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THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



MAY
1934

15¢

v15 #9

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A
KEY
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But have you ever stopped to think that *you*, too, may have habits that are just as irritating to other people as those of the key juggler or coin jingler are to you?

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I enclose fronts from 2 packs of Camels.
Send me book of nerve tests postpaid.

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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

MEMORIAL UNION BUILDING - - - MADISON, WISCONSIN

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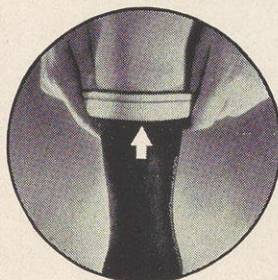
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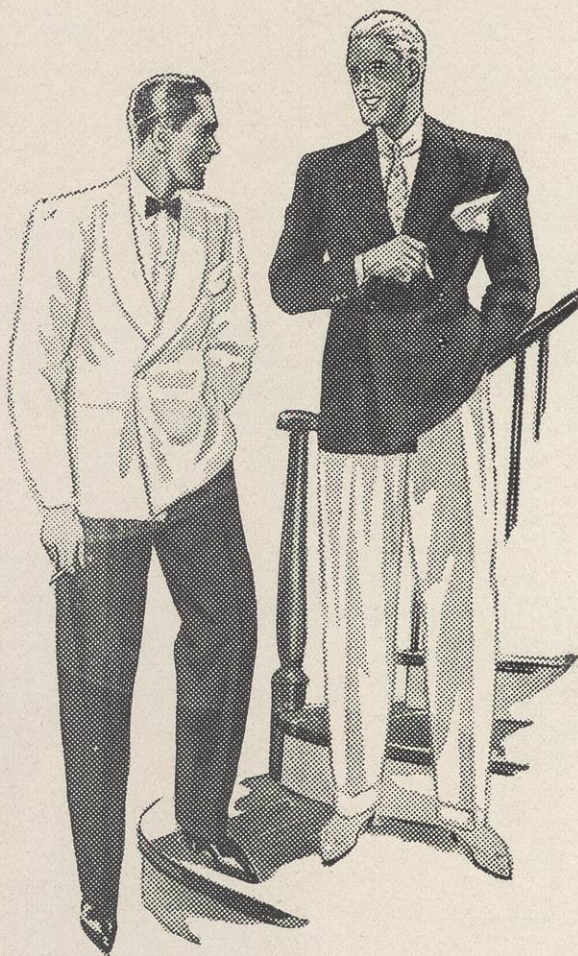
Lastex tops hold them up



● At last, a sock that stays where it belongs. Phoenix Ev-R-Ups—with Lastex tops of woven-in covered rubber—fit snugly just below the calf. Try them! 50c, 75c, \$1.00 for silk or lisle of finest quality. If your dealer does not carry Ev-R-Ups, write us to learn where to buy them. Phoenix Hosiery Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

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White Flannel Trousers

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KARSTENS

ON CAPITOL SQUARE 22 NORTH CARROLL

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

THE ELEPHANT

Is a ridiculously large animal belonging to the Proboscidea family, which means that it is a sub-order of the ungulate mammals. An ungulate mammal is an animal with hoofs and good card-sense. Example: the whale is a mammal but not an ungulate.

The sex life of an elephant would probably be interesting, but they give up all that sort of thing in captivity. So any elephant *you* have ever seen is repressed. And a good thing.

A white elephant is either an albino or a darn nuisance, depending on the point of view.

The Indian elephant dislikes mice, tigers, sunlight, and green olives. The African elephant, he don't like anything. Both kinds can squirt water from their trunks as well as regurgitate it from their gullets. Some type of children like this sort of thing.

THE AUK

Everywhere you go you hear people say, "Isn't it too bad about the Auk being extinct?" Now this makes me pretty mad, because they're not extinct. There are lots of them. Take the tufted puffin, for example. What do you think he is? Sure an Auk; and not only that, there are twelve kinds of Auks on the Pacific coast alone. And another thing, how about cross word puzzles; there's certainly plenty of Auks in them. And what do you think the natives up in the Arctic eat? I suppose you thought they ate walrus or whale or something like that. Well, you're wrong, that's all. They eat Auks and Auk eggs. You don't hear *them* going around saying the Auk is extinct.

THE BABOON

Is probably the most disgusting member of the monkey family. Honest, they're awful. They can't climb trees at all, and have bright red callosities on their — well, go up to the zoo yourself.

Their ugliness and the way they go around whooping and yelling make people afraid of them, but they're really awfully chicken-hearted. Anyway, they're strict vegetarians, like G. B. Shaw—whom they look like.

Some people like 'em, though — look at the Egyptians. They just love baboons. Probably figured that anything with such a solemn, ugly mug must be pretty wise. And the darned things chatter like maniacs at sunrise; this made people think they were worshipping the sun god, who was big stuff to the Egyptians.

Thank Goodness, most baboons live in Africa.

—Stanford Chaparral.

"Shay, y'know that wooden Indian down in front of Jack's shigar-stor?"

"Yeh, sure I do."

"Well, he dunno you."

EVENTS LEADING TO A TRAGEDY



Her eyes were pools of violet dew. Her hair swept smoothly back from an alabaster forehead to dissolve into an iridescent mist of chestnut foam,

lightly touched with flecks of gold. That teeth! Those lip! *Could* they be real? He decided that they couldn't, possibly. She floated down the steps of the Alpha Oomph house on his arm; she didn't walk, she *glided*. He tucked her carefully into the old open job, and her voice as she thanked him was as the sound of golden harps. He reflected that he was beyond doubt the luckiest stiff in the world.

He tooled the car carefully down the street and took to the open road, where the moon was bright, the turf of an exceeding softness, and the byways choicely shaded. He felt that he had made great progress during the hour they'd been riding, and finally, picking a tasteful spot, he killed the motor with great skill and subtlety.

"Alack-a-day," he said. "We're out of gas!"

"Imagine," she tinkled. "And the gauge says three-quarters full."

"Oh, that. Doesn't work."

She thought for a moment.

"Oh, I know!" she said. She slipped out of the car and he heard her fumbling with the tank-cap. A minute later she was back, smiling triumphantly. "That little hole in the cap was plugged," she said. "It makes a vacuum, you know. I poked it out with a hair-pin." She turned the switch and kicked on the starter. "See?" she said, as the motor turned over. He gritted his teeth quietly and put it in gear.

A little way on, the car topped a rise, and the sheer beauty of the scene before him compelled the youth to stop. A blooming grove, a moon fringed with clouds, the silver sheen of a tiny lake. "Let's walk over by the shore," he said. And they did, and seated themselves thereon.

"Looks warm, doesn't it?" he said. "Lovely."

"Too bad we can't take a swim."

"Well, we could. We might."

"We could at that. No use being silly about such things."

"No. Anyway, I though maybe we

might have a chance, and I've my suit on underneath. Shall we?"

He stifled a sob. "Let's not, shall we? Let's go back to the car instead."

They went back to the car, and he drove on, feeling like an old, old man.

But no quitter he. As they entered Willow Drive he said quietly, "I think I'll stop here." And he did, with some show of strength. Forcefully, masterfully his strong arms encircled her body. He tilted her tiny, pointed chin, and felt her relax in his arms. Her lipstick colored lips parted tremulously. He heaved a gusty sigh and closed her eyes with a gentle finger-tip. Now . . .

She recoiled violently. He felt his chest caving under the pressure of her hands. "Darling!" she lisped, "I forgot to tell you; I've got trench-mouth!"

Beaten beyond recognition, the body of a girl of about 20, thought to be a co-ed, was found early this morning at the end of Willow Drive. Police were of the opinion that a dull, blunt, instrument

—Ken W. Purdy.

They had been sitting in the swing in the moonlight, alone. No word broke the stillness for half an hour, until . . .

"Suppose you had money," she said, "what would you do?"

He threw out his chest in all the glory of young manhood.

"I'd travel!" he said.

He felt her warm young hand slide into his. When he looked up, she had gone.

In his hand lay a nickel.

—Rammer-Jammer.

New York: "Look at them there pigeons."

Cape Cod: "Them's not pigeons, them's gulls."

New York: "Boys or gulls, them's mighty fine pigeons."

—Cannon Bawl.



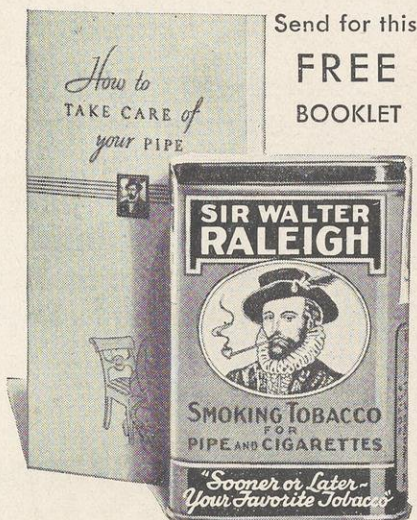
"SIT WITH THE OTHER EXHAUST PIPE!"



IT WAS always the rumble seat for Ralph and his powerful pipe. Why will a man try to save on a few pipe cleaners and load up with fumy tobacco?

Life can easily become happier for Ralph. By putting Sir Walter Raleigh in a well-kept pipe he can ride up front with the driver and even demonstrate that he can handle the wheel with his left hand. Sir Walter Raleigh is a mild mixture of Kentucky Burleys that burns coolly and slowly. And it has a fragrance that wins smokers . . . and fair companions. Try it. You should.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-45.



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Just the way we did, when we grabbed them up so enthusiastically! Seersuckers, linens, gingham . . . with or without jackets, in our second floor or basement apparel sections! They're cool and comfortable; they're the last word in summer chic!

**Harry S. Manchester
Inc.**

PLATTER PATTERN • BY BOB DAVIS

The record crop is so exceptionally good this month that it would be well nigh impossible to review all of the choice ones. Hence, the best we can do is to pick out a few that struck our fancy, and offer a few comments on them. However, we earnestly suggest that you drop into the local music shops and hear all of the latest Brunswicks and Victors. It will be well worth your while.

VICTOR . . .

Isham Jones and his Orchestra have recorded their great theme song, *You're Welcome*. It's a sweet, lilting melody and Isham wrote it himself. Another of his own compositions, *Bubbles in the Wine*, is found on the reverse side. The ever-popular Jones unit has also put *I Knew You When* and *Infatuation* on the wax. These two numbers are plenty appealing also. Eddie Stone is responsible for the vocal work.

Irving Berlin's touching new ballad, *Butterfingers*, is done a great deal of justice by Don Bestor and his Orchestra. We think you'll like this tune a lot, if you don't already. *Love Me* is recorded on the other side. Neil Buckley does the singing.

Eddy Duchin and his band offer two of the best numbers from "We're Not Dressing." These are *She Reminds Me of You* and *May I?* Eddy's aggregation really does them up in the best of style, and Lew Sherwood sings the refrains.

BRUNSWICK . . .

