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## **The Wisconsin Octopus. Vol. 20, No. 1 September, 1938**

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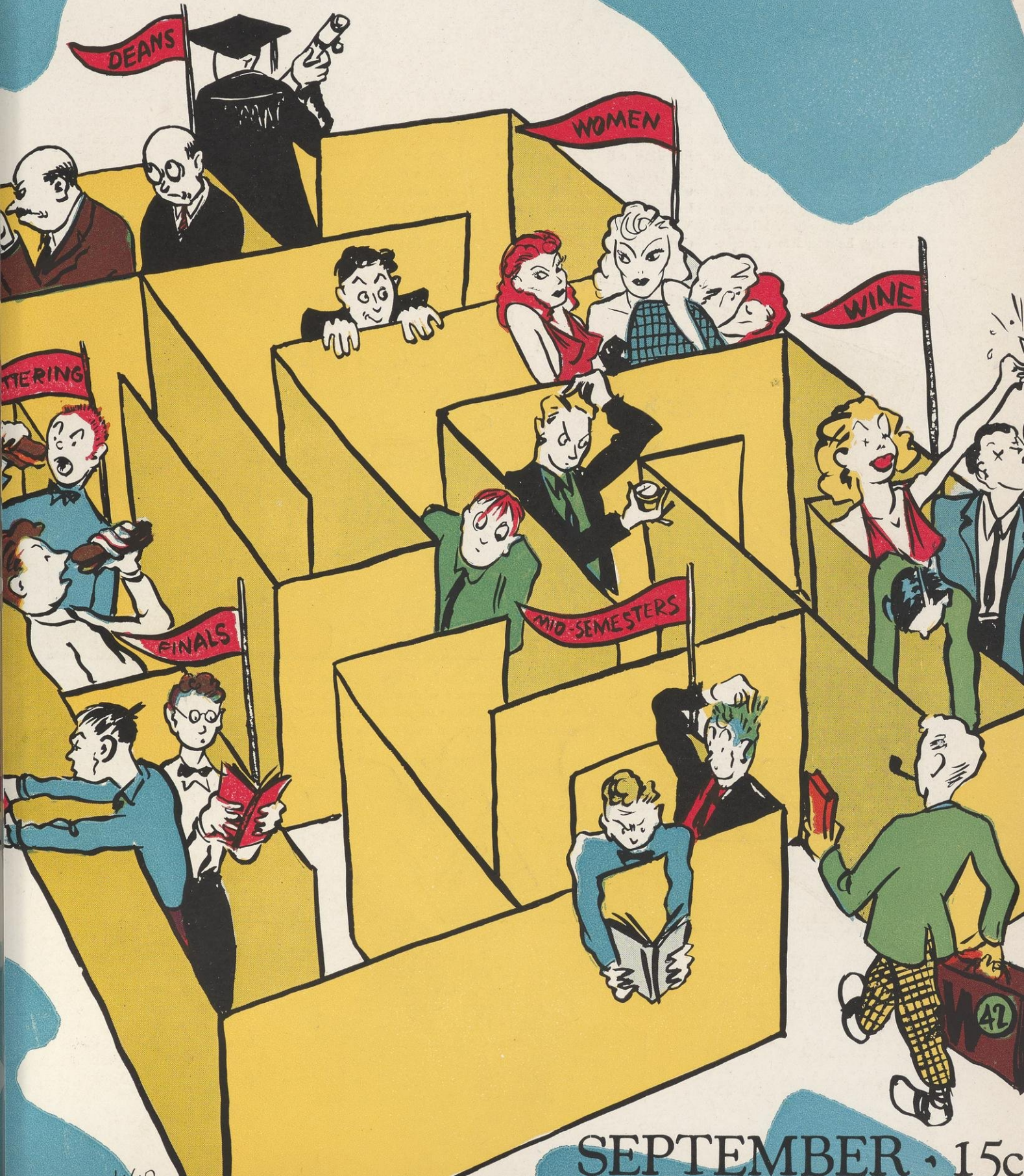
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# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



SEPTEMBER • 15c



# Crashing a plane through a house!

Pilot Frank Frakes' most spectacular feat—the stunt that thrills Hollywood and millions of movie-goers—



"SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES, you crash into a house..." That is actually what aerial warfare movie scripts demand of Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes. But up he goes, his plane's wings soaked in gasoline. High in the sky, he touches off elec-

trical sparks, swoops down ablaze in a roaring power-dive. Leveling off (Picture 1), he heads straight for the spectacular crack-up that thrills even hardened movie directors. Will Frakes come through that house alive? He's per-

formed such stunts more than fifty times. **CRASH!** (Picture 2) As he hits with terrific impact, a charge of dynamite is exploded inside the house (Picture 3) to heighten the effect. Wings ripped off (Picture 4), the flaming plane shoots

out—hopelessly **WRECKED!** Frakes? Below you see him safe, smiling, ready to enjoy his favorite smoke—a Camel! "Stunt-flying is exhausting work," says Pilot Frakes. "When I need a 'lift' in energy I get it with a Camel."

"NATURALLY I'M PARTICULAR ABOUT THE CIGARETTE I SMOKE," SAYS STUNT PILOT FRANK FRAKES—

**"CAMELS DON'T AFFECT MY NERVES IN THE LEAST!"**

I NOTICE THAT YOU ALWAYS SMOKE CAMELS, FRANK. DO YOU FIND CAMELS SO DIFFERENT?

YES—in mildness, in taste, in lots of ways. BESIDES, STUNT-FLYING DEMANDS HEALTHY NERVES. CAMELS DON'T AFFECT MY NERVES IN THE LEAST—I CAN SMOKE AS MANY AS I WANT. CAMELS AGREE WITH ME IN MANY WAYS—AND OTHER PILOTS SAY THE SAME!



Above, right, Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes tells Gordon Weaver more about why he prefers Camels. It's a preference with a *reason*: Camel's costlier tobaccos! And that's the same reason so many millions of smokers have turned to Camels. Do *you* want more smoking pleasure? Make your next smoke the cigarette of costlier tobaccos—Camel!

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

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



"I'M NOT A CHAMPION," says Miss Henrietta Donohue, "but I'm just as interested in winning at my golf, tennis, and swimming. I know the importance of healthy nerves, so Camel's my cigarette. Camels never get me 'edgy.' And Camels give my energy a 'lift' too. They set me right!"

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

Ask the men who grow and grade tobacco who buys their choicest lots!



pays more to get my choicest grades. I've been a steady Camel smoker for years. Most planters prefer Camels."

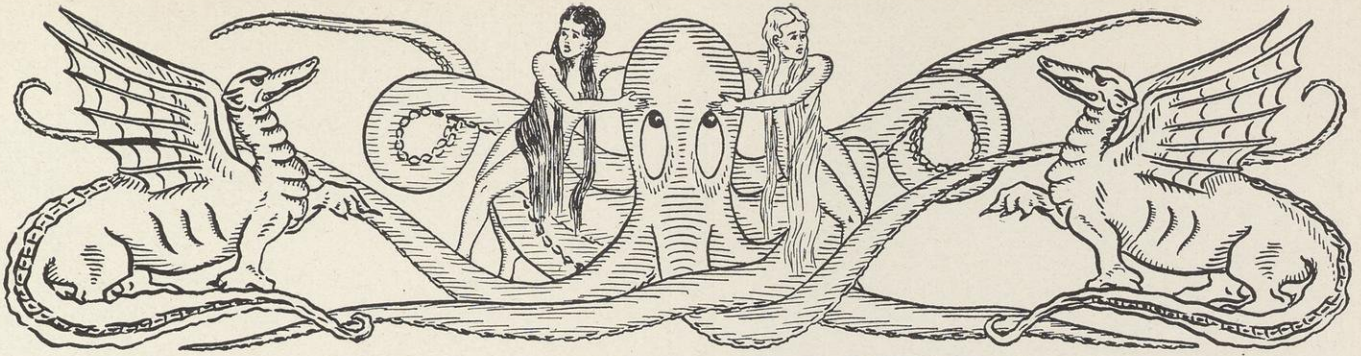
"Growing tobacco 26 years," says planter Ben Faulkner, "I've learned that one company stands out in buying finer tobaccos—CAMEL. Camel



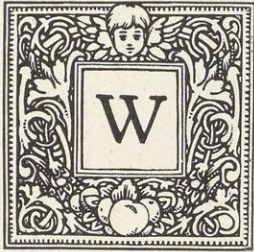
So do most planters around here."

Robert Lee Oakley, one of the growers behind North Carolina's reputation for fine tobaccos, says: "Camel buys up the choice tobacco, including that of my last crop. This has happened many times. I smoke Camels.





# THE CAMPUS CHRONICLE



WHETHER or not you are just becoming familiar with the buildings around the campus, by now you must have noticed that the Union (Memorial Union, affiliated with the C.I.O.) is in the afternoons a scene of "bustling activity" just as the catalog says. Ping pong in the basement, six people ahead of you for the telephone, lots of pesky

little gnomes trying to sell you a subscription to the Daily Cardinal. Bustling now, yes; but have you ever seen the place in August, after summer school was over? Mr. Butts locked the door on us and posted a sign: "Closed for repairs; barber shop open; use ground floor entrance."

Another sign at the foot of the steps said in big letters we couldn't miss: "BARBER SHOP OPEN"—a rather wistful sign like the ones that advertise a movie that's not quite colossal. On the ground floor another sign said the barber shop was open from 9:00 to 5:30, and a fourth, in lead pencil and pinned on the outside, said, "Back at one o'clock." But it was 1:20. At last the barber came—slowly, in no hurry at all—and we got our haircut. We didn't have to wait in line.

## Tattoo

An acquaintance who spent his summer as a counsellor in a boy's camp tells us an intriguing tid-bit *re* a little six year old lad of whom he had charge.

The boy had a rather large birth-mark on his leg just



below the knee. The counsellor asked him how it got there. "Oh, that?" came the reply, "My momma painted it there before I was born."

## Welcome

A friend of ours who visited New Jersey during the summer tells of a huge sign on the highway just as one enters Jersey City. It is one of the neatest double meanings we've heard in a long time:

JERSEY CITY  
EVERYTHING FOR INDUSTRY

## Eavesdropping

We don't know why we tell you these things, but we were walking down State Street behind three willowy girls with rather nice calves. Hardly meaning to, we overheard their chatter. Here it is verbatim:

"So I told him to talk about something that interested me, and he started to tell me what he had for dinner Sunday."

"He's so dumb."

"Oh, I bet he told you that he loves you."

"Like fun. He never says that. He wouldn't even tell me I was wearing a nice dress—unless I *was* wearing a nice dress."

"Well, you ought to be glad. Then he never tells you things unless he means them."

"I know, but it's so boring. He could tell me pretty things anyhow."

"Oh, isn't he *terrible*!"

We stopped to get a coke.

## Curiosity

Our prize for the most perfect understatement of the era goes to a little tot who, for no good reason, was telling us about his younger brother. "My brother was playing on the roof of our house and got stuck in the chimney. The house burned down, so my mother came outside to see what was going on."

Just like a woman, we say.

## Big Money

We were waiting for a bus on the corner of University and Mills Street when we noticed a young man of about 13 years throwing a penny all by himself against a wall. "What for?" we asked.

"Stinky Enders skun six cents off me this afternoon. I've practised for two hours since then, so tomorrow I'll be able to take his pants right off of him."

## Background

At the new dorms there are to be the usual comforts of a student room: bed, dresser, chair, and window. But on the window there will be something special; not just plain drapes, but extra-ordinary WPA drapes.

We spoke to the young man who was employed by the WPA to figure out the design for the new drapes. He surprised us by explaining that one just doesn't sit down and fiddle with a design. No sir, he first went to the library and rummaged through volume after volume on Egyptian art and drape design to see if he could find anything appropriate for a male study room.

After much thought and concentration, he came to the conclusion that the de-







## COLLEGE BAZAAR FASHIONS

*ready for you in*

**Baron's College Shop**

All you college-bound "Jitterbugs" come to Baron's College Shop for smart clothes straight from the pages of Harper's Bazaar. We've the jump on college fashions! You can find out just what you need from Mary Lyon in our College Shop (she hails from Wisconsin herself).

*Baron's*

sign which appeared most often in the old volumes he perused was the figure 8—which, he tells us, stands for "life and death." He set to work and created a pattern which had as the predominant note the figure 8.

The pattern was accepted and now graces the drapes of the new dormitories; thus proving our belief that with the boys who live at the dorms, it is difficult to distinguish between life and death.

### **Paradox**

While mowing the lawn a few days ago, we noticed the two little sons of one of the neighbors having a fight. After breaking them apart, we asked why they were always fighting.

One replied readily, "We have to fight each other to keep us from hitting one another."

### **Criticism**

This little piece was too late for the last edition.

In June a Wisconsin professor, whose type you can imagine, asked as the last question in his final examination, "What do you think of this course?"

One disgusted scholar replied, "I think this was a very well-balanced course. Everything that was not given in the course was included in the final examination."

### **Salesmanship**

While in Chicago during the summer, we went to see a play. During the intermission between the second and third acts, a fat little newsboy with mud on his jowls sold nineteen papers by shouting, "Heahya, folks! Hitler hits da gas-pipe! Ree dall aboudit! Hitler hits da gas-pipe!" We bought one, too.

### **Happy Day**

Though we scarcely know why, our heart leaped the other day when we saw a woolly-headed undergraduate lean out of a window in North Hall, and pop a Political Science professor. We know with a spitball. The professor didn't fight back. An isolationist, no doubt.

