

Octopus: Prom. Vol. 19, No. 5 January, 1938

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Octopus



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15

DO EXPERT MARKSMEN FIND THAT CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

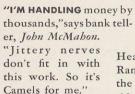
"YES, SIR, in any bunch of expert shots -Camels are the favorite cigarette," says Ransford Triggs, one of the foremost marksmen in America. "Marksmen know that it takes steady nerves to make high scores. And the fact that Camels don't frazzle my nerves goes over big with me. I smoke plenty of Camels every day, too."

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TAKING X-RAYS is a delicate job-and a tiring one too. But as Miss Myrtle Sawler, X-ray technician, says: "When I'm tired, a Camel refreshes me. I get a 'lift' with a Camel."



HOME economist, Elizabeth May, says: "There's a world of comfort in smoking Camels 'for digestion's sake,' at mealtimes."





{ABOVE} made sights. He uses the sighting 'scope beside him to help get his sights set exactly for the centre of the bull's-eye. The glove helps protect

Head-on view of Ransford Triggs on the firing line. His .22 calibre rifle is equipped with handhis hand.

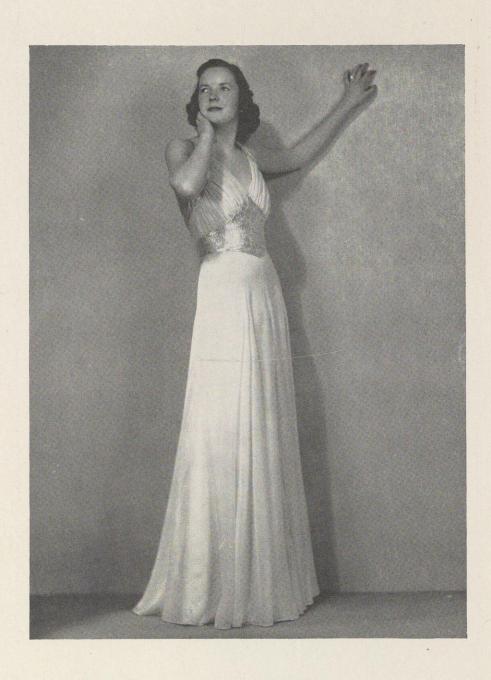


Camel pays millions more for COSTLIER **TOBACCOS!** Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS - Turkish and Domestic.

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As becomes the Queen of Junior Prom, Miss Jean Park wears, here, a TIFFANY gown of white chiffon, the current favorite in the drama of fashion. Its billowy skirt, yards and yards wide, is snugly girdled in brocaded silver lame'. The simple halter neck is of the same material. Other lovely models, many with little dinner jackets and boleros, await your selection in a group of prom fashions specially designed by TIFFANY's with you in mind.



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The Campus CHRONICLE

RANKLY, we are sick & tired of this silly Big Apple dance and all the to-do about it. In fact, if we see another picture of Arthur Murray's Big Apple team entertaining New York night clubbers, we shall scream. (Really.)

Mr. Murray's bright young boys and girls annoy us in more ways than one. The way he dresses them is offensive to the point of nausea. The men are fitted out in coats and

trousers of violent tweeds which do not rime, in bow-ties and saddle shoes. The women wear skirts, sweaters or jackets, ankle-socks, sloppy shoes.

Maybe college people dress that way, more or *less*. Maybe as we write this, our coat and pants weren't cut from the same bolt. But when Arthur Murray starts dressing up a lot of Persons whose last breath of learning was from the hallowed halls of the Thomas

Jefferson High School, Brooklyn, N. Y., as caricatures of college youth and exhibits them shamelessly in public, it is time for one to shed his Kollege Klothes and adopt the neat pin-stripe serge, making him indistinguishable from shoe clerks and fledgling bankers.

Mr. Murray, must you spoil it all?

Figures

We're sorry we're a bit late in reporting on this matter, but the complete statistics weren't available until after the recent holidays. But the research men have been at it tooth and nail ever since; and, having broken the entire problem down into graphs, indexes, and tables, we are prepared to report as follows:

In 1936, as we announced a year ago, it took the sum of \$4,166.66 to pay for each touchdown which the Wisconsin

football team scored that year.

In 1937, in spite of prevailing higher prices in other fields, each Wisconsin touchdown cost only \$2,941.17—a consid-



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erable saving which we credit solely to the talent of Coach Stuhldreher. As long as he keeps up this price slashing, Mr. Stuhldreher need not fear the axe.

A twist of the sliderule will show you that another \$14,705.85 would have given Wisconsin, at this rate, the Big Ten championship. Somehow, we don't think it would have been worth it.

Poetic Justice

Although we might have expected it, it surprised us a little bit anyway. We chanced to pass by the world's greatest newspaper (if you don't believe us, ask them) in Chicago. A hundred vile thoughts passed through our mind as we passed the building. But what made us smile was that the ground floor is occupied by a flock of porcelain structures. On the window appears the name "Kohlers".

Ice Cream Iniquity

If you walk into the little ice cream parlor on University Avenue across the street from Barnard Hall you're liable to notice small children, boys under ten, come reeling out, or standing at the counter and pounding the table for a "Tom and Jerry".

Alas, even the innocent ice cream cone of our childhood days has now become permeated with liquor. But wouldn't you feel funny too if you walked into an ice cream store and were offered a "Tom and Jerry ice cream cone"?

Soda Water

A friend of ours relates his experience in the little, tiled hot-dog store on State Street. He tells how he ordered a couple of hot dogs, with, and a glass of soda water. The waiters inquired, "A glass of what?"

"Soda water."
"Oh, er . . . yes."

After about five minutes she returned with a foggy glass of white liquid with a spoon in it. As she stirred it, our friend asked what this was. "Your soda water, sir."

After explaining to the waitress that it wasn't what he had in mind, he went up to the cashier to pay his bill. The cashier apologized for the error and said he shouldn't be so hard on the girl for she was new at the job, and besides, she added, "It is not unusual for customers to ask for bicarbonate in a place like *this*.

Jolly Spook

We were sitting in our lodging house room typing this stuff, when a very strange thing occurred. You see, we're located on a first floor and our desk is facing the window.

About nine o'clock we heard someone trudge up the front steps, pound at our window, and display a bottle. We'd never seen the fellow before, but he was smiling and laughing heartily at us. A closer glance revealed that what he was showing us was a picnic bottle of beer. We nodded to him, not knowing what else to do. He drew in the bottle to his bosom, lapped his chops, and walked off—down the steps, along the street, his "Haw, haw waw haw," booming through the frozen winter night.

Tip

In case you want to relax during the coming finals, we are happy to point out that on the fourth floor of the Library is a place called the Indian Room. No cover charge, but the floor show is bad and the beer—ugh!

Optimist

As we were walking along State Street the other after-



charmed circles of chiffon or net in white or pastels ...

New Enchantment For Prom

After the sleek blacks, the slender clinging sheaths of the past season, you'll welcome (and so will your prom date) the enchantment of a bouffant dress. Soft pastels and white in full-skirted chiffons and nets that swirl in small flurries as you "Praise Allah" or glide romantically across the dance floor.

