

## **The Wisconsin Octopus. Vol. 19, No. 7 March 31, 1938**

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# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS





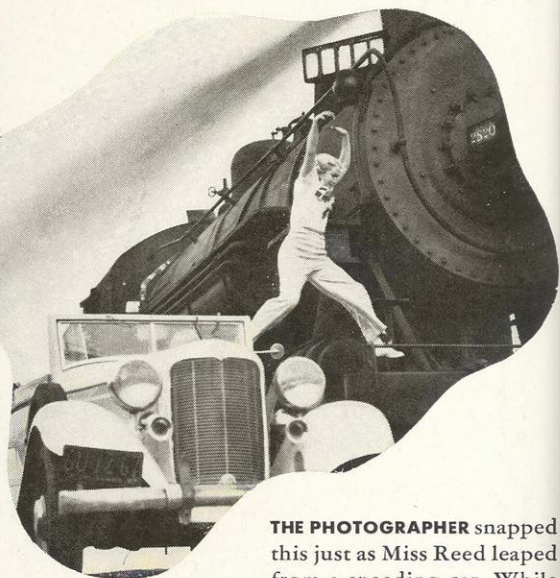
# SHE RISKS HER LIFE FOR THE

# *Movies*



## MISS IONE REED, DARING MOVIE STUNT GIRL, ANSWERS A QUESTION ABOUT CIGARETTES...

SHE jumps off rushing trains. She changes from speeding car to train and back again. She is the girl stunt star of Hollywood.Laughs at danger—because she knows what she is doing. Is extra careful in her choice of a cigarette, because, as she says—but read below and let her tell her ideas in her own way.

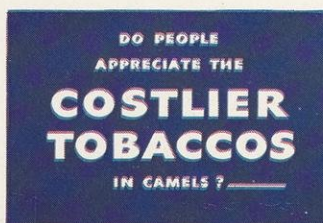


**OFTEN MISS REED** has to go through the same danger—the same strain—five or six times before the “take” is right. “I know what hard work is,” she says. “Many a time I’ve been thankful for that cheery ‘lift’ that I get with a Camel.”



**FOR RECREATION** Miss Reed likes cooking...dancing...outdoor sports...and Camels! “On almost every movie lot, I notice that so many of the stars prefer Camels,” she says.

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**—Turkish and Domestic.



**THE PHOTOGRAPHER** snapped this just as Miss Reed leaped from a speeding car. While making pictures, Ione often has time for only quick snacks. “Smoking Camels always helps me to enjoy my meal more,” she says. You’ll find that those finer, more expensive tobaccos in Camels mean much to *your* smoking.

CAMELS ARE THE **LARGEST-SELLING** CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

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ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER..

# *“Camels agree with me!”*



## The Campus CHRONICLE



NOT ALL that you find in history books was written by scholars. Take the place in *Our Times*, volume IV, where Mark Sullivan was quoting himself on the election of 1912. He wrote, "Do you believe you ought to have the right to express yourself at the pools?"

A sharp-eyed student, noticing the misspelling, took time to scribble,

"Can this be?"

Another, likewise in the mood for writing, wrote, "No!"

Another added, "I should say *not*," and from then on it was a rat-race. "Football pools? \$ \$ \$." "Swimming pools? Sure." "Who proof-read this book?" "I dunno" (scratched out). "John D. Hicks." "No! Sounds more like Hesseltine's work." "Conclusion: There's no — like an old —." "Cut the clowning, you muggs."

It looked as if this should end it, but right at the top of the margin, above all the rest, was, "Don't read this. It's not worth it."

The editors of Octopus are up a tree to know what else to add. Perhaps our readers could help?

### Music-Lover

Next to us at the Tessa Bloom concert sat a fellow with

*See Brown's Great Showing of*

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*With 1 or 2 Pairs of Slacks*

**\$35**

## KARSTENS

*On Capitol Square*

22 NORTH CARROLL



bushy, dandruffy hair, thick glasses, and deep, distant eyes.

At first he sat up very straight and serious, but along about the *allegro con brio* of Beethoven's Sonata in C, Op. 2, No. 3, he started pinching his cheek and running his forefinger over his curly lips. During the *adagio* he began looking down at the legs of the rather chubby girl who was with him. Then he slid his finger down his nose, diddled with the Phi Beta Kappa key on his chain, and looked sourly at the girl's purple hat. He straightened up during the *scherzo*, sagged again during the *allegro*, and crossed and uncrossed his legs all during the *allegro assai*. When the sonata ended, he was staring at the girl's wrist-watch and pinching his cheek again.

"How did you like it?" she cried, turning toward him. All he said, in a thrilled voice, was "Beautiful . . . beautiful."

### Messiah

The editors of this magazine wish to make known to its immediate public a more or less confidential fact. The University of Chicago has on its staff a Professor J. Christ.

### Escapade

At sunset last week we caught two Langdonites egging an ankle-socked sister to smuggle Something into their dormitory. The girl had the Thing under her coat when we came up the sidewalk, and had her big fur collar folded over it. The Thing started squirming in there, and from what we saw, It was brown and could have been a puppy, a kitten, a squirrel, or even a little fox.

Giggling and trying to fasten their lips straight, the girls stole into Langdon Hall. We stayed outside, and fell to thinking of the brave Spartan boy who hid a fox under his blouse, and, sooner than reveal his prank, let the fox gnaw out his innards.

And, plague take us, we wished that a proctor would



"Frankly, nymph, that thing is out of tune."

catch the girl and that Wisconsin courage would for once be put to the test.

### Dog's Life

It is a rather big home, the home of the late Professor Mendenhall, but not too big to forget the little things. A friend of ours tells us that on visiting the home recently he chanced to walk into a rather large room on the second floor. He estimated that a Clymer Place landlady would ask around three and a quarter a week, double, for it. It had the usual want-ad features: light, airy, cheery, clean.

He particularly noted the big, innerspring bed in the room, but was unable to account for the surplus bedding on top of the spotless sheets.

Without blinking an eye, his escort informed him that it was the dog's room.

### Darn Tootin'

A recent outburst of balmy weather rashly led us to desert our palatial offices for the now snowless walks of upper Langdon street. It was a lovely afternoon indeed, and every window gaped open to the breeze. As we neared the bend we were greeted by the soft, distant strains of a violin; but upon drawing nearer we decided that the strains were far from soft.

But harsh or soft, the music filled the air; and the neighboring house had a little sign on the front: *Rooms for Rent*.

### Newspaper

The landlady tells us that she found an intriguing note under the door when she returned home from her weekly No-More-Dormitories Club the other day. It was scrawled in pencil on a piece of "Big Tent" tablet paper, a billet doux from the newsboy:

"Dear lady, your newspaper for tonight is on the roof."

### Fee Card

That scoundrels do not invade the libraries and filch all the books which the school has accumulated during the past thousand years, the library requires a student to show his fee card before coming across.

We were standing next to a young man in the Reading Room one afternoon who, having received his book, hesi-

## The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc.

Madison, Wisconsin

\* \* \* \* \*

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Vol. XIX

MARCH 31, 1938

Number 7



# Leading a Double Life!



No, no! We don't  
Mean the gal!  
We wouldn't know  
About her.  
We're talking about  
Old Gold Cigarettes.  
You see,  
Old Golds are  
Double-mellow  
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Really double-aged  
(3 years or more).  
And they're  
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Two jackets  
Instead of one  
Double-guard  
O. G.'s freshness.  
You'll find  
Fresh Old Golds  
Double-rich  
In flavor,  
Double-pleasing  
To your taste.  
We'll bet  
You'll say . . .  
Old Gold's  
A sweetheart  
Like the gal!



Every pack wrapped in two jackets of Cellophane;  
the OUTER jacket opens from the BOTTOM.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tuesday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

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



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Products

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tated at the librarian's request for presentation of fee card. He meekly explained that he didn't happen to have it with him, but to prove that he was really *he*, he pulled out his fountain pen on which his name was engraved. Positive proof, we'd say.

### Protection

We've been eavesdropping on freshman English instructors again. We were humped over a desk in one of their offices (yes—a make-up exam, if you must know), when two of them started talking it up. It seemed as though a girl was being switched from one instructor's class to the other's.

"I must warn you, before you take her," said the rather

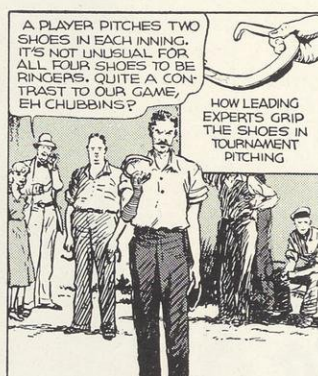
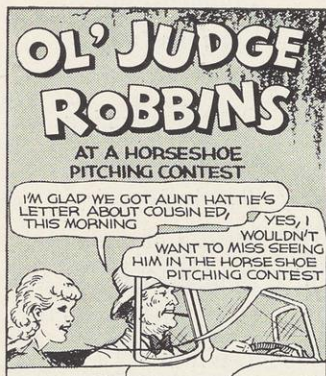
chubby, mustached one, "that she is one of these short-skirted office-sitters."

"Oh ho," laughed the thin, pale one, "I guess I'll get by unsexed. I don't have a big mustache like yours."

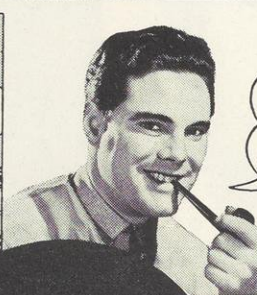
In all fairness, we think short-skirted office-sitters ought to leave these young freshman instructors alone.