### **Civil War**

The best university scandal we heard over the summer has its roots in international politics. First the Japanese grabbed of a hunk of China and called it Manchukuo. Then Mussolini helped himself to Ethiopia. When his turn came, Hitler grabbed Austria; and God only knows what he's done since we sent this tale to the printers.

Taking his lead from the dictators, Harry Stuhldreher last fall sent some men out near the Stadium to build a fence around several acres of grass where his teams practice now and then. When you go to your first football game, you'll see the fence—high, about a quarter of a mile long, completely useless, and a damned nuisance.

Completely useless? Well, yes and no. You see, the fence encloses a large piece of land which the engineering college has, with the formal blessing of the regents, long considered its own and has planned to fill buildings when the university gives the present engineering building on the Hill to the L and S school and moves the engineers out to Camp Randall where the mechanical engineering building already stands.

The athletic department, however, has ideas of its own and without the blessing of the regents has been planning to build a gymnasium on the same site. When the engineering professors finally figured out that the point of Mr. Stuhldreher's fence was to claim squatter's rights on their





field, they sounded the alarm and have been putting their heads together in indignant conferences, committees, and hallway mutterings ever since.

The official attitude of the engineering faculty is that the

### Scoop!

Mr. Harry Thoma, editor of the Wisconsin Alumnus Magazine and assistant director of the Wisconsin Alumnus Association is not an alumnus of the University of Wisconsin. We wouldn't have believed this ourselves if we hadn't verified it in Mr. Thoma's own files.

fence is "the first of a series of acts to alienate ground designated for the development of the College of Engineering."

The situation between the athletic department and the engineering college is at the moment very tense, and explains why you will notice that Mr. Jukes, assistant professor of metallurgy, is not speaking to Mr. Skinner, instructor in punting and volleyball.

Force, not justice, rules the world today. We suggest that the engineering professors, with the help of sliderules and blowtorches, rally some night and under the cover of darkness destroy the defiant fence utterly.

### Coloring the News

The Octopus begs to announce that the laurel wreath for the most colossal bull-throwing of meteorological euphemisms, which once adorned the brow of California's press agents, has been swiped by a headline writer in Atlantic City.

A news story of August 9 lay on the desk awaiting a

### Dancing . . . .

Is a major sport at Wisconsin  
And dancing depends upon good music.

### John Duffy and his Orchestra



AMERICA'S NUMBER 1 CLOTHING VALUE FOR FALL!



## Triple Test Worsted

BY HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

In the popular new campus styles. This is the sensational value you see featured in the full page magazine ads this month. Exclusively in Madison at O & V's.

\$35

*And the finest array in town of leather jackets, windbreakers, corduroy jackets, etc.*

# OLSON & VEERHUSEN CO.

7-9 North Pinckney Street

On the Square

In Madison



headline. It declared:

*"Torrential rains, accompanied by thunder and lightning, struck New Jersey and New York yesterday.*

*"A record rainfall for August 8 was established in Atlantic City and environs. Streets were flooded, traffic snarled and cellars in some sections were under water.*

*"A sign crashed to the sidewalk in the 1900 block on Atlantic Avenue, barely missing four pedestrians.*

*"Patrolmen Wise and Cambell replaced a manhole cover after it had been dislodged during the heavy rain at Atlantic and Providence avenues.*

*"A Pleasantville home was struck by lightning.*

*"The United States Weather Bureau reported a total of 2.09 inches of water had been recorded for the 24 hours ended at 8:30 p.m., eclipsing the previous record of 1.30 inches established in 1882."*

Then the headline writer gaily sat him down to his copy desk, took soft-lead pencil in hand, and scribbled out the following four-column streamer head for page one of the Atlantic City Press:

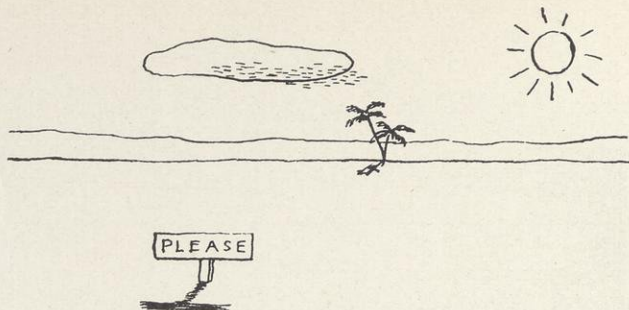
SPECTACULAR SHOWERS  
KEEP ATLANTIC CITY COOL



### BY WAY OF INVITATION

Octy has never stood too much on formality. Whether you're freshman or senior, he can use you in some capacity . . . as artist, writer, or business staff member.

Octy waves a tentacle of cordiality to you and invites you to drop into his palatial offices on the third floor of the Union. He'll like you.



## The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc.

Madison, Wisconsin

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Vol. XX

SEPTEMBER, 1938

Number 1

Back to  
WISCONSIN



... and Back to  
the chocolate shop

School days are happy days when you join your friends for a tasty luncheon or dinner at the Chocolate Shop, 548 State street . . . where delicious foods, enjoyable surroundings and perfect service are combined.

"The Favorite Eating and Meeting Place of Wisconsin Students"



## No Tradition?



WISCONSIN is an experiment in mass education. It has liberal professors, classes with 900 students, but it has none of the glamour or tradition which we find in many other schools."

The person who spouted this statement, meant it; but he quite clearly was no Wisconsin man. For if he were, he would know of the multitude of glorious traditions which surround Wisconsin.

We wonder whether he has heard of the marvelous vault in which Mr. Brown of the Historical Museum keeps sealed the last tick of Paul Bunyan's watch. Mr. Brown guards this vault day and night, for if it should be accidentally opened, the force of the escaping tick would explode the entire city of Madison.

Mr. Brown also has the contraption which belonged to John Muir, famous Wisconsin naturalist. Muir, who slept in North Hall, used this contraption to wake him up each morning. The device consisted of a bed which would collapse when the sun shone on it, thus rolling Mr. Muir out of bed in time for his eight o'clock.

With arrival of the football season, our critic would learn that he must show a prisoner picture to get into the games, that we wave our hats and stand when we sing "Varsity," that to lose to Marquette means a poor season, that the purpose of Cardinal Key is to paint the Kiekhofer Wall with the Homecoming slogan, and that the lawyers who hope they will graduate strut with their black canes between halves of the Homecoming game.

He will see Langdon Street and the dormitories colorfully decorated on the eve before the Homecoming game as the houses compete to present the most clever decorations. Just before making the rounds of the streets to view these displays, he will watch the huge bonfire on the lower campus, and hear the president of the University give his well-wishes for the morrow's game.

On some fine Spring day, the statue of Lincoln will be covered with green paint, a green flag will fly over the Law Building, and every engineer in school will parade through town singing, "St. Patrick was an engineer, he was," while the lawyers will cart over-ripe eggs to strategic points.

Haresfoot will open to a barrage of mushy tomatoes, Gridiron banquet will mock the campus celebrities, while one of the stars will be awarded the famed red derby. The press does not relate what goes on at the banquet. May will see a strike in the name of peace.

All throughout the year, wide-eyed freshmen will inquire about the legend of Abe Lincoln. There will be one week of rain during February—the week of Winter Carnival.

No, good cynic, you are wrong when you claim that Wisconsin lacks color and tradition.

### REWARD

For years the Octopus has tried to keep a cool head while those about us rant and go into tantrums. We have long felt it our responsibility to maintain a sense of sang-froid in this mad, mad, fevered world of ours.

When intelligent people work themselves into a lather over a new song—as "A Tisket, A Tasket"—we sense it as our obligation to look the citizenry straight in the eye and ask, "Just what is a *tisket*? Just what is a *tasket*?"

To the first person bubbling into our palatial offices with the answer Octy will award fifteen dollars. No strings.



*You're one step ahead* in a gown by Tiffany's. This one of black moire taffeta with a strapless, fitted bodice and very full skirt—just one of many exquisite styles shown for the Co-ed's social functions.

Modeled by Laurann Lewis of

## Tiffany's

Thrift Shop  
546 State

Design Studio  
550 State

*Where quality and price are both in your favor*



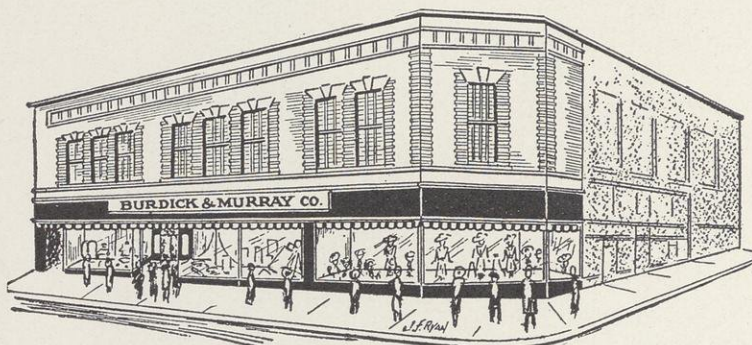
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You will find unusual values in all of our departments.



- Ready-to-Wear
- Millinery
- Foundations
- Footwear, Shoes
- Cosmetics
- Lingerie
- Draperies

In fact, everything in the general Department Store line.



On the Square at State Street

## The Authors

"He gave the ball an awful whack;  
The fielder kept running back and back."

—HOMER

"Outside it was drizzling;  
Inside it was sizzling."

—BACON

"If she smiled at you,  
What would you do?"

—CAESAR?

The boys all called her perfection.  
That beautiful outdoor complexion.

—SWINBURNE

"Came the night, on the lights;  
Came the blades, down the shades."

—PEPYS

"She had been a chronic souse,  
But papa said, 'Pi Phi house.'"

—DRYDEN

—M. L. G.

Jap Aggression, Bingo  
Attacked at M. E. Rally

—CAPITAL TIMES

How about free love, vivisection, Sunday  
baseball and civil liberties?

**OL' JUDGE ROBBINS' TRAILER TRIP**

MY OLD FRIEND, THE SKIPPER OF THIS FISHING SCHOONER, CAN TELL YOU MANY A SALTY STORY OF THE SEA

AT GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

IT'S VERY SHIPSHAPE BELOW, SKIPPER. I SEE YOU KEEP PLENTY OF STORES ABOARD

YES, ESPECIALLY TOBACCO. I ALWAYS REMEMBER AN EXPERIENCE MY GRANDFATHER HAD YEARS AGO

OH, PLEASE TELL US ABOUT IT?

"WELL, MY GRANDFATHER'S SHIP, 'THE GULL', WAS LONG DELAYED BY CALMS, AND THE TOBACCO RATIONS RAN OUT. THE MEN STARTED A MUTINY FOR WANT OF A SMOKE, WHEN SUDDENLY—"

SAIL HO! ON THE PORT BOW!

"FORTUNATELY, THE PASSING SKIPPER OBLIGED THEM WITH SOME OF HIS OWN TOBACCO RATIONS, AND THE CREW WAS HAPPY AGAIN. SO GRANDAD'S SHIP MADE PORT SAFELY."

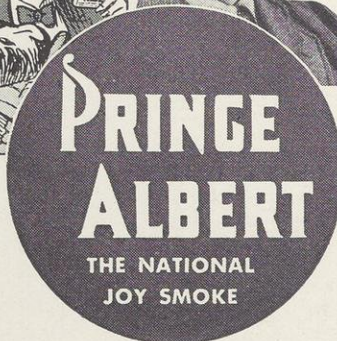
BY THE LOOKS OF ALL THE PRINCE ALBERT ABOARD, I SEE YOU ALSO WERE SURE THAT THE TOBACCO IS THE RIGHT KIND TOO, EH SKIPPER?

YOU BET YOUR BOOTS WE DO, JUDGE. WE SEAFARING MEN KNOW WHAT A GRAND SHIPMATE PRINCE ALBERT IS ON A LONG VOYAGE

ON LAND OR SEA, P.A. ASSURES RICH, MELLOW SMOKING IN EVERY PIPEFUL. PRINCE ALBERT'S THE STANDBY FOR PIPE-JOY, ALL RIGHT?



TO CAKE UP YOUR PIPE SO IT SMOKES **MELLOW** AND **SWEET**, JUST LOAD UP WITH THAT CRIMP CUT PRINCE ALBERT!



**SO MILD!**



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

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co

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





He was sitting at the bar downing one after another and laughing boisterously. Ever so often, as he mumbled to himself he would hold up his hand in protest. Finally the bartender's curiosity got the best of him. "What are you doing?" he asked. "I'm telling myself jokes," was the reply. "But why the hand in the air?" "Oh, that's when I stop me, if I've heard it." —*Pelican.*

"I hope you're not afraid of microbes," apologized the pay-teller as he cashed the young instructor's check with soiled currency.

"Don't worry," replied the young man, "a microbe couldn't live on my salary." —*Pumpkin.*

"Who ever told that guy he was a prof. He might know it, but be darned if he can teach it. The trouble is that he is too far advanced. Every time he tries to explain something he gets so far off the subject that no one understands anything about it. He oughta go back to the farm, or try teaching an advance course . . ."

"Ye-a-a-a, I flunked it too." —*Pitt Panther.*

College—You say you are going to marry a woman with a \$100,000-a-year income and you try to convince me it's a love match.

Wharton—It is. I love money.

—*Punch Bowl.*

A man of six feet, eight inches applied for a job as a life-guard.

"Can you swim?" asked the official.

"No, but I can wade to beat hell."

—*Gargoyle.*

Officer—Hey—pull over to the curb, lady. Did you know you were doing seventy-five?

Cute She—Isn't it marvelous? And I only learned to drive yesterday.

"You can't arrest me. I came from one of the best families in Virginia."

