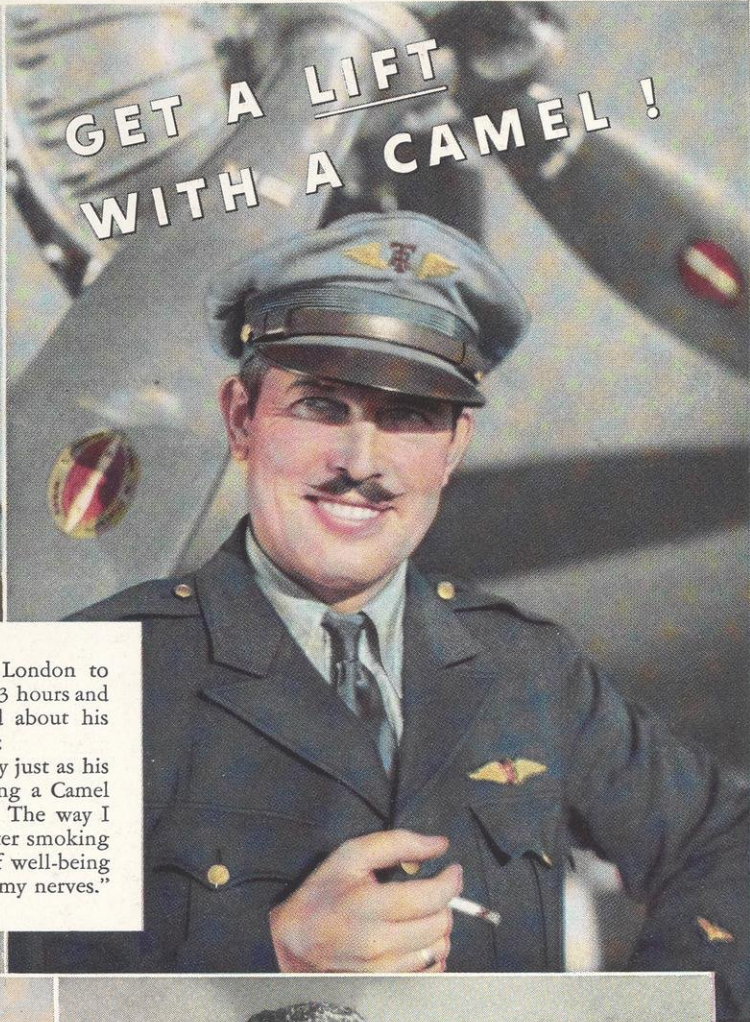
TO WARD OFF
FATIGUE . . .



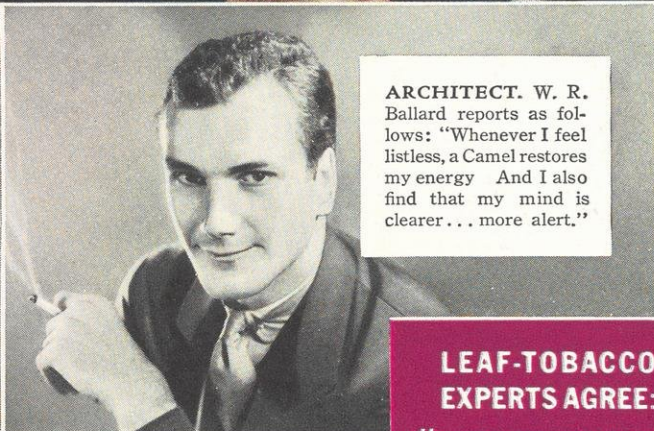
● Roscoe Turner flew from London to Australia — 11,323 miles — in 93 hours and 7 minutes! When questioned about his smoking, Colonel Turner said:

"A speed flyer uses up energy just as his motor uses 'gas'—and smoking a Camel gives one a 'refill' on energy. The way I notice this especially is that after smoking a Camel I get a new feeling of well-being and vim. Camels never upset my nerves."

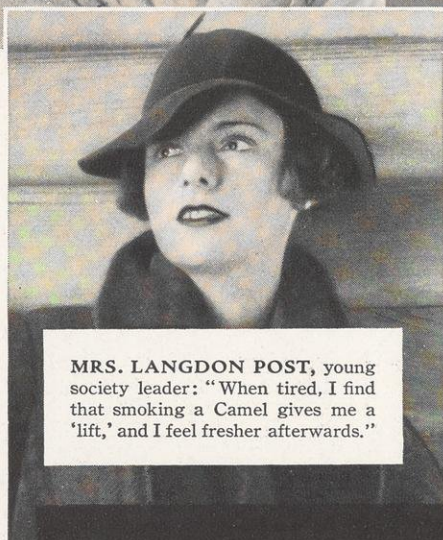
GET A LIFT
WITH A CAMEL!



PHYSICAL INSTRUCTOR. Charles Adams: "Smoking a Camel quickly gives me a sense of renewed vim. I enjoy this 'lift.' Camels never interfere with healthy nerves."



ARCHITECT. W. R. Ballard reports as follows: "Whenever I feel listless, a Camel restores my energy. And I also find that my mind is clearer . . . more alert."



MRS. LANGDON POST, young society leader: "When tired, I find that smoking a Camel gives me a 'lift,' and I feel fresher afterwards."

*You Are Invited
to Tune In on the All-Star*

CAMEL CARAVAN

with

WALTER O'KEEFE
CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA
ANNETTE HANSHAW
TED HUSING



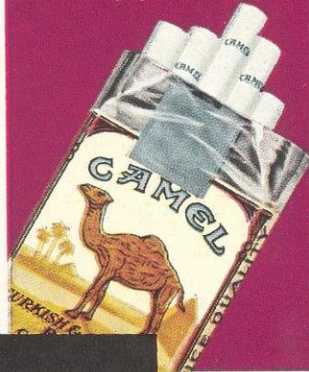
WALTER O'KEEFE

TUESDAY	10:00 P. M. E. S. T.	8:00 P. M. M. S. T.
	9:00 P. M. C. S. T.	7:00 P. M. P. S. T.
THURSDAY	9:00 P. M. E. S. T.	9:30 P. M. M. S. T.
	8:00 P. M. C. S. T.	8:30 P. M. P. S. T.

OVER COAST-TO-COAST WABC-COLUMBIA NETWORK

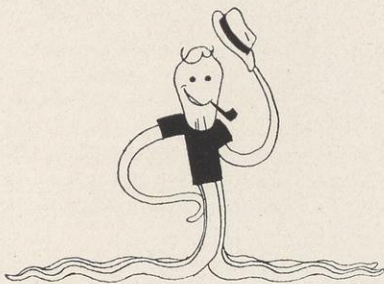
LEAF-TOBACCO EXPERTS AGREE:

"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."



CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!

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R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company



WISCONSIN OCTOPUS, INC.
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VOL. XVI FEBRUARY, 1935 NO. 6

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• Correction •

Cuts credited in the January Octopus to the LAFAYETTE LYRE
should have been credited to the COLUMBIA JESTER.

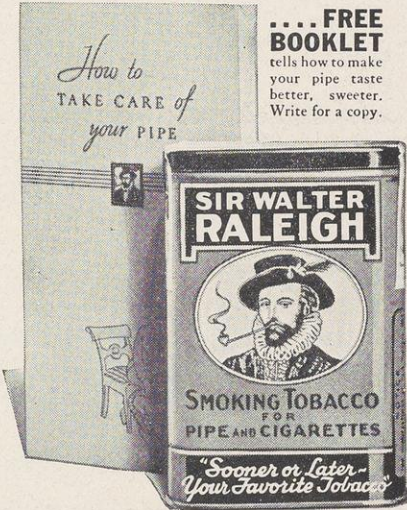
"COME OUT, FIDO
-FRED WON'T
BITE YOU!"



FIDO'S no man's fool! He isn't afraid of Fred's teeth, but he IS leary of the heavy tear-gas that puffs out of Fred's never-cleaned briar.

They tell us Fred is a dog-lover, but they can't tell us he's a pipe-lover or he'd groom his briar now and then and switch to a pleasanter tobacco. Like Sir Walter Raleigh. This unusual blend of friendly Kentucky Burleys has trotted to the front rank in popularity because it really IS milder, cooler, delightfully fragrant. Try a tin... and hear your friends yelp for joy!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-52



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

PLATTER PATTERN

NORM PHELPS

MASTERPIECE RECORDS

Maurice Ravel, probably the best known living composer of modern French music, has orchestrated his *Alborado del Gracioso*. The work was originally written for piano, but in this new setting it loses nothing and gains much. The Spanish rhythmic influence which is so prevalent in Ravel's work is more effectively brought out in the orchestral score than is possible with the piano. The peculiar Ravellian tone colors arising from his furtherance of the Debussy technique are present as one would expect.

The Minneapolis Orchestra, under the direction of Eugene Ormandy, shall have due credit for their share in this fine recording, for it is the excellent interpretation of Mr. Ormandy and the spontaneous response of the musicians to his bidding which gives the work the virility which it needs and which makes it so enjoyable.

