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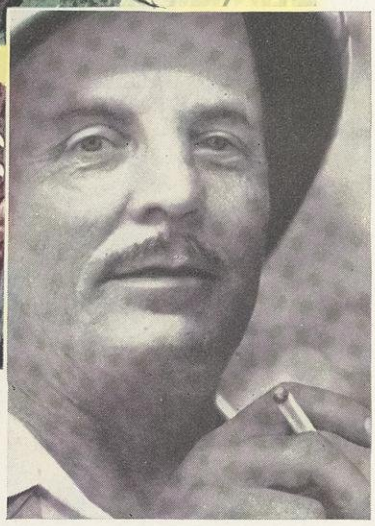
# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

OCTOBER '33

15 CENTS



● ABOVE — FRANK BUCK has lugged tons of rhinos, tigers, and gorillas across the Pacific. He *has* to keep his nerves healthy to follow his strange occupation of capturing wild animals *alive!*

● WHETHER YOU'RE ON A HOLIDAY, or hard at work, you'll find that Camels are better for steady smoking.

● FRANK BUCK HAS SMOKED his way around the globe with Camels. He says, "I am a steady Camel smoker. Camels are milder, and they don't upset my nerves."

# Steady Smokers turn to Camels

"Bringing 'em back alive is a job packed with thrills, excitement, and real danger," says Frank Buck. "I am a heavy smoker, as you noticed if you saw my picture, 'Bring 'em Back Alive,' but I can smoke all I want because I smoke Camels. They do not upset my nerves. I prefer their mild, rich flavor, too."

* * *

Turn to Camels and find out for yourself how true it is that Camel's costlier tobaccos taste better... and do not jangle the nerves. Begin today!

## IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. You'll appreciate the mildness ...the flavor...the added pleasure in costlier tobaccos.

A MATCHLESS BLEND

Copyright, 1933,
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

# Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

# HERE'S HOW -- And Where!

OCTOBER · NOVEMBER

ART

Exhibitions

Wisconsin Union Gallery

Oct. 17-Nov. 4—Diego Rivera facsimilies of murals.

Nov. 4-Nov. 20—George Buehr—20 Watercolors.

Madison Art Association — Wheeler Institute—University Ave.

Nov. 1 through the month — Madison Artists Jury Show.

Lectures

Prof. Oskar Hagen, Dept. Art History—Nov. 8 at the Wisconsin Union.

Arts and Crafts

Wisconsin Union Workshop, Old Union Building. A four room atelier where students can putter with pewter, painting or any of the allied arts.

•

BEER (3.2—No more-no less)

Pete's—Across State St. from Lawrence's. Pete is the picturesque ye olde bartendere.

Roman Tavern—Just beyond the viaduct on Park St. College gang, snazzy decorations.

Fauerbach's—Williamson St. near N.W. station. Beer as brewed in this four lake town. Uhmmm—Liver sausage sandwiches.

Rathskellar—Wisconsin Union. Beer in bottles amid the old German murals and in front of the crackling fireplaces.

Amber Inn—On Gilman just off State St. Only college students and plenty of the "Latin Quarter" atmosphere. Nickle steins.

Log Cabin—South side of State at the sign of the Oxen Yoke. Good steaks, bratwursts and same.

McNeil's Tap Room—Park hotel building. Swell snacks with.

•

BOOKS (for recreational reading, mind you)

Wisconsin Union Library—An impeccable assortment of novels, biographies and periodicals.

Madison Free Library — 206 North Carroll. When the Union Library is jammed try mixing with the townie tomes.

Rental (if you read in your room)—Gatewood's, Co-op and Brown's Book Store. All on State. The University Avenue Book Shop in the bank building (the latest addition with the latest editions).

•

CIRCUS (clowns 'n everything)

Oct. 24-28 in the University Field House. Sponsored by the Wisconsin Men's Union Board for raising dough to fill the coffers of the Student Loan fund. (Pleeze, don't feed the animals, gentlemen!)

Sale!

*Today and tomorrow--*
*October 20th and 21st*

Gotham
Goldstripe
Hose

69c PR.

*Extra Length and Sheer Chiffons* 79c

95c to $1.95 qualities, so slightly irregular that you can hardly tell them from firsts. We recommend that you buy at least three pairs.

*Regular Tops and "Adjustables"*

Kessenich's

201 State Street

# Three Sisters

is

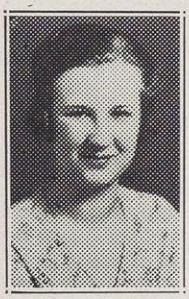
An Excellent

Place to Shop,"

—says Miss Lucille Benz '34,

Alpha Gamma Delta.

*"Their dresses and coats are so trim and smart and surprisingly low priced.*



Lucille Benz

You, too, will be pleased with our line of Smart Clothing for Young Women, if you will come over to our shop and see us . . .

## Coats

•

***Of the newest fashions trimmed with luxurious furs***

## Dresses

•

***To make every University Co-ed up to the minute in chic and style for every Campus event***

## Three Sisters

*THE STYLE SHOP*

27 South Pinckney Street
Tenney Building


# HERE'S HOW -- And Where!

FOOD WITH FINESSE

Simon Hotel—2 blocks east of the Square on Main and Hancock. Husky vitals for big appetites.

Georgian Grill—Wisconsin Union. The classic menus of the campus. Swell red chairs.

Tripp Commons — Wisconsin Union. (Sundays only) Suppers by candle light are decidedly *tout ce qu'il y a.*

Egan and Kelly—Off State St. on Fairchild. Chili that is *hotcha.*

•

HOMECOMING

Friday, Oct. 27.
- 1:00-9:30 p. m.—Alumni Registration, Union building.
- 7:30 p. m.—Mass Meeting, Lower campus.
- 8:30 p. m.—Bonfire, Lower campus.
- 9:00-12:00 p. m.—Dateless Dance, Union.
- 9:00 p. m.—"W" Men's Smoker, Union.
- 9:00 p. m.—Bridge for Wives of Alumni, Union.

Saturday, Oct. 28.
- 8:00 a. m.-1:30 p. m.—Alumni Registration, Union.
- 10:30 a. m.—High School Students Reception, Armory.
- 11:00 a. m.—Cross Country Race, Purdue vs. Wisconsin.
- 2:00 p. m.—Football game, Purdue vs. Wisconsin.
- 9:00-12:00 p. m.—Annual "W" Club Ball, Union.

•

INDOOR SPORTS

Ping Pong (awright, then, *table tennis*).
- Rathskellar—Union (males).
- Kathskellar—Union (females).

Handball (for middle aged collegians).
- Top floor of the Armory.

Card Games, Chess, Checkers, etc. (time killers par excellence).
- Rathskellar—Union.
- Main Desk—Union.

Swimming (in tanks away from frosty North'sters).
- University Gym (Armory building).
- City Y. M. C. A. — Corner of West Washington and Fairchild.

•

MUSIC

Concerts
- Josef and Rosina Lhevinne (two pianos) — Oct. 31—Great Hall, Union.
- Fritz Kreisler (master violinist)—Nov. 20—Stock Pavilion.

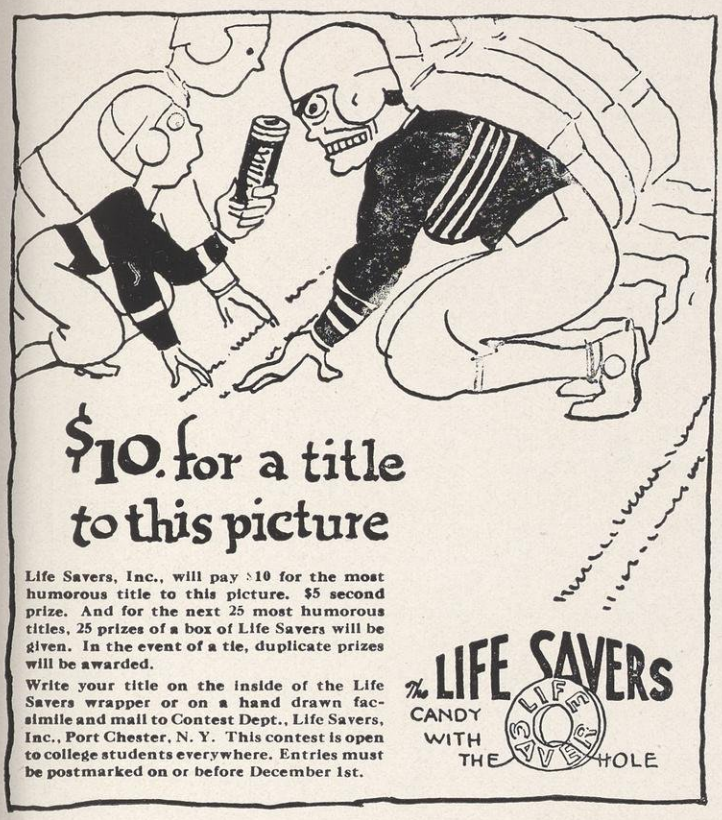
Record Albums (present fee card)
- Wisconsin Union check desk—phonographs in Writing room.

•

THEATER

Tariff Free Movies
- For men—Rathskellar of Union on Saturday nights.
- For women—Some place in the same building on Friday nights. Location announced each week.

Wisconsin Players—Bascom Theater.
- Alice in Wonderland—Starring Bonny Marsh. Oct. 24-28.




MADISON'S NEWEST BOOKSTORE

**UNIVERSITY** *Avenue*
**• • BOOKSTORE • •**
*"By the Bank"*

Madison's newest bookstore will refund the purchase price if the same book can be bought for less on the same day as sale at any Madison store.

COMPLETE STOCK

# Second - Hand Books

*NEW BOOKS if you prefer*

We Pay Cash for Books

**UNIVERSITY** *Avenue*
**• • BOOKSTORE • •**
*"By the Bank"*

PARK STREET AND UNIVERSITY AVENUE

**BUT WHAT ABOUT**

# *flavor?*

THE MOST used (and abused!) word in tobacco advertising today is—mildness. "Mild!" "Milder!!" "Mildest!!!" everybody is shouting. We agree—mildness *is* important in a pipe tobacco. But have we lost trace of an even more precious virtue—*flavor?*

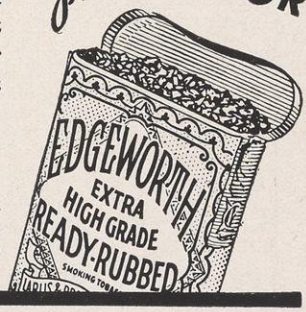
Mildness alone is not enough in a pipe tobacco. There must be mildness *plus flavor and body.*

Edgeworth is a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant. No other parts of the burley plant will do. Here is why. First, we have found that these leaves have the choicest flavor. Second, our half century of experience has taught us that this is "the mildest pipe tobacco that grows." Thus Edgeworth burns slow and cool in the bowl, tastes "smooth" on the tongue.

