

Octopus: Military ball number. Vol. 16, No. 7 March, 1935

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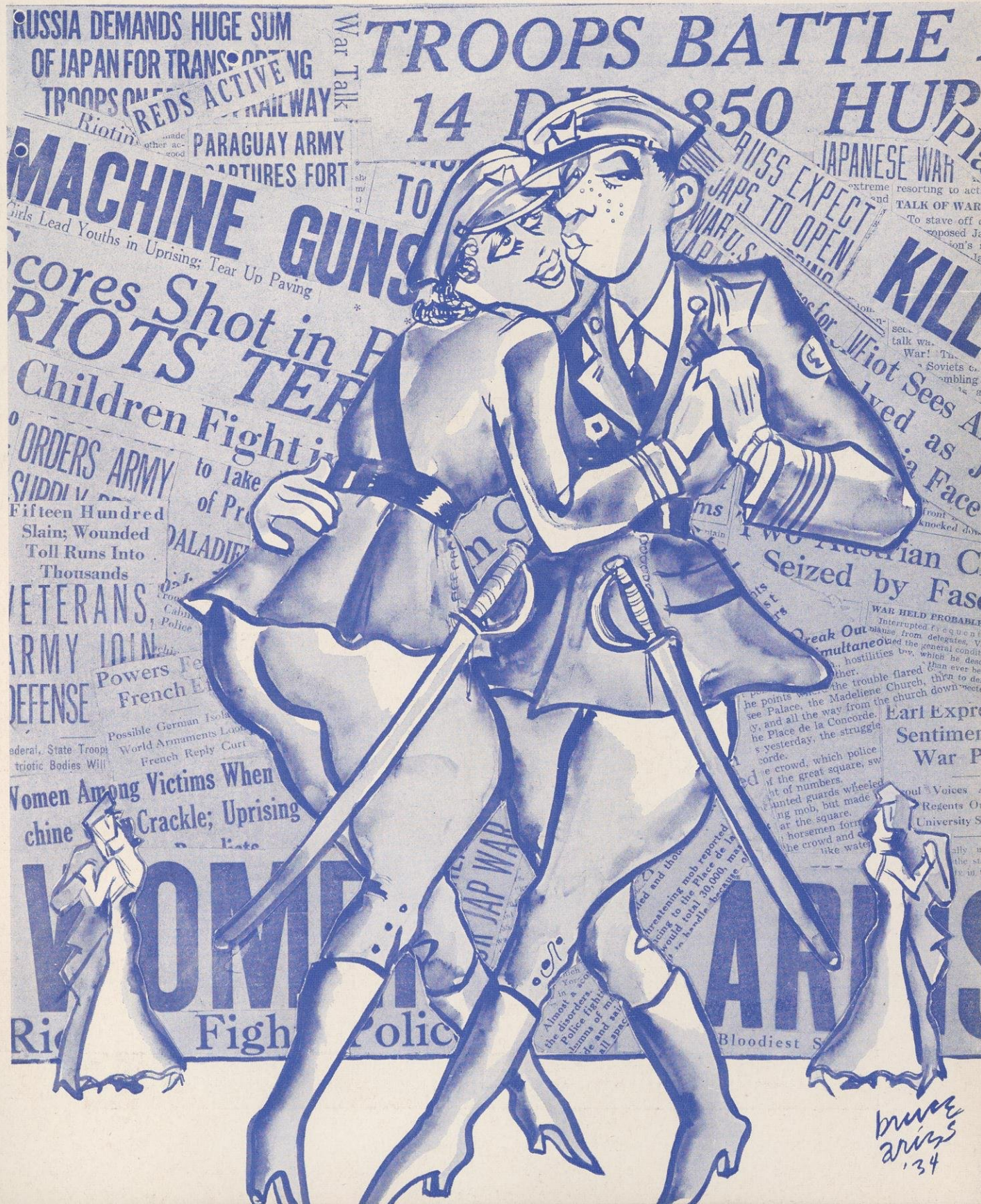
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Octopus

MARCH

. . . 15c . . .

1935



TO BANISH
TIREDNESS QUICKLY...



GET A LIFT
WITH A CAMEL!



SPEAKING OF THE EXCITING SPORT with which his name has so long been associated, Ray Stevens says: "When the last heat has been run, it's mighty comforting to light up a Camel. That 'let-down' feeling fades away. I enjoy the pleasure of smoking to the full, knowing that Camels *never* bother my nerves!" (Signed) **RAYMOND F. STEVENS**, North American Bob-Sled Champion

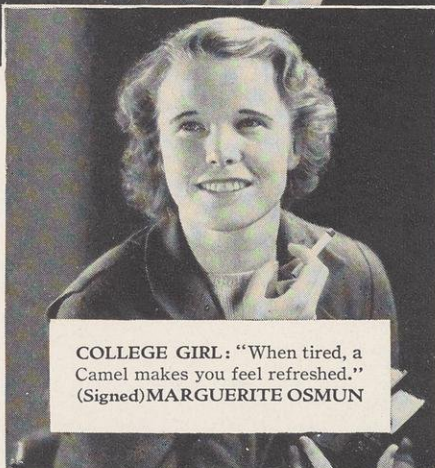
"I'M A CAMEL SMOKER. Camels restore my 'pep' when I've used up my energy. They taste so good, too. There's nothing like a Camel!" (Signed) **JACK SHEA**, Olympic Champion Speed Skater



"AS A MASTER BUILD-ER, I have learned that any real work that requires 'push' calls for Camels. They give me new energy when I'm feeling tired and list-less." (Signed) **FRAZIER PETERS**



COLLEGE GIRL: "When tired, a Camel makes you feel refreshed." (Signed) **MARGUERITE OSMUN**



LISTEN IN

You'll like the Camel Caravan starring Walter O'Keefe, Annette Hanshaw, Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra over coast-to-coast WABC-Columbia Network.

TUESDAY { 10:00 p.m. E.S.T.
9:00 p.m. C.S.T.
8:00 p.m. M.S.T.
7:00 p.m. P.S.T.

THURSDAY { 9:00 p.m. E.S.T.
8:00 p.m. C.S.T.
9:30 p.m. M.S.T.
8:30 p.m. P.S.T.

MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS..



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

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

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves!

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

MILITARY DIRECTORY

Alignment—students from the University of Illinois

Base—gives recompense

Deploy—as in Shakespeare, "Deploy's the thing"

Depth—"Depth comes but once to each man"

File—very bad

Flank—long piece of wood

Front—some front, huh, kid?

Guide—kidded

Interval—pertaining to the interior

March—a great quantity of

Command—enter

Signal—alone

Drill—ecstatic feeling

Left—uttered an expression of glee

Halt—to grasp

Pace—sticky substance

Gun—departed—"gun but not forgotten"

Platoon—a motion in exercising

Execute—compliment, as "execute babe I saw you with last night"

Line—telling untruths

Order—should, as in "he order return soon"

Parade—past tense of pray

Corporal—pertaining to the body

Stack—smelled badly, "as they were so bad they stack"

Load—dislike intensely

Volley—place between two hills

Battalion—inhabitant of Italy

Saber—not drunk

Lunge—noon meal

Thrust—place confidence in

Assault—old sailor

Prison—cut glass in a triangular shape

Infantry—young children

Adjutant—fine, thanks, how's yours

Aim—"Aim is where the heart is"

Weapon—crying softly

Trench—to soak

Troop—to wilt

Patrol—automobile fuel

Formation—"For God and formation"

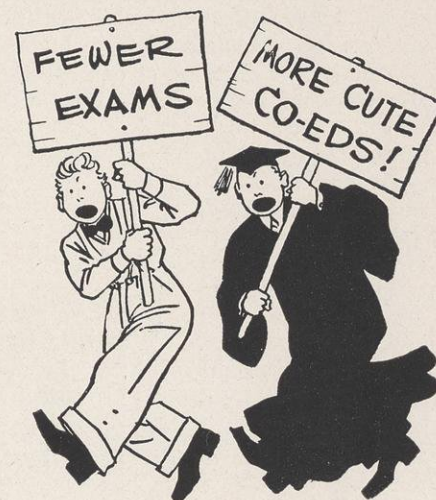
Civilian—"That's the hero and that civilian"

Message—rubbing down

Camp—unable to

Position—doctor

CAL CAMPUS defines "GANGPLANK"



"There's our gang's plank!"

WHILE SAILING AMERICAN TO EUROPE



CAL isn't so very smart when ship terms face him—but the boy certainly knows how to travel! In fact, anyone who sails American in these palmy days shows intelligence plus! For these great American ships have what it takes to journey in the smart American manner!

The *Washington* and *Manhattan*, in service but a short time, have proved the sensations of the sea! People seem to like their broad decks, air-conditioned dining salons (an *exclusive* feature in transatlantic travel), unusually spacious cabins—all with real Simmons beds, tiled swimming pool and many other features so distinctly *American*! Rates are surprisingly low for such great comfort and luxury, too! Cabin Class \$176 one way; \$326 round trip. Tourist Class \$119 one way; \$215 round trip.

On the popular *Pres. Harding* and *Pres. Roosevelt*, informality, ease and comfort are stressed. In Cabin Class—highest on the ship—you enjoy the top decks, the finest cabins—the very best the ship offers—at remarkably modest fares! \$133 one way; \$247 round trip.

Weekly sailings to *Cobb*, *Plymouth*, *Havre* and *Hamburg*. Apply to your travel agent. His services are free.

UNITED STATES LINES

Associated with American Merchant, Baltimore Mail Lines to Europe; Panama Pacific Line to California; Panama Pacific and United States Lines cruises. Company's Office, 216 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

BROADCAST BANTER

WHEN dramatic programs of the calibre of the Lux Radio Theater make their appearance, it's time to chirp forth with a few well chosen "huzzahs." Consistently Sunday after Sunday at one thirty in the afternoon matchless performances of well known plays have been given under the direction of one Douglas Garrick. One or more nationally known guest stars add their "big names" to the show each week. A fortnight ago Claudette Colbert, of "It Happened One Night" fame, appeared in "Holiday" and added a few more laurels to her already brilliant crown. The supporting cast is usually made up of radio veterans who handle their roles in "star" fashion. Don't miss this weekly treat which can be picked up even by mantle sets through WIBA.

While tuning around last Tuesday, of a sudden I caught Ben Bernie's program. The "ol' maestro" has been hibernating in Hollywood making pictures but now he's back east doing the theaters with personal appearances. His alleged arch-enemy, Walter Winchell, was his guest of the evening and as expected after



Greeting Cards

5c to 25c

- For every occasion.
- For friends or relatives.
- Humorous or serious.
- Many new designs.
- More than 160 different cards to choose from.

BROWN'S
BOOK SHOP
STATE AT LAKE STREETS

JAMES FLEMING

throwing caustic jibes at each other, they finally embraced and made up. Bernie has a darn pleasant way about him and even if you don't like his music, you can't resist his deep baritone. FRANK PRINZ, a former Haresfoot product, is Bernie's warbler in chief and he does a pleasant job of vocalizing. Incidentally, his press agents claim that the ol' maestro smokes twenty cigars a day. With that record they should have christened him *Porter Butts*.

There's a new idea creeping into many a broadcast these days and it's one that deserves a fair share of orchids. The mixed choir, a vocal ensemble heretofore considered proper only on rather solemn occasions, has invaded a number of popular programs to give a new touch to prosaic instrumental groups. Fred Waring's Thursday night show was one of the first to introduce the "glee club" with orchestra and recently he has added a girl's choir to his ensemble. You won't be at all disappointed if you twirl your dials to a Columbia outlet at 8:30 on Thursdays for Waring's full hour show.

Locally on Tuesday evenings at 9 Waring's program can be heard in transcribed form from WIBA. The recording is so perfect that you won't be able to detect any difference from the original CBS broadcast and reception (within 15 miles of Madison) is the best, suh.

More of this choir business: For Friday evening relaxation, there's not much better than "the pause that refreshes on the air." The sponsor, whose identity shouldn't be hard to guess, has engaged Frank Black, NBC musical director, to conduct a ninety piece orchestra and chorus. Ingenious arrangements and deft performances place this hour in the "Smooth programs" category.

If you're fortunate enough not to have any classes at 11:15 in the morning, drop into Radio Hall, the spacious new studios of WHA, and watch Program Director H. B. McCarty display his histrionic ability in a program called *Bits of Literature*. McCarty reads well known short stories, taking all the characters himself in great style. Though a veteran of radio, McCarty still blushes behind the ears before a microphone. It's a treat to watch the crimson tide come in, so try it some morning.

If you have a liking for really fine organ music, you won't want to miss WHA's offerings. Frederick Fuller, the station's musical director, is heard twice daily in two splendid programs: at 1:45 and 4:30 p. m. WHA's organ, incidentally, formerly graced one of Madison's better known theaters.

Almost Ray Noble didn't get on the air when he made his recent invasion of NBC's Radio City. The Musicians' Union, that august body that sees to it that the right piccolo players play in the right places, thought that some of the local boys might be done out of work if Noble and his Britains were allowed to perform. Happily, their differences were ironed out and so Wednesday becomes one of the brighter days of the week. At nine-thirty in the evening, Ray Noble brings modern syncopation in a style that makes the American maestros look slightly ill. For best reception locally for this not-to-be-missed program, try WMAQ, Chicago, or WLW, Cincinnati.