The Water Music of Handel, composed in 1715 and to which is attached the legend that its composition and performance rekindled the friendship between Handel and George the First, has been recorded this month by the Philadelphia Symphony under Dr. Leopold Stokowski. The Water Music is extremely interesting from an historical viewpoint. Its form is that of the Suite, which was a popular medium of the time, and its orchestration makes full use of the material available at that period.

VICTOR

The several Paul Whiteman concert records that have recently been released have been so popular that the work is being continued as a series. This month the addition to this series is a disc containing two well-knowns of Reginald Forsythe. "A Serenade to a Wealthy Widow" was first played in this country by Whiteman and his interpretation is the most authentic. The other, "Deep Forest," subtitled "A Hymn to Darkness," you have heard many times before as Earl Hines' theme, but the Whiteman version is more symphonic, and quite naturally, more interesting.

The Trumbauer hot series continues with a fine disc incorporating "Troubled" and "Plantation Moods." This series which was begun last month with "Blue Moon," etc., is proving to be even better than we expected. The band is made of stars gathered together by Frankie for the sole purpose of recording. You will recognize and enjoy the style of Frank Trumbauer and several of the other members

and will be surprised by some new men, particularly an alto sax and clarinet player, whom you haven't heard before. "Troubled" is one of these mumbo-jumbo things that starts out easy and is gradually worked up, with every man having a chorus or two until finally in the 16th or 17th choruses everybody lets out and the whole thing ends with a tremendous ensemble. It's "jazz" in the truest sense of the word, but good jazz.

Other good Victors of the month include "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" by Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees, and a disc by the Ink Spots, who were so popular in England, including "Your Feet's Too Big" and "Swingin' on the String."

BRUNSWICK

Ozzie Nelson, a product of the East, turns to the novelty list and picks out "Dust Off That Old Piano" and "Rigamarolle." You'll find the lyrics weak, but the band gets through O. K. and the piano solo spots are excellent.

The old favorite, Hal Kemp, records "The Words Are in My Heart" with "Lullaby of Broadway." Two honeys from Gold Diggers of 1935. "Lullaby of Broadway" is not in the usual Kemp manner. The tempo is faster and the band is fuller. The deviation in style is a pleasant surprise. The newer Brunswick favorite, Freddy Martin, records a fine brace of tunes: "Believe It Beloved" and "Dancing With My Shadow." Freddy introduces a trio on "Believe It Beloved" which compares favorably, even now, with the best of them. There is some excellent string work in the orchestration and although the style of the new trumpet player is not exactly pleasing, one must say that he plays very well.

The biggest hit of the month among the stack of Brunswicks is Louis Prima's "House Rent Party Day" combined with "Bright Eyes." "Bright Eyes" is that old favorite of '21 but there's nothing of that date connected with the way Louis Prima and his New Orleans Gang play it. The other side of the disc, "House Rent Party Day," is a novelty arrangement that introduces all the boys in the band and gives them each a short solo. You'll like the style and the music.

COLUMBIA

Once again Benny Goodman and his Orchestra take all top honors. This time with "Blue Moon" and "Throwin' Stones at the Sun." Helen Ward does both vocals and does them well, although you will agree that it's really the band that's most attractive. If you want to witness all the good musical devices and the most accomplished styles developed by American jazz, turn to any record of Benny Goodman's Orchestra and there they are. He has the most outstanding group of instrumentalists in this field ever gathered together. There is no praise too high for their work nor the people who make it possible for them to continue.

Columbia's other releases of interest include Johnny Green and his Orchestra (with Johnny Green at the piano) doing "Let's Hold Hands" and "Love Come to Me"; also The New Music of Reginald Forsythe, recording in England, "The Duke Insists" and "Garden of Weed." It seems that Forsythe's music as we hear it here lacks inspiration. The main difficulty is probably in the musicians' lack of understanding. However, even though it seems to be badly played, the music doesn't lack interest and does have the Forsythe touch which makes it distinctive.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony Now on Victor Records

Complete symphony played by LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI and PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA with chorus on nine Victor records in album.

We invite you to hear these wonderful recordings.

**FORBES-MEAGHER
MUSIC CO.**

27 W. MAIN



(Ray Noble's latest hit "Sitting Beside O' You")
Dance Records 35c and 75c

February, 1935

"Merrily it rolls along, rolls along."

"Do you hear that housewife singing at her work? Yes—she was at the last Homemakers' club meeting, where she learned how to take a sewing machine apart, clean and oil it, and put it together again. She has followed instructions and has had such splendid results with her own machine that she just bursts forth in singing 'Merrily it rolls along'."

—WISCONSIN COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

You said that once. The next line is, "O'er the Deep Blue Sea."

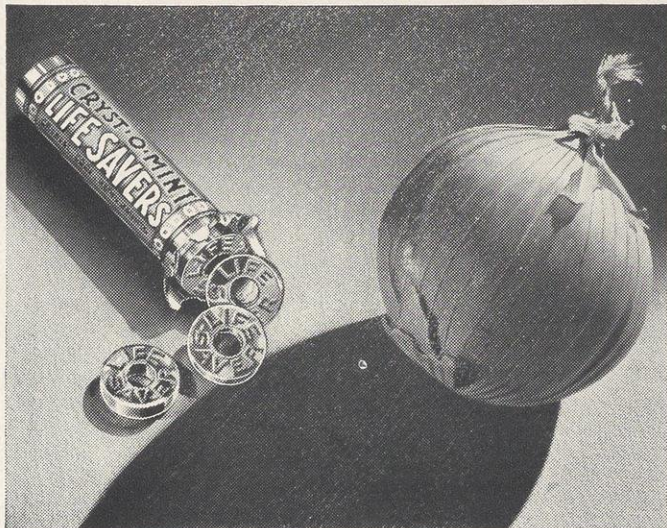
REWARD . . .

***Make us grin and you win
a Free Box of LIFE SAVERS***

The Editors of the OCTOPUS are tired of laughing at their own jokes. We want to sample somebody else's humor for a while. So each month we are going to offer an attractive box of assorted *Life Savers*—the most popular flavors—to the student whose favorite gag makes us grin the hardest. Send us in your newest now.

Contributions will be judged by the editors of this publication and the right to publish any joke is reserved. All Editors' decisions will be regarded as final.

IF YOU KNOW YOUR ONIONS . . . FOLLOW 'EM WITH LIFE SAVERS



If the onion's strength is your weakness
... eat Life Savers and breathe easy.
Life Savers are breath saviors. Keep a
roll handy . . . and keep your friends.

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE...IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER

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We hope you can, so that you, too, can enjoy
some of the more than 1500 good recent
books in BROWN'S RENTAL LIBRARY.

The rates are modest—only 3c per day; 10c
minimum. Being trustful, we require no
deposit.

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CORNER STATE AND LAKE STREETS

Where the most students buy the most books

KING HENRY VIII

HISTORY TELLS US THAT HENRY VIII WAS VERY PRONE TO GET MARRIED. AFTER HIS FIRST WIFE, CATHERINE OF ARAGON, CAME ANNE BOLEYN.

DUMP RUBBISH

ANNE WAS FOLLOWED BY JANE SEYMOUR AND ANNE OF CLEVES, BUT THEY DIDN'T SUIT HIM---
SO --O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O!

GEE

WHIZ

CANDY

EXAMS

ETC.

KATE HOWARD WAS NEXT—
THEN CAME CATHERINE
PARR — HENRY'S
ACHIEVEMENTS IN
OTHER SPHERES WERE
-- ETC., ETC...

WOW!

HANK II

PRINCE ALBERT FIRST AND LAST

ONCE YOU'RE ON TO PRINCE ALBERT, NO
OTHER PIPE SMOKE WILL EVER DO —
P.A. IS MILD AND LONG-BURNING — AND
NEVER BITES THE TONGUE.

M-M-M-M-M-M-M!!

PRINCE ALBERT VOTED MOST POPULAR!

- BECAUSE P. A. IS SO MILD
- BECAUSE IT IS LONG-BURNING
- BECAUSE THERE'RE 2 OZ. IN EVERY TIN
- BECAUSE A SPECIAL PROCESS TAKES
OUT THE "BITE"
- BECAUSE IT IS CRIMP-CUT
- BECAUSE OF ITS MELLOW, PLEASING FLAVOR

— BECAUSE OF ITS MELLOW, PLEASIN

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!



THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS, INC.

CAMPUS CHRONICLE

Hard

OUT at the Congregational church they have Sunday school classes. All right, you knew that, but that isn't what we're getting at. It seems, if you're interested, that the *Chronicle* has a young friend, aged eight, who attends the class out at the church.

One of her friends is a little girl who lives in a Langdon street sector apartment house. Last Sunday, the *Chronicle's* friend and *her* friend were listening to an exposition by one of those motherly, oldish sort of Sunday school teachers tell How We Can Become More Holy.

"Children," she said, "it isn't enough to go to church. It isn't enough to say your prayers at the table. You must pray at night and in the morning. And you must think of God. Every morning, you should get up after you've said your prayers and throw open the window, and take a deep breath, and look at the wonderful things you see there and think nothing but beautiful thoughts . . ." She beamed around the circle.

"Yes, but teacher," worried the little friend, "*Our* apartment is right next to the Deke house!"

