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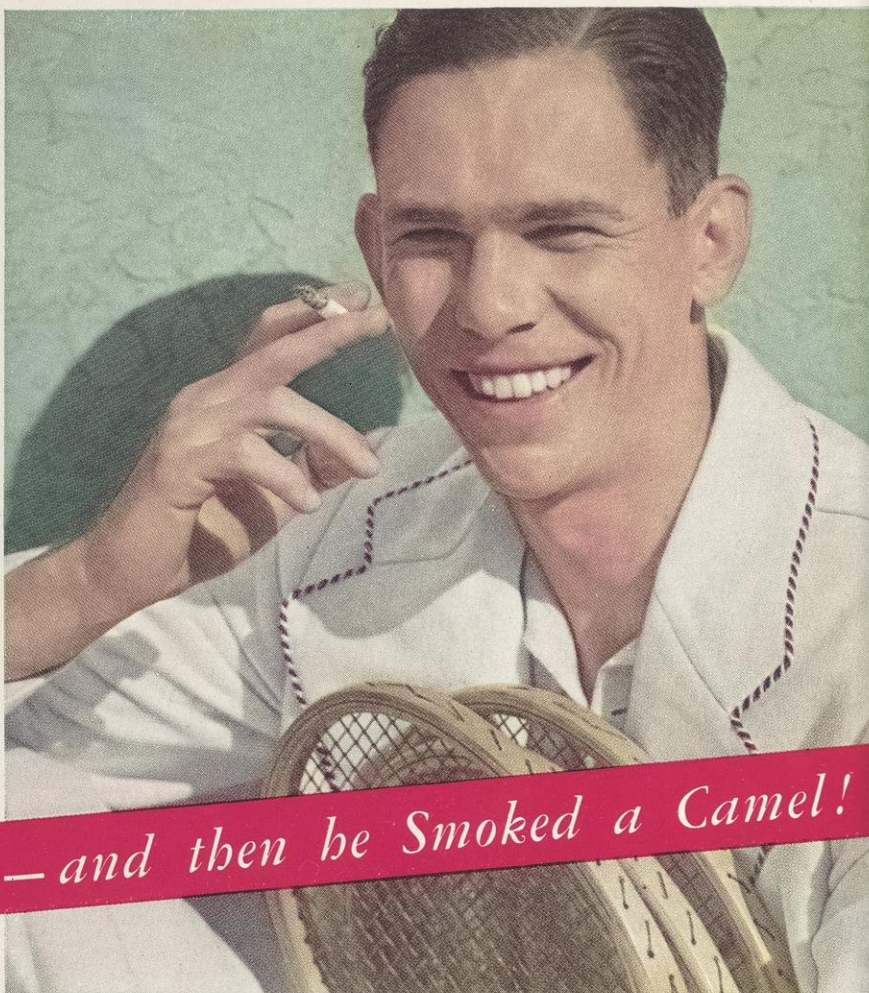
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ELLSWORTH VINES, JR.
AFTER 5 HARD SETS—

—and then he Smoked a Camel!

ELLSWORTH VINES, JR., the spectacular young Pasadena athletic star who holds the U.S. National Championships for 1931 and 1932, and has now swept through the 1934 professional ranks as well!

YOU'LL enjoy this pleasing "Energizing Effect"

When you've used up your energy—smoke a Camel and notice how you feel your flow of natural energy snap back.

This experience, long known to Camel smokers, has now been confirmed by a famous New York research laboratory. Camel smokers enjoy a positive "energizing effect" ...a healthful and delightful release

of natural, vibrant energy. A typical Camel experience is this, Ellsworth Vines, Jr. speaking—

"Championship tennis is one of the fastest of modern sports. After four or five sets, you sometimes feel that you just can't take another step. That's when a Camel tastes like a million dollars. Not only does the rich, mellow fragrance appeal to my taste, but

Camels have a refreshing way of bringing my energy up to a higher level. And I can smoke all the Camels I want, for they don't interfere with my nerves."

So, whenever you want a "lift," just smoke a Camel. You can smoke them steadily. For the *finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS* in Camels *never get on your nerves.*

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

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

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HERE'S HOW -- And Where!

BEER

LOHMAIER'S, 710 State St., is practically on the campus. It's a real hang-out for the Langdon street crowd, and sooner or later you may get the urge. Social hours at all times.

AMBER INN, on Gilman just off State, also popular with "the crowd." Below the Studio, local housemaid's dance hall.

LORAIN COCKTAIL ROOM, with the nice red booths, is the place to go on the night before six weeks exams. Prices reasonable, and a very tricky door that gives one the jitters.

PARK HOTEL CIRCULAR BAR, composed of ever so many pieces of wood that they picked up here and there. Skilful bartenders and the best people present.

CUBA CLUB, out on the new Middleton Road, serves fine meals and the wherewithal to wash them down. Entertainers also present to distract you from the business at hand.

CAMPUS SODA GRILL, 714 State St., "the house that malted milk made" has graduated to beer and pretzels in an enlarged rear room.

MALLATT'S, 718 State St., all dressed up and hoping to go somewhere with Lohmaier's business. Very decorated, with odd lights.

DANCING

AMBASSADOR CLUB, across Mendota by boat or around halfway by car. Moonlight on the lake is grand—practically a Wisconsin tradition.

CHANTICLEER, past Middleton on highway 12. Lots of room and catering to many of Madison's older folks and nearby rural contributions.

HOLLYWOOD AT THE BEACH (formerly Esther Beach) around Lake Monona on highway 12. Still the favorite for the college crowd.

FOOD (not for hearty meals)

CHOCOLATE SHOP, 548 State, is still the nice place to take a date after a show or party. Grand atmosphere, good food (specialty: fudge cake and hot choc. sundaes) and air cooling on warm nights, if any.

LOG CABIN, across the street from Choc. Shop, for steak or bratwurst sandwiches and male bull sessions.

LOG CABIN II—Highway 12 just this side of Middleton, with chicken dinners for four bits. Eat in the garden among flora, fauna and whatnot.

OLD FASHIONED TEAROOM, or Miss Kessenichs. Gilman ten steps from State. A grand place for a date on Sunday night supper or private birthday celebrations.

simpson's

specialists in French copies for college women . . 23 n. pinckney



Miss Carol Johnson photographed in simpson's interpretation of the dinner and dance frock . . . white ermine on black velvet and an open shoulder

it has often been remarked that the popular Delta Gamma above bears a pronounced resemblance to Katherine Cornell

dance frocks
\$19.50 to \$45

PLATTER PATTERN

If you haven't heard the Dorsey Brothers' platter which holds *Judy* and *Annie's Cousin Fannie*, then you must hurry right up to the music store. The Dorsey Brothers have the most outstanding "jazz" orchestra in New York and are looked up to by all musicians for the very best. I'm sure you'll agree that as novelty tunes go *Annie's Cousin Fannie*

NORM PHELPS

is the cleverest you've heard for a long time, and for dance music that is really beautiful, *Judy* can't be beat.

Another "bound to be popular" Brunswick release is Freddy Martin's disc of *Once in a Lifetime* and *Butterfly*. Martin has also recorded *When the New Moon Shines on the New Mown Hay* and *It Happened When Your Eyes Met Mine*. *Once in a Lifetime* is surely OK and *Butterfly* is a pleasing waltz if you like to waltz. *When the New Moon etc.*, is one of those disgustingly sticky tunes of which we have too many. If, however, you are a collector of Freddy Martins then you must get it, for the band is still good and besides, the other side, *It Happened When Your Eyes Met Mine* is more palatable.

Casa Loma also adds to the list of "good" again. This time it's *Two Cigarettes in the Dark* and *Here Come the British*. This is really one for the conscientious collector. *Cigarettes in the Dark* is one of our currently popular and looks like it will be a C P for some time to come. *Here Come the British* is one of those in the lighter kidding fashion with a Johnny Mercer lyric which is a recommendation in itself. The arrangement is clever with a little introduction and coda which incorporates dear old *Yankee Doodle*; of course they are both admirably played with all the perfection that Casa Loma stands for.

Lombardo, if you like it, has another recording this month and is trying hard to pull into favor an English band by the name of Ambrose. Lombardo, on one side, does *Give Me a Heart to Sing To* which will sell the record, and Ambrose and his orchestra, on the other side, do *Cupid*. There are promising spots in the recording done by Ambrose but as a general thing the band sounds heavy, stilted and oppressive. Either the recording room is large and unpadding or the band is naturally full of heavy brass and rumbling drums. If you like these full pretentious bands I should more readily recommend Abe Lyman and his recording of *I'm Just That Way* and *I'll Close My Eyes to Everyone Else*.

Among the Victor current releases there are a number of good records. Richard Himber recording *Let's Take a Walk Around the Block* and *Fun to Be Fooled* both from "Life

(Continued on Page Four)

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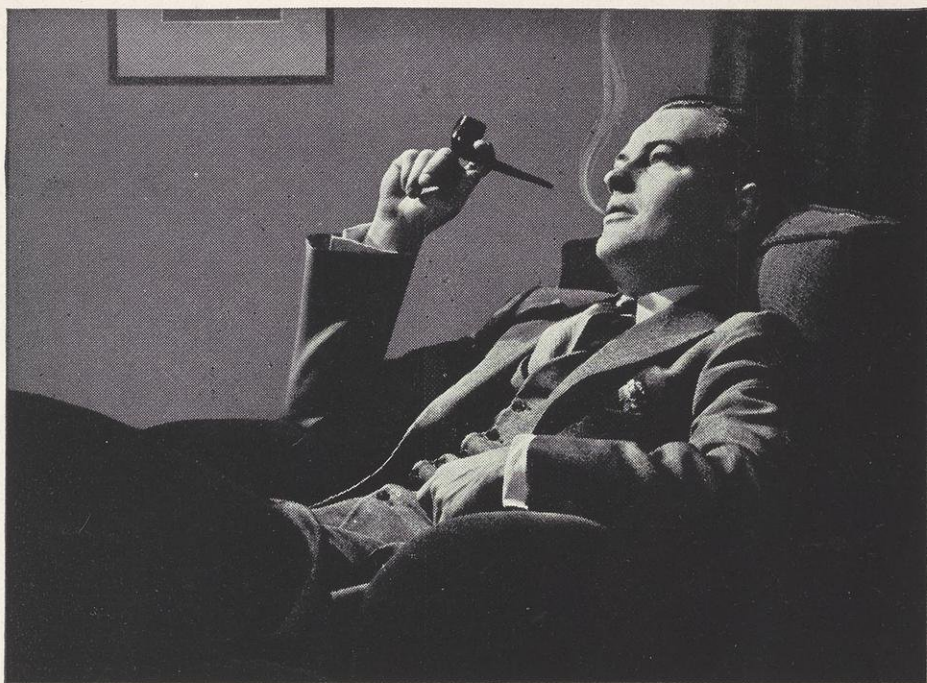
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LORAINÉ HOTEL

• Expert Mixers •

• Beautiful Surroundings •

LORAINÉ COCKTAIL ROOM



"THE **FLAVOR** OF EDGEWORTH
IS THE REASON I SMOKE A PIPE...
IT'S THE ONLY **MILD** PIPE TOBACCO
I KNOW WITH THE RICH TOBACCO
FLAVOR I LIKE"



MORE SMOKING HOURS PER TIN

Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco is made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va., and is sold in all sizes from the 15 cent pocket package to the pound humidor tin. Several sizes are put up in vacuum packed tins in which factory flavor and freshness are retained in any climate.

