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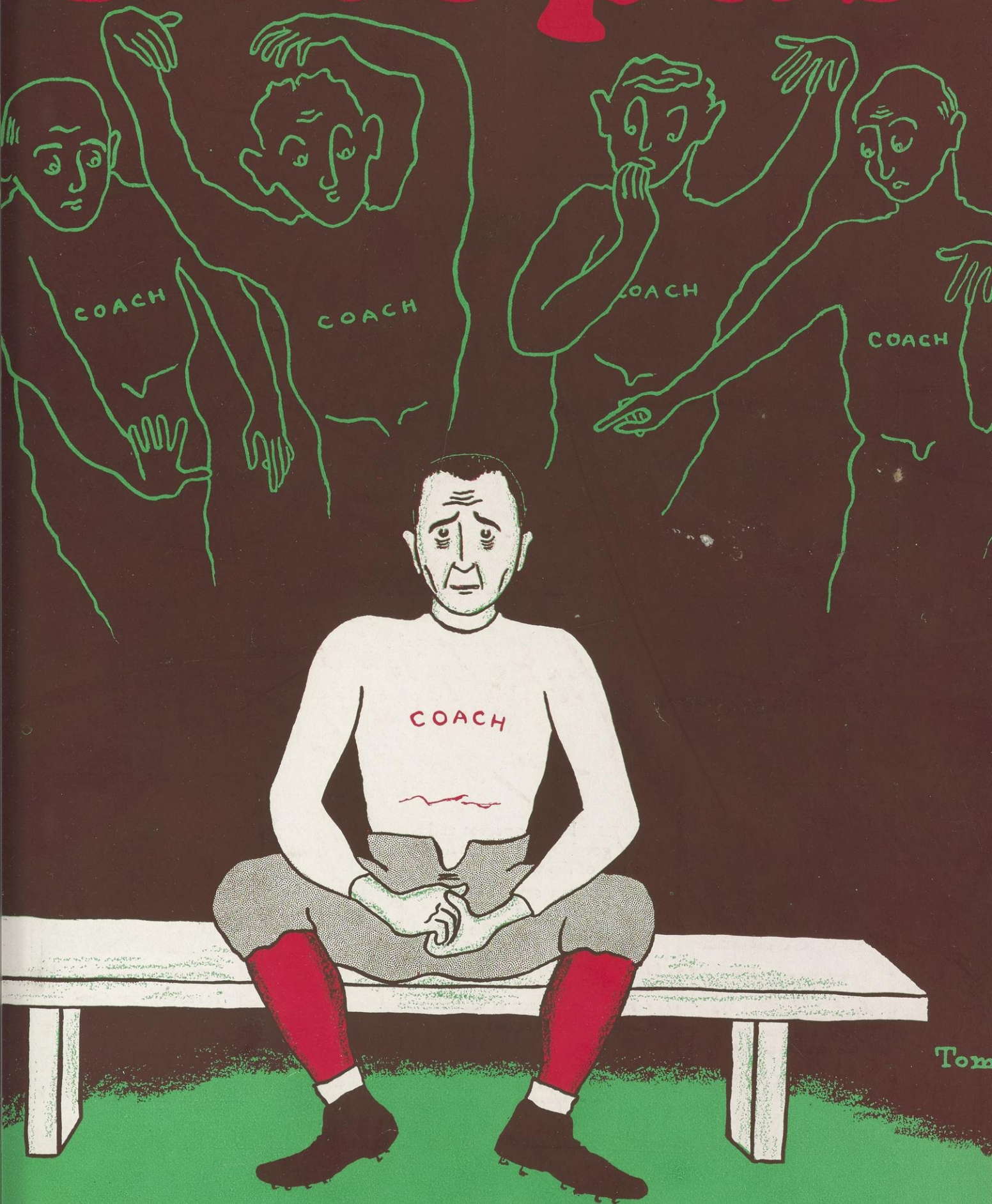
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# Octopus



Tom

mecoming

Ten Cents



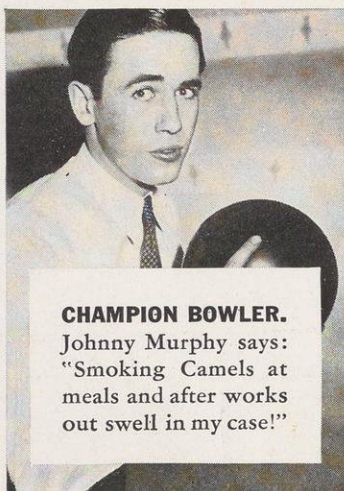
**AFTER THE GREATEST FINISH** under fire in golfing history, Tony Manero gets set for hearty eating by smoking Camels. He won the 1936 National Open with a spectacular 282. His digestion stands the strain of the long grind because, as Tony says: "I'll go on record any time as one who thanks Camels for stimulating digestion. I feel cheered up while I'm eating—enjoy my food more—and have a feeling of ease afterward when I enjoy Camels along with my meals. Camels set me right."



Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

**WHETHER YOU ARE  
CATCHING A QUICK BITE  
OR DINING IN STATE—**

*"For Digestion's Sake  
—Smoke Camels!"*



**CHAMPION BOWLER.**  
Johnny Murphy says:  
"Smoking Camels at  
meals and after works  
out swell in my case!"

**W**ITH healthy nerves and good digestion, you feel on top of the world.

When you smoke Camels with your meals and after, tension is lessened. The flow of digestive fluids speeds up. And alkalinity is increased. For "lift" and "for digestion's sake," the answer is Camels. Camels set you right!



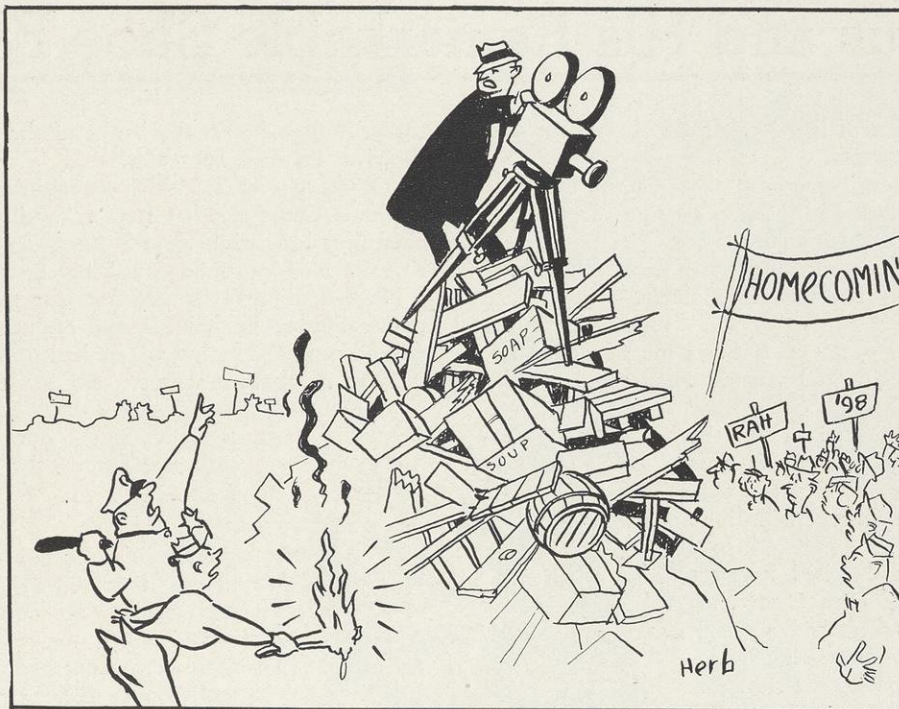
● Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.



**"WHAT A PLEASANT  
aid to digestion Camels  
are!"** says this busy  
homemaker, Mrs.  
Charles Sickles.

**COSTLIER TOBACCOS**





"That's all right officer—I'm from *The March of Time*!"

## Out of the Mothballs ... or Who was that Lady?

Salesman: "Is your mother engaged?"

Little Boy: "I think she's married."  
—*Pel Mel.*

Son: What is an optimist, pop?

Pop: An optimist is a guy who thinks his wife has quit smoking cigarettes when he finds cigar butts around the house.  
—*Rammer Jammer.*

Upper classman: I suppose you come from one of those towns where they pull in the pavement every night.

Frosh: What pavement?  
—*Alabama Oof.*

Ha: Did you hear about Joe's accident?

Cha: No. What happened to him?

Ha: His car hit a tree. He broke an arm and a leg, and smashed three ribs.

Cha: The lucky stiff.

Ha: Lucky?

Cha: Yeah. Some fellows get all the breaks.  
—*Oberlin Lutefisk.*

A lady sedate asked little twins shy,  
"Now which of you's older, Timmy or Ty?"

Expecting, "same age," in choral reply,  
Imagine how shocking, "By five minutes, I."  
—*Banter.*

Old man: Won't you have a cigarette?

Young man: No, thanks, I don't smoke.

Old man: Well, that's fine, but I've got some mighty good whisky here. Won't you have a little drink of that?

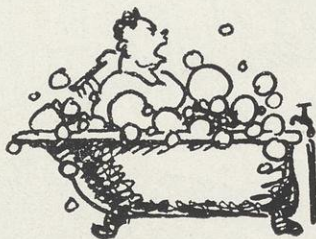
Young man: No, thanks, I don't drink.

Old man: You certainly are a remarkable young man. In fact, I want you to meet my daughter, just nineteen yesterday.

Young man: No, thanks, I don't neck.  
—*Oberlin Lutefisk.*

She (awkward dancer): "This dance floor is certainly slippery!"

He: "It isn't the dance floor. I just had my shoes shined."  
—*Lutefisk.*



And then there was the cannibal's daughter who liked the boys best when they were stewed.—*Princeton Tiger.*

Dean (to Freshie): Do you know who I am, young man?

It: No, I don't, but if you can remember your address, I'll take you home.

Mother: Sonny, don't use such bad words.

Son: Shakespeare used them.

Mother: Well, don't play with him any more.  
—*Sour Owl.*

"How do foreign dishes compare with the American?"

"Oh, they break just as easily."

Some tourists were standing on the edge of Mt. Vesuvius looking at the molten lava. An American remarked to his companions:

"Looks hot as hell."

An Englishman nearby remarked to his companion: "These Americans have been everywhere."

—*Caveman.*

"Come, mummy's little darlin' baby, say something for Mr. Jack. Tum, tum, now. Show me ow ooo tan talk. Hurry, hurry, precious, talk for mummy and Mr. Jack. That's it, now, say hello to nice mans."

"Bow, wow!" —*Oshkosh O'gosh.*



# John Gaus and His Remarkable Shoe Factory

**P**ROFESSOR John Gaus of the department of political science has a shoe factory.

Not a real honest-to-goodness shoe factory, but one inside of his head. It started in the first class last September and has been running full-blast ever since.

Factories in people's heads usually run smoothly, but John Gaus' shoe factory is always in a pickle.

\* \* \*

John Gaus' shoe factory started out as a mere hole-in-the-wall outfit in a New England village. Then rapid transit lines came along and John Gaus' shoe factory grew like a mushroom. On the blackboard he proudly showed his class how it expanded. It expanded north, east, south, and west with little chalk lines. These were railroads.

However, the railroad raised its rates away up. This pinched John Gaus' shoe factory and John Gaus bitched about it to the Railroad Commission, thereby increasing the task of modern government.

\* \* \*

All that happened in the first class. In the second class even blacker clouds hung over John Gaus' shoe factory. His factory

turned out to be on the banks of the Mohawk river, and the river flooded every year.

"Ol' man river, he jus' kept rollin' along, and even the Supreme Court couldn't stop it," wailed John Gaus in his charming Mississippi drawl. Every spring six feet of fine rich silt piled into John Gaus' shoe factory and stayed there.

No fool, John Gaus soon got wise to himself; and when the flood came, he took his stock and made tracks for higher ground until the raging waters had passed.

Then the government stepped in. It always does. John Gaus' shoe factory exists mainly to give the government something to do. It is a millstone around the neck of the government.

\* \* \*

This time the government built a dam in the river above John Gaus' shoe factory. Fearing no more floods, John Gaus settled down to make his shoe factory more permanent and made no more plans to flee from the raging waters.

Over this idyllic scene more nasty black clouds floated, and political graft reared its ugly head. In building the dam, poor

(continued on page twenty-eight)



## When you forget...

The guard says "No!"  
The girl says "OH!"  
And there's nothing a man can do—  
When the happiest day  
Gets spoiled some way,  
Let Beech-Nut comfort you!

## Remember—there's comfort in BEECH-NUT GUM



BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM... is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM... candy coating protects a pleasing flavor... and, as you probably know, pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT... especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A Beech-Nut Quality product.

BEECHIES... another really fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

ORALGENE—its firmer texture gives much needed mouth exercise... and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.





## Smoo Wins the Game

Smoo stood suspended from his head in thought on the ceiling.

"I know," he thought, "I know how we can win the football game on Homecoming."

"Wheeeee!" he said "Wheeee!" and then he began to prance and prance around and around the floor. He butted his head against the wall a few times for practice and when he had cleared himself of the plaster that fell off the wall he stood up and practiced bouncing his head on the floor.

Hours later Barlow Weems, Squill Wibbins, Baldwin Blivis, Herman Tompkins, Homer Pidgeon, Joe Glutz, Garner Woolmut-ton, and Homer Shortcake entered and found Smoo bouncing his head up and down to the tune of "Bouncy, Bouncy, Bally."

Pretty soon they were all bouncing up and down the floor to various tunes.

The next day they listened to the World Series upside down and the Giants won. It was tremendous. Throughout the length and breadth of the campus the Yankees had won the World Series. But in Termite lodge the Giants had won. And they did. It was tremendous.

The next week (it was really the week before the Termites bet on the Marquette-Wisconsin football game) they bet on Wisconsin. And boy, did they win. Wisconsin won the football game. Because the Termites stood on their respectable heads. And the score came out backwards. Boy, did they win! The Termites collected a lot of dough in bets.

So on Homecoming the Termites bounced out with signs reading "BEAT WISCONSIN" when they really meant beat Chicago. By this time everybody had been bouncing on their heads for weeks, from the lowliest freshman to the highest senior, having found out how easy it was to pass marks—even if you stood on your head. Some people got pretty good at bouncing high wide and handsome.

So everybody bounced down to the football field on Homecoming knowing that they would win over Chicago.

Well, it was some game. Wisconsin scored four touchdowns to three for Chicago. The alumni cheered and cheered for they were not standing on their heads and they saw Wisconsin win the game. But the students were glum. They had lost. For they had stood on their heads and that way they had lost.

As for Smoo, he made a fortune on bets for he knew all the time that Wisconsin would win, for he had bribed all the football players to stand on their heads and the Chicago players had been so baffled that they lost the game.

He went away and for a long time wasn't seen.

Then one day some guy said they had seen him slink out of the carillon. He wasn't sure.

No one is sure.



**AND LITTLE AUDREY  
JUST WEPT AND WEPT—  
BECAUSE SHE KNEW THAT  
HER NEW COAT, HAT, BAG  
AND GLOVES FROM  
MANCHESTER'S  
WERE STILL IN THE BOY  
FRIEND'S CAR—WHICH  
HAD BEEN STOLEN BY  
THE MEANEST MAN IN  
THE WORLD..**



He: "Woman's greatest attraction is her hair."  
 He: "I say it's her eyes."  
 He: "It is unquestionably her teeth."  
 Another: "What's the use of sitting here lying to each other."  
 —Pell-Mell

Old Lady (to librarian): "I would like a nice book."  
 Librarian: "Here's one about a cardinal."  
 Old Lady: "I'm not interested in religion."  
 Librarian: "But this is a bird."  
 Old Lady: "I'm not interested in his private life either."  
 —Purple Cow

What was the explosion on Si's farm?  
 He fed his chickens some "lay or bust" feed and one of them was a rooster.

—Griffin

Dark room  
 Seventh drink.  
 Mamma's gal's  
 On the brink.

—Red Cat

Diner—"Waiter! This is a very small steak you gave me."  
 Waiter—"Yes sir, but it will take you a long time to eat it."  
 —Widder

## ... TO WISCONSIN



From Britain has come a sport outer coat for women that is a rare combination of smartness and practicability.

Modeled in the typical English raglan style, it is fashioned of true homespun from the Isle of Harris and Lewis.

The fabric and model are both traditions with well dressed English gentle-women.

Particularly interesting is the "warmer", a British innovation. It is pure camel's hair and can be buttoned in when the coolness of late Autumn demands additional protection.

