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Octopus



ERDAHL

OCTOBER

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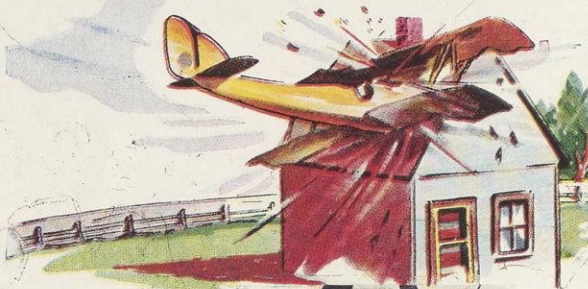
IT'S A THRILLING LIFE!

Folks who risk their lives as a matter of course are careful in their choice of a cigarette. They say:

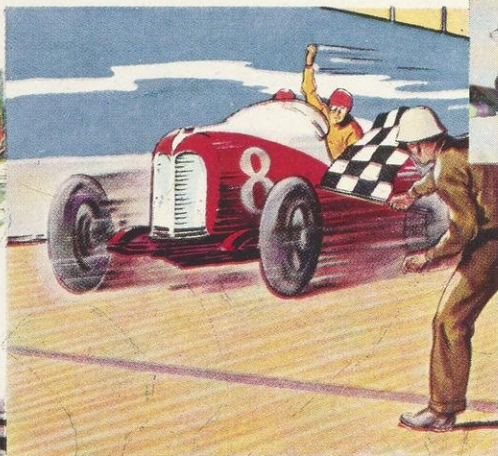
"CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES"



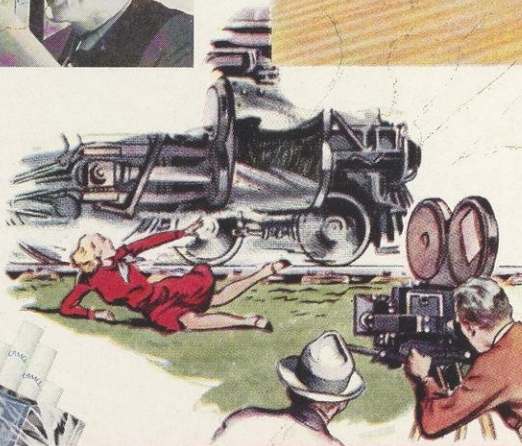
MAN THROWS LION! Mel Koontz, noted lion and tiger tamer, schools "big cats" for Hollywood films. Sketch (left) shows Mel meeting the lunge of a savage 450-pound beast. That's where nerve-power tells—as Mel knows! He says this: "Camels don't jangle my nerves—my mind is at rest as to that! Camels are milder—the natural mildness that's grown right in the tobacco. We animal tamers stick to Camels!"



(Right) CRASHING A PLANE through a house is the spectacular specialty of Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes. And, at this writing, he's done it 53 times—on movie locations, at exhibitions. Time after time, with his life actually in his hands, it's easy to understand why Pilot Frakes says: "I take every precaution to keep my nerves steady as a rock. Naturally, I'm particular about the cigarette I smoke. And you can bet my choice is Camel. I can smoke as many as I want and feel fresh; never a bit jittery or upset."



(Above) THREE TIMES Lou Meyer won the Indianapolis auto-racing classic—only driver in history to achieve this amazing triple-test of nerve control. He says: "My nerves must be every bit as sound as the motor in my racer. That's why I go for Camels. They never get on my nerves a bit. Camels take first place with me for mildness!"



(Left) THRILLING STUNTS for the movies! Ione Reed needs healthy nerves! Naturally, Miss Reed chooses her cigarette with care. "My nerves," she says, "must be right—and no mistake! So I stick to Camels. Even smoking Camels steadily doesn't bother my nerves. In fact, Camels give me a grand sense of comfort. And they taste so good! Stunt men and women favor Camels."

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic



PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS
THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Meet these men who live with tobacco from planting to marketing—and note the cigarette they smoke



"Most tobacco planters I know prefer Camels," says grower Tony Strickland, "because Camel buys the fine grades of tobacco—my own and those of other growers. And Camel bids high to get these finer lots. It's Camels for me!"

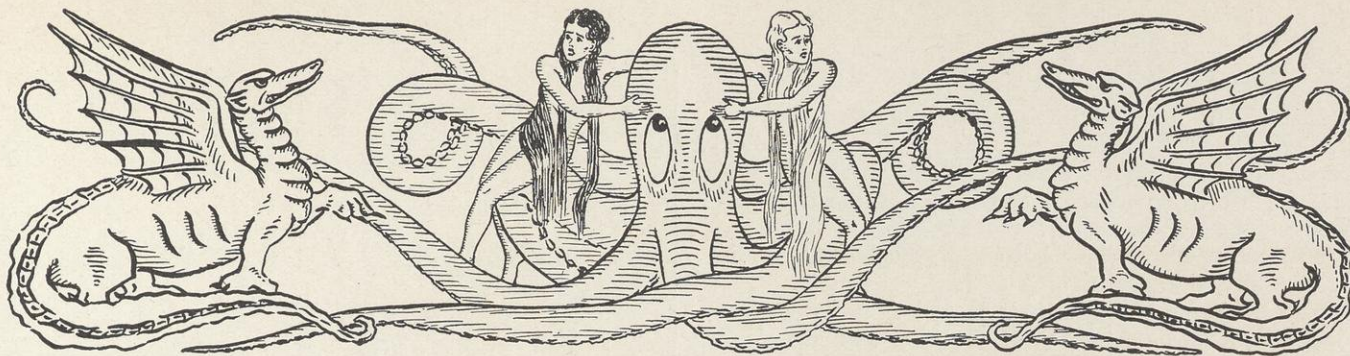


Planter David E. Wells knows every phase of tobacco culture... the "inside" story of tobacco quality. "At sale after sale," he says, "Camel buys up my finest grades at top prices. It's natural for most planters like me to smoke Camels."

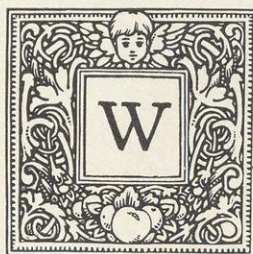


"I ought to know finer tobaccos make finer cigarettes," says grower John T. Caraway. "I've been smoking Camels for 23 years. Camel pays more to get my finest tobacco—many's the year. Camels are the big favorite with planters here."

Copyright, 1938, R. J. REYNOLDS Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



THE CAMPUS CHRONICLE



WE ENJOY telling of a new and quite whimsical game originated by three Norwegian friends of ours. The rules of the pastime aren't very difficult, but they are exacting. The three of them would get pleasantly drunk, and the game would consist of one of them leaving the room while the other two guessed which one of them had left.

Sunshine

Into the gloom of the Library reading room one day last week came two youngsters, too small to be taken for either freshmen or French majors. Without looking to the right or left they marched straight as you please over to the big glass doors that open onto the balcony overlooking the lower campus, tried the knob, found the doors locked.

They knew what to do, and although we oldsters would start at asking a favor of the historical library desk, that is just what the boys did. Presently they marched back again, this time with one of the assistant librarians, who unlocked the heavy doors with a big chain of keys, stepped outside, and presently returned from behind the pillars with a red rubber ball, which she gave the boys without even asking to see their fee cards.

Having accomplished their purpose, the boys lost no time getting out, tossing the ball into the air a time or two as they passed the tables and the amused students.

Orthography

You may have noticed during freshman week the sign that said where to go for your transcripts, to fill out little white cards, and for "assessments and payments of fees." They've used the same sign for years and people get used to seeing it.

The *Badger* ran a picture of it last year in its candid section and no one noticed the misspelling of "assessments" till it reached the engraver, who thought something looked wrong. It was too late for the *Badger* to do anything.

Here it is months since then, and the sign remains unchanged. It may remain misspelled until the end of Time.

Dancing—So Unromantic

Coming from our offices a few nights ago we noticed Something Doing behind the drapes of the Union's Great Hall. Peeking in we saw quite a number of determined-looking women dancing left, right; left, right around a cir-

cle, following the cues of the dancing class instructor.

This, we learned, was Lesson One. The tune was *Don't Let That Moon Get Away*, which the pianist, not so determined, played rather listlessly. We continued to stand intrigued till a girl approached and told us we must either enroll—for the men's division—or go away. And in either case, go away now, because our presence was making the girls a bit self-conscious.

We wandered off, hoping that the girls would heave a sigh of relief and clutch tighter to the moon.

Accident, No Doubt

We found these two notices, one directly beneath the other, on the Bascom bulletin board:

NOTICE: Will the person who exchanged the green reversible coat at Hillel Foundation Friday night, please call F.7275?

and underneath it:

FOR SALE: Green reversible topcoat. Almost brand new. Will sell at sacrifice. Misfit. Call F.1405.

At Long Last Lists

A thesis is required of all English majors whose grades in English courses taken at the University of Wisconsin, so says the bulletin, average B. And so each scholar sets to work

digging deep into source books under the glare of the library's green lights until finally in a burst of sweat and glory he rushes the last finished sheet, the last footnote, the last bibliography padding to the typist to type on regulation thesis paper (100 per cent rag content, \$3.50 a ream). After it's over, he tries to forget it and supposes everybody else will.



And they doubtless do, for 10 years.

But then the professors give the theses a last look-over and the next place you'll see them is in the Bascom reading room, where the back sides of the sheets are used for reading lists. If you peek behind, you'll discover strange and wonderful things about Byron, Hawthorne, Shakespeare, any of the biggies. We asked the man at the desk about this practice. "We've done it for years," he explained.

The Women These Days

Life tells us of a Miss Barbara Lasky of Ohio State University who sailed from Cannes to New York minus her luggage, and was forced to appear the whole voyage in shorts and fur cape. No wilder a costume, it strikes us, is the jodhpurs some of our co-eds attend classes in.

It's none of our business, but are these women, like Miss Lasky, still waiting for the rest of their wardrobe?

Since their number appears to be rather increasing than diminishing, this can hardly be the case. Can these togs



possibly be more comfortable than sweater and skirt? We somehow doubt it. Are they just too horribly rushed to change clothes for every occasion? It makes us men suspect they are "all dressed up and nowhere to go," trying to impress someone that they *have* the clothes to go riding, and wouldn't someone like to ask them? Since each hour on a horse is rather expensive, it seems reasonable that these girls would accept an invitation from

a man to foot the bill. (You'll notice, likewise, the absence of *men* in riding britches.)

If this is some little scheme to attract attention, may *Octopus* intercede to inform these young ladies that oftener than not it calls attention not to them, but to a mite too portly *derniere*, which scarcely enhances their charms. "O wad some power the giftie gie us . . .," if you know what we mean.

A Grammarian's Grammar

Miss Helen White teaches a top course in advanced composition and is usually very precise. But when she asked

that everyone write his theme on standard-size paper, she requested everyone "to if possible conform." That's the neatest infinitive split in many a day, but no one in the class noticed. You see, our language is in transition.

Freshman English

In deploring freshman English at the University of Wisconsin, one must not forget the questions in the textbook that is used. *University Days*, one of the most tickling of all James Thurber's *New Yorker* pieces, reprinted in the textbook, is supposed to inspire the following possible themes:

1. "And the Class Exploded."
2. "Do Instructors Understand?"
3. "Is College a Joke?"

These, in turn, suggest to us the following possible themes:

1. "Are Student Helps and Theme Suggestions Tripe?"
2. "Is Anything More Insipid Than the Dissection of Humor?"
3. "Does Any Textbook Author Have the Faintest Suspicion of What Humor Is?"

