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OCTOPUS



NIOR PROM NUMBER • PRICE 10 CENTS

HERE'S WHY CAMEL'S MILDNESS APPEALS TO OUT-OF-DOORS PEOPLE



"They Never Get on Your Nerves"

Henry Clay Foster, explorer and tiger hunter, has faced many a tense moment when nerves were tested to the limit. Speaking of nerves and smoking, Foster says: "My idea of a mild cigarette is Camel. I've been in some tough spots, but Camels have never thrown my nerves off key, although I'm a steady Camel smoker and have been for years. Camels give me the mildness I want—better taste—the fragrance and aroma of choice tobaccos."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

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

(Signed)

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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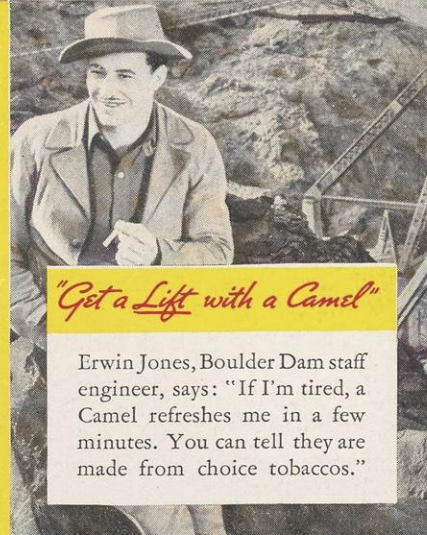
"They Never Tire Your Taste"

Lt. Commander Frank Hawks, holder of 214 speed records, says: "Camels taste better—mild and mellow. They are never irritating to my throat."



"Camels don't get your Wind"

Miss Judy Ford says: "Wishing to keep in the best of condition, I prefer Camels! They are so mild that they never disturb my wind or fray my nerves."



"Get a Lift with a Camel"

Erwin Jones, Boulder Dam staff engineer, says: "If I'm tired, a Camel refreshes me in a few minutes. You can tell they are made from choice tobaccos."

INCHES OF WHIMSY

faintly funny stuff purloined from
fairly funny college contemporaries

Stranger—"Who's the silent fellow over in the corner? He hasn't opened his mouth for twenty minutes."

Citizen—"Him? Oh, that's Bill Bellis. He ain't silent—he's just waitin' for Pete to bring back the spittoon."

—Swanee Mildew

The shades of night were falling fast.

I'm positive I'm not to blame;
The shades of night were falling fast,

But I got a good look just the same.

—Gold Digger

"Wash Joe here the lash half hour?"

"Yes, he was here."

"Notice whether I wash with him?"

—Texas Ranger

Vice
Is nice,
But a little virtue
Won't hurt you.

—Viewpoint

Fatty: "Who gave the bride away?"

Catty: "Winchell. Last Thursday."

—Widow

First Barber: "Why were you so late?"

Second Barber: "I was shaving myself and couldn't get away until I talked myself into a haircut and shampoo."

—Froth

Suggestion Scholastic
Study, little Phi Bete,
You'll be wise someday:
I'll annex your fiancée
While you get straight "A"!

—Columns

Prof.—"Before we begin the examinations, are there any questions?"

Frosh—"What's the name of this course?"

—Exchange

EPITAPH

Here lies the body of Susan Jones,
Resting beneath these polished stones.

Her name was Brown instead of Jones,

But Brown won't rhyme with polished stones,

And she won't know if it's Brown or Jones.

—Log

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where."
I've lost more damn arrows that way.

—Old Line

No wonder the little duckling,
Wore upon his face a frown;
For he had just discovered
That his first pair of pants were down.

—Log

There was an old lady from Brussels
Accused of wearing two bustles:
She said, "It's not true,
It's a thing I don't do—
You are simply observing large muscles."

—Old Line

A Navy observation balloon was blown far inland. As the gas bag floated along, nearer and nearer to the ground, the observer sighted a farmer driving through the desolate country. Shouted the lost balloonist: "Ahoy, there; where am I?" Replied the farmer: "Heh, heh, you can't fool me, by gum. Yer right up there in that little basket . . . Gid-dap, Susie."

—Utah Pumpkin

Your eyes remind me of sparrows
—always hopping from limb to limb.

—Oberlin Lutejisk

Warden: What made you beat up your cell-mate the way you did?

Convict: Aw, dat guy gits wise wit me.

Warden: What's he done now?

Convict: Tore de leaf off da calendar and it was me toin.

—Alleghany Tantrum

"Melvin! . . . Mel-VIN!"

"Huh, ma?"

"Are you spitting in the fish bowl?"

"No, but I been coming pretty close."

—Pelican



Come now, Mirna, it's your turn to pull

PLATTER PATTEN

By Jim Fleming

● This month's recorded efforts may be divided into two categories; they are either smoothly sweet or terrifically not.

Bing Crosby's efforts highlight the slower tempos. He does well with the ditty *One Night in Monte Carlo* (Decca 633) and grows more rhythmic on the reverse side with *Eeny Meeny Miney Mo*, Johnny Mercer's latest song. Dick Powell chirps for Decca in record 613 with a great song, *Sitting High on a Hilltop*. If you can forgive faulty execution this is easily auditioned.

For Brunswick Ozzie Nelson turns out a sentimental ballad called *I Picked a Flower the Color of Your Eyes*. A polished interpretation lifts this from the run-of-the-mill classification. On Brunswick platter 7571 Joe Moss and his orchestra turn out a smooth, danceable version of a song called *Sweet Thing*. So much for the peaceful discs—there are matters of greater moment at hand.

Before proceeding, however, to the choicier "jam" delicacies of the month, we bow to Victor for its Porgy and Bess album; here is a masterpiece worthy of the name. Helen Jepson and Lawrence Tibbett give a deft and thoughtful interpretation to the Negro themes for George Gershwin's operatic venture.

Among the torrid tunesmiths is a newcomer, Eddy Reilly, with his Onyx Club Boys, who knows ways and means of making the music go 'round and 'round. If you overlook their recording of *I Never Knew* (Decca 619), then you don't like Santee Clauz. It's a treat in blues delineation, suave and melodious.

Ramona has a rival in Kay Thomson, who throbs out an indigo version of *You Let Me Down* in Brunswick's disc 7560. A brass ensemble moans along with her.

Louie Armstrong is back with us again in a new release of an old tune. In *Blue Again* (Brunswick 3115) he toys with high C and rides the octaves with irresponsible furor. Then he moans a "jam-mouth" vocal that is hot and mean.

If you crave finesse we submit Teddy Wilson, who improvises two of the better songs in Brunswick 7572. He permeates his piano playing with some deep dark rhythm in *Treasure Island* and *I Found a Dream*.

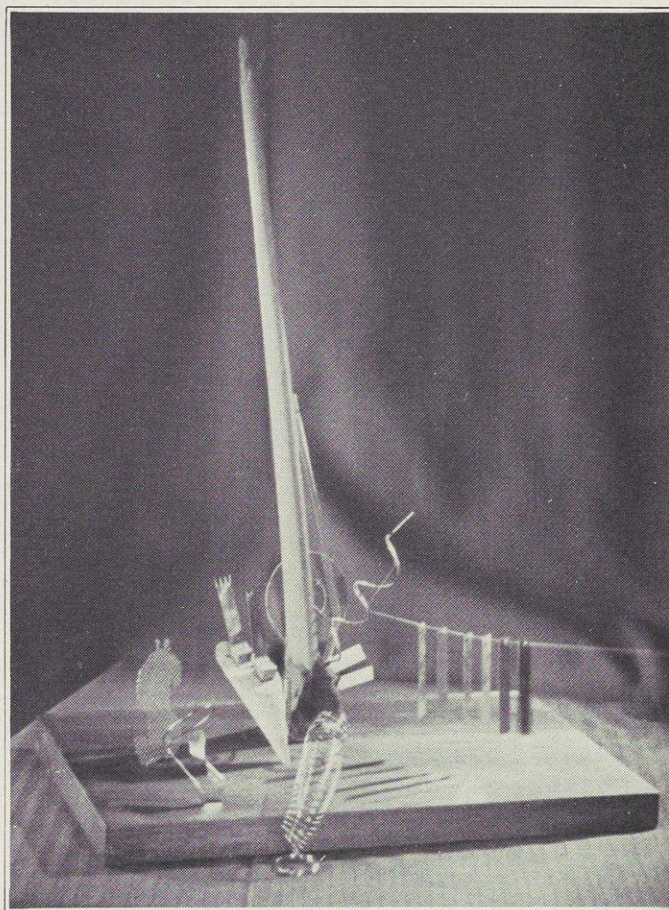
Claud Hopkins, Glen Gray and Jimmy Lunceford have all made recordings during the past month well worth looking up.

NOTES ON BATON-WIELDERS: Shep Fields, who recently concluded a long and successful engagement at the Palmer House in Chicago, played in New York's night spots for years before he discovered that a gliding note on a viola would bring him fame. His wizard accordionist is a tall Kentucky lad who weighs something around a hundred pounds and has to wear a special belt to carry his cumbersome instrument.

Before his recent success at the Blackhawk, Joe Sanders was pounding the pavements looking for odd engagements. And now he commands a top price. His is but one of the many reputations built up by the Blackhawk; others are Hal Kemp and Kay Kyser.

Guy Lombardo will follow Ted Weems into the Palmer house early in April—his first Chicago appearance since the World's Fair.

Rumor has it that Jack Hylton will follow Horace Heidt (the Prom band) into the Drake hotel. Norm Kingsley of Larry O'Brien's old outfit is now with Heidt's Brigadiers.



—Kinetic sculpture by Jeagart, photographed by Bradley

PROM PHANTASY

● Can you decipher the symbols created by the mad genius? We couldn't and still can't, but here is how he explains it: "What is the most important thing at Prom?—the music. All right, what governs the music?—the baton. So everything at Prom revolves around the leader's baton; so that's in the center. Around that is grouped the orchestra and there you are." Those bits of metal, he explained, are the dancers; the dollar sign has its usual significance, and that bit of spring is supposed to represent—you guessed it—the music going down and 'round. In the background we see the bass horn, popularly known as the "grunt-iron"; and the metal spiral rising whimsically from the center symbolizes the uplifting influence of the whole orgy. You can't see them, but around in back are two little gadgets representing H. Lucas and A. Steinbrecher in the act of making that obscene noise caused by placing the tongue between the lips and blowing.