More and more early morning radio listening is coming into favor. Sprightly dance music and periodical time signals and temperature reports make these programs entertaining and useful. The best of these is WGN's morning program. The music is acceptable and, best of all, there are no commercials to mar enjoyment of the broadcast. If you want light classics in the morning, try either WBBM, Chicago, or WHA in Madison. The latter does not annoy with advertising.

Read a Book

Travel in many lands
... live a thousand
lives ... gain a deeper
understanding
of human life, love and
emotions.

The newly enlarged
CO-OP RENTAL
LIBRARY comprises
over 1500 late books
... delightful enter-
tainment for only 3c
per day, a 10c mini-
mum charge and no
deposit.

The University Co-Op

Cor. State and Lake

"For the benefit of students—
Not for profit"

CINEMANIA

FOR the confirmed movie goer who likes his cinema tasty and well done, the bill of fare dished up to film addicts in the past month, had more than the usual amount of hash and balderdash that characterizes the stuff the Hollywood chefs concoct for us.

There were a few exceptions. "David Copperfield" was a sincere effort but it failed to be a great picture because of its magnitude. It was too much to expect of scenario writers to transpose Dickens' novel to screen and let the public digest it at one sitting. A picture that provided genuine entertainment was Columbia's "Broadway Bill" directed by the up and coming Frank Capra who gave us "The Thin Man." Myrna Loy again showed that she is a much better actress with a fine sense of humor than the more publicized clothes horses of Hollywood.

But ever so often there occasionally comes along a vehicle masquerading under the name of entertainment that shakes the faith of any confirmed critic. We give the Warner Brothers' gushy bit of propaganda, "Devil Dogs of the Air," the prize of being the worst picture 1935 has yet produced. God forbid, there be another! Here was a picture that presented some excellent aerial photography with the most asinine plot and dialogue in an attempt to make the U. S. Marines look like a local edition of our Boy Scout troop. Even such capable actors as James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, and Frank McHugh found it hard to do their best with the material offered them.

Other items that deserve some notice in passing are the two productions that were made by Gaumont, the British Corp. "Power" and "Little Friend" are two pictures that showed Hollywood has a contender that must be seriously considered in the production of movies. Once the Britishers achieve the mechanical efficiency of the American product, they will be a factor to be reckoned with. We must confess that we liked Rudy Vallee's pleasant little picture, "Sweet Music," that combined some very diverting tunes.

Since "It Happened One Night" received top ranking with the Movie Academy, producers have been trying vainly to make another. Paramount tries in "The Gilded Lily" that has the gorgeous Claudette Colbert. We are sorry to say that is all the picture has to offer. If you like Miss Colbert, that may be enough.

DOUBLE DEE

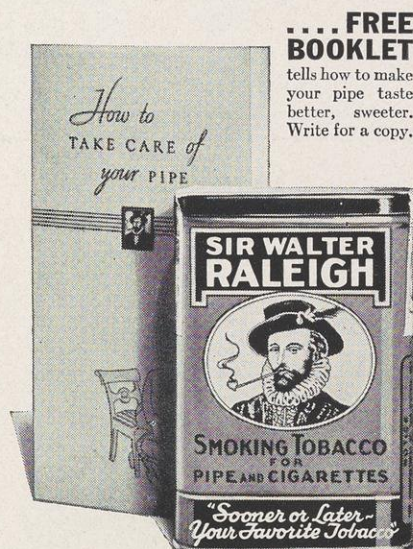
WHEN A SMELLER NEEDS A FRIEND!



THE hound's nose was keen and alert. The hunter's pipe was strong and neglected. So the rabbit trotted safely back to his home and missus.

A few pipe cleaners and a tin of mild, fragrant tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh would have put a happier ending to the hunt. Sir Walter's an extremely gentle tobacco, a blend of Kentucky Burleys fragrant as the woods in spring and mild as a May morning. Well-aged, slow-burning, it has become a national favorite in mighty short order. Try a tin. You'll find it kept fresh in heavy gold foil.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-53



It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

PLATTER PATTERN

JUDGING by the orchestras picked, the Military Ball will be the outstanding social event of the year. If you want ample proof that it's really fine music, listen to Freddy Martin's record of "Ev'ry Day" and "Sweet Music," or, for something in a lighter mood, try "Whose Honey Are You?" on the other side of which is "When Love Knocks at Your Heart." A brand new Freddy Martin, just released, includes "Ev'rything Happens for the Best" and "Love Passes By." The first is from "Reckless" and the second from "Let's Live Tonight." There are many things about Freddy Martin's orchestra that makes it one of the most outstanding. The most noticeable, however, are the clever instrumentation and the smooth quality of tone that he obtains.

Masterpiece Records

THE Rhapsodie for piano and orchestra on a theme of Paganini by Rachmaninoff is Victor's most noteworthy addition this month to their Musical Masterpiece Series. The composition is the latest work of the pianist-composer, having been completed barely six months ago. The initial performance took place November 7, 1934, in Baltimore, at a concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski. It is a significant fact that this same combination, Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra with the composer at the piano, have recorded the work for Victor.

The work is in the form of a theme with variations. The theme of Paganini is the same that Brahms used in his Variations for Piano. The number of variations in the Rachmaninoff is twenty-four. The work has ample display of technical skill and aesthetic propriety. It is a masterful piece of workmanship fulfilling the demands of both the ordinary music-lover and the connoisseur.

The Beethoven String Quartet, number 13, Opus 130, in B-flat major, has been re-recorded by the Budapest String Quartet. The primary reason for this action was to include the "Grand Fugue," which was originally written as the last movement of the composition.

When Beethoven submitted the work for publication, the publisher suggested that due to its great length the "Fugue" should be published separately and a shorter *finale* substituted in its place. This was done and consequently the "Fugue" appeared later as Opus 133.

Victor Record Albums Now at

FORBES-MEAGHER
Music Company

27 W. MAIN ST.

RACHMANINOFF — *Rhapsodie for Piano and Orchestra on a theme by Paganini* \$6.50

BEETHOVEN — *Quartet in B flat major Opus 130* \$10.00



Victor Dance Records, 35c and 75c

NORM PHELPS

The work as now published in Victor album includes both the substituted *finale* and the original. With the exception of the substituted *finale*, named *Cavatina*, the work is crowded with youthful vitality and infectious gaiety. The Budapest String Quartet is unquestionably equal to the task of interpreting this great work.

Columbia

THE excellent weekly broadcasts of Benny Goodman on the NBC Let's Dance Program have made him so popular as to warrant the issue of two new discs this last week. His own "Music Hall Rag" combined with "Cokey" constitute the first. The display of clarinet technique and the precision of the ensemble mark these as extraordinary. The other release, slightly commercial, includes Ray Noble's newest hit, "Clouds," and the newly popular "Night Wind."

The New Music of Reginald Foresythe, lamented last month for its lack of inspiration, takes a decided step forward. The faults last month were attributed to the unsympathetic attitude of the recording musicians. The present recording, including "Dodging a Divorcee" and "Lullaby," has none of these faults since the orchestra this time is American and includes Benny Goodman and several of the musicians in his band. "Dodging a Divorcee" is the best of the two. In this composition, there is a scholastic fugue and a decided flavor of old English folk-tune, but the last half of the record, beginning immediately after the drum break, is the best. The syncopation of the entire horn section against the rhythm is beautifully done and the rhythm just rolls on and on.

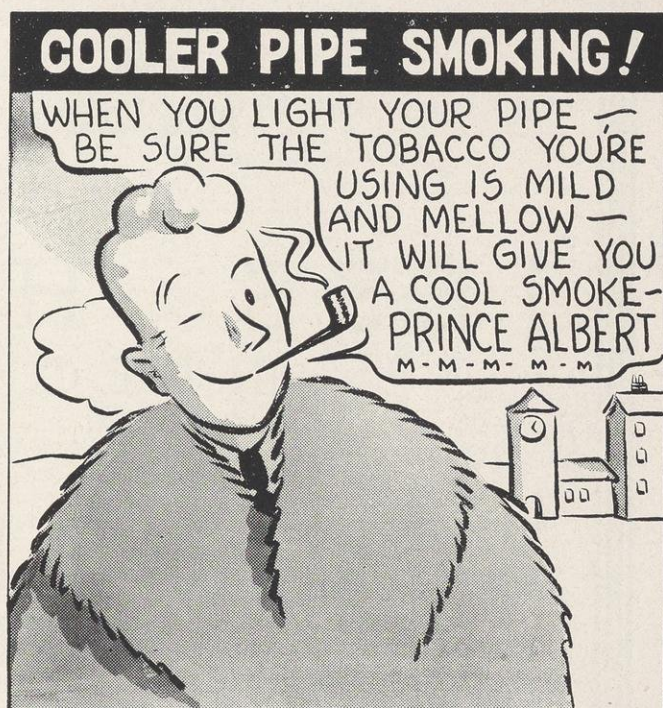
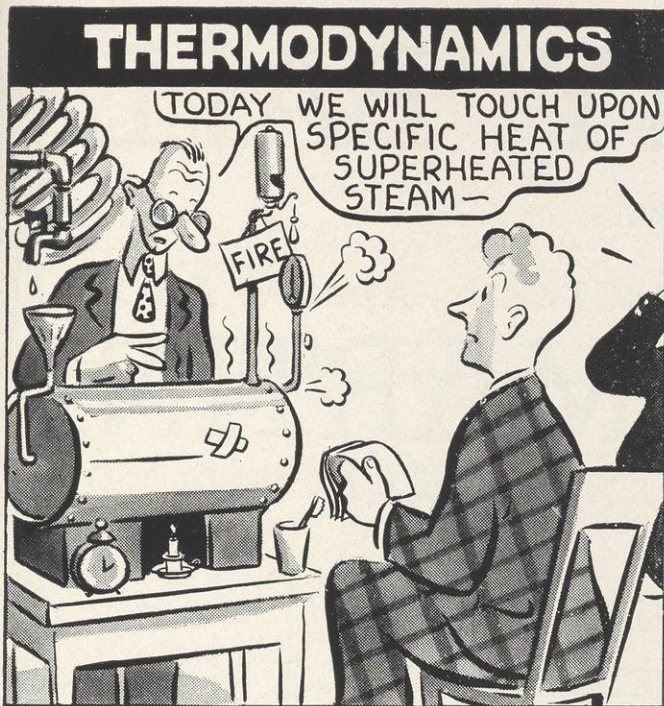
Other good Columbia's include Johnny Green and his Orchestra playing "Let's Hold Hands," Lud Gluskin and his Band with "The Magic of You," and a vocal by Ruth Etting, "Things Might Have Been So Different."

Brunswick

THE best of Freddy Martin's discs for the month include "It's You I Adore," "Night Wind," "When Love Knocks at Your Heart" and a cute tune, "Whose Honey Are You?" Cab Calloway adds one to the Brunswick list, "Good Sauce from the Gravy Bowl" coupled with "Keep the Hi-Di-Hi in Your Soul," and Louis Prima contributes a little "hot" jazz doing, "Sing It Way Down Low" and "Let's Have a Jubilee." The second of these is the more interesting, for in the arrangements he gives each of the boys in the band a short solo as he did in "House Rent Party Day."

Victor

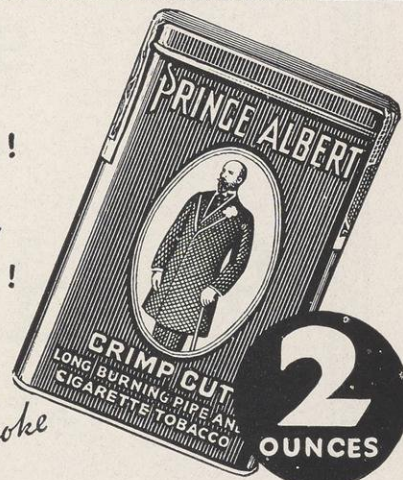
AGAIN Victor records an arrangement of Andre Kostelanetz presenting his orchestra and vocal ensemble. There is no man working in the field of commercial music in America that has maintained such a high standard of musical idealism as has Mr. Kostelanetz. His vocal ensemble is paramount, the excellence of the orchestral rendition is almost unbelievable, and he executes the most interesting arrangements, being conscious of both the scholarly approach and the approach through the inherent musical ability of his performers. The record referred to is a 12 inch concert having on one side a superb arrangement of Don Redman's famous "Chant of the Weed" and on the other a "Rumba Fantasy," including "The Peanut Vendor," "Siboney," "Adios," "Mama Inez," and "Tony's Wife."



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P = PIPE TOBACCO
AT ITS MILDEST!
= PROCESSED TO REMOVE
ALL "TONGUE BITE"
= PEOPLE SMOKE MORE P.A.
THAN ANY OTHER BRAND

A = ALWAYS 2 OUNCES
IN EVERY TIN!
MELLER IN FLAVOR!
SOURCE OF JOY
TO MEN IN EVERY
LAND AND CLIME!



