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The Daily Cardinal

Complete Campus Confusion

XXX, No. 2 UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, MADISON, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1934 Five Cents

READ CARDINAL ADS!

U's Overrun Spring Elections; Enter Full Slate

h Banjo '35 Elected in Hot
Session at Ann
Emery

By Robert Ruby
At least more Psi U's are running
for the Board, by golly. Adolph
'35 had a nomination meeting
yesterday in Ann Emery hall, with 34
and one Cardinal reporter pres-
ent. Adolph was sure surprised when
he was nominated. His platform, given
yesterday to The Daily Cardinal, is
"Psi U's on the Union Board!"
Adolph '37 will run for freshman
representative under three assumed
names in an attempt to corner the
vote. Joe is backed by the Psi U's,
the D., and the Amber Inn. (Also
The Daily Cardinal, but we're not
going to say so.) Joe is a Psi U.

Fourteen Candidates
At least fourteen candidates were disquali-
fied yesterday by the elections board
for sleeping in classes. Another half
are reported to have gone on a
strike in an expression of sym-

In an exclusive interview with The
Cardinal, Prof. E. A. Ross of the
sociology department yesterday
stated that he had washed his hands
of the matter. "I will have nothing to
do with it," he reiterated. "Nothing."

Union to Throw Dateless Brawl

During the brilliant second semes-
ter season, and we bet it'll out-
shine all the other second semester
seasons, the good old Union is
throwing a dateless dance some night
soon.

King has not yet been ar-
rested, but the old political machines
are running. Prof. E. A. Ross of the
sociology department, in a statement
to The Daily Cardinal last night,
said, "The whole situation is
not without interest!"

WEATHER
According to Prof. E. A.
of the sociology depart-
ment, the weather is in a
state of innocuous desuetude.

Campanile Looms With Construction A Matter of Time

Actual construction on the Univer-
sity campanile is only a matter of time,
Squirly Wentworth, chairman of the
committee, announced yesterday. How
much time, Mr. Wentworth neglected
to mention. (Boy, we certainly scooped
the town papers on this one!)

While the campus swoons with anti-
cipation, plans for the beginning of
work are said to proceed apace.

Take Poll

A Daily Cardinal poll is being taken
among the student body to determine
which songs the campus really prefers,
to be played from the bell tower. Par-
tial entries reveal that the campus is
overwhelmingly opposed to the "Maine
Stein Song." "Hell's Bells" is a popular
favorite, with the "Hallelujah Chorus"
from Haendel's "Messiah" a close sec-
ond. Several people have requested
that the musicians play checkers
instead.

Another contest is being held to
determine who shall dig the first spade-
ful of earth for the construction.
Prominently mentioned among the can-
didates is Prof. E. A. Ross of the sociol-
ogy department.

STAFF NOTICE

**All second semester fresh-
men are invited to take over
The Cardinal staff. Aside
from Prof. Ross, the bunch
we got here now isn't worth
a d—n.**

First Robin Makes Debut As Student Leaders Cheer

By Cluck Burnheart

Spring is here, tra la, tra la, tra la;
and Archie Banjo '37 is ready to prove
it to anybody. Archie was tripping fan-
tastically down the well-known Willow
Drive last Sunday, when all of a sud-
den he saw . . . Well, what do you
think he saw? No, it wasn't a pink ele-
phant. It wasn't a 3-point average. It
wasn't even Professor Ross. It was the
first robin of the season!

Down in Dumps

Down in the dumps ten minutes
before, what with wondering about
how to scare up the requisite two bucks
wherewith to take the pretty girl that
sat behind him in English 1a to the
Interfraternity Ball (how about a comp
for that, boys?), Archie was suddenly

CWA Crisis Precipitates Shut-Up of University

Merchants' Plea Goes To League

After having their appeal denied by
the department of agriculture and mar-
kets, the Madison Merchants Associa-
tion has requested the League of
Nations to grant them a retrial in their
suit against the Memorial Union.

Rumors that the Union would be
picketed were squelched last night by
Border Putts, director of the Union.
"No one will be allowed to parade in
front of the Union without a fee card,"
he stated, squelchingly.

Justice Done

Shorty Levensnick, prominent mer-
chant, declared last night, "We must
see justice done. The Memorial Union
is un-American!"

Prof. E. A. Ross, of the sociology
department in an exclusive interview
with The Daily Cardinal, claimed that
it was all a question of time. "It is all
a question of time," said Professor
Ross, who is a member of the sociology
department.

Harry Sawedoff, attorney for the
merchants, was located yesterday drink-
ing beer in the rathskeller. "The Union
must be boycotted," he remarked, firm-
ly, disclosing from his pocket a fistful
of fee cards.

President Prank Claims Federal Dole Not Compatible With Classwork

"The University is closing indefin-
itely!"

With this terse statement, Glenn
Prank informed the Bored of Regents
yesterday that all known students ex-
cept one had been given C.W.A. jobs,
thus preventing anyone from attending
classes.

Adolph Banjo '34 declared to The
Daily Cardinal that he hadn't heard of
the C.W.A. "I can't read," he said
simply. So I have no job." Banjo is a
Phi Beta Kappa. "My lack of ability to
read has never interfered with my
studies," he stated.

8,000 Students

At present, 8,000 students are en-
gaged in C.W.A. work, all busy com-
piling statistics on other students busy
with C.W.A. work. In addition, every
window in a university building has
been washed four times daily, and
three times by the night shift.

WSGA Scandal Rocks Campus

Scandalous affairs of the Women's
Affairs committee were exposed last
night by a legislative investigating
committee under the direction of Gov.
Leo Rowley. "We have uncovered a
hot-bed of immorality," he sternly
declared.

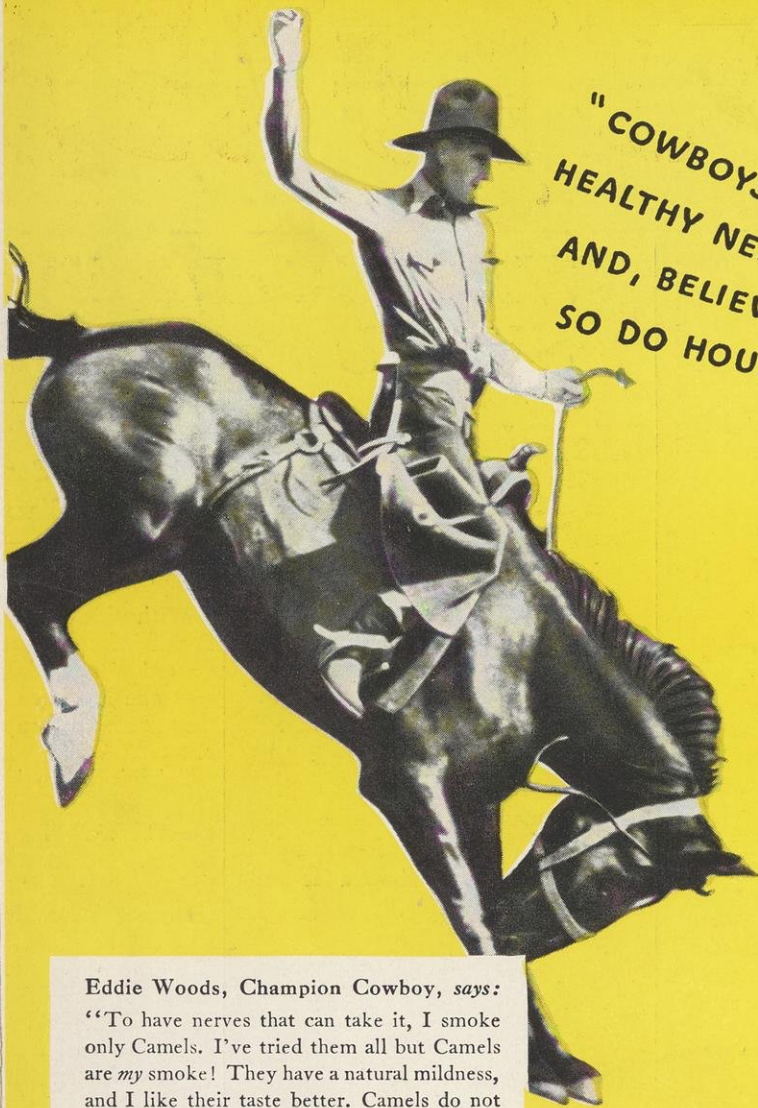
The committee, accused of holding
orgies in the W. S. G. A. office, was in
tears last night. "Our dancing lessons
were all on the up and up," Peg Mod-
ish, secretary, stated. "And we never
once spiked the tea!"

Communitistic Leanings

The committee, which is also in
charge of Union movies for girls, is also
accused of communitistic leanings. One
member is said to have been seen lean-
ing her elbow on a copy of The New
Masses. On another occasion, a Charlie
Chaplin film was accompanied by a
piano rendition of "The Volga Boat-
men." Speaking exclusively for The
Daily Cardinal, Professor Ross, who is
head of the department of engineering,
declared that the whole thing was a
myth. "Young myths must have their
fun," he said, with an arch smile.

FIVE CENTS

"COWBOYS NEED
HEALTHY NERVES —
AND, BELIEVE ME,
SO DO HOUSEWIVES'



Eddie Woods, Champion Cowboy, says:
"To have nerves that can take it, I smoke
only Camels. I've tried them all but Camels
are *my* smoke! They have a natural mildness,
and I like their taste better. Camels do not
jangle my nerves, even when I smoke one
after another."



Mrs. Phyllis L. Potter,
Montclair, N. J., says:

"I don't doubt but what it takes healthy
nerves to ride an outlaw horse! But any
woman who is a home maker will agree
with me that shopping, cooking, cleaning,
washing, and tending to all the other
duties of running a household are enough
to jangle *anybody's* nerves. I know that I
have to be careful in choosing *my* ciga-
rettes. I am a confirmed Camel smoker
because I can smoke Camels freely with-
out a hint of jumpy nerves. And they are
the *mildest* cigarette I ever smoked!"


Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

How Are Your Nerves?

Fortunate indeed is that modern man
or woman who does not get nervously
upset. Raw, jangled nerves seem, all
too often, to be the order of the day.

If *nerves* are your problem, we sug-
gest a check-up now—on your eating,
sleeping, and smoking. Get a fresh
slant on your smoking by changing to
Camels. Much is heard about the

tobaccos used in various cigarettes.
But this is a fact, as any impartial leaf-
tobacco expert will tell you :

 **Camels are made from finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos
than any other popular brand.**

Everywhere you see Camels smoked
more and more. People *do* care about
mildness...about good taste...about
their nerves. And Camels *never* get on
your nerves...never tire your taste.

*Camel's
Costlier Tobaccos*



NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES . . NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

February, 1934

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS, INC.

*Publishers of the University of Wisconsin
ALL-CAMPUS MAGAZINE*

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College Humor

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.. PREFACE ..

To all who so nobly (though involuntarily) permitted themselves to be made such good clean fun of (as elucidated in this issue), Octy expresses thanks.

With malice toward none, Octy has modestly burlesqued The Daily Cardinal. We are sure that they will see the humor of it. To Professor Ross we want seriously and sincerely to say that we have borne no especial grudge toward him; we merely aimed at a faithfully exaggerated reproduction of our campus contemporary.

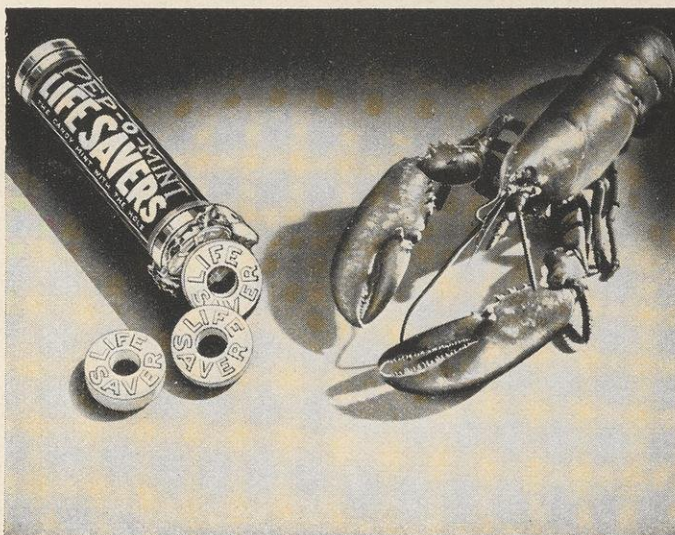
If our harmless capers arouse any hurt feelings, this issue will not have been worth its pains. We extend a cordial friendship to the world at large.

—THE EDITORS.

PAGE ONE

LOBSTER . . . "Did you ever see a bad dream walking? That's me."

LIFE SAVER . . "Yea-a-ah? Watch two of us turn you into a lullaby!"



Amazing what a couple of Life Savers will do to ease digestion after a heavy meal. Ever try'em?

A FAMOUS FLAVOR AT ITS BEST . . . PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS

"Come in and browse"

Birthdays

You'll enjoy selecting an attractive and colorful Birthday Card at **Brown's**.

Designs are modern; and either humorous or sentimental, as you choose.

5c to 35c

BROWN'S
BOOK SHOP
STATE . AND . LAKE . STREETS

After You've Read

• All the Hooley
About Us

Give Us a Chance

• To Prove That
The Octy Is Wrong

A Subscription

• For One Semester
At Only \$1.00
Phone F. 7400

The Daily Cardinal

"Complete Campus Coverage"

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

PLATTER PATTERN • BOB DAVIS

VICTOR OFFERINGS . . .

Isham Jones' great band comes through this month with an extraordinary recording of *Junk Man*. It's brand new and the vocal work is done by Eddie Stone. *You're My Thrill*, which is being plugged day and night via radio, is also rendered by Isham and the boys in a pleasing style. Jan Garber's outstanding offering of the current crop is *The Whistlin' Cowboy*. It's a cowboy ditty dressed up in the most modern dance style, but we think you'll enjoy it, folks. Lee Bennett is responsible for the refrain.