But far be it from us to claim our interpretation as final. That's the beauty of art: so many people think so differently about the same thing, but no one can be sure of anything. So go ahead and figure it out for yourselves—maybe the sculpture pictures the Breakdown of Capitalist Culture, Moon over Miami, or Two Dogs on the Kappa Lawn at 7:45 a. m. Who knows?

TO A HEADACHE

There come about this time of year each year
Those lovely things that they call our exams;
We sadly hide away with books and cram,
We like to think it's study, but it's fear;
We know that if we don't our end is near,
And though we hate the stuff, we hate to scam,
Therefor we must to all our books salaam,
And give up seeing shows and drinking beer;
'Tis thus we do if we would stay in school
And raise old Ned with our fraternity,
And spend four years and come out still a fool,
Though oft we learn some things, as is the rule,
Like life and sex and some maternity,
And also how to use the apple as a tool.

—p.s.g.

METAMORPHOSIS

It's said that ours is quite a well-dressed school,
In fact, some say the best throughout these parts,
Which fact, of course, can hardly break our hearts,
As we take pride in dressing, as a rule.

The engineers we must, of course, except,
And quite as bad are those who study law,
The ag and commerce stude with dirty paw
Is also not at dressing well adept.

But, on the whole, we think we don't look bad,
Unless, of course, our roommate's clothes don't fit,
But if they do we're bound to make a hit
And come out quite a well-dressed lass or lad.

We thought, of course, that things would never change,
That we'd remain as college fashion plates,
We hadn't thought about the wily fates,
We never thought they could us disarrange.

One morning bright we saw the fates had come,
And wrecked our record with their clever wiles;
They had upset our very dressy styles
With such a change as nearly struck us dumb.

The boys were dressed in boots and woolen caps,
And were bedecked in mufflers old and torn,
They wore old coats and sweaters, badly torn,
And, on the whole, they sure were frowsy chaps.

The girls were dressed in pants less shape or form,
They, too, wore sweaters, big and out of shape,
And heavy sox about slim legs did gape,
They surely were a godless looking swarm.

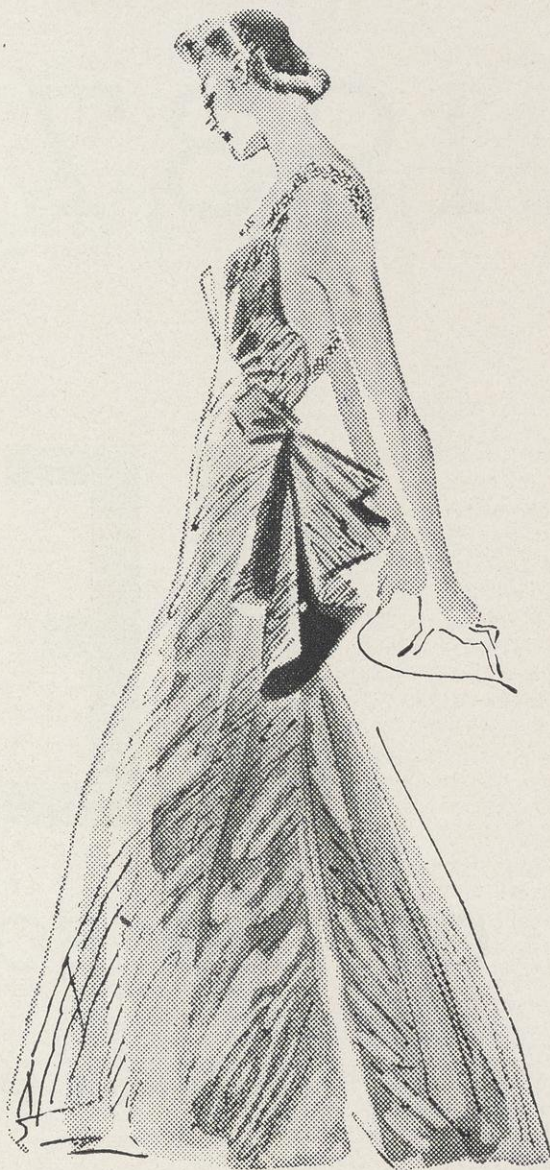
The one who wore nice clothes became a hero,
Or else the school was apt to think him dim,
Unless the person was endowed with vim
Enough to keep him warm when all's sub-zero.

An old cowpuncher came into town the other day
and entering a restaurant ordered a steak. The waiter
brought it to him, rare, very rare. The puncher de-
manded it be taken back and cooked.

"It's already cooked," the waiter snapped.

"Cooked, hell," returned the cowpuncher, "I've seen
cows hurt worse than that and they get well."

—Awgwan



Prom Gowns

by famous designers

Designed by famous New Yorkers to dramatize youthful loveliness, Simpson's Prom edition of the formal mode was recently selected in New York and is now arriving. Shirred chiffons, pleated crepes, stiff faille, and flowered satins are modestly priced from \$19.75 to \$35.

Simpson's
twenty-three north pinckney

1937 Prom

the

HEIDT

of the social season

- Horace Heidt's Brigadiers
(30 pieces)
- Jess Hawkins
(in the Council Room)
- Ken Simmons
(in 770 Club)

Friday, February Seventh

Nine to Two

Four dollars fifty cents

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Campus Chronicle

NICE GUY

● One of the boys in the staff had a funny experience when he went home for Christmas, and he's still talking about it.

It seems he lives in New Orleans, where—among other things—they have double-deck buses. He was sitting pretty well up front, and every once in a while the conductor would come up and stand next to him, dangling a string down in front of the driver. This never failed to elicit very exciting language from the gent who sat at the wheel and pushed and pulled things.

This happened two or three times during the trip, and finally our boy got just too curious.

"Why all this by-play?" our friend asked.

"Oh," the conductor replied, "the driver's father get's hung tomorrow—and I'm just having a little fun with him!"

NO GUINEA PIG WE

● Modern news-writing is a wonderful thing, especially in The Daily Cardinal.

The brightest present example of the boys who are carrying on the noble traditions of the days when the whole staff used to write features is one Aldro—this name is genuine—Lingard, sophomore engineer with a veritable slide-rule complex. He's the boy who figured that Wisconsin girls could paint four barns a year with their lipstick, that the Cardinal would take 2.77 years to cover the whole campus, and many other things.

We suffered in silence for several weeks, until one day the guy gooned up to us and said, "I'm making a scientific determination of whisker growth. Would you care to cooperate?"

We said no.

STUFF FROM THE STACKS

● We weren't going to tell this, but the library cracked down on us last week about a little matter of a \$6.64 book fine and said that if we didn't pay up they'd hold up our credits. We had to pay, so here's the story, and we hope they choke, too. A friend was working on a topic for an English course, something about the late Joseph Conrad, and when he went over to get some material, the librarian, puttering around with those scores of cards behind the desk, emerged with this gem: "There isn't much here, it seems that they don't get a man's works until he dies."

A. B. C.

● There's something about campus activities that puts a mark on a man; especially third-floor-of-the-Union activities. We know, because we feel different ever since they packed us off to the old Union. The other day somebody called up and asked for a staff member. "Tell him to call the H.P.C., and to ask for A.S.!" He did; they replied, "The H.P.C., H.J., who do you want?"



Fraternity brother or not—I ain't goin' to his Prom witout a comp

THIRD FLOOR MAZE

● Honest, we won't bring this up again, but it is too good to miss. As we were sitting here writing this, one of the flowers of the school of journalism crop came wandering up to our new office. "Is this the Union lost and found?" he said. We explained in great detail that it wasn't. "Are you sure that this isn't the lost and found?" he asked again. He seemed certain that it was in the building, so we told him to go down and ask Miss King in the employment office. He got a little mixed up, though, and walked into our bath room (shower, hot and cold running water) across the hall. Once was enough there, however, and he went downstairs to see Miss King.

PRESIDENTIAL PUN

● Prexy Frank is something of a wit. He proved it the other day in a quip which may seem a little off-color, but which causes Octy no qualms, since the good dean himself told it to us.

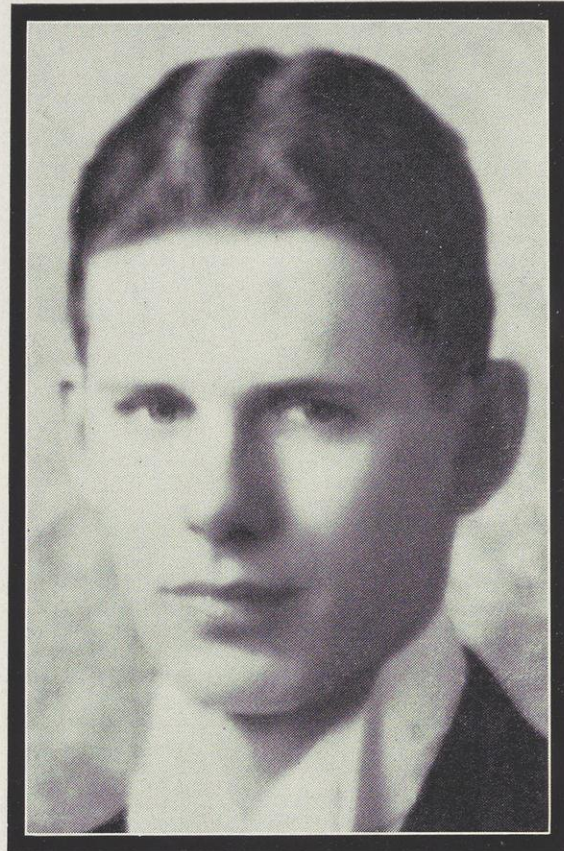
At any rate, it seems the president of this institution was reading the athletic board's report of the election of the football captain, which took place at the Chanticleer last fall. The tellers, who counted the votes, "retired to the dressing room"—as the saga puts it—to make the necessary enumerations.

Well, the phrase came up again and again. The tellers "retired to the toilet," "retired to the bathroom," retired to the "washroom," and so on.

