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Octopus: Freshman number. Vol. 17 [18], No. 1 September, 1936

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, September, 1936

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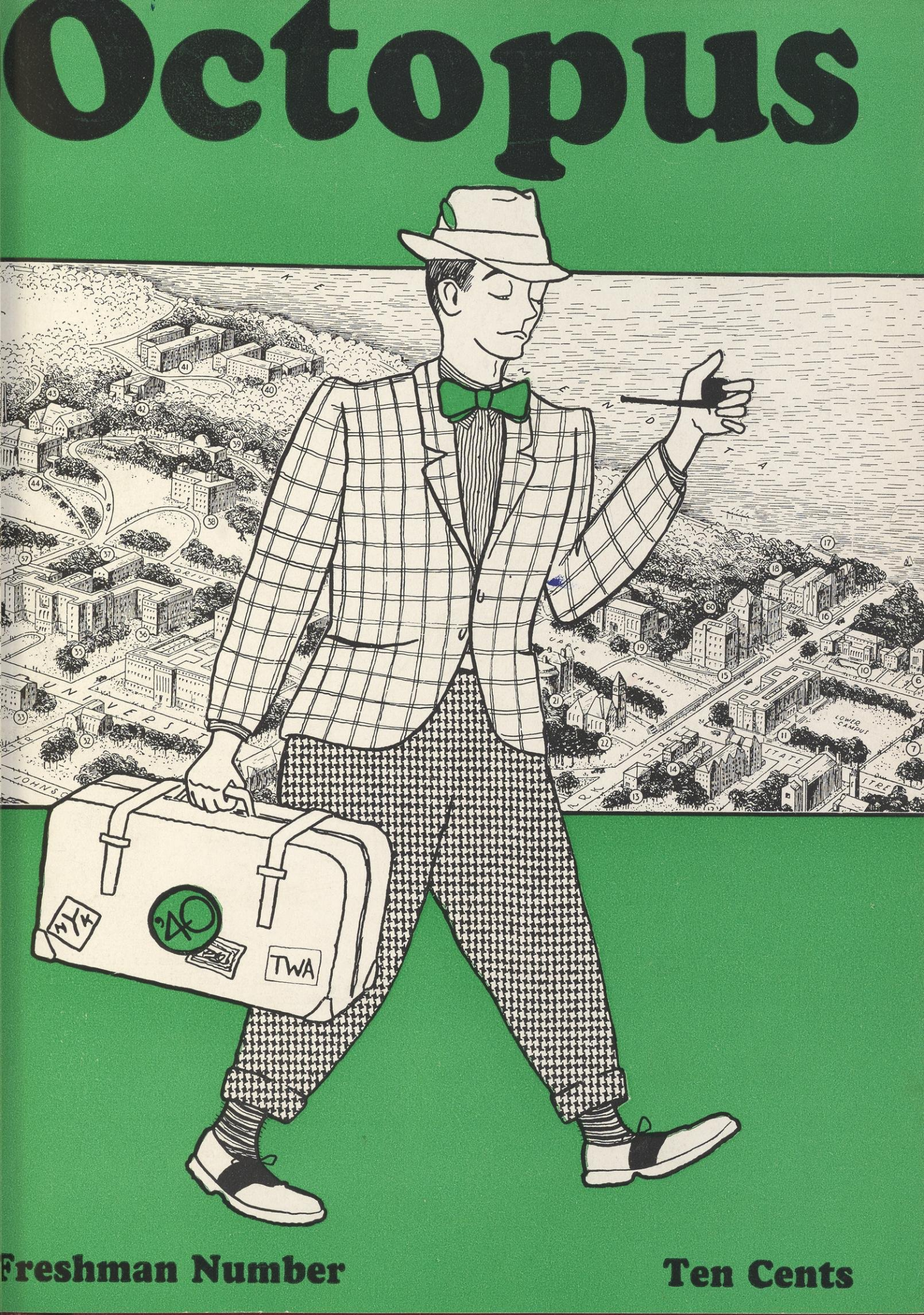
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Octopus

A black and white illustration of a man in a plaid suit and bow tie, walking and holding a briefcase. The background shows a detailed map of a university campus with various buildings and streets labeled.

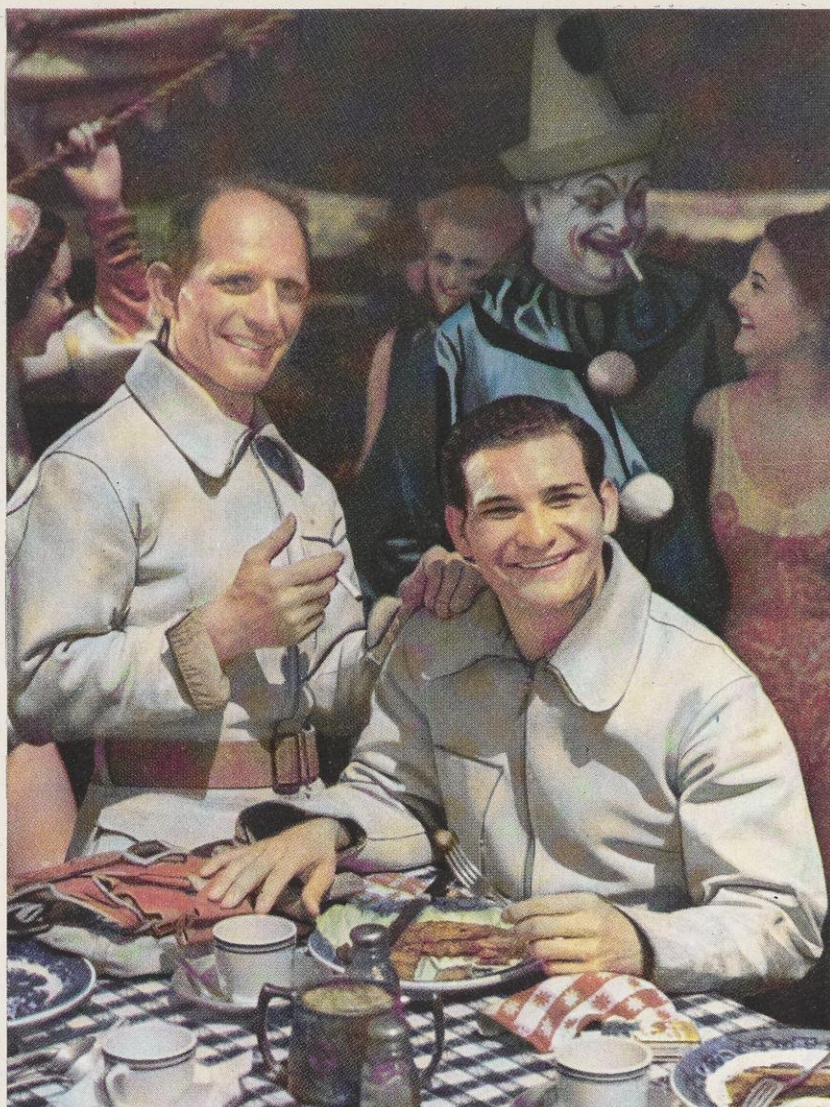
Freshman Number

Ten Cents



Freshman Number

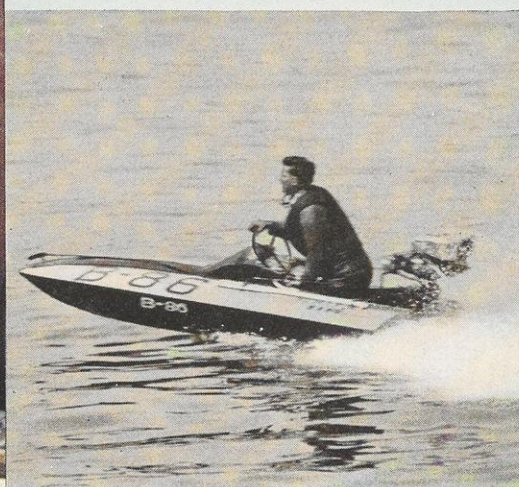
Ten Cents



HUMAN COMETS. Hugo and Mario Zacchini disappear into a monster cannon. *A flash!—a crash!*—and they hurtle into distant nets. "Mario and I both smoke Camels," says Hugo. "Camels keep digestion working smoothly."



"**NEWS COMES FIRST,**" says Miss Helen Nolan, reporter, "eating, second. So I turn to Camels. Food tastes better and digests easier."



FIRST in the gruelling Albany-New York Outboard Marathon! Clayton Bishop says: "Camels are a swell aid to digestion."

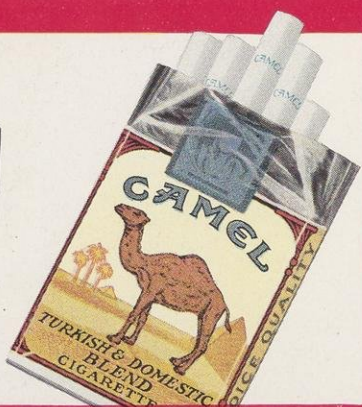
**PEOPLE CAN MEET TERRIFIC STRAIN—YET ENJOY GOOD DIGESTION.
SMOKERS SPEAK FROM EXPERIENCE WHEN THEY SAY—**

"For Digestion's Sake — Smoke Camels!"

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

*Costlier
Tobacco!*

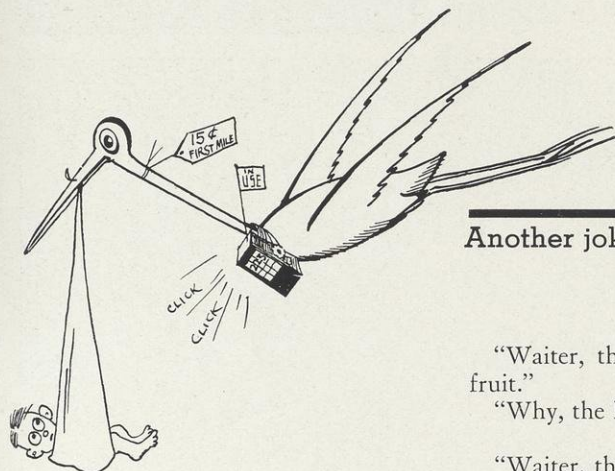
Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.



MODERN life bombards us all with a thousand and one little jars, shocks, and nervous irritations. The strain tells on digestion...slows down the flow of digestive fluids.

And it is to Camels that one naturally turns to put more enjoyment into eating. As you enjoy your Camels at mealtime, the flow of digestive fluids speeds up...alkalinity is increased. You feel at rights with the world!

Camel's invigorating "lift"...Camel's aid to digestion...Camel's matchless taste and fragrance—all these are yours when you make Camels *your* cigarette. Camels set you right! And they never get on your nerves.



New Arrivals

Another joke or two oozes into Collegiana

"Who yuh shovin'?"
 "Dunno. Whatcher name?"

Customer (in Union cafeteria): "I'll take that huckleberry pie."

Attendant: "That's not huckleberry pie. Shoo!"

Advice to Freshmen—Send your clothes to the Student Laundry and get to know the names of the fellows in your class.

Squire Perkins: Nell, after I die I want you to marry Deacon Brown.

Nell: Why?

Squire Perkins: Well, the deacon trimmed me on a horse trade once.

"What did Uncle William say when you gave him the brandied cherries we sent to cheer his convalescence?"

"He said he was afraid that he wasn't strong enough to eat the fruit, but he appreciated the spirit in which it was sent."

Man, very hoarse with cold, not able to talk above a whisper, knocks at doctor's home at night time and the Doc's wife comes to the door. "Is the doctor at home?"

Wife, also in whisper: "No, come in."

Policeman: Where are you going in such a hurry?

Student: I just bought a new textbook and I am trying to get to class before it goes out of date.

"How is your little boy getting along, Mrs. Silversniff?"

"Oh, very fine. He wants to be a fireman, and he's already beaten everybody at checkers."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my grapefruit."

"Why, the little squirt!"

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"Well, what are you afraid of, Mr. Buck?"

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"What's the matter, sir, are you a vegetarian?"

HEY!

In 1932 the Wisconsin Octopus paid a prize of \$25 for a poem entitled "The Kappa That's Known as Lou." (The Octopus had money to throw away like that in 1932.)

In 1936 the Octopus printed the poem again with a credit line to the Alabama *Rammer Jammer*; the 1936 staff had never seen the poem before. But they have found out the Facts in the case. And they are mighty, mighty sore.

The *Purple Parrot*, the *Columns*, and no end of other magazines credited the Rammer Jammer with this full page poem.

We aren't kicking, exactly, but we do feel a wee mite bitter.

"Waiter, there's a fly in my oeufs frapees!"

"Oui, monsieur."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my sundae."

"It's quite all right, sir, he's a Christian Scientist."

"Waiter, there's a flea on my weiner."

"Yes, sir."

"Pardon me, sir, but I think there's a fly in your soup."

"Scram! Mind your own business!"

"Waiter, there's a fly in my hamburger."

"Yes, sir—Rathskeller special, five cents."

Mr. Sappy: The milkman told me he necked every dame on this route, with the exception of one.

Mrs. Sappy: That must be that stuck-up Mrs. Ritz next door.

Widow: I want to insert an obituary notice in your paper. How much will it be?

Editor: Twenty-five cents an inch, madam.

Widow: Oh, land sakes, and John was six feet tall!

"How about a little kiss, girlie?"

"No, I have scruples."

"Well, that's all right, I've been vaccinated."

Prof: Didn't I get my last haircut in this shop?

Barber: I think not, sir. We've only been in business two years.

Sorority Pledge (to House Mother): Mrs. Blivis, do all fairy stories begin with "once upon a time"?

House Mother: No, my dear, most fairy stories start with "I'm going to the library tonight."

"Mamma, do pigs have babies?"

"Why of course, my dear."

"Someone told me they had little pigs."

Salesman (telegraphing from Ohio): Having wonderful time. Marion is great.

Wife (telegraphing back immediately): Same here. George is not so bad.

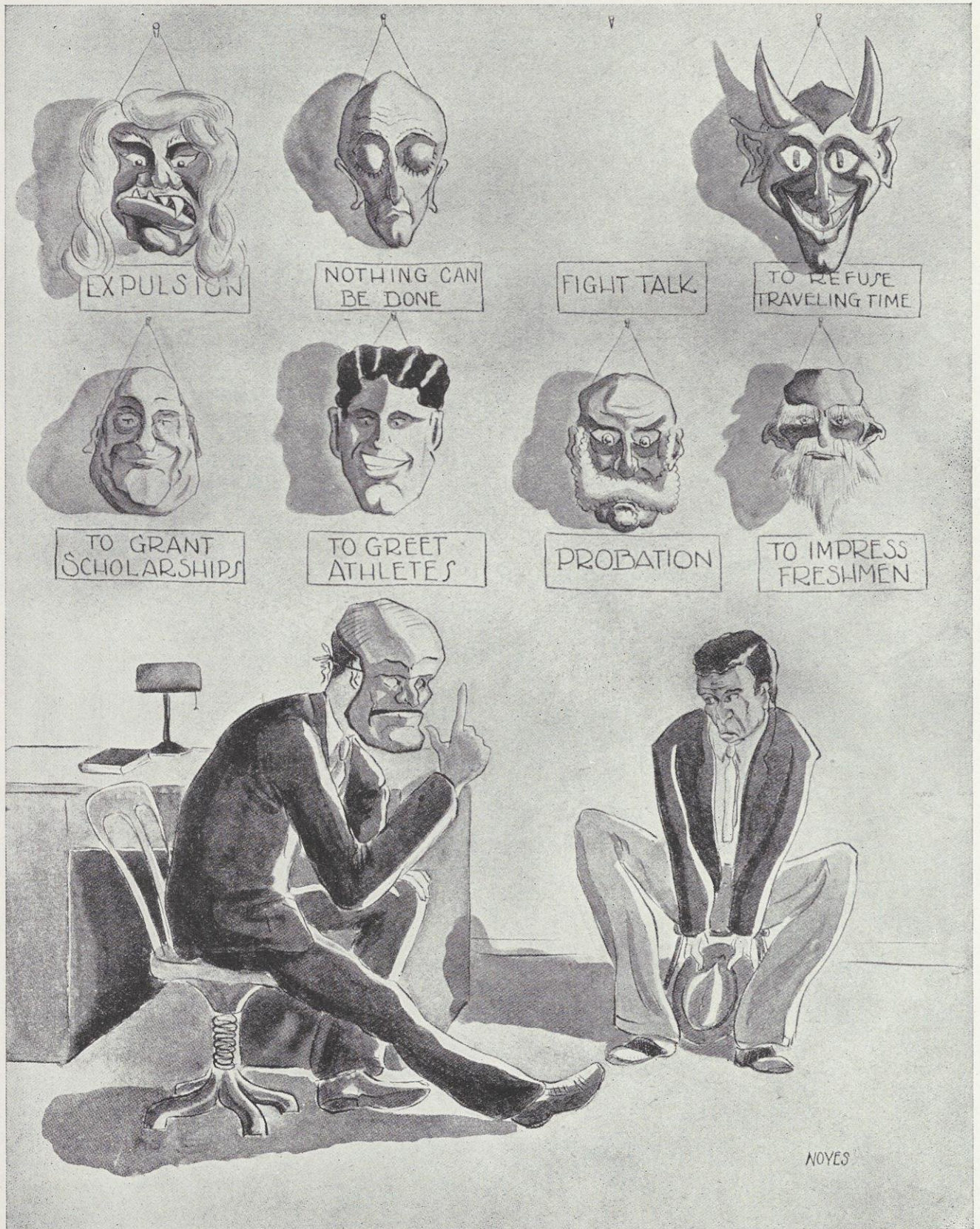
"Waiter, I'll have pork chops with French fries and I'll have the chops lean."