PRINCE ALBERT *the national joy smoke*

MILITARY BALL

PRESENTS

IN HIS FIRST MID - WESTERN APPEARANCE

FREDDY MARTIN

AND HIS GREAT EASTERN BAND

.. Featuring ..

THE MARTINETTES
TERRY SHAND
ELMER FELDKAMP
THE DUO PIANO TEAM

ALSO

JESS HAWKINS

IN THE COUNCIL ROOM

AND

KEN SIMMONS

IN 770 CLUB

\$4⁰⁰ per couple

Friday, April 5th

MILITARY BALL SCORES AGAIN

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS, INC.

CAMPUS CHRONICLE

Strong

MILITARY Ball is here again, and so far (we got to press so gosh awful early) we haven't heard whether the Green International is going to give their annual protest party for people who don't want to spend \$4 for a ball ticket and have conscientious objections against the ROTC, imperialism, war, preparedness, and an adequate national defense. It seems rather doubtful that the ball will be a success if somebody doesn't have a protest dance. After all, it's differences of opinion that make this old world an interesting place in which to live. And besides, it's good publicity.

The nearest thing to what we've been talking about is a little incident reported by our church correspondent. A well known student pastor was in the same mood we have been suggesting in the paragraph above. Felt something should be done about the ball. So he called in one of his flock, a speech major.

"This military ball thing has gone too far," he said. "We must do something."

"Yes?" the young lady replied, "what?"

"Why not," suggested the pastor, "put on a peace play? That is what we need, a good, *strong* peace play!"

Small

EVER since the Chronicler's second cousin in Kentucky was made an honorary colonel, we have felt somehow superior. Of course, there's nothing so common in Kentucky as honorary colonels, but up here in the middle west we used to get quite a rise when he said, "My second cousin is a Kentucky colonel." But that's all gone now. Every chairman's escort is an honorary major.

Whether a major is supposed to salute to a col. we haven't found out yet. And we don't want to because if they do, then we would feel even more insignificant.

Humor

LOOKING over what Life would call our "foolish contemporaries," it often occurs to us that, somehow, there is something in the psychology of campus humor writing that makes the collegiate humor magazine editor feel that unless he includes two Lousies, at least three good healthy Hells, two Damns, one slightly worn My Gawd, several jokes using the verb Made, a possible derivation of that one time proper name, Fanny, one of those Under the Table gags, three pages in the New Yorker style, three pages in the Esquire style, and three pages of jokes that have been shunted around the college humor league since 1910,

why he just isn't up to snuff. Maybe he isn't; that's just the hell of it all.

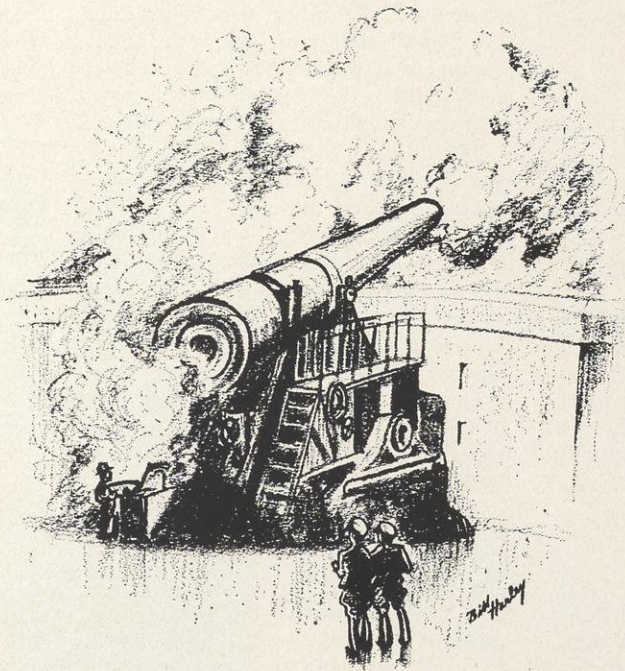
Quick

WHEN Military Ball comes around, the way it is coming now, we always catch ourselves with a little gasp, and say, "Goodness, hasn't the semester gone quickly!" We say that just before Christmas and Thanksgiving and June 1, too, but for some reason, it always has a little deeper meaning about now. March is always a dull month for us anyhow, what with our sinus and all. It's been especially bad ever since we lost our rubbers two years ago.

But with March on the wane, and people saying to us, "Gosh, April is almost here"; or "I saw a robin today," we feel, somehow, very much better. No ornithologist ourselves, we always say, "I saw two flies today." When we see flies buzzing against our window, we know spring can't be far behind. And another sign we always look for, before we begin to sigh in earnest, is the taking up of the boards from the library steps.

No Dad

WE WENT over to see Dad Morgan last week in his new headquarters. Young and callow ourselves, we can't remember much about the old place except that it was famous for malted milk and there used to be radishes on the bar, a bunch of modernistic and garrish booths in the rear, usually empty, where you could get any amount of soda water for purposes we won't go into here. During fall months, hundreds of students in old sweaters pushed around and scalped tickets, which all seemed to be on the 50 yard line. Unfortunately, we never knew the days when Pres. Van Hise bailed Dad and thousands of rah rah boys out of the jug, or maybe it



"There's Elmer, practising on the sly again"

was Dad who bailed the boys, or vice versa; at any rate we don't remember those days, that's the point here. But we thought that, tradition that he is, there might be a little human interest in Dad's new place.

Guided by a bright blue sign on the wall siding the Lutheran church yard, we found a little place just across the streets from the Co-op. There were two swarthy looking gentlemen, an oldish sort of a man and his wife, but no students. And no Dad. There was a small radio tuned on somebody that sounded very much like Father Coughlin. The beer, of which we had one, was five cents. One of the swarthy men, was fixing a light in the window. We sat around a while. Then we had another beer. Nobody said anything, and we didn't feel up to asking about Dad, either, because something seemed wrong. After while we went out and walked around to look at the bright blue sign, it reassured us; but when we walked back in front of the window again, there was still no Dad. It all made us a little sad.

Also Cultured

A YOUNG lady from Langdon hall told us this one. It seems that she had an 8 o'clock to make and found it necessary to call a taxi. Naturally friendly, she settled in the front seat; with reciprocal courtesy the driver switched on his auto radio. As they turned the corner at the end of Landgon street, they picked up some station playing a recording of the Victor symphony. "That's a Brahms concerto, isn't it?" the young lady said half to herself. "Uh unh," was the reply, "Philco super-heterodyne."

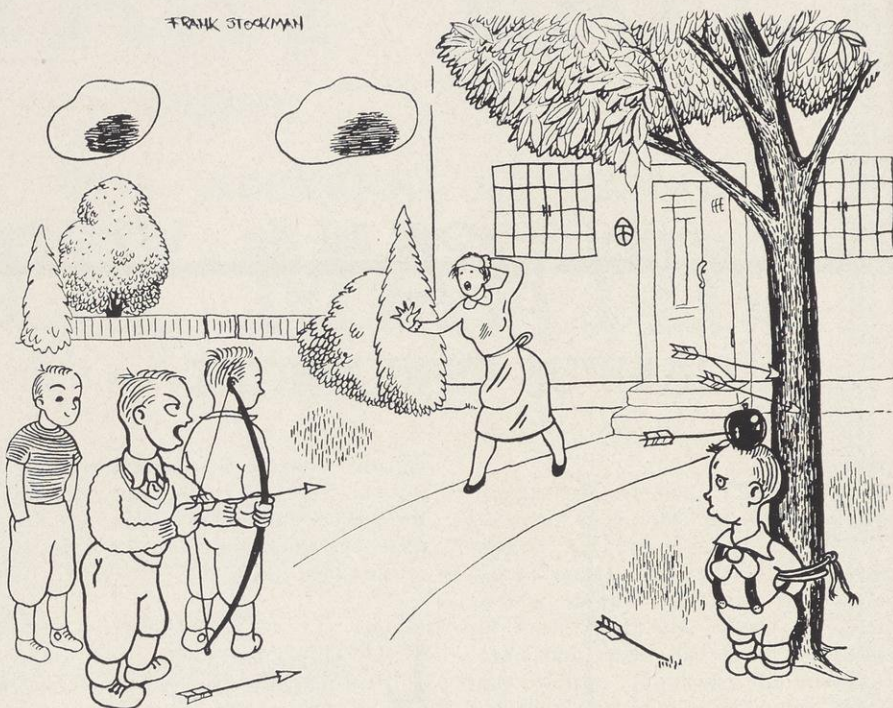
Restraint

WITH all this Frank for president talk going hither and yon, the following story, which, by the way, is 100 per cent proof McCoy (read, "that's what the guy who told us said"), is both timely and amusing, at least to us.

Prof. Fay Elwell, master accountant and money authority, dropped in to see President Frank not long ago. "Look here, Glenn," he is reported as saying, "I've been a Republican, my father was a Republican . . . all that I'm asking is the secretaryship of the treasury!"

Abdurate

HOW'S your vaccination? . . . Ours was a little sore, too, when it began to take, but it's all right now. We had ours about a week ago. Had to wait half an hour out at the infirmary, but once in the room, it



"But hell, Mother, we can't make a sissy out of him."

didn't take but a minute. Like the three persons ahead of us, we walked in with our coat on and had to lose our place in line. It was all smelly like a hospital, and somehow it seemed a little dramatic. Saving lives, rushing serum with dog teams and all that. After we had our arm scratched, we went across the hall and sat down on a bed. The room was full of students holding their sleeves gingerly away from their vaccination. There were six women on the other two beds, but they had all been scratched on the arm, too, and it seemed rather useless when we thought of the possibilities had they been vaccinated on their legs instead.

This made us think of something and we asked the nurse, who was trading what passed for wise cracks with two former patients of her, if she had any little items we might like to use. She was pretty busy, but it seems that one of the play boys who lives in a Johnson street rooming house was very angered when, despite all sorts of joking and cajoulings, the doctor said that he could not get his vaccination on his leg. Rather than have his arm marred, he went back to Johnson street.

Game

SOMEBODY asked a Cardinal news editor what executive editor Bernhard does when he isn't giving eloquent speeches on the Hearst menace. "Oh, probably waiting for an elevator," was the reply.

Speech

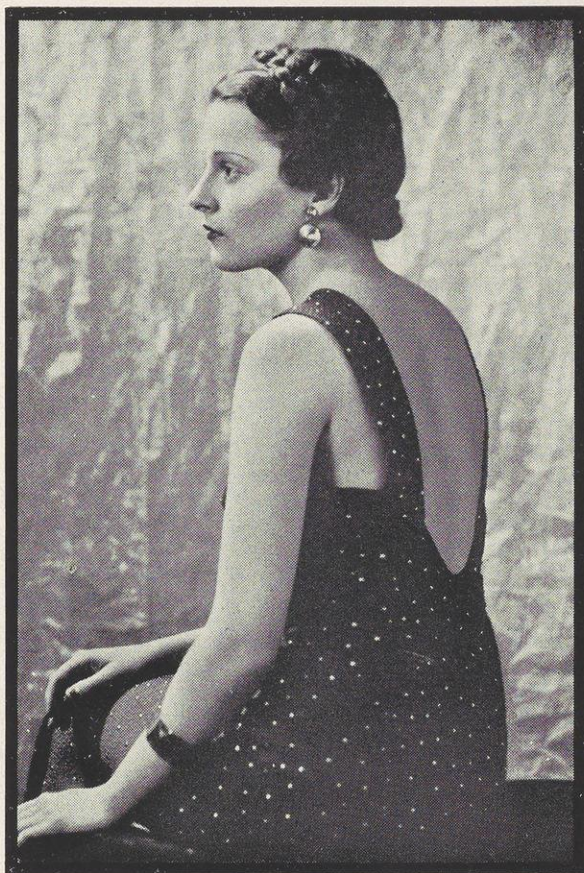
RUSTY LANE has a flair for being what is known as a "swell gent" among instructors, which means that he has a pleasing personality, a keen sense of humor, and teaches pipe courses. In this case, Mr. Lane was demonstrating to his public speaking course the proper footwork to use when delivering a speech, and to make his point clear he jumped spryly on the chair, then smack in the middle of the desk. The class was tickled pink. One of the members was so impressed over it all that he mentioned it in a speech called, "Why I Like the U. of W." That tickled Rusty.

Cut

THE life and times of a school of journalism reporter is hard indeed. One we know was sent down to the legislature to cover a hearing before the education committee. After wandering around and around the endless halls on the third floor, he arrived in time to squeeze in between two Madison newspapermen, who were also there to cover whatever was going to happen. For three quarters of an hour he changed pencils, shuffled his papers around and asked questions like, "Who is the chairman?," "Have you got a match?," "What time is it?" When the education bill was through with its hearing, one of the Madison news hawks leaned over to the chair-

(Continued on page ten)

HONORARY CADET-
COLONEL AGNES RICKS
QUEEN OF
MILITARY BALL



CAPTAIN HARVEY BENT
KING OF
MILITARY BALL

ADD CHRONICLE - -

man and whispered so that the student reporter could get it: "Would it be possible," he asked earnestly, "to add an amendment to that bill abolishing the school of journalism?"

