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IOC

MARCH

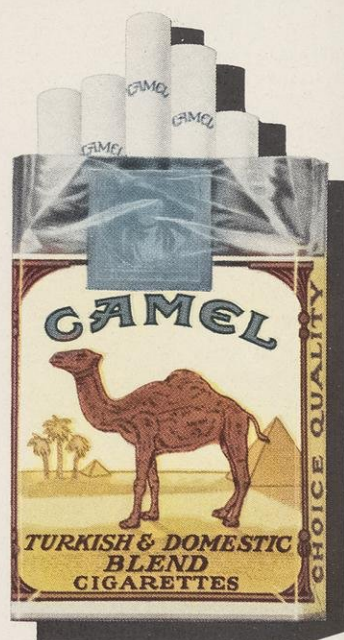
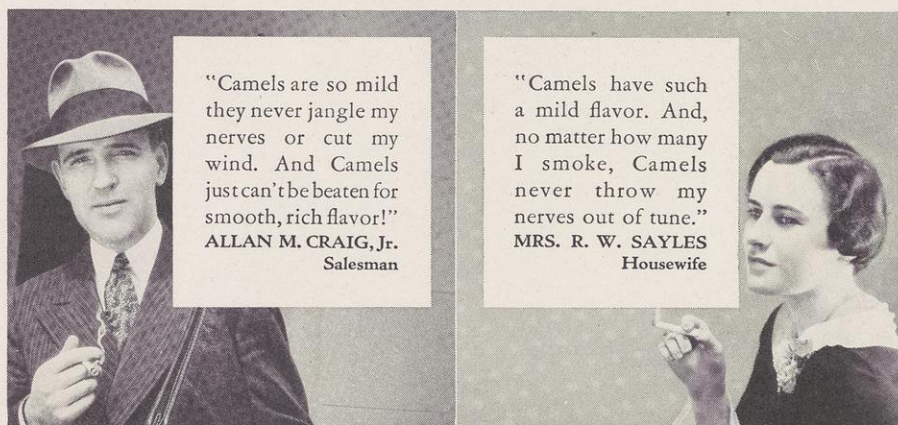


# "Camels NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!"

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co



## YOU'LL LIKE THEIR MILDNESS TOO!



**TUNE IN!** CAMEL CARAVAN WITH WALTER O'KEEFE • DEANE JANIS • TED HUSING • GLEN GRAY AND THE CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA • Tuesday and Thursday—9 p. m. E. S. T., 8 p. m. C. S. T., 9:30 p. m. M. S. T., and 8:30 p. m. P. S. T.—over WABC-Columbia Network.

*Costlier Tobaccos!*

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.



# THE CREAM OF THE COLLEGE CROP

Jokes which may strike  
a familiar note, but  
which may also give  
rise to a chuckle or three

"All aboard!" called the conductor  
from the front of the car.

"Hold on," cried a feminine voice.  
"Wait until I get my clothes on."

The entire carful turned out expect-  
antly. Enter a girl with a basket of  
laundry. —Pointer

"Marry me, Richard! I'm only the  
garbage man's daughter—but—"

"That's right, baby, you *ain't* to be  
sniffed at." —Ranger

O.: "What was the explosion on Si's  
farm?"

K.: "He fed his chickens some 'Lay  
or Bust' feed and one of them was a  
rooster." —Green Griffin

"Did you know, dear, that that tun-  
nel we just passed through was two  
miles long and cost \$12,000,000?"  
asked the young man of his sweetheart.

"Oh, really?" she replied, as she  
started to rearrange her dishevelled  
hair. "Well, it was worth it, wasn't  
it?" —Syracuse Somersault

Gather your kisses while you may,  
For time brings only sorrow.  
The girls who are so free today  
Are chaperones tomorrow. —Pelican

Agent: "Sir, I have something here  
which will make you popular, make  
your life happier, and bring you a host  
of new friends."

Student: "How much is it a quart?"  
—Tennessee Turnip

## INSEX

Ques.: "What is the difference be-  
tween a spider and a fly?"

Ans.: "You can't sew a button on a  
spider." —Mills College Maudlin



—PUNCH BOWL

"And listen, Mr. du Mont, either we get ten thousand for peace  
or we blow your damn head off!"

Movie Actress—I'll endorse your  
cigarettes for no less than \$50,000.

Cigarette Magnate—I'll see you  
inhale first. —Temple Owl

"No, Miss Murgatroyd, a neck-  
erchief is not the head of a sorority  
house." —Old Line

## RHYME

Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November,  
All the rest have thirty-one,  
Except Tuesday, which comes once  
a week. —Puppet

Speaking of musicians, we've heard  
about one absent-minded gal who  
kissed her violin good night and took  
her bow to bed with her. —Punch Bowl

## REASONS FOR HANGING YOUR PIN

1. Because you like the girl.
2. Because you'd like to know her  
better.
3. So you can have a date any night.
4. So she can't double-cross you.
5. So people won't talk.

## REASONS FOR NOT HANGING YOUR PIN

1. Because you like the girl.
2. Because you'd like to know her  
better.
3. So you can have a date any night.
4. So she can't double-cross you.
5. So people won't talk.

Prof.—You exam paper was fine, but  
what are the quotation marks at the  
beginning and end for?

Stude.—Oh, I just put those in out  
of courtesy to the man on my right. —Red Cat



# THE ARMY SAYS . . .



**I**F YOU would captivate a valiant ROTC man you will have to enlist the tactics of sweetness and neatness. These two qualities tie as the most important of seven feminine qualities rated by Military Ball chairmen in a recent survey of their opinions of the Wisconsin co-ed. Only one hostile enemy — we won't reveal his name for his own sake — vollied the cry of "Not at all" against sweetness.

Imagine sex appeal being relegated to the rear guard, being rated seventh on the list by none other than Military Ball Chairman Jay Tompkins himself! In fact, this hitherto coveted quality was forced to retreat to the end of the list by 80 per cent of the army men questioned. Of the other qualities listed, style was given first place by one of the reserve corps, vitality ranked high, and beauty and distinction retained the strategic position of middle ground. Parenthesis — the chairman rated distinction above all feminine qualities. One khaki-suited gentleman took the initiative to add an eighth quality, personality, scoring it first and besieging poor sex appeal to eighth place.

From these intangible qualities, let us swing the army opinion about face to the field of feminine fashions. Molyneux, Patou, and Schiaparelli might as well never have existed, so completely were their most divine creations annihilated by the military men. The spring parade of quaint Flemish bonnets, chic Chinese berets, dainty Margot ruffs, and innumerable other feminine baubles, have aroused both cheers and jeers from the ROTC ranks.



Hats are the targets for the greatest bombardment. Reception Committee



tee-Chairman James Cadwell decrees this ultimatum: "All hats look crazy to me. I think girls look better when they don't wear any." So we're whipped to begin with.

Attention: Suzy's flower-spangled hats are subjected to the unconditional proviso of "absolutely no," from Officer-of-the-Day chairman, Owen McDonnell.

Lily Dache's chic stove-pipe-crowned creations brought on a deluge of onslaughts calling forth a little profanity from William Senske, dinner committee chairman . . . And Assistant-General-Chairman-for-Arrangements Bob Wilson openly declares "Nutz," to them.

Delicately veiled Hombergs receive some laurels from Bob Wilson, who calls them seductive . . . Aide-to-General-Chairman Ed Collins, however, confines them to funerals only. Chinese berets, Ed adds, are "out like a light."

Fall in for attack on large floppy-brimmed hats: "throw 'em out," fires Ed Petersen; blacklisted by Ed Collins; "in the way," hurls William Senske. A slight retreat was staged by Clyde Bay, invitations chairman, who conceded that cartwheel hats are "O.K. for the Mae West type" . . . and yet he prefers sweetness first and sex appeal last. Grant Richards, survey chairman, is chief conciliator for large-brimmed hats, paying them the tribute of "fine."

The ROTC almost unanimously salutes to slouchy-brimmed sporty felt hats with reverence.

Bonnets find their champions in Jay Tompkins and Assistant-General-Chairman-for-Finance Eldon Wagner.

The army meets its Waterloo on the formal attack, confronted on the right flank by svelte, fitted formal gowns and on the left flank by the frilled and billowy-skirted formals. Most of the hard-nosed uniformed men are captivated by the slinky formals. Bob Schoenfield, advertising chairman, puts his O.K. on them . . . Ed Collins succumbs to their

A Design for Dressing by the  
Military Ball chairmen, with  
a little assistance from . . .

JOAN OLDFATHER

charm but signals S.O.S. (smooth on the skin). Officers - of - the - Day Chairman Edward O'Connor retreats with "very good." Bob Wilson is completely shell-shocked by them: "They're peachy, fine, ummm." In the vernacular of King Tompkins, slinky formals are "not too tough."



A vigorous attack is waged against fluffy, frilly formals: "lousy" from Bob Wilson; "looks too much like high school stuff," from James Cadwell. Ed Petersen, publicity chairman, valiantly stages a counter attack by ardently defending the quaint billowy-skirted formals for spring and summer wear.

Gracefully, diaphanous Grecian gowns are branded N.G. by Bob Schoenfield. Boxes-Chairman Frank Stone adds that most girls do not have Grecian figures suited for such gowns.



Yes, Frank, we can't all be Venus de Milos. Grant Richards fires "no like" at them.

Tailored formals were strongly militated against by Ed Collins, who thinks Congress ought to pass a law against them.

The question of bustles is like casting so much T.N.T. in the army's midst. "Bad," explodes Eldon Wagner. "Unnecessary," from William Senske. "Belong to the gay 90's," Clyde Bay assaults. Ed Collins says we should see his mother about them. For the sake of Grant Richards, who was baffled by such paraphernalia, we offer this definition by a fellow ROTC man: A bustle is an object on the back of a dress which makes you look round where you hoped you were flat. But even bustles find a champion in Ed Petersen, who says they're swell on a slender girl. A good camouflage, we'd say.

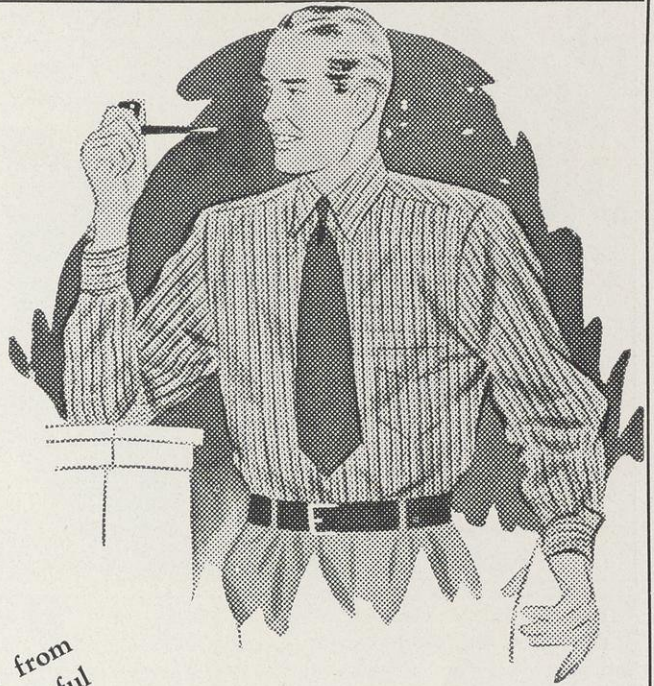
Trains are dishonorably (cont'd on page 31)



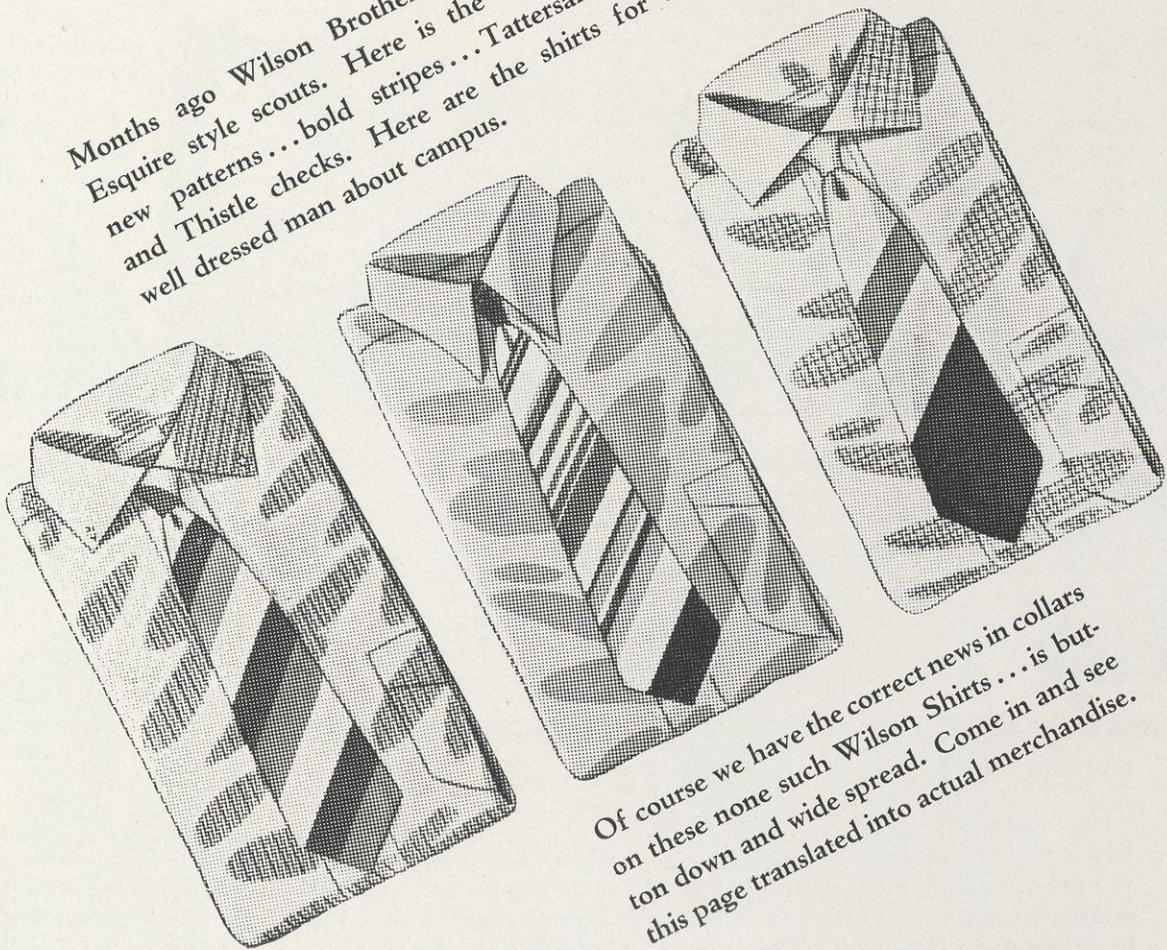


# NEW SHIRTS FOR SPRING

TAILORED BY  
WILSON BROTHERS



Months ago Wilson Brothers took a tip from Esquire style scouts. Here is the tip in colorful new patterns...bold stripes...Tattersall checks and Thistle checks. Here are the shirts for the well dressed man about campus.



Of course we have the correct news in collars on these none such Wilson Shirts...is button down and wide spread. Come in and see this page translated into actual merchandise.

## OLSON & VEERHUSEN CO.

7 and 9 N. Pinckney St.



# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



HOW THE JUDGE  
LOST HIS FIRST  
PIPE...AND FOUND  
IT AGAIN

YOU KNOW, SHERIFF, I'VE GOT THE FIRST PIPE I  
EVER OWNED RIGHT HERE IN MY COLLECTION!  
I BOUGHT IT UP IN THE NORTH WOODS IN A  
LOGGIN' CAMP — AND PROMPTLY BURNED  
MY INITIALS ON IT



I'LL NEVER FORGET THE  
SPRING DRIVE! I WAS JUST  
A KID THEN — ONE DAY I  
LOST MY FOOTING —



IT LOOKED AS THOUGH  
I WAS A GONER!

HELP!  
HELP!



GOSH, IT'S  
LUCKY YOU  
HEARD ME  
YELL FOR  
HELP!

HEARD YOU?  
SAY, NOBODY  
HEARD NOTHIN'  
IN ALL THIS  
UPROAR —



THE BOSS LOGGER  
HAD SEEN MY PIPE  
COME FLOATING DOWN  
THE RIVER — THAT'S  
WHEN HE FIRST  
FIGGERED I WAS  
IN TROUBLE —

A CORNCOB — EH?  
THAT'S THE KIND  
I SMOKE MYSELF —  
LOADED WITH  
**PRINCE ALBERT!**

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

## WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN YOU TRY PRINCE ALBERT



It was Prince Albert that popularized  
the improved, scientific style of cut  
—"crimp cut." And Prince Albert  
that brought forward the special  
P. A. process that banishes all harsh-  
ness and "bite." It is made from  
choicest tobaccos and recognized as

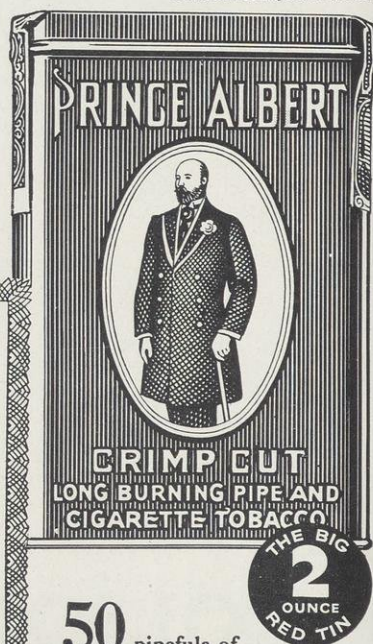
the world's leading smoking tobacco.  
So expect mildness from P. A. and  
a soothing mellowness. Try Prince  
Albert on the trial terms given  
below—100% refund if you're not  
delighted with Prince Albert. Great  
for roll-your-own cigarettes too.

## 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 with-  
in 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 WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

## Campus Chronicle

## F1665—ask for Jane

The place where the legislature should have looked for communism, as Miss Helen White says, is not among our radical brothers who hold protest meetings at the drop of a hat, but rather among the fraternities and sororities over Langdon street way.

For example a couple of the boys were searching a few evenings back for their card-table. It seems it had been loaned from one house to another all across the campus; and from doorstep to doorstep they trudged, until at last the thing was traced to the Delta Zeta house.

Standing around wearily while the pledges poked their pretty pink noses into closets, searching and searching, the fellows looked the house over with a critical eye.

"Nice house you've got here," someone commented.

"Oh, yes, and we're nice girls, too!" blurted one of the sisters, standing wistfully on the stairway.

## Yoohoo, Augie

Lohmaier's dive over on State Street may never become as famous as the Mermaid tavern, in spite of the fact that a generation of Octopus editors (as many as we can remember, anyway) have planted their rubbers under its beer-slopped tables. But strange things do happen there. Listen...

We were sitting in a booth with a couple of playboys, enjoying the fresh air and calling the roll as the Thetas gathered there for chapter meeting. In a playful mood the fellows began tossing popcorn over their shoulders into the booth behind them... for good luck, maybe. But their merry air turned to one of amazement as in reply each kernel dropped down not manna from the heavens but green-wrapped sticks of gum, alleged to be refreshing... but don't ask us.

A stretch and a twist of the neck

revealed in the next booth—guess who?

Augie Steinbrecher.

## Crib sheet

We have a good many friends in other universities who occasionally send us little tid-bits and stories from their experience and once in a while we hear one that we think we ought to pass on to you. It was our M.I.T. scout this time who sent us the story.

They have just had mid-semester up there and quite a struggle it must have been. The authorities are very strict about any form of cheating or cribbing during the exams; so when they caught sight of one of the students continually opening his coat and lowering his head as if looking into a pocket, they became a little suspicious. The proctor kept his eye on the fellow, and saw him several times repeat this process of sticking

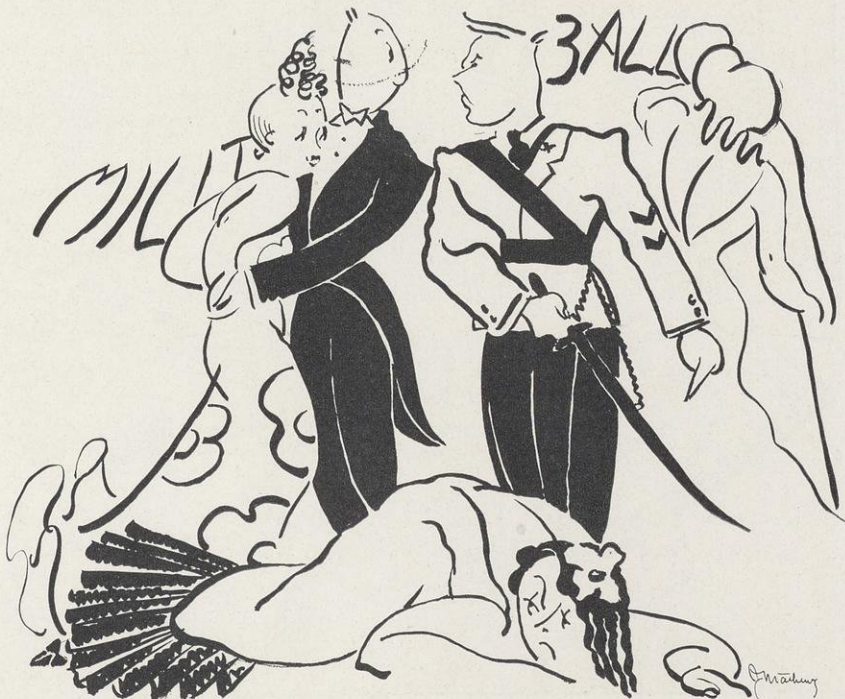
his head down and opening his coat. Finally he resolved to do something about it.

Strolling over to the boy's desk, he demanded to see the object of his attention. Our informant tells us that the proctor was considerably taken aback when he discovered the student's piece de resistance to be a gin bottle with a straw in it.

## Hybrid

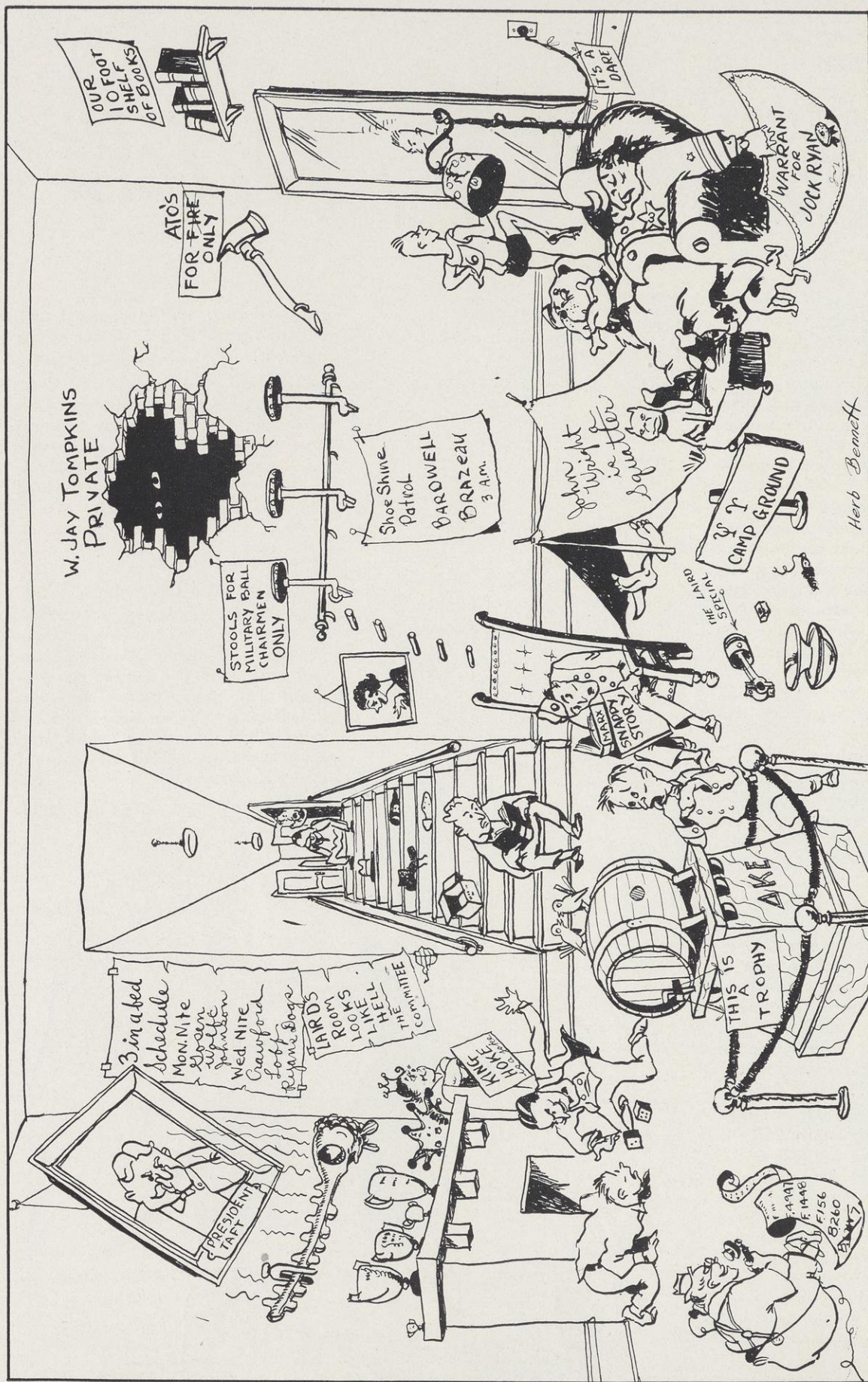
We had hoped that the Yes-We-Have-No-Banana school of music, as exemplified by the Music Goes 'Round, had hit the top of the cycle and passed off the graph. But just the other night we were shaken out of our wits when we heard this hybrid: The music goes round, and round... (forte) Wahoo! Wahoo! Wahoo!

We got our ear cotton out again.



"Sir, I demand satisfaction!"





## FRATERNITY LIFE AT WISCONSIN—Vol. II, No. 5—PSI Upsilon

An intimate expose of life as she is lived at the Psi Upsilon shanty reveals some of the intimate details of life among the M. Ball King's brethren.

In the foreground is the beer keg for which Psi U, Alpha Delta, and Deke annually strive in touch football. Last year the Dekes won the thing, but Dave McCann, sent for it, has never been seen hide nor hair of since. Johnny Wright, who has pitched his tent in the living room, is believed to have originally come for the barrel, but is now a regular inhabitant of the place. Parked next to Wright is one of Madison's cossacks, who dropped in to see Jock Ryan about those parking

tickets. Also waiting for Ryan is his collection of stray mutts—little reck they that he is off on a five-day weekend to Wausau.

Tompkins, staging his cave-man tactics, is keeping an eagle eye on the brethren; the stools were installed to keep his aides in practice for waiting on the high stools of the Cardinal business office. Perched on the stairs and in the high-backed chair is the pledge class. The first is John Kline, who failed to make his grades but—to the disgust of the ROTC—certainly knows his Marx. The rest of the brothers are taking part in the chapter's favorite outside activity, visiting some of the boys in Madison General, the student infirmary, or the county jail.



### Hello, Ed Connor!

Time was when a college man's room simply had to be hung with pennants—Yale, Cornell, Milwaukee Downer, or Idaho School of Mines, with good ole Wisconsin largest and loudest of all. A Gibson girl or two, neatly framed, would complete the scheme, replaced as the years passed by covers from College Humor, a magazine now dead as the type of Life it glorified.

Rare now is the male student who does not lift his eyes from his desk without meeting the suave frank glance of a Petty girl with her equally frank and inhumanly luscious etcetera.

Karsten's, a local gent's furnishings outfit, shows an excellent insight into the male psychology. When they distributed, gratis, no few copies of the Magazine for Men among the fraternities and dormitories, they glued their advertising sticker tight to the page with the Petty girl, well knowing that there it would receive its full measure of attention . . . and more.

### Jack pot

The publishers of Vanity Fair found that they could not long go on printing a magazine with less advertising than the average college comic has. So, as a graceful way out, they combined Vanity Fair with Vogue.

One of the boys here at the Octopus house was sadly bewildered to receive, as a subscriber to Vanity Fair, a copy of Vogue—a beautiful big magazine, chuck full of photographs of "foundation garments" and uplift equipment. Having the proper masculine balance in his endocrine glands and being, furthermore, a member of a co-educational campus, he promptly wrote in and cancelled his subscription, hinting broadly that he would be pleased to get a slight refund.

He got his refund, which Vogue's accountants calculated to be \$3.50. It seems, however, that he paid only \$3.25 for the subscription in the first place. He is now hoping that the Sunday School Messenger people will combine (preferably with Whiz-Bang) so that he can get enough refunds to go to Europe this summer.

We suggest, Mr. Vogue, that you put your house in order.



"Don't who feel like a robin?"

### Mallon's mot

Ordinarily it isn't ethical to fudge, as Grant Hyde puts it, on such traditions as the secrecy of Gridiron speeches, but we can't help but slip this one in. After his speech, Paul (Behind the News) Mallon, asked for questions from the floor. There were the usual questions people ask about Washington, like "What about Hoover?" but the prize came when somebody piped up: "Mr. Mallon, has the president ever discussed his family's escapades at his press conferences?"

To which Mallon replied, "No. You see the Roosevelt family is run on a strictly de-centralized basis!"

That ended the question period.

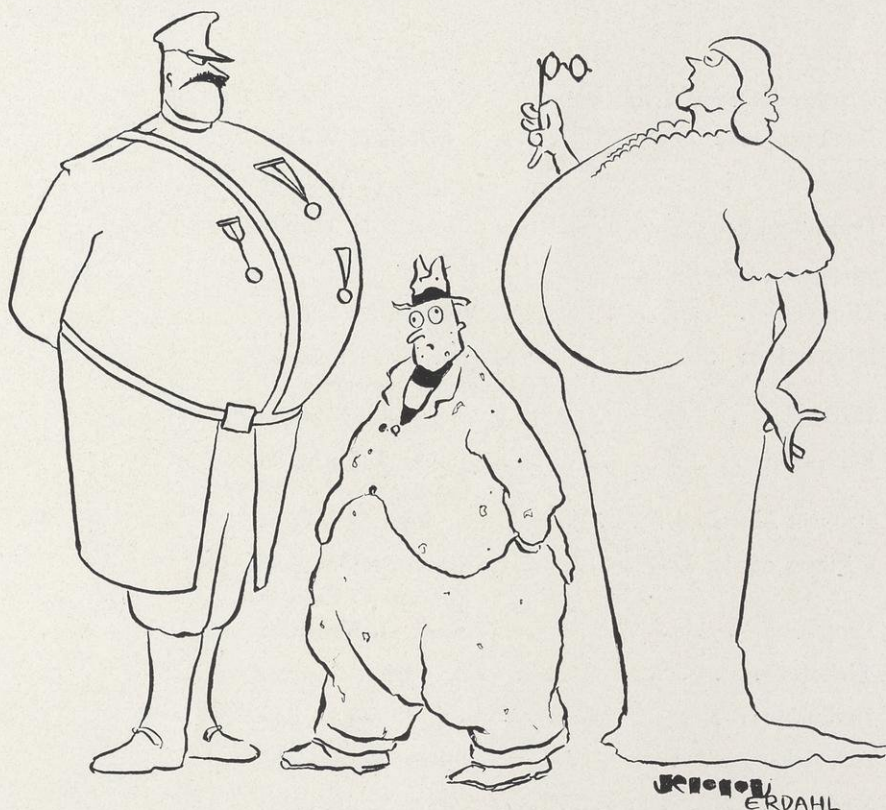
### Hey, taxi

Girls new to this campus, or for that matter any campus, have at first a bit of trouble getting dates, finding their places in the flux of things. In such a predicament the shiny new Schlaes twins of Langdon Hall found themselves; they were, indeed quite green in more respects than one.

