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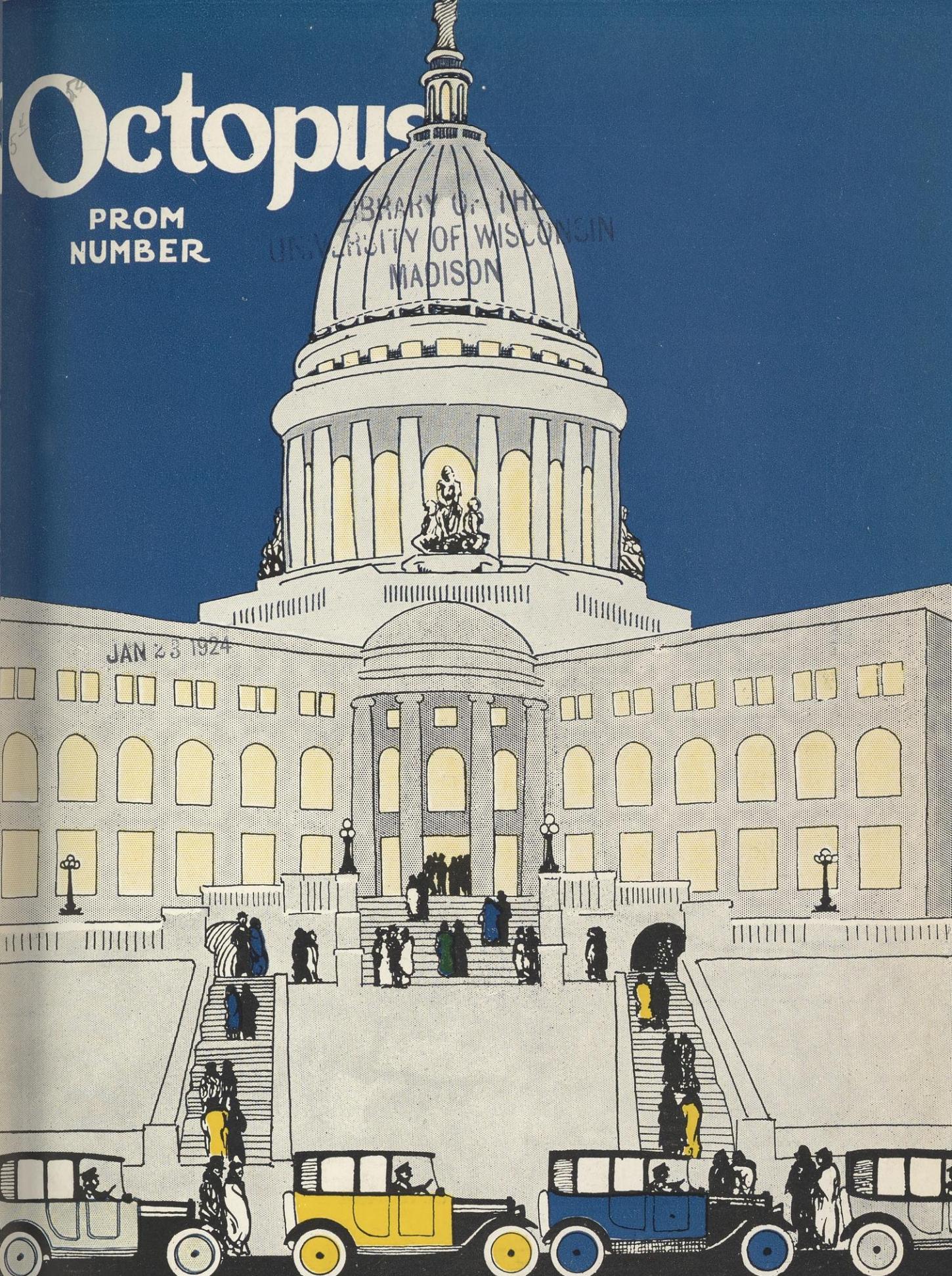
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Octopus

PROM
NUMBER

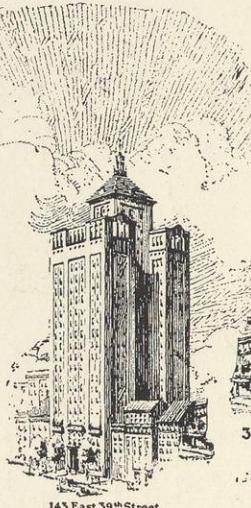
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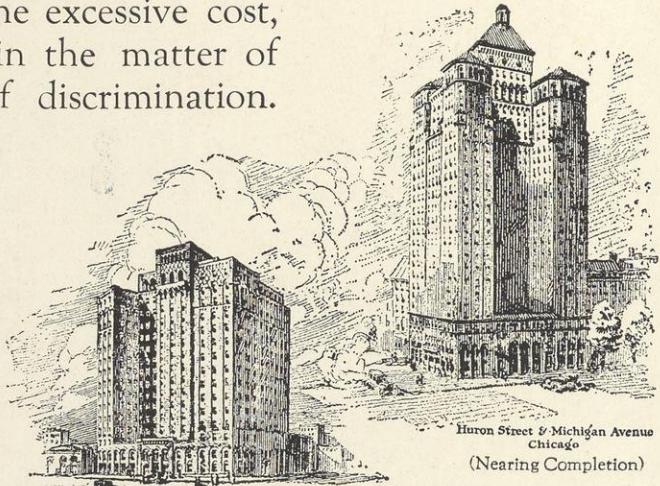
Affording every convenience of the modern hotel or club, without the excessive cost, they mark a new era in the matter of select living for men of discrimination.

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PROM MUSIC

Next to your partner, music is the prime factor in the success of a Prom. Realizing this, every available orchestra of national reputation was considered. After careful deliberation Jack Chapman's Drake Hotel Orchestra was chosen, and we are sure that any critic of syncopation would compliment our judgment.

If you doubt our boast attend Prom and draw your own conclusions.



Get her in front of the fire and ask her to Prom. Don't put it off any longer!

The Nineteen-hundred Twenty-five Prom

"Beauty Like a Shadow Flies"



If your gown is not harmoniously blended with your personality.

Do not risk your success at the "Prom" by a wrong color or style of gown. Let us find perfection for you from among the bevy of smart and distinctive gowns we exhibit, modes chosen for the "Co ed"

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SIMPSON'S

Evolution

September 30, 1923

Peg dear:

Your young friend Toddy has burst into the whirl of this collegiate life like a sky-rocket—I even went to the first mixer, and danced with the most divine human I ever saw *five times*. He's tall with patent leather hair and his eyes—all the limpid pools that ever got into poetry since Beowulf was a babe in arms couldn't describe them.

He asked to take me home, and he didn't have to tease more than three dances, either. Now I call him "Wallie", and I have a date for Saturday!

C'est la vie, Cherie.

TODDIE.

P. S. A little fat freak that looks like a cross section of a currant bun hauled me down for a dance. Feels quite chummy because I've heard of his noble tribe in Sextonville.

II

November 3, 1923.

Well, Pegs dear, I'm s. o. 1. Wallie's cousin from Chicago came for the week-end, so I was out of a date.

The spotted bun from Sextonville came to the rescue and in desperation I went with him. He's frightened by the big University and wants his mama, so I did what I could to make him smile...

III

January 10.

Oh Peggotty dear:

I'm going to Prom!

The adorable man from Sextonville asked me this evening. Now won't you hear thrills when I see you!

TODDIE,

P. S. You should see the merry widow that Wallace man is taking! One glance at her is enough education to pull a P. H. D.



"Far be it from me to say you're a darn fool," said the father to the son, "but if anyone else said so, I'd be the first to believe it."

—Jester



Frosh: I wish he'd speak louder. I can't hear.
Soph: Well, thank God and shut up.

—Tuff Tonic

Wisconsin Octopus



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Announcement

Pete E. J. Burns.

at

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after

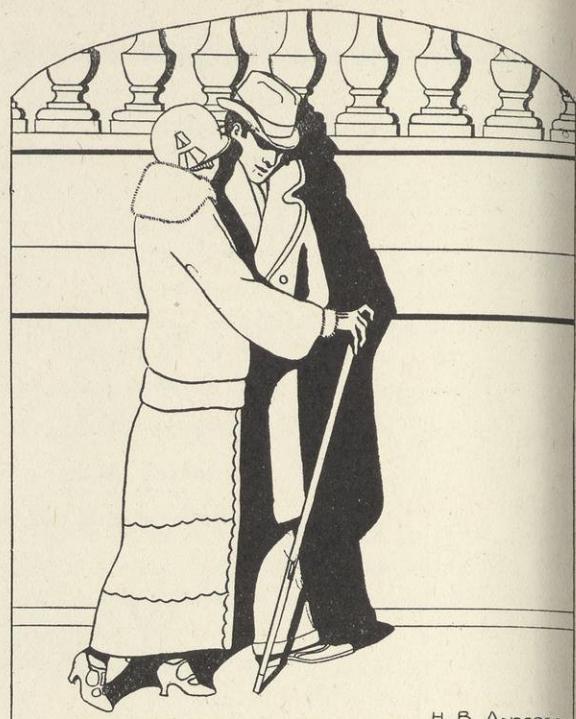
January twenty-first

Every Prom Necessity Is Here

Gown, headdress, jewelry, fan—all are here for you, and each of them has been selected from the largest showings. Your gown, in fact your whole costume, will be not only correct, but distinctive if you allow us to aid you in selecting it.

The Muriel Shop

Home of Betty Wales



H. B. ANDERSON

The femme: You got thru the football season without a scratch. Did you get your letter?

The man: Yes—from the dean!

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Repairing is based on 20 years experience.

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Service is the best that can be given.

OUR—

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Her first dance! Radiant and fresh, all aglow with expectation and eager anticipation, she trod the first few dances as if on air.

And then she began to notice a difference. Her partners deserted her, and finally she was left all alone, shamed and humiliated, wondering. A wall flower—and at her first dance!

Not even her friends dared tell her. No one had the courage to broach the delicate subject. Not even her mother could tell her.

No—it was not Halitosis.

But ye gods! Who wants to dance with a cross-eyed fat girl, now I ask you? —*Boll Weevil*



Sunday School Teacher: Now, Johnny, what became of the swine that had the evil spirit cast into them?

Johnny: They were made into deviled ham.

—*Punch Bowl*



Money talks; but it never gives itself away.

—*Goblin*

Besco's Book Review

The Congressional Record for 1922, bound in vellum and adhesive tape. Net weight \$5.16.

This is one of the dernier cris of the season. It is a masterly bit of representation of life in the raw, and is portrayed with a *je ne sais quoi* that is charmant. For light summer's reading it cannot be excelled. The authors show a grasp of national problems and a wealth of personal invective rarely found in a popular work.

* * * * *

I. C. Time table, Suburban, revised to 1923 dining car prices. At your bookseller's. Obey that impulse, and walk on past.

Here is such a work as the world has been waiting for—a problem novel, dealing with a problem which has never been solved. It is a book for the deep thinker, or perhaps for the statistical expert. It is the sort of book to pick up in the station and take along on a journey where you have nothing to do but think it over; you will be wiping your eyes all the time you read it, trying to get all the cinders out. The author has a rare and attractive genius for brief paragraphs, cryptic sentences, and undecipherable footnotes.

* * * * *

Mrs. Roarer's Book of Household Cookery, by Mrs. Roarer, expert in Household Cookery. A book about Cookery for the Household. Price two payments on your husband's life insurance.

This book-offering, we may state, makes the strongest appeal to the senses of any book reviewed to date. It is full of spice, and has a domestic atmosphere, an almost culinary aroma, that makes you hungry for more. A book whose contents will be eagerly devoured by all the family.

* * * * *

Books on Interior Decoration: See Roarer, Mrs., Household cookery, book of.

* * * * *

Mysteries: See *I. C. Time table*.



First girl: Do you know how to make a princess slip?

Second ditto: Not exactly. How do you?

First one again: Throw a banana peel on the royal sidewalk.

—*Cougar's Paw*



Last year's roomie asked us over to his house; but I was afraid I'd see so much of my stuff I'd get homesick.