ADD PATTERN - -

Begins at 8:40," Eddy Duchin's *My Heart Is Yours* and Whiteman's *Anina*, both on the same disc, are representative.

There are, however, two exceptionally outstanding records which should take up your time, and they are, first, Rudy Vallee and his orchestra doing *Panama* and *I'm Hummin' I'm Whistlin' I'm Singin'*; and second, Fats Waller and his Rhythm doing *Don't Let It Bother You* and *Georgia May*. The Vallee rumba, *Panama*, has so many rhythms going at the same time that you get quite dizzy. It's played so well, though, that when it's over you have the feeling that you really do enjoy these rumba things at last. The other side, though a very mediocre tune, is orchestrated so well and played so well that you can't help but like it. Listen to the bass clarinet in the first chorus and to the piano coda. Rudy sings on both and he's all right.

Now, if you occasionally get fed up on this sweet music and that rhythmic instinct which is buried way down deep in your soul should get the best of you some dark and stormy night, then you'll want to have this record of Fats Waller. Fats plays piano and sings, which accounts for about half of the rhythm; the other half is string bass, guitar, cornet and tenor sax. These boys play that good old-fashioned tear-it-down jazz which will always be in favor under the aforementioned circumstances and will always satisfy that lust for swing-off music.

Marty Symes, Al. Neiburg, and Jerry Levinson, writers of *Under a Blanket of Blue* and *Talk of the Town* have brought forth a new piece of music which will be one of the season's best hits. *Learning* is the title and the lyric is very well suited to the music. The musical structure is not involved nor is it so simple as to be ordinary. The variety is gained by the use of familiar chord structure with slight alteration or added tones. The lyric is well in keeping with this simplicity and is quite balanced with a tone of sincerity that is entirely lacking in the ordinary song-rhyme.

Now combine this superlative piece of dance music with that band of bands, Casa Loma, and you have the kind of thing which gives dance music a legitimate claim to fame. Certainly all tunes can't be this particular type, but they could have the same sincerity that makes this outstanding among the rest; and, of course, all bands can't and shouldn't be Casa Loma-like; but they could try to attain that same high degree of perfection.

The modulations between choruses are interesting in their distinctive treatment. A choir of two cornets, one open and one muted, a B-flat clarinet and a bass clarinet do these bits. The voicing, balance, phrasing, and expression are all typically Casa Lamo.

On the other side is a good tune, *Out in the Cold Again*, played also with the Casa Loma perfection. Both lyrics on this record are sung by Ken Sargent and that, as you know, is another good mark.

I have never before heard a record of two dance tunes that is as satisfying in both the music and the rendition as is this one.

The professor's secretary saw a magnificent blonde carrying some papers enter the office smiling sweetly.

"Lissen, ya lousy co-ed," snarled the jealous secretary, "if you try to muscle in on my territory, I'll plant you among the potatoes."

"Hell, don't mind me," answered the other, "I'm only the professor's wife."
—Rammer-Jammer.



Antique velvet fashions this stunning black and white dinner dress. It's a Phoenix original with a huge rhinestone clip caught at the neckline. The Vogue hat is of black antique velvet with a nose veil. Worn by Miss Jean McKenna, '36.

Harry S. Manchester, Inc.

CAMPUS CHRONICLE

OPEN SESAME

● It's really wonderful sometimes what a wealth of power reposes in a name. We were reminded of it the other day. It seems that Prof. Prager, conductor of the Madison Symphony orchestra, has been touring Europe this summer. When he landed at the customs in New York on his return, his baggage was taken by an inspector of that race that is so commonly supposed to reside in woodpiles. The inspector caught sight of the Wisconsin sticker on Prager's trunk and the following conversation ensued: "I see youah from Wisconsin; you all know Glenn Frank?"

"Yes."

"O. K., boss."

And without even opening the luggage, he passed Herr Prager through the gates. The next time we try to crash the football game, we're going to mumble prexy's name and see what it gets us.

PHOOD PHEUD

● We noted the cafeteria board again. It has always caused a slight buzzing in our bonnet to see "Puree a la Jackson" for some kind of soup, and Robert sauce for some tomato concoction with vestiges of vegetable soup. We didn't dare ask, for fear it's a publicity program to give Union Board members some remuneration for their work. We might stand salmon a la Schilling, Gilbert goulash and Weisel wishbones, but if they should change the name "sirloin tips" to sirloin Butts, our appetite might leave us. It may please the Madison Restaurant association to know said appetite is more important than the Union. Or maybe it won't please them. The whole thing has got us so we don't care.

TOUGH LUCK

● It's quite some time before the university directory appears, so you'll have to wonder for some time before you learn the facts of life about the golden-haired blonde in your English class. Or perhaps it's a few weeks of grace if you have one of these odd names that Octy often discovers and points out for all the world to see. Our favorite, which makes Old Eight-legs fairly chortle with glee, is in the latest number of the local yellophone book. "A. June Day" is the name; if you doubt us, it's on page 35. We'd like to call and see if there's a son August and a sister May, but we've tried twice, and both times the line was busy.

SERVES HIM RIGHT

● We travelled the food-ways in the Union the other day, just to note the varied rises of the ancient and seldom honorable h. c. of l. It bothered us most in the rathskeller, when hamburgers are now 7 cents and old-time dime sandwiches are 12. Cake is going up,

and pretzels aren't so numerous. We found one fellow-soul, but we soon discovered that he was objecting to the 8 cent breakfast now costing 12.

"Imagine," he said, closing his eyes, the better to imagine, my dear, "paying 12 cents for coffee, toast and prunes."

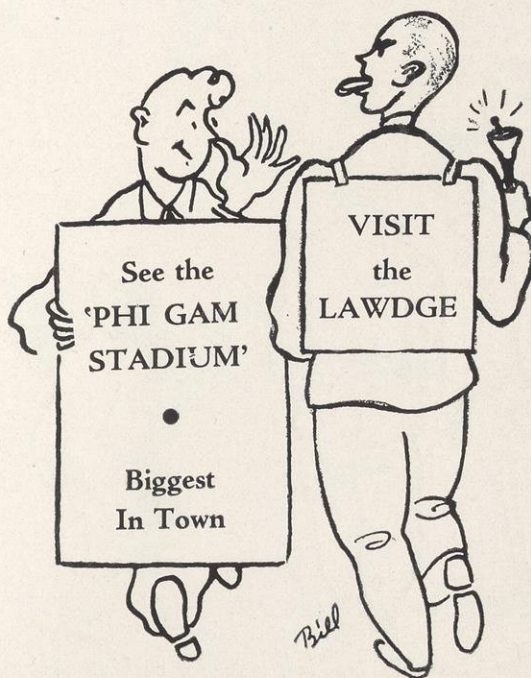
Our kindred spirit was shattered. Personally, we feel that anyone who eats prunes ought to pay 12 cents.

LOST BATTALION

● Rushing chairmen who hurried back early when they heard about it are very doubtful of the story, but it's fairly well authenticated that some 250 freshmen arrived in Madison a week early. Notifications, it seems, of the opening of Orientation week, sent out by the university, were erroneously dated Sept. 12, and not until nearly 300 mailings were completed was this noted and corrected to Sept. 19. If the 300 did come, we can imagine Mr. Holt hiding in a garret to escape the ire of the idle young 'uns—who came here on an idle goose chase and remained to chase the registrar.

SUCCESS SECRET

● Lloyd Garrison, law school dean, will be back this fall, resigning as chairman of the Labor Relations board that has been troubled by various trade strikes. Mr. Roosevelt hated to see him go, but Mr. Frank is gratified at his return. Less happy are a dozen or so enthusiastic engineering students, who remember his behind-the-scene activities of last winter that quelled the lawyer-engineer feud. That will all come out some day, we suppose, when Who's Who discusses the training that he had had before Roosevelt called him to the colors.



AND MORE CHRONICLE

BZZZZZY CORNER

● There's more than one rush at the corner of Langdon and Park streets. There's the fraternity boys, and the side-walk traffic, and the rush across the portals of the employment office. But that's not all. The other rush is into the elm tree at the corner. Yes, we said "into." And we ought to know; we've watched carefully throughout the summer. They're wasps or hornets or something; we're not quite sure which. We didn't think it advisable to try and get any first-hand information. And far be it from us to hint that the little beggars taking up their abode there has any such significance as getting stung by the Union, Cardinal subscriptions, or college in general.

BAD HABIT

● They're at it again. We mean the semi-monthly prattle about the construction of the campanile (a bell tower, of sorts) on the spot where Chief Blackhawk once beat it over the campus. We've been hearing for several years now that they'd be laying the cornerstone any day. Actual construction, we have finally concluded, is only a matter of time. And we fully expect they'll still be confidently predicting its erection when our ghost comes back for the 'steenth reunion of the class of '35. The latest word is that the announcement for bids on the construction have been sent out. We refuse to bid on the construction, but when it's done we'll bid a pair of old button shoes and a used copy of the Saturday Evening Post for Sept. 19, 1924. That was back when it came out on Thursday instead of Saturday. And if we get the darn thing, we'll put it on wheels and move it around under the bedroom window of every person on the committee, so they'll never sleep . . . at all, at all. Meanwhile, Octy frowns!

CONEY ISLAND NOTES

● Our favorite New York City correspondent again proved the strength of his imagination by covering Coney Island for us all summer. Several of his researches brought things to light which even our questionable sanity finds it difficult to stomach. When we pressed him on this point, our correspondent admitted vaguely that he may have fabricated in a few cases, but that, on the whole, it is typical of Coney Island that there is no border line between the real and the unreal . . . only a hazy shadow, to enter which often requires not more than two hot-dogs and a frozen custard.

One of the stories was about a ballyhoo boy on the board-walk who was trying to dredge up a crowd for his spiritist seance tent. He used a flashlight, turning it up toward the sky as he rolled out his spiel. He flashed the light once and there was a rumble of thunder. He flashed it again, it flickered, and there was another rumble of thunder. He flashed it a third time, but no light came. The thunder rumbled. He looked at his lamp and sighed.

"The spirit is willing," he said, "but the flash is weak."



Deaf and Dumb? No, just a Jewish rushing chairman.

● The Coney Island signposts, according to our correspondent, were also a source of amusement. One was a police notice, telling what could not be done on the board-walk. It read:

PROHIBITED ON BOARD-WALK:

EATING BATHING SUITS

SPITTING BICYCLES

And another sign was outside the ice-cream shop of a man who must have been a rabid movie-goer. It said:

VIVA CHOCOLATE!

VIVA VANILLA!

FOR SHAME

● We wish to extend our hardy congratulations to the editors of the university catalogue. As far as we can find, there are few errors. Little ones, now and then, but nothing big enough for us to scorn. It is, in fact, a distinct improvement over the far western offering. California's listing of courses includes, after a description of a course in embryology, this note: "Due to the reconstruction of those scientific laboratories formerly used by students in these courses, all propagation will be done in the basement of Biology hall."

BELIEVE IT O. N.

● We learn something new about this here Mem. Union building every day. It seems, according to Director Butts, that they've got the last tick of Paul Bunyan's watch caged up in a vault way down in the nether regions of the building. When we pressed him, Mr. Butts, we mean, to take us down and show us or let us listen or whatever is the customary procedure with relic ticks, he refused. It seems that the key to the vault is in the possession of Mr. Brown, of the Historical museum. This key is also kept locked in a vault. Why? Because if anyone unlocked the vault, the force of the escaping tick would be sufficient to blow up the building!

