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OCTOPUS

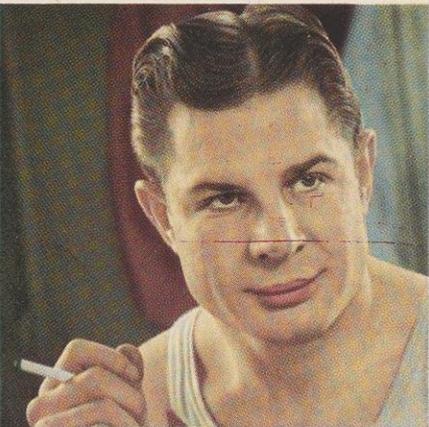


BENNETT

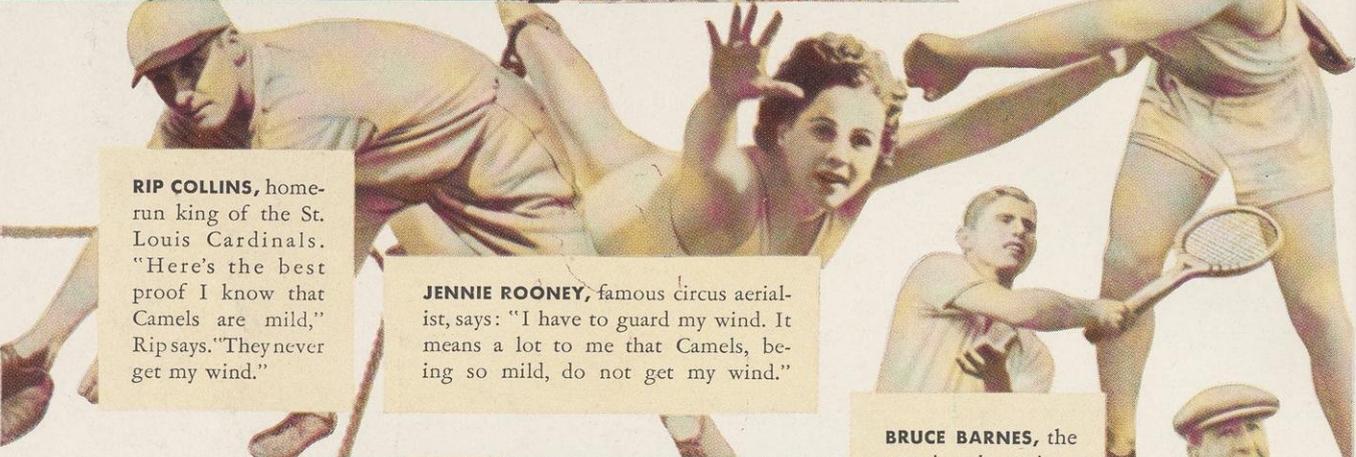
SEPTEMBER

TEN CENTS

ATHLETES SAY:
**"THEY DON'T
 GET
 YOUR WIND!"**



JAMES BAUSCH, Olympic Decathlon Champion, is called "world's greatest all-around athlete"! He says: "I've smoked Camels for years. Camels are so mild they don't get my wind. They *must* be made from costlier tobaccos!"



RIP COLLINS, home-run king of the St. Louis Cardinals. "Here's the best proof I know that Camels are mild," Rip says. "They never get my wind."

JENNIE ROONEY, famous circus aerialist, says: "I have to guard my wind. It means a lot to me that Camels, being so mild, do not get my wind."

BRUCE BARNES, the tennis champion, comments: "Camels are so mild! They never cut my wind—and I smoke a lot, too. Their flavor? Always rich and good!"



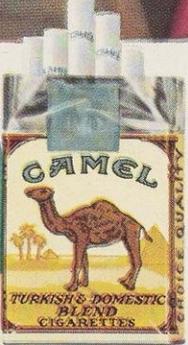
**YOU'LL LIKE
 THEIR
 MILDNESS
 TOO!**

WILLIE MACFARLANE, former U. S. Open Champion, adds: "You hear a lot about mildness. Camels are so mild they don't get my wind or my nerves."

J. A. BROOKS, '32 and '33 All American Lacrosse Team: "No matter how many I smoke, Camels never upset my nerves or get my wind. That's *real* mildness!"

WEIGH THE WORDS of the champions, approving Camel's mildness. Healthy nerves—physical fitness—sound wind—help to make life more enjoyable for you too. Join those who enjoy Camel's mildness—smoke all you wish! For athletes have proved that Camels don't get their wind...or their nerves.

**SO MILD
 YOU CAN SMOKE
 ALL YOU WANT**



Camels COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

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

(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

WHAT & WHERE

the lineup with names and numbers of all the places

DANCING

AMBASSADOR CLUB, across Lake Mendota (the large splash in back of the Union) via boat or drive around halfway via Sherman avenue.

CHANTICLEER, just past Middleton on highway 12. Air cooled and warmed by Larry O'Brien and lads. Tariff: 40c per person. Good Sunday night dinners with dancing gratis.

HOLLYWOOD AT THE BEACH, around Lake Monona via highway 12, follow Park street out. The closest dance emporium, ten minute drive, which is important on nights when you have to surrender your girl to the tender mercies of a house mother at 10:30. Tariff: week nights, 10c a dance; Friday and Saturday, 80c a couple.

770 CLUB, "World's Finest College Night Club," in Tripp Commons of the Union. Open just Saturday nights. Floor show with university talent which is usually good entertainment . . . the first few times you see same. Tariff: \$1 unless you're on Union board, in which case you get in free.

LUNCH

CHOCOLATE SHOP, 549 State street, immemorial nice place to take date after show or party. Very swank atmosphere and extremely high grade fudge cake and hot choc. sundaes.

K'S TEA ROOM, 201 W. Gorham. New and very nice, especially as a cozy place to take the best girl for Sunday night supper. (They don't serve at the sorority houses Sun. nights, which is a warning to you boys no less.)

HEIDELBERG HOFBRAU, on the square near the Parkway. Excellent German dishes and sea-food. Entertainment every evening.

ICE CREAM SHOP, 2134 Regent near Allen. All kinds ice cream and malted milks that'll stand up on the counter by themselves. Curb service.

LOG CABIN, opposite Choc. Shop on State. Specializes in steak sandwiches, bratwursts, and football players.

LOG CABIN INN, on highway 12 just this side of Middleton, with swell chicken dinners for four bits. Eat outdoors midst flars and trees, birds and bees.

OLD FASHIONED TEAROOM, Gilman just off State. Nice spot, very special dinner-dates and private parties.

TRIPP COMMONS, in Mem. Union. Open just Sundays with string trio to drown gastronomic din. Very popular Sun. night rendezvous for the Greek crowd.

MOVIES

FREE: For men, Sat. Eve. in the Rathskeller; for women, Fri. Eve. in the Music room.

TARIFF: Orpheum and Capitol, on State street (first run; Strand and Parkway, on the square (usually second run); Majestic, near C&NW depot; and Eastwood, ½ way to Milwaukee, (still running).



If it is something in men's apparel—and is new and smart—you'll be sure to find it here at Karstens—outfitters for Wisconsin men for more than forty years.

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she enters unexpectedly—



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Octy's big sorority
circulation contest

Win a big cup to show the
boy friend . . .



50c the year

\$1.00 . . . Octy and 7 issues of Life

PLATTER PATTER

By Jim Fleming

"Fats" Waller set the pace last season with his "swing" versions of current favorites. Since that time countless numbers of jam ensembles have swung into line. Waller, the most prolific recorder of them all, is still way at the top of the heap. For instance, take his tricky impression of MY VERY GOOD FRIEND THE MILKMAN . . . (Victor 25075) . . . "Fats" takes the latest Al Spina-Johnny Burke tune and injects a piano chorus that counts. His long, deep, fast-moving chords take a prosaic tune such as this and give it a punch. In the old timers Waller really takes the journey to town. Recommended are: TWELFTH STREET RAG (Victor 25087) and I AIN'T GOT NOBODY (Victor 25026). Our one quarrel with "Fats" is his vocal tactics. He insists on singing, too often, in his Harlem scat style that soon grows tiresome. He'd be far better if he'd offer more pipe organ recording such as that last year sensation NIGHT WIND (Victor 24853). It had stuff!!

Recent entrants in the "swing" competition are Teddy Wilson and Adrian's Tap Room Gang. The former is one of the country's best known hot pianists. He too lends that Harlem touch to the Park Avenue tunes. He heads a seven piece combination featuring a clarinet that sounds to us mighty like Benny Goodman. But Brunswick is non-committal on this point. Worth your time is Teddy Wilson's version of MISS BROWN TO YOU (Brunswick 7501) and TOO HOT FOR WORDS (Brunswick 7511).

Adrian and His Tap Room Gang have built a reputation on a single recording . . . a fast-moving version of a current favorite called WEATHER MAN . . . (Victor 25072). The brass combinations on this disc make the band's reputation.

Benny Goodmans Ork, recording for Victor, deserves the highest of plaudits. The lads haven't laid an egg to date. Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Crew, with one or two exceptions, have maintained their excellence of quality in their new Decca Cuttings.

The Hollywood environment seems to agree with Irving Berlin, judging by his composing efforts for the picture TOP HAT. The star of the production, Fred Astaire, joins with Leo Reisman in Brunswick platter 7486 to sing and dance two of the show's choice bits: CHEEK TO CHEEK and NO STRINGS. Reisman's music is sweet and pleasant, but Astaire's voice is pretty thin. You have to see the gent to really catch his personality . . . and his dancing. A tune called "The Piccolino," patterned somewhat after last season's "Continental" is, from a technical standpoint, the best of the Berlin tunes for TOP HAT. Ray Noble does it up nicely for Victor. Of late, Noble's American aggregation seems to be approaching the excellence of his earlier English crew.

The mention of British bands prompts us to praise

the work of Ambrose and his Orchestra. These British-ers have a clean, swinging rhythm ideal for dancing. Take the current favorite, I'M ON A SEE-SAW (Decca 467), as an example. Careful orchestration and sharp, clean-cut precision in playing make the offerings of Ambrose highly acceptable. You'll want to hear his pressings of MY KID'S A CROONER (Decca 474) and DODGING A DIVORCEE (Decca 457).

Nelson Eddy, baritone radio star, who crashed to fame with his film version of Herbert's NAUGHTY MARIETTA, has turned out a new Victor red seal this month. In Victor 4284 he sings AUF WIEDERSEHEN from Romberg's BLUE PARADISE and LOVES OLD SWEET SONG. Happily, Eddy doesn't inject the usual note of sloppy sentimentality in his interpretation of these old standards. He has a vigorous and likeable style, clear enunciation and a splendid tone. You'll enjoy this non-weepee interpretation of two "weepee" tunes.

Last year the English composer-conductor, Eric Coates, turned out some charming musical impressions that he called the LONDON SUITE. Much in the same manner are his two new compositions recently recorded by the London Symphony orchestra . . . (Victor 36170). The first is called THE MERRYMAKERS and takes the form of a miniature overture. In animated style, the London Symphony does admirably with this bit . . . very effective are the occasional brass punctuations. The reverse of the record is called FROM MEADOW TO MAYFAIR, an infectious, Viennese-like waltz . . . gay . . . fast-moving. In these melodies we find light concert recreation at its best.

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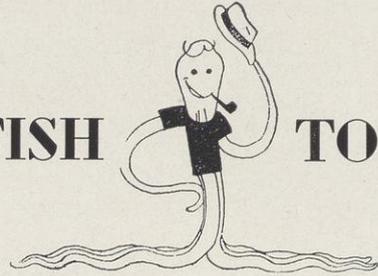


Of Course We Have It!

We make it our business to know what college girls like and to have exactly that, because we believe that the right clothes are half the fun of going to college! And here's a tip . . . we know all about "allowances" too!

Harry S. Manchester, Inc.

TISH TOSH



● Greetings, salutations, and all that sort of rot! We sure are glad to hear once again the merry laughter of little children and the patter of little feet resound along Langdon way. Welcome to Wisconsin, those of you who are fresh here, and welcome back to you repeaters. And now to giving you a little assorted dirt, gore, et al, about this and that:

We understand that the SAE lads are up in arms over the fact that Gilly McDonald, former basketball star and a Sig Chi, has been appointed their "house mother." The boys apparently had very little to say in the matter and some are so ired they have vowed not to live in the chapter house . . . In case you haven't heard Helen Theiler, Pi Phi, the Tomahawk Tike, was Summer Prom queen, and she picked—guess who—to share the royal throne . . . none other than Sig Chi Ed Becker. Yes, we said Ed Becker . . . Most of the same gang will haunt Green Gables again: P. Graney, D. Teeple, J. Stafford, P. Jernegan, E. Bloodgood, et al.



