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The Wisconsin

OCTOPUS

INTERFRATERNITY BALL
INFORMAL

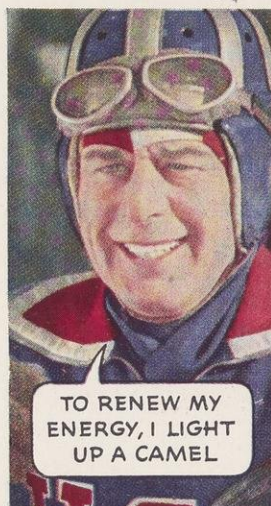


JENB

FEBRUARY 1936

TEN CENTS

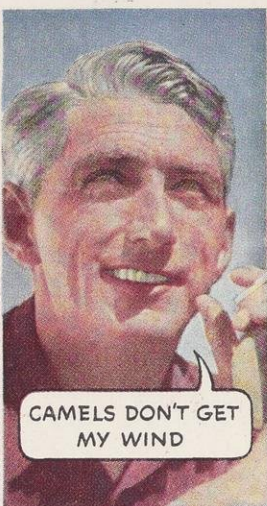
What people are saying...about Camel's Costlier Tobaccos!



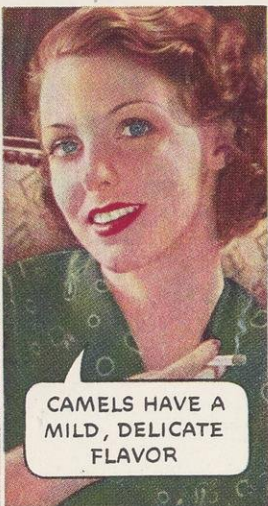
TO RENEW MY ENERGY, I LIGHT UP A CAMEL



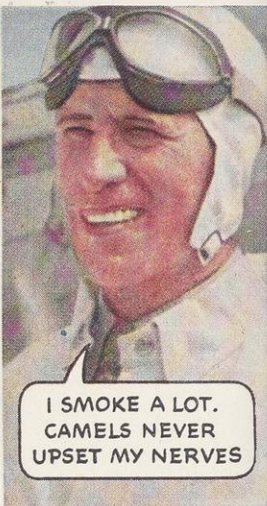
CAMELS ARE MILD—DO NOT IRRITATE MY THROAT



CAMELS DON'T GET MY WIND



CAMELS HAVE A MILD, DELICATE FLAVOR



I SMOKE A LOT. CAMELS NEVER UPSET MY NERVES

RAY STEVENS—Bob-Sled Champ

OUTDOOR GIRL—Margaret Lynam

TOMMY ARMOUR—Golf Champion

HOUSEWIFE—Mrs. Charles Daly

FRANK HAWKS—Daring Aviator

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS mean so much to others . . . we are sure you'll like them too!

CAMELS MUST PLEASE YOU— OR YOU'VE SMOKED THEM FREE!

**READ
OUR OFFER
TO YOU**

*Money-Back Invitation
to try Camels*

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed)

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

What these steady Camel smokers say is confirmed by new smokers everywhere, who saw our money-back offer to "try ten"...and took us at our word!

They try ten...smoke twenty. And go on, from pack to pack, to explore a new delight...as they sense the mildness...the coolness...the unrivaled flavor...of Camel's costlier, non-irritating tobaccos.

Attractive trial offer

We believe Camels represent the ideal cigarette. And so repeat our money-back offer.

Try Camels. Compare them with others for bouquet, for throat-ease, for good taste. Time flies—get a pack today. Join those who say "those costlier tobaccos certainly make a difference!"

Costlier Tobaccos!

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.



"Do you suppose this guy's alone?"

QUICK-CLIPPED QUIPS

Octy stands off to let you have a look at what the other comics print

He: Do you smoke?

She: No.

He: Do you pet?

She: No.

He: Oh, goody, let's go out and have a hell of a good time looking in pool hall windows.

—Panther

She: "What do you think I'd do if you tried to pet me?"

He: "I haven't any idea."

She: "Aren't you even curious?"

—Sun Dial

He: "How did you know I'm a freshman? What did I do wrong?"

She: "Nothing."

—Sun Dial

First Seasick Youngster (leaning over the rail): "What's the matter, Joe, have you got a weak stomach?"

His partner: "Weak nothing, I'm gettin' as much distance as you are."

—Log

Coach—What's your name?

Stude—Scanajavischiijdo, sir.

Coach—Put him on the first team, boys.

—Princeton Tiger

Baby Stork: Mama, where did I come from?

—Phoenix

"She is a nicely reared girl, isn't she?"

"I should say so. Not so bad from the front either."

—North Carolina Wataugan

An honest burp I do not fear
Nor e'en an awkward stumble,
But how I cringe when'er I hear
My stomach start to grumble.

—Wampus

The little boy was telling his mother of his recent trip to the zoo.

"There were tigers and tigeresses, monkeys and monkesses, elephants and elephantesses and bears."

—Mountain Goat

"Who was that in experienced young man you went out with last night?"

"The experienced young man I came home with."

—Sun Dial

A wise girl never blows her knows.

—Ski-U-Mah

Phrenologist — "This bump on your head shows that you are very curious."

Client — "You are right. I got that by sticking my head into a bathroom to see if my landlady was bathing—and she was."

—Log

"I'm an English major."

"Oh, I just adore military men."

—Chapparal

"That girl you are going with is a little golddigger."

"Then all I've got to say is, she's a damn poor geologist."

—Pelican

"Before we were married, my husband called me 'Toots,' now he calls me 'Dimples.'"

"Dimples? Why, I don't see any dimples."

"Neither did he then."

—Punch Bowl

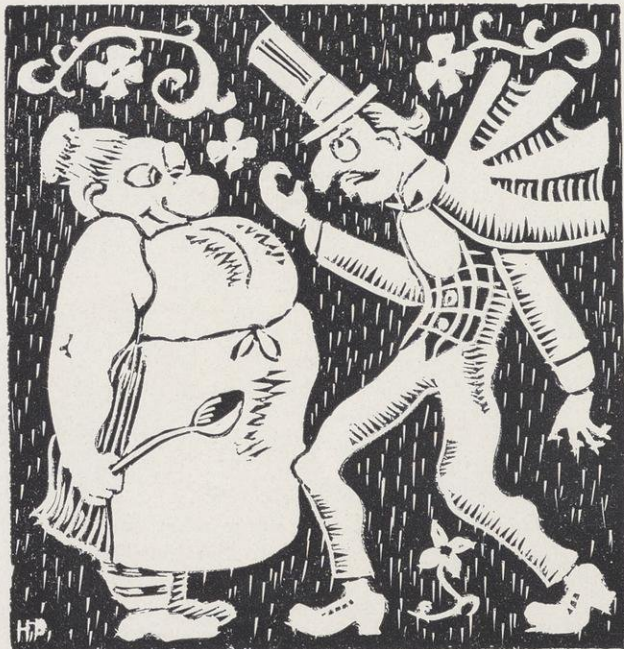
Did you know what the burglar who broke into the Beta house last night got?

Yeah—pledged.

—Puppet

The Sad, Sad Story of the Kappa Known as Lou

A bunch of the boys were hitting it up
 At a Kappa Sunday tea.
 The kid that cranked the music box
 Wore the pin of an S. A. E.
 Back in the den on a davenport
 Sat the dangerous Sigma Nu.
 And luring him on with her rust red hair
 Was the Kappa that's known as Lou.
 When out of the night that was hotter than hell
 And into the frigid air,
 There stumbled a frosh from the D. U. house
 With Nujol in his hair.
 He looked like a man who had danced his last,
 With scarcely the strength of a flea
 But he straightened his tie with a steady eye
 And called for a cup of tea.
 There were none who could place the D. U.'s face
 Though we searched ourselves for a clue,
 But we drank his health, and the last to drink,
 Was the dangerous Sigma Nu.
 His eyes went rubbering 'round the room,
 And he seemed in sort of a daze,
 Till at last the old victrola
 Fell in the way of his wandering gaze.
 The S. A. E. was out filing his nails,
 There was no one else at the vic,
 So the cross-road frosh stumbled across the room,
 And anchored there with a hic.
 In a hand carved shirt of a hue that hurt,
 He stopped and I saw him choose,
 From the cabinet there, his one best bet,
 Those "Doggone Dangerous Blues."
 Then in a second he slipped the disc,
 Threw on a piece, "My Man,"



And you felt like a ding who bought a ring,
 And the girl has slipped you the can.
 'Twas the wailing cry of the Sigma Chi,
 And it thrilled you through and through,
 "I guess I'll take just one more cup,"
 Said the dangerous Sigma Nu.
 The D. U. turned and his blue eyes yearned
 For the girl with the henna hair;
 With his pin of gold, and his face grown old,
 He stood and I heard him swear.
 His lips went out in a kind of a pout,
 And his face was as sad as a crutch.
 "Now, girls," says he, "none of you know me,
 'Cause I never went out with you much,
 But I wish to assert through the words I say,
 And I'll bet you money they're true,
 That some guy here has done me wrong,
 He's a doggone Sigma Nu!"
 I grabbed my watch as the lights went out,
 Two pins flashed in the dark,
 A woman screamed, the lights went up,
 Sweet shades of Wingra Park!
 The D. U.'s crest was pinned to the breast
 Of the Kappa that's known as Lou,
 While the Kappa's cook wore a startled look
 And the pin of a Sigma Nu.

Now this is the low-down on the case,
 I was there and I ought to know,
 They say the D. U. was crazed with tea,
 And I'm not denying it's so.
 I'm not so wise as the University guys,
 But strictly "entre nous,"
 The woman that kissed him and picked his pin,
 Was the Kappa that's known as Lou.

KIDSNAP JOB

Madison, Wiscon
Febavery four

Dear Maria,

Whatcha tinka, Maria? Ima one big shots fraternatti man now. Im sooner came into disa place when whatza happen. A coupla nice boys meet me at da place where da train she stop and take me fora swell ride in a automobile to a nice big house. Im not know deeza boys but dey say to me, "You Antonio Fazzula, no?" Of a course I make answer to affirmation and dey tell me dat dey is friends of me. In da big house alla de other boys shake me with de hands and say, "Antonio, you one good guy and we like you mucha." I was verra puzzle, Maria. I was think dat this was kidsnap job and I getta worry. I say to dem, "Which is disa place here?" De boys smile and patta me on de back. One guy, he handa me a bigga long cigar and say, "Toni, have a smoke on us." Ima never smoke but I getta no chance for to tell dem.

De cigar is quick shove ina my mouth and lit. I puff and puff and

j. j. la r.

I feela little sick. Den one guy, he say to me with big smile, "Say, Toni, how you like to make pledge da Fi Gammer Delt. We like you." I remain verra puzzle of a course and then I say, "What is Fi Gammer Delt? Is disa something for to eat." Dey maka one big laugh and den one say that he's a no eats he's a fraternatti. Im don't know which is fraternatti but one guy get a big box full with little pins. He pulla one out and say to me, "Here, Toni, my friend, you are now a big fraternatti pledge." Then he's a put disa pin on me. I don't know yet what is disa fraternatti businesses but I learn I guess. If you hear what is this thing, please maka sure so to let me know.

Kiss and many love,
—Antonio

Postscrap: I have no gotten al-ready a job but someone was tell me about one big college in dis town which is call de universe of Wiscon. Maybe some day I go to dis place? But for de presents time I am have to work.

THE FUNNY PAPERS

En route to Neghelli I saw Ethiopian wounded fall beneath the merciless African sun. Italian ambulances pucked up as many of them as possible.

—CHICAGO TRIB.—Jan. 26

Whimsical fellows, these Italians.