**FREE booklet on the care and enjoyment of your pipe.** To get the real satisfaction of pipe smoking, to enjoy the full flavor of good tobacco, you must treat your pipe right. Send for a free copy of "The Truth about Pipes." Address, Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

*Edgeworth is sold everywhere in all sizes from 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tins. Also several sizes in vacuum packed tins.*

**MILDNESS** *plus* **FLAVOR**



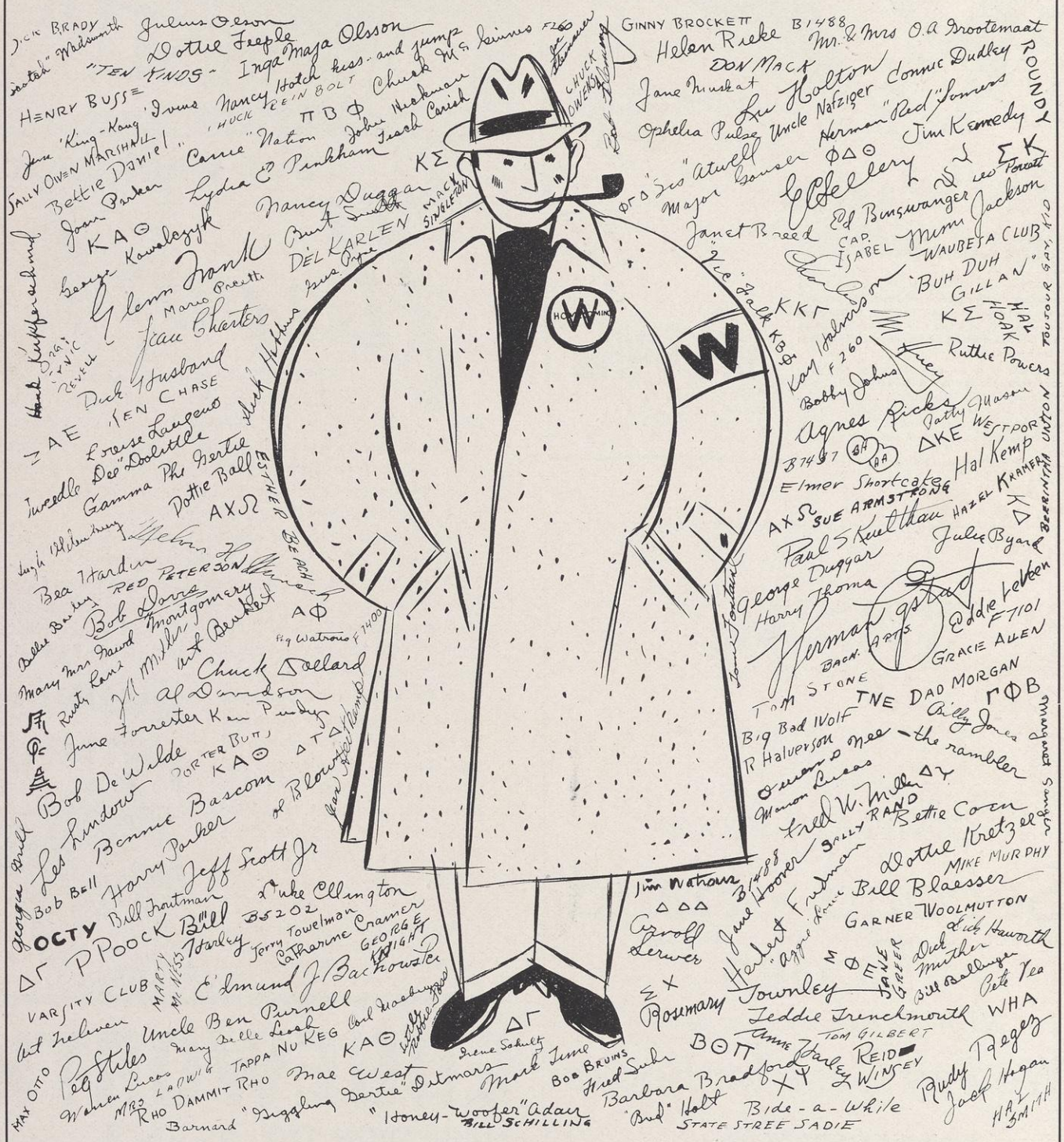

# EDGEWORTH

**MADE FROM THE**

*Mildest pipe tobacco*

**THAT GROWS**

# HOMER HOMECOMING and his gang will all descend on the Union for . . .




## HOMECOMING BALL - with MATT REHM - Sat., Oct. 28

## DATELESS DANCE - with JOHNNY KURTZ - Friday, October 27

# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS • A CAMPUS CHRONICLE

## IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED

The worst of rushing is over but the anecdotes linger on. Have you heard the one about the frosh who had his housemother send a suit to the cleaners? A few nights later the same frosh, who was expecting various Greek delegates, dashed down to usher in a tall, well-dressed young man. Pumping his caller's hand up and down in his most impressive manner, the anxious freshman inquired, "And what house are you from?"

"Savidusky's," was the not so impressed reply.

Oh, well, the plans of mice and men . . . .

•

## FOUR DAYS IN THE FIELD HOUSE

Homecoming has always been a circus but this year to make the picture more complete it's to be a two-in-one affair. Union Board is planning on amusing the staggering numbers of old grads and so forth with various corybantic antics—thanks Mehitabel—in its best tradition. It's a shame they can't get the legislature back for some plain and fancy fence sitting and expert clowning . However, there're rumors that Hampel, who's been in rigorous training during elections, will be number one barker, and Tuesday to Saturday should make the old timers feel right at home.

•

## COLLEGE ON WHEELS

The bicycle craze which has taken the country by storm has now made the spoke and wheel famous even on our campus. What with Pi Phis and English instructors paddling through Madison's courts and highways, there has developed an additional menace to collegiate pedestrians. For years we witnessed the skilled cycling of Prof. Rice of the Law School, and each time he mozied past, a warm sentiment enshrouded us and a gentle well being joined our spirits. But with the horde of wild eyed collegians rowdily skid-addeling on campus walks and drives, we demand protection . . . or at least legislation.

•

## FORWARD, AMERICA

Is the Post Office department getting subtle? The new NRA stamps show the Housewife, the Farmer, or what have you (us working classes) marching along, very much in step but Capital very much out. Seems the only way one can lick Capital is on a stamp.

*Miss Witherspoon, you pronounce the aaaa as in . . er . . um . . faandance.*

## DANGEROUS DOINGS

Poor old Octy nearly lost his new tentacle 'tother day. He was slithering down State Street when all of a sudden every second door gave forth proprietors and their henchmen clutching slot machines. Brushing Octy off into the gutter they dashed down the street, one mangled second ahead of the paddy wagon. It seems they'd been tipped off to a raid and were trying to "beat the game."

## THE FACE ON THE WRITING ROOM WALL

The artists have been getting theirs in publicity lately, which reminds us of a picture hanging in the Union. When Artist Grenhagen came in to see for himself how his brain-child had been hung, imagine his surprise to find it carefully covered by a local daily. At last we know what's behind the news.

•

## POOR OL' TRADITION

Since the Rathskellar gave in, allowing feminine voices to occasionally penetrate its masculine precincts, we looked to Dad Morgan's place as our last refuge. So we were stunned the other day, when we saw workmen converting the famous back room into a co-ed gathering place. Where baritone gemutlichkeit ran high, shrill sopranos will disturb our peace. We will hear talk of teas, fashions, and dates. Dad Morgan, requiescat in pace!

•

## ART FOR OBSERVATION'S SAKE

One of our more prominent art majors recently used a well known society girl for a model. A few days later they both attended the same dinner party. When the conversation eventually shifted to the perennial subject of operations, one guest mentioned the large scar his appendicitis operation had left. "That's funny," the art major replied. "Miss So and So's left hardly any scar." The artist later told us that, during the ghastly silence that ensued, with Miss So and So's devastating glare penetrating his conscience, he finally realized the feelings of a condemned man, just before the current is turned on.

# TOWN AND GOWN • By JOE STEINAUER

## AS TOLD TO BOB FLEMING

"I really don't know," he said again. He had said it four times now. "I really don't know."

He repeated it. I oughta be convinced by now, I guess. He don't know.

"Unless—" I sat up straighter in my chair. Perhaps here was what I had been waiting for. "Unless kids are softer now, and the guys upon the Hill were afraid they'd kill each other. Maybe that's it."

Then Joe Steinauer, Wisconsin's jack of all trades, got the idea. The same wide-open smile that has watched two decades of university men come and go through the doors of the red brick fortress that is the combined armory and physical education offices spread over his face, and his cigar cocked up a bit more.

"Progress."

He blurted it out and sat back. I didn't interrupt him; I just sat and waited. Joe would continue, whether he was asked more or not. He knew I was interested, and would do his best to satisfy that interest.

"It's progress that has ended the class riots and the old time down-town fights. When I first came here with Bill Juneau in 1912, fights were about the only possible entertainment. Swat someone and enjoy the fun. That was what they had to do. Now they can go to shows or dances or car riding or a dozen other things. And so they don't have the old time brawls."

But Joe wasn't especially regretful. He wasn't anxious for the return of the husky pre-war days, but he must have enjoyed them. Steinauer, the "youngster" who's the second oldest member of the athletic department, was once well-called, "The last of the rah-rah boys." He's not young after 21 years of coaching boxing, wrestling, swimming, water polo, gymnastics, golf and other sports at various times, but he's far from old. And his memory is brilliant.

"The best sight of all was to see Charlie Van Hise, who was prexy then, riding down-town on horse-back to get some of us kids out of jail. He ran the university, but he also ran that horse of his—ran it all over town getting students out of fights."

Those street brawls now live only in memory — except when four or five huskies decide to have fun by breaking up liberal demonstrations on the Capitol Square. But, Steinauer recalls, there were times when five or six hundred students and town youths would battle on State street.

"It all started," Steinauer recalls, "when town youths tried to usurp the privileges enjoyed by university upper classmen in making freshmen observe traditional rites."

"Button, frosh!" from the lips of an upper classman made freshmen point to the buttons on their green caps, and resentment at this tradition often caused freshman-sophomore battles. These were held every noon between the opening of school and Homecoming on the lower campus. The battle would move to the lake, where scores were shoved from the shore.

Freshmen revolted against their oppression, but active warfare did not break out until "townies" also cried, "Button, frosh!" and attempted to enforce their edicts.

"They wired one frosh to a water bubbler in front of the City Hall," Steinauer recalls. "Tied his arms behind him and wired his legs to the bubbler so that he sat there for a couple of hours. But the students soon found out about it, and went down and got him. The university could make life miserable for its own frosh, but the town gang didn't have the right.

"That was the first of several bad fights in 1912. One of the worst was

Caricature by LeClair

JOE STEINAUER

at the head of State street, where over 200 men fought for three or four hours. The cops kept them away from stores, but the fighters took care of each other. Finally, though, the cops arrested six of the students, and locked them in the police station.

"Almost every man in school went down to the Webster street station house. They threw rocks and cans and sticks through every window in the place, demanding that they let the students out. The gang outside wouldn't go home. Finally Van Hise came down on his horse and promised to get the men out of jail if the rest would go home. The fire department went out and the cops yell that there was a big blaze on Langdon street so that the students went home. But for days feeling ran high.

"Another time the town gang got down as far as the corner of State and Lake streets. The students didn't find out until they had come that far, but they met them there with fire hoses. When someone slashed the fire hose to end the water stream, another student took an axe and cut the hose into lengths which the students used for clubs."

Joe recalled the birth of the great popularity of the late Prof. Carl Russell Fish during one of the frosh-sophomore battles.

"Football players used to go up on the Hill and get a gang of frosh as they came out of ten o'clock classes and bring them down to the 'Y.' They'd line 'em up along the east wall facing the armory, and then go back after sophomores. The sophs would be warned that the frosh were meeting

*(turn to Page 54)*

## SOUR GRAPES

An invisible fist hit Eddie on the chest when he saw that honey of a Theta pledge strut into the Georgian Grill. He felt like hiding in the kitchen when she sat down at one of the tables he was serving. But he brought her a menu just the same.

"Hello, there!"

She remembered him! What was her name again? It started with V—— no, with B.

"I'll have to have a pencil to write down my order, if you don't mind," she said. Eddie stood and stared at her. She pursed her lips in annoyance and primly clinked her empty glass with a fork. Eddie blinked and started. "Yes, ma'am!" he murmured, "a pencil." Her name began with B—— Beatrice? Betty? No. Bertha? Of course not. B—— Bee——.

"BEULAH!" he said aloud.

"What an unusual memory!" Beulah exclaimed. "But I believe you forgot to bring me a glass of water," she added sarcastically.

"Oh, I'm sorry." Now what *was* her last name? Beulah A—— B—— C——. A glass of water. Beulah D—— E—— F——.

She studied the menu as he filled her glass. "About these vegetables with the meat course," she began, "—do I get stewed corn *and* broccoli, or stewed corn *or* broccoli?"

Broccoli— broccoli— his face brightened. "Why, your name's Beulah Snodgrass!" he exclaimed. Gawd, what a name.

