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OCTOPUS



JUNE 15^c

WORLD'S CHAMPION HIGH-DIVER...

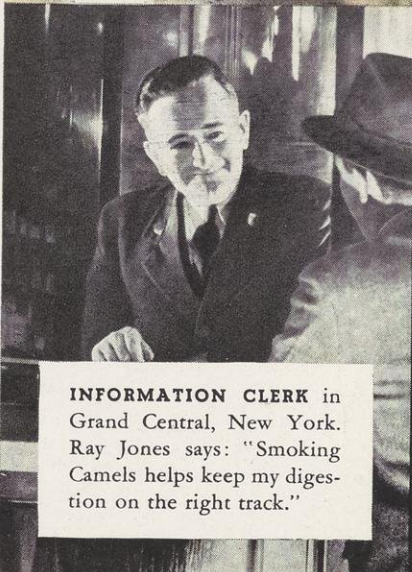
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INFORMATION CLERK in Grand Central, New York. Ray Jones says: "Smoking Camels helps keep my digestion on the right track."



COWPUNCHER Hardy Murphy, from Oklahoma, says: "As a cowhand, I take what chuck I get and count on Camels to ease my digestion."

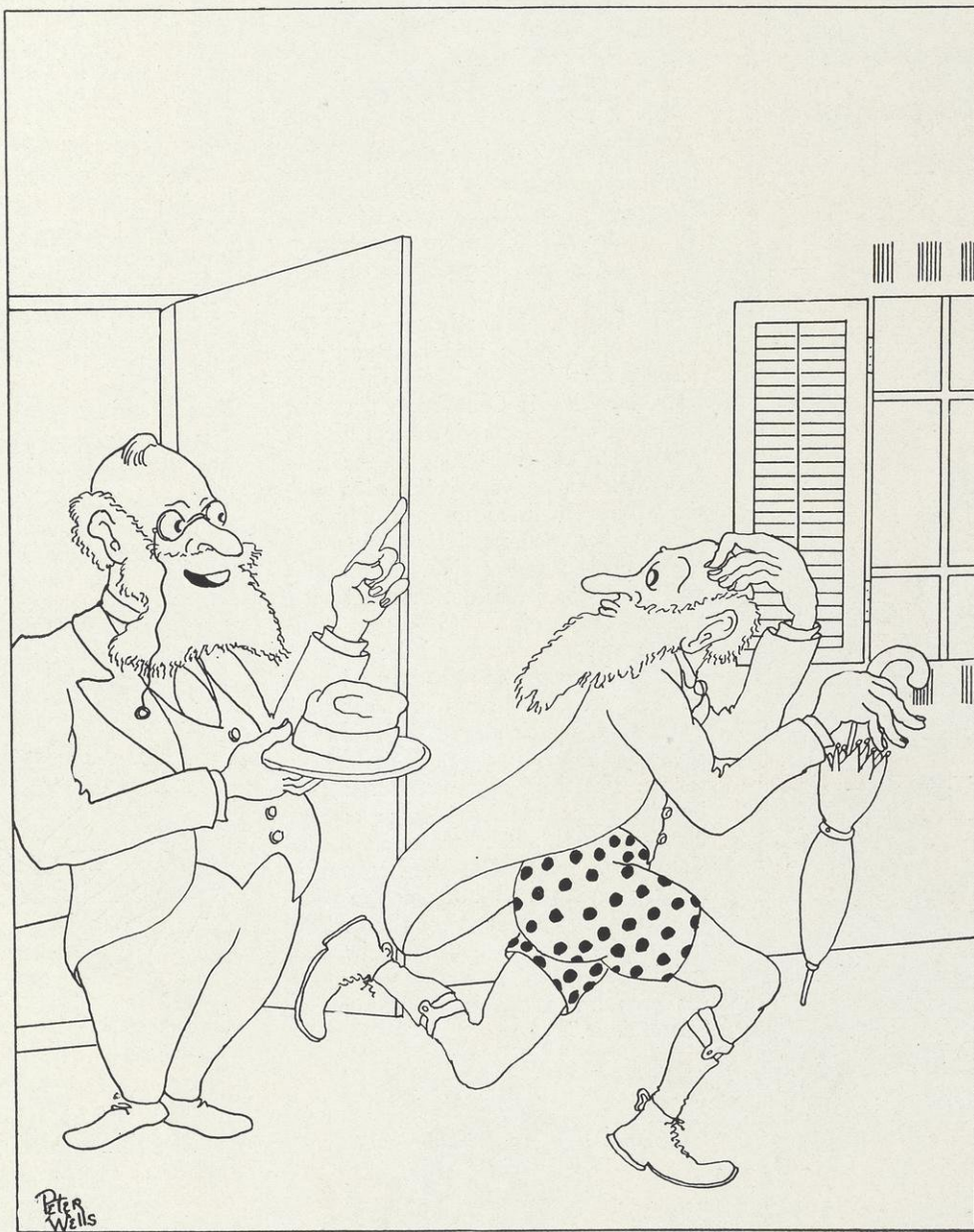
"JACK OAKIE'S COLLEGE"—A gala show with Jack Oakie in person! Benny Goodman's "Swing" Band! Hollywood comedians and singing stars! Tuesdays—8:30 pm E. S. T. (9:30 pm E. D. S. T.), 7:30 pm C. S. T., 6:30 pm M. S. T., 5:30 pm P. S. T., over WABC-CBS.



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"Er . . . professor, your hat."

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C O - O P



Platter Patter

Tchaikovsky: a new album

The interpretation which Eugene Ormandy gives Tchaikovsky's familiar *Symphony No. 6*, known generally as the "*Pathétique*," is probably the best ever recorded.

The Philadelphia orchestra, of course, has been a stable and constant performer for VICTOR for some time now, but this is Ormandy's first full length effort. Ormandy's recording is superior to the earlier one by the Boston orchestra under Koussevitsky, particularly in the first movement which is likely to become excessively growly and melodramatic rather than melancholy and gruesome if it is not executed with the proper restraint.

The first movement and the despairing fourth make the recording what it is. The peculiar rhythm of the second movement, which almost defies analysis, is not handled as well as the earlier theme. The third movement, however, by the sheer terrifying force of the blazing scales and thundering fortissimo, leaps forward to the last movement, carrying its fire of emotion with it. The long experience of the orchestra insures almost perfect mechanical technique, and the recording will stand for some time as the best of the familiar "*Pathétique*."



Strauss

Albert Coates' direction of the London symphony in Richard Strauss' tone poem, *Don Juan*, will leave a critical listener with a sense of having listened to an adequate but not breath-taking record (VICTOR).

There is a richness and range in

Richard Strauss' work which Coates handles in a way which brings out its full color. *Don Juan* in itself is not, however, a deeply profound composition; and in the second and early part of the third parts, Coates' recording has a hollowness which is hard to explain. It may be due to the contrast to what seems to be over-amplification in the first part, but any minor faults are compensated for by the wonderful strength of the tone throughout. Coates is a virile and competent conductor.

The Toy Trumpet

The expression and harmony of Stokowsky and the rhythm of Goodman. The muted trumpet choruses and drum breaks make this record exceptionally entertaining. *Powerhouse* is the better of these two novel numbers. Johnny Davis, the drummer, is a clever boy. MASTER.

Boo Hoo

Fats Waller keeps his mouth shut; and the result is quite pleasing,—not that we don't like his "singing" but it's a change. Piano and a trumpet (which just matches Fats' style) are of course

She'll Say YES!



... if it's a
DINNER DATE
in the
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the backbone of the piece. *The Love Bug* is on the reverse and will bite you if you aren't careful. VICTOR.

Honeysuckle Rose

T. Dorsey with his trombone, Bunny Berigan with his trumpet, Waller at his piano, McDonough with his guitar, and Wettling behind the drums put their heads together for "A Jam Session at Victor." *Honeysuckle Rose* is swing of the wilder rowdier type, while its companion piece *Blues* is just that: blue, the softer moanier type. Both excellent, but hell—look at who's playing. VICTOR.

It's No Secret I Love You

With *A Love Song of Long Ago* (which latter is a waltz) in the elegantly refined manner of Xavier Cugat, who plays at the Waldorf-Astoria rather than at the Kit Kat or the Savoy Ballroom. Continental music which makes one think of floating. Fine, but not for bowery parties. VICTOR.

