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THE WISCONSIN

OCTOPUS



FROM

15 CENTS

Let up before your nerves get Tired, Tense

GREYHOUND

Swift, graceful, and remarkably wise. Ancient Egyptian and Greek royalty stamped him as a symbol of aristocracy. Distinguished lines and proud bearing can be found on Egyptian carvings dating to 3500 B. C. Racing has made this breed popular in the U.S.

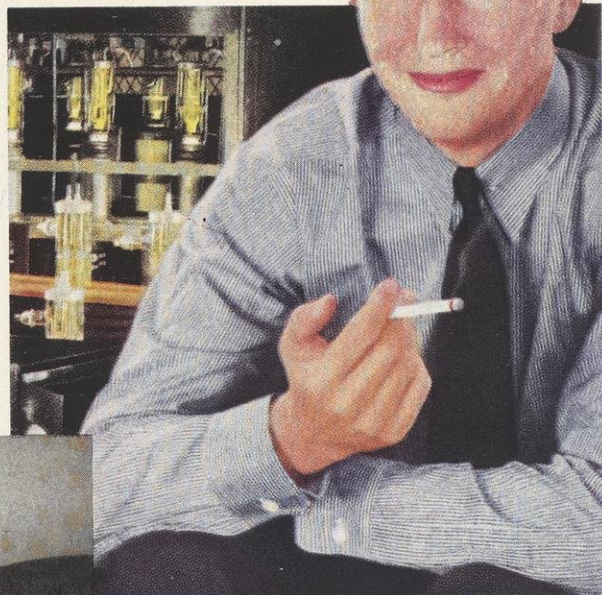


HE'S GIVING HIS
NERVES A REST...

AND SO IS HE

IT'S thrilling to watch the flashing greyhound in full flight. But it's *important* to note that when the race is over he rests—as the greyhound above is doing now. Though the dog's highly keyed nervous system closely resembles our own, the dog *relaxes instinctively!* Life as it is today leads us to ignore fatigued nerves. We carry on despite increasing tension, strain. Be kind to your nerves if you want them to be kind to you. Pause a while, now and then. LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! Let the frequent enjoyment of Camel's mild, ripe tobaccos help you take life more calmly, pleasantly, profitably!

These busy, happy folks give their nerves a chance—they "Let up—Light up a Camel"



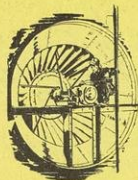
A SOUND ENGINEER controls the complicated equipment which puts a radio program "on the air." You'll find many a Camel smoker in this nerve-straining profession.



SALESMAN JOHN K. SPEER finds Camels good partners in his business. "On my job, I can't afford tense nerves," says Mr. Speer, "so I ease nerve strain often. I let up and light up a Camel. A pause and a Camel gives me a swell sense of well-being."

X-RAY TECHNICIAN Audrey D. Covert says: "My work requires great concentration. Naturally, it's a strain on the nerves. My simple, pleasant method for avoiding ragged, upset nerves is to rest now and then, and let up and light up a Camel."

DID YOU
KNOW:



—that tobacco is remarkably sensitive to moisture? That at one stage, practically all the moisture is removed from cigarette tobacco, and just the proper amount restored for manufacturing purposes? That there are more than 40 huge air-conditioning machines where Camels are made? Camel spends millions to preserve the mildness and richness of finer, more expensive tobaccos.

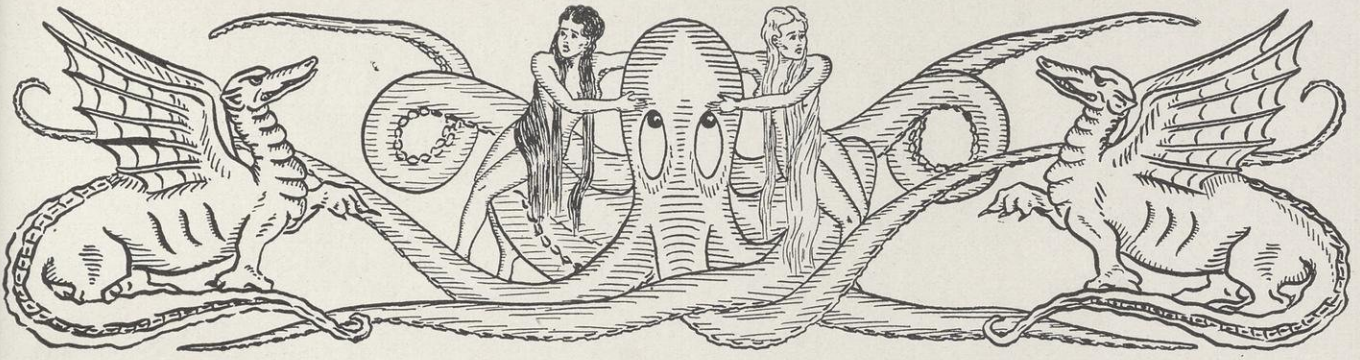


Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the **LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA**

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are SOOTHING TO THE NERVES

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THE CAMPUS CHRONICLE



WHEN THE new governor was inaugurated, your *Octopus* correspondent was right on deck, for it was a gala occasion, with Dr. Frank and Mr. Dykstra, Mr. Phil and Mr. Julius, a high school band in bright aquamarine and a lot of little people with flags and pasteboards in their hats saying "Help Julius Boost Wisconsin." The

boosters were out *en masse*, and they even wrote a song which they passed around for the people to sing. It took four people to write it (they all got their names at the top) and out of respects to all four authors, we must say it was a wow, the berries, and the cat's meow. Excerpt:

Talk WISCONSIN! Sell WISCONSIN!

It's our duty if you please,

"Talk our dairies! Praise our produce!

Boost WISCONSIN cheese!

Boost our breweries!"

(You had your choice of the last two lines.)

Sophisticated and Modern

It was a trip to the movies that brought this one. *Out West With the Hardy's* found the "sophisticated and modern" Hardy daughter quickly in love with a cowboy ranch foreman, and she told him so.

"Land sakes, when a right pretty girl like you says she's in love with a feller like me, then I say it's high time we was getting hitched!"

They kissed violently and ran off to tell her father. It happened just that quick.

"Too swift, too swift," an old maiden lady in the row behind us kept whispering, doubtless thinking of the million high school children who learn how to be sophisticated and modern chiefly from the movies. "Too swift." We thought so ourself.

Nash Drivel

If it's not too early to start thinking about *next* year's courses, may we suggest Soc. 237, "Public Opinion and Leadership," popularly called "Propaganda." Instead of using textbooks, each member of the class subscribes to a newspaper for the semester; as you might have guessed, the most notorious 'text' is the *Chicago Trib*.

What keeps the class awake are racy little talks such as "The American Legion as a Pressure Group," and "The Rise and Fall of Roosevelt's Popularity." The most pathetic

talk was on "Propaganda For and Against Station WHA." It seems that the little station hasn't been very successful in its ballyhoo, but it did manage to point with pride that "in a course in touch-typing given over the air with sixty-one 'attending,' sixty were able to type twenty-five words a minute at the end of the course." Or, roughly, about 98.3%.

Professors at Play

You'd never know it unless we told you, but there are quite a number of clubs on this campus that date back further than the Young Progressives, the ULLA, and Interfraternity Board. So well established that they need neither dues nor publicity are the little clubs to which many of the professors go about once a month for bull sessions. They generally have a name: one is the Consumer's League, another the Chaos Club. They meet at some member's house for dinner before their discussion. Once

in awhile a professor of electrical engineering will give a popular demonstration on spark machines, or one of the men who has been on leave will tell of his trip, but *it's* more than likely it will be a general discussion on Mr. Roosevelt or what you will. A professor of geology may find it his duty to argue it out all evening with a professor of agriculture, and the fact that another of their group is a professor of political science will not make him any more an authority.

It's generally all in good fun, but you never know. Anyhow at a recent meeting two of the men went home with



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the wrong overcoats and didn't get it straightened out till next morning, when their host, after getting a couple of telephone calls, succeeded finally in making the exchange. Absent-minded? Well, one of them's a 38 and the other a 46.

Two Shows and A Sideshow

It was at "Madison's Intimate Theatre." Three fellows who looked like law students, sitting next to us, were disturbed by the hat on a lady two rows ahead. It had one of those feathers, and we could tell it came just about up to Bing Crosby's chin. Courageously one of the men stood up, leaned over, and tapped the girl on the shoulder. "Will you please remove your hat?" he asked. She did, and the lawyers applauded. There was considerable snickering, especially from a little girl behind us who kept explaining the plot to her friend.



What They're Reading

*With Malice Toward Some and
The Horse and Buggy Doctor*

may head some best-seller lists, but is that what people are really reading? If at anytime people should be reading best-sellers, that time is during Christmas vacation. We wandered behind the stacks at the library and glanced at the

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Madison, Wisconsin

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Number 5

shelf of recently returned books to see what the people *there* had been reading. Along with *Tom Jones* and Dickens' *Christmas Stories* were the following:

List of the Writings of W. Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt

How to Write a Thesis

Laurence Sterne and His Novels in the Light of Modern Psychology

How Many Children Had Lady MacBeth?

Die Zeitung—Organization und Technik

Beaten Paths and Those Who Trod Them

That's what University of Wisconsin students were reading during the holidays. Nothing like a good book, we mused, and slowly walked away.

Neatness and Accuracy

Our friend, the engineer, is taking the first course he has had in the College of Letters and Science since his freshman days. He has a lecture course in which he has to underline his book, the same as the rest of us. We got a look at his book last week. The underlining was neat and straight, cut sharp at the margins and equidistant from the lines above and below. "I did it with my little T-Square," he told us. We asked if he used his slide rule to find out how many pages to the end of the chapters.



Abide With Us

We see by *College Humor*, that that magazine's college editor for the state of Wisconsin is T. S. Hyland, of the *Octopus*. We think Mr. Hyland, who was our beloved editor last year, does a remarkably good job, considering that he is at Harvard this year.