"Why, my name *is* Beulah Snodgrass!" she mimicked. "But how about that broccoli?" Without replying, Eddie hurried off to the kitchen with her order.

He placed a steaming cup of boullion in front of Beulah and remembered the big black lies he had told her at the open house—— he had crashed his new Packard cabriolet against a tree during a summer school orgy, he was thinking of running for prom king this year—— and here he was lugging trays around the Grill!

He caught Beulah staring at him while he cleared the dishes off the table. Was it contempt or curiosity? Wonder if she'd consider going out with him? . . . .

As he served the next course, which included the broccoli *and* stewed corn, Eddie whispered, "You've probably forgotten my name, but I'd like to see you sometime— how about next Friday night?" Watching him pretend to arrange the plates on the table, she answered, "I'm going to help a fellow crash his new Packard cabriolet against a tree next Friday night, Mr. Michael Romanoff!" Eddie's ears turned scarlet. The stare had evidently been one of contemptuous curiosity.

Fifteen minutes later he tried to slink past her table as unobstrustively as possible. "Oh, *waiter*!" she called, "my dessert, please. I'm in a hurry."

*Waiter*! Well— he was a waiter all right, but no one could call him a waiter in that condescending tone of voice! Why, the conceited little wench! *Waiter,* hey? He'd show her— he'd put poison in her dessert or— or— poison in her coffee, or just kill her outright! Yessir, right there in the Georgian Grill— *Waiter* —he'd show her—

"Look here," he found himself growling in her ear, "it's just as well we didn't make a date because I'll be broke by Friday, and in the second place—"

Beulah smiled sweetly. "I'll have sour grapes for dessert," she gurgled.

—Henry Kupferschmid.

## GOOD ADVICE

"Jennie," said my aunt to me,
"Don't believe quite all you see."

"Auntie," quoth I, "never fear —
Nothing that I see or hear."

"Jennie, you should never smoke,
Drink, or tell a dirty joke."

"Auntie," quoth I, "don't you feel
That I show they've no appeal?"

"Jennie," said my aunt again,
"Shun the ways of wicked men."

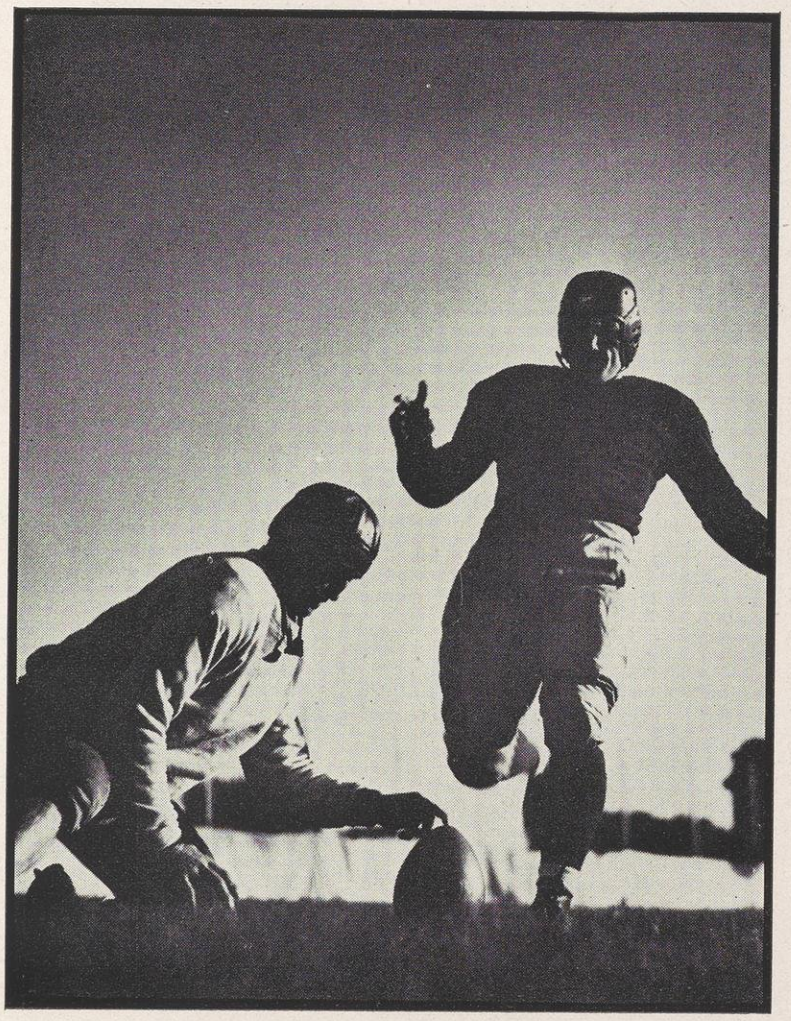
"Auntie," quoth I, "have a heart.
Where's a gal to get a start?"

Auntie's frown became a grin
As she reminesced on sin.

—Janet Breed.

●

The country codgers who saw the Sally Rand dance at the World's Fair have decided that they like these new fandangles after all.



Capt. Hal Smith, fullback: *An imposing silhouette at the plunging position in Wisconsin's backfield.*

## SOME IDLE QUERIES

*To* Botanist Bryan:

Life is "love" and "luck" and "lacks"—
Just one long crazy spasm;
So why would you distort the facts,
And claim it's protoplasm?

*To* Physicist Steve:

Sure, physics moves the universe—
But do you know it's true
That you can make it move much worse
With just six mugs of brew?

*To* Zoologist Wagner:

Amoebae split, and eggs are laid—
To this there are no maybe's;
But learned sir, I need your aid:
Do storks still bring the babies?

—Mac Lynnsmith.

It was the Homecoming game. "You college boys think of everything, don't you?," said Eloise. "That idea of putting a capital 'H' at each end of the field is simply wonderful."

•

**Here lies one upon whose brow**
**The gods with malice frowned;**
**Much stepped - upon was he till now,**
**So please keep off the mound.**

—*M. C. B.*

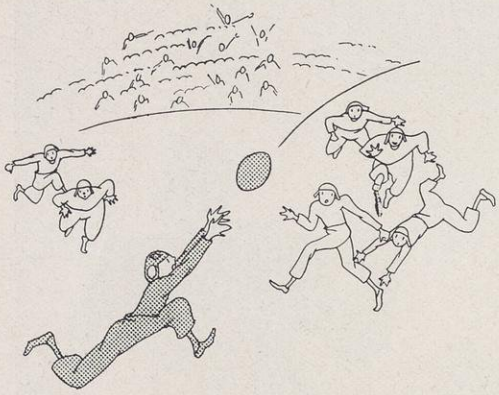
•

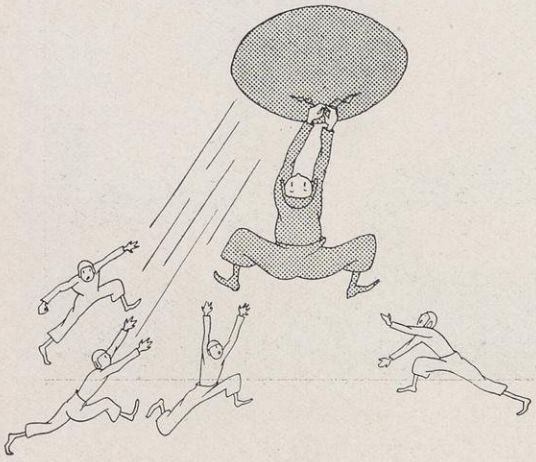
Homecoming is when your graduated fraternity brother has a bed made ready for him at the house and then climbs into someone else's.

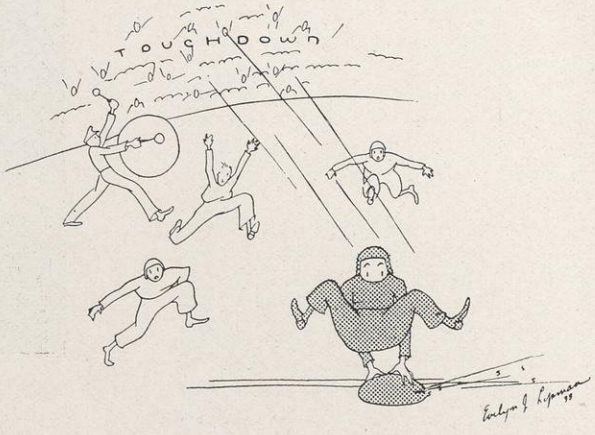
## HOMECOMING WELCOME

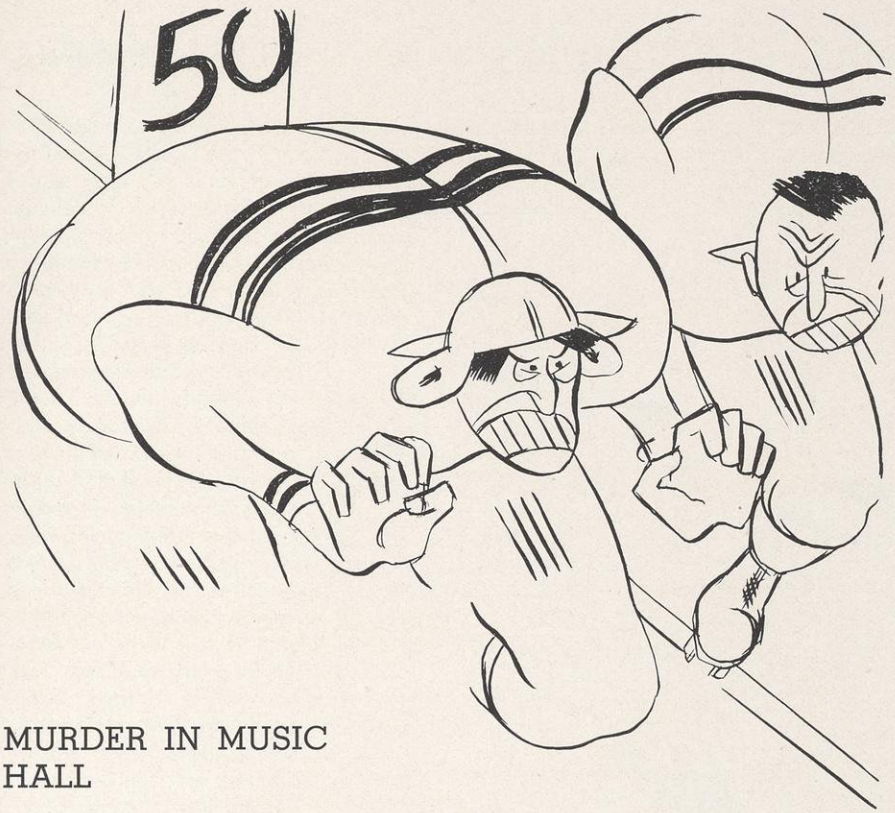
"Well, if it isn't Brother Wurp of the South Bend Wurps! *If he wants someone to produce a couple of tickets, he can hire a magician.* Glad to have you back, pal. *Also that ten spot I let you borrow at Prom.* Where have you been keeping yourself? *He's probably a household word at all the speakeasies in town.* Say, you look great. *Chiseling steak dinners out of every guy he ever shook hands with.* Come on upstairs and I'll find you a bed. *Saves himself a hotel bill while some of us have to sleep on the floor.* I suppose you want a date tonight. *I'll never forgive him for hijacking the blonde I brought to Spring Formal.* Tickets? Sure, I can dig up a couple. *When he gets to the game he won't be able to tell a football from a bustle.* Money? Yeah, I can let you have ten bucks. *Would you care for a mint?* No, it isn't any trouble at all. Got a light?"

—Irv Bell.










## MURDER IN MUSIC HALL

"Production consists in the creation of economic goods," resounds the ministerial voice of Prof. Kiekhofer in churchly Music Hall.

From the floor above, screeching of horse hair drawn over catgut takes its jagged course down a flight of stairs and in through the open door. Economics and music merge at the back of the room, bringing awful agony to students who find it impossible to hear either the lecture or concert, but must listen to both performers.