Never in a Million Years

Smooth, rhythmic swing. Ruth Gaylor's vocal would make goose bumps on cow hide. The bass and rhythm section make a soft, deep background throughout. Excellent for dancing. *Wake Up and Live* sounds like it just came along for the ride. DECCA.

Champagne Cocktail

Wailing trumpets and ad lib clarinet solos are the order here. They're as good as they are exotic. *Tarantula* is like a breeze from the jungle, without the war drums. You couldn't dance to them and smoke at the same time without getting burned. DECCA.

Blue Reverie

This one has it all over *The Night She Cried in My Beer*. Its slow, lazy tempo makes one think of soft lights and scushy couches. A swell number, and Cootie Williams does it justice. *Downtown Uproar* might sound fair after about four beers, but we never touch the stuff. VARIETY.

Margie

Billy Kyle puts a new dress on that old favorite, *Margie*. It's the flashiest and loudest we've ever heard her in, but some of the colors clash. It's not a bad number if you've got the ague; shake well while using. However, there are two sides to everything, and *Big Boy Blue*, the reverse, is better. Sophisticated piano solos merit mention. VARIETY.

Mabel My Murder

ONCE I was Mabel's roommate. We both went together to work in the morning.

Me and Mabel were very young once.

She was prettier than me and more boys came to take her out.

But I didn't mind because I loved Mabel like my own sister. We loved each other. She loved me.

Once I said to Mabel, "Give me your ring and I will give you my picture. Then we will not forget one another." So she did.

We lived together for many years and we both went to the factory together and we were very happy.

But one day Mabel hurt me when she said that I was not beautiful.

So I killed her.

Then I didn't think about it anymore.

I told the girls in the factory that Mabel went to California and they believed me.

But one day a man found Mabel's legs in the harbor where I threw them. Somebody else found Mabel's arms in the harbor where I threw them.

Then other people found more things where I threw them.

They found my picture tattooed on her. She didn't tell me or I would not of killed her.

So they arrested me.

Now they are going to kill me. So I am writing my story for all young girls to read and not to kill their roommates because they will be sorry.

—Lampoon

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The Stormy Voyage of the Doris Ann

We caulked the beam,
We staunched the keel!
We trimmed whatever it is that they trim
And shoved her snout out on the froth-dangling brim
Of a walloping south-west bath tub plug
That slapped at our teeth like a high-flung jug
Of death dealing glue
But we ploughed straight through!

And gyrating shrill from the ground gear's list
Came the shriek of a spattering binnacle twist
That shivered our eyes on the last sight of land
And our women who prayed in the popped corn stand.

We dibbered the jib with a blustering flam
And our hearts sank into a roast loin of lamb!
For square to the lee, like a leech on a thistle
Rose a mermaid witch with a sigh like a whistle!
Her bosoms were twain,
And her tail flashed like rain!



And she rose in the swell
'Til her middle was plain
In sight of us poor frenzied hands on the craft!
Her sleek lips were parted.
Good god! How she laughed!

The bosun gave vent
To an echo that rent
The murk like a tent
And we knew what *that* meant!
And the chandler tore hampers
Of hemp from the strouds
And the mate and the captain
Hurled rice at the clouds!
And the prow of the yinking Doris Ann
Crashed head-on into the Morris Plan!



Tick Tock Tick Tock

Knock on the portals of carved creamy kurds,
Flutter your lips as you whisper the words,
"Vestal Virginity, Hope Unbegun!"

Two Pair of Pants for the Price of But One!"
In the dank, musty, spider-webbed cellar of Existence
The Superintendent of the Animate
Throws another shovel full of Anthracite of Breath
Into the gassy, Old-fashioned Furnace of Living.

—Jackolantern



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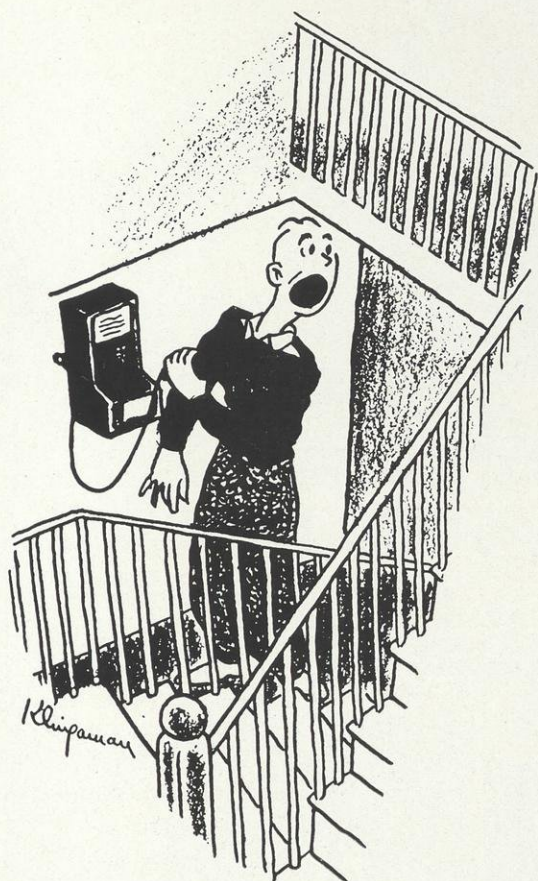
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Vol. XVIII

JUNE, 1937

Number 10



In the Editor's Brown Study

THIS month's cover is the work of our Mr. Erdahl. Mr. Erdahl's custom is to draw his name and then sketch a picture around it. With a bit of smooth tongue work, a handful of small silver coins, and a promise to print his signature inside the magazine, we got Mr. Erdahl to leave his name off the cover. Here it is, in all its glory:

JEOPARDY
ERDAHL

Under pressure of examinations and other plagues the Octy staff has dusted off its books and is leaving no stone unturned in order to be eligible for further humorous activity next fall. Hence for this issue we are relying upon our contemporaries to pull us through, and we offer for your inspection the choice work of a few of the better magazines.

Exchange issues such as this one are an annual feature with nearly all college magazines. Octy is merely joining the parade . . . it saves money and is slightly less burdensome when the time is needed elsewhere and the money is not to be found.

Octy thanks:

The Harvard Lampoon for the cartoons on pages 9, 14, and 16.

The Stanford Chaparral for the cartoons on pages 10, 15, and 17.

The Dartmouth Jackolantern for the cartoons on pages 5, 13, and 19.

The Princeton Tiger for the cartoon on page 12.

The Yale Record for the cartoons on pages 1 and 20.

Doubtless due to feverish study and overhanging examinations the Penn Froth and the California Pelican could be with us only in spirit. It is too bad.

Emmerich won the 10-yard crawl and the 100-yard medley in the senior division and placed second in the junior diving.

—MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

Come now, no hunching on that first race.

The December concert of the University orchestra, which has come to be an essential part of the Christmas season here, was played Sunday afternoon before 90 who packed Music hall to its doors.

—CAPITAL TIMES

We demand a recount!

GOING NORTH?

Washington.—Andrew W. Mellon's offer to provide a \$50,000,000 national art gallery was accepted by congress after spirited senate debate yesterday over conditions attached to the gift.

While democratic leaders lauded the generosity of the former republican cabinet officer, left wingers led by Sen. R. M. La Follette of Wisconsin insisted not only upon looking the gift horse in the south but examining each of its teeth.