THE GREEKS NEED A WORD FOR IT

"All is change; there is no standing still." Thus spoke King Tut, Confucious, or maybe it was someone with Saint Vitus dance. The old order changeth; a new day hath dawned. Inter-fraternity board, that long-suffering and sometimes ineffective body supposedly representing all Greek letter houses, has given birth to a new code for rushing. Amen.

Time was when a Packard or even a seven passenger Buick was practically equivalent to a half dozen pledges for any fraternity. The brothers merely slewed to a stop in front of Tripp Hall, piled in some poor freshman, and by the time the lad recovered from his swoon at beholding such a vast assemblage of shiny chromium and enamel, he was attached to an equally shiny pledge pin. Very simple. But the new rushing code states, "Thou shalt not carry freshmen hither and yon."

Likewise speaketh the oracle on the subject of food. Same, it says, can not be consumed at the fraternities without paying for the privilege. In other words, the freshmen now have to pay for their own pork chops.

Let us look at this new day:

No longer, for one thing, need the recently initiated sophomore return to the campus with fear and trembling because he failed to procure the family LaSalle. No longer need families go car-less for two weeks while son's fraternity brothers use Dad's gas and car to trundle freshmen back and forth. Brother Joe Blow, whose usefulness during rushing was formerly directly proportional to the number of cylinders he could assemble under one hood, is, under the new regime, a frozen asset. No longer, either—and this is a decided advantage — will rushing chairmen have to burnish the brain for an answer to the annual question from newly acquired pledges, viz: where did all the swell cars disappear to?

There is no doubt but what the abolishment of motor vehicle-rushing will work a handicap on some of the fra-

ternities, at least. The Betas, for instance, used to park a Cadillac locomotive in front of the house as a "come on" which netted no end of impressionable lads. And look at the poor Dekes and Sig Phis, living miles out in the country. Of course, there are a certain number of freshmen who are used to walking out to see how the corn is getting on in the South 40 who might not mind a little jaunt out to the outskirts of town, but most of the incoming class will probably not care for overnight hikes. These two exclusive country estates will probably have to pass out roller skates or call for rushees on bicycles. More fun to see the Sig Phis whiz by on a tandem bike with two score rushees on the handle bars and a baker's dozen in a trailer.

The rule relating to rushing meals is one fraught with even more interest. This provides that rushees must lay down the coin of the realm for all

meals consumed. Meal tickets are to be purchased at the Dean of Men's office, 30 cents for lunch and 35 for dinner. Just how this new cafeteria service will work out provides fertile ground for conjecture.

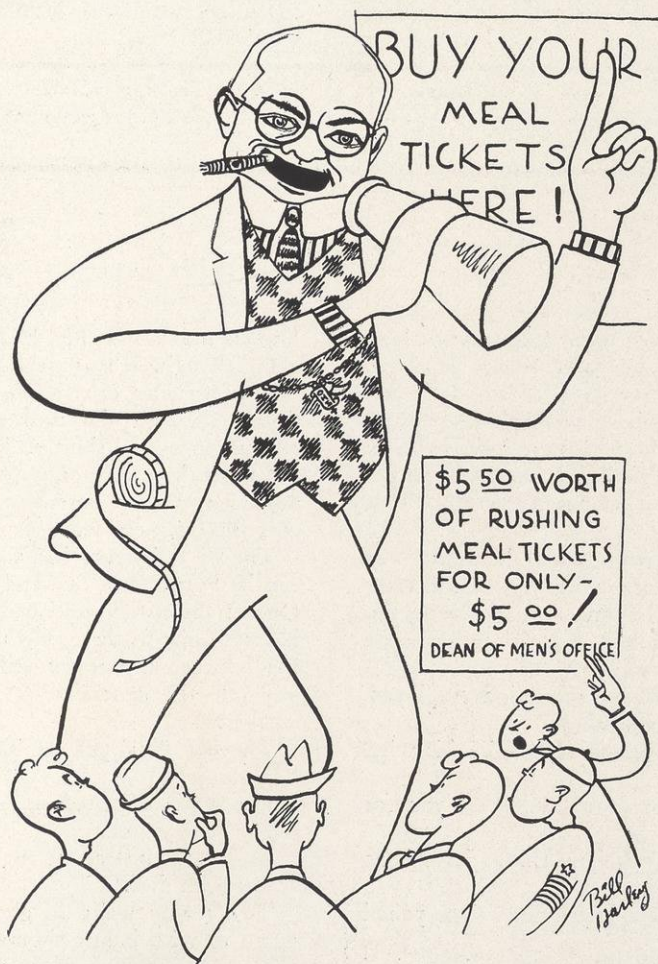
The fraternities may launch into a competitive culinary endeavor, each house shouting about the excellence of its cuisine in an effort to get more freshmen to buy tickets for its meals than anybody else's. Perhaps each house will post the day's menu on the front door so that the rushees can see just what they're getting for their money. They can then hasten around before the dinner hour, scanning the respective bill of fares, deciding to break a date with the Delts, who are having merely waffles and sausage, to eat with the Chi Phis, who are featuring caviar, pate de fois gras, and humming bird tongues souffle.

The Phi Delta boys will probably bring in all their mothers and feature home-cooked meals. In retaliation, the Dekes will have to import Oscar from the Waldorf and install an automat. As the competition grows stronger, special inducements will be given. If the Sig Chis give out a ten-cent cigar free with every pork chop purchased, the Psi U's will hand out at each meal two ten-cent cigars and a lighter. Later, as the Greek restaurant competition increases, the houses will feature special added attractions—floor shows with the noon meal and magic lantern slides at dinner. And before you know it, the State Street Merchants' association will be suing them for unfair competition.

In any event, it looks as though the house with the best cook will win.

And so the three-ring circus of fraternity rushing goes on. But this year it has added to its repertoire; it now has special track events and restaurant concessions. The circus now will probably be funnier than ever.

Ringling, beware!



Dean Goodnight—"Hereyar, folks; step right up and get your tickets."

WISCONSIN MEMORIAL UNION



OCTOPUS, INC. MADISON, WISCONSIN

VOL. XVI

SEPTEMBER, 1934

NO. I

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SUMMER SLUMP

Things, as the saying goes, have been dull around these parts since the summer school lads and lassies departed. The Union has been open but a few hours a day—and then reluctantly—to let the few of us who have offices there come in to see that we had no mail. The piers have been virtually deserted and Langdon street has slumbered peacefully in the late summer sun. Yes, decidedly it has been very dull. This will just barely give you an idea:

The other day we were walking down the middle of Langdon street, which, as we have said, was slumbering, when we were surprised to see another human being approaching. Delighted at the chance to talk to someone again, we greeted the fellow cordially:

"Hi, there," was, as we recall, the salutation employed. "Things sure are dull around here, what?"

To which cheery greeting the fellow replied in this wise, viz:

"Where the hell are the dress gloves I loaned you for Prom?" Nice chap, what?

Well, that just goes to show you how things have been around here.

However, there have been a few happenings since you all left in June worthy of mention.

Porter Butts, house mother of the Memorial Union, raised a mustache over his vacation—or upper lip, we should say. The general effect was a pronounced resemblance to that

famous movie star, Mr. Michael Mouse. He'll have to shave it off, though. It scares the Union janitors out of their sleep.

The periodic excavation of the Union front yard continued through the summer; operations are expected to recommence very shortly. We never have been able to find out what they were digging for. We thought at first it was angleworms or a basement. Then we decided it must be exercise, but now we're convinced it's just pure habit.

The Pi Phi house has acquired a new coat of paint that can be heard from one end of Langdon street to the other. One of the sisters described it as being a "buff bluff." We haven't quite made up our mind yet; at present we're hovering between a mangey yellow and a scorched orange. At any rate the general effect is that of a nice new graham cracker.

The Sig Phis' pet cat has strayed away. (The boys are heart-broken.)

Jim Watrous busted an arm.

Morgan's closed.

And that's just about all. You see, what did we tell you? It *has* been dull.

That's why we're so glad to see all you beaming faces again as with happy shouts you trudge merrily off to class with books tucked under your arms and a big rosy apple for that +\$\$\$\$ English instructor that flunked you last semester.

FROSH ADVICE

Ever since college publications have been, some poor wretch (the editor, to be explicit) has sat himself down and wondered what he was going to fill up his magazine with (oh, oh, there we go—ending sentences with a preposition again). If it was the December issue he probably used Santa Clauses; May, stories of young love; October, football; and September, freshmen—or more specifically, advice to same. September issues and advice to freshmen go together like ham and eggs. They're inseparable as Porter Butts and the Memorial Union, the Council room and Brooklynites, and Kappas and dough—which, incidentally, brings up that old question of whether "dumb blondes," is a redundant expression. But that isn't what we started out to talk about.

Anyhow, since we're not much different from the usual run of editors, we must needs take a turn at whacking out a bit of advice to the freshmen—whether they like it or not. Attendez vous, les freshies!

Study: This comes first. (It always does.) The whole trick to this is regularity. Why not take a tip from the New Deal and set up a PSA (Personal Study Act) with strict regulations and minimum hours of labor? When we were a freshman we hit upon the device of regulating our study by the bell on our alarm clock. Every night at eight we climbed to our humble garret, set the alarm for ten, and studied straight through till the bell. With these two hours every night, together with our free hours between classes, we got all our studying done and had plenty of time left for diversion. Try it and see.

Drinking: This is entirely a personal matter. However, remember that you do not have to show your manhood or sophistication by getting drunk; on the contrary it is usually taken as an indication of the reverse. And you need not feel that you have to take a few drinks to be "one of the boys"; there are plenty of the most popular students on the campus who do not drink. Abstemiousness is not *ipso facto* the mark of a sissy or a prude.

Smoking: We really haven't anything to say about this, but we thought we must needs include it since it is invariably the second member of that moral trio, the third member of which is:

Swearing: \$-***\$%&-@! Also: Pshaw! Shucks! Nerts! Nuts! Noitz! Oh, fig! Dang it! Gosh all flat rock! Ods Bodkins!—just a few of our own assorted curses we thought might come in handy when you get your first English theme back. You'll see; you'll need 'em.

Fraternities: Don't join a fraternity (we'll probably get killed for saying this) unless you can jolly well afford it. It costs a lot of money no matter what the brothers may assure you.

On the other hand, if you can afford the expense, by all means join. There is no gainsaying that a fraternity is a big help if you want to be a social light or a political tycoon. It also makes a nice boarding house.

But whatever you do (we *know* we'll get killed for this) don't be rushed into pledging before you are very, very sure of your choice. Don't be afraid that if you don't pledge right away a house won't give you another chance. What with the wolf at the back door and the tax collector at the front, they'll be out to pledge practically anything in pants. And if you're not sure which house to join, don't be afraid to go and ask Dean Goodnight about the status of the house you're considering. The Dean won't eat you (ah, there, Scotty) and he'll be only too glad to give you the low down on good old Tappa Nu Keg or good old Phi Pho Phum.

CAMPUS SURVEY

While this edition is mainly addressed to youngsters, we may well include a bit of the lighter and smaller talk for oldsters . . . to wit: Fred Wipperman and Conny Snyder were married this summer . . . and Reid Winsey and Hazel Schultz . . . And another Schultz, Maisie, the gal with the chorus girl name . . . is now the wife of Bobby Hommel . . . Gerry Manson and Bill Gates form another "one" . . . and probably there are a couple more from almost every house on Langdon street.

