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THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



"I AM ONE OF THE MILLIONS WHO PREFER CAMELS" SAYS RALPH GREENLEAF



"HEALTHY NERVES ARE A

Fourteen different times the headlines have flashed: RALPH GREENLEAF WINS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP. He is counted the greatest pocket billiard player of all time. Cool under fire. Often pulling from behind with brilliant runs of 59 and 76 to win.

"Even before I won my first big championship I'd already picked Camel as my cigarette," said Ralph in a special interview during recent championship play in Philadelphia. "I'd say the most important rule in this game is to have healthy nerves. It pays to be sure of the mildness of your cigarette. And on that score, I think, Camels have a lot extra to offer. One of the main reasons why I've stuck to Camels for 20 years isthey don't ruffle my nerves."

And America as a nation shows the same preference for finer tobaccos that Ralph Greenleaf does! Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in America



Fencing experts, too, appreciate Camel's finer tobaccos. As BELA DE TUSCAN, the famous instructor, says: "The fast action in fencing is very tiring, and I welcome the 'lift' I get with a Camel."

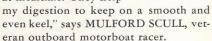
"I'm devoted to Camels," says HELEN HOWARD, top-flight spring-board diver, of Miami, Florida. "They're my one and only cigarette! They don't irritate my throat. Most of the girls I know smoke Camels, too."



IAMES L. CLARK, famous scientist and explorer, says: "I choose Camels for steady smoking-always carry plenty of Camels with me into the wilderness. I'm in step with the millions who

say: 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!' Many's the time I've actually done it."

"The way these light boats bounce around is enough to knock the daylights out of my digestion! That's why I enjoy Camels so much at mealtime. They help



DO PEOPLE APPRECIATE THE

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN CAMELS ?____

A matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS -Turkish and Domestic



___ CAMELS ARE THE

LARGEST-SELLING

CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

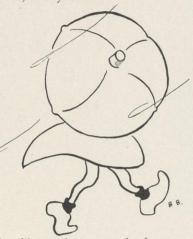
The Campus CHRONICLE

HEN the University gets around to building more dormitories (thereby bringing Ruin to hundreds of kindly, taxpaying landladies), the authorities should try to name the houses better than the last bunch they built. Botkin House, Siebecker House—they just aren't inspiring, that's all.

Christening the houses might be left to the residents; from the evidence in the rear of the directory the boys can

be trusted to select vigorous, catchy names.

Look at Pi Delt Milkshake, an outfit on Dayton street. Or Poppa Gimme Gelta of North Frances Street. Not to mention Fi Baita of Bernard Court, scholars all. Ye Olde Seldome Inn doubtless harbors a serious group who read Mallory and Chaucer far into the night; and Sliderule House, we'll bet, contains not a single necktie.



Utopia House keeps its chin up, its eye on the future—a

PLENTY SURE-FIRE Conversational Ammunition For Months to Come!

Brown's Rental Library

So why wait! NOW is the time to read and enjoy the best new books as they are released. The cost, as you see, is negligible.

3c Per Day - 10c Minimum No Deposit

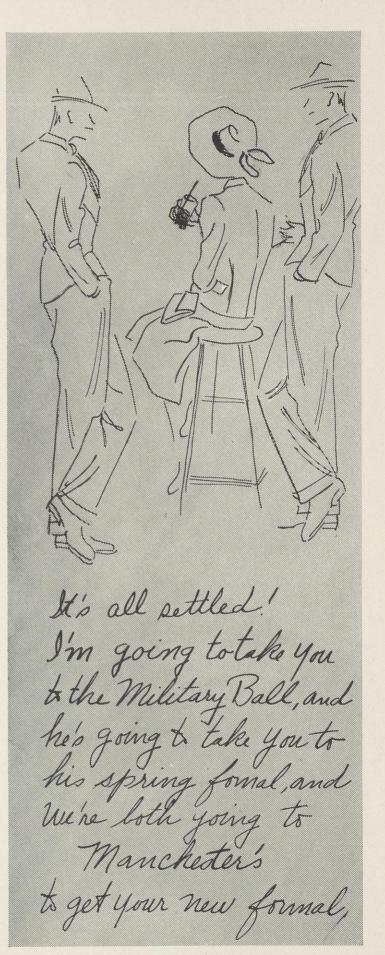
Not just books, but more than 2,000 of the best recent titles. Fiction, non-fiction, biography, travel, etc.

Over 400 Mysteries!

One large section devoted entirely to the best mysteries and thrillers.

STATE AND LAKE

Brown's



good example for the gloomy Dog House of Erin Street. Hofbrau-on-the-Mendota has klass, as contrasted with the genuine distinction of Charter Ouvriers of Charter Street. In a class by itself is D Rho D Theta* (Aaron Teitlebaum,

Ochsner House, Richardson House, Van Hise House . . .

ho hum.

Advertisement

We have evermore been intrigued by that little left-wing literature store on State Street. You know, the one which wistfully wishes for several reasons, no doubt, that the people would only read. We were delighted by the crayon and shirt-cardboard sign which they now have in the window: "Perlman texts on sale here"

Code

Prof. John L. Gillin, of the Sociology department, keeps his office door locked against insurance men, bond salesmen, panhandlers, and the like. However, he wants to have his students come to see him, so he confidentially announced in a lecture a code by which they could rap on his door and get in. There are two alternate signals; either, "Rap rap rap -rap rap," or "Rap rap—rap rap rap."

Ooops!-we let it out! Professor Gillin can change his code before the insurance men, bond salesmen and pan-

handlers get there.

Lost and Found

The following cynical note was no doubt posted on the Men's Gym bulletin board by a lad worked up to a white

*Not fraternal but mathematical jargon is this; d rho d theta is a frequent combination in differential calculus involving polar coordinates.

The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc.

Madison, Wisconsin * * * *

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* * * *

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heat and carrying numerous concealed weapons:

"If the fellow who commandeered my razor will call at the towel-room, Stanley will give him the leather-covered and plush-lined box and extra razor blades which belong with it. B. W.'

Games

And a delightful time was had by all.

Mr. Witte decided to call roll and obtain seat numbers in his class in Social Insurance. There are over 100 in the course, but that didn't faze the good professor.

After about the first fifty names, many persons were getting tired of the procedure which required each student to proclaim his seat number. Yet Mr. Witte waded on.

'Mr. Wibbins?"

"78."

"Miss Murphy?"

"63."

"Mr. Harmon?"

While the lad was looking for his number, an unmistakably clear voice from the nether section of the room called out melodiously, "Bingo!"

Driftwood

-found here and there on Mendota's coral strand:

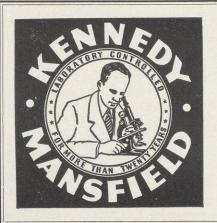
There is a student at this university named Willys Knight. That's all we know about him except he lives on Mechanic Street, and probably, with a name like that, takes an awful beating. His parents must have been crazy.

At Brown's book emporium all the employees are innoculated with an armful of serum to build up their resistance to dust at the beginning of each rush-season. Dust, in which book stores abound, will drive a book-clerk silly even quicker than an old lady who ask for McEvilly's Prints when she means Machievelli's Prince.

Sparetime Work

Any student with clever hands and a little zeal can go to all the dances in the Union absolutely free





For Perfectly Pasteurized

Dairy Products

phone

Badger

7100

A Swell Package!

Take a look



At an Old Gold Package And you'll see Why Old Golds Reach you Fresher and Finer than any Other cigarette. Because Old Golds Are made of Double-aged Double-mellow Prize crop Tobaccos, We guard them Like the precious Jewels they are! An EXTRA jacket Of Cellophane Double seals both Package ends So not one iota of O.G.'s flavor And fragrance Can escape. Buy your Old Golds Where you will, In Damp Climates Or Dry, You'll get them Exactly as we Make them. And that's as Fine as a Cigarette Can be made We think the gal's A Swell Package

Copyright, 1938, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

Too!

For Finer, FRESHER Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds



this Spring it's

SUIT-semb

Mix your own suit ensemble for spring. Try a plaid wool jacket with a pastel skirt or a plaid skirt with your favorite colored jacket for excitement . . . and all to your personal taste.

Wool Skirts, Pastels and Plaids, \$3.50 up Matching and Contrasting Jackets, \$6.50 up

Sport Shop

On the Square

... by a tried & true method, too.

Every time there is an important dance, Ray Hilsenhoff, watchdog of treasuries and comp-lists, finds that several lads have disdained to purchase ordinary tickets but have taken pen, ink, and pasteboard to draw their own tickets precisely in the pattern of the regular ones. With a little practice (especially if you are an engineer and have taken a lettering course) you can imitate the type used on the tickets, and even watermarks and "foolproof" backgrounds can be faked.