Half Done

THIS bell tower business is getting pretty tiresome, but one more story won't hurt. At any rate, we were going over the hill about a week ago during the ski meet (if you must know, we going away from the thing because there was a 40 cent admission charge) when a rocky-faced individual approached us. He extended a very Norwegian arm in the direction of the bell tower scaffolding. "Hey, young fellow," he announced to us, "In forty years of ski yumping, I've never seen the like. They got a good approach, but why in heck don't these Hoofers finish the slide?"

Crime

"WISCONSIN'S Most Eligible Bachelor," the latest product of the Badger's promotion department, will be unveiled at Interfraternity ball, we learn. Incidentally, any plots to elect Editor Dick Bridgman to the position are to be nipped in the bud by a specification which states that the person chosen cannot be a member of the yearbook's staff.

But we do wonder—what if, the night of the ball, Wisconsin's m. e. b. turned out to be an independent?



123

CAUGHT in a rain storm last week, the *chronicler* met Roseland Miller, former feature writer on the peer of campus publications, the *Cardinal*, under the same doorway. Miss Miller asked where we were going and in what direction. Then as a Checker cab approached, she pulled us suddenly from under the protection of the door into the cab.

Well, you know how those cabs are, you ride six miles to go six blocks home, and during the ride it developed that Miss Miller was a good friend of the driver, waited under the door until

he came along, in fact. She introduced us, a Mr. Ulp or something, as we remember it. "He gives very good service," Miss Miller assured us, as we got near where we wanted to get out. "If you ever want good service, be sure to call for him." We said, yes. His number is 123, Checker cab, and he has black hair, in case you're interested.

Prom

PEOPLE are always upping and surprising us. For example, who ever expected that Saul Brohms, whose teutonic haircut has earned him the title of *Der Baron*, and who is one of the guiding spirits of the National Student League and the very incarnation of the Third Internationale, would have turned up at the recent Prom in an elegant tuxedo? We had thought that Mr. Brohms' abilities were limited to discussing the decline and fall of Capitalism, but *Der Baron* turned out to be an agile foxtrotter and a competent waltzer. We suspected that Mr. Brohms had attended Prom in order to spy on the Stalwart Senators and Assemblymen who were much in evidence at the Great Hall, and report back to the N.S.L. He angrily protested that his motives in attending Prom were of the purest; that, in fact, he had long been an admirer of Jan Garber. Whereupon we embarked upon an exciting discussion with Mr. Brohms upon the relative merits of jazz bands. We stuck up for Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong; but Mr. Brohms has a prejudice against Negro bands. They play too fast for him and he prefers to dance to jazz music rather than to sit them out . . . A certain young lady also shocked us on Prom night. She is affiliated with W.S.G.A. and one of the guiding lights of the L.I.D. We had always pictured here as a quiet, restrained young woman, who would not so much as say, "Boo." To our surprise we learned that she had spent the evening of February 7, going about and

(Continued on Page Nineteen)

THE BUBBLE SHOOTER

PETRONIUS

BEFORE Prom the Daily Cardinal announced with as much fan-flare, and with as much pomp and circumstance as it could scrape together, that the Rambler would return to its pages under another title, but anyhow a Rambler it would be.

With some anticipation and a little forboding the campus awaited the Prom, at which function the phoenix would soar forth from its own ashes to new heights. They were braced for a broadside, and as a result quite overlooked the faint cap pistol report with which the revived and demasculinated Rambler, under the title of The Trouble Shooter, was delivered to the campus.

"Mary Jones '36 was seen picking dandelions on Observatory Hill," runs the general substance of the present Trouble Shooter, but the substance is always climaxed with a "wow," an O'Henry twist to bowl 'em over at the end, to the effect that "and, tisk, tisk, we know there are no dandelions on Observatory Hill."

Off on another tack The Trouble Shooter whispers a bit of gossip, but then coyly says it won't tell us any more about it; or then again that it won't tell us the names.

On February 17 the following item appeared: "... In the Law school the other day, Eugene Schlomowitz, L2, Phi Epsilon Po, was again with his insignia which for such a long time was the prized possession of Selma Litman '36. *We know the reason too but we aren't telling . . .*" (the italics are my own).

And again in the issue of February 12:

"Now away from the Prom and over to the dirt. Not mentioning any names (as will be our policy in such matters)," I suspect the parenthetical dictum of coming from Bernhard himself, "will the couple who were whispering sweet nothings in the living room of the Kappa house last Sunday afternoon

at 5:30 kindly refrain from doing so in the future. It makes a bad impression upon incoming frosh."

Who perpetuates these atrocities upon the campus readers? It seems as if Executive Editor Bernhard felt he should have a scandal (he would blench at the word) column, but left the columnist as a minor consideration to be picked up later. He had a vague plan of giving the job to a Zeta Beta Tau freshman, whom he could discipline with sufficient ease. At present, there are at least four people who stroll the campus for those casual bits of nonsense which constitute the "revived Rambler." Bernhard is still seeking the



"Evidently the Senate is Investigating here today."

man who can write a scandal column a day, which his readers will eat up, and which will not offend a single person on earth.

Am I then advocating a column which would print that which should be private; a dangling of the secret and the sacred of Langdon life by some campus Winchell as breakfast food for the gossips to eat up? No, this certainly is not necessary for a college paper's personals column. I will attempt to make no defense for Winchell by pulling forth some Hemmingway argument about the veril, the cynical, the beauty of degeneracy, and being

able to take it. One can write of people, interestingly and entertainly, and give the lowdown, the real dope, the inside stuff, or whatever you care to call it, without making sex the single theme upon which no variation ever appears.

The old Rambler when at its height, which means when it sank lowest, written by Klaber under Fred Noer's editorship, committed some unpardonable sins, but it still had the saving virtue in that it was above the things it wrote about. It sat in judgment and trenchantly satirized Langdon's Roméos and Juliets who generally made a special point of being within its focus. It was a constant purge to the campus playboys and a most efficient deflator of local egos. Unfortunately Klaber wrote a purely "he-she" column, in which the only interest was the dating instinct, neglecting entirely the wide range of material in the sports world, in student politics, in faculty anecdotes, in the general line of campus news, on which he could have given the behind-scenes angle.

The entertaining column can be made by good writing, and it is only when the writing falters that one must resort to dirt. Of dirt the most sanctimonious soul could not accuse the Trouble Shooter of possessing the slightest modicum; and one also may say that Cardinal writing has sunk to a new low in the Trouble Shooter.

Finally I feel the fault lies not with the childish writers of the column but with the editor who permits such nonsense. When a column gets that bad it is up to him to do something about it or junk it. But in this case I am afraid Bernhard does not consider it bad, in fact, he is probably quite satisfied with it and is willing to let his brain child putter along in its present general vein, replying to criticism with the usual Cardinal defense, "Well, you know, old man, you can't please everybody."



CAMPUS CRISIS NO. 8
Rout and Confusion When the State Legislature Discovers that the University Athletic Ticket Office Has Gone Into the Red.

WHOPPER RECOGNIZES UNION

The paunchy fingers of the Senator from Sheboygan trembled slightly as he pointed them at the Union. "Is that—is that it?" he whispered. "Yes," I answered.

The Senator from Sheboygan had never been to college and seemed impressed by the swanky moorish pillars of the Memorial Union as well as by the swankier ankles of the collegians who were traipsing about. Not only had the Senator avoided college but he had escaped high school. He had gone into barbering (or as he prefers to call it, the tonsorial profession) after he had driven his sixth grade teacher daffy by continually getting the state of Washington and Washington, D. C., twisted. He took to shaving the citizens of Sheboygan. All this, as his constituents recognized, gave Whopper the best political qualifications in the world. And with the onset of the depression and the rise of Communism people had stopped taking haircuts and business had gotten so bad that Whopper went into politics, ran as a Republican on a platform of A PIECE OF WISCONSIN BRICK CHEESE WITH EVERY SLAB OF APPLE PIE and got elected State Senator last November. When he arrived at Madison for the legislative session, the Republican party whip informed him that the Progressives were starting a campaign to have swiss and leidekrantz cheese colored crimson. Immediately all of Senator Whopper's old hatred of the Reds returned (it was they who had really ruined his barber shop) and he determined to tear them out of the University of Wisconsin root and branch.

"Pretty fair dump these Bolsheviks got," he observed, a sting of envy in his tone, as we ascended the granite stairs.

"But Senator Whopper, this is not a dump and the Bolsheviks haven't got it," I protested as I had been protesting for days. Indeed, this was the cause of our visit to the Union this Saturday night.

"Well, anyhow,

let's investigate the Union," I had offered.

So here we were and Whopper was still trembling as we found ourselves comfortable seats on a couch near the radio in the Lounge.

"You—you don't think they might recognize me and throw a bomb?" he whispered, his tiny-blue-pigeon's eyes fearfully roving over the Lounge.

"Sh," I said, "let's keep quiet and hear what we can hear."

Two students came abreast of us and we craned our ears.

Said the first student: "We gotta be thinkin' about next season. Coach Spears is a liability to the team."

Second student: "Aw, you're batty. Didn't we beat Illinois, didn't we? Aw, you're batty."

"Yeah, well what did we do to Minnesota? We gotta start thinkin' about next season right now. I'm askin', what did we do to Minnesota? Aw, you're nuts if you think we got a coach."