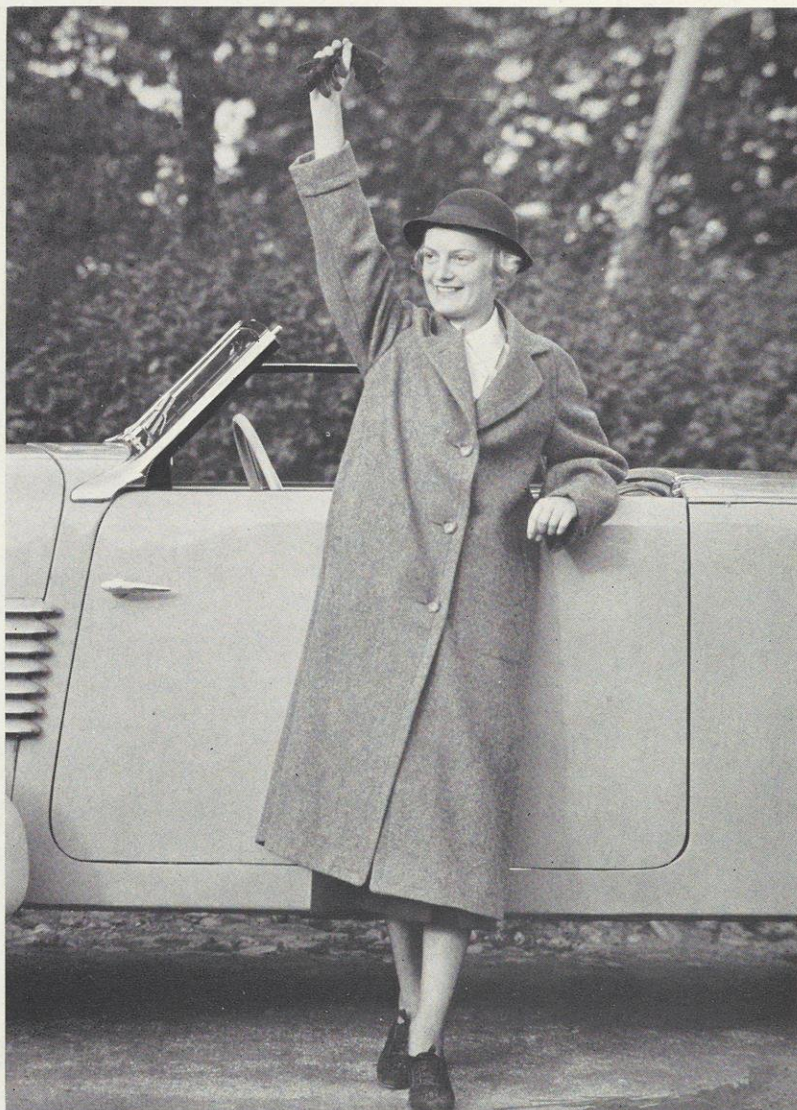
COATS from the WARMER  
 \$35 to \$65 \$12.50

POLO COATS \$50 AND MORE

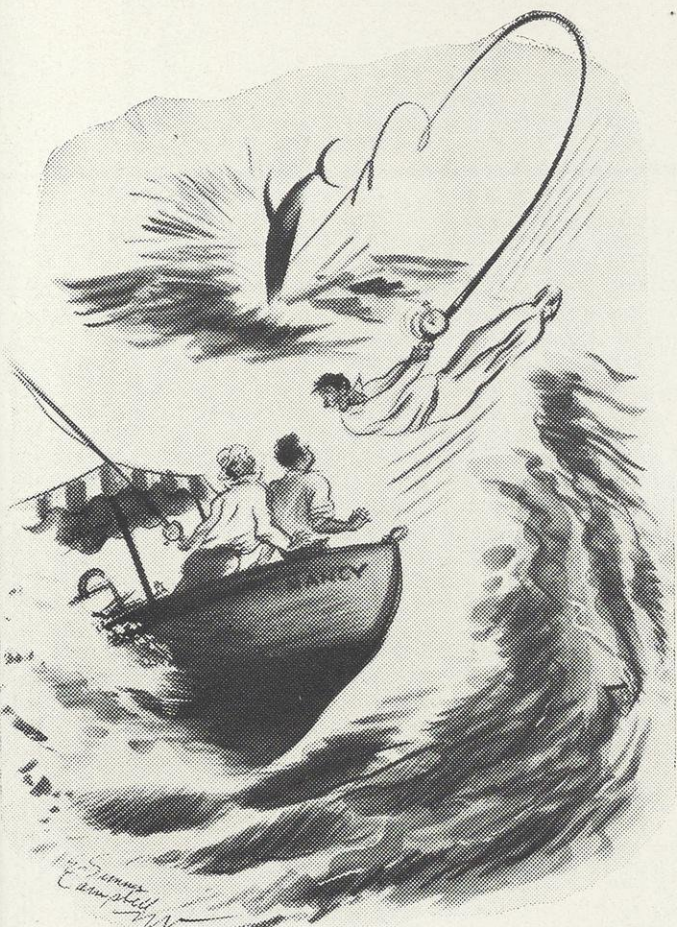


MACNEIL  
 AND  
 MOORE

602 State Street







*"Don't worry, fellows, this shirt won't shrink."*

## Age Before Stuff

They take our beds, we sleep in chairs,  
Which twist us up, our senses numbing;  
They strew our clothes upon the stairs,  
And use our soap, but that's Homecoming.

We're pushed aside into the street,  
We're in the way when grads go bumming;  
They bump our heads and smash our feet,  
And tear our clothes, but that's Homecoming.

They won't sit down when at the game,  
Bad tunes they're always humming;  
They drink our scotch and neck our dame,  
They spoil our fun, but that's Homecoming.

They tell us how to run the school,  
When we would talk, our words they're mumming;  
They tell us we're an awful fool,  
But then, they're old, and it's Homecoming.

•

Girl—"I dreamed I was out autoing last night with you."  
Jack—"Tell me about it."

Girl—"I forgot the dream, but when I woke up I was  
walking in my sleep."  
—Puppet

•

VASSAR GRADUATE SUCCUMBS IN PRINCETON  
—N. Y. Herald-Tribune

Habit is powerful.

—Lampoon

## Smart Apparel

FOR

## Wisconsin Men



# KARSTENS

On Capitol Square

22 NORTH CARROLL



# Tish - Tosh...

**B**ACK-SLAPPERS . . . politicians . . . future Prom kings . . . all on the loose . . . foremost among them is Dick Laird, Psi U . . . We have a fine tip that he will not be Senior Class president . . . Dirty work in the Court . . . For Prom King, our bets are on "Gander" De Muth, Alpha Delt . . . though Bill Pryor, Sigma Nu . . . looks very potent at this writing.

"Spike" Findlay, Phi Gam, and "Butch" Bray, Chi Psi glamour boy, had a slight "to-do" at DG open house . . . Jean Gorman was the charm . . . but Gordie "heavyweight" Harmon settled the dispute by dancing with the fair lassie himself . . . Use Halibut Hair Tonic . . . A living example is Jackie Peterson, Theta . . . Before and after . . . How to Be Glamorous . . . in one little bottle . . . And while we're on the subject . . . why not mention the electric currents running between Gordie Fuller, Homecoming king, and Shirley Gneiss, Alpha Phi, at the Coconut Grove . . . on October 10th? . . . Lovelight, we call it . . . Quote Rod "O'-Toole" Smith, Kappa Sig . . . "Three thousand women in this damn school, and I can't get a date" . . . Bob Lyons, Sig Chi, taking the razz over his Alpha Xi Delta love . . . The lonely DG's seem to be haunting the Amber Inn of late . . . One gal in particular wears a Chi Psi frat club pin . . . but where were their dates? . . . Les Wortley, Sig Chi . . . is all tied up again with Kappa's Betty Kay . . . and he with an offer to swim at Southern Cal . . . Elizabeth Freeman, smooth Pi Phi pledge and, incidentally, of New York's 400 . . . calmly pulled out a kitchen match . . . and struck it on her teeth . . . much to the surprise of Ed Frazer of the Alpha Delt Frazers . . . Ed, as you know, has a passion for Nazi flags and jails in Germany . . .

The tragedy of it all . . . Phi Delt's Joe Barry isn't in the Prom King running this fall . . . Cause mama said no . . . and then papa said no . . . so Joe said no . . . Shows who wears the pants in that family . . . Howie Weiss, innocent halfback . . . hearing that Pan-Hel Ball is quite the thing . . . dashed to the phone . . . to get himself an early date . . . Did you hear that the naughty Betas thought they could get a hundred in their house?

. . . Lucky they weren't faced with that problem . . . Ed "Harvard Man" Hart and Dick "Big Politician" Keeley like to get people's impression on State Street—with the help of a little chair . . . Dame Rumour has it that ATO's "Carrot-Top" Robinson is talking up Percy Rosemurgy for Military Ball King . . . Which one of you gals would like a date . . . with one of the DKE's new pledges? . . . Puzzle . . . Find one of the DKE's new pledges . . . Jock Ryan, the Psi U's forgotten man, is playing peek-a-boo with Wausau housewives . . . selling Pictorial Reviews . . . Jean Tyler, one of Pi Phi's southern pledges, is intrigued by SAE's George Blanchard . . . who is an active member of the Bachelor's Club . . . His ex, Patsy Atcherson, Alpha Phi, is now the proud possessor of Jimmy Neller's DU pin . . .

**L**OST: Jean Smith, Kappa, and one jeweled Phi Delt pin . . . Finder please return pin to Bill Wheeler . . . Who is the Chi Psi with the air-cooled teeth? . . . Pi Phi's Dottie Teeple and Kappa Sig's Dick Johnson . . . ex P.K. and ex P.Q. . . . are back in the same old rut . . . with Madison's smoothie bachelor, Jim Hanks . . . hovering in the background . . . Ruthie Wassersteen, attractive Ann Emeryite, doesn't miss one Packer game . . . because of Heart-Interest Milt Gantenbein . . . former Wisconsin football player . . . Another case of mama saying no . . . Seen at the Kappa open-house . . . Sig Chi Johnny Tompkins and "Popcorn" Pipcorn, Chi Psi, a mere wallflower with his teeth in his mouth . . . Sig Chi's Jack Donald having illusions at Hollywood . . . with a gal who could pass as Esther Bliss' twin . . . Shades of the South . . . Johnny Fleury, DKE, seen with Becky Taylor, Theta from Tennessee . . . still intrigued by the Southern accent . . . Bob Dickerson was requested by the Chi O housemother . . . to cover up his bedroom eyes . . . with dark glasses . . . Oh, my . . . while serving the girls . . . Wonder why Leo Roethe, SAE, refuses to speak with Betty Kiene over the phone these days

. . . Every night the Sigma Nu's get down their fowling-piece . . . a .22 rifle . . . and proceed to take pot shots at the Chi Psi chimney . . . Bullets or ballots? . . . Boys will be boys . . . The Chi Psi's and the DG's after the Marquette game proceeded to the CC . . . and drank milk, pretending it was champagne cocktails . . . Such imagination . . . And we also understand that Don Griswold's birthday party was a treat-yourself affair . . . The Phi Delt-Kappa Sig alliance will be over next year, we prophesy . . . with Phi Delt's Tommy Catlin and Kappa Sig's Al Sternkopf in the Prom King race . . . What a business . . . Phi Gam will threaten again . . . Marian Randolph, Gamma Phi pledge, is the object of SAE Emmett Tabat's week-end visits.

**T**HE revival of an old love . . . Gamma Phi Mary Gosin very much that way about Joe Hoeffel, Psi U smoothie . . . though he is still seen with Ginny Schneider, DG . . . Theta's Mary Rowse wearing a Psi U badge of Bill Rae is merely marking time till next semester . . . Another gal who is looking hopefully toward next semester is Aleen Anderson, A Chi O, who is hoping for the return of Dick Pope, Beta, from Hawaii . . . Absence makes the heart grow fonder . . . sometimes! . . . Pat Baldwin, Pi Phi, is majoring in touch football, 110b . . . Tiger Marx, Kappa Sig, has given up his place at left end . . .

Some recent love affairs . . . Iona Zink, Kappa pledge, and Bud Traux, new Chi Psi pledge . . . Pi Phi's Jane Johnson and Jack Murphy, leaning toward SAE and Kappa Sig . . . The Landon truck, Alf Alf Alf, and the Bowman Dairy truck, ex-DU, plenty that way . . . Bill Bateman and Barbara Bickel, Kappa pledge . . .

The Story of Bev Rogers and the Mashed Potatoes is one of the better current fables . . . and is, they say . . . TRUTH . . . Bev, you see, got married this summer . . . and in her first grocery order were four or five items . . . and five pounds of MASHED potatoes . . . That, my friends, is what collitech will do for a girl . . .







# *The 1937 Badger*

YEARBOOK OF THE UNIVERSITY

PRESENTS

*a book of*

## **SOPHISTICATED    DISTINCTIVISM**

Reserve this copy of the Badger—soon  
to be a Wisconsin "Best Seller"—while it  
remains unusually priced at three dollars.

See the Badger Representative in your house, or come to the Badger office,  
Memorial Union, to place your order for this unique book.



# Flunkee

HE CAME from my home town, and was a smart kid, for a freshman, even young as he was. One night he dropped in and flopped on my bed. I've never seen a sicker look on a man's face.

"What's eating you?"

"It's not what's eating me—it's what I've been eating. Hamburger," he said. "At the Rathskeller. With onions and ketchup."

"With everything, eh?" He nodded. "Damn funny," I mused. "Everyone eats them, and everyone calls them good. I wonder what was wrong with the one you ate."

"I don't think it was the hamburger itself," he said, struggling to his feet. "I think it was the onions."

I was relieved and quick to pick up the lead. "That's it, kid," I said. "It was the onions. You're probably allergic and onions hit you wrong."

He brightened up a bit after that—got some color back into his cheeks, and even smiled.

"Makes a man feel better to find out there's nothing wrong with him," he said. "I was scared for a minute. Thought . . ."

"That's a boy!" I interrupted. "Take it standing. Maybe lots of people can't go onions in a hamburger. But as long as you can take the hamburger itself, who cares?"

I slapped him on the shoulder and he grinned. "Thanks a lot. I feel better already—I feel good. Just like another hamburger. Want to come along?"

So we strolled down Langdon to the Union and up to the Rathskeller bar.

"One-without," the kid said.

They were up in a minute, and we ate them, with a lot of ketchup.

"Good," the kid said with his mouth full. "It was the onions all right. This one is fine."

We wandered off toward State Street, chatting about coeds, classes, cuts and etc., and the further we went, the less the kid had to say. I glanced at his face under the lights in front of the library. It was a ghostly yellow.

"You feeling sick again?"

He nodded, and I could tell by the



*"Stuhldreher says, forget the skyrocket and get us a coupla Hail Marys!"*

way he kept his eyes on the ground how he felt.

"If it weren't that the hamburger is a national institution," he said, "it wouldn't be so bad. But . . . Not to be able to eat hamburger . . ."

"Take it easy, kid. We can work this out all right." I patted his shoulder. "Let's see. Did you ever eat a hamburger with ketchup and onions before today?"

"No."

"Ever eat one with just ketchup?"

"Not that I can remember."

"Well, hell, that's easy. It's the ketchup. Everyone can eat hamburger, but probably you just can't take ketchup. There's onion in ketchup, you know. Why don't you try one without ketchup or onions?"

"Tonight?"

"Sure."

"Couldn't I wait until tomorrow? The onions and ketchup I've been eating have my stomach all in a dither. Tell you what—I'll meet you in the Rathskeller at noon tomorrow."

"Okay," I said, and went home. I stayed up pretty late, thinking about the kid. Funny that ketchup and onions made him sick.

At noon he was there ahead of me, looking fine, and in good spirits again.



CAROL

"I've ordered it already," he confided. "I couldn't wait."

I nodded and said to the counterhop, "Make me one, too."

He started for the onion jar, automatically, but I stopped him. "None, please."

He looked at me as though I were insane, and put one-without on the grill. The kid's sandwich came up first, and the 'hop put it up on the counter, along with a bottle of ketchup.

"Nope," the kid said. "No ketchup."

"No ketchup?" repeated the 'hop dubiously.

"No ketchup."

"Pickles?"

"Nope."

"Mustard, then, eh?" He reached for the mustard jar.

"Nope. No mustard either—just hamburger."

I had intended to do the same, but the counterhop looked so bewildered when I refused ketchup that I let him throw on a small pickle. Then I watched the kid. There was a look of joy and relief and satisfaction on his face that made me feel good.

But he missed his 1:30. I spent the afternoon with him, trying to cheer him, but it was no go. He didn't say a word all afternoon.

I knew how he felt—as though he had been put in sub-freshman math, or had flunked his swimming test.

He didn't show up for three or four days. Then one morning he woke me

*(continued on page thirty-four)*





SHE:...***"FRESH!!!"***

HE:..."YOU SAID IT!"

AND you'll say "fresh," too . . . when those appetizing Double-Mellow Old Golds pop out of their double-Cellophaned package. And, if Old Gold's doubly-fresh prize-crop tobaccos don't give you double-smoking-pleasure double-quick . . . THEN, we'll pay you double-your-money-back. And *that* is a double-dare.



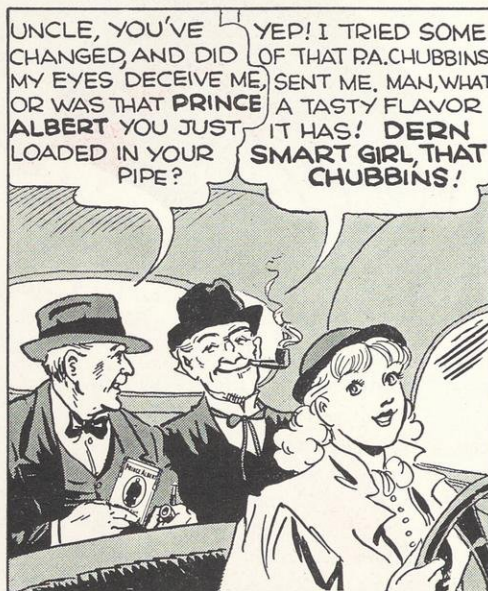
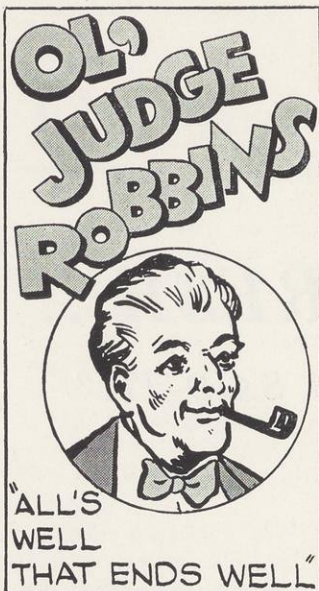
ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!

Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.  
Inner Cellophane Jacket opens from the Top.

Copr., 1936, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

PRIZE-CROP TOBACCOS MAKE THEM **DOUBLE-MELLOW**  
**2** JACKETS OF "CELLOPHANE" KEEP THEM **FACTORY-FRESH**





### P.A. BRINGS YOU MILD, TASTY SMOKING

Right on the back of the Prince Albert tin it says: "Prince Albert is prepared under the process discovered in making experiments to produce the *most delightful and wholesome tobacco*." We think you'll agree once you try Prince Albert

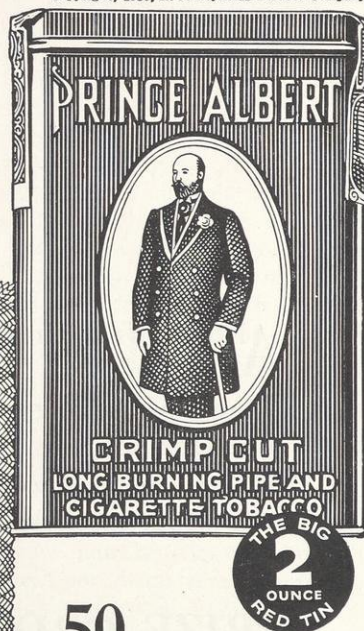
and discover the extra smoking joy it brings. Prince Albert is "crimp cut," with the "bite" removed, made of choice tobaccos. Make Prince Albert your tobacco! P.A. is swell "makin's" for roll-your-own cigarettes too.

### PRINCE ALBERT GUARANTEES SATISFACTION

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

**PRINCE ALBERT** THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



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



## THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

## Campus Chronicle

**Rather frank**

We all had a pretty good laugh about the sign in front of St. Paul's University Chapel last week. It read:

ALL-UNIVERSITY PARTY  
FRIDAY NIGHT

Confession—Ten Saturday Morning

**Bughouse**

We put the question bluntly. "Is it true, Mr. Carpenter," we asked, "that you have invented a way to embalm cockroaches?"

"No," replied Mr. Carpenter, "it is not." Mr. Carpenter, whose first name is Tom, is tall and handsome and holds forth from room 105 Bashford House, Tripp Hall. He is a senior in entomology.

The New Yorker reported, much to everyone's embarrassment, that Mr. Carpenter could skillfully embalm cockroaches; and the New Yorker got the information from a fable written by a Cardinal feature writer who had had one drink too many.

This publicity upset the whole entomology department, as Carpenter's work was supposed to be secret. (Don't ask us why.) He had to drop cockroaches and has tackled something new in the line of bugs. We're not telling *what*, though.

**Useful information dept.**

You have gone in and out of the front door of the Union a thousand times, but you never knew until this very minute that to the right of the right hand door as you go in is an ordinary doorbell.

You push it, just like any Fuller Brush man, and it sets up a terrific ringing inside the building, both upstairs at the desk and away down below where the janitors hibernate. It's put there for the convenience of people who live in the east wing and

find themselves locked out. They ring it, and a night watchman comes to let them in, muttering to himself.

Ourselves, we can hardly wait until Hallowe'en.

**Buttermilk and beard**

We still don't believe it actually happened, but they tell it as gospel about one of the gents in the Don Cossack chorus, which sings in a Union concert next month.

It seems the last time they were here, one of the bassos, who has a long, full beard, sneaked out for a glass of buttermilk or something over on Regent street. There he encountered a rather tipsy lad from Tripp.

"Say, I had a beard like that once," the student proclaimed. "But I realized how homely I was so, swish, I shaved it off."

The Cossack looked at him a minute. Then he bowed.

"And I . . . I had a face like yours once. So I grew the beard."

**Clew**

If the University authorities really gave a damn about who did all the pre-Homecoming wall-painting, they might do a little detective work among their Homecoming committee chairmen.

Look:

The slogan painted on the wall was "The spirit's back."



"Nuts to Alma Mater!"

That has been selected as the official slogan. Since then, the chairmen, realizing their vulnerability, may have made a change.

Because, you see, the slogan was not released until after the painting episode.

**Greek meets Greek**

Unknown to practically everyone in school, the Memorial Union receives each and every issue of a New York paper known as the Ethnikos Something.

One of the few Greek dailies in the country, the sheet is pretty interesting to one whose classical knowledge is hemmed in by Alpha Gamma Rho and Pi Beta Phi. We peeped into it one morning and read the ads for "The New York Mountain Hotel" in Westchester and for the Ford V8 (every damn publication in the country except Octopus!)

But if you go to the Union, you probably won't find any copies. A gentleman who repairs shoes on State street comes and gets it every morning.

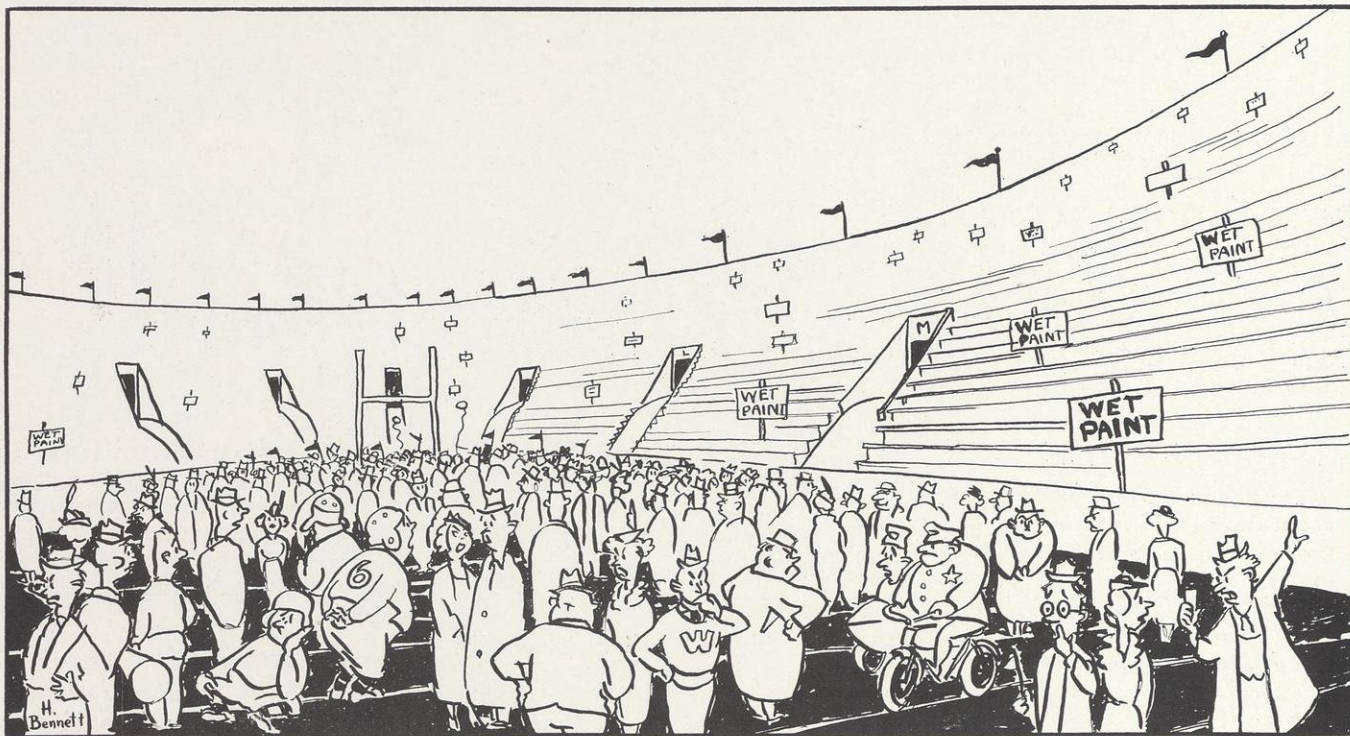
**Beer and**

Let's go back to 1905. That's hard for some of us, but the story is too priceless to remain unpublished any longer.

If you'd been here you might have seen a chubby old German professor riding up and down the hill on a bicycle, pant legs strapped and tie flying. As any German he loved his beer. The dean didn't. (Deans don't, you know). One day the dean voiced his disapproval in the Cardinal and simultaneously our harried professor ran the following personal—

Stolen—one bicycle left in front of Schmaltz's tavern. If found please notify Professor Biersteube.





### Plot

To come up to date, here is a summer school story that has its points. The names are fictitious, the event true.

Suzy Glutz met Sam Hillick when he seemed most infatuated with one of Suzy's sorority sisters, a gal named Betty. Betty must have lacked something for soon Suzy was wearing that black triangle.

Poor Sam proved the fish, though, for at intervals he would return to his house with the pin in his hand, and finally he came home with it for good.

Revenge is sweet. The chronicle marches on. It is now the summer of 1936 and Sam is glorying in the frivolities of Summer School. Flash . . . an idea. He invites Suzy to come to Madison because he claims he is to be summer Prom King and Suzy is to be his queen. Suzy plus an expensive new outfit arrives in Madison . . .

And Sam is up at Green Lake on a visit.

### Not in his soup

Professor William Ellery Leonard walked into Brown's the other day,

no doubt on an errand of great importance. He didn't get far inside, though, before his eye caught an Eversharp display near the door.

It was a box with a couple of pens in it and a light that blinked on and off like a firefly. Mr. Leonard watched for several minutes while the light blinked, on, off, on, off. Then he looked up and, pointing to the display, said to a clerk, "There's a fly in there!"

The clerk hastened over and looked. Mr. Leonard was right. The fly was released from his hot blinking prison.

Satisfied, Mr. Leonard walked over to the dollar book table and began browsing.

### All wet

We have invented a term to cover the situation. Somebody had to. Our term is negative-theme-song.

We were walking down State street on a drizzling afternoon, feeling glum. We came to a

place called L—m—r's and thought pleasantly for the moment about beers and cokes and malteds. Music was coming out of the door.

It was an orchestra playing "Drink to me only with thine eyes." Mr. L—m—r, we thought, was try-

ing to sell beers and cokes and malteds.

We thought, too, of Ben Jonson and the Mermaid Tavern. We walked on down State Street in the drizzle.

### Professional relations

We've been having a little exchange of letters with a Mr. Ski U. Mah, who lives in Minneapolis and publishes another alleged humor magazine. He started it.

First Octy got a penny postcard, saying (in effect), "The first issue of Ski-U-Mah, Minnesota humor magazine, will be out October 8. We should like to exchange."

Well, Octy came out September 15, and we shipped one off. Then, being methodical about things, we put out a form card of our own, saying "Of course Octy wants to exchange with you. You're on our list; are we on yours?"

Mr. Mah took this as a personal affront. "Stupid, can't you excuse a little business efficiency?" he sponded, rather querulously, we thought.

So we whizzed this one right back at him:

"Stupid, can't you recognize a form letter when you get one?"

"That couldn't have been a form letter. It was so informal. Phooey," he answered.

So far we've had the last word. It was on a card just like all the rest. It was "Phooey!"





## Oriental

If you happen to hear of a minor earthquake near Shanghai, China, you will probably see old Eight-Legs coyly giggling — cause he knows why. Old smartypants Octy knows that it really isn't an earthquake at all (and we don't give a darn what the seismograph shows); it's merely the reverberation of those little coolie bellies laughing at the Octy jokes.

Honest, we now have a subscriber in China. Rog Wolcott, on being approached for an Octy subscription, mentioned his sisters in China and asked if it would be possible to send it to them.

The mere charity of being able to provide entertainment for our fellow-man in the barren wastes rather pulled Octy's sentimental leg. So regardless of cost and international complications in connection with the mailing, and even yellow peril we are sending it monthly via Mr. Farley and his boys in blue.

Some one brought oil for the lamps out there; maybe we can get in our daily good turn by providing paper for the stoves.

## Wedon'tbelievethis!

A co-ed wandered into the Biology diggings the other day, and stopped one of the professors there. With some earnestness she asked, "Can you tell me where babies come from?"

A bit startled, but anxious to help, the prof snapped back, "Why, the stork brings them, of course."

The co-ed thought this over a minute, till comprehension swept over her.

"Oh!" she says. "So that's why babies are born stork-naked!"

## Bunk

Testimonials are the bunk, we hear. O.k. And Babe Ruth probably detests the nutty mass that bears his name. O.k. And Lady Esther probably uses Liza Arden's powder herself, when no-one's looking. O.k. At least we can pretend that these luminaries use the products so flat-

teringly named after them.

But Venus pencils! Even a frosh from the Ag school knows that dame never had no arms!

## No opposition

Porter Butts, a Union wit remarked long, long ago, never knew his grass from a hole in the ground.

The comment, of course, was called forth by the fact that Mr. Butts, like many another man, has a Complex. And Mr. Butt's Complex is having men excavate the front yard of the Union.

Well, they did it again this month. The sewer pipes were in a terrible state, according to one of the men who was swinging a pick on that asphalt sidewalk, and besides, they wanted to put some new shrubs in. Two birds with one stone, sort of.

Well, that was all right, but the State Street Merchants' association, which almost annually Involves Butts In Union Suit, had its tuppence worth to put

in. Brooking no competition, State Streeters put their heads together.

And tore up the pavement in front of the Campus Grill.

## Lily

There may be a significance in this; we're not sure. It seems that the HPC office is located between the offices of the WSGA and the High School Relations Committee on the third floor of the Union. Last year, the Relations Committee office was the pansy-pure nest of one W. Norris Wentworth (and you know which one). There are connecting doors between the three offices. On the door leading into Curly Wentworth's old office is a pert little note left there from last year—written with a dainty hand, it screams out: "Gentlemen, watch your language, these walls are not soundproof."

On the door leading into the women's government office there is nothing.

It's sorta too bad that Mr. Karl Boedecker who now has Mr. Wentworth's room must accept the virgin stigma of that office. You see, Mr. Wentworth, the evil that men do lives after them.



"Either that or one of those damn' Haresfooters!"





# Wisconsin -- Apple-Cart Upsetters

THE enormous 1935 Homecoming crowd that had journeyed from all parts of the country to see the "underdog" Wisconsin team take on the powerful Boilermaker machine stilled as the Purdue back barked signals. He was in a tough spot, on his own four-yard line.

The ball was snapped. Intoxicated with a fighting Homecoming spirit that couldn't be denied, the Badger forward wall knifed through that line and onto the Purdue kicker with the fury of a tidal wave. The kick was blocked, bringing an automatic safety for Wisconsin and an early lead, 2-0. And 20,000 hysterical Wisconsin fans didn't need to see any hand-writing on the wall to know that something on the order of a rip-snorting spirit was back.

In that game with Purdue last year, Wisconsin played every break with a savage zest. Clauss recovered a Purdue fumble on Purdue's five yard stripe. When three plays failed to gain, Mortell drifted back, and as the Wisconsin backs decoyed to the right, he whirled and tossed a perfect pass to Len Lovshin for a touchdown. Final score: Wisconsin, 8; Purdue, 0. Wisconsin had been the only team to hold Purdue without a touchdown since 1928.

A dusty trip through the chronicles of years gone by reveals that when the Badgers are upset-minded, they absolutely will not be halted. The Cardinals upset the conference apple cart just about once a year. Grey-haired and wrinkled coaches knew better than to "expect to" defeat the Badgers until the game is over. Several times in the last five years Wisconsin teams have turned back highly touted, unbeaten teams from the shores of Mendota, defeated. Noble Kizer, the Purdue coach, expressed the opinions of most all mentors after their teams have met the Badgers when he muttered after the 1933 Wisconsin-Purdue meeting, "Boy, I'm glad that's over."

In 1934 the Wisconsin alumni brought Pat O'Dea back to Wisconsin. That year found the Illinois team, aiming for the top rung in the Conference ladder, all set to "push over" Wisconsin. With it the Illinois squad brought

its famous pass plays—the flying trapeze, flea flicker, and razzle dazzle. Being undefeated and untied, the Illinois eleven was especially repugnant to the Badger dope upsetters. And with the opening whistle, they went to work. The Illinois back who received

the ball on the first play saw so many wearers of the Cardinal before him that he could only run backwards. And back he ran for a 10 yard loss.

The play was so savage that the game had to be halted at intervals so that the unconscious men could be carried out. Even Eddie Jankowski was taken out of the game via this route. Allen Mahnke scored the lone Badger score after snatching a loose ball juggled by an Illinois back and taking a 20 yard jaunt to give the Badgers the game, 7-3. In winning, Wisconsin had been the only team to defeat the Illini in 1934, robbing them of a share of the Big Ten title. Illinois was strong all right, strong enough to be rated the co-holder of the national football championship with Minnesota according to the Dickinson system of grid scoring. In that game the enthusiastic Badgers tackled everybody the Illinois coach sent into the game with keen pleasure and even nailed the man on the flying trapeze . . . pass play.

The Badgers ignored the "upset a year" tradition in 1933 and 1932, merely contented with winning a game here and there. However, all this bottled up upset-spirit that had gathered in those two years popped out in 1931 when the Wisconsin team pulled what was then termed the greatest upset of the football season. Again Purdue was the victim, 21-14.

