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OCTOPUS



5c
DECEMBER

TH



HERE'S WISHING
YOU ALL THE
HAPPIEST
HOLIDAY SEASON
EVER —



Camels

MADE FROM FINER,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS

Give Camels for Christmas! There's no doubt about how much people appreciate Camels—the cigarette that's made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. A gift of Camels says: "Happy Holidays and Happy Smoking!"



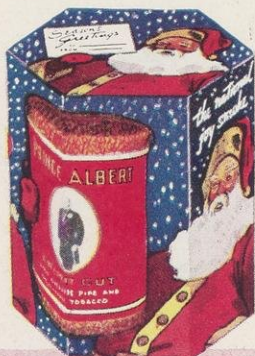
(right) The famous Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in gay holiday dress. You'll find it at your dealer's.

(above) Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in gay holiday dress.

(right) A pound of Prince Albert in a real glass humidior that keeps the tobacco in prime condition and becomes a welcome possession.



(left) One pound of Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—in an attractive Christmas gift package.



Prince Albert

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

If you know a man owns a pipe—you're practically certain to be right if you give him PRINCE ALBERT—The National Joy Smoke. Beginners like P.A. because it doesn't bite. Occasional pipe-smokers find it's extra cool. And the regulars think it's tops for mellow taste.

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



I HOPE THE BOYS KNOW THAT A GIRL ALWAYS APPRECIATES A GIFT OF CAMEL CIGARETTES

ASK ME WHAT I'D LIKE — AND THE ANSWER IS THAT BIG GLASS HUMIDIOR OF PRINCE ALBERT

I BELIEVE IN GIVING MEN GIFTS THEY CAN USE. SO — I'M GIVING THAT SPECIAL 1-LB. CHRISTMAS TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

YES SIR — CAMELS HEAD THE LIST OF WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS



Created just for Grace Fazen, TIFFANY'S present this original model in brilliant white slipper satin. Inspired from the romantic age of the civil war period, its bewitching decolletage and voluminous skirt assure its success at many holiday parties.

For Christmas dances at school, for vacation parties, and for Prom . . . which follows so swiftly . . . choose an evening dress which has been

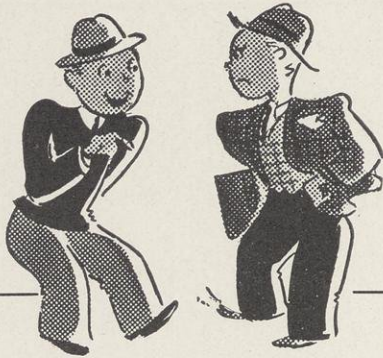
styled
sewed
sold

only at TIFFANY'S

**Tiffany's**

THRIFT SHOP
546 STATE STREET
PRICES TO \$19.50

•
DESIGN STUDIO
AND GOWN SHOP
550 STATE STREET



Says I...

"take her to EAT at the Chocolate Shop"

When your 'gal' is peeved at you . . . take her to eat at **The Chocolate Shop** . . . for the tasty foods will make her forget all her troubles. It's Wisconsin's favorite place to lunch!

The Chocolate Shop
548 State Street



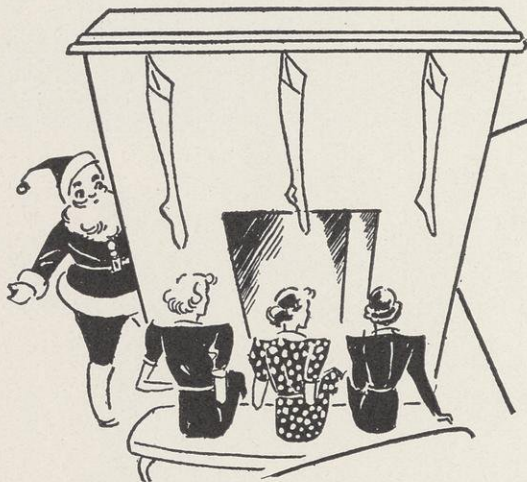
A Sonnet

—or that's what the author calls it; the editors disclaim responsibility

BEWARE of the gal who starts calling you honey
When keys clank in your pocket. (She thinks it's
your money.)

She'll thrill your heart and upset your liver,
But be wise and sigh, "Love's all I can give yer."
Beware of the gal with verbal diarrhea;
"Four out of five have it!"—you know, like pyorrhea.
She'll bat her big eyes and sigh, "Love's all I am after,"
And then guzzle more drinks, the sly little grafter.
Beware of the gal who just likes to tease;
She'll excite your emotions, then suddenly freeze.
It's a dastardly trick and not at all cricket.
She walks with a swing; oh boy, could I kick it!

—R. M. J.



Fill Up Those Stockings

and do it at *Rendall's* . . . headquarters for gifts for young moderns. All gifts are dressed up and wrapped free . . .

Rendall's
• AT THE CO-OP
W. J. RENDALL, INC. 702 STATE ST

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Madison, Wisconsin

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Contributors:

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R. Rosholt, Betty Bennett, P. S. Godfrey, Jane Lippold,
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Vol. XIX DECEMBER, 1937 Number 4



So he's already got a book?

Then the chances are he'll want another, if not ten.

- HOW TO WIN FRIENDS
- NORTHWEST PASSAGE
- AND SO VICTORIA
- ALLURING WISCONSIN
- NOT SO DEEP AS A WELL

Jerry suggests--

- THE RAINS CAME
- THE ARTS
- LET YOUR MIND ALONE
- EDUCATION OF HYMAN KAPLAN

- HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS
- HOW TO LIVE WITHOUT A WOMAN
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- THE CITADEL
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WISCONSIN SEAL JEWELRY

We Give Rebates!!

Student Book Exchange

Fairchild 9930

Incorporated
712 STATE STREET

Fairchild 9930

"BUY YOUR BOOKS FROM JERRY"

Even Santa Claus himself...



... has no finer stock of Christmas gifts than you will find in our new store ...

- Hosiery
- Underwear
- Slips
- Novelties
- Purses
- Costume Jewelry
- Handkerchiefs
- Belts
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- Gloves
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- Dresses
- Pillows
- Draperies
- Linens and Bedding

WE WILL WRAP YOUR GIFTS FREE

Burdick & Murray Co.

—On the Square at State Street ... Phone Fairchild 6400—



SOCIAL JUDGEMENTS ARE MERCILESS

But a man properly attired can meet them fearlessly. In the selection of formal clothes we invite his confidence by reason of having successfully served a very distinguished clientele.

Tuxedos from \$38.50
Full Dress from \$45.00



MacNeil and Moore

602 STATE STREET

Platter Patter

Remember Me

Hal Kemp's smooth staccato style builds a fine background for some clever vocal work by Skinny Ennis. *Am I in Love* is also smooth stuff. Victor.

Who Knows

Tommy Dorsey does his best with this and *In the Still of the Night*, but he doesn't have a chance. Victor.

Vieni Vieni

Ted Fio Rito does this up brown with the words in both Italian and English; good piano work helps. You hear this in every tavern. *Echoes of the South* is a rehashing of a lot of old-time

southern songs into a fox-trot medley, and it just can't be done. Decca.

You Can't Stop Me From Dreaming

Here is a number that fits Guy Lombardo to a T and he and the trio make the most of it. *In a Little Golden Town* isn't good, isn't bad—just mediocre. Victor.

Afraid to Dream

Benny Goodman swings through this in fine style in spite of a rather uninspiring vocal. As for *Roll 'Em* he does the best he can, but there isn't a thing for him to work on. Victor.

Smoke Rings

Glen Gray plays his theme song to the end and in spite of some dull moments it is good on the whole. Just for

a change he swings his way through *Always* on the other side with good solo choruses by saxophone and clarinet. Decca.

Beale Street Blues

Here is a sample of how the blues should be played and sung. Then, too, Bob Crosby again shows off his fine piano player. *Dixieland Band* with Crosby doing the vocals could be lots better. Decca.

I'm Always in the Mood for You

Thomas "Fats" Waller turns out a masterpiece of slow rhythm consisting almost entirely of "Fats'" clever piano work and his soft confidential vocal. On the other side he throws off his docility and before he's through *She's Tall, She's Tan, She's Terrific*, he is shouting around in fine style. Victor.

For that "Extra-Special" Date . . . or that "Post-Mortem" on Econ . . .

DROP IN
AT

LOHMAIER'S

LUNCHES
THAT EXCEL

COKES . . . 710 STATE STREET . . . COKES



"It was his FORD V-8 that got her!"

What Makes A Book The Ideal Gift?

Books are easy to wrap tastefully, easy to mail, and better yet they can express the individuality of the giver as well as the receiver. The "ideal" book gift center is BROWN'S, the largest and most complete selections of the finest books . . .

**TAKE MY
WORD
FOR IT!**



Here Are A Few Choice Books That Are Ideal Gifts

THE CITADEL
by A. J. Cronin \$2.50
NORTHWEST PASSAGE
by Kenneth Roberts \$2.75
THE TURNING WHEELS
by Stuart Cloete \$2.50
TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT
by Ernest Hemingway \$2.50
ISLAND OF BALI
by Miguel Covarrubias \$5.00
CONVERSATION AT MIDNIGHT
by Edna St. Vincent Millay . . . \$2.00

WOOLCOTT'S SECOND READER
edited by Alexander Woolcott . \$3.00
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MEN, WOMEN, AND TENORS
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Your
Name*

Christmas Cards . . 50

Many clever and appropriate designs to select from. **\$1.00**

48 Hour Service

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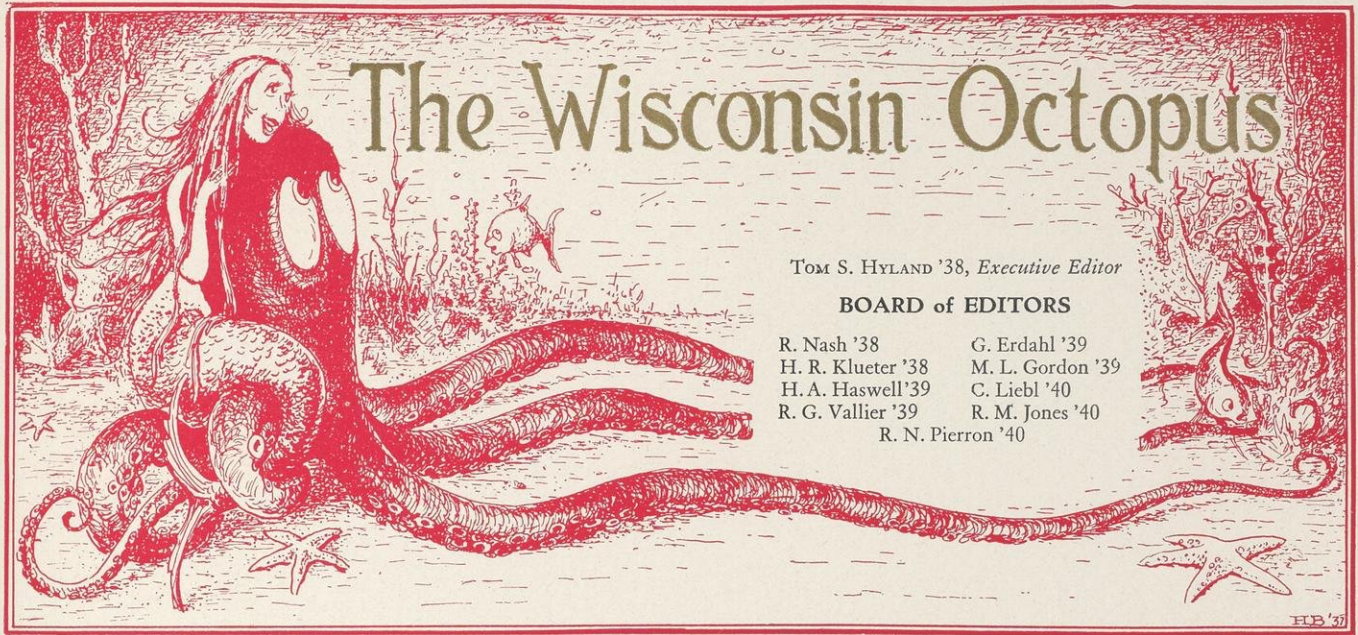
A complete selection of the finest writing papers in attractive gift boxes.

Single Christmas Cards—*from 3c - 2 for 5c to 50c*

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CORNER STATE AND LAKE STREETS





The Wisconsin Octopus

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Volume XIX

DECEMBER, 1937

Number 4

On Second Thought

CONGRESS is intensely studying the recent business recession to see what can be done about it. The subject, however, is so complicated that we doubt whether even the editors of the Daily Cardinal can understand it.

The weatherman predicts that Lake Mendota will freeze before December 19. This means you had better get the rest of your swimming done before the Christmas recess.

The winter carnival is all set to go—except for one thing. We feel there is a crying need for an Assistant General Chairman in charge of Snow.

Wisconsin didn't win the football conference by any means, but some records have been shattered. For one thing, it looks as if Mr. Stuhldreder is going to be signed up for a third year.

Smash feature of this Christmas season is dolls which wet their diapers. We look with profound gloom at the possibilities of housebreaking such a machine.

Thirty-one persons, including Wisconsin's Mr. Koehler, are claiming the \$25,000 Lindbergh kidnapping reward. A mere six persons, though, have entered claims in

the Toronto Stork Contest money—which proves that it is easier to steal babies than to . . .

Rumor says that Mr. Dykstra received a premature Christmas present last week and, looking at it, turned deathly pale. And it was only a pair of spats, too.

The Union Board's trip to Purdue was, of course, paid for by the student body. Rather than complaining about the expenditure, most of us would be willing to double the money—on condition that the boys buy one-way tickets.