"Well, I say, you're batty."

"You're nuts."

"You're batty."

As the students walked off, Senator Whopper turned to me, his fat jowls shaking intensely. "It sounds bad. Did you notice the tall fellow? He wore glasses. He looks just like a cartoon of a Bolshevik I saw in the *Chicago Tribune* once. I think I'll put him down for investigation. Do you know his name?"

Before I could answer two dizzily gowned members of Kappa Kappa Gamma wearing bunny wraps and enormous muffs swept into our ken. The way they were going it looked like they were going somewhere.

The first one said: "So he takes Marge Green to the Prom."

"Marge Green? My God! And he wouldn't take you? Don't he realize you're a Kappa Kappa Gamma?"

"That's what burns me up. He

knows I'm a Kappa and he still takes this Green girl out just because she gets A in all her courses and made Phi Beta Kappa."

"Don't he realize that Phi Beta Kappa ain't even got a sorority house? Don't he realize that they ain't even a sorority?"

"That's just what burns me up. He knows they haven't got a house and he still takes this Green girl out."

"Men are beasts!"

"You're telling me!"

After they exited Whopper went crazy with excitement. "Did you hear

that? Boy, that sounded mighty suspicious. What is this Phi Beta Kappa? Sounds like a secret society," and whipping out his little black pad and pencil, "I'll put them down for investigation."

"But, Senator Whopper," I protested, "they aren't Bolsheviks. Phi Beta Kappa isn't—"

"Sh," said Whopper, "here come some more. This is certainly a nest of Bolshevik vipers."

Three dopy looking students crossed our path. They were dressed in corduroys and lumberjacket and had the anemic stare that results from regularly eating dormitory food.

First dopy looking student: "I got a quiz Monday."

S. d. l. s.: "I got a quiz Tuesday."

T. d. l. s.: "I got a quiz Wednesday."

F. d. l. s.: "I ain't got no quiz Thursday."

S. d. l. s.: "Life is just a bowl of quizzes."

T. d. l. s.: "Ain't it terrible?"

F. d. l. s.: "Let's get drunk!"

All: "Yeah, let's."

They departed, faces glum. Whopper seemed bewildered. "I can't make head nor tail out of that. Is it some foreign language? Maybe they're talking Russian, eh?"

"But Senator Whopper, these aren't Bolsheviks. These—"

"Sh," commanded the august solon, "I want to get a load of this."

The "this" were two campus playboys, sleekly attired in sharply-creased



MAURICE ZOLOTOW

trousers, plaid-check suits, tan overcoats, English pipes, and rakish fedoras.

First campus playboy: "I told you the number was Badger."

"I was sure it was Fairchild."

"Maybe she moved?"

"If she did it's tough on us. I haven't got any more phone numbers left in my book. What are we gonna do now? I only know sixty-four girls."

"Is that counting Elsie Schultzenheim?"

The second campus playboy scratched his head, in seeming bewilderment. "Y'know, I could never quite make up my mind about Elsie. Nice girl and all that, but her voice is too deep."

"Things have come to a pretty fine pass when you can't date a girl for Saturday night at eight o'clock on Saturday night."

"Yeah, things have come to a pretty pass when you can't make a pass at a girl without her taking it serious and thinking your intentions is honourable and you expects to marry her."

"Yeah, what is the University of Wisconsin any how; a matrimonial agency?"

"And I haven't got any more phone numbers left!"

"Let's go through the student directory and pick out the nicest sounding names and call them up and see if we can't promote them."

"Swell idea!"

Senator Whopper was beside himself. He panted hoarsely: "Did you hear that? Immorality, by god! The idea of having sixty-four girls at his age! Why I only knew one girl and she is now my dear helpmate and wife. Why, I remember back twenty-five years when I was courting Susie and we didn't have any telephones, at least not in Sheboygan and I had to hitch up—"

Before Senator Whopper could tell me about his love-life, two prominent members of the Class of '35 crossed before us. I knew they were prominent members of the Class of '35 because they wore their hats down over their eyes and a bottle of seventy-nine-cent-gin was sticking out of the pocket of one.

Said the first: "I tell you Klode was elected president."

"Ain't I been a senior long enough to know who's president? I tell you it's Dudley."

"How long you been a senior?"

"Oh, six years or so."

"I got you there. Seven years for me . . . so I oughta know. It's Klode."

"Now, listen. I'll start all over again from the beginning. First, there was Blauner—"

"Are you sure Blauner isn't senior class president?"

"Impossible. He resigned in favor of Armbruster."

"It might be Armbruster."

"No, he resigned in favor of Dudley."

"Now I remember: he resigned in



"Down with Communism!"

favor of Klode."

"Dudley."

"Klode."

"Dudley."

"Klarmbruster."

"Bludley."

"Klauner."

"Dudbruster."

They went away arguing. Senator Whopper was busily scribbling in his notebook, writing it all down.

"Senator Whopper," I said, "I thought I'd tell you that these boys aren't Bolsheviks."

"Don't bother me," he said, "I'm putting them down for investigation. Wait till I show this to the committee. We'll rip this campus wide open, we will. We'll rip—"

"Hold on," I interrupted, "here comes—"

Two diminutive chaps carrying books under their arm. They spoke in tones of lofty boredom. One of them was smoking a long Turkish cigarette. The other chewed at a cigar.

"Lipskin," said one of them, "I don't blame you. You simply don't understand the dialectic of the situation."

"My dear Aberiskwith, I hope you realize that this is the third and final stage of Imperialism."

"I understand fully but—"

"And if the proletariat is to accomplish its historical function it must be accomplished within our generation. Do you hear Aberiskwith? Within our generation. Excuse me, while I light my cigar."

"Ah, but have you considered the collocation of immutable forces, primarily the technological tenuousness, which would tend to dislocate contemporary society in the event of a social cataclysm?"

"You must take a cosmic view of things, Aberiskwith."

"Lipskin, what you lack is a grounding in the materialist dialectic. Have you read Fuaerbach? Have you read Hegel? Have you read Plehkanov? Have you read this month's issue of *Ballyhoo* in Rennebohms?"

"Which reminds me that I'm hungry. Shall it be Tripp Commons, Aberiskwith?"

"Let's make it the Georgian Grill. I'm tired of candles and string trios."

"As you say, Aberiskwith, as you say."

Senator Whopper had been struck dumb with admiration. He stared, his gigantic mouth open to the four winds. "Students," he muttered. "Scholars. Did you see all the books they were carrying?"

I laughed. "But those, my dear Senator, are precisely the most dangerous radicals on this campus. They're the brains of the National Student League."

"So you think I'm gullible? Think you can fool an old man, eh. Those were scholars."

"Did you hear what they were saying?" I asked.

Whopper ran his finger over his cheeks, as though feeling his whiskers preparatory to a shave. "That was Latin they were talking, wasn't it?" he said, finally.

"They were plotting the overthrow of capitalism."

"That was Latin."

"They were planning the destruction of the American home."

"Maybe I never went to college but I know Latin when I hear it."

"They were planning to cripple national defense."

"I insist, they were talking Latin," he said, angrily, shutting up his notebook and shoving it in his pocket.

"But, Senator—"

"I said Latin."

"All right, Senator."

JOHNNY WALSH--IRISH LEATHER

• HARRY SHEER

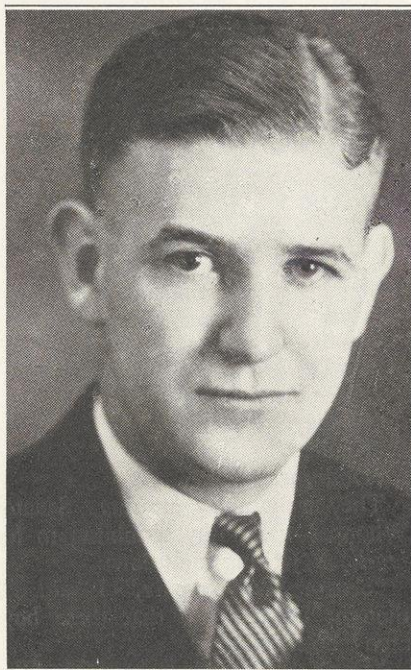
It dates back to 1924. A skinny, spindly-legged kid is prancing expertly in the corner of a fight ring; some 3,000 skeptical fans are whispering skeptical words about this youngster of 10 years who is giving his 26th exhibition under the spotlights; and the kid, Johnny Walsh, 60 pounds fighting weight, is flexing the ropes as if he had met, defeated, and met again all the pugs in existence.

Now comes 1935 and the mitt sensation of the Northwest ring circles—chiefly centered around Minneapolis and St. Paul—has stuck to the amateur rungs in the ladder and has put his feet into the intercollegiate pot at Wisconsin. It was a long trip from that fantastic period in '24; through a maturing stage in the Golden Glove imbroglios—when he was declared the sensation of the tournament; and into the coaching togs of the outstanding boxing college in the Middle West. Now comes the most enticing ring schedule Wisconsin has ever had, and with it Johnny Walsh as the latent gun behind the whole works. No athletic Horatio Alger has run the gamut of tests, battles, and literal dragon-slayings as impressively as Johnny has; and no amateur athlete has kept to the tenets of sportsmanship, exultation, and sheer competitive spirit as closely and intently as this "kid" who beat 'em and made 'em like it.