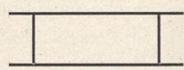
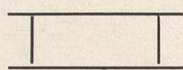
Bing Crosby does all of the hits from his starring vehicle, "We're Not Dressing." They are *Love Thy Neighbor*, *Once in a Blue Moon*, *Good Night Lovely Little Lady*, *May I?* and *She Reminds Me of You*. If you like Bing (and you probably do), you'll certainly want to purchase these.

Ted Fio Rito and his Orchestra play *How Can It Be a Beautiful Day?* and *Fly Away to Ioway* in plenty "tough" style. The latter has some might fine instrumental work that puts it 'way out of the ordinary class.

If you are interested in things which are *distinctly* different, we'd like to suggest that you hear Glen Gray and the Casa Lomas play *The House Is Haunted*. It's really one of the best in a long time, and Kenneth Sargent account for fine vocalizing.

The Lombardos (the "sweetest music this side of heaven") offer two real hits on one disc this month. These are *Rip-tide* and *How Do I Know It's Sunday?* The former is our choice of the two, but they are both really excellent.

Last, but not least, folks, may we recommend Ozzie Nelson and his boys playing *I Hate Myself* and *Poor Girl*, also both on one record.



These and Other
VICTOR RECORD HITS

now 35c and 75c at

**FORBES-MEAGHER
MUSIC COMPANY**
27 W. Main

CAMPUS CHRONICLE

MATHEMATICAL STEPS

● Octy is mathematically befuddled again. The steps in front of Science hall, we are told, were erected about 40 years ago and have recently been repaired for the first time. In four decades they have been worn down nearly four inches. If one estimates that the average enrollment for that time was 5,000 students each semester, there'd be 10,000 per year and 40,000 in 40 years. Simple so far, isn't it? Each of those 40,000 have climbed the hill about four times a day for 200 days, which would mean about 320,000,000 trips up the hill. Then each person used two feet, which means 640,000,000 feet, so in the course of four years here Octy has done its part, using its eight legs quite often to climb the steps. We became very tangled and then suddenly unravelled the decision that we did one-eighty millionth of the damage. We tried to divide that by \$27.50 per semester for general fees, but decided to quit when we suddenly recalled that all students don't use those steps—such as Ag, music, phy-ed, and probably 50 per cent of those enrolled in other schools. That was what was fun: deciding to quit, because we really hadn't enjoyed the mathematical melange.

NO GRAFT

● The Mothers-Fathers week-end committee became a bit embarrassed when it discovered that Prexy and Mrs. Frank had received a form invitation such as was sent to everyone else for the banquet this week-end. The difficulty was that the last line read, "You may obtain your tickets at the Union desk for —per plate."

The truth of the matter is, however, that they need not have been flustered, because Prexy must reach down into his pocket and dig up the necessary coins, for the committee has no money for guest tickets and there is a rule that the Union cannot stand the bill. "No state employee may eat free of charge off another state department," is the tone of the ruling. Tough luck, Glenn.

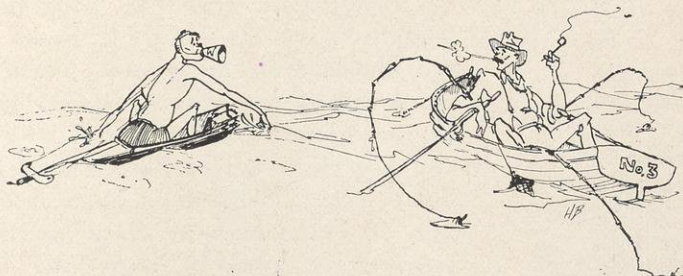
NOTES TO YOU, MR. UNION

● We're glad to see that your front yard was again excavated here and there. Somehow it means that this is still Wisconsin, that the sun is rising on another spring, and that the flag of curiosity still flies o'er Great Hall.

We've protested for some time that your forks leak. We also calculated that if you'd cook your steak a bit more the depreciation on knives and forks would be reduced, using the money which now is spent on sharpening to combat a campus epidemic of digestive exhaustion.

And don't you think it's time for the installation of a few mantles. It's spring, and folks are wearing horse-pants, and yet there's nowhere in these here parts where one may eat after coming back from a ride. And what with the Pi Phis falling off their roller skates and sorority girls from bicycles, it's high time someone gave some attention to this phase of the phood problem.

The subject of the elevator keeps coming up again and again. We've been wondering why a brighter light was put in the elevator when all the offices received bulbs of lesser power. There's nothing so nice for a bit of romance as a dark elevator, we've heard, and now you've done us wrong, Mr. Union. And while we're on the subject, we understand that P. Butts has asked the purchasing department for kerosene lamps but will be satisfied with a stock of two-for-a-nickel candles to light the Council room. The whole thing sort of burns us up.



Seen anything of the varsity crew, mister?

PONDERING

● Somehow, along about this time of the year, we begin to think of each semester as a puddle. A student is flung into it, and his first splash is the center of this educational center—Bascom hall or the Library—and he studies and goes to classes.

As the semester progresses, these places see him less, and he expands to activities and dates and other interests. He touches the extremities in April, and with the early month of May, when activities turn over new leaves of administration and the year is wound up, he starts bouncing back.

The cycle is returning to its tiny center. Books are being dusted off, and classes are beginning to regain throngs lost by early touches of spring fever. And somehow it seems good to again hear a suggestion refused with the explanation, "Sorry, I can't. Gotta go to the Library and work on a topic."

FUTILITY OF EDUCATION

● We stopped to talk to two of the workmen on the Lake street excavation one day last week.

"Whacha doin'?" we asked. We knew that was the only way to open a discussion. "Buildin' a storm sewer," was the answer.

We stood and watched a while longer. "How long are people gonna have to walk aroun' the hole?" we asked. "Till the storm sewer's done," was the reply.

Then came an inspiration. "You might build a foot-bridge over the excavation and save everyone walking around it," was our scholarly suggestion.

Somehow, our idea of the bridge didn't ring the gong with them. One looked at the other. "I thought I told him it was a storm sewer," said the first. "You did" said the second. Together they looked at us for a minute. Together they turned. Together they walked away. So did we. And we regretted the poor impression we had made and what they'd think of the university.

ARCHITECTURAL ESCAPE

● Apropos of the discussion of the new fraternity rules, we can't help but chuckle at the ardent activity of Johnny Wood, president of the inter-fraternity board. Wood is an ardent supporter of the plan, but the oddity is that his house, Phi Gamma Delta Stadia, is so built as to surpass the others in benefits.

"No parties above the first floor," is one of the provisions. Yet Phi Gams have always considered their street level floor the first, even though there are two floors below it before the ground level in the rear is reached. The sharp slope causes the difference; it also gives the Phi Gams two extra floors under the proposed plans. Sort of two-down-and-one-to-go, you might say.

FRANK STATEMENTS

● Sometimes bad luck comes in a heap. We ate with two of them the other day — two Men-Who-Met-Prexy. You've probably met one or two of them sometime. A publication editor, a campus activity leader, or someone with an idea, such as changing the dates of vacation.

The trouble is they come away smug. On the Hill you can pick out a Man-Who-Met-Prexy by his strut. At a dance, his date is either adoring or disgusted with his arrogance. In a bull session he sits back and waits for someone to ask what he thinks. Then he is away. "I was talking to President Frank the other day—" If you like monologues, it's all right.

But our bad luck was to get two at once. The talk turned to Prexy's travels soon after the soup, and at once the duet came, "I was talking to President Frank the oth—" They stopped at once. Thereafter they glared. They wouldn't talk, and one of them didn't even eat. The other wolfed down his food and hurried away. Even then the other was depressed. And we came away sorry for ourselves.

ITILLECTUAL LACK

● Every activity has one. We were in the Badger office the other day and discovered the season's lousiest pun. The material for the Badger written by Prof. John R. Commons was being discussed. Out of a clear sky and an even clearer conscience came the question, "Is he the guy they named Tripp Commons after?"

CREWCIAL PROBLEM

● We expect you've already heard the current gag that's panicking the Greeks. We mean the one about the Sigma Phis. It seems that this ultra-ultra exclusive eating club at one time had the intention of entering a crew in the inter-fraternity regatta. They were forced to change their plans, however, when it was discovered that they didn't have enough actives to man an eight-oared shell.

It has been suggested that the Kappas loan the lads a few of their burly pledges, but the Kappas don't seem to go for the idea.

● Jimmy Durante, that withering Casanova with the soul and the nose of a Cyrano de Bergerac, was playing in one of the local theatres recently. In an imaginary interview with any of the local papers, we could picture him saying, "I am very much attached to my nose. It has sort of grown on me."



See; it's very simple

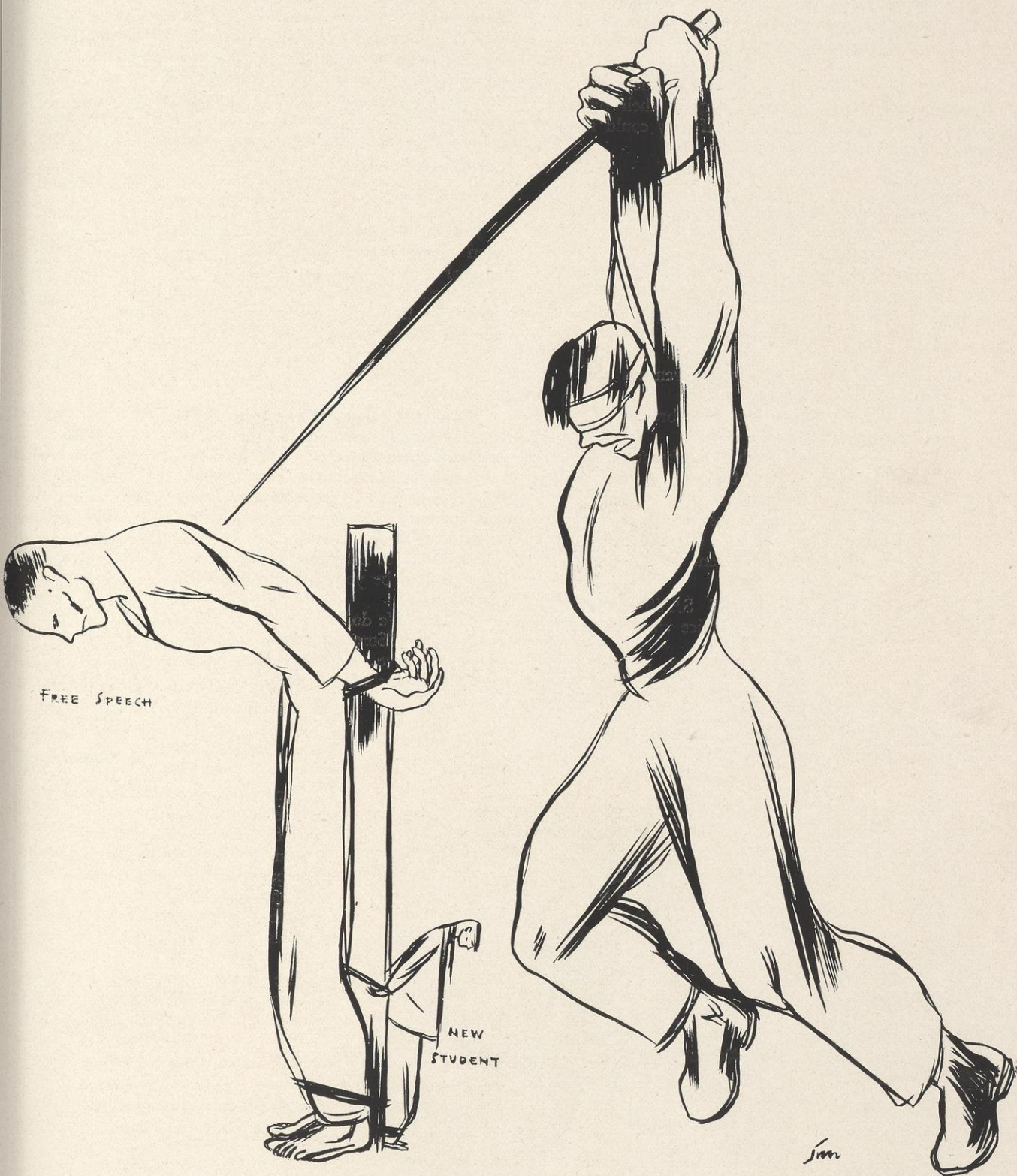
● We always maintained a strict skepticism over the various "boners" professors are always claiming they get on examination papers. Until recently, we were sure the good gentlemen were subtly pulling our leg in the whole matter, although, to tell the truth, we always blush to remember a particular crack *we* pulled back in our high school days, to wit: "Sherman swooped into the valley, and by brave fighting soon turned defeat into disaster."

