



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

Octopus: Paul Bunyan homecoming. Vol. 15 [17], No. 3 November, 1935

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, November, 1935

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/WPMRQCZLCIZAP8G>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use, see

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

OCTOPUS

UL BUNYAN HOMECOMING • 10 CENTS





THANKS—
I'D RATHER HAVE
A LUCKY

They're easy on
my throat

There are no finer tobaccos than those used in Luckies
and Luckies' exclusive process is your throat protection
against irritation - against cough.

COLLEGE ALL STARS

OR THE GOOD OLD SYSTEM OF PUN, PASS, AND PRAY

"They tell me your son in college is quite an author.
Does he write for money?"
"Yes, in every letter."

—Sundial

Bum: "Say, buddy, could you let me have a dime for
a cup of coffee?"

Wise Man: "A dime? I thought coffee was only a
nickel."

Bum: "I know, but I gotta date."

—Widow

A pledge becomes a full fledged fraternity man when
he can put on his socks from either end.

—Exchange

"Some men thirst after fame, some after love, and
some after money."

"I know something they all thirst after."

"What's that?"

"Salted almonds."

—S. California Wampus

One: "What happened to the halfback?"

Two: "The trainer rubbed his back with alcohol and
he broke his neck trying to lick it off."

—Columbus

May we philosophize a bit . . . and say . . . that . . .
Woman is a thing of beauty and a jaw forever.

—Exchange

"What have you done," St. Peter asked

"That I should admit you here?"

"I ran a paper," the editor said,

"Of my college for one long year."

St. Peter pityingly shook his head

And gravely touched a bell.

"Come in, poor thing, select your harp,

"You've had your share of h——."

—Witt

History Prof—Who was Talleyrand?

Student—A fan dancer; and cut the baby talk.

—Exchange

And then there was the Freshman who thought that
a CCC man was a Spanish movie director's assistant.

—Wampus

There was once a man who was out gunning in the
Alps. Sighting an eagle, he took aim and brought the
bird down. As he was retrieving his game, a second
man rode up on a horse.

"My good man," said the man on the horse to the
hunter, "you should have saved your shot. The fall
alone would have killed the eagle."

—Old Line

He was in Chem lab, and the prof was explaining cer-
tain reactions to him.

"This liquid turns blue if your unknown is basic, and
it turns red if the unknown is acid."

"Sorry, but I'm color blind," apologized the brain
trust. "Have you got anything with a bell on it?"

—Medley



Waiter: Well, you said SIDE CAR, didn'tcha?

PATTER PLATTER

By Jim Fleming

After the dust from that last month's barrage of *Top Hat* tunes cleared away, there emerged an edition that took all the prizes. Paul Whiteman, with his orchestra, Ramona, Johnny Hauser, and the King's Men, has turned out a medley that should make Irving Berlin smile. Best on this Victor platter is the *Piccolino* bit as sung by the King's Men.

Nino Martini, who charmed a bit in a recent movie, has done some recording of the show's tunes. In Victor 4296 he turns a vibrant tenor loose on a prosaic enough tune called *Here's to Romance* . . . sheer fine musicianship on the part of Martini makes this one of the most acceptable of the month. The reverse of the record is of equal excellence and is called: *I Carry You in My Pocket*.

The musical horoscope for the month indicates the presence of a big dark man . . . one Fats Waller by name. From the current Dietz-Schwartz musical *At Home Abroad* he turns out two of the faster tunes. . . . One hardly knows what to say of Waller . . . it's all been said at one time or another. But here he is again with the same plunging piano . . . and the same gruff vocal (which is still the least of his arts). Waller is good as ever in Victor 25153. By the way, a particularly aimless pastime is that of following the nimble movements of Waller's energetic bass player . . . it doesn't get you anywhere but it's good clean fun and it's a good clean bass.

We've always liked Ramona, with her grand piano and all . . . and like the back cover of this book she never let's you down. Matter of fact she lifts any downcast spirits with her newest effort. From the well-known *Blackbirds of '28* she recalls *I Can't Give You Anything But Love Baby* to the accompaniment of the brass section of Paul Whiteman's orchestra. The reverse of this record (Victor 25156) has a redoubtable serving of jam called *Barrel House Music*.

Cole Porter's new show *Jubilee* is responsible for Johnny Green's latest effort. In Brunswick 7521 he plays *Me and Marie*, a novelty waltz, the epitome of all gay '90 tunes, and a conventional dance bit called *A Picture of Me*. The latter is mediocre Cole Porter with strained lyrics, not unlike primary grade poetry. But for all this, Johnny Green, through clever orchestration and an admirable piano, again plies his trade and proves that rhythm is decidedly his business.

Hal Kemp and the International Favorites (they went to England one time) have a pressing of a modern tone picture that is interesting for its orchestration and melody. It's called *Moon With a Hangover* . . . lunar debauchery is caught musically by the Kemp trumpets which punctuate in erratic spurts against the more sober reeds. The reverse of this record (Brunswick 7517) is good Kemp . . . a jam bit called *The Girl I Left Behind Me* . . . In parts, though, the "jam" is near-raspberry.

Jacques Renard, a rotund perennial among the recorders, is back again and more than holding his own. Renard belongs to that old school of pit musicians who take the little black dots seriously. Perfection marks his style and, while he's without the tricks that make certain orchestras popular in the public eye, he does play colorfully and well. In Brunswick 7527 he brings two *Shipmates Forever* tunes: *I'd Rather Listen to Your Eyes* and *I'd Love to Take Orders From You* . . . both well suited dance numbers.

P. BUNYAN GOES TO TOWN

*With a whoop and a roar that stopped many a snore
And a stamp that broke many a pane
There came into the town that great man of renown
Old Paul Bunyan, to live once again.*

*On his acre-wide feet he strode up Langdon street
In a flash the whole town was aroused
And although you may laugh, it awoke the Card' staff
It waked also a Deke who was soused.*

*In his gigantic mits, Pi Phi's fence went to bits
But then that, sad to say, was not all—
Since the gals were aloof, he next pulled off the roof
And exposed dear old Ann Emery Hall.*

*Then he took a short walk and found something to balk
His huge muscle, his nerve, and his will,
So he raised up his fist and then pounded to grist
What had been, until then, our swell Hill.*

*He then shook for a time, but extracted no chime
From the tower that you must have seen;
And so then for some bells he got six Theta gels
But their chiming was rather obscene.*

*In his eyes was a gleam as he found Purdue's team
Which he trained in his hand just like fleas;
When they kicked of the cold, they were stowed in a fold
In the warmth of good Paul's B.V.D.'s.*

*To tell all that transpired ere Paul Bunyan was tired
Would no doubt drive each one of us crazy.
As you may have been guessin, this here tale brings a lesson
Yes, it's here, though it seems a bit hazy.*

*Now come on, try to think—no it's not about drink
And that guess that it's love is just rotten
No, it's not about jazz, or the old razz-ma-tazz
It's about, oh ye gods, I've forgotten.*

—PAUL GODFREY.

P. BUNYAN UP TO DATE

When he luxed his undies, Paul Bunyan required especially soft water. For this purpose, he constructed a water softener. In the fear that the water softener might get out of order, Paul softened a large supply of water and put it in a cask underground. How Lohmaier's found and tapped the cask we do not know.

Paul Bunyan carried a very small snuff box. One day Paul put some particularly strong snuff in the box. Suddenly the box sneezed, thus blowing holes in itself. Since the snuff box was useless, Paul cast it aside. It is now the Tri-Delt House.

While he was hunting one day, Paul Bunyan caught a skunk. Though it was a small skunk, being only about ten feet long, it carried a very strong scent. Try as he would, Paul Bunyan could never quite rid his camp of the odor. Hereafter don't blame the Orph when its shows smell, it's not the Orph's fault, it's the odor from that skunk that Paul Bunyan killed a long time ago, even before the Armory was built.

Riled by a Raccoon Rah-Rah?

... light an Old Gold



ONLY FINE OLD TOBACCO can give that natural aroma and fragrance of Old Gold cigarettes.

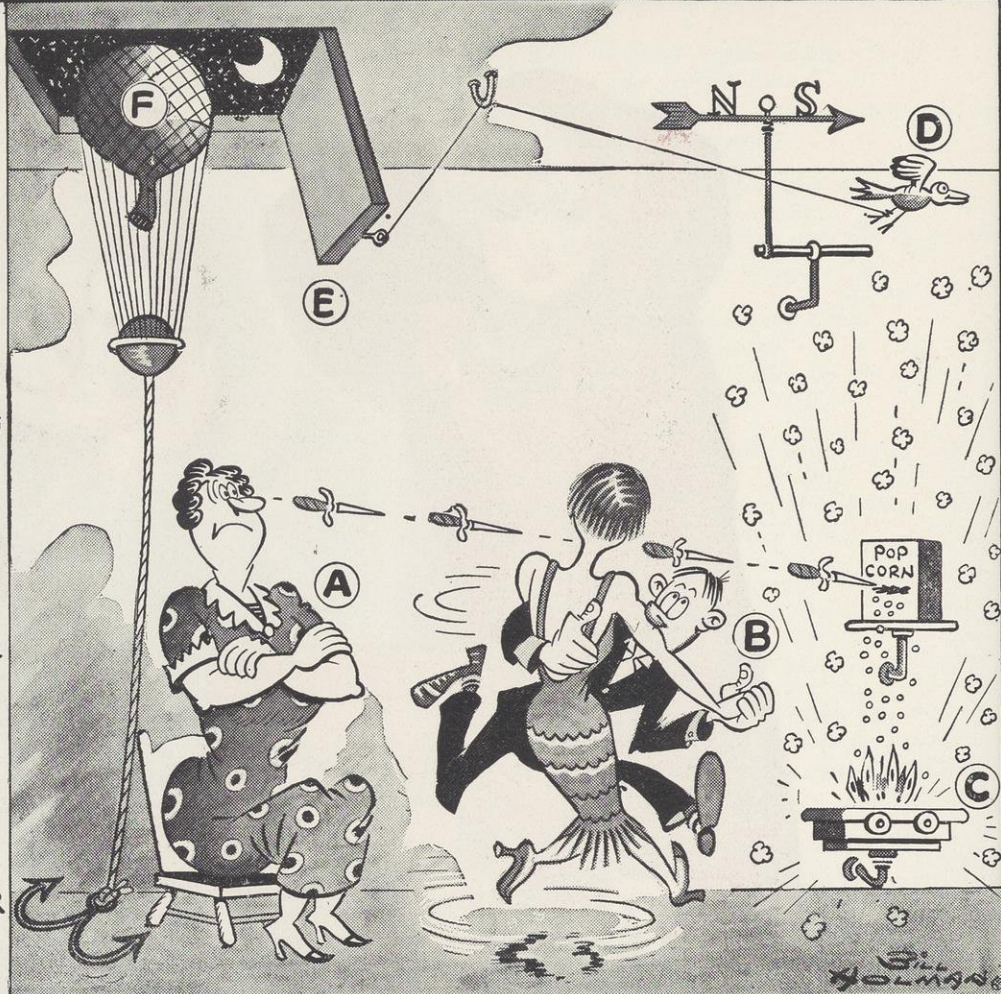
© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

WHEN you get your signals crossed and have to attend a Big Game with a Small Potato . . . don't let him throw you for a loss. Instead . . . light a fragrant, mellow-mild Old Gold, hitch your gaze to that handsome halfback . . . and thrill to the smoothness of both!

AT TRYING TIMES. . . . TRY A *Smooth* OLD GOLD

EASY WAY TO HANDLE A CHAPERON

CHAPERON (A) LOOKS DAGGERS AT STUDENT (B) DANCING WITH GIRL IN LOW-NECKED DRESS. STUDENT DUCKS DAGGERS WHICH STRIKE BOX OF POP CORN AND PIERCE HOLE IN BOX. POP CORN LEAKS OUT ON TO LIGHTED STOVE (C) AND IS IMMEDIATELY POPPED. BLUEBIRD (D) SEES POP CORN AND THINKS IT IS SNOW. STARTS TO FLY SOUTH WHICH RELEASES TRAPDOOR (E) AND ALLOWS LITTLE GIANT SUPERCHARGED STRATOSPHERE BALLOON (F) TO ESCAPE HOOKING CHAPERON AND TAKING HER UP FOR A BETTER VIEW OF THE MOON



... AND AN EASY WAY TO ENJOY A PIPE

I GET MORE FLAVOR,
MORE PLEASURE,
AND MORE TOBACCO
IN EVERY TIN OF
PRINCE ALBERT



THE BIG
2
OUNCE
RED TIN



SPECIAL PROCESS REMOVES "BITE"

PRINCE ALBERT'S EXTRA FLAVOR AND MILDNESS ARE DUE TO TOP-QUALITY TOBACCO, PLUS A SPECIAL PROCESS THAT REMOVES ALL "BITE" FROM THE TOBACCO. P.A. IS "CRIMP CUT"... COMES IN A BIG RED 2-OUNCE TIN. NO WONDER MORE MEN SMOKE P.A. THAN ANY OTHER SMOKING TOBACCO

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

Copyright, 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Campus Chronicle

IT IS TO LEFF

● The political side of sin on the campus has been a God-send to the Cardinal and a bother to most of the rest of us, but there were a couple of things that somehow should not pass without mention.