Well, fellows, Interfraternity Ball is coming. Three bucks here, two bucks there—you've saved a fortune in no time.

Toasted Marshmallows

A few days ago a Kappa in front of Bascom Hall asked us, "Can't you smell toasted marshmallows?" Everything she smelled that day was toasted marshmallows. We supposed anything that smelled toasted around Bascom Hall was Lucky Strikes, but it started us thinking. If they can make the smoke come out in colors to match a lady's frock, why couldn't they make it smell like toasted marshmallows or a roast of beef au jus? It would help places like the entrance to the Bascom reading room, where we've counted eleven people at a time a-puffing. Kappas have funny notions.

Alarm!

It was a beauty of a chimney-fire with smoke and sparks pouring up in a crimson shower against the sky. The fire engine was already audible in the distance when we got there and a minute later it raced up the street with fireladdies hanging on every hand-hold.

We watched open-mouthed while it passed us at top speed

and vanished around a corner two blocks away.

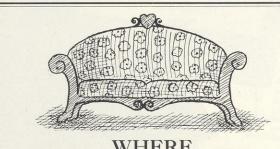
Land of Opportunity

We have been pleased to observe the progress and increasing power of Madame Dorothea, of State Street. This fall Madame Dorothea started out as a plain, ordinary psychic reader. Two months ago the blackboard outside her house announced proudly, "Madame Dorothea, Psychiatrist,"-a good stride forward.

Then last week the chalk-marks on her blackboard requested that all gentlemen desiring sales work report to Madame Dorothea. She is now in the retail clothing business, both men's and ladies' ready-to-wear, with a territory

all over Madison and through nearby towns.

America is still the land of opportunity. We can see, far in the future, happiness, prosperity, and four children for Madame Dorothea.



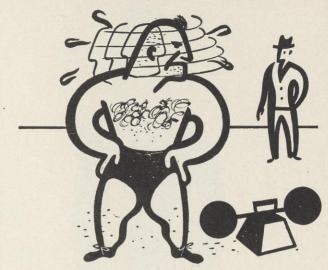
WHERE

have Cedric and Nancy gone tonight?

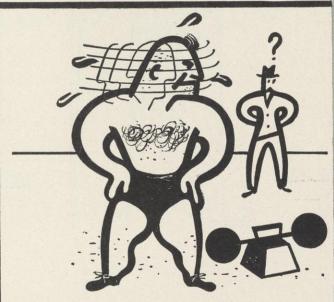
The good old sofa may rest, for the Interfraternity Ball is in swing.

> March 19 \$3.00









WATCHA DOIN, BUTCH - TRAININ' FOR YOUR NEXT BOUT?



NAW, I'M JUST PRACTICIN' TO WATCH THE FORDS GO BY





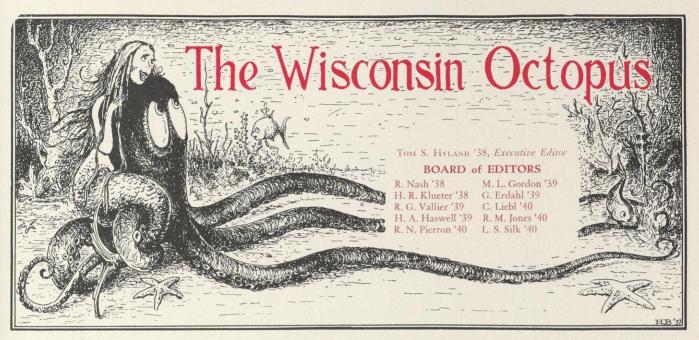
Resplendent...

is this gentleman, and for good reason... He s going to the 1938 Interfraternity Ball. Formal, of course, and none but fraternity men will be there. Probably the year's smoothest dance, in the Union's Great Hall.

March 19th

INTERFRATERNITY BALL

Three dollars a couple



Volume XIX

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Number 7 6

On Second Thought



гтн a light heart and a sparkling eye, we note the passing of the amateur from the contemporary radio and stage. No doubt the few remaining on Ameri-

can college football and basketball teams realize that their days, too, are numbered.

On examining Mr. Frank's proposal for the Republican platform, we find we can tie him down to but one thought: the Democrats have not given us all the things the Republicans have been promising for the last 20 years.

Classical mythology, in its way, is still valid. It is Adolf Hitler rather than Atlas, however, whose career it is to hold up the world.

We recommend to our readers that intelligent journal, the New Republic. It's just like getting your Daily Cardinal a week in advance.

Warships are a-building by the dozen in every land. The world, in fact, seems to be in the midst of the greatest naval competition since a certain Grecian face once launched a thousand ships.

Mr. Roosevelt is still close on the trail of the holding-companies. The best way to soak the rich, he figures, is to keep them in hot water a little longer.

"Depression" seems to be a nasty word to pin on our current "recession." As further verbal side-steps we propose recidivism, tergiversation, and detrusion.

Campus small-fry again begin their political activities. Politicians of every creed, we believe, make good bedfellows-they all use the same bunk.

While Coach Stuhldreher is in search of material, we might refer him to a recent advertisement that "Typewriters Make All-Star Football Men." We know a Mr. L. C. Smith who runs fine, shifts smoothly, but can't block worth a damn.

For a short while last week an unusual constellation was visible in the northern night-sky. With quiet satisfaction the university observatory reports that the entire event was a fourstar performance.

A recent writer favors a European war because it will get rid of the excess population of England. This seems drastic, although we have frequently heard that the population of England is rather thick.

Two robins and a crocus were reported recently. Another cheering sign that winter's icy blasts are gone is that our sorority maidens have given up bare legs and ankle-socks to return to stockings.

Interfraternity ball takes pains to point out that only fraternity men may attend. We ask you to imagine the disappointment of the hundreds of independents who have been looking forward eagerly all year to the privilege of spending three dollars to rub elbows with the Greekletter boys.



"What's bock, poppa?"

Begone, Corruption!

TUDENT government, as you might have heard, is undergoing labor pains. Sundry idealists, political scientists, and opportunists proclaim that le jour de gloire est arrive. The skim milk of the current Octopus board gathered in the Octopus night office last week, played the phonograph, talked of the weather, sampled the business manager's private blends, and came to the conclusion that there is a sick chicken in the political pot; whence in a flurry of metaphors was conceived, born, and wrapped in swaddling clothes the Octopus Plan for Student Government.

The Octopus plan (OPFSG) favors a democratic government, of, for, and by the students; we favor liberty, equality, fraternity; we are unequivocaly for certain inalienable rights such as life, the pursuit of happiness, property, and are *firmly* convinced that all men are

Fable of Folly

the elephant belched ever so gently ... said the alligator with compassion what you need is a dose of bicarb of soda . . . oh thanks said the elephant and ever so belched again . . . it really is serious, this situation said the alligator perhaps i should get you some immediately ... the elephant sighed and said oh thank you but i really am all right now . . . are you sure asked the alligator with his patronizing air . . . oh yes quite the elephant said and gently belched again and belched again

and belched again and

again

again . . .

-R. P.

and

created equal. We oppose forbidding women the right to vote and to smoke in public. We believe that negroes should have the right of citizenship. We refuse to give formal recognition to free love, as *such*; but labor unions shall have the right to organize and bargain collectively.

Briefly, here is what the OPFSG provides:

An all-student governing board is to be established and composed of the following: 17 from Adams Hall, 24 from Barnard, 11 from Wayland Club, 19 from Termite Lodge, 6 from Sliderule House on Gilman Street, and 2 from the Interfraternity Council. Each member is invited to bring a friend, and how are all your folks?

The above Board will establish standing committees of a *putsch* and storm battalion, a steam and gas advisory board, and a Pinkerton (GPU) unit.

The Dean of Men will be responsible to the all-student board and will report to the Board daily. His actions may be overridden by a vote of several members of the Board. He must be respectful and shine up to the Board members, or else.

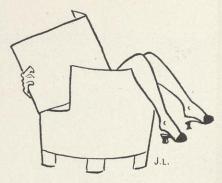
The Men's Union Board, instead of being entirely emasculated, will be made into the Men's, Women's and Children's Union Board; and Porter Butts and the women and children will go first, if they go anywhere, except to a free meal.

Because it is cold in winter and because Mr. Butts likes the idea, Wisconsin will be known as the Winter Sports Center of Wisconsin, even if it rains like all hell, in which case it will be known as the Indoor Sports Center and free waterwings will be distributed.

Instead of straddling the issue of Hell Week, this plan will assume the

position. All freshmen will be compelled to take freshman English as well as gym, band or ROTC.

