

Octopus. June, 1933

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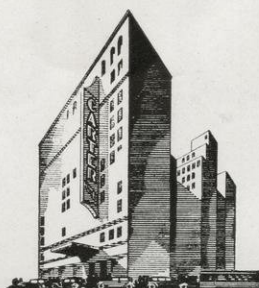
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OCTOPUS



JUNE

15¢



CLEVELAND'S
ONLY NEW
HOTEL

CARTER HOTEL

Rooms are large and luxurious. Service is quiet and efficient. Every attraction surrounds the Carter Hotel—theatres, smart shops and prominent office buildings. Railroad, boat and bus terminals just a few minutes away.

150 Rooms With Bath	\$2.50
150 Rooms With Bath	\$3.00
150 Rooms With Bath	\$3.50
Rates For Two	\$4, \$5, \$5.50

The very finest foods served from the only all Electric kitchens in Cleveland. Moderate rates in Coffee Shop and the famous Rainbow Room which, in season, features dancing nightly. 2000 car garage in connection.

IN THE CENTER OF DOWN TOWN
CLEVELAND

A COLLEGE CHRONICLE . .

Records each month with collegiate equanimity the contemporaneous activities, tid-bits, interests and antics of the **enfants terribles** (all college students) which constitute campus life.

So long as Wisconsin scribes, artists, photographers, and anonymous bards have the audacity to submit their impish creations, the OCTOPUS will peddle them.

Sports, activities, art, politics, literature, students, faculty and **je ne sais quoi** are commended or lampooned by "Old Eight Legs".

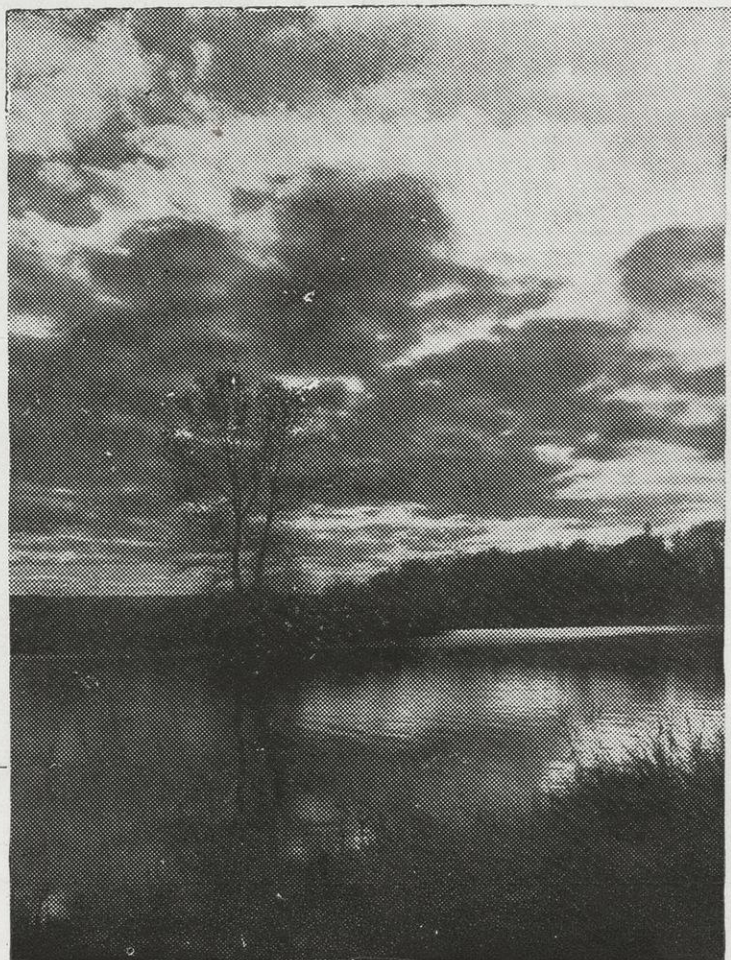
THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Is the only all-campus magazine at the University. Tariff for nine numbers during the winter session is one dollar. We invite you to subscribe on your arrival at Madison.

Octy waves a tentacle of cordiality to all potential contributors, freshmen or upperclassmen.

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS
MEMORIAL UNION BLDG.