"That's O. K., buddy. We ain't arresting you for breeding purposes."

—*Oskosh O'Gosh.*

Mother—Junior, say "ah" so the doctor can get his fist out of your mouth.

—*Ram-Buller.*



# WELCOME,

# '42's

# SAVE

# ON

# BOOKS!

—where **thousands** of new and used books are available at low prices . . . plus 5% rebate checks . . . the friendly store where the students get a break.

## STUDENT BOOK EXCHANGE

*Incorporated*

712 STATE ST.

*n e a r e s t     t h e     c a m p u s*



# "Complete Campus Coverage" . . .

● "Complete Campus Coverage" means just that—complete coverage, from the head of Langdon Street to the outermost reaches of the Lake Drive.

Let the Cardinal tell you what's going on. The Troubleshooter column with up-to-date campus gossip; Wheeler Holmer covering the big stories on the Badger sports front; and fifty . . . count 'em . . . of Wisconsin's finest student journalists to cover politics, parties, classes, and every other phase of life in University City with its 11,000 population.

This'll be a big year in other ways, too. Let the Cardinal's news and editorial writers give you a ringside seat at the president's office and the board of regents.

● Delivered to your door before breakfast every morning . . . except Monday, the Cardinal guarantees its circulation. The thing to do is to take advantage of the present special rates.

NOW \$3  
For the Entire School Year

## The Daily Cardinal

*"Wisconsin's All-American Newspaper"*

ROGER W. LE GRAND  
*Executive Editor*

CHRIS RETSON  
*Business Mgr.*



## What Is a House?



"WHAT is a house?" asked the philosopher and quietly returned to his knitting.

Throughout the ages mankind has puzzled over this question, although the lack of an answer never once stopped anyone from building houses.

Michael Angelo said that no man should design a house without a knowledge of anatomy, and Vetruius held that the architect's chief tool is an understanding of music. Goethe called architecture frozen music.

These theories suggest something about the nature of houses, but do not clear the air of many bothersome points. It remained for a Swiss architect, M. Jeanneret, to lock himself in his bed-chamber and resolve never to face the world again until he pinned down for all time the true definition of a house.

In the dead of night on August 5, 1921, M. Jeanneret shaved off his moustache, adopted an assumed name, and went forth into the public square.

Le Corbusier cleared his throat. "A house," he announced, "is a machine for living in."

**L**ITTLE did the handful of frightened geese whom he awakened realize that they were the first to hear a slogan that would make history. For this slogan of M. Jeanneret was soon on the lips of thousands of starry-eyed knights who with T-square and drafting board went forth into the world to slay the dragons of rococco and Victorianism.

A magic formula, indeed. Mystic and inspiring it contains within itself the implication of thousands of other definitions, each of which is a useful tool for analyzing a complex world.

A house is a machine for living in. And a roof, perhaps, is a machine for living under. A door is a machine for going in and out of. A window is a machine for looking out of, also for letting air in.

**A** PICTURE is a machine for looking at. A theater is a machine for looking at moving pictures in. Tomato juice is a machine for giving vitamins and counteracting a hangover. Ink is a machine for writing with.

These are all functional definitions; and while they may jolt the ordinary man with his fin-de-siecle mind with the suggested definition of a machine, they make excellent war-cries and catchwords. And war-cries need not be logical. They just have to scare the enemy and give courage to the warriors.



This Is A  
**TYPE SETTER**

Not a  
**CURBSTONE SETTER—**

**HE** TYPES  
MULTIGRAPHS  
MIMEOGRAPHS

VISIT HIM AT

**THE COLLEGE TYPING CO.**

Across Campus From Library

**BADGER 3747**

**"Down To The Square  
For Mine."**



"Sure—it's a little farther to go, but when I'm looking for anything in the way of clothes—I head for Capitol Square. Karstens is my first stop—and usually my last. Nine times out of ten I find there exactly what I'm looking for. They usually have the biggest selections, and I like their styles and qualities. And their prices are not bad. That's right—I'm never wrong when I buy at

**KARSTENS**

MEN'S OUTFITTERS

On Capitol Square

22 North Carroll



this is college  
the  
thrifty  
way



Wisconsin's  
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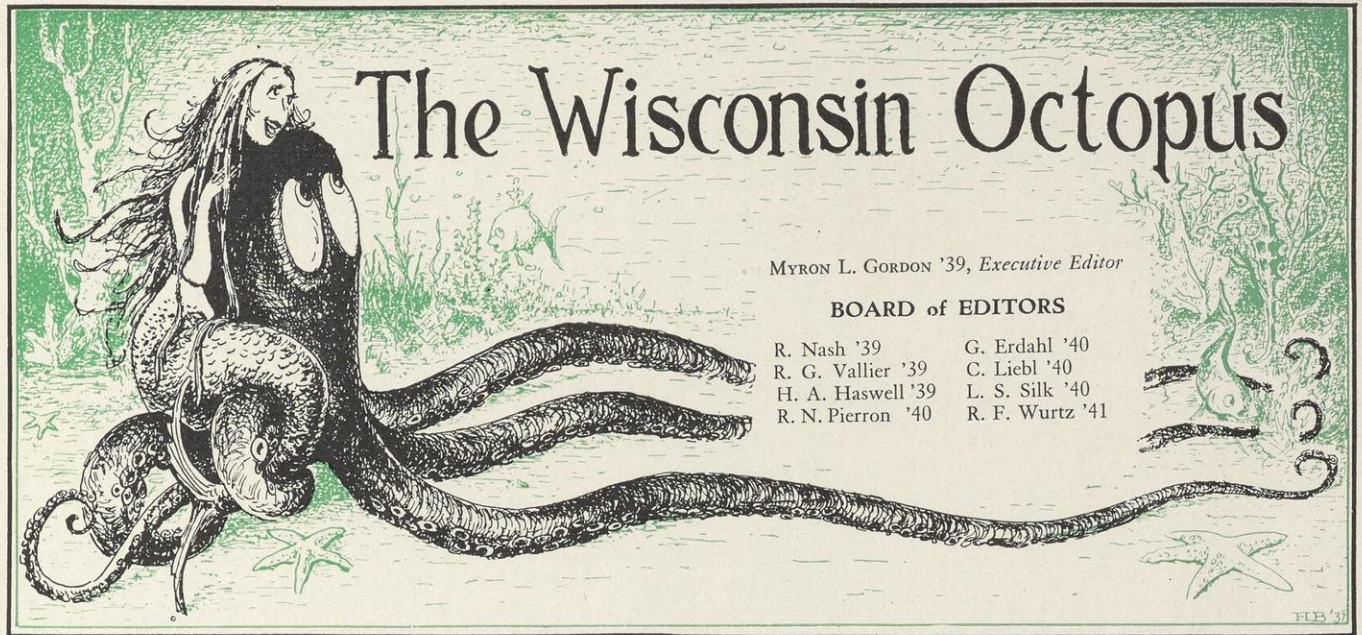
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CORNER STATE AND LAKE STREETS





Volume XX

SEPTEMBER, 1938

Number 1

## On Second Thought

**W**E WISH to publish a warning to the new co-eds planning to go to the Dateless Dance Mixer for freshmen. The freshmen you will encounter there are usually not freshmen.

We note that the *Chicago Tribune* is advising the people of Wisconsin to defeat Senator Duffy. A few more such plugs and Duffy's a cinch to get re-elected.

At last we have the answer to the question why the University of Wisconsin does not have a school of Dentistry. It seems that the Regents do not wish to have a profession taught which can guarantee only a hand-to-mouth existence.

We were interested to learn that a Swiss savant has announced the discovery of a hippopotamus over two thousand years old. An animal of that age, we feel, should announce itself.

The TVA has begun to manufacture fertilizer extensively. Perhaps this is the source of the smell the Republicans have been calling to our attention.

Even the darkest events are not without their bright aspects. Think how many people have learned at last to spell *Czechoslovakia*.

The new dormitories are only a little further out than the old dorms. We would point out that there are still a few choice lots available in Middleton.

It must be nice to be a dictator. One doesn't have to plead insanity.

We refuse to believe that there has been no progress in the last three thousand years. Swords that were once made of rusting iron are now made of shiny stainless steel.

Coach Stuhldreher, for one, is very interested in all this third-term talk. A football coach who lasts more than

two years at Wisconsin is decidedly unprecedented.

Judging from the numerous undeclared wars which have been in progress, it might be said that in this day and age the angle of incident is far greater than the angle of retraction.

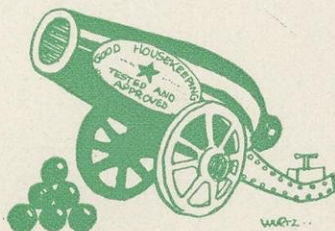
A friend of ours is in need of a roommate. Above all, he must have a size ten shoe, 38 suit, and moderately cheerful neckties.

Adolph Hitler, it appears, has decided not to take Czechoslovakia. We shall, nevertheless, oppose his nomination for the Nobel Peace Prize.

Artificial fertilization of cows is the newest thing in the cattle breeding industry. One veterinary can now do the work of twenty bulls.

We recently spoke to a boy who graduated from the School of Commerce, who exclaimed, "There's nothing like a college education." He only regretted that he didn't get one.

The world grieves at the death of the director of the Moscow Art Theater, Stanislavsky. Only the nation's type-setters rejoice.





## The Rathskeller



**I**T JABBED my heart when I first stood before the Union. As I walked up the unswept steps, I felt the gloomy spirit of abandonment. Piles of refuse had collected in the corners, and the glass in one of the doors was cracked. There really had been no need of my returning to school two days before Freshman Week opened; I could have been spared this distasteful sight of the Union.

An air of dejection engulfed me as I entered the building and looked around. The lobby was dust-enshrouded, and the light that filtered through the begrimed windows revealed little to reflect its cheer.

The piano in the Reception room was swallowed by shadows, and when I let my finger fall on one of its keys, a muffled note of protest echoed down the empty halls. I walked to the eleva-

tor; it had been fully two months since I had been in the good old Rathskeller.

There was a terrifying, shrill sound just as I pushed the elevator button; then a creak, and slowly the elevator rose into view. I thought twice before opening the elevator door, for inside there was a network of cobwebs. Little bugs crawled all over the walls. With deliberation I entered and was jerkily carried down to the Rathskeller floor. As I entered the hall, I plastered myself against the wall and froze. Overhead a bat flapped quite near me. I tensed as I heard a low gurgling as if someone were being choked; I shrank into a niche; the gurgling stopped.

Suddenly, a sharp sound broke through the hall like the cracking of a whip; it was an unmistakable sound—a belch! I craned my head into the Rathskeller, and, there, off in a corner were four men seated about a table. I cautiously approached.

**T**HEY were extremely quiet as they bent over the table. My heart al-

most fell to the floor when one of them drew himself up to his full height, threw something on the table with gusto, and screamed out, "SCHNEIDER!"

They were all eating hamburgers that just oozed with catsup. One, the one with the broken nose and wearing the sweatshirt, was relishing a mug of beer. Another holding a pipe, turned toward the bar and yelled out, "George, make it another cheese on rye". They didn't even notice me. I coughed. They looked up.

I queried, "How is it you fellows are back from vacation so soon?"

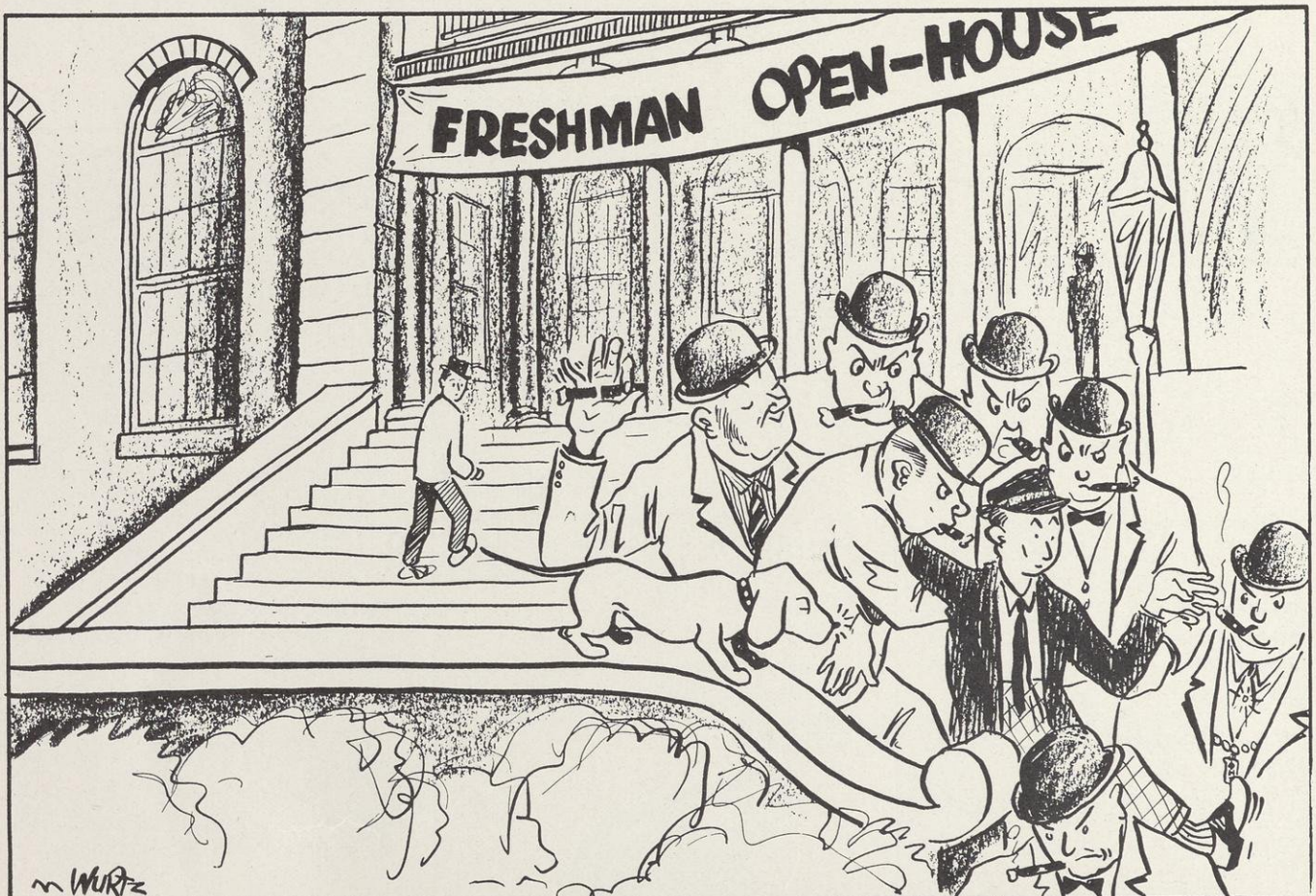
"Va-ca-tion," they chorused, "is school out already?"

