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THE
WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



NOVEMBER '33 • 15 CENTS

JW.
BH.



The
CREAM OF THE CROP
ITS
Crowning Glory

INSURING FINE TOBACCO FOR

future Lucky Strikes

Not many smokers have seen a fine tobacco plant in full bloom, so we show you this picture. These fine types of plants are permitted to flower and to produce seed—to reproduce the Cream of the Crop—enabling Luckies to maintain the same fine, uniform quality that smokers everywhere appreciate—so round and firm and fully packed—free from loose ends.

ALWAYS the finest tobaccos **ALWAYS** the finest workmanship

ALWAYS Luckies please!

"it's toasted" FOR THROAT PROTECTION—FOR BETTER TASTE



THE BOOMERANG

GENTLEMEN—

Just noticed on Page 7 September Octopus your reference to what I presume is meant the elongated flexible processes of certain invertebrates. Hope you haven't been spelling this "tenacles" for fifteen years as my Webster has always said tentacles.

R. S. PETERSON,
October 15, 1933. 1645 Chase Ave, Chicago, Ill.

Octy, although not a "T" hound, corrected its error in its October issue to prove that mistakes are not made twice. Octy waves a tentacle of goodwill to subscriber Peterson.

Bouquets, not grape fruit, from a California Booster.
752 S. Carondelet,
Los Angeles, Calif.
October 24, 1933.

SIRS:
I was pleasantly greeted with a copy of the new and different Octopus this morning. It was a pleasure to glance through it . . . it is an epochal departure from the stale joke, old gag, kabel type tradition.
Octy has really turned out something. My compliments to the staff.

—F. W. PEDERSON.

Madison, Wis.
October 28, 1933.

TO THE EDITOR, THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS:
Apparently, your cover artists for the present semester are gentlemen afflicted with one-track minds. A brewed liquor made with malted grain and flavored with hops is the only subject I have observed on Octy covers thus far.
We can think of few more delightful things than beer, but, after all, why force us to continually gaze at anemic bar maids, or sub-intellectual football players, as the case may be, engaged in some sport with the demon beer?
Of course, our present generation is no doubt afflicted with sundry complexes and inhibitions regarding various forms of prohibited beverages; and the Octy staff can hardly be expected to be composed of super-men. But please, Mr. Editor, couldn't you vary your cover design to 3.2 wine, just for once?

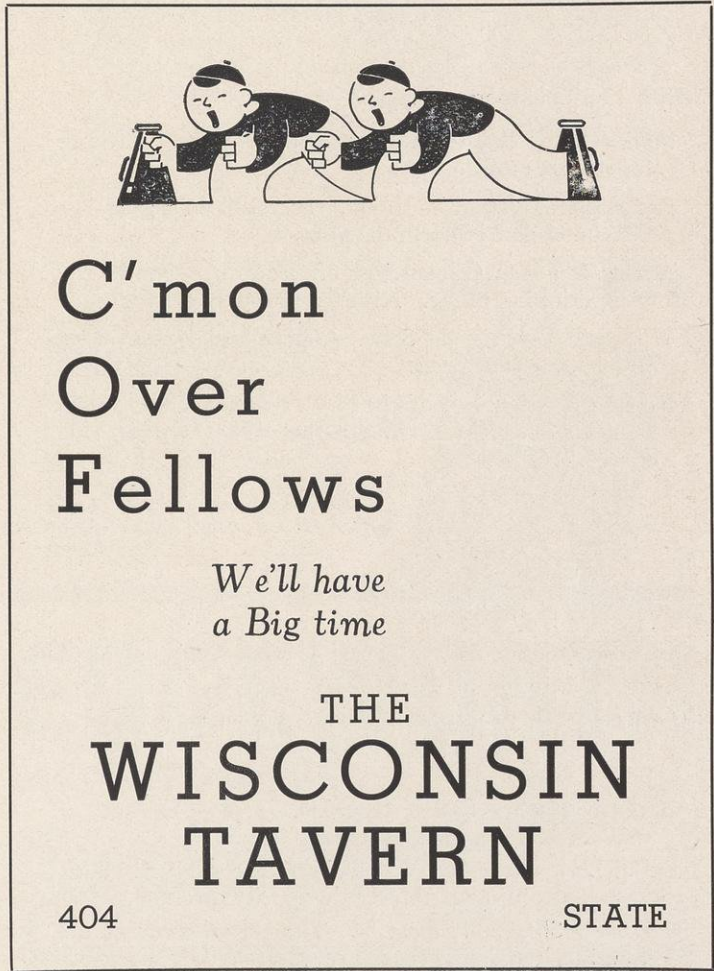
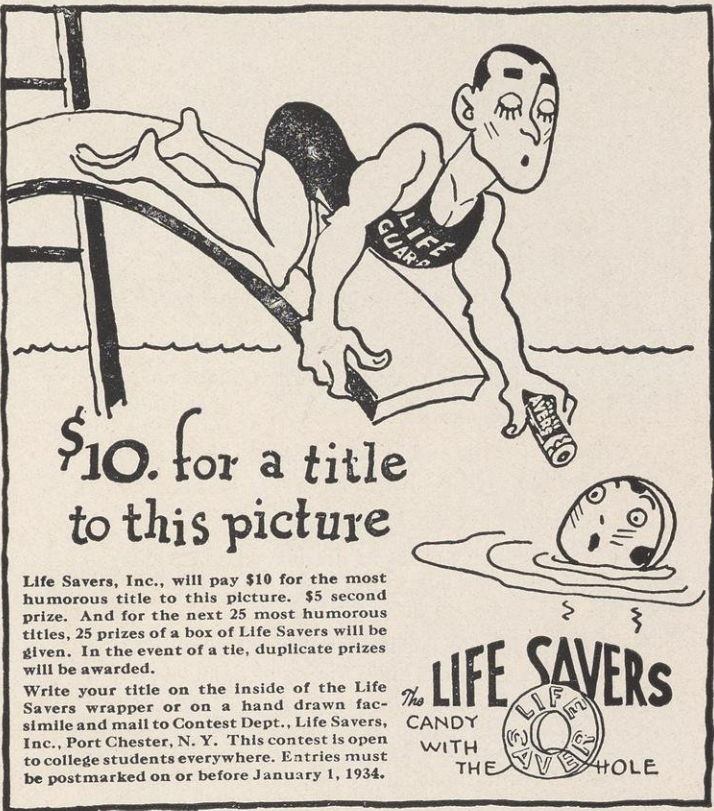
—RALPH PORTER.

In the future the editors will *beer* in mind R. Porter's retort. We promise not to make another beverage cover until Wisconsin wins a Big Ten football fracas.

Nov. 1, 1933.

GENTLEMEN:
How's fer Accuracy Always
Rathskeller
skeller
ler
ER
PORTER BUTTS,
House Director, Wisconsin Union.

Tsk, Tsk! Often in the Union News and on Union programs we have noted first *lar* then *ler*, hence the quandary on our part.



HERE'S HOW -- And Where

November-December

ART

Exhibitions

Wisconsin Union Gallery

Nov. 4-Nov. 16—Paintings by Robert von Neumann.

Nov. 16-Dec. 1—Paintings by George Buehr.

Dec. 1-Dec. 16—Paintings by Honore Guilbeau.

Madison Art Association

Wheeler Institute—University Ave., Nov. 1-Dec. 1,
Madison Artists' Jury Show.

Art Education Exhibit Room

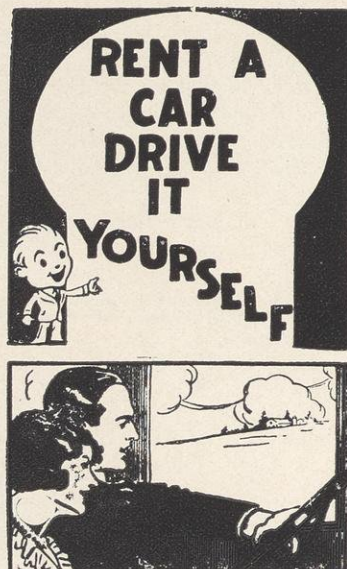
Nov. 1-Nov. 20—Octopus drawings and cartoons.

Lectures

Prof. Oskar Hagen, Dept. Art History—Nov. 28 at the
Wisconsin Union, "The Origins of Spanish Art."

Arts and Crafts

Wisconsin Union Workshop. Old Union Bldg.—Make
your Christmas gifts and cards early. Etching wood-
blocks, pewter, etc.



Equipped for Comfort

A heater to keep you *Warm* . . .
plenty of Prestone in the radiator
to prevent freezing . . . chains to
guard against skidding are, to men-
tion a few, features on KOCH
RENT-A-CARS that make for
Comfort in Winter driving.

*Furthermore, we deliver
the car if you wish, and
take you home when you
return it . . .*

Call B. 1200

—for a New 1933 Insured Chevrolet



BEER (3.2—No more - no less)

Mark's—Next to Brown Book Store on State. Favorite
for student crowd.

Rathskeller—Wisconsin Union. Beer still in bottles but
the atmosphere is worth the price.

Amber Inn—On Gilman just off State St. One of the
nicer drinking places. Nickel steins, jolly crowd.

Wisconsin Tavern—404 State. College crowd, clean place
to idle over your beers.

Fauerbach's—Just beyond the N.W. station. The old style
beer imbibing place. Worth the walk (awright, ride
then!).

FOOD WITH FINESSE

Julians—226 State St. A swell place for unusual foods
made up in fancy style.

Georgian Grill—Wisconsin Union. Pardon us if we men-
tioned this before, but we still enjoy the food and red
stuffed chairs.

Kennedy Manor—End of Langdon. A place to dance as
well as feast, in a colonial style.

St. Nicholas Cafe—On West Main next to the Park Hotel.
Best steaks in town, thicker than a city directory.

Chocolate Shop—548 State St. The old aristocrat of the
light lunch and after-theater snacks.

HERE'S HOW -- And Where

MUSIC

Concerts

Fritz Kreisler (the old maestro) — Nov. 20, Stock Pavilion.

*Cecil Burleigh and Leon Iltis — Nov. 19, Wisconsin Union.

*Janet Fairbank, soprano—Nov. 26, Wisconsin Union.

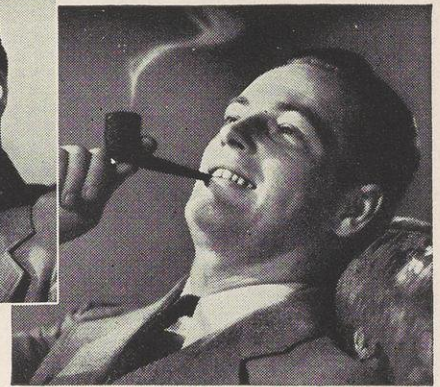
*Arthur Kreutz, violinist—Dec. 3, Wisconsin Union.

English Singers—Dec. 4, Wisconsin Union.

*free concerts



**Mildness alone
Is Not Enough**



A pipe tobacco must have
FLAVOR

JIGGING

Big Dances

Gridiron Ball—Nov. 18, Dell Coon and his Orchestra.

Haresfoot Follies—Nov. 29.

Weekly Affairs

770 Club in the Union on Friday and Saturday nights, Norm Phelps smoothie music plus floor show.

*Matinee Dances on Saturday afternoons in Great Hall, Union.

*Classes for men and women—Thursdays at 7 and 8 p.m.

*free

TEA

Georgian Grill—Wisconsin Union. After 3:30 any afternoon except Saturday and Sunday. Ten cents for tea and cookies or cinnamon toast.