"Yes, sir; which way?"

Soph—Come on, take a bath and get cleaned up; I'll get you a date.

Frosh (cautiously)—Yeah, and then suppose you don't get me the date?

Gentlemen, The Dean!



Platter



Patter

SUMMER music, for some reason which only a record distributor could fathom, must be slow, sweet, and sentimental, and the record crop of the past three months has carried out this superstition. But there have been some really good records in spite of the trend.

Fred Astaire's *Swing Time*, featuring the nation's Number One tap dancer, and *Rhythm on the Range*, Bing Crosby's latest vehicle, provide a goodly share of fine songs.

Frankie Trumbauer's recording of *An Old Cowhand*, with Jack Teagarden vocalizing, is as good as anything on this number that we've heard. On the reverse is *Diga Diga Do*, a swing tune from 'way back in 1928.

The best version of *Empty Saddles* from "Rhythm on the Range" is Ray Noble's, featuring Al Bowlly and the vocal ensemble. Victor recorded this one, but there are dozens of others. On the opposite side is *Big Chief De Sota*, with Bowlly and Stirling Bose. This is either a swell burlesque of *Christopher Columbus* or a sequel that doesn't quite click. Russ Morgan uses two songs from this picture in *I Can't Escape from You* and *Old Cowhand*.

Astaire, all of a sudden, has learned to sing. Green is a pianist who can be classed with Teddy Wilson and a very

few others. You'll want to hear all six of these pieces:

Bojangles of Harlem, swingiest of all, with swell tap dancing and an attractive lyric; *Never Gonna Dance*.

The Way You Look Tonight, the pash song of the group; *Pick Yourself Up*, another tap-dancing record with a semi-funny lyric.

The Waltz in Swing Time, actually a swing song in waltz tempo, featuring Green's piano and celeste (bells, goon); *A Fine Romance*, billed as a "sarcastic love song."

This is Jerome Kern music. Enough?

ART SHAW, a new name to record listeners, ought to become a potent one. His clarinet shows traces of one Benny Goodman, but is a lot less insistent. But the man can swing it out above his other players when he wants to. Brunswick has him in two old masterpieces, *Japanese Sandman* and the Ziegfeld tune, *A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody*.

Larry Stuart does two vocals with Leo Reisman's orchestra, which remains one of the almost-but-not-quite-units of the present time. *Stars in My Eyes*, from "The King Steps Out," and *Did I Remember*, from "Suzy."

—STIRLING CRICHTON

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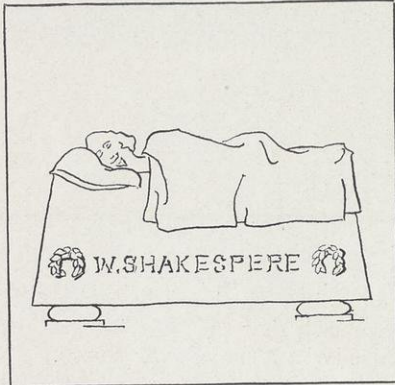
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—LAMPOON

A clever bird is the chiseler. One of the species entered a thirst oasis and limped painfully up to the bar.

"What's the matter?" asked a sympathetic soul. "Have an accident?"

"No," answered the chiseler, "I just have a touch of the yoores."

The boob scratched his head and inquired: "What's yoores?"

"A whiskey sour, thanks."

—Oberlin Lutefisk

"What's your name?"

"I don't know, but I'm beautiful."

—Froth

Oh, Lord, be kind to us vegetarians and create a vegetable that tastes like pickled pig's feet!

—Columns

I know the quickest way to a girl's heart, but they like it better if I detour a bit first.

—Punch Bowl

Professor of Economics: "You boys of today want to make too much money. Why, do you know what I was getting when I got married?"

Voice from Last Row: "No, and I'll bet you didn't either."

—Tiger

Plumber—I've come to fix the old tub in the kitchen—

Son—Mama, here's the doctor to see the cook.

—Tennessee Turnip

M - G - M

... announces ...

its production of

"ROMEO AND JULIET"

by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A very well satisfied man arrived at the gates of Heaven and asked for admission.

"Where are you from?"

"California."

"Well, you can come in, but you won't like it."

—Pell-Mel

Diner—"Have you any wild duck?"

Waiter—"No, sir, but we can take a tame one and irritate it for you."

—Lampoon

Salesman (beginning to unroll his samples): I'd like to show you—

Merchant (emphatically): No, no, I'm not interested.

Salesman (eagerly): But couldn't I just show you—

Merchant (firmly): Not a chance. I'm not interested.

Salesman (wistfully): Well, would you mind if I looked at them myself? I haven't had a chance to see them for three weeks.

—Red Cat

Waiter! There's a piece of steel in this soup!

Sure! That's from the spring chickens we use!

—Ranger

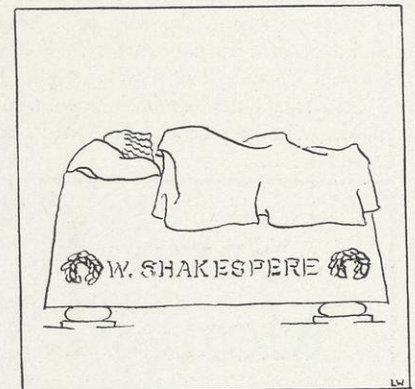
"How come you're in the hospital?"

"Cause a guy shot me with my own dice."

"So what?"

"My dice were loaded."

—Voo Doo.



At WISCONSIN ...

It's Rentschler's
for Flowers

for every occasion

Rentschler Floral Co.

230 STATE STREET

BADGER 177



"But this is rushing, not Homecoming."

"The difference between Harvard and Princeton is that at Harvard they have private bathrooms, and you don't get to know anybody."
—Tiger

A young lady finding herself stranded in a small town, asked an old man at the station where she might spend the night.

"There ain't no hotel here," he said, "but you can sleep with the station agent."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, "I'll have you know I'm a lady."

"That's all right," drawled the old man, "so is the station agent."
—Log

He: "I'm keeping a record of all our good times, sweetheart."

She: "A diary?"

He: "No, a checkbook."

—Oberlin Lutefisk

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

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

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

Rookie—"I'm a little stiff from bowling, sir."

Coach—"I don't care where you're from, get to work."

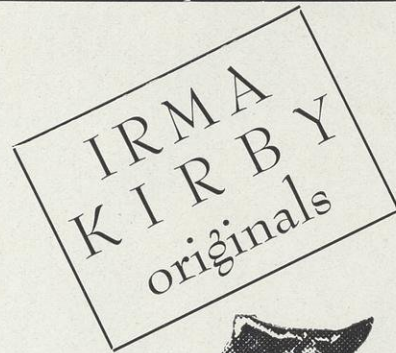
—Tiger

Girl—White, 16-20, to do light work around fraternity house. No experience necessary. No references. Box 24.

—Red Cat

"Captain, is this a good ship?"

"Why, madam, this is her maiden voyage."—Old Line



sure of bids for dinner dates

Viva the "above-the-table" interest in street length dinner dresses advocated by Irma Kirby, famous American designer. The svelte molded swing of her bias skirts and the studied simplicity of her shoulder details have won her unquestioned fame.

Baron's

ON THE SQUARE



"The Scene Changes . . ."

And summer shades off into autumn, as falling leaves offer a new vista of Mendota, with the golden sunshine offering a sparkling contrast to the blue of the lake . . .

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS Campus Chronicle

Page one

A great man, we once were told, has to have the confidence of the Press if he is to get any place. With that in mind, we proceed to the monthly Glenn Frank story.

It seems that it was just deadline time on one of the papers uptown, and things were going well enough. Finally one copyreader—a whimsical fellow, one must admit—piped up.

"What would you do," he asked quizzically, "if Mrs. Frank called up and said she's just found Prexy dead in the bathtub?"

The managing editor considered. "Well," he finally answered, "I'd splash it all over Page One."

He paused. "And then I'd just sit here by the phone until Frank called up and denied it."

Yoicks!

That the campus is infested with any number of beasts is something we've known for a long time, especially since we took that bacteriology course. But a couple of friends of ours had a funny experience the other night.

They were driving up from Sterling toward Observatory Hill for purposes of their own. They turned at the corner, and their headlights revealed a fox, sitting on his haunches on the lawn. They stopped the car and watched him. He walked a few steps away, then



"Did THEY say they had no mortgage?"

wheeled and looked at the lights with apparent interest.

After a few minutes, he deliberately walked over to the edge of the woods running down to the lake-shore and ever so deliberately trotted out of sight.

Purity

What with its weight-lifting room and persistent intramural activities, the YMCA has in recent years succeeded in downing its old appellation of "Purity Hall."

This is probably a good thing, especially since even a YMCA has to have people living in it and there's no earthly way it can do dirty rushing. But maybe it isn't such a virile place after all. The other day we were in there, neatly buying an ice cream cone, when we noticed a stack of soap in a neat display.

Half of it was Palmolive ("Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion"). The rest was Camay.

Nyaaaa—Purity Hall!

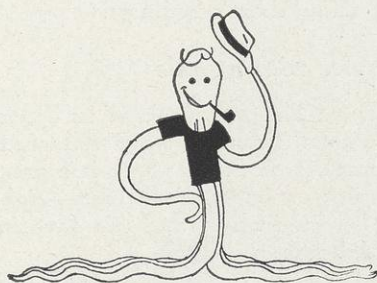
Red tape

As 2,500 more freshmen are going to find it, Bascom reading room is staffed with weird creatures. Where they come from, where they go after the last book is on its shelf and the last light is dimmed, nobody knows. What goes on in their heads is likewise a mystery.

We scribbled Shepherd's "Historical Atlas" on a card and brought it up to the desk. "You will have to give the call-number of the book," the clerk said coldly, shoving the card back at us.

"But where do you find the number?"

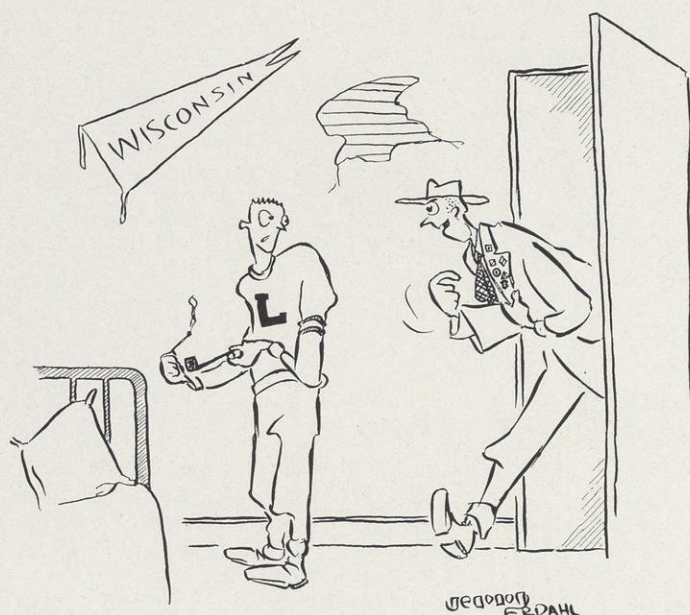
"On the History Department bulletin board to



BY WAY OF INVITATION

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

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

JED DOODY
E. PAHL

your left."

"But," we pointed out, "the book list isn't up."

Wearily, the fellow wrote in the call-number from memory, gave us the book from the shelf beside him. We don't understand it yet.

Just in case

It's as good a stall as any, we suppose, but they claim to have closed the Union during August "for extensive repairs." We won't quibble about that right now. But since most of our cuts and old magazines are filed up on the third floor, we had to go up there, repairs or no repairs.

We asked Otto Mueller, who was subbing that evening for Chuck Owens at the Union desk, for a key to the storeroom. Otto was very obliging, and produced two big key-rings.

"I'm pretty sure this key will open the room," he told us, giving us a key, "but if it won't, this other one here will open it for sure."

Greek insects

Likely as not, you've seen Dolores, a brown little pickaninny with ribboned pigtailed and a big smile. She lives at the Delta Chi house, where her mother, Mrs. Simms, is the cook.

Langdon street and the backyards of fraternities have been Dolores'

playground. She's pretty friendly with the neighbors, too; and on a late summer evening recently she dropped in at an informal lawn party as Dean Fred and some neighbors were sharing a chocolate cake.

Dolores competently handled a goodly piece of cake, and everybody was treated to incidental tales of goings-on at the Delta Chi menage. Nothing, however, was very sensational, except perhaps Dolores' final disclosure. "At our house," she said, "there's bedbugs."

Service with a smile

From Dartmouth (and its "jack-o-lantern") comes a story well worth repeating. A fellow there is a great builder of boats, little ones—eight to fifteen inches; and his favorite model has a detachable sail and mast about a foot and a half tall.

One day, however, the mast and sail were missing. He looked high and low for them, but they had disappeared.

A few days later his laundry came back to him. In it was the sail, washed white and starched stiff. Included on the bill was a miscellaneous item, "Sail, 2c."

eROTica

Another freshman week is with us; and out at the infirmary thousands of wee folk, all naked and beautiful, are being herded through a medical inspection whose thoroughness usually uncovers a lot of embarrassing facts — that grandfather passed away of acute alcoholism and that the patient has been cohabiting with a tapeworm.

Except for a slight case of trench-mouth, we've managed to keep out of the place; and from what we hear, it's just as well. There is such a thing as mental health, we mean, often more precious than mere physical health.

What brings this up is that a friend of ours, after an appendectomy, found nothing to read in her infirmary room but a copy of "Snappy Stories" on the bedside table.

From within

As usual, we were reading the New Yorker. It was quoting Senor Diego Rivera, the well-known Mexican muralist. "All good art," he said, "advances the Revolution."

We threw down the magazine and ran over to the Union. Last time we stepped in there Jimmy Watrous was working at his Paul Bunyan murals, painting another blue ox and plaintively humming *Shoe Shine Boy* . . .

But the Paul Bunyan room was locked up. "Mr. Watrous," we were told, "has gone to Mexico." Our suspicions were confirmed.

As soon as he comes back, we're going to give his murals a thorough going-over; and if we detect anything among his pines and lumberjacks that is not 100% D. A. R. - Liberty League Americanism, there's going to be trouble.

Foiled again

Hot-blooded college Men once thought nothing of planting a cow in Music Hall tower or a coach and four on the President's veranda. But we haven't even got the bag-rush and freshman caps any more.



Everybody just seems to sit around glumly reading the Cardinal editorials.

One lad we know was sick of this dull state of affairs, and vowed to set the campus on its ear. He was going to steal the clapper from the bell in Music Hall.

After his Econ lecture he climbed up into the tower, through trapdoors and up dusty ladders, until he came to the big bell. Jittery, he inspected the bell and the ringing machinery.

But, it seems, the bell has no clapper. A heavy iron weight taps it gently, ever so gently, on the side. You couldn't take the weight away without giving the bell such a blow that it would be heard in Milwaukee—just blowing on it makes it ring.

Our friend climbed slowly back down the ladders, closed the trapdoors behind him, slung out of the building. He had to send his suit to the cleaners.

Feat

On a sunny day in late August, much to our delight, we bumped into the Daily Cardinal's slide-rule fiend, Aldro Lingard, whose famed lipstick statistics reached even the columns of our esteemed contemporaries, the New York Times and the American Weekly.

It had been a big day for Aldro. He had been doing carpentry of sorts all summer and had just passed the 200,000 mark — hitting nails with a hammer, we mean . . . 200,046 to be exact.