Of course, as anyone can see, the purpose of the plan is to spread the gravy around a little. We've asked quite a few people if they can see anything good in the plan and we've stumped them all. But since, as one



"Oh goody! Strong north winds tomorrow!"

member of Union Board pointed out, we're only here for four years, Octy feels that a change in student government would be welcome. This may sound revolutionary to persons now in office; but, if so, so be it!

It will be noticed that under our plan the editors of the several campus publications will be placed under the control of the all-student Board. That body will appoint editors and thus assure the world and God that at long last, publications will be freed from politics.

Another provision of the plan would require the president of the University to report to the Board weekly and conduct "teas" every Tuesday at which time Pink Ladies will be available for all students above the age of sixteen who can show fee cards. The dean of men shall not be permitted to attend said jamboree unless he is properly chaperoned.

Thus the Octopus Plan for Student Government has everything. It appeals to the independent, to the man who wants to be prom king in 1943, to the independents, to the department of Gaelic, to the Men's Dorms, and lastly, it appeals to the independents.

It embraces every issue and answers every prayer. It is twice as silly as anything the Union Board or Byron Johnson every toyed with; it is as reactionary as the Chase National, it is redder than the rose.

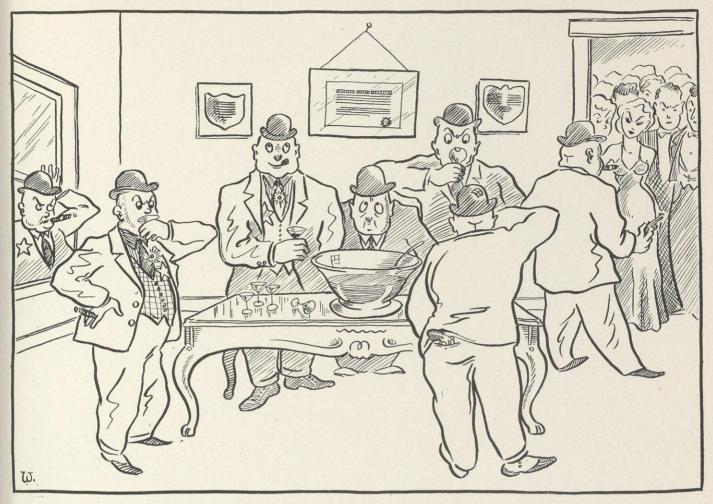
In fact, it is as good as any plan presented at this college and has two less legs to stand on. After all, who gives a merry whoop about student government? Let's have another beer.

-M. L. G.

George Daley Dies; Of Herald Tribune

-New York Times

Which is MUCH worse than measles.



The Adventures of Dean Goodnight's Secret Police

No. 1-Surprise Raid on a Bowl of Spiked Punch During a Langdon Street House-Party

Pitched Battle

PRESS DISPATCH, MADRID— Loyalist forces today captured el Arroyo, strategic junction city, from the Insurgent armies, forcing them to retreat across the Valverdes River with great losses. General Francisco Franco was taken prisoner.

PRESS DISPATCH, BILBAO—After a three hour hand-to-hand struggle, the Rebels drove the Loyalists back across the Valverdes River and recaptured el Arroyo, strategic junction city. General Franco predicted a decisive victory in the near future.

PRESS DISPATCH, MADRID—After a two hour battle, in which the Rebel forces suffered great losses, the Loyalists succeeded in recapturing el Arroyo. General Franco was taken prisoner.

PRESS DISPATCH, BILBAO—Loyalist forces are resorting to propaganda

as a substitute for success. El Arroyo is still in the hands of the Insurgents. General Franco has not been captured.

PRESS DISPATCH, MADRID—The Rebels are a dirty bunch of liars. And General Franco is a greasy little meatball. We wouldn't want him anyway.

PRESS DISPATCH, BILBAO — The Loyalists are a dirty bunch of liars, too. And, anyway, we've still got el Arroyo, strategic junction city. Mussolini says so. So does Adolf Hitler.

PRESS DISPATCH, MADRID—Well, we saw it first, so there. And we've got the deeds to all of the land.

PRESS DISPATCH, BILBAO—Don't quibble. We'll lay you two to one right now we win this damn war. The Insurgent forces today beat the *pants* off the Loyalists in a 15 mile running fight, chasing them clear across the Valverdes River and scattering them all

over hell.

PRESS DISPATCH, MADRID—Like hell they did! The Loyalists today won the Spanish war, beating up the Rebels like all get out.

PRESS DISPATCH, BILBAO—Well, maybe they did pound hell out of us. So what? Mussolini says we won. So does Adolf Hitler. Ha ha. —R.P.

Lowdown on Life

To some guys, sex is served in the pulps

From which to swallow weekly gulps;

To "scholars," sex is a secret nook

In which to probe Boccaccio's book;

To Esquire, sex is a colored cartoon

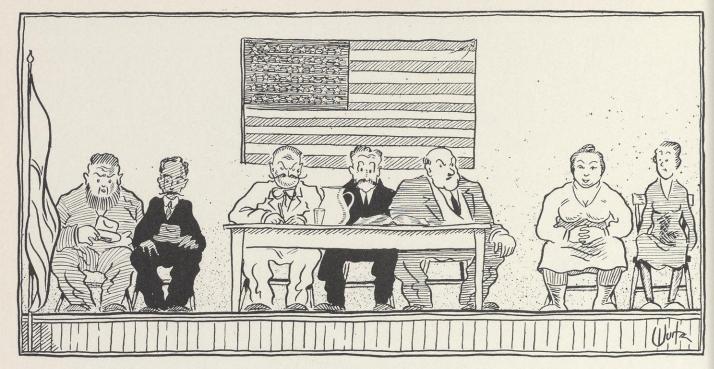
In which the husband comes home too soon.

—R. A. K.

America Not Dying, Frank Tells Ohioans

-CAPITAL TIMES

There's a load off our minds!



Hooray for the Red, White, and Blue! Be a Full Fledged Patriot and Join

The Sons and Daughters of Ellis Island



UNDAMENTAL among every American's Rights and Duties is that of joining a patriotic society, joining up with his fellow citizens to glorify himself through the alleged feats of his ancestors and to prevent the hordes of Satan from stealing the nation out from under our noses. Scores of organizations reveal how well Americans love to

congeal into groups according to the status of their grandfathers, great-great-uncles, and even their grandmothersfifth-removed.

The Daughters of the American Revolution, the Sons of Union Veterans, the First Families of Virginia, the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Colonial Dames, the Sons and Daughters of 1812, the Daughters of the Mexican Campaign, the Descendants of California Pioneers, and kindred societies embrace millions of Right-Thinking Americans in every city and hamlet.

But why not all Americans? Who among us has not wanted to don a shimmering badge, attend a meeting in a stuffy hall once a month, sing the Star Spangled Banner, salute the flag in unison, pass resolutions condemning the teaching of Communism and unpatriotic Economic Theory in our grade schools, and petition the mayor to put a brass cannon in front of the Court House to celebrate the great battle of Wambago Falls in which two white men and seven Indians were shot on the 6th of

May, 1807? Who has not wanted to join a Ladies' Auxiliary Drill Team or a Men's Drum & Bugle Corps?

A large part of the American people have no claim to distinction through the achievements of their great-great-grandfathers. Four or five decades ago their fathers were plowing or trading in Sicily, Bohemia, Bavaria, Alsace. Millions of Americans themselves came from these lands.

These tax-payers need the warm glow of satisfaction which true Patriots feel, need to join a society which will give them a sense of their importance in our history.

This need is solved. Last week was founded the Sons and Daughters of Ellis Island, Madison Steerage No. 1. Steerage No. 2 has taken root already in Racine, No. 3 in Gary, Indiana; the movement is spreading.

Fill out the neighboring application blank and mail it to the membership committee at once. Your ancestry will be checked to see that it entered this country after 1888. Persons whose ancestors entered before 1888 will not be accepted-the immigration laws were too lax and no end of stupid, criminal, insane, radical, and diseased elements were admitted. Their descendants now claim to be of superior

quality, a claim at which all true Sons and Daughters of Ellis Island will sneer knowingly.

Join now, citizens. We assure you all of badges, flag-waving, applying pressure to legislative bodies, The Star Spangled Banner at frequent intervals, and assisting the Daughters of the American Revolution to see that there will never be another. Maybe we will even campaign for pensions and bonuses for ourselves-as all true Patriots -T. H. eventually do.

