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## **The Wisconsin Octopus: September morn. Vol. 19, No. 1 September, 1937**

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V. 19, No. 1, Sept. 1937

# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



MCMXXXVII

T.S.H.

September Morn

15c





ANTOINETTE CONCELLO, PEER-LESS QUEEN OF THE FLYING TRAPEZE, IN HER BREATH-TAKING TRIPLE SOMERSAULT

THE ZACCHINIS—DEATH-DEFYING HUMAN COMETS. SHOT FROM THE MOUTH OF A MAMMOTH CANNON!

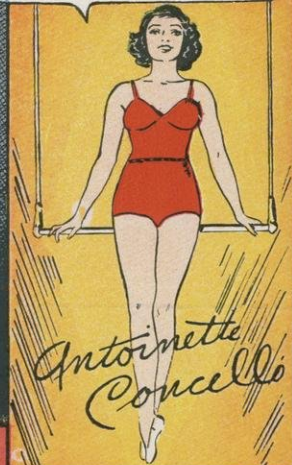
DOROTHY HERBERT—WORLD'S GREATEST EQUESTRIENNE—RIDES THE FLAMING HURDLES! A FEAT OF UNPARALLELED DARING AND NERVE...

I ENJOY ALL THE PLEASURE OF SMOKING AS OFTEN AS I PLEASE. YOU SEE, I'M A LOYAL CAMEL SMOKER. CAMELS NEVER RUFFLE MY NERVES

THE STRAIN OF OUR ACT IS TERRIFIC. WE APPRECIATE CAMEL'S MILDNESS. I KNOW CAMELS DON'T GET ON MY NERVES

I AGREE WITH HUGO 100%

YES, MY CIGARETTE IS CAMEL TOO. CAMELS NEVER JANGLE MY NERVES, AND THEY HAVE A ROYAL FLAVOR



*Antoinette Concello*



*Hugo + Mario Zacchini*



*Dorothy Herbert*



**Camels**  
never get on  
your nerves!

**FOR THE FULL PLEASURE OF SMOKING—MAKE IT CAMELS!**

CAMEL WILLINGLY PAYS MORE FOR TOBACCOS WITH EXTRA-FINE TASTE, FRAGRANCE, AND MILDNESS. MILLIONS OF SMOKERS PREFER CAMELS BECAUSE THEY KNOW THAT..... CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND. (Signed)  
R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA





## Real Funny Jokes

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Hotel Page: "Telegram for Mr. Neidspondiavanci, Mr. Neidspondiavanci!"

Mr. Neidspondiavanci: "What initial, please?" —*Lyre.*

A sheriff levied household furniture as follows:

"One dining room table

"Six dining room chairs

"One mahogany side-board

"One decanter whisky, full."

Five minutes later he struck out the word "full" and added:

"One revolving doormat."

—*Bored Walk.*

"I hear you act over the radio now."

"Yeh, I shriek in the spooky stories."

"How much do you get?"

"Oh, I manage to eek out a living."

—*Widow.*

The laziest man in the world is the one who married a widow with six children.

—*Yellow Jacket.*

First Little Pig: Have you heard from your wife recently?

S. L. P.: "Yes, I had a litter from her yesterday."

—*Ogosh.*

Girl Friend: Where did you get the A?

Bilger: I played basketball at Navy.

Girl Friend: But Navy begins with N.

Bilger: Yes, I know, but I played on the second team.

—*Log.*

What'll you take for marrying us, parson?"

"Why, whatever it's worth to you."

"Wal, I ain't got no change, but I can fix your gas meter so it won't register."

—*Lampoon.*

Student: What are your terms for students?

Landlady: I generally call them dead beats and bums.

—*Awgwan.*

Kissing a girl because she lets you is like scratching a place that doesn't itch.

—*Jester.*

"Will you marry me?"

"No, I can't, but I'll always admire your good taste."

—*Owl.*

Things even up. Shaving costs money, but you can smoke 'em an inch shorter without whiskers.

—*Tiger.*

### *The 'Readers' Digest' Reviews Lincoln's Gettysburg Address*

Eighty-seven years ago this country was born. Today we are dedicating a cemetery on a battle field of the war in which many men have died for this country. This is a splendid idea of ours.

Since nobody will remember what we say here, we are the ones that should be dedicated to the job that was begun by these dead who did not die in vain. God save the people's government.

—*Purple Cow.*



"Professor, would you come down to my fraternity house for dinner tonight?"

"Now, now, don't worry. I'll pass you in the course without your poisoning me."

—*Record.*

"Why do you think he's from the North?"

"He dances as if he had snowshoes on."

—*Tiger.*

"Honestly, girly, I'm afraid of my own shadow."

"G'wan, you can't kid me. These lights are staying on."

—*Medley.*

"By Jove! That chappy played a most scurvy trick on me."

"How so?"

"Well, he said call Cherryblossom 3317 and if a man answered to hang up. Jolly clean fun I thought. The bounder! I called five times, and each time a woman answered!"

—*Panther.*

# 25 years

RENNEBOHM PHARMACIES have been headquarters for University men and women . . . so drop in at one of the three stores strategically located to accommodate the campus for a sundae, a heavy malted, or a tasty lunch.

# RENNEBOHM'S





JERRY BRATLIE

## SAVE ON BOOKS

—where **thousands** of new and used books are available at low prices . . . plus 5% rebate checks . . . the friendly store where the students get a break.

## STUDENT BOOK EXCHANGE

*Incorporated*

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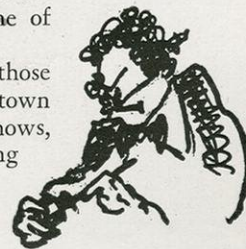
*n e a r e s t   t h e   c a m p u s*

## The Campus CHRONICLE

### *The Long Arm*

DANE County is forever righteously crusading against pin-ball machines and other forms of vice which are eating like termites into our Western Culture. And Dane County, protector of the widow and the orphan, is a direct partner in some of the basest knavery in the state.

A friend of ours went to one of those carnivals that are always coming to town with the gambling games, sex shows, popcorn, and ferris-wheels. Being the manager of a student publication and noted for his cool business sense, he went directly to a gambling wheel and in no time at all lost no less than \$25.00.



The owner of the wheel was, of course, at a loss to understand *why* the wheel wouldn't pay back any money; and when our friend got angry and threatened with the law, the owner gave him seven dollars and made him sign a statement that he would not prosecute.

Taking his seven bucks and forgetting the release he had signed, our lad went to the sheriff's office and made another scene. The sheriff looked very thoughtful but refused to do anything.

He refused to prosecute the crook because the county, through the sheriffs' office, rents the grounds to the carnivals. And in payment for the grounds, the county gets a percentage of the carnival's receipts. The more the sex-shows and gamblers take in, the more the county gets.

But just *try* and find a pin-ball machine anywhere!

### *Notice*

Signs are always interesting. This one we found among a thousand others in Bascom Hall:

I HAVE ROOM FOR 2  
PASSENGERS IN RUMBLE SEAT  
LEAVE: FRIDAY NOON  
RETURN: MONDAY EVENING  
CALL FRED—F. 9272

That's all it said, but we hope Fred got somebody to go with him—wherever he was going.

Then theres' a sign which our Octopus House janitor put up in the hallway downstairs. It says, tersely,

PLEASE TURN LIGHTS OUT WHEN LOVING

### *Figures*

All freshmen should peer into the Paul Bunyan Room in the Union at once for a view of James Watrous's murals.

While looking at the murals with due respect and awe, freshmen should carefully consider the following facts:

On the walls of this room, performing a vital duty, are the yolks of 756 eggs, or 63 dozen—all strictly fresh.

Representing a total investment of \$22.68, the yolks of these eggs could have made 63 sunshine cakes of delicate texture; and the whites, which were thrown into sinks and wastebaskets without ceremony, could have made an equal number of angelfood cakes. This is enough cake to furnish



each male freshman with one man-sized piece.

The yolks are mixed with water and pigments to form the paint with which the murals were done, a technique called egg tempera.

Mr. Watrous claims that his blues were mixed with the yolks of robin's eggs, but this statement should be taken with a grain of salt. Mr. Watrous once edited the Octopus.

### Mail

This is to acknowledge the receipt of Employer's Identification Number 39 0714335 under the Social Security Act, assigned to the Wisconsin Octopus, Incorporated, by the Bureau of Internal Revenue of the Treasury Department, to whom we are duly grateful.

The Octopus also acknowledges the receipt of a section of the Congressional Record ("not printed at government expense") entitled *Gallop Hounds of Waste Saddle More Than \$206,000,000 Travel Expense on Taxpayers in 3 Years—Sum Far Exceeds Cost of Sending American Expeditionary Forces to France*. We appreciate the thoughtfulness of Hon. Harold Knudson, House member from Minnesota, for sending us his speech but regret we find it unsuitable for publication at the moment.

### Fancy

We asked the proprietor of the Bay State Shoe Rebuilders over on State Street why in the world he named his Wisconsin store after the state of Massachusetts.

"Well," he said with a slight Grecian brogue, "I wanted a name that is easy to say, and somebody else already got Badger State Shoe Rebuilders, so I call it Bay State because she's easy to say."

There you are, Q. E. D.

### Many Wealthy

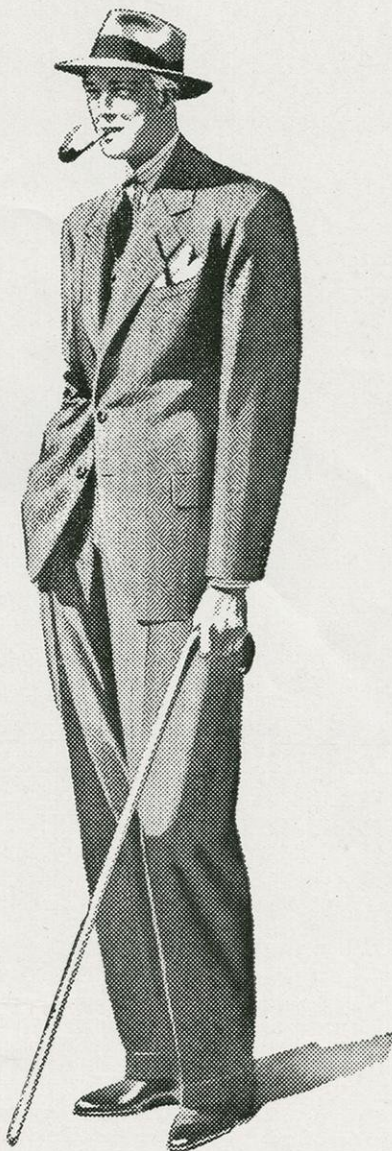
The editor of the Pittsburgh *Panther* dropped into our office a couple weeks ago for a little professional visit in which much shop was talked. And we incidentally found out why the editor, Mr. Tom Smith, was in town.

Last October, you may recall, Octy published photographs of six charming freshman lassies; and when that issue got to the office of the *Panther* and fell open in front of Smith, he was deeply impressed by the upper left hand portrait.

He promptly sat down and wrote to the lady of his delight; and the young lady, Miss Marjorie Pollock, replied to his letter on a dare from her sister Alpha Xi Deltas.

Hence ensued a long correspondence, and this summer

## Herringbones



and diagonals are this season's smartest. Shown in the drape fashions . . . single or double breasted. A great selection and a wide variety of prices.

\$32<sup>50</sup> TO \$45

KARSTENS

ON CAPITOL SQUARE

22 N. CARROLL

## Just off the Campus

Lunches...

Refreshments...

School Supplies...

Drugs of All Kinds...

PRESCRIPTIONS OUR SPECIALTY

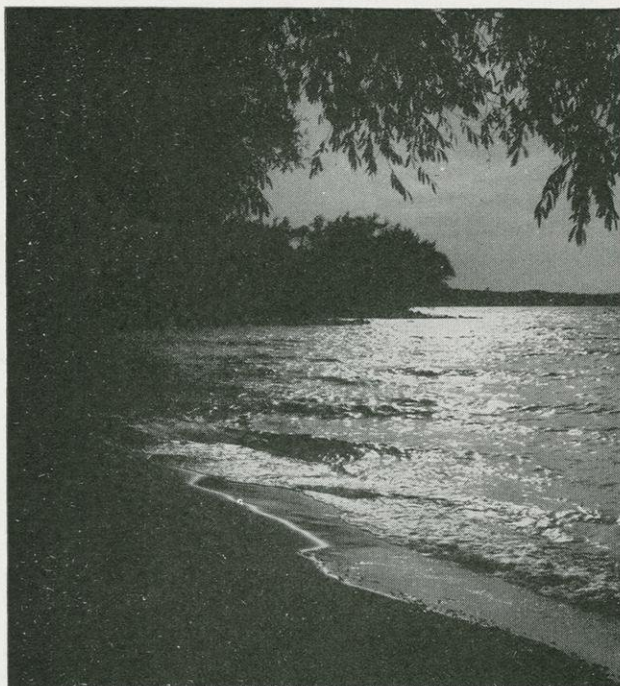
MALLATT'S PHARMACY

Student Headquarters

718-720 State Street

Fairchild 3400





## Wisconsin Engraving Company

109 SOUTH CARROLL ST.

MADISON, WISCONSIN

### The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc.

Madison, Wisconsin

\* \* \* \*

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#### Contributors:

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\* \* \* \*

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SEPTEMBER, 1937

Number 1

at his first opportunity Smith took a train for Madison to actually see the girl he had met through the pages of the *Police Ga*— we mean, through the pages of the *Octopus*. When last seen, the happy couple were having the time of their lives.