And so when a pleasant masculine voice telephoned to them and with the best of references asked for a date, they said to themselves, why not . . . ?

The appointed evening came; and the gentlemen called, the girls let them wait downstairs for the usual half hour or so, and then plunged into the Langdon elevator and down to meet the unknown but pleasant-sounding voice. There in the parlors, waiting to take the twins out, was the taxi driver who had taken them up to Bascom Hall several times—with his friend of course, named Joe.

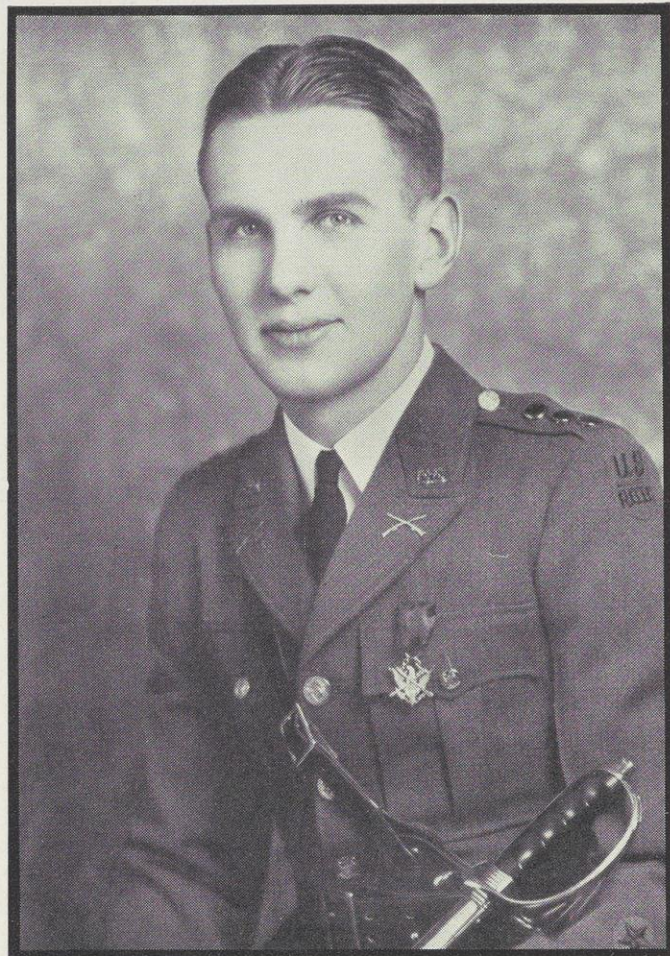
Whether or not the bonny green lassies accepted the cabbies or not, we do not know. But, at least, the Schlaes twins have walked to classes ever since.



"And she said Junior didn't resemble either of us!"



# BOOTS, BOOTS, BOOTS!



CAPT. W. JAY TOMPKINS

## *Assistant General Chairmen*

|                        |                  |
|------------------------|------------------|
| Arrangements . . . . . | J. Robert Wilson |
| Finance . . . . .      | Eldon C. Wagner  |
| Publicity . . . . .    | Ronald E. Hobbs  |

## *Committee Chairmen*

|                               |                                        |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| Dinner . . . . .              | William M. Senske                      |
| Decorations . . . . .         | Merten K. Heimstead<br>Hugh R. Stewart |
| Boxes . . . . .               | Frank Stone                            |
| Reception . . . . .           | James J. Cadwell<br>George N. Fowell   |
| Provost Marshall . . . . .    | Robert S. Finn                         |
| Officers of the Day . . . . . | Owen McDonnell<br>Edward O'Conner      |
| Programs . . . . .            | Carl D. Matthias                       |
| Tickets . . . . .             | Isiah Sigman                           |
| Invitations . . . . .         | Clyde E. Bay                           |
| Advertising . . . . .         | Robert Schoenfeld                      |
| Survey . . . . .              | Grant S. Richards                      |
| Publicity . . . . .           | Edwin Petersen                         |





# THE FUNNY PAPERS

A whole page of  
proofreaders' headaches

Will clean chimneys for a silk hat.  
Size 7¼. F. 8114.

—STATE JOURNAL.

*Now that Prom is over?*

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 22.—(AP)—E. D. Holden, assistant professor of agronomy at the University of Wisconsin, received the first \$500 award of the Master Brewers' association here tonight for meritorious service in brewery research.

—CHICAGO TRIBUNE, Feb. 27.

*Hey, could we qualify for this contest, too?*

Schiaparelli salutes the Soviet. Amused by the parachute jumpers on her recent Russian trip, she introduced this at her collection. A skirt like an opening parachute, on a crepe dress.

—VOGUE, March 1.

*A lot of us fellows can hardly wait to see it.*

## SWIMMERS TRY WATER

—ANNAPOLIS LOG.

*Works all right, doesn't it?*

Miss West knows Brewster, but won't have anything to do with him, so he must be from Harvard.

—COLLEGE HUMOR.

*We can understand that.*

Together as a group, the twenty-four million readers of the Hearst morning and Sunday newspapers constitute one-fifth of the total buying power of the United States.

They are one-fifth—and a prosperous one-fifth—of the consuming American public.

They total twenty-four million Americans—one-fifth of the hundred and twenty million Americans who constitute the entire population of this great nation.

—HEARST NEWSPAPERS ADVERTISEMENT.

*Now just once more, slowly.*

## HURRICANE IS EXPECTED TO MISS AMERICA

—MORGANTOWN (W. Va.) POST.

*Just a windbag, eh?*

## NEWS ITEM

... In his dying delirium, "Dutch" Shultz called for "Helen," "Ethel," "Winifred," and "Frances."

—NEW YORK TIMES.

*Jees, that's tough on Edna.*

## NAVY SEEKING A BATTLE- SHIP, 12 DESTROYERS

—NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE.

*If we can't keep track of our warships, who can?*

## GOV. OLSON AT MAYO'S GOV. OLSON AT MAYO'S

—NEW YORK SUN.

*We heard you the first time.*

## HOUSE OF DAVID LEAVES DATE OF RESURRECTION UP TO GOD

—HEADLINE.

*Nice of them.*

Smith wore a paper and ribbon orange-colored hat with feather attached. It had been given him by news reel cameramen who supplied similar paper hats to all reporters and photographers in the room. The group sang Happy Birthday with Mr. Smith leading the singing, and then switching into The Sidewalks of New York. zz zz zzz.

—WORLD-TELEGRAM.

*Cantcha stay awake, Al?*

When not facing the microphone, Patti Chapin, songstress, can always be found on a pair of skis.

—NEW YORK AMERICAN.

*She must have a terrible time taking a bath.*

## NEW MISTRESS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

—TRIBUNE "20 Years Ago" Column.

*Really, Mr. Wilson!*

PRINCETON, N. J.: Woods and sand dunes were being combed here early today by a posse of 100 men and boys for Miss Agatha Morris, 38, who left her home in Shepard St. without clothing and ran into the woods last night.

—BOSTON HERALD.

*Men, Men, They're all alike.*

Another detail that M. Blouet had entered in a small red notebook was the way grapefruit was served in this country, saying, "The grapefruit in a bowel with ice around is very good. It is well presented."

—N. Y. TIMES.

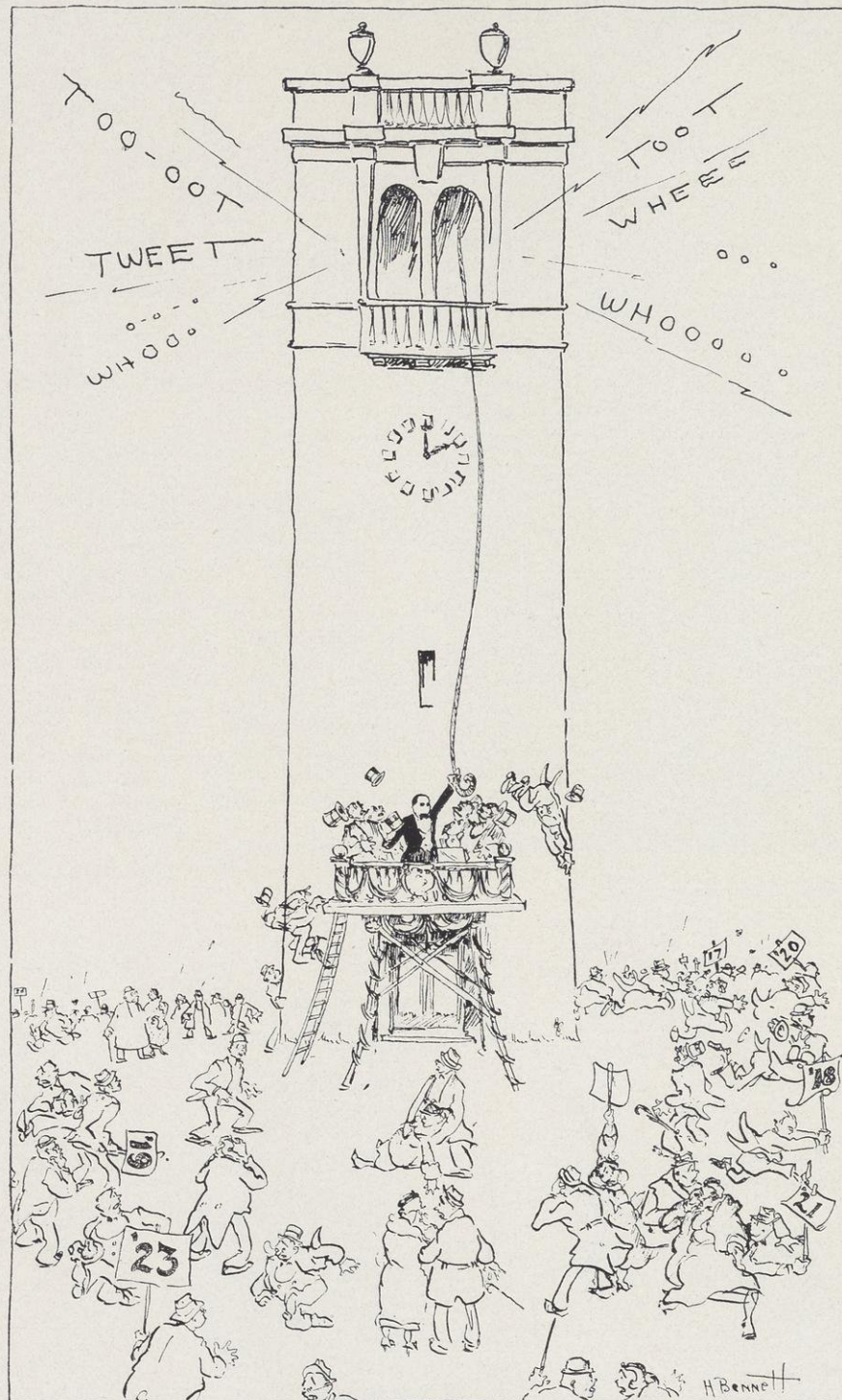
*Well, there's no accounting for tastes.*



DEAN ERDAHL

*"Sergeant, if you're kidding, I'll have you shot!"*





—REPRINT FROM OCTOPUS, OCTOBER, 1934

## CAMPUS CRISIS

- President Frank, dedicating the new bell tower, pulls the rope and it comes out whistles instead of chimes



# COACHES' GRAVEYARD

For over 30 years this school has been building up its reputation; inside information enclosed herewith

By BOB SHAPLEN

**W**ISCONSIN, famed for its Badgers, its cheeses, the north woods, the La Follettes, and a bunch of towns with very funny Indian names, recently went on record as the victim of a most peculiar administrative disease, perhaps best known in medical annals as "investigation epilepsy."

It seems that the inherent symptoms had been prevalent in the Badger breast for years, and that every so often in the past, an annoying rash had sprung up to temporarily turn an apparently peaceful setting into an itching den of iniquitous wrath. All sorts of surgeons were imported to look into this sorry state of affairs, people like athletic directors and football coaches, who swore up and down State street that they loved little children and that they were in positive possession of a secret formula which would at last inflict the necessary quieting sedative into the seething Wisconsin blood stream.

But it never did much good, and the poor Badgers remained the Humpty-Dumpty of the football world. And then one day, in December, 1935, it happened. A guy named Golemgiske went to see a guy named Meanwell about a guy named Spears.

This Meanwell guy, who didn't think much of Spears from the old country, anyway, was rushed into a hell of a spot. Here, like a bolt from the blue, was this guy Golemgiske, a football captain-to-be, who said that he thought it mightn't be a bad idea if this Spears person were football coach in some other clime than Wisconsin next year.

Well, to make a long story short, the fur began to fly, all along the line, until it got so that a guy named Frank, who was president of Wisconsin, wasn't sure that he'd be president from one day to another. He used to get up in the mornings, and hesitantly push aside the curtain—just to make sure that he hadn't been shanghaied, along with the board of regents, the athletic board, the Progressives, and a guy named Bill Fallon, who got screwed something awful along the way.

Yes sir, it was great fun, while it lasted, especially for the newspaper boys, who made themselves right at home in President Frank's anteroom and sat through many a pleasant day

of pinochle, hot coffee, and doughnuts, while within the confines of the prexy's office, two guys named Grady and Wilkie, and their assistants, had just one hell of a swell time with the administration of the athletic department.

There got to be so many issues involved that nobody knew where he was at. Everyone forgot about the football team after the first lap and Golemgiske was soon as remote as Hannibal. Then Drs. Spears and Meanwell were dusted off while two new groups, the athletic board and the board of regents, had an exclusive tete-a-tete. They held the arena for weeks, until the grand mogul, the Big Ten Conference, stepped in. That settled things, as far as they were concerned, but the insides of the Wisconsin machine were still in an uproar. All the remains of ten years were loosened, and away down at the bottom, where he had been safe, until now, was this president.

Those bloodthirsty regents! Here they had two fine doctors, a trainer, an athletic board, and six free train rides to Madison, and they still weren't satisfied. They had to have this president—for dessert.

