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Octopus



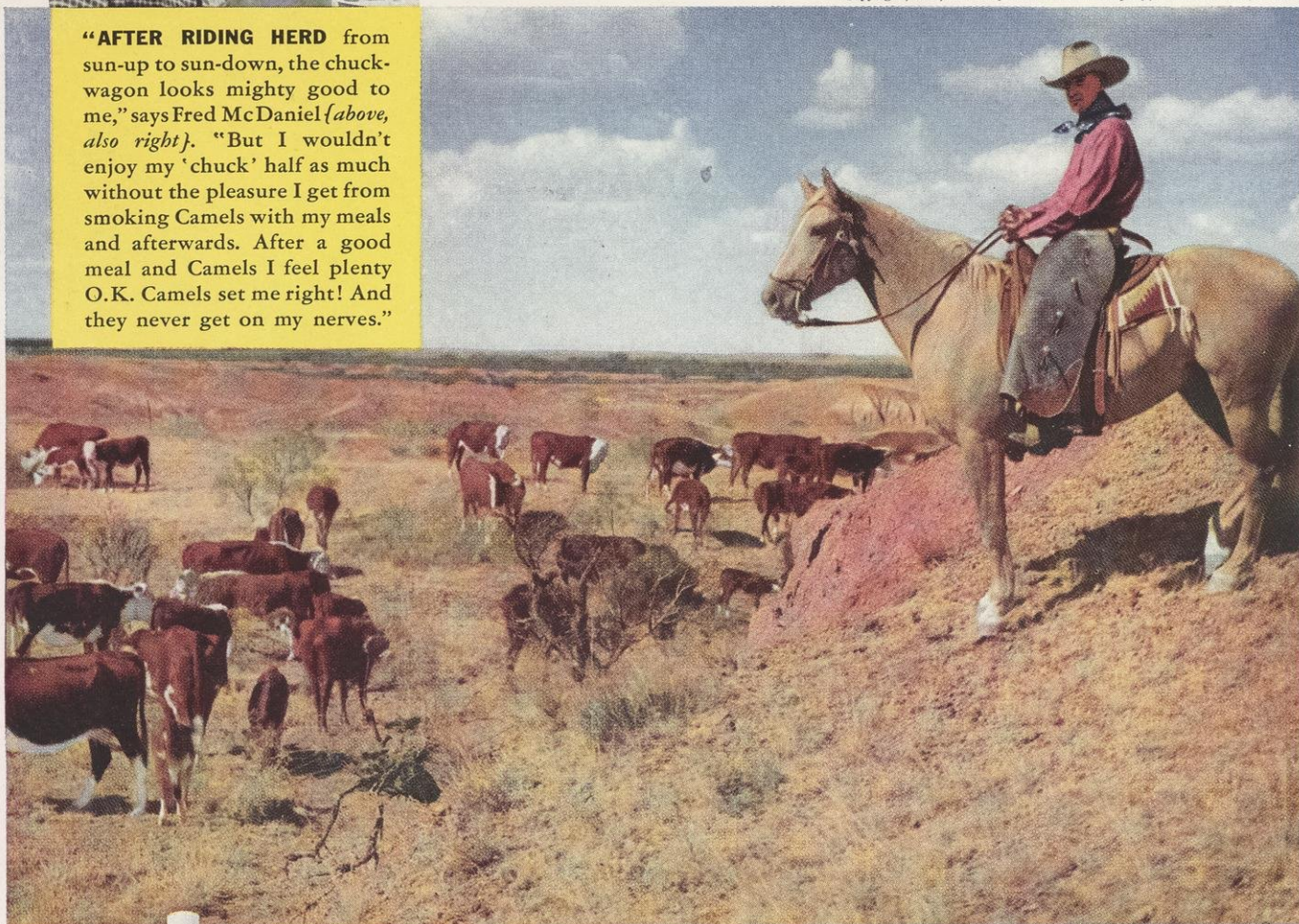


"For Digestion's Sake Smoke Camels!"

**"MIGHTY GOOD ADVICE," SAYS THIS
HARD-RIDING TEXAS COW PUNCHER**

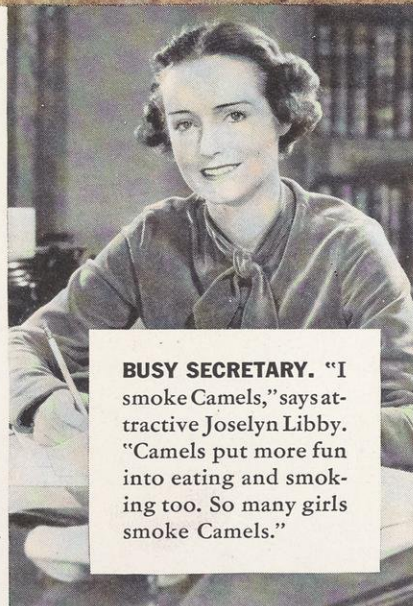
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"AFTER RIDING HERD from sun-up to sun-down, the chuck-wagon looks mighty good to me," says Fred McDaniel *(above, also right)*. "But I wouldn't enjoy my 'chuck' half as much without the pleasure I get from smoking Camels with my meals and afterwards. After a good meal and Camels I feel plenty O.K. Camels set me right! And they never get on my nerves."



Smoking Camels, you enjoy a sense of ease while eating, and afterwards too!

WHAT Fred McDaniel says about Camels is backed up 100% by baseball's "Iron Man," Lou Gehrig — by Frank Buck, of "Bring 'Em Back Alive" fame — by Eleanor Tennant, outstanding woman tennis coach — and by millions of other Camel smokers in all walks of life. Enjoy Camels at every meal. They speed up the flow of digestive fluids. Increase alkalinity. Help you *enjoy* food. Camels set you right!



BUSY SECRETARY. "I smoke Camels," says attractive Joselyn Libby. "Camels put more fun into eating and smoking too. So many girls smoke Camels."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

The Flies Get Willie Hinchcliffe

WILLIE Hinchcliffe was miserable.

Willie Hinchcliffe was a Waiter at the Delta Gamma house, a really truly Waiter, with a white coat and dinner in the kitchen after the Delta Gammas were through eating.

But in spite of all this, Willie was miserable.

You see, the Delta Gammas had just discovered the story of The Waiter and The Fly, and they thought it was pretty darn funny. Well, Willie was a Waiter, so they made things pretty miserable for him.

Of course, the rest of the boys had to face the same thing. Two of them quit the first week after the girls heard the joke, but Willie couldn't. After all, there's *something* about being a Waiter at the Delta Gamma house, and he wasn't going to sacrifice it for a mere joke.

One day Willie came to work at 5:30, which was 15 minutes early. He went in the back door and downstairs to the kitchen. There was Nicolai Swenson, another Waiter. He had a big package under his arm.

"Hi, Nicolai. What's in the package?" Willie shouted, forgetting all about the Delta Gammas and their darn joke.

"Shhhhhhhhhh," replied Nicolai.

"What's wrong?"

Nicolai looked under the table and behind the door. Then he beckoned Willie over to him.

"Can you keep a secret?" he hissed.

Willie gaped. A secret! This *was* something exciting. Boy, would the fellows at Burch Bark Lodge pop their eyes out at this.

"Sure. You know me, Nicolai."

Nicolai went to the door and peered out.

"Listen," he said.

Willie listened. He could not hear anything but the glug-glug-glug-glug of the sink.

"I don't hear anything."

Nicolai opened his package. In it was a fruit jar—a big two-quart one.

And in the fruit jar was a whole mess of flies.

Then Willie understood.

"But you wouldn't dare," he protested.

"Oh, wouldn't I?"

"But you'd get us all fired."

"It would be worth it."

"Cheest, we'd starve."

"Bah!"

Willie was perplexed. He was dumbfounded. He was all at sixes and sevens.

"Swenson, you're a dirty Red." Willie's regular Sunday reading was standing him in good stead. "This is sabotage. You can't do this to the Delta Gammas."

Nicolai glowed.

"Comrade, even Comrade Stalin could speak no higher praise. Workers of the world, unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains. You have a world to win."

Willie was enraged. Brandishing a carving knife, he sprang upon Nicolai, Nicolai turned and fled, taking his flies with him. Willie, proud of his valor, got out his white jacket and started putting glasses on the table.

The nerve of that Nicolai! Just because he couldn't take a little friendly joking, he needn't expect to draw Willie into the plot. Willie was a good Waiter, and he wasn't going to let a little thing like a joke get under his skin.

* * *

Ten minutes later the Delta Gammas started their first course. It was soup.

And five minutes after that Willie wished he'd agreed to help Nicolai in his plot. It was awful. The Delta Gammas were finding flies in everything. And the more flies they had in their soup, the more ants he had in his pants. It was awful.

Finally the Delta Gammas' Badger Beauty winner looked up.

"Hey, waiter, there's a hair in my soup."

Willie had had enough. Suddenly everything went red, and Willie could hear himself yelling, real loud. Picking up her bowl, he smashed it over her head.

"Hell, that's better than soup in your hair, ain't it?" he screamed.

Then he ran out to find Nicolai.

Nicolai had the right idea.



Speaking of Flies . . . Or Were We?

"Hey, waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"

"That's all right, sir . . . No extra charge."

"Hey, waiter, you got your thumb in my soup!"

"That's all right, sir. It ain't hot."

"Hey, waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"That's nothin'; wait till you see the plum pudding."

"Hey, waiter, there's a fly in my coffee."

"He's double-crossing me, sir; he's supposed to be in the soup."

"Hey, waiter, there are ten flies in my soup."

"Uhoh, now they're ganging up on me."

"Garcon, il y a une mouche dans ma soupe."

"Hell, man, speak English; this is the Union."

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

"Ignore him, sir; he's a publicity seeker."

"Hey, waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"That's nothing. A guy over there has five of them."

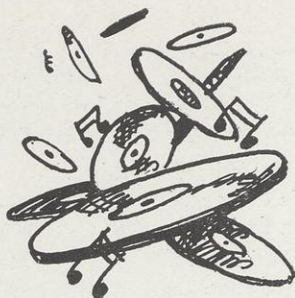
"Hey, waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"Yes, sir; we have to have something to talk about."

"Hey, waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"That ain't your soup, wise guy."

Platter



Patter

Popular Records

Some of These Days

On hearing this, we jumped atop our gramophone and cheered and cheered; it's the most wonderful & novel swing number since *Ride Red Ride*. Swing is supposed to be an American monopoly, but this comes from Europe and—even stranger—is all strings. That hot fiddle and guitars beat out incredibly fast and subtle rhythms, great for dancing as well as enrapt appreciation. *Lily Belle May June*, the other side, has some singing that somehow enchants us. Stephane Grappelly on Decca.

Avalon

We're still raving, and it's still Grappelly. A muted but vigorous trumpet creeps into this one and tears along with those strings in probably the best of the four Grappelly numbers. *Clouds*, over, is all strings again. You've got to hear these last two records.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Benny Goodman swings the day-lights out of this and *When You & I Were Young, Maggie*. Uncle Ezra would shudder; but you'll glow all over as Benny's clarinet twinkles and the boys tear into the score with hammer & tongs. Victor.

Jungle Jitters

Fine dance music for about eleven-thirty when the party's at its peak. *Copenhagen* is the other side and Glen Gray makes them both rich, energetic, and mighty warm. Decca.

Creole Lady

Ambrose has a glowing three-dimensional arrangement of a pair of rhumbas, the other yclept *Two Hearts in Cuba*. The rhumba rhythm, while definitely present, doesn't overwhelm and thin out the theme as is too often the case with a real Cuban band. Decca.

Serenade in the Night

Your little sister in high school would like this fine-spun starshot arrangement

of a nice romantic song. We unsuspecting played the other side, *Lady from Mayfair*, and have regretted it ever since. Friend Ambrose again; Decca.

The Skeleton in the Closet

Louis Armstrong spoils the first half of this by "singing" and then turns to his trumpet. We aren't very impressed by the affair; but if you like Armstrong, you'll like this and we'll go back to our knitting. *Hurdy Gurdy Man* is the reverse and is of the same quality. Decca.

I'm in a Dancing Mood

And who could help but be? Tommy Dorsey with music that makes you want to close your eyes and float. Smooth but not syrupy, and a fine vocal by a Jack Leonard. *Tea on the Terrace* is up the same alley. Victor.

Mr. Ghost Goes to Town

Lucky Strike claims this is the No. 1 favorite among us college students; but living as we do in dread of *Pennies from Heaven*, we won't protest. This rendering by Woody Herman (anybody know him?) is easily worth \$0.35 but not a hell of a lot more. *Better Get Off Your High Horse* is the other side and could be worse. Decca.

'Taint Good

It's good enough for us. Fats Waller, his piano, his impertinent voice, and his band churn up madhouse rhythm. *Hallelujah, Things Look Rosy Now*, its running mate, is even better—madder, faster, not quite so helter-skelter. Well worth looking into. Victor.