\$17.95 and \$22.50

On the Square

noon, we watched a little boy carrying a large package take a rather ungraceful spill from his bicycle. His package containing potatoes had broken and the contents were strewn about the icy pavement. Thinking the boy was hurt, we walked over to him and were surprised to find him fairly bursting with his efforts to control his laughter. "What's so funny about taking a fall like you just had?" we asked.

"No use crying over spilt milk," he gasped in reply.

Sex!

On one side of the Hill is the commerce school; on the other side of the Hill we have run into a little boy who has never heard of the commerce school, but really hasn't missed anything. He is the young enterpriser who has his Flexible Flyer sled at the top of the Hill, and for a nominal sum, will rent it to all comers for a rapid, non-stop, whizzing ride down the Hill.



Between the Lines

Even with the library so jammed with people cramming that you can't get a seat, the librarians still find time to mail out those little postcards about overdue books. Seeing a rubber-stamped MADISON, WIS., we don't even have to turn the card over to know its message.

Perhaps that's why until now we had never noticed some

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Madison, Wisconsin

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JANUARY, 1938

Number 5

neat phrasing on it. It says the book had been "charged to your account since Dec. 4". The last book we got a card about hadn't been taken out before since "8 My 29", so we know that they didn't want the book and it was clear profit for them.

They ought to add: "Thank you. We are looking forward too your continued patronage." With a good publicity man the library could work up a pretty fair trade.

Patriot

If you happen to be standing at the corner of State and Frances Streets, take a moment off and walk south on Frances a few doors until you run into a little barber shop with a mysterious little sign on the window:

"Barber Shop Closed-To Make Room for U. S. Govern-

ment"

Professorial Soap

We were sitting in the professor's office writing a makeup exam when a big, rosy-cheeked boy walked in, gave the professor a big grin and said, "How do you do, Professor. You probably don't know who I am. My name is Homer Barkland. I took your course 53 last year."

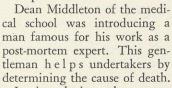
The professor extended a cordial hand and said, "Why of course, Barkland, I remember your face well; how have you

"Er, quite well, sir, but er . . . you see, I took your course by correspondence."

Backstage

Mr. Hamilton Beatty, bright young State Street architect who specializes in cinderblock houses for professors, is not one to be fooled by facades. Asked recently for a definition of a slum, he explained, "A slum, on a higher economic level, is the region between Langdon Street and Lake Mendota." Our eyes have been opened.





In introducing the man, therefore, it was appropriate for the Wisconsin internal surgery expert to refer to the guest as "A friend of the undertaker."

Dean Middleton had given his kindest introduction, had made his curtsey, and had sat back to hear a discourse on

He is supposed to have blushed when the speaker began by questioning "whether I can return the compliment."



Payoff

Last month we wrote an article about theses and other gymnastics which people endure to graduate. But we missed the prize and are ever grateful to the lad who trudged up three flights of stairs to give it to us.

He pointed out a thesis entitled: The Relation of Sex to

Vitamin D and Gallstones.



Sure It's TAILS

for Prom

and they tell us we're showing the smartest "tails" in town,

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This means that if you bought your books at the Co-op during the past year, there is now a worthwhile credit waiting for you when you have to buy more books in a week or two. That rebate makes it look as if it is indeed bad business not to buy your books, supplies, and art materials from

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Volume XIX JANUARY, 1938 Number 5

On Second Thought

N EXCLUSIVE interview with 42 professors has uncovered the official advice on how to pass your finals with flying colors. It's really simple: (1) Get 10 to 12 hours sleep each night, (2) Take several hours off for relaxation every day, (3) Get an hour of exercise in the fresh air.

A Mr. Jankowski is apparently planning to re-enter the University. With a name like that we feel he ought to go out for football.

Climbing the hill to classes is quite a task these icy days. With joy we heard a comely lass suggest that the university should install an osculator on the Hill.

At the University of Oklahoma students will be fined \$3 per credit for each course they flunk each semester. Authorities happily report an increased zeal for knowledge among the student body.

Senior dues, from the latest reports, are to be two dollars. The money should finance a brilliant memorial, as well as giving this year's class something to remember forever.

Basketball has its points, we agree. But the afternoon of a

football game is the only time you can walk down the street with a blonde on one arm and a blanket on the other without encountering raised eyebrows.

Porter Butts, housemother of the Living Room of the University, is the recent father of a bouncing little girl. Even money says he won't name her Rosie.

The Junior Prom is not to be held until February fourth. Madison storekeepers, however, have informed us already that their stocks of bicarbonate of soda are fast depleting.

This January fortunately does not bring the state legislators to a session in Madison. There will be no legislative applause for the Little Red Schoolhouse, and no investigations for the Big Red University.

We're awfully afraid that it will thaw like everything when Winter Carnival week arrives. All other plans going a-gley, we can at least have the Loud-Shirt week.

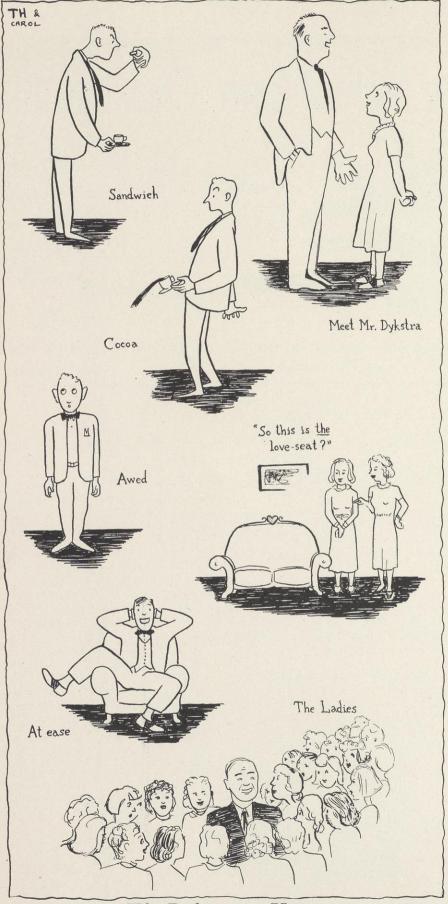
Madison taxi - drivers continue to pack their customers in like sardines. Two cabs collided on Park Street last week, we hear, and all twenty-three passengers were badly shaken up.

It has just been announced that the fireproof stairways in North Hall cost more than the original building. This fact is the work of four graduate assistants in the mathematics department and two classes in advanced calculus.

In case you haven't heard, 1938 marks the one-hundredth anniversary of the founding of our university. Mr. Foss, the university's publicity man, is holding a quiet celebration all month.

We are ever fascinated by the Union cafeteria's specials. We all know it's hamburger, but you never can tell what they'll call it tomorrow.





The Dykstras at Home
First Monday of Each Month (Free Eats)

Prom at the Zoo

TONIGHT'S the night! It is the keeper's night off at the zoo. Only twice a year does the keeper have a night off. It isn't really a *night* off, though; he's only off until 2:30. All the animals in the zoo have waited breathlessly for this night, for they will burst their cages and wassail merrily.