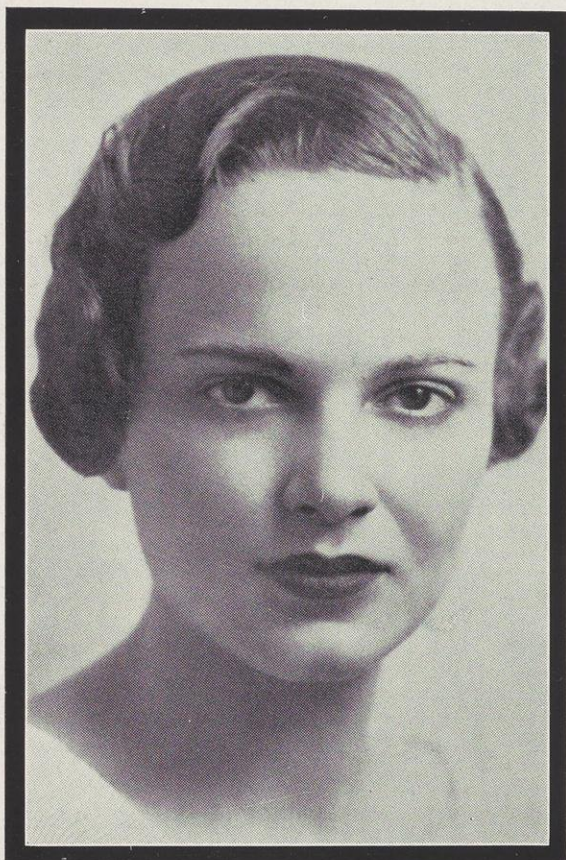
Finally, Prexy paused, looked up, and denounced in his best Union League voice, "Gentlemen, you are now receiving an insight into the workings of the privy council."

WE
PRESENT

THEIR ROYAL MAJESTIES:



KING RICHARD JOHNSON



QUEEN DOROTHY TEEPLE

● A Prom King and his Queen annually bear the burden of being the campus' Ideal Romance. This is ideal this year, for student Mrs. Grundys can recall how Dick took Dottie home from their freshman mixer, how she gave him back his pin last year, and how she wore a Kappa Sig ring for two weeks before Pre-Prom without having anyone outside the ranks of Those Who Knew She Was To Be Queen notice it.

JOKE

● We used to get as put out with little Murphy, the Union newsboy, as anybody; but when they took his job away we began to miss him. You know all about it by now, of course, how the Union's official hello man, Larry Hancock, who used to stand in the hall with a badge and get in the way of people who were trying to get into the cafeteria, was installed behind a brown bar full of papers, cigarettes and information. In our time we have been a little tired of Larry, too, but we felt sorry for him after while. Seems that he has to take an awful razzing, the most frequent jest going like this, "Two beers, there, bartender." Darn boring, Larry complains.

IT SLEIGHS US

● We don't know, of course, but we think some things can be carried too far. Like this "cute" idea, for instance.

We dropped in on a place up town, which has built itself around an electric organ and the number "22." Well, it was all right when they explained that that was because of the address, but it got irksome after a while. Especially when they tipped us off (we have a membership card) that the cover charge was 22 cents . . . a person.

Our date thought that was cute, and said so. We didn't and we said so. She doesn't have to carry change around.

It makes us jingle.

RESEARCH

● We sent one of our less arrogant lads down into the innards of the Union seeking the truth about those huge Tripp Commons candles. He took the job after the sophomore—and it seems so many of them are that way these days—wanted to know why he should go. Youngsters are getting such high opinions of themselves these days, but that's another tirade topic.

He hunted up Lee Burns, he tells us, and while Lee had graduated from the task of preparing those candles and being head waiter, he remembered all the details. Art Pelz, who succeeded him, does it now, Lee said. Actual hand labor, a la Pilgrim mothers, is this candle-making task.

The candles are made from lots of little ends which are carefully hoarded for months. Trust P. Butts not to waste anything. It takes a big kettleful, our lad was told, and after the wax is melted down, it's strained to get rid of the old wicks. Lee wasn't quite sure why the candles came out white, but as an afterthought he said the little ones were just colored on the outside and 90 per cent white. Art, and Lee before him, is too busy most of the time to stop to make them, but they build up a supply during school vacations.

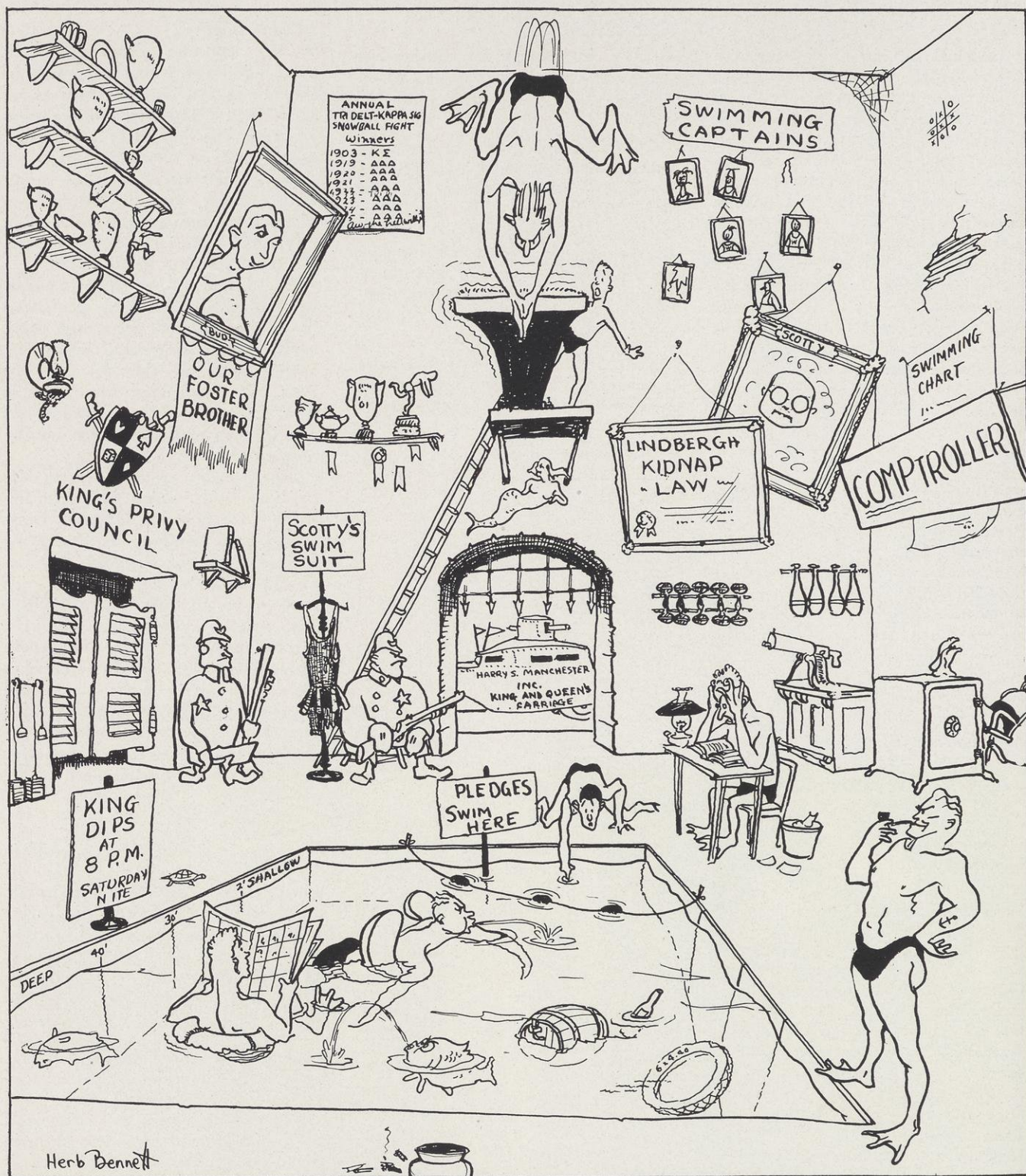
WE MOVE

● Octy is slowly settling itself in its new quarters. Perhaps some of you didn't even know that while we're still on the third floor, we've shifted a few rods west and are now in the Old Union. Makes us feel sort of sentimental, a la "Go west, young man, go west" and the "third floor walkups" that used to describe New York rooms in novels we read during high school days.

What we're trying to get around to saying, however, is that good cheer and happiness still reign, and we'd just love to have you drop in some time. Our technical staff is now considering the possibility of using Octy's tentacles for a rope ladder, but at present we simply have to stand on our merits. If you want to see us, walk up the three flights of stairs and turn left or you may be embarrassed. And while we sort of hate to admit it, we can dig up one more old chestnut (howzat for the spirit of the thing?) and confess that "There's always room at the top."



● The picture that will not appear in the Badger — the happy royal couple snapped on the night of the Queen's presentation at Pre-Prom. Although the King's knees seem to betray the fact that he is not quite at ease, his eager expression shows he's right on his toes.



FRATERNITY LIFE AT WISCONSIN, Vol. II, No. III

● Herein we depict life as she is lived in the citadel of Kappa Sigma—the home of the P. King, dark past of the dean of men, and incubator for all Wisconsin swimming captains since ducks could swim. Besides Brother Goodnight (we do not know whether he was a swimming captain or not), another illustrious alum is Bud Foster. He couldn't swim either but he sure could tickle them cords with that thar basketball. The other thing Kappa Sigma is famous for besides its natorial ability, is its annual snowball fight with the sistern of Delta Delta Delta. The boys never win but they say it's more darn fun putting snow down the girls' backs. They've been putting in such intensive practice this season, though, that with the two husky bean-ball players they pledged last fall for that very purpose they have a good chance of winning this year. "Anyways," as one of them expressed it, "they may win the snowball fight but we make the best snow angels."

THE SAD STORY OF CLARENCE AND LITTLE WALTER

a very fine fairy tale in which some might find an allegory but like as not will not 'cause we're so darn subtle

● Here I am, sitting in the back booth in Archibald's one Thursday p. m., enjoying a hot steak and French fries and one thing and another, when who should come in but Clarence and Little Walter.

When I look up and see Clarence and Little Walter, I look down again, fast, for it is known to all and sundry that Clarence and Little Walter are by no means the best of pals, and they are not to be seen strolling into Archibald's together every Thursday p. m. at 4 p. m. Pretty soon I look up again, and there they both are. I shut my eyes hard, and look up again, and there they both are. I pinch myself, just to make sure, but there they both are still. It is most disturbing.

Now Clarence and Little Walter and I are not what one might call cronies, especially Clarence and Little Walter. It seems they have had dealings together some time in the past, and dislike each other from way back. Neither one of them knows me, so they both dislike me, too. So you can see why I am surprised when Clarence and Little Walter sit down across the table from me in my booth. But since Clarence is bulky and is known to have been quite some footballer in his college days, I sit quite still and look at them. There is always the consideration that Little Walter may pull about six of what he calls his EssAyEe boys out of noplacé, and I am no one to wish to see him do such.