Uncle Bill Purnell, life long guardian angel of the Hares-foot club, is opening up a some-stuff new clothing emporium on State. He'll probably retain his H-foot connection as an aid to business—buying one suit gets you in the chorus and wit two pair of pantz yet, the juvenile lead . . . Notes on recent graduates: F. Klode, class of '35 pres, is broadblasting o'er the air waves from Radio city; T. Gilbert of Union board fame is out trying to peddle insurance; Little Mogul Schilling ditto . . . Robert, duke of Wareham, is crooning from a two-by-four stage in the Indian Room of the Monona hotel . . . Note to Cardinal Key: your fine red poster-wall, property of W. Kiekhofer, is rapidly disintegrating. Somebody ran into one corner with a car and bricks are falling down right & left, left & right, and practically all over the place . . . P. Stiles of WSGA and Theta fame will be back on a journalism scholarship; P. Schuele turns for a master's; and . . . What's become of Ernie Lusby?

G. Iron Man Hampel, former election whip-cracker and self-styled independent political tycoon, has been haunting the campus this summer as part of the Industrial School for Workers held at the end of the summer session . . . Prof. Wm. Ellery Leonard had his picture in a recent issue of Ballyhoo. The Phi Psi lads have finally been caught up to by their creditors and have cleared out of the State street mans to set up camp in less pretentious quarters on E. Gilman . . . J. Thorton is starting up the High Hat club once again, once again, which will hold forth in the Studio football game nights. Plans to give away a silk topper each time to the lucky ticket holder.



Phil Reese, age-old "housemother" of Alpha Phi, has been incarcerated there for the past month all by his little self—painting furniture, he explained . . . We hear they're taking in roomers next to the Chi Phi house, but there have been rumors about the Chi Phis for long these many years . . .

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Campus Chronicle

Consideration

● Fully aware that old man Octy is now talking to a record crop of youngsters and a generous quantity of old-timers, we're turning this department over to the Class of 1939. Octopus, the veteran of dozens of campus wars, turns kind-hearted for the moment and speaks kindly to the newcomers. And, to be very blunt, for this issue the rest of you can go to H. (That "H," freshmen, is as blunt as our good censors will let us be.) And now to warning those of you who have never been here before about the perils, plights and possibilities of these cloistered halls.

Research

● You might as well know right now that there are 42 man-hole covers on Langdon street from Park to Wisconsin avenue. We'll tell you now, and then after you get along in your sixth year here and have done everything, you won't have to sink to counting them. We did. We found that of the 42, exactly 11 were located on the corner of Lake and Langdon, under the eaves of Langdon hall, the A O Pi house, and just a wee bit away from Nettie Grady's famous rooming house.* We thought about this plurality for some time and wondered about its significance, but by that time you were coming into town, and there were other things to think about.

Color Note

● The University's colors are cardinal and white. Ordinarily we wouldn't have to bring that up, but of late each summer has seen some unthinking house splash a large quantity of yellow paint around, and we don't want any misunderstanding. Two years ago it was the pillars on the Zeta Bete house, last year it was the whole Pi Phi house, and now it's the A O Pi wall.* Each place—at least we hope the A O Pis do, even though we haven't seen a one of them above ground yet—had an idea the paint would fade some, but it's as blatant as ever.

PROGRESSIVE U.

● Not that we really care at all, but we can't help thinking that some of the hundreds of freshmen must be getting a bad impression of one side of this university. At the foot of the hill stands a bulletin board, the pride and joy of the faculty committee on lectures and convocations and carefully protected, by a rusted and battered padlock, from those who would publicize Homecoming ball or the Orpheum stage shows.

But it's what that padlock is protecting that is worrying us. Within are two notices, one commenting that Prof. Miles C. Hanley is all set to burst forth with some startling statements on "The Linguistic Atlas," and the other that Prof. Norris Hall just can't contain himself with his own thoughts on "Chemistry Looks at Nature." The point we're objecting to is that one of the lectures is scheduled for January 22 and the other January 16, and these youngsters may get all sorts of ideas about how far something (such as taking down past-dated announcements) may lag before it becomes late.

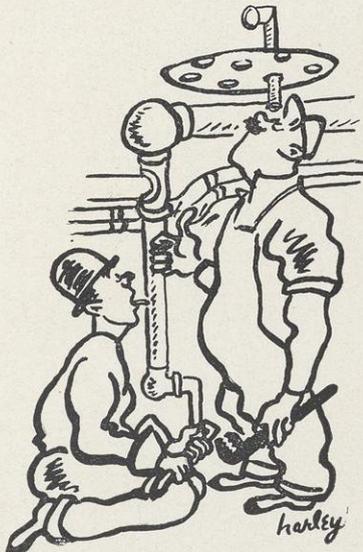
Invasion

● Irving court is due for all sorts of commotion this year. Phi Kappa Psi, which is moving out and will be replaced by one of the Jewish houses, used to provide such things as shot-guns fired at Madison squad cars in the dead of night. The Irving apartments never were exactly the quietest havens of rest in the city. But all the old noises will fade into mere whispers of the wind in the trees, for the Tekes are coming back! It's not enough that this gang of playful youngsters should wrap themselves in a house again, but they have to take Arden house, for years the haven of English majors.* The Rocking Horse will have to get a new stable; there'll be little sleep for man or beast, we suspect.

Add Dirty Tricks

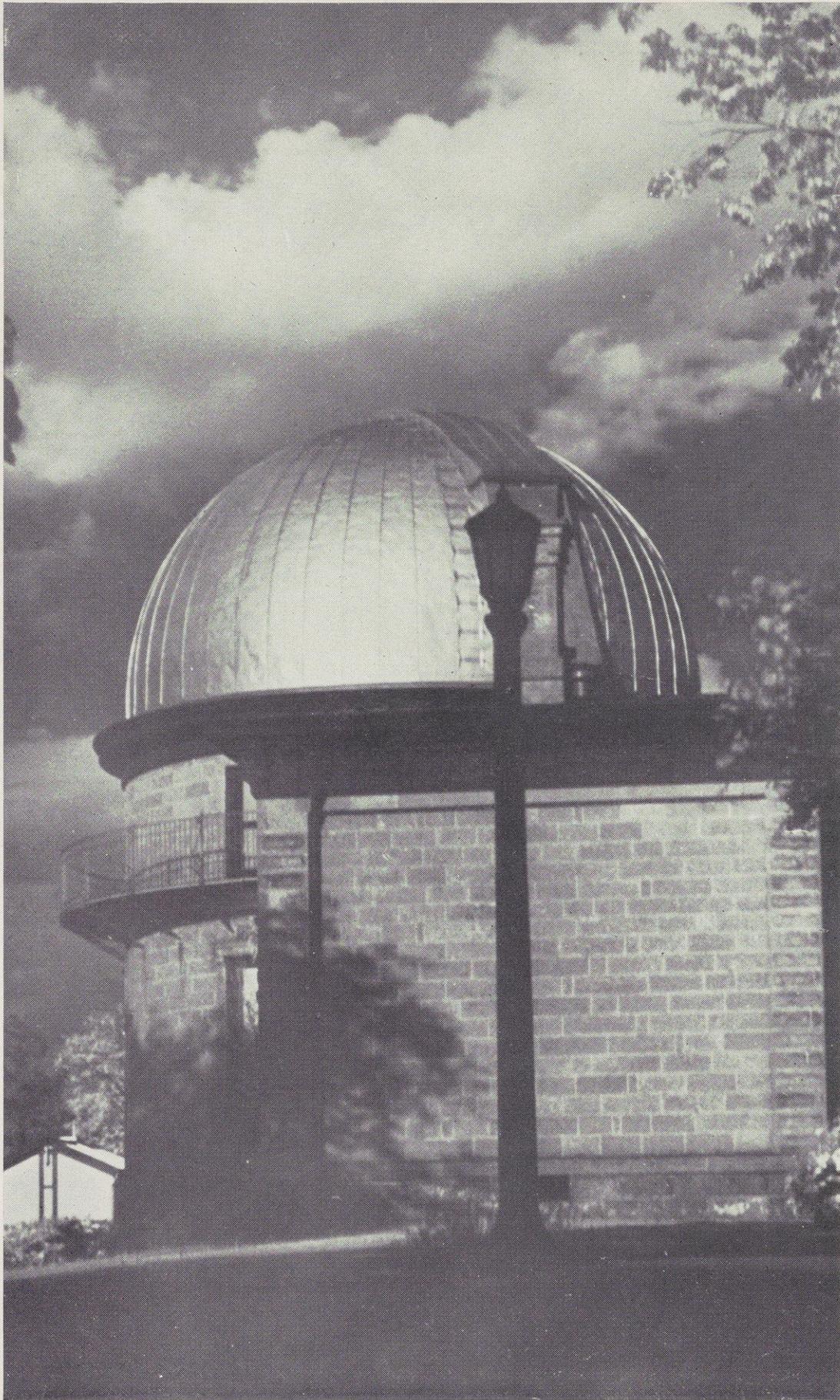
● Speaking of the Pi Phi house brings to mind the summer's leading building project. Pi Beta Phi announces (without pleasure) the construction of a twelve foot wire fence across the back of its place, closing off the Langdon to Gilman street short-cut that was so popular for years.* The truth of the matter is that the alumni did it, and the active chapter is enraged no little. Octy may bid for undying popularity among the girls by starting legal action on the grounds that the path was a public thoroughfare for seven years and therefore must remain one, but first we'll have to settle the problem one of our staff thought up: "Why would anyone want undying popularity in the Pi Phi house?"

● Outside Porter Butts' office is the Union lawn, a worn and weary bit of grass, discouraged and disconsolate. And 99 44/1000 per cent of the time there's a hole in that grass.* Ever since the Union has been, men have been probing into it. It's a matter of a water pipe or something; even Porter has become woefully indefinite after the 888th excavation. Octy suggests a zipper.

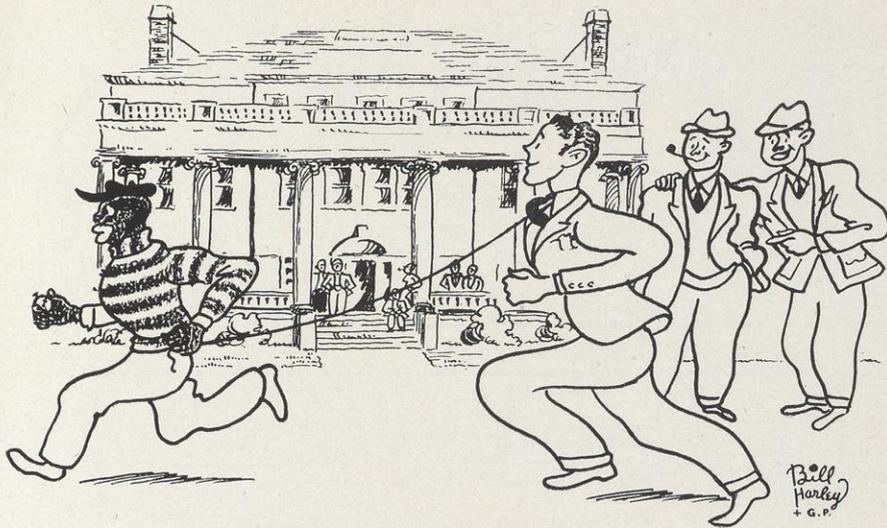


Well, would youse look who's goin' in the Theta house

*See page fifteen for picturization.



*When
it's dark
on Observatory
Hill . . .*



Look! The Phi Delt's are warming up their second string rushing chairman

Orientation Ennui

● We wonder if we'd lose any friends if we confided in you frosh that upper classmen, at least until you get to know them, are going to be awful bores. Your orientation workers aren't so bad, but once the rest get here, a plague hits the campus. You will find it especially true during rushing. To prove it, we'll let you in on our 1934 survey:

The average rushee is asked "What course are you taking?" 1,719 times before Oct. 1.

The average rushee answers it with a few words, and thereupon puts the party of the first part in a hole to think of something else to use for conversation.