No figures on how many he missed.

"Man" on street

One day during the long and dreary summer we were listening to the radio, when one of those man-on-the-street programs broke in on our reverie.

One gentleman interviewed claimed to be a Mr. Richard Bardwell of the University of Wisconsin. From the interview we learned that this Mr. Bardwell wants to be an economist, or a university professor, but that he wouldn't want to be an actor at

Hollywood. He would like most to meet President Roosevelt and one of the dictators in Europe.

Summer does get you, doesn't it?

Driftwood

—found here and there on Mendota's coral strand:

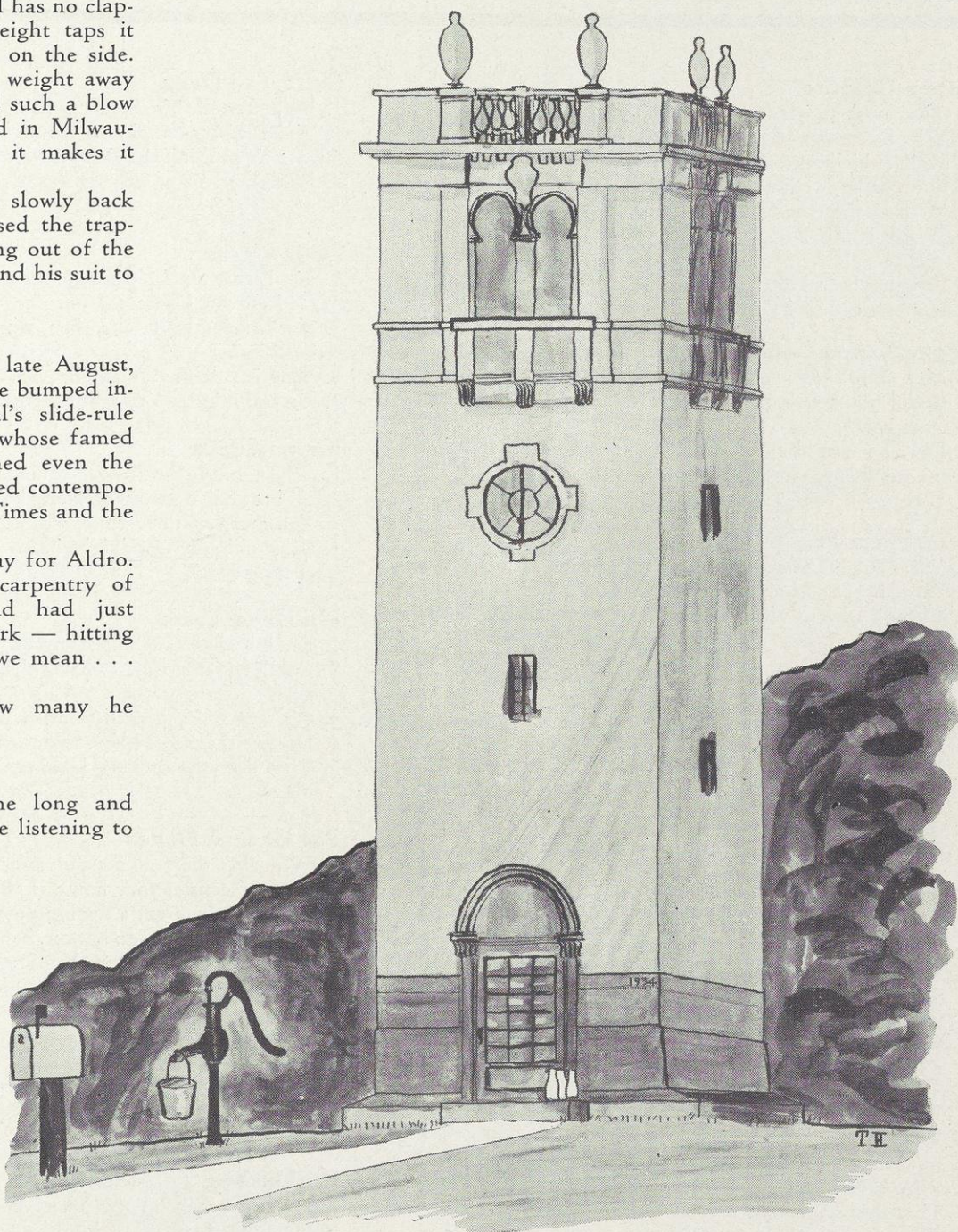
According to the 1936 catalogue of courses, if you have a free hour at 10 MWF you can take a course in Wordsworth from a Prof. Beauty. "Thou still unravished bride of

quietness . . ."

Our secret operatives report a Chinese laundryman in Wilmette, Ill., named Charlie Goon.

Over on Lohmaier's magazine rack there is still a copy of the June issue of our very funny contemporary, the Yale Record. You had better whip over and buy it before someone else snaps it up.

All summer long a red flag hung from the flagpole in front of the library.



*Questions NOT to be asked at fraternities
—that is, if you want to get pledged*



Shhhh...

Alpha Chi Rho

1. That loose plaster up there won't drop on us, will it?
2. Why be so damned tight with your cigarettes?
3. Didn't this house used to be a stable?
4. Suppose he *is* editor of the Cardinal—so what?
5. With all those holes, how do you keep dry when it rains?
6. Where is this Barlow Weems fellow I've heard so much about?
7. I mighta been killed—why didn't you tell me the flooring was rotten there?

Alpha Kappa Lambda

1. ME? *Sing*? Are you trying to be funny?
2. Could you tell me how to get to the Fox Den Tavern from here?
3. Did you hear the one about the travelling salesman and the milliner?
4. Who, *me*? Is that a nice way to talk to a rushee?

Beta Theta Pi

1. Yeah, Pat O'Dea—he was an SAE, wasn't he?
2. What is your scholastic standing?
3. Weren't some of those cups swiped from the DU house?
4. What are all those bottles doing behind the door?
5. Yes, it's a nice view—but have you ever been to the Chi Psi house?

Chi Phi

1. Why did the boys at the Delt house laugh when I called this a fraternity?
2. How big is your mortgage?
3. Isn't this called the Kappa Annex?
4. Where are the lilies I've heard about here?

Chi Psi

1. Did the sheriff foreclose on your furniture?
2. Why does your house look so empty, then?
3. Anyone who goes for a DG is pretty hard up, don't you think?
4. But how can you and the Sig Eps *both* own the lake?
5. Yes, yes, but how big is your mortgage?

Delta Kappa Epsilon

1. Why can't you have any parties?
2. What is your scholastic standing?
3. But what did Dean Goodnight ever do to you?
4. Why haven't you got any football players?
5. That slug staggering around—is he stunk?
6. What is your scholastic standing?

Delta Tau Delta

1. But, after all, Mr. Frank isn't in the chapter *now*, is he?
2. These rubber doughnuts are tricky, aren't they?
3. Don't you think the Betas have a swell house?
4. Drinking sort of eats the heart out of fraternity, doesn't it?

Delta Upsilon

1. Hey! what am I pledging, DU or Gamma Phi?
2. Gad, fellow, where *did* you unearth that necktie?
3. If it's such a swell lake, then, why don't you go soak your head in it?
4. Why is that guy under the sofa instead of *on* it?
5. Do you mind if I take a few cigarettes home with me?

Kappa Sigma

1. Who the hell cares about *last* year's Prom king?
2. I'll bet you've got a whopping big mortgage, haven't you?
3. You mean you never, *never* peek at the Tri-Delts?
4. Why did Mr. Goodnight blush when I told him I was coming here?

Phi Delta Theta

1. Doesn't anyone in this dump own a razor?
2. Confidentially, now, who *is* that goon in the other corner?
3. Oh, wasn't I supposed to bring my own lunch?
4. Doesn't that seem like a rather excessive house bond?
5. Who does the cooking here, anyway—the rushing chairman?

Phi Gamma Delta

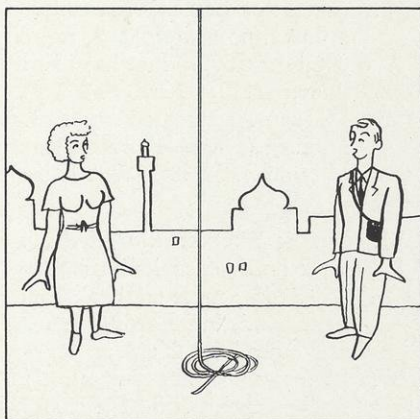
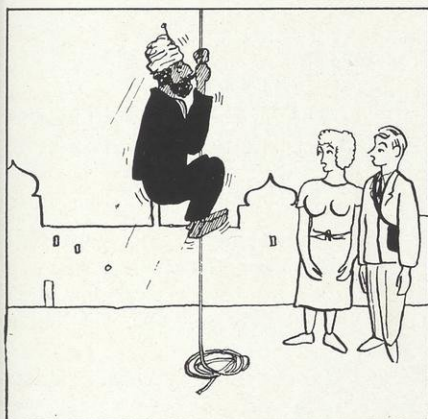
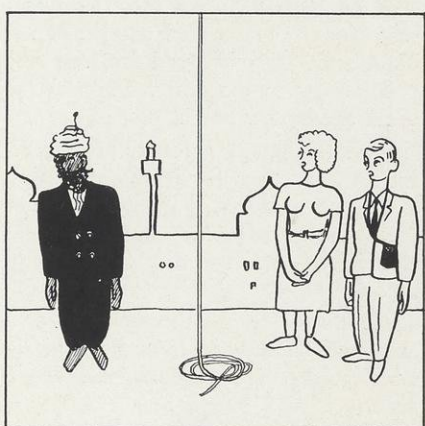
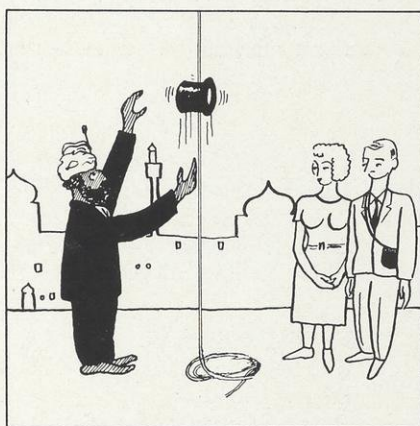
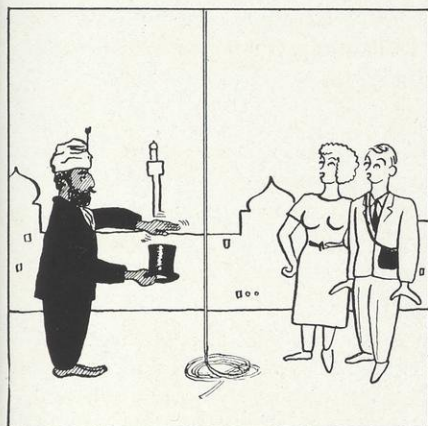
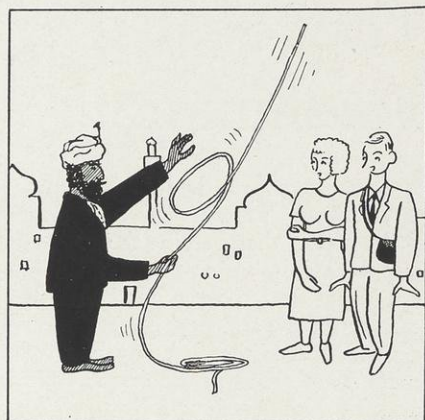
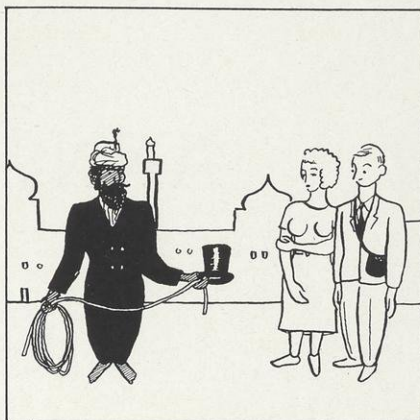
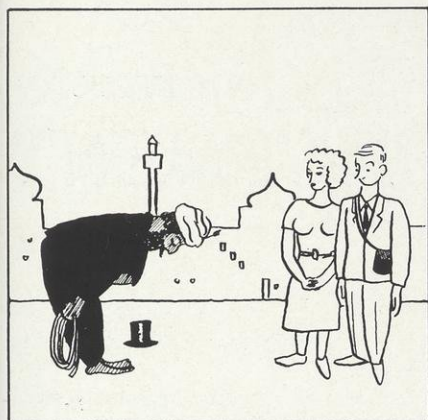
1. Why ain't there no poils on your pin?
2. And, of course, your house is all paid for?
3. Why have you got a washing machine in every room?
4. What a tacky pledge button, heh?
5. How about loaning me that tie some time, kid?
6. Didn't I meet you the other night on the Alpha Phi fire-escape?

Pi Beta Phi

1. Wait a second—this is a sorority, isn't it?
2. Then what is it doing in this article?
3. I thought so.

Psi Upsilon

1. I'd rather look at the Theta house than the lake wouldn't you?



+PSI+

2. Just between us, Schultz, how did you ever join up with this bunch of misfits?

Sigma Nu

1. Why are you all wearing old sweat-shirts? Haven't you any others?
2. It ain't so ritzy but it's kinda homey—ain't it?
3. I bet you got this furniture on trial for the rushing season, heh?
4. Don't you think it's sort of informal like this, having only one napkin for the whole table?
5. Who thought up this having corn-silk cigarettes instead of regular ones like the other joints got?

Sigma Phi

1. After *all*, though, what have you got to be so damned exclusive about?

2. You mean you have to go way out in the back yard when you . . . er, you know?
3. Can't we go out and see the cows and chickens now?
4. And if I *had* a car, you don't suppose I'd let all you guys use it, do you?
5. Oh, a bunch of wise guys, eh?
6. But if all the others have, why haven't *you* a mortgage?

Sigma Phi Epsilon

1. Is this drool supposed to be cider or dishwater?
2. Why is that man leering at me so funny?
3. Don't you think this architecture is a bit rococco?
4. But isn't there anyone in the chapter besides this Husband guy?
5. How big is your mortgage?
6. But could you fix me up on a blind date with a couple of Kappas?

The Ideal Freshman

REMINGTON was the Ideal Freshman. There never was any doubt about that, from the day he stepped off the train at the Northwestern depot and took a bus up to the corner of State and Park streets. It was a week before the first day of Freshman Week. He was the first freshman and the Ideal Freshman.

Remington had a little paper-covered book that Mister Merriman had sent him. It was called the Freshman Handbook, and he read it from one paper cover to the other. He was the Ideal Freshman.

First he rented a room, paying exactly the average for it and obtaining a written contract, guaranteeing him "reasonable amounts of hot water and electricity." He was the Ideal Freshman.

He hung up a pennant—one pennant—and a Petty girl—one Petty girl—on his walls. He was the Ideal Freshman.

He turned in every coupon of his Freshman Week book and took notes in all the freshman lectures. He was the ideal Freshman.

He signed up for English 1a, Chemistry 1a, French 1a, History 1a, and first quarter gym—touch football. He was the ideal Freshman.

He made out a study schedule, starting M8, English 1a and running through to F7-10:30, Study Ahead In Order

To Have Free Time Over Weekend.

He followed his study schedule and decided he didn't have to cram for mid-semester. He was the Ideal Freshman.

He got three F's and a D. He was the Ideal Freshman.

He went home for Thanksgiving, taking all his books to put in his scheduled studying. He was the Ideal Freshman.

He got hell from his old man and never came back to Madison. He was the Ideal Freshman.



University ANNOUNCEMENT 1936

BOTANY

13. MORPHOLOGY OF LILIES AND PANSIES. I, 3 cr. Laboratory work and weekly field trips to the Chi Phi house. Mr. Bryan.
104. FUNGI. I, II; 4 cr. Study of the simpler forms of fungus: assistant general chairmen, Union Board members, etc. Some fungus! Mr. Gilbert.
112. DIFFERENTIAL EQUATIONS. II, 3 cr. This really belong in the Math department, but we're all one big happy university and there's no use being small about such things. What the hell. Mr. Evans.

CHEMISTRY

Peeee-ew!

(Lab fee \$20.00)

COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY

140. ELEMENTARY SANSKRIT. I; 2 cr. Not offered 1936-37.
141. ADVANCED SANSKRIT. II; 2 cr. Not offered 1936-37. (Professor Senn, our Sanskrit scholar, is on leave of absence. He is writing time tables for the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific railroad.)