Platform No. 2

THERE has been talk about doing something to make Union elevators more efficient, and here and now, Octy announces that it is adding a second plank to its platform (the first being, "Bigger and Sillier Bell Towers"), thusly: Leave the elevators alone. Goodness knows, we've wasted many a weekend trying to get from the first to the third floor, we've been stuck between there and here, and we've walked many a stair only to find the cage arrive just as we did, but to fix anything would be to ruin one of the finest institutions on the campus. Not only has the Union elevator been a constant source of copy for student publications for years, but it has made common ground for some of the closest and strangest friendships on the campus. Nothing makes us brothers like a common misery. And folks we would

have never spoken to have warmed up to us, and we to them, just because we both had been pushing the starting button without results. Like the weather, in a way, "Well," you say, "I guess it's stuck again." And the other person, it may be a janitor or a WSGA executive, or even a member of the Octy staff, says, "Yes"; then next time when you come up from the ground floor you very courteously stop at the first floor for your new friends, and after that, you and they are just like old buddies. No, darn it, let's leave the elevators alone.

As Disposed

THERE are lots of reasons why people go to the Ag school, but this little story demonstrates something, probably that there are many reasons why people *do* go to the Ag school. Anyhow, a son of one of the wealthier families in a northern city in Wisconsin entered the university this semester. For the time being he hibernated out in one of the Men's dormitories. Not particularly interested

in anything, but inclined to be slow on his feet, he walked up to Bascom hall the first day, then walked back at noon; that afternoon he transferred to the Ag school. "Much closer to my room," he explained. "If I pledge a fraternity next year, I'll enter the L and S school." Be a geography major, he said.

For the Books

MEL ADAMS, Haresfoot's irresistible publicity man, thought he'd get what is known as new angles in publicity circles when (Bal-loons) Olson and (Go) Johnson were at a local theater. He went up and told the gentlemen that the Haresfoot club was putting on a show, but that the cast was to be all men. Asked if they had any good ideas, any gags. Had to be clean, too.

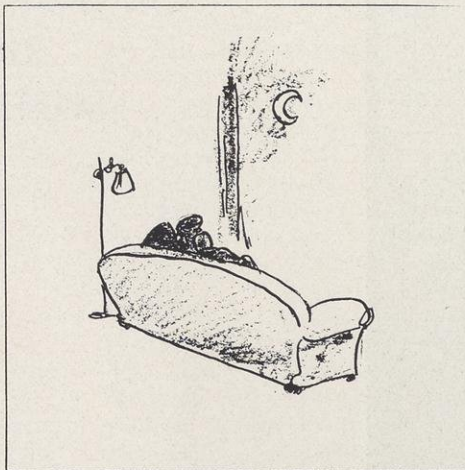
"All men?" asked Johnson.

"And clean?" asked Olson.

"Absolutely," said Adams.

"My Gawd," shouted both the boys, "no dames and no dirt! That *is* a new one for the books!"

a. c. w.



BUD FOSTER---FIRST FIRST

HARRY SHEER

HE HAS no hobbies. He has a violin; used to play the cornet, zither, and took piano lessons. His pipe—an instrument as long and slim as its smoker—gets a daily workout, but otherwise Bud Foster is a normal person. Then there is the inevitable paradox. Bud majored and got his degree in economics, on the hill, and his pet loathe was athletic coaching. He even reached the point where he knew what "division of labor" was; still remembers it, and has added to the list "marginal utility" and "wage vendibility" when the going gets hot. But the confusion of those particles which make up a man's portrait is a thing ignorant of mere loathes and embryo obsessions. Out of that hashed stew called "Career" came Wisconsin's head basketball mentor, and combined with some nine Big Ten cage wins, came also Wisconsin's first conference championship in five years.

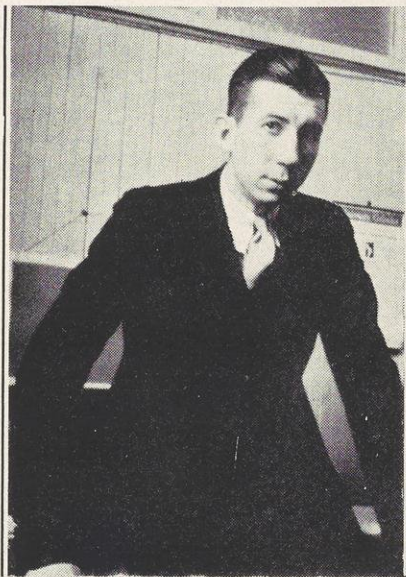
There is no more romantic tang to a man's history than when a minute incident grows into fat proportions when one takes down the peace-pipe of meditation from the rack. Bud Foster took his down, and with some inceptive coaxing it becomes disclosed—in his own words—"that one Harold E. (Bud) Foster would probably be digging ditches now instead of being the coach of a title team," if two rather insignificant yet protruding events had not happened.

One was a sultry Kansan afternoon in 1906. Decoration Day. The natives of Newton (population ??), being conscientious Americans, are strutting their best marching maneuvers. Hussahs and hurrahs for Democracy drown out the dim monotones of the tiny local hospital where a certain Mr. Foster is alternately glancing at the closed door, whistling "Maryland, My Maryland," and if by some pre-informed magical illusion whispering, "I hope it's a boy . . . I hope it's a boy . . ." Bud doesn't exactly remember that afternoon, but he blushes slightly when he tells you that he still holds the record for being the largest baby on file with 13¾ pounds chalked up; that it was 3:45 p. m., and that the band was playing what his father was whistling.

"This is off the record, Sheer, and if you print it I'll see that 'Chubby' (crew coach) Hunn scratches you off the free list, but

I sort of think that that 13¾ pounds was the reason I haven't any brothers or sisters . . ."

If Bud hadn't been such an intense cog in Doc Meanwell's 1928 "miracle men," the second of those protruding events might never have gone down into these archives. As you remember, Foster came to America from Newton, Kansas. That is, he ultimately found himself in Chicago after prepping at



BUD FOSTER

Sometimes his stomach turns

a Mason City, Iowa, high school. From the Windy City to Madison was not such an exhausting trip, but when Bud went down to Iowa in his freshman year to partake of the fruits of a former high school cage party, the sundry partisans interested in Wisconsin's basketball destiny not only became exhausted, but began dying off one by one from sheer "give-it-upness."

Big Ten governors had declared the lanky center ineligible because he had participated in a tournament in Chicago with those same high school team-mates. In the middle of what was tagged as a "tentative brilliant basketball future." Smoke rose; the hussahs of Decoration Day were transformed into sad incantations; and gloom rode the campus on a carnivorous basketball. But the eagle-eyes finally found a loop-hole in the claim of a brother

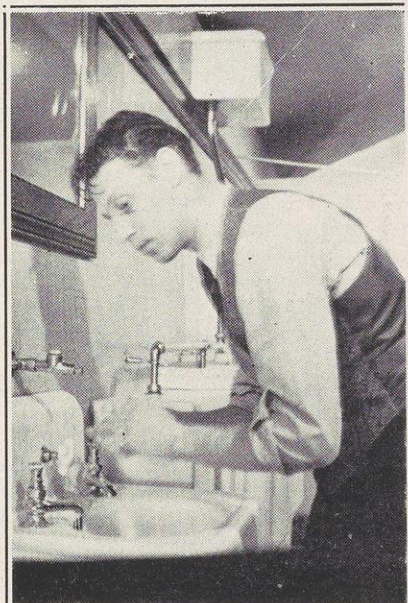
conference school and the youngster who was ready to start digging those ditches found himself three years later as an All-Western and mythically an All-American basketball man, and five years later as the youngest Big Ten coach and with a title hanging from his belt in the first year of his "loathed" profession.

Just a simple turn in the wagon-wheel and we can see Bud, his overalls flapping in a stiff wind, his beard matted and scooting off all over his face, digging ditches—maybe somewhere near Newton.

Interesting and fascinating as it may seem, an historical record of Bud's cage record would fit into this pencil-sketch like Doc Meanwell's frame would fit into Bud's wearing apparel. And as important as the history might be, Bud's personality sends up a slight eclipse over it which puts the well-known clamps on any possible boring data.

The humorist in Bud is one of his prime requisites. Droll, exceedingly subtle, and always with his tongue in his cheek, he amuses his office "room-mate," Ralph Hunn, to the degree of hysterics. Strange thing, this combination of Foster-Hunn. One tall, slim,

(Continued on page twenty-four)



HARRY SHEER

The author snapped in an intimate moment

—photos by M. R.

MILITARY STRAINING

Sept. 18, 1934

Dear Mother:

Well, here I am, registered in the College of Letters and Science. Today I wrote Horace Borstratter BA 1 all over about seventy blanks. As a matter of fact, I didn't read the last three or four, since the blon— I mean, the boy sitting next to me at the table wanted to go. I think they're pretty swell here, although why one of the questions on the last card should be, "Have you got flat feet?" is more than I can see.

Tonight I'm going down to look at the city hall, which is a very historical building and very old.

All my love,
—Horace.

October 14, 1934

Dear Mother:

They certainly are nice people at the university. Today I got a notice saying I should come to the armory and be measured. I didn't know what it was for, but the building was very old and historical. They collected three dollars from me and told me to come back a week from tomorrow.

I have my first zoology lab that day, too.

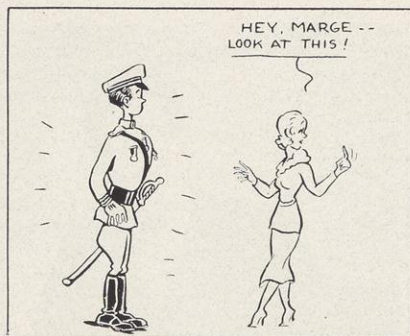
Happily,
—Horace.

Oct. 22, 1934

Dear Mother:

Today at ten I had my first class at the armory. They gave me my suit and told me to put it on. It's blue and has big brass buttons on it. I look just like George Washington, only maybe not so big through the shoulders. Boy, will I panic all the babes!

The man who gave me my suit was nice, but he looked at me sort of funny when I told him there was some mistake. But, gee, I never before had



any pants that didn't have cuffs on them.

I went to zoology lab today for the first time. It seems there was some mistake, because the class has been going on for six weeks now. I had been going to Science hall, which is an old building and very historical. But the class is in the Biology bldg.

Love,
—Horace.

P.S. It seems that the card with the flat feet question signed me up for R.O.T.C. That means Reserve Officers Training Corps. It's an old organization and very historical.

P.P.S. My zoology class is in the Biology building, as I said. The biol. bldg. is very old and historical. We cut up preserved frogs. They smell very historical.

—Horace.

Nov. 12, 1934

Dear Mother:

Do you realize that we men in the army have to protect this country against the radicals, atheists, and communists in our universities and colleges? If we don't, who will?

Do you realize that Japan has a navy of 350 super-dreadnaughts and that they are planning to capture San Francisco as a suburb of Toyko?

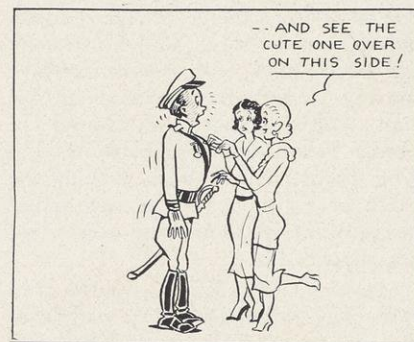
Do you know how many borrowers from within there are that are undermining the foundations of American liberty, justice, and the constitution?

Why should we let those yellow devils take our land away from us? Didn't we have a hard time taking it away from the Indians?

Why don't the lousy Reds go back where they came from?

With love,
—Horace.

P.S. We had a lecture in drill to-



day. The R.O.T.C. has the greatest spree de core of any army in the world.

P.P.S. During the lecture I found the zoology frog I lost three weeks ago. It was in the side pocket of my uniform. It smelled even more historical than before.

—Horace.

December 19, 1934

Dear Mother:

Did we have fun last night!

After drill we all went over to Lohmaier's, which is a sort of a drug store. It's not very old, but it certainly is historical. After we had been there a couple of hours, we went over to the N.S.L. That's the club that all the Memorial Union to a meeting of the

--a series of letters intercepted by CHARLES FLEMING

communists and atheists belong to; maybe even the free lovers.

There were about eight of us, not counting those we left under one of the tables at the soda fountain, and did we tell those lousy foreigners where to get off at.

Love,
—Horace Borstratter,
Pvt., ROTC.

January 25, 1935

Dear Mother:

I can't make this letter very long. We had drill today.

We marched in the armory. I have blisters on my heels.

We did the manual of arms. I have blisters on my hands.

We sat on the floor and heard a lecture on military tactics. I have blisters.

Sincerely,
—Horace.



February 12, 1935

Dear Mother:

This is going to be short, too. I am all tired out.

We had rifle practice, and I kept score for about half an hour. Then I shot, but there must have been something wrong. I hit Cadet Sergeant Smithers in the rear guard. Then I ran out to Middleton. So did Cadet

Sergeant Smithers. I was ahead all but the last yard. I wonder if Cadet Sergeant Smithers is as tired as I am.

Maybe I need glasses. They say you can't stay in R.O.T.C. if you have bad eyes. Maybe I do need glasses.