—CAPITAL TIMES

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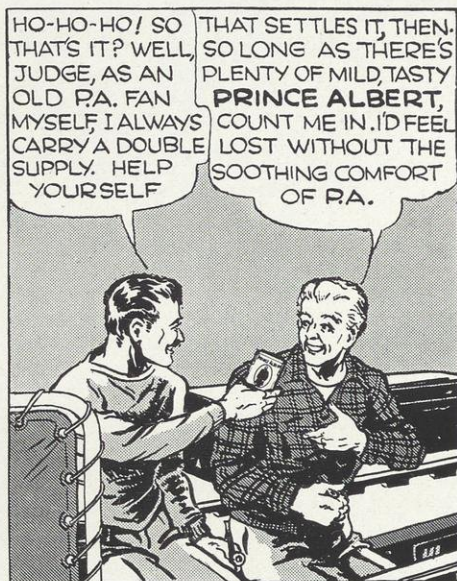
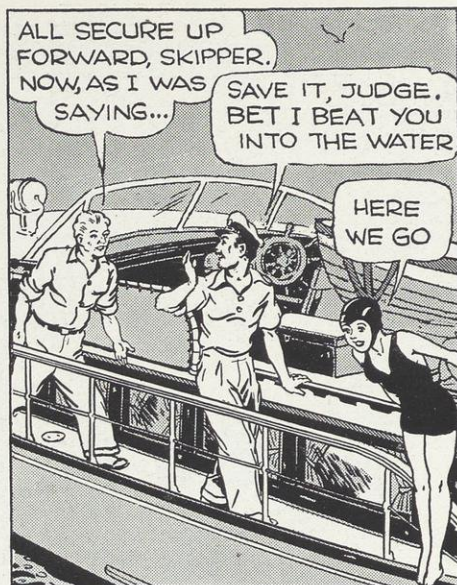
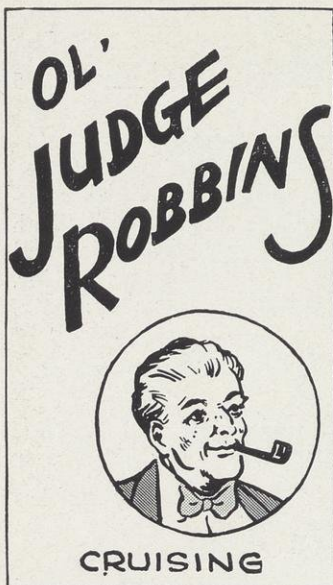
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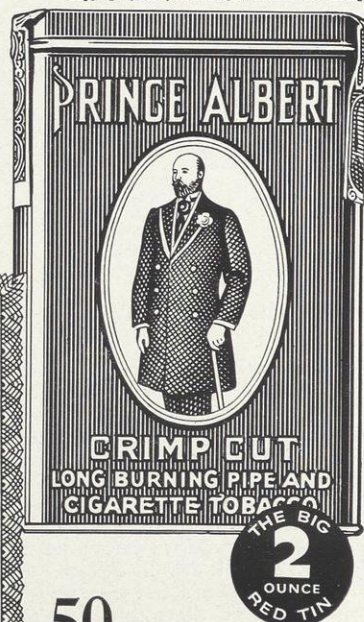
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mild, and tasty. Doesn't bite the tongue. Harshness is removed by a special "no-bite" process. So get in on real smoking joy, men, with Prince Albert—the princely tobacco for pipes and roll-your-own cigarettes too.

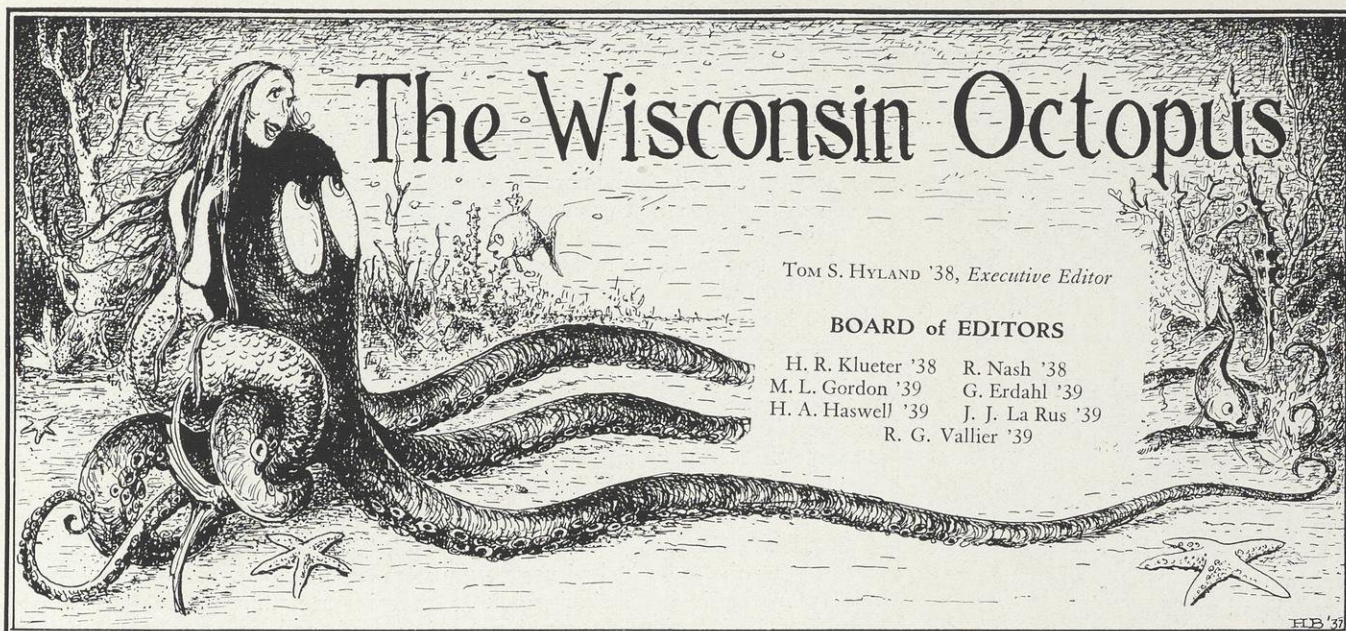
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Volume XVIII

JUNE, 1937

Number 10

Professor Peabody's Ruse

A Crew Story about Rowing

"SHUCKS, Blaney," said the Freshman crew coach, eyeing my physique, "you'll never make an oarsman." But that didn't stop me. Then and there I resolved with all the bitter determination that was so essentially the essential to me, to be a crew man, to be a whole crew if necessary.

They said I skied my oar, and dipped, and washed out. They said I hung at the catch. They said I'd never catch the hang of it, and they put me in the twelfth boat with an aged graduate student and no coxswain. Finally they kicked me off the squad.

But I wasn't licked. No, sir, I built a shell out of old cigar boxes and resolved to learn by myself. I bought an old sweater with a big blue Y on it, and borrowed an old oar from old Professor Peabody, my old professor. He alone believed in me in those trying years of rigorous training.

Those *were* hard days, but they were

triumphant days too. I was captain, crew, coxswain, coach, and trainer all rolled into one. I was even manager, and in this capacity I arranged races with all the leading college crews in the East, except Tufts.

Then, one day, the day of my race with Harvard, Professor Peabody was suddenly taken ill. The whole Yale crew squad was lined up on the bank to laugh at me. I couldn't bear the thought of my old professor missing all the fun.

Nervous and out of sorts, I stepped through the bottom of my shell and spent a precious half-hour repairing the damage. No one offered me a helping hand. Finally we were off. I stroked evenly down stream, plying my precious blade in desperate unison. But I was outnumbered eight to one, and I could see the Crimson boat was gaining fast. At the five-mile mark they spurted past me, tired but still rowing evenly and well. I lost heart. Suddenly I spied my old professor, old Professor Peabody, edging gallantly up to the river's edge in an old wheel chair. In the midst of the bitter jeering I caught his encouraging words, "Don't shoot your slide, my boy. You're only two miles behind."

I could see the dam below the bend. The finish was nearing.

Splash!!! Kerplump. Professor Peabody was in the seething water, chair

and all. He bobbed merrily towards the dam. Had someone pushed him? Had he slipped? Had the bank caved in? There was no time for conjecture. I only knew he was in the fatal, whirling current, rushing madly towards the dam and certain destruction. I struck out with grim determination, taking 60 strokes in as many seconds. Vainly I tried to head him off, straining at my single oar, his gift to me. I sped past the bewildered Harvard crew across the finish line in a tumult of cheering.

But though I had won the race, my ears were deaf to acclaim. My eyes were pinned on the tragic form of old Professor Peabody as he disappeared over the brink of the fatal dam. "Too late," I moaned, and paddled despondently for the boat house. The Yale crew mentors greeted me with paeans of praise. They slapped me on the back and called me "Blaney old boy." They threw me in the water and dragged me



"And can you EAT a diploma?"