A Rhyme for Love

More Fats Waller. Good dependable stuff, informal and lousy with rhythm. "Rhyme" ought to be spelled "rime," but this number—with *I Adore You* on the back—is still worth the price. Victor.

These Foolish Things

Joe Sanders, and it's the most nauseating and atrocious record ever made. You just *can't* imagine how stinky it is. Decca, and for shame!

Classical Music

Tschaikowsky

Presenting, under the baton of Efrem Kurtz, the music for Tschaikowsky's ballet, "Aurora's Wedding," the London Philharmonic orchestra proves that ballet music can stand on its own as entertainment.

Kurtz, conductor for Col. W. de Basil's Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, uses the orchestration of the ballet. Parts of the arrangement, it is interesting to recall, were done by Igor Strawinsky, composer of the "Fire Bird."

The music for this ballet was assembled from several of Tschaikowsky's works, notably from the "Sleeping Beauty" ballet. The ballet has no actual story, but is a group of dances depicting the celebration of the wedding of the beautiful Aurora.

Tschaikowsky, generally considered melancholy and sorrowful, is shown in a different light in this work. Possibly because it is a composite of other music, selected to show a scene of gaiety, it lacks the characteristics usually associated with the composer. However, pensive strains recur among the lighter bits of dance music.

Even more outstanding than the passages by the full orchestra are the briefer interludes by woodwinds and harp, with the rustling of the violins as a background. This is shown particularly in the *Polonaise* and the *Bluebird*.

Two dances, features of the performance of the ballet, are similarly especially interesting as presented by the orchestra. *Bluebird*, usually the great feature of the stage performances of the ballet, starts with contrasting steps from the nimble woodwinds, produces the same theme from the strings, and carries it on with the full orchestra.

The *Dance of the Three Ivans*, an acrobatic dance showing the humorous aspects of the celebration, follows the *Bluebird*. The music is bluff and vigorous, expressing the comedy of the dance.

The final dance of the ballet is the *Mazurka*, in which the whole company takes part. This is a colorful finale to a musical work well worth hearing.

**NEXT TIME, DUMPLING,
BRING THE
FORD V-8!**



Tish-Tosh

WE HEAR that . . . Bob "Know It All" Glassner, DU, is very primitive on a date . . . Just another All-American Spook . . . Ask the gals who are haunted . . . Jack Schuler, Alpha Delt, asked both Dotty Ann Short, Kappa, and Gamma Phi's Helen Harris to Prom . . . However, both fair lassies had dates . . . so Uncle Fox Schuler had a brainstorm . . . and hung his pin on the Gamma Phi . . . You'll be seeing them at Prom . . .

"Skin" Johnson, Psi U, had a fight with a safety island during the holidays . . . a new low in originality . . . quote a telegram from one clever Kappa Sig to another . . . collect . . . to Plainsman Smith, alias Wild Terry O'Toole . . . "Dear O'Toole stop come to Milwaukee New Year's Eve bring washing machine for mixing cocktails stop bring some of your family's whiskey stop prices high in Milwaukee stop don't forget your dancing pumps stop if train connections poor float down on piece of ice" . . . Jack Clifford found that Hindu, AXP watchdog, has a liking for Beechnut . . . and has to keep his samples out of reach or there would be none to pass out . . . Kappa Barbara Hubbell seems to prefer "Ace" Wheary, Phi Gam, to "Deuce" Barter, Kappa Sig . . .

"Little Philbert" Wolfe, Psi U darling, claims he and Honey Taylor, Ziegfeld's strip-tease artist, are "That Way" . . . Not to be outdone . . . Gander DeMuth, Alpha Delt . . . says Gipsy Rose Lee is plenty That Way about him . . . In fact, she named her two dachschund pups "Larry" and "Harry" . . . Nothing like putting on the dog . . . Clem Janecke, Sigma Nu, sprinted over to the Phi Gam house . . . and hung his pin on Hildegard Thadewald in nothing flat . . . Owen Goodman, DKE, had a blind date with Bobbie Pullar, Alpha Phi . . . and hung his pin on her . . . Next day he had it back again . . . Phi Delt Joe Berry is tearing his hair . . . Seems he is being hooked for the price of the last R.F. Ball . . . Just call Les Wortley, Sig Chi, "Bunny Nose" . . . He will wrinkle free of charge . . . Mary Fontana, ex-Lohmaier drawing card, was singing, flinging, and swinging with the orchestra at Milwaukee's Schroeder Hotel

New Year's . . . John Hickman, Kappa Sig biggie, is the proud possessor of his own pin . . . Jean Van Aken, Pi Phi, done it . . . Tsk, tsk . . . The Chi Psi's are due for a big shock . . . when they receive their January telephone bill . . . At least on a very expensive eastern call . . . Culprit to be identified by us . . . at a price . . . Bud "Love and Lipstick" Thielke, Phi Delt, was really living up to his nickname New Year's eve . . . Kappa Sig Wallie Maas hung Jimmy Wright's pin on Shirley Gneiss, Alpha Phi, for the second time . . . Seems Jimmy has no use for it while Wally has . . .

Kappa Janet Harris lately announced her engagement to Arthur Davidson of Milwaukee . . . At a post-engagement party, Tiger Marx and Swede Jensen won first and second prizes for crazy costumes . . . Only a mother and Pat Baldwin could love Tiger in a pink ballet costume . . . and Swede Jensen wowed 'em in bangs and ear-rings a la State Street Sadie . . . Another Kappa, Barbara Scott, has announced her engagement to a Milwaukee boy . . . Theta's Ruby Jo Swanstrom will take the count one of these days . . . She is rapidly coming into her own as a date breaker . . . Incidentally, we hear she was in training for the Badger Beauty Contest . . . Psi U Bill Dousman is making reservations

on the last train out of town before Prom . . . Seems at least four dates for Prom is the cause . . . getting into big time, eh, Bill? . . . Hal Warner, Beta, has been letting his hair grow long enough . . . We suggest a barber, a beauty parlor or a modern Delilah . . . Phi Delt Paul Grub gave the sword and shield to Margaret Moon, independent . . . Pi Phi Emma Lou Bachelder and chemistry prof Harvey Sorum are to be married February 3rd . . . The Kappas and the Thetas are a-feudin' . . . on account of a Kappa put the

Thetas on social probation . . . Political Joe Brooks still takes Dorothy Jean Clifton out though he never mentions that pin . . . My, my . . .

And here, kiddies . . . we have the novel of the month . . . Hero, George Permort, Sig Chi . . . Heroine, Georgia Bohn, Ann Emery . . . Villain, Homer Pipcorn of the Chi Psi villains . . . Georgia had Georgie's pin and mama's blessing . . . and everything was plenty rosy . . . until one fine night Villain Homer staggered upon the scene . . . Came moonlight and a passionate proposal to wed . . . and our heroine blushed and said yes . . . Came the dawn at Ann Emery, bringing plans for the wedding with Hero Permort receiving back his jewelry and bridesmaids being picked by the dozen . . . Two Thetas and four other lassies are alleged to be on the list . . . while the lovely lady was deciding between an emerald and the traditional diamond . . . But then the phone rang . . . And the villain was pointing out that he was just foolin' . . . So the lovely lady got her revenge by calling the hero boy, spending an hour or so in his company . . . and coming back with the pearly cross of Sigma Chi hung on her dress again . . . That, friends, is drama . . .

Political forecasts Phi Gam is grooming another laddy for Prom King . . . but they'd better learn that "Pretty Boy" is a bad nickname on this campus . . . And, if you're interested, Ed Fleming . . . Jim's brother, but not related to the Octy or Cardinal families . . . will be taking the stump for Union Board in the spring . . . We'll bet 3-1 that he makes it if he runs . . .

Prof. Jackie Salter, snoopshot fiend, will have some of his shots published in the Collegiate Digest . . . and is quite puffed at his first venture into the big-time . . . in photography, that is . . . they are shots of the governor's inauguration . . .



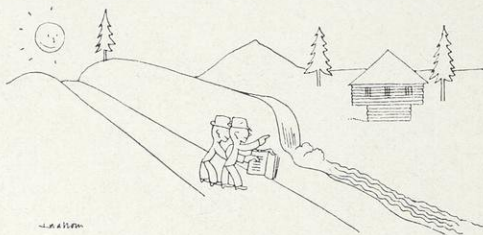
Around the World in 51 Minutes

PROF. E. A. Ross of the sociology department has done many things. He has written a couple dozen books and he has been kicked out of Stanford, but very few people know that he holds the record for going around the world. E. A. Ross's record may not be official, but it's good enough for me, for where else is there a man who can circle this globe of ours in 51 minutes flat?

I don't know why I took Sociology I, but since I had signed up I had to go to the first lecture. I didn't realize then what I was starting, but I do now. E. A. Ross was warming up. He stuck around home most of the time, but just for practice he did take a jaunt over to Russia to look at the marriage situation there.

Pretty soon, though, E. A. Ross really got into the swing of things. He went to China. Then he became the director of a travelling university and went to India. And then one day he did it.

It wasn't a particularly inspiring day, but E. A. Ross didn't seem to notice that it looked like rain outside; he was ready. Without a moment's hesitation he swung into action and he made things hum. Before you could say William Ellery Leonard, he was on his way. In ten minutes England was behind. In thirty minutes he was in Russia. Forty-five minutes found him in Japan, but by one minute



after the bell had rung E. A. Ross had circumnavigated the world.

Many people would stop at that and sit back and gloat. But not E. A. Ross. The next time he started out by going into the jungles of Africa to visit some natives and discover that it was the sun that made their hair wiry. If you think that that's as far as he got, you don't know E. A. Ross. By the time everyone was on the edge of

his seat because the bell had rung one minute ago he had again made an entire journey around the world.

Each time after that E. A. Ross made things tougher for himself. He would start out by visiting some schools in South America and then travel through China in a sedan chair, but he always made it. Why, one time he even bowled ninepins with a Viceroy in India and dropped in on Theodore Roosevelt at the Philippines for lunch. Often he made the journey twice a week, and never did it take more than 51 minutes. In fact once when he had his glasses off and couldn't see the clock he did it in 46 minutes. That was a sort of a fluke, though, and couldn't really be counted.

Some day see E. A. Ross ambling around the corridors of Sterling Hall. Just remember that (even though he may not look it) he holds the record of 51 minutes for travelling around the world.

And he doesn't even use lantern slides.

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YOUR OLD BOY FRIEND

JOE SANDERS

and

FATHER HINES

and

PAUL "DIMPLES" CHRISTENSON

on

Thursday, February 4

Four-Fifty Before

February Fifth

STIFF SHIRT IF YOU WILL PLEASE



Laughing gaily as we go
Rollicking down Mortgage Row,
We confirm the general knowledge
Of the Things They Do at College.
As Collegians, we're elected;
Give the public what's expected.

Gather 'round and let it swing;
Junior Prom, to thee we sing--
Lights and life and love and laughter,
(Plus, of course, the morning after)
Swing out, boys, for State and God
And the Junior Promenade.

O C T O P U S

My Date Is a Nice Girl

I AM a senior and I have never been to Prom. This year I am going to Prom, though I can't quite figure it out yet. My date is with a very nice girl, though she is a freshman.

I met her at a Spanish Club meeting in the middle part of December. It was an ordinary meeting, except that we had refreshments at the end. We were all sitting around eating Christmas cookies, and she was sitting next to me.

"Do you come to these meeting often?" she asked me. I was rather surprised at a girl's speaking to me without an introduction, but she looked like a nice friendly girl, so I thought that no harm would come of it.

"I come to all of the meetings," I said.

"Do they have refreshments at all of them?" she inquired, "or is this a special occasion?"

This indeed was a strange girl. I couldn't understand why someone would come to Spanish Club just for the refreshments, so I hastened to explain to her about all of the worthwhile things to be had at Spanish Club, and of all the things about Spain one could learn there that one couldn't learn in class, and of what good language training it was.

"Oh. I just came because I knew my teacher would be here and my mark is low," she said when I had finished. I sort of looked at her, then it occurred to me that she was kidding, so I didn't say anything. She took care of the conversation from then on anyway.

She began to talk about the university and how much she liked it and all of the parties she had been to. I listened because I thought she was nice, and I didn't want to hurt her feelings. I had heard all about parties before that.

About that time the meeting was over, and it was time to go home.

"It's terribly slippery out tonight," she said. "I hope I don't slip and fall on the way home." I took this as a sort of a hint, so I walked home with her.

As she went in the door, she turned to talk to me.

"I'm very glad to have met you," she said, "I hope I can see some more of you."

I told her she could, and asked her if she would care to go to a lecture on socialism with me the next night. She said that she would, and I left.

When I called for her the next night, she said that she had a headache, and that she would rather sit somewhere where it was quiet and talk over a coke. I suggested that we go to the Soda Grill.