Lately, however, we have been sitting next to a lad in freshman English history lecture, and our worst fears have been realized. He has a particular, almost enviable knack for getting things down wrong, no matter with what outlandish results. We don't like it, because he's always distracting our attention from the lecture.

A typical boner from his pen is, "The king fell air to the land." On another occasion, he took down word for word ("right out of the horse's mouth," as Huxley says), "The king's cruelty annihilated all of his followers." But the crowning boner is the one about Chaucer. "Chaucer," he says, "had very little early life."

● A State Street refrigerator ad had us guessing a long time the other day. It proudly boasted that the handle to the door could be turned in any of three directions; "therebye" as the advertisement said, "making the interior accessible to children." We wondered for a while whether they were anticipating some of those warm summer nights.

● Fiercely struggling to save the world for rugged individualism; strongly striving to keep America clean from communist contamination; blindly pushing to preserve a pre-historic status quo already long outmoded by virtue of a relentless economic progress, Young America launches forth on a Holy Crusade, designed to bar the red hordes from our shores, lest they malignly mouth one-hundred per cent American babies, but a crusade whose ultimate result can only be a travesty on American liberalism and a backhanded knifing of constitutional American liberties, such as can ultimately result only in destruction of those liberties and an eventful opening for that very "radicalism" their suspension was designed to bar.



BLIND HAIGHT

AND ANOTHER THING

If Japan keeps her policy of aggression towards China up some of the Chinamen in this country will have to go back home to try to iron things out.

* * * *

Farmers shouldn't blame their chickens if they get disgusted and don't produce as many eggs as their owners would like. They'd get disgusted too if they could never find things where they laid them.

* * * *

EXAMS

By the shores of Lake Mendota,
By the shining, calm lake water
Is the campus of Wisconsin.

There the staid old professors
Give exams to all the students,
Test them in their every subject,
Still their fretful wails by saying:
"We have to give exams."

At their desk on fine spring evenings
Sit the little students,
And hear the whispering of the breeze,
Hear the lapping of the waters,
Learn the language of the Frenchman,
Learn the story of their fathers.
All there is to know they learn
That they may write the answers,
Then forget what they have learned,
Wonder why exams are given.

* * * *

UNION OF HOTEL WAITERS SAYS TIPPING
HUMILIATES, Cardinal heading. Service with chagrin.

* * * *

The man that was too chicken to drive has finally solved
his problem by getting himself a coupe.

* * * *

And then there's the fellow that replaced the king in his
chess set with a dictator, just to keep up with the times.

OPEN WIDE

"Now, open wide, and we'll see if you have anything this year . . . A little wider . . . This isn't going to hurt you . . . Let's see, you went to Canada last summer, didn't you? I hope you'll be able to go again this year . . . It's a great place to be when the thermometer keeps at a hundred in the shade around here . . . I don't see much here, though . . . There's just one cavity . . . In that case, I guess you can't go to Canada for your vacation this year, and I guess I can't either, old pocketbook . . ."

—V. Edward Johnson.

Judge (to servant acting as a witness): "Have you ever seen your master under the influence of intoxicating liquor?"

Witness: "No, your honor, I can't say that I have, but I have seen him lying on the floor swearing that he'd catch the bed the next time it came around."

—Red Cat.

Some people wonder what the Mormon wedding ceremony is like. It is something akin to this:

Preacher (to Groom): "Do you take these women to be your lawfully wedded wives?"

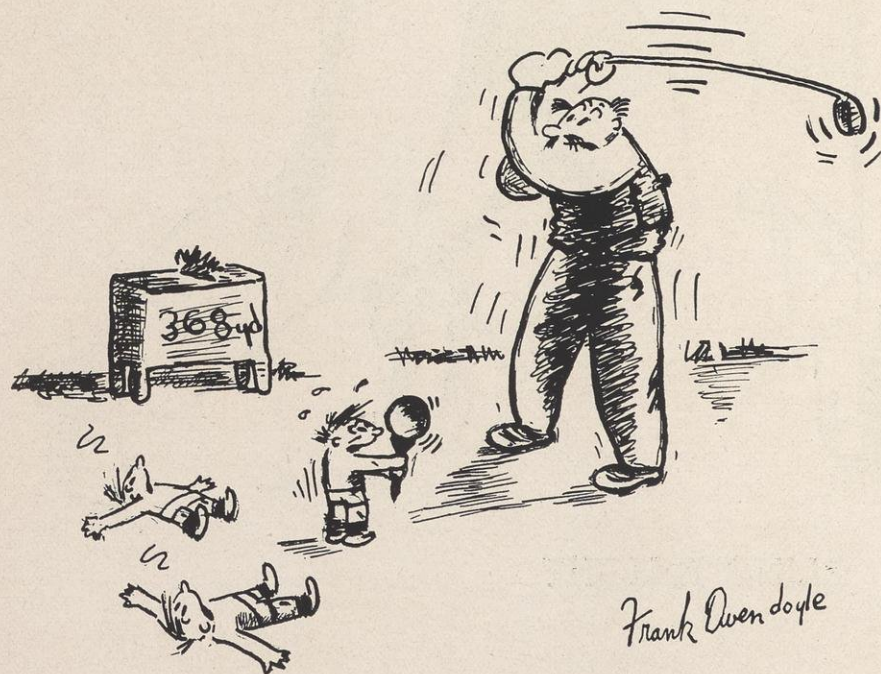
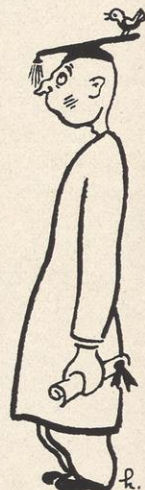
Groom: "I do."

Preacher (to Brides): "Do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

Brides: "We do."

Preacher: "Some of you girls in the back will have to speak louder if you want to be included in this."

Judge.



If I kill another one, I'll have to go home

Some time ago a dinner was given by the student Y.M.C.A. When the time for starting the meal arrived, the toastmaster discovered that no faculty members were present, although several had been invited. So he turned to a student who always had trouble making his grades and asked him to say grace.

The student rose, and with deep emotion said: "There being no faculty members present — let us thank God."

—Kansas Sour Owl.

She (after a quarrel): "Leave this house. I never want to see you again. Go this instant."

He: "I have one last request to make before I go."

She (sweetly, ever so sweetly): "Well, what it is?"

He (brutally): "Before I leave forever, would you mind getting off my lap?"

—Dodo.

SO SAYS READERS SAY-SO

OR AN EDITOR'S NIGHTMARE

Editor, The Daily Cardinal:

Bill Haight and the N.S.L. are on the wrong track. They are arguing about what Haight told the advertisers of the New Student. As far as I can see, the New Student never really had any advertisers.

This fact complicates the argument, of course, but some good thought on both sides should easily use it to advantage. Nobody ever said anything yet that the N.S.L. couldn't use to advantage; and, as for Haight, he can obviously take care of himself.

If nobody is interested in this letter, then please do not print it, because I really don't care much myself. I don't want to interfere in a perfectly good private argument which *accidentally* received so much publicity.

—JOS. TROOPLA '37.

Editor's Note: The above name is the pseudonym of a well-known campus leader. His real name is on file and open for inspection in our Peiking office.

Editor, The New Student:

(Cardinal Editor's Note: How in heck did this get here? Octopus Editor's Note: It was an accident. Author's Note: You're both wrong. They did it with mirrors.)

I and my family are ardent supporters of your fine magazine. We think you ought to get Norman Thomas to do a regular feature. The kiddies are saving pennies, stinting themselves on licorice. My wife has worn an old print dress so long you can't read the type on it any more. When we get enough money, we hope to subscribe to you. Ernie Meyer is a good publicity man, but I think he is too conservative. For instance, he is always writing about the old days.

—A. F. N.

Editor, The Wisconsin Octopus:

I think you are doing a great thing for the Wisconsin campus. Just what it is you are doing I haven't decided, but there must be something. For instance, by sheer luck last month I bought an Octopus which, due to some accident, consisted of nothing but blank pages. It was swell for lecture notes. I still have it.

However, I think you are overlooking the value of satire. It is well known that rubber fatigues. In other words,

rubber tires. But if rubber tires, why can't satire?

How about a little wit on this Haight business? Please cancel my subscription.

—O. O. HEEPIE '08.

Author's Note: What do you call this, if not wit?

Editor's Note: Don't argue with our subscribers. We only have four left.

Heepie's Note: Do you really want to know what I'd call this tripe?

Editor's Note: Come on, fellows, let's stop this.

Author's Note: Well, he began it. I may write tripe, but it was good enough for Shakespeare. Didn't he say, "Come and tripe it as we go—"?

Editor, The Daily Cardinal:

Bill Haight is a very good friend of mine. I was with him when he spoke to the advertisers. There need be no question of what we said. We spoke in plain English. That's what started all the trouble. It led to a lot of misunderstanding. Nobody understood what we were saying.

If I had my way about it, I would not permit people to speak in good English. It is a detriment to the language. Using good English is a foolish as permitting classes to interfere with your education.

The Daily Cardinal is doing much on this campus to kill the use of good

English. You deserve congratulations. Please cancel my subscription.

—BOB BOW.

Editor's Note: The above is a pseudonym (fake name) for the author. Though his real name is Robert, he is here disguised as Bob.