The sub-normal rushee takes from an hour and two minutes to two hours and one minute explaining that he's aiming to be a psychology major a la Dick Husband or a drum major a la Ray Dvorak.

The abnormal rushee (and it's he who's immediately pledged as headed for big things on the campus) doesn't even answer; he's smart enough to ask such a leading question as, "Won't you tell me about yourself? I've heard so many people speak of you."

Male or female as the party of the first part may be, it makes a grand impression. But the answer can't be anything but boring, and so you've gotten nowhere. We sort of

doubt that there is really anything that can be done about it. Realization of that fact almost makes us cringe for you poor youngsters.

Overnight Hike

● But while we're passing out suggestions, here's a tip on the handy registration kit we've developed after going through that august and

disgusting ceremony at least two dozen times. (Sure, two dozen. Octy—the old man of the campus; haven't you heard.) The kit, now on sale at newsstands through Madison and its suburbs, includes two Swiss cheese on rye, two bottles of (well, we'll leave this up to you, but after all, you are in a college building and not far from the dean's office), a light camp stool, a rubber stamp of your signature (last name first, sign in ink), a cast iron constitution, and a scooter to go from Bascom to Lathrop to the Armory to the Administration building. And time to sleep for days or so after it's all completed.

Persistence

● We developed that idea after Frank Holt killed one of our other ones. That was to make registration an accredited course. Call it Handwriting 119, or Labor 141, and include study of writer's cramp and its cures, calloused fingers and their uses, removal of ink stains, and care and culture of tempers, we told him. But he didn't go for the idea and the whole plan fell through. Maybe the regents are helpful, though; they've moved Frank over to be Dean of the college of education, and when we get a new registrar, we'll trot up and suggest it to him.



Let's pledge him first and THEN find out what it is

THE WISCONSIN Octopus

THE MEMORIAL UNION

MADISON, WISCONSIN

VOL. XV

SEPTEMBER, 1935

NO. 1

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TWO THETAS, BOTH NAMED SUE

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SURPRISE

● The main disadvantage with being an editor two years in succession is that it's very toughish to keep from repeating oneself the second time around. Last year at this time we whacked out, and quite appropriately, we thought, a bit of rather soundish advice to freshmen. So what happened? So everybody came around and leered at us and said we were too Serious; that we were supposed to be Funny. And some just came and leered.

Naturally we were upset. That is, when one gives his all, unstinting, in the benefit of tiny children, it's rather a nasty shock to have the hand that fed them get bit. Of course, some will say that the food was bad, but they are but carping critics and none ever believe carping critics.

Nevertheless, it set us thinking. What good, we asked ourselves, did all this advice - to - freshmen - giving do? The chances are the little freshies never read it, and if they did, they would neither believe, pay attention, or follow. Ever since college humor magazines were, poor wretches like ourselves have been pouring out in their September issues advice to freshmen. And to what avail? Did it stop the freshmen from getting stiffer than goats in all the local grog shops their first week? Did it keep freshmen from (1) cutting classes, (2) going out with Tri Delts, or (3) splitting infinitives? Did it? No, decidedly no.

What then, we asked ourselves, is the use of advice to freshmen. Obviously there isnt any; ergo there is no percentage in printing same. So this year we decided to be Different and not print any advice to freshmen. So we haven't. So you're welcome.

CAMPUS QUESTIONNAIRE

A questionnaire on this, our alma mater, will fool you on a good twenty per cent. Knock off two points for every one wrong. If you get 80, you're above average. More is proportionately better; 90 is pretty good; less than 50 is lousy Answers on page 26

1. One of the following has never been (and never will be) Prom King:
Willard Bleyer John Doolittle Harry Parker
Charles Hanson Richard Brazeau
2. Arlie Mucks is the name of
a movie comedian a Wisconsin Olympic star
a Phi Delt an English instructor the Kappa watchdog
3. Hiram Smith hall is the official name of
the Delta Gamma house the Administration building
the boathouse the dorms refectory
the dairy building
4. White Spades is composed of
nine junior women senior agricultural students
thirteen junior men Rathskeller bridge sharks
L.I.D. directors
5. The president of the class of 1934 was
Bobby Schiller Paul West Paul Bunyan
Bob Dillett Del Karlen
6. He (see 5) was famous as
unqualified liar fancy diver Haresfoot star
halfback violinist
7. The Bell Tower (without bells) was paid for by
a flock of alumni the alumni research foundation
a guy named Bell Pat O'Dea the 1936 Prom
8. Music hall has been used as
gym library Union dormitory law building
9. The 1934 Homecoming game was against
the Ohio Barbers' college Pitt Michigan
Illinois the Haskell Indian school
10. Edward Birge was
a biologist dean of men sophomore director
president of the regents governor of Wisconsin
11. The worst lecturer at Wisconsin is
(fill it in yourself . . . we should get in a jam!)
12. How many man-hole covers are there on Langdon street?
15 78 45½ 42 105 Hike!
13. Margaret Ellingson is
a home ec instructor Dean Goodnight's secretary
YWCA prexy Langdon Hall hostess
swimming teacher
14. Howard Teichmann is
Union Board member Octy cartoonist an art instructor
Trouble Shooter a sort of a gin fizz
15. The oldest fraternity at Wisconsin is
SAE Chi Psi Sig Chi Phi Delt Phi Gam
16. One of these sororities is not in the Big Six
Kappa Alpha Theta Kappa Kappa Gamma
Delta Gamma Alpha Chi Omega Pi Beta Phi
17. How many Prom Queens have been from other than Big Six sororities?
three one—a girl named Edna none five
two—both Tri-Delts
18. Scott Goodnight's middle name is
Howard Harland Howlands Holland
Harlow
19. Radio Hall was formerly
Pres. Van Hise's stable administration building
heating station capitol dome steam and gas lab
20. Wisconsin's favorite engineering project is
union-lawn-excavating indoor skating rinks
whittling mumbledepeg St. Pat's parade
21. Pat O'Dea was not which one?
a track star a football hero a Beta a rower
a baseball player
22. If you happen—just happen, understand—to call a fraternity, which of these answers will you never hear?
"Delta U." "Sigma Phi place" "Skull house"
"Chi Psi house" "Hello."
23. Limnology is
a study of lakes linoleum-laying a kind of math
study of the intestines applied tree-surgery
24. A chicken crosses the street because
the egg can't he can go where he wants to go,
do what he wants to do, I don't care there was a fly in his soup
there's nobody here but us bosses, chicken!
25. St. Patrick's Day parade is held on
March 17 April 1 Shrove Tuesday St. Pat's Day About May 13
26. Wisconsin football teams play what kind of a line on defense?
five-man line down (pun; get it?) six-man
guards back unbalanced
27. Arpad Maslow does not coach which two?
tennis gymnastics fencing hockey
(continued, page twenty-four)



Smythe, you failed to sign your Sisters' & Great Grandmothers' Weekend card!

BREASTWORKS

BEING A ABBREVIATED EXPLANATION FOR THE LAYMAN
A CASTING OF PEARLS BEFORE SWINE



Someone must have told the Alpha Chi sisters that "music hath charms" and deciding, rightly enough, that they needed to add to those given them by nature, they adopted the harp as their emblem and carry it around on their little chests, stringing people where'er they go.



Well, well and well! Mr. Balfour really turned on the gas when he talked to the AEPH girls and no mistake. You'd think that the girls would know that all is not gold that goes into sorority pins.



Anyone who can interpret the Alpha Gamma Delta pin is a person of unusual perspicacity, not to say a darn smart fellow. That thing made out of snowballs, we figure, is the Alpha and the triangle must be the Delta. All pretty clear so far, what? But here's where the going gets a bit thickish; what in h— is that other thing? Is it (1) the jawbone of an ass, (2) a dangling participle, (3) the last of the Mohicans? Only the Alpha Gams know, and we bet they're none too sure.



Two thousand years ago Aesop said, "It pays to advertise." Some of the sisters in A O Pi who were hanging around at the time heard and believed. Result, the above monstrosity which can be seen for several score blocks and even around corners. But, say we, if the AOPis don't advertise AOPi, who will?



Reading from front to back the Alpha Phi emblem looks like "A" "I" "O," doesn't it? But that's where you're wrong. The "O" and the "I" combine to form a Phi, which is a letter in the Greek alphabet. Darn clever, these Alpha Phis, eh? Seriously, though, the Alpha Phi pin is very attractive—even to morons; just ask them about their ol' fran, Morry.



The Alpha Xi Delta badge is easily taken for a toothbrush, but the girls swear that it is really a quill and makes a dandy pin, especially for holding up busted "bra" straps and whatnots. The row of pearls along the top was put there by a jewelry company.



This snappy bit of hardware, m'dears, is a Chi Omega pin. The "X" does not mark the spot where the body was found; the horseshoe has nothing to do with good luck (as any member will tell you); the skull and cross-bones does not mean the same as when on labels; and the owl surely can not signify wisdom. What, therefore, is the meaning of all this? We do not know! An "impasse," no less!



The three stars of the Stutter Delta bunch (Delta Delta Delta) are remindful of Hennessy whiskey, but the girls claim there is no connection. There is probably some sentimental reason for that moon being there, too; but so far as we can see it's just to hold up the three stars, which as we said before, are remindful of Hennes— or maybe you don't use the stuff.



Avast there! Shiver my timbers if it isn't the jolly old anchor of Delta Gamma. Blow me down if that ain't some little gadget! The prongs on the bottom undoubtedly have some beautiful significance but are a nuisance, always catching in one's vest. The rope entwined about the anchor is a sample of the line the D. G. gals hand out.



Lamp off the Delta Zeta pin, boys. The lamp has nothing to do with the search for knowledge or honest men, but rather with the well known midnight oil— both internal and external. The pillar probably signifies steadfastness (it always does) or something equally ridiculous.

OF THE MYSTERIES OF THE SORORITY LABELS-- OR THAR'S GOLD IN THEM THAR HILLS, PARDNER



One glance at the Gamma Phi pin doesn't reveal much and closer examination less. True, there is a faint suggestion of the pretzel about it, and perhaps their founder was a baker; but one can't be sure. The thing is intriguing, though, and they have got a good bunch of sophomores.



Here are those three stars again; this time on the badge of good old Phi Mu. We've tried for months to discover what they stood for and found out after much effort that nobody much cared. The billiard balls around the outside signify that the girls are athletic and like sports even if they are Kappa Sigs.



The Theta shield or "old tin kite," as the Pi Phi song so quaintly puts it, displays two stars which might have been awarded the girls for consistent attendance at Sunday school but probably wasn't. It has been suggested that an "I" be added to the "awo" at the bottom of the pin.



The Sigma Kappa pin is just too ducky for words, which thus saves us from having to say anything more about it.



The Kappa Delta pin is just another tangible evidence of what happens when a good jewelry salesman meets up with a bunch of gullible children. Aside from the row of spoils there's not much there but the hanging sword which serves as a pointed reminder to the boys that they might get stuck . . . and they probably will.



The Alpha Delta Pi pin is surmounted by a couple of clasped hands, much in the manner as pictured above. This is a symbol of friendly alliance or else just one of the sistern passing the salt and pepper.



What might be the key to the situation is worn by the sisters of Kappa Kappa Gamma. It may not be as beautiful as some, but it is certainly distinctive and is said to be very handy as a bottle opener.



Phi Sigma Sigma's pin looks as though it were surmounted by a Sphinx. But that's where they fool you. It is really a plaster cast of the founder who had her ears frost-bitten in the Big Snow of '09.



The arrow of Phi Beta Pi is evidence that the sisterhood aims to please; their marksmanship, however, is only so so. For the most part, the pin is just plain gold, which shows you where the sisters' minds are. (You will put up fences, will you?)



And last but not least—the finest pair of pins on Langdon.

ENCYCLOPEDIA CAMPUSANICA

An assemblage of very helpful definitions for the innocent freshmen

ADAMS HALL. Scene of famous May Day riots which provided (a) much fun for all three communists in the university, (b) a workout for the boys over at Fire Station No. 7, and (c) jolly big headlines and hot stories for Milwaukee newspapers and the Chicago Tribune.

ARMORY. A building that if it weren't for which the boathouse would be on Langdon street, if there weren't any other building there instead, like the Library or the Bell Tower.



ASSISTANT GENERAL CHAIRMAN is a species of fungus which gets a comp and his picture in the Co-op window with a white tie on.