"Let's go to Fred's, he has good cokes, too," she said.

So we went to Fred's. When we got there and found a booth she had changed her mind and decided that a beer would taste better. I don't drink beer, so I ordered a beer for her and a coke for me. Then she began our quiet talk. It was two days before vacation, and they had just announced the orchestra for Pre-Prom.

"Don't you think they have a thrilling band for Pre-Prom?" she said. Then before I could answer she said, "I hope someone asks me to go, it must be lots of fun."

I could see what was coming, so I began to put up a defense, but somehow or other, when it was time to take her home I found myself with a date for Pre-Prom with her. I didn't worry much about Prom, though, because I had seen ads for four years that say that a date for Pre-Prom does not obligate one for Prom.

PRE-PROM finally rolled around. I looked pretty smooth, if I do say so myself, as I had my suit cleaned for the occasion. She looked pretty nice,

too, though all girls look alike to me when they are dressed up. Just about as soon as we got there she had a story to tell me. It was about three or four guys that had called her up for Prom dates that she had turned down.

I asked her why she had turned them down, but she didn't say anything, she just looked at me. I couldn't figure it out, but I didn't want to be impolite, so I didn't ask her again.

Later on in the evening she said, "Isn't it funny, now we know who will be at Prom, and with whom, we won't have to wait till Prom to find out."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Oh you silly thing," she said, "as if you don't know."

I figured that I was supposed to know, so I didn't say anything. The evening passed without any more being said that had much to do with Prom, at least as far as I could figure.

A COUPLE of days later a guy I know that goes with a girl from the same rooming house as the one I took to Pre-Prom stopped me to talk with me.

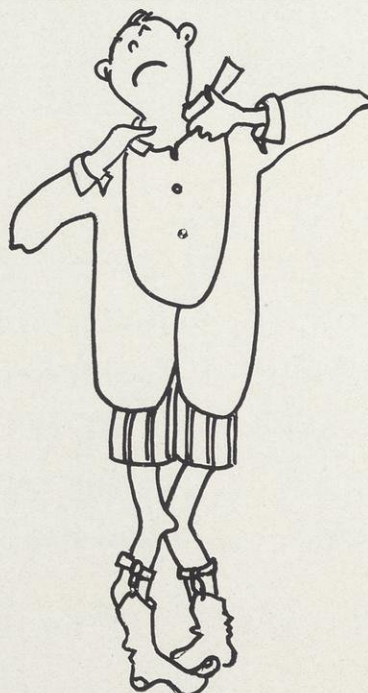
"I understand we're doubling to Prom," he said.

"Are we?" I asked.

"Yes," he said.

I'm going to Prom this year. I still can't quite figure it out.

—PAUL GODFREY



On Going to Prom

Oh, wedge me in my bosom shirt,

Starchy, stiff, and white;

Shackle the collar on my neck,

Cutting, high, and tight.

Oh, knot the tie about my neck;

(What matters what I think?)

Pull on my trousers, sharply creased;

Make fast each stud and link.

My vest, my coat, my silvern flask,

My topcoat and my cane;

The taxi comes. Farewell, my friends,

You'll not see me again.

But in my coffin, velvet lined,

I'll lie so white and sweet;

My comp clutched tightly in my hand,

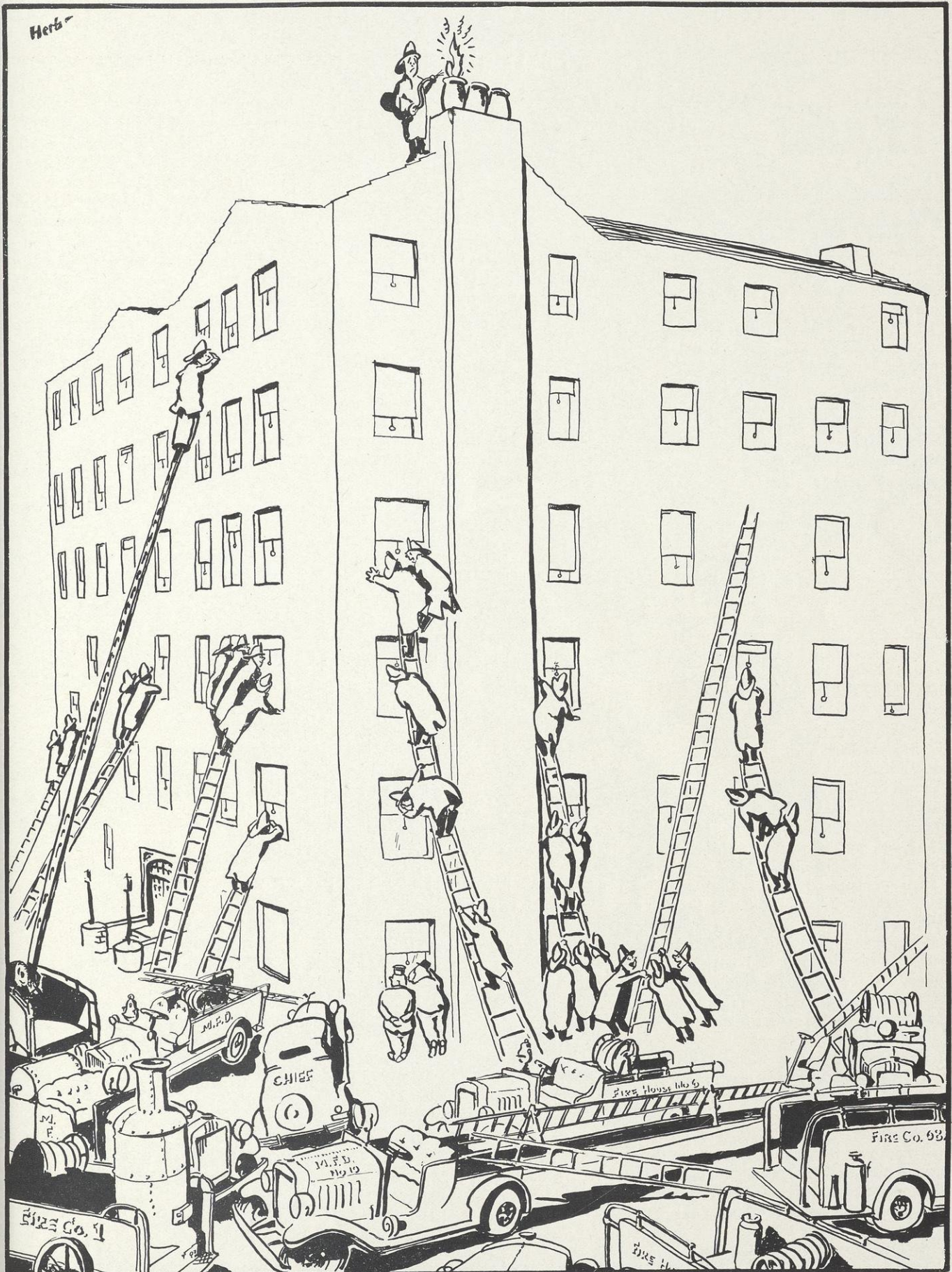
And lilies at my feet.

Strew roses on my shrouded bier,

That is my final wish,

As in Death's arms I rest in my

Resplendent soup and fish.



Ann Emery Has a Fire

Won't You Please Be Prom Queen-- PLEASE!

WHEN I said that I would pick a Prom Queen out of the Big Six, I didn't think that I would have any trouble. I thought that there were just as many nice looking girls in the smaller sororities as there were in the bigger sororities.

I soon found out that there were a few nice looking girls in the smaller sororities, but all of them were going steady. I knew that girl would go to Prom with me if she was going steady, but I wanted to go steady myself, and I didn't want to take a girl away from another fellow, though, of course, I could have easily.

A little while after I was elected, three or four of us put our heads together and tried to find someone whom I could pick. First of all, she had to be an independent or in a smaller sorority. Second, she had to be a junior. Last, but not least, she had to be good-looking, and tall enough for me.

Those were all the limitations I had, or cared about. Then the boys started. They eliminated all but two or three of the smaller sororities because they were too small. Then they eliminated all of the independent girls because they independents.

We did talk of my picking an independent girl and then having her pledge a Big Six sorority after I had picked her, but we couldn't think of anyone who would fill the bill.

Then we began to go through the lists of the sororities in the Greek Blue Book, picking out the juniors. By the time we had picked the junior girls who were nice looking and were tall enough, and who weren't going steady, and who belonged to the sororities the boys had named, there were five on the list.

I didn't know any of them. Then we began to fix up ways of meeting all of them. The ways sounded pretty good, but somehow they didn't work. By two weeks before Christmas vacation I had only met one of them. She was very nice, though, and tall enough, and nice looking, and she didn't go steady, and she belonged to one of the three sororities on the list.

I decided that I would ask her. I had two or three dates with her. The



"Nuts to the Big Six—
I got a comp!"

girls in her house began to see what was in the wind, because I had only had about 10 dates since school started, and having two or three dates with a girl who was eligible made things look bad. I decided that I would have one last date on the q.t. with her in the middle of the week and ask her.

I GOT the date with her. When the night came, I rented a car, and got one of the boys in the house to get a date and come with me. I don't know why I did that now.

We went out and drank some beer and then we went for a ride. After a while I stopped the car.

I looked toward her. She looked as though she was worried about something. Then we both just sat there. I looked at the guy in the back seat.

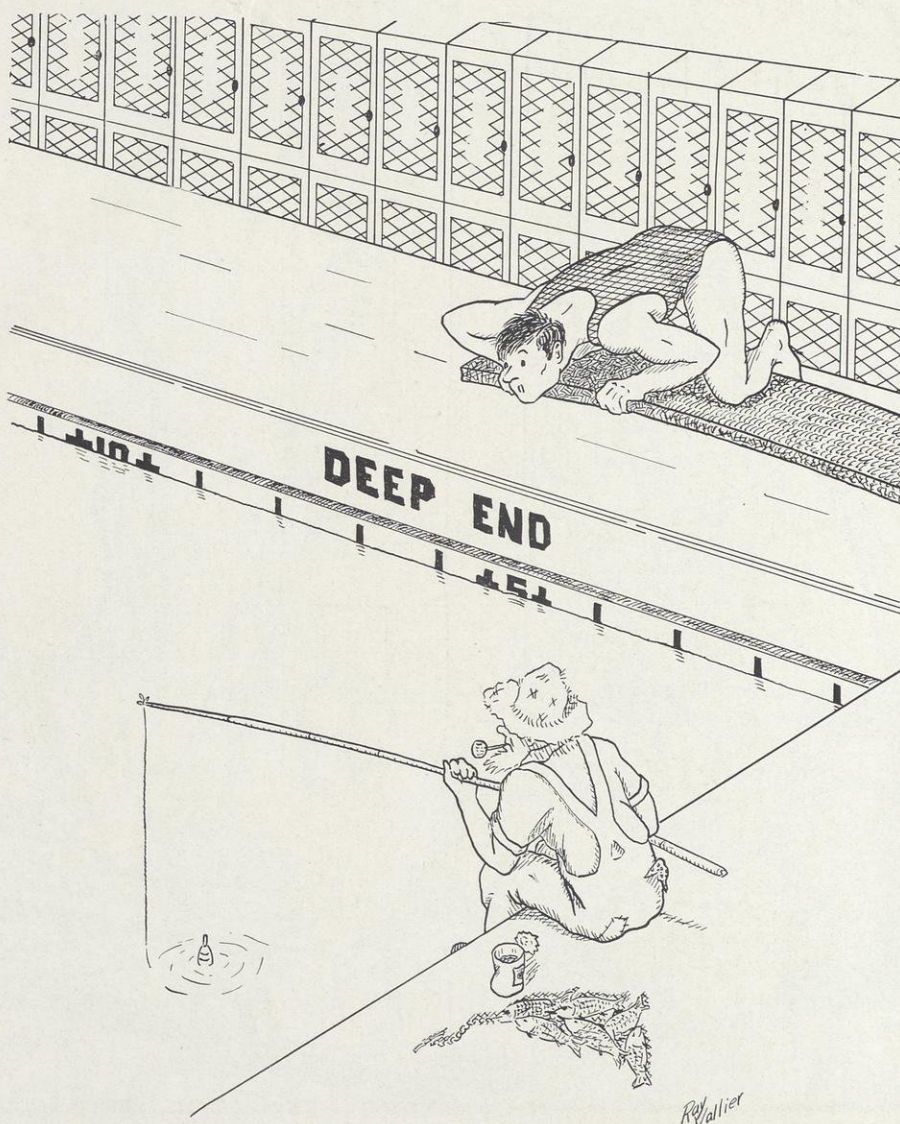
Then I looked at her. She still seemed worried. Then I lit cigarettes for both of us. We finished them and we lit two more. When we had finished them, I decided that I might as well spring it.

"Will you be Prom Queen?" I asked her.