Among the old-timers who are returning are Warren Hyde, once Cardinal sports editor . . . and Fred Voigt on Octy . . . Bobby Johns is back for more law . . . and still seeing Bea Hardin . . . Bob Lewis, chubby Haresfoot business impresario, will take education . . . as will Helen Fleming of Cardinal fame . . . and Ken Brown comes in once a week for a radio program . . . with Ken Cady reported en route . . . remember Cady singing "Mendota Melody" in Haresfoot . . . with a megaphone?

Bob Adair won't be back . . . and Dorothy Kretzer's similar decision finds Don-Pete Lambrecht as chief mourner . . . Bill Purnell and "Dad" Morgan are out of the State street picture . . . and YWCA has a charming new secretary in Elsie West's place . . . Bill Blaesser is helping coach football along with his teaching duties at Milton high school . . . Irene Schultz is an Evansville pedagogue . . . and Janet Breed's at West Bend . . . and Peg Logan at Black River Falls . . . and Les Hale and his new wife at Louisiana U. . . . Dotty Rebstock is back in these parts . . . Dick Lyman and Gertie Ditmars are giggling again . . .

Gil McDonald, rapidly rising as the athletes' big shot, was the summer's almost-a-prom-king . . . missing because he thought Louise French, the grand queen, was engaged . . . Herb Fredman is starting his seventh semester in ROTC and boasts one semester's credit . . . he's practically part of the furniture of the first few weeks each year, but soon is on the "missing" list.

Bob Dilleat, ex-Cardinal editor, is working for a Philadelphia advertising agency . . . while Les Lindow and Bob Davis are on their way up with Hearst in New York . . . Arnie Serwer still is handling a federal transient home in Washington . . . and Fred Noer, Morry Rubin and Orgy Revell all handled political publicity before the primaries took their toll . . . see another page for Bachowski's rising star . . . although his \$20 per week may give him campus trouble . . . John "Owney" O'Neill of Alpha Delt is back, after satisfying the request to postpone re-admission for a year.

Mickey McGuire finally went back to Honolulu to a huge reception . . . Green Gables at 148 Langdon is now a Kappa anne with a half dozen of the overflow living there . . . with Dot Teeple representing Pi Phi under the same roof . . . What's become of Ernie Lusby? . . . the list of dormitory fellows includes the lad that hung the red flag on Bascom hall to give John Chapple fuel . . . and universities authorities a distinct pain in the vest pocket.

Norma Fritz was another summer bride . . . and Mary Neff will take the step any day now . . . With all the uproar about bringing back Pat O'Dea, Octy may start a campaign to bring back Lady Godiva . . . Henry Levin is back as a senior after passing his sophomore and junior years in Europe . . . with horror tales of Hitler . . . Jim Kennedy may seek the election chairmanship, which would at least keep

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FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE

MAURICE C. BLUM

With a sister and three brothers all fighting tooth and nail for him, Edmund James John Bachowski is running this fall for State Assemblyman on the Progressive ticket. His father, though he would like to see Ed win, thinks politics is not the best career to follow. "There are too damned many uncertainties," says Mr. Bachowski, who is a butcher.

E. J. J. Bachowski is a senior and majoring in engineering. Furthermore, he is beginning his second year as business manager for The Daily Cardinal. The board of control for that paper last year found his services indispensable, and voted him a salary, to boot.

James Eugene Francis Mulvihill is sort of acting as Bachowski's campaign manager. "See me before you see Bachowski," he says. Mulvihill finds this arrangement convenient because he enjoys sitting in the Cardinal business office when he has nothing else to do—of which he has plenty.

The combination of the Irish sauce and the Polish stew dished up a hearty interview over Bachowski's desk. Also present, though uninvited, was Cardinal Editor Charles Henry Bernhard, whose interest in his business manager's election is faintly paternalistic, not to say journalistic.

"I started in politics," began Bachowski, "because a whole series of similar letters from the Civil and Social League of Milwaukee persuaded me to run. They told me of the need for capable men in the State Legislature.

"Furthermore, I have always been interested in politics, since it governs not only our everyday lives, but also our pocketbooks."

This is the Key to Bachowski. He is above all, the business man. Business is his first interest, politics secondary.

"He wants to combine business with politics, and produce thereby a greater efficiency," appropriately put in Chuck Bernhard, who seemed to be there, like Mulvihill, to prevent any injurious statements and to smooth over the helpful ones. "Ed wants to discard theories, and to substitute for them practical working ideas."

He must be a good business man, they said. Didn't he Pull the Cardinal Out of The Red?

"I was quite interested in the offer," continued Bachowski, who didn't seem to like all this interruption, "but I was very dubious about the results. Never-

theless, they finally convinced me that they would stand behind me."

But after deciding to run, Ed fooled everybody by going right through with a previously planned eastern trip. Yet even here he combined business with pleasure, by meeting with various New York and Pennsylvania bosses. They were a bunch of smooth talkers, he says; and they didn't think much of Wisconsin as a state. This irked him so that he alienated the entire Philadelphia District Attorney's office.

Although Mulvihill would have preferred to remain non-committal on practically everything, they all agreed that Bachowski's university education would prove a valuable adjunct to his other experiences. They thought that



EDMUND BACHOWSKI

was a nice way of phrasing it. But what attitude Bachowski would take toward the university as a legislator, Mulvihill would not let him say.

"My conversations with a multiplicity of students," Ed said, "have been valuable experience. Is that the way you pronounce it?" In addition he has lived all his life in the 13th Milwaukee district, where he is running, and knows the people well. He knows that in the district are 40,000 residents, 16,000 of them registered voters; and that 30 per cent of them are Polish, and many of the rest German.

But what of the Progressive party, with which he is running? What of economic issues? Mulvihill looked up here and urged caution.

"I have always favored public ownership of public utilities," Bachowski

says. "I endorse Bob La Follette and Phil La Follette, and President Roosevelt completely, up to the point where they cross paths. At this point it is necessary to decide what is best for the constituency.

"However, on the whole, these three men have been outstanding in their contributions to the welfare of the People of the State of Wisconsin." (Says Mulvihill: "Always get those people in there—to hell with the state.")

"The Progressive party," continues Bachowski, "is not Bob La Follette and not Franklin D. Roosevelt." (Cries Mulvihill: "The Progressive party is bigger than any one man!")

The legislator's life, Ed will go on to tell you, has been too easy. It should take one's entire effort. "Too many legislators have violated—" "—a sacred public trust," Bernhard suggested, in his flowery fashion. For himself, Bachowski could not continue in school, nor would he retain his Cardinal position, if he won his election. "He would devote all of his time to his public duties."

An interruption by Mulvihill at this point. He announces that he has just put a call through to Farley. "He'll do all he can for you," Mulvihill assures Bachowski. "And don't forget me for Sewer Commissioner, with appointive power," he adds.

And so it continues. Bachowski does not want to be a legislator for more than two terms, he claims, with optimism. But, he adds, significantly, "If prospects—" "—for advancement in the public esteem," suggests Bernhard—"warrant," says Bachowski—"my continued public service," put in Mulvihill, "I would be willing," continues Bachowski, "to continue to serve—" "—the commonwealth," says Bernhard—"the State, not the commonwealth," claims Mulvihill, "preferably," concludes Bachowski, "in higher public office."

In the meantime, he is campaigning every weekend, and waiting for November 6 to tell the story. Four or five speeches each Saturday and Sunday to small Milwaukee groups. "For personal contact," he will tell you. "And especially with the females," Mulvihill adds. He looks hopefully ahead on the basis of his showing in the primaries, when he carried 41 per cent of the votes from a field of four in the 13th district.

Good luck, Ed.

RUSHING PEP TALKS OR WHAT THE FRESHMEN HEAR

CHI PSI

"Some castle we have here, isn't it? Of course you know that it's the best one in Madison. We call it the 'lawdge,' you know; we never have known quite why, but it sounds sort of exclusive, don't you think? Of course you know how we rate with the D.G.'s, and after you put on this nice little badge we'll be only too glad to take you over and introduce you to the chapter. And aside from the purely social end look what we've done otherwise. Bob Knake played on the basketball team last year and we had the first Prom King in school. Then, too, we had the sophomore class president and—well—you can see for yourself we're a pretty swell bunch of fellows."

ALPHA CHI RHO

"Just park this little pledge pin on your lapel, kid. Pretty snappy, hey? That's the same kind of pin that went to the South Pole with Admiral Byrd, only his was a fraternity pin, and it wasn't his really, —but that makes a better story. Oh, hell, there goes that ceiling again. Here, let me brush that plaster off your shoulder. Say, you heard of Fred Waring, ain't you? Well, he's one of the brothers. So is Barlow Weems of Platform, North Dakota. And say, if you want to be a big shot in the ROTC you've co— oh, did that wall fall on you? There's something about these old houses, though. Sorta antique like or something. You know, like living in an ancient chateau. Besides we got a swell view of the Sigma house across the street."

SIGMA PHI

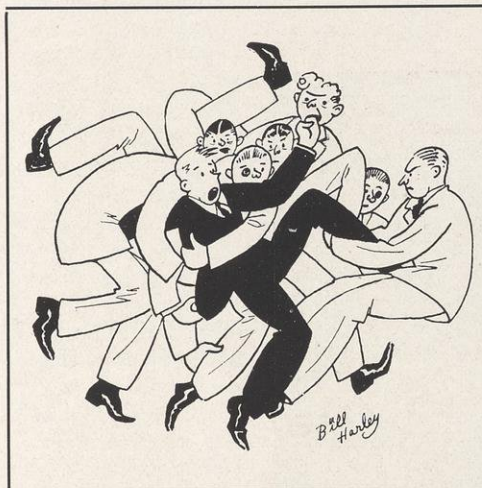
"Well, old man, the boys have looked you over and you looked pretty good to us, and we want you to put on this little decoration and be one of us. As a matter of fact, you're lucky to get the chance. Not everyone can be a Sigma Phi. No, sir—ree—sir! Exclusiveness has always been our cardinal aim. We're different. If you come with us you'll be known as an individual, not one of the mob. We live five miles out in the country just to be different. But don't let that worry you; since you got a car you can ride back and forth to class and half of the chapter can ride with you."

PSI UPSILON

"Well, my boy, if you aspire to be a class president or anything political, you've come to the right place. We run the campus as far as politics is concerned and with your obvious ability and talent it'll be a cinch to make you one of the leading men on the campus. We would have had a Prom King last year except for a slight technical error, and we had the Soph president the year before that, and the year before that, the Frosh president. How would a class office sound to you? Pretty nice, eh? Just slip on this little pledge pin and the office is as good as yours."

PHI DELTA THETA

"We're having a dance here at the chapter house next Friday night, and we'd like to have you come. Of course to make you one of the crowd we'd like to have you wear this little button and then you'd feel more at home. Of course you know that we're the oldest fraternity on the campus and—well, that speaks for itself. And do we ever have the parties? The girls all say we throw the best parties in school. They get so happy—it's the punch in the punch, you see (Oh, my no; never a drop)—and you should see them go home with their hair down their backs. And did you notice what a bunch of classy dressers we all are? Well, you see it's like this: we don't wear our clothes except when we go to class. The rest of the time we run around in our bathrobes. You surely must have seen the boys out playing catch in their bathrobes. Sort of cute, hey? But whatever you do, don't go Deke."