Racket-Buster

The Thomas E. Dewey of the University is Chester Allen, a field worker, who hangs out at the University Extension Division. His job, as the yellow posters he mails all over the state say, is to "expose the rackets in education." Mr. Allen's only weapon in his fight is publicity. "Most fortunate, too," Mr. Allen told us, looking his toughest.

The rackets in education, it seems, are principally correspondence schools who milk ambitious, but innocent, young people. Mr. Allen said, "I don't think it is possible to have a legitimate correspondence school that can make a profit." As proof, he pointed out that Wisconsin's own correspondence school, which charges pretty decent prices and, we hear, is run legitimately, never is more than 50 per cent self-supporting.

A state law directed at these bogus schools is of no use, because the schools close up before the law can touch them. "They would close anyhow," Allen said, "as soon as they skim off the cream in a state."

For Wisconsin Men

...DISTINCTIVE CLOTHING
AT POPULAR PRICES WITHIN
THE STUDENT BUDGET



Spoo & Stephan

18 North Carroll Street — On the Square

Turning to Old Gold



In the Autumn
When most foliage
Turns to old gold—
That's just Nature:
But when a tobacco leaf,
After many months
Of *Extra Aging*
And *Mellowing*
Becomes Old Gold . . .
Man! that's Distinction.
About the highest honor a
Tobacco leaf
Can attain!

FRESHNESS INSURED . . .
by extra Cellophane wrapper,
opening at bottom of pack.

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TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tuesday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds

which were out-and-out rackets.

We should warn you, however, that Mr. Allen's testimony may all be false. A lawyer friend of ours suggests Allen is just trying to drum up business for the University Extension Division. Or he may be a German spy, for all we or the Chicago Tribune know.

Philosopher

Mr. Irving Tressler, well known on this campus a few years ago as an Octopus associate editor, has extended his talents in another direction. Recently we found Mr. Tressler represented in a second-hand book shop on State Street, under the Philosophy-Sociology-Psychology section.

Standing bravely beside *Systems of Metaphysics, Individualism, Spinoza and Buddha*, and Charles Beard's *Towards Civilization* was Mr. Tressler's *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People*, a noteworthy expression of the politico-economic philosophy and social psychology of our times.

Hypocrite

A Chevie coupe bearing the license number 426-465 belongs to the most two-faced man we don't know. When we walked past it on the Square, we couldn't help but admire the staunch letters across the radiator grill—"SAFETY PAYS."

But when we got to the back of the car, the following sign, stretched over the spare tire, stuck its tongue out at us:

"SOUND HORN — DRIVER'S ASLEEP"

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Madison, Wisconsin

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Vol. XX

OCTOBER, 1938

Number 2

LITERARY NOTE

The name of Mrs. Glenn Frank, wife of the former headmaster of this institution, will soon rank among the immortals of American literature. On the verge of publication is her first novel, a tale of life in frontier Missouri based on her own girlhood experiences. For some reason, probably sheer modesty, the book will appear anonymously.

Mr. Frank is already well known for his two pieces of light fiction, "Thunder and Dawn" and "America's Hour of Decision."

Testimonials

Over the radio last week, we heard an announcer purr, "Rival Dog Food is just what your dog needs to build him up. And dogs simply *love* Rival Dog Food. If you want to know how true this is, ask any *Rival* user."

We asked *three* Rival users, two terriers and a collie, and got nothing but grrrr's for our trouble.

Nameless

Those new dorms over in the direction of Minneapolis are as yet unchristened. In lieu of real names, however, the University, reverting to its familiar grading system, has designated them as Unit A, B, and the like.

We suggest they get on the ball and think up some real names before they get to Unit F, or they'll have an empty house on their hands. We have met no one yet who would live in Unit F.

Pigskin-deep Beauty

We went to see John Steuart Curry, our artist in residence, to hear what he thought of the football season. We often see Mr. Curry wandering around Camp Randall with his sketching stuff.

"Oh, yes," said our bald-pated friend with the flying brown hair around the edges of his head, "football is most aesthetic."

We thought Wisconsin's blocking had been pretty good, and asked Mr. Curry what he thought. "I don't see what's happening," he said. "I look for color, for drama. I see figures moving against each other, flags waving, crowds trembling. I see smoke rising from the university chimney."

Mr. Curry wasn't always so indifferent to the score. He was once a halfback at Winchester, Kansas. When the newspaper boys write about Curry, they always say he was

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EDWIN O. OLSON

AT THE CO-OP

Tennis . Golf . Gym . and Military Supplies

a "star" halfback, but we doubt it.

Has football changed much for the better since the days when our artist used to cut off tackle, we wondered.

"One *real* improvement in modern football," Steuart Curry declared, "is the pants. These silk football pants are beautiful, brilliant, brilliant."

That's about all we could find out about football from Mr. Curry. Our housemother is more help.

Direction

To make football as much a player sport as it is a spectator sport, all sorts of variations have been invented, from touchback and passball to the new and much publicized seven-man game. To us it all looks rather futile; no end of mellowing and softening of the rules could force us any longer to be jounced out of our sedentary habits. But just give the small boys in our block a football and two or three helmets, and they'll have themselves a game, rules or no rules. It was something on that order that we saw last week. The mop-pets were playing "tackle," it seems, and one of them *had* just been tackled. That's where we came on the scene. Next play after a scramble one of the kids tossed the ball high in the air. The small boy who caught it started to run, and we thought he had a clear field to the goal line. But then he looped to the right and started in the reverse direction, and it looked as if he'd pass the whole team a second time and make up for his Corrigan trip. But then he turned again to the right, making nearly a complete loop of the players before they nailed him.

We can't figure out yet where the goal was, but we know



the lad did well, because one of his teammates shouted as we left them, "Nice going, Tony. Nice run."

It sure was.

Mr. Dykstra's Sand Box

In a hurry to reach our 11 o'clock we pushed through the crowd at the door outside the president's office in Bascom Hall. Nearly inside we noticed one of the figures was Mr. Dykstra himself.

"You can hit it, *can't* you?" he was saying to one of the students who had just thrown his cigarette into the sand receptacle at the edge of the walk. "You know, most of them can't," and he pointed to all the butts on the steps.

Spring Fiction

Trampled in the dust of the intra-mural field, we found a sheet of paper with these very words upon it:

"... and almost untouchable—Then she almost laughs in his face and then he tells her of his long adoration from afar—she cannot comprehend anyone loving her, and yet be willing to stay in the background.

"Or the story could concern the same guy's thoughts after he finds himself disillusioned by the girl."

We like it better the first way, and think he ought to kill her.

FREE FREE

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WIN A PEACHY
BOX OF 12 DIFFERENT FLAVORS OF

Life Savers?

• •

All that you have to do is to submit the best joke or poem which you have heard this month to the editors of Octy. The contribution which is most humorous in the eyes of the editors will get the box of LIFE SAVERS absolutely free. In case of tie, duplicate awards will be made, although this is highly improbable, we admit.

FREE FREE



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the Word

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and Minnesota, Too!

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with red ribbon

•
see us
for
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BADGER 177

According to the Records

JOHN SILVER had a wooden leg, so Decca had Jimmy Dorsey combine the old pirate with THAT FEELING IS GONE, and brought feeling right back to old peg leg. This plate is a sensation (no less), and if you can't hop now—play this record; you will. Dorsey's alto horn hurls the disc for a record high.

Mr. Hampton does a lot of vibraphoning in ANY TIME AT ALL. His sax section comes in for its shine, and does it sweetly enough. On the other side is OLD JOE BLADE as interpreted by Nick La Rocca in a so-so fashion. Victor.

I HADN'T ANYONE 'TIL YOU, if the editor allows, stinks. Jimmy Dorsey must have picked up some of the extra time saved from his fast recordings and deposited the lump into this effort. The tempo is shot and the orchestra brings home the shattered carcass. THERE'S A FAR-AWAY LOOK IN YOUR EYES is . . . well, on the other side. Decca.

When *the* Duke goes in the groove, sit down and listen. Ellington presents his own HIP CHIC, and if you like his stuff this record will take many a ride on your pick up. A fine trumpet with a good mute provides plenty of rhythm, and here's one with no singing. On the B side A BLUES SERENADE earns only a C. Brunswick.

oooo—OH BOOM! and SHORTENIN' BREAD by the Andrews Sisters deserves a cheer, yes, three cheers. These four charming vocalists are decidedly at the top, and they're not letting go. If they go bad we'll pan them, but now, four cheers. Decca.

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27 W. MAIN

One of the smarter Goodman recordings of late is BLUE INTERLUDE—a charming, slow, danceable tempo combined with that quality which is Tilton's. On the other side is a first-rate rhythm disc, WHEN I GO A-DREAMING. Victor.

Cole Porter really ranks as a composer of sa-well songs, and Al Donahue plays AT LONG LAST LOVE and FOR NO RHYME OR REASON just the way Porter intended them to be presented. You'll like this plate for its vocals by Paula Kelly, a throaty songstress with what it takes. Vocalion.

We welcome the appearance of Mr. Disney's FERDINAND THE BULL and the revival of Ted Weems' MR. WU, CHINESE LAUNDRY BLUES as they are played by Dick Robertson. Ted Weems plays himself some novelties this month: THREE SHIFLESS SKONKS and BUF-FOON. If you've ever been bitten by a skunk your prejudice may deter you from hearing this fine plate; if you have no prejudice, you'll want to get at this one soon. Decca.

Andre Kostelanetz presenting BUGLE CALL RAG and TURKEY IN THE STRAW really calls revival meeting and gets the brethren to swing. Novel arrangements plus a fine band make for two good sides. Brunswick.

From "Youth Takes a Fling" comes the very melodic FOR THE FIRST TIME coupled with LOVE OF MY LIFE. Tommy Tucker with his very danceable orchestra has an electrical guitar which will electrify you. Vocalion.

A scintillating brass section combined with good strings and an accordion makes Lawrence Welk's band "high class." His contribution of two new songs, BUBBLES IN THE WINE and ON SWEETHEART BAY, are noteworthy and merit your attention. Vocalion.

THE GIRL FRIEND OF THE WHIRLING DERVISH is a novelty songs with a message. It purports the plight of a Mohammedan mendicant whose best pal and girl friend gave him the whirl around. When you hear Dolly Dawn roll this hit out you'll go for the girl friend (ladies, please take his pals) and do a bit of a dervish yourself. If this leaves you winded you'll know your not the one WHO BLEW OUT THE FLAME on the other side. Vocalion.

That plaintive ballad, CURLY HEADED BABY, done by Shep Fields features a balanced orchestra doing a number in the manner of the best of them. The B side has Roy Fox with a job, I WON'T TELL A SOUL I LOVE YOU, done in Europe. Bluebird.

You Benny Goodman addicts will go for his revival of MARGIE and RUSSIAN LULLABY. Two remarkable jobs; you'd barely recognize them for what Goodman gives them. Victor.