Applicat THE SONS AND DAUG	tion Form HTERS OF EI	LLIS ISLAND
Name	(do not make X)
Ancestors did not come over	on	
☐ Mayflower ☐ San	ta Maria	☐ Golden Hind
Entered thus Ellis Is. Smuggle	d via Mexico	☐ via Canada
Nationality ☐ Hunky ☐ Polack	☐ Dago	☐ Dutchman
Special interests		
☐ Drum & bugle corps ☐ Flag-waving	☐ Red bait	ing Bonus up history books

Filibuster

STRADDLING his spittoon, the gentleman from Vermont arose to argue against the maple syrup control bill in the Senate. It was just 4 p. m. when Senator Williston put down his evening paper, brushed the peanut shells from his lapel, and secured the floor.

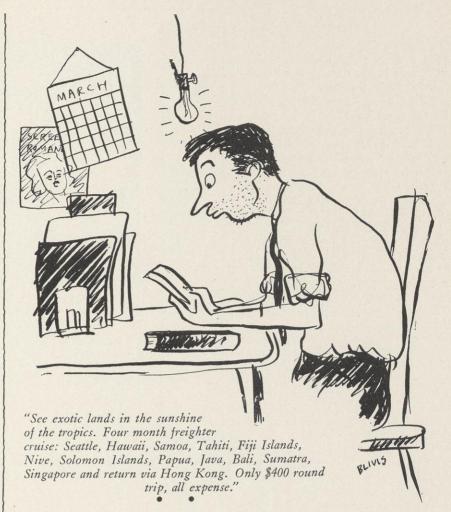
The favorite son of Vermont saw that it was up to him to carry the torch and raise his falsetto in defense of free flowing maple syrup. "Gad, gentlemen, are we to dam up the life blood of our citizens? Is the most staple product of the American Yankee to be butchered on the altar of sectionalism? Are we to condemn the breakfast pancake to nakedness or leave it to the disgraceful garb of yellow-streaked butter?"

The sergeant-at-arms quieted the anger of the Wisconsin delegates.

Then Williston made his master gesture: ten lovely maidens, each a goddess of ecstacy, descended to the Senate floor and distributed s mall jars of maple syrup to each of the solons. With a sweeping, majestic glance, the orator made his point: "This honey of our land must remain free and unchecked by the federal government."

But senators are a calloused lot, and

But senators are a calloused lot, and as the girls left, their popping eyes turned from the heavenly slenderness to the more realistic pouches under Senator Williston's jaw and belt; Williston realized that the syrup control bill had not yet been thwarted. But no freshman in the Senate was Williston. Drawing forth several books, he started reading. First came *Paradise Lost*, an appropriate volume, with which Willis-



ton was able to kill two hours.

But Williston observed that this did not completely lull all of the senators to sleep—Milton just wasn't smooth enough. Hence, veteran Williston, the pride of New England, the ever-resourceful E. E. Williston drew out a copy of Economic Principles, Problems,

and Policies. "This will surely do the trick," thought Williston; and he was right. Where the clanging and clattering of Milton had failed, the dreamlike symmetry of Economic Principles, Problems, and Policies could not be denied.

When the Senate slept soundly, Mr. Williston was able to stop reading—the book made *him* sleepy, too. Nevertheless, he was alert; and when a stray senator or two showed any signs of activity, the timeless prose of Kiekhofer induced a renewed doze.

By 8 o'clock the pangs of hunger had become acute, and the Senate awoke. *Economic Principles, Problems, and Policies* flowed again. In despair, the senators agreed to compromise: no prose, no maple syrup control.

-M. L. G.

Columbus, O.—One person in 10,000! Of a list of 18 commonly used words, only the above average exists for the correct spelling of the group. This was revealed recently to an advanced English class by Prof. William L. Graves.

The list is as follows: ecstacy, exhilarate, hypocrisy, indispensable, irrevelant —CARDINAL

One person in 50,000, we'd say.

Brief Specimen of Free Verse with Dominant Mood of Melancholy



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Can now, for a limited time only, be purchased for sixty-nine cents.

-Т.Н.

Grind

ICHARD, I've got a date for you," I shouted as I burst in on my roommate. Richard was buried up to his neck in books.
"I don't want a date," he protested.

"I want to study calculus."

"You've got a date, and you can't get out of it," I said firmly. "Besides, your date is pretty smooth and pretty lively, too, so please show a little life tonight, please."

"I want to study calculus," stubborn-

ly insisted Richard.

I dragged him into the bathroom, lathered his face, and put his razor into his hand. "Richard," I said, making my voice sound stern, "This is going to be a party. I don't want you to recite the Constitution or go to sleep. See?"

"I want to study calculus," repeated

Richard, doggedly.

We called for our dates about nine. I introduced Richard to Betty, his date. Then we all decided to go to the Blue Room. We were no sooner in a taxi and on our way than Richard pulled a pint of Seagram's V.O. from his topcoat pocket. The girls stared at it. I didn't say anything.

"Well," said Richard belligerently, catching my eye, "You said it was going to be a party." He took a long pull at the bottle and shouted WHOOPEE!, poking his head out of the window. The girls sort of shrank away from

him.

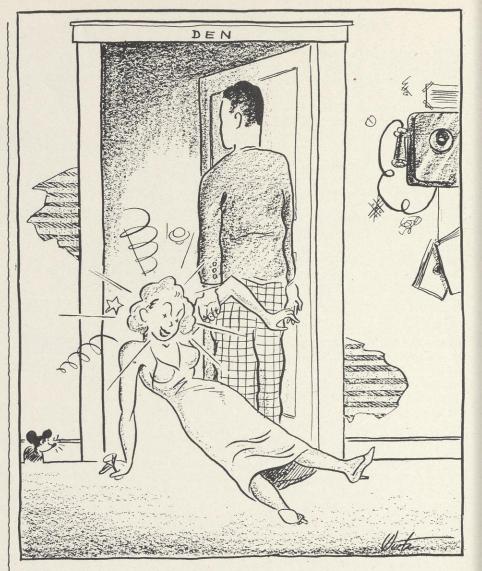
When we got to the Blue Room, Richard was telling us all about the time his rich uncle caught on fire and burned to the ground. He laughed uproariously with every few words and slapped Betty on the back. The girls joined in the laughter half-heartedly and uncomfortably.

Richard walked into the Blue Room in front of us, shouting boisterously and waving the half-empty pint of Sea-

gram's over his head. People turned, stared, and frowned. Richard ignored them, found a table that pleased him, and, in a loud voice, told the couple sitting there to go home. They went.

Then he ordered Singapore Slings for all of us. "Having fun?" he asked Betty,

with a leer. "What's a



"Did one of you fellows lose something?"

leer?" ask Betty, uneasily.

Richard ignored that. He piled up some napkins in an ashtray and started a little bonfire. He smirked at it for a moment. Then he contentedly sat down around the fire in a cozy little circle and howled at the moon. More people stared and frowned.

When the waiter brought us our Singapore Slings, he asked us if we couldn't please be a little more quiet. "Do you want to make a scene?" he said.

"Yes," said Richard. The waiter slunk away, glancing back over his shoulder fearfully.

"I want to dance," yelled Richard, grabbing Betty's arm. He pushed four or five tables out of his way, upsetting and annoying no end the people sitting at them. Then he started shouting and stomping around, still hanging on to Betty, and soon both of them were

doing the shag. I looked at my date; she was obviously ill at ease.

BETTY became angry though when Richard stepped on her hand, and she said she was going home. Richard started to whimper and cry then, so she stayed. He drank some Seagram's and his Sling, ordered four more, and mumbled, "She was happy and sad both and tears ran down her cheek on little cat feet meow meow meow.'

We looked at him in horror. "I was just thinking," he explained sadly, "about a girl I knew once who was just like Betty." Then he giggled and lapsed into silence for a moment.

Suddenly he lurched to his feet and shouted, "Hey, waiter, waiter, bring me a bottle of Italian vermouth, a bottle of dry gin, a bottle of Scotch, a bottle of orange bitters, and a bottle of Cuban rum.'

"I'm sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but

we don't sell liquor by the bottle here."

Richard glared and banged him over the head with his empty pint bottle. "I know how to mix drinks," he told us. Then he threw the bottle. Somebody at the far end of the room sagged to the floor, moaning.

A FTER that, I didn't remember much. I do remember though that when we left, Richard was singing "The Bastard King of England" in a rollicking baritone. Several men in white jackets were anxiously hustling us towards the door.

I woke up next morning with a terrific hangover. I managed to focus one eye on the alarm clock and saw that it was ten o'clock. I looked at Richard's bed and saw that he wasn't in it.

Richard was sitting at his desk studying calculus. —R. P.

The cartoon on page 17 is the work of Jerry Erdahl. The cover was drawn by Ray Vallier. Not bad, either.