### R. S. V. P.

From the card in the window, we see that a new malted-milk store at State and Gorham is going to have a *formal* opening. Come see the mayor dedicate the first frozen flip. Watch the first spoon break whipped cream on the first sundae. Hear the high-powered electric milk-shakers churning the enterprise into the financial sea. White tie.



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ALL MY PIPE TROUBLES ARE BEHIND ME. EVEN BREAKING IN A PIPE IS NO PROBLEM WITH **MILD-SMOKING, GOOD-TASTING PRINCE ALBERT**

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

**PRINCE ALBERT**  
THE NATIONAL  
JOY SMOKE



**SO MILD!**

THE BIG  
**2**  
OUNCE  
RED TIN

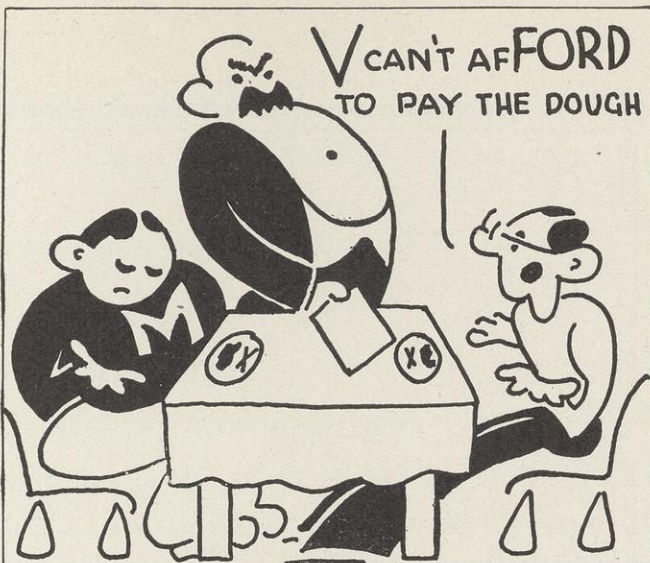
**50** pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert



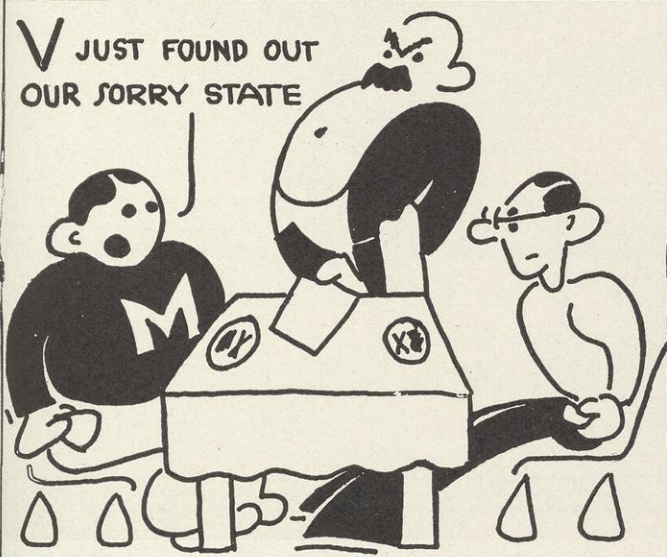
V8 TO TELL  
THIS TALE OF WOE



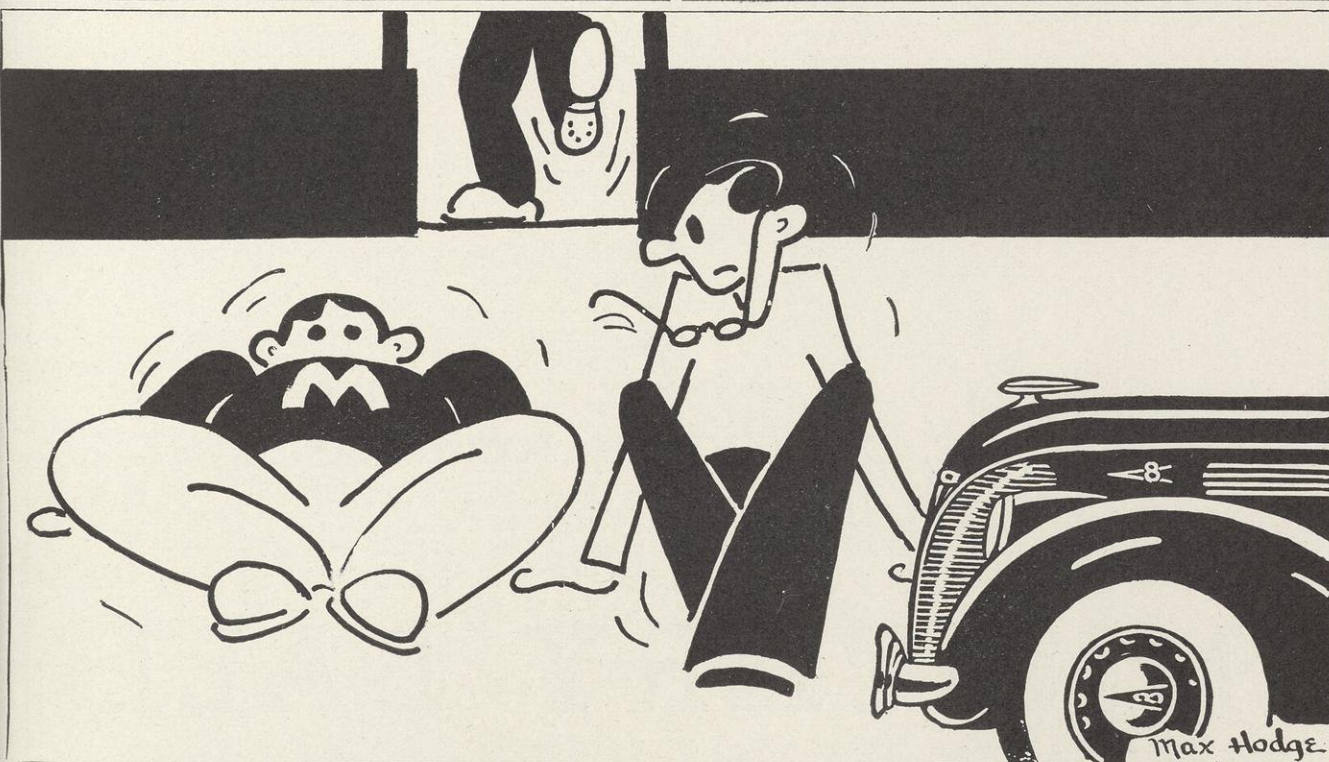
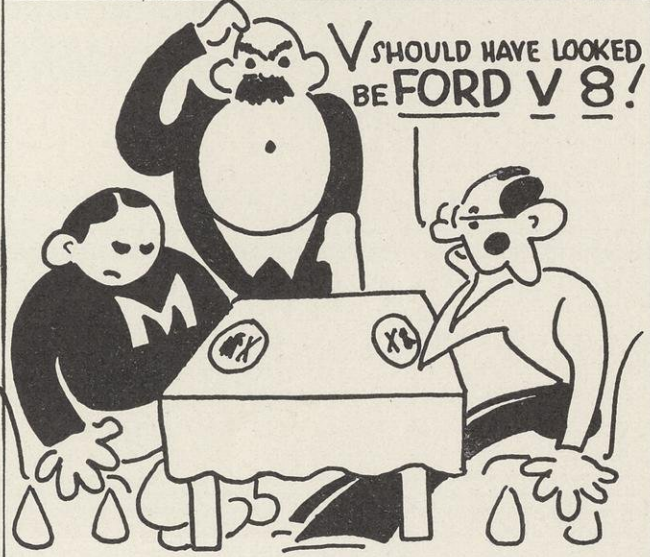
V CAN'T AFFORD  
TO PAY THE DOUGH



V JUST FOUND OUT  
OUR SORRY STATE



V SHOULD HAVE LOOKED  
BE FORD V 8!



Max Hodge



## Easter Greetings . . .

. . . of flowers can be sent to friends and relatives out of town by wire or fast mail. Easter is April 17th this year. Order your flower gifts now for friends near and far.



