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The Wisconsin Octopus: Scandal and dirt number. [Vol. 14, No. 3] November 23, 1932

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, November 23, 1932

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The Wisconsin Octopus



Here's a local Greek group celebrating the dedication of their new house shown at the right.

SCANDAL AND DIRT NUMBER

*Pardon my poise
—I'm keeping cool
with OLD GOLD*



**When you're in a Hot Spot
—light a cool OLD GOLD**

Finer tobacco, that's the answer.
Queen-leaf tobacco from the heart of
the stalk. The choicest and coolest
burning of all Turkish and domestic.

Get this, folks:
OLD GOLDS are FULL-WEIGHT

not a cough in a carload



Selling
Without
Advertising

IS LIKE

Fishing
Without
Bait

FOR WAYS AND MEANS SEE

DEMOCRAT PRINTING COMPANY

114 SOUTH CARROLL STREET

--

MADISON, WISCONSIN

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Octy wishes to express its sincere thanks to the Wisconsin Badger, University of Texas Ranger, Wisconsin Journal of Education, Democrat Printing Company, and Wisconsin Alumni Magazine for the use of many of the cuts appearing in this issue.

O C T O P U S

NOVEMBER » »

FIGURE IT OUT
FOR YOURSELF

HEY!
HEY!

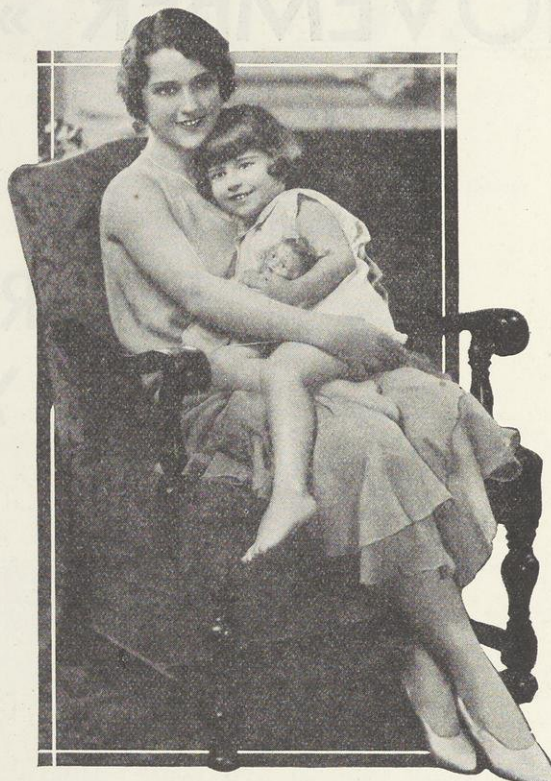


OH FRED!



● Frederick Juul Noer, crusading editor of Wisconsin's Daily Cardinal, for some reason or other has his laundry done at the Pi Phi house. Here is our luminary on his way there to fetch it.

MRS. HANSON!!



● Well, of all things, our Prom King didn't tell us during the campaign of his wife and kiddie back in Omaha. "I am so glad Chuck was elected," says Mrs. Hanson, "and you may tell those co-eds up in Madison that I, and nobody else, am going to Prom with him."

MY! MY!



● The Tri-delts get their men—and how! Here we have an intimate view of the Delta Delta Delta parlor on one of these cold winter nights when romance seeks the fireplace. Boys, boys, if mother only knew!

DARING EXPOSÉ!

Shameless Sorority Sisters Swing Savage Shindig!

WHILE it has been an acknowledged fact that University of Wisconsin sorority sistern have been slowly sinking in a mire of hilarity little have most people realized how terrifying the situation really is. Sorority parties, once models for etiquette and grace, are now no more than mere, common brawls with bottles sailing through the air and co-eds sailing through what had been in the bottles.

Gamma Phi Beta is one of the worst offenders of the current season and goes on record with a bang for having a real party. According to the boys who were there never in the history of the school has there been a party so revealing and far-seeing as this one. Four Phi Deltis who were trapped in one of the third floor rooms until the middle of the next week said it was swell.

However the more conservative element on the campus frown at such goings-on and shudder to think of the next generation and the future. "It

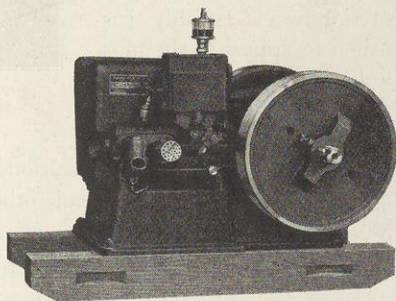
is with regret," stated a Beta whom we interviewed, "that I passed out at nine o'clock as I was very anxious to see what was going on and put a stop to whatever it was!"

Innovations galore greeted the guests at the party. All of us know what trouble it is to find our derbies

larity whatsoever. The Gamma Phis, however, remedied this situation and purchased a little pulverizing machine into which the boys threw their derbies and from which they were returned all slashed up in a pretty design.

Deviltry and pranks of all sorts marked the occasion. One of the sistern poured hot lard down the back of one of the boys there, and then they all got together to throw bottles at the ambulance men who came to get him. This created a lot of excitement for a time, but was forgotten when two couples crawled into the base drum and rolled around the floor tripping everybody.

OCTOPUS takes its stand against orgies of this type. We stand for safe and sane parties where no one is afraid to blow his breath in the house-mother's face, where young folk can sip fruit punch and twitter and dance in a gentlemanly fashion, and where none of the gals leave the house but are all tucked safely in bed at 12:30.



Derby Pulverizer

at sorority parties and how disgusting and disappointing it is to find them mishapen and crushed with no regu-

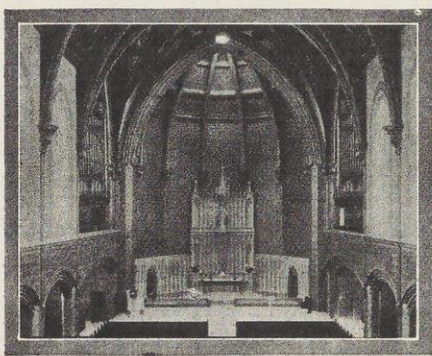


Horrible Orgy Enacted at Recent Gamma Phi Party

Snoopy Feds Make Raid on Groggy Gertie's Joint

PRETENTIOUS "SPEAK" DISCOVERED IN STEWDENT SECTION

WOULD you believe it? A vice den right in our own midst! In one of the most spectacular raids in recent years federal agents descended on the large stone structure at the corner of Langdon and Henry streets and



Lavish interior at Gertie's

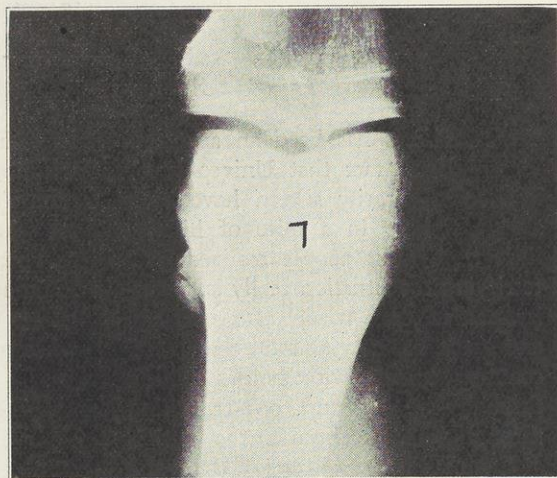
padlocked what every righteous student knows was one of the campus nuisances. Disguised as Sig Chis (pie plate pins) three droopy looking individuals walked right in and asked for their blind dates, but the barmaid who met them, Helen (Gin) Ricky, evidently thought they wanted to get blind and shooed them out into the kitchen after snaking a bottle of grog juice from the piano box. Here they were joined by Fierce Jane Fierce, hoola dancer, who entertained the boys with some snappy ditties and a few shakes.