SUMMER SESSION NUMBER » »



TYPICAL MADISON SCENERY

Φ B K

yet he flunked
feminology



A SHORT CHEER for this poor boy . . . and a very short one. When he figured that the ladies love a pipe smoker, he was right. But he ought to be told that they don't like heavy, soft-coal tobacco, in a soggy chimney of a pipe. He'll pass "feminology" the minute he starts smoking Sir Walter Raleigh in a well-kept briar. This fast-growing brand pleases the persons at both the stem and the bowl ends of the pipe by its aromatic mildness and rich, satisfying flavor. Young man, on your way to Greek class, stop in any tobacco store and spend the most useful 15 cents you ever spent for a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh Tobacco. It's kept fresh in gold foil.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-35



Send for this
FREE
BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder



Wisconsin . . . lakes . . . piers . . . fraternity houses . . . the Capitol . . . a merry throng . . . Wisconsin

JOBS FOR EVERYONE

(COURTESY DARTMOUTH JACK-O-LANTERN)

"What are you doing this summer?"

"I'm going to try to get a job, too."

The only thing more difficult than getting the job is knowing how to go about it.

One of the first means of procuring employment that comes to the mind is advertising. A nice four line "ad" in the New York Times on a Sunday would be just about right. But "ads" in the Sunday Times cost \$1.20 per line, and by the time results are forthcoming, the first month's salary is well eaten into. The same holds good for another easy and popular method—the employment agency, only there isn't the satisfaction of actually seeing the investment at work.

A young Phi Bete put an "ad" in the Times last year, stating his qualifications as a tutor, and asking for pupils for the summer. In a few days he was overwhelmed with replies. Other students were eager to be tutored in French, and would "trade" lessons in Spanish, geometry, or Indoor Baseball for the same. One mother wrote offering to pay twenty-five cents an hour to have her son tutored in mathematics, Latin, and English—"if you would come at night time and mind my daughter Fioretta when we are out." Even a Phi Bete has some pride.

There were also several enticing offers from summer camps. Here is one of the choicest propositions: "We can offer you a position as tutor this summer. Delightful contacts. Thirty children between eight and nine years old in group to be instructed in French and mathematics. Your entire summer vacation mapped out, spent on the balmy shores of Lake Hepatic. There is no salary, but the summer is free—you pay nothing but railroad fare, laundry, etc. All tutors are expected to wait on table for their board, and tidy the bunks daily. Please answer immediately as we have only a few places left open."

Tutoring is almost out of the question. The chances are that under-

graduates are likely to run into competition with their own college professors looking for something to do. But before putting in an "ad" it is well to ascertain the type of work desired; a *College Student—Wants work of any sort advertisement rarely draws anything but circulars for selling De Luxe French (4% volume) wines, silk hosiery, Fuller Brushes, or magazine subscriptions.*

Of course, there is always the remote possibility that there will be an "ad" worth considering. A certain technique is needed in answering advertisements by mail. Many people never know whether to answer on their own stationery or to buy an inferior grade to show that they need the job, are thrifty, etc. That logic is entirely wrong; buy a better grade paper than you already have. Spare no cost. That will suggest the following train of thought to the reader of your reply: once was rich . . . knows good things . . . trying hard to make an impression . . . must be thrifty to afford paper, etc. Always use double sheets, using only one portion thereof, so that the firm can tear off other side and hire you with a minimum of trouble and expense. A self-addressed, stamped envelope is also recommended.

In answering "ads" in person, it is advisable to go at least one hour before the appointed time. Light clothing and comfortable shoes should be worn. If the man doing the hiring is particularly genial, and talks seriously about reading matter, particularly *Collier's*, get up and walk out. If he doesn't mention *Collier's* immediately, just await developments.

Last summer we trooped about New York looking for a job. After two weeks of subway riding we answered anything from:

WANTED—Experienced executive for new corporation; large salary; must be intelligent, energetic, loyal, and true. Apply Rm. 443, 20 E. 42nd St.

to—

BOY—To deliver messages; 3-6 daily except Sundays. \$4 week. Apply Rm. 442, 20 E. 42nd St.

About the third week we answered the following promising offer:

YOUNG MEN — College students preferred, 17-19. Salary and commission. Work for large publishing house. Room 161, 32 W. 37th St. at 8:30.

At 7:30 the hall was already congested with applicants. About eight o'clock a small, well dressed man squeezed his way through the crowd and told the elevator man not to allow any more up. Then he went down the hall again, tapping about a dozen fellows; we were among those selected. The others were dismissed. We were rather proud.

The little man led us into a large private office, and proceeded to question us at some length on our background in literature, our schooling, how long we would work, and how badly we needed a position. He finally weeded out the six men who had lied the least well; we remained.

After seeing the others to the door, the interviewer came back and congratulated us.