Editor, The Wisconsin Alumni Magazine:

(Cardinal Editor's Note: Is this starting all over again? Wisconsin Alumni Magazine Editor's Note: It wasn't mirrors. It was Karlen. I saw him, unqualifiedly. Octopus Editor's Note: It was the merchant marine. Author's Note: It was State Street Sadie.)

What's the dope on the Giants for next year? Do you think Terry can get enough sluggers?

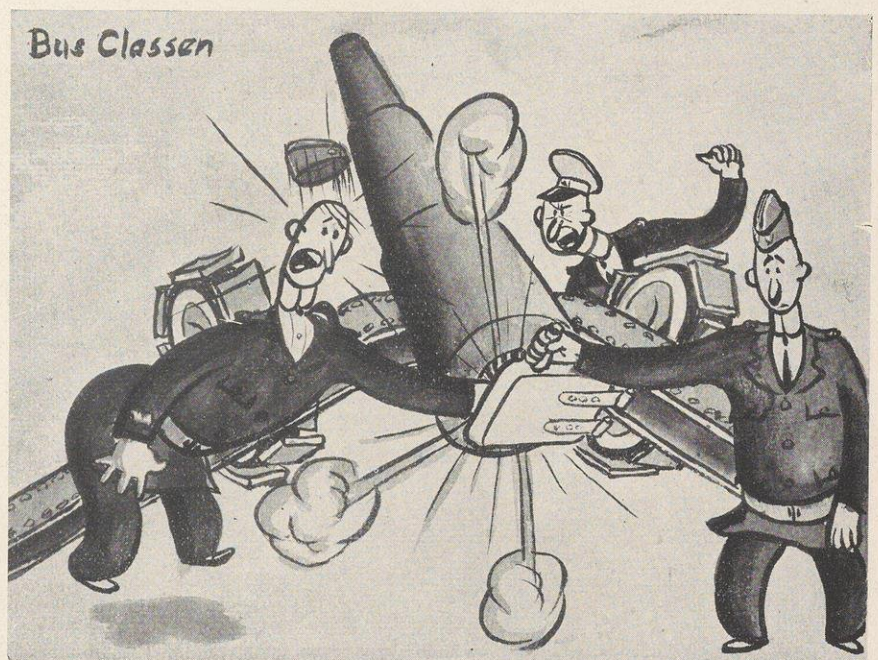
—H. A. F. '66.

Editor, The Wisconsin Engineer:

If you had any guts, you'd run the N.S.L. off the campus, like you did the Law school. But you haven't any guts. Then why don't you bump them off? Have you got the gats? The gat's the goods, but what good's the gats if you ain't got the guts?

—L. O. N.

Editor's Note: This was written by a famous French gutter-snipe. The above initials are his own nom de plume (Continued on Page 232)



Hey, you two, quit your foolin'!

HIRE-WATHA 1934

Where the business man was working,
Working there within his office,
Came a youngster, fresh from college,
Full of hot air, stuffed with knowledge,
Offering to run the business,
Busy business, for a salary,
For a reasonable salary,
Say four thousand, maybe larger,
Just enough to pay expenses.
And the man rose up in anger,
Turned upon the college chappie,
Lad with countenance plainly sappie,
Pseudo sophisticate, insipid looking
"Sir, per week I'll gladly give you
Twenty dollars, only if you
Run the errands which I tell you,
Shine the door knobs, sweep the office,
Keep the public from my sanctum.
All this money I will give you.
If you'll do the things I tell you."
And the college chappie gaily
Rose with laughter loud and merry,
Told the man he was plumb crazy;
Couldn't get a college man for nothing.
Now the college chappie's working
For another man for eighteen
Bucks per week and glad he isn't
Getting only fifteen paltry shekels.
And the moral of these verses
Is that any little job is plenty
For a college lad of twenty
Even though he's finished college
Where he has been stuffed with knowledge.

FRATERNITY SING

DELTS:

"Oh mother dear, oh mother dear,
A nickel, please, to buy some beer;
We'll bring it right home and drink it here,
And then we'll off to beddy-bed.

CHORUS: (all)

"For we all have house-mothers now, hey-hey!
For we all have house-mothers now.

CHI PSI:

"Oh mother dear, oh mother dear,
Will you be my chaperon?
The beds are all on the second floor,
And I can't go there alone.

(All)

"For we all have house-mothers now, hey-hey!
For we all have house-mothers now.

CHI PHI:

"Mother dear, please tell us a story,
Something sweet and not too gory;
Mother, please tell us a pretty story,
And then we'll off to beddy-bed.

(All)

"For we all have house-mothers now, hey-hey!
For we all have house-mothers now.

ALPHA DELT:

"Mother says we may have a reading hour,
Reading-hour, reading-hour.
Mother says we may have a reading-hour,
Isn't that just dandy?

(All)

"For we all have house-mothers,
hey-hey!
For we all have house-mothers
now.

PSI U:

"The house-mothers say they like
us best,
Because we have much hair on
our chest,
The other day they all confessed,
The house-mothers say they like
us best.

(All)

"For we all have house-mothers,
hey-hey!
For we all have house-mothers
now.

"Why does Geraldine let all the boys
kiss her?"

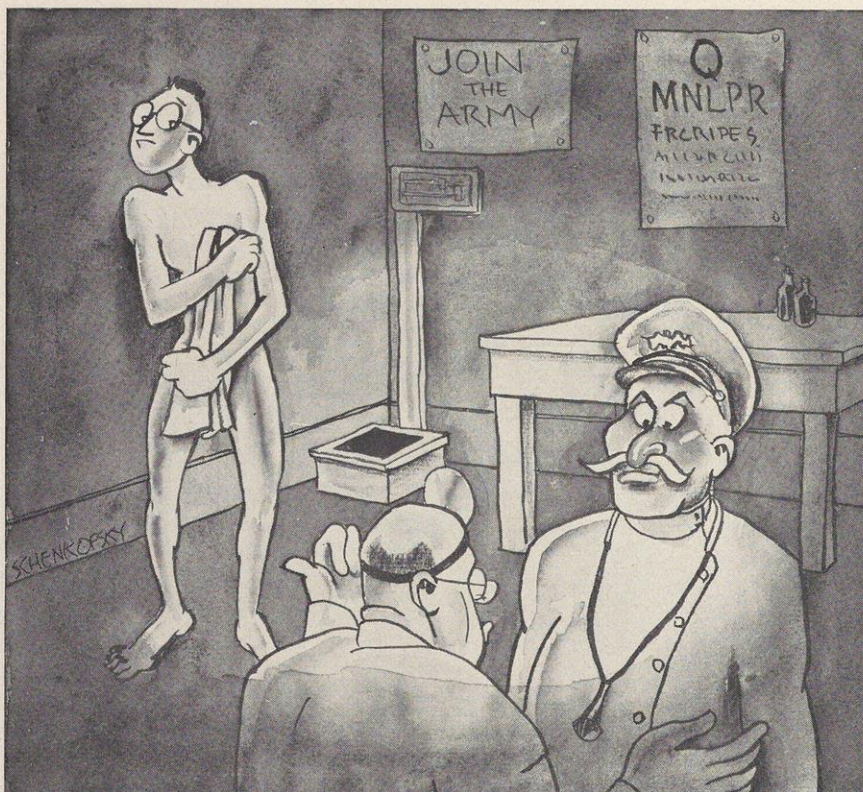
"She once slapped a lad who was
chewing tobacco."

—Owl.

"What makes the road so rough,
dear?"

"It's not rough. I've just got the hic-
coughs."

—Exchange.



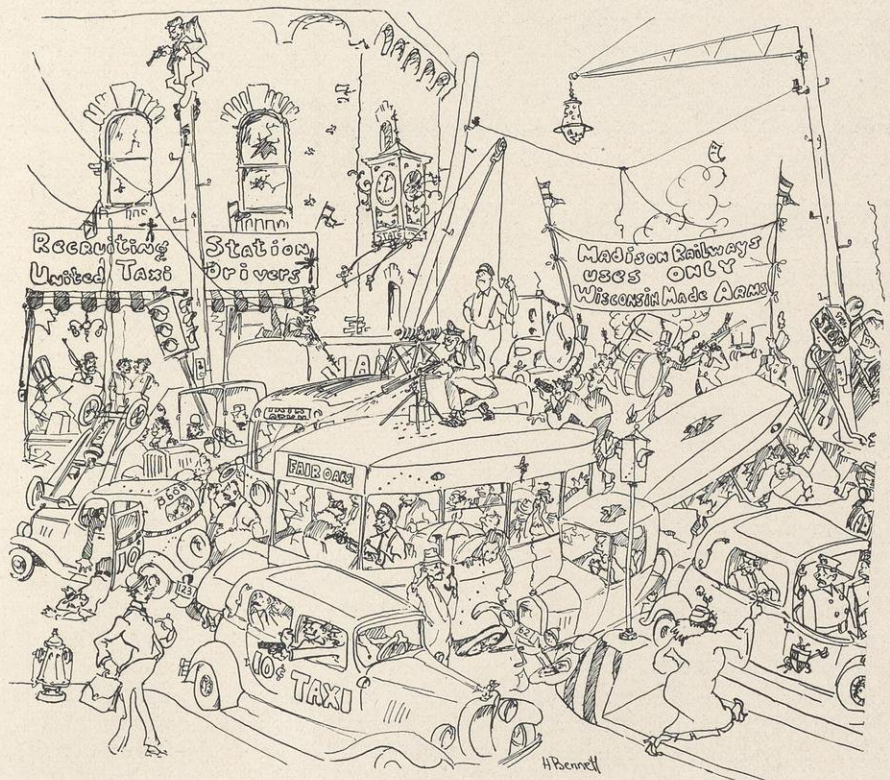
I don't know what to do with him; he absolutely refuses to cough

(Since the Madison busses decided to change their routes daily, to foil the depredations of cruising taxi-cabs which delight in snatching the would-be bus passengers, one of our staff members went into a prolonged period of fasting and meditation. Finally, he emerged with the following piece, commemorating these startling doings.—EDITOR.)

The busses changed their strategy from day to day, in the matter of routes. Sometimes, they would start a bus on the west side, which would drive slowly along for a few blocks, picking up passengers; then it would madly dash out on the east side, without stopping, and then, after passing Mendota asylum, would sneak back into town under cover of darkness.

Of course, the bus company could not overlook the perfect chance to add to the general confusion afforded by the cracker-box shape of their conveyors. Drivers were placed at both ends, and after each stop, the two pilots would toss a coin to determine who would lead the bus in his direction. This device served to confuse the taxis since they could not tell which way the

(Continued on Page 232)



The Battle of University Avenue

The Truth About Fraternities



—Reprinted from the Octopus, December, 1931

TUMAS IS ENOUGH

House mothers, whether male or female, are a distinct threat to the fraternity system. There is no doubt about it, they must be restricted. Fraternities must dig in their heels; that is, if they can ever get on their feet long enough to do it.

For years, fraternities at Wisconsin have been operating successfully as empty shells of their former selves. Indeed, rushing of recent years has taken on the aspects of the old shell game. So why should fraternities accept this new code?