Time passed and everyone was having a swell time when Gin Ricky became a bit perplexed when none of the fellows took the dip and began to doubt if they were really Sig Chis after all. This suspicion turned to certainty when the huskiest of the trio arrested both Ricky and Fierce on the grounds of selling

headspinning rotgut (and by that time the heads of both the gals were spinning about too).

Gertie's joint has been one of the most popular hangouts for playboy stewdents that the university has ever seen since prohibition days. There was always an attractive group of entertainers, a steady flow of giggle gargle, and the place was open all night. The interior was lavishly furnished to appeal to the most high class trade whose cash trickled into the cash register in such quantities that Gertie and the girls often vacationed in splendor at Westport and other Wisconsin spas.

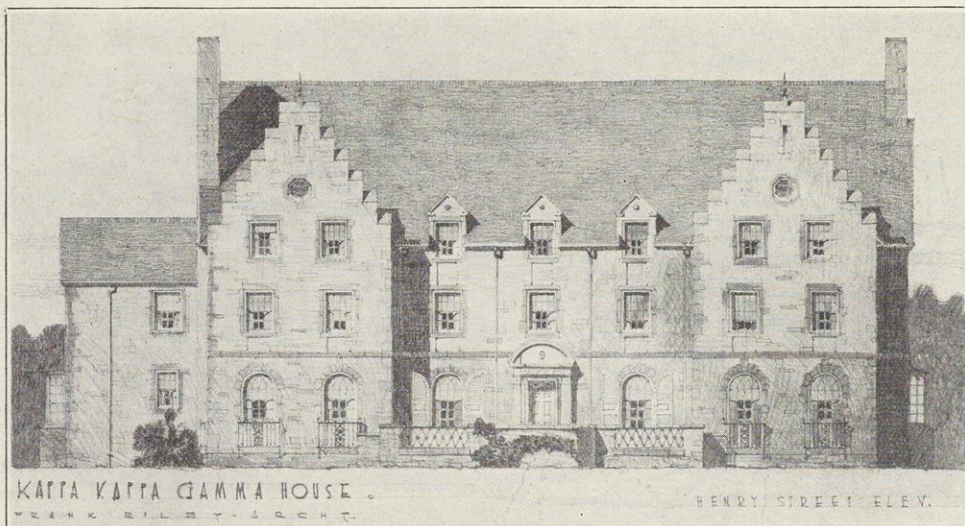
In the parlance of gangland the big house at the corner of Langdon and Henry was referred to as a "classy joint" with a classy pack of molls always on hand. Every joy seeking roustabout from aspiring freshmen to eccentric English instructors thought



"A classy joint"

an evening never complete unless an hour or two was spent in the hey hey atmosphere of Gertie's. Psi U, Phi Gam, and Sig Chi chapter meetings were often held in the lobby on Saturday nights. It is indeed with a tear that many mourn the passing of the popular rendezvous.

Meanwhile let's all hope the gals get out soon.



Here's the place!

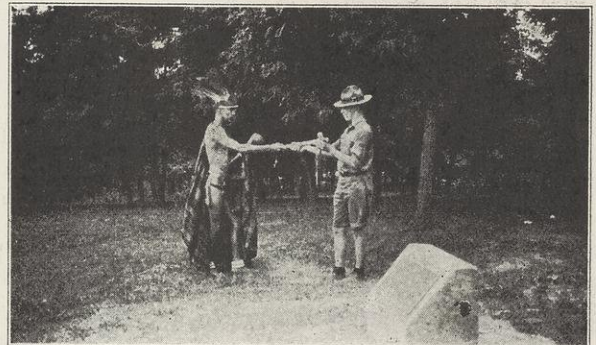
OH BOY!



● (Left) Alpha Omicron Pi clicks again. Here we have a group of familiar faces at the A.O. Pi house strutting around in chorus girl fashion waiting for their dates. The X on the fifth girl from the left marks the spot where she was bitten by a Phi Delt.

GANDER!

● (Right) Major Gander, R.O.T.C. Napoleon, is shown here giving a Scabbard and Blade neophyte the solemn rites of initiation into that noble order. Join up boys! All you have to do is hand over \$500 to start with and your monthly allowance checks from home for dues.



770



● Purnell's hey hey 770 Club certainly will put on the entertainment. At the left is a group pictured just after rehearsing a wild pirate fantasy with which to bewitch the first night patrons.



November 1893 . . . The season of merry sleighing parties, moonlight skating, and gay midnight spreads is upon us . . . Little does one realize what heaps of good times we do have . . . 'Tis rumoured that our stunning young maidens and dashing jacks are planning even more daring escapades than occurred last year . . . The new ruling that young ladies may now stay out until ten o'clock on Saturday evenings, unchaperoned, will undoubtedly lead to a series of high old balls such as has never been held in this fair school.

Teddie Wadsworth, whom so many of us know as "Flash", was the author of a perfectly killing prank upon the Delta Gammas one cold night not so long past . . . Teddie, the big tease, ran in the front door, yelling "Fire", and then hid behind the divan in the Turkish corner, watching the frightened ladies scamper down in their—if you will pardon the phrase—night apparel . . . He tells us that there are some mighty shapely ankles in the Delta Gamma house . . . Oh you Teddie!

Do you know that pert little trick at Tri Delta—with the Gibson coiffure, very blond, and possessing the spoony blue eyes? . . . Dame Rumour has it that she is just a bit too fly for the girls of Tri Delta, and that they are considering making her refrain from wearing that attractive red dress with the peek-a-boo waist and very prominent bustle.

Twenty-three, Skidoo . . . You members of the class of '94 . . . At last you have met with a freshie who is more than a match for you. Little Charlie Huey, when chased by the Sophs in the Lake Rush the other evening, took to a tree and scrambled to the top before they could catch him. . . The Sophs demanded that he come down before they brought him down . . . to which our witty Charlie retorted, "When I came to school, my Papa told me to always pursue the higher branches!" . . . You should have heard those big, rough Sophs laugh . . . They really let the little shaver go, too.

That girl with the simply splitting stock of repartee, the pride of Kappa Kappa Gamma, Jane Parrish, held a lively tating bee in her room last week, followed by a tempting spread of goodies with which her guests, her old school-mates from Grady's rooming house, stuffed themselves until they had to let out their corsets. All the Grady girls use these whalebone affairs . . . maybe that's why they occasionally blubber so! . . . Oh, dear, aren't we being killing?

Fauerbach's Bar, (outside the one-mile limit) that famous hangout of our splendid pigskin boys, is reported to have done a rushing business following the Chicago game . . . And no wonder! . . . The dauntless "Mick" McGuire put on such a fine show . . . Do you recall that ninety-yard run of his, the one in which he broke three arms and two legs of his opponents, to say nothing of knocking several others unconscious . . . Still and all, our football as we know it, is a parlor game compared to the truly rough-and-tumble thing it was ten years ago.