—*Blue Baboon*

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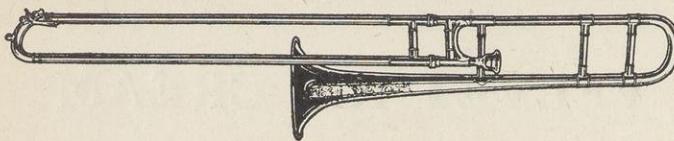
Come Prom-ize Here

Make the Chocolate Shop a part of your Prom festivities—it's a little change, a little added diversion.

And for Prom punch call us now.

The Chocolate Shop

The Home of The Hot Fudge



take the King trombone for instance---test its tone---finish---the make-up---the different improvements offered --- its fastwork---and you will find it has no equal---

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Octy's Sluggin Contest

The Prom Slogan Contest is a thing of the past. This event, which rivals Bryan's theories in public interest, was originally intended to furnish pocket money for Committee chairmen or charwomen, as the case might be. Two of these early chairmen, however, had the foresight to copyright their slogans, which are now, in alternate years, proving a steady source of income.

Octy, however, for the public good, has instituted a Prom Sluggin Contest of his own. The first one is completed; now it can be told.

PRIZE AWARDS

The first prize, a portrait of Ma Jongg, was not awarded at all. The second, a balloon tire with observer's basket attached, was tied for by all three contestants, and the judge kept the third prize. The fourth prize Sluggin was sent in unsigned, so was awarded an anonymous check. The winning war-cries were as follows:

"Let your Wisconsin be your guide."
"On Wisconsin"—The Last Word in Proms."
"A bally ripe affair, old dears."

Also ran:
"A Prom like their ain't never bin yet."
Judge's award:
Five and costs.

She: We're going to live in a better neighborhood after this.

Her (Next door): So are we.

She: Why, are you moving too?

Her: No, we're staying here. —*Boll Weevil*

The novice at trout-fishing had hooked a very small trout, and had wound it in till it was jammed against the end of the rod.

Pupil: What do I do now?

Instructor: Climb up the rod and stab it.

—*Punch*

He, over the phone: What time are you expecting me?

She, icily: I'm not expecting you at all.

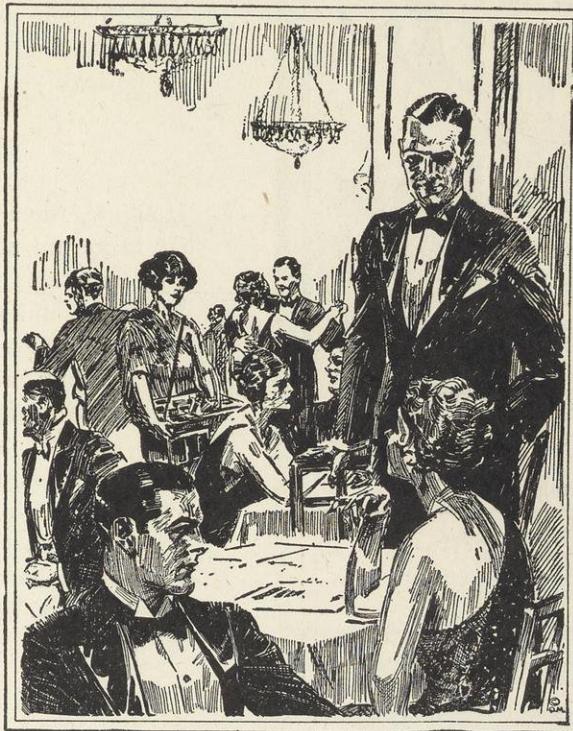
He: Then I'll surprise you. —*Awkwan*

"I, Mustapha Kemal," shouted the famous Turk as he started his mile walk. —*Chaparral*

THE () HUB

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He will arrive in plenty of time for the season's social activities. His assortments will be the last word in correctness.

The variety of suitable fabrics will be unusual. Watch for our announcement

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HILL'S STORE

Pepless, the Poet, Plagiarizes

PROLOGUE

When that Septembre with his threat of schoole
Hath call'd to these faire portals ev'ry foole
Of this and eek of ev'ry blessed state
This union hath, to learn his dubious fate;
Full many thousands are by parents sende,
And in their various liveries do they wende
By Fords and trains. It maketh such a sight
As no man yet hath tried full well y-dight.

I.

How oft, when all my books to me do call
Of tasks unlearned, and mid-semester tests,
I've cast them all aside, and with them all
My hope, and deafen'd to my comrades jests
Of work undone? On with the dance, I've said;
We live but once upon this joyous coil,
And, having died, in sooth are ever dead,
And have for ever done with earth's turmoil—
Perdition take these fogied grinds who make
Phi Beta Kappa their one aim in school!
I'll play this game for gaming's luring sake—
I'll play it hard, refuting ev'ry rule!
Four months have passed, and I am ever free;
Four months of life which now mean death to me.

II.

Twilight and evening call
With one clear call for me,
As I go up to Lathrop Hall
To see what I can see.

I dance with all the girls in sight,
I'm never left alone;
I always have a heavy night—
Then turn again home.

According to the registrar
It's Law I take
But sure there'll be no moaning of the bar
When I get the gate!

III.

The clock in Music Hall is striking nine—
Shall I that wretched class attend today?
Oh, no. Come, Jim, this malted milk is mine—
You're much too soft; you never let me pay.

Say, ain't school hell? Just one dull greasy grind
Of physics, math, and Chaucer's wretched stuff—
I'm more than just a little bit behind;
I think I'll chuck it all—I've had enough.

Wisconsin Octopus

EPITAPH

Here stands his name among the countless throng
Of dilettantish seekers after fun—
But who can blame him if he did go wrong?
We've ceased to try—*He's not the only one!*

IV.

Ye hills and vales of Madison
Hae cauld ye be sae churly?
I hae but flunked on all my work
Through heedin' o' my girlie!
In after years I'll think on thee
An' thinkin' cease to wonder
That chaps like me shall cursed be,
And from thee cast asunder.

EPILOGUE

You never knew, Wisconsin,
Who it was greased the Badger at the Chicago
game,
And thereby caused the diversion which attracted
the eye of our captain
And made him drop the pass that would have won
the day.
Nor did you know who put the roller skates on
Bosco,
And sent him down the hill, undignified for once.
The author of countless pranks, mean and small,
Was unknown to you.
Well, now that I have wasted my time,
Been a damned fool and gotten expelled—kicked
out—from this wonderful institution,
I'll tell you—I'm the guy.

APOLOGIA

To Shakespere, to Chaucer, to Tennyson, to
Gray, and to Burns, all of beloved memory; and
to Edgar Lee Masters, who is with us still. Let
us hope he never sees this!



Sister: Hubby received an anonymous letter
this morning informing him of something I did
before we were married.

Brother: Well, the best thing you can do is
confess.

Sister: But he won't let me read the letter, and
I don't know what to confess. —*Brown Jug*



"She throws a mean party," said the cowboy
as the bronco dislodged the village bad-man.

—*Wasp*



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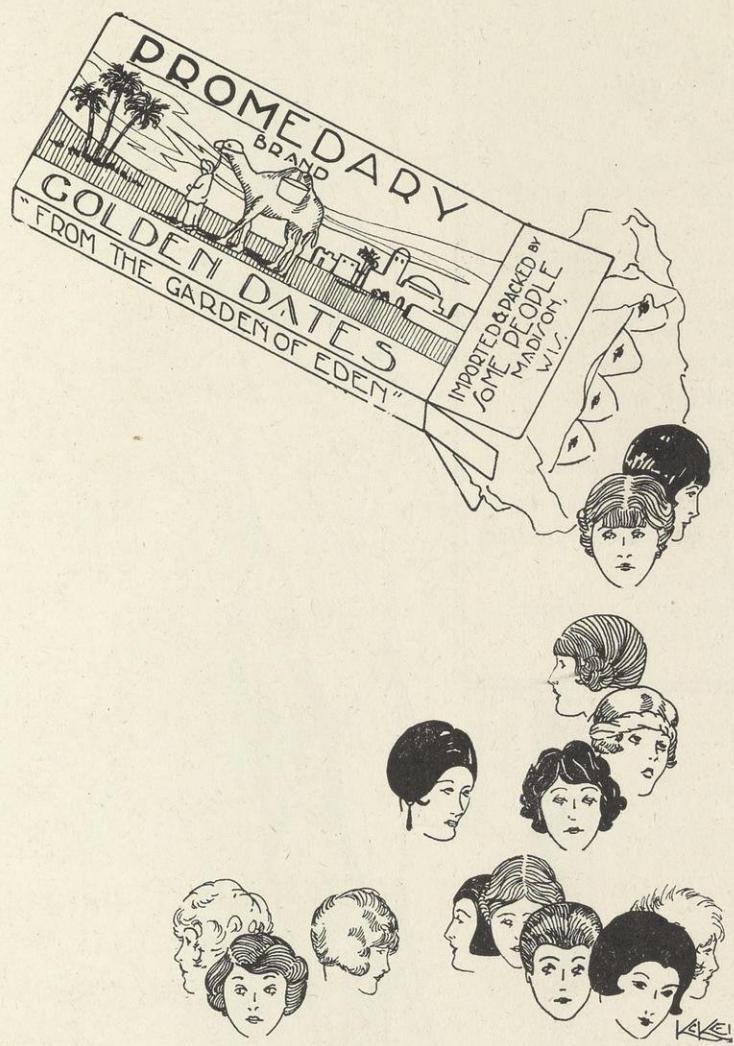
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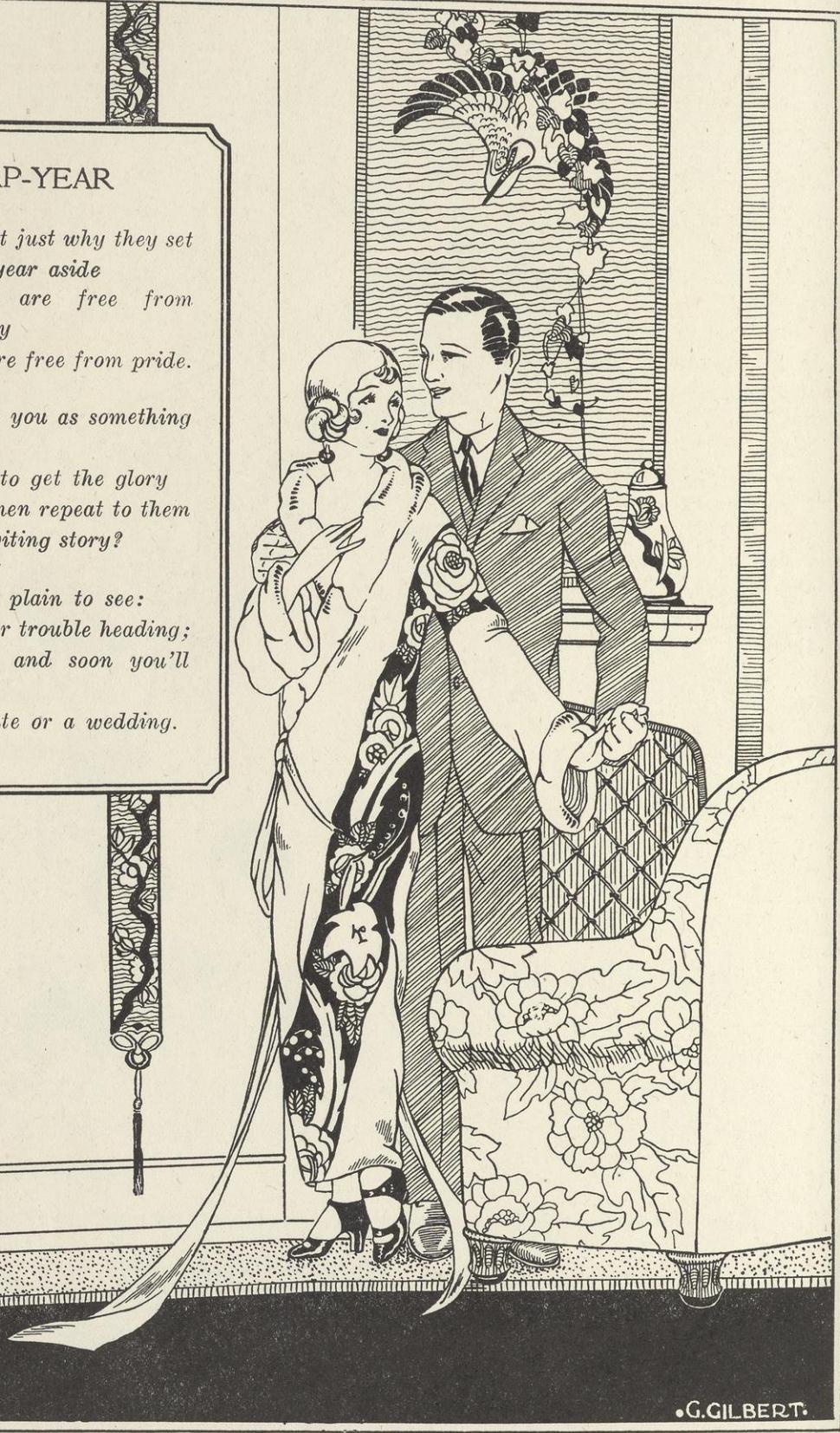


LEAP-YEAR

*I don't see yet just why they set
A special year aside
When maids are free from
modesty
And men are free from pride.*

*Does it strike you as something
new
For maids to get the glory
For making men repeat to them
The old inviting story?*

*The recipe is plain to see:
Two folk for trouble heading;
A he, a she; and soon you'll
see
A Prom date or a wedding.*



•G.GILBERT.

The WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Prom Schedule

November 1. First Junior Election.
 November 3. Another election: only twice the total number of rightful votes cast this time.
 Evening: Winning candidate celebrates. Losing ones . . .
 November 4. Freak costumes announce payments of election bets.
 November 5. Prom is forgotten.
 November 17. 2000 appointed on committees.
 December 10. Prom slogan contest announced.
 December 11. Twenty slogans sent in.
 December 11. Prom chairman decides to write his own.
 December 15. First newspaper scoop on Prom Queen.
 December 16. Firm denial by Prom chairman.
 December 17. Second newspaper scoop on Prom Queen.
 December 18. Firm denial by Prom chairman.
 December 18.—January 3. Everybody hits Dad for money and the girl for a date.
 January 4. Prom Queen announced. Chairman shakes hands 1000 times. Is cursed 6000 times.
 January — But we won't bother with the rest of it.

The Queen of the Black Lises

(With the customary paid adv. for Wordsworth)

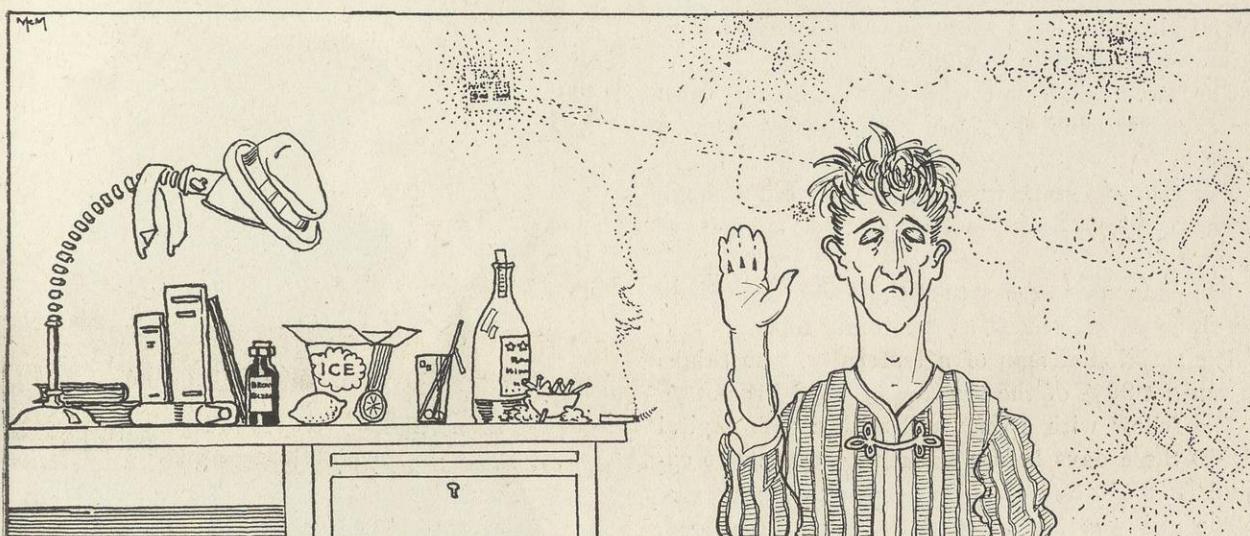
Coeds are too much with us; late and soon,
 Dating and dancing, we lay waste our powers;
 Little we see at Lathrop that is ours.
 The night has floated by like a balloon;
 These stags, that trade each other sips of moon;
 The sax, that will be howling at all hours,
 And gurgling quarter-notes in throaty showers—
 All these and everything are out of tune.
 They move us not. Great God! I'd rather be
 A hayseed living in some town forlorn;
 So might I at the city's pleasures laugh,
 And with a pleasant meal inside of me
 Watch the old man distill his wreathed corn,
 Or hear my sister play the phonograph.



After the Formal

(On the front porch)

She: Don't sit on those steps, you will ruin your clothes.
 He (wearily): I don't care. I'm going to take them back in the morning anyway.



Mourning after the night before.



"What will we make it this time, White Rock or Ginger Ale?"

"Order them both; then you'll have no kick coming either way."

Prom Pollyannas

The man who expects to get through with it on twenty dollars and four cents.

The girl who buys three gowns a week before Prom—with no date in sight.

The Prom chairman who expects to cut down the expenses generally and still have as good a Prom.

The Octopus staff, who expect to find enough ideas to fill a book—mostly on the subject of Prom.

The chaperone who thinks that she can dance 'til three A. M. as well as the young folks.

The social chairman of a fraternity, who thinks he can get 90% of the chapter to go to Prom.

The fellow with a date and with a cash capital of \$10 three days before Prom who expects to expand it to \$50 by judicious poker-playing.

The girl who has Prom dates with three men, and expects to drop two of them and stay friends with all three.

A Continued Affliction

A fatal plague has struck the press;
A cause of untold bitterness
That leaves us all without redress
Save such as this;
Afflicting author, pote and es-
Sayist.

Each story in a magazine
Just reaches an exciting scene
When there's a break—you've often seen
This little sign:
(Continued on page seventeen)
Or forty-nine.

"Your Life shall be"—(Thus spoke the Hun)—
(concluded on page 21)

The trail seemed, to the keen-eyed Sioux—
(Continued on page 32)

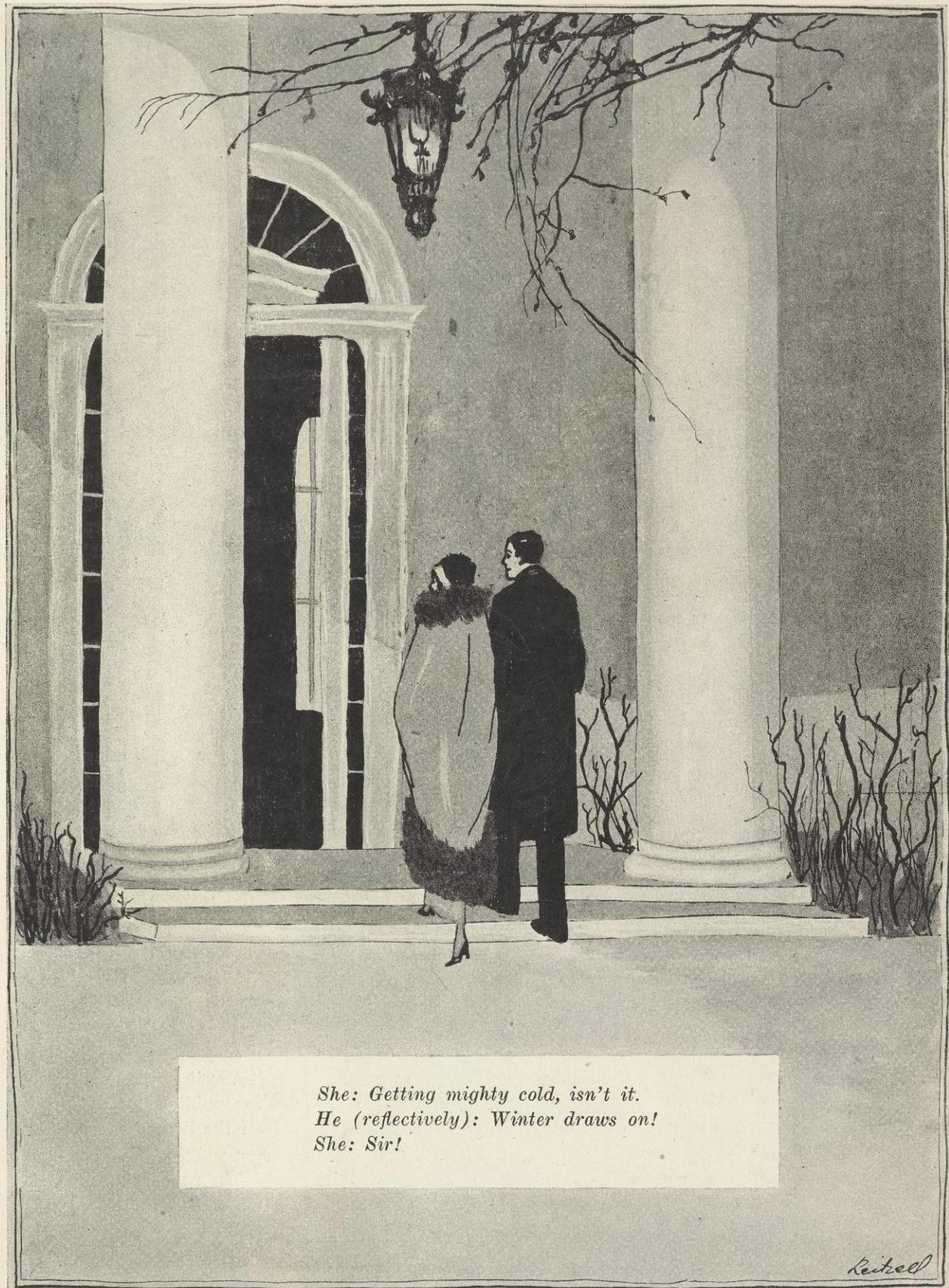
The Sheik's hot kisses seemed to be—(Continued
on page 43)

"The end? Ah, shall I be no more"—(Continued
on page 54)

Enough. But come, if you'll agree
To cast relentless lot with me,
And just stop reading when you see
These words intruded,
We still may hope this is

(To be
Concluded)





Wisconsin Octopus

Dry Humor

A hash-slinger, Mary DuQuesne,
Had an idea she was quite a jesne
Her sox were rolled neat
But her dress trailed her feet—
She always was praying for resne.

There's a Question

Deke: I suppose your house
burns a lot of coal this winter.
Phi Delt: Not enough.