CHI PHI

"Come in, dear. My goodness, but that's a dandy suit you have on. Let's just fasten this pretty pin on your lapel and see if the ensemble is becoming. There now, that looks just ducky. And now that you've met all of 'the boys,' as we call the members of the chapter, perhaps you're desirous of obtaining a bit of pertinent information relative to the organization. Is it not so? Yes, of course. To begin with, our fraternity is the oldest Greek letter outfit —pardon me, I mean 'organization' —I've been associating with those vulgar Alpha Chi Rho's across the street and very much fear that I have inadvertently picked up some of their quaint expressions. Now let's see where was I? Oh, yes; our organization is the oldest in the country and was established in 1824 or 1842, I never can remember which. Half of the crew of the Mayflower were Chi Phis, as a matter of fact. Our scholastic standing? Well . . . er . . . don't you think it's getting sort of warm in here?"

PHI GAMMA DELTA

"Step right into the stadium, my lad, and help yourself to a pledge pin out of that bushel basket by the door. We supply the Madison police, firemen, and Maytag washing machine salesmen. You can see for yourself that we have the swellest house on the campus and it's all paid for, too—except for a few odd thousand dollars. If you want to get into Haresfoot you're in the right house. We practically run the thing and we'll see to it that you get in next year—if they still have it. Say, that's a dashed nice tie you've got on there. Well, old man, join up with Phi Gam and we'll threaten to run you for Prom King sometime."

KAPPA SIGMA

"How do you think this would look on your left lapel? Pretty swell, eh? Stand off there and let's see how it looks. It goes swell with that suit, too. We're taking it for granted

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SUIT YOURSELF

JEFF SCOTT, JR.

Greetings to another generation of Wisconsin men. May we express the annual wish that some of the dressing hints, prepared on the Wisconsin campus of, by, and for Wisconsin men, shall be of some assistance to you in knowing what to wear, and how.

To those of you who have been here before (reference, if you please, is to orientation week officials rather than "visitors" trying for the third time to get a D in sub-freshman English) you needn't worry much about new clothes. Basic styles—suits, mainly—are practically the same, and you can still put together any fairly wearable combinations and (to steal an advertising line) get an "aaah" instead of a mere A in appearance. A word to the wise is sufficient.

But to the rest of you, newcomers to these occasionally cloistered halls, a few words. A fairly plain suit is perfectly good. In brown or grey or blue, if not over-patterned, you'll be with the crowd. If you go in for checks or herring-bones or whatever else may come to mind, the difference between smartness and "race track" or rural is so fine that it's difficult to phrase. If in doubt, we might warn, be moderate. And if your suit was bought in a town of less than 10,000, read a few fashion hints before you parade it too much.

Probably here and now we might insert this statement: to only a few of the persons you will contact will clothes make a great deal

of difference. If you want to wear a sweater to class, or a leather jacket, or something else, don't feel that the entire Hill is staring at you. Fraternity rushing chairmen may be, but human beings here have learned that a man's outward display is not an indication of his inward wealth. As our friend Mr. Burns once remarked, "A man's a man et cetera."

But to return. Probably fraternity men will again be wearing odd jackets and trousers. There'll be two-tone brown combinations with different patterns, two-tone grey combinations with

similar patterns, brown and grey combinations with and think of a number between one and ten . . . there's simply no limit, we mean. Because the trend has been to make more and more liberal the possible uses, there's a swell opportunity to buy one rough suit, one jacket and one odd trousers and have four combinations. (Editor's note—Or more.) (Note to editor—Let it go. I can't recall which of us flunked math six years ago.)

Jackets will have saddle-bag or the slightly more moderate patch pockets, half of full belts, perhaps side-slits and bi-swing pleats, and any other innovation you may fancy except attached dog kennel. Trousers may likewise have the revival and spread of pleats, or innovations, one of the best of which is the zipper fastener. Probably the single warning here is

that the fabric should be rough and probably a bit patterned; those two qualifying "probabilities" indicate how difficult it is to set a hard and fast rule on the matter.

There'll be a few of the boys wearing checkered vests, but we doubt Wisconsin's swing to them. Similarly rough fabric hats will in all likelihood make no great dent in the local styles. In sweaters, wear a light one under your coat, perhaps sleeveless, and in any color you dare. Of course, you know by now that you won't wear high school letters, just as you place all high school club and honor pins in your cuff-link box.

Hats, since we mentioned them, will again probably be mainly the snap brim Homburg style, done in brown. It's a bit too much to expect us to accept some of these patterned Tyrolean creations, what with our hay fever ruining a once creditable yodel. You may see new shades or hues, but styles won't change a whole lot. Incidentally, if you have a cap that's your best friend, part with it until you see a dozen others wearing them. Which you won't.

In shoes, suedes will probably be popular. Personally, we still favor good-hearted brogues, but if you want to wear a blucher type with a crepe sole, that's your business. (Business manager's note: What a swell spot for an ad: and Zilch's, the store of friendly feet. Note to editor: Who the devil let that guy in here?) Grain leathers will be favored, with browns continuing their invasion of black favor.

Your leeway in ties, shirts and sox is prodigious. There are always some people who'll wear anything (be it his or yours) and the weavers have prepared all sorts of color combinations. The only comments are these: the fitted shirt will continue pushing others out of the picture, and elastic-topped sox may bring us back to a garterless but neat appearance.

So, men of 1938, you'll find a ready guide in upper classmen, and if the diversity of clothing puzzles you, accept it as the exemplification of the freedom of the day. We'll wait until next time to talk formal wear, top-coats, leather wear, and whatever else you're wondering about.



Tommy Fontaine '37, Deke, is shown wearing a Shetland Tweed suit from KARSTENS, featuring the shirred back and saddle bag pockets.

DESIGN FOR DRESSING

PEG STILES

What! You don't *want* to take History, Miss Freshman? Sorry, but it is a requirement for the short course in "What - the - Well - Dressed - Co-ed - Wears," if you expect to graduate with a degree of glamour, not to speak of honors in romance.

Historically speaking, there are three trends in fall fashions, (1) the moyen age (the medieval influence I might murmur to German majors), (2) the Empire, (3) the modernized crinoline. (See History 1, Reynolds.)

Unlike the medieval influence which pervades even sport clothes, the Empire silhouette is found mainly in formal wear. If you long to be . . . well . . . just a bit slinky, with a great deal of sophisticated elegance brought about by princess slim lines that start high and snug about the waist and perhaps sweep into a whisper of a train; study up on Empress Josephine, and the lot.

For her whom the more wistful crinoline type with drop shoulders, and a panniered skirt, or mayhap with a bit of bustle and a ruffled hemline, is just too beguiling, there is just as staunch an historical and fashion background for such a choice in formals.

It is well to take a course, too, while you are registering, in mining and metallurgy, with a hasty brush up on the situation of the gold standard, and the free silver movement, what with metal threaded materials, gold shot taffetas, silver plaided rough crepes, silver and gold lame, all holding their own among the fabrics. They are being seen everywhere from sports clothes, through afternoon and evening wear, as well as in collars, gilets, and shirtwaist blouses. Forsooth, my fair co-ed, all the pageantry and glitter of the King Arthur legends can be found in your fall frocks.

Geographically considering the hat situation, you can trace the ancestry of almost every fashion fad seen on Langdon street or on the Hill.

Except that they are all on the up-and-up, and very high hat, there is little in common among head coverings. Pierrot peaks, Cavalier felts, Russian turbans, flowerpot crowns, swashbuckling Cossack, and daredevil Francois Villon hats are all with us. There are Scotch turbans to wear with your plaids, French tricorns for dressier oc-

casions, debonaire Robin Hood slouches, Chinese coolie brims, Directoire bonnets, and the ever-present Beret, now almost an alien from its native Basque country.

Big squashy berets are to be avoided by those who sadly realize they look like a jolly cook in full kitchen garb when wearing aforesaid beret. If your face is round . . . beware.

It is just too encouraging to know there are a few extreme lunacies in hat that can be worn stunningly, or else look overdone. In this class one can't overlook little jobs like a two-inch veil that ties under the chin, or the tall fur turban . . . all very "roo-shan" . . . as well as the wild-eyed stovepipe affair of white lamb's wool.

While contemplating whether or not a tariff on wools is best for the American sheep raiser, you might well be remembering how good, and how practical for the Hill, are plaids . . . nice Scotch wooly ones, combined with tweeds, rabbits hair mixtures, or best of all, that old Tam-O-Shanter favorite, velveteen.

Although for years velveteen has cringed and moused about in church donation barrels, it now sneers at the wools, and takes its place in making severely tailored shirt waist, or simple campus dresses. The shirt waist dress has reached an exalted place, incidentally, and is perfect in all materials for every hour of the day.

For blouses velveteen in jewel tones is rivalled only by silky chenille, suedu duvetyne, or stiff velvet, and worn with tweeds.

Not that we would downtrod the beloved sweater (handloomed Scotch variety, if possible), because it will ever be the classroom's best known advocate.

Suit yourself, is once more the slogan; and why not, when suits come in two or three piece outfits; furred or not; tweedy, or dressy. Newest for this year is the unfurred reefer. This manish suit whose full length fitted coat, double breasted with notched revers, is so slimming that it can be worn as a top coat on the Hill. Gaze upon yourself smugly and with satisfaction if your suit has, besides skirt and long coat, a short, lined Norfolk jacket that allows an infinity of combinations with coat, without jacket, with . . . but there I go.

The way to wear such a suit in order to make helpful registration assistants forget to check the total of your fees, or let you take Poli. Sci. 114 without the consent of the instructor, is to be interesting looking with bright hat, sweater and gloves in cherry red, royal blue, or canary yellow. That is smarter than brown or black hat 'n gloves.

And a last thought . . . can you imagine it, but the esteemed *New York Times* headlined in a surprised tone of print, "Stylist Finds Hats Eschewed in Paris," adding that, "The smartest thing a woman can do about her hats this season is to wear none at all."

Well, just count the hats in 163 Bascom or going past North hall any day. Wisconsin women have "eschewed" hats for quite some time, methinks.



Carol Johnson, Delta Gamma, modeling a sports suit from SIMPSON'S on the Square.

FALL OF THE HOUSE OF MORGAN

The recent announcement that "Dad" Morgan, traditional figure on the University of Wisconsin campus, will close his billiard hall is the final sign of a strange and swift change in college control from male to female.

When I was a student there almost twenty years ago, the show was still being run by lusty bucks on pegtop pants smoking pipes ornamented by an enormous and glittering "W." And Dad Morgan's place, then an enormous affair of some score of pool tables, was sacred unto males and malted milks. Your stripling frosh, fresh from Springfield Corners, never truly entered the estate of manhood until he had swaggered into Dad's and had consumed, with truly sublime heroism, a couple of horrible, slithery concoctions known as "extra heavies." Women were taboo there. The only co-ed who, to my knowledge, ever stormed the barricade was Bertha Marie Gage. Years later she married Floyd Dell, the writer, which serves her doggone right.

Things were different in that quaint day. The campus officially, one might say, wore pants. Co-eds were considered clutter, good enough to take to a frat dance once in a long while, but otherwise a verniform appendix of the student body. There were, true enough, hardy souls with nerve enough to escort a co-ed to the Fuller Opera house on a gala night. Their plight was pitiable, especially if they sat in the balcony, because the gallery was crowded by a mob of male students inclined to derisive hoots and comments. When Sophomore Sneeps escorted the lovely Lorelei Haybottom to her seat, there would boom from the gallery an uproarious skyrocket for Sophomore Sneeps and another skyrocket for the lovely Lorelei, followed by silence and then a bellow: "Where DID you get that hat?"