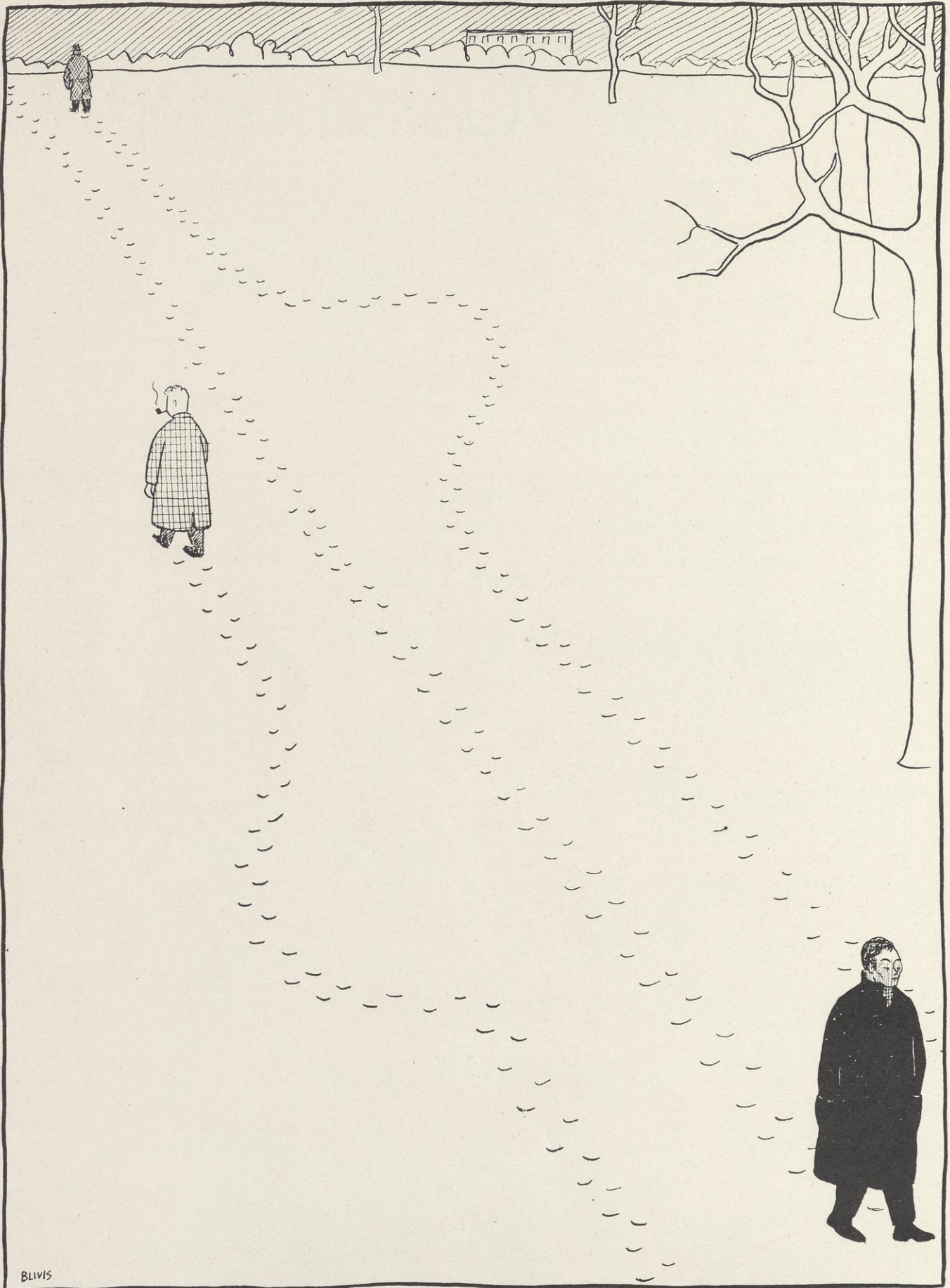
Madison milk-men now make their appointed rounds at the ungodly hour of high noon. We heard one complain that his job is more lonely than ever; it's been weeks since he's met a co-ed, shoes in hand, as he lays the milk on back porches.

We are relieved to hear that this winter will be milder than formerly. Even our Abraham Lincoln had chilblains last year.

The library, student housing, wages, the English department, teachers' unions, and academic freedom have been exposed and whooped up in the Daily Cardinal lately. One is driven to the conclusion that the entire university is a shameful farce—with the exception, of course, of a certain undergraduate tabloid.

We are working on a sure-fire method of bringing about a thaw. It begins by scheduling an ice-boat regatta or a ski-jumping tournament.

To counteract campus opposition the R.O.T.C. is planning to sell itself to high school students before they come to college. They will have even greater success, we predict, by going directly to the kindergarten classes.



BLIVIS

The editor of the Daily Cardinal takes his morning stroll.

In Cloudland

Time: The Present

Scene: A large, light blue cloud.

Characters: St. Peter, Satan, and Dotty, a Delta Gamma

St. Peter and Satan are seated behind a light blue cloud desk, comparing records and arguing. On one end of the desk lie a light blue harp and a pitch-black coal shovel. Enter Dotty, smoking a cigarette. St. Peter and Satan lapse into embarrassed silence.

Dotty: Well?

St. Peter: You're Miss Dotty, Delta Gamma, are you not?

Dotty: Uh-huh. What's this all about?

Satan: You see, generally our joint committee decides what kind of a life a person has led and where that person is to spend Eternity. But in your case, Miss Dotty, the committee can't come to a satisfactory decision.

Dotty: Oh, I see. And now you two are going to decide my future. Gee, this should be swell fun. Let's go.

St. Peter: Very well. You may as well know that Mr. Satan thinks that you could not be happy up here and that you would be happier with him. Frankly, I agree with him.

Satan: Oh, come now, Peter, you know perfectly well that isn't the case. Why, Miss Dotty would be much happier here with you than down there with me. Wouldn't you, Miss Dotty?

Dotty: Well, I haven't really thought so much about this before, but—

St. Peter: Yes, Miss Dotty, I quite agree with you. Your temperament and personality just aren't suited for Heaven. You'd be much, much happier with our Mr. Satan.

Dotty: Well—

Satan: Now, look, Miss Dotty. You certainly would be happier playing that nice blue harp than shoveling coal with that ugly shovel.

Dotty: Why don't you just look up my record?

Satan: Why, yes, I notice here, for instance, that you went to church every Sunday.

St. Peter: But look at the places she went during the week. Shameful!

Satan: Perhaps, Peter, but she listened to opera over the radio every Friday afternoon.

St. Peter: Surely, Mr. Satan, you can't deny that she often stood up dates, wore five different fraternity pins at

one time, drank like all—

Dotty: Hell?

St. Peter: Yes, and then she cussed something awful. And she tried to do a strip-tease act one night out at the Palm Gardens. And what about that one night when she didn't sleep at the Delta Gamma house.

Satan: But really, Mr. St. Peter, you can't hold one little mistake like that against her record. Why, she made a two-point average. She—

St. Peter: —was a sorority girl! A Delta Gamma!

(St. Peter nods his head significantly. Satan shrugs his shoulders helplessly.)

St. Peter: There is but one choice, Mr. Satan. You must take her with you.

Satan: Peter, I refuse! I refuse to take her!

St. Peter: Very well, if that's the way

you feel about it, come outside with me and we'll make our decision there.

Satan: You'll excuse us, Miss Dotty?

Dotty: Why, certainly.

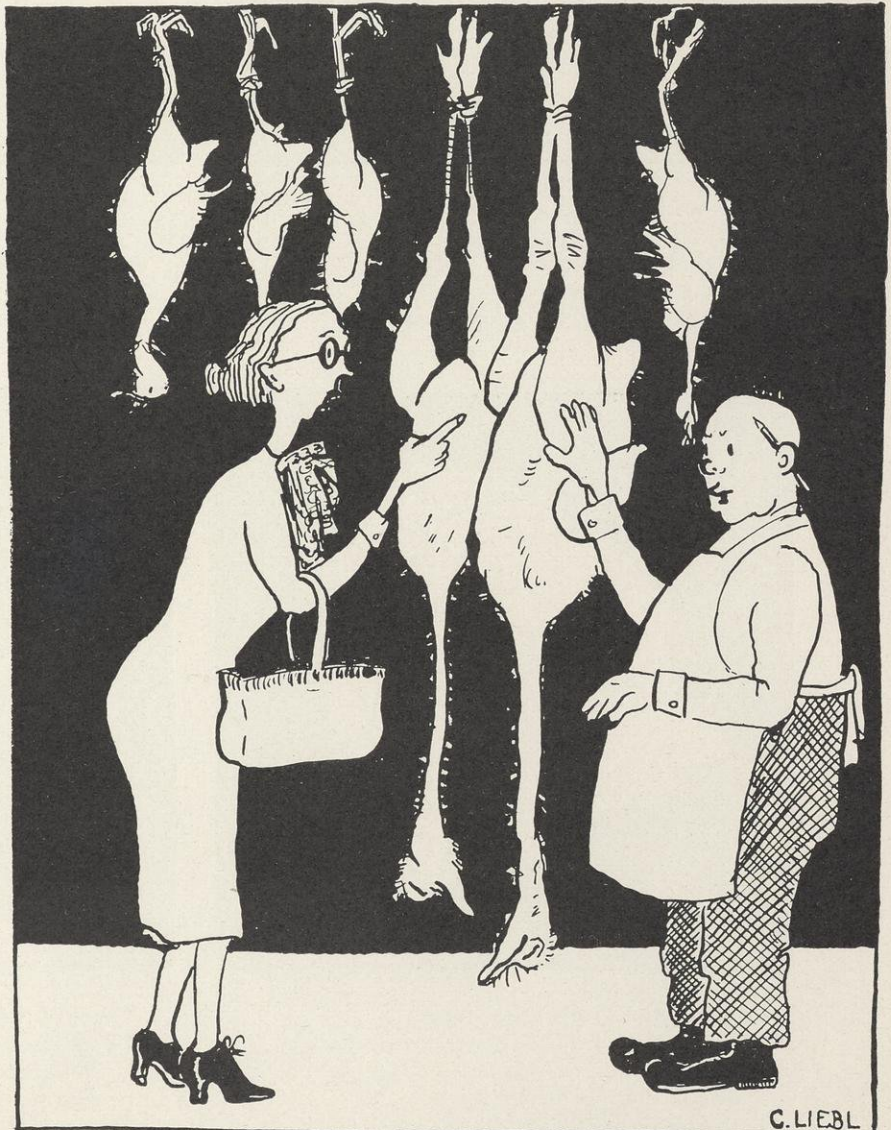
(St. Peter and Satan exit behind a fold of light blue cloud. Sounds of scuffling are heard. Then there is a long period of silence. Finally, they step out from behind the fold of cloud. Both have black eyes. They whisper to each other, then shake hands, and approach Dotty with their arms around each others' shoulders)

Dotty: You've reached a decision?

St. Peter: Yes, Mr. Satan and I agree that you could never be happy with either of us. I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to go back to college.

Curtain

—R. P.



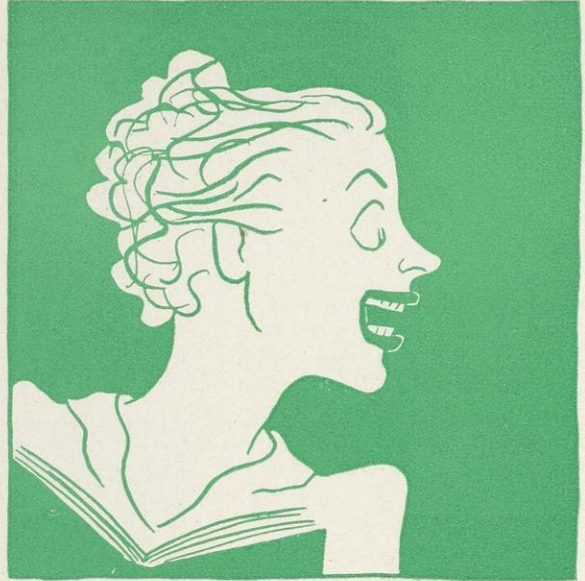
"Yes, ma'am . . . ostriches."

Library Fiends

A handful of bats from yon tower of higher learning



It always has irked us to find
That this studious graduate grind
Has filled margins with gripes,
Petty comments, mean snipes,
And everything else on his mind.