Wearily,
—Horace.
February 28, 1935

Dear Mother:

This is the second letter I have written today. The other was to Senator Brunette. Perhaps he will investigate the army. I am getting along well in zoology, except that I lost another frog. This makes three.

In army today we went out and deployed on the lower campus. That was all right, but the place they gave me to deploy in was a six-foot snow drift. No wonder President Roosevelt says we must solve the problem of our great army of undeployed.

Damply,
—Horace.

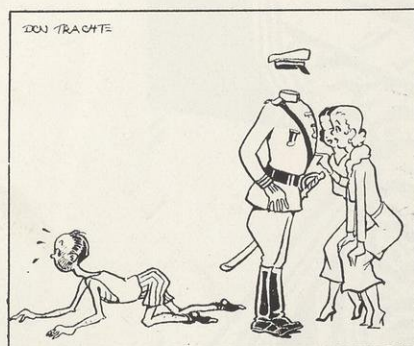
March 15, 1935

Dear Mother:

If I can't get out of the army within a month I'll go nuts. All these guys are a flock of militarists.

Sherman was right about war.

In agony,
—Horace.



April 4, 1935

Dear Mother:

I mean it this time. That last ten bucks made it seem all right, but I can't go on in the army. I mean it. I mean that I can't go on. I can't go on. I *can't* go on. I CAN'T go on.

All I do is laugh historically.

Please write Senator Duffer and get me out right away. Write Secretary Dern. Write President Roosevelt. DO something.

I'm going mad mad mad mad mad mad mad mad mad mad.

Madly,
—Horace.

ROCKFORD ILL.
APRIL 6 1935
6:30 A M

GOT COMP FOR MILITARY
BALL STOP GOT DATE STOP
GOT MARRIED STOP GOT AR-
RESTED STOP GOT FIFTY
BUCKS QUESTION MARK SEND
DOUGH
COLLECT

HORACE

"There is no overcrowding of the ranks of Wisconsin lawyers at the bar," declared Dean Lloyd K. Garrison of the law school before the law review group Wednesday night at the Memorial Union.

—DAILY CARDINAL.

* * *

No beer guzzlers they, eh, Dean?

Identical with previous editions except for a substantial increase in size, the 1934 student directory will be available at the Memorial Union desk and the university information office in about 10 days.

—DAILY CARDINAL.

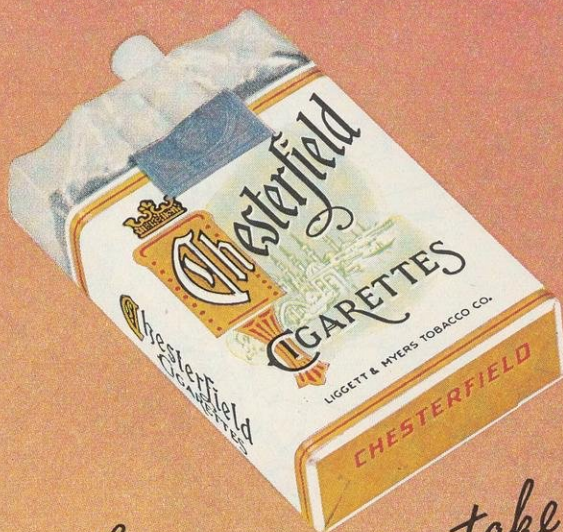
* * *

Don't tell us they're going to misspell our names the same way again!

CHINESE ALLEY

- linoleum cut by Charles Le Clair from the recent exhibit of the artist's works in the Memorial Union.

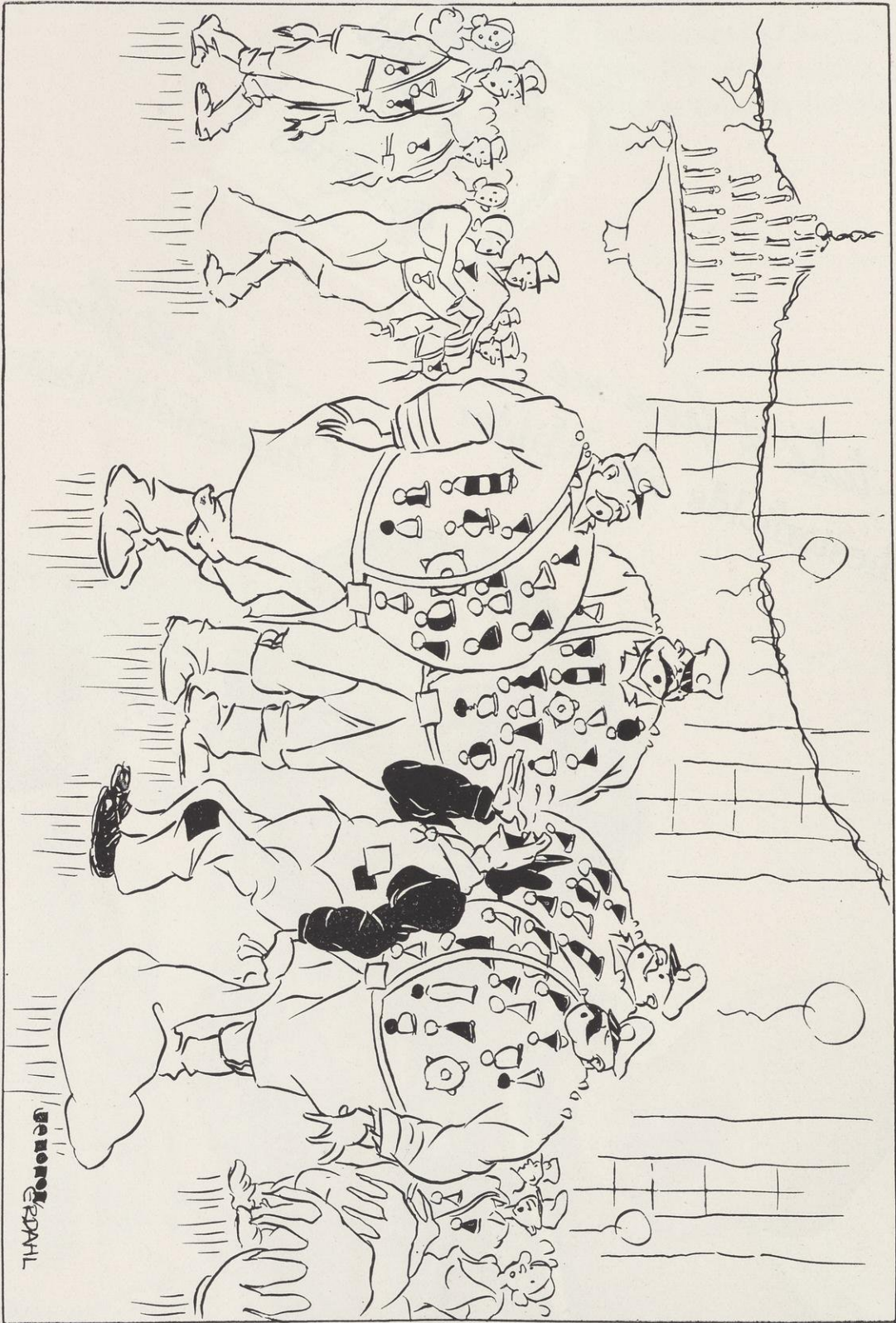




-take it from me
Chesterfields are Milder

-take it from me
Chesterfields Taste Better





CAMPUS CRISIS NO. 9

The Local Junkman Comes to Military Ball and Yells for Old Iron

A PLAN FOR THE NATION

THE plight of the intellectual is a much-discussed one these days.

It has become generally recognized that the intellectual is more to be pitied than censored. It is well known, for instance, that the intellectual is incapable of dogmatic decision because he has the distressing ability of seeing both sides of a question. It is well known that the intellectual is constantly involved in a turmoil and a pother of ratiocination, and is therefor miserable to himself and others.

But what has been neglected is the plight of the nation which is infested with intellectuals. Intellectuals are the scourge of a nation. They are a disease of the body politic. Personal difficulties of introspection are multiplied a thousand times, until from coast to coast there is a cry of distress.

Intellectuals breed dissatisfaction. They ask questions, instead of giving answers. Intellectuals move the monotone of the mass mind and substitute the mania of misanthropy, the malignancy of maladjustment.

Intellectuals are dissenters. There is only one way to deal with them—that is the shortest way with dissenters. Intellectuals must be stamped out. They must be removed, discouraged, stifled, beaten, pushed, and eventually destroyed.

Destruction is best. Death is quickest. And, for the nation, the sooner the better. Sterilization is too good for them. No mercy can be shown, if the nation is to survive peaceful and contented. Besides, sterilized intellectuals are not half as good as dead intel-

lectuals. While there is life there is thought, and as long as intellectuals can think, they will talk about it. And that is where they are dangerous. They must not think. They must not talk.

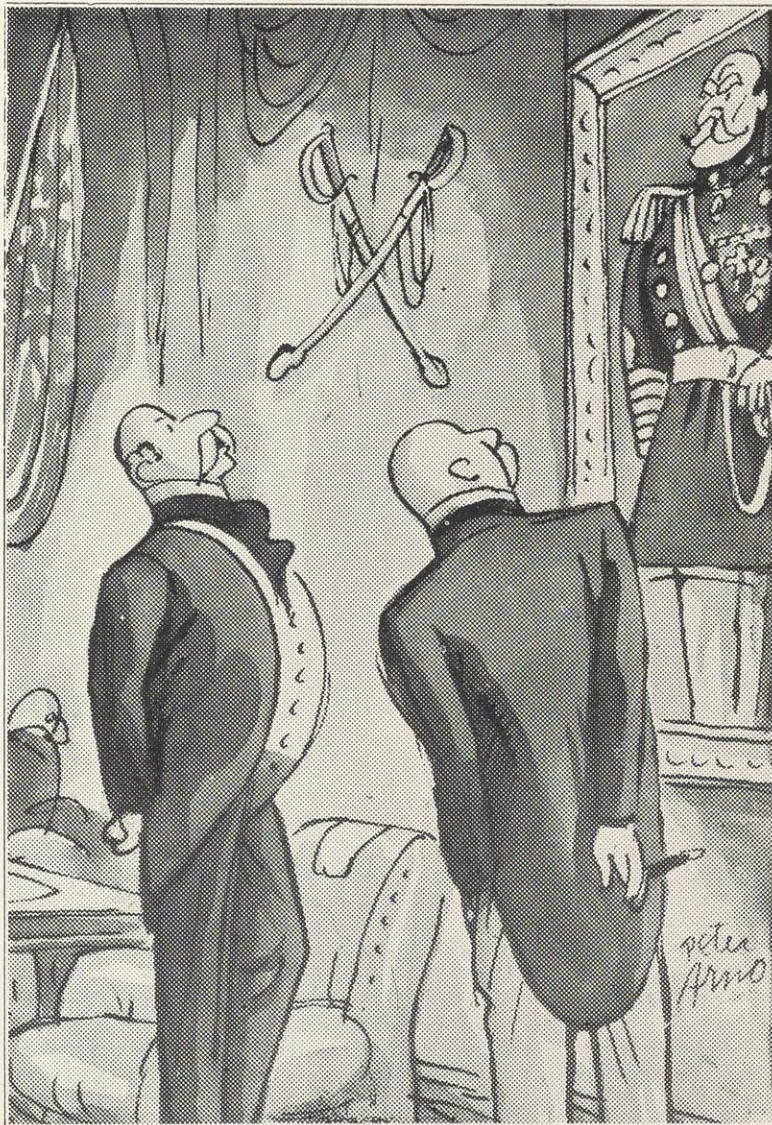
THEY must be killed off. The execution block is not too good for intellectuals. Hanging is not too good for intellectuals. Death by starvation, suffocation, or strangulation is not too good for intellectuals. They are a disease, a plague, a scourge, and a calamity. They must be killed, killed.

The good people, the idiots and the morons and the imbeciles, —the fine, unthinking, unquestioning citizens, who gladly and loyally and willingly accept what they are told and given—these, the precious life-blood of a progressive and growing nation, must be protected, nurtured, carefully watched and always coddled. They are susceptible, and it is for this reason that the intellectuals must die. If the nation is to live the intellectuals must die.

And their deaths must be violent, as a lesson. Not only the adults, but the children themselves must be killed off. Intellectuals must be discouraged from producing intellectuals. Morons, imbeciles, and idiots must not produce intellectuals. Children showing intellectual tendencies must be killed immediately. Tests must be devised for determining intellect before the age of three months. Children who can say more than "ga" or "goo" must be killed off. If they live, they may corrupt their fellow infants.

Parents must learn once and for all that the state will not tolerate intellectuals, if only because intellectuals will not tolerate the state. Parents must learn to kill off intellectual infants with pride, as in the accomplishment of a definite and far-reaching achievement. As a lesson for other parents, parents must learn to effect this destruction with their own hands, and in cold blood. They must learn that necks can be twisted, limbs torn asunder, and the heart wrenched from the body.