Wasn't the Halloween Ball held at the Gym the best ever? . . . Everyone seemed to throw himself into the affair with such zest . . . The crepe-paper streamers and the pumpkins, to say nothing of the cornstalks, made you feel so—so, well, so "Halloween"! And, oh that sparkling cider! . . . So many young ladies complained that it went "right to their heads" . . . Well, that's a good excuse, girls . . . Do you remember the grand caper cut by Dick Brady and Margaret Cogeshall in the first polka? . . . And to top it all, that clever Betsy Owen, full of the dickens, bet her fellow, a Milwaukee boy by the name of Thatcher, that he couldn't climb the flagpole on top of the Gym . . . He did it! . . . But he couldn't get down . . . When the other fellows called the firemen to help, they pilfered the hose and did a snake-dance on the lower campus with it . . . The poor firemen were helpless, and about to turn in a riot call when Dean Scotty came out and made them stop . . . Our Dean is a regular fellow . . . He offered to beat up any single man of the mob who would like to try his pugilistic skill with him . . . There were no offers!

Such rousing good sport! . . . But already our spirit is becoming less and less . . . Some kill-joy has predicted that in twenty years there will be no more pep-meetings, and that the students will be—what is that new French word?—oh yes, blase! Do you suppose it will really come to that? Let's hope not . . . May good times never cease.

William H. Purnell, Pat Daly, Ted Wadsworth, Fred Wipperman, Bob Johns, and a host of other likely lads invite you frisky, young campus couples to their birthday party in Tripp Commons this coming Saturday Eve, November 26. 770 gobs of fun for all.



FRESHMAN PRIZE THEME

Selected by Staff of U. W. English Department

"PHANTASMAGORIA"

By DARWIN BORGLE

ONCE upon a time I wuz yung and innercent, a liddul boy wid nuttin on me mind but putting gum in goil's hare. I went on a toot oncet ina wile and studied oncet. Den I wuz kidnapt by a gang who took me all over the woild to Grease, Meksiko, Rusher, Frants, Araybeea, Chiner, Ingland, and O all over. O it wuz horribul!!



I wuz yung and innercent

So youse sea, deer redurs, I wuz bribed away from an innercent krap-game in front of de skool by a guy wot sed "Liddul boy, I got some A for you." The A tasted like H, but I ain't seen me poor mudder since.

Dey put a bag on me, but I got tired of her, so dey took me to Ingland where dey made me into a cherry coke fiend, at a place called Shystermoor, run by Sherwood Shystermoor, a gradjuate of de Wisconsin Lore Skool.

Den I got took to Frants, where dey didn't have no cherries, so I became a plane coke fiend.

Den acrost de oshun to Ituly, where we picked up anudder rat named Vermicelli Macaroni, who tride to make me into a spagettee feend—den Grease, where I got up oily every mornin, and met a kwif named Isosceles Tonsilitis, from Sparta Wis—

and den to freezin Cyberia, where de rats made me hall logs all day, it wuz terribul! I soon became a champ log roller, and Shystermoor said I could roll me own so good that he would let me run for U. S. seniter from Wisconsin.

Down troo de wilds of Palistein where dere must be a lotta fluds on account of dere's so many Levies, to Araybeea. Here de boss wuz Hassen ben Home, a guy whose clothes musta been made by Omar de Tentmaker. We went acrost de desert on



I felt like a kamel widout me hump

funny animels called kamels. Hassen ben Home sed to me "How do youse like my kamels?" and I said "I dunno, I nevr took de blindfold test." Every kamel had a hump, and when I got troo, I felt like one widout me hump. But Hassen had along his harem. I couldn't harem atall, but I could feelem.

O I felt like heck! Finally we got to Mecksico where de sherif caught Shystermoor, and I wuz freed. De sherifs name wuz Pedro Gonzales Oleson and his wife's name was Sue.

I wuz so happy I made up a song "Swede Sue" and she sued me. Soo I went up to Madison where I runs a jernt for stewdints and state seniters.

I'm tryinta get culchoor, so a couple essayeez is teachin me ta read. I already knows about w i z z b a n g, f r e n c h bedtime stories, and lots more highclass literatoor. Mebbe soon I'll loin enuf ta becum an ekon professor. Well, I gess I hafta hit the hey now—so I'll be seen yuh! Mebbe I'll scratch annuder theame off agin!



Dey tawt me ta roll me own

SWISS CHEESE SINGERS

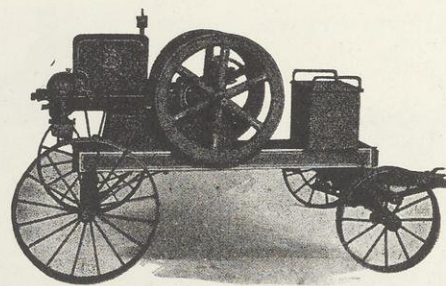
● Union Board is certainly the guardian of student culture . . . always bringing to the campus the best in refined entertainment. This year's series will include Knute Porterobuttski, famous Bulgarian bassoon player, Lena Leelala, the Lombard lyrist, and last but not least the famous Swiss Cheese Singers pictured on the right.



SHOTGUN WEDDING!!



● They're marrying younger every year. Amie Shotgun '36, socially prominent Delta Gamma pledge, is all set to march to the altar with young Marchy Pheenamynt, East High lad. It was a fast and furious courtship while it lasted . . . Marchy finally succeeding in carrying off Amie in the speedy little buggy pictured here. If this keeps up the university will have to erect a dormitory just for young married couples.



BOOK BANTER

"LADY CHATTERLY'S LOVER"

By JOHN SCRAPPLE
(*Charles Scribbler's Sons*)

OUR own budding author from the northern part of the state, John Scrapple, is responsible for the literary epic of the year, "Lady Chatterly's Lover", a poig-



Chauncey Fietlebaum

nant tale of the love of Hattie Chatterly, Theta pledge, and the daring Deke, Chauncey Fietlebaum. Not since "Decameron" has such an idyllic story come off the presses (wine presses).

Hattie, a transfer from Vassar, pledged Theta at Wisconsin at the tender age of twenty-seven and first met Chauncey, by chance, at the Theta open house this fall. Chauncey, charged with enough amatory electricity to woo a Delta Gamma (after drinking the famous Deke Highball: Two parts of Muriatic Acid to one part Copper Sulphate solution) lured Hattie from the Theta porch to the Phi Kappa Sig pier and there made love to her over the lake where the poor fish swim. Hattie listened to the viper and his oily words and agreed to elope with him to Middleton, his baronial estate, to which Chauncey was anxious to get to in time for the souse shooting season.

Well, anyway, there is no use in telling you the whole story as you will want to read it for yourself. But we can say that it is one of the most interesting books that has been bootlegged in this vicinity for some time. For instance the part where Chauncey, heated with rum, pushes Hattie from their love nest balcony and breaks her neck is treated with much delicacy and re-

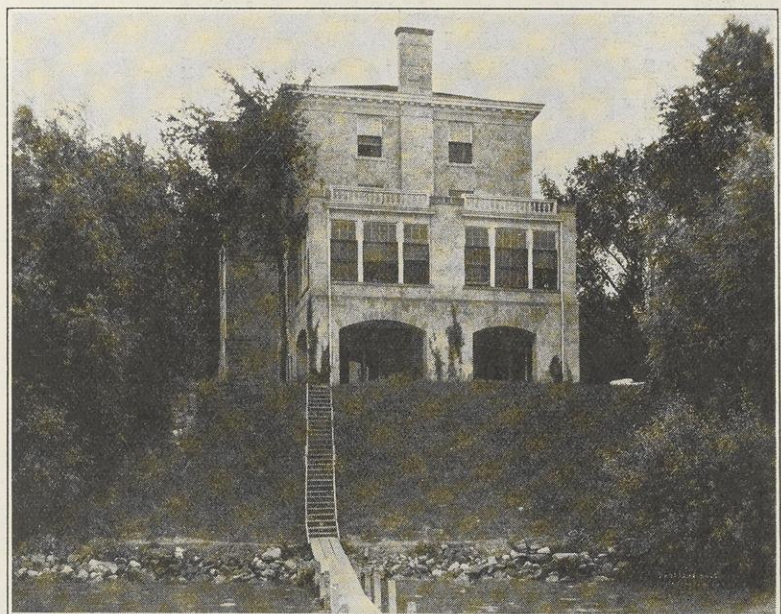


Hattie Chatterly

finement of treatment by the author, Mr. Scrapple. Another episode deserving of mention occurs in Vilas Park whither Chauncey has chased Hattie, dagger in hand. Here they meet by the bear cage and Hattie bears her soul to ferocious Fietlebaum, who repents, and they fall into a clinch.