Utterly disregarding the fact that the Boilermakers were championship bound and undefeated before meeting them, the Badgers ripped into that Boilermaker line as if their coach's job depended on it (as it probably did) and opened enough holes to score three touchdowns in the first 12 minutes of

play. It was Dads' day, and somehow the Badgers felt that the 35,000 fans at Camp Randall, many of whom were out-of-town visitors, just couldn't be disappointed. Big John Schneller and Greg Kabat carried a large share of the burden in winning that game. In defeating the Purdue squad, the Badgers threw the conference standings into a three way tie and robbed the Boilermakers of a clear title.

Over 40,000 persons packed the stands to watch the "underdog" Wisconsin team battle the highly touted Penn outfit in 1930. The Penn coach was so sure of victory that he indulged in the luxury of strategy in sending in his second team to start the game. Coach Thistlethwaite who was then the Cardinal coach, on the other hand, had a strategy all his own. He started the tilt with his first string and was rewarded when his Badgers came through with a score in the first quarter.

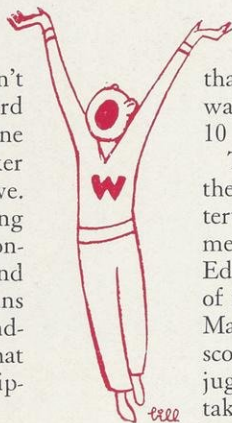
Penn came over expecting to find the Badgers a breeze but found instead a strong enough wind to set them back, 27-0. The Badger forward wall broke through the Penn line numerous times to block Penn punts and to fall on Penn fumbles. It was an upset earned by the Badgers. And fifty million score predictors were wrong.

And so on through the years with the "underdog" Badgers. Most of the victories and upsets have come in Homecoming games, but the Cardinals pack a dangerous wallop at all times. The Badgers are the "you never can tell" team of 1936 and of all the years. Just let the Big Ten set them

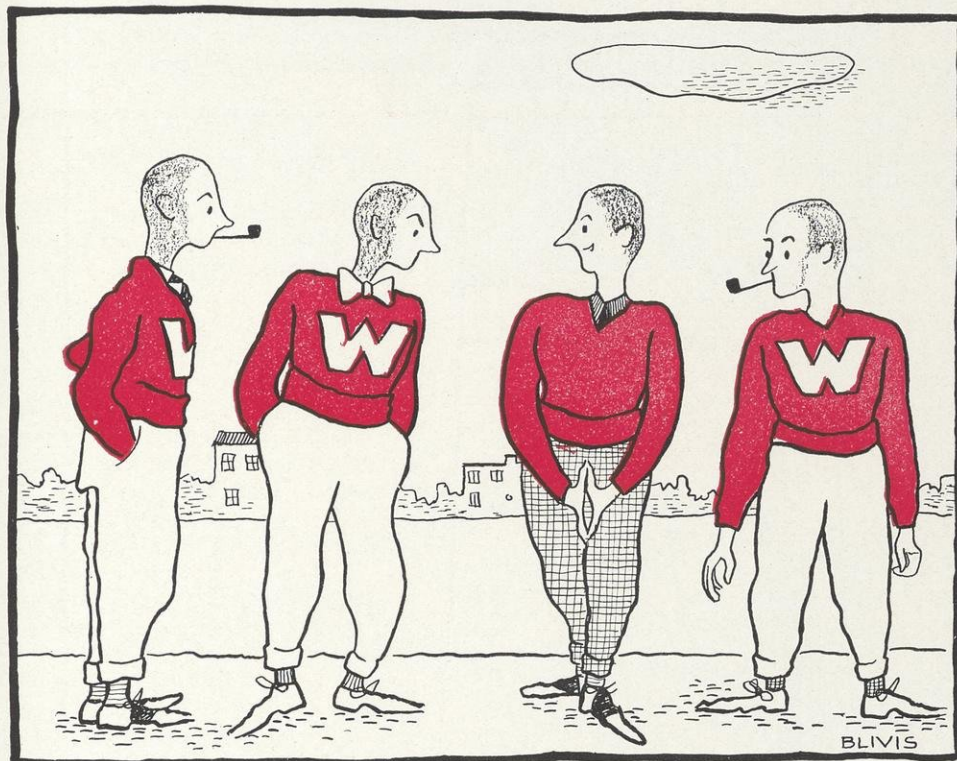
up, and the Cardinals will upset them.

However, with Northwestern and Minnesota representing all that's left this season for the Badgers to upset, Wisconsin fans are almost convinced that the glorious Cardinal tradition of one major upset a year will not hold true in 1936.

Wisconsin expects no great trouble from Chicago. But if the Badgers defeat either of their other conference opponents, there'll be an addition to the list of annual upsets.







"I hung mine."

## Herman's Sister's Phobia

**I**'LL never forget the year I took Herman's sister to Homecoming Ball. I never will, not if I live to be a hundred.

That was my junior year, and I was a pretty smooth gent, I was. The boys at old Nu were talking me up for Prom King, which was all right with me, and I had to say hello to a bunch of guys I never knew before but who knew me all of a sudden. That wasn't so bad, either. And I could get dates with anybody, almost, that I wanted to. I *liked* that.

But when comes Homecoming, I didn't have a date for the Ball. I realized that the Thursday before the big event. I know it was a Thursday, because I was shaving when I suddenly remembered that. I put the razor down, quick, so that I wouldn't cut my neck. How would a Prom King look with no neck at all? So I put the razor down in a hurry.

"Hey, guys!" I yelled.

Nobody answered. They thought I was having trouble with Jack Kuuugers, who got to school three weeks late and was sleeping in the bathtub

because all the beds were gone. They thought I wanted to get him out, even though it was only Thursday. Sometimes some of the gang in old Nu weren't quite so smart as they might have been.

I yelled again.

Nobody answered.

I kicked the side of the bathtub and screamed "Murder, murder, they're KILLING me."

Nobody came.

"Cripes, what'll I do with no date for Homecoming?" I asked myself.

**A**LL of a sudden the hall was full of Nus. There were Kuuugers and Jick Steele and Squill Wibbins and Herman Tompkins and Jimmy Wednesday and Homer Pigeon and a whole gang of the boys, right there in the hall.

"No date?" asked Jimmy.

"No, no date."

"No date at all?"

"No, no date."

"You mean you're not going?"

"Well, I might wash dishes in the Rathskeller."

Then the whole crowd went nuts. Kuuugers and Steele grabbed the telephones and started calling numbers—even the Chi Omegas. Wibbins went running down to Lohmaier's, swearing he'd find me a date or drown himself; he did a pretty good job, because they swept him out a back booth the next week. Tompkins began to pace the floor. Wednesday just stood there with a lot of other guys and yelled at me.

"You gotta go to Homecoming Ball," Jimmy hollered.

I hollered right back at him.

"But I haven't got a date."

"You gotta go."

Kuuugers and Steele were still at the phones an hour later. Not even the Kappa pledge from Duluth didn't have a date, and even though

they promised three girls they'd be Prom Queen, not a one could go with me.

I felt pretty cheap, let me tell you.

Finally Herman snapped his fingers.

"I have it," he said.

All the boys gathered around, a lot more interested in what was going on than I was.

"He can take my sister," Herman glowed.

That tickled the rest of the boys in old Nu pretty nearly pink.

"There's Brother Tompkins, a true Nu," cried Wednesday. "He will save the day for the first Nu Prom King in history."

The whole chapter cheered, including me. Little did I know.

So the night of the big Ball I got out my other suit, borrowed the pants back from Wibbins' closet, and got all smoothed up. Boy, did I look smooth!

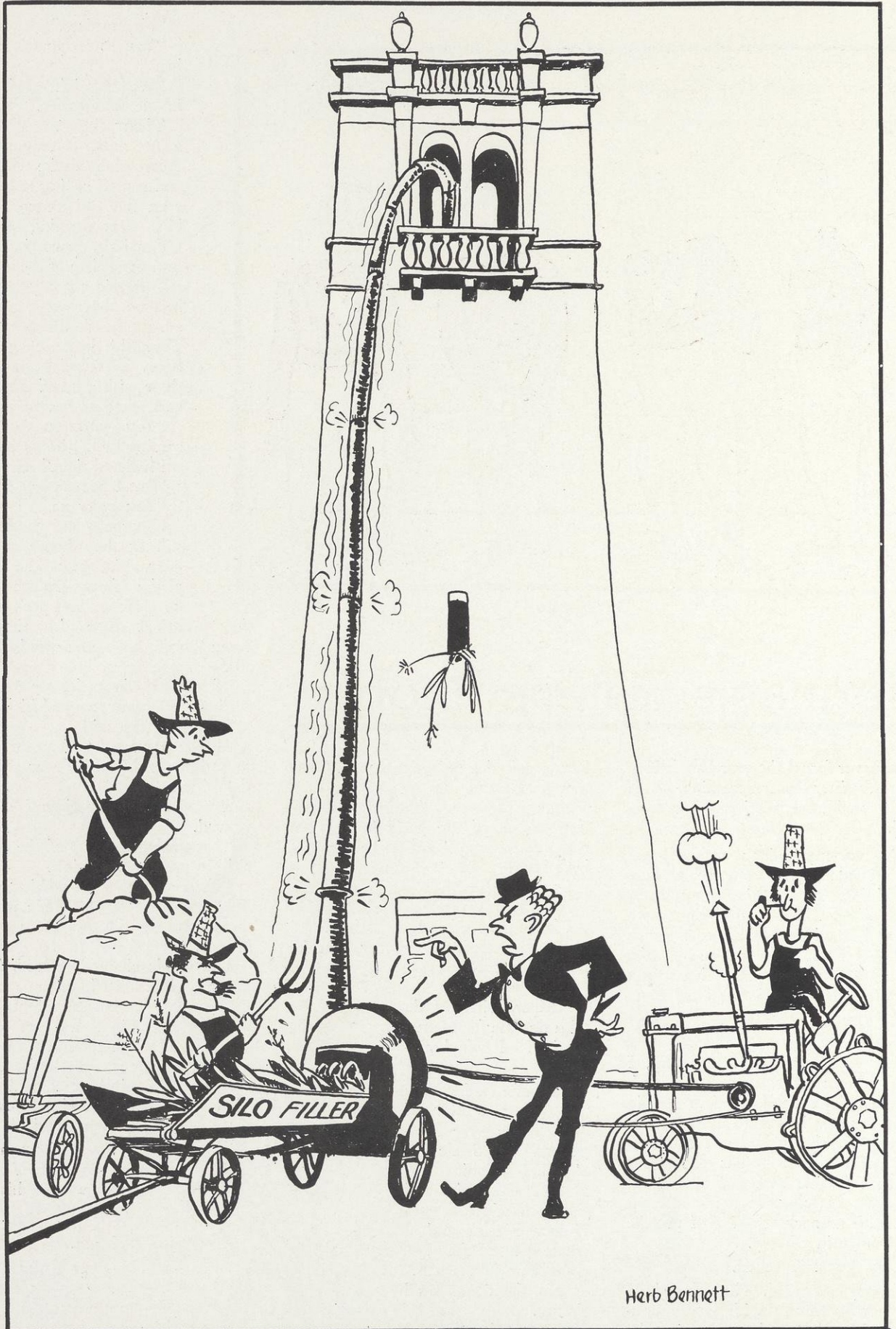
Well, Herman takes me down to Langdon Hall, where his sister lived, and we gave her name to the dame at the desk.

"We should like to see Gertrude Tompkins," Herman said in a firm tone.

(cont'd on page thirty-five)







Herb Bennett

"Well, what if all the University silos are full?"



# Frank Bites Frank

## SHIRLEY TEMPLE TO HOLD ESSAY CONTEST

FOLLOWS IN FOOTSTEPS OF ED-  
DIE CANTOR, OFFERS  
SCHOLARSHIP

HOLLYWOOD—(Special) — Miss Shirley Temple announced today that she has put \$5,000 in trust to be given to the most deserving boy or girl in the country as a college scholarship.

The winner will be determined by a competition in which the entrants submit essays on this subject: "Business Depressions: Their Cause and Cure."

\* \* \*

## SCHOLARSHIP ENTRIES OVERWHELM SHIRLEY

HOLLYWOOD—(U.P.)—Entries at the rate of four hundred a day are pouring in to the Beverly Hills home of Shirley Temple, who recently announced a \$5,000 college scholarship contest.

"It is all coming along better than we hoped," said Mr. Manny Goldfarb, Miss Temple's chief press agent. "It is gratifying to see so many young folks interested in their country's problems."

\* \* \*

## Farm Youth, 15, Wins Shirley's Scholarship

Explains Business Depressions,  
Wins College Education,  
Hollywood Trip

HORNER'S CORNERS, NEBR.—(AP)—Bertram M. Muffin, a farm boy living two miles east of here, is the happiest boy in this county. He has just received word from Hollywood that he is the winner of Shirley Temple's scholarship, giving him free a college education.

He is undecided, but thinks he might go to Harvard. "I guess there's *somethin'* about a Harvard man," Bertram said, "that makes folks set up an take notice. I dunno."

\* \* \*

## College Prexy Claims Prize Essay Plagiarized

Dr. Glenn Frank Wrote Winning Entry in 1932

MADISON, WIS. — (U.P.) — Glenn Frank, president of the University of Wisconsin, revealed today that the es-

say which won the Shirley Temple scholarship for a Nebraska farm youth was copied word for word from his syndicated newspaper column.

The article appeared during 1932 in scores of newspapers. "I don't see why the theft wasn't noted sooner," Dr. Frank, BA., M.A., LL.D. (hon.), Ph.D. (hon.), Litt.D. (hon.), remarked.

"Maybe nobody read your column," suggested an anonymous voice, believed to belong to a disgruntled regent of Progressive hue.

\* \* \*

## SHIRLEY MORTIFIED; "WINNER" SCRAMS

ESSAYS TO BE REJUDGED, NEW  
VICTOR CHOSEN

HOLLYWOOD — (Special) — Bertram M. Muffin, a sadder and a wiser lad, left here today for his farm home in Nebraska. He has lost the scholarship which was his but for a slight technicality; but he has gouged Miss Temple for his trip to Hollywood, a new suit, and a haircut.

"I don't begrudge him the dough," said Shirley, "but you should see the ring he left in our bathtub!" She explained that she would go over the essays again, if she can find them, and select a new winner.

"Someone will have to go over the bathtub, too," she added.

### Note In Passing

Last month The Octopus, with considerable umbrage, announced that it had withdrawn a story from its forms at the last minute.

Since then, the article has been reconsidered and is here presented almost without alteration. One news item which was not an integral part of the story and which mentioned no one directly connected with the University, has been withheld. The rest of the article is printed from the type set September 9, without any change.

The reason given for the request to refrain from publication was fear of libelling, not President Frank, but Miss Temple. His sense of humor was never doubted.

## Frank Holds Shirley's Prize Belongs to Him

Wrote Essay, Should Get Prize,  
Trip, Suit, Haircut

MADISON, WIS.—(AP) — Dr. Glenn Frank this morning stated that he was entitled to the Shirley Temple scholarship.

"I wrote the essay, didn't I? The essay won, didn't it?" he asked, waving his fist for emphasis as he read his statement through his horn-rims. "Then why don't I get the prize?"

"A college education never hurt anyone," he continued, "and I don't see why I ain't got as much right to it as any old hick from a prairie state. There is entirely too much discrimination against some of us merely because we are college presidents."

\* \* \*

## ATTORNEYS DISPUTE FRANK'S CONTENTION

Miss Temple in Dither, Washes Hands  
of Whole Affair

LOS ANGELES—(U.P.)—Chaos ruled today as lawyers fought bitterly over the awarding of the Shirley Temple scholarship, trying to decide whether or not it must be given to Dr. Glenn Frank, president of the University of Wisconsin. Dr. Frank is represented by Harold M. Wilkie, prominent Madison attorney.

Shirley Temple has fled to the Sieras where she will recuperate from the strain brought on by her difficulties. It is rumored that she is considering motion picture contracts from several companies.

\* \* \*

## Lawsuit Ends; Frank To Get Scholarship

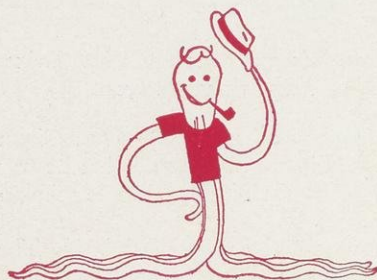
Overwhelmed by News, Prexy to  
Take Needed Rest

MADISON, WIS.—(By leased wire)—Word was flashed to Dr. Glenn Frank, president of the University of Wisconsin, this morning that the supreme court of California has ruled that the Shirley Temple scholarship is all his. The decision climaxed a long-drawn legal battle that has claimed the attention of the country for weeks.

The strain of the battle was evident in Dr. Frank's haggard face. He had not slept for days, and was in need of

(continued on page thirty-five)





## Six Out of '40

### Marjorie Pollack

● Five feet two, etc. . . . lives in Madison . . . and hangs out at the Alpha Xi Delta house . . . going into Law . . . an old family tradition . . . thinks the next-door Phi Gams make the grade . . . as do Wisconsin men in general . . . fond of swimming (no dives) and dancing . . . not against sitting-out, but it all depends . . . likes the stone bench behind the Alpha Xi house . . . hasn't used it yet, though . . . frowns on blind dating, but does it . . . has no idea when Abraham Lincoln stands up, but hopes to find out . . . she will . . . poses as no authority but thinks the football team great, the spirit high . . . likes Wayne King, Tom Kurth, and the U. S. Marine Band . . . will eat pie for breakfast if given the chance.