One of the best was Marvin Kramer's "I am turning over my support to Lyman Houfek because he represents clean politics and the true independent principles." He showed, did Kramer, that he was thinking about cleanliness in politics; it was a bit late, though, for he had already been dropped for dirty politics. Equally good was Gordon Corey's "People have laughed at Union board before," which shows even more insight than we had suspected. And we couldn't quit without including "Fixer" Steinbrecher's "You know me, Lyman. I'm a square shooter."

TRAIL BLAZER

● Coranto, the journalism sorority, had a party last week-end out at Grant Hyde's mother's home. We wouldn't have known about it, except that one of them took a cab that we were in. We wound up through the Heights and finally arrived at 107 Roby road. The lady climbed out, gave the lad a quarter and started back down the road. That made it interesting, but she was back in a moment to explain and boast a bit.

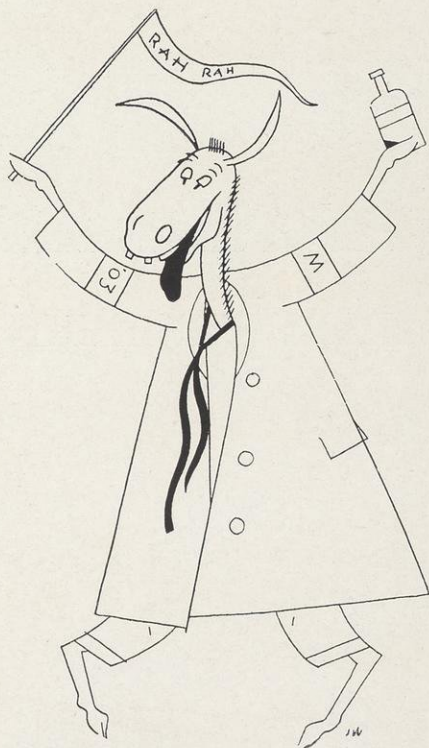
"The tip," she explained, "is for the leadership. You see, two car-loads of us followed the cab . . . that's the only way we could think of to find the house."

Then she was on her way. For once we found a cab driver who was stricken dumb. Or maybe it was that the whole idea of leadership for Coranto was just a bit too much for him.

WE'RE COMPLIMENTED—AG

● Octy is not snooty.

That isn't an editorial statement; it's a well known fact. We like the idea that our office and our gang dotes on joi de vivre and gemuchlekeit (two to one we spelled that wrong). But we were surprised no little t'other morning to find Lyman Houfek, a candidate for something, listing Octy business staff as one of his activities. At first, when the red-head said he had never heard of him and past books failed to list him on the mast-head, we were irritated. But then mebbe it was a compliment or an ambition or something. And who are we to discourage wishful thinking?



RESEARCH ASST. NO. 1

● It's beginning to pall us to apologize at the start of each paragraph, but we wouldn't care to have Prex think we were persecuting him again, so we're just telling this one without comment.

One of our lads was out getting candid camera shots one recent noon and happened by Bascom just as Brother Frank was leaving for lunch. Prex climbed halfway into the Packard and then hustled back out again.

"Johnson," he said in a tone that wasn't exactly that one he uses at convocations, "what kind of ink do we have at the house?"

We didn't get the answer; it really doesn't matter. We're sure, though, that he didn't mean the Delt house, because of course Johnson wouldn't be expected to know that.

DEVICE

● One of the lassies up the street is boasting about a discovery of hers. She has found a sure way of evading county cops while touring up and down lake shore drives near Chicago. As soon as she spots a minion of the law (we've been trying to use that for week; that's really the point of the paragraph), she pushes the gas feed down to the floor and races along at top speed to irritate the cop. Then as he draws closer and closer, she suddenly turns into a filling station and dashes for the door marked "Women" (It's "Ladies" in Standard stations, she says). Two or three minutes later she emerges powdering her nose. The method has never yet failed to draw either apologetic smiles or a cloud of dust from the disappearing motorcycle.



—STOIC

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE WEEK ARE THE EVILS THEREOF

*The freshman down at our house,
He is a funny pup —
He no longer thinks of drinking
When he hears "Bottoms Up."*

NO WONDER

● Realizing that we may strain relations with the champion-to-be, we nevertheless pass on to you a story we know to be true about "Jumping Joe" Williams, Ohio State's sensational sophomore half-back.

Williams . . . and this sounds a bit familiar . . . isn't in the top third of his class at Ohio State. He might even have trouble, we have heard it said, making the bottom third if it weren't for Saturday afternoons between two and four o'clock. So he was told to enroll in a course in which the professor annually gave the same eight questions. To help him along, an A student of the previous semester typed out the eight answers, along with "Joseph Williams" and accompanying personal data.

But somehow things didn't go right for Joe, and after the first set of questions had been handed in he was heard to say he was having some trouble with the course. The powers-that-be couldn't understand it, but the whole affair cleared up in a hurry. The Jumper, it seems, had handed in Answer No. 8 to Question No. 1.

OR DR. "POUFF" SPEARS

● As we recall, Dr. Spears called him "Weenie" when he nicknamed John Wilson, his tiny (good things come in small—) halfback, but one of the local sports editors has persistently called him "Wheaties." We don't suppose the writer is subsidized, but we woke up in the middle of the night last Tuesday with a brainstorm that hasn't blown itself out yet.

Why not, we reasoned, let breakfast food companies subsidize athletes in return for similar advertising? You get the idea, don't you? . . . John "Bran Flakes" Golemski, Eddie "Post Toasties" Jankowski, Paul "Grape Nuts" Jensen, and so on. It might even be expanded to other lines, and we could have Emmett "Varsity Marcel" Mortell and Bob "Mrs. Shorty's Pies" Null and Bobby "Pennco" Neubauer or Gordon "Lohmaiers" Piser. Oh, we could think up lots more.

Please realize, though, that we're not asking credit for the idea. We just pass it on for what it is worth.

CARDINAL CONTRAST

● The novice newshawks of the Daily Cardinal are having a mighty depressing effect on us these days. No. 1 offender is young Mr. Ed Rosenthal, alleged feature writer. "The author smiled easily," he said in his last week's libel of Upton Sinclair, "showing three white teeth covered by his protruding upper lip." A fairly distressing piece of prose, that. But the boys can do better. Artist Benton, here for the art show, was said by Wally Drew to "look at you with bright eyes and a mustache." Clevah. And Mr. Sinclair, to the jaded eye of Rosenthal, was a "beaver-faced" individual. We stayed awake all night on that one. Trying to summon up in fancy a beaver who walked like a man . . .

'Twas not ever thus. In the old days, Men strode the Union third floor. Nate Mayer, for instance, who once wrote such a nice story about Dr. Frost's cure for tuberculosis . . . the cure was for cattle, but that was nothing to Mayer, who almost peddled the yarn to 250 papers . . . almost. Not to mention Elmer Meadows, photographer extraordinaire and former Hearstman, who held that the only possible event worthy of his talents would be the Second Coming. Or Fritz Cramer, who once blew up the illness of a couple of dorm residents (who'd eaten too many hamburgers) into P t o m a i n e Poisoning at Dorms; Scores Stricken . . . In contrast, the Cardinal lads are pretty child-like these days.



NO COMMUNIST HE

● The Cardinal, the noisiest of our down-the-hall neighbors, came through with another laugh, but this time even the lads there realized it.

Seems that one of the ambitious sophomores . . . or, knowing sophomores as we do, we should say the ambitious soph . . . asked for something to do and was told to dash out and get a list of the architectural styles of campus buildings, the dates of their erection, and similar small talk about these cloistered halls. He left.

Four hours later, on the dot, he was back.

"And where have you been?" barked the expectant news editor.

The answer was a classic: "Getting a hair cut."

So . . . like me, and you, and you . . . the desk editor is still a bit hazy about the campus construction situation.

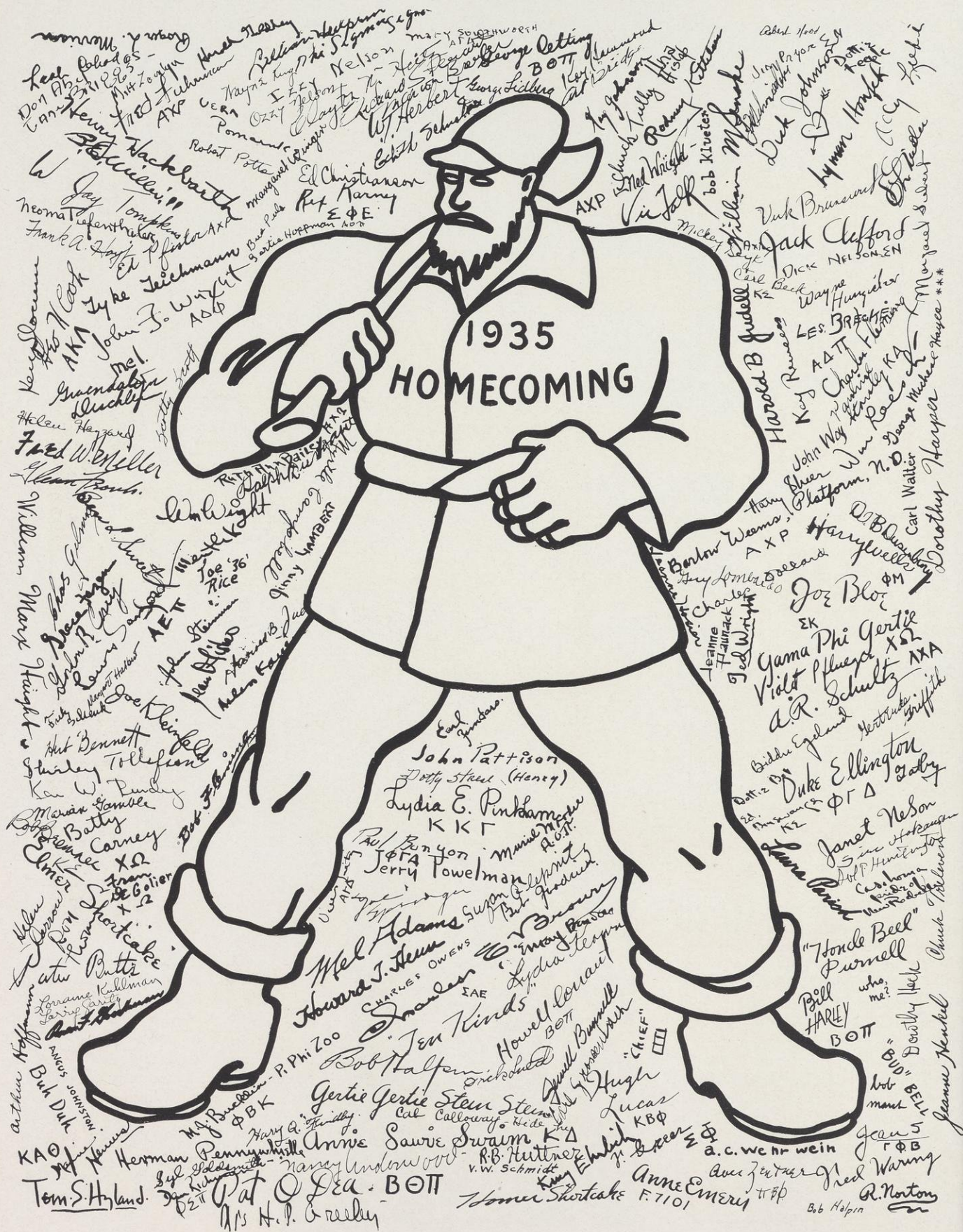
PAGE BALLYHOO

● Far be it from us to make fun of anyone, so please try to understand the spirit in which this is offered. But at Annie Emery—we are positive about that last letter on the ex-dean's first name, even if it is misspelled over the dorm door—laughs are rocking up and down the corridors in spite of the new proctors elected the other night. And so—

Seems the gal who's president of the hall—and we hope she isn't slighted that we don't know her name had a friend (male) call the other night and ask for a few blind dates. The rest of them are hereby protected, but the caller must be publicized, for he gave his name as Mr. Zilch.

It developed during the evening that it wasn't really Zilch but Ziels or Zeils or some such, but that Zilch, due to nation-wide publicity in one of our contemporaries, is much more understandable over the telephone. Personally we agreed with him and admire his forethought. We would like to meet him, though, long enough to ask whether the name is a help or a hindrance. That's the thing we've been pondering ever since we heard the story.

