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THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



MARCH

FIFTEEN CENTS

v. 15 #7

ARE YOU A
**Phone
 Booth
 Artist?**



Those penciled scrawls
 are a sign of jangled nerves

If you're the stolid, phlegmatic sort of person who doesn't feel things very deeply, you'll probably never have to worry about nerves. But if you're high-strung, alive, sensitive, watch out.

See whether you scribble things on bits of paper, bite your nails, jump at unex-

pected noises—they're signs of *jangled nerves*.

So be careful. Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation. And make Camels your cigarette.

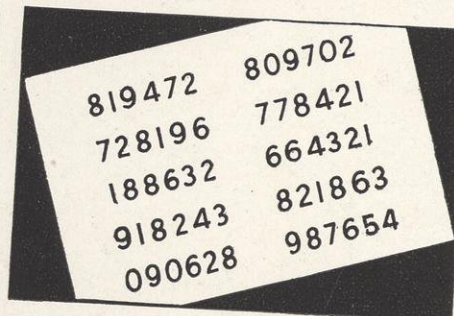
For Camel's costlier tobaccos never jangle your nerves—no matter how steadily you smoke.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!



How are YOUR nerves?
 TRY THIS TEST



Here is a series of numbers. Two numbers in this series contain the same digits... but not in the same order. See how fast you can pick out these two. Average time is one minute.

Frank J. Marshall (Camel smoker), chess champion, picked the two numbers in thirty seconds.

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

CAMELS

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT

...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS, INC.

Publishers of the University of Wisconsin
ALL - CAMPUS MAGAZINE

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"SUN DIAL"

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VOL. XV, NO. 7 - - - - Subscription \$1.00 a year

• BARON'S

AT THE CO-OP

■ Spring-time Frocks
That University
Women Will
Appreciate

■ Priced
Most Modestly
to Fit Depressed
Budgets

State at Lake

AS OLD AS THE UNIVERSITY
SINCE 1848

Fauerbach BEER

Fauerbach BEER

Fauerbach BEER

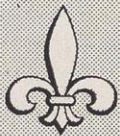
Fauerbach BEER

Fauerbach BEER

AS OLD AS WISCONSIN
SINCE 1848

The Call of Spring

**Tweeds
and
Flannels**



Tiffany's

**Dresses
Exclusively**

546 State

Soft and gentle-hued, are appropriate these days, so mindful of fluffy pussy willows, fresh new things enjoying the freedom that comes with spring.



*Beautifully
Tailored*
Suits

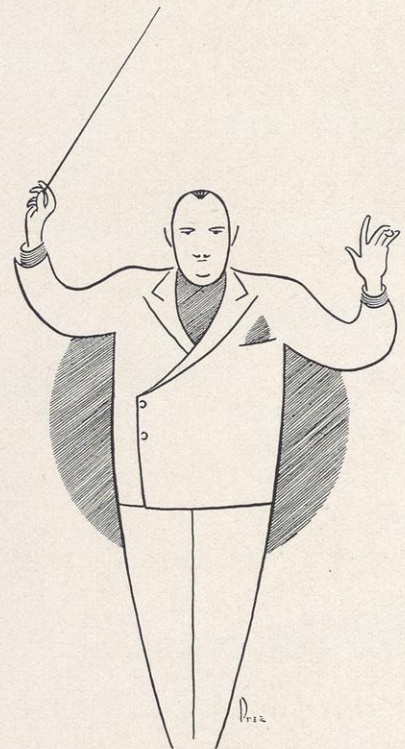
at

\$17⁵⁰

PLATTER PATTERN • BOB DAVIS

BRUNSWICK . . .

Ambrose and His Orchestra offer another excellent tune this month in *On A Steamer Coming Over*. It's certainly played in a distinctive manner. The forthcoming picture, "Wonder Bar," has been responsible for a great number of current song hits, and Freddy Martin's Orchestra has recorded two of them, *Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?* and *Wonder Bar*. We're sure you'll like them both. Anson Weeks goes a bit classical this month and records *Song of India* and *Melody in A*. Anson's boys handle them both pretty well. Red Nichols and his famous Five Pennies have reproduced their arrangement of *Waitin' For The Evenin' Mail* with Johnny Davis singing the refrain. If you like Red's stuff, you'll be g-a-g-a about this number. That very famous saxophonist, Frankie Trumbauer, whom you heard at the Washington Ball last year, offers *Juba Dance* and *Break It Down*. That guy sure can toot a sax, and we think anyone who has ever heard him will agree with us.



Ruth Etting sings the still-popular *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes* as only Ruth can. On the reverse side she offers *This Little Piggie Went To Market*. Last, but not least, on the Brunswick list is *Harlem Lament* as played by Earl Hines and His Orchestra. If you want to hear some really nasty piano playing, get this one.

VICTOR . . .

Lullaby In Blue, *Midnight On Main Street*, and *I Can't Go On Like This* have been aptly recorded by Jan Garber. The latter of these, combined with the spring weather, may cause you to say things you don't mean to the gal who sits next to you in lecture. The "eight-balls" are at it again this month, Cab Calloway having recorded his latest composition, *Zaz Zuh Zaz*, and Jimmy Lunceford having rendered *Jazznocracy*. You'll go for 'em if you go for darky music.

(Continued on Page 164)

YOURS...

for
Sportswear

Consistently
Right

Dresses, Suits,
Ensembles

Wagner's
COLLEGE SHOP
FOR WOMEN
EXCLUSIVE BUT NOT EXPENSIVE

528 STATE STREET

About that . . .

EASTER
BONNET

Turbans, brims and
off-the-face
styles

Crepes, sheer and pliable
straws in Brown, Navy,
Red, Green, and Grey.

FANCY COLLAR AND CUFF
SETS, GLOVES AND
HOSIERY

F. & W.

GRAND

15 W. MAIN

THE EDGE OF SIGHTS

(ON CUTTING ONE'S SELF WITH
A RAZOR-BLADE)

'Down'd, down'd!'—Doc Spears

One more unfortunate
Move to atone, —
Rashly importunate,
Cut to the bone!

Take it up tenderly,
Lift it with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
New, and so fair!

Watch the blood batch up,
Flowing like catchup,
Whilst the floor constantly
Drips with it nicely;
Take it up instantly,
Loving, but wisely. —

Touch it not scornfully;
Think of it mournfully,
Gently—with strength of will;
Not of the stains on you
(Red that remains on you)—
Forget these, if possible!

Make no deep scrutiny
Into this mutiny
And repetit-i-ons:
All is bereft to you —
There is but left to you
To call physicians.

Still, for all slips of yours,
One of Gillette's family,
Shut those poor lips of yours,
Cursing so dammily.

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
In this here home!
Oh! It is such a sin!
Plenty of iodine,
But no mercurochrome!

In it plunged coldly,
No matter how boldly
The leucocytes ran —
Quick as a wink of it,
Picture it, think of it,
Dismembered man!
Laugh at it, drink with it,
Then, if you can!

Take it up tenderly,
Lift it with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
New, and so fair!

Own then your weakness,
Your clumsiness-of-handage —
And, leaving with meekness,
Rush for a bandage!

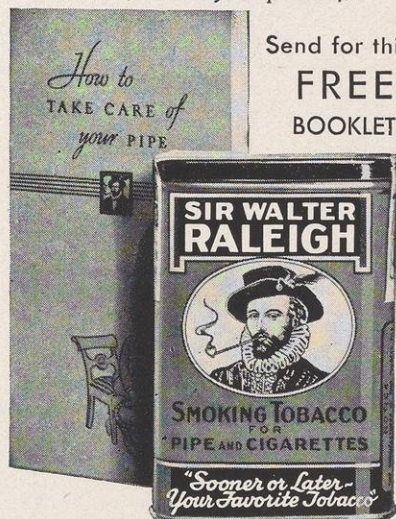
—Maurice C. Blum.

"I CAN USE A
GOOD STOKER"



DEVIL TAKE the unpopular
soul who neglects his pipe till it's
gooey and offensive. Bliss is reserved
(at 15¢ the tin) for those pipe lovers
who tend their briars and fill them
with sunny tobacco . . . like Sir Wal-
ter Raleigh. This heavenly mixture of
mild Kentucky Burleys brings ever-
lasting happiness to a man's tongue.
It's well aged and seasoned. Fragrant
—but eternally mild. Try it. It *may*
be the smoke you hoped you'd some
day find. (Kept fresh in gold foil.)

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-43.



Send for this
FREE
BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

Soph Shuffle

. . Presents . .

ACE BRIGODE AND HIS VIRGINIANS

Friday, March 23

GREAT HALL
MEMORIAL UNION

BUY YOUR TICKETS
AT THE UNION DESK
NOW

\$2⁰⁰
PER COUPLE
(Includes Checking)

INFORMAL
9-12 O'Clock

ADD PATTERN . . .

The great English orchestra headed by Ray Noble offers *My Song Goes Round The World* in the best English manner. As you may know, this column recommends almost anything they play. Don Bestor and His Orchestra have done the best work in the current crop (from the point of instrumentation) in their offering of *When Tomorrow Comes*. It's a swell number played by a swell band, folks. Bestor and the boys also present a very pleasing arrangement of that crazy *What's Good For The Goose Is Good For The Gander*. The Chanters take care of the goosing and the gandering. *That's Love* (from the film "Nana") is well played by Harry Sosnik and His Orchestra. Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra play *Fare-The-Well To Harlem* in their attractive style. Johnny Mercer and pleasant-voiced Jack Teagarden do the vocal. It's recommended.

ISHAM, DUCHIN, AND BESTOR

Our old friend, Isham Jones, has done more recording this past month than he has for quite some time. *Blue Prelude* is rendered in a manner which we didn't think the Jones' band was capable of; our hats are off to you, Isham. *Sittin' on a Log* and *Got the Jitters* are coupled on another record. Two other fine numbers (with Eddie Stone doing the vocals) are *So Shy* and *Roll Out of Bed With a Smile*. Eddie Duchin and his Orchestra play *After Sundown*, *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?*, and *I Just Couldn't Take It, Baby* as they should be played. Incidentally, that Duchin piano is something hard to forget once you have heard it. Speaking of pianos, may we recommend the piano duet as offered in Don Bestor's recording of *Till Then*?

FOR DANCING

WHEN TOMORROW COMES	- - - - -	DON BESTOR
I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS	} - - - - -	JAN GARBER
MIDNIGHT ON MAIN STREET		
FARE-THE-WELL TO HARLEM	- - - - -	PAUL WHITEMAN
ON A STEAMER COMING OVER	- - - - -	AMBROSE & HIS ORCH.
WONDER BAR	- - - - -	FREDDY MARTIN
HARLEM LAMENT	- - - - -	EARL HINES

ENTERTAINMENT

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES	- - - - -	RUTH ETING
WAITIN' FOR THE EVENIN' MAIL	- - - - -	RED NICHOLS
JUBA DANCE	- - - - -	FRANK TRUMBAUER
SONG OF INDIA	- - - - -	ANSON WEEKS
ZAZ ZUH ZAZ	- - - - -	CAB CALLOWAY
MY SONG GOES ROUND THE WORLD	- - - - -	RAY NOBLE
JAZZNOCRACY	- - - - -	JIMMY LUNCEFORD



These and Other
VICTOR RECORD HITS

now 35c and 75c at

FORBES-MEAGHER
MUSIC COMPANY
27 W. Main

CAMPUS CHRONICLE

WALTER HAMPDEN '35

● Some of the lads in the fencing classes were discussing various matters with Coach Masley recently, and the conversation turned to the fencing exhibited in plays and movies. Most of the boys rather scorned the abilities of actors along that line, but one remarked "Walter Hampden seems to know his stuff in fencing." Coach Masley thought for a while, muttering, "Hampden, Hampden." Then he asked, with a puzzled look, "Is he going to school here now?"