ENGLISH

1. FRESHMAN ENGLISH. I, II; 3 cr. Mr. Taylor and a lot of nasty little people who will soon be Ph.D.'s. 8 TTS, 4:30 MTW, and other inconvenient hours.
3. PHOTOGRAPHY AND BIRD-STUDY. Yr; 2 or 3 cr. (No final exams.) Limited enrollment (admit by card only). 11:15 or thereabouts. Mr. Taylor.
66. AMERICAN LITERARY THEORY. II; 3 cr. No textbook, no exams (not even a final), no assignments, no roll taken. Boy, is this ever a pipe! (Not offered 1936-37.) Ha, ha! 10 MWF. Mr. Clark.
122. BEOWULF. II; 3 cr. 10 MWF. Mr. Leonard. Wheeeeeeee!
150. MODERN AMERICAN FICTION. I; 3 cr. Texts: The La Follette Road to Communism (Chapple), Autobiography (E. A. Ross), and the Chicago Tribune (any day). 2:30 MWF. Miss Thornbury.

ECONOMICS

1. JEWISH ENGINEERING. I, II; 4 cr. A timely course, here in this soft twilight hour of capitalism; but you'd better hurry up and take it before we write some more textbooks, or revise the ones we got now . . . not that they ain't good, but Lordy, we need the royalties. 9 MWFq. Mr. Kiekhofers and other local talent.
35. RAILWAY TRANSPORTATION. I; 3 cr. Fee: \$0.02 per mile. Special excursion rates weekends. 8 MWF (C.S.T.). Mr. Trumbower.
191. THE CREDIT SYSTEM. I, II; 3 cr. Mr. Lohmaier.
197. PUBLIC EXPENDITURES AND PUBLIC DEBT. II, 2 cr. Prerequisites: Advanced calculus, higher algebra, and the quantum theory. Prof. Sen. Harold M. Groves.

JOURNALISM

6. ENGLISH IN BUSINESS. (See Commerce 6.)
13. MARKETING METHODS. (See Commerce 13.)
14. GERMANY OF TODAY. (See German 14.)
15. PRINCIPLES OF ADVERTISING. (See Commerce 15.)
16. SPAIN OF TODAY. (See Spanish 16.)
17. SPANISH AMERICA OF TODAY. (See Bacteriology 108.)
18. FRANCE OF TODAY. (Well, we could go on like this all day. We don't teach anything ourselves, but all these courses sure look swell in the catalogue, don't they?)

MILITARY SCIENCE

1. FIRST YEAR BASIC INFANTRY. Yr; 1 cr. Marksmanship, hygiene, first aid, National Defense Act, scouting, two free shirts and a monkey-suit.
21. SECOND YEAR BASIC INFANTRY. Yr; 1 cr. You signed up, and boy! you

of Wisconsin OF COURSES 1937

gotta take it. Anyhow, R.O.T.C. builds men. HEY! Blivis, pull in your fanny!

Graduate Courses

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

MUSIC

1. HARMONY. Yr; 3 cr. Yes, folks, we teach *harmony*, though you'd never think it from the noises that come out of Music Hall at all hours of day and night. Mr. Jones and two or three other people.
80. BAND. Yr; *cr. Marching, goose-stepping, formations, figures, column-right, column-left; and maybe we'll even learn how to play "Varsity" or something. Mr. . . . er, Dvorak.
135. CARILLON PLAYING. 6 cr. Open only to qualified goons. Be the life of the party! Give us a chance to draw out your latent genius! 1 MTWTFS and all day Sunday. Mr. Wentworth.

PHARMACY

1. ELEMENTARY PRACTICE. Yr; 2 cr. Preparation of Coca-Colas and the simpler sandwiches; handling of bathing-caps, fireworks, and dog-food. Fee \$3.00. Mr. Uhl.
4. ADVANCED PRACTICE. Yr; 5 cr. Concoction of malted milks; lettuce and tomato sandwiches, with elements of bacon-frying; the lending library. Fee \$1.98 (we give green discount stamps!).
5. PHARMACEUTICAL TECHNOLOGY. Yr; 3 cr. Aspirin, Castoria, Father John's Remedy, McGinnis's Snake Oil for Man or Beast, Alka-Seltzer, and Gerber's Roach Powder. Fee \$1.49. Lowest price in history! Miss Wakeman.
145. INTRODUCTORY SEMINARY. 7-9 p. m., TT. Subjects: 1935-36, the four-decker club sandwich; 1936-37, root beer floats and sodas; 1937-38, selling liquor on a druggist's license and getting away with it. Mr. Kremers.

POLISH

Those old cut-ups down in the legislature, feeling pressure from their Milwaukee constituents, gave us a few hundred bucks and said for us to teach Polish. It's as if our hands weren't full already with Russian and Portuguese and Anglo-Saxon and God only knows *what* else. Maybe we'll teach it and maybe we won't; but if we cook up any courses in the damned stuff, we'll stick a sign up somewhere and you can take it or leave it. You won't be hurting *our* feelings.

PSYCHOLOGY

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

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

Hamateur . . . Ours

definitely, a short story

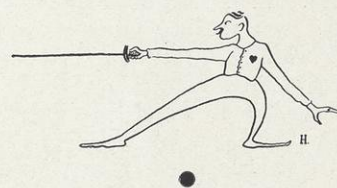
THE GONG sounded once, but with authority. The weird noises stopped; one more dejected amateur was silenced. Applause broke out anyhow. People felt sorry for the poor guy.

"All right, all right," said the Major. "Too bad; better luck next time."

The unsuccessful singer slunk back to his seat. "Next, we have a Mr. Richard Husband . . ." The Major looked up. "Why, Richard!" he exclaimed, "you're not an amateur!"

"Oh, *no*?" said Richard W. Husband. "I guess you've never heard me lecture."

Everybody laughed.



Death in the P. M.

a rather short story

THROUGH the jungle filed the long column of naked negroes, each bearing on his head an elephant tusk. They marched and marched.

Suddenly one of them staggered, wilted slowly, fell to the dust. Soon another crumpled up, his eyes glazed, his lips mumbling silently. His skin was blistered and swollen.

There was consternation. The blacks gathered in frightened groups, muttering and casting wild glances.

The white man ran up from behind, amazed. "What's the trouble?" he barked.

"Massah," said a frightened negro, "black boys carry ivory. They get sick. They die!"

The white man was nonplussed. Verily, he was baffled.

Then a clear light came into his eyes. "No wonder they died!" he exclaimed. "That stuff is poison ivory!"

We Discover The Handy Manual

IN 1887 a letter could be mailed for two cents, and Lincoln's portrait was on the hundred dollar bill. Explorers were still 460 miles from the North Pole, and the fastest locomotive made a record by traveling a mile in 50.25 seconds—about 77 miles an hour. London, Paris, and Canton, China, were all larger than New York, and Madison was a town of 13,000.

That was fifty years ago, when the Civil War was still referred to as the Late War, when Victoria and Grover Cleveland ruled the world, and when Detroit won the National League pennant for the first time.

On the five cent shelf at Brown's we discovered a little volume called Conklin's *Handy Manual of Useful Information and Atlas of the World*, edition of 1888. "Rules for Parliamentary Procedure" was the beginning of its list of "A Million Facts." Then came "Prices of Produce," "Salaries of U. S. Officers," "Popular and Electoral Vote—1824-1884," and "A Table of Daily Savings at Compound Interest." After that were tables showing "Cost of Tin Roofing" and "Occupations of the Inhabitants of the U. S."

We learned that elephants lived 100 years and upward, llamas 15, chamois 25, and whales estimated 1,000. That if we smoked three cigars a day for fifty years it would cost us \$54,162.14. That the White House appropriation for gas, matches, and stable was \$15,000. And that the Greek drachma was worth 19.3 cents.

Pages 74-75 were devoted to "The Biggest Things—Interesting Facts When One Gets in an Argument" which went like this: "The biggest trees in the world are the mammoth trees of California. Some of the trees in Tulare county are 376 feet high and 34 feet in diameter." We guess that would have 'em.

Then came a list of legal holidays, "Poisons and Their Antidotes," and "Facts Worth Knowing," which started:

There are 2,754 languages.

America was discovered in 1492.

A square mile contains 640 acres.

Scattered through the book was a How to Do Things Department, which included the "Russian Way to Stop



"Well, they did it with guinea pigs and it worked!"

Holes in Ships," how to raise the body of a drowned person, how to write inscriptions in metal, how to make 32 kinds of solder, how to repair cracked bells, and how to build an Aeolian harp.

THERE were maxims like "A truthful woman is the greatest adornment of a home." And "Points of Law" by a Supreme Court Lawyer. Then came the poetry department which contained "The Murderer," an unpublished poem—somewhat of a scoop, it seems—by Edgar Allen Poe, "The Old Oaken Bucket" by Samuel Woodworth, "Maud Muller" by John G. Whittier, and "We Parted in Silence" by Mrs. Crawford.

One of the best pages, though, was "Choice Selections for Autograph Albums." They went like this:

"I can but add one little pearl

To all the gems about thee scattered;

And say again, sweet artless girl,

That all the poets have not flattered."

And there was the language of the flowers. Red clover—industry, golden-rod—encouragement, Peruvian heliotrope—I love you, and tuberose—dangerous pleasures.

The only thing obviously lacking was the list of the Seven Wonders of the World—although there were the eleven great wonders of America in-

cluding Mammoth Cave, Kentucky; New State Capitol, Albany, New York; Croton Aqueduct, New York City; and Central Park, New York City. An early reader had realized this lack and had enumerated on the inside back cover:

1. Colossus of Rhodes.
2. Pyramids of Egypt.
3. Hanging Gardens of Babylon.
- And there it had him. We added:
4. Great Wall of China.
5. The New Pi Phi house.
6. Dick Tracy.
7. *Handy Manual of Useful Information.*

And quickly closed the book.

—HOMER HASWELL

Staff of Five Prepares Pastries

For University Commons

Everyone knows that final exams are a lot of work, but when one stops to realize that 9,000 students will, in the next two weeks, use \$48 worth of ink in writing exams, the actual size of the whole business is vividly brought home.

—DAILY CARDINAL, JUNE 6

And who prepares the exams?

Half Ton of Blue Books

Are Used in Ordeal

How about all those luscious doughnuts, rolls, buns, and what have you, that one eats almost daily at the Union . . . where do they come from? Who makes them?

—DAILY CARDINAL, JUNE 6

But, my God! What are they made of?



Baldwin & The Fire Engine

DOWN the road came the thunder of a motor, the shriek of a siren, and the clanging of a bell; everybody in Tripp Hall rushed to the windows. A big red fire-engine roared around the drive and stopped at the gates.

Out stepped Baldwin Blivis with a large grin on.

In five seconds Baldwin was in the center of a mob, all yelling and hollering and jumping up and down, asking questions right and left and hardly waiting for an answer. Good old Baldwin had come through.

"When I come back to this outfit next fall," Baldwin had predicted mysteriously, "we will hang the campus up by its tail." And that summer Baldwin bought for \$25.00 a fine second-hand fire-engine from the Rice Lake F. D. Rice Lake had bought it twenty years ago from Eagle River, which got it from Stevens Point cons ago.

It still ran, though.

Twice a day the fire-engine, with Baldwin up in front with a big chief's badge and helmet, would thunder over the hill to classes loaded to the gun-wales with a swarm of Tripp Hallers.

The campus traffic policeman tried to stop Baldwin, but Baldwin rang the bell and shrieked with the siren and roared blithely past. After the policeman had his second heart attack, Baldwin was called to the Dean's office.

Baldwin was in the Dean's office a long time, and the secretaries were worried at the noises that came out of it. But soon the racket stopped and Baldwin walked out, arm in arm with the Dean, both wearing large grins.

Thereafter Baldwin had to get up a bit earlier so that he could go out to the Dean's house and bring him down to his office. Baldwin had to let the Dean wear his fire-helmet, too.

One day Baldwin ran over two Ag students named Herman, and he was called to Mr. Frank's office. Baldwin was closeted with Mr. Frank a long time and the secretaries in the outer office thought they heard furniture being thrown about. But in no time at all Baldwin walked out of the office, wearing a large grin.

Mr. Frank's chauffeur from then on did not have to call for Mr. Frank in the afternoon, unless Mr. Frank had to go somewhere to make a speech.

Mr. Frank insisted upon not only wearing the chief's helmet but also on wearing the badge and pulling the bell-cord.

THIS cut into Baldwin's time something terrible, but one must pay a price for everything. He still found time to beat the Madison F. D. to all fires by an average of four minutes. Things would be well under control when Fire Chief Lahm hove into view with Hook & Ladder company No. 7.

Fire Chief Lahm would burn up when he saw Baldwin Blivis had made a monkey out of him and his "boys" again. He would clench his fist and mutter evil things. Oh, evil, *evil* things.

Baldwin put out so many fires that Fire Chief Lahm started a whispering campaign. He said Baldwin started fires just so he could make the Madison F. D. look cheap and smash up a lot of walls and furniture.

Nobody noticed. All they wanted was their fires put out in a hurry.

Baldwin's other sport was driving up and down Langdon street, roaring and screaming and clanging at all hours of day or night. Especially when there was a party going on, or everyone was in bed trying to sleep.

Baldwin had no use for fraternities. It was psychopathic with him. When he was little he bought a balloon from a man named Mr. Karphidolphulos, and the balloon floated away into the air before Baldwin had had it two minutes. Baldwin had disliked Greeks ever since—even fraternity men, who aren't *real* Greeks.

Baldwin was the sworn enemy of the fraternity system. With his fire-engine he got all three Chi Psi pledges

to turn in their buttons and to pledge Tripp Hall instead. Had the Chi Psis a fire-engine to ride to class in? Not that anyone could notice.

The demand for rooms in Tripp Hall doubled, redoubled. The fraternity system crumbled as pledge after pledge turned in his button and manual and pitched a pup-tent in the shadow of Tripp Hall.

Even though Baldwin, like Father Divine and Dr. Townsend, had scads and scads of followers, he had bitter enemies. You can't ruin the morale of the Madison F. D. and take all the fraternity pledges away without causing some hard feelings.

BUT LITTLE did Baldwin reckon of the impending doom.

One evening there was a four-alarm fire, and Baldwin and his jolly crew piled into his fire-engine and whipped off into the night. Over the hill they raced, past the Union, and on down Langdon street. The sky was all lit up from the flames, far off.

Great was Baldwin's chagrin when he saw the fire was at the Phi Gam house. Part of Baldwin's crew was former Phi Gam pledges. It was a moment of crisis.

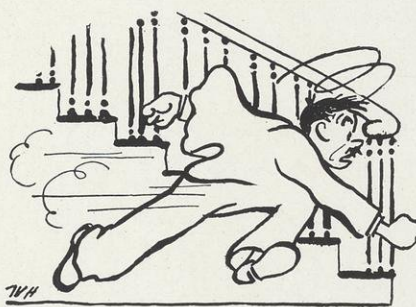
The Madison F. D. did not show up. No one expected them to. They were sick and tired of being shown up and stayed at the fire barn playing checkers, because they knew Baldwin would put the fire out.

Baldwin gnashed his teeth and turned red as a beet. Oh, it was a bitter pill to swallow. He *must* put out the fire.

"Pitch in, fellows," he cried half-heartedly; and in a jiffy the fire was out.

Baldwin stood watching the smoldering ruins, when a bunch of fellows approached him.

(continued on page thirty-three)



"... by an average time of four minutes ..."

The Ineligible All-Americans

WISCONSIN has had its all-Americans, sure. But they all get ineligible."

There, in a pigskin, is one of the oldest traditions in Badger sports . . . a mournful dirge which has come down through the ages with the axiom about Wisconsin as a "coach's graveyard."

Actually, a Wisconsin football player is almost never an all-American until he becomes ineligible. Out on the practice field running back punts or tackling the dummy, he's just another ball-player. Saturday afternoons from two till four he is only a high school half-back who's put on a little more weight. But—

Put him on the bench with three F's and an incomplete, and he's a hero. He's Red Grange, Chris Cagle, Pat O'Dea, and Frank Merriwell all rolled into one. He's a hell-for-leather pigskin hero who would average 15 yards a try against the British navy. He's an all-American.

Before we start, let's get a couple of things straight. First, Wisconsin's eligibility standards are no higher now and never have been much higher than those of other schools. That is a fiction which has been maintained to provide an alibi for the lads who leave here on the Christmas special.

Again, Wisconsin has lost very few really valuable players through any kind of ineligibility, and not all of these have been because of grades alone. It was very difficult to find enough men who could conceivably be called regulars to make up our "all-American."