THEATER

*For Men—Rathskeller of Union on Saturday nights. Bring your razzberry makers and cheering lungs.

*For Gals—Tripp Commons of Union on Friday nights. Ladies yell and hoot, too, we understand.

Wisconsin Players—Bascom Theater. Uncle Tom's Cabin, Dec. 6-13.

*free

LET US get straight on this matter of tobacco mildness. Of course you want a *mild* pipe tobacco. But mildness alone is not enough. What you really want is mildness *plus* flavor.

In Edgeworth you will find that rare combination—*mildness plus flavor*. Edgeworth is a blend of only the tenderest leaves of the burley plant. No other parts of the burley plant will do for Edgeworth. Not only do these leaves have the choicest flavor but, more than that, we have learned in our over half a century of experience that in them is found the *mildest pipe tobacco that grows*.

FREE booklet on the care and enjoyment of your pipe. To get the real satisfaction pipe smoking can give you, to enjoy the full flavor of good tobacco, you must treat your pipe right. Send for a free copy of "The Truth About Pipes." It contains much practical and useful information for pipe smokers. Address: Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va., Tobacconists since 1877.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. Sold everywhere. All sizes from 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tins. Also several sizes in vacuum packed tins.



EDGEWORTH
MADE FROM THE
Mildest pipe tobacco
THAT GROWS



Dress up and Pep up!

Putting on a new becoming frock does something for you! We have some of the most flattering frocks for dining and dancing that we've seen in many a day. Of rib o'crepe, velvet, or satin in the gayest of colors! PRICED AT \$19.50 to \$39.50.

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VOL. XV

NO. 3

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS • A CAMPUS CHRONICLE

VIOL MUSIC

The recent renaissance of the Union mat dances recalls a strange interlude in one of those musical nightmares last year. We were standing by the bass viol player, awed by his masterful thumping. He wore a look of intense concentration, no doubt, we thought, over the technical difficulties of the passage. Suddenly the light of triumph entered his eyes, as, out of the bedlam of sound waves, he grasped three chords. "Jees!" he muttered. "We're playing 'The Shiek of Araby'."

WHY NOT HEAD MASTER?

They do those things right over in England. With the tidings of our contemplated carillon reaching London, President Frank recently received a communication from a firm of bell manufacturers in that center of learning, addressed to, "Principal, University of Wisconsin."

concentrating, or to wear an expression of defiance . . . it just sits there, placidly.

DING DONG

Apparently, the alumni association is still carrying on its plans for a bell tower, despite Franklin D. Roosevelt's polemic against them in Time magazine . . . "I am not in the least perturbed about the chime of bells because strictly between ourselves, I should much prefer to have a puppy dog or a baby named after me than one of those carillon effects that is never quite in tune and which goes off at all hours of the day and night! At least one can give paregoric to a puppy or a baby." It has annoyed us somewhat . . . we wish the alumni association would get their shoulders to the wheel and support Mr. Roosevelt's program.

MADISON EXCHANGE

The telephone operator at Adams Hall is leading a difficult life, these days. He is continually accosted by feminine voices, imperatively requesting "Ladies' lingerie department," or "Corsets for stouts." What with Adams Hall being Fairchild 5000 and Manchester's being Badger 5000, there's not much that can be done about it; we're wondering, however, if Manchester's are frequently asked for "Weasel, in Ochsner house."

"ONE FOR ALL"

In a recent issue of The Daily Cardinal, radical campus publication, we were pleased to note that at least one of our old Wisconsin traditions still carries on, despite the heckling of our modern sophisticates. In the society personals, Barlow Weems '32 of Platteville, N.D., was listed as a house guest of Alpha Chi Rho. This mythical gentleman appears regularly in the society columns as one of our noted alumni, although the records of the alumni association take no official cognizance of his past glory.



—DRAWN BY JACK COOMBS

"My, how you've grown"

SIGN OF THE TIMES

As another proof of our neurotic civilization, we were recently impressed by the fact that even the fauna are disregarding the laws of men. Every day, as we pass by the Spooner Apartments, we notice a squirrel seated on a "No Parking" sign. It doesn't seem to be

STAG NIGHT

Far from his native habitat, we noticed a deer, peacefully seated on the steps of Science Hall a few nights ago. It was a concrete deer, and proudly bore the legend, 'Glenn Frank can't budget.' When we passed, it was just sitting there, ruminating. It was gone the next morning. We've been wondering if Glenn Frank accepted the challenge.

SEASONAL NOTE

That time of the year is approaching when students begin to snuffle. Right here and now we want to anticipate all cracks like "snuffle off to Buffalo," and "I've got an (NRA) code in my nose." These remarks will be avoided by the better class of people. The other class will contribute them to the Octopus.

PASSIONATE POETS

The records make an odd mistake
In saying there are four
Horsemen riding round the world.
The worried air holds more.

The lover spurring Pegasus
Is worse than all the others.
War, Fire and Death, and Pestilence
Are merely his step-brothers.

—JANET BREED.

Gus Gobbler deserted Tabitha Turkey two weeks before Thanksgiving. "Lest birds of a feather," read the parting note, "go on the block together."

RECOVERY

"You're getting clothes in autumn
That were on sale this spring?
My dear, you could have bought 'em
For almost anything."

"I knew the price was low
For feminine apparel,
But ninety days ago,
My dear, I wore a barrel!"



"We're out for gore!"

INFIRMARY BLUES

"Badger 580 . . . 5, please. Any time tonight. Hello, Infirmary. Could you send a doctor out to 000 Langdon Street? A girl has just fallen down the stairs and twisted her ankle very badly. No, she can't come out there. Can you imagine, they want her to come out there before they'll look at it. It isn't their policy to treat students anywhere else but in the infirmary and if she can't come out there, there's nothing they can do about it. Wouldn't it be possible to send a doctor out? No, she can't walk. My heavens, by the time we got that girl down the other two flights we'd all need medical attention ourselves. Her name? It's Janice Smith. No, I don't know her infirmary number. Oh, you'll see if you can find a doctor for me to talk to? That's mighty fine of you, girl. I'm glad to know there might be one somewhere around. Does it still hurt her so much, Connie? And bring me a cigarette; I'm going to be in this booth for the rest of the evening. It's only been five minutes. I wonder if I'm still connected. Hello, operator. Badger 580. I see. Yes, I'll hold the line. What else could I do with it? They'd let you die on the doorstep and not even bother to sweep you up if it was outside of office hours. Why couldn't she fall down the stairs at the right time of the day. Ah, footsteps approaching. She took long enough to make the man. Hello. Oh, yes, Doctor. Could you come out to 000 Langdon Street? A girl just fell . . ."

She stood in the street at midnight,
As the traffic homeward sped,
She was very much struck by the moonlight,
But that's not the reason she's dead.

—B. D.

Co-Ed Cora can't decide whether to date the boy-friend with the new car or the one with the old. The first has an automatic clutch while the other has defective brakes.

THOUGHT

This is a funny business, my friend.
To be perfectly truthful, I think you an ass,
And to be quite frank, you think me a fool.
Amusing, 'til we stop to think,
That we both can prove it!

—KWP.

BELLES LETTRES

October 31, 1933.

Dear Dad,

Well, Homecoming is over now. We lost to Purdue but it was a swell weekend; the town went wild with excitement. I underestimated my budget a bit this month due to the extra-large expense incurred by books and other school materials, and as a result am a bit low in funds.

Sixth week exams are over now and the grades have been returned. I did pretty well on them, and should make even better grades by the end of the semester.

Hoping that business and the market are up to par, I remain,

Your obedient

PETER.

October 31, 1933.

Dear Margaret,

My, how I miss you, darling. I wish that I had my degree already so that we could get married. Saturday night here was hellishly lonesome. I went to our fraternity party, but without a date. No other girl here appeals to me, honey.

And while all the other fellows were hilariously happy with their girls and enjoyed themselves immensely, I sat in a corner and sulked. The only feminine diversion I had was dancing with a horsey chap-erone.

I didn't do so well on my grades, it seems as all my instructors have it in for me for some strange reason and undermarked me terrifically. Write soon, Darling, I only live from one mail to the next.

Faithfully always,

PETER.

Dear Dean,

With respect to an explanation as to the poor grades I sustained on the sixth week exams, I must say that I was the victim of circumstance.

At the time of the exam period I was terribly ill, and remained in bed for several days, as the result of an upset stomach. My physical condition at that time would not possibly permit me to attend classes or do any of the assigned work in the course. It is to that latter misfortune that I lay the cause for my relatively poor showing.

Hoping that you will understand my predicament and will not be too harsh in your judgment, I remain,

Most respectfully,

PETER WINTER.

October 31, 1933.

Dear Stinky,

Homecoming is over, and oh boy, what a "head." Was I fried? I can still see white mules, pink elephants, and roaring dragons. I met a torrid babe and dragged her to Tau Delt's Homecoming brawl Saturday p.m. Was she blazing? She burned my dress suit to a cinder. She's from

Oshkosh, b'gosh. I'll have to write her a letter, if I can remember her name and find her address. We both got plastered, and after that I don't remember what happened. From what the fellows in the house told me the next morning, it was a stinko stampede.

I did rotten on my exams. I was weak from that last hangover; I couldn't crack a book for a week. Jeess, I thought I'd croak. Two of my profs flunked me. Little wonder, I was so dizzy my blue book looked like a magazine rack.

And into the bargain, I'm absolutely flat. Homecoming went through my roll like a meat grinder. If you happen to have a spare five spot, wire it. Thanks.

PETE.

FILL'ER UP!

(Some suggestions for items with which to pad the columns of *The Daily Cardinal*)

Nobody named Drzmzpfzszbrtzt has ever attended the University of Mississippi.

• • •
Roses are red . . .

• • •
A freshman at Coke College is able to grab his left elbow in his left hand with ease. He attributes this rare gift to the fact that his grandfather fought with the Confederate army during the Civil War.

• • •
Violets are blue . . .

• • •
Students at New Mexico Agricultural and Mechanics College were astounded to see Prof. K. K. Onkeldorff walk around in the nude. It was the first time he was ever seen emerging from the showers in the men's gymnasium.

• • •
Sugar is sweet . . .

• • •
Although she was never outside of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in her life, Clarissa Codfish, whose parents and grandparents are of 100% Aryan stock, suddenly began to speak Aramaic with at Czecho-Slovakian accent at the age of a year and a half.

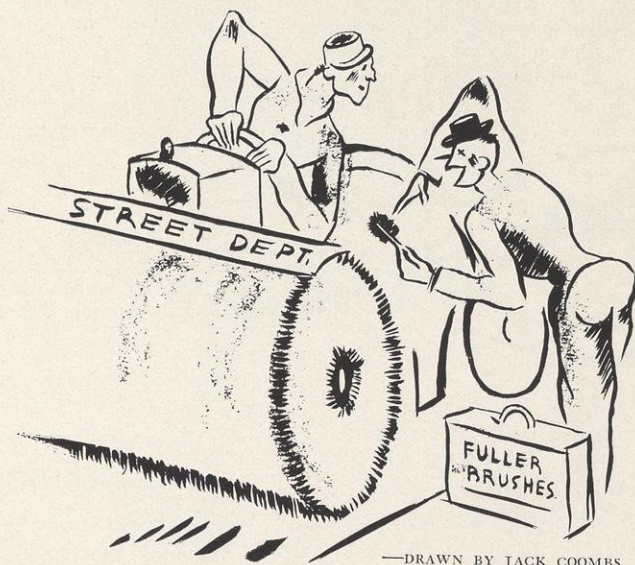
• • •
And so are you!