"Did you see my picture in Life?"

out and threw me in again. It all meant nothing to me.

Suddenly Professor Peabody was standing before me. "You!" I exclaimed in wonderment, wondering.

"You've won, my boy. I'm proud of you," he shouted.

"But—but—but???" I thought you went over the dam," I said in strange delight.

"Oh," he smiled indulgently, "that was just Mrs. Peabody. I gave her my coat and chair and shoved her in the river."

"Oh," I sighed with relief, "I thought it was you."

"You great big silly fool," he laughed amiably, "that's just what I intended you to think."

—Record

Hark!

What was that?

'Twas a crimper of crumpets
A long-wishboned tiddler
A torpid-toothed she-fop
A well-bottomed fiddler!

An avenger of posture
An ogler of nudgers
An irker of inkpots
An uncler of fudgers!

To Isabel

I shall go into the wilderness
And invent
A Candy,
Made of Fig Stems,
Prune and Sugar
And Prime Bean Soup Stock.
And I shall call it
"Motorman's Glove."

Do you know what I hide
In the brunt of my hat?
The incoming tide
And the song of a cat!

How Was I to Know?

"Oh yes . . . and one thing more,"
I asked God point blank
As I was about to be born.
"Do I,
Or don't I
Tip the obstetrician?"

—Jackolantern

Robert Taylor, cinemactor, has donated \$250 to Stanford university for the study of the psychology of the theater.

—THE DAILY CARDINAL

Isn't that taking a pretty big chance?

Marie Gets Me Up

MARIE, my biddie Sophomore year, was the pleasantest woman who ever woke me up. She used to come in at twelve-thirty, and talk to me until there was just time for her to make the bed before one; then I'd hop out and beat it for class. She never scolded me, just kidded me a little, but at the end of the year once, when I was sleeping even after one, she wrote me a note that she'd *get me up before noon some time if it was the last thing she ever did*.

I pulled into Cambridge a few days late this year; the room looked unusually clean for Marie, but I didn't think much about it. But the next morning, when the door opened along about Marie's usual time and I called out for a kiss, it wasn't Marie at all. "Aren't you ever going to get up?" the new biddy asked.

"Maybe," I said.

"If you want me, you can come call me," the woman said, "but I won't be bothered after quarter of one."

That first week was the most unpleasant I've spent at Harvard. Mrs. Kane came into our room regularly at nine, clomped around the room, looked in, in the hope I might not be in bed, and, guessing I was awake, commented adversely on Harvard boys in general and me in particular. It took me the whole week to learn how to sleep through it. And then there wasn't anyone to wake me up.

Along in the second week of October, though, old times returned. Marie came in one morning; it was a minute or two before I realized she shouldn't be there. "For God's sake, Marie," I said, "I'm glad to see you. What did you do with Mrs. Kane?"

"Oh," she said, "she told me how she couldn't do anything with the boy in 13; so I swapped a couple of rooms with her."

"Why, where are you now?"

"Oh, just across the court," Marie said. "How about getting up?"

"Don't be silly," I said. "It isn't even twelve yet."

It was nice seeing Marie again, but somehow she wasn't quite the same. She seemed in a hurry generally, and once or twice she even seemed a little annoyed that I wouldn't get out of bed. Or perhaps it was that I began having nightmares.

Every morning I'd wake up thinking

I'd just been hit across the stomach with a broom. Of course there'd never be anyone there, but the moment I went back to sleep, smack across my tail I'd get the broom feeling again. I'd have got up earlier after that if it hadn't been against my principles; anyway, I was generally pretty cross by the time Marie came in, after perhaps six of that particular nightmare. I thought I must be going nuts.

I was sure of it that morning when Marie came in and looked around. I said, "Not yet twelve," but she didn't seem to hear me. Then she started moaning something about someone being dead, and pretty soon she pulled down the shade and started packing everything from my bureau. "Hey!" I yelled. "I'm not dead."

She came over and started to straighten out the sheets; the funny thing was, I didn't feel anything, even though her hand seemed to go right through mine. I sat up, and her arms passed right through me.

"Cheest!" I said. "I'm *not* dead." But Marie didn't pay any attention, and I got out of bed and tore like hell for the hall.

THE first man I met was Geoff Harder; "Geoff," I said, "Will you come in and tell Marie I'm alive?"

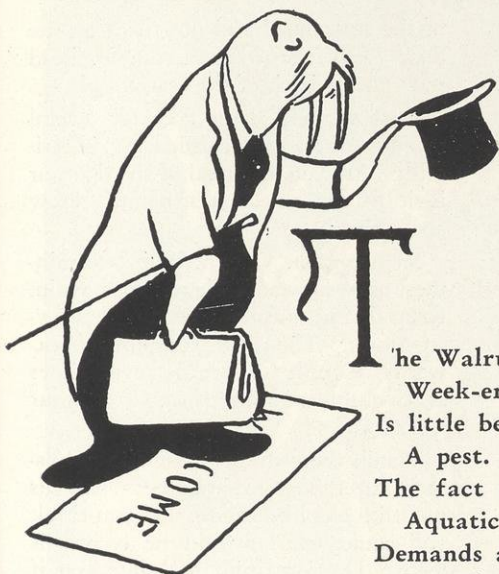
"You mean Mrs. Kane, you ass," Geoff said. "You knew Marie died this summer, didn't you?"

I tore back into the room; there was no sign of anyone, but there was a note on the desk that I was sure I'd thrown away long ago. "Mr. Green," it said, "I'm going to get you up before twelve some time if it's the last thing I do."

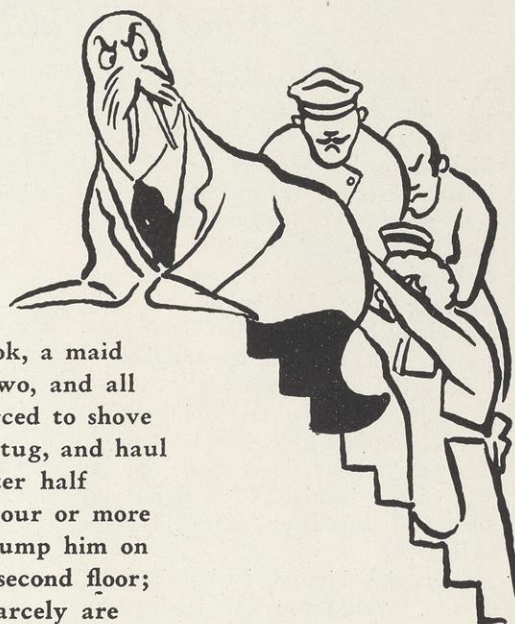
My watch said quarter of twelve.

—Harvard Lampoon



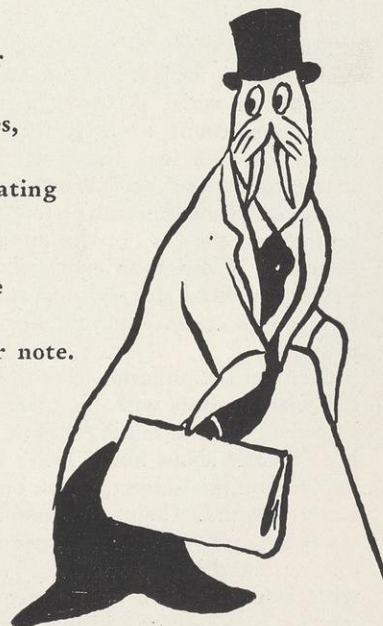
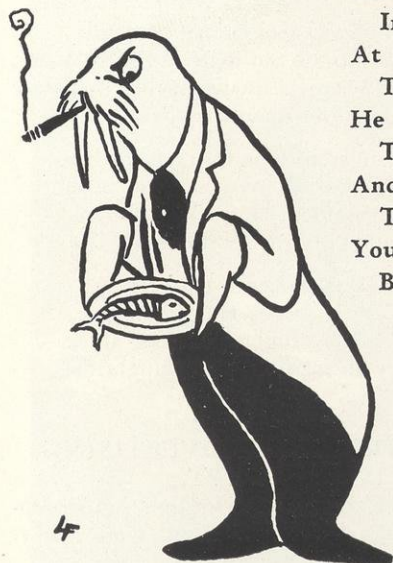