### Jean Park

● Tall, red-headed, enthusiastic . . . sees Wisconsin as College with a capital c . . . but apparently manages to land on her feet . . . which are five feet five inches below her head . . . with a pretty fair degree of regularity . . . Majoring in English . . . but taking time off to hit an occasional niblick shot . . . has no idea why she came to Wisconsin . . . but maybe the fact that she's a Milwaukee girl has something to do with it . . . Likes Hal Kemp's music and men here at school . . . claims they are all smoothies . . . and that the result is she can't get any work done . . . and . . . oh, yes . . . she pledged Delta Gamma . . . which, as she may not know, recommended her pretty highly . . . But, gosh red hair!

### Mary Edna Cruzen

● Will some day wear the pearly pretzel of Gamma Phi Beta . . . no idea of what she'll major in . . . torn between animal husbandry and Portuguese . . . hails from St. Louis, Missouri . . . bringing with her two blue eyes and an indeterminate amount of light brown hair . . . loves to travel, perhaps explaining why she came to Wisconsin . . . gets the cold shivers at the swing tempos of Ozzie Nelson . . . thinks the picture on her coupon book better than the one in Octy . . . but is not bragging . . . is an expert taffypuller and likes to chew gum . . . but it always gets stuck in her hair . . . approves of Wisconsin men and knows a gent at Southern Methodist . . . lives at Ann Emery, F. 7101 . . . we'll call, too.

### Tedo Bush

● Comes from, of all places, Horseheads, New York . . . but makes no bones about it . . . has leased a nook in Langdon Hall . . . and thinks the Big Six is a group of football teams . . . not as enthusiastic about college men as the rest of our gallery . . . they'll do, though . . . came to college "just to be different" . . . which speaks not too well for Horseheads . . . has pledged Tri-Delt . . . finds Ray Noble's outfit rather fetching, keeps her ears keyed for rhythm . . . and likes dancing, at which she is adept . . . little concerned with a major . . . but knows a pretty nice second lieutenant . . . never quite gets around to finding why her Cardinal isn't being delivered . . . blue eyes, by the way, with brown hair . . . and the real name is Theodora.

### Betty Bindley

● Comes from Pittsburgh . . . and plans to struggle through with Journalism . . . doesn't know whether her Alpha Phi pledge pin is a maple or a fig leaf . . . but doesn't brood on the matter . . . thinks a lot of Wisconsin men . . . as well as a lot about them . . . but protests weakly that the men are spoiled . . . whatever that means . . . dwells at 142 Langdon (F. 1666) and wishes Cardinal Key would paint her walls . . . has heard there's a lake near here but hasn't looked into it yet . . . is panicked by Hal Kemp, who does things with his rhythm . . . likes to swim . . . eats plenty of corn flakes . . . no sugar, please . . . has brown hair with hazel eyes . . . measures five feet six with her shoes off . . . no unusual condition—for Betty.

### Grace Wick

● Is not sure, but is fairly certain she has pledged Alpha Chi Omega . . . comes from Sheboygan . . . five feet one and weighs an even hundred . . . green eyes and hair (naturally) blonde . . . likes nursing, sloe gin fizzes . . . knits a lot, looking forward to tiny garments . . . uses Lux Flakes and lives at the Villa (F. 1133) . . . thinks Joe Sanders is some pumpkins . . . also Robert Taylor . . . will not be quoted in re Wisconsin men . . . rather nearsighted, but knows her way around . . . thinks she's bashful, loves dancing, ice-skating . . . does not eat crackers in bed or read movie subtitles aloud . . . believes dateless dances O. K. . . but has no trouble about the 'dateless' . . . would like to be Prom Queen some day . . . and who knows?

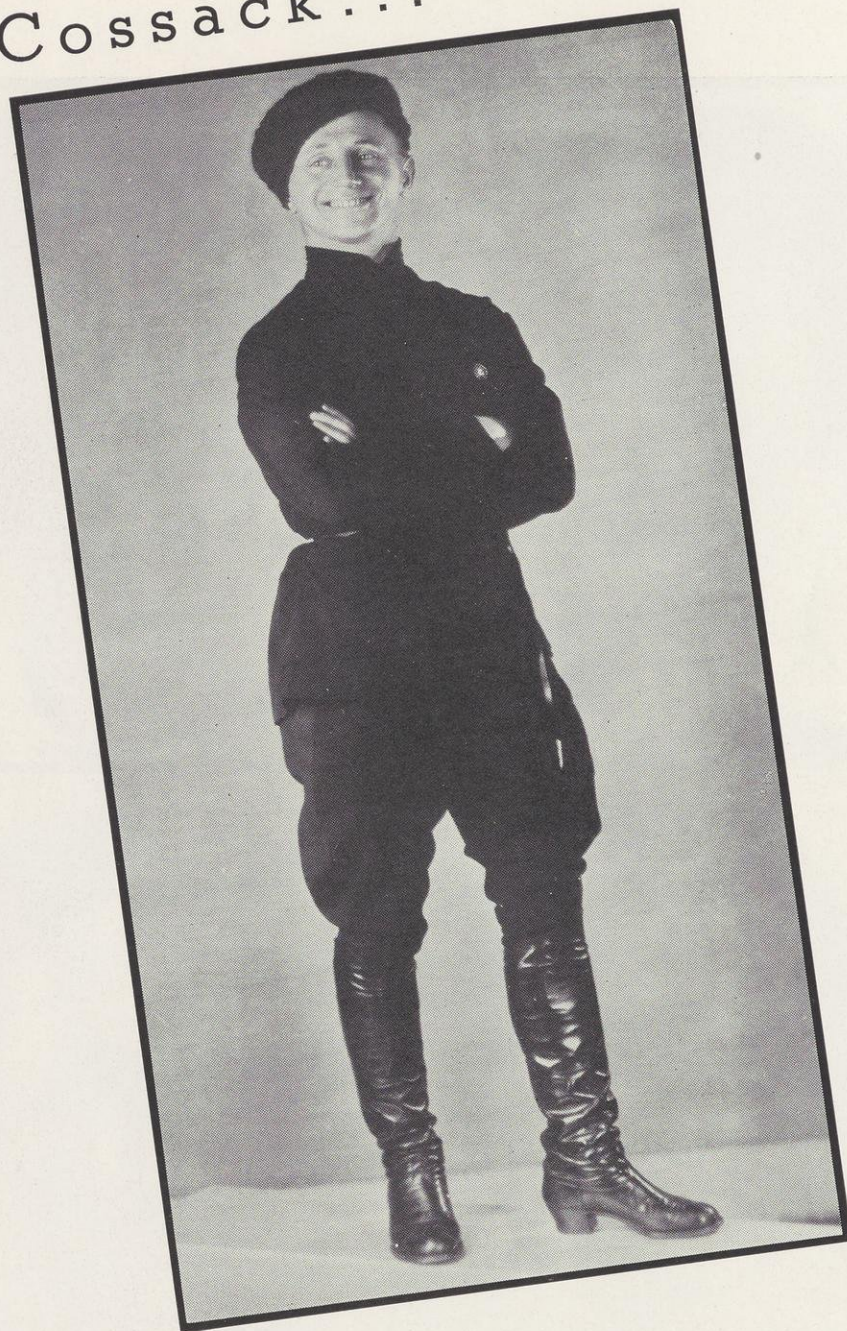




Typical of new pledge classes of Wisconsin sororities, these six girls take the unique place reserved for freshman women in university life.



## Cossack . . .



SERGE JAROFF, cocky little half-pint director of the Don Cossack Chorus, has one of the strangest tasks in the musical world. As leader of the 36 giants who make up his company, the audacious former lieutenant of cavalry is at once director and military commander of his squad of Russian Titans. Strict army discipline both on stage and off regulates the life of the chorus. Absolute obedience from every member has enabled Jaroff to weld his group into an organization internationally

known for power and responsiveness. Singing the thundering war-songs or the tender lullabies of their homeland, the ex-soldiers are under absolute control every moment of the concert. The Cossacks will be the opening feature on the Union Concert Series November 18, which also includes Poldi Mildner, pianist; Bronislaw Huberman, violinist; Richard Crooks, tenor; and the New English Singers.

## Eye-witness Account

I SUPPOSE I'm one of the few people in the state who really knows why that man shot himself at the Marquette game a couple of weeks ago. The police went into the matter, but the man not only refused to say who he was but denied he had any reason for wishing to do away with himself.

Me, I know the facts.

You see, I'm an usher. I get a free ticket, and next year maybe I'll be a captain, since I've been wearing the little white armbands for two years, now. Captains wear red jackets and get paid. So do the gatemen, but you have to be an athlete to be gateman. Even to sell programs you need numerals or a W, but then you don't get a red jacket.

But me, I'm an usher. I go to the game right after my Machine Design shop, which is at Camp Randall, too. Then I get a hamburger and a bottle of pop, which keeps me going until the game starts. After that I stand in the middle of the aisles, and whenever a peanut peddler goes by he has to squeeze past and I pick off a bag of peanuts. I got three bags at the Marquette game.

About this guy . . .

I was sitting in the aisle, like it says in Rule Six, watching Eddie Jankowski (he's an engineer, too; he's a mechanical, like I am. None of this civil sewage-pipe stuff for us!) and talking to a honey babe who has an aisle seat.

Pretty soon Jankowski tackled a guy, who fumbled. This Betty frill (that's her name, Betty) jumped up and yelled "Get that pigskin."

*And the man in front of her pulls out a revolver and shoots himself!*

WELL, you don't usher at games for two years without getting resources. I grab him by the shoulder and then me and Benny help him walk out. Benny's an usher, too. He expects to be a supervisor next year. All the while the guy moans and mumbles.

"That's one I missed, that's one I missed, that's one I missed," he mutters.

We let a cop take charge of him and beat it back to our section. I see a business card in the aisle and pick it up.

Then I remember what the girl says about pigskin and what the guy which shot himself says about one he missed.

The card says, "AAA Identification Card—Henry Wallace."



-ain't got time for  
loose talk folks



*they've got TASTE  
and  
plenty to spare*

# Chesterfield

Made by LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO COMPANY—and you can depend on a Liggett & Myers product







# The Otter's Saturday Night & Other Poems

What a drunkard is the Otter,  
soaks up liquids like a blotter.  
Saturday to his wife's no joke—  
he's notorious as a soak.

Have you encountered the Kolinsky?  
She should be employed by Minsky;  
though her fur is soft and red,  
every summer she must shed.

The parents of the three-toed Sloth  
admit it makes them very wroth;  
for of course they have the fidgets,  
since their son is missing digits.

If you're fearful of his claw,  
beware of the Lion's maw.  
You may think it quite a bother  
But she's tougher than his father.

Hard as rocks,  
lithe as willow—  
a paradox,  
the Armadillo.

See, a most unusual mammal  
with two humps. He's called a Camel,  
carries water for a week;  
uh-oh, if his pockets leak.

Life is one continuous whirl  
in the treetops to a Squirrel;  
all his friends forgot to tell him  
that he's in a slippery elli-um.

See this most mendacious Cat,  
always sure just where he's at;  
his manners surely do need mending—  
he's so very condescending!

The Musk-ox never went to school.  
Still, he 'is nobody's fool;  
since he lives in Arctic clime  
he wears his woolies all the time.

With the Ostrich, don't get rough  
or he'll kick you in the duff.  
Your revenge, you understand,  
comes when *his* head is in the sand.

The very wary Cassowary  
is a beast that cannot vary  
in the least from all his kin  
or they'd make handbags from his skin.

Though a little beast, the Skunk  
really is a potent punk;  
getting mad, he says, "I think  
I will raise an awful stink."

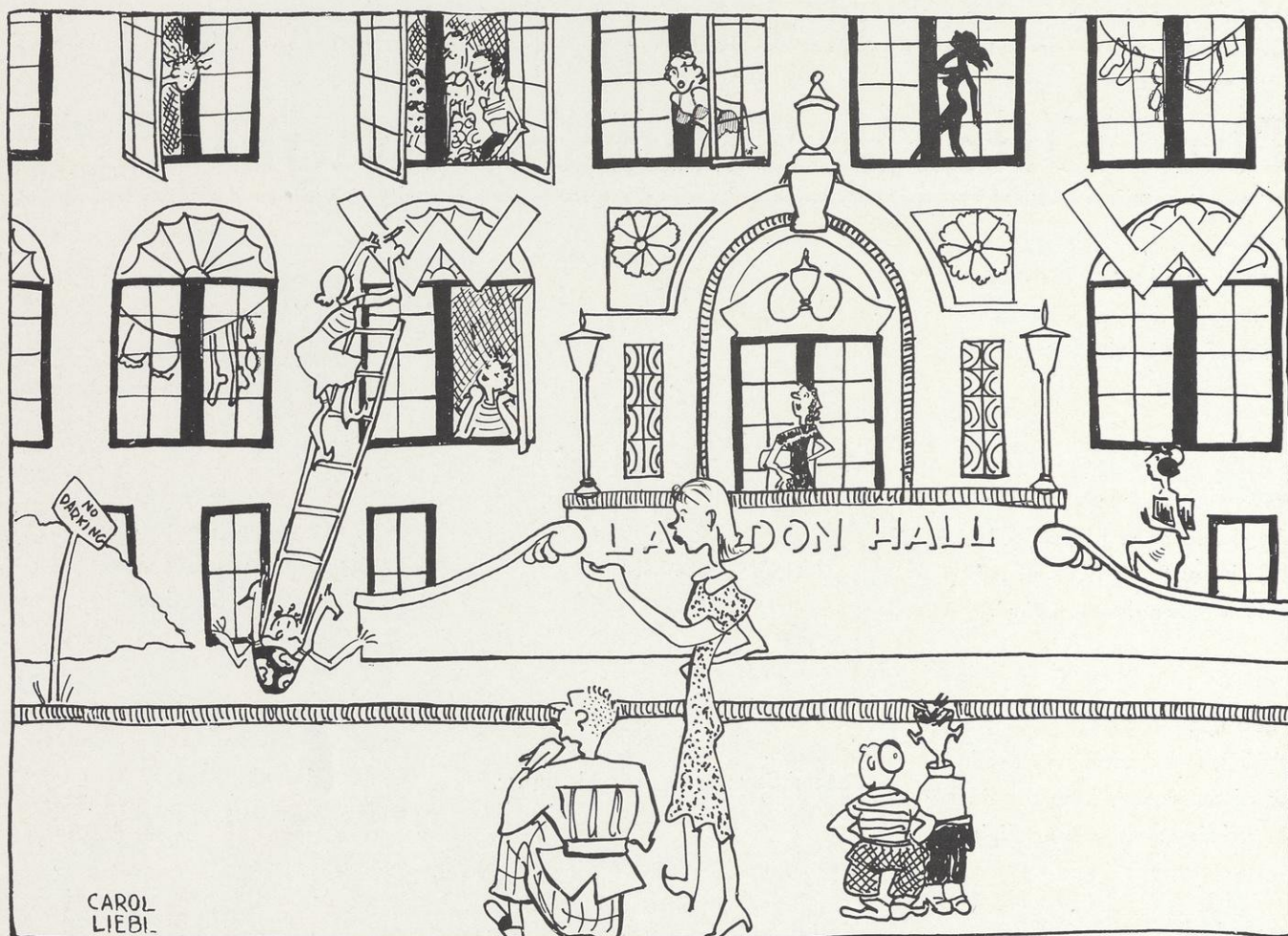
See the happy little Oyster,  
among the bivalves far the moister—  
he must live within a shell  
what a lousy place to dwell!

Though adept at catching fish  
which are by far his favorite dish,  
with verses obscene and ribald  
the Pelican is often libelled.

Legend tells us that the Swallow  
has no innards, that he's hollow;  
though his actions are not stolid,  
still *I* claim that he is solid.







"What do you mean, we don't need any decorations?"

## No, But Fun!

An overcoated gentleman  
seventy-eight years old  
with a moustache  
(coffee-stained)  
and spectacles  
so thick  
that when he leaned over  
the bottoms of the lenses  
looked like big drops of water,  
selected

from the ninety-eight cent shelf  
In a local book shop  
"Is Sex Necessary"  
by James Thurber.

When  
he reaches home,  
locks the door,  
bolts the shutters,  
and lights his candle,  
will *he*  
be  
surprised!

—HOMER HASWELL

## Swingtime

Yesterday  
I saw a robin.

I saw it alight  
on the windowsill  
outside a window  
of Bascom Hall.

It lifted its left foot,  
lifted its right foot,  
lifted its tail feathers,  
lifted an eyebrow,  
soared to the top of the flagpole,  
and whistled.

It means only one thing.  
Swing  
Is here.

—HOMER HASWELL

## Blind Date

Your laugh was very pretty,  
Your diction so divine.  
So how the hell was I to know  
You looked like Gertrude Stein?

—A. L. SCHNEIDER



# Mr. Bleep Saves His Country

**M**R. SIDNEY BLEEP had never thought of it that way before. It was appalling.

He had only fifteen days to save his country.

Mr. Bleep read the letter a second time. His country was in danger. The Constitution was in danger. The Home & Family were in danger. His life-insurance was in danger.

Mr. Bleep wondered about his fire-insurance. The insurance on Mrs. Bleep's fur coat. The insurance on the Bleep Hardware Store.