At the moment, INDIANA MOONLIGHT is a very, very timely record. This number may well bring the only light to Indiana after the Homecoming game, but music hath charm, and this grooving by Swinging Sammy Kaye should well console them. ALL ASHORE is smooth for dancing; Kaye at his sweetest. Victor.

golden jubilee homecoming presents . . .

o

eddie varzos
and his famous orchestra

o

two dollars
the couple

october 29
great hall . . . memorial union
nine to twelve

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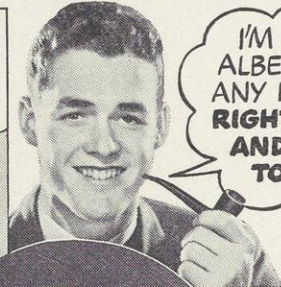
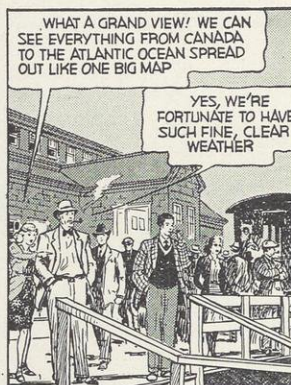
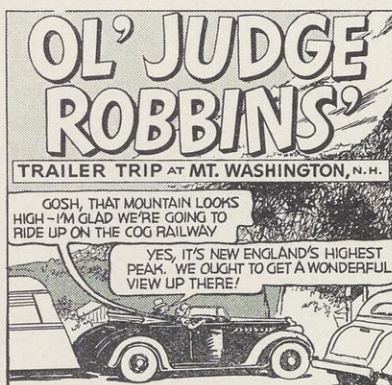
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SO MILD!

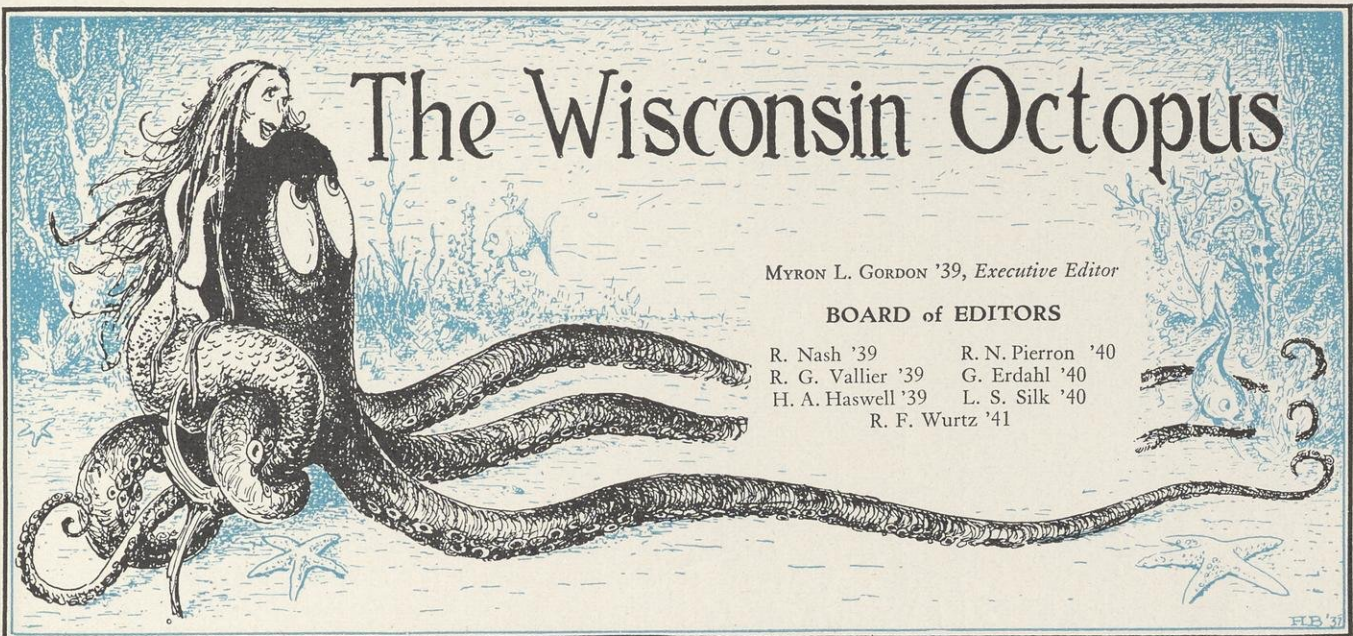
THE BIG
2
OUNCE
RED TIN

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE

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

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.



The Wisconsin Octopus

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Volume XX

OCTOBER, 1938

Number 2

On Second Thought

THE amount of rain which fell during the first few weeks of school was phenomenal. No doubt, this is the reason why the freshmen are a bit greener this year.

"What's he going to do next?" is the question on everyone's breath. We shall only point out that if Hitler continues to have his way in Europe, Rand and McNally will have to be getting out Five Star Finals.

We understand that the School of Commerce is lobbying hard for a new building. We suggest that before they go after a building, they first get a School.

After glancing at the masthead of the *Cardinal*, we suggest that they might change their motto to: "Libertie, Egalitie, Fraternitie, et Sororitie."

England's foreign policy in the crisis has been based on an old joke: No matter how thin you slice it, it's still Czechoslovakia.

The Young Republicans Club is going to hold a meeting in the Union. This year they have expanded and will take up all three phone booths on the first floor of the Union.

The Japanese didn't have much of a voice in the recent European settlements. Perhaps they're a little hoarse from trying to keep the news of all their great victories in China circulated around the world.

The Townsend Movement, and its colleague, the "Thirty Dollars Every Thursday" plan, are again gaining strength. We look forward to the following plans: Fifty Dollars Every Friday, Sixty Dollars Every Saturday, Seventy Every Sunday, and Much More on Monday.



"You should see me truck."

Lots of people think Hitler is still bluffing. Maybe so, but if our foreign friends keep slipping him trump cards under the table, he won't *have* to bluff much longer.

A professorial acquaintance of ours tells us that his father was English and his mother was French. We've also note that on Saturday nights he manages to get a little Scotch in his blood.

Nazi propagandists blamed the sacking of a Viennese bishop's palace on Communist agitators. In other words, Hitler isn't ready to tell God off straight to His face.

Roosevelt's note to Hitler is said to have succeeded because of the psycho-analysis it employed. Even the father of psycho-analysis, Sigmund Freud, booted out of Austria by the Nazis, couldn't do that well—and he was playing on his home field.

The boys from Pitt were a hardy looking lot. During the game we heard their coach bawl them out by yelling, "Come on, you fellows, get going—you look like a bunch of amateurs."

The Homecoming Crux



HE legislature, of course, was responsible. Some tried to pin it on the President, but, as he himself pointed out, he, too, was just a pawn in the game. The wage cut in the professors' salaries was made by the state legislature. But even though it *was* the legislature, it didn't make the situation any less gloomy, and when the faculty members gathered in Kink's office after the last afternoon class, there wasn't a smile to be seen on any face.

Kink (Writing and Rhetoric) started the discussion. "Gentlemen," he began, and the men could see that his face, once full of the kindly humor that delighted his sub-Freshman classes, was now grim. "Gentlemen, we are faced with a difficult situation. The legislature, for the purpose of investigating alleged Right-Wingism in this state, has cut our salaries to provide funds for the investigation."

Cries of, "Boy, what rats!" "We ought to investigate the legislature for a change!" and, "How did those crooks get into office?" filled the office.

The professors were rapidly working themselves into a lather. And as Kink talked on, the air became more smoke-filled, and the men's faces became more livid. Joost (Industrial Psychology), absent-mindedly noticed traces of mob hysteria.

"Fellow-professors," continued Kink, "do you realize what a cut in wages really means to you? Have you grasped fully its implications? Two pistons less on every crank-shaft? Two pheasants less in every pot? Eight o'clock classes maybe? Ready-to-wear suits?"

"Men, there's only one thing for us to do: we've got to FIGHT!"

And the roar of approval that greeted these last words made him well aware that the professors stood behind *en masse*. Discussion was called for, and one by one the men arose and gave their own opinions, mostly rehashes of what Kink had said. Callahan (Irish Phonetics) gave a particularly impassioned speech, which scared Gerken (History) somewhat, since he reflected that the Irish usually backed lost causes. But this was overlooked by the rest and

the speeches continued until they reached Laroque (French Logic). The men squirmed on their chairs as he slowly arose; they were afraid of him, and of what he might say.

"*Mes amis*, the problem is stated *perfectment!* Mais, WHAT are we going to do about it?"

No one said a word. They were stuck. They couldn't even say, "That's a good question; it shows that you're alert, and if you look up the answer you'll always remember it." No, they were baffled good.

Finally Kink broke the silence. "Gentlemen, I realize that this is a *veddy* personal question, but I think the seriousness of the occasion will allow it. Gentlemen, how do you get money when you need it badly?"

The men didn't get up this time, but as his turn came, each man blushing mumbled a few words of explanation.

"I—er—revise my textbooks."

(Jeeps, Poli Sci.)

"Frankly, I double the lab. fee."

(Honker, Chemistry)

"Maps. I have my own maps printed and sell them myself." (Tix, History)



"I—ah—dabble in currency." (Bonson, Money and Banking)

And so each professor contributed his little bit to the kitty, but, as Kink dejectedly observed, no scheme was practical on a large scale. And then suddenly his face lit up into something of its old time brilliance: Garters, the great B. V. Garters of Statistics, had just entered the door.

"B. V.," said Kink kindly, "you know as well as the rest of us the situation that faces us. All the gentlemen here have offered suggestions as to how we can earn a little extra money to offset our salary slashes, and not one proposal has been adequate for all of us. Could you, as a last resort, have any suggestions that would help? How do *you* keep yourself supplied with extra funds?"

Garters hesitated a moment and then spoke out—clearly and forcefully, "I play the horses."

As the full impact of this simple declarative sentence smote the men, they turned suddenly white, and then, as they let this new idea roll around in their minds, their faces, one by one, brightened. Of course. That was a swell plan. Play the horses. You could make a million in just a couple of hours.

And then Beetlemen (Business Eth-



"To the Krunchy Breakfast Food Company, Battle Creek, Michigan,
—Dear Sirs, After losing our first game 12 to 0 and our second 18 to 6,
I feel that I can no longer conscientiously recommend your product..."



The Adventures of Dean Goodnight's Secret Police

No. 6—Mabel Terwilliger is met by the After-Hours Patrol in her room at 12:40 P.M.

ics) shelved the whole plan with three words: "It isn't ethical."

Kallichka, the line coach, sprang to his feet. "How about betting on a football team? *Our* football team?"

Beetleman hesitated. "Why, I guess it—why, sure, it would be all right if it were our *own* team." Sunshine again came into the hearts of that plucky little group in the office. They'd clean up on the Homecoming game!

Kink took charge then; he was a genius at organization. "Garters, you're General Chairman in Charge of Production. It's going to be your job to see that we pick the winning side. You're to get the best odds with the least risk. Perkins (Psychology), you're co-chairman. Get all the data you can on the mental attitude, if any, of football players, both our own and Indiana's. Heege (Anthropology), look up the racial characteristics of Hoosiers and Badgers." And gradually, under Kink's masterful hand, each man became a part of the machine, the organization that would save pedagogy.

The day of the big game was bright and clear, and the stands began filling

early. In a booth on top of the press-coop, Kink and Garters talked the situation over. They were obviously happy.

"B.V., it looks like we've done all we can. You've picked Wisconsin to win. Skinner (Journalism) has placed our bets all over the country through the AP service, and Gardner (Meteorology) has guaranteed us perfect weather. We can't lose."

THE score at the middle of the fourth quarter was Wisconsin 12, Indiana 7. And then something went wrong. Indiana began a steady march down the field from their own thirty yard line. One minute from the end of the game saw them on Wisconsin's one yard line. Then a player hurt his knee, and time-out was called.