The Twenty-third Wail of '25

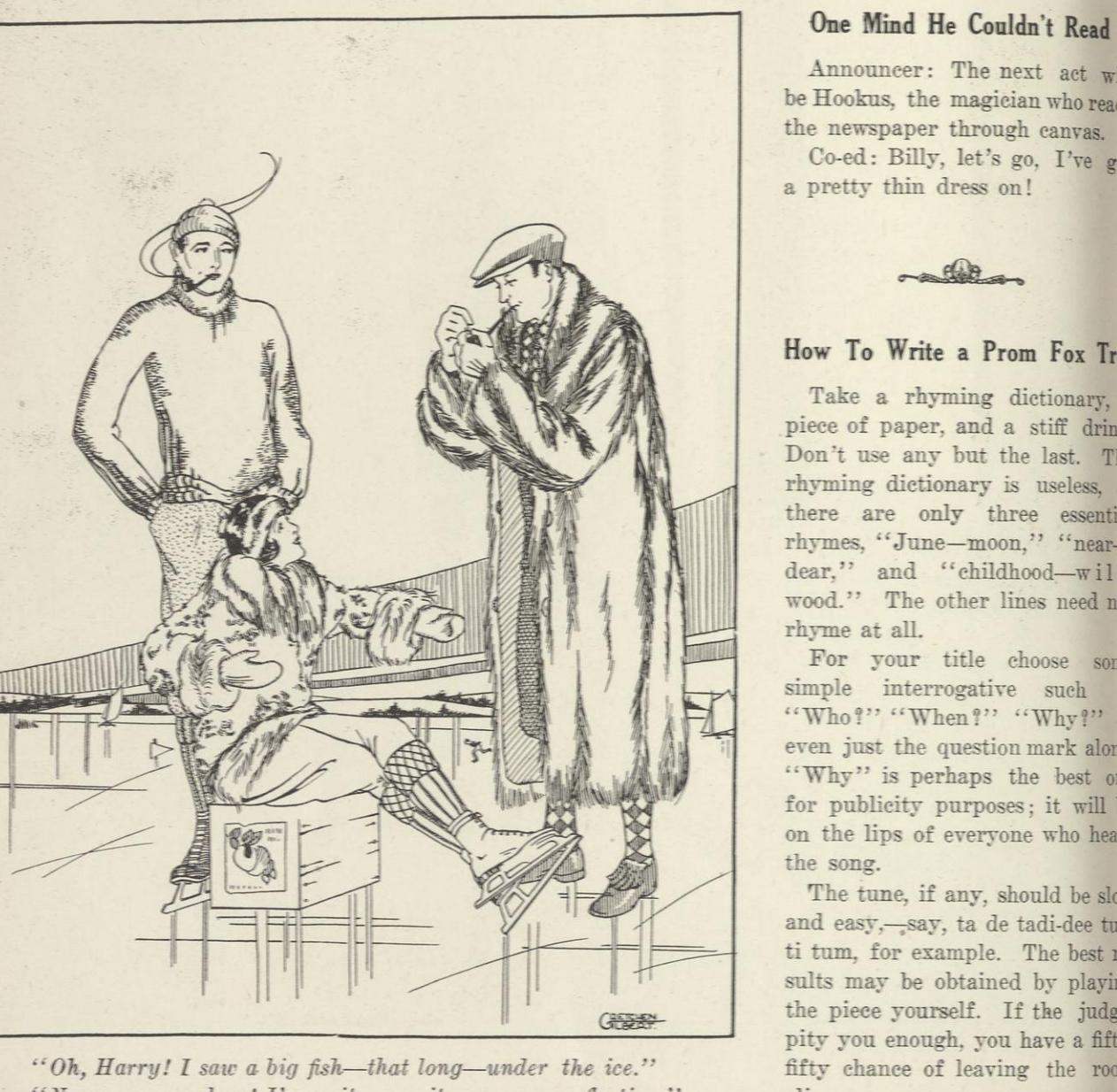
My friend is Prom Chairman; no fun shall I want.
He maketh me to lie strenuously in marble halls, he leadeth me
away from fire-waters.

He weareth out my soles; he leadeth me in the paths of the Grand
March for his glory's sake.

Yes, though I dance through the halls of the Capitol of Wisconsin,
I will fear no dean, for he is with me, his food committees and orchestra
comfort me.

They prepareth a table before me in the presence of many coeds.
He filleth my head with worries, for my pocketbook is empty.

Surely debts and bills shall follow me all the days of my life, and
I shall dwell in the house of the pauper forever.



"Oh, Harry! I saw a big fish—that long—under the ice."
"Nonsense, my dear! I'm quite sure it was your reflection."

One Mind He Couldn't Read

Announcer: The next act will
be Hookus, the magician who reads
the newspaper through canvas.

Co-ed: Billy, let's go, I've got
a pretty thin dress on!

How To Write a Prom Fox Trot

Take a rhyming dictionary, a
piece of paper, and a stiff drink.
Don't use any but the last. The
rhyming dictionary is useless, as
there are only three essential
rhymes, "June—moon," "near—
dear," and "childhood—wild—
wood." The other lines need not
rhyme at all.

For your title choose some
simple interrogative such as
"Who?" "When?" "Why?" or
even just the question mark alone.
"Why" is perhaps the best one
for publicity purposes; it will be
on the lips of everyone who hears
the song.

The tune, if any, should be slow
and easy,—say, ta de tadi-dee tum
ti tum, for example. The best re-
sults may be obtained by playing
the piece yourself. If the judges
pity you enough, you have a fifty-
fifty chance of leaving the room
alive.

Wisconsin Octopus

Nonsense!

"How do you like my Prom gown?" asked Betsy Blueing, as she lit one of Papa's big black cigars.

Papa looked and did not say anything for a long time, but when they had poured water over him and fanned him with a chair and finally poured some stuff from a little black bottle down his throat he said "Is that what I paid \$300 for?" and jumped up and down on Mama's new lamp.

"Papa Blueing!" shouted Mama indignantly, "Every time you get angry you use a preposition to end a sentence with!" And she hit Papa on the fist with her nose.

Little Oswald and Bingo the pup came into the room crying.

"What is the unnecessary disturbance that interrupted my clandestine playing?" asked little Oswald.

"None of your business, my little darling," said Grandpa, who was lying fluently on the couch. "Papa loves Mama, Mama loves Papa, everything's dandy—", but everybody started in singing, so Grandpa crawled upstairs through the cat-hole.

"But, Papa," said Betsy, "you haven't told me how you liked my Prom gown."

Papa looked very disturbed, and clutched at his stomach.

"Answer the child!" said Mama, so Papa explained everything to little Oscar and Bingo, and they went back to resume the popular game of making a fiddle out of the cat.

In the meantime Mama had turned Betsy around so that she faced Papa and he could see her dress. Then Mama said "Papa!" and Papa stopped chewing the drapes and turned around.

"Papa, dear, dear, dear Papa!" shouted Betsy, "tell me how you like my Prom gown or I'll knock

you for a row of Catalina cow-catchers!"

"I your'e, whee, phoo! . . ." said Papa, and then he lay down and died on Mama's best table-cloth.

"I though there was carbolic acid in that bottle!" Mama reflected, "It's a good thing I live in Illinois!" So she went through Papa's pockets for evidence of recent flirtations, but there wasn't anything except two slippers and a bundle of love-letters.

That night Betsy sobbed bitterly. "Now I can never find out if Papa liked my Prom gown," she wept, "and I won't have any fun there at all!"

And little Oswald read Freud to explain a dream he had just had about a man who danced on top of a flag-pole and thought he was Justice—but he was worried about having too many clothes on.

Prom Time

Pick a man with money
Rush him day and night
Offer him lots of candy
Maybe he will bite.

Take him to some parties;
Insist on parlor dates,
Make him think you're "ber-
ries," 'cause
Every "prom girl" rates.



Tramp, Tramp

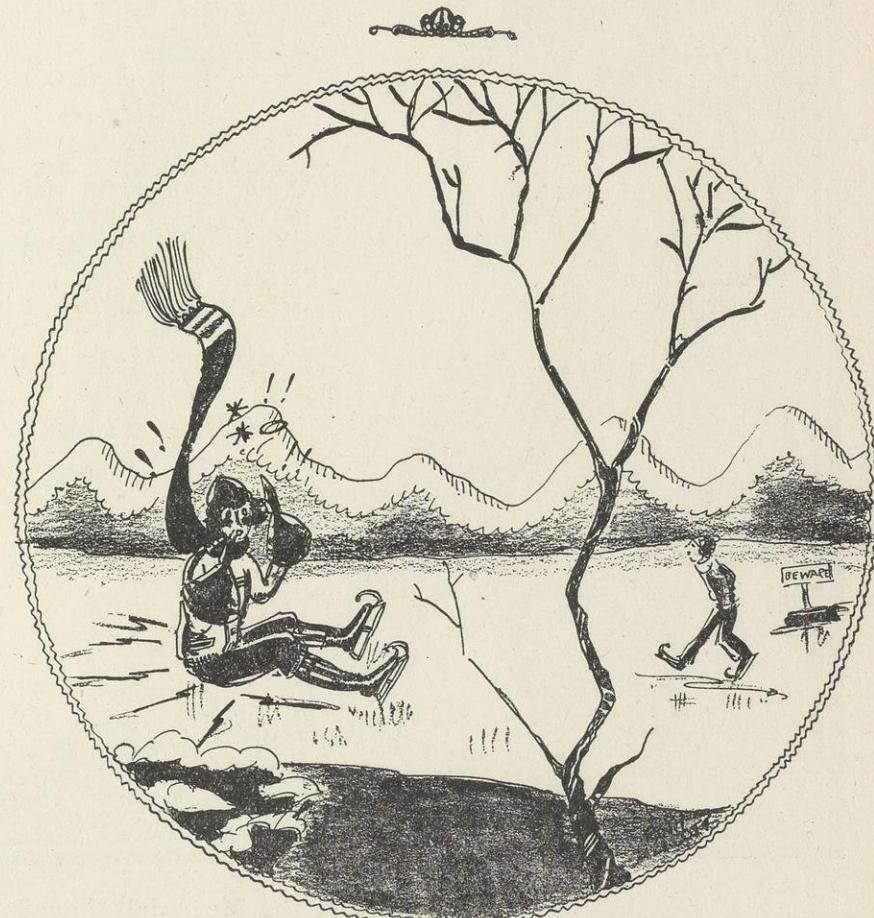
First hobo: Say, Rags, your wrist-watch is busted.

Second hobo: I know it, Bottles. A gentleman can scarcely get a cigar these days without something like that happening.



That's Stretching It!

"By gum!"
"No, I borrow mine."



Betty discovers what a hard, cold world this is after all—when she takes her first lesson on the ice.

Wisconsin Octopus

WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

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Vol. V January, 1924 No. 4



“Support the Memorial Union”



What Else Could This Editorial Be About?

With the annual blaring forth of newspaper headlines and the annual palpitating anxiety as to the choice of Queen, Prom bursts upon us in its usual splendor.

Since his humble beginnings, Octy has advocated making it a Prom for everybody, and there seems to be less and less reason, as time goes on, why it should not be. It is not so hard any more to borrow the dress clothes, Prom itself does not cost a fortune, the parties can be planned to cost only a reasonable amount.

Speed the day when people will no more think of missing Prom than they do of missing a no-cut class; possibly the day will come when one must have a dean's excuse to avoid it!



Draw On, Most Darksome Days!

Examinations have the bad habit of rolling around much as Prom does, but the slothful sheik and dreamy damsels do not take the same pleasure in the former that they do in the dance. This is the time of year when the student to whom study is no novelty and work is a habit has his innings.

How often, haggard from a long night's toil, we see him blowing blithely into his eight o'clock exam, writing quickly, and blowing out again with the thought of work well done, while we quake inwardly at the thought of the mark we shall receive! How often we swear that *next* semester we shall do the same thing, and revel in our virtues! And how often do we? No answer is necessary.



"Freedom And The Colleges"

Too often the college student pursues his entire course of study without a single thought relative to the underlying "whys" of his being in college; he seems not to realize that those to whom he looks for an education are ceaselessly, in a spirit of fine dissatisfaction, breaking old standards, setting up new—revolutionizing the universities to the end of a complete and useful education. Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn has stated clearly and simply the needs of our system. The book is well-written and authoritative; moreover, it is far from technical. We who are in college would do well to read it.