• • •
An English instructor at the University of Paraguay has been walking on his ankles for the last six years in order to save shoe leather.

• • •
A co-ed at Commonwealth College who had the bad habit of biting her nails continually, woke up one day to find every one of her fingers knawed down to the last joint.

• • •
Editors of *The Daily Cardinal*, student newspaper of the University of Wisconsin, have been using the same items to fill up blank spaces for the last nine years.

—HANK KUPFERSCHMID.



—DRAWN BY JACK COOMBS

TOAST TO CATS

I do not think anyone will question the statement that the cat is the most civilized of animals. There is really no question about it. It must be admitted, too, that beside the cat, the dog is merely an ungainly, lumbering oaf, with little knowledge of where he's going, and a peculiarly clumsy way of getting there. There is really no comparison, except in one regard: the dog is undoubtedly more faithful by far, more loyal, than the cat.

It has been said that cats, too, are loyal, but there is very little authority for this. I suppose the cat is too selfish to be loyal, and selfishness, of course, is a doubtful virtue. Still, one cannot but admire a selfishness so consistently directed toward what I choose to think a worthy end: the kitty's own comfort. In the long run, there are few things more pleasant than comfort. It is very hard indeed to build up a tenable case against comfort.

I should have begun this piece, I suppose, like this:

"At last I have discovered why cats are so often found cozily curled up against the glass of a store window." That would have attracted attention at once, and would have been in the best possible form. Well, the most orthodox, at least. But whether I began it thus or not, I do know why cats cozily curl up against the glass of a store window, a spot in which I venture to say few dogs, if any, have ever been seen. It is because he is so eminently civilized a beast.



A cat, my friends, is far, far too wise to tear about in the streets of life, exposed to all manner of evil. He prefers some quiet, safe and comfortable vantage point from which to watch the passing show and laugh softly into his paws, tastefully curled around his face so that his amusement may not offend. Why, the beast is the very essence of civilization!

But unintelligent, you say? I'm sorry, but you're wrong about that. Very wrong. Oh, very wrong, indeed. Nothing civilized was ever unintelligent.

Q. E. D.

—KWP.

AESOP, 1933

In a moment of abstraction, the university executive held a ruler in his hands and broke it in two.

"The boss is mad," commented the first stenographer, when her employer had left for lunch.

"You're wrong," said the second stenographer. "He's made some important decision."

"What he did was symbolical," the third stenographer interpreted. "It signifies that he feels defeated."

"I think you'll find," remarked the secretary, "that he and his wife have separated."

To settle the problem, the four employees question the executive upon his return.

"Why, it simply means," he exclaimed with some exasperation, "that I've broken a good rule. And an excellent one for you would be 'mind your own business'."

ADVICE TO PATERNAL PARENTS

Upsy-daisy,
Downsy-daisy,
My, what a fine fat boy!
Upsy-daisy,
Downsy-daisy,
Daddy's new and lovely toy.
Maybe he'll be a football hero,
Maybe he'll be Pres-i-dent;
But he's bound to be a great success.
Upsy-daisy,
Downsy-daisy,
My, what a fine fat boy!

Yeah.

Maybe he'll be an f. b. man
And maybe he'll be a thug
And maybe he'll be Pres-i-dent,
And maybe just a lug.
O, the odds are long and the price is high,
And *chance* has a way of passing by,
With a flit of her skirt and a hasty eye,
And hope dies slowly and it's hard to die

Why not bet he'll be a damned good crapshooter,
and promise to teach him yourself?

—KWP.

"I'm getting in on the ground floor," said the campus politician as he took the elevator by the Rathskeller.

PURITANESS

They called her quaint for being faithful
In a besieged existence.
They did not know for her it was
The path of least resistance.

—J. B.

WRITTEN DEFIANTLY

So much I've talked me into love
And yawned me out again,
I sing the end of this affair
A cheerful requiem.

And, darling, if you think I'll sob
About your farewell kiss
You're wrong as ever you can be.
The years have taught me this.

That most things end at last, thank
God.

It never pays to grieve.
I rather like the little calm
That comes when lovers leave.



PAUL BUNYAN'S BLUE OX

CHARLES E. BROWN

PAUL BUNYAN, the prince of northern loggers, was the legendary hero of American bunk house tales. During the cold winter evenings when the loggers were smoking, gathered around the fireplaces, the "shanty boys" spun tales of the gargantuan deeds of the giant Paul, his big blue ox Babe, and his heroic crew of loggers. These tales were flavored with the American love for exaggeration, the feat being to "outspin" all preceding tales. Charles E. Brown, Director of the State Historical Museum, initiates a series of Paul Bunyan stories with this tale of Babe the blue ox.

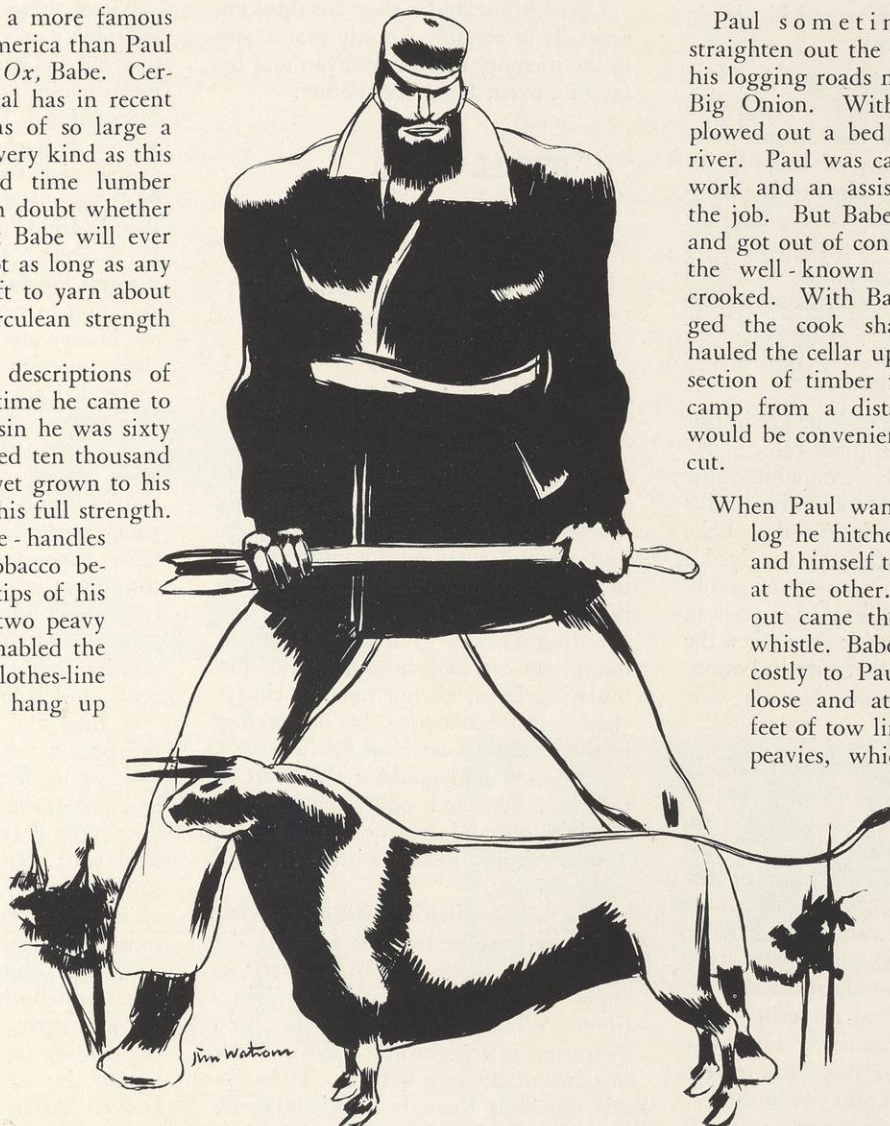
—EDITOR'S NOTE.

It is not likely that a more famous bovine ever lived in America than Paul Bunyan's famous *Blue Ox*, Babe. Certainly no horned animal has in recent years engaged the pens of so large a number of writers of every kind as this great steer of the old time lumber camps. We very much doubt whether all of the stories about Babe will ever be recorded, at least not as long as any old *shanty boys* are left to yarn about his great size, his herculean strength and frolicsome pranks.

The most accurate descriptions of Babe state that at the time he came to the pineries of Wisconsin he was sixty hands high and weighed ten thousand pounds. He had not yet grown to his full height or attained his full strength. He measured seven axe-handles and a plug of Star tobacco between the eyes. The tips of his long horns were forty-two peavy handles apart. This enabled the lumberjacks to tie a clothes-line between them and to hang up their clothes to dry.

Babe had the strength of ninety horses. He was *born* for log skidding. He could pull anything that had two ends. Benny, his companion ox, was but little inferior to his partner in size and strength. However, the dispositions of the two oxen were entirely different. Babe was, on the whole, a pretty tractable animal, while Benny had a restive and fiery temperament. He never would stay put. He moved off with every camp building they ever put him in and walked away with everything they ever tied him to. He was always getting away and poor Paul was always paying rewards for his return.

Brimstone Bill, a long-bearded camp pensioner of Paul's, was the keeper and nursemaid of this span of famous oxen. His supply of cusswords was almost



unlimited. When anything went wrong and old Bill really tore loose he could only be quieted with a fire-extinguisher. With his flow of profanity he could subdue Babe all right, but Benny was simply beyond his control until he acquired some Russian swearwords from a camp communist. "I knows oxen," old Bill used to say. "I've worked 'em and doctored 'em ever sense they wuz invented. Babe! Why I knows thet pernicious old reptile same as if I'd ben through him with a lantern."

Paul sometimes used Babe to straighten out the kinks and curves in his logging roads near his camp on the Big Onion. With his help he once plowed out a bed for the Hot Water river. Paul was called away from this work and an assistant of his finished the job. But Babe turned in his yoke and got out of control and that is why the well-known stream is so darn crooked. With Babe's help Paul dragged the cook shanty up hill, then hauled the cellar up after it. An entire section of timber was brought to the camp from a distance, and where it would be convenient for the loggers to cut.

When Paul wanted to peel a huge log he hitched Babe to one end and himself took hold of the bark at the other. Babe pulled, and out came the log as slick as a whistle. Babe's pranks were often costly to Paul. Once he broke loose and ate up two hundred feet of tow line. Log chains and peavies, which were left lying around loose, disappeared like magic. He pulled so hard on a hundred foot steel chain that it became a straight bar of metal. Now and then he slipped in behind a log driving crew and drank up the

water in the river and left the logs and crew high and dry. Quite a few of the lakes in northern Wisconsin are in holes he kicked out with his feet. Big Hawk, who was a chief of the Potawatomi Indians, said of Babe's kicking, "My father say he see big blue Buck drink all water from lake then kick up much mud for mile till no see um sun, then father tell all Indians run he kick hole to hell and all Indian burn up."

One day a Swede emigrant and his family driving to Minnesota in a cov-

ered wagon blundered into one of these deep holes and were lost—all but the youngest child. When this youngster finally managed to get out of this hole he was fifty-seven years old. In compassion for his hardships Paul Bunyan gave him a job as a chore boy in one of his camps.

When Babe tipped over a water tank the resulting flood created the Mississippi river. Only timely action by Paul and his crew once prevented his drinking up Lake Superior.