"A GOOD is anything capable of satisfying a HUMAN WANT."

"G-D-A-E. Rock-rook-rack-reek."

Try stopping up left ear. Try stopping up right ear. Try stopping up both ears. Try humming.

"A good is said to have utility . . . E-A-D-G."

Unnoticed for the noise, a student slips out of the room. A sharp sound punctuates an attempt at Dvorak's Humoresque. An index finger has plucked its last pizzicato.

From the platform comes the thunderous boom, "Young man, what have you done?"

"Sir," replies the student, "I have satisfied a HUMAN WANT."

"An economic GOOD," answers the professor. "When Robinson Crusoe . . ."

—IRV BELL.

*King's X . . . can't tag!*

## TRAGEDY

"What if I should hug you?"
He asked one eve at dark.
She softly said, "I'd love to!"
So he hugged her for a lark.

"What if I should kiss you?"
He asked when all was still.
She whispered low, "Yes, please do!"
And he kissed her for a thrill.

"What if I sh———" he began
But his purpose must have chaffed her.
She gasped out then, "No, no, my man!"
And was sorry ever after.

—MAC LYNNSMITH.

●

## BROWN IS WORN

*(A student tries to select a new suit)*
*Time:* Any season, any year.
*Place:* Any tailoring establishment or clothing store.

SALESMAN:
"Our lines are quite complete, you'll find.
What color did you have in mind?"

STUDENT:
"I thought perhaps a quiet hue,
A sort of gray or navy blue."

SALESMAN:
"Whether in country or in town,
You'll find they're wearing lots of brown."

STUDENT:
"A blue was really in my mind,
A cloth quite plain or finely lined."

SALESMAN:
"Here's something new, though not in gray.
We're selling lots of these today."
(Displays a color that's a cross
'Twixt baked beans and tomato sauce)

STUDENT:
"What I prefer, as I have said,
Is gray or blue, not brownish-red."

SALESMAN:
"Then here's a shade that we all deem
The latest thing: it's 'chocolate cream'."

STUDENT:
"It's fine, of course, but as I say,
I think I want a blue or gray."

SALESMAN:
"On this we have our greatest sale,
A shade we call our 'rusty nail'."

STUDENT:
"Pardon my English and my groans,
To hell with all those rusty tones."

SALESMAN:
"These tawny shades are always hits
At Palm Beach and at Biarritz."

STUDENT:
"I do not believe I care a whoop
For clothes. I'll join a nudist group."

—YALE RECORD.

# MOURNING BECOMES ELECTIONS • BOB FLEMING

The most impressive fraternity political machine ever assembled graced Wisconsin's campus a few hours after dawn on Wednesday, Oct. 11. Eight hours later a crumpled machine had crashed in one of the most surprising political upsets the campus had known. The world had been flat, and the rough edges that had not been seen had turned into cliffs of disappointment.

Kappa Sig's Bob Davis, product of the combination of last year's two junior class combinations, and with the amassed support of 40 fraternities, rode to nothing on a wave of overconfidence. Delmar Karlen, an independent with the backing of Theta Chi, the Daily Cardinal, the elections chairman, and the *good-will* of Davis, gained the senior class presidency. Harry Parker, Deke, beat Bob Kaska, Phi Delt, in a close but not too hard fought race for the junior prom chairmanship. Jack Scotch Wadsworth won the chairmanship of the sophomore directorate from Dick Muther, when Arthur Littleford Wadsworth's little brother carried the Chi Psi banner to glory over the Beta.

But it was the senior election that was the surprising one. As a result, it was the senior election that turned up most of the interesting stories. Why, what, who, where, when and how — all these had their answers.

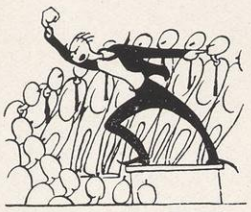
The why—Davis split the Greek support by his statement, "If an independent is elected, fraternities and sororities will not get pledges, because freshmen will see that one need not be affiliated to achieve high places." In addition, Davis' support of almost the entire organized senior class wilted because of an exaggerated idea of its own power.

Bill Harley, who ran against Chuck Hanson for prom king last year, was aide-de-camp to Davis, Hanson's campaign manager last year. But still the machine failed to function. The result was that Bob Davis didn't have to do his fan dance at Esther Beach, an election bet to be paid if his campaign was successful. Davis, incidentally, was behind the four-day campaign of Carl Grubert for the class presidency; the move was one to test the strength of the Davis machine by Grubert's asking questionable supporters to join. Davis sighed with relief when none deserted, a sigh of pseudo-security. Davis, incidentally, got caught up on one campaign story when he told for diplomatic reasons, Georgiana Atwell, Gamma Phi, that he was no longer interested in Kay Halverson, Theta, and then unfortunately met the former at the Phi Delt party that Saturday night while dating the latter.

**George Hampel:** Whose three dimensional vigilance as chairman of the recent elections boded ill to all violators of election rules and precipitated the cleanest balloting of recent years.

Del Karlen, the swell guy that won, had exactly 15 men at his nomination meeting. Five were Davis' scouts, two were Cardinal reporters, and eight were Karlen followers. Over 50 per cent friends, for the Cardinal was pro-Karlen throughout the race, even to the extent of Bob Dillett, Cardinal editor, calling both Madison dailies with the story of Karlen's attack on the alumni association. Dillett is a Theta Chi, the one fraternity that backed Karlen. Incidentally, Harley, aide to Davis, talked Karlen out of the running, only to find that the latter had changed his mind after George Hampel, finger-shaking independent, was chosen elections chairman.

Hampel's the boy who called himself "the iron man" in a 770 club skit he wrote. You and he may be interested to know that he was the election board's third choice for the place; Fred Suhr and Dunc Jen-


Puppet

nings both turned the post down before it was offered to Hampel, and two members of the board were surprised to hear that Hampel was selected.

Garth Gray's senior candidacy lasted just a week. His answer to coercing comments from a combined Davis force that descended upon him one afternoon was, "Well, things look good—for me." He disconcerted and amazed the Davis-ites, but eventually withdrew. Still Davis lost.

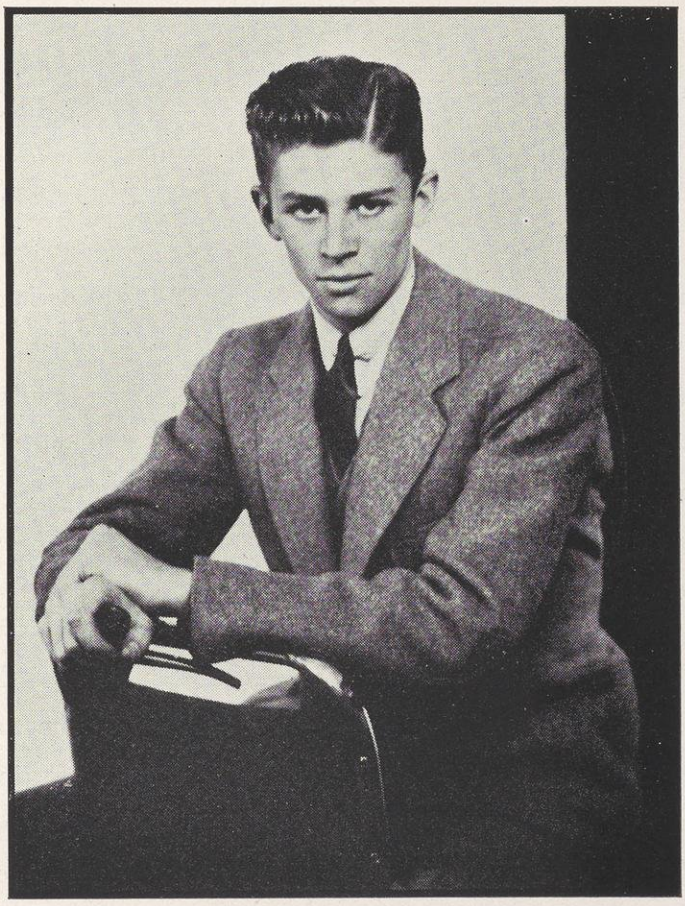
But all the highlights weren't in the senior race. Gamma Phi was questioning which prom king candidate to support, since Darlene Dearborn was dating Harry Parker and "Sis" Atwell was dating Bob Kaska. Parker helped make up their minds, however, when he made a campaign promise that a Gamma Phi would *not* be prom queen. He played this trump more than once, for he argued to other sororities that if Kaska was elected a Gamma Phi was sure to be queen. Harry, incidentally, will have trouble choosing his court of honor, for numerous outstanding co-eds plan to scoff at the offer—if it comes.

The morning after the election, Kaska sent out "Thank you" cards—black-banded grief epistles thanking those who had worked for Parker for their kind support. Since they were printed cards, recipients wondered if they had been printed before the election.

And before Jim Kennedy was disqualified, he used a masterful vote-pulling method. He would stretch out on his back on a sorority carpet while Johnny O'Connor extolled his virtues. The nonchalance appealed to the girls, it seems.

Despite the fact that Jack Wadsworth won the sophomore chairmanship, Muther pulled the best of his class's campaign gags. When he'd enter a class-room, a henchman in the class would rise and introduce the Beta candidate. Muther's hands would go up, he'd clasp them over his head and take a boxer's bow. Showmanship lost. Incidentally, George Kogel, the hold-over class director, proved his intelligence when he registered a year ago from Brookline, Mass., to avoid the local prejudice against his actual home town, Brooklyn, N. Y.

And so it goes. Another open season is over. Another machine has fallen. From the ruins riseth the old statement, "Wait till next year."


Photographed expressly for the Octopus by Fredrick Kaeser II

**Harry Parker:** Recently elected Prom King who was drafted from campaign managership to candidacy when Jim Kennedy was disqualified by the Elections Board.

## FOR THE HONOR OF THE SCHOOL

A brilliant autumn sun shown down on a glistening gridiron as the team trotted across the field. The huge crowd that filled the stands seemed electrified with the expectation of the great battle which would take place. One pair of feet that crossed the field felt no ground at all, they were trotting on air. It was a big day for the school and team, but for Wilbur, it was more —it was his first big chance.

As the coach had finished his talk to the team, he had turned to Wilbur.

"Wilbur," he had said, "Jones is sick today, you'll have to sub for him."

As time for the opening whistle approached, Wilbur grew more and more tense. He knew how much depended on him and his heart swelled under his green sweater. Ah, this was his first big game, his first chance to show what he was made of. His hands trembled just the slightest bit, but there was determination writtten in every line of his face. Today he was to take Jones' place— Jones who was one of the most popular men on the campus as well as a prominent football figure.

Wilbur thought of the many games he had watched from the bench, —hoping and praying, but never getting his chance. Today would be his day. He would show the coach, the school, and the whole world that a small, fast man had his use on a football team. It was his day to "do or die" as the coach had said.

The game started with a furious whirl of action, and it was but a matter of minutes before time-out was called. The coach turned to the nervous boy.

"Wilbur," he said, "get in there now, and remember what I told you."

Joy was in his heart,—and water pail in his hand, as he sped across the gridiron . . . it wasn't every Frosh manager who could carry water for the varsity when the Senior manager was sick.

—GORDON MCNOWN.

•

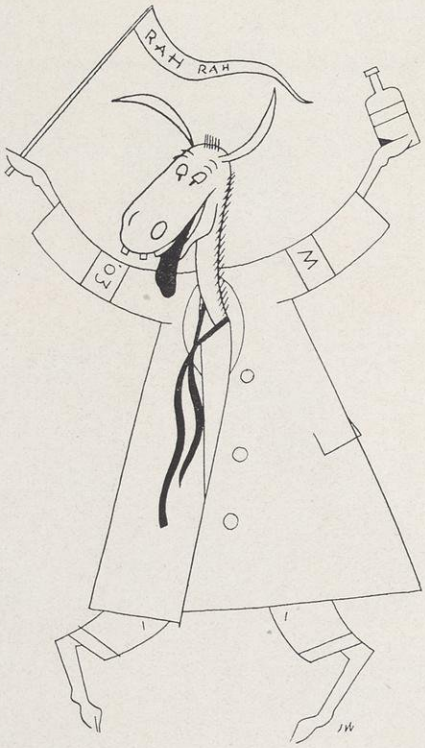
A motto for all men,
And for our school at length,
And even Porter Butts:—
"In Onion there is strength!"