The Mad Rimer

Drunk of the month is a rather fat, middle-aged citizen of Sun Prairie named Joe. We had stopped for hamburgers and cokes in a Sun Prairie restaurant when we first saw him, coat off, and singing and hollering to beat all.

*Oh, lucky, lucky me,
I'm happy as can be,
That's me.*

Everything he sang he had made up new words for. One of his tunes went:

*A tasket, a tisket,
A green and yellow bandit.*

which doesn't exactly rime; there was much more of it, but we weren't taking notes.

Problem—A Toughy

The popular song, *Old Folks*, the tear-jerker about some fake Civil War veteran (merciless, aren't we?), poses an interesting problem for all of us. Probably *you* never even noticed it. Anyhow, you will recall these lines in the middle part:

*"In the Evening, after supper,
Oh, what stories he would tell:
How he saved the day at Gettysburg
For Lincoln that day—I know that one so well!"*

All of which wouldn't be so bad, in itself, if it weren't for the last lines:

*"I don't quite understand about 'Old Folks'—
Did he fight for the Blue or the Grey?
But he's so diplomatic and so democratic
We just let him have his way!"*



"I'll tell Betty that you're here"

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On first sight, it sure looks as though some song-writer got screwed up that time. But the problem may be deeper. Could "Old Folks" have been the masculine Mata Hari of the Civil War who fought on the side of the South, then switched to the North, saved the day for Lincoln, and so confused everybody, including Tin Pan Alley, that his name, as the phrase goes, will live forever?

Tradition

Regardless of what may happen in the outside world, the sweet agonies of the morning radio sketches continue. The other day, our radio said, "Calling Dr. Jordan, calling Dr. Jordan, Dr. *Joyce* Jordan," and we stopped to listen. It seemed that *Dr. Joyce Jordan* was about "the private lives of men and women in white." But now we come to the point. "This program is presented to you," declared the announcer, "by the McKesson-Robbins Company, whose high standards have been maintained for 126 years." We had a fleeting vision of one F. Donald Coster, *nee* Musica, sighing softly, and turning over in his grave.

Mr. Gillin's Little Joke

Prof. Richard Wellington Husband has three jokes (undertaker and bow tie, communist and two shirts, names and Mrs. Domach) which usually suffice for one semester of elementary psychology. Prof. John L. Gillin has his jokes, too, but he has just added another to his collection.

This joke, as fate would have it, is about the WPA. Last week Mr. Gillin told it for the first time. It seems a man wanted some fly killer, but the drug store didn't have any. They did, however, have WPA fly powder.

"What's that?" Mr. Gillin asked rhetorically.

"Well," said the druggist, "it doesn't exactly kill the flies, but it sure slows them up a lot."

Last week Mr. Gillin told the joke the second and third times, in successive lectures and quiz sections. The class was very polite through it all. In fact, the third time, when there was a perceptible stir, and Mr. Gillin asked if perhaps he had told it to them before, the class said, "Oh, no!" and laughed louder than ever when he had finished.

To Aid All Jokesters

If you don't believe us, go see for yourself. We're only saying that there is a book in the library called, *Individual Differences in the Sense of Humor and Their Relation to Temperamental Differences* (New York, 1930). The author: Polyxenie Kamboropoulou. We'll be returning it at the end of the week.

No Soul at All?

One of the boys on the Octopus staff informs us that his nephew, aged two and a half, says his prayers this way:

*"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my silver keep.
I should die. I should wake.
I get up. Amen."*

Want a Lawyer?

One of the signs on the Bascom Hall bulletin board went something like this: "Ride to Milwaukee Friday afternoon. Car with heater. Can take two. B. 7490 and ask for Leonard."

Under this someone had scrawled: "This is illegal. See the the Federal Carrier's Act."

But someone had taken the side of the defense. "Hell it is. Try to prove the rides weren't gratis. It ain't interstate commerce anyhow. FOOEY!"

Advertising in the Air

The caramel corn folks started it with ventilators that blow pleasant odors out into the street to entice passers-by into the store. (The trick doesn't work for steam laundries.) But the first time we ever saw the scheme carried out on really a grand scale was at the basketball game a few nights ago. We were 'way up in the second balcony when the scent of freshly buttered popcorn came to us. We looked around for pipes but have not discovered any clues as yet. Of course, there may be no treachery; it may have been just luck that the odors got around. Anyhow, it looked as if the man at the stand got a pretty decent lot of business after the game that evening.

Hard Bites the Dust

I HAVE brushed against the satin of lilies,
Worried the bee in the breast of the rose;
I have tumbled the heads of the daffy-down-dillies,
And wantoned away the gentian's repose;

Then played 'love and love not' plucking soft daisy petals,
With never a thought my destructiveness mattered.
Alas, it is dreary to fondle rank nettles,
Now when the handmaids of Flora lie scattered.

—D. HUPPLER

Exclusive!

There is no question about it
The fact has been definitely established
The whole University will shake with the news
It will make history
It will live forever
In the annals of Wisconsin
And I am responsible for it all
I am the one who discovered the awful secret
I ferreted out the facts
If it wasn't for me
The world would never know—
And I won't tell.

—W. J. B.

Dept. of Facial Distortion

Wisconsin should look with sympathy and determination on the Minnesota-Ontario boundary, where forest fires have taken at least 20 lives.

—MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

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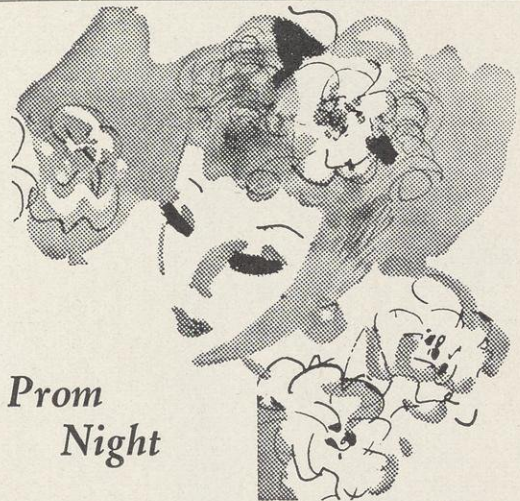
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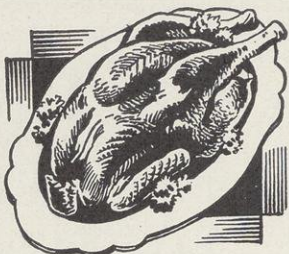
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FOR

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PARTIES*make your reservation
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And there's the one about the girl who was so cynical she didn't believe that storks brought baby storks.

—Milwaukee GoGo

The public relations counsel of a utilities company was extolling the virtues of his industry before a luncheon club.

"If I were permitted a pun, I might say in the words of a poet, 'Honor the Light Brigade!'"

From a corner table in the rear a voice was heard to say: "Oh, what a charge they made!"

—Penn Reactionary

Worldly—How long have you been shaving?

Frosh—Four years now.

Worldly—G'wan.

Frosh—Yes sir. Cut myself both times.

—Chaparral

Another fellow who lives off the fat of the land is the girdle manufacturer.

Hey, Don't Be Glum All the Time



1. Do you enjoy seeing professors fried?
2. Does a good joke tickle your vertebrae?
3. Can you laugh at Mr. Adolf and Mr. Benito?
4. Do you know the difference between humor and sex?
5. Will you try just a wee bit to catch on to a cartoon which isn't too obvious?

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And so became Psych majors.

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And dissect feelings with gleeful force
To find that hidden complex.

With Psych One Three Nine and Psych One Zero Eight
Our understanding of man, we exaggerate;
But don't mind us, boogey, boogey—we're nuts!

—L. F.

Magician (sawing woman in half): Now, ladies and gentlemen, after the young lady is severed, her brains will be given to a medical college and the rest will be thrown to the dogs.

Gallery Gang: Woof, woof, woof!

—Knox Frenchie

"Porter, get me another glass of ice water."
"Sorry, suh, but if I takes any mo' ice, dat co'pse in de baggage car ain't going to keep."

—Oshkosh O'Gosh

Teacher: Can you give me an example of wasted energy, George?

George: Yes, sir. Telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man.

—Ohio Blister

"Did you keep the date with your girl last night in all that rain?"

"Naw, I waited for her two hours, and she didn't come, so I stood her up."

—Pelican

1st Convict—"What are you in for?"

2nd Convict—"Breaking into the office of the Buckman Investment Co., and you?"

1st Convict—"I was president of that Co."

Girl's Father: Say, it's two o'clock. Do you think you can stay all night?

Lad: I'll have to telephone home first.

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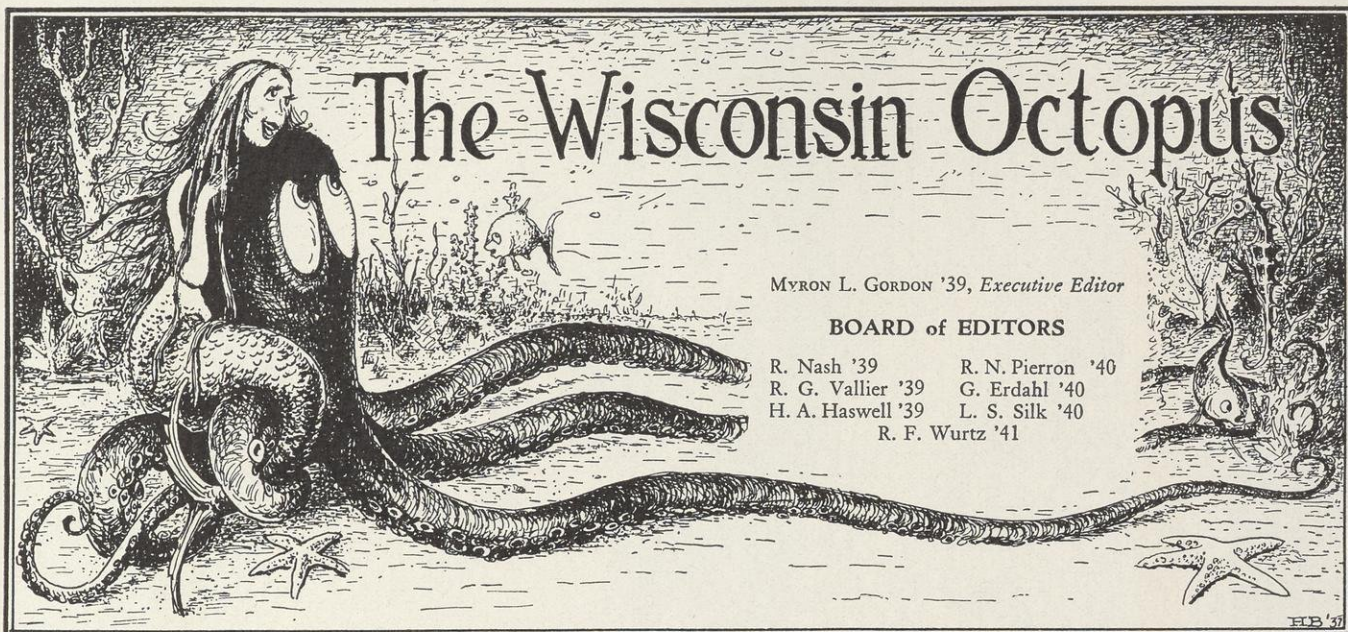
Resolve now to buy all your books and supplies at the Co-op so that you may share in this annual rebate.