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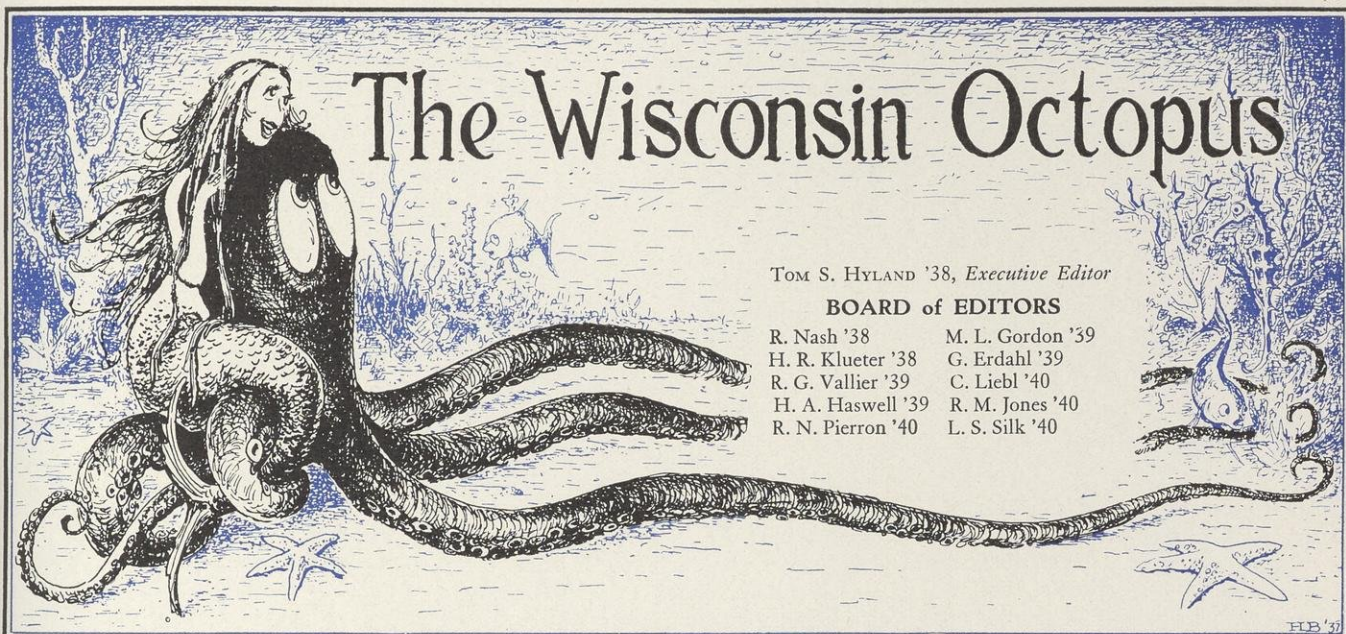


## Music, soft lights, romance . . .

The Union will furnish the low lights, and the romance is your own problem. But Bob Crosby's Dixieland Swing Band, Charlie Agnew's Sophisticated Rhythms, and Ken Hoffman's College Music are yours for \$4. Remember she can stay out until all hours on April 8th, too!

# MILITARY BALL





# The Wisconsin Octopus

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Volume XIX

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## On Second Thought

**T**HE European situation is still keyed up to the point of hysteria. At the cry of "Fire!" one no longer looks about for the nearest exit but instead flattens out at full length on the floor.

\*\*\*

The recent bombings of Barcelona are not a backward but a forward step for civilization. They have proved that a few bombs, well placed, can do wonders of slum clearance.

\*\*\*

It is a misnomer, we feel, to label the approaching week-off a "spring vacation." More appropriate would be "Do-Your-Term-Paper-Week."

\*\*\*

We often muse on how unhappy the Czechoslovakians must be to find themselves surrounded by hostile countries. Lest their courage give out, we point for their inspiration to the similar sturdy position of Vermont.

\*\*\*

A group of Milwaukee ministers are sponsoring a liquorless night-club. In these days when it is so hard to fill a church and collections are slim, there is nothing like a little side-line to fall back on.

A recent decision of the Nazi high court deserves world-wide attention. A soldier who had the two middle fingers of his right hand shot off has been forbidden to Heil Hitler.

\*\*\*

We are frankly glad we are going to college today rather than twenty years from now. It's going to be hell studying modern European history by the time the professors understand it.

\*\*\*

Phenomenal indeed has been the growing popularity of the ventriloquist. The trend has even spread abroad where two nations, Austria and Lithuania, have become puppets.

\*\*\*

At a recent review Hitler outlasted all his colleagues in the ability to keep his arm out in formal salute. We attribute it all to those muscles he developed while he was a paperhanger.

\*\*\*

Maybe it's only the weather, but we view the future of the university with

optimism. Mr. Dykstra has been here long enough so that he can talk on something else besides the Cincinnati flood.

\*\*\*

College, says an educator, is the training ground for the leaders of the future. Without exactly disagreeing, we put forth our own definition: College is a four year fight against sleep.

\*\*\*

The Dean of Men will take over the Cardinal this summer and run it as a publicity sheet. The readers will notice no appreciable changes.

\*\*\*

The self-styled king of American hoboes has assured the press that there will be no world war. Mr. Roosevelt now has the opinion of big business, little business, and others.

\*\*\*

Austrians have hailed Hitler as the deliverer of their country. God help us poor American slaves, with nary a dictator to deliver us from freedom.





## No Policemen



BIRDS sang and little clouds hurried across the blue sky. Tree buds seemed to burst in the sunshine. No wonder Betty Watts was happy as she sat on the rock in the forest.

More than happy—she was exalted, inspired. Spring, she said to herself, made her spirit soar. It put her on a plane with Keats. She straightened her skirt and opened the little volume. *Thou still unravished bride of quietness*, she read, *Thou foster child of silence and slow time* . . .

Ah, Keats. She might almost write poetry herself. She was personally not an abundant wench, yet her mind was deep. Pale memory of doves, she said, there is a nice phrase. Could be expanded into a poem.

The dry leaves behind her rustled and she turned quickly. A young man was leaning against the tree, his hands in his pockets and a little smile on his face. "Good afternoon," he said with a cheery nod.

"Hello," admitted Betty inconclusively.

"Luscious weather," he said. "It's poetry you're reading, I'll bet. If I'm not interrupting the party . . ." He sat down beside her on the rock.

Betty Watts was a trifle flustered. Her experience had included no such brash young men. Indeed it included few young men at all. "It's Keats," she said and looked at the young man through her glasses.

"Good stuff if you like it," he said. "Myself, I respect poets like Keats, but I believe in the old saying that lips only sing that cannot kiss."

Betty smiled wanly and crossed her legs and then uncrossed them again. "Yes," she said, "but Browning . . ."

"Pooh—Browning!" laughed the young man. "Repressed. A true Victorian in all senses of the word. You know, I think you are a bit of a poet, or would like to be."

"Oh, I'm not any good at it, but in the spring like this . . ."

"Sure," interrupted the pleasant young man, "I know. Birds and buds and bumblebees, spring air and sunshine—I feel that way, too, but I don't want to write poetry. Poetry is only an outlet, a substitute . . ." He made a sweeping gesture, "All outdoors pulses, and there are no policemen—figura-

tively speaking—to watch . . ."

"Perhaps," said Betty Watts with a gulp, "it would be just as well if there *were* policemen in the woods." She looked at him sideways.

"The young man smiled and stood up. "Well," he said, "I guess I know when I'm not wanted. And when I'm not getting any place." He walked down the path whistling jauntily, his hands in his pockets.

In the soft earth where he had walked Betty Watts, her eyes wide behind her glasses, saw only hoofprints.

—T. H., C. F.

## Ripeness Is All

At his desk the editor of an obscure student tabloid mused on his soon-to-end career, recalling his crusades against perdition and vice. The annual exposés of housing, restaurants, the English department, and the library had gone over smoothly; and there had even been innova-

tions from time to time.

Especially the R.O.T.C. He had informed his readers that it was not a training ground for warriors but for militaristic ideas. The army didn't ask that the freshman shoot straight and shoulder arms; all they asked was that he believe in bigger army budgets and the fun of spreading guts all over hell. Freshmen had been urged to scorn the R.O.T.C., with its childish uniforms and titles and useless swords. Yes, he had done well.

Still musing he turned to the morning's paper. "Military Ball Tickets Going Fast," "Major Says U. S. Must Arm," "Twenty Coeds Picked as Honorary Colonels," "Washboard Stompers Play at Miliball" read the headlines surrounding a three column cut of Colonel Weaver waving a large American flag. The editor looked out the window a minute and smiled softly to himself. Yes, it had been a pretty good year. —M. N.



"You know, I'm still hungry . . ."





## The Adventures of Dean Goodnight's Secret Police

No. 2—The Lake Road Patrol Makes Its First Catch of the Season

### First in the Hearts . . .

**L**ACH year acres of pictures and feature stories bedeck our daily papers with tales of assorted damned fools who are *Firsts*. At the moment, the most popular *First* is the man who dons his bathing suit, finds a bit of cold open water, and goes swimming. Every creek in the forty-eight states has its champion. It was with a touch of grim irony, and not a little satisfaction, that a town in Michigan announced that the local *Firstster* had died of "severe chill."

Every world series has its *First*. He is the lad who brings his cot in front of the ticket office and nine days later with beard unshaven tells of his thrill in being the *First* one to buy a ticket for the series. The man who is hundredth in line gets just as good a seat. Sometimes better.

A world's fair is incomplete without its *Firststers*; they make excellent publicity for the event. I think *Firststers* must be hired by the fair operators, for after having their pictures in the papers they are never heard of again. But all the *Firststers* who can be found to testify, after the glamour has died down, insist that their art is purely amateur. The man who was *First* to enter the Chicago World Fair tells his story as one of strenuous struggle versus Father Time. As he tells of the warm pea soup his wife used to bring him daily, one can note a happy glow return to his eye.

Architects say that a big factor in the success of a newly built bridge is the line-up of *Firststers* who toe the mark ready to claim the distinction of crossing first! People enjoy a first-night play better than a long run; a first edition of any book is always worth at least double the price. While hundreds of people have ventured to climb Pike's

Peak, only one, bless him, was really and truly *First*.

Often it has occurred to me that there is some reason why people strive to be *First*. The only answer must be an inner contentment. Surely the *First* to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel, wherever he may now be, has deep down in his heart a fond remembrance of the day when he was the talk of the town. Thus, the *First* has his brief moment of blissful supremacy; he can walk out among his fellow men—*e pluribus unum*.