WE'RE WITH YOU PAUL, OLD BOY



MAN OR MYTH

the Paul Bunyan story that
ended all Paul Bunyan stories

Bunkhouse Bill grunted, wiggled his toes before the fire, sucked a filthy pipe, and belched loudly between his teeth. The north wind was whooning around the corner, driving the hard particles of snow up the side of the slanting roof; it slapped the windows thick with frost; it swished down the stove pipe, made the roaring, red-hot stove shudder.

The room was close with the aroma of a dozen weary, sweaty men, of leather, and of wood and tobacco smoke. They were balled up in their slatted bunks around the walls, dim figures in the yellow lamp light.

Bunky belched again, and as though it were a signal, the figures in the bunks stirred from their smoking and dozing, and slithered out of their blankets towards the benches that stood about the stove.

Flat-Puss McGee, so called because he had a flat puss, broke the silence.

"You sure can belch, Bunky," he said.

Bunky blushed. "Aw, fellows, that ain't nothing compared to what old Paul Bunyan coulda done . . ."

The atmosphere became tense. Bunky was going to tell one of his Bunyan stories! The audience settled themselves, and Bunky sucked a mouthful of juice from the black stem of his pipe, spat, and began:

"Well, you've heard and heard again about Paul Bunyan's blue ox, and how she busted out barns when she grew; and how they had men with hams tied to their feet to grease the pans; and how Babe drank the Mississippi up backwards; and how Paul rocked the British fleet when he was a baby; and how the cook blew the forest down with his dinner horn—though some say Paul did that—and how Paul's great corn stalk grew so fast that it used up all the water in the Great Lakes; and all the rest of it—some of which is true enough, and some of which is gross understatement. But I don't think many of you have heard about the time Paul was going to get married to the famous Chinese queen, and how he lost her and almost killed Babe doing it . . ."

The others shook their heads. Bunky scratched thoughtfully, knocked his pipe out on the floor.

"Well now, and that's the story that leads up to Paul's great belch. 'Twas the year after the Blue Snow, and the roads were filled with mud, and every time Paul stepped he carried a county with him on the sole of his shoe. On his way to the coast he collected enough material to make the Rocky mountains, and when he got to the ocean . . . let's

see, what did he do when he got to the ocean? . . ."

Bunky scratched his head.

"Did he belch?" asked Flat-Puss anxiously.

"Yeah, but not so soon . . . Well, he got to the ocean, and he was going to China. Yeah, China it wuz. So-o-o-o after while he got to the ocean, an' . . ."

"An'?"

The semi-circle closed in,

(continued, page twenty-eight)



WHO'S WHO AT WISCONSIN

a list of the campus big,
medium, and small shots

Duggar, George, Madison; Editorial Chairman of the Daily Cardinal; Varsity Debater; Forensic Board; mild mannered, would not hurt the w. k. fly; White Spades; Iron Cross; Phi Eta Sigma; Delta Upsilon.

Brooks, Joe, Milwaukee; sophomore class prexy last year; astute politician from way back; tall, sometime crew man; Cardinal Key; Phi Delta Theta.

Poser, Rolf, Columbus; varsity baseball; All-conference guard on last year's championship basketball outfit; one of three Most Eligible Bachelors selected in the Badger's silly promotion contest; takes medicine and assists Foster with the basketball team; "smile that charms"; White Spades; Iron Cross; Sigma Chi.

Bachhuber, Marion, Mayville; secretary Cardinal Board of Control; Crucible; Court of Honor 1935 Prom; Alpha Chi Omega.

Terwilliger, Herbert, Oshkosh; ex-local boy, tall and wavy; president of Union board; Iron Cross; Black Gauntlet; Delta Upsilon.

Heun, Howard, Richmond, Ind.; first vice-president of Union board; Homecoming general chairman; crew captain; "W" club sec.; very conscientious and sincere; White Spades; Black Gauntlet; Iron Cross; Phi Kappa Psi.

Greer, Frank, Madison; female lead in "Dictated Not Red," 1933 Haresfoot production; hoofed in "Break the News"; formerly m.c.'d at the 770 club; Tumas; Black Gauntlet; possessed of happy-go-lucky disposition and generally well liked; occasionally drives car on Kappa front lawn; passion for window trimming; Sigma Phi.

Kranick, Lewis, Racine; second year as pres of Cardinal Board of Control, filled Klode's place when same resigned to run for Senior class prexy; rather quiet and apparently self-satisfied; Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Schlitz, Victor, Milwaukee; heads Badger Board of Control, filled in for Vic Falk; used to room with Johnny Doolittle; Tumas; Phi Delta Theta.

Johnson, Richard, Waupaca; president of the sophomore Tumas outfit; Cardinal Key; basketball manager, floor wiper-upper, etc.; high in affections of a very fine Pi Phi, Dot Teeple by name; some connection with 1936 Prom; Kappa Beta Phi; Kappa Sigma (or are we being redundant?).

Brazeau, Richard, Wisconsin Rapids; destined to be forever famous as the P. King who got kidnaped; Cardinal Key; Tumas; present activities limited to Kappa Virginia Wheary; bit boyish and back-slappish but well liked; Psi Upsilon.

Karney, Rex, Eau Claire; executive editor of a lousy sheet known as the Daily Cardinal; Sigma Delta Chi; White Spades; Iron Cross; Sigma Phi Epsilon.

Falk, Victor, Milwaukee; editor-in-chief of the Badger, resigned from Badger board, took advantage of scarcity of candidates, copped the job with two months' work; White Spades; Tumas; Kappa Sig.

Fleming, James, Baraboo; Union board; chief announcer for WIBA, got start as student announcer at WHA; once made priceless boner in attempting to say rapidly, "The sun never sets on the British empire"; Platter Patters for the Octopus; always smoking pipe.

Fleming, Charles, Madison; Associate editor of the Badger; managing editor of the Octopus; Cardinal Board of Control; Phi Eta Sigma; Sophomore High Honors.

Kenaston, Jack, Milwaukee; pres of the frightfully futile interfraternity board; Assistant General Chair-



Paul Bunyan didn't like the murals, Mr. Butts.

(continued, page twenty-four)



—PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF 1936 BADGER

Reading more or less from left to right: Kappa Patty Graney scowls into sun, sucks tooth, remains unaware of camera click, as does stooge decoy in background . . . Homecoming Queen Bohn issues orders with regal manner, much waving of fingers (note rear view of Theta unknown) . . . Marty Koether, Delt, comes to the aid of the Johnson party, ballyhoos the Teeple's choice . . . The Little Doc scowls at Life, recalls unpleasant conversation as to eligibility he has just left . . . Pi Phi Becky Clark catches camera at work, but Priscilla Angstman watches where going . . . Norm Schultz likewise scowls, wishes he had combed hair . . . Dean Service sees dentist twice yearly, demonstrates molars . . . "I have called you together, ladies and gentlemen of the university" . . . Jane Wilder, Ev Schilling, the Queen (again), Margaret Melcalfe; photographer explains there is nothing funnier than a crutch . . . unless it's Thetas. The Queen, Wilder, and Schilling in "Who's crippled now? (Note to photographer: what is this, a gag?) . . . no Walter Raleigh being present, Ethlenore Secord picks up own books . . . Beta lads Hoffman, White, and Heinrichsmeyer all a-squint . . . Cheerleader Bill Robnett leads cheer.

AFTER THE BRAWL IS OVER

a few post mortems on
the recent election farce

Safely elected or definitely defeated, building machines for next year or resigning themselves to political obscurity, campus politicians are still gathering in little knots for election post mortems and the eternal "if."



POLITICIAN WRIGHT

Benny Bascom and what the Beta Sigmas told their sophomores have been the subjects of endless discussion. Only a few high spots of the campaign can be brought out, but in them there is room for endless speculation.

Considering the sophomore class election, in which Bob Fish, Deke, defeated Mark Soden, Sig Phi Ep, it may properly be said that Mark Soden lost to Bob Fish. The election was, from the outside, colorless and uneventful. It was marked by the absence (which was remarkable) or the silence (which was even more remarkable) of Jumping Jock Ryan, the Psi U prodigy who last year was hailed as the dictator of the class and Union board president in 1937-38.

The senior class election, taking as issues something other than the alumni association (which seems to be heading toward actual friendship with the student body) was a really interesting election. Three candidates assured a spirited election, and the campaigning was as varied as the election of a woman, as president, was unusual.

Caryl Morse took the election, it is generally believed, on the new "double voting system" brought forth by the student life and interests committee the day before elections. With the stipulation that seniors could vote for two candidates, if they wished, the Chi Omega (who persistently soft pedaled her affiliation) profited from both opponents and won out.

When the voting announcement was made, last-minute and imperative word went out to the frantic Wright cohorts to vote for one candidate only . . . Wright.

"If Mortell had stayed in . . ."

"If the Ag school had really voted . . ."

"If single voting had been followed in the senior class . . ."

"If the trial had been called off . . ."

The possibilities are endless, and the post-election rumors of what Joe Blow offered

Most of the old Alpha Delt-Psi U machine obeyed; a few on the fringes slipped over to Caryl Morse as a Greek candidate and weaker of the two opponents.

Thompson, having the same ideas as Caryl, did the logical thing to defeat the much hated fraternity machine; practically all his votes also went to her.

And Caryl, with an indefinite voting strength, profited from both opponents' and her own campaign and was elected. Incidentally, her wise use of untouchable political mediums had much to do with this.

Among the causes of Wright's defeat must be included one William Harrison Haight, who managed, by persistent pamphleteering through the Daily Cardinal, to identify Wright with the reactionary forces of the state senate's red-hunt and the student Democratic organization.

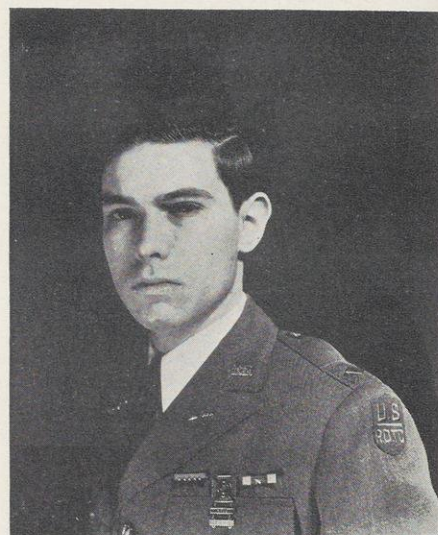
By calling Thompson . . . always considered the big threat . . . a "subversive influence" and claiming that in his administration he would be "subservient" to Moscow, Haight and his Young Democrats marshalled Haight's strong personal following, which waits for Haight to back a man and then selects his opponent to support. And a vote for Thompson, it must be remembered, was a vote for Miss Morse as well.

At one time there were seven prospective prom kings; by election day one had been banned, two were shown to be sophomores, two faced trial for bribery, and two were candidates. Dick Johnson, Kappa Sig, won out over Lyman Houfek, independent, in an election which demonstrated two things—fraternities and sororities vote, and no one votes for a reformer.

Hugh Lucas, A X P, and Howard Teichmann, Z B T, were both sophomores, but as good machine men they campaigned vigorously before dropping out of the race in favor of Johnson.