He read on. Never before had our

country been faced with such a Menace. We must do everything in our power to overcome the vipers who are undermining our Constitution, our life-insurance, our Home & Family.

What could Mr. Bleep himself do about it?

The letter told him. He must paste the enclosed yellow sticker on his automobile. He must wear the enclosed sunflower-button on his lapel. And he must mail one dollar promptly to Headquarters at Chicago, Illinois.

One dollar was his contribution toward saving the Constitution. It was like buying stock in the Constitution.

That was it! Mr. Bleep would become a stockholder in the Constitution of the U. S. of A. Headquarters would mail him a fine engraved certificate saying he had paid his one dollar and he was saving

his country and he owned one share in a very fine but sadly neglected Constitution.

Mr. Sidney Bleep put one dollar in the return-envelope and sealed it. He put on his sunflower-button. He put the yellow sticker in his pocket.

Mr. Bleep put the letter on the mantelpiece and settled down to read his newspaper. He read about the war in Spain. He read about woman slays lover with pitchfork. He read about Mr. Landon says we must stop fumbling. He read about National Motors declares largest dividends in six years, stock hits new high.

**S**IDNEY BLEEP suddenly thought about his stock. Sidney Bleep, one share common stock in Constitution.

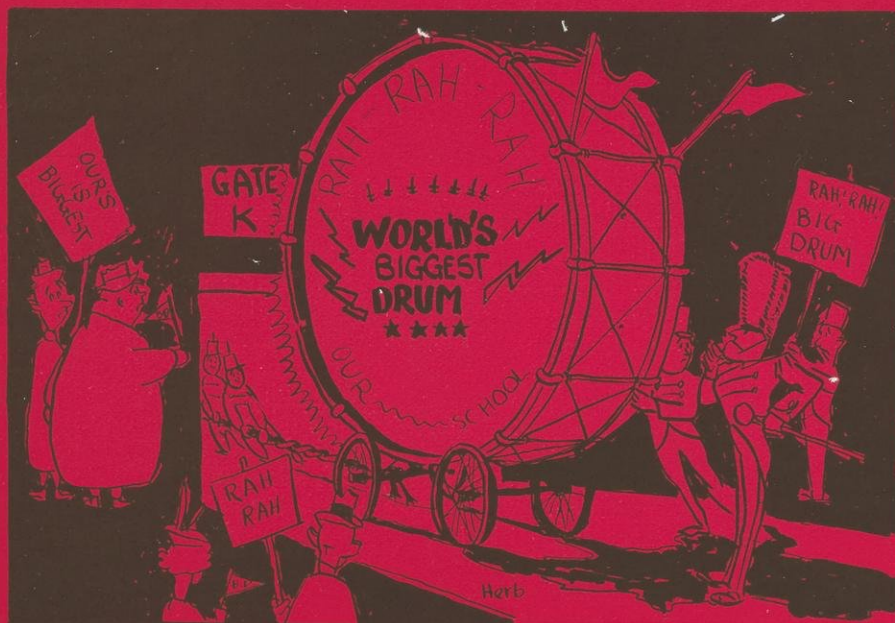
He sort of wished his stock would hurry up and pay him a dividend.

A little ashamed of such an unpatriotic thought, Mr. Bleep went back to reading his newspaper.



BLIVIS





*"Cripes, it  
won't go!"*

## Baldwin & the Opossum

BALDWIN BLIVIS stood looking out of his window in Botkin House and heaved a little sigh. He stared wistfully outside at the yellow hickory trees and the red sumacs and the big brown oaks. It was hazy off toward the lake, and the air smelled like woodsmoke.

"My!" exclaimed Baldwin, "what a fine day for opossum."

"For *what*?" I asked cautiously.

"Opossum," repeated Baldwin.

"Oh," I said; and not giving it a second thought, I went on watching my ant palace. Baldwin kept staring out of the window and brooding.

He began reciting softly to himself. "When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder is . . ."

"What's eating you, old man?" I asked.

Baldwin forced a tired little smile. "Oh, nothing," he said. "I was just thinking . . ."

"About opossums again?"

"Well, yes. This time of year. It always gets me . . ."

I felt uneasy with Baldwin standing there in the twilight, thinking about opossums. He ran his tongue over his lips several times.

I went back to watching my ant palace, but the light was poor and I could not see well.

"If only I had an opossum," said Baldwin, breaking a long silence. His

fingers drummed irritably on the window sill.

"Oh, forget it," I snapped; and just then the whistle at the refectory blew. "Come on," I added cheerily, "you'll feel better after a good dinner."

My cheerfulness sounded hollow. I knew as well as Baldwin what dormitory food was like.

ALL evening Baldwin brooded and fretted.

"Come watch my ant palace with me," I suggested, but Baldwin continued to wander about the room aimlessly, stopping from time to time to glance out into the autumn evening.

I watched my ant palace, alone.

About nine o'clock the air was tense. Baldwin slouched around listlessly, and it was all I could do to concentrate on my ant palace.

"I *do* wish I had an opossum so!" said Baldwin suddenly.

"Oh, a pox on you and your damned opossum!" I cried. "There aren't any opossums around here anyway."

Baldwin looked hurt. "Are you *sure*?" he asked.

"Absolutely," I said.

Baldwin was looking out the window again into the night. "You know," he mused, "I wouldn't be surprised if there *were* an opossum out there somewhere."

"The trouble with you, Baldwin Blivis," I said acidly, "is that you are

all theory and no practice. If you want an opossum, go on and get yourself an opossum. Don't stand there like a ninny. You are driving me nuts with your damned opossum!"

"You don't think I could get an opossum, do you?" Baldwin said bitterly.

"Frankly," I said, "no. You are simply living in a fool's paradise."

Baldwin stood in the doorway, glowing.

"I am going out there," he said, pointing out the window, "and get an opossum or bust. I'll show *you* who's living in a fool's paradise!"

With that he was gone. I shut the door after him and continued looking at my ant palace.

Late at night I was half awake. For a moment I thought I heard the yapping of hounds on the chase out in the hills.

I thought of Baldwin hunting for an opossum; and chuckling softly to myself, I fell asleep again.

I always get up early so I can watch my ant palace. The next morning I lay in bed a minute looking out the window at the yellow hickory leaves.

With a shock I noticed an opossum on Baldwin's desk. I got up. It was a genuine opossum, dead.

"Congratulations!" I cried. "You got your opossum!"

Baldwin opened one sleepy eye and stared at me. "Oh," he said, "*that*." He turned over and went to sleep again.

Swallowing my pride, I dressed and began watching my ant palace.





"Get down kids—the Alumni climb first."

## Buster T. Weismuller, BA 1

**B**USTER T. WEISMULLER of the Wisconsin branch of the Weismuller family was a freshman at the University-of-Wisconsin.

One day Buster, following the family tradition, discovered the jungle in the vicinity of Bascom Hall. I-will-explore-this-jungle, Buster said, just like that. For he always spoke just like that. It was a family tradition. So he explored the jungle.

There he discovered the ski-slide. It was a lovely thing he thought. He climbed the ski-slide. It was a family tradition. My, — what-a-fine-view-of-Madison, he said. Then Buster halloed once very loudly. He said I-think-I-will-make-my-headquarters-here. Then he climbed down.

So every day he walked into the jungle when nobody was looking. Nobody knew what he was doing.

Then one night when all the campus-children were asleep, (that is, all but the Thetas) the bells in the Carillon tower rang out to the tune of "There Are No Delta Gammas Down at Yale". Everybody awoke and everybody thought that W. Norris Wentworth had gotten drunk along with those nasty Thetas. So they all turned over and they all fell asleep to the

stirring tunes of Varsity. The next night the same thing happened and the next night and the next and the next and the next.

Pretty soon everybody got used to hearing the bell tower at 2 a. m. and they didn't even bother to turn over.

**O**NE day about seventeen years later someone heard a sound like this Awhoooooooo. Awhoooooooo. This to, came to be a habit, till no one even bothered any more.

Then one day some upperclassmen decided to go skiing. There was snow in Madison. So they decided to go skiing from the ski-slide. When they got there what do you think they saw? They saw a shack on the slide!

It was a little grass shack and from the shack came that frightful cry: Awhoooooooo. Awhoooooooo!

So they said so here is where that frightful cry, Awhoooooooo. Awhoooooooo! is being so frightfully conceived.

So then a lot of other upper classmen and some freshmen too, came along and they all said so that is where that frightful cry Awhoooo, Awhoooo is being so frightfully originated.

Then one freshman said let's call Prexy Frank.

(continued on page thirty-four)

## LO—THE POOR INDIAN!



**T**WO PUFFS from that soggy pipe full of fire-water tobacco and another redskin bit the dust. We tell travelers as well as stay-at-homes that the true pipe of peace should be regularly cleaned, and packed with nothing but inoffensive Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco. It's a secret blend of definitely milder Kentucky Burley leaf. Burns slow, pacifies the tenderest tongue and spreads a most delightful and winning fragrance. We're so blamely proud of Sir Walter Raleigh we wrap it in heavy gold foil for extra freshness. Ever treated yourself to a tin? Only 15¢.

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OF GRAND AROMA



**FREE** booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-610.



for THE PARK, too . . .

## It's Homecoming

• Because, you see, The Park remembers the old grads as well as they remember it. As much a part of Homecoming as the big red W on the capitol, The Old Park—which is now The New Park—is a center of festivities. Visit the famous Blue Room and Victorian Lounge. A Rendezvous for students old and new at the—

## PARK HOTEL

Management, W. R. McNEIL, INC.

22 South Carroll Street—On the Square

## John Gaus

(continued from page two)

concrete had been used.

One day, then, the dam burst; and the raging waters wiped out John Gaus' shoe factory and John Gaus, too. It was fierce. Things looked *extremely* black.

At the next class, however, machines were again humming and lines of workmen with full dinner-pails were streaming into John Gaus' shoe factory.

With his ear to the ground, John Gaus had decided that the country was ready for a good shoe with lots of class and snap that would sell for about \$3.00. This shoe was bound to be such a success that John Gaus called it the Walk-Over.

Another map of expansion grew like a spiderweb on the blackboard. Everything looked rosy.

You guessed it. John Gaus was in for some more woe.

Drought burned up all the corn and wheat in the west, the boll weevil ate up all the cotton in the south, and a hurricane made a sorry mess of Florida.

Reluctantly, John Gaus crossed off store after store on his blackboard map. He could not sell shoes, but it was not his fault. *He* did not eat the cotton and blow Florida to tatters.

No. People had no money. The bright young men with lots of class and snap had no jobs. John Gaus was being forced into the hands of receivers. How to help John Gaus was, as usual, a problem for the government.

Right now John Gaus' shoe factory seems to be on the rocks, but it is sure to come back. It always does.

Myself, I think John Gaus is suffering from a secret ambition.

—H. R. KLUETER, JR.



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## THREE KEYS TO SOCIAL

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54 years in business in Milwaukee

117 E. WELLS STREET (New Store) Three doors East of Bridge

MILWAUKEE

A bird in the hand is bad table manners.

Success has turned more heads than halitosis.

A fool and his money are some party.

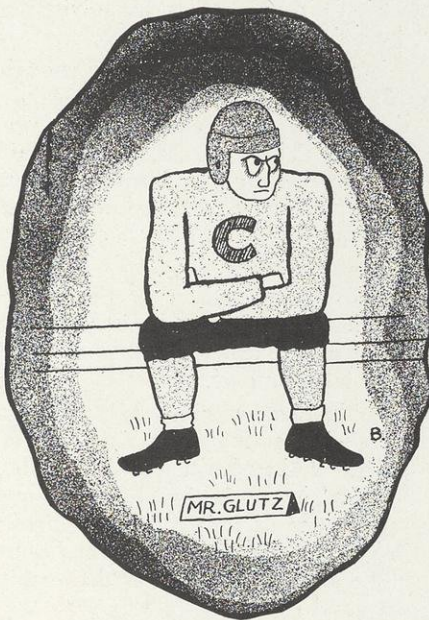
If you want to remember things, tie a string around your finger. If you want to forget things, tie a rope around your neck.  
—*Sundial.*

Miss Sophia Jones tripped into the lawyer's office.

"Cain't ah sue dat no good Rastus Smiff fo' somepin', mister? He promised to marry me, dat he did, an' yes-tiddy he done 'loped with another gal."

"Promised to marry you, eh?" mused the lawyer. "Well, have you anything in black and white to show for it?"

"No, suh," replied Sophia. "Jes' black is all."  
—*Battalion.*



Blue eyes gaze at mine—vexation.  
Soft hand clasped in mine—palpitation.

Fair hair brushing mine—expectation.

Red lips close to mine—temptation.  
Footsteps—damnation.

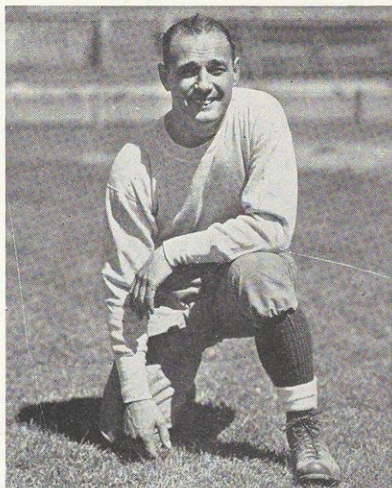
—*Puppet.*

Father: My son sure is broad minded.  
Ditto: That's all my son thinks about too.  
—*Bored Walk.*

Outside the toy animal factory the storm raged furiously. Inside the machines were silent. The enraged owner dashed up to the night foreman. "Why aren't you turning out our usual quota of toy animals?"

The foreman drew himself up to his full height as he replied, "I would not turn out a dog on a night like this."

—*Green Goat.*



HARRY STUHLDTREHER

Welcoming back his first Homecoming crowd, Harry Stuhldreher is going after his first Big Ten victory. Good Luck, Harry!

**ON WISCONSIN!**

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Frank Bros., Inc.

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The Cottage Cafes

No. 1

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# Hustle and Bustles

**I**N THIS age of hustle and bustle there is a decided and alarming increase in vice among the members of the rising generation."

To Mrs. E. E. Kellogg, A. M., it would seem that "the days of Sodom and Gomorrah had returned;" and viewing the dangers and pitfalls to which girls are exposed on every hand, she has penned a helpful treatise entitled, *A Talk to Girls*.

This book is the October choice of the Octopus Book-of-the-Month club, although it was published in 1886, indeed "an age of hustle and bustle."

Mrs. Kellogg has gone with detail and frankness into the perils which beset modern maidens, and she has left no stone unturned. For college girls particularly this advice is helpful and, Octy regrets to say, badly needed.

"Under the head of amusements to be avoided by those who desire to live pure lives, I will mention first," says Mrs. Kellogg, "that of letter writing. Many thoughtless girls seek amusement in writing to numerous persons of the opposite sex."

This sort of thing "leads to dire results." Mrs. Kellogg frowns more severely on girls who "answer advertisements for correspondents or who deluge actors with notes full of gushing admiration."

"Others less bold will quite as heedlessly accept as correspondents persons whom they met on a railway journey, at some public gathering, or at a popular resort. No real gentleman of any worth will enter into such a correspondence." No one can estimate, we feel, the numbers of maidens who have been seduced and betrayed through the U. S. mails.

**B**UT this is nothing when compared with *real* quagmires of iniquity.

"The skating rink and toboggan slide are no places for a pure young girl, unless accompanied by her father or some suitable person. They are the special resort of fast young men and profligates. Numerous cases of disgraceful downfall have been directly traced to the skating rink. Shun all places of this kind."



"The love of dress, particularly of rich and fashionable attire, lends a strong influence in the direction of impurity." Young ladies are advised to dress simply.

But dressing simply is not enough. "Even among those who dress plainly, the corset is worn and the waist compressed." This causes all sorts of mischief by rerouting the blood streams to places they were never intended to go.

"The reading of works of fiction is one of the most *pernicious* habits to which a young person can become devoted. When the habit is once thoroughly fixed, it becomes as inveterate as the use of opium."

With that warning, Mrs. Kellogg tears with tooth and nail into the "so-called" works of fiction which abound in this "degenerate age." "I have met many cases of serious nervous disease in young ladies in which the *real* cause was nothing more nor less than habitual novel reading."

Not merely the Police Gazette and the literature of the ages is condemned. Mrs. Kellogg quotes the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage as follows, "Do not always take it for granted that a book is good because it is a Sunday school book. Know who wrote it, who illustrated it, who published it, who sold it."

**S**UNDAY school libraries, it seems, are nests of pornography. "In the literature of the day, the ten plagues of Egypt have returned and the frogs and lice have skipped over our parlor table." Not only that, but "On some fashionable tables lie 'family newspapers' that are the very vomit of the pit."

Children at an early age are fed such aphrodisiacs as "tea, coffee, pepper, ginger, mustard, and condiments of every sort."

"The boy whose blood is made hot and feverish with stimulating food, whose nerves are irritated and excited by mustard, pepper-sauce, and other exciting foods, is poorly prepared to resist the temptations which come to him when he mingles with other boys on the streets."

It is these "bad boys" who are ultimately the cause of all the vice in the world. "No community is free from these vipers."

"One bad boy may do more harm than can be counteracted by clergymen, Sabbath-school teachers, tract-distributors, and other Christian workers combined."

"Evils are increasing . . . and to this cause must be attributed the mental inefficiency, physical weakness, weak will, lack of moral backbone, and premature decay of so many young men of the rising generation." This picture of our grandfathers is enough to make even us, their grandchildren blush for shame.