Pox Vobiscum

"Six meadow mice in a year destroy as much grass as a cow could eat in a day. Therefore, the mice cut down on the cow's food, its milk production, and the farmer's milk check." E. L. Palmer, professor of rural education at Cornell University, suggests a mouse-hunting vogue to supplant the traditional fox-hunt.

-DAILY CARDINAL

UR prehistoric prototype—
The hairy-chested Troglodite,
So strong of arm and weak of
brain.

Who trod the Neolithic plain Was quite devoid of fear.

He tracked the mammoth to its lair. The saber-tooth, the grizzly bear, And every creature that left tracks Fell victim to his flint-tipped axe, Or dropped before his spear.

But this mighty Co-Magnon Brought forth no such valiant son. Rather, he begot an heir, A weakling, who could boast no hair Upon his shrunken chest. And as the ages flitted past, Man assumed a lesser cast. Short of stature, long of face— Truly a degenerate race, Feeble at its best.

Time has robbed him of his brawn.
All his innate cunning gone,
We find him now in '38
Weak, anemic, scrofulate—
A craven little louse.

Where his great progenitor, Slew the ape and the wild boar Modern Man will doff his serge, And answering some ancestral urge, Go out and hunt a mouse!

-W. J. B.



1963: A Cozy Little Reunion

Less than seven percent of the senior class have paid their dues—if at all—toward a reunion fund.

Pastoral for the Indifferent



FINISHED the vermouth in my glass and smiled at Dorothy. She looked beautiful. Her lovely blonde hair reflected silkily as she sat there

trimming her finger nails with a meat cleaver. "Would you like to dance?" I asked.

"Why, yes, I'd love to," she replied, rising to her feet and kicking her wooden leg into place. She stuck the meat cleaver into the wall behind her, through one of my imported French etchings.

Just then Reggie came up. "Oh, there you are, Dorothy," he beamed. "I wanted to show you that jiu-jitsu stunt I was telling you about the other evening. Really, it's too clever."

"Why, if Nicky doesn't mind," said Dorothy, handing me her gold-mesh handbag and her blackjack.

"Go right ahead," I said, generously. "Thanks," said Reggie. "Now, Dorothy, you run towards me-like thatand then I do this." Reggie threw her out of the French windows. There was no balcony.

After a pause, Reggie said, "I say, old man, we're on the seventeenth, aren't we?"

"Right, Reggie," I said, as I tossed Dorothy's gold-mesh handbag and blackjack out the French windows after her.

"Poor Dorothy. She certainly must have splashed." He giggled. "Oh, well, accidents will happen.

"Why, yes," I said. "Would you care for some punch?" He nodded and we walked over to the punch bowl. Henri was emptying a gallon of wood alcohol into it, at the same time argu-

ing with the two Homer brothers.
"But," the elder of the two Homer brothers was saying, "if President Roosevelt sees it that way, why, that's his business."

"Why, certainly," said the younger

of the two Homer brothers, choosing his words with care.

Henri smiled tolerantly and adjusted his monocle. "Really, you know how I hate to disagree with you, but I do feel that I must set you right on this little point." He paused, sampled the punch, nodded his head appreciatively, and, pulling an automatic pistol from behind his immaculate shirt front, shot the two Homer brothers dead on the

I stared at the pistol in Henri's hand. Henri smiled, "Ît's new. I bought it only this morning at Macy's on Fifth Avenue."

"Do you mind if I look at it?" asked

Reggie. "Why, no, old man," replied Henri, handing the gun to Reggie.

Reggie looked at it closely, tossed it about in his hand, and then looking across the room, shot his wife through

the head. "Nice gun, Henri," he said.
"Thanks, it does shoot straight,
doesn't it?" said Henri, replacing the pistol behind his shirt front. Then, turning to me, he said, "I'm afraid we're rather spoiling your party,

"I say, I've a jolly good idea," chirped Reggie. "Let's cut the Homer brothers up into little bits and send them home to their mother in a laundry case. It would be a good joke on the old girl."

"Marvelous idea," chuckled Henri. "The old girl always did appreciate a good joke. I'll go right now to look for a box."

"Excuse me, please," I mumbled to Reggie, who had drawn a cross-cut saw from inside his gray gabardine trouser leg. I hurried to the bathroom, took a stick of dynamite from the medicine cabinet, and sat down on the ivory tiled floor. I put one end of the stick into

my mouth, and then lit a match.
"Life is so beautiful," I said to myself. Then I chuckled, "They don't know where I keep the champagne, either." -R. P.

With a Smile

After putting the gasoline in the tank, the attendant came around to the driver and began:

"Check the oil?"

"Naw, I looked at it yesterday."

"How're the tires?"
"O. K."

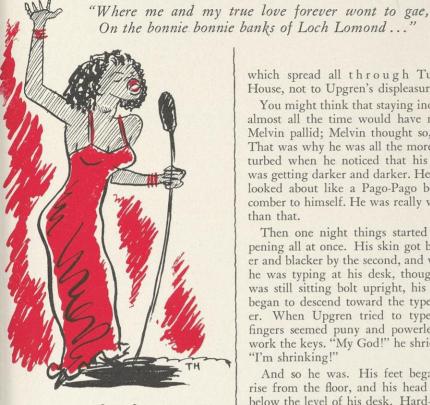
"Water in the radiator?"

"Yep, plenty."

"Is there anything else, sir?"

"Yeah, bend over, I want to light a match." -R. N.





Cock and Bull

HEN Melvin Upgren began living in Tunkle House, he always studied with the light of his goose-neck lamp almost full in his face and with his bureau mirror beside his desk, so he could watch himself while he studied. There Upgren would sit, when his attention had wandered from the path of printed words, staring at his firm hard forehead in the glass, examining every line and shadow of his head's cordy veins and jutting cheek-bones. Upgren was anything but a tough person; but his head looked as if it was chipped out of flint, and he liked it.

As the year rolled by-past midsemesters, finals and toward midsemesters again-Upgren sensed his head growing more and more like a bare shell. And it wasn't just his head. He had always been skinny, but now he felt like a long lobster. His ribs and wings and tibias poked out all over.

Upgren was distinctly the stay-in type. He loved his books openly, and cared for little else. He had only one real friend, an Edgar Mifflin, who came on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, to borrow his math homework. It was Mifflin who took to calling Upgren "Hard-Shell Mel," a name which spread all through Tunkle House, not to Upgren's displeasure.

You might think that staying indoors almost all the time would have made Melvin pallid; Melvin thought so, too. That was why he was all the more disturbed when he noticed that his skin was getting darker and darker. He now looked about like a Pago-Pago beachcomber to himself. He was really worse than that.

Then one night things started happening all at once. His skin got blacker and blacker by the second, and while he was typing at his desk, though he was still sitting bolt upright, his head began to descend toward the typewriter. When Upgren tried to type, his fingers seemed puny and powerless to work the keys. "My God!" he shrieked, "I'm shrinking!"

And so he was. His feet began to rise from the floor, and his head sank below the level of his desk. Hard-Shell Mel jumped up and down on the seat of his chair, clutching its bars in terror. He kept shrinking and shrinking, though, and getting blacker and black-

Finally Upgren dared to climb down the long leg of his chair and up onto his bed, where he huddled, waiting for the shrinking to stop. At last it did. Upgren scuttled across the bed, hiking over the mountainous pillow, to see himself in the mirror. And do you know what he saw? A cockroach! A poor little cockroach, alone on a white pillow-case!

Do you believe this story? Neither did I, when my new landlady explained the presence of a funny, little black fellow whom I found sharing a bed with me on my first night in -L. S. Tunkle House.



"Tess . . . what's a goon?"

Red Rathskeller

SHAGGY sages slump around Tables in the gloom, Their drone among the arches lost, Their dreams beyond the room.

German wisdom on the wall, Rumble in the rear; Games of rummy, checkers, chess, Thick with smoke and beer.

No letter sweaters flash about— Wisdom is enough; Red is seen in talk and catsup, Fortunes on the cuff. —H.H., T.H., M.L.G., R.P., J.J.L.

Shining Truth

UR congratulations to Marybelle's Sussex Tea Room. The Octopus Wages and Hours Committee has found that Miss Marybelle's shop is the only restaurant in Madison to label its hamburger "hamburger." Besides getting our fine trophy, Miss Marybelle will receive a nice white card to place in her window which states that the Octopus has approved her restaurant for students.