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 25—(U.P.)—Bewildered keepers at Griffith park zoo attempted to trace parentage of two cubs born to Elsie, friendly black bear who unexpectedly became a mother. "Elsie hasn't been any place to speak of for more than a year," Keeper Gibson muttered.

—CHICAGO TRIB.—Jan. 26

Might be that California climate.

"One litre [1.0567 quartz] of water a day," the general rasped. "Now forward!"

—CHICAGO TRIB., Jan. 26

Personally, we like a nice long drink of sandstone with a chaser of granite.

Several blocks about the "busy corner," which is the heart of Utica's business district, loped off and the public forbidden to enter.

—CAPITAL TIMES, Feb. 19

And the capital square ran over the hill, lipperty-lipperty-lip.



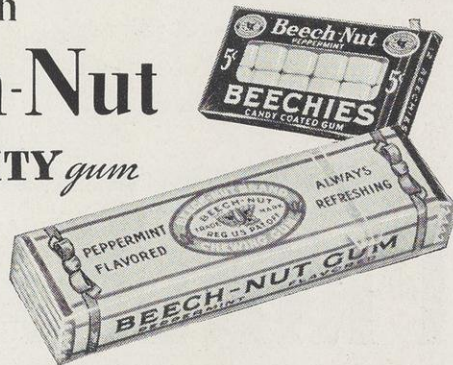
At certain times it is far from wise,
To be unrestrained before female eyes,
Or say what you really want to say,
With adequate words in a colorful way.
So try to pretend that you still like dogs,
That there isn't a tear in the Sunday togs . . .
Be calm—collected—pull down your vest,
Let the yellow package put nerves at rest,
It costs you no more to enjoy the best, to . . .

Compose yourself

with

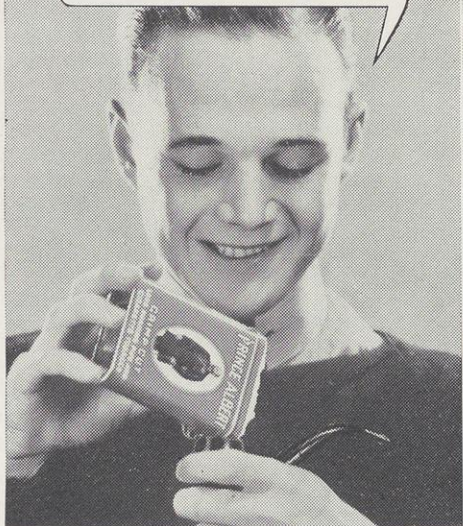
Beech-Nut

the QUALITY gum

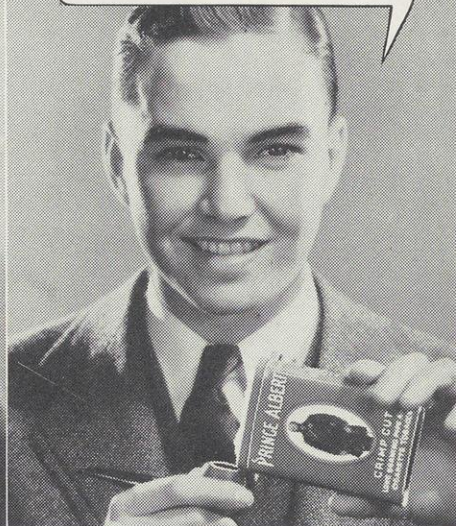


STEP UP, PIPE SMOKERS and try 20 pipefuls at our risk!

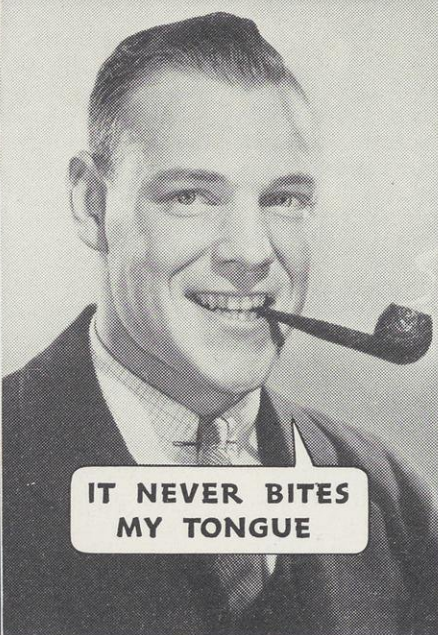
PRINCE ALBERT IS
MILD AND MELLOW



THE BIG 2-OUNCE
TIN APPEALS TO ME!



IT NEVER BITES
MY TONGUE



OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

"You must be pleased"

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 Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

This is about the remarkable "You-Must-Be-Pleased" offer...that is giving smokers a new idea of pipe-smoking contentment

We ask that you do two things...do them in your own interest.

Read the reasons we give *why* we are so confident that you will find a new smoking delight when you try Prince Albert. Then read the money-back offer carefully.

For Prince Albert, we use the choicest of naturally mild tobaccos--then they are manufactured under the P. A. bite-removing process that brings out the flavor of choice tobaccos in all their full, satisfying perfection!

Prince Albert is scientifically "crimp cut"—packs nicely, burns slowly and richly. You'll find mildness, combined with real man-style flavor—and around 50 pipefuls in the big 2-ounce

economy tin. A more fragrant, comforting, soothing smoke you never tried!

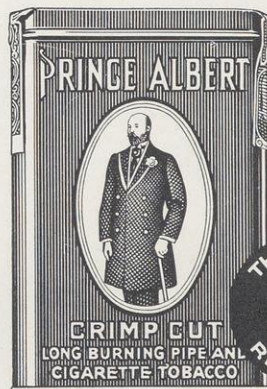
College men like it!

Prince Albert was deliberately created for those who appreciate the ultimate in pipe smoking. We want more college men to know and enjoy Prince Albert. And we are so sure that P. A. will speak for itself that we make a positive offer of money back if not satisfied.

Time flies—try P. A. without delay. Get it at your dealer's now.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



50 pipefuls
of fragrant tobacco
in every 2-ounce
tin of Prince Albert



THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Campus Chronicle

End to end

We don't suppose we've agreed with Larry Wolfe, the button-nosed little Psi U who is better known as Philbert, more than once or twice in the two and a half years he's been in school.

But the other night in Bascom library he made a remark of great acumen and cogency concerning Aldo Lingard, who produces those statistical feature stories for the Cardinal. It was the day after the deet published Lingard's discovery that the average Wisconsin man grows one hair nine miles long each year.

"If Lingard were torn apart and laid end to end," Phil remarked, "it would be a darn good thing."

Is this democracy?

Down in the Rathskeller you stand up at the lunch-counter, order—say—a dish of prunes, and then you stand and stand while the white-jacket scurries around getting everything except a dish of prunes for everybody but yourself. The other day while we were standing there patiently Dean Goodnight stepped up and ordered a bit of food—a fruit salad, to be specific. The waiter tore around, and in a moment shoved a plate of fruit salad across the counter at the good Dean.

"Wait a minute!" Scotty said; "This is a large fruit salad. I want a small fruit salad."

"But we don't fix any small fruit salads," the waiter protested.

"That's all right," the Dean ordered, "you fix a small fruit salad for me."

But he took his large fruit salad, anyway, as if he were willing to let it go this once, quite sure that next time he ordered a small fruit salad he would get a small fruit salad.

Chuckle

Octy has never been one to laugh at another's misfortune, but a time like this is an exception.

For years past, you know, Wisconsin has jealously guarded two athletic traditions which contribute little in a financial way. Crew is one, and it's having a very fine revival here. The other is hockey.

There was a 25 below gale sweeping across the lower campus the other afternoon, but we had ourselves a good-natured chuckle.

This, friends, is the year they called off varsity hockey because they didn't expect to have ice!

On our uppers

We picked up a new phrase the other day, and we're on the alert for every chance to use it. The thing came out when we asked Murray Medvin, one of our staff recruits, what year he was.

"Upper soph," he told us.

Well, it's really being too honest to warn you like this, but the next time you ask us where we are in school, you'll hear "Upper jun" and like it.

To be Frank

The story comes up from time to time, but we know for a fact that this year's version of it is absolutely true.

A ticket-taker at Prom was hard at work taking tickets for the brilliant (we wrote publicity for it) event when a gent in derby and tails comes up and starts to walk in with no ticket.

"Wait a minute," our friend called. "Where's your ticket?" Then the gate-crashing suspect looked up.

Glenn Frank smiled, walked on in.

The Wisconsin idea

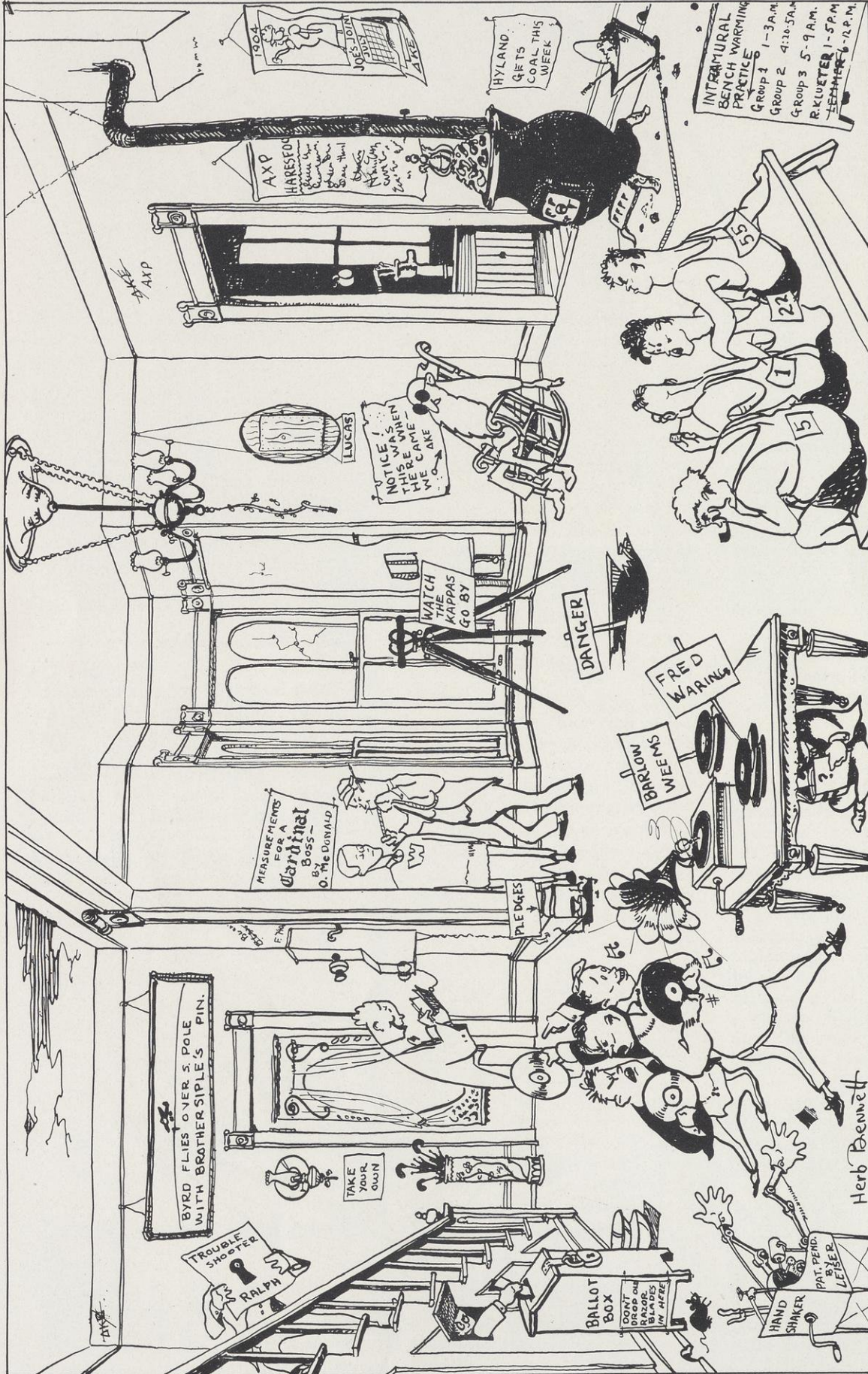
Note from radio listenings: On February 8, the last number on the Lucky Strike hit parade was announced with a plug, which went something like this:

"And here is the song you have been waiting to hear. Now standing fourth in the list of the nation's favorites, it was ranked as their favorite by 32 out of 40 University of Wisconsin professors. 'The Music Goes Round and Around'."

