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OCTOPUS

—PRESENTING—
CO-ED STAFF
for
MAY OCTOPUS



NETT

APRIL, 1936

10 CENTS

TWA

TWA
THE
LINDBERGH LINE



Luckies are less acid!

Recent chemical tests show* that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%

Luckies - a light smoke

OF RICH, FULL-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"

* RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS



"It happens every spring—I think it's a Kappa Sig"

STOLEN THUNDER

Fairer flowers may bloom in
the college field, but these
are the ones we picked

A man wandered into a tennis tournament and sat down on the bench.
"Whose game?" he asked.
A shy young thing sitting next to him looked up hopefully. "I am," she replied.
—Banter

"Y' love this jane?"
"Yep, your honor."
"This your bimbo, girlie?"
"You said a mouthful, judgie."
"S'nuff. He's your'n. You're his'n. Ten bucks and take the air on the right. Next."
—Oberlin Lutfisk

A censor is a lovely man—
I know you think so too;
He sees three meanings in a joke—
When there are only two!
—Record

Patient — "Doctor, how are my chances?"
Doc—"Oh, pretty good, but I would not start reading any continued stories."
—Pumpkin

Glutz: Pardon me but is your name Joe Glutz?
Clutz: No, why?
Glutz: Then get out of my topcoat, I'm going home.
—Bored Walk

Lost—One lead pencil...by blond, blue eyes, height five feet, weight 112, age 20, very good dancer. Reward if returned. Dial 45983.
—Tiger

He—"I suppose you dance?"
She—"Oh, yes. I love to."
He—"Great. That's better'n dancing."
—Humbug

He loved the girl so much that he worshipped the very ground her father discovered oil on.
—Voodoo

"Good morning, parson. Haven't seen you lately."
"No, captain, I've been busy. Only this morning I married three couples in fifteen minutes."
"Smart going, parson. That's twelve knots an hour."
—Log

A young lady was called out of bed one morning at 5 a. m. The following dialogue ensued:
Voice—"Hello!"
Lady—"Hello."
Voice—"How are you this morning?"
Lady—"All right."
Voice—"Then I guess I must have the wrong number."
—Widow

The man: "Who was that lady I seen you outwit last night?"
The second man: "And what makes you think I can outwit a lady?"
—Panther

Him: "What is it that good little girls like, that bad little girls don't?"
Her: "Good little boys."
—Mountain Goat

She: Let's have a kiss.
He: Not on an empty stomach.
She: Of course not. Right where the last one was.
—Yellow Jacket

A builder took a friend to see some inexpensive houses he had just erected. The friend stood in one room, the builder in the next one, and the latter asked, "Can you hear me, Bob?" in a very loud voice.
"Sure!" answered Bob.
"Can you see me?"
"No."
"Them's walls for you, ain't they?" replied the builder.
—Widow

Little deficit,
Don't you cry!
You'll be a CRISIS
By and by!
—Oberlin Lutfisk

WOMEN'S STYLES

Design for Dressing

by JOAN OLDFATHER

FASHIONABLY speaking, shall I be a liberal or a conservative? Call me a "Red" if you will. Investigation will show I have moved to the left in favor of a red taffeta petticoat, beguiling under my navy blue or black date dresses.



Whether I live on Langdon street or in Chadbourne, how can I resist the sometimes impractical, sometimes humorous, sometimes extravagant, but altogether fascinating feminine baubles which spring 1936 offers in fashions.

In my spring wardrobe, why not a touch of humor? To wit: elephants printed on my frocks; a huge butterfly in my hair; crawfish clips on my dresses; shrimps for buttons on my suit; fish bracelets around my wrists; mermaids on my belt buckles—let us seafare maidens.

Yes, I know most of you men object strenuously to such heinous doo-dads, but I promise not to overdo it if you'll just let yourselves be amused occasionally by my feeble efforts to be entertaining.

I am really very practical about my time and my purses. I am delighted with those purses cleverly pocketing watches beneath the outer surface to tell me the time even if I don't really mind what the hour is. I can even find time on my hands with a pair of these new gloves bearing a watch in the cuff.

I am told spring 1936 is very much a season in which dresses are more important for what's underneath them—not meaning us fair maidens, but our navy blue girdles or our plaid petticoats.



I am adamant in my love for waistcoats with suits—gay felt ones for cool days, bright picque

ones for warm days. I simply can't get enough of them.

At first I froze toward the idea of flowers to be worn on sweaters. But on further consideration, doesn't a pink cashmere sweater worn over a white shirt with a blob of pink and blue flowers fastened at the collar sound both rational and delectable?

Flowers have become rampant on everything this season. This cosmic urge has found further expression in clusters of tulips planted in the sashes of wool suits. A step further and I have discovered flowers embossed on shoes in place of buckles.

Many a daintily proportioned leg on Bascom hill have I seen smartly stockinged in the new copper-ochre shade. This shade looks well with dark shoes and will look smarter with white shoes later on. Evening hosiery has always been a problem to me. Now I find I can match my pastel evening sandals with very sheer pastel hose.



I have a picture of my grandmother going motoring in the early part of the century wearing a veil tied around hat, head, and all. And now I find Paris is trying to make me do the same thing with bright colored veils, even if I'm not going motoring in a 1905 touring car. I have seen one or two co-eds carry this off with amazing finesse. Veils tied only on hats have met with even greater success and are subtly flattering.

Backless date dresses are raging on the fashion horizon. I guess this is compensation for the trend toward high neck lines in front. It is different, and why isn't a bared back just as acceptable on a Sunday night date as at a fraternity formal?



I'm getting tired rationalizing trends. As a matter of fact, I'm stumped with dresses the coats of which are worn backwards. All I can say is, well, why not button them down the back just for devilish fun? I tried on a couple of coats backward and the effect is startling. In a few years from now we will probably laugh when they try to change coats around to button down the front again.

I'm still looking for a man who will acquiesce to the charm of some of my petted bonnets. I think they should consider me a veritable fashion plate in these inverted saucer hats bearing more fruit or flowers than hat.

Pin-pleats are ravishing this season. I have seen them accenting many a co-ed's dress—on peplums, capelets, and even on the entire dress. And wouldn't a paper taffeta evening coat, pin-pleated, be just too, too divine? Speaking of evening coats, Mainbocher has pin-pleated cellophane into an evening wrap. Being wrapped in cellophane now gives way to being pleated in cellophane. What next?

I abominate this uncertain April weather, but these new polka-dotted raincoats with matching umbrellas made from cellophane silk take the edge off of April showers. And when the sun comes back again I can fold up the coat and tuck it into a matching case which can be used to cover my handbag.

"Oh, wad some pow'r giftie gie us, to see oursel's as ithers see us"—apologies to Mr. Burns—and the answer is a magic mirror. It can be adjusted to any angle and is lighted from behind so that there's no excuse for getting make-up on crooked.



I've been reading that Schiaparelli has returned to Paris after a sojourn in Russia and has inspired not only para- (cont'd page 18)

College Fun

We heard a new one at a Union Dateless dance. The young lady on whose toes we were continually stepping finally stepped back and coldly requested: "Call off your dogs."
—Widow

Mr. and Mrs. Wong had a baby—which turned out white. They couldn't understand it, but little Audrey (What, again?) luffed and luffed two-three more times, because she knew two Wongs couldn't make a white.
—Widow

Barber: "Was your tie red when you came in here?"

Sucker: "No, it wasn't."

Barber: "Gosh, I must have cut your throat."
—Red Cat

"Ha, ha, me proud beauty," snarled the villain. "I can see through your subterfuge."

"Well, who couldn't?" snorted the maiden, "it's only silk."
—Gazette

Two students were uncertainly flivvering their way home. "Bill," says Henry, "I wancha be very careful. Firs' thing ya know you'll have us in a ditch."

"Me?" said Bill, astonished and badly shaken up. "Why, I thought you was driving."
—Kitty Kat

"Why didn't you laugh at the prof's jokes this morning?"
"I don't have to. I'm dropping his course next week."
—Ranger



No Picnic

Getting out this magazine is no picnic.

If we print jokes, people say we are silly.

If we don't, they say we are too serious.

If we clip things from other magazines, we are too lazy to write them ourselves.

If we don't, we are stuck on our own stuff.

If we stick to the job all day, we ought to be out hunting stories.

If we do get out and try to hustle, we ought to be on the job in the office.

If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate genius.

If we do, the magazine is filled with junk.

If we make a change in the other fellow's write-up, we are too critical.

If we don't, we are asleep.

Now, like as not, some guy will say we swiped this from some other magazine.

Well, WE DID. We swiped it from the *Mountain Goat*. So we did. Our swipe was from the *Fulton County Medical Bulletin*.

And we pilfered it from the *Gargoyle*.

And we from the *Green Gander*.

And we from the *Punch Bowl*.

Yes, and we stole it from the *Dirge*.

And we hooked it from the *Mugwump*.

And our lift was from the *Frivol*.

And we, messieurs, stole it from the *Battalion*.

We watched it for nine months before grabbing it from *Old Line*.

There's one sure help for the rising rage,
That goes with baldness and gout and age...

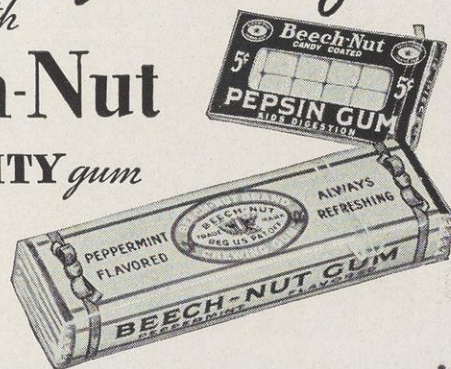
When the clock strikes two, and the two downstairs
Are still absorbed in their young affairs...

There's always your friend in the yellow pack,
To restore the calmness you sometimes lack...

So taste the flavor that made the name,
And learn that to you the cost is the same.

Compose yourself
with

Beech-Nut
the QUALITY gum



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



ADDS
AN ODD PIPE TO
HIS COLLECTION

I PICKED
UP THAT
ANTIQUE
PIPE IN
ITALY FOR YOU.
IT'S THE FIRST
PIPE MADE OF
STEEL I EVER
SAW

MANY THANKS, RALPH.
I HAVE A FEW MORE
METAL PIPES IN
MY COLLECTION



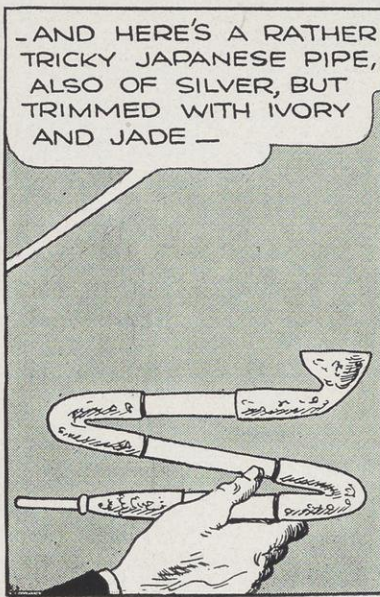
THIS METAL PIPE COMES FROM
BURMA. THE ASIATICS USE
SO MUCH METAL WORK, IT'S
NOT SURPRISING TO FIND
PIPES MADE OF VARIOUS
ORES -----



TAKE THIS CHINESE
WATER-PIPE, FOR
EXAMPLE — A
LOVELY THING OF
SILVER INLAID
WITH ENAMEL



—AND HERE'S A RATHER
TRICKY JAPANESE PIPE,
ALSO OF SILVER, BUT
TRIMMED WITH IVORY
AND JADE —



I'LL BET THAT
COPPER PIPE
FROM SUMATRA
WOULD GIVE
A MIGHTY HOT
SMOKE

OPINIONS DIFFER
ABOUT PIPES, BUT IT'S
SMOKIN' **PRINCE
ALBERT** REGULARLY
THAT MAKES A PIPE
ONE OF LIFE'S
GREAT JOYS
AND COMFORTS!



© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

THE BEST "BREAK" A PIPE CAN GET



Pipe smokers who make pals out of their pipes agree that Prince Albert is *the* tobacco for breakin' 'em in—and for forever after, too. P. A. is tobacco at its friendliest—cakes nicely in the bowl—smokes sweet and cool and satisfying. P. A. is

"crimp cut" for slow burning—does not bite the tongue. The big red tin holds 50 pipefuls. You needn't risk a cent trying this princely smoke. Just take advantage of our no-risk offer. And P. A. is swell "makin's" for roll-your-own cigarettes.