The ending is very well motivated. Hattie has been taking in washing while Fiety (as she now calls him) has gone from bad to worse (Dekes usually do). But enough is enough—better read it yourself. Scrapple certainly deserves a big bouquet for turning out the Book-of-the Season. Rumors have it that it is being seriously considered for the Pukelitzer Prize.

We very strongly recommend "Lady Chatterly's Lover" from an educational standpoint, and predict that within a comparatively short time it will be in use as a textbook on the hill. Scrapple has done a marvelous piece of work in weaving the plot together, and we very much suspect that it is based in no small measure of his own experiences as a student at Wisconsin.



Manorial Love Nest at Middleton

DORM BLOWOUT



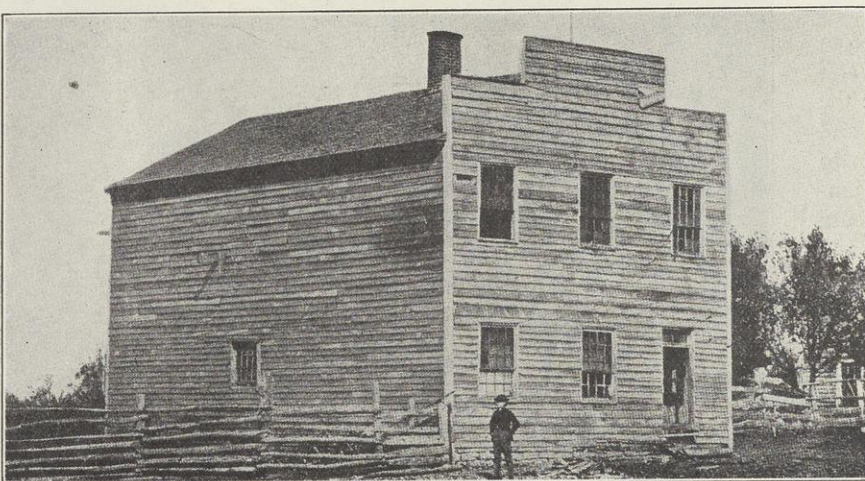
● (Left) These here dormitory freshmen learn quickly once they get started. My, what swingouts they have in that old refectory every now and then. You can have your old fraternity parties any day, but give me an evening with that jolly dorm group. No end of jiggy fiddling, card tricks, snappy retorts, and bottle throwing (as the Chadbourneite in the first row demonstrates).

SPORTY!

● (Right) Signs of spring already? I guess so. Anyway those D.U.s are a fast bunch of boys. Here's one of the speedy brethren all set to dash up to the Chi O house and catch himself a maiden for the afternoon. Well, you'd want to show off your new sport togs and bike too.

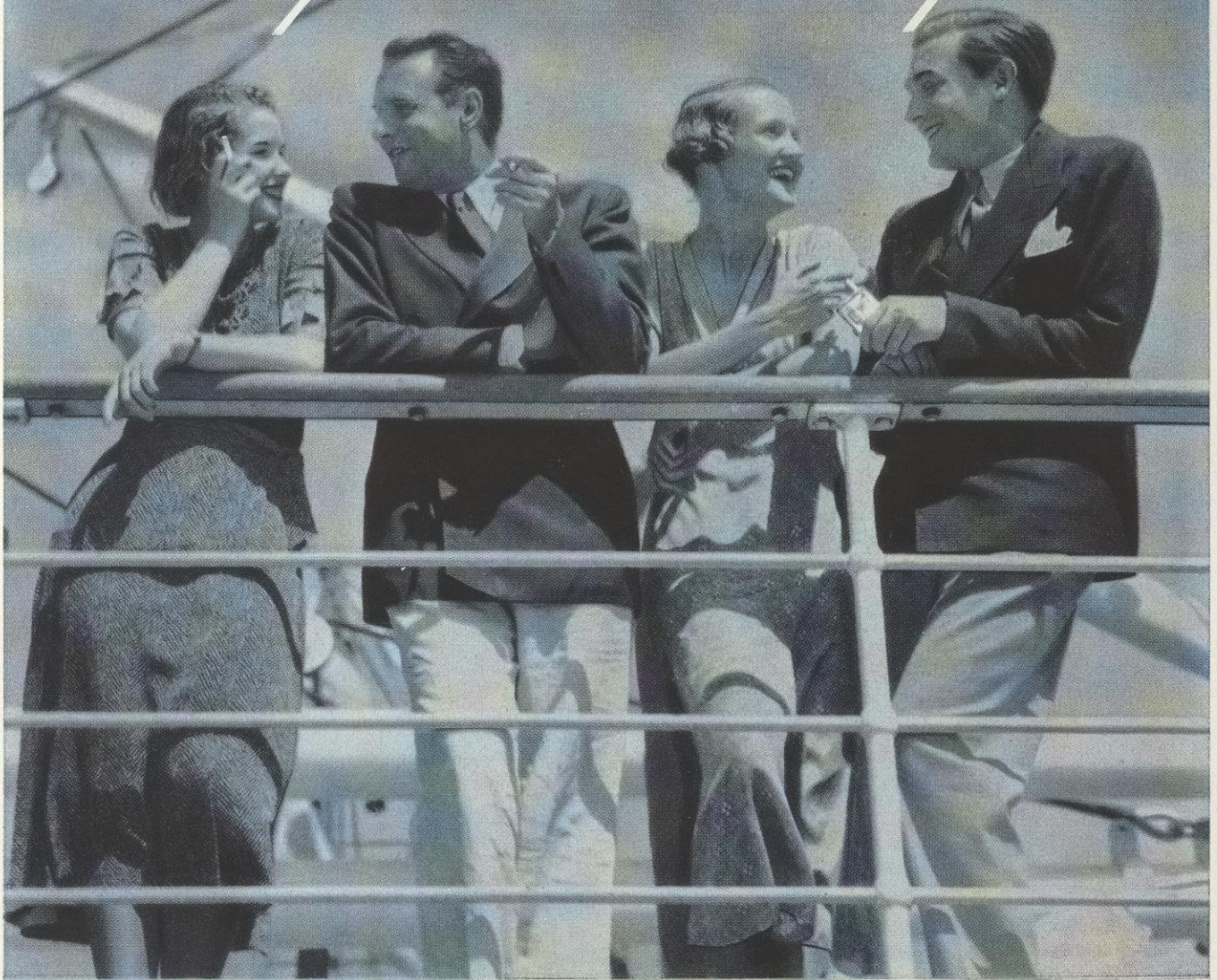


H'RAY FOR PI PHI!