We wish to issue a caution to all restaurant eaters to be on the sharp lookout for the following which pose as something tasty and turn out, invariably, to be hamburger:

- 1. Shepherd's Pie
- 2. Manhattan Meat Roll
- 3. Tartar Steak
- 4. Imperial Pie
- 5. Liberty Steak
- 6. Pineburger
- 7. Swedish Meat Roll
- 8. Mock Chicken
- 9. Salisbury Steak

Hats offs to you, Miss Marybelle, you and your tea room! You have done a great service to your city and nation. Thousands of students will remember and love you. You are courageous, trustworthy, ingenuous, reverent.

Mad Mustachios

The Prisoner of Zenda, I was glad it was part of a double feature, because, frankly, the whole picture was so deep that I needed to relax after it was all over. My biggest worry was trying to keep the characters straight—Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Ronald Colman, and three or four other fellows with the same kind of mustaches.

One of the Ronald Colmans was going to be crowned king, but he drank too much the night before and couldn't. The other, an Englishman, was a dead ringer for the king after he shaved off his goatee (leaving just his mustache), and he had to be crowned king instead. Then there was the king's brother, who thought *he* ought to be king; and fellow conspirators and loyal subjects and servants—all with mustaches. It was awful.

The fight scene, in which everyone was running around the castle with a sword, was by far the worst one. One mustachio was all set to pin another mustachio to the wall when a third came from around the corner and nailed him. It was a swell fight, despite the confusing mustaches; and when it was over and they got the right king on the throne, I was thinking that the Englishman (or maybe the king—I'm not quite sure) had been pushed through the trap door into the river.

This confusion was due, I claim, to an uncontrolled, hit-or-miss use of mustaches. In spite of the fact that mustaches have outlived their usefulness, an irresistible temptation exists among some men to grow one. Perhaps it's to fill up an empty-looking face. Perhaps it's just curiosity to know how a mustache changes your map. And once in a while it can be traced to the influence of women. For what woman, forced to choose between a man and a sleek mustachio, would turn down the mustachio? Where would a gigolo be without his mustache? Or a French count?

But does her ladyship know what science has to say about mustaches? About twenty years ago a French authority on the new "germ theory" did an experiment. He walked two men about the streets of Paris, the Louvre, several large stores, and back to his laboratory. One of them was bearded, the other clean-shaven.

There, waiting for them, was a young woman, according to the North American Review for November, 1907, hired

to be kissed. Each man had his turn, and the germs from each were taken from the lady's lips and placed in a test-tube containing a solution of agaragar. When the tubes were opened three days later, the shaven man's was speckled with harmless colonies of yeast germs. The second, from the mustached man, swarmed with malignant microbes—tubercle bacillus, diptheria germs, bits of food, a hair from a spider's leg—so much filth nobody ever dared tell the lady. The conclusion:

"The microscope shows that each cell on every hair is the home of dirt and germs. The dirtiest and most dangerous, from the point of view of infection, are those of the mustache.

"The hairs of the mustache are always in a draft from the breath. This serves to supply them with all the dust and microbes there are about and to keep them moist, favoring the growth of organisms and the putrefaction of dead matter.

"If any woman could look through the microscope at a man's mustache, she would never let him kiss her unless he shaved himself or enveloped his whiskers in aseptic gauze."

Only a scientist would ever think of the aseptic gauze, but gradually the mustaches began to vanish. Today, film-lovers from the old mustaches chool, such as Clark Gable, Don Ameche and Groucho Marx, are finding tough sledding among Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, and Charlie McCarthy, some of the newcomers who, for the sleekness of their cheeks and upper lips, have been called "smoothies."

But while Hollywood was still full of mustached Charlie Chaplins, things were changing in Washington. The



nineteenth century had seen a line of presidents that represented all that's good and great in beards and mustaches, the prize probably going to the twinpointed outfit of the venerable Chester Alan Arthur. After McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt and his bristles started the fad all over again, so that all the politicians who had any chance to succeed him followed suit. But with Taft it ended.

LITTLE note nor long remembrance was paid to the Paris professor's ultimatum on mustaches, and the professor found it more profitable to grow a beard and write testimonials for Fleischmann's yeast. Still, the idea caught on; and since Taft all our presidents have been clean-shaven.

But some rulers have refused to give it up. The shaggy lips of Stalin and Pilsudski are as much a part of them as the shirts on their backs. And who, when he thinks of Adolf Hitler, doesn't think of that little patch on his upper lip? "It is still somewhat a mystery to the non-German world," observes the Literary Digest, "that its wearer has managed to overcome so large a handicap. Perhaps it is a symbol of a brisker, more businesslike generation."

I look upon it somewhat as a comedown from Hindenburg's gruff and kindly upper lip. And old Kaiser Wilhelm had a special attendant to preserve the military curl and bristling points of his mustache, and every night it was locked in an iron frame. But even Kaiser Wilhelm is an also-ran in the mustache business. When General Gaishi Nagaka, father of Japanese avia tion, died in 1933, his half-legendary 20-inch mustache was interred in a separate mound beside his grave.

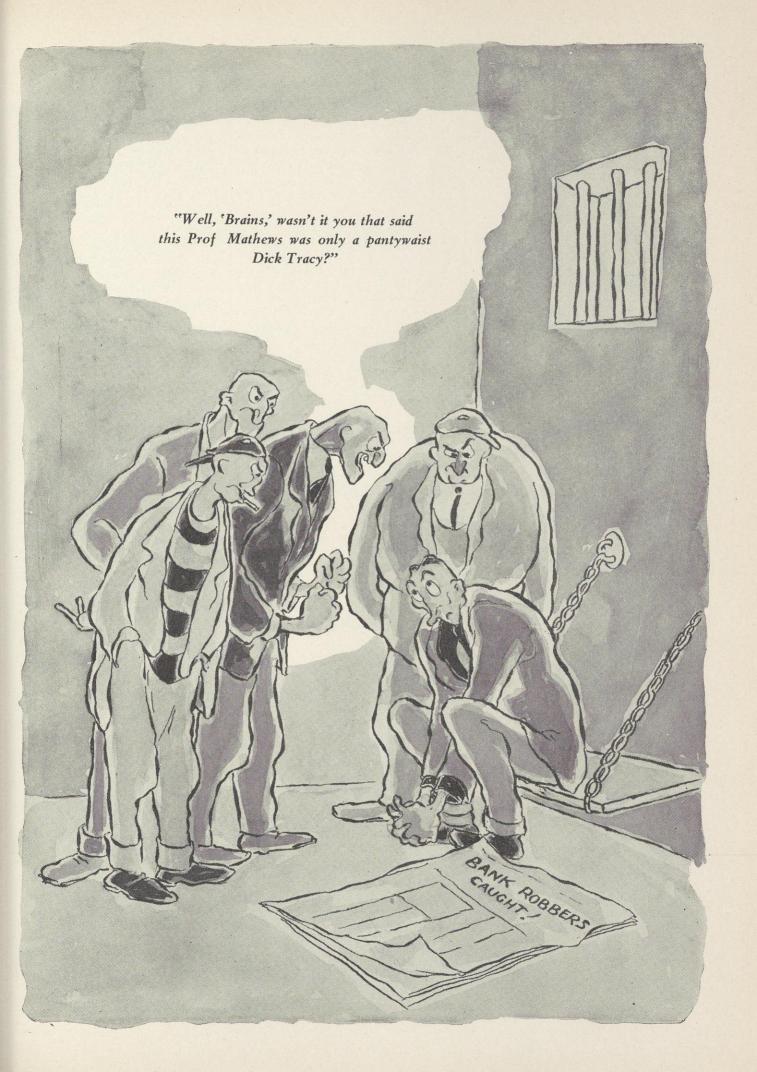
Last summer I tried to grow a mustache myself. I stopped shaving my upper lip, applied billiard-ball hair tonic, gently combed the little blond hairs. After three weeks I thought people should have noticed it. I sort of called it to the attention of a lady we were with. She acted startled, looked closely, and then burst out laughing. And so . . . I shaved it off.

Now I wish all the mustaches in the world had been buried in Japan with General Nagaka's.

—H. H.

WOMAN WANTS CLEANING F. 5750.

Who'll volunteer, fellows?
—Capital Times



The Facts

Curtin, a blonde newcomer to the press conferences, "what do you plan to do in the future about naval expansion?"

"You know, of course, of our sixbillion dollar naval expansion program," replied the President, giving Curtin a quizzical look, as though to scold the silliness of his question. "I feel that the United States must have a navy as large and powerful as any in the world . . . indeed, we probably need the *greatest* navy in the world."

"Because of our geographical position?" suggested Hank Marcus, an earnest young man with curly hair.

"That's part of it," said Mr. Roose-

velt. "Well, thank you for coming, gentlemen. I must meet Mrs. Roosevelt ... dinner, you know." He smiled, and the reporters started filing out.