And lastly, Wisconsin is not a coaches' graveyard. Men have left here with the State street wolves howling for their blood and found good jobs elsewhere, jobs at which they could earn enough to feed the wife and kids and pick up a few coppers to bet on Minnesota to win the Big Ten.

With that out of the way, let's begin. Here it is, Wisconsin's all-American team. And the only eligibility requirement is ineligibility!

We'll start at left end with big *Fritz Borak*, a Kenosha boy who should have been a senior this year. Borak was as big his freshman year as many a regular, showed up well in scrimmage, and had an imposing high school record. Swede Jensen, now a varsity tackle, is among those who played

Position	Name	Why Ineligible
End	Fritz Borak	Scholastic difficulties
Tackle	Champ Seibold	"Scholastic difficulties"
Guard	John Ferguson	Professionalism
Center	Harvey Kranhold	Scholastic difficulties
Guard	Buckets Goldenberg	Over-cutting classes
Tackle	Erv Gerber	Professionalism
End	Jab Murray	Professionalism
Halfback	Keckie Moll	Scholastic difficulties
Halfback	Beeg Joe Cavosie	Scholastic difficulties
Halfback	Allan Walz	Dropped out of school
Fullback	Arnie Herber	Scholastic difficulties
Quarterback	Cliff Barofsky	Scholastic difficulties

against him in scholastic competition. Borak an all-American? Well, maybe not actually, but a prospective all-Conference team man, and he did flunk out. That made him an all-American automatically.

Champ Seibold came down out of northern Wisconsin in 1931, registered, shook off a tackler from the registrar's office, and enrolled at Ripon. The Champ stayed at Ripon one year, getting eligible—at Ripon's expense—and then came back to Madison. But someone bungled the settlement of Seibold's financial entanglements at the little college, Ripon called in Major Griffiths, Big Ten commissioner, and the star tackle withdrew because of "scholastic difficulties."

Seibold really was a honey of a football man, big, tough, and nasty. After he left here, he was signed up by the Green Bay Packers, and is still on their roster, although they have played him very little. He never quite clicked . . . too young . . . against tougher competition . . . that bad eye . . . or maybe trouble in getting eligible. Put him on your Wisconsin all-American anyway.

One of our guard positions is played by *John Ferguson*, who will probably be registered here this year. Fergy came to Wisconsin from Pennsylvania—and remember that when you hear about other Badgers from that state—and earned a major letter or two in football. But he made the natural mistake of putting in a few Sunday afternoons with the La Crosse Lagers, a pro team which need-

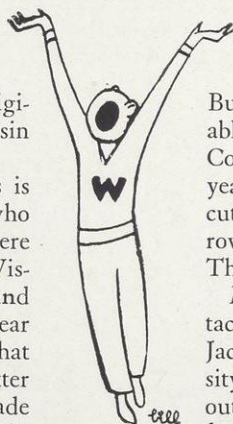
ed a good lineman. The Big Ten found it out and John's college football career was over. Never actually an all-American, Ferguson would have shown up well in the Conference.

Harvey Kranhold, who played center with the frosh about 1932, is our pivot man. Kranhold's father thought he should be a chemist and put him into the chemistry course; the faculty thought differently and put him out. He just couldn't make his grades, and Doc Spears lost a man who would have been valuable in the middle of the line. All-American? No, but he was ineligible, and the Wisconsin community consoled itself with thoughts of "Well, if . . ."

Our second guard is *Buckets Goldenberg*, now a professional wrestler of some note and ability. Goldenberg is there in spite of the fact that he was converted to a back for college purposes; he had a year of experience in the line, and we're hard up for guards. Besides, it gives him a chance to practice that flying mare.

Buckets was a good man, probably good enough to take an all-Conference position about nine years back. But he was called for cutting two weeks of class in a row and dropped from school. That puts him on our team.

Erv Gerber is one of our tackles, dating back to 1923 and Jack Ryan's day. He was a varsity tackle and considered the outstanding lineman in the Conference when he was dropped for professionalism. There's a story there.



Illinois was to play at Madison in an important game, and Gerber was a bulwark of the Badger team. But the night before the game, Illinois entered two protests—that he had taught swimming at a Y.M.C.A. camp, and that he had officiated in high school games for pay. Wisconsin beat the rap on the first count, but lost the second, and Gerber was all done.

In 1921 or 1922, a gentleman by the name of Mr. *Jab Murray* was playing for Wisconsin. He was a tackle, playing opposite Ralph Scott, one of Wisconsin's few actual all-Americans. For the want of an end, we'll play him there; he was fast enough to hold the position, and he, too, has a history.

In football annals, Karlenville and Taylorsville, Illinois, both stand for one thing. That is a game which was played just after the war between "amateur" teams of "home town" boys. Karlenville imported almost all the Illinois squad, and Taylorsville signed up the Notre Dame team. Murray had played with Karlenville when it was simon-pure, and he was good enough to play in the game in spite of the fact that the guest stars used their own plays and their own signals. Jab always claimed he never got a dime for his part in the game, but loyal alumni—who had played in the game—tipped Illinois off and they had him disqualified. Patsy Clark, now coaching the Detroit Lions in the pro league, was also thrown out of college ball for playing in that game. Murray, by the way, applied for the athletic directorship last spring.

AT HALFBACK positions we'll put down three men, one because he was recognized throughout the Middle West during his competition, one because of what he might have been, and one because of what he became after he left Wisconsin.

An old-timer in the annals of Wisconsin football, *Keckie Moll*—his mother called him John—was an all-



Western back in 1908 or 1909. Scholastic ineligibility was unheard of before 1905, so when he put in a year on the bench for mere inability to make grades, he helped start one of Wisconsin's more foolish traditions.

Beeg Joe Cavoisie would probably have taken his place alongside Pat O'Dea in Wisconsin gridiron history if he had managed to make his grades. A fine back, he had outstanding punting ability which enabled him to stand on the Lower Campus and punt over the library into Park street. But Wisconsin seemed a bit hard when he flunked out in his freshman year, and Cavoisie finally played his college football with Butler. He and Moll are both in our backfield.

Our third halfback is *Allan Walz*, captain at New York University last year and a scourge and a curse to opposing linemen. Walz was a freshman at Wisconsin in 1931, due to rather peculiar circumstances.

Princeton alumni had a deep interest in Walz, who had a wonderful high school athletic record, and spent \$5,000 to put him through two years at a fashionable prep school. But the big back fooled them by failing the entrance exams and being denied admission to Princeton. Coming to Wisconsin, he was given a job by a kindly athletic department, but left in mid-winter. The work he had been doing was washing dishes in a suburban roadhouse.

Could Wisconsin have used him? Well, he played three years with the N.Y.U. Violets, captained that team his

senior year, rowed on the New York Athletic Club crew, and was runner-up in the American trials in the Olympic heavyweight boxing division. Could Wisconsin have used him?

The rest of our backfield is composed of men whose names you never heard as Wisconsin athletes. They are *Cliff Barofsky*, quarterback, and *Arnie Herber*, fullback.

Herber, who accumulated five F's in his first semester here, showed himself as a man who could always be depended upon to be eligible for this kind of team. He showed up well in freshman ball here and then did a thing few college frosh have ever done, going directly from the campus to professional football and making good. That was back in the middle 20's, and he's still with the Green Bay Packers after almost 10 years of good tough campaigning.

Our last man is Barofsky, freshman quarterback in the fall of 1923. Big and fast, he had the rare quality of *football sense*.

"Barofsky never called a play wrong as far as I can remember," says one "W" man of those days. "He had the reputation of knowing the exact play for each situation—a sort of instinctive knowledge such as they credit Harry Stuhldreher with having as a senior."

This, of course, is another example of what we've been describing. If Cliff, as a freshman, was such a great field general, he might possibly have been all-American. But by the simple process of cracking up scholastically, he made sure of it.

SO THERE they are, 12 good men and true.

They're a powerful team, of course. Coached by a graveyard mentor and attending classes only on alternate Thursdays from 3:45 to quarter of four, they make a swell argument for the weeping beauties who coach from Madison's barber shops.

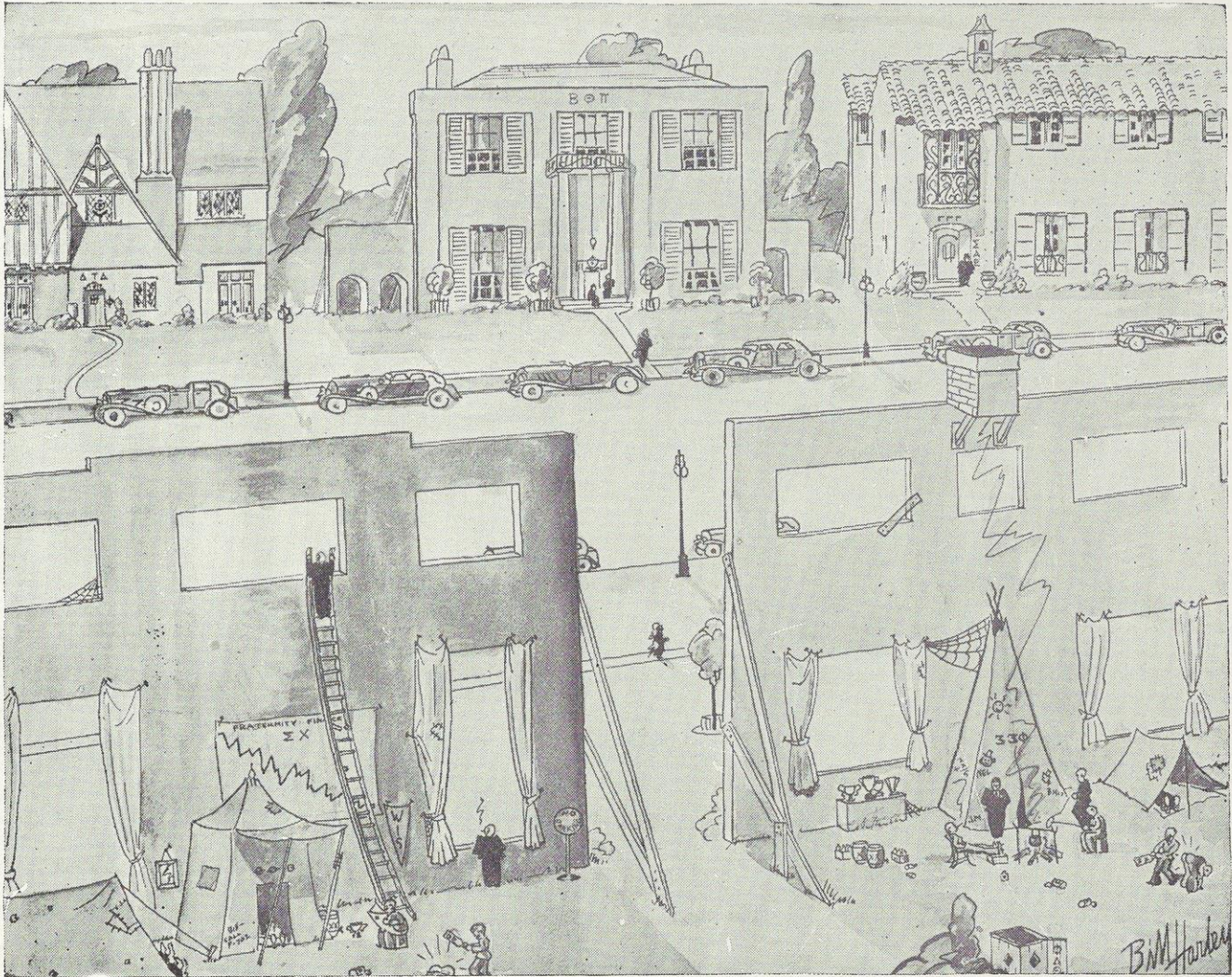
But all-Americans? We-ell, maybe.

CLASSICS

ECONOMICS 1



THE TRUTH ABOUT FRATERNITIES



—Octy's annual reprint and the twenty-third national reprinting

Sidney Comes Clean

SIDNEY WHIPPLE, '40, gave three leaps for joy and tossed his carpetbag into the air with a merry little whoop. As he stood on Observatory Hill, he could see below him his new home, Adams Hall, lying bright and shiny in the sunshine.

He scampered down the hillside as fast as his legs would carry him and burst into the gatehouse.

"I am Sidney Whipple and give me the key to my room," he shouted breathlessly, and a moment later he was running lickety-split for room 207 La Follette House with his coat-tails and carpetbag flying behind him.

But he didn't need a key and his door was wide open. Sidney stood in the doorway and gulped, blushing furiously.

There was a girl in his room.

She was sitting on a bed looking at him out of big blue eyes just as calmly as you please, as if nothing was wrong in the whole wide world.

"Hello," she said pleasantly.

"Who are you," snapped Sidney, "and what are you doing in my room?"

"Oh, is this your room, too?" the girl said innocently. "Then you must be my new roommate."

Sidney hurriedly stepped inside and closed the door. He did not want to be caught with a girl in his room right off the bat.

"My name," the girl said, "is Tessie."

"Now you see here," Sidney said severely, "this is a men's dormitory and girls aren't supposed to live here."

"Yes," replied Tessie thoughtfully, "it *is* funny, isn't it?"

"What are you doing here, then?" shrieked Sidney, fairly beside himself with annoyance.

"Well," pouted Tessie, "Mr. Halverson told me in a letter I was to live in 207 La Follette House and here I am. I think Mr. Halverson ought to know more about this place than you do, Mr. Smartypants."

Sidney was nonplussed. He sat down to think, and he thought and thought while Tessie looked at him out of big blue eyes.

All at once Sidney jumped up and ran down the hall to the telephone. To Sidney Whipple, '40, there was only one thing to do. One *honorable* thing to do, that is.

"Hello, Mr. Halverson?" he said. "I am Sidney Whipple and I wish to report that you have made a grave error. You have assigned me a girl for a roommate, and I trust you will rectify things promptly."

Then, as soon as he had said it, Sidney could have kicked himself. It might have been fun, after all.



"Wouldn't you like to see our trophy room, now?"

Letters of Credit

Olson & Wilstadt

Clothiers

November 3, 1936

Dear Mr. Ogsby:

We regret that we have received no payment on your account, despite our letters to you. We feel that it is only fair that we deal in much the same way, so we have instructed our clerks to sell you nothing more on account until we have received at least a partial payment on your bill.

It is our hope that we may hear from you within the week, so that our relations may regain their former pleasant status.

Yours very truly,
OLSON AND WILSTADT
per Smedley T. Brooks

stb/jc

November 6, 1936

Dear J. C.:

I am very much flattered at receiving the first letter in our correspondence that was not a form letter. In a way, this has been my goal, yet I feel a little bit disappointed because old stb has not as yet felt it worthy of a letter by his own dictation. You won't think it too mean of me will you if I hold out for a personal letter dictated by Smedley himself?

Yours hopefully,
OGDEN O. OGSBY

Olson & Wilstadt

Clothiers

November 10, 1936

Dear Ogden Ogsby:

To say the least I am hurt. Frankly, my letters are a darn sight more business-like than S. T.'s are, and they collect better. It is only in the cases where no good college boys won't pay that I have been singularly unsuccessful. Perhaps, since you are so clever, you might forward some hints to me on how to write to college boys to collect money, and at the same time, you might send a check. Just for fun, you know.

Yours sincerely,
JANET CARRYL

November 12, 1936

Dear Janet Carryl:

Despite your business tendencies, I am glad to see that you have crawled out from under your horn-rimmed glasses long enough to admit the authorship of those charming letters.

As for the advice, since you are probably old enough to be my mother, there is no reason why I should give you any. It is obvious that you don't know how to handle any sort of boys, let alone college boys, or you wouldn't still be writing credit letters.

Yours in spite,
OGDEN OGSBY

Olson & Wilstadt

Clothiers

November 15, 1936

Dear Ogden Ogsby:

Your mind-reading ability seems to have come to an end. I am a mere twenty, do not wear horn-rimmed glasses, and am quite capable of handling any sort of boy, except possibly the pigheaded type found in most colleges.

In spite of this, I am quite efficient, and must remind you that you made no mention of a check in yours of the twelfth. Were you to bring the check to the office, you might find that I am quite attractive, and quite capable of staring coldly at assumptive college lads.

Frigidly,
JANET CARRYL

November 17, 1936

Dear Janet:

Since you are, contrary to my guess, for which I am very, *very* apologetic, young and nice looking, I am sure that you would not want me to get in trouble with the bank by writing another check on my already over-drawn account.

I would, however, be delighted to make an appointment with you for, say, Friday evening of next week, when we could arrange the matter at a party to be given at my fraternity house.