● At last! At last! Pi Beta Phi has finally erected a new domicile, and a splendid chateau it is as the photograph on the left vouchsafes. It combines a new feature handy for late dating i. e. the shingled facade will be loose enough to let the gals through after 12:30. Looks like the fellow outside is wondering if it's safe to go in after all.

They're Clicking—



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“Sailing, Sailing, over the Bounding Main”

IN OVER eighty countries . . . no matter where you may go, by land or by sea or by air . . . you can always buy Chesterfields.

Their reputation for Mildness and Better Taste is international. Just ask for the cigarette that *satisfies*.

The cigarette that's Milder
The cigarette that TASTES BETTER

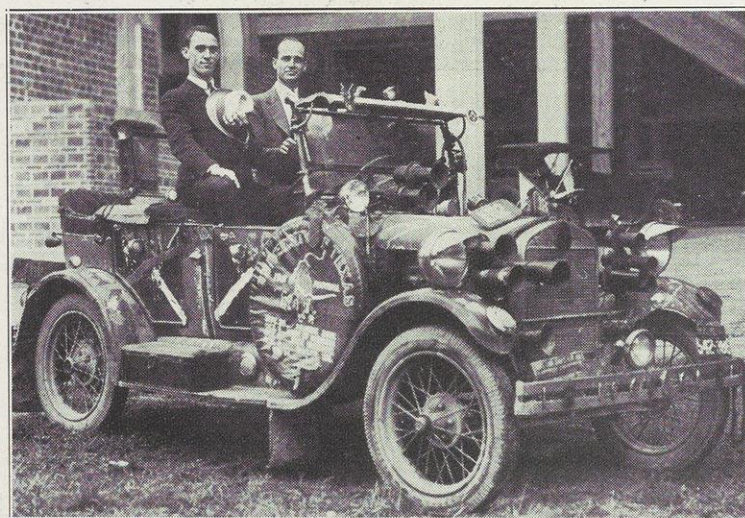
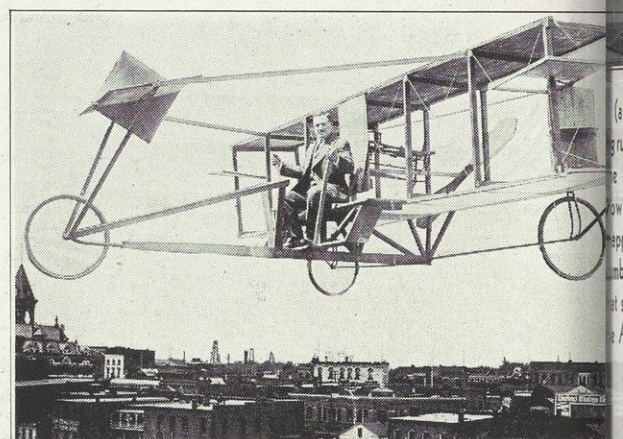


AMONG THE BLUEBLOODS



(left) The annual out-
the Cardinal staff is always
gala affair, and the boys
a rollicksome time. He
see them at their favorite
—just slinging gooey so
around, but oh! What fun

(right) Charles (Jack) Carver, Phi Kappa Sig rushing chairman,
is having a time of it finding that lone rushee this year. Poor
Jack has roamed the streets for weeks and weeks, but finally his
friends crashed through and bought this little machine for him.
Jack expects to find one any day now.

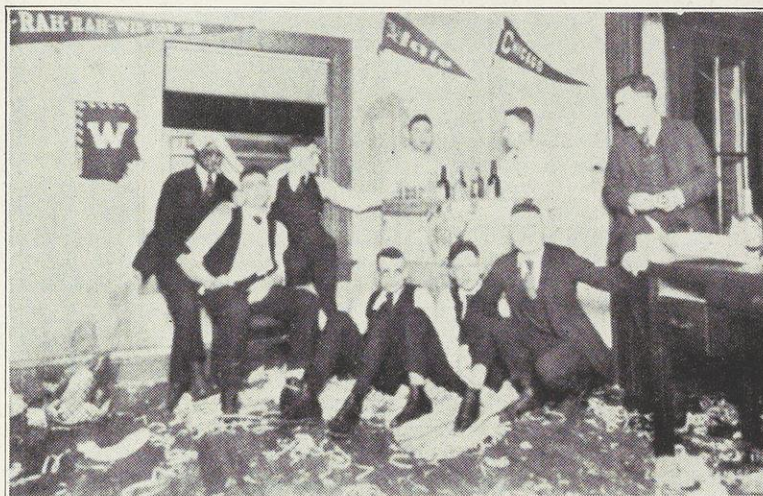


(left) Our own prexy, Glenny Frank (the
man on the right of course) was snapped here
he and a pal were all set to take off for the Cl
game. Glenny is plenty collegiate on an out
this sort—and we wager the lads will have a he
time of it.

THE CAMERA CLICKS



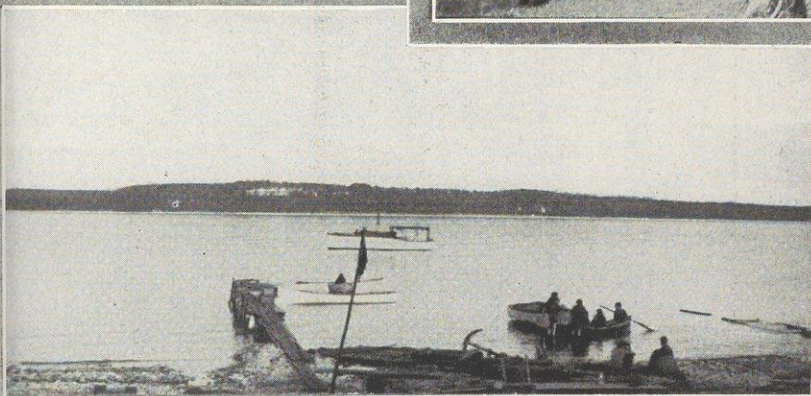
(above) Smooth and entertaining rushing at the Alpha Phi house. The little girl above has been vowing the rushees with her nappy dances and peppy clog numbers. Little wonder, we say, that so many freshies join up with the Alpha Phi sistern.

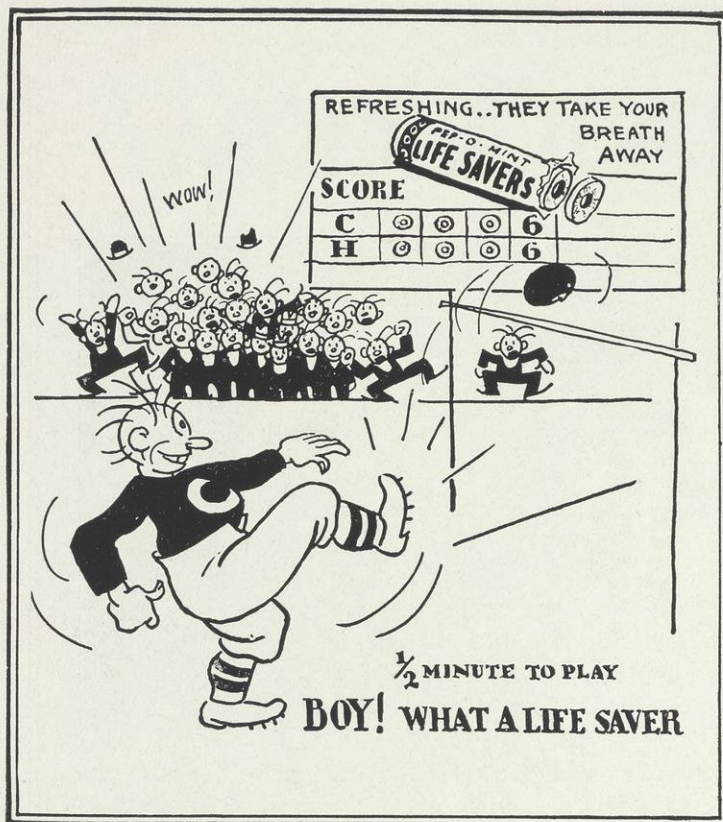


(above) Another wild party at that stronghold of virility, the Chi Phi house. Here's a group of the boys whooping it up in one of the rooms, of course this was taken early in the evening before the party became real rough!