Babe had a prodigious appetite. He ate up ten bales of hay at a meal. He ate wires and all so that to one man was assigned the duty of keeping his teeth clean of bailing wires with a magnet. Some say three men were thus employed. Yet he was particular about his eating, he never would eat shredded wheat biscuits. He often mistook Hels Helson, the Big Swede's, head of hair for a bale of hay, and Hels was forever suffering from ox-bites.

Babe got his name of Blue Ox in this curious way. The original color of his hide was snow white. One winter blue snow fell for seven days and nine nights throughout the North Woods. Babe laid down in the drifts and was dyed a sky blue color. No amount of scrubbing by Brimstone Bill could remove it. That was the memorable year when the Great Lakes froze solid from the bottom upward and the snow became blue from the reflection of the water.

Big Ole, a Skowegian, was the blacksmith in Paul Bunyan's Big Onion camp. He was a very powerful man, almost as strong as Paul himself. When he struck his anvil the ring of the metal could be heard in the next county. He only could shoe Babe. These ox-shoes were so large that every time a new set was required Paul had to open up a new iron mine in northern Michigan or Minnesota. Once Ole carried two of these shoes for a mile and sank ankle-deep into the solid rock at every step. His footprints can still be seen.

Tom McCann, the barn boss, once made a harness of deer hides for Babe. Later, Pink-Eye Martin was hauling in logs for camp firewood. When he started with his load it began to rain and the wet rawhide to stretch. When he reached camp Babe was there beside him but the sleigh-load of logs was still away down in the woods. Martin tied the ox and went in to dinner. While he was stowing away his grub the sun came out, dried and shrunk the harness, and drew the logs to camp.

Paul had numerous other ox teams in his camps. When strung out in a line these would stretch across any state, its longest way. Their yokes piled up made a thousand cords of wood. One day Paul drove some of them through a hollow log which had fallen across a big ravine. When they came through he counted them and found that several were missing. These, he found, had strayed into a hollow limb.

Up at Rhinelander they are thinking seriously of erecting a costly monument to the memory of Paul Bunyan and his favorite oxen, Babe and Benny.

SWELL HEAD

Her bean is so big

She has to go hatless.

She can't wear a wig—

Her map is an atlas.

MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT

You can see them down in Bascom reading room, morning, noon and night—whole stratas of the student population, slaving away over ponderous volumes, taking notes and learning about life.

Sitting in any given corner of the room, you can look onto a field of formulating faces, ekeing out the elusive elements of economics, 1a, or aerating in the aeriferous aeries of aesthetics, 24. The vista would gladden the heart of the most devoted educationalist, for the intellectual intensity is marvelous. The air simply steams with it . . . and other things.

The most fascinating part of studying down in Bascom reading room is the distractions. Distractions, in fact, occupy the major portion of studying-time. Who, indeed, has not been distracted in the reading room? Show me that man; he is a hero. Throughout the hour there is the delightfully irritating shuffle of feet, scraping innocently but definitely on the wooden floors. Whenever a bell rings, this develops into a ponderous thundering, complemented by scraping chairs and creaking tables. Study is then impossible. You can only grit and bear it.

Let no one claim there is no social life in this great intellectual center. The wooing perpetuated here is particularly charming. To prove this, one has only to settle down with a 700-page book



on the Physiological Bases of Anthropology. It invariably develops that there is a couple adjoining. The whispering that then proceeds is of such a nature that it is loud enough to be definitely irritating, but not quite loud enough to be intelligible. And, since the thing next best to studying is listening to a loving pair, and since you can now do neither, there is a natural temptation to be disgusted.

Then there are the reading room attendants, a strange lot if there ever was one. There is an uncouth sort of pleasure in concentrating on Recent International Developments, while an attendant is checking off the books, in a stentorian voice of which he is obviously proud: "Watson, 12; Quain, 4; Beard, 16; Chase and Sanborn, 18½; U. S. Steel, 147¾," or whatever it is.

For a long time it has been my chief ambition to pay tribute to the heels of the library attendants. They are invariably wooden heels. They inevitably make delicate clicks whenever brought into contact with the floor. And it is inescapable that the attendants should walk about considerably. The net result is no small amount of nervous prostration among students. I have appointed myself an unofficial committee of one to solicit and administer a Fund for Rubber Heels for Library Attendants. The fund has rapidly grown from nothing to 28 cents, and it has a promising future.

A final evil of the reading room is the person who takes your seat when you get up for a book. He is usually of the slinking type, possibly with pink eyes and a beard. Often he is hovering over your chair, and is so fast in the usurpation that, before you are half out of it, he is three-quarters in it. This sometimes leads to complications.

Several solutions have been tried by students who have wanted to avoid all the excitement of a *quiet half hour* in the reading room. One case is reported where the student *bought* all of his books. After reading a three-page assignment in a 1,200-page book, he would sell it to his landlady, who would use it in her furnace. After three years he discovered that this was unsatisfactory, and so gave it up. Some students have simply quit school, and gone home to pitch hay. Many others just do not do their reading, and quietly thumb their noses at their professors, from the rear.

But, for all this, there are still plenty of suckers. And that's why you'll find them down in Bascom reading room—morning, noon and night.

—MAURICE C. BLUM.

ALL OUT OF TUNIC

BY THE OLD GREEK PHILOSOPHER

JACKIOS KIENITZOS

A Tale of Academy Days

Scene: Athens. Time: 384 B.C.

Characters: Two of the "Boys"

Alcipedantios: Rum crowd of ephebes we've run onto over at the house, ain't it?

Pedcialentios: Yah, wouldn't Pericles and Alcibiades and the rest of the big wig "alums" fold up their sandals if they saw our conglomerate collection from the Aegean and the Pelopennese?



Alci: You said it, they ain't got what it takes. Besides, the house can't hold up with them playboys knocking down the new-fangled Ionic pillars every time they hit the street home from the Club Palestra.

Pedci: Zeus, that dive has gone down the line since I was an ephebe in these here now classic groves. Too many townies and occasional dames for me. But I hear Lysistrata's coming there in that not so tragic, but, ahem, **well-rounded** revival of Mayo Westos old thriller — "Hot Greece."

Alci: Listen, kid, Lysis' a honey — she knows what the score is but have you even tried Andromeda at Agememnon 4528, any night after eight? A real "quiet hours" cutie. I took her to the Olympic and darned if she didn't get neatly bunned on that good old white wine of Persia and points east — and toss the discus right smack in that straight-eight chariot you've seen Epaminondas dating the babes with. He was standing up a crew of rushees, that Sicilian mob, to some of his altogether too, too excruciatingly hat-cha Babylonian bitters — with just a dash of the honey of Hybla. Did he get mad? Wouldn't

let me use his crate so I could smoothie it out to the Pan-Hellenic Ball.

Pedci: Say, she's the frail Prexy Plato ran out of town for potting a flock of ephebes after the dedication of that "arte moderne" temple to Athena, ain't she?

Alci: Yah — say, those kids never saw a gal before they hit this Joe College town. That floor show at the Palestra is the only musing ground they know. Plato says that to them the "Idea," "Truth," and the "Beautiful" are merely up-town, university heights lingo for the only reality—"Woman."

Pedci: I understand Epaminondas is sending up plenty of sacrifices these days, trying to be selected king of the Apollo Ball. He expects to cash in on plenty of the Grecian Urnings.

Alci: Yeah — he's running on a platform of a "goddess" from every house. Boy, that Parthenon will be the scene of a stampede. They'll consume plenty of spiked nectar that night.



Pedci: Right, well, I reckon I'll knock over to the Parthenon and collect that load of gelt I gathered on that tough mug "rassler" from Tansus — you know the guy, Tonnasocklys — step right up and call me, "Tonny," says he.

Alci: Solon, old pal — I'm hitting the ball and cracking the scrolls over at the "lib" for that thesis I'm doin', "How to Build a New Signa Phy Nothing Temple Without Mortgaging the Pelopennese."

Pedci: See you at the next 3.2 hemlock binge — say, listen, what was that number again, Agememnon 4528? Right! Hellas in a day's work, baby.

THE COMIC CROWD

J. Q. PLUM

(In a period of political, social, educational and economic upheaval, the editors feel that some tribute should be paid and laurels laid at the feet of that immortal, unchanging, ageless and hoary enigma, the "collegiate joke."—THE EDITORS.)

For well nigh some decades there has been, among laymen, the moot question: Is there more than one "collegiate joke"? Stupid shopkeepers! More than one "collegiate joke"? Stupid laymen! *Time*, the intrenched and trenchant tester of all art, has unequivocally proven that there is only one "joke," glorious in its indivisibility, native to our seats of higher learning. Of course, the connoisseur of the "collegiate joke" will admit that it has been halved, quartered, sliced, hacked, stitched, smashed, torn, beaten, gagged, stripped, clawed, knifed, impaled and

prefer take your map of the U.S. and tear it into four parts. If you tore yours like we tore ours there are two

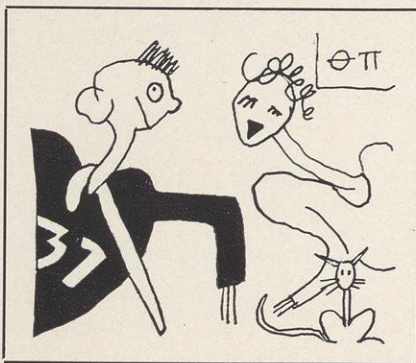


FIG. 2
"Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"
"That was no ladle, that was a spoon."

parts labelled East and South respectively, supplemented by the Mid-West and Pacific Coast or counter clock-wise.

The Eastern comics who have possessed the "joke" longest have, naturally, worn it threadbare and for variety's sake must now deal in subtleties, such as we find in fig. 1. This version is typical of such sophisticated publications as the Harvard *Hotcha* or the Dartmouth *Dolt*. One may easily divine that this an excellent diversification of the "joke" and that it expresses the basic charm of the aged classic. The greatest young brains of greatest old families of the Eastern seaboard have been projected to achieve the stupendous emotionalism and sly

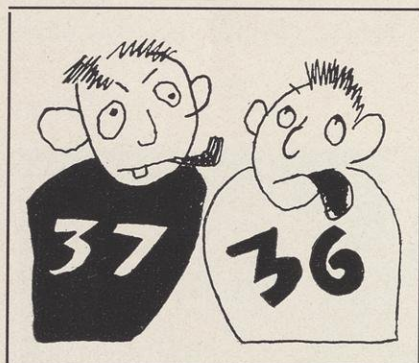


FIG. 1
"You look like my brother."
"I am your brother."
"Well, you don't look like him."

strangled, but has it ever lost its entity, its basic and fundamental character? NEVER.

"Chacun a son mauvais gout" (each one to his own bad taste). This motto by which the "joke" justifies its many forms as it reoccurs in the various college comic magazines may well serve as the keynote to this tractate. Who could expect the Princeton *Pretzel* to interpret it like the Georgia *Gall Bladder* or the Oklahoma *Oaf*. Yes, "each one to his own bad taste" (ed. note—yeah, sometimes so bad, it stinks!).