"So long, Mr. President!" called Paul Brock, a white-haired gentleman who had been a Washington correspondent for twenty years.

"So long, Mr. Brock!" cried the President.

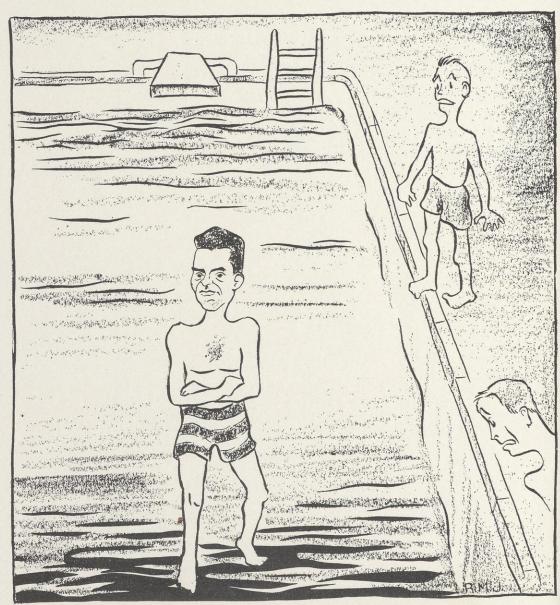
Three managing editors scanned copy happily.

One read: "Special to The New York Times. By Paul T. Brock. Despite continued opposition by pacifist groups, President Roosevelt told this writer today that he would not abandon his plan to give the United States the largest navy in the world. Explaining that the geographical position of the United States made his six-billion dollar naval expansion program vital to the country at this time, the President struck sharply at "

Another read: "From the Washington Bureau of The Chicago Tribune. By James R. Curtin. President Roosevelt today re-demanded that his sixbillion dollar program for naval expansion move onward at once. Pressed to explain his reasons for such immediacy of action, the President made references to the unfavorable strategic position of the United States in case of war. Washington experts tonight expressed the belief that what has caused the President's redoubled energies are new terrorisms in Japan, new threats to American freedom. The geographical position of the Oriental empire has given Washington reason to fear

And a third read: "By Henry T.

Marcus. In an interview with The New Masses, Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt baldly admitted imperialistic designs in demanding immediate action on the six-billion dollar battleship-building program. Loosing jingoism after jingoism, the President cried that the United States "must have the greatest and most powerful navy in the world." When asked for reasons, Mr. Roosevelt refused to be specific, but made some vague generalisms about 'geographical position.' It was all too clear to the writer that any attempts at progress toward a real, lasting peace would be immediately throttled by the greatest, and no doubt the subtlest, guardian of capitalist imperialism and proletariat oppression who lives today." -L. S.



The editor of the Daily Cardinal takes his morning plunge.

A Blithe Ballad in Doggerel

Of One Who Trailed the Muse and Was Lost, by Another

Note a co-ed at Wisconsin,
Tired of econ, and such tripe,
Took a course in writing poetry—
She'd heard it was a pipe.

(She didn't really want the course, But what was she to take? Poli-sci. or Latin 50? —Lord, it wasn't her mistake.)

She'd got through English survey, Her lone prerequisite, But more than she could chew was this Next morsel that she bit.

She remembered Robert Browning, Yes, of COURSE she'd read his prose; But nought she'd heard of Coleridge While powdering her nose.

"And William Wordsworth, let me see, Now wasn't he the guy Who sonnetized the blindness Of a sleekit tim'rous fly?"

"There's just one modern poet
That I really do admire—
It's Mr. T. S. Eliot
. . . . Or O. O. McIntyre."

She was roped in, she admitted it, But she was in a fix— She'd promised Gamma Delta Phi She'd make a one-point-six.

She studied odes and elegies, Caesuras and closed couplets, And wondered why pentameters Were not just called Quintuplets.

But nowhere had she got with it
Unless it was contrary
Till a friend of hers suggested
WALKER'S RHYMING DICTIONARY.

At first it helped her out a bit; Her rimes were quite tremendous; Tremendous? Yes, until the time She rimed it with rendezvous.

And "cough" and "rough" and
"plough" got by
About as well as spinach*;
But "dough" and "through", and "hiccoughs" too,
Were just too much to stomach*.

Professor Phipps had warned them That this book was dynamite, But she had to try it out herself To know that he was right. Yet suddenly the girl got good And no one knew quite why; She batted off Pindaric odes As we would bat an eye.

SHE wrote not only odes but sonnets, Pantoums, and rispettos, On subjects as diversified As garden phlox and ghettos.

It usually was gibberish
That didn't quite make sense,
But not sure what to think of it,
Old Phipps called it immense.

He showed it to the English staff; They praised it to the skies: "Why this young girl's a prodigy— A genius in disguise!"

No more surprised than anyone Was she. Surprised? Dumbfounded! (She still asked questions ofter class— She wasn't that astounded.)

First dumb, then bright, then dumb

She kept them in dismay; But like the writer of this piece, She didn't get an "A."

-H. H.

*All rimes authenticated and guaranteed genuine according to Walker's Rhyming Dictionary. Another good rime (says Walker) is mustache and earache.

Catastrophe

HISTORY in the raw blossomed, bubbled, and burst all over the place one day last week.

In Germany, 66,890,000 loyal Deutschers rose to the man to cheer the speech of Adolf Hitler. Eight million Austrians bit their fingernails in dread of unmitigated German aggression following the speech of der Feuhrer. Headlines on the same day announced the resignation of Anthony Eden, predicted the revolt of the English labor party in Parliament, hinted at the dissolution of the United Kingdom, and expressed the fear of war following the marriage of Chamberlain and Mussolini. Securities on the New York Exchange fell an average of four points.

Cecilia dropped the front page of the *Journal*, her eyes glassy, and one would think she had just fled through a jagged hell. "Virginia!" she screamed. "My god, VIRGINIA! It says that Hal... Hal... Hal Kemp and his whole band was shaken up in a railroad accident!" Virginia collapsed.

—M. L. G.



"Wider, please . . . I dropped the pinchers!"

In the Editor's Brown Study



TUHLDREHER must go.
The Wisconsin Octopus stands firmly behind the Board of Regents when the day comes (and it won't be long, if those rumors

we hear everywhere are correct) to investigate and purge the athletic department. When it's all over, people will say Spears got off easy.

Mr. Stuhldreher was addressing an upstate business men's banquet a few weeks ago, and before him stood microphones carrying his words to the people of Wisconsin on a state-wide hook-up. The coach smiled. "I should like to read you a little piece which I think is very funny," he said. "It appeared at the university in the student newspaper."

He then read an article from the December Octopus by our Robert Nash.

There is no question. Stuhldreher must go.

Eavesdroppings

We followed a couple of English instructors down the Hill the other day, slyly taking in their discussion of British vs. American humor, A. D. 1938. The British won with no trouble at all, and anyone who pretends to Culture

will agree at the fairness of the decision.

It is *easy* to prove the point. You simply place the Katzenjammer Kids beside Punch and see for yourself.

Nobody seems to have thought of placing the New Yorker, let us say, beside some British comic strips. (Oh yes!...the English have comic strips. Stupid stuff.) It would be a disillusioning experience.

And Punch has changed in the last five years. Its humor has become—God forbid—more Americanized. Many cartoons have been sold to Punch by artists who stole their ideas outright from American magazines. The reverse is also true, with even the New Yorker guilty. And the last time we saw Tit-Bits, an English sheet for the unenlightened and crowded masses, it was full of jokes which have been making the rounds of American college magazines for decades. None of them were credited to their source, either.

British humor, American humor—maybe they differ, but who's to point to the better? Only freshman English instructors.

Appreciation

Every now and then we gloomily wonder if anyone will casually note or long remember the humorous efforts of all the eager boys and girls who get out this funny book. And every now and then we are rewarded with some reassurance, however slight.

This time it was the Octopus's janitor. Late one night he unlocked the door to the palatial editorial quarters and stuck in his head.

"You know," he said to the sleepy staff, "you had one cartoon last month I couldn't get—at first. It was the one of Glenn Frank and the feathered barnyard fowl in every consumer's cauldron. I read it three times and then I got it," he said.

"Two chickens in every pot! Well, boy, I almost died laughing, I laughed so hard. I musta laughed for five minutes straight!"

He started to close the door again, but popped back. "And, you know," he said, "I'm a Republican. Not only that but a *Vermont* Republican. But I still thought I'd die laughing."

He locked the door, leaving a warm glow in each little mind that labored to put out this issue.

