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The Wisconsin
OCTOPUS

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January, 1947

25c



CRIME VIOLENCE and HORROR

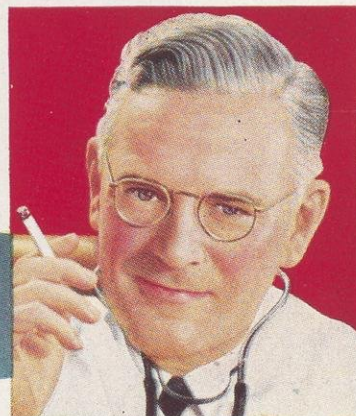
According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

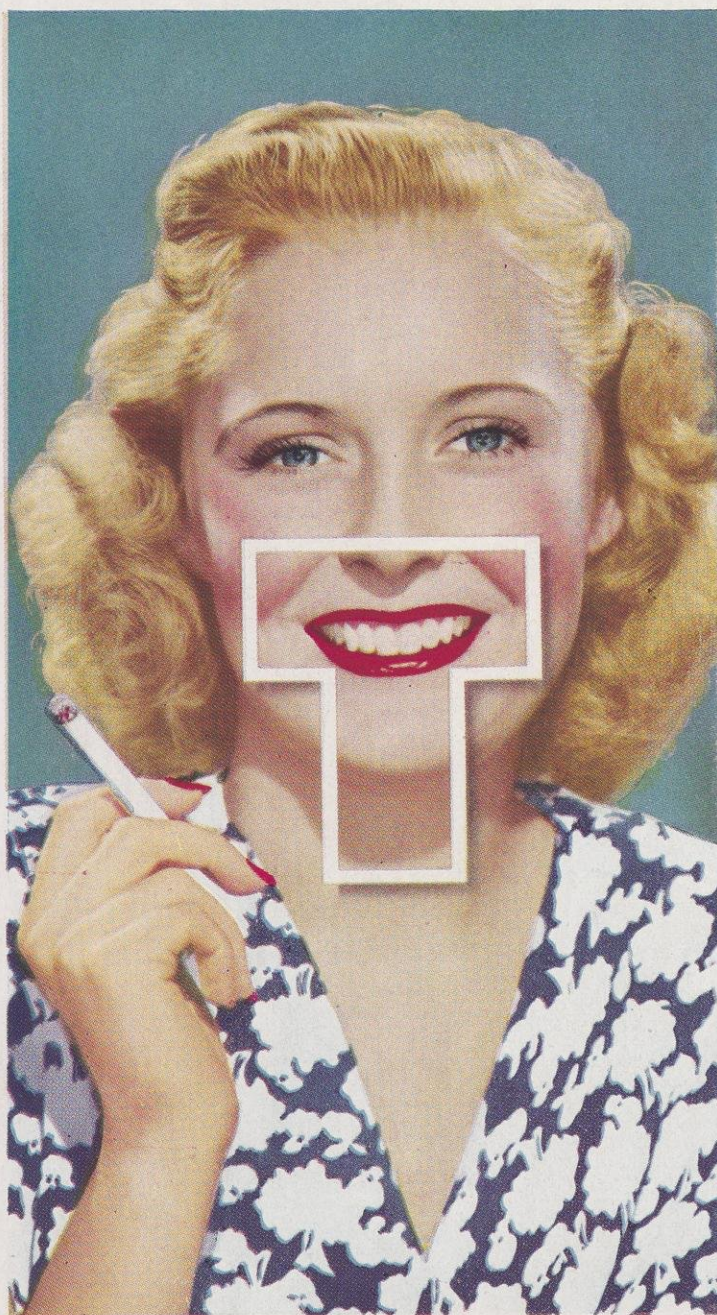
• Like the rest of us, doctors smoke for pleasure. Their taste recognizes and appreciates full flavor and cool mildness just as yours does.

And when 113,597 doctors were asked to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camels than any other brand.

Three nationally known independent research organizations conducted the survey. They queried doctors in every branch of medicine.



R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem,
North Carolina



***Your "T-Zone"**
will tell you*

T for Taste...

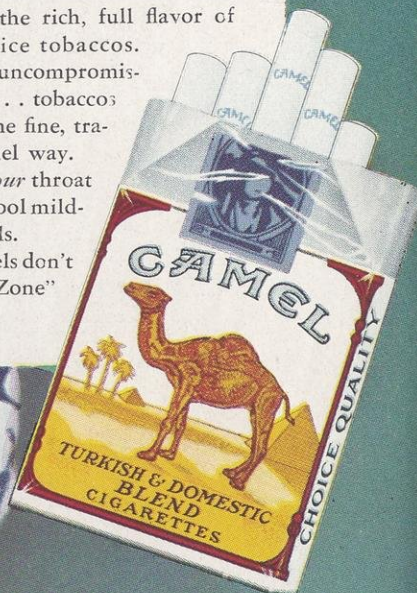
T for Throat...

• Taste and Throat...your "T-Zone"
...that's your proving ground for
any cigarette.

See how your own critical taste
responds to the rich, full flavor of
Camel's choice tobaccos.
Tobaccos of uncompromis-
ing quality . . . tobaccos
blended in the fine, tra-
ditional Camel way.

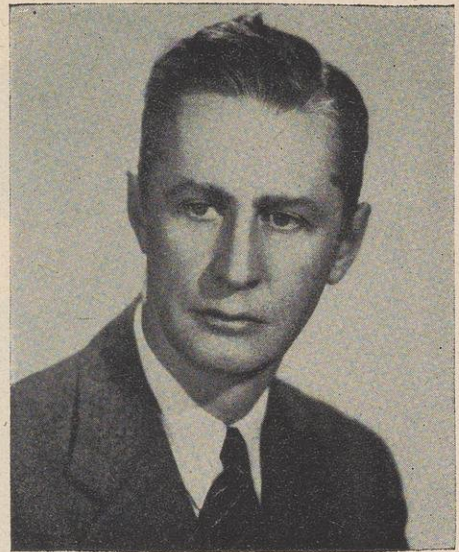
See how *your* throat
reacts to the cool mild-
ness of Camels.

See if Camels don't
suit *your* "T-Zone"
to a "T."



A Greeting From One of the Criminally-minded

*University Mystery Writer
Gives a Gorey Send-Off*



—Courtesy Wisconsin Alumnus
SAMUEL ROGERS



NOT long ago a young man of dignified appearance stepped into my office. I assumed from his scholarly manner and the faintly harassed look in his eyes that he had come to consult me about a Ph D thesis or at the very least about some problem in French grammar. Imagine my surprise when he told me he was representing *The Octopus!* (The rather furtive air with which he made this confession was obviously concealing something: I haven't yet been able to make up my mind whether it was shame or pride.) "Our next number," he went on to explain, "will be devoted to mystery, horror, and crime. August Derleth, as a connoisseur in horror, is taking care of that angle; and since you are the only writer of crime stories we've been able to dig up here in Madison, we wonder if you won't say a word to represent crime." I didn't gather which of us was to sponsor "mystery", but no doubt the editors felt they could handle that themselves. There has always been something slightly mysterious about *The Octopus*.

Here is a greeting, then—and at the same time a warning! I have no more idea than you have, dear reader, of what you will find inside these covers. I feel somewhat in the position of the cheerful host who, in the first chapter of so many mystery stories, welcomes his guests to a house party, little suspecting that before long a series of screams from upstairs will announce the discovery of a corpse in the bathtub, or that, when the lid is removed from the casserole, a baby's hand will be sizzling among the chops. There is, however, this difference: the host in question, until the actual discovery of the crime, is naively confident that all will be well. He feels no premonition of the sinister web in which he will so soon be involved. Whereas I already more than suspect that we've let ourselves in for something pretty terrible.

PROF. SAMUEL ROGERS



*Starting from here
we can make you the
"best dressed girl" on the
Campus. Circa 1947*

Baron's
On the Square

The Campus Chronicle



"**V**OSTS and ghampires, vosts and ghampires, that's a new angle," shouted Octy excitedly, wrapping one tentacle affectionately around our neck.

"A new angle on what?" we asked.

"Horror," he explained. "Ya know, . . . crime, blood, ghouls, poisonous animals and deserted houses full of bats and cobwebs and trapdoors, surrounded by swamps, ya know," he insisted tightening his grip.

"Like a Chas Addams cartoon?" we asked precociously.

"Yeah," Octy continued, "that's it. Mystery stories, suspense, chicken hearts that grow themselves and icicles sharp as knives, not to mention the sophisticated chemical approach. And bodies. Bodies in sacks, and dismembered and stray limbs. Dead ones, that is."

"Oh," we said, finding difficulty summoning breath enough to say more, but noticing the room begin to sway.

"Gad, it's thrilling," Octy went on, "Imagine a severed body in a beer keg, discovered, just as, say, the Dekes, were about to begin a booze brawl. Or a knife thrown through the Music Hall window just as Wild Bill is about to begin a lecture. Bloody good, that's what I call it." His tentacle contracted once more out of the sheer pleasure he was deriving from the subject at hand. "Bloody good," Octy murmured to himself, just as everything went black.



*To my pal Octy -
Sydney Greenstreet*

Chronicle

Damon Runyan

The passing of Damon Runyan marks the passing, too, of a touching series of episodes in the literature of crime. Somehow the murders, crossings and double crossings, scraggings, and lootings of the Runyan underworld aroused a righteous glee in our romantic breast. We mean we liked them more than somewhat.