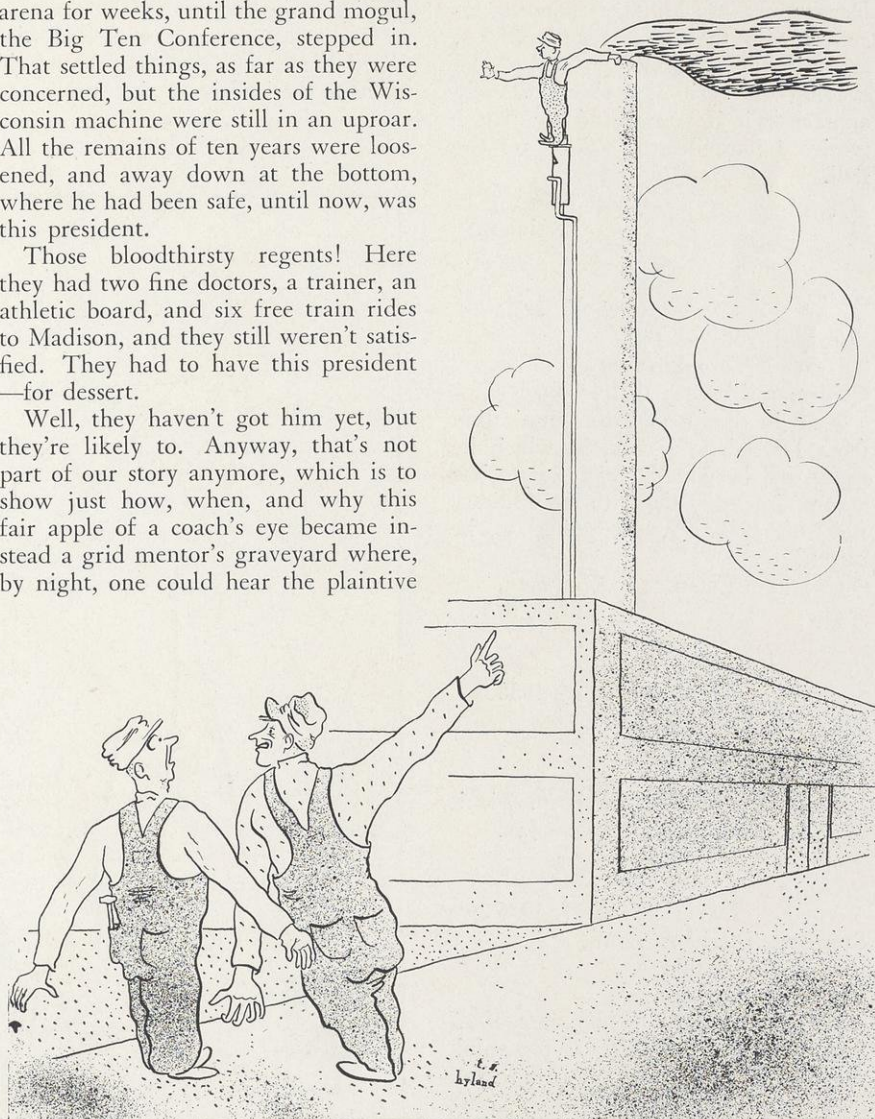
Well, they haven't got him yet, but they're likely to. Anyway, that's not part of our story anymore, which is to show just how, when, and why this fair apple of a coach's eye became instead a grid mentor's graveyard where, by night, one could hear the plaintive

call of one football-master to another—"Shove over, brother . . . and make room for me."

Here, my fine bloodthirsty friends, are the figures, in cold gore. There have been since 1900, some sixteen different football administrations, with an average office tenure of 2.4 years! Just for fun, we thought we'd do some sleuthing (It's getting easy now, anyway) and see how Wisconsin ever became afflicted with investigationitis.

Back along about 1905, they had what was known as a Purity Wave, led

(continued on page twenty-five)



"There's Blivis, out on a toot again!"



## MAJOR DATE?

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN  
Office of the President

Maj. Remington Orsinger,  
Commandant,  
Department of Military Science  
Dear Major Orsinger:

Inasmuch as the young men of the Department of Military Science, together with their guests and officers, are to indulge in a Military Ball on the evening of April 3, I should greatly appreciate it if you would see that I receive a complimentary ticket for the Ball.

Cordially,  
GLENN FRANK,  
President.

DATE: March 25, 1936  
SUBJECT: Military Ball  
To: W. J. Tompkins,  
Chairman, Military Ball

I am in receipt of a communication from Dr. Glenn Frank, in which he states that he would greatly appreciate a complimentary ticket to the Military Ball of 1936. Who's going to be queen?

REMINGTON ORSINGER,  
Maj. Inf. U.S.A.

DATE: March 26, 1936  
SUBJECT: President Frank  
To: Ticket Committee,  
Military Ball

Glenn Frank wants a comp. Fix it up, will you? JAY.

DATE: March 27, 1936  
SUBJECT: President Frank  
To: W. J. Tompkins,  
Chairman, Military Ball

Say, do we have to take care of *all* your fraternity brothers? If you think we can do it on the 60 comps you allotted us, you're nuts. Who's going to be queen?

TICKET COMMITTEE.

DATE: March 28, 1936

SUBJECT: Military Ball  
To: Major Remington Orsinger,  
Commandant

The comps are pretty well used up. The Chairman of the Military Ball would like to know if there is any possibility of getting around 20 more for such purposes as suggested in Orders dated March 25. I am as yet undecided as to the identity of the queen.

W. J. TOMPKINS,  
Chairman, Military Ball.

DATE: March 29, 1936

SUBJECT: Military Ball  
To: W. J. Tompkins,  
Chairman, Military Ball

No!  
Is it Toots Riley?

REMINGTON ORSINGER,  
Maj. Inf. U.S.A.



"Jees, why didn't you tell me you're near-sighted"





## --a series of letters intercepted by CHARLES FLEMING

DATE: March 30, 1936

SUBJECT: Military Ball  
To: Major Remington Orsinger,  
Commandant

After due consideration of Orders dated March 25 and March 28, I wish to report that it will be impossible to comply with the request in Orders dated March 25. Hell no, not that Riley dame!

W. J. TOMPKINS,  
Chairman, Military Ball.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN  
*Department of Military Science  
Office of the Commandant*

Glenn Frank, president,  
University of Wisconsin  
Dear Dr. Frank:

I have conferred with W. J. Tompkins, general chairman of the Military Ball, and regret to state that our allotment of complimentary tickets to the Ball has already been used. However, if you care to send us a check for four dollars (\$4), I shall personally see that a ticket is saved for you.

Sincerely,  
REMINGTON ORSINGER.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN  
*Office of the President*

Maj. Remington Orsinger,  
Commandant,  
Department of Military Science  
Dear Major Orsinger:

There comes a time in the life of every man when he feels that his enthusiastic endeavors have been set at naught by the operation of occult forces beyond his understanding. Inasmuch as I have already secured an engagement to attend the Military Ball with a lady of my acquaintance, I feel that the utmost efforts on your part should be directed toward securing for me a ticket to Military Ball. Who is to be the queen?

Frigidly,  
GLENN FRANK.

DATE: March 28, 1936

SUBJECT: Military Ball  
To: W. J. Tompkins,  
Chairman, Military Ball

May I point out to you the fact that the Good of the Corps demands that Dr. Frank be supplied with a ticket for the Military Ball? Is it Jenny Hostetter?

REMINGTON ORSINGER,  
Maj. Inf. U.S.A.

DATE: March 29, 1936

SUBJECT: President Frank  
To: Ticket Committee,  
Military Ball

Listen, you guys, take care of Frank. He's been shouting his head off, and the major will go nuts if we don't find him a comp. Who can I ask to go with me?

JAY  
Chairman, Military Ball.

SUBJECT: Frank  
To: W. J. Tompkins,  
Chairman, Military Ball

We can fix Prexy up, but if we do we'll have to cut the number of comps to the Cardinal from 20 to 19. How about Cuddles Arps?

TICKET COMMITTEE.

DATE: March 30, 1936

SUBJECT: Comps  
To: Ticket Committee,  
Military Ball

O.K.—But not the Arps woman.

JAY

THE DAILY CARDINAL

April 1, 1936

All right, wise guy. Don't forget you're Cardinal business manager, too. Either the editorial staff gets those ten comps or we take the paper away from your publicity chairman and run a

news story on the front page. How about it?

REX LAMBERT KARNEY,  
Editor.

P. S.—Who's going to be queen?

THE DAILY CARDINAL  
April 1, 1936

Aw, shut up.

TOMPKINS

DATE: April 2, 1936

SUBJECT: Military Ball  
To: W. J. Tompkins,  
Chairman, Military Ball

You will see to it that Dr. Frank receives a complimentary ticket to the Military Ball. *This is an order.* How about Blondie Hostetter? Razzmatazz!

REMINGTON ORSINGER,  
Maj. Inf. U.S.A.

MILITARY BALL OF 1936  
W. J. Tompkins, *chairman*  
April 2, 1936

Glenn Frank, president,  
University of Wisconsin  
My Dear Dr. Frank:

Enclosed you will find a complimentary ticket to the Military Ball to be held tomorrow evening.

You will note that it is issued to me, but I think you will be able to get in on it. Here is my fee card in case there is any question.

I am sorry to say that I shall not attend the Ball. I couldn't get a date.

Sincerely,  
W. JAY TOMPKINS

Author: "This is the plot of my story. A midnight scene. Two burglars creep stealthily toward the house. They climb a wall and force open a window and enter the room, the clock strikes one."

Sweet Thing (breathlessly): "Which one?"  
—Log



## AND SO TO BED

**D**EAREST DIARY, I don't think I've had a more exciting day in my whole life. You remember I told you a while back of cousin Betty's asking me up to the university for a week-end. Well, today I went, I mean I came, because I am at the university now, in a grand big place where just hundreds of girls live. It must be wonderful to live here, they have telephones in their rooms and everything. Betty has shown me around, but the funniest thing, she didn't show me any school. From looking at all the people in the drug stores and movies, I don't think they have a school here at all, but I don't see how they can fool their parents.

Well, I got here on the train at noon and I rode in a taxicab to the place where Betty lives. A girl named Ann Emery owns the place, but I haven't met her. She must have a lot of money to own such a big building.

At the place where cousin Betty lives, I had a long talk with her, and she told me we were going to a big dance called the Military Ball that night. I was kind of scared at first, because I know mother doesn't like to have daddy go to his lodge ball, and I thought that was what this was. Betty told me that it wasn't like that, though, so I decided if Aunt Harriet lets cousin Betty go to things like that, mother wouldn't mind if I went. Cousin Betty said she had a date for me, and she raved about him, so I got very excited about going.

We spent the afternoon talking, and it seemed that no one went to school or studied, because everybody was there, and no one talked about anything but boys or Military Ball.

The time passed very quickly, and soon it was seven o'clock. I asked Betty if we hadn't better get ready for our dates. Betty said oh no the date wasn't until nine, and I began to get a little bit worried, because if we didn't get started until nine, we wouldn't get home until after midnight maybe, and I began to wonder how I could keep awake.

**A**BOUT eight-thirty Betty said we had better begin to get dressed. I was all dressed in about twenty minutes, and Betty hadn't even started. She was sitting on the bed looking at me and smiling. I thought she was admiring my new formal, as it was the latest thing at

Olson's Clothing-and-Harness-for-All-the-Family store back home. When I was all dressed and wondering whether to put red stuff on my nails or not, Betty began to laugh. I asked her what was the matter and she told me to take the dress off. I took it off because, after all, Betty is a college girl and knows better than I do about things.

Then she made me take my slip off and before she was through I nearly felt and looked like Lady Godiva. Mother always told me a girl ought to wear more undies than the little Betty left me. Next Betty took out a dress and told me to put it on. I had a terrible time putting it on, it fitted me so tightly. When I had it on, Betty told me I looked cute, but I felt awfully embarrassed, because you could see nearly every line on my body through it. I blushed and Betty laughed, and I had to bite my lip to keep from crying, I felt so shameful.

About that time, a call came that our dates were waiting, so Betty got ready and put some finishing touches on me. I felt awfully sorry for the boys, because we didn't get down until nine o'clock. I didn't know what to think when I saw the boy that was taking me, after the way Betty had raved about him. He didn't look like a college boy should look at all. He was short and scrawny, and his hair stood on end and his clothes didn't fit at all.

**W**E GOT to the dance, and it was all quite wonderful. Lots of boys had uniforms on like you see in those military school movies, and lots had suits like Fred Astaire wears in the pictures. The orchestra played so fast that I didn't see how I could dance, but it was so crowded that we could hardly move, so that worry was ended.

I had a miserable time, because we shuffled around and this boy leaned his cheek against my head, (I guess he must have been tired), and he made funny noises in my ear that he said was crooning, but it didn't sound like it does on the radio.

I was awfully glad when it was over, because I was terribly tired. We went back to where Betty lives, and all the boys and girls were standing around kissing each other. My date tried to kiss me, but I told him mother didn't like it.

Now all the girls are talking in another room and it is one-thirty as I write this in Betty's room and I can hardly keep . . .

---

## SHORT SHORT STORIES

Her Ball dress, she told herself, would do the trick. For weeks she had longed to be loved by him; held tightly in his arms, adored. Now came her supreme moment. It was daringly cut, low in front and lower in back. Its slinky fabric clung to her body, revealing every sinuous curve, suggesting, tempting, yielding. He was there now, waiting for her. Slowly, in all her enchanting glory, she entered the room. He looked up and suddenly a new and tender light came into his eyes. He looked her over from head to toe. He was hers now, she knew it. He seemed unable to take his eyes from her and she waited breathlessly for the first words of love. In tender voice he murmured, "You'll be darn cold in that thing."

—Punch Bowl

It seems that two boxers were fighting the main bout at a small club. At the end of the first round, the kid who was taking a bad beating limped back to the corner and was ready to call it a night. His manager shouted, "Don't be a fool. He ain't laid a glove on you." The same thing happened in the second round and the soft-hearted manager repeated his speech. "That's swell. See, I told you he ain't laying a glove on you." In the third, the blows bounced off the poor kid's head like a ball around a roulette table, and he managed to stagger to his corner. He looked up at his manager and roared, "Don't tell me. I know. He ain't laid a glove on me. Well, watch the referee then, because somebody in that ring is giving me a hellova beating."

—Puppet



# TISH TOSH

Van Ells, Seefeld, Peters, Neef, Wentworth, Rundell, Smith, Davis, Nikora, Birge and others will find their names here

**B**OB "Shuffle King" McCloskey has been pitching woo in the Wausau high school league ... while his Queen awaits ... No post mortems on romance for Dick Laird and Dorothy Wurster ... They even double-date ... And, speaking of the DG's ... shooting craps is one way of making pin money ... And now take out your hankies, and take down your hair, kiddies ... for our own Cliff Peickard made his first date in seven years ... and was stood up ... Gene Van Ells, Chi Phi, finally decided to find his pin ... and give Georgia Bohn a break ... Catherine Brown called the Pi Phi house from Minneapolis ... and talked for thirty-seven minutes ... charges reversed ... Incidentally, Miss Brown is wearing Vic Schlitz's Phi Delt pin ... Delt Marty Koether and Becky Taylor, Theta, are going their separate ways ... Chi Psi Dick Keeley says that Child Psych (Diaper-Pinning 10b to you) is no snap ...

John Garber found the life of a gossip perilous ... and was threatened with a beating up ... if he didn't discontinue writing the *Animal Kingdom* ... Must have misspelled a name ... Ruthie Seefeld, Pi Phi, gave up dumb-waiter riding at the SAE house for Lent ... Paul Grub and Eddie Martin, Phi Deltas, have more darn fun at Lohmaier's ... ordering beer just for the sake of pouring it over each other ... Something should be done about Erv Cochrane, SAE pledge ... so he won't continually be underfoot at Ann Emery ... DG Betty Peters won some you-know-what at the SAE bowery brawl ... for her Johnny-on-the-Spot ...