Well, I want no truck with Clarence and Little Walter, but things seem to be getting me noplacé, so I look up at them very expectant-like. Now neither Clarence nor Little Walter has been known to keep his mouth shut over-long, so I expect something to happen very soon.

It does. Clarence looks me over, very careful-like. Little Walter does the same. Then they look at each other.

"He buys," says Little Walter.

"Yeah," says Clarence.

Now as I say before, I am no one to start arguments with Clarence

and Little Walter. As a matter of personal fact, I am no one to start arguments with anyone, even if they are not footballers and EssAyEes. It happens that I have a fin or two in the coin of the realm, so I play it safe and whistle up a waiter, expecting to lose all of it and spend the rest of the Thursday p. m. and well into the Friday a. m. washing dishes.

But Clarence and Little Walter surprise me. I am amazed. I am astonished.

"I should like a glass of butter-milk and a graham cracker," says Little Walter.

"Yeah," says Clarence.

I am astounded mainly because I consider this no fit food for man nor beast, and Clarence and Little Walter are both often described to me as men who enjoy their groceries. Especially Clarence, who is known to many citizens as "Fat" in the days when he hangs out in another city and enjoys seeing his boys rub the noses of other persons' boys—especially ours—in the dirt. But now it seems he no longer sees his boys in this pastime more than once a year, so he is not known as Fat. Never having been called Fat, I am not sure how it feels, but both Little Walter and I know how it is to see our boys get their noses rubbed in the dirt by Clarence's boys. It is no fun.

Now the reason Clarence and Little Walter and I are not friends is that when Clarence now sees his boys' noses in the mud, Little Walter gets a pay cut and I lose a great

deal of mazuma to various gentlemen, mainly Marquettes and South Dakotas, who catch me when I offer 13-1 odds and offer to throw in Ray Dvorak if I lose.

Clarence and Little Walter see that I am surprised, so this conversation takes place:

"I see that you are surprised," says Little Walter.

"Yeah," says Clarence.

"Yeah," I say.

"You do not understand why we should be broke, yet not be hungry," says Little Walter.

"Yeah," says Clarence.

"Yeah," says I.

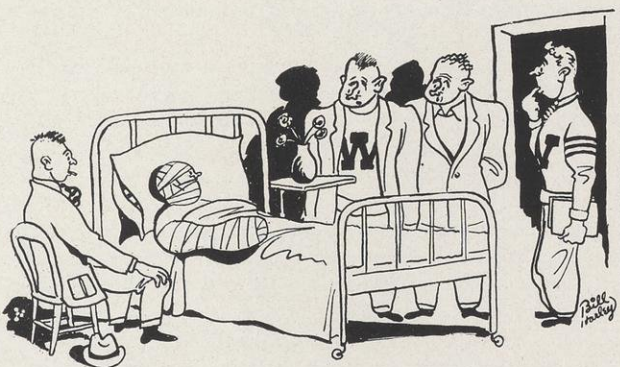
"Then we will explain," says Little Walter, and this is the tale he tells—

All well informed citizens (Little Walter begins) know for some years that Clarence and I are on the outs. It is eased about that Clarence desires by job, a situation which is calculated to improve the attitude of neither one, which it does. Well, things go along from bad to worse to worse, until they are pretty bad.

Clarence and I work in the same building, and Clarence and his boys' noses really earn all the money for salaries. For years we don't admit it, because we say that we are faculties, but Clarence knows it and Little Ralph knows it and Tom knows it and Buddie knows it and I know it. Well, after one year, Clarence begins to earn less and less money, and we get less and less money, and there is a smaller and smaller

(continued, page nineteen)

I just says, "Doc, can you give me a little shot for a cold?"—and then everything went black.





AROUNDE & aboute ye castle of Camelot ye myghtie north-wynde didst shrieke and bellowe, and ye wolves didst slynke acrossse ye snowie feeldes & bay at ye wintrie moone. Within ye castle halle ye knyghtes & squyres did feaste ryghte merrilie, for ye olde oyl-burner was y-fonctioninge lyke alle gette oute and ful manie a wristlette and earmuffe of woolie stuffe didde grayce ye knyghtlie formes. Suddenlie ye gude Kyng Arthur didde jumpe up from ye silvern throne and, fixinge fierce glance uponne Sir Twitchitte de Poufe, he didst roare oute, "Whatte was thatte songe methinkes I heard thee humme softlie-like under ye breath?"

Sir Twitchitte didde there-upon turn whyte as milke and in a voice alle ful of feare & tremblemente didde answerre, "Sir Kyng, ye songe was yclept 'Ye Musicke Eftsoons Goest Rounde & Rounde'."

"Gadzooks and other stuffe!" exclaimed ye kyng. "Take this varlet oute from my syghte! Caste him in-to ye dungeonnes and may ye rattes & wee mouses nibble upon his tootsies untill ye days of judgemente!"

Ye feastinge knyghtes didde then looke at ichother & didde mutter & mumble, shakinge ye heades ful sadlie. Sir Gawain rose uppe, and takinge ye tooth-pycke from betweene ye teethe, spak thus un-to ye kyng, "But, gude kyng, Sir Twitchitte, by my troth, is verilie an Assystante Generalle Chairmanne and, God wot, ye onlie one who kens whatte bande wil make ye sweete musicke at ye Promme."

But ye wrathe of Kyng Arthur was fyred & he woulde not yeelde in his commande. Unto Sir Gawain he didde put ye questionne, "Didde not ye heraldes announce last fortnyghte thatte ye olde Georgia Washboarde Stompers wouldest contriboute ye hotte licks & ye trombone smeares for ye Promme-goers?"

Ye knyghtes didde ther-upon breake in-to ye lewde snickeringe, & Sir Gawain didde scoffe with ful nastie voyce, "Didst thou not knowe, mine kyng, thatte suche tales be naughte but ye olde . . . er, bunke? Ye bande wil be changed ful manie a time bifor ye Promme arryves. Such practyce is, forsoothe, ye olde-tyme traditione."

Kyng Arthur didst muse wistfullie over these remarkes, but yette didde banishe ye wretched knyghte to ye dungeonne, wher-in he didde languishe for manie a twelvemonth, alle forlorne.

Then didde ye kyng call to him a tenderre squire, and didde ye-sende him for to seeken oute Merlin, who was famed farre & wyde to be so ful of ye olde magicke & voodoo thatte it didde by him wel nigh buste ye buttons from ye waistcoate.

Doune from his ivorie towerre, whiche was y-filled with spyderwebbes, batts, & sundrie flaskes of potente licquores, Merlin wended his waye, readie to render to his kyng a boone. "What is it thou wouldest know, sir kyng?" he spak, takinge from his sleeve a decke of carddes. "Picke anie cardde, and beholde with care."

"No cardde tryckes todaye, kynde Merlin," replied

ye kyng. "I fain wouldest knowe what orchestrie wil maken ye sweete musicke at ye greate Promme."

Merlin didde tayke oute from his cloake ye crystall sphere & didde gayze with bleary ee into it for ful manie a mynute, and his face didde everie momente bicom more pinke than ever. "Lord Arthur," quoth he at laste, "even I, ye greate Merlin, who am more relyable thanne we olde Lyterarie Dygest strawe vote poll, am ryghte thoroughlie baffled, I feare." And ful manie a briny teere didde then fall doune from his anciente eyen.

"Oh welle, skyppe it," remarked ye kyng, "but see to it thatte thy weathere reporttes hitte ye naile upon ye heade more often thanne they have donne!"

Displayinge againe ye packe of carddes, Merlin saith, "Kyng, choose anie cardde & beholde carefullie!" But Arthur didst ther-upon wel night frothe at ye mouthe & droole with rayge, so that Merlin didde bicom alle warm under ye collar & didde slynke backe to ye ivorie tower alle in a dyther.

Ye kyng was then for daye after daye in ye frette of worrie aboute ye orchestrie, some wyse menne sayinge it woulde be Ye Olde Heinie's German Fyve, some of ye sages predickinge it woulde be Ye Satchelmouth Armstronge & His Zither Ensemble. But alle was quiette amongst ye knyghtes as they wente through ye period of prayer & fastinge that they myghte be in fitten condicion for ye cominge Brawle.

They dist scurrie alle over ye playce in preparacion, visitinge nowe ye Rent-A-Horse Co. (whose cleverre mottoe was yclept "Dryve it thyselfe"), nowe againe ye licquore shoppe, where they didst buy ye alcoholicke spirittes & forsoothe wrappe them up in proclomationes sayinge, "There wil be naughte of guzzlinge at ye Promme" this yeare. Alle was peacefullie, exceptinge for Sir Modred & Sir Launcelot.

Sir Modred, a ful gentil knyghte, didde clayme that his faire ladie shoulde have beene in ye Courte of Honoure insteade of Ladie Teresa de la Anchovie who didde give her hankie to Sir Launcelot that he myghte weare it in ye tournementes. Sir Launcelot was one of ye fortie-eyghte assystante generalle chayrmenne & indeed ye peeple didde beleeve that there was somethinge stinkie in Denmarcke. But Sir Launcelot didde but saye "Pooh pooh" ryghte hautilie to such gossip, and didde clayme Sir Modred hadde we olde soure graypes synce he didde not get ye comp and hadde to laye ye four shillinges & sixpence on ye lyne in order to recieve ye tyckette.

At laste didde com ye greate daye, & ye knyghtes didde ride forthe to get their faire ladies & brynge them to ye Brawle. A ful comlie slew of wenches they were & didde weare ye beauteous wimples & snoodes so thatte alle didde wonderre to gayze upon them, and didde quoth unto one another, "Tske, tske, and yeah man!"

Kyng Arthur, God wot, was eek presente withe his
(continued, page fifteen)



GRAN
BERY

THE HOUSE THAT BIT PEOPLE

another adventure of the boys of
old Nu in which Jick Steele breaks
the lease that couldn't be broke

● I'll never forget The Year Jick Broke the Lease.

I never will.

You see, old Nu was sick and tired of the house we were living in. It was the sort of house where you walk in the front door, slam it hard, and then go and put the cups back on the mantel. It had other little idiosyncrasies that made it very hard to get along with, and we were sick and tired of it.

Anyway, none of us liked the house a bit. We were in it, though, with a ten year lease that had seven left to run, and none of us, not even Herman—you remember good old Herman, he was the big guy in our house The Year Herman Was Prom King—expected to be in school more than four or five more. None of us seniors, anyway.