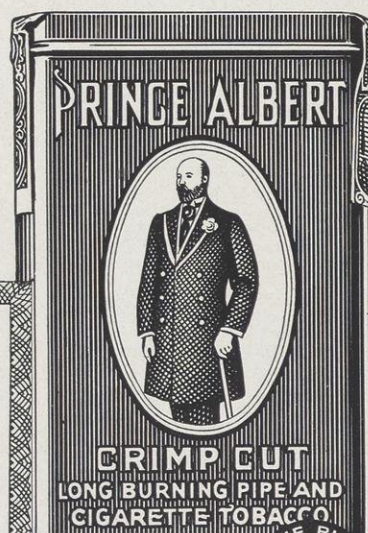
OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

"You must be pleased"

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 Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE!



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

THE BIG
2
OUNCE
RED TIN

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Campus Chronicle

Fanny

We heard a good story from a member of the university's debating team; and we'll pass it on to our readers. The debating team was at Marquette, sitting neatly on the platform waiting for the chairman to conclude his remarks before they plunged into the fray.

The chairman was winding up. "We have with us this evening," he said, "Dr. Lamars of the Marquette speech department. I could not persuade Dr. Lamars to be with us on the platform, but I can see him out there in the audience, modestly blushing where he sits."

There was a shrill feminine giggle, then suddenly the whole audience roared.

Beers

The Engineering school faculty held a dinner-dance in Tripp Commons a few Wednesdays back; it's a sort of an annual affair. In the intermission between dances, Mrs. Prof. Hyland realized that she was thirsty, but as usual the Union drinking fountains would dribble out hardly enough water to moisten a postage stamp. So Professor and Mrs. Hyland decided that, if there was still time for it, they would go downstairs and blow the foam off a schooner of beer or two.

The orchestra was idling along the wall, smoking, chatting; and the professor walked up to them and asked, "Have we time enough to go downstairs and get a little beer?"

The fellows looked surprised, said, "Sure . . . certainly . . ." and all traipsed out into the hall following him. Mrs. Hyland was left standing alone in Tripp Commons, amazed indeed. Down to the Rathskeller bar they all went and drank beer, crowding up around the pretzel bowl in fine form.

When it was all over, Professor Hyland had paid for twenty-two beers, Mrs. Hyland was still thirsty, and the orchestra really played much better.



"No, I'm NOT working on the Co-Ed Number"

Night watchman

Politicians are wary fellows, always eager to go out of their way for a bit of publicity . . . Al Smith, for example, was made night watchman of the zoo in Central park. And book publishers, too, are forever trying to build up the authors they publish.

When Prof. Jack Salter's publisher visited him here in Madison, the professor took him out to Vilas park so that they could feed peanuts to the elephant and watch the seals dive and snap at empty Cracker Jack boxes. All of a sudden the bookman got an idea . . . why not make Mr. Salter, like Al Smith, night watchman of the Vilas park zoo? Sensational! Sales would boom!

But the professor would not hear of it. And the zoo still has no watchman. But in idle moments we like to sit back and imagine J. T. Salter stealing wistfully through the shadows to report all's well at the porcupine pen and that the alligators are one and all in the Land of Nod.

Campus Fugit

Somebody, speaking of lost and founds, was looking for the Haresfoot club (remember, "all our girls are men, but every one's a lady"?) which used to be up here. The janitor wasn't sure, but said he thought it was in the cellar. It was, too. There down in the darkness were the club's three desks, and a stack of papers. Sic transit, or something.

Chaucer, the goon

Words come, words go. Extremely popular this season has been the epithet "goon," a term applied indiscriminately to persons whose looks or actions, for one reason or another, are a bit weird. For example, one might say that the staff of the Daily Cardinal is composed of goons. The word is used sometimes as a verb, too.

Well, we always thought that this word was the invention of Mr. Seegar, who draws Popeye the Sailor. The goon, named Alice, is always popping up in his comic strip to harass Popeye and scare the living daylight out of all his young readers.

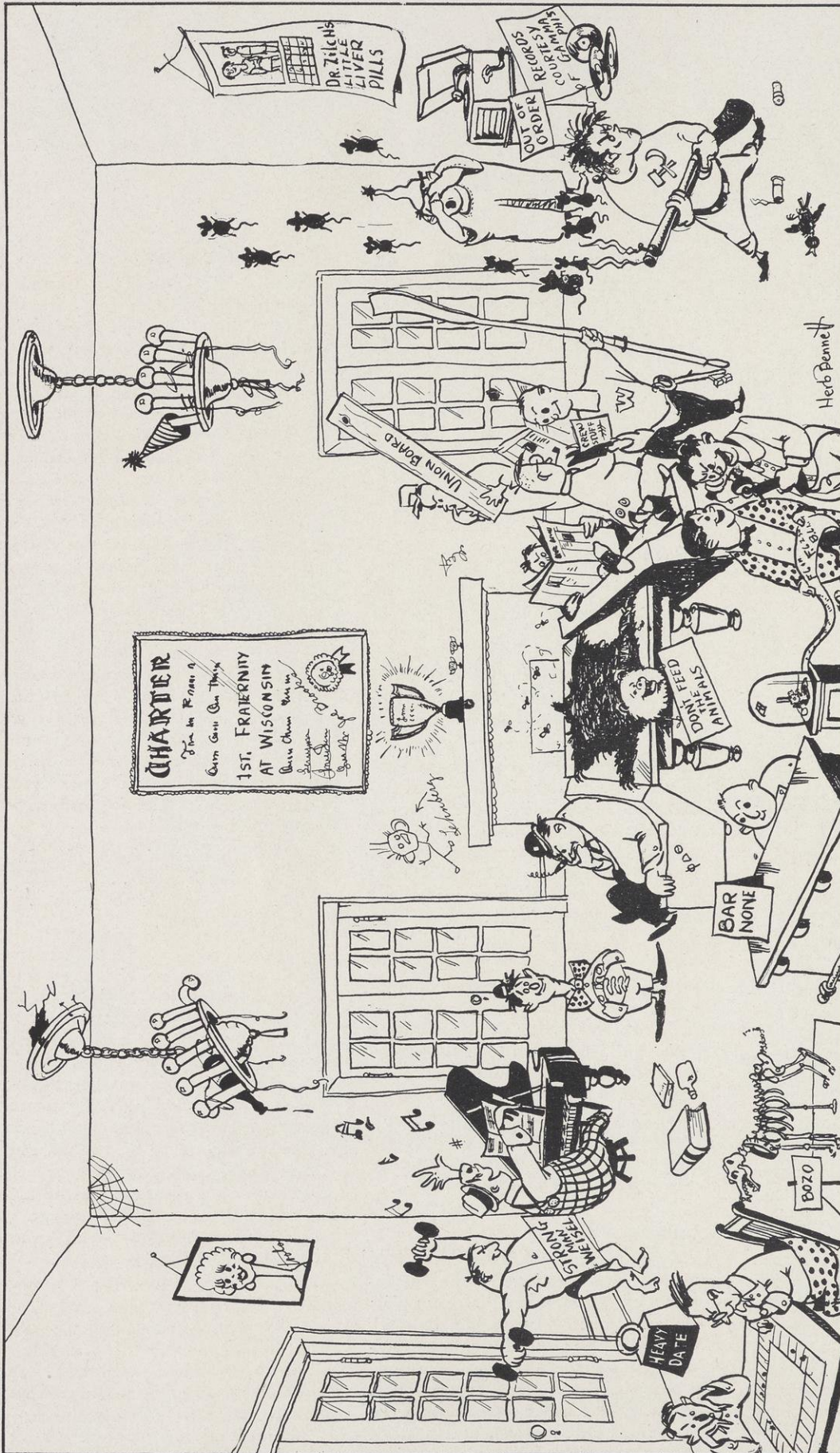
But the other day we were browsing through Chaucer's Canterbury Tales just for the hell of it. We like Chaucer. Suddenly we jumped back in astonishment, not knowing whether our respect for old Geoffrey was deepened or injured, as we came upon these lines—

Then nature pricketh him in
their courages . . .
And longen folk to goon on
pilgrimages.

Club

The let-down that came when the athletic situation simmered down hit everybody pretty hard, especially the newspapers, but it touched us, too. You know, it got so that we didn't do anything but hang around President Frank's office, waiting for some more gore to be spilled. And when there wasn't any gore, the newspaper boys just sat around anyway. Pretty soon people began to peek in the windows, and pretty soon they came inside the outer office and sat around with the newspaper men. And before long it was just like a club, what with the quiet talk, the cigar smoke, the games of tit-tat-to and anagrams, and Fred Graff fast asleep on the cushioned bench. Those were the days.

Damn it all, men, let's get Frank's scalp!



FRATERNITY LIFE AT WISCONSIN—Vol. II, No. 6—PHI DELTA THETA

The Phi Delta Theta Plantation, bragging the ripest old age of any frat club at Wisconsin, presents an interesting view to the spectator from outside.

The spacious living-room, with French doors opening on Lake Mendota, houses many a good man and true. Ralph Ritter pounds the piano at the left, while Willie Weisel, dorm fellow, works the keys. Eddie Martin and Paul Grubb struggle over their daily Monopoly game as Bozo, who has been a Phi Delt for 14 years, looks on. Bozo is *not* dead, but if you had lived with the Phi Delt 14 years, you'd be a mere skeleton, too.

Joe Brooks, sunk in thought and a large leather sofa, contemplates a whole summer with no political maneuverings; his cigar and derby prove him to be the House Politician. The Phi Delt bear rug is draped over the center table, while the one trophy the boys have won in 10 years glows from the mantle-piece. Johnny Lehnberg has indulged in self-portraiture on the walls, but he's

a privileged pledge, having tried for four semesters to make his grades for initiation. Bob Hitchcock, Union Boarder, is bringing the whole board into the house, but can't find a place to put it down.

Al Prinz is having insomnia trouble, dreaming of rats running up and down the walls. He doesn't like them and they don't like him. Jack Mitchell, the only Red Phi Delt in school, has again proven his prowess with a shot-gun, and just *dares* us to deny it.

Phil Seefeld is catching up on required reading for Rowing 115, and dangling that California regatta key under our noses again. Bob Sueflow and Vic Schlitz are at the phone, checking up on the numbers coming out of the ticker nearby.

Meanwell. Doc isn't there, though.

Taunt

Like a visitor from another world, we dropped in last week at the office of the Daily Cardinal, radical campus "newspaper." Don't ask us why; we Octopus men visit strange places in our everlasting search for the significant trivia of life.

We perched on a table, minding our own business and watching the Cardinal stooges pounding fiercely away at their row of typewriters. It almost made us wish we could see the Octopus staff working that busily sometimes—like veritable bumblebees, you might say. Working hardest of all was Mintz—you know, Sam Mintz, the wonder boy from Brooklyn, whose caustic wit keeps the whole campus in stitches day after day.

Repressing our curiosity, we simply sat and marvelled as he banged the keys to beat the band, disheveled and ... well, glowing. Just then Murphy walked in and stood looking over Mintz's shoulder as he rattled along. You know Murphy, too, the 101 per cent Aryan former Union newsboy who is as much a campus institution as the Alpha Phi's windowpeeper or the mortgage on the Phi Gam house.

Murphy leered a while, then taunted with an evil grin, "Whatcha doing now, Mintz—writing your autobiography?"

Signs

Spring comes not unnoticed by the faculty—even those who, like Professor C. P. Higby, seem to pace up and down the halls of Bascom forever deep in thought. Professor McGilvary, a friend of ours reports, met up with the mousy little history professor one morning last week; and the conversation ran as follows:

"Well, Higby, I was out past the links the other day and the snow is off all but two of the greens."

Professor Higby looked pleased at first, then worried. "Do you think they'll let us?" he asked eagerly.

"Well, I don't know—they're always putting up signs, you know."

"Yes, yes, they're always putting up signs," Professor Higby brooded, shaking his head and thinking darkly on the unconstitutional dictatorship of greenskeepers.



"Who the hell was news editor last night?"

On N. Eddy

Nelson Eddy (wasn't he adorable!) stories are still popping up.

Of the best, we think, is the one about Eddy's retirement between numbers. He had just finished a soul stirring selection, calculated to reach the depths of feminine emotion. Nelson stalled into his dressing room, stretched, grinned wryly. "Boy," he observed wearily, "That gets 'em."

Ice and spoon

Stretch your imagination a bit and picture yourself attending the 770 club. What is more, you are thirsty and your date is a Pi Phi or someone else who withers at the very mention of White Horse or Oscar Pepper.

You order ginger ale. (You had better or there's no point to this.)

The waiter will bring you not only your ginger ale, but also some crushed ice and a long, long spoon. The spoon is quite useful in case you wish to scratch a difficult part of your back; and the ice is handy if you should get a headache, as you probably will, during the floorshow.

These are the only explanations we can think of; but if anyone else can suggest a use for them in the strict and temperate Memorial Union, don't hesitate to let us know.

Oop!

We dropped into the university YMCA the other day to get a drink (of water, that is), and we found that all these years they have been hiding a little room filled with dirty mats, musty smells, and huge iron weights off in a corner behind a sliding door. It looked like a wrestling and boxing stall we used to peek into when we belonged to a boys' club in Chicago years ago, what with the sweaty atmosphere and all. There were six or seven open-mouthed Y residents hanging around the door, and we craned and looked in.