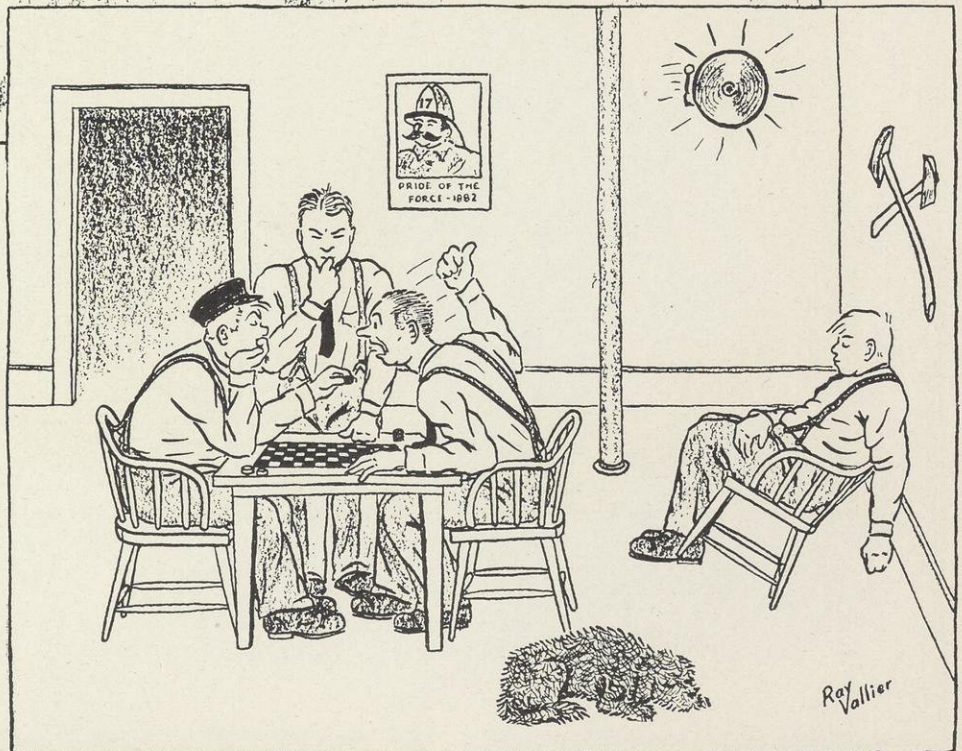
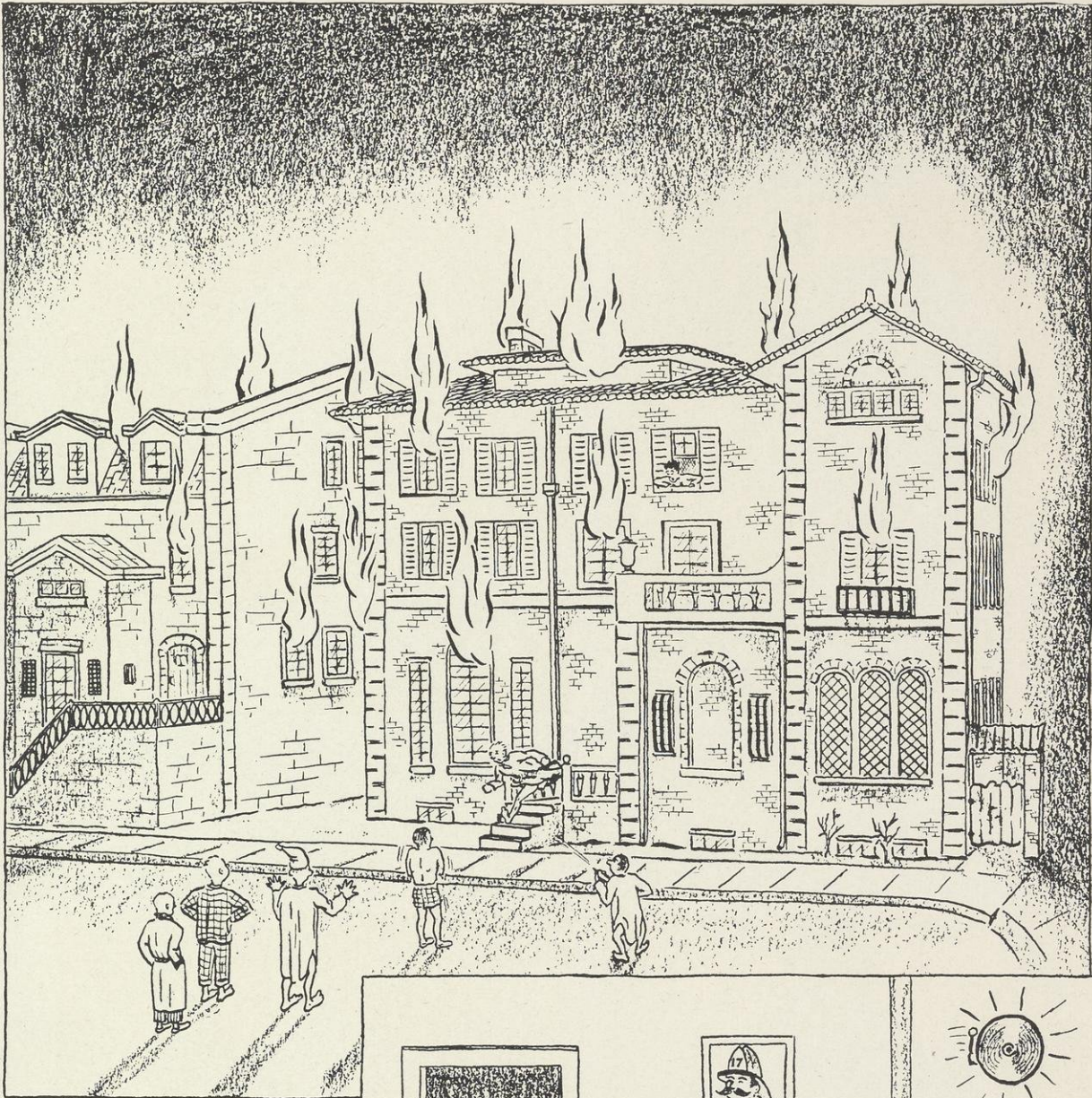
You'd never think time at all fleeting
When this fidgeting maid whispers greeting,
Calls friends all together
And these birds of a feather
Start their daily sorority meeting.



We're ready to start a hot feud
With the guy who tore out the neat nude
From a book of fine art—
For is this upstart
Or the book, we must ask, the more lewd?



There is room for a clever invention
To capture this lady's attention;
When you want a book there
She just slumps with a stare
And dreams of her soon-to-come pension.
—H. H.



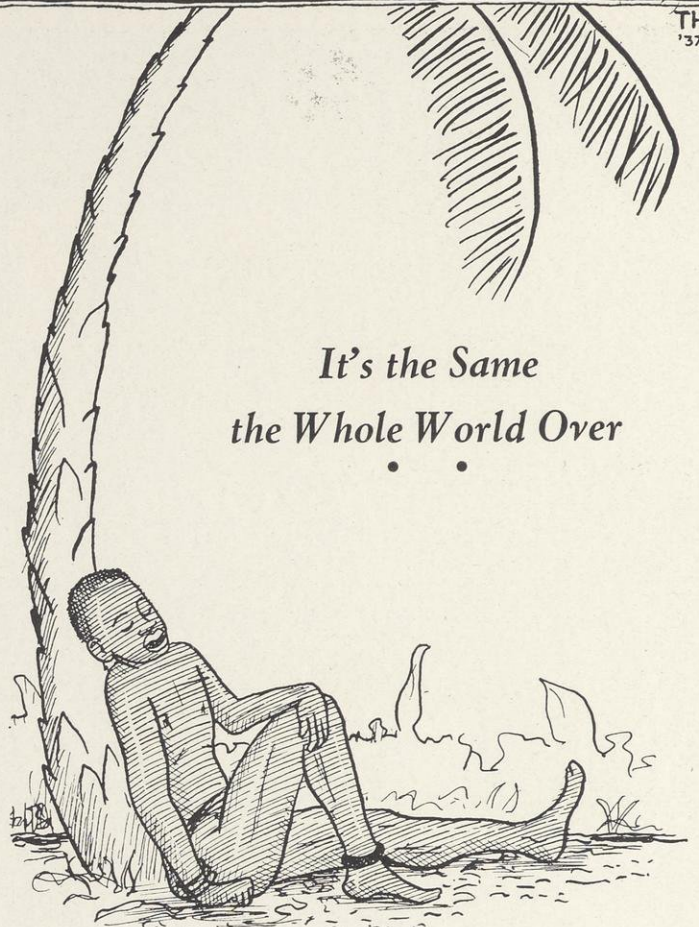
• •

*"Quit worrying, Al . . .
We've gone to Mendota
Court twice a week for
the last ten years and
it's always been a false
alarm."*

Ray Vallier



Professor



*It's the Same
the Whole World Over*

Reduced program



R. O. T. C. builds Men

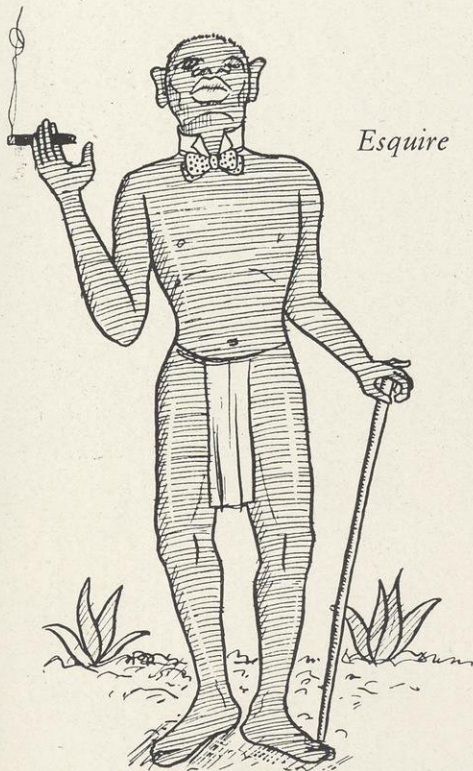


Big Six

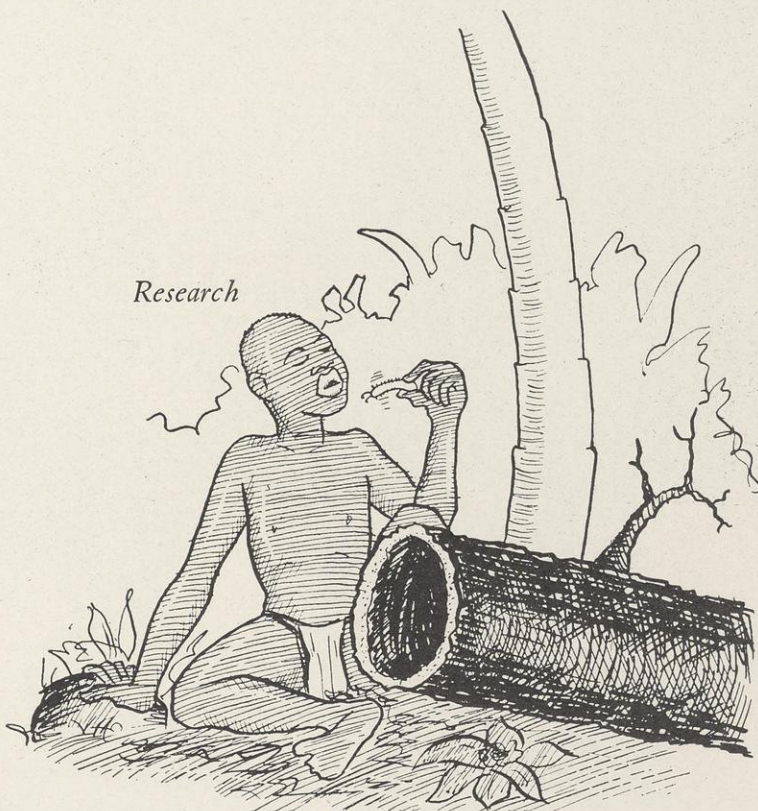
TH



Prom



Esquire



Research



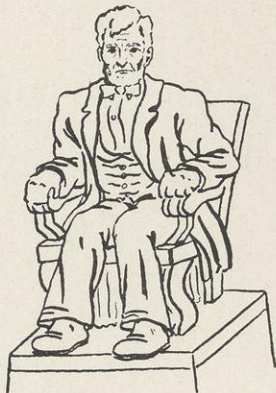
R. Wurtz

"O little star of Bethlehem ..."

After Gettysburg



"Another winter. Snow. Cold . . .



Shucks, there it starts again . . .



I should have known better . . .



I do hope that freshman didn't see me . . .



might ease over . . .



can hardly stand it . . .



Anybody looking now? . . .



at last—they're all in class . . .