Codes of fair competition may well be applicable to business enterprises. But fraternities don't believe in fair competition. Furthermore, fraternities are social organizations or something, not business enterprises; in fact, they aren't even enterprising businesses. (Heavens! This is beginning to sound too much like Klode.)

Consider any piece of matter and if you look at it closely enough you'll find that it has a crux. Now there are crux and crux and with the possible exception of Dillinger, sooner or later you can lay your hands on them. And the crux of this situation is simply this: the Dean has offered

YES, AN EDITORIAL

to swap three rules for a collection bureau and a handful of allegedly guaranteed pledges to boot.

Of course it would be nice to have the brothers pay their house bills occasionally. Of course it would be nice to have competent and mature guidance by graduate managers. Granted. And, of course, second, third, fourth, and especially fifth floor parties should be abolished; parties held above the first floor should unquestionably be branded as wicked.

But what does Tumas think of this seemingly innocent demand? We can't print their exact words, but translated into campus jargon, it's downright stupid. What's the use of having three-story houses if you can't go above the first floor? What thrill is there in falling over unless you can roll down three flights of stairs? Who pays the rent, anyway? (This last question, we hasten to interpolate, is categorical.)

Thus the situation has come to an impasse. A simple solution, it seems to us, would be to hold the parties in the

(Continued on Page 225)

ALL IN THE DAY'S NEWS

MAURICE C. BLUM

BULLETIN

Chicago, Ill., April 30.—District Attorney John Henry charged here today that John Dillinger is in the active employ of Henry Ford, motor magnate, to publicize the latter's new V-8, 1934 model. "It's all publicity," claimed Dist. Atty. Henry.

* * *

See Dillinger in Hash-House Deaths

Providence, R. I., April 30.—John Dillinger was credited by police here with the death of four men in a Providence restaurant today. They had been eating hasenpfeffer. Although an autopsy indicated ptomaine poisoning, police discredited this. "It was Dillinger," said John Henry, chief of police. A red Ford, V-8 model, was found near the restaurant.

* * *

John Is O.K., Says Pa; Bandit Defies Search

Crown Point, Ind., April 30.—Eight million police and special deputies here are searching surrounding woods for John Dillinger, noted bandit, after the disappearance of the city hall. No eyewitness was present when the 44-year old, three-story structure was spirited away, but police are sure of their man. "It must have been Dillinger," said Police Chief Henry John.

It is thought that the county sheriff and several units of the state militia were carried off with the building, they being in it when it disappeared. A blue V-8 model Ford, discovered perched on the Supreme Court-House flag-pole, has given rise to considerable suspicion.

* * *

Cardinal Man Spots Dilly in Museum

Madison, Wis., April 30.—The Daily Cardinal, student newspaper here, reported today that one of its reporters has seen John Dillinger, notorious outlaw. The reporter, Joe Blow '37, had been assigned to write a feature story on the Historical museum. There, in an out-of-the-way corner, he says, he saw a maroon Ford V-8, parked with its motor running. Inside was a man with a French .75 across his knees. "I'm sure it was Dillinger," said Blow at a late hour this morning. "It must have been Dillinger. It was a Ford V-8, anyway."

Proof!

WIS. STATE JOURNAL, April 23.—The Ford V-8 coupe used by three men believed to be John Dillinger and two outlaw companions, was found abandoned south of St. Paul today.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE, April 24.—The trio climbed in the car, a maroon-colored Ford V-8 coach, and drove away. The abandoned Ford coupe had a bullet hole through the back and the cushions were spattered with blood.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE, April 25.—Sheriff George Gelatt reported he had seized a 12 cylinder Lincoln which had been stored in the garage apparently waiting for the time when Dillinger would need it for a "get away."

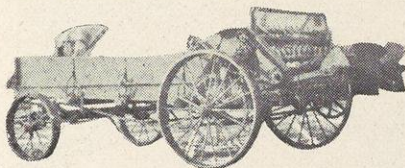
UNITED PRESS REPORT, April 28.—Two men believed to belong to the Dillinger gang stole a 1934 Ford V-8 coach, the police broadcast said.

WIS. STATE JOURNAL, April 29.—The "shoot to kill" army was in pursuit of two men, one believed to be Nelson, after the theft of a Ford V-8 coach at Moose Lake.

UNITED PRESS BULLETIN, April 29.—A grey, 1933 Ford V-8 sedan with Minnesota plates, was found abandoned at Chillicothe, Ill., today.

WIS. STATE JOURNAL, May 2.—The rear of the automobile, a Ford, was riddled with bullets, and most of the signs of blood were on the rear seat.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE, May 3.—A blood-stained automobile, a Ford V-8 sedan, stolen by John Dillinger on April 23, was discovered abandoned late yesterday in front of 3733 Leavitt street.



... riddled by bullets

Dillinger Gives Up; Police Spurn Offer

Trenton, N. J., April 30.—A man purporting to be John Dillinger, vicious criminal, gave himself up to local police today. Police, however, refused to take him into custody. "His claim is spurious," said John Henry, chief of the constabulary. When questioned as to the motives for his surrender, the man said, simply, "I was hoping to get the reward for Dillinger's capture. I was doing it for the wife and kiddies." When asked how they knew it was not really Dillinger, police told reporters it was very simple. "We had seen no Ford V-8s in town for two weeks, so we knew it weren't him," they said.

Ford V-8s Overrun Tucson, Ariz., Banks

Tucson, Ariz., April 30.—Four banks were simultaneously robbed here by John Dillinger, according to police. The gangster intimidated bank employees by brandishing small cannon and howitzers. A green V-8 model Ford car, left in the vestibule of each bank by the gangster, is said by authorities to confirm the guilt of Dillinger.

* * *

Dilly Dallys in U.W. Heating Tunnels

Madison, Wis., April 30.—The Wisconsin Octopus, student humor magazine here, so-called by popular indulgence, is reported today to have received a letter from John Dillinger, Western bad man. "It's all a fake about me," Dillinger wrote, "I haven't done anything they're accusing me of. I've been in the heating tunnels all winter." John Henry, chief of police, is said to be investigating the matter. Credence was lent to the letter at a late hour tonight with the discovery of an aquamarine Ford V-8 in Pres. Glenn Frank's office. President Frank denied vigorously that it was his. "I'd never park my car on the desk," he said, in denial.

* * *

Lynch Mob Sweeps Cal., Rolf Condones

Los Angeles, Cal., April 30.—John Dillinger was being sought here today by a lynch mob, led by Governor Rolf, in connection with the disappearance of a trainload of Ford V-8s, due to have arrived from Detroit last week. Railroad reports that the train fell into a river when a bridge collapsed were discounted by Police Chief John Henry, who told reporters, "We are closer to Dillinger than ever. We ought to get him soon."

* * *

Monster Plot Seen; Dilly Darkens Door

Loch Ness, Scotland, April 30.—Scotland Yard officials today positively identified the Loch Ness monster as John Dillinger. "He's in disguise, of course," said John Henry, chief of Scotland Yards, "but he can't fool us." It was emphatically denied that anyone has ever seen the Loch Ness monster in a Ford, V-8 model.

ORIGIN OF THE DACHSHUND

A GRIMM OLD FAIRY TALE

Once upon a time, long ago and far away, in Bavaria, as a matter of fact, there lived a dog named Heinrich. Now Heinrich was merely a dog, and nothing more. No blue-blood he, his pedigree was known to no man, not even to his master, a kindly fellow who saw to it that Heinrich lived in comfort and security. He fed him to make him fat, and he took him for long walks once a week to make him thin, and all was just ducky.

But one fine fat summer Saturday, however, Heinrich's master failed to whistle him up for a walk through the abode of the gnats and poison ivy. Another Saturday came and went, and still no walk. Heinrich's master was worried. For two months not a drop of rain had fallen. Everywhere crops were burning up, roads lay thick with dust, ducks were forgetting how to

swim, and mountain brooks were ceasing to babble and were becoming aware of the serious reality of life. In other words, many a carefree stream was forced down to rock bottom.

Now Heinrich's master was mayor of the town, which meant that it was up to him to do something about the shortage of water. Heinrich's master took drastic measures. First, he ordered all people to stop taking baths, but that didn't help much, for not many of them took baths, anyway. Next, he commanded all housewives to cease washing windows, but this failed likewise, because the housewives had grown to be a pretty lazy lot, and when ever a window got dirty they just kicked it out. Finally, as a last resort, he decreed that no eggs were to be hard-boiled. And even this failed. The town's water supply grew smaller

and smaller, until at last it was no bigger than a railroad's earnings. Desperate, Heinrich's master called a meeting of the town council, an august body composed of the village's best brains.

It was a momentous occasion. Everybody came, and all night the best brains whizzed violently, not to say at a terrific rate, and everybody drank beer. But nothing was done, and the only thing they could all agree on was more beer. Finally, by the dawn's early light, Heinrich's master struck upon a brilliant idea. Why not substitute beer for water? Why not, indeed? This brilliant inspiration received the enthusiastic reception it deserved. Of course, the fact that Heinrich's master happened to own three-fourths of the stock in the local brewery had nothing to do with his proposal, and too much credit cannot be given this honest man who had the civic interests only at heart.

Immediately the brewery began working with four shifts. The smell of mash was preceptible for miles around, attracting thousands of love-sick youths. Everyone used beer for everything. Mothers bathed their infants in warm sudsy beer and lifted them hiccupping but happy from their brown bath. Turnips, parsnips, and spinach were cooked in beer, and for the first time, made palatable to man. Everyone wore a flushed and beaming face, and listed slightly to port as they walked. It was the happiest, gayest, most prosperous period in the little Bavarian town's history.

But what was happening to Heinrich during all this? At first, when his master emptied his water dish and filled it full of foaming, golden beer, Heinrich merely sniffed and turned away in disdain. Heinrich wanted water, not a smelly substitute. But the days dragged by and Heinrich grew thirstier and thirstier, and still no water was placed in his little dish under the cellar stairs.

Now dogs are like trees. They must have something to drink, for if they don't, they soon commence to shed and lose their bark. And this was precisely what happened to Heinrich. Daily he grew drier and huskier until he was unable to walk for fear of tripping over his tongue. So, finally, with his last remaining strength, Heinrich dragged himself over to his dish, closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and drank long and heartily of his beer.

For a minute, he stood there, shud-

(Continued on Page 229)



Can't you get a cadet two sizes larger?

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

(If we followed the style of the Rocking-Horse and Point)

BILL HARLEY, the editor, didn't contribute anything this time. He just wasn't in the mood. He is a Home Ec major from Waupun. Hopes to do some real southern cooking, some day.

BOB FLEMING, who hails from Hawaii, is a sub-freshman, and the pet of the Old Norse department. He is a striking campus figure when he rides around on his tandem. He once struck a football player, however, and he still has a bump on the back of his head.

MEL ADAMS is a swimming major from the Mississippi River, where he was thrown up in the last flood. We don't know what to do about him, so we just let him hang around.