Inside there were three gargantuan fellows in sweat shirts, puffing and panting with that seriousness that comes to a mass-of-muscle-man when he has an audience. They were playing with those great iron dumbbells that you see the funny paper strong men use. One of the three got down on his back, rolled the dumbbell (it looked like two wheels and an axle from a freight car) over his chest, hoisted it up and down, then transferred it to the soles of his feet, and with that huge iron thing balanced just above his nose, he shot his legs up and down six or seven times. When it was about to roll off his tootsies onto his puss, he caught it in his hands and put it down again. Made us shudder a little.

Baldwin and The Coconut That Said Moo

A Tale by TOM S. HYLAND

BALDWIN D. BLIVIS lived at Tripp hall and knew a girl named Nancy. Baldwin and Nancy were good friends, but Nancy went to Florida because she did not like winter. Or spring, either, very much. She said that when it snowed, the snowflakes always got in her mouth and tasted like feathers, and goodness knows nobody likes to have a mouthful of feathers.

So when Nancy got to Florida, she sent Baldwin a coconut to cheer him up. Nancy was afraid Baldwin would brood and mope. The coconut certainly worked wonders with Baldwin. In no time at all he was the most famous person in Tripp hall, though that is not much of a compliment really. Everybody came around to Baldwin's room and knocked on the door and asked to see the coconut.

One day a boy said to Baldwin, "Gee, Baldwin, have you taken the milk out of it yet?"

Baldwin was baffled, because anybody knows that milk comes from cows. Even guys from Milwaukee know that.

"What do you mean?" said Baldwin, "Milk out of a coconut?"

The boy picked up the coconut and shook it hard. Baldwin could hear something sloshing around inside the coconut, like when his father made an Old Fashioned.

"That," said the boy, "is the milk inside!"

Baldwin blushed. "Gosh," he exclaimed.

So Baldwin took the milk out of the coconut. He got a whole glassful with two or three fingers left over. He drank it up fast and found it good, smacking his lips like all get out.

"I like coconut milk," said Baldwin to himself. "I shall have some more."

The next day Baldwin milked the coconut again. He got another glassful of rich milk. Soon Baldwin found that the coconut had to be milked every morning and every evening, just like a cow. The boys began to jest with Baldwin about his coconut milk. They would call his room Baldwin's Dairy.

The boys also bought Baldwin a milking stool with three little legs and a round place to sit on, but Baldwin became angry and threw the little stool out of the window.

One day a man named Donald Halvorsen came to Baldwin's room and looked in the closet and in the wastebasket. The man sniffed everywhere, and then he said to Baldwin, "See here, what is this I hear about you got a cow in your room?"

Baldwin looked the man in the eye and said "I have not got a cow, so there! Somebody has told a fib."

The man named Donald Halvorsen slunk away looking disappointed. He did not come back. Baldwin was glad. He drank rich creamy milk from his coconut, and he grew big and strong. One night Baldwin was sitting in his room studying out of a book. It was so quiet that he could hear himself think, just about. All of a sudden Baldwin heard a noise in back of him. He turned around quick and saw his coconut on top of his dresser.

"Mooo," said the coconut, "mooo."

Baldwin sure was surprised. Anybody knows that a coconut gives milk, but who ever heard of a coconut that says, "Mooo?" Baldwin was even more famous after that, and some boys came over from Adams hall, even, to hear his coconut say, "Mooo." Baldwin decided to go to town with his coconut.

He entered it in the university stock show. Baldwin's coconut was not much to look at, being a very ordinary looking coconut. But it got a blue ribbon just the same, on account of it had the most butterfat in its milk, more even than Bluebell Betsy. Bluebell Betsy was a Guernsey and no slouch at turning out rich creamy milk, but Baldwin's coconut had her beat all to heck. When it comes to butterfat, that is. The bulls did not care for Baldwin's coconut much.

After Baldwin got the blue ribbon he was awfully famous, and two girls from Barnard hall came out to see his coconut, but the gatekeeper at Tripp hall would not let them in. Baldwin was

plenty sore about it. He threatened to move out, even. A lot of good it did him.

Then one day a man with a shiny badge came to see Baldwin. All the boys at Tripp hall gathered around to see what was up. They thought Baldwin had committed a crime or a felony. Were they ever fooled, though! The man was from the government.

"See here, you," he said gruffly to Baldwin, "you have been producing milk, ain't you?"

Baldwin blushed. "Yes, sir," he said, "my coconut gives rich creamy milk."

"Your what?" asked the man with the badge.

"My coconut," replied Baldwin.

"I am a dairy inspector," said the man, "and the law says all milk producing beasts has got to be vaccinated. Is your coconut vaccinated according to the statutes, Section 4706.2a, subsection 3?"

"No," replied Baldwin, "my coconut has not been vaccinated."

The man frowned.

"Then it has got to be vaccinated at once, only first we got to test it to see that it is not sick," explained the man.

Then the man tested Baldwin's coconut. It was too bad, though. The coconut had hoof and mouth disease. Nobody ever heard of a coconut having hoof and mouth disease before. But nobody ever heard of a coconut that said "Mooo" either, even if everybody did know that coconuts gave rich creamy milk.

They had to take Baldwin's coconut out and shoot it. Baldwin was all broken up about it, because the coconut had been his best friend, just about, and had made him famous from the Willow drive to the Deke house, even if the Dekes can't have parties. Baldwin's heart nearly broke when they shot the coconut.

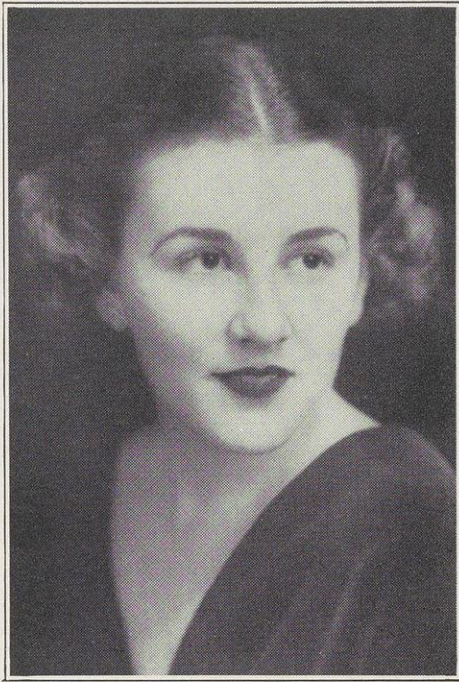
Just before it died, it said, "Mooo."

Baldwin was weeping and grouching all over the place. Then he stopped. He cheered up. He had just remembered. Soon Nancy would come back. Hooray!

INTRODUCING THE MAY EXECUTIVES . . .



CATHERINE ANN KELLEY
Editor



CAROLYN MCKAY
Business Manager

When Catherine Ann Kelley, Cardinal society editor and University Theater star, and Carolyn McKay, Octygal and Ann Emery's candidate for Badger Beauty, take over the reins, they will be ready to put out a Co-Ed Number that will surprise the campus and probably shock some of the more complacent young men. One of the main features will be WSGA's version of Emily Post brought up to date, under Helen Savage. The complete staff—

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● Women's Affairs committee of the Women's Self-Government Association is cooperating in publication.

Nine Men in a Boat

By BOB SHAPLEN

Eight big guys and a shrimp, but the little cox'n bosses the works

THIS is going to be a technical article on crew. As you've been told countless times, Wisconsin's the only mid-western school with an eight to its name, and away back when they had an athletic department and a few stray greenbacks in their treasure-chest and when the board of regents didn't try to operate Badger sports, crew was a real front-line activity.

Those were the famous Dad Vail days, when the boys used to go off to Poughkeepsie almost every year and give those Easterners and Far-Westerners a real run for their money. And the story of the Berry Crate crew, coached by Andy O'Dea (Pat's big brother) is still a classic of the Hudson.

For a couple of year now, two little guys, Dr. Walter E. Meanwell and Ralph Hunn, have been trying to build crew up again at Wisconsin. They've done a swell job in spite of a pile of hard luck that's been thrown at them and it's about time they were appreciated. So we'll turn teacher and conduct a class in the fundamentals.

A crew, according to the best Websterian definition, is a group of men, and possibly, although not probably, women, who are working together on something, oh just any sort of thing. In common sports vernacular, it means eight men and a pygmy sitting in a

boat with eight long sticks and rowing like hell.

There's a guy called a stroke, who sits up in back. There's another guy who sits right in front of him, facing him, a little shrimp, who's called the coxswain, pronounced "cox'n." Behind them are seven other great big people, labelled 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, and bow respectively, which, in its own little way, does make some sort of sense at that.

The boat is a long slimy thing, and it costs an awful lot of money. If you've been reading the papers at all lately, you'll remember that they've been having a terrible argument about the disposal of Junior class funds. There were all sorts of solutions and compromises offered, such as offering Haile Sellasie and Mahatma Ghandi a fifth share in an American safety-pin factory, but it finally wore down to a choice between buying the crew a new shell or helping students get through school.

Well, until a couple of days ago it looked like the crew was going to get the dough. Everything was all set, Ralph Hunn was smiling once more, and the new boat was already ordered, when presto, out of a clear blue sky, someone had to go look into that darn old Steven Plan. The Steven Plan is something like the board of regents. You can find a statue in it to prove anything. This one said that the Junior

class never had the right to give out the money this year anyhow.

It's all very sad and very perplexing but from what we understand, it'll all be O.K. in the end. Mr. Hunn and the rest of the crew boys still figure on getting their shell and paying for it, too, and the chances are they will. After all, what's \$1,000 bucks or so among friends?

O.K.—now once more. There are eight men and a coxy in a boat. Four of the eight row on the left, or "starboard" side of the boat, and four on the right, or "port" half. Wisconsin strokes always row on the port—therefore we use "port-rigged" shells.

On the day of the race, the boys will be out on the dock early, and at the command of the little coxy, these eight great big guys will go get the boat out of the boat-house and put it in the water. This makes a very pretty sight indeed, since they all work in unison. It does not take very long. Then they will go back to get their oars and adjust them to the oar locks. Out on the water there will be a motor boat, full of people, and up in front there'll be a small guy, with a brown hat and probably a "W" sweater. This is Ralph Hunn, Wisconsin's diminutive and very excellent crew coach.

Rowing fairly slowly, the boys in the shell will take the boat down to the starting point, about a mile and a half down the lake. The finish is in front of the "Y" pier.

Very probably, some one will break an oar on the way and Ralph will have to put-put all the way back to the boat house and fetch a new one. This happened once on a very windy day last year.

At the command "ready-all" the race is about to start. The gun goes off, and so do the boats.

At the "ready-all" signal, the oar will be placed perpendicular to the water in the oar lock (call it "rulloock" if you're from Oxford), this being known as "squaring-up."

What follows is commonly known as the "catch" and then the "drive,"—which is easy enough to understand. It means just what it says. The oar

(continued, page twenty-seven)



Will Shakespeare, VOFW

AGES ago a young dramatist and poet created—yes, created—Sir John Falstaff. Falstaff was a droll fellow, bent upon making the world laugh at a straight face and a biting blasphemy. The young dramatist was the first Veteran of Future Wars; he was the Nth proponent of satire, a pundit of retrospection. He was the original applicant for a bonus which carried him through centuries as the progenitor of a movement which has swept the academic frontier like Minnesota swept through the 1935 football season. If William Shakespeare ever reads this (interlude note: listen Bill, it took us 8½ hours to dig up your past, so don't take this lightly) he will undoubtedly curse the modern generation with Shakespearean gusto, and recount the barrage of pamphlets and historical critiques which have come down with the past to argue his real alignment with the "bonus question" and the destiny of "war-babies."

But the Observatory Hill post of the Veterans of Future Wars fears no ghosts of the past, let alone that of Shakespeare—who started the thing. With due respect, we introduce ourselves by paying unalterable homage to our first charter member. He still owes the 25 cents for a membership card and button, but we have our legal counsel in Washington, who says that with the interest accrued over the 360 years since Bill's death, we will have enough to pay the first 1,000 veterans their cash bonuses by the first light of the new moon.

With Shakespeare already nominated as the instigator of our movement which has actually attracted over 20,000 college men and women in more than 100 universities, historians have dropped the lace handkerchief into the lap of the "New World." It has taken it up rapidly, waved it to the four winds, and squeaked "Whoops" in the best terpsichorean manner. What price fame? One thousand bucks, says our manifesto. One thousand bucks to buy champagne, silk stockings, and a "Future War Book" before a dum-dum bullet knocks you off into the future unknown.

What else fame? A free trip to Europe for the women in our Home

Fire division to visit the future graves and future battlefields of their future sons and husbands. But we are not satisfied. Who knows where the future war will be? Our demands, in our next appearance before the United States Senate investigating committee, will be for a round-the-world trip for our Home Fire Division! What a cause, eh? And what demands!