Rebates payable now are for recorded purchases made during 1938.

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Volume XX

JANUARY, 1939

Number 5

On Second Thought

THE UNPURGED Democrats in Congress are raising the merry old Ned with the President. But then, there's always more fun in an unpurgated edition.

Many Wisconsin coeds are favoring the new upswept hairdo. The typical masculine coiffure, however, remains the *upswept hairdon't*.

We may yet have surcease from this jitterbug craze. News comes to us that "Gloomy Sunday" has been set to swing.

Perseverance has become the order of the day in Washington. The new motto is "Never say Dies."

The Nipponese eye more and more of Chinese territory. We believe they have the wrong slant on things.

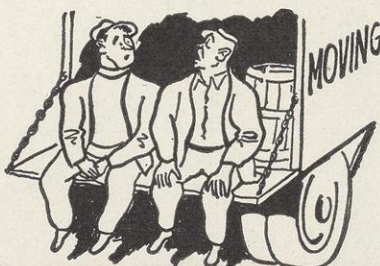
One pert coed recently remarked that classes interfere with her education.

It seems that she is majoring in week-ends.

Finals are upon us, and we are upon the books. The books are upon the floor.

Have you ever noticed the *filler* in the Cardinal? It consists of odds and ends of information and news which one doesn't appreciate until after reading the other stuff in the paper.

Mr. Hitler isn't going to let anyone walk all over Europe. At least anyone else.



"Cardinals, hell—I remember when they stole the Prom King."

When the 18 year-old daughter of actress Gloria Swanson returned from her first unchaperoned date, the newspapers quoted her as saying, "I was tickled to death." Now, now, mother won't let you go out again unless you promise to behave like a young lady the next time!

Mussolini announces that his people are behind him. In event of war, the position would be reversed.

Governor Heil encourages the Young Republicans that great things lie ahead for them. If they are real good, when they grow up, he may give one of them a shot at the President.

In Paris, a 17 year-old Jewish boy fatally wounded a secretary of the German embassy. Well, Paris always did like to do things differently.

General Electric's laboratories have announced the discovery of invisible glass. Meanwhile Ford continues to perfect his invisible labor unions.



ED. MAYLAND



The Adventures of Dean Goodnight's Secret Police

No. 8—Student Financial Advisor, Ray Hilsenhoff, Discovered to be J. Venuti,
Ex-convict, with his Books \$20,680 Short.

• •

Prom at the Zoo

TONIGHT's the night! It is the keeper's night off at the zoo. Only twice a year does the keeper have a night off. It isn't really a *night* off, though; he's only off until 2:30. All the animals in the zoo have waited breathlessly for this night, for they will burst their cages and wassail merrily.

As usual a big ball has been planned. The vertebrates succeeded in getting their man Pill the Lion elected as king of the ball; the invertebrates had held fond hope of getting the job, but the snakes decided to run a man from their cage on the invertebrate ticket. This fluked the invertebrates' chances for getting their animal chosen and made the election a regular rat-race. Over in the aquarium, the red herrings are spreading the story that the vertebrates bribed the snake cage into running a man by promising them a certain

amount of fodder.

Pill the Lion has arranged the committees to take care of the big shindig. There was a lot of beefing that Pill gave jobs to a bunch of the jackasses, but as Pill explained, the jackasses got the votes! All the committee members' pictures are posted in the chicken coop, and are quite pleased with themselves.

* * *

I, for one, don't think I've ever seen a slicker zoo ball. All the animals are so jolly. Monkey suits are to be seen everywhere. Look, there's Betty Badger (she's a beauty) giraffing with Joe Squirrel. Just cast your eyes on some of those chickens. S m o o t h, eh? Pill picked a honey of a lioness to be queen of the blowout; she's the kind of a date who really appeals to the animal in one. One pair of her shoes is by cour-

tesy of Maneaters; the other pair, alas, are her own. Her tail was coiffured by a South American ant-eater who has the cutest foreign accent!

Over there in the corner I see C. Darrow Coyote with Florette Faun; C. Darrow is the head lawyer of the zoo, and he seems to be doing things with a will. Tommy Tiger must have had a few drinks because he is trying to pick a fight with everyone; he claims that someone bit off a part of his tail, and he feels very off-ended.

* * *

It's getting pretty late; everyone is either dead drunk or dead tired. All the elephants are huddled in a corner, crying that pink men are chasing them. Visitors to the zoo will be disappointed tomorrow, for most of the animals will sleep all day. But one word more: if you *must* come, visitors, bicarbonate of soda would be preferred to peanuts.

—M. L. G.



"It's the best they could do at the last minute."

Lessons in News Photography: The Fire



THE FIRST obstacle confronting a news photographer when the paper calls up at 3:30 in the morning and tells you to cover the fire is how to get there.

You probably do not have a car, because you doubtless have spent your last cent on cameras, filters, a new enlarger, and a little thingboddle that keeps the water swishing while you wash your prints.

At that time of the night the buses won't be running, and you can bet it would take the taxi driver at least half an hour to finish his hamburgers and coffee. Therefore you must sleep in your clothes above the fire station. Perhaps then you can hop out to the fire on the backend of the hook and ladder. Firemen sleep in their britches and find it quite satisfactory.

So much for getting there; now for the fire. Fire pictures are seldom taken from the burning building itself. This is due to 1) the heat of the building and the danger involved for the camera and the photographer, 2) the smoke which makes the pictures quite foggy and indistinct, and 3) you can't see the forest for the trees.

Thus the first problem is that of location. By the time you arrive there will be such a crowd that you'll be lucky if you find any location at all. But if you tell the people you must run to the aid of your poor dying mother, who is being consumed by the incendiary ribbons of Vulcan, they may let you through. Tell them anything except that you're a press photographer; they've heard that one before.

There's another method that seldom fails. It requires a small boy as an accomplice. He will be unable to see over the shoulders of the grownups, and so you merely tap the fellow in front of you and tell him that this poor little fellow can't see and will you please let him through. When the gap opens, follow right along. This trick is also good for parades, although wearing a uniform and pretending you're in charge of something is also highly effective.

Some places you might choose are obviously better than others. You will have your choice of a position 1) in the street, where the firemen will be holding nets for falling bodies (Keep out of their way!) or 2) at a second story window across the street, where you will be comparatively safe until *that* build-

ing catches afire. You can also take an airplane view, but except in the case of forest fires, where there is little human interest, this is rarely done.

Right now let me warn you. Guard your film as you would your best girl against 1) burning up, and 2) the fireman's hose. This goes for both exposed and unexposed film. And don't get excited and drop your camera out of the second story window, especially if the exposed film is still in it.

NOW FOR SOME pictures. Keep your eyes open for something other than the blaze itself. The editor would be bored stiff with pictures of just a fire. He wants HUMAN INTEREST. Look out for the neatly charred residents of the building being carried to the ambulance with canary cages under their arms, women frantically hollering out of second story windows, firemen running up ladders to get them, a pretty girl jumping into the firemen's net; and of course the crowd, cheering and stamping their feet to keep them warm. (That's irony!)

During all this you must maintain a

reserved calm, casually snapping pictures of everything you see until you have some three dozen, of which your paper can probably use from one to five, depending upon the tightness of the front page.

Of course something may go wrong and your pictures may all turn out blanks. If you forgot to load the camera or take off the lens cap, try bribing the cameraman from the other paper. Perhaps he'll let you use one of his negatives. Or as a last resort, go back the next day for a view of the crisp, smoking ruins. In this case bring along a cat for a prop, and pretend he was burned out of house and home. Put him on the front steps. Get him to look wistful. And—hold it!—there's your picture.

—H. H.

ANTI-CLIMAX DEPT.

"To introduce her daughter, Fernanda, Mrs. Wanamaker Munn gave a dance at the Waldorf-Astoria . . . All in white were the decorations, white oleanders, white chrysanthemums, thousands of white balloons . . . two dance bands played, supper brought hash and scrambled eggs."

—VOGUE, Jan. 1938, p. 61



"Shot and a beer!"

Octy's Own Final Exam

January, 1939

DO NOT START writing until you have looked at all the funny pictures in the book. Then start scribbling like all get out, and no copying from that Joe Miller in your desk. Ponies not exceeding one foot in length will be permitted, however. You are allowed to ask your neighbor for THREE answers, *no more*. If anything is not clear you *can* ask the instructor, but we warn you he probably won't know either, and you'll just waste part of your two hours. Of course, if you're just trying to draw him over to you, so that your friend can look at his *two-foot* crib-sheet, that's another story. O. K., you funny people, let's go!

I.

(Fifteen Minutes)

OH, WE FORGOT to tell you—this examination is on humor, *Octopus* humor. Naturally, it's based on the Octys of the past year, so if you've really been doing your reading, and not just looking for feelthy pictures and sex, you ought to do very well.