There were three or four of us who disliked it more than the rest of the boys, and we all had good reason.

Squill Wibbins was one of those. Squill claimed that the place was haunted, and he said he could prove it. He used to lie awake nights, shivering. He said he was sure there was Something after us, and he

made us keep all the lights on all night. It was darned hard to get to sleep, and it ran up a hell of a light bill.

Squill said he was in the house one night all alone and he heard Someone in the showers. He went and looked in, but there wasn't Anyone there. So he went back to his room and got a flashlight and looked down the drain, but Whoever It was sat down just below the bend of the pipe and snickered at him. He got pretty mad at this, all right, so he got a pick-axe and was going after the Guy from below, standing on the piano, when Jimmy Kuugers came in and stopped him. Ever since then he said the house was haunted and he wanted to move out. He also said we ought to get the living-room ceiling plastered.

Kuugers himself didn't like the place. He didn't know why, but he didn't like it, and at every chapter meeting he'd get up and talk about it. It got so that we found out that we could shut him up in just one way, so we took that. Every meeting he'd get up and say, "I move I don't like this house." We'd all second the motion and pass it unan-

imously, and the secretary would put down "It was moved and seconded that Jimmy Kuugers doesn't like this house. Passed."

As a matter of fact, none of us liked the house much. Me, I hated it, but I was practical—I had a reason. There was no bathtub in the place and no water in the showers. I hadn't lived in the house over six months before I found it out, but then it was too late. If I had known that, I wouldn't have cared about other things; I would have pledged Chi Psi.

But Jick liked it least of all. He never kept his mouth shut about it, not even in rushing. One year we were rushing one of the Roosevelt boys, and Jick told him that we were pretty nice guys but it was a hell of a house. The kid never pledged, but went to Harvard instead. Jick said later that that was all right with him, that the Roosevelt boys were pretty reckless and he guessed that he might come in some night and run his carriage into the barn doors, so nuts to him. Anyway, Delano was a wop's middle name and the kid was only a fifth cousin of TR's.

The reason Jick didn't like the place was because it bit him once. It was late at night, and he came in the front door. I heard the door shut and then a loud yell. Thirteen of us ran downstairs and there was Jick, with his pants torn and blood pouring out of a big cut in his leg.

"What's the matter, Jick?" we asked.

"It bit me," he said.

"Who?" I asked him.

"Not who, what. This damn house. I was coming in the door and I heard a growl, and then the house pounced on my leg and mangled me."

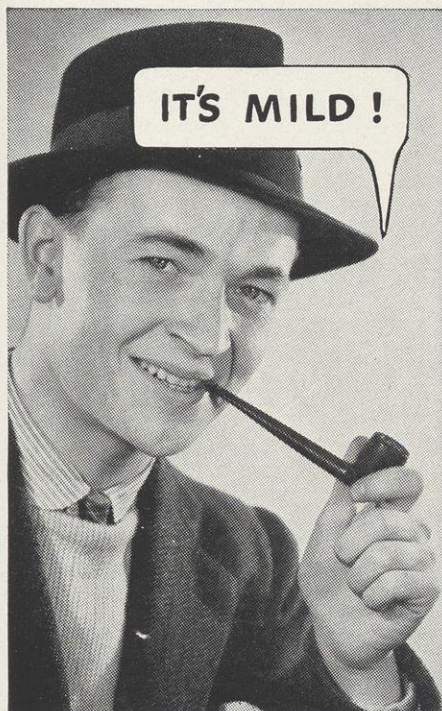
We pulled up his pants leg and, sure enough, there were great big tooth marks on his leg, and it was bleeding like all get out. We took him to the infirmary, and they said



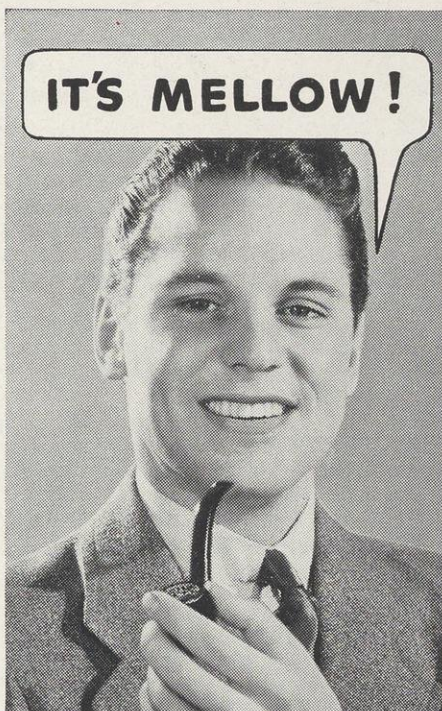
—there were great big tooth marks on his leg

(continued, page twenty-two)

THIS NO-RISK OFFER ATTRACTS PIPE SMOKERS BY ITS FAIRNESS!



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PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

WOMEN'S STYLES

Design for Dressing

by JOAN OLDFATHER

Besides the august presence of President Frank and Horace Heidt at Prom, you can anticipate seeing Schiaparelli, Molyneux, and Poiret, Parisienne modistes, in their fully glory and spirit, if not in person.

Coeds have heeded the decrees of these sartorial dictators and will appear at Prom in styles varied from graceful Grecian simplicity to slinky futuristic streamlines. Likewise bustles, hooded capes, accordion pleats, and luminous fabrics and accessories hint that the 1937 Prom will be an outstanding fashion event.

Prom makes history and history helps make Prom a fashion success. Eras of history will be represented in Great Hall while music goes 'round and 'round. Queen Dorothy Teeple represents the influence of several historic periods in her regal white taffeta gown which combines a Grecian motif in the shirred bodice, with old-fashioned bustle effects and tiny puffed sleeves, plus modernistic stiffened shoulder wings, low cut decolletage, and expansive fan-like train.

The delegation from ancient Greece will be well represented on the dance floor. We nominate Catherine Ann Kelley as a modern Diana when she appears in her goddess like gown of all-white. The tall, slender blondness of Eleanor Arps is well suited to the classic lines of the white formal she elects to go to Prom. Virginia Bohn flavors a shirred white satin with cerise-lined panniers on a gown that might well please an Athenian athlete and probably will please a Notre Dame high hurdler. Grace Carlson might be called Grecian Grace when she slips into the billowy folds of her midnight blue chiffon.

The Renaissance will be ushered into Great Hall by Marion Brewer in a forest green satin moire with gathered fullness at the back. Eleanor Olson goes Renaissance also in

a plum-colored model worn with gold accessories.

Marion Bradley boasts Napoleonic court style in her molded gown of rose corded crepe ending in a front pleated flare at the hemline.

The colonial period will be interpreted by Elaine Coapman, who will wear a rose satin murialle. The voluminous skirt and diminutive waistline of Annabel Follett's pale rose moire bespeaks a quaint old-fashioned motif.

Prom promises to be a colorful event. Horace Heidt's "blues" will vie with blues of every shade on



Prom-going coeds: ice-blues, aquamarines, midnight blues (which are probably the same shade at 9 o'clock as at 12), royal blues, and powder blues. Yo' all will see Beverly Rogers in sapphire blue chiffon sprinkled with rhinestones. Powder blue will sheathe Dorothy Ball. Rose Wichert combines blue velvet with silver lining her collar. Audrey Voet, who will wear blue brocade, thinks orchids would become her gown. Strange, isn't she? The Theta house will go to Prom practically en masse in blue: Helen Conrad in pale blue matelasse satin, Virginia

Moody in blue taffeta, Margaret Ann Metcalf in uncut velvet, Josephine Taplin in ice-blue satin, Helen Price in turquoise, Pip McKinzie in light blue satin, and Agnes Ricks in blue chiffon.

If she's not in blue, she's likely to be in white. Lettie Lee created Margaret Klein's white bagharra crepe with beaded shoulder straps. White lace comes to Prom on Dorothy Cops. Elaine Ohman's moire gown buttons down the front. Emily Jane Gerber relieves white silk pique with red velvet trimming. White furnishes the background for black figures on Violet Pflueger's satin gown. Donna Weston gives the illusion of floating moonlight in her white net sheath cast over a flowered taffeta background.

Among the silhouette figures in black will be Elizabeth Helke, who will be gowned in black rough crepe with white trimming. Black tulle will sheathe Audrey Beatty. Lois McKee enhances her fair skin and dark Irish eyes with sleek black wool crepe. Silver metallic cloth relieves the solid black rough crepe which Kay Vakos will wear. Helen Bonham will rustle over Great Hall in yards of black taffeta. Supple black velvet is Mary Jane Albright's choice for the evening.

The greens will be ushered in by Marjorie Jacobson in moire with velvet ribbon lacing up to the neck of the tunic. Ann Guylee's ice-green satin is cut on princess lines. Red-headed Jean Gardner wisely selected a gown of emerald green lame.

Pink always goes to Prom. This year black-haired Ann Harley will wear pink satin sheathed by a fuchsia velvet jacket. Glendola Enghert chooses pink rough crepe with silver accessories.

Among the ladies in red will be Ruth Wassersteen, whose tomato red crepe is destined for a vivid eve-

(continued, page twenty-three)

ADD KING ARTHUR---

Queene, ye faire Guinivere, who was from ye bigge sixe sororitie as ye olde-time customme didde demande. As ye houre of ten didde approache and ye time drewe neare for ye bande to appeare, ye multitude didde bi-com alle on edge and didde scuffle with ye footsies and mutter one unto ye other as if in greate expectacion.

And as verilie ye houre of ten didde stryke ther came upon ye castle gayte a knockinge. "Who is it coulede be oute tonyghte?" spak Arthur. "See who is ye forlorne wretche at ye portals!"

And as ye squyres didde pull backe ye doores, ther walked in with greate creakinge & goane to ye castle halle a wee hermitte who didde have ye venerable bearde ful of ye cobwebbes & ye dust of ages upon his suite of blue serge. He didde caste his eye aboute the roomme with a sadde looke & didde shake ye heade as if with worrie. "Who art thou, olde fellowe, & whatte is thy businesse?" asked of him Sir Galahad.

Ye oldster didde blynke ye eye & scratch at ye eare ryghte heartlie, but eftsoons didde speeke thus-like: "I feare me ye gentil knyghtes can have no orchestrie to maken ye sweete musicke. Ye muste dance to ye straynes of ye portable phonygraphe insteade."