Seen at Interfraternity Ball ... Audrey Bechaud, gnashing her teeth ... while date Bob Ricker and Ginge Bohn danced their way to fame ... Incidentally, Bob and Audrey aren't being seen ... together ... Aggie Ricks watching ... and watching ... Little Oscar until her date returned ... B. Johnston, Psi U, trying to be a cagey politician ... like Brother Ryan thinks he is ... Height of devotion ... Lawyers turn out for CC George Field's trial ... at nine o'clock the morning after ... Speaking of the CC ... Ping-Pong is simply the rage, M'deaths ...

Ho-hum ... The Pi Phis are on their annual lemonade and coca-cola binge ... They can smoke though, fellows ... People we envy ... Chuck March, Phi Gam, and Honey Neef, Alpha Phi, on account of love makes the world go 'round ... and 'round ... If Art Kaiser, Psi U, should disappear suddenly, blame it on the lure of the sea ... and Uncle Sam ... Frankie "Kid" Greer, having eaten his spinach, played strong man at the Tumas party and picked on Johnny Wright ... Wedding bells are soon to ring for Bob Estes ... We haven't met the better half ... We want to know ... why can't the Phi Gams get their own dates? ...

We have a unique idea of what a fraternity should be, we admit ... but there are two which look almost ideal to us ... as far as this "fraternitas, fraternitatis—brotherhood" business goes ... don't look now, but they are Alpha Chi Rho ... and Alpha Gamma Rho ... But try to get into AGR if you're not a cow college boy ... Interesting sidelight—of the five or six fraternities which used to infest University Heights, two are left ... Alpha Gamma Rho and the super-snooty Sigma Phis ... Random idea ... name for

W. Norris (Curly) Wentworth ... patron saint of the bell tower ... Ding Dong Daddy ...

The Badger Beauty who was treated so finely by one of the Photoartists is angry with us, it seems ... besides which she tossed her Prom date overboard a coupla weeks back ... because she thought he gave us the tip on her derriere ... Dick Karberg, Phi Delt contribution to "Of Thee I Sing," is again titleholder in the Liz Rundell (horseshoe house) conference ... which is about the fourth time they've hooked up in a go-steadying idea ... Military Ball Boss Jay Tompkins' rating of womanly attributes (see Design for Dressing) was most amusing ... why can't the boys be a little more candid? ... If you must know, the W. in front of his name is for Willard ... Like this—Willard J. Tompkins ... Bill Blaesser, incidentally, is also called Willard by his mother ...

If this column were run by a girl, Tish-Tosh would enthuse over the little bows in girls' hair ... if a man had it, Tish-Tosh would sit and sulk ... but as it is, Tish-Tosh merely notes in passing ... that they're being worn ...

If Tish-Tosh cared greatly about what people thought, he wouldn't be telling these stories ... Bowden Davis has been making all sorts of threats about our story on him last month ... "Sure, I like the girl, but why spread it all over in print?" asks he ... Dick Smith doesn't mind our telling of his Harvard complex ... but hates that remark about Jefferson, the home town ... This Betty Hill racket has got us ... being as how there are two girls of the same name ... but of widely different types ... WHA has a very fine transcription featuring Miss Eloise Kummer ... mebbe we're riding her a little too hard, but you really ought to hear it ... tres intime, as our French instructor says ...

Theta Sigma Phi and Sigma Delta Chi, journalsim sorority and fraternity, are working together something wonderful ... which is pretty swell, since their aims are so much the same ... "Polygon, all-engineering organization, has no provision for women" ... Leo Nikora informs us grandly ... which leads us to ask ... "Have women any provision for Polygon?" ... Edward A. Birge, president emeritus, met his first class at Wisconsin just sixty years ago ... That's a long, long time in an institution such as this ... Dr. Birge was the last man in the old tradition of reaching the helm of a college by working up to it ... assistant, instructor, assistant professor, associate professor, professor, dean, prexy ... Wonder if we'll ever have another one? ... What happens to politicians when they take graduate work ... for example, Willie Weisel and Bob Beyer ...

And now for signs of spring ... Co-eds opening charge accounts ... much intrigued with British tan ... Two robins on a blind date ... debating whether or not to flit into Lohmaier's for a beer ... Ann Emery and Langdon gals poking their heads out of windows to watch ashes of old flames sifting down Langdon street with other gals ... tops down ... Meaningful glances ... much speculation ... much anticipation ... much exaltation ... and, by the by ... who are you spending YOUR spring with? ...



# DR. OTIS REGRETS

Confidential correspondence in the  
nature of advice to the lovelorn;  
all strictly personal . . . of course

DEAR DOCTOR—

I have a date for Military Ball with a boy whom I do not know very well, but I am very fond of him. If he takes me down to the Rathskeller for refreshments, do you think it is permissible for me to hold his hand?

—IVA PRICE

My Dear Miss Price—

*I certainly would suggest that you hold his hand. It is not only permissible, it may be necessary.*

—The Doctor Regrets

« « » »

DEAR DOC—

After waiting three years to become an officer, I find the bars torn off the sleeve of my uniform. How can I live down this disgrace?

—SAM FUN, 1st Lieut.

Dear Fun—

*What are you worrying about, you dope? There are plenty of bars in this town.*

—Dr. Regrets, I.F.M.

« « » »

MY DEAR DOCTOR—

I have a daughter seventeen years old who intends to attend Military Ball, and knows nothing about soldiers. Do you think I should tell her the facts of life?

—MRS. PUTTS

My Dear Mrs. Putts (So do I)—

*By all means, tell her the facts of life. You may learn a lot.*

—Dr. "Hmmm" Regrets

« « » »

DEAR DR. REGRETS—

I am an Alpha Fee pledge, and I hear that Military Ball is formal. As I have no formal, do you think it would be all right to wear another dress?

—WINNIE LEWZ

Dear Miss Lewz—

*Yes, you do seem lost. I would suggest that you wear a dress, at any rate—unless the rate is exceedingly attractive.*

—Gad, how I regret it.

« « » »

DEAR REGRETS, DR. O.—

I have been married ten years and have ten children. My husband does not pay much attention to me any more.

—MRS. OLIVE DIANA

Dear Mrs. Diana—

*You should be glad.*

—Just call me Doc

« « » »

DEAR DOCTOR OTIS REGRETS—

I have heard a song frequently containing the words, "What's the name of this song?" Can you tell me the name of this song?

—IMA SOPRANO

Dear Miss Soprano—

*The name of this song is "Ride, Red, Ride."*

—To you, Regrets

DEAR DR. REGRETS—

I have a hot tip that Benny Goodman is to be one of the bands at Military Ball. Do you think it would be safe to make a ten dollar bet with my roommate to that effect?

—GLEN URQUHART

Dear Glenn Urquhart—

*It is plain to see that you are not in racing form. If you can run as fast as your roommate, give him odds on Ted Wright being one of the bands.*

—Doc Regrets

« « » »

DEAR DOCTOR—

I have heard of your famous recipe for ham and eggs, Southern style. Would you send me the recipe?

—FANMA BROW

Dear Miss Brow—

*I shall be only too glad to send you a recipe. If I can find my blue polka dot tie, I shall send you a sample.*

—Dr. Regret, H. Ec.

« « » »

DEAR DOCTOR—

I wish to apply for a job, and I would like your recommendation.

—OTTO WORK

Dear Otto Work—

*Tell me where the job is, and you can give me a recommendation.*

—Dr. "So Am I" Regrets

« « » »

DEAR DOCTOR—

I made a date for Military Ball, and now I find out that my old boy friend from the home town is going to be in town that week-end. What should I tell my date?

—SHEILA GYPSUM

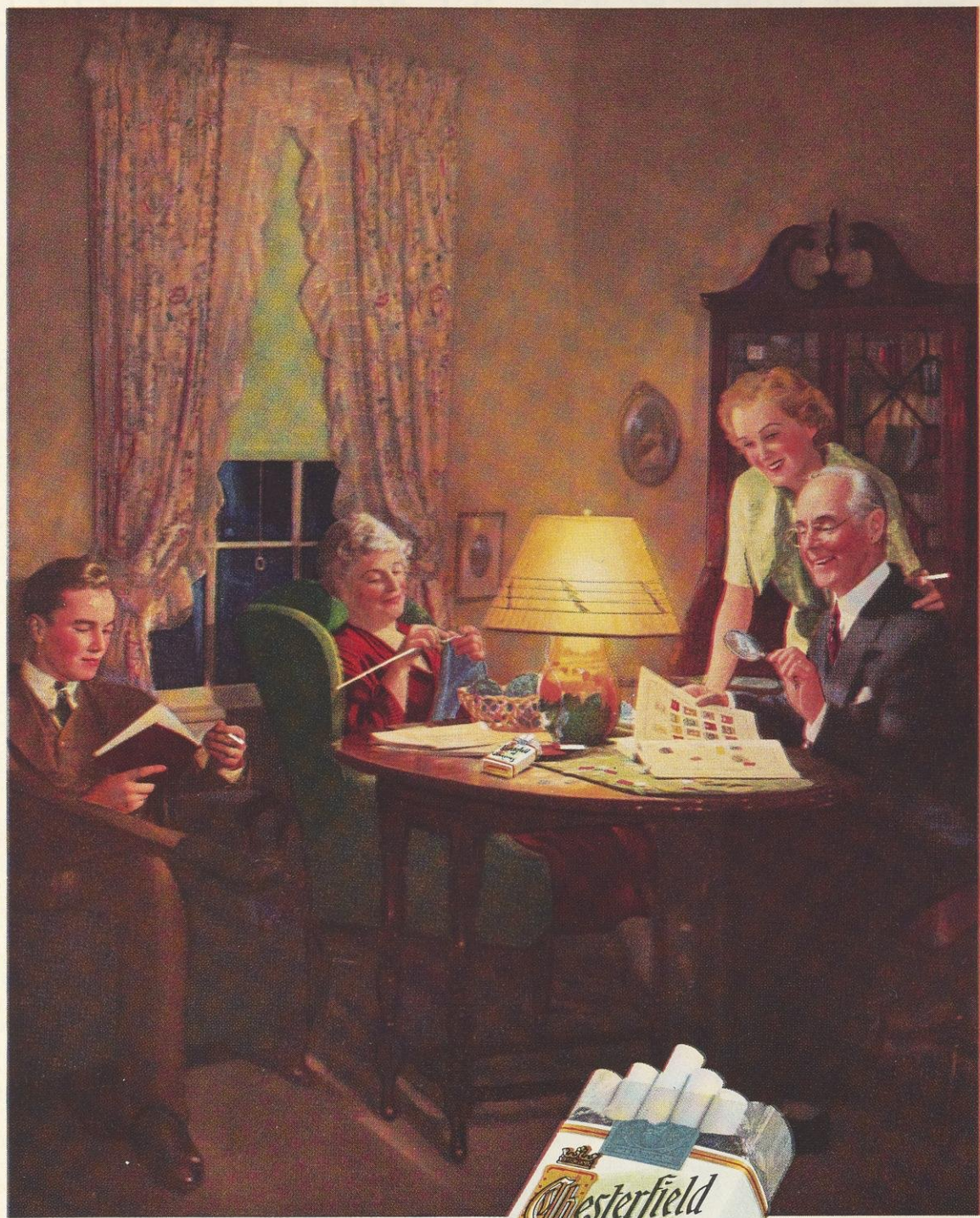
Dear Gypsum—

*That gag about the old boy friend being in town is as old as Eddie Cantor's jokes—and just as effective. I suggest that you tell your old boy friend that there is an epidemic of hydrophobia in town. Our boys need protection.*

—Dr. Otis Regrets







— and Chesterfields  
are usually there



...they're mild  
and yet  
*They Satisfy*



# THE ROVER BOYS AT MILITARY BALL

## or DISSENSION IN THE RANKS

THOSE three clean fun-loving "chaps," Tom, Dick, and Sam Rover, entered the university with an eye to the future and an ear to nobody. After pledging and depledging eighteen different "fraternities," the boys finally took shelter under the leaky roof of the Rho Dammit Rho house.

The Messrs. Rover were fond of outside activities, and in their regime the fraternity scholastic average dropped from sixth to thirty-third place. They all played a "corking" good game of football. Tom carried the ball, and Dick and Sam carried Tom most of the time. In track, Tom ran the quarter mile, and Dick ran the mile. Sam ran whenever he was confronted with any opposition.

Tom and Dick won their letters, and Sam won ten days for disorderly conduct because he couldn't run fast enough. All were loyal members of the local unit of the R.O.T.C., and they certainly kept their boots well shined—along with their noses.

There was keen rivalry among the Terrible Three for the hand (and whatever else they could get) of Hildagarde O'Malley, the second blonde from the left in the front line of Haresfoot. Every third night, the individual Rovers pitched woo with Hilda. There was one "fly in the analgesic," however, who flitted about under the name of Daniel Baxter, D.S.C. (Delta Sigma Chi). Dan, as he was called, was voted the man most likely to succeed, and with Hilda's money he hoped to. He broke into the O'Malley league during the week-end that the Rovers were sent to Columbus to scout the Ohio State chess team. On their return, Thomas, Richard, and Aloysius (I'd take a different name, too, if I had that handle) found that their pastures had been grazed upon by a horse of a different milk wagon. The boys went out to beat up Dan and finished up with a two weeks stretch at the infirmary. In the interim, Dan increased his batting average and was in the lead-off position when the boys emerged from their incarceration at the Student Health Reformatory.

Hilda had promised to attend Military Ball with one of the Rovers, but they couldn't decide which one should take her. After a round-robin of jacks, it was discovered that Sam had loaded



—PUNCH BOWL

"Look, Joe . . . No hands!"

them. It was not yet the season for hop-sotch or marbles, so the night before the annual R.O.T.C. brawl, they decided to have a drinking contest to determine who should escort Hilda. They started out with Singapore Slings and Hawaiian Sunsets, and after being thrown out of the Cuba Club, went back to the house to continue the contest. Fun-loving Sam was in the lead because he could only see three Bascom Hills, while Tom and Dick saw seven and eight, respectively.

But the fun-loving boys little realized that in the time they had been in the infirmary, Dan had, through his toadying tactics, persuaded the head of the R.O.T.C. to appoint him general chairman of the Military Ball. Much to their disgust, they were informed by Hilda that she had been asked to be honorary colonel and would attend on the arm of the despicable Dan.

Although the lads were greatly ired by this, they went to the next meeting of their R.O.T.C. class prepared to show themselves as "good sports" who

could "take it" even when "the breaks" went against them.

As soon as Dan entered the armory, fun-loving Tom leaped out in front of the "corps."

"Three cheers and a tiger for Daniel Baxter," shouted Tom, since all Rover Boys stories end this way.

"Rah, rah, rah, and a TIGER for Dan," the brave "soldier boys" shouted, and carried the general chairman off on their shoulders.

Tom, Dick, and Sam joined in the celebration, for they realized that they had attained their purpose and earned "comps" to the big "affair."

"Sir, I believe you are trying to kiss me."

"Well, now that you know, suppose we quit assaulting each other and cooperate a bit."

"Your husband is certainly a brilliant man. I'll bet he knows just about everything."

"Don't kid yourself! He doesn't even suspect."



## CLIPPED QUIPS

This is what the exchange editor does

### A FRATERNITY MAN'S CREED

1. That the treasurer and caterer are in cahoots to gyp and starve everybody in the house.
2. That the meals are the worst in town.
3. That somebody stole the toothpaste he left in the bathroom.
4. That there is never any hot water.
5. That all fraternities are models of peace and harmony.
6. That every man with a lot of keys is really an awful heel.
7. That every one who has any job of importance is a master chiseler.
8. That all that is necessary to get pledges is to have a big house.
9. That every other house observes study hour.
10. That it would be nice to live alone some place with a lock on the door.