It was a rare soul who would twice run the gauntlet of guffaws. Thereafter, Sophomore Sneeps would become a misogynist, and spend hours drinking double malteds at Dad's till he curdled and died.

The downfall of Dad's and the campus reversal in sex is directly traceable to prohibition. Girls did not drink in those days, and they swooned if they detected on the breath of their escorts anything stronger than the fragrance of sarsaparilla or sen-sen. Thus, even

the saloons (sic) were masculine in gender, and their smell of hops, sawdust and liverwurst was unmixed with the odors of verbenna and Madame Pomade's Greaseless Cold Cream. Then the nation went dry, the women went wet, and the men went broke. Furtive dives dotted the campus environs, and the college frosh, new model, went there to buy not only his own drinks but the drinks of his co-ed pal. These dives were known humorously as speakeasies, but if you did speak easy no one would hear you in the uproar of feminine shieks. Women had emasculated the taproom.

With the end of prohibition, they continue to be emasculated. The old-time saloons had a discreet "family entrance," where Farmer Titwillow could bring his wife and bairns when they drove the buckboard to town for a sack of ten-penny nails. The modern tavern is wide-open to both sexes, and from dusky booths girlish giggles float into the perfumed air. College boys no longer play billiards in a refuge



safe from the prowlings of the other sex. They take the lovely Lorelei Haybottom to the Squeezed Squash Tavern and get wildly etherized on sloe gin rickeys. They can even take Lorelei to the theater without being assailed by skyrockets from the gallery. Women, in a word, have upset the appercart of the masculine collegiate tradition, and now rule the roost. The decline of Dad Morgan's was inevitable, for the new generation of males that strides the campus is faintly tintured with the fragrance of lavender. The campus, officially, has put on skirts.

—ERNIE MEYER.

WHAT I SAW

By AN EYEWITNESS

I don't ever talk much about things I see on account of I'm never around when they happen. This was somethin' of an event tho.

I went into the bank about quarter t' three t' other day to talk with Olaf Janssen about my pig. He's one of the cashiers—Olaf, that is. My pig is lookin' fine and I wanted to tell Olaf. Well, we're not talkin' more'n two shakes when sudden like I notice that the bank is kinda crowded with customers who look like they're robbin' the place. "Olaf," I says, "looks to me like a holdup."

"Tis," he says, "Got a note from Dillinger this mornin' advisin' us about it."

A purty big crowd gathers around the bank t' watch the boys work. Noone says a word th' hull time exceptin' when one of 'em come up to Silas Orr and asks him has he a match.

"Got a match?" That was the way he put it.

"Sure," says Si, and he give him one. Si always was a card.

This here feller quicker'n a flash whips out a pocket knife and whittles hisself the neatest little pistol I ever see. Didn't take much thinkin' to know who he were.

The bank police fixed it so I could see th' hull show from the balcony. "Figure y' oughta have a good seat," they said, "seem' as how \$10,000 of that money is your'n."

Don't like t' hear folks belittlin' Dillinger these days. It ain't showin' proper respect for th' dead.

—Pelican.

MMMM

Brightly shining are her iihi
Manners sweet with gentle eece
Soul so pure and wondrous yyyy
Busy as the bumble bbbb
I recognize these urging qqqq
Her in my arms once more to cccc
And lips divine again to uuuu
And breathe in rapture: Holy gggg.

—Purple Parrot.

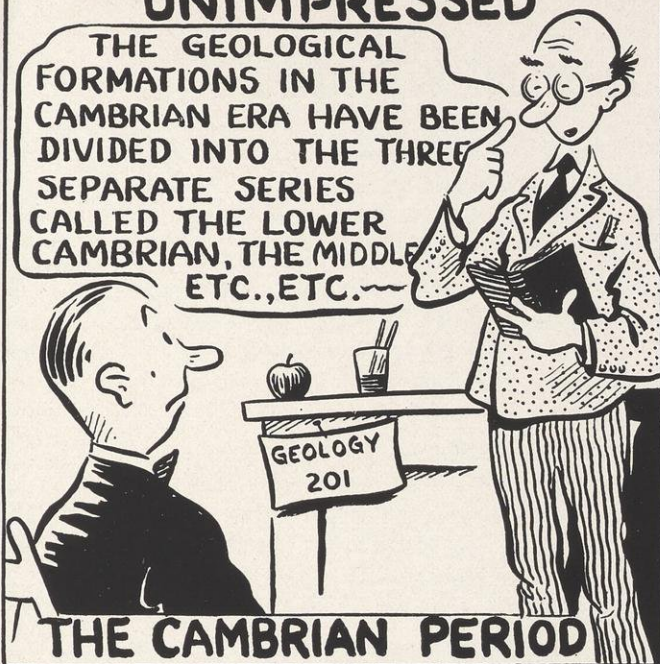
Old Lady: "Are you a little boy or a little girl?"

Child: "Sure. What the hell else could I be?"

—Tiger.

UNIMPRESSED

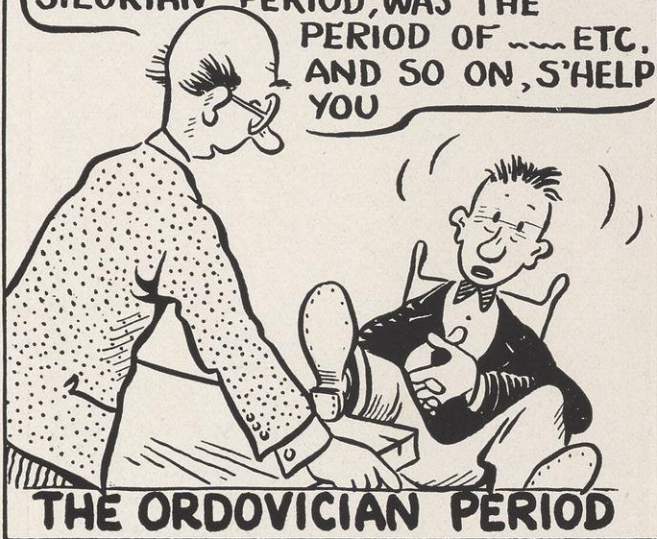
THE GEOLOGICAL FORMATIONS IN THE CAMBRIAN ERA HAVE BEEN DIVIDED INTO THE THREE SEPARATE SERIES CALLED THE LOWER CAMBRIAN, THE MIDDLE CAMBRIAN, ETC., ETC.



THE CAMBRIAN PERIOD

MORE UNIMPRESSED

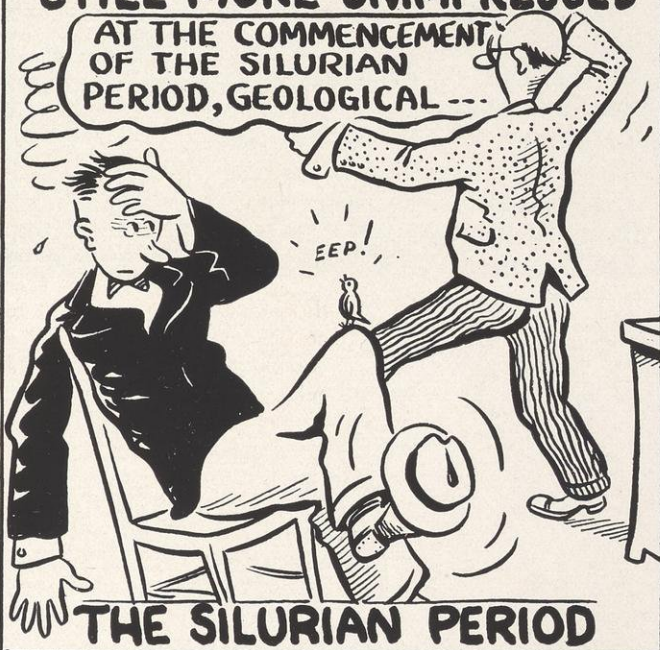
THE ORDOVICIAN PERIOD, SOMETIMES CALLED THE LOWER SILURIAN PERIOD, WAS THE PERIOD OF ~~~ ETC. AND SO ON, S'HELP YOU



THE ORDOVICIAN PERIOD

STILL MORE UNIMPRESSED

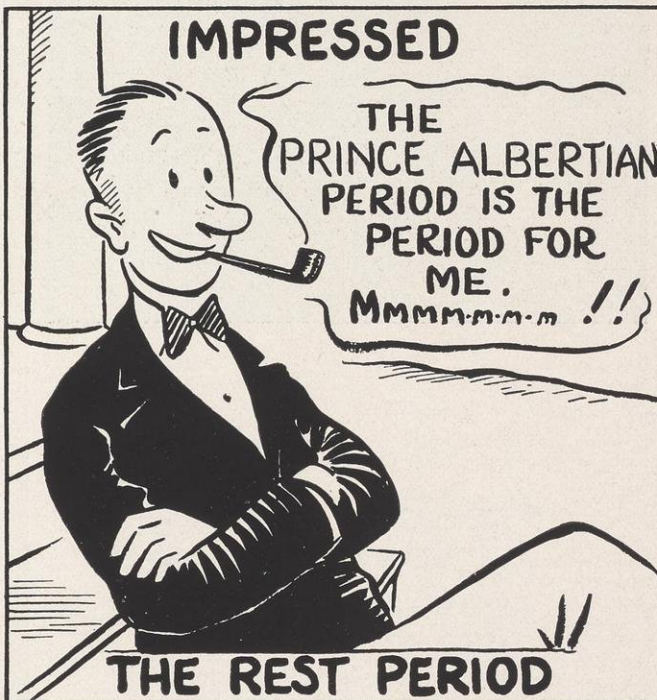
AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SILURIAN PERIOD, GEOLOGICAL ---



THE SILURIAN PERIOD

IMPRESSED

THE PRINCE ALBERTIAN PERIOD IS THE PERIOD FOR ME. Mmmmm-m !!



THE REST PERIOD

AFTER EVERY CLASS
IT RINGS THE BELL!

THERE'S A MIGHTY GOOD REASON why Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco is an outstanding favorite among college men—it never "bites" the tongue. Years ago the makers of Prince Albert discovered a process for removing all the "bite" from every bit of P. A. That's why it's the mildest, mellowest, richest smoke you ever had. You will never know how good a pipe can taste 'til you try Prince Albert.