—M. C. B.

# BADGER BACCHANALS

The American Dionysian revels, typified in Homecomings throughout the country are ingeniously arranged. If the home team wins, the alumni whoop it up in abandon and the crash of broken bottles sounds the paen of victory; if the home team loses, the alumni drown their sorrows in pathetic draughts and the crash of broken bottles sounds the dirge of defeat.

Madison has always looked askance at returning grads on the festive occasion when a pat on the back and a handshake are the preliminaries to a guzzle. The citizens stand in the doorways at night and watch with incredulity the antics of the '09's, '23,'s as they stagger around, hiccoughing horribly and disgorging themselves on the fallen autumn leaves.




This is an American "ideal"; this is the collegiate spirit manifested in concrete and lurid fashion; this is what the "boys" come back for. The cares of business are forgotten as the bond of four enjoyable years at college attain its fruition in orgiastic frenzy. Whoopee for this, whoopee for that, for they are all jolly good fellows.

So welcome back, grads. The fall showers down a lustrous greeting in amber leaves upon you; the ground tightens itself beneath your feet; the trees give themselves so that a welcome carpet might serve you for a promenade. It's all so enervating, delightful and spiritual. Let the spirits flow, let joy be unconfined, jump into the midst of Homecoming and greet your brothers of other generations with open arms and filled bottles.

The younger generation looks on with questioning eyes, wondering if the day will come when they, too, might return and indulge in an ecstatic "Wisconsin spirit."

For one night Dionysius guides the chariot of abandon and whips the horses into a frenzy of activity. Did we say horses? Alas, the times have changed since Aristophanes and Euripides regaled the citizens of Athens with their happy plays. No longer do horses with proud manes pull the chariot of abandon. Time creates a morphosis and softens even the hardest brains. For alumni were once students and jackasses were once horses.

# STREET SCENE

Shadows on the sidewalk . . . midnight on Langdon . . . shadows only of trees . . . and occasionally a moving car . . . but along the streets . . . few people . . . only shadows on the sidewalk.

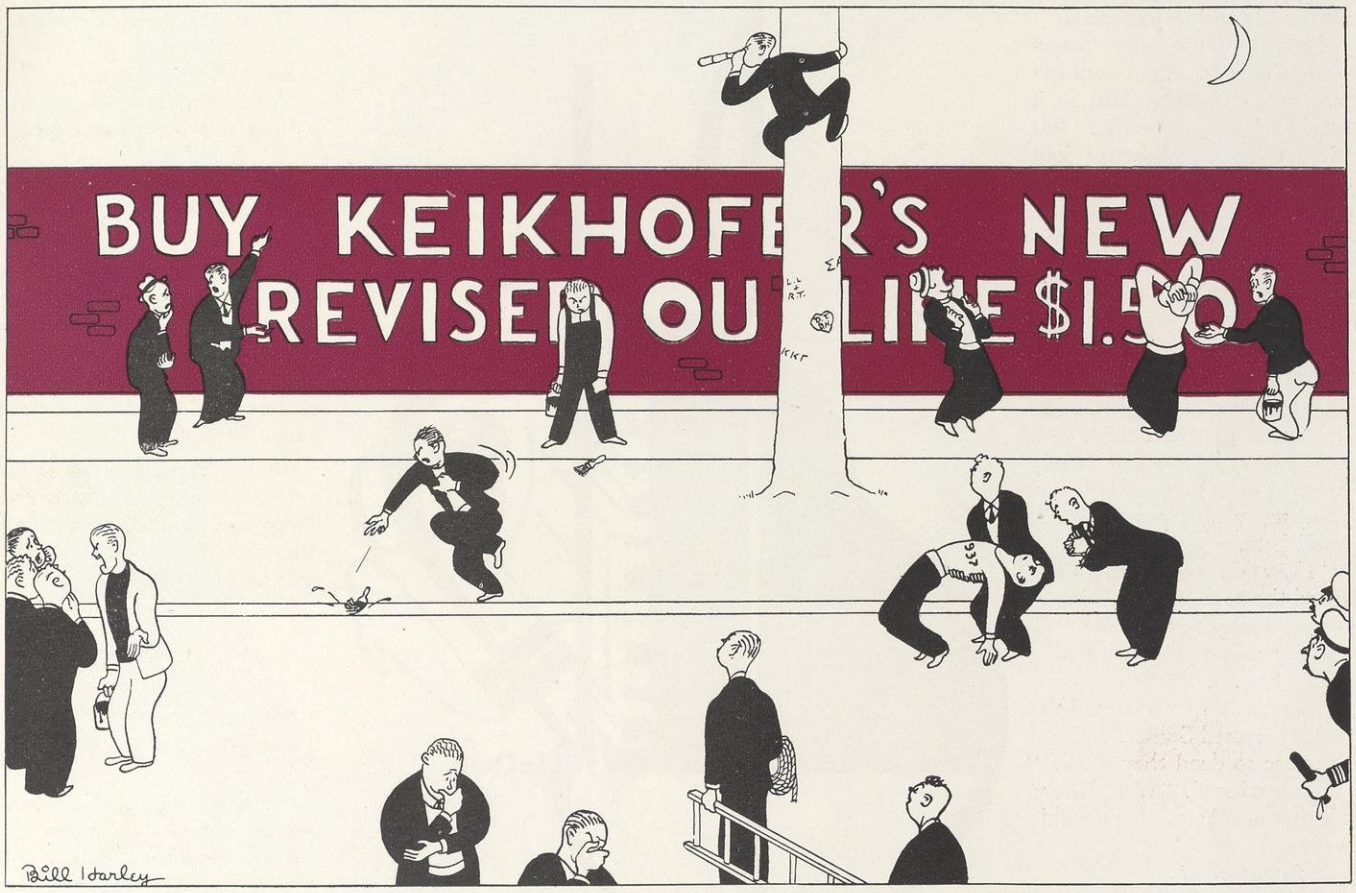
Shadows on the sidewalk . . . 12:25 a. m. on Langdon . . . shadows of couples moving toward sorority doors . . . flashing silhouettes for a moment as doors open and then close against the gusty Fall breezes . . . sweeping by the shadows on the sidewalk.

Shadows on the sidewalk . . . 12:30 a. m. on Langdon . . . shadows of half-couples moving away from sorority houses . . . and girls climb the stairs . . . while the gusty Fall's breezes sweep the shadows on the sidewalk.

Shadows on the sidewalk . . . 12:45 a. m. on Langdon . . . a single shadow moving from a car half-way down the block . . . a door quietly opened . . . then the shadow of the approaching house-mother . . . a sharp word . . . the door swings shut and there are only shadows on the sidewalk.

Shadows on the stairway . . . "haaahhh — the old hen didn't even notice I was drunk."

—B. F.




CAMPUS CRISES AT WISCONSIN NO. 2

*Cardinal Key, making the annual pilgrimage which constitutes the sole reason for its existence, discovers that the owner of the wall has aticipated them.*

# OLD FAITHFUL

Hello, Delta Kap? Oh, this is you, Doris — now don't hang up on me, I know your voice. Now listen, Honey — don't say a word till I'm done — listen, that little spat we had the other day, don't take it so stiff, Hon. Of course I took Jane to the shuffle — you know damn well you told me you were going with Lewie — how was I to know you were just spouting?

No, don't say anything yet — I want to tell you how I feel about you, Hon. Listen, if young Rockefeller was to come around and want to change pants with me if I'd give him a clear track with you, say— I'd tell him to go bag dodo birds in Alaska — that's the way you got me going Li'l Girl. And my middle name's Old Faithful — I'm sticking right to you —

Wait — I ain't done yet. Now listen. Tomorrow night's the Phi Kap's big bubble. I want to drag you, Doris. I swear I won't go if you won't — I bet I'd go out and fall through a hole in the ice, maybe —

You got to say yes, Doris Kid. You know you're the only legs I'll go for. Now I'll let you talk — remember, don't think about our little rumpus — I'm really blooey about you. Come on, tell Old Faithful the right word —

What! This ain't Doris! What d'you mean, listening like th——? Oh, this is Jean! Jean Willows? Hello, Kid! Say — well, uh — that is, what're you doing tomorrow night about 8? Nothing?

Hot-cha! Say listen, Jean, you little black-eyed devil, you — how'd you like to see the cow hop over the moon with me at Phi Kap? You would! Honey, I'm a man after your own heart. And, by the way, Old Pirate, just sort of forget that stuff I was running off — yeah, Doris might get wrong ideas about me —

Sure, don't worry — I'll be around to get you on time. Say, Honey, doncha know my middle name's Old Faithful . . . ?

—MAC LYNNSMITH.

# WORDS AND MUSIC • IRV BELL

Mr. Wren had graduated from the School of Music in the Harding era, was added to the Victory Theater payroll during the Coolidge administration, and found himself abruptly jobless as Hoover came into office. When asked how he felt, Wren would clench his fists and mutter, "Talking pictures!"

Practically the only instrument that Mr. Wren couldn't play was the Zither and so it became his nickname. But there were no orchestra jobs open. Hopefully, Zither pondered the possibility of moving to Tin Pan Alley, where fortunes were said to be made in a day and names made famous in a fortnight. Why couldn't he electrify the world with his lyrics?

With four or five ideas jotted down on the margin of a newspaper, he walked boldly in to the offices of Messrs. Fanning and Spiller, music publishers.

"How do you like this?" asked the enthusiastic Zither.

*If you only knew*
*How much you mean to me . . .*

"Bottlewash," exclaimed the partner named Spiller. "Those lines are so dead they stink."

Wren winced. "Well, I have another one here. It goes this way:

*June is here*
*But you are there,*
*Tell me, dear,*
*Now is that fair . . .*

"If that was back in 1925 we might have used it," commented Mr. Spiller.

Zither reflected that he was getting $150 a week for tooting a tepid trumpet in those prosperous days.

"What we want is something novel — flavored with pepper," said the junior partner, and opened the door with artless insinuation.

A week later, Wren delivered another masterpiece. "This ought to be a hit," he prophesied. "It's really touching."

*You're like the dew on a rose,*
*Like a star in the sky.*
*I like the tilt of your nose*
*And the flash of your eye . . .*

"Say, I have something you can work up," Mr. Spiller suggested. "It's right in your line. You can call it 'Drink to Me Only With an Eye Cup'."

Zither suspected that this was disapproval in disguise. So he countered

with a tune that went:

*When the moon shines down on Oregon*
*I'll be looking up to you . . .*

The junior partner nodded a hopeless negative. "I don't suppose you'll ever produce anything that will appeal to people above kindergarten age. But if you insist on writing, throw in some tricky words and work out a lyric that has sex, speed, and rhythm all at once."

The fifth call would be the last, Zither decided as the elevator left him at Fanning and Spiller's.

"Well, what have you got?" asked the latter.

"Just a little piece about nothing in particular. Want to hear it?"

"No harm," agreed the publisher.

"Here goes," breathed Zither.

*It don't make sense*
*But you just commence*
*Deedle-do, deedle-de, dum.*
*The words are nuts,*
*But the nigger struts*
*Deedle-de, deedle-do, dum.*
*Clap your hands and kick your legs,*
*Do the dance of the hard-boiled eggs . . .*

Spiller leaped from his chair. "The militia couldn't keep that from being a hit. Haven't heard such a smart and catchy number since 'Yes, We Have No Bananas.' You've improved like a million dollars under Rockefeller."

Zither Wren, musician extraordinary, mopped his brow. They had said that anything might happen under Roosevelt, and it had!

•

Sitting around the Beta house, they were swapping lies.

"When I was up in Montana," said one of them, "I saw a mountain lion come right up to the camp one day. It was a fierce beast, but I, with great presence of mind, threw a bucket of water in its face and it slunk away."