"We'll give all six of you a trial, and at the end of two weeks keep the best three. Report tomorrow at eight sharp."

So joyous were we at our evident success, that we didn't mind the fact that the work had not been explained or the salary stipulated. Bright and early the next morning we reported at the office. The man who had hired us took our names and entered each one in a separate book. From the next room there came the sound of loud talking, laughter, and the pit-pat of a ping-pong ball on a hard wood table.

Opening the door, the man said: "Come in and meet the boys."

Inside there were about thirty fellows of our age standing about, playing ping-pong, all in shirt sleeves.

(Continued on page 94)

THE IDEAL SUMMER PROM

Date—All vacation.

Location—S. S. Saratoga.

Orchestras—Guy Lombardo, Cab Calloway, Paul Whiteman, Ben Bernie.

Featuring — Bing Crosby, Mills Brothers, Morgan & Stone, and Mildred Bailey.

Entertainment — Ziegfield Follies, Follies Bergere, Bill Robinson, Eddie Cantor.

Favors—Small Packards.

Refreshments—From Canada.

Chaperones—Tex Guinan, Jean Harlow, Sophie Tucker.

Tickets—Ninety-eight cents. Payment pending.

Dates—Your pick from George White's Scandals, or The Vanities.

—Red Cat

Collegiate: Father, I've a notion to settle down and start raising chickens.

Father: Better try owls. Their hours will suit you better.

—Puppet

MY COUNTRY! R. F. C.!

My Country! R. F. C.!

Sweet land of misery,

R. F. C. I sing:

Land of my banker's strokes,

Land of my broker's hoax,

Land of Sam Insull's jokes,

Of thee I sing!

Humbly we come to thee,

Our native R. F. C.;

Thy loans we crave,

We love thy flowing tills,

And as you pay our bills,

Our song with rapture thrills

Tho' from our grave.

Let R. F. C. loan me

And set my banker free

Daily I sing!

Let A. T. & T. awake,

Let plows our soil upbreak,

And for our railroads sake,

R. F. C. I sing!

—Sun Dial

1832: Necessity is the mother of invention.

1932: Mother is the necessity of convention.

—The Log

A co-ed's pin money is called that because dad is stuck with it.

—Skipper

"These links are terrible, caddy."

"This ain't the links, sir. You got off them a long time ago."

—Widow

"Any ice today, lady?"

"No; the window washer was just here."

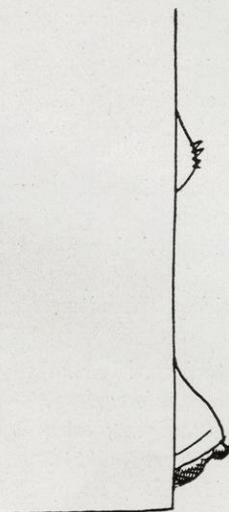
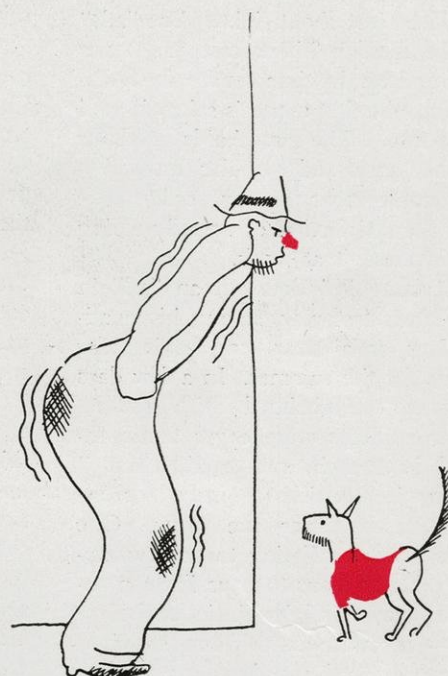
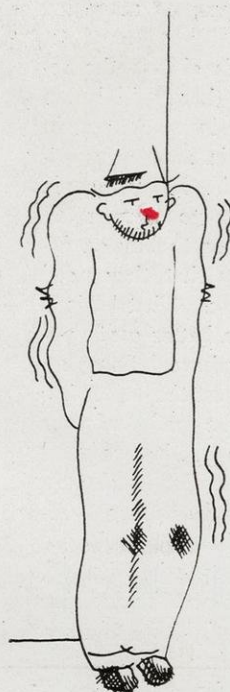
—Punch Bowl

And have you heard the one about the Scotchman who stood so long in the bread line he lost his job?