"We've got to do something!" moaned Kink. Garters was fooling around with a sliderule. His face was white and he seemed powerless to act. A knocking at the door, and Beetleman (Business Ethics) rushed in.

"Hey, I just found out what play Indiana is going to use next! What should I do?"

"We've got an open phone to the

players' bench. Just yell in there!"

And within thirty seconds, a Wisconsin substitute was running onto the field, in his head the exact plays Indiana would use.

On the resumption of play, they drove to the Wisconsin one foot line. And then, on the next play, a ten yard loss. And a fifteen yard loss on the next, and then the gun went off.

The following Monday after the last afternoon class, the professors met as usual in Kink's office. They were radiant with good-will and good-living. Bonson dropped a five spot and merely looked at it: why bother to pick it up when you had so many many more?

"Tell us, Beetleman, how you happened to know just what plays Indiana was going to run off next?"

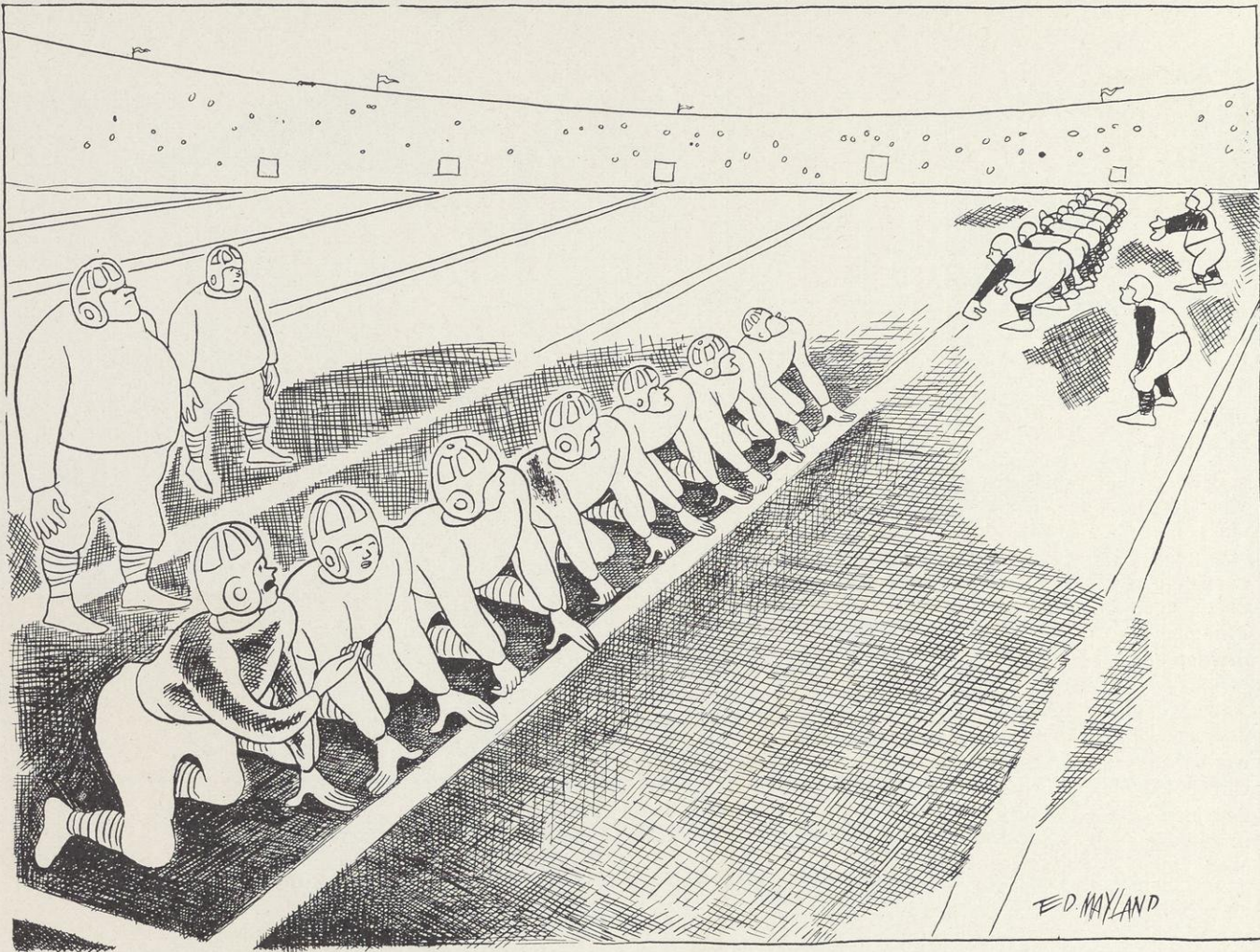
Beetleman (Business Ethics) blushed. A red, turning to purple, blush. "I—ah—er tapped a wire."

—R. NASH

EX-PROFESSOR KILLED BY BULL

—ASHLAND PRESS

If he only had his sling!



*"Aren't we playing Joe's
hunch a little strong—supposing it isn't a wide end-run?"*

Instructions to Rathskeller Waiters:

DEAR WAITER:
It has come to my attention that on several occasions things have gone smoothly in the rathskeller this year. This must stop at once. Follow these instructions:

1. Never hear anyone the first time he speaks to you.

2. Always misunderstand his order when he finally does get your attention. Look at him like a white-livered dog if he begs for your attention.

3. If he shouts, say to him, "What the hell ya yelling about? Aw right, you ain't the only one here."

4. When you're not waiting on anyone (and you rarely should be) think of specific insults to fit the individual. Fix your attention on physical imperfections, and use such salutations as, "Well, Schnozzle?" "What's yours,

baldy?" or "Whatcha want, four-eyes?"

5. When the crowds come in, busy yourself with such jobs as halving butter, piling up trays, wiping glasses, or giving our special football-tip service to personal friends.

6. A crew of five men should work as follows: two men stare sullenly at the customers, two men criss-cross back and forth, one man wait on customers.

7. You can save time by refusing to give trays to carry food on, or glasses for water.

8. Have nary a kind word for strangers. Cultivate a nasal tone of voice. Sneer.

9. Equal amount of time should be spent in preparing food and making change. Throw change onto the floor.

We caution any waiter with an idea of becoming a "nice guy" that he is

acting in direct violation of Wisconsin rathskeller tradition and is subject to dismissal without further warning.

Bitterly yours,
—THE UNION STAFF

Frustration

*She smiled,
And I smiled back.*

*Now, I could look
Into her eyes.*

*She smiled,
And I smiled back.*

*What hair, what lips,
And skin and teeth!*

*As she smiled,
And I smiled back.*

*And then I put
The portrait down.*

—L. FENSTER

Hitler Has Raped Austria
and Czechoslovakia with Ease
—the Editors of Octopus Ask

Is Milwaukee Next?



RECENTLY Adolf Hitler neatly relieved Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Daladier of their striped trousers and sent them home again with the promise (ha, ha)

that his territorial demands in Europe were at an end. Let us soar into the realms of wild fantasy for the moment, and assume that the Deliverer of the Sudeten Germans is telling the truth. Yet, it should be noted that Hitler restricts his alleged promise to territory in Europe.

Aha! We thought as much. That's where Adolf caught the boys with the old sleeper play; what about the German minority problem *elsewhere*? Surely, we all believe in the right of self-determination* and the duty of Mr. Hitler to unite all persons of German descent into one almighty reich. Overlooking the 500,000 Germans whom Adolf's chum, Benito, is transmuting into Italians, where are the rest of the world's Germans? There are 19,322 in Chile; 132,918**in Argentina; 724 in Guatemala; 497 in Iceland; and 317,922 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, exclusive of West Allis, Whitefish Bay, Chicago, and other suburbs.

Did you hear what we said? Let us repeat: there are over 317,921 pure, Aryan, Nordic, Germanic Germans in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. For how long a time can they be expected to tolerate the oppression which is thrown upon them? How long can they be expected to remain torn from the breast of the mother country?

Can any man among us truthfully say that his heart does not bleed for these orphaned Deutschers? Think how it must hurt their souls to be black-balled from the civilization of Germany? While their flesh and kin romp merrily about from concentration camp to concentration camp, and from labor draft to labor draft; these unfortunate Milwaukee Germans are severed from Adolf's Eden, and must spend their whole lives, tag after tag, woche after woche, watching the Milwaukee Brewers battle the St. Louis Browns.

Cannot we all admire the tolerance and patience with which Adolf Hitler has long viewed these oppressions and injustices? Should we not turn to the heavens and thank Him for giving us this Cool Brow, who alone has maintained a sense of sang-froid despite the fervid demand of the populace for "Anschluss mit Milwaukee"?

LET us examine the minority problem in Milwaukee more closely. Together with its resources and industries, Milwaukee constitutes one of the neatest piles of wampum this side o' Czechoslovakia. Of course, it should be clearly understood that the material aspects of Milwaukee have nothing to do with Hitler's desire to aid its oppressed populace. Hitler would take the same

interest in Blooming Grove*—if there were enough Germans there.

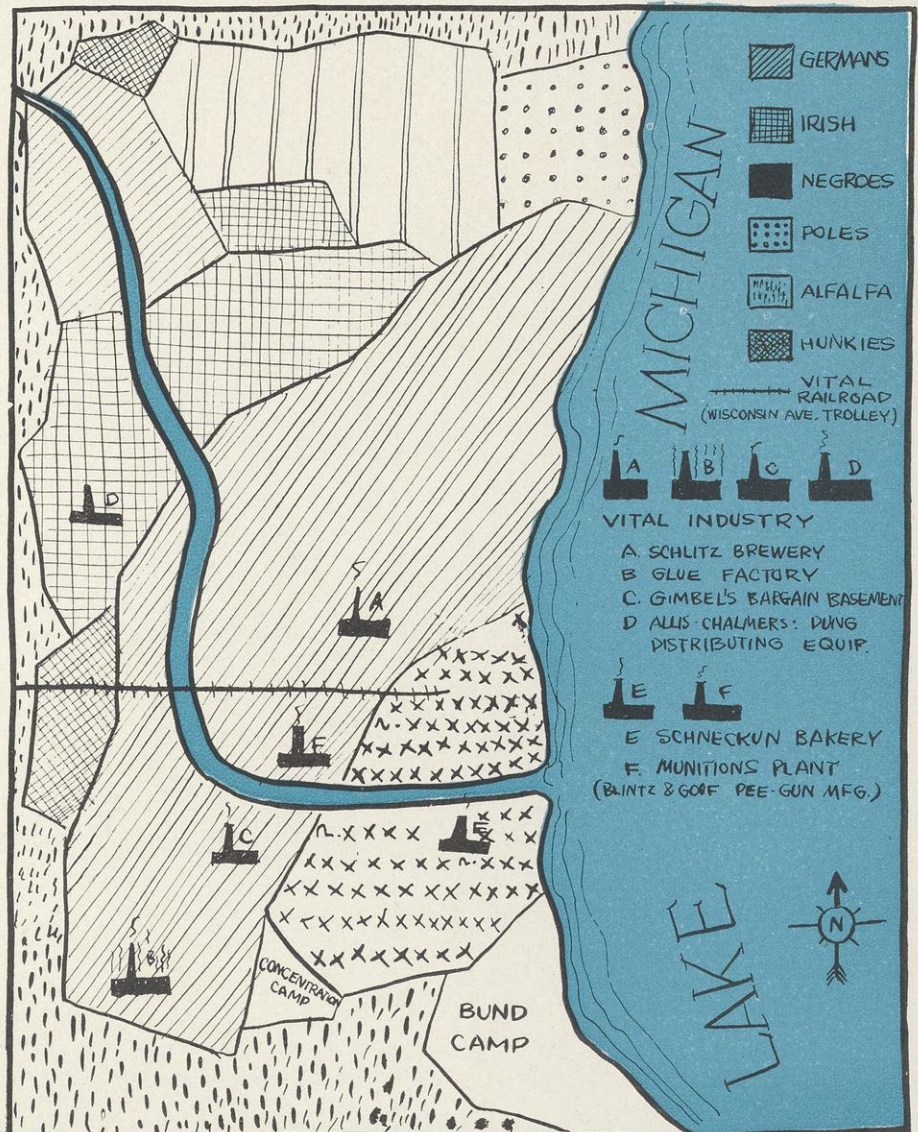
IT WILL be noted from the map (see inset) that the Germans constitute about 38.5% of the population of Milwaukee. The Alfalfas seem to thrive at the outskirts of the town. The Hunkies are congregated primarily in Shorewood. The Poles have the South Side (as well as the ninth and tenth wards) sewed up tight.

