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Octopus. Vol. 17 [18], No. 4 December, 1936

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, December, 1936

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Octopus



December

Ten Cents

Season's Greetings

FROM
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AND
PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO



At your dealer's you'll find this Christmas package—the Camel carton—200 cigarettes.

Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—wrapped in gay holiday dress. {right, above}

Prince Albert

It's easy to please all the pipe-smokers on your list. Just give them the same mellow, fragrant tobacco they choose for themselves—Prince Albert—the National Joy Smoke. "P. A." is the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world—as mild and tasty a tobacco as ever delighted a man. And Prince Albert does not "bite" the tongue. Have bright red-and-green Christmas packages of Prince Albert waiting there early Christmas morning... to wish your friends and relatives the merriest Christmas ever.



One full pound of mild, mellow Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—packed in the cheerful red tin and placed in an attractive Christmas gift package. {far left}

Here's a full pound of Prince Albert, packed in a real glass humidifier that keeps the tobacco in perfect condition and becomes a welcome possession. Gift wrap. {near left}

Camels



There's no more acceptable gift in Santa's whole bag than a carton of Camel Cigarettes. Here's the happy solution to your gift problems. Camels are sure to be appreciated. And enjoyed! With mild, fine-tasting Camels, you keep in tune with the cheery spirit of Christmas. Enjoy Camels at mealtime—between courses and after eating—for their aid to digestion. Get an invigorating "lift" with a Camel. Camels set you right! They're made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

"'Tis the Season..."



There was a young man from Chicago,
Who wanted to see a buzz-saw go,
So he put down his face
Very close to the place,
And the doctor said, "Where did his
jaw go?"

—Kitty-Kat.



Salome, the first woman to discover
the relation between gauze and effect.

—Blue Bucket.

I once did use m'bwain
I was a car conductaw;
But now I need no bwain
I am a young instructaw.

—Morton Bloomfield.

Silas Clam
Lies on the floor,
He tried to slam
A swinging door.

—Bored Walk.

Dean—Where are your parents?
Co-ed—I have none.
Dean—Where are your guardians?
Co-ed—I have none.
Dean—Then where are your sup-
porters?
Co-ed—Sir! You are forgetting your-
self.

—Longhorn.



They were married and lived hap-
pily even after.

—Tiger.

"Would you call for help if I tried
to kiss you?"
"Do you need help?"

—Sundial.

Two little boys stood on the corner.
A little girl passed by.
Said one: "Her neck's dirty."
Said the other: "Her does?"

—Oberlin Lutefisk.

"Got two bits for a flop tonight,
buddy?"

"No."

"Got a dime for a san'wich?"

"No."

"Got a nickel for a shota java?"

"No."

"Say, you're in a helluva fix, ain't
cha?"

—Ogosh.

Smartly dressed in coat of fur,
Lounging against a cocktail bar,
Baby, how I wish you were
As naughty as you think you are.

—Lyre.



"I'm throwing a party Saturday
night. Can you come?"

"Liquor?"

"Oh, of course. I always have some."

"Beautiful women?"

"You know there will be."

"Good orchestra?"

"You bet."

"All right, wifie dear, I'll be over."

—Punch Bowl.

"Guess how old I am?"

"21?"

"No."

"24?"

"No."

"23?"

"No, try 22."

"22?"

"No."

—Record.

A monologue is a conversation be-
tween several hundred students and a
professor.

—Columns.

Father: Where are you going, daugh-
ter?

Daughter: Downstairs to get some
ice water.

Father: In your nightgown?

Daughter: No, in a pitcher.

—Sour Owl.



"That's the spirit," cried the medium
as the table began to rise.

—Widow.

"Father, what does it mean when it
says here, 'Then spake Ulysses with
winged word'?"

"Easy, son; what could it be but
fowl language?"

—Log.

"He said he was going to kiss me,
and I said I wouldn't stand for it."

"Then what did he do?"

"He led me over to the divan."

—Froth.

And our learned classmate insists
that horse sense comes as a result of
stable thinking.

—Widow.

"Do you serve women at this bar?"

"No. You have to bring your own."

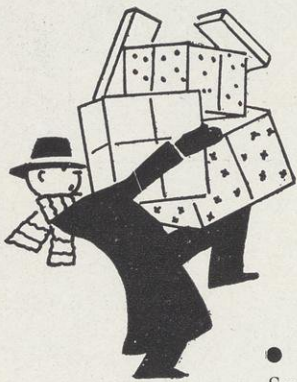
—Lampoon.



Hickery, dickery, dock,
The mouse found a flask in the
clock.

Two drinks of the stuff
Made the mouse feel so tough,
That he chased all the cats on the
block.

—Southwestern.



Why Bulge?

- When THE CHOCOLATE SHOP will wrap up your candy gifts so they fit, snug and comfy, into your home-ward-bound luggage, or even
- Mail sweets to the sweet in any part of this fine old U. S. A. and thus
- Insure a *Merry Christmas* for one and all?

548 State
Badger 684

The Chocolate Shop

College Servants

- Flunky*—Student who fails in one or more subjects.
Lackey—Student with insufficient grade-points.
Footman—Student at the bottom of his class.
Page—Student who does outside reading.
Cupbearer—Student who wins athletic honors.
Waiter—Student who does not graduate in four years.
Tapster—Student fond of dancing.
Butler—Student who makes excuses for not having assignment prepared.
Groom—Student who keeps his hair combed.
Doorman—Student who sits nearest the exit in order to be the first one out.

—IRV BELL

A boy was walking down the street wheeling two bicycles, when he met a pal.

"Where'd you get the two bikes?" asked the pal.

"My girl and I were out for a ride," said the boy, "and we stopped under a tree to rest. After a while I kissed her. 'That's nice,' she said. Then I put my arm around her waist and asked her how that was. She said it was great. So then I kissed her on the cheek and winked at her and she said, 'Oh boy, you can have anything I've got.' So I took her bicycle."

—*Variety*.

Jan. 2—Wanted—Teller, First National Bank.

Jan. 3—W. Smith has been appointed teller at the First National Bank.

Jan. 4—Wanted—W. Smith.

—*Red Cat*.



Don't Be Silly!

- Of course you won't find a 1937 BADGER in the toes of your Christmas stocking, worse luck. But if you did, you'd have a history of the year in photo, painting, and prose which would knock your eye out. Or something.
- There will be a few people here at school you'll want to remember, and a BADGER is a swell gift. And it'll be a superlative investment for part of your Christmas gift money.

THE 1937 BADGER

A Distinctive Yearbook



Pupil (during lesson on creation)—
But my father says we are descended
from apes.

Teacher—We can't talk about your
family history in class. —Log.

A cowboy, his wife, and small son
entered a saloon in the West.

"Two Scotches and a soda," said the
father.

"What?" asked the child, "ain't Ma
drinkin'?" —Log.

The flapper co-ed went up to the
young Prof. and said, "Profy, dear,
what are my marks?"

He put his arm around her and
whispered sweet little nothings in her
ear. —Colgate Banter.

A deer—Well, so long, girls; the
keeper is taking me over to another
cage tonight.

Another—What for?

The deer—Oh, just to have a little
fawn. —Widow.

A dentist whose surname was Moss
Fell in love with a charming Miss
Ross

But he held in abhorrence
Her Christian name Florence
So he called her his Dental Floss.
—Yellow Jacket.

First Drunk—"What did you shay
when you lost at sthrip poker?"
Second ditto—"I shed plenty."

—Log.

"My husband talked in his sleep last
night."

"Well, what does that make me?"

"His ex-secretary." —Siren.

We hasten to point out that while
every man has his wife, only the ice-
man has his pick.

—Mountain Goat.

"My grandfather lived to be nearly
ninety and never used glasses."

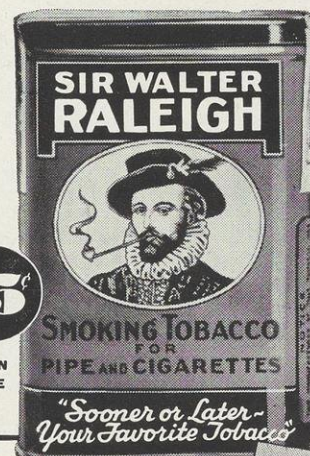
"Well, lots of people prefer to drink
from a bottle." —Awgwan.

GIRLS CALLED HIM 'BLUEBEARD'!



—because every time he let out a
blast of murderous tobacco from his
never-cleaned pipe they couldn't help
thinking of the famous gent who as-
sassinated six wives. A pity, too—
when women love pipe-smoking done
in the right way. Which is? 1. Keep
your pipe tidy. 2. Switch to the to-
bacco that burns cleaner and smells
more fragrant. We modestly admit
that's Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking
Tobacco—an uncommonly mild blend
of Kentucky Burleys delightful to both
smoker and audience. How such su-
perlative tobacco can be only 15¢ is
our worry. Try a tin. You'll bless us.

SWITCH TO THE BRAND
OF GRAND AROMA



FREE booklet tells how to make
your old pipe taste better, sweet-
er; how to break in a new pipe.
Write for copy today. Brown &
Williamson Tobacco Corporation,
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept., L-612.