—Froth

She was born in the hill country and hasn't been on the level since.

—Phoenix





The Tent Colony . . here summer session students find it convenient to combine school with an outdoor camping life proving that the lakeside woodland setting does provide the proper environment for books . . and that one may have an all-round worthwhile vacation.

Landlord (to prospective tenant)—"You know we keep it very quiet and orderly here. Do you have any children?"

"No."

"A piano, radio, or victrola?"

"No."

"Do you play any musical instrument? Do you have a dog, cat, or parrot?"

"No, but my fountain pen scratches a little sometimes."

—*Punch Bowl*

A group of people of this community went opossum hunting Tuesday night, but didn't catch anything as it rained and the wind blew very hard. All who went had lots of fun.

—*Rome (Ga.) News-Tribune*

Especially the opossums. They laughed like everything.

—*Exchange*

Jimmie held her hand and she held his'n.
And then they hugged and went to kiss'n.
They didn't know that pa had ris'n,
Awful mad and simply sis'n,
And down the stairs he came awis'n,
And Jimmie got his'n.

—*Brown Jug*

Medieval Mother: Hast Sir Gorden yet asked thee for thine hand in wedlock?"

Daughter: Not yet, Mother, but the knight is still young.

—*Orange Peel*

ODE TO A GIRL WITH AN UPTURNED NOSE

*Fair member of the unfair sex
With eyes of softest brown
Why is it that your nose turns up
To meet your pettish frown?*

*A nose is made for following;
To guide and lead the face—
But your small snozzel would direct
You up to distant space!*

*Still, though your profile runs amuck,
This compliment I'll raise—
Your upturned nose ne'er blocks my
kiss;
And hence this hymn of praise!*
—Columns

Man (after being cleaned in the
pinochle game): Well anyhow, I
won't have to tell my wife about this.
Eager Chorus: What'll you do?
Man: Nothing. I ain't married!
—Yellow Jacket

Tragedy

Ben be nimble
Ben be quick
Ben fall over the candlestick
Ben burnie.
—Orange Peel

Dear Son: I just read in the paper
that students who don't smoke make
much higher grades than those who
do. This is something for you to
think about. Father.

Dear Father: I have thought about
it. But truthfully I would rather
make a B and have the enjoyment of
smoking; in fact, I would rather
smoke and drink and make a C.
Furthermore, I would rather smoke
and drink and neck and make a D.

Dear Son: I'll break your neck if
you flunk in anything. Father.
—Sour Owl

"But mister, you can't arrest me. I
come from one of the best families in
North Carolina."

"That's all right, buddy. I'm not
arresting you for breeding purposes."
—Buccaneer

Injustice

Why is it professors can wear purple
ties,
Haphazard haircuts, and coats the
wrong size,
Trousers too short, and color-schemes
vile,
Yet bust me in English because of my
style?

Scientific Viewpoint

In prehistoric days of yore—
In antediluvian times
Love made the primitive world go
round
In back-to-Nature climes!

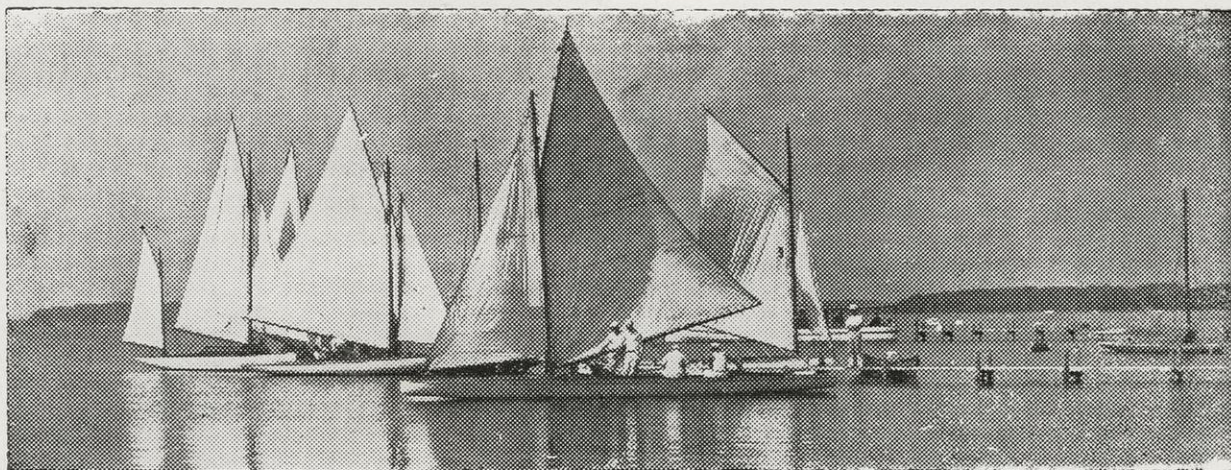
As science travels its factual path
It tolls a funeral dirge,
For the glorified force that was known
as love
Is the "biological urge."