As usual a big ball has been planned. The vertebrates succeeded in getting their man Pob the Lion elected as king of the ball; the invertebrates had held fond hopes of getting the job, but the snakes decided to run a man from their cage on the invertebrate ticket. This fluked the invertebrates' chances for getting their animal chosen and made the election a regular rat-race. Over in the a q u a r i u m, the red herrings are spreading the story that the vertebrates bribed the snake cage into running a man by promising them a certain amount of fodder.

Pob the Lion has arranged the committees to take care of the big shingdig. There was a lot of beefing that Pob gave jobs to a bunch of the jackasses, but as Pob explained, the jackasses got the votes! All the committee members' pictures are posted in the chicken coop, and are quite pleased with themselves.

I, for one, don't think I've ever seen a slicker zoo ball. All the animals are so jolly. Monkey suits are to be seen everywhere. Look, there's Betty Badger (she's a beauty) giraffing with Joe Squirrel. Just cast your eyes on some of those chickens. Smooth, eh? Pob picked a honey of a lioness to be queen of the blowout; she's the kind of a date who really appeals to the animal in one. One pair of her shoes is by courtesy of Maneaters; the other pair, alas, are her own. Her tail was coiffured by a South American ant-eater who has the cutest foreign accent!

Over there in the corner I see C. Darrow Coyote with Florette Faun; C. Darrow is the head lawyer of the zoo, and he seems to be doing things with a will. Tommy Tiger must have had a few drinks because he is trying to pick a fight with everyone; he claims that someone bit off a part of his tail, and he feels very off-ended.

It's getting pretty late; everyone is either dead drunk or dead tired. All the elephants are huddled in a corner, crying that pink men are chasing them. Visitors to the zoo will be disappointed tomorrow, for most of the animals will sleep all day. But one word more: if you *must* come, visitors, bicarbonate of soda would be preferred to peanuts.

-M. L. G.

Over the Traces

т тwo o'clock I got up, wandered into the bathroom, took a look at myself in the mirror, and decided to shave. I didn't feel very much like shaving though. I had only shaved three weeks ago, but I needed another shave. It was almost as bad as my haircuts, which I needed every three months.

I decided not to shave. I decided I would go Bohemian.

With a mad chuckle I tossed my ra-

zor behind the bathroom radiator. I grabbed a bottle of hair tonic and drained it at a gulp. I was that happy. I went back to my room and tried to

wake up my roommate. I shook him hard. I lit a match and held it to the soles of his feet. He

mumbled something, rubbed his eyes, yawned, and said, "Take that damn match away."

"I'm going Bohemian," I said. "Good," he said, and went back to sleep.

I was hungry. I looked around and found a piece of salami our landlady had given us to prop our window open. We didn't have a window. I gnawed at one end of the salami for a while.

I threw my chewing tobacco down the stairwell and plugged my pipe full of marihuana, lit it, and walked out of the door into my landlady. I returned her cheery "Good Morning!" with a beaming smile and neatly spat in her eye. The glass one.

I walked into the library, took the elevator up to the fourth floor, walked back down to the second, and tip-toed into the reading room. I looked at the papers, took one, gracefully stretched out on top of one of the tables, and began to read the funnies out loud to a cute little blonde. She didn't like it.

One of the librarians didn't like it, but I called him Herman and took him out to lunch. Everything was all right, then.

By 7 o'clock, Herman was out cold. I guess he just wasn't a drinking man. I put him into a taxi and took him home. I dragged him up the steps, slipped him under the door, and rang the doorbell. The thought struck me that perhaps it was because I spiked his beer with witch hazel.

In the taxi again, I wondered if I really was going Bohemian. I remembered Prom was today. Darn. I almost forgot Prom. I decided to go home and dress. I went home. I opened my suitcase, dragged out my roommate, and hung him over the radiator. Next I took out a plaid wool shirt, red and green. I put it on and let it hang out over my trousers. I observed casually that it reached down to my knees, so I took off my trousers.

Then I went and picked up Herman. He was still out. Cold.

I had some trouble getting into Prom. I didn't have a ticket. One ticket taker said something I didn't like and I hit him on the head with my salami and breezed in.

Things seemed pretty dull, and my bottle of witch hazel was empty. I lured a swell-looking girl into a corner and we both sat down on Herman. By this time I was sure I had gone Bohemian. She didn't like it.

I said, "I like you. You're pretty." She said, "I like you, too. You're pretty—tight."
"Oh," I said blankly, putting my foot

into Herman's mouth. He had begun to snore.

"Let's go out to the Malt House," I said. Then I noticed two guys staring hard at me. One said I would have to leave. I bit him in the leg.

They threw me out. I don't remember what became of Herman.

I walked home. I used eight matches to wake up my roommate. I told him I had really gone Bohemian. He turned over and went back to sleep.

-R. P.

Education

Up the steps and up the Hill To Bascom Hall we climb, Then down the Hill and down the steps Return time after time.

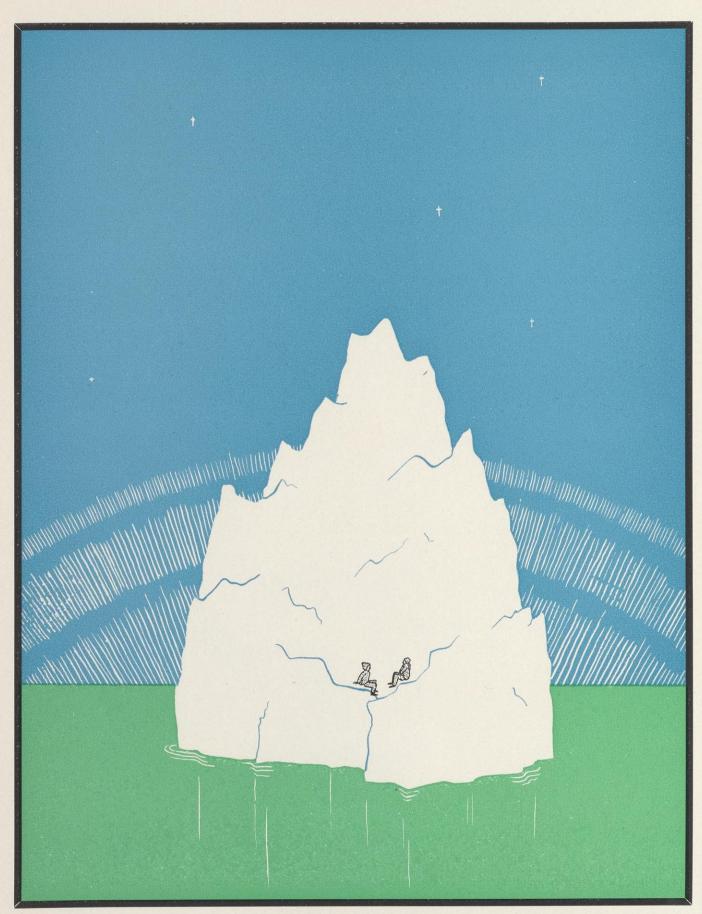
Up the steps and up the Hill To Bascom Hall we climb, Then down the Hill and down the steps Return time after time.

Up the steps and up the Hill To Bascom Hall we climb, Then down the Hill and down the steps Return time after time.

—T. H.



"May I cut in, please?"