Gad, we're using up all your time. All together now, *think!*

1. Why are they going to fight the Battle of Bunker Hill over?

Choose one:

- (a) Because our friend Baxter is writing a thesis about it.
- (b) Because Roosevelt wants a third term.
- (c) Because it wasn't on the level.

2. The last line to this quatrain is what:

*I crept upstairs, my shoes in hand,
Just as the night took wing—
And I saw my wife, four steps above*

(now then—)

- (a) *Doing the highland fling.*
- (b) *Aiming with her sling.*
- (c) *Doing the same darned thing.*

3. A professor who comes to class two minutes late is so rare that—

- (a) Everybody takes his course.
- (b) He's in a class by himself.

II.

(Thirty Minutes)

Answer true, false, or inadequate, and explain why:

1. You can cool a motor by stripping the gears.
2. Betty was embarrassed at the dance when everybody noticed that her dress was checked.
3. When Bob needed fifteen bucks, he went to Ned, who was very tight, and easily got all he wanted.
4. Girls can be very sweet when they want.
5. When somebody threw a stink bomb into Bascom Theatre while Professor Hesseltine was lecturing, the event passed unnoticed.

III.

(Fifteen Minutes)

Fill in the missing word:

1. Lambkins: "Last week I was crazy about Bill. Now I can't stand him."
Honeypuss: "Yeah, it's funny how _____ men are."
2. "I never associate with any of my inferiors. Do you?"
"I wouldn't know. I never met any of my _____."
3. "How kind of you," said the girl, "to bring me these lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I believe there is some dew on them yet."
"Yes," stammered the young man in great embarrassment, "but I am going to _____ it off tomorrow."
4. "Are you troubled with improper thoughts?"
"Naw, I _____ them."

IV.

(Thirty Minutes)

DRAW MUSTACHES on all the faces in this book. Draw a smooth-looking girl. Write your name, age, and telephone number on this page, and mail or bring your answers to The Octopus, Memorial Union. Results to be announced next month—maybe in the Daily Cardinal. Certainly not in *this* publication. We wouldn't stoop to that.

—G. G.



"No, Mr. Harlow isn't in today."

The Professor

"WELL, SO YOU'RE the new man around here. Heard you used to teach in a college. You oughta get along all right, only remember that things are a bit different in industry.

"Now just come over here with me and we'll look over these reports and—psst, that clerk just smiled at you. Oh, you *did* see him. Well, the next time smile back and if he says hello, say hello too. Remember this is Industry. Now about these reports—ahem! I said 'now about these reports.' Must you fiddle around with your watch while I'm trying to say something to you? And stop jingling those keys!

"Now what we're going to do is to compare these reports with the ones I gave you yesterday. You've got them haven't you? You left them home! Well, if you *will* bring them tomorrow. Look at this report of mine, then. It's from our Flint factory. They did? The Phoenecians were the first ones to use the amiguous, or Western flint? Very interesting, but let's get back to—No, I haven't read your little monograph on the subject.

"What's that again? Oh, yes, I guess it is five o'clock already. Yes, good night."
—P. B. K.

*Love is pure, love is white,
But it works best late at night.*

"I am strong and vigorous!" Wisconsin's newly-elected governor declared, taking office. Perhaps Mr. Heil is wasting his time, with so much fun to be had in the heavyweight boxing business.



"Have a good time, Baldwin—exams next week—ha ha."

That WAS a PROM!

GATHER round me, all you publicity men and assistant general chairmen who claim *this* is going to be the biggest and best Prom ever pointed to with pride by mortal finger. I am going to tell the story of the Prom held during the year of two winters, when Paul Bunyan was Prom King.

Well, at first Paul didn't want to run for the office, because he wasn't exactly the social type. But when he heard that Big Swede was going after the Prom throne, he realized that he must become Prom King himself. Paul was rather irritable that year. It annoyed him to wait for ballots to be marked and counted and what not, so to save trouble he just grabbed Big Swede around the middle, and heaved him as far as he could. That's what made the Rose Bowl in California.

Since there weren't any more candidates in the field, Paul was in on a straight lumberjack ticket. He refused to pay any attention to his publicity men, and started appointing girls to his court of honor, hiring bands, and building a new dance floor that would be big enough for everyone to dance on without getting an elbow in the ribs every three steps. His floor would allow nine steps per jab!

Well, that dance floor had its center just about where the lower campus is now, and it spread out east to Lake Michigan, west to Sun Valley, north to Doty Street, and south to Birmingham, Alabama. It was a little longer than it was wide.

Nevertheless, Paul had something up his sleeve. For, in two weeks he had already appointed 1543 girls to his court of honor. That just about exhausted Wisconsin at that time, so he merged the University of Minnesota and Oshkosh State Teachers College with Wisconsin, and was able to get a nice round-numbered court of 2500.

Paul had already engaged 43 orchestras, but there were still many on the campus who said he didn't really have

what you would call a NAME band. Paul said what the devil, and hired another 43 bands, so that there was hardly an outfit with more than four-pieces loose in the country, but some people still said, "Yes, but how about a NAME band?" Paul grabbed all of these people by the middle, and created the Sun Bowl, the Cotton Bowl, the Sugar Bowl, the Pineapple Bowl, and the Coliseum at Rome.

Then Paul started his "Come to Prom" movement. He sent out his most trusted lumberjacks, and in every city within a radius of six hundred miles these good men rounded up the citizens in great droves, and herded them toward the great dance floor.

But Paul's greatest problem remained: who was to be

Prom Queen? He ended by running up to the North Pole to get Iceberg Isabel. This shocked everyone back in Wisconsin, who objected to having a Prom Queen from

outside the Big Forty-eight. Many threatened to boycott Prom for that reason, but Paul in turn threatened to make more Bowls in various parts of

the country, so they hushed their mouths.

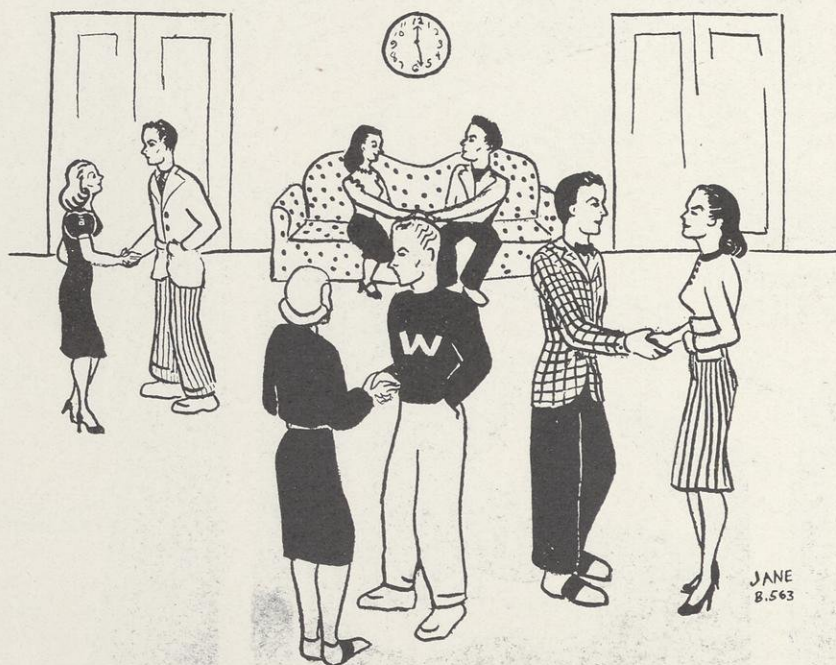
At the last minute, Iceberg Isabel tried to run out on the brawl, because, "I ain't the type fer these monkey-shines," but Paul rassled her, wearing down the rest of Madison to what it is, and leaving Bascom Hill all alone for future generations of students to stagger up.

So the Prom started with Sun Valley skiers sailing into the dance floor every now and then. Paul tried to shag on the first number and broke through the floor twice. The first time he didn't do much harm, but the second time he really made a deep hole in the ground, and a whole lot of uninvited Chinese came climbing out of the hole and started dancing.

THE PROM lasted nine weeks, and Paul got so drunk that it took one thousand horses to lift him to the bar every six hours. From the spillings of his mighty punch bowl, Lake Mendota and Lake Monona were made. Paul netted quite a bit of money on the Prom—enough to pay for the Louisiana Purchase. That, as a matter of fact, is what he did use it for. This is inside stuff, you understand.

All in all, it was a pretty nice Prom. "Some pumpkins," they said of it in Rhinelander, Paul's home town. But those who wanted Big Swede to be Prom King just shook their heads and said, "Prom-bah humbug!"

—L. S. SILK.



LANGDON HALL

Saturday Evening . . . An Unlikely Picture

JANE
8.563

ain't joshing
mouthin'

ARBIT STARPINKS

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Janet love
Sam

HEHE! Gertie, love
me a bobbie
pin?



Why Doodle?



LEARN with
gladdened
hearts that the
Heil adminis-
tration has de-
cided to do

something for the margin dood-
lers. For a long time now, we
have been convinced that the
work of the margin doodler has
merit. It has soul. *Filet de Soul?*

For many years the margin
doodler has been frowned upon
as a defacer of property. He has
been classed with the lowest
scum. But now his position is
elevated, exalted. No longer
need he cringe in fear or bow
his head in shame, the rat!

Governor Heil's MDA, Margin
Doodlers Administration,
has raised the doodler from the
mire. Under the MDA, margin
doodlers will be put to work on
MDA projects in every library in the
state. They will doodle millions of
books for the benefit of posterity. *is just
around the corner.*

All this will make the future gen-
erations admire Governor Heil. They will
say flattering things about him. People
will look through these books, admire
the exquisite doodling, and say, "So
that's what Heil did for us, humph!
Thank God for Governor Heil, oil
heaters, and the Republican Party!"

However, Mr. Heil is not doing this
to insure fame for himself. The MDA
has come into existence because he be-
lieves that margin doodling is an art
worthy of liberal expression. He has
just gobs of dandy ideas! And all of
them save the people of Wisconsin
money—well, it sound good that way,
anyhow. *see rotten!*

The MDA provides for the five types
of doodlers, all of which can be found
here at Wisconsin. They are the Happy
Moron, the Clever, the Conscientious,
the Out-and-Out, and the Serious.