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THE NEWS-REELS

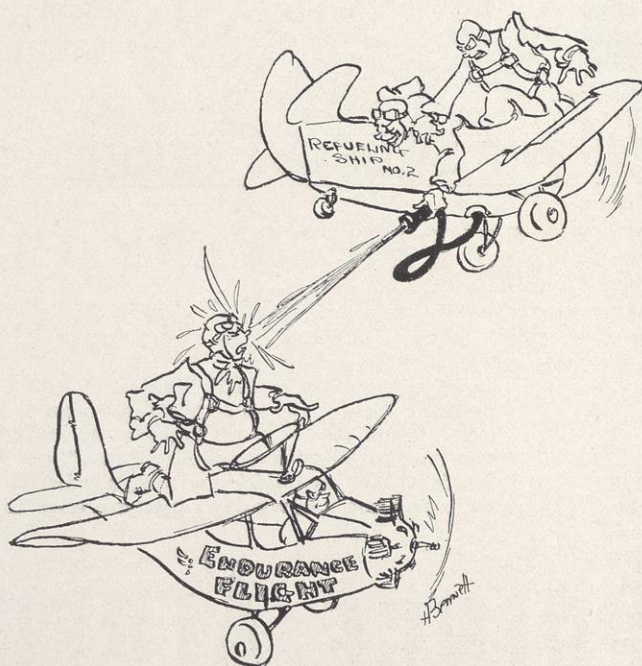
The news-reels! The news-reels! They're driving me mad!
 Not that they're evil, pernicious or bad,
 But I merely wish the United States Navy
 Would all spring a leak and go down to Davy
 Jones' locker; for battleships can't get in the motion
 Pictures if they're at the bottom of the ocean.
 A news-reel is like a familiar friend;
 You know what is coming from start to end.
 And also I fervently wish that horse
 Racing weren't almost their only resource;
 And that they'd eliminate bathing beauties,
 Those aged or aging, ill-painted cuties.
 Every shot of a ten-alarm fire
 Forces my ire higher and higher;
 And when they come to the congressmen speaking,
 And the Japanese army entering Peking,
 I squirm. And, squirming, I hear a kidnapping victim
 Speak through a mouth where someone has kicked him.
 And Baby Shows—but even at that the numerous cunning
 Like tykes are better than McNamee's punning.
 Racing smashes and aeroplane views
 Are followed by orchids of various hues;
 And then the inevitable royal marriage
 With a homely prince in a royal carriage.
 And lastly, the thrilling foreign riot—
 I wish that the public would also try it,
 And rampage and riot and rage and roar
 Until the news-reels were no more.
 These hopes, I fear, are all in vain
 And news-reels will remain the bane
 Of my existence. And as long as theatres continue to em-
 ploy them,
 I suspect that I'll continue to secretly enjoy them.

- Miss Genevieve Anderson of *Tiffany's* dons a formal cocktail gown of black silk crepe and white Marlexa sleeves heavily embroidered with brilliant beads and rhinestones . . . one of many dazzling creations from

Tiffany's
Dresses Exclusively

546 STATE ST.

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Maybe you don't like him, but that gas's expensive.

ADD RUSHING - -

that you'll want to keep it and become one of Dean Good-night's intimates. You know Scotty—all we boys in the house call him Scotty—is a Kappa Sig and so we get away with murder around this school. We can do anything we want. We put tomb stones on the Kappa front lawn and everythin', and Scotty doesn't say a word. He's our pal. We had the Chairman of the Military Ball last year and seven of the last eight swimming cap—say, you can swim, can't you? Whew, that's good. That's all right then, you can keep the pin."

S. A. E.

"We are mighty glad that you've decided to go S.A.E. instead of with that drunken Delt bunch next door, and now we're going to put this little pin in your lapel to show the world you belong to the best ever. Of course you know that 'Doc' Meanwell is a brother so if you want to get somewhere in athletics, you're all set. We have three-fourths of the basketball team in the chapter now and are thinking of setting up a practice court in the basement. Wouldn't that be fun? S.A.E. is 78 years old (think of that!) and the first man killed in the Civil War was an S.A.E. (Imagine!) And as for alumni—well, you've heard of Rudy Vallee and Herby Kay, haven't you? Naturally! And socially—well, you should see one of our hard times parties—we sure have some humdingers when the faculty will let us. There you are; now don't take it off, because you'll always regret it if you do."

SIGMA CHI

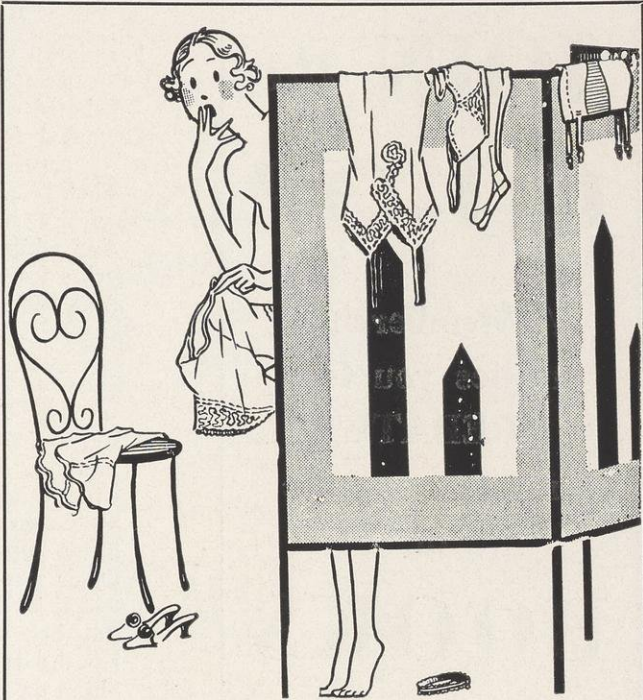
"You see it's this way, bo. You've seen about all there is to see now, and we want you to slip on dis good old pledge pin. And since you're going to be one of the boys, I suppose you'd like to know somethin' about us, hey? Well, we got all the athletes in school that are any good, and we got more basketball players than the S.A.E.'s, no matter what dey say. And as for alumni, we got Bobby Jones and Roy Chapman Andrews who played with the White Sox or somepin'.

BETA THETA PI

"Just cast an eye over that array of cups, my boy. We generally win pretty near everything and we got more cups than any other house. We got a lot more than this, but there isn't room for 'em all on the shelves. We used to have a lot more than this even, but we lost some in a fire and the DU's swiped the rest during summer school. Say, you don't happen to come from Honolulu, do you? Well, that's all right—we can pledge you anyhow, I guess. We pledged everybody from Hawaii that comes to the states, and if you like canned pineapple this is just the place for you. You heard of Micky McGuire, haven't you? He made three touchdowns against Minnesota a couple of years ago. He's one of our Hawaiian brothers. Hey, pledge; bring this man a grass skirt and assign him to room 168."

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON

"Some place isn't it? Right down by the lake where you get the nice cool breezes off Mendota and you can take a swan dive right off the front porch when you come home dr—ah—when you come home. We all wear stiff collars and are without doubt the smoothest outfit on the campus. And of course our social prestige is impec—imp—well, we sure rate with the women. Drinking? Well, I suppose one or two of the boys do take a little drink now and then, but it's just a hab—I mean, it's just in fun, you know?



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REWARD

For long years he worked and
sweated,
Labored consciously,
Crammed for tests and wrote his
papers.

Then he won his Phi Bete key.
Now he's working at a counter,
And while waiting to make sales
Reaches for the gold insignia
And calmly cleans his fingernails.
—*Wampus.*

SAWN OF A GUN

I cranka da car,
Bawt she won't run,
These automobile
She's a sawn of a gun!
Shesa stop in da middle
Of da streta upa town,
I look in da carburetor,
But shesa no drawn,
I pusha da clutch,
Shaka da wheel,
Knocka da brake,
Da horn I feel.
I look in da tank
What I see—yas!
Sawn of a gun!
Shesa outa da gas!

—*Scranton Scratch.*

MEANIE

A drunk was swaying back and
forth on the sidewalk when the cop
stepped up and asked him what he was
doing and where he lived.

"Right there," he said, pointing to
a house, "but I rang the bell and no-
body anshered."

"How long ago was that?" asked
the cop.

"Oh, a couple of hours."

"Well, why don't you try again?"

"Aw, to hell with 'em—let 'em
wait."
—*Exchange.*

George: I think I'll take the street
car home.

Gracie: Oh, George—don't be fool-
ish. You couldn't get it in the house.

—*Sun Dial.*



See? The one bending over!

America's

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THE

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CLUB

MURDER IN THE MOUNTAIN

When cities like Chicago boast of their mass murders (don't they?) the thriving town of Susanville, Cal., need not take a back seat. This summer it blossomed out with the Alosi killings, bloody enough to rate with the country's finest. The gory details, as set down by the local papers, are worthy of your attention.

So startling and exciting were the incidents surrounding this case, that even the gentlemen of the press lost their accustomed calm and started reaching for words. Thus the *Lassen Mail* in bringing out an extra one sheet 9x12 printed on one side), was much too dazed to figure out the day of the month, and ran the dateline:

FRIDAMonday, June 11, 1934.
In screaming headlines it flashed the story to the world.
FAMILY SLAUGHTERED
MOST GRUESOM IN HISTORY OF LASSEN CO.:
ONE HELD

And then: *The most sensational and ghastly crimes in the history of this vicinity was momitted here last night at approximately nine or ten o'clock when five victims fell before the knife of a crazed maniac pursuing what is believed to be an Italian vendetta.*

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Fazio, their son John, aged twenty-seven, their daughter, Sarah Fazio, and Mrs. Lena Ammistani were all found at various places brutally hacked and mutilated by authorities last night.

Having thus implicated the authorities the story continued with elaborate attention to minute details. We quote excerpts:

The Zazio home, which was a blood-strewn shambles, was entered by the authorities... Five lines down: The Fazio home, when entered, was a revolting picture of blood and massacre... Now we're getting warmed up: Joe Fazio lay naked in his bathtub, his head severed from his body, his right arm hacked off. The death instrument used by the fiend is a twelve inch dagger formed from a saw blade and used by the fiend to hack his victims into shapeless forms of flesh and bone... Evidently the work of a fiend.

Now, having filled two columns, the enterprising reporter found he had one more to go, and started all over again: *The man's head was decapitated from his body, his right arm severed from his body, he was completely disembowelled, and a wire was found in his mouth which led officers to believe that he had been possibly snargled to death in addition to the knife wounds he received. Still, a slight chance of it being a natural death. The Fazio home was showered with blood and bits of flesh when the officers arrived... The shambles motif again, fortissimo.*

Space does not permit us to follow the case through, but the news accounts of the next day show that the boys were still dazed by the whole bloody thing. The *Daily Reminder*, after stating that *a tireless aggression from the Sheriff's office are working on every clue... pointed out gently but firmly that one is not guilty until guilty.* The big scoop was an interview with Peter Alosi published by the *Reminder* just a few hours before the fiend broke down and confessed. You can see the trend:

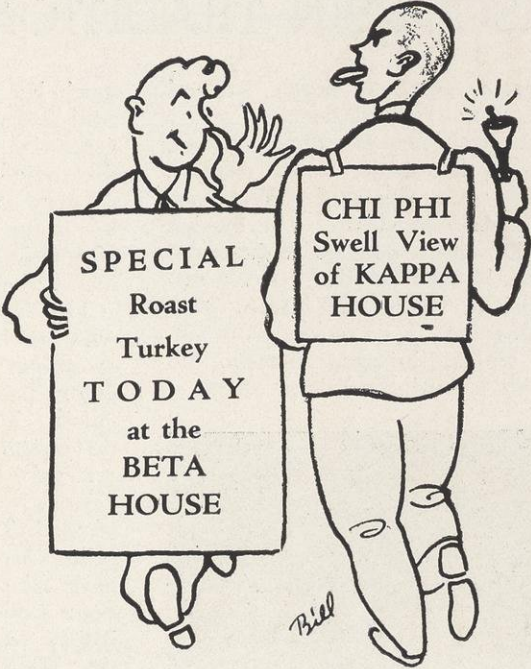
Answer—Gentlemen, I do not make this fight alone. Give me time and I say the whole truth. That alright?