That eminent pianist and maestro, Eddie Duchin, plays *I Was in the Mood*, *Let's Fall in Love*, and *This Little Pig-gie Went to Market* in the best Duchin style. They're all excellent, but our choice is the first one. The boys from Harlem have some numbers that are certainly worth listening to this month. Duke Ellington presents his latest composition, *Blue Feeling*, in his tantalizing manner. It's one of those slow fox trots, low-down and snakey. Cab Calloway and his "yeah man's" have recorded again *The Scat Song*. If you like the Cab's "hi-dee-heys," be sure to hear it. But if you want to listen to *real* negro music as they play it down in Birmingham, ask to hear Jelly-Roll Morton and his Red Hot Peppers playing *Load of Coal*. The band's drummer has a sixteen bar cymbal solo which will really rock you back on your heels.

Hoagy Carmichael is again wielding a baton, and he leads his own orchestra in a recording of his latest composition, *One Morning in May*. The instrumentation is perfect, but the tempo a little too fast to suit our tastes. *Wagon Wheels*, from the Ziegfeld Follies, is well-played by Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra. Jack Jackson and his Orchestra (another of those suave English bands) have recorded *Whistlin' Under the Moon*. We'd be willing to wager plenty that you'll go for it in a large way. Wayne King has doubled two old numbers, *Star Dust* and *Speak Easy* on one disc and they are certainly a good investment if you favor the tunes.

BRUNSWICK RECORDINGS . . .

The Brunswick vocal artists have done some right fine work this month and it's difficult to choose the best one. Ruth Etting sings *Tired of It All*, Connie Boswell does *In Other Words We're Through*, Jack Teagarden (who is plenty good, by the way) renders *I Just Couldn't Take It Baby*, and the Boswell Sisters really go to church in their offering of *Coffee in the Morning*. Take your choice, they're all swell.

Goin' to Heaven on a Mule and *Let's Fall in Love* are played by Gus Arnheim and his Orchestra in a style which would seem to indicate that he's coming back to his old position of fame. The former tune is the best of the month in our opinion.

Freddy Martin and his aggregation, who are now at the Hotel Roosevelt Grill in New York, have recorded several great numbers this month. Of these, we consider *Moon About Town* and *Spin a Little Web of Dreams* as the best. *In a Shelter from a Shower* and *Close to Me* are certainly in the running, however.

What's Good for the Goose Is Good for the Gander is one of the craziest and yet one of the most entertaining tunes we have heard for many a day. Ted Fiorito's band and vocalists really put it across. Be sure to ask for it. The Fiorito gang also plays *I Had to Change the Words* very excellently. It seems that you just can't keep those English

(Continued on page 4)

RADIO RAVES

SUGAR BLUES

Greeks and Greekesses who contemplate attending the Interfraternity ball, on March 10, will dance to one of the finest white portrayers of Negro music in the Midwest, Clyde McCoy. McCoy's "wicked" trumpet playing was a feature of the Drake hotel in Chicago for several months, prior to his present barn-storming tour.

Two numbers which have distinguished McCoy's Harlem music methods are Duke Ellington's "Black and Tan Fantasie" and "Sugar Blues" by Clarence Williams, eminent Negro composer.

OZZIE NELSON

The crooning stick-waver on Joe Penner's Sunday evening program is a product of Rutgers university and New Jersey Law school, from which he was graduated in 1930. He played quarterback for the college team and was intercollegiate welterweight boxing champion, as well as a member of the hockey, swimming and lacrosse teams. He didn't originate the expression, "I'd die for deah ole Rutgers," but played the saxophone and organized a college dance orchestra as the next best thing. He also etherizes over a CBS wire from the Park Central hotel in New York.

CONTEST WINNERS

The following are the winners of a recent radio poll conducted among American radio editors to choose the current radio favorites of 1934:

Comedian—Jack Benny, *dance orchestra*—Guy Lombardo, *female singer*—Ruth Etting, *male singer*—Bing Crosby, *harmony team*—the Boswell sisters, *musical program*—Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, *dramatic program*—March of Time, *sports announcer*—Ted Husing, *studio announcer*—David Ross, *commentator*—Edwin C. Hill, *most popular type of program*—Rudy Vallee's variety show, *new star*—Joe Penner, *classical singer*—Lawrence Tibbett.

MEL ADAMS

PERKINS PENS A LEXICON

Ray Perkins, radio comic, offers his compilation in part of a radio lexicon, after 48 hours of futile effort.

ARRANGE: A place where cowboys live, like "A Home on Arrange."

BATON: A wager. For example: Who are you gonna baton, Wisconsin or Iowa?

CHORUS: Denoting assent, as "Of course I can sing."

COMEDIAN: A fellow who laughs at the people who listen to him.

Duo: An honor fight between two singers.

ETHER: Conjecture, like, "Ether you have a commercial or you're sustaining."

HOOK-UP: A short catching sound in the wind pipe, like a cough.

LECTURE: To allow, as in "Lecture conscience be your guide."

VERSE: A degree beneath "bad." For

instance, when a sponsor is displeased, he says: "The program gets verse and verse."

AIR WAVES

EDDIE DUCHIN numbers debutantes, dowagers, clerks, barmaids, nurses, housewives, actresses, and a police-woman, among his female admirers . . . WILL ROGERS will continue broadcasting for the remainder of 1934, despite current rumors, though he will be heard at irregular intervals commencing March 4 . . . Poley McClintock's voice is changing . . . it won't be long now before he hits the soprano range . . . Radio programs are undergoing a new trend; that of presenting dance programs early in the evening . . . Phil Baker, Bottle, 'n' Beetle, are enjoying a six week vacation in New York . . . Beetle is getting in the hair of all the local NBC studio men . . . Buddy Rogers has relinquished his position at the Paradise Restaurant in New York to the more capable baton of Phil Har-riss, who embarked from the St. Regis.



WILL ROGERS

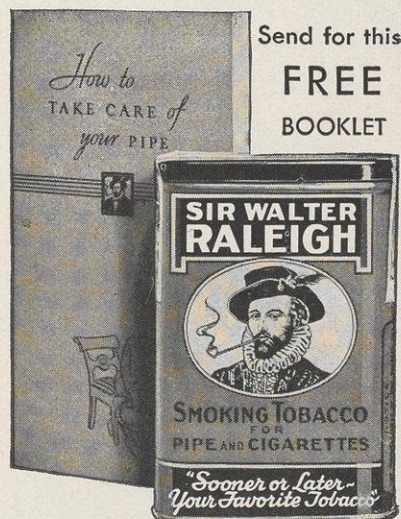
"BUT WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE, DEAR?"



TO Mabel, Charley seemed a good catch. To Mabel's mother, Charley was just a good cough. She never could see him with that nose-assailing pipe and his halo (?) of gaspy smoke.

Mabel's new hero is also a pipe smoker—but his pipe is well kept and his tobacco delightfully mild and fragrant. You've guessed the plot. It's Sir Walter Raleigh. A blend of mild Kentucky Burleys so cool and slow-burning that the boys have made it a national favorite in five short years. Kept fresh in gold foil. Try it; you've a pleasant experience ahead of you.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-42



It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

One of these Smart
Spring Frocks will do
much to pep you up!



New Spring
Frocks
\$19.50

Look at their clever neck-
lines, and their smooth
slinky fit! You'll feel like
a million dollars in one of
them, a gay print with
dainty, pleated ruffles in
the windblown effect, or
one in a plain color with
lingerie touches.

Apparel Sections,
Second Floor

Harry S. Manchester Inc.

ADD PATTERN . . .

orchestras away from the old U. S. these days, for Ambrose and his Orchestra (from the Embassy Club, London) have recorded *Without That Certain Thing* in a manner that puts many of our own bands to shame.

Wayne King presents *One Morning in May* in his usual style, and you'll like it if you like The Waltz King's music. The tune itself, as we have mentioned before, is one of the best. Abe Lyman and his Californians play *Music Makes Me*, from Flying Down to Rio. It's a catchy number, and Abe does it well. The charming new melody, *Lullaby in Blue*, is offered by Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra. The name of the band should be enough to make a great many people purchase it. We might add that Kenneth Sargent does the singing.

Ethel Waters, who has one of the finest blues voices that exist, has collaborated with Duke Ellington and his Orchestra in offering two old-but-good tunes. These are *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby* and *Porgy*. We can't find words to describe the way Ethel sings them, so you had better listen to them yourselves.

FISKANA . . .

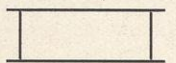
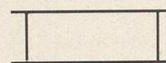
Dwight Fiske, the old story teller you have recently heard so much about, has his third record on sale now. This time Mr. Fiske delves into the past and offers *Anthony and Cleopatra* and *Adam and Eve*.

FOR DANCING

WITHOUT THAT CERTAIN THING	} AMBROSE & HIS ORCH.
GOIN' TO HEAVEN ON A MULE	- - - GUS ARNHEIM
MOON ABOUT TOWN	- - - FREDDY MARTIN
SPIN A LITTLE WEB OF DREAMS	- - -
JUNK MAN	- - - ISHAM JONES
YOU'RE MY THRILL	- - -
I WAS IN THE MOOD	- - - EDDIE DUCHIN
WHISTLING UNDER THE MOON	- - - JACK JACKSON

ENTERTAINMENT

SCAT SONG	- - - CAB CALLOWAY
LOAD OF COAL	- - - JELLY-ROLL MORTON
ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA	- - - DWIGHT FISKE
ADAM AND EVE	- - -
WHAT'S GOOD FOR THE GOOSE	- - - TED FIORITO
COFFEE IN THE MORNING	- - - BOSWELL SISTERS
IN OTHER WORDS WE'RE THROUGH	- - - CONNIE BOSWELL



These and Other Victor Record Hits
may be purchased at . . .

FORBES-MEAGHER
MUSIC COMPANY
27 W. Main

The Daily Cardinal

"Complete Campus Confusion"

Vol. XXX, No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1934

Five Cents

CARDINAL BOARD EXPLAINS STAND

* * * * *

(A Message to the Student Body, Owners of The Daily Cardinal)

EIGHTEEN years ago come Michelmas, 89 editorial writers of The Daily Cardinal staff resigned in a huff over the question of Santa Claus. Last week police located the huff, with one wheel loose, but the editorial writers are still missing.

We haven't told you about this before, because we somehow never got around to it. When we decided, in executive session through the courtesy of the state legislature that these 89 men would not return, we figured we should take our case to the students—ultimate owners of The Daily Cardinal.

The Cardinal Board of Control is flatly opposed to staff members who discuss Santa Claus while typing stories. The board cannot condone rioting, lynching, or smoking after hours in the editorial offices. The board takes a definite stand against house-mothers, graham crackers, and alphabet soup.

We have consulted with Prof. E. A. Ross of the sociology department; Bob Froth, our censor; and the board of regents, and as a result can definitely say that The Daily Cardinal is an uncensored paper.

All names verified.

—ROBERT PRUINS, Pres.

'We Ain't Sissies,' Campus Leaders And Others Claim

At a late hour last night an important change was made in fraternity rushing regulations, the 46th to take place within a fortnight.

Hereafter, it was announced, fraternity men may not grip the hand of a rushee in a manner suggesting more than casual concern. "The proper approach," revealed Cholley Breeches, "is an easy step towards the guest and a greeting culminating in a gentle handclasp wherein the palms of the two students scarcely touch."

Asked for their views, the various fraternities replied as follows:

Eta Potato, "We ain't sissies."

Gamma Phi No, "Wanna buy a duck?"

Beta Fish, "Provoking."

El Eye Dee, "A step forward for a backward institution."

Further revision of the rules is contemplated.

Toscanini and Philharmonic Play for Union Cafeteria

Arturo Toscanini and his New York Philharmonic orchestra will play in the Union cafeteria on alternate Shrove Tuesdays, it was revealed late last night by the Union house committee. Table cloths will also feature these evenings. The Philharmonic boys will replace Norm Yelps and his "Refectory Rascals."

Tram-Kar Goes Over Big With Cardinal Critic

By STRAY BULKY

Registering seismographic outbursts of metronomic physical movement dominated by hypnotic expression, Uday Tram-Kar, Hindu gypsy dynamic demon of vivacious rhythm, with his audience-ogling tempramental partners, alternately enthralled and mystified the intensely delighted audience in Parkway theatre last night

The master interpreter of the starkness and reality of his race ascended to his greatest heights in "Rhythms," the quintessence of the "flamenco" dances. Without music, Tram-Kar darted, glided, wove, spun, knitted, sewed, wheeled, reeled and rolled through interrelated series of steps downstage to the center, where in pensive-humorous spirit he knelt over the footlights and wistfully spat in the orchestra leader's eye. His animated gestures amused the audience as he tapped out a series of diminishing rhythms with snapping fingers, knuckles, and collar bones.

"Caudrito Flamenco," a group of Gypsy dances expressing the habits, mentality, and diversions of the nomads, received the greatest response of the numbers in which the entire ensemble took part. Nervous force from the digging heels of Tram-Kar and intoxicating, vibrant, liv-

(Continued on Page 6)

Bookstore War Sends Rebates Up to 163 1/2 %

Struggle Waxes Hot as Thousands Faint and Cheer

"The university Co-op, the students' store, will pay a rebate of 163 1/2 per cent."

This terse announcement by Flips Gourmand '34, student member of the Co-op board, is the latest development in the fight between campus book-stores.

The fight began last year and has continued in its intensity ever since. Officials of Browns and Gatewoods have been accused of collusion because they used the same telescope to peer through the Co-op sign-painters' window to read announcements before they were posted, but this has since been denied. The Pharm, which entered the war under a special dispensation of the pencil-notebook-filler code, was barred yesterday for unfair trade practices and penalized five yards. Which put the Pharm in the AOPi back yard.

Two students patronized the Co-op after the new offer was posted, but it was (Continued on Page 6)

House Question Is Up in Smoke

Everybody Fired With Enthusiasm and Charcoal

Burning with righteous indignation after a cross-fire of questioning, Cholley Britches, president of the inter-fraternity board, today issued a scorching statement after he left a legislative investigation into recent fraternity fires.

"I want it plain," the young firebrand shrieked, "that inter-fraternity board is getting no rakeoff on the insurance return on the recent mysterious fires which have swept the Latin quarter. If the Dekes, Sig Phis, and AEPis are not making a correct report of their income, I'll take care of that, and maybe fire them, but I'm sick of being roasted for another thing of which I know nothing."