BELL TOWER. Most brilliant and creative work of that genius architect, Arthur Peabody, who probably couldn't design a privy without delving into his Renaissance copy-books. W. Norris Wentworth, of the Swiss Bell-Ringer Wentworths, has as yet no bells to hang in his belfry, which are expected to arrive any day now. Wentworth thinks the tower is set where Chief Blackhawk crossed the campus which it ain't, because the hill was too steep so he went around.

BIG SIX. A group of sororities, self-appointed, which think they're the Real McCoy and from which the Prom Queen is always picked, nobody knows why. Composed of Kappa Alpha Theta, Gamma Phi Beta, and two or three others that slip our minds for the moment. We'll let you know next month.

BLUEBOOK is a book that you have to hyphenate the words at the end of each line in it on account of it is not big enough for doing much else with.

BLIND DATE. You can't win.

BOOKSTORE. A bookstore is a place that they say they will pay the Highest Cash Prices for used books. This means they will give you 27c for the book you had to pay \$3.50 for on account of the prof thinks he will use the New & Revised Edition next year instead.

BOWERY PARTY. This is when you have to dress up crazy so you feel like a jackass only you feel like a bigger jackass if you don't dress up like a jackass. Lots of 3.2 and pretzels unless it's the Sig Chis, but that's another story.

CARDINAL KEY. Sign Painters' Union Local No. 3509. Puts signs on walls saying Poo Poo Purdue only if we play Minnesota they say Goofy Gophers or, well, you get the idea. No connection with Daily Cardinal, both of which are thankful for which.

CHI PHI. A stronghold of virility, sometimes loosely referred to as a "fraternity." Also facetiously called the "Kappa Annex."

CREW. The crew is a bunch of boys, all in the same boat, that everybody thinks they are going to win the Poughkeepsie race. They always row valiantly and remain in last place by half a length so last year they didn't even go to Poughkeepsie but stayed at home and tore back and forth all over the lake.

DAILY CARDINAL. One of the Hearst chain of newspapers. Comes out whenever the editor has enough copy to fill the space around the ads—three or four times a week, generally. Editor: Leo Nalty; managing editor: Rex Karney.

DATELESS DANCE. The greatest number of people that can be packed into the smallest possible space. The orchestra knows four pieces: "Dinah," "Stardust," "Observatory Hill," and "Dinah."

DEAN GOODNIGHT. Guiding light of the Octopus, and billiard player with great talent for taking cue chalk from the Rathskeller to his office which is in South Hall.

DIRECTORY is what it comes out three weeks after they say it will and two months too late to be of any use because by that time the girl is going steady with someone else or vice versa.

GLENN FRANK. Ph.D., LL.D., R.N., D.D.S., B.A., R.S.V.P., M.D., M.S., D.V.M., etc., etc., ad infinitum. Wears white spats and inventor of the 3-point system in oratory.



GRADUATE SCHOOL is a rookery for hopeless females who seek preoccupation so they won't dwell on why did God have to go and give them buckteeth,

(continued, page twenty-six)



harley

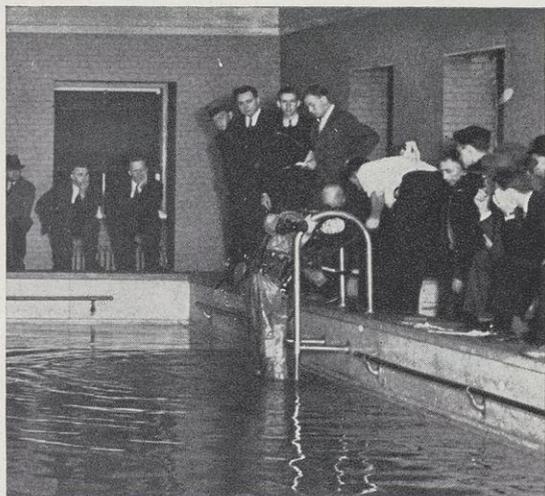
Oh, Mr. Wentworth! They sent two B flats and forgot middle C!



EATING CLUBS---*The Fraternity Guide Revised*

Alert . . .

● An almost-action picture of a Delt rushing chairman (in cap and overcoat) ready to conduct the impressive pledging ceremony. One moment after the picture was snapped, he whipped out a black-jack and Ferdie Frosh was pledged with little more ado. In the background, an assistant chairman (with breeches and boots) is shown conducting another new pledge off to the house.



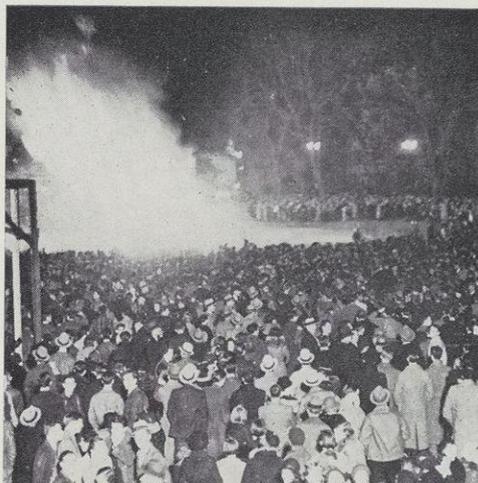
Trial . . .

● If you can't swim, you're not Kappa Sig timber. Apparently one of the boys was definitely not of that timber, for the rushing committee has a look of apparent unease as the chairman reports that he has failed to pass the test. The house physician has taken off his coat and is bent over the candidate, while a Beta delegation in the background is screaming, "Let us at him before he comes to!"



Shorties . . .

● Garbed in their natty little shorts (most Alpha Chi Rhos expect to be short of something once in a while), the boys are always ready for a lark. Here they are in training for a bigger and better Kappa pledging celebration. Some of the boys are being careful to avoid nails in the floor, while those looking at the ceiling are dodging falling plaster. You can't be too careful when you take over a house after the Dekes are through with it.



In the Cottage . . .

● Pledge meetings at the Phi Gam house are select little gatherings, as the picture shows. Not everyone can be a Phi Gam, thank God, but most of the first-year men are shown here. In their coy little English cottage on Langdon (hot and cold running water; electric lights; modern plumbing; low rates to traveling men, actors, and circuses), they just have the best times, especially when their visitors haven't seen their Great Hall or their Lake Mendota.



Foods On! . . .

● Dinner time at the Phi Delt house is such fun. Here are some of the fellows learning how to sing one of the thrilling songs they sing between courses to drown out the noise of the cook swearing at the waiters. "Nobody starves at the Phi Delt house," the boys aver, and it certainly looks as though the second guy on the left is getting along all right.

The Monthly Graphic



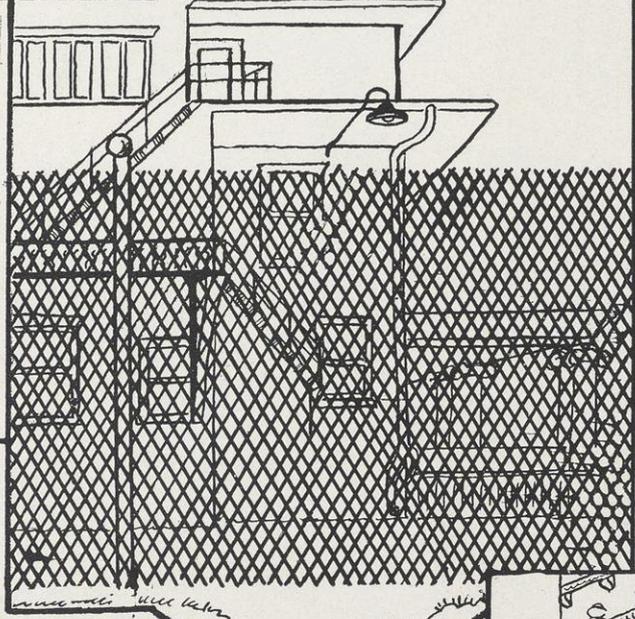
■ **RIGHT** - The Cardinal Key boys return to find a new medium for their artistic endeavors - the AOPi wall with a nice gleaming coat of cream-colored paint, just the thing for Homecoming signs etc. This is very fine for the lads, too, since the police had not forced any of their number to repaint Kiehofer's wall & that immemorial poster is getting so cluttered as to make ineffectual any new sign painting efforts.

Two of those sewers we told you about can be seen in front foreground.



■ **ABOVE** - The hibernating Tekes, without a house for 2 years, take over the ARDEN HOUSE, vacated by the literati after a dispute with the English dept. over a dangling participle. The lads are shown hard at work cleaning out the accumulated debris of copies of old Rocking Horses, Eng. 5a themes, and volumes of Schopenhauer.

The Tekes did some fancy face lifting on their former abode on Langdon and we await with breathless anticipation to see what they do to the old Arden House.



■ **LEFT** - Last year the P. Phi. startled returning collegians by painting their house like a graham cracker. This year they've erected a twelve foot wire fence clear across their back yard - a rather nasty shock to those who have found their driveway a very convenient short cut to State St.

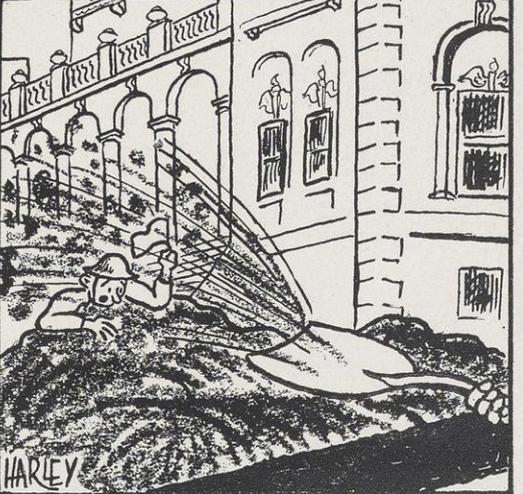
In the picture can be seen the arc light to lure second-story-men and the convenient outside stairway to facilitate the annual P. Phi. robbery - staged each year for publicity purposes, and to get the pretty sister's picture in the papers.

In the picture (front, bottom) can also be seen the scooped-out place 'neath the fence to hand in bottles from the Amber Inn - just across the way.



■ **RIGHT** - Habitual appearance of the Union. It is not known whether it's prospecting or just in fun, but the Union lawn is dug up on the average of once a month. They've filled in the ditch since this was drawn but you can still see the scar.

The man in the picture is looking for Porter Butts.



■ **LEFT** - Typical example of the frosh who appears on the campus wearing a huge letter sweater and all his highschool jewelry.

GREEK 1a

Chapter I

Is that the Union Building I've heard so much about?
 That is a fraternity house.
 What is a fraternity house?
 A place where students eat, sleep and play cards.
 Do their fathers pay for it?
 It hasn't been paid for yet.

Chapter II

What is that insipid thing that looks like an illustration in the high school boys apparel section of the Sears-Roebuck catalogue?
 Quiet! That is a Rushee.
 What is a Rushee?
 A rushee is someone who is due for a lot of surprises.
 What has he got to do with the fraternity house?
 One fine morning he'll wake up to discover he's bought it.

Chapter III

What is that group of toughies

with the brass knucks and black jacks?

That is the pledging committee.
 What, pray tell, is the pledging committee?

A bunch of future second hand car salesmen looking for a little practical experience.

Chapter IV

Look, the toughies are running at a dead gallop. Is the joint being raided?

No, they have sighted the rushee. Merciful heavens! They have socked him on the back with a chloroform rag and put him out like a cat. What is that fellow putting on his coat lapel?

That is a pledge button.

What is that?

Oh, that is the sign of the kill.

But he's not dead, he's just unconscious.

He's probably always been unconscious.

Chapter V

Look. They have revived him and are giving him cigarettes and making him comfortable. How queer.
 Not at all. It is always quieter before the storm.

Chapter VI

What is that flattened baseball bat with the holes drilled in the end?

That is a paddle.

What is a paddle, may I ask?

A paddle is the upperclassman's duster.

I didn't know that upperclassmen cleaned the house.

They don't. They clean the freshmen.

Will the rushee and the paddle ever meet?