Don't you wish you were on Union Board and could go to the fine beer picnics like the lads above? At the left we see the beautiful Westport lagoon—scene of these joysome affairs.





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Finer Flavor

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BILL (KID CHOCOLATE) TROUTMAN'S

"CHOCOLATE SOLDIER"

(PEPPERMINT ORCHESTRA AND TOOTY-FROOTY CHORUS MEN)

ITS RANK

AMONG SHOWS
IS OUTSTANDING

IT'S AWFUL

LY FINE
ENTERTAINMENT

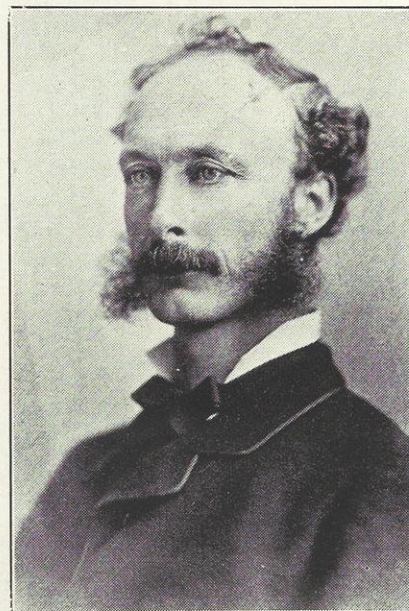
NOBODY GOES

THROUGH SCHOOL WITHOUT GOING

**TO
TROUTMAN'S SHOW**

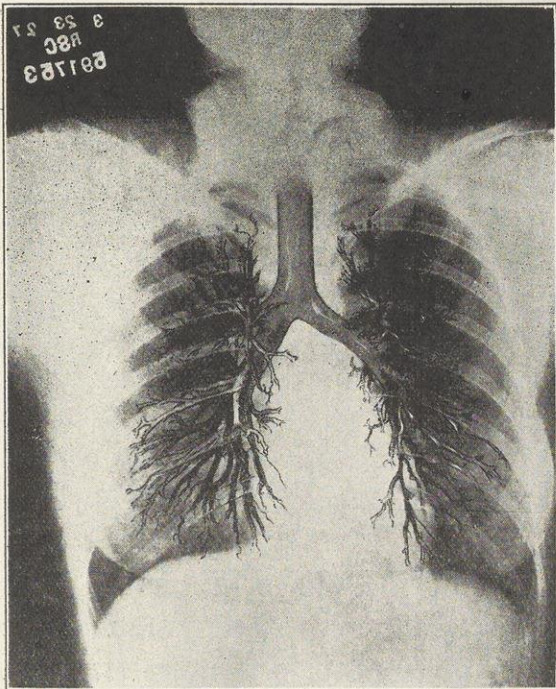
"I am 87 to-day", says Trouty, "and
Everybody's invited to my Birthday
Party!"

IT'S FREE!



"OUR BILL"

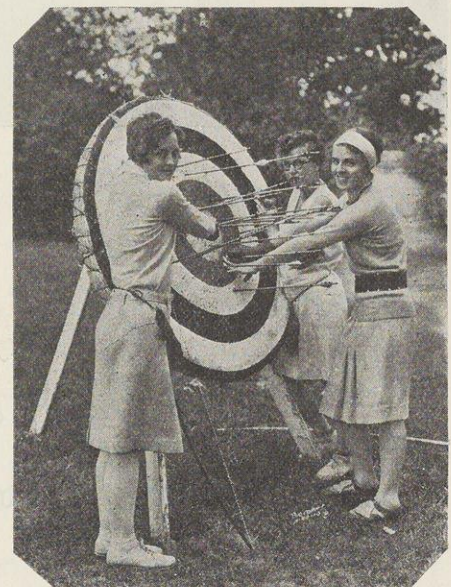
OH KIDS!



● Leave it to old Octy to think of everything! We didn't even forget the kiddies in this issue. Here you are, kiddies, cut out your dollies (My, such pretty dollies) and run along and play. The cape on the girlie's dress covers her Kappa key. Bunny will look cute in his rompers.

● At the right a group of Delta Zetas (courtesy Sig Ep zoo) were snapped shooting their beau and arrows and having a merry time of it. Evidently the girls are looking forward to the time when they can shoot darts at some big, strong he-man's heart.

BEAU



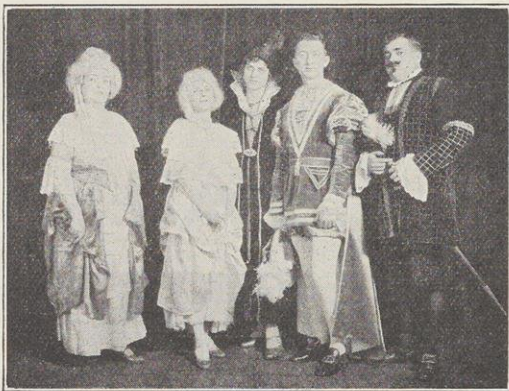
TUNE IN



● W-H-A clicks again. The University radio station certainly puts on some classy programs. The group here at the left has just finished a hoop-oop-a-doopish version of "Bye Bye Pocket-book" requested by The Bursar's Office staff and the Union.

SHED A TEAR WITH OCTOPUS

PLEASE READ OUR BOOK



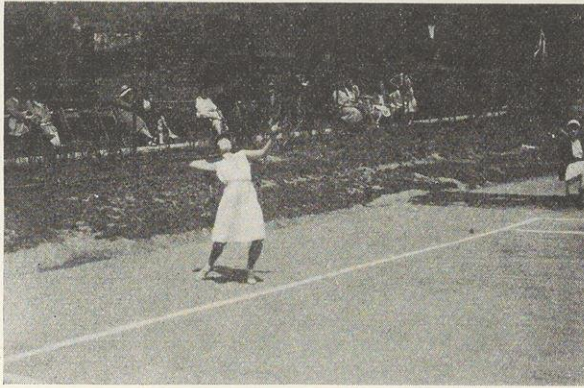
(left) Picture of the Editorial Staff after performance of "Silver Strands among the Blue Serge," Shakespeare's famous tragedy, which won the contest sponsored by the Union Little Theatre Group.

Is our Art staff good? and funny? What do you think? At the right is a picture of one of the clever cartoons scheduled to appear in an early number.



"FORK OVER 15c" (OUR MOTTO)

What a Racket! C'mon Sucker! Hey, Co-eds!



Buy your clothes from us and you'll never be sorry. In fact you'll freeze to death before the winter's over.