—L. FENSTER

Officials of Kenosha County, Wis., will consider on Aug. 15 sealed proposals for the sale of \$500,000 of corporate bonds at an interest rate not exceeding 4 per cent. The bonds are to be dated Aug. 30 and are to be due on Aug. 1, 1939 to 1948.

—N. Y. TIMES

*Especially "ug" when the bonds are due.*



*The Adventures of Dean Goodnight's Secret Police*  
No. 5—Lecherous Sophomore Evicted from Freshman Open House



## With Cheese



ETTING out of the car, Tom thanked the man for the lift. Then he looked about him. He stopped and stared in amazement.

He saw a long single-file string of people. Running his eye backward along the line, he saw it disappear over a hill, then reappear again over a distant hill, and stretch beyond into space as far as he could see.

He scratched his head, perplexed. Then he turned and followed the line in the other direction. The line of people moved down a green hill, wearing a path up to the door of a tiny white cottage.

Tom pondered. Was this a bread-line? Or was it some sort of pilgrimage? Or a procession?

Finally, he shrugged his shoulders in despair. Sighting a filling station in the near distance, he walked over to it. Turning his thumb in the direction of the long line of people, he asked the attendant, "Say, Bud, maybe you could tell me what that's all about?"

THE attendant smiled. "See that cottage where the line leads to?"

"Uh-huh," nodded Tom.

"Well," said the attendant, "That's where Jones lives. He built a better mousetrap."

—R. N. PIERRON

## Window of Bars

THE SLUFF of weary feet  
Drag through and through his  
brain.

The stare of sweating eyes . . .  
The sag of flaccid lips . . .  
He groans, "I'll go insane."

Bent necks and curving backs  
That stretch out in a line  
Move slow, so slow . . . until  
Some go. And then he cries,  
"When will the turn be mine?"

At last the line is gone.  
With eyes that burn, he sees  
His chance for words! He gasps,  
"My name is Mueller, John,  
And I want to pay my fees . . .  
My class-cards, sir, are these,  
YES, I WANT TO PAY MY FEES!"

The clerk lets loose a wheeze,  
"Next window, if you please."

—L. S. SILK



"Look—no hands!"

## Proof of the Pudding

MY friends say that fortune tellers are the bunk. I think they are wrong. They are just jumping at conclusions because they don't know the facts. Maybe they never even went to a fortune teller.

I never believed in fortune tellers myself. But one day at a carnival a gypsy read my palm. That changed everything. Now I believe in fortune tellers.

This gypsy looked at my dirty hand and told me a lot of things about myself. She said I was a boy, I wanted to marry a movie actress, I liked ice cream, and someday I would eat ravioli. I thought all that was kind of silly, but when she said I was going to take a trip, I began to wonder if it really was all bunk.

I began to wonder if there really was something behind what the gypsy said. Maybe I was going to take a trip. Maybe she was right. Maybe fortune tellers weren't all bunk.

The more I thought about it, the

surer I became that the gypsy was right. So I stopped seeing movies and eating malteds. I saved all my money for the trip.

I EVEN went out and got me a good job. And I worked my way up so pretty soon I was making \$25 a week. I saved most of what I earned. And all the time I kept thinking about the trip the gypsy told me I would take.

In eight years I saved quite a bit of money. One night I looked up my bank account and saw that I had saved enough for a fishing trip up north. The next week I packed and went on my trip.

—A. JOHNSON

## EXPECT PHONE RATE DECISION IN FEW DAYS

—CAPITAL TIMES

Almost as fast as their service.

## Word to the Wise Department

Because the president of Georgetown college, Kentucky, has been baptized only once, he is in danger of losing his job.

—DAILY CARDINAL



## The Old Familiar Faces



uss tried to imagine how pleasant his smile must look, as he paced up Langdon Street again, good old Langdon Street that hadn't changed a bit since last

June when the taxi swished him under the elms toward the railroad station, and they almost hit that Chi Phi, ha, ha.

A fellow in a tan top-coat came briskly toward Russ, metal heel-plates clicking, and Russ remembered that the fellow used to sit two seats down from him in Econ. 1b. "Hiya?" smiled Russ. The guy was in a hurry and didn't hear him.

He spotted Margie Sloan across the street, and shouted to her. "Hello, hello," she said, running into Ann Emery, a Gladstone bag in each hand. There were lots of nice babes around, and some plenty smooth cars. Yep, Langdon Street looked nice all right.

A curly-haired guy said, "How zit, Russ?" but Russ could only say, "Fine, fine, how zit with you?" because he wasn't sure of the guy's name. He thought it was Gerald or Harold.

Russ reached the foot of good old Bascom Hill. He saw old Baldy Thorngate coming down. Boy, what hell-raising they used to do in Baldy's Soc. 122. But Baldy took it like a good scout. "Hello, there, Mr. Thorngate," Russ said cheerily, thinking maybe he should have said *Dr.* Thorngate.

"How do you do?" said the professor, bowing slightly and continuing on his pigeon-toed way.

On the south side of the hill, Russ saw Jim Sellers, Fred Pancoast, and Slug Kennicut, three lads from the Haresfoot chorus, who were slapping each other on the back and shouting things. "Yo guys!" Russ called to them. "Hi, stinkweed!" yelled Jim. "How's old brain-shackled?" put in Fred, and Slug buzzed at Russ with his lips. Russ decided to keep walking up the hill.

At the top, Quentin Winters, a campus biggie, said, "Glad to see you, chum." Russ said thanks, but before he could tell Winters that he was glad to see him, the Biggie was swinging down the hill.

Russ sat down on the curved marble bench of Lincoln Terrace, and looked down the hill, out over the trees of Madison to the dome of the Capitol. He looked up at Abe Lincoln, sitting



there the same as ever with that good, calm, patient look on his face.

Spud Sanderson, the wise guy of Russ' sophomore English comp class, snorted, "What ya gawkin' at, flap-ears?" and gamboled down the lawn. Down where he ran, by the law building, Russ thought he recognized Martha Prescott, whom he had taken out once. When the girl came nearer, he saw it wasn't Martha, but a girl with a rather familiar face. Russ remembered that she used to eat in the cafeteria about the same time he did.

"Boy oh boy," Russ mused, looking down the long stretch of hill, "It sure is great to see the old faces again."

—L. S. SILK

## Steel Work

"That guy sure knows how to handle the rivetting machine."

"Sure does."

"I always stick around to see if he won't miss the girder some time, but he never does."

"Never miss."

"Damned interesting, though, don't you think?"

"Sure."

"Times pretty tough, heh?"

"Guess so."

"No work any place. I've been looking two years."

"Have you?"

"Yeah. I guess I look it. Old clothes, my shoes worn out, no shave. I get to feel that way."

"Me, too."

"Yep. Things are pretty tough. How's things with you?"

"Bad."

"You don't look any better off than I do."

"Nope."

"I suppose this is all you have to do, too. Just stand and watch the shovel all day."

"Just about all."

"I'm living alone. Got no family to take care of, thank God. Have you?"

"Nope. Alone, too."

"I live with some other guys in a dump near the packing plant. Where do you live?"

"On the west side."

"Over near the college?"

"Yeah. I go to school there."

James T. Simms, assistant secretary of the United States Olympic Committee, said:

"Helsingfors is a very heppy choice."

—N. Y. TIMES

Who's asking?



## Depth of The Heart



Like the glamorous  
Love  
Of the amorous  
Dove,  
A nectar sup  
Of life's  
Full cup.  
He holds her  
Tight  
And sighs in  
The night.  
Face to face  
In close embrace,  
He kisses the  
Beautiful dame.  
He looks from  
The skies  
Right in her  
Eyes  
And asks,  
"Say,  
What's your name?"

## Object Lesson Number One

FROM near and far, and roundabout  
Each college sent its sporting scout  
To find an athlete tall and strong,  
The idol of a paying throng.

They soon had settled on a hunk  
Of muscle meat in far Podunk,  
The guy was good, as fast as light  
And boy oh boy, could that man fight!

All eager bidders gathered round  
To sign the genius they had found,  
"Just come with us and you'll agree  
It's one jump to a Ph.D."

But, what a shame, he never came,  
He hadn't learned to sign his name!

—MARCELLE FEYBUSCH

## Jimmy's Income



IN confidential authority we have it that Mr. James Roosevelt is doing well in the insurance policy business. Now, we don't like to go prying into people's income reports, as *some* people like to do, but we feel that since there has been a wee bit of discussion on this matter it is our responsibility to straighten the citizenry of the nation out on the entire case.

Between 1909 and 1913 James Roosevelt had an annual income of zero. On one occasion he is known to have traded his cap pistol for a far superior catcher's mitt. As a student at Harvard he is said to have made but one deal—in which he swapped dates with a friend, who Jimmy thought got the more luscious chorus girl that night.

Thus, it is clear that Jimmy's early history shows little wolfishness. But by the time his old man got the jack pot at Washington, Jimmy had become a veteran phenagler. On two occasions, even he will admit, he made use of the family prestige to escape the chastisement accompanying the late return of library books. On another occasion he used his father's name to get a chance to talk over a man-on-the-street broad-

cast, and, hence, was able to get the free box of crackers which was given to each participant.

It was when he started to sell insurance policies that he really went sliding merrily down the primrose path of pollution. You'd at least think he'd adopt a fake name; but, no, he was brazen enough to keep calling himself Roosevelt. But since Jimmy was selling policies only to the big-money men, the poor boy admits that the name lost more clients than it won for him. The luckless lad, in order to keep himself in clean shirts, had to start selling bonds on the side, and you know how bad bonds have been.

ALTHOUGH Jimmy professed to be giving up the insurance policy business, and although bonds were not moving, his income very curiously grew from \$20,000 in 1930 to \$20,009 in 1938. Hmmmmmmm.

It must be clear to any normal observer that Jimmy has been getting his money from some irregular source. Our investigation shows that although young Roosevelt *claims* to have given up the insurance policy business, he's still drawing his gravy from the policy racket. Obviously, Mr. Dewey, *here* is your man.  
—M. L. G.



"No, girls—I haven't seen it."





#### THE RUSHEE

*"Then after I was paroled, Harper squealed again and they had me up for first degree; but good old Loomis oiled the grand jury—and I beat the rap hands down."*



## For the Glory of Old B. E.



ALL RIGHT, you fellows, pipe down and let's get this over with. Hey, Fowler, can the noise. Now this isn't gonna take long, but it's mighty damned important, so get all this stuff down cold. If you're gonna rush, you gotta know *how* to rush.

We want to get on the ball this year and get the cream of the new men, but I want to tell you right now we don't stand a chance if you fellows in the back there don't shut up and listen. Close the door, Al.

Now we'll run over these points one by one. A rushee is gonna ask you some question and he can spot right off if you're bluffing; and hell, a man's not coming back to a house where the fellows don't even know what the score is or where everybody tells him a different story.

First, there's the national aspect. You all know we got eighty-seven chapters, and you better be able to name a bunch of them, like in the middle west we got Minnesota, Purdue, Michigan, Northwestern—yeah, I know the chapter at Michigan folded up, but we got a chapter at Michigan as far as any rushee goes, especially this kid, Prentiss or Prescott, whatever his name is he's from Lansing. Got dough, too.

And remember, we're *strong* in the South; Duke, Georgia Tech, Virginia, Vanderbilt—oh, haven't we? Well, it's all in the pledge manual; you better look it up. And there's no use mentioning some of our chapters like Biloxi College or Idaho School of Mines.

And get this: some of these houses like to play up how selective and cautious they are and only got maybe thirty, thirty-five chapters.

All this being "exclusive" stuff. Now, that's all bunk, because when you got a lot of chapters, naturally you got members all over the country and they can help you out getting a job and wherever you go the doors of old Beta Epsilon are open, from Yale to Stanford.

You all know the Five Standards of Beta Epsilon: membership of Christians only, Christians in the philosophical sense we mean. And your ancestors

have to be freeborn whites—no niggers, that means. And fraternalism, and a high moral code, and—what the hell's the other Standard? Oh yeah.

And our history, you all know that. Hamilton College, 1880 we were founded. Wisconsin chapter in 1897.

Now about the finances. We bought the house *outright*, see? It's owned by the B E alumni and *they* hold the mortgage, see? We don't have anything to do with it except pay the rent. And remember, there's only one house on the campus without a mortgage.