WALRUS



The Walrus, as a
Week-end guest
Is little better than
A pest.
The fact that his
Aquatic way
Demands at least
Four baths a day
Is aggravated
By the rub
You cannot fit him
In your tub,
And so you find
You have to take
Him four times daily
To a lake;
And if a crowd of
Folk are there
You'll see that every
One will stare;
He's not embarrassed
But you find
You quickly lose *your*
Peace of mind—
The walrus doesn't
Think it rude
To bathe in public
In the nude.
At home, you learn
To your despair
He can't negotiate
The stair,
And so to get him
To his room
You call the chauffeur,
Butler, groom

The cook, a maid
Or two, and all
Are forced to shove
And tug, and haul
Till after half
An hour or more
They dump him on
The second floor;
And scarcely are
They rested, when
They have to get him
Down again.
His rules for
Diet, furthermore
Resemble nothing
Seen before;
The only thing that
Fills his maw
Is Fish—of course they
Must be raw—
And worse than that,
He's seldom done
Until he's eaten
Half a ton.
Nor has he got the
Saving grace
Of pleasant talk or
Handsome face;
And when he leaves,
Ingratitude
Appears his dominating
Mood—
The walrus never
Lived who wrote
His host a
Bread and Butter note.



What to Do in That Class

YAWN and cross your legs and slide further down into your seat.

Glance idly about the room. Make sure the professor isn't looking in your direction, then sneak a look at your watch. Try to convince yourself that it's right and that it's really that early after all. Reach over and pull back the sleeve of the lad on your right and check by his watch. Cough. Uncross your legs and sit up straighter.

Look out the window. Is it cloudy? Is it raining? Is the sun shining? How many clear days have there been so far this year? Count them up on the fingers of one hand. Try to figure out what God could have against this place anyhow.

Study the shirt on the boy in front of you. Would you like a shirt like that? Would a shirt like that like you? Is the collar clean? About how long would you say he's worn that shirt? Two days? Four days? A week? Do you think he has another shirt? Are shirts like that really made from cast-off kilts?

Scratch your ear. Put your feet on the back of the seat in front of you, rest your chin on your knees. Concentrate on ears. Try to imagine what people would look like without ears. Do you think they'd look better or worse? Are you satisfied with your ears? Make a mental list of adequate ears you have known. Are you for collapsible, detachable ears? Are you for Home Rule for Ireland? What do you think causes potato blight? Elm tree blight?

Study the professor's ears. Are they really that big or is it just due to chiaroscuro and aerial perspective? Close your eyes, count to fifty, then look again. Do they look the same? Note that ears are like "ss." When you get going on them you can't stop. Concentrate on the "ss" in the professor's sentences. Close your eyes tight and shake your head sharply to clear it before you go crazy. Put your fingers in your ears.

Consider the professor. Try to figure out what he does with his spare time. Does he ever stop talking? How must his wife feel about him? Don't linger too long on this subject, you're on dangerous ground. Count the number of times he says "uh" in a sentence. Is there anything particularly wrong with saying "uh" several times in a sentence? Who ever said it was wrong and how did he know?

Try to say what the professor says as soon as possible after he says it. Try to beat him to it. Try to guess what the professor's said during the past half hour.

Look at the lad on your right. Is he a wetty? Is he asleep or is he doing a cross-word puzzle? If he's asleep stare intently at him for a minute or two. Then begin making faces at him. If this doesn't affect him, bear down and, staring hard at the center of his forehead, say over and over to yourself: "You are tired of it all, *so* tired. You can't stand it any longer. You've *got* to get up and scream."

Try this several times. If he really gets up and screams don't ever do it again—it might develop into a power complex. If it fails to work, consider him. Does he ever take notes? Can you honestly say you've ever seen him taking notes? What is he going to do when comprehensives come around? What do the rest of the people who never take notes do? Do they have friends? Why don't *you* have friends? What is this boy going to do when he gets out? What will he be five years from now? How much will he be making? What will he be like when he comes back for his fifth reunion? Will he be wearing a whoopee hat?

Take your feet down from the back

of the seat ahead and put them on the floor. Lean forward until your forehead rests on the back of the seat ahead.

Stare vaguely at the floor for several minutes, then start considering it seriously. Are you ashamed of the floor, or is it fit for any man's home? How about that?

Sit up again. Cough. Wait two minutes, by your watch, then cough again. Keep this up until you've coughed seven times. Then try coughing backwards. Cough backwards seven times at two minute intervals. Cross your legs.

Watch the movements of the professor's lips. Try to imagine what his mouth looks like inside. Do you think you could tell how old he is by his teeth? Do you think he'd bite you if you tried? Why? What would you do if he bit you? What would he do if you bit him? Do you believe in a double standard in such cases? Is it all a fault of the system? Would you care to be a professor? Would you bite people if you were?

Look at your watch again, openly this time. Sigh and uncross your legs and squirm into some semi-comfortable position. Keep your eye on your watch and try to say "bong" just a fraction of a second before the bells start ringing. Walk as fast as you can out of the building and see how far away you can get before the bells stop.

—Jackolantern

An Intrepid Hunter

Perhaps you'd like to hear it too—
The way I caught a kangaroo.

Well, first I took a boat that sails
From Boston out to New South Wales;
And when I'd finally reached that place
I sallied out upon the chase.

A kangaroo came through the brush;
I hid and bid my friends to hush;
Then suddenly just like a rocket
I leaped into her empty pocket.

Oh, 'twas indeed a clever ruse
To stimulate her young papoose;
But that I caught her, none agree—
They all insist that she caught me.

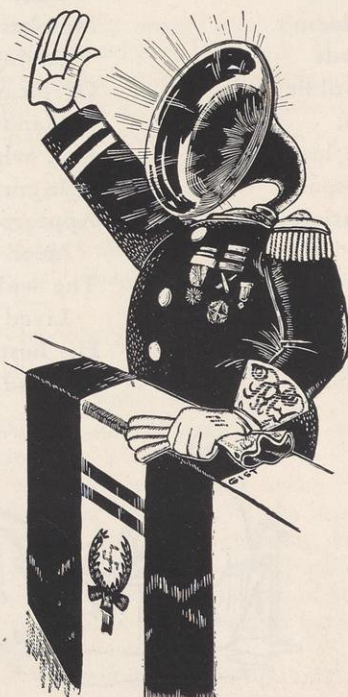
—Record

* * *

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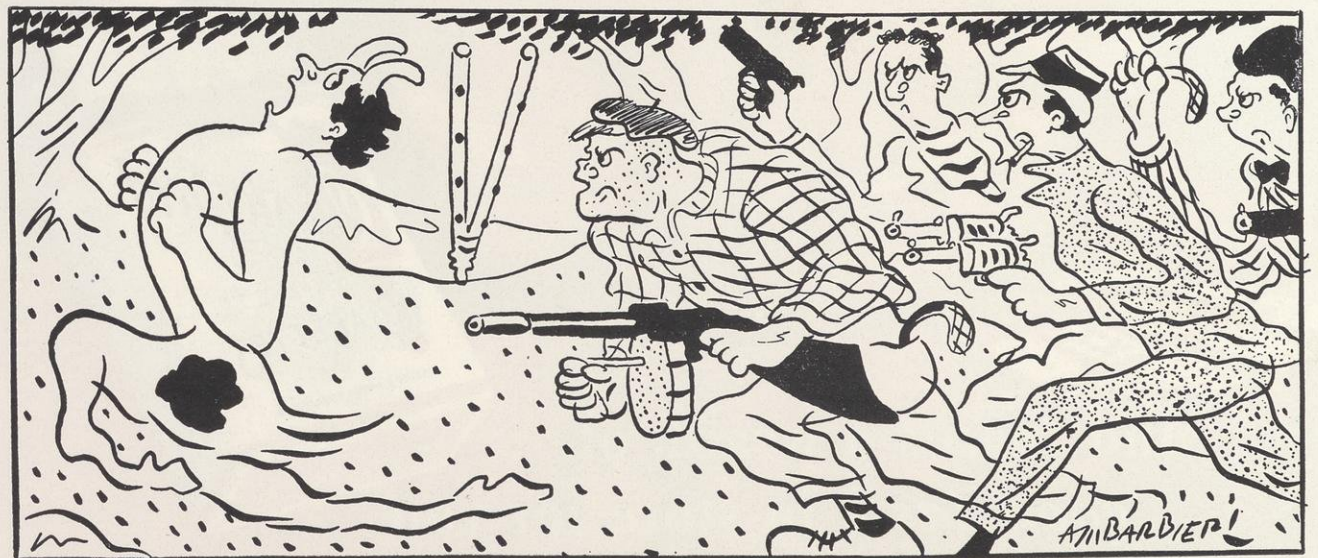
—N. Y. Times



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reads...
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*And there's a wealth of
good taste in store for you*

Wisconsin Octopus



Diary of a Mustache Artist

MAY 15—Had a great day today. Drew a wax mustache on two Lavoris women on the subway and a flowing black beard—one of my best creations—on an Arrow Collar man. Also blacked out two front teeth of a Pepsi-sodent smile. A very difficult job of draughtsmanship, but the laughter and applause of the delighted crowd were well worth the effort. I hear Lucky Strike is bringing out a new girl tomorrow. Boy!