She didn't say anything, but I knew she had heard me, so I didn't say anything either. I lit us both another cigarette, and we sat and smoked them, not saying anything. We finished them and smoked another.

"Will you be Queen, please?" I asked.

"I guess so," she said.
We drove home.





CAROL

"Scab!"



Rasmus Goes to Portuguese Class

RASMUS SCHMOHAWK sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. Had the alarm rung or not? He wondered. The cold wind whistled through the window. Rasmus sighed and settled back on the pillows. After what seemed to him an hour, but really only a few minutes, he sat up again. He looked at the alarm clock through his sand filled eyes. Gosh! only ten minutes to get to Portuguese class, he exclaimed to himself.

With Herculean effort Rasmus, the pride and joy of a long line of Schmo-hawks, dragged himself out of bed and shut the window. What a life, he reflected, eight o'clock classes every day. Why, oh why, did they ever send him to college and why did he sign up for Portuguese? He started to dress hurriedly.

"Should I cut today?" he asked himself. No, he had cut yesterday and he had to go today. Of course, it would have been nice to lie in bed a little longer, but Portuguese is Portuguese and Senhor Schmohawk had been rating a straight D so far. Grabbing his reader and gloves he rattled downstairs and out of the door.

The pavement was slippery, but Rasmus ran the two blocks to Park in slightly more than nothing flat without even falling on his head once. Catching his breath, he surveyed the steep hill before him; not a soul upon it. Rasmus looked at his watch. Three minutes to . . .

Gripping his book, he started to clamber up the long walk. It was a bit queer that nobody else was late, too, thought our hero. He did not think about that much, though, because Rasmus could not run and think very hard at the same time. Finally he reached the entrance to Bascom. The usual crowd milling around the front was not present. He stood there a moment, alone save for old Abe Lincoln, but Abe was sitting down and could not feel the cold wind that bit into Rasmus' ears.

Once inside the building Schmo-hawk still thought it queer that he should be the only one in sight. The halls of Bascom were like deserted

streets in a ghost town and Rasmus was very much puzzled. The classrooms were empty and Rasmus sat alone waiting for the others to arrive.

But no one came.

Anxiety mounted in our hero's over-taxed mind. Everybody could not have cut at the same time today, he reasoned with surprising accuracy. Rasmus thought hard, real hard, this time. Let's see now, three days ago was Thursday, then two days ago was Friday . . . suddenly the truth dawned upon him.

It was Sunday.

Sunday, thought he, if it's Sunday then there won't ever be anyone up today, will there? No, not today. Chagrined, Rasmus Schmohawk slid down the long icy walk past old Abe.

Gosh, he reflected, and it was Sunday all the time.

—JOHN J. LA RUS

As far as poetry was concerned, his book—published by a New York firm—upheld him there. It told in lyric style about such things as "The Cold Kisk of a Comet."

—MILWAUKEE SENTINEL

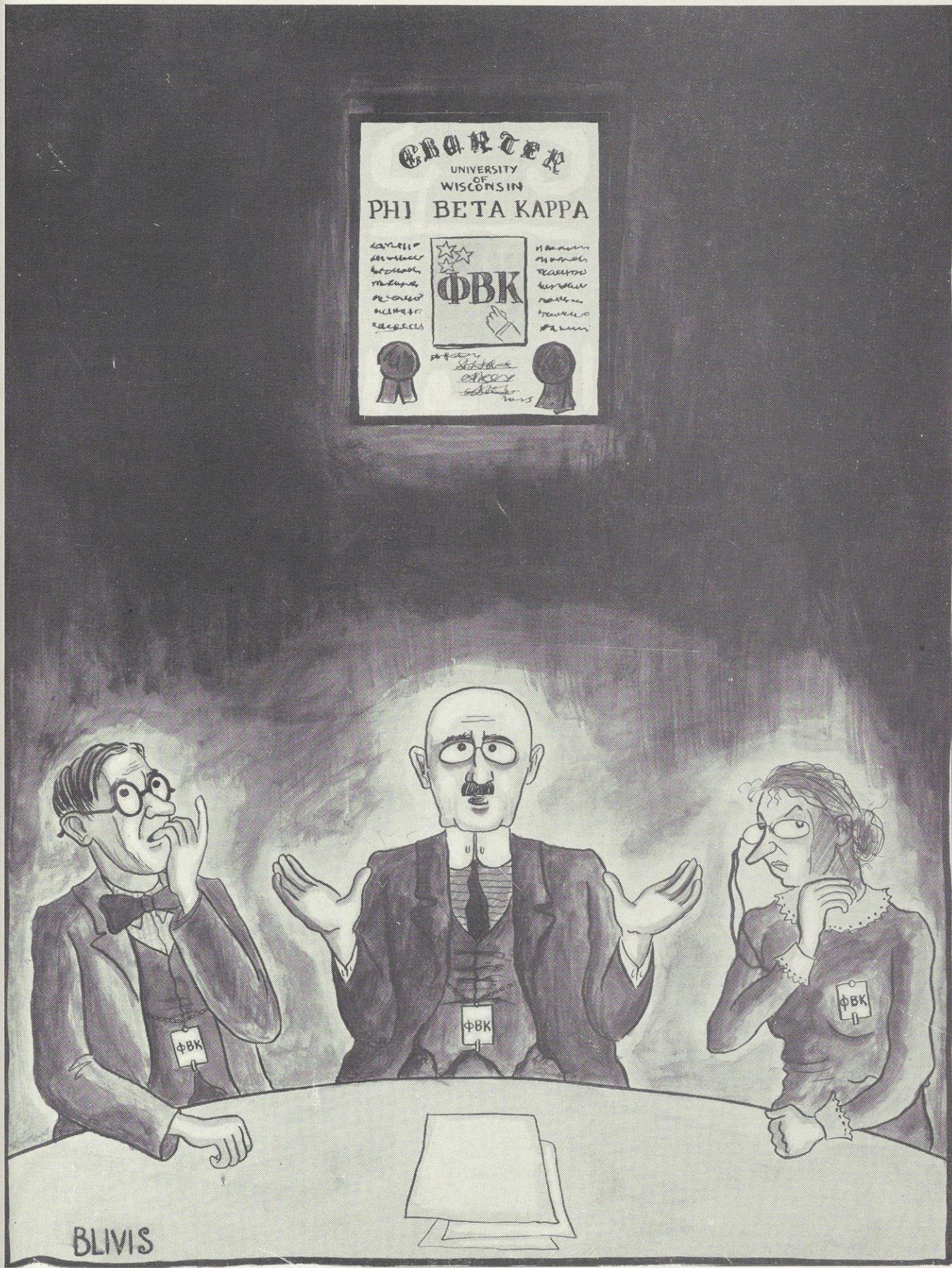
That's poetry for you!

LIFE'S LITTLE PROBLEMS DEPT.

[FROM THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE]

K. G. writes: I had a nervous breakdown last winter and since then I have had a craving for lettuce. I have limited myself to half a head a day but could eat more. Can one eat too much lettuce?





"But we have to take young March—he's a legacy."

I DON'T s'pose there are many people on this campus who see as much basketball as me. Real inside stuff, I mean.

You've probably seen me at basketball games, running out with an old towel to mop up the puddle on the floor. It's caused by a leak along the edges of the skylights, where the snow on the roof gets warm and melts. Me, I mop the water up.

I'm a Sophomore Manager

Sometimes some of the other sophomores do that, and I tear up adhesive tape and stick it on the locker doors. When I get to be a senior, I'll be able to put it on players' ankles.

Huh? No, the job don't sound so smooth, but some of us are pretty smooth boys after all. Look at Dick Johnson. He was a sophomore manager and the next year he was Prom King. He got a free dress suit and a dozen comps and a date with Dottie Teeple. Well, I don't intend to run for Prom King, and Johnson seems to think Dottie wouldn't go with me if I did, but I like to be manager, anyway. Well, the

other night we were out there, working out, and—

No, I don't actually work out, but I watch. Yeah, shooting baskets and passing and stuff. All right, then, the team was working out and I was mopping up a puddle. And the longer I worked, the more I thought of an idea.

Finally I couldn't hold it in any longer. So I went up to Bud and—

Sure, we all call him Bud. He likes it. What if he is the youngest varsity basketball coach in the Big Ten? He was ineligible once, too, just like any good ball player.

"Mr. Foster," I said. "Why—"

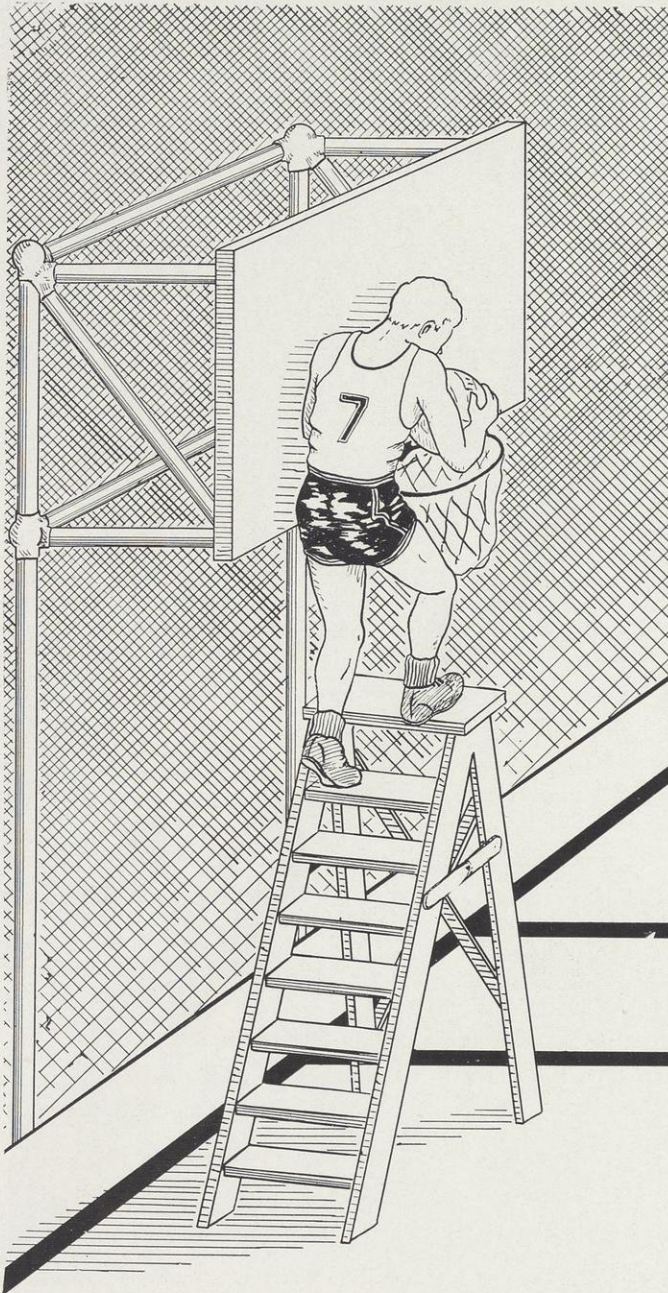
Oh, that was to his face. Only seniors and players call him Bud to his face. So I said, "Mr. Foster, why mop up these puddles?"

He seemed to think I was a little nuts, and he looked at me kind of strange.

"If you'd let the water come through in *two* holes," I explained, "maybe the other teams would get called for double dribbles."

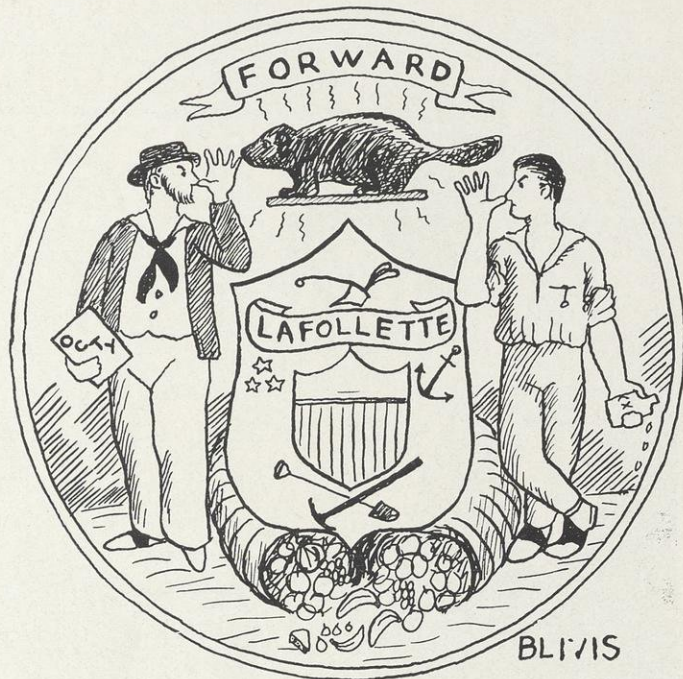
Funny, but someone suggested I'd better transfer to crew manager. Maybe I will.