It is obvious that Hitler is not after Milwaukee industry. For example, what would Adolf do with the Allis-Chalmers Dung-Distributing plant? It is a well known fact that Hitler himself handles that industry as a personal side line.

The Octopus believes that in order to maintain world peace, immediate steps to cede Milwaukee to Germany should be taken. Heil! Heil!

*Nom de plume for Maple Bluff.

—M. L. G.



Racial Minorities in Milwaukeeand

*The right of A. Hitler to free all Germans from living alone and liking it; and putting them into work-corps, battalions, concentration camps, protective arrest, and so weiter.

**Not counting a Mrs. Plotz, who is expecting twins. Triplets, maybe. Wer weiss?



ADVANCED MILITARY SCIENCE 999

For 100 Per Cent Red-Blooded

Patriots, WAIT NO LONGER. It may be months, or, heaven forbid, years before you have a chance to give your all for Uncle Sam. Why wait, when you can avoid the nuisance of an ocean voyage and have all the fun of an European war right here in the good old U. S. A. by following these fourteen simple steps?



1. Dig a hole in the backyard and live in it for the winter.



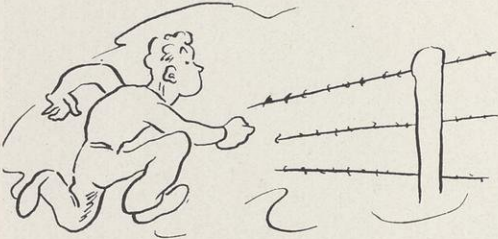
2. When it rains, shovel up plenty of mud, and crawl through on your tummy. Eat some; it tastes good.



3. Suck on an open gas-jet one hour before each meal.



4. Trade clothes with the first tramp you meet. Rub them well in manure, and don't change till St. Swithin's Day.



5. Make believe you're a mad bull and run full speed into all barbed-wire fences you see.



6. Eat any dead animals, especially dogs and cats, that you find in the street.



7. Pour three quarts gin, half-barrel beer, four bottles cognac, can of axle grease, and milk-bottle full of angle-worms into a bathtub. Jump into tub and let the mixture seep into you till well saturated.

ADDED TO U. of W. CURRICULUM

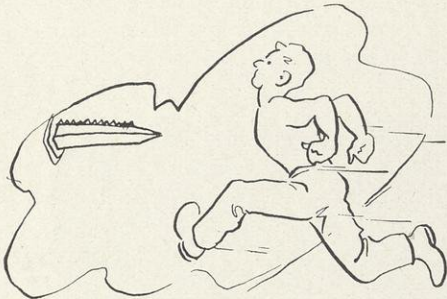
Finger-Biting Americans Only



8. Get someone to read the Chicago Tribune's editorial page to you. It is the World's Greatest Newspaper.

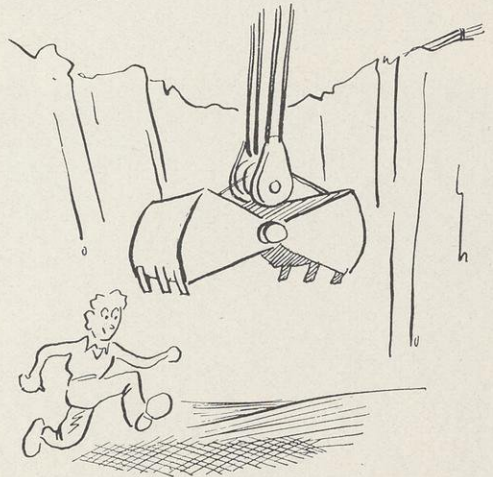


9. Hire a horrible pug-ugly to beat you up every afternoon, except Tuesdays and Thursdays.

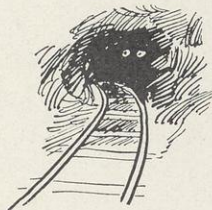


10. On Tuesdays and Thursdays stick a bayonet in your wall, and practice charging into it.

11. Then start running under steam-shovels when they are loading.



12. Try hacking at your flesh with a meat-axe.



13. And hiding in coal mines while the boys dynamite for new shafts.



14. Relax. Contract pneumonia, trench-mouth, tuberculosis, and housemaid's knee.

SUGGESTED ADDITIONAL STEP FOR "A" STUDENTS AND THOSE WORKING FOR MASTER'S OR DOCTOR'S DEGREE: Drop dead.

—L. S. SILK
—R. F. WURTZ

He's No Longer A Professor IF ...

1. He says, "I agree with you," instead of, "I hold with your thesis."

2. He says, "nec' es-sar-y," instead of, "ness-ess-ree."

3. He, upon coming into the classroom, doesn't spend the first ten minutes of the lecture moving his desk back an inch.

4. He pronounces an "r" in a word.

5. He comes to class with an uncrumpled collar.

6. He gives more attention to the lecture than to the open door in the back of the room.

7. He spends two weeks on a subject and then actually gives a question on it in the final.

8. He fails to make some bright remark when the word "beer" or "liquor" appears in the course of a lecture.

9. He refrains from smoking in Bascom Hall.

10. He revises his lectures oftener than once in five years.

11. He doesn't take back every state-

ment made during a lecture when questioned on it afterwards.

12. He can be found in his office oftener than one hour a week.

13. He stresses the subject matter of a poem rather than the meter and punctuation.

14. He, upon being confronted with an even ton of contradictory data, admits that he might have been mistaken on a point.

15. He, during the winter months, doesn't spend fifteen minutes putting on and taking off his rubbers, and then another fifteen in telling why his wife makes him wear them.

—R. NASH



"Now I know why they call you fellows BADGERS."

An Artificial

*My heart, a funeral jonquil, dyes
To shirr a husk and citron rind,
While you with draper-fitted sighs
Bewail, and see the casket lined.*

*All floral glory past in me,
I lower to the earth. Then vexed
At brittle life you swear, now free
To take a paper fuchsia next.*

—D. HUPPLER

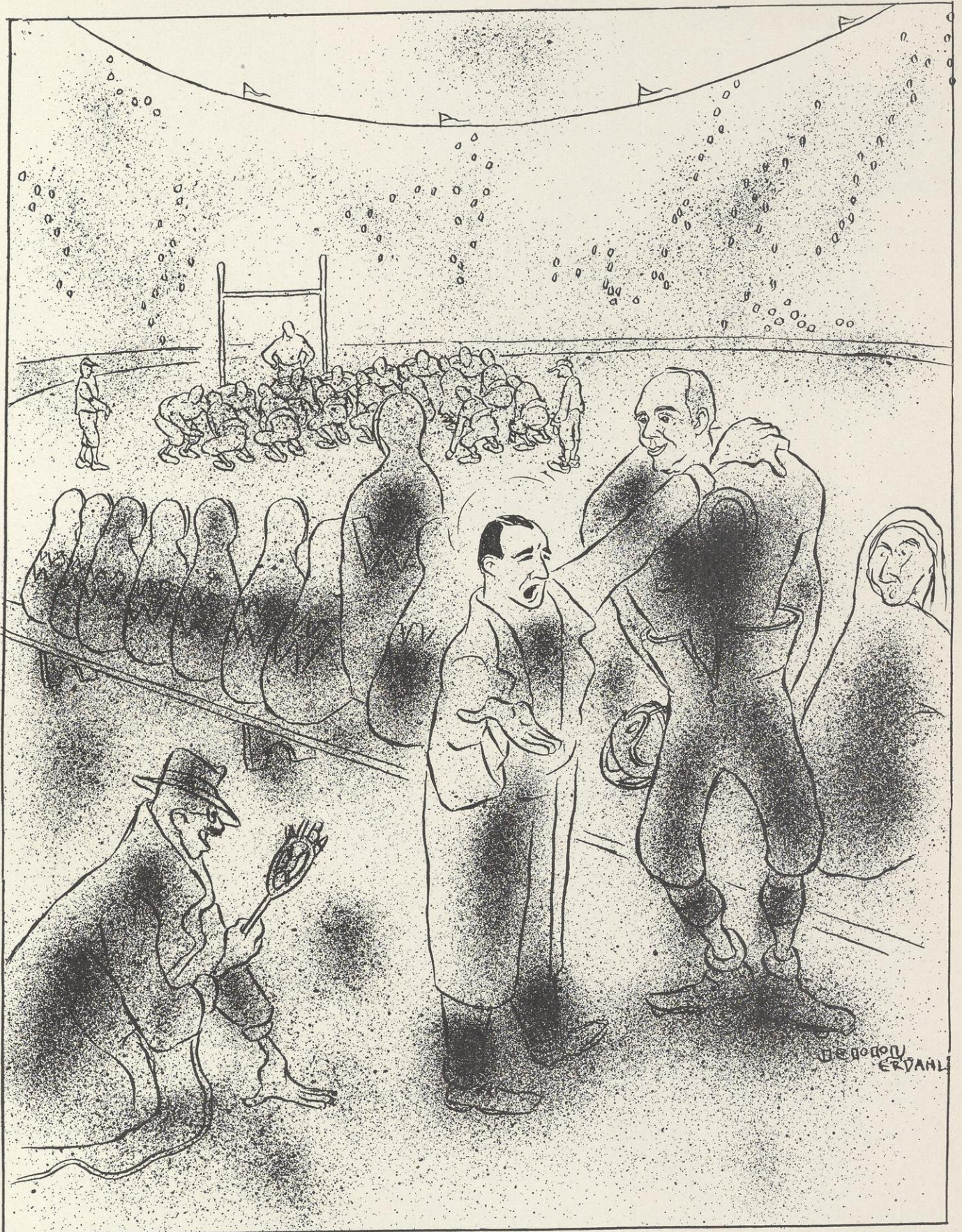
Even the key to the English language
to aid the future man in deciphering
these records has been provided.

—STATE JOURNAL

Might come in handy right now.



"So this is college."



"Jeez, Dyke, I'd put you in—but what would the Big Ten say?"

The Freshman English Instructor Or the Tiger?



GERARD looked worriedly at the class of freshmen that seemed to be crowding about him, even though they were still in their seats.

"I meant to say, that is," Gerard cried, feeling his voice grow feeble, "that all poetry *should* have meaning."

The tough-looking freshman in the back row got to his feet and shouted, "That's not what you meant at all. You meant all poetry *has* meaning, and you said it. And it's not so."

Gerard had a sudden fear that the tough fellow was going to call him a liar, the way that red-haired girl had done last year.