BOO!

Was sitting in the front of Lorenzo's restaurant on University Avenue when this blonde doll with a serious look on a young face moseyed over and told us about it. Was feeling sad and mellow. Like in the mood for Minding a Baby over a piece of cheesecake. So turned to this character we know off and on for some years who had recently terminated an episode we were encouraging him to choose to forget. Was about to approach him in the nature of a small touch, but noticing his lips moving, deigned not to interrupt his thoughts. "Goodbye Harry," he was saying softly, "Goodbye Harry the Horse."

* * *

The YAM Hates Everyone

Octy doesn't ordinarily go in for politics, but we couldn't pass up an opportunity to help out our buddies in the YAM. Those YAM boys are the bomb-throwingest, blood-lettingest, starry-eyed, mob of typical young American jerks-er-men and we strongly recommend that you read what they have to say further on in the mag.

We have always hated all fascistic reactionaries and conservative fascists as much as anybody. And when it comes to reactionary reactionaries, well!, we hate them twice as much as anyone. And the YAM boys are the ones who are going to do something about such objectionable people. So, we reiterate—DON'T BE A FASCIST! JOIN THE YAM! P.S.—The YAMmers set the type for their article themselves.

All right, so it ain't neat!

—(Above photo courtesy Ringling Bros. & Barnum & Bailey)

For Prom--



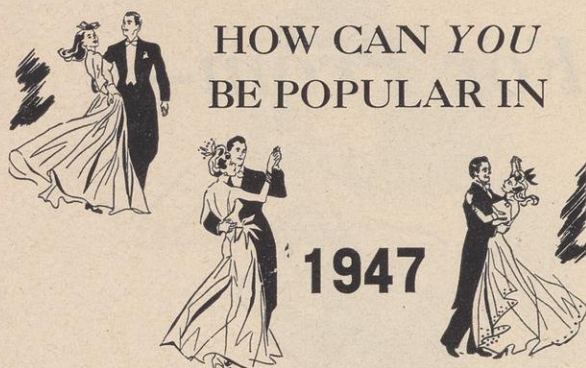
They're rushing for

a

FRIEDE RENT-A-CAR

531 STATE

BADGER 100



—with 1937 dance steps?

• When everybody is crazy about the Rumba, you can't expect to be in big demand if you have to say, "Sorry! I can't do anything but the Fox Trot."

Revive your dancing! A tactful, expert Arthur Murray teacher is ready to teach you all the modern 1947 steps.

In your first 5 minutes at Arthur Murray's you can learn the secret of the real Rumba! You'll wonder why you ever thought the Rumba was hard to learn. It comes so easily the way we teach it. And every minute of your lessons is fun with our friendly, capable experts.

Resolve right now to step into dazzling fun and popularity—to make your dancing as new as the New Year. You'll be amazed and delighted at your speedy progress. Come in or phone Gifford 1707 for your appointment.

Join Our Dancing Parties

• Mark your calendar right now for our dancing parties every Sunday afternoon from 4 to 6:30. Attendance is limited to Arthur Murray pupils and their guests. You'll practice the new steps you've learned and learn the Polka, and square dances. There are exhibitions, dancing games and prizes. Inquire about these parties when you enroll.

Studio open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., Saturdays until 6 p.m.

Arthur Murray

23 N. Pinckney St., Over Simpson's

Gifford 1707

Whom to Blame

CAPP AND GOULD

WE'VE got a lot of famous characters in this issue. Al Capp of Li'l Abner fame came through with Lena the Hyena, The Wolf Gal, and Fearless Fosdick. And then Chester Gould gave us a Dick Tracy cartoon, so *Octopus* is the first publication to have both Dick Tracy and his counterpart, Fearless Fosdick, in one issue.

GARGANTUA

GARGANTUA, the famous Ringling Bros. Circus gorilla, sent us his greetings along with a picture. Gargy's an old pal of ours; we used to go to grade school with him. That gentle looking tiger, "Sweetie-Face", also works for Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey.

KARLOFF

BORIS Karloff not only sent one of his most pinupable pictures, but he sent this greeting, "The only message I can think of at the moment is that perhaps the name of your paper may provide me with an idea for my next film make-up." So if you soon see Boris Karloff starring in "House of Octopus" or "Ostenstein Meets the Wolf-Man", you'll know where he got the idea. Right now he is working with Danny Kaye in "The Secret Life of Walter Ditty" and with Gary Cooper and Paulette Goddard in C. B. de Mille's "The Unconquered".

FLANDERS AND GARY

WESTERN crime fighting is represented by The Lone Ranger and King of the Royal Mounted. Charles Flanders draws The Lone Ranger and does a plenty good job of it. To show our appreciation, we sent The Lone Ranger a whole bale of chocolate-covered hay for his horse (Hi yo . . .) Silver. Zane Gray was the originator of King of the Royal Mounted, but the comic strip is now drawn by James Gary, excellently drawn, that is. Like a true Mountie, King always gets his man—you'll find him a little further on, on his way to the scene of a fiendish crime.

BOGART AND GREENSTREET

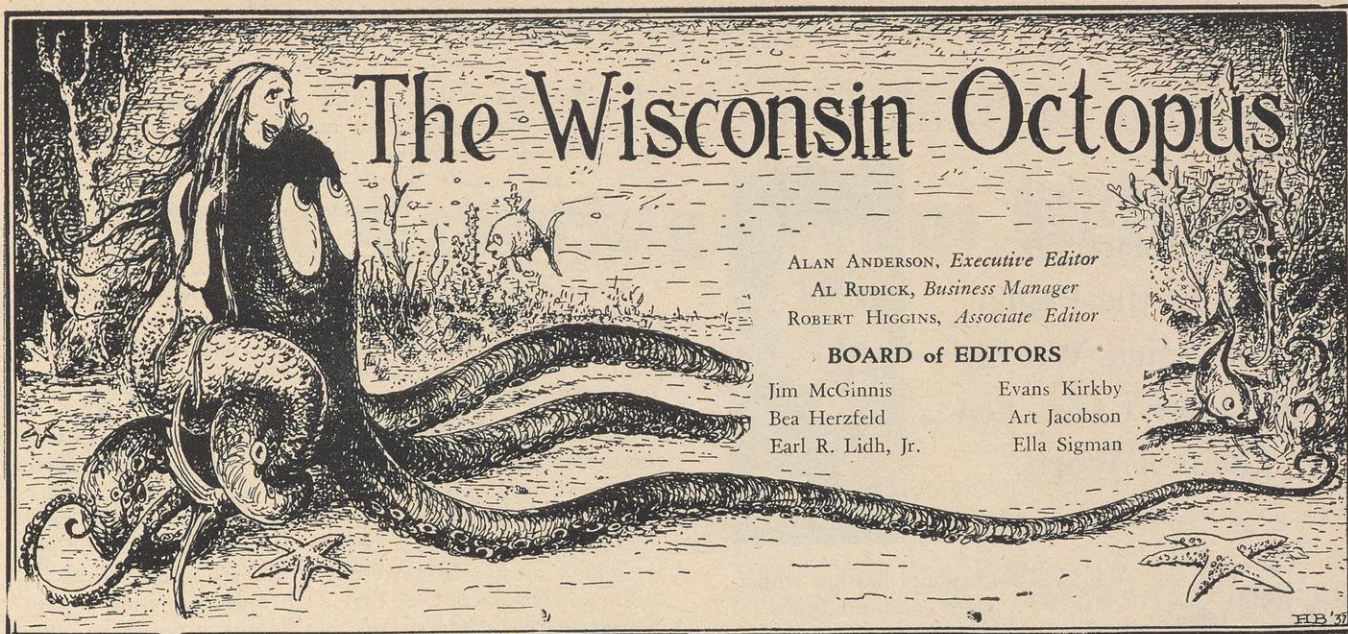
TWO of Warner Brothers' best tough guys sent pictures. Humphrey Bogart sent a letter along with his, and Sydney Greenstreet sent his regards to his pal, Octy. We were hoping that "Bogey" would have his wife, Lauren Bacall, deliver his stuff, but no such luck.

At present Humph is following up his success in "The Big Sleep" with "Dead Reckoning", in which he plays an ex-paratrooper. Syd seems to be going in for women in a big way. His two latest movies are "That Way With Women" and "The Woman in White".

DERLETH

WE tried to work in some local angles, and August Derleth was one of our most workable. Mr. Derleth, a Wisconsin grad, is perhaps best known for his novels and "slick" magazine stories, but he is also "great at ghouls", or in other words, he writes horror stories. "Augie", sometimes called "The Sage of Sauk City", not only writes horror stories (he is one of the mainstays of *Weird Tales*), but he also runs a publishing house in Sauk City, name of Arkham House, which is devoted exclusively to tales of the supernatural. Besides that, he recently edited the book "Who Knocks"—a collection of short horror stories. Mr. Derleth lives only 30 miles from Madison, so he gets down to the University every once in a while. If you happen to see him walking up the hill with his pet vampire bat flying on a leash, you'll know he's in a horror story mood!

(continued on page 19)



ALAN ANDERSON, *Executive Editor*
AL RUDICK, *Business Manager*
ROBERT HIGGINS, *Associate Editor*

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Volume XXV

JANUARY, 1947

Number 5

In The Editor's Bloody Study

BY BOB HIGGINS, *Guest Columnist*

*Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad that under cold stone
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.*

HOW'S that, Mac? "Brown Study"? Not this month! Not with the kind of stuff we've had to put up with! Brr! It's been a trying month getting out this "Crime, Violence, and Horror" issue, what with banshees, mobsters, witches, griffons, highwaymen, frozen-faced fiends, baby-faced killers, leopard-men, trolls, ogres, and others coming in and demanding "house". It was really rough —almost as bad as registration.