Hurled in our faces with all seriousness, the epithets and slogans of the new civilization—pacifists, militarists, Communists, "yellow-bellies" and "borders from within"—are swallowed whole by a notorious propaganda machine and turned out as shining new products and are then labeled "Voltairian," "Falstaffian," "Chaplinesque," "Major Bowe-ish." What price production?

The price of a whiskey sour, a Pink Lady, or a "Rue della Champagne." Twenty-five cents. Ideas, stunts, laughter, ideas, stunts, and laughter pour like gelatin from our propaganda machine. All who enter fear forever after to tread on the wheel of civilization. The Valhalla of the Future opens its portals to our veterans. We see ahead, behind, and before.

It seems fitting to conclude our triade on benevolence and honesty by quoting General William Shakespeare from his immortal "King Henry the Fourth," Part I, Act V, Scene 1:

Prince: Why, thou (Falstaff) owest God (the bonus) a death!

Falstaff: 'Tis not due yet; I would be loathe to pay him (the bonus) be-

(continued, page nineteen)



"And he says he'll stay there until he gets his bonus in advance"

The Story of Christopher Plugh

Christopher came to Wisconsin
to row on the crew, and this
is the story of what happened

There was a young fellow named Christopher Plugh
Who came to Wisconsin to row on the crew;
In fall he was told he must wait until spring,
Oh sadly did grief this poor freshman's heart wring.

He bided his time, as they say in the classics,
And wasted his hours upon silly gymnastics,
In evenings he found he had nothing to do,
He ruined his life and got pledged Sigma Nu.

This act was a hard one to write home about,
His mother might think that her son was a lout,
He grinned and he wickedly winked his left eye,
And wrote to his mama that he'd pledged Chi Phi.

The while little Chris had not given up crew,
The times he forgot it were short and quite few,
A broom through a chair in his room gave him oars,
So Christopher practiced his rowing indoors.

Of evenings he'd give to his rowing a snatch,
The house would resound with his yelling out, "Catch,"
One evening we heard that he caught billy hell,
The landlady told him the tub was no shell.

She called him a long-eared and hee-hawing mammal
For scratching with sticks her good porcelain enamel,
He yelled back at her with a very good rub,
He said that the waves were too small in the tub.

This ended with Christopher's leaving the place
To look for a room and a bath tub with space,
But sadly enough not a one filled his quota,
He settled his things on the ice on Mendota.

At times our friend found he became very rigid,
The air was as cold as the water was frigid,
He chopped with his axe a big hole in the ice,
But sadly he found that the cold wasn't nice.

He moved off the lake, took a room at the Y,
And thought in this palace the days would race by,
Chris found that this dungeon gave little to do,
So shortly he yearned to be practicing crew.

Thought Chris, he must row, for the season's ahead,
He thought of no way, but a hunch reached his head,
He'd practice his crew in a very new mode,
He bought him a car and he rode and he rode.

Came spring and to Christopher's heavenly joy,
For Christopher's surely a crew-minded boy,
He went to the coach and he showed him his muscle,
But coach sent him home, and he told him to hustle.

Yes, Christopher had quite a muscle, it's true,
His build was the type that would row on the crew,
The reason the coach said to Christopher, "Nix,"
Was Christopher weighed only one forty-six.

He cursed and he swore, then ate spinach in bunches,
Ate three meals a day of just good crispy-crunches,
He built up his weight eating cream puffs for lunch,
On Hersheys in classes he'd thoughtfully munch.

He went to the coach weighing one fifty-two,
But coach said that Christopher just wouldn't do,
Then Chris in his sorrow did yell a big yell,
And coach in amazement said he would do swell.

He told him to go to his home and reduce,
To live on dry bread and to drink orange juice,
Though Christopher thought this a kind of a joke,
The coach made him coxswain to yell out the stroke.

He practiced and practiced and yelled, "Catch, catch, catch,"
Till Christy could do it with finest dispatch,
His heart was all glad, here was something to do,
He'd earned him a letter by cursing the crew.

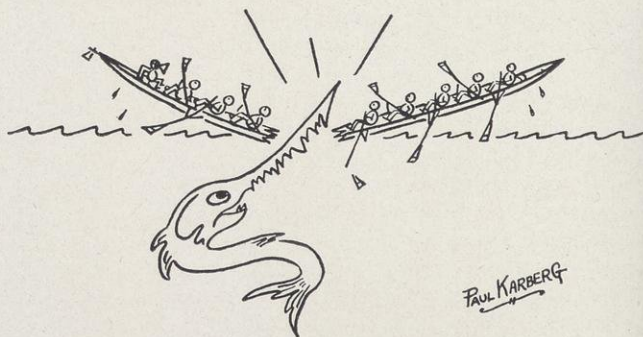
The crew rowed quite well with our friend calling stroke,
All people around fairly gasped at their smoke,
For weeks they did practice and work for the race,
They knew that they surely would set a fast pace.

The day of the race now was awfully near,
Chris lived upon cough drops to keep his throat clear,
His voice was so loud you could hear it for miles,
He shouted in all of the best coxswains' styles.

At last came the day of the long-looked-for race,
A look of achievement was on Christy's face,
They'd win this old race, this our Christopher knew,
They'd come out in first with him coaxing the crew.

They rowed and they rowed, and friend Christopher roared,
But sadly enough the boy might as well snored,
The crew rowed in time and with grace that was swell,
They'd surely have won if they'd just had a shell.

—Paul Godfrey



Coxswain: This CAN'T be Lake Mendota

Tish-Tosh

From the Alpha Phi fire-escape
to the Sigma Phi dining-room
is but a step for Tish-Tosh

ALL Phi Gams who hang their pins... will be thrown into the lake by their loving and hard-hearted brethren... We wonder if... Pat "Loving Cup" Fulton will be dipped... for hanging his for five minutes... Beta Dick Pfeil had fourteen dates in two weeks with Jane Briggs, Gamma Phi... What else would it be but another pin hanging?... Wonder what Franz Biddinger thinks about the situation... or does he?... Conference between Fred Lohmaier and Dean Goodnight... When asked if he would take one of his fraternity brother's word for the fact that shell beer is not spiked... Scotty said, emphatically, ... Nol... Marge Jacobson, Theta... is trotting to Memphis to visit her southern gent... It's the accent what gets 'em...

Jack (Pat 'Em On The Back) Robinson, ATO, is running for a political office again... This time it's Interfraternity Board... George Blanchard, SAE, and Patsy Atcherson, ex-Alpha Phi, aren't that way anymore... On March 13, 1935 he found her... and on March 13, 1936 he left her... 'Tis life... Paul Hibbard, Beta, better get rid of that awful shirt he wears or someone may remind him... that his history lecture is not a bowery party... See Jim Trane, Delt, frequenting the Willows these spring days... We always said that romance is in the air... Now will you believe it?... Don Gooding, Beta, was in swimming on March 28th... but he comes from Wausau... so maybe that accounts for it... Laugh riot of the month was... Betty Hibbard, AXO, calling for Bob Petrie, DU, in a Rent-a-Car and a corsage for him too... Whoops!...

UNDERSTAND Carolyn McKay loathes bow ties... Well, all we can say is... we loathe those confounded ribbons in her hair... So there!... Wanted:... A good Christian girl who can cook... All candidates call Fairchild 2947 and ask for Perry Anderson... All the Pi Phi who attended the SAE Easter party probably woke up the next day with a jelly bean hangover... Steve (field-and-stream) Johnson, Sig Chi... at least they claim him... has been hitting it off with a certain Kappa... All we can say is... she had better watch out... cause he's been out with movie stars... Whatever happened to Babe Johnson and her Sigma Nu boy friend?... We see her here and there with a blonde cutie... now... Ask Helen Hazzard, AXO, how she liked the fine date "Mickey" Syke got her for Military Ball... By the time the ball was over she was calling him "Pop"... Ruth Seefeld, Pi Phi, and Tommy Wood, SAE pledge, aren't about together these days... Tommy likes the back rows of theaters... and she doesn't.

Kappa Ann Harley is again wearing Swede Jensen's DKE pin... Their reason for breaking up was a good one... but they compromised... and made up... Bob Bliffert, Alpha Delt pledge, and Bob Shaw, Delt... on April third... had a party... The scene was in their two-room apartment in the Irving... turned out to be a cozy little gathering of around 150... John Tomek... of Phi Psi... is being seen with Frankie St. Clair, KKG... Emmet Tabat, SAE, hung his pin on Virginia Schmitz, Pi Phi pledge... This little item will surprise a number of people...

We wish we could have seen Bill "Pretty Boy" Reeves

during the wee hours of a certain morning... playing war with himself at the Alpha Delt house... Ammunition consisted of pencils, matches and little boxes... Come over and play paper dolls with us some day... Why did Phi Delt Bill Wheeler send Tri-Delt Marie Donahoe and Gamma Phi Marion Small... two cala lilies... on March 28th... Tommy "S.S.W." Gilbert absent-mindedly stepped off the fire-escape at the DU house... He fell from the third floor to the second... barely missing the sidewalk... Speaking of nine lives... He has 'em... Three word description of Uncle Tom Ryan... The People's Friend... Especially since he won that hundred dollars... First week in April... Much Dartmouth and Amherst atmosphere... showing Wisconsin gals... and boys... how it's done out east...

WE won't have much to gossip about since Jock Ryan and John Lobb... famous Psi U brethren... have left school, but we'll do our best... Incidentally, Jock may be found in his father's Wausau office from morn 'til noon... John is job-hunting in Minneapolis... What frat club recently installed a new bar in their chapter room?... which makes two complete bars in one house... My!

The Saturday morning "Brunch" was everything it was cracked up to be... All fraternities and sororities turned out in full... except the Gamma Phi's... Why so snooty, gals?... Speaking of snooty... Have you ever had dinner at the Sigma Phi shack... and had a potato bounce from your plate?... Bill Harley, Beta, has a standing date with Jewell Bunell, Alpha Phi pledge, for every Sunday night... to eat at Tripp Commons... By the by... have you ever attended one of John Garber's fellowship hours?... People come... and people go... and something always happens... Phi Delt Ed Barney is indispensable... as a date taker-homer... especially when you are otherwise occupied with a blonde charmer... Her phone number is Fairchild 7101... The lure of the Kappas has Allen Davidson in its clutches... Last year it was Inga Olsen... This year it's Lucille Sve...

LATEST thing in dating bureaus... Haresfoot... Join the chorus, gals... and it will only be a matter of time... Speaking of Haresfoot, we hear it's the real McCoy... Gals in rubber bathing suits et al... Rusty Lane may be subject to the envy of all the fellas... for putting an O.K. on figures... That wouldn't be too hard to take... Who knocked whose teeth out at one local tavern... with a fine beer can?

One telegram from Joe Hoeffel, Psi U pledge, to DG Virginia Schneider... "Can you go to Military Ball?... Wire Psi U house"... And she wired back... at seven P.M... Can't go because of initiation... So Joe up and went with Marian Gamble, Theta pledge... Not bad... Budding romance... Bill Miller, Alpha Delt pledge, and Mary Gosin, Gamma Phi... Don Davis, Alpha Delt, hung the badge on Nina Krueger, Kappa pledge... Margaret Dittmars, Theta of '35... came up for a weekend... Whom did she date? She imported her own, we'll have you know... More DG initiation calamity... Psi U Ed Collins had a Military Ball date with Charlotte Adams... At five o'clock the night of the ball he was still dateless... Too bad Jay Tompkins didn't have a third sister...

I Bought One of Your Tables . . .

"It has a picture of five
men standing in line on a
board on top of a table . . ."

Madison, Wisconsin
April 15, 1936

SCHWAYDER BROS., INC.
MAKERS OF SAMSON TABLES
DETROIT, MICHIGAN,
DEAR SIR:

I noticed on your label that you had factories both in Detroit and Denver. I hope I am addressing my letter to the right factory, although, as my brother Charlie said, it shouldn't make much difference one way or the other. I thought, by writing to your Detroit factory it would save the United States Post Office a good deal of trouble since Denver is 1000 miles from Madison while Detroit is 500 miles.

Incidentally it was my brother Charlie who suggested my writing to you since I'm not much on this complaining business, but don't think for one moment that I'm writing just because he suggested it, because he convinced me, and this letter is written with every bit of seriousness.

On the morning of February 23rd, I bought one of your bridge tables from Wolf, Kubly, and Hirsig, for the price of one dollar and ninety-eight cents. You must know the store as the salesman told me that he sold over a thousand of your tables in the last year and a half. It is located on West Gilman St. (Madison) and there is another one on South Pinckney (also in Madison) but I am referring to the one on West Gilman.