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY

● Norm Phelps and his Refectory Rascals were holding forth recently, filling the cafeteria with the sound and fury of their artistry. At the height of a rhapsodic burst in "Tea for Two," Mr. Phelps was distracted from his ministrations to his bass viol by the approach of Major Morphy, director of the university concert band, who requested "The Ride of the Valkyrie," with wicked gleam in his eye. After a hurried conference with his colleagues, Mr. Phelps reported that the number was not available. But the Major was satisfied, anyway; he'd succeeded in showing up this competition; no one ever requested a number at one of his concerts, who didn't get it.

TOMBSTONE

● Within the past month, two of our worthy contemporaries—namely, *College Humor* and *University*—have given up the ghost. No longer will "Exclusive rights granted to *College Humor*" grace our masthead. And no longer, also, will you be able to read about college life in these two periodicals, as an escape from college life. We rather mourn their passing—it was so pleasant to discover that our life in the university was just one gay round of parties, drinking bouts, and amorous affairs. *Requiescat in Pace.*

Hard on the heels of these untimely deaths came a letter from *Ballyhoo* to our sanctum. They want the reprint rights, now. And the whole staff is busy, preparing cartoons portraying dozens of persons in the same bathtub, and eerie voices ascending from open manholes.

AG PICNIC

● When Sigma Delta Chi held its mailing stunt on the upper campus, resplendent in their own self-satisfaction, we overheard several students remarking, "Aha! The Ag school short course is having a picnic!" The sad part about the whole situation, of course, was the fact that the beer kegs were empty, giving the affair a somewhat funereal atmosphere.

And Rusty Lane, tycoon of the Wisconsin Players, seemed on the verge of apoplexy when he saw Morris Rubin, head of the group, proudly flaunting the top hat belonging to the Mad Hatter in "Alice in Wonderland." We still can't see the connection, though.

PUNICIOUS ANEMIA

● It is sad to notice the lack of appreciation of good puns which the student body exhibits. Prof. Philo M. Buck pulled this fast one, last semester, "Life on the desert is intense." No one, including Prof. Buck, noticed it, except us. It was probably our Octy training.

The learned economist, Prof. Kiehofer, said recently, "Class conflict found striking expression last year." No one smiled; in fact, it only managed to awaken us; the rest slept on.

ADDED CHRONICLE JOY

● Our occasional nocturnal expeditions to the Madison theatres are always embittered beforehand, by their Cardinal advertising. The Orpheum has a coy habit of listing what they are pleased to term "added screen joy." We old cynics just can't take it. And the Capitol proudly prophesies that "There's a new spirit about the Capitol you'll like." The only thing we noticed was a moth-eaten organ, bellowing ancient melodies in a discouraged tone.

RETRENCHMENT

● Bill Blaesser, president of the Union board, gave us some astonishing statistics concerning the Union's latest economy move. In the cafeteria, the specials usually call for, "2 bread, 2 butter." In the past, this butter was always on little cardboard dishes, one piece of butter to each dish; now two pieces are placed on each dish, thus saving a cardboard dish on every special.

Bill wasn't quite sure just what this retrenchment move was saving the Union, but he estimated about one and two-thirds cents each week. As anyone can see, this will greatly reduce operating costs. The proceeds from this slashing will go to purchase another butter container for the cafeteria. "This elaborate plan is part of the Union's policy of bigger and better—what shall I say?—containers for our materials," Bill said.

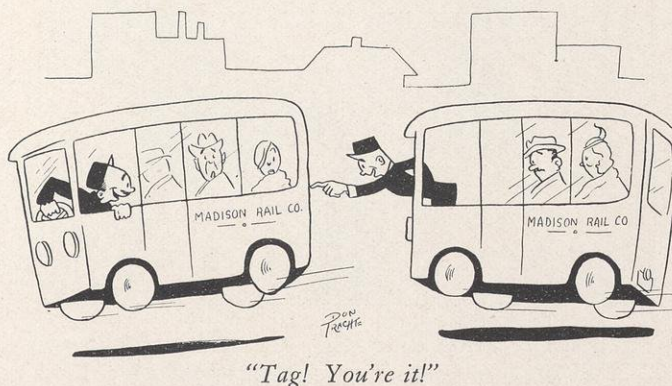
All in all, the matter impressed us considerably. We visualized a flood of one and two-third cent pieces rolling into the Union coffers each month, all so that we can have bigger and better material-containers. And as Mr. Blaesser says, the melted butter, which at present falls on the table and must be scraped up, will have a clean and comfortable home, all through the economic sagacity of the Union.

STAR-GAZER

● All of the sun's eclipses for some centuries past and future have been carefully calculated by Prof. Joel Stebbins, who figures out their time and path to four decimal places. He predicted an eclipse one time 23 years ahead. He's still chagrined about that, though—he missed it by four seconds.

Recently, in one of his astronomy classes, Prof. Stebbins was carefully tracing the path of the 1925 eclipse—over Labrador, and down, past sundry New England towns, over New York. At that point, a precocious youth in the rear, bored by all this minuteness, yelled, "Yeah, right over 135th Street!"

Prof. Stebbins looked puzzled. Then he said, "No, it was 96th Street." And he went to the map and proved it.



ADD CHRONICLE

JUST PICTURE HIS EMBARRASSMENT

● The whole university was very upset, recently. There had been an exhibition in the Union of George Buehr's watercolors, which was taken down November 20. A short while ago, Porter Butts received an urgent telegram from Mr. Buehr, asking for his paintings, which Butts thought had been returned long ago.

Butts sent out to find Dave Parsons, chairman of the studio committee, but he wasn't to be found. Meanwhile, friends of Buehr began calling. They had also received telegrams. Finally, the president's office called. It seems that he had received a telegram, asking for George Buehr's watercolors. Mr. Frank didn't know where they were either.

A day or so later, Parsons was located. No, he didn't know where they were. He'd returned them, he thought . . . Oh, just a minute. There had been an exhibition of Honore Gilbeau, following that of Mr. Buehr's. He remembered now—they had received three boxes of paintings from Miss Gilbeau, but had returned five . . . it had seemed kind of queer at the time.

Then there was another round of telegrams, to all concerned. Miss Gilbeau reported back that "Yes, she had received back more paintings than she'd sent." Mr. Buehr was frantic. Mr. Parsons was sorry. Mr. Butts was supporting Western Union.

FOUND, NOT LOST

● Mr. Miller, of the Union lost and found department, is so conscientious that he even finds things before they're properly lost. In the cafeteria the other evening, Mr. Miller started to walk out, carrying a pair of gloves he had picked off a chair at a vacant table. Close on his heels, however, was the gloves' owner, loudly demanding their return. It seems that, not reckoning with the unusual astuteness of Union employees, he had momentarily left his place to speak to a friend, and had rashly left his clothes unguarded.

ATTENTION, LEAGUE OF NATIONS!

● One of the University's foreign students was running along recently, covering a large amount of territory, as the crow flies. Some wit, lolling by the wayside, called to him, "Hey, you guys!" The foreign student stopped as though he had been shot, turned around, and called back, "Who, us?" Of course, he may have been a dual-personality, but we doubt it. However, we sternly disapproved of the whole incident—it's things like that which lead to strained international relations.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

● The return of wintry blasts after the mid-summer ski meet brings with it one vivid memory of February registration. We were a bit surprised to see a Wadhams radiator cover hanging from a door of the administration building, but even more surprised when we saw a nearby car with its radiator protected with a sign "Open 12:30 to 4 p. m. today." Octy remembers the one about the absent-minded professor who



"You'll have to be more discreet with that fan if you expect to appear on the Orpheum circuit."

DEPRESSION NOTE

● At the Szpinalski concert, we noticed that all the members of the Union board attended in informal clothing, which amounts to practically negligee for them. We were somewhat annoyed by this; especially at the final concert of the season, we might expect the boys to show up in all their sartorial splendor. But it was all right, after all. It seems that one of the lads, temporarily embarrassed, was forced to sell his formal outfit; and as a splendid sacrificial gesture, all the other boys came undressed.

WE WONDER DEPT.

● One lad on the campus impresses us every time we see him. He smokes Raleighs, cork-tipped—in a cigarette holder.

C.W.A. PROJECT

● In line with Octy's policy of constructive suggestions on public matters, we wish to propose a new C.W.A. project for University students. Instead of just gathering statistics on C.W.A. workers gathering statistics, a group could be sent out to find John Dillinger, dead or alive, and shoot on sight, boys.

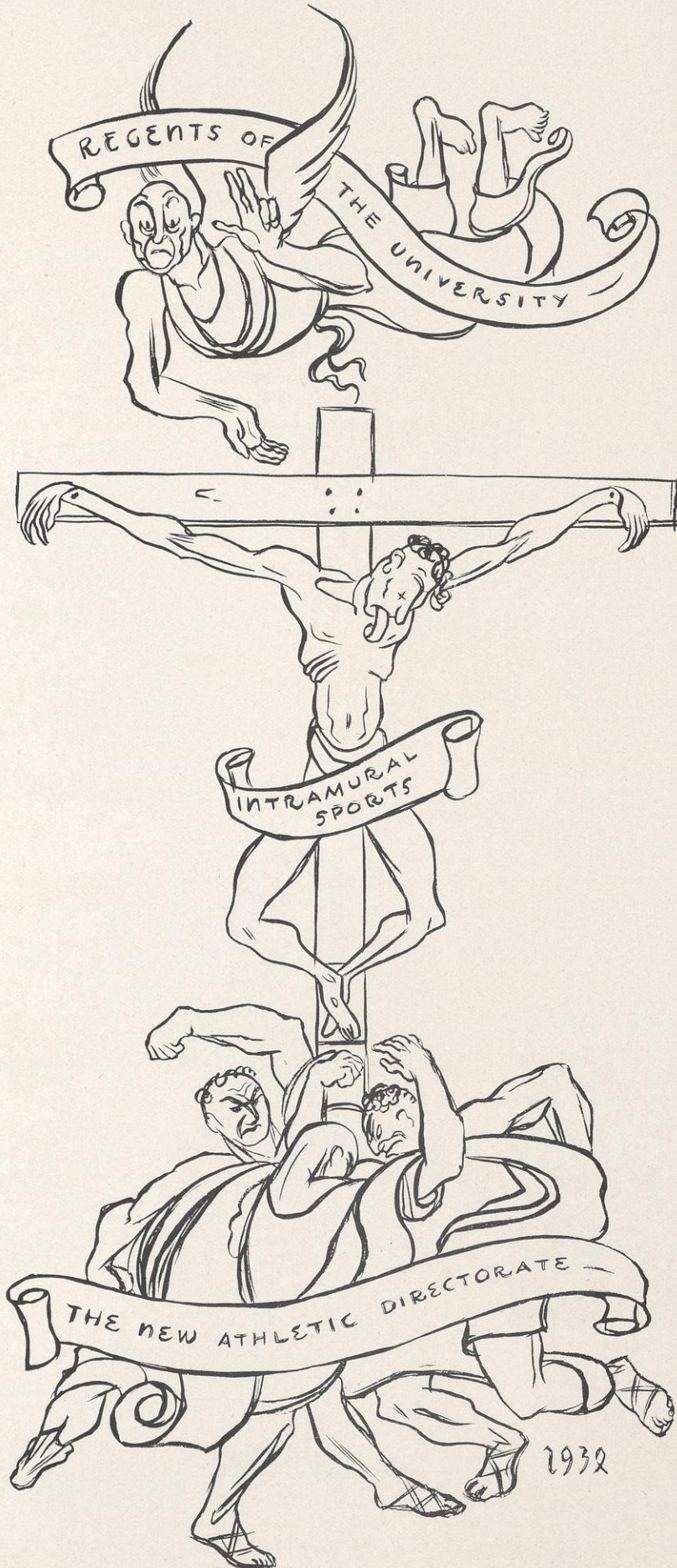
Think how the campus could be kept at fever heat as the committee, lolling on the beaches of Havana with C.W.A. money, sends back daily telegrams, "Sure to have Dillinger within 48 hours."