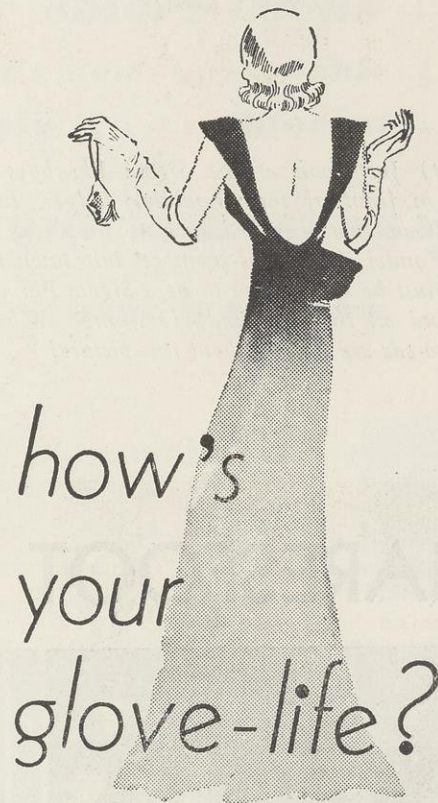
WAGNER'S
528 STATE

MEN!

**Expand That Chest!
Get a Bigger Hat!
Join the Dekes!**

Why be a sit-at-home-do-nothing?
Be a big man on the campus!

Delta Kappa Epsilon
530 N. Pinckney



Doing nicely, we hope!

If you're having any difficulties, we're at your service with some of the smartest shirred velvet gloves you've ever seen; that is, they are of velvet with long shirred tops and are being worn for formal wear. And of course we have ever so many new short gloves for informal wear, all moderately priced.

Harry S.
Manchester, Inc.

● (Right) Just look at the Sigma Phi boys all gathered in front of their rambling lodge. Little did we dream that they had such a group way out there. Wonder if many of them get into town very often. Must be lots of fun to be a Sigma Phi . . . gals around all the time and everything. What a flock of co-eds are flitting about this picture!

SIGMA PHI?



HARESFOOT



● (Left) Haresfoot Follies this Thanksgiving eve promises a lot in the line of entertainment . . . good, original, side-splitting fun. In this group we can easily recognize Mark Catlin, Ken Brown, Charles Yonts, Jack Williams, and a couple other prominent Haresfooters who seem to be having a good time rehearsing their snappy stuff for the Follies.

REVIVAL DAY

● (Right) Back to the good, old days goes the University of Wisconsin. Revival Meetings have returned. This is where one of the soap box spellbinders will soon tell us how to shoo the devil from the door.



Want A Date?

Call B. 563



YOUR EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT ASSORTED! WE HAVE SMOOTH LOOKERS AND SLICK DANCERS! OILY TALKERS WHO GET OILED ARE PLENTIFUL.

for smart coeds . . .

If it's new . . . chic . . .

wooly . . . different . . .

BURDICK & MURRAY'S

have it for you

We can't begin to tell you about all the new frocks! Angoras! Zephyrs! Plaids! Browns! Greens! Naturals! Reds! High necks . . . round necks . . . cowl necks! One and two piece styles.



**on the
Capitol Square
Phone F. 6400**

Christmas Greeting Cards That Are . . .

Distinctive

Personal

Dignified

Reasonable

Variety

**Look Over
Our Large
Assortment**



**Order
Your Supply
Today**

NETHERWOOD'S

519 State

Men! Men! Men!

**Attend Our Famous
Afternoon Sewing Circles
and Teas**



We will darn your socks and sew on your buttons, etc. (Mostly etc.)

Kappa Alpha Theta

237 Lake Lawn

F. 260 (Make Your Reservations Now)

WEEMS! BERNIE! LOMBARDO!

¶ Come and listen to the music of the combined orchestras of these three great maestros. What an event for your dancing toes! Great Hall is the place!

S
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HARESFOOT FOLLIES THANKSGIVING EVE.



BOOKS Make The Best GIFTS

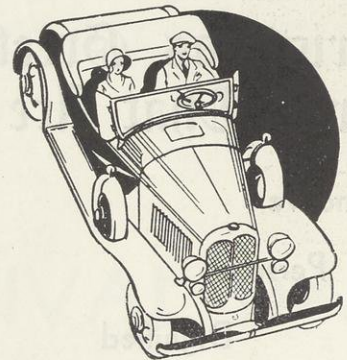
You'll find books at Brown's to fit your every gift problem.

Make your selections early while our stock is still complete.

Be sure to see our Christmas Card display—prices 3c, 5c and 10c each.

**BROWN'S
BOOK SHOP**

State and Lake



**For Convenient and Economical
Transportation**

CALL

CAPITAL CITY RENT-A-CAR

531 State Street

Fairchild 334

MARCH TO THE ALTAR WITH AN ALPHA CHI OMEGA . . .

Paying Homage

Why darn your own socks
when we have some good
socks for you!

None of our numbers talk
back—and you won't do
much talking either!

All are guaranteed against
rust, wear and tear, roller
skating, and baking concrete
biscuits!

SHOW ROOMS
AT
152 LANGDON ST.

"Why Be A Bachelor"

For Attractive Designs in

Programs Announcements Cards

and Printed Matter of all kinds
at moderate prices

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STRAUS PRINTING COMPANY

214 E. Washington Ave. Badger 1763

Portraits *for* CHRISTMAS

Photos are a lovely per-
sonal gift for your friends
and family.

Make your appointment
now to assure time for re-
sittings if necessary.

And last—be sure and
drop into our new studio
for any information.

THE
PHOTOART HOUSE
Wm. J. Meuer, Pres.
413 State St. Fairchild 21

Students! Use the Drive



Why pay big money to sit in a smoky dance hall? Take your date for a stroll along the drive. It may be a bit cold now, but you won't mind it after long.

"Where's That School Spirit?"

The Real McCoy . .

- 7** • Not just another place to dance
7 • Not just an old joint with a new name
0 • From the trick little gal that takes your derby at the door to the smart entertainment that keeps the place at fever heat right up to the last note—IT'S ALL NEW STUFF
C
L • There's food too, served at your table of course,—and music by a band that knows what you want
U • And directing the whole business is Wisconsin's smoothest showman—Bill Purnell
B

The Seven-Seventy Club Opening Saturday night
Call Fairchild 7400 For Your Table

Introducing FORMALS

Stunning

Simple

Smart

Inexpensively Priced—In Line With
Our Other Merchandise



Modern Printing By Modern Methods

Our battery of super-speed linotypes will insure you rapid service

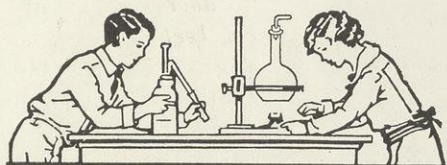


(Left) intimate picture of our staff of fast type-setters at work in our new up-to-date plant.

Cardinal Publishing Company

Come down in our cellar at the University "Y"
Hey! Hey!

MAKE YOUR OWN HOOCH! WHY PAY BIG DOUGH TO BOOTLEGGERS?



Our Handy Home Outfit

YOU, TOO, CAN OWN ONE
Call F. 2947 for Particulars

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627 N. Lake St.

Can You Write?

Let your spare time make money for you.
We specialize in marketing Mss.
Special Trial Rates
For Students

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I. L. Clark
C. L. Sullivan

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New York City

Woolens! Crepes! Velvets!

Charming
new dresses for
all occasions. Quality
at popular prices.

HUGHES

20 E. Mifflin

Jewelry

Gifts . . .

*"If it comes from Blum's,
It must be good"*

Harry T. Blum

128 State Street
Madison, Wisconsin

BE A BETA!