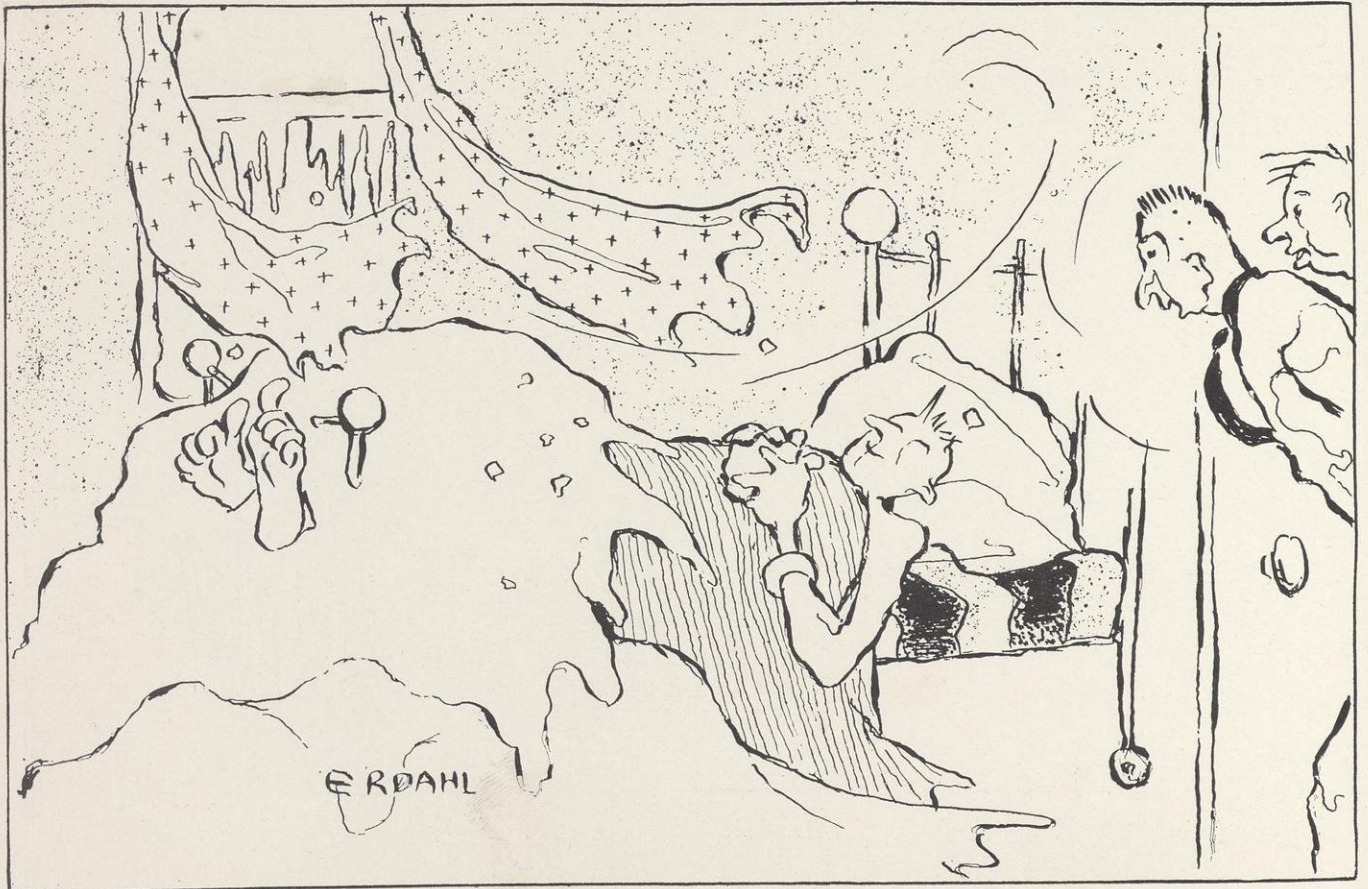


Drat this woolie underwear, anyhow!"

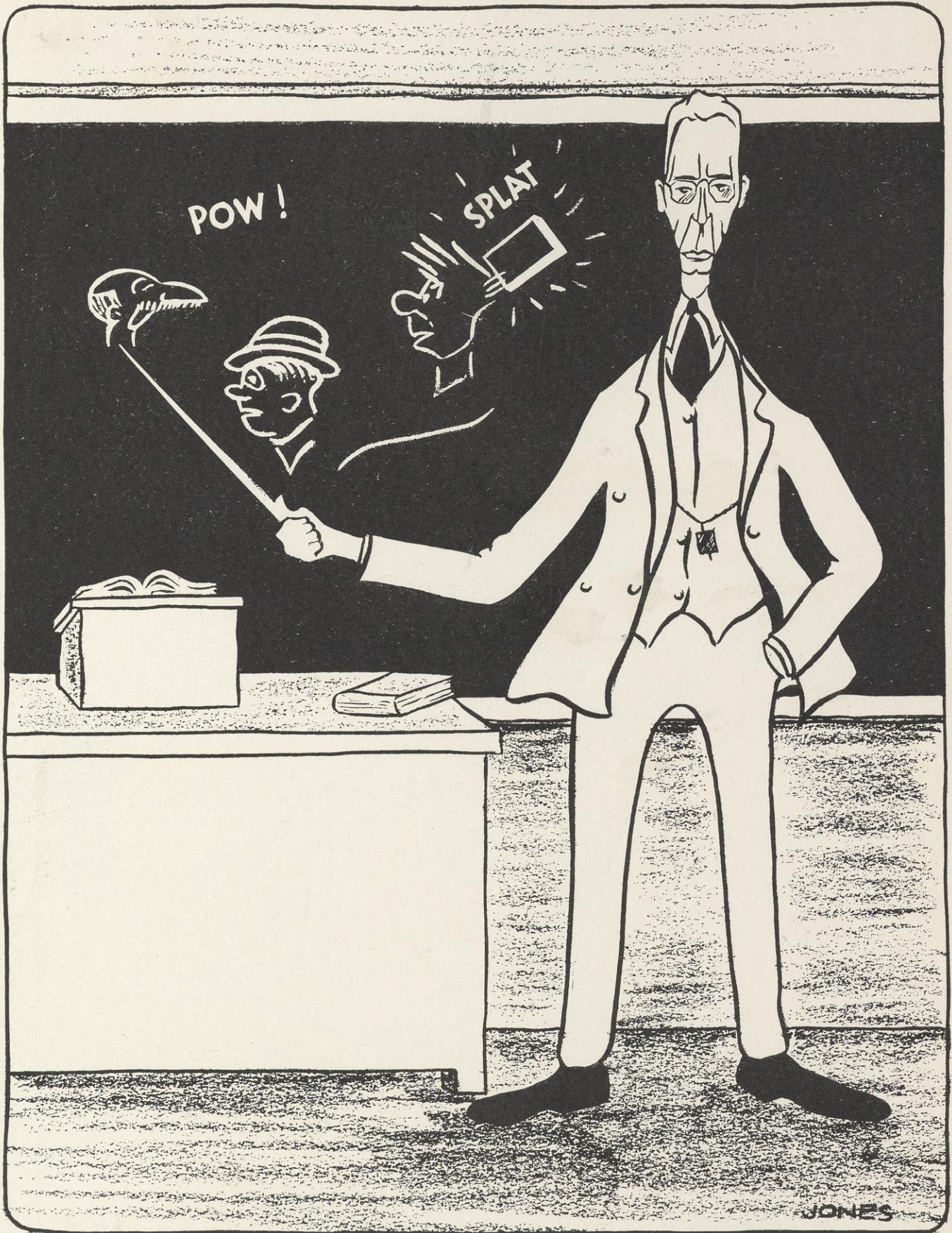
ReValier



"Sure— they call it 'Gallistel's Folly'."

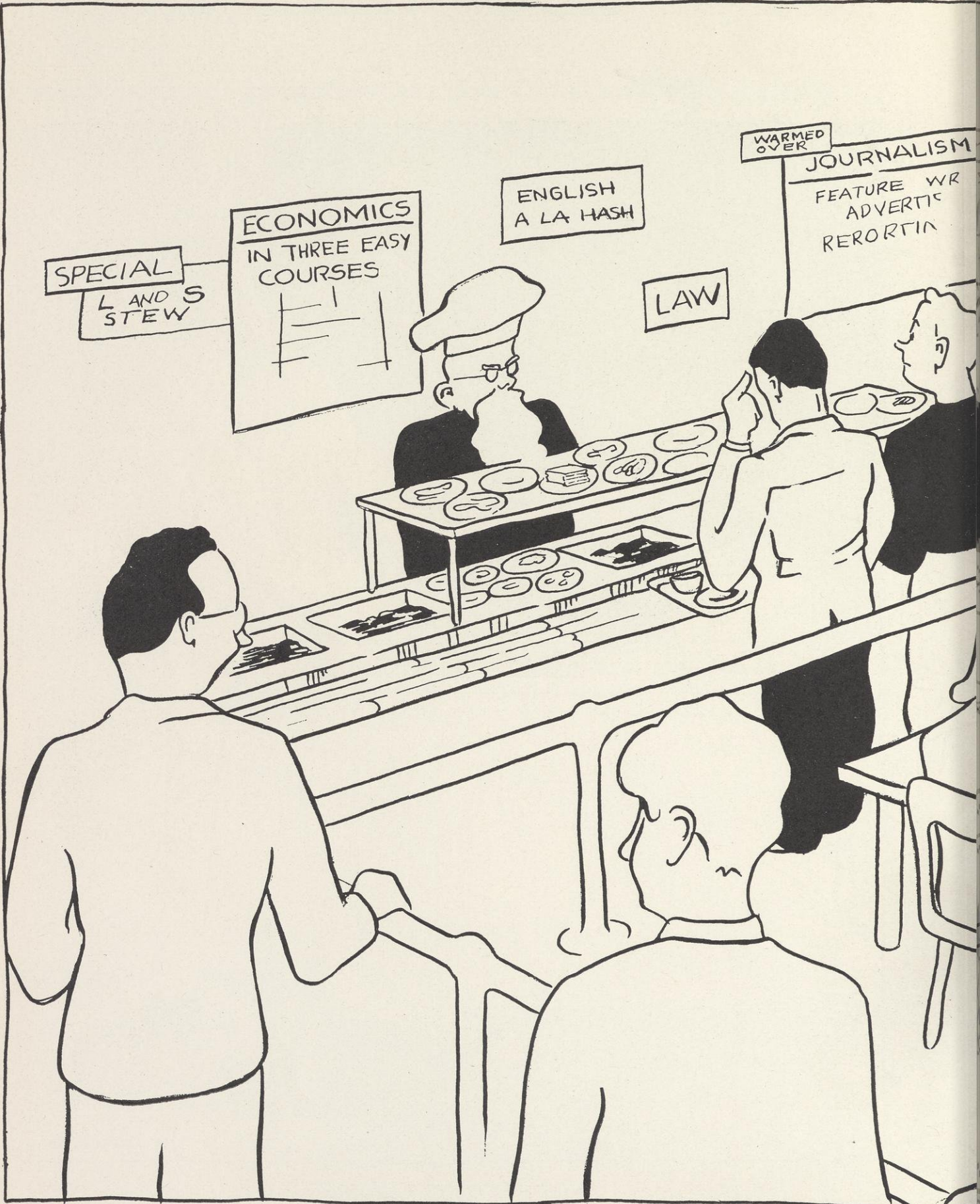


"Willard here never seems to get ENOUGH fresh air."



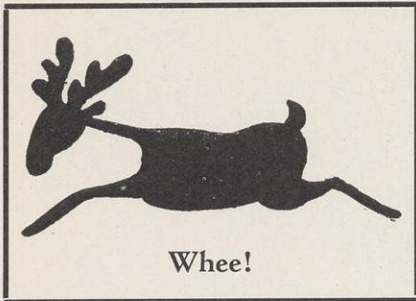
NOT IN THE CATALOGUE

The School of Journalism offers a course in that basic element of the modern newspaper, the comic strip. 3 cr.; 10 MWF. Mr. Hyde.





R. MORTON JONES



After All, Why Not?

ONE morning James Farley woke up and found the American Mercury booming him for the prexy job in 1940.

"Carramba!" he cried, "I've got another backer besides my wife."

To anyone who keeps his good eye on the American scene, it must be obvious that Mr. F. is pitching mighty hard for the job open to any boy born in this country.

A year ago we got an inkling of how Mr. Farley stood when he made that change in the method of mail delivery. Most people still think it seems funny to have the postman remove his hat, bow, and recite, "Mr. Farley is delighted to present you with your matinal epistles."

Two months ago, Mr. Farley announced that 1,800 postmasters had been appointed to handle the positions provided by the opening of the new postoffices at Lodi, Wisconsin; Greencastle, Missouri; and another one which is lost. The tale of the lost post office is really good, but more about that some other time. Suffice to say, that if you happen to find it, Mr. Farley will pay a large reward. The appointment of 4,790 postmasters-at-large, with roving commissions, was a good idea, too.

Last week we learned that Mr. Farley's latest political stunt was to use Federal money for calendars which the postman delivers to every home. The calendar cover says, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from Mr. Farley and His Boys in Blue." Each page of the calendar shows Mr. Farley in some striking pose. We especially like the one where he's dressed as a miner and is shown coming out of a hole in the ground.

BUT, Mr. Farley, remember that there is such a thing as going too far in using your departmental pull and treasury money to further your campaign.

We bet the public will see that something is behind your new plan to put out postage stamps in six delicious flavors.

—M. L. G.

Intimate Portfolio

Jane

*Jane's love is like my B. V. D.'s:
Just something light for summer.
So when I feel the winter breeze
I change to something wummer.*

Ann

*Ann has beautiful tresses
And wonderful are her legs,
But, sad to say, she expresses
Herself in double negs.*

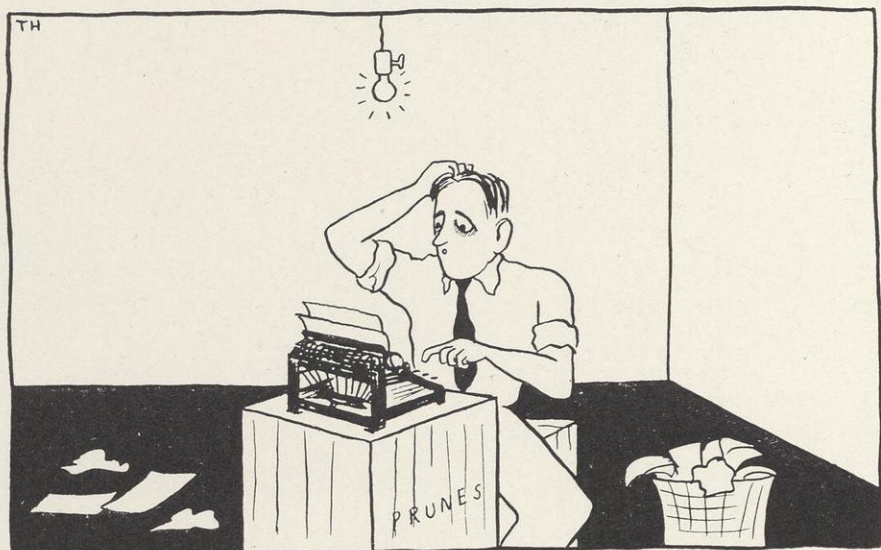
Marge

*Marge is an elfin-like creature;
She dances like something divine.
But her dance has a single bad feature—
The feet that she floats on are mine!*

Elizabeth

*Elizabeth's a Latin major;
There's none whom I know any sager.
She gets "A's" while I get "F's"—
Oh, keep your damn Elizabeths!*

The Classifieds



Get good grades! Theses, papers typed neatly, accurately by professional steno. 22 W. Johnson St.