"Boys," said a man sitting in the corner, "I can vouch for the truth of that story. A few minutes after that happened, I was coming down the side of the hill. I met this lion, and as is my habit, stopped to stroke its whiskers. Boys, those whiskers were wet."

—California Pelican.

•

## TRUTH

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea.
But alas, alack! I know it's a fact,
My Bonnie lies even to me.

—Mac Lynnsmith.

# Let's hear you say "They're Milder, Mate"

© 1933, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

*—the cigarette that's Milder*
*—the cigarette that Tastes Better*

**Chesterfield**

# HAND MADE

I am a social outcast, a pariah; ostracized from all reputable society. I walk up the Hill with downcast eyes. And why? Simply because I am rolling a cigarette.

I stroll into Frank's office, sit down to talk, and proceed to pull out my Bull Durham (he of the fig-leaf-fence) and spill several spoonfuls of tobacco on the rug, in the process of emulating Chesterfield.

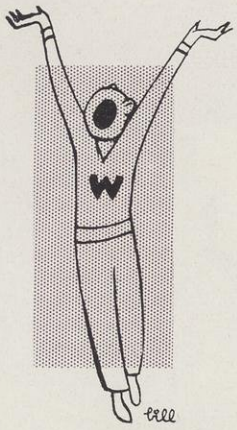
Then, finishing the performance, I hand the bag to Prexy saying, "Here's the makings, Glenn, old kid, old sock, old dear. Have one on me."

Imagine my surprise to find (1) that he doesn't want a smoke and (2) that he wishes me to leave his office. Imagine my consternation to learn the next day that I am on probation.

As a safeguard against the wiles of co-eds, the same tactics are advisable. It is especially effective at the prom. But try it at any coke'n'smoke. Put the accoutrements on the table and say to the sweet young thing, "Go ahead, smoke as much as you want. I'm not tight."

If this doesn't work and she still loves you, drastic methods must be employed. The mildest of these is just general ash-sloppiness. Carefully avoiding the ash-tray provided for the purpose, deposit ashes indiscriminately here and there, yon and hither, but as many as possible on her dress or whatever else she may be eating.

If still unsuccessful, the lighted cigarette itself must be flourished as a weapon. Usually, a few burns on her blouse will prove sufficient. However, don't give up is this fails. Burn her on the arm, neck, forehead, or any other vulnerable part of her anatomy. Make it seem accidental at first, but later on you may be forced to let her know it is done purposely — a sardonic, sneering laugh is quite effective at this point, which is emphasized when the cigarette is in her eye. Don't laugh this way at any other time, or people might not like you. If she still loves you after all this, I guess you better marry the girl.



Of course, I realize that tailor-mades and even cigars can be used in both the ashes and lighted-end methods. Yet let me solemnly assure that hand-made ashes are dirtier, and hand-made coals are hotter, more B.T.U. Therefore, to wit, whereas, et cetera, ad infinitum, my product is superior.

The real joy is the sense of creation and the satisfaction of the ego which results from a hand-made product. I become cognizant that I am different from the mass of hoi polloi who buy cheap machine-made cigarettes. Don't let the machine standardize your soul. Roll your own, men. And since this is a co-educational school, roll 'em, girlie, roll 'em. And let's have a course in the art; I want to be the professor.

—D. K. Andrews.

•

## LITTLE THINGS

**Little notes well hidden,**
**Scraps held fast in hand,**
**Make a pupil brighter,**
**Help him understand.**

**Thus examinations,**
**Trying though they be,**
**Hold no fright for wise ones**
**Who shun catastrophe.**

•

## CALL AGAIN, PLEEZE

*Scene:* (The fourth floor of Tripp Hall, Pidgeon is speaking on the telephone).

Pidgeon: Hello, Operator? I want Badger 4787. That's right.

*(To Himself)*: Dear, lovely, blonde, luscious Ingeborg. I can just hear the soft purring emulating from her lips now.

Voice: Haalo!

Pidgeon: Hello, light of my life. Ingeborg, darling . . .

Voice: You wrongee, thisee isn't Ingyen . . . Inge . . . Thisee Sing Foo's laundely. We do nice laundely velly cheap. You wantee send us some nice laundely? Pelhaps you want to come have some nice hot lice with me some evening?

Pidgeon: *(angrily)* No, I don't want to give laundry and I don't like lice.

Voice: NO? Goomby pliss. Thank you too much.

*(Pidgeon runs beserk with rage and rips the telephone from the wall. He walks down to the third floor and picks up the receiver).*

Pidgeon: Operator, will you ring Badger 4787?

Operator: Badger fourr . . . eighyut . . . seven . . . eighyut.

Voice: Maternity ward, Wisconsin State hospital.

Pidgeon: What?

Voice: Your name, please? Are you expecting a baby? Do you want a babe . . . . ?

Pidgeon: Grr, yes I do want a baby, but not from you. *(Hangs up and then picks up the receiver again to call the operator.)*

Pidgeon: Operator, please give me Baby 7487 . . . damn it . . . Badjeer seven four eight seven.

Operator: Fourr . . . fourr . . . seven . . . eigh-yut.

Pidgeon: Hello, Ingie pumpkin.

Voice: I, Glenn Frank, having the free mind of the first class man, wish to assiduously assert that you have the wrong number. What number are you seeking?

Pidgeon: Badger seven four eight seven.

Glenn Frank: In the infinite range of numerical probabilities, there are four likely combinations (1) 4787 . . . (2) 8784 . . . (3) 847— . . . . . *(Pidgeon slams phone and wipes froth from mouth).*

Pidgeon: Pleese, Central, give me 4748.

Voice: Hello?

Pidgeon: Hello, dream pal, I'm not studying tonight and I thou . . . .

Voice: I'll be right over. Save your vote for Blintz for Junior Class president. Are ya a junior? How many votes can you deliver?

Pidgeon: We . . ll . . . I . . . .

Voice: Better team up with our machine. We'll split with ya house. What's yer affiliation . . .

Pidgeon: *(sinking into stupor)* blub, bla . . . bl . . . b . . . .

. . . .

Tripp Hall Operator: Central, get me the clinic; there's a dope gone screwy up in Pfeiffenhauser House.

—Mel Adams.

# DESIGN FOR DRESSING

PEG STILES

How to be glamorous in tweeds and "flats" on the Hill could be proved possibly by means of footnotes and illustrations in a weighty tome, or yet said to be impossible. With us, it's a foregone conclusion. We know it's not only possible, but quite the thing to do, so skip the proofs and remember that:

1. That excruciatingly casual "going to school" air, which throws clothes into a second fiddle position and personality to the fore, is just a matter of being well groomed and intelligent about dress.

2. And . . . moreover, that one terribly becoming dress is worth fifteen that are just something to wear.

You've noticed that the best dressed Hill goers often amble up or down in frightfully easy-going sports things, knits, swagger outfits, woolly suits, and that sort. Trim oxford ties or flat sports shoes with a moccasin flap to break the long line carry about the most dashing co-eds, especially if it's up Bascom hill they wish to dash in two minutes to go for an eight o'clock.

Now that's over, let us all rejoice that hats this fall are all to the good. That is, because they vary from the flat, zooping wide-brimmed type, to medium slouch and sailor hats, and to small, snooty "high" hats, with such variety, every sort of face can find a shape of hat that is becoming. Soft, woollen, dull velvet, and squidgy felts make the smartest hats.

And, of course, if suits of all sorts just must be worn, then blouses and sweaters are the cleverest and most economical way to vary a minimum wardrobe. In blouses, velveteen, in gypsy shades of pansy blue (purple, if you must), crimson, grass green, tile red, oranges, to contrast your brown oxford gray, or perhaps your dark green suit. In case you haven't seen a velveteen blouse — hie yourself to the yard materials and make your own, and make it a trim tailored affair with only the soft material and luscious color to make the lads notice and the girls envy.

Wear that new twin sweater set with any old skirt the next day, and if it's a plain color sweater tie a scandously vivid three-cornered scarf around your throat, cowboy fashion. There's nothing like a careless brimmed hat and suedette or fabric pull-on gloves for these Hill clothes.

For the football games—your swagger outfit or smoothest nubbly wool. Draw string necklines, in sweaters, dresses, pliable corduroy sports outfits, even more formal attire, are appealing and smart. Fur jackets are ever good, but the last howl is the jacket of gray Russian kid, or Russian caracul.

Plaids with bunchy, amusing sleeves, or gay wools in your most becom-color, are right for classes these crisp bright days, and better yet under dark coats and jackets later in October. Bright blue is a fall color once more, all reds, rusts, strange green from emerald to olive, dull gold, are so very good, too, that to wear black, brown, and eel gray three-fourths the time only because they are so very smart, when a color does delightful things to your face, you are foolish.

Sleeves are not so extreme as last spring and summer, but rather are loosely wide-shouldered, and leave the fall emphasis to the neckline. "The thrown-back" influence is what someone called that new interest of dress

(turn to Page 52)

### STYLE FORECAST

COLORS: Black, brown, eel and oxford gray, pansy shades, cranberry and rust reds, greens.

FABRICS: Wool-like crepes, no crinkled silks, nubbly wools, hairy and feathery wools, satin, dull, uncut, and all velvets, velveteen, tulle for evening. Faille crepe, bengaline, rabbit's hair wool.

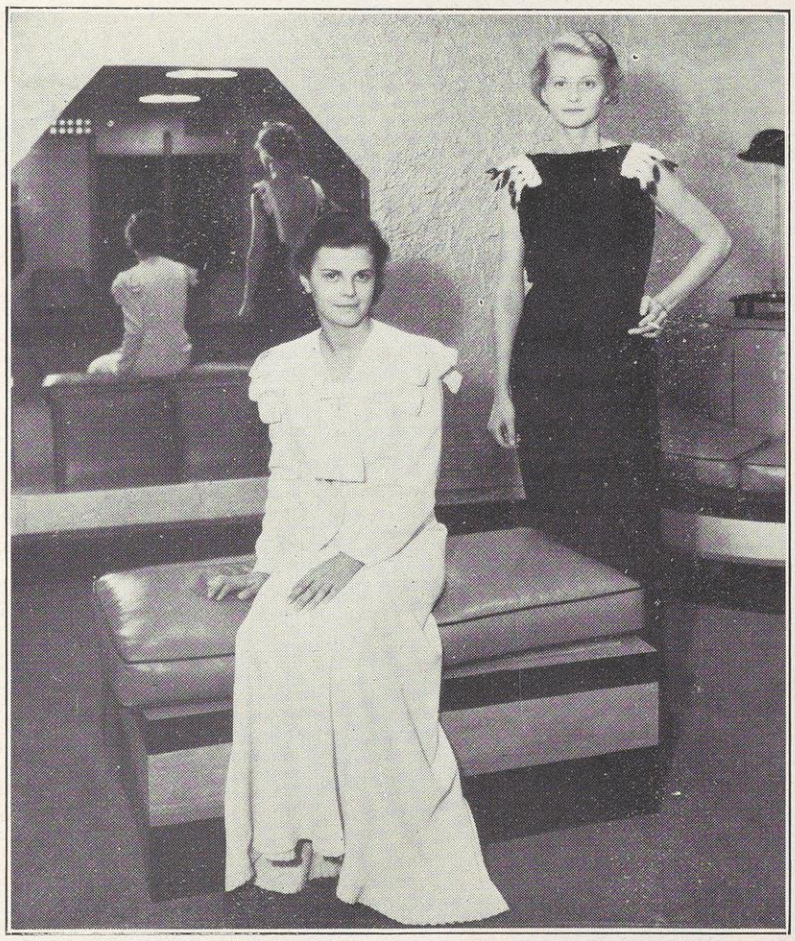
SUITS: Swagger outfits in grays, browns, green, with very long coats.

SCHOOL CLOTHES: Plaids, checks, bright rough wools; knit outfits, sweater outfits.

HATS: Artist tams of velvet and wools, square-cut tams, Robin Hood felts, slouch felts, ink-pot berets, pancake Lady Lou dress hats. Much feathers and even monkey fur.