The Happy Moron Doodler takes
any book at random and blithely dood-
les a page or two, again at random. He
does his work only for his own amuse-
ment. He thinks it is funny, but it isn't.
It requires a delicate touch and sheer
artistry to do such lousy doodling and
think it is funny. Only a selected few
are capable of it. There are only 700
such doodlers here at Wisconsin. *That's enough!*

The Happy Moron lives at a frater-
nity. This is invariable. He has a
happy, stupid look on his face all the
time. That comes from living at a



'Kinda gets you—that 'Star Spangled Banner'.

They should stand up, huh? *here*

fraternity. He doesn't know what he's
living for. People are jealous of him
because he has a sleek, well-fed appear-
ance. *you mean he's fat?*

(2.) The Clever Doodler is called the
Clever Doodler because he is clever.
His comments are always subtle, clev-
erly caustic. He writes such biting
things as Oh Yeah?, Says You, Nuts to
You, Phooey, and Ha Ha. As one can
readily see, he wields a wicked pen.

My pop is still in one of these.
THE Clever Doodler lives at the
dorms. He is relatively scarce.
There are only five of him in captivity,
one in the Field Museum of Natural
History in Chicago and four out here
at the dorms. The one in Chicago is
stuffed, but you can't tell him from the
others. Even Mr. Heil can't tell, so
there! *Why not? He's blind fellow!*

(3.) The Conscientious Doodler really
concentrates upon his work. He may
work upon one book all year. He goes
through it with a fine tooth comb, not
neglecting the tiniest opportunity to
doodle. *Why not? why not what?*

A Jonathan Wyatt once went back
over the work he had doodled in a
book and suddenly saw that he had
slipped up on a HaHa. They took him
away to Adams Hall, where he is now
happily swinging from a chandelier by
his tail. *Oooh, the daring young man...*

(4.) The Out-and-Out Doodler is an art-
iste. He concentrates upon art work,
often illustrating the reading matter.
If he is unable to read, he just draws
irrelevant figures. Most of the work

done today is of the latter type.
Some of it can hardly be classed
with Rembrandt. But it is art
nevertheless.

The Out-and-Out Doodler
drinks more than is good for
him and doesn't have a home.
He is better off than the peo-
ple who live in fraternities. His
eyes are bloodshot and he is
completely shot. There is a
dreamy, far-away look in his
eyes. Those who have no soul
would say he was blotto. He is
blotto.

(6.) The Serious Doodler contin-
uously makes serious suggestions,
which he expects people to fol-
low. Much of his work consists
of commercials. "Try this, try
that, try anything, I'm flat." It
rhymes, but it doesn't make
sense. I know one doodler who
worked his way through school
writing these commercials in
books. TRY SEAGRAM'S was his
favorite. He did, and he died, after a
while, of course.

Governor Heil's MDA also provided
for a last resting place for this doodler.
He is a very practical man. If he were
a still more practical man, he'd find a
last resting place for the MDA. But
he isn't. *He liked
the back
back, B
Bucke*

This is
Stupid prattle

Winter

Look at that perfect snow outside— a
And I must stay warm and rest! b
First decent day to ski and slide, a
And I have a cold in my chest! b

Others can play in the snow today, c
But I, with my sore throat, just sit; d
And solitaire's all that they they'll let c
me play

Stand back, please, and let me spit. d

Confidential, This poem stinks!



Aim Please!!

What is this, a shooting gallery?

Who
proof
read
this
Dykst
Me
Goodie

see St.
Augustine
Civitas
for Com

MAMA
MAMA
MAMA

He liked
the back
back, B
Bucke

Who this
is this?

I am
Joke

Hey
too m

—H. H.

Step up
close

The "school" of comm
STIN

Whee!
moooo

JR+SRG
1935

OK, OK,
Be stuck up

No I won't!

Not a "reaction!"

Hot Dog... Collitch!

DEAR MOM,
Boy, you should see my shiner! (That's what Joe calls a black eye.) You'll laugh your sides out when I tell you how I got it. Joe says it looks like a doorknob bumped into me. He's funny, Joe is. It was kind of sore for a while, and Joe assured me it would feel good when it quit hurting. He's a scream, what I mean.

Well, it was the week after mid-semester exams. I got three F's and one D. but Joe says not to worry, because the first grades don't mean nothing, anyway. Joe is a sophomore, and knows all the inside dope. He's from Kenosha, and naturally being from a big city like

that he's got to be smart. A freshman like me, from Cobb City, is pretty lucky to be pals with Joe. He even tipped me off that you don't ever have to go to class, except for quiz section. Of course, I go once in a while, anyway.

With mid-semester exams over, there is always a let-down after exams. Joe says it's a waste of time to even crack a book (that's collegiate for "study") during the first month after mid-semester exams. Well, it was Saturday night, and Joe and I were down on State street—that's where everybody that really *is* anybody on the campus goes on Saturday night—slugging

down a couple of hamburgers.

I guess Joe had had a beer or so. Boy, was he funny! He kept putting pepper in his coffee, because he said he liked his coffee hot. And jokes! Am I going to wow 'em when I get back to Cobb City this Christmas! There was one about a filling station attendant and the banker's wife that even Joe couldn't finish because he was laughing so hard.

All at once Joe held up his finger, real solemn like, and said "Sh-h-h." Then he dunked my hamburger in his glass of water and took a bite of it, just to show that he was thinking. He sure is a card, all right.

Finally he said to me, "You got a knife?"



"They even keep your ears warm."

I said, "Sure," and reached in my pocket for it.

HE took it, reached over real careful and cut a button off my coat. "Have your wife sew it back on when you get married," he said, folding up the knife and putting it back in my pocket. I never said a word, because I knew Joe had thought up something big. You could feel it in the air.

"All right," Joe said, "here's what we do. We go over to the Onion (that's what Joe always calls the Memorial Union, which is a place where you can sit and read your home town paper). We go over to the Onion, and we take this button and palm it in our hand like this, see, out of sight. Then we walk up to a guy and give a jerk at one of his coat buttons. When he sees the button in our hand he thinks it is off his coat. See?"

Boy! Now you know what I mean when I say Joe is a card. Back in Cobb City they don't know what a *real* card is.

Well, there was a big fellow standing on the steps in front of the Union. Joe nudged me, and I went over and tried the trick on this fellow. It was sort of dark there, and it worked perfectly. He said "Hey!" and then Joe came over, and we both started laughing to beat the band.

The fellow didn't seem to think it was funny at all, though, and he hauled off and socked me in the eye. His fist crunched against my face when it hit. But Joe and I have the laugh on him, because I didn't pull his button off at all!

So every time Joe sees my shiner we both just about die laughing at the joke we pulled on this guy. Joe is sure a card.

Your loving,

ANDREW

—L. Kehm



"I caught them trucking without a license."

The Misogynist's Lament

HER FIGURE'S *parfait*, her hair newly set,
Her smile sets your insides afire.
Her lips have a sheen of brilliant carmine,
She's clad in the neatest attire.

She's a honey, that's true, but aware of it, too;
She thinks that all men must adore her.
Her tastes are so high that it's hardly a lie
That some movie heroes would bore her.

She eats like a horse, on course after course,
Her appetite's simply rapacious.
She fills to the chin on champagne and gin;
She's small, but my God, how capacious!

She drives you insane with drivel inane
Of her friends and her summer vacation.
She's catty as hell, and sarcastic as well,
Nine-tenths of it's pure fabrication.

She flies in a rage that you cannot assuage
During innocent talk on professors.
If you try to find out what she's angry about
She implies that men ALL are transgressors.

You drive homeward busted, bored stiff, and disgusted,
And mumbling "To Hell with all romance!"
Your furies abate when you find a new date
And next week repeat the performance.

—T. KRASEMAN

In Contemplation of Being Bounced Homeward

MY BULB burns hot, and still I grind,
 While ink runs low, and fever high.
 How now, O Deans, can this poor mind
 Sponge theorems, dates, statistics dry?
 These knees click-clack; exams are nigh,
 And we who LIVED when life was hot,
 When ickies jived and backs tore by,
 Must face the hell our heav'n begot.

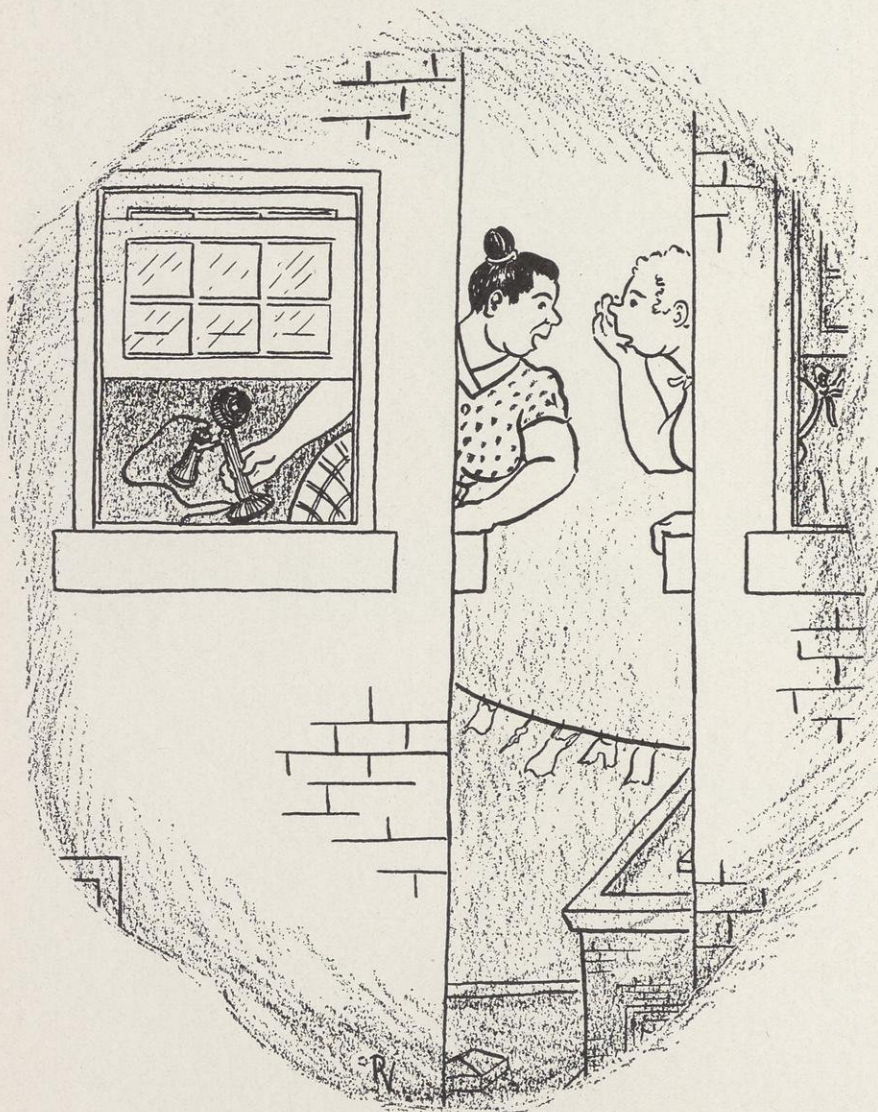
No more to make the jack-pot ring,
 While beerheads sink, then rise of salt,
 No more to sing of bearded king,
 Or harlot bold, or peck o' malt,
 Or poker bouts that knew no halt—
 How many doughnuts yet to dunk,
 Or maids to kiss? Say, where's the fault
 In us who savour life—and flunk,