Octy, son of Venus, sets another tiny arrow in his bow and peers around with a sly grin. Next?

#### Journalism

"A mile or so of film is showing at the Capitol theater with a couple of pleasing songs, cute Dick Powell, and a healthy dose of nationalistic propaganda."

"... These musicals on the Capitol screen are so old that the wistful looking woman in back of us knows all the songs and sings them along with Powell."

"The janitor at one of the studios picked up a few odds and ends off the floor, slapped Vitaphone Pictorial Review on them, and is cleaning up distributing the reel as a time killer."

"... meaningless scatter of subject including even a short, faded strip of technicolor."

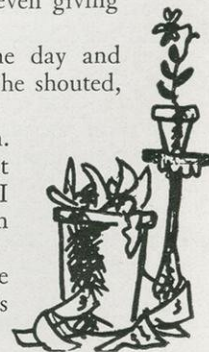
Thus did the Daily Cardinal, famed for its integrity, write up the Capitol theater all summer. You see, the Capitol wasn't advertising, wasn't even giving the editor his free passes.

The theater's manager blew up one day and phoned the Cardinal office. "I'll sue!" he shouted, and hung up.

Soon the Cardinal phone rang again. "This is the Capitol manager. I just talked to the Better Business Bureau. I won't sue, but send up somebody I can talk to." Somebody went.

The phone rang again. "This is the Capitol manager. I just talked to this guy you sent. Now send up somebody who can take an ad." Somebody went.

Next day appeared a small Capitol ad. The nasty reviews, whether by design or coincidence, stopped.



#### Fact

We can prove this. In the State Asylum on the other side of Lake Mendota is an inmate who owes his condition to the recent \$100,000 Old Gold contest.

With high hopes, great energy, and a brilliant mind he entered the contest and, apparently ignoring the many tip-sheets, was stumped by three or four of the puzzles. As the deadline loomed ominously he worked feverishly for three



ART FIELD  
*Campus*  
 Representative

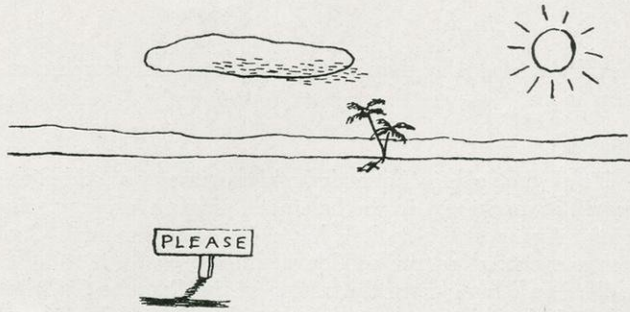
### For YOUR DANCES

TRAVELLING BANDS  
 CAMPUS BANDS

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call

Fred Dexter Music Service  
 601 State St. Phone B-3078





nights and three days without stopping once for a second of sleep. On the verge of collapse he finished his puzzles correctly and whipped them off to the post-office in time for the last possible mail.

The next day he remembered he had forgotten to include his name.

### Get Broadened

At the the Co-op you can buy a set of stickers for ten cents which, when pasted on your carpet-bag, will inform people that you have visited hotels in Venice, London, Innsbruck, Nice, and Antwerp and have traveled by air (*par avion*) through France. Why go to Europe?

### Lies, Lies

Conversation overheard in a State Street drug store at a late hour on a fine, starlit night:

Proprietor's wife: "What happened to all those copies of *Consumer's Digest* that we got on the newsstand this morning? Did we sell them already?"

Proprietor: "I put them all down in the basement."

Proprietor's wife: "Why, what's the matter with them..."

Proprietor: "If people go around reading that sort of stuff, they won't buy half the junk in this store. Besides, I



Our supplies of Stationery, Pencils, Pens, Inks . . . and other necessities of hill and home include the largest variety possible . . .



Even though you may not need anything just now, by all means drop in and get acquainted.

**Netherwood's**

5 1 9 S T A T E S T R E E T

Co-ed Approved



### "Merry Wife of Windsor"

Its namesake got an ex-King by wearing simple black and white. Amazing powers! You can at least beguile the football captain or class president with its aid. Against the black wool the white scroll trim is vurr' flattering. \$13.95

exclusive  
at

**Baron's**

on the square



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We have a very large stock of cameras and supplies and a personnel that will be of real friendly help to you.

*Photographically yours*

### The Photoart House

*State near Gorham Street*

THE MEUER PHOTOART STUDIO  
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heard the other day that all this Consumer's Research business is nuts."

### Rivals

To all the noise in Lohmaier's this summer was added the sound of machinery in the basement, digging, digging, digging. And now Lohmaier's has a well, 33 feet deep. Cuts down overhead on the cooling plant.

The shell hung from the ceiling of the Campus Grill has a hole in it which was neatly and methodically drilled there, thus rendering it unfit for further service. The hole is to take care of the plumbing upstairs, which leaks like all get out and would fill the shell in no time.

### And How Old Are YOU?

The people who run the Amber Inn aren't Chinese, but they're very damned clever. This summer we met an awfully nice freshman from Vassar, and while making the rounds, stopped at the Amber Inn.

When the rather pretty waitress walked to our booth, we expected her to take our orders. Instead, she looked at the young lady and asked, "Are you eighteen?"

"Yes," she replied proudly, "I am just eighteen."

"Well, I'm sorry," returned the waitress, "but one must be twenty-one to even *stay* in here."

We walked out like little children who had just been spanked.



Aleen Anderson  
*Alpha Chi Omega*  
Marjorie Pollack  
*Alpha Xi Delta*  
Ruth Bennett  
*Kappa Alpha Theta*

CANDID CAMERA PROVES  
a course in chic is a snap!

— if you shop at

# Tiffany's

Shops at 546 and 550 State Street



AND FOR HIS GIRL  
 You sing a little song or two;  
 And you have a little chat;  
 You make a little candy fudge,  
 And then you take your hat.  
 You hold her hand and say goodnight!  
 As sweetly as you can;  
 Ain't that a hell of an evening  
 For a great, big, healthy man?  
 —Columns.

Mother: "Why are you making faces  
 at that bulldog?"  
 Small Child (wailing): "He started  
 it."  
 —Lampoon.

After looking over a moose at the  
 zoo, it seems to us that a man shot by  
 mistake for one of them might as well  
 be dead anyhow.  
 —Log.

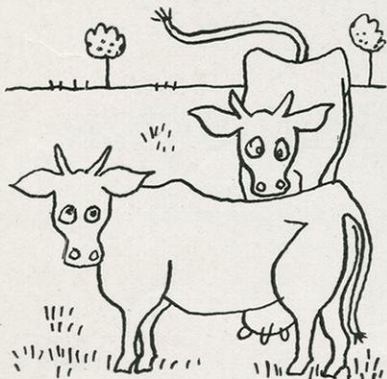
"Hello, Jones! Are you using your  
 bathing suit tonight?"  
 "I'm afraid so."  
 "Splendid! Then you won't mind  
 lending me your tux."  
 —Sphinx.

Mountaineer: Emmy, ef'n yew don't  
 git better report cards, I'm danged if  
 I ain't gonna divorce ye.  
 —Turnip.

I sneezed a sneeze into the air;  
 It fell to ground I knew not where;  
 But hard and cold were the looks of  
 those  
 In whose vicinity I snoze.  
 —Froth.

Dying Man: What will become of  
 my vast estate when I have passed  
 away?  
 Lawyer: Just leave everything to me,  
 old man.  
 —Voodoo.

Professor—Have you been smoking  
 in here?  
 Co-ed—Er—no, Dr. Jones.  
 Professor—Well, then, what makes  
 the room look so hazy?  
 Co-ed—Why—er—I opened the win-  
 dow and a cloud blew in.  
 —Punch Bowl.



"I keep thinking it's Tuesday."



the editor or business manager, both of whom are QUITE gentle and very fond of freshmen. Sophomores, juniors and professors are no less welcome.

## A Career For Youth

This freshman shyness is all very silly. Two or three years from now a bunch of people from the class of 1941 will be running Octy—writing stories, drawing pictures, gathering ads, having a good time. If you would like to be one of them, drop in at our palatial offices soon for a chat with

## The Wisconsin Octopus


**"Q & A"**

**Question:**  
 "Is the 3-button coat being worn by smartly dressed Wisconsin men?"

**Answer:**  
 "Most emphatically. It's a big favorite on all Big Ten campuses."

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**HART SCHAFFNER & MARK**



# We're Ready With The Fatted Calf . . .

And a ringing welcome, too, for all our returning prodigal sons . . . we'll serve her (the calf) up to your order in whichever of the Union's Dining Rooms suits your fancy. Roasted — fried — grill or broiled — even raw if you feel that way about it.



Of course we're setting aside a big share of both the calf and the welcome for you new prodigals just arrived on the campus. This is your week — and we're out to help you make the most of it.

## THE WISCONSIN UNION

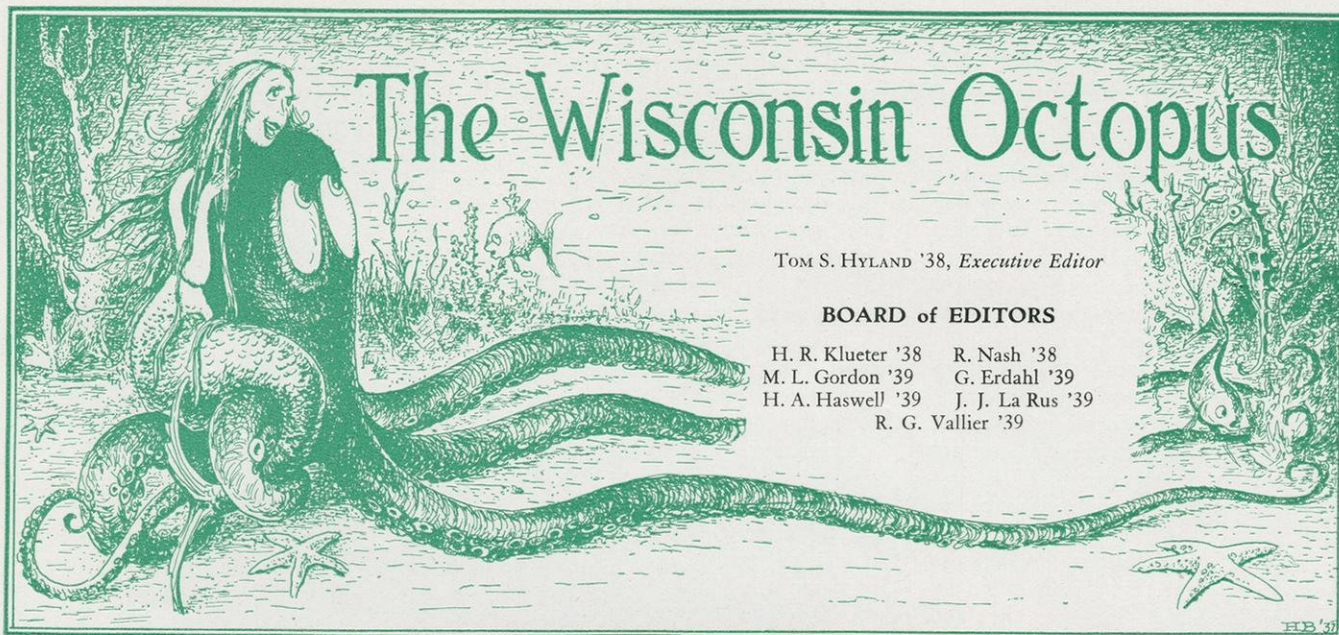
RATHSKELLER  
*(food service for men)*

GEORGIAN GRILL  
*(table d'hôte and à la carte)*

REFECTORY  
*(cafeteria service)*

TRIPP COMMONS  
*(table d'hôte on Sundays)*





TOM S. HYLAND '38, Executive Editor

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Volume XIX

SEPTEMBER, 1937

Number 1

## On Second Thought

SENIOR lawyers again appear with their distinguishing bit of costume, a walking cane. Obviously a complete law-suit is too costly even for them.

\*\*\*

Workers have walked out of another Ohio steel mill while the furnaces were blazing. This is a new application of the old saying—Strike while the iron is hot!

\*\*\*

As editor of *Rural Progress*, Mr. Glenn Frank will have a fine opportunity to write editorials. We are eager to see whether he will commit himself to a three or a four point program.

\*\*\*

One thing should be made clear to the freshmen. They do *not* have to have their fingerprints and a letter from their parish priest when they appear at a football game with that numbered convict-portrait.

\*\*\*

The Union Board has issued a pamphlet explaining the ROTC, with the idea of reducing its membership. Will the army retaliate with another row of brass buttons on its suits?