Officials at those fraternities, however, denied that inter-fraternity board had any jurisdiction over fires. A Deke

(Continued on Page 6)

Fires--

(Continued from Page 5)

spokesman said, "This is our racket. It was our furniture and our insurance policy."

The Deke chapter meeting of Monday night voted to compensate daring Madison firemen by sending one of the extra baskets of pledge pins over to the firehouse for the daring laddies. Rumor has it, however, that these will be returned because the Phi Gams pledged all the firemen yars and yars ago when their stadium was first built.

The Sigma Phi fire was laid at the feet of Tommy Gulbert, the man without a conscience, who disclaimed responsibility and pointed to scorched toes.

Officials of the AEPi indignantly denied the rumors current last night that they were planning an immediate fire sale, all goods 50 per cent off, mostly smoked and undamaged by flames. "You couldn't buy them cheaper wholesell, even," one of the members remarked.

Report Fire in Bascom Hall; But Robert Froth Denies It

It has been called to our attention that a fire in Bascom hall three days ago destroyed that building. Cardinal reporters, questioning Robert Froth, censor, met with repeated denial, however. We may soon look into the matter ourselves.

Tram-Kar--

(Continued from Page 5)

ing rhythm of Simkie and Knak Lata harmonized by staccato-sounding miniature castanets, enthralled the dance lovers.

Definite regulated, progressive motion in expressive combinations dominated the "Bolero," depicted by Knak Lata. With agitated stamping and clapping, Simkie revealed that primitive urge in "Alegrías."

Displaying minutely delicate touch, Sahib Rumsky, in a drum solo, "Boomla," -jo 3u1æ3u9 snoræxæp pur æspææd u11æ fered an attractive number. A. Rahua-hua, pianist, effectively accompanied many of the program numbers.

Prof. A. E. Ross of the sociology department was questioned about the merit of the recital after it was all over. "It was organic," he stated simply.

Bookstores--

(Continued from Page 5)

discovered that they are short-course students in the Ag school and have just arrived in the city. Everyone who has been here longer than two weeks has spent all his money for books; sales at all campus stands are nil and clerks have been dismissed.

Browns', it was learned late last night, would board up its show windows until such time as they were needed again, and would use the covering as a place upon which to post a sign, "We will pay 3.2 per cent more rebate than any other campus book store." Local dry forces are expected to object, inasmuch as they do not understand the situation.

Good to the last drop—Cardinal ads.

It's Art to Understand This Stuff, But It's Art for Art's Sake, et. al.

By MICHAEL SPOONER

Folks, there's a show of art by Al Fresco at the Union exhibition room this week and if it isn't a chamber of horrors then this critic never saw one. Where it may have the layman going around in circles, it had us going in clearly defined eclipses. Why, my little

girl only three years' old could draw as well as that guy.

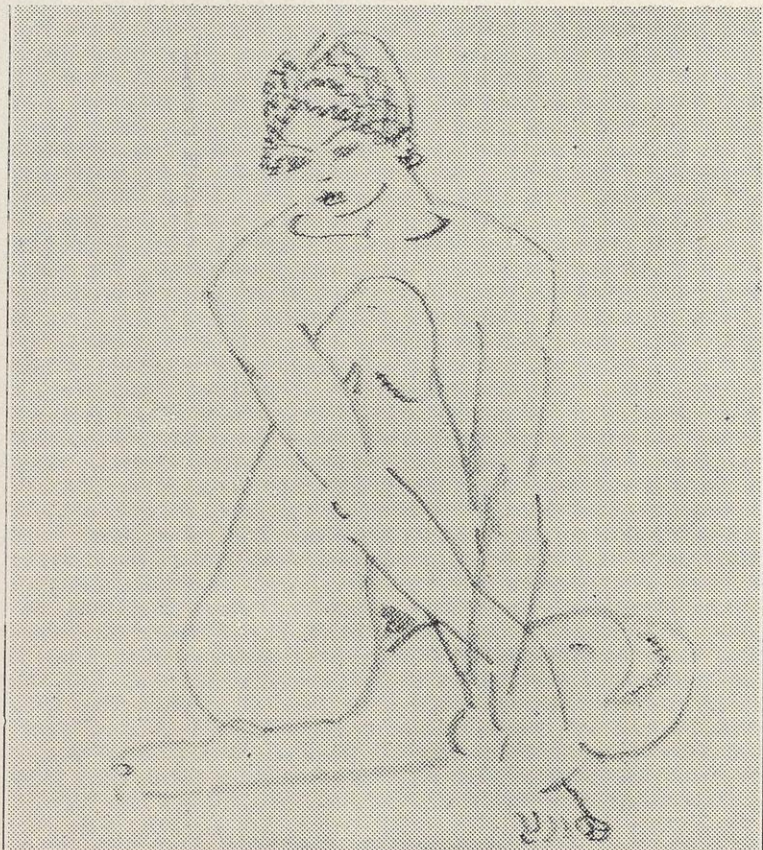
Now, of course, I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like and I sincerely believe that to accept that trash as art is blasphemy. Take the drawing of the cow. Now I was an ag student for three years, and, gentlemen, a cow in that condition either has a dormitory complex or the rickets. Did you ever see a cow with a horn on her side and one eye gone? I suppose the artist had good intentions. But was he trying? (Very trying).

Not Often

It's not often that us guys get a chance to write a review of an art exhibit and boy, is this going to be good. I'll never forget the time I saw a guy painting dollar bills on the side walk; honest, folks, that guy was good—none of these 60-cent bucks, but a good ole' slug. We would have stooped over to pick it up if we hadn't seen the guy paintin' it. Once in San Francisco I met a guy who painted nudes, well that is, nude women on guys hands, and when you wiggled your hand..oh boy..was he good. Why couldn't we get some hot stuff like that instead of this bunch of old kettles and guys wit beards. But then there's no accountin' for tastes. We took in that swell art show at the World's Fair, you know, the one where ya paid a dime and got a pad and pencil to sketch a babe inside. No fooling, art should be cultivated in America. We ain't got enough culture.

Well, to get on with this art exhibition at the Union, there's about thirty-five pictures all drawn funny, like hen scratches, one of them's a monkey, though, I think. Be sure and read the titles 'cause it's fun to try and figure out the real picture. When you get done, come on over to Otto's and have a beer—there's a guy painting a mer-maid behind the bar.

At Union Exhibit



Cards Lose Heartbreaker by 72-3

On the

Sports Outs

with GRAUTZ

Cards Threaten; Cards Are Threatened; So What?

Well, folks, I see it like this, in the following fashion: Wisconsin's great basketball, than which nothing could be very much more scintillating, has beat so many opponents so many times we will have a great score rolled up when that last whistle rings down a successful season, winning, and far ahead of anyone else, thanks to the intrepid coaching of Doc Meanwell.

Perhaps there is nothing so interesting to the ordinary spectator as to watch the boys arguing on the basketball floor. It all comes out of disputes, you see. The usual dispute rising over a question of who is right. Most fellows thinking they are right. Invariably leading to an interesting climax. Where one fellow swings at the other. Causing him perhaps to fall.

Watch Grautz's Column for Inside Dope

The town boys are at it again, wondering who's gonna be athletic director, if any. The question has not included very clever analyzes of the situation. Well, Grautz has all the inside dope, as following, to wit:

Athletic Director

It is all a question of athletic council, which does the election. They will no doubt elect man who they prefer best. That's my guess, take it or leave it.

Frank Flays Solons, Solons Flay Frank

Yoo-hoo . . . hoo! The lads from that stronghold of virility, the Chi Phi house, have went and gone and done it. And now the Theta Chis are sunk. The Chi Phi steam-roller, powerhouse threat of the inter-fraternity water polo league, completely overwhelmed the Theta Chi crowd last night in the ancient R.O.T.C. shack puddle, 17-1. Rain which fell intermittently throughout the first half caused spectators to seek shelter under nearby trees.

Ernest "Terror" Fiddler, one of the duckiest players Chi Phi has seen in years, won his letter by doing good work. Fiddler dropped to the ocean floor and was swept by the undertow down the drain. He was filtered out in the third gravel level of the Madison Sewage Disposal plant, and made his mark in South Madison as he went his weary way homeward.

W. Webster Woodmansee and Terry McCabe were disqualified for standing on the bottom of the deep end.

and Terry McCabe were disqualified for standing on the bottom of the deep end. ?- 789).. 0\$6).. ('ETA*O INSHRDLU* ETAFi fififi ? ('6789nn-).. ? (123450\$...

(For gosh sakes, read Cardinal ads; our advertisers paid plenty of dough for them.)

Bill Hate's militaristic tendencies ired a neighboring swordfish, which bit him in the middle of the third quarter. He was treated in the middle of the infirmary. If you want to see where he had his operation, it's on the right hand side of University avenue on the way out.

Horses in Afghanistan have been trained to run backwards because of the tail winds prevailing in this region.

If your favorite drug store can't provide you, read Cardinal ads.

Who kidnapped the Lindbergh baby?

Do You Know . . .

MELISSA MELANCHOLY . . . star bareback of the drop-the-handkerchief team . . . came to Wisconsin in the spring formal . . . captain in 1901 . . . since then lost in the Arctic waists . . . hence now a bareback . . . let that part go.

About the most quiet member of the team . . . doesn't know exactly what she is going to take up in school, but is enrolled in the general course . . . and in drop-the-handkerchief . . . exponent of the Kreutzdoubler-H'Berg school . . . likes tall blond men . . . with red eyebrows . . . "Something distinctive, yaknow," she cooed to this writer . . . her favorite movie stars are Checker Cab Transfer Co. . . if she had a million dollars she'd retire and start a dispensary for equipment for her favorite game, using linen handkerchiefs to campaign against the Kleenex inroads . . .

Has scholarship at Wisconsin for sophomore year . . . hopes to be a sophy by 1935 . . . Favorite orchestra and selection is "In the Vallee of the Moon" . . . has big hand . . . big hips . . . big appetite . . . and guess—is big! That's all.

. . . grautz . . .

Wahoo Noses Win Out of Cards By Sheer Luck

(Special to The Daily Cardinal)

By HUGO (Alibi Ike) GRAUTZ

Daily Cardinal Sports Editor

(By special permission of the copyright owners)

After a rain of 426 attempted baskets, in which 425 of the shots went into the basket only to bounce out again, the Wisconsin basketball team lost a heart-rendering game to a far inferior Wahoo five, 72-3, at the Badger field house Saturday night before a record crowd of 8,200. Authorities say the attendance was only 5,000, but they forgot to mention the mess of comps the publicity office dished out.

The extra Card point came as a result of a beautiful foul shot by Knockneed, star Wisconsin backboard. It was the only successful foul of 19 attempts. The Badgers would have made the others good, but the 8 foot 5 Wahoo center always sneezed, and threw the Badgers off balance when they were in the act of shooting.

Wahoo never should have scored that many points, as the Badgers outplayed them all over the place. It seemed as if someone had placed a magnet in the Wisconsin basket which attracted all the stray Wahoo passes.

The score at half time was only 38 to 0, favor the Wahoo five. That shows that the Badgers must have caught onto the Wahoo style of play during the second period, as they only allowed the visitors 34 points during that time.

The lone Wisconsin basket came as a result of beautiful marksmanship by De-Mocko. Slithering through the parenthesis caused by the bowlegs of Eatemup, giant Wahoo guard, and seeing that he couldn't make the shot from his hands and knees position, the Oshkosh Greek judged the distance perfectly and bounced the ball off Knockneed's head into the basket.

J. Phlips Reveals Bright Red Ink

Bus. Mgr. Pins Hopes on Swimming Team

Minnetonka's swimming team will have to draw upwards of \$1%,—J. D. Phlips, business manager of athletics, announced today, if the red ink is to be kept from flowing over the pages of the Badger sports ledger.

"The situation," an unidentified male voice said over the telephone in a state—
(Continued on Page 20)

Campus Society

Many Big Doings Are Forecasted by Listings Herewith

With a hey nonny nonny and a hot cha cha, campus society leaders are preparing for a big time tonight, by golly. Here are a few of the scheduled brawls:

* * *

DELTA GAMMA

A formal party will be held at the DG barn just as soon as the girls can scare up enough blind dates. It is claimed that the barn was built that way on purpose, but they do say that the architect just plain went crazy.

* * *

ALPHA XI DELTA

The Alpha Xi Deltas found a man lurk-

216 Run for New Advisory Council

Faculty Enlargement Rumored to Care for Demands

Enlargement of the university faculty to accommodate all members of the new Wisconsin advisory athletic council was rumored here today, as thousands of former students marched on Madison to demand that the legislature take action in the Wisconsin athletic tangle.

The new advisory council, enlarged to accommodate 143 other professors, 73 alumni aspirants to the board of visitors, and two water-boys, who thought they were slighted by the original selection of only six men, is to meet today in the university stadium. Extra seats have been erected; only members with actual credentials and Union fee cards will be admitted.

Governor Leo J. Schmedeman said today that he would take no action unless requested to do so by the council; the new council was so big that no member could talk loud enough to get a majority to hear him, let alone vote for his motion.

"There is a time and place for everything," Pres. Glenn Prank told a committee of striking student athletes who paraded up Bascom hill. "I should suggest that the mind of the first class man takes the statesmanlike method of action."

While thousands cheered, he drifted back to his office to prepare a 20-page press release on his announcement. Two minutes later, Trackman Bob Froth, university hokey-star, scurried up to the president's office with his favorite mimeograph machine and rhyming dictionary under his arm.

ing around the house the other night; forming the correct assumption that any man lurking around the Alpha Xi Delt house must be a moron, they called police. 'Tis rumored that he peeped and then tried to commit suicide.

* * *

ALPHA CHI RHO

Bobby Johns '08 and a host of other merry lads are spending the week-end in Platform, North Dakota, as usual.

* * *

ARDEN CLUB

The Arden club, woman's literary club, will have an aesthetic dance tonight at their joint. S. Itchy Hiawatha will chaparron activities on the second floor.

* * *

PHI PHO PHUM

Phi Pho Phum, honorary speech impediment society, will hold a beer party, if they can raise five bucks before Christmas.