"You know—I feel a draft."

Diary of a Tux

Feb. 4, 1909

нат a night! Did I shinewow! It certainly is better being worn to dances than hanging on a hanger in that old tailor shop. These university proms are all right, too. Pretty girls, and daring gowns. I did all right by myself; I don't think there was a suit on the floor to match

It was after the prom, however, that the real time was had. He took her home in his buggy, and of course I went right along and saw everything, but I can't put that down, for that's part of the ethics of tuxedos-we never tell.

Sept. 8, 1932

Hang it all! I don't see why they don't buy that kid of theirs a new tux rather than send me through the taillors in order to fit that stringy freshman. Ya, the old man married the girl he took to prom (he should have), and now I've got to make a return trip to

Oh well, it may be fun after all. The kid looks a bit weedy and green, but he'll shake that off.

Feb. 5, 1933

Is this a joke! I've met about all my pals from the 1909 prom; some of them in pretty good shape, but most tell the same hard luck story of revamping at the tailors.

The kid I'm on hasn't got the stuff his old man used to have; he's stuck with a washed-out date; but my old friend Charlie, who went through the textile mill with me, says he thinks she's a bit pickled.

I've taken a terrible beating here tonight. We've bumped into more people; I think its because the women bend over so far when they dance-it's disgraceful!

Prom didn't have the O'Henry ending this year. He just took her to the door, and said, "Goodnight, Mabel," and walks off. NUTS. A tux like me always looks forward to just those last

twenty minutes.

Feb. 3, 1935

I'm getting tired of this social whirl. It wouldn't be so bad if the kid just used me himself; but since he joined that fraternity, I never get a day's rest. And the things I've seen-enough to make my buttons pop! I don't suppose I look any too good for the late hours I've had to keep.

But it's Prom night again, and I can hardly wait to see who the kid got stuck with this time. Well, can you beat that? It's the same dame that his fraternity brother spent the Homecoming weekend with. If he knew what I know!

Did you notice that smooth pair of tails deliberately snub me? He should have seen me in 1909; I know I'm not so classy now . . .

Feb. 4, 1938

They call it prom, but to me it's homecoming! I complained bitterly when they had me made over again to fit the kid's younger brother, but it was worth it. I was afraid that all the tails and tuxes would laugh at me because of my age. Imagine my surprise to find all the rest of the tuxes of my youthful years in the mauve decade. They were patched up like me, but what's a rip or a tear between friends? One told me that just when he thought he was through, they pulled him out of the old clothes basket because of the

I'm with a nice girl; she hasn't too many clothes on and has had a couple



of drinks. I've got lip rouge on my lapel already. It's hard keeping spirits up tonight; I used to shine about thirty years ago, but now only my pants shine.

The kid's brother took the lass home but not directly home. I might add that he had a good time. It's the same the whole world over I guess. This mad, mad, social whirl! But I'm getting tattered now, ready for a rest. Some of the other boys from 1909 and I are thinking of petitioning Mr. Roosevelt for a pension for us aged tuxedoes. For years we've been doing what he's trying to do now-hold down some stuffed -M. L. G. shirts.

Notice

Rumors reach us that a dance of some is going to be held around here in a month or so. Quite an affair, they tell us. We are priming ourselves to look into the matter and promise our readers a report in our next issue.

Rewrite Job

LL YOU journalism students realize the difficulties of rewriting practice stories. But how many of you know how simple and enjoyable you can make this work? Very few, I'll warrant.

Let me show you.

Never read through the original story. Such a practice tends to curb your originality. Start by hastily glancing at the story and picking out a few solid, essential facts. Using these facts, sit down at a typewriter and start batting out your lead.

You know that there are a fire, 6months old John Littleton, his parents, six revolver shots, some firemen, a lot of smoke, and a hydrant. Those are your solid, essential facts.

You start:

"Firing six revolver shots BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! into the air, '

Oh, well, there's no harm in starting over.

"Struggling manfully down the front stairs, little John Littleton, 6-months, lugged his parents to safety. Later, after the Mayor pinned a gold medal on his diaper, the heroic John Littleton blushed modestly as he said, "Oh, hell, it was nothing.'

Somehow that isn't what you want, exactly. But with perserverance you may sooner or later run across something really good.

"Shooting six shots from his revolver, little John Littleton this morning calmly knocked off six firemen. Later, after the Mayor pinned "

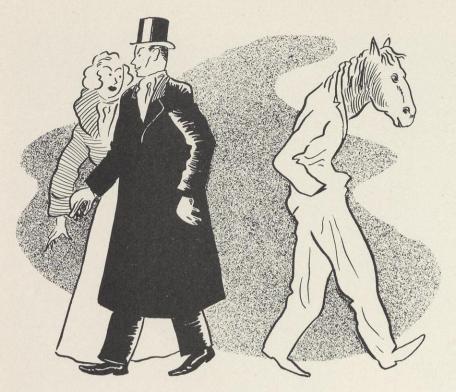
Ah, now you've got it. With a clenching of teeth, you start again:

"Shooting six shots into the air, 6months old John Littleton calmly turned from the window and went back to sleep in his flaming bed, grumbling softly to himself. Later, after the Mayor "

Well, you tell yourself, at least you have a wonderful imagination.

And by this time you have decided how to start your rewrite story. Disregarding all my well-meant advice, you divide the original story into paragraphs. And then you copy the story word for word, changing the order of the paragraphs.

Of course, you get a D+. But at what a cost. You have sacrificed your originality and your self-respect for a grade. Oh, for shame!



R. Wurtz

"They call him Horseface."

Wasn't 1938 Nice?

o FOOLHARDY prophet he, little 1938 has consulted our number one American prophets and all the reliable almanacks and has done a week's research in the attic of the Biology building. He ought to know what is in the air. He conferred with

Wilbur Glenn Voliva on January 10th and conferred with one J. Farley, who is renowned for his estimates. He even sat through a meeting of the Student Life and Interest Committee. Here is what he has decided occurred in 1938:

1938 saw the National Government withdraw its PWA funds from the new wing of the Union, just after the foundation had been laid. Many students had great sport holding

snow ball fights in the foundation and running about in it playing cops and robbers. In an effort to make up the money lost from the government, the Union has revived checking charges and is again charging seven cents for hamburgers.

For the first time in years, Prom was held without the use of intoxicating liquors. No one had a good time and everyone left at 10:15. Six couples were

found the next morning in one of the boxes, dead drunk. They said they ordered "cokes" at the Rathskeller and that was all they had consumed. The Dean of Men has discouraged this sort of thing.

Thirty-three men ran for Union

Board in 1938. The election was as clean as sin; one candidate papered his room with the fee cards.

Governor La Follette was appointed to the Supreme Court by the President of the United States. John M. Gaus of the political science department left the university to take over the reigns of the state government. President Dykstra stepped into Mr. Gaus' shoes so well that he was moved there by the regents

who appointed Dean Garrison president of the university. But Dean Garrison was appointed to head the National Emotional Conservation Corps by Mr. Roosevelt, so the regents appointed Dean Sellery president until they found a Mr. Hamilton from New York who had saved so many lives during the terrible Roosevelt landslide of a few years ago. But Mr. Hamilton was fired for being a radical and went to

edit a magazine. He is now the leader of the Communist party while the university is going to seed under the presidency of a man named Tucker from the French Department.