—Pelican

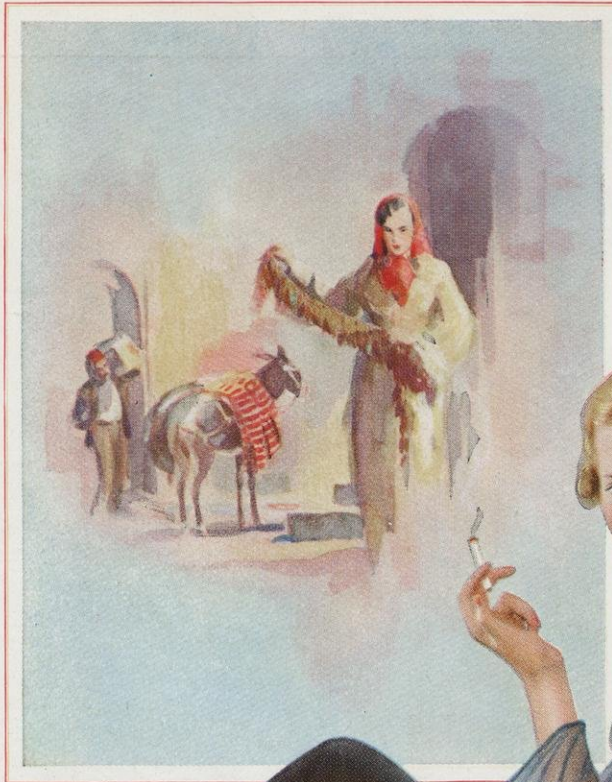
There once was a sculptor named
Phidias,
Whose tastes were extremely invid-
ious.

He carved Aphrodite
Without any nightie,
Which shocked the ultra fastidious.
—Exchange

There was a young lady from Wheel-
ing
To disrobe for a swim she was steal-
ing;
Says the owl in the tree,
"How'd you like to be me
When the belles of the village are
peeling?"
—Panther



"Sailing, sailing over the bounding Main" . . . Wisconsin's most colorful recreation . . . Sailboating . . .
another reason for a summer breeze.



SPICY leaves of
TURKISH tobacco
are strung to dry
and cure in the sun.



*Well, that's something
about cigarettes I never knew before*

I'd never thought much about what's inside a Chesterfield cigarette. But I have just been reading something that made me think about it.

Just think of this, some of the tobacco in Chesterfield—the Turkish—comes from 4000 miles away! And before it is shipped every single leaf is packed by hand. All because Turkish tobacco is so small and delicate.

Of course I don't know much about making cigarettes, but I do know this—

that Chesterfields are milder and have a very pleasing aroma and taste. They satisfy—and that's what counts with me!



*they
Satisfy*

CO-ED HEAVEN

(COURTESY NOTRE DAME JUGGLER)

Now it happened that on a certain day Olympia was almost deserted, Zeus having gone off on a fishing trip and the rest of the boys being at the Olympic Games. Aphrodite was busy in one corner of the fields fixing up for her big Spring season, Venus was resting, and Diana was at the big Smith-Vassar-Wellesley archery meet. Athena, the fount of wisdom, came strolling in.

Athena: Hello, Fro. What are you doing?

Aphrodite: H'lo, dearie. I'm answering my supplications! Gosh! Am I ever way behind.

Athena: Fan mail, eh? (She walks to an open space in the floor of heaven and looks down.)

Aphrodite: Yeah. And are some of the letters *silly*? My dear, you just can't imagine. Get your cuticle around this one: "Dear Miss Aphrodite: I am twenty-one and have been going with a girl for three years. I have a good job as I am one of the leading amateurs in the Hellenes A.C. and we stand a good chance of winning the pennant in the Olympic Games. But this girl is now nuts about one of the Sophocletian chorus. Can you straighten me out?" Isn't that a darb, 'Thene?

Athena: (absently, staring downwards) Certainly is.

Aphrodite: And here's another one from the girl wanting me to get her a date with the chorus boy! They must think I have nothing to do but—(she notices Athena's abstraction). Say, what's the matter with you? Whatcha looking at?