How to
TAKE CARE of
your PIPE



Platter



Patter

Dance Music

Our dance rhythms this month seem to be pretty well up in the very new releases. From the new new picture, "Stowaway," Shep Fields does some of his stylized arranging on "One Never Knows, Does One?", and "Good Night My Love," on Bluebird B-6685. Very much Fieldish are the arrangements; complete with ripples, they would disappoint no Fields fans. "One Never Knows" is not destined to extreme popularity, if one may judge before hand. "Good Night My Love," on the other hand, ought to enjoy a certain amount of success, since it follows closely along the prescribed route for such things.

Tommy Dorsey does some first class Dorsey swinging on two new tunes from "Top of the Town." On the top side of the Victor Tommy swings very much a la Goodman, "That Foolish Feeling." Edyth Wright swings a nice vocal, which makes the record one that will please rhythm fans, though the tune doesn't look to be much of a hit. Underneath this, Tommy really shows how smoothly his boys can play with, "Where Are You." The arrangement and the music seem to typify very well the latests in trends, which seems to be modified swing.

"That Girl From Paris" brings us two more new numbers interpreted by Eddy Duchin on another Victor. Eddy fixes up a very nice platter with "Love

and Learn." It has lots of swell Duchin rhythm, plus lots of Duchin piano, plus lots of some swell vocalizing by Jerry Cooper, but somehow the tune lacks that something that makes one go away whistling. "Seal it With a Kiss" on the other side is a very nice waltz, which Eddy does so that it is a waltz and yet not a waltz, which is to us a happy combination.

London's New Mayfair dance orchestra gives us on another Victor, two tunes from "Tonight at 8:30." "You Were There" seems to be a good number. Played in rather a Ray Noble manner, the rhythm is different, and American in a European manner. "The Family Album" is a waltz that borders on the semi-classic, both in the tune itself and in the arrangement.

The Tempo King and his Kings of Tempo swing out "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now," and "You Turned The Tables on Me," on a Bluebird. The Kings are five gentlemen, full of rhythm, who vary between Dixieland Band style and Fats Waller rhythm. The piano at times sounds almost too much like Fats not to be Fats, and a couple of good clarinet breaks squeeze themselves in.

"The Mikado"

Two solid hours of the finest comic opera available—this is the contribution of the D'Oyly Carte Opera company in a Victor album recording.

Eleven 12-inch records are required to give the immortal Gilbert and Sullivan farce, which was first presented in London 51 years ago.

From the overture and "A Wandering Minstrel I," at the beginning of the first act, to the grand finale and "Tit-Willow," the opera is almost complete. Some elisions, mainly of conversation rather than music, and of the interpolated dances, are made, but the thread of the story is carried out in the solos and chorus numbers presented.

The story of the opera is well known to American audiences. It deals with the wandering minstrel, who turns out to be the son of the Mikado in disguise, and the beautiful Yum-Yum. The trials of the young lovers make up the delightfully involved story so typical of Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

The company which presents this recording is probably the first Gilbert and Sullivan company of all time. Specializing in presenting the works of the two Englishmen, solo artists, orchestra, and choruses are all thoroughly familiar and thoroughly enthused with the work.

Rupert D'Oyly Carte, head of the company, supervised the production. The orchestra is conducted by Isidore Godfrey.

The actual volume of the work may best be suggested by pointing out that there are 22 sides, many with two or more songs; each side takes approximately four minutes to play.

Make This A Musical Christmas

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DOPEY'S delicious Delilah dished out fetching freshness with saucy sureness. Always start them off with *Double-Mellow* Old Golds. They will catch on so much quicker.

The two jackets of Cellophane is the first tip-off, and then with the first delightful puff of that mellow, sun-ripened, prize crop tobacco, the light of true freshness will dawn and he'll catch the spirit of things, Christmas included.

Yes indeedy, and you'll get a bigger kick out of that Kriss Kringle Kiss . . . *it will be factory-fresh.*

ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!

Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.

Inner Cellophane Jacket opens from the Top.

PRIZE CROP TOBACCOS MAKE THEM **DOUBLE-MELLOW**
2 JACKETS OF "CELLOPHANE" KEEP THEM **FACTORY-FRESH**

Copr., 1936, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

Tish-Tosh

PHI GAM Bob Ricker is so mad about school that he has already enrolled for next semester . . . Ed "Harvard Man" Hart is now the proud possessor of a collegiate Ford of 1920 vintage . . . Psi U Larry Wolfe has hung his pin on Rosie Hulett, Pi Phi . . . The good old DKE's have just pledged 18 boys . . . congratulations, fellows . . . the housemother's winter formal is to be held at the Cuba Club . . . "Ten Kinds" will chaperon . . . The list of dates has not been released as yet . . . Harry DeMuth is knitting tiny garments these days . . .

Psi U's Dick Bardwell seen here and there with Mrs. "Choo-Choo" Leonard . . . They call Gordie Finlay "Birdseed" because all the boys "peck" on him . . . All-conference meatball team . . . George Blanchard, SAE; Hank Stark, Phi Gam; and Bob Hubbard, Chi Psi . . . The Polar Bear club meets at 6:00 a. m. when the weather is 10 degrees or more below . . . Homer Pipcorn, Chi Psi, has been elected president . . . Bob Hunt, Psi U, received a medal for extraordinary endurance . . . Swam under the ice from the Psi U pier to the U boathouse . . . and back . . . Bill McCoy, SAE, has been elected life-guard . . . He can't swim a stroke but he keeps up the morale of the organization . . .

When Bascom burned down the other day, Abe Lincoln was the first one in Lohmaier's . . . Only time he has stood up since the good old days (see page eight, then) . . . Stan Haukedahl, end on the Ping-Pong team, had a bit of a falling out with the Mayfair . . . and is now having his hair done at the Varsity . . . So dull, so dull . . . but it's news . . . Hal Roberts, Sigma Nu, hung the button on Ann Stimson, KKG . . . Good luck, kiddies . . .

Kappa Bete held their initiation at the Y.M.C.A. the other night . . . Cider and doughnuts were served . . . Owen Goodman, DKE, was voted the "Man of the Moment" by the Mendota co-eds . . . They're simply insane about him . . . The Sigma Phi farm is open to tourists . . . Even their cows give

malted milk . . . Emmett Mortell is building the DU's a new house . . . and donating a Bowman Dairy truck with each new pledge . . . "Butch" Bray, Chi Psi, has put his badge on one Paul Waterman . . . Jackie Peterson, Theta, seen at the corner barber shop having a Harvard haircut . . . George Fields and Fred Lohmaier incorporating with the Bowman Dairy . . . There'll be an awful rush on milk these

days . . . The Pi Phis' new house will at last be built . . . next year . . .

Phi Beta Kappa will announce the election of the following Phi Bete material . . . Johnny Tompkins, Sig Chi . . . Paul Grub, Phi

Delt . . . Allen Davidson, Kappa Sig . . . Dude Wagner, Chi Psi . . . Don Griswold, Sigma Phi . . . Don Truax, DU . . . and Tad Morris, Pi Phi . . . Jerry Komar, Alpha Chi Rho, and Helen Piffard, DG, are going steady these days . . . Rod "O'Toole" Smith, Kappa Sig, is wearing mistletoe in his hat . . . Just tempting the gals . . . The Pi Lams, Zeta Betes, and the Newman club are to have a three-way party after vacation.

CHARON EVERETT, DG, crooning at the Business and Industrial Women's Turkey Trot at the Eagles . . . Dorothy Teeple, Pi Phi, and Dick Johnson, Kappa Sig, flunked out of school last week . . . Both had a high F average for four years . . . Caryl Morse and Carol Wagner doing a fan dance in the Rathskeller in the Union . . . Mary Kimberly is the Delta Gamma representative for Oshkosh B'Gosh overalls . . . and is making a pretty penny . . . The Phi Gams took a collection Saturday night and paid off their mortgage . . . There is a rumor around the campus that they call the Kappas "Bird-legs" . . .

Monk Mason, Phi Gam giant, has at last completed his stepladder and plans to enter negotiations for a good-night

smoo with Marianna Tees, Gamma Phi . . . Webster Woodmansee, Chi Phi, has just received a 2-seated scooter from his loving family . . . for not smoking, drinking, swearing or smooing until he was 32 . . . Kay Black, DG, with a date in a drug-store drinking a coke . . .

JOE BROOKS, Phi Delt, proud possessor of a fur-lined loving cup for his Charleston dancing . . . Marty Koether, Delt, has been elected cheerleader for next season . . . Ken Leonard, Beta, and the Moore twins plenty that way . . . Bascom Theatre announces the opening of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" with Swede Jensen . . . featuring his long blonde curls . . . We understand that the Alpha Chi Rho's Hindu is plenty that way about the Sig Chi purp . . . Al Sternkopf's Kappa Sig pin on Bonnie Gilpatrick . . . Kappa Marty Sheridan is casting eyes at Homer Haswell, next year's independent Prom King . . .