HERB FREDMAN is from Baraboo, where he was the pride of Baraboo High. Early Anglo-Saxon attracted him at Wisconsin, and now he doesn't speak anything else. Very interesting, though.

IRVING BELL can whistle through his teeth. He was sixteen last October, and had a big party then.

JACK KIENITZ once stood on his head for four hours. It takes about half an hour to get him out of the office. He is very whimsical, especially with the ladies. The ladies are very whimsical with him, too.

MAURICE C. BLUM, at this late date, doesn't know the score. He often bothers the Octopus staff, asking, "What's the score?" That's because he doesn't know the score.

KEN W. PURDY must have that "W." It's school spirit. He hails from Altoona and Baili. He also hails from Wilmet. He's a hail fellow Willmet.

TO A BED BUG

How can I sleep when fiends like you
Torment my flesh from night till morn?
Are there not other humans too
Whose warm blood you can claim as due?
Let them be victims of your scorn.

Speak up you thirsty bugaroo!
You run to hide when lights appear.
You coward not to meet your foe
Whom you have caused long hours of woe;
Instead you cringe when death is near.

I kill you with a vengeful thrust.
But what's the use, a hundred more
Lurk everywhere in sheets and dust
Awaiting to supply their lust.
Escape is only through the door.

—By Paul Behm.

"We're telling YOU about
PIPE TOBACCO"



"FINDING a pipe tobacco that's just right is about as easy as picking a perfect wife. We haven't found the wife yet—but our tobacco search is over.

"It wasn't easy. We ran the gamut first—tobaccos so strong they sent our heads spinning, tobaccos so mild you didn't even know you were smoking.

"And then we found it! Ah, what a tobacco! Edgeworth! Mild—but not flat and tasteless. Rather a rich, full-bodied, flavorful kind of mildness . . . Yes, we know our tobaccos. And we're telling YOU!"

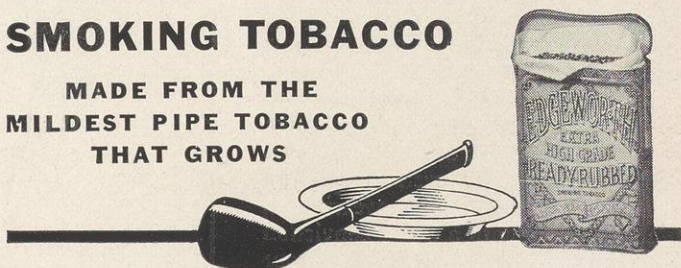
Edgeworth, gentlemen, is made from the tenderest leaves of the Burley plant. And it's skilfully blended to bring out the rich, savory flavor that is found only in Edgeworth. Also, you will find Edgeworth lasts longer.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidior tin. Several sizes in vacuum packed tins. In these airtight tins the tobacco retains its freshness in any climate. Edgeworth is made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va., Tobacconists since 1877.

EDGEWORTH

SMOKING TOBACCO

MADE FROM THE
MILDEST PIPE TOBACCO
THAT GROWS



DESIGN FOR DRESSING

BY PEG STILES

Being crisp and fresh as a May morn is an easy thing for the co-ed these days, what with the perky fabrics, fruity colors, and breezy lines one has to cope with in the spring-into-summer fashions.

There just isn't any denying the rustle of spring, this year, with the noisy taffetas in demurely tailored frocks, as well as in evening wear in which the sibilant sound of the material works well with the quaint beruffled mode that is so effective on all of you who can be slimly ingenue when the occasion demands. So popular is taffeta that one American designer is using it for beach slacks.

Incidentally, along with the taffetas, you mustn't overlook organdys, and the more floating, but equally swishy organzas. There is a movement both in line and in fabric with almost all evening gowns. Trains, ruffles, bustle effects, float or blow in long swooping lines.

Better yet, especially for all who care not to be too flutteringly feminine of dress, are the formals in plaided cottons, or mousseline de soie. They have an amusing sophistication that is refreshing. When worked out in the gay—even gaudy—Mexican colors so vaunted recently, one simply stops and looks.

Speaking of Mexican effects, the strong primary colors, the reds, blues, yellows, particularly, are seen in accessories such as the stiff bunches of artificial flowers with which one can freshen an old dress, or lend accent to a new one. Fruit colors, the raspberries, lemon yellow, berry blues, are seen not only in linen outfits, piques, and summer silks, but in the delightfully silly imitation fruit ornaments on hats, and even dresses.

And hats . . . do please, please, get a big one, whether it is a stiff cartwheel, a floppy Gainsborough type, or an engaging sailor. Practically everyone finds a wide brimmed hat flattering, and while you can't go whipping up the Hill gracefully in one, for your off moments, they're perfect.

If you feel dangerously conspicuous in aforesaid floppy hat, or vaguely like you had a roof with overhanging eaves sitting on your ears, even though you cannot see a thing while wearing it, and still know with a dying conviction that you look glamorous, stick to your

FASHION FORECASTS

SPORTS: Linen in turquoise and brown, peach and brown, natural with tomato accent; pique in white, lemon yellow, ice blue, and blueberry shades; scotch plaids.

FORMAL: Net, organdy, mousseline de soie, lace, printed crepes, cottons.

HATS: "Yacht" sailors, picture hats, square brimmed sports hats, Breton sailors.

ACCESSORIES: Flowers in the hair for formal dress; stiff daisies on combs to tuck behind one ear.

GLOVES: Frivolous cotton ones with ruffled edges and gauntlet cuffs; tailored string pull-ons for sports.

cartwheel model despite everything. And if some blighting soul decries your wide brimmed choice, squelch him (it would be a "him") with a langorous look and some useful remark about how the brim is simply indispensable as a sun shade and frightfully sensible in sheltering one's eyes and complexion.

Just in case it might rain, and a new raincoat were in order, it's wise to know that a new silver slicker, in light weight rubberized silk for warm weather, with nonchalantly tailored lines, is on the market. There are plaid lightweights, too, which, worn to classes, make any downpour less formidable.

Prints are here, and with them, if you're disgustingly economical, (and who isn't?) are redingotes. Not only

are there blues, black and whites, and brown with corn color and white, in which the fresh print of the dress is topped with a dark redingote, but dark prints with white coats. These latter are especially attractive as summer comes.

If, by any chance, anyone could question the necessity of a cotton sports outfit of shorts, shirtwaist blouse and skirt, in a wild plaid of sorts for any co-ed who is an active sports enthusiast, then let such persons be ignored coldly. In pique or seersucker, or French gingham that is pre-shrunk, sports outfits are cool and practical, besides being easily laundered and fairly unmussable.

About bathing suits that are new and dashing on the piers now, there are two kinds that are both attractive and flattering:

1. The good old wool knit suit, which now appears in two way stretch material which keeps its shape, as well as in attractive ribbed wools. Most flattering of all suits, is the white one, which, incidentally, makes you look twice as brown as you really are. Halter necks; bandanna tops, with straight tailored trunks in red, white, and blue combination; yellow, lime greens, and blues are especially good.

2. For the girl who can have several suits, and likes a light cool one for a dip, several companies are putting out clever rubber bathing suits. And here's a tip, though you must beware sitting on nails while wearing one, a rubber suit is far more flattering to your figure than the heavier and more sensible wool ones.

To complete a bathing outfit, soft cord sandals with cork soles that do not slip on the wet deck of a sail-boat (or on the pier when your best friend is pushing you off, either) are in order. They match the suits with the cotton rope straps which can be crisscrossed, or tied several different ways as your tan increases, and you exert all efforts to eliminate strap marks burned on your back.

Getting back to practicalities, a boon to humanity and the saggy sock society is the new hosiery which reach to the knee only, ending in a lastex top which does away with garters and the bumps they form under sleek evening wear, as well as the wrinkles about the ankles. Since they are reasonably priced, too, we've heard, our purses should hold up as well as our socks.



ADD TUMAS . . .

basement and then the boys could ascend to the first floor and roll down the steps in turns, with the president first and the older members following after in order of seniority.

Then there's the abolition of hell week. What would be the good of belonging to a fraternity if you couldn't wrap a barrel stave around the posterior of some freshman in revenge for the rapping some senior gave you? What would be the joy in life if pledges could not be ordered to wrestle with temptation or scramble like an egg?

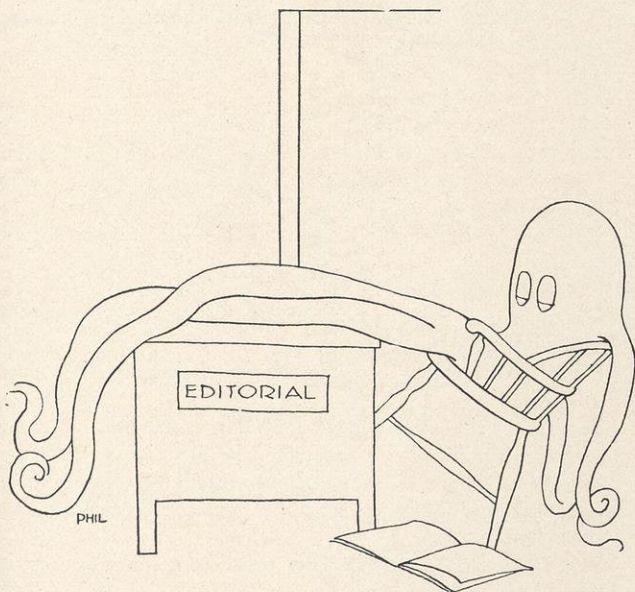
But what we've been trying to get at all this time is that if all these provisions are accepted, the fraternities would have to sacrifice their Spirit. Fraternity Spirit must be maintained at all costs. For if the Spirit went, Fraternity Life would suffer. True, the Life would remain, but the Spirit would depart. And what is Life without the Spirit? What is needed is Reform.

So much for Reform.

If fraternities can hold off Reform from without and at the same time stave off Reform from within, they will soon reap an ample reward. As august a body, perhaps, as the faculty or even the state legislature may take it upon itself to impose a few regulations upon the recalcitrant fellowships. Then indeed would fraternities benefit. The public press, always loathe to print any scandal about the university, might be prevailed upon to spread the story throughout the length and breadth of the land. And such publicity could not help but bring mobs of new recruits storming fraternity portals for admission.

And then, indeed, will Octy sit back and fold its tentacles. And with that slow, sweet smile which has endeared it to thousands, Octy will say in the words of that incomparable English poet, Bill Shakespeare, "I told you so."

—The Editors.



The fleecy cloud may kiss the sky;
The rose may kiss the butterfly;
The sparkling wine may kiss the glass;
And you, my friend, farewell!

—Whirlwind.



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CO-OP

REASON ENOUGH

Two Indians obtained a room in a hotel. Two days elapsed and the manager, having heard nothing from his guests, became worried and opened the door with his key. He found a teepee set up in the room, and one of the Indians sitting in front of the fire smoking a pipe.

"How," said the Indian.

"Where's your friend?" asked the manager.

"In there," grunted the Indian, indicating the bathroom.