In 1938 there was a large increase in enrollment. "Our enrollment is largest in our history," said the registrar. "There was an increase of eleven freshmen, one undersized senior, and two a dult specials; thirteen sophomores dropped out.".

"The Student Public Relations Committee has earned its salt," said Chair-

man Albert Pfeffer.

During 1938 class elections were dirtier than ever. There was a coalition between the fraternities, McNeil & Moore, and the USA in their effort to beat out the pure independents. Three boys dropped out of the races claiming they were idealists. Number one issue of the campaign was: "Do the Hoofers or the students own the Union?" One of the defeated candidates had to go to the hospital after the election. He lost; and in issuing a congratulatory note to the victor, he shoved his tongue through his left cheek.

The 1938 football season was nothing to write home about. One member of the athletic board noticed that Mr. Stuhldreher looked rather sallow-cheeked. "I don't think that this climate quite agrees with our quarter of the four horsemen," the board member

said, obscurely.

An ex-president of the university did an excellent job of carrying the Wisconsin liberalism into national politics. A farmer by trade, Mr. Frank grants that Abe Lincoln was the father of the Republican Party and that John Hamilton is the sire, but explains that it is Mr. Frank who handled the fertilization. His policy has been heralded far and wide as the most water-proof platform ever advanced by the Party. It is not only impervious when immersed in water, but it has something in it which makes it float.

Just as 1938 was about to end, someone got the novel idea that something should be done about housing on the campus. Others agreed and got together and prefabricated some stories about the project, but nothing ever came of it.

Everybody got frothy at the mouth wondering who would be queen of the Homecoming Ball, Short Course Shuffle, Pre-Prom, Interfraternity Ball, Home Ec Orgy, 4-H Harvest Ball, Junior Promenade, Military Ball, St. Patrick's Dance, Lawyer's Ball, and Winter Carnival. Oh, my yes! Like hell they did.

—M. L. G.

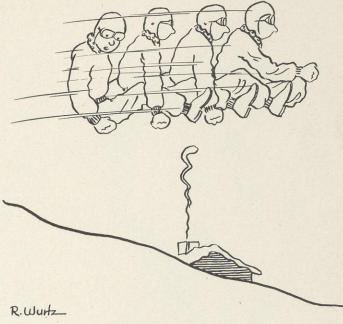
Guess Who?

T was about six in the morning when the sun's bright rays gleamed across the Potomac and up to the shiny White House. A man could be seen sitting on the steps. He had gray hair and a worried look in his eyes. Quite evidently he was thinking; for his head rested on the palms of his hands which he supported by his elbows and knees.

Just as the man began to scratch his head, a little newsboy pedaled up, held his nose, and drew out a copy of the Chicago Tribune to throw on the steps. The man looked up so that the newsboy could see his face. "Gosh, it's the President," the kid said to himself, amazed.

And, sure enough, that's who the perplexed gentleman was. Soon he began to mutter, "Eight up, one to go. Oh, who is the man for the job? Where can I find my justice?"

He looked up brightly as though struck with an idea. But then he saw two white-clad streetcleaners working across the avenue. "No," he said gloomily, "I can't take another chance with another of those Southerners."



"Hey, fellows-we forgot something!"

Names of federal judges, editors, law school deans, women, capable Groton Latin teachers, and postmasters ran through his mind. But who would be the right man?

Soon it was eight o'clock and only an hour before the senate would con-

He did. Quickly he took out his notebook and wrote out twenty names on separate slips. Then he snatched up his hat and stuffed the names inside. After shaking the slips thoroughly, he deliberately took one out. A chap named Jones was to be the President's man. FEELING so happy about his work he decided to amuse himself lolling in the sun for a few minutes. So he picked up the Tribune and began to read its lead editorial: "Today the new Justice is to be selected. We have had enough of the rattle-brained, intellectual type of demogogue on the Court. What we need is an honest politician-a man who will stay bought. We have had our fill of foreign invaders telling us how to run our country; we must get back to the True American, so that our country will be run of, by, and for the people as is provided

in the Declaration of Independence or Constitution or somewhere. A man with good common sense like Jones is the sort the President should choose."

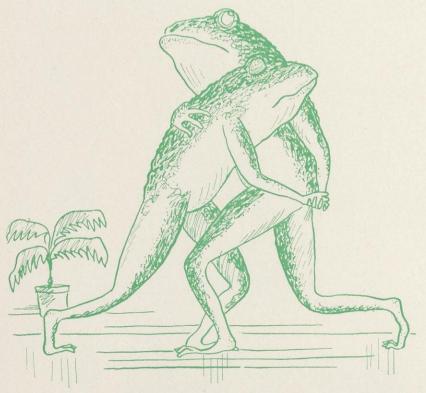
The President's face fell. "Gad, what

a mistake! Now I'll have

to pick another." He got vene to consider his choice. out his notebook again. The President must act. "And, gentlemen, for our Party Slogan I propose, 'A pair of feathered barnyard fowl in every consumer's cauldron'." R, M, JONES

This Mad, Mad ... GARRAGE

• Vladimir, pride of the local Trotzsky-for-President league, knows his mind about Proms; they're just a smoke-screen for this degenerate capitalist system. Spud, local independent politician, agrees, but might go if the Assistant General Chairmen he knows can get him a comp.



• It's dip and whirl through a glamorous evening of soft lights and sweet music for Dextrose Smathers II and Lois Weems, prominent sorority wench. Lois, if you ask us, is one neat order of frog's-legs.

Brilliant Buffalo

LDSTERS could tell the significance of the term, "I had him buffaloed," but some of us young fry must rely on "The Hunting of the Buffalo," by E. Douglas Branch, to learn why the buffalo was singled out from all the beasts as a symbol of bewilderment.

The American buffalo was never considered very smart. He was big and strong, about six feet by ten feet; and, if he felt so inclined, he and a couple of his brethren could charge upon a smoke-spitting monster of the rails and by the very toughness of their skulls push the cars off the track into the ditch. And Indian squaws used to use buffalo brains to shampoo the hides in preparation for the market. But on the whole their tongues were worth much more; for roasted on a spit, buffalo tongues were once a real delicacy not only to the Indians, who could eat ten pounds at a sitting, but to the ninteenthcentury gourmets of Manhattan.

The buffalo were good, they were honest, and they undoubtedly meant well, but even the wolves could get the best of them. They had a habit of ganging up on the old bulls, follow them unceasingly day and night, and when the poor things toppled from sheer exhaustion, the wolves lept, bit, held, and had a feast.

The Indians had various ways of capturing them, one of which was to sneak around a herd and gradually close in. The herd, getting the scent, would charge in the opposite direction until they met the arrows of the other Indians. This put them in such a frenzy that they ran around in circles till zing, zing, zing the Indians got every one. Sometimes they used fire, starting four grass fires that would eventually spread and squeeze the buffalo toward the center. Elks and deer under such conditions would escape by jumping over the fire, because a grass fire never got very high. But not the buffaloes-they ran around and up and down until the Indians shot their arrows through them.