Walsh does not and never did look like a person who could whip a dynamited left-hook to the body or to the head of an opponent, follow it with a knockout right, and then go on about his more civil affairs at St. Thomas college in St. Paul as an unassuming end on the football team and an eligible, popular sophomore class president. It is those attributes that Johnny will insist on chatting about if one is ingenious enough to get him to chat. Every ounce and inch of him is Irish—the old-fashioned Mick—and not boisterous enough to start heaving Irish confetti at windows or heads in . . . uh . . . heated moments. Soft-spoken, just urbane enough to be a personality rather than a pest, and undoubtedly a proponent of clean wit and cleaner objectives, Johnny is what the ring needs—fight,

science, coordination between muscle and mind, square-shooting, cool intelligence and unselfish winner, and a "winning" loser.

Rather than make of Johnny Walsh an historical beacon or tintype, it seems more genial to tag him with some of the more human labels one seeks in the fight game. Boxers are ordinarily painted as rough, uncouth, blustering mugs who slap little children and kick the next-door cat in the head. One professional mitt-slinger, whose name might remain unknown, is a



JOHNNY WALSH

part of every anthology when ring stories are swapped. He was a huge thing, but quite tiny in the way of emotional control. Let's call him Butch. Butch was invited, formally, to a select house-party, wherein the belles were slightly lifted-eyebrowish. One of them especially refused to allow an arm, other than a pedigreed one, to dance with her. Butch, a simple soul and entirely ignorant of such discrimination, politely asked the young woman to "wrassle around de floor fer awhile." But when the y. l. came through with the paramount insult in

the fighters' dictionary and said, "With a punch - drunk, heel - walking prize-fighter? Never!" Butch saw a square ring, tight ropes, glaring lights; Butch smelled the resin and the healthy sweat; and Butch saw here a confessed enemy. By a signal a friend switched out the lights for a brief second. When it became light again there was our belle stretched out on the carpet as cold as an Alaskan nightmare. The incident befits a certain percentage of the cauliflower magnates, but it is used as a contrast to the Johnny Walsh type.

It is quite common to read in biographies of fighters of the mother's objection that crops up. Johnny had the same trouble. But she was a good fellow, as he says, and when she saw that the boy wanted to make nothing out of it but a hobby, she relented, whence, Wisconsin got a coach, student, and personality.

One of the interesting anecdotes about Walsh is the yarn spilled by a California sports scribe when the United States Olympics boxing trials were going on in 1932. Johnny was the Northwest representative in the lightweight division, and was conceded an excellent chance as the title-winner. His final opponent was Johnny Marrone, another Irishman from Detroit. The sports sheets were confident of a rip-snorting battle and here is the report:

"Johnny Walsh of Minneapolis started by hitting William Marrone of Detroit with the Twin Cities. Marrone retaliated by picking up the Ford factory and leveling it on Walsh."

Johnny says now that Marrone beat him by that first round punch, and that he feels it sometimes whenever one of his Badger proteges collects a similar hunk of dynamite. From this point on, Walsh crept slowly to the peak of amateur boxing—a second title in the lightweight Northwest Golden Gloves tourney. In this meet—1933—he went into the record with five straight knockouts to his credit, the only Golden Glover to hit such a mark. Sports banners called him "Golden Gloves' Best"; "The Sensation of Ama-

(Continued on Page Nineteen)

Land Sakes!

I do believe I'll try one



..for one thing

Chesterfield is the cigarette that's Milder

..for another thing

Chesterfield is the cigarette that Tastes Better



DO YOUR PART

To Help Finish The Carillon

DO YOU want to help a good cause?

Octopus appeals to the student body to help build the carillon. Construction, which should be proceeding at a rapid pace, is now at a standstill, due to the cold weather.

Octopus feels that if we must have a carillon, then we ought to get the darn thing over with.

If the student body gets together and blows (but hard, mind you), we can raise the temperature enough so that work may continue.

Octopus asks you to do this. Octopus asks you to come up the Hill and gather around with your fellow-students and blow and blow and blow. Octopus asks you to do this now.

It is rumored, also, that while there are enough large stones for the carillon, there is a distinct and hard-felt lack of small stones. Octopus appeals to the students, when they come up to blow, to bring with them as many small stones as possible.

Sign the coupon now, while you remember.

TEAR THIS OFF NOW AND DROP IT SOMEPLACE

**The Wisconsin Octopus,
Gentlemen:**

My interest is in a great carillon for a greater Wisconsin.
In answer to your appeal, I pledge my contribution as follows: (*Check one or both*)

☐ I WILL BLOW

☐ I WILL BRING SEVERAL SMALL STONES

.....Signature

FEW REVIEWS

BY SHERBERT BOOBLY

Well, folks, I went down to the Crapitol Theatre, that great temple of the arts, the other day on a pair of comps that Cluck Learnhard of the Cardinal, that genius of American liberalism and contemporary journalism, and editor of that overwhelming exponent of truth, honor, justice, wisdom and the Progressive Party, I mean the Daily Cardinal, gave me. (Whoops) Being movie critic for the world's greatest campus newspaper (absolute campus coverage) is a lot of fun. First of all it don't cost me one penny to go to that great and terrific salon of the muses (the Crapitol to you) and this means I can have a lot of dates with a young lady who is without the shadow of a doubt the most beautiful, gorgeous, charming, winsome, witty, delicate, tender, kissable, (And has she got a figure! Do we have a svelte time!) and it don't cost me a cent for all these dates except maybe for a glass of beer after the show and marvelous Mazie Mousetrap (that's my overpowering girl friend) doesn't drink any beer anyhow so she just eats the delicious popcorn and it don't cost me a cent. Oh, it's wonderful being a movie critic for the Cardinal. I want my children to be movie critics for the Cardinal. I want to tell the whole world about it. I think I'll do it now. "World, being a movie critic for the Cardinal is simply the most splendiferous position in the world. The only better position I can think of is when me and Mazie gets ***** (CENSORED. Cluck Learnhard, editor. No bedroom scenes, PLEEZE.)"

Anyway, here's me and Mazie sitting in the movies in the Crapitol and things are simply grand. I've held hands with many girls in my time but there's no greater, more exotic, more splendiferous, more esoteric, more sensual, more suggestive, more interpretative handholder than Mazie when she really wants to hold hands. (Oh, it's such fun going to the Crapitol and being a movie critic and reviewing the shows.) I got to admit I didn't watch the picture much, because I'm sure it was sensational, infectious, humorous, tragic, and that it ran the gamut of emotion from



The Making of a Red

I to C. I think the name of the picture was "The Little Minister" and there was some captivating dame acting in it; I only remember that she had powerful lips and a tragic voice. She reminded me of Eleanora Duse, Sara Bernhardt, Mrs. Siddons, Eve Le Galliène, Katherine Cornell . . . I think it was Shirley Temple . . . no, it wasn't Shirley Temple either . . . was it Garbo now? . . . wait, I have it . . . Well it really doesn't matter because she was simply overwhelming especially in the scenes where she . . . where she . . . well, anyway Mazie Mousetrap sure knows how to hold hands even if she is an English major and lives at the Arden House.

Finally they has a stage show. Well, being movie critic as I am, I have seen stage shows in my time. There are stage shows and stage shows but this stage show was a STAGE SHOW. This stage show climaxed one of the pleasantest hours I've had (Thanks darling, Mazie.). The cast of "Hot Stuff" was made up of international stage stars who combined infectious hilarity, diversified talent, with swell imitations of Joe Penner and Eddie Cantor. There was also a girl who wore tights and played the xylophone with her legs. I said to Mazie that I thought this dancer was swell stuff but Mazie got sore and socked me one in the jaw so that's why I got to finish this column right now.

P. S. The picture was really lousy and the stage show was even worse. But what can I do? We gotta have those theatre ads. We just can't do without those theatre ads. And when it comes to a tossup between truth, virtue, honor and the first amendment to the Constitution, Cluck Learnhard will always be found fighting on the side of those theatre ads. Hooray for complete campus confusion!!

Start The Semester Right

Get Your

PAPER

PENS

DESK PADS

NOTEBOOKS

And All Needs of

STUDY OR OFFICE

.. AT ..

NETHERWOOD'S

519 STATE STREET

ONE MAN'S TROUBLES

Says Man With Ladder Wasn't Bruno

FLEMINGTON, N. J.—Two men with a ladder in an automobile appeared at Princeton, N. J., in the afternoon of the day Baby Charles A. Lindbergh Jr., was kidnapped and slain and neither was Bruno Richard Hauptmann, a defense witness testified for Hauptmann today.

HUEY LONG ARRESTS SQUARE DEAL CHIEF

BATON ROUGE, LA.—A detachment of guardsmen surrounded the skyscraper building in which the Square Deal offices are located, went upstairs, and placed Bourgeois under arrest.

* * *

Notes Not by Bruno, Says Reilly

FLEMINGTON, N. J.—A defense expert today disputed the opinion of eight state experts that Bruno Richard Hauptmann wrote the Lindbergh ransom notes, and the defense formally disclaimed any contention that the dead Isador Fisch might have written them.