Lost: Kappa Kappa Gamma key in or near Library last Thurs. night. Reward. Tessie, B. 1489.

Ye Successe Storie

I STILLE do notte knowe howe it hath com to passe, butte somehow I was sente untoe ye Wisconsinne as ye exchaynge studente from ye Medievalle Engellande.

Folke here didde thinke I was moste quaynte and anteeque. They did stayre at mee and did calle mee ye fairye. They did calle mee ye twerpe, ye goone, and ye meatteballe; and forsoth I knew not what they mente.

They did snyckerre at my medievalle clothes & laffe at my formalle, quaynte speeche. Verille, they did laffe at everythynge I didde, till withal I wisht me deade.

I woulde chaynge that, methoughte.

I woulde be lyke alle ye othere collige fellowes. I shal learne to dresse lyke ye othere collige boyes. I shal learne to speke & learne to acte lyke ye othere collige boyes.

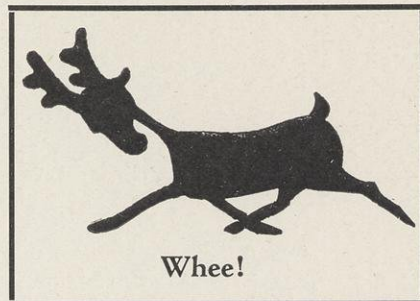
The Classifieds



Driving Milwaukee, Friday Dec. 19. Take two, share exp. B. 3687 after 6, ask for Fred.



Earn big dough—sell nifty Xmas cards. Go like hot-cakes. Generous commissions. Write Box 72A, Cleveland, Ohio.



I didde pledge ye fraternitee. I didde have ye sundrie blinde daytes & sundrie not-so blinde daytes. I did learne to quaffe ye beere & mede. I did hange arounde ye Rathskellarre and did accomplishe all my studyinge there.

Butte alle that didde not helpe one whit. Folke stille did laffe and stayre at mee. Yea, verilee, I was moste woeiful and sicke at ye herte.

Yet I did one daye receive ye inspiratione from on highe.

Whenne I retourneth to Wisconsinne ye nexte falle, I wot well whatte to do. No longere I wolde have to weare ye collige clothes, or acte like ye collige boye; I coude bee juste lyke I was backe in ye Medievalle Engellande.

YEA, gadzookes, I knewe fulle well whatte to do. I did dwelle oute to ye dormes, I did sygne uppe for ye ROTC, and I did enrolle in ye Agge Schoole.

Itte didde worke. Nowe can I do juste as I damn please and nobodye doth evere take notise of mee.—R. P.

Modern

*Her hair conforms to the latest bob,
And her dress was in HARPER'S BAZAAR.
Her mouth is a gaudy crimson blob,
And she drives a '39 car.*

*Her voice can be heard through a night-club din
As she sings a bright song about wine.
In fact, she's the gayest of all my kin:
That silver-haired Granny of mine!*

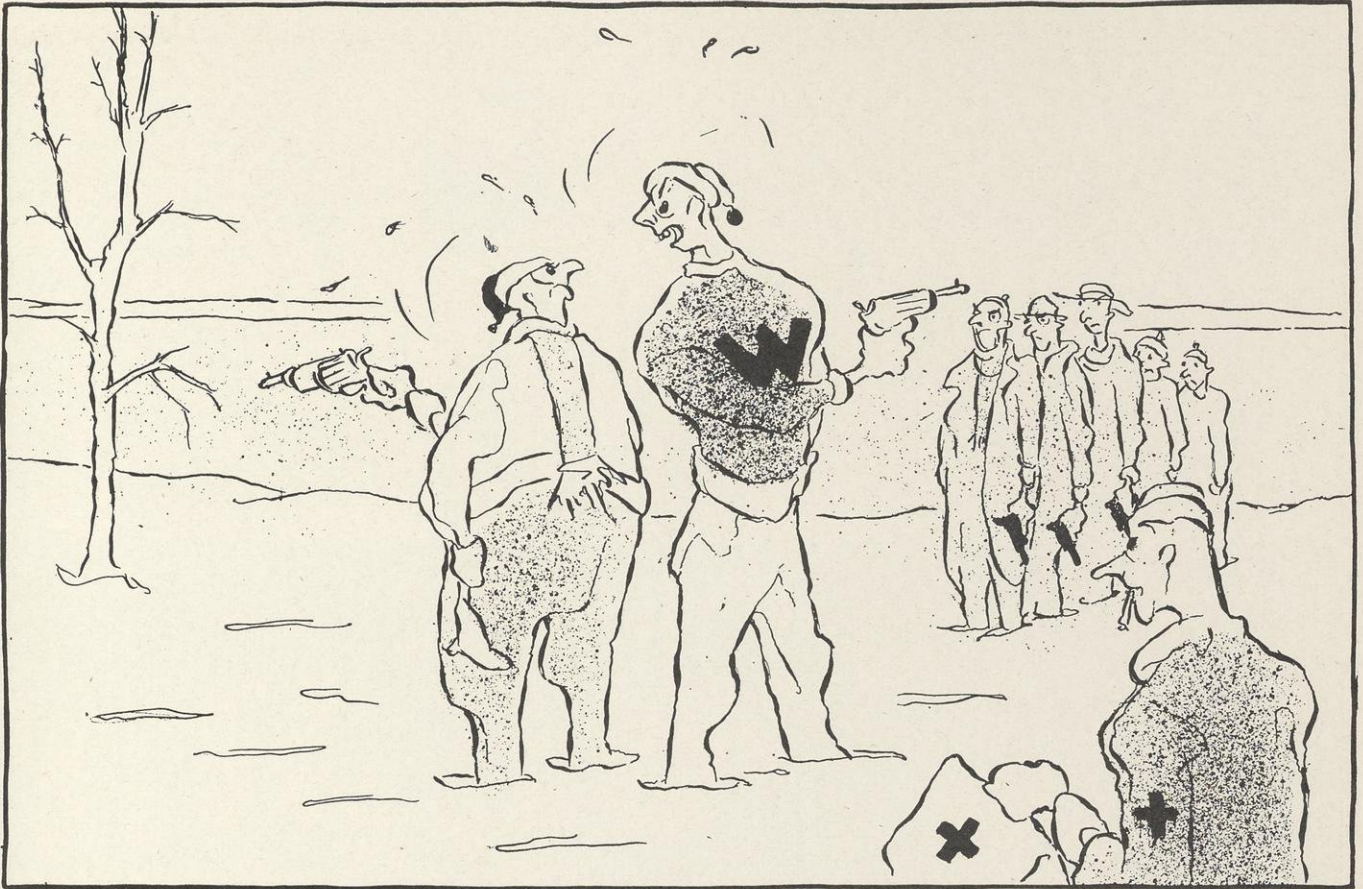
Poems

*A professor, decidedly brash,
Immersed his lovely moustache
In sauces whose blends
Astonished his friends
But enlivened the restaurant's hash.*

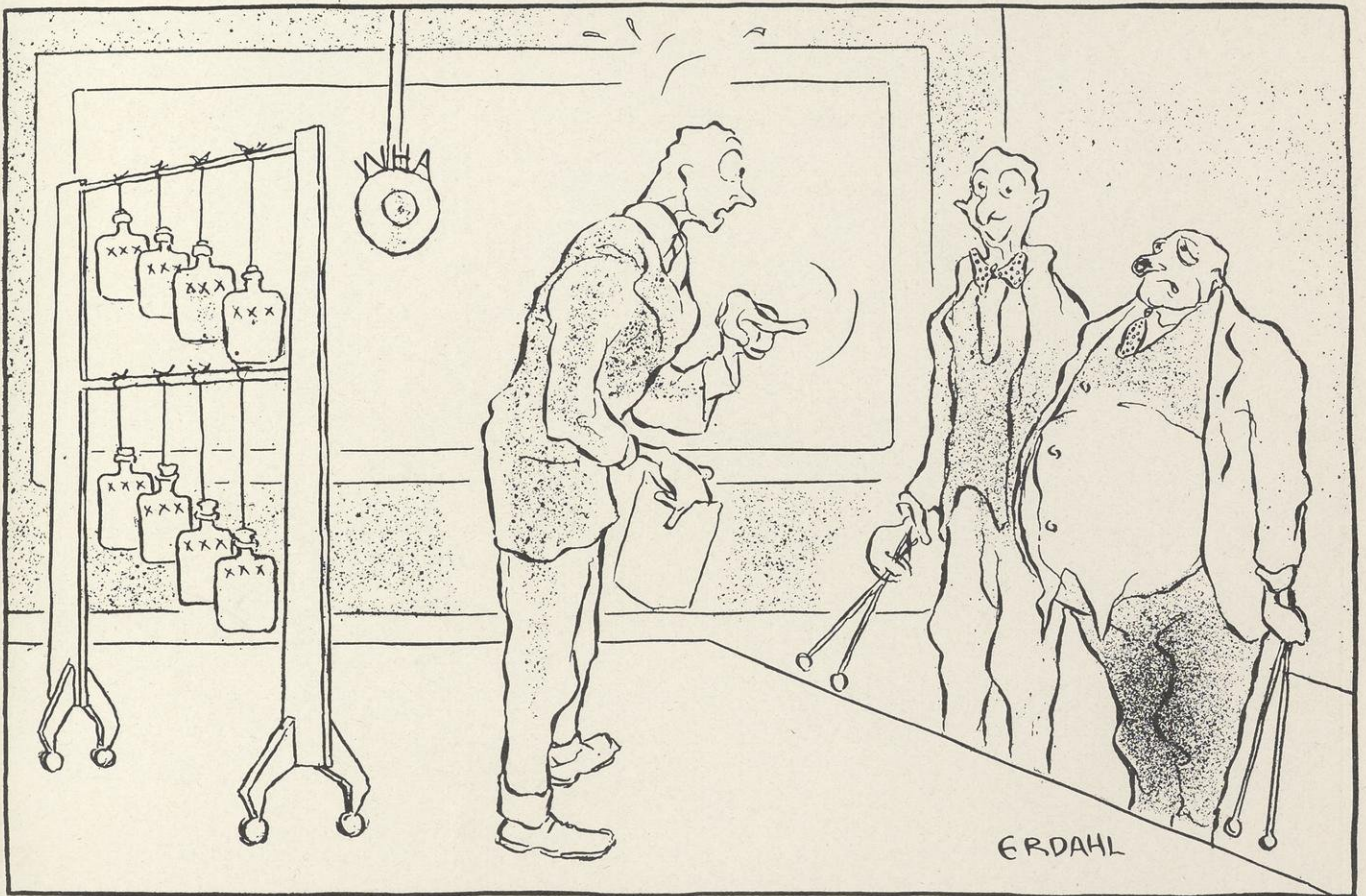
*A sea-going soldier named Breen
Clenched the rail, his complexion bright
green;*

*But a thundering wave
Swept the man to his grave
And thus made him an aquamarine.*

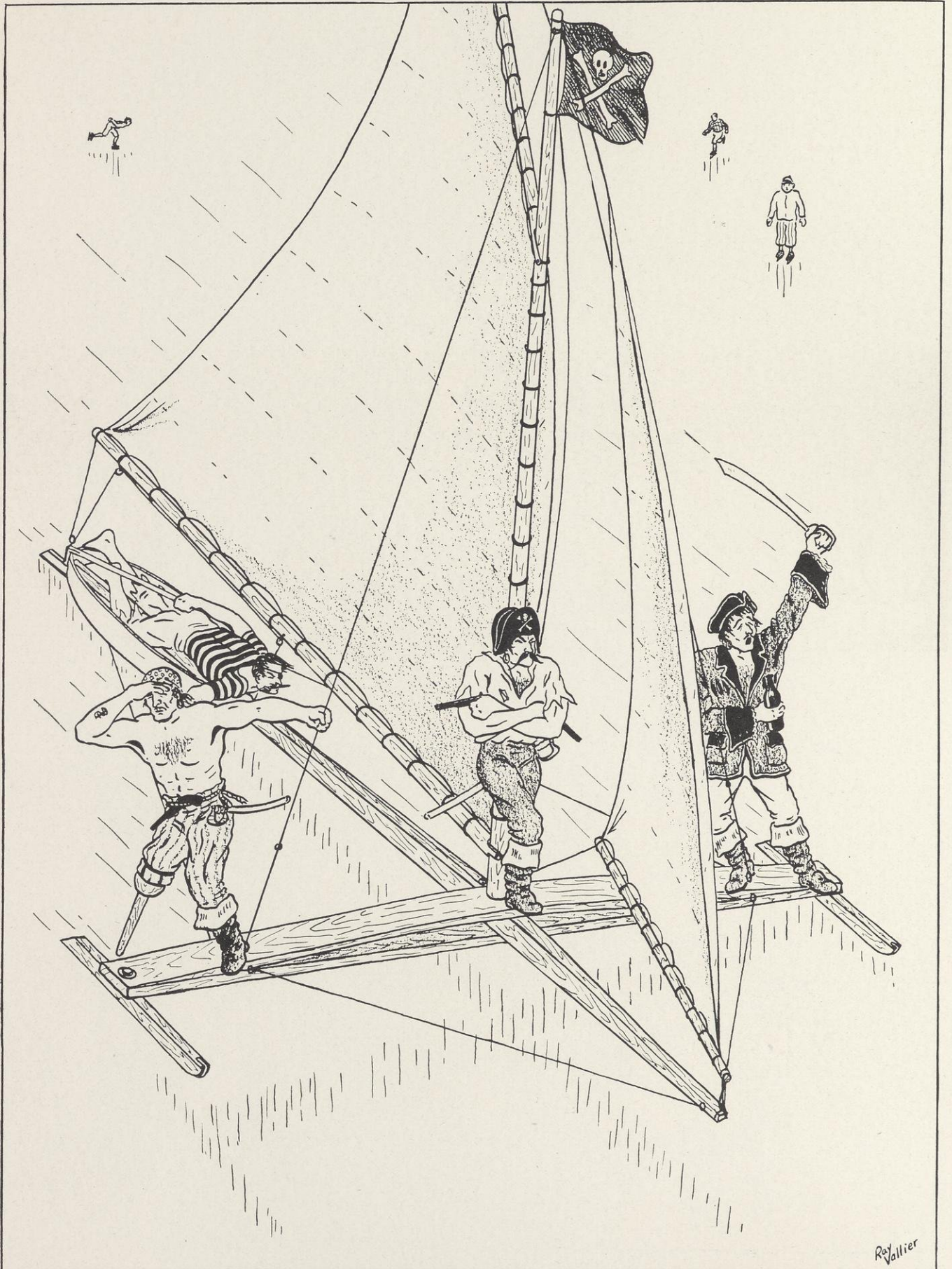




"Do all you mugs still think I married that Delta Gamma for her money?"