POST-DATED

● We enjoy the fact that the engineers, at least, are maintaining the old university traditions, with their annual parade scheduled for March 24. The engineers used to have a bar rush, too, but they gave that up. They go to the mat dance now, instead.

CAMPANILE

● The other day, reading a volume of George Santayana's, we read that "Art, so long as it needs to be a dream, must never fail to be a disappointment." And in our own morbid fashion, we noted how conveniently "c a m p a n i l e" could be substituted for "art" in the above quotation.



● A rare old German print by the master Jon von Watrous, discovered in the archives of the Historical Museum by Octy's staff historian.

SLIPS THAT PASS EVERY NIGHT

Being an abridged compilation of Cardinal curiosities, in which the boys do their best to carry on Octy's burlesque of themselves. Now we'll see if the Cardinal lads can bear baiting.

.. AN EDITORIAL ..

The regents have been told *who* the Milwaukee alumni want, *who* the Chicago alumni want, *who* the faculty want, *who* the athletic department wants, *who* the Madison sports writers want, and now the Union board has offered to tell them *who* the students want.

—March 14 (*italics ours*)

Whom says so?

The roast-master has promised that there will be no "scared cows" when the banquet of satire and suds gets under way.

—March 14

Who's afraid of the big, bad bull?

Perlman Talks Before Dames

—March 14

—But they always get the last word!

.. SOCIETY ..

Fraternity Men Announce Dates for Tomorrow's Ball

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON
Robert Lind '34, Carol Starbuck '36;
* * *

PSI UPSILON
William Peter '37, Carol Starbuck '36;

—March 9

Make up your mind, Carol.

While the main form of entertainment will be dancing to the music of the 770 Club orchestra, a series of booths will be erected around the dance floor for various types of entertainment.

—March 8

Floor show?

Columbia Waiters Like Medieval Serfs, Is View

(Special to The Daily Cardinal)

—March 7

On toast?

Campus Gay This Weekend As Many Go Places Tonight

—Feb. 24

What'll they do tomorrow night?

Hagen Praises Double Piano

—February 21

Ish wonerful what a few beers'll do.

Escorts Accompany Co-eds In Colorful Gowns to Ball

—March 10

Haresfoot, Chi Phis, . . . ?

Keystone Approves Candidates For YMCA, WSGA Offices

—February 28

Women invade man's last stronghold.

Clothes Show We Have a Little John Bull In Us

—February 24

Especially some professors we know.

Sororities Neck and Neck In Badger Sales Contest

Hey, Doc, is it too late to enter?

—Nov. 9

Frank Upheld By Zona Gale

—February 28

Wait'll his wife hears about this.

CO-ED SPORTS

BY JUNE SCHROEDER

Once again, Arden House came out on top in their latest attempt at basketball and once again they were ardently supported by John Moe, Milton Begal, and Dave Parsons. Chadbourne was a little bit less fortunate.

—March 15

So it's come to this.

Fish Change Color at Will

—February 28

Poor Will?

Student at Ripon college publish a special paper or students in music.

—March 6

Versatility.

Cite Butts In Union Suit

Octy's own suggested headline. You're welcome, Cardinal desk editors.



"Does your mother know you're out?"

—COLUMBIA JESTER

WISCONSIN'S BEST HATED MEN

ROBERT FLEMING III

And when the school's last judgment comes

*To write against his name,
They'll write, not if he won or lost,
But how he played the game.*

—SLIGHTLY SNITCHED.

* * *

Out of the ten score and three aspiring young job-seekers from among the 8,000 or so mortals in these clustered halls of learning, there emerge each year two individuals who accept, even as they are honored by success, conditions which have always led to the conclusion by passers-by that these are "Wisconsin's best-hated men."

small staff rather than representative of campus belief.

It is probably the editorial page that draws most of the fire from other campus activity actors. Attacks upon Prom, Military ball, R.O.T.C., intercollegiate athletic emphasis, and faculty actions, each of these a sacred cow to certain persons or groups, have divorced many potential supporters.

Likewise the news policy has brought disfavor. The fact that anything carried into the Cardinal sanctum by a non-staff member is immediately blasphemed as PUBLICITY, even though it be of much greater student interest than alleged "features" on slang at Illinois or what goes on within a sorority house at night. Yet PUBLICITY must not be given space, especially if the activity or the deliverer is in disfavor. Exceptions, of course, are the pet events—such as Grid-iron banquet, fraternity brothers' (Theta Chis') activities, and such.

The position of the elections chairman is somewhat similar. Humans, in their activity, are satisfied if unmolested; they offer no objection and little gratitude when things go as they desire. But let something go amiss, or more concretely, a candidate be disqualified, or a losing candidate decide he has been treated badly, and again anger flames against a student officer. It is when he enforces rules that he becomes unpopular.

Strangely enough, much of the dislike which comes to the elections chairman is born of the Cardinal editor's activity. In the past four years, only Fred Suhr passed unscathed. Suhr enjoyed the happy combination of an ability to keep out of arguments with Fred Noer, then editor of the Cardinal, and a quiet election unmarred by the usual misdemeanors of competitors. But other elections chairmen have been less fortunate.

Herb Tschudy in 1932 said, "It is unnecessary for the Cardinal to detail again the inefficiencies of elections chairman John Lehmann."

Sam Steinman used his editorial columns to say, "George Burnham has

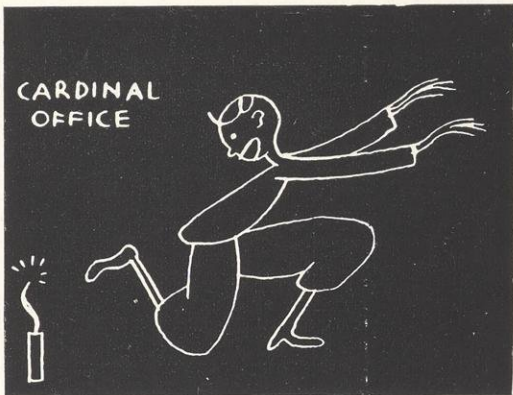
failed to do his work as it should be done. This was the prediction of The Daily Cardinal."

Fred Noer helped ignite the indignation that moved Fred Cramer out of the chairmanship after the fall elections and sent Suhr into the gap.

Bob Dillett, the present editor, has carried on the tradition. His editorial wrath has not been visited on George Hampel and Ken Wheeler as much as was that of his predecessors, but he did his part. Likewise his myrmidons, swollen with the importance which comes to each embryo journalist at his first by-line or recognition as a member of the Fourth Estate, proceeded to make merry with both elections chairmen.

Hampel was fairly fortunate. Strutting in his authority, he did not recognize the ridicule that was heaped before him; he rode over it with good will dominating occasional touches of rancor. But Wheeler, back in school after a semester of absence, sought to fight printed fire with verbal flames, and came out second.

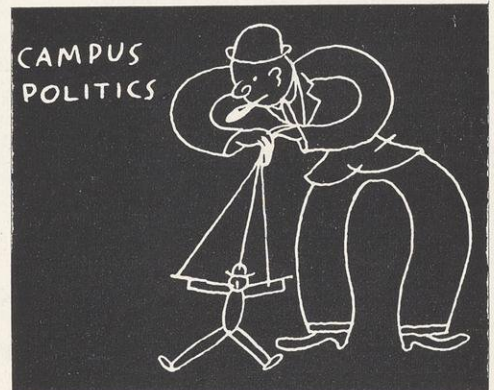
Wheeler did not enjoy the success of Suhr as far as spring elections management is concerned. There were inefficiencies. He was a bit too vociferous at times, and the "slanguage" he brought back from his vacation surprised some. He combined willingness to be offended with a lack of sufficient tact, and the combination brought him a feeling of personal feud. He threatened to hail Dillett before the student



Two student groups, acting for the entire unit of their fellows, each year vest power and responsibility in two persons. It might be expected that their companionate misery, caused by burns from the fires which their fellow-students build under them, might cause them to seek each other's company; instead, they are usually driven to opposite poles where, like rival flag-staff sitters, they heap harsh words upon each other.

Sad indeed is the state of the editor of The Daily Cardinal. And, likewise, sad is the state of the student elections chairman. Theirs are honors which are worth their weights in woe.

For at least half a dozen years there has been no Cardinal editor who has received the generous love and admiration of the campus at large. Since the editorial policy of saying what he thought became the heritage of the editor, he has made enemies. There have been those who thought he should express the campus' majority opinion; others, thinking that Wisconsin's self-satisfied mass does not stop long enough to develop opinions, desire that he make it clearer that the expressions of his editorial page are those of his



life and interests committee. He assailed the entire Cardinal staff and thus added group antagonism to that of Dillett.

The result was probably unfortunate, if nothing more. Puerile journalism caused Cardinal desk men and reporters, who at least should have been

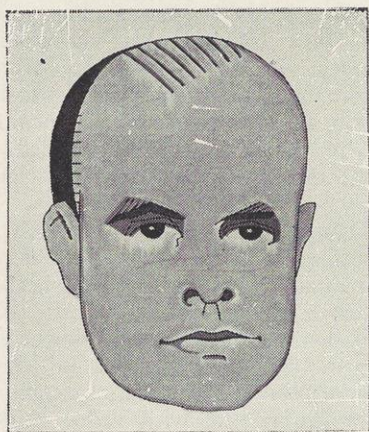
(Continued on Page 181)

FRANKIE AND ERNIE

From Sigma Delta Chi's Annual Roast-Fest — The Gridiron Banquet

I

Frankie and Ernie were lovers;
Lordy, how they could love.
Swore to be true to each other,
As true as the stars above.
Frank was his pal but he done him
wrong.



II

Frankie came up to Wisconsin,
Touted a liberal guy;
Said he'd reform education,
Swore to do it—bye and bye.
He was his pal, etc.

III

Frankie made lots of nice speeches,
Asking that incomes be spread;
But when his income was threatened,
Frankie shouted, "Let 'em eat bread."
He was his pal, etc.

IV

Frank told the budget committee
His pay was just twenty grand,
And if they thought they'd cut it,
He have them understand
He was their pal and they'd do him
wrong.

V

Frankie once spoke about Goethe;
Figured it out more or less,
Quoted the encyclopedia,
And his whole darn speech was a
mess.
Frank was his pal, etc.

VI

Frankie went up to the Senate,
Talked about banking and such;
He opened his mouth just a minute,
But they found that he didn't know
much.
He was his pal, etc.

VII

Ernie didn't mind all this nonsense;
He stood it from night until morn,*
But Frank lost the friendship of Ernie
When he published *Thunder* and
Dawn.
Frank was his pal, etc.

VIII

Ernie went down to the corner,
Bought lots of paper and ink;
He then wrote a yarn for the *Mercury*
That made poor Frankie blink.
He was his pal, etc.