NICKLE MEALS, FLOUR-SACK UNDERWEAR FOR ASYLUM CHILDREN BARED

People are being fed meals that cost less than 5 cents each at some state institutions, and children at the home for feeble-minded at Union Grove are wearing underwear of flour sacks, John J. Hannan told the legislative finance committee Wednesday in pointing out the impossibility of reducing appropriations for institutions under control of the board.

FUND LETTERS BRANDED ROOSEVELT AS MILITARIST

WASHINGTON—Letters from Democratic headquarters asking shipbuilders to contribute to the Roosevelt campaign to put "other than a pacifist in the White House" were introduced Friday at the senate munitions committee hearing.

* * *

Defense Hints Suicide Girl Was Kidnapper

FLEMINGTON, N. J.—The shadowy figures of Violet Sharpe and Isador Fisch, long since dead, were projected once more in uncertain outline against the background of Bruno Richard Hauptmann's defense today in his trial for the murder of the Lindbergh baby.

GULF BETWEEN ROOSEVELT AND LABOR GROWS WIDER

WASHINGTON—The schism between organized labor and the administration over recovery codes appeared Saturday to be headed toward a wider gulf of disagreement over the \$5,000,000,000 work relief bill.

* * *

"Bruno Will Thaw in Chair"—Wilentz

FLEMINGTON, N. J.—The state bringing the murder trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann to a close today charged the defense was financed by "cranks, fools, idiots," called Hauptmann "Public Enemy No. 1," and asked the jury to show no mercy.

Claim Bruno Framed

FLEMINGTON, N. J.—Bruno Richard Hauptmann's defense today pursued a hint of "framed" evidence with an expert who insisted that three incriminating nail-holes in the Lindbergh kidnap ladder were not in existence when he examined it.

BABY BORN TO PASSENGER ON NEW YORK SUBWAY

NEW YORK—Mrs. Gertrude Rudolph 31, of the Bronx, gave birth Wednesday to a boy in a Bronx suburban express as passengers filed to the platform at 180th street and Bronx park.

* * *

Claim Fisch Showed Ransom Bills

FLEMINGTON, N. J.—Bruno Richard Hauptmann's defense was temporarily balked today in an attempt to show that Fisch exhibited gold notes in 1933.

JOBLESS FIGHT RELIEF BILL

An army of unemployed will stage a protest march to the capitol if an attempt is made to enact Gov. La Follette's \$5,000,000 relief bill because it is held inadequate, the legislative finance committee was informed Tuesday.

* * *

Three Verdicts Open to Hauptmann Jury

DIRIGIBLE MACON DIVES INTO PACIFIC

JUST AS A BIRD NEEDS *Both* WINGS

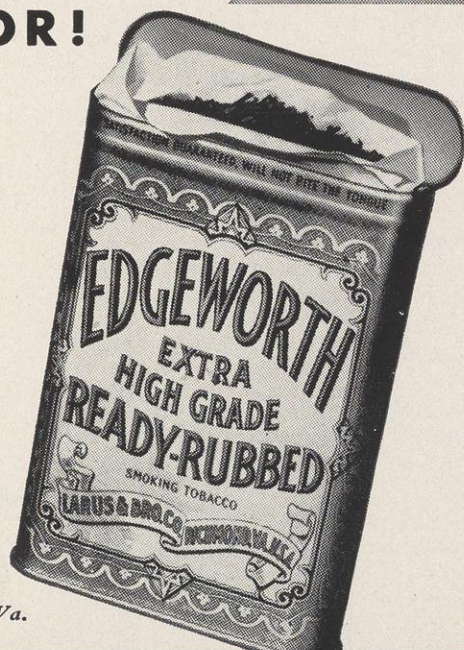
A GOOD
PIPE TOBACCO MUST HAVE
Both MILDNESS
AND FLAVOR!

OF COURSE, you want *mild* tobacco! Every pipe smoker wants *mild* tobacco. All tobacco companies try to give you *mild* tobacco! Mildness is necessary for comfort in smoking. You won't smoke a tobacco that is *not* mild. A tobacco company would soon go broke if it did not produce *mild* tobacco.

But it's *Flavor* that gives the *pleasure*. Flavor is the reason men smoke pipes. It is *flavor* that makes the *difference* in tobaccos.

Good flavor is not so easy to get. Edgeworth has a flavor *all its own*. This Flavor is so good that many pipe smokers have used Edgeworth for twenty years and more.

The Edgeworth people found the way to keep Edgeworth tobacco *mild* and keep all the good flavor too. Mildness and Flavor together, that's Edgeworth. Try a 15-cent tin.



Edgeworth is made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., Tobacconists since 1877, Richmond, Va.

EDGEWORTH HAS *Both*
MILDNESS *and* FLAVOR

ISMISMS

a.c.w.

Read this first:

(After six weeks of delay, the state legislature has passed a resolution to investigate the university. In the meantime, six or seven other investigations, or "probes" as the newspapers call them, have been started by the governor, the assembly, the senate, the board of control, Dean Goodnight's office, and the WSGA . . . Will Sen. Polens put Frank on the Spot? Will Sen. Silo put the Stonyfeller foundation on the spot? Will compulsory gym keep our flag holy and pure? That's the burning issue of the hour. Give America back to the Americans! Give the Americans back to the Indians!)

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

* * *

"LOOK here, Frank," bellowed Sen. Blondie around the thick stem of his pipe. He waited for that one to sink in. Then scratched his head. He had forgotten what he wanted to say.

"Oh, yes," he continued, always quick on the up bounce, "have the university got ismisms? I thought so. Do you love the American flag"—at the word "flag" the committee arose as a man and placed their derby hats over their hearts—"and do you believe in the pilgrim fathers, and the spirit of '76?"

Sen. Blondie leaned back in his swivel chair and folded his pudgy hands over his wide front. He shifted his pipe for an unlighted cigar and spit in the approximate direction of a huge brass spittoon. "Huh?"

"I," pouted Frank, "think you're trying to put me on the spot. Anyway, Isador Fisch did it."

Sen. Blondie chuckled and glanced around the table at his committee, he wasn't sure just what committee, he had so many, each doing this, and doing that, and whatever. As near as he could remember it was a Committee Appointed to Investigate the Investigation Committees appointed to investigate the committees appointed by the assembly to probe the university for irregularities, communism, atheism, and perverse activities. Somebody had said something about agnosticism, but since he could never remember how to spell it Sen. Blondie had it crossed out. He peered through the smoke at Sen. O'Sullivan, 23-year-old, plump little Oshkosh Democrat who

was looking under the table for a paper clip; he scowled at Sen. Silo, Progressive farmer who had been growing deficits on his farm ever since repeal and who had a tendency to stand up and cheer for 10 minutes every time mention was made of Robert M. La Follette (Fighting Bob) senior; he thought he saw Sen. Rafferty, a Milwaukee Democrat whose business was side show barking and who wanted to put the investigation on in the Parkway theater, proceeds to go to broken down bicycle timers; he noticed, a little irritated, another man who looked like a senate errand boy. It occurred to Sen. Blondie to ask him who are you anyway, but the man chewed an unlighted cigar and it was possible that it *was* somebody.

Sen. Rafferty kicked a pile of cigar stubs out of the way, stood up. "It's about time," he rasped, "we quit playing petty politics. Somebody make a motion."

Sen. Silo moved his chair.

Sen. Polens, who "just dropped in to say hello to the boys," as he put it, shoved a stack of papers off the table and sat down. "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye," he yelled, "we are about to put on the stand a new witness. What'll you have, gents? There's plenty of seats up in front."

Sen. Sullivan, finding his paper clip, stood up. "Mr. Frank," he said, "do

you love the American flag? Do you . . ."

"We had that one," Polens whispered, "ask him about the perverse subjects."

"Just a minute, colonel," shouted Rafferty, "what I want to know is, did you hit your patients, did you serve the prisoners hash, when did you stop beating your wife, what time is it?"

Sen. Blondie was puzzled. Life is a funny thing, isn't it? Maybe he had the wrong committee room. He banged his gavel, "Answer yes or no," he demanded of no one in particular. Pres. Frank excused himself to Sen. Silo and slipped out to attend a Republican day dinner and the Miami beach costume ball. Sen. Polens called the South hall janitor to the stand. "I can't keep these journalism majors from smoking in the building no matter how *hard* I try," he complained. Sen. Sullivan tisked-tisked sympathetically. The unidentified man at the end of the table suggested that he could answer.

"Answer what?" Sen. Blondie asked.

"Your question."

"Go right ahead, son," urged Sen. Silo. "You've got an honest face."

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Oh, just plain yes."

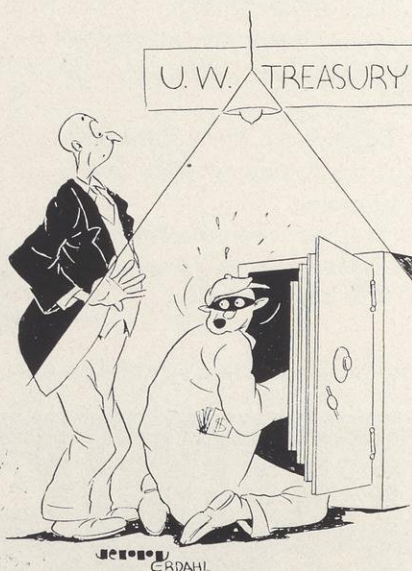
"Oh."