For variety, one of the Indians would put on a buffalo skin and start running to get the buffalo to follow him while his comrades on the other side of the herd were shooting from behind. Then quick as a flash he'd duck and the whole herd would sail right over a cliff. Once Captain Lewis of the Lewis and Clark expedition counted the fragments of at least a hundred carcasses and made a note in his *Journal* about the horrid stench.

When the white men came, buffalo hunting became a sport. Certainly the buffalo were the last to object to a hunter's riding up to them and blowing their brains out. Sometimes they ran away, but most of the time they stood around and watched until it was too late. It was fun, the target was big enough for Englishmen and New Yorkers, and like our present day snow trains, the railroads used to organize buffalo trains, which would start on a Tuesday and end on a Friday with 20 buffaloes guaranteed.

By now the cowboys were getting so good at plinking off buffalo that it could scarcely longer be called a sport. It was a flourishing business and the plains were rapidly becoming depleted. Only in the case of a "stand" did they really have fun. This was a rare occurrence even with such a stupid animal as the buffalo. It usually began by shooting a large bull when a herd was taking a nap after dinner. The shot seldom caused many of the beasts to get up. Killing a few more paralyzed them, and by shooting down the leader of any that tried to run away, the hunter single-handed was able to keep them under control. The directions were to hit the ones on the outside of the group, shoot any that started to walk off, and not to shoot so fast as to heat the gun barrel to over-expansion. A Mr. John Cook, on the southwest plains, once had a stand and brought down 88 in a single afternoon. He would have got more, but he missed one animal's heart and it ran away on a broken leg; the others followed and the stand was broken.

There once were 30 million buffalo on our western plains. But what have we to show for it now? The buffalo nickels, several millions of them. And a few buffalo quarters, but they're not so common anymore. Only two or three hundred of them at the most, in our city zoos, where brighter animals than they have ended up. —H. H.

An Old Story

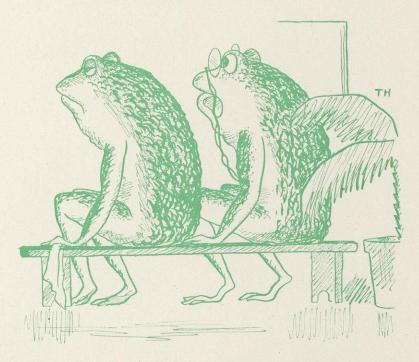
"Do you really love me?"
She asked with voice so clear.
His arm slipped further round her,
"Yes, I do, my dear."

"Do you really love me?"
She gazed into his eye.
She blushed, he blinked—
They'd both enjoyed the lie.

... Mad Social Whirl



• This is Gretchen's fourth Prom with Harvey Bray, Law 3; and before the evening is over she will have returned his pin for the ninth time in two years. Harvey has just hit his exams for a loop and REALLY hasn't had much to drink. He just can't hold it—that's all.



• Mmes. Thunkle and Witherspoon, patronesses of the Junior Prom, have their individual reactions to the revelries of modern youth. Mme. Witherspoon, we avow, is almost popping out of her skin as she watches that awful young couple "dance." Mme. Thunkle is bored stiff—she often chaperons fraternity parties.

Lament Harp in hand, our poet wails the co-ed's winter garb.

Now we know It's not polite To damn the women Left and right; But the trend Of women's clothes Forces us To hold our nose. In clashing hues and Brilliant patterns Slender maids and Hefty slatterns Protect their sundry Dernieres From winter's chill Snow-laden airs.



There is a place
For everything,
For getting high
And for a fling.
But ski-suits run
Against the grain
When worn to church
Or in the rain.
Keep them just for
Wintry ice;
And you'll gather soon
Old shoes and rice.



We beg of you,
Our lovely lasses,
Don't be seen
In daily classes
Hoarding all your
Maiden charms
Underneath those
False alarms.



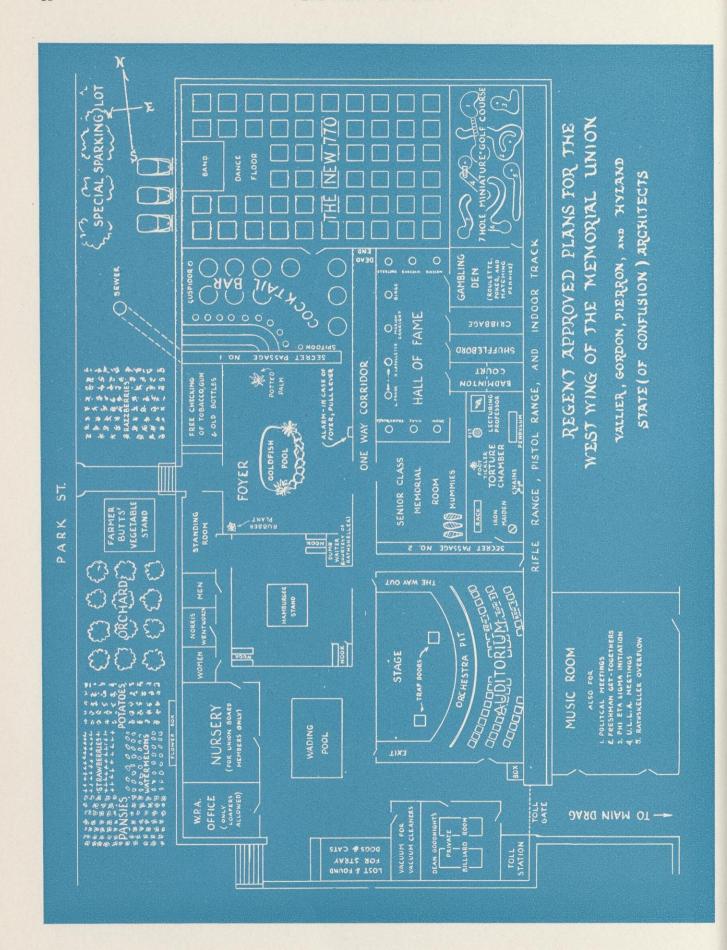
With ski-suits loud And eye-sore checkered Lapping ice cream Double-deckered. Some are big, Some are small; Most of them Don't fit at all. Thin girls! Leave them We implore— They'll not draw forth "Je vous adore." You should learn from Miss de Milo Boys like form And not a silo.



We plead with you
And sigh bereft:
This garb is not
For buxom heft.
You just can't cloak
Or hide a lump;
Ski-suits adverTise the rump.
The ski-suit can't
Be blamed a bit;
It's just the girl
That doesn't fit.



The Boutonniere



Big Crocodile Tears

E'RE almost ashamed of ourselves—a great, big, grownup Octopus with crocodile tears rolling down his cheeks.

They made us move; they said our lease had expired. They said they were going to build a whopping-big theatre, and the Old Union—Octopus House—

must go.

At first we just stood around, made snow-balls and looked at each other. But then Porter Butts made us sign a new contract, and we were boxed on the third floor of the Union, nice and cozy enough, right near The Daily Cardinal, the H.P.C., the W.S.G.A., the S.P.R.C., and the rest of the alphabet. They put us where we could watch the ditchdiggers slamming around in our old back-yard.