Prom Book of Etiquette

Chapter I—The Prom

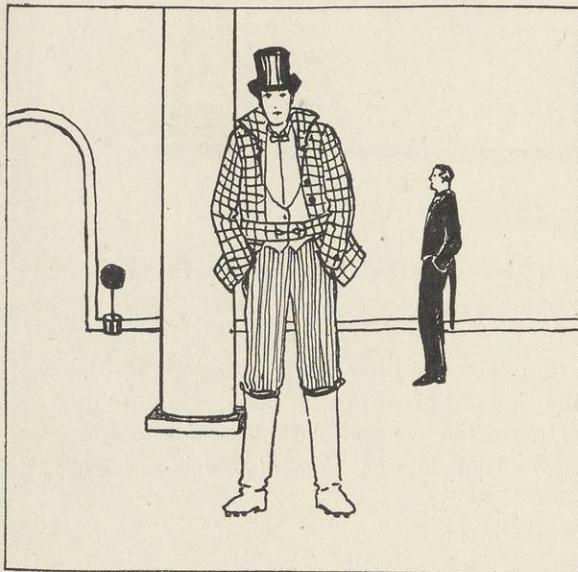
Prom is lots of fun if you work it right. This little book will tell you how. Our experts have investigated everything.

Chapter II—The Date

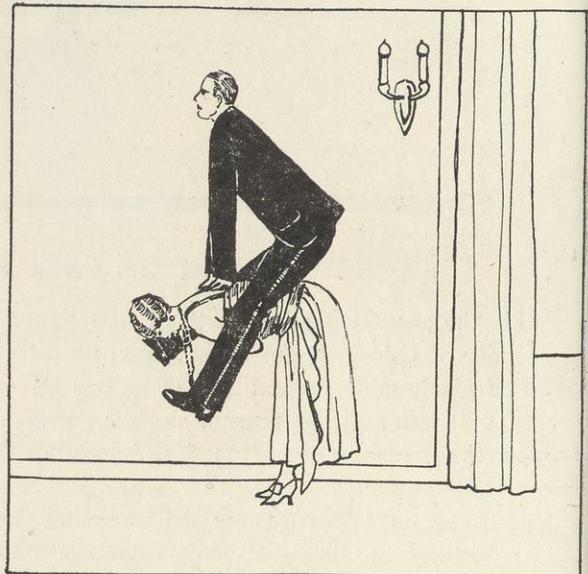
Decide to go. Then break off with the girl you have been going with for three years, because it will ruin her chances of going and make your enjoyment all the sweeter.

Chapter III—The Dough

The next thing is to get some money. Write home, giving your situation in a man-to-man fashion. In the next week's mail you ought to receive, if your father is up on Prom etiquette, a letter from him telling you why he cannot afford it. Appeal to the Bursar; when you have picked yourself up from the sidewalk go to your adviser. He will automatically hand you 2 yellow cards, 1 green card, 3 pink cards and a white folder and time table. Then go back to your fraternity house and win the "Send a Poor Boy to Prom" pot on number 13.



Would you wear this kind of a costume to Prom? The little proprieties of dress must be carefully observed at such a function, and the use of a mackinaw in place of a sheep-skin is frowned upon. If you are afraid of slipping on the marble floor do not wear hobnails. We advise white sport-shoes, with vacuum-cup soles.



It is seldom considered proper to play leap-frog with the chaperone except in the privacy of one's own box. Although some undercultured persons indulge in such sportiveness in view of the general public, the bon ton keep such simple pleasures exclusive. Of course, if the Prom Chairman begins the game, it is permissible.

Chapter IV—Flowers

Remember the little niceties which a girl will appreciate. Send her flowers every night during Prom week; bulbs are very appropriate and poppy seeds make a novel floral offering. It is best to anticipate your needs by buying a Yellow Cab and a carload of Fatimas as well.

Chapter V—Your Clothes

You will take a week off, as a careful man, to decide whether you will wear a dress suit or a tuxedo. Your girl will help you out by telling you that you look best in the very thing you haven't got. This is the beginning of "The Great Misunderstanding."

Chapter VI—The Prom Play

Try to be picked at the Prom show and call the members of the cast by their first names as they appear on the stage, at the same time flapping your hands together in feeble applause. These tactics will add to your popularity with all those around you in the theater.



*What should the young lady do?
The gentleman has just been introduced to her, and instead of saying "Howrya, kid?" as he ought to, he is endeavouring to embrace her. In such a case, the girl should assume the posture shown here and emit an absolutely silent scream. The noise of the orchestra would drown even a real one, and she can give the proper effect in this manner with no fear of discouraging her gentleman friend.*

Chapter VII—The Dinner

On the gala night which follows start the evening off right by upsetting the gravy on your cast-iron shirt front during the dinner. A few minutes later drop some cigarette ashes on your girl's Prom gown and in trying to put the flames out pull all the decorations down. The formality of the evening is somewhat broken now, and you can put your feet up on the table and slap the chaperon on the back.

Chapter VIII—The Box

Upon your arrival at the Capitol at ten o'clock arrange with your girl concerning the time you expect to depart and the place at which you are to meet. As soon as she is out of sight hide some place in the Senate Chamber and try to go from there to the Tax Commissioners' Office. From there look up Ed, whose party is in the State Highway Rooms and try to get a few words in with Betty over in the Bureau of Plumbing. Soon you will be hopelessly lost along with fifteen or twenty others.

Chapter IX—Lost

The lights will suddenly be extinguished as soon as you are lost, and you will find yourself (so far as you can see) all alone in the great stone edifice. You should now run in a frenzied fashion hither and yon, and yon and hither. Five days later, on the verge of starvation and exhaustion, you will hear a great noise. Sneak up on it slowly.

Chapter X—Conclusion

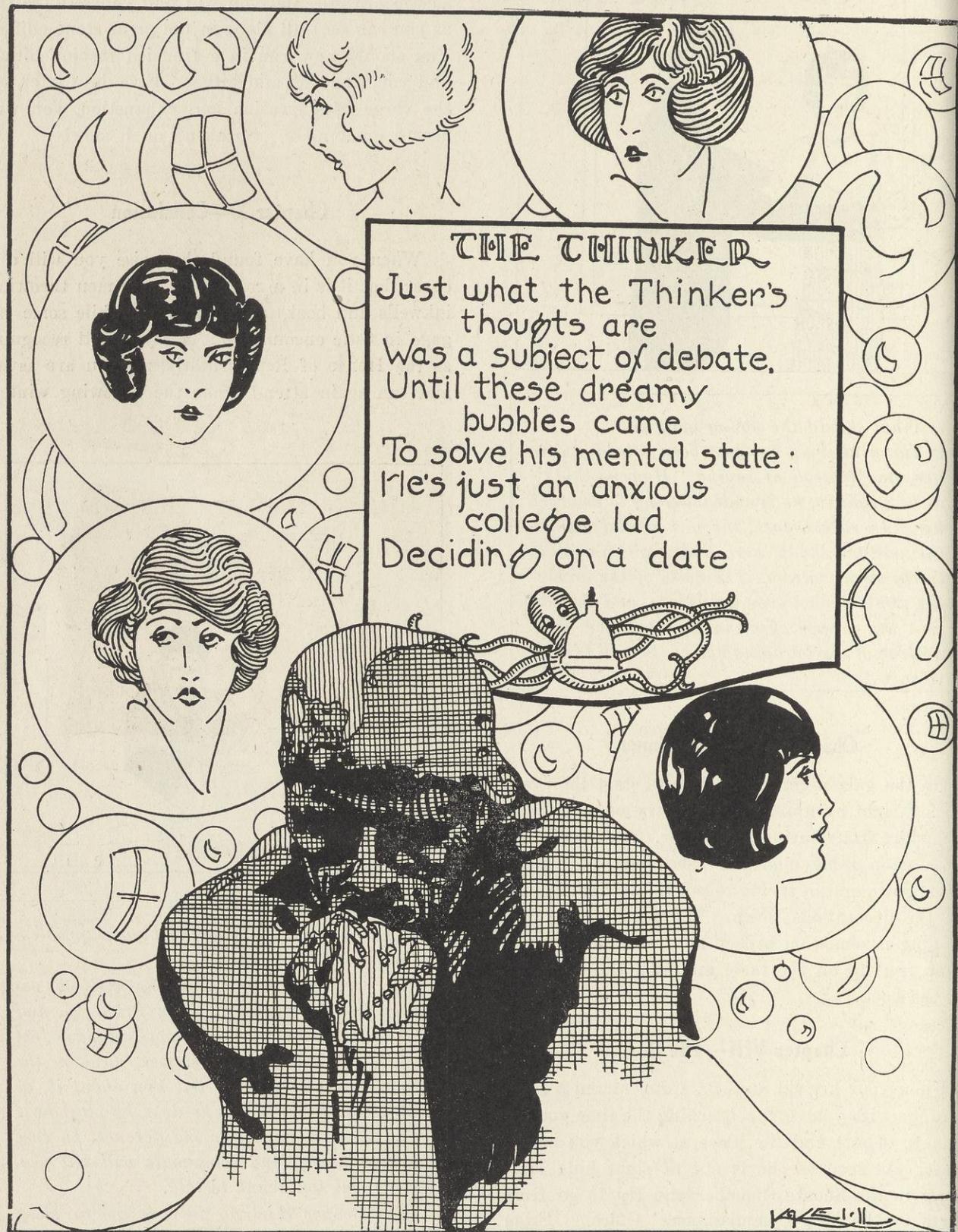
When you have found the noise you will discover that it is in a room filled with men throwing inkwells and books at one another while some engage in fistic encounters. This you will recognize as the House of Representatives. You are saved and can again attend Prom the following winter.



And now we come to the biggest problem of all.

The young gentleman in the striped pajamas has just come in from Prom to find his room-mate (who did not attend) fast asleep. Should the Prom-goer awaken the sleeping young man to tell him about it, or should he not? In case he does, he must bear vituperation, abuse, or indifference. In case he does not, friend room-mate will tell people he was too drunk to talk.

The proper thing to do is to go to sleep while debating about it, and inform said room-mate the next day that he was so busy listening to him talk in his sleep that he forgot about waking him up.



Wisconsin Octopus

"San Francisco Calling"

An Everyday Tragedy in One Act

Fred: Operator, what is the charge for a call to New York?

Operator: Sixteen dollars for five minutes, sir.

Fred: I want to speak to Miss Anita Fumble of New York.

Operator (4 hours later): San Francisco calling Miss Anita Funkle.

Anita: This is she talking.

Operator No. 1: One moment please.

Operator No. 2: Hello, Denver?

Operator No. 3: This is Chicago.

Anita: Hello.

Operator No. 1: One moment please.

Operator No. 2 (faintly): Here's your party.

Operator No. 3: San Francisco calling Miss Ann Itafunko.

Anita: This is Miss Fumble speaking.

Operator No. 1: One moment please.

Operator No. 2: Here's your party.

Operator No. 3: Hello?

Anita (shouting): Hello!

Operator No. 3: San Francisco calling Miss Ann Itapunkin.

Anita: You told me that this morning, you dumbell.

Fred (at last he's on—and those words!): Don't call me dumbell!

Anita: Pardon me, I thought you were the operator.

Fred: This is Fred speaking, dearest.

Anita: I can't hear you.

Fred (louder): This is Fred! F-R-E-D How are you?

Anita: I can't hear a word you're saying.

Fred: What?

Anita: Who?

Fred: What?

Operator No. 1 (to Fred): Your five minutes is used up, sir.

Fred: You mean bawled up, operator.

Anita: Get off the line, please. (Business of clicking hook violently.) Is this Fred?

Fred: Yes, dammit.

Anita: I didn't hear the name. Can't you talk a little louder.

Fred (bellows): *If I could talk any louder I wouldn't have to use a phone!*

Anita: Wait, Fred, I'll talk to you on the extension upstairs.

Operator No. 1 (to Fred): Sixteen dollars more for five more minutes, sir. (Fred hangs up)

Anita: Hello, Fred. I can hear you now. How are you, dear? (No answer).

Operators Nos. 1-28 inclusive: Your party has committed suicide.

Do As The Romans Did

"Women of XL work like LX

To look like XX," said Nell.

"But between you and I,"

Said a funny old guy,

"They end by looking like L."



To the poor little artist's model, always being admired by men, life is just one stare-case after another.