Kynge Arthur didst ther-at turne red in ye fayce & roare oute in ye ful mightie voice, "Why, thou olde nincompoope! Who art thou to telle us whatte ye score is? Departe & peddle thy papers!"

"I be yclept Hilsenhoffe," quoth the ye olde manne, "Sir Ray L. Hilsenhoffe."

And at thatte alle ye lords & ladies didde falle doune bifor him and make ye salaams as if it were verilie ye time of prayer in ye streete & bye-wayses of Bagdad.

WATCH FOR THE
OPENING DATE

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presence at the
nineteen hundred thirty-seven
Junior Prom
on Friday, February seventh
at nine o'clock
with music
by*

HORACE HEIDT
*and
his brigadiers
in the Great Hall*

JESS HAWKINS
*in the Council Room
and*

KEN SIMMONS
in the 770 Club

Four-Fifty

THE WISCONSIN Octopus

THE MEMORIAL UNION

MADISON, WISCONSIN

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INDISPUTABLE FACT

● Wisconsin is the Prom Capital of the Middle West.

Seldom questioned, never proven to be untrue within the memory of man, this statement needs no defense. But let us look into the implications of the remark.

Madison, as one and all know, is blessed with a chain of lakes unsurpassed for beauty, commercial value, or whitefish which die and float up to the pier just when you want to go swimming. Yachting, ice-boating, crew, outboard, and trap-shooting experts have all hailed Lake Mendota as the perfect location for their sports. Monona is noted all over the world for having water where people into the Capital Times on account of the smell thereof write in. Waubesa is Lake Waubesa and Kegonsa is Lake Kegonsa. Wingra is in the back yard of Vilas park, but it never grew up, so it is not one of the Four Lakes.

Nestling among these charming inland seas is the city of Madison, a idyllic metropolis of 75,000 (58,000 by the last census, but what do they know about it?). Industry has claimed it for its own. Education has claimed it for its own. Labor has claimed it for its own. So has the Republican party but, as a matter of fact, it belongs to Phil La Follette, who inherited it from Chief Blackhawk as he and Paul Bunyan ran over Muir Knoll on the way to the Mississippi.

Here, situated upon a stately (and steep) hill, is the state university, composed of 10,000 anxious students and their teachers. The sedateness of the life academic mingles with the gaiety of the social season of the "fraternities" and "sororities."

Truly, Wisconsin is the Prom Capital of the Middle West.

THE TALE OF GAMMA PHI GERTIE

Back in nineteen ought eight there came into the state
 A fair maid, sweet, unspoiled, seventeen,
 They could not guess her fate, but they knew she would rate,
 Because Gertie was surely a queen.

As best we remember, on the tenth of September,
 Gertie entered this college of ours,
 She smiled at her advisor, but she could have been wiser,
 She got stuck with a lot of punk hours.

Since poor Gertie was shy, she got pledged Gamma Phi,
 Who were nice girls in nineteen ought eight,
 She endured open house, met a Kappa Sig louse,
 And this fellow was Gertie's first date.

Though that one date seems small, that date started her fall,
 In three weeks she'd discarded her glasses,
 After several more moons, she said "darn" and used "Goons,"
 And she even wore lip rouge to classes.

In the maidenly eyes of the sweet Gamma Phis
 Gertie now was a horrible creature,
 She had two dates a weeks, and she dated a Deke,
 And one morning she winked at her teacher.

So time passed, as it will, Gertie's rep grew worse still,
 Why she even knew three Sigma Nus,
 She took all the pipe courses, and she went riding horses,
 And she always kept crashing the News.

Well, in nineteen fourteen, after talks with the Dean,
 She got credits enough for a Soph,
 Her downfall had been neat, till she took a front seat,
 And displayed her fair knees to the prof.

In the spring of nineteen she was chosen Prom Queen,
 Which is one of the Pi Phis' pet peeves,
 Ah but then, Land of Goshen, how she raised a commotion,
 She appeared in a gown without sleeves.

Next in late twenty four, Gertie raised up her score
 With a stunt that the Gamma Phis rue,
 Growing tired of her cokes, she began to take smokes,
 And she even at times sipped home brew.

'Twas in nineteen thirty that to our friend Gertie
 Came a sad and horrible fate,
 Said the Dean with "ahems," "You have flunked your course
 Gems,
 And for this you can not graduate."

Gertie didn't lose hope, nor did our dear friend mope,
 Nor engage in a morbid confession,
 She kept on with a will, but her efforts were nil,
 For she flunked out the next summer session.

Gamma Phis didn't grieve, for they thought she would leave,
 To their sorrow, they found she'd no home,
 On the campus she tarried, and she wouldn't get married,
 And she hadn't the least urge to roam.

So Gert stayed here in town, and did she get around
 Dating rotters like Psi Us and Betas!
 Good old Gertie could step, so she raised up the rep
 Of her house till they beat out the Thetas.

Gertie now is quite old, and her hair is not gold,
 And she's not quite as spry as the others,
 Now she hides from the sun, and she has all her fun
 As the head of the League of Housemothers.

—p.s.g.

WHAT'S BECOME OF PROM

There wasn't doubt about the Queen,
 Publicity has been quite clean,
 We knew just who would be the King,
 And talked about it way last Spring,
 There was no noise about the Band,
 They picked a bunch that's right at hand,
 The King has not yet been kidnaped,
 Yes, all has gone without mishap,
 They'll issue very few of comps,
 They have forbidden drunken romps,
 They've chosen all the Badger Beauties,
 We must admit that they are cuties,
 We fear that things are not the same,
 The Prom is going to be quite tame,
 There's nothing left for us to like,
 So we'll stay home and study Psych.

—w.g.h.

MENU

An Englishman, traveling in the West, stopped at a greasy little restaurant for dinner one evening. The waiter brought him the usual glass of water and asked, "Will you have some pork and beans, sir?"

"No," said the Englishman, "I never eat pork and beans."

"Dinner is over, then," said the waiter, taking away the glass of water.

—Old Line

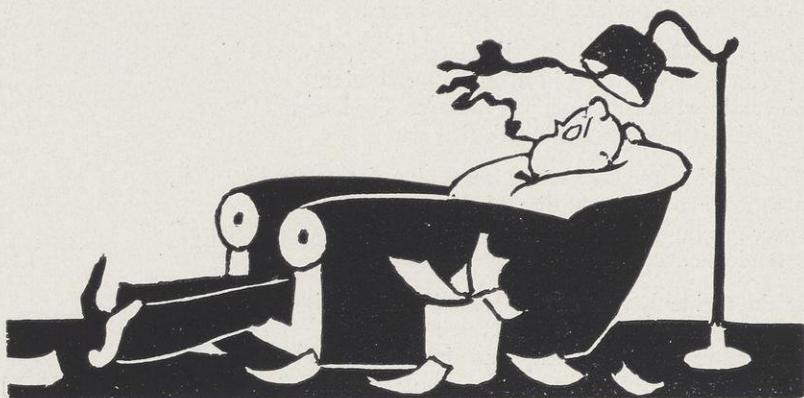
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BROWN'S
 BOOK SHOP
 STATE AND LAKE STREETS

IN THE EDITOR'S BROWN STUDY

in which ye editor sings a swan song and sheds a tear or two at thought of happy days gone by



● This might be called "Ye Editor Graduates or the Passing of an Historic Landmark." A good many years, man and boy, we've been around these parts and have successfully dodged graduation with a skill and elan that has amazed succeeding generations of contemporaries. Sometimes it amazed us a little. But now it seems they've caught up with us, and we're to be forced to take a diploma and shut out from these cloistered halls.

As we sit down to type this, the last piece of copy we'll ever bang out for the good old Octy, we are filled with a thousand memories of things that have happened in connection with our association with Old Eight Legs. We think back to when we accompanied Jim Watrous to the Octy office for the first time and hesitatingly submitted our first drawing to Editor Holley Smith. The drawing, as we recall, was captioned, "Is your dad a Greek letter man?" "No, he delivers United States mail"—which gives you an idea—but Smith accepted the thing anyway. And that, boys and girls, is how we got our start in pictures.

And then there are other happy memories:

Of the old Octopus quartet that used to entertain the Union third floor of an afternoon; of the Octopus "News Reel"; of Herb Fredman, the man with the Thurber

complex, who used to spend all his time drawing pictures of dogs (at least they looked more like dogs than anything else) and who was always vowing that he was going to give up everything and go live in an old piano box; of the first time the Octopus burlesqued the Cardinal and the Langdon parade we had featuring a large manure spreader labeled "Daily Cardinal" and a float with one of those little houses with the crescent windows to represent the editorial office; of the second time we burlesqued the Cardinal and Ken Purdy and I swiped the door off the Cardinal office to put on our own; of the time we purloined the Badger safe and they didn't know it was gone for three days; of the Fight with the Union Janitors or the Battle of the Two Sofas . . . when we barricaded the office against three unreasonable janitors intent on restoring some furniture we'd borrowed from the Great Hall; of the time we had our first drawing censored (depicting what the well-equipped man should take on a picnic, including a club "for snakes and Kappas")—and the engraving had already been made.

And other things we'll never forget:

The way "Scotty" would pause in censoring proofs and say, "This is sort of ratty, don't you think?"—and down would come the red pen-

cil; the fear and trembling we went through when we found a form had already been printed containing two jokes Scotty had "X-ed," but he never noticed; the Third Floor Yacht club which held crew races up and down the hall with oak benches for shells; the time some of the staff boys screwed up the Union telephone system so that every time you tried to call "outside" you got the billiard desk; and lots of other whimsical pranks.

Ah, them were the days all right.

And now before our editorial voice is stilled, we'd like to give our thanks to:

Dean Goodnight and Margaret Ellingson (who censored when the Dean was too busy) for their kind indulgence; Bob Fleming for lending a helping hand on many an occasion; the two subscribers in W. Salem for their kind remarks (they thought last month's Lucky Strike ad on the back cover was swell); and all the poor slaves who have labored for me that the Octopus might come out each month almost on time.

And now with a cheery "Good luck" to our successor, we fold up our drawing board and silently . . . and a bit wistfully . . . steal away.

Bill Harley

ADD SAD STORY--

amount of love between Clarence and me. Finally things take a turn for the worse.

It seems that Clarence has a boy named John. John is one of the boys whose nose gets rubbed in the mud, but since it gets rubbed in the mud less than other boys' noses, John is picked as head of the other boys.