The manager looked in the bathroom and found the other Indian on the floor with an arrow in his heart.

"My Lord, who killed him?" asked the hotel manager.

"Me, I killed him," grunted the Indian.

"Why did you do it?"

"Him pollutum spring."

—*Swiped.*

Abie: Vell, Ikey, how's dot goil of yours?

Ikey: Dot's my business.

Abie: Vell, how's business?

—*Ski-U-Mah.*

"Remember the other day when we were out in the country? I saw a duck swim up behind another and give him a good ducking."

"I didn't see that. I was watching a couple of geese."

—*Green Griffin.*

THEY MEANT SO MUCH

—"Are them cut lingerie pins, Mame?"

—"Them're fraternity pins, dearie."

—"My gosh, Mame, you must belong to a dozen of them lodges!"

—"No, dearie, I got 'em from college boys. They mean a lot to me,—I—"

—"How much?"

—"Now, dearie, I don't mean dough,—I mean, well, uh, sentiment, yuh know—"

—"Yeh?"

—"Yeh, See this here one—?"

—"The one with the brass pretzel on top?"

—"Yeh, but that's a Greek letter, babe. Like on restaurants. I got that from the cutest kid. Gosh, he thought I was a swell actress. Asked me if I knew Ethel Barrymore very well. Me,—playin' the road with a second-rate burlesque!"

—"Uh huh. Wonder if these little pearls are real?"

—"Oh, dearie, I got them from football players. Awfully sweet boys, awfully strong."

—"Howdja get them things away from them if they was so strong?"

—"Remember that dog I had? The white one that matched by imitation chinchilla coat when he got dirty? Well, he wanted to chew them pearls, so the boys took off the pins and put 'em in my bag. So the little mutt wouldn't chew 'em—"

—"Yeh. Say, I'd like to borrow this black glass one with the rhinestone."

—"Oh, dearie. I couldn't do that. That one means most of all to me—"

—"Aw, you're too soft, Mame. If it was me, I'd hock 'em tonight!"

—"Oh yeh? Lissen babe, I've been to every — — pawn shop in this — — burg with them — — things, and at every joint, I got the biggest laugh since I been playin' burlesque!"

—*Carnegie Tech Puppet.*

COMIC CROWD

"I wonder why Alice always gives me the same old stall?"
"Probably because you're the same old jackass."

—Wampus.

Another She—It must be terribly lonesome for a young woman to marry an old man.

Another He—Oh, I don't know; you can sit at home in the evenings and listen to his arteries harden.

—California Pelican.

Doctor (attending patient who had swallowed a half dollar): "How is the boy today?"

Anxious Mother: "No change yet."

—Rammer-Jammer.

"Brether Jones," asked a colored zealot of his minister. "Will yo delineate for me de difference between faith and knowledge?"

"Well, brether Brown," the reverend one explained, "yo takes Deacon Ramsey and his family ovuh theah. De Deacon thinks those kids am his. That am faith. Now, Mrs. Ramsey, she know them is her kids. That am knowledge."

—Aggievator.

"My girl and I went down to the art gallery and necked in a big room filled with wall paintings."

"I suppose that could come under inter-mural sports, wouldn't it?"

—Red Cat.

A customer sat down to a table in a smart restaurant and tied his napkin around his neck. The manager, scandalized, called a boy and said to him:

"Try to make him understand as tactfully as possible that that's not done."

Boy (seriously to customer)—"A shave or a haircut, sir?"

—Indiana Board Walk.

Girl: Get hot!

He: Get hot? Oh, boy.

Girl: Yes, get hot from my house.

—N.Y.U. Medley.

Jack: What's become of the old-fashioned hand-to-hand combat?

Jill: It's given way to the neck-to-neck struggle.

—Aggievator.

WHAT FAMILY?

He—"Hello, baby."

She—"I'll have you know I'm nobody's baby."

He—"Well, wouldn't you feel queer at a family reunion."

—Princeton Tiger.

She—"Do you know what good clean fun is?"

He—"I'll bite—what good is it?"

She—"Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?"

He—"Don't believe they ever did."

She—"Then, where'd you get the idea?"

—Sun Dial.



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CROMPTON
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SHORT SHOTS

Then there's the co-ed who goes out every Saturday night sowing wild oats—and on Sunday morning goes to church to pray for crop failures.

—*La. Wildcat.*

Joe: What would you do if that good-looking salesman waited on you while you were buying underwear?

Co-ed: I think I would have a fit.

—*Rammer-Jammer.*

Due to an error, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Denton were the parents of a six pound girl born in the Massachusetts General hospital in Boston, rather than the Presbyterian hospital in Chicago.

—*Boston Transcript.*

He was wealthy and in love. She was beautiful and fond of yachting. "What can I do to earn your love?" he asked her. "You could present me with a boat," she smiled winningly. So he gave her a little tug.

—*Orange Peel.*



Guess who!

YOU HADN'T OUGHT TO STABBED YOUR OLD PROFESSOR

(TUNE: *Don't Take the Candy from Baby*)

'Twas 8:15 one morning in the College on the Hill,
And the birds were singing sweetly in the dell.

A Regent of the College, loit'ring thru the cloistered halls,
Was startled when he heard a near-by yell.

He rushed into the class-room whence the cry for help had come,
And started back, amazed at what he saw—

A helpless old Professor, with ven-er-able beard,
Was dead, a student's knife thrust in his craw.

CHORUS—

"You hadn't ought to stabbed your old Professor,"
In grieved tones the Regent did declare,
"For he was only doing the very best he could;
You'll never find a better anywhere.
You hadn't ought to done it, really, truly,
For now there's nothing I can do but tell
You hadn't ought to stabbed your old Professor,
For now they'll bust you as sure as hell!"

—*Widow.*

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STATE . AT . LAKE . STREETS

Woman (telephoning to desk clerk): "There's a rat in my room."

Hotel Clark: "Make him come down and register."

—*Exchange.*

ADD DACHSHUND . . .

dering violently. The yeasty stuff was unbearable. It puckered up his mouth and burned his chops. He would never learn to drink that awful stuff, never! He would die of thirst first. He would . . . and then he stopped. Way down deep in his stomach he noticed a most beautiful warm, glowing sensation. Never before had Heinrich experienced such a delightful sensation, and there could be only one cause . . . the beer! Thus it was that when Heinrich's master returned home that night, he was heartened and pleased to find Heinrich, his beer dish bone dry, running around in foolish little circles, endeavoring to climb the ceiling, stand on his nose, and perform many other fundamentally humorous actions.

From this day on Heinrich drank beer and more beer. He couldn't get enough of it, and he grew fat and lazy. Meanwhile, the drought had ceased, and the necessity for using beer in place of water was no more. So, one day Heinrich awoke, yawned, stretched his left hind foot, and waddled heavily over to his dish of morning beer. But picture his consternation, his surprise and indignation, not to say disgust and nausea, when he discovered not beer, but water!

Half-dazed, he sniffed at the dish and even ventured a cautious lap, but ugh! Water in place of his beloved beer, never! All that day Heinrich went drinkless, and when night came, and his master returned, he looked pleadingly at him with great sad, reproachful eyes. But Heinrich's master had made up his mind. Heinrich had

grown too fat, too lazy, too worthless for anything except drinking beer; now he must stop it. He had once drunk water and liked it; he could do it again. All of Heinrich's mute remonstrations were in vain.

For days he was desperate. He couldn't touch water, there was no beer. One day, weakened by thirst to the point of wandering about the streets in a semi-delirious condition, Heinrich was nearly run over by a wagon. Looking after the wagon which had so nearly flattened him out, his nostrils suddenly distended, and a



I just love to sit here and watch the funny looking people

great surge of hope came up inside of him; for it was a brewery wagon.

Now in Bavaria, the brewery wagons are great long creations with big racks of kegs, and the lowest rack is no more than six inches from the ground. And as the Bavarians display a most pleas-

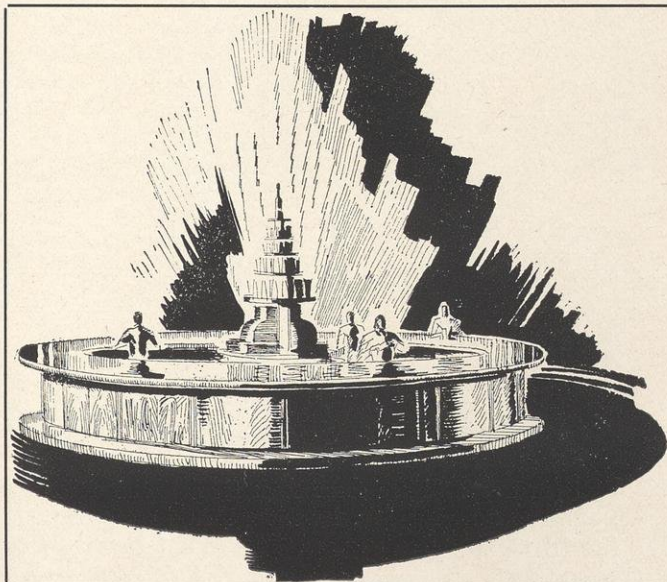
ing generosity in the filling of their beer kegs, the wagons leave a wide trail of spilled beer on the pavement. Heinrich determined to get some of this wasted beer, to trap it as it fell. The question was, how? The wagon stopped a little way down the street, and Heinrich rose heavily to his feet and padded heavily after it.

Slowly he paddled all about it, seeking an opening that would permit him access to the dripping beer. But there was no opening save under the low racks, which almost scraped the ground. Heinrich was desperate. He had to have beer, and he had to have it quick. So he began to wriggle and squirm his way underneath the wagon.

Perhaps if Heinrich had been younger and slimmer, he might have squeezed under without too much exertion and effort. But beer had taken its toll of his waistline, and he found himself unable to move either forward or backward. His nose remained a scant foot from a most tantalizing dribble of beer, while his quarters remained quite exposed to the elements, including the foot of the driver, who was apt to return at any moment. It was at this crisis that Heinrich bethought himself of an old Indian word, "Oomph!"