\*\*\*

The Roosevelt grin, we read, is used as a pattern of the happy smile for suicide-minded Hungarians of Buda-

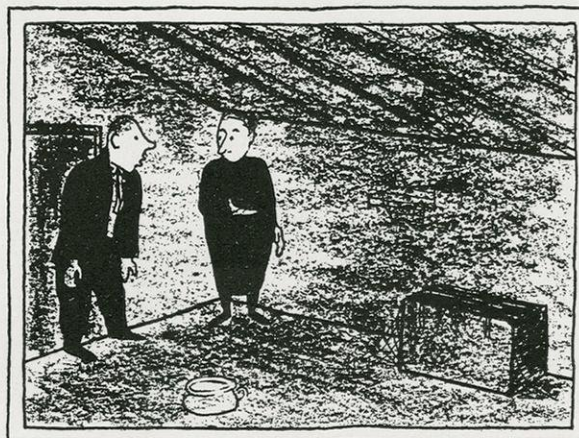
pest. The same treatment has notably failed in the case of many American manufacturers.

\*\*\*

The only data which historians can find on many Elizabethan poets are the court records of their legal difficulties. Future biographers of William Ellery Leonard should have little trouble in reconstructing his career by similar means.

\*\*\*

Coach Stuhldreher is the author of a soon-to-appear Hollywood football movie. Candidates for the team must now not only tackle dummies and jump through tires but must pass a screen test as well.



"You can have this room for \$1.50 a week. It's haunted."

To date President Dykstra has written at least a dozen "Welcomes to Freshmen." The point he is trying to put across is, the university is damned glad you people came here.

\*\*\*

The Pi Phi house stands all resplendent at the bend in Langdon street, having recently had its face lifted. Rumor says the mortgage has undergone a similar treatment.

\*\*\*

Freshmen are warned that the university will not officially let them go out for activities because it may interfere with their studies. Football, however, is an exception; there is no case on record of anyone neglecting his books for practice and trips.

\*\*\*

In the early days of the university North Hall was used as a dormitory. It is now used merely for sleeping in.

\*\*\*

We shall watch with interest to see who enrolls in the new course in Gaelic. Will there be an onslaught of Carrideos, Schultzes, and Savoldis?

\*\*\*

The university theater again offers a bunch of plays and foreign movies. The season will doubtless be a failure, though, as there are no plans for Bank Nites.



## The Chair of Gaelic and other Specimens of Academic Furniture

THE gentleman from the 12th Milwaukee, the Honorable Martin Kwaloczek, drew himself up to his full height of five feet three and from behind his rotund belly began delivering one of the most forceful orations (with gestures) ever heard in the chambers of the State Legislature.

"Two hunnred and forty-three thousand, one hunnred and eight people in this great state of Wisconsin are proud to look the world in the eye and say they can speak the great Polish language. And these people, all taxpayers and many of them—I am happy to say—living in my district *demand* to know how come that this so-called institution of higher learning, the University of Wisconsin, don't teach their language to the boys and girls which they send here to get educated.

"This University of ours teaches French, and there are not one-tenth the taxpayers who can speak French that can speak Polish. And Spanish and Greek and German and God only knows what else, they teach all this stuff—lots of them dead languages.

"The Polish language, it's as good as any of these, and ought to be taught so the taxpayers of my district get their money's worth out of the University. I, for one, will not vote one cent of money for the University unless this insult to the taxpayers of the 12th Milwaukee is rectified!"

And so it was that the sonorous Polish language with its wealth of sublime literature entered the catalogue of the University of Wisconsin and that six eager students were introduced to new realms of culture by a professor imported with great difficulty from an obscure Polish college at a salary of \$5,000 a year.

Hence it was no surprise that the

Honorable John R. McGuffey, of Waupaca County, took the floor at the next session of the legislature and began upholding the natural rights of his constituents.

"Six hundred thousand, eight hundred and twelve citizens of this state have been ignored long enough. These citizens are proud to say that they or their ancestors sprang from the sod of old Ireland and to them, as to me, there is no finer race than the Irish.

"But does this alleged institution of higher learning, our University, recognize their devotion to their homeland and their contribution to the prosperity of the great state of Wisconsin? No, gentlemen, it does *not*!

"I have here a petition, signed by 437 members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, asking that as the French, German, Spanish, Polish, and even the language of that arch-enemy of all that is Good and Holy, *Red Russia*, are taught to the children of the taxpayers of this state, it is essential that classic tongue of Ireland, Gaelic, be offered as well.

"I, for one, will not vote one penny of my constituents' money for the upkeep of the University unless it teaches the language which hundreds of thousands of our citizens love and demand, Gaelic."

The gentleman from Rock County, with the consent of the floor, asked the gentleman from Waupaca County just



C. LIEBL

"I guess I'll have to transfer to Northwestern.  
They won't take a check."

how many of his constituents could *speak* Gaelic.

The Honorable McGuffey replied, with great zeal, "Mr. Schroeder does not obviously object to the University teaching *German*—oh, no! Mr. Schroeder does not want the University to teach *Irish*! May I remind Mr. Schroeder that, exactly twenty years ago, this great nation was at war with barbarians who spoke the German language . . ."

But, needless to say, Gaelic took its place in the 1937-38 timetable of the University of Wisconsin, much to the delight of two musty graduate students and the professor of Anglo-Saxon; and the professor of Gaelic—at \$5,000 per year—arrived in due time from Dublin.

o o o

The next session of the legislature was a riot. Assemblymen popped up in every corner of the room and began speeches at once.

"In my district alone, 2,351 taxpayers speak Croatian, one of the purest languages of modern Europe . . ."

" . . . Bulgarian has been overlooked too long, and the day has come . . ."

"Among the tongues of the world, Esthonian stands out as the most . . ."

" . . . My constituents wish to know why the Tyrolese dialect of Eastern Switzerland, and the good books written in that language have not been . . ."

### The Poets Greet the Freshmen

When tha frost is on tha freshman and tha profs are on tha hill,  
When yer writin' checks on Poppa er a-sendin' him the bill,  
And ya see them college honeys who are smooth enough ta blindya,  
And yer mighty near fergettin' all tha gals ya left behindya;  
O, it's then tha time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,  
When he slides down in his history seat ta get sum hard-earned rest,  
And tha bookstores is a-gloatin' over money in tha till  
When tha frost is on tha freshman an' tha profs are on tha hill.

—J. W. Riley, '38



"... Forty-three citizens of this state come from the island of Crete and insist upon having their superb dialect of Greek taught in the department of Classics ..."

"Should the boys and girls of our state grow up in ignorance of the beauties of Ukranian? Not one cent will I ..."

o o o

EIGHTEEN new chairs of languages were established by the spring of 1938; and every taxpayer in the state, whether his grandfather came from Finland or Corsica, should say his

prayers at night safe in the thought that his boys and girls down at Madison were being taught the best little old language on earth and that his Ancestral Honor was not besmirched.

The department of mathematics was severely understaffed; and the economics department was doubling up in a futile effort to handle its crowds of students.

The Professor of Gaelic, however, was delighted as his enrollment zoomed to eight students. This figure passed

the department of Polish, and more than doubled the department of Albanian.

—T. H.

A scheduled attack of infantry units, in training at Bourne, Mass., failed to materialize. Officers of the National Guard investigated and discovered that the speed of the attack was being measured by the soldier's ability to eat their way through blueberry bushes.

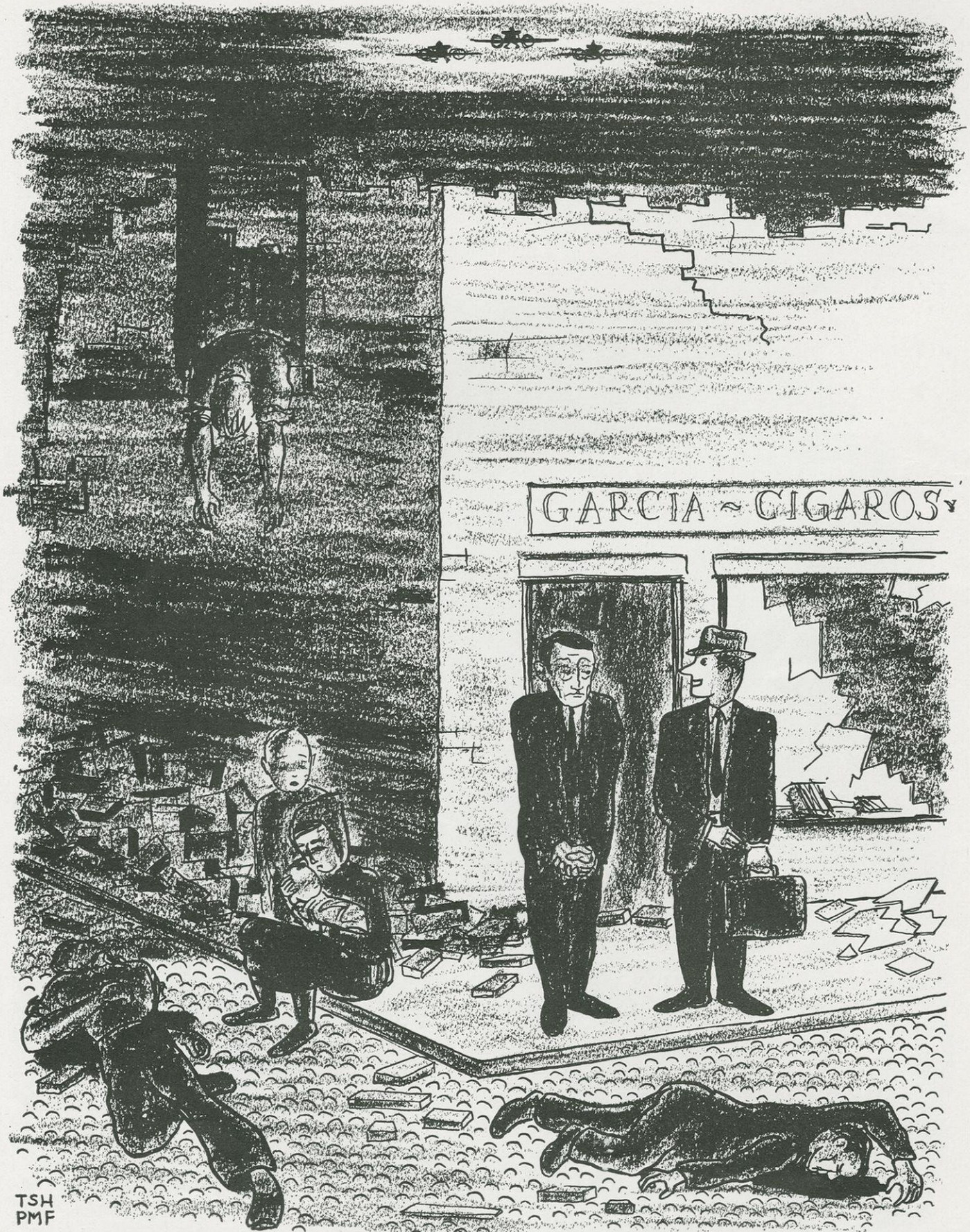
—A. P. DISPATCH

*After all, doesn't an army march on its stomach?*



"I feel I ought to warn you, Miss Thorpe. My roommate here is a great hand with the ladies."





*"Senor Garcia, I represent the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company."*



## Peter Rabbit

### He Goes to College and Falls In with Evil Companions

**W**ITH his fluffy white tail bobbing up and down Peter Rabbit scampered through the briar bushes and sunny meadows on his way to college, lipperty lipperty lip. Peter had never been to college before—he was a Freshman, said the little handbook which lay in his carpetbag with his three celluloid collars, his Duke of Kent white shirt, and a small head of lettuce.

And it was the first time Peter had been away from home alone, too. As his father had said to him the night before, Peter was a great big rabbit now and it was high time he was on his own and learned a few things. *But*, his father had warned, Peter must keep his wits about him, for the world is full of knaves who love nothing better than to swindle a little rabbit.

Peter stopped for breath on top of a little hill. In the valley below him he could see the college, beautiful buildings with spires and covered with ivy. And coming up the hill toward Peter were two college students—at least that is what Peter thought they were, for they wore loud tweed coats and one had a pipe, the other a row of golden keys on a chain.

They *were* college students, and as they came near Peter they talked in low voices so that he could not hear them.

"Aha, another one," said the Fox. "This makes ten this morning."

"We're having great luck," said the Wolf. "I hear the enrollment this year will break all records."

"And we ought to do a little record-breaking ourselves," chuckled the Fox, his little red eyes gleaming.

"Shhhh," warned the Wolf. "Good morning!" he cried to Peter. "Coming to college, I take it?"

"Why, yes," said Peter, shyly. "That's it ahead, isn't it?"

"Right!" said the Wolf. "You must have been here before, eh?"

"Oh, no," said Peter. "I'm a freshman."

The Wolf smiled, showing a row of sharp white teeth. "I'm an upperclassman myself, and I shall be glad to show you around," he said.

"Gosh, fellows," said Peter, "thanks a lot, I hardly know how to . . ."

"Oh, now that's all right," purred the Fox, putting his arm around Peter's shoulder. "The college sent us out just to help little rabbits like you. Can I carry your carpetbag for you?"

"Sure," said the Wolf hastily. "Just tell us what you want to see."

Peter glowed all over. Not even at college yet, but he had found two

ter at his remark.