Such is the Athens of the Middle West.



Wisconsin's crew goes skiing



FRATERNITY LIFE AT WISCONSIN—Vol. II, No. 4—ALPHA CHI RHO

Old Doctor Octopus slips another slide under his microscope this month, and as we squint through the lenses we recoil with shock at the sight of Alpha Chi Rho in an intimate pose. The house, of course, is a wee bit shopworn; but then it's pretty old (having been deposited here by the Great Glacier which sneaked down from the North Pole a few years back) and, besides, the Dekes used to live in it.

Simply lousy with activity men and politicians this dump is: we note board-member Owen McDonald grooming up Candidate Drew for Cardinal sashem. Trouble-Shooter Ralph Frank is catching up on keyhole practice; budding ward-boss Jack Clifford takes a lesson in ballot-box-stuffing, while in the lower left we have the Leiser hand-shaking machine, which has shoved many a stooge into office, as Johnny Wright will testify.

Practicing at warming the bench are the persistent AXP athletes, who throw balls and usually get a multitude of substitutes out. The old gent in the rocking-chair is just a part of the house, like the cracks in the plaster and the ghost in the attic.

With the face to the wall is the portrait of H. Lucas, who might have been Prom King except for a slight technicality (Lucas is upstairs writing over and over "I must not sign agreements, I must not sign agreements . . ."). And around the merry gramophone the lads gather, strip off their coats, and—all hot and drooling—lend ear to the records of Brother Waring who, with Shirley Temple and the cook at the Theta house, is the only alumnus the boys can boast of—which itself is some sort of a record. The transit at the window is for the convenience of the boys, whose fraternal crest boasts the motto, "Complete Kappas Coverage."

Pearls & swine

We having been trying to get orientated, so to speak, in our new quarters in the Old Union, and the other day we set out on a little exploring trip. We poked our noses into what was once a linen-closet (that was when President Van Hise lived there) and found it full of old history term-papers, tennis shoes, two fine steel engravings of Washington and Lincoln, and some booklets encouraging alumni to help build a Student Union. Everything was coated with dust, and dustiest of all were some old ledgers, inscribed "Wisconsin Literary Magazine, 1919—Ragatz, Business Manager" on the fly-leaves in faded ink. Pages intended for the recording of cash income are unmarred by ink and fingers, and the edges are turning yellow.

And over at the Cardinal Publishing Company several forlorn little cuts are meekly waiting for their owner to come and claim them. They belonged to the "Rocking Horse," and month after month goes by and no one comes to get them. It is all very sad.

Maybe if these ever-blooming, ever-dying campus literary magazines had now and then printed a dirty joke and gotten the cigarette industry to subsidize them, they too could go on forever spreading the higher things of life before an apathetic college audience, or—as the fellow says—pearls before swine.

Nuts

We must have a pleasant, trustful face or something, because every now and then we are standing around just waiting when, before we are aware of it, we find we have started a conversation with some other soul, who is also just standing around, waiting. Last time it was with the University's mailman, a real Uncle Sam mailman in a blue-gray suit who walks all over the hill under the elms and puts mail in professors' little boxes all day long. Neither snow nor rain nor gloom of night . . .

"I suppose," we said, "that after all these years of walking around the University, you know every squirrel on the campus."

The mailman smiled wistfully. "Yes," he said, "and every nut, too."

Junk

We have never been able to understand why month after month Brown's display the Yale Record and the Princeton Tiger on their magazine rack. Well, a while ago we couldn't repress our curiosity any longer, and so we asked Mr. Emery (Mr. "Brown" to you) if anyone ever bought either.

"Oh, no," he said. "These news-agencies will load you up with all sorts of junk if you don't watch them."

(Harvard Lampoon please note.)



"Informal is it? Then I won't go!"

A need, a solution

Does your fraternity need furniture? Harken to the Sigma Nu method of remedying an apparent bareness in the living rooms of their cosy little home in the shadow of the Kappa cathedral.

It seems that some of the boys decided that some furniture would be a good thing to have, so a chapter law was passed that the brethren

were to smoke only Raleighs. The point is, of course, send in coupons to get the requisite equipment.

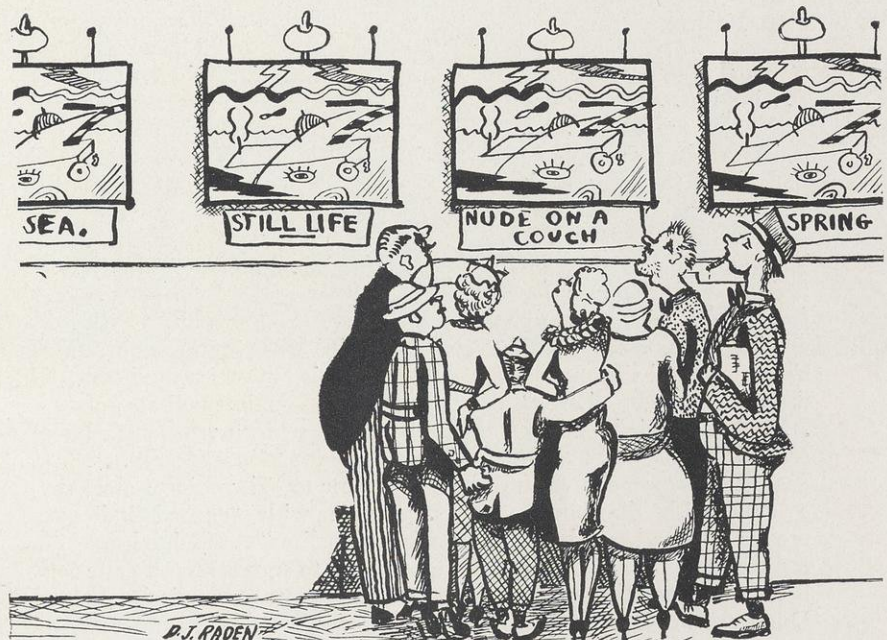
Afterthought: Wisconsin has an anti-coupon law, and all such schemes are illegal as all get out.

F 7400, ext. 43

We are sitting writing this down in the Cardinal's night office, a dark, dank room smelling of stale beer, mouldy paper, paste, and the sweat of human beings—if we may designate the Cardinal night staff as such. The telephone at our elbow keeps ringing and ringing, and when we lift the receiver to our ear, we hear strange conversations, Leiser talking to Duggar, or Drew talking to some reporter who has forgotten why he was sent up to President Frank's office. It is just a little bit annoying, of course, but the conversations are sometimes amusing.

A moment ago the phone rang again and we responded as usual. "Hello," we said. A forceful voice, tinged with anger, yelled at us, "Hey, you, quit answering that telephone!"

We are shocked, and our feelings are slightly ruffled. It is every man's constitutional right to answer the telephone, even when he knows nobody wants to talk to him. It makes him feel if he belonged, as if he were a part of things . . . not just a poor wretch in a messy office which smells too strongly of stale beer.



SIX QUEENS . . .

Martha Jackson

● *Lima, Ohio* . . . better known as Twice-a-Queen-Jackson . . . carries pin of date-once-a-day Don Heun . . . speared Don to side-walk with falling letter opener—thus made first meeting possible—unlocked his heart with a Kappa Kappa Gamma key, and merry, high pitched laughter . . . toughest course in college is keeping figures not too straight by correct dieting . . . flutters high arched nostrils—and bobs brown haired head about . . . is ka-razee about singing in shower — consequently takes baths to avoid misunderstandings . . . would welcome return of “horse and buggy” days—even with the inconvenience of—many things . . .

Pep Pelton

● *Los Angeles, California* . . . impish . . . a little one from the southwest . . . claims she's five foot-one but afraid to swear to it . . . also claims she came here to study the dance . . . but can't explain why anybody should come so far from California to study anything . . . when asked about love and life merely draws neat little triangles . . . does varied things around W.S.G.A. . . . supposed to have some sort of a drag with the house-mother . . . other Thetas try to come in late with her . . . date with George Duggar one of about a dozen Theta-D.U. combinations for IFB.

Jane Briggs

● *Milwaukee* . . . is the constant affliction of Phi Gam House . . . has garnered two of their pins to date—and is fast on way to third—with Franz Bidingher her I.F. Ball date . . . maybe next time to bat she will be able to steal home . . . gets an ornery look in those limpid blue eyes at the query of “Body by Briggs?” . . . has switched to Home Ec to learn the art of baking double purpose biscuits . . . for dates is ready to dance, willing to go to show (top row, balcony), and jubilant at prospect of drinking beer—if his finances are low . . . has t a n t r u m s whenever necessity of teaching Gamma Phi's how to play Bridge arises . . .

Dorothy Wurster

● *Milwaukee* . . . tall, slim . . . Delta Gamma pledge . . . could be wistful—but isn't . . . biggest ambition—to get into elevator and face people instead of door . . . is leary of psychologists — probably knows the rudiments of a psychoanalyst's technique . . . fondest nightmare is dream of turning over in her car . . . “770 maestro” Dick Laird fits in somewhere . . . is most swayed to sweet sentimentalisms of Mother Moon when curled cunningly in —(car) . . . came to Wisconsin to meet men with “rugged individualism” . . . and to learn how to squeeze tooth paste tube most economically — hopes to take integral calculus in pursuit of such knowledge . . .

Mary Murdock

● *Brodhead* . . . busily learning decoration . . . at Marshall Field's, Chicago . . . and for why? . . . been going with yodeller Jack Kenaston these many . . . many . . . moons . . . belongs to the class of 1935 . . . or the class of most anything . . . chiseled if classic visage . . . that stops 'em . . . takes good care of Jack whenever the occasion requires . . . which is periodically . . . folds her hands with the forefinger and thumb of right hand up . . . which is *another* proof as to who will wear the pants in that family . . . will send him off around the world first . . . and . . . she's of the Pi Phi brood . . . who mayn't chew.

Muriel Koch

● *Milwaukee* . . . short, blue eyes, blonde hair . . . suffers from a cute case of Wellesley-itis . . . dreams of romance in a canoe that doesn't leak . . . dreads return of bustles—they are “a fictitious (tale) based on stern reality,” she quotes . . . says naughty words about people who snap gum . . . greatest ambition—to replace uncared for piece of candy in box . . . started her pecuniary career at age of four when she risked d r o w n i n g for ten thin dimes . . . hooks the Delta Gamma anchor onto the vest of Harvey (ya'-can't-pin-me-down) Leiser with embarrassing irregularity. . .



WHICH IS A GOOD ENOUGH POKER HAND FOR ANYONE

- But, in case you're interested, these are the six girls who'll dance to Herbie Kay's music with six members of the Interfraternity board.