SHOES: Reptile, alligator, suedes, high ties, high cut pumps in blacks and browns.

JEWELRY: (If you must) Wooden bracelets, matching button earrings and bracelets of silks or velvet.



*Katherine Halverson, Kappa Alpha Theta, is shown wearing a black velvet gown with an ermine white tail trim, while Georgiana Atwell, Gamma Phi Beta, displays a dress of white prussian crepe. Both sorority girls are wearing selections from Simpson's in their Lounge Room.*

Dorothy Kretzer '36

# these six girls invite you to attend their weekly

Betty Daniel '35

Katharine Halverson '35

# Open House
in the
# College Lounge

Louise Langemo '35

*every Friday afternoon from 2:30 'til 4:30 at Simpson's*

Georgiana Atwell '34

*The Time?* . . . every afternoon at Simpson's but especially Friday afternoons when these six girls hold open house. *The Place?* . . . Simpson's new College Lounge — modern room done in Chinese red, black, and silver — right in Simpson's town shop on the square. *The Girl?* . . . Six of them — three blondes and three brunettes — all of them prominent — and all of them very, very lovely! So come to the party.

Mary Lou Maytag '36

# Simpson's

On the Square - 23-25 N. Pinckney

# SUIT YOURSELF • JEFF SCOTT, Jr.

We were out wool gathering the other day and it's amazing how many lambs a guy has to fleece to get enough for the new wool topcoats that are appearing on the Wisconsin campus. It would be foolish not to emphasize the fact that soft rough fabrics are dominant for wear on the "Hill." Generally universal both here and at eastern universities are the rougher cloths in browns and Lovats both in tweeds of the Harris type and in the soft handling homespuns, Shetlands and Saxonies. Four patch pockets, the customary two hip-high pockets, a breast pocket on the left and a cigarette (or ticket) pocket on the right side of the coat, are one of the tailored features. Popularity of the raglan shoulder styles is increasing and indications are that it will replace the common box shoulder. Coats this fall will fall slightly below the knee but long so that one may swagger down Langdon.

Our forceast last month that college men would wear odd slacks and tweed jackets in plaids and checks was successful, and the campus is witness to the "country" atmosphere which accompanies the joice of tweeds and Shetlands. For this time of year the rough fabrics fit naturally into the crisp weather and chromatic landscape which reflects in tempo and color the outdoor character of the new suitings.

About this time of year sweaters become an important addition to the collegiate wardrobe and there is no garment which lends an air of nonchalant informality more readily than smartly patterned knitwear. Brushed wool sweaters in all shades are still attractive, especially for wear under sports jackets in the rough fabrics. Many wool sweaters now display a very fine pattern or check which marks a transition from the one-tone pullovers which dominated the scene about a year ago. V necks are gaining in popularity but the crew shape still holds a charm and sportiness which will never be replaced. Leather vests in tan or deep gray are widely shown for wear with sweaters and from time to time as a vest under a sport coat.

The most surprising element in fall neckwear is the return of the bat or bow tie. Foulards and twills are preferred, while many are they who are again adopting the polka-dot. In four-in-hands, crocheted wool ties in both horizontal and diagonal striping as well as in rich, dark solid colors are increasingly popular. Striped ties in silk and wool poplin, hardy perennials in men's wear, retain their traditional favor. In an ensemble of heavy pattern a tie of solid tone offers a contrasting relief and sets off the vitality of the designed fabric. Many of the new printed satin ties carry Foulard patterns.

Neckwear colors and patternings carry over in muffiers as biting breezes hint at the coming of winter.

The big thing in gloves for autumn wear is the dark dyed pigskins which match the dark color of this season's shoes. Natural chamois, buff pigskin, and the other old standbys will again be worn for classes and sporting events. Brightly colored knitted gloves are expected to find favor for skating, tobogganing, skiing and hiking when the first snows begin to blanket the hill surrounding the lake.

Traditional Argyle plaid patterns in socks continue to be good for "Hill" wear, while plain colors marked only by clocks and vertical stripe hosiery go well with the rough fabrics. Suffice to say that the well dressed collegian of today doesn't consider being caught without his socks supported and the old draped at the ankles idea is as dead as illegal beer. Favorite colors for the first semester include deep shades of maroon, brown, and blue with the accepted grays and blacks retiring to a secondary position in sock rating.

Despite the recent increase in acceptance of the shirt with round collar attached, the button down tab is still the established choice. One of the newest features of both the short rounded and short pointed collars is the eyelet pin-hole for the placement of the collar pin. Deep blues and greens are proving popular, while clipped figures are becoming attractive. Of course, the softer shades of brown and tan as well as the traditional white will be an unerring choice for one's shirtings. Horizontal stripings have not yet made much of an appearance at Wisconsin, but two color stripings to form checks have put in their appearance on the campus.

Just as a suggestion, the bright colored handkerchief is replacing the white for wear in coat pockets.

On the whole, clothing worn by college men will be brighter and more colorful than in past years, and primitive colors promise to make the masculine ensemble powerful and attractive.

**STYLE FORECAST**

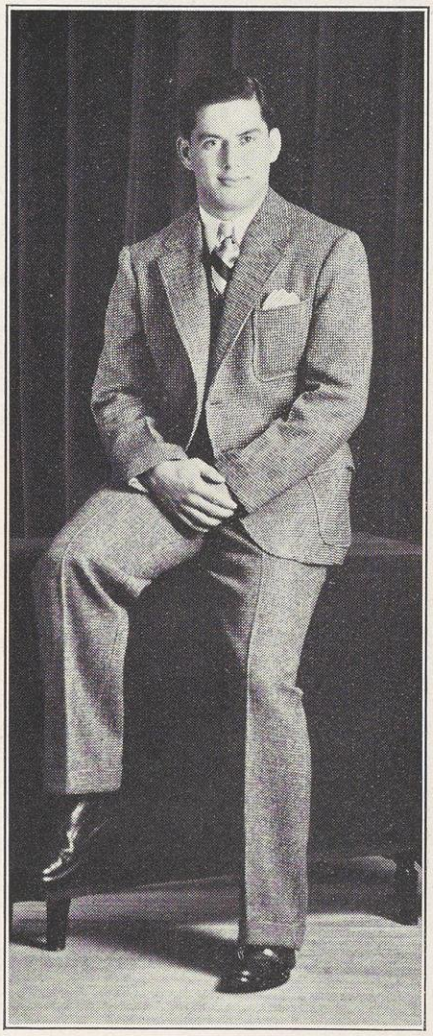
Topcoats: Raglan shoulders in browns and grays with shorter skirt. Rough, soft fabrics.

Jackets: Sport jackets in tweeds to be worn with odd slacks.

Sweaters: Small patterns as well as the solid colors of last year. V necks gaining in popularity, but crew style still strong. To be worn singly and under sports jackets.

Ties: Return of bow tie in small patterns and polka-dots. Four-in-hands feature horizontal and diagonal stripes.

Gloves: Dark as well as light pigskins with little change in styles or colors otherwise.



Mickey McGuire wearing a suit of Hound's Tooth check in Harris tweed. The coat features a bi-swing back. The ensemble is displayed by the O and V College Shop at Olson-Veerhusen's on the Square.

## STYLES

designers in ornamentation on the back and back sleeves by means of ties or scarfs thrown back, cape effects, and furred pieces.

Informals for those date affairs, or the first fraternity pledge party should be of uncut dull velvets, satin, or crepe with a wool-like appearance. Ankle length, long sleeved dresses often carry out the Mae West idea in the flared skirt ankle from the knee to floor. Slits and open places in sleeves are very new, sailor collars of fur,' or of material also. Flowers are smashed high at the center of a plain close neckline.

For the Homecoming tea dance, a vivid crepe, perhaps, with very high cowl neck, a sash in the Victorian style, loads of little buttons, a velvet or that gray satin frock that looks like molten silver but is so tailored and modified it is eminently casual and just right.

October formals come quickly, but after making a first impression in a simply devastating tulle creation or an elegant taffeta, if you are the piquant type, (if not, you'll be stunning in a smooth crepe, or sleek velvet) jewel colors vie with pastels, and black and white once more for greatest popularity. Here, too, the pansy blues and purples stand forth. If you aren't quite up to a new medieval velvet wrap that swoops to the ankles, try a white bunny coat as a safe economy. With such popularity for bunny coats, the multiplying rabbit problem is now well under control. But leave that for Mendels law and zoology —and so to bed, and dreams of a closet full of new duds.

•

## A BALLADE OF BLUE BOOKS

There's loads of stuff most aptly named,
Shoes, and ships, and student dives,
Tags for which no one is blamed;
All smooth and sweet and hot as hives,
Soft to the eye, clear as a bell
But never once in man's long span
Has there been scholar who did so well,
He called them *"Blue"* books; — hot from Hell.

2

Your lovers' terms and fancy hose,
The roadside inns and cagey dames,
Bay rum, cars, and frat alcoves,
Langdon's parties and its indoor games
All fade out and lose their spell
Before the irony and tact
Of him who came and "rang the bell,"
He called them *"Blue"* books; —hot from Hell.

3

We who live as mortal clay
Take Wrigley's gum and Gordon gin
And Packard cars whene'er we may;
The American Merc and Scarlet Sin
Just doff our lids and rush pell-mell
To hang a medal on that wit
Who did the deed in raptured spell,
He called them *"Blue"* books; — hot from Hell.

L'envoi

O names and dates and famous brands
Step aside; your standard fell
When for our heads and trembling hands,
He called them *"Blue"* books; —hot from Hell.

—Jack Kienitz.

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He smiled and she smiled,
And she smiled and he smiled,
They both smiled and each smiled,
Across the little table.
*and then, horribly, they found they*
*couldn't stop smiling, so they went*
*and got a double-barrelled shotgun*
*still smiling, and*
*divided the contents equally between*
*themselves, still smiling.*
That was very crafty, I think.

—KWP.

•

## THE ROAD STAND MAN

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
A road-side food shack stands.
The owner, a crafty man is he,
With large and grasping hands;
And the muscles of his scrawny arms
Serve food to many "hams."

His hair is disappearing fast;
His face is far from tan;
His brow is wet with sickly sweat,—
He earns whate'er he can.
When he's in funds he leaves the place,
And knows not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear the auto horns blow,
Summoning him to serve a patron,
As fast as he can go,
Like a suburbanite chasing his train
When the evening sun is low.

And the children coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the pop-corn pop,
And hear him curse and roar
When a customer spills a stein of beer,
And he has to mop the floor.

He misses church on Sunday,
For he must serve the boys
Who took the wife to hear the parson pray;
He hears his daughter's voice,
As she draws a stein of beer,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in a cabaret.
He needs must think of her once more,
And remember his many lies,
And with a shaking hand he wipes
A tear drop from his eyes.

This poem might go on for days—
A tale of a food man's woes,
But we end it with a sign which says,
In bankruptcy he has "Closed."

—V. EDWARD JOHNSON.


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## CONFESSION

I want to kiss you, dear.
I want to almost smear
Them over each satin lip
And to practically sip
Their ecstatic nectar so long —
I don't want you to get me wrong,
Dear, it's not you I really favor
But just your lipstick's honey flavor.

—MAC LYNNSMITH.

•

## THIS IS THE TIME

This is the time when the grasses die
And the tall corn in the field bends in the wind,
The cool breeze from the road and the lake
Afar off to the northwest there
Comes turning topsy-turvy through the hair.
Ties, collars, coat-sleeves ruffle in the wind,
Heads thrown back to meet the breeze some more,
And two gaunt crows sail swift across the sky
To settle in a poplar tree, and from there all around
Rise up a thousand more with raucous cry:
Drink of the breeze deep,
Drink of the breeze deep,
While the breeze lasts,
While you last —
Drink of the breeze deep!
Cut-caw, cut-caw, cut-caw.
This is the time when the black crows fly,
Lumps rise in the throat, to choke a sigh.
Don't ask the old question, for no one knows why
The crows caw, the corn bends, or the grasses die.