"Come, come, my boy," said the Fox, "none of that. Barmaid!" he called across the room, "three pints of nut-brown ale, and spare the collar!"

"I'll buy!" cried the Fox.

The Wolf reached into the pocket of his tweed jacket. "We'll roll for them," he said; and Peter Rabbit

watched pop-eyed as the dice rolled and clattered across the board. "Double or nothing?" asked the Fox. "You're on!" cried the Wolf, as he blew on the dice and sent them clicking again. "You lose again!" yelled the Fox, his teeth gleaming. "Another round of ales!" Peter's eyes grew bigger.

Peter shuddered slightly as the warm, bitter ale went down. "How do you like college *now*?" asked the Fox.

"Oh . . . fair," said Peter.

"What you need, old man, is a date. Now I can fix you up with the smoothest wenches to be found in these scholastic halls. Maybe even a Prom Queen," the Fox said, nudging Peter and winking slyly. "Who knows?"

Peter thought for a moment of the sweet little bunny he had left back home; but after all, he thought, I'm in college now. Still, he asked, "But where shall I take her? And what shall I do?"

"Ah, I'm glad you mentioned that. Now, we're having a little party up at my club this weekend—"

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed the Wolf, turning to the Fox. "You got the last one. This one is *mine*." He grabbed Peter by the elbow.

"I fear you have had one too many tankard of brew, my friend," said the Fox sarcastically. "You got the last freshman we snared." He took a little colored button with a design on it out of his pocket. "Peter, old man," he said, "I want . . ."

"By heaven, this is *my* freshman," yelled the Wolf as he dashed the little button to the floor. "You had the last one!"

The Fox bared his teeth and snarled, "Shall we settle this outside?"

Peter sat small and frail, his whiskers trembling. His chums were going to fight—to fight about him. Each of



"I am a Freshman," said Peter

chums! "Well," he said, "I hear there's a fine stuffed whale in the Museum. And some dandy paintings—"

The Fox laughed. "Oh, not that sort of stuff," he said. "That isn't college. We'll show you what college *REALLY* is!" His head in a whirl, Peter Rabbit went arm in arm down the hillside with his newly found friends to see what college was.

**P**ETER looked about, bewildered, as they walked into a smelly, noisy building and sat down at an oaken table. The place—Peter almost called it a den—was full of other students; but none of them had books and certainly none were studying.

"What's yours?" the Wolf asked Peter.

"A small root-beer," said Peter who soon blushed to the roots as the Fox and the Wolf burst into gales of laugh-



them seemed to want him to join a club or something. But what was it the Fox had said—"The last freshman we snared?"

In a second Peter saw he had been tricked. He looked at the Fox and the Wolf as they stood there growling at each other and sharpening their claws. He looked at the crowd which had gathered, watching hungrily.

Peter slipped quietly under the table, grabbed his carpetbag, and scooted for all he was worth for the door. Up the street he ran, lipperty lipperty lip, until at last he had to stop for breath.

His father was probably right, after all: little rabbits at college should keep their wits about them.

And now, Peter Rabbit said to himself, where is this Museum with the stuffed whale?

### Fraternal Advice

My brother, you are but a freshman,  
A freshman from Lodi, at that.  
Steer clear of dice and tobacco,  
And spirits brewed in a vat.

Fall not prey to the smiles of the co-eds;  
Remain to their wiles chill and mute;  
For they'll lead you to Open-Houses  
And places of low repute.

Leave the cards, liquor, and women  
Who'll leave you soon for another;  
Leave them, leave them one and all,  
Leave them all to brother.

—M. L. G.

### The Poets Greet the Freshmen

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous freshie,  
What confusion's on thy breastie:  
A wee mite o' devilish tomfoolery—  
Wearin' all your high school jewelery!

—R. Burns, '14

### OUR LOCAL PRESS

[from the MILWAUKEE SENTINEL,  
morning of July 22]

The final scene of the play is a tearful one, though the participants are reveling in sprightly songs and dances. Fortunately the ending was made before Miss Harlow's death.

[from the CAPITAL TIMES,  
afternoon of July 22]

The final scene of the play is a tearful one, although the participants are revelling in sprightly songs and dances. Fortunately the ending was made before Miss Harlow's death.

### PHI EPSILON PI PLANS SERIES OF DANCES

Hostesses at the dance will be selected from members of the Alpha Epsilon Pi sorority. Mr. and Mrs. Patrick O'Rourke O'Brien will chaperon the affair.

—DAILY CARDINAL

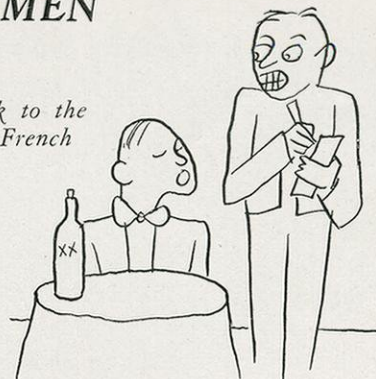
Ha ha.

## DONT'S FOR FRESHMEN



Don't play with firearms

Don't speak to the waiter in French



Don't grow a beard



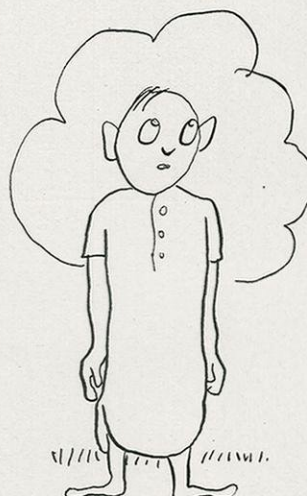
Don't hide



Don't keep pets



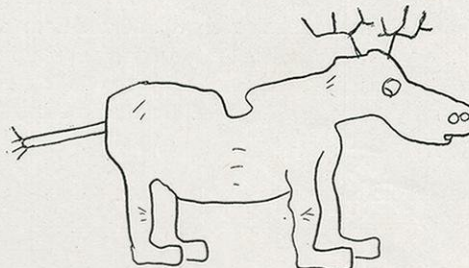
Don't have tantrums



Don't wear your nightie to classes



Don't fritter

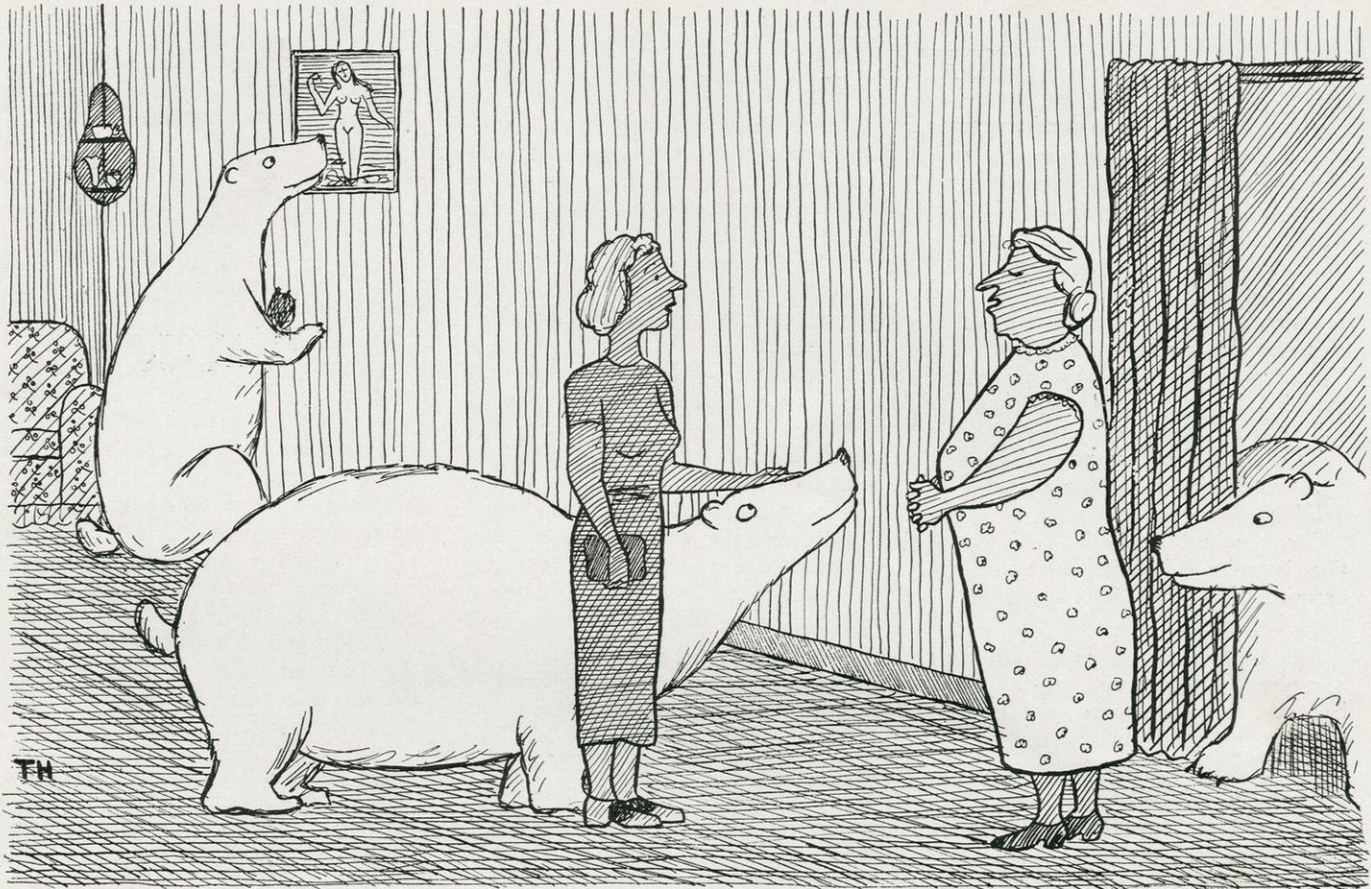


Don't stag in costume



Don't burn your candle at both ends





*"I don't care where you got them, Isabel—Langdon Hall is NOT a zoo."*

### Flash!

**G**OOD evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is your old radio commentator speaking, bringing you the latest news of the day!

It's a ten-pound baby bomb over at the Peachey Steel Corp., and the wise boys are already betting two-to-one that there will be another before the first of the year.

And say, Bill Zarkoff, who was that naval gun I saw you with last night?

Reports of a break-up between the Bingo Shell Co. and Little Gem Powder Works are false, friends say. "They never had more affection for one another, and will probably merge sometime in June."

When little Buddy Ipswitch, age ten months, called out the fire dept. the other yawning it was to investigate some suspicious smoke fumes which he saw emerging from a near-by building. Was Buddy's face red when he found that his "smoke fumes" were not fumes at all but merely poison gas which was undergoing tests!

J. G. Biddle, that old party thrower, has invented a new toy that threatens to take the country by storm. It's a little gadget that shoots seven or eight

hundred bullets per min. Hats off to you, J. G., and what won't you think of next!

That little cruiser that the Daisey Boat Corp., the old tinkers, has just launched will not be armed with fifteen inch but with sixteen inch guns. Our error and is our face red!

Here's a touching tale that I heard only last night. It seems that a Mr. A, former head of the Speedo Caterpillar Tread Corp., lost his entire roll playing our little equine friends. At his wits' end with worry he finally decided to jump in the river and end it all. What was his astonishment upon landing in the water to find himself dragged from that watery grave by one of his own tanks! "I intend," says Mr. A, "to replace the poor old tank's guns with shiney new ones. And not only that, but I am planning a comeback in

the world." And here's lots of good luck to you, Mr. A, and may you come back stronger than ever!

That squabble in court over John L. Gurkin's self-raised salary is still going on. Under heavy fire from sharp witted lawyers, John L. stoutly defended his position by saying, "Well, suppose I did boost my rake-off another two hundred gees per year, I gotta right to a living wage, ain't I?"

Best Crack: When R. T. Bonswim's friends heckled him a bit too much this young a.m., he exploded, "Suppose I do puff and wheeze when I walk; what do you want a gun-runner to do, whistle?"

Best Chune: "Just a Bayonet, a Grenade, and You."

Best Book: "The Pacifist and His Protective Covering."

Toughest Break: Billy Hardtack had to sell recently his entire stable of two thousand bombing planes. He refused to name the purchaser but friends mention a certain European plane fancier. Billy's sole comment on the whole affair was, "I'm plenty sorry about my string but most of them were six-month-olds and were of course obsolete."

—R.N.

### The Poets Greet the Freshmen

*To the Virgins,*

*to make much of Time*

Gather ye freshmen while ye may,

For time brings only sorrow;

And the small shy simpleton of today

Is the Prom King of tomorrow.

—R. Herrick, '31



## X Meets Y

AND, gentlemen," the president concluded, "unless you can get students within the next two weeks to come to your classes, I'm afraid the mathematics department will be forced to shut down. Good morning!"

Frightened, the professors left the president's office and shuffled into the room of the head of the department. Terror, with the speed of a calculating machine, had descended upon them.

"It's unthinkable, an outrage!"

"That president ought to have his hypotenuse kicked," muttered Jones of Solid Hyperbolics III.

"Personally, I don't think his equation is quite balanced," sneered Peppermint of Applied Alternating Functions 134.