MEN MUST FIGHT

By BOB SHAPLEN

The story of the new status of an old, old game; or "Take Your Girl to the Fights"

THERE was a time, my friends, when it was a he-man's world, and when it was sacrilege to take a woman to a boxing match. And it wasn't so very long ago at that!

The phenomenal rise of the pugilistic practice at Wisconsin is already historical experience for those who go through college on a "five year plan" basis. Ask the next nonchalant senior you run across all about it and he'll spill a Daniel Boone yarn of having been present when boxing made its first appearance as an intercollegiate sport of no mean proportions. He'll tell you of those three matches the year he was Joe Freshman, and then watch his eyes light up as he traces the tale down through his sophomore and junior years. Never let it be said he got nothing out of college! He lived through a noble experience. He saw a completely new sport in Western intercollegiate circles go over with a successful resounding bang in two years, bringing with it the joys of national recognition and the always welcome box-office influx of the customer's pittance as well.

Three men stand out in this history, the present manager and coach, George Downer and John Walsh, and one Stub Allison, who has since removed to the sunnier clime of California where he is at present an accomplished grid coach.

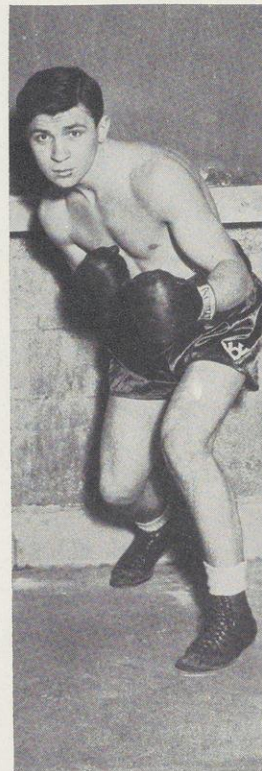
But they'll never forget Stub around here. Stub is an institution in Wisconsin, but for our purposes, he is the Tex Rickard of all Badgerdom.

It started back in 1926, when Stub got his brainstorm. Why shouldn't there be a boxing tournament for university students, was the simple question he asked himself one day. And right then and there the babe was born. That year, in the third floor of the little red gym, the boys

started swinging. It was cave-man stuff, sure, but what fun! Winding up from the floor, throwing their punches all the way up from the front office where the director sat (Yeah! They had one then), it went on from morning to night. Some of



GORDY HARMON



GEORGE STUPAR

the boys dropped for the count from sheer exhaustion, but Stub wouldn't give up. Gradually he began to get the idea across that this boxing had plenty of science connected with it along with the ability to drive a mailed leather fist through an opposition jaw-bone.

Oh, it took a long time. It was years before it got down to being recognized as an accomplished art, but they made progress. The next year, that was '27, they moved to the second floor. The outside world was already taking notice. The crowds started to pour in to watch the boys go mitt-crazy. Those were the real punch-drunk days!

Along about 1928 and '29, the next jump was made. It was out to the stock pavilion this time, that simple but powerful structure out by the intramural fields where everyone from Wisconsin's prize cow to Fritz Kreisler has performed. And they built a ring. Yes, sir! No more of this mat stuff. They put on a three night show each year, first the prelims, then the semis, and lastly the finals. The winners got their golden gloves, just as they do today.

The only trouble with Stub was his sheer exuberance. He was one of the old school. Boxing was a man's game and it ought to remain a man's game. So contrary to the tenets of modern intercollegiate morals, he believed in letting the crowds shout all they wanted to, and reserved seats were non-existent.

The result? Just try to bring a girl within fifty feet of that old pavilion! You might find her body strewn on the ground the next morning, and you'd never have a clear conscience in the hereafter. It was Downer who reformed Stub eventually, or rather who injected a new moral virus into boxing of his own accord, after Stub left, and Manager George assumed the Joe Jacobs role. But that wasn't until '32, and in '30 and '31, when boxing had already risen to the status of a field house sport, it still remained a man's activity, not only from the angle of participation but also from the spectator way of looking at it. A girl was just not wanted in the field house on those three nights of whirling fists. It was a strictly stag affair.

In 1930 some of the well-known names begin to appear. First there's Billy Goodsitt, as flashy a little bantamweight as ever donned a Badger uniform. And there was Tony Currier, a 135 pound lightweight who was a noble precursor to slugging

(continued, page twenty-three)

TISH--TOSH

Miss and Mr. Octy take a look-see about, discovering some fine things on this very fine campus

Bowden Davis, SAE, has hung his pin on Honey Smith, Theta pledge . . . and are they that way . . . And we often wonder when Gordie Fuller, basketball biggie, will weaken as far as Dorothy Block is concerned . . . A certain DG pledge should have dropped in at the Indian room of the Hotel Monona the other night to see her Psi U love whispering sweet nothings into the ear of an Alpha Chi Omega . . . Funny story number 347 . . . Harold Judell and date walking home, after being taken for a cutter ride by a well-known horse . . . Herb Terwilliger and Jean Fisher left holding the nag . . . Overheard: Dick Smith, Beta, buying a shirt at MacNeil and Moore's and quibbling because they weren't wearing that type at Harvard . . . Dick hails from Jefferson, Wisconsin . . . and reads Esquire . . . Deke Owen Goodman, Octy boy scout, got his pin handed back at him—Kay Fowler had it for just three weeks.

Ask Dick Bardwell how to phone an Ann Emery gal after 12:30 . . . His long distance act lasted but two minutes . . . but that's better than most of us can do . . . Seen at the CC . . . John Tomek and date selfishly devouring a "lifted" lobster . . . with no qualms . . . We want to know the he-man who calls the Pi Phi house and says, "No, I won't leave a message and I won't call back" . . . Barbara Topping can't decide whether she or Betty Hill is the Phi Gam sweetheart . . . The Phi Gams ain't a-sayin' . . . Who is Dick Lewis, the mystery love of two Kappas? . . . And wouldn't one Psi U like to know? . . . Fred Benz, Kappa Sig, has hung the little emblem on Nancy "healthy gal" Wright, Pi Phi . . . Stevie Richardson, Chi Psi, and Peg Dadmun, DG, had a slight tiff, but are back together again . . . We hear that a certain rushee was turned away from the Kappa tea? . . . How come?

Eloise Kummer, it seems, has explanations to make in some quarters . . . Harry Harlow, who teaches the monkeys psychology, recently congratulated her upon her marriage . . . the gal is explaining to all and sundry that she is very much at liberty . . . Dick Burnham, smart lad, has hung his DU enamel . . . the gal resides in Langdon . . . and we knew him way back when . . . Billy Robnett . . . "the cheer-leader with the Little Brown Hat" . . . faded out of the Delta Gamma league some months back, making the explanation . . . that he was afraid of getting too serious . . . Right now it's a Gamma Phi pledge, but "a word to the wise" . . . Russ Rippe, frosh football boss, had his legal run-in a while back . . . it seems that when you peddle your car and the lad who buys it robs banks . . . the law comes around . . . Russ will vouch for the truth of this statement . . . having never robbed a bank . . . Kappa traveling secret'ries, beware . . . Bill Spenser and Johnny Wright can do without such, it seems . . . as can one Margaret Kline . . . p'raps Mrs. Napier, housemother to KKG, has a similar opinion about our Mr. Wright, at this point.

If you were Janey Cross . . . operative X57903 informs us . . . you'd be spending time with Deke Bob Fish and Bob Walker, Chi Psi pledge . . . but would both of the lads know it? . . . Second floor Ann Emery has been holding a

poll again . . . this time it's on dancers . . . with Union President Herb Terwilliger, the Fish, Gordon Finley (pledge to Phi Gamma Delta) . . . plus Phi Gam Bob Ricker and Bill Putnam . . . leading the pack.

Chuck Tully, of the Alpha Delt boys, and Theta Janet Winnett . . . seem to see something in each other . . . as do Sister Winnett and Bob Musser.

The Badger Beauty season hits its peak at Prom time, but it is still going pretty well . . . partly because there are a number of pretty good anecdotes in connection therewith . . . One is about the girl from the upper Langdon street house . . . who had 20 pounds trimmed off her south end by a kindly re-toucher . . . and landed in the select group . . . If the two girls who tied for seventh place know who they are, they might drop a thankful line to Rex Karney, Cardinal editor . . . Karney, it seems, vetoed a proposition that he and a couple of other seasonal big shots vote to break the tie . . . Karney says, "Call 'em in and flip a coin or use 'em both" . . . running the Cardinal does give you a certain potency . . . The Badger is much perturbed at what to do with seven girls—odd number . . . Karney, by the way, will graduate in June, something Octy never denied . . . the lad's been on us ever since we implied that his job was no sinecure . . . too much reading between the lines.

Dick Johnson, incidentally, was pledged to Kappa Sig for this year's event . . . The week he took the button, the Cardinal's ubiquitous Rambler soothsaid . . . "The Kappa Sigs have already pledged their Prom King, class of '37 . . .

The Phi Delt phone system bothers us . . . if a man answers on the first or third floor, he barks out something like "Hitchcock, five-nine-four-three" . . . the second floor will bring a "Ritter, three-six-five" . . . all of which means nothing to us, since the phone is listed as B.7140 . . . The boys themselves can't explain it . . . they say, "Oh, it's always been like that" . . . We would like to know why . . . Cold weather garb at Wisconsin is a weird thing . . . Austie Wehrwein, Cardinal hopeful, breaks out in a hood that just needs big pink ears to be Peter Rabbit . . . Bob Sueflow leaves his home in the Phi Delt place . . . with his scarf tied over his ears . . . Joe Brooks keeps snug in a knitted helmet like mother used to make for the soldier boys . . . only Brooks' is a poisonous green . . . Betty Steffen, though, wins—she appears on a zero-weather day in ski pants, boots, sweaters, and jacket . . . the next day the mercury is huddling at 30 below . . . and she turns up in a tweed skirt and a camel's hair coat . . . We're baffled . . . but we still remember one night we walked two miles with her in the rain . . . stepping on night-crawlers every step.

Political pots are boiling away again . . . One of the best of the sophomore men says he will not run for Union board . . . He's Bob Sakrison, SAE Madison boy, who is to change majors . . . He already has the required credits for candidacy . . . Plans for next fall's elections are veddy muddled . . . due to confused plans as to how many candidates the Heun-Johnson-Laird-Brooks faction will have up in the senior race . . . one should be plenty, but there's always ambition.

THE PLEDGE WHO COULD DO THINGS

The boys in old Nu pledge some talent, but to what avail, they ask

ELMER BLIVIS walked into the house one day and saw a great big turnip lying there on the table in the middle of the parlor. There was nothing strange about that, since Herman Tompkins—you remember Herman, he was Prom King once, almost—was quite fond of turnips and liked to have them lying around handy. Well, Elmer picks up the turnip and looks at it. Then he squeezes it, hard, like this.

A drop of blood comes out and falls plop onto the table.

That was why we pledged Elmer. Old Nu needed a few Men Who Could Do Things, and I want to say right here and now that Elmer F. Blivis was the most amazing pledge who ever wore the button of old Nu to a dateless dance.

As soon as the second semester started, Elmer moved into the house. We put him in the Rose Room on the third floor back. All the rooms in the house got names like that. Jick Steele and I were living in the Louis XIV Room and Squill Wibbins was just down the hall in the Rainbow Room.

The Rose Room was pretty good except that there wasn't any radiator in it, just the open pipes sticking up out of the floor. The room used to get all full of steam when the furnace was going, and the wallpaper would get all wet and peel off in big blobs. We all used to get together in Elmer's room and sing dirty songs and yell and take turns peeling the wallpaper off until we were just about parboiled, like bratwurst mit wienerschnitzel.