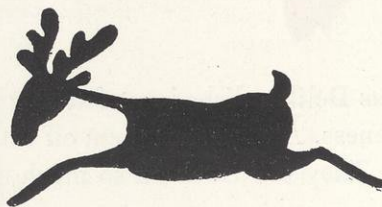
And now a bit about Prom . . . which is, as you know, tomorrow . . . Three orchestras have been announced . . . Hal Kemp, Ray Noble, and Eddie Duchin . . . Pryor announces the Queen definitely to be chosen from the Chi Phi house . . . The Prom floor-show will include Eddie Becker and Lennie Lovshin in a special tap number . . . Crooner Fred Benz singing "Beautiful Lady in Blue" . . . Interpretative dancing by the Golemgęske-Jankowski Ballet, straight from Poland . . . During

intermission there will be a speech by Red Pizer on "Demon Drink" with slides . . . Bill Pryor, the King-Wingy, may abdicate in favor of Hindu, Alpha Chi Rho royalty . . . which will put the

throne definitely in the dog-house . . . Well, no more than it is now . . .

Well, kiddies, we were only fooling . . . Every tish and each tosh was entirely imaginary . . . But maybe some of you haven't read this far . . . And how's your New Year's headache? . . .

Incidentally, the Prom Queen will be Big Six, but not from Wisconsin . . . not even in school here . . . There are no Delta Gammas down at Yale . . . Nor Pi Phis nor Kappas . . .



This is your Gift Shop



GIFTS for everyone, mother, father, sis, and brother Jim, gifts for Uncle George and Aunt Matilda, gifts for everyone. What shall I give? What shall I give? Yes, it bothers us as well, but we think we have the answer. Hundreds of useful things, priced for a student's purse, selections from the world's finest houses, gifts for everyone. Let us help to solve this problem, get it done before you start for home, have it out of the way so you will be able to enjoy your vacation. Here you will find people who have helped many others make their selections with fine results, and remember that you get rebates on your purchases at the Co-op . . .

Christmas

at the

C O = O P





*"Honi soit qui
mal y pense."*

—A. LINCOLN

THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Campus Chronicle

Heil Hitler

Professor Herman March had an article published recently in a German mathematical journal, for which he was to be paid.

He got the check all right, but noticed that \$0.47 was subtracted from the payment. The publishers explained that all magazine articles are taxed, the author paying a percentage of his price. That's the way they do things in Germany.

We have just finished an article by Arthur Brisbane in *Cosmopolitan*. We're inclined to advocate the same system here, the author paying about 200 per cent.

Wise guy

We were waiting at the library desk for our books when Dean Sellery brought his handful of little cards up and gave them to a librarian.

She had a little trouble reading one of the call numbers, and read it off to the Dean. "Four six G, R T?" she asked; and when he nodded, she said, "O. K."

"No," said Mr. Sellery, with a wry smile, "R T."

At that all the librarians in sight laughed and laughed and looked appreciatively at each other with twinkling eyes. As the woman disappeared into the stacks and we took our books and left, we noticed them all working at their card files and stamping dates, smiling gently to themselves and shaking their heads over Mr. Sellery's fine quip.

Check-up

Silos now bulge with the harvest, fruit-cellars are well stocked, and in a mellow mood we got out our little treasure chest to look over the year's crop of buttons.

Under a pair of purple garters we found our Veterans of Future Wars button; and we wondered where now was the cold, charred stick that remains of that satirical rocket that so delighted us as it shot, brilliant and fiery, through the academic gloom last spring.

There was our Crew button, and the memory of strained feelings over money for a new shell vs. money for empty stomachs. And a Homecoming button, too.

And two little badges, one with a sad yellow sunflower, the other bearing a smiling face and the legend, "A Gallant Leader."

Depressed, we closed the little box and watched the snow sift over the leaves. But by spring the trees will bud again, new leaves will bloom, and there will be another harvest of Little Buttons for Lost Causes.

Weather or not

College customs—and costumes—differ a great deal from one campus to the next. We found that out the other day when we were talking to a couple of girls from Minnesota.

They were quite disturbed at something they'd noticed.

"At Wisconsin, all the men wear



"God, but I'm sick of sitting here!"

hats and none of the women do, but at Minnesota it's just the other way," one of them said, worriedly. "Why is that?"

She had us stopped, but we weren't going to admit it. So we muttered something vague about the climate.

"Oh," she sighed, satisfied.

Library blueprints

Somebody showed us plans for the new wing of the library that committee is yelling for, and we think it's pretty fine. (This is written for the benefit of the regents, who are all subscribers—on the University's money.)

But we thought it should be extended out on the Lower Campus.

"No," our friend objected, "the ROTC has to have that."

We weren't quite convinced and intimidated, as a matter of fact, that if they had to march they could march up and down Langdon street.

"But what would we do for hockey?"

We mentioned the lake.

"But freshman gym classes—"

We suggested their abolition.

"But then there wouldn't be any place for Homecoming bonfires."

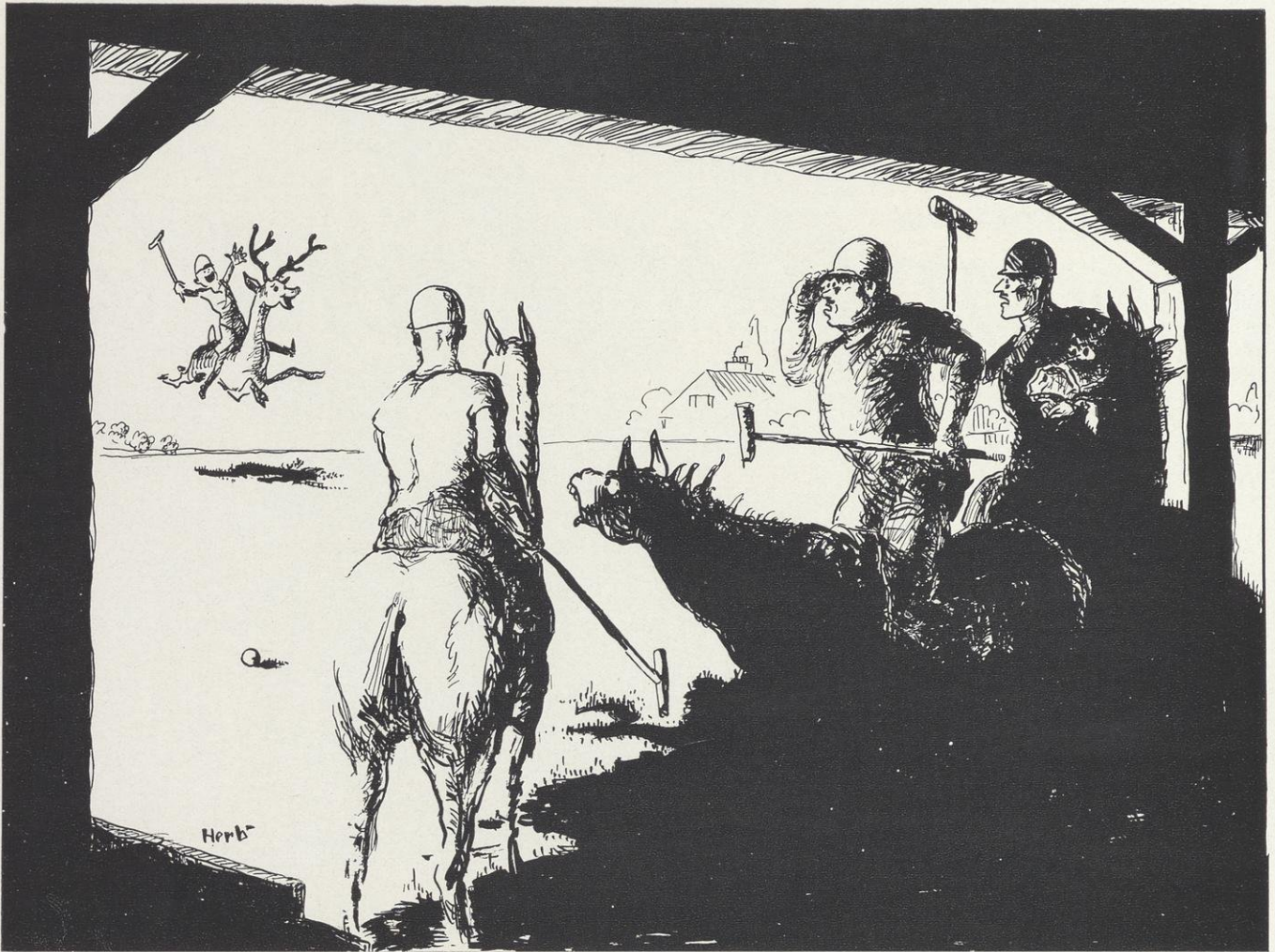
That brought us to our senses, and now we say to build the new part along Park street.

Unless the fires could be held in Great Hall.

How it's done

A Greek eating club up the street has a dog of which they are very proud; and although they say it's a great Dane, it impresses visitors as a cross between a lion and a Shetland pony.

Deliverymen leave the milk, laun-



"Now I can play . . . Look what Santa brought me!"

dry, and groceries on the sidewalk, popeyed with fear, since the dog takes this watch-dog business too seriously. Every time a knock is heard at the door, the dog is up, growling and pawing at the door so that it takes six brothers to hold him from leaping at the visitor's throat.