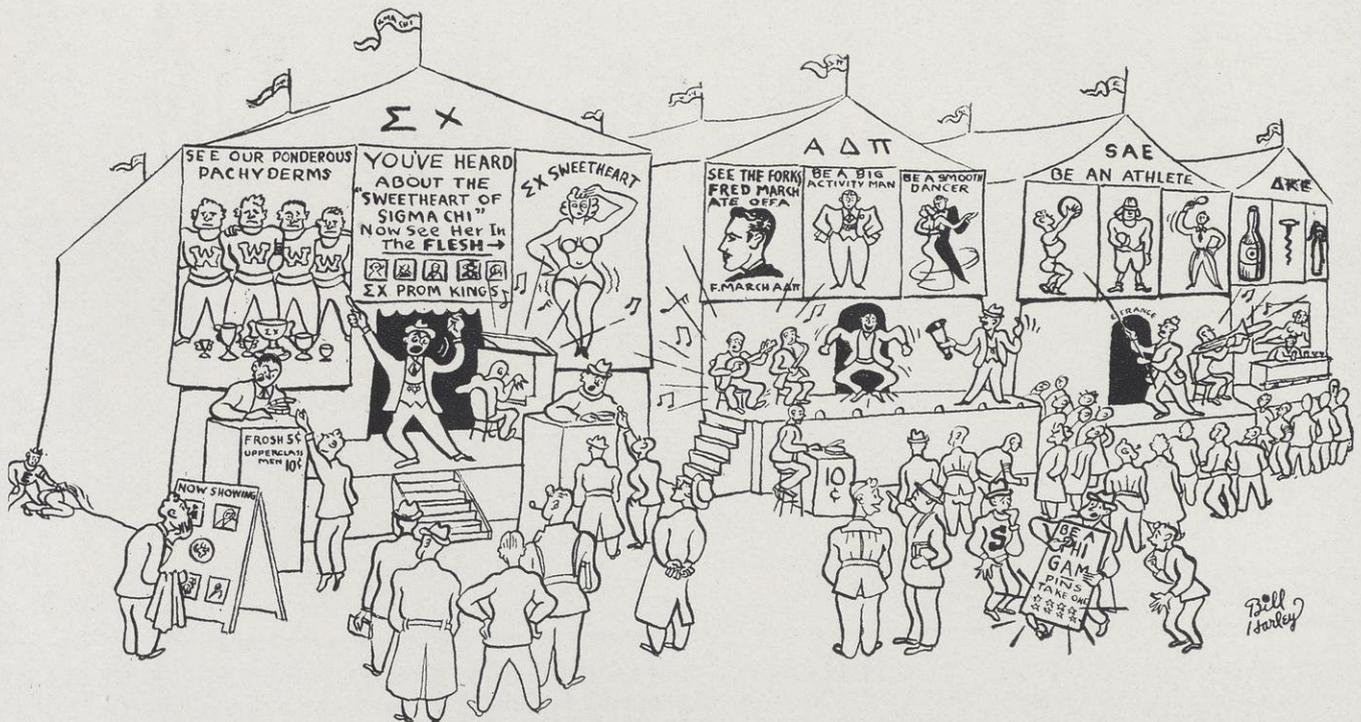
Oh yes, they always meet in the end.

I didn't like the way you said that.

Neither would the rushee.

Finis.

—Bored Walk



THE MIDWAY

CHART FOR BLIND DATES

so if during rushing the brothers offer to fix you up you'll know what you're getting into—not all the statistics were obtained on the field of action but they're close enough

KEY

Looks:
 g a matter of opinion
 k relative to a custard pie
 9 quite
 x hmm-m!

Construction:
 s free-wheeling
 () on the order of a silo
 " WSGA
 1 Like a br— er . . . a sack of bottles
 3/4 Mae West-ish

Dances like:
 d Sally Rand
 * Ferris wheel
 c a dream walking
 ? a dream sitting this one out

Converses like:
 — Gerty Stein
 & side-show barker
 u English major

ALPHA CHI OMEGA

Marion Bachhuber 9 " c - f b % A
 Eleanor Bond g " * u b z J A
 Jane Bond g " * u b z J A
 Catherine Ann Kelly x s d & / \$ % A
 Harriet Oldenburg g " ? - f b 3/4 A

ALPHA PHI

Jean Campion k () * & O \$ % A
 Monica Clark g " c - b \$ T A
 Dorothy Dick g l ? : / z @ A
 Katherine Luse 9 s d u b ! T A
 Marguerite Neef 9 " c - / z A
 Virginia Gneiss g s ? : ! b z T A
 Alice Reed x 3/4 d & / z T A

ALPHA XI DELTA

Emily Johnson 9 () d @ H ! v A
 Barlow Weems w s g a 1/4 \$ T A
 Marie Cramer g () c : O \$ & A

CHI OMEGA

Betty Carney k l * - / ! & A
 Caryl Morse g () * u b a % A
 Marjorie Lowe x s c : O z v A

DELTA DELTA DELTA

Lydia Keown g " * u f z % A
 Betty MacKinlay k s c w O \$ & A
 Elizabeth Ransom g " ? u b ! J A
 Lucille Ransom ; " ? u b ! J A
 Dorothy Scott g 3/4 c - / z & A
 Margaret Reynolds k () * & O \$ T A
 Janet Benkert 9 3/4 d : b z @ A

DELTA GAMMA

Florence Mellows k () * & O \$ A
 Elizabeth Montgomery 9 " c - / ! T A

. ROTC major
Capacity:
 b none
 / two quarts
 f one coke (adv.)
 O like varsity blotter

Eat:
 z yes
 \$ always
 ! seldom

Miscellaneous:
 @ engaged to home-town joe
 v reads movie sub-titles aloud
 T giggles
 J You oughta see her sister!
 % activities

Rating:
 P Terrible
 d Hopeless
 q Passable
 A A-No. 1

Joan Parker x " c f ! A
 Betsy Quarles g l ? & / z T A
 Annette Weiss g () * u O \$ J A
 Martha Moore k () y : / ! ! b A

GAMMA PHI BETA

Mary Belle Lawton x () d & / z @ A
 Janet Warren ! ! ! ! ! ? ? A
 Barlow Weems g l r : O 2 A
 Betty Riley g 3/4 * - b z A

KAPPA ALPHA THETA

Rebecca Cofield x s d : / z v A
 Janet Nelson k s * u / ! J A
 Helen Price k l ? & / \$ A
 Jane Wilder g () d : / 4 T A
 Kathryn Spielmann x 3/4 * 1/2 / ! @ A
 Virginia Bohn x " c : / ! T A
 Agnes Ricks 9 l d - / z A

KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA

Elizabeth Bloodgood k " * u b ! A
 Mary Stophlet 9 s ? f z T A
 Josephine Walker g " c p b z A
 Jean Bird k " r : O \$ A
 Jean Fisher g () ? - f % A
 Ellen Munch k () * : / ! v A
 Beverly Rogers 9) (c & O \$ J A
 Patricia Graney x () * : O z @ A
 Carol Wagner g () ? u b H A
 Helen Stautz g l * & / \$ @ A
 Inga Olson k " c ? O z @ A
 Ann Harley 9 l ? u / z @ A
 Margaret Wiesender 9 3/4 d & b z , A
 Beatrice Hardon 8 l e Q Z y 5 A

(continued, page twenty-five)

CAMPUS MENAGERY

BY GEOFFRY K.

The Animal Kingdom is divided into several classes, such as birds, beasts, fishes, etc. Nobody knows why, unless it is for purposes of collective bargaining. Biology professors have to earn a living somehow. This system has its advantages. Before it was invented, there was chaos. When ordering fried veal, you had to expect almost anything, such as a small broiler or creamed codfish. The waiters knew no better. It was all the same to them.

All animals fall into one of the several classes, except the musk-ox. It is an outcast and wears a bewildered expression. Something ought to be done about it, but no one ever seems to get around to doing it.

We shall discuss one animal from each group. There isn't much else we can do.

THE CARDINAL

The cardinal is a red bird, scientific name "cardinalis cardinalis," probably for emphasis. It lives as a rule east of the Mississippi. A cardinal was once seen in Council Bluffs, Iowa. It never returned. Cardinals wear long tails in winter. In summer they merely wear sport flannels with a dark coat. Cardinals spend most of their childhood up a tree. The cardinal has a loud clear song. Some people say it sings "Good cheer, Good cheer." This is completely false. Birds cannot speak. People who think so usually suffer from tonsillitis and subscribe to the "Christian Science Monitor."

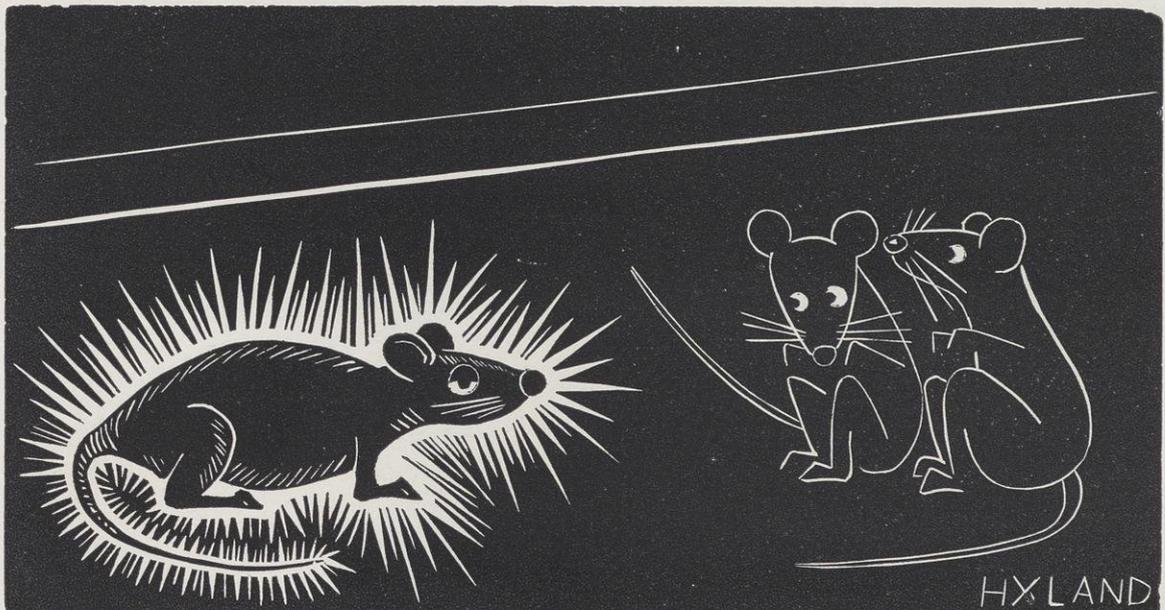
THE BADGER

The badger is a small furry beast which leads a simple life. In later incarnations it often turns up as mink, silver fox, or beaver and with a great increase in price. Female badgers are very industrious and often give birth to as many as five babies at once. This is no mean feat, yet no one gets excited about it. Such general indifference is one of the handicaps a badger must put

up with. Badgers will eat almost anything. Mice, frogs, eggs, worms, fruit, truffles, or snails. A fraternity once made a pet of a badger, but it died in two weeks from indigestion. Badgers eat eggs raw, being too impatient to prepare them properly. Badgers dig holes in the ground. They scoop out several rooms under the earth and line them with ferns, moss, and old newspapers. The recent trend is toward combination living and dining rooms and the installation of small private bars where the coal bin used to be. Many badgers of the old school, however, still are in favor of the old-fashioned parlor and large bay-windows. Wisconsin is sometimes called the Badger State. This is because badgers were once numerous in Wisconsin.

THE OCTOPUS

The octopus is a cuttlefish, which isn't exactly a fish and which isn't exactly **not** a fish. But the octopus just floats around aimlessly and doesn't seem to care a darn one way or the other. The octopus goes around scaring other inhabitants of the sea, such as periwinkles, herring, and mackerel. Herrings are easily frightened, having a decided inferiority complex. An octopus once worked three hours trying to scare an oyster. Then it got wise to itself. The octopus gets around by means of its legs, or—as some people argue—its arms. It really makes no difference what you call them. The octopus uses but two arms at a time for walking. The other six can be used for scratching the neck, feeling for light switches in the dark, carrying large packages, or can be placed nonchalantly into the pockets. But if an octopus really wants to travel, it just lets itself drift with the current. Many octopuses drift from the Gulf of Mexico to Iceland. This is called instinct. The octopus apparently has no sex-life whatever. It is just as well.



Look! Ambrose has been eating that darned irradiated yeast again!