While oafs who never knew the chase
 Of truth, who comb their books like hair
 Concealing dandruff, gain your grace?
 Can this be wise or sound or fair?
 Oh, no! Before you pedants tear
 One more of us from things that thrill,
 To choke in mouldy, book-fouled air,
 I'll flunk out of my own free will!

Envoi

DAMN theorems, facts, statistics dry,
 And passions neatly filed and cased!
 I'd sooner kiss the dean goodbye
 Than live a life unchastely chaste.

—L. S.



"The man on the truck on page nine wants to know will I be his prom date."

I Had A Cold

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: This document has been smuggled out of the infirmary by friends, the names of whom I dare not divulge. It is written both as a plea for my own freedom and as a warning to the uninitiated who are still at large.)

NEWs of Thomas J. Mooney's release has seeped into my tiny cell. It has given me renewed hope—more hope than I have known in three long years. Who knows? Perhaps the day is not far distant when I, too, may feel the pavements of Madison beneath my feet.

I was a freshman in the fall of 1935. My head was high and my step was light. All of my dreams had been realized! Jubilant to the core, I watched my new life blossom into reality. For four glorious years I could loiter along Langdon Street with Mendota's breath on my cheek; I could munch Rathskellar hamburgers. I could squire the beautiful brunette I had met during freshman week. What more could a fellow want?

I was so young, so vibrant, so much in love with life! I didn't foresee the tragedy in store for me. The nurse who brings me my egg-nog and my pills each day tells me that the governor of California has released Mooney. Won't someone come to my aid?

—R. N. NEPRUD.

Ah, Modesty

On the level,
 It gets boring as the devil
 To be constantly watching
 For fear of debauching.

THE WIND whirled out from between the buildings in chilly gusts. It flopped young Sefton's hat brim up and down and made the hand that carried his briefcase feel numb. His fogged spectacles toned down the lights along State street—and his eyes hurt after reading since noon in the library.

A wonderful philosopher, that Theophrastus. Sefton's undersize chin quivered, and his Adam's apple worked rapidly up and down, in voiceless admiration. It was too bad that more of those old Greek philosophers' works weren't translated into English. On the other hand, though, he'd rather read them in the original. Translators made so many mistakes.

He nearly collided with three or four fellows who were coming out of a restaurant. They were chewing toothpicks. The warm air that came out of the open door with them brought with

Sefton, John, B.A. 2

it the smells of coffee, and hamburgers—with, and soup, and reminded Sefton that he had forgotten to eat supper. Eating was such a bother.

Meat loaf was the first thing on the menu, so he ordered it.

Eating, he said to himself, as he made a series of rings on the table with his water glass. Eating. Really a rather ugly and revolting process, when you stopped to think about it. Just watch that fellow over there across the aisle, for instance.

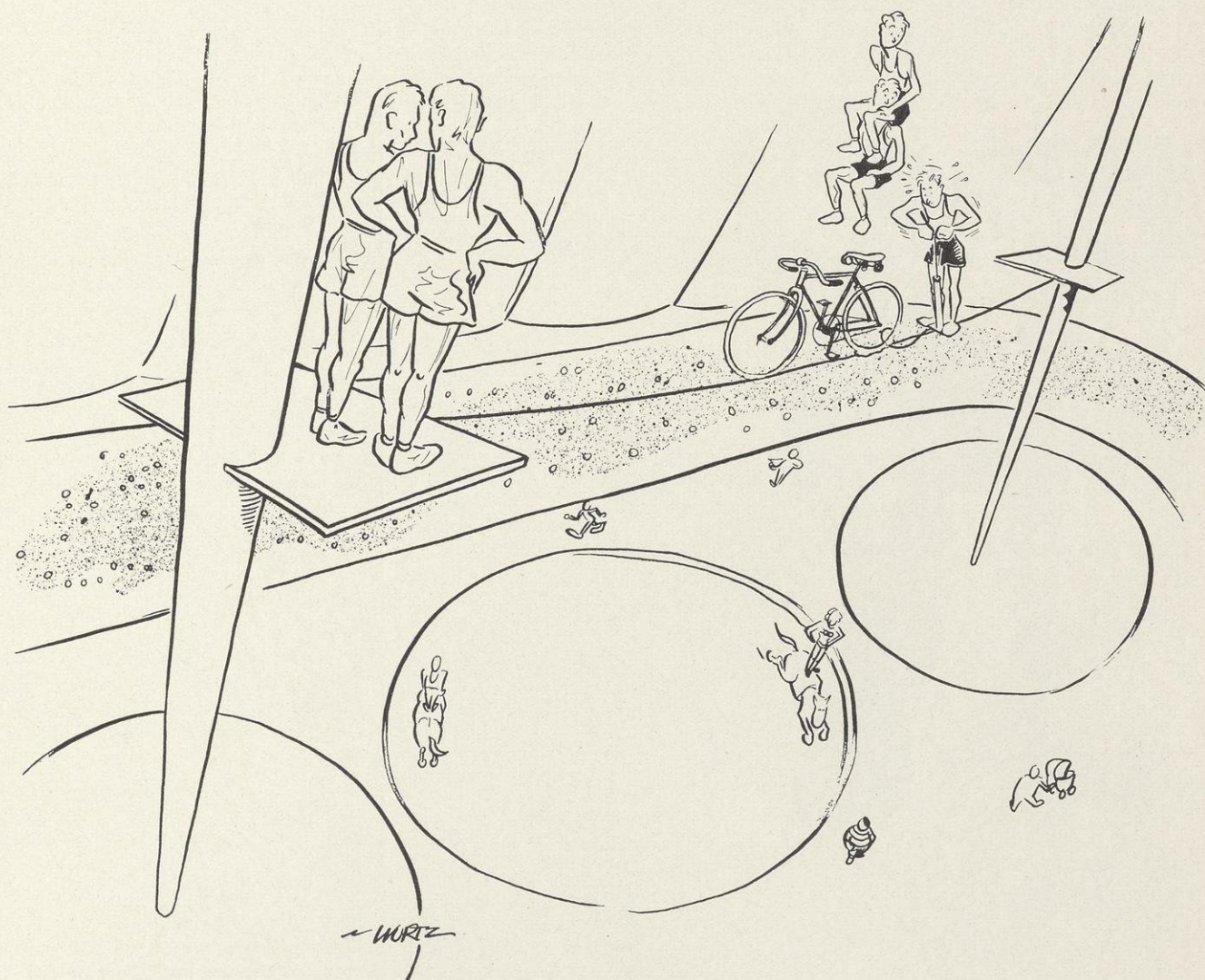
So to cover up its vulgarity, people made a social function out of it. They glossed it over with intricate concoctions, and French chefs—even bread on sandwiches, to cover up the meat. Animals eating other animals.

For that matter, all life processes were ugly and revolting. His Adam's apple began to work up and down again, in the excitement of the chase. Take sex, for instance. Definitely vulgar. And so people cover it up with an elaborate fable called love. They try to make something high and noble out of biological urge.

OR DEATH. That's why they invent religions—to make dying something great and mysterious, instead of a sordid fact.

Young Sefton sat and studied his glass of water for some thirty seconds. Then he straightened up and took a deep and tremulous breath. His reddened eyes widened with a pleasurable realization. "Gad!" he said to himself, so thrilled that his nose felt like sneezing. "Gad, what thoughts I'm thinking. I really *am* the intellectual type!"

—L. KEHM



"I warned Yunkofsky to check the tires."

In the Editor's Brown Study



WE HAVE come to take criticism as a necessary evil in putting out a humor magazine. College playboy as well as college intellectual have taken inordinate delight in attacking Octy because it is not patterned after their own image. We have come to reconcile ourselves to the constant annoyance of the ubiquitous wise-guys who plague us with their carpings only to admit that they never really have read Octy in its entirety.

The college playboy wants Octy to mirror his Doings; to substitute for its varying wit—but consistent intelligence—a conglomerate lot of rah-rah posturings and candid shots of dubiously pretty girls. The alleged purpose of this is to snare the wandering attention of the football mentality and thereby secure “popularity.” This is rot, plain rot.

Octy shall not endeavor to amuse the small-mind who haunts the breweries

in the endeavor to absorb enough virility to impress its female counterpart. Octy shall continue to distinguish humor from sex. Apparently we can only appeal to a *part* of the students. To that section, we promise a magazine which is “intelligent but not intellectual”—and funny if you manage to see the point.