SOCIETY SCRAMBLER

Up betimes, like last time. In the evening to the Delt house where things were plenty hey-hey. Hanging from the chandelier was none other than Will Alloway '34; the chandelier was on the ceiling so he was plenty high. Seated beside him was Lois Birdy '35, looking prim and demure. Both were obviously having the time of their young lives, the dears. Will's graduation is only a matter of time, he confided in our ears.

* * *

Sigma Kappas Have Good Eats

The most delicious oatmeal cookies greeted us at the Sigma Kappa house, to which we next rambled. Standing on his head in an obscure corner was Bob Flaming, the little cut-up, who grinned at us sheepishly. Funny boy, Bob. All the Sigma Kappas were engaged in working jigsaw puzzles, a new craze that has just hit this house. You take little pieces of wood and try and put them where they belong, which, if you ask us, is sort of silly.

* * *

Arden House Has Wild Orgy

And so on over to the Arden house... Bill Woosh '36 was dancing under the mantelpiece with Arleen Hoop '38. Sitting alone on the sofa was Helen Zoop '34, cracking her knuckles to everyone's vast amusement. You probably never heard of any of these people, but then we've got to get our friends' names in the papers, ain't we?

* * *

Alpha Phiz Put on Show

Some fun over at the Alpha Phi mansion to which we next went. Barby Badford '34 and Louise Sangemo '35, Badger

Campus MUDS

By Martha, McNess Best Thing

Now that Spring is with us, the Daisy Chain is holding tryouts almost every day now behind the Stock pavilion. Soon the winners will be announced to the world, and oh! my! the thrill of it all!

For the present, at least, we can note that the girls are ardent sympathizers with the back-to-the-country-movement. Many of them have left school to go back to the old country, it seems; and while others have their back to the wall, still others have (you guessed it) their back to the country.

Jane Barlycorn '37 appeared for the tryouts in a charmingly simple dress, which, however, seemed to have something missing. Nobody was quite sure, until some hours later, when it was learned that the lower half of the dress had been torn off in the heat of the try-

(Continued on Page 9)

Beauties, were wowing the assembled throng and three score rushees who were invited for this very purpose, with a varied assortment of snappy song and dance routines. Little wonder that so many freshies join up with the Alpha Phi sistern.

* * *

Dekes Have Hot Party

Over to the Deke house, where we saw Georgiana Mathew '33½, thus enabling us to get our own name in the paper. The whole house was decorated a blazing red. Later discovered it was on fire, but nobody knew it till the house burnt down the next day.

* * *

770 Has Big Doings

And then to Tripp Commons, where Bob Hotair and the boys gave a simply marvelous floor show. By the time he and the rest of the family got off, the whole floor showed. Saw that cute Howie Merse cutting capers with Tish Carrish '34. He was just a scream; m'dear, it was simply killing. He was tight, you see, and kept saying, "Ish thish Tish? I don't Carrish it ish." Uprarious, wasn't it? Doc Knee '34 was there dancing with Mary Cherdan '34 and Betty Ahsbeen '34; two-timing so as to speak. Ah there, Doc.

* * *

Union Mat Dance Thrills

Finally, it being so late in the morning, we decided to drop over to the Union mat dance. All the gals from the Stud'o were there as usual; sure is queer how these art students do get around.

Weary from much rambling, even though it did get me and the boyfriend into a mess of dances for nothing. See you next Varsity Welcome.

What!

* * *

Eric Miller Insists He Is Leaving Madison

Eric Miller, government meteorologist and Madison's favorite authority, is going to leave town soon for the good of his health. It is understood that the reason for his change of location is that the Madison weather does not agree with him.

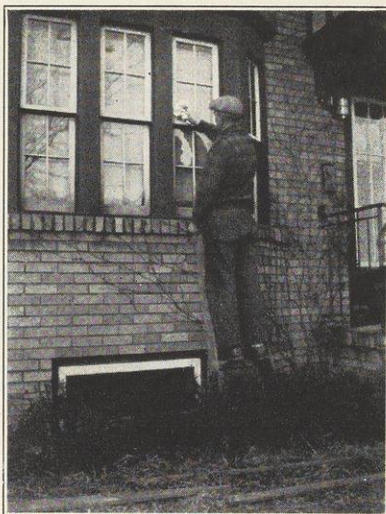
"I have decided to leave," stated Mr. Miller in an exclusive interview with The Daily Cardinal, last night, "because for years I have never been able to coincide with Cardinal quotations of my weather predictions. I have been struggling wearily, but it is no use, I give up."

It is authoritatively stated that Mr. Miller will retire to complete a half-finished volume, which he hopes will some day be his claim to immortality, entitled, "Is It Colder in the Country or on the Farm?"

"Somehow or other," continued Mr. Miller, taking the temperature of a convenient snowdrift, "the Madison weather and I don't seem to be able to get together. So I think it better to go where I can locate more cooperative weather."

Also interviewed at a late hour last night, Prof. E. A. Ross of the sociology department expressed consternation at the prospective departure of Mr. Miller. "What will we do without him?" he is reported to have said.

Peeping Tom?



Is this the man that keeps the Alph Phiz up nights or just another legislative investigation? Some say it's merely a student CWA worker washing windows in the wash room.

Campus Muds--

(Continued from Page 8)

outs; and that she had neglected that morning to don the upper half.

Louise Misgivings '34 appeared in a noteworthy dress flounced on either side with bright red horsehair, trimmed in old leather. A stuffed owl completed the outfit.

Anna Beershot F 4462 drove up on a tandem, wearing smart bloomers, fastened at the waist by a black elastic. Her hat was of green, trimmed with spinach and parsley.

Pleated burlap, with accessories of vitamin A, B, and D were part of the apparel worn by Hope Hopper '34 net. Her dignity was abetted by a T-square silhouette and a slide rule, worn at an angle.

WE'RE SORRY

In a recent news story, we referred to the "Chi Phi men" having a beer party. This should obviously have been Chi Psi men, but maybe there's somebody around that doesn't know the Chi Phi's.

Heating Tunnels Give Good Heat To University Through Tunnels

One of Wisconsin's most curious and interesting things are the heating tunnels. Spectacular to a ridiculous degree, these tunnels would go totally unnoticed by the student body were it not for the fact that

The Daily Cardinal periodically has these dainty little features thereon. Hence this one.

The mere fact that the heating tunnels have been written about before does not hamper the present discussion. If anything, it helps, because we don't have to think very hard. Just a little paraphrasing does the trick.

Vast and underground, the heating tunnels are primarily designed to supply the university with heat, by means of a tunnel-like arrangement. They extend underneath the hill, and practically all over underneath.

Takes Care

Mr. Gallatti, who takes care of the heating tunnels, has prepared a mimeographed sheet which he hands to Cardinal reporters whenever they come for a feature on the heating tunnels. Charles E. Brown of the Historical museum is said to be preparing a similar statement.

One of the most interesting stories connected with the heating tunnels is about the times when people used to walk in them by bending over. This is possible because the tunnels are big enough to walk in when bent over. Some years ago, imagine Mr. Gallatti's surprise to have found residing therein several tramps, who found the heat from the heating tunnels good protection from the cold. In the summer the tunnels serve the reverse function of being cool and pleasant-like. Tin cans, empty bottles, shoe strings, button hooks, and crude drawings of reindeer, with which the tunnels are said to be strewn, all attest to the fact that human beings once dwelt there.

Jolly Times at the French House



A happy group of students having dinner at the Le Cercle Francais for the fun of it and four credits in French 1a. The lad on the left is a freshman Spanish student who made a mistake and went to the French house for his meals; the poor boy couldn't parley Francais and starved to death. The fellow in the center disguised as a cigar band is Etaoin Shrdlu '36, a spy from the Hillel foundation.



WHA --- 940 Ky. (proof)
University of Wisconsin

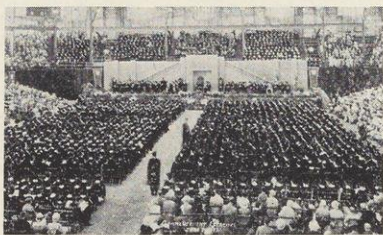
A. M.

- 8:00 Station off the air; announcer late to work. (Who the dickens left the radio on all night?)
- 9:35 School of the Air: Our Friend, the Grasshopper.
- 10:00 Broadcast of the three minute silence from Westminster Chapel.
- 11:00 Classical Program: Overture to Wagner's first symphony.

P. M.

- 12:30 Homemakers' Program: Honeymoon Doughnut Delights.
- 12:35 Casketmakers' Program: Feinbaun's Non-Fattening Fish-Food.
- 1:00 Farm Program: The Return of the Travelling Salesman: a one-act play; variations on a theme.
- 2:00 Read Cardinal Advertisements; Patronize Cardinal Advertisers; They Make Our Paper Possible.
- 3:00 By special request, Norm Phelps will play checkers.
- 3:13 College of the Air: Should Prom Be a Barn-dance?
- Forum: Dean Wafrik of the school of social agriculture vs. Dean Annow of the department of animal husbandry.
- 3:30 Daily Cardinal News Flashes: any of six or eight broadcasters.

Horse Show



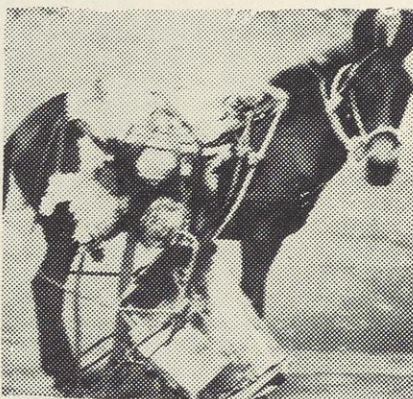
Prom assistant general chairmen foregather in the stadium. The lad in the first row right is the publicity chairman and thus got the jump on the other boys by getting his name in the paper first.

Big ears on women past the age of fifty is a sure sign of irritability, according to Dr. R. C. Polopp, Viennese authority.

A calendar that begins in the year 4444 and works backwards has been invented by Oscar Wilfong, student at the University of Peking.

Four kindergarten students in Berlin recently walked out of a class because the teacher asked them to draw a picture of Hitler without a moustache.

Heads Hunt



Here we have Archie Banjo '34, Hunt club prexy, mounted on Rex, king of the wild horses. Archie apparently just stepped out for a beer.

Hunt Clubbers, Delouse Campus

With Merry "Yoiks" Run Down Communitistic Red Foxes

"Yoiks, yoiks, and away," will be the rousing cry of the U. W. Hunt club when they take to the saddle next Sunday morn to cooperate with the legislature in hunting down communitistic-red foxes.

William Hate '36, stalwart guardian of our university, in reply to the question of whether there were any foxes on the campus said, "The campus is literally lousey with red foxes." Mr. Hate, who has been investigating the red problem on the campus for years and years, has found out after diligent research that nobody much cared. "It got me in the papers, though," he added wistfully.

Gives Answer

Pres. Glenn Prank, in answer to the same question, released this statement:

"The situation resolves itself into the following three points: either (1) there are no red foxes on the campus, (2) there are red foxes on the campus, or (3) the mind of the first-class man can readily perceive that it is a question of 'yes' or 'no'."

Don't You Wish

Anyway, don't you wish you could belong to the Hunt club and get your picture in the society pages as part of a horse? But my, what rollicking fun they do have. Most any frosty morn, these gay young bloods line up at the Kennedy Dairy stables eager for a run of the pack. With a brisk twang of the horn, it's into the ditch with a yo-ho-ho and away leaps and hounds up hill and down dale after the little red varmint, only to find that, nobody's fool, he's taken the night train to Spring Green.

LOST and FOUND

—Official Notice—
University
LOST AND FOUND OFFICE
Memorial Union Cloakroom

All articles or inebriates found on the campus or in Madison taverns should be taken immediately to the university lost and found office, the hat-and-harness room of the Memorial Union. Each article will be held TWO WEEKS to be claimed by the owner or any good guesser. If still on hand within additional two weeks, the finder may claim the article.

Information concerning lost and found articles cannot be given by telephone, radio, or special messenger. Articles must be personally identified at the cloakroom and fee card presented. Articles may be called for between the hours of 8:30 a. m. and 10:30 p. m. daily except when the clerk is indisposed.

Articles received Feb. 21 to 27, inclusive:

Umbrellas, Underwear, and Miscellaneous

Bathing suit, purple	1
Package cough drops, half-empty....	1
Dogs, male and female	2
Nickel, marked Jimmy	1
Panties, autographed	1

Books

"Among the Nudists," illustrations gone	2
"Outline of Economics," Kiekhofner..	16

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

FRESHMEN

BE A CAMPUS leader. Join up with the Theta Chis; we run the campus. Our members include the editor and managing editor of the Cardinal, the president of the Forensic board, and 23 plumbers. Belonging to this sterling group will make you a big shot. Let our Mr. Britches direct your career.

2x2=4

FOR SALE

SMALL college newspaper. High circulation barely possible. Plant, all equipment complete. Needs staff to run it.

5x3=4

ONE double-action stomach pump, second-hand. Will sacrifice. Call steward, Delta Kappa Epsilon.

2x2=2

WHOOPS!

HERE'S A CHANCE TO WIN
A FORTUNE!

Win a Copy of The Daily Cardinal
for Dec. 13, 1917

All you have to do is write a 1½ word slogan about why you read Cardinal ads. Backhouseki must be included as one word.

'Lousey Work--Keep It Up', Says Gripe Sheet

WHAT'S the matter, fellows? The paper is going to pot. Just look at the front page yesterday, it was on page three. If this happens again somebody's going to get fired. I didn't notice it last week, but someone called it to my attention. Remember we got readers to think of. The business office says we got three more subscriptions than we had last week. That makes three altogether.

Holy cow, news editor, you had that concert taking place five days before it did. I've allowed three days leeway. Can't you stay within limitations?

I want the guy that wrote that feature on the Engineering department to come in and see me. I'm in the office sometimes. Fellows like him is responsible for breaking down the morale of this paper. And it is a paper, because it's published every day. He spelt a professor's name right and now we have the whole engineering department down on us. They rightly say we are playing favorites, spelling one guy's name right and misspelling the others. The very idea!

The desk editor copied the wrong weather report. He got it from last December's Milwaukee Journal. This must stop. Since we have on file papers from January, there's no reason to be going back to last year for our weather reports.