Willy-nilly, with eyes closed divide the country in quarters . . . or if you

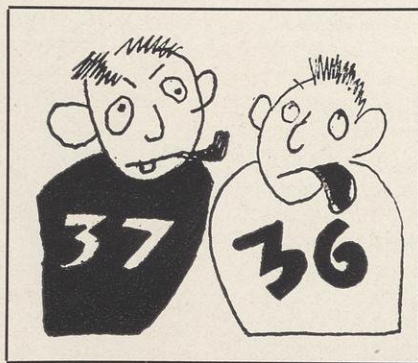


FIG. 3
"You snore like my cousin Jake, suh."
"I am your cousin Jake, suh."
"Well, you don't snore like him, suh."

whimsey of this version. Hardly belly-raking, side-splitting, hair-raising, lung-gurgling or tongue-tearing, the Eastern "joke" is ever, ever SUBTLE. Once in a great while the intellectuality of this subtlety is relieved by a sexual complication (see fig. 2) which may be traced back to even the best regulated families, pedigree or no pedigree, blue book or no blue book, culture or no culture, Mayflower, or no Mayflower.

Our survey turns, as the compass is boxed, to the old South and we note a distinct flavor of buckshot and bacon rind. The Alabama *Ramambo Jammbo* demonstrates in fig. 3 the "collegiate joke" as mixed with mint juleps, old crow, molasses and southern hospitality, suh. Ah reckon you all up heah in these pawts kin seen the difference between the humor of usen gentlemen of the Souf and yoah damnhed Yankee smart cracks. The Louisiana *Loose*

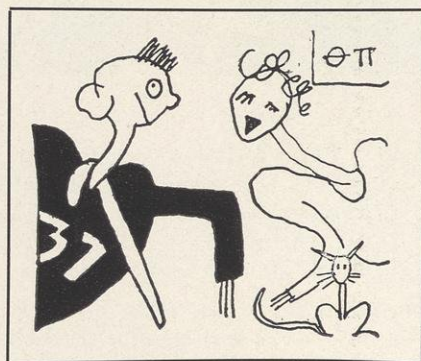


FIG. 4
"Who was that lady I seen you with, massa?"
"Theahs nobody heah but us chickens, boss."

Lip contributes a new and piquant caption enhanced by a daring drawing. Although fig. 4 may appear to the uninitiated to be a world apart from fig. 2 there is an organic resemblance which is inevitable. The effect of Southern culture, lynching, Ku Kluxism, and the carpet baggers is found in this last example. It is an interpretation of rank (ed. note—very rank). Two typical "jokes" fried Southern style include Huey Long and Senator Heflin, although it will be a Long time before the South will find another Kingfish Joke. Which reminds us that the last time we were in New Orleans we met

a girl named Saphrina who pulled that poverty stricken pun, "Diabetes was the reason for the depression because it took Insull in." Honest, folks, we *could* have burned her body in a furnace, mangled her under a culvert, chopped her into mince meat or employed many other spectacularly horrible methods of murder. Not us. We just stuck our thumbs through her eyeballs.

The Minnesota *Potato Masher* is typical of indigenous versions of the "joke" as it is composed, designed, re-etched, trampled and spliced throughout the Mid-West. Take a glance at fig. 5 which in its frankness of style and rhythm of line expresses the callow and ribald crassness of an unsophisticated sectionalism. What the Mid-West lacks in subtlety it makes up

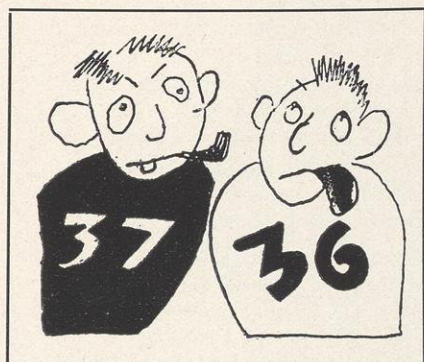


FIG. 5
 "Aren't you Bjork Bjornson?"
 "No, I'm not Bjork Bjornson."
 "That's what I thought, you don't look like Bjork Bjornson."

through its power and roughness. Notice the roughness of the drawing obviously done on sand paper in the "cornhusk" technique. This joke could have appeared in any one of the following colleges: Chicago, Purdue, Iowa, Michigan, Chicago, Beloit, Chicago or Michigan. Don't be confused by the repetition above. That's the way the thing works. A comic prints a version of the "joke," it is copied by the second comic, which is copied by a third, which is copied by a fourth, which is copied by a fifth, which is copied by the first, thus unwittingly coming home to roost at least once with each new set of editors. Sometimes through scholastic difficulties an editor will remain longer than usual, when this happens the "joke" often comes back many times. Oh joy, what a reunion; tear-dropping, back-slapping,

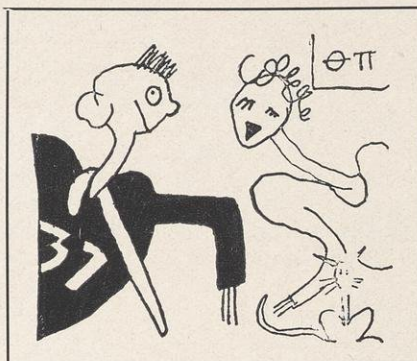


FIG. 6
 "Who was that oboe I seen you with last night?"
 "That was no oboe, that was my fife."

auld lang syne-toasting and what not. An old joke is much more exciting than an old "alum." The Northwestern *Nit-Wit* contributes our final example for the Mid-West. Fig. 6 is a radical departure from the Southern "honey" type which is exemplified in fig. 4. It bears out the conservative morality of this section which draws the line on dirty cracks; a couple of guys named Mason and Dixon are responsible for this line drawing business. Hence the great popularity of Southern magazines in Northern college comic offices.

West of the Rockies the "joke" is slightly higher. This may be due to the climate or the booster spirit; you guess, too. The California *Clambake*, a veteran comic of the gold rush days, has sifted many nuggets such as fig. 7. The skeptic will analyze this version with great success, for who wouldn't be skeptical after seeing all these gags paraded around the United States. In

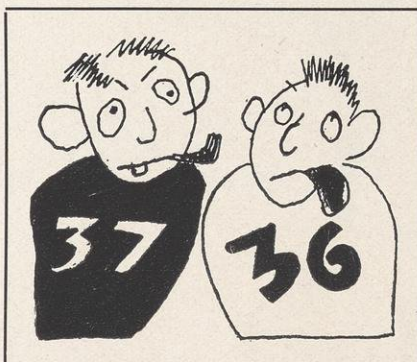


FIG. 7
 "You look like the cowpuncher from the Bar X rancho."
 "I am the cowpuncher from the Bar X rancho, pard."
 "Well, you don't look like him."

fact, the similarity is becoming so apparent that we may as well break down and confide that *some of these comics are printed centrally, merely changing the name to fit the school.* Jeess, have they no pride! Imagine the befuddlement and consternation of a transfer who finds the same fool magazine at California he thought he was well rid of at Oregon. Ah, well, if you had only believed us at the beginning of this treatise you could have spared yourself all this time and trouble, 'cause see fig. 8 from the Stanford *Squawk* is copied line for line and word for word from the Northwestern *Nit-Wit*.

This great industry which flourished in American colleges, this unsullied humor from fresh young minds expresses a unity as plain as the nose on

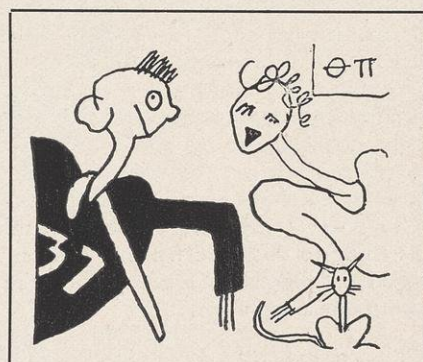


FIG. 8
 "Who was that oboe I seen you with last night, pard?"
 "Why, pard, that was no oboe, that was my fife."

your face. (ed. note—Better make it Durante's face.) The "collegiate joke" in its multiple variations represents the bad taste of collegians in every section of America. But "Chacun a son mauvais gout." Which let's us out.

The speakeasy proprietor was holding a farewell party on the eve of repeal.

"Well," said one customer. "If you owed me all the money I've spent in this place I could take out a mortgage on it."

"That's nothing," said a law student. "Last week I drank so much here that I hadda lien on the bar."

HALF AN EYE

TOM FOOLERY

(NOTE: Mr. Foolery offers a choice of (1) a shoe horn for use with Bascom theater seats; (2) a piercing police whistle guaranteed to get you immediate attention in the library; and (3) a generous piece of rosin for those slipping grades to any man, woman, or faculty member who can refrain from uttering certain unparliamentary terms after reading this department.)

Dear Foolery: *How can I tell a sorority from a fraternity?* —A. B.

Dear Abie: This has always been a perplexing problem here. Back in 1924 it got so that visiting parents didn't know whether to go to a soro or a frat to see their daughter. Those who decided to try the frat first usually exited in no fit condition to see even the milkman.

Then some one on the board of regents suggested mildly (I write mildly—it's not a printer's error) that some means should be found to classify the sex of the respective chapters. They decided that if 51% of the inhabitants of such a chapter house was female, they'd name it sorority. If that percentage was *male*, they'd know the taxes would *never* get paid.

After some hectic brain work, they discovered that the sole way to determine such facts was to hide in ambush and clock everybody as they retired for the night. Accordingly, they settled one dark night behind some shrubbery and began to count. By daybreak they had checked 49 men entering, 49 women leaving. Then they found out they'd been watching the university boat house.

Giving up in despair, they walked down Langdon street blindfolded, tagging every third house a sorority, and formally declaring the remainder to be frats, taverns, or cheese factories. You can see that the board had already learned to settle matters in their inimitable, clever way.

So, Abie, if you really must know minor details like this, the thing to do is see whether girls enter or leave a building's front door about 9 p. m. If they're leaving, it's either a sorority or a lousy party.

Dear Foolery: *I want to be different from the other coeds. What shall I do?* —HOPEFUL.

Dear Hopelass: I've pondered your problem for a month now. The only things I can suggest that are different are: walk on six-foot stilts, wear concrete piping trimmed with tomatoes, and refrain from saying: "Whydonchacumupsum-time?"

Even at that, you'll probably be mistaken for something from the Arden house who forgot to wash her teeth.

Dear Fool: *What's your idea of a typical college man?* —BING.

Dear Bong: There are certain marks which identify this mass-product. First, he's handsome (don't quibble). Second-

ly, he looks like something "Buck brought back alive." Third, wears a pipe. Fourth, without a flicker he can explain who Freud, Boccaccio, and Henry the Eighth were.

But what brands the typical college man is his constant striving to be untypical; and the way he wears his neckties, like a hangman's noose.

A BALLADE OF BEER

Then sing a song of soft conceit,
A dippy ditty, quite complete,
Of Schlitz and Blatz and Edelweiss
And Fauerbach laid out on the ice;
A hundred brews, no more, no less,
To drown our sorrow. I confess
We'll send this song clear to the Rhine,
"O brother, can you spare a stein?"