* * *

WE HAVE recently had called to our attention a publication which purports to be the *Octopus*. It is a “pulp,” published bi-monthly by “Popular Publications, Inc.” (*Dime Mystery*, *Sports Novels*, *Ace G-Man*, *Operator No. 5*, *44 Western*, *G-8 and his Battle Aces*, etc.) Ours is not *that Octopus*. Ours, alone, is the humor magazine which students of the University of



Wisconsin have been publishing for the past 20 years. You will find in it no gore, no horrors, no oozed blood. All in all, it is pretty tame fare for the likes of you.

However, in order that neither you nor Popular Publications, Inc., will miss out on meeting this month, we are glad to give you a brief synopsis of a few of the articles. Behold!

“Their bones melting within their bodies, the city’s richest men went, one by one, to gruesome, tortured death—for each had received one strange little image, that carried the East’s weirdest curse!”

“Lloyd Bliss woke suddenly—to see his wife’s hideously hacked arm in the hand of a monster who had lured him to death’s charnal house!”

“What chance had Bolton Blair, private detective, when he heard that sinister scratch—and realized he shared a locked room with the Throat-Slitter, whom no bullet could harm, nor mortal man defeat?”

We guess that will hold you. We haven’t read any of the stories yet, ourselves. We’re saving them for the night before our first exam.

* * *

We applied, but failed to win, a Roads Scholarship with the WPA. Come now, no crocodile tears.

* * *

THIS issue takes a peek at our new governor and reaches the following conclusion: that Mr. Heil is a self-made man—a rough example of unskilled labor. The Republican Party in the state has shortchanged us. Some cautioned that we should lay low on Mr. Heil until the budget had been passed; surely, the governor of the state is big enough to stand having his leg pulled. But, then, there was the Weiss affair...



“Sorry, no pictures.”

Roy Vallier

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"Hey, Joe, wanna look for gold?"
"Nope."

"Hey, Joe, wanna sell your teeth?"
"Nope."

"Hey, Joe, seen my bed around?"
"Nope."

"Wattcha doin', Joe?"

"Takin' dope."

"Me too."

Tiger

"What's good for my wife's fallen arches?"

"Rubber heels."

"With what?"

—Joke

"Now, George, are you quite sure everything's shut up for the night?"

"All that I can shut up is, my dear!"

—Panther

The circus had come to town, and a small boy who had never seen an elephant woke up one morning to find a huge pachyderm tearing up the garden. Rushing to the telephone he called to the police. "Officer, there's a big animal tearing up the garden with his tail." "Yeah?" queried the sergeant, crossing his fingers. "What's he doing with them?" "Officer," gasped the boy, "you wouldn't believe me if I told you."

—Jester.

Correction in a provincial newspaper: "Our paper stated last week that Sergt. McGargle is a defective on the police force. This is a typographical error. Serg. McGargle is a detective on the police force."

—Record

"I always eat in this restaurant. You know, in lots of restaurants the waiters grab the plates away from you before you have finished."

"And they don't do that here?"

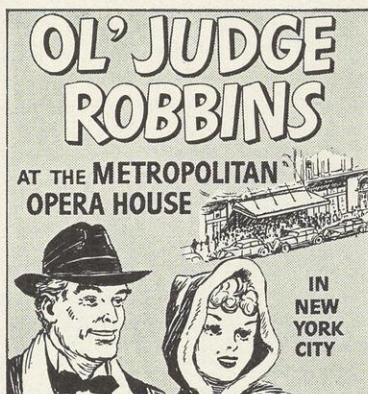
"Oh, yes they do, but here you don't mind it so much."

—Jester

Diner: I beg your pardon, but why are all these girls staring at me?

Waitress: I'm not supposed to tell you, sir, but we get some of our food from the school of cookery and home economics, next door, and if you get sick after that omelet you've just eaten those girls have all failed in their examination.

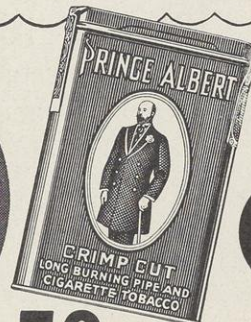
—Oh Boy



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"I've been cheated!" stormed an irate guest at a resort hotel. "You said that there was a beautiful view for miles and miles from my room."

"So there is, mister, so there is," soothed the hotel owner. "Just stick your head out the window and look up."

—Record

Then there is the story about the freshman who, on his first visit to the bank, was asked to endorse his check, and wrote: "I heartily endorse this check."

—Margo's Dietz

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—MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

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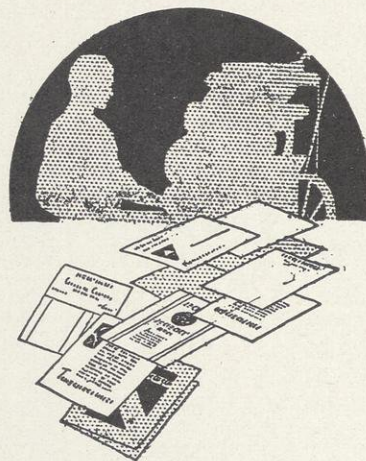
"What did your wife say when you came in drunk last night?"

"Nothing. And I was going to have those front teeth pulled anyhow."

—Pitt Plagiarizer

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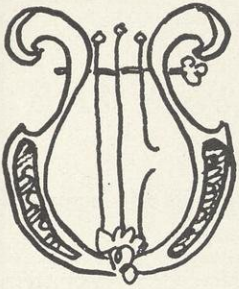
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According to the Records

The Classical



RICHARD STRAUSS has written the symphonic poem, "Symphonia Domestica," representing a day in the life of Strauss, his wife and his infant son. The symphony is played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under the sensitive guidance of Eugene Ormandy. Mr. Ormandy's technical skill neatly and poetically develops the rich color and true beauty of the work. The recording combines a superb conductor and orchestra with a composer who is an almost unapproached master of orchestral effect and tone color. Strauss' method of making a certain instrument of the orchestra personify a certain character (for instance, the oboe d'amore stands for the child) is intriguing. College boys will especially enjoy the sensuous charm of the love music; we did. *Victor.*

"The Seventh Symphony in A Major" by Beethoven has been termed the romantic symphony. It and the Fifth are probably the best understood of Beethoven's symphonies, both in detail and as wholes. An understanding conductor, Hans Knappertsbusch, leads the Philharmonic Orchestra through a scoring exceedingly full of pitfalls. This is an intensely musical work, and its slow movement is one of outstanding beauty; while the finale is a triumph of Bacchic fury. The performance is generally good; only occasionally are imperfections in the recordings detected. If you are a Beethoven enthusiast you will find this symphony reasonably terrific. *Decca.*

"The Sonata No. 5 in F Major" and "The Sonata No. 9 in A Major" for violin and piano have been combined in album form by *Decca*. These sonatas show the power and mastery of the composer, Beethoven, who is unsurpassable for independence and originality. His works are all full of his intense personality and wild, unfettered spirit. The performance is by violinist, Simon Goldberg and pianist, Lili Kraus. It appears they regard this music less as an opportunity to evidence technical ability, more as the occasion to express the ideas with which Beethoven's mind was charged. This is as it should be! This waxing will appeal to anyone who likes forceful violin and piano music played by accomplished, thorough artists. *Decca.*

The early individuality of Beethoven is manifested in his "Quartet in E Flat Major for Piano and Strings." The performance is by E. Robert Schmitz at the piano and members of the Roth String Quartet who play enthusiastically and with respect for the composer. This is chamber music which will be eagerly sought by the collector of recorded Beethoven. The andante cantabile movement is of exceptional beauty; the piano playing commands particular attention. *Columbia.*

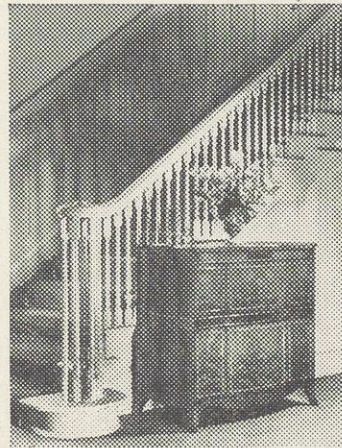
An overwhelmingly convincing rendition of Schumann's "Piano Concerto in A Minor" is given by Myra Hess. The work is beautiful from beginning to end, attaining richness and depth from the support afforded by the Orchestra conducted by Walter Goehr. Miss Hess sympathetically main-

tains the sentiment and earnestness of Schumann; she handles the concerto with satisfying ease, assurance and finesse. A purity and brightness of tone is attained and preserved in the recording. This is an album which will capture the attention of any collector of recorded music. *Victor.*

A faithfully recorded presentation of Deems Taylor's "Through the Looking Glass" by the Columbia Symphony Orchestra is a welcome addition to transcribed contemporary music. Taylor, the witty commentator, colorful critic, gifted composer, entertainingly interprets Lewis Carroll's fantasy. The orchestral suite is conducted in sprightly fashion by Howard Barlow with splendid achievement of the desired gaiety. The last movement of the suite, "The White Knight," introduced by a violin cadenza and followed by a cello solo, is outstanding in its merriment. In this work Alice is nicely restored to life. You'll want to "play" with her on your record spinner. *Columbia.*

Pleasant and effective are the "Songs Of Famous Russian Composers" ably sung in Russian by tenor Vladimir Rosing with the well chosen aid of accompanist Hans Gellhorn. Among the better known Russian composers represented are Rachmaninoff, Tschaikowsky, and Rimsky-Korsakow. Of deep beauty and feeling is Dargomizjzsky's lament of "The Drunken Miller." Rosing reveals unusual vocal gifts in his impassioned transcription of Rachmaninoff's "In The Silent Night" and "Spring Waters." Because the songs are sung in Russian, the wide spread appreciation this work merits probably will not come to it; but those persons who are interested will find the collection one of high merit. *Decca.*

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solo is Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen." It is a selection with purity of style, charm and brightness of tone; and to enhance these merits Jascha Heifetz brings the fire, force and passion of his own presentation to this single record. The accompaniment is exceptionally fine: John Barbiroli conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. *Victor*.