Then we should all climb out onto the roof under the stars and talk real serious about Life after Death or Birth Control or the Transmigration of the Soul while watching the Alpha Phis go to bed.

Well, one day the mailman staggers up onto the front porch with a great big letter for Elmer—a plain, sealed envelope marked PERSONAL in huge letters; and then a change comes over him.

Elmer would be eating his food at the table like the rest of us, all mousy-quiet, when all of a sudden he would bust out and start yelling, "Let me out, let me out!" or "Who was that lady I seen you with last night, boss?" Then he would sit down again and go on eating like nothing happened.

He shambles off into dark corners, too, mumbling things and gnawing on his fingernails. After a time it gets so that every corner of the house is full of fingernail chips, and a body doesn't dare walk around in his bare feet.

Then one day Webb Eastcake is in his room and is almost on the verge of wondering whether he ought to study when he hears loud shouts and hollers from up above him in Elmer's room. Of course this throws him all out of the mood for studying, so he whips upstairs like there was a subpoena chasing him

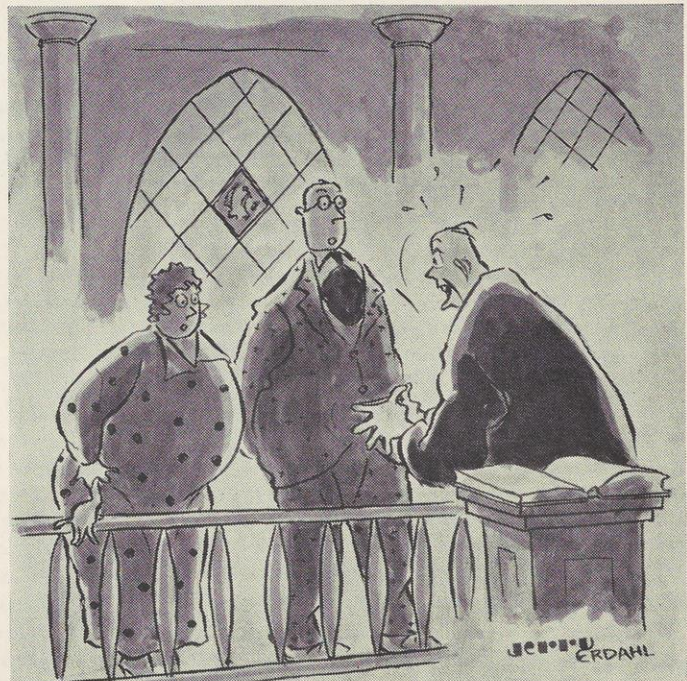
and peeks in the keyhole at Elmer.

There, standing in the middle of the floor, clad in his B V Ds and his pledge button, is Elmer Blivis waving his arms all around and reading out of a book called "Throw Your Voice in a Trunk, or Ventriloquism in Six Easy Lessons."


At the next chapter meeting Jick Steele brings the matter of Elmer's yelling crazy stuff all the time and trying to throw his voice in a laundry-bag, since there wasn't any trunk in the house except the ones Jimmy Kuuugers got when he was on the swimming team. Well, the whole trouble about Elmer was pretty queer, even Jick's being at chapter meeting.

Not that Jick didn't want to come to meetings, but because usually he couldn't get into the chapter-hall. Jick always would forget the password, and so he would stand out in

(continued, page twenty-one)



"Gad, woman, I've married you myself"



*Sun-curing
Turkish leaf tobacco.
The tobacco is strung
leaf by leaf and hung
on long racks like you
see here.*



*The aromatic Turkish tobaccos
used in Chesterfield cigarettes give
them a more pleasing taste and aroma.*

CHESTERFIELD—A BLEND OF MILD RIPE HOME-GROWN AND TURKISH TOBACCOS

SKI - HEIL

unbelievable, but true . . . actual occurrences in the history of the yumpers whose famous sport is seeing another revival

WITH the revival of skiing on the University campus under the sponsorship of the Wisconsin Hoofers, some of the stories of classic tournaments are coming to light after investigations by enthusiasts of the "king of winter sports."

In the good old days, the ski jump was a ramshackle wooden structure inhabited by Swedes in winter and sweethearts in summer, but it held a leading position in competition in the middle west. Some of the giants of the sport enrolled at the University merely for the ski training available on the long slide down Muir Knoll to Lake Mendota, and Wisconsin's teams earned major W's and piled up championship totals at the Lake Placid and Dartmouth carnivals.

Many of the stories which have come down seem almost like myths in comparison with the achievements of present-day skiers, but survivors of the town-gown wars of the 1890-1910 period swear to their truth. Newspaper records of the day also prove the accounts which are here assembled for the first time in written form.

Official records for the old wooden slide show a championship mark of 103 feet; Lloyd Ellingson, Olympic skier and a senior in pre-Law in 1932, holds the modern record of 101 feet.

Arne Arneson, a Norwegian farm-

hand from Marinette county, far exceeded this when he leaped 189 feet on January 27, 1906. Although he set the mark in a competitive jump in a regulation tournament under the auspices of the North American Ski association, he was never credited with the record. Bjorn Syftestad, the referee who disqualified Arneson after the crowd had carried him up the hill in triumph, remembers the event clearly despite his 87 years.

"It was a perfect day for yumping, except for one devil of a wind right behind de riders," Syftestad says in describing the day. "Arneson was an unknown, who said he practiced by yumping off de edge of a quarry when his farmer boss t'ought he was asleep.

"Anyway, Arneson comes down de slide hell for leather and never hits snow until he's way out on de lake," Syftestad continues. "It was one hell of a swell yump, but Ay ban forced t'row him out. He forgot to put on his skis."

This same Arneson, incidentally, later told Syftestad that he knew something was wrong when he reached the take-off, and if he had figured out what it was he would have turned around and gone back for his skis.

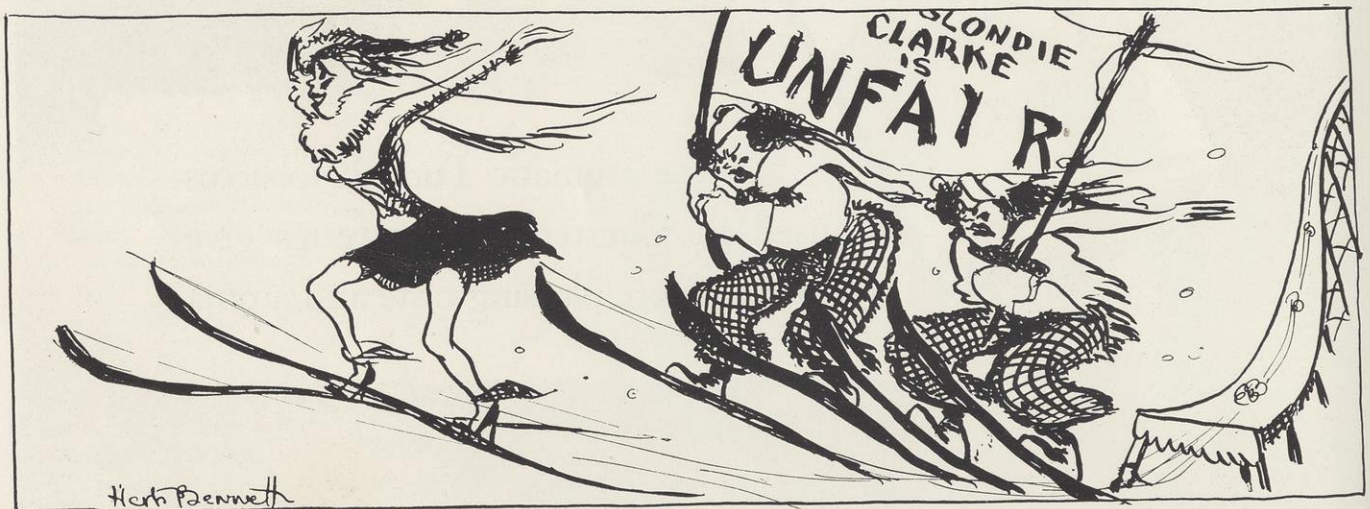
Gunnar Ingeborgvorsen, of the Norge Ski club of Chicago, is undoubtedly the most considerate rid-

er ever to use either of the campus slides. How he saved a number of spectators from possible injury is recorded in the Wisconsin State Journal of February 11, 1913.

Gunnar Ingeborgvorsen, Chicago, yesterday sacrificed his chances for the Class A ski title when he declined to endanger the crowd of spectators. As he came down the slide, a dense fog blew in from the lake, making it impossible for him to see the landing place. Realizing that to land in the fog would endanger the crowd, he made a prompt decision. The result was that he took off, but stayed in mid-air until the fog cleared sufficiently for him to land two hours later.

No mascots have been allowed on the Muir Knoll scaffolds since 1908, when Olaf Hansson was defrauded out of a trip to Europe with a Canadian-American team because of his pet armadillo, Arkwright. The winner of the meet was to become a team member, and Hansson had made a jump of 99 feet, which was enough to assure him of victory on the slow slide of that season, since at that time distance alone was reckoned into the score. However, just as he came to a stop after his last leap, he whistled to Arkwright. The armadillo slid down the runway, made a perfect take-off, and landed 101 feet off the end of the slide. Arkwright made things right for Hansson, though, by taking him on the European tour as his mascot.

(continued, page seventeen)



COLLEGE COMICS, PLEASE COPY

A new joke or two en-
ters the college field

"Why didn't you accept that job at the factory you mentioned the other day?"

"Well, they said I'd have to work in a night shift, and all I had was a pair of pajamas."

"I thought you said you were ploughing that ten acre field."

"No—I said I was thinking about ploughing it."

"Oh, I see, you were just turning it over in your mind."

Judge: You are accused of hitting this Chinese over the head with a vase. What is your reply to this charge?

Prisoner: Well, your honor, he was threatening me in broken English, so I replied with broken China.

"What on earth was all the commotion in front of the theater last night?"

"Two Scotchmen were trying to get in on the same ticket on the ground that they were half-brothers."

The remorseless eternal shelling went on and on, but the two soldiers stayed in their positions, their faces set and grim. "Would it never end?" they thought, but stayed on unafraid. They were used to it, this barrage of shells.

Suddenly the continual shelling stopped, and just then the cook-house corporal shouted, "Hurry up with those peas for the soup, you loafers!"

Hotel Proprietor: "Do you want the porter to call you?"