I suppose you make many kinds of tables, so I will describe mine so you will know what kind I am talking about. It has a black top which is made of some sort of paste-board and the salesman said liquor will not stain it, but I don't drink so it doesn't make any difference. A checker-board is painted on it, but although I don't play, my brother Charlie is pretty good. He can beat almost anybody. There are red tacks around the sides and the legs are red with grooves in them.

Now the cause of this letter. The night before last my cousin, Joe, and two friends of my brother Charlie's, came over to play some poker. Of course we used the new table and it was a good game. I won a dollar and twenty cents and Joe won ninety cents. The two friends of my brother Charlie's, Mac and Elmer, both won, and my brother Charlie lost three dollars.

When we folded up the table after we put the chips away we noticed your label on the bottom. As you probably know, it has a picture of five men standing in line on a board on top of a bridge-table. All of the men look quite tall and fat, and all of them are bald except the man in the middle who is a little skinnier than the rest, although he is taller. My cousin Joe said it was a lot of bologna, in so many words, since that would mean the table could hold almost half a ton. My brother Charlie said that the distribution would make up for it, so they bet a quarter and I held the money, since my brother Charlie had to borrow his quarter from me. They each said they would prove it.

Since we were five men, although not as big as the men in the picture seemed to be, they decided if the table held us without breaking, my brother Charlie would win the bet.

So my brother Charlie went outside and got a board off the chicken-coop, and put it across the table diagonally, just like it is in the picture. Then he stood on a chair and got on the board in the middle. The table seemed to hold him O.K. except it got a little shaky.

Then my cousin Joe got on next to him but the table wobbled so much that he had to jump off. He landed on the book-case and cut his hand on a glass ashtray which he broke. So we took him into the bath-room to fix up his hand and my brother Charlie started yelling blue murder for us to move the chair back so he could get off. He couldn't jump on account of he has weak ankles. But we left him standing there and he was awful sore.

When we came back, Elmer, my brother Charlie's friend, got on and the two of them held on to each other so they wouldn't fall. Then Mac got on, and you should have seen that table: it had the shimmies. They almost reached the ceiling when they stood up straight, but they never really did. First they were bending over on one side, then the other, and waving their arms around as if they were drowning. But after a few seconds one of the legs broke and my brother Charlie put his foot through the top of the table. Elmer, my brother Charlie's friend, fell into a bridge lamp, and Mac, who was standing on one end of the board, kept his balance O.K. but the board shot up and hit him on the chin.

Don't think for a minute that this was at all funny, because what happened was very serious. My brother Charlie's friend Elmer almost ripped the arm off his jacket on the bridge lamp and got some pretty bad bruises on his chest. Mac, also my brother Charlie's friend, broke his front tooth and got an awful cut on the chin, and my brother Charlie hasn't been able to walk since, on account of he hurt one of his flat feet. He also cut his hand on a piece of tin off the table.

I know you didn't say on the label that your table could hold five men standing on a board, but my brother Charlie says that the picture implies that five men can do that, and I say that the picture means the same thing as if it were in words. I spoke to the salesman in Wolf, Kubly, and Hirsig, and told him that I wanted my money back, but he told me that it would be better if I wrote to you. Besides, my brother Charlie wants compensation, he says. I think that he wants money for his discomfort, about ten dollars.

My cousin Joe wants something, too, and so do my brother Charlie's friends, Elmer and Mac. I want a dollar and ninety-eight cents or a new table. I would rather have a dollar and ninety-eight cents as we just found an old bridge-table in the attic which may not hold five men on a board, but at least three, although we don't expect to prove it.

Hoping you will treat my proposition in a way which will honor American business, I remain,

Yours truly,
ALEC HENDERSON

P. S. My brother Charlie says he would have written you himself to give you a piece of his mind (to put his words mildly) but is unable to on account of his sore hand received from your table.



— and *Chesterfields*
are usually there



they're mild and yet *They Satisfy*

Shirt Front Notes...

Random scribblings on the
Octy phone pad...verse and
worse and worse and worse

To these words I would thrill
From a Prof on the Hill:
The exam will be Monday,
A week from today.
For those who can't make it
Hark what I say:

The make-up's tomorrow—
Yes, I mean it, you hams,
And it's only for Cutters
Of Future Exams.
° ° °

Here's to Romance

*I stroll along the Lake Road
And gaze at her and the moon.
A couple of Dorm boys pass us;
One says, "Butch, look at da goon."*
° ° °

Professor Harold Groves tells this story about old Sol Levitan, the former State Treasurer who is very often the guest lecturer in various econ courses.

The aged Sol, who is known as one of the most colorful characters in Wisconsin state politics, had been in office for so long, that in a fervid attempt to defeat him, his opponents started a whispering campaign to the effect that Sol had been running around with women.

In the midst of this, old Sol was to give a talk before a huge gathering. Here, this veteran politician, well past seventy, demonstrated his feel for the crowd. He opened, "Vell, folks, vot do you think dey've got now? Dey've got your old uncle Sol running around wid wimmen to who he ain't married. Ach, my God, I only vish it was true!"
° ° °

"What do you think of Vat 69?"

"Oh, fair, but I don't like the prof who teaches it."
° ° °

I dreamed I saw
a herring small
swimming through the sea.

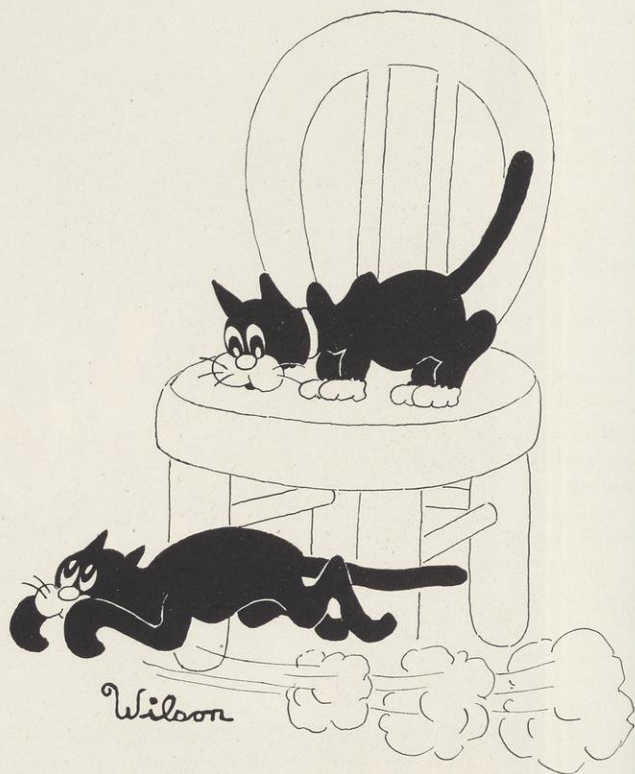
His chest was out
my, did he pout,
while swimmin through the sea.

I peer and pray
my dream might say
why so happy said herring should be.

I now see why
his spirit's so high
and gives to our hero such glee.

On his chest—in the middle—
was a sharpshooting medal
from the fishies' R.O.T.C.
° ° °

*My girl drives me nuts when she tells me about their
cow back home that drank some purple ink and mooa
indigo.*



"My gosh, bad luck!"

APRIL A LA CHAUCER

Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote
The droght of March hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;

APRIL A LA '36

Whan doggone Aprille with his snowes sloppie
Enticed me my nabor's exam to copy
And having thus flunked without licour,
Oh, boy! Did I go out and hang one on!
° ° °

*Of all things most romantic
I don't think you could beat
A hand-in-hand stroll on the Lake Road
Walking along with bare-feet.
° ° °*

When ya gotta
go
Ya gotta
go—
Ling
Po

They had rumbled some way and the road became rockier and bumpier. "I say," said the absent minded professor, "I believe I have lost the way."
"Oh, but Harold," said the absent minded professor's wife, "are you sure that you brought it with you?"—*Owl.*

Absence makes the mark grow rounder.

"Is this the laundry? Well, you sent me a half dozen very old handkerchiefs instead of my shirt."
"Them ain't handkerchiefs. That is your shirt."
—*Texas Ranger*

"Down South we like our liquor hard and our women soft."
"Up here we like our liquor straight and our women curved."
—*Sundial.*

She (awkward dancer): "This dance floor is certainly slippery!"
He: "It isn't the dance floor. I just had my shoes shined."

The Sergeant: "Report this man. Dusty sight and dirty bore."
The Man (under his breath): "I am not!" —*Pointer.*

If a girl is positive she's not going to enjoy a sea voyage, it's because she knows something is bound to come up to spoil it.

Salesman: "Is your mother engaged?"
Little Boy: "I think she's married."

Won: Two Boxes of Life-Savers

The March contest for the best joke submitted by a student was won by Gordon Wilson, 2115 Jefferson street, with the following choice bit—

"How did you like the boy you were out with?"
"Not so well—he kept whistling the dirtiest songs."

The April edition of the prize went to Jane Wilson, 2237 Eton Ridge. Jane's contribution—

Gather your kisses while you may,
For you'll learn to your sorrow
That girls who are such fun today
Are chaperones tomorrow!

Let Your Funnybone Tickle
Your Sweet Tooth!

- What's the funniest joke you've ever heard? Octy and the boys in the Life-Saver company would like to know. And together they've managed to make it worth your while.
- To the guy or gal who sends old Eight-Legs the funniest gag, quip, joke, or so forth will go a box of assorted flavors of the candy mint with the hole.
- The rules are a mere citation of a technicality or two. Any Wisconsin student is eligible. Mail or leave your brainchild at the Memorial Union desk in care of the Octopus. Any type of humor is eligible—if it's a cartoon, drawing will count. Otherwise, the form makes no difference. And there's a box of Life-Savers for the winner!
- Incidentally, the editor of Octy will be judge, and he'd like to have just one really funny clean joke for the May issue. A word to the wise . . .

SPRING FORMAL
Dance Programs

SORORITY
and
FRATERNITY
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Lettercraft, Inc.
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Baron's
WE GIVE EAGLE STAMPS

Quick Quips

THE WORLD'S WORST WOMAN

1. Wears:
 - a. Ski pants.
 - b. High ski shoes.
 - c. Plaid ear muffs.
2. Reads:
 - a. Esquire.
 - b. The Cardinal.
 - c. Octopus.
3. Hums:
 - a. The Music Goes Youknow-where.
4. Chews:
 - a. Gum.
5. Says:
 - a. "Oh, yeah?"
 - b. "Don't you think the captain's cute?"
 - c. "Don't you just adore that orchestra leader?"
 - d. "You wouldn't kid me, would you?"
6. Never touches anything but:
 - a. Milk, or
 - b. Imported Champagne.
7. Has morals that are:
 - a. Good, through no fault of her own.
8. Listens to:
 - a. Major Bowes.
 - b. Rudy Vallee.
 - c. Amos and Andy.
9. Is:
 - a. A Wisconsin coed.

Sign in a Cuban dance hall:
NO DANCING WITHOUT
MOVING THE FEET.
—Chaparral



"What DID I go to that last war for?"

A kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to lie for it, and the old man has to buy it. The baby's right, the lover's privilege and the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope; and to an old maid, charity.

—The Pup

Chronicle---

(continued from page seven)

Forest Hills nights

Spiritualists are a rather fascinating type of people, with their intimate knowledge about ghosts and table-knockings and spirit-messages and clairvoyance. It makes us excited to think about it, whatever Houdini said.

A middle aged lady we know was driving past Forest Hills cemetery a couple of Friday nights ago with her brother. Both of them are spiritualists; and, to make a baffling coincidence, what should they see wandering through the dark among the gravestones but a ghost—a pale flowing figure flitting about! The woman screamed; the driver stopped the car, walked back the road, and took a second look. Sure enough, a ghost it was . . . or something.

The man called the police station—apparently his belief in spiritualism vanished into the astral plane when he finally met up with a ghost, big as life. An officer was sent out to investigate (you probably read that in the papers), and a search uncovered the ghost, trembling and cowering inside his sheet, slouched in a doorway of Rentschler's greenhouses.

"What the hell's the idea of going around scaring people like this?" roared the burly cop.

"Making other people scared? What you think I am?" quavered the ghost.

It seems that the fellow was only a pledge planted there by his fraternity, not to haunt for a penny on a tombstone, as is the custom, but merely to haunt and haunt and haunt. We point with pride to the

Interfraternity Board's fine record of abolishing Hell week with all the paddlings and midnight quests which it implies.

Dressing---

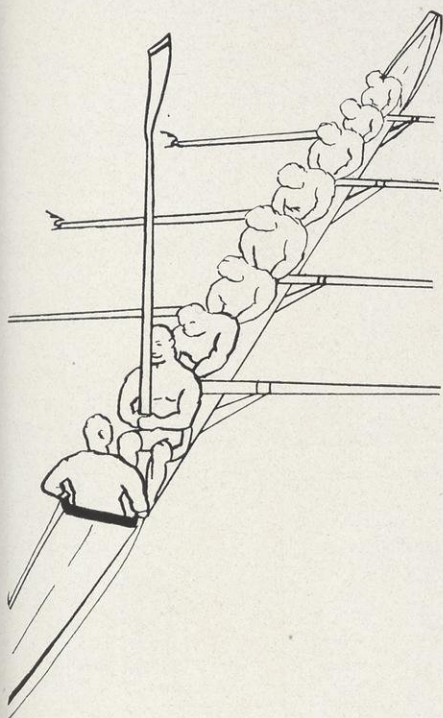
(continued from page two)

chute skirts but also parachute bags. Heaven keep her in Paris, please.