Teichmann got the thing he had persistently sought for the

last year and a half, front page space in the Cardinal with a comic opera platform and a disappearing set which entailed the drafting of a female columnist to

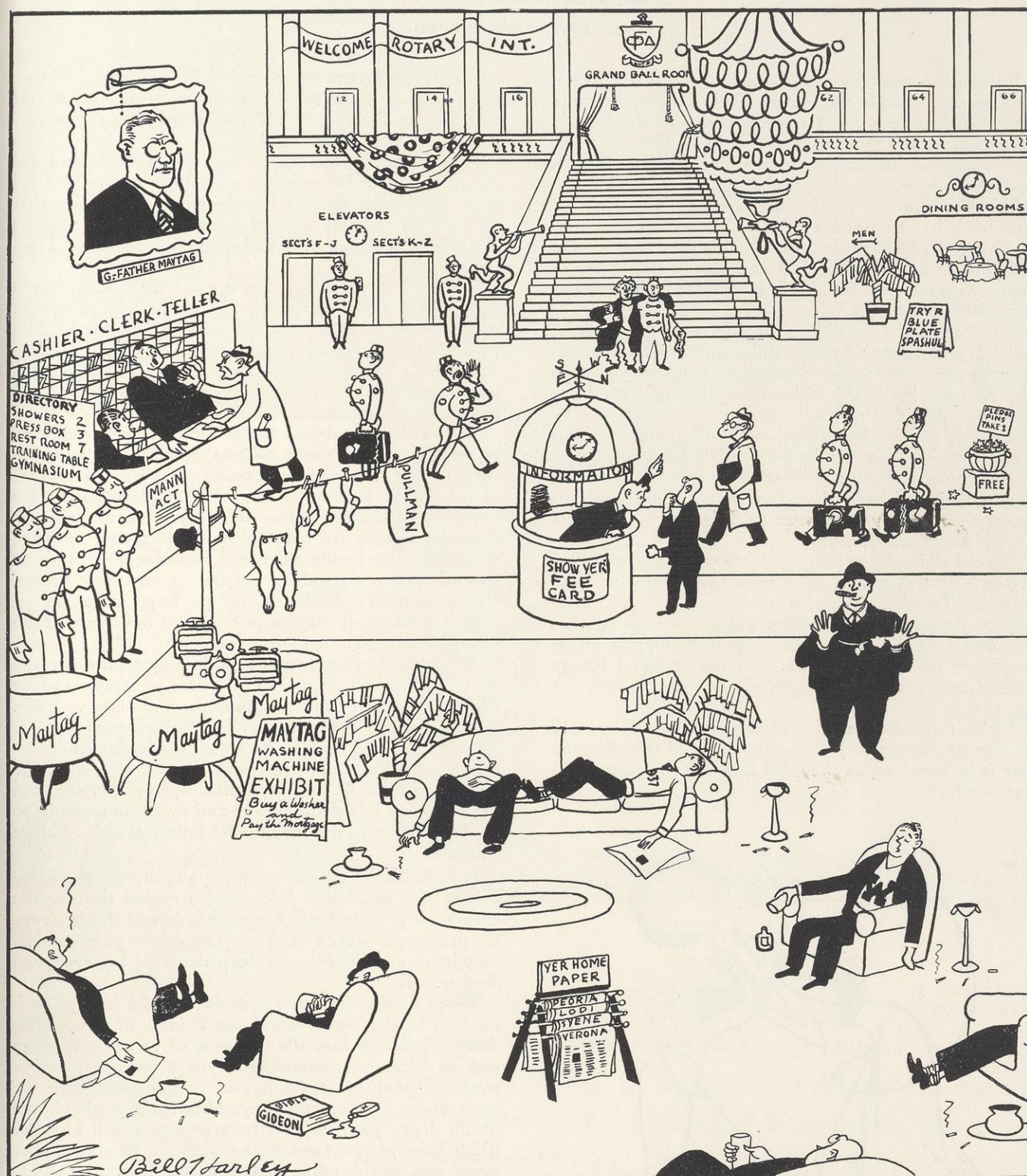


RED-BAITER HAIGHT

(continued, page twenty-six)

FRATERNITY LIFE AT WISCONSIN

Vol. II, No. 1—Phi Gamma Delta



● PRESENTING THE PHI GAM HOTEL AND STADIUM: the lad being assisted down the grand stairway is an old alum mislaid since last Homecoming; the irate individual waving his paw at the desk clerk is no little irked because he claims to have had in his reservation since last June and then got seats behind the goal posts; the two weary youngsters ensconced on the davvy, unable to ferret out their rooms, have been camped there since Sept. and now claim squatters' rights; the information clerk is advising the uneasy inquirer, "Just follow the arrow."

Homecoming at King Arthur's Court

or Sir Launcelot meets ye
olde Trye-Delt dragone

Ful many a twelvemonth it hadde been, I wot, synce Sir Launcelot hadde visyted ye Table Rounde & gude Kynge Arthur's courte. Acrosse ye feelds he didde ryde ful speedilie toward we spyres & walls of Camelot; and as ye sonne was for to sette behinde ye Picnique Pointe, he didde arryve at ye gaytes of ye citie.

"Verilie," quoth Sir Launcelot unto him-selfe, "ye olde burg has changed a goodlie bit. Alle ye streete-cars have alle been solde to ye junk-dealers and ye jolie little busses do scoote alle up & down ye bye-ways in suche mannere that forsoothe I wouldst nigh buste ye gutte from laughinge."

And forthwith he didst proceede to ye faire castle; and a ryghte longe whyle he didst stande withoute, admiringe ye wondrous decorations upon ye walls whyche were inscrybed with suche cleverre legende as "Poo Poo ye olde Purdue."

Rydinge his steede into ye castle, Sir Launcelot was greeted ryghte heartilie by ye sundrie knyghtes of ye Table Rounde. Kynge Arthur didst ryse up from his silvern chair and bade him be welcom. "Where have ye spent theese many year synce ye did receeve ye diploma, Sir Knyghte-at-Armes?"

"Sire, I didst do ye post-graduate worke at ye Keeley Institute and therafter didst sette forthe into ye lond to helpen faire ladies in distresse."

At thate momente ye gaytes didde open up agayne, and into ye halle didst ryde a damsel upon a lowlie asse more whyte than snowe. She did looke at Kynge Arthur and spak in ye voyce of ye feare & rue, "A boon, gude sire, a boon!"

"Prithee, gentille mayde, what dost distresse ye so? Of Kynge Arthur & ye knyghtes of ye Table Rounde lette it be never sayde they did turn away a damsel in sore neede!"



"O Kynge," ye mayden wayled ful pitifullie, "I be ye presydent of ye olde Trye-Delt convente and would fain find ye daytes for ye Trye-Delt pledges for ye formal on Michaelmas nexte."

And at this Kynge Arthur was sore afrayde and did bite ye lippe and chewe upon ye fyngernayles, for ful many a tyme hadde he hearde his knyghtes say that they would rather fyghte ye caverne ful of draggones & eville giants than have ye blynde dayte with ye Trye-Delt pledge.

But Sir Launcelot did ryse up and spak thus, "Gude kynge, in this houre of perille, let me fulfyll ye wyshe of yon forlorne wenche. I will attende ye formal." Alle ye knyghtes did caste ye glances at ich-other as if to say, "Odds bodkins! Suche foolhardienesse can hardlie be yclept Chivalrie. Little does Sir Launcelot wot of ye pyckle he will finde him-self in."

So it did come aboute thatte Sir Launcelot didde go to ye Trye-Delt formal, whiche didde come upon ye verie eve of ye greate tournamente betwixt ye knyghtes of ye Table Rounde & ye olde Boylermakers. Ye knyghtes of Kynge Arthur didst lose ye battle, though they did shatter ful many a sword & speare upon ye enemye, and ye feelde did runne knee-deepe in blude & was alle ye-strewn with ye corpses of manne & beaste. Ye columnystes didde set up ye huge grype in ye paypers and didde clayme ye team did have sore neede of a newe coache.

At ye brawle ye musicyans didde play ryghte sweetlie on ye zyther and on ye lute, so thate ye straynes of ye Bigge Ten midlie didst resounde thorough-oute ye halle. Sir Launcelot's dayte, methinkes, was eftsoones yclept Phoebe and did dwelle in ye olde Chadbourne barracks, whence ye knyghte did spiritte her upon his foamyng mounte. A spryghtlie blympe was she and did weigh no less thanne three-and-twoscore stone in ye stockynge-feete. Wel coude she knitte & eek holde ye licoure.

It so didde happen that befor ye evenynge was halfe y-done, Sir Launcelot didde bicom ryghte thoroughlie stunke on ye olde Four Roses whiskie and didde dryve ye prancing steede into ye telephone pole, whych accydente put ful many a deep dente in his evenynge clothes.

When finallie Sir Launcelot did clymbe into ye beddie-bye, he did see ye wondrous vision, in whych ther didst appeare to him alle mannere of ye eville spirittes and ye hideouse dwarfes and, yea & verilie, even ye pynte elephants. Awakinge in ye morninge when ye rosie dawne didst creepe oer ye hillsides & ye shepherds didde dryve ye flocks for to graze, ye gentil knyghte didde have ye vyle taste in ye mouthe of ye olde rubber boote and ye splittynge headache, for whych he didde consume ful many an aspyrinne tablet.

"Woe, oh woe," sayde Sir Launcelot, "methinks I shalle scamme awaye to ye foreste & bicom a lone hermitte." Therupon he didde poure him-selfe another glasse of ye yce-waterre.

United States
Treasury Building

From 1900 up to 1934 the leaf tobacco used for cigarettes increased from

13,084,037 lbs. to
326,093,357 lbs.;
an increase of 2392%

*There is no substitute
for mild, ripe tobacco.*

During the year ending June 30,
1900, the Government collected
from cigarette taxes

\$3,969,191

For the year ending June 30,
1934, the same taxes were

\$350,299,442

an increase of 8725%

—a lot of money.

*Cigarettes give a lot of
pleasure to a lot of people.*



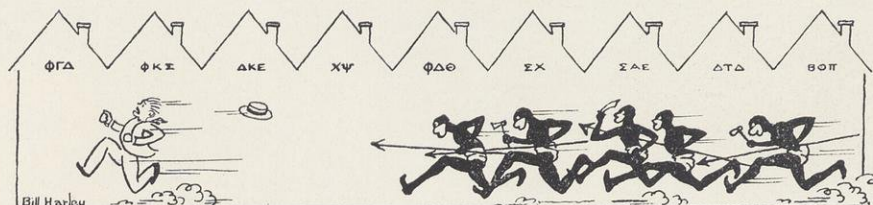
More cigarettes are smoked today because more people know about them—they are better advertised.

But the main reason for the increase is that they are made better—made of better tobaccos; then again the tobaccos are blended—a blend of Domestic and Turkish tobaccos.

*Chesterfield is made of mild, ripe tobaccos.
Everything that science knows about is used in
making it a milder and better-tasting cigarette.*

We believe you will enjoy them.

TONGS A MILLION



By this time the rushing season is practically over; most of the tongs have their quota of pledges, all the good men have been picked off, and Chinatown has again fallen into its accustomed routine. For the first time in history rushing has been carried out under formal rules, drawn up by the Inter-Tong Council; and opinions as to the success of this plan are varied. My own outfit, the Sing Foo Quo's, did pretty well, but that's to be expected, since we are the oldest Chinese-letter organization in town. Besides, we have men in all activities, our shelves are lined with cups and trophies, and we have a general reputation for being the smoothest bunch you could find anywhere.

These new rushing rules, I must admit, handicapped us somewhat. No refreshments except Grade C opium and rice wine can be served to rushees, and no outside entertainers can be brought in. A couple of years ago, I remember, we had over a dozen of the best hostesses from Henry Loy's Oriental Dance Palace; and last year we had an orchestra, "Bing" Chao's Chinatown Hotshots, play for us. The rules were necessary, though; one of the dirty tricks the Cheng Wu's used to pull off was to urge a rushee to smoke until he'd pass out, and then he would come to the next morning and discover a pledge button on his coat. The Cheng Wu's are just a bunch of lousy playboys, anyway.

In only two cases did we come out on the bottom this year. For one thing, we got stuck with the awfulest legacy, Willie Li Tan. His old man belonged to the San Francisco chapter, class of '04, and expected us to take the kid in. We thought the kid would be OK, plenty of dough and all that; but when he came around, we almost passed out. He handled his chopsticks as if he were poling a barge, and his clothes! . . . why, Judas priest, you'd think he had stepped right off page 347 in the Sears Roebuck catalog. We weren't going to hang the button on him, but the old man writes and says he'll tip off the police about that series of poison cases last winter. The cops already think we got something to do with the Kee Lin case, where they found the two corpses out in the swamp past the switchyards; and as we didn't want to be raided again, we pledged the fellow. But by God! if he doesn't kick through new carpets for the chapter-room and a bale of firecrackers for our New Year's party, somebody will find another mangled body in a dark alleyway.

The other trouble we had was about this Hwang Soo kid, whose father runs the biggest hand laundry south of 52nd Street. We thought we had him all sewed up, everything settled except for the pledge pin, which we couldn't give him till the seventh of October under the new rushing system. Well, then the Po Chui's got hold of him and rushed him like all hell. They put the

screws on him pretty hard, told him what a slick gang they were, how they had the smallest mortgage of all the tongs, and then they show him their secret tunnels! There wasn't anything in the rules about it, but that deed was absolutely contrary to all ethics and traditions. Why, it's just like giving away the password to the chapter-hall or the secret grip, to do a thing like that.

Well, Hwang Soo thought the tunnels were the real McCoy, I guess, because when the bids had been returned, we found out that he had gone Po Chui. Yes, he went Po Chui in spite of the fact that we promised to make him a member of Hsuing-Yang Key, an honorary organization for second-year men. Hsuing-Yang Key doesn't do much except paint the red brick wall down by the 4th Avenue Subway Station on the night before the Feast of the Long-Lost Dragon, but most of the politicians get their start there. Furthermore, our secret tunnels are just about as good as you can find anywhere in Chinatown, and they contain all sorts of swell passageways, trapdoors, pits, and things like that. In actual mileage, our tunnels are exceeded only by those of the Metropolitan Sewage Board; and nobody wants to go in them. The boys got the idea after reading all these Fu Manchu stories and seeing that serial down at the Butterfly theater.