MAY 16—Lucky Strike did bring out a new girl. By noon I was getting tired of black eyes and Van Dyck beards so I scrawled "Hooray for Camels" on a couple more and called it a day.

MAY 17—New ad out today. It reads "Do You Use Ex-Lax?" I answered this on four subway cards with a terse "No!" These advertisers are playing right into my hands.

MAY 18—Today I tried something new. Took a ladder around to the fronts of theatres and readjusted the letters in the marquee signs. Sometimes only had to remove a punctua-

tion mark. Am especially proud of "Born to Be Bad with Loretta Young." And how I laughed when I got "Nuts to Everyone" out of 'University Theatre!'

MAY 19—Stole unobserved into the Harvard Library and scribbled comments at the end of all the History I assignments. In most of them, however, there wasn't any room left so I gave up in disgust.

MAY 20—Went into the State-house today and carved my initials on the Sacred Codfish. How I wish I could see Governor Curley's face when he sees those initials! Tomorrow I plan to carve my initials on Governor Curley.

MAY 21—Spent the day changing the "MEN" and "WOMEN" signs in the Hotel Statler. Left the hotel hurriedly, two or three jumps ahead of the house detective and several angry women.

MAY 22—Took a wet sponge and wrote "President Roosevelt Loves Greta Garbo" on the grimy side of the

Customs House. They'll have to wash the whole building to get it off.

MAY 23—The police caught up with me just as I was lettering "Rin-Tin-Tin" across a Cadillac advertisement. Taken to court and was just able to carve a donkey labelled "Judge" on the jury rail before I was found guilty.

MAY 24—Was taken out to be executed today. Stood up before the firing squad with my face to the wall. Just barely had time to scribble a few dirty words on the wall, in indelible ink, before I was dropped by the first volley. The firing squad all carved their initials in my tombstone.

I Shall Go Mad Mad Mad

POLICEMEN, I guess, are peculiar. Massachusetts policemen especially are peculiar. They aren't very understanding—really. Moreover, they treat people very rudely. For two days now they have been hitting me—very hard too—with a piece of garden hose.

There is one big policeman who talks a lot. He keeps asking me why did I do it and I keep answering why did I do what and then another policeman hits me with a piece of hose. When I used to ask questions in high school nobody ever hit me—at least not right away. They just nodded their heads and said see me during their office hours. Of course they were joking because they didn't have any offices and I knew it.

Once the big policeman said do you know that you are a pyromaniac. I said what is that and he said an incendiary and I said incendiary one goes to church.

Then the big policeman said all right tough guy just tell us everything you remember doing the day before we found you running across Cambridge Street Bridge in your pajama shirt. Then I remembered how I got home Saturday night after the Yale game and

was in very high spirits. I had gone riding with some fellows and had spent some time in a place where they serve sodas without any foam on top or any ice cream on the bottom. They tasted very good. After a while I felt sort of warm and happy and light and said silly things. Then the fellows took me home.

Sunday morning I felt bad. I went into my study and looked around. I thought the furniture looked awful. I had had it for five months. I didn't like the furniture at all—especially the chairs and couch and tables. I thought new furniture would look better so I made a pile of the old furniture in the middle of the room and burned it. It got awful hot in the room so I went outside in the hall but it got hot in the hall too so I went downstairs in the living room. Two fellows who live in my rooming house came running down the stairs in an awful hurry and looked at me in a queer way. Nobody else came down but then it was early in the morning. I went outside to see where the fellows were running to. They had disappeared so I went looking for them.

Then I heard a fire engine. Fire en-



gines thrill me. When I got to the fire a lot of people I knew were standing around watching. They looked at me very queerly. Suddenly feeling giddy—fires do that to me, I yelled—a lot. And then I started to run—all around. Then the policeman picked me up on the Cambridge Street Bridge and brought me here. I told them where I lived so they could take me home but they didn't. They brought me here. And now they keep on asking me why did I do it and then when I say why did I do what that policeman hits me with the piece of rubber hose.

—Lampoon

No Man a Hero to His Biddy



Rake

Collegiate

Grind



Faithful

Malade

Egoist

The Student Restaurant That Pleased Everyone

ONCE there was a restaurant which all the boys patronized and where the service was so excellent that when one gave his order he would be eating before he could open his freshly-laundered, hand-embroidered linen napkin, and after he placed his order the waitress didn't go to the back of the establishment and bellow through a little window "Vegetable soup rosbiff french fries stromberrie pie anna scup scoffee"; no—instead, she whispered the order quietly to the chef, who was all neat and tidy in a nice clean starched cap and apron.

When you ordered vegetable soup, roast beef, spinach, mashed potatoes, and apple pie, you always got vegetable soup, roast beef, spinach, mashed potatoes, and apple pie; not Boston

baked beans, brown bread, macaroni, asparagus tips, and angel cake. When you picked up your knife it never slipped out of your fingers because of the grease on it; on the contrary, the waitresses used to stay in nights to polish the silverware. The water glasses could be held to the light without one's finding any foreign matter in them.

Apple pie was served only once a week, as the proprietor thought it unhealthy to eat it often, and one day he decided that sixty cents was too much to charge for a special dinner, so he reduced the price to forty-five, firmly refusing to accept more. If you ordered a ham sandwich and discovered, when it was served, that it was swimming in mayonnaise or something which disagreed with you, the waitress

would not say, "Why didn't you tell me before?" No; instead she would say, "I am very humiliated, sir, and I beg that you do not report me to my employer lest I be discharged. I regret that this has occurred, and I assure you, sir, that it shall never happen again."

The man who ran this restaurant was not named Laughing Joe or Toothless Tom; no, his name was James Smith, and he never allowed anyone to call him Jim, and never made any effort to impress anyone with his beaming personality. He was a comparatively calm guy who sat in the back of the place all day reading *Harper's* and *Scribner's* and *The New York Times*.

—Jackolantern



The First (a vulture): "Things are definitely on the upswing! I sold 75 Bombers to the government today."
 The Second (a glut): "Oh, to be sure. I delivered 1500 gross of rifles to Italy only last week."
 The Third (a mouse): "And I have on hand an order from the Red Cross for 40,000 yards of sterile gauze."
 All (with great feeling): "A noble institution, the Red Cross!"

The College Professor Who Pleased Everyone

ONCE there was a professor who was a very funny man in many ways. He did not have a Phi Bete key, since he had not studied much in college, but had dated up girls instead and thus he always wore a wrist watch to class, as he had no reason to wear a watch-and-chain to twirl in his fingers or lay on the desk. He was not at all anxious to have students do their assignments every night; he said he didn't care about marks and stuff, and if there was a Jean Arthur movie on, he always dismissed the afternoon class without taking attendance. He never marked anyone absent anyway.

He didn't say on the first day the class met, "You will get out of this course, gentlemen, just exactly what you put into it. It is entirely up to you

whether you are to derive lasting benefit from the year's work." Instead, he said, "I personally think this is a foolish course; it is as much a pipe for me as it is for you." The professor did not tell dirty stories just to show he was one of the boys; and if a student said he thought a far better treatment of the subject was to be found in the professor's own book than in the assigned reading, this odd gentleman said, "Cut out the kidding, my boy; that book of mine is absolutely the most puerile bid for a full professorship that ever was."