And for all you handkerchief drop-pers, why not get yourself some kerchiefs with your telephone number embroidered or appliqued on them, as you please . . . and then you can be reasonably sure of recovering them, but still better, getting some telephone calls.

Margot ruffs captivate me. They are so utterly feminine and look so trim fashioned in white organdie or picque complementing dark dresses.

The ingenious Louise Boulanger has designed a coat and belt set woven from straw. Now I ask, isn't that about the last straw . . . ?



"Simon says, 'Do this'."

—TIGER

Shakespeare---

(continued from page eleven)

fore his (the bonus') day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honor (the thousand bucks) pricks me on. Yea, but how if Honor (the thousand bucks) pricks me off when I come on? How then? Can honor (the thousand bucks) set to a leg? No! Or an arm? No! Or take away the grief of a wound? No! Honor (the thousand bucks) hath no skill in surgery, then? No! What is honor (the thousand bucks)? A word (you slipped up here, Bill)! What is in that word, honor (the thousand bucks)? What is that honor (the thousand bucks)? Air! A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No! Doth he hear it? No! 'Tis insensible then. Yea, to the dead. But will it live with the living? No! Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll have none of it. Honor (the thousand bucks) is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism.

"Ever see me before?"

"No."

"How do you know it's me?"

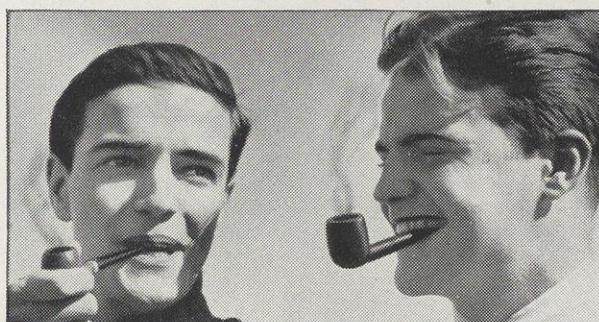
—Shampain

Smoke all the tobacco you put in your pipe

1 "You say Edgeworth Junior gives you more smoke for your money?...How's that?"



2 "Smoke it all the way down. Then you'll get the economy angle."



3 "Say!...I get it! ... So mild you can smoke it ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE HEEL!"



MAKE your tobacco money buy all the smoke you pay for. Smoke **EDGEWORTH JUNIOR**, the new, *mild, free-burning* pipe and cigarette tobacco. Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va. Tobacconists since 1877.

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"CELLOPHANE" WRAPPED

GOOD ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE HEEL



Platter Patter

By ROY WINSTON

THE combination of a month packed with new numbers and a lot of new recordings of the jazz classics makes for quite a stack of the big black rubber disks; the Decca outfit again takes most of the column, due to the fact that only their platters arrived before deadline.

Frankly, I'm nuts about Mr. James Lunceford's music, which makes me practically no judge at all of two of his new recordings. Three of the pieces are partly authored by the maestro himself—682 has two of them, *I'm Walking Through Heaven With You* and *I'm Nuts About Screw Music*. On 712, *Stomp It Off* (by Lunceford and Sy Oliver) is paired with *My Blue Heaven*, which is a set-up for the Lunceford type of band.

Hot Lips, which brings a reverent sigh to many a listener's lips, is played by Henry Busse on 198; *The Wang Wang Blues* makes up the other half of the recording. Brothah Busse turns up in black-face for *The Dark-Town Strutters' Ball* and *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans* (440).

Continuing along the same general lines is Bob Crosby, who puts over *The Dixieland Band* and Handy's *Beale Street Blues* on 479. Other Handy pieces recorded this month are Fletcher Henderson in *Memphis Blues* (with *Shanghai Shuffle* on the reverse—158) and the most famous of his compositions, the *St. Louis Blues* as done by the Dorsey Brothers on 119. The *Milenberg Joys* makes up the other half, to present the Dorsey Brothers (which means pre-split) in two of the old jazz selections.

Jimmie Dorsey uses 607 for the *Dorsey Stomp* and *I'm a Gambler*. I prefer the older band, but if the boys want to break up a happy family, I guess that's their right.

ENTER CECE McLAREN

Cecil McLaren, Delta Gamma, will take over this column for the Co-Ed number next month. Cece has been outstanding as a singer of popular music and was the first girl master of ceremonies in the history of the Gridiron Ball. Watch for her copy next month!

Clyde McCoy proves that he has the hottest white man's trumpet in this country in almost every record. On 620, he stages the *Basin Street Blues* and *I'm Going to Play in the Varsity Band* with the expected results.

Swing music has done a lot for Red McKenzie and his Rhythm Kings, but, then, they've done a lot for it. Two typical McKenzies are 734 (*When Love Has Gone* and *Moon Rose*) and 721 (*I Don't Know Your Name* and *Don't Count Your Kisses*).

Glen Gray and the Casa Loma orchestra, which held the same position last year that Bennie Goodman seems to have



Warden: Oh, SWING music, eh?

now, proves that it was no temporary popularity by continued success. Irving Berlin's songs from "Follow the Fleet"—*Let Yourself Go* and *I'd Rather Lead a Band*—make up record number 696.

Some more "Follow the Fleet" is Ted FioRito's "*Let's Face the Music and Dance*"; this is coupled with *It's Been So Long* on Decca 697.

Louis Armstrong combines his own type of music with some a little more commercial when he makes *Yes-Yes! My!-My!*, pairing it on 698 with *I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket*.

* * * *

Strawinsky's *Fire Bird* (*L'Oiseau de Feu*), a suite from the ballet of the same name, is one of the glitteringly beautiful pieces of music of our day.

Leopold Stokowski, conducting the Philadelphia Symphony in the magnificent suite, makes you almost see the gorgeous plumage of the legendary bird. With him you see the beautiful princesses, Tsarevitch, and the giant he conquers. The recording is in a Victor album, and the three twelve-inch disks form a remarkably important addition to any record library.

Local Boy Makes Good

A success story to
end success stories

"PAPPY, this plowin' an' furrowin' is gettin' mighty harrowin'. Y'know, I'd like to go up to the 'U' like Jed Hopkins duz."

"Son, do you mean to sit thar' an' tell me that yur aimin' to git more book learnin'?"

"Yep, I think if I lay off the corn for awhile, I can sell it at the market and pay my way."

"Well, m'boy, seein' as how I got that thar check from the government (gad, what a word) for not plantin' those pertatoes, I reckon we can swing it, by Hector."

Two weeks later Si Hatfield caught the milk train out of Punkinville Hollow and arrived in Madison. Si was right up to the minute in attire—the latest in blue serge, tailored at Melrose Park by Sears and Roebuck. Si was nobody's chump. He wasn't the kind of guy who would buy the capitol, although he might be interested in a first mortgage. Being strongly built and hard as a bride's biscuits, he played on the football team—in spite of the fact that he had a pronouncable name. His versatility was not confined to football, and he earned three major letters in his second year and became one of the more prominent men on the campus.

Si came through all right with his studies, but he began to long for his old homestead about the third week of his third year. He was in the habit of taking long walks at night, usually ending up at the university cattle barn to commune with his milk-giving friends. And then he met Sarah Jones. Sarah had worshipped him from afar for two years, but Si had never been conscious of the fact.

Sarah's deep, soulful eyes must have gotten him. They were so much like his best friend at the cattle barn—Nellie—Ear Tag No. AD119432. Well, Si didn't know what to do. He discovered that he was crazy about Sarah. He went and bought himself one of those Model A Ford roadsters, and he not only took Sarah to every one of her classes, but he tried to get the university to remove the pillars from the front of Bascom hall so he could drive her closer to her classes.

Si continued to drop from A's to B's in his studies and it worried him. One night after he and Sarah had hit most of the local hot-spots, Si drove out in the country and parked the car. He sat there with his teeth in his mouth for about ten minutes, and finally took ahold of her hand and said, "Sarah, you know I ain't much on flowery sentiments, but—aw shucks—baby, I'm nuts about you. How's about you and me gettin' hitched?"

Well, that kinda floored Sarah for a minute, but she didn't think he was serious, so she came right back with the one about Little Audrey at the county fair (you know). Si took the count of nine, but he finally recovered, and remembering his Speech 7, gave a two hour discourse, starting with 'thine eyes limpid pools' and ending with 'I hate to ask this, but have you got two dollars with you, Sarah?'

Yep, they drove down to Rockford and did it. That act diminished the eligible bachelor list by one and threatened to wreak havoc with the football team. But the football coach pulled a few wires and managed to get Si the job of chief custodian of the University cattle barns, where he could be near his friends.

Confucious, the great sage of the Ling Dynasty, once said—oh, I can't remember what he said, but anyway Si is married and has both Sarah and Nellie. And we still have Si.

—Don Thom.



NO KISSES, BOY FRIEND, TILL YOU KILL
THAT TOBACCO BREATH WITH A
CRYST-O-MINT LIFE SAVER

A Book for The Ages

- Charles Morgan, author of "The Fountain," has written a new novel—**Sparkenbroke**.
- It is a magnificent book, superbly written. It is as subtle, delicate, and fine as the flavor of a rare old liqueur.
- Destined to be the most important book of the year.

BROWN'S
BOOK SHOP
STATE AT LAKE STREET

OPEN SEASON

Hubert takes the weather
man seriously, which is
no fun at all for him

HUBERT has always been one of the type of fellows that takes his work seriously. In fact, Hubert always takes everything seriously. I remember in high school he used to say, "yes sir," to the teachers because when they told him he wouldn't get paddled if he said, "yes sir." He took them seriously. He was awfully hurt when he got paddled no matter whether he said, "yes sir," or not.

Now that Hubert is an active we have to keep him away from rushees because he doesn't realize that we are just kidding with the rushees when we tell them there is no mortgage on the house, and he tried two or three times to tell some rushees about our three mortgages. This serious business of Hubert's is quite a problem as you can see.

Last fall one of the fellows, I think it was Pipe Course Pete, told Hubert about an awfully interesting course in meteorology. This interested Hubert very much, because he has always taken the weather man seriously, and he wanted to know why he was wrong so much of the time. He thanked Pipe Course Pete gratefully for this information and signed up for the course.

In about two weeks Hubert began to talk about the obliquity of the ecliptic. We didn't say anything to Hubert because we knew he would soon get discouraged. In about a week he quit talking about the obliquity of the ecliptic because a flurry of snow came that he couldn't explain with these words. Several months passed, and during this time Hubert would occasionally pop up with a new phrase such as the deflective effect of the earth's rotation or the prevailing monsoons in Ooli Supti or some such place.

Once he expressed his wonder at the large number of football men in the class remarking that he just couldn't see how football players would be interested in meteorology. We were glad when the semester was over, because we thought that Hubert would stop talking meteorology.

He surprised us on that point, however. He had taken a great interest in his meteorology. He would step outside in the morning and wet his finger and hold it up in the air. He would do the same thing at noon and at night. He listened to all of the weather reports on the radio, which often made us a little peeved, especially when he would turn the radio to a different station when we were listening to Louie Armstrong so that he could hear a weather report. He had all sorts of charts and maps in his room that he covered with circles and arrows.

Ants Whooler, his room-mate, said that he kept looking at one of the charts instead of the calendar which made him mad when he would look at one and set his alarm so that he got up in time for psych lecture thinking it was the next day after that.

ALONG in March Hubert began to show signs of pent up excitement. He would pace up and down in the living-room and would gaze anxiously out of the window that faces the lake, then he would go up to his room and scan his charts anxiously. We didn't see anything unusual about the weather, so we concluded that he was in love and let it go at that, because we knew that if Hubert fell in love he would take it seriously that way. About that

time he began writing letters. This just meant to us that his love was not here in school, but in about a week he began getting letters from the government meteorology department in Washington, so we decided that we had been on the wrong trail.

One day at lunch Hubert let the cat out of the bag. He piped up in between mouthfuls of Spanish rice with his most famous speech of the year.

"According to the seasonal effect of the trade winds and the rotation of the earth in its orbit and the government and Senator Snilch and Eric Miller the lake ought to open in about a week," he said.

With one accord we let out a sigh. For three weeks we had known when the lake would open up. Our authorities had been the house father, Papa Dutch, and three Sig Eps who went swimming in a hole they had broken in the ice. We were further backed in our estimations by the sly whispering of several pledges and the mention of such words as actives, dump, night, and cold. We knew well enough what this meant, and had been practicing up for the opening of the lake by taking cold showers once or twice a week.