IX

In this story to the *Mercury*,
Ernie called Frankie a hoax;
People who all read the story
Made Frankie the butt of their jokes.
He was his pal, etc.

X

Ernie called Frankie a faker,
Said he made Russell a dub;
When she demanded a platform
Frankie said she could use his tub.
He was his pal, etc.

XI

Ernie called Frank a fourflusher,
Said that his mind was a blank;
Frank thought his speeches were lovely,
But Ernie claimed they were rank.
He was his pal, etc.

XII

Ernie said Frank was a washout,
Had an evangelist's soul,
Posed as an educator,
But was a journalist on parole.
He was his pal, etc.

XIII

Frank didn't answer his critic,
Thought his attack was too raw;
Swore that the libels of Ernie
Would come home to roost at his door.*
Ernie was his pal, etc.

XIV

If you're looking for
a moral,
Know that when
running a U.,
You must be exceed-
ingly careful
Of whatever you say
or you do;
You might have a pal
who will do you
wrong.

—ALDRIC REVELL.

*When this is pro-
nounced with Mr. Rev-
ell's Brooklyn accent, it
rhymes O. K.

COLLABORATION

She came to me and said, "He said,"
And I said, "Yes, I know.
And he will answer such-and-such,
If you do thus-and-so."

I said; she did; and so did he.
O, wonderful and fine,
Among the stable things on earth,
Are men with just one line!

QUESTION

I'd like to know the reason why
All over this fair nation,
The worst of teaching always comes
In the school of education?

MAE WEST

She packs her syncopations
With cosmic implications.

DEAR PEDAGOGUES

Why must they preface a remark
That's humorless and mild,
That any moron can accept,
That won't corrupt a child,
By the apologetic note,
"This story's rather wild!"

ODE TO WAITRESS IN GREEK RESTAURANT

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Lift one burden from my heart.

When I the final question asked,
What meant your answer, mystic,
masked,

Explain to me that quaint reply—
"Opple apitcha ponka pi."

—LORD JEFF.



"I'll take that Beta pin in part payment"

ONCE A HASBEEN ALWAYS A HASBEEN • JACK KIENITZ

.. SCENE ONE ..

Our play is laid in the baronial retreat of the noble Hasbeens, high upon a bluff overlooking the stormy sea coast of Bohemia. (Bohemia ain't got no sea coast, you dope.) The scene opens onto the splendid library, don't you know, where the master, Baron Ignatious, is having spirited converse, no less, with his smoothie son, Gerald. He is about to leave for America where it is his purpose to pursue his intellectual bent, not to say, crack, in Celestial Mechanics at a certain obscure Middle Western university, which shall be nameless, thank Heavens.

* * * *

BARON IGNATIUS—"Gerald, as I address you now before your initial venture into the world, I see and feel about me the ghosts of generations of Hasbeens long since dead whose wish it is that you carry forward in all truthfulness the superb traditions of this, the finest name in all Bohemia. It is for them we carry on. God knows we've done our very best. But now it remains to see what the virile spirit and classic environment of my Alma Mater may do for you. Let me say that we old fighting Badgers have an old saying that canoeing in the Spring-time makes or breaks a man at Wisconsin. Goodbye and write me once you reach Madison. Your Auto-giro awaits you. Bon voyage."

GERALD—"May I, father, as man to man, and as one Hasbeen to another, ask you graciously to allow me to take with me the ornate, initial-carved canoeing paddle, encircled by that lovely, purple—ahem—garter which you have upon the wall of your den. I know that around this paddle centers much of what is sweetest in your memory of your old days upon the shores of Lake Mendota."

BARON IGGIE—"Well asked, my boy, and as finely, if I may say so, granted. You may jolly well have it, but the purple garter remains with me, you know. There is still a bit of snap in that, alas, now sadly fading band, but, really, I can't complain. Elastic me a darn long time, you know. On your way now. Remember me to the State Street robber-barons."

.. SCENE TWO ..

The scene reveals we are in Madison, of all things, in the very height, length and breadth of Spring. Catch on? Too, too charming. The spot-light centers on the play-boy Gerald nonchalantly ensconced in a brilliantly painted canoe, soft in the gathering twilight, with an equally, if not more so, brilliantly painted college widow informally, not to say, tastefully draped in the canoe amid a wealth of pillows

bearing traditional monograms and leg-ends, among the most conspicuous of which are, "River Hills Riding Academy," "Wisconsin Dells," "O You Kid," and

"What Are You Doing Saturday Night?" The canoe idles under an obligingly inclined willow, grown weary of breath what with hearing the



same Taylor Drive story for just year and years, my dears. Gerald slows the paddle and opens a pack of cigarettes. (Name of brand on request.)

* * * *

GERALD—"Have one, Miss Murgatroyd. My special brand. Made only for my father and myself."

MISS MURGATROYD—"But of course. Strange, our meeting at Matinee Dance (adv.) this aft., wasn't it? I'm so glad I brought my fee card, aren't you? By the way, you may call me Gabardine, my name, you know. And am I to call you Gerald? It is so sweet a name."

GERALD—"Gabardine! What a charming name. And how appropriate too, along the shores touching Taylor Drive. How doubly sweet it is coupled with the patronymic 'Murgatroyd.' Now, in my native Bohemia . . . (Gabardine starts up as though she'd sat on a tack. It was only a splinter of wood, however.) Why, what's wrong, darling Gabby?"

GABARDINE—"Nothing, Gerald dearest, I was startled, merely, by your mention of the exotic country of Bohemia. How small a world it is, to be sure. You may proceed, Gerry."

GERALD—"As I was saying, in my native land our names, if I may say so, (say it, you sap) come not so softly to the ear. I doubt, even, whether they come at all. But, Gabby, mine own, how do you find my name?"

GABARDINE—"Why, Gerald, sweet, on your special brand of cigarette, of course. I shall look at it to find what it is. (She raises the cigarette and reads the name by the obscure light of the most obvious moon you ever saw.) Good Heavens, why, you are evidently just one more Hasbeen. Tell me, Gerry, what is, who is, Ignatious Hasbeen to you?"

GERALD—"Why, darling, he's my father, noblest of his line, the most raucous alumnus of this here now university; one of the noblest ends who ever skirted the right side of the Purdue line or a full-blown co-ed. Do you know him, or of him? Hasbeens have been something in your collegiate life, haven't they?"

GABARDINE—"Gerry, fate brought me to the Union plus my fee-card so that we might meet each other and so that I might renew a love which came to me on these very shores so many lovely moons ago. 'Iggie' was a honey and I his Queen Bee, but that was long ago. And one look at your sweet Bohemian self has convinced me he was some producer, too. Come, here beside me, you will tell of your delightful Bohemia, and be an echo, the very whisper of a sigh that I heard, so sympathetically, so long ago."

.. SCENE THREE ..

The baronial retreat of the Baron's Hasbeen. A stormy sea coast off the coast of Bohemia. (What, again?) The scene opens onto the library where Baron Ignatious is happily reading the same book he had with him four years earlier,

(Continued on Page 182)



REVENGE

WALTER MEYER

MUSICAL COMEDY

TIME: *Present*PLACE: *Any drug store**(Man walks hurriedly to cigar counter)*

MAN: "Give me a package of Camels."

CLERK: "Yes, sir. How about some Twenty Grands?"

MAN: "No, just Camels."

CLERK: "Or some Luckies — they're toasted, you know. Always kind to your throat. Ah . . . they satisfy! No! That's Chesterfields. Er—you wouldn't want Chesterfields?"

MAN: "No, no, no!"

CLERK: "Well, how about some El Ropos or La Palinas?"

MAN: "I don't want any cigars . . ."

CLERK: "I know! I got just the thing for you—a nice Meerschaum pipe!"

MAN: "NO!"

CLERK: "Then how about a couple of tins of Prince Albert to go with the Meerschaum pipe?"

MAN: "NO!"

CLERK: "Then how about a smoking jacket and a ducky pair of slippers to match to go with the Prince Albert that goes with the Meerschaum pipe?"

MAN *(almost speechless with rage)*: "No . . . you idiot! No! I don't want a pipe. I don't want a jacket. I don't want slippers. Besides, I don't wear slippers."

CLERK: "What? No slippers? Surely you're jesting. Why, haven't you heard of such a thing as Athlete's Foot?"

MAN *(groping for support)*: "A-a-athlete's Foot?"

CLERK: "Think of it, you may be suffering with it right now! But don't worry, we may yet not be too late. Now here's just the thing for you. Look! Apply this splendid, antiseptic, preventive, all-curing tonic to your pedal extremities after each meal and before retiring, and in no time at all . . ."

MAN: "Say . . . you! . . . Listen! I came here for a package of Camels. And all you do is talk, talk, talk. What's the big idea, hey, what's the big idea?"

CLERK: "Well, ain't you my barber?"

(CURTAIN)

We were returning to our hotel after a strenuous Big Game celebration. I pulled over to the curb and said to Frank, "I can only last about two more blocks. How about you?"

"I think I can hold out for four," he replied.

So I moved over and let him drive. How we did it, I can't say, but we arrived at the hotel OK. We went up to our room and turned in. About two hours later I opened my eyes to find several uniformed attendants working over me.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Wake up!" one of them yelled. "The manager wants you to drive that damned car out of the lobby."

—CALIFORNIA PELICAN.

Sax:

O Instruments, your aid is needed;
To trios your high place you've ceded.

Trumpet I:

Since favor graced the Brothers Mills
We've had no cash to pay our bills.

Trumpet II:

The Pickens Sisters mock our sounds
And trespass on our rightful grounds.

Trombone:

The Boswells stole our melodies
And perpetuate such felonies.

Chorus:

We must quell these lawless mimics
Who have shamed our patronymics.

Sax:

Let's then reverse the present process
And put the carts before the hosses.

Trumpet I:

You mean to turn the tables around
And show how bad our mockers sound?

Trumpet II:

Instead of playing as we do
We'll imitate the crooner's coo.

Trombone:

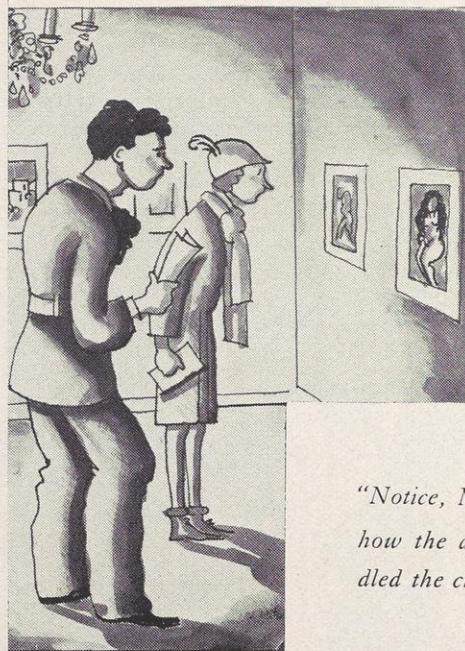
The singers, then, can be the band;
At vocal work we'll take a hand.

Doctor: "I can't prescribe liquor unless I am convinced that you need it."

Student: "I've got a blind date with a girl my aunt wants me to take to the Soph Shuffle."

Doctor: "How much did you say you wanted?"

—OLD LINE.



"Notice, Miss Twiddle,
how the artist has handled
the chiaroscuro."

THE CHICKENCOOP MURDER

(Impressed by the recent attention the gazettes have given to a certain sensational murder case, our Mr. Fredman went into a trance, and the following is the result.—Editor.)