"He says he never even heard of the Meanwell system."



Ray Vallier

The 63rd LEGISLATURE of the State of WISCONSIN



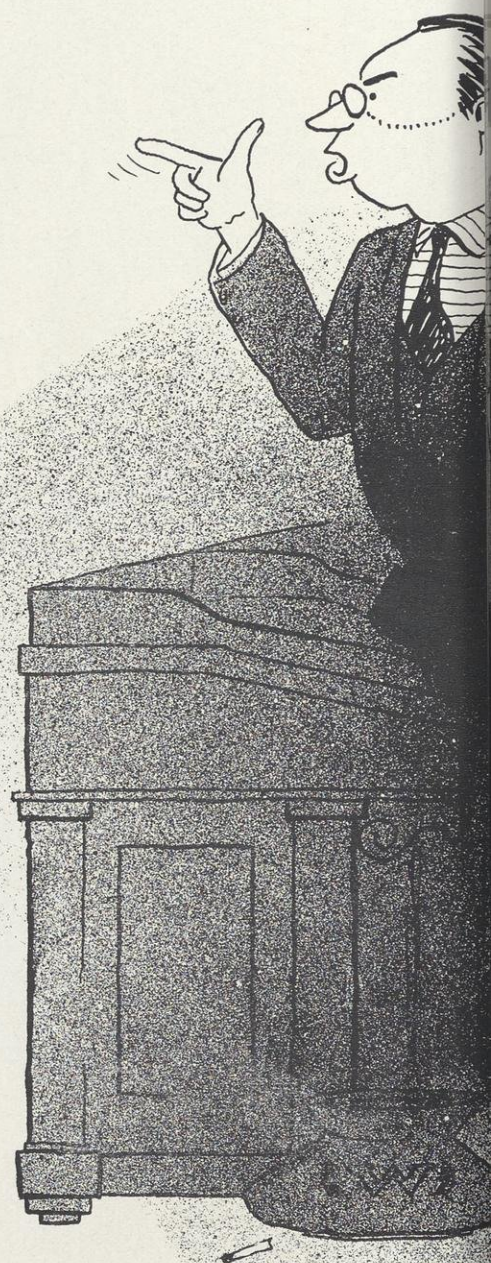
BY STAGECOACH, horseback, and rickshaw they come to Madison from every nook and cranny of the state, the duly authorized representatives of the People. They will collect their mileage, invent a few laws, and watch over the purse-strings of the state lest the University get one single taxpayer's dollar without its corresponding hour of debate, wrangling, and investigations. Their whim can either give the University 12 new dormitories and a visiting professor of Old Norse or board up Bascom Hall and send the students out into the world to shift, uneducated and uncultured, for themselves.

THE gentleman from Iowa county (left) has ants in his pants again. Just how, he wants to know, do these University professors think they should get their pay-cuts restored when the farmer is still getting only 67.43% of the 1918-1919 price for his milk? Make the cheesemaker pay the producer a fair price for his milk and these other things will take care of themselves, he says, snapping his suspenders vigorously.

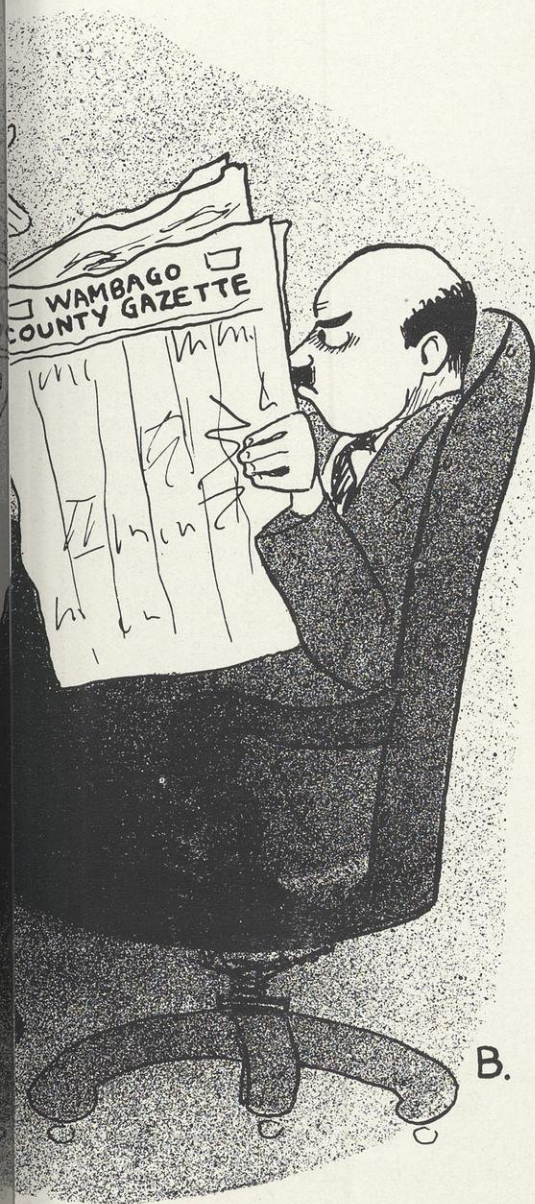


THE gentleman from the 14th Milwaukee, Gregory Kwalowczek (above) is all hot for another investigation into un-American and alien influences in the University. He got his legislative training in a barber shop and *knows* the campus is lousy with long-haired Communists and free-lovers. Besides, it gets his name in the home town papers, especially Mr. Hearst's *Sentinel*. They even printed his picture, once; and since most of his constituents can't read English, that's the sort of thing that helps most.

THE gentleman from Horse T... great vigor while his worthy c... mer and tongs into his pet a... XIV, Line 3. This is known as cou... lative halls. The gentleman from F... and he's taking in every word his no... though: why should these profs ex... come of \$924.45 and why should th...



studying last week's newspaper with
 man from Oshkosh, is tearing ham-
 34, Section D, Part 43a, Subhead
 and is everywhere evident in legis-
 y can't see a thing without his glasses
 ey both agree about the University,
 s when the average man has an in-
 gs when they got a lot already, blah,



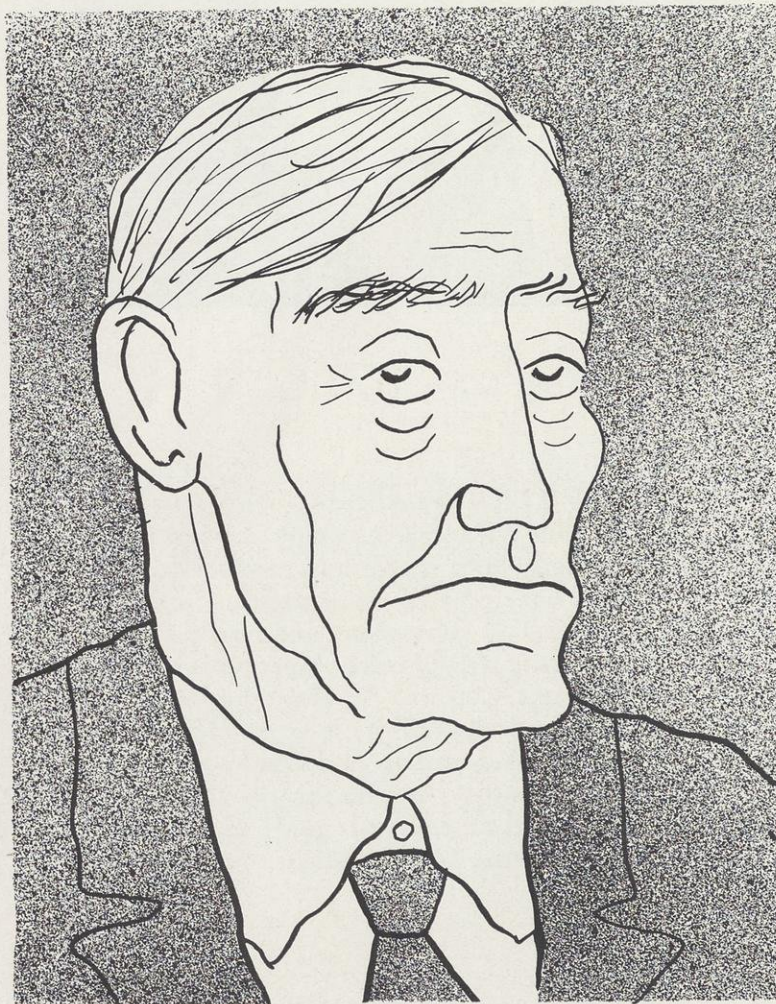
ORVILLE T. FLABBER (above) repre-
 sents Menominee county, having for-
 merly been sheriff and commander of
 the Lard Lake post of the American Legion.
 Wants R.O.T.C. compulsory and believes that
 the University should teach Americanism first
 and foremost. All this "Collitch Edjication"
 (as he sarcastically calls it) is no good as long
 as it only makes atheists and namby-pambies
 out of our youths. And no theorizing profes-
 sor or half-baked student is going to say any-
 thing about Abe Lincoln when *he's* around!

B.

RUFUS L. J. MCGINIS (right), attorney-at-law, is qualified for law-making by a long, if not overly successful, career at the bar. Even now he can usually be found having a shot of Seagram's over at the Park. Rufus's Goal in Life is a Job on the Public Service Commission; and if he doesn't get it, it's not because he hasn't pulled the right strings. He likes the University, all right; but after all, \$11,000,000 is a lot of money and you ought to be able to economize somewhere.



THE true friend of the University, Odvar L. Hansen (below), of Sun Prairie. His four sturdy sons and three daughters graduated from the College of Agriculture with flying colors, and he thinks that *every* boy and girl in the state is entitled to a college education. The University even ought to establish a branch in



every city of 5,000 people or more, because whose University is it if not the people's? That's what Old Bob would have said, and Odvar Hansen never does anything without consulting the ghost of Old Bob.

THE boy legislator (right). Bertram is only four years out of law school, and just look at him! He's already been assistant district attorney up home at Baraboo and there's no stopping the lad. He'll be in the U. S. Senate in no time at all. That's why Bertram thinks he'd better play ball with the Party, and he is seen here adding his two cents' worth in the free-for-all game of Keep-the-University-out-of-Politics and Keep-Politics-out-of-the-University. Bertie would *love* a swell railroad or steel trust that he could campaign against and be famous.

A KIND friend has taken the trouble to inform me that President Roosevelt has not only given tunnels and bridges to the teeming masses of New York and homes and dams to the people of the Tennessee Valley but he has also built elevators for the salmon in the Columbia River.

That the New Deal kept this a secret from the Republicans until Mr. Roosevelt was re-elected is a remarkable achievement, and during the campaign clerks and publicity men must have whispered and tiptoed through Washington's marble corridors jittery with fear that Mr. Landon would get wind of what was going on, under cover of darkness, out in Oregon.

News, flashed across the land on the eve of the election, that the taxpayers' money was being spent on elevators for salmon might have had a profound effect upon the balloting and might even have swung New Hampshire dangerously near the Republican column.

Mr. Roosevelt & Mother Nature

These salmon elevators, I believe, show that Mr. Roosevelt is a true humanitarian and that his heart is free of all political scheming, for although salmon have been given elevators they have not yet been given the vote. It is unlikely for years to come that some repressed virgin salmon, finding no other outlet, will begin a Salmon-Suffrage campaign.

To a Consumers' Research subscriber "salmon" is merely the trade name given to the meat of the carp, dyed, pickled in a solution of lead acetate, and packed in a tin can to sell for nineteen cents. But to the lover of the out-of-doors a salmon is a sturdy fish who jumps rapids with flashing fins in a rainbow of mist, stopping at nothing on his way to the source of the river.

Salmon really live in the sea, and going to the head of the stream is nothing but an obsession with them; they have the idea that it is the only place they can spawn. If you know anything at all about how dull the sex-life of a salmon is, you may well wonder why they will spend their whole lives chasing back and forth between the ocean and the upper reaches of the Columbia River in a vain search for Happiness.

This continuous cycle of jumping up rapids and even, with a running start, good-sized waterfalls and then drifting back to the sea again serves at least to keep them out of mischief, and don't get the idea that the salmon couldn't raise hob with Pacific Coast shipping if they took a mind to. And if they *think* the only place they can spawn is in some brook or millpond, there is no changing their minds and we might as well make the best of it.

Next spring, when the salmon again head for the headwaters of the Columbia, they will meet face to face with their new elevators for the first time. To see their first looks of amazement turn to looks of joy as the arrow above the door points around 5-4-3-2-1 and the door slides open to reveal a roomy cage ready to life them effortlessly to the calm waters above the rapids would gladden the heart of the most self-pitying taxpayer.