"Oh, no," Gerard protested, getting behind his desk, "I didn't mean to say *that*. Really I didn't." He grinned weakly, but no one in the class, not even the ones who wanted to get A's, smiled back. Like fish in a bowl they gaped at him. They were in another world, a grim world of reality (as Dr. Borchard would call it) and they knew they had him cornered.

"Well, let us take Henry Adams up. We'll let that other matter go for the moment," Gerard suggested.

"Just a minute," cut in a red-eyed blonde fellow, Hammersley, the one whom Gerard had thoughtlessly rebuked at the start of all this. Hammersley wiggled his hips around in a seat that was too tight for him and snorted, "How about *Jabberwocky*? I suppose *Jabberwocky* has meaning!"

"Oh no, oh no, unless, well . . ." Those eyes! Gad! They seemed to be coming closer.

Like a tinkle from heaven, the bell rang ending the hour, and Gerard ran for his little office, where he hoped Parlin would be waiting for him.

Gerard flung open the office door and darted in, but before he could get the door closed, an oaf of a freshman barged in behind him. Gerard saw with dismay that Parlin *hadn't* come in yet.

"May I help you?" Gerard asked politely.

"Yeah," said the freshman, extending a saddle-like hand. "Name is Pulansky, from your eight-o'clock class, second row."

"Oh, I see, I see," smiled Gerard.

"Yeah," Pulansky replied. "Now

look, I was writing my first theme, like you said, about something I do myself, explaining how."

"Yes indeed, our exposition exercise."

"Yeah. Well, I want to write about massaging. I used to work in Turkish



bath. Look, what can I write? I show you how I do it, you tell me how I should say."

The freshman came a step nearer Gerard and started flexing his fingers.

"Er— it's hardly necessary to show me. Perhaps

I can explain without your . . ." Gerard started.

"NO!" cried Pulansky, grasping Gerard by the neck. "I show you how. Look!" He began rubbing his neck then his shoulders. Gerard broke loose and ran into a corner, where he felt himself trapped like a mouse. "Stop! Stop!" he squeaked.

"No! First you must know everything!" Pulansky declared.

"Oh Lord! Oh, Lord in Heaven!" Gerard wailed.

The office door swung open, and Parlin tripped in, fresh from a triumph over his star section.

"What time you got?" Pulansky asked Parlin.

"I have 10:48, just," Parlin smiled.

"Gotta go," said Pulansky, and shouldered his way through the door.

As soon as the door slammed shut, Gerard cried, "Oh, I think I'll swoon."

Parlin put his hand on Gerard's brow. "My, my, how warm and excited you are! This will never do."

"Did you see what happened?" Gerard asked.

"No, what?"

"Oh, you didn't?" said Gerard, deciding to reverse his tactics, at the chance of impressing that rather conceited Parlin at last. "I was discipling that big fellow. I certainly told him something. I'll bet he pays close attention from now on."

"My my," said Parlin, duly impressed, "you're becoming a veritable tiger, Gerard!"

"Grrrr," Gerard growled modestly. "Grrrrr."

—L. S. SILK

Up, Lad!

(ED. NOTE—A. E. Housman, desiring to see the Indiana game but unable to buy a ticket because of a sell-out, has bribed the ticket-taker to let him in, and has wandered over to the fifty-yard line seats and is about half way up in the stadium. He sees a likely spot:)

UP, LAD, up, 'tis time for cheering:
And while you're up move down a peg;

Drink: continue with your beering,
But let me first get in my leg.

Shove: taste yourself of football's joy,
Ere are emptied Time's fleet sands.
Push, lad, push; that man's no toy
That will be broke by forceful hands.

When I to the stadium started
Amidst a deafening rush,
Two friends kept step beside me,
Their cheeks alive and flush.

Now Dick lies dead in the wash-room,
And Jim's been tossed in jail,
But I've reached the fifty-yard line
Despite no ticket sale.

So up, lad, up, fear not to jostle;
Smite your neighbor hip and thigh.
Up, lad; scorn attendant hustle:
For we're seated, you and I.

—R. NASH

Intelligentsia Femina

Her eyes seemed smiling
on far horizons.
She clasped closely the
volume in her arms,
Brushed by the shelves
of true romances,
Ignored the western
thrillers' charms.
Briskly she walked
to the non-fiction;
Where the stacks of the
classics arose.
She stopped in front
of Aristotle,
And powdered her
little nose.

—ANNE CALDWELL

Phi Beena Krabba is the name of a Colby college honorary fraternity.

Phi Beena Krabba is the name of a Colby college honorary fraternity.

—DAILY CARDINAL

We heard you the first time.



"They say he sets a killing pace."

The Confused Creature

HE's 58, maturely grey, and he energetically walks the Hill daily. On five days of the week he discourses vehemently on Modern Europe and the Ramifications of the present political situation.

Oldsters and the alumni will tell you that his views have bleached with the years. His love for Marx and Engel that was part of his youthful years and philosophy has been crowded into the shadows allowing him to accept a pay check with a free conscience. He has been converted to believe that 5000 per is enough to forego rapture about the "cause."

He loves to talk of war—the stark realism that is facing his own student body. France and England, he declares, could never present a unified impregnable, militaristic front. The Mediterranean is the Franco-English bone of contention. He distrusts the Rome-Berlin axis. Mussolini and Hitler are rivals in Danubia. He eloquently expounds on the falseness of the Moscow-Paris alliance. Basically, he believes, the

Russians are brethren to the Germans.

Like too many tourists, his life is wrapped up in words—largely empty words.

He does not know, for instance, that his 16 year old daughter is keeping company with the iceman's son—and that icemen's sons grow up to be icemen and continue seeing daughters.

He is oblivious of the fact that his son is a kleptomaniac whose feats have

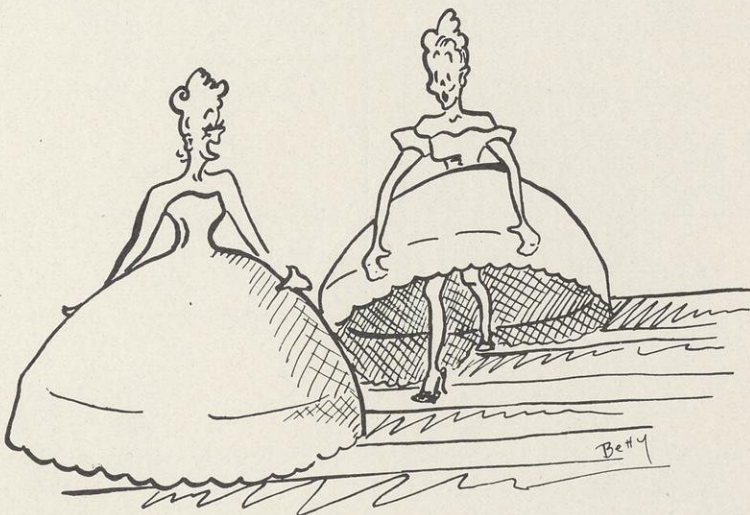
department-store detectives constantly on guard.

In short, although he is fighting the European war, he should recall the Monroe Doctrine and worry about problems at home.

—M. RING

WISCONSIN U. MEN FIND DRAMATIC PELLAGRA CURE

—BULLETIN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
And anybody knows dramatic pellagra is worse than stage fright.



"W-hoops, my dear!"

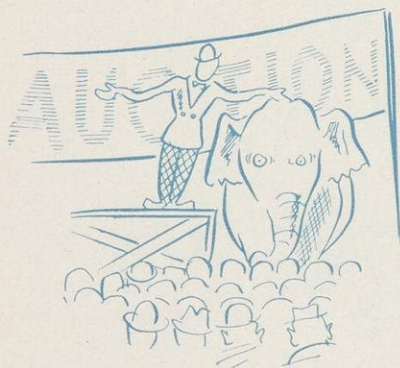


It's Elumphunts for Me

A circus traveling hereabouts,
The Wallace-Opalonus Shows,
Ran into rain for thirty days
And, waterlogged, was forced to close.

The tattooed man, a unionist,
Said, "Agitate for your back pay!"
Said Wallace, "Go ahead and strike—
We're liquidating, anyway."

And so they auctioned off the freaks,
The seals, the man-in-cannon stunt,
The five-ring tent, Gargantua,
And finally, my elumphunt.



"The greatest elumphunt on earth!"
So roared the barker-auctioneer;
He heard no bids, for not a soul
Was interested then, I fear.

I said I'd take good care of him,
If I could have him for a song;
We closed the deal, and off I rode,
Right thru the madly jealous throng.

We reached home and I hitched him to
A hitching post we'd never razed;
I hid behind a tree to watch
The moppets mill about, amazed.

My elumphunt's no care at all;
The kiddies all are on my side,
For sometimes if they water him,
I let them have a little ride.

He costs much less than you'd suppose;
My friends bring peanuts everyday.
His biggest upkeep is his back,
For which I give him bales of hay.

Behind the house I keep him in
A barn where once we had a car;
We're happy with our elumphunt—
He takes less gasoline, by far.

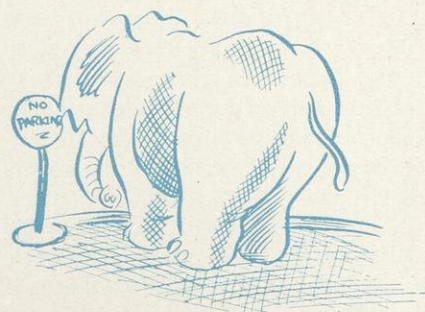
I drive him everywhere I go,
Uninfluenced by traffic rules;
For rules aren't made for elumphunts—
They're made, as poems say, for fools.

When school began again I found
My elumphunt a handy friend.
He works my way thru school for me
By being something I can lend.

I'll lease him out to anyone;
An elumphunt's no trick to drive:
Just oomp or oomp-oomp, that is all,
And he will keep the party live.

For elumphunt and me I see
Long happiness; it's in the books;
Though eighty-five he'll never let
A dented fender spoil his looks.

—H. HASWELL



Football Hero



MURPH put a glass of water in front of the guy who had just sat down and watched him nervously fingering the menu. The guy started to order twice, but checked himself both times.

"I'll take tomato soup," he said finally.

"Bowl!" Murph yelled to the kitchen, and walked away. He slouched into a corner where he could prop his back against the wall, keeping an eye on the hash house but without running around like a jackrabbit. He always felt achy in the legs these days from the charley-horses that wouldn't go away. And coach kept working him like a dog in practice. The hell with football, anyway. If he had any sense—or money—he'd quit. Football wasn't a game anymore.

Murph told himself to quit thinking of it. Enough he had to kill himself all afternoon, without worrying about it nights. He'd be through work soon, anyhow. The hash-house was empty except for the nervous guy who was still on his soup. He read a book while he ate, and Murph couldn't tell whether he liked the book or soup worse. Sometimes he would stop in the middle of a spoonful, letting his eyes run over the rest of the page. Once he went to turn a page with the hand he had the soup spoon in, and spilled it all over the counter. Murphy thought he'd split laughing at the guy, if he hadn't been so tired.

Tired. But maybe it was worth it. At least he got his name in the papers sometimes, and everybody around school knew him, practically. Except maybe this screwball here, with his head buried in the book.

THE screwball looked up suddenly, as though his morning alarm had just gone off. "Say, you're Fred Murphy, the tackle on the football team, aren't you?" he said.

Murph grunted yes.