**A**ND we too should cry out of the depths of our souls, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." The book, symbolically, closes with a poem by James W. Watson entitled "Beautiful Snow."

Copies of this book, tastefully bound and embossed, may be obtained for fifty cents at the Octopus offices, from the W. S. G. A., or at 233 Langdon Street.

No checks, please.

Further welcome news was reported today in the breaking of the high barometer area that has hung over the golf states.

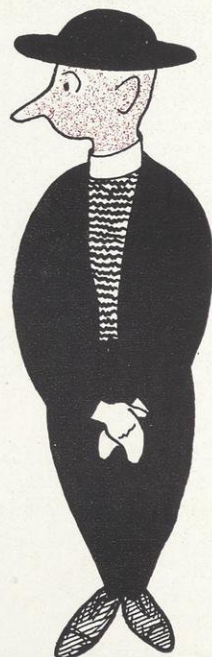
—STATE JOURNAL

*It's had us stymied.*

People encourage their children to read *The Daily News* like they train them to brush their teeth.

—AD IN THE NEW YORKER

*Up and down, around and round, not too much toothpaste.*





Mother: Son, I don't want to see you going around with that wild girl any more.

Son: Aw heck, Ma, she ain't wild; anybody can pet her.  
—Humbug.

“What do you take as a remedy for your insomnia?”

“A glass of wine at regular intervals.”

“Does that make you sleep?”

“No, but it makes me content to stay awake.” —Pointer.

Prof: Now, James, what do you derive from my last statement?

James: I can't tell you, sir.

Prof: And why not.

James: Well, you see, sir, I haven't a deriver's license.  
—Froth.

There was a young lady from Connecticut  
Who was bound by a strict code of ecticut.

She became a staunch nudist,

Might have been far the cutest

Had she not clung to an old-fashioned pecticut.

—Record.

“What do you think would go well with my new purple and green golf sox?”

“Hip boots.”

—Log.

“Mr. Ducrot, have you any garters on?”

“No, sir.”

“Why not?”

“No socks, sir.”

—Pointer.

One stormy evening in Harlem, two gentlemen were settling a dispute. For a while there was no sound but heavy breathing and the swish-swish of razors. Finally, one of the gentlemen made a lunge at the other.

“Ha-ha, you missed,” cried the lungee gleefully.

“Oh yeah?” remarked the other. “Just try turning your head.”

—Record.

Staff Member—Have you been up before the Dean?

Editor—Oh, I don't know. What time does he get up?  
—Stooge.



“Why is your car painted blue on one side, and red on the other?”

“It's a great scheme. You should hear the witnesses contradicting each other.”

—Owl.

One thing about rushing—the back slapping doesn't stop after the boys are pledged. It just moves further down.  
—Ranger.

“Do you believe that perfectly awful story they are telling about the Thetas?”

“Yes, what is it?”

—Ranger.

Is this ice cream pure?

As pure as the girl of your dreams.

Gimme package of cigarettes.

—Sour Mash.

Blotto: I understand your roommate is a finished cornetist.

Motto: Fine! Who did it? —Lutefisk.



**ARROW**

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**ARROW** SHIRTS  
and TIES



## In The Editor's Brown Study...

**B**UILT around a Homecoming which seems to presage the hell-roaringest celebration in the past five years, this issue of the Octopus is also one of the better ones of the present editor's incumbency. At least, that's how it does seem to us.

In case you hadn't noticed—and you'd better have—the book has more in the way of pitchers than it has had for some time. The engraver may never collect or the business staff may have to work for three months to pay off this month's deficit; we don't greatly care about either of them. But the cartoons we've printed are, we candidly feel, as good a group as we could desire; even the ones we rejected might have found a place in less meticulous issues.

One crotchet we have this month might just as well be aired. People who come in once and then disappear ought to realize that we want them as much as they'd like to work, but that we're putting out a magazine and would be hard put to find time to chase them as much as they really should be.

Along this line is the fact that people come once and disappear or mail stuff with no names. Among those we'd like to talk with are the following:

Edna Tulane, Eleanor Beers, A. H., O. Fudge (!), Bill Stuart, Bill Spector. And myriads of others. Come back; all is forgiven.

The people behind the cartoons are about as anonymous as any group of workers on any publication on campus. The new ones, especially, merit a little introduction:

Lillian Hawkins, who seems to have some sort of a complex about petunias (or is it petuniae?) has been working out football players with absurdly large feet and small necks. We like her stuff, so long as it stays away from the pernicious influences of John Held, Junior. Prediction: you'll see more of her stuff in Octy.

Carol Liebl, who lives in Langdon Hall and writes letters home to Sheboygan, is doing what must be described as female Herb Bennett cartoons. We think she should take a little more time with her stuff, but we do like it. Among her drawings in this issue are that cartoon about Langdon and a number of little decorations.

Ray Vallier dashed off one of the drawings you'll find. He, like the rest of our new acquisitions, will eliminate some little idiosyncrasies which don't help him any. And he, too, is definitely worth watching via The Octopus.

Ralph Jones is one of the lads who brought sketches around. His drawings show definite possibilities, and it seems as if you ought to have a chance to see for yourselves next month. Rudy Jegart, the peregrinating art instructor, signed up for some of our very best ideas. But, poof! he gets sick and no can do. Next month, maybe.

Jean Mathews and Mary Jane Joachim, who did much of the drawing for last year's Coed Number, will be in the November Octy.

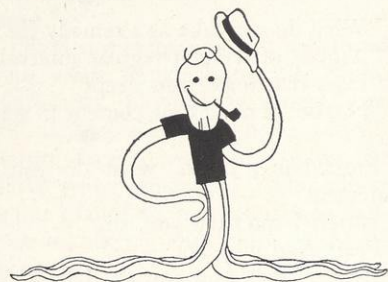
Which, by the way, means we have one fine art staff, especially if other people realize that there is room for anyone who can draw or thinks he can. The staff positions are wide open, and we just bet we have more next month than this. However, there are some returners, among whom are Herb Bennett, Jerry Erdahl, and Tom Hyland, all of whose work speaks for itself. Take a look.

Current as the theme may be, Octy has practically neglected student elections.

Frankly partisan in two of the contests and thumbing his nose at the third with all eight tentacles, the Old Man With the Eight Legs decided he'd rather be silent than obnoxious. Many will believe that he changed his mind; we don't think so.



## WISCONSIN



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# Moonlight and Hoofers

**T**HERE exists on and off—but chiefly off—this campus, an organization known as the Wisconsin Hoofers. Why and how they exist the Lord only knows, but what they do is within this story's province.

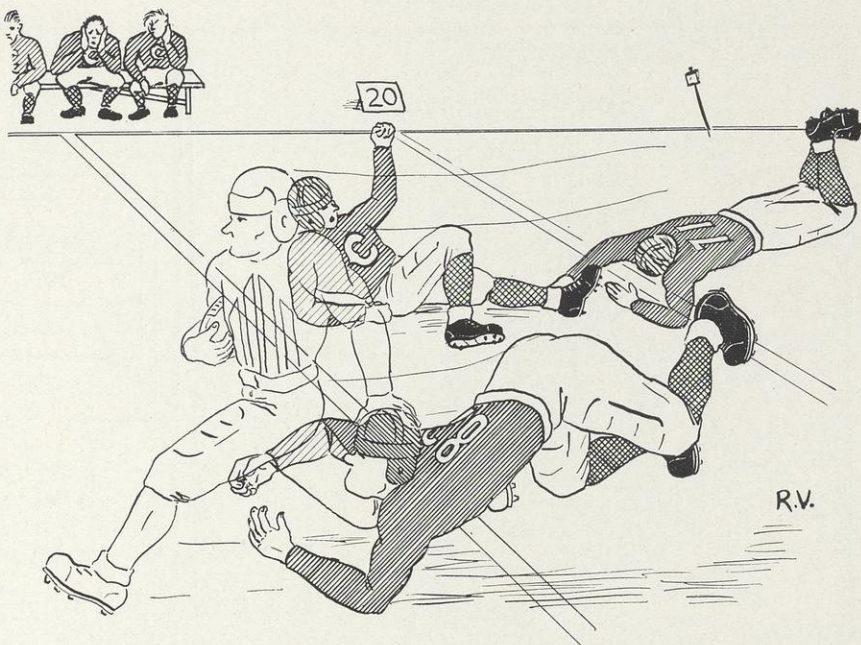
Stories of the Hoofers are usually greatly exaggerated and fall within that class of tales which would not ordinarily reach the ears of the austere readers of the Octopus. Suffice it to say for a starter, that the Hoofers are generally found closely associated with Paul Bunyan.

Paul Bunyan was the great logger of the North who recently moved down to Madison to begin operations in the far-famed stand of faculty deadwood. There is probably no truth to the rumor that Paul was planning to start in the School of Education until he ran across the journalism school, but somehow the rumor seems to persist. Of course, that's neither here nor there, but at any rate, it is in one of these places that Paul is first supposed to have run across a Hooper sleeping through a lecture and through him contacted the club.

The contact between them brought mutual benefits. Paul taught the Hoofers how to walk continuously up hill, all day, and end up at the same spot from which you started, while the Hoofers are supposed to have taught Paul a thing or two about how to smell barbed wire fences from a distance and head straight for them.

All this is really the point. What we started out to say is that the Hoofers club is a hiking, skiing, etc., club. What is an "etc. club." Well, we'll tell you anyway. That means canoeing, bicycling, skating, sleighriding, etc. That last etc. will have to remain unexplained.

As for the hiking, every now and then a notice creeps into the Cardinal, that the Hoofers are going to hike to the Baraboo hills or the Dells. Don't believe it. It's a lie. They're just a bunch of mollycoddles and all they really do is drive out to some likely spot in the Baraboo range or to the Dells; then they eat and walk around a bit and drive home again. There was



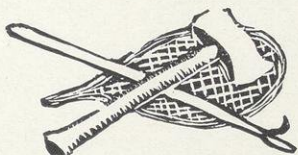
*"Cripes, the spirit is back!"*

a time when skiing was an athletic event and hiking was really a strenuous exercise, but all that is past. Hiking has now become a Sunday social obligation and skiing an established form of snobbery. And it's all the fault of the Hoofers.

**H**IKERS, too, have changed. At least they have changed their garbs. It used to be that when you took your girl for a Sunday afternoon hike around the lake, you were expected to look like a tramp or a professor. You'd borrow some clothes from an engineer and warn the girl beforehand so she wouldn't get scared when she saw you. Your girl, too, was expected to swipe some pants that her brother wouldn't miss until he got around to cleaning the car again. But now all that has changed. Last Sunday with the Hoofers there were some outfits that would have made a horse proud to ride them.

Of course, no matter how stylish they get, there are always a few proletarians who tag along in such a style that they can eat all we want without being embarrassed by their table manners. They seem to

be able to hike just as well as the rest. **W**HEN you first get entangled with the club, you become a "Heel," which means that you're the first part of the walking organ to get stepped on.



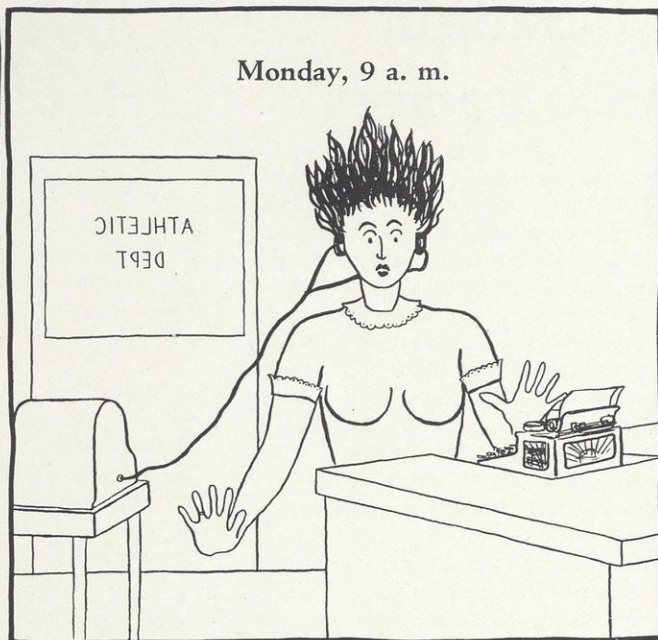
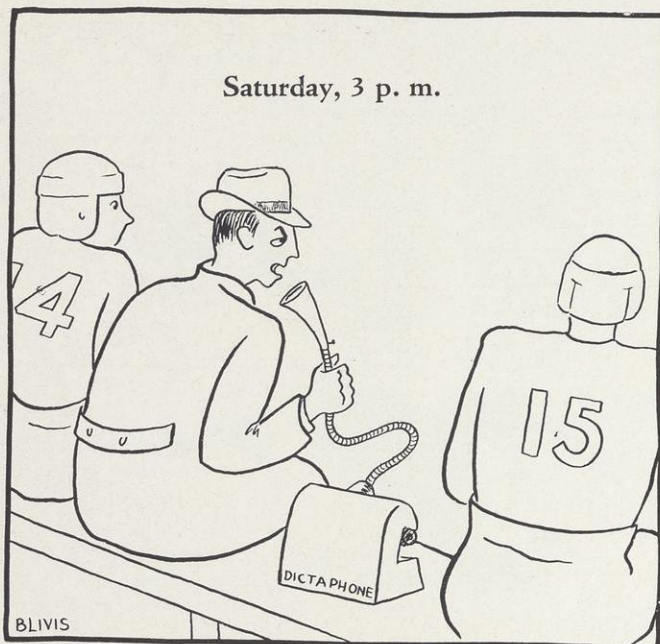
The first and most important privilege of a Heel is to pay a quarter to the treasurer, who probably buys gum drops with the Cabin Fund. He may abscond some day if the treasury gets large enough to buy a ticket to Lake Placid. If it weren't for this privilege, you probably wouldn't know you were connected with the club except for the fact that you get monthly bulletins which announce all the outings and meetings, and occasional special announcements. These come through the mail and your room-mate probably opens them when he sees that the envelopes are addressed in a woman's handwriting.

Heels can do anything full fledged Hoofers can do, except vote and there's no voting before the last meeting of the year anyway; so if you're a Heel, you have plenty of time to enjoy your inferiority before you lay down your dollar initiation fee. Dues for Hoofers and Heels alike run to the above mentioned two bits per year.

Madison and its vicinity offer exceptional opportunities for non-competitive outdoor sports the year around; some of them are swimming, hiking, skating, skiing, and all the other outdoor sports. And yet there will always be dumb fools sitting home reading the Octopus and wishing they could think of something better to do.

—GEORGE SIEKER





## Flunkee

(continued from page eight)

up at nine-thirty. He was standing by the door with a suitcase in each hand, and his hat on. A beaten look was on his face.

"I woke you up to say good bye. I'm going home."

"Home?"

"Uh-huh." All his pep was gone. He dropped his bags on the floor and sank into a chair. "I was down at the Rathskeller night before last."

"Hamburger?"

"Well, not—not exactly. I asked the counterhop for just a bun—no hamburger or onions or ketchup or pickles or anything—just a bun and some butter. He wasn't going to give it to me at first, but I talked him into it."

"All right, just this once," he told me. "But no more. People will think you're nuts—or something is wrong with the burgers."

"I ate the bun and butter—it wasn't good, but I ate it. And all the while three 'hops stood there and stared at me. I could tell what they were thinking—and I didn't blame them. It was awful!"

The kid buried his face in his hands, and a big sob came up from his heels.

"Take it easy, old man," I smoothied. "There must be a way out."

He shook his head. "No—not any more. I'm through. I went back yesterday noon and asked for just a bun—no

hamburger. They wouldn't give it to me. I tried three 'hops. They all said I was crazy, and didn't pay any attention to me, and kept dishing out hamburgers with ketchup and onions and mustard and pickles and everything to the others. Some of the customers began to ogle me. I couldn't stand it."

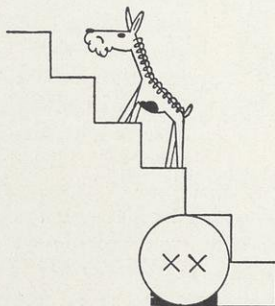
The kid's tears were disheartening.

"And last night," he went on when he had a grip on himself again, "a couple fellows suggested we go over to the Rathskeller and have a hamburger. I lied out of it—said I had a tooth out, and wasn't supposed to eat until tomorrow. They walked off and left me."

The kid picked up his bags and took a deep breath. "I'll see you when you come home for Christmas, won't I?" he said. I nodded. "And thanks a lot for trying to help." He plunged through the door.

I hated to see him go. He was such a swell kid. Funny thing, his not being able to eat hamburgers.

—JACK HAND



## Weismuller

(continued from page twenty-seven)

So Prexy Frank was called.

Prexy said with stern demeanor: THAT is Tarzan. Then a moan came from the little grass shack and a frightened Awhoooo. It was Buster T. Weismuller and he came out and beat his chest and said something to Prexy Frank in ape language and Prexy said not my mother-in-law and climbed up the ski-slide. Then Buster moaned very softly and ran along a big vine to the Carillon tower.

There he played "I'm Being Hunted by You."

When he saw Prexy swinging hand over hand along the line he moaned once very loudly Awhoooooooooooo and jumped from the roof.

His brains were dashed out.

It was an old family tradition.