Our pledge class as a whole, though, is pretty good, containing some darned smooth gents; and if we had got on the ball sooner we probably would have done even better. There was some illegal rushing, of course; and almost every house pulled off a few shady things. The Inter-Tong Board has received some complaints about it . . . for example, the Cheng Wu's are said to have served dried mackerel with waterlily roots at rushing functions, and the Hong Fi Sip's fixed up some rushees with blind dates with some babes from the Mandarin Dime-a-Dance joint. When the Board's decision comes out, I hope these dumps have to forfeit their bonds; it would serve them right. Anyway, good old Sing Foo Quo has upheld its prestige; and considering the men we have lined up for various political offices and the way our Mah Jong team has whipped right through to the semi-finals, it looks as if we will go on living up to our reputation as the smoothest Chinese-letter bunch in town.

Paul Bunyan Legends That Are Untrue—VI

According to an especially persistent rumor, Paul Bunyan was a member of Phi Beta Kappa and took high honors in integral calculus.

This is untrue. Who ever heard of bringing a man back for Homecoming or an honorary degree if he ever got past English 1a?

CATASTROPHE

I got the first note of the calamity when I heard a door two floors below me bang violently. So resounding was that slam that I bounded from my chair, left my work, and raced down the stairs. As I reached the living room I was confronted with an unusual sight.

A dozen fellows were standing about with hopeless expressions on their faces, as though they had met with a problem far beyond their comprehension. I then turned to the Problem. In a chair was a crumpled, bedraggled heap of something. The heap moved, and I realized that it was some living thing. It moved again, in a convulsive jerk. My curiosity was whetted, so I moved closer to the thing. It seemed formless, and almost without substance. So awed was I by the spectacle that I, too, assumed the position of the others and stood gaping at the problem.

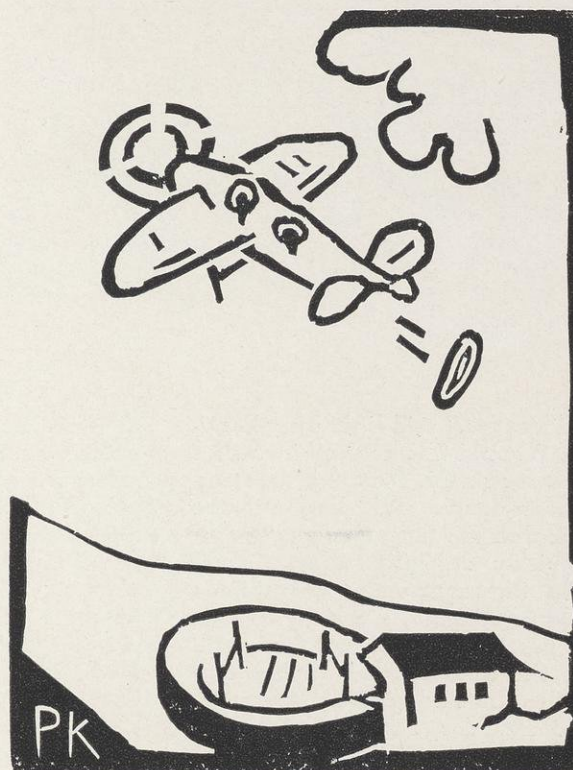
After a considerable length of time several of us moved closer to the now unmoving object and observed it more closely. Seemingly aroused by our scrutiny, the Problem moved again, and to our amazement, it was human! That is, it had been human. It now appeared to be without any semblance of physical or mental ability.

After perhaps half an hour, someone recovered enough of his senses to recognize his necktie on this mysterious person. This hint of familiarity brought us nearly back to our normal selves. Very gingerly we now drew closer and examined our problem. Just as we had identified him as my roommate, he leaped from the chair and yelled. He paced at a terrific rate back and forth cursing with more feeling than I have heard put into cursing since Washington's Birthday fell on a Sunday.

We were now much encouraged, as this was quite near to the normal behavior of my roommate. Just as we were relaxing, he fell into a chair and dropped into a coma again.

The procedure was repeated three or four times during the next three hours. Finally, however, our Problem seemed to be becoming more normal. Slowly but surely he seemed to be regaining his old self. Prodded by the others, I summoned all my courage, and walked with shivering knees toward my roommate. In a fearful voice I half whispered, half spoke to my roommate, "What's the matter, Ants?"

In a hoarse, choking voice he hurled at me, "Hell, a woman for Class President."
—P. S. G.



Naw, that ain't Golemgške; that's the field house.



It's The Top

When it comes to a matter of style in men's apparel, you'll find it here, combined with fine quality, and price not too high. And no need to worry about its fashion correctness. It's the top.

KARSTENS

On Capitol Square

22 NORTH CARROLL

For the *Best* in
CAB SERVICE

Call Badger 100

No Delays

Individual Service

CITY CAR CO.

BAGGAGE TRANSFER

WOMEN'S STYLES

Design for Dressing

by PEG STILES

"I wonder," said little Lucy Langdon, "should I wear the bittersweet velvet, or save it for the Homecoming tea dance, and drag out the black with the lame touches?"

Quickly recalling Psych 1 and something vague about most women being color blind, especially to reds and greens, little Lucy, bright child that she was, decided on black to wear to the Friday night informal.

"Black, for blind dates," said Lucy, promising herself to take no chances on rich orange-red being her date's chief aversion. For once, thought she, the fall colors aren't merely black and more black, browns and autumn leaf colors as in the past few years. And so Lucy will be garbed as giddily as Paul Bunyan and the Blue Ox Babe, this Homecoming.

For the game, if it's cold, the heavy black wool with the hunting pink suede jerkin under her short military Hudson seal with its frogged clasps will be just right, muses Lucy. A Fascist fez or the pert black galyak tricorne with the tassel to batten down her short trim curls would finish that outfit well.

Lucy's roommate objects to such splendor. After all, she protests, just because you have a date from out of town for the game, you needn't go looking as fancy as the dormitory decorations. As for me, she adds, I'm wearing the brown plaid skirt and scarf which came with my new sports lapin, with just that green cashmere sweater.

"If it's balmy weather again," concludes Rachel Roommate with decision, "my tweed coat with the full swinging back will do instead of the fur, but you can count that I'll wear those new ribbed wool stockings whate'er the weather."

Because the knee length wide ribbed wool stockings are so frightfully English; because they are warm, and

she can match them to her Kent green sweater, yet feel a bit daring about it all, Rachel Roommate simply wouldn't miss the chance to wear them with her flats and tweeds.

But Lucy has long since forgotten about sports clothes and is busily planning to wear the white Grecian evening gown with the dull gold leaves for her hair, low golden sandals and (although the Greeks wouldn't have thought of it) barbaric bracelets. Lucy is going to a formal party Saturday night after her date to the game and the tea dance.

Sunday, for the movie and a supper-date the dull wool-crepe in plum with the startling rose red touches, and the perky plum-purple hat that is practically a bonnet will charm the visiting firemen. After all, he came only for Saturday and Sunday and must be quickly ensnared by one Lucy Langdon's chic and attractiveness.

Leaving Lucy and her roommate to the prospect of a gay Homecoming weekend, one can easily see that both girls follow their current events as well as their fashion magazines. After all, hasn't the Italian-Ethiopian war brought barbaric jewelry and heavy gold ornamentation, rich almost heathen combinations of colors, turbans, draping, as well as the military influence, just as the Italian exposition started the fashion for Renaissance fashions.

Look for more wild combinations, blacks with vivid jungle greens used in wide suede belts, or jeweled belts; flamingo pink with pistachio green and brown, madly striped sashes or turbans after the African native's apparel, much copper color used with purples, slate blues, sulphur yellow separately, or all intermingled in studied barbaric effects.

Even that most civilized of college wear, the inevitable sweater, can

go African by the expedient of odd color combinations. Double sweaters . . . never "twins" . . . are good when the colors contrast or complement each other. The favorite single strand of pearls can be substituted for a heavy gold chain like a native's amulet. (Or do the Ethiopians have amulets?)

On the opposite extreme of this "going native" move on the part of the fashion dictators, is the effect on dress being made by the engagement of the Duke of Gloucester to Lady Alice Montagu-Scott. Scottish plaids not only are smart, but a bright skirt pleated all the way around in the plaid of any clan, is a pleasant change from the velveteen or tweed skirt of the early fall.

Another English fashion carried over from the English Jubilee to grace the top-knots of the formally attired prom trotters, is that of hair decoration, especially feathers curled out of jeweled clips over one ear. Juliet caps of tiny pearls or rhinestones, or old fashioned snoods (nets of silver thread or pearls, to you), to catch up long hair done low on the neckline, are glamorous additions to evening wear.

Long hair is again having its day, and by evening when in formal dress one should look like a Botticelli damozel. Short hair should be sculptured high on the head for evening.

three feet apart. The chair, almost reaching the floor, has square legs about two inches high.—Daily Cardinal, Oct. 29.

On Sunday evening he will speak on the subject: "Christ is at the Door," based upon the subject: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." The doors will be open at 7 p. m. each evening, and the public is invited.—Daily Cardinal, Oct. 18.

* * *

Hey, which is the humor publication around here?

Paul Bunyan Legends That Are Untrue—XI

Although many students wisely discount it as a mere campaign rumor, the story is in circulation that Paul Bunyan once helped a friend of his, an independent, be elected to the presidency of the junior class, which incidentally carries with it the honor of leading the class dance.

This is untrue. Who ever saw a closet that big?

Paul Bunyan Legends That Are Untrue—III

Old pioneers like to tell the story of the day Paul Bunyan lost his mind and found his way to the office of the president of the university. There, according to reports, he wrote . . . still insane, you understand . . . all the president's convocation speeches ever since the days of Chancellor Chadbourne.

This is untrue. No one man, not even Paul Bunyan, could ever be that crazy.

Paul Bunyan Legends That Are Untrue—IV

The title of this item may be slightly misleading, for this is a legend that is really true. It seems that Paul Bunyan needed a big barn in which to keep Babe, the great blue ox. To accomplish this, he erected the university stock pavilion.

As proof of this, we offer the famous comment of Stephen Moulton Babcock in his sonnet, "On First Entering the Stock Pavilion":

*I never saw a Great Blue Ox,
I never hope to see one—
But from the smell of this here place,
I'm darn sure there must be one!*

. . . If you want to see how Sourdough Sam greased the griddle for Paul Bunyan's pancakes . . . Find your way to **PAUL BUNYAN'S OWN COOKSHACK** in the Union . . .

. . . The kind of food that made Paul husky is served in all of the Union Dining Rooms . . .

Union Refectory

Georgian Grill

Paul Bunyan's Cookshack

Rathskeller

and

Special Service for Homecoming

in

Tripp Commons

(Open Saturday and Sunday)

The Wisconsin Union

The Modern Gift for the Modern Girl

Cutex
Gift
Sets



Cutex Set
pictured
\$3.50

Here's a Cutex Set so elegant and luxurious that the smart, modern girl loves it. And so trig and practical in its genuine leather case! This Cutex Club Kit is most completely fitted out with all manicure essentials. It comes in red, tan, or black.

Other Sets, 50c to \$5

Toilet Goods Dept., main floor

Harry S. Manchester, Inc.

THE WISCONSIN Octopus

THE MEMORIAL UNION

MADISON, WISCONSIN

VOL. XV

NOVEMBER, 1935

NO. 3

EXECUTIVE BOARD

EDITOR - - - WILLIAM G. HARLEY
 BUSINESS MANAGER - - - OWEN F. GOODMAN

EDITORIAL BOARD

MANAGING EDITOR - - - CHARLES FLEMING
 ART EDITOR - - - HERBERT BENNETT
 CONTRIBUTING EDITOR - - - AUSTIN WEHRWEIN
 EXCHANGE EDITOR - - - JOSEPH KLEINFELD

EDITORIAL STAFF

JAMES FLEMING - DOROTHY TEEPLE - TOM
 HYLAND - HARRY SHEER - RUDOLPH JEGART
 PAUL GODFREY

BUSINESS STAFF

ROBERT HALPIN - HAROLD ROBERTS - ROB-
 ERT POTTS

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

DEAN SCOTT H. GOODNIGHT - RAY L. HILSEN-
 HOFF - OWEN F. GOODMAN - BILL HARLEY

CONTRIBUTORS

BOB FLEMING - HAL CONNANT - KEN PURDY
 FRANK WIEDEMAN - JERRY EHRLAHL - PEG STILES

Copyright, November, 1935, by The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc. Exclusive reprint right granted to *CollegeHumor*. Contents must not be reprinted without permission. Member of the Midwest Comics association. Entered as second class matter at the postoffice, Madison, Wisconsin. Subscription 50c a year, ten cents a copy

Dr. Willard Grovesnor Bleyer

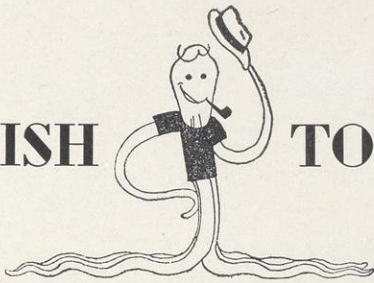
Octopus, Wisconsin's humor magazine for nearly two decades, pauses for a moment of silence in its constant chase for smiles and laughter. There is a vacancy today in its governing board, and while that vacancy will be filled and Octy will go on almost without pause, we have lost a friend.