The guy seemed stuck for something to go on with. He looked down at his soup, then blurted out, "I guess they work you pretty hard out there, don't they?"

MURPH wondered what was eating the guy, but said, "It ain't so bad."

The guy went on, "Intercollegiate football today is a bad thing. It's a

business. And it's the college students, like yourself, who suffer. I think they should either cut it out or have open subsidization and hire professionals. Now it's really exploitation. It's not fair."

Murphy decided the guy was a real screwball, all right. Probably wished he could play football, too. Just the kind of guy that made all the noise about college football. Hell, it had made Murphy sort of a big shot on the campus, and he was getting a college education, wasn't he?

"Listen, buddy," Murph said, "you don't know what you're talking about."

—L. S. SILK



Hairbreath

FOR a few moments the youth stood there, bewildered. Then his fists clenched. Everything depended on the next few seconds. His aged mother was waiting, praying, no doubt. Thousands of people all over the United States were leaning forward with bated breath, expectant.

"Six seconds left," said the announcer.

The young man's brows knit. He must do it. He must. A determined gleam came into his eye. But his mind was a blank. He was nonplussed.

Glancing desperately sideways, he saw a mocking look on the face of his opponent. Was he fated to be beaten in the finals of the Annual Collegiate Spelling Bee? Would this mocking chap best him? No. A thousand no's.

And then suddenly a confident look came into his eyes. He had it. Closing his hands around the shaft of the microphone he said eagerly, "Dog. D-o-g."

—R. PIERRON

Prayers for a Homecoming Eve

Star

WHEN the Morrow rolls around
Grant that I may gain more ground
Than I ever have before.
And as for touchdowns—three or more!

Damsel

Please let my Albert go to town
Until he knocks the goal posts down;
But don't, in any circumstance,
Harm the dear so he can't dance.

Coach

Let my little Badgers tear
Holes in the Hoosiers' underwear;
You see, if Indiana's dented,
I'll keep my Uptown club contented.

The Ticket Office

Father, if it be Thy whim,
Fill Camp Randall to the brim;
Let not a single standing space
Be left empty in the place.

Merchant

Bring spectators in a throng
That numbers 40,000 strong;
And, though the game be lost or won,
Leave much wealth in Madison.

—R. E. NEPRUD

HOOFERS INVITE OUTDOOR LOVERS TO JOIN THEM

—DAILY CARDINAL

We've always preferred a sofa. But thanks, anyway.

In the Editor's Brown Study



"So you'd like to know what's wrong with student government at Wisconsin," said the editor, putting his feet on the edge of his palatial prune box. Perhaps the gravest fault lies in the fact that there is no group on this campus which represents *all* the students, nor is there any such group that is able to adequately cope with problems which affect the welfare of the general stu-

dent body.

Union Board (which was established before the Nineteenth Amendment) represents only the *men* on the campus; its powers are limited under its corporate articles. WSGA can speak only for the co-eds. However, the great majority of the propositions with which we are concerned involve *both* men and women: student housing, orientation, dances, parent's week-end, forensics, and so on. Under our governing bodies, these affairs are run by Union Board or WSGA separately or left to individual groups to handle.

A sensible student government set-up must recognize that the only way we can have all-student government is through a federated organ composed of men and women. This body, then, would be duly qualified to speak for the entire student body. As the representatives of 11,000 students, its decisions would carry weight; a State Street hash-house could not refuse to sign its wages and hours code.

Wisconsin students would do well to give their hearty approval to the proposed plan for reform. One must remember that there is bound to be a small group of loquacious obstructionists who are contented under the present system of student government and therefore can see little desire for reform. Their petty selfishness must not be allowed to obstruct a reform which would aid the entire student body.

It is most disconcerting to sit at the football games and have the fellow next to you cheer like mad when a certain player makes a gain—"there's another 100 votes." Octy grieves at the trend toward offering athletes as candidates for class offices. Octy froths when it sees a political campaign conducted from the State Journal sports page. Last year's Union Board had its fill of Sportsmen Smoothies who had captured the student fancy with physical prowess. The intellectual merits of the candidate rather than his ability to shake his hips should be the deciding factor considered by the voters. If mentally-alert college students are unable to separate the sheep from the goats in student elections, how can we expect the rest of our citizenry to be able to polarize the sincere candidates from the pension lame-brains in state or national elections? Then, again, Octy always did tend to be idealistic.

Octy is glad to find freshmen coming to its spacious offices on the third floor of the Union. If you can draw or write, drop up to see the editor. He is fond of freshmen and will promise not to harm you in the least. If you are interested in advertising or the business angle, drop in on the business manager; there is little reason to be afraid of *him*.



Cave Men—Just Cave Men

*A new smoking pleasure
for millions*



*Up-to-the-minute...
mild ripe tobaccos and
pure cigarette paper...
the best ingredients a
cigarette can have...*

*that's why more and more smokers are turning to
Chesterfield's refreshing mildness and better taste*

They Satisfy ..millions



Be Smooth . . .

DROP IN AT THE

**UNION
BARBER SHOP**

*you'll be more than
pleased!*

GROUND FLOOR OF THE UNION
Near Main Entrance

Jones (calling Smith over telephone)
—Can't you come over tonight?

Smith (answering Jones)—I can't,
I'm washing my B. V. D.'s.

Just here the operator accommodat-
ingly remarked: I'm ringing them.

—Arizona Eight-Ball

She: "Where do all the flies go in
winter?"

He: "Search me, sister."

She: "No, thanks, I just wanted to
know."

—Penn Reactionary

Customer—How much are eggs?
Grocer—Fifty cents a dozen and thir-
ty cents a dozen for cracked ones.

Customer—All right, crack me a
dozen.

—Oshkosh O'Gosh

Math. Prof.—Now watch the black-
board while I run through it again.

—Kenosha Kitty

He—I suppose you dance?

She—Oh, yes; I love to.

He—Great! That's better'n dancing.

—Log

Homecoming

Class of '08

*When we were up upon the hill
With dear old dad to pay the bill
We had no vices as have you
Gad! What's this young set coming to?*

Class of '18

*Dear the days, to our recall,
Of the best Homecoming ball
There we were, dressed for war
War? No more, that we swore.*

Class of '28

*A decade ago we were thru
Fond of life, and money, too
We were to make the boom bigger
But today, W.P.A. ditch digger.*

Class of '38

*We're the newest of the crop
Coming back to see the top
Of that hill that had for us
Classes to cut, exams to bust.*

Class of '?

*We're the future, have you heard
Our voices as we defiance roared
Our future? In it lurks
The story of a thousand soda jerks.*

—S. C. VLADECK

**For HALLOWE'EN
DECORATIONS, Both
Striking and Reasonable,
See Us.**

. . . Also NOISEMAKERS
for the Game and otherwise.

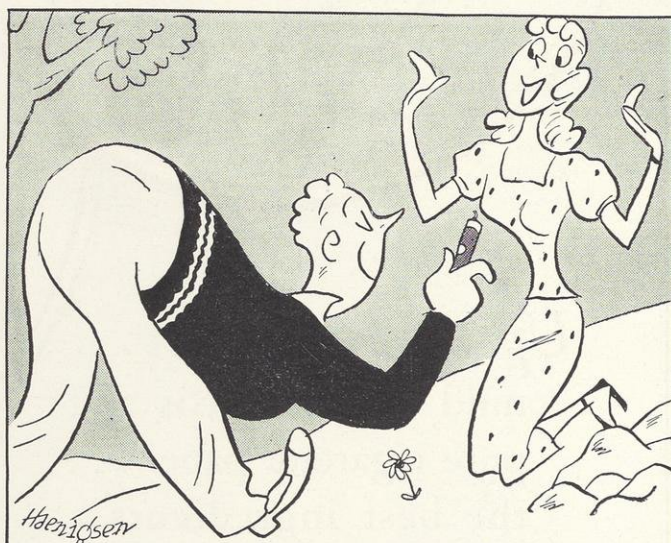
. . . BARGAINS now in
Notebooks and Lab Man-
uals . . .

— TRY —

NETHERWOOD'S

605 STATE

WE DO QUALITY PRINTING



"My gal is fickle," says Sophomore Joe,
"What flavor she'll like I never know,
"So when I buy those swell Life Savers,
"I play it safe and get Five Flavors*."
(*Five delicious fruit flavors in one package.)

CONVENIENT PUL-TAB
FOR EASY OPENING



MORAL:

Everybody's breath offends now
and then. Let refreshing Life
Savers sweeten your breath after
eating, drinking, and smoking.

UNIVERSAL CLEANERS & DYERS, Inc.

FAIRCHILD 6510

1226 REGENT STREET

"REALLY CLEAN CLEANING"

WE PICK UP AND DELIVER

Try . our . Monite . Moth-Proofing . Process

"Do you mean to tell me," the judge said, "that you murdered that woman for a paltry three dollars?"

"Well, judge, you know how it is. Three bucks here, three bucks there."

—Leavenworth Leader

Dear Gargoyle,

Some time ago I lost a very good pen and pencil set, which I had prized highly. Immediately I inserted an ad in your magazine. Yesterday I found them in the pocket of another suit. Bless your periodical.

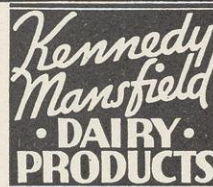
—Gargoyle

ONLY KENNEDY-MANSFIELD

Properly Pasteurized DAIRY PRODUCTS

Provide ALL These SAFEGUARDS

Adequate Farm Inspection
Modern Sanitary Equipment
Accurate Temperature Control
Scientific Laboratory Control
Proper Pasteurization
Prompt, Courteous Delivery



Phone:
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OFFICE and PLANT
621-629
West Washington
Avenue

Oscar came to the city and got a job as janitor in a girls' school, and was entrusted with a pass key to every room in the building.

The following week the Dean ran across him and asked, "Why didn't you come around Friday for your pay, Oscar?"

"Vot! Do I get vages, too?"

Lady—"So you are on a submarine? Tell me, what do you do?"

Sailor—"Oh, I run forward and hold her nose when we're going to dive."

—Lampoon

For Meals That Satisfy...

LOHMAIER'S

For Cokes That Please...

LOHMAIER'S

For An Evening of Fun...

LOHMAIER'S

... WHY NOT DROP IN
AND MEET THE BEST PEOPLE!

"We Tank You Very Much"

"I say, Pete, your girl looked quite tempting in that sort of Biblical gown she was wearing last night."

"What do you mean Biblical gown?"

"Oh, you know. Sort of low and behold!"

—Uppers Nusnik

A hot spell story that we like is about the girl who went swimming in the raw in a secluded mill pond. Along came a little boy who began to amuse himself tying knots in her clothes. She floundered around, found an old washtub, held it up in front of herself and marched toward the little boy, saying:

"You little brat, do you know what I'm thinking?"

"Sure," said the little brat, "you think that tub has a bottom in it."

—Pitt Plagiarizer

Akin to the sailor who takes a boat ride on a holiday and to the mailman who takes a walk on his vacation is the college student who spends his vacation loafing.

—Purdue Bladder

Toastmaster (introducing the speaker)—I'm sure that Mr. Jones of the Soils and Fertilizer Department, will give us a pleasant half-hour. He's just full of his subject.

—Whirlwind.

The Betrayal

The football hero has his say
On every Autumn Saturday:

He covers himself with glory,
His name is on everyone's lips;
They say, "He's faster than wireless—"
And: "Gosh, how he wiggles those hips!"