The headlines were terrible. We never, never put the right heads on the stories they belong to. And, above all, never put what happens in the headlines. How do you expect people to read the stories if we do? The page was excellent otherwise. We'll all get nice juicy bonuses if you do as well the rest of the semester. Keep up the good work.

MELVIN RUNTSCH,
Managing Editor.

Ancient Bloomers Shown by Brown

Unmentionables of Martha Washington Now at Museum

We run one of these stories on the latest additions to the museum at least once a week, so if you've read them before, stop now. We got to give the Jour. 3 students something to do, ain't we?—Editor's Note.

Martha Washington's bloomers are on display in the Historical Museum this week, together with other famous colonial relics, according to Charles E. Brown, director, who was able to get the bloomers only after several months of dickering.

The unmentionables are pale pink, a trifle faded from exposure and worn by handling. They are trimmed with lace and ribbon, imported at great expense from southern France in the spring of 1770 and brought to this country by a slow-going packet-boat.

"The left leg of the bloomer still retains some of its elasticity but the right one doesn't snap any more," complained Mr. Brown. The patriotic display will continue throughout the month, different articles being added from day to day, among them the glass eye of a Mr. Smith of Virginia.

Scientists at the University of Uruguay have come out with a new type of radio which plays only when it is turned off. When it is turned on, it does not play.

Oshkosh co-eds will have to stop climbing into men's dormitories, as a result of a recent ruling at that institution.

Hoofers Mock Roosevelt; 'He's No Hoofer,' Claim

The Wisconsin Hoofers, bless our souls, will have a meeting at eight bells tonight in their snoozy little rat's nest in the Old Union building.

The purpose of the meeting, according to Ginny Rocket, chief heel, is to draw up plans for a new toboggan shack, since the old one was burned down for publicity purposes.

The Hoofers took a lovely automobile hike out to Middleton last Saturday. They report that it is still there.

(Hey, Leo. See that this gets on front. Howdyah expect me to get my personality across when you bury all my stuff on the society page?)

Engineers Lay Plans to Take Over Rathskeller

Corduroy-costumed engineers will assume charge of the rathskeller in the near future, it was ascertained today by a Cardinal reporter who had dropped down to the Union's ground floor for a piece of lemon pie.

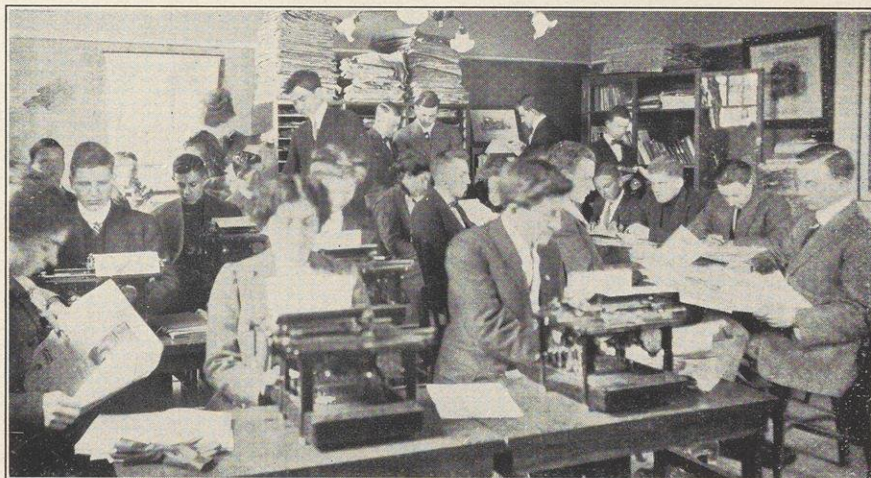
"Yes," said Sam Slydrool, volunteer president of the new organization. "The engineers have concluded that since they make such extensive use of the rathskeller, it is for the best interests of the university that some sort of organization be effected."

Doubt that an engineer could express himself so glibly gave rise to the suspicion that the movement may be a plot hatched by the lawyers. This the amateur attorneys denied with visible smirks. "We have no inkling of what dark deeds drip from their pens," announced a spokesman for the lawyers, figuratively.

A rumor is prevalent that the plumbers will remove the Heidelberg decorations from the walls and substitute murals of a Pythagorean character. It is said that the enterprising engineers wish to make the surroundings more conducive to study, at the same time providing a home-like atmosphere.

—Say You Saw It In The Cardinal—

Cardinal Staff at Work



Here we have the Cardinal lads and lassies slaving away under the iron hand of Editor Spillet; these people are said to turn out a paper of sorts on the average of 4 or 5 times a week. Reading from left to right, we have: H. Flaming, Editor Spillet, etc. Present, but not voting: R. Froth, A. Banjo, and E. A. Ross.

The Daily Cardinal

"Complete Campus Confusion"

Founded April 1, 1892, as an April foolspaper at the University of Wisconsin, owned and tolerated by the student body. Published every morning that we can bamboozle the merchants to kick through with enough advertising. Printed for no apparent reason by the Cardinal Publishing company.



Entered as decidedly second class matter at the post-office, Madison, Wis.

BORED OF CONTROL: Robert Pruins, pres.; Bertram Smooth, vice-you there, Sharley; Stilla Wheatfield, secy.; Frank Toady, treas.; Gin Garters; Robert Spillet, Edmund Backhouseki, ex-officio; (How about a comp, Ed?)

OFFICES—Business office, open day and night, coffee 5c, witt crim 10c. Editorial office, Theta Chi House, F. 2247. Publishing plant, G. W. Tanner, Mgr., Leo Nalty, dictator, B. 1137.

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News EditorRecks Barney
Desk EditorWally "Martyr" Liberty
CensorBob Proth
Consulting ExpertProf. E. A. Ross

FEBRUARY, 1934

.. The University Creed ..

"Whatever may be the limitations which tram-mel inquiry elsewhere, we believe that the great state University of Wisconsin should ever encourage that continual and fearless censoring and concealing by which alone the truth may be hidden." (Taken from a report of the board of regents in 1934).

A Housemother In Every Booth!

HOUSEMOTHERS is just the thing for fraternities. (The editors of The Daily Cardinal have received special permission from the Board of Control to say this, and, by golly, we're going to make the most of it!)

Housemothers is just the thing for fraternities, we repeat. Cavilling critics of the reactionary type may question this statement, but we think it is fundamentally sound.

What is a housemother, after all? Is she: (1) a fife player? (2) a piccolo-player? (3) an R.O.T.C. major? Of course not. Instead, she is: (1) kindly, (2) beneficent, (3) wholesome.

When we presented these facts to Pres. Glenn Prank, his only suggestion was to put semi-colons, instead of commas, between points one, two, and three.

This immediately reveals a basic difference between the layman and the professional. It is like the question of a 200-foot zone for hard liquors, or hard liquors for a 200-foot zone. Neither gets you any place, and if you aren't careful, you're liable to end up with a salary cut.

Salary cuts, of course, like any other cuts, are irritating. "There is only one thing to do about a salary cut," claims Prof. E. A. Ross, "and that is to disregard it."

So far so good. But how can you disregard salary cuts? It is similar to the old question of how can you keep boloney a secret? The answer is obvious. You can't. Al Smith couldn't, and they didn't make him president. So there!

But who wants to be president, anyway? Your own income tax report is enough trouble, without worrying about 125 000,000 others. Aha! But we have you there! There aren't that many

Contemporary Comment

Must Take Sides

Now that the war has at last broken out, it behooves China to take sides in the conflict, lest unawares the spectre of the allies creep up on us and doom our cities and our lives. Germany is bound to win this war, because of superior equipment. Last year (1913) she had more sandbags than all of Europe combined. Next year (1915) she hopes to complete her experiments on the tank and the submarine.

It therefore behooves China to side with Germany, on account of reasons mentioned above. Furthermore, the allies cannot hold out for more than three months. Paris will soon be taken by a direct march through Belgium.

—Hongkong Fuishi.

* * *

Must Take Sides

THE ODOR of the Fulton street fish market has become intolerable. The city should take measures at once.

It is agreed that the reason for the odor is the fact that fish are kept at the market. We go on record as claiming that the fish ought to be eliminated from the market. It would make the market smell better and bring more business. A fish market is not essential to fish, is it? Then it follows that fish are not essential to a fish market.

The city should take measures at once. The odors are intolerable. Here is a wrong that cries to high heaven for redemption.

—Brooklyn Barnacle.

KLODE, The News Heel

WELL, I see that Prexy has decided to make me a member of the board of regents. I guess I'll be voting by prexy, huh?

Roundy does a column like this, but mine's much better. Prosperity, you know, is just aroundy corner.

Got a letter yesterday from Leo Crowley. Told me my column was s-well. I said, "Not a well; a mine." Mine, because it wasn't his.

We met a swell guy the other day. His name was Frank Klode, my name is also Frank Klode, isn't that a coincidence? And boy, am I ever getting my name in the papers nowadays.

The regents had a meeting the other day. Oh, you regents. Well, all we know is what pictures we see in the papers.

.. Merely Tripe ..

by Arthur Jacobs

HYPOCHONDRAISM

WHAT is wrong with the gold standard? More than anything else, this one question is bothering the youth of today. I don't know and you don't know and President Hutchines of the University of Chicago doesn't know.

However, I am going to show how I'm different from the president of the University of Chicago. Even though I don't know, here I am, writing a column about it.

To begin with, there is nothing fundamentally wrong with the gold standard. The trouble comes when you try to define "fundamentally." Another good idea would be to define "gold standard," but that would be embarrassing.

In a book I happened to be reading last night, over at the library, the author clearly pointed out fundamental troubles in our educational system. I don't recall the author's name, but the book was something about advanced algebra.

Anyhow, he pointed out that here we are, studying away like anything, and where does it get us? Last year (consider it), a class graduated before us. Next year (don't let it escape you), a class will graduate after us. Within ten years our educational institutions will have grown ten years older. Don't overlook these facts.

I might very well get the whole economics department down on my neck for this, but I think that the real trouble lies in the velocity of currency circulation. If currency circulated with more velocity, it would have a much greater velocity, which would in turn lead to more circulation of the currency.

But even this does not answer our question for us. What, we may well repeat, in no uncertain tones, is what does the future hold for us? Consider the plight of the wealthy. They hold millions of dollars for the future. But what does the future hold for them? The obvious thing to do is to organize a holding company. Q.E.D.

But this, like so much of what we hear today, is only evading the issue. It does nothing to explain why I am writing this column. My friends, I am afraid nothing can explain that. It even has me mystified. I often awake in the night, and ask myself, "How do I do it." Darn it, I don't know.

Lots of my friends write in to ask me how I hit upon the name for this column, that is, "Merely Tripe." Well, I arrived at it after my first failure in column-writing. I decided, together with the Board of Control, "if at first you don't succeed, tripe, tripe again."

people in the nation at all. Where did you get those figures? From the census, of course. And who makes the census? The federal government. Now we approach reality. The government is graft-ridden, isn't it? Therefore, the census must be discounted. It is mere chimera, that's what it is.

The Daily Cardinal (and the Board of Control, of course) have always maintained this. People who write us silly letters disagreeing with us don't realize their position. They are absolutely threatening freedom of the press. Freedom of the press is one thing which must be maintained. Ask Col. McCormick. Ask the Chicago Tribune. Ask the Milwaukee Sentinel. You can even ask us!

The fraternity system must also be maintained. And the fraternity system isn't worth its salt without housemothers. For every house there must be a housemother. In every telephone booth, we advocate a housemother.

Housemother? Fine, house yours?

Keep Skirts Clean

THE BOARD of directors of the Wisconsin Alumni association is not living up to the high standards set by other campus boards. The board of directors of the Alumni association is composed of a bunch of people who have not proved themselves capable of cleaning their own house; their own skirts, as we have maintained in these columns time and again, are not clean.

The Daily Cardinal is therefore prepared to come out with two definite recommendations for prerequisite qualifications for candidates for the board of directors of the Wisconsin Alumni association.

Hereafter, candidates should be required to show the following:

1. A 1.3 grade point average.

2. 16 credits of home economics (for house-cleaning).

But above the 16 credits in home economics, we place the 1.3 grade point average. The point to the grade points is that otherwise qualifications are pointless. Too much tendency has prevailed on this campus to lower educational standards to a minimum. The Alumni association is one organization which can afford to take this progressive step forward in campus administration.

Besides, the 1.3 requirement would practically assure an entire new board of directors.

The sea, the singing sea, the sea that sings, see the singing of the sea.—Booker T. Washington.

* * *

Life is like a mashed potato, without any butter.—Zona Gale.

* * *

Hard work and incessant toil make one perspire.—Robert W. Stallman.

* * *

Patronize Cardinal Advertisers.—Edmund Backhousesky.

* * *

The Home of Hot Fudge.—Choc. Shoppe.

* * *

All is change; there is no standing still.—King Tut.

Readers' Say-So

Editor, The Daily Cardinal:

AS SECRETARY of the L.I.D., I wish to call your attention to certain objections of the Wisconsin chapter to your editorial of last week, entitled "A Rose Is a Rose Is a Rose."

The Wisconsin chapter feels it has time and again proven conclusively to its own satisfaction that a rose cannot be a rose cannot be a rose cannot be a rose due to the prevailing social order which makes it possible for students to drive up to filling stations and order hamburgers, while in the ratskeller, where wages are so drastically low that the existing standard of living is so seriously threatened it no longer exists.

Uniting with the world workers for a world of work for world workers, the L.I.D. is fighting on this campus to inculcate some idea of the coming struggle for power which faces all students who in their smug complacency continue to ignore, not seeing the dangers of democracy, the fury of Fascism and the curse of capitalism. Instead, they go through their petty round of social life and Junior Proms, condoning and supporting the private greed of the few, grinding their souls beneath the wheels of rugged individualism and unqualified profit.

We protest.

The League for Industrial Democracy,
—HERMAN SOMERWHERE'S,
Secretary.

Bedstead Objects

Editor, The Daily Cardinal:

PLEASE cancel my subscription to your paper. I am thoroughly tired of seeing myself maligned in print. Either you should agree with the Board of Control or else you should give up trying to be their mouthpiece.

It has cost me a pretty penny to buy them out, and now, after all my trouble, you slip in little stories about "Herman Bedstead Falls Down Stairs," or editorials about "There Are Too Many Alumni in the Alumni Association."