The worst part was the day that creepy, clammy, *Cardinal* bunch came over. "HOUSE! HOUSE!" they cried, as they grabbed at us with their long talons. "Nobody reads the *Cardinal*, we have to get our names before the public somehow!" Editor Dick Leonard explained, point by point, all the foul deeds he had done—how much candy he had stolen from babies, how many widows and orphans he had left penniless. But we were firm with them.

"Begone, foul fiends, or we'll make with a stake in your black tickers," we shouted back, and they withdrew in haste to their den of iniquity at 823 University Avenue.

*Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.*



But the *Cardinal* crowd's bosom buddies heard about the incident, and then we really got it. First a thug came in and sticking a snub-nosed automatic in our tummy, he snarled, "Now get dis, youse lugs, youse can't do dat to my chums on de *Cardinal*." But then he was interrupted by a dozen or so zombies, who said substantially the same thing, only in

Zombovian. They, in turn were shoved aside by the ghosts of Jesse James and Bluebeard.

Then came a deluge of vampires, convicts, werewolves, and little green men. Scorpions and centipedes swarmed over everything. Six-shooters, in the hands of western outlaws barked. Pirates started setting up a plank over-looking Lake Mendota. Huge bats made passes at our throbbing jugular veins. Things looked black indeed! The *Cardinal* crew had some powerful friends!



*Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Kidney of a salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.*

And then help came! The W Club heard about our predicament, and soon Clarence Esser rushed in and started tackling ghouls right and left. Don Kindt was with him, and he blocked out the witch-doctors. Then Akio Konoshima arrived, and he floored all the gangrenous gargoyles. Gene Jaroch beamed the Chicago torpedos; Carl Holtz swung an oar and knocked down ten goblins and seven stranglers; Ed Mills dribbled the vampires out the door as blood dribbled off their chins.

The fight finally went in our favor when Joe Hammersley raced in from duty on the Lake Road and awed the monsters with his commanding presence. It ended when Student Board passed a resolution against splashing blood on the Union during meal hours.

We're still mopping the gore off the floor. I'm telling you, Mac, it was darn near as wild as an *Octy* party!

*Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.*

Shakespeare

The Sage of Sauk City

August Derleth,
Wisconsin, '30,
Becomes the Pegler
of the Spirit World,
But Doesn't Get Ten
Cents a Word.



Y FAVORITE ghoul has just slithered in with your communication. I am sorry it could not have had the usual impressive entrance designed for missives of this kind, for previously my ghoul made her (or its?) entrance to the accompaniment of eerie music on some kind of flutes (or pipes?), but Petrillo has forbidden this; there

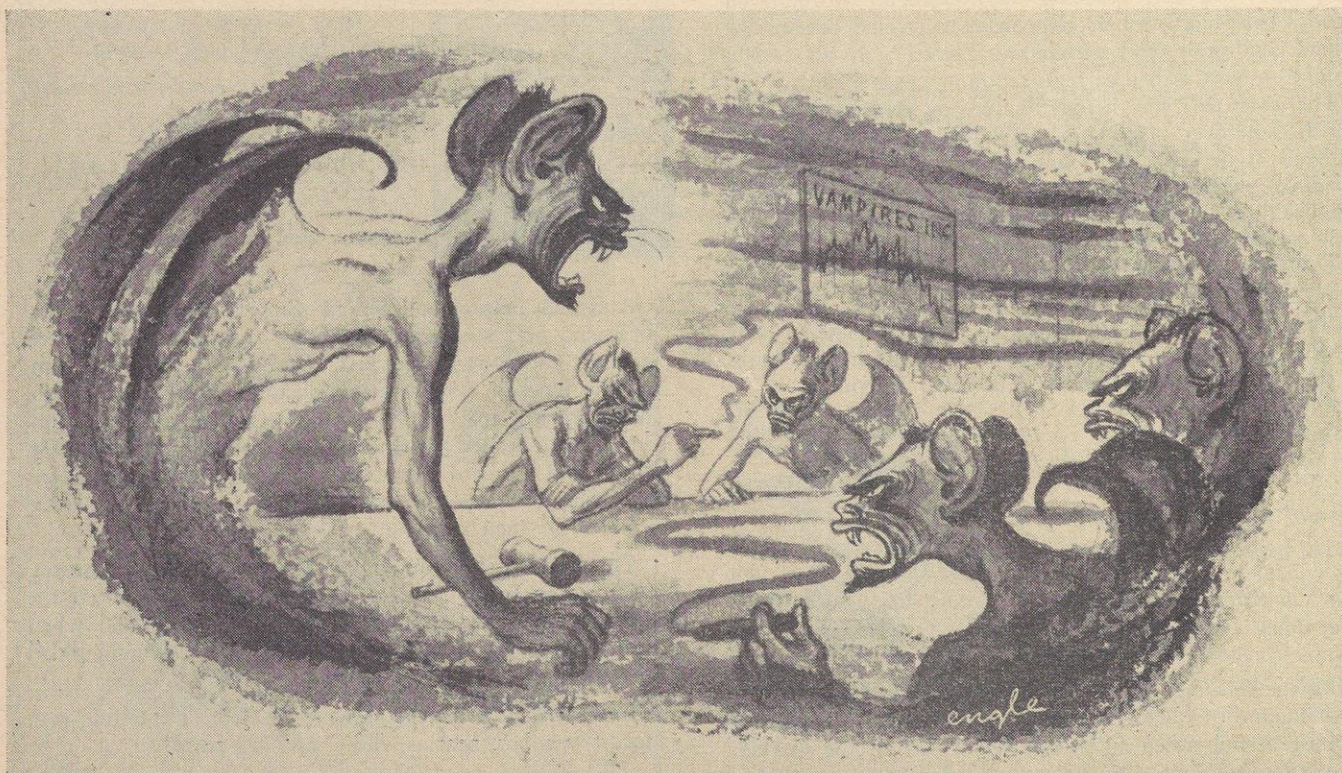
used to be also a kind of frenetic frothing, but this, the Local No. 7 of the Ghouls & Vampires Union has been informed, is now the sole property of some yokel named Bilbo, who is a character in a comic strip named, I think, *Congressional Record*.

I tell you all this solely to let you know how difficult it is to be a writer of horror stories. Of course, it is even more difficult to be a reader of them. You get pretty insufferably tired of the same old vampires, ghosts, revenants, and what have you, and now, what with the rising cost of every kind of sheeting, they are all coming in scanties—and,

while this is interesting for a time, it too begins to pall. Of course, you understand, that may be due to my advanced age. After all, I have been doing this sort of thing for so long. I am actually hoary—grown hoary, that is—in the service of all kinds of monsters, some of them of my own creation. This was all a great deal of fun until they joined the union, and now some racketeers from Limbo—either Communist or Reactionary, I don't know which, since the epithets fly indiscriminately from all sides—have got hold of the union, and I don't know from one day to the next whether I can use werewolves on Tuesday or whether they are limited to meatless days.

So much for one kind of horror. You are familiar with the more common horrors in the daily newspapers; so there is no need to go on about them, either. (After all, I must keep reminding myself: I am not getting ten cents a word for this. Not even one.) As for crime and violence. Frankly, I have always been secretly in favor of some kinds of crime and violence. Not that I am openly inviting revolution or anarchy, certainly not, but I think it would be quite all right to fix and establish a handsome bounty on politicians, people who dote on Emily Post, and those individuals who retell jokes already twice retold by Walter Winchell and Bennet Cerf. It goes without saying that I am even more in favor of horrors of all kinds. What with reformers and politicians, yearning lady poets and people who are writing books about the late war, this world is becoming a pretty dull place. Charlie Addams is doing his best of course, but he is only one among millions of dullards. So, I am for more and better horrors. (I should warn you people at the *Octopus*, however, not to get into any conflict with Local No. 13 of the Elves, Trolls, and Earth-Spirits Union, for they are run by a particularly pugnacious character who looks like an over-grown and somewhat shaggy bulldog; and stepping on his toes, even offside, is likely to create such a furore that the government is likely to be embarrassed all over again.)

—AUGUST DERLETH



Gentlemen, what this organization needs is some new blood!

Gruesome Greetings From McHugh



FEW months back, the *Octy* made the mistake of printing a somewhat jumbled series of typographical errors selected from *Roget's Thesaurus* and bearing my by-line. This hodgepodge appeared under the not inappropriate title of "My Kingdom for a Hearse," and revealed to the reading public for the first time the activities

of an addled asietin turned detective, whose only vice seemed to be his penchant for going on an occasional dehydrated water jag. The name of the clue-scorning psuedo-sleuth was Emory McHugh and his first antagonist was an oriental dilettante hailing originally from Shot Wad, Saskatchewan named Dr. Polyglot Ku, who, undaunted by the American Tobacco Company, was usually to be found contentedly puffing on his water-pipe. With the aid of several over-hyphenated adjectives, Emory McHugh succeeded in solving his case by demonstrating that a Hindu rarely dies with his turban on without a nearby pinball machine registering "tilt."