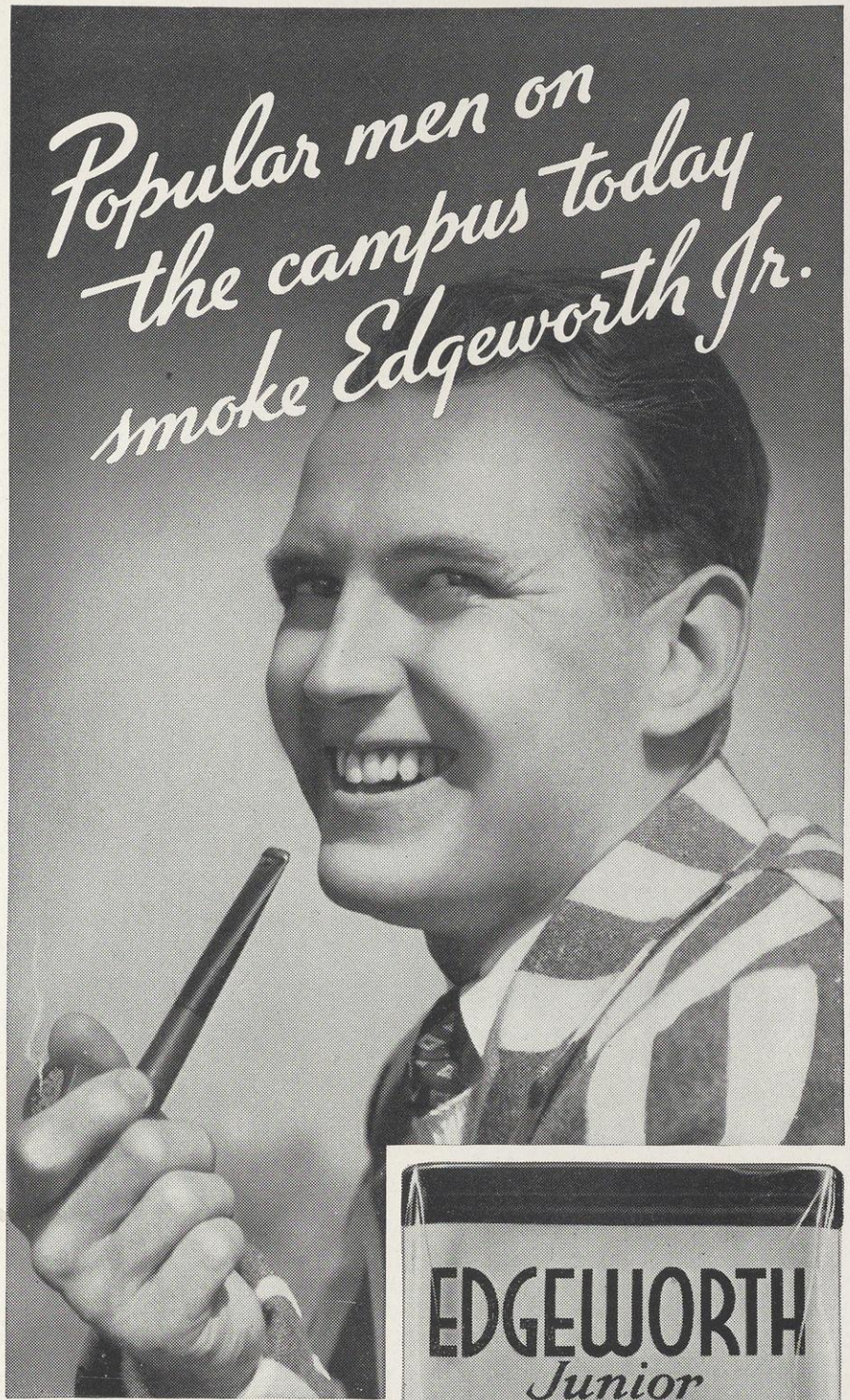
Guest: "No, thanks. I awaken every morning at seven."

Proprietor: "Then would you mind calling the porter?"

"Why does your father always come out on the porch of your home whenever your mother starts to sing, Herbie?" asked a friend.

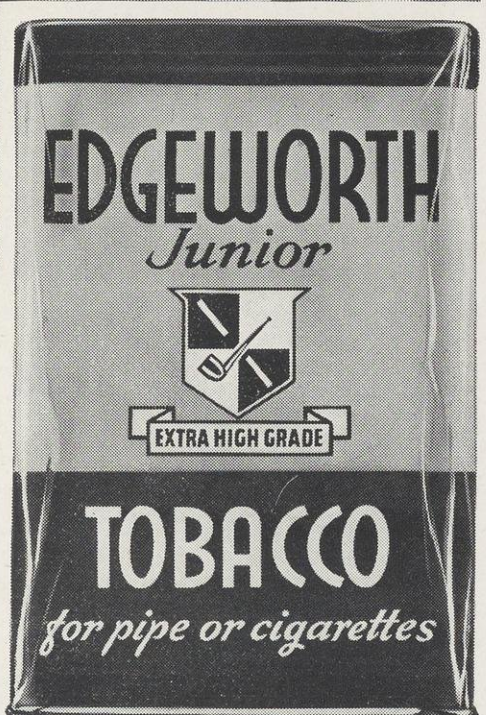
"So the neighbors can see," replied the little boy, "that he ain't beating her."

*Popular men on
the campus today
smoke Edgeworth Jr.*



CAMPUS leaders have adopted the new "boy" in the Edgeworth family—Edgeworth Jr. Although Edgeworth Jr. entered the colleges only a few months ago, the new, light, free-burning tobacco for both pipes and cigarettes is already "tops" in every class. Made by Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va. Tobacconists since 1877.

CORN COB PIPE CLUB OF VIRGINIA.
Crossroads fun, old-time music. Every Wednesday night at 9:00 (Eastern Standard Time) over coast-to-coast NBC Blue network, direct from Richmond, Virginia.



15¢ a tin. Wrapped in moisture-proof "Cellophane."

EPIC

or we might call this ode
to the interfraternity ball
and please the committee

We shall tell you the ode of the riotous road
Of a pledge to fraternity ball,
'Twas a difficult way, lasting many a day,
And the troubles he met were not small.

We shall start this romance fourteen days ere the dance
In Great Hall of the Union takes place,
We shall call this pledge Guff, and this should be enough,
And it rhymes with, well not with your face.

First Guff hid out alone, just himself and the phone,
And he called our friend Cecey McLaren,
She knew not our pledge dizzy, so she said she was busy,
Which of course left our dear small pledge swearin'.

In a sort of a frenzy, he rang up Pip McKenzie,
But her answer was muchly the same,
Then he must have been bleary, as he called
Ginny Wheary
Who just called him a horrible name.

With much swearin' and crossin' he rang up
Maggie Clausen,
Who would chance it, but she had a date,
Now his problem was weighty, so he phoned
Audrey Beatty,
Who told Guff that a pledge didn't rate.

But he stuck out his chin and he tried the
Rhodes twins,
Sadly neither would go with pledge Guff,
Poor young Guff nearly cried and he ached all
inside,
As he sat there upon his young duff.

When had passed a long hour, Guff's expression was sour,
Because no one would date our poor friend,
He'd done nothing but study, so he knew just nobody,
Therefore Guff must on blind dates depend.

So he asked a friend, if a girl he did know
Who would have with pledge Guff just one date,
Active Joe looked at Guff, then went off in a huff—
Said that he knew no girls poor Guff could rate.

Then he went to one Wally, and he gave him a Raleigh,
Then he asked for a date in tones plucky,
Ah but to his dismay, all this active did say—
"You darn goon, you should know I smoke Luckies."

Now Guff went to one more, and he bowed to the floor,
And began his small speech with, "dear sir,"
Well I'm sure you won't guess, but the active said, "yes,"
And the truth of this Guff will aver.

Guff thought this was just fine, as this man had a line
That would surely land Guff a fine girl,
Poor Guff didn't suspect how the eve could be wrecked—
How this active's fine brain was aw whirl.

He'd conceived him a plan, had this wily-brained man,
Which would teach poor pledge Guff a fine lesson,
He would get Guff a lass that would show him his class,
The right girl just then had the man guessin'.

So he thought for four days, till his brain was a maze,
Since no active's acquainted with goons,
Then there came a bright thought to this brain overwrought,
Which just made this sly lad whistle tunes.

Then he summoned pledge Guff, smacked him
hard on his duff—
Told him he was to have a date soon,
Then he went to the phone, and in honey-sweet
tone,
—Got a date with a pledge Alpha Goon.

She had hair that was dyed, and a much freck-
led hide,
She was blessed with a set of buck teeth,
And her feet were too big, and she dressed like
a pig,
This the active to Guff did bequeath.

Then he lied like all hell, and told Guff she was
swell,
And poor Guff, being a froshi, did believe it,
And the line the girl got, well it surely was hot,
With a grin did the active conceive it.

With a kind of glad look, Guff got cash for six books,
He was set, now he had him two bucks,
For the rest of the week, through the house he did seek,
Till he found him a moth-eaten tux.

Well, this forward young squirt, did then borrow a shirt,
Likewise tie, and then sox, and then shoes,
Though it took much hard work, our pledge Guff didn't shirk
—Till he'd borrowed all that he could use.

Came the night of the ball, Guff got fixed, tux and all,
Then he stepped out and called for the lass,
Well the sight of the dame made Guff wish he were lame,
He near fell to the floor in a mass.

The girl looked at his suit, oh Guff sure wasn't cute,
She could tell that this pledge wasn't normal,
No she wasn't quite daft, but she laughed and she laughed,
For she knew that the ball was informal.



GLADHAND GUS REFORMS

All's fair in a racket, but what
about this gag which is love?

I GUESS it was about a year ago when me and Open House Finnegan got us a new racket. If I do say it myself, it wasn't just a ordinary racket, it was real big time stuff and it took a darn fine pile of organizing to work it. It sounds easy, see, but when you try it, a guy is apt to run up against some mighty tough hitches.

Well, as I was saying, we get us this racket, and we give it the monicker Nap In Peace Co. We even get sort of official and start calling it the NIP to them what is in the know. We have to stop this pretty soon, because citizens begin asking us when do we hold meetings, and what are we against.

Well, what we do in this racket we got is wake citizens up. In lectures, I mean.

When a citizen comes to us and says, "I want to be woke up at the end of the Econ lecture," we never take his name. We just write down on some cards we got what time the lecture is and what seat the customer sits in. We then get some right guy what sits near the customer and can keep awake to wake up the customer after each lecture.

We tax the buyer a pair of pesos for doing such for a semester. If he can produce more customers near him in the lecture and can be woke up by the same man, we cut the rate, as the waker upper naturally don't get same rake-off on quantity orders, but we shovel in the same cut. You can see for yourself that this game is no cinch, but it works fine, and soon we have a nice business, and don't hardly work any.

In fact, this racket gets so good that we are thinking of making a bigger graft out of it and training extra good wake-up men to wake up citizens when they are called on in classes. This looks to be a plenty good bet, as the tariff would be bigger, and with the build-up we got, we could of done it pretty good before long. Well, as we are making these ideas, everything is sailing along fine, but I know something will happen to screw up the works. It does.

One fine day Open House walks into my room which I got fixed up like an office, with a sign on the door and all. He has a look on like a small brat what has just come out of a bath tub. You know how I mean. A sort of half glad, half sad look, kinda like they has found something new, and don't know whether to like it or not.

"So you was to Lohmaiers again?" I say.

"Unh," he says with the same look on his pan.

"Or maybe you was studying," I say, trying to be funny. Just then I remembers an older brother I got looked that way once when he got in love with a babe, so I say, "Maybe you are in love, huh?"

"Ummmm," he says, so I figured I guessed right.

I say no more to Open House that day, as I thinks it won't do no harm for the lad to be in love, but at times I kinda miss them doubles we had over in the bush. After a while I get used to the funny look on Open House's map, so I don't think no more about it.

After a time business begins to get a little slow, and I begin to get worried. I decides that a good heart-to-heart talk with Open House won't do no harm, so one p. m. I sits him down in the office.

"Open House," says I to him, "This love stuff is o. k., see, and I don't want you to think I got nothing against it, as I thinks the moll is pretty good stuff, and I think a little experience will help to make you a good man like I, but I fear that things go a little far. Are you in love with the gal?"

"Well, gosh," says Open House. I sees right then that he is in a talkish mood, so I lets him have it.

"You've got to put in a little less time on the love stuff and a little more time on the business," I say in a very business voice.

"I been working harder than you on this business," he says, getting sore, "and then you have to gab this way."

"My dear Finnegan," I says, real sarcastical. "I suppose this doll of yours is been helping you out. Perhaps that is why the business falls off so the last couple of weeks."

"We-ell," says Open House, "She had me change the system some, and the customers who quit say something about the old way being better. Now we wake 'em up at the beginning of the hour, so we're also an influence for the good."