Then, when the intellectuals shall have vanished from the land, and with them will be gone the writhing problems, the disastrous dissatisfactions, the ruinous reasoning, the calamitous cacophony of concentration, then, when the land will at last be taken over by the peaceful, the good, the mild, by the morons, the imbeciles, the idiots, and the half-wits, then, in such a millennium, will this land be the fairest land on which ever shone a rising sun, and on which ever glanced the dull rays of a setting sun.



"I knew him when he sold his soul for a comp to Military Ball"

"ALL OUR MEN ARE MEN . . ."

MEL ADAMS

"ALL our men are men, yet everyone's a man." Haresfoot's men really are going to be men this year. The shapely, eye-filling "showgirls," associated with Haresfoot since 1911, have gracefully bowed their way into the "wings," making way for a new and different type of production—an all-male show.

In departing from the 25 year old motto, "all our girls are men's yet everyone's a lady," the Haresfoot club has taken a pioneer's role in the aged tradition of American college musical comedy clubs. The 'Footers are the first collegiate group to abandon the female impersonation idea used as the basis of stage production enterprise by men's dramatic societies throughout the country.

Female impersonation dates back further than Haresfoot. It originated at Harvard with the founding of the Hasty Pudding club, an undergraduate men's dramatic society, in 1795. The lack of women on the Cambridge institution's campus necessitated the costuming of men as women.

No other organization of the type existed until the debut of the Mask and Wig club at the University of Pennsylvania in 1889. Princeton university took its cue with the Triangle club, and was followed by Wisconsin with Haresfoot in 1898. Following Haresfoot in the Midwest came the Black Friars at the University of Chicago in 1904, and the Mimes club at the University of Michigan in 1906. All six clubs comprise the present organization of American college musical comedy clubs.

Other organizations of the type have developed, however, since that time, in various other American universities and colleges, among the more outstanding being the Hundredth Night club at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, Varsity Show at Columbia university, Cap and Gown at the University of Pittsburgh, Waa-Mu at Northwestern, and a similar club at Stanford.

* * *

HARESFOOT was originally organized as a general dramatic society for both men and women. Charter members of the club included Ernst Kronshage '98, late publisher of the Wisconsin News in Mil-

waukee; Gerhard M. Dahl '96, now president of the Brooklyn & Manhattan Transit company in New York; Fred H. Clausen '97, now president of the board of regents; Milton G. Montgomery '99, Charles A. Vilas '99, Walton H. Pyre '99, and Edward T. Fox '99.

The first production staged in 1898 was Alexandre Dumas' "Edmund Keane," and was directed by Marcus Ford, now famous throughout the Midwest as an actor and a reader. The original policy was continued until 1911, when the club was made a men's organization, when it presented its first musicale, "Dancing Doll," an operetta, the book and music for which were written by Horatio Winslow and Herbert Stothart, respectively. Stothart now writes musical scores for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures on the coast, while Winslow's stories are read monthly in the Saturday Evening Post.

In 1917 the straight musical comedy came into vogue, and Haresfoot adopted the theme in the presentation of "Jamaica Ginger." Then came the war and cessation of Haresfoot activity. Following the final performance of the 1917 show, the entire troupe marched down to the recruiting office, and enlisted en masse. Included in that group was Freddie Bickel of Racine, now known as Fredric March to thousands of movie fans.

The first full show staged after the war was "Mary's Lamb," a Broadway musical comedy, in 1920. One of the leading "ladies" in that production was "Willie" Purnell of Kenosha, now William H. Purnell, Haresfoot director and gag man extraordinaire.

In 1923 Haresfoot presented its first extravaganza, "Kikmi," a musical comedy by "Heinz" Rubel, now the Reverend Henry S. Rubel, of Highland, N. J., who writes the comedy song patter for Joe Penner. Musical comedies were staged annually until 1931, when Haresfoot took an initial step in the American college dramatic field by presenting an elaborate revue, "It's a Gay Life."

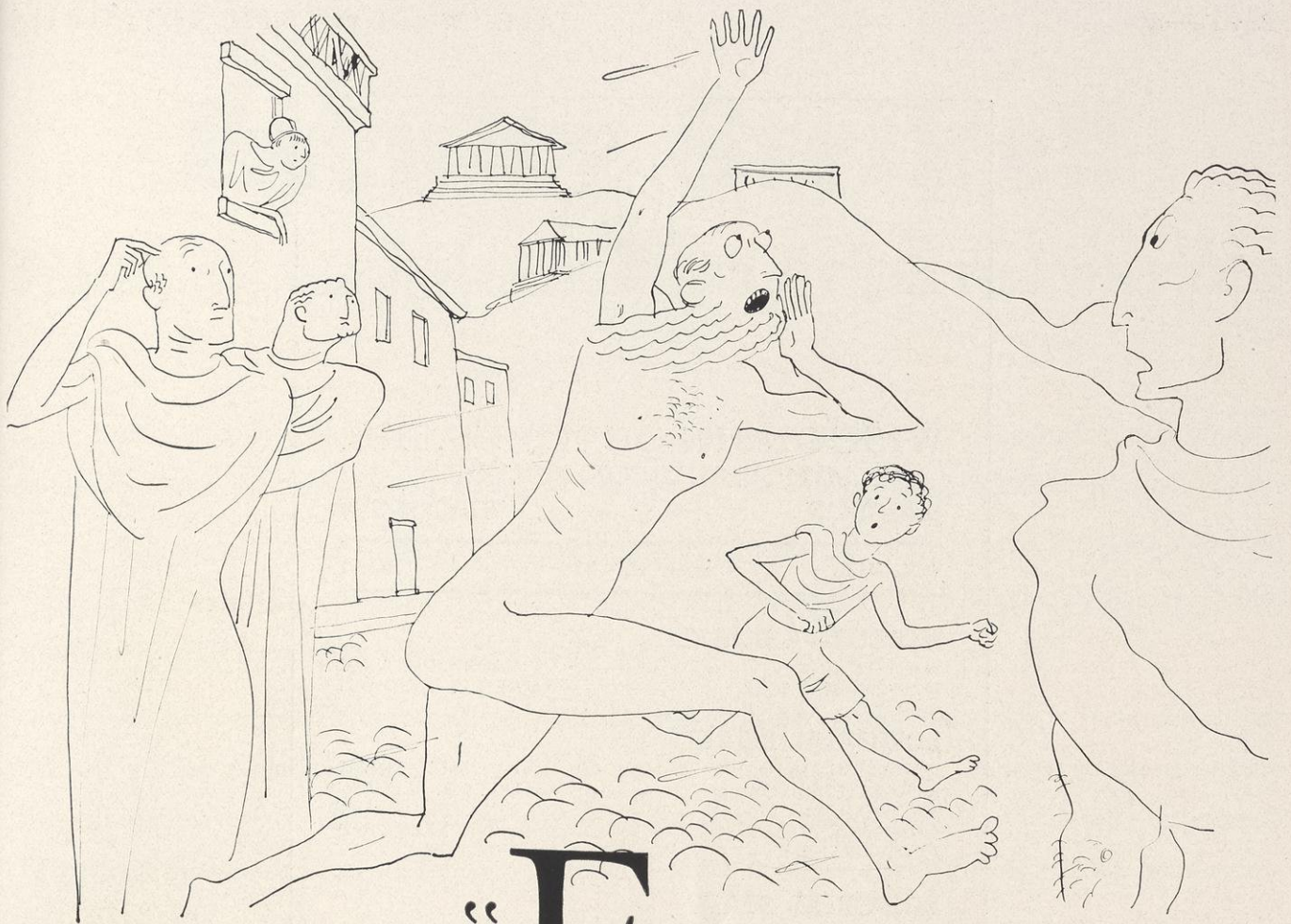
Returning to the musical comedy field, "Klip Klop" was presented in 1933, and "Dictated—Not Red," in 1934. And now in 1935, Haresfoot again emerges with a new type of production, for in "Break the News,"

Haresfoot not only discards its girls, but presents a musical comedy-revue—a revue, with a plot.

And so pass the "beauties" of a quarter of a century with their bared backs, shaven limbs, and paint jars. The Haresfoot "girl" moves on to join the Tiller Girls and the Floradora Sextette.



An anonymous Haresfoot beauty resurrected from the days when girls were men. The future will never see his like.



“Eureka!”

YELLED ARCHIMEDES

How to detect the alloy in Hiero's golden crown! Archimedes pondered long — then solved this hydrostatic problem while he was in his bath.

“Eureka! Eureka!” he shouted, running through the streets of Syracuse without waiting to dress.

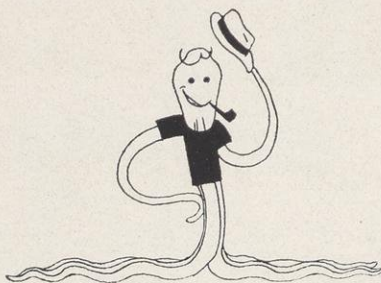
You might have thought the old man had discovered something like Enzyme Control — the secret process that guarantees perfect beer — Schlitz Beer — every time.

You can drink all you want without worry of bad after-effects. The stimulation is there; the headache isn't. And always that delicious flavor found only in Schlitz. Health-giving, nerve-building Vitamins, too. Eureka! It's the Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous! Try it and taste the difference.



Schlitz

The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous



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VOL. XVI MARCH, 1935 NO. 7

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JOKES on page 26 lifted bodily from Columbia JESTER

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558 STATE STREET

Faculty Strike!!

Protest the Student Protest Strike! Fight Fire with Fire!

Not to be dominated by the whims of a fickle student body, the university faculty, under Octopus leadership, will strike in protest of the forthcoming student protest strike.

Prominent faculty members stand behind this move. "Why," asks Professor Grotch, "should we hold classes when no one will come to them?" "Why," asks Professor Grutz, "should we come to classes when they don't meet?"

Two courses of action can be taken by the striking faculty members. They can either call off all ten o'clock classes on April 12, and thereby anticipate by one hour the proposed student strike, or else they can walk out of all Sunday morning classes, and thereby cut directly at the backbone of the student movement, if there is any student movement on Sundays.

Octopus wants a united faculty behind this strike. Is the faculty to accept student dictates? Is the faculty to be toyed with? Strike back! Fight fire with fire, and see who gets fired first!

Sign the coupon, like the man in the picture. Send it in at once. This is your own strike — so strike while the firing is hot!



TEAR OFF THIS COUPON NOW AND DROP IT SOMEPLACE

TO THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

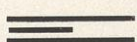
Gentlemen:

I'm with you, tooth and nail. Here is my coupon:

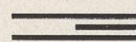
- ☐ I WILL STRIKE AT TEN O'CLOCK, APRIL 12
- ☐ I WILL CUT ALL SUNDAY CLASSES
- ☐ I WILL DO BOTH
- ☐ I WILL DO NEITHER

.....Signature

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F. & W. GRAND CO.

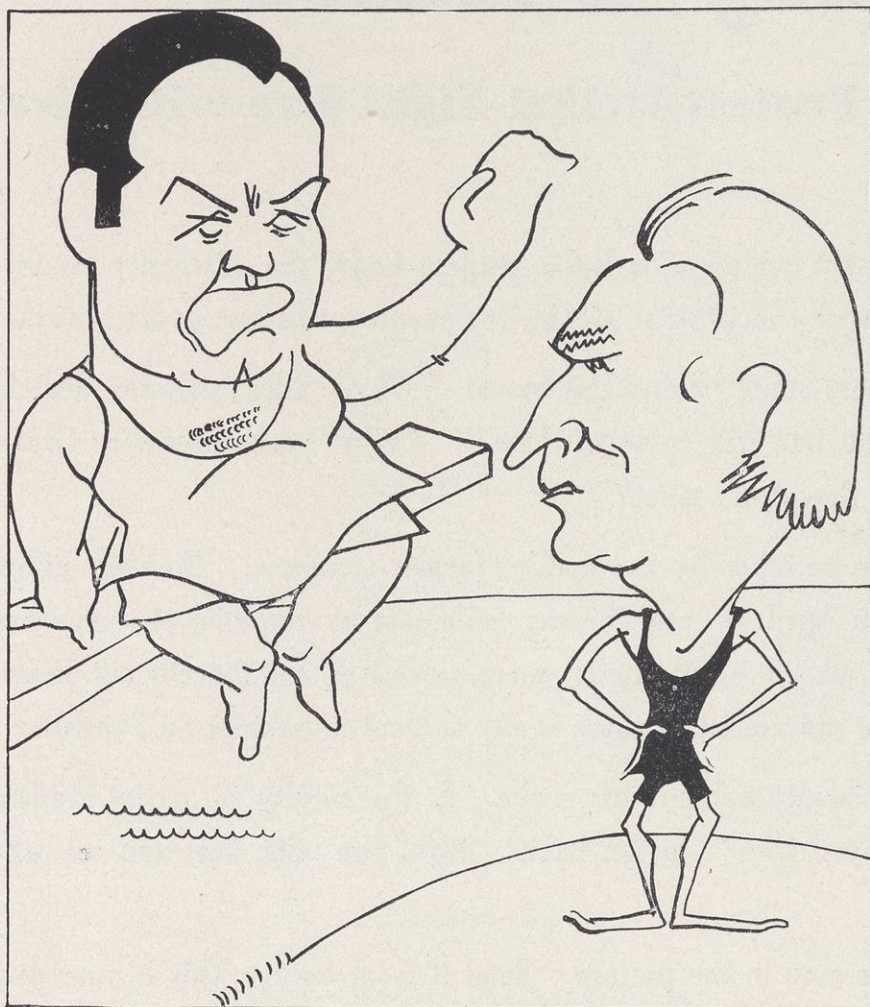


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REPORTER'S NIGHTMARE



caricature by
rudy jegart

dialogue by
harry sheer

DR. SPEARS (just off-hand like)—Professor, how in the hell do you sell your stuff?