During the months following the publication of his first sagging saga, McHugh's travels took him to practically every corner of the globe where income taxes were still low. On an isolated promontory in Lower California, the Gothic spires of an out-house knifed their way into the chilling night as McHugh heard a sinister oriental voice singing the haunting strains of "I've Got Maple Syrup in My Electric Razor." In an epic of the North (Magnetic) Pole entitled "Many Are Mauled But Few Are Frozen", the Prodigious Prestidigitator with the assistance of a gold prospector named Mangemaster Motherlode, succeeded in discovering the secret of a vampire turned fresh-air fiend in Gnome, Alaska. On another bat, McHugh took time off from a game of fourth-dimensional chess to visit the wax gallery of Ansel van Pencil (the world's thinnest man), where the cigar in the mouth of Fabius the Cunctator's statue led the sleuth to the solution of a murder committed in Archy's Everglades Automat ("Where the Swine Dine.")

* * *

From the above resume of the McHugh misadventures, the reader can easily comprehend the amazement with which I was seized when I received a request from the editors of the *Octopus* to make it possible for Emory McHugh to appear on the same pages as Lena the Hyena in a memorable Horror Issue of Wisconsin's Famous Humor Magazine. Specifically, the editors wanted the Cryptic Criminologist to brave the vigilance of Wisconsin's mental health authorities by becoming involved in a manhunt with a Milwaukee

background. Fortunately for the *Octy's* readers, a few exams in Electrical Engineering combined with a heart attack suffered while watching "Doc" and "Junior" Davis bow into football history on a certain Philadelphia gridiron a few weeks ago have made it impossible for me to trot McHugh to the shores of Lake Michigan for an adventure at this time.

If Emory had visited Milwaukee, it is probable that he would have investigated the apparent suicide of a man discovered foundered at the bottom of a vat of Schlitz Beer—the case to be complicated, no doubt, by the distinct odor of burnt pretzels detected on the breath of a contra-bassoon player who worked with Heinie and His Grenadiers. For



McHugh and his gazelle with side-car.

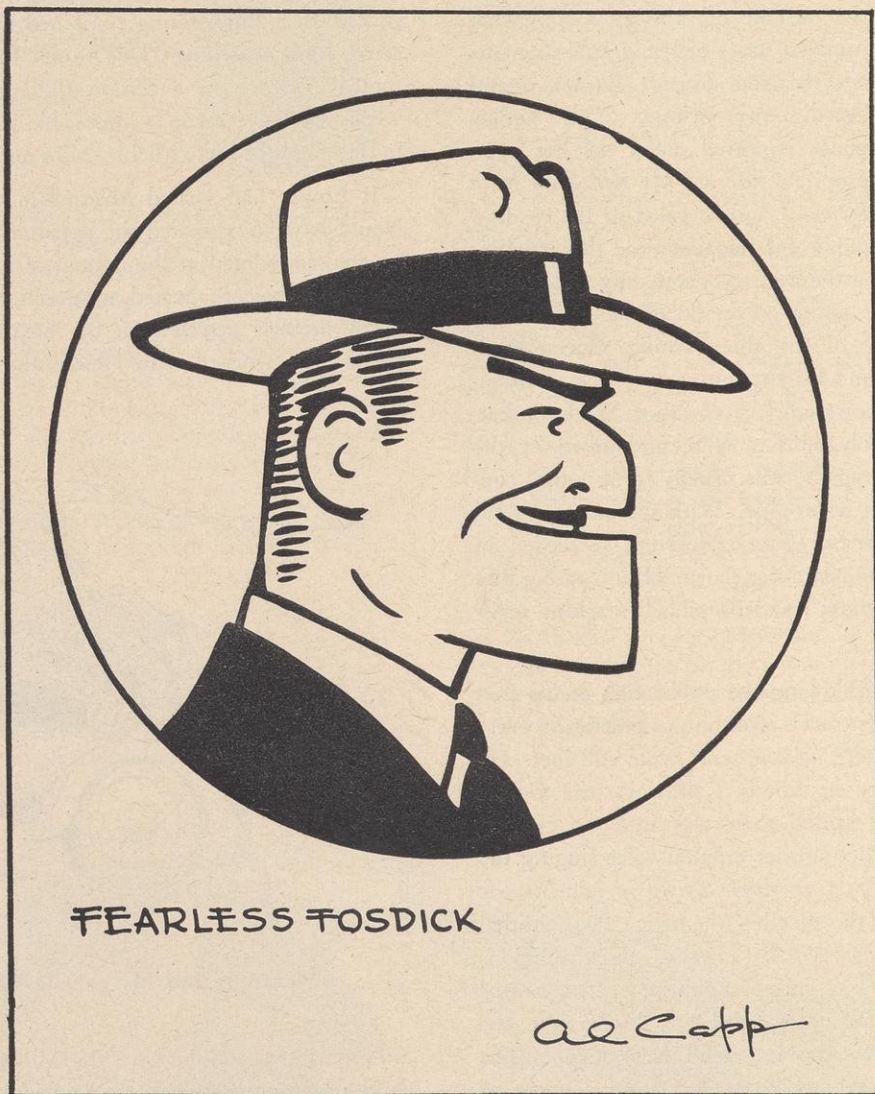
atmosphere, we might have the Milwaukee Doormen's Association Insomnia Chorus singing "Lullaby to a Bat on a Bat." In fact, it might even have been possible for McHugh to develop a love life in a story where he was free from the close scrutiny usually accorded him by a certain Captain of Infantry who manages to read every word of *Pointer* copy before it goes to press.

But, since Emory can't make it to Milwaukee this winter, he'll have to be satisfied with sending from this distance his best wishes to the *Octy* for the complete success of its Horror Issue. In this wish, he is joined by Chuck Coons (who drew the attached sketch of the Magnificent Mentalist being conveyed to the scene of crime by his favorite Gazelle with Side Car as he nonchalantly smokes the well-known Mozambique cheroot with front-wheel drive) and by myself and the whole *Pointer* staff. Make it gruesome!

—DICK CUDAHY

FOSDICK MEETS TRACY!

*The Great Detectives Face to Face
For the First Time*



In a relationship so complicated only Einstein can fully understand it, Fearless Fosdick, created by Lester Gooch, a comic strip artist who is a character in Al Capp's comic strip, "LI'L ABNER," is a comic strip character within another comic strip, and is a take-off on another comic strip character, Dick Tracy, who is drawn by Chester Gould, who is the real life counterpart of the comic strip character, Gooch.

When Tracy was chasing Prune Face and Little Face, Fosdick was pursuing Bomb Face and Stone Face. When Flattop was Tracy's villain, Fosdick was harried by Rattop. Fosdick's headless opponent, The Hat, was the answer to Tracy's, The Brow. Lena the Hyena first got into "LI'L ABNER" because Li'l Abner wanted Fosdick to have a horrible woman villain like the other (guess which one in particular) comic strips. We are wondering now what Gooch (Capp) will dream up to match Influence.

Inside the funnies Fearless Fosdick is Li'l Abner's favorite, and in real life Li'l Abner, Fosdick, and Dick Tracy are everyone's favorites.



Lester Gooch

THEY ASKED US TO LEND
A HAND ON THIS JANUARY
OCTOPLUS! HOT DOG!

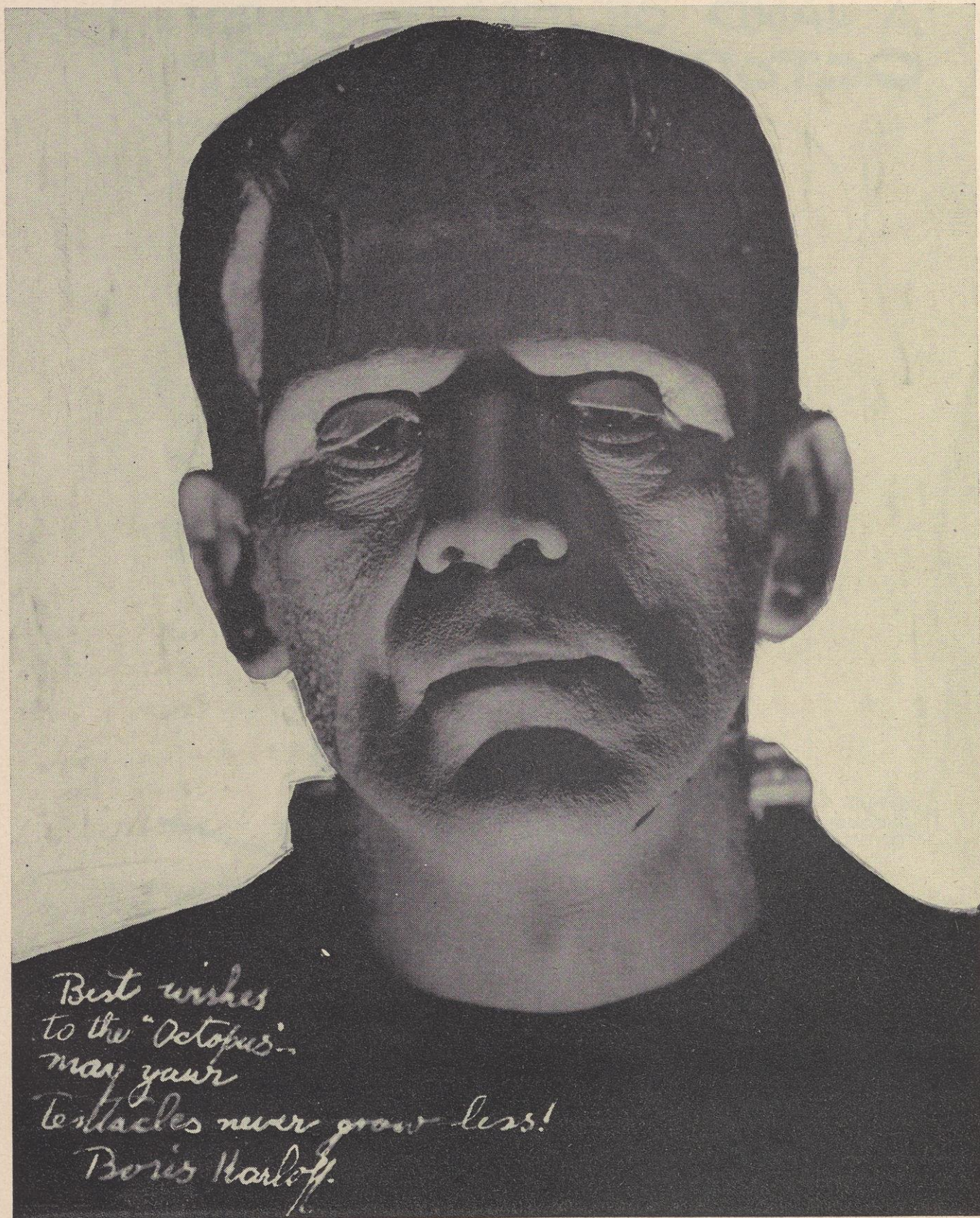
Well —
HERE WE
ARE!
DICK TRACY
and
JUNIOR.