Dr. Willard Grovesnor Bleyer is dead. Usually death leaves little that can be said, but we who have known him as a counsellor and friend outside the classrooms and as a discerning and inspiring thinker in the field to which he gave his interest and his life, deem it almost necessary to speak of things that some may think far outside our realm.

Dr. Bleyer was not well when he resumed his teaching duties this fall. Those of us who have studied with him realized that his life was fading and that while there must have been grounds for the high praise which educators and editors everywhere heaped upon him, the spark was dying. It is with embarrassment that we admit that his most recent students have been critical of his efforts to carry on as he has done so long. That criticism, however, was borne of the impatience of youth. Now, in the perspective that Death always brings, our error stands clearly to reprove us.

We know now that Dr. Bleyer, realizing that he was passing into the last days of his life, nevertheless returned to the teaching of journalism that he might give his wisdom and experience to others who would out-live him. His was a life of service; we wish it were somehow possible for him to know that he still serves, carrying on the tangible teaching of his lifetime with an intangible but nevertheless important example of courage and unselfishness that all of us hope we may approach.

TISH TOSH



If you get elected P. King or are a potential P. Queen your life can hold no secrets, you are doomed to lead a gold fish existence . . . all of which is by way of leading up to the disclosure that D. Johnson met his destined queen, D. Teeple, at their freshman mixer . . . no more horrible dis-

closure can there be . . . Myron Thompson, acquiring polish as Co-op shoe salesman, reports the following overheard on State: "S'long, fellows. If you see my brother, Moe, tell him to meet me at the Union."

It's something we've often dreamed of, written of, and constantly been afraid of, but we never expected it to actually happen . . . we mean

someone getting stuck in the Union's recalcitrant elevator . . . R. Durrant was recently incarcerated therein for a matter of a half hour or so while people stood around and gaped at the lad, much as depicted in our last month's issue . . . Union Boarder Durrant whiled away the time singing "Miss Otis Regrets" . . . Who is the guy at the ATO house who gets around the annoyance of having Ann Emery's switchboard close at 11 by talking to Lois Clemens via his amateur radio sending set . . . she merely switches on the short wave hook-up on her receiver and listens . . . but, being a woman, is heart-broken . . . she can't talk back . . . Add funny remarks: Cardinal Key had nothing to do with the painting . . . "I have phoned nearly all the members and none of them know anything about it"—Harry DeMuth . . .

Pictures of J. Fisher, Kappa, Marion Bradley, Pi Phi pledge, and M. Stedman, DG, are soon to appear in the Sunday picture page of the Chicago Tribune . . . caption—"Beautiful Coeds of the University of Wisconsin" . . . Apparently learning the names of every one in school is no certain way to win an election . . . or even a nomination . . . so discovered L. Hancock, Union cafeteria door man and self-appointed greeter of all and sundry . . . Add funny Cardinal headlines: Russian Scientists Find Way to Can . . .

P. Smith of the Law School and Chudleigh Arms, Gilman street, would have us believe that "Life is a broken-down animal wagon in a parade that will never turn the corner" . . . so say we all of us.



Fraternity and Sorority

Plaques

beautifully etched in
gold finish or tiffany
colored . . . official

You've seen them in the
smartest rooms . . .
you've seen them in our
windows.

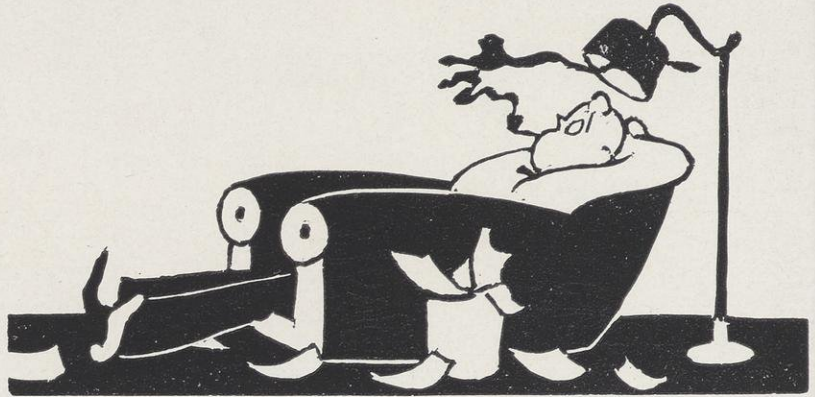
always carried in stock

\$1.50
EACH

.. The ..
CO-OP

IN THE EDITOR'S BROWN STUDY

Stuff and nonsense about
what's in this issue and why



Years and years, not to say years, ago the Octopus gave birth to a series of cartoons entitled "Fraternity Life at Wisconsin." This series proved to be one of the most popular features ever created by Old Eight Legs. All this, as we have been at some pains to point out, occurred many, many years ago, much of the frequently mentioned water having flowed under the bridge since.

Since then we have had chain letters, alphabetical doles, the New Deal, la grippe, technocracy, university convocations, rugged individualism, and a D on a six weeks' exam. We are living in a new age; a new era is at hand. Therefore, say we, it is not amiss to produce a modern version of Wisconsin fraternity life, fresh as a daisy . . . or is that the wrong flower?

In the present issue we picked on the Phi Gams, smugly ensconced in their preposterous pavilion; next month it will be the Chi Psis or the Dekes—we can't make up our mind which is the lesser of the two evils. The portrait of Phi Gam Maytag is only a rough estimate.

Following our avowed policy of

getting names into print, we evolved this issue a list of some of the more or less outstanding people on the campus, together with some of the reasons why. Obviously, we couldn't include every joe who ever was the member of a committee, sang in the glee club, wore an activity key, or joined a fraternity. We tried, however, to pick those who have won well-earned honors, who have accomplished much in extra-curricular activities, or who, by reason of the positions which they hold, stand out from the campus crowd. Doubtless there are many deserving students whom we have overlooked; to them we say: Look in next month's issue. Doubtless there are many more students who *think* they are deserving and have been overlooked; to them we say: We seen you all the time, heard you all the time, and also detected your presence with one of our other senses.

Next month we will continue "Who's Who," including University employes and faculty members. If you want to get even with any of your instructors, just drop us a line; your recommendations will be gladly accepted.

Our candid camera page is the work of Hal Connant, freshman and Beta pledge, who has had considerable experience in the picture-taking business and, as you can readily perceive, has clicked very well. Hal is doing a series of candid camera shots for Vic Falk's 1936 Badger and if the one in our book is a sample, it should be an excellent feature, in all sooth. Mr. Connant and his camera are inseparable; he takes it everywhere, to classes, to lunch, to work and play, on the chance that something may turn up. He snaps most of his pic-

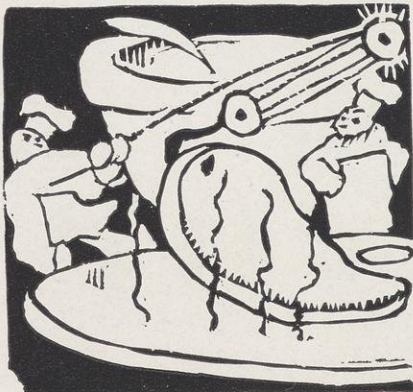
tures over a stooge-blind's shoulder, yells "Hey" to make subjects look toward the camera. His big ambition—to snap Glenn Frank picking his nose.

Octy will present another campus menage next month, so beware—the big bad camera will get you if you don't watch out. Woof!

Peg Stiles, one of the best, pinch hits for Dot Teeple in this issue, "turning out Design for Dressing" while the latter struggled with the six weeks' you-know-whats. Peg conducted that page for some year and a half in the past, and we sure are glad to welcome her back.

As for the rest of this month's opus: Sir Thomas Hyland turned out another one of those unreadable but funny Chaucerian sagas; Austy Wehrwein is responsible for "Man or Myth"; Chuck Fleming evolved the frankly untrue legends anent P. Bunyan; H. Bennett, B. Wright, and Fredman (brother of Herb, ex-Octy managing ed., who was always going to "give up everything and live in a piano box") have scraped long and well in le linoleum; and the business staff did get some advertising for a change.

—BILL HARLEY



Paul Bunyan Legends That Are Untrue—II

This story, although it is considered the gospel truth, is not true. It is but another example of the fantastic legends woven about the old logging hero by Homecoming publicity agents. It is not true.

The story goes that one day Paul was walking along, dragging his peavy, or logger's hook, behind him. He happened to pass a chipmunk's hole, and as he passed, he stopped it up with his pike. Thus, the story goes, Bascom reading room was built.

The story (you guessed it) goes that far, but does not show how the signs "Fake Signatures Not Accepted" got there. Therefore, the story must not be true.

Paul Bunyan Legends That Are Untrue—VIII

A vile whispering campaign being carried on against Paul Bunyan asserts that he was the originator of the question, "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?" and the accompanying reply, "That was no lady, that was my wife."

According to Charles E. Brown, curator of the university museum, the heating tunnels, the spirit stone, and the Memorial Union elevator (Read The Daily Cardinal for Complete Campus Confusion), the answer Paul always gave to the query was, "There's nobody here but us chickens, boss."

"And you'd pretty darn better think that was funny," Mr. Brown, curator of the Memorial Union elevator, the spirit stone, the heating tunnels, and the university museum, declared reminiscently. "Besides, Paul never worked on Octy."

Paul Bunyan Legends That Are Untrue—XII

Another legend connected with student activities is that Paul Bunyan is what the Big Men on Campus like to call a BMOC. Those who claim this for the Man Mountain say that he was Prom King, Football Captain, a Most Eligible Bachelor, an NSL picket, and a Badger Beauty.

All this is false. After all, there is a simpler explanation. If you were 17 feet tall, would you have to be any of those to have a big head?

Paul Bunyan Legends That Are Untrue—V

Legend has it that Paul Bunyan was a famous drop-kicker from Australia who disappeared during the war and recently came to light with many memories and much publicity.

This is untrue. That was last Homecoming, and Paul never was a Beta.

Our Patrons Tell Us

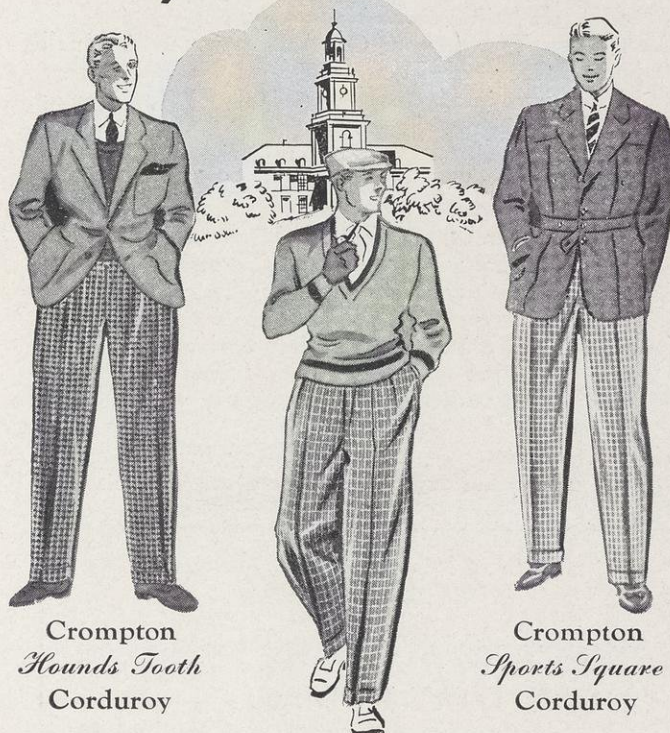
*"We still have the
BEST STEAKS
in Wisconsin"*

St. Nicholas Cafe

120 W. MAIN STREET

Badger 922

Introducing a New Campus Fashion...