"Der Funktionentheorie auf die Theorie der Profilstroemingen und vorüber . . ." began Professor Schwartz but was promptly hush-hushed by the others. He hadn't quite grasped the meaning of the conference and suspected it concerned some vague theories.

The chairman rapped for order. "Gentlemen," he started, "it looks as if we have reached  $n$  of our supposedly infinite teaching series. Some minor faults have, of course, crept into our department. Professors aren't paid quite according to their worth.

"Smythe of Arithmetic 1b has a class of eight hundred and is paid \$1,223.45 a year not including partial waivers. Diddletree of Imaginary Elliptic Variables (not offered 1937-38) has had three students in the last five years and gets \$5,000. Doctor Schwartz, who has no students, being engaged purely in research, gets \$25,000.

"Obviously this system is wrong. Schwartz can't carry on research at only \$25,000 a year.

"But I digress. What's to be done to increase attendance? The floor is open for discussion."

The professors stared at each other with dumb, startled eyes. Here was a question clearly beyond them.

"Kidnap the students," ventured Petrie, Ph.D.

"Offer them candy."

"Give them footballs."

"Give them women."

"That's it!" cried the chairman. "We'll—we'll have a beauty contest! Open to all co-eds in school, and we'll offer a prize, er—a scholarship for the prettiest figure from the *mathematical* point of view.

"Since we are the judges, our candidate will naturally win, but the publicity will bring enough students to keep us going for years! Smythe and Petrie, you'll do the work of the contest, and Doctor Schwartz will be chairman to make it look right. Let's get on the ball now! Good morning, gentlemen."

Smythe and Petrie worked well, and the idea was a success. Students could be seen in every tavern discussing the contest with wild eyes and violent gestures. Miss Chemistry, a volatile blonde, was conceded to have a good chance; and the whole Chemistry department was reported to be working on a special cellulose xanthate bathing suit for her. Miss History was the image of Cleopatra.

But it was Miss Mamie Weems—Miss Mathematics—who aroused the most talk. With those two smash slogans, "Oh Euclid!" and "22 99/100 Skidoo!" she had raised the prize money from two to five thousand dollars.

"After all," she pointed out, "if I told everyone that Smythe and Petrie had picked me from the chorus in a night club, you gentlemen wouldn't exactly *benefit* by it, would you?" And the department agreed that it wouldn't.

"Her logic," as Butterball, Equipotential Surfaces 227, put it, "is even better than Einstein's."

THE morning of the contest dawned, as contest mornings usually do, bright and early. Not so the chairman

of the department. The night before he had worked late on an article for the *Revue Mathematique*, "Pulchritude and Its Relation to  $a$  and  $b$ ," and had overslept.

"My word!" he screamed, as he glanced at his watch, "the contest will be over before I get there. I won't be able to give Miss Weems her prize—her scholarship."

In no time he arrived at his office, opened the door—and what horror was inside!

Suitcases and trunks lay strewn in every corner. Professors ran to and fro trying to cram equations into already overflowing boxes. One old fellow was helplessly trying to roll up an infinite series. Another was pounding on an outstretched triangle but was unable to square both sides.

"What does all this mean?" shouted the chairman at Petrie, who was madly looking under his desk for two Vanishing Integrals.

"It means we're washed up. Through. The president has disbanded the department," replied Petrie, out of breath.

"But the contest . . ."

"Miss Physics won it. She split an atom at the very moment she stepped on the platform and we had to award her the prize—I mean, the scholarship."

"But what about Miss Weems?" asked the chairman.

Petrie tossed him a telegram. "It arrived before the judging started."

The chairman read the telegram, his hand shaking slightly.

DEAR MATH DEPARTMENT  
COMMA LEARNED LAST NIGHT  
SCHWARTZIE HAD INCOME 25  
GS AND SAVED MOST OF IT  
STOP ELOPED LAST NIGHT  
MARRIED THIS MORNING STOP  
GROOM DOING WELL AS CAN  
BE EXPECTED LOVE MAMIE  
WEEMS.

—R. N.

## The Poets Greet the Freshmen

The freshman comes on little cat feet  
And looks the joint over  
And then moves on.

Who cares?

—C. Sandburg, '12

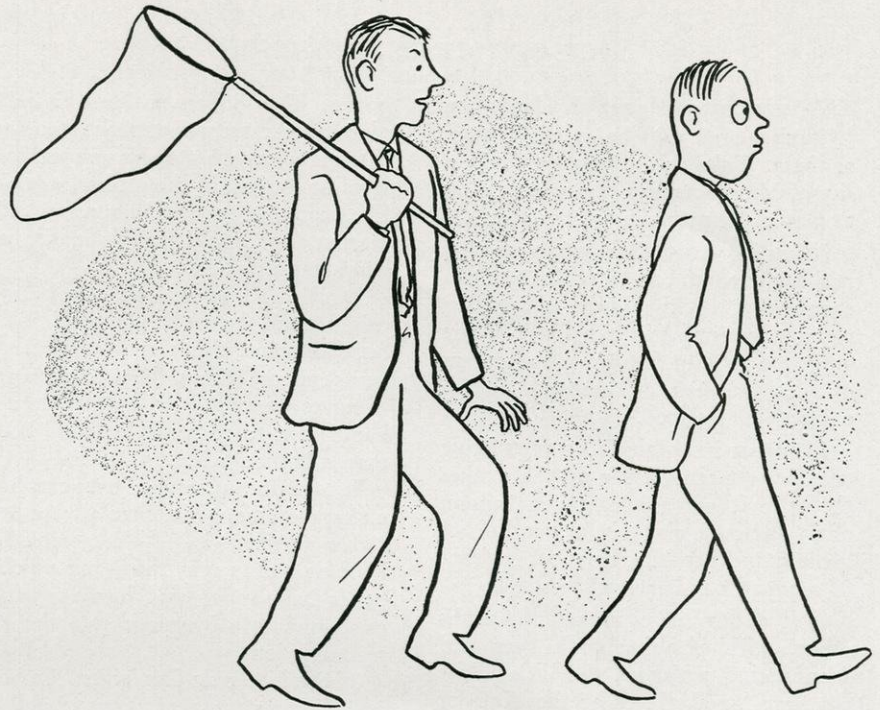
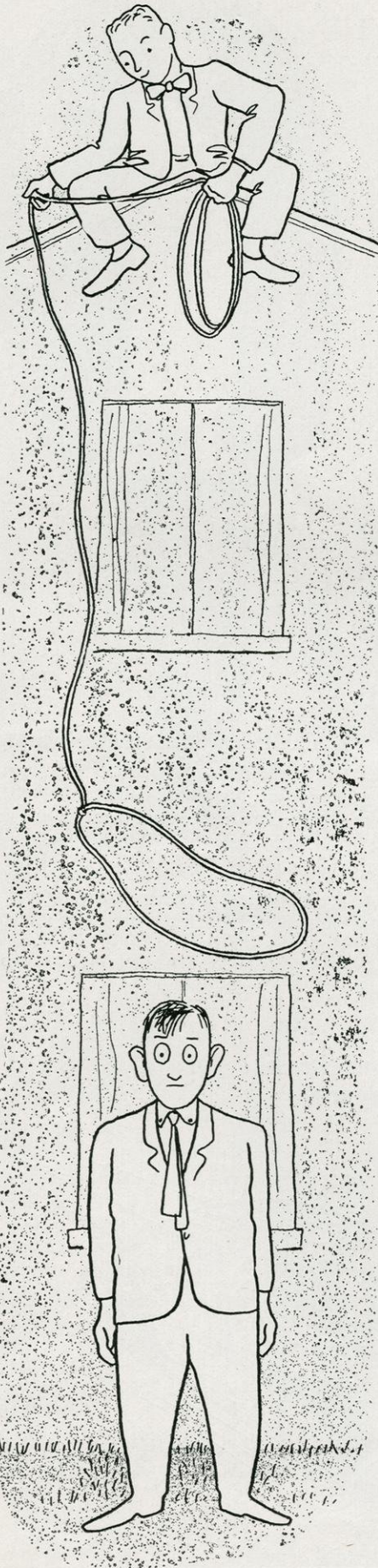
Green grow the freshmen, O!  
Green grow the freshmen, O!  
The greenest green which man can  
know

Does grow upon the freshmen, O!

—R. Burns, '14

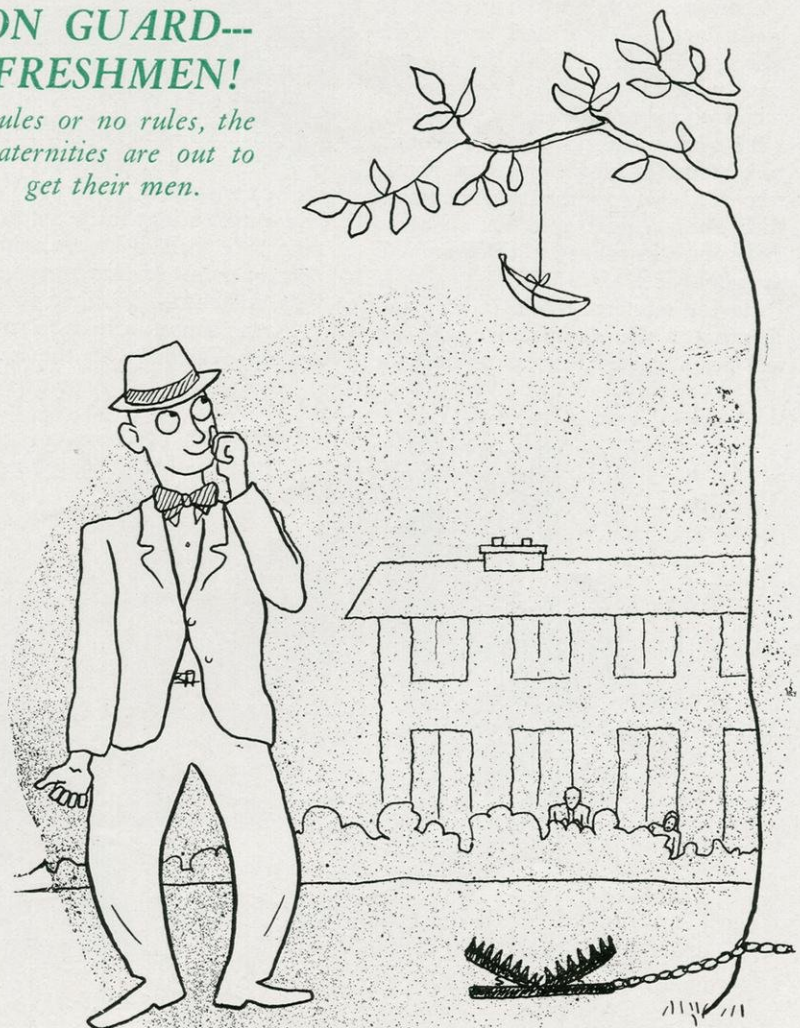






**ON GUARD---  
FRESHMEN!**

*Rules or no rules, the  
fraternities are out to  
get their men.*





## Researches at Minnesota

WHEN crazier things are done, psychologists will be at the bottom of them. Take this guy at the University of Minnesota who has taught a rat to play a slot-machine for its food.

Assuming that this busybody has nothing else to do, it still seems a shame that he should be allowed to corrupt the simple little beasts who are entrusted to him for the advancement of what is called, at the University of Minnesota, "science."

I suppose he thinks it's a pretty cute trick his rat can do. He probably takes the little fellow around to one saloon after another, gives it a handful of nickels, and lets him show off in front of a crowd of idlers and wastrels.

And he probably laughs and laughs when, with pleading pink eyes and whimpering whiskers, the little white rat begs for a chance at the dime or even the quarter slot-machines. And when the rat hits the jack-pot, I'll bet I know who gets the dough—and he hasn't got pink eyes and long white whiskers, either. He's no doubt got a small waxed mustache, a loud checked suit, and a shifty gaze.

It's a funny world when Wisconsin goes around siccing sheriffs on people who are trying to corrupt its citizens with slot-machines and when Minnesota spends its money to teach animals the same vice.

Having mastered the bells, bars, and cherries of the slot-machine, the rat will be instructed next in playing the

horses. Two dollars on Mastermind to place in the second at Arlington, and if the rat wins he gets his dinner, if he loses he starves. If the rat has anything like normal luck, he'll be a wasted skeleton in a week and perhaps it will be a good lesson to him.

While he's at it, this psychologist might teach the rat to play pool at five cents a point, drink spiked beer, and smoke hops. Then he'd have something to be proud of, a fine piece of handiwork to point to, a rat no better than a human being.

Except for a certain over-emphasis on reproduction, rats have always been rather sensible—if dull—creatures; and I see no reason why meddling psychologists have to go and introduce their own lowbrow diversions into the animal kingdom.

The white man has given his vices and diseases to the Indians, the Eskimos, and the formerly happy people of Bali and Tahiti until nowhere in the world are any human beings untainted and pure. You'll find Seagram's gin, Spicy Detective Magazine, and stud poker everywhere.

AND now—new worlds to conquer! Millions and millions of little animals are waiting to receive what the white man brings them, forces them to take. We shall make the animal kingdom over in our own image and likeness, and then—God help us!