"Er . . . which of you gentlemen plays it?"



Ray Vallier

Scalp the Knave!

STUHLDTREHER must go. We, the members of the Baraboo Alumni Association, decided this at the Minnesota game. Our decision to boot him out came when he had the team pull that bonehead play on the three yard line.

Just after Stuhldreher had sent in a quarterback to call an end run, Casey passed over the bottle of rye and said, "Look at that, will you! That damned coach should have told them to place-kick. If they'd run this team like they did when I was in school we'd be bagging a few championships."

Henry, president of the Baraboo Alumni Association, taking the bottle of rye from Casey, pointed out that he was sure that Stuhldreher must go. "He's using too many out-of-state men, that's what's the trouble. Just because he's from Pennsylvania, he brings boys from out there and puts them on the first team and doesn't give the state boys a break. Now, my son used to be pretty good in high school but . . ."

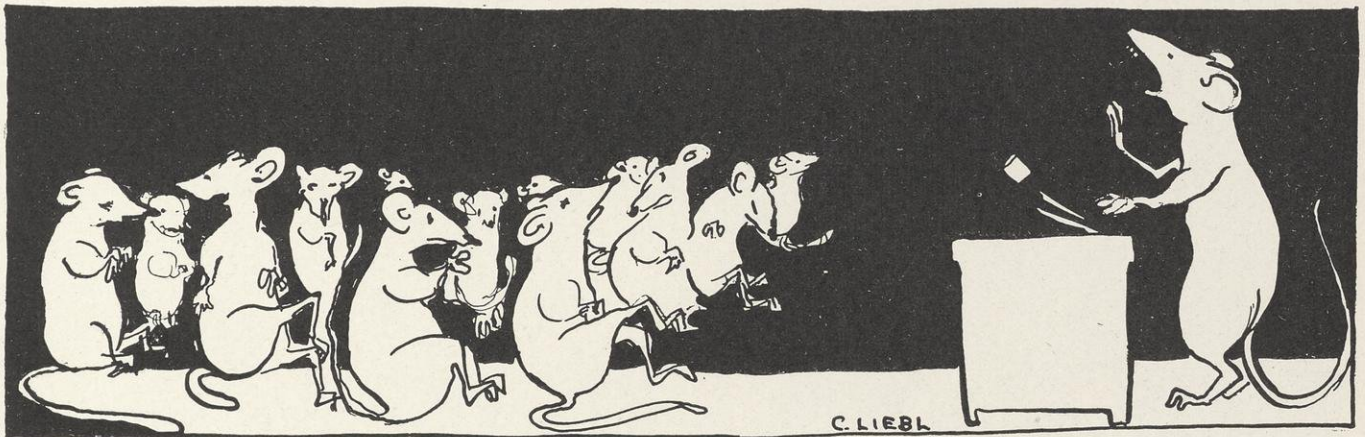
"Besides," exclaimed Oliver '09, "his football letters haven't got the old spark anymore. They used to be pretty clever and inspiring, but now—phew!"

"What's *more*," chirped Casey, who was getting rather plastered, "I think that he's been getting a little too much on the side out of this coaching job. We didn't hire him for writing movies and making speeches to Ladies' Aid Societies. No doubt, he must go."

Someone suggested that he threw over the Purdue game for a big hunk of gravy on the side. Just as we killed the fifth of rye, Casey—I think it was Casey—asserted that this guy Stuhldreher was a Communist.

That settled the matter as far as we were concerned. By god, no damned Red is going to coach our boys.

—M. L. G.



"Come on, fellows! Are we men—or are we mice?"

Let Justice Be Done

ACCORDING to *Life* Professor William H. Kiekhofer conducts large classes in elementary economics.

Mr. Kiekhofer loves to do things on a large scale. He does his farming in a grand fashion; he's not content with just a *few* apple trees. Also, Mr. Kiekhofer isn't content to have just an ordinary wall; he must have *the* outstanding wall on the campus. Unsatisfied with ordinary sized classes, or even the largest in the university, Mr. Kiekhofer has to have the largest in the country.

You'd think a man would be content with writing one textbook for each course, but, no; Mr. Kiekhofer writes *two* texts for his course. Lastly, Mr. Kiekhofer isn't even happy with the usual number of examinations; he passes out gobs and gobs of blue books every week.

Now, Mr. Kiekhofer, I am not interested in the number of exams you give; it's the huge number of blue books you use which attracts my attention. Since there are 1,100 students in your Economics 1a section and 300 in the second semester of the course, you harangue a total of 1400 students each semester. During the semester you give 11 exams and a final—which means that 1400 students each write 12 exams.

Thus, you use 16,800 blue books per semester.

Seventeen thousand blue books in one semester! *Sacre-bleu!* That this is a huge number of blue books is proved by comparing it with the number used in other courses. Take

Gaelic, for example. Here the grand total for the entire semester is under 25. Does this comparison not prove beyond a doubt that many blue books are wasted in Economics 1?

Mr. Kiekhofer, I say it is damnable to waste so many blue books during these trying times when the national debt is so high and the budget unbalanced. But if you *insist* on giving 12 exams a year, let me make a friendly suggestion. I recommend that the blue books be collected after the student has seen his grade and screamed that he's been robbed. At the end of the school year you would have 34,000 blue books tucked away in the corner of your office.

A blue book, including the weight of the staples, weighs about one-fourth of a pound. They run a wee bit heavier if written in *lead* pencil. The 34,000 books would weigh 8500 pounds or a little more than four tons.

According to the current market price for scrap paper, a ton is worth \$5.50. With the general upswing of prices, unless you economists play around with it, the price of paper ought to rise to \$6.00 before June. Four tons at \$6.00 equals \$24.00. This money represents *clear* profit and can be used to build up the Loan Fund, help build the third wing, or serve as a down payment for a good-as-new upright piano.

Now, Mr. Kiekhofer, don't take any of this as personal; you are, like the rest of us, a victim of the System. And, by the way, if you decide to adopt my plan of collecting old blue books, I know a man who'll give you \$5.78 a ton today!

—P. B. K.

Everlastingly At It

KING BELSHAZZAR laughed boisterously. The little blonde seated on his knee giggled, "What's so funny, big boy?"

Belshazzar let loose another loud, rollicking laugh. Then he slyly pinched the little blonde's cheek, and asked waggishly, "Whatsha think a my party, Blondie? Pretty ritzy, eh?"

"Why, sure, it's a ritzy party. Why, Shazzy, it's the swellest party I've ever been to," she said, pouring another glass of champagne for the King.

Belshazzar pointed an uncertain finger at Blondie's nose, and mumbled thickly, "You know what, Baby? Thish is going to be the biggest party in hishtory. Thash what! Look around; give thish party the once-over."

Blondie giggled again and glanced about her.

She saw over a thousand of Babylon's nobles there in Belshazzar's palace, drinking freely of champagne and wine. They caroused noisily, danced and played with the beautiful slave girls Belshazzar had provided as hostesses. Quite obviously a drinking party. No inhibitions. No one holding back.

"Oh, Shazzy!" she murmured. "It's wonderful. Why, everybody's so happy and carefree tonight, I almost hate to think of tomorrow."

The King chuckled. "Look, honey," he said, "Look at that strip-tease artish' I imported. Pretty classhy, ain't she? Jus' wait'll you see her do her number in the floor-show." Belshazzar took another drink of champagne.

AND then suddenly the music stopped. Gasps of horror came from the crowd. All stood dumbfounded, their eyes on the wall behind the colored orchestra.

"Look, Shazzy, look!" gasped Blondie, cuddling closer to the puzzled Belshazzar.

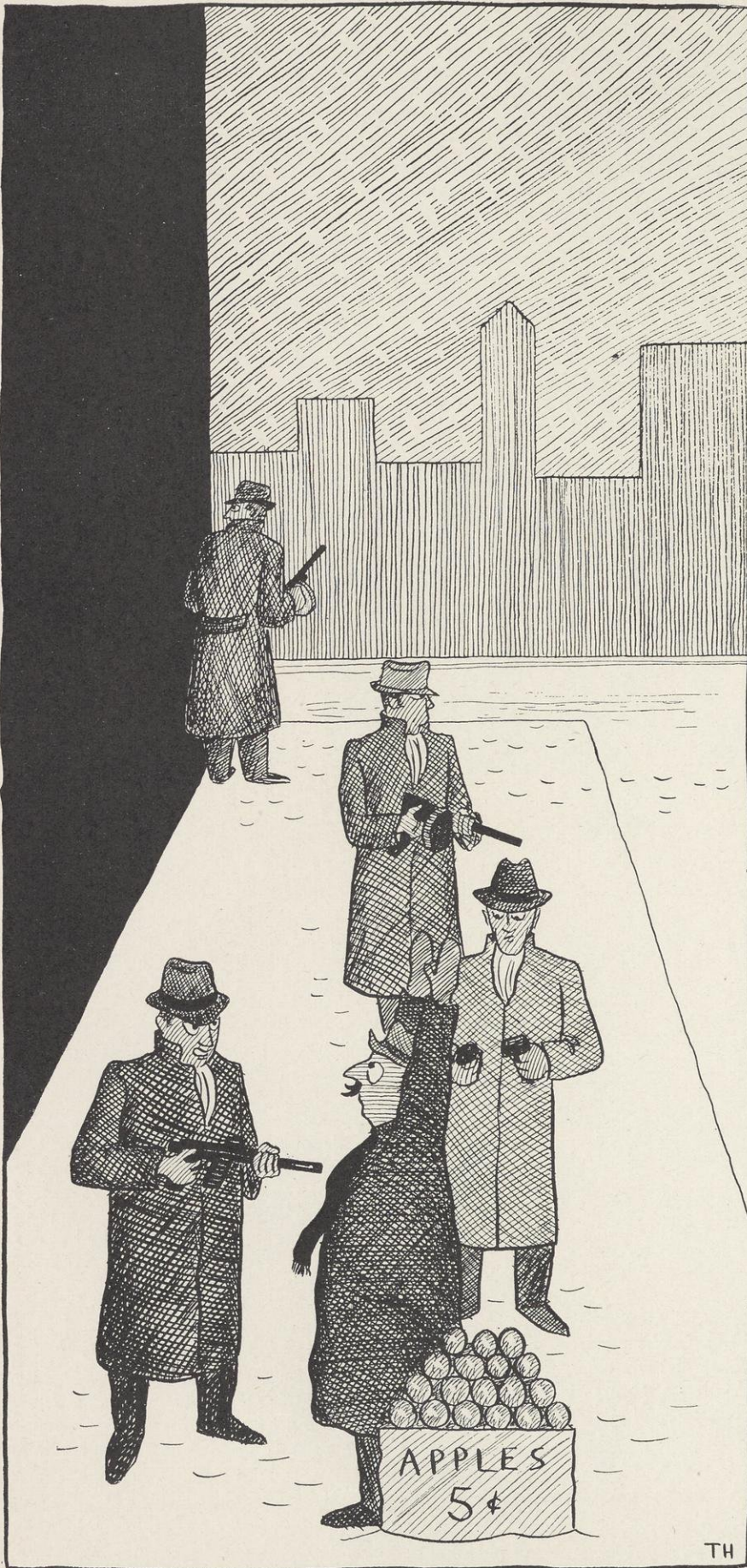
A large, milk-white hand was writing something on the wall. Something in large, fiery-red letters. And then the hand sort of clouded and disappeared.

King Belshazzar rubbed his eyes, looked again, and read the somewhat-blurry handwriting on the wall. It said, "For That Tomorrow's Hangover, That Sluggish Morning-After Feeling, Take Selka-Seltzer."

Baboons travel in large packs. They are fierce and savage.

—CARDINAL

Thanks—we were wondering.



"Yeah—it's a hold-up, see?"



THE DISSECTING LAB

"Why, Albert, you're white as a sheet!"

The Campus CHRONICLE

Bearded Radicals

It may be a coincidence that at least two electric-razor companies have had pictures of Santa Claus shaving off his whiskers in their advertisements this year, but the whole idea goes back to Christmas, 1900, when William McKinley was setting a style as the first unwhiskered president and the Farmers'-Alliance Congressmen were known as bearded radicals.