—Jack o' Lantern



Mother: "What are you reading, Johnnie?"

Johnnie: "La Vie Parisienne, Mother."

Mother: "Oh, all right then; I thought you were reading one of those college comic magazines."

—Montana Moocher

Professor: "In this scene, my dear, the young man rushes into the room, grabs you, binds you with rope from head to foot, and then smothers you with kisses."

Alice: "Is the young man tall, dark, and handsome?"

Professor: "Yes. Why?"

Alice: "Then he won't need any rope."

—Covered Wagon

"Darling, I love you."

"And I you, dearest."

"Will you always love me?"

"Ever."

(And so on for several minutes.)

"But I must be going now."

"Haven't you forgotten something?"

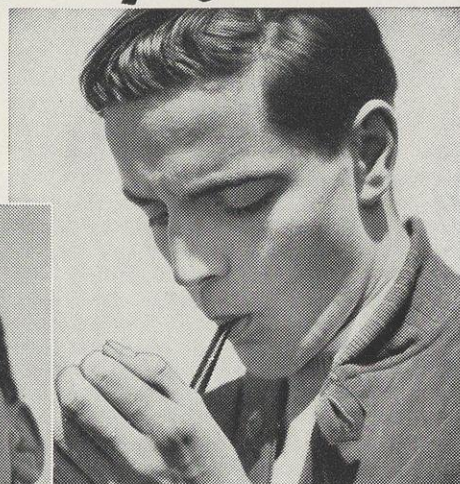
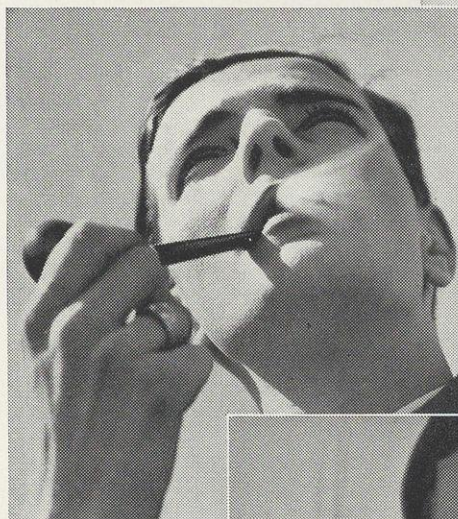
"I don't think so. What?"

"You didn't leave me any ice."

—Sewanee Mildew

# Get all the Smoke you pay for!

**1** "I hear Edgeworth Junior is great stuff . . . We'll see . . . First few puffs certainly taste fine."

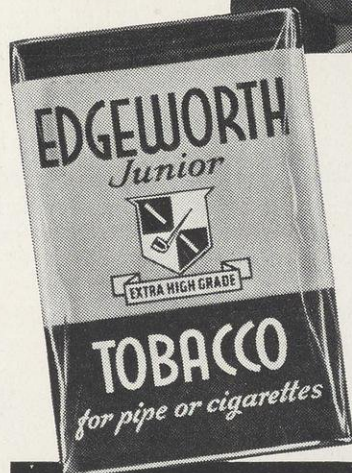
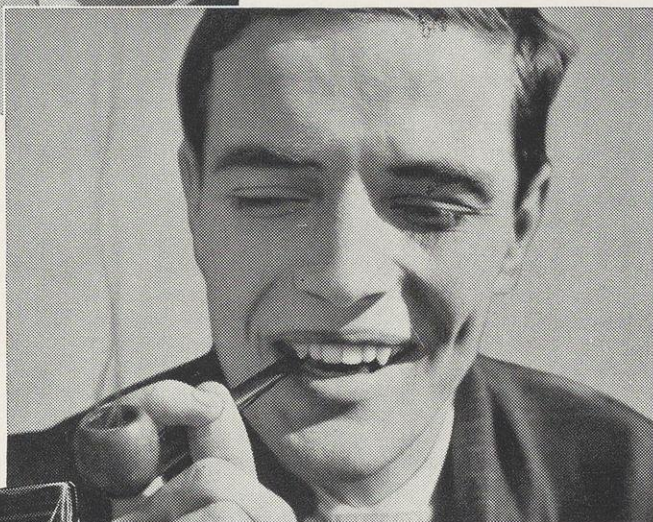


**2** "Half-way and still good. I used to unload here. Maybe it's good for another drag or two."

**3** "Say! . . . I'm sticking to Edgeworth Junior. It's so mild you can smoke it ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE HEEL!"

"CELLOPHANE"  
WRAPPED

**15¢**  
A TIN



**T**HE new, mild, free-burning pipe and cigarette tobacco. So mild that even the heel smokes good. No tobacco wasted.

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**GOOD ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE HEEL**





# ONE SAINT, SIX ACTS

## A ONE ACT PLAY

### Act I

#### Scene I

TIME: 9:15 Saturday Night

PLACE: Third Floor of the Theta House

CHARACTERS: Amaryllis (*a Theta*), her sorority sisters, including two named Sue, and at least one named Babe

.. Curtain ..

(*Amaryllis, in negligee, is seated in her room doing whatever girls do that takes them so darned long to get dressed. A voice is heard from below—*)

VOICE—Rillie! (*Amaryllis does nothing*)

SAME VOICE—Ammy! (*Amaryllis slightly cocks her left eyebrow*)

PROBABLY STILL THE SAME VOICE (*Angrily, we might say VERY angrily*)—*Am a ryl lis*, someone to see you.

AMARYLLIS—It must be the cleaner with my formal, where in (*censored*) is my purse? (*She leisurely looks around, finally finds the purse, and ambles through the door. As she passes the first door down the hall a voice calls—*)

VOICE (*a different one*)—Ruthie, have you heard about Sue's latest?

AM.—No, really? (*Enters room*)

### Scene II

TIME: Fifteen minutes later

PLACE: The same

VOICE (*Now rather impatient*)—Amaryllis, are you coming?

AM.—Of course, dearie. (*She starts for the stairway, but pauses at the top, and seems to have thought of something.*) Maybe Johnny got into town, I'd better fix up my hair and swap this dressing gown for the lace job. (*Goes back to room*)

### Scene III

TIME: Another fifteen minutes later

PLACE: Second floor of Theta house

(*Amaryllis reaches second floor and starts down the stairs when she is called from a room on this floor—*)

VOICE (*Still a different one*)—Is that you, Ammy?

AM.—Yeah, I suppose you want to be fastened in again.

VOICE—I'm sorry, but I just can't—

AM. (*Interrupting*)—All right, but why in the devil must you try to look poured in all the time?

### Scene IV

TIME: A third fifteen minutes later

PLACE: Stairway between second and first floors, Theta house

(*Am. is doing her best to look languidly alluring, a la Theta, as she ambles down the stairs*)

VOICE (*The first, now nearer, and sounding quite vexed*)—Miss (*hell, I forgot to give her a last name*) are you coming?

AM. (*Lazily*)—Why I'm right here (*She finishes the trip and finds an exasperated lad and owner of the voice*). Why, Johnny, you're on time; wait just a minute, I'll be ready in a jiffy. (*Johnny faints*)

.. Curtain ..

# THE SECOND WORLD WAR

THE black swastikas were waving over the Rhineland early in the spring that the United States was drawn into the Second World War. Soon they were pushing toward Paris in a fleet of taxi cabs, while Hermann Goering's airplanes roared over head dropping anti-French literature, and urging the peasants to cast off their chains and attend the Olympics. (Later, when the United States tried to use Joe Louis as a ringer in the boxing events, the games were called off.) And by the spring of 1936 we decided that Hitler was a second Hun and was making the world unsafe for Democracy and Edward VIII, who had just arrived on the Queen Mary.

That was the backdrop against which the first American troops moved, when they came to the wharves at Le Havre, and marched down the flower-strewn street to the tune of six military bands playing, "It's a Long Long Way" and "Moon Over Miami." Three days later the troops were in the muddy hell that was the front.

For a day and a night the men had been restless. There was a tense air; nerves were frayed; yet the officers had revealed nothing. They went about their duties with tightened lips. At last a mess sergeant broke under the strain, and in the dim light of a ratty dug-out he told what he had heard in the officers' mess.

One of their brave comrades was to be shot for treason! One of their number had been found drinking German bock beer! He had a ring he bought in Nevada with a swastika, which he said was an Indian sign (a likely story!). Lieber Gott, he was a rat!

As the court martial assembled, and the general sat down at the table the next dawn, the soldier had little to say for himself. He had told them the simple story of his life: how he had been born on a farm in northern Wisconsin, and how he had gone to the university where he had served well in the R.O.T.C., and how he had gone to the service of his country when the clarion call of the colors came. But there was nothing else to recommend him for mercy. And he was about to be shot, like a dog.

"Private Wiltsker," rattled the general, "I pronounce you guilty. Do you have any last word?"

The man thought for a long time, then he leaned over.

"Listen," he whispered, "I gotta close connection with Jay Tompkins, and I might . . . you know, Military Ball? . . ."

"Damn it all, man!" raged the general, standing on the table, waving his saber, "Damn it all, why didn't you say so before. Case dismissed."

But they had to shoot Witsker anyway, because the general couldn't get a date, even though he did have a comp.

—a.c.w.





## SPRING

Spring spring spring  
spring spring spring  
spring spring spring

NANCY PEMBERTON was one of those wispy girls that grow on one and creep up on one when one least expects it, and some way or other put themselves in a big place in the old heart. George Peter was one of those boys that doesn't know when he is being crept up on, and doesn't care. To Nancy it was fate that put them together in English lecture. George blamed it on the instructor and his parents and thought no more of it.

Nancy, however, was not to be satisfied with such a cold, realistic summary. She decided almost at once that her course was to creep up on George. At first George was a little disturbed by this small wisp at his side, but gradually he found that he could find refuge in sleep, and sleep he did as through the months Nancy crept her wispiest. Little encouragement was Nancy offered as her efforts were rewarded by nothing whatsoever on George's part, but creepers are used to such things and have infinite perseverance.

Months went on, and Nancy went on, and George slept on. Nancy was nearing the end of her most wispy patience, and only the fact that George was still alive gave her encouragement. One day the worm turned, or shall we say that George's fancy turned. He walked into English lecture with a real smile on his face, and nearly frightened Nancy out of her wits by saying hello to her. This wasn't the extent of his conversation, since he didn't stop talking to Nancy until the lecture was over and he had three dates with Nancy. Thus started a beautiful romance.

Perhaps the story should end with that, but a little should be said about this wispy creeping up technique. Many times later as Nancy sat and thought wispy thoughts to herself she thought what a fine thing this wisping thing was, but way back in her mind was one fact.

It was spring. Maybe that had something to do with it.  
—p.g.

## GEOLOGY

A poignant bit of verse  
from the nimble brain of  
Jack Hand

*About a half a million years before the birth of Christ,  
Before the time the European continent was iced,  
There lived a red-haired cave-man in a cavern in the ground  
Who could not build a fire, nor could utter any sound;  
And he had no protection from the many beasts of prey,  
Except the sticks and boulders that in heaps about him lay.  
But he practiced with these missiles till he was proficient so  
He killed off mighty mastodons—he laid the monsters low.*

*Then this inventive genius of paleolithic time  
Shaved down a quartzite splinter to the thickness of a dime;  
And with this knife that he had so ingeniously made,  
He came to rule his fellow-men and skin the beasts he  
slayed.*

*For when the icy barriers came slowly sliding down,  
Paleolithic daddy became needful of a gown.  
In spite of all his fuzzy furs, our hero nearly froze,  
And, numbed, he dropped a boulder on the largest of his  
toes.*

*The pain aroused within his breast the restless coals of ire,  
And as he tried to cuss and damn, he spat out flames and  
fire.*

*The heat from this outburst of rage was so intensely great,  
It killed off each triceratops, and left inanimate  
Each rhamporhynchus, every bos, and every dinosaur;  
And dried a lot of ocean up, and melted rocks galore.*

*And now these geologic fools start raving when they're  
drunk,  
And say the earth was once red-hot, and then its cover  
shrunk.*

*They do not know that long ago, before the glacier came,  
An awfully angry ancestor, I think Goork was his name,  
Did lots and lots of damage in an insane fit of wrath,  
And they blame it on the glacier, 'cause it came along the  
path*

*Where this Irish-minded cave-man, in the ages long ago,  
Dropped a very heavy boulder on his very largest toe.*

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ON CAPITOL SQUARE

22 NORTH CARROLL





## PLATTER PATTERN

by Roy Winston

**P**UTTING his head down and plunging into a mass of recordings which are chosen sight unseen, any reviewer is bound to come up with a few of his prejudices strengthened and a few opinions changed. Such, it seems, is the result of this month's stint.

Actually, this first Platter Pattern will be rather more detailed than its successors, for the very good reason that the releases are coming through more slowly than usual; all of this month's offerings are from Mr. Decca, but Columbia and Victor will both be represented from now on.

Toplining the whole list is Jimmie Lunceford's *Star Dust*, in an arrangement which is an arrangement. Muted trumpets form a background for the vocal in a way that will set any musician's toes to tapping and which will probably be lifted by orchestras all over the country. On the other side, Lunceford points out—rather unnecessarily—that *Rhythm Is Our Business*. We agree with the gentleman when he decides that business sure is swell.

Joe Sanders left-hands his way through the vocals of *Here Comes My Ball and Chain* and *Nighty Night Dear*. To us, the second is just something stuck on the back of the first, but we are still amazed at the vocal youthfulness of the veteran Mr. Sanders. He shows it right well in this recording.

If you're a hardy soul (as we are) and can still really enjoy the songs from Rose Marie, we'd like to point out that Ted Fio Rito's orchestra has done a smooth job. Stanley Hickman handles *Rose Marie* alone, while he and the Debutantes put on *The Indian Love Call*.

Standing in awe of the things Clyde McCoy does with a trumpet, we're salaaming in the general direction of his new arrangement of *Sugar Blues*, the song he made and the song that made him. On the other side, he proceeds to *Tear It Down* with great gusto but, unfortunately, less trumpet. If you're a McCoy-*Sugar* addict, you might look this one up. It's the real . . . oh, let it go.

You probably have never heard of Bob Terry or of Wayne Gregg, his featured vocalist. All right. But if you want good, standard versions of two very swell songs, look up Terry's *Sing an Old-Fashioned Song* and *It's Been So Long*. Recorded under the Champion label, the pieces are still a member of the Decca family even though they don't carry Decca's blue 'n' gold stable colors.

Jan Garber, modestly billed as The Idol of the Air Lanes, is the acme of the musical art to many a boy and girl whose radios are tuned to WGN from 7 till 12 each evening. Such will go for the typical Garber interpretations of *Love Came Out of the Night* and *A Little Rendezvous in Honolulu* (ugh!) on Decca's 693 and *Beautiful Lady in Blue* and *Moon Over Miami* on 651. Lee Bennett handles the vocals on all four sides in a very workmanlike manner; Garber's music is listen-to-able if not too terrifically original.

Glen Gray and the Casa Loma boys need little boosting. Possessing in Ken Sargent a really smooth singer, they capitalize on him in *Lovely Lady* and *With All My Heart*. Both songs are well adapted to Casa Loma. We liked 'em.

Irving Berlin turns out show after show full of new tunes; just how he does it is a mystery to us, but his *Let's Face the Music and Dance* proves that he can. Ted Fio Rito features Hickman in this number, with Muzzy Marceline and the Debutantes pointing out that *It's Been So Long* on the other side.