Dr. Chickencoop Is Decapitated

CHICAGO, Ill., MARCH 1—Police today were investigating the mysterious death of Dr. Adolph Chickencoop, 132-year old physician, who was discovered with his head and three toes missing in the state capitol building. Foul play is suspected. His daughter, Dr. Alice Chickencoop, aged 103, is being held, as well as her husband, Dr. Joseph Chickencoop, age 24.

Chickencoop Dies From Gin Bucks

MARCH 2—At a coroner's investigation, it was determined that Dr. Adolph Chickencoop had died of an insidious Chinese poison known as Gin Buck.

Good Old Alice Lives on Aspirin

MARCH 3—The trial of Dr. Alice Chickencoop opened today with the sensational disclosure that she had been living on aspirin tablets for the last 24 years. The prosecution hopes to prove that she loaded an aspirin tablet with nitroglycerin and fed it to her aged father, thus blowing off his right arm. Dr. Chickencoop was brought into the courtroom in a wheelchair. After five minutes she broke down in sobs, and the court ordered a recess.

Defendant Dead For Years, Claim

MARCH 4—It was revealed today that Dr. Alice Chickencoop, the defendant in the colossal hatchet murder, has been dead for 17 years. A recess was called after her aged father broke into sobs.

Killed Because Of Love---Chickie

MARCH 5—"I killed him because I loved him," Dr. Alice Chickencoop sobbed in court today, testifying in the

torch murder case. Her appearance in court set at rest rumors that she had been dead for 17 years. After three minutes, the court was adjourned when her husband, Dr. Joseph Chickencoop, broke into sobs.



DR. ALICE CHICKENCOOP

—seen softly sobbing

Chickencoop In Daring Escape

MARCH 6—Dr. Alice Chickencoop, noted gangster, escaped from the county jail today, after carving a cake of soap into the shape of a stiletto with her fingernails. Twenty guards were locked into the jail, and are expected to be released next week. Police are investigating a report that Dr. Chickencoop is lurking in the state capitol building, sobbing.

Locate Alice In Courtroom

MARCH 7—Despite the absence of the defendant, Dr. Alice Chickencoop, the regular session of court was held today to investigate the sensational trunk murder. No witnesses appeared. The court was adjourned when Dr. Alice Chickencoop was heard sobbing in the

rear of the room. She left immediately, however, and could not be located by police.

Killed Because Lonely---Chickie

MARCH 8—Dr. Alice Chickencoop surrendered to police today after a heavy dragnet had located her in a wheelchair on State Street, sobbing. "I killed him because I was lonely," she sobbed.

Alienist Examines Dr. Chickencoop

MARCH 9—Defense attorneys today presented Dr. Joseph Chickencoop, noted alienist, who examined Dr. Alice Chickencoop, accused of heading an international dope ring. After fifteen minutes of questioning, the alienist was carried from the courtroom, sobbing. It is reported that he has been pronounced crazy.

Schiapparelli Accused in Case

MARCH 10—A grand jury investigation today attempted to determine whether Dr. Alice Chickencoop, 103, had killed her father, Adolph, 132, or her husband, Joseph, 24. She appeared in a Schiapparelli wheelchair creation, sobbing.

Suicide Causes Annoyance

MARCH 11—Dr. Joseph Chickencoop, husband of Dr. Alice Chickencoop, committed suicide today. Dr. Adolph Chickencoop, his wife's father, could not be located for a statement. His wife is on a wheelchair trip through the New England states, in tears.

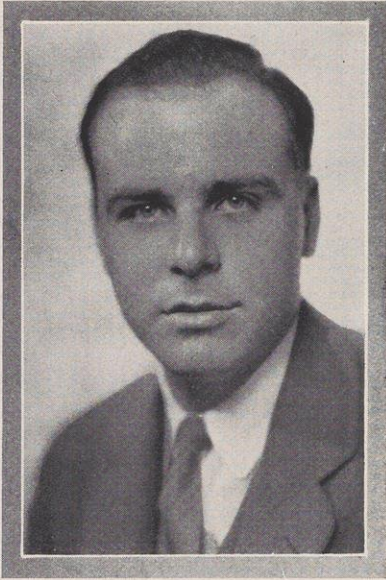
Convict Daddy Chickencoop

MARCH 12—Dr. Adolph Chickencoop, known as "Daddy," was today convicted of the murder of his daughter, Dr. Alice Chickencoop. He was sentenced to 45 years at hard labor. Dr. Alice Chickencoop, his daughter, left the courtroom, followed by her wheelchair, sobbing.

—Herb Fredman.

SONG AND DANCE MAN •

BOB FLEMING



"Do you men realize that this show opens in one week?" And the table creaks and its legs bend in as a usually happy-go-lucky man, now impressively serious, smites it with full force.

"Will you chorus girls remember that you are chorus girls and not soldiers going over the top? Adair, will you please sing the words of that song just once? It may be hard for you to use the English language, but try, just so I can see whether or not we want it in? And Blackstone, how many times must I tell you to get some lights ready?"

Bill Purnell is at his best. It's a few days before Haresfoot is to start its road trip that will send a polished "ham opry" back to Madison after a week's tour. He's repeating the same words that he used in the last show he staged, but those who heard him then stand in awe again. For Wisconsin's song and dance man has a hold on his players that brings a happy combination of inspiration and hard work to turn out another "Purnell show" that has brought Haresfoot great acclaim in recent years.

Bill's famous by-word, "Dya-see-what-I-mean," has been heard by scores of Haresfooters. He races through the phrase at top speed; new persons in the show must have it interpreted for them and old members recognize the tone rather than the sound. It climaxes each explanation of what he wants done, and an affirmative answer to the

question assures him that the student has promised the desired effect.

Always in demand as a toastmaster or after-dinner speaker, he is known to hundreds of people in the state. Prospective students often meet him when they attend the annual convention at Madison of high school editors; Purnell presides at the banquet which climaxes the event each year.

His own story is an interesting one. Purnell came to Wisconsin in 1919 from Kenosha. His freshman year must have been just another freshman year, for his own story of his life as an undergraduate starts when he became a sophomore.

It's a history of Haresfoot, and a story of success. A story that might well carry the title of one of his later shows, "Lucky Breaks." He got his start in "Mary's Lamb," but for a time it looked like a poor start indeed. He was the understudy to the star, "Sunny" Ray, now an outstanding alumni member of the club.

Then came a "break." Ray received a condition in Spanish and was ruled ineligible, so Willie Purnell, 135 pounds pounds and 5 feet, 9 inches of charming femininity, became the wife who henpecked her innocent husband.

The following year, Purnell became the "hard-boiled frail" of the type Leo Porett now portrays. And when "Miss Quita" took the road, Purnell was the club president. "The president got lovesick," Purnell will explain, "and I was in no danger of the same disease, so I got the job." And he was still president and star character player in his last show, "Kitty Corner."

New York called him, and he was successful on the stage there. Very successful — he was stage manager for Lee and Jake Schubert at their Winter Garden. During the summers he worked on the Long Island movie lot of Famous Players-Lasky as property man.

And then in 1926, Haresfoot called him back. Of all the successful alumni, Purnell was chosen. He's been there ever since. And each year from the back-drop of some practice stage, there has rebounded back at him the shout, "Do you men realize

that this show opens in one week."

Purnell pleads inability to remember if asked for the best stories of his experiences. With urging, he recalls such cases as that of Samuel Becker, now PWA counsel in Washington, who backed off stage one night, to the surprise of the entire cast but to his own self-satisfaction. His rotundity had split his trousers, but he hid it from the audience.

Or the case of Russ Winnie, now WTMJ sports announcer, who was standing outside an Indiana theater stage entrance in his stage dress. An old man who tottered by stopped to speak to Purnell: "They're wearing less every year, these young gals."

And then there was the time in Duluth, when in the midst of a performance, a startled scream from off stage threw the performers into a panic and almost caused the audience to jump out of the gallery. Fred Wiperman, winding his way up an iron staircase in the wings, had accidentally grabbed the switch-board in the dark; the unexpected acquisition of a few thousand volts of electricity threw the shocked hooper half way down the stairs and was responsible for the "cry in the dark."

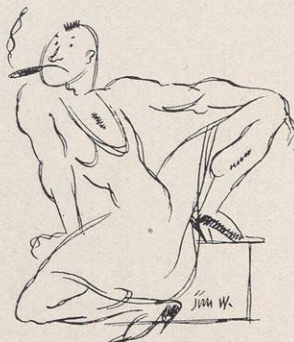
Or countless stories about Bob De Haven and Dave Willock, the pair who now are successful as radio and stage artists.

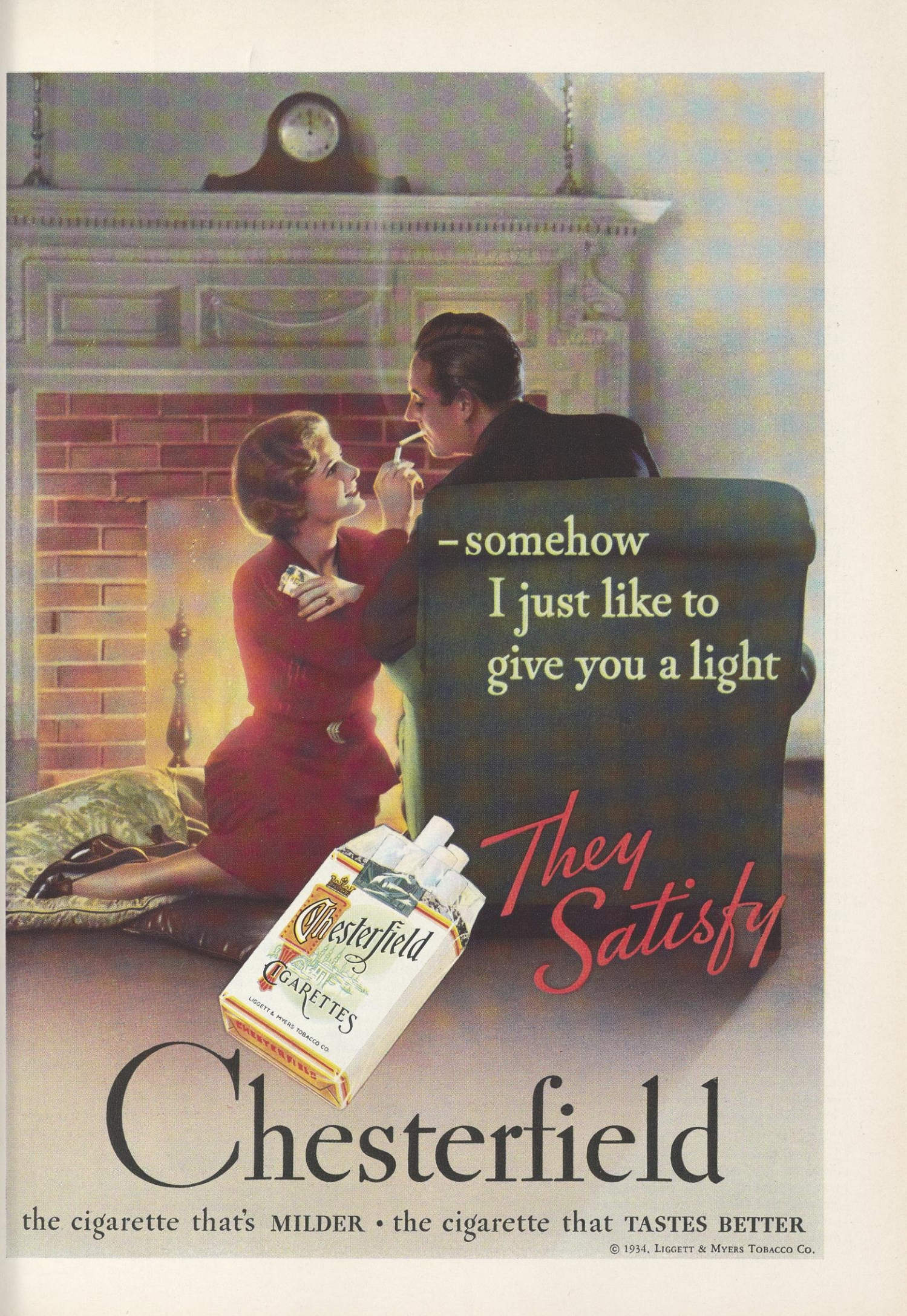
But he'd rather not talk about the past. Instead, he plans on the future. Only to prepare men for their coming work does he dig back into the things that have gone before. He enjoys his work, he'll tell you. And the men who work with him are unanimous that

they enjoy working with him. They welcome his bright remarks; the sight of his bald head, the basis of many of his own jokes, appearing in the stairway to his third floor office in the Old Union, brings him concerted attention. And they like it best, these talented or would-be talented young men who sing and dance for him and for Haresfoot,

when he shouts at them—

"Do you realize that this show opens in one week?"