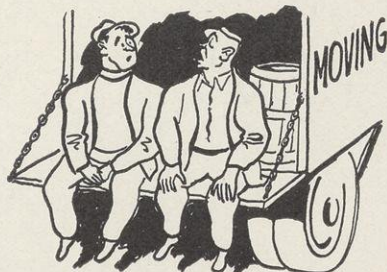
You don't have to tell 'em which one, either.

Yeah, and we don't particularly *want* to pay off the mortgage, either, because it sort of holds the house together and gives the fellows a common feeling of responsibility. The mortgage, if a guy gets persistent, is thirty-thr . . . no, tell 'em it's around twenty-five thousand dollars and

we're paying off about a thousand a year. We haven't paid anything on the principal for the last three years, but the way things look now—if you guys pitch in and pledge a bunch of new fellows—we can start paying off again.

Say, that's right. All right, the mortgage is thirty-three thousand dollars, because if we don't tell the truth the rushees are going to find out from the dean anyway. O K now. **STICK STRICTLY TO THE TRUTH.** If a rushee gets one tale from us and another from Goodnight, he's gonna think this is one hell of an outfit.

Now the house itself. Don't play up that we just had it redecorated. All those new rugs and the chairs and the wallpaper in the den don't mean anything to us, see? Old stuff. Oh, yeh. For Christ's sake, **KEEP THEM OUT OF THE KITCHEN.** I'll try to get



"Oh, yes. I'm being rushed by several houses."

Mrs. Keller in here by tomorrow and clean it up; but don't forget *nobody* takes a rushee out in the kitchen.

Upstairs we got to have some of the rooms open. Let's see: Evans, Blivetts, Schwartz, and Bird, you open yours and we'll fix up a couple of others. All right, all right—I'm gonna work on mine as soon as this meeting's over, so if you guys will shut up and not get wise we'll get done sooner. And Wilson, for God's sake straighten *your* hole up.

**Y**ou wanta play up activities *big*, too. We got men in everything on the campus, see? There's Bryan on Union Board, Hawker down at WHA, Al here is art editor of the Octopus, Schwartz the photography editor of the Badger—hell, I know he isn't, but is a *rushee* gonna know? Old B E is in everything, get it? All right, if these boys from LaCrosse we're rushing are interested in the Hoofers, we got a Hooper. Who wants to be a Hooper? Ray? Oh hell, I'll be a Hooper. Everybody got that now? I'm a Hooper when these gents from LaCrosse come in.

And we *always* got an assistant general chairman of Prom, too. Last year it was Burnett, year before that Van Bliss, and before him . . . sure we did—wasn't Curly Anderson a chairman? Well, let's say he was anyhow. And so on. And if anybody asks, we had the Prom king in 1929, only don't tell them if they don't ask because it's so long ago that it seems pretty small potatoes.

About parties, tell 'em we have two a month.

Don't play up this social angle too much, though; because most these freshmen, all they're worried about is how tough everything is gonna be. So we're off on the wrong foot if we look like a bunch of playboys. Our scholastic average you'd better know; last semester it was thirty-fifth place out of forty fraternities. You take it over a three or four year stretch and we're *above* the all-fraternity average, I think.

And you want to mention how we got quiet hours at the house, when each guy goes to his room between seven—hell, make it seven-thirty and ten-thirty and hits the old books. Then everybody gets together for a bull session or goes down for a beer or something. All right, no cracks; I didn't make any more noise coming in last night than you did. A lot of guts, telling me I was drunk!

Now about rushing *t e c h n i q u e*. We're real gents, that's the old B E reputation—just informal all-around



good guys. You gotta be smooth; flash your pin (I got *mine* back for rushing: I don't see why some of you other guys couldn't get yours). And you wanna be nonchalant-like when you offer the rushee a cigar or a cigarette. The old genial-host stuff. And if I see any of you guys go around filling your pockets out of the cigarette cups, there's gonna be some hell raised.

**N**ow get this: every time I pass Ray here and he's with a rushee, I give Ray a sock and say, hi there, old kid, how's everything going? Rushees notice little things like that and it all helps a lot. So on your toes!

Be sociable, put yourself out, even if it takes a couple of beers to do it. But if you, Hawkins, or you, Wilson, have to loosen up before rushing on a few beers, for God's sake smoke a cigarette or chew some gum but don't come in here stinking like a brewery. Oh, and remember: there's no drinking in the house, if a rushee asks any questions; and there's a five dollar fine or expulsion if a brother comes home drunk. And Blivetts, for God's sake get those two bottles off the fire-escape as soon as you go upstairs. Don't throw 'em in the back-yard, either; throw 'em down by the lake if you have to.

That reminds me: if any guy mentions the lake, tell him about our agree-

ment with the Rho Sigs to use their pier all we want, so it's *our* pier, too, sort of, like any of these places along the shore got.

Now you fellows have got to get off your dead duffs and *pitch*. On your toes every minute. This rushing is a hell of a job and we're gonna do it as dirty as any of these other outfits, like the Chi Alphas swiped a couple good men from us last year on some shady tricks. The Dean's office never did a thing about it, either. Anyway, be rushing every minute, not sneaking downstairs alone for some cider or going upstairs to the john all the time. Stick with the men here and keep 'em entertained. None of this, What-course-are-you taking and what-town-are-you-from sort of stuff, but real lively conversation.

It's a strain on all of us, but we'll be losing twelve seniors next spring and we got to initiate a gang of new men to keep going. Last year in formal rushing we only got five men, and this year with every man working we can get ten, at least. I mean, a fraternity is a business proposition and if we don't have men in the house, we have to close up. Now get on the ball tonight and RUSH.

Who's got a cigarette?

—B. ARNOLD



### A Freshman's Lament

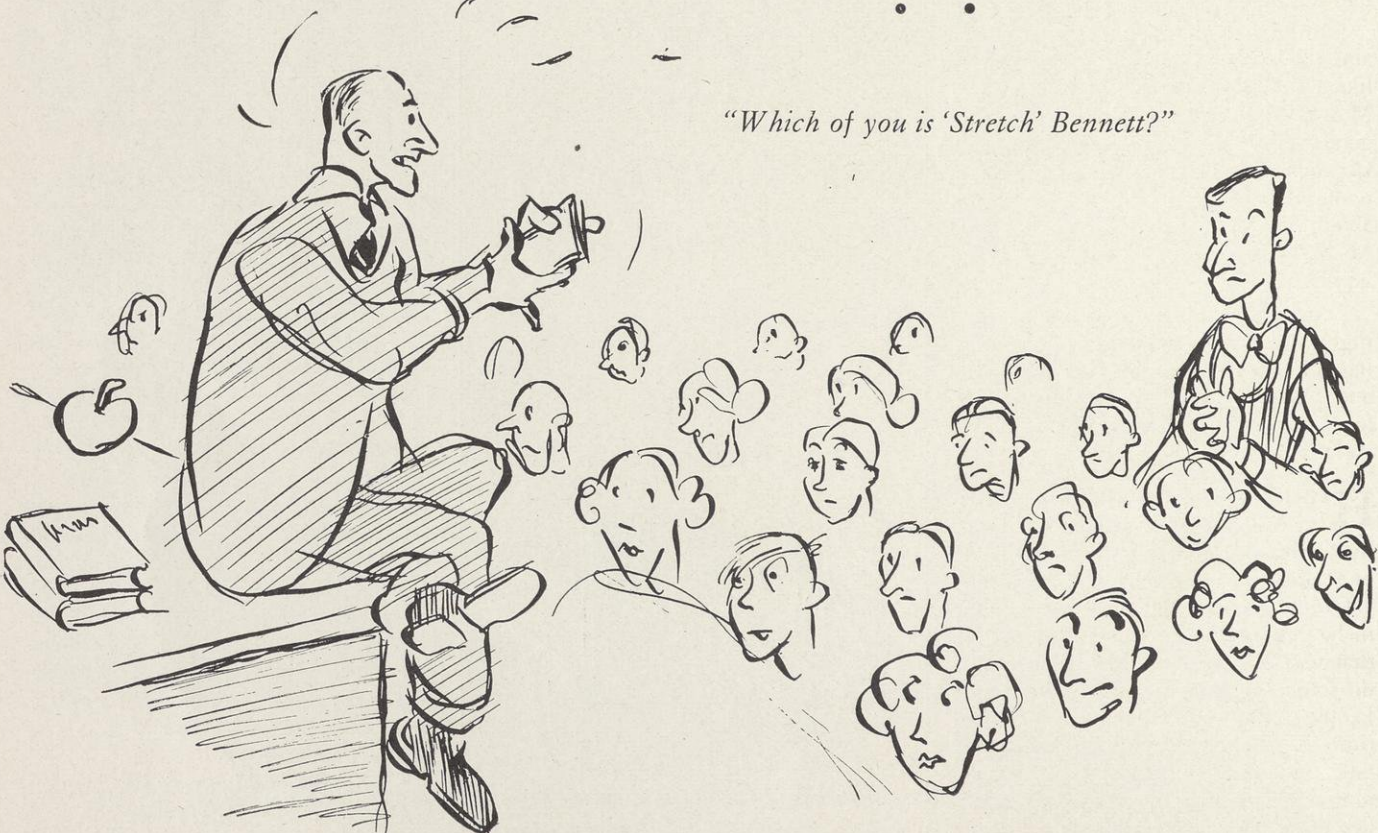
**F**LITTING here, hopping there,  
Wearing brown or yellow hair,  
Very weary, very worried,  
Very scared, very hurried.

Homesick, look for friends,  
Find girl, make amends;  
Study hard, with zest,  
Life ruined, life messed.

Poor marks, life bare.  
Girl in some other's lair;  
Nothing doing, nothing done,  
Gosh darn, going home.

—S. VLADECK

"Which of you is 'Stretch' Bennett?"





## Rising Star



AYLOR looked at himself in the wall mirror, thinking of how he would describe himself, if called upon by a national newspaper syndicate to do so.

"Well, I certainly wouldn't start out by saying that I'm looking at myself in the mirror," he thought. "That's trite." And then Taylor thought that *trite* was getting trite, too. *Hackneyed* and *overworked* weren't much better.

He let it go for the moment, and started smoothing the shaving talc off his cheeks. It pleased him to feel his skin getting hard from shaving; it had a sort of bluish sheen. Taylor guessed he looked pretty tough. He wondered if he ought to smile to himself about thinking that.

"Well," he said, half-aloud, as though making a cutting come-back to some scoffer, "Louise likes it."

And Louise did like it. She thought he was pretty damn swell. And she wasn't a girl who had nothing but good looks! Louise knew what it was all about. Taylor caught himself thinking tritely again. He wondered why his ideas didn't sound fresh and printable like the stuff he read. "Maybe I'm not a writer, after all," he worried.

But he had done some good stuff, and got credit for it. Hell, when people like William Franklin Bates and Martha Merlew thought your stuff was good, it had to have *something*. Taylor C. Michaels. That was a good writing name; looked fine in print. Or, how about T. C. Michaels? Cartwright Michaels sounded too pompous. And he was for the people.

"But I bet I look reactionary tonight," he smiled into the mirror, trying out his tooth-smile. Then he tried one without showing his teeth. His face was good and brown, too. *Café-au-lait*, that's what it was.

HE folded a silk handkerchief into his breast pocket, and pulled down his waist-coat. Nice to have new clothes on. Louise would like him.

Oh, he was getting on fine. No point in having any false modesty about it—that was just self-confidence. He *could* do some things well, and he knew it. People naturally liked him most of the time. And he could write and sing and talk and fight if he had to. Pretty tough. He decided he probably would get to be somebody. Hell—after some



## THE NEW DORMS

"Here is your room—I'm sure you'll like it."

of the stuff he had read! Boy, what would all the guys and girls think of him after he was—yes—*famous*!

Taylor took his wallet from the bureau, and couldn't find a bill in it—just fifty-three cents in change, and it was only Wednesday. And what would Dad say when he asked for the car?

—L. S. SILK

## Failure

THE inventor, the chemist, and the professor gazed lovingly at their latest stroke of genius. They smiled, chuckled, clapped each other's backs, and shook hands.

"This bullet-proof vest will make a fortune for us," said the professor.

"We'll be famous," said the chemist.

"Goody goody," said the inventor.

"But wait. Let's give it a final try to make sure it's bullet-proof."

"Okay, let's," echoed the other two. The professor slipped on the bullet-proof vest and crossed the room. The inventor reached into a desk drawer, took out a revolver. "Ready?" he called.

"Ready," said the professor. BANG! BANG! BANG! The professor looked surprised, then fell flat on his face, dead.

Slowly, the smoking revolver slipped from the inventor's hand. He looked sadly at the chemist. The chemist looked sadly at him. Both look sadly at the professor. Tears rolled down their cheeks.

"Our poor invention," sobbed the chemist, "It wasn't bullet-proof after all."

—R. N. PIERRON



## On The Great American Intellectual Front



HIS month we present Furniss Jonathan Thistle who is president of the Thistle Tube and Sheet Steel Corporation of America. When he left the

University of Wisconsin and a scowling Dean of Men in 1899, Thistle was a Henry George single-taxer, angrily holding that the entire tax burden of the United States should be met by a tax on land.

Thistle has come far since then. Passing through the Rotary Club, the National Association of Manufacturers,



and the Liberty League, he finally decided to try thinking things out for himself. Last week Thistle founded a new school of thought, his very own—the no-tax school.