Sometimes I wonder whether the robins have any trouble trying to decide which of them is to be *First*.

—M. L. G.

### Notice

The Octopus has been asked to announce that after April 3 the University toboggan slide will no longer be open. This is a last warning.







## I Seen Him

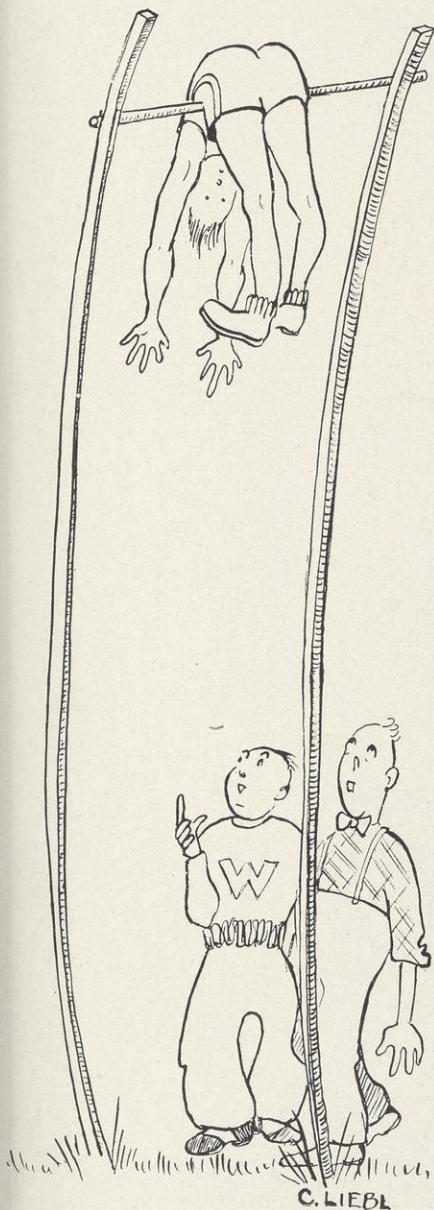


S First-Robin Editor, I was positive it was a breast of red I saw bobbing about in the thick-et. But when I thrust my head into the bushes, two jaws of beak snapped under by nose. "Scrawk! Scrawk!" cried the whopping bird who owned the beak, "what a nose for news! Pooh!" I held my nose, scrutinized and questioned him.

Q—What the hell do you think you are?

A—I'm the First Vulture. Here I am!

• •



C. LIEBL

"The way I look at it, if he don't come down soon, we gotta go up after him."

Q—Scram.

A—Listen, pencil-pusher, I've been taking raw deals from you gentlemen, haw haw, of the press long enough. On account of you guys, nobody ever gives an honest vulture a break. How's about a fair chance for once, Mac?

Q—And what did *you* ever do?

A—Here's what: of the last nine Springs, I've beaten the First Robin home eight times. And that once I got mixed up in a Mexican revolution, and had work to do.

Q—You mean *you* beat the First Robin home this year?

A—That's it, bo. The little sissy took to cover when he saw me coming. All that squirt's got is good press agents. Nobody ever notices *me*! But I'm fast and sure; I deliver the Spring warm and fresh from good old Mexico, and *he* gets the credit.

Q—How is good old Mexico?

A—Swell. I've been on special duty, watching President Cardenas. I hated to leave, but a job's a job, and this is my real work.

Q—You take your work quite seriously, First Vulture. Maybe you just need a good press agent.

A—Probably so. You're hired.

Q—Well, give me a statement.

A—Say I am very happy to see the buttercups, crocuses and morning glories a-borning.

Q—That's good! I thought things only *died* a-borning.

A—No, sir. What's more, I am happy to see the little freshets sparkling and babbling over the rocks, to hear the little children shouting and singing with glee, and to breathe the exhilarating breeze. By the way, have you seen any dead cows?

Q—No, First Vulture.

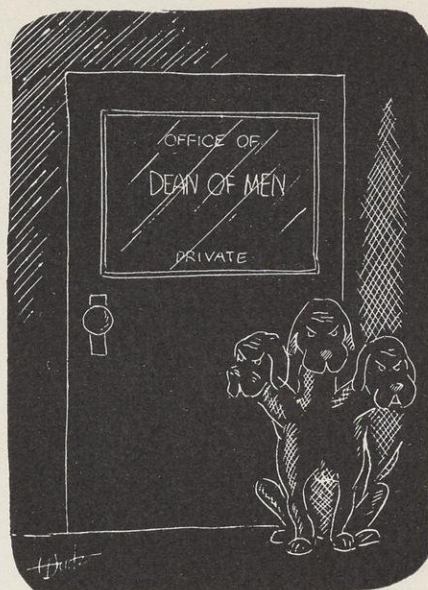
A—No matter. I have also brought you echoes of the pipes of Pan and smiling blue skies. I awaken the hearts of lovers and poets. I shall also work for the City Sanitation Dept., if they like, for I am the Bird of Service. And now, while all this talk is going round for getting a new American bird to replace the eagle as our national bird, why don't they pick me?

Q—Good point! But what do you think of the Turkey?

A—Good eating . . . that's all. Why not Be American? Back the Vulture for the national emblem! Hearst is supporting me. I'm clever.

Q—You are inced. I shall tell my readers about you.

A—You better! It's time justice was done. Good-bye, punk! I'll be looking for you. Happy Spring-time!—L. S.



• •

## Let's Fly

P. P. TWIDDLE never suspected that some day he might learn to fly. Nor had he ever particularly wished he could fly. He just didn't think about it.

One day P. P. Twiddle fell out of a window.

P. P. closed his eyes, held his breath, squirmed, twisted, and flapped desperately. Suddenly, he had a strange feeling that he was no longer falling, a feeling that he was floating. He opened his eyes, and noted with interest that he was flying.

He could fly! P. P. Twiddle could fly!

For a while he experimented until he realized fully his potentialities. He soared high into the skies, zoomed past treetops and chimneys. He casually drifted past windows, peeking in as he did so.

He flew down close to people on the sidewalks. Boy! He certainly must be wowing them. They probably couldn't believe their eyes when they saw him, P. P. Twiddle, flying.

But nobody even looked up. P. P. Twiddle's heart sank within him. Nobody noticed him. They didn't even care that P. P. Twiddle could fly.

Oh, well, maybe it was because P. P. Twiddle was a canary. —R. P.

## Sororities—See Societies

### Societies

Psi Upsilon

Lake Lawn pl . . . Fairchild-139

—MADISON TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

One of the chapter secrets, perhaps?



## Around and Around



COMING up the back stretch, I was only two laps behind the other runners. I wasn't in any condition to be racing, anyway; but the boys had needed a miler for the interclass meet, so there I was—with five and one-half gruelling laps ahead of me.

I suspected that I wasn't going to win, so I tried to take my mind away from my flaming lungs. I soon found my diversion. Between strides I caught a glimpse of a brawny fellow working out with a gleaming new shot-put.

I noticed him particularly because I didn't like him very well—mostly because he wore the silliest clothes and had a gold tooth in front. Then, too, he had been dating Mary lately.

Anyhow, I fancied I could catch a leer on his face as I whizzed around the curve and finished my next lap. He was just standing there grinning, shot-put poised on his shoulder, as I passed by.

Well, that made me mad—so I prayed like hell for my third wind (I had already had my second going around the first curve).

I did pretty well that lap, but as I flew down the back stretch my elation disappeared as I saw my rival calmly tossing the shot-put again.

All at once I couldn't see. I don't know whether they were tears of cha-

grin, fatigue, or perspiration, but I could scarcely see the retaining curb or the man ahead of me (he wasn't more than a lap ahead, either).

I managed to get around the curve all right, but by that time things were pretty bleakly. I rubbed my eyes to keep from running onto the field where someone was tossing the shot-put; and, breaking my stride, I was almost ready to drop out of the race when Mary spoke.

I don't know what she said, but I do know that the added effort she incited also brought more tears—of determination this time. Hence, I lengthened my stride and put on a spurt of speed. I even remember smiling.

Then, as I took my next step the nurse handed me a glass of water.

Sheer instinct, or something, caused me to ask, "What happened?"

"You stumbled over the curb and got a nasty bump."

"Oh . . . ! Then did Mary rush out onto the field?"

"No—the shot-put hit you."

—B. P. R.



The editors of the Octopus wish to caution those constructing the new wing of the Union that the citizens of this state will not tolerate any more



"Dear Miss Dix:

I am a sophomore in a big university and now that spring has come I have still . . ."

such errors as having the University Library face the wrong way.

### Burns Quiz

Green grow

The grasses

O?

No.

Green grow

The lasses

O?

No.

Green grow

The Fascists

O?

No.

Green grow

The rashes

O?

So.





*A Song for the Spring*

Pour down the drain  
 The nut-brown ale,  
 Sweep the myrtle out  
 The door,  
 Plant thistles where  
 The roses grew,  
 And strike the wreathed  
 Lute no more.

Search through the fields with  
 Daisies thick  
 And woods with leaflets  
 Laden,  
 Rout from his copse each  
 Goat-eyed faun,  
 Each sprightly forest  
 Maiden.

For these once sportive  
 Woodland folk  
 Their days of wanton

Ease are done;  
 The world's now grim and  
 Clouded gray,  
 A new more fruitful  
 Life begun.

The thunders gather round  
 The peaks  
 Where once the sun rose  
 Warm and gold,  
 And lightnings flicker  
 Where the breeze  
 Came laurel-scented  
 As of old.