- somehow
I just like to
give you a light

*They
Satisfy*

Chesterfield

the cigarette that's MILDER • the cigarette that TASTES BETTER

© 1934. LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

LOVE STORY

MAURICE BLUM

History records no sadder love-story. The terrible tomes of ponderous pedants list no more soul-stirring recital.

I met him in a little hash house off State Street. He was hunched over a plate of greasy hamburger sandwiches, eating with an overwhelming avidity. His long black hair streamed toward the food. In his eyes was a look of utter finality. He was obviously Through With Life.

I sat down beside him and drew out this story. I am giving it to you just as he told it to me.

* * *

"My real name was Joe, but I was in school under an assumed name. I called myself Ingersoll. It was easier to pronounce, and I liked it especially because it was shorter.

"I was one day coming down the Hill, when I suddenly saw Margaret. I loved her at once for her big feet. I had big feet, too, and I felt on an equal footing with her; whereas, with other women, you see, I felt too much effete.

"Margaret, however, did not know me. I thought up plan after plan for meeting her, but my early training as a track star hampered me, and after running around in circles for a month, I had got no place. Finally I got a mutual friend to introduce us, and so with one broad jump I hurdled the social barriers.

"The introduction was soon over, and Margaret was evidently unimpressed. She looked askance at my baggy trousers. So I compressed my lips and decided to press my suit by pressing my suit. 'That should suit her,' I thought. But, alas, my hopes went up in steam, and I set to work to iron out the difficulties.

"I finally decided to take a course with Margaret. I felt that perhaps she would then come to love me as a matter of course. It looked like a simple matter of course and effect. 'It might be a coarse method,' I mused to myself, 'but maybe I can get some life out of a dead corpse.'

"Well, there we were. We were in different quiz sections (and Margaret was indifferent, too), but we were at least together for the lectures. The lecture hall was 272 Bascom. I was so modest I used to sit way in the back of

the room. Margaret, on the other hand (didn't have warts, but warts the difference?), used to sit all the way down front. I would have preferred, of course, to be Bascom in the sunshine of her smile, but, as I have said, I was very modest. I was mad at everyone, but modest at myself.

"It was terrible! It is terrible! So is tissue paper. For half a semester I bit my nails and watched Margaret make eyes at a fellow across the aisle from her. 'Aisle get that guy,' I used to mutter. But I couldn't mutter much on the Hill. I had to park my car on Langdon Street.

"Every day I told myself I would sit next to her next time, and I worked myself up into quite a pitch over it all, which got me a position on the baseball team.

"Finally I did it. It was a great day for me. I walked up to this Margaret, this beautiful creature, this dear, dear thing, and I asked her, 'May I sit by you during the lecture?' And she said, 'Why, Ingy, I'd be delighted.' But actually I was the light-head, not she.

"She was very kind. She wrote me notes, but I noted they were notes so good. And then a great fear came over me. Could this adorable creature be really so lacking in the rudiments of common sense? Was she, in short, dumb? But passion replied to ration: She is wearing a dress, not in shorts; she is very polite, so rudiments are out. But the intellect was unsatisfied. I demanded proof, proof. (And all along the Proof was lecturing from the platform.)

"And so I watched this Margaret more carefully than ever. Those moments certainly were tense. Some were in bungalows, too. And then came the climax, the answer to my questioning. She was taking notes. And then, suddenly, without warning, she spelled 'ecstasy' with an 'x.' And all my exultation left me in an excess of agony. I fell forward, biting my lip.

"And thus was a burning love X'd out. I never saw her again."

* * *

He had finished. We both had tears in our eyes. It was a morbid scene for some moments. Then the waiter came up for my order.

"Oh, ham and eggs," I said.

VARIATIONS ON A THEME

Mary had a little lamb,
A regular go getter,
It wandered into Adams Hall,
And now its needs a sweater.

Mary had a little
lamb—
The doctor fainted!



Mary had a little
lamb,
And salad and dessert;
And then she gave the wrong address,
The dirty little flirt!

Mary had a little lamb,
With iron its blood was full;
So little wonder was it that
The lamb produced steel wool.

Mary had a little lamb,
You've heard before, I feel,
But this you didn't know 'til now;
It wasn't lamb, but veal.



Mary had a little lamb,
But changed it for a duck;
And in the subway now she cries,
'You wanta viaduct?'

Mary had a little lamb
Whose fleece was rather bald,
And every time that winter came
She had a stove installed.

Mary had a little lamb,
Her feet were cold as ice;
But served quite hot as leg of lamb
She tasted very nice.

Oh, Mary had a little lamb,
Its birth made
Mary weep;
We mean no dirt—
so don't feel hurt;
This Mary was a
sheep.



Mary had a little clock,
She swallowed it one day;
Now Mary swallows castor oil
To pass the time away.

UNION MUSIC MENUS

Sunday Evening Specials

No. 1

UNION REFECTORY

NORM PHELPS & HIS ORCHESTRA

FEATURING A. KRETZ

TABLE CLOTHS

APPETIZING SELECTIONS

CAFETERIA STYLE

Supper Specials 25c

No. 2

TRIPP COMMONS

MADISON TRIO

CARL JEBE, Cellist

GEORGE DANZ, Violinist

JAC RADUNSKY, Pian.

DELIGHTFUL MENUS

CANDLE LIGHT

30c - 45c - 55c - 65c

No. 3

RATHSKELLER

ACCORDION OR PIANO ENTERTAINMENT

BEER

SANDWICHES

CRACKERS AND CHEESE

THE WISCONSIN UNION

DESIGN FOR DRESSING

PEG STILES

Chic may well be only a matter of poise and good posture combined, but a few new spring duds carefully chosen do seem to help somehow.

If you are in dire need of a new spring coat, and a suit as well, you can help the family budget along by getting the suit only. How will that solve the wrap situation? By purchasing a three-piece swagger outfit, with tailored suit coat, skirt, and three-quarter length outer coat with furred sleeves, perhaps, any co-ed would have the ultimate in smartness.

It's heartening to have tailored suits with either beautifully plain swagger coats, or neat pinched-in short coats, this spring. Some of these in greys, and soft browns fairly shout that they were meant for Hill wear. Great Parisian designers rant about the importance of checks and contrasting colors in aforesaid suits. Several shades of the same color—blues, for instance—are used; another unusual combination is gray with gray and rose plaid coat.

Spring coats, as well, are breezing along literally, due to their oft-vaunted "windblown" lines. Fur is forward in lapels; throat lines are full and high; skirts fly skyward.

Begin planning now for something navy blue as an in-between dress; or make it a brown tone, if you're a brunette. Remember white at the throat, frills especially, make one look delightfully ingenue. And who doesn't like to look as if she could "get away with murder"?

Aquamarine is seen in dull crepes and crepey-wools, while its sisters, turquoise, and robin's egg blue, are equally good for blondes, brunettes, or titians. To be truly different, because practically five out of six co-eds on the Hill have a dress in blue aquatint shade, try the new dull pottery rose.

Anybody knows that the best tonic for spring fever, blues, or that "flunked-a-midsemester-exam" feeling, is a new hat. Hats this spring, fortunately for

moon-faced maidens, come down from their halo-like tendencies, and are seen in a variety of shapes becoming to every type of girl. While off the face brims are still in the ascendancy, equally clever are the Breton sailor hats with the saucer brims and the saucy air. Hats with a scoop shovel appearance—wide brim over the eyes in front, little in back;—hats that swoop down over one ear and show the hair on the other side; all are good.

Evening gowns should swish and swirl; should be of yellow, yellow green, white, or the sheerest of black to be most smart. But don't think for a minute of picking a lime lemon color just because it's fashionable. Go right ahead and wear your favorite color de-

spite the whimsies of great designers, because you will look your best and feel best in it and that's what counts really.

Frailest laces, tulle, and nets, plain or embroidered with dots or silver tracery are emphasized for evening by every one of ten French modistes in a recent spring survey. Taffeta comes next in importance. All of these fabrics are the kind that seem alive; either they float or are crisply windblown, again in accordance to March breeziness.

Don't, by any means, forget to get a knit suit or dress, because knits have the happy faculty of not only being unmussable, but appropriate all through summer for sport, street, or luncheon and a movie with your best chum. Knits are best in blues, greens, soft rose shades, orange bisque, and primarily, white. In any case, when in doubt, choose white. Draw-string necklines, loose sleeves, either three-quarter or short, are best in the one and two-piece knits. Short loose jackets over many-buttoned knit sweaters with matching skirts should by no means be ignored.

If you like to plan your wardrobe in your mind before buying (and if you have a penchant for buying an extra hat that you just could not resist, even if it goes only with the green crepe and your coat is blue), amuse yourself during a dull lecture by drawing a little pie a la mode chart.

A pie a la mode chart is one in which you draw three circles, one within the other, putting your coat or wrap in the center circle. That is the cream of the situation. Then cut the pie into pieces, one each for each outfit, old or new, you will have. In the second circle, put hats and shoes, or hats. In the outer circle, put dresses, coordinating the colors. It is surprising how often you can figure out how one set of accessories will go much farther by a little foresighted planning than by hit-or-miss buying, as the inspiration or the check from home strikes you.



BARBARA BRADFORD '35 wearing a brown tweed sports suit for Spring. The yellow and brown gauntlets on the brown gloves match the scarf, which completes the ensemble from TIFFANY'S, State street.

COMIC CROWD

As Oscar entered the room he was conscious of the almost overpowering odor of various fragrant flowers. At his entrance a chorus of female voices cried his name. He was aware of a general surge of femininity toward him. Beautiful legs, undulating hips, graceful arms, bewitching lips and inviting eyes suddenly sprang up about him. He was literally swept of his feet. Fondled and caressed, kissed and stroked, he was almost smothered in a storm of amorous frenzy. His body twitched and shook with uncontrollable emotion. After a time he became assailed with an almost infinite weariness; the caresses became unendurable, the odors nauseous. Like a bolt of lightning the thought sprang into his brain—"It's hell to be a lap-dog in a sorority house."

—CAROLINA BUCCANEER.