Slapping the meat of his cheek with a sticky white hand, Thistle declared to the first convention of the National No-Tax League at Wilmington, Delaware, "We no-taxers are willing to fight for our belief that private industry, if unshackled by government, can create such overwhelming conditions of national prosperity that all the land will enjoy plenty—an ermine wrap in every closet, a Shetland pony in every backyard, and an electric razor on every bedroom bureau!

"In the rising, sound, BUSINESSMEN'S prosperity, congressmen, senators, G-men, kitchen cabinets and the like will be glad to pay their own expenses and not depend on taxation (a form of charity) for their support. The American way is not to subsidize. Those employed by government must produce what they receive. We must pay as we

go, or not go, I mean not pay!

"ANY ADDITIONAL funds can be provided, not by taxation, but by higher tariffs and by positive action to collect what easy-conscenced foreigners owe our mighty nation.

"And how can we attain the prosperity that will start America on the march onward? By eliminating all taxes, thus giving confidence and AMERICA back to the AMERICANS, not to those Bolsheviks like the one who claims as his birthplace Hyde Park, New York!

"THE NO-TAX MOVEMENT IS ON THE MARCH!"

The guest speaker at the next meeting of the No-Tax League will be a well-known economist from Europe, A. Hitler.

—L. S. SILK

## Rugged Individualist

THE reporter shuffled his notebook. "And now, sir," he said, "What do you think of farm relief?"

"The question doesn't bother me at all. The farmers can all starve as far as I'm concerned."

"You mean that you're not excited by the bumper crop this year, and the low prices?"

"Not a bit!"

"Well, that's pretty strong, but maybe you're prejudiced. Just what do you think of the Social Security Act?"

"I'm sorry, but I just don't take any stock in it at all. It just doesn't touch me."

"Oh! So you're on the other side of the barricades. But in that case you certainly must have some feelings about the Wagner Act."

"Nope, none at all. It's none of my business what Capital and Labor do."

"Well, let's take the SEC. Do you—"

"Never heard of it. Or if I did I am not interested."

"How about the NRA?"

"Not interested."

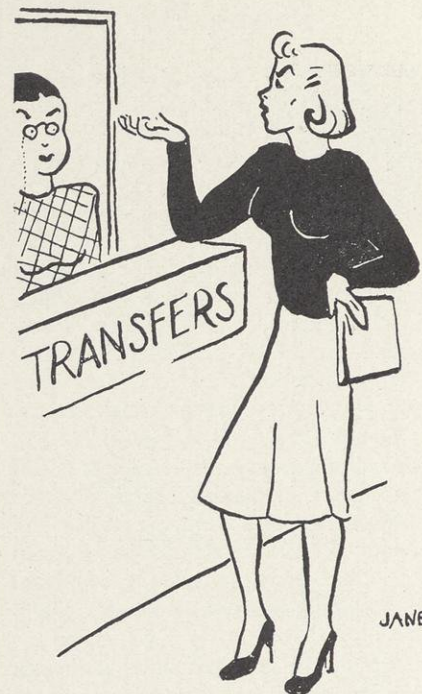
"And the TVA, AAA, and WPA?"

"Likewise."

"Well, ha, ha ha, I guess the joke's on me. You aren't interested in politics; it must be sports. Who do you think will win the Series this year?"

"Who cares? I don't!"

"Whee! Well what about the high



"From Home Ec to Engineering"

cost of living?"

"If you must know, I didn't even notice it."

"Well, what about Hitler and Mussolini?"

"Mussolini doesn't bother me, and I never heard of your Hikler or Bickler or whatever his name is."

"You mean you're not concerned with your fellow men at all?"

"Not a bit! In fact," continued Al Capone, "I don't think I'll let it worry me for a few years at all."

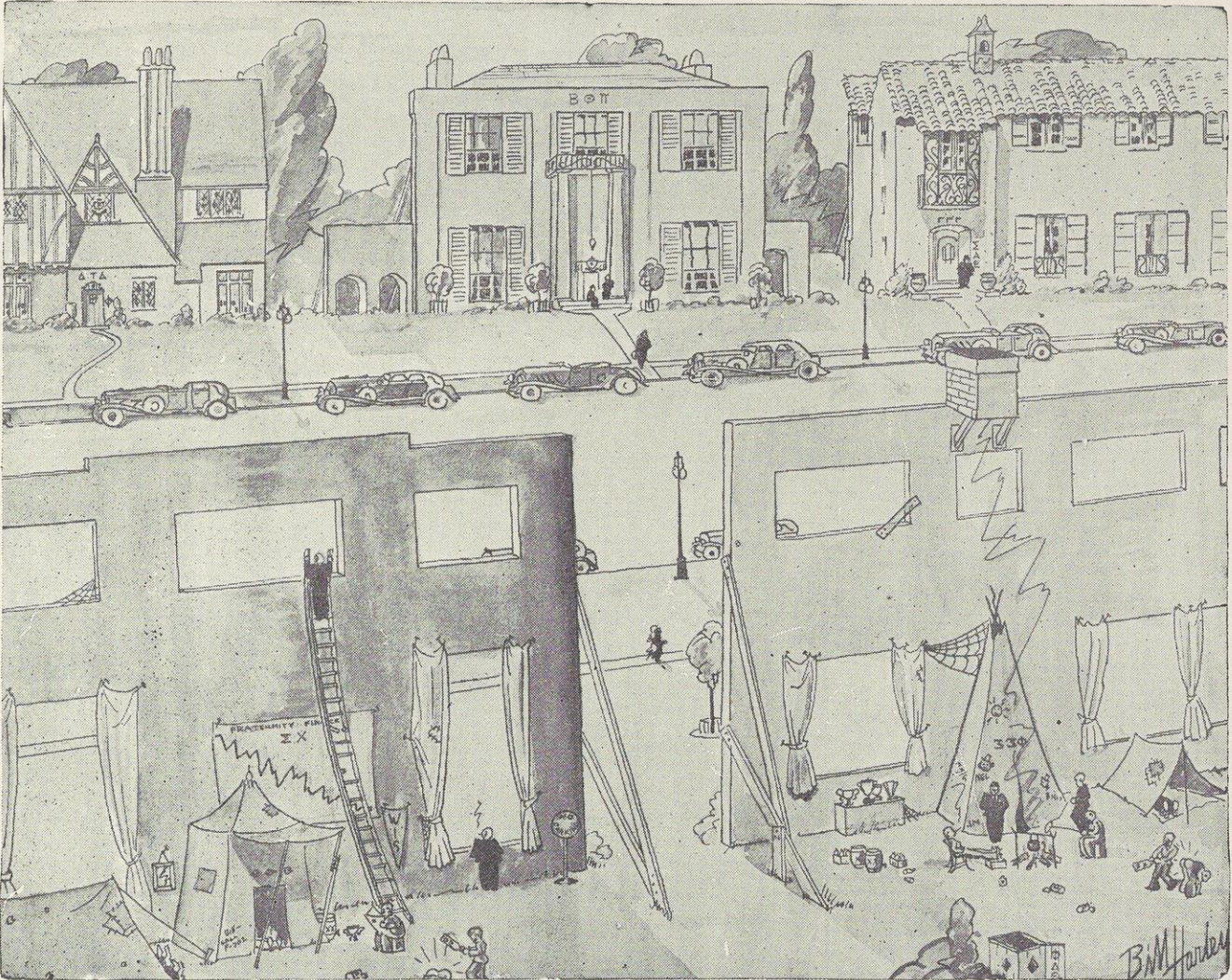
—R. NASH



Behold!

With joy in our hearts, we announce that Mr. Roger Frederick Wurtz, '41, of Jefferson has been elected to the Board of Editors of the Wisconsin Octopus. Octy welcomes freshmen and sophomores to try out for the staff.





## The Truth About Fraternities

Octy's annual reprint and the thirty-first national reprinting

• •

### Sweet Sorrow

WELL, he was back now and he had to tell her. Sam figured he might as well say it straight off, without monkeying around, because, well, there was a whole year ahead and he didn't want her to think for a minute it was going to be like last year.

But how could he do it? You know, Sam thought, you just don't walk up like that and say it in so many words. Really, she had done a lot for him. Hang it all, there were times when Sam had even been hungry and she had taken care of him. Not many women would do that.

That was all over now, though. Being away for three months had meant

a difference. And, of course, there couldn't be any two ways about it. It was either yes or no. She would see that. This was going to be the parting of the ways.

Sam knocked on the door, and before he was quite ready . . . she opened it. She was smiling and saying how was he and how was his summer and it was nice to see him. And Sam couldn't say anything. He couldn't move to do anything. When he answered her questions, his yesses went ssss at the end, and when he said yeh, it sounded worse. Sam knew he wasn't acting right, and he supposed that she could probably see that by now.

Finally she said, "Tell me, Sam, is anything the matter?"

HE steeled himself for it, and let it out.

"Yess," he said, "I gotta tell you something. I ain't going to room in your house this year. I got another place, Mrs. Fleischer, and I know I told you to keep my old room for me, but, well, that's the way it is, I guess."

She looked at him with those big soft housemother eyes. Sam couldn't stand it. He jerked open the screen door, mumbled a "So long," and tripped going down the porch steps.

—L. S. SILK





## Lust For War

THOUGH the collar on his beer was just starting to settle, Charley the Chirp, than whom no one loves a beer collar more, jumped from the booth and snarled, "Get to your feet, Busby!"

Marvin Busby did as he was told, and then realized Charley wanted to fight him. He asked whether Charley wanted to make something of it, and was disappointed to hear that Charley did.

"Oh, yeah?" said Marvin, squeaking.

"Yeah," said Charley, and unexpectedly fell against Marvin, as another lad, hustling between the booths, bowled into him from behind.

Charley and Marvin started throwing a few snaky lefts and rights, so Bingo, Gerald and I grabbed them. At once they started struggling furiously against us to get to each other.

Bingo, who was holding Marvin with me, whispered happily, "Let's let them go, for the hell of it." So we turned Marvin loose. He lunged forward a few steps and then stopped to look at Charley, who was cursing. Charley saw Marvin and shut up quick. Eddie let him go.

Charley took a cautious step forward. Marvin came another pace closer. Then they looked at each other again, cold and hard.

Charley daringly shoved his nose up to Marvin's, but, before he could say anything, Marvin coughed in his face. Charley bolted back, in a fright, and began rubbing his nose with a handkerchief.

"Say, eh," Marvin began, "... I'm sorry I coughed on you, Charley." And he forced out another cough, and sniffled.

"Oh, that's all right," Charley said nervously. "Got a hanky of your own?"

"Unh-uh."

"Take this one. It's clean."

Marvin took Charley's brown-and-gold handkerchief, and blew hard. He cleared his throat. Then the two of them stood and gaped at each other.

"We better sit down," Marvin offered.

Charley was not sure the old 'scutcheon was blotless. "'Member what you said before ... ?" he started, but reddened at the memory.

"I don't remember what it was," Marvin said firmly, "but if I've hurt your feelings, I am sorry."

"Well, we might sit down at that," Charley agreed, loosing an easy, rippling string of heh-hehs. Charley can laugh smoothly like that whenever he likes.

We all sat down to our beers again. Charley shook salt into his, to make the collar rise. He smacked his lips over the bubbling foam, like a happy Teuton returned from the wars.

—J. HASTINGS

## Fudge

Shelia stood, starry-eyed, before her mirror.

*Mirror, mirror, on the wall,  
Who's the fairest—*

Hell no, wasn't that from some classic? Any way, she was going to college. Maybe she'd be a prom queen, or voted the most beautiful in her class.

*Over the seven jewelled hills  
Beyond the seventh fall,  
In the cottage of the Sigma Zi's  
Dwells Peachy Peach, fairest one  
of all.*

It was the mirror talking, like an actor off on the wrong cue.

"Phooy to Peachy Peach!" snapped Shelia nevertheless. "I'll poison her big apple. When she starts to shine I'll dim the lights. Ha!" Shelia beaded her eyelashes and started for college.

Escounced there Shelia found everybody talking about the lovely, peachy, Peachy.

"Eeeky!" she shrieked, "The mirror was right. But I'm not done yet, I'm not even half baked. I'll cook a mess of fudge and ask Peachy over for a midnight snack."

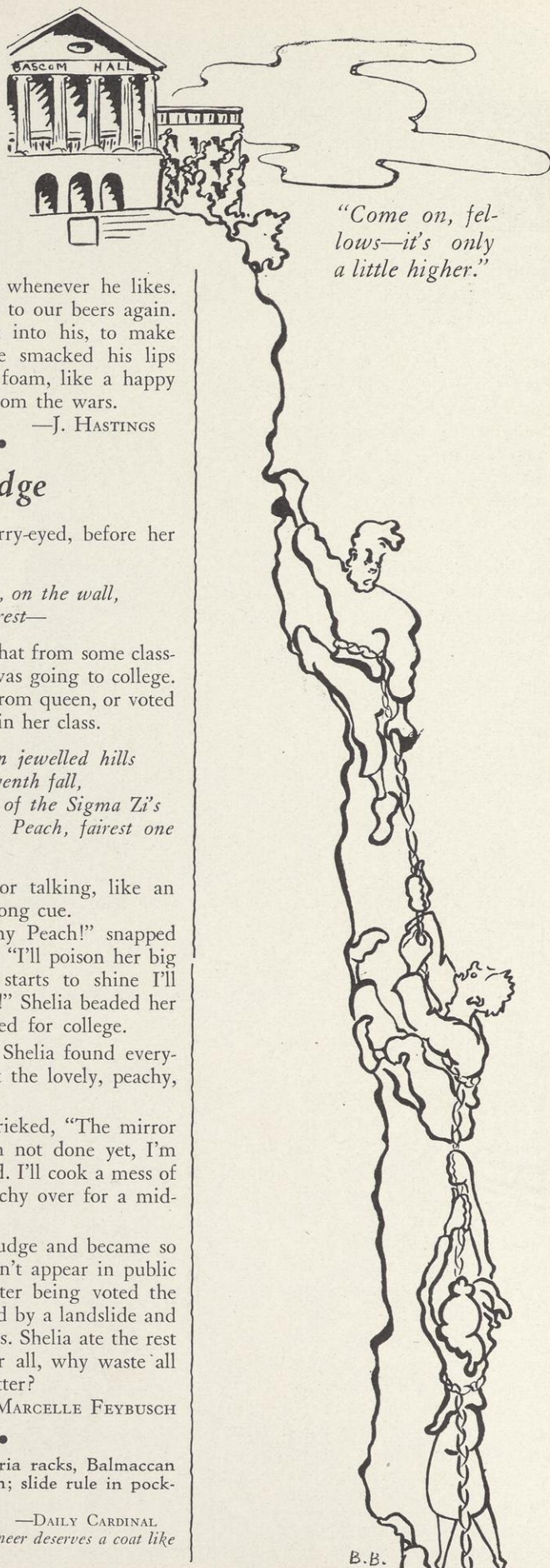
Peachy ate the fudge and became so sick that she couldn't appear in public for three weeks after being voted the most beautiful co-ed by a landslide and the board of regents. Shelia ate the rest of the fudge. After all, why waste all that sugar and butter?