Anonymous

The traditional caricature of the college freshman as a wide-eyed, simpleminded, and shaky-kneed little waif is doubtless a hackneyed libel. But the fact remains that many freshmen wistfully want to do things, such as to work for the Octopus, while their shyness keeps them away.

This is prompted by the many anonymous contributions which the college editor is always getting, type-written and mailed in a stamped envelope without a name anywhere. Or a slim manuscript slipped under the editorial door, there is a patter of tiny footsteps fading down the hall, and another tender soul has submitted his work without having had to face the stern and contemptuous faces of the editors.

This is the safest thing to do, after all, because the editors are wont to inflict severe mental and physical anguish upon new contributors, tearing their stories and pictures into fragments amid sneers and growls. A magazine which loses a bunch of seniors every spring can, of course, go on forever without acquiring new workers.

There are a few freshmen who weren't afraid to see what an Octopus editor looks like in the flesh (wheeee!), and each has a promising Octopus career under way. One wishes there were more.









Platter Patter

My First Impression of You

Fats Waller puts a little more emphasis than usual on the piano, but he also does a first-rate vocal with trumpet interpolations here and there. *Am I in Another World* is good stuff, too, and just to make it a bargain Fats produces an electric guitar. VICTOR.

Champagne Cocktail

After hearing this, we dashed right up to the Park, but after looking at the price we had a small beer. Still if it was as good as the Ambrose version it was probably worth it. *Tarantula* on the reverse is the same type and almost as good. DECCA.

Mama, That Moon Is Here Again

Benny Goodman swings through this in fine fashion with Martha Tilton vocalizing. You Took the Words Right Out of My Heart is slower, but just as good. Two good sides. VICTOR.

Frisco Fog

Jimmie Lunceford gives his impression; and though it sounds at times like he's lost in it, the final result, due to good sax and drum work, is really OK. The back side is a tear-it-down arrangement of *Annie Laurie* with that saxophone again. Another good two sider. DECCA.

True Confession

This record would be a great seller if you had television in your gramophone; but since you can only listen to Dorothy Lamour, it's just another record. *Moon of Manakoora* is a little sweeter, but it's like the other sidegood if you like a long vocal, otherwise . . . BRUNSWICK.

Ten Pretty Girls

If any of you people are troubled with insomnia, you might try this or *I Saw a Ship A-Sailing*. The numbers



have possibilities, but for some reason Ambrose kills them. DECCA.

The One I Love

Somebody ought to tell Tommy Dorsey that it takes more than his trombone and a Jack Leonard vocal to make a lot of songs worth listening to. *Can't I* happens to be on the other side. VICTOR.

Bei Mir Bist Du Schon

The Benny Goodman Quartet turns out a two sider of this overworked number with Martha Tilton again assisting. The A side is standard with the vibraphone carrying a great deal of the time. On the B side the Quartet borrows Ziggy Elman and his trumpet for a real swing session. VICTOR.

Have You Met Miss Jones?

Glen Gray tries his hand at a number with slower tempo, and turns out capable renditions of two not-too-good songs. *I'd Rather Be Right* is the other one. Glen can't quite restrain himself on this one, though, and throws in one swingy chorus. DECCA.

The Parade of the Bands

Richard Himber uses up two whole sides to imitate Clyde McCoy, Wayne King, Tommy Dorsey, and a couple of others. Your little sister in high school might like it, but we frown. VICTOR.

Sophisticated Swing

Ozzie Nelson gives out a foot tapping arrangement of a clever number. *Tain't Good* gives Shirley Lloyd a chance to outshout the band. The sax section does a lot of carrying on both sides. BRUNSWICK.

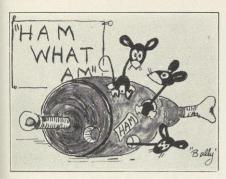
I'm a Ding Dong Daddy

The Benny Goodman Quartet again, with Krupa doing some plain and fancy pounding on assorted drums and Hampton and Wilson coming out of nowhere for solo parts. Somebody apparently got misplaced before they made the reverse side because it is only the trio that plays Where or When. VICTOR.

This Little Ripple Had Rhythm

Shep Fields seems to have a full time man in the bubble blowing department because it is all over this nursery rhyme arrangement. You Took the Words Right Out of My Heart does well under the Fields style which we like, but which you may not. BLUE-BIRD.

—H. R. K.



"I pledged just to go."

Fiancee: "Honey, before we're married I want to tell you about some mistakes I've made."

Fiance: "But, darling, you told me about your past mistakes a couple of weeks ago.'

Fiancee: "Yes, but that was a couple of weeks ago."

-Purple Cow.

He-Frosh: "Do you love me?"

She-Frosh: "Uh-hunh." He-Frosh: "Then why doesn't your chest heave like in the movies?"

-Pelican.

For hours they rode along the country road in an antiquated buggy. Not a word had been said and, but for the sound of the horse's hoofs, there was complete silence. Finally:

He: "Huh?"
She: "Uh, huh!"
He: "Whoa, horse."

-Pelican.

An old darky approached the minister cautiously and lightly tapped him

on the shoulder.
"Parson, suh," he said, "Ah wants you all to pray for me. Ah's in a bad way, suh.'

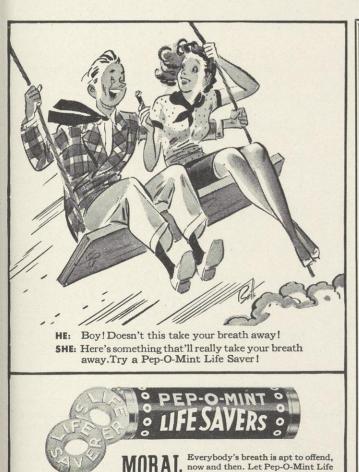
"Well, Rastus, what's wrong with you?"

"Suh, ah's got a floating kidney, Ah has, suh."

"But Rastus," replied the minister, "I can't pray for physical things like that; I only pray for spiritual things."

"You all can't pray for a floating kidney? Then how come you all prayed last Sunday for the loose liv--Pointer.

Times are picking up. We know because we saw a man in a breadline with an electric toaster under his arm.



Savers sweeten yours after eating,

drinking or smoking.

FREE! The Editors of Octopus each month award a box of Twelve Assorted LIFE SAVERS Free to the Reader submitting the best Joke This month's Winner is a lass named Peggy Harper

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Congratulations

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TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, 8:30 P. M., E.S. T., NBC Red Network.

"If the People Would Only Read"—Marx

Teacher: "Johnnie, did you want to leave the room?"

Johnnie: "Say, teacher, you don't think I'm standing here hitch-hikin', do yuh?" —Gargoyle.

"Did you kiss that beautiful girl you were out with last night?"

"No; isn't taking her out to eat and to a show enough?"

-Chaparral.

Co-ed: "We must be getting home . . . We girls are out after hours."

Freshman: "We're out after ours, too."

—Lampoon.

Inquisitive: What did the Night Clerk do when he caught you looking over the girl's transom?

Bell Boy: Not a thing. He sees things the same way I do. —Pelican.

"Honestly, Girly, I'm afraid of my own shadow."

"G'wan, you can't kid me. These lights are staying on."

"Oh keeper," said the middle-aged woman at the zoo. "Is that a male or female hippopotamus?"

"Madame," said the keeper, "I don't see what difference that would make to anybody but another hippopotamus."

-Pelican.



"You can't come to our ball you ain't a Greek letter-man!"

"Bring back anything from Paris?"
"Aw, shut up." — Lampoon.

Wife: "Goodness, George, this is not our baby. This is the wrong carriage."

Hubby: "Shut up. This is a better carriage." —Record.

Female Customer: "Where's the women's lingerie?"

Clerk: "Sporting goods on the second floor, ma'am." —Froth.

Prof.: "How would you like to talk to the Dean, young man?"

Young man: "Through a spirit medium, sir." — Turnip.

Smith: "How many times have I kissed you tonight?"

P. James: "Only three times—you remember mother came in once and I answered the phone once!"

-Pelican.

Millie: "Would you think it was telepathy if we were thinking of the same thing?"

Clay: "No, just plain good luck."

-Tiger.

"Robinson?"

"Here."

"Rosenthal?"

"Present."

"Mary Smith?"

"Here, sir."

"Wanamaker?"

"Hell, yes!"

-Lampoon.

Old Lady—Little boy, I wouldn't kick my sister around the street like that if I were you.

Little Boy-Oh, it's all right. She's lead.

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

He—Nothing, unless he is evilminded. —Octopus.**

* We never saw this before, but all the other magazines are crediting us with this joke. We thought our own readers might like it.

"You look as though you were poured into your dress."

"Oh, thanks!"

"But you shouldn't have run over." Punch Bowl.

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