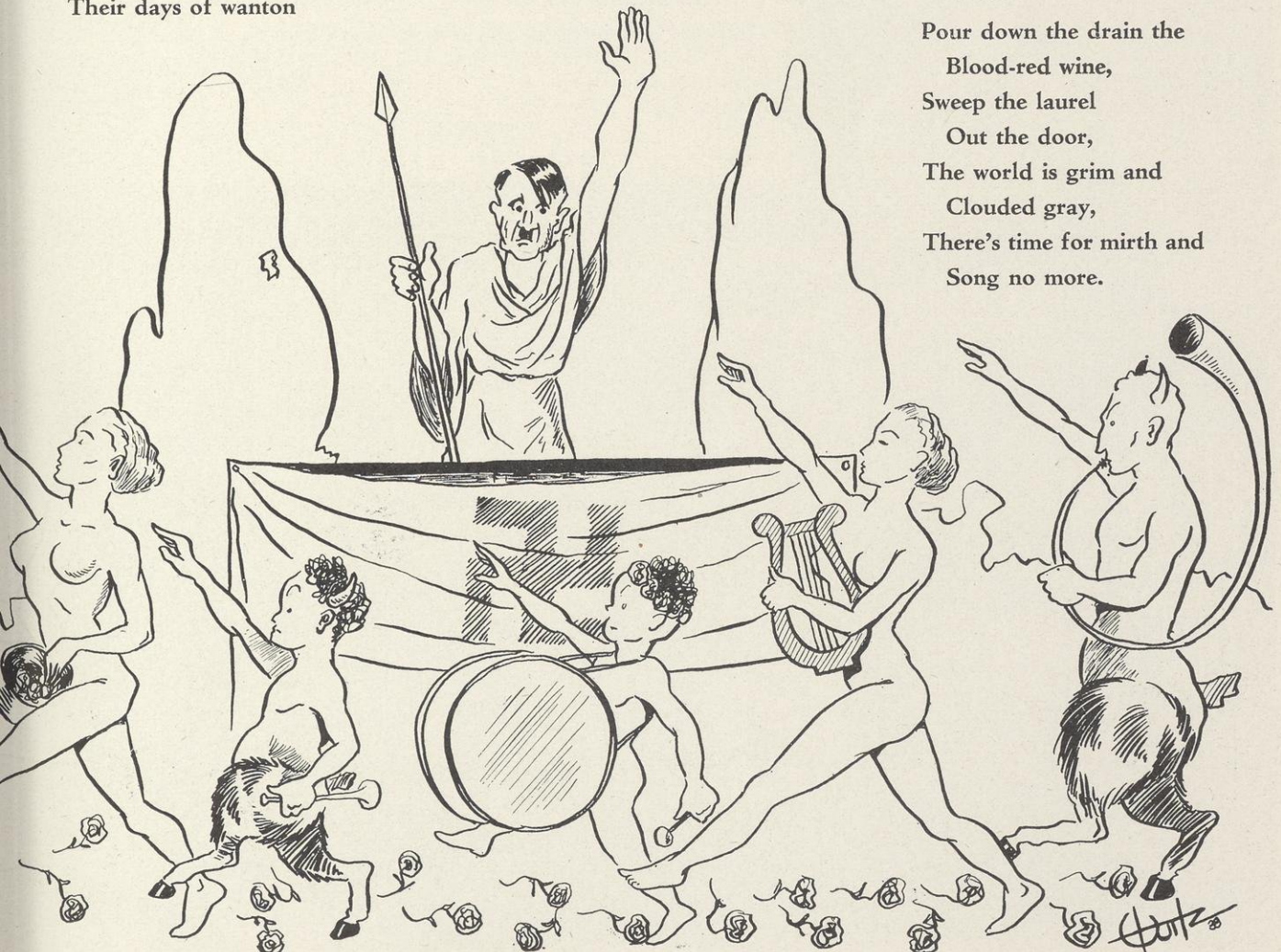
Joy on tiptoe skips  
 No more  
 Along the leafy  
 Forest path,  
 For force and hate in

Thick soled boot  
 Pay homage to the  
 Gods of wrath.

No frolic song shall  
 Foul the air,  
 No laughter mock  
 The day—  
 Let pipe and viol,  
 Lute and lyre,  
 Join loudly in a  
 Martial bray.

Line up, you nymphs and  
 Sharp-hoofed fauns,  
 Dare not to wonder  
 Why  
 With arm upraised and  
 Chin held stiff  
 You have to march, perhaps  
 To die.

Pour down the drain the  
 Blood-red wine,  
 Sweep the laurel  
 Out the door,  
 The world is grim and  
 Clouded gray,  
 There's time for mirth and  
 Song no more.



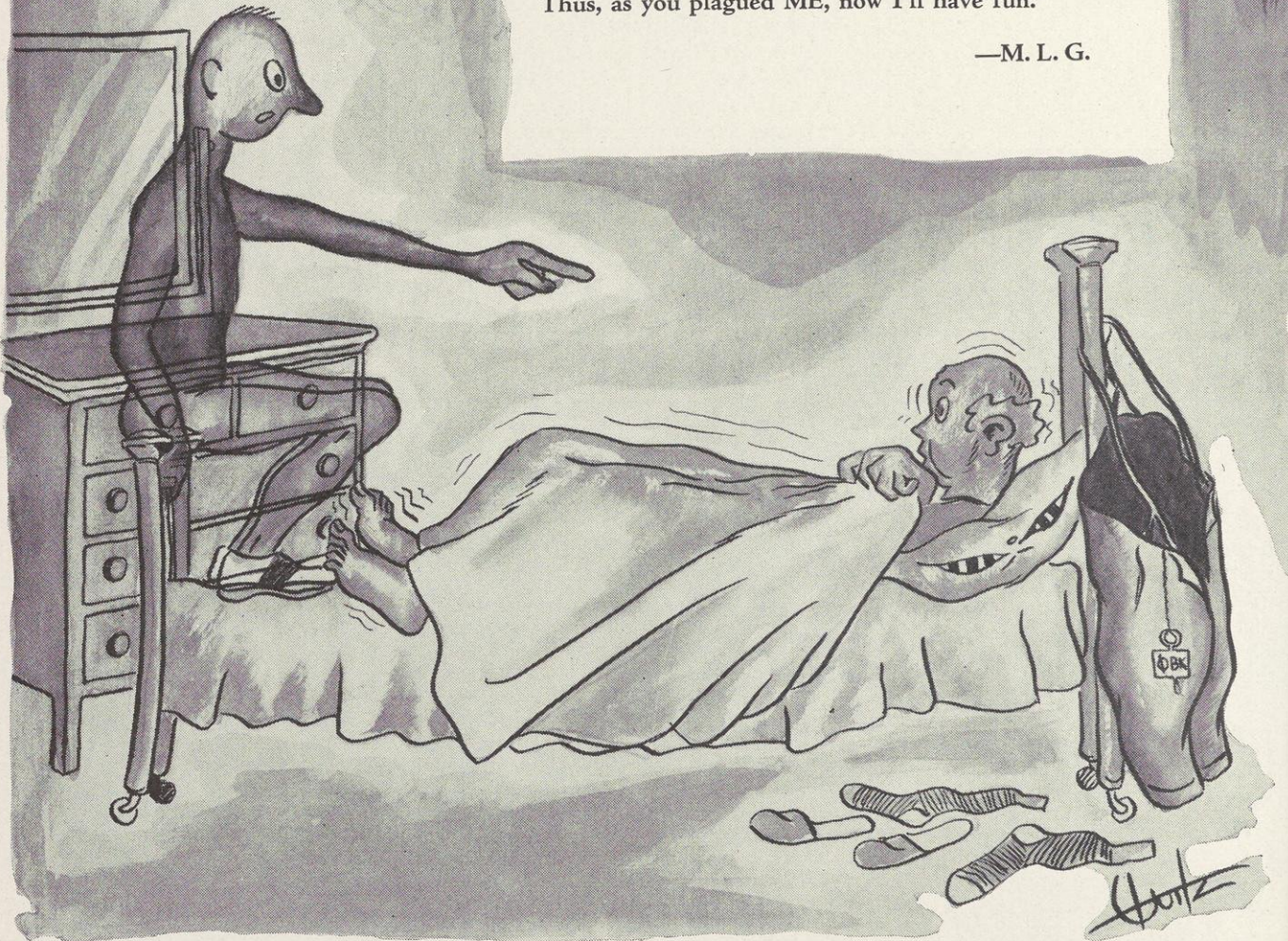


## *The Apparition*

You haunted me throughout my college days  
 And caused my head to wrack at night with pain.  
 Your red-inked "D's" showered me like rain;  
 My best attempts you smirked at with disdain,  
 Smiling smugly, lest I should complain.  
 My saddened heart grew ill; my spirits wane.  
 Till death, with justice, set me out on better ways.

Your turn is up, but mine has just begun.  
 What powers there are, hereby do now decree:  
 That you must never wear your Phi Bete key,  
 Or tell a joke that not a soul can see.  
 Your lowest mark shall henceforth equal "B,"  
 And text books, outlines, you must furnish free.  
 Thus, as you plagued ME, now I'll have fun.

—M. L. G.





## Wisconsin's Representative Students, or Numen Lumen Indeed!

The editors of Octy, sick of "typical" big-appling collegians, are prepared to show the world the faces and characters of truly average students.



**H**IS name is George Alvin Baumgartner, and he has not drawn a single book from the Library in his two years in college.