With crowbar and steamshovel the fellows ripped down our former headquarters, where we had become so much at home that we could run from one office to the other along the eaves,

even at night.

We never knew what a wonderful building we had until we gathered up our piles of old cuts and New Yorkers, and kicked our plaster walls good-bye forever. Not until we were thrown out did we learn, for instance, that almost

every type of radiator in existence could be found there. In fact, when President Birge lived there, the engineering instructors used to bring their boys over every year, as regularly as the St. Patrick's Day parade, to look at the radiators. We dropped in ourselves a few days ago, just in time to see all the radiators lined up

in the front hall—long, skinny ones, square ones, fat ones, dinky ones, and

even some hot air registers.

We also noticed a bathtub, and a fellow with a knife offered it to us if we would carry it away. We said, "No thanks," but it wasn't long before we learned the history of that tub. President Van Hise once had put up Sir James Bryce, a British Ambassador. The only tub in the house was an old metal one that was full of solder patches. For the family it was all right, but it wasn't nearly fancy enough for

British ambassadors. President Van Hise wrote the Regents such a touching letter that they not only sent over a new tub, but also had a whole new bathroom added on the third floor.

This same Sir James proved to be

lots of trouble. He left his shoes outside the bedroom door, expecting to find them neat and shiny in the morning. The President's only servant, however, was not paid to polish shoes of British ambassadors, and he wouldn't. "Well, Janet," said President Van Hise to one of his daughters, "it looks as if it's up to you and me." And

they did the job, a shoe apiece. The story didn't get around for years.

And once, during the war, President Van Hise was accused of hoarding sugar. It was all the fault of some painters who set fire to a corner of the house under the eaves while burning off the old paint. When the firemen began swinging axes, sugar started pouring out through the holes. At least a Madison newspaperman thought it was sugar. Closer scrutiny would have revealed an old water tank, packed with sawdust and shoved into a corner of the attic. But the rumor was out, and to this day some people still insist that President Van Hise hoarded sugar.

As IF all this wasn't enough to make the crocodile tears roll, we had to find out that the place was practically a museum at one time. From 1892 to 1902, during the administration of President Charles Kendall Adams, the building was full of curios which Mrs. Adams had gathered abroad. Among other things, she had brought back a musical clock, some laces that had adorned Empress Eugenie, some chairs from the throne room of the palace of the Kingdom of Saxony, and . . . well, you can imagine how much stuff there was when we tell you that they had to have an addition to the building erected, to harbor their belongingswhich, by the by, are mostly in the Historical Museum now.

We could go back to the days when there were German picnics and frequent beer parties in a grove across the street. But that's a story we'll save till they rip down the Historical Library. We've shed enough crocodile tears for the nonce. We feel better now.

—H. H.



"Do you know 'Chopsticks'?"

WITTE ADDRESSES
ANONYMOUSCLUB
SOULS AT SEA DEPT.
[FROM THE DAILY CARDINAL]

In the Editor's Brown Study



LOOM, thick green clouds of gloom, drift sluggishly through the offices of Wisconsin's funniest humor magazine. All the sparkling people who cluster about the Bung-Hole

of Campus Wit shamble in and present their stories and offerings with a grim, wearied look. They snarl at each other and shamble off again to their termpapers and outside reading. Judgement Day is nigh.

More Gloom

In vain the editor turns to the other funny magazines which a tired postman in a faded uniform brings daily. A total of forty-three magazines last month offered their readers cartoons revealing Santa Claus leering at, touching, or smooching a nearly nekkid woman; and twenty-four showed Santa Claus much deeper, directly or indirectly, in intrigues.

This shows considerable progress over last year when only fifty-one college outfits turned the jolly old saint into a lecherous old beast. For this we give thanks to *Esquire*, the magazine for MEN.

Don't Listen

We don't want to be a wet blanket; but all this talk about winter-sports leaves us cool, almost hostile. It's propaganda and conceals the other side of the picture. Thousands of people die every year from injuries received on skis or on skates, even from snowballs.

A thrilling hysterical zoom down a hillside, a birch tree looming around the bend, a chorus of screams; a toboggan crashes into a thousand splinters and four mangled bodies stain the winter snow in heavy crimson splotches . . .

An afternoon of skating in a damp northwester will probably produce chilblains and swollen ankles and—with any luck at all—a severe attack of double lobar pneumonia. Dr. Cole of the Student Health Service officially discourages every kind of winter sport; the infirmary is not equipped to handle the avalanche of broken backs and



frostbites which would occur if the student body as a whole took up this newfangled winter sport craze.

Look at the Bible. Is there any mention of ice-boats, of skiing? If God had meant man to ski, would He not have given man long slender feet? If God had meant man to play hockey, would He not have made man of a resilent synthetic - rubber composition from which pucks and clubs would merely bounce?

The next month, if you ask us, is a good time to stay home by the fireside roasting marshmallows and singing hymns. Then about the first of March the thaws will begin, the sun will rise higher, and one will start thinking about restringing his tennis-racket and knitting up those holes in his swimming suit.

Bright Spot

The only cheery event of the last few weeks is the coming-of-age of Leonard Silk, who is from this month hence a member of the Octopus's Board of Editors. Leonard is from Atlantic City, New Jersey, and once had a poem in the New Yorker. They paid him for it, at that

The present staff will put out three more issues this year before a new crop of fledglings takes over the corporation to put out the May and June issues. This means that now is the time for all little freshman boys and girls to lay aside this silly freshman bashfulness we have mentioned before and come to the aid of the party.

WILLIAM JUST DIES, AGED 92

—MILWAUKEE JOURNAL What else could you expect from him?



"Dear Wilbur: I am sending you your laundry and also one of those chocolate cakes you always liked so well . . ."









WELL, I GUESS YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO HOW THE PRINCE ALBERT FOLKS TAKE **CHOICE TOBACCO** AND MAKE IT EVEN MILDER,

MELLOWER. AND TASTIER SMOKING WITH THE NO-BITE PROCESS AND CRIMP CUT

YES PRINCE ALBERT MEANS REAL PIPE TOV IT PACKS RIGHT FOR COOL DRAWING AND IT'S GOT REAL BODY WITHOUT HARSH NESS

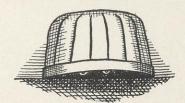
THERE'S ONE SWELL FRATERNITY ALL PIPE FANS SHOULD JOIN — THE PRINCE ALBERT JOY-SMOKERS. THEIR MOTTO IS P.A. FOR GOOD PACKING, SMOOTH DRAWING, MILDER, YET TASTIER, SMOKING!

RINGE ALBERT

P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. 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.

NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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



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, fellows!

- 1. JUST WHAT UNIVERSITY DEAN LOVES BILLIARDS?
- 2. WHERE ON THE CAMPUS CAN THE TRU-EST TABLES BE FOUND?
- 3. ANSWER TO SECOND QUESTION—

LUNCH ROOM in Connection at the New 420 STATE Billiard

—UPSTAIRS —



Platter Patter

In Dutch with the Duchess

If you've ever doubted that Hal Kemp's saxophone section was among the best, you ought to eavesdrop on them as they play this composition of Kemp's. *Powerhouse*, Raymond Scott's clever number, is well handled throughout, illustrates Kemp's versatility. VICTOR.