Yours invitingly,
OGDEN

Olson & Wilstadt

Clothiers

November 20, 1936

Dear Ogden:

It seems to me that you have forgotten that this is strictly a business matter, and that our social lives have nothing whatever to do with it. Besides, you haven't met me, and have no idea whatever as to my looks, and whether I have been kidding you. To be mildly impolite, perhaps you would not be at all pleasing to me.

You had better, I am afraid, arrange some other way of meeting me before you try to make a date. I should like to suggest further that were the account settled, we should be much more likely to get along together.

Sorry,
JANET

November 22, 1936

Janet Dear:

I am terribly sorry that you do not want to come to the party with me. Perhaps you have not the gambling in-

Tish-Tosh



No, none of our business, but interesting

SEPTEMBER conversations, it seems, are always odd mixtures . . . The people who Got Jobs . . . and those who Did Not . . . Among the jobs which have been landed are these . . . Betty Steffen and Betty McKelvey on the Green Bay Press-Gazette . . . as society and state editors . . . Freddie Miller touring the sticks for some state agency . . . Ed Rosenthal entrenched with Scripps-Howard . . . Gerty Becker and Marion Bachhuber teaching in some high school . . . Jean or Jane Stafford replacing former Tri-Delt Charlotte Bennett at Edgerton H. S. . . . Alice Wright laboring for Marshall Field . . . Kitty Kelley in Milwaukee's Boston store . . . Joanie Oldfather, former Octy stylist, as Baron Brothers' new ad manager . . . ah there, Joan . . . ah there, Mister Brothers . . .

Some of us just can't keep in touch with summer school . . . and are mildly surprised to find Jack Robinson as Summer Prom King . . . with one Dorothy Heitmann . . . who taught school someplace . . . as queen . . . Jean Heitkamp, former WSGA president, and Bob Fleming, Octy veteran . . . married up . . . Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Leonard are again one . . . and going swimming together . . . The Pi Lams are established in the Phi Kappa house, the Phi Kaps in AKL's shanty, and Theta Xi in the old Pi Lam den . . . The Phi Psis haven't erected that "clubhouse" yet . . . and there's some rumor about the Pi Phis and a new house . . .

Swede Jensen is now a journalist . . . holding up the Madison end of the Milwaukee Sentinel in lieu of Terrible Tommy Ryan . . . who pushed off for Toledo as ass't to D. Spears . . . Austie Wehrwein has Hal Desfor's job with the U. Theater . . . Haresfooters in divers part of the state saw a fellow this summer . . . when Eddie Gibson did his tap-dancing routine with a medicine show . . . on the squash and

silo circuit . . . People never use the same name when in any branch of the Glamour Business, it seems . . . Frank Klode, who managed to get elected senior class prexy two years ago under his own name . . . is now NBC-announcing as Frank CODY . . . like Buffalo Bill . . . Not even Haresfoot press agents can keep up with Frank Prinz . . . whom Ben Bernie christened Prince . . . and who is now Fred Somebodyelse . . . with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . .

Carolyn McKay this summer acquired a southern drawl . . . which sounded acquired . . . A dear, dear girl, but if she says "Ah sweah" again . . . we'll pound her face in . . . Kappa note: Tab Sue, Jean Smith both were graduated at the end of SS . . . Tab going home to Des Moines or someplace . . . and Jean heading for Detroit and a friendly aunt . . . Laura Parish, in spite of what you thought, is not in medschool now . . . she took her degree and went back to Delevan . . . much to our disgust . . . We were planning on seeing her for three more years . . . but it was bacteriology rather than medicine . . .

ACTIVITIES this year are in a very funny state . . . WSGA is working toward a situation somewhat similar to last year's . . . when sorority sisters both had an urge to be president . . . The Alpha Phis will have to do some solving this year . . . With either the very swell Helen Savage or the very swell Bobby Mullen due to be fed to the fire escape moron . . . Watch for fireworks in publications . . . notably the Cardinal, which is at last on speaking terms with the Octopus . . . Bill Beers should do a swell Badger . . . If left alone, Bob Petri . . . We're mildly curious about what Wisconsin Players will do . . . Haresfoot is going back to "all our girls are men but every one's a lady" . . . and a road show . . .

but, so far as we know, no director yet . . . Consider Ray Dvorak nominated, by the way . . . he ran Pierrot at Illinois . . .

Football gossip and a wager or two: Tony Popp followed the Big Doc to Toledo University . . . where he will no doubt play some games . . . Art Van Ryzin . . . whose father is rated as one of the seven or eight very best basketballers ever to play here . . . also strung along . . . But Joe Clauss . . . contrary to rumor . . . is here . . . Bet Eddie Jankowski does get eligible . . . Bet we win two conference games . . . no more, no less . . . Bet Marquette knocks the pants off us . . . Bet our Scandinavian tackles . . . Jensen and Christenson . . . don't start more than four games together . . . Bet we get an end or two out of Lovshin, Null, Benz, Peak, Haukedahl, et al . . . Bet Howie Weiss sees some action . . . Bet that's the only football dope Octy gives you this fall...

It seems that Carol Johnson, DG, will be back in school this fall . . . we like that . . . but so will other people . . . Ken Purdy is doing some press agency for State Treasurer Candidate Rowlands . . . with a current Octy-person handling the propaganda for Albert C. Johnson, Rowlands' rival . . . Election was the fifteenth . . . so one or both is out of a job . . .

POLITICAL activities are very interesting . . . freshmen who want to see a Prom King close up might pledge Chi Psi . . . Psi U. Dick Laird looks like a candidate for senior president . . . as he has for three years . . . but what's this about Alpha Delt's Chuck Tully? . . . and another independent movement . . . Cards are being played close to the chest . . . with some unpleasant phenagling about election board already under way . . . All right, just who is there in the sophomore class? . . .

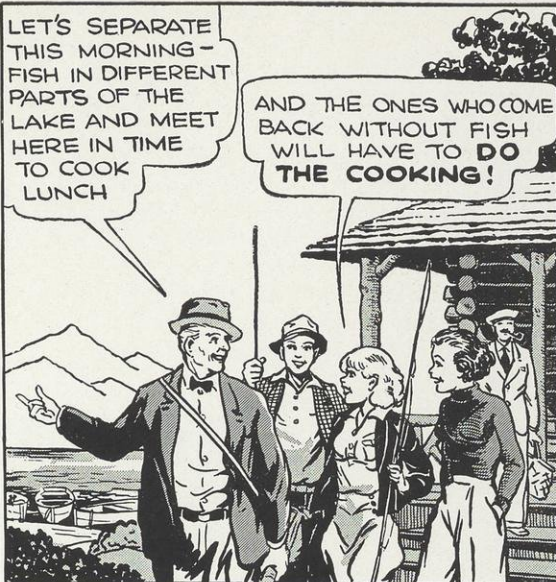
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



TOBACCO BAIT

LET'S SEPARATE THIS MORNING - FISH IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE LAKE AND MEET HERE IN TIME TO COOK LUNCH

AND THE ONES WHO COME BACK WITHOUT FISH WILL HAVE TO DO THE COOKING!



NEARLY LUNCH TIME AND NO FISH. I'VE HAD MIGHTY POOR LUCK THIS WHOLE WEEK-END



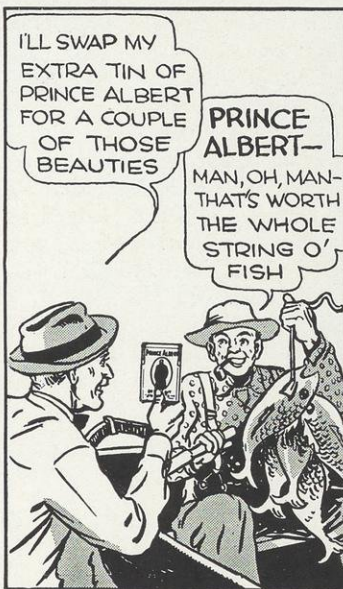
NICE MESS O' BASS YOU'VE GOT THERE, STRANGER - I HAVEN'T EVEN HAD A STRIKE YET

WELL, YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING. I HAVEN'T A CRUMB OF TOBACCO WITH ME



I'LL SWAP MY EXTRA TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT FOR A COUPLE OF THOSE BEAUTIES

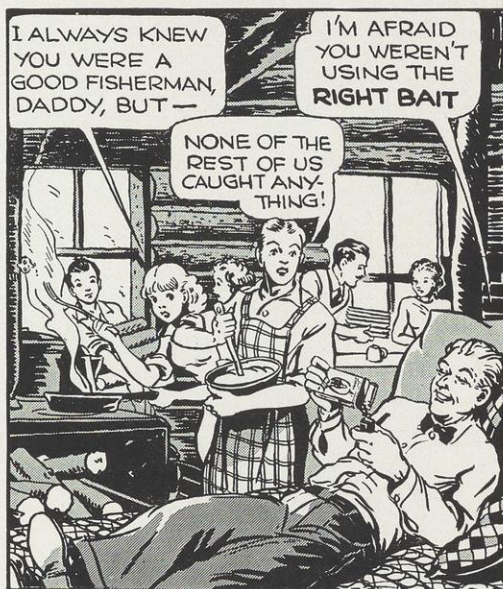
PRINCE ALBERT - MAN, OH, MAN - THAT'S WORTH THE WHOLE STRING O' FISH



I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE A GOOD FISHERMAN, DADDY, BUT -

I'M AFRAID YOU WEREN'T USING THE RIGHT BAIT

NONE OF THE REST OF US CAUGHT ANYTHING!



Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



You can't go wrong with PRINCE ALBERT!

There's mighty good reason why Prince Albert is the world's largest-selling smoking tobacco. The pick of choice tobaccos gives it deep-down satisfying tastiness. The special "crimp cut" insures mild, cool smoking. And the "no-

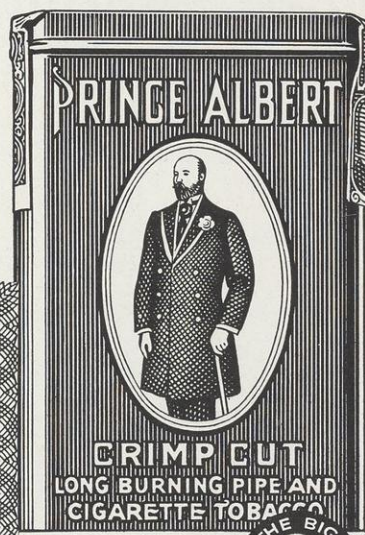
bite" process takes the nip out of every fragrant, nut-brown particle of Prince Albert.

There's no other tobacco like this princely joy smoke, men. Prince Albert is tops for roll-your-own cigarettes too.

Try PRINCE ALBERT at our risk

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

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

50

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

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In Effect on
Used Texts
and Supplies***Plus 5% Rebate Checks***Student
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Aesop's Fable

WHEN R. Crichton Wolff '40 pledged SAE, he never expected to become famous the length and breadth of the civilized world. He would have been satisfied with the length and breadth of Langdon street. Or even just the length.

R. Crichton was a member of that very rare species, the smooth freshman. He had hound's tooth check slacks, Shetland plaid jackets, and four tweed topcoats. He was, as the SAEs confided to all and sundry, a Prize Pledge and a Sure-Fire Bet for prom king in 1939.

Also a pledge to SAE was Joe Schiep, a Legacy. Joe was a Goon from way back, but since his third cousin once removed was a first settler on Mendota court, the SAEs pledged him and prayed he would develop an undiscovered talent for basketball.

Came February.

"I should like to move into The House," said R. Crichton one evening, as he smoothed down his checked shirt

with the button-down collar and brushed an imaginary hair off his well-pressed shoulders.

"I, too, intend to move into The House," declared Joe, squirming uneasily in the shiny blue serge which was his only suit.

The SAEs put their heads together—right together.

"Let us put R. Crichton and Joe together in the one remaining room," suggested a head.

"It shall be done," stated another.

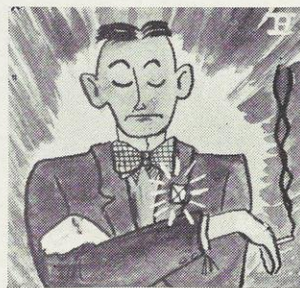
It was done.

R. Crichton, a democratic and friendly soul at heart, agreed to the plan. Joe, no less friendly, no less demo-

cratic, no less a soul, also agreed. The boys roomed together happily for three and one-half hours; then R. Crichton went out to the infirmary with a severe case of hookworm.

On the following day an immaculately attired young man turned into the SAE house after the 10 o'clock

(continued on page thirty-three)

**READY--As Wisconsin Goes Forward**

The *DAILY CARDINAL* has provided for almost a half century the medium for University news and now is ready to serve its 1936-'37 readers . . .

Freshmen, the *DAILY CARDINAL* is an indispensable means of orientation to the University, complete campus coverage. Delivered to your door daily . . .

*Profitable at Any Cost***S I G N U P N O W !**

Study In Scarlet

HE is an old man, with a dignified cultured air about him; and he shuffles around the campus under the elms all day long.

He is always carrying a spoon and a bottle with a bright label on it. And when you pass by he peers at you in a kindly but penetrating way.

His clothes are informal and a bit English—rugged, you might say. His pipe fits in.

He can usually be found near Sterling Hall, but between classes he wanders up to the front of Bascom, the Law School steps, or Science Hall.

But most of the time he, his spoon, and his bright little bottle are down toward Sterling Hall. Just a nice old man with a kindly interest in college boys and girls, it seems.

My curiosity got the better of me one day, and I asked my accounting instructor who he was. We could see him from the third floor of Sterling, clutching his spoon and bottle and beaming at the passing swarms.

"Oh, he's Professor Kindly," my instructor said.

"And why does he carry the bottle and spoon?"

"Castoria."

"Of course," I said, recalling the weekly ads in the funny-papers.

"And why does he stay near Sterling Hall usually?"

"Why not?" asked my instructor. "He's an emeritus professor of physics."

—JOE GLUTZ

Charlie Chan Takes the Stand

Q: As the foremost detective in modern fiction and the motion pictures, you have attracted widespread notice and the American public would like to hear a few words from you on the subject of criminal investigation. Won't you give us some facts about yourself?

A: Noisy cat make poor mouse catcher.

Q: Maybe so, but you can at least tell us some things. Now why do you attach so little importance to fingerprints?

A: Does smart fox bite initials in hen?

Q: Noooo, but sometimes foxes aren't so smart.

A: Stupid fox soon live in zoo.

Q: I get you. Well, when there aren't any fingerprints, where do you look for clues?

A: Human heart show up well in X-ray.

Q: I see—the motive's the thing, eh? But suppose there is none?

A: Man without motive same thing as dog without fleas.

Q: No such thing, you mean? But what do you do when the murderer has an unshakeable alibi?

A: Ostrich with head in sand appear to have perfect alibi 'til shot in tail-feathers.

Q: This is getting too complicated for me. Only natural historian with copy Aesop fables should interview sleuth.

A: Not even whitewashed crow can coo like real pigeon.

Q: Even thick-skinned rhinoceros react to such sharp barb. Goodbye, Mr. Chan.

—Growler



MISS BARBARA BUCKMAN '38, charming member of the Chi Omega sorority, models here an arresting gown of black Empresse velvet, its low decolletage held by braided straps of white pique. Accompanying it, but not shown, a smart matching coat, with a magnificent swing back . . . an ensemble typical of our exciting fall collection.

Tiffany's

TEEN SHOP DESIGN STUDIO
at and
546 State GOWN SHOP 550 State

AND LITTLE AUDREY JUST LAUGHED AND LAUGHED



because SHE knew
MANCHESTER'S
could deck out the
droopiest freshman
to look just like a
sophisticated sophomore.

"I wanna come in."
"No, you can't come in."
"Why can't I?"
"'Cause mamma says boys should not see little girls in their night gowns."
Short silence.
"You can come in now, I took it off."

Eng. Prof: Mr. Gish, correct this sentence: Girls is naturally better looking than boys.

Joe: Girls is artificially better looking than boys.

THE FRESHMEN ARE GREETED

No. 1—"My dear college men and women, for you are men and women now . . . high ideals . . . so glad . . . threshold of careers . . . if need help in any way whatsoever . . . so glad . . ."

Sits down amid applause.

No. 2—"My dear college men and women . . . so glad . . . new beginning . . . threshold of career . . . if need help in any way . . . very happy . . ."

Sits down amid claps.

No. 3—"My dear new ones . . . so glad . . . high ideals . . . threshold of careers . . . do credit to American youth . . . if need help in any way . . . so glad . . ."

Sits down.