Our friends begin to cross over and walk on the other side when we say we like the tom-tom background to Frank Luther's version of *My Lord's Gonna Move This Wicked Race*, but we still do. It's the Indian in us. This is a vocal quartette with very unusual accompaniment for recorded music, but in *When the Saints Go Marching Home* the accompaniment is changed and the quartette is cut to a trio. Such things, Mr. Luther, create unemployment.

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| End Curl . . . . .            | \$2.50 & up |



## "WAITER, THERE'S . . ."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my jelly!"

"Are you sure, sir?"

"Yes. Why?"

"He seems to be in rather a jam, sir."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my pie!"

"Some crust, eh, keed?"

"Waiter, there's a fly in my coffee!"

"Add a little more cream, sir, he appears undernourished."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my steak!"

"It's a rare steak, sir."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my Grape-Nuts!"

"The power of advertising is extraordinary, isn't it, sir?"

"Waiter, there's a fly in my hash!"

"Yes, sir."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my meat!"

"A horse-fly, sir?"

"Waiter, there's a dead fly in the sugar bowl!"

"Sweetmeat, eh, sir?"

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

"Well make sure. I can't be bothered by rumors."

"Waiter, there's a fly on my pretzel!"

"Yes, out on a bender, sir."



*A  
Student  
Prince  
of  
Wales*



# Crompton Cross Country Wide Wale Corduroy

## EVOLUTION OF A JOKE

53 B.C.—Sentry in Caesar's army: Hail, Antonius. Tell me, do you think that a father of five and forty should marry again?

Another Sentry: Verily, Cassius, that is enough children for any man.

1066 A.D.—The joke passes from Normandy to Hastings.

1492 A.D.—Christoforo Colombo lightens the burdened minds of his men with same joke.

1904 A.D.—The joke makes its debut on big time when two slapstick vaudeville stooges bring down the house.

1913 A.D.—We find it in an obscure corner of the Police Gazette.

1918 A.D.—During a lull in the firing two doughboys cheer each other up with it "over there."

1928 A.D.—The joke turns up in the "Original Jokes" column of the Cornell Widow.

1929 A.D.—Used in College Humor under the heading, "Latest Campus Wit."

1931 A.D.—Reprinted in the Yale Record.

1934 A.D.—Picked up by the Georgia Tech. Yellow Jacket.

1936 A.D.—The Wisconsin Octopus presents humor seeking readers with:

*"Should a father of forty-five marry again?"*

*"No; that's enough children for any man."*

—YELLOW JACKET

—j.j.l.v.

ALL corduroys seem to be born to go to college. But no corduroy is quite so at home on the campus—combines quite so well the right proportions of easy nonchalance with manly ruggedness—as the wide wale weave.

As for wear, Crompton has perfected CROSS COUNTRY, a wide wale that's tough as the toughest—made in their famous thickset fast-pile construction—the "tops" in durability.

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## IN THE EDITOR'S BROWN STUDY

The bell-tower joke—R.I.P.;  
new staff; prexy's job; the  
crew and the loan fund



**T**HE editor is sitting in his Brown Study just three days after deadline, trying to summarize the incredible amount of effort which seems to go into the making of an Octopus.

From up the hill comes—when the noise of our type-writer doesn't drown it out—the bong . . . bong . . . of the newly-installed carillon. W. Norris Wentworth is pounding those little levers like all get out, it seems, and the bells are playing things like Old Black Joe and My Old Kentucky Home. We could play Old Black Joe on a harmonica, once. It is all very sweet and nostalgic.

But it really makes us pretty sad. Here, in actual sound, is the most magnificent failure The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc. has ever had. After a campaign that has run, off and on, since 1927, we have to be the ones to see it fail. All the yeoman service of the dear lads who preceded us in The Brown Study—such as Fred Pederson, who didn't like brown and so had pink elephants on the walls—has gone for nought. We're glad they aren't here to see it.

● This crew vs. loan fund situation is something that we can't quite understand. We've been hanging around the boathouse since we were an urchin of six, and we still get a thrill out of the gleam of the cardinal sweeps and the "Catch, catch, catch" of the cox'n. To tell the truth, we long expected to try something along that line ourselves, but here we are, not big enough to pull an oar and too big to wear the little megaphone and the watch.

But you can't eat the flash off the concave blades and you can't pay feels with a coxswain's larynx. If the junior class has \$800 to devote to some cause, keeping students in school should be the first consideration. The university has spent enough on bell towers and ski slides when students leave school every semester for lack of funds. Think it over, directors.

● In this issue, as you won't notice even if you look closely, Octy is bringing in the work of several new staff members, and Old Eight-Legs feels pretty chipper about it. The invitation to one and all to try out for staff work still stands, especially if you're about five feet three, blonde, built, and not too much out of circulation. Or even a man can get through the door—as a matter of fact, the business and editorial staffs are both wide open for freshmen, sophomores, or juniors, be they men or be they women. There is an especially fertile field in Bob Halpin's ad department, with money to be made and a darn good chance at the business manager's job in the senior year. Think of that!

But our new staff members—

There's Jean Mathews, the only female artist we've

seen in some years who had a cartoon sense. Not knowing anything about art—we can't draw ourselves—we're just a little jealous. But how we'll feel if she works off that art school complex, we don't know.

Dave Kranbuehl and Frank Yordy both brought sketches around, and we predict you'll see more of both ere long. Dave draws women a little more naturally than most of our other guys, which is a good thing; we're using one of his pictures. As for that drawing of Frank's—tsk tsk tsk. We loved it ourselves, but not right out in print. However, it may be seen by a select audience in the palatial offices of The Octopus.

Don Thom, who has a Dobermann-Pinscher dog and a name that sounds like a race-horse, wrote divers stories. His largest opus this issue is the annual Rover Boy story, but he is also responsible for that "Dear Doctor" nightmare.

As for the rest of the lads, there are the monthly bouquets for Herb Bennett, whose swell cover is something entirely new in the college comic field; for Jerry Erdahl, whose people always have pot bellies or the same general effect on the other side of the spine; for Austie Wehrwein, as long as he doesn't forget to make deadlines; for Tom Hyland, who had better learn to make them; for Bob Shaplen, who apparently has not yet recovered from the athletic investigation; for Paul Godfrey, who is a verria prolific young man; and for the boys who are doing the less conspicuous but still important jobs.

● You know, this whole mess about the presidency of the university would have its funny side if it weren't for the vague fear that whatever is done is going to give the school a kick in the teeth. Octy is blowing no one's horn for the job, even if—as now seems less and less probable—President Frank goes the way of football coaches and athletic directors.

But the whole staff has been waiting with bated breath, and the business staff with a beer breath, to see if one headline doesn't appear. Along a couple of weeks back, we opened our Cardinal to read "Dean Fred Doesn't Want Presidency." Then came Dean Garrison's statement, "Lloyd Garrison Not President Candidate." A couple of days later, just like our Econ class, came this one: "LaFollette Not Seeking U. W. Job."

To come right down to it, we'd like to know if the deet is going to carry a banner head **FRANK DOESN'T WANT JOB.**

● Since this is a Military Ball issue, it seems we should say something about the theme. But we just remembered something . . .

We're pacifists!



## COACHES' GRAVEYARD

(continued from page eleven)

by Wisconsin and Chicago, and approved by the conference in general. It came as a result of an overemphasis of football, accompanied by some first-rate proselyting and professionalism, such as even 1936 might well be proud of. The Badger faculty voted accordingly, after the 1905 season, to do away with intercollegiate competition, for one year at least. Alumni and regent roars made the compromise motion less stringent, so that five contests might be run off. No consideration was made for major games, however.

They finally patched things up and got a full schedule plastered on the walls again. For two years, a Dr. Hutchins was football coach. Now Dr. Hutchins was a very nice man, the kind who really did love little children, but he actually wasn't much of a coach, so the alumni had to help out. J. A. Barry, a Brown man, was consequently next in line, but by 1910, after three years' trying, he hadn't shown much improvement, so he, too, went the way of all football flesh.

Then, in 1911, we have a real hero, a man who coached Wisconsin on and off for seven years. His name was John Richards. But he had his troubles. Oh, yes. Why, after that 1911 season, he and the R.O.T.C. commandant had a swell fight, all about letting men out for spring football practice. Pretty soon it got so tough that Big John pulled the "I quit" act in Prexy Van Hise's office one fine morning, and there Wisconsin was again, without a football coach.

Bill Juneau's regime was next, rather peaceful in comparison to other storm-ridden eras, and Bill quit, without being under too much pressure. He even won a title in 1912.

Then came one Paul Withington, from Haavard, with a Haavard system up his sleeve. Paul did O. K., except he went to Minnesota to scout the Gophers one Saturday, came back the following Monday and gave out interviews to the press that we'd beat them. We hate to tell you this, but the score the week after was Minnesota 54, Wisconsin 0. So Paul and his Haavard sys-

tem departed, and another one year tenure was written on the books.

Big John Richards was back in 1919 for a six year stretch, and he didn't do half bad. In '19, he had an ex-soldiers' team of real toughies and had a pretty fair season.

Well, when Big John left in '22, Jack Ryan arrived. Now Jack was all right, in his way, but he was another one of these poor guys who fell victim to the State street coaches' clan and as a result, after two years, he was on the out and George Little was on the in. But Little found it too much to be both coach and director, so he went to a conference in New York, where he met a guy named Thistlethwaite, who had just—eh—"left" Northwestern and was on the verge of signing a contract with Texas.

And what do you think happened in 1931. Gosh darn it, if the athletic board, the alumni, and the regents didn't fire both Mr. Little and Mr. Thistlethwaite, and "start all over again with a clean slate." And where have you heard that before?



## Styles Change

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... On the Campus ...

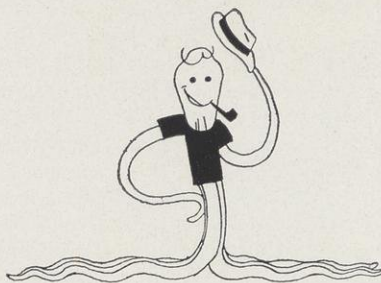
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# WISCONSIN MEMORIAL UNION



# OCTOPUS, INC. MADISON, WISCONSIN

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# WHO WAS THAT LADY?

**H**EADS will roll. Such is the prediction Old Eight-Legs makes as he leans over the shoulders of the editor and business manager as they make plans for the Co-Ed Number, to be out in May.

Staffed from top to bottom with girls, the May issue will give Wisconsin women a chance to tell Wisconsin men just what they think of the men and of life in general. The entire staff is stepping out of the picture, turning the magazine over to the ladies, and hanging around just long enough to provide the technical tips that will be needed.

Just what the book will include will be up to the lady whom the Executive Board chooses as editor, and to the staff which is assembled to work under her. But here are some features which will probably appear:

Dating survey, appraising the men from the women's viewpoint.

Column on men's clothes, giving the female likes and dislikes.

Personality sketches of student and faculty men who impress or irk the gals they meet.

The lowdown on Queens and Courts of Honor.

Giving the Co-Editors a free hand in the production of an Octopus is not undertaken without some trepidation. Well we remember the day we gave a young lady a free hand and she—but to tell about this idea.

Because Octy feels that this is a chance to get a new slant on how the campus thinks a book should be run, it is very probable that the guest editor will not be one of the ladies on our staff. It seems more reasonable to select someone from the school at large, and this is what will probably be done.

Applications for any of the staff jobs, including editor, managing editor, associate editors, art editor, and the rest of the editorial side, plus anything on the business side, will be considered with the greatest of care.

The staff for the Co-ed number will be announced in next month's Octy, together with more definite plans from the lady at the helm.

And what a beating the men in this school will probably take!



# MILITARY BALL

... presents ...

*"The Ole Left Handers"*

## JOE SANDERS

*Direct from a tour of Southern Colleges after a long  
engagement at the Blackhawk Restaurant in Chicago*

... Presenting ...

### BARBARA PARKS

and

### JACK SWIFT

*Featured Vocalists*

— ALSO —

### TOM TEMPLE

*In the Council Room*

and

### KEN SIMMONS

*In 770 Club*

\$4.00 per couple

# Friday, April 3rd

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*Dance Programs*

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SORORITY  
*and*  
FRATERNITY  
*Stationery*

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## CLIPPED QUIPS

Teacher: "Give me an example of something ridiculous."

Johnny: "An elephant hanging over a cliff with his tail tied to a daisy."

—Green Griffin

•  
Aunty: Does your mother know that you drink, Bobby?

Bobby (aged twelve): Naw, she doesn't even know that I've found where she hides it.

—Texas Longhorn

•  
The old lady stooped and looked into the little darling's face, and patted his wee head.

"Say Mamma for me, sweetness," she cooed softly.

The baby didn't make a sound.

The old lady became more urgent: "Come, little one, say Mama for poor me." Finally the baby looked at her and gurgled crossly: "How the hell do you expect me to talk when I'm only three months old?"

—Froth

•  
"Twas the night before pay-day, and all through my jeans

I hunted in vain for the price of some beans;

Not a quarter was stirring, not even a jit,

The kale was off duty, dull edges had quit.

Speed onward! Speed onward! O Time, in they flight,  
Make it tomorrow, just for tonight."

—Exchange

## Halt!

And Sign Up for Your Copy of

# THE 1936 BADGER

[ Featuring a pictorial history of the year . . .  
sports, parties, politics, and all the rest  
of the kaleidoscope that is the campus . . . ]

THREE-FIFTY .... THREE-FIFTY .... THREE-FIFTY .... THREE-FIFTY .... THREE-FIFTY .... THREE-FIFTY

Out May 15th

**\$3.50**

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# TWO FINGERS OF WHIMSEY

Heheheheheh  
Heheheheheh

Teacher—"And now, Willie, can you give us a sentence with 'heterodoxy' in it?"

Little Willie (age six)—"No."  
—Columbia Jester

You would not pan  
The jokes we use  
Could you but see  
Those we refuse!!!  
—Puppet

"John, dear, I'm to be in amateur theatricals. What will people say when I wear tights?"

"They'll probably say I married you for your money."  
—Cornell Widow

She—When we get married I'm going to cook, sew, darn your socks, and lay out your pipe and slippers. What more can any husband ask than that?

He—Nothing, honey, unless he's evil-minded.

"Consomme, Bouillon, Hors d'Oeuvres, Fricasee Poultry, Pommes de Terre au Gratin, Demi-Tasse des Glaces, and tell that mug in the corner to keep his lamps offa me moll, see!"  
—Puppet

He—Oh, pardon me. Isn't this the men's dorms?

She (frantically)—No, and don't you dare come near Room 27, third floor, on the left in the north corridor.

"I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth," she told him.

"You wouldn't be allowed to," he retorted. "I'd be in an institution."  
—Syracusan

Quarter-wit—I'm taking a snap course this year.

Half-wit—Yeah, what?

Quarter-wit—Photography.