"What does the constitution say, that's what I want to know?" shouted Rafferty. "Damn it, men, that's what's the MATTER WITH THIS COUNTRY. WE MUST HAVE AN ADEQUATE AIR FORCE. WE MUST AVOID ENTANGLING ALLIANCES. Our constitution is SACRED. Mr. Chairman, can I make a speech."

"You've made one. That was an editorial in the Wisconsin News this morning, anyhow, and I was going to say the same thing. Just for that you can't tell the one about Communism undermining our foundations."

"Oh, is that so. You think it's an insult to make teachers take an oath to the flag"—the committee stood up and gave the boy scout password at mention of "flag"—"do you? All right, Sen. Polens, if you think you're so smart. Don't forget that you're the chairman of the committee that is investigating

(Continued on Page Nineteen)



"It's O.K. . . . I'm on the Investigation Committee"

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

CHARLES L. FLEMING

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE FIRST PRESIDENT AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN GREETED BY VARIOUS OF THE MOULDERS OF AMERICAN OPINION.

Arthur Brisbane . . .

This is the 150th anniversary of George Washington, often called the Father of His Country. It is *interesting* to note that, although Washington has long been called by this name, he *never* publicly admitted that such was the case.

* * *

George Washington, were he living *today*, would be strongly in favor of a fleet of American airplanes *second to none*. As he is known to have remarked to *Omar Khayyam*, author of "Frank Merriwell on the Airship Paul Revere," "America must have a fleet of airplanes *second to none*." This statement of the Father of His Country must be *considered*, for it was made by the Father of His Country.

* * *

Recent estimates show that the population of the United States is 125,000,000.

* * *

So what do you think of Father Washington, Papa Dionne?

The Wisconsin News . . .

This is the birthday of George Washington.

George Washington was the Father of His Country. He was also president. He is the man who set the Washington precedent.

George Washington once advised the nation to "avoid entangling foreign alliances." This was a very wise move. It's given us a damn good editorial every year since then.

Walter Winchell . . .

Flash! It was just 203 years ago tonight that the Augustine Washing-

tons (she was Mary Ball) of the Virginia Washingtons were heir-conditioned with a bouncing baby boy . . . Mary claimed that some day the kid would become Father of His Country . . . as was first noted in this colyum just three weeks ago . . .

Time, the Weekly News-magazine . . .

Proud was his mother. Proud was his father. Sick were 118 unlucky recipients of Virginia cigars 153 years ago this week. Reason: George Washington, Father of His Country (see TIME, Feb. 25, 1732), was born.

Commander-in-Chief of American forces in the Revolutionary War, President two terms, Washington has been idol of American moppets ever since cutting down cherry tree on parental plantation and getting away with it. Most famous pose: One foot on prow of rowboat in icy Delaware preparatory to being told, "Siddown, Wash, yer rockin' the boat."



Any Sunday Supplement . . .

George Washington had false teeth. George Washington danced with other people's wives.

George Washington wore a number 23 shoe.

George Washington did tell a lie. George Washington was severely marked by smallpox.

George Washington drank more than he should have.

George Washington had an oil burner and 300 Negro slaves at Valley Forge.

Dolly Madison saved the Stuart portrait when the British burned the White House.

Hurrah for the Father of His Country!

The Daily Cardinal . . .

That George Washington was born 153 years ago today was averred Thursday by Prof. E. A. Ross, of the university sociology department.

"George Washington was born 153 years ago today," Professor Ross averred. He also pointed out that Washington was well known as the Father of His Country.

"Washington was well known as the Father of His Country," Professor Ross pointed out. Professor Ross indicated that there is no truth in the rumors that Washington was graduated from Wisconsin in applied entomology and was a missing brother of Pat O'Dea.

"There is no truth in the rumors that," Professor Ross indicated, "Washington was graduated from Wisconsin in applied entomology and was a missing brother of Pat O'Dea."

The New Student . . .

George Washington was a capitalist. Abraham Lincoln was a capitalist.

Charles Henry Bernhard, heavy-handed and bourgeois dictator of the Daily Cardinal, is a capitalist.

Nuts to Bernhard.

Nuts to Lincoln.

Nuts to Washington.

Nuts to Pres. Glenn Frank.

Nuts to the state legislature.

Nuts.

The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc.

"You look like my brother Jim."

"I am your brother Jim."

"Well, you don't look like him."

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Properly Pasteurized DAIRY PRODUCTS
Provide ALL These SAFEGUARDS

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DESIGN FOR DRESSING

ROSEMARY McCORMICK

ADDENDA TO A WINTER SEASON, WITH AN EYE TO AN EARLY SPRING

PROM'S over and now honest-to-goodness work takes the place of thrilling dinners, dances, and cocktail parties. A debate on the relative values of study and social gadding might well be in order but, since this purports to be a page on the latest in feminine apparel, we'll leave that to other departments of Octy.

When Prom gowns are laid aside for classroom woollens, inevitably our thoughts turn toward new spring sport clothes. Knit things are better than ever this season. If you're the feminine type of person who revels in designing and fitting, you must take time out from all your fine second semester resolutions to do some knitting on your own hook.

Sweaters are probably the best to begin on. This spring they are bright-colored, filmy affairs with loose-fitting sleeves, and fringed jabots, a welcome change after the dark ones in which we've been swathing ourselves.

The ambitious miss who's not worried whether she gets an A in Soc. 197, can have a grand time knitting a whole suit and maybe a sport coat to match thrown in. The great question to consider, however, is "Can I finish this before the style is passe?" Answer is "Be sure to pick a simple pattern."

Evening gowns of knit, in simple classic styles, are creating a furor in fashionable centers. Wouldn't it be exciting to sport one at Military Ball and outdo one's sisters in gaining the soldiers' admiration?

Suits of every style, color, and material surround us on all sides. All the shops are full of them so apparently the "best dressed co-eds" can't escape their spell. Blue seems to be the

most popular color. That's not surprising since, "according to statistics," men admit it is their favorite shade.

The fitted type our mothers wore to classes in the early 1900s with stiff white shirtwaists are with us again. Very trim they are and bespeak style and practicality from every seam. Some are even bound with silk braid and sport tailored sweaters with little schoolgirlish collars.

With these suits one wears to classes the tailored felt with a snap brim and creased crown. For dressier occasions a pill box, shiny sailor, or turban is okay.

"Anything Goes" in the realm of hats this spring. Shiny straws in navy, brown, and black suit the tailored-minded to a T. Flat crowns have definitely returned, but some tall ones, peaked ones, and otherwise continue to bob up just to plague the buyer. Beige is to be even smarter than gray, especially in felt hats.

To get back to suits. Please don't be alarmed if you have a swagger suit left over from last year. They are still very much in the mode and still have taffeta bows under one's chin, and bell-shaped sleeves. The three piece affairs are most practical of all. You can wear the skirt and long coat without the jacket, or the jacket and skirt without the coat. Mixtures or solid colors can be chosen, man-tailored fabrics or homespuns. Dressy swaggers are also being shown with huge fur collars that come in awfully handy on some of Madison's windy spring days.

Checked swagger coats of red, black, blue, brown, or green with white promise to be ultra smart later in the spring for wear in combination with linens and seersuckers. They're smart and so practical—wrinkleproof and easy to keep clean.

Shoes are playing an important part in new wardrobes. They are not confined to the regulation grays and tans of most years, but are seen in navy, black with white trimming, blue and white, red and white, and all shades of patent leather. Navy blue "flaties" are just the thing to wear on the campus with the new suits. Recently a peasant tie of rough leather in all the high shades has been put on the market. It should appeal particularly to you girls with tiny feet.

So the tendencies go. It's pretty hard to pick out the right thing when there are so many styles to select from. The following list is an attempt to line up the principal fads:

Silk taffeta in striped and printed classroom models as well as for bouffant party frocks.

Knitted hats to match knitted suits.

Artificial flowers, shiny for sport wear, dainty and pastel colored for afternoons.

Wooden beaded bags in a variety of colors.

Silk and lightweight wool blouses in vivid shades.

Cut-outs in dress shoes.

Buttons in the form of walnuts, almonds, pecans, and brazils.

Sheer, dark hose.

Capes for evening wraps.

Gold and silver cord straps for evening gowns.

Printed satin for daytime or formal.

Crocheted and string knit gloves.

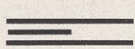
Swagger sports coats.

Mesh collars, cuffs, and belts, in colored enamels.

Any shade of blue.



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ADD WALSH--

teur Boxing"; and the perennial "Johnny Comes Marching Home." This was his last major fight campaign with the exception of the 1933 match against the Wisconsin welterweight champ, Fausto Rubini, who suffered his first one-sided loss to Johnny.