Nathan Milstein demonstrates his great capabilities as a violinist in the lively "Tarantelle" of Szymanowsky and the "Affectuoso" of Pizetti. In the former he adroitly demonstrates his technical dexterity; in the latter he reveals depth and fullness of tone. The result is a recording of merit. *Columbia*.

Mendelssohn's "Overture" to "The Hebrides" receives dynamic treatment by the hand of Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. The imported recording is of excellent quality. *Columbia*.

Arturo Toscanini and the B. B. C. Symphony Orchestra record the "Overture" to Rossini's "La Scala Di Seta" for *Victor*. The "Overture" is from Rossini's early opera-buffa in one act which was a failure. This recording is not a failure; the Toscanini touch pervades the orchestra and the wealth of feeling they give forth vitalizes the recording. *Victor*.

From Bizet's "Carmen" and Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" Sydney Rayned sings "The Flower Song" and "Ah! Fairest Sun." These are both favorite selections from popular operas and are sung in good manner. *Decca*.

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played, of course, by Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians, is the standout offering of the month. The Guy presents music with finesse, ease and assurance, leaving no doubt that his musicians are all top-notch performers; the records prove it. For *Bluebird* he reprints the familiar *Summertime*, *Liebestraum*, *The Perfect Song*, *Down By The Old Mill Stream*, and *Sweethearts On Parade*. For *Decca* he gives *The Umbrella Man*, *We Speak Of You Often*, *The Girl Friend Of The Whirling Dervish*, *Thanks For Ev'rything*, *Deep Purple*, *It's A Lonely Trail* and *I Ups To Her And She Ups To Me*.

Chalk up another worthwhile addition to *Decca's* credit—Bob Crosby and his Bob Cats. In the parlance of the profession "these cats are senders for true." Bob prints a 12-sided album of first rate songs played and sung adroitly. Included in the work are *Speak To Me Of Love*, *The Big Bass Viol*, *I Hear You Talking*, *Call Me A Taxi*, *Loopin' The Loop*, *My Inspiration*, *Swinging At The Sugar Bowl*, *I'm Prayin' Humble*, and the theme song, *Summertime*.

JEEPERS CREEPERS

Everybody's printing this "Going Places" triumph. Gene Krupa does it for *Brunswick*, Larry Clinton for *Victor*, Paul Whiteman for *Decca*, and Ethel Waters for *Bluebird*. We give the nod to Mr. Clinton's rendition.

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Notice

Rumors reach us that a dance of some is going to be held around here in a month or so. Quite an affair, they tell us. We are priming ourselves to look into the matter and promise our readers a report in our next issue.

Kappa Kappa Gamma RUMMAGE SALE

Dayton St. Entrance
BAPTIST CHURCH

—CAPITAL TIMES

Any worn-out blondes?

SING FOR YOUR SUPPER

From "The Boys From Syracuse," Benny Goodman (Victor) Horace Heidt (Brunswick) and Lawrence Welk (Vocalion) record this swell tune. Martha Tilton takes a vocal holiday to lead Benny across the goal first.

ROOM WITH A VIEW

Tommy Dorsey's trombone carries a listless band over two sides of rather mediocre swing. The beginning is at par, but the boys bog down about the sixth green and go off the course. They still swing, but they're missing the ball. *Down Home Rag* is just as bad. *Angels With Dirty Faces* and *Between A Kiss And A Sigh* is an amusing disc in a lackadaisical sort of way. Victor.

"KISSES"

Prelude To A Kiss, Between A Kiss And A Sigh and

Say It With A Kiss are three very satisfactory renditions of an undeniably attractive theme. Good jobs are done in order by Richard Himber, Kay Kyser and Sammy Kaye for Victor, Brunswick and Victor, respectively.

I GO FOR THAT

The inspired piano playing of Eddy Duchin for Brunswick suffices to better the tired typical translation of Shep Field's Rippling Rhythm for Bluebird. Both are backed with *Kinda Lonesome*.

TOPSY

The Benny Goodman aggregation gladdens the heart of the swing devotee by releasing three flawless Swing Classics. These include *Topsy*, *Smoke House*, *Farewell Blues*, *My Honey's Lovin' Arms*, *'Deed I Do* and *Jelly-Roll Blues*.

WELCOME!

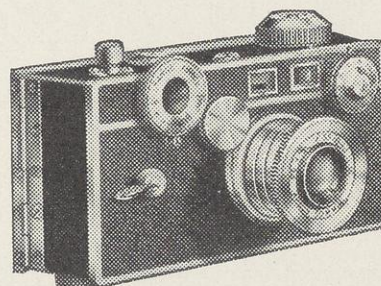
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Drunk: "I live here."

Cop: "Why don't you go in?"

Drunk: "I lost my key."

Cop: "Then ring the bell."

Drunk: "I rang it an hour ago."

Cop: "Ring it again."

Drunk: "To 'ell with 'em; let 'em wait."

—Tiger

Dear Mr. Palmolive:

I bought a tube of your shaving cream this week. It says no mug required. What shall I shave?

Yours truly,
 —S. Holman

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We just heard about the dumb stenographers who didn't mail the circular letters because she couldn't find any round envelopes.

—Gogo Giggler

"You're an apt boy. Is your sister apt, too?"

"If she gets a chance, she's apt to."

—Record

"All those who would like to go to Heaven," said the Sunday School teacher, "please raise their hands."

All except one went up.

"Why, Johnny," exclaimed the teacher, "wouldn't you like to go to Heaven?"

"Naw," said Johnny, "not if that bunch is going."

—Lampoon

"Sweetheart, does my love-making intoxicate you?"

"No, half-pint."

—Dietz

We know a comedian who works in a watch factory—he makes faces all day.

—Punch Bowl

"What did you operate on that guy for?"

"For \$800."

"I mean, what did he have?"

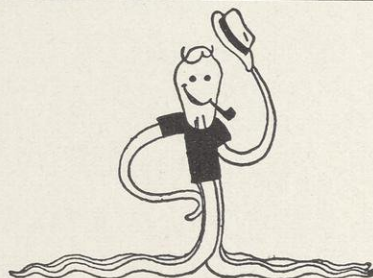
"\$800."

—O'Gosh.

EUROPE HARD ON THE NERVE

—MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

—And heavy on the sheer brass, too.

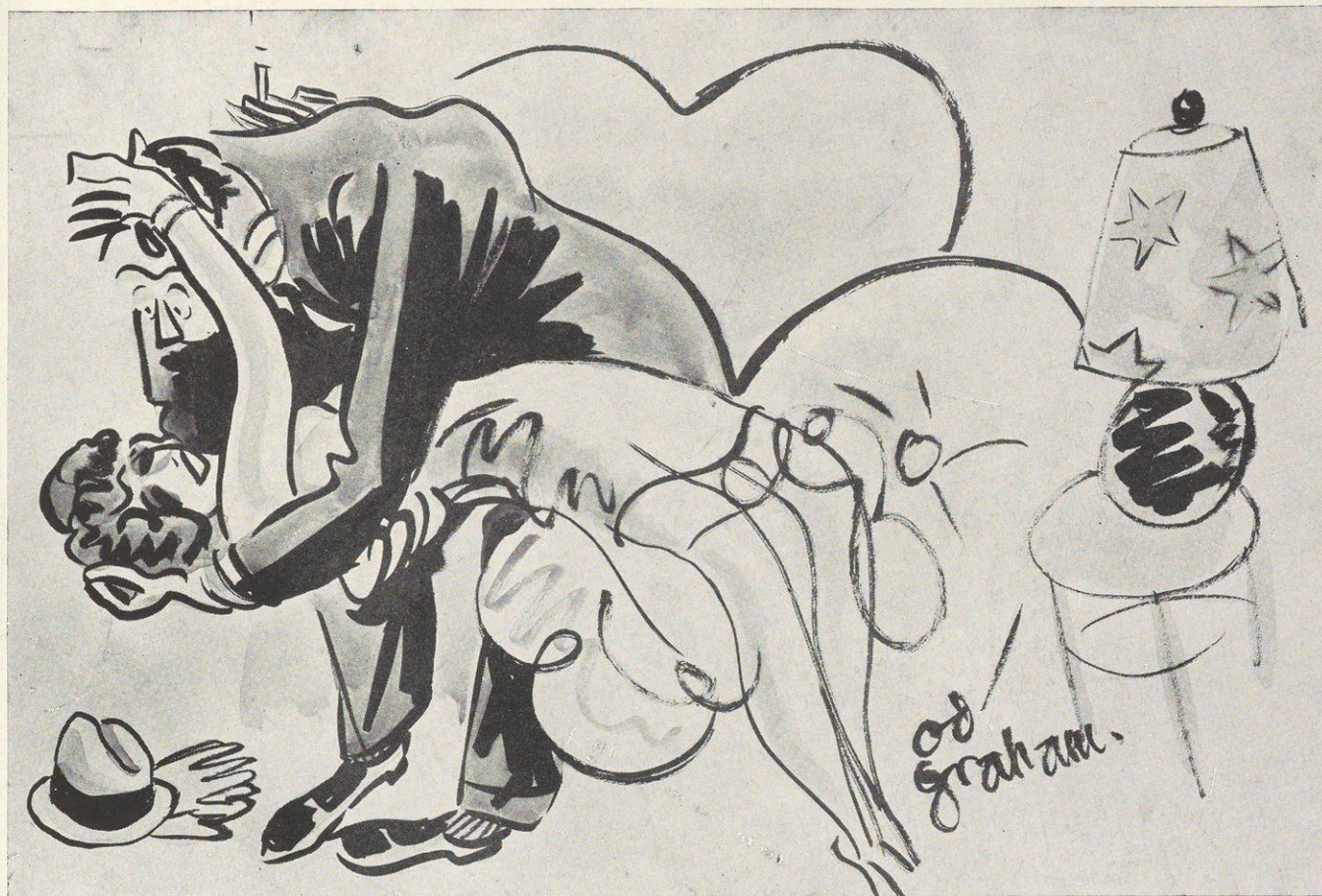


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