I used to eat wheaties for breakfast every morning. I'd split open the top of the package with a bread knife, sprinkle a quantity of the cereal in an ordinary oatmeal dish, pour in just enough cream, and coat the mixture with some plain white sugar. It wasn't so bad when, grasping the edge of the bed to pull myself out mornings, I'd tear the bed to bits under me. I didn't mind particularly when the steering wheel of my car crumpled under my hands and we turned over three times into the ditch. I thought it was a good joke when I banged the door of my fraternity and the house fell to the ground. But when I tried to kiss the only girl I ever loved and broke her neck, I went back to grapeanuts.

—FRIVOL.

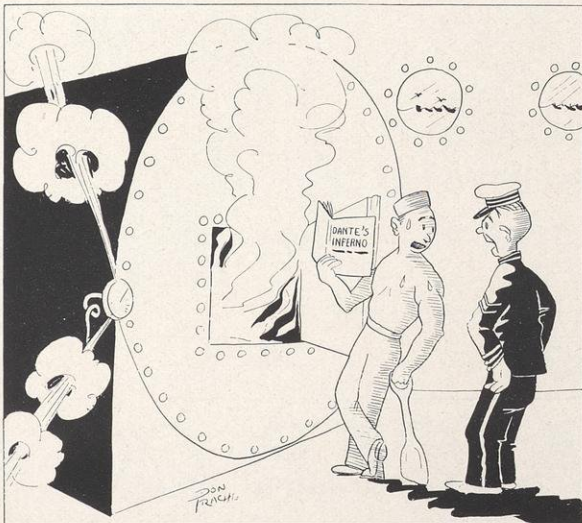
Pullman Conductor: "Boy, what's the idea of the red lantern on that berth?"

Over-Zealous Porter: "Look here, boss. Here in rule thirteen it says—always hang a red lantern when the rear of a sleeper is exposed."

—Voo Doo.

Editor: So you thought up this joke all by yourself?
 Assistant Ed.: Yep out of my own head.
 Editor: You must be!

—BATTALION.



"Wottam I doin'? Why I'm getting an eddication."

A double hit!



SUE: That smells good. Wish I could say the same for all pipe tobacco.

SAM: Tastes good, too. And you can't say THAT about all pipe tobacco either.

SUE: That makes it a double hit—pleases the ladies, pleases the men. What's the secret?

SAM: Edgeworth is a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant.

SUE: So what?

SAM: In those leaves you get the mildest pipe tobacco that grows.

SUE: You mean Edgeworth is made from the mildest pipe tobacco that grows?

SAM: Right.

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.

EDGEWORTH

MADE FROM THE

Mildest pipe tobacco

THAT GROWS

SHORT SHOTS

I had a little dog,
And I called him Enza.
I opened the window,
And influenza.

I had a little dog,
And I called him Tax.
I opened the door,
And income tax.

—SNAPPY COMEBACK.

Serious Young Man (after talking at length): "Yes, we certainly owe a lot to inventors. For instance, what would we do without electricity?"

Bored Femme: "Neck."

The duke of York
Removed the cork
And tilted up the flagon.
The label read
Trevendentscherreinerweusmmunch.
So now he's on the wagon.

—SKIPPER.

When he met Helen,
Hell ensued.
When he left Helen,
Helen sued.

—OLD LINE.

Teacher—Now, students, if I lay three eggs here and five eggs here, how many eggs will I have?

Student—I don't believe you can do it, sir.

—DREHERD.

"Mamma, can I go out to play?"

"What, with all those holes in your pants?"

"No, mamma, with the little boy next door."

—BISON.

A sultan at odds with his harem
Thought of a way he could scare 'em.

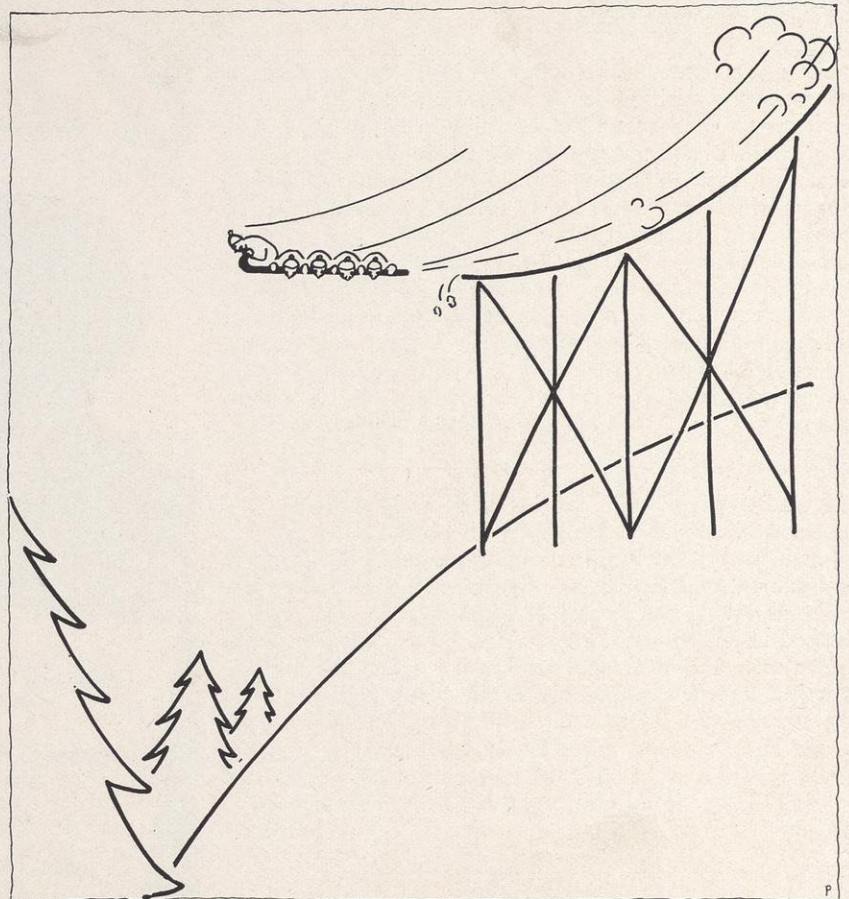
He caught him a mouse—
Let it loose in the house,
Thus starting the first harem scarem.

—ZIP'N TANG.

Old Maid: Has the canary had its bath yet?

Servant: Yes, ma'am. You can come in now.

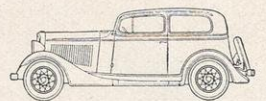
—PELL MELL.



"Are you sure this is the toboggan slide?"—HARVARD LAMPOON

When It's

SPRING



And you're ready to go places and do things—

why not call us for a speedy delivery of one of our new insured Chevrolets?

B. 1200

KOCH RENT-A-CAR CO.

ADD WISCONSIN'S BEST-HATED MEN . . .

under Dillett's supervision (or that of henchman Mel Wunsch), to allow personal feeling and a bit of sadistic pleasure to dominate their news handling. To the true journalist this was unpardonable; crucifixion editorially if based upon sound thought and judgment cannot be attacked, but news columns, even in the Cardinal, should be unswayed by prejudice.

Evidence that Dillett's workers were being unfair to Wheeler came with the use of the quotation, "There are no political machines." First came an editorial, based on an erroneous belief that the quotation was correct. Later, despite the fact that they knew Wheeler had issued a denial, Cardinal reporters exposed Wheeler to ridicule by seeking a symposium interview with candidates and politicians attacking the statement and the person who made it, even though the denial was already in the office. The promise to box the denial at the start of the article was broken when it was buried inside the paper

at the very end, while ridicule was piled upon the elections chairman on the outside.

A young girl reporter, instructed by managing editor Wunsch to go down to the Cardinal printing plant to see if ballots could be obtained, deliberately stole some and then blamed Wheeler for failure to watch them. Ballot boxes were not unlocked, and although there was some laxity, the inefficiencies brought no apparent ill results.

But the Cardinal, at the express instructions of Dillett, spread the story of inefficiency across the front page as if it were important, giving the story play all out of proportion to any significance it had, demonstrating again that personal belief had overbalanced unbiased judgment.

And so, through the combination of events and the actions of both men, ill fame came to each. Their personal selves, each of them likeable fellows and as individuals a credit to Wisconsin, were submerged under the trouble

each helped to cause for or brought upon himself in his opposition to the other.

Yet probably, as in the past, the real fault of both men was lack of maturity and the balance that it brings. In later years, as time dims the memories of minor incidents, we need not to expect that these men will be objects of wider scorn. In fact, the time will probably come when student opinion will not be so strong. Either through a development of super-men who are capable of handling their jobs or through a continued deterioration of student ability so that in time opinion of all kinds becomes a thing of the past, a change may come.

A more rapid solution might be worked out if twins, upon enrolling in school, are split, one being groomed for the editor's post and the other for elections chairman. Then, upon the ascension to their minor crowns, each of the "best-hated men" would have at least one friend.

MAL DE MER

She was standing by the rail
And looking deathly pale;
Did she see a whale?
Not at all.

She was papa's only daughter,
Throwing bread upon the water
In a way she hadn't oughter—
That was all.

—PRINCETON TIGER.

WEAR A GRASS SKIRT

He: My cousin is in a helluva fix.
She always dresses to match the hair of
the boy she goes out with; if he's a
brunette, she wears a brown dress; if
he's a redhead, she wears a red dress—

Him: Well, what's so bad about
that?

He: She's got a date with a bald-
headed gent tonight.

—Voo Doo.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Son: "Ma, what's the idea of makin'
me sleep up here every night?"

Mother: "Hush, Bobby, you only
have to sleep on the mantel-piece two
more weeks and then your picture will
be in a Believe-It-or-Not-Cartoon."

They told me that black slapping
ends with rush week, but it doesn't.
It just moves farther down.

—SOUR OWL.



LET'S GO TO THE PARK HOTEL BUFFET

- You're in the news at the Park . . . it's the favorite spot of the kind of people you read about.
- Cocktails are served until 12:30 A.M. each day. Drop in after the theatre or dance.

PARK HOTEL BUFFET

SPIKE DEVERE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Spike Devere.
Hardly a man is now alive
Of his gang of twenty-five.

He said to his friend: "If they come for me,
By hook or by crook let the others know,
That they may come and set me free,
But be sure that you are not too slow."
Then he said "Good-night" and with muffled oar,
Silently rowed to the other shore.

Just as he came to the other side
He saw his enemy there,
In a car all ready for the ride
That had been planned with so much care.
Spike turned back, but far too late.
He could but keep his little date.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches, with eager ears,
Till in the silence round him he hears
The muster of men of his gang.
He tells them that they must to their feet,
And all twenty-five rush out with a bang.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When Spike crossed the bridge into Middlesex town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun has gone down.

It was two by the village clock
When he heard the car of his own flock.
You know the rest. In papers you have read
How gangs have met, fired, and fled.
After the fray, the twenty-five
Lay on the ground, not one alive.

The gang that won continued to drive
With all but one of them alive.
So through the night rode Spike Devere;
And through the night went his cry of fear,
So that's the end of the story, m'dear;
They got him at last for spiking beer.

—V. Edward Johnson.

The drunk got in a cab. "Where to?" asked the cabby.
"What streets you got?" was the reply.
"Plenty," smiled the humoring cabby.
"Gimme them all."
After several hours' driving, the drunk asked how much
he owed.
"Seven dollars and fifty cents," he was told.
"Turn around and drive back to thirty-five cents," he
mumbled.

—SKIPPER.

ADD HASBEEN . .

in our opening scene, if you will remember. (Of course, you won't.) Gerald enters. He has just returned from the cloistered unworldliness of Madison.