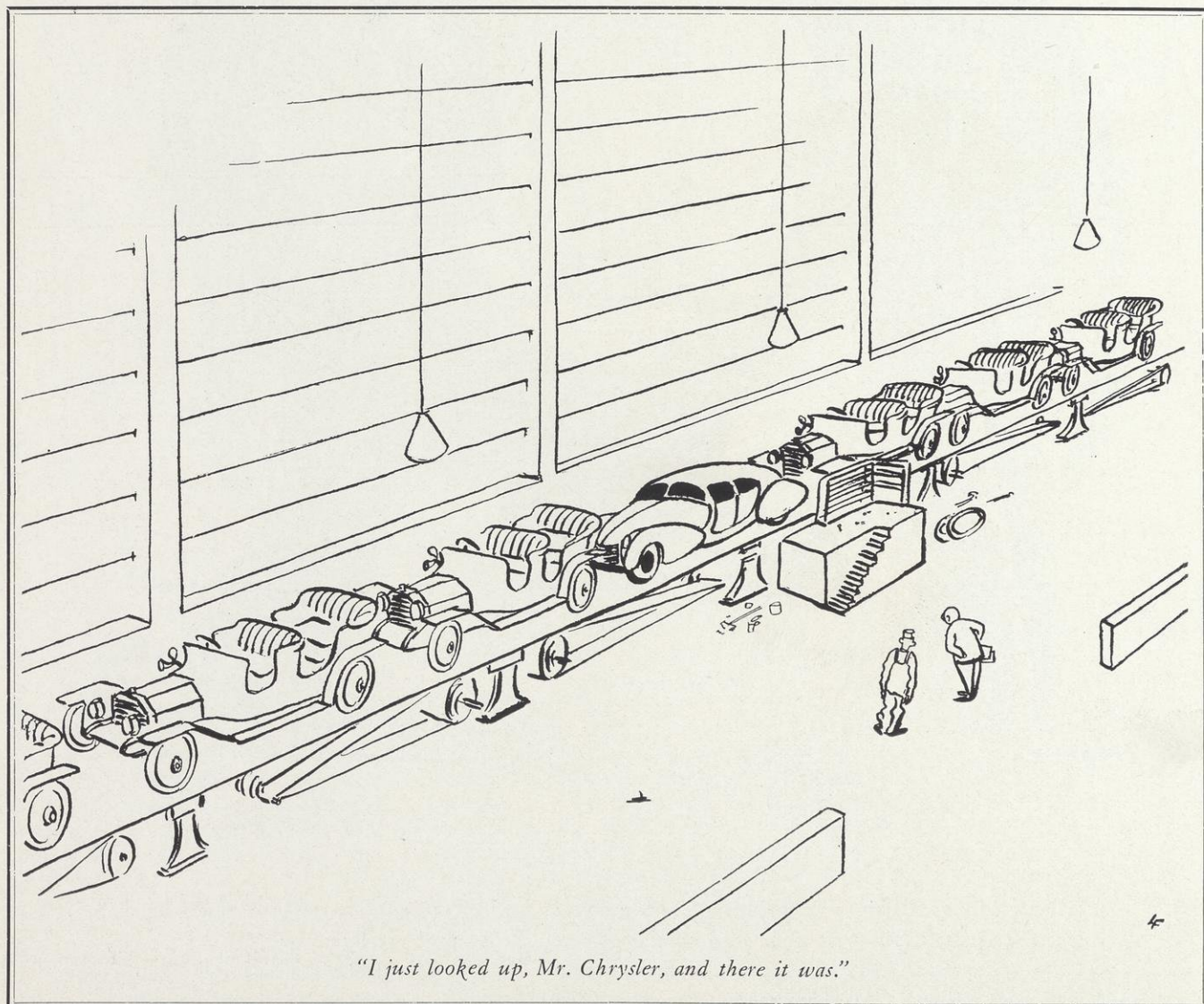
He didn't smoke a pipe, nor did he bring a brief-case to class. Instead, he carried only a single textbook, and there were no paper place-marks bristling out of it. When he gave a lecture, he didn't rustle a sheaf of typewritten notes. He was just as apt to have his

notes scrawled on playing cards or old envelopes.

For his eight o'clock he was always on time, but he never told the boys who came in late that he should have to insist on a little more promptness in the future. Nor would he coldly ignore them. He always said, and sincerely too, that he understood—he used to stay up late himself.

If one of the boys in the class asked him a tough question, he would not say, "I advise you to look that up in the reference room at the library as it will do you more good to dig it out for yourself than if I tell you"; no, he would just smile and say, "Hell, brother, search me; the only reason I am teaching this subject is to get out of the hay and feed business for a couple of years."

—Jackolantern



Recollection

'Twas on a spring-time day like this,
A sunny morn in May,
When first my heart beat fast with bliss;
I looked across your way.

How well it all comes back to me
The more I roam the past.
Your body filled my mind with glee.
I swallowed hard and fast.

I gazed across you, front to rear,
Your lines so sleek and smooth.
I wanted you forever, dear,
My manly urge to soothe.

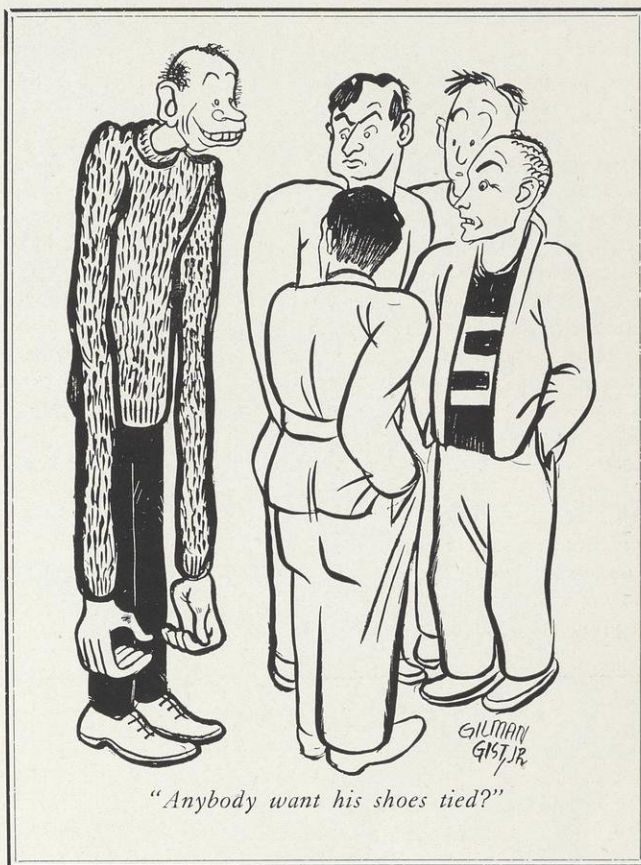
We've been together quite a while
In sorrow and in sin,
But cars like you are out of style.
I'm going to trade you in.

—J. J. La R.

Square Dance for an Amateur Echo-Eater

Oh salt not the clam of old Abraham;
Post not thy bouillon by mail!
Rend not the fig from thy grandmother's wig;
For Gussie is taking the veil!

—Jackolantern



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"I told her I was knee deep in love."

"What did she say?"

"She said she would keep me on her wading list."

—Jester.

"If a child were to come in and say that her mother had sent her for a can of maltreated milk, what would you give her?" asked the dairyman to his new assistant.

"Why, malted milk, of course."

"Fine, our last man hunted all over the shelves for a can of whipped cream."

—Log.

Prof (gazing over the room during an examination): "Tsk, tsk, will some kind gentleman who isn't using his textbook be so kind as to permit me to have it for a few minutes?"

—Log.

Auctioneer: "What am I offered for this beautiful bust of Robert Burns?"

Man in crowd: "That ain't Burns, that's Shakespeare."

Auctioneer: "Well, folks, the joke's on me. That shows what I know about the Bible."

—Kitty Kat.

"Someone has to teach the freshman girls wrong from right."

"Okay pal, you teach them what is right."

—Froth.