WOMEN'S STYLES

Design for Dressing

by DOROTHY TEEPLE

Most important in fall fashions is the influence of the Renaissance. In color, in line, in trim your new dress will resemble those worn by the ladies whom Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci painted. Colors are deep and rich and even their names suggest medieval Italy—the yellow greens become the Veronese greens, the blue greens are named for Cellini. Titian rust, Cathedral purple, and Raphael blue are other fall colors which belong to the Renaissance.

Not only the colors but the lines as well belong to this period. The extremely draped line in waist and skirt is more apparent in evening dress than in daytime frocks. All skirts, however, must be full and for the most part the fullness is brought to the front. Curiously enough, skirts are shorter. Twelve inches from the floor is the accepted length for street, although extreme stylists are mentioning 13 and 14 inches but have as yet only mentioned them as possibilities.

Renaissance influence is again apparent in the trimming of fall dresses. Much heavy jewelry around the neck and on buckles, rhinestone and gilt buckles, clips, and buttons are all typical of the Renaissance ornaments which 1935 fashion has adopted.

Wool leads daytime fabrics in popularity. Silks as always are important and matelasses as well as smooth heavy sheers are being shown. For strictly tailored wear, jersey is daily becoming more popular. A new silk-backed lighter jersey is being shown this fall which is grand for a tailored afternoon dress. Velvet, slipper satin, heavy moire, and handkerchief lame are most popular for evening. Very little taffeta is being used.

You can do just as you please with your sleeves (who, me?), but

they should really have fullness some place. The fullness at the shoulder, while lightly fitted from the elbow down, is again a popular sleeve. Bell sleeves, peasant sleeves, and in tailored wools a plain sleeve are being worn.

It is difficult to determine which color is most popular or which will remain popular throughout the season. At the present writing, green seems to lead all others—every shade of green from the vivid yellow greens to the darker shades verging on blue and known this year as Kent greens are being shown. Accessories, astonishingly enough, have gone green (excuse attempt at punning) with envy. Seriously, though, one prominent hosiery house shows a gorgeous shade of green hose, advertised as julep. Shoe departments have also listened to the cry for green and are showing some good looking ties in green leather and suede. Green hats, too, are much in evidence. As yet, no green gloves have been displayed; and it is also unlikely that the lipstick manufacturers will fall in line with a green product.

The various shades of purple are running a close second to green for popularity. They seem to be a carryover from the summer styles which saw so very much lavender used. As usual, black and brown are both good. Black, right now, is a little better than brown, which is a winter color.

And, speaking of winter colors, slate blue is going to be a grand one. It has a lot of gray in it and is really a very "slatey" looking thing.

Velveteen is a very popular fabric for strictly tailored things. Velveteen skirts and jackets which can be bought separately make grand looking matched outfits. Dresses of velveteen are likely to be quaint with little stitched collars, fitted

bodices, and gored skirts, of course.

Now back to accessories—hosiery shades are, of course, very dark. Bark is a very good neutral shade which goes beautifully with black, brown, or green and—best of all—doesn't wash out to a fine dishwater color as so many neutral shades are likely to do. Very, very dark brown hose are awfully good if one wears brown a lot. Dead black is being shown only in the very sheer hose for afternoon and evening wear.

At this point, gloves are inclined to be quite conservative, not only in color but also in style. No large gauntlets are in evidence; and elaborate trimmings and stitching is also out. Suede and kid are equally good for afternoon and evening, and pigskin is becoming increasingly popular for tailored clothes.

Millinery follows dresses as to color and does most anything as to style. The new Halo Hats (more Renaissance influence) are completely off the face. And at the same time Knox features the classic sports hat which pulls down over the face. Tricornes with very stiff ruffly veils are being shown in almost every Paris collection.

For evening, wraps have gone quite capey. Very soft draped lines are especially good. And the monk's cape with a little hood for the head is one of the most unusual looking evening wraps to appear for a mighty, mighty long time. Dresses, especially the most extreme ones, are quite decidedly Renaissance—much drapery and glittering jeweled buckles and clips. Necklines are softly draped and extremely low. Two strap sandals are not quite as good as last year, since the sandal with only one strap across the instep has become much more popular. And you can, of course, wear quantities of jewelry, and still be correct.

MEN'S STYLES

Suit Yourself

by JEFF SCOTT JR.

Welcome, young and not-so-young, to Wisconsin. Octy's own Jeff Scott, fresh from a tour into the east and another of clothing stores here, there, and everywhere, tries again to spread a good word on what to wear where. A weighty problem as well as a tongue twisting one.

First of all, a word of warning to the freshmen. Wisconsin isn't so completely democratic that it won't notice your clothes. It may accept you to its heart in spite of them, but they can help create the favorable impression that's just as important here as anywhere else. About the only things you must not wear are reminders—athletic letters, honor society or other club pins, etc.—of your high school glory. You're in university now, and we'll expect you to start anew rather than coast on past achievements. But now as to some of the things you'll wear if you want to really look your best.

Fraternity men and others socially minded find a tuxedo or tails (the latter better for upper-classmen) a practical necessity. Formal ties, collars, shoes, etc., also follow a pattern here, but let's leave this sort of thing for later, with merely the word of warning to ask questions when you're not sure; anyone of the better clothiers here have men who fully realize that you may need advice and will be most friendly in helping you.

Suits this fall will follow last year's trends. Tweeds, moderate plaids and similar rough weaves will again rank high in the favor of those who like informality. Conservative suitings, such as flannels, or lighter-weight woolen weaves, many of them with attractive though subdued patterns, will be worn by those who seek to be a bit more suave in their appearance.

Those are for classroom wear, you understand. There is nothing that prevents one from wearing either for dates, but the quiter suits and double breasted models are better.

Odd jackets, either from a suit or purchased with an eye for the purpose, will still be exceedingly popular for wear with slacks. Our patterned browns and greys will probably continue to run ahead of the plain grey flannels favored in the East. The sports backs on either suit coats or odd jackets will be all styles, from plain to bi-swing, pleated and even the new gusset-back, quite plain but with eight-inch inverted pleats or gussets at the shoulder-backs and seven-inch side vents. You also may choose the new single-breasted three-button jacket that rolls its collar to the second button.

In shirts, almost anything is quite all right, but beware the royal blue shirts you may have thought smart in high school. Collar styles and patterns—you'll wear little plain white except for dress—run any way you like them. Newest, however, in the collar attached styles are the wide-spread and button down styles. If you prefer to attach your white collar, you'll have some colorful plains to wear, but watch the suit you wear with a combination of startling shirt and white collar. Stripes will be very good, as will squares and even the hounds-tooth plaids and plaids we've been wearing in trousers and jackets.

Tie styles will change some with the coming of the wide-spread collars. Big knots will be good again—a boon to those of us who like knit or ruggedly-woven woolen ties. Plaids and guard-stripes, sporting or Grecian-figured, solid colors and silk prints—all these, as well as bow

ties in as many designs, will be very acceptable again.

Your sox may be almost anything you choose to fit the rest of your garb, but see that they fit,—both in regard to your other clothing and alone. They must stay up, either with elastic in them, with garters or with their own determination. And don't wear rough ones with your best suit or silk-and-wool with tweeds.

And your shoes will probably be what you've been wearing—white or two-tone for a while, and then brown or black. Buck will be popular again, but so will the grain leathers, especially as colder weather comes. Then, too, there's the new turned calf, a bit rougher than the usual calf, and the increasingly-popular, though as yet by no means general, monk-front shoes that use a single buckle instead of laces. Rubber soles will last until snow, with red ones just as good as brown or black.

That takes care of you until you start preparing for outdoor wear. We omitted the new one-piece waistcoats that may replace vests until we know more about their practicability, and we omitted underwear for rather obvious reasons. (Not prudish, but censorish.) Jewelry, such as tie pins, clips, bars and cuff links, will go on and on, with producers finding pleasant innovations, but nothing strange or startling.

If you're interested in sweaters, there are still the good old plain and long-hairs and the Tilden or cable-stitch slip-overs, and then there are knitted coats that cover almost all the styles previously limited to fabrics. You'll also find some extremely attractive new corduroys, advancing into the same realms with plaids and hounds-tooths that duplicate the finest weaves, that ought to be great for chillish days.

CAMPUS QUESTIONNAIRE

(from page nine)

28. President Frank's secretary is
Alden White Frank Holt Dean Snell (huh?)
Julia Wilkinson Talullah Bankhead
29. Association Hall is the home of
medical school YWCA Co-op Cardinal
Publishing Company NSL
30. How many Haresfoot shows was Fredric March in?
one two three five none
31. The Old Union is the former home of
Bob La Follette Pat O'Dea John Bascom
Charles Van Hise W. H. Kiekhofer
32. William Harrison Haight is a
former NSL secretary ROTC corpse pacifist
Cardinal night editor WHY WEAR A TRUSS!
33. Ray Dvorak is a graduate of
Northwestern Illinois Vassar Michigan
Platteville School of Mines
34. Hayakawa is
an English instructor Longfellow Indian hero
a Buddhist saint a Japanese ambassador beer
made from rice
35. The faculty section of the 1934-35 University direc-
tory was
red blue omitted yellow mimeo-
graphed
36. The Military Ball chairman is chosen by
cadet elections Scabbard and Blade draw-
ing straws the commandant the Secretary
of War
37. Ray Hilsenhoff is
Union Board vice president freshman director
student financial adviser registrar assistant
L&S dean
38. Lindbergh left Wisconsin because
he went to war he couldn't pass the swimming
test the bank failed the hill was too steep
he was flunked out
39. President Frank lives on
Observatory hill his wife's income Prospect
avenue Summit avenue Bascom place
40. The first line of "Badger Hero" is
"Cheer, cheer, the gang's all here!" "If you want
to be a Badger, just come along with me." "Sing
a song of college days, tell me where to go."
"Boom, there goes the ball." "Fight on, Wis-
consin." "When it's dark on Observatory hill."
41. What is the first name of the University traffic cop?
Bill Joe Sam Al Jim
42. Picnic Point is the property of
the ag college James A. Law the Board of
Regents Edward J. Young Alfred L. Miller
43. The Wayland Club is
Jewish Presbyterian Baptist Holy Roller
Catholic
44. One of these facts about Prof. W. H. Kiekhofer is
incorrect:
He does not own a red brick wall He has never
owned a red brick wall He never revises his
famous "Outline" He always pays fifty cents
for hair-cuts
45. One of this list does not belong there:
Deanovich Harman Fadner Preboski
Wright
46. Theta Sigma Phi is an honorary sorority for women
in
journalism speech music physical educa-
tion art
47. The street behind the hospital is
Linden drive Lorch street Memorial drive
Mills street Charter street
48. One of these is on Union Board:
Chuck Fleming Jerome Flemming Morris
Fleming Jim Fleming Paul Griswold
49. The first building on the campus was
Bascom hall North hall South hall Chad-
bourne hall Music hall
50. The statue of Lincoln was formerly placed
on the library steps behind Bascom hall in
the armory halfway down the Upper Campus
where the Union now is

INSOMNIA

Minnie was a good girl . . . at least her mother thought so, but her father was reticent to render an opinion. Nightly, she went to the well to get a final drink before lapsing into the fitful slumber that was hers. And one night after a first healthy swig she felt an arm slip around her elfin waist. She edged away, thinking the paw belonged to Zeb, her father's hired man—but she looked again. No, this hand was clean! "Who are you?" she quavered, "and what is it you wish of me?"

To her surprise it was a quiet pleasant voice that answered her.

"I am Cornelius Smith, agent for the Wearproof Hosiery Company," he crooned, "and I would have shelter for the night."

At that moment a tremendous earthquake shook the area killing Minnie and Cornelius (a friend of the family) and seriously injuring Minnie's father and mother. Mr. Smith never did get to sleep that night.—J. F.

PSEUDO NUGGET

Of course, I realize that in times like these, nuggets aren't to be picked off every Annheuser-Bush, but I figured the boys would at least slap the badge on him, seeing that he was my cousin, and that I was in good standing and all paid up to last November, but they apologized to me and I see now that they just couldn't.

I was disappointed too, because I had it all planned out that the moment the kid hit town, I'd rush him up to the house and get a commission as soon as he pledged, and continue to get a commission on every move he made from that time on, but how was I to know that he'd have carrots sticking out of his ears, and lettuce leaves still hanging to his store clothes?