© 1946
CHICAGO
TRIBUNE.

THIS "CRIME
STUFF" IS OUR MEAT —
BEST WISHES TO THE
OCTOPLUS —

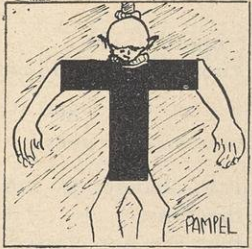
CHESTER
OULD

Octy's Hang-Up Boy



Best wishes
to the "Octopus"
may your
tentacles never grow less!
Boris Karloff.

Mr. District Attorney



HERE is only one upsetting thing about being known as radio's "Mr. D. A." A lot of people seem to be inclined

to leave out the "radio" part of it. I certainly believe in giving the truest interpretation of any role to the best of my ability. But first thing I know, a listener writes in who seems to have forgotten that I was only acting and has firmly made up his or her mind that therefore I am the only person left who can legally help them out of their difficulties.

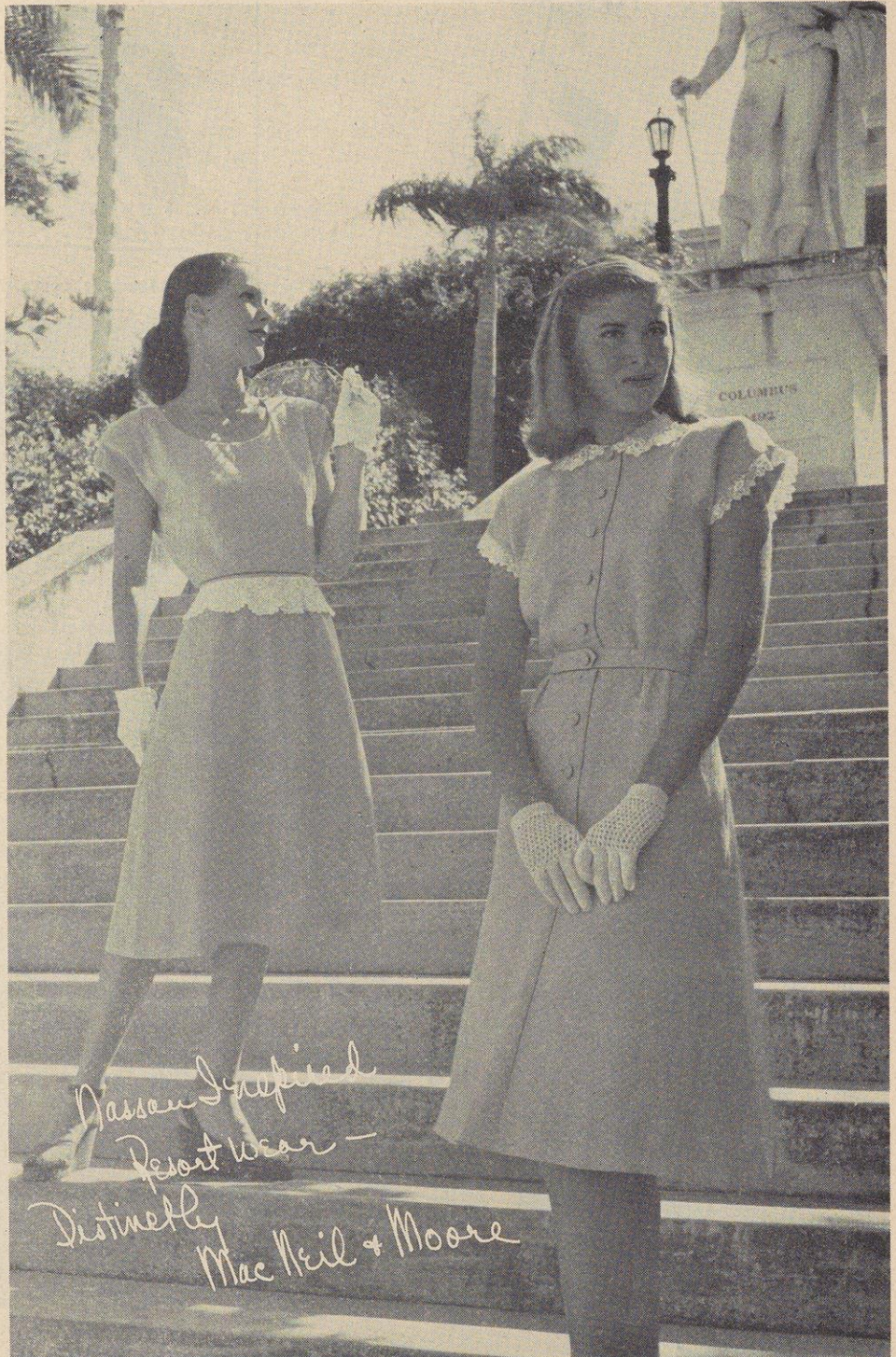
There was the recent case of a lady whose divorce situation wasn't going along as smoothly or rapidly as she desired. So she contacted me and asked me to "do" something about it—but quickly! It took several letters to convince her that any judgment I might hand down would hardly be accepted by the lawmakers of the nation per se.

Another indignant lady from Iowa wrote about some prize petunias which had been stolen from her garden—and since she was a tax-payer, again what was I going to do about it? When I answered that I was really unable to reach out with the strong arm of the law and recover her lost blooms and suggested instead that she turn the matter over to the local police—back came a letter berating me for buck-passing and assuring me that my negligence would most certainly be reported to my superiors.

And a gentleman from Brooklyn wanted me to keep his neighbor's dog out of his yard!

Much as I would like to help the public out of its various difficulties, it is an impossibility so far as actual law and legal advice are concerned. I am not, as so many of my listeners have come to believe, a cross between Tom Dewey and J. Edgar Hoover. As a matter of fact there have been several times when I could have used a good lawyer or policeman myself. Especially since my own pockets were picked five times last year!

—JAY JOSTYN



Let's go . . .



to **LORENZO'S**

"Real" Italian Spaghetti
"Charcoal" Bar-B-Q Chicken

813 UNIVERSITY

GIFFORD 5279

BALALAIKA
PERFUME



**LUCIEN
LELONG**

A dream of spring
and laughter.

from \$5
plus tax

E.W. Parker
JEWELERS

THE SHADOW KNOWS

The Shadow knows, the Shadow knows,

ho
ho ho
And he ho ho's in glee



As he goes after crime, as he goes
after crooks

In his cloak of invisibili-tee . . .
The Shadow knows, the Shadow
knows

As chasing after crooks he goes

That due to little changes in the
thinking of the times

There are certain little priv'leges that are not classed
as crimes.

The Shadow knows the politicians

And the birds in high positions

Who pay taxes tot'lling twice the sum they earn.

But psychopathic criminalis

Doesn't reach the Boss' palace—

He a crook? My friends, you'll never, never learn!

The Shadow knows the guys whose lawyers

Keep them just within the law

And who bank on people loathing six-point type.

Though they may have busted pappy

And bankrupted poor maw—

Are they crooks? My friends, you know that's so much
tripe!

The Shadow knows the Great Crusader

Who collects to feed the poor

(But nine-tenths of his take goes for "expense")

Ah, yes, he's a man of vision—

And a leader of decision—

But a crook? My friends, that's youthful ignorance!

There are others, there are others,

Proving that all men aren't brothers,

Some twisted acts aren't crooked; that's the rub.

But don't swipe a loaf of bread,

Or you'll rue it 'til you're dead

As you work out o'er a prison's laundry tub . . .

George "Balm" Barr, my sponsor (He

Was Wisconsin, '33)

Thinks my message should be drawing to a close,

But Miss Margo Lane and I

Would like to have you try

To check each Sunday, what "The Shadow Knows!"

—The Shadow

Pedro was proudly describing the new house he had built,
to his friend Jose.

"Is it a large hacienda or a small hacienda?" Jose asked.