Then I knows why people say we should keep our guys away, and I lay one on Open House so no one, not even the NIP, can bring him to until half an hour.

But that is the end of the finest racket I ever see on this campus and the end of me and Open House Finnegan as pals.

SKI-HEIL

from p. 14

Hjalmar Viklund, a student champion from the University of Minnesota, displayed amazing skill in the National Intercollegiate championships held February 28, 1909. He was recognized as the best man in the tourney, but the competitors

and the crowd alike were surprised when he came down the slide, shot into the air, and swung to the right to sail over Science hall at a height of 250 feet. Ten minutes later he reappeared over the slide, banked sharply, and made an orthodox landing with a mark of 96 feet.

Viklund, according to an inter-

view printed in the Madison Democrat the next day, explained his actions to the satisfaction of all the jumpers. It seems that just as he started, he was seized by an overwhelming desire for corned beef hash. Naturally, he went to a student restaurant on State street and ate before finishing the jump.

WOMEN'S STYLES

Design for Dressing

by JOAN OLDFATHER



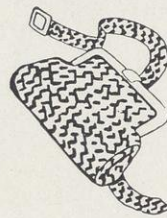
Again Spring approaches . . . would-be graduates in June become more and more concerned about hoped-for B.A. degrees, Ph.B.'s, Ph.D.'s and M.D.'s. Every coded, however, pauses to concentrate on her D.D.—certainly not any degree of Doctor of Divinity nor of Doctor of Dentistry, but most surely a high degree of interest in her Designs for Dressing this spring which she hopes will capture "cum laude"—from her escorts, at least.

Fur coats and winter woolens, along with faithful Doctor Dentons, will be hastily moth-balled as the snow disappears (if and when it does, and even if it doesn't). Feminine fancy turns enthusiastically to spring wardrobes. Maybe the weather has been given too much credit for traditionally turning a young man's fancy toward love in the spring . . . anyway, Dame Fashion, in a very romantic mood, does her part this spring.

While "le Musique Se Tourne et Se Tourne" storms Paris—yes, they're struck by some of our fads, too—we are swept in turn by their color madness. No more monotonous matching of colors. Two or three colors are combined to make smart ensembles . . . unusual colors . . . colors in combinations hitherto unthought of. Unity often comes through texture. Your grey tweed suit will become startlingly smart with a rust blouse, shoes of the new tobacco shade of brown, gloves of sulphur yellow matched by a feather thrust forthright on the brim of your grey felt hat . . . Or with the same suit a cashmere sweater and doe-skin gloves of raspberry pink, a musty green soft felt hat and suede purse, plus grey buckskin moccasins.

Your aesthetic tastes are to be considered. Perhaps you adore black. Then begin with a black sheer wool suit as a basis . . . with it a glazed black straw hat topped possibly by a shock of salmon-colored flowers to match your chamois gloves, then a wisp of a white scarf tied around your neck, and finally a purse and pumps of black patent leather.

The endless diversity of intriguing color trios is again in a strain of blue running into your hat, tailleur jacket, and shoes, harmonized by grey skirt, gloves, and purse, and counterpointed by a boutonniere of yellow flowers.



Chic, too, are the brand-new waistcoats of felt cloth in bright blues, yellows, and reds to enliven your dark suits. A Paris couturier does reverence to the American flag by designing a lobster-red waistcoat with a Gloucester blue skirt worn beneath a white double-breasted coat.

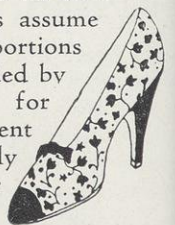
Paris preserve men from stealing on the women's fashions as women do on men's fashions. The perennially popular tailored sports suits, afternoon suits, and now dinner suits have usurped more mannish sleekness in cut and fabric. Some touch of delicacy, though, comes inevitably to pronounce dainty femininity: a frothy-necked blouse resting on the severely cut lapels; a ruff of lace tucked under the chin; or a blob of flowers to relieve dark

dinner suits. Blouses of lawn eyelet or printed dimity definitely distinguish you from your brother. Bolero jackets over swathed blouses are particularly flattering because they make the waistline diminutive—an increasingly important detail of spring silhouettes. Jackets drawn sleekly to the waist often become amusingly clever when they flip out in a back flare. Swagger coats in pastel shades of light weight camel's hair promise to enjoy popularity.

Gloves have become a perfect media for gaining high color in spring ensembles. They have expanded from conservative greys, blues, tans, blacks, and whites, to as many as fifteen bright shades: sulphur yellows, raspberry pinks, copper browns, and carrot colors. You will find them in chamois, pigskin, doe-skin, kid and fabric.

Shoes walk into the limelight this season with color permeated into their midst, too. Patent leather appears in nearly every pastel and bright shade. With your cotton formal wear red or Alice blue patent leather sandals which will likely be non-existent at toes and heels . . . or wear printed chintz pumps. In sport shoes moccasin cuts remain very good. Dapper, too, are white jodphurs stopping just short of the ankle, cut from bucko, calfskin, or suede. Fabric forms a popular duo with leather: natural linen with brown calfskin, or gabardine and patent leather. Tobacco brown makes its debut in leather and fabric shoes. Runabout sandals often square at the toe and heel.

Purses and bags go off on a color tangent. Bags assume the geometric proportions of cylinders suspended by arc-shaped loops for gaily colored patent leather it's probably suede or alligator skin.



THE PLEDGE WHO

the hall thinking and thinking, trying to recall the password so he could get in. We all used to stand around him in a circle and give him hints and telling him when he was hot or cold and yelling at him; but he just couldn't ever remember it. Most of the time, that is.

Anyways, here is Jick in chapter-meeting and he gets up and makes a speech about Elmer. You don't often hear a regular speech in a fraternity unless it's about how fierce the meals have been lately. "Elmer Blivis," Jick yells, "must be taken in hand!"

We all agree with him, so we all march upstairs in a body and take the book away from him in a body and all yell and holler at him, and then we all march downstairs again in a body. Real dignified.

After that Elmer goes around wearing a wistful face for a while until one day he slouches in with a package under his arm and a far-away look in his eyes. Right away I know something is up.

That evening I am up in my room doing one thing and another when I hear music from down below, piano music played with only one finger but all the same with lots of technique and spirit in it.

*Listen to the mocking bird
Listen to the mocking bird
The mocking bird is singing o'er her grave.
Listen to the mocking bird
Still singing where the weeping willows wave.*

I tear downstairs fast and there is Jick Steele and Herman and Webb Eastcake and a bunch of the other fellows all standing around the piano with Elmer F. Blivis at the keyboard.

"Was that you playing, Elmer?" I asked, sort of aghast.

"You mean 'Listen to the Mocking Bird', E flat major, four-four time, **andante espressivo**? Sure that was me, I done it," he says.

Our house never had any musicians in it since Joe Bissel was in the Banjo Club in 1912, so we're pretty proud of Elmer, him being almost a **genius** on the piano, you might say. Well you might.

"I can play other stuff, too," Elmer informs us, and then he demonstrates, sometimes using two fingers or even three and every once in a while pitching in good with a couple of whacks at the pedals.

"Get a load of this," he says and then plays "The March of the Jolly Robins"—two-four time, D major, **allegretto**.

That one leaves us all sort of limp; why, that boy could make it sound just like Bach or something. Then he follows up with "The Happy Skylark" and "See the Baby Bobolink," both of them two-four time, C minor, **moderato**.

For the next two or three weeks none of us fellows get any work done at all, what with Elmer playing music all the time and stirring our souls all to heck. He gets up a pretty good repertoire and can play for fifteen minutes without repeating, and he's always getting new pieces, too.

One day I walk into the house nonchalantly and right away Elmer buttonholes me and shows me a new number he just bought. "Look!" he says, "it's called



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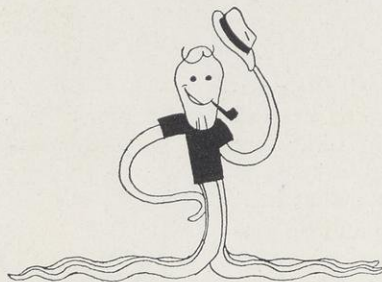
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OCTOPUS, INC. MADISON, WISCONSIN

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NO. 6

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VOTE YES

THE OPEN season on student referenda and political log-rolling is at hand. As the Octopus so succinctly put it last spring, "the word is in the air and the word is politics."

But in almost every student election there is at least one good issue—one object, urged by a relatively small group, which deserves the support of the entire student body. This year the referendum on abolition of freshman class officers is this type of question.

Under the present system, the chief object of the freshman and sophomore class officers is to build up the union board—prom king—senior class machines to a high degree of efficiency and to lose sums as high as \$300 on the freshman and sophomore dances. This is the "valuable experience" which those opposing the measure defend so glibly.

Obviously, when the senior class is faced with the prospect of paying out of class dues, a deficit which is the sole result of three years' work, a change is necessary. Much of this loss will be eliminated by leaving class organization until the fall of the sophomore year.

Unfortunately, student reforms are hard to put through the first time they are broached, as the groups which sponsored the final defeat of the Steven (board) plan of class government will suggest. However, this question steps on the toes of no one except the potential classes of 1940 and the years following. Unbiased consideration is possible and should speak for the elimination of the freshman elections.

UNNATURAL SELECTION

ONE QUESTION which campus politicians have never squarely faced is the obvious inability of the present elections system to select the best men for leadership out of the class as an aggregate.

Although this year's officers have on the whole shown efficiency in the conduct of class affairs—note the \$1,500 profit on Prom and Pre-Prom—the general run of class presidents is decidedly below the best possible, considering the material offered by the classes. The elections system does not provide a systematic method of seeking out the best men for the positions.

Proof of this statement can only be given indirectly. Campus opinion generally recognizes the superiority in general ability of the activities leaders, such as Cardinal and Badger editors and business managers and Union board and WSGA executives, over the decorative gentlemen who usually lead our Proms and preside in senior council meetings. Presidents of the administrative boards, often—unfortunately—chosen on a pure seniority principle, are frequently better equipped for executive positions than the nominal heads of the classes.

It is time that some principle of eligibility be set up to make the requirements more exacting than they have been in the past. Participation in activities, with a certain degree of success, should replace the haphazard selective process which begins with a 1.3 scholastic average, is decided in political caucuses, and rubber-stamped by minority elections.

THE PLEDGE WHO

'The Wee Little Bluebird' and it's six-eight time, key of G, poco a poco!"

He goes over to the piano and starts playing it, putting everything he's got into it. He plays it through twice poco a poco and then he goes to town with fire in his eyes. I am all enraptured and my soul is moved and I begin thinking about the little Delta Gamma who wore my pin three years ago.

All of a sudden Elmer collapses.

There he is, all in a heap unconscious, and there I am standing there shaking him and yelling like all get out. Herman comes downstairs, too, and Jick Steele and Jimmy Kuuugers, and we all stand there and yell with Elmer in a heap on the floor.

Finally someone comes over from next door and says why don't we take him to the infirmary, so we stop yelling and do so.

They work on Elmer out at the infirmary, yelling at him and cuffing him and throwing water and stuff at him until he comes to. Then the doc says he'd better examine Elmer so we all stand around to see what happens.

The doc gets out his stethoscope (you know) and listens to Elmer's heart. He listens and listens, and then he looks up real baffled.

"His heart beats in three-quarters time!" he grasps, and then hunches down to listen some more. He looks up again.

"Yes," he says, "and *andante moderato*, too!"

Let Your Funnybone Tickle Your Sweet Tooth!