Co-eds

I love co-eds—they are so original. Some go in for long earrings and vampy hats with feathers that curve and cling. Some affect sweet girlish clothes and fluffy hair—they are so innocent they never heard of Freud, and don't know why people laugh when a hip-pocket is mentioned. Still others follow the example of their dim-wit brothers, and laquer their crowning glory with water—and, oh, these fair young things who wear tweeds, felt hats, and yellow slickers! But they all pull the same line—I love co-eds: they are so original!

You Must Expect One of These

"Do you play Mah Jongg?"

"No, but I've arranged to leave the country tomorrow."



She: I'm telling you for the last time, that you can't kiss me.

He: Ah, I knew you'd weaken eventually!



Ten People Who Get On My Nerves

1. The dentist who tells funny stories while working over an exposed nerve.
2. The girls who squeezes your hand after every dance.
3. The man who tells you about his New Year's Eve drunk.
4. The after-dinner speaker who jokingly starts off "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking . . ."
5. The college professor who slaughters the King's English.
6. The acrobat who reads a book (upside down) atop seven chairs and four tables.
7. The barber who says "I thought so" when you tell him you shave yourself.
8. The man who takes his hat off when he sees yours is on in a store elevator.
9. The lady who invariably shouts "Say goodbye to Aunt Sarah for me!" as the train leaves the station.
10. The man who says "Guess who this is" on the telephone.

Daffy!

I wandered lonely as a frost,
That's lost in Madison's Seven Hills;
When there appeared before my eyes
A host, a crowd of Jacks and Jills,
Along the Drive, upon the green,
Careless of seeing or being seen.

As fickle as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Silver Sheet,
They change their never-ending line
To cover everyone they meet.
A thousand meanings in each glance;
Each single word fraught with Romance.

Canoes may hug the shore; but they
Outdo that romance easily;
Who cares who looks or what he sees
In such enthralled company?
I gazed and gazed, but could not bring
One blush to cheeks so flushed with Spring.

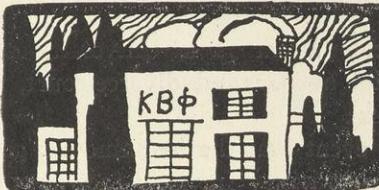
And when my lecture's dull I sit
And watch the Girl Across the Aisle,
With jealous eye to catch one look
From those dark eyes, one Kewpie smile.
And then my heart forgets its blues
And dances with the Two-and-Twos.



He: Darling, I have a question I've wanted to ask you for weeks.

She: Go ahead—I've had an answer ready for months.

THIS IS THE JACK



This is the house that Jack built;



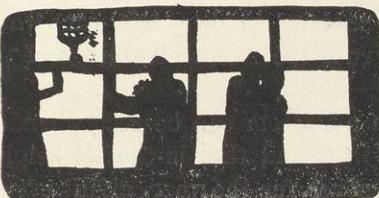
This is the malt that lay in the house that Jack built;



These are the boys that drank the malt that lay in the house that Jack built;



This is the dean that caught the boys that drank the malt that lay in the house that Jack built;



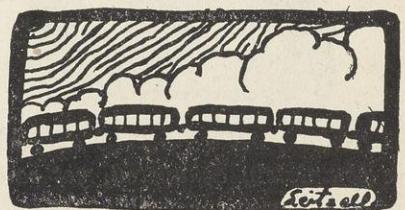
This is the dance that bothered the dean that caught the boys that drank the malt that lay in the house that Jack built;



This is the censor that razzed the dance that bothered the dean that caught the boys that drank the malt that lay in the house that Jack built;



This is the Ed, a Kappa Bete stew, who insulted the censor that razzed the dance that bothered the dean that caught the boys that drank the malt that lay in the house that Jack built;



This is the train that goes choo-choo
That bore home the Ed, a Kappa Bete stew,
Who insulted the censor that razzed the dance that
bothered the dean that caught the boys that drank
the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

Prom Pome

Let's all be pleasant
And sing a song,
Until our Prom bills
Roll along.

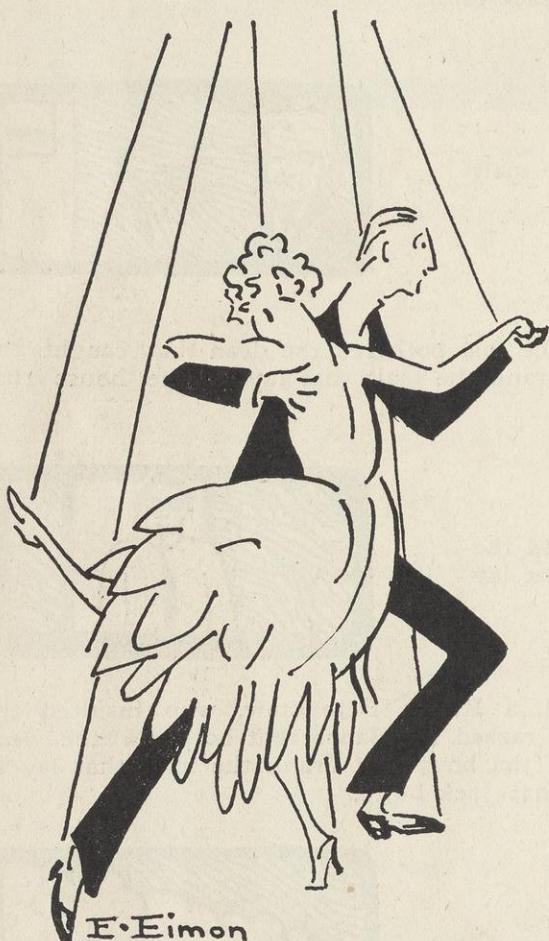


He Who Sees: Dorothy's a snakey little thing,
isn't she?

He Who Knows: I'll say! A regular beau con-
strieter.



"Who are the brainiest men on earth?"
"The Italian cooks —they can't be beat when it
comes to using the noodle."



After all, nature will go only so far; those who are completely exhausted, yet can't give up, will find this devise invaluable. It is something on the marionette idea—everything is left to the strings—and not only takes a load off a poor dancer's mind, but also off his partner's feet.



Ragson Tatters Says

This here Junior Prom is a University-controlled matrimonial agency and divorce-court, to my way of thinkin'.

It is at such an event that the feminine sex gets in its fine work, what with "Luvme" face-powder an' "Kizme" lip-stick an' "Wedme" books of etiquette. Any girl, given three days in practical solitude with a man, pervided that she kin look at a wrist-watch without disasterous effects, ought to be able to hook him with practically no more effort than it would take to git a colored gentleman into the Ku Klux Klan.

And, on the other hand, there is the problem of keepin' a man throughout th' shindig, being as he is entirely surrounded by females who are adorned with all the acooterments of modern civilization.

Moreover, neither sex can very well stand constantly scrutinizin' one member of the other fer three days without discoverin' that every rose has a couple a bugs. The little mole on the girl's neck gets bigger rapidly, an' the unpleasant habit her escort has of snortin' in her left ear while dancin' is apt to ruin the former buddings of romance.

So, taken all in all, Prom can be recommended fer one thing anyway, and that is that it heightens the couple-turnover fer the year, givin' everybody a chance to have one more chance for personal liberty before hitchin' up on either side of the old family wagon and leanin' against the wheel of progress.



Nice Morning, Sir

Young man (with broad smile, to clerk): I'm going to be married tomorrow; where can I get a tie for my cutaway?

Clerk: Mourning counter, third aisle over, sir.



"He believes that the Einstein theory applies here on earth."

"How's that?"

"He thinks that men are deflected by movie stars."

A Psalm of Prom

THE DECISION

I'm excited, elated, with Jack I'm inflated,
For Dad just came through with that thirty-five
yen;

I hope it'll hold out—it sure will be rolled out
To take me to dance with keen, stunning-gown'd
ladies

And opulent, handsome fraternity men—
At that marvelous hop they call Prom.

THE DATE

She's a beaut, she's a wonder—I love her, by
thunder!

I know that we'll have just a wonderful time.
She can dance like the fairies—oh boy, she's the
berries;

I'll feed her and rush her before Prom and after,
'Til Dad's check fades down to one thin lonely
dime—

Just to go to that hop they call Prom.

THE CLOTHES

"Oh goshdarnit, confound it:" the four walls
resound it—

The wail of the button that's under the bed.

"Bill, this collar is choking me; cut out the jok-
ing

And drag out that tux that you promised to lend
me.

This tie drives me nutty—I'm out of my head.
How I hate getting ready for Prom!"

PAST POST-PROM

Now it's over, it's finished; my cash has dimin-
ished

To nothing: I'm hungry, and owe two weeks'
rent.

The girl soon will marry her brother's chum,
Harry,

And Dad wants to know why I'm down in my
studies

And what has become of the money I spent.
Yes, I had quite a nice time at Prom!

An Electrifying Joke

Prison doctor: Number 4865 is a very sick
man; a slight shock will prove fatal.

Warden: Fine! Here's where we save some
money on the execution tomorrow.

Prof.: Though the English king was unpopular
he was not without supporters in his undertakings.

Stude: No doubt the Order of the Garter is
meant.

How to Choose a Prom Queen

(Full information from a former Chairman)

1. Make a list of all the girls in the University.
2. Cancel all those who did not vote for you.
3. Cancel all those who voted only once for you.
4. Cancel all those who did not campaign for you.
5. Cancel all girls who are too tall; too short; too thin; too fat.
6. Get a list of prospects from your assistant chairmen.
7. Cancel all of them. (This leaves about seven or eight.)
8. Write the names of prospects on slips of paper and put them in a hat. Draw one of them, sneak a look at it and tear it up. Repeat with all of them.
9. Get drunk and ask whomever you want to.

Art: What's the by-word in this business?

Artless: Cash.



"A thermometer is a clever instrument to be
able to tell your temperature."

"It should be; it has a college education."

"Howzat?"

"Graduated with degrees."

My Resolution

I made a New Year's Resolution.

I said: I hereby highly resolve that no longer shall I mix metaphors, so that my readers, floundering in a sea of words, shall not become lost in the vacant desert of comparisons and search for the tracks of the winged Pegasus to lead them to the safe isle of commonsense. I resolve that I shall rhetoric, burrowing my way through tons of phrases to shout meaningless words to the sight of my readers. I swear that hereafter the greatest jackass can follow me as I lead him amid the briars and thistles of loquacious vaporings to a land flowing with milk and honey, where he may find nutriment. To sum it up, no longer shall I, every time I open my mouth, put my foot into it.

Simple Stories

A kindly girl is Harriet,
A tender-hearted lass;
For even though her wits are sharp
She never cuts a class.

—
Jonah ran a bucket shop;
And when he saw the whale
He didn't kick the bucket, but
He turned a little pale.

A Moving Tale

"Harry is in a movement for the better."
"Is that so?"
"Yep, the chaperon requested it."

—
"Jean's kisses are like a basketball game."
"Yeah?"
"Each is won after a battle."

We Apologize in Advance

The Octopus staff worked vigorously on a batch of laugh-getting Prom slogans, but since the announcement of the official one . . . We give up!



*This is Rene;
She is a very nice girl
Whom I see almost
Every night.
The other evening,
During our usual
Small Talk,
I asked her to go to Prom
With me.
"I can't" she said,
"Jack is coming up
For it!"
Darn these husbands—
Always breaking into
A fellow's good time!*

And We Wonder Why—

My girl's not much—
She does not know
That eyes will charm
The lagging beau.
She does not drive
A Packard car,
She can't tell what
Gin high-balls are.
But I will tell
The whole world wide
She does my work—
I'm satisfied.

My man's not much—
He does not know
That girls mean "yes"
When they say "no".
He does not dance
With tea-hound grace,
He has three scars
Upon his face.
But I will tell
The whole world wide
He said "Let's Prom"—
I'm satisfied.

Flowery Languge

Blossom called up Bud and said she was craving for a Wild Thyme. Bud Rose to the occasion, and they had a Blooming large evening. But when Blossom got home she had to Lilac the deuce about where she'd been. She got by, because she had a Dandelion and her Poppy believed her.

Clever Engineering

1st engineer: Has Bill got a job yet?