I am almost afraid to make my weekly pilgrimage to the local Bank



Nite theater. Sitting next to me may be a small white rat, holding ticket No. 7732-A and awaiting the drawing with bated breath. And behind him will be a psychologist, smiling evilly to himself and taking notes in the interests of "science."

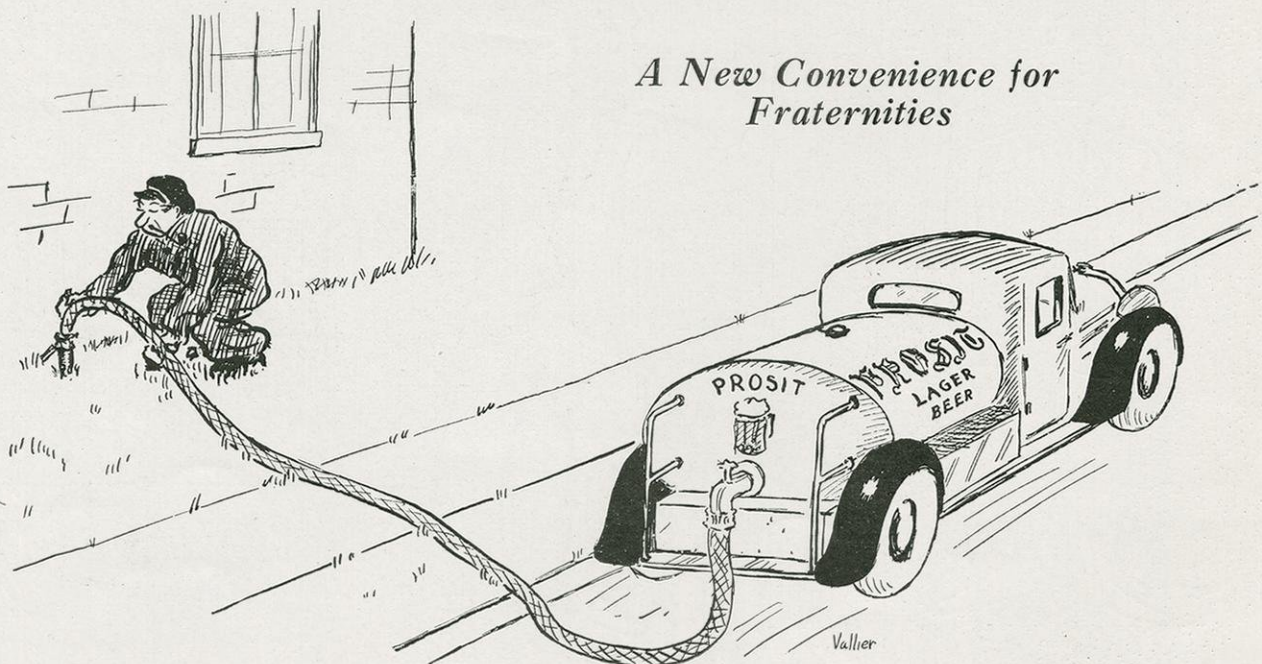
—T. H.

## The Poets Greet the Freshmen

He dwells among well trodden ways  
Beside Mendota's banks,  
A freshman there are none to praise  
And none who owe him thanks.

He lives unknown, and few yet know  
His mind is rather dim;  
Hence he will flunk ere long, and oh!  
The difference to him!

—W. Wordsworth, '39



## A New Convenience for Fraternities



### Nice Idea

WHAT I mean, Mr. Goodnight, is—a bunch of us girls were talking the other night and we decided it wasn't fair to us the way things are now. So I went to see Mrs. Greeley about it, and she didn't think much of the idea and she told me to come around next year.

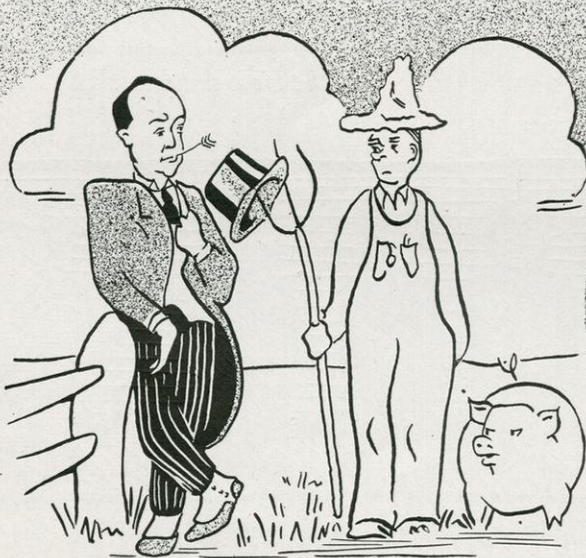
But we girls don't want to wait till next year because things have been go-

ing on unfairly long enough. What I mean is, about us having to get in at 12:30 two nights a week and 10:30 the other nights.

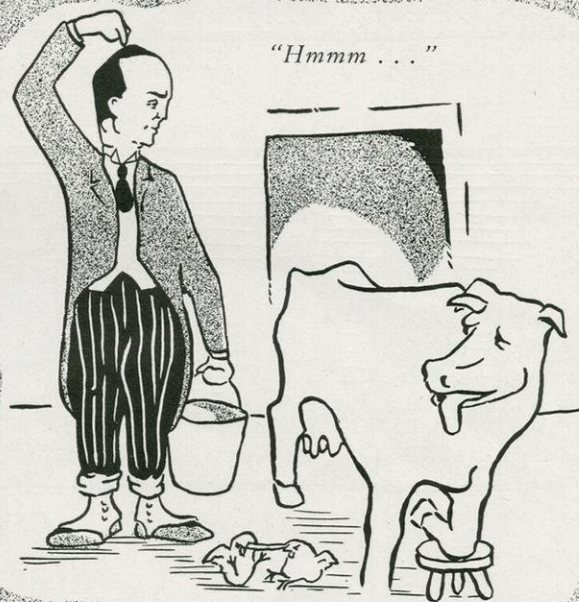
We decided the theory behind it was that if you get the girls in early, it doesn't matter when the men get in because with all the girls behind locked doors nothing so awful can happen anyway. So the men can stay out until all hours.

The theory is all right, but my point—the point *all* us girls want to make is, the reverse is true, too. You get all the men in early, and what would be the harm of letting the girls out all night?

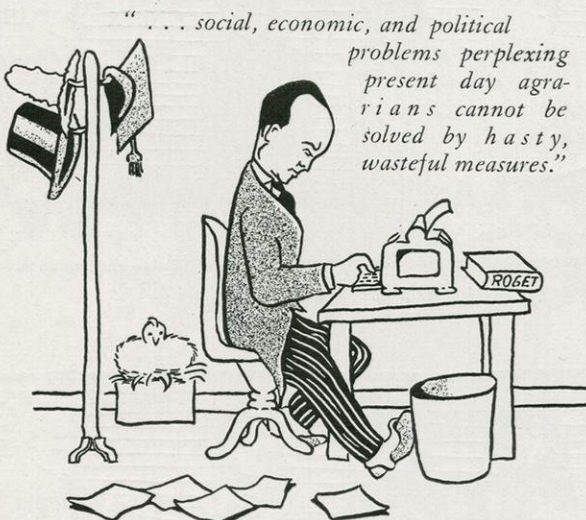
The men have been roaming the streets all night for years and I think us girls ought to have the same privilege every other year. Don't *you* think so, too, Mr. Goodnight? —G. G.



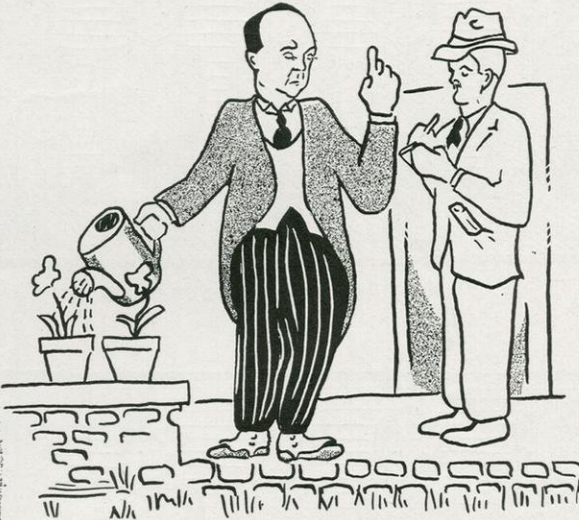
"Looks like rain, eh, Hezzie?"



"Hmmm . . ."



" . . . social, economic, and political problems perplexing present day agrarians cannot be solved by hasty, wasteful measures."



"One must himself get near the soil . . ."

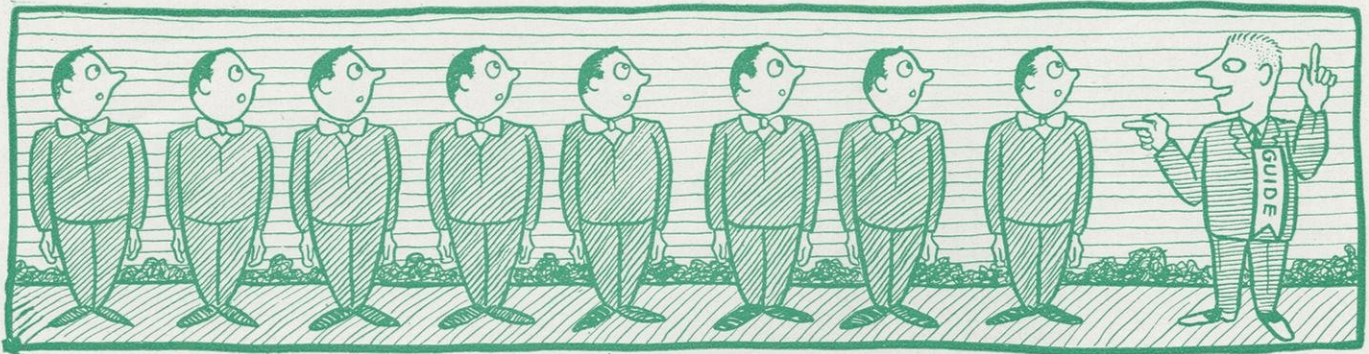
R. MORTON JONES

### Rural Progress

or From Education to the Pastoral Life in One Very Easy Lesson



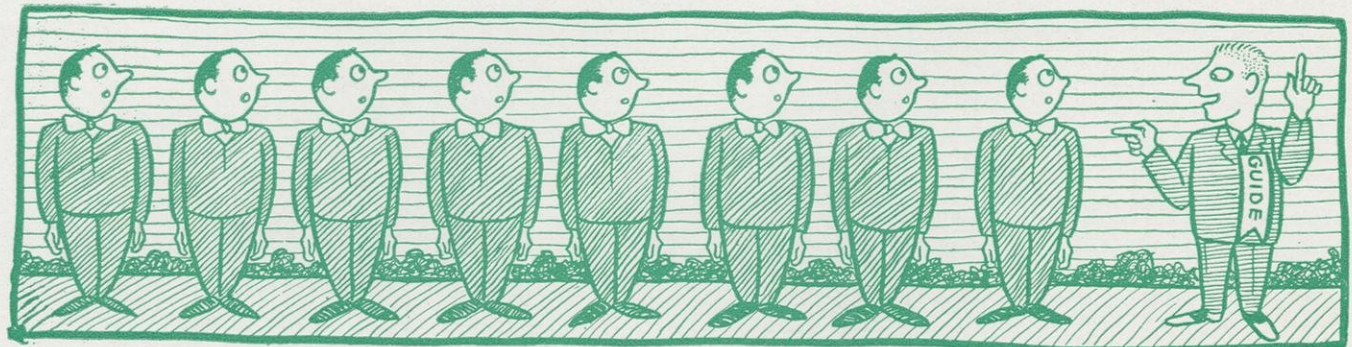
## The Campus Tour



*Guide: "To your left stands Bascom Hall, the main building of the University . . .*



*. . . and to your right South Hall, beyond that the Law School . . .*



*. . . over there is Science Hall and the Library. Now, are there any questions?"*



*Freshman: "Yes, where is Bascom Hall?"*



## The Horse that Smiled at Everybody

**I** LOVE horses. I used to go to the cowboy pictures just to see the horses. Tom Mix's horse was Tony; Buck Jones had Tarzan. Do you remember Rex, the king of the wild horses? But since the cowboy shows have passed on, I have had a hard time finding good pictures of horses. Occasionally I would see a good horse picture, but it would always be spoiled by a "pretty" girl in front of the horse.

Once I saw a dandy horse going down the street. It was all white, and a lot of people were lined up to watch it. I heard one fellow say that she had a good looking shape. A princess or somebody must have been riding the horse, although I didn't notice her; Godiva, they called her.

I always like to go to Chicago because there the policemen ride about on horses. Often I have purposely driven through traffic lights so that when I was being pinched I might get a close view of the horse. Once I even put out my hand and petted the horse. Hot dog!

Recently I was driving to Madison, and about a mile out of town I had a feeling that someone was calling me, watching me—sort of a third sense.

But I'm a *sane* sort of a person, so I just mumbled "O fig" and was going to drive on when I chanced to see a beautiful steed looking at me from a meadow.

He was smiling.

I smiled back. He grinned.