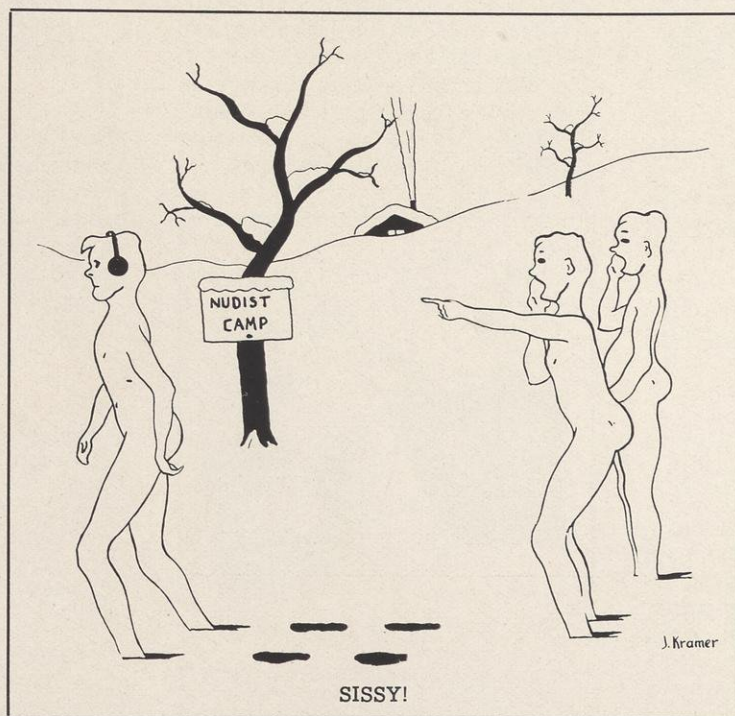
Come around, my boy, we'll stand 'm up
And while on these delights we sup,
We'll shout the praise of German brew
(And English ales and white wines, too).
Anheuser-Busch, and Bock's the stuff
For all good fellows, quite enough
To send them on their way to rhyme,
"O brother, can you spare a stein?"

Fill deep your glass; it cannot be
That we shall e'en, on land or sea
Sip such choice, grand or amber flow
As this pale lager, just watch it go.
This is the brew that moves the world,
It sends us forth with sails unfurled
To battle care it makes us prime,
"O brother, can you spare a stein?"

L'ENVOI

O Prince, they sing of sweet champagne
And Rhenish wine and that of Spain,
But for me three point two's sublime,
"So brother, can you spare a stein?"

—JACK KIENITZ.



WET

The Chamberlain knocked on the Pope's door ever so gently.

"What is it?" came the reply from within.

"It's eight o'clock and all is fair," replied the Chamberlain.

"The Lord and I know it; you may go," commanded his Holiness.

"The Lord and you are a couple of wise guys," answered the Chamberlain, "It's four o'clock and raining like hell."

—EXCHANGE.

*"What does it take
to Satisfy?"*

"That's easy . . .

*and they're Milder
and they TASTE BETTER."*



Chesterfield *They Satisfy*

PLATTER PATTERN

BOB DAVIS

VICTOR OFFERINGS

From the film, "Broadway Through a Keyhole," Isham Jones and his perennially popular orchestra offer *You're My Past, Present and Future*—a sweet, gentle tune and very danceable. Coupled with it is another tune from the same show, and it bears the somewhat breath-taking title of *Doin' the Uptown Lowdown*. It is one of them thar Harlem numbers which make you want to run around the house clicking your heels. You can probably imagine the character of the lyrics yourself when we mention that Simolean is made to rhyme with Creolean. Still we feel that it should be recommended. (24409).

Leo Reisman's band plays a somewhat symphonic arrangement of *Not for All the Rice in China*, a song in which a lover tries to tell his .o and o. how much "house" he's giving her by means of idioms. Clifton Webb, who stars in the Irving Berlin revue from which this song is taken, renders the refrain. *Supper Time*, from the same show, is recorded on the other side by the same band. Each of these are played in a distinctive manner, Mr. Reisman having worked in an unusual combination of a violin and two flutes. Unquestionably one of the best of the current crop of releases. (24448).

It seems that every new cinema these days has it tunes and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Stage Mothers" is no exception. Don Bestor's musicians (and they're really musicians) have recorded *Beautiful Girl* and *I'm Dancing on a Rainbow* from that film. The former is a touching, swingy melody, but we're sorry to say that the words are not in sympathy with the melody. However, it is sure sa-well to dance to. If you have the opportunity, be sure to hear it, and listen for that famous Bestor combination of two pianos. The second number hasn't much in itself to recommend it, but it's played almost perfectly.

Victor offers something this month which we don't very often have an opportunity to hear, and that is a record featuring two popular songs as interpreted by a classical artist with a classical voice. Conrad Thibault sings *It's Only a Paper Moon* and *This Is Romance* in his operatic baritone. Really, it is rather a pleasant experience to hear dance tunes offered by a trained voice for a change. On the other hand, we don't believe you would want to hear all our popular songs sung that way.

In case you haven't heard, Harlem's pride and joy, the great Duke Ellington, has signed an exclusive contract to record for Victor. In his first release for that company he will play his two most recent compositions, *Rude Interlude* and *Dallas Doings*. The Victor people claim that the former will be as popular as *Mood Indigo* once was.

BRUNSWICK RECORDINGS

Anson Weeks' suave aggregation of musicians plays *You've Got Everything* and *I'll Be Faithful* in the best dance recording of the month. The vocal refrain of the former is sung by Bing Crosby's brother, Bob, who has a voice quite like Bing's except for the polish. The latter tune is one of the sentimental kind which makes you think of the gal friend in a mellow sort of way. (6661).

(Continued on page 82)

PEDAGOGIC STENCH

I think his lectures stink. The cause:
I hate to hear a speaker pause
between each sentence, phrase, and clause
to hear his auditors' applause,
their giggles, smiles, and hems and haws.

His speech may have ten million flaws,
his wit (?) may ooze between his jaws
like gooey mush — but still he saws
and saws and saws . . . there are no laws
to muzzle him . . .

And still he saws,
awaits applause,
he wags his jaws
and waves his paws,,
sometimes he caws —
and saws—(zzzzzzzz)
and sawszzzzzzzz
and sawsz

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—HANK KUPFERSCHMID.



BADGER COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY

Text—fee paid over price of football ticket
Bascom—Lying in the sun
Science—nasal trouble
Chop—working, as a meal-chop
Music—thinking to one's self
Campus—material from which tents are made
Comic—will arrive
Ag—fruit laid by a hen
Clinic—washing, as windows
Math—a large group, as a math-meeting
Lawyer—campus adjacent to library
Dorm—ignorant
Yeast—Breeding ground of Wisconsin's radicals
Dense—affairs known as "770"
Barnard—home of chickens and cows
Frat—to be irritated
Flunk—a thrown object
Lurk—to observe

And then one day she turned and saw that *he* was smiling at her! She smiled back at him! No—he didn't turn away, he didn't disappear—he looked at her more intently than before!

"Smile like that again," he said.

She blushed and dimpled. And he laughed and laughed.
"Just as I thought," he said, "You look like a chipmunk."

—FROTH.

DESIGN FOR DRESSING

PEG STILES

"Wind doth blow and we shall have snow," but every little co-ed climbing Bascom hill will be dressed warmly and wisely, this blustery weather.

New quirks for class wear come in such a pell mell manner that it's hard to choose the smartest angles; but to avoid angles entirely, build your wool wardrobe around fuzzy materials and soft slim lines.

Check up your shopping list and jot down "skirt to wear with sweaters and blouses"; and be sure that it's checked! Pencil line separate skirts in black and white, dull gold and brown checks or plaids, are all to the good. Large saddle-bag pockets slapped on each hip of these skirts are a new feature you must not overlook. Velveteen or jersey

blouses and every sort of plain color sweater is worn with them.

Have you a tie silk dress to wear as a bright note under your fur swagger coat, or your dark befurred wool coat?

Knit things are being unjustly overlooked by the average co-ed in her passion for faddish shoulder extravaganzas and the perkiness which soft knit can never have. Don't miss having a knit one piece, and a three piece with a short, short jacket.

For evening, printed Chanel velvets in delectable colors with curlicues and stars of white figuring them, have recently appeared. A swashbuckling new blue shade which is almost an intense robin's egg, appeared in a recent Chicago fashion show.

If you are among those thrice lucky people to be getting a new evening wrap, be sure that yours is either ankle length, or a swagger knee length.

Dull black velvet with a touch of ermine (or bunny) at the throat, and full classic sleeves a la Fisher-body ads is best. Rivalling closely the black velvets are clipped, short furred swagger coats in white bunny with stand-up collars rather than the old style shawl effect.

But, if you are really three leaps and a jump beyond the local fashions, you'll have an ankle length evening cape. Vionnet has one such cape of black velvet lined with crimson which slimly swaths a fairly tall girl and makes bystanders gasp. This particular cape has a deep monk's cowl in back with crimson velvet showing dramatically. Silxer fox bands the cowl and wide draped neck from front to back.

Clever students will make their own evening capes and contrive bunny fur collars or muffs to go with them. Nothing is more simple of cut than a monk's cape.

Speaking of muffs, look for them in coq and ostrich feathers, kolinsky, ermine, and seal, velvet and satin. Be sure that your muff does complement your outfit. It is no longer a luxury, but a necessity to complete your accessory list.

Tiny covered buttons from neckline to hem are found, amusingly enough, on everything from sports to evening clothes. Cartridge pleats are still good, tunics continue, and peplums or basques return to give the slender figure the new hip line emphasis dragged

forth by Mae West. But don't go "West" if such styles aren't decidedly becoming to you, and Mae West styles can be very trying.

Trains, starched lace epaulets and flares are good on evening gowns, but don't let your train be too long. A slight drag is quite enough, and if you trip easily, don't get one.

Formal season and Christmas parties are slated at Dean Goodnight's office, so it's time to apply for some daring evening gowns. Long sleeves and no back is correct for both dinner and strictly formal wear, and equally smart are the evening gowns with practically no back or sleeves at all. There just isn't any in-between about it.

FASHION FORECAST

COLORS: Black with white; violet; chartreuse or rust velvet; wine red combined with lapis lazuli blue.

EVENING: Formals with sleeves to the wrist, and back decollette' to the waist; rich velvets, cire' satin.

FURS: Brown furs in profusion; revival of Alaska seal and leopard.

FRINGE: On formal wear or afternoon frocks; tassels or fringe on sashes.

HATS: Are off the forehead again, and roll up in front.

GLOVES: Velvet and satin for evening or afternoon; coq feather edging.

JEWELRY: Tiaras, stars, and crescents of brilliants to wear in the hair for evening.

LACE: In heavy starched form for dinner or evening gowns.

MUFFS: By all means! Have them of fur, feathers, or material matching your dress.