A Sigma whose illness was chronic,  
When told that she needed a tonic,

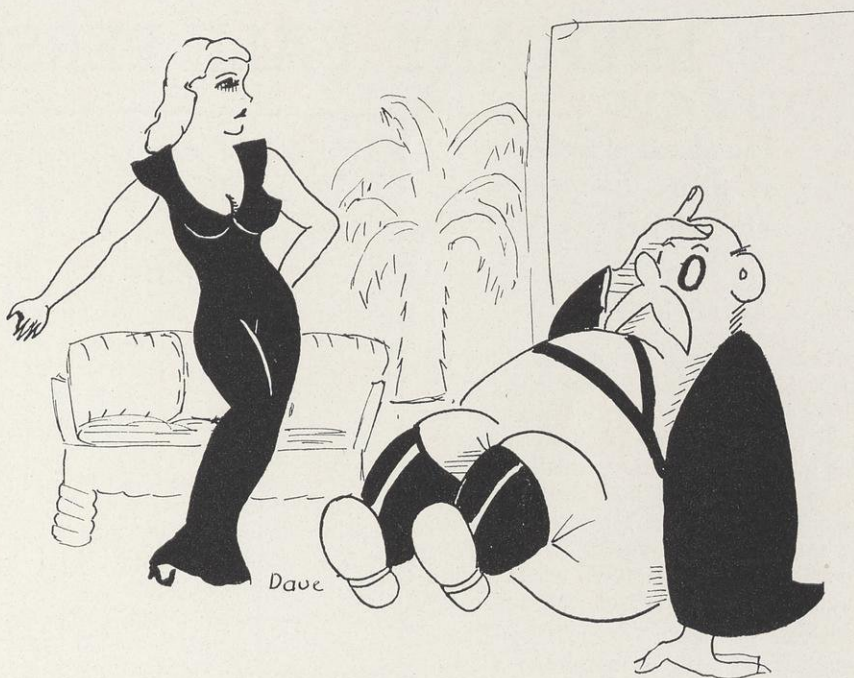
Said, "Oh, doctor, dear,

Won't you please make it beer?"

"No, no," said the doc, "that's Teutonic."  
—Phoenix

"Hey, Zeke, ya got ya shoes on wrong, ya got the right one on the left foot."

"My Gosh, they been thataway fer twenty years; I thawt I was club footed."  
—Log



"So, you're in command here?"

Her (at interfraternity ball)—Wait right here for me, Bill, while I go powder my nose.

Her (three dances later)—Been waiting long?

Him—No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact.  
—Lion

● At Oxford  
it is Tea—

● At Heidelberg  
it is Lager—

● At Yale  
it is Cocktails—

● But at Wisconsin  
it is "COKES"

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# MILITARY BALL PERSONALITIES

Thumbnail sketches  
of four people  
who'll be there

## Great Hall

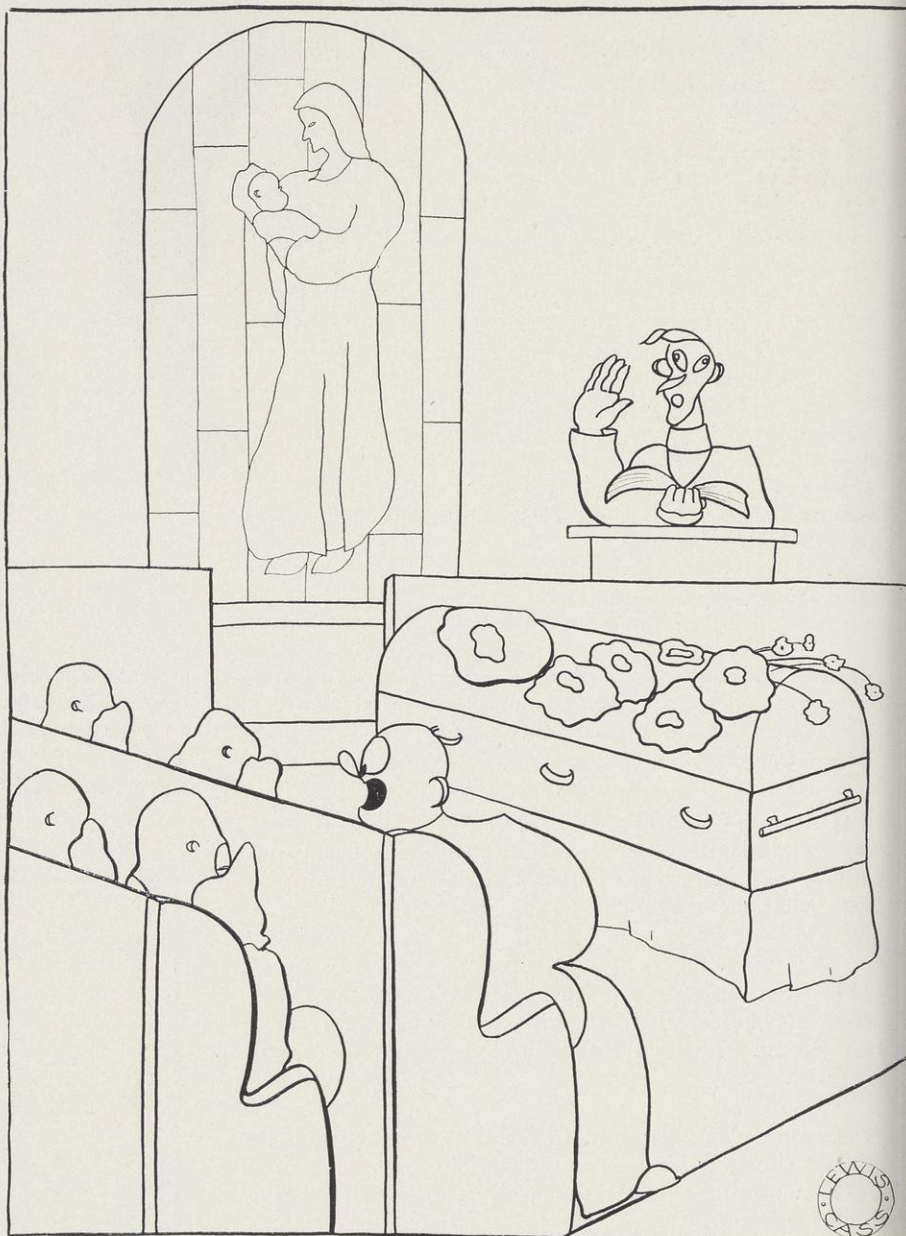
Great Hall will be at the Military Ball. Since it is half its size when anything is going on in it, we are sure it will outdo itself in trying to squeeze too many people into too small a space, or so the Ball committee hopes. It will also succeed by some means or other in muffling the orchestra so well that it will be impossible to tell whether the orchestra is any good or not, which it usually is.

## R.O.T.C.

How freshly cleaned and pressed monkey suits can make a bunch of boys strut around and act like they are each kings in their own rights, we do not know. Personally, we think that a borrowed suit of tails, even though it doesn't fit and the shirt warps in the torrid atmosphere, looks better than a blue suit with extra stuff sewn on to make it look official. As for the officers—the military swagger, knightly air, and stuff, could be trained no place else, we are sure, than in R.O.T.C. in this great university of ours. At any rate, these boys run the darned thing, and it is the only time in the year when they are really in their glory, so we shall all try our very best to look upon them in awe, even when we get very military spurs stuck in our ankles.

## The Honorary Colonel

To be frank, we don't give much darns who she will be—you see, we don't know now—but the description following will probably fit her. She is moderately tall. She is a member of a major sorority. She will be simply bored to death at all of the publicity and picture-taking, but she will feel hurt if every date she has for the rest of the year doesn't mention it. She will do her darnedest to look queenly at the Ball, but she will end up looking exactly like a good percentage of the rest of the better-looking lasses. She has expected all along in her dear little heart that she would be chosen, but God nor even love could make her admit it. She will be at the Military Ball with Jay Tompkins.



"What is this, a funeral or something"

## Jay Tompkins

Jay Tompkins is the big stuff at Military Ball. Says an Octy staff member, "Tompkins? Oh, he's the big bad man in the Cardinal office that leers at anything connected with Octopus and gets mad when we get Cardinal publicity because we don't advertise in Cardinal, which I guess he lives for he looks like anyway."

From the Cardinal office comes, "Jay is the only logical man for the position. Any man with a Cardinal background has the ability to make the Military

Ball a huge success as we said it will be on the front page of Thursday's issue. Why doesn't he like Octy? What is Octy, Lohmaier's mascot?"

## TWEEZING BROWS

B. S. writes:

Does tweezing the eyebrows have any effect upon the eyes?

## REPLY

No. The procedure may cause the skin to become inflamed and to assume a moth-eaten appearance.

—CHICAGO TRIBUNE, Feb. 21.

Sort of like an old swimming suit?



# THE ARMY SAYS . . .

(continued from page two)



dismissed for being a public nuisance, and are wholly unnecessary and unclean, according to William Senske. James Cadwell attacks them as a "pain," because they are so easy to step on. "Lousy," says Jay Tompkins. Clyde Bay thinks they are "out of place." Ed Petersen again tolerates a slight train.

A schism divides the army brigade on the matter of accordion pleats: "Sort of," from Jay Tompkins . . . Eldon Wagner says definitely no . . . approved by William Senske, while Bob Wilson fires, "a thousand times no."

Hair ornaments maneuvering among feminine curls are generally tabooed because, as Ed Collins puts it, "they detract from the appearance of the hair."

A reconnoitre of types of evening wraps proved that long capes and short jackets were in best standing.

As for high-heeled or low-heeled evening slippers, the general attitude was that it depended on the girl. One enlightening comment was that high-heeled sandals "contribute to feminine curves," from William Senske.



High-necked evening gowns are more pleasing to the military men than low-cut ones.

Tailored street suits were equally attacked and defended. Jay Tompkins approves of them as does Frank Stone, who adds that they "bring out femininity by contrast." Owen McDonnell likes them because they are neat. William Senske pleads, "Let women remain womanish." Bob Wilson thinks tailored suits do not permit a girl to display her charms.

The army is glad to see co-eds flinging their colors this season in three color combinations. William Senske takes off his hat to the red, blue, and grey combinations. James Cadwell says, however, that purple, rose, and green combinations "stink," in the candid vernacular of the army.

There was quite a conciliation in favor of bright-colored waistcoats worn with dark suits.



The upward trend of

skirt lengths received a strong set-back from 85 per cent of the military men questioned.

Most of the reserve corps joined Bob Schoenfield in advocating conservatism in the matter of colored gloves.

Of the campus fads, bright colored ankle socks were generally disapproved. Little ribbon bows in the hair were equally opposed and defended. Bob Wilson thinks they look "elfish."

Most of the ROTC men took more than French leave to expound their pet peeves in feminine fashions and mannerisms. Blotto too much make-up is the far cry from Grant Richards, Owen McDonnell, Edward O'Connor, Clyde Bay, and Ed Collins. William Senske detests women's habit of smoking, while James Cadwell wishes women would carry their own cigarettes. There was a flurry of shots taken at the girl who expects her date to carry everything but the kitchen sink in his pockets. Ed Collins, though, says that is O.K. with him. He must have large pockets. But don't keep Ed waiting more than five minutes—he calls that excessive waiting and objects vigorously. He likewise denounces excessive drinking in women. Bob Wilson have an aversion for girls who are affected in everything they do. Red nail polish is Jay Tompkins' chief peeve. Frank Stone dislikes hearing girls say, "What do *you* want to do?" when he has inquired what they would like to do during the evening. He may regret this statement when some girl wants a lobster dinner at the Ritz when he has a dime in his pocket.

The army would have us such drab, uninteresting, and so-so creatures. I wonder if they mind if we don't fall into line too drastically.

\* \* \*

Although university girls have long been working in Madison's department stores, Kessenich's offer something new. A group of girls will play hostess to co-ed shoppers every Friday afternoon, starting on March 27.

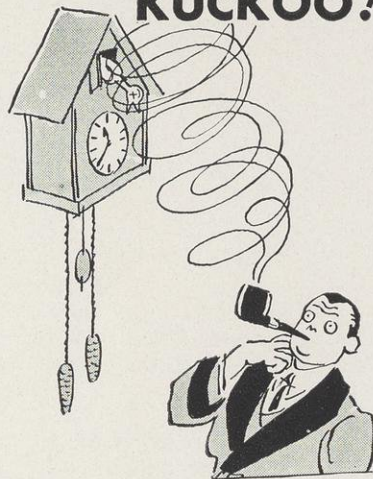
"Yeah, we're pretty tough in these parts, stranger. Hangin' on that tree outside is Leatherneck Joe. We got sore at him last week and hung him."

"Why don't you cut him down and bury him?"

"Bury him? Gosh, no. D'ya think we want to bury him alive?"

—Aggievator

## PIPE K. O.'S KUCKOO!



WHY—oh why!—will otherwise estimable gentlemen stroll about polluting the air with chokey tobacco in a dammed-up pipe? The only plausible reason is that they haven't yet discovered the innocent pleasure of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco in a well-kept pipe! Sir Walter is a well-bred mixture of fragrant Kentucky Burleys selected to smoke milder and smell sweeter. Try your first tin. Birds will chirp, men and women welcome you with open arms. It's 15¢ —wrapped in heavy gold foil for extra freshness.

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How to  
TAKE CARE of  
your PIPE



# STOLEN THUNDER

Cooperation is a wonderful thing—about twenty editors worked on this one page



First Gladiator: "Give me a steak, and make it thick and rare!"

Second Gladiator: "Give me a steak and make it thicker and rarer."

Third Gladiator: "Chase the damn bull through here and I'll bite him on the run."

—Awgwan

"And this is the bar I had installed"

She—"Then you really love me?"

He—"What do you think I've been doing—shadow boxing?"

Street - Car Conductor: "How old are you, little girl?"

Little Boston Girl: "If the corporation doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare and keep my own statistics."

—Sun Dial

"How come you don't go with Toots any more?"

"Oh! I couldn't stand her vulgar laughter."

"I never noticed it."

"You weren't there when I proposed."

—Owl

She: "Scientists say that every time a boy kisses a girl it takes five minutes off his life."

He: "Let's knock off a couple of days."

—Log

Bridegroom: "I thee endow with all my worldly goods."

His father: "There goes his bicycle."

—Mississippi Mud Pie

"Oh, Fred, the baby has swallowed the matches. What shall we do?"

"Here, use my cigarette lighter."

—Utah Pumpkin

Co-ed "I want to tattoo a cat on my knee."

Tattooer: "Nope, I'll tattoo a giraffe or nothing."

—Tiger

"It's absurd for this man to charge us ten dollars for towing us three miles."

"That's all right; he's earning it—I have my brakes on."

—Plato

The doctor was questioning the new nurse about her latest patient. "Have you kept a chart of his progress?" he queried. The nurse blushing replied, "No, but I can show you my diary."

—Pilfered

A patient in a hospital awoke after an operation and found the blinds of the room drawn.

"Why are those blinds down, doctor?" he asked.

"Well," said the physician, "there's a fire burning across the alley and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation had been a failure."

—Red Cat

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party.

—DAILY CARDINAL, Feb. 19

And don't forget the one about the quick brown fox and the lazy dog.

Judge: "How many children do you have, Mirandy?"

Mirandy: "Well, Judge, I has two by my first husband, one by my last husband, and then I has two of my own."

—Battalion

Major: "What is a maneuver?"

R.O.T.C. Boy: "Something you put on grass to make it green, sir."

—Drexel

When the roll is called up yonder

I may find with deep remorse,

True to form again, I have been

Dropped completely from the course.

—Dodo

I think that I shall never see

A male who says he isn't free

A guy who'll kiss and never talk,

A boy who'll say, "I'd rather walk"

A boy who'll shave before a date

A guy who's never, never late

A boy who'll stop when she says "no"

A boy who wants to spend his dough.

Boys are made by fools like me,

The answer? Well, we disagree.

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# Oh Girls! Friday is College Day at Kessenich's

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College Board •*

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Bonnie Gilpatrick  
Mary Jane Howell  
Valeria Kelly  
Bettie Rae Kiene  
Marie Adele McKenzie  
Joan Oldfather  
Frances Scott  
Jeanne Smith  
Margaret Stedman  
Marianna Tees



*these girls, throughout the store,  
will assist you in your purchases*

## Kessenich's





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an excess of acidity over Lucky  
Strike of from 53% to 100%

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

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