2nd engineer: Yes, he has a good one, does bridge work at a sorority every afternoon.

—
"Paw, what is a dark recess?"
"Christmas vacation in an Eskimo college, my son."
"Do they celebrate by giving a Snow Ball, Paw?"
"Bedtime, son."

—
"Our chaperone has a keen sense of humor."

"Well, dearie, I think I'd substitute an 'r' for the 'h'!"



Whitman's famous candies are sold by

Cardinal Pharmacy...831 University Ave.
 Dettloff Pharmacy...Main and Pinckney Sts.
 The Chocolate Shop.....528 State St.
 A. W. Krehl.....408 E. Wilson St.
 J. C. Keefry.....19 N. Pinckney St.
 Lewis Drug Store...State and Gilman Sts.
 C. F. Loehrer.....912 E. Johnson St.
 University Pharmacy Cor. State & Lake Sts.

Walter M. Atwood.....1054 Williamson St.
 Menges Pharmacy.....801 Oakland Ave.
 Menges Pharmacy.....1825 Monroe St.
 Rennebohm Drug Co.....208 State St.
 Collyers Pharmacy.....14 E. Mifflin St.
 Ott Pharmacy.....18 N. Carroll St.
 Boyd's Candy Shop.....426 State St.

Special
 Wisconsin
 Package





Your Prom Gown

Large selection of gowns made after Paris models on hand by French designers in our shops, at Madison prices.

Also gowns and wraps made to order

The French Shop

Park Hotel and 533 State St.

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Ruth E. Allcott
Lynn H. Matthias
Josephine L. Compton
—*Victor Linley*

Perfectly Respectable Citizen: I'm taking my little boy to the museum.

Perfect Ass: Is that so? Great Scott! What's the matter with him?

—*London Mail*

When the frost is on the pumpkin
And the bees are in the hive,
Thirty-dollar overcoats are
Marked way down to sixty-five.

—*Purple Parrot*

Critic: What does that picture represent?

Artist: Satan's daughters.

Critic: Oh, Hell's belles, eh?

—*Dirge*

Dean, reading parent's letter: Parents are the last people on earth who ought to have children.

—*Granta*

“Mama, do cats go to heaven?”
“Of course not, dear.”
“Well Mama, where do the angels get their harp-strings?”

—*Tiger*

Prom Week Means

FLOWERS

Leave Orders for

Corsages

and

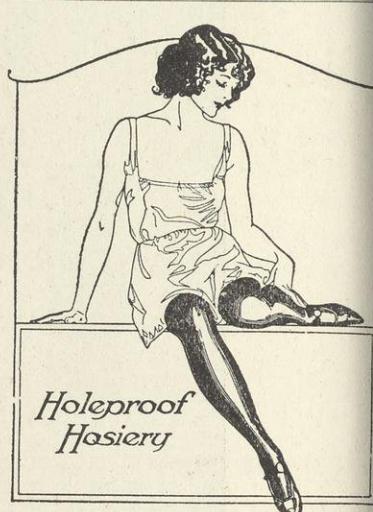
Bouquets

at the

New York Floral Co.

30 N. Carroll

Badger 476



For Pre-Prom

For Prom

For Post-Prom

And every other day in the year

SILK HOSIERY

RUNDELL'S

5 East Main Street

Lawrence's

Service

Good Food

Music

662 State St.

Gold and Silver

Slippers

\$7⁴⁵

So Much of Fashion
At So Fair a Price

These pumps are
wonderful values

Regular price
\$10 - \$11

Huegel & Hyland

428 State St.

For Fit That Never Fails



Here's the girl I took to Prom last year. I told her that she'd have to go home if she intended to carry that fan around with her all evening. What did she do? She fanned.



Diogenes climbed into his tub and settled himself comfortably for the night.

"Whatever makes you choose such a queer resting place?" they asked.

"It's a habit I acquired while a freshman, during Homecoming," he replied. —*Chaparral*



Lies buried here
One William Firrul
Who dropt the wheel
To grasp the girrul.
—*Black and Blue Jay.*

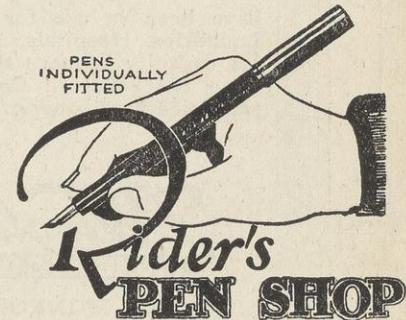


"Do you believe in eating clubs on the campus?"

"Naw, nor chewing toothpicks either." —*Purple Cow*

Just One More Drink!

I know a MAN
Who says that HIS pen
Was just like
A PERPETUAL DRUNKARD
Back to the BOTTLE
Every day for ONE MORE
LITTLE drink
And the NEXT DAY
It was the SAME
OLD STORY
BUT after a while
The STRAIN was
TOO MUCH
And it went to
The HOSPITAL
And that happened
SEVERAL TIMES
And then his pen
DIED.
But he didn't go
Into MOURNING
Because nobody MOURNS
When PERPETUAL DRUNKS
CHECK OUT
He went to RIDER'S
And bought a
MASTERPEN
Because it only drank
SEMI-MONTHLY
And if you've got
A pen with a
DAILY THIRST
You'll want one
TOO

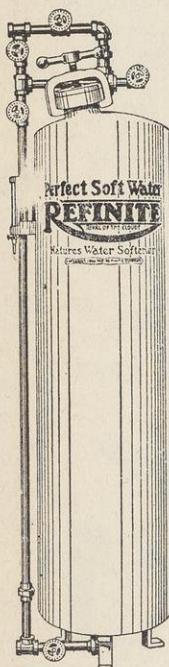


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We are always ready to serve you.

The Campus Soda Grill

"The Place That Malted Milk Made"

We Deliver

F. 3535

Are You Guilty?

Did you ever
Call out greetings
To the pretty stranger
Who walks by
Every evening?
And did a voice
Call on the phone
And say,
"My daughter complains
That you molest her
As she walks by.
Please be a gentleman
Till you are introduced?"
And did you, trembling,
Answer, "Yes sir,
I'll be good."
And did you find
That the terrible voice
Which you answered so timidly
Belonged to a friend
Of your dear roommate?
Did you?

It's a great life if you don't weaken—but it's much greater if you weaken just a little.

—Gargoyle

Happy New Year

"Look us up," if you are in need of anything electrical. Prompt, satisfactory service guaranteed.

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and Building Supplies

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Phone Badger 628

The Inevitable Anecdote

Professor F. O. B.—, while walking home from Ma Jongg's one night, was somewhat pained to discover one of his best students striving to drag the cover off a manhole.

"Ah, Mr. Gordon," he queried, "what might you be doing?"

Mr. Gordon made a grab for his scattered wits. "Might be engaged in literary research, Professor. Deep'st literary r'search ever was in."

"Alas," mused the professor. "Deplorable in one so young. Yet Bobbie Burns died in the gutter."

"Just the point, Professor, 's just it. Bobbie Burns died in the' gutter—beau'ful poet died in gutter. I'm trying—goldarn thish manhole—tryin' to find suitable place for Bem Hecht to die."

—Jacko



"Oh, Miss Smith, don't call me *Mr.* Stevens."
"But really, Mr. Stevens, I hardly know you.
Why shouldn't I call you Mr. Stevens?"
"Because my name is Jones."

—Voo Doo

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Remember That Nothing
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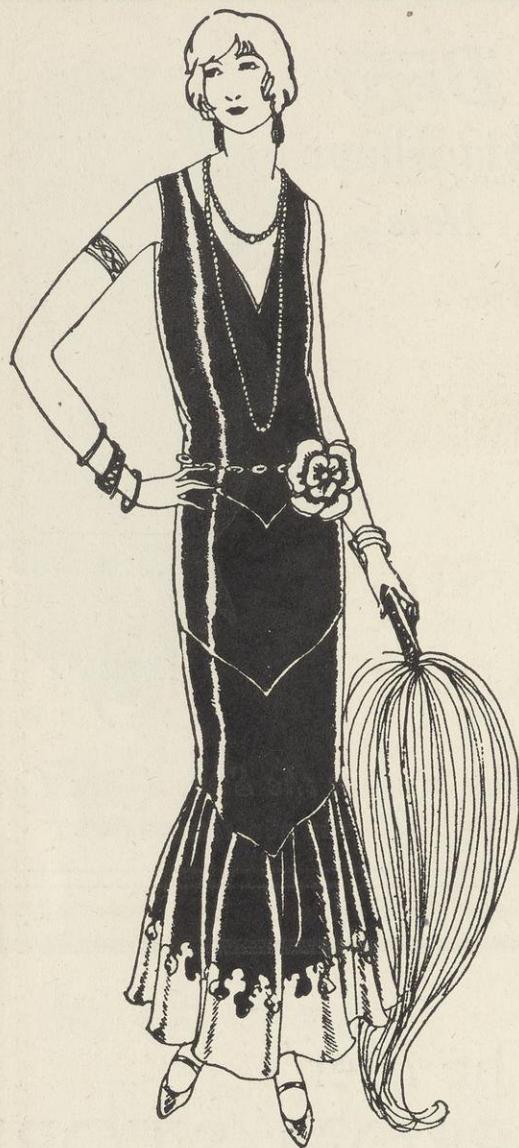
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Madison
Wisconsin.



Long May It Wave

Tactfully Truthful Letters

1. To an aunt, thanking her for a set of O. Henry in limp purple leather:

"I have received your lovely books and shall certainly lose no time in reading them."

—Record

There must be someone
Somewhere in the Great Unknown
Who'll make me forget the white lights
And the midnight whirl.
Someone who will live the
Simple life with me.
The white lights grow whiter,
The Whirl grows faster.
Somewhere there must be someone
Who will make me forget all this—
But I am not looking for her.—*Blue Baboon*

Peter Piper Played a Pot of Poker;
A Pretty Pot of Poker Peter Picked!
Some Piker with a Poker
Took a Poke at Peter Piper
And Pocketed the Poker Pot that Peter Piper
Picked.

—Exchange



—are you sure you deserve it?

“Give me a log with Mark Hopkins at one end of it and myself at the other,” said, in effect, President Garfield, “and I would not want a better college.”

But if Mark Hopkins was an inspired teacher, it is just as true that James A. Garfield was an inspiring student.

Sometimes Garfield’s praise of his professor is quoted in disparagement of present day faculties—the assumption being that we as listeners are sympathetic, all that we ought to be—and that it is the teacher who has lost his vision.

Is this often the case?

It is the recollection of one graduate at least that he did not give his professors a chance. Cold to their enthusiasms, he was prone to regard those men more in the light of animated text-books than as human beings able and eager to expound their art or to go beyond it into the realm of his own personal problems.

This is a man to man proposition. Each has to go half way. Remember, there are two ends to the log.

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226 State Street



"Why on earth does Marion always carry that stick?"

"Oh, she went with John for so long that she doesn't feel at home without one under her thumb."

"Mrs. Clancy, yer child is badly spoiled."
"G'wan wid vez!"

"Well, if ye don't believe me, come see what the steam roller did to it." —Jester

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Write Your Own Title

MODERN COLLEGIATE EDITORIAL

We feel that the time has come to take a definite stand in regard to the . . . which has spread on the campus since the recent . . . We must remind our young, young friend . . . that he has overlooked the obvious . . . in his recent communication. We are college men, not . . . and as such it behooves us to . . . While on the one hand it would seem . . . on the other we must not forget . . . for we feel sure that every right-thinking, God-fearing undergraduate will be with us in . . . and answer those who say . . . with an unequivocal . . . It is the only way out.

—*Tiger*



A dentist on board of a barque
Essayed to pull teeth for miss Clarque.
And when he asked, "Gas?"
She promptly said "Yas,
You can't fool with me in the darque."