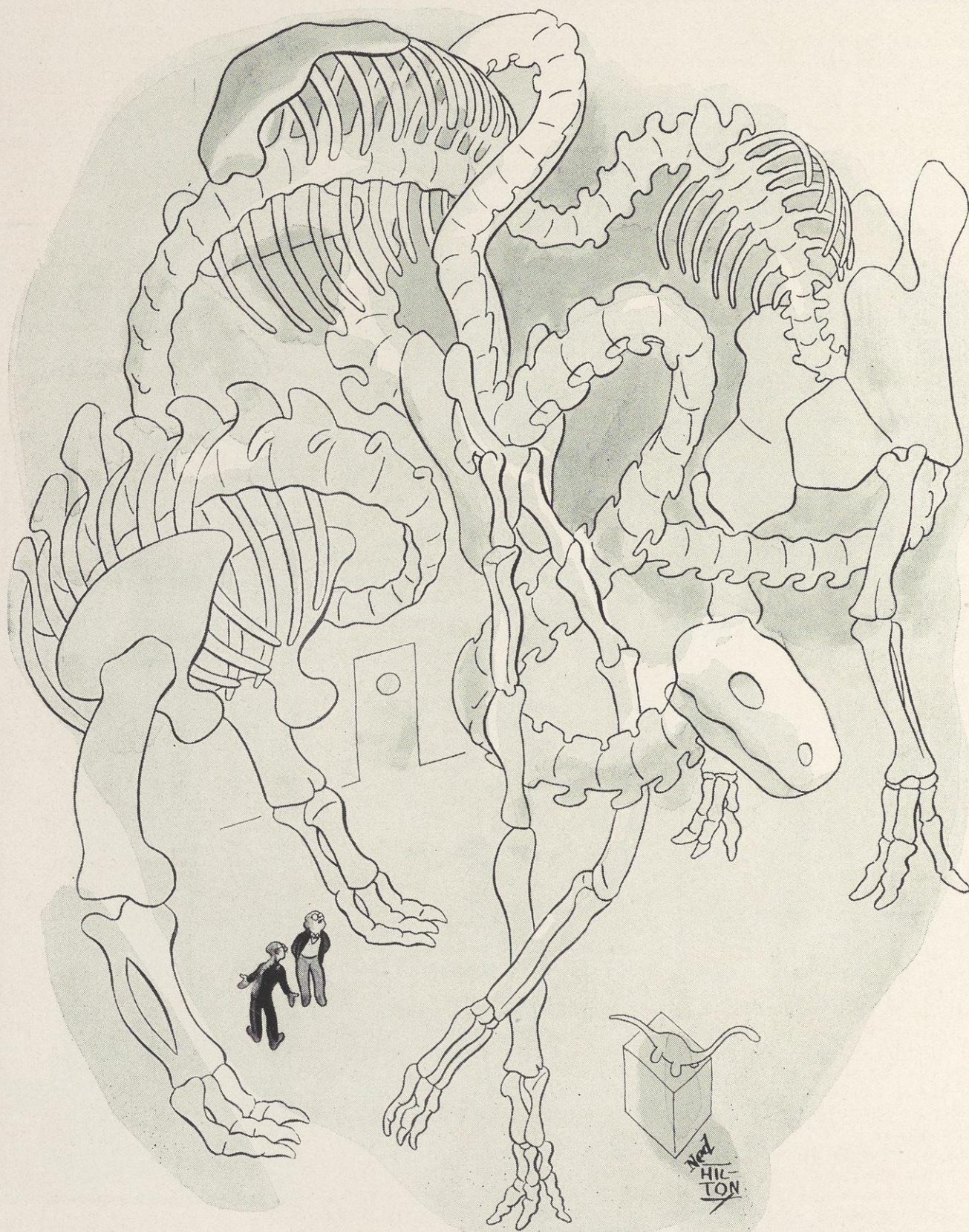
TUNICS: Knee length or below; Russian influence.

TRAINS: Short fishtail variety for formal wear.

WRAPS: Swagger length for fur street coats and fur evening wraps; ankle length coats or capes of velvet for evening; luxurious piled up collars or wool coats.



HELEN SLINDE '33 wearing a red crepe formal with an off shoulder line formed by a fluted red taffeta pleating. This gown is shown at Tiffany's, State Street.



"Professor Wambley showed up drunk again!"

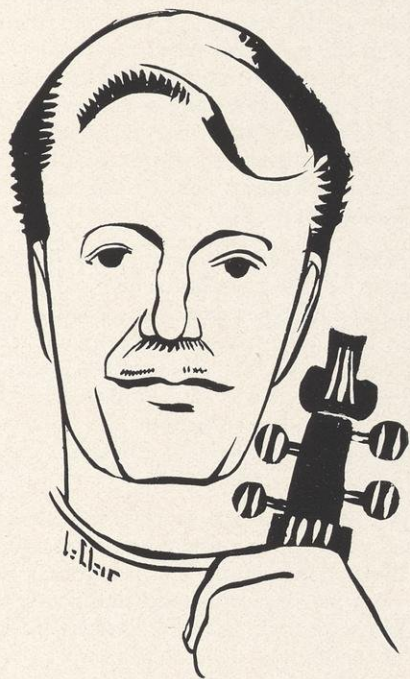
THE ARTS

MUSIC

HOLGAR HAGEN

Fritz Kreisler, the "world's greatest violinist," is growing older, and the memory of a great hero of classical music casts a halo about his greying head.

In view of the fact that it is Kreisler who is the next attraction on the Union Series, and because of his great fame, it seems fitting to say something about the life and



FRITZ KREISLER

the career of this most colorful figure in the music world of the past three decades.

Born in Vienna in 1875, Kreisler soon attracted the attention of the musical world by gaining admission to the Vienna *Conservatoire* at the age of seven. In 1887, when he was only twelve years old, he graduated from the *Paris Conservatoire* with the *Grand Prix* of that institution. At this famous music school he studied under Massenet and Delibes, and their influence can be felt in his music to this day. He made his concert debut in Vienna, and in connection with this, his first concert, a delightful little anecdote is known. It seems that when the time for his appearance came, Fritz did not have a dress suit. After a frantic search, he was finally able to borrow that of the manager of the Bristol Hotel, which was one of the finest hostleries of old Vienna, and clad in this he was able to make his first public appearance, which proved to be a great success.

In 1889, he made his first successful tour of the United States, but soon afterwards he abandoned music to study medicine and to begin an army career. However, after ten years of army work, he decided that music was, after all, the only thing for him, and he made his reappearance on the concert stage in Berlin in 1899. In the following three years he made a wonderful tour of the United States and Great Britain, which was met with unparalleled success at every turn.

When in 1914 the Great War broke out, Kreisler at once



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rejoined his old regiment in the Austrian army, and went to the front. After five weeks, however, he was wounded, and discharged from service. From this time on, the rest of his life was devoted to his music. In the last year of the war, and in those immediately following, he played a great deal in the United States. He demanded, and got great sums of money for each concert, and turned over his entire profits to needy soldiers of the German and Austrian army.

In the course of one of these benefit concerts, given at Cornell University, a group of students took it upon themselves to create disturbances. They hissed, booed, threw overripe fruit at the artist, and climaxed their pranks by turning off all the lights in the concert hall. During all of this uproar, Kreisler did not for a moment show any signs of wavering in his playing, but continued his performance calmly even after the lights were extinguished. Tremendously impressed by the artist's *sang-froid*, the students finally ceased their childish stunts, and left the concert feeling very small and humbled.

Kreisler has composed quite prolifically, most of his works being written for his own instrument. Perhaps the most famous, and the most popular of these is the *Caprice Viennois*, which known all over the world wherever music is played. However, he has also written a string quartette and an operetta which was first produced in New York in 1919. All of his works are written in a light vein, and possess the same gayety and brilliance which is characteristic of his playing.

As a violinist, Kreisler never was a technician, but his playing has always had a singular charm which has won him his immense following. He has always had an extraordinarily pure and beautiful tone, and combined with this he has a facility for making rapid passages sparkle and seem easy. He is at his best in lighter works, in which he can give free play to his temperament, which has a Gypsy wildness in it at times. His polished appearance also adds much to the total impression of one of his recitals.

In regard to the Concert Series, the Board seems to feel that what the Madison audiences want is "names," and it extends itself in an effort to get these names without consideration of their true value. The Lhevinne concert proved that. Lhevinne was an artist of first rank about five or ten years ago, but he is an aging man now, and much of his former ability no longer exists, though his great name lingers on by virtue of his former glory. The same was true of the Paderewski concert the year before last, which turned out to be one of the most disappointing musical events Madison has ever witnessed. The Union would do well to schedule on its programs some artists whose real ability is known though they may not as yet have attained fame.

Another feature to be criticized about these concerts is their lack of variety. Every year we have singers, violinists, pianists, with perhaps an occasional ensemble group or a cellist. Why can't we have something else for a change? With an orchestra as fine and as outstanding as the Chicago Symphony so near to us, why isn't it possible to have this group present one of their evenings of fine music here in Madison? It has been years since a good orchestra has played here, and many of our most enthusiastic music fans have been clamoring for one for the past two seasons. Of course it is no mean task to schedule outstanding artists in difficult times like these, but it is also true that most concertists of note will come for much less than during the boom days. If the Union can afford to pay top price for a

concert as poor as the Paderewski fiasco of two years ago, it should be able to finance the appearance of a good orchestra which would undoubtedly attract as large a crowd as any soloist. It is a challenge to the Union Concert Committee. If they cannot improve the selections of their series, they will find that their support will dwindle steadily. If it is impossible to finance a large group of outstanding performers, let the Board lower the quantity but raise the quality of their concerts.

TRIOLET

Yellow coats and French don't mix,
I may as well confess.
Despite all hopes and fancy tricks
Yellow coats and French don't mix,
Which puts me in an awful fix
And fills me with a sweet distress.
Yellow coats and French don't mix,
I may as well confess.

Dean (to frosh)—Do you know who I am?
Frosh—No, I don't, but if you can remember your address
I'll take you home.

—EXCHANGE.

A gentleman pretty well perfumed picked up the telephone—

"Hello! Hic! Hello!"

"Hello," returned the operator.

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"My gosh!" said the gentleman, "How this thing echoes!"

—LOG.

The customs officer eyed the bottle suspiciously.
"It's only ammonia," stammered the returning customer.
"Oh, is it?" crowed the customs officer, taking a long swallow.

It was.

—THE ANNAPOLIS LOG.

A LANGDON LAMENT

From velvet hats and cotton hose,
From dumb blind dates and wrinkled clothes,
From eight o'clock and burnt up toast
—Deliver us, O Lord!

From stuffed note-books and stormy days,
From hot hip-flasks and Langdon's "plays,"
From all that's dull, all wet and tough
—Deliver us, O Lord!

From cars that stall, and weak excuse
From daily cuts, house mom's abuse,
From heavy crush and moths in furs
—Deliver us, O Lord!

And then, again, if you've the time,
Hear most of all, our crying needs
And spare us, Lord, on bended knees,
From all smooth pansies in rough tweeds.

—JAY KAY.

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PLATTER PATTERN (Continued)

From the screen show, Footlight Parade, Guy Lombardo plays *By A Waterfall* and *Shanghai Lil* with Carmen doing the vocals. The former is one of the most pleasing numbers of the season, and the Lombardo style of playing gives it the final touch. *Shanghai Lil*, on the other hand, is a nonsensical sort of thing which tells about a guy who couldn't take it when he lost his gal. (6653). The Lombardos also render *The Last Round-Up* and *Annie Doesn't Live Here Anymore*. You've heard the first one enough by this time to know whether you like it or not. The other tune is a novelty which is rather attractive when played in the inimitable Lombardo style. (6662).

This month it is necessary to devote an entire paragraph to the elder Crosby, Bing, who seems to be recording almost everything that is written these days. From "Too Much Harmony," the musical cinema in which the artist in question plays the lead, we find releases of the four hit numbers. All of them are sung to the accompaniment of Jimmy Grier and his Orchestra. *Thanks* and *Black Moonlight* make up one of the combinations (6643), while the other is composed of *The Day You Came Along* and *I Guess It Had to Be That Way* (6644). If you like Bing's vocal equipment and enjoyed the music in the show itself, get these two releases by all means. Mr. Crosby also does *The Last Round-Up*, whether you like it or not. (6663). Personally, we didn't like it, because we feel that it takes a different type of voice than Massa Crosby's to successfully present a cow-boy lyric of that sort. *The Home on the Range*, which is found on the reverse side, is a sentimental western ditty which is a bit more conceivable for Bing's voice. Incidentally, an old pal of Bing's, one Lennie Hayton, provides a very pleasing accompaniment to the last disc.