* * * *

BARON IGNATIUS—"Well, Gerald, I must say you're looking fit. The fighting Badgers have evidently modelled you into the pattern of a true Wisconsinite. And, I know, Hasbeen to Hasbeen, that you did very well by them. What have you by way of news from the collegiate town?"

GERALD—"Dad, it was perfect. Since you are one of us, you will condone and forgive my failure to write frequently and my constant cabling for money.

BARON IGNATIUS—"Quite all right. No Hasbeen could rate without money, or am I wrong?"

GERALD—"I went in with a good crowd and I certainly had a time. I made splendid use of your paddle, you may be sure. I have carved and initialled it still more and it's more attractive than ever. But there is something else, too." (He drops his eyes slowly. They fall with a terrific clatter upsetting the cold complacency of the room and arousing no end of perturbation among the sculptured heads of ancient worthies scattered here and there.)

BARON IGNATIUS—"Come son. What is it? A girl, I suspect. What has she done to advance or retard our Hasbeen line?"

GERALD—"That's just it father. She certainly has added something. And now I ask you, as one gentleman to another, if I may, with your full consent, keep the paddle in my rooms instead of your?"

BARON IGNATIUS (Looks at Gerald sharply)—"But why? What is it to you?"

GERALD (Takes a purple garter from his pocket and tosses it on the library table)—"Miss Gabardine 'Perennial Favorite' Murgatroyd presented me with this so that we might have a complete pair for our mutual delectation and as a further aid to keep sacred and supreme in our minds and hearts the most perfect of romantic dreams. She sends her love to you and wishes to know why you never showed up for that Prom date.

BARON IGNATIUS (He rises slowly, proudly, calmly, with determination written all over his face in ten point type)—"Gerald, I salute you now as Baron Hasbeen, twenty-fifth of your line, by the Grace of God. To you I leave our ancestral lands and halls and stormy coast, which you will find only in Shakespeare's 'A Winter's Tale,' by the way. I am leaving now."

GERALD—"But father, what are you doing? Where are you going?"

BARON IGNATIUS—"Give me that paddle and that garter. I shall need them with me. I'm off for Madison, once more to become just an ordinary Hasbeen. It is my wish, Gerald, again to press my Gabardine suit. May I use your plane? Au revoir."

. . CURTAIN . .

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MILK - CREAM - BUTTER - BUTTERMILK - COTTAGE CHEESE AND VELVET ICE CREAM

VISITORS . ALWAYS . WELCOME

RADIO RAVES • MEL ADAMS

PERKINS STILL PENS

Here's a few additions to the radio lexicon from the pen of Ray Perkins, radio's raving wit:

Announcer: Part of a proverb like "Announcer prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Chime: Something that always marches on.

Columnist: Person who believes in an eye for an "I."

Drama: Baby talk for "grandma."

Delivery: The kind of clothes worn by footmen.

Gong: Part of a verb, as in "Ay tank I'm gong hum."

Ground: When a man is hit on the head or honored like, "Paul Whiteman was ground king of jazz."

Hackneyed: What's wrong with you when your knees point toward each other.

Program: An European massacre.

Tuba: A Shakespearian expression, "Tuba or not tuba."

Viaduct: What Joe Penner is always asking you if you want to do.

SHUFFLIN' ALONG

Ace Brigode and his Virginians will supply the shuffle music for dance-crazy sops at the Sophomore Shuffle, and a swell shuffle it should be, judging from the music. Brigode's given name was Athos, but he changed to Ace at an early date in order to avoid street fights.

Although there is some speculation as to whether or not all of his musicians are from Virginia, suh, there's no doubt as to the quality music supplied by Brigode. "That's How Rhythm Was Born" should be his theme song. The Vuginian is an "ace" of saxophonists and will do with the saxophone at the Shuffle, as Clyde McCoy did with his trumpet at the Interfraternity Brawl.



Ace Brigode

with his trumpet at the Interfraternity Brawl.

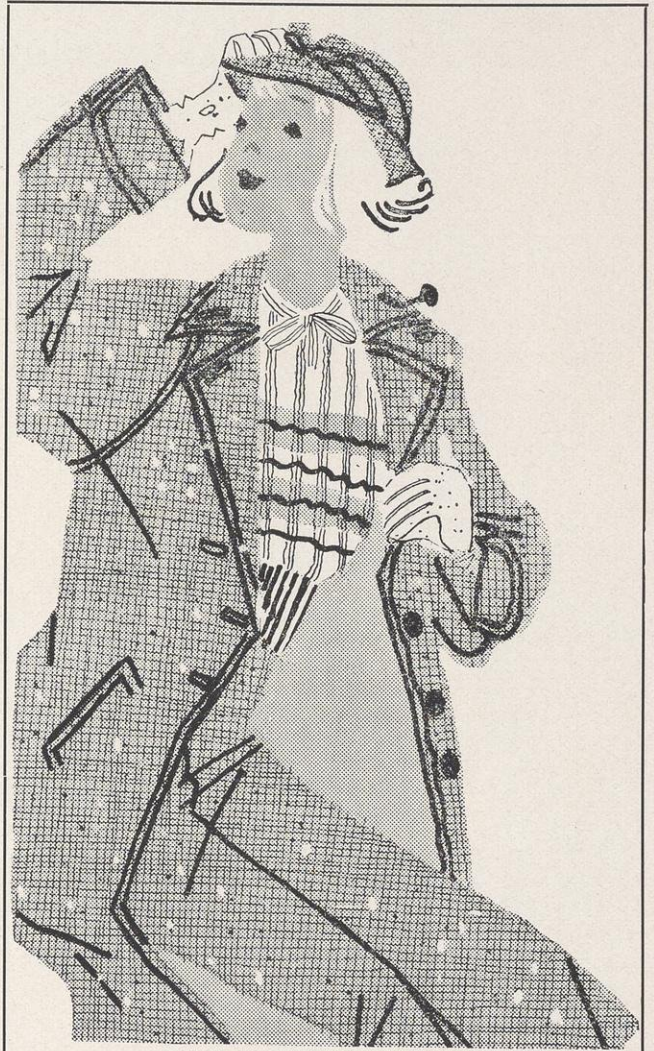
ENOCH LIGHT

He's the chap who studied surgery in order to become an orchestra leader. Studied medicine at John Hopkins University in Boston, but saw the light and turned to wielding a baton rather than a scalpel. His scientific knowledge has enabled him to perfect a formula to make popular songs live longer. He injects the lyrical choruses with interpolations of foreign tunes, and sings them himself in the original tongue.

His orchestra was the first to score a French musical picture, and the lads were invited to give a special performance for ex-President Doumergue as a result. He now wires via a CBS chain from the Hotel Governor Clinton in New York, where he makes a specialty of inter-fraternity nights for the Eastern collitch boys on Friday eves. George Cole, not long out of Brown University, does the arranging, and Mary Danis offers the feminine vocalizations.

SNAPSHOTS AT RANDOM

Eddie Duchin at the piano . . . In contrast to his music which is slow and flows smoothly, his directing movements are quick, brisk and somewhat eccentric . . . always runs his right hand through his hair when he is seating himself at the piano . . . never uses a baton, but leads his men with an emphatic, rhythmic nodding of the head . . . closes his eyes at intervals to "hear" the orchestra without seeing it.



The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring---tra--la

are no gayer than the new spring fashions at Manchester's! Bright colors, Tyrolean stripes, nubby tweed, gay prints! Once you see them, you can't resist them!

Harry S. Manchester Inc.

COLLEGE COMEDY

NO SLOUCH

A man walked reluctantly into a hat store.

"I just lost a bet," he said, "and I want to get a soft hat."

The salesman, selecting a hat from the shelf behind him, handed it to the prospective purchaser with the remark:

"This is the softest hat we have."

The customer gazed at it speculatively. "What I want," he said reluctantly, "is something a little more tender. I've got to eat it."

Drunk (to splendidly uniformed bystander): "Shay, call me a cab, will ya?"

Splendid Uniformed Bystander: "My good man, I am not the doorman; I am a naval officer."

Drunk: "Awright, then call me a boat. I gotta get home."

—PITT PANTHER.

"Hello, is this Mr. Goldfarb?"

"Yes."

"This is Mr. Schneck's office. Will you please hold the wire?"

(Pause.)

"Hello, is this Mr. Goldfarb?"

"Yes."

"This is Mr. Schneck's private secretary. Hold the line a minute, please."

(Pause.)

"Hello, is this Goldfarb?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Schneck. Goldfarb, you stink!"

—Log.

Coach: "What's his name?"

Manager: "Osscowsinski."

Coach: "Put him on the first team— Boy, will I get even with the newspapers."

—RESERVE RED CAT.

She (at concert): "What's that book the conductor keeps looking at?"

He: "That's the score of the overture."

She: "Oh, really; who's winning?"

"There is something dove-like about you!"

"What's that?"

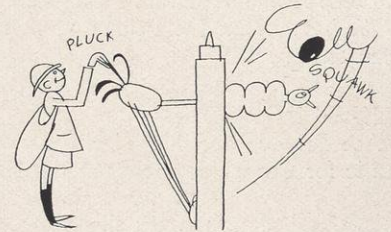
"You're pigeon-toed."

—EXCHANGE.

"Where are my glasses, Mother?"

"Right where you emptied them last night, dear."

—SKI-U-MAH.



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TYPEWRITERS
 Rented . . . Repaired
 Sold
 SPECIAL RENTAL RATES
 to Students
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 523 STATE STREET BADGER 1083

WATCH!
 FOR THE
**MILITARY BALL
 OCTOPUS**
 NEXT MONTH!
 May we also suggest that you
 get your date for the ball.
 The date is
FRIDAY . APRIL . 20th

Larry O'Brien's Orchestra

770 CLUB

Adair's Floor Shows

NEW Airflow CHRYSLER

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One look at the Airflow* Chrysler and you know its functional beauty sets the pace for the design of the future.

One ride in the Airflow Chrysler . . . and you'll recognize that its a *new form of travel* . . . ten years ahead.

Ruts and bumps disappear from the road. You ride in complete relaxation at any speed.

That's because of scientific weight distribution and a new nerve-soothing rate of spring

action . . . because you ride at the center of balance.

The Airflow Chrysler is for the modern minded . . . the folk who want to travel fast in complete comfort and safety . . . who demand spacious roominess and the smartness of the newest penthouse apartment.

Enjoy the thrill of a lifetime . . . see and drive an Airflow Chrysler.

FLOATING RIDE BOOKLET FREE—
Write for the interesting booklet which describes the romantic development of Floating Ride. Address the Chrysler Sales Corporation, 12199 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.



Four Distinguished 1934 Models Chrysler Airflow Eight . . . 122 horsepower and 123-inch wheelbase. Six-pass. Sedan, Brougham and Town Sedan, five-pass. Coupe. All body types, \$1245. Chrysler Airflow Imperial . . . 130 horsepower . . . 128-inch wheelbase. Six-pass. Sedan and Town Sedan, five-pass. Coupe. All body types, \$1495. Airflow Custom Imperial . . . 150 horsepower . . . 146-inch wheelbase. Individualized body types, prices on request. 1934 Chrysler Six . . . *With independently sprung front wheels* . . . for a levelized, cushioned ride . . . 93 horsepower, 7 body types on 117-inch and 121-inch wheelbase. Priced from \$725 up. Four-door Sedan, \$795. All Prices F. O. B. Factory, Detroit. *Name Copyrighted 1933—Chrysler Corporation.



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