*—H. E.*

•

## TOWN AND GOWN

behind the gym, and as they'd come around the back end of the 'Y,' the frosh would pick them off, one at a time. Fish came along Langdon street one noon en route to lunch with Edward A. Birge, later president of Wisconsin and now president-emeritus.

"Sophomores mistook him for a frosh—." Joe stopped to give vent to one of those hearty laughs that test the sturdy armory building scores of times each day. "They thought he was a frosh, so they ducked him in the lake, too. As was the custom, when they let him up, someone shouted, "How'd ya like it, frosh?" Then, as his name began to spread through the crowd and his assailants tried to melt out of sight, the prominent history professor gained fame by his answer: 'I guess with a name like mine, I should be right in my element. I like it fine!' "

Those were the days when Langdon street from Park street to the armory included the homes of Prof. Birge, President Van Hise, the student hospital, and the Y. M. C. A.

"Things were convenient, then. You could start a fight between the 'Y' and the gym, be carried between the 'Y' and the infirmary, and go explain it all to the prexy on a one-way trip with short stop-overs.

"But now those things have passed. But why, I really don't know."

That was the seventh time he had said it. I was convinced by now. He don't know. But Joe Steinauer, another of Wisconsin's "great guys" didn't have to know. The "why" was unimportant, and I had found out the "what."

—Toast, coffee, and prunes a la Hitler.
Waitress: How's that?
—Without juice.

•

One hundred million learned tomes,
All boiled down to one;
Every line of a thousand poems,
All boiled down to one.

"To everything that has been said,
And will be said and won't be read;
One answer is, and this is it:
'SO WHAT, my friend, SO WHAT?' "
—kwp.

•

## NOCTURNE

Every poet, good or bad,
From Middletown to Trinidad
At some time must take pen and turn
To writing lines y-clept "Nocturne."
So here are mine: I hail the night,
For only darkness brings me light.
Dawn dumps my talent in a rut—
It lays submerged for hours, but
While star-eyes gleam, prolific rains
Pour down and wash my muddy brains,
Perhaps to nourish seeds unknown
Of genius 'neath (or in) the bone.
—Hank Kupferschmid.

—Yale Record

Why *rope* 'em when you can *dope* 'em?

NO WONDER that cow was cowed! Brother, there isn't a steer in Texas that could stand up under the fumes of that smudgy smoke!

But that's the only good argument we ever heard for strong, heavy tobacco in a soggy pipe. Every man in the cow punching game—and out of it—should smoke good, mild tobacco in a well-kept pipe. Take Sir Walter Raleigh's Burley mixture, for example. There's a smoke that's as mild as a prairie evening, but there's flavor in it . . . rich . . . full-bodied . . . satisfying . . . and kept fresh in gold foil. On your next trip to your tobacco store make this resolution . . . "Smoke the tobacco that has become a national favorite."

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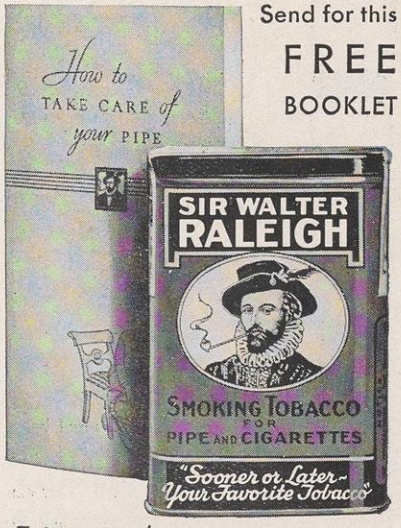


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## HER EXPLANATION

"Your sample kiss last night had merit,
But that kiss in your tameless arms—!
I marvel I ever did bear it—
Being hugged has lost all its charms.

"It's too bad that now we have to break
After such a perfect start.
But ah! how you made my bosom ache,
And left an imprint on my heart!

"For fear you'd next time squeeze me tighter,
I've dropped away like a rocket,
'Cause you keep your cigaret-lighter
In your upper right-hand pocket."

—Mac Lynnsmith.

●

## MYOPIA

Her eyes were given to see
The imperfection of the pit
But not the unit of the tree.
Embroidering the moment is a way
They have who know the hour and lack the day.

—Janet Breed.

●

Those who make love at a thousand miles,
Must *need* their per capita quota of wiles.
*And then some.*

—KWP.

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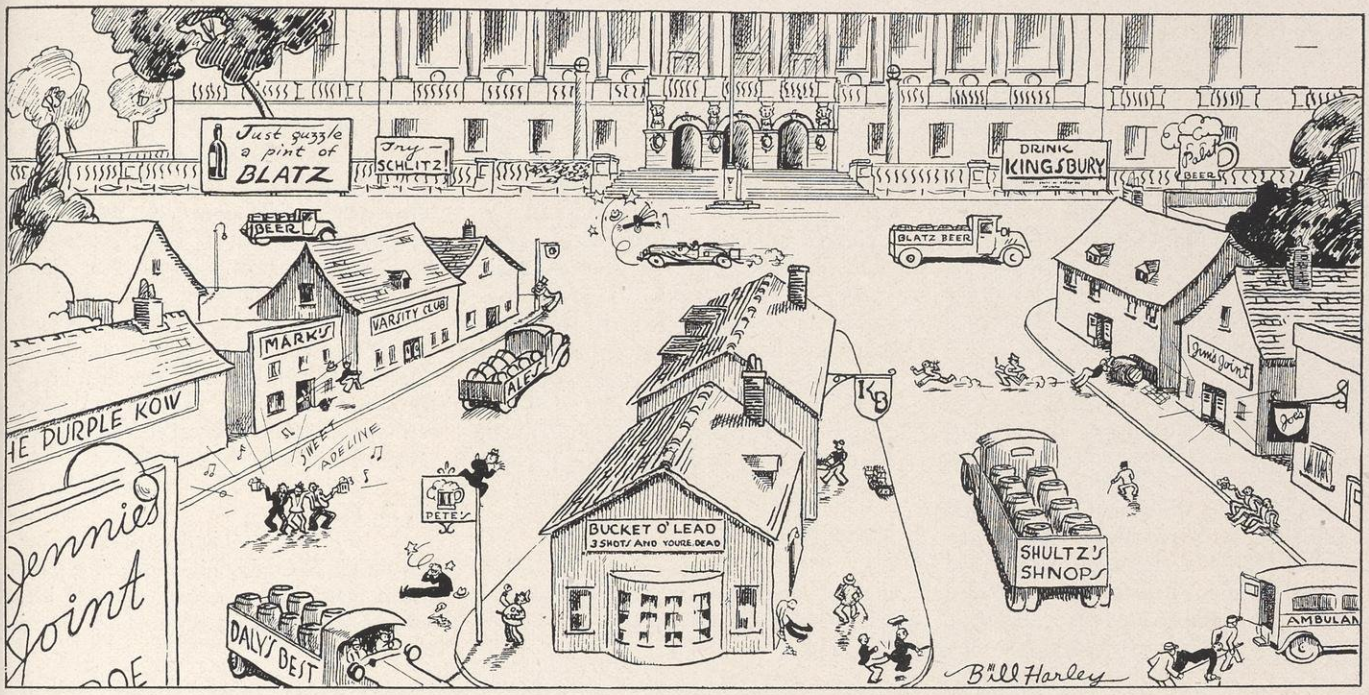


Reprinted from September, 1932, Octopus

THE MADISON TAVERN-KEEPERS DREAM

## RETURN OF THE NATIVE

St. Peter showed me all the sights,
Then opened wide the door
That leads from Heaven's wall to Hell
And sent me home once more.

—J. B.

## INSOMNIA

Why swallow powders and capsules,
Or add acrobatic sheep
When I know so well it's just you
That keeps me from going to sleep?

—MAC LYNNSMITH.

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# RADIO RAVES

SID TRIPP

**FRED WARING**

He's the lad who directs the Pennsylvanians on the Old Gold program over a Columbia network. Fred got his start when he attended Penn State College. His great-grandfather founded the college, but Fred failed to make the glee club for three consecutive years. He organized an orchestra there called the "Pep Boys." His piano playing brother, Tom, and Poley McClintock, the present fog-voiced drummer, also played with him at that time. They left school at the start of their senior year "to make a hit in a musical way." Judging from all present indications they've succeeded. Most of the boys in the band are college men, hailing from scattered campuses throughout the country. Pennsylvania, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Northwestern, New York university, and Columbia are some of the universities to have representation in the Waring band. Every man in the orchestra sings, in addition to the three lads and lasses who devote all their energy to vocalizations. The Pennsylvanians are readily termed the "All-American Band" by a large number of the students on the Wisconsin campus. Their trick arrangements of "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf," "I Don't Want to Go to Bed," and "Ring Them Bells" are the "talk of the town."

**KING FOOTBALL**

He takes to the ether during the ensuing months through the efforts of CBS which has announced the following tentative schedule for the remainder of the gridiron season: October 12, Boston College vs. Centre; October 14; Northwestern vs. Stanford; October 21, Michigan vs. Ohio State; October 28, Army vs. Yale; November 4, Fordham vs. St. Mary's; November 11, Army vs. Harvard; November 18, Northwestern vs. Notre Dame; November 25, Southern California vs. Notre Dame; November 30, (morning) Brown vs. Colgate, (afternoon) Penn vs. Cornell; and December 2, Army vs. Notre Dame.

**B. A. ROLFE**

That rotund conductor on the Saturday night dancing party from NBC has conceived a novel idea to present the results of the day's promi-

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nent games in a musical manner on his program. The triumph of the winning teams in the current day's 10 or 12 outstanding gridiron battles will be signallized by the playing of the victorious school's best known football song. The announcer's statement that "Wisconsin defeated Such-and-Such today, 12 to 0" thus would be the signal for the playing of "On, Wisconsin," and the glad news to Navy men that "Navy walloped So-and-So, 24 to 6, this afternoon would call for the immediate strains of "Anchors Aweigh." Such - and - Such and So-and-So wouldn't get any music at all.

**SHORT SHOTS**

Guy Lombardo leaves the Dells in Evanston shortly to make a vaudeville tour of the middle-west and east . . . Eddy Duchin is entertaining the Cincinnati night owls at the Netherland Plaza Hotel . . . WGN leaves the Columbia chain at the end of the month. Several long term commercial contracts will be allowed to run on, however . . . Emerson Gill leaves the Book Cadillac Hotel in Detroit at the end of the month to take over the grill of the DeWitt Clinton Hotel in Albany, N. Y. . . . CBS will broadcast regular program from Admiral Byrd's base in the antarctic region when the expedition arrives there . . . Moran and Mack will replace Milton Berle on that "smooth" program commencing October 25th . . . Little Jack Little is organizing his own band . . . Joe "Wanna Buy a Duck" Penner is handling the humorous end of Ozzie Nelson's new Sunday night commercial . . . Lovely Andrea Marsh, who does the crooning with Ted Weems' outfit, still receives pash letters from collegians whom she entertained when the Weems' band was at the Penn in New York . . . Fred Waring takes to the road during the early part of the month. He'll be in Chicago during the week of the 16th . . . Xavier Cugat claims to have the weirdest name of any ork pilot.

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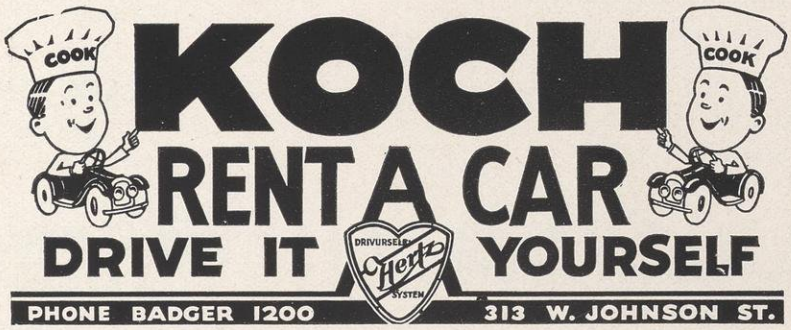


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