While we're talking about vocals, may we recommend *That's How Rhythm Was Born* (6650) as sung by the Boswell Sisters? Believe us when we say that the rhythm is scorching and the harmony perfect. Even the instrumental accompaniment is something to rant about, for it is provided by none other than Jimmy Dorsey. On the other side, the trio offers Duke Ellington's famous *Sophisticated Lady*.

Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra prove their ability to do almost anything well in the recording of the four

hits from Earl Carroll's show, "Murder at the Vanities." Ken Sargent sings the refrains in *Sweet Madness* and *Me for You Forever* (6660), two swell melodies which are excellent for dancing. The chorus of the former features a combination of two trombones and a baritone clarinet which is novel and pleasing at the same time. The other combination (6647) consist of *Weep No More My Baby* (Ken Sargent vocal) and *Savage Serenade*. The former is a song of the melodious "cheer up" kind and very pleasant to the ear. The other is a screwy novelty arrangement in which the Casa Loma drummer gets one tough work-out. Pee Wee Hunt is responsible for the singing.

Probably the slickest novelty we've heard for many a day is Victor Young's presentation of *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf* (6651). Ask to hear it and listen for the tricky piano. We hate to mention it, but *The Last Round-Up* is found on the other side. However, the former would offset three of the latter.

Dinner at Eight and *Emperor Jones* (6640) are sung by Connie Boswell with Victor Young's Orchestra, and the combination more than does justice to these airs. We think you'll like the former especially well.

First Stewed—"Who's your close-mouthed brother over there?"

Second Stewed—"He ain't close-mouthed. He's waiting for the janitor to come back with the spittoon."

—YOWL.

Would you give ten cents to help the Old Ladies' Home?"
"What! Are they out again?"

—LOG.

"So you're working your way through school. How do you do it?"

"Well, don't tell my mother; she thinks I'm selling gin, but I'm really editing the humor magazine."

—GREEN GOAT.

Teacher (in history class): "Johnny, for what was Louis XIV chiefly responsible?"

Johnny (positively): "Louis XV, ma'am."

—BURR.

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RADIO RAVES • SID TRIPP

JOE PENNER

He's that fellow with the silly laugh who cavorts before the

mike during OZZIE NELSON's Sunday evening commercial dance program. Joe's present gag-

line, "Wanna Buy a Duck?," has gone through various stages of evolution, originating as "Wanna Buy an Ashcan?" It has to horses, beverages, and other courses of

irrelevant queries, and at last after many years of experimentation has wound up with the fowl angle. Joe, incidentally, is the only Hungarian radio entertainer in captivity.

BOB LAWRENCE

He's the latest addition to the PAUL WHITEMAN ensemble of musikers and chanters. Lawrence is the only singing petroleum technologist in the world. He started life as an engineer after taking a special course at Rutgers in the care and feeding of petroleum. Upon completing the course he spent five or six years in the Oklahoma oil fields at which time he sang at parties around in the various camps. "Old Man Depression" hit the oil fields and he moved his baggage to Hartford, Conn., where he landed a job singing over station WTIC. Paul Whiteman heard of him a short time ago, auditioned him, and signed him as a member of his aggregation. At present he is the featured baritone on Whiteman's Thursday evening NBC commercial program.

JACK BENNY

That very "dry" humorist relates the gag about his

opening radio broadcast some time ago. On the night of the premiere, George Burns of Burns & Allen sent him the following letter of congratulations: "D-D-D-Deer B-B-B-Benny, Remember my old v-v-vaudeville p-partner,

B - B - B - Billy Lorraine, who used t-t-t-to st-st-stutter? W-W-Well, p-p-p-please p-p-pardon this let-t-ter, as I-I-I-I've b-b-borrowed his t-t-t-type-writer."

SHORT SHOTS

ENRICA MADREGUERA, Eastern tango king, has replaced Jack Benny at the latter's spot, the

Waldorf in N. Y., and is talking over his time. Denny, incidentally, is fulfilling a six week engagement at the Hotel Statler in Boston . . . EDDIE CANTOR returns to his old Sunday night coffee pot very shortly with Ruth Etting and La Durante left holding the short end . . . SEYMOUR SIMONS may renew his stay at Detroit because his children are in the city . . . GLEN GRAY and his Casa Loma outfit, who entertained so nobly at the Glen Island Casino, New Rochelle, N. Y., this past summer, will be an NBC feature from the Essex House in New York this winter . . . WGN is on its own again after having tasted the delights of both networks. The Chicago station is still retaining most of its old features and late evening dance programs . . . WTMJ and WHA will broadcast this month's Wisconsin out of town games for you stay-at-homes . . . "An Evening in Paris" program will lengthen its time to a half hour and will feature NAT SHILKRET and his orchestra commencing Sunday, November 5, at 7 p. m. . . EDDY DUCHIN will replace Pancho at the Central Park Casino, in New York, shortly with a Columbia wire . . . NBC moves its New York studios to the new Radio City on November 11, where it will have the largest broadcasting studio in existence. Almost the entire program

of that evening will be of a dedicatory nature.

HIGHLIGHTS

This month's crop of orchids are tendered graciously to the following for their appealing qualities over the ether:

FRED WARING with the lads and lasses over CBS, Wednesday at 9.

FRANK BLACK's music and JACK BENNY's dry wit, Sunday at 9.

The BARON and "SHARLIE" over NBC, Saturday at 8.

B. A. ROLFE's musical football scores over NBC, Saturday at 9.

The ALL-AMERICAN football show over CBS, Friday at 9.

GLEN GRAY and CASA LOMA, Inc., over CBS, Friday at 10.

The Fire Chief, ED WYNN, over NBC, Tuesday at 8:30.

HAL KEMP and orchestra over WGN, Monday at 10:30.

HENRY BUSSE's "When Day Is Done" over WTMJ, any weekday night at 10:30.

RUDY VALLEE's variety hour over NBC, Thursday at 7.

WILL ROGERS over NBC, Sunday night at 7.



Frank Black as caricatured by another famous orchestra leader, Xavier Cugat.

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BIG BUSINESS

Johnny was over visiting the Kappa Gammas. In fact, he had one of them cornered on the sofa.

"Kiss me, darling," he said.

"There's a fine of \$10 on the fellow who kisses a girl within these confines," she said.

"I'll gladly pay the fine, on one condition," he told her.

"What's that?"

"That you let me turn out the lights and take as long as I want to, and kiss you as many times as I wish."

"Heavens, yes, of course!"

Three-quarters of an hour later she said to him:

"You're kissing beautifully tonight, John!"

"John, hell!" the guy kissing her stated roughly. "I'm just one of Johnny's fraternity brothers. Johnny's at the door taking tickets."

—KITTY-KAT.



"Come on, fellows, chapter meeting!"

—JACK O'LANTERN

SONG

(After Goldsmith—very much after)

When serious student stoops to study,
And wakes at last with dizzy eye,
What charm can clear his head made muddy,
What art can him revivify?

The only art to soothe the stress or
To hide his pallor of the dead,
To get revenge on each professor,
And sneer them, is . . . to go to bed.

Student (translating German in class): "I fell to the ground humbly and clasped her by the knee—and that's as far as I got, Professor Hatfield."

—PARROT.

AS A MATTER OF FACT

They tell me that you're staying out of school;
I should be dying of a broken heart,
I should be weeping like a tender fool,
And heaven knows I try to play the part.
I should be mooning near a lonely pool,
I should be pierced by Cupid's flying dart,
I should be living on dry bread and gruel —
I tried to do it at the very start.
But when I sing songs that don't quite sound blue
And laugh at jokes you never heard (I hope),
I hardly see how I can write to you
And say that all I do is sit and mope.

My love for you is fading fast, I fear,
And what is more — I'm glad of it, my dear.

—TERTIUS.

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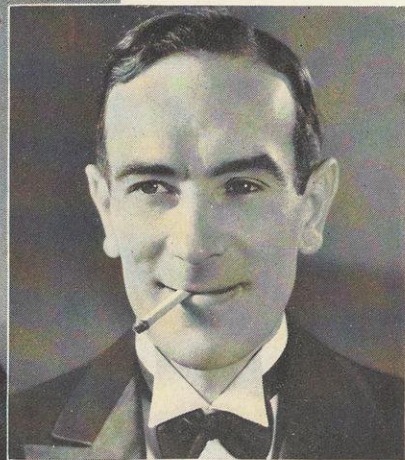
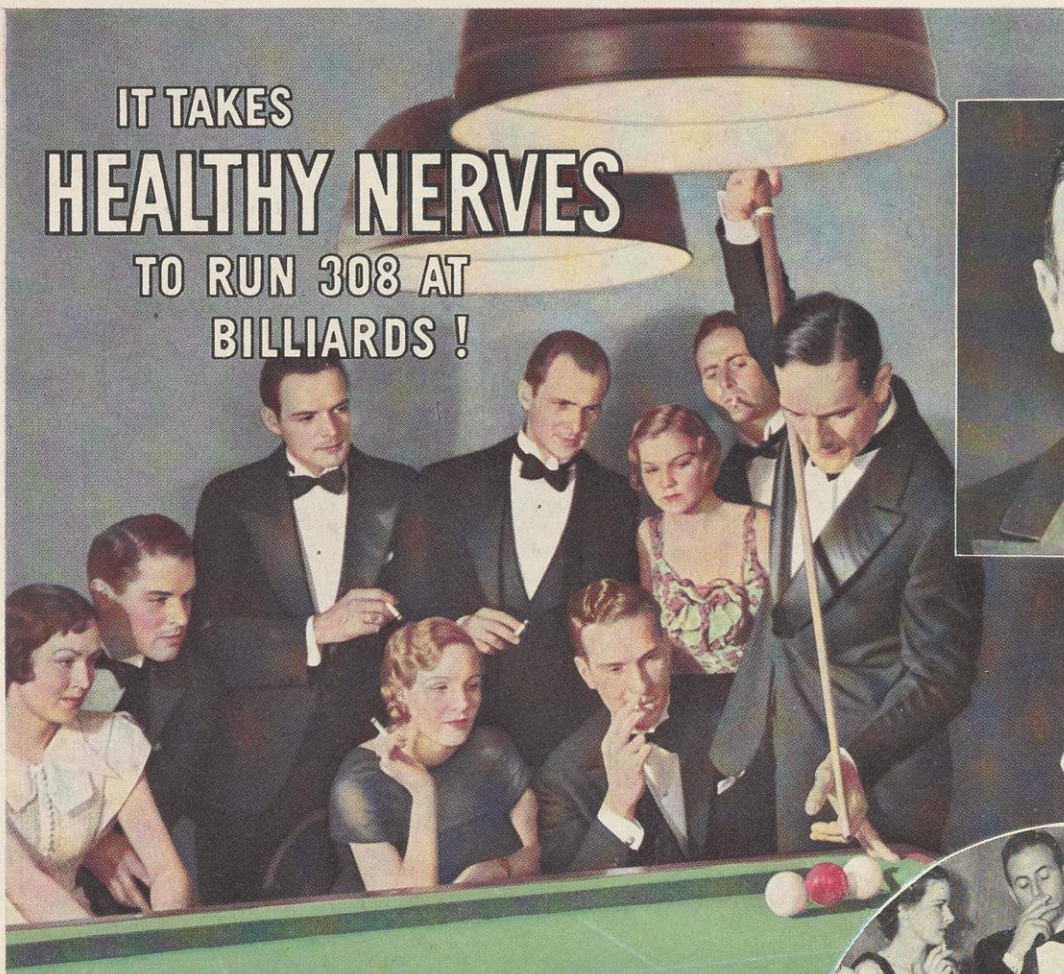
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Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

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