"TRUTH EVER"

JOIN UP WITH A STERLING BUNCH
OF BOYS AND FIGHT FOR UPRIGHT
LIVING, CLEAN CRAP GAMES, AND
EVERYTHING OPEN AND ABOVE THE
TABLE. YOU ARE INVITED TO INSPECT
OUR COMMODIOUS QUARTERS, DIMES,
AND NICKELS ON MENDOTA COURT.

We
do not sell
"PRICES"



In these times, you have a perfect right to expect lower prices—even on fine things. But there's simply no limit to the low prices you can pay if you look for price alone.

We do not sell "prices." Instead, we have always operated our store on the assumption that intelligent people want quality first of all. And, in dealing with a reputable store such as ours, take it for granted that the price is fair.

In the long run, we're sure it would pay you to follow this course.

C. W. Andersen

124 State Street
Madison, Wisconsin

Don't go to
Prom you'll
Freeze!



"Chuck" Hanson says Prom will be held on the Union Terrace no matter how cold it is. This should stimulate the sale of anti-freeze.



~ BROCK ~
ENGRAVING
COMPANY
MADISON

DESIGNERS
for
PUBLISHERS and ADVERTISERS
ENGRAVERS

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

FOR SALE

One small college newspaper—cheap. Has good circulation, but needs staff to run it. Call F. 7400, Ext. 42.

1918 Buick car—sport touring—like new. Runs swell—for a short distance. Call B. 3790 or write Miss S. Rogers, 636 Langdon.

Old bottles—guaranteed in good condition. Every size, shape, and capacity to match owner. Call Delt house, F. 3447.

Good stomach pump for sale. Formerly used by Deke boys. We don't need it anymore—no stomachs left. Call B. 6325.

Great Hall on Saturday eves. Purnell's new 770 Joint opens this Saturday. Inquire at Union desk.

Several slightly used pledges. We have more than we can handle. Psi Upsilon, F. 138.

Complete beer drinking outfit—good connections—used, but in fine shape. Call G. Ninow, F. 2947.

WANTED

A few fraternity pins. Call B. 661.

Position—executive preferred. Offer best references. Write H. C. Hoover, Palo Alto, California.

A good glass of beer. Call B. 580.

Subscribers and advertisers. Come on up to the third floor of the Union and save us. Octy staff.

A few smooth gentlemen to hang around. Every inducement will be made, if you know what we mean. Call at Pi Phi house.

Smut and dirt to toss at my readers every Sunday morn. Must be real mean. Write "Connie" c/o Daily Cardinal.

Armor suits suitable for formal wear. Must be guaranteed against breakage. Delivery before our Christmas formal. Chi Psi fraternity, 150 Iota Court.

Sand for spinach, small pebbles for mashed potatoes, and small bits of wood for salad. Call Don Halverson at Union Cafeteria.

LOST AND FOUND

Lost. One pair of blue sailor trousers on third floor of the Kappa house. Write Mike O'Gerathy, U. S. S. Flannelmouth.

Found. Automobile seat in front of Phi Kappa Sigma house. Will loser please call Jean Ricks at F. 260.

Found. Twenty-two flat tires at the Alpha Gamma Delta house. Call B. 3146.

Lost. English accent, somewhat ragged, with rolling 'Rs' and gestures to match. Call W. H. Kiekhofer, Sterling Hall.

Lost. Good 'Peeping Tom' outfit. Will finder please return to Phi Kappa Tau house as we boys don't know what to do now.

Established 1854

Conklin & Sons Company

Coal, Coke, Wood and Ice

Fuel Oil Best Suited For
Your Particular Burner

*The service and personal attention given
each order, insures your entire satisfaction*

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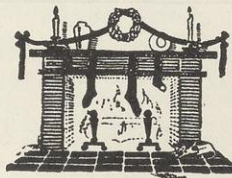
Phone for Appointment Fa. 79

MARINELLO SHOP

Permanent Waving	Hair Dyeing
Finger Waving	Mercelling
Facials	Electrolysis
	Hair Bobbing

Chiropody

MRS. W. WENGEL —:— 125 STATE ST.



Xmas

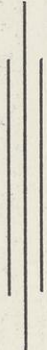
Is Just Around The Corner

The Mouse-Around Gift Shop
Upstairs at 416 State St.

Xmas Cards and Wrappings

Xmas Gifts That Please

TRUE VALUE ●



Be it merchandise or the advertising to sell merchandise real values were never so important. Foolish and worthless experiments are out — buyers demand quality at a price. The Octopus is a proven advertising medium—it is accepted by the most reliable local merchants and the makers of nationally sold products as THE MEDIUM of reaching Wisconsin students.

The Octopus offers quality advertising surrounded with humor and local stories of interest to every student at Wisconsin.



You will be interested in the increased circulation of the Octopus resulting from the reduced subscription rate as well as the single copy price. They have been reduced to one dollar and to fifteen cents respectively.



The reduced rates for advertising in Octopus are amazing—phone Fairchild 7400 and one of solicitors will call and inform you of the added advantages of the Octopus with its reduced rates and at the same time an increased circulation.



● WISCONSIN OCTY

Where can you get so much Good Writing Paper **FOR SO LITTLE MONEY**

300 Note Sheets *Formerly 200*
150 Envelopes . *Formerly 100*
450 Pieces . . . *Formerly 300*

*All Printed with your
Name and Address*

\$1.00
POSTPAID

"I DON'T see how you do it!" That's the gist of the flood of letters we have received from old friends and new since announcing our new "450" Package.

We *knew* the "450" Package would amaze everyone. Here's why. The ordinary box of stationery contains 24 sheets and 24 envelopes. The "450" Package contains 300 sheets and 150 envelopes!

Cheap paper? Not a bit of it. *Finer paper is used in the "450" Package than in many boxes of high priced social stationery!*

And each sheet and envelope is neatly printed with your name and address—the smart and logical way to have your stationery finished. It is convenient—protects your letters from loss in the mails—helps business houses get your name accurately and lends a neat distinction to your notes.

Two million people can't be wrong—and two million people have sent to Peru, Indiana, for American Printed Stationery!

Try it. It's the same style note paper we have sold for 18 years—same printed name and address—same correct size, 6 x 7—same price. **But the quantity is now 50% greater!**

Send one dollar—check, bill or money order (\$1.10 west of Denver and outside of U. S.). Your package will be printed and mailed within 3 days



of the receipt of your order. Sold by mail only. No agents or dealers. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS Being printed with the recipient's name and address, American Stationery makes a distinctly personal gift—and a most pleasing one. Simple, neat, fine quality, in good taste—and inexpensive. Make up your Christmas list at once. All orders printed and mailed within 3 days of receipt of instructions.

THE AMERICAN STATIONERY COMPANY, 700 PARK AVE., PERU, IND.

Originator and World's Largest Manufacturer of Printed Note Paper

Here is \$1.00 for a box of "450" Stationery to be printed as shown below. (\$1.10 west of Denver and outside of U. S.)

Name _____

Address _____

OVER 2,000,000 CUSTOMERS — ALL OVER THE WORLD



Po-lease, a Camel!

IF there's anything fresher than the freshman's first plea for a kiss, it must be a Camel. These fine cigarettes of blended choice Turkish and mild sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos are made fresh — never parched or toasted — and kept fresh in the Camel Humidor Pack. That's why every puff of their mild throat-friendly fragrance will prompt you to say, "Here is perfection in smoking enjoyment."

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Never parched or toasted
CAMELS
Made FRESH — Kept FRESH