- What's the funniest joke you've ever heard? Octy and the boys in the Life-Saver company would like to know. And together they've managed to make it worth your while.
- To the guy or gal who sends old Eight-Legs the funniest gag, quip, joke, or so forth will go a box of assorted flavors of the candy mint with the hole.
- The rules are a mere citation of a technicality or two. Any Wisconsin student is eligible. Mail or leave your brainchild at the Memorial Union desk in care of the Octopus. Any type of humor is eligible—if it's a cartoon, drawing will count. Otherwise, the form makes no difference. And there's a box of Life-Savers for the winnah!
- Incidentally, the editor of Octy will be judge, and he'd like to have just one really funny clean joke for the March issue. A word to the wise . . .



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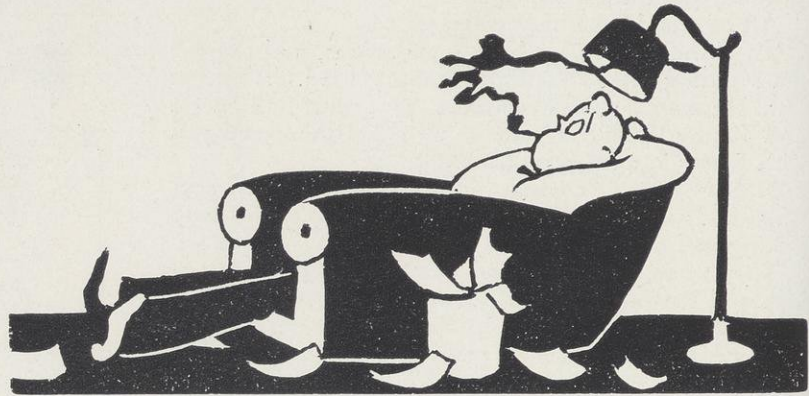
548 STATE STREET

OH BOY! WILD CHERRY!



IN THE EDITOR'S BROWN STUDY

Statements of some very fine resolutions, the first of which is to break all the rest if occasions warrant



ONE THING about this editorial dignity we've so recently assumed is an undoubted advantage. No one sees the magazine as it finally appears before we do, so we can make an approximate evaluation as to the value of each story in the book.

It's certainly strange how different a story looks in proof from its appearance in manuscript, especially when one of the boy wonders types in blue with red letters where he wants italics. And after the proof is all pasted up in the dummy, it looks still different. And by the time it actually gets printed, even our freshman from Bordentown would look at it twice before claiming a by-line.

But in laying out the book with scissors, paste, and long strips of proof with heavy red lines from the dean's pencil upon them, evaluation of the stories is relatively easy. This explains a multitude of things in this month's book.

It explains, for instance, why Bob Shaplen's swell boxing story is up near the front of the book and the historical feature on skiing is further back; it explains the presence of Elmer, this month's Herman hero, in a relatively prominent position; it explains those coy little analyses of the Six Informal Queens. Oh, yes indeed.

As you page through the book, you'll notice relatively few changes. Uncle Bill Harley and Gran'ther Jim Watrous, who acted as high priests in the resuscitation of Octy a few years back, will still find their marks upon the book. Bill, who was once described in a national college comic rating contest as "a young man who apparently writes with one hand and draws with the other" is a big, big loss, but it seems as if he did want to graduate.

The most obvious change is the type dress, with Stymie in the heads. We like it better than the old type because we like it better.

Editorially, the stories will be shorter. Save for one or two an issue, none will run more than a page. This, you will note, is a plan for next month and thereafter; it is not followed this month. One good sports article a month will be featured, with Bob Shaplen, Cardinal scrivener, handling them until he finds another investigation to investigate. Tish-tosh and Campus Chronicle will both play big parts.

Cartoons will be a little frequenter, we trust, with as many by our own staff artists as possible and some of the best from other college comics. The Candid Campus feature will be restored when, as, and if the merits of the photography seem to justify the expense. Thus far, this has been debatable, and this month we've spent the money on drawings. The record reviewer has been chosen and Platter Patter will be restored next month.

Among the trained seals in the monthly three-ring circus are many of the same boys whose stuff you've been reading.

Austin C. (Austie) Wehrwein is being whimsical whenever he finds the time. Joseph S. (Joe) Kleinfeld is cracking the whip over his exchange staff. Herbert L. (Herb) Bennett is holding forth with Gerald T. (Jerry) Erdahl at that drawing board in the center ring. Not to forget, of course, Paul (Paul) Godfrey and Tom (Tom) Hyland, the sophomore flashes.

But even with these, there is room for more. Octy is waving a cheery tentacle to one and all. There's plenty of room on both business and editorial staffs for freshmen, sophomores, juniors, seniors, graduates, faculty members, regents, and athletic directors. Whether you'd like to try writing, drawing, selling, clipping, or carrying water for the elephants, Octy sees you as potential roustabouts and aerial artists and greets you with open arms—all eight of 'em.

MEN MUST FIGHT

(Continued from page 10)

George Stupar of 1936. Tony had a punch, the historians tell us, and along with Goodsitt outclassed all others on the '30 boxing scene. He hailed from New York and bore the scars of some seventy amateur fights. Finally there was Wally Mathias, a 175 pound light heavy. Wally was captain of the wrestling team as well, and a champ in both sports.

In 1931, Dave Horwitz made his first appearance, succeeding Goodsitt in the bantamweight division and holding his post for three years. Horwitz is the boy who really saw boxing grow, for in his last season here, he had the honor of taking part in Wisconsin's first intercollegiate matches.

Louis Dequene, a welterweight, was another star of 1931. Louis lasted two years but bowed to Fausto Rubini in '33 and thus lost out on the chance that Horwitz got. Van Ness Hall, at 135, was the lightweight star of the day. Hall was also around when they blew the lid off the bouts as an intercollegiate activity.

The year 1932 was the first season for the redoubtable, "You Can't Tell Me" Max Knecht. Maxie was the heavyweight flash of that era and the pride and joy of the females' eyes. For it was in '32 that Downer's reforms were put into effect and the reserved seat became a reality. And did Max eat that up!

This was the start of Nick Deanovich's role in the history of Wisconsin boxing as well. Nick won the 175 pound title that year and is at present launching his last season on the Badger squad. Old-timers still talk about that '32 final in the light-heavy class, when Nick and Jack Grindell battled through three of the fiercest rounds the old field houst ring has ever endured. Both men were off their feet for the greater part of the time, but Nick finally got the decision and has been doing so ever since with fair regularity.

In 1933, they held the first intercollegiate matches, and that speaks for itself. Boxing has definitely made good.

Two matches were held that year, one with Northwestern, defeated

6-2, and one with the St. Thomas outfit, tied 4-4. The coach and star man of the St. Thomas squad was none other than one John Walsh, who today directs Wisconsin's national championship claimants.

And this was Ralph Russell's first year as a bantam star, Rubini's, the "Rube's" as a 145 pounder, and Art Endres, and Harry Kohler's—among others. Fred Swan was the coach, and he resigned in March, and Downer became the real czar of Badger boxing.

And in '34, King George dug deep down in the grab bag and before you knew it, out he came with Johnny Walsh! And Johnny stepped right into the picture and has fitted like a glove ever since. Science became the keynote. Science in boxing, science in training, and just plain science, from top to bottom.

The Haskell Indians were beaten 6-3 that year, an unofficial team from Iowa pummeled 6-2, and the champs of the Eastern Conference, West Virginia, tied 4-4, and that only because Wisconsin was forced to forfeit one match. Here are the boys who made up the 1934 team, already well-known names to those who have been on hand in Madison for the past two years of boxing shows: Ralph Russell, Bobby Fadner, George Stupar, Nick Didier, Fausto Rubini, Charley Zynda, Deanovich, and Knecht. The two Endres boys, Art and Jerry, were other important cogs.

And in 1935, the grand climax was reached. Six bouts with the best teams of the country were held and Wisconsin came through the victor in each to gain recognition as the mythical national amateur champs.

This season, it's going to be a bit tougher to retain that undefeated record. The men are just as good, men like the two Walsh twins, and Vern Woodward, the new heavy, not to mention sturdy veterans, like Stupar, but the going promises to be stiffer. But even if the Badgers do lose one, they'll still rank ace high in intercollegiate realms.

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STOLEN THUNDER

"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

"That was my brother—he just walks that way."

—Yellow Jacket

Sweet Young Thing: "Did you have a local anaesthetic?"

Student: "No, I went to a hospital in Denver."

—Pup

"Did you know that Madison cops are going to be vaccinated?"

"What for? They never catch anything."

—Punch Bowl

Plumber (arriving late) — Well, how is it?

Happy Husband — Not so bad, while we were waiting for you I taught my wife to swim.

—Punch Bowl

Carl (over phone)—Is Emily in?
Maid (also over the phone)—She's taking a bath.

Carl—Sorry, I have the wrong number.

—Punch Bowl

Father (to daughter coming in at 4:00 a. m.)—Good morning, child of Satan.

Daughter (sweetly)—Good morning, Father.

—Scratch

My dear Miss Smith:
Dear Miss Smith:
Dear Mary:
Mary Dear:
Dearest Mary:
Mary Darling:
Mary, beloved:
My soulmate:
Darling Wife
Dear Mary:
Hello Mame:
Pay to the order of Mrs. Mary S. Doe.

—Caveman

"Should a father of forty-five marry again?"

"No; that's enough children for any man."

—Yellow Jacket

Old Lady—I wouldn't cry like that, my little man.

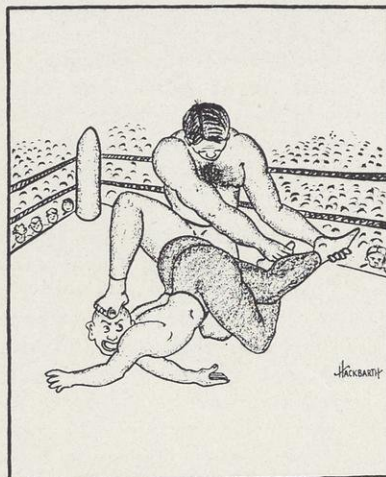
Boy—Cry as you damn please; this is my way.

—Owl

He (after long silence, looking at clock)—Is that an eight-day clock?

She (very bored)—Well, why not stay a little longer and find out!

—Syracuse Somersault



"Aw, I can hold my own end up"

SEX

Lift your limpid, lazy lips
Upward to be kissed.
How can you be uncongenial
On a night like this?

The misty, mellow moonlight
Floods the valley through
With a curious enchanted
Love-enticing dew.

So lift those lazy, limped lips
Upward to be kissed.
I could love a walrus, dear,
On a night like this.

—Purple Cow

The pompous judge glared sternly over his spectacles at the tattered prisoner who had been dragged before the bar of justice on a charge of vagrancy.

"Have you ever earned a dollar in your life?" he asked in scorn.

"Yes, your honor," was the response. "I voted for you at the last election."

—Sewanee Mildew

LAMENT

When I looked on your beauty,
So lovely, so rare
I felt that I knew that
You'd never play fair.
But now that we've lived
And we've loved and we've sworn,
You're just as I thought—
I'm the worst sucker born.

—Record.

Barber: "Shall I cut your hair close?"

Coed: "No, stand off as far as possible."

—Lyre

Actor: "So you're going to use me in your next play? You've really discovered at last what I am!"

Director: "Yeah, hurry up and get into the hind legs of that stage horse over there."

—Shipmate

Mistress: Your young man has an air of braggodocio about him, Mary.

Mary: Yis, pore lad, he wurks in a livery stable.

—Record.

Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall
Humpty Dumpty had a big fall
All the King's horses and all the
King's men

Came riding by on side-saddles
—the sissies.

—Log

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