Here's an advertisement we found in *Colliers'*:

*"Old Santa Claus was grumpy—
He'd come with Christmas chimes:
But found the men so modern,
He felt behind the times.*

*"How did he get in fashion?
He didn't moan and mope,
But quickly shaved his whiskers
With Williams Shaving Soap."*

Octy hopes that Santa Claus isn't making his last stand.

Cosmopolitan

For no apparent reason the bulletin board in Bascom exhibits this notice:

PUBLIC CONFESSION: *We hate Shirley Temple*

*Auch wir
Nosotros tambien
Nous aussi*

Bill of Rights

The department of economics *suggests* that all students should read the *New Republic* each week, but they don't insist on it. They merely place a magazine every two feet along the tables in the economics reading room.

If you're not easily tempted, you can get through a few minutes without reading the magazine but the odds are against you. We don't consider this in line with the spirit of the Constitution which assures freedom of speech and thought to all.

To counterbalance the effect, however, they do scatter an occasional *Business Week*.

Wisconsin Schooling

Dr. Selig Perlman recently confided in us that it was not a girl in his labor class who said, "My, what a fight the CIO is having with the AWOL."

Pick-up

The sign on the door said "By phone—15c. Pick-up—10c" But the man in the driver's seat slowed up, leaned out of the window and said, "Pssst, buddy, take you anywhere you want for five cents." We couldn't resist the temptation; and while taking us up town, the taxi driver explained that he does it often when business is a trifle slack.

Statistics

We nominate the bigwigs of *Cardinal* for presenting the most naive scene of the year. Robert Taylor, managing edi-

tor, had written front page flashes (copyrighted) for two days in a row exposing all that horrid student labor exploitation—16c an hour, and all that. Suddenly, Taylor burst into Editor Newman's lair and gasped, "Holy man, the average student wage comes out to 33c an hour!"

Newman looked up from behind his desk, reflected, and then cried, "No, my god, it *can't* be!"

But it was.

Governor

It was right after the Glenn Frank situation (to go *away* back in history) that this story appeared. A negro was arrested for driving his truck too fast down State Street. "Haven't you got a governor on this truck?" inquired the policeman.

"No, sir," was the reply, "the Governor's up in the Capitol; that stuff in the back of the truck is fertilizer."

Texts

We like the story of Professor Husband who was asked whether he intended to publish a book this year. He replied in the affirmative, saying that he was just about half through with it already. He explained that he had decided on the price . . . it was to be \$3.75.

"All I have to do now," he continued, "is to find a subject to write about."

& Nonsense

One of the better features of the Daily Cardinal is the plan they use of completing a column with "filler." Often papers try to be informative in their fillers, but not so the Cardinal—they merely fill the column with the first thing that enters their heads. Here are some of the ones that we liked:

Use tinted coconut to decorate cakes and frostings.

The meek shall inherit the world.—J. Christ.

All that I have I owe to my mother.—A. Lincoln.

Robert M. La Follette, Sr., chewed gum while President Wilson delivered his famous war message.

He voted against war.

Some day we'll tell you about the boiler plate they use.

Documents

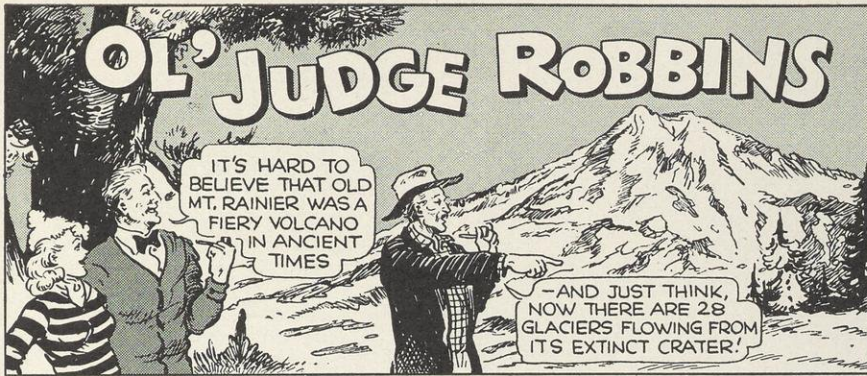
If you ever set out to read the records of the now defunct AAA that killed all those little pigs a while back, you would be up against enough manuscripts to fill a room 12 feet high, 7½ feet wide, and 10 feet long. The Ag Library, though, has the equivalent of all this mountain of material locked away in a tin drawer—recorded on 58 rolls of 16 mm. film. If you want to read the stuff, you put it in a projecting machine and read it off the wall.

This is a rather new method of "printing" books whose cost by ordinary methods would be too great. It all set the library back \$300—a sort of permanent memorial for all those little pigs.

Woof!

We have often been amazed, as we plodded up the Hill, to hear dogs barking plaintively at us from the upper floors of Science Hall. Curious, we finally went up to see what it was all about. In a hot, smelly room on the fourth floor are a dozen cages full of dogs. They are treated most kindly (no trees, though) until the time comes when they are retired forever with a dose of ether and turned over to anatomy classes for exploration. Martyrs to Science, so to speak.

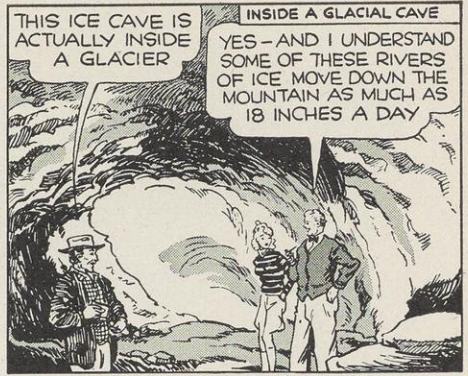
Let us know if you hear any bears around.



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

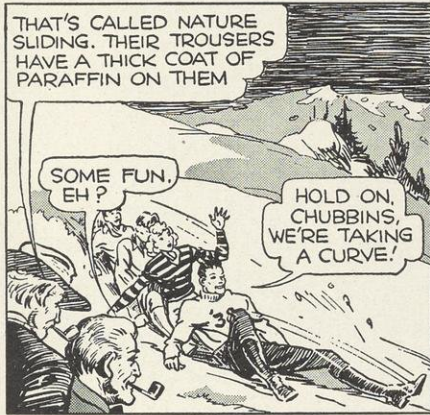
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT OLD MT. RAINIER WAS A FIERY VOLCANO IN ANCIENT TIMES

-AND JUST THINK, NOW THERE ARE 28 GLACIERS FLOWING FROM ITS EXTINGUISHED CRATER!



THIS ICE CAVE IS ACTUALLY INSIDE A GLACIER

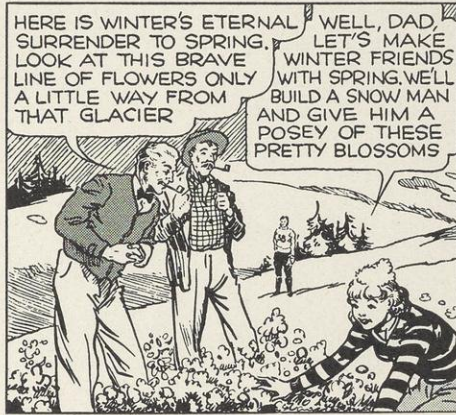
INSIDE A GLACIAL CAVE
YES - AND I UNDERSTAND SOME OF THESE RIVERS OF ICE MOVE DOWN THE MOUNTAIN AS MUCH AS 18 INCHES A DAY



THAT'S CALLED NATURE SLIDING. THEIR TROUSERS HAVE A THICK COAT OF PARAFFIN ON THEM

SOME FUN, EH?

HOLD ON, CHUBBINS. WE'RE TAKING A CURVE!



HERE IS WINTER'S ETERNAL SURRENDER TO SPRING. LOOK AT THIS BRAVE LINE OF FLOWERS ONLY A LITTLE WAY FROM THAT GLACIER

WELL, DAD, LET'S MAKE WINTER FRIENDS WITH SPRING. WE'LL BUILD A SNOW MAN AND GIVE HIM A POSEY OF THESE PRETTY BLOSSOMS



THERE - ALL HE NEEDS IS YOUR PIPE, DAD, TO MAKE HIM LOOK REAL CONTENTED

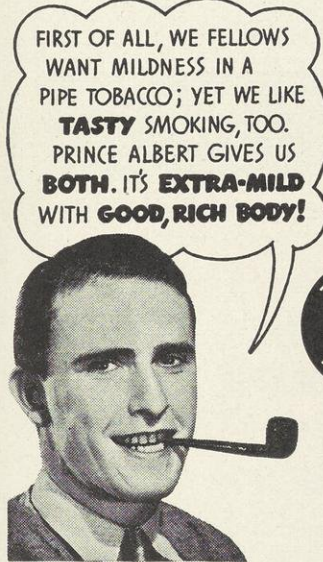


TOO BAD HE CAN'T TASTE THE PRINCE ALBERT IN THAT PIPE

IF HE COULD, I'LL BET HE'D APPRECIATE PRINCE ALBERT'S SMOOTH, BITELESS SMOKING AND RICH, TASTY BODY!

A SNOW MAN OUGHT TO HAVE A COOL SMOKE, SO PRINCE ALBERT'S JUST THE THING!

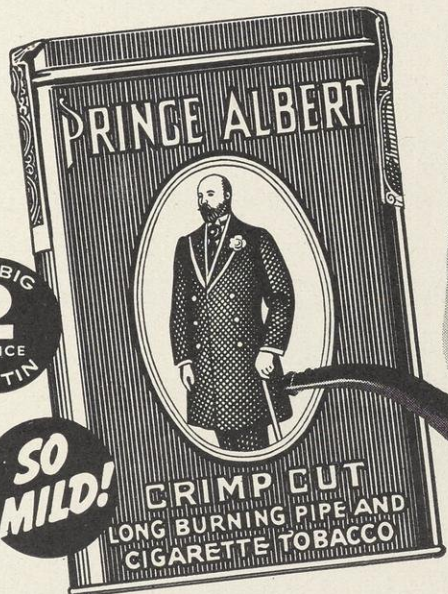
Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



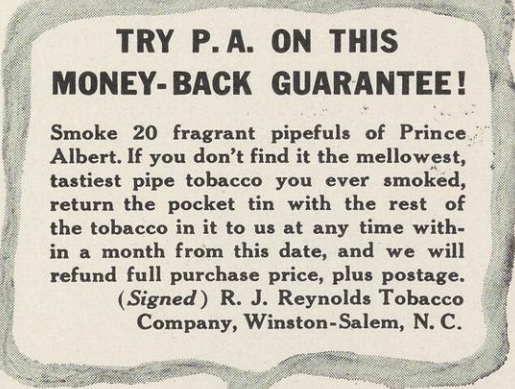
FIRST OF ALL, WE FELLOWS WANT MILDNESS IN A PIPE TOBACCO; YET WE LIKE **TASTY SMOKING, TOO.** PRINCE ALBERT GIVES US **BOTH.** IT'S **EXTRA-MILD** WITH **GOOD, RICH BODY!**

THE BIG **2** OUNCE RED TIN

SO MILD!



PRINCE ALBERT
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.

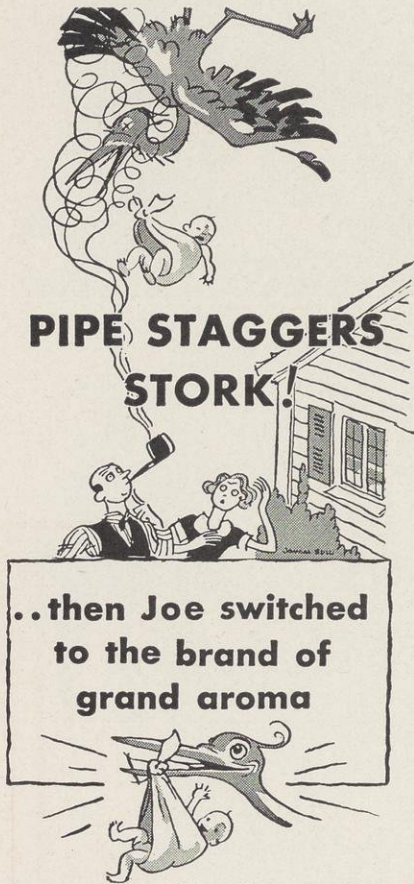
ALSO TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN WITH P. A.

50

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

PRINCE ALBERT

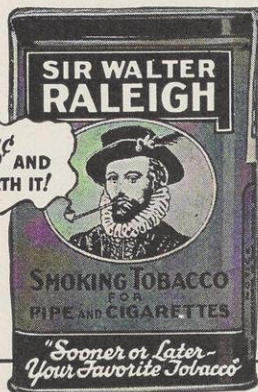
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



**PIPE STAGGERS
STORK.**

**..then Joe switched
to the brand of
grand aroma**

HELP! Send for the S. P. C. A. Notify the S.P.C.C. And let's start a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pipes! Smoking over-strong tobacco in a gummy bowl is a mean trick to play on a self-respecting briar. Clean it out and smoke a fine, mild tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh. Fragrant. Slow-burning. Blended of the finest burleys from the famous Blue Grass country. Two full ounces... 50 pipefuls. Try a tin.



**UNION
MADE**

PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 86 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his Famous Orchestra NBC Blue Network, every Friday 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS
When fraternity brothers *bought* cigarettes.
When people *ate* things that came in cans.
When divans were made to *sit* on.
When a babe meant a *child*.
When puss meant a *cat*.
When map meant a *geographic chart*.
When dope meant a *drug*.
When dancers *moved* their feet.
When coeds came home with the *same* guy they started out with.
When people *went* to classes.
To hell with the good old days.