Poor clod! I sympathize with him
Despite his triumphant whirl,
Because on every Autumn Saturday,
I hold hands

In the stands
With his girl.

—R. N. NEPRUD

Crash Thru For The Little Woman

- She's Representing her House in the Big Badger Sorority Sales Contest, Which Runs Till Dec. 1



|||||
ORDER YOUR BADGER NOW, AND SAVE
|||||

- Badger prices rise December 1. You will save yourself real money, and you'll help your favorite sorority by ordering your colorful '39 Badger now—today at the rock bottom price of only \$3.00. A dollar deposit (balance payable December 1) reserves your copy, too—

||||| **The 1939 Badger** |||||
|||||

**"SHURE AND HIS
PIPE DISTURBED
TH' PEACE!"**

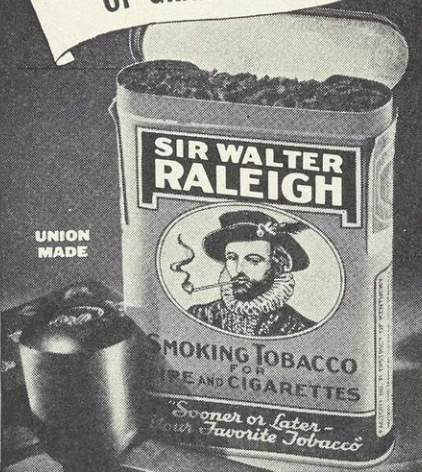


"MARRY ME, MARY?" But before she could answer, Frank's gooey-smelling pipe floored her. She just couldn't stand that strong, rancid tobacco. But Murphy saved the day!



"FAITH AND BEDAD! Clean that pipe and fill up with my Sir Walter—the most fragrant blend of extra-mild burleys ever put in a 2-ounce tin!" So he did, and she said "yes."

**SWITCH TO THE BRAND
OF GRAND AROMA**



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.



Power-House

WHEN we were little brats and used to spend all our Saturdays chewing taffy at the neighborhood movie house, the first voice we remember shattering our growing ears via the new talkie equipment was our friend Lawrence Tibbett's.

They had Lawrence prancing around as a wolf in sheik's clothing those days, as the hero of *Desert Song*. In the next picture, he sang songs to a hot-tamale, Lupe Velez, who played the Bascom Hall picture house last week in a Mexican film.

Though Tibbett's baritone, rolling out from the stage of the Met. had already brought him national recognition, it took years for sound equipment to catch up with his decibels. Now, however, you'd have a hard job finding anyone who didn't know—and admire—Tibbett's voice.

You'll have the chance to hear him in person on November 9th at the Stock Pavilion. There are still a few tickets to be had at the Union Desk, if you hurry, hurry, hurry.

That Man of Mine

TOM's absolutely a blaggard,
A handsome disreputable brute,
A wolf in tailored sheep skin,
Hart, Schaffner and Marx suit.
He's the original campus guzzler,
A veritable lager tank. Just
Count your empties, dearie,
And hope that's all he drank.
There's no trusting the amusing
Scoundrel. His morals are a fright.
My dear, I positively loath the man.
He forgot to come over last night.

—ANNE CALDWELL

**AFTERNOONS...
EVENINGS...
ON DATES...
OR IN GROUPS...
OR ALONE...**

...

*...the place to
go for Coke
or Bromo*

is still—

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"Nearest to the Campus"

IMPROVE Your Grades With College Outlines

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WE . GIVE . REBATES

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday night, coast-to-coast, NBC Red Network.

Female Help Wanted

WANTED GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSE-
work. Care of 2 children. F. 6181.

WANTED COUNTRY GIRL FOR GEN-
eral housework, no washing, no children,
write P 55 State Journal.

GOLD WATCH LOST FRIDAY AFTER-
noon in Yellow taxi. Between Home E.
Building and Loraine Hotel. U. 168 Re-
ward offered.

—STATE JOURNAL

May we men please help look for it?

Candid Journalism

The Elks were out on a picnic and they
saw to it that they had a good time. Follow-
ing the wellknown route to a mean's heart
they had a good dinner.

—GRAND RAPIDS HERALD

Why Horace Greeley is credited with
having said, "Go West, Young Man,"
when John Babson Lane Soule who said
it in 1951 . . .

—WINCHELL'S COLUMN

How time flies.



Hoops!!!

from
Grandmother's Day

This is a

HOLLYWOOD
Starlettes
BY ZUKIN

worn by

Jean Parker

Leading Lady
in Paramount's
"Arkansas Traveler"

\$19.95

Baron's

"James, is my wife dressed?"

"No, sir!"

"You're fired!"

—Le Rire

Prof: "I believe you missed my class
yesterday."

Student: "I know I didn't, old man,
not in the least."

—Dykstra's Blotter

She: Painter, are you working?

Painter: Yes, ma'am.

She: I can't hear you making a
sound.

Painter: Perhaps not, ma'am. I ain't
putting the paint on with a hammer.

—Eight-Ball

Prof.—What is a gram?

Stude—One of those little brass
things that looks like a collar button.

—Physical Culture

Maizie—Mother, tell me how father
got to know you.

Mother—I met him at a dancing
school.

Maizie—That's funny. He won't let
me go to a dancing school.

—Pumpkin

Co-ed: "I think kissing is childish."

Boy Friend: "So do I, baby."

—Wolf

When I don't want a man's attention
and he asks where I live, I say, "In the
dorm."

Splendid! And where do you really
live, Miss Fogg?

In the dorm, Mr. Jaeger.

—Pumpkin

Dean (to Frosh): "Do you know
who I am?"

Frosh: "No, I don't; but if you can
remember your address I'll take you
home."

—Princeton Tiger

Prof—I hate to tell you, sir, but your
son is a moron.

Father—Wait until he gets home.
I'll teach him to join one of those fra-
ternities without my consent.

—Uppers Nudnik

"I see you have a new roommate."

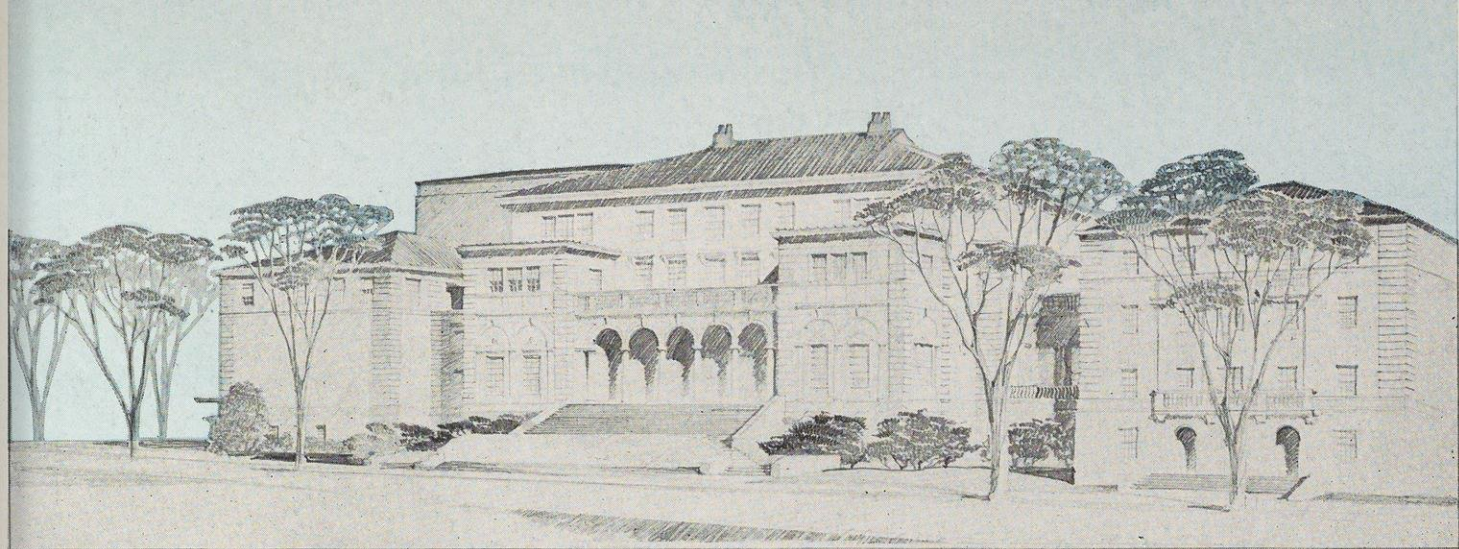
"No—I bought this tie myself."

—Kenosha Pussy

"And what do you do when you hear
the fire alarm, my good man?"

"Oh, I jest get up an' feel the wall,
an' if it ain't hot I go back to bed."

—Yale Record



WISCONSIN BUILDS ITS HOME

... for Homecoming and every other day of the year

1918 —a plan for a finer Wisconsin captures the imagination of Wisconsin men and women everywhere.

1928 —the social and commons units of the new Union, costing \$1,500,000, open their doors.

1938 —construction starts on the \$900,000 theater and arts addition, which will give Wisconsin in 1939 the most complete and versatile student-alumni community center in the world.

Students, alumni, faculty, and friends of the university have joined in a great common endeavor to bring to the university this asset of special distinction, one which touches profoundly the lives of the thousands the university serves.

Since 1918, more than eighteen thousand persons and organizations have subscribed to the project. For ten years the building has been in the service of Wisconsin students, alumni, and teachers.

A great house, sheltering the extra-curricular life of the college community, the Union has substantially changed, by its presence and its program, the design of college living.

Now the house is being enlarged and its sphere of service increased.

\$36,000 is still needed for equipment and then the job of building is done. Everything else is paid for or arranged for.

An invitation to share in finishing the project is extended to student organizations and to alumni who wish to make an investment in a still finer Wisconsin.

IS IT USED?

- 7,446 persons entered the Union every average day.
- Almost 1,000,000 meals are served in a year.
- 3,269 special events and programs were held in the Union last year and 226,505 people attended.

Subscriptions of any size will have the everlasting appreciation of the University.

The need, plainly, is urgent, so that the building can open fully equipped in 1939.

Give the good word to . . .

THE MEMORIAL UNION BUILDING COMMITTEE

F. H. CLAUSEN '97, Chairman

PORTER BUTTS '24, Secretary

"Star" AUCTIONEER FOR 16 YEARS

BILL CURRIN, Like Most of the Other Independent Tobacco Experts, Smokes Luckies

Mr. Smoker: You say most of these tobacco experts smoke Luckies?

Mr. Lucky Strike: Yes, 2 to 1 over all other brands combined. Sworn records prove it.

Mr. Smoker: How many of these experts work for you?

Mr. L. S.: Not one! They're all *independent* tobacco men. Auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen.

Mr. Smoker: Are these men the best judges of tobacco?

Mr. L. S.: You bet they are! Just for example, there's Bill Currin. He's been an auctioneer for 16 years, and has sold millions of pounds of tobacco.

Mr. Smoker: And Currin smokes Luckies?

Mr. L. S.: Yes—and has for 15 years. Not only for their fine tobacco, but because of the "Toasting" process.

Mr. Smoker: What does that do?

Mr. L. S.: It takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco—makes Luckies a light smoke, easy on the throat.

Mr. Smoker: That sounds good to me. I'll try them.

EASY ON YOUR THROAT— BECAUSE "IT'S TOASTED"

*Sworn Records
Show That—*

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW
TOBACCO BEST—
IT'S LUCKIES
2 TO 1**

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● **WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:**
Bill Currin—Auctioneer—has
smoked Luckies for 15 years