Question—That is what we want.

Answer—Gentlemen, that breaks my family to pieces and I do something to them. I do the same thing to him.

Question—He broke up your home?

Answer—Yes, the best family I ever had. —Pelican.



King Solomon once attended the opening night of a musical comedy and enjoyed himself immensely. The producer hurried up to him after the show and asked, "What did you think of the chorus, your Majesty?"

"Great!" replied the potentate. "I'd like to date up the first three rows some evening." —Jack O'Lantern.



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WISCONSIN TRADITIONS PAST AND PRESENT

"People come and people go, and nothing ever happens here."

That line contained all the content of one of those better motion pictures, and just goes to prove that Wisconsin is not a motion picture. The movies, we might point out, are projected on a screen in a manner that has only two dimensions, height and length. Wisconsin, if we can go on one more sentence without bringing Einstein into this, has a third dimension — depth.



The old bag rush

Beyond the hundreds of students who this fall are once more climbing up to Bascom again, there walk the ghosts of others — other people who came and went. And because things did happen while they were here, and are still happening, let's consider some of them.

Sentimental alumni will mourn the passing of Wisconsin's Glorious Past. With capital letters. And, my young freshman, well may you rejoice in the passing of the Past. For in the past sophomores ruled. Orientation week is new; the policy of tormenting freshmen, dampening exuberant young spirits in chill Mendota, and battling with them for hay-filled sacks in the bag rush is old. Old and dead; quite dead.

Not quite so dead are other Wisconsin traditions. There's Morgan's, typical of the halcyon days of college life. Every student's friend, even to the extent of cashing his check or going his bail, Dad ruled a big smoke, pool and conversation emporium on middle State street. Its big rooms bulged on football weekends, when liquor, money and football tickets flowed — the first

much less freely than the other two. And Dad was king, both to the college generation of the day and to the crowd that came back. Later he was in smaller quarters, nearer the campus, but less popular with the rising popularity of sorority parlors and the Union as male activity centers.

There's Bill Purnell, a grand guy who ran Haresfoot and a good share of campus opinion until he accepted a radio position in Milwaukee last month. There's Pat O'Dea, probably the greatest myth Wisconsin had, resurrected last week in California. There's the end of the preponderance of football players in the Ag school. Julius Olson, famed for the slogan, "It never rains on Olson," because weather never spoiled the functions he planned, is gone from the management of Varsity Welcome. And the Little Red Wagon, long used to haul football squads to and from railroad stations, would probably be rust and cobweb coated if it could be found.

But all is not past. Wisconsin still has some tradition, less colorful and dominating, but nevertheless still existent. If we can, we'll parade them in chronological order as the year-traveling freshman will meet them.

Probably already you've discovered the fabrication known as the "Big Six" — sororities Alpha Phi, Delta Gamma, Gamma Phi Beta, Kappa Alpha Theta, Kappa Kappa Gamma, and Pi Beta Phi. The appellation is self-styled, and means little outside the circle. It is of interest mainly to women; men can have "Ten-Kinds," the roving sandwich man who wells up out of the night along about 10 p. m. The "Ten-Kinds" refers to varieties of sandwiches. They also have Jerry Towelman, whose real name is Devine, the veteran custodian of laundry at the men's gym.

And then with the close of sorority rushing will come the Langdon street mob scene when the Kappas stage their osculatory rush from their porch to welcome pledges to the tune of fire sirens, bells and cheering men. Delta Gammas will decorously wait within their portals, and thereby provide no fun whatsoever.

With the first football game, you'll learn that we stand and sing "Varsity" at the end of each game instead of rushing to get out. It may not be until football season that you'll learn why Prexy's called "The late Mr. Frank," but at one of the first games you'll

hear applause half way through the first quarter, and the boss will have arrived.

Football season will bring the efforts of Cardinal Key to paint Kieckhefer's wall, upon Langdon, thus proving that the organization has a worth. Unless, as has been rumored, the wall comes down. The senior lawyers will wear canes again, and the Wisconsin-Minnesota game will give a seldom-publicized "bacon" (actually a walnut slab) for the winner to take home. There'll be a Scabbard and Blade initiation, with embryo medal wearers standing guard at the Union, at sorority formals, and hither and yon before an overnight nightmare at Picnic Point.

Between semesters, the social lights of the campus take their hair down for a good long party, centering around Prom. Just before exams, however, the king will introduce his queen at Pre-Prom dance, and she'll be smuggled into the Union through the dark and into a spotlighted circle as the grand open champion, shorthorn breed.

And with the coming of spring, the engineers will postpone their annual parade from the historical St. Patrick's day to a slightly warmer time, and Sigma Delta Chi, journalistic fraternity boys, will march down the hill some noon to mail invitations to their Grid-iron banquet. And there'll be lots of little things parading by, to make the days seem shorter, but this seems to take care of most of the major ones. Most, we say, because there's the all-important one about Abraham Lincoln, sitting in all his majesty at the top of the Hill; but you'll have to get some upper-classman to tell it to you.



For Gawd's sake, pledge 'im; he's got an FERA job!

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we have given Wisconsin*



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and become acquainted with its facilities.
This magazine is indicative
of the class of work we turn out.*

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COLLEGE CAREER

Pierpont Smith '35 came back to school. He wanted a room, so he could have a place to sleep. This seemed necessary.

Pierie went around, looking for a room. The first lady said: "I really don't care if you don't go to sleep at ten o'clock every night. I have relaxed the rules. But you must wear tennis shoes when in the house, so as not to disturb my cat, Felice Maria."

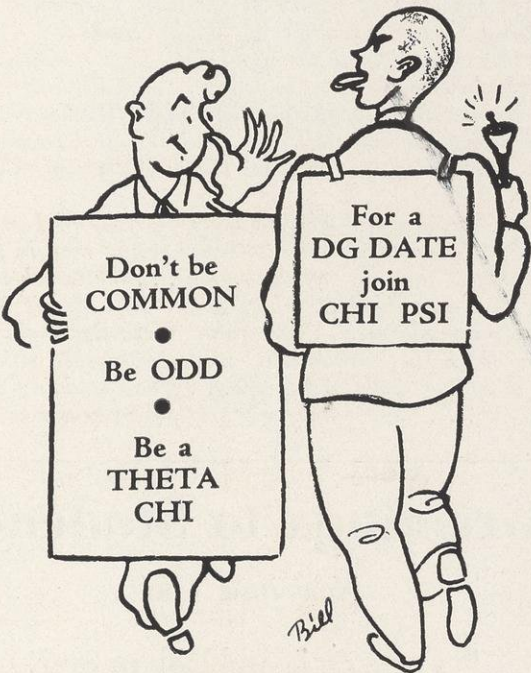
Pierie went away. He tried another house.

The second landlady rapidly crawled from behind the escritoire as he approached. She brushed several puff adders from the easy chair, and he sat down. Because of the increased enrollment, she had added three pin cushions and a cat to the furnishings, and raised the prices 225 per cent. The rooms each contained eight double deckers, to insure complete privacy.

Pierie left there, with a strange glow and a cast in each eye. He bought a wigwam, and three feathers. Armed with a compass, three native beaters, and provisions for 48 days, he struck due north on the upper campus. Arriving at a water hole he pitched camp. He paid the native beaters, and won back the wages in a crap game. After staking out his claim, he performed war dances between classes to work his way through school, Lincoln's statue joining in the fun with abandon. And that's how Pierie won his "W."

Prisoner Visitor—And what's your name, my good man?
Prisoner—9742.
Visitor—Is that your real name?
Prisoner—Naw, dat's just me pen name.

—Log.



Harvard: "You know, one thing that always had the power to move me was Brahms' first symphony. There is something in those chords that conclude the first movement, that gets hold of something inside of you,—that—grasps you in its mood—. Well, it gives you the feeling of wilderness; it loosens up something—well,—something inside of you."

Tech: "Yeah, Brahms is swell, but didja ever try Ex-lax?"

Autumn

WHEN THE LEAVES BEGIN TO TURN . . .
ENJOY THE BEAUTY OF THE HILLS

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ADD SURVEY --

him from being disqualified again as an office-seeker . . . John O'Connor also returns.

Jean Heitkamp's working for a New Joisey paper . . . Del Karlen's studying at Columbia . . . and Patty Paxson is around Delta Gamma and Stan Rewey again . . . Nancy Duggar is going to business school in Washington . . . and Fern McDonald will enter Moser . . . half the local products of the class of '34 are at the local Vocational school, studying to be secretaries or bundle clerks . . . Gordy Swarhout has joined the Collegiate Digest band, which has hired Patty Mason as secretary . . . Faculty marriages of the summer included Ralph Linton and Adelin Hohlfeld, local newspaper colyumist . . . and Wayne Claxton - Margaret H'Doubler . . . and Dean Harry Glicksman - Margaret Pryor.

Drex Sprecher has gone to the University of London to study . . . "America needs its better young men in its foreign service" was his self dedication . . . the rathskeller bar crew is re-assembled . . . but so far lacks Howie Morse's fatherly watchfulness . . . we smile at the Cardinal's appellation of "stern sophistication" in describing Mil Allen . . . and at calling Stella Whitfield . . . who's studying at Chicago U. . . . "last year's most outspoken senior woman."

Greetings to Students

New and Old

- Come on in and look us over. We do not have everything that you need to go through school, but we have many of the essentials. See our supplies of stationeries, pencils, pens, inks, and other necessities of hill and home.

- Even though you may not need anything just now, by all means you must drop in and get acquainted.

Netherwood's

519 State Street

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

A BAR-FLY'S DICTIONARY

Absinthe—Non-appearance in classes.

Fizz—Hats that Turks and Shriners wear.

Bar—Animal that's in them thar hills.

Vermouth—A command to remove oneself from the vicinity.

Swizzle—Chair used by professors.

Drunk—Part of a tree.

Ale—A word that goes with hearty.

Ice—Located immediately behind spectacles.

Wine—Used to start questions; such as, "Wine hell were you late?"

Champagne—Faked illness; his headache was only a champagne.

Gin—Physical education.

Decanter—Goggle-eyed comedian.

Goblet—A small sailor.

Stein—What results when wine is spilled on the tablecloth.

Henessey—State in which Memphis is located.

Mix—Collective term for Irishmen.

Hangover—A town in New Hampshire where Dartmouth college is located.

Label—Where pledge buttons are placed on the coat.

Gin Rickey—Oriental medium of transportation used at World's Fair.

Bottle—A combat, a frightful brawl.

Sherry—What grew on the tree that G. Washington chopped down.

Tokay—All right; as, "Tokay with me, keed."

Rum—Things into which houses are divided; also, what Babe Ruth hits home.

Malt—What happens to birds when they loose their feathers.

Bourbon—Extended regurgitation.

Aged—Chemical symbol for hydrogen, as in Aged 2 O.

Cognac—"Cognac; all is forgiven."

Hiccup—Part of popular title, "Hiccup the British."

Rail—Genuine; as, the rail stuff.

Kummel—Ship of the desert.

Demijohn—A small bathroom.

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- LIFE is also running a series of sports articles by Paul Gallico, poems by Ogden Nash, and the best works of many other celebrated writers and artists.

L i f e

"I THANK YOU—
I thank you ever so much—but I couldn't
even think about smoking a cigarette."

"WELL, I UNDERSTAND,
but they are so mild and taste so good
that I thought you might not mind trying
one while we are riding along out here."