Vieni Vieni

There are some things the Benny Goodman Quartet can't do, and one of them is to play this sort of music. Gene Krupa does good work on the drums especially on a long break near the end, but the overall effect is not of the best. Handfull of Keys is a speedy going-over of one of Fats Waller's better tunes with Teddy Wilson shining at the piano. VICTOR.

Yours and Mine

If you don't like Louis Armstrong's usual mouthy vocal which opens this record, the Armstrong trumpet makes this worth hearing. (Why doesn't he hush up forever and just blow that horn?) Sun Showers on the reverse side is the same, but there is less for Louis to get hold of. This record is definitely one of those that is fine if you like this sort of thing, but otherwise . . . DECCA.

Abba Dabba

Larry Clinton has a pretty swingy outfit and good saxophones and we'd like to hear him on some better numbers. The Campbells Are Swinging is another peppy rendition but isn't much

to go out of the way for. VICTOR.

Loch Lomond

Here is a Benny Goodman item to get really enthusiastic over. Martha Tilton gets the feel of Claude Thornhill's arrangement of this old Scotch ballad, and the result is one of the best records we've heard in a long time. Camel Hop isn't good, isn't bad—it's just the other side. VICTOR.

What Will Do in the Morning

Fats Waller still follows the same pattern on his records, but the vocals keep them different, Fats having a long dialogue with himself this time. On the back side he does his own composition, *How Ya Baby?* VICTOR.

Marie

Tommy Dorsey with a glee club background for Jack Leonard has something unique here. Victor lists this as one of their best sellers, and small wonder. Song of India is first rate too, featuring Tommy on the trombone and Bunny Berrigan with his trumpet. VICTOR.

Flight of the Bumble Bee

Jimmy Dorsey fools around a lot be-



fore he gets down to business, but the piano and saxophone choruses near the end are worth waiting for. I Got Rhythm is a fast jam session well done; good if you like this sort of stuff. DECCA.

The Morning After

Tommy Dorsey's smooth trombone combined with Jack Leonard's smooth vocal make this a good sample of Dorsey at his best. *I May Be Wrong* on the opposite side features some pretty fair saxophone, but the tune isn't worth hearing twice. VICTOR.

Twilight in Turkey

Ambrose and his palatial orchestra turn out a fine arrangement of Raymond Scott's number with drum work. *Caravan* isn't quite vintage material, but it holds its own. DECCA.

I Got Rhythm

Emilio Cacere's Trio of clarinet, guitar, and violin is mostly hot fiddle. It's all very well if you like it; we're indifferent. The same goes for *Humoresque In Swing Time*, the other side. VICTOR.

Silhouetted in the Moonlight

Martha Tilton joins with the Benny Goodman Quartet to turn out a heartwarming recording of a fine song. Can't Teach My Old Heart New Tricks has the whole orchestra working on it, but even seven orchestras couldn't make anything out of it. (Benny and Martha have also recorded I've Hitched My Wagon To A Star, which has its good points, with Let That Be A Lesson, which hasn't.) VICTOR.

-H. R. K.

Questions & ...

Dear Uncle Bunny:

What *shall* I wear to prom! I can't find a thing in the shops down-town, and it's too late to write to Sears and Roebuck.

-Worried Plenty Awful

Dear WPA:

I suggest you wear orchids. Everyone will gather round to look at them and you'll be the hit of the dance.

-Votre oncle

Dear Uncle Bunny:

I've figured out my expenses for prom and find that I am just a couple dollars short. How can I cut down my costs for the affair?

-Harold H. Overton

Dear H2O:

The Prom King is always glad to sell a complimentary ticket for a few dollars less than the Union Desk price.

Bunnie, Bunnie, Bunnie, Vienne

Dear Uncle Bunny:

I can't find out what color dress my date is wearing; what color flowers shall I send?

-Quigley E. Densmore

Dear Q. E. D.:

If your date follows the prom tradition, anything in flesh shade will be appropriate.

—Just Try and stump me!

Dear Uncle Bunny:

I hear there is a plan afoot to kidnap me as I am on my way to the Prom. What price glory! What shall I do? —God Save the King

Dear God et al:

Simply disguise as a girl and come to the dance as Dean Goodnight's date.

You'll be as safe as if you were in the Bastille.

-Uncle Gabriel Bunny

Dear Uncle Bunny:

I'd like to rent a box for prom, but they want too much money for them. What's to do?

—Garcon dans Infelicito

Dear GDI:

Purchase a pint of scotch. Pick out any box you wish; you'll be welcome.

—U.B., esquire

-M. L. G.

Vision of Loveliness

She stood alone on the fresh, grassy hill, gazing up at the starry blue skies, a fragrant breath of delicate spring, a goddess of sublime beauty, her lovely Titian locks flowing in a balmy breeze. She might have been a fairy princess, an angel from Heaven itself, so delicate, so dreamlike she seemed.

Her exquisite, cerise lips were parted over the luster of pearly teeth, and a ravishing, dazzling smile reflected a complexion as fair, as frail as delicatelytinted china. And her dark eyes were deep blue pools of promise.

She turned and the breeze lovingly swirled her gown of shimmering gold closer about her slender body, her soft contours, until she seemed more unreal, more heavenly than ever before. And a beholder was held breathless and enchanted in the revelation of all this vibrant radiance, all this exquisite symmetry that surpassed the loveliness of Venus and Helen of Troy. She sure was plenty smooth, all right.

-R. P.

RENTSCHLER'S and PROM Are Wisconsin Traditions:

In 1897 Prom goers depended on Rentschler's for Prom flowers...

and

In 1938 it's still the same story—that important MUST on the Promlist is . . .

1. Flowers

from

RENTSCHLER'S

230 STATE STREET

PHONE BADGER 177

Daily Arrivals from New York

Just For Prom

... are swelling our already large stock of pretty formals.

See Our Selections

Woldenbergs, Inc.

28 E. MIFFLIN



ADVT.

ADVT.

[The Student Life & Interest Committee says that the Cardinal and the Octopus cannot accept advertising from bars, liquor stores, roadhouses, and dance halls. A glance at this fall's Cardinals will show, however, that any sort of dive can advertise . . . if the ad is written tactfully.]



Come on out for a

Coke and a Hamburger!

We dare you---!

CLUB RATRACE

On the old Middleton Road, just before the viaduct "Where the customer is always tight"

ADVT.

ADVT.

Are You a Social Success?

Test Your P.P. * in the Quiet of Your Own Room. Time Limit 3 Days.

If you can answer <u>YES</u> to one of the following questions, your social rating is 100 and you are in for a great time.

- 1. Are you going to Prom?
- 2. Are you going to Prom?
- 3. Are you going to Prom?
- 4. Are you going to Prom?
- 5. Are you going to Prom?
- 6. Are you going to Prom?
- 7. Are you going to Prom?
- 8. Are you going to Prom?
- 9. Are you going to Prom?
- 10. Are you going to Prom?

*Personal Popularity

1939 JUNIOR PROM

Friday, February 4, 1938 ADMISSION \$4.50 A COUPLE



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