To say the least we were disappointed at finding out about Hubert's secret, because we had looked forward with no small amount of joyous anticipation at being able to ride Hubert about his love. In return for his not falling in love, we decided that Hubert would not be told when the lake would open. We kept the knowledge from Hubert very carefully, because we knew that he would find out about it in due time and with fitting ceremony.

Came the day of the opening of the lake. Unfortunately one of the pledges was the one to find out about it. We had been too busy with the midsemesters that it seems pledges never have to take to even notice an important thing like the opening of the lake. At about one-thirty in the night following the discovery we found ourselves very rudely jerked from bed and unceremoniously carried to the lake. There was no percentage in resisting, as our two football men hadn't been initiated.

We were held at the lake shore as if in anticipation of some more exciting event than being dumped in the lake. Before we had time to shiver at the night breeze blowing through thin pajamas we saw two pledges carefully carrying Hubert, who was sound asleep. Very cautiously they carried him out on the ice to where it had opened. They then held him upright and let him slowly into the water until he woke, then they dropped him.

He disappeared under the water for a moment, then came popping to the surface and screamed, "It's open!" With a mad scramble he pulled himself out of the water on to the ice.

He made a grab for a near-by piece of ice, and the two pledges jumped back, thinking he was going to throw it, but he took it in both hands, and sitting cross-legged on the ice, began to scratch weather maps on the soft surface of the cold skin on the lake.

Finally he looked up, his teeth chattering. "Yes, it's open," he said with satisfaction.

—PAUL GODFREY

Jokes, Just Jokes...

Guide—On our right we have the palatial home of Mr. Gould.

Old Lady—John Jay Gould?

Guide—No, Arthur Gould. And on the left is the residence of Mr. Vanderbilt.

Old Lady—Cornelius Vanderbilt?

Guide—No, Reginald Vanderbilt. And in front is the First Church of Christ. (To Old Lady): Now's your chance.
—Log

Hobo: Kind sir, have you a quarter to spare a poor man?

Student: Go on across the street—I'm working this side.
—Pup

Motor Cop—Hey, you! didn't you hear me say 'pull over there'?

Driver—Why, I thought you said, 'Good afternoon, Senator'.

Motor Cop, smiling—Isn't it a warm day today, Senator!

"Young lady, I'd like to give you a complete physical examination."

"But, Doctor Smith examined me last week and found me perfect."

"So he told me."
—Sundial

The little bundle of pink flesh squirmed as the adoring mother laid it on a soft downy blanket. Laughingly, the woman leaned over her young one's chubby feet.

"This little piggy went to market

And this little piggy stayed at home

This little piggy had roast beef

And——"

"Get the hell away, will you," snarled the baby. "That tickles."
—Froth.

During the recent war maneuvers on the campus, a regular army officer went up to one of the R.O.T.C. cadets, who was on guard at a strategic position, and began quizzing him.

"What would you do if a battleship came cruising across Lake Mendota?" the officer asked.

"I'd sink it with a submarine, sir."

"Where would you get a submarine?"

"The same damned place you got the battleship, sir."
—Sundial

"These modern trans-Atlantic flyers are slow."

"How's that?"

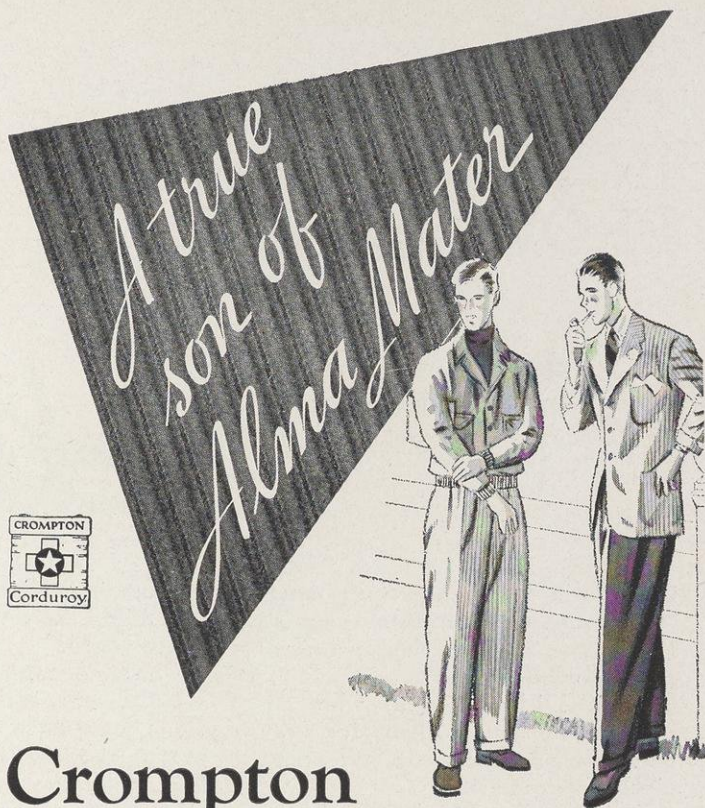
"Why, Helen of Troy made Paris in a couple of hours."

See that guy there? He's going through college by carrying for a baby.

He's lucky. I got kicked out for the same thing.
—Pointer

Villian: Ah, my proud beauty, you are in my power at last!

Heroine: Well, what are you waiting for?
—Maroon Bee



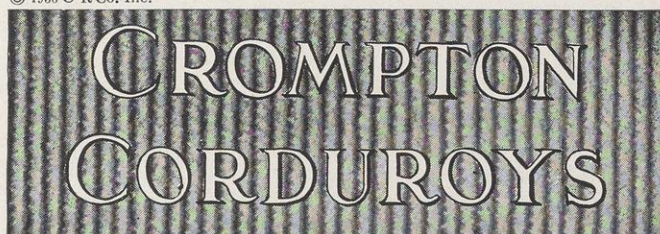
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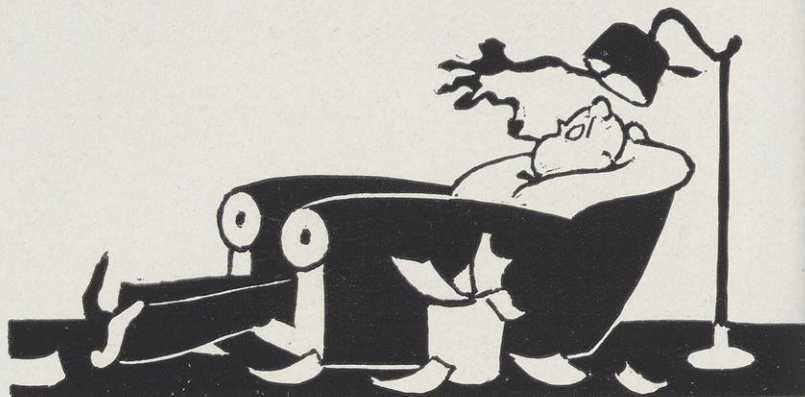
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IN THE EDITOR'S BROWN STUDY

Postscripts on \$850; Action; Chapple's manifesto; Crew; Kitty Kelley takes command



THE junior class treasury situation has made fools out of a lot of people, but just who, we can't figure out.

Is it Dick Johnson, who announced he had \$850 to give away and then found he couldn't spend eighty-five cents?

Is it the Joe Brooks-Don Heun (no offense, Don!) outfit, which seemed to have the money clinched for the crew?

Is it those of us who were pitching for Uncle Joe Loanfund and apparently got whipped in the committee?

Or is it the Power—whoever It may be—who should have known just what Bill Steven tucked into his little scheme?

The thing which is most pleasing in the whole arrangement is the fact that copies of the Steven plan have been in the dresser drawer of every politico on campus for the past four years. And every one of the boys has just been waiting to pull it out and shake it under someone's nose to prove that he had committed some highly illegal deed.

So, in the last semester of the plan's operation, after it had been thoroughly discredited in the fall election, and with the prospect of one-man class government almost upon us, Mr. Steven gives an expiring gasp and becomes that mythical object, an Influence for Good.

Somehow, the whole situation has given us confidence in what our favorite yogi used to call Kismet. It got for a while so that we were afraid Fate had slipped a cog, but when the political research of a few lads reaped such rich rewards, we became reassured. Perhaps the sector of the student body—and this is not a dirty crack at anyone—which

believes in government by petition will reflect on the sheer wonder of God's world.

The explanation of the whole mess probably is this—Proms in previous years have given gifts out of profits, and last year's Prom was the first under the Steven system. But Dick Brazeau's party didn't show a profit, so Johnson faced an entirely new set-up.

Afterthought: If Dick Johnson can't spend the money, how can he pay the union for the seventy-five cent dinner the Committee of Seven, the Cardinal Reporter, and the Pro—ahem, Class President ate "at the class' expense?"

- The mailman often comes into Octopus House bringing weird objects in his brown leather bag. Once he had three baby chicks, sent by Jim Fleming as an Easter gift. Another time he had a pair of rubbers the exchange editor had absent-mindedly sent to the Maryland Old Line. He said later that his feet did get wet wearing cartoon cuts around in the rain.

But the other day he brought an envelope with big red printing on it. Inside we read about Astounding Revelations! Photographic Proof! Documented Evidence! There are 88 Large Photographs, and 50,000 Words of Supporting Evidence.

The chief thing the book proves—for this is the current Johnny Chapple manifesto—is that Prexy G. Frank Served LaFolletteism Too Well, Exposing Its Communistic Goal, and So LaFolletteism Turned Upon Him Without Mercy.

It also proves—and this time we're serious—that one John B. Chapple, Republican gubernatorial sharpshooter, is a stinker.

So there!

- Unfortunately, Octy goes to press before Action, the Wisconsin Student Alliance's publication, hits the campus. We await it with eager interest, remembering numbers of other magazines of a liberal or literary-liberal nature. But there's one anecdote about the new periodical that hits us just right.

It seems that the Student Alliance committee was debating the name for the baby, and several suggestions were made and turned down for a variety of reasons. Finally, one of the girls suggested "The Wisconsin Liberal."

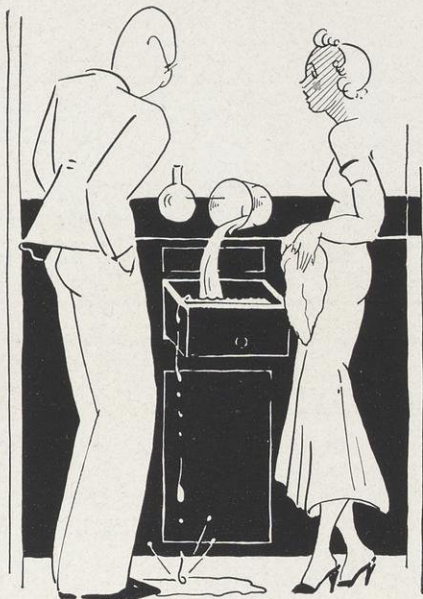
"No," was the thoughtful answer, "that sounds too radical."

We wonder if the New Masses ever discarded such a name as "Day's Work" for a similar reason.

- Somehow, the Co-Ed Number seemed nice and remote last month, but now it's almost with us. Kitty Kelley, the girl who's bossing the editorial end of the issue, has a staff which should turn out some really interesting work. With this she will have the long-awaited WSGA etiquette book, which will tell you when to send flowers (if you're a guy) and when to tip the date off that you do not want to park on Observatory (if you're guy or gal) and many another vital point. Also, interviews and such with ladies not actually on the staff will give the feminine angle on the campus as we could never do it.

So, with a sigh, we close the door of the Brown Study, leaving Catherine Ann in, plotting out the contents of what we expect to be the best Octy in years.

But we picked the cover, and is it a honey!



*Well, Miss Blivis, you seem to have a flood
in your drawers"*

As we were waiting for our change in a drugstore the other day, we overheard a sales-girl tell a buxom lady next to us that there was a special sale of sachet on that week.

"Sachet?" said the lady. "Just what is sachet?"

"Well," explained the girl, "it's a sort of a little bag of perfume. You put it in your drawers to make them smell sweet."

"I understand what you mean," said the lady. "But isn't it awfully uncomfortable?"

"I went out in the kitchen yesterday and a mouse ran out of my stove."

"Why didn't you shoot it?"

"Couldn't. It was out of my range."

—Record

When the flood was over and Noah had freed all the animals, he returned to the Ark to make sure all had left. He found two snakes in the corner crying. They told him their sorrow:

"You told us to go forth and multiply upon the earth, and we are Adders."

—Log

A sailor, after placing some flowers on a grave in a cemetery, noticed an old Chinaman placing a bowl of rice on a nearby grave, and asked: "What time do you expect your friend to come up and eat the rice?"

The old Chinaman replied with a smile: "Same time your friend come up to smell flowers."