PROF. LEONARD—

'Tis Art, my dear Doctor, Art,
Hellicons of Helen set apart
In labyrinths of a Gothic mart.
The Gods of Galilee to me
Have crucified no Pharisee
But damned a carpenter, who me?

DR. SPEARS—Yeah You.

PROF. LEONARD—Who, me?

DR. SPEARS—Let's start over again, Prof.

PROF. LEONARD—

'Tis Art, my dear Doctor, Art,
Hellicons of . . .

DR. SPEARS—No, no! Off-hand, offhand! Off-side! Off tackle! Off your left foot!

PROF. LEONARD—

Off beaten paths I have strayed
To lend no pain
Where Helen's domain

Has packed the earth with—
off-hand, offhand! Off-side! Off-tackle! Off your left foot!

DR. SPEARS—See? That's better, Prof. See? How easy it is? That's better, Prof.

PROF. LEONARD—

Off-tackle, off-tackle.
Off-side, off-side.
Off-shackle, off-shackle.
Off-bridge, off-bridge . . .

Much easier, Doc, how much do they pay you a year? Let's go for a swim, eh, Doc?

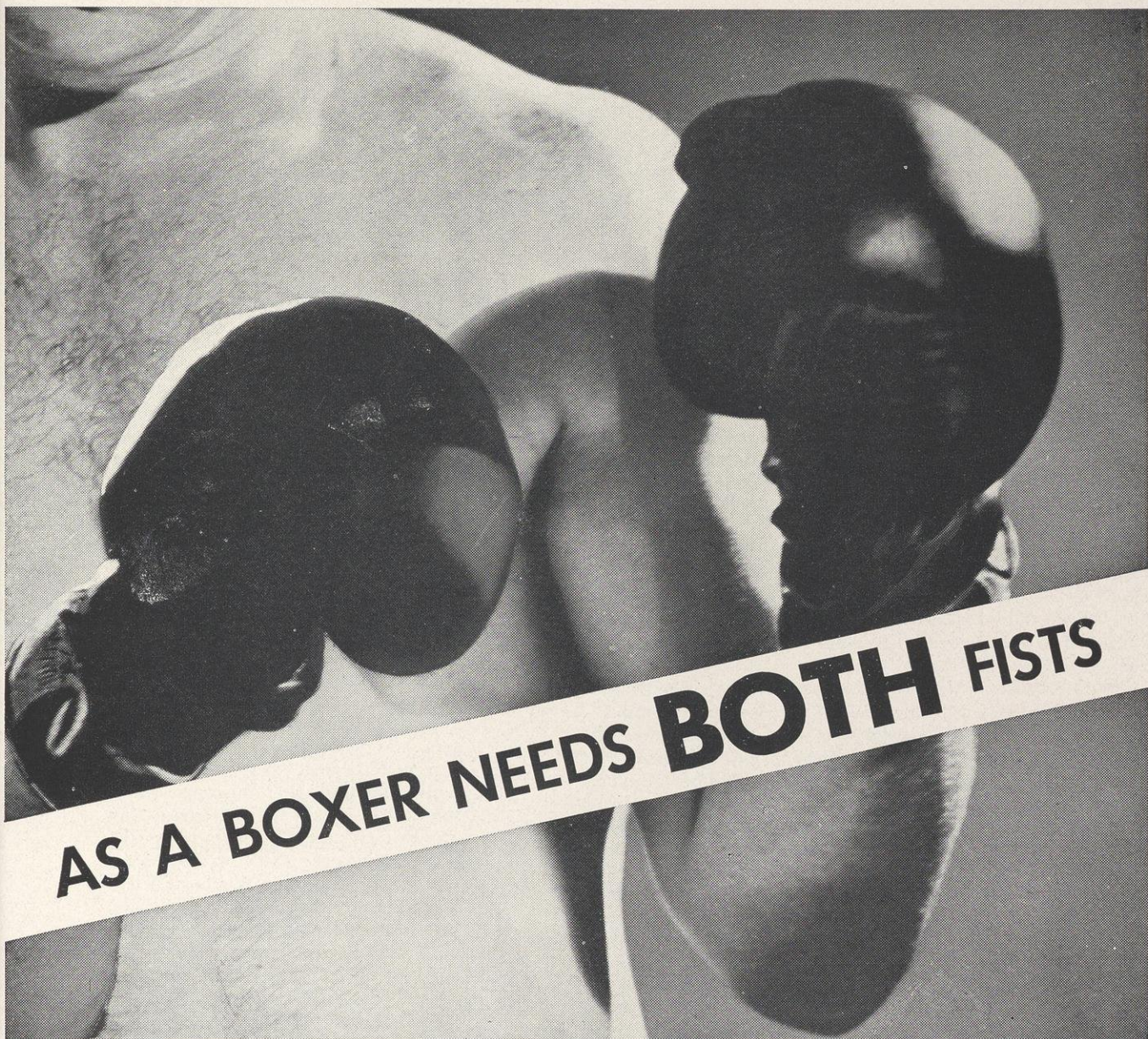
DR. SPEARS—

Off-tackle, off-tackle.
Off-side, off-side . . .

What's another word that rhymes with tackle, Prof?

Off-backle,
Off-cackle,
Off-dackle,
Off-eackle,
Off-fackle,
Off-gackle . . .

Hell, let's go for a swim, eh, Prof?



AS A BOXER NEEDS **BOTH** FISTS

So a pipe tobacco needs
BOTH
mildness and flavor

THERE are a lot of one-armed pipe tobaccos on the market. One gives you the tobacco flavor you want—but it's *strong*. Another gives you mildness that lets you smoke as much as you want—but it's *tasteless*.

Buy a can of Edgeworth today and *find out for yourself* that

there is one pipe tobacco that has **BOTH** mildness AND flavor.

How do we do it?

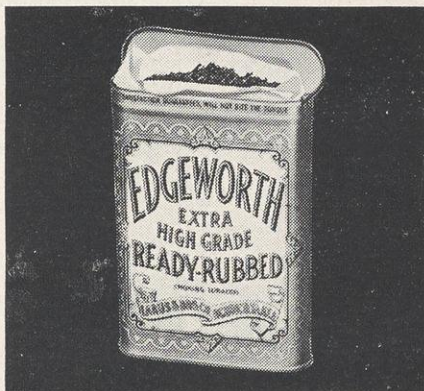
This way: *First*, we use the best

pipe tobacco that's grown. That gives the rich tobacco flavor that every pipe smoker loves. *Second*, we use only the tender leaves. That gives mildness.

★ ★ ★

Edgeworth is made for pipes—and pipes alone. That is why it is a better pipe tobacco—and why many smokers say that Edgeworth's long-burning qualities make it cost less than cheap tobacco. They get more smoking hours per tin.

Buy Edgeworth today and enjoy mildness *plus* flavor *plus* economy! It is made and guaranteed by Larus & Brother Co., Richmond, Va., Tobacconists since 1877.



EDGEWORTH HAS BOTH MILDNESS AND FLAVOR

Cardinal Appears

[as the Cardinal reviews the Octopus]

by Anyone Who Happens to Be Around

THE Daily Cardinal, Wednesday, March 6, issue came out on Wednesday, March 6, and is now on sale at campus newsstands; also the Cardinal business office.

This issue of the Cardinal is printed in black on white, with lines to mark off the columns. Down in one corner is an interesting item called "the weather report," meaning how it will be the next day. Among the members of the Cardinal staff, this issue is known as the "Newsy Number," meaning that they have tried to include in it a number of news stories.

This issue of the Daily Cardinal concerns itself almost wholly with Vital Issues. Like many of its predecessors, however, it takes keen delight in satirizing contemporary journalism, and in ribbing Prof. E. A. Ross, who, in the memory of this reviewer, never did the Cardinal an iota of harm.

With a staff of which at least 85 per cent have been or are at the present or will be members of the Wisconsin Octopus, you would expect the Cardinal to show a better sense of humor either in selecting its stories or in writing them.

Losing itself completely in its efforts at complete campus coverage, this issue of the Cardinal continues its old practice of publishing articles which murder homonyms, strangle dangling participles and work destruction, havoc and ruin on common sense.

As for its attention to "News," or "Vital Issues," the Cardinal does a pretty good job. The front page is filled out nicely by a variety of big and little headlines, interspersed with solid type, indicating "stories."

Regular features scattered throughout the paper serve to cover the pages. Advertisements also fill this function, and are therefore of interest. Neatly cut on all four sides, this issue is one of the best to bear the name of the Daily Cardinal in the last two days. Good luck to editor Bernhard and his staff, and good luck to the linotypers and compositors of the Cardinal Publishing Company!

FOSTER---

and straight-faced; the other short, chubby, and invariably smiling—except when you mention Poughkeepsie. Both are the youngest members of the inter-collegiate coaching staff; both are in their first years; and if you have visions of homicide, take a slam at basketball in front of Ralph, or boo the crew sport in Bud's face. That's how Bud makes friends, and he knows the yes-men, black-slappers, chiselers, and band-wagoners as well as he recognizes the bird who will give you his meal ticket even in the toughest hour.

Few have the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Foster—Eleanor to Bud—who married the latter as a seed salesman and not as a college basketball star—as Bud will emphatically boast. They're pals, and when the late windup road trip materialized, there was Eleanor pulling for Bud—and Wisconsin—as if she herself was in the conference "hot spot." That's the 13¾ pound boy who grew up into the shoes of Doc Meanwell as the doctor of Wisconsin's basketball health; the high school kid who first started playing the game by plopping one in from the center circle; and the unassuming coach who likes to feel his stomach turn when his "boys" are churning up sensations for Big Ten consumers.

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UPS 'N' DOWNS: THE RACE TO MENDOTA ROBT. G. BLAUNER

LIKE the very breath of spring you jauntily step your way into the Union full of expectations and inspirations. The day is fine, you are fit, and everything is just right to accomplish all those things you've been wanting to do for the past month. Someone has even put the revolving door in motion to save you the effort. The elevator, too, is awaiting your pleasure.

Casually, and nonchalantly, you wave to a friend as you put your hand on the elevator door to open it. But the door seems stuck, so your attention is directed to the more pressing subject of entering your vertical carriage. But then you discover that someone, elsewhere had the same idea, only a trifle previous, and the cage is gone.

You had to buy a stamp anyway, so you decide to do that while waiting for the lift to return. Stamp bought, letter posted, you return to your position at the door, still full of spirit and elation. The ropes underneath the carriage denote its descent, and you firmly grasp the handle to open it obligingly for the present rider.

Tensely, you apply pressure to the door as the cage comes in sight. And just as tensely you bite your lips as it merrily proceeds on its way to the netherlands. Your finger approaches the button to press it as soon as the "in use" sign goes out. Suddenly it flickers off and you stab the projecting bakelite. Bearing down, you grit your teeth. You're sure you have it this time and no one is going to get it away from you. Ah! Here it comes, and you remove your finger to resume your position at the door.

Agog and aghast, still gripping the door tightly, you watch the lift ascend past you. Slightly grim, slightly bewildered, you dimly perceive a grinning face, reminding you of something you had once seen in Vilas Park zoo, similarly behind bars, go steadily past.

A bit dazed and overheated from your exertions, you open your coat and loosen your apparel. A drink of water tastes like a chocolate ice cream soda in August, but right in the middle of that last, that one swallow, that makes the water taste even better than two sodas on the same day, you hear a rattle behind you and notice, from the corner of your eye, the elevator on its way down.

* * *

YOUR drink can be finished upstairs. Back to your post with more speed than Sir Malcolm, and skidding to a stop you jab at the bottom button again. You have it this time. Here it comes. But no! Someone is in it. You knock at the door to call their attention to your sorry plight and get a flighty wave of the hand in return. Your hair is all awry and your coat dragging along the floor. After a good mopping of your brow and a hesitating glance at the stairs, you pick up your courage and feet, and slowly grope your way to the ballustrade for support. Hand over hand, you pull yourself along, thanking your lucky stars that you've had some training at this sort of thing with your fourth floor 8 o'clock. Finally you reach the second floor and manage, somehow, to pull up at the bench along the railing.

Dimly, through a haze, you notice



that the elevator is standing right before you. You turn your head away and then suddenly swing it back. It is still there. On tip-toe you cautiously walk toward it. You get nearer, nearer—you are almost on it. With a final lunge, you grab the door and swing it open.