\* \* \*

He is a sophomore, taking Chemical Engineering. He almost flunked calculus and got a D his first semester in freshman English. His grade point average to date is 1.313.

\* \* \*

His ambition is to hurry up and graduate and get a job which pulls down big dough. He does not see why they make you take a lot of stuff like English that will not help you to pull down more dough.

\* \* \*

He knows that Hitler did some sort of sleight-of-hand in Europe lately; but the names Chamberlain, Goering, Blum, Morgenthau, and Stanley Reed mean nothing to him. His second semester included five days in the infirmary with a bad cold.

\* \* \*

He hails from Beloit, Wisconsin, and still wears the faded purple and yellow sweater which he got when he was on the high school track team. During his first two months in Madison he wore a gold pin with the enamelled inscription, "B. H. S. '35."

\* \* \*

Once a week he sees a movie. If his mind wanders while studying, he is thinking of Alice Faye. He has a tinted photograph of a Girl Back In Beloit on his bureau, but they do not write.

\* \* \*

He eats at a State Street hash-house and does not get enough vegetables. He has never voted in a student election. His best suit is purplish with a fancy back on the coat; he usually wears a light green shirt and a yellow necktie with it. He does not like Communists.



**S**HE lives on the third floor of Barnard Hall, and her name is Florence Elizabeth Olson. She washes her stockings and slip in the bathroom and then hangs them in her window all evening to dry.

\* \* \*

Her posture is not very good, and she wishes she could lose—or gain—about ten pounds. She does not like beer. Her grade point average is 1.622, and she may go to summer school next year, for more reasons than one.

\* \* \*

Her father and mother drive up from Kenosha to see her about once a month, accompanied by her little sister who is taller than she and a bit skinny. Little sister can hardly wait until she is in college herself next year.

\* \* \*

She has not read a book since last summer and was never rushed by a sorority.

\* \* \*

She is a junior in the School of Education and plans to teach English and Speech in a high school. She will write a thesis entitled Echoes of the Book of Job in Chaucer's Clerk's Tale.

\* \* \*

She has three dates a month, one of which is for a walk. At that, she is lucky.

\* \* \*

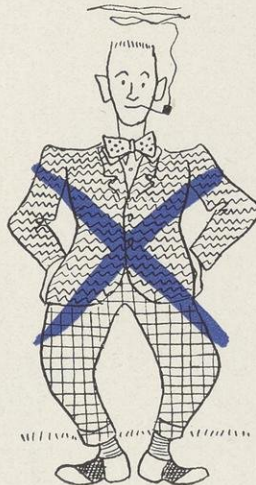
She has taken Economics 1a.

\* \* \*

She has weak arches and six gold fillings, can make angelfood cake and baking powder biscuits which are at least edible. She usually skims through the Reader's Digest which her roommate gets from home every month.

\* \* \*

She does not know why Abraham Lincoln stands up and once saw a play at the University Theater. She chews gum.





## Shadows Will Fade



WHILE the evening shadows played hide and seek with the moon, two particular shadows traveled slowly down the highway behind two human forms. The fat shadow turned its head, lowered its double chin, and remarked to its frail companion, "Some idea of yours, this hitch-hike hike! Here we are two packs of cigarettes from home and stranded under observation of yon vague and monstrous shapes, which I presume and hope are horses."

"Well, could I foretell our error at that lonely crossroad? Then, too, I thought we'd catch another ride to the next town before dark."

"You think like you eat—both done with good intentions, but such meager results! Spring vacation only lasts a week, and I don't want to spend it hiking around searching for a hitch."

Receiving no reply, the plump shadow added, "Sorry—guess I'm just tired. Whadya say we sit down a while?"

"Naw, Fats, let's keep movin'. Maybe there's a town ahead."

The suggestion brought the resting shadow to its feet, as it had all through the day, for, indeed, what shadow wishes to be left behind?

The two smudges on the pavement had scarcely resumed their journey when the chubby shadow nudged the slender one and pointed to a looming hay barn behind a near-by clump of trees. The thin shadow nodded assent and the conspirators made their way across the two fences.

In the shadow of the barn the two shadows bade farewell to their owners and left the stealthy humans to fend for themselves.

"Gee, they must raise rabbits here. Look at all the wire cages around," whispered Fats. "Anyway, rabbits don't bark."

As they groped for the barn door latch, Fats stumbled over an oil drum. Both waited tensely for several seconds, and then, as Chuck reached again for the latch, a vicious "Whir-r-r-r-r" sounded from one of the cages near the barn. Almost at once another "Whir-r-r-r-r" came from the shadows

of a neighboring shed.

A numbness seized the boys. Chuck's hand was still poised over the latch, while Fats' hand remained motionless over his injured shin.

Then, with a steady effort, Fats' double chin began to droop, and after a final convulsive try, the word came out—"Rattlesnakes!"

THIS simple utterance broke the spell, and the twitching muscles of the intruders broke into immediate action.

Chuck sprinted into the open like a frightened antelope and even surprised his shadow. The less fortunate Fats puffed into the moonlight with one eye still cocked over his shoulder, and paid for his folly by colliding with his shadow after a spill over a wagon tongue.

Slightly dazed, he sat up and looked around. The first thing he saw—a coiled rope at the end of the wagon tongue—brought him to

his feet with ease.

As Fats cleared the first fence, his shadow finally caught up. Chuck's shadow was still trailing by three feet as he hurdled the second fence.

As both boys ran along the highway, the fat shadow's double chin bounced about with painful effort as these words were panted out: "Chuck!—puff, puff—wait! I think my leg is

• •



"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships?"—C. MARLOWE

broke in seven places."

"Can't be—the way you're runnin'. Okay, but for God's sake, hurry up!" urged the thin shadow, as it pulled up to glance anxiously down the highway while its huddled partner massaged its "broken" limb.

"Hey, Fats! Can you read that sign over there—the one I was throwing at?"

The sign read: RATTLESNAKE FARM, *Visitors Welcome.*

"Fats, let's keep movin'."

The two shadows shook hands.

—B. P. R.

## Warp and Woof

OH ISBEL," yelled Frankie. Frankie always yelled. "Come on in my room and play Stinky Pinky."

"What's that?"

"A game." They went into Frankie's room. Ann was sitting there slopped over a chair.

"See this is what you do, I ask you, what's a cute girl." Silence. "A pert flirt."

"Ha—ha ha."

"What's an intoxicated infant?"

"What?"

"A drunk punk."

"I see! Like what's an old prize fighter?"

"Yes?"

"Slap happy."

"That doesn't rhyme," yelled Frankie sitting on her bed.

"Oh, well, let's see—What's a—a—wet eye? . . . a damp lamp."

"That's it, pretty good."

"Hey, Phillis," called Isbel to her roommate going down the hall, "What's a clean desert?"

"Huh?" Phillis stopped in the doorway.

"Chaste waste." Somebody came in with a coke. It was passed around. Ann was giggling. Isbel explained the game to her roommate, Gertie wanted to know what was happening.

"What's the unclean Gertrude?"

"Dunno," said Gertie.

"Dirty Gertie," several chorused, going off into peals of laughter.

"You should've heard the ones they pulled last night with a bunch of fellows," Frankie was shrieking, "What's a prim girl? —strayed maid!"

Somebody slammed the door. The first bell rang for lunch. —M. F.