And there will be no nonsense of removing hats if there are ladies present, no women with large bundles who stand in the back of the car and want to get off at second, no people who ask what floor is corsets and layettes on. They do things more rationally, these salmon.

IT GIVES one new confidence in the human race to see that men have at last looked around at the millions of bridges, collapsible card-tables, and electric razors which they have built for their own convenience and have realized it is high time they did something for the other creatures who share their planet.

Salmon elevators are but a small start. We can look forward with confidence, I feel, to the day when such things as roomy, well-ventilated tunnels for moles and permanent concrete dams for beaver will be commonplace. It is The Beginning of an Era.

HOW THE TIME FLIES DEPT.

Since 1975, the Nebraska constitution has forbidden a state debt in excess of \$100,000.

—CAPITAL TIMES





A scholarly gent named G. Frank
Said, "Guv'nor, I think this is rank—
You sure threw me out,
But without any doubt
The whole business certainly stank!"

An aggressive young statesman called Phil
Was often considered a pill
He said, "Next election
May bring my rejection,
But of Glenn Frank I've sure had my fill."



A gorgeous young coed named Belle
Put it briefly by saying, "Oh, well,
I'm staying quite calm
And waiting for Prom
Politics? Oh, what the hell?"



She's A Girl-- Poor Thing

SHE LIVES in a dormitory and soon finds out that not only does the W.S.G.A. keep a leery eye cocked on her daily doings to see that she keeps to the straight & narrow but a flock of house rules cramp her style at every turn.

1 If she lives at Ann Emery, for instance, she is warned that no matter how crowded her room is, "stockings *et cetera* are not to be festooned in the windows."

2 If she is a freshman at Barnard, she must shovel the walks; but as a reward there is no anti-window display rule, as passers-by will testify.

3 At Chadbourne she will learn not to ring the fire-alarm even if hell itself breaks loose. On a cold night last semester the girls were well-nigh frightened out of their crimpers upon hearing the alarm go off. Out into the night they one & all scampered only to discover that someone was pulling their legs. Back into bed they trotted, and again the alarm rang. For the second time they scrambled for the fire-escapes in their P. J.'s and nighties. And, of all things, the second alarm was a phoney, too.

Chad's amateur sleuths sniffed and pried in vain until the culprit up and confessed on her own hook, with a tinge of pride in her voice, the hussy. She had eight 12:30 nights taken away from her, a thing which most Chadbournites would never miss. There have been no more alarms.

4 Ann Emery exists, a lass would think, simply to hinder young love. You must, if you live there, *never* yell down from your room to admirers in the streets, especially after 10:30.

5 And since the admirer cannot come up to the room, he must be met half-way—in the lounge. But, Ann Emery primly warns, "only one person to a chair" and to drive the point home "no sitting on the arms of chairs!"

If you want to yell at the boy friend from your room, you'd better move over to Chadbourne. There it may be frowned upon, but there's no rule against it.

6 No silly ideas have corrupted the Chadbournites since they left Beaver Dam and Horner's Corners to get a college education. *Good Housekeeping* is still their favorite literature,



"Be careful—now I've lost my place!"

with Mr. Hearst's *Cosmopolitan* running second and *Vogue* a poor third.

7 Barnard, too, thinks so much of *Good Housekeeping* that "No magazines shall be taken from the library." And to put teeth into the law, the magazines are chained down, like elephants and mastiffs. So the girls voted, anyway, but nothing much has ever been done about it all.

8 As for smoking, it would be better not to do it. But, my dear, if you *must* have a drag on a weed now and then, don't smoke in any lounge or parlor. There are special smoking rooms at Barnard and Chad, and if you smoke in your room—yow! Five bucks it costs; and if the habit is incurable, out you go into the cold—lock, stock, and barrel.

9 If you go to Ann Emery, gentlemen, take heed, and study the implications of this rule. "No *obvious* petting is allowed in the lounge." The italics are ours and you're perfectly welcome to them.

If you *must* pet obviously, go to Barnard or Chadbourne. People there may sniff and raise an eyebrow; but after all there's no rule against it and it's the rules that govern men. And lasses.

Langdon Hall hasn't been mentioned in all this, and for good reason. Langdon Hall has no rules because, as Mrs. Jefferson puts it, "Langdon girls just don't do those things! It isn't necessary to have any rules!"

If your girl friend, then, doesn't smoke, hang washing in her windows, smooch in the lounge, or yell from the housetops, you can bet your last nickel she lives at Langdon Hall.

—BOB NASH

On Being A Smoothie

EVERYBODY talks about smoothies, but nobody does anything about them.

What this country needs is a man with the courage of his convictions. I think that smoothies are very much not liked, besides I could never be a smoothie, so even if people say this is sour grapes, I will write about smoothies.

Historians, though they are somewhat reticent about the subject, say that the present smoothie had his beginning in a fraternity house where the boys had to dress for dinner.

It seems that the first smoothie was a lad that went to dinner in such a hurry that he grabbed at a jacket from his room mate's closet, not realizing that his room mate was wearing the pants to that jacket, and that he had his own pants on that day.

Coincident with this, he had a brand new haircut that day. This was just a bit unusual, as more than one haircut per semester was history in his frat club. Thus, when he sat down to dinner, hiding his pants (under the table, not by taking them off), the fellows noticed his new haircut.

He was so embarrassed at his jacket and pants not matching that he had forgotten all about his new haircut, even. When the fellows called him smoothie, referring to his new haircut, of course, he thought that they were referring to his jacket and pants, so thereupon, he thought he had something.

From then on in, he made it a point to pick a jacket that did not match his pants. So fond was he of his new title of "smoothie," he proceeded to tell all and sundry about it. They began to copy him, because he really looked pretty smooth, since he got haircuts all of the time in order to look the part of the well-dressed man.

From that day, he wore his room mate's pants. It took little time for the other tall boys to realize that they could wear the short boy's pants and be even more smooth, and after a few months some bright fellow thought of washing pants or wearing them in the rain to make them shorter, so after a while, everybody was wearing short pants.

And so there we have a smoothie. It is very complicated, and I know that I wouldn't be one, even if I could, so I'll wear clothes that fit.

Prom at the Zoo

IT is the keeper's night off at the zoo. Only twice a year does the keeper have a night off. It really isn't a *night* off; he is only off until 2:30.

All us animals in the zoo have waited breathlessly for this night because tonight we will all break out of our cages and raise merry hell. As usual, a big ball has been planned. The vertebrates and invertebrates got together and made Pill the Lion, king of the ball, and we all wondered whom he'd take; he had promised that he wouldn't take any of the lionesses even though we all know that lionesses have a lot of appeal to the animal in us.

He arranged the various committees to take care of the big blowout. There was a lot of beefing that Pill had given too many of the jobs to the jackasses, but Pill explained that he had to because some of the guys in his own cage were getting tough about it, and also because he was afraid that otherwise the jackasses might not come to the ball.

Gee, it's getting pretty late, and all the elephants are huddled

in a corner; they are crying that pink men are chasing them. Most of the guys are going now—back to their cages. Me too.

Visitors to the zoo are going to be disappointed tomorrow. Most of the animals will sleep all day. Bicarb of soda would be appreciated instead of peanuts, thank you.

—MYRON L. GORDON



Cinderella—Godmother, must I leave the ball at twelve?

The Good Fairy—You'll not go at all if you don't stop swearing.

—Gargoyle

Magician (sawing woman in half): Now, ladies and gentlemen, after the young lady is severed, her brains will be given to a medical college and the rest will be thrown to the dogs.

Gallery Gang: Woof, woof, woof!

—Rammer-Jammer

PRESENTING

Bill Pryor "King" Junior Prom '38

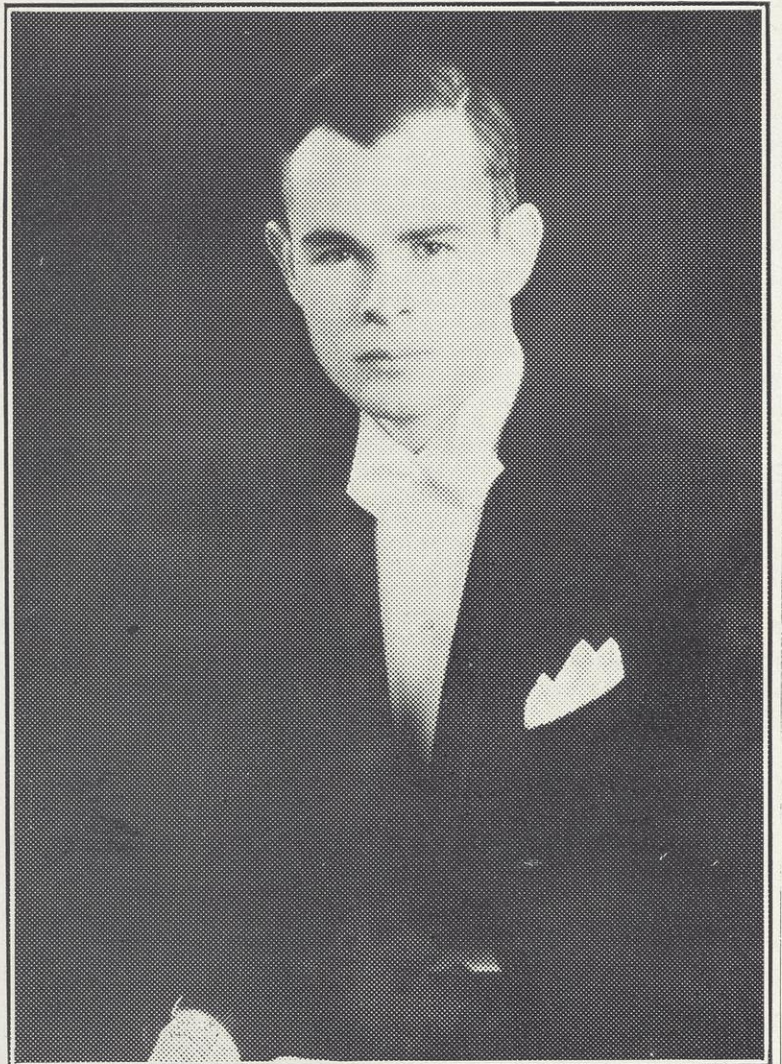
*The year's outstanding
social event*

It has become a tradition at Wisconsin for the Prom King and his chairmen to come to us for their formal attire. This year . . . we again have the pleasure of furnishing his highness and his assistants with their "tails" and accessories.

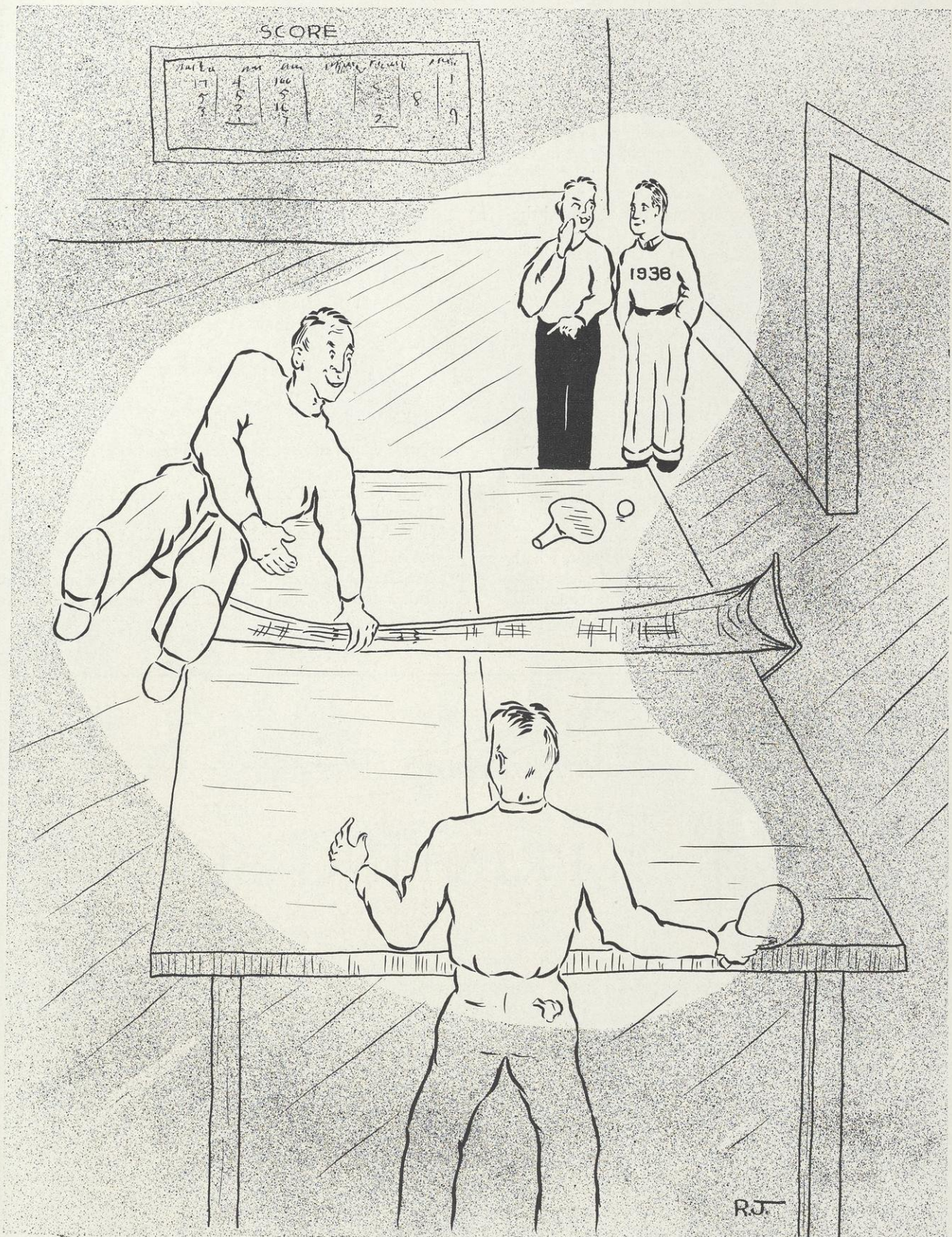
== C.W. ANDERES CO. ==

AT THE UNIVERSITY CO-OP

Authorities . on . Formal . Clothes



KING WILLIAM XXXVIII



"Jevons always was a real sportsman."