Even at that, the fellows were very considerate, and when they saw him on the campus they asked him up for lunch, but he said he'd brought his lunch; so just for fun the fellows called him up on preference night and asked him which bid he'd accepted, and damned if he hadn't pledged Phi Delt.

—Pelican.

BLIND DATES

(from page nineteen)

PI BETA PHI

| | | |
|-------------------|-------|-----------------|
| Mary Jane Safford | | 9 s * & £ ! @ A |
| Louise Van Valzah | | g () c u £ v A |
| Edna Balsley | | x l ? : £ z f A |
| Margaret Clausen | | 9 " d £ A |
| Pauline Reinsch | | s q u i r r e l |
| Jean Stafford | | 9 . d n £ ! @ A |
| Dorothy Teeple | | x " c : £ z % A |
| Laura Parish | | 9 1/4 ? u £ % A |
| Margaret Copeland | | k l * - £ z T A |
| Mary Jane Bucklin | | J A |
| Rebecca Clark | | 9 " c & £ z T A |

INDEPENDENTS

| | | |
|----------------------|-------|-------------------------|
| Jean Ryan | | 9 s * - O ! @ A |
| Clarice Olson | | 9 3/4 d & / z T A |
| Ann Olsen | | 9 " : ? b ! J A |
| Vera Pomarcke | | x s c - b ! j A |
| Mary Eber | | 9 3/4 * & £ z v A |
| Forka Over | | \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ |
| Elaine Schoephorster | | 9 l c & / ! T A |

HOW TRUE

If it's funny enough to tell it's been told, if it hasn't been told it's too clean, and if it's dirty enough to interest a frosh, the editor gets kicked out of school.

—Arizona Kitty Kat.

College Life
at Wisconsin . . .



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A WISCONSIN TRADITION



Miss Betty Lamoreaux (U. W. '35)
g greets the returning students
as manager of

Tiffany's Teen Shop

Incidentally, Miss Lamoreaux is modeling a formal of Medici purple with a decorative inset of tiny gold nail-heads.

Tiffany's
Dresses Exclusively

The Teen Shop
Teen Sizes, Teen Prices
546 State Street

Design Studio
and Gown Shop
550 State Street

CAMPUS QUESTIONNAIRE

(see page nine)

1. John Doolittle. Daddy Bleyer (a D.U., by the way) had the job back in the Naughty Nineties.
2. Olympic shot putter—an ag prof now.
3. Dairy—but half the agrics don't know it either.
4. Junior men.
5. Del Karlen, an independent.
6. "Karlen is an unqualified liar," as Herman Egstad, sometime secretary of the Alumni association, so neatly put it.
7. Ten graduating classes, which is quite a flock.
8. Library. (It was chapel before that.)
9. Illinois. Remember the spot Ray Dvorak was in?
10. A biologist and president of the university. Bet you said a regent or a governor.
11. That's right. You get two points on this one.
12. 42—we counted 'em!
13. Scotty's sec'y., and a right good one.
14. Tru-bull shooter.
15. Phi Delt. They started being exceptional in 1857, 15 years before any of the other eatin' clubs.
16. Alpha Chi Omega. They scrap with Tri-Delt for seventh place.
17. None.
18. Holland, as in tunnel.
19. The heating station—as was the Old Soils building.
20. The Union lawn. Porter Butts did it this summer, again.
21. Baseballer—but he never rowed at Wisconsin, even though his brother Andy was crew coach.
22. Chi Psi, etc. It's the lawdge.
23. Lakes.
24. To get to the other side.
25. About May 13—if they're ready by then.
26. Six-man. The center drops back.
27. Hockey and soccer.
28. Julia Wilkinson. Another one of the little-suspected powers.
29. Cardinal Publishing Company (adv., again).
30. None. He was in Edwin Booth, Haresfoot's chief competitor.
31. Van Hise, former university president.
32. Former NSL secretary—at the recommendation of the Milwaukee Communist party.
33. Illinois.
34. English instructor.
35. Yellow. But you can't name those from the three years before!
36. The commandant.
37. Student financial adviser. Ever see him without that pipe?
38. He flunked. Besides, he had to work on his motorcycle.
39. Prospect, right across from Sigma Phi.
40. "Boom, etc."
41. Bill. Call him that when you do a U turn in front of Bascom.
42. Young, and better stay off, see?
43. Baptist.
44. He never revises much. The poor guy has been trying to get his new textbook up to date for years. He had it all set, incidentally, and then along came Roosevelt!
45. Preboski—basketball. The rest box.
46. Journalism.
47. Linden drive. We took botany!
48. Jim Fleming, and you probably said Griswold. Dummy!
49. North. It and South have both served as dormitories. The first four, in order, were North, South, Main (now Bascom), and Chad.
50. Halfway down the campus; he was sitting down then, too.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

(from page twelve)

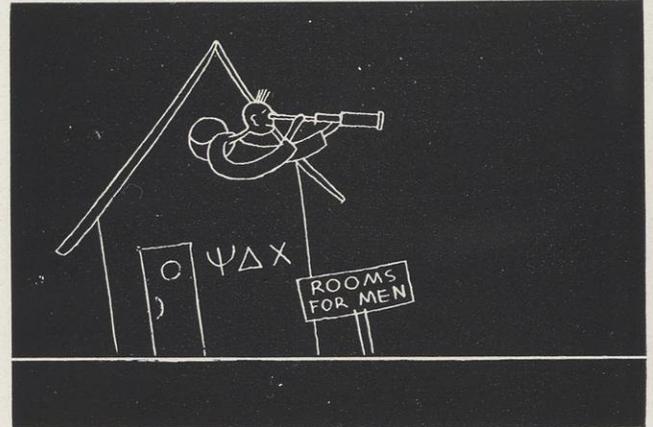
bowlegs, pyorrhea, and all the vivid personality of a Shredded Wheat biscuit.

HOCKEY TEAM. A bunch of guys who stand around wistfully in red tights waiting for the rink to freeze, which it never does, so they go to Wausau and Green Bay where there is really & truly ice to skate on, which they do.

JERRY TOWELMAN. A fellow in the gym that you give him a nice big towel and he gives you back an old piece of rag which was torn into strips and used to stuff rat holes with.

LAW SCHOOL is a place that it takes three years to get into it and three years to get out of it, which is plenty of time to think it over and repent.

LEGACY is somebody that if you don't pledge him his old man will raise h—— all over the place, and



won't crash through with the money for those new plush "davies" for the living room.

LOWER CAMPUS is the place where the ROTC boys march back and forth all over it in the dust and where fraternities play baseball in the spring and their outfields get all mixed up and catch the wrong balls and nobody hardly knows what the score is at all, and who cares?

MENDOTA COURT is where Hook & Ladder team No. 12 spend most of their time going back and forth to but there's never a real fire there, which burns them up plenty, you can bet.

NO CUT DAY is when you go to the Infirmary the day after it and pretend you were sick, because if you don't there will be a great hollering in High Places and you will be called on the mat which is uncomfortable to say the least.

We will be glad to see you at

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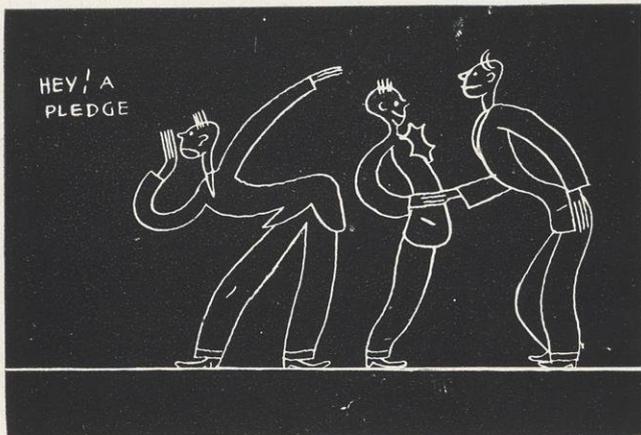
H. LESLIE STEDMAN, Prop.

NSL. National Soapbox League. Actual membership about 8 or 9; but according to the Milwaukee Sentinel 5,340 and still growing. Holds ice cream socials for benefit of starving athletes. Membership open only to excellent swimmers.

OBSERVATORY HILL is what somebody wrote a song about it that you will hear all the time until you get mighty d—n sick of it, all because the guys that wrote it said they wrote it for Wisconsin out of one side of their mouths but out of the other side of their mouths they said they wrote it for Amherst, Ohio State, Stanford, Iowa State Teachers' College, and the Idaho School of Mines—anyplace where there was an observatory and where they thought they could sell a couple of copies, the rats.

OPEN HOUSE. Formerly called the "Bag Rush."

ORCHESIS is a group of maidens who drape themselves in cheesecloth and dance and dance and dance without ance in their pance.



PHI BETA KAPPA is something that if you don't get it you say only Grinds and Applepolishers and Book-

worms get it who miss all the fun in life, only this is no doubt not so, because just look at President Roosevelt.

PICNIC POINT. We had a swell definition of this, but we heard just in time that the d—d thing burned down.

PORTER BUTTS. Former Haresfoot leading lady, since degenerated to some obscure job around the Memorial Union. Supervises the semi-annual tearing-up of the Union front lawn which it has been so often that now Butts can't tell his grass from a hole in the ground any more.

PROM. A dance given sometime in February the queen of which everybody wonders who it will be. Main preoccupation of Roundy.

REBATE. Most conveniently grouped with the Sea Serpent, the Flying Dutchman, the Man in the Moon, and Pink Elephants, who me?

ROUNDY. A strange man in a derby who lays milk on back porches. Hunh?

ROTC. Local branch of the Moose Auxiliary Drill
(continued, page twenty-nine)

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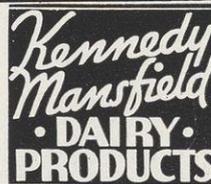
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ENCYCLOPEDIA

(from page twenty-seven)

Team. Subject of editorials, letters, essays, etc., which fill up 64% of editorial page of Daily Cardinal day after day. Membership consists largely of ex-Boy Scouts who can't afford to buy a couple of shirts.

Y M C A. Also known as "Purity Hall," "Bide-A-Wee Inn," and "The House of All Nations." Anaemic looking structure located between Union and Armory with extensive bathing facilities in rear.

WILLOW DRIVE. Road along lakeshore where horses walk in daytime and where people who wish horses hadn't walked there walk at night. Plenty of parking space and no holds barred.

SEVEN SEVENTY CLUB. A dark room full of little tables and smoke where they serve ginger ale but you have to bring your own gin. Without fail the orchestra plays "Dinah" at least three times per evening and they have a Distinctive Floorshow composed invariably of (a) one muscular female who tapdances, and (b) one wiseguy who tells gags he found in last month's Octopus.

Y W C A. A merry group of clean American girls who hold marshmallow roasts, make popcorn balls, and go on bird-study hikes which usually end up in a patch of poison-ivy or Pep Justo's Ringside Tavern. Sign up now, our quota is only 650 this year (we need a pianist who can play "Onward Christian Soldiers" like all hell).

TRIPP COMMONS is a place in the Union where on Sundays they have a string trio who spend all day tuning their instruments and now and then run through some number like "Listen to the Bobolink" for benefit of those who eat there, because that's what the place is for, eating, we mean, or otherwise you better stay out.

TROPHY is something that you have to beat all the other teams to put it on the shelf. They used to be silver plated, but times got hard, so then they became chromium plated, but times got harder, so they became nickel plated, and next year they are going to be made out of papier-mache, we hear.

STOCK PAVILION. Herein are exhibited cows, hogs, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, draught horses, concert pianists, etc.

SORORITY FORMAL. Another gag for getting a new dress out of the old man. The pledges are arranged in relays to sit with the chaperon whilst the sisters migrate practically en masse to less arid parts of town unless they are Pi Phis in which case use your imagination. Often vast quantities of stags are wandering about with vacant looks and time on their hands. Lots more to be said, but most of it is unprintable . . .

SECRET PRACTICE is what they put miles of canvas around it so you won't be able to figure out the plays because then you might tell Zuppke or Kizer or Kipke and then Wisconsin wouldn't "get them touchdowns between two and four o'clock."

NORTH HALL is what it looks just like South Hall except for being north whereas on the other hand South Hall is south, but many freshmen don't know

(continued, page thirty-one)

Hi, Gang!