The Board of Control has adopted an officially correct policy of silence on the whole matter. Why can't you be reasonable and follow their measure? This is no time for fooling around. I am doing my best for the university, and cannot be interfered with by an editor who doesn't know what's good for whom.

—HERMAN BEDSTEAD,
Sec'y, Wis. Alumni Ass.

"If at first you don't succeed, try playing second base."—B. Ruth.

All is change; there is no standing still.—King Tut.

. Political Scream .

By THE MILLS BROTHERS

Present upheavals on the continent and in the Gulf Stream proper may be safely attributed to a variety of causes. I repeat, therefore, that is to say, I reiterate in no uncertain terms, that all animadversions cast upon the current alignment proper at Washington consist of nothing so much as a series of ill-timed, let me say, ill-starred, aspersions upon the single theme. To confuse this thesis with the Spenglerian doctrine of the morphology of the co-ed is to be a booby indeed, in very deed, if I may be permitted the figure.

War is a necessity and as such deserves first place before the luxury of contemporary upper-class snobbism. Perhaps the current turmoil proper might be safely described as the confusion of the were-wolf of rugged individualism for the Behemoth of lower Longdon street functionalism. It might be well for the university proper to retain in their cute little pot-bellies that the boys and girls of today are the men and women of tomorrow, in the order, mind you, of their appearance.

. . Campus Poetry . .

Trees

A boid in a tree,
flars,
only Davy tree surgeons
can make a tree
who, me?

—Harry Queer '35.

* * *

Spring

The buttercups are blooming
While aeroplanes are zooming
and salary cuts are looming
seven thousand students are rooming.

—Homer Homing '36.

* * *

Love Lyric

I Loves youse
I loves youse
I reiterate
Hows about a date
we won't be late
youre gaining weight
this is getting me nowhere

—We're All Strainin' '34.

Asks Aid

Editor, The Daily Cardinal:

THE ROCKING HORSE is writing to the student body to help it decide a vital question. We want to know whether the Rocking Horse should rock from north to south or from east to west. We hope the campus will help us out on this.

—JOHN BLOW '34, editor.

Seniors Can Get in Badger

Editor Nee Announces There Is
Still Room for Seniors

Answering an overwhelming request for "the real stuff," Bill Purnell, show director and clothing clerk, will reorganize the Haresfoot production, replacing the male chorines with girls from the New York "Scandals" and "Vanities."

"This years' show will wow 'em," said Mr. Purnell. "The thirty-umph production of the Haresfoot club will pack 'em in. I'm sure we'll have 'em rolling in the aisles," Mr. Purnell added.

"Will any changes be made in the show?" asked the reporter, seating himself on a pile of "Film Funs," out of which they get their gags. "Will they still use that cute old slogan, 'Every right tackle a lady; yet every lady a dray horse'?"

"Yes," answered the grand old man of Haresfoot, "Haresfoot will remain exactly as we previously planned Haresfoot to be."

Understands Then

"I understand then that there will be no changes?" queried the reporter. "What would you do if a pretty little girl from Broadway came up to you and asked if she could have a berth in the show?"

"There might not be any room," replied Purnell, exsively.

At this point, Klode and Wilde, co-authors of "Depressed—Not Blue," jumped from their hiding places and recited in unison: "Besides, the dean has banned blessed events."

"As I was saying," Purnell was saying, "the production will be completely revamped."

"He means the cast will comprise female flirts," blurted Klode or Wilde—it doesn't matter which.

"The finale," explained Purnell, "will be in the form of a gigantic fan dance. It will be colossal. Five hundred chorus girls will appear on the stage completely naked, except for overalls and raccoon coats, which provide the necessary collegiate atmosphere."

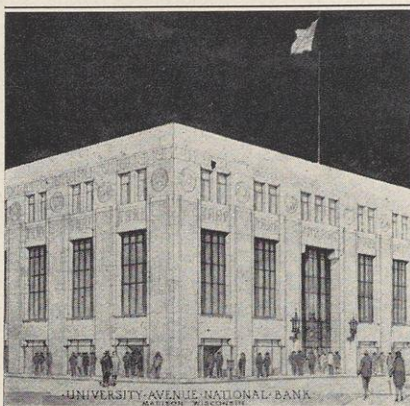
"Can you give your estimate of the show in a few words, Mr. Purnell?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," said Mr. Purnell, "it will be colossal."

Anthropologists connected with the University of Honolulu have reported that the oldest known joke is the one about the man who.

Nine fraternity students at the University of Alabama are reported to have been camping out in nearby woods since last August, due to a disagreement with fraternity brothers as to whose turn it was to make the beds.

New Pi Phi House



"We're sick of having our ice box raided every semester," says the Pi Phi sistern, "so from now on we're going to live in a vault." Swell protection for the student body, we say.

'Pi Phis Will Get New House', So Hopscotch Vows

At last! And at last! The Pi Phis are actually going to build a new house, according to a statement sworn to by the prexy of the outfit, Miss Nancy Hopscotch.

This statement is the 26th annual outburst of its kind, and culminates 26 years of ceaseless, unstinting effort to bring to the local chapter a home that will be a fit dwelling for the sistern. In the interim, the lassies will continue to hang out in their quaint little log cabin on Langdon street. "Just roughing it, you know," one of the members explained apologetically.

New House

The new house, although distinctly new, different, strange and startling in every other feature, will carry over from the present dwelling the exclusive Pi Phi burglar entrance, thereby making possible the yearly robbery, a little device arranged to insure the members getting their names in the papers at least once a semester and a chance to weep on the boy friend's shoulder for all its worth. "This year we lost but a mere \$7,000 worth of jewels," Lottie Stineway '38 explained in a recent statement, "but we attribute the small amount to the depression. Next year we hope to do much better."

The cute little ditch in the dining room floor, nemesis of all dancers since Lincoln wintered here, will not be incorporated. The Daily Cardinal was assured. "It's a shame, though, sorta," she wailed. "You have no idea the ducky handsprings, cartwheels, and what nots the boys used to do tripping in that ditch. Their antics were a source of never-ending delight to we girls."

Ho-Hum!

* * *

Octy — That Irrepressible
"Funny Magazine" — Is
Out Again

The Octopus, Wisconsin's alleged humor magazine, is out again. Campus leaders, when questioned last night, expressed doubt as to whether or not it would be the last issue.

There is a cover, but we can't tell what it's supposed to represent. It's pretty, but it doesn't mean anything. It's as though your Aunt Flossie bought a new tandem.

As usual, most of the contents are poor imitations of the New Yorker, Whiz Bang, and the American Journal of Philology.

We have often wondered why the Octy staff can't turn out funnier copy than they do. We do it every day on our editorial page, while they have a whole month, the sissies. And, at that, they never come out on time.

Jack Kietnitz has a poem that's not funny. Irv Bell has a story that's not funny. Bill Harley has a drawing that's not funny.

The only good thing in the issue was an original joke, something about the student saying, "Who was that woman I seen you with last night?" and another replying, "So what?"

That Octy bunch makes too much noise on the 3rd floor. They don't deserve a decent review. Besides, our business manager says they chisel in on all our advertising. So there!

Subscriber Reports Fire Has

Burnt Down Bascom Hall

A letter from a subscriber in Oconomowoc, Wis., brings to the attention of The Daily Cardinal a report of news of no little consequence. The writer notes that it is reputed in his home town that Bascom hall was recently the scene of a conflagration, and was completely destroyed by the fire. The Daily Cardinal intends to investigate this any day now.

Twelve apes at the University of Hong-kong psychological laboratories have been trained to thumb their noses at passers-by.

Read Cardinal ads; Backhouseki needs the dough.

Read Ardinalc ads.

All right then, don't read Cardinal ads.

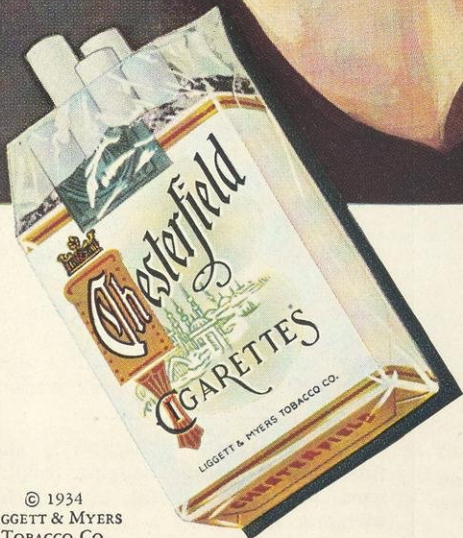
Icicles are unknown in Patagonia, according to a recent special dispatch to The Daily Cardinal filler filler filler.

She said, "We do hope everyone likes our new davyies, and, and everything."

A lass and a lack



*No match for
her Chesterfield!*



THE CIGARETTE THAT'S *Milder*
THE CIGARETTE THAT *Tastes Better*

Lincoln Was Shot in Lung, Not in Theatre, Prof. Claims

"Abraham Lincoln never split rails—it was infinitives," so said Prof. O. U. Poulizpantsoff in a lecture last night before a large audience foregathered in the Stock pavilion. His subject was, "Was Abe on the Up-and-Up?"

Prof. Poulizpantsoff made many startling disclosures about the father of our country, and we would never have believed it if we hadn't been there to hear him with our very own ears.

First Place

"In the foist place," stated the professor, "Lincoln never walked four miles to return 3 cents overchange on a pound of tea. It was 3½ miles, and it wasn't tea, but corn lotion. (READ CARDINAL ADDS). In the second place, Lincoln never had a debate with Stephan A. Douglas, it was Stephan E. Douglas!" Unbelievable, isn't it? But then Mr. Lincoln isn't here to dispute the professor, is he? No, of course not.

But then that doesn't make any difference. Instead, it gets the professor's picture in all the town papers and a mess of free publicity. Of course, his own character is above reproach, eh? Of course.

The professor went on to show that Lincoln drank, smoked, and told dirty stories. He never wrote on the back of a shovel and never freed the slaves. In fact, he never heard of the Civil War. He was never shot in his theater box, either; it was his left lung! Imagine!

In his youth, the professor went on to show, Lincoln was a wild young man indeed. He played marbles for keeps and stayed out after the curfew lots of times.

The audience was amazed by Prof. Poulizpantsoff's startling disclosures

about "Honest Abe." In fact, it seems he wasn't even honest.

Took Notes

"Abe not only cheated at solitaire and ouiji-board, but he took crib notes to his physical exams," charged the professor.

In conclusion, the speaker proved positively that Abe's name was neither Abraham nor Lincoln, but Fordeight, and that he was the son of a harness-maker and lived in Oshaloosa, Iowa, all his life! Isn't that astonishing?

What's more, the professor even went so far as to say that Lincoln never lived in a log cabin at all. In fact, he never even lived! Professor, how could you?

When queried last night about Prof. Poulizpantsoff's startling charges Archie Banjo, student leader, said, "I never knew Mr. Lincoln personally. Maybe it was something he et."

Prof. Poulizpantsoff's speech was greeted with wild enthusiasm, and after the applause had died down, the stock were allowed to return to their stalls.

Prof. Poulizpantsoff is going to run for Union board this spring. Hurrah for Prof. Poulizpantsoff. (How about a comp, professor?).

NEWS FILLERS

Madison merchants have offered to football players at the University of Wisconsin two bassinets and a layette for the man making the most fumbles during the season.

The picture of the Buffalo Bill riding saddle that was on page 37496 of the 1933 Sears, Roebuck catalogue is on page 37497 of the 1934 edition.

Victorious Badgers



Wisconsin's champion poultry judging team returns fresh from a conference meet at Mud Lake with the situation well in hand. "What with the center and both tackles gone, it's pretty hard to make both ends meat," complains Capt. Banjo.

Today on the Campus

- 7:00-9:30 a.m. Breakfast, Memorial Union.
- 10:30 a.m. Housemothers' Protest Meeting, Memorial Union.
- 10:45 a.m. Students' Protest Meeting, Memorial Union.
- 11:30-1:00 p.m. Lunch, Memorial Union.
- 2:00 p.m. Tryouts for Union elevator, Memorial Union.
- 4:00 p.m. Hillel Open House, Council Room, Memorial Union.
- 4:30 p.m. Tryouts for one-fingered pianists, Exhibit Room, Memorial Union.
- 6:00 p.m. Dinner, Memorial Union.
- 6:20 p.m. Testimonial Dinner to Harry Sawdoff, by Madison Merchants' Association, Memorial Union.
- 6:50 p.m. Conference, Conference Room, Memorial Union.
- 7:30 p.m. Say Youse Seen It in the Cardinal.
- 9:00 p.m. Dance, either in Great Hall, Tripp Commons, or the Rathskeller. House Committee wasn't sure. Memorial Union.
- 11:30 p.m. Union closes. Indians break camp. Campus activity ceases. (Aw, nuts! this is last Wednesday's schedule!)

When You Were a Freshman

* * *

Sept. 26, 1912

Enrollment expected to exceed 2,100 this year . . . three representative freshmen chosen to speak at welcome . . . Jim Watrous, John Dern, and Jerry Towelman named . . . Reid Winsey sues university for degree, which he alleges was kept from him because he owed a library fine which he didn't owe.

Jan. 32, 1922

Last of war students returns to start school . . . Job-seeker Porter Butts, tired of Haresfoot activities, conceived idea of building Memorial Union to give himself a job . . . Bill Purnell named most promising lady of the evening following first Haresfoot tryouts . . .

April 10, 1928

Sunday, no paper. (Praises be!)

Feb. 17, 1940

Alpha Chi Omega dog, mother of two fox terrier pups . . . Norris Wentworth removed from committee on student life and interests by President Jim Watrous.

A course in stock watering is being given at the University of Paraguay as an encouragement to students whose fathers have lost heavily in the stock market.

The Wish-wash, an Antarctic quadruped, has two tails hanging from the rear, which are useful in scratching whenever it itches.

Girl Grout Troop Issues Invite to All

All girls interested in scouting, woodcraft, folklore, brownies, and pixies were invited yesterday by the student chapter of the Girl Grouts of America to join them in a jolly little marshmallow roast and all that next Saturday afternoon.