"Well, it isn't so large but it isn't so small, either. It's
sort of a half hacienda."

—GRANT GENUNG

Crime In The Night

BY MARY SHOCKLEY

Slowly strolling down the path,
Through the silent night,
A man is walking all alone,
Unknowing of his plight.

A movement in the underbrush,
A figure in the shade,
A hand draws forth a gleaming knife,
A finger tests the blade.

The moonlight falls in silver pools,
The night is crisp and clear.
The very trees with bated breath,
Attend as he draws near.

The waiting figure listens now,
With ever quickening sense,
And grips his weapon tightly,
Every muscle tense.

The lurking shadow leaps and springs
Upon the passerby.
The moonlight glints upon the blade,
And silent now he lies.

The other flees, he lies alone,
His shirt is soaked with gore.
"Cut," calls the director,
"Get that catsup off the floor."



Dear Octy:

I have news for you. I am no longer The Menace. I am strictly a law-and-order man, and my place in your "crime and violence" issue ought to be from the standpoint of praiseworthy involvement rather than unlawful participation—in crime and violence, I mean. In other words, although my screen career follows lines in which c. & v. may figure prominently, I now represent the triumph—as lusty as it may be—of good over evil. Nevertheless, I'm flattered, and thanks for cutting me in on your January OCTOPUS.

Sincerely,
HUMPHREY BOGART

*"the best
right close"*

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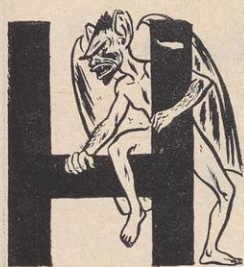
Badger 1002

Some of My Best Friends are Vampires

BY WARREN GRINDE

"For that, betimes in ye nighte, ye vampyres esport, ful merrie, Bloode! Bloode! howling amayne—Take care! Take care! That ye goe not abroad mongst such-lyke. Thy necke shall bee as sacrifice to thyrstinge demons. An thou livest from thence for ever, uncleane, unhallowed, acurst, in forme of bat or human, til that som kinde soule shall peece thy foule harte wythe blessed stake. Then onlie shalt thou dye. Then onlie shalt thou gayne peece."

—Ulfrid of Kent, *Ye daemon's guide*, 1283 A.D.



HERE, sir, is what I propose to do. I propose to write a thesis based on firsthand observations of vampires. Research will be unnecessary. . . No, it will not be written from the angle that a belief in vampirism is a superstition and that vampires suffer from hallucinations.

You do not believe me? You think I am lying, or crazy, or both, or something? Well, let me tell you, professor, some of my best friends are vampires. But I see I'll have to tell you the whole story. . .

Back in 1941 I was doing undergraduate research in Science hall, work involving a good many late evening experiments.

It was a bitter-cold January night. The building was chilled, dank as a tomb. I could hear the shrieking blizzard-wind, raging outside. Bare branches creaked and rattled on the windowpanes.

About two a.m. must have been the time it all began. I felt uneasy. A strange, unnameable dread, an unreasoning desire to escape, seized me. But I laughed suddenly, nervously, at my foolish fears. Escape? Escape from what?

I was fumbling around in a basement closet for some filter papers I had dropped. My fingernail scraped against an irregularity in the floor. There was a powerful blow. Then, darkness. . .

Slowly I opened my eyes. Someone, or—some *Thing*—was standing over me. My fallen flashlight outlined a great-cloaked shadow, with pointed, groping talons, slowly moving downward, downward. . .

I screamed.

"Shut him up, Charlie. He gives me the creeps. Almost drives me batty," a husky feminine voice said from somewhere in the dim background.

"Jean, you let me handle this guy my way," the one called Charlie replied, chuckling and reaching for my throat once more. I tried to scream, but only succeeded in a sort of tonsil-rattle.

A violent shivering seized me. Who were these eerie characters, these charnel-smelling wraiths? I must be working too hard lately, I thought. Must be having a horrible nightmare.

But the lean talons pressing against my throat, the fetid breath as fangs sought my jugular vein—this was too realistic for any dream!

"Release the blighter, Charles," another voice from the darkness said. "I have a smashing idea. Let's invite the bloke to our bloody party tonight. It would be bloody interesting to have a bloody uninitiate, so to speak, at our bloody affair. A bit of a bloody adventure, don't ch' know."

Charlie mumbled something about he was hungry, and, darn it, somebody was always spoiling his fun, and, oh, all right, he'd let me go, but he'd claw the first one who tried to put the bite on me before him.

Next thing I knew there was a group of five or six weird, black-robed figures fluttering around me. Funny, that's the word I thought of at the time—fluttering. Sort of queer and birdlike. Or, *batlike*.

Trembling, I shined my flashlight on their lean, saturnine faces, their evil, glittering eyes. I groaned.

Charlie grabbed the flashlight and threw its beam on me. He groaned.

"Gad! Not enough for a really satisfying meal. Where are the good old red-blooded Americans of yesteryear?" he lamented.

Cannibals! The wild thought struck me. Cannibals, here in Science hall. Again I trembled.

I looked at the girl, Jean. Not a bad-looking girl—ashen face, upswept cheekbones, gently-curving fangs, parchment skin—not bad at all. Even in moments like these I am not oblivious to beauty.

Then I saw the expression in her eyes. Was it passion? Did she love me (mad thought) at first glance? Why her peculiar, trancelike concentration on *the throbbing, pulsing vein in my neck?*

"Break it up, you birds," someone said.

"If we didn't have this anemic joe along, we could fly down," pouted Charlie. "Now we gotta walk."

Now I was certain, positive that they were all insane. Lunatics, escaped from some asylum, hiding out. But, where was their refuge?

Jean answered the question. "We caught you in our trap," she murmured smugly. "A lot of us came here the same way. We have a way of opening the wall. And now you're here for good. Or, should I say—for evil?"

That set my blood to pounding again. I didn't know just how to take it. Again she looked at my throat and purred softly, peculiarly.

(continued on page 20)

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



The Conking of Don McFoo

BY HOWARD HERSHLEDER

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up
in the Cabin, a saloon;

The kid that handles the music-box
was hearing some lowdown tune;

Front of the bar, in a poker game,
sat Unscrupulous Don McFoo,

And watching his luck was his light-
o'-love,
the lady that's known as Sue.



When out of the night, which was fifty below,
and into the din and glare,
There stumbled a freshman fresh from the hill,
dog-tired, and thirsting for beer.
He looked like a man with a foot in the grave
and scarcely the strength of a louse,
Yet he tilted a pile of dough on the bar,
and he called for drinks for the house.
There was none could place the stranger's face,
though we searched ourselves for a clue;
But we drank his health, and the last to drink
was Unscrupulous Don McFoo.

Then the stranger turned, and his eyes they burned
in a most peculiar way;
In a "W" shirt that was glazed with dirt
he sat, and I saw him sway;
Then his lips went in in a kind of grin,
and he spoke in a voice sublime;
"There is some one here, (who I do not fear),
who has perpetrated a crime.
It is this, my pards: counterfeiting fee cards,
that this fiend has done this day.
If you want me to name this man of ill fame
just wait 'til I have my say;
To you I will tell, for I know him well,
and I'll bet my dough that it's true,
That one of you is that hound of hell . . .
and that one is Don McFoo."

Then the freshman picked up a bottle of beer
and heaved it clear 'cross the room,
A woman screamed, and there was a great crash,
and the place was thrown into gloom.
It was quiet as death, when the lights went up,
and a dead man lay sprawled on a chair;
He was covered with beer, and his face wore a leer,
as the blood dripped in globs from his hair.
He had breathed in his last, this man with the past,
the Unscrupulous Don McFoo,
While off to one side, her eyes open wide,
was the lady that's known as Sue.

Now comes our friend Joe, to this scene of great woe,
to enforce and abide by the law;
He takes with alarm this man by the arm
who did so inspire with awe:
"You are under arrest, (and this is the best),
for the horriblemest crime of the year.
For causing this strife you'll go up for life—
for wasting a bottle of beer."

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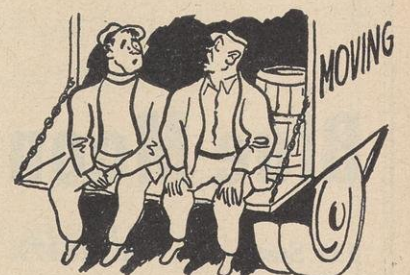
HALLO Dollinks!"



Lonesome Polecat



Hairless Joe



"So Crane picked Moevs instead
of Lena—politics!"

For Cokes . . .



. . . Or Dates



It's the . . .

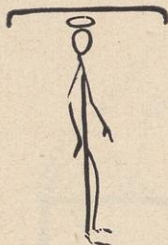
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Leslie Charteris "The Saint"

(An excerpt from Letter From
the Saint)



THE publishers of the *Wisconsin Octopus*, whose letterhead modestly describes it as the University of Wisconsin's Famous Humor Magazine, write me that their January issue "will have crime, violence, and horror as its theme, the idea being to kid these subjects." Could I please contribute a short humorous story or a greeting?

It might be asked whether it is entirely possible to do any new kidding of these subjects, when so much has already been done unconsciously by some of the best-known writers in the field. From another point of view, it might be asked what can possibly be humorous about crime.