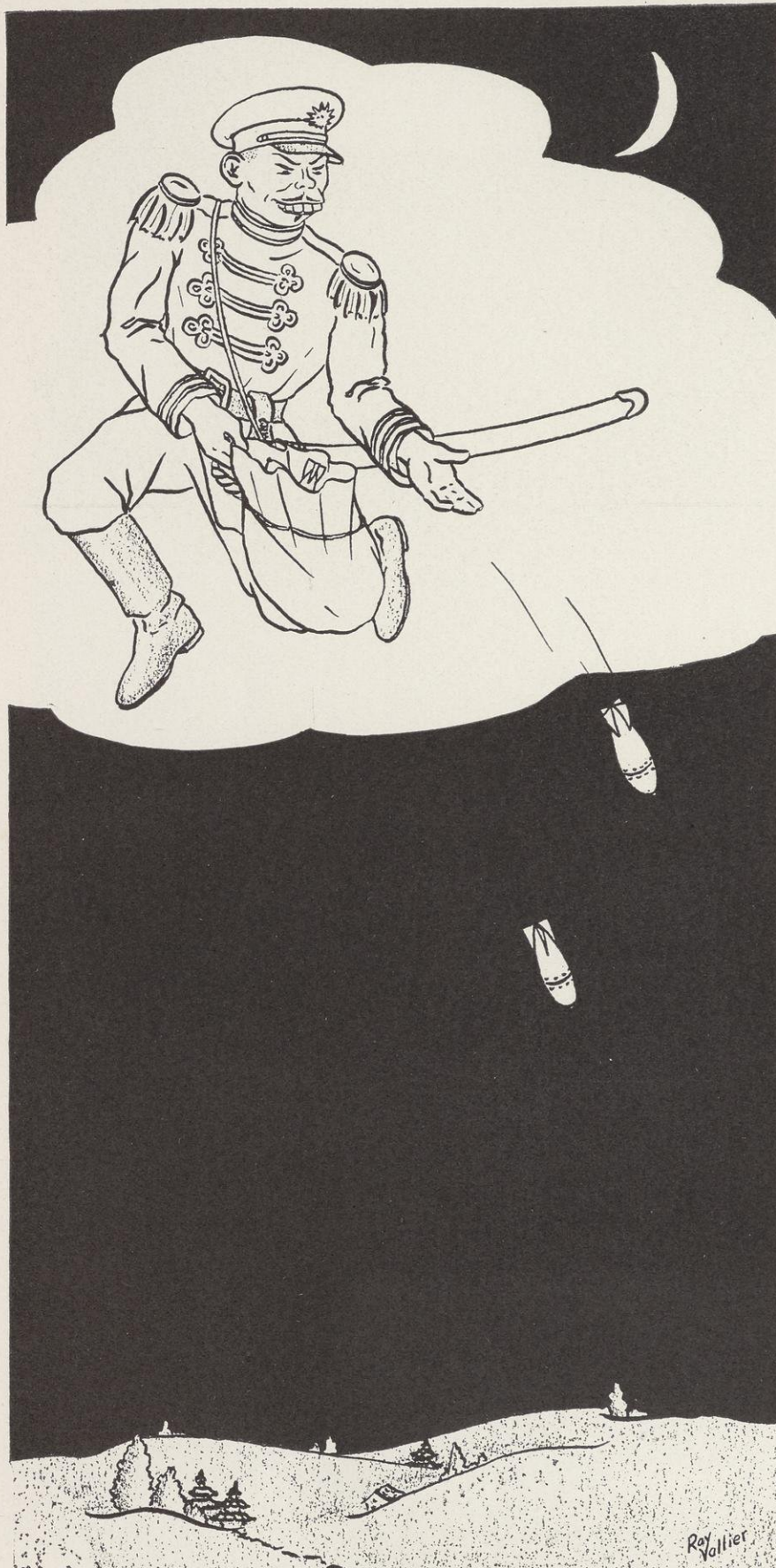




#### Rearmament

*"My leader, our homeland now has the most formidable and powerful navy in the world.  
All we need now is a seacoast!"*





1938 Hit Parade: *Just a Japanese Sandman*

## Wisdom of the West



HAD it not been for the silken robes with dragon backs, the chopsticks clenched in yellow hands, the rich tapestries from the Ming dynasty, the slant-eyes and pig-tails, you would have thought sure it was a time-out period in a basketball game.

On one side of the altar room, the five sons of Cheng were in a huddle, anxiously conversing; across from them were the five greatest Chinese detectives, Fung, Wung, Tung, Lung, and Loo, also in a warm huddle. Between the groups lay the corpse of Cheng Hi-Tsi, covered with the golden robe of his fathers.

At length the eldest son of the dead Cheng left his brothers and approached the detectives with sinister, though regal, strides. "Two days fly away, killer of honorable father still unknown. Flankly, boys," he said, "you smell."

The five shrewdest men in China muttered, but had to admit they had found nothing. "Give time, please," pleaded Fung. "Much lack of clues," declared Wung. "We tly hard," protested Tung. "No one can more do," stated Lung. Loo grunted.

"One man can more do!" shouted the eldest son of Cheng. "Gleat Amelican detective, Cholly Van of Oshkosh Police! Brothers and I hire him."

## Chapter II

Nine shots rang out in the night. Knives flashed across the Cheng altar room from each of the eight windows, sliced the tapestries from the Ming dynasty to shreds. Eleven frightened Frenchmen ran into the room and huddled in a corner. After them came an American wearing a black and green checked suit and a brown derby hat. He bounced a yo-yo, and puffed a pipe of opium. Under his arm he had nine revolvers and a broadsword from the Ming dynasty.

"Velly glad see you, Cholly Van," said the five brothers Cheng.

"As some great man said, I'll take vanilla!" replied Charley (for it was he) and kicked the golden-robed corpse.

"Old ploverb, no doubt," said Cheng the eldest, "Cholly Van wise man, much wisdom flom ages—but no kickee honorable father, please. No made flom shell."

"Bah," said Charley, "there's always



a nut on every family-tree, har, har!" And he kicked the corpse in the face.

"Wise man, *wise* man," mumbled the Chengs, "... But who these fellas?" they asked, pointing to the crouching Frenchmen.

"Never saw 'em before in my life," barked Charley, "woof, woof, scam—and that goes for you other flat-feet." Fung, Wung, Tung, and Lung sulked out of the room. Loo shot himself.

"Damnably clever these Amelicans," smiled Cheng Lee.

"QUIET!" roared the American sleuth. "Charley Van of the Oshkosh Police is in charge of this case now!"

### Chapter III

It was almost dawn. The altar room was deserted except for the corpse and Charley Van, who was sitting Indian-fashion on the altar playing solitaire. A battle-axe sailed in through an open window, straight at Charley's throat. Before he could move, it sliced his head off neatly with hardly a shlrup—so neatly, in fact, that his head came down on his neck again and fitted into place perfectly. Since his deck of cards had fallen to the floor, Charley took out his loaded dice and shot craps until his slit throat congealed. "Damn!" swore Charley as his dice clacked on the altar, "I could have played out the next time through the deck. But I must take the bitter with the better."

Another battle-axe sailed through the air. Charley lifted off his head hastily, so it would not be hurt again, and the axe crashed past him into the opposite wall. It released a secret panel, and out rolled the corpses of the eleven Frenchmen.



### Printemps

• •

"Go peddle your papers!" screamed Charley.

The corpses rolled back into the secret panel, muttering, "Wuxtry, wuxtry."

### Chapter IV

"You have found honorable father's murderer?" cried Cheng Lee.

"As men say in my land," replied Charley, "baby needs a new pair of shoes."

The five brothers sighed in relief and gathered around their dead sire. The slain man stirred and started to raise his head. "STOP!" yelled Charley, "I ain't gonna have no trick ending to *this* mystery." And he put his foot on the chest of the father of Chengs.

"Velly good," said the corpse, cowed, "me dead." His face took on a deathly pallor, from the Ming dynasty.

"May all your children be acrobats!" said Charley, as the brothers Cheng started turning somersaults and then formed a tall pyramid. Charley somberly puffed on his opium pipe. "What this country needs," he said, "is a good five-cent cut of snow\*."

### Chapter V

"Now let's look at the record," said Charley to the brothers who were all

\*Dose of cocaine. You're welcome.

stationed in the positions they had occupied when the crime was committed. "Now listen close."

The brothers listened, *closely*.

"First," Charley explained, "I thought it was the poisoned tooth-paste that done it. But no... your father saw his doctor twice a day and brushed his teeth twice a year, and this was only March."

"Clever, clever!" cried the brothers.

"And then I thought it was the bullet in his back. But it was a 45 and your father takes a perfect 32."

"Clever, *clever*!"

"And then I thought it was the battle-axe. But axe me no questions and I'll tell you no lies, har, har!"

"Who then killed honorable father?" screamed the Chengs, no longer able to contain themselves.

"Damned if I know," said Charley.

"I guess it's a secret. Remember, boys, you can't fool some of the people all of the time, and none of the people some of the time, but you *can* fool Charley Van of the Oshkosh Police all of the time!"

### Chapter VI

"Ahhh," sighed the brothers, as Charley Van flew away in his two-seater monoplane with his son Egbert, "wisdom of the West! Cholly Van wise man!"

—L. S.



## Deep Draughts of Love



QUIETLY they sat at a small table far away from the center of things in the whirl of the cocktail lounge. They were drinking beer, but neither seemed to know or care whether it was beer or old fashioned they were drinking.

"I like you," he murmured, half to himself, tracing a design on his sweating pilsener glass.

"Do you really?" she asked, her whole attention on him.

"Yes, I do, very much." He wiped his wet finger with the fingers of his other hand.

"I like you, too," she whispered, trying to pull his eyes out of the puddle of beer on the table. He was drawing impressionistic designs in the pool, so that it became a meaningless fresco as the beer, thinned out, dried on the bright

surface. He sipped his beer slowly, then wiped his hands on his fresh handkerchief. He looked up at her, sitting there, attentive for his next words.

"I think you're very nice," he said, almost smiling to himself.

"I think you're nice, too." Her eyes danced to a tune she was playing for him in her heart. He watched the last few bubbles appear at the bottom of his glass and rise through the beer. His eyes fought against being lifted to hers.

"Do you really like me?" he asked, as if he were afraid to ask. His eyes went deeper into the glass.

"Yes, I think you're really swell," said she to a tune that a Ponce de Leon touch must have kept young.

"Well," he started, "then I'd like to ask you something." His eyes looked into a far corner, and saw nothing.