—Gargoyle

"My end draws near," said the wrestler, as his opponent bent him double.

—Gargoyle

"Last night I had an awful pain in my arms."

"Who was she?"

—Sun Dial



Our New Sport Shop

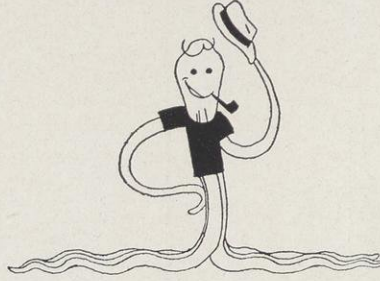
Is Out to Dress
You Correctly for Every
Type of Sport!

Whether you engage in active sports or whether you are more content to just "look on," you will find exactly what you want in our new Sport Shop! There we make it a point to have everything that is new and smart in sports apparel. Visit this new shop soon.

Sport Shop, Second Floor

Harry S.
Manchester, Inc.

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MEMORIAL UNION



OCTOPUS, INC.
MADISON, WISCONSIN

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This is the space that is used for editorials.
But we've a date to buy the Co-Ed Editor a coke.
Which is better than writing an editorial.
So there just isn't any.

Nine Men in a Boat

(continued from page ten)

"catches" the water and the guy who holds it is "driving" through for the stroke, or the pull.

Then comes the "release." Hands drop and the oar comes up out of the water. The next move is called the "recovery" and it implies the oar coming down for the start of the next stroke.

Time out will now be taken for rehearsal. One, two, three, four, let's go! Hip — "squaring-up" — "catch" — "drive" — "release" — and "recovery." And presto, the darn shell is moving.

We forgot one simple little step, a technicality you should know. Upon the recovery, one should "feather." And by that is meant, one must turn one's wrist in order to bring one's oar parallel to the water. Do you know why? So the wind resistance is lessened, you dummy!

Throughout this performance, repeated over and over again until the race is over, every man in the shell must "follow." Yes, sir, he's got to play that primitive game of "follow the leader." He must do exactly what the man in front of him is doing, all the way up to the stroke, who takes his cue from the beat given by the coxy, little Napoleon. He just sits there and pounds the shell with blocks on the end of the steering rope and yells like hell.

At the end of the race, the little shrimp will holler "weigh-enough." He could just as well say "cut it out" or "stop it, you bums" but he has to be different and say "weigh-enough." All it means is to stop rowing.

Maybe we should have given you some idea of time. What is considered the best of speed is known as "rowing a 40." This is a bit difficult to understand, but you math majors should get it after a while. It means that 8 strokes take 12 seconds. Now, how many times does 12 go into 60? Five? That's right, five. Now, what happens when you multiply 5 by 8? You get 40, don't you? There's your answer. Simple— isn't it? Or— isn't it? Actually, it's rowing it at the rate of 40 strokes a minute.

Slow time is "22." Eight strokes will take 21 and four fifths seconds, and this is known as very poor speed. Since it involves fractions, we won't bother figuring it out. We never could work with fractions anyhow. Petty stuff.

Average time is "32"—and to bring it about the boys will take 8 strokes in 15 seconds. Get it? 15 into 60 goes 4.

Four times 8 is 32. Boy, are we smart!

So much for fundamentals. All that's been given so far is as it should be, the straight stuff. Now we come to a bunch of bad things—terms which came into usage because something happened which shouldn't have happened and which usually result in the loss of the race. Some of them sound real pretty too.

Skying the Blade—This means the hands are too low before the "catch" and the blade will then be too high, in the sky. (Poetic, isn't it?)

Knifing In—This shouldn't be tough to figure out, if you try hard. It means the oar going into the water at an angle, which, as you can see readily, is not the thing to do.

Bucking-the-Oar—Bringing the body up to meet the oar before the complete stroke is finished. The stroke is thus shortened. This is likely to be disastrous, 'cause you might get hit square in the belly.

Shooting-the-Slide—Starting to slide on the "drive" before the oar is in the water. This will naturally set you off on your timing, and make you a debit, not a credit, to your crew. Cut it out.

Rushing-the-Slide—Coming down too fast on the "recovery" and hence having the same effect of checking the speed of the boat.

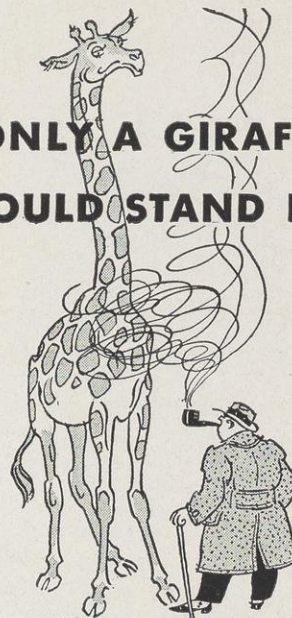
Hanging-the-Catch—Hesitating at the beginning of a stroke before the oar goes in the water. This will get the coxy sore as hell.

Weaving—Caused by body following the arc of the oar on "drive" and resulting in a swinging of center of the keel.

Catching-a-Crab—This is perhaps the most famous of terms. It's difficult to explain, but briefly it amounts to the oars not being able to be taken out of the water and just for spite trying to make you come out to join it. It results from the loss of oar control in the "drive"—the speed of the boat carrying you with it, or from the blade not being up before the "catch" or from "knifing-in" or "feathering" under water. It happens in the best of crews.

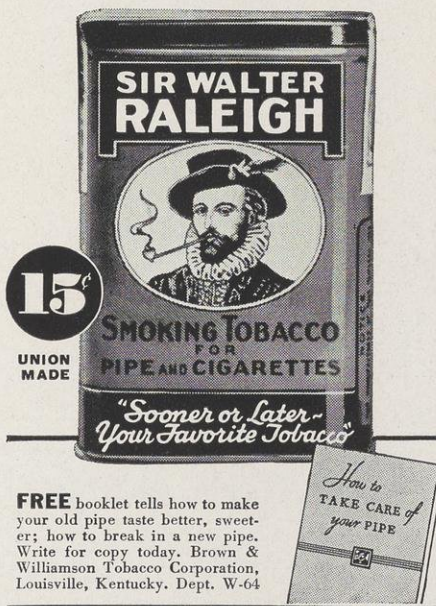
You might go over these again and then go out to Lake Wingra and watch the boys practice 'cause you'll see a host of these bad things happen so early in the season.

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ANYONE with a shorter neck would be bowled over by that never-cleaned pipe and gorilla tobacco. Now, we believe that a pipe is the world's swellest smoke if properly tended and packed with a clean-burning, pleasant-smelling tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir Walter—to use a much abused phrase—is definitely *milder*. It's a well-aged Kentucky Burley mixture that burns cool and slow while giving off a winning fragrance. Try a tin. Giraffes, pygmies, red-blooded men and slim blondes will seek your company and applaud the aroma. 15¢—wrapped in heavy gold foil.

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FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-64

INCHES OF WHIMSEY



"Look, Coach, no hands"

—TIGER

I took her to a night club.
I took her to a show.
I took her almost anywhere
A girl and boy could go.
I took her to swell dances.
I took her out to tea:
When all my dough was gone
I saw she'd been taking me.
—Old Line

"Are you a sound sleeper?"
"Yes."
"Do you snore?"
"No."
"Do you walk or talk in your sleep?"
"No."
"Fine. How about taking my place
in lecture?"
—Owl

History Prof: "How can you explain
the great increase in population which
occurred after the industrial revolution?"
History Shark: "Everybody went to
town."
—Red Cat

Girls who say good night in hallways
Cannot hold a man for always.
—Oberlin Lutfisk

"What are you cutting out of the
paper?"
"About a college man committing
murder because his girl went through
his pockets."
"What are you going to do about it?"
"Put it in my pocket."
—Red Cat

Wake up!
I can't.
Why?
I ain't asleep.

"Mister, why are you eating with
your knife?"
"Sir, my fork leaks."
—Log

"Is there any soup on this menu?"
"There was, but I wiped it off."
—Sundial

The liquor has no kick in it,
The conversation's "arty"—
Now is the time for some good man
To come to the aid of the party.
—Progress

If at first you don't succeed, remem-
ber that all women aren't alike.
—Log

Pledge: What is this bill for?
Steward: That's your house bill.
Pledge: But I really didn't want to
buy the place.
—Kitty-Kat

I thought that one so sweet might not
Resent one kiss, if deftly taken,
I lost two molars, my jaw is cracked,
I realize—I was mistaken.

"People tell me that I act awfully
foolish after five drinks."
"Why, what do you do?"
"I stop drinking."

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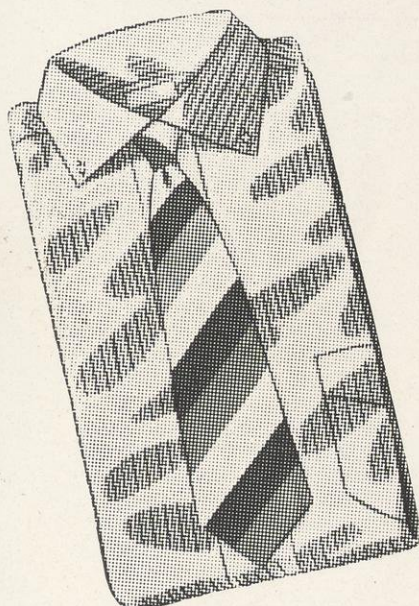
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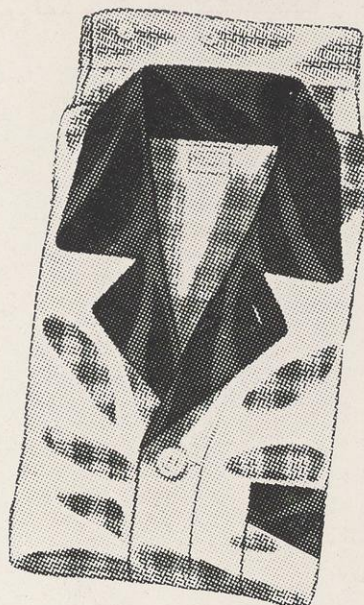
For The Man About Campus



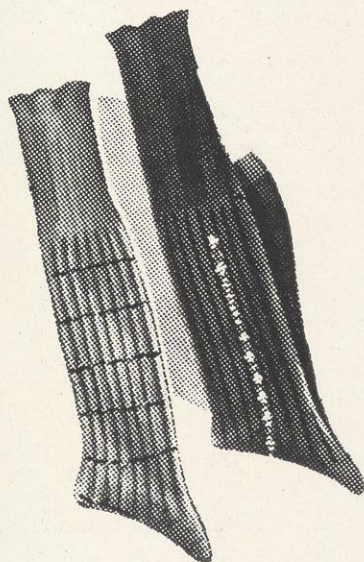
Tattersall checks in fine shirts with both the wide spread and button down collars. Correct for all sports clothing **\$2**



We present a few new ideas for Spring. Inspired by Esquire and tailored by Wilson Brothers. University men have agreed that these are a few of the things that will be found in every well dressed man's wardrobe. Plenty of color — but don't worry — we haven't gone too far!!



Faultless Nobelt pajamas in bold Tarn plaid. No tight waistband to choke your middle **\$2**



Truly masculine are these 6x3 ribbed hose. Made on English machines in fine lisle. The most comfortable hose you've ever worn **50c**



A new Skipper sport shirt with laced cord front. A great favorite in Florida this past winter **\$1**



Inspired by the colorful walls and tents of Mogadore, Morocco is this new striped necktie of pure dye Mogadore silk. Made for the new wide spread collars **\$1**

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C.W. ANDERES CO.

At the University Co-op

Think how our nervous, hurried way of living affects **DIGESTION!**

Smoking Camels assists digestion to proceed normally and promotes well-being and good feeling

We live in high gear! All too often the rush and tension play havoc with nerves and the digestive system. How can one offset the effects of modern living—that's the problem! Here is an interesting, established fact: *Smoking Camels has been found a definite benefit in promoting natural digestive action.*

Camels are supremely mild—never get on the nerves. Enjoy Camels as much as you like...for their good cheer and "lift"...for their rare and delicate flavor! Smoke Camel's costlier tobaccos for digestion's sake—they set you right!

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FEEDS THOUSANDS. Miss Lenora Flinn, dietitian, says: "I smoke Camels. Smoking Camels during meals and after aids digestion."



"I EAT IN 30 minutes—and a riveter can't be walking around with indigestion," says Harry Fisher. "Smoking Camels helps my digestion."

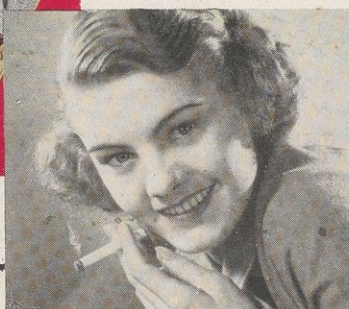


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For Digestion's Sake—

smoke Camels