The Siege of Termit Lodge

Now I am not one to complain at the petty injustices of mankind, but there are certain rights which I insist and will continue to insist must be preserved. This complaint deals with Termit Lodge and if you don't believe that there is a Termit Lodge, just look it up in the back of your student directory. It seems that I am the sort of person who can stand for just so much and no more. So when Rogers opened a sealed envelope that contained the complaints I had against him I just saw red. I think I had a perfect right to make those complaints. Did he think he was going to spit on my pajamas and get away with it? No. So I swore revenge.

The next thing I knew after this dastardly piece of work had been performed, I was taking all my books and clothes and tossing them into the bathroom. I had some vague idea about banging Rogers on the head with a clothes-hanger and locking myself in. But he looked at me once and I changed my mind. Not that I was afraid but just that I thought it was a kind of cowardly thing for me to smack him on the soft spot on his head and anyhow they did have cops in this dang town. So I swiped his Chem books and a few things when he wasn't looking and with a slam locked myself in.

For a moment he was chagrined. Then to my surprise the whole house was in an uproar. Surely, I thought, I had not been the cause of this disturbance. Yet in a few moments I heard shouts from a party who had, in my opinion, been neutral. He was sure excited. He kept yelling to open

the door, he sure got himself in a ferocious rage. I got well, I thought, that is, that it would be wise to see if the window at one end of the bathroom was working, not that I was surprised but just that I like lots of fresh air in any place I stay. Well, I saw the ground was pretty far away so I sat down and read my Milton assignment.

But the racket they were making was pretty fierce. It seemed that the whole Termit Lodge had been attacked. So I couldn't get anything out of my Milton. Maybe it was the racket, but even so I just couldn't comprehend my Milton. I still can't comprehend my Milton. My idea is that it's a noise psychosis.

After a while I heard something about cops. They were calling the cops. I stopped reading Milton. I braced myself. I took a drink of water. I sat down. I got up. I calmed myself. About ten minutes later, a severe slamming of doors, a shouting of voices. I opened the window. I looked out. I closed it. I sat down. I got up. I looked about calmly. I opened my fountain pen. The ink spattered about. I jabbed the pen into my finger. I dropped it. I was calm.

"Open," on the outside. I opened.

Two cops (big, burly) stood in the doorway.

"Officer," I squeaked. The cops looked chagrined. They nearly dropped their searchlights. "Officer," I managed to whisper, "They threatened to kill me."

The cops looked around sternly.

"WHO threatened to kill you?" asked the big one.

"They did," I replied.

He looked at me once and said, "C'mon, Joe," to his buddy.

Then they walked out. I thought I detected a snicker, but I'm not sure. Now don't you think I have a case against Termit Lodge?

—JOSEPH HERBERT



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OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

POLYNESIAN PIPE

I'VE SEEN PIPES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD, JUDGE, BUT NONE FROM THE POLYNESIAN SOUTH SEA ISLAND GROUPS

FRANKLY, THE SOUTH SEAS ARE A POOR HUNTING GROUND FOR A PIPE COLLECTOR

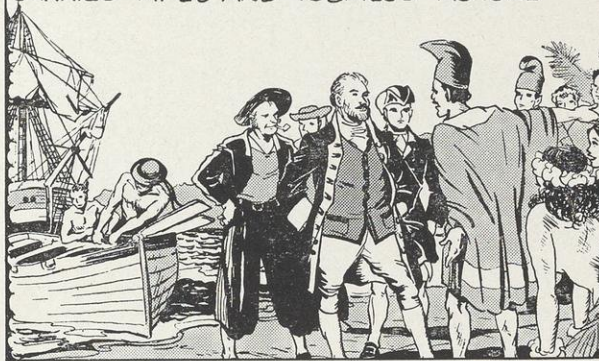


SMOKING IS A FAIRLY RECENT INNOVATION THERE. LET ME FILL MY PIPE AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT

PRINCE ALBERT? SAY, DO YOU MIND IF I TRY IT?



CAPTAIN COOK, THE EXPLORER, WAS THE FIRST EUROPEAN TO DISCOVER MANY OF THE ISLANDS. NATURALLY, THE BRITISH SEAMEN CARRIED PIPES AND TOBACCO ASHORE



THE NATIVES TRIED SMOKING-LIKED IT - AND TODAY MAKE A RATHER CURIOUS PIPE ALL THEIR OWN



HERE IT IS - A SOUTH SEA PIPE MADE FROM A SEA-SHELL. IT MAKES A SURPRISINGLY COOL SMOKE

NO COOLER THAN THIS PIPE I'M SMOKING NOW



IT ALWAYS SMOKED HOT BEFORE, BUT WITH **PRINCE ALBERT** EVERY PUFF IS AS GENTLE AS A SUMMER BREEZE

OF COURSE! YOU KNOW, P.A. IS DIFFERENT. IT'S CUT SCIENTIFICALLY AND BURNS SLOWER IN THE BOWL AND SMOKES COOLER IN THE MOUTH



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MEN, TAKE UP P.A.'S 'GET-ACQUAINTED' OFFER



PRINCE ALBERT 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.

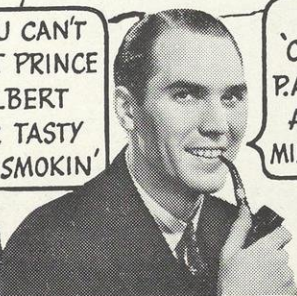
(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

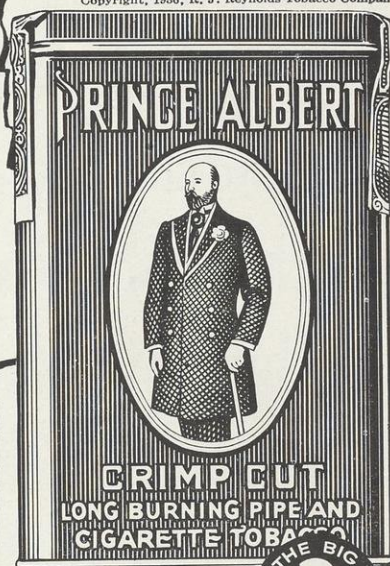
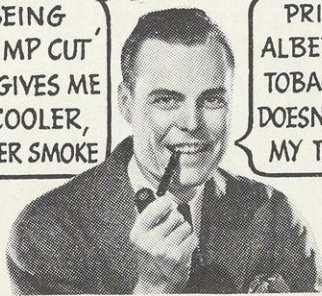
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BEING 'CRIMP CUT' P.A. GIVES ME A COOLER, Milder SMOKE



PRINCE ALBERT'S MY TOBACCO. IT DOESN'T BITE MY TONGUE



50

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

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

- AND PRINCE ALBERT IS SWELL "MAKIN'S" TOO!



and little Audrey just laughed and laughed, because she knows she'll have to beat off her admirers with wet sacks, after they've seen her in the new outfit she just bought at MANCHESTER'S.



"I STILL say a date for Pre-Prom don't obligate me for Prom!"

Mr. Butts Scowls

SOMETHING was wrong. Mr. Butts just scowled and scowled. Horror of horrors! The ticket chairman just forgot to have the Prom ducats printed . . . so there wasn't any advance sale. And here was the Union, demanding the rent in advance.

Crowds of Prom-goons already filled the halls. The King sweated. The Queen smirked unconvincingly. But Butts and the Union Board, all smartly attired in Union Suits, stood pat.

Action was imperative. The Badger Beauties sold kisses in the library for a buck a throw and the Queen did a strip-tease act in the YMCA. But no one would buy tickets for the dance and they could all get kisses for nothing.

Hilsenhoff was adamant. He refused to loan them a cent . . . they would skip his comp, huh? Someone suggested leaving the Queen for security, but he just shook his head.

In desperation, the Union Board went into a huddle and—as usual—gave Mr. Butts full authority. Out came Pryor's dice. Pryor put up the Queen against the Union and won the building in three straight throws. Butts sulked in his office. The arrival of the Franks and the Wilkies double-dating didn't help matters any, either.

But Prom just went on without him.

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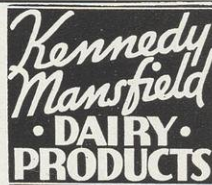
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REDS RIOT AT U.W.

[The New York Hurst Gazette]

1,000 RED STUDENTS RIOT AT WISCONSIN

Damage Estimated at Thousands as
 Scores Are Injured

Madison, Wis. (Special) Jan. 8—In another Communist demonstration here yesterday morning, 1,000 university Reds rioted on Bascom Hill, according to the Daily Badger, student publication.

Scores of students were injured as a force of special police used clubs to disperse the Red mob. Damage to university buildings was conservatively placed in terms of thousands of dollars.

School authorities refused to comment on the Communist outbreak, one of several in recent months.



[The Chicago Evening Tribune]

500 Reds Rampage In Student Outbreak

Wisconsin Students Damage Buildings; Many Injured

Madison, Wis. (Special) Jan. 8—Five hundred Communist students rioted yesterday on Bascom Hill, parading through university structures and destroying fixtures, said the Daily Badger, student publication, today.

About 20 of the Red students were reported injured in battling with the police force. Damage to buildings was estimated at hundreds of dollars.

[The Milwaukee Herald]
**200 Madison Students
 In Red Demonstration**

Several Hurt; Several Windows Are Broken

Madison (Special) Jan. 8—One hundred student Reds marched about Bascom Hill yesterday, breaking windows and battling several policemen, reported the Daily Badger, student publication, today.

Several of the Communist students were injured as they were trampled in the surging crowd.

School authorities declined to comment.

* * * *

[The Daily Badger]

Alvin "Red" MacTrukh, red-headed president of the Young Communists League, was reported recovering today from cuts received when he stumbled yesterday through a glass door in Bascom Hall.

Infirmity authorities refused to predict when MacTrukh will be well enough to leave.

—FRED HOODWIN

STEELE SHOWS HIS METTLE IN WORKOUT

—CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Would you believe it?

Looking Forward to PROM

Find out her
 favorite flower

— then select her
 favorite corsage

.at.

Rentschler's

Please Order Early!

230 STATE

BADGER 177

Important Notations for Your Date Book!

The place:

Memorial Union

The event:

1938 Prom

The girl:

"You"

The dress:

from

Simpson's

of course!



The one social event of the year when you want a formal gown that will really do you justice. Swirling chiffon . . . shimmering satin . . . soft clinging velvet gowns in beautiful shades that will give you an air of sophistication await you at SIMPSON's on the Square. \$19.75 and up.

Campus Chronicle

Remorse

In a fit of high spirits Ethel Thornbury, Ph.D. and English professor, laid one and one-half hard earned dollars on the line for a copy of *Her Name Was Wallis Warfield*.

But the result of this spree was a bad mental hangover, and to make amends for her folly Miss Thornbury is now renting her book to friends at ten cents a throw. As the dimes trickle in, her self-respect is slowly coming back.

For use in room only

In the reference room of the Madison Free Library, along with the Britannica and Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, is a copy of the newest Sears Roebuck catalogue, tastefully bound in gold buckram.

Reminiscence

We stopped one night out on the Speedway Road for a beer at a little tavern where four old men played 500 at a round table and a plump middle-aged woman kept the bar.

We got to talking with Mrs. Muetz—that was her name—and when she found out we were college boys, she began telling us about the good old days.