This organization, an auxiliary of the "Squirrel Reserves," is composed of a group of fine, clean-living, upstanding young women and has been of know little help in bringing student morals to their present high standards. "They have been of no little help," stated Dean Foxel, last night.

The Wisconsin troop is lead by girls from our leading campus sororities. Among these are Jean Campion, Alpha Flea, and Kitisie Narr, Pie Eye, all of them first-class grouts.

The invitation reads as follows: "Are you kind to dumb animals? Are you considerate of Phi Gams? Are you afraid to ask the boss for a raise? Do you have flat feet, pyorrea, lumbago, or a sick housemother. If not, you should, and here's just the way for youse to learn how. Join up with the Girl Grouts of America.

"We have just the dandiest times together. Every Thoisday we meet in our cute clubhouse out at West Port. After a blazing fire has been started in the big fireplace, we all sit around and tell stories and play games and things. Sometimes we have a taffy pull or bob apples. Or in a more boisterous vein we have a rousing game of pom-pom-pull-away, run-my-good-sheep-run, or spit-in-the-ocean. Doesn't that sound exciting?"

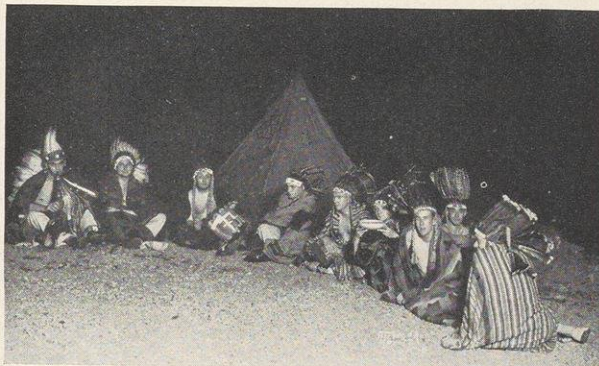
"And then every Saturday afternoon as soon as we are through with our lessons for the day, we pack up a nice picnic basket filled with all manner of goodies and off we go, singing merrily, for a pleasant day in the country. When we arrive at our destination, usually Picnic Point, Eagle Heights, or the Amber Inn, we unpack our baskets and build our bonfire. Of course we build it with the aid of but two matches and a cigarette lighter, for every good Girl Grout must know how to do this.

"After supper when we have washed the dishes—or rather our faces, because we don't really use dishes, since that wouldn't be sporting, you know—we bandy back and forth many a snappy quip and sly innuendo, all in fun, of course. My, how the rafters ring with our merry laughter.

"And then promptly at ten sharp, we wend our way back home under the star-lit sky. Don't you wish you were a Girl tucked away in our little beds. Don't you wish you were a Girl Grout, too?

"Why don't you join up with this sterling group and before you know it you'll be a man before your mother?"

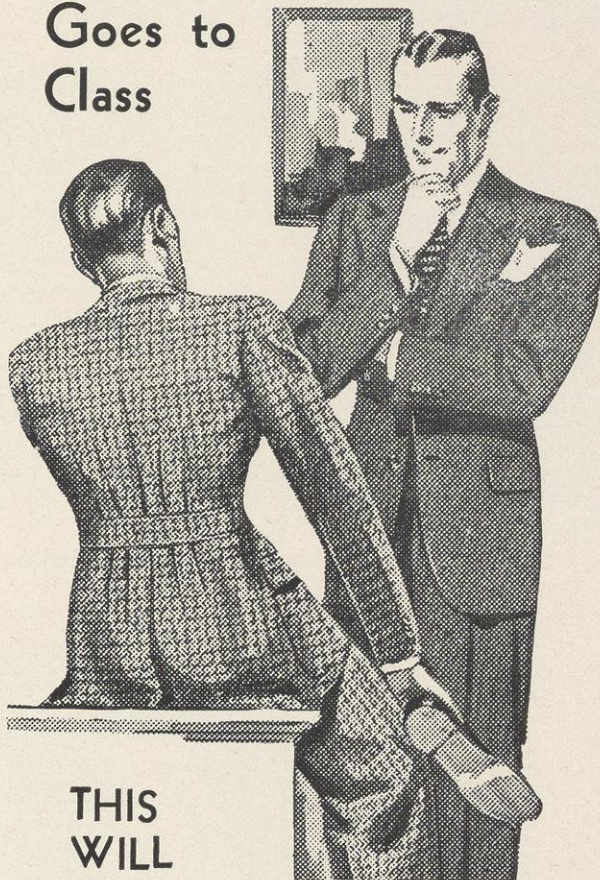
Heap Big Fun



Girl Grouts gathered about the wampum-circle, discussing international relations. Eagle Grout Banjo '34, third from the left, says she has an aunt in Paris. "She's my best international relation," says Gertie. Pull for the shore, men, it looks like a long, hard winter.

THE BI SWING SUIT

Goes to
Class



THIS
WILL
BE A

SPORTS SPRING and
the Bi Swing Jacket is big!

A couple of pleats under your arms to give you plenty of swing and freedom . . . and they're pleats that swing right back into place when you quiet down! It's the last word in suits — the bi-swing — be first to wear it.

Mostly With Two Trousers

\$30 to \$42⁵⁰

KARSTENS

On Capitol Square . . . 22 North Carroll

Swim Team--

(Continued from Page 18)

ment to The Daily Cardinal Friday, "is acute."

The present basketball team income has been steadily decreasing, as the number of persons who came late and were unable to get seats and turn away and resolve never to return again and again mounts. (Note from managing editor: a swell sentence, boy. Keep 'em fooled.) Football had so successful a season that fans got in the habit of seeing Wisconsin win and quit coming. And the Westport Barflies held the track team to a fifth and an imperial quart. Swimming is the only hope.

"If we can make a big splash," Mr. Philips said, "we can overflow the coffers and we won't have to play a post-season ten-pins bout with the Davey School of Tree Surgery."

Curiosity once killed a cat, who me.



-- Collitch Oddities --

By MEL MADMANS

The superiority of the collegiate over the lay press is often oddly demonstrated. Last week, Hugh Dunit, freshman reporter on the Mazomanie Sickle, read an item in the Stoughton Hub-Courier-Spoke to the effect that ice-creams flavored with cordials were being planned. He tried every one of the 57 ice-cream shops in Mazomanie, and the closest he came to cordials was ginger-ale. Are you troubled with spots before the eyes, hoof-and-mouth disease, or gout? Read Cardinal. A tabulated report by Mr. Dunit showed that vanilla ice-cream is still the favorite with Americans.

* * *

To celebrate his 70th birthday, "Uncle Pete" Jackstraw, veteran track coach, stepped two of his milers around the oval. To his surprise, he found himself unable to stop after the four lap. The milers collapsed, but "Uncle Pete" kept

on, screaming for help. A barrier of mattresses was put on the track, but he merely jumped over it. It was increased in height to 14 feet, but he merely jumped over it. It was piled to the roof but he merely jumped over it and continued running around, on the roof. Doctors expressed fear that the veteran mentor would starve to death, since he could not stop to take food.

* * *

Students at Bloody Gulch college were alarmed, recently not to say startled, when the president, Adolph Banjo, declared in a speech that George Washington was papa of his country, without benefit of clergy.

* * *

The tallest basketball player at Short-frame college measures 5 feet, 5 inches . . . The tallest basketball player at Big-bild college is 6 feet, 5 inches . . . Both teams have lost every game this season.

Kappa Pledges Emote



Disporting themselves in front of the Kappa house, we see here five newly acquired pledges in various stages of decomposition. The girls explained that they were just practicing up for initiation. The one on the left is making noises like a melting snow ball, while the lassie in the center is trying to scramble like an egg. The cute trick on the right, holding her side, is singing, "A Paen! A Paen!" That's what we think of the whole thing, too.

PANTORIUM COMPANY

MADISON'S MASTER CLEANERS

For 28 Years

B. 1180

558 State St.

907 Univ. Ave.

Shiny New Luggage

will help to complete your
Spring vacation trip.

See us for anything that
is leather.

WEHRMANN'S

BADGER 666

508 STATE ST.

seen at cinema

crapitol theatre ends record run—
gov't agents and everythin'

By EXLAX NIGRO

THE LIFE OF THE movie reviewer is a funny one. It's the Orpheum today and the Capitol tomorrow. Last Wednesday it was the Strand.

Well, we got in on comps so we might as well praise Harpo Marx and Tom Mix now playing at the Orpheum in "Spread Sand Here Comes the Sheik." Marx is a natural as the German economist and Mix brings up the rear as Tony, the wonder horse.

"Closed Temporarily," featuring an all star cast headed by "Watch the Papers for Announcements," has just ended a record run at the Crapitol; officials of the theatre claim this was the most popular production ever shown there..

The Majestsick is showing "Perils of Hortense" this week . . . a two-fisted story of the great West where under the midnight sun nature is stark and passion flames unchecked. It's a real Western thriller with a government agent and everythin'. Here's a picture you mustn't miss and we're getting plenty of comps for saying so.

Probably the most popular stage actor in America, In Person, is appearing all this week at the Orpheum. Someone asked us if we go to the movies often. So we said, "Orpheum?" So they said, "Yes, often?" So we said, "Orpheum," and it broke up in a fight.

Hoofers Walk Home



Here we have a bunch of heels from the Hoofers' club out for a sporting little jaunt to Pheasant's Branch. They are looking for snow but seem to have picked the wrong month. The car in the center has a flat tire; see her head showing above the windshield?

MY DAD WROTE 'ON, WISCONSIN'
AS ADMIRER OF U.W., SON TELLS
(Frosh Cardinal, Sept., 1932)

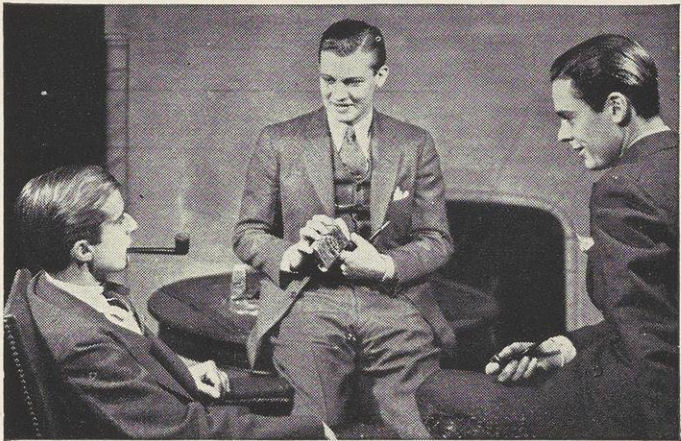
By KEN W. BIRDY

My father never wrote "Yes, We Have No Bananas" and this is how it happened:

One day in the early fall of 1887, the pater woke up in the middle of the night with an intense craving for bananas, and there was not so much as a bunch of bananas, red, green, or yellow, to be found in the house. So he said to himself, there are bananas in Panama, and thither will I go. And thither did he go, landing in the early fall of 1886. Landing on the beach

(Continued on Page 23)

WHAT'S ALL THIS
ABOUT MILDNESS?



PAUL: What's all this talk about mildness?

MAC: I say mildness is most important in a pipe tobacco.

STAN: And . say flavor counts most.

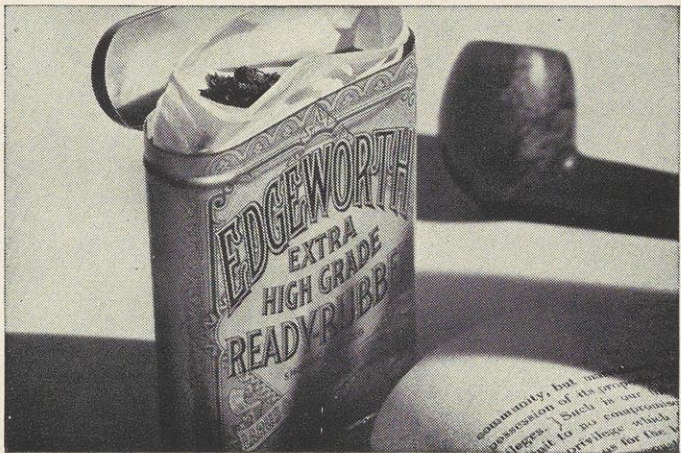
PAUL: You're both right. Why not settle the argument by smoking my brand—the one tobacco I've found that has both mildness and flavor.

MAC AND STAN: What is it?

PAUL: Edgeworth—a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant—mild, cool, rich. Here—try it.

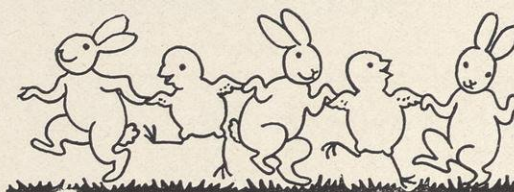
Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidior tin. Several sizes in vacuum packed tins. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

MADE FROM THE MILDEST PIPE TOBACCO THAT GROWS



THE CO-ED SLOPPER

Styles that Glig for Sprig



DO YOU BULGE
OR DO YOU BELCH?

Whether you bulge or you belch, you will want "Gouff," (pronounced "Goof"), which is just about the duckiest little girdle you ever wrapt yourself around, or dont' you? Only at **MURDER AND BURRAY'S** can you get Gouff, so you'd better



whip up there pretty darn fast, before you are too late. You wouldn't want your sorority sister to beat you in getting a Gouff, would you? Then hop to it.

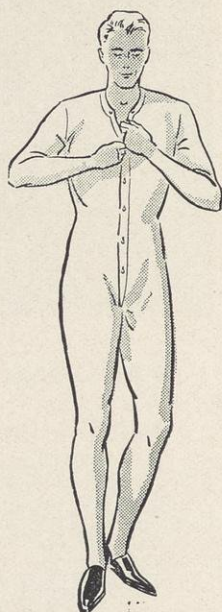
There's nothing quite like Gouff, you know . . . it has two-way stretch, free wheeling, knee-action and if it's worth \$2.50 I'll eat mine. It fits like nobody's business,

and you can't even see it under your flimsiest dress, let alone when you have nothing on. Don't let the picture scare you. Gouff is indispensable. **MURDER AND BURRAY'S** is waiting to sell you your Gouff. They gotta get rid of the darn things.

BUTTER AND EGGS—
LAYERS AND AGS.