John gets together with some of the other boys and asks to have Clarence fired, for it seems that they do not enjoy having their noses rubbed in the mud, which is no more than natural, especially since they are not paid one way or another. Now Clarence says I (for this is still Little Walter speaking) am behind all this, and no end of fuss occurs.

Finally I and Clarence are called in by The Boss, who says to us that this must all cease. So they call an investigation. First we are heard by the athaletic bored, and then by another group of citizens which are the bored of regents. And Clarence and I wish to state that we, too, are now thoroughly bored of regents.

Well, things drag on and on and on and on and on until The Boss gets an infection in his eye and one guy and another comes up and says what he thinks, but still there is nothing to make up anybody's mind on. It drags on and on and on and on.

Finally the bored decides to take a time-out until the first of next month, but by this time Clarence and I are in a bad way, having our digestions all shot to hell by sitting around the office talking to Terrible Tommy Ryan and such people. As a matter of fact, I know all the time that this process is going to hurt Clarence's stomach, and that is quite o.k. with me, but there is Happy Henry McCormack, so soon I am in the same state.

Little Walter stops as if he explains all and takes a long pull at his buttermilk, which it seems does not curdle one's gastric juices on account of how it has already done just that to the cow. Clarence does the same, and even begins to nibble his graham cracker, but he changes his mind and puts the cracker down in deep distaste.

But as far as I am concerned this is all a mystery.

"How do these regents decide this

(continued, page twenty-three)

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THE JUNIOR PROM '37



BOOMERANG

a short, short story
within a short story

As he walked over to the check-room, the author sighed. All day long he had been plodding away on a story that would not work out.

The girl in the check-room looked up and smiled at him. She had been reading a book and he glanced at the title. It was one of his own!

He noticed that she had large, sympathetic eyes.

"I am sure you can help me out," he said. "I have been writing a story and now I find myself stuck and cannot go on."

"But I don't know anything about stories," she laughed.

He noticed that cute dimples appeared when she laughed.

"That's all right," he answered quickly. "I'll tell you about what I've written so far. You see, all you'll have to do then will be to give me some simple suggestion, so I can carry on."

"All right," she agreed.

He noticed that she had a very clear skin and a pert nose.

He began . . .

Once upon a time a handsome fellow stopped a beautiful girl in the street. He took his hat off politely and said, "Pardon me. I love you, won't you marry me?"

Well, since the girl had never met him before, this came as news. "You're quite a daring young man," she exclaimed. "Have you ever been on a flying trapeze?"

"No," remarked he, "I can't say that I have."

"Hmm. You've known me for three seconds. Why did you take so long before proposing marriage?"

"I didn't know you very well. I thought you might be a bit conservative about such things."

"Your reason sounds plausible, which of course makes it highly improbable."

Then the young man inquired, "Did you know that my name is Thomas Brown, quite a common name for such an uncommon chap like myself?"

"And my name," interrupted the damsel, "is Mary Jones, quite an uncommon name for such a common occasion."

"Hello, Mary."

"Hello, Thomas."

"Have I already told you," asked the uncommon chap, "that I love you, that I want you to marry me?"

"I recall that you did."

"Have I already told you that I would like to take you to a very formal dance tonight? Have you a divine evening gown?"

"Yes."

"Good. My tuxedo has recently returned, and yesterday I found my long lost collar button under the bed. I'm all set. Do you like to dance?"

"Yes."

"Fine. Will you go with me?"

"No."



"You understand," pointed out the author to the check-girl, "that this was love at first sight."

"Uh-huh," she answered. Her eyes shone with merriment. She was enjoying the story.

He noticed again that she was very, very attractive.

"Where was I? Oh yes! . . ."

This refusal dejected the young man.

"Why?" he moaned.

"I don't know you."

"But I know you. Your name is Mary Jones. You have golden hair and blue eyes. Your lips are like Cupid's bow . . . And you live on East 23rd Street."

"Wrong guess. It was a clever way of getting me to tell you, though. I live at 172 Chester Avenue."

"Calling hours?" he asked, as he copied it into his address book.

"Tuesday and Saturday nights at 8:30. Appointments by phone."

"Today is Monday. I can't wait that long."

"Neither can I."

"Then, I call tonight?"

"No."

"How inhuman you are, my love. I adore you."

"And I adore you."

"Then, you will marry me?"

"No."

The daring young man looked at her aggrieved.

"I must go now," she said.

"Farewell, my own."

"So long."

Thomas Brown stared entranced after her.

"How do you like it so far?" asked the author.

"Grand!"

"What's your name?"

"Mary Jones."

"Mary Jones?"

"Yes."

"How odd!"

"And your name?" coyly inquired the check-room girl.

"Thomas Smith."

"Not Thomas Brown?"

"No."

"How odd."

"I wrote the book you're reading," he remarked with proper modesty.

"Oh, you're marvelous! I'm so glad to meet you."

"Are you?" He noticed that she was adorably petite.

"Yes," she replied, and her eyes fell.

"Shall I continue?"

"Please."

Thomas Brown called at 8:30 Monday night, although he had been told not to. He wore his tuxedo.

Mary Jones opened the door. "What

January, 1936

"are you doing here?" Her voice was menacing.

"I could not eat. I could not drink. I could not sleep. I had to come." He entered quickly, before she could slam the door.

It was no use being stern now. "Won't you come into the parlor?" Mary invited him.

"Are you a spider?" Thomas asked.

"No. Are you a fly?" she retorted.

"No."

"Well, come into the parlor then."

They sat down on the sofa.

"Ain't you got no pap or mama?" he asked.

"They've gone to the movies."

"Will you marry me. I love you."

"No."

"Will you go to the dance with me tonight?"

"No."

He kissed her.

"My," she said, "you kiss like a matinee idol."

"But there's a difference. I only perform in the evening—at 8:30."

They looked at each other and said nothing.

Thomas broke the silence.

"Listen, brat, Why don't you marry me?" he pleaded again. "I'm wealthy and I have a college education."

"What other disadvantages have you got?"

"Stop joking. I love you, won't you marry me...?"

"No."

"And that's where I'm stuck," said the author.

"Why?"

"I can't have them going on like that forever. It gets boring."

"Uh-huh."

"Some conflict must arise between them, and when that's smoothed out she becomes his bride."

"Uh-huh."

"Or perhaps I could have her lay down some condition for him to fulfill. I don't know what to do. Have you anything to suggest?"

"Huh?"

"Anything to suggest?"

"No."

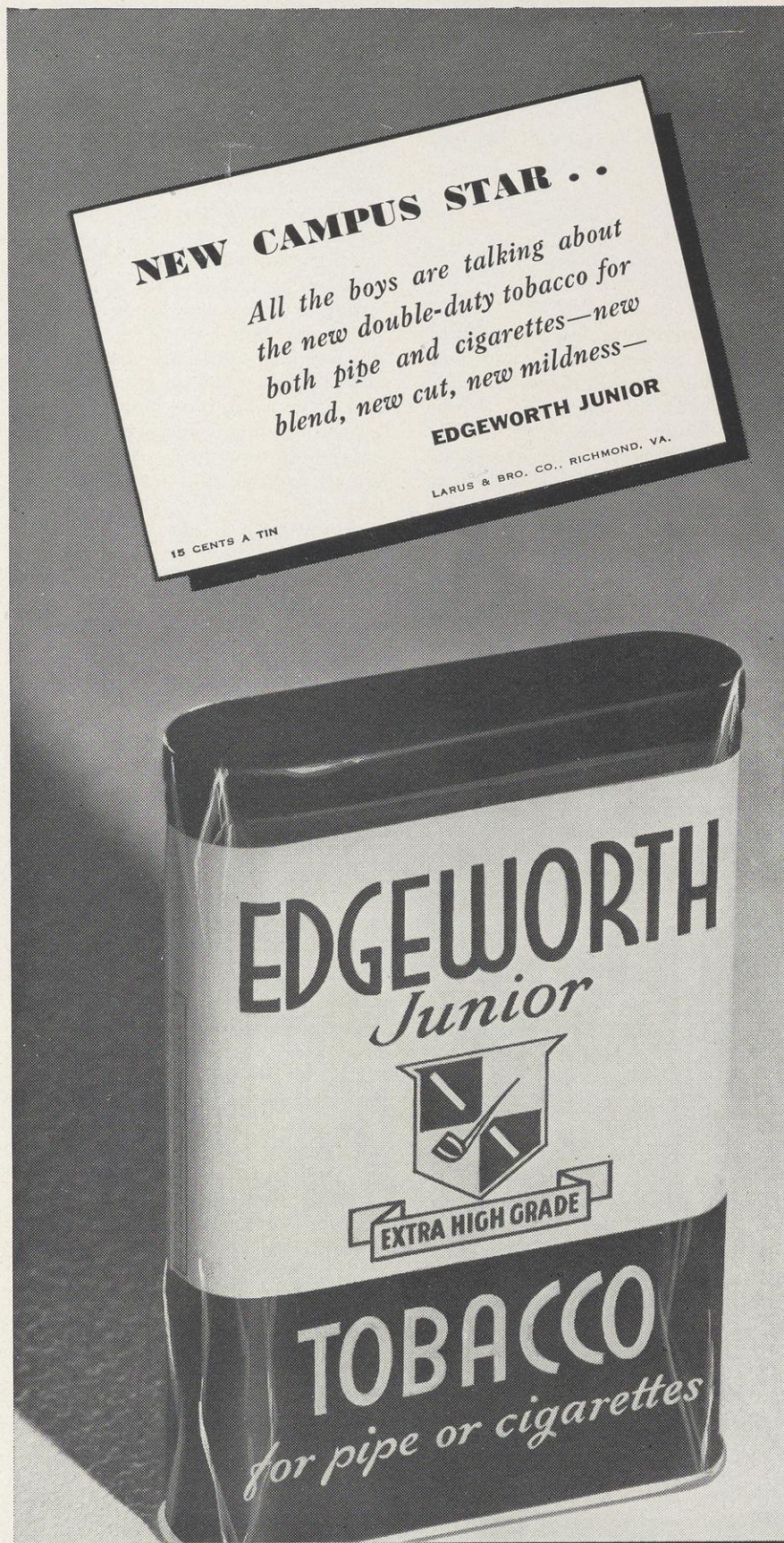
"That's great. Thanks a lot."

They both started laughing. It was all very funny.

She was pretty, delicious. Perhaps... He would try. It could not be, but perhaps...

"I love you, won't you marry me?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered.