In the winter her tavern used to be pretty popular twenty years ago. Sleighs full of students would ride out there in the evening for a party of fried chicken and beer in her big upstairs dining room. Sleigh-riding was quite a sport then, and it was a nice hour's trip through a starlit January night out to Muetz's.

A lot of professors liked to stop in there, too, on their hikes; and the older generation of professors were more at home in walking tweeds with dog and staff than they are today. Mrs. Muetz's daughter used to recite "things" for them, and the professors would nod their heads and predict big things for the little girl.

But prohibition came, sleigh-rides are all but forgotten as automobiles whip past the little tavern, the old professors are too weak to hike except after a golf ball. So the upstairs dining-room was closed.

Mrs. Muetz's daughter went to business college and works in Ohio somewhere. And Mrs. Muetz serves beer to occasional truck drivers.

Crabbed Age and Youth

A friend of ours is getting ready to write his master's thesis in European history. Being an adventurous young fellow and fluent at Spanish, he wants to go to Spain and look into the cause of the current unpleasantness.

The history department frowns on this notion and wants him to burrow into the library stacks and investigate "Trade Routes around the Caucasus Mountains in the 14th Century."

It's him again

This month's Wm. Ellery Leonard story finds the professor again in Brown's bookstore.

It was the height of the Christmas rush and the store was full of people busy buying fountain pens, cards, and 389 copies of *Gone With the Wind*. Mr. Leonard stalked through the crowd and stopped at the fountain pen counter,

staring at the scratch pad which was covered with scribbles and lines and things like "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

Mr. Leonard, his eyes flashing, seized it and cried, "Ah! a clue!" And with that he made a grand exit from the store amid the stares of startled customers.

Genuine gent

We saw this during the recent icy weather:

A young fellow walked up to a sweet young thing who was having trouble keeping her feet on the slippery sidewalk. Holding out his hand gallantly, said the young man: "Going my way?"

She made no answer, but gestured so indignantly that it threw them both down.

"O. K., I'll go your way," he sputtered, "but you don't have to be so damn impatient about it!"

Retort incredible

We just *happened* to overhear a pretty snappy conversation the other day while we were wandering through the gloomy corridors of Science hall. A young smoothie had just asked his chemistry instructor if he really knew much about chemistry.

"Know much about chemistry," the instructor retorted. "Why, I was practically born in a laboratory!"

"Oh," was the answer, "A test-tube baby, eh?"

Oh you kid!

One of the boys at Octopus House claims to know a co-ed who has been going all around the campus, casting aspersions (ah!) upon the good name of a certain English professor. For the longest time she refused to divulge the reasons for her hating this prof, but finally she confessed.

"The old fool," she said bitterly, "was making prepositions to me!"

We gloat

During Christmas vacation we spoke to a young man going to Columbia University. He had seen the latest *Octopus* with Lincoln et al. It did our souls no end of good to hear him confess that the *Jester* must ever remain a step behind Old Eight Legs; for, as he explained, there, the "Lincoln standing up" principle is embodied in two brass lions which have never been known to roar.

"Of course," he said, "it may be the higher type of student you get out here, but you *can't* make a brass lion change its regular course of life."

Quarter slot machine

What with crusades against pin-ball machines on now, it seems appropriate that we should expose another machine which sometimes pays and sometimes doesn't. Although it may all sound story-bookish, it's true.

The telephone company has a slight service charge of four dollars for a three minute call from Madison to Boston. A lad we know has a heart interest living in Boston, and he called her the other day. After eight minutes, they tore themselves apart.

When the operator told him to deposit what came to a little over ten dollars, he fairly melted away, contending to no avail that he had not heard her give the three minute signal. With a leaden heart he inserted over 40 quarters into the gluttonous machine and hung up. Then it occurred to him that the operator had not returned the original nickel with which he had called long distance. He called again, and the operator told him to hang up and his buffalo would be



IT

Can Happen To YOU---

That is if You



And Ask Her To

Prom



Prom Rhythm in Chiffon..

Or perhaps you'll prefer crisp taffeta or scintillating satin, plain or printed. These gowns, excitingly sleek or bouffant as you please, conspire to make prom and you unforgettable. In pastels, high shades, black, and bold prints.

*Irma Kirby Originals
Hollywood Starlettes*

\$19⁹⁵

Baron's
On the Square

returned. He did, and wheeeeeeeeeee, out came \$12.55 in legal tender.

We found it hard to believe until he had bought malteds for the whole bunch of us.

Daily double

The other day we had occasion to call Freddie Mueller at Tripp Hall. When the mellow-voiced young man answered sweetly, "Tripp Hall," we asked for Fred Mueller.

He then asked, "Do you want the Fred Mueller in Botkin house, or the Fred Mueller in Gregory house?" We didn't know. We then told him that it was the one spelled m-u-e-l-l-e-r.

"Both are spelled that way," he brightly replied. Then we told him that it was Frederick Mueller.

"Both of them are Frederick," said he.

We hung up.

Campus courtesy

Now when one calls various fraternity houses about the campus, one is in for a pleasant surprise. We called the Sigma Nu house one afternoon. A sunny voice answered, "Good afternoon, Sigma Nu." No pledge was this, we were told, rather, it was just the house's way of being nice to people.

Next we expect to hear something like this, "Good evening, the time is 8:46 and one half, this is the SAE house."

Heads or tails?

The whole country has watched with interest the Frank vs. Regents tussle; and the general impression outside the state is that Mr. Frank is a little tin Buddha and the Regents a bevy of demons.

The press has not hesitated to color the news, this way, that way; and it is little wonder that scads of people turn wearily to their weeklynewsmagazines for the real McCoy.

We quote from Time ("curt, clear, complete"):

Acting President Sellery called the faculty together, found that the majority felt Glenn Frank had got about what he deserved.

Now News-Week ("the picture newsmagazine"):

Behind him in Madison the governor left a steadily rising pro-Frank sentiment, including 90% of the university faculty.

Several of our most fond illusions have been jolted, if not actually shattered.

Your Prom Coiffure at

WISCONSIN BEAUTY SHOP

Fairchild 9797

927 University Ave.

Shampoo & Finger Wave	50c
Manicure	35c
Marcel	50c
Permanents	\$3.00 & up
End Curl	\$2.50 & up

Little Audrey laughed and laughed. She knew everyone was a damn fool for reading her jokes. —*Gaboon*

If one-half of Spain doesn't know how the other half lives, it blows off the house and looks. —*Punch Bowl*

"That girl across the street always undresses with her shade up."

"Is there something wrong with her morals?"

"No; something wrong with her shade." —*Ogosh*



He—I have a job which requires a lot of guts.

She—What are you, an auto racer?

He—No; I string violins.

—*Record*

"Boy, oh boy! That was some blonde you had with you last night. Where did you get her?"

"Dunno, I just opened my billfold and there she was." —*Punch Bowl*

A middle-aged woman lost her balance and fell out of a window in a garbage can. Chinaman passing remarked: "Amelicans vely wasteful. That woman good for 10 years yet."

—*Jester*

A curved line is the slowest, and the nicest distance between two points.

—*Chaparral*

Mr. Bronson died very suddenly and an important business letter was left unmailed.

Before sending off, his secretary, who was Irish and who had a passion for explanatory detail, added the following postscript below Mr. Bronson's signature:

"Since writing the above, I have died." —*Siren*

Director of orchestra (on phone): Play your instrument over the phone so I can hear how good you are.

Applicant: Impossible. I'm in a phone booth, and I play the trombone.

—*Dirge*

Sweet Young Thing: Have a cigarette?

Elderly Woman: What? Smoke a cigarette? I'd rather kiss the first man that came along.

S. Y. T.: So would I, but have a cigarette while we're waiting.

—*Frivol*

"Where are you going?"

"To a lecture."

"But you can't go to a lecture at four in the morning."

"You've never met our house-mother."

—*Green Goat*

"Hey, get out of here! That's my bathtub you just used."

"I thought it had a familiar ring to it."

—*Punch Bowl*

"I hang my head in shame every time I see the family wash in the backyard."

"Oh! Do they?"

—*Lampoon*

Chauffeur: Sir, I feel sure that we just ran over a human being.

Tourist: Excellent, Hawkins, then we are still on the right road.

—*Punch Bowl*

Professor X: Who's there?

Burglar: Lie still and keep quiet. I'm looking for money.

Professor X: Wait and I'll get up and help you.

—*Beanpot*

"My father made his mark in the world."

"What's the matter, couldn't he write?"

—*Dirge*

"It has been proven that opposites attract."

"Can you give me an example?"

"Sure, loose women and tight men."

—*Voo Doo*

NEW SMOKE ENDS EXAM BLUES

WHAT'S EATING YOU, FROSH?



YOU GOTTA LEARN HOW TO STUDY
GET YOUR PIPE, RELAX WITH
A LOAD OF EDGEWORTH JR.



SAY, THAT'S ONE
SMOOTH SMOKE!

YOU BET! THAT'S
WHY IT'S CALLED THE COLLEGE
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TO THE HEEL



WRAPPER AND 10¢ GET THIS \$1.00 POUCH

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We make this amazing offer of a \$1.00 English Type Folding Pouch in Rep Cloth with Rubberized Liner for only 10¢ and one wrapper to persuade you to try Edgeworth Jr. Send the inside white paraffin wrapper and your dime together with this coupon (or print your name, college and address on the wrapper)—and we will send your pouch immediately. Only one to a customer.



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Enclosed find 10¢ and one inside white paraffin wrapper from a tin of Edgeworth Jr., for which send me \$1.00 value silk tobacco pouch in my college colors. (Please print.)

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Offer good for only 30 days

In the Editor's Brown Study

Written a week ago last Saturday at 2 a.m., this column will probably be as personal as anything that's ever graced this state-ly niche. Take it or leave it.

The 2 a.m. is explained by two things — a dummy which is getting pasted up and Mr. Roy Eldridge, who does things with a trumpet which do things to a typewriter. The dummy, incidentally, seems to be getting rather more attention, since it's almost half done now.

Never avoiding an issue in his long life, Octy has nevertheless trod softly in the Frank situation. Irresponsible student comment, especially in the Daily Cardinal, can do the university untold harm. Unfortunately, student reactions are never completely understood off campus, and any such event as the "strike" and the "march on the capitol" need considerable footnoting.

Octy will say this: Mr. Frank was not an ideal president. We seriously question whether or not he was a reasonably good president. We do believe that his removal was essential to the welfare of the university.

There is a great deal of loose talk in reference to "taking the regents out of politics." Somehow the anti-Progressive group ignores the obvious fact that popular election is not exactly taking the regents out of politics.

There's a real need for popularization of the term "small p progressive," coined during the recent unpleasantness. That is what Octy would like to see in the big office in Bascom Hall — a small p progressive who considers his task an administrative one and who faces the problem of keeping contact with the elected representatives of the people as closely as he possibly can.

A state university — all traditions of academicism to the contrary notwithstanding — cannot be separated from the rest of the state government. "The Wisconsin idea" includes the exertion of influence by the university on the state as well as influence in the reverse direction.

In this connection, consider such men as Harold Groves, John Gaus, Lloyd Garrison, Edwin Wittee. And while you're looking, gaze at Charles Richard Van Hise himself, the greatest of them all. There was no question of separation of university and government in his day.

One little-known aspect of college magazine publication is the cartoon exchange system which flourishes between magazines.

Some publications avoid the use of cartoons from other schools, feeling that it is somehow a reflection upon their own abilities. Others will borrow anything that prints. Octy has tried to take the middle path, presenting the best college cartooning but emphasizing its own men.

In this connection, Old Eight-Legs is willing to point out that Jerry Erdahl, who signs his name and draws pictures around it, is probably one of the most-borrowed cartoonists in the country since the passage of Dartmouth's immortal Bill Klingaman. And the Bennett drawings seem to circulate pretty thoroughly.

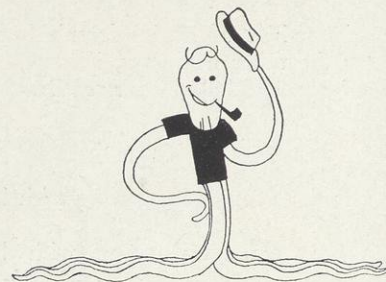
Plans for the remainder of the present staff's term in office have been made fairly completely. Next month's magazine will be a revival of the old Cardinal numbers, formerly published annually but last seen in 1932. En garde, notres colleagues!

After that will come a Hares-foot or Military Ball number, or possibly a combination of the two.

In April, the final issue of the present staff, the work of Octy alumni ever since the founding of the magazine will be featured. Included in the group will be writers for a number of Octy's predecessors, notably the old Sphinx, whom we intend to contact within the next two or three weeks. Present staff seniors, who leave the Brown Study on May 1, will be included as "alumni" even though they technically don't leave these friendly environs until that date.

And in the meantime, there's Prom. WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

WISCONSIN



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Page Seven

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VOLUME XVIII

NUMBER V

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