After a moment's rest to collect your wits, you close the gate and jubilantly press the button marked "3." Nothing happens. You press again a little more firmly. Still nothing happens. You open the gate and slam it shut and press the third time. The same result. You are almost overcome with the stuffy atmosphere; the perspiration is running off your brow like water from a hydrant. You eye the stairs through the bars speculatively, and with a groan resign yourself to your fate. Practically exhausting your strength, you manage to open the door and stagger to the steps. As you approach the first, tearfully, two men come from behind a curtain with a load of chairs on a rolling platform. Expertly, one opens the door and the other pushes the platform in. Both men, working with precision, enter, close the gate, and away goes the elevator to the profundities and depths of the building.

Consternation, surprise, and chagrin register across your face. You fall up the remaining stairs and plop into a chair. Your hair is standing on end, your eyes are popping, your clothing hangs on you like wet rags. Utterly worn out, you can hardly say hello to your friends. In a little while you arouse yourself from your stupor. Your eyes are still gleaming, your mouth still has flecks of foam at its corners. Someone is holding the elevator door open. You lunge forward and just get your coat tails inside before the door clangs shut. Then, if it goes at all, it takes you through the roof. But that isn't so bad. At least, you're out.

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COLLEGE HUMOR

--a page for people who don't realize
that there has been no new collegiate
joke for the last forty years.

She: "I'm perfect."
He: "I'm practice."

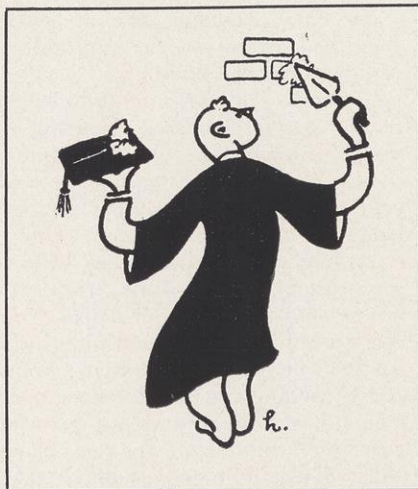
"The way you kiss is nobody's business."

"Yes it is, I'm a gigolo."

"Girls are just like street cars —
there's always another one coming
along."

"Yes, and they're faster after mid-
night."

My girl is like a typewriter key-
board. If you touch the wrong spots
you get terrible words.



"Isn't Dolly a perfect picture?"
"Well, she has a pretty good frame."

"I hear you were out golfing with
the college champ this afternoon,
Mame. How does he use the woods?"

"Don't know; we played golf all the
time."

She was a good little girl as far as
good little girls go, and as far as good
little girls go, she went.

He: "You've a faculty for making
love."

She: "Oh no—just a student body."

"I wonder if we can squeeze in that
car?"

"Why not wait until we get home."

"So you let him park his car?"

"I did, like fun."

"Yes, so do I."

"Daughter, is that young man down
there yet?"

"Damn right, I am. What's it to
you?"

He: "Your mouth is certainly
pretty."

She: "Yes, I'll put it up against
anybody's any time."

He (knocking at door): "Any ice,
coal, brushes, magazines, or household
necessities today, lady?"

She: "No. But come in; I might
think of something."

"We want a girl to sell kisses at the
bazaar. Have you had any experi-
ence?"

"I went to college."

"You're hired."

He: "I dreamed about you last
night."

She: "How'd you make out?"



Boss: "No, I'm afraid you won't do."
Steno.: "Did I say I wouldn't?"

She: "Oh, Hector, I love you so."
He: "So what?"

"So you had a date with a college
guy?"

"No, I tore my dress on a nail."

"Do you college boys waste much
time?"

"Oh, most girls are reasonable."

"Did Mary blush when she tore her
skirt on the car door?"

"I didn't notice."

Coed: "You simply have to hand it
to Alfred."

Ditto: "Why?"

Coed: "Oh, he's so shy and back-
ward."

She—"Stop."

He—"I won't."

She (sighing with relief)—"Well, at
least I did my duty."

A student in search of some knowledge
Enrolled at a very large cowledge
But it wasn't long
Before he was gong
The darn fool just wouldn't apple powledge.

We wonder where he ever found so sweet
a little woman as Mrs. ———, whose delight-
fully curly, white hair just brushes his ear as
they stand together in perfect personification
of all that is good and lovely in married
couples.
—COUNTRY MAG.

No fair tickling, now!

It's Military
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And Time to
Select HER
Corsage at
RENTSCHLER'S
When you send her flowers for the Ball
you show good judgment. When you send
them from RENTSCHLER'S, the official
florists for the occasion, you show good
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CALL BADGER 177 . . . or stop in at 230 State . . . Today!



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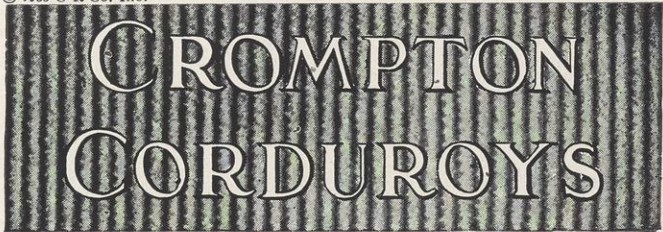


THERE is no fabric that fits in so well with the academic atmosphere as Corduroy. It is the traditional fabric of poets and kings and now has been adopted by college men all over the country —among whom are the poets and kings of the future.

We illustrate here a knock-about ensemble of Crompton Corduroy which has been accorded high favor by undergraduates in many of the leading schools in the country. It is a smart outfit that in itself is practically an entire semester's wardrobe because jacket and trousers can be worn separately and ensembled with other garments. The fact that it is tailored from Crompton Corduroy is your assurance that it will give long and satisfactory service.

CROMPTON-RICHMOND COMPANY-INC.
1071 SIXTH AVENUE AT 41ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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BY AND LARGE

By ROBERT G. BLAUNER

WHEN the lights went out in the Union not so long ago the average student probably felt right at home.

Prof. Gaus says, "The new generations of workers in civil service must be drawn from the universities of the country." Or join your party early.

A plan to abolish the frosh and soph class officers is now being offered. Unless the seniors hand out as many passes to their dance as the juniors, they'll be headed the same way.

Herr Harald Kreutzberg observes that "A dancer's body must be considered as an instrument." In the 770 club, probably a shoe horn.

Dean Garrison maintains that the present 7 a machinery is inadequate to cope with problems. Many people think that with less machines there'll be more jobs.

Wisconsin's wood expert, Arthur J. Koehler, of Flemington fame, was able to trace a piece of wood practically all over the country. To find out how some people get grades ought to be right up his alley.

Harland Holman, disqualified Union board candidate, alleges he was "not allowed fair credit for fair work." At least Harland got a word in edgewise.

"Cloudy weather," explains Eric R. Miller of the local U. S. weather bureau, "is due to low pressure areas in the atmosphere." Also 3.2.

The average co-ed spends \$307 annually on nothing but clothing. Or rather or just plain nothing.

Ohio State co-eds were recently taught the art of using chopsticks. Other courses require brains.

There are three distinct factions on the \$5 athletic fee question. The seniors are against it; the juniors are for it; and the frosh will pay it.

A prominent physiologist recently claimed that the man of the future will have but one eye. He might also have a brain.

THE STORY OF JOSHUA

THIS is part of the story and almost the full life history Of Joshua Bentlow, who still remains a mystery To most of his friends and his teachers. Joshua came up from the farm, and his features Were rough and angular, like the soil he tilled While the larks all larked and the whip-poor-wills whip-poor-willed.

Joshua came up to the university at Madison, Wis., And the thought of being at school practically filled him with bliss, Especially when he joined the ROTC and got a nice new uniform And he strutted about, feeling like the proverbial lion and the unicorn; And after two years of that sort of thing He became an officer, and the girls used to bling To see him on the street, he was that handsome. But when it came to dansome, That was another case, and Joshua didn't have a leg To stand on. (Not literally, of course; I just mean he was clumsy as a hourse.)

Joshua did so well his tactics military That the commandant thought he was darned good, very. So the captain (or is it a general who does the appointing?) Said to Joshua one day, "Josh, you've been lointing So fast, I think I'll make you the lord high chairman Of Military Ball. Do you care, man, For the position?" Joshua, taken aback, grew very embarrassed, And said, "General, I am rather harrassed By your offer. General, I really can't dance."

"What?" cried the other, "You have the impertinence To stand there and tell me that? Let me tell you, sir, I can find many another; Go! and never return!" And though his head was tired and his heart did burn, Joshua left the university, and went back to the soil he tilled, Where the larks all larked, and the whip-poor-wills whip-poor-willed.

T. Walter Tyrrell of the G. O. Advertising Co. says, "The average consumer is on the streets more and more each day." What with the depression, who isn't?

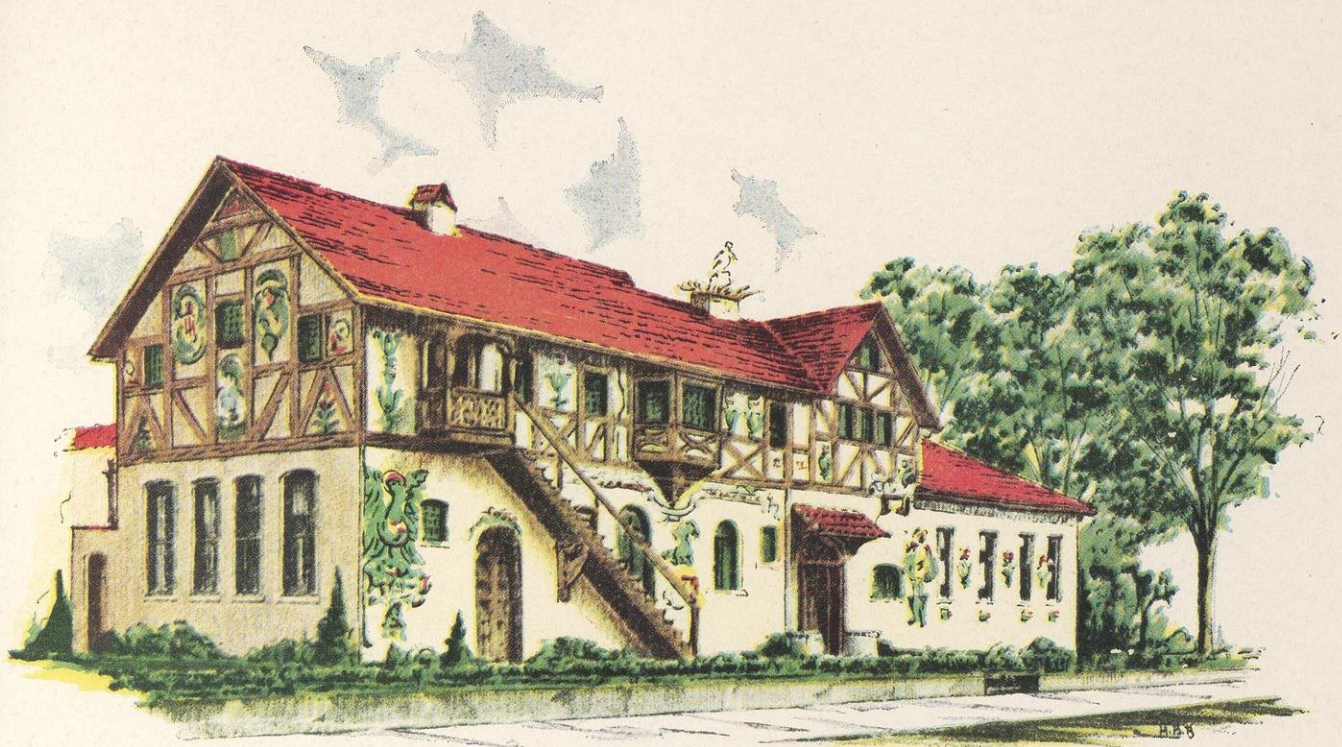
7,240 quarts of milk and cream are used by Badger students during the school year. No estimate has been made on polished apples.

It has been stated that if the cops don't interfere with the rotten egg-throwing and head-breaking in this year's Engineers' parade there will be plenty of fun for all. What fun?

There are approximately 1,500,000 living college grads in the U. S. Increased supply, decreased value.

In Prof. Harlow's psych class a South American monkey used for demonstration escaped and ran amuck amongst the students. Because it didn't speak English, it was easily recognized.

"Reality is a result of man's own experience. Something is unreal to an individual until he experiences it himself," observes Prof. Max Otto. Like that co-ed you've been trying so hard to date.



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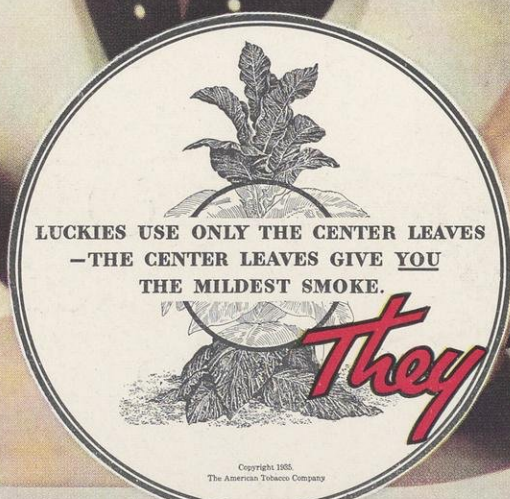
Old Style Lager

GOOD SINCE

1850



Luckies



They Taste Better

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