—Pelican

Police Sergeant: "A college student, eh?"

Prisoner: "Yes, sir."

Patrolman: "It's a stall. I searched his pockets and found money in them."

—Old Maid

PHOTOART

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*pictures of any special event
or your group*

PHOTOART

413 STATE

FAIRCHILD 21

Julius and His Large Eye

I FIRST met Julius Thistlebridge in the Rathskeller. He was sitting in one of the arm chairs staring at something apparently several miles away when I happened to pass by him. I was about ten feet from him before I realized what I had seen. At the moment it seemed impossible but his extraordinary features made me walk past him again for another glimpse.

There, not far from me, was a man with one eye almost twice as large as the other.

At the time it was gruesome, but feeling extremely curious, although much less courageous, I approached him and asked him the time. He looked at me rather vacantly—I was then convinced that his eye was almost two inches long—and pulled out his watch. Glancing momentarily *at the back*, he told me it was three o'clock, then put on a pair of large thick-lensed glasses.

I was stunned; a man with a ridiculously large eye had told me the correct time merely by looking at the back of his watch. Before I had time to decide what it was all about, Julius had retaliated by asking for a match. To make conversation as I lit his cigarette I asked him whether he was new here.

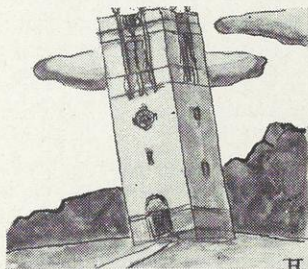
"Yes," he said, "I registered yesterday, registered twice, in fact."

This sounded like an opening for a conversation and after I asked Julius the cause of his second registration he began explaining to me the unusual state of his eyes.

Julius, it seems, was so farsighted that anything within ten feet of himself he could barely distinguish, although he could read billboards more than a half mile away. His thick-lensed glasses helped somewhat to balance this condition. However, on registration day he stepped on them,

smashing the right lens. I noticed that his glasses were already fixed and that the thick lenses made it almost impossible to see the difference in the size of his eyes. But how terrible it must have been on the previous day to see one overlarge eye popping through the empty rim of his glasses. It evidently was.

He told me how as he went from table to table in the gym, receiving or handing in the various cards, all the attendants stared at him as if he were ill. At first, he told me, he thought it was because of his missing lens, but then couldn't believe that people would blink and stare just because he had broken glasses. Could it be possible, I wondered, that Julius was unaware of the condition of his right eye? It evidently was, for Julius went on to tell me that he finally figured that people were staring at him because of his unusual name.



Immediately, for Thistlebridges, he told me, acted quickly, he registered using the name Julius Thistle. This, he informed me, seemed to make matters only worse, for on the second time around he noticed some of the instructors hurriedly leave their tables when he approached.

"So I kept my old name," he said, "and haven't seen anyone staring at me since I got my glasses fixed; it must have been the missing lens."

Then, getting rather confidential, he told me something of his family, what a silent lot the Thistlebridges were, and about the cloistered life he had led at home. "I'm going to get out and around now," he said.

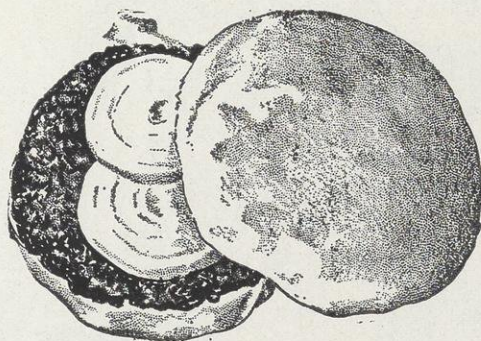
Then there was a pause of a few minutes while I tried to make up a little speech on what a wonderful place the University was, when suddenly Julius interrupted the calm by



'T would be a Heaven for women
BUT--IT'S A HAVEN
FOR MEN!

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Julius and His Eye . . .

saying with almost no emotion, "I can see through things."

I thought that by that time I had known all there was to know about Julius' eyes, and his statement rather upset me, particularly when I recalled how he had looked at his watch. But before I could answer, Julius had taken off his glasses and was reading the headlines of the newspapers in the Council Room above us. He told me if I walked about fifteen feet away he would tell me what kind of underclothing I was wearing, and then proceeded to tell me what someone sitting across the room from us had in his pockets. He said he could only see through things without his glasses, and that meant that the things couldn't be close to him.

"When I told you the time before," he said, "I couldn't even see my watch, but I took a glance at a small clock behind the candy counter upstairs."

At the time I was not quite sure whether I was dreaming or not, but I remember asking him, a little baldly, if his strange power came from his right eye. "No, one eye is as bad as the other," he said, "they're both about the same."

This made me certain that he was unaware of his crazy eye. I decided that whenever he looked in the mirror he had his glasses on and the thick lenses prevented him from actually seeing the queer orbs behind them.

Soon afterwards I left Julius and didn't see him again for several weeks when one day I stopped by to get something to eat at a restaurant on State Street. I found him entertaining a dozen or more incredulous students by telling them what they had in their pockets, what was going on in the building across the way, and describing the physiques of the people walking down the street in a rather intimate fashion. I was horrified to learn that for this performance,

which he had begun to put on daily, he was getting his meals free.

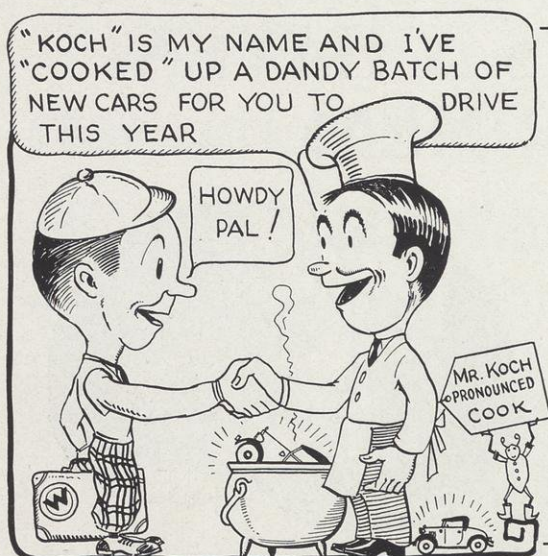
Later he told me that he blackmailed his landlady into giving him his room free of charge, and was cleaning up a tidy sum by selling students advance information on exams. He told me that no one ever suspected that when he looked at the blank wall of a departmental office he could read what was inside the professors' desks.

Julius Thistlebridge had become suddenly quite worldly, although evidently he had just begun his various rackets and the news of his eyes had not yet spread.

Julius, physically, was not a very imposing person: he could not have been more than five foot five and he had about as much flesh on him as a bird. But Julius went out for the football team (that was in 1933). It was a long time before Doc Spears would even listen to his story of how he could see through the opposing line to tell exactly where the ball was no matter how tricky the play. Finally Spears stuck him in a practice scrimmage and after a few plays the team almost quit in a bunch. Julius looked like a ghost with his glasses and odd bits of uniform, but when he took off his glasses his large eye almost paralyzed anyone who looked at him. But Julius analyzed every play and Spears, who looked rather pale afterwards, wasn't sure whether supernatural powers were legal under Big Ten rules. At least until Saturday he made sure that Julius was not mentioned by any of the local reporters.

About two days after this incident I saw Julius for the last time. It was just after morning classes when I found him on the corner of Park and State street staring at the pavement and describing China to twenty or thirty laughing listeners. I finally dragged him away and we walked down to "his" restaurant.

Somehow on the way down I discovered that he was still



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Julius and His Eye . . .

unaware of the strange shape of his right eye. He was telling me how he had just decided to try and get a lot of publicity, quit school, and go in for vaudeville while he could still see through things. After we had ordered lunch I noticed Julius had taken off his glasses and was staring at the wall in front of him; his eye seemed larger and blacker than usual. There was a large crowd in the restaurant and the noise stopped abruptly when Julius suddenly started talking very rapidly and in a weird high-pitched voice:

"There is a beauty shop next door and there are several girls having their hair fixed. There is a new mirror on the far wall. I can see myself in that mirror."

He paused.

"My God, my right eye is almost twice as large as my left."

Even before his speech was over students had begun to sneak out of the place, but when he was finished there was a mad rush for the door and before I could realize what had happened I had been pushed out into the street. I immediately went back into the restaurant which I found deserted.

The police conducted a rather widespread hunt, but it was absolutely useless.

Never again did I see Julius Thistlebridge.

—RALPH SAMUEL

He mumbled a few words in church.

And he was married.

He mumbled a few words in his sleep.

And he was divorced.

—Widow

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WALLACE T. DREW
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LUNCHES

DINNERS

SANDWICHES

Upper—"Set the alarm for two, please."

Lower—"You and who else?"

—*Boll Weevil.*

Mother: Have a good time at that ship's dance tonight, dear, and be a good girl.

Daughter: Make up your mind, mother.

—*Shipmate.*

Prof: A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Frosh: That's why I flunked.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

"Pardon me, could you direct me to Henry Street?"

"Oh, you lucky girl, I am Henry Street."

"Why the black crepe on the door? Is your roommate dead?"

"That's no crepe; that's the roommate's towel."

—*Yellow Jacket.*

At a party in England, the headmaster of a local school felt that he had partaken rather freely of champagne; he determined to be careful and avoid showing any of the usual signs of tipsiness.

When they rose from the table someone suggested that the hostess exhibit "the latest addition to her family." She agreed and presently the nurse appeared with a dainty pink basket containing twins. The headmaster was nearest and, mindful of his determination, he steadied himself and said as he gazed into the basket, "what a beautiful baby!"

There are only two kinds of women...those who can get any fellow they like, and those who can like any fellow they can get.

—*Yellow Jacket*

"Do angels have wings, mother?"

"Yes, darling."

"Can they fly?"

"Yes, dear."

"I heard Daddy call the nurse an angel. When is she going to fly?"



"See?"

There was once a man who was out gunning in the Alps. Sighting an eagle, he took aim and brought the bird down. As he was retrieving his game, a second man rode up on a horse.

"My good man," said the man on the horse to the hunter, "you should have saved your shot. The fall alone would have killed the eagle."

—*Old Line.*

Father—"Your new little brother has arrived."

Modern Brat—"Where'd he come from?"

Pop—"Oh, from a far-away country."

M. B.—"Another damned alien."

—*Owl.*

The absent-minded professor that we would like to meet is the fellow who would lecture to his steak and cut his classes.

—*Illinois Siren.*

Irate guest (on the phone)—"Say, night clerk?"

Clerk—"Well, what's on your mind now?"

I. G.—"Mind hell, they're all over the bed."

—*Burr.*

"I shall miss you when you are on your hunting trip, dear," said the young wife affectionately, "and I shall pray that the other hunters do the same."

—*Punch Bowl.*

She: "Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

He: "Now that you mention it, you do look familiar."

—*Pointer.*

"I see you gave that little chorine a private room," observed the first surgeon.

Second Doc.—"Yes, she was too cute for wards."

—*The Drexlerd.*

"Lesh go home now, Joe."

"Naw, I'm afraid t'go home. Wife'll shmeel m'breath."

"Hol' y'r breath."

"Can't. Sh'too shtrong."

A CLEAN JOKE

Flattery is 90 per cent soap—
And soap is 90 per cent lye.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

A: "When it comes to eating, you'll have to hand it to Venus de Milo."

B: "Why?"

A: "How else could she eat?"

—*Pointer.*

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The Speckled Band

CURTIS R. MERRIMAN, registrar of a great university, hopped out of bed with a little squeal of glee. It was September 16—the first day of Orientation Week.

"My, but it is a fine day for the freshmen," exclaimed Mr. Merriman, standing before the open window and throwing out his chest and three old razor blades. Then he trotted off to Bascom Hall, where three janitors were just unlocking the door.

"Fine day for the freshmen, Mr. Merriman," said one of them brightly.

"That it is," replied the registrar.

"Fine day for the freshmen, Mr. Merriman," all the clerks said cheerfully.

"Yes, indeed," he smiled back.

Finally it came to be 7:45. Then 7:50. Then 7:55. Orientation Week was to begin promptly at 8. But Mr. Merriman could wait no longer.

"Open the doors," he cried. "Let the freshmen in!"

The doors were flung open, but no freshmen were to be seen. Not any place. Runners were sent out to the dormitories, to rooming houses, to restaurants. But no freshmen were found.

Mr. Merriman dismissed the crowd of clerks, who were now muttering menacingly. He went into his office and closed the door.

As he sat at his desk, brooding, his eye fell upon a small packet of envelopes in the pocket of his other suit coat. He ran and snatched it out. It was the set of permits to register which he had decided to mail himself rather than entrusting it to anyone else.

Mr. Merriman looked at it in shocked surprise.

Quickly he locked the door. Then, in a flash, he put the envelopes in his ashtray and burned them up. Not an ash was left. Then he left the office.

"Nice day for the freshmen, hey, Mr. Merriman?" the campus cop asked him as he came out of Bascom.

Mr. Merriman bowed and walked on.

It was the Perfect Crime.

—R. CRICHTON WINSTON

Once there were two twins, so alike that no one could tell one from the other. Throughout school, their grades were so much like that even their teachers could not tell one from the other.

When they graduated from high school, one went to Stanford and the other went to Cal.

The one at Stanford made Phi Beta and graduated with high honors while the one at Cal flunked out in six months. But still no one could tell one from the other.

—Pelican

With a blush of pardonable pride we bring to you the one about the absent-minded prof who examined his nails and cut his class.

"Operator, get me the Amateur Hour."

"Hello, Amateur Hour? I think I'm out with one of your gang; come down and get her."

—Punch Bowl

He (soliciting for charity): What can I put you down for?

She: Sir! How dare you!

—Lampoon



"Hello Betty"

"Have you seen the smart new wool frocks at Simpson's? . . . I think a wool dress is the keenest thing for the campus! I'm planning to get a grey Jersey or a rust or green loose hand loomed wool for the Hill, and then a black wool crepe to wear on Sundays and for dates. And some of their cutest models are only \$16.50 . . . O.K. Let's shop there this afternoon. See you at

Simpson's
on the square



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Who knows? Rollo yet may save the day. But it looks bad — and think of the chances these boys are taking. But chances are eliminated at KARSTENS — Madison's largest retailers of young men's smart apparel. Styles here are correct . . . qualities excellent and prices not too stiff.

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Albert Buys a Book

"I WANT a copy of Dripp & Prescott's *Elements of Plane-Table Surveying*, revised edition, with complete tables and the annotated appendix," exclaimed Albert Wibbins in one breath. "And I want it new."

"Yes sir," said the clerk. He disappeared into the stacks of books. Albert felt all pleasant and glowing inside because he knew he would get the Lowest Cash Prices and a handsome Rebate. All the signs said so.

The clerk returned.

"But I asked for a new copy," said Albert, noting the limp and ragged volume the clerk produced.

The man looked incredulous. "Oh, *no*, sir," he said firmly but politely, "you want a used copy."

"Pardon me," replied Albert coolly, "but I want a *new* one."

"The hell you do," said the clerk. "You'll take a *used* book and like it."

"I am buying the book," exclaimed Albert, blushing furiously, "and I guess I know what I want."

"Listen, buddy," snapped the clerk, "don't get tough with me. Are you going to take this book or not?"

"No," said Albert. "Fetch me a new one."

Casting a black look at Albert, the clerk ambled back into the stacks, muttering. He came back, after while, with another book.

"That still isn't a new book," Albert pointed out, and there was a great deal of truth in his observation.

"It's just as good as new," insisted the clerk impatiently. "Any old day."

"Take it away!" shrieked Albert. "I want a *new* one."

THE manager of the store came over. "What's all the racket?" he cried. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"This guy *thinks* he wants a new book," said the clerk, indicating Albert with a curt wave of the hand.

The manager looked suspiciously at Albert. He seemed baffled. "Hmmm. Just what makes you think you want a *new* book?" he asked.

"Listen! Why in the world do you insist on selling me a used book?" yelled Albert, his patience at an end.

"Well, we make more prof—I mean . . . Oh, sell him a new book, Hotchkiss," said the manager wearily. "If we have any."

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Fire Engine . . .

(continued from page fifteen)

"You busybody, Baldwin Blivis!" they shouted, "why did you put out our fire?"

"Who are you, may I ask?" replied Baldwin.

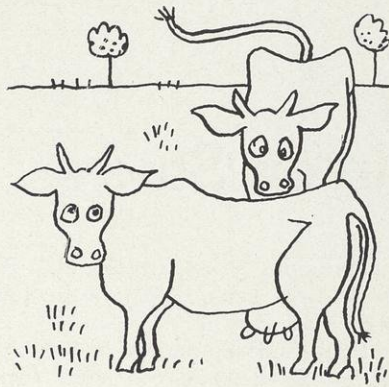
"We are the Phi Gamma Delta executive council and we resent your putting out our fire," they said, huffily.