And out of this bevy of events comes the present Johnny Walsh, far ahead of the 60 pound paperweight fighter of 1924, a prospering boxing coach with national prominence again staring him in the face, and above all that, the dream of a successful law career. Within the next few weeks, nine young leather-pushers, comprising the Badger varsity, will meet the champions of six other universities—Michigan State, Haskell Indians, Pittsburgh, Syracuse, West Virginia, and North Dakota. Johnny will not compete himself, but when the gong ends each of the bouts, or when a stiff, lead-packed glove puts one of his men on the mat, Johnny will remember the 12 years he went through the same thing and the skinny, spindly-legged 10-year-old who had to be weighed by a fish scale before the first punch; that is the story of Johnny Walsh, Wisconsin's and the country's youngest coach, and the pride of Kil-larney.

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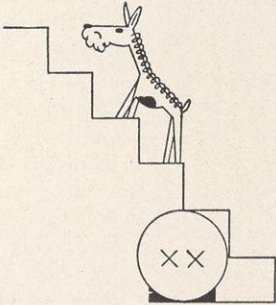
WOMAN, 51, HURT
SAVING GRANDSON, 7

CHICAGO.—(UP)—Mrs. Bertha O'Brien, 51-year-old grandmother, was in a hospital Saturday suffering injuries she received when she hurled her baby in front of a truck to save the life of her grandson, seven.

—STATE JOURNAL
Then what did she do?

ADD CHRONICLE--

knocking every tophat she saw off every gentleman's head she met. At the Loraine Hotel her escort nearly got into a fistfight with a gentleman who got tired of picking his tophat up from the floor. But Miss _____ remained obdurate. That tophat would NOT remain on the plutocrat's head. She kept knocking the hat off until the tophatted gentleman left the Loraine in a great huff. We have been wondering whether the Loraine cocktails were too strong or whether this party was merely taking out her hatred of the bourgeoisie. At any rate, here is a definite instance of revolution and insurrection at the University. And we donate it to the Senatorial committee with our best wishes . . . Boris Bobroff, who is usually the most enterprising and efficient member of that most enterprising and efficient corps of newspapermen, the Daily Cardinal, slipped up on the Prom Cardinal. Photoart had supplied (gratuitously) a blurry



photograph of the Promgoers to the Cardinal, on the condition that they be given what is known in the profession as a "credit line." Poor Bobroff, in the heat of writing funny headlines, forgot to place the little word Photoart under the photograph, and as a result, Photoart is all wrought up about it, and threatens to charge the Cardinal twenty-five potatoes . . . Somewhere in the process of putting out the program for Prom somebody with a sense of humor stuck his finger in. The proud forbears of the Prom Queen were listed as "Mr. and Mrs. Virginia Wheary." This put Mr. Wheary to no end of embarrassment.

ADD ISMISMS--

this committee. How about relief? Huh?"

"How could I investigate myself?" Sen. Polens wanted to know.

"I make a motion, that we memorialize congress, making a motion and providing a penalty," said Sen. Silo. "I'm a dirt farmer, and I do not believe that the state of Wisconsin should let foreign countries ship peanut oil into this state while the Dairy Farmer isn't getting his cost of production."

"No tavern keeper can make a profit on a 10 ounce stein," observed Sullivan.

The unidentified man at the end of the table stood up and began passing out little slips of paper. They were little songs. One of them was:

Carry Bobbie back to old Virginia;
That's where he bought his home,
That's where he ought to stay;
He was our senator, but now he's
a southerner,
So goodbye to Bobbie, we're for
Chapple all the way.

"I represent the NSL," explained the passer-outer. Our organization, believing that the salvation of this country is only in a complete blow-up, is supporting John Chapple, because we figure that things have to get worse before they can get better."

"Yes, but Chapple was defeated," said Glenn Frank, who had returned from a dinner in Chicago by this time. "I know, but he might run again."

"The only way to end war is to educate the world for peace," said Gordon Corey, who had climbed in by the window, with a microphone in his hand.

And, with that, Sen. Blondie and the committee passed out to get dinner. When they returned up again they found themselves conducting a committee meeting investigating possible uses of Wisconsin brick cheese in the building construction industries.

They, including Sen. Raffetry, were darn glad of it, too, because they had been investigating that one for the last 30 years. Next week, Sen. Silo said, they better get around to prohibiting the use of oleomargarine in state institutions. That's even more restful.

Meet at LOHMAIER'S

"THE CAMPUS' MOST POPULAR FOUNTAIN"

BY AND LARGE

ROBERT G. BLAUNER

THE Regents accepted \$57,500 from the Rockefeller foundation to further the research in hormones. Doc Spears and the Alumni Association will have to get their bids in early next year.

In maintaining that they did not reverse their previous policy by accepting this gasoline gold, the Regents pointed out that no strings were attached. Maybe the hormone hunters can dig up one or two that can be fed to the Regents so a string can be pulled for some money for higher salaries.

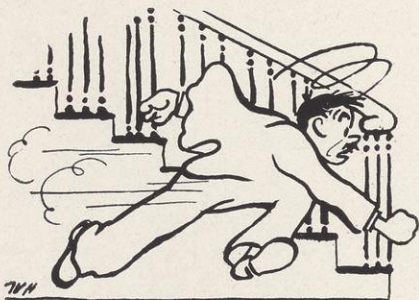
Prof. E. A. Ross chose the ten Americans that were, in his opinion, outstanding, and used as one of his basis newspaper prominence. However, we note the Professor did not list himself, despite the Cardinal.

The State Peace Oratorical contest will be held here sometime in April. If the legislature is still convening, the Madison Gas and Electric Co. should be allowed a raise in rates to cover the competition.

Three members of the faculty recently discussed the meaning of genius. Most of us will find ours by dropping the "I."

A new course is being offered in fur farming. Co-eds will probably find it a snap.

Neal Drought, psychology instructor, advises complete relaxation for the best results in exams. This may be good psychology, but, Neal, did you ever have to pass an exam or else . . . ??



The Illini Greeks voted to end hell week. Do they mean at the beginning or end of the semester?

The budget bill was slated to come out of committee after the relief bill had been enacted upon. From the looks of things the order should be reversed. After the budget bill cuts we'll need relief.

Pres. Frank represented the university at a dinner for the legislators not so long ago. It is to be hoped that he served them a course of budget cold turkey.

Clarence Darrow says, "If I were starting my youth today in these times of uncertainty, I'd chuck myself out of a skyscraper window." That's a swell way to settle your unemployment problems, but it leaves such an awful mess on the sidewalk.

BROADCAST BANTER

JAMES FLEMING

ALONG about this time of year when radio news begins to become a bit scarce, the fan magazines start their popularity polls; first and foremost to fill up space and secondarily to stimulate a little interest in their sheets. At the moment the likes and dislikes of the voting dial-twisters are being charted and many of the performers are quaking in their boots because a poor rating in these polls doesn't set so well with chap who has the money, namely: the sponsor. The results thus far show that the top favorites of a year ago are still the "top" with his excellency the fan.

At the topmast among individual performers is Jack Benny, whose Sunday evening show with Don Bestor, Frank Parker, Don Wilson and Mary Livingstone is the best comedy effort on the air. Benny has the good sense to realize that there is a gag or two to be had outside of Joe Miller's famous treatise and gives his listeners credit for at least some intelligence . . . and here's a news note: don't be surprised if Benny soon starts to plug a product other than the famous dessert with the "six delicious flavors." Meanwhile chortling Joe Penner and his duck hold second place among the comedy lads. How Penner endures in popularity is something of a puzzle but this column will wager a turkey against any old duck that within a year Penner won't be soiling the airways. Remember Jack Pearl, the "baron"? But why recall nightmares?

The networks, praise Allah, are at last becoming conscious of the fact that good music is high in demand. On Saturday afternoons the Metropolitan's complete performance is aired. Of course, Sunday brings the New York Philharmonic in the afternoon (CBS) and condensed opera in the evening at seven, with Deems Taylor simplifying the art, (NBC). The Ford and General Motor Sunday Evening Symphony concerts are worthy of praise, but there is this to be said: in an effort to make the shows spectacular the sponsors try to crowd too many features into the short space of an hour.

Promgoers will be interested to know that Jan (Casa Loma) Garber is resting comfortably in third place in the popularity poll with only Wayne King and Guy Lombardo up ahead. Many of those who danced in Great Hall on February 7 remarked at the difference between Garber in person and Garber on the air. The secret is this: Garber in his broadcasts has the microphone placed immediately in front of the saxophones and as a result the band sounds much deeper on the air than it does in an auditorium. The same tactics are employed by Guy Lombardo.

One can't speak of radio-dramatics without throwing an orchid to the Sunday afternoon Lux Radio theater. At one-thirty in the afternoon on the Sabbath, stars of stage and screen revive the hits of the last decade in generally faultless performance. The classic thus far was Jane Cowl's fine bit of work in that old tear jerker, *SMILIN' THROUGH*. The radio theater travels over the NBC wires.

Here's a last word with a thought to chew on. Have you ever muttered to yourself in despair after hearing a particularly sad session of radio programs. Well, my friend, as the laxative salesman put it, you can do something about it. Write a letter to the station or network and tell them what your opinion is. Far from looking on the listener as moronic, the moguls of broadcast hold his opinion as something rather sacred and are anxious to do his bidding. These are facts, Gentlemen.



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