But the boys have found a way to discipline the beast. You just shuffle your feet on the carpet and stretch out your hand at him. He cowers away, afraid of an electric shock.

Thus are great oaks by little acorns mastered.

Mortality rate

It seems that times are getting better for part of the job-seeking student populace, at any rate.

We were talking with one of the boys in Classical Humanities the other day, asking him what he intended to do next year. He said

he'd be around getting his master's. Then we asked him if there were such things as jobs in his field.

"Oh, things are getting a lot better," he assured us, smiling.

We were a little startled. A boom in classics, of all things!

"All the old boys are dying off," he explained.

Red light

For a long, long time, every time we've strolled down Langdon after a date, we've noticed a red light burning away up in the Science Hall tower.

Somehow, we've always connected it with the anatomy lab and its corps of corpses. We thought it probably had some kind of significance, and we always intended to find out about it. After all, we reasoned, it couldn't be explained on the basis of collitch spirit.

Well, we asked Ma about it the

other day. Ma runs the Science Hall elevator, and she should know about it, even if she doesn't take her dates home at 2:15 on 12:30 nights.

Ma said it was all very simple, that it was a light at the top of the fire escape. Somehow, we're a little disappointed.

Mystery

Right on the trail of a mystery, we called the University switchboard operator the other night. There was a flashlight gooning around in the stacks, probably with somebody on the other end of it. What it was doing there, we didn't know, but it didn't look right.

Well, we told the operator about it, and he said he'd have it checked right away. Expecting to make a neat little sum in witness fees, we hung up.

And that's the last we ever heard of the incident.

Criminal

Stories about President Charles Richard Van Hise have always intrigued us, since he lived for long years in Octopus House, before it became the Old Union. We still like to think of the funnel-shaped keyhole on the front door and how it must have helped even a college president to have a guide for his key at the end of a long evening.

We heard a new Van Hise story the other day, though. It seems that one fine day about 25 years ago he had a new automobile, and went whizzing down Langdon street. As a matter of fact, he stepped her up to 12 miles per hour, even though he should have known better.

And then he got pinched for speeding.

Alien influence

One thing we've never seen in the periodical room of the University Library is an American humor magazine. No Judge, no Life, not even an Octopus. But Punch sits snugly on the shelves in all its Anglican exclusiveness.

We're not going to say anything about Buy American—that's Mr. Hearst's field. But we wonder just what the score is.

Harley and holly

The other day we had the office radio turned on, and all of a sudden we heard Bill Harley, former Octyman, telling the Wisconsin School of the Air how to draw cartoons. Well, we listened awhile in more than faint amusement.

You see, all over the state school children were busily at work under Mr. Harley's guidance. And right across the street we were chiseling his name off cuts in order to run them again in the Christmas Octopus.

No tickes

A boy we know went into a Chinese laundry after his tux shirt not too long ago. He got talking with the Chinaman, who gave him a cigar.

They talked a little while about how was business and so on. Then the Chinaman looked up speculatively.

"How many kids you got?" he asked.

And 66 cents

With all this shouting around about overemphasis, we've been wondering just what this football business costs. So, the other day we made a couple of phone calls and got some figures.

Item. During the 1936 football season, the expense for equipment, coaches, stadium, trainers, et cetera, totalled \$50,000.

Item. During the same season, the Boys in Cardinal picked up a total of twelve touchdowns.

While admitting that our statistics don't cover scores by visiting teams, we wish to point out that they don't consider expenses to teams played in other cities, which should even things up.

A little rapid mathematics with our slide rule produces the figure we're after.

Item. Cost per touchdown, \$4,166.66.

Research

A lad we know is engaged in writing a history of some Milwaukee paper, since such is one of the

requirements for graduation from the School of Journalism.

He decided—naturally enough—that he ought to have a look at the files. So one weekend he went galloping off to Milwaukee, ready for a snappy Saturday in the mausoleum they call their public library.

Presenting himself at the newspaper room, he straightened up his 250 pounds and his five feet six.

"I should like to see the files of the Milwaukee Blup," he

said, with winning smile.

"Where's yer subpoena?" the man on duty growled.

Our friend was a bit taken aback. "Come on, wise guy, where's yer court order?"

By that time the boy was definitely disconcerted. When he was told that he actually did have an order from a judge to get a look at the papers, he gave it up as a bad job.

And came back to Madison with the most preposterous alibi in years.

Out to lunch

Innocently enough, we called the Sigma Phi house the other afternoon. A woman answered the phone.

"Sigma Phi?" we inquired.

"He's not home just now."

We were surprised.

"What?"

"He's gone out, but I expect him back pretty soon."

We decided we had had enough. If a respectable, well, fairly respectable—fraternity house was out but expected back, we wanted no truck with it.

So when the woman offered to take a message we were smart.

We thanked her and hung up.

Hay-wire

Last month Octy predicted that Minnesota's Ski-U-Mah would this month carry an editorial demanding a Union Like Wisconsin's.

Octy was wrong. What our distinguished colleagues did was to have a questionnaire on "What should Minnesota's Union Like Wisconsin's Contain?"



"Now, are there any more questions before we go on with the lesson?"



George's Uncle's Cactus' Bender

IT ALL started when George's uncle in Texas sent George a cactus. George was very pleased, because this was no ordinary cactus, but an organ cactus. Organ cacti can not, of course play tunes, as George's uncle wrote him, but they are most unusual, and rather hard to raise.

George's uncle instructed George not to water the organ cactus for at least two months, nor to give it any kind of liquid, as organ cacti are inveterate drys.

George very carefully unwrapped the cactus one morning and put it on the window sill in his room. It wasn't exactly beautiful, but it was a different thing, and it set off the Petty pictures very nicely.

Then he told all the fellows in the hall that they absolutely should not water the organ cactus, and he told his landlady not to water the cactus either.

It grew quite well in George's window. It still didn't look pretty after a couple of weeks, but it was different, and George liked it.

One Saturday night George and a couple of other fellows decided to celebrate. There wasn't anything in particular to celebrate, but the boys just took a notion to get a little bit high.

They agreed that one of them would buy a fifth of rye, and that the other two would pay him.

When they met in George's room, each of them had bought a fifth of rye, because each wanted to be sure that he had the right kind. They were kind of mad at each other, and they talked of taking it back, but they couldn't agree on which kind to keep, so they didn't take any back.

Then they began to test the rye to see which was the best. Before they had decided which was the best, there wasn't any rye left, except for one jigger of George's rye which he was saving to prove his point when the rest was gone.

He could have proved his point, because one jigger of rye, when there is

no other rye, is undoubtedly the best. The only trouble was that one of the other fellows bumped him and the rye spilled all over the organ cactus, though George didn't bother to look where it had spilled.

They still hadn't decided which rye was best, so they decided to go out and get some more, though it was half past two. They put on their coats and went to look for more rye.

They couldn't find any place to buy rye at half past two in the morning, so they ate some hamburgers and went back to George's room. As they walked up the stairs they heard soft music in the distance. The nearer they got to George's room, the louder it became. It was organ music.

They looked at each other, and with one accord they said, "Are you drunk?" Then they stood outside the door of George's room and solemnly swore to each other that they would never touch a drop of any liquor, especially rye, in their lives.

THEN they fell in pretty much of a heap on the floor of the hall and went to sleep, still with one accord.

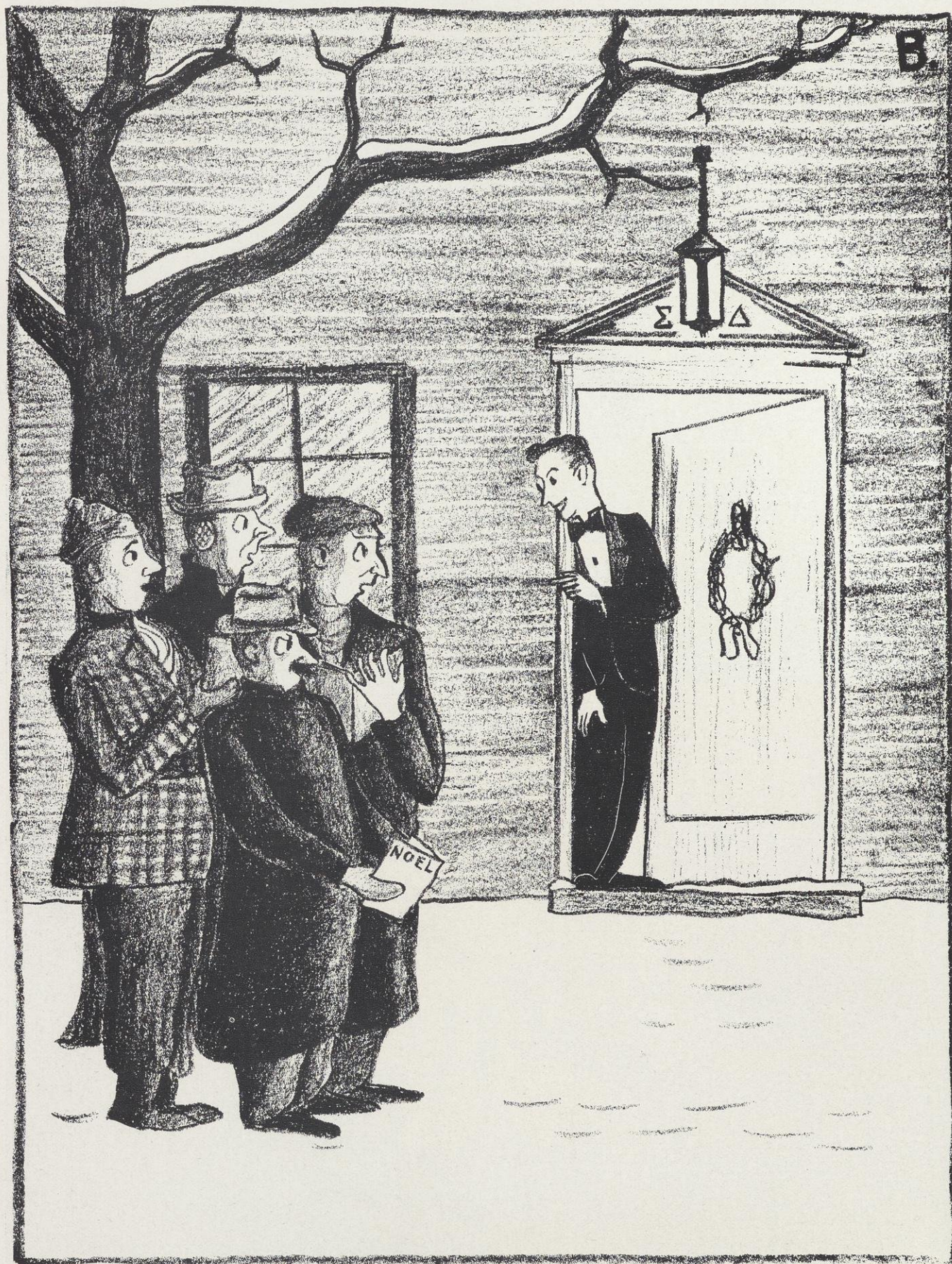
And the organ cactus went right on with its bender.