"Do ask me," implored her voice and her eyes. She searched for his, and



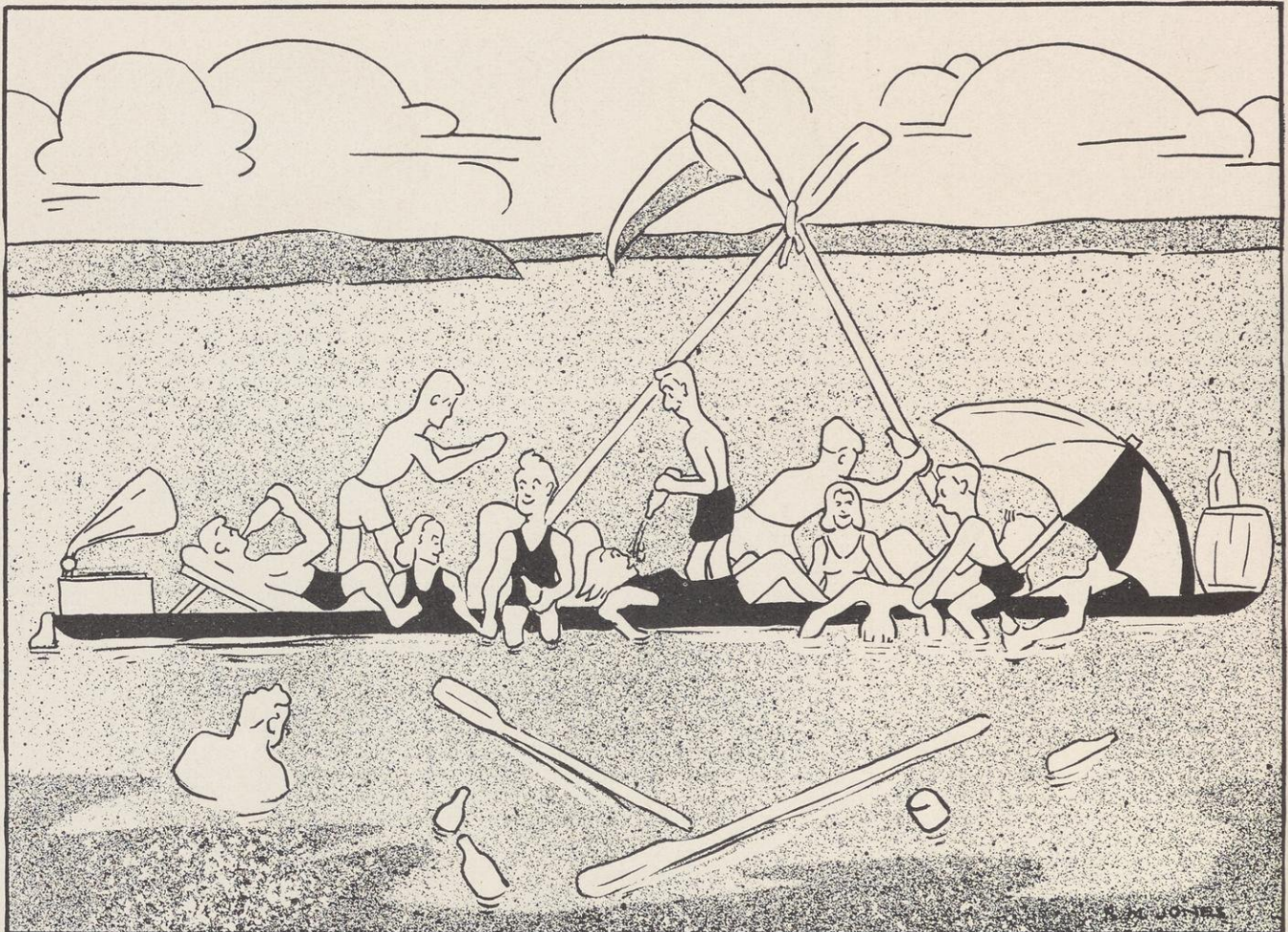
*"It's funny how the little fellows manage to get around."*

• •

found them. He gazed straight into her eyes. She found pictures in the depths of his.

"I'd like to ask you," he said, "why you broke that date with me last night to go to that Sig Alph party."

P. G., Jr.



*The Wisconsin Crew Takes Its Spring Outing*



*Follow  
this pack*

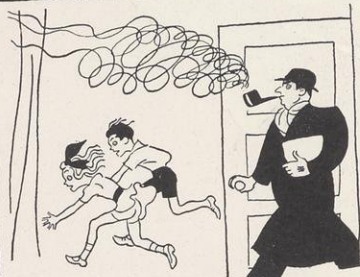
*for* MORE  
PLEASURE

Chesterfield  
*They Satisfy*





**CHEESE IT!  
HERE COMES  
FATHER!**



**WHAT A SMELLY PIPE!** Mother tried a dozen times to make dad throw it out. But Uncle Ted had a more reasonable suggestion. He said to clean it well, and—

**SWITCH TO THE BRAND  
OF GRAND AROMA**



**NOW WE ALL WEAR GRINS.** Father says it's the world's mildest blend of tasty burleys. Even mother likes that sweet-and-lovely aroma. Try a two-ounce tin today!

**PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN.** In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

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



### *No Loch Lomond*

**B**OYS and girls, do you recognize the "hued" gal with her bare back looking right at you?

She's got more than that. She's got a voice! The old podium maestro Arturo Toscanini said, "A voice like yours is heard only once in a hundred years." Of course, Art was fooling—you could have heard her in Milwaukee this year except that the Auditorium was sold out a week before the concert.

Funny thing about us Americans who talk about democracy. Being colored, few people gave her any house a few years ago. So she went to Europe, "home of democracy" y'know, where dictators and monarchical figureheads joined the masses in wildly acclaiming her.

Back to America she came after her several years abroad and she struck oil. Entertained by Eleanor Roosevelt (her husband is president), termed "one of the greatest living singers" by the New York Times, played up by *Life*, sings to packed houses everywhere, —gad!

Her name is Marian Anderson. She's going to sing in the University Pavilion and tickets will be on sale mighty soon.

—W. B.

"That's a famous bed. A sugar king once slept in it."

"Yeh, I can still feel the lumps."

—Purple Parrot.



*Why take  
sulphur & molasses,  
uncle?*

*A strong coke  
at Fred's,  
and you'll feel like  
a peachblossom*

*Perk up  
at*

# FRED'S









**SHE:** Have you tried the Big Apple? It's really breath-taking!  
**HE:** Say, when I want to take my breath away, I eat **LIFE SAVERS**!



**MORAL** Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Cryst-O-Mint keep yours sweet after eating, drinking or smoking.

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## WE <sup>BUY SELL TRADE</sup> MAGAZINES

OF ALL KINDS

*"Come In and Browse Around"*

## UNIV. MAG. EXCHANGE

774 University Avenue

### Scholar

ONCE upon a time was born a lad who while he was but a squawk set his mind upon a life 'mid fame and fortune. He didn't want to sell the Brooklyn Bridge; he didn't want to perfect television; he didn't even want to be president. Some people are like that—most grocery clerks, for instance—but he was different.

His sole desire was to contribute something to the culture of the world. He went to school and studied hard, passed on to Harvard, where he graduated *Maxima cum Laude*, a junior Phi Bete. He read Old Saxon with ease, pored over ancient Sanscrit, deciphered Egyptian hieroglyphics of a sort that had baffled even the curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Etruscan was nothing for him, and he wrote Arabic verse for diversion.

He became our most eminent philologist, earning his Litt.D. and Ph.D. in full stride. He was ready to make his contribution to the fortune of the world, and he did. When it was all over and the National Broadcasting Company sent an interview with him over a coast-to-coast network from the White House banquet at which he was the guest of honor, he calmly cleared his throat and said:

"Arpaw, arpit warpas narpotherping. Arpanarpyarpon carpould harpave darpone arpit arpif harpee tarpoo harpad garpot arpan arpay Frarpeshmarpan arpEnglarpish."—H. H.

A woman and her aunt, who were both secretaries at a big sales office, were walking up the bus stop on payday when a man came up and grabbed their paychecks out of their hands, running away into the crowd. The policeman who wasn't aware of what was going on just stood there.

"Well, why don't you do something about it? That man stole my aunt's pay."

"Hell, lady, I would if you would cut out that pig Latin."

## FREE Win a box of Life Savers

Send in your favorite clean joke to the editors of the Octopus, and win an attractive box of Life Savers—twelve assorted kinds, as a matter of fact.

### THIS MONTH'S WINNER

ROBERT KLUETER, Shorewood Hills, Madison.  
 Mr. Kluter's joke follows:

"Is that a police dog?"

"Yes."

"Then where's its badge?"

You, too, can win a free prize! Congratulations, Mr. Kluter!



---It's Really  
Quite Simple..



—if you're not well-fed,  
it's because, unlike Bald-  
win here, you're not a  
regular habitue\* of the

## UNIVERSITY RESTAURANT

...317 N. PARK...

Wm. Lathrop, Prop.

\*PATRON, —TO YOU . . .

There's  
Really  
No  
Argument  
About  
It!



IT ALWAYS PAYS TO  
DEAL WITH A RELIABLE  
WELL-ESTABLISHED FIRM

## H. C. NETHERWOOD

519 State

We do QUALITY PRINTING of all kinds

## Attention!

centered on you at Military Ball



*in this  
romantic  
Winterhalter  
gown*

Silvery net with full skirt and basque bodice  
to make you look like a Winterhalter por-  
trait at Military Ball. Taffeta bands in peach  
and green match the flowers \$ **19.95**  
on both the dress and veil.

## Baron's

On the Square



CLAUDETTE COLBERT  
Co-starring in Paramount's  
"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"



## From Laughs to Tears in 30 Seconds



CLAUDETTE COLBERT tells how the  
throat-strain of emotional acting led her to Luckies

"Emoting to order" is a real strain on the throat. That's why an actress thinks twice before choosing a cigarette. Miss Colbert says: "After experimenting, I'm convinced that my throat is safest with Luckies."

Ask a tobacco expert why Luckies are so easy on the throat. He'll undoubtedly explain that the choice tobacco Lucky Strike buys, makes

for a light smoke. And he may add that the exclusive "Toasting" process takes out certain irritants found in *all* tobacco.

Here's the experts' actual verdict... Sworn records show that, among independent tobacco experts not connected with *any* cigarette manufacturer, Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as all other brands combined.

*Sworn Records Show That...* **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST - IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

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