Athena: (startled) Oh . . . nothing . . .

Aphrodite (hopping to her feet and going over to Athena): *Nothing*, hey? Ha! (She looks down also.) Sa—a—ay! Isn't he the *cutest* thing?

Athena: *Cutest*? 'Fro, my dear . . .

Aphrodite: I wonder who he is? I don't remember hearing from *him*.

Athena (stiffly): Well — how strange! I thought *every* man—

Aphrodite (tossing her head): Oh,

don't be smart now, Athena! Just because *you* don't get much mail—

Athena (icily): Rather than be pestered by the morons that write *you*, I'd go—

Venus enters, yawning and rubbing her eyes.

Venus: After *all* darlings! Are you drumming up a cloudburst for the Kansas plains?

Aphrodite: *Morons*? Well I like that!

Athena: You ought to, my dear. And don't ever leave your class—you'd only be unhappy.

Venus: Come, *come* my little ones. Enlighten this poor child . . .

Athena (super-sweetly): It's of no account, honey. Aphrodite is merely claiming another man—sight unseen.

Venus: In-*deed*! Fawncy that . . .

Aphrodite: Well I'll bet *anything* I can get him before either of you . . .

Venus: Done! And we'll make the stakes that black velvet of Lelong's . . .

ACT II

The scene is on a rolling plain of Greece. Paris, the Shepherd, who is handsome as a Greek god, stands slightly bewildered among the three goddesses.

Paris: Let me get this straight, now. I'm gonna pick which one of you girls I like the best?

Aphrodite (coyly): Well, yes — the prettiest one . . .

Athena: And the wittiest one . . .

Venus: And the one most at home in a drawing room, dear boy . . .

Paris: Okey by me. But who's gonna watch me sheep? After all I gotta job y' know. I yaint like one o' them playboy Olympics . . .

Athena: I have it! Two of us watch while Paris talks to the third, in rotation . . .

The others agree, and Venus and Aphrodite walk off.

Paris: Now listen—I ain't in this for me health you know—

Athena (eagerly): I realize that. If you'll favor me I'll grant you the gift of knowledge. All the secrets of

the earth and water will be known to you.

Paris (thoughtfully): You mean I'll be able to read a woman's thoughts?

Athena (indignantly): I should say not! What do you think I am? (Then, more softly) But you'll know everything else . . .

Paris (glumly): Oh . . . Well, I'll think it over . . .

Athena goes away and Venus comes back.

Venus (breathlessly): Don't let them talk you into anything, Paris. Listen, I'll found a city and name it after you if you give me the prize.

Paris (disconsolately): Huh! Paris ain't the city it's cracked up to be . . . There's not so much hotcha there . . .

Venus (desperately): Maybe you haven't seen the right spots . . .

Paris: I seen 'em all right.

Venus: Well, I'll make you irresistible to the girls . . . So you can get a date at eight o'clock on the night of a formal . . .

Paris: I ain't had no trouble so far . . . But I'll think that over too . . .

Venus gives up and walks away; Aphrodite comes up to bat.

Aphrodite: I don't care *what* they promised you Mr. Paris—I'll do better. I'll get you a date with the most beautiful girl in the world . . .

Paris (looking at her suspiciously): You will?

Aphrodite coyly nods assent.

Paris: Okey. Call the rest of them in.

Venus and Athena rejoin them.

Paris: Ladies—the winner! (Raises Aphrodite's hand.)

Venus and Athena: Congratulation dear! *How did you do it?* (Sotto voce.)

Aphrodite (whispers): Just promised him a date, that's all. (Then aloud) When do you want that date, Mr. P.? I—I'm not busy Thursday night . . .

Paris: Whattaya mean, *you're* not busy?

(Continued on page 94)



The Lakes . . . inseparable from Wisconsin . . . lazy summer afternoons spent in paddling over the watery surfaces which distinguish Wisconsin from every other school.

Menu Muckings

"Waiter, two orders of Spumoni Vermicelli, please."

"Very sorry, sir, that's the proprietor, sir."

—Tiger

•

Speaker: Who will carry the message to Garcia?

Voice in vestibule: Western Union.

—Longhorn

•

"Should evening dresses ever be worn to bridge parties?"

"No. In playing cards it is necessary to show only your hand."

—Puppet

A woman had advertised for a maid. When the first applicant presented herself, the woman said to her, "What about your references?"

"References?" repeated the girl with a sniff.

"Yes," answered the other, "my advertisement stated, 'Excellent References'."

"Oh, I thought that applied to you."