Herb



"Swing what?"



"Do you boys know 'Dinah'?"





—HARVARD LAMPOON, OCTOBER, 1936
"Check your coat, sir?"



—OCTOPUS, OCTOBER, 1933
"Check your coat, sir?"

Erasmus, scholar and humanist, will be commemorated on Nov. 18, the 100th anniversary of his death, with a lecture by George Clark Sellery.

The lecture by Dean Sellery, famed authority on the renaissance, is titled, "Erasmus After 400 Years."

—STATE JOURNAL

Anyhow, he's dead.

WIBA TONIGHT

8:00—NBC Town Hall Tonight
 8:00—NBC Hit Parade

—STATE JOURNAL, Nov. 18

Double feature, but no bank night?

FRATERNITIES VOTE SUPPORT OF PROM; ACCEPT POSITIONS

—DAILY CARDINAL

Damn white of the boys.

"'T Ain't Right" is an excellent example of his style and ideas, and is varied enough to get a good picture of the man. As it amply proves, Pegler can handle the English language like few newspapermen can.

—DAILY CARDINAL

As very few newspapermen can.

My Overcoat and My Invention

I HAVE always been worried about overcoats. Overcoats without belts have always been my special worry. Lots of times as I have been walking down the street with someone I'd see a fellow in an overcoat without a belt, and I would say to the guy I was walking with, "Say, I wonder—"

And he'd say, "What?" but I never would finish, because what was the use of trying to explain something that you can't understand yourself? I had a big problem on my hands, and I wasn't going to say anything about it until I had solved it for myself.

Finally I just couldn't go on wondering any more. Overcoats were driving me oofy. I had always liked overcoats

better with belts, but I bought one without a belt just for the sake of science.

I was rather proud of my will power, and yet rather afraid of the consequences, and a little dubious as to the results when I took the overcoat home one fall afternoon.

When I got into my room, I took the coat out of the box and laid it on my bed and looked at it. It was pretty much like all overcoats, except that it had lines somewhat like a tent. It looked simple enough, so I decided that I would put it on.

As I picked it up, I noticed something peculiar about it. It didn't have any shoulders. It looked as though the

"King's XI!"



—TEXAS RANGER, OCTOBER, 1936

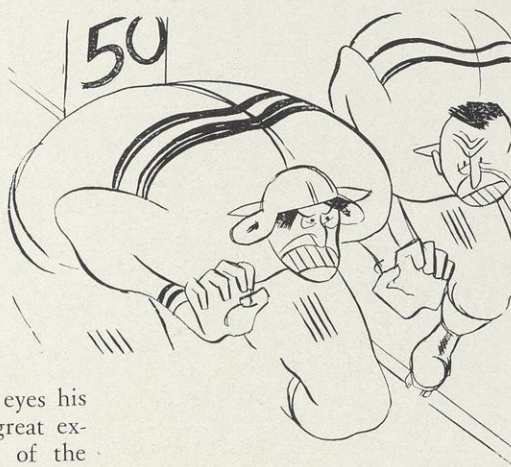
OCTY creaks back in his swivel chair and eyes his handiwork with mixed emotions. At great expense he has gathered from far ends of the country cartoons from two of his more intelligent contemporaries, the Texas Ranger—the only presentable college comic in the South, and the Harvard Lampoon—one of the best in the land.

The situations in both pairs of cartoons are obvious, and wits two thousand miles apart could—and did—conceive them independently. But Octy purrs with satisfaction when he sees that his Jimmy Watrous was a man ahead of his times.

God knows how many of Octy's current Bright Ideas were old stuff to Professors Charles Allen and Max Otto when they, as students, began the comic tradition on this campus in 1899. Hence Octy does not gloat, nor puff with pride, nor rant at his fellow magazines.

The Octopus smiles softly to himself; and coyly taking his position under the mistletoe, he sends from the bottom of his heart the season's greetings to the Lampoon and the Ranger. God rest ye merry, gentlemen!

"King's X—Can't Tag!"



—OCTOPUS, OCTOBER, 1933

shoulders had slipped right down the sleeves, or something. It just sagged down from the collar. I knew then that my problem was even tougher than I had thought it was going to be.

How anyone could possibly wear an overcoat without a belt and without any shoulders was 'way beyond me, but I intended to figure it out. Very carefully I slipped the coat on.

It was just as I had expected. The coat fell in a pile on the floor. I picked it up again and slipped into it. Again it slipped right off and onto the floor.

Now I knew that I hadn't been wrong. The coat wasn't made right. No overcoat without a belt could possibly be made right. I turned the coat inside out and looked it over very carefully. Then I borrowed my roommate's slide rule. He said you can do anything with a slide rule.

Well, I fooled around with the damned thing for an hour, but it didn't

do any good, so then I did what I had seen him do when he couldn't make it work a problem. I took a nap.

After a couple of days I gave up the engineering angle and went after the thing in my own way. I worked it out in the middle of a history lecture, and it seemed pretty good. When I got home that noon, I went right to work on the coat without eating any lunch.

It took me a couple of hours to get it fixed, but when it was finished, I slipped the coat on, and it stayed on. I jumped around and turned somersaults, but it still stayed on. I did everything, but it wouldn't slip off.

Now I am happy. I am a success. My invention works.

It's funny no one ever thought of suspenders for beltless overcoats before.

'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring,
No spoons.

FIREMEN FIGHT FIRE FUDGE AND PERFUME

[from the Middleton, Wis., TIMES-TRIBUNE]

Middleton Firemen answered a call near Ashton Corners early Tuesday morning in which a Gateway City Truck loaded with J. R. Watkins Toilet articles, recipe books and sundry articles, was on fire. To extinguish the flames, much of the merchandise had to be unloaded.

Whether the members came directly home or became involved with pretty maidens at a nearby roadhouse will never be explained, for most of them smelled of perfume, bath salts and face powder, when they crawled back into bed in the daylight hours of the morning.

Iver Hagen was the hero of the crew, for he came into contact of enough perfume to scent the entire block in which he lived.

Arne Schwarz thought he would get in good with his wife afterwards, so he presented her with a cook book.

T. R. Daniels tried the same stunt, but it didn't work.

Namen Offerdahl says he found a box of angel food cake on the road, but who believes that.

"That's a two-man saw. Spud, this is murder!"



Mud and Ice

LIVING in the little red gym on Langdon street is a man with a past.

The man is Art Thomsen. The past is the whole past of Wisconsin hockey, not all of which is Thomsen's, but which makes a very interesting story none the less. For hockey at Wisconsin is a thing of the past, and Thomsen is thus coach of a sport which does not exist. And this time of the year, when he pokes his nose—impervious to cold—out of the door, a big round tear rolls down either cheek and freezes on his chin.

Art is the last of his clan. One by one they've come and gone, from Joe Steinauer, who still coaches swimming, through Spike Carlson. They've all gone, mainly because the Wisconsin weatherman is an ornery creature who can't be depended on for ice and because the Badger athletic department is too broke to fork out a lot of greenbacks for an indoor hockey rink.

The last Card sextet splashed its way

up and down the lower campus in 1933-34. At the end of a somewhat disastrous season, the boys got together and swore that they wouldn't don another pair of skates until the indoor rink became a fact and not a theory.