### OTHER STATIONS TONIGHT

8:00—Your Hit Parade—WGN

8:00—Titans of Science—WGN

—STATE JOURNAL

We'll be listening.

Mrs. Minix testified about her husband's misbehavior and said that he drank to excess. Since April, 1933, he has refused to support her, she said.

The couple was married Aug. 2, 1936, at Dubuque, Ia., and had two children.

—STATE JOURNAL

Wait a minute. Let's get this straight.



# Phobia

(continued from page fifteen)

So pretty soon she comes down. She looked all right—no Badger Beauty, but no buck teeth or moles, either. Herman introduced me and scrambled out to the Black Bridge to get his date, and Gertie and I walked down to the Union.

On the way down she looked at me funny, once or twice, and then finally asked me a question.

"Have you a bow tie on?"

I admitted it, and she stopped short.

"I'm sorry, but I have a phobia against bow ties," she said.

So I went home and changed the tie. That was only the beginning.

All night I was running against the phobias. She couldn't dance a waltz; had a phobia against it.

She couldn't drink beer; she had a phobia against it.

She nearly went nuts when I started to croon "I'm an Old Cowhand" to her. She had a phobia against sagebrush.

AND that's the way it went all night.

As far as the Prom business went, that was all right. The president and three members of the Progressive club spoke to me, since Gertie was an independent (she had a phobia against sororities). Two Phi Deltas said "Hya, King," and the Chi Phis gave me some dirty looks, since they were threatening to have a candidate, again.

The party was over by 11:30, as far as anybody being around went, but we stayed around until 12—Gertie had a phobia against leaving early.

Then I had to get her home by 12:05, since she had a phobia against getting pushed into that dark corner in the hall and wanted to get to bed promptly, anyway.

Then I went back to old Nu.

WEDNESDAY and Kuugers met me at the door with a big grin on.

"Hooray for the first Nu Prom King," they yelled. "It's all fixed up."

Then they told me. All the other boys would drop out and let me get the job uncontested, if—

I felt pretty darn swell. It wasn't just that I'd get a free full dress suit that Wibbins could wear, but it was something For the Good of Old Nu.

Then they told me the condition. I was to take Gertie to Prom.

All of a sudden I was running around the room, bouncing off pianos and chairs and couches. I couldn't stop, but finally Herman and Kuugers and Wednesday all ganged up and tackled

me. Then they pulled me out of the piano strings.

"I won't do it," I hollered.

Their faces fell as one face.

Herman shook his head.

"I knew it," he said, "The poor guy's got a phobia."

## Frank

(continued from page seventeen)

a shave. His spats were missing.

"First we're going to throw a big feed out at the house," he announced, "and then Mary and I are going to get away from it all." The president, without his spats, looked worn out. So did his socks.

\* \* \*

## Frank on Way to Coast, Lauds Higher Education

### Will Enter Short Course at Idaho School of Mines

CHICAGO — (AP) — Passing through here last night on his way to the West coast, where he will be the guest of Shirley Temple, child actress, Dr. Glenn Frank spoke briefly to a large crowd who gathered at the rear platform of his train.

"What the world needs most," he cried, "is college graduates, and I am going to pave the way to this new era by my own example. The following three points, a, b, and . . ." But the train pulled out of the station, leaving the crowd to wonder what Dr. Frank's three points were. This was nothing unusual.

"Does she have her own way?"

"Does she? Why, she writes her diary a week ahead of time."

—Ranger.

# FRESHMAN LEARNS SMOKING SECRET

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

...HOW YOU UPPER CLASSMEN GET SO MUCH ENJOYMENT OUT OF YOUR PIPES?

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\* MILD DOWN TO THE HEEL

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# Simpson's

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## Homecoming a la Tete



IT HAD ALL begun on the train. The old boys were starting their Homecoming early, and Jonathan C. Smith didn't like it. He kept bumping into people who would grab him by the arm and say, "Of course you remember Mmmmmrph," and he'd say, "Sure, how the hell are you?" But what he wanted to say was, "Sure, WHO the hell are you?" That's the way it was all the way from Chicago.

"Course you remember Brp, Ssst, and Plah? Oh yes, and of course, Ppfft?"

Ppfft came over and shook hands vigorously, pumping his hand so long and energetically that at last Johnny was moved to retort: "O. K., you can quit pumping now. I'm quite dry." That took care of him, but there were millions more stampeding on. Ppfft had sounded familiar, though he couldn't place the belly that went with the name. Oh, it was fun, but always just the same. Even too much pate de fois gras can become nauseating, (and give you a hell of a bellyache as well). That's the way he felt about the Homecomings he was used to.



THEN HE ran into those juniors. How, why, or even when, he wasn't sure. He had gone to The Joint to escape it all, and to have a little snifter. Somehow he had attached himself to these three undergrads. They hadn't exactly cherished his company.

"We're sure you're essentially a good egg, Mr. Um, uh, er —." The snub-nosed fellow who was speaking stopped in confusion.

"Now you too!" wailed J. C. Smith. "The name's Smith, just Smith."

"O.k., Pop. This is Pillar, this is Dobbs, and I'm Fink. We're all juniors, and out for a big night. Be a good Pop now and pop over to the rest of your crowd, will you," pleaded the nose-less one. "We're glad to meet you and all that, but after all, youth has its vigour, age its wisdom, youth its vim, and —"

"— age its vermin," finished Pop. "Can it, please Mr. Fink, and let's start celebrating. I can take it. Let's go — the spree's on me."

They were reluctant to have their evening ruined by the dead-weight of an old codger. There's nothing colder than the burned-out ashes of last week's fire. He'd probably mutter against any little fun they might devise. On the other hand, if Jehova saw fit to plump a bit of manna into their laps, they ought at least to sample it, and give thanks, verily. Yea, first they could shake his roll, and if they didn't like him then, they could shake HIM. He didn't look so bad for an old boy. So they went, Johnny, and a skinny engineer called Pillar, and the fat L & S called Dobbs, and the red-head without a nose, Fink. After a few snorters at The Joint, they wandered out, whooping it up from State to Langdon streets.



AS THEY turned into State street, Pop suddenly began to feel a true nostalgia for "the good ol' days."

"Say boys, whatche say get s'm paint'n schmeer Bascomb."

"All of it?" asked Dobbs breathlessly.

"All of it," said Pop firmly.



"Now Pop!" Fink didn't like it at all. "They started that two weeks ago. The idea's lousy."

"Then let's do something to Lincoln."

"Naw," said Fink. "I couldn't—I'm a Republican."

"Let's go back to The Joint," begged Dobbs.

"Jeez boys, I wisht I had a bottle."

"A full one?" asked Fink. "I have a stab or two left in mine."

"Nope," said Pop, making a pass for the bottle, but Pillar intercepted. "Nope, a nempty one. I wanta konk somebody. I korked a guy once." He sighed wistfully. "What a nice shiny head he had. Not a bit of nasty old hair, all the way 'round."

The boys said nothing, but hurried on to The Joint. Perhaps, with a few more what-ziz inside him, they could induce him to call it a night. They had several of the bone-crushers all around, then Pop began yelling for a bottle again, and they had to rush out with him. Oh, to get him home!

"Let's finish your quart," suggested Pop mildly.

Eager to encourage this new, civilized attitude, Fink proposed his bottle again. All hands gave a yo-heave-ho on the thing, and when Pop got it, it was at low tide. With a well-enunciated "oomph", he tucked away the dregs, and turned to smile on Fink.

"Ah," said the good J. C. Smith, "a bottle!" With that, he reversed his field, grabbed the bottle by the neck, and moved in on Fink. Pillar deflected the blow somewhat, so all that Fink got was an egg atop his head, and a weakness *aux jambes*.

"I'm sorry," said Pop.

"You oughta be," shrieked Dobbs. "Fink's nearly out!"

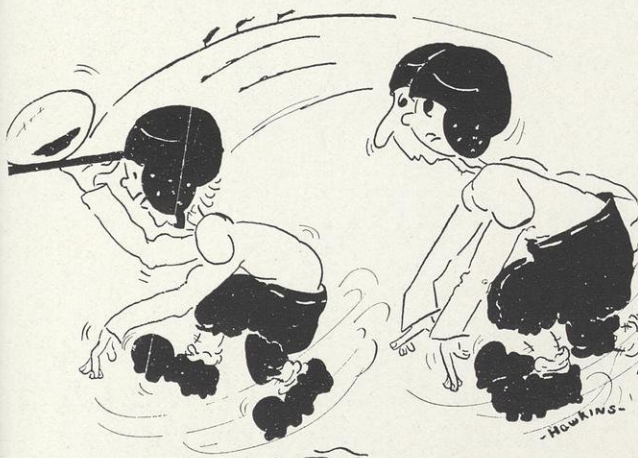
"I'm sorry," persisted Pop, "that Fink has so much hair. I wish he had a nice, big, round, hairless head." He shed an honest tear or two, and sighed deeply. Then he brightened. "But I'm glad he was a Republican." The blow had been zero hour for Pop, and now he was ready to quit.

"Home, James," he said weakly, and folded quietly into the waiting arms. After they got Pop safely home and in bed, they had to help Fink home. What—A—Night!



FUNNY, but he'll never know about his night-of-nights. But I know! Ah yes, I know! That twittering of birds told me, and the sprinkling of stars, and the lump! God, how my head hurts!

—BOB COOPER



"He can't help it—his old man is a butler."

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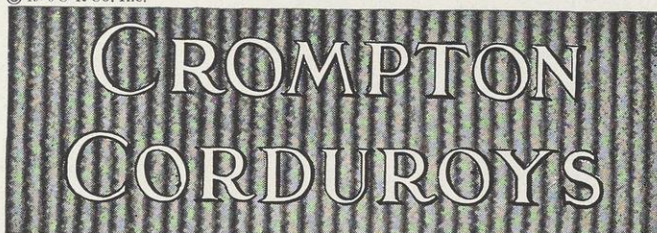


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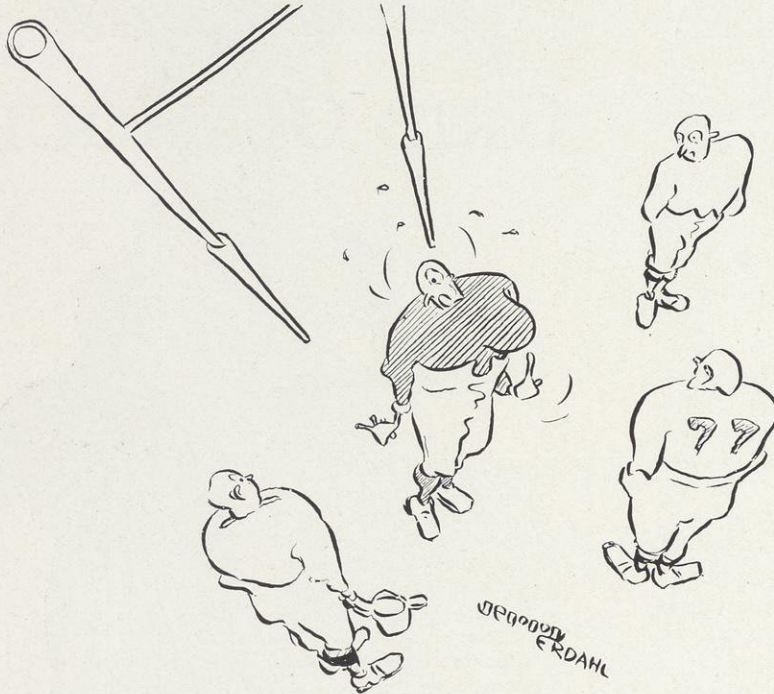
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"Hidden ball hell . . . I brought my lunch!"

I feel like Tennyson when he wrote  
"Break, Break, Break".  
Why?  
I'm broke.

—Voodoo

"My girl's got a \$100 Mexican hair-  
less dog that's part bull."

"What's part bull?"

"The part about the hundred dol-  
lars."

—Bored Walk

"Waiter, there is a fly soaring above  
my soup."

"Ya, you can lead a fly to that stuff,  
but you can't make him drink it."

"Waiter, there is a fly in my soup."

"Yes sir, and the one on your pants  
is open, ah, ha."

"Waiter, my bowl is wet."

"Shhh, that's the soup."

"Waiter, there seems to be a fly in  
my friend's soup."

"All right, don't fight; I'll get you  
one just like it."

"Waiter, how is it that there are  
several flies in my soup?"

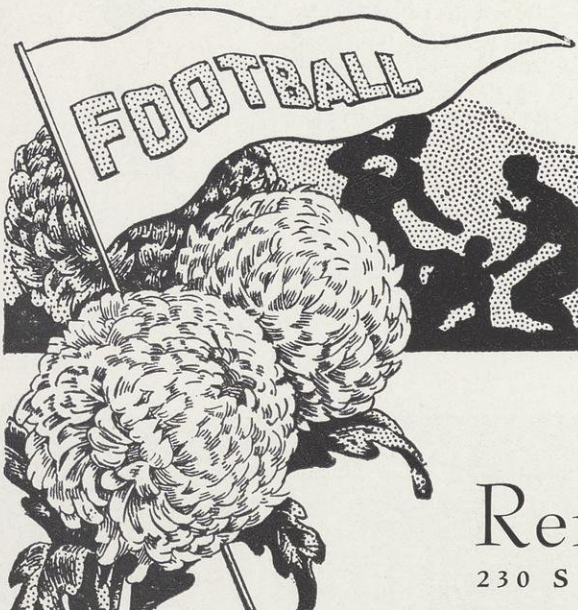
"Well sir, you see this is Homecom-  
ing Week."

"Pardon sir, but I think there is a  
fly in your soup."

"Yes, I *thought* it was a bit large  
for pepper."

"Waiter, there is a fly in my soup."

"Well, what do you expect me to do,  
make a funny crack?"



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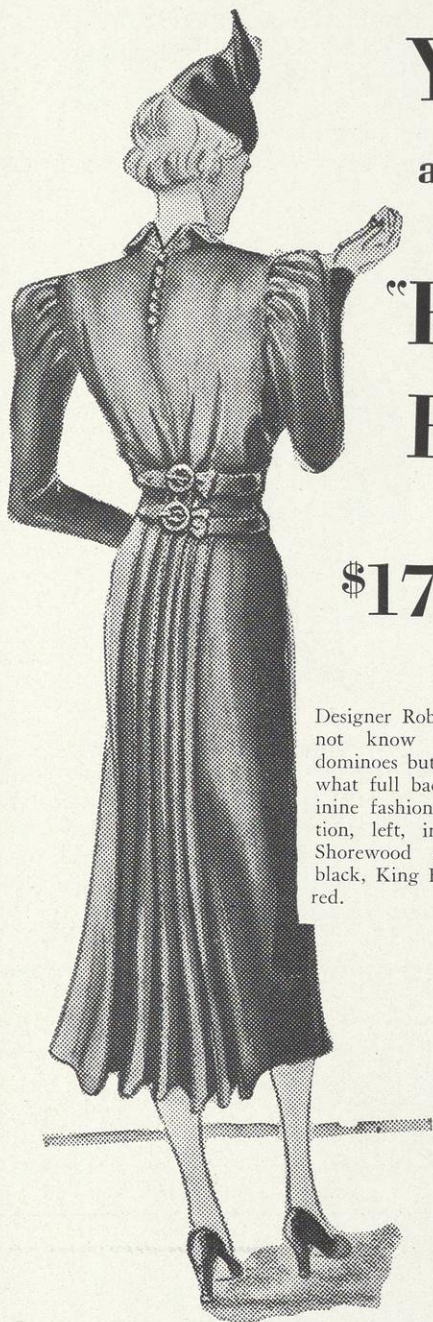
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**OLSON & VEERHUSEN CO.**

7-9 North Pinckney Street

## Fun on the Farm, or Why Does a Chicken?

She: Say, it's past midnight. Do you think you can stay here all night?

He: Gosh, I'll have to telephone mother first.

—*Jack o' Lantern.*

He: Hello, Baby.

She: I'll have you know I'm nobody's baby.

He: Well, wouldn't you feel like hell at a family reunion?

—*Burr.*



B.

"I hear you and the leading lady are on the outs."

Electrician—Yeah, it was one of those quick change scenes with the stage all dark. She asked for her tights and I thought she said lights.

—*Sun Dial.*

She: No, we mustn't! Didn't you know that the Deans have decided to stop necking?

He: Aw, heck! The first thing you know they'll be wantin' the students to stop, too.

—*Pup.*

"Oscar Wilde once wrote," said the fellow dreamily, as he parked the car, "that the world is a comedy to him who thinks, and a tragedy to him who feels."

"Well?" said the girl.

"Well," continued the fellow, shutting off the lights, "I think I'm about to get tragic."

—*Showme.*

### *What Is It That—*

Brings back more alumni than fraternities?

Plays to as many people as the team?

Is an ESSENTIAL part of Homecoming?

**LOHMAIER'S**

710 State Street

F. 1804



[illegible]

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HOME COMING HOME COMING HOME COMING HOME COMING





## YOU...and a LIGHT SMOKE

It is a Lightness in the smoke that makes people choose Luckies. A rich, clean Lightness in the taste. A smooth Lightness of "feel" in the throat. Puff by puff, a delightful sense of ease. From the choosing of the finest center-leaf tobaccos—to the "Toasting" which removes certain harsh irritants naturally present in all tobacco, every careful measure of Lucky Strike's manufacture is designed to please you more...to offer A Light Smoke of rich, ripe-bodied tobacco.

*Luckies—a light smoke*  
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"