"Oomph!" he said, and squirmed simultaneously, and lo, a quarter of an inch was traversed. "Oomph!" he said again, and other fraction was checked off as ground gained. And so with many oomphs and alternate rest periods, he eventually reached the runway and lifted his tired muzzle to the re-

(Continued on Page 232)



*For the Discriminating
Wisconsin Student . . .*

In a Modern Setting

The New Circular Bar

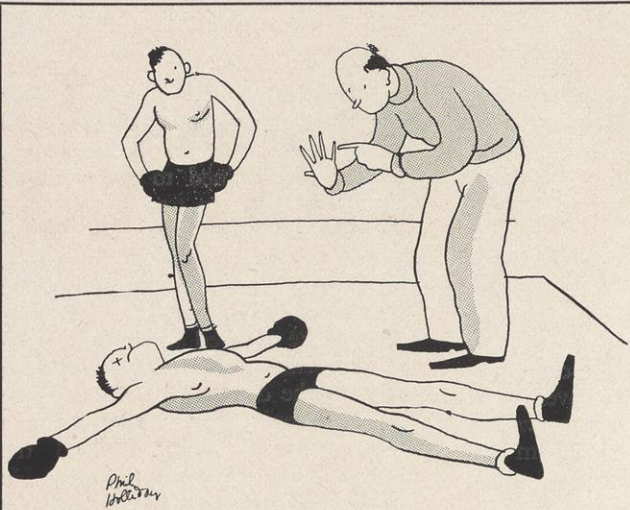
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"What is two times 5 q?"
"Ten q. You're welcome."
"What is oil stored in?"
"Tanks. You're welcome."
"What are strips of leather?"
"Thongs. You're welcome."
"What does a snake use to bite people?"
"Fangs. You're welcome."
"What kind of coffee permits one to sleep?"
"Sanka. You're welcome."
"What dance do you like?"
"Tango. You're welcome."
"What are the sugar implements?"
"Tongs. You're welcome."
"What does the heroine plead for when in the hands of a villain?"
"Merci. Il n'ya pas de quoi."

—Punch Bowl.

Prof.—Did you say that I was a learned jackass, Freshman?

Frosh—No, sir. I said you were a burro of information.
—Skipper.

First son—Father, I did something awful last night and I need ten thousand dollars quick or she'll sue.

Father—It's a lot of money, but anything to save the family honor. (Makes out check.)

Second son—Father, I got in trouble last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue.

Father—It's all I've got in the world, but I guess anything is better than dragging down the family name. (Makes out check.)

Daughter—Father, I did something dreadful last night—
Father—Ah, now we collect.
—Pelican.

NEW VERSION

Doctor: Who was that lady I saw you with last night?
Student: That was no lady. I'm a Chi Phi.

—Aggievator.

The click of knitting needles, the creak of a rocker, and the tick-tock of a grandfather's clock, were all that disturbed the soothing silence of the room. With childish curiosity little Ellen sat watching the purls and stitches.

"Why do you knit, grandma?" she asked.

"Oh, just for the hell of it," the old lady replied.
—Princeton Tiger.

She was sitting in a dark corner. Noiselessly he stole up behind her, and before she was aware of his presence he had kissed her.

"How dare you?" she shrieked.

"Pardon me," he bluffed, readily, "I thought you were my sister."

"You dumb ox, I am your sister."
—Exchange.

Bird (in tree): "Here comes that farmer who chased us out of his garden yesterday. I wonder if he'll recognize us?"

Second Ditto: "Don't know. I'll see if I can catch his eye."
—Voo-Doo.

RADIO RAVES • MEL ADAMS

HEATWAVES

Summer is here and the nation's road spots are looking forward to welcoming the "rah rah boys and girls" with open arms and with some fine orchestras.

Down Evanston way, the manager of the Dells has secured Eddy Duchin's autograph on a summer contract.



JACK PEARL

The Dells will probably open about the 26th of May, though it is unknown as yet, whether Duchin will play for the premier, or whether he will move in later in the season. Hal Kemp will again bring his "wicked" trumpets within the range of Chicago night owls, right across the street from the Dells, at the Lincoln Tavern. The Tavern will also open about the 26th.

Duke Ellington, Harlem's aristocrat of jazz and author of "Mood

Indigo" and "Black and Tan," will bring his crew of darkies to one of the more popular World's Fair playgrounds, some time in June.

Glen Gray and his superb Casa Loma outfit including Kenny Sargent and Peewee Hunt will forsake the Colonnades of the Essex House in New York for his rendezvous of last summer, the Glenn Island Casino, also about the 26th. The Casino will probably again be a rendezvous for Intercollegiana this summer, drawing back all the playboys from Yale, Harvard, Amherst, Cornell, N. Y. U., Michigan, as well as several from Wisconsin.

"Red" Nichols and his handful of pennies have opened at the Walled Lake Casino, Walled Lake, Mich., and will serenade summerites from that point during June, July, and August.

NOTES 'N' NUTS

Colonel Stoopnagle of Stoopnagle and Budd is working on an invention to soften hard water so the propellor blades on his new motor boat won't get bent . . . George Burns and Gracie Allen are broadcasting from New York now, having just returned from the coast . . . Gracie is thinking of making a trip to Madison to see if her long-lost brother isn't hiding in the hair of one of the Union "reds" . . . Jimmy Durante of the long nose and points west says: "Eddie Cantor and I are pals—real pals. We're practically inseparable. Once we were so close that it took three cops and Rubinoff to separate us" . . . Speaking about Rubinoff, his press agent forwards the yarn that when the Russian stick-waver moved to the coast recently, the music library he carried weighed four tons . . . the press agent also swears on a stack of Bibles that the story is true . . . Jack Pearl is one of the few radio comics who will continue broadcasting over the summer . . . Harriet Hillard, who croons sweet things with Ozzie Nelson's orchestra, had an early dramatic debut . . . when only a babe in arms she was carried across the stage of a Kansas City theater by her mother, who was appearing in a local production . . .

Giffany's

FOR

SPORTS-WEAR

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COLLEGE COMEDY

"I was quite upset when Jack kissed me."

"O-oh! Never been kissed before?"

"Oh, yes; but never in a canoe."

—Pointer.

A bewildered man entered a ladies' specialty shop. "I want a corset for my wife," he said.

"What bust?" asked the clerk.

"Nothin'. It just wore out."

—Scranton Scratch.

MY BONNIE

My tYpust is on her vacation,

My trpist's awau fpr a week,

My trpudt us on her vacarion

Wgile these damb keys pley hude
and seej.

Chroes:

Bren back, bting bzck,

Oy, brung becj mub Onnie to me ti
me;

B9&ng b4xj, be-ng bicz,

Oj, brong brsk m@ beInio-l mx--

Oh helK!

dabit - dabit - dabit - dabit - dabit-&@-

**@!!!

—Life.

Red Head: "I hate that man."

Blonde: "Why, what'd he do?"

Red: "He said I couldn't whistle
and just to show him I puckered up
my mouth just as round and sweet,
and what do you suppose he did?"

Blonde (blushing): "How should I
know?"

Red: "Well, the darn fool just let
me whistle!"

—Log.

Sig Chi (on phone): How are you
this evening?

Alpha Phi: All right . . . but lonely?

Sig Chi: Good and lonely?

Alpha Phi: No, just lonely.

Sig Chi: I'll be right over.

—Ski-U-Mah.



ADD DACHSHUND . . .

freshing drops from above. And when
the driver started away, Heinrich fol-
lowed along underneath. All day he
did this, returning home at nightfall,
tired but full of happiness and beer.

So Heinrich continued to squeeze
under and follow beer wagons day
after day, and he began to notice that
his body was not like that of other
dogs, but was much narrower and
longer. As time passed, he found that
he could worm beneath a beer wagon
with but scarce a half dozen oomphs.
And, one day he glided underneath
without a single oomph. Eventually
he was almost five feet long, and five
inches high, and five inches wide. He
begat many children, and all of them
were long and narrow and could
squeeze under beer wagons, too. And
these children begat other long and
narrow children, and thus it went, and
in this fashion did the dachshund come
to be. And so good-night, my children.
Burp!

ADD TRAVESTY . . .

gard and almost mad. The story of his
trip was terrifying. Besides the Ph.D.'s,
who had been in the University library
throughout the great war, and were
quite unaware that anything had oc-
curred, only three persons were left
in Madison, caught between the war-
ring camps. The survivors travelled
exclusively in the University heating
tunnels, to which neither busses nor
taxis could gain access. Even these
three, along with the Ph.D. group,
were finally destroyed. As the explorer
was leaving the city, the taxi company
played their last card. A cab was sent
forth, down State Street. The busses
rushed to the attack, several bearing
down from the front, others cutting off
the retreat. The whole city was de-
stroyed, then. You see, the taxi was
loaded with nitroglycerine.

—Herb Fredman.

ADD SAY-SO . . .

(fake name). His real name may be
seen in our Indian file.

Editor, The Daily Cadlinal:

Just being friendly. Just being a
rose. A rose being. Being a rosy being,
rosy being a being. Doing Bill Haight,
doing very nicely. Very nicely, nicely.
Do well. Thank you. Editor's Letter
letter to editor. Editor to Leditor.
Tinker to Evers to Chance.

. . . —Q. E. D.

*Editor's Note: The above initials are
the fake names of two members of the
Cardinal editorial board. They just had
to fill up the readers' say-so column.
They just finfished reading G. Stein's
"Four Tender Buttons in Three Acts."
See where it gets you.*

Editor, The Capital Times:

Your campus news coverage has been
very poor of late. The biggest story
you missed was the suicide pact, ar-
ranged by the editors of the Cardinal,
the Octopus, the Wisconsin Engineer,
the Alumni Magazine, and the New
Student. They are all dead now. They
did it in protest against letters to the
editor . . .

—J. B. C.

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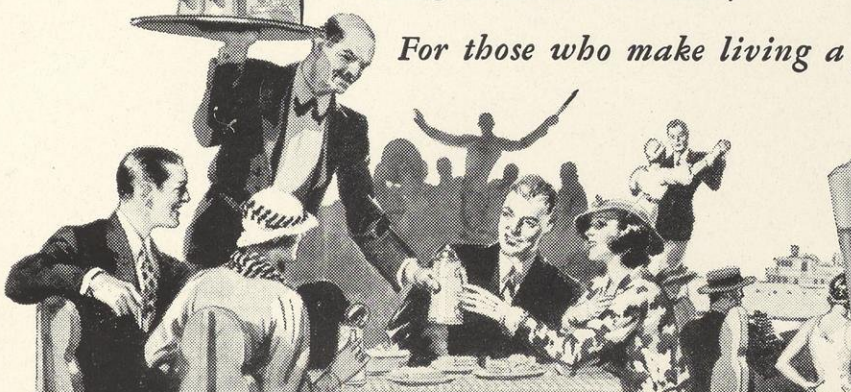


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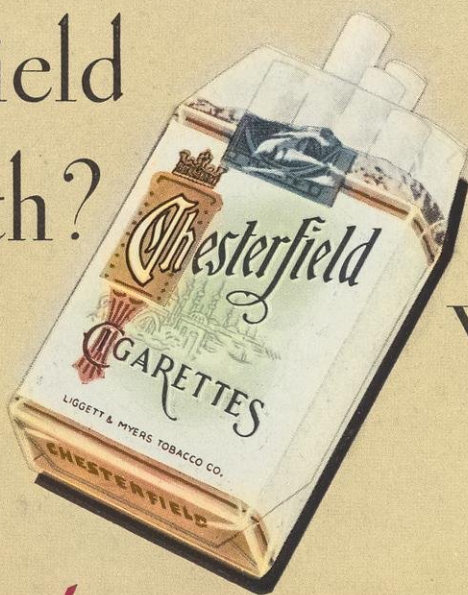
KING OF BOTTLED BEER

ANHEUSER-BUSCH / ST. LOUIS





Chesterfield
M^{rs} Smith?



Yes, thank you
M^r Smith!

They Satisfy