Let's get the technical stuff out of the way. Wisconsin has had eight hockey coaches. Their names are Joe Steinauer, Doc Viner, Bob Blodgett, Kay Iverson, Rube Brandow, Johnny



Farquhar, Spike Carlson, and Art Thomsen. Steinauer began coaching in 1916, and Thomsen finished up in 1934. The Badgers never won a conference title, which, when you consider the fact that there are only three teams in the Big Ten, isn't so hot. The old league, however, used to include Michigan School of Mines and Marquette along with Minnesota and Michigan.

Now we've got the dope over with, we'll tell you some funny stories.

In February, 1930, Minnesota beat Wisconsin 2-1, without scoring a goal! In fact, Wisconsin scored all three goals. The first one was scored by our goalie, Chick Frisch, who defended his cage so well that he eventually knocked the puck in with his stick. The next one came when Bill Metcalfe, Card defense star, passed the puck to Frisch near the goal in order to have his goalie send it flying down the sideboards. That was o.k., except that Metcalfe overlooked the fact that Frisch wasn't there when he passed. So that puck went dropping into the Wisconsin nets. Score, Minnesota 2, Wisconsin 0. Art Thomsen scored the next

(continued on page twenty-seven)

Octy's Own Christmas Cards

Let Norris Wentworth ring his bells,
Across the sparkling snow
To greet ten junior Phi Betes
And those on final pro.

To Jacko and Tiger and Kitty-Kat
Ski-U-Mah and Phoenix,
And the Record we send greeting
cards,
Snowy Christmas scenics.

To Lampoon's Ibis, Ellis Jones,
An awfully friendly joe,
We toss a long green pickle . . .
He knows where he can go.

Let every lad lined with the stags
Some warm affection show
To every maid who bashful stands
Beneath the mistletoe.

Let guys who now have dates for Prom
Eat fruit cake and rejoice;
And may every lass on Langdon be
Asked by her secret choice.

Good cheer to those whose fines exceed
Their library deposit;
For medics each a cookie and
A stiff in every closet.

For engineer and lawyer give
A law tome and a slipstick,
And may they both, as is but fair,
Collect their share of lipstick.

May herald angels sing on high
Hymns reverent and blessed
For all who ever failed to pass
Their freshman swimming test.

The infirmary's patients, lone and
glum,
We skip along to greet,
Whatever it is that keeps them there,
Pneumonia or flat feet.

We wish the gladdest of the Yules
To Harry Williams, Red;
And in the meantime thumb our nose
At Wausau's Bd. of Ed.

Come Delts and Phi Gams, Betas,
Dekes,
Get all your brothers collared;
We're carolling for Scotty and
Miss Ellingson and Dollard.

We're carving up a turkey,
A well-stuffed festive fowl
And passing on a drumstick to
Stuhldreher and Arthur Towell.

The neck for Regent Wilkie,
White meat for Porter Butts,
The feet for Hank McCormick,
For Johnny Chapple—nuts!

To Max and Ralph and Wallie Drew
We pass the applesauce,
And give a helping, by the way, to
Eldon Weems and E. A. Ross.

For Helen White and John M. Gaus
Pour out a glass of brandy;
To Harold Groves and Philo Buck
Pass on the Christmas candy.

To all good people everywhere, from
Alaska to the Isthmus
We wish a Happy New Year and,
Of course, a Merry Christmas!



Let the Pi Phis hang their stockings up
And, quiet as a mouse,
Lie still and pray that Santa brings
To them a fine new house.

And let Santa fill her stocking
Hanging from the shelf,
Just half as well as Betty Hill
Can fill it in herself.

To President Glenn and Mrs. Frank
We send the best wishes,
For these three reasons: (a), (b), (c)—
But let's not be officious.

Sex Appeal



In picking POLDI MILDNER for the Union concert series, the Union has had in mind the satisfaction of the tastes of many people.

It seems to be the policy of the Union to bring to the Union during the year such people that the likes of everyone will be satisfied. Not only has the Union an eye to the musical tastes of its public, but it very thoughtfully bears in mind some of the finer emotions.

For this, each year some artist is booked that will appeal to the feminine point of view from the eye appeal as well as the ear appeal standpoint, and the same is done so that the masculine tastes may be satisfied.

Poldi Mildner, then, has been chosen not only for her ability as a pianist, but for her pleasingness to the masculine eye. Her pictures, it might be added, could be accused of being just a trifle evasive.

Poldi is pictured from the neck up here, but another shows the attractive Poldi leaning over the keyboard of a piano. In this her arms plus her head and shoulders are portrayed. Sad to say, the arms have been retouched, but not enough to hide the brawny muscle that ripples beneath the fair skin of the lovely creature. In addition, her fingers look more like a baseball player's than a young lady's, but we shall give the photographer all due credit for doing a very good job of Poldi.

Though an artist of no mean ability, Poldi, we are told, can still giggle, and does. This might be a point in her favor, though we know of a half dozen gals that are blond, play the piano, and giggle.

Further, she can't cook. It still doesn't help much, but it shows that she might be very nice looking after all, because no nice looking girl can ever cook. Our logic is not good enough to be able to tell whether this follows inversely.

A young Beta pledge named McGluff
Left the House in a terrible huff:

He'd assumed a new angle
In a geometry tangle
And somebody paddled his duff.

Mammy and Pappy went to the show
Their little Julie? She didn't go.
She got a visit from her Romeo
Mammy and Pappy? Missed a good
show.

PAY-OFF

With inward chuckles
Of feminine glee,
You knew that at last
You were rid of me.

With sentences caustic
And voice refined,
You charmingly gave me
A piece of your mind.

But the triumph's not yours
For if only you knew,
I've been trying for months
To get rid of you!

—BOB NASH

I kissed her on the Tri Delt porch
While standing by the door,
Then asked the simple question,
"You've not been kissed before?"
"Oh, no," she said with wistful eyes,
"That's mighty strange of you,
'Cause Alpha Deltas and Kappa Sigs
Have asked me that one, too."

I like an exam
I think they're fun
I never cram
And I don't flunk a one
I'm the teacher.

COALS TO NEWCASTLE DEPT.

At Marshfield Delores Keyes, state
dairy queen, gave Gov. Landon a big
box of cheese.

—CAPITAL TIMES.

The mayor and his band of 70 men
opened up with their 10 machine guns.
Two boats got near the coast but a devast-
ating fire made them retire.
000 slush fund?

—STATE JOURNAL.

Sure, ballots or bullets?

BUILDING PERMITS

Herman house, new porch and repairs,
508 N. Francis St., \$400.

—STATE JOURNAL.

Prosit, Herr Herman!

FDR IN FINAL BID FOR
VOTES OF NEW YORK
Takes O-Mile Motor Trip for 'Neigh-
borhood' Support

—CAPITAL TIMES.

Let's count it over once more.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



ICE SKATING

HI, CHUBBINS — WHAT'S CHARLES LOOKING SO GLUM ABOUT?



OH, HE'S KINDA PEEVISH BECAUSE HE LOST HIS OLD PIPE AND HAD TO BUY A NEW ONE



A FINE BRIAR ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE MAKING MUCH HEADWAY BREAKING IT IN



CAN'T DO IT FAST! I HAVE A SENSITIVE TONGUE, JUDGE — AND A NEW PIPE ALWAYS STINGS AND BURNS



LISTEN SON, TAKE A TIP FROM AN OLD-TIMER. BREAK IN YOUR PIPE WITH PRINCE ALBERT AND AVOID TONGUE-BITING UNPLEASANTNESS



YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, JUDGE, I WILL



IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU SMILING AGAIN



GOSH, CHUBBINS, WHO WOULDN'T SMILE? THIS P.A. IS AS SMOOTH AND TASTY AS CAN BE. AND IT DOESN'T BITE MY TONGUE

WELL, DID CHARLES AND P.A. AGREE WITH EACH OTHER?



DID THEY? I'D CALL IT A CASE OF LOVE AT FIRST PUFF!



Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



PRINCE ALBERT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF —

Prince Albert is as tasty and mellow as Nature and man, both working together, can make it. The tobaccos in P. A. are among the choicest grown—expertly cured, carefully matured. As the crowning touch, every leaf is processed

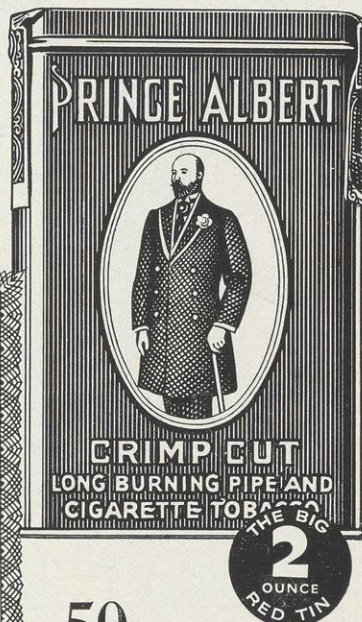
to take out "bite." Then, cut the scientific way—"crimp cut." It's bound to be mellow, tasty, slow-burning tobacco that suits steady pipe smokers to a T. Prince Albert is great tobacco for roll-your-own cigarettes too.