Baldwin was taken aback at such ingratitude.

"If the fire department didn't come and I didn't put out the fire, who would?" asked Baldwin.

"Nobody," said the group in unison. "That was the idea." One of the fellows felt around under his coat and soon produced a large parchment. He unrolled it and waved it under Baldwin's nose.

"Look at this!" he exclaimed, and Baldwin Blivis looked. Then he slowly turned on his heel and slunk off



"But Peggy Ann Landon's
a Pi Phi"

into the shadows. Nobody ever saw Baldwin again.

It is just as well, maybe, because he was one of the few people on earth who knew what the Phi Gam mortgage was.

Aesop . . .

(continued from page twenty-four)

classes. He brushed a pile of sweat shirts off the best chair in the living room, sat down, and read Dick Tracy.

SAEs by the dozen stood around outside and wondered who this stranger might be.

He read Little Orphan Annie.

SAEs by the score trampled the barberry bushes, peering at this oddity.

FINALLY one of the SAEs crept into the house, took one swift gander at the newcomer, and ran out on the porch.

Hundreds of SAEs stood in silence, awaiting his word.

"All is well," he cried.

A huge sigh welled up from the waiting thousands. The messenger continued.

"It is just Schiep in Wolff's clothing!"

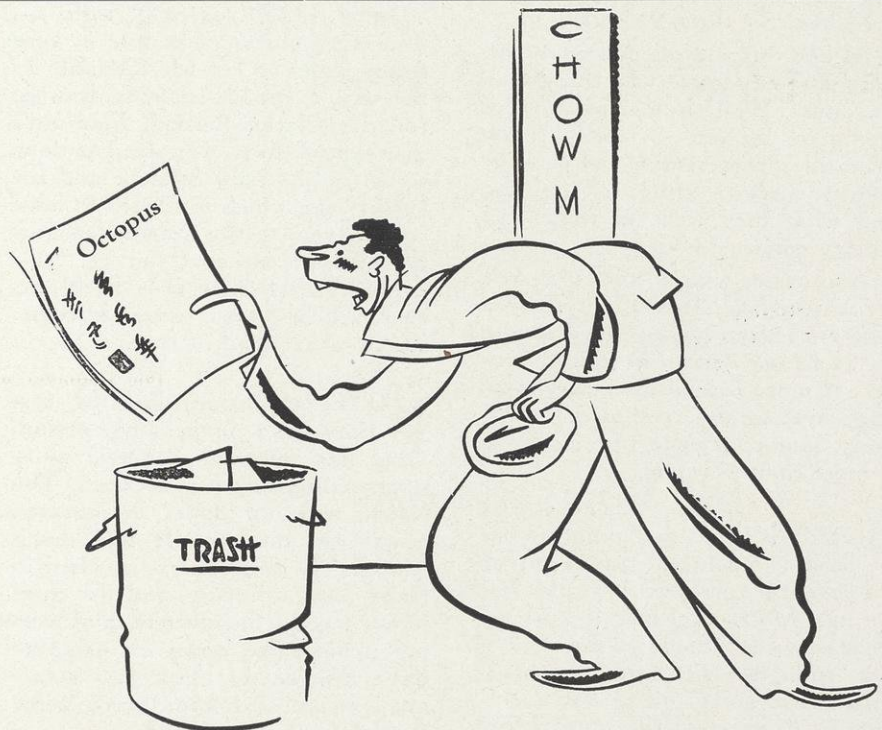
FOR
SHAME

CADWALLADER!

A
POX

ON YOUR
NIGGARDLY
UNDERTAKING!

• The OCTOPUS, verily, would glorify any ashcan where an eager reader may have mislaid it. But after all, old man, for a mere pittance you, too, can have ten sparkling, pure issues of the funniest publication on the campus. And that, with the Cardinal in the field, is saying SOMETHING.



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In The Editor's Green Study

FOR years, now, Octopus editors have been sitting at their typewriters about September 10 dashing off some sort of advice to freshmen. That is one thing you won't find in this issue.

As a matter of fact, we're perfectly willing that the Class of 1940 take its fated number of bumps and bruises. After all, they're a lot easier to recover from than all the free advice that's always been shovelled around, and Heaven knows that Freshman Week itself is nothing so much as a convention of Poloniuses (here we get literary) giving out advice in fine-sounding speeches. So, the heck with it.

Mebbe this is a good time to formulate some idea of why there is an Octopus. Well, here's what we're trying to put out—A really funny magazine, representing what Wisconsin students think is amusing and what they want in their own college comic.

And in line with all this, if there's an advertising salesman, an artist, a writer, or some stooge who'd like to be exchange editor, he might turn up. A more formal invitation is on page five, so any freshman, sophomore, senior, or dean who comes in is more than welcome.

PUTTING out this number has been as much real fun as any of the five the present staff did last spring. More informal, if you see what we mean. Some of the work—not enough—was done by mail, with letters going out to staff members in all parts of the state. Most of it, however, was done right here in Madison, and from the looks of things this far ahead, it should be a pretty fair issue.

Tom Hyland did an unconscionable amount of work, and the product of a whole summer's labor seems to have been tied up in the yellow sheets with the blue typing he handed in. He did the cover, too . . . a verra verra smooth freshman, in contrast to the wide-eyed simpletons

of previous years. After all, Old Eight-Legs can't help it if he likes freshmen, can he?

Paul Godfrey mailed in his stuff, including that story in letter form. We read the same magazines as he does, so we happen to know where he got the idea. But the conclusion is new . . . something that an Octopus editor of 1925 would have called "an O. Henry twist."

Our artists are apparently around, too. Mainly Hyland, again; he's the coy little devil who taught himself to draw in ten easy lessons and three back issues of one of our more intelligent contemporaries.

Jerry Erdahl is still with us, drawing pictures of people in very funny pants. Our Mr. Erdahl, by the way, spent his summer drawing for the Clarion-Record, Madison's new expose sheet. He also has done work for the New Student and for Power Age, which is alleged to have sold its soul to the Republican Party. Fie, you turncoat, fie!

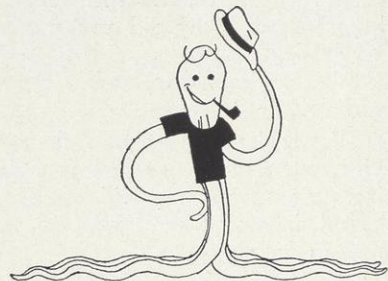
Herb Bennett, who is back this year, will be seen in issues to come. We're rather glad of that.

NOTE in passing: For the first time in a long, long period, Octy has removed a whole story upon administrative request. The article was not dirty. It insulted practically no one. It was damn funny. The request was couched in terms hard to refuse, and the chief injury was the inconvenience of tearing a magazine down on deadline day. But we do think that someone's sense of humor needs some fundamental remodeling.

ABOUT the new masthead—the listings are only temporary. The first classification is composed of those who worked, the second of the people we might consider staff members in spite of their non-appearance, the third of the Board of Control.

And we would like to see some more names on that staff list next month.

WISCONSIN



OCTOPUS, Inc.

The Quick

Charles Fleming, Robert Halpin, Tom Hyland, Paul Godfrey, Herbert Bennett, Gerald Erdahl, John Lee, Harold Roberts, Homer Haswell, Barbara Buckman, Ralph Samuel.

The Dead

Bob Shaplen, Frank Yordy, Murray Medvin, Don Thom, Jean Mathews, Carolyn McKay, Ruth Seefeld, Myron Gordon, Alden Aust, Helen Firstbrook, Frank Wideman, Bird Martineau, David Kranbuehl.

The Bored

Scott Goodnight, Ray Hilsenhoff, William Sumner, Robert Halpin, Charles Fleming.

The Cover

Drawn by Tom Hyland, associate editor; dedicated to the New Freshman, who is not a Simpleton, but rather a Smoothy.

The Pages

Thirty-six of them; and almost in spite of ourselves, we are blithe and proud. It's the most we've had in five years. Ahem . . . Mr. Landon.

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VOLUME XVII

NUMBER 1

See-Saw Scene

LAST semester a magician did his act at an elementary psychology lecture. He was a pretty fair medicine man, and had a lot of good gags. One we all liked extra special.

The magician hauled out a big cross cut saw and a long box with a hole in each end, and called for a young lady of the audience to come up and help him. A blonde that would have brought up a discussion of Petty anytime stepped up on the stage. The necromancer had the girl lie in the box with her feet sticking out of the hole at one end and her head out of the other. Then he walked down to the foot-lights.

"And as a climax to my act, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am going to undertake the tremendous task of sawing this young lady in two, right before your very eyes."

The crowd cheered and stamped its feet, and tried in every way to show that it didn't know all the time what his gag was. The magician smirked and held up his hand for silence, and the crowd was as quiet as Camp Randall at a Minnesota football game.

"As is customary before doing this trick," he continued, "I'd like first to make sure that you all want to see . . ."

A thundering "Sure!"

"And that there are no objections to my performing . . ."

A "No" that rocked the carillon.

"The girl's sorority sisters—do they object?"

"Not at all, to be sure."

"How about you?" he asked, turning to the girl. "Do you mind being sawed in two?"

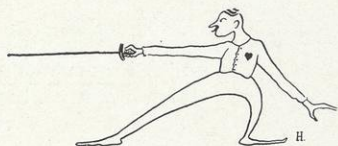
The girl shook her head.

"Well, then," the magician said.

And he sawed the young lady in two.

We all thought it was funny as hell, but the police made quite a fuss about it.

—JACK HAND



We'd Like to See:

The big muscled maiden with limbs long and bony,
Who takes to athletics with pep and much glee;
Be lost without even one Phy Ed school crony,
With tea cup and tarts at a Gamma Phi tea.

The wiry chinned lad who in sweat shirt and cords,
His slide rule does slide and his drawings does draw;
Surrounded with lasses of beauty in hordes,
And dressed up in clothes that had nary a flaw.

The sweet shy young thing with her racey long car,
Who looks so athletic without any hat;
On long lonely road with a town very far,
With wrench and a hammer out fixing a flat.

The worried young lad, he who plays politician,
With hand-shake for all and a lot of fine speeches;
He'd be in a very annoying position,
If he had to listen while someone else preaches.



Try Our

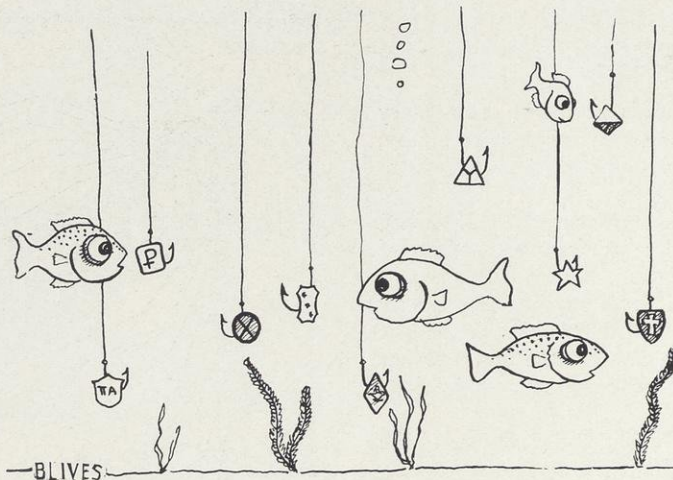
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Stolen Thunder

"Is this the Salvation Army?"
 "Yes."
 "Do you save bad women?"
 "Yes."
 "Well, save a couple for me for Saturday night."
 —Lyre

And there was the woman who sent her son after extract of beef, and he came home with a bottle of milk.
 —Dodo

Prof: "What is the most outstanding contribution that chemistry has given to the world?"
 Goon: "Blondes." —Bored Walk

Six-year-old Mary awoke about 2 o'clock in the morning. "Tell me a story, mamma," she pleaded.
 "Hush, darling," said mother, "daddy will be in soon and tell us both one."
 —Turnip

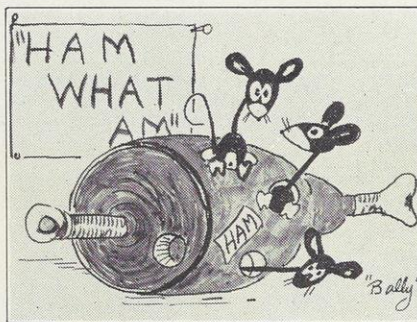
"Papa, what's a 'liberal Republican'?"
 "Wait, son, I'll look it up."
 "But, papa, that book is Bullfinch's Mythology."
 "I know, son, I know."
 —Froth

"Some Burgundy, 1917, waiter, and some Chase and Sanborn, November 8th."
 —Owl

Coed: I want to try some truly kiss-proof lipstick.
 Clerk: Try this! It's a cross between an onion and bichloride of mercury.
 —Punch Bowl

Waiter: But I don't see any fly in your soup.
 Wag: Thas because he just went down for the third time.—Kitty Kat

"What would you do if I'd kiss you?"
 "I'd yell."
 Silence. A kiss. More silence.
 "Well?"
 "I'm still hoarse from last night."
 —Witt



"Sir, you are speaking of the woman I love"

"Going out tonight?"
 "Not completely."
 —Nevada Pinkeye

A young man perceiving a young lady, standing on the corner, went up to her and said, "You know, you look like Helen Black."
 "Yes," she replied, "but I look a lot worse in white."
 —Log

Social Worker—Do you owe any back house rent?
 Relief Seeker—We ain't got a back house. We have modern plumbing.
 —Lampoon

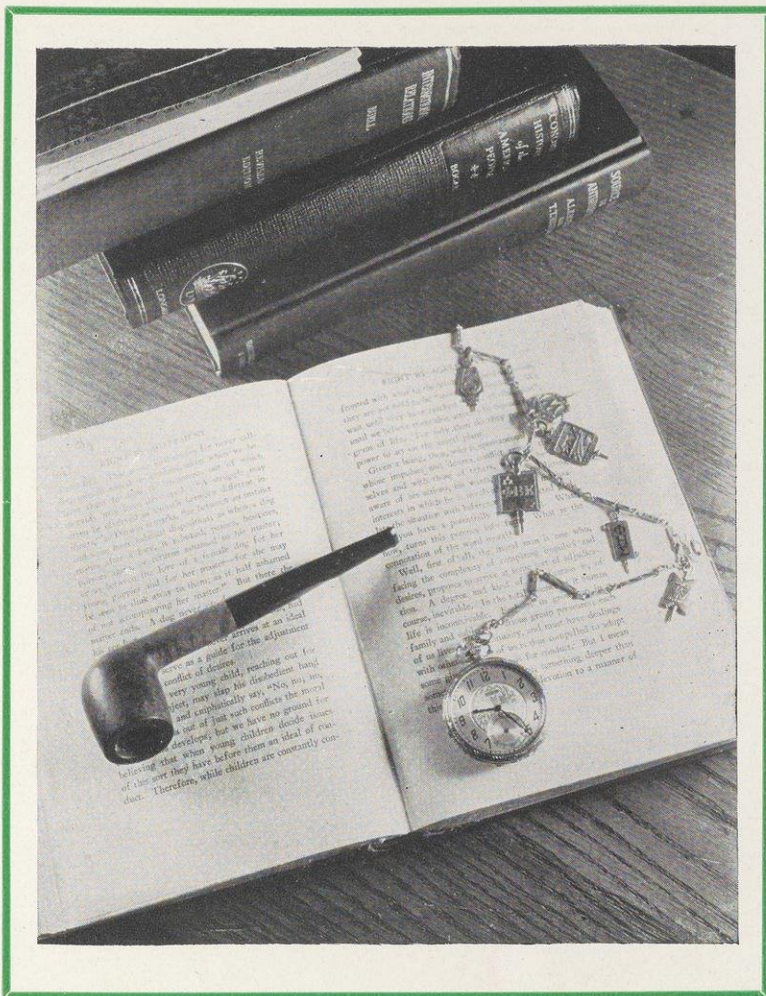
Alpha: "A farmer was driving a load of hay down a road and when he came to the bridge, he found that last summer's flood had washed it away, and he had no way of crossing the river. How did he get the load of hay over the river?"
 Delta: "Ya got me."
 Phi: "He sat down on the bank and thought it over."

Susie—"I went out for a ride last night with a sailor."
 Sarah—"Where did he hail from?"
 Susie—"From the cutest little roadster you ever saw."
 —Old Line

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