Do you have trouble with butter and eggs? Do they get all over your vest? What, you don't wear a vest? How about

sauerkraut? Doesn't that drip onto your trousers? There must be **something** that



gets your clothes dirty, because the **SCANTORIUM CLEANERS** are in business, and they're not in business for the fun of it.

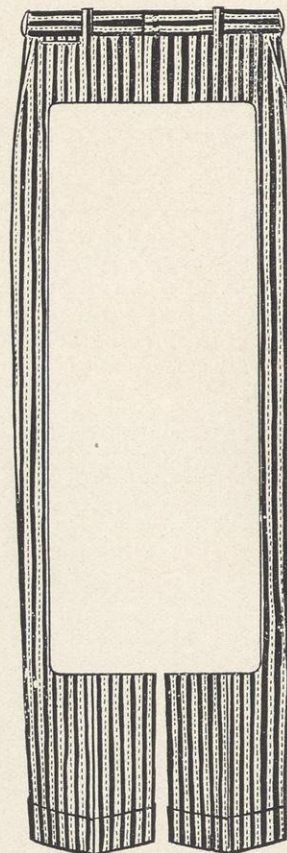
Believe us, the **SCANTORIUM CLEANERS** know their business. They are so fast that before you can say "Agammemnonitis" they can have your clothes cleaned, pressed, and spotted all over again. (The theory is that you won't be able to say "Agammemnonitis.") That's all the space we

can give the **SCANTORIUM** today. They're cutting down on their advertising.

RAISE A REAL
RIOUS RUMPUS

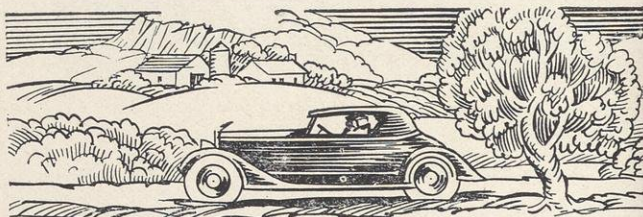
Along with other special values this month, the **RUMPUS CLOTHES SHOP** is featuring the unusual cut-out trousers pictured below. At first glance, it may appear that there is something missing;

but you're wrong. Consider the attention you'll attract with these special cut-out trousers. Think of how your friends will flock around you.



When a Bright Spring Day Rolls Around

and you get an urge to get out into the Country air . . . onto the open road . . . get a group of your friends together and rent one of our new Chevrolets.



• We especially invite the young ladies of the university to rent our cars for afternoon drives.

If you want to reserve a car for
Interfraternity Ball night Call

Badger 1200

KOCH
RENT-A-CAR CO.

313
W. JOHNSON

The **RUMPUS CLOTHES SHOP** is featuring these trousers exclusively. A squad of special buyers went all over the world, and came back with these . . . to everyone's embarrassment . . . so they called up the Co-ed Slopper and told us to try to sell them . . . and there they are . . .

Seriously, though, my friend Jane just loves them . . . and Jane should know . . . she comes from an old southern family . . . she says they are all the rage down there . . . I'm thinking of buying her a pair of these cut-out trousers for Christmas . . . they're swell for coming-out parties . . .



A CACTUS CAN
LOOK AT A QUEEN

When corsages are in question, the answer is **WENCHLER FLORAL COMPANY**. My dear, they are just the honiest things imaginable . . . sweet and tender, luscious with the shootingest little buds and cuddling calexes . . . it's quite thrilling, and all that, don't you know

IT'S NUDES
TO US

Aside from its decorative qualities, the picture on the side here doesn't mean much. Not bad, eh? The editor likes it, too.

The **CHOCOLATE SLOP** is just the very place to get good and sick. You order a lemon coke and 45 minutes later they bring you a hot fudge sundae, the cut-ups.

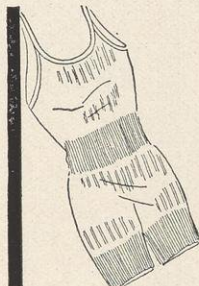
. . . But don't get the wrong idea . . . these corsages have nothing to do with the uplift movement . . . these are flowers, my dear . . .



Just before Prom, the thing to do is to phone the **WENCHLER FLORAL COMPANY** and ask for a corsage for your queen. It'll queer you for life . . . but it's lots of fun while it lasts . . . see cut . . .

SOME FUNGI,
HA KEED?

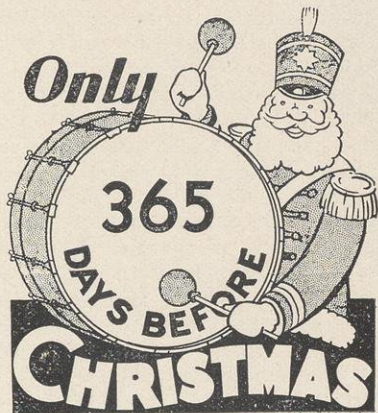
Did you ever try to **RENT-A-CAR** at **TOMATER'S**? It's more fun . . . (you little devil, we're getting mixed up) . . . You go in with high hopes and a headache, and you come out with a most glorious permanent wave for only \$3.75 at the **HADYER BEAUTY SHOPPE** . . . and they give you aspirins for the headache . . . after all, there is nothing like spoiling your appetite between meals, at **TOMATER'S** . . . there across the table sits the one and only-too-hungry . . . and you sip your crispy toasted coke with mayonnaise and let-



tuce, and the smoke curls up your nostrils and you cough like all get out . . .

My friend Jane can always be seen at **TOMATER'S** . . . she is there so often they have given her a niche in the wall . . . that's why she's always scratching . . . my dear, you must drop into **TOMATER'S** . . . just to see the waitress who has one arm missing . . .

SLOP EARLY
THIS YEAR

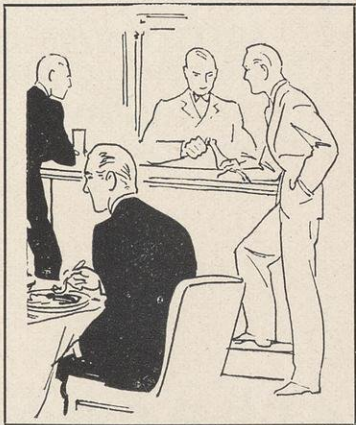


What with only 300 days until Christmas, you'd better snap into it if you want to do your Christmas Slogging Early. The **MOOSE AROUND CHOP** is having a special semi-weekly sale of the cutest little whatnots . . . not whats? . . . whatnots . . . it's like a poem . . . but you oughtta come up early and get yours first . . . the better moose-arounder you are, the better whatnots you can pick up for a song, practically . . . and anybody who cant' sing will be allowed to whistle between his teeth.

The **MOOSE AROUND CHOP** has the nicest little doorbell . . . my friend Janet walks in and out, just to hear the bell ring . . . and don't forget what we told you about Christmas . . .

- The discriminating Wisconsin student has learned that the **PARK HOTEL BUFFET** is the place for the best cocktails or beer.
- Watch the Octopus for an announcement of an even more elaborate buffet.
- Open until 12:30 A.M. each day.

PARK HOTEL BUFFET



Co-ed Sportz

By CLUCK BURNHARD

Since the organization of a girls' intramural sport league, Wisconsin sport life has been just ducky.

Thirty-one girls were out yesterday for the first archery practice. The toll is as follows: infirm, 3; wounded but able to go home, 11; decided not to go out for the team, 6; accepted for first team, 11; said they thought archery was just ducky.

The most spectacular incident occurred when Eilene Over was grazed by an arrow in the breadbasket. "I'm shot," Eilene screamed excitedly. The referee ruled that this was nothing unusual and told the girls to shoot the works.

The department of Dormitories and Commons is investigating the rumor that one of the archers brought an untimely end to a thoroughbred Holstein when instructed to aim for the bull's eye.

Patricia Palpitate scored 1.3 in bowling last night, Gardenia Gettermann rated 90 proof, and Lucia Lettimtry rolled up her stockings. It was just ducky.

Remote Control



The Cardinal Board of Control in their official robes looking for news in the paper. Note the look of disappointment on their faces. If the names were listed from left to right it would barely give you an idea of how silly the whole thing is.

WIN A WISECRACK PRIZE!

(Octy is really on the level about this)

Now your pet wisecracks can get you more than a grin. Here's a prize contest where your funny-bone can tickle your sweet tooth.

Send us in your best laugh-maker. An attractive assortment of all the Life Saver flavors will be awarded for the best joke submitted each month.

Contributions will be judged by the editors of this publication, and the right to publish any jokes is reserved.

How about that wisecrack you like to pull? Win a sweet prize with it.

For Many Years

we have served successfully Wisconsin students when they needed

- SCHOOL SUPPLIES
- ARTISTS' SUPPLIES
- GREETING CARDS
- STATIONERY
- PENCILS
- PENS

You, too, are sure to find what you want

... at ...

Netherwood's

519 STATE STREET

WHEN YOU Want B E E R

served in clean and comfortable surroundings go to the place with the White Front.

It's On State Near Gorham

THE WISCONSIN TAVERN

404 State Street

Four Horsemen



The four horsemen of the U. W. Hunt club; the other two are still in the barn. The lads are hot on the trail, while the gallant fox makes for Spring Green by the night train. Notice the shadows in the road. This was before the CWA workers started filling them in.

My Dad Wrote--

(Continued from Page 19)

on the west side of Panama, he was greeted by the hookah, or native chieftain, with a smile and some show of celerity.

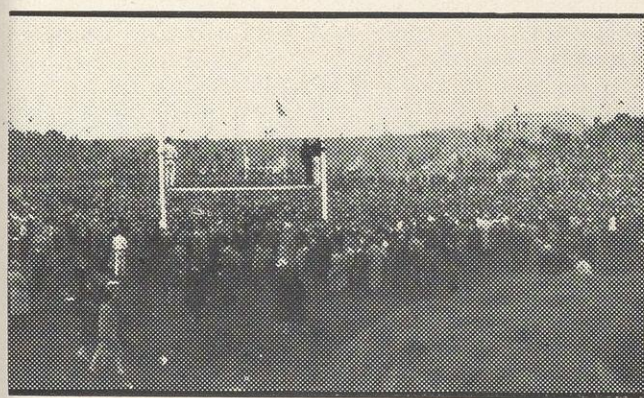
"Ah, the gentleman wished some bananas? But yes. But certainly. But why not? But yes, we have no bananas. Spinach, but certainly. Cauliflower? Immediately. Rutabaga? In profusion. Broccoli? By the gross. But bananas? But yes, we have no bananas."

The paternal parent decided there was nothing to do but return to America, and he did, landing on the beach facing Lake Mendota on the east in the early fall of 1885. He was naturally chagrined, and decided to write a song and not call it "Yes, We Have No ananas." This he proceeded to do, and when he had finished, he called it "On, Wisconsin," and they've been using it ever since.

This was in the early fall of 1884.

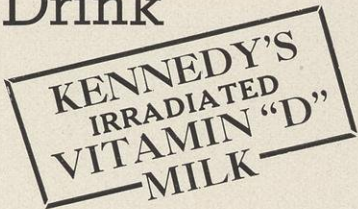
It pays to read Cardinal ads! Archie Banjo, Frigid, Alaska, wrote the Co-op ordering a pound of rebate. "It's so hard to get worms up here," he reports.

Tripp Hall Riot



Phi Gamma Delta holds pledge meeting in their sumptuous new Langdon street stadium by special permission of the Maytag Washing Machine company. From left to right, Joe Blow, A. Banjo, B. Banjo. B. Zither; put them together and they spell "Etaoin shrdlu %\$\$-*¾@," which is more than you can do. The lad in the front row with the hat on is the pledge they're grooming to threaten to run for prom king next year.

Drink



...IRRADIATED
by the Steenbock
process

Kennedy's pasteurized milk, further enriched by the addition of Vitamin "D." A complete food.

ORDER IT AT YOUR HOUSE
AND AT THE RESTAURANTS

KENNEDY
DAIRY

For Service . . . Call Badger 7100

Designers
AND
Engravers
for

PUBLISHERS^a_{nd} ADVERTISERS

❧ BROCK ❧
ENGRAVING
COMPANY

Where Interfraternity Ball Holds Sway



The Great Hall of the Memorial Union at Madison, Wis., the site of the state university, etc., etc. The above cut is known as "God's Gift to Night Editors," and is just the thing to fill up a paper when you run short of copy. In the wee hours of the morn when the presses are waiting and the foreman is tearing his hair for fear Tuesday's paper won't come out till the middle of the week, there's nothing like a dandy big cut like this to fill up space. Borter Putts, despite several salary reductions, claims this is the most unkindest cut of all.

CARDINAL FEATURES

etaoin shrdlu....@....* Z@....& \$\$ etaoi shrdlu?* who me?

etaoin shrdlu....@....* Z@....& \$\$ etaoi shrdlu?* who me?

At a late hr. last night, Dean Goodnight could not be reached.

At a late hr. last night, Pres. Frank could not be reached.

"Glenn Frank is merely a flower dropped on Wisconsin soil from the Century plant," E. Meyer.

"Sir, you are just a shoddy run in the silk stocking of time," J. Wongoon.

Off with false modesy! Say you saw it in the Cardinal.

Read Cardinal ads. Read Cardinal ads.

A rose is a rose is a etaoi shrdlu etaoi shrdlu.

Down with the R.O.T.C., down with the Alumni association, down with everything.

"Life is merely an old tire, dredged from the sea of eternity by the fisherman time," John Dern.

"Life is just a callous on the heel of eternity," A. Banjo '34.

Cardinal ads are favorably mentioned in the Holy Writ.

First with the Best
of the New . . .

Carmen's

Youthful Smartness

9 South Pinckney Street

THE FIRST ANNUAL
INTERFRATERNITY BALL

IS PLEASED TO PRESENT

CLYDE McCOY

•
and his
Drake Hotel Orchestra
in the Great Hall

•
ALSO

LARRY O'BRIEN

AND HIS BAND

•
will play for
you in
the 770 Club

•
[May we suggest that you ask *Her* for
the date now and tell her it's formal]

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW AT THE UNION DESK

\$2⁰⁰ PER COUPLE

Saturday, Mar. 10th



THE HEIGHT OF GOOD TASTE

ALWAYS *the Finest* / ONLY *the Best*