—MARCELLE FEYBUSCH

LOST—In cafeteria racks, Balmaccan topcoat, bluish green; slide rule in pocket. Call F. 2746.

—DAILY CARDINAL

*Aw, no wormy engineer deserves a coat like that.*





## Be Smooth



ASSOCIATE Professor Homer Long was a simple and contented man. He was a poet and a teacher of poetry. His life was a smooth, rhythmic course, untroubled by affairs of the world. He was above the low and worldly, high in his heavens of lyric and song.

But one day his life was shaken, upset. He received a letter from F. H. Elwell, of the "School" of Commerce. For a long time, Mr. Elwell had been thinking that Business English 17 belonged in the English department, not in the "School" of Commerce.

And now at last, Mr. Elwell had succeeded in moving this course into the English department. That, in itself, was not tragic. But Homer Long was indeed troubled to learn that he was to have charge of the course. It touched his soul.

Homer Long frowned. He was a poet, above all. He wouldn't do it. His Poetry 33 was enough to keep him busy.

And so, Associate Professor Homer Long wrote a letter to Mr. Elwell of

the Commerce "School." But it was a nice letter, a very nice letter—

*Ah, noble soul Elwell:*

*So sweetly to these ravished ears of mine came thy sweet inspiration, fresh as a young Jove with calm face, that I didst almost swoon in ecstasy. Thou, happy Elwell, hast most blithely smitten the shining shaft atop its winking head.*

*Most willingly will I clasp to mine heaving bosom thine Business English 17 as if it were mine very own. Joy, ecstasy in globules of golden wine come to me in eager anticipation. No more shall I brood in dusky darkness, comforted only by a mute, unliving, unfeeling Poetry 33.*

*Gazing on thee and thy "School" of Commerce, I feel, I know, little infants shall come to me, ministers of thought to be. A wild-eyed charioteer, I urge their flight, and with burning eyes, forth they'll lean, drink with eager ears mine words of business wisdom.*

*Words like a comet's flashing hair, leap to their quills, fling business intelligence to the green and azure universe, answer from all their mental clouds and billows, clearly, concisely,*

*millenium myriads of questions. Green stalks burst forth, and bright flowers grow from the simple seed thou sendest me.*

*From the void abyss of ignorance, shall I draw them, little flowers. Conciseness, efficiency, simplicity—of words, shall I impart to them.*

*For truly, thou, Elwell, hast spoken words of wisdom, blazoned in truth as in Heaven's immortal blue. Business English 17 and mine Poetry 33, much have they in common, for they are but as a perpetual orphic song, which live jointly with deadly harmony. English 17 hath its place reserved in the sun, in the warm, joyous light of the English Department.*

*A whirlwind stream of unmeasured exultation shall carry to thine grassy bower, new knowledge of mine further progress.*

Farewell,  
HOMER LONG,  
Assoc. Professor

HOMER LONG is still a simple, contented man, a poet and a teacher of poetry. Business English 17, for some reason or other, is still being "taught" in the "School" of Commerce.

—R. N. PIERRON

## Say Hello

I'M THROUGH with gambling. I've learned my lesson.

One night I was talking to Ivan. He told me he could get people to say hello by smiling at them as if he knew them.

"It never fails," he said. "They think they might know me but they aren't sure. So they say hello anyway."

"I don't believe it," I said. We argued about it for a while.

"All right," I smirked. "See this girl coming down the street. Five bucks says you can't get her to say hello."

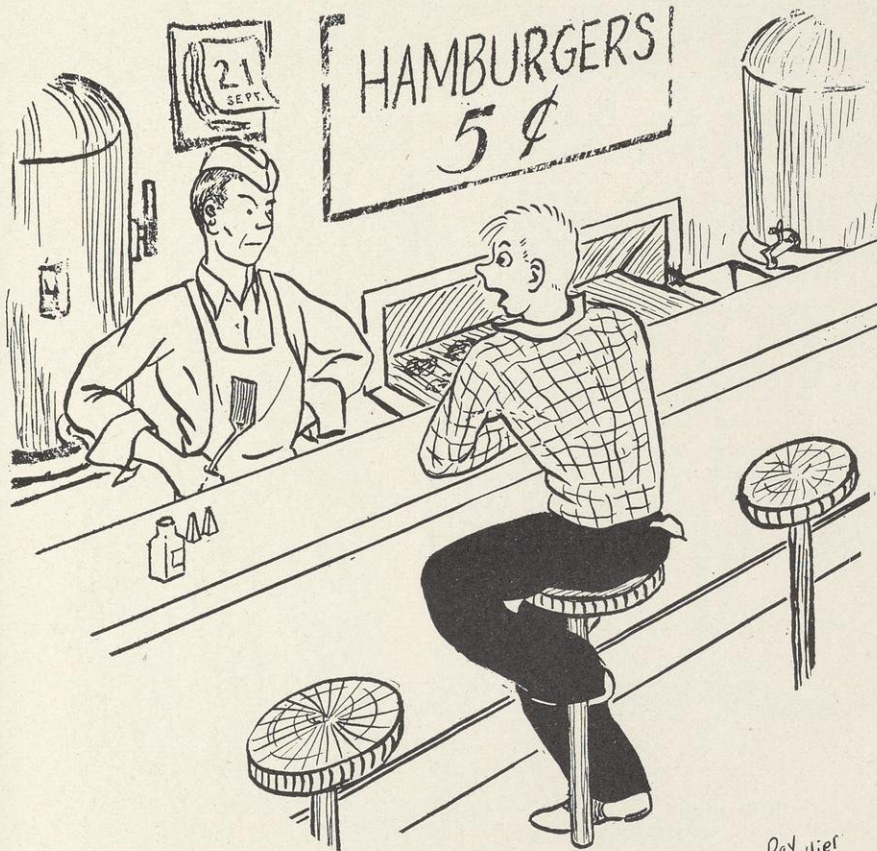
"It's a bet. Five bucks says she says hello if I smile and say hello." We solemnly shook hands.

"You aren't half as smooth as you think," I said.

The girl was now about thirty feet from us. Ivan looked up, faced her, and beamed. "Hello," he beamed.

She looked, stared, then broke into a smile. "Why, hello, Ivan! I haven't seen you for a long time."

Somehow I feel cheated.



Ray Vallier

"With or without what?"



## Observation of the Past

### A French Professor Gives His Autobiography

1. All those who see my house and that of my brother prefer the former to the latter. Which do you prefer, John? I prefer the house where I was born to the other.

2. This little boy was blonde, and that little boy next door was dark. I like the man from Japan, but I like better the little boy who is blonde. I am the little boy who was blonde.

3. Give this money to that man and to the one who accompanies him. That was said not by the man who was wearing the brown suit but by the man who was my father. My father desired me (that I) to go to college. While he gave me the money (in giving) he said, do

not fear those boys who are bad, but do fear those who are good.

4. I did not play with those boys who were bad, but only with those who were good. I was not elected (one did not elect me) to the football team, but to Union Board.

5. Now I have a house. Look, the walls are being painted again. The windows have been shut. This room was preferred by my father to all others. It was liked by everybody. It was liked by me. It was filled with (of) flowers. We were given beautiful apples every day.

6. Now my wife and I (we) are happy. These two dogs are ours. This

one is mine, but that one is my wife's. I am not writing a sonnet, but I am writing another language text. Childhood remembrances are cherished by everyone.

—L. S.

### Shores

I sit forlorn on the ocean sand  
And muse of women and life.  
She sits beside me and touches my hand,  
But, ah me, it's my wife.

An event which resort society has been awaiting for many weeks, the Clam Diggers Ball, will be held tomorrow.

—ATLANTIC CITY PRESS

Members of the smart set who will attend include Oyster-face O'Malley, Jake the Rake, Two-bit Snodgrass, Rastus Washington, and Benny the Beachcomber.



"This is our Mr. Mussolini—he's new in the department this year."



—ADVT.

—ADVT.



## Did You Never Grow Up?

**I**S your I. Q. about 70 or—preferably—lower? Did your intellectual development reach its most glorious heights when you were in 7th grade? Do you read with your lips? Do you believe in the Red Menace? Are you dull enough to think that knowing how to shoulder arms and dress right makes you a better citizen?

**O**R have you an inferiority complex? Do you shuffle and stammer when in the public eye? Have you mental halitosis? Does it buck up your limp personality to wear a row of nifty brass buttons? Don't you feel swell in a snappy blue uniform? Does winning medals make your simple soul glow? Does it put starch in you to march up and down and up and down in the dust taking important orders from our military brain trust?

## Join The R.O.T.C.!



Left. You can still win merit badges even if you aren't a Boy Scout any more. We give you a classy uniform, too, with two free shirts. The Scouts never did that for you—did they, now?

Right. One of our 1916 graduates. Pull down big dough. A career is open for you, too.

**A**W, come on! Fill out the nearby coupon; or, if you can't find it (our printers are dreadfully careless) trot right up and see Major Weaver in person for a measurement.

—T. H.



—ADVT.

—ADVT.





LAWRENCE TIBBETT  
*Baritone*



JOSEPHINE ANTOINE  
*Soprano*



JOSE ITURBI  
*Pianist*



STEPHAN HERO  
*Violinist*



NINO MARTINI  
*Tenor*

## The Union Concert Series

Now, some people say that the Union Board isn't worth its weight in petrified salt. If we felt like arguing about the matter, we'd point to the smooth group of artists which their concert committee has engaged for the current year.

Take a fellow such as snub-nosed Lawrence Tibbett. He's going to open the Chicago Opera season just the week before he opens the Union Concert series here. A fair recommendation for the lad, we'd say. Possibly you've heard of him.

Octy can quite understand how the Union Board boys would approve of Josephine Antoine. Chester Porterfield, of the concert committee, tells us that the young lady is O. K. And not just as a soprano, either. Don't forget to bring your strongest opera glasses to this concert.

Jose Iturbi, the fiery Spanish star, spends as much time breaking pianos than playing on them. Yet, we understand he plays rather well.

Jose's son-in-law, Stephan Hero, plays the fiddle to hold up his end of the family reputation. We read in "La Vie Parisienne" that he is one of the most promising of the younger violinists.

Octy predicts that weak women will do well to sit in the last row when romantic Nino Martini sends that captivating tenor voice of his to their ears. He is accustomed to sing well out of the reach of passionate lasses.

All in all, Octy argues that the program planned by the Concert Committee chalks one up on the credit side for Union Board. It would seem to us that it might be wise to get your season ticket pronto, in view of the fact that all such tickets were sold out last season.



*Come If You Must*

*On Horseback . . .*

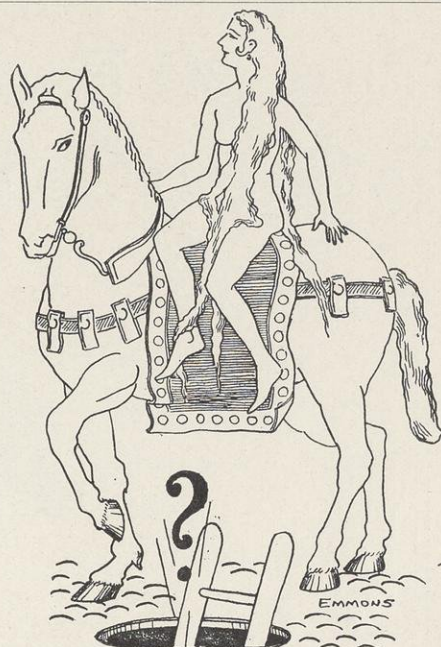
**BUT—Visit**

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An infant was awakened from a peaceful slumber in a hospital. Looking down at his raiment he yelled over to the occupant of the next crib, "Did you spill water on my diapers?"

"Naw," was the answer.

The first speaker looked puzzled for a moment and then said, "Hmmm, must have been an inside job."

—Punch Bowl

"Answer the telephone!"

"What did it say?"

—Gargoyle.

"Dearest—yes eyes—your eyes—are just like—are just like—"

"Yes, sweetheart—tell me—tell me everything—"

"Each other." —Sun Dial.

"Today's Saturday, isn't it?"

"Yeah."

"Goody. Funny papers tomorrow."

First Boarder: This cheese is so strong, it could walk over and say "Hello!" to the coffee.