I noticed that it was a *he*, about a two year old. I called Joe out of the car; and sure enough, the horse smiled at him, too. But Joe, stupid fellow, said that the horse wasn't smiling but was merely chewing.

**A**t the Dorms, where I live, the rules say no cats or dogs are allowed. They say nothing about having horses in one's room; and besides, who would mind such a lovely steed? I even heard one fellow say that the food out there *was* fit for a horse. So I bought Pancho, the horse, from the farmer. The farmer said he was an eight year old workhorse, but he couldn't fool me; Pancho was a two year thoroughbred. My oh my, how that horse smiled at me!

When I brought Pancho out to Adams Hall, he smiled at everyone, and he even laughed when he saw Mr. Wentworth; one fellow said that this indicates kinship.

The trouble was that no one but me could see him smile. Someone called a Dr. Lorenz over to see my horse. After he examined the horse (Pancho gave him a big smile), he examined *me*.

They have taken Pancho away from me. Dr. Lorenz says I must not go near horses. He says I may get hay fever if I do. It's too bad, because I love horses, and I think horses love me.

—M. L. G.



## Lady's Lament

**H**MM, nine-thirty already, and he said he'd surely be here at nine. This makes the *third* time in two weeks that he's been late. I don't know—he's so careless lately—just as if he didn't care any more.

Well, maybe he *doesn't*. But I'm getting fed up too. I'm getting plenty sick and tired of always waiting for him. He's always spoiling everything.

At first when he used to come late, he was always so sorry and apologetic about it, so I said he didn't keep me waiting long and I really didn't mind. Now he thinks he can come just as late as he wants even if he says he'll be here early.

Well, I don't have to put up with it. He isn't so much. I told him the last time that if he ever was late again, I'd be through with him.

I suppose he thought I was just kidding. Well, I *wasn't*. He isn't the only pebble on the beach. And he doesn't have to think that I'm going to spend the rest of my life waiting for him.

I'm through!

And just as soon as he comes I'm going to tell him so. He better not make a scene about it either. It won't do him any good because I won't change my mind.

From now on I won't order any more groceries from Schmaltz. I'll order them from some store that can deliver its orders on time.

—R. P.



"Even if you did make it yourself—NO!"



## Genius

ALBERT was unquestionably Wisconsin's greatest freshman. The lad was versatile, clever, dynamic, a regular genius. In less than no time Albert became a campus biggie.

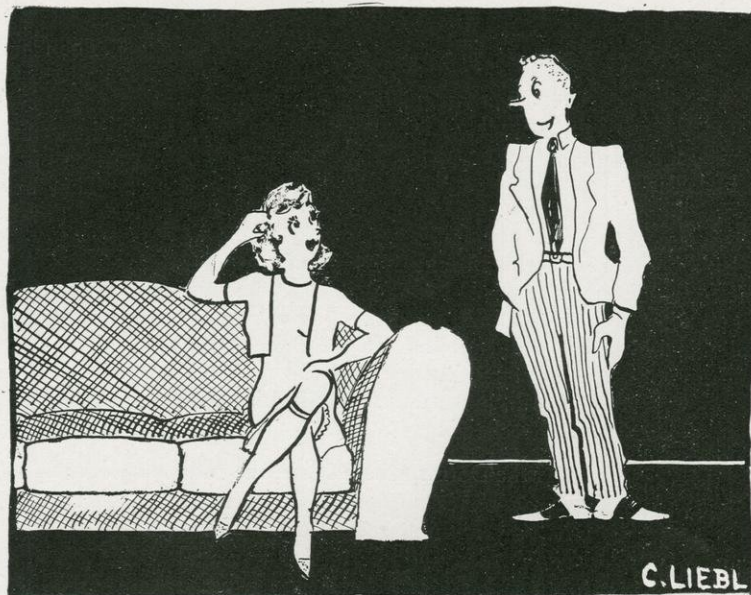
Albert was an athlete. He went out for football and basketball, and starred in both. When rumor had it that Albert intended to transfer to Marquette, Stuhldreher and Foster on bended knees and with tears in their eyes, wistfully begged him to reconsider. Stuhldreher promised him a halfback position on the varsity eleven, and Foster, a forward position on the basketball squad if only he wouldn't leave dear old Wisconsin.

Albert was an activity man. And before long he had his finger in everything. He was welcome, too; everyone appreciated his original ideas, his talent, his foresight, his executive powers. They hailed him as an authority and sought his advice.

The Cardinal Board of Control held a secret meeting and unanimously elected Albert as next editor of that publication. They had been looking for a good man for some time.

So did the Badger Board of Control.

Haresfoot made Albert Public Relations Director, Keeper of the Haresfoot, and Publicity Director. They chose him to play the leading lady in



## Dateless Dance

She: "Er—my it's warm in here, isn't it?"

He: "Right! Warm enough to melt the ice."

the 1938 production. And they decided, shyly, that it would be nice if Albert would be their next president.

So did Albert's fraternity brothers.

The freshman class presidency was already in the bag for him at the end of the first nine weeks of school. And he had an eye on Union Board and the sophomore presidency.

Some said that Esquire copied after

him. Those who didn't were just jealous because Albert could get gobs of dates with Badger beauties and prom queens. He was that smooth.

Albert was a musician—he led an orchestra of his own to pay his way through school. It was a darn good orchestra, too. People came to hear it just because of the things Albert could do with a muted trumpet and a Crosby voice.

Albert was unquestionably Wisconsin's greatest

freshman. Nobody doubted it.

Unfortunately, though, he flunked out of school at the end of the first semester.

—R. P.

## The Poets Greet the Freshmen

My heart leaps up when I behold

A freshman in the sky.

He really isn't there, I'm told—

Who ever saw a freshman old

And pure enough to fly?

—W. Wordsworth, '39

## The Poets Greet the Freshmen

Freshmen are icumen in,

Lhude sing cuccu!

Signeth yards of little cards;

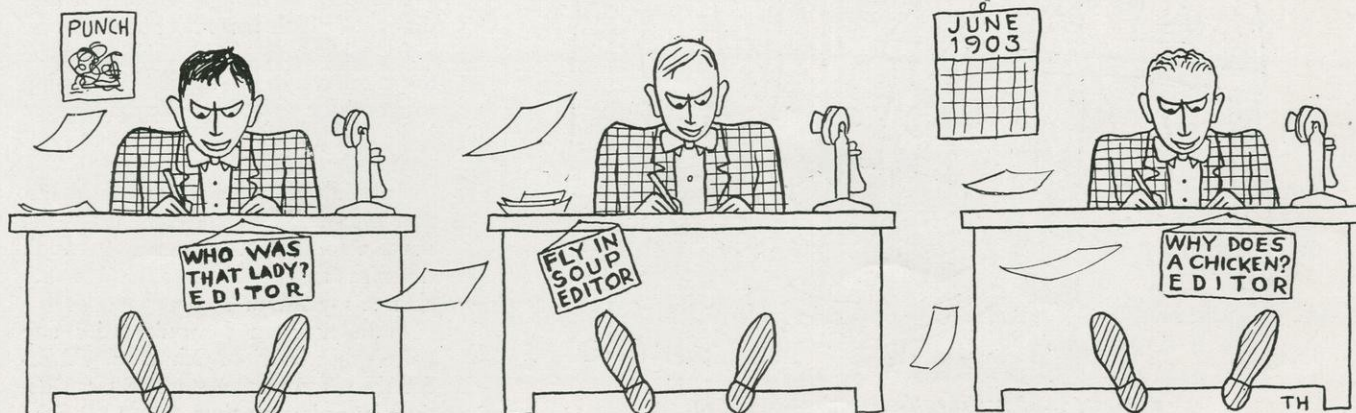
No other byrde shoulde sing but you—

Sing, cuccu!

—Anon., '70

## Behold!

With a quiet smile of satisfaction, Octy announces the election, effective September 13, to the Board of Editors of Miss Carol Liebl '40, Ralph Morton Jones '40, and Robert Nicholas Pierron '40.







# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

IS HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME AT YELLOWSTONE PARK

OH — WHAT A PERFECTLY GORGEOUS VIEW

THE FAMOUS CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE. THERE'S NOTHING IN THE PARK MORE BEAUTIFUL

YOU'RE RIGHT, JUDGE, AND THOSE FALLS ARE ALMOST TWICE THE HEIGHT OF NIAGARA



YELLOWSTONE LAKE IS ABOUT A MILE AN' A HALF ABOVE SEA LEVEL AND IS MORE THAN 300 FEET DEEP IN SPOTS

I KEEP FORGETTING WE'RE SO HIGH UP IN THE SKY

SAY, I NEVER SAW SUCH AN ABUNDANCE OF WILD FOWL — SWANS! DUCKS! PELICANS!



WELL, NATURE IS WONDERFUL, BUT I THINK IT'S TIME I ENJOYED THE MAN-MADE PLEASURE OF A GOOD SMOKE. HAVE ONE YOURSELF

I'D LIKE TO, BUT MY TONGUE'S A LITTLE SORE FROM SMOKING. I'VE BEEN LAYING OFF MY PIPE FOR A WHILE



AH, I SEE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S ONE TOBACCO THAT WON'T GET YOUR TONGUE SORE

WELL, I'LL TAKE A TRY AT IT. SAY, IT CERTAINLY PACKS DOWN NICE AND EVEN IN THE BOWL



JUDGE, THIS IS A MILD SMOKE, MILD AND YET IT'S FULL-BODIED TOO!

AND P.A. SURE IS TASTY IN 'MAKIN'S' CIGARETTES

PRINCE ALBERT'S CRIMP CUT AND IT'S NO-BITE PROCESS INSURES COOL, TASTY SMOKE WITHOUT A 'BITE' IN A DAY'S SMOKING



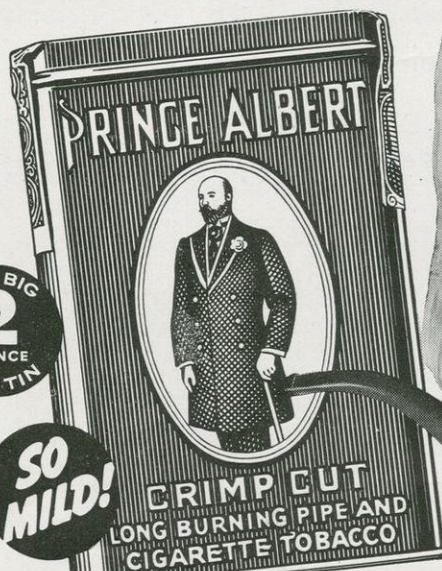
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THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

SO MILD!



CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

TRY P.A. ON THIS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

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 Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

ALSO TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN WITH P.A.

50

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

PRINCE ALBERT

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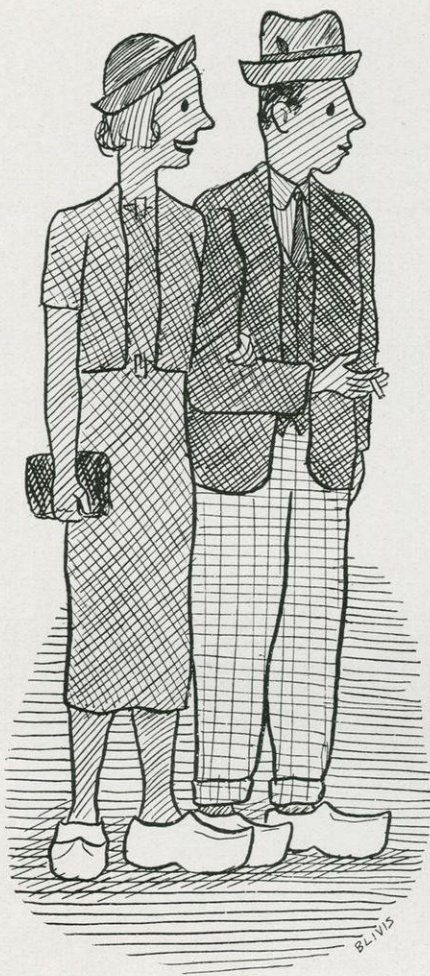
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# **BROWN'S BOOK SHOP**

**CORNER STATE AND LAKE STREET**





"Oh yes, Georgie and I always go Dutch."

### The Poets Greet the Freshmen

It is a merry freshman  
And he's stopped by one of three.  
"By thy stacomb hair and foggy stare,  
Join our fraternity."

The freshman's eyes are opened wide;  
This lad is very mild.  
His eyes fall on his high school pins,  
And he listens like a child.

The freshman sits upon the curb,  
He cannot choose but hear  
And thus spake on the smoothie third,  
That was seated very near.

He holds him with his pipe-free hand,  
"We have a house," quoth he.  
"Hold off, unhand me, smoothie third,  
I need no fraternity."

The freshman wept and then declared,  
"Why were you not more early?  
Already am I stuck with rooms,  
Tricked by a wretch named 'Curley'!"

—S. T. Coleridge, '07



The  
Happy Moment  
— when the show is over

## BEECH-NUT GUM

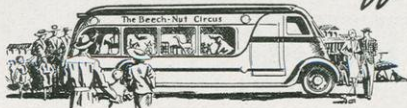
Most popular  
flavor of gum in  
America is Beech-  
Nut Peppermint.  
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ORALGENE  
The new firmer texture  
gum that aids mouth  
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with a purpose."