"Just think, children," said the missionary, "in Africa there are six million square miles where little boys and girls have no Sunday school. Now, what should we all strive to save our money for?"

"To go to Africa!" cried a chorus of cheery voices.

—Longhorn.

Lady—I suppose you have been in the navy so long that you're accustomed to sea legs?

Sailor—Why lady, I wasn't even looking.

—Sundial.

Gently, he pushed her quivering shoulders back against the chair. She raised beseeching eyes in which faint hope and fear were struggling. From her parted lips, the breath came in short, wrenching gasps. Reassuringly, he smiled at her.

Bzzzz, went the dentist's drill.

—Widow.

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Joe (to vain roommate): Have you got a picture of yourself?

Vain Roommate: Yeh.

Joe: Then let me use that mirror, I want to shave.

—Dirge

"Her cheeks are as fresh as a morning shave—"

"I'd lather be alone!"

"Her lips as cool as face lotion—"

"Tinted with alum."

"And she's seen on every corner."

"What's her name again?"

"Barbara Pole." —Bored Walk

The height of something or other is a dumb girl turning a deaf ear to a blind date.

—Aggievator

"I'm angry at Bill. He proposed to me last night."

"I see nothing wrong in that."

"Yea, but you should have heard what he proposed!" —Varieties

My lover him have gone away

My lover him have went to stay

Him won't come to I

Me won't went to he,

Don't it awful?

Yes.

—Widow



"What are you writing?"

"A joke."

"Well, give her my regards."

—Pel Mell

Nit: Why do you call your girl "Checkers"?

Wit: Oh, she jumps every time you make a bad move.

—Lampoon

She—Never, never kiss me that way again!

He—Sorry. A mere slip of the tongue.

—Banter

"I thought that you said that you'd call your mother if I kissed you."

"That one ain't even worth telling her about."

—Lampoon

"And does your nice little cow give milk?"

"Well, not exactly; you gotta sorta take it away from her."

—Log

"I'm your wife's first husband."

"My god!"

"Really? I didn't think she'd brag about me that much to you."

—Punch Bowl.

He: Something seems to be wrong with this engine, it—

She: Don't be foolish; wait until we get off this main road.

—Lampoon.

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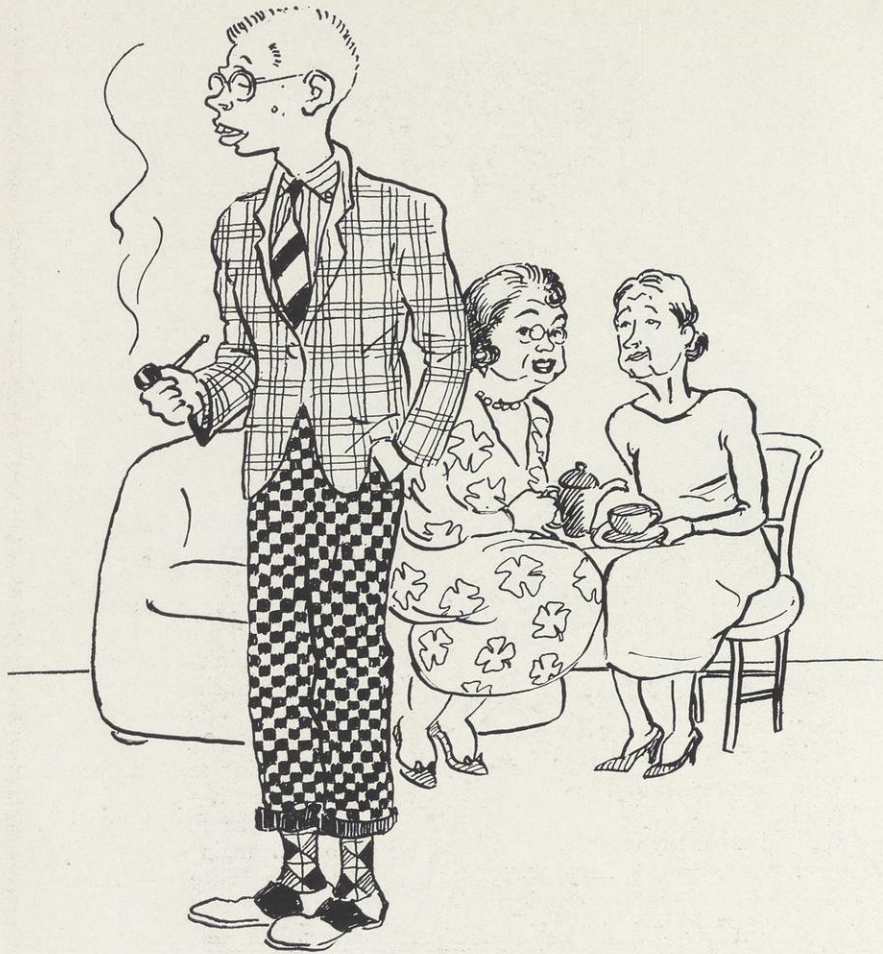
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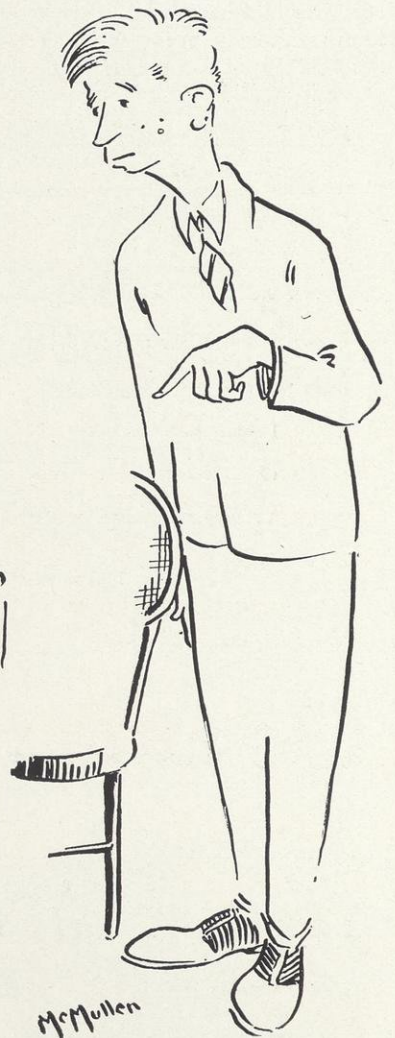
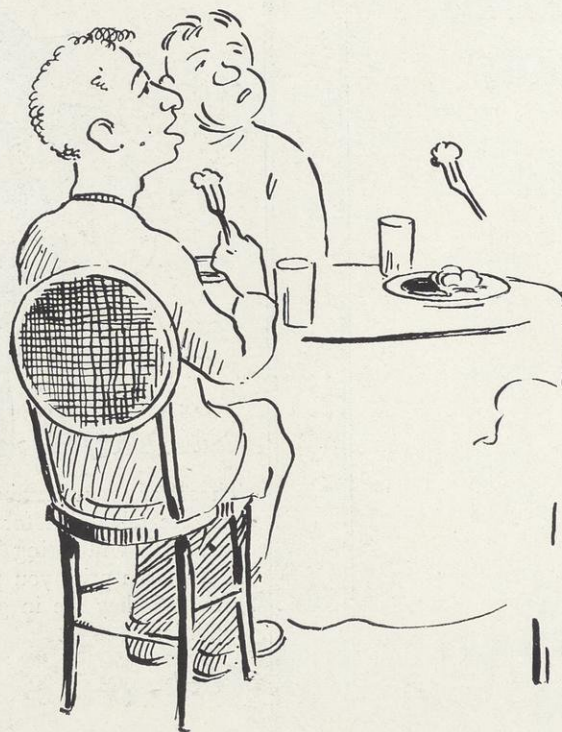
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"Henry and I feel
that college has
done a lot for
Junior."

R. M. Mullen

"Pardon me—
is this seat
taken?"



M. Mullen

Yes, it's a tough old world,

but there is no need to look as glum as all that, my boy. Your four years in college have obviously broadened your mind and enriched your personality like heck, but it appears that one thing is lacking.

Why don't you laugh?
Why don't you smile, even?

Something is wrong.
Hmmmmmm.

Maybe you are too serious. Maybe you have a peewee sense of humor.

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