It was late. The stars were shining brightly. The moon was pale. He opened the door of the car, helped her out, took her arm and walked up to the door with her. They stood and gazed at each other for some time; then, finally, he spoke.
"Listen, I've done everything you wanted to do tonight. I took you to the theatre. I took you to dinner. I took you to a night club to dance; and now, you're going to do something I want to do or I'll break your neck for you." . . . and he would have broken it, too. —Chaparral.

The electrician was puzzled. "Hey," he called to his assistant, "put your hand on one of those wires."
The assistant did as he was told. "Feel anything?"
"No."
"Good!" said the electrician. "I wasn't sure which was which. Don't touch the other or you'll drop dead." —Wampus.

Sweet Young Thing: Dammit!
Nice Old Lady: My word.
S. Y. T.: Pardon me, I didn't realize I was plagiarizing. —Yellow Jacket.

FREE!
Win a box of Life Savers

Send in your favorite clean joke to the editors of the Octopus, and win an attractive box of Life Savers—twelve assorted kinds, as a matter of fact.

this month's winner

is Mr. Dick Husband, 2402 Fox Ave., Madison. Dick's knockout gag follows:

Dentist: "Where is the aching tooth located?"
Patient (a theater usher): "Balcony, first row to the right."

Congratulations, Dick!

**BRIGHT SAYINGS
OF CHILDREN**
by R. C. McCoy

Bright Sayings of Children

"Mamie Riley says to me, 'No is my final answer, FOREVER and FOREVER!'"
"That makes me laugh, Chubby! Just ask her if she'd like to join you in eating some

McCoy's "Golden Rich" ICE CREAM
BADGER 3231 - 507 STATE ST.

**OF
COURSE
YOU
DO!**

You want to look your sparkling best for all those Christmas parties, and what better place to get that finishing touch for your new formal than . . .

The Cardinal Beauty Shoppe
625 State Street Fairchild 3966



CHRISTMAS this year promises to be a great gift year. The Co-op has stocked hundreds of attractive gifts moderate in price and undeniably in good taste. Drop in . . . and we're sure you'll agree.

In addition we offer the newest in

Books and Christmas Cards

THE
CO-OP

ALL RIGHT, MAYBE HE IS SHORT AND SCRAWNY, BUT HE SURE TAKES MY BREATH AWAY!

YOU MIGHT HAVE BETTER LUCK IF YOU'D TRY THESE **LIFE SAVERS**—THEY'D REALLY TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY!

MORAL:
Everybody's breath offends sometimes...let **PEP-O-MINT** save yours after eating, smoking and drinking

The Campus
Institution of Friendly Service

announces that

8 New 1937 Ford V-8's
and Chevrolets

are now available
at

Capital City Rent-A-Car

531 STATE FAIRCHILD 334

Post Mortem

WELL, coach, how about a few words about the prospects for *next* year? Are we going to have a better team? No, I hardly think so. Eleven letter men are leaving, which means practically the whole first team.

But the freshman squad, there's some good material there, isn't there?

No-o-o, I scarcely think so. They've been vastly over-rated by the sports writers.

Then you think that there is a possibility that we might finish near the bottom in the conference?

Possibility! Why, the team will be lucky to be STAYING in the conference after next season.

Will you be able to bring in any new players?

No, I'm afraid not. There's been such a howl in the papers about "scholarships" that none are going to be granted next year.

Is there any possibility of beating our rival, Midwest College?

Emphatically, No! Midwest has one of the strongest teams in years. They didn't lose a man by graduation and their freshman team is almost as tough as the varsity. Their backs all can run, kick, and pass, and their ends are track stars. In addition, their line has an average of two hundred pounds.

Well, coach, are you going to do your best anyway? I'll say! I've just signed up to coach Midwest!

—R. N.

For that

Doggy Touch! Come in and look over our Xmas array. Prices that please. For Fancy Cards, see . . .

Netherwood's
519 State St.

Fifty Cards Personalized for One Dollar

MERRY CHRISTMAS

For Perfectly Pasteurized Dairy Products

phone Badger 7100

FLASH!

Exclusive Octopus Interview with Last Robin

(First robins . . . phooley!)

YESTERDAY morning it was pretty cold when I walked up the hill to my ten o'clock French class. A new fallen layer of snow crunched coldly and dimly under my feet. I sank my neck down deeper into the collar of my overcoat and shivered.

And then I saw him.

He sat on a snowy branch of a tree, hunched up into a puffed-up ball. There was a bleary, disconsolate look in his watery, red-rimmed eyes.

"Holy smokes!" I said. "A robin!" I'm a journalism student, and a journalist has to be observant.

The robin stared at me intently for a moment. Then he said angrily, "Well, it's about *time* someone noticed me. Do you realize who I am?"

"No," I admitted.

"Well," he said, "I'm the last robin. For years people have been making a fuss about the first robin. First robin is seen and Spring is here. Bah! Here I am, the last robin, and nobody gives a hang."

"Are you sure you're the very last robin?" I asked in my best reportorial manner.

"I'm positive," he said, shivering slightly. "In fact, I'm going to stick around all winter to make sure I am. Then next spring I'll be the first robin, too."

"Look, fellow," he continued, doubtfully, "How about giving me a break? It's about time I got some recognition as the last robin. I should think the last robin would be at least as important as the first robin."

"I'll do what I can," I promised. "But look, a journalist can't fake his stories. You've got to give me some definite statements. Like why you didn't migrate as other robins did."

"Trouble at the bank. And I can't afford it," the robin said bluntly.

I was on touchy ground. A journalist must be tactful. "How," I asked, choosing my words with extreme care, "do you propose to spend the winter?"

"Well," he said, "I'll be spending some of my time at my club. And I'm going to see all the latest movies and plays. And I'm going to read all those books I've been intending to read. And I'm going to try to do some real home cooking."

Later, in French class I couldn't help feeling sorry for the poor fellow. Even if he was the last robin. —O. O.



A 4-Year Loafer Graduates with Honors

*Idling in the wood 4 full years,
BRIGGS comes forth
as the world's richest and
friendliest tobacco*

THIS IS THE STORY of the loafer that goes to the head of the class!

Briggs is *born* rich. It starts life as a blend of nature's choicest tobaccos. Then it enters college for a 4-year course in idling.

For 4 long years it loafs in stout oak-casks, getting richer, doing nothing! Just naturally maturing into the smoothest and mellowest pipe tobacco you ever touched a match to.

When it finally graduates to your pipe, Briggs has been aged longer than many fancy pipe mixtures selling at \$5.00 a pound.

At 15¢ the tin, Briggs costs a few cents more than ordinary uneducated tobaccos. But those extra pennies are *miracle* pennies . . . in the extra enjoyment they bring to your smoking. Ask any Briggs smoker.

BRIGGS . . . CASK-MELLOWED 4 FULL YEARS

... and All Through the House

THE SNOW had melted in the street outside; it no longer flashed back the glare of the street lamp. "Do you think he will come, Mama?" asked little Mary, staring at the melting snow.

"Why, certainly, dear," said Mother. "It's harder nowadays, but he will come."

The little family—Mother, Daddy, Freddy and Mary—were gathered around the radiator in the parlor. They didn't even have a chimney and fireplace any more. The stockings were hung on a string; the Christmas tree was in a pot on the dining room table.

"Well, how *can* he come?" Mary persisted.

"Through the door, same as anybody else," said Mother. "Now run along to bed, children. Tomorrow is Christmas Day, so you must be good children."

The pair marched down the hall to bed, leaving Mother and Daddy rocking quietly. At length Daddy said, "Do you *really* think he will come?" Daddy was thin and pale these days, and always looked so very much worried—even when he smiled.

"Have confidence, Henry," Mother told him.

They rocked on and on, and soon both became quite sleepy. Then there came a scuffle up the hall stairs, the squeak of a door opening, and . . . before them stood a fat little figure, smiling happily. He had a little red nose, red cheeks, and he carried a big bag over his shoulder. "Ho, ho, ho," he laughed with great jollity. "I bet you thought I wouldn't come this year."

"We *were* a bit afraid," admitted Mother.

"Ho, ho, ho, I got stuck in the ice outside of Kenosha," he roared, "but on the whole, hitch-hiking home was



easy! Look, I brought my laundry! Merry Christmas, mama and papa!"
—L. S.

Two men had just made their exit out of a theater, and evidently it had been a very poor picture by the expressions on their faces, when one turned to the other and said, "You know, it certainly is wonderful how pictures have advanced these last few years."

"How so?"

"Well, first there were the silent pictures, then there were talkies, and now this one smells!"
—Widow.

I crept upstairs, my shoes in my hand,

Just as the night took wing—
And I saw my wife four steps above,

Doing the same darned thing.
—Green Griffen.

"Dancing is just necking set to music."

"Your objection?"

"The music."
—Bored Walk.

Phi: Your sister is spoiled, isn't she?
Bete: No, that's the perfume she uses.
—Wasp.

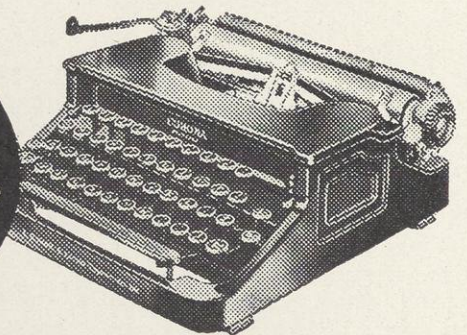
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All filled up with Goodness and Cheer.
But be advised, little children, be advised,
Drink nothing stronger than beer.*



1938



*Smile and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone.
For good old earth has to borrow its mirth
But has plenty of troubles of its own.
But you do not have to wait till 1938
To see if your printer's at home.*

(Apologies to Octy poets)

CARDINAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

740 Langdon

Badger 1137

Read 'Em and Weep

Professor: "All right, Jones, give your impromptu speech."

Jones: "I'm not prepared, sir."

—Froth.

"Where did you get all that money?"

"Borrowed it from Philip."

"But I thought he was pretty tight."

"He was."

—Pointer.

"You're the first girl I ever kissed—
And the nicest!"

—Tiger.

If I had as much intelligence
As you say I possess,
If I always look to you
The snappiest in dress,
If I am half as beautiful
As you always say I am,
Then why do I date you,
You funny little man?

—Widow.

He: "I hear they're going to fight the battle of Bunker Hill over again."

Him: "Why?"

He: "It wasn't fought on the level."

—Lyre.

A professor who comes two minutes late to class is very rare—in fact—he's in a class by himself.

—Epitome

First Lawyer: As soon as I realized it was crooked business I got out of it.

Second Ditto: How much?

—Widow.

Prof: "If there are any dumbbells in the room, please stand up."

A long pause and then a lone freshman stood up.

"What, do you consider yourself a dumbbell?"

"Well, not exactly that, sir, but I do hate to see you standing by yourself."

—Voo Doo.



"Imagine a great big boy like you still believing in Santa Claus!"

The lunch counter man had ambitions to better his station in life and secured employment in a fashionable jewelry store. His first customer was a woman who asked to see a lady's wrist watch.

The fellow bellowed lustily: "One Waterbury on a handcuff, female!"

A second customer wanted some matched pearl necklaces.

"I've got just what you want," declared the salesman. "Fifty oyster growths on a rope! Line 'em up! Who's next?"

"I want a ring," stated the third customer. "Engagement ring, platinum with a diamond about two carats."

"Coming up," announced the salesman. "One tin shackle with a glass eye—two vegetables!" —Punch Bowl.

"Does she know much about cars?"

"Naw. She thinks you can cool the motor by stripping the gears."

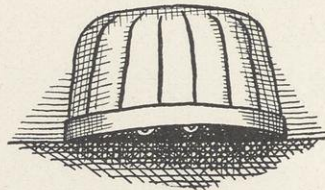
—Ranger.

"What kind of dress did Betty wear to the party last night?"

"I don't know, but I think it was checked."

"Boy, that must have been some party."

—Skipper.



Why hide your talent under a bushel?

Don't be a wormy apple. Pull your head out of the bushel, smile, and give birth to some of that wistful glow which lies innate within you.

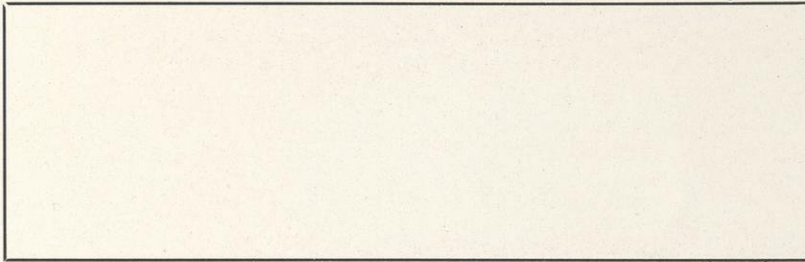
We know a good place to let that glow blaze forth in fullest grandeur. Bring it up to Octy, and if it's got any of the real spark, we'll welcome you with myriads of tentacles.

Yours is the opportunity to write or draw for one of America's finest college magazines. (Listen to who's talking!)

The Wisconsin Octopus

Listen Chum!

Let's not kid one another



This space was reserved to announce



Pre - Prom

ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 8

*But Hal Roberts, Octy Business Manager, wasn't around to take the ad, so we suggest you fill in above space with your favorite crib notes, then you'll be ready for **JUNIOR PROM** Friday, February 4.*

MEANWHILE YOU'LL GET SOME GOOD OUT OF ONE OCTY

In every nook and cranny of the Union

Pre-Prom

January 8 . . . the Saturday after Xmas vacation

Informal . . . Two Bucks plus Two Bits

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for Christmas