—*Wasp*

R A D I O

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Give a thought to the girl in the Lincoln,
Who swore she could drive without Thincolin.
While indulging in talk
She steered off the dark,
And the ferrymen thine she's still
sincoln. —*Punch Bowl*

“Did you take your father apart and speak to him?”
“No, but he went all to pieces when I told him.”
—*Purple Parrot*

She: Yes, I'm a Delta Delta Delta.
He: I heard you the first time.
—*Ski-U-Mah*

“I thought you had that quiz down cold!”
And thus replied our hero:
“I must have had the thing down cold—
The grade I got was zero.”
—*Froth*

“Why do they call that book of instructions for Frosh a Bible?”
“Because of the Revelations, I guess.”
—*Chanticleer*

Nill: Notice the funny hair cut on that fellow.

Bits: That's all right, the barber was a student and was trying to prove a geometrical theorem.

“I could dance this way forever.”
“Oh, no, you're bound to improve.”
—*Belle Hop*

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The
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Right Off the Campus

Ruth drove in my cycle car
She sat in back of me;
I hit a bump at fifty-five
And drove on Ruthlessly.

—*Lyre*

Vital Statistics: If all the boarders in New York were placed end to end they would reach.

—*Frivol*

Animal Trainer: Our leopard has escaped. Shoot him on the spot.

Sheriff: What spot?

Animal Trainer: Any spot, you damn fool. —*Ski-U-Mah*

"Where you going?"
"Trying to get something for my girl."
"How much do you want for her?" —*Log*

Irate citizen, from bedroom window: Say, down there; who do you think you're making love to?

Intoxicated Romeo: Nobody in pertic'ler—I'm jus' broadcastin'.

—*Augwan*

He: I drive so well with one hand that the other is practically useless.

She: Yes, I've noticed that.

—*Frivol*

"How long before she makes her appearance?"

"She's upstairs making it now." —*Gaboon*

The inconsistent thing about families with black sheep is that they try to keep them dark.

—*Life*



*Your Part in the
Prom of History*

You'll be playing a part in the Prom of History—the event which places all Wisconsin in the limelight socially. And you'll want your Prom gown to be one which will excite admiration and approval when you glide over the floors of the Capitol.

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Marinello graduates.
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She knew that she must know. The uncertainty was driving her mad. She must find out; the question was haunting her day and night.

Would he never come? Ah, here he was. Quietly she linked her arm in his and they proceeded out on the terrace. Without speaking he took her in his arms and placed his lips on hers.

"Evelyn," he breathed.
"Whitney," she whispered.
Yes, she had found the answer. She knew now.
It was Gearoe she loved. —*Blue Baboon*

A young coed who had lots of beaux
Craved a husband, as every girl kneaux;
So she bought a trousseau,
And was all set to geau,
But not a darn one would propeaux!

—*Dirge*

"Who's that finished player over there?"
"That's the end." —*Pelican*

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Boyd's Candy Shop

Rastus: Mistah Doctah, can ya' tell me what a' got?

Doctor: Dat a' can suh.

Rastus: Lawdee, Mistah—den kill me quick.



"I do not believe in tying myself to one man, so I must refuse you."

"Well, suppose I organize a syndicate, would you consider our offer?" —*Record*



"Why are young widows so charming?"

"Why, they know all about men, and the men that know all about them are dead."

—*Black and Blue Jay*



"I suppose I'd better ask you—why call him Maple Syrup?"

"I s'pose I'll have to tell you—because he's a refined sap." —*Blue Baboon*

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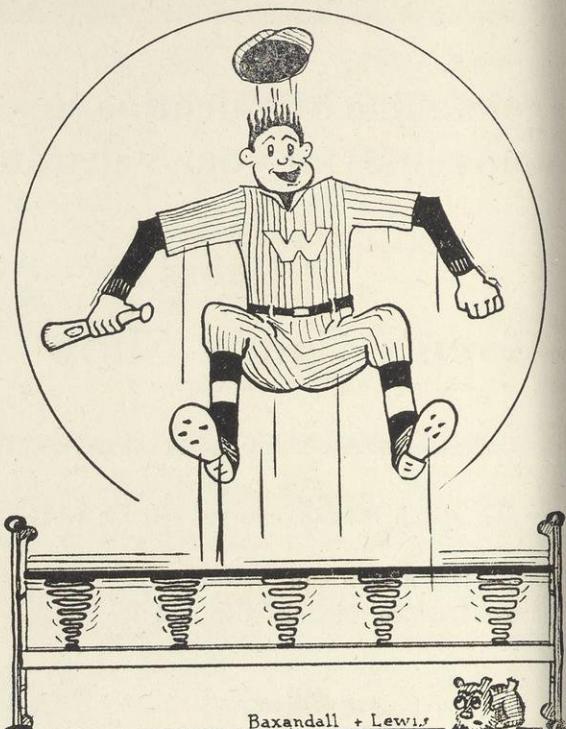
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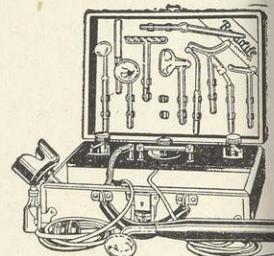
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Ho Hum!

Elderly lady: What would your grandmother say if she saw you smoking?
Young girl: She'd probably tell me to use my own cigarettes.



She: Your husband looks fearfully clever. I suppose he knows everything?
Her: Sh-h-h! He doesn't even suspect anything.
—Chaparral



Tom: Have you seen the latest in pajamas?
Jerry: No, I didn't know she wore 'em.
—Stone Mill



"Women are beginning to assert themselves in China."
"How's that?"
"Well, you never hear of Pa Jongg."
—Stone Mill

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Asks Freddie Frosh

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"I hear old professor Dinkus blew up in class today."

"Yes, he went to pieces when a student exploded one of his theories."

—Record

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"My gold fish has eczema."
"Very bad?"
"No, only on a small scale."

—Wasp

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SEEN
THEM

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My Bonnie was fond of jazz dancing;
Her partner weighed five hundred three;
The floor was too slick and too slippery—
Oh, Bring back my Bonnie to me!

—Parrakeet



Coach: Have you ever had any experience as a track man?

Aspirant: Oh yes, I used to work for the C. & N. W.



"I tell you she is just like copper."

"Why is that?"

"Low resistance."



Scenario writer: Two burglars enter. The clock strikes one.

Actors, in chorus: Which one? —*Ski-U-Mah*

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Benda: Anne told me she worshipped her figure.

Benday: And how about you?

Benda: Oh, I embraced her religion.

—Tiger

The Inevitable Old Lady: And did they sink that cement wall clear to the bottom to build that breakwater?

The Always Bored Sailor: No, mum, they left two inches so the fish could swim through.

—Chaparral

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"What's 12 times 14?"

"168. Can't you do that?"

"Oh, yes, in time; but fools multiply rapidly."

—*Blue Baboon*



"If you'll let me kiss you, I'll murder anyone
you don't want around."

"Does that include suicide?"

—*Jacko*

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"I saw a big grain elevator
burn to the ground."
"Nothing left but ashes?"
"Naw, puffed wheat."
—*Purple Parrot*

"A man to see you sir."
"Tell him to take a chair."
"He did, sir, and the sofa, and
he's just taking the piano. He's
from the furniture store."
—*Jacko*

"They say the first man was
found in India."
"Yeah? Who found him?"
—*Jester*

Villager: A funeral procession
just filed down the street.
Uncle Eben: Wal, the street
shore needed it. —*Record*

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MADISON

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University of Wisconsin

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the Octopus office daily 3:30-5:00. Students wishing to
tryout for places on the staff should call either the Busi-
ness Manager or the Editor.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
1706-1790

Printer, journalist, diplomat, inventor, statesman, philosopher, wit. One of the authors of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, author of Poor Richard's Almanack; and one of the most eminent natural philosophers of his time.

But nobody had thought to do it

By bringing electricity down from the clouds over a kite string, it was a simple thing to prove that lightning was nothing more than a tremendous electrical flash.

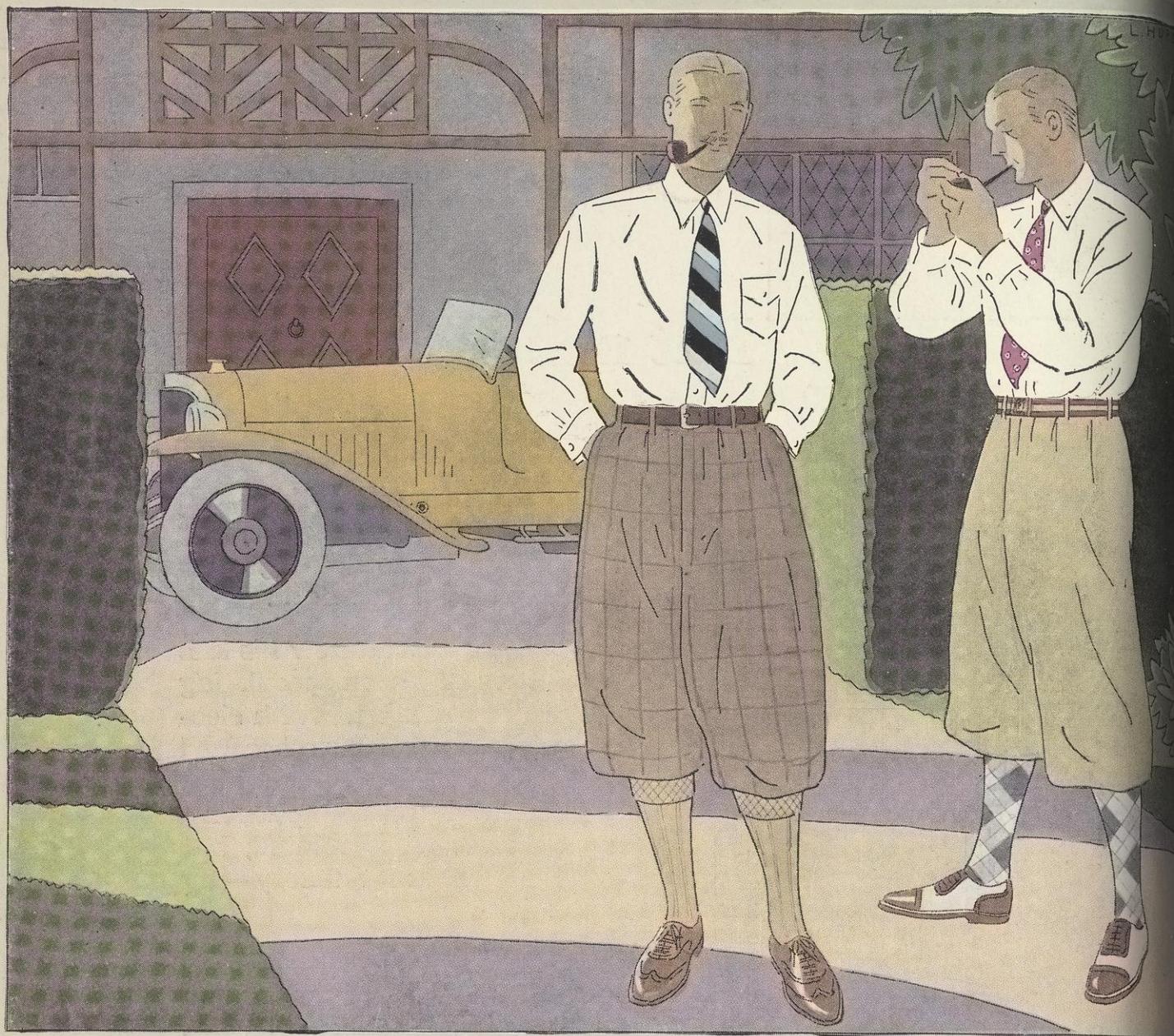
For centuries before Franklin flew his kite in 1751 philosophers had been speculating about the nature of lightning. With electrified globes and charged bottles, others had evolved the theory that the puny sparks of the laboratory and the stupendous phenomenon of the heavens were related; but Franklin substituted fact for theory — by scientific experiment.

Roaring electrical discharges, man-made lightning as deadly as that from the clouds, are now produced by scientists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company. They are part of experiments which are making it possible to use the power of mountain torrents farther and farther from the great industrial centers.



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