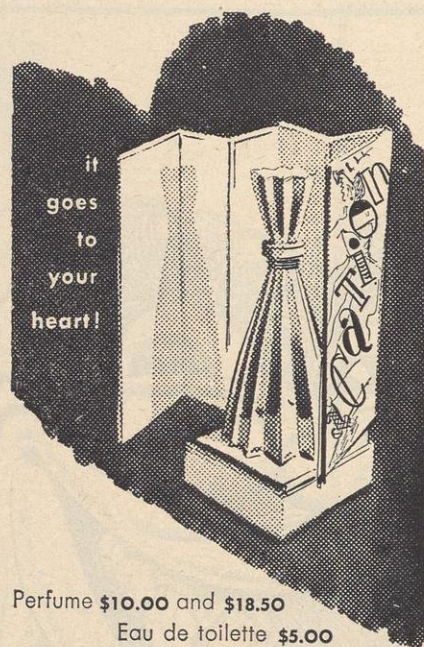
To this I have answered before that to my perverted way of thinking all crime is a potential yuk. If you can leave your personal squeamishness outside, you must admit that the idea of a sedate citizen, full of schemes and ambitions, being abruptly cut off by a simple conk on the noodle, is fundamentally no less diverting than the spectacle of the same citizen skidding on a banana skin. And if that effort of detachment is too much for you, you can substitute a vision of the master conspirator skidding to disaster on a neglected clue.

Practically all the SAINT stories try to be fairly humorous, and sometimes achieve this even without trying. In reviewing my last opus (THE SAINT SEES IT THROUGH, \$2.00 at your book store, avoid library copies which may carry germs) the *New Yorker*, while giving it some recognition, felt obliged to warn the prospective reader that he might find the Saint's endless witticisms somewhat tiresome. Since I personally felt that my dialogue in this book was rather less brilliant than usual, I am wondering if perhaps my genius has depths which I have not yet suspected.

However, humorous or not, a short story is a short story, and for these jewels of literature I am accustomed to

(continued on page 30)

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WHOM TO BLAME . . .

(continued from page 4)

REYNOLDS

PROBABLY our most timid crook is Butch, the burglar, who appears regularly in *Collier's* (we aren't afraid to mention our competitors!) Larry Reynolds does Butch, and we're plenty sorry that we didn't get hold of him before Collier's did. Larry really shows a lot of promise. We predict big things for him.

JOSTYN

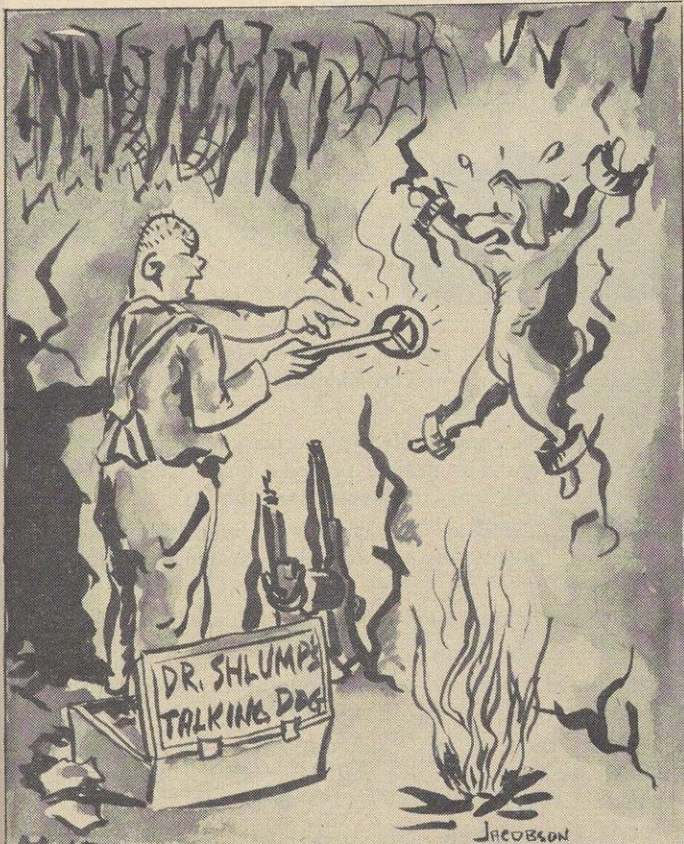
MR. District Attorney, Jay Jostyn when off duty, didn't go to the U. of W., but he's from Milwaukee. Jay would like it to be well known that he is only radio's Mr. D. A., not a real D. A. He tells all about it in the letter he sent us. Don't miss your fellow Wisconsinite on NBC Wednesday nights!

CUDAHY

ANOTHER Milwaukee contributor is the West Point cadet who is practically a regular member of our staff, Dick Cudahy. Dick is executive editor of the *USMA Pointer*, and we reprinted his "My Kingdom For a Hearse" in September, and "The Undertaker's Funeral" in October. His main character is the super-colossal sleuth, Emory McHugh.

Dick didn't have time to do a story about McHugh in Milwaukee (they HAVE TO study at West Point), so he sent "Gruesome Greetings From McHugh". The accompanying illustration, McHugh and his gazelle with side-car, was drawn by *Pointer* art editor, Charles Coons. As you can see, Coons can draw a lot more than beer.

(continued on page 24)



"You gonna talk?"

Have You Tasted

Fauerbach
Lately?



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SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE VAMPIRES . . .

(continued from page 14)

They led me through an opening. Someone pressed a button. The wall swung back, sealing me from safety. The flashlight revealed a seemingly-endless flight of stairs, extending down, down, down. Down, I imagined, to the depths of hell. A hideous miasma, a horrible grave-odor assailed my nostrils.

We began to descend the stairs, and the echoes of our footsteps sounded like a mournful company of soldiers, marching in dirge-step to an after-life parade formation.

Jean was looking at me queerly again. But it was no longer a pseudo-bedroom-look. Suddenly she giggled and clacked her fangs against her lower teeth.

"Well, I'll be damned," she murmured, "that is, if any further damnation is possible. I thought I'd seen you somewhere before!"

I stole a fearful glance at her. Then I did a double-take.

"Jean! Jean Poltergeist! You disappeared in '39, wasn't it? Everybody figured you took off with that mineral oil salesman who was so crazy about you. Well, well. . ."

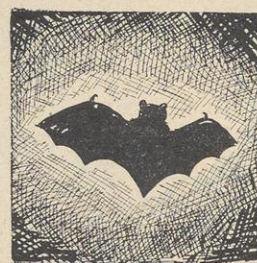
I looked at her again, less afraid. After all, she had been one of the lovelier sorority girls on campus. Still could hold her own with the best of them, in fact.

"You look paler, Jean," I said. "Perhaps you're not getting enough sunlight."

Her deep-sunk eyes flashed. "Sunlight? Haven't been out in the sun—since I came here. The very thought chills me."

"Sorry if that remark drew blood," I said, and wondered why the group laughed so uproariously.

Miles, it seemed, we trudged down those slimy steps. We came to a huge room arched like a catacomb. I was about to ask Charlie what the odd, oblong boxes in wall-niches were, when he bellowed:



"All right! Everybody out! Nap too damn' much at night and you won't be able to sleep in the daytime."

Lids creaked open. Dozens more of the eerie night-creatures emerged from the horrid boxes. They greeted me with strange salutations:

"Initiated yet? . . . Hail, blood-brother . . ."

Charlie broke in rudely, "Blood-brother, heck! Can't get blood out of a turnip. Pernicious anemia would be glowing health for this bird."

This might conceivably be interpreted as a slam to my robustness, and I'm afraid I pouted a bit as we sat down at a long candlelit table in the center of the floor.

"Sorry, old fellow," the Englishman who had spoken before said. "Really, we owe this chap an explanation. Sporting thing."

A young fellow seated just across from me began to speak.

"We are the Undead."

I fainted. Jean revived me, gouging my cheek with her long fingernails.

"Darn rude of you," she mumbled. "First thing you know, *we'll* have to give *you* some blood." Blood, blood, blood. . . Was that all they could talk about?

"As I was saying," the spokesman continued severely, "We are the Undead."

(continued on page 23)

Memories of Childhood

BY BOB "SENTIMENTAL" HIGGINS

RACULA and Wolf-Man are currently the rage,
But I don't like the monsters of this modern day
and age,
Not near as much as one I recall from days of yore,
'Tis the Bogey-Man I speak of, 'tis Bogey I speak for.
So,
Backward, oh backward, turn time in thy flight,
And make me a child again just for one fright!



*Sure, Frankenstein is horrible,
Sure, werewolves chill my spine,
But they don't scare me half as much,
As that old Bogey-Man of mine.*

*Nerts to vampires; harpies,
Zombies and un-dead,
Who wants a stinky zombie,
When he can have, instead:*

An old fashioned Bogey-Man with heart so true?
Aw, there's **NOTHING** like a Bogey-Man to scare you
thru and thru

So,
Bring him back! Oh, bring him back!
Oh, bring back that Bogey-Man!

*Don't want no bloody butchers,
Don't want no spooky sprites,
'Cause I want my Bogey-Man,
To give ME all my frights!*

Oh where, oh where, has the Bogey-Man gone?
Oh where, oh where, can he be?
With his claws so sharp,
And his fangs so long,
Oh where, oh where, can he be?

*Don't want no grotesque gargoyles,
Don't want no gruesome goons,
For I ain't seen my Bogey-Man,
In many, many, moons.*

It was an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three,
"By thy long gray beard, and glittering eye,
Whyfor stoppeth thou me?"