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ADD HOUSE THAT BIT PEOPLE - -

that it looked as though he had been bitten by a horse.

"No," we said.

"What do you mean, 'no?'" the doctor asked us.

"Not a horse, a house."

"That's it—a house."

"No, a house."

Well, one thing led to another and finally we went home—they said they couldn't recommend psychopathic wards for all of us. When we got home it was four in the morning, and none of us wanted to go in the house, since it had just bitten Jick. Finally, one by one, we sneaked in the back door. Not one of us was caught, but we all had a grudge against the house. After all, if a house bit your best friend, how would you like it?

So we decided to get out. We had decided that several times before, but it seems the guy who owned the house had us tied up in the lease, and there was no way we could break it. Three of the boys in the chapter were lawyers, but none of them could find any flaw in the contract, so we were tied up plenty with a haunt, a sea serpent living in the showers (that's what Beiman said—it came out and licked his legs), no bath-tub, and a house that bit people. It was too much.

When Jick got out of the infirmary, he was afraid to come back to the house. He explained that he had a domophobia—fear of home—and that he didn't dare come back for fear the house would realize it and bite him again. We talked him out of that, though, by showing him that the house hadn't bitten anyone since he had left and that probably any house that once bit Jick would know better next time.

Well, one day we were talking about the whole mess in bated tones when Jick said, "Let's break the lease!"

Of course, everyone explained how it couldn't be done, but he offered to bet \$100 even money, so we pooled our dough and took him up. When we left for the Christmas vacation, he was sitting in the living room figuring how many beers he could buy on our hundred bucks. It was some big number like 200,000 or 2,000,000.

I guess I was one of the first ones back after Christmas, but I didn't go over to the house. I stayed in town with Gally Peyton, one of our

alumni, until the day before classes started. That night I got a phone call . . . from Squill.

"Hey, you better come up to the house. Better come right away."

He wouldn't tell me why, so I grabbed a cab and went up. There, sitting around a bon-fire in the front yard, was over half of the chapter, all looking cold and disconsolate. All but Jick, that is. He was wrapped up in a big blue blanket (mine, by the way) and smiling as though everything was fine. And stacked up all around him was our furniture.

Apparently I got there a little after things had really got under way, because all of the boys were on Jick right, trying to get him to tell them what had happened. He just



Here we sew up the whole Anne Emory vote and don't even get a comp

sat there with a smirk on his lantern jaw, until finally someone said, "Well, at least we don't owe you any hundred bucks."

At that, Jick went up in the air.

"You do, too. I broke it."

"The lease?" we all yelled.

"Sure. Why do you think we got thrown out in the snow this way? I fixed that up."

"But how did you do it?" Squill asked. "I thought the contract had us all sewed up."

"I broke it."

"Yes, but how?"

Then he told us. It seems that after we left he sat there in the house for three days in a row, just brooding. The house had bitten him in the leg, and no house could do that to a Steele and get away with it. Not to one of the Keokuk Steeles. So he sat and brooded and brooded and brooded. Finally he got an idea.

He went down to the railroad station and talked 11 of the biggest, blackest red-caps he had ever seen into quitting work for a week and

coming up to live at the house. They came, and it turned out that three or four of them had wives and families and a couple had families but no wives, so there were almost 35 of them in all.

Naturally, the old sour-puss who owned the place raised Cain about that.

"He almost had me talked into kicking the Joe Louis family out, even though it might have been pretty hard to do, when I remembered that the house had bitten me on the leg. No house can bite a Steele on the leg, not when it's one of the Keokuk Steeles. The house had bitten me, and I was going to fix it."

"But what did you tell the landlord?"

"Oh, that was simple. I thought quick, and told him that he was narrow and bigoted, and that everything was all right."

"He nearly went crazy about that, but I quieted him down. I told him that old Nu had never drawn the color line."

* * *

Jick dropped out of school a while back, but old Nu's national has been keeping pretty close track of him. That's one thing, this fraternity never forgets a man, especially when they find that he's the guy who's using his brothers' hundred bucks for promoting a chapter at Tuskegee institute.

PRODUCES EVIDENCE

Nye produced memoranda from a secret collection of papers of Col. E. M. House at Yale, and from a diary of Col. House . . .

—DAILY CARDINAL

But you should see what they found in the pasture.

Bermuda bound, Mr. and Mrs. James C. Hinde—he was Miss Madge Gossett—are on a honeymoon following their marriage Nov. 30.

—CHICAGO TRIBUNE, Dec. 8

And was she surprised.

May I Present

By Allen S. Jorgensen

—esquire-ish WILSON WEISEL . . . former "Biggy" of the campus . . . now fellow Botkin house out at the dorms . . . sucks a pipe meditatively—giving a gaunt expression to his lean, handsome face—set with piercing brown eyes—and covered with short cropped, brown hair—parted on side . . .

—DAILY CARDINAL, Jan. 23

Weisel, the dog faced boy.

ADD SAD STORY --

athletic thing," I ask, "anyhow?"

"They do not," Little Walter answers. "All they do is sit around talking about us until pretty soon their stomachs are all shot, too. So they send out for buttermilk and graham crackers and decide to take a vacation until their stomachs are well and The Boss gets a new job, which will take maybe 50 years if he waits for the one in Washington with a big white house to go with it."

"Yeah," says Clarence.

"But why is it you are both without funds?" I inquire. "One would say that, Clarence's boys' noses in the mud or no mud, you still receive a monthly honorarium for your services."

"That is true," says Little Walter. "But we get our heads together and figure. If we get three liners, two backfielders, and a new manager, maybe we win four games next fall instead of the one we usually take. So we put our funds in one pocket and we now have options on three liners, two backfielders, and a new manager, which we are running across the county line before the rainy season sets in. And if we win those four games this fall, there are no more howls from the bored of regents except because they do not care for buttermilk and graham crackers. May we state that all and sundry should just wait till next year."

"Yeah," says Clarence.

ADD DESIGN FOR DRESSING --

ning. Martha Talley is bound to be a sensation in her harem-skirted red chiffon.

The Rhodes twins, Mary and Elizabeth, will dress alike but will stand out from other promenaders because of their colorful combination of chartreuse, purple and cerise chiffon.

Helen Keator will find her deep orchid satin gown a compliment to her blondness.

Luminous lames will claim the spotlight at Prom. Mary Lou Montgomery will be poured into a gold lame gown and everywhere that Mary goes her lame is sure to go . . . over big. Emily Bell strikes a new note in a voluminously-skirted cream lame woven with gold thread, with gold lacings on the tight bodice. Betty Myers will be sheathed in gold metallic cloth matched with gold accessories. Emmie Lou Batchelder will contrast her dark skin with a silver lame dress and a wreath in her curls. Janet Stiefel wears green lame with gold accessories.

Accordion pleated gowns will have a pleats-to-meet-you effect from every angle. Alice Reid's gown will have the sharpened grace of pleated white chiffon. Dark Betty O'Brien's white chiffon dress will have the motion of all-over pleats arrested at the waist by a gold belt.

Queen Teeple sets the pace for bustle effects and sorority sister Kathryn Brown follows suit with a bustled blue taffeta suspended by rhinestone shoulder straps. Laura

Sparks will bustle and rustle at Prom in green taffeta.

To the sequence of the evening's events Janet Harris' taffeta dress will add glamour. More sequins on the collar of Jean Van Aiken's turquoise crepe. Ditto Jean Henkel's collar.

Black velvet evening wraps will cover most of the Prom gowns. Harriet Peterson's black velvet wrap has mink cuffs. White ermine trims Frances St. Clair's black wrap. Betty Myers will carry a white fur muff with her wrap. Green velvet trimmed with white fur tops the silver lame dress Mary Jane Leahy will wear. Helen Theiler sheathes her gown with a purple wrap trimmed with white fox. Marion Bluteau covers her red blistered satin with a mink wrap.

Accessories will play a dramatic role at Prom. The evening horizon will be illuminated by rhinestones on Betty Nelson's capelet and jewelry. Alice Reid will dance in white satin sandals studded with different colored stones on the straps and heels. Venetian filagree jewelry will compliment Kay Hammond's silver lame. A silver juliet snood will cap Nancy Wright's brown curls. An antique belt of gold will clasp the waist of Rosemary Hulett's white chiffon gown.

Look for the Delta Gammas at Prom. They will doubtless look very devastatingly smooth because either they "simply haven't a thing to wear" or else they just won't talk.



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STOLEN THUNDER

reverberations from college
campuses from the rocky
coast to the sunny slopes

It happened at a swell tea we went to last summer. Our host and hostess served us a wonderful dinner, and afterwards all of the guests gathered in the drawing room for coffee. The only child in the family was a little girl about six years old, and built on the famous Shirley Temple plan. In the midst of the small talk and chatter in the drawing room, this little girl came stamping into the room, dripping wet, with an exasperated air of frustration. She fixed herself in the exact center of the room, and glared valefully at all the men in the room, while the water dripped off her onto the floor. Then, pointing her fingers at us, she exclaimed, "Somebody left the seat up, and I fell in!"

—Cornell Widow

CONCRETE PROOF

"What was Lincoln noted for?"

"His memory."

"What makes you thing his memory was so hot?"

"Well, they erected a monument to it."

—Punch Bowl

Judge (in traffic court)—"I'll let you off with a fine today, but another day I'll send you to jail."

Weather Man—"I see, your honor. Fine today, cooler tomorrow."

—Wampus

Over at the gasoline station the uniformed man told me yesterday that an automobile with a Canadian license plate on it stopped at his station a few days ago. The driver said, "Dionne" and nothing else.

A few minutes later the driver interpreted this queer expression to the attendant that "Dionne" meant "Five Gals."

—Log

Rastus was sent to the general store:

"My boss," he said to the clerk, "wants a pane o' glass nine by 'leven."

"Haven't got none that size, Rastus," said the joking clerk, "but will a 'leven by nine pane do do?"

"I'll try'er," replied Rastus. "Maybe if we slip'er in sideways nobody'll notice it."

—Log

Stoge—Why didn't you answer when the elevator man said "up"?

Keller—I thought that he was having indigestion.

—Vassar Vagabond

"I know a fellow who can't see his hand in front of his face."

"Yeah, I know. He's blind. Hah, hah."

"No. He hasn't any arms."

—Punch Bowl

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Will you plxasx bx so kind as to xithxer sxnd us an-othxr machinx, or havx this onx sxrvicxd as soon as possiblx.

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