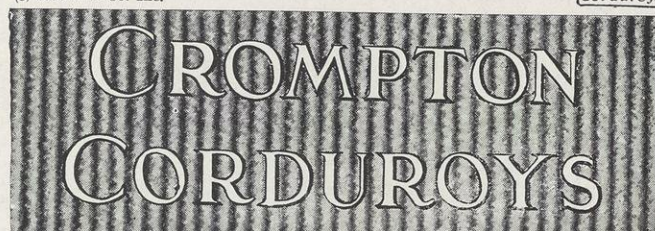


Crompton Patterned Corduroys

As the ancient bard once said: "Your clothes may not be very important to you but just try walking around without them." You can maintain your academic position in school without wearing these new Patterned Crompton Corduroys but how much more refreshing the current semester will be if your wardrobe contains a pair of slacks or two, and perhaps an odd jacket of Crompton Patterned Corduroys. They are as smart as punch and rugged and serviceable as ever.

Ask your favorite clothier about them.

CROMPTON—RICHMOND COMPANY—INC.
1071 SIXTH AVENUE AT 41ST ST., NEW YORK CITY
© 1935 C-R Co. Inc.



ADD WHO'S WHO

(continued from page ten)

man 1935 Prom; Assistant General Chairman 1935 Homecoming; Varsity swimmer; typical rah-rah—raccoon coat-no hat-collegiate, but good guy; Mary Murdoch (still); Delta Kappa Epsilon.

Greer, Jane, Washington; General Chairman Pan-Hell brawl; Court of Honor 1935 Prom; Sophomore high honors in art education; Sigma Epsilon Sigma; WSGAer; Sigma Kappa.

Lovshin, Leonard, Chisholm, Minn.; right end on the football team; "W" club president; Phi Beta Kappa; Sigma Chi.

Fisher, Jean, Madison; Women's Homecoming Button Sales chairman; Pan-Hell brawl hostess; Public Relations committee; Kappa Kappa Gamma, a sorority, not as is often claimed, an attitude.

Jankowski, Ed, Milwaukee; hardest working and hardest worked lad on our none-too-fortunate football team; plays fullback, No. 47; nearly wide as tall; Sigma Nu.

Mortell, Emmett, Appleton; transitory P. King candidate until you-know-what; quite a soft ball pitcher;

freshman captain of football team at Notre Dame, now plays left halfback for Wis.; smooth, you and he will agree; Delta Upsilon.

Golemeske, John, Waukesha; Junior, out of school last year—ineligible; plays considerable tackle for the Good Doctor; praised by same as being "one hell of a football player"; Deke pledge.

Wilson, John, Richland Center; Better known as "Weenie"; at present writing tied for lead in Big Ten scoring (unbelievable, isn't it?); fastest and lightest man on the football squad.

DeMark, Nick, Racine; speedy little forward on B. Foster's championship basketball team; outfielder on B. Poser's not so championship baseball team; called "Little Rocco" by teammates; bit of a clown and adept at extemporaneous speaking.

Steger, Ed, Oak Park, Ill.; towering center on the basketball squad; very shy; Phi Kappa Psi.

Hickman, John Comar, Bay View; 1934 Homecoming General Chairman; captained water polo team in sophomore year, next two years the swim team; five beers puts him in bad way; came here determined to be a missionary; Kappa Beta Phi; White Spades; Iron Cross; Kappa Sigma.

Wood, John, Red Oak, Iowa; business manager of the 1936 Badger; pres of last year's very funny Interfraternity Council; elections chairman; striving hard to be a shyster; White Spades, Iron Cross; Phi Gamma Delta.

Weisel, Wilson, Milwaukee; 1934 Orientation chairman; guiding little freshies in Tripp hall in capacity of fellow; former Union board biggie; now studying to be a surgeon; Phi Eta Sigma; Phi Kappa Phi; Phi Beta Kappa; White Spades; Black Gauntlet; Iron Cross; Phi Delta Theta.

Wadsworth, John Scotch, Ft. Thomas, Ky.; Mary Claire Walker; sophomore class pres; Cardinal Key & Tumas; has well lived up to the reputation set by brother Ted; Chi Psi.

Benkert, Arthur, Monroe; Editor-in-chief 1933 Badger; in last year law; one-time elections whipcracker; New York girl; Phi Kappa Phi; White Spades; Iron Cross; Sigma Phi Epsilon dictator.

Parish, Laura, Delavan; first woman business manager of the Badger; extricated most of Phi Phi chapter from their zoo, has them working on her staff; smilingly efficient; Pi Beta Phi.

Tompkins, Jay, New York; successful penny-pincher and advertising mystifier for the Daily Cardinal, a sort of newspaper; White Spades; Psi Upsilon.

Morse, Caryl, Madison; first woman to become senior class prexy; leader of student attack on Senate Investigating committee; Varsity Debater; Delta Sigma Rho; Mortar Board; Crucible; Chi Omega.

Montgomery, Lois, Evanston, Ill.; president of WSGA; Crucible; majoring in psychology; blonde, with cherubic smile; Kappa Kappa Gamma.

Girls!

DON'T BE A DORMITORY DUD . . .

You know the zero hour . . . the steam gives a final clup, clamp and passes out! And you still have plenty of plugging to do for an early class. Don't blame the steam . . . don't even blame yourself for not getting down to business earlier in the evening instead of chinning. Don't even worry about being too cold. Get a flannel robe at MANGEL'S.

MANGEL'S have all sorts of dashing flannel robes, some with an initial button, others with a monogram insignia and two tone effects. But above all they are deliciously warm. Come right down to MANGEL'S today before another night of bemoaning your cold fate . . . get a flannel robe. Then you laugh at the other dormitory duds . . . or better still, tell them to come down to MANGEL'S, too.

Mangel's

—PANTORIUM COMPANY—

Madison's Master Cleaners

907 University Avenue

B. 1180

558 State Street

Lawton, Mary Belle, Brodhead; Co-chairman of Orientation week; formerly wielded the gavel for Gamma Phi Beta; probably would have won if she had run for senior class pres; Sigma Epsilon Sigma; Crucible; Gamma Phi Beta.

McDonald, Gilly, Oshkosh; teamed with "Chub" Poser as all-conference guard on last year's quintet; also teamed as one of the three Most Eligible Bachelors; Interfraternity board; has black hair on chest; now freshman basketball coach and incipient lawyer; also SAE chaperon; White Spades; Iron Cross; Sigma Chi.

Adams, Melvin, "Mel"; Managing Ed. Badger; Haresfoot publicity Mgr. & co-author of "Break the News"; formerly did lousy job of cutting out exchange jokes for the Octopus; talks in explosions; teams with Teichmann in attempt to have fingers in everything in school including Homecoming & 770 with consequent indifferent results.

Armbruster, Gordon H., Milwk.; long time self-appointed political tycoon of the independents; started to run for senior class pres last fall, quit in middle of campaign "on account of his health"; 1935 Senior Class Council; Delta Sigma Rho; Phi Kappa Phi.

Thompson, Carl, Stoughton; recently elected senior class director; varsity debater; Forensic board; Koinos; Delta Sigma Rho.

Salerno, Frank, Madison; president of Haresfoot club; wrote all music for "Lucky Breaks"; nephew of Lawrence Salerno of WGN; Alpha Phi conscious; plays guitar and violin; Sigma Chi.

Kummer, Eloise, Sheboygan; very prominent in Wisconsin players; heads Campus Radio Players outfit; over radio, takes part of small boy; Homecoming Court of Honor; Kappa Kappa Gamma.

HONORABLE MENTION

Harvey Leiser
Harold Judell
Lyman Houfek
Willie Haight
Holger Hagen
Owen Goodman
John Wright
Barlow Weems
Winnie-the-Poo
G. Frank

•

Paul Bunyan Legends That Are Untrue—VII

An especially grave implication against Paul Bunyan is that he was the person who first suggested the name, Chi Phi, as the designation of a group of men. This is obviously not true.

Paul, after all, had a sense of humor.

Telegraph Flowers For Thanksgiving

If you can't get home for Thanksgiving, let RENTSCHLER'S telegraph Flowers for you. Thanksgiving Flowers may be telegraphed anywhere with guaranteed satisfaction. The family table at home will be happier with a floral remembrance from you on Thanksgiving! Place your order at RENTSCHLER'S today!

RENTSCHLER'S

230 STATE

BADGER 177

Wisconsin Authors

- **Prof. Alexander Meiklejohn**
What Does America Mean?
- **Prof. Grant Showerman**
Monuments and Men of Ancient Rome
- **Prof. W. B. Hesseltine**
Ulysses S. Grant
- **Prof. Walter Agard**
The New Architectural Sculpture
- **Mr. Mark Schorer**
A House Too Old

and at

BROWN'S

of course!

Welcome, Grads

THE ICE CREAM SHOP

Fresh Frozen Ice Cream

Malted . . . 5c-10c

2134 REGENT—at Allen

Fairchild 1498

We Deliver

ADD AFTER THE BRAWL--

fill his trouble-shooter spot. That Elaine Ohman, his understudy, wrote most of her columns in the Octopus office may account for the fact that they were even triter and flatter (if such things be possible) than the old master's themselves.

Marv Kramer, blond bandsman and church leader, dropped out when henchmen, having forgotten to learn the rules, put up posters in direct violation of the law. Incidentally, disgruntled Mortell men considered framing Houfek by sticking up posters for him.

Greenhalgh and Steinbrecher did or did not offer Houfek thirty bucks and six comps and the capitol dome. It all depends upon the way you look at it . . . that is, whether or not you are in Houfek's confidence, which seems to include being in his closet. But it will be pretty hard to shake the general belief that Houfek invited the offer and that his expose was poor sportsmanship. Houfek, it's said, was much relieved by the election, since helpful friends had heard that his election would mean an interfraternity ball on Prom night.

Emmett Mortell, D U halfback, and Goat Bob Greenhalgh faced trial, with Goat Augie Steinbrecher, on Houfek's bribery charges and lost rights ranging from membership in activities to voting privileges.

One of the funny sidelights on the election was Dick Johnson, who finally got his kingship, trying to play in the Kappa, Delta Gamma, and Theta leagues when natural habit and the habit of two years made him practically a Pi Phi.

Kappa Sigma, oddly enough, was haunted by the specter of one of the best men and smoothest politicians it ever had; mention of the name of Bob Davis '34 was enough to insure cruel and unusual punishments to be inflicted by the chapter. Davis, it seems, was in Johnson's position. He had every fraternity and every sorority lined up solid, and then lost to Del Karlen, independent. The boys, figuring it was "in the bag," just didn't bother to vote.

Incidentally, if . . . here we go, again . . . if Mortell had accepted the offer Houfek made of "You run and I shut up," and if the double voting system had gone through as it undoubtedly would have, Mortell would have been Prom king. That is, with his own support, plus Houfek's seconds thrown to the "weaker" opponent, plus Johnson's seconds to a fellow fraternity man, Mortell would have had a big enough vote to win. And if he had broken loose for a touchdown against either

Chicago or Michigan, he wouldn't have had to take any seconds.

However, Mortell played his cards what seemed the wise way at the time, and refused to split the Greek vote. He settled with Johnson . . . as Teichmann and Lucas had done . . . for variously estimated patronage; by doing this he broke a fraternity tradition of "a Prom king every fourth year" quite conclusively, since it is six years since Bob Bassett, a redhead, last staged a D U Prom.

Incidentally, one of the most ballyhooed parts of the Houfek machine collapsed on election day. Fortified with ballot boxes in Agricultural hall and a promised list of 200 names, Houfek's confederates were predicting big results. But the vote was less than 50 juniors and Alpha Gamma Rho, agricultural fraternity located in University Heights, linked itself to Langdon street to swing a majority of those.

The fate of the Ag hall polls is uncertain, due to the extremely light voting in all classes, but they will be demanded for the spring elections when several cow college politicians cast their hats in the ring.

As for other prophecies, most of the bosses and precinct captains are willing to bet . . .

That the Johnson-Heun-Brooks machine splits next spring with both Dick Laird, Psi U, and Joe Brooks, Phi Delt, currying support for senior class prexy next year.

And that neither a Gamma Phi, nor a Kappa, nor a Theta, nor a Delta Gamma, nor an Alpha Phi, nor a Chi Omega will be Prom Queen.

Paul Bunyan Legends That Are Untrue—IX

Cardinal Key has been spreading . . . among other things . . . the legend that Paul Bunyan was the first man ever to paint Kiekhofer's wall. This, we happen to know, is far from the truth.

As a matter of fact, Paul was supposed to paint the wall, but you know how those things go. He was willing, the wall was willing, and the chief of police (a man named Mugawaneganowokingat, if we recall rightly) was willing. But at the last minute things went wrong. Paul found that he couldn't get through the door of the Sigma Chi bar-room.

He ran off in a paroxysm of rage and added seven more chimneys on Science hall, which explains that old problem pretty neatly.

Cheer leaders ran riot across the greensward waving the thousands to ecstatic frenzy. Men at microphones painted the scene with extravagant phrases. The band roared a brassy version of "On, Wisconsin." A lone figure stood quietly at his post glancing nervously at his watch. He signalled a stooge.

"Watcha want, Doc?" he gurbled.