PRINCE ALBERT MUST PLEASE YOU

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

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

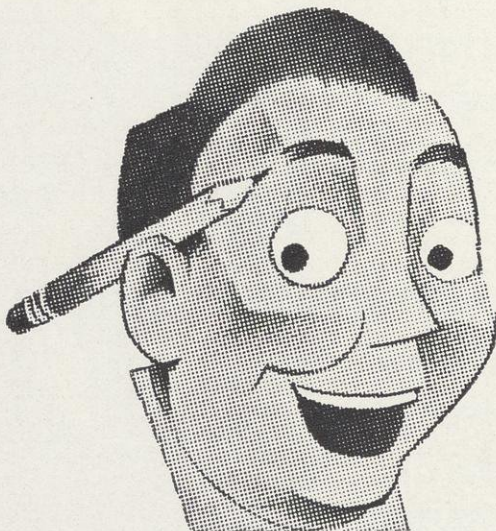


50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

To Octy Staff and Friends



And for 1937



Cardinal Publishing Co.

740 LANGDON

Mr. Speaker!

*(If student bull sessions were run
like Congressional debates)*

- '39: I desire to announce that the Student from New Mexico is unavoidably absent tonight on pressing business at the tailor shop.
- '37: A quorum is present.
- '40: With the kind permission of the Student from Indiana, I would like to ask him whether or not that is my shirt he is wearing.
- '38: It is not.
- '40: I desire to serve notice now that articles of apparel belonging to me cannot be borrowed without permission.
- '39: Will the Student yield?
- '37: Does the Student from Wisconsin yield to the Student from Florida?
- '40: I do.
- '39: If the Student from Wisconsin refers to the cravat I wore on Friday last, may he be informed that it was picked up in the washroom. I would like to call his attention to the Finders-Keepers Law—
- '40: I wish to state that my remarks were not directed at any individual. If the Student from Florida still feels that I have singled him out for criticism, I offer an apology.
- '39: The Student's apology is accepted.
- '38: Will the Student yield to me?
- '40: Certainly.
- '38: While on the question of social conduct, I would like to bring up the matter of entertaining women guests in the living room. Several of the brethren have taken the liberty to invite their lady friends to share our day-entrants late in the evening. Now I don't protest these tete-a-tetes on moral grounds but they cause considerable inconvenience to men who want to come down and read the papers after they've finished studying.
- '40: I would remind the Student that there is ample time for perusing the papers between the hours of 5:00 and 7:00. If that period does not meet the Student's convenience, may I suggest that he buy his own papers?
- '38: I want to thank the Student for his advice, but would like to have him tell us if we are entitled to something for our appropriations. After all, women can be entertained at the Soda Grill or elsewhere, while it would be quite embarrassing for us to walk to a drug store for a paper, dressed only in pajamas as most of us are who study in our rooms at night.
- '40: A person too lazy to pull on a pair of pants doesn't deserve the name of Student.
- '38: I demand that the Student apologize!
- '40: I beg the Student's pardon. I meant no insult. I am simply trying to maintain the fraternity's reputation for moral integrity.
- '39: Would it be too much to ask that something be done about my estimable colleague who insists on keeping his dirty socks on the window sill?
- '37: Mr. President.
- '38: The Student from New York.
- '37: I move we adjourn.

(The session adjourns without a vote.)

—IRVING BELL

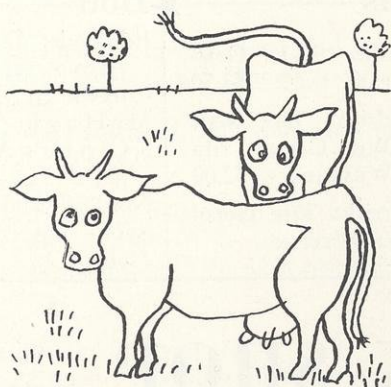
Gyp Artist

ONE of the fine arts whose development has recently been neglected is that of scientific cribbing. This craft, it seems, has fallen into dangerous disuse, probably because exams have had a tendency of late to be easier than formerly. Cribbing, to be frank, is not the subtle operation that it ought to be. Cribbers are too preoccupied keeping one eye on all of the many proctors and the other on both their own and the paper of their confederate (a very difficult ocular feat) to be able to develop much of the originality of technique that is so badly needed in modern cribbing. Real masters of this art are rare nowadays because cribbing is a maneuver that requires a finely balanced combination of legerdemain, quick observation, sense of humor, and last but not least, plain guts.

My former roommate, Quigley Printwhistle, was one such rare master who, through practice and experiment in half a dozen preparatory schools, had acquired a technique rarely found in college students. Often Quig would even crib in his A subjects simply because of his sheer love of the practice and also because he claimed it gave him a chance to try out his devices for later use.

Quig had a table in the corner of the room that he called his laboratory. And laboratory it was, since he never studied. He was always over at this table puttering around with concealed slips of paper, starched cuffs, invisible ink, and other apparatus of his art. Sometimes he would ask me to help him with his laboratory experiments. I would play the part of the proctor. If I reported that I could see his manipulations out of the corner of my eye, then he would make a notation in his notebook and change the trick a bit. It was very interesting to watch him. He really had it down to a science.

He had one ever-looming Waterloo that bothered him no end. That was his archeology instructor, old Professor Mac-Thrivie. He seemed to have eyes with telescopic and x-ray qualities as well as an uncannily psychic mind. Quig's bag of stunts was powerless in his presence. Every week this mastermind would spot him looking at a paper concealed under his false fingernails or eating candy with the data written upon it. His paper was usually torn up. Thus my clever roommate faced the Archeology 347b final with a very, very low average. About a week before the exam he came up to me and told me of his latest plan. I also took his Archeology 347b course and had been rating a low A



"There's Annabelle, off to another bull-session."

Take a Tip from Santa Claus



He Says - -

"You'll get a big kick out of filling up my Christmas pack with gifts this year, if you do your shopping in SIMPSON's *Gift Corner*. Christmas letters are just pouring into the North Pole letter box. And what are they asking for? Why, gifts from SIMPSON's, of course! Dad says he wants some smoking accessories, while Brother prefers a desk set, and Sis is just pining away for some of SIMPSON's lovely lingerie. Mother has sort of hinted for some crystal glassware. And the girl friend! Why, she just can't wait for a beautiful SIMPSON evening bag. With your cooperation I won't have to disappoint anyone."

Simpson's
on the Square



For Lasting Gifts

Burdick & Murray Co.

Ladies' Coats
Dresses
Foundation Garments
Lingerie
Hosiery
Footwear
Neckwear
Gloves
Handkerchiefs
Linens
Spreads
Comforters

COMPLETE
TOY
DISPLAY

Blankets
Drapes
Robes
Millinery
Etc.



in it. Quig asked me to help pull the trick that would get him by in the course in spite of the professor. I felt big-hearted and consented.

THE day of the final arrived. Everything was all set. We walked into the exam room together. Quig gave MacThrivie a nasty look as he was handed his paper. I was seated several rows away. We started to write the exam. Picking up his pencil, Quig started to tap it innocently on the arm of the seat. I strained my ears for the Morse signal.

W-H-E-R-E I-S T-H-E P-O R-I-V-E-R? he tapped out expertly.

I thought for a second and then tapped back: I-N N-O-R-T-H-E-R-N I-T-A-L-Y. After a short pause, the tapping continued back and forth the entire two hours. After we were through, we were both surprised to hear a tapping from the back of the room. We both sat still to catch the signal.

P-R-I-N-T-W-H-I-S-T-L-E F-L-U-N-K-S . . . S-E-E M-E I-N M-Y O-F-F-I-C-E, came the curt dots and dashes. I turned around. It was old "Pinchpenny" MacThrivie.

Later I found out that he had been a telegraph operator before he got to teaching archeology.

FLUNKING the course did not hurt Quig so much. It was the disastrous failure of his masterpiece that broke his heart. I found him that night draped over his "lab" table surrounded by his starched cuffs, bits of paper, false fingernails, and other paraphernalia. He was dead—poisoned by half a bottle of his favorite invisible ink. Concealed in his ear was a very small scrap of paper. I held a match under it.

When the ink became visible I read: "Quigley K. Print-whistle, died of a broken heart, June 18, 1936."

—JOHN J. LA RUS.



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One: See that girl? That's my girl.

Two: Uh-huh. Good looking fox scarf she's got.

Three: Yeah. I gave her that.

Four: She's a fair looking dame. Pretty hat.

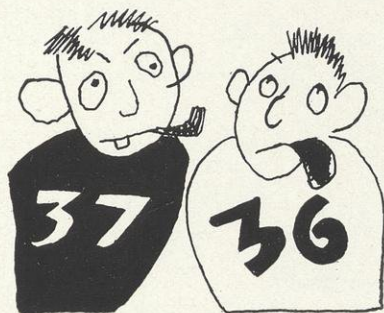
Company: Yep. I gave her that.

Halt: In fact, the whole outfit she's wearing is swell—elegant.

Rest: Shore is. I give it to her.

Dis: And say—That's a cute little boy she has with her.