- The Cardinal Publishing Company plant, —your printing plant, on the campus, —greet you for the eighth consecutive year.
- As in the past years, we present new type faces, increased facilities, and the same group of efficient and courteous workmen to handle your printing problems. Save time and money by turning your printing requirements over to us.



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It is our recommendation.*



CARDINAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

ON THE CAMPUS

740 Langdon Street

Badger 1137

STOLEN THUNDER

being a collection of the cream of the college fall crops

HAVE YOU A LITTLE LEGACY?

Little Sammy Spook has come to our house to stay,
To eat our eggs and b. all up, an' scare rushees away,
An' go to flicks, an' get free beers on the rush fund now so bare,
An' haunt the lounge, the rooms, the halls, the very softest chair;
An' all us other kiddies, when the evenin' meal is done,
We set around the table an' we has the mostest fun
A-listenin' to all the tales that Sammy tells about,
(He was captain of his high school team, the overgrown lout);
An' we're scared we'll have to keep him

Ef we Don't Watch Out!
—Bored Walk

She: "Do you mind if I smoke?"
He: "I don't give a damn if you burn."

—Lord Jeff

"You are the proud father of quintuplets.
"My God," he muttered hoarsely, "I can hardly believe my own census."

—Punch Bowl

His aunt, an old maid, went to have her picture taken, and the photographer noticed her tying a piece of string around the bottom of her skirt.

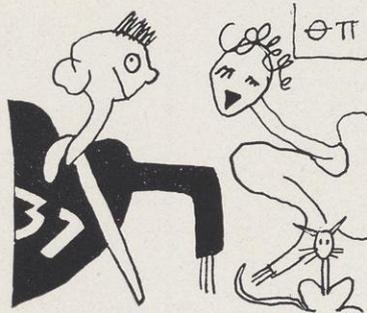
"What's the idea of that?" he asked. "I can't take your picture that way."

"You can't fool me, young man," said the old girl, "I know you can see me upside down in that camera."

—Medley

Recently a set of twins, named, respectively, Hoover and Roosevelt, became somewhat mixed in the hospital, and a doctor was called in to solve the problem. He bent over the crib, and finally straightening up, pointed out the one on the left, and said: "This one's Roosevelt—he's done something."

—Widow



He: How much would you charge to haunt a house?
She (musingly): How many rooms?

A student, getting back to school late, had difficulty in obtaining a suitable place of lodging.

One landlady, showing him a dingy bedroom, remarked persuasively, "As a whole, this is quite a nice room, isn't it?"

"Yes, madam," he agreed, "but as a bedroom it's no good."

—Bored Walk

There once was a cluck named Mc-Slup

Who gobbled light bulbs for his sup
With considerable noise

He said to the boys
"Gee Whiz, am I ever lit up."

—Bored Walk

SOLOMON GRUNDY, REVISED

Solomon Grundy
Madison on Monday
Paid fees Tuesday
Registered Wednesday
Rushed on Thursday
Ditto Friday
Same on Saturday
Pledged on Sunday
Bridge on Monday
Poker on Tuesday
Blind Date Wednesday
Saw dean Thursday
Beer party on Friday
Tomato juice Saturday
Dementia praecox on Sunday
This is the end of
Solomon Grundy

—Bored Walk

"Why the toothbrush in your coat lapel?"
"It's my class pin—I go to Colgate."

—Temple Owl

The Betas were rushing a prosperous looking prospect last fall. Wondering at his prosperity, they asked him what the rest of the family did. "My brother," he chirped, "went to counterfeiting school in Germany last year."

"My," quoth brother Jack, "and how did he make out?"

"Oh, he made very good marks," floored the frosh.

—Burr

OH! OH! OH!

"Waitress, what's wrong with these eggs?"

"I don't know. I only laid the table."

—Showme

—PANTORIUM COMPANY—

Madison's Master Cleaners

907 University Avenue

B. 1180

558 State Street

TRAGEDY

You can't walk far in the Rathskeller without spilling something. And as I was loaded down with a dish of prunes, cup of coffee, two doughnuts, and a book, I sat down at the nearest table, even though there was another fellow there already. He seemed depressed and vacant-eyed, scarcely noticed me at all. I just ate and read with one eye from the book I had opened. All of a sudden he said, "Listen," straightening up. And just then from in back of me I heard the cuckoo clock up on the wall behind the bar. "Cuckoo, cuckoo," it said, six times in a row. You should have seen the look on that guy's face. Enraptured, that's what it was; and quite a change considering how glum he'd been.

"What's the matter?" I asked him.

He looked a bit sheepishly at me. "The cuckoo clock? Well, it reminds me of home. We got a cuckoo clock to our house back in Shullsburg."

"Yeah, but heck," I said, "Cuckoo clocks aren't so much. Anyway, not enough to go nuts over."

He was becoming gloomier, it seemed. A sort of wistful look came into his eyes. "I get homesick all the time," he went on, "and this cuckoo clock is about the only thing that cheers me up. It makes me feel all tingling-like inside and makes me smile, even. Right between the china-closet and the portrait of Uncle Lazarus our cuckoo clock at home is. It sets up on the wall with some pussywillows and cat-tails stuck in behind it and the kind of speckled green wallpaper in the background—just swell! That one over there is just like it only not so uh, uh, eloquent. I got it all figured out: if I come down here to the Rathskeller at 7:25 in the evening and stay till 11:31, it will say 'Cuckoo' to me forty-three times. But now you take our clock to home. In this very same identical period IT will say 'Cuckoo' SIXTY-ONE times!"

Rather surprised me, of course, but I merely asked, "Why don't you stand up there at the bar, then, so you'll be closer?"

"Well, then I'd have to buy a beer."

"So what?" I asked. "Don't you like the beer; isn't it good beer?"

"Oh sure, it's good beer. In fact, it's beer of the first water." He leered evilly at the whitejackets behind the bar and snickered, "Beer of the first water." Sarcastic, I thought.

He was slumped in his chair again, staring blankly. I looked at the clock; twenty-five minutes before the little bird would return to solace him.

All of a sudden something went, "Cuckoo, cuckoo," real close. I looked. It was he.

It had got him.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

(from page twenty-nine)

whether they are coming or going and get the two all confused in their brains, if so. Nothing but mathematics is taught here and, take it from us, it's a good place to keep out of.

PREREQUISITE is what before taking something else you have to take it or else you can't take the course which is what you will end up not doing anyhow and will be just as well off probably.

RUSHING is when you eat doughnuts and cider and look at pictures of the class of 1922 and of Brother Epweed '31 who was once an assistant general chairman and get shook hands with a million guys who you don't remember what their names were, unless you are a girl and if so you put on your new dress and drink quarts of tea and smoke too much and say you had a simply lovely time especially if you're a legacy, which definition see above except it applies only to males, but with females it's the same idea only worse.

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GERMAN DISHES
SEA FOOD
ENTERTAINMENT

PSYCHOLOGY

Don't — read — this!
 Don't — read — this!
 Don't read a single particle.
 Peruse some other article
 But don't read this!
 Don't — read — this!
 Don't — read — this!
 It tells a secret true
 But it isn't meant for you.
 So don't read this.
 Dont — read — this!
 Dont — read — this!
 Oh, well, if you insist,
 The secret, boys, is this:
 (Don't read this!)
 (Don't read this!)
 If you must have something done
 And you can't get anyone
 —To do it, tell him not to,
 Then, of course, he's got to, that's why
 You — read — this!

—Washington Columns.

LOVE SCENE

They were dancing lightly and he held her tightly in his manly arms. He closed his eyes for a time and danced here and there in ecstasy. She looked up into his face and suddenly his eyes opened. The music stopped.

"Come, lets go out on the porch," he muttered thickly. He stole a glance at his partner. Never had he seen so ravishing a beauty. He took her in his arms.

"Oh, darling, I love you so. Say you will be mine." She looked again in his eyes.

"Im not rich like John Brown, and I haven't a car, or a home, but I do love you and want you terribly."

Two soft, snow-white arms reached around his neck, and two ruby lips whispered in his ear, "Where is this man Brown?"

—Chicago Phoenix.

RIMES THAT SHOULD

There once was a cruel old Dr.
 Who grabbed his dear wife and he Sr.
 When she crawled on the floor
 And begged for some moor,
 He stood right there and he Mr.

Here's a sad story you cannot doubt
 Of Joe Blow, who loved sauer kroubt,
 But one day he sighed,
 Then fell over and dighed,
 For his stomach was turned inside oubt.

An elderly student of Freud
 Was recently greatly anneud
 Because in his youth
 He was not told the trouth
 But the stork took the blame, poor old beud!

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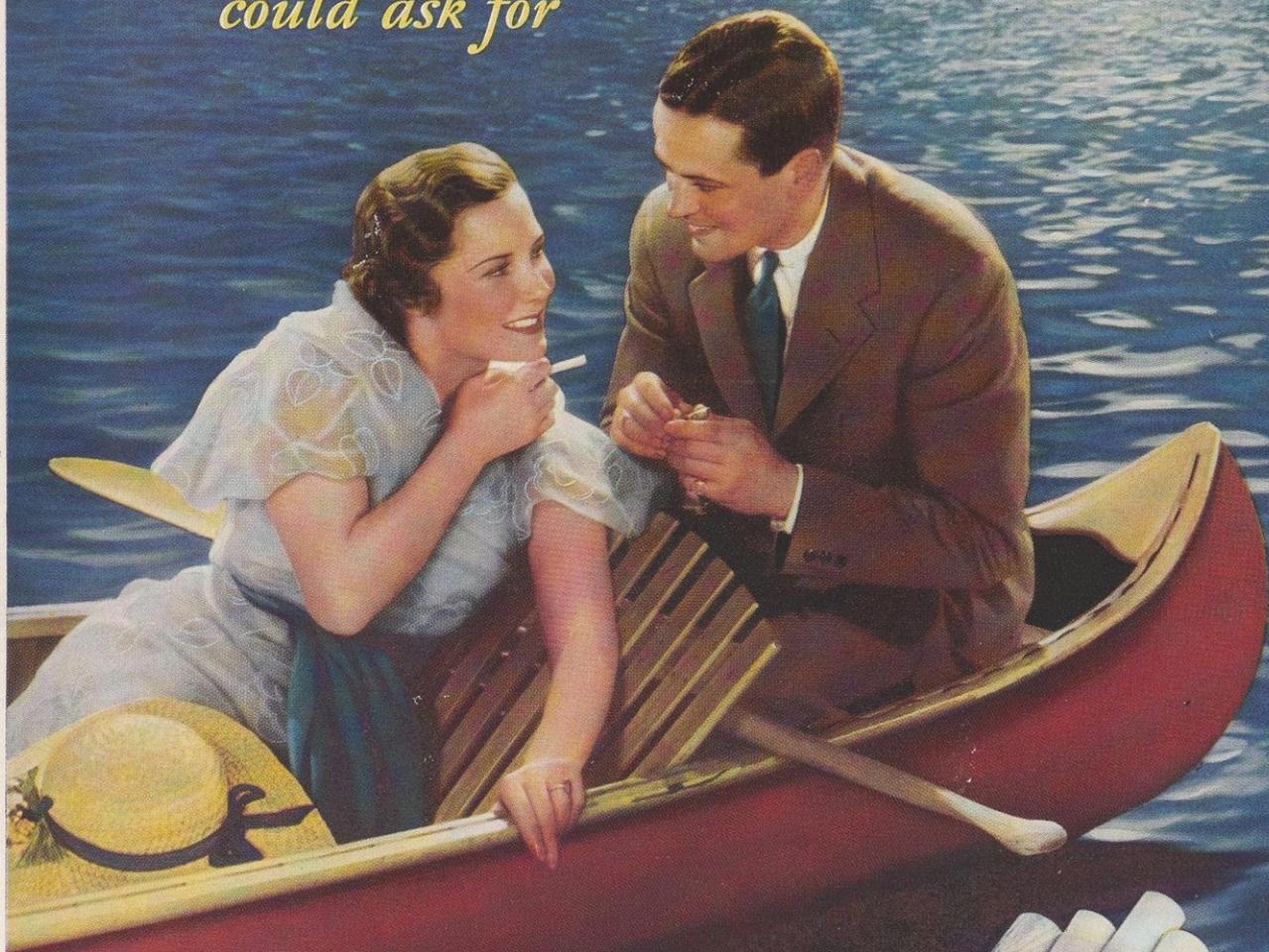
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