Second Boarder: Yes, but the coffee is too weak to answer back.

"Lady if you will give us a nickel my little brother'll imitate a hen."

"What will he do?" asked the lady, "cackle like a hen?"

"Naw," replied the boy in disgust. "He wouldn't do a cheap imitation like that; he'll eat a woin."

—Awgwan

"Do you know Art?"

"Art who?"

"Artesian."

"Sure, I know Artesian well."

—Columns

**26** years

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## ANNOUNCEMENT

ASTRONOMY 1938

6. PRACTICAL ASTRONOMY. I; 3 cr. How to find the North Star every time. How to earn a living from the stars. Goings on among the stars at night. Wheeeeee. 8TT. Mr. Stebbins.
101. CELESTIAL MECHANICS. II; 2 cr. You are my lucky star. Stars fell on Alabama. Star dust. 9:00 P.M. Wed. Lab. fee \$1.00 (with date). "Butch" Huffer.

### BOTANY

15. MORPHOLOGY OF LILIES AND PANSIES. I; 3 cr. Weekly field trips to the Chi Phi house. Mr. Backus.
102. FUNGI. I, II; 4 cr. Study of the simpler forms of fungus: Union Board members, prom kings, etc. Some fungus! Mr. Bryan.

### CHEMISTRY

Peeeee-ew!

(Lab. fee \$20.00)

### COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY

140. ELEMENTARY SANSKRIT. I; 2 cr. Not offered 1938-39.
141. ADVANCED SANSKRIT. II; 2 cr. Not offered 1938-39. (Professor Senn, our Sanskrit scholar, is on leave of absence. He is writing time tables, for the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific railroad).

### ENGLISH

1. FRESHMAN ENGLISH. I, II; 3 cr. Mr. Taylor and a lot of nasty little people who will soon be Ph.D.'s. 8 TTS, 4:30 MTW, and other inconvenient hours.
3. PHOTOGRAPHY AND BIRD-STUDY. Yr; 2 or 3 cr. (No final exams.) Limited enrollment (admit by card only). 11:15 or thereabouts. Mr. Taylor.
66. AMERICAN LITERARY THEORY. II; 3 cr. No textbook, no exams (not even a final), no assignments, no roll taken. Boy is this ever a pipe! (Not offered 1938-39.) Ha-ha! 10 MWF. Mr. Clark.
150. MODERN AMERICAN FICTION. I; 3 cr. Texts: The Cincinnati Flood, 1912 (Dykstra), My Four Years in the White House (Glenn Frank), and the Chicago Tribune (any day). 2:30 MWF. Miss Thornbury.

### ECONOMICS

1. TRUE, FALSE OR INADEQUATE. I, II; 4 cr. A timely course, here in this soft twilight hour of capitalism; but you had better hurry up and take it before we write some more textbooks . . . not that the old ones ain't good, but Lordy, we need the royalties. 9 MWFq. Mr. Kiekhofer and other local talent.
135. RAILWAY TRANSPORTATION. I; 3 cr. Fee \$0.025 per mile. Special excursion rates weekends. 8 MWF (C.S.T.). Mr. Trumbower.
146. GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS. How Uncle Sam screws the money-men and vice versa. Where does all the money come from, where does it go, who's going to pay it back?—and other unanswerable questions. 10 TT, with song and dance by Edwin Emil.
197. PUBLIC EXPENDITURES AND PUBLIC DEBT. II; 2 cr. Prerequisites: Advanced calculus, higher algebra, and the quantum theory. Prof. Sen. Harold M. Groves.

### JOURNALISM

6. ENGLISH IN BUSINESS. (See Commerce 6.)
13. MARKETING METHODS. (See Commerce 13.)
14. GERMANY OF TODAY. (See German 14.)
15. PRINCIPLES OF ADVERTISING. (See Commerce 15.)
16. SPAIN OF TODAY. (See Spanish 16.)



of Wisconsin

## OF COURSES

1939

17. SPANISH AMERICA OF TODAY. (See Bacteriology 108.)
18. FRANCE OF TODAY. (Well, we could go on like this all day. We don't teach anything ourselves, but all these courses sure look swell in the catalogue, don't they?)

## MILITARY SCIENCE

1. FIRST YEAR BASIC INFANTRY. Yr; 1 cr. Marksmanship, hygiene, first aid, National Defense Act, scouting, two free shirts and a monkey-suit.
21. SECOND YEAR BASIC INFANTRY. Yr; 1 cr. You signed up and boy! you gotta take it. Anyhow, R.O.T.C. builds men. HEY! Blivis, pull in your fanny!

## Graduate Courses

201. SELLING ICE-CREAM BARS. Yr; 6 cr. Getting to the best corners first; how to look wistful; how to make change for a quarter.
225. BONUS-GRABBING. Yr. after yr.; 2 cr. Open only to qualified veterans and their relatives to the sixth degree of kinship. No fee. WE pay, for a change.
835. ADVANCED RED-BAITING. I, II; 3 cr. Insidious influences in universities; putting pressure on legislatures; getting publicity; how to excite women's clubs. Text: one Hearst paper.

## PHARMACY

1. ELEMENTARY PRACTICE. Yr; 2 cr. Preparation of Coca-Colas and the simpler sandwiches; handling of bathing-caps, fireworks, and dog-food. Fee \$3.00. Mr. Uhl.
4. ADVANCED PRACTICE. Yr.; 5 cr. Concoction of malted milks; lettuce and tomato sandwiches, with elements of bacon-frying; the lending library. Fee \$1.98 (we give green discount stamps!).
5. PHARMACEUTICAL TECHNOLOGY. Yr; 3 cr. Aspirin, Castoria, Father John's Remedy, McGinnis's Snake Oil for Man or Beast, Alka-Seltzer, and Gerber's Roach Powder. Fee \$1.49. Lowest price in history.
145. INTRODUCTORY SEMINARY, 7-9 p.m., TT. Subjects: 1937-38, the four-decker club sandwich; 1938-39, root beer floats and sodas; 1939-40, selling liquor on a druggist's license and getting away with it.

## PSYCHOLOGY

The following courses in the School of Education are open to Psychology majors: Ed. 107, 109, 119, 120, 128, 225, 226; Soc. 139, 197 233, 239, 297. We teach a couple of courses ourselves, though, because hell, you get tired sitting around your office telling dirty stories *all* day.

1. INTRODUCTION TO PSYCHOLOGY. I, II; 3 cr. Song and dance by Dick Husband twice a week, and we don't give a damn if you never come to quiz sections. We don't even come ourselves half the time. No fee; but we'll probably squeeze a couple of dimes out of you.
104. EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY. I, II; 3 cr. You can smoke all you want to. We ain't inhibited. 9 TT. Mr. Cason, probably.
150. ANIMAL BEHAVIOR. II; 2 or 3 cr., but you'd better take it for 3 because it's an awful snap. You just horse around with monkeys, most of whom are nasty-nasty. 10 TT. Mr. Harlow.
151. ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY. II; 3cr. Course ends with a trip to Mendota asylum, though the Cardinal office would be closer. 11 MWF.



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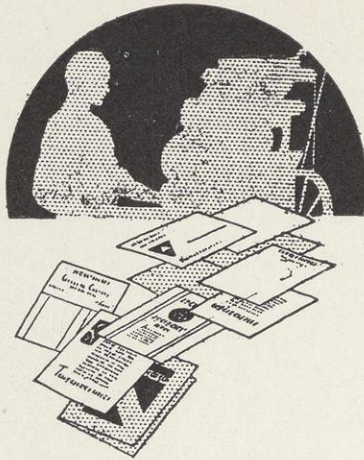
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need anything just now, by  
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Two people happened to be walking along a road together. One was a young woman, the other a handsome farmer lad. The farmer was carrying a large kettle on his back, holding a chicken in one hand, a cane in the other, and leading a goat. They came to a dark ravine.

Said she—I'm afraid to walk here with you. You might try to kiss me.

Said he—How could I, with all these things to carry?

Said she—Well, you might stick the cane in the ground, tie the goat to it, and put the chicken under the kettle.

—Caveman.

Those who go to college and never get out are called professors.  
 —Medley.

And then there was the condemned golfer who asked the hangman, "Mind if I take a couple of practice swings?"  
 —Punch Bowl.

"I met a girl in a revolving door and now we go around together."

"Ho, hum. That's nothing. I got engaged to a girl with a wooden leg and I broke it off."  
 —Gargoyle.

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Delta: "Why don't you keep your money in your stocking anymore?"

Gamma: "I'm afraid of a run on the bank."  
—Kitty-Kat.

"I'd like to buy a pair of garters."

"Single or double grip?"

"Doesn't matter. I want to make a sling shot."  
—Lampoon

"Are you man or mouse?"

"Keep your trap shut."

—Punch Bowl.

And then there's the Republican who was kicked out of the party for having pink toothbrush.  
—Mercury

Clerk to a suspicious looking couple in the hotel lobby: "I don't believe you people are married, after all."

Lady: "Sir, if my husband were only here he would make you swallow those words."  
—Record.

Absent-minded professor walking along with one foot in the gutter and the other on the curb was met by a friend who asked:

"How do you feel this morning, Professor?"

"I felt fine when I left home, but I've been bumping for the last ten minutes."

Professor—I won't begin today's lecture until the room settles down.

Voice from Rear—Go home and sleep it off, old man.  
—Record

John Smith, a psychiatrist, died. Being a good man, John went to heaven. At the pearly gates John was met and interrogated by St. Peter.

"Name?"

"John Smith."

"Occupation on earth?"

"Psychiatrist."

"Oh, come on in; we can use you."

"Why, what's the trouble?"

"God thinks he's Roosevelt," replied St. Peter.  
—Punch Bowl



"... and when you get right down to it, eating's darned important."

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"I had a little dog. I called him August. August was fond of jumping at conclusions, especially at the cow's conclusion. One day he jumped at the mule's conclusion. The next day was the first of September."

—Log.

Cannibal Prince: "Am I late for dinner?"

Cannibal King: "Yes, Everyone's eaten."

—Pelican.

First Playwright—Gosh that suit of yours looks as though it had been slept in.

Second Playwright—It was. I wore it to your new show last night.

—Punch Bowl.

Sweet Young Gal (in parlor): Mamma! Mamma! Come here and make Dick stop teasing me!

Mamma (from stairway landing): What is he doing dear?

Sweet Young Gal: He's sitting on the other end of the davenport.

—Frigol

"Were you the only sober man there?"

"Certainly not!"

"Then who was?"

Customer (having a rough shave): "I say, barber, have you another razor?"

Barber: "Yes, why?"

Customer: "I want to defend myself."  
—Owl.

Professor: "Are you cheating on this examination?"

Student: "No, sir, I was only telling him his nose was dripping on my paper."  
—Voo Doo.

He: You're thinner.

She: Yes, I've lost so much weight you can count my ribs.

He: Gee, thanks!

—Pelican

Wife: Honey, I'll be needing a new fur soon."

Husband: "What? Say I bought that fur not quite two seasons ago."

Wife: "Yes, dear, I know, but you must remember that the fox wore it three years."  
—Record.

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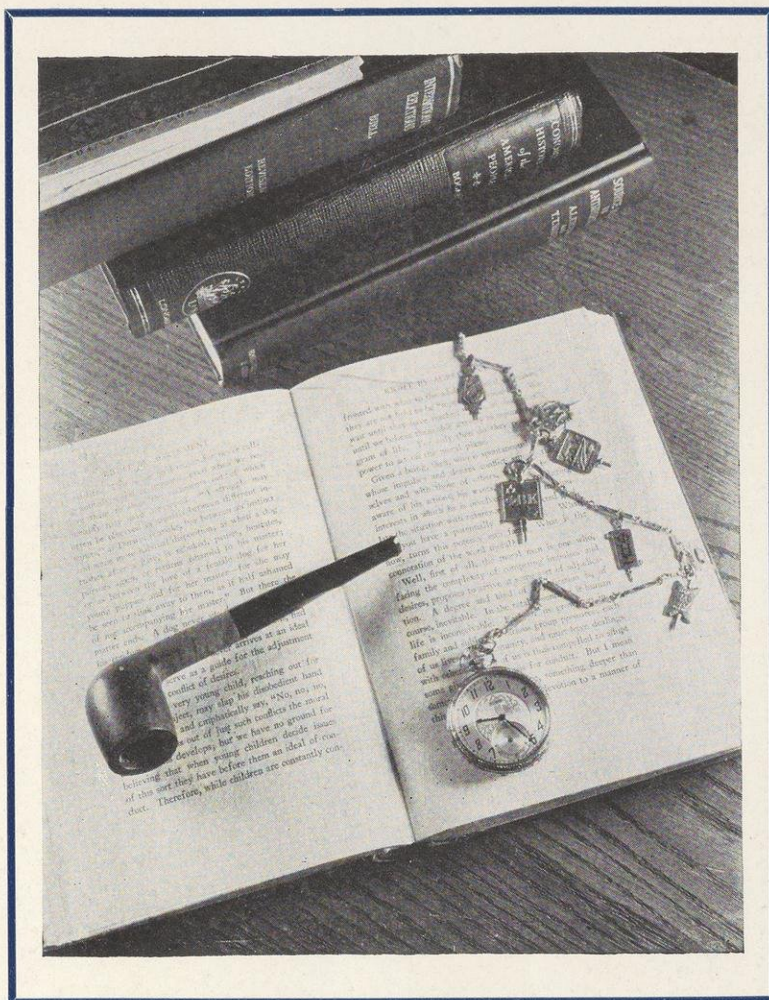
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