—Annapolis Log

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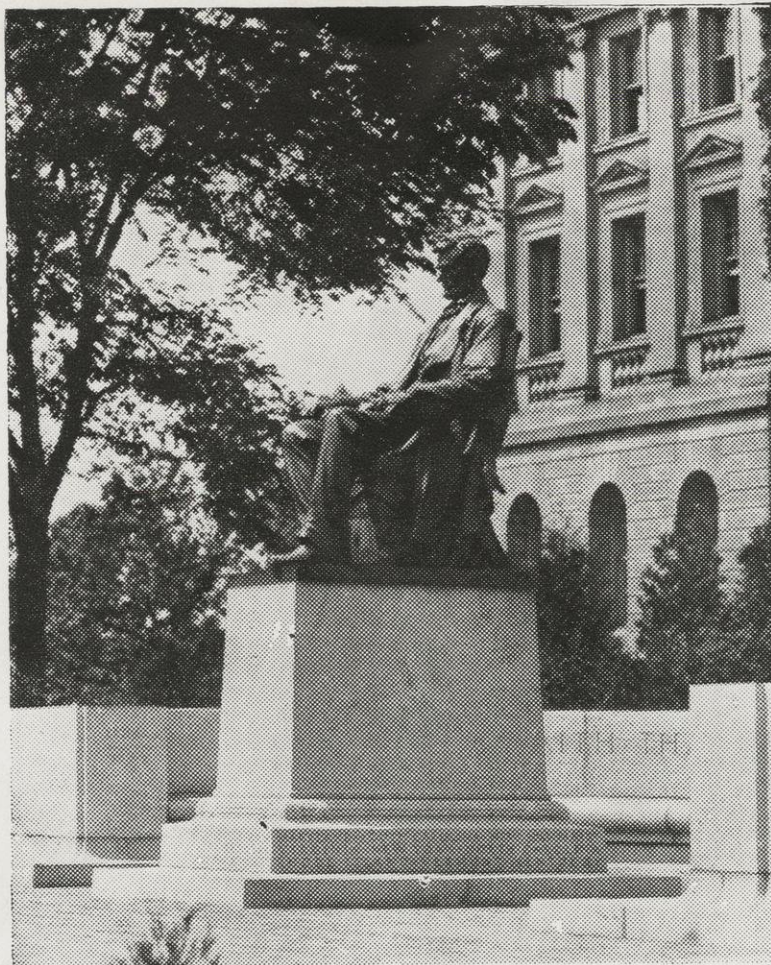
In the spring a young man's fancies turn lightly to things girls have been thinking about all winter.

—Rammer-Jammer

•

Fond Mother: Yes, Jane is taking French and Algebra. Say good morning to Mrs. Jones in Algebra, dear."

—Whirlwind



And lest we forget . . . Lincoln's statue and Bascom Hall . . .
where students pursue their summer studies with character-
istic July diligence.

Professor: Are you sure that this story is original?

Student: Absolutely, sir.

Professor: To think that I should ever have the pleasure of meeting Rudyard Kipling in person!

—*Jack-o-Lantern*

Schoolmaster: This makes the fifth time I've had to punish you this week. What have you to say for yourself?

Pupil: I'm glad it's Friday.

—*Beanpot*

"What sort of toothbrush do you want?"

"Lemme have a big one—there's thirty men in our fraternity."

—*Froth*

"Do you make life-size enlargements from snapshots?"

"Yes sir—that's our specialty."

"Well, here's a snap I took of the Grand Canyon."

—*Pointer*

Old Lady: Why, you bad little boy, throw that cigarette away.

Little Boy: Lady, are you in the habit of speaking to strange men on the street?

—*Log*

And Postcards

"What two raw materials are imported from France?"

"Books and plays."

—*Wampus*

MY BONNIE

My tYpust is on her vacation
 My trpist's awau fpr a week/
 My typudt us in her vscarion
 Wgile thsee damb keys plsy hude
 and seej.

Choris

Breng bock, bting bzck
 Oy, brung becj mub Onnie.ti my
 tp, mr;
 B (&ng b4xj, be-ng bicz
 Oj, bvong bosk m% beInio-l mx—
 oh helk!

—Panther

"I've just taken a shine to your wife," said the stork to
 the negro.

—Log

Teacher (warning her pupils against catching cold): I
 had a little brother seven years old, and one day he took
 his new sled out in the snow. He caught pneumonia, and
 three days later he died.

Silence for ten seconds.

The voice from the rear: Where's his sled?