"Go down to LOHMAIER'S and see if you can find the boys," muttered the murkey mentor.

Student Laundry Special

5 Lbs. Fluff Dry for 30 cents

10c extra for shirts ironed . . . 1c each for handkerchiefs

Why have Mother do this work when you save nothing but worry . . . We do this for the price of Parcel Post.

Phone B. 4000

STUDENT BRANCH
767 University Ave.



3F Laundry Co.

STOLEN THUNDER

or how many lumps will you have
in your potatoes, Mrs. Zilch?

TRUE STORY

He said that . . .
He had married her . . .
For love . . .
And everyone believed him . . .
Until . . .
She left her shade up . . .
One night . . .
And now everyone says . . .
It was her . . .
Money.

—Puppet

Baby Stork: "Mama, where did I
come from?"

—Chicago Pheonix

Professor: "This examination will
be conducted on the honor system.
Please take seats three apart and
in alternate rows."

—Frivol

Waitress (looking at nickel tip
left by a close guest): "What're ya
tryin' to do — seduce me?"

—Voo Doo

"Do you sleep with your window
up or down?"

"I don't sleep with my window at
all."

—Exchange

The doctor arrived, and in due
time the little darling was brought
into the world. For a moment the
baby lay there, then he looked up
at his mother. "Ah," he said, "this
is the life."

—Froth

When I
Have
Done With
College,
The
Thing I'll
Miss
A Lot
Is Technically
Intangible;
It's
The Sleep
I Never Got.

—Columns

Three blind mice
See how they run?
They all run after the farmer's
wife.
Who wouldn't?

—Pelican

"Sire, Lady Godiva rides with-
out."

Sire (after glancing without):
"Very tactfully put, my man."

—Yellow Jacket

"Shay, is this the weather man?"
"Yes."

"Well! You've lef' it rainin' down
on our block." (click!)

—Augwan



She: How was your party last
night?

Voice on Wire: Oh, we're having
a shwell time.

—Punch Bowl

I took her to a night club.

I took her to a show.

I took her almost anywhere

A girl and boy could go.

I took her to swell dances.

I took her out to tea:

When all my dough was gone I saw
She had been taking me.

—Old Line

SMARTEE

The Southern father was intro-
ducing his family of boys to a visit-
ing governor.

"Seventeen boys," exclaimed the
governor. "And all Democrats but
John, the little rascal. He got to
readin'."

—Lafayette Lyre

Sergeant: "Did you shave this
morning Jones?"

Bill North: "Yes, Sergeant."

Sergeant: "Well, next time stand
a bit closer to the razor."

—Siren

"Who's that awful lookin' femme
in blue over there by the orches-
tra?"

"That's my aunt."

"Oh, I don't mean her; I mean
that horrible one who looks as if
she had on a fake face."

"She's my sister."

"Boy, she sure can dance."

—West Point Pointer

Owner: "How did you come to
puncture this tire?"

Chauffeur: "Ran over a milk bot-
tle."

Owner: "Didn't you see it in
time?"

Chauffeur: "No, the kid had it
under his coat."

—Pelican

Landlord — I'm going to raise
your rent next month, Mr. Dooley.

Tenant — Thanks, old boy. I was
just wondering how I'd do it.

—Frivol

Frosh: "What do you repair these
shoes with?"

Cobbler: "Hide."

Frosh: "Why should I hide?"

Cobbler: "Hide, hide! — the cow's
outside!"

Frosh: "Let her come in. I'm
not scared."

—Exchange

ADD MAN OR MYTH

breathed close to his face. Bunky broke out into a hot sweat . . . "Gawd a'mighty! I dunno! I, I, I . . ."

They looked at one another, panic stricken. Bunky didn't know! Bunky who had so glibly spun the sagas that had become nationally famous, who had his names in books as the man who really knew about Paul Bunyan, the great meistersinger of the lumber camps, the treasure keeper of American folk lore! Could it be that there would be no more new Bunyan yarns?

"Bunky, think! What did Paul do then? Did he jump the ocean?"

"No-o-o."

"What in almighty Hell did he do?"

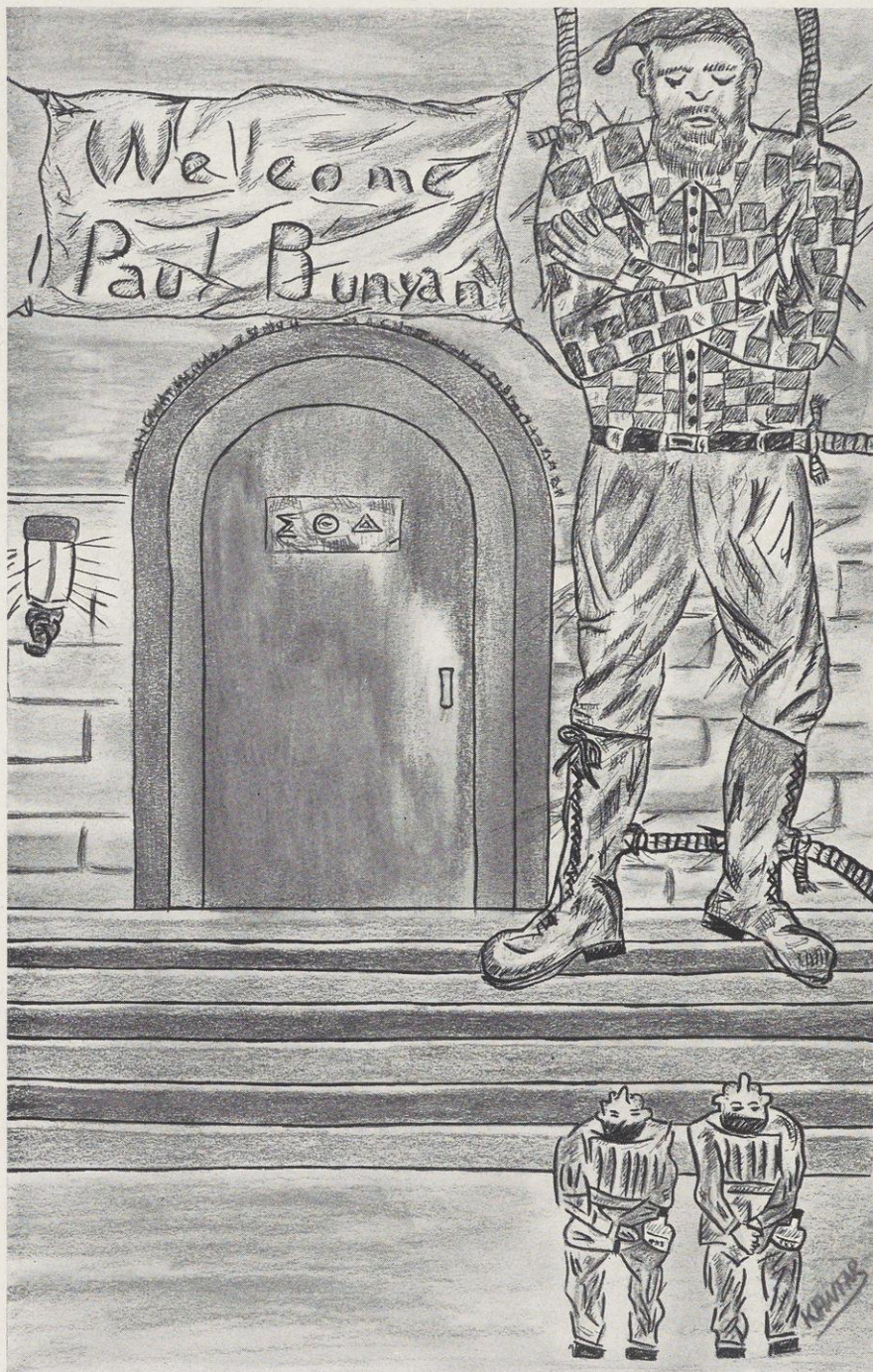
Bunky cringed, squirmed, said nothing.

The figures slipped sadly back to

their beds, shaking their heads. Bunky . . . didn't . . . know . . . what . . . Paul . . . Bunky . . . know . . . know . . . the wind whooned . . . rattled the windows . . . the stove shuddered . . .

"Guess he musta gone back home again," Bunky muttered, his head sunk on his breast, hot tears scalding his bleary eyes.

Then he belched . . . very softly, to himself. A soft, sad belch.



For an enjoyable evening
drop in at the

BLUE ROOM

.. OR ..

Victorian Lounge

MERRILL OWEN
and his
PARK FRESHMEN

featuring
MARLYN STRAND
Co-ed Torch Singer

Entertaining Every Evening
9:30 Until Closing

o o o

The Center for Grads
and Undergrads

o o o

Meet Your Friends at the Park

THE PARK HOTEL

ON . THE . CAPITOL . SQUARE

Shay, when did we pledge that?

—SKI-U-MAH

— ONLY —
KENNEDY-MANSFIELD
Properly Pasteurized DAIRY PRODUCTS
Provide ALL These SAFEGUARDS

Adequate Farm Inspection
Modern Sanitary Equipment
Accurate Temperature Control
Scientific Laboratory Control
Proper Pasteurization
Prompt, Courteous Delivery

**Kennedy
Mansfield
DAIRY
PRODUCTS**

Phone:
Badger 7100
•
OFFICE and PLANT
621-629
West Washington
Avenue

BY POPULAR REQUEST

CHARLIE AGNEW

and his

GREAT CHICAGO BAND

Will Return for the greatest

Homecoming Ball

In The 770 Club

TED WRIGHT'S ORCHESTRA

\$2.00 PER COUPLE

Great Hall Memorial Union

INFORMAL

SATURDAY

NOVEMBER 9



**CHICK MEEHAN
FAMOUS COACH**

Chick Meehan's *INSIDE TIPS ON* **WATCHING FOOTBALL**



**AT THE GAME, CAMELS EASE THE STRAIN - AND
AFTER IT'S OVER, WHEN YOU FEEL "ALL IN", GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!**

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.



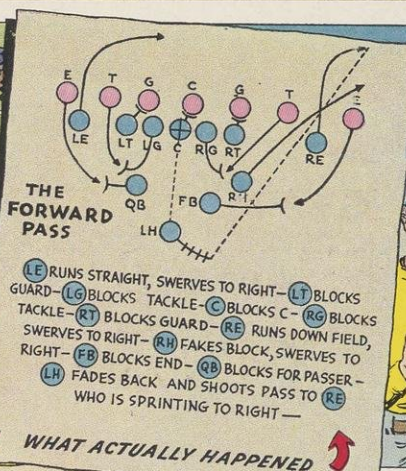
MR. MEEHAN, MY SISTER BETTY WANTS SOME INSIDE DOPE ON FOOTBALL!

SURE! COME UP IN THE STANDS AND WE'LL WATCH THIS PRACTICE GAME!



IT TOOK ELEVEN MEN TO MAKE THAT PASS PERFECT!

WHAT A PERFECT PASS THOSE TWO MEN MADE!





NOW-WATCH THIS PUNT FROM THE SAME FORMATION!

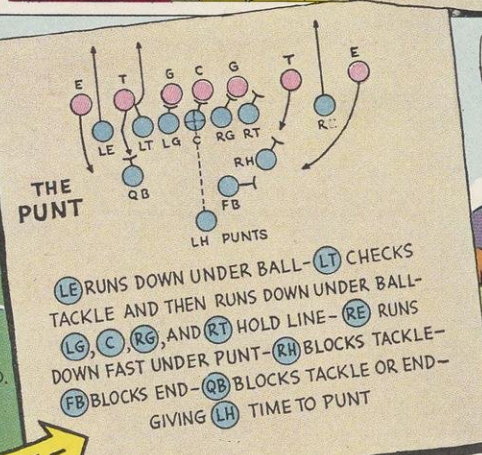
I DIDN'T KNOW EACH MAN HAD SUCH A DEFINITE JOB



BETTY SEES A BACK GET OFF A 60-YD. SPIRAL

—AND

THIS IS HOW IT WAS DONE —





WELL, BETS, DID YOU LEARN SOMETHING?

DID I / I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE BIG GAME!

REMEMBER, WATCH THE LINEMEN

BETTY LEARNS THESE PLAYS—AND MANY OTHERS



YOU'RE AN EXPERT NOW, THANKS TO CHICK MEEHAN!

A SPLENDID RUN—BUT GOOD BLOCKING MADE IT POSSIBLE

BETTY AT THE BIG GAME



THAT GAME WAS A THRILLER! HAVE A CAMEL!

I NEED ONE! SO MANY THRILLS USE UP A LOT OF ENERGY!



A CAMEL ALWAYS RENEWS MY FLOW OF ENERGY WHEN I NEED IT—AND THEY NEVER GET ON MY NERVES

YES, THEY CERTAINLY ARE MILD!

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.
(SIGNED)
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.

GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!