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SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS  
Biggest Little Show on Earth!  
A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers,  
clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now  
touring the country. Don't miss it.



AND LITTLE AUDREY  
JUST LAUGHED  
AND LAUGHED-



because she knew  
no matter how many  
flunks the proffie  
gave her, he'd pass  
her when he saw  
her in her smooth  
new outfit from—  
**MANCHESTER'S**

## Ouch!

A lady was walking down Fifth Avenue recently with a small Pekinese on a leash. A huge van was pulled up to the curb and a pair of hulking mechanics were banging away at the engine, trying to get the contraption started. When the lady and the tiny dog came alongside, one of the moving men advanced toward them politely, lifting his hat.

"Lady, could we borrow your dog for a minute?"

The lady was startled, "Why, what are you going to do with the dog?"

"Hitch 'im up to the truck ta get it started," said the mechanic.

The lady lost her breath. "How idiotic! A little dog like that couldn't pull that big truck."

"Oh, that's all right, lady," said the driver with complete assurance, "we got a whip!" —Froth.

## GOD HELP OUR CLERGY!

[from the DE PAUL ALUMNI NEWS]

Father John Campbell of Our Lady of Lourdes parish and Father John Kennedy of Villa Park, both of whom were among the first graduates of the college, were present. Father Kennedy is especially well remembered because he is the composer of that famous ditty which was all the rage thirty years ago and is entitled "Feet feet:

- |                            |                        |
|----------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Feet! Feet! Feet! Feet! | 2. Goo, goo! Goo, goo! |
| Chet-a-ridi-vidi           | Yanima-christy-Yanky   |
| Muck-i-chuck-chuck         | Peperita chia-maza     |
| Bari-bush-bush nago!       | Bazoo!                 |
| 3. Obstander mota-linsky   |                        |
| Vita-skobita               |                        |
| Chuti-chuck-chuck          |                        |
| Spenda-lingo               |                        |
| Bari-Busha                 |                        |
| Musha-rah!                 |                        |

Yes, sir, it's

# GREEN

But not a lowly Freshman green . . . Oh, no.

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## THE 1938 BADGER

Yearbook of the University of Wisconsin

Memorial Union

F-7400





# The Union Concert Series

● Ever hear of the depression? Well, the Wisconsin Men's Union, the gang that's been running these university concert series for the last eighteen years, claims that this year they have snared the greatest group of artists since Hoover went down the toboggan slide.

Now, the great Octy musical staff could lay it on thick about these world famed musicians. We could tell you that the incomparable Fritz Kreisler is a Fatalist, that He Does Not Believe in Worrying About His Violins or His Hands. Or about the time When Kreisler Posed as a Dealer, or about Kreisler and the Street Fiddler.

Octy could tell you about the time Marian Anderson Appeared in Concert with a Broken Foot, or we could give you Her Impressions of Soviet Russia: An Interview.

Concerning Albert Hirsh, we could remind you that he is a Stamp Collector and that he likes to take Busman's Holidays.

And oh boy! Octy could tell you that young, handsome Ezio Pinza, Basso, Just Missed Being a Bicycle Rider, or give you his stirring Encouragement to Bath-Tub Singers, or describe His Collection of Poison Rings.

Lastly, Octy might celebrate the Kolisch Quartet, the Quartet That Plays Entirely from Memory, or might whip back the veil of secrecy and reveal to all Why Kolisch Plays Left-Handed.

● But all this stuff is rather silly, isn't it? That's all small talk about great musicians. And besides, we started off this chatter to tell you that buying a season ticket will save you dough. How much? You'll find out in a week or so when the Men's Union begins its open season campaign on all who love good music.



## College Life at Wisconsin . . .

NOT  
COMPLETE  
WITHOUT  
THE  
DAILY  
VISIT  
TO

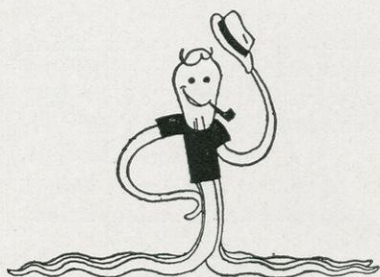


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CIGARETTES

A WISCONSIN TRADITION



and

## NOW

*how do you like college?*

...

Not bad, eh? But you'll have a lot more fun if you have the OCTOPUS every month to set you on your toes. Ten issues, one a month from now until June--yours for only

# 75c

### MARY HAD A FOOTBALL MAN

Mary had a football man  
Who had a tricky toe  
And everywhere that Mary went  
Her man was sure to go.

He followed her to class one day  
Though not against the rule.  
It surely made them laugh to see  
A football man in school.

—Old Line.

It so happened one day that a crazy man stole a Ford. He rode all over creation with it and was so pleased that he decided to share his pleasure with some of his friends and so he asked two Chinese laundrymen to go for a little ride.

They met a very sad fate while racing a locomotive to a crossing. When the wrecking crew questioned as to the remains, they said that all they could find was a nut and two washers.

—Puppet.



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ITALIAN  
FOOD

"Irish stew."



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# "Complete Campus Coverage" . . .

● "Complete Campus Coverage" means just that—complete coverage, from the head of Langdon Street to the outermost reaches of the Lake Drive.

Let the Cardinal tell you what's going on. Wade Moseby and Bob Shaw as The Troubleshooters; Fred Alexander covering the big stories on the Badger sports front; and fifty . . . count 'em . . . of Wisconsin's finest student journalists to cover politics, parties, classes, and every other phase of life in University City with its 10,000 population.

This'll be a big year in other ways, too. Let the Cardinal's news and editorial writers give you a ringside seat at the president's office and the board of regents.

● By the way . . . if you're looking for a job in activities which will give you valuable experience and a chance to work up to a position with real fun and a certain amount of prominence, why not come around? There may even be a little money in it. The Cardinal's holding open house, and you're invited.

## The Daily Cardinal

*"Wisconsin's All-American Newspaper"*

MORTON NEWMAN  
*Executive Editor*

JACK WALDHEIM  
*Business Manager*



"I had to change my seat several times at the movies."

"Gracious, did a man get fresh?"

"Well, finally." —*Pelican.*

Preacher: "If there is anyone in the congregation who likes sin let him stand up—what, Stella, you like sin?"

Stella: "Oh, excuse me, preacher, I thought you said gin." —*Lampoon.*

#### PROVERBS

A pebble, in a state of circumvolution, acquires no lichens.

Feathered bipeds of similar plumage will live gregariously.

Why should the smaller domestic utensils accuse the larger of nigrotude?

Too great a number of culinary assistants may impair the flavor of the consomme.

The capital of the papal states was not constructed in a diurnal revolution of the globe. —*Pelican.*

A man went into a restaurant and ordered a meal. When it was brought to him he dipped his hand into the mashed potatoes and started to rub it in his hair. The waiter rushed up to him and said, "Why, sir, what do you mean by rubbing mashed potatoes in your hair?"

"I'm sorry," said the man, "I thought they were string beans." —*Pelican.*

Tommy was listening to some of his sailor uncle's adventures:

"You see, sonny, I always believe in fighting the enemy with his own weapons," said the uncle.

"Really?" gasped Tommy. "How long does it take you to sting a wasp?" —*Widow.*

You can lead a fraternity man to water, but why disappoint him? —*Purple Parrot.*



"I hate people who are vague and noncommittal, don't you?"

"Mmmmmmm." —*Punch Bowl.*

"I caught my boy friend flirting."

"Yes, that is the way that I caught mine, too." —*Lampoon.*

"It's easy to write a play. First act, boy meets girl; second act, they hold hands; third act, they kiss."

"That's how I got arrested."

"What do you mean?"

"I wrote a five-act play." —*Record.*

Prof: "What did you find out about the salivary glands?"

Student: "I couldn't find a thing, prof. They're too secretive." —*Record.*

Lady: "So you are on a submarine, tell me, what do you do?"

Sailor: "Oh, I run forward and hold her nose when we're going to dive." —*Jackolantern.*

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# —PANTORIUM COMPANY—

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907 University Avenue

B. 1180

558 State Street

The minister arose to address his congregation. "There is a certain man among us today who is flirting with another man's wife. Unless he puts five dollars in the collection box, his name will be read from the pulpit."

When the collection plate came in, there were nineteen five dollar bills and a two dollar one with this note attached: "Other three pay day."

—Augwan.

Art Dealer: This is the only Rembrandt for sale in all Europe.

Miss: But you told me you had two.

Art Dealer: Yes, the other one isn't quite ready yet.

—Froth.

"Doctor, I'm scared to death. This will be my first operation."

"Sure, I know just how you feel. You're my first patient."

—Tiger.

Customer: Waiter, I'm so hungry I could eat a horse.

Waiter: You couldn't have come to a better place, sir.

—Pelican.

A man who had run out of gas on the outskirts of a country town saw a boy coming along the road carrying a big tin can.

"I hope that's gasoline in that can."

"I hope it ain't," replied the little boy, "it would taste pretty punk on ma's pancakes."

—Log.

Worldly: How long you been shaving?

Frosh: Four years now.

Worldly: G'wan.

Frosh: Yes, sir. Cut myself both times.

—Chaparral.

Guy: I dreamed of you last night.

Gal (coldly): Really!

Guy: Yes; then I woke up, shut the window, and put an extra blanket on the bed.

—Kitty-Kat.



Hi: Say, ye know thet roll uv green paper thet thet city feller hornswoggled me into buyin' last week?

Si: Deed I do.

Hi: Waal, I jest wrapped a cople uv twenty dollar bills 'round it so's ter make it look real an' bought a thousand dollar gold brick off th' same feller with it.

—Growler.

Prof: What's the younger generation coming to?

Ditto: Why?

Prof: I told a co-ed who came in to see me about her grades to sit down, and she looked around for a chair.

—Pelican.

Two people happened to be walking along a road together. One was a young woman, the other a handsome farmer lad. The farmer lad was carrying a large kettle on his back, holding a chicken in one hand, a cane in the other, and leading a goat. They came to a dark ravine.

Said she: "I'm afraid to walk here with you. You might try to kiss me."

Said he: "How could I, with all these things to carry?"

Said she: "Well, you might stick the cane in the ground, tie the goat to it, and put the chicken under the kettle."

—Gargoyle.

Lady (to strange man sitting next to her in a darkened theater): Stop that, or I'll call the manager.

Man: Madame, I *am* the manager.

—Lampoon.

"So you desire to become my son-in-law?"

"No, I don't. But if I marry your daughter, I don't see how I can get out of it."

—Yellow Jacket.

"KOCH" IS MY NAME AND I'VE  
"COOKED" UP A DANDY BATCH OF  
NEW CARS FOR YOU TO DRIVE  
THIS YEAR



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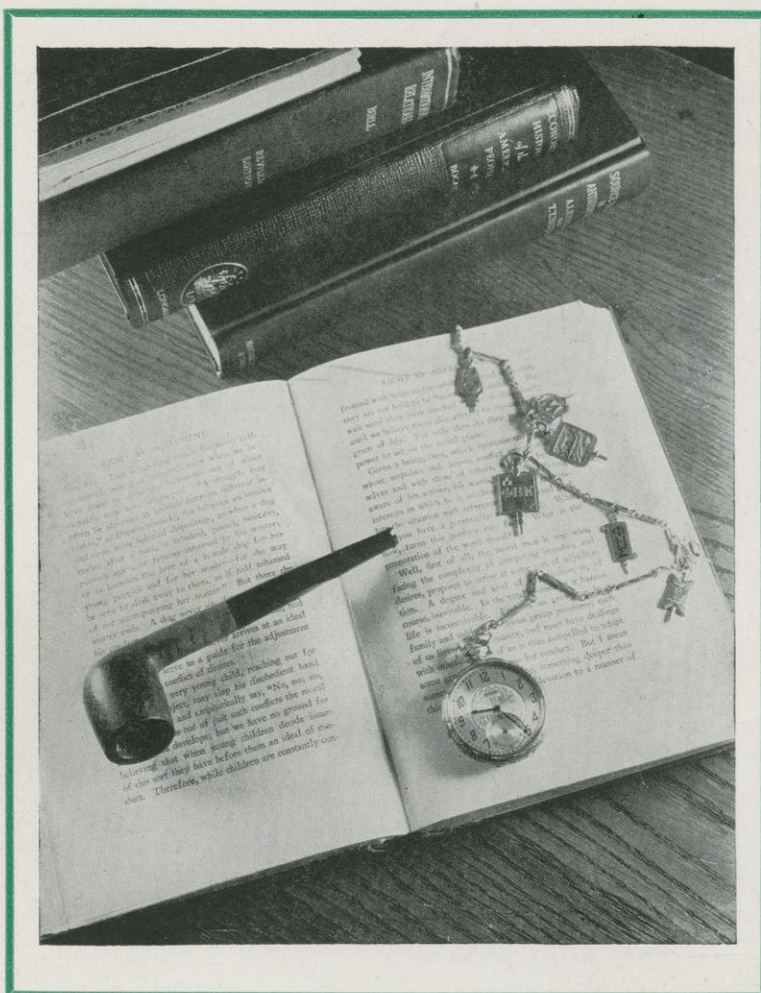
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