—Log

The Congressmans' wife sat up in bed, a startled look
 on her face. "Jim," she whispered, "there's a robber in
 the house."

"Impossible," was her husband's sleepy reply. "In the
 Senate, yes, but in the House, never."

—Log

"So you've been to college, eh?"

"Yeah."

"How high can ye count?"

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
 jack, queen, king."

—Yellow Jacket

Sula: I wonder why a woman repeats everything you
 tell her?

Anthanasius: My dear girl, a woman has but two
 views of a secret. Either it's not worth keeping, or it's
 too good to be kept.

—Medley

Doctor: The best thing you can do is give up cig-
 arettes, liquor and women.

Patient: What's the next best thing?

—Sour Owl

A fraternity man had just stopped in the furniture store
 and paid the last installment on the house furniture. A
 by-stander remarked upon the incident to the proprietor.
 "I imagine you're glad to get that money. I never thought
 fraternities paid promptly."

"Yes, indeed," said the owner of the establishment.
 "And if grandfather had only lived to hear it he'd be tick-
 led to death."

—Belle Hop

The biology prof was speaking. "I have here some very
 fine specimens of dissected frogs, which I will show you."
 Unwrapping the parcel, some sandwiches, fruit, and hard-
 boiled eggs came to view. "But, surely—I ate my lunch!"
 he exclaimed.

—Froth

SELECT YOUR SUMMER FOOTWEAR ««NOW»»

Come in and see the large
 range of styles and sizes we
 have to offer you.

WALK-OVER

Next to Manchester's

On Capitol Square

(Continued from page 77)

"This is Mr. Elliot," said the little man, "he will be the head of your group."

We asked what it all meant.

"Don't you know?" He seemed surprised. "Our unit is divided into six groups of five men each under a supervisor. Each supervisor has an auto in which he takes his group out to some suburban town every day and back at night."

"But what do we do?"

"Oh," he smiled, "you'll get on to that pretty quickly. Take off your tie, your coat and vest and leave them here. Mr. Elliot will explain the work." He vanished into the next office.

"Take off your coat and vest," ordered Mr. Elliot, "it's necessary. You see we go out into the country and then I let you boys off. You want to look like local boys so you can't wear a coat or tie. You go around from house to house and sell magazines."

We didn't like the idea.

"How much does it pay?"

"Well, the average is about thirty dollars per week."

"What?"

"Sure, it's easy. You sell them the line about getting votes for a scholarship to college. Every dollar's worth of subscriptions you get you are awarded one vote. We pay you fifty cents on the dollar."

"What magazines do we sell?"

Mr. Elliot smiled at us confidentially. He grinned broadly, slapped me on the back and answered, "Any one they seem to want. Get ready." He winked and walked away.

The outlook isn't pleasant. Jobs in the army of reforestation are well filled; the Bolivian-Paraguayan War doesn't look as if it could last through the summer; and unless application was made three years ago, the only way to see the World's Fair is to pay. In fact, unless there's a friend of a friend of the family's in the home town who can offer a position, the only thing left besides loafing is commission-selling.

Although it cannot definitely be predicted, people will probably be content to use last year's brushes and read their neighbor's magazines. However, they will still eat ice cream. One might well prepare to stand along a

busy boulevard snappily attired in a spotless white linen suit and cap, braced by a change machine dangling from a Sam Brown belt, shouting over the roar of the motor cars: "Chocolate covered ice cream, ten cents! Get you 'Good Humors' here!"

—Jack-o-Lantern

"Rev. Whifflesnapper's been fired."

"How come?"

"He was supposed to lead a vesper, and made a mass of it."

—Mercury

Last night I held a little hand,
So dainty, and so neat!
I thought my heart would burst with
joy,

So wildly did it beat!
No other hand in my heart
Could greater solace bring
Than that dear hand I held last
night—

Four aces and a king.

—Yellow Jacket

(Continued from page 88)

Aphrodite: Why — why — I thought—

Paris: Oh, you *thought*, hey? Well, listen—either you get me a date with Mrs. Helen Menelaus—or the contest is off!

Curtain

EPILOGUE

Boys, never be a judge of beauty
You'll find the girls all want to win;
When Paris picked the Olympian cutie
Troy had to take it on the chin.

—Juggler

Fog

(With apologies to Carl Sandburg)

The fog comes
on little cat feet—
about the time
of Examinations—
It sits looking—
over desk and chair—
on silent haunches;
Then moves on—
And sometimes it stays.

—Purple Cow

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“I do”

“It’s toasted”

AcAcin