Missed: Yeah. That's her brother. —*Oshkosh Ogosh.*

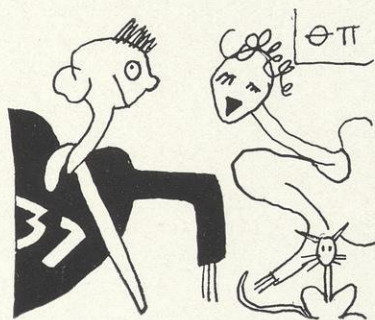


A business man had the habit of leaving his umbrella at the office. One morning on a street car he absent-mindedly picked up the umbrella of a young lady who sat in the same seat with him.

"I beg your pardon, but this is mine," she said.

He was very embarrassed, and that night decided to gather up all of his umbrellas and take them home with him to forestall any further experiences of that sort. When he got on a street car, there sat the same young lady. Leaning over, she said in a low tone, "I see you did very well today, after all."

—*Puppet.*



The governor picked up the phone and called long distance. "I want to speak to Kill Demoff at the state prison," he said excitedly.

"Sorry," a voice answered, "but your party has just hung up."

—*Tiger.*

Feudal Lord: Son, I understand you were misbehaving while I was away.

Son: In what manor, sire? In what manor?

—*Temple Owl.*

Her: My, how bashful you are.

Him: Yes, I guess I take after my father in that respect.

Her: Was your father bashful?

Him: Was he! Mother says if father hadn't been so bashful I'd be four years older.

—*Sun Dial.*

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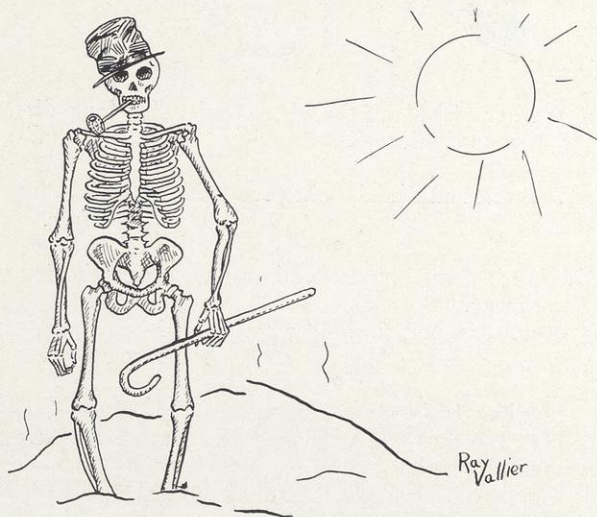
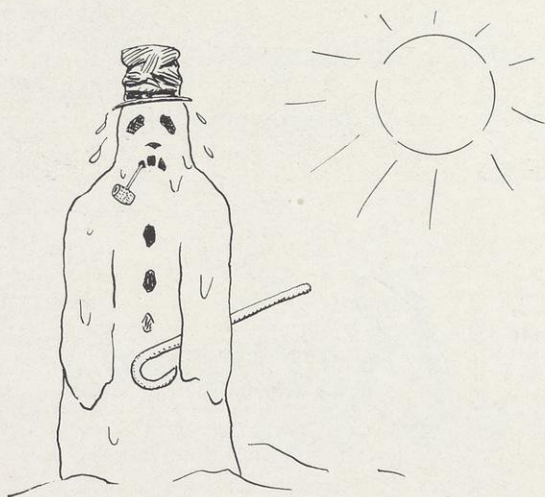
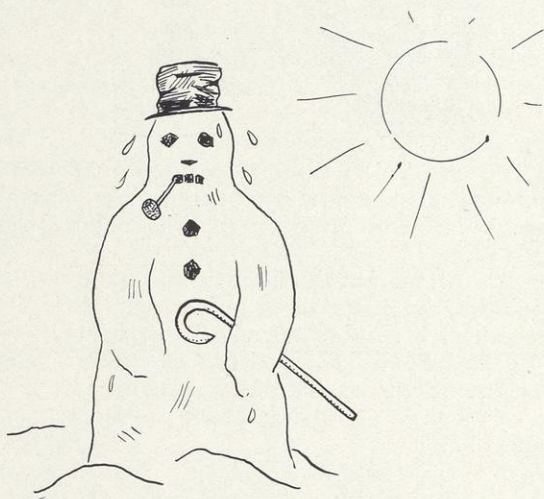
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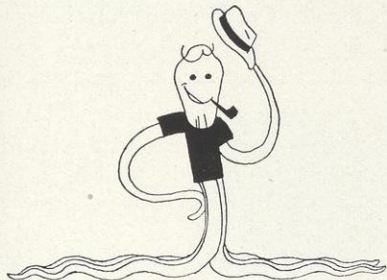
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VOLUME XVII

NUMBER IV

Mud

(continued from page eighteen)

one, just to make it close. Final count, 2-1.

Then there was the game back in 1927-28, when Minnesota and Wiscon- sin clashed on the lower campus rink in a sea of water. It hadn't been below 30 above for days and a long thaw set in. For nine-tenths of the game, the players tripped, slid, and swam up and down the enclosure, looking for ice. Finally, John McCarter oozed half-way up the court, found a narrow piece of something slippery, brought the puck up on it and teed off. It went into the nets and Wisconsin had upset the con- ference champs, 1-0.

Then there was the tale of Gil Krue- ger, a 115 pound midget wrestling champ, who was called "Birdlegs" by his teammates because he was so big. In the Marquette game of 1928-29, Coach Farquhar had Krueger guard- ing all-American Pudge MacKenzie, later a Chicago Blackhawk. Krueger proved a fly in the ointment all eve- ning. He broke up every Hilltopper attempt at offensive formation, he held on to MacKenzie like a leech, and to top it all, he scored the only goal of the game.

These are some of the anecdotes which will be remembered. Others concern Ray Hilsenhoff, student finan- cial adviser, who broke a foot in his third year of varsity competition, and Wally Drew, hockeying Cardinal edi- tor, who tangled with an All-American footballer and had half the Minneapolis police force on his neck.

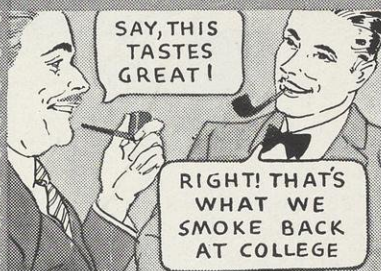
But the stories will never get the fame they deserve, for hockey probably won't come back until *somebody* finds money for that indoor rink.

And the generations which played hockey at Wisconsin will be dead by that time.

—BOB SHAPLEN

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Villain: "Ah, my proud beauty, you are in my power at last!"
 Heroine: "Well, what are you waiting for?"
 —Maroon Bee.



Why must fellows always maul
 Babes they take to Senior Ball?
 Why must each handle his Frail
 Like he was reading Balzac in
 Braille?
 —Froth.

Hands off, Columbus. You've discovered enough.
 —Medley.

Socialist Father: What do you mean by playing truant? What makes you stay away from school?
 Son: Class hatred, father. —Log.

"Going out tonight?"
 "Not completely." —Lampoon.

"Do you object to being kissed, Jean?"
 "That's something I've never done, Jim."

"Kissed, Jean?"
 "Objected, Jim." —Sundial.

Chem: What is arsenic chloride?
 Law: A salt to kill. —Ram-Buller.

"I heard a good joke today."
 "Fine, let's join the Octy staff."
 —Sundial.

'37: Stand at attention!
 '40: I am, sir. It's the uniform that is at ease, sir.
 —Skipper.

Patient—Doctor, are you sure that I have pneumonia? Sometimes a doctor prescribes for pneumonia, and the patient dies of something else.

Doctor (with dignity)—When I prescribe for pneumonia, you die of pneumonia.
 —Log.

Know anything about Latin syntax?
 Don't tell me they had to pay for their fun, too!
 —Sundial.

Model: The artist made me pose with a rifle in my hands.

Another: Is he doing a picture of the war?

Model: No, he can't trust himself.
 —Medley.

They call 'em virgin pines, because they've never been axed.

—Carolinian.



For years the two sexes have been racing for supremacy. Now they have settled down to neck and neck.

—Log.

"I say," the smart lad hailed the druggist, "will you give me something for my head?"

"I wouldn't take it as a gift," sneered the druggist, walking away. —Log.

Usher—How far down do you wish to sit, lady?

Lady—All the way, of course.

—Log.

"C'mon, let's got to a movie."
 "S'no use. I've seen all the Roosevelt's before."
 —Ranger.

"There goes the band leader that composes music while in bed."
 "Goodness, what kind of music can that be?"

"Sheet music." —Log.

He: Please.

She: No!

He: Just this once!

She: No, I said!

He: Aw, hell, Ma, all the rest of the kids are going barefooted.

—Malteaser.

He took her gently in his arms
 And pressed her to his breast.
 The lovely color left her face
 And lodged on his full dress.

—Pointer.

And the Germans named their ships after jokes so the English wouldn't see them.

—Log.

"Papa, what's a grudge?"
 "It's what you keep automobiles in."
 —Puppet.

The stork is charged with a lot of things that should probably be blamed on a lark!

—Frvol.

Drunk in telephone booth: "Number, hell; I want my peanuts!"

—Log.



"How's business?"

"On the rocks."

"Too bad."

"Oh no. I build lighthouses."

—Punch Bowl.

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