"So, scam you crumby mariner,
You're nothing but a bum.
I want the big, bad Bogey-Man,
And besides Mac, you need Mum!"



*Don't want no ghastly goblins,
Don't want no gory ghouls,
Why, next to dear old Bogey-Man,
Those jerks all look like fools!*

Take back your spectre, eek! your phantom 'awk! your
mummy,
Eek, awk, eek! Only Bogey leaves me shakin' and a
quakin'.

*Don't want no spectral spirit,
Don't want no foulsome fiend,
For Bogey's been my favorite,
Since the day that I was weened.*

So, I say you monsters, go hide your heads in shame,
You guys will **NEVER** reach the Bogey-Man's infame!

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The Giddy Social Whirl

BY KIRK EVANSBY

(Here's a little relief from "Crime, Violence, and Horror" by one who is now going straight.)



THE Junior Prom, the biggest social event of the year, is coming soon. Naturally you plan to go, escorting that

nice bit of dream dust you've been dating steadily for the last three days. Well, it's an easy thing to manage. All you have to do is buy a ticket, rent a car, float a loan, buy a corsage, rent a suit, file for bankruptcy, and ask her.

Let's say that you've done all these things and the big night is at hand. You jump into the luxurious sedan you've rented, get someone to push you two blocks to get it started, and you're on your way to pick up your date.

She looks beautiful in her backless, open-midriff, strapless evening gown slashed to the waist in front. You're at loss for words to put it mildly as you wonder why in the world she has it on in the first place. Finally you say, "Well, all set for the big dance?" She looks into your eyes tenderly and says "And I mean, Hubba, hubba."

The first thing on the program is dinner, so you speed your merry way out University avenue to one of the many really nice restaurants for which

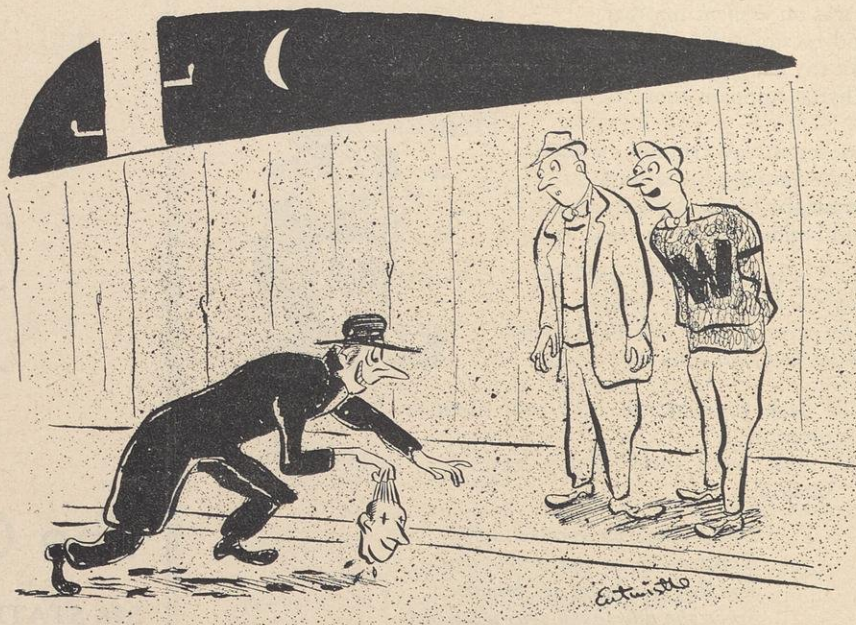
Madison is famous. You get in line and manage to get in the door by 9:30 but there are still many couples ahead of you so you decide to have a couple of drinks.

Your sophisticated partner orders a new drink that is all the rage lately, the Jet-propelled Microbe. This consists of a shot of scotch, a shot of creme de menthe, a dash of grenadine, in a glass of half grape and half prune juice. After three of these she is a becoming shade of green that just matches her gown. You order one too. After all, this is the night for gaiety, glamour, romance, fun—and a bicarbonate in the morning.

Finally your steaks are ready along with a dish of crisp, hot French fries—so crisp you can almost eat them with a fork, so hot the ice cream your date playfully throws on them gets quite soft. The steak you can either eat or use for the next half-sole job. The whole thing comes to the ridiculously low figure of \$14.80. Madison is famous for good restaurants selling marvelous food inexpensively. You ask the lovely girl beside you if she enjoys it. With the bloom of young love in her eyes she replies simply but sincerely, "And I mean, hubba, hubba."

At last you are at the Prom. A name band is playing in Great Hall so you immediately head there. There are many merry couples already dancing—so many, in fact, that during the first

(continued on page 26)



You know how it is—some people collect postage stamps, some people collect match covers . . .

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE VAMPIRES . . .

(continued from page 20)

Again I fainted.

"We'll skip that," he said, when I came to again. "Now, please stay awake. We are, if you prefer, vampires. And I don't mind telling you, we're mighty proud of that fact. Can *you* change into a bat and fly around whenever you get the urge? Can *you* live forever?"

I whispered, "No," and he replied, "Of course you can't. Well, we can." He drew his cloak around him proudly and pushed out his chest. "We can, and we do."

"Papa Biedermeier founded our Wisconsin chapter, now one of the largest in the country. He's the old gent leering at you from the head of the table. Papa was born in 1632. Came over from Germany in 1848. Adventurous chap that he was, he made the trip to America in a cabbage crate. They almost made him into sauerkraut in Milwaukee. He managed to get to Madison. He courted, and won, Mama Biedermeier, even though her folks suspected he drank all day. But he did his drinking from dusk to dawn. And it wasn't alcohol or water.

"Mama, of course, became a founder of our group. First clubroom was Papa's cellar. Got kinda crowded. So they tunneled out our present quarters. When Science hall was built, they dug a little more, fixed a door in the wall, and waited for new converts.

"There's about, oh, 200,000 of us vampires in the States. Then there are the werewolves, familiars, witches, goblins, and the rest. We don't associate much with them. Rather a low-class lot, they are.

"But people just don't understand vampires. They're always trying to drive stakes through our hearts. So we have to hide out, like common criminals.

"You don't look like an intelligent fellow, but surely you can understand that we *were* human. Dead in a way now, but we're happy about it.

"Take myself, now. I was editor of the *Cardinal* for awhile in the 'twenties. It was a darn good paper in those days, before I got caught in the bat-trap up above.

"Hate to admit it, but I still write for the *Cardinal*. You've seen their campaign to drain Lake Mendota for additional University expansion ground? I started that. I drop in at the office, generally around three a.m., when no one's around. I pound out my editorials, then flutter back here. My work has all been printed. But, do *I* get the credit? No.

"Here's a new slogan for the paper, though, if they care to use it—'All the Vampires Read the *Cardinal*'. That's only because I write for it.

"Some of us go to Union dances, browse around Madison bars, attend interesting evening classes. . . . You've rubbed elbows with us many a time. We even had a vampire elected prom king a few years back. He had the backing of the dorms and roominghouses. Nobody knew just *who* he was, but who knows who any of the campus officeholders are?

"He got bored with his queen about three a.m. So he changed to a bat and flapped home. The gal thought it was the DT's. Never touched a drop after that, I bet."

He interrupted his speech to confer with Papa Biedermeier, then continued: "Papa agrees with an idea that just occurred to me. We could, very easily, make you one of us right away. But Papa has consented to forego the usual—bloodthirsty—methods. We'll let you go back Above, without initiation. But you must drop in on us for friendly visits now and then. We'll show you how to get down here. Get to know us. Then decide whether you want to join our chapter."

(continued on page 25)

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WHOM TO BLAME . . .

(continued from page 19)

CHARTERIS

LESLIE Charteris, who writes "The Saint", sent his contribution in a slightly round-about manner. We wrote to Mr. Charteris, asking him for a greeting. Then he killed two birds with one stone by writing about our letter in a news-letter he puts out, and giving us permission to quote from his news-letter.

The news-letter is called *Letter From the Saint* and in it Mr. Charteris gives his views, usually humorously, on the latest doings in the mystery fiction field. Or, in his own words, "The enclosed *Letter From the Saint* is a private service to a select bunch of subscribers who are crazy enough to pay \$1.00 a month to hear me pontificate." He also says that one of his loyalest groups of subscribers are a bunch calling themselves the Upper Berkeley Mews Halos, who are located in Racine.

Mr. Charteris also edits a mystery magazine called *The Saint's Choice*.

BARR

THE character who can make himself invisible, The Shadow, got poetic on us and sent a clever poem about himself. "Shad", as his friends call him, can be heard on Mutual Sunday afternoons. We're trying to find out his secret of invisibility, so we won't be bothered by fussy old housemothers in girls' rooming houses.

We didn't know this when we wrote to The Shadow, but it turned out that his sponsor, George Barr, is an old alum. He was "sheepskinned" here in 1933.

ROGERS

UR own Prof. Samuel Rogers of the French department wrote "A Greeting from one of the Criminally-Minded" for us. Professor Rogers is the guy who writes murder mysteries set at "Woodside College", which is really the University of Wisconsin in disguise. He brings in a lot of local landmarks, but always gives them new names. His detective is "Professor Hatfield".

The latest Rogers creeper is called *You Leave Me Cold!*, which was preceded by *Don't Look Behind You!* and *You'll Be Sorry!*

The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc.

Madison, Wisconsin

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VOLUME XXV

JANUARY, 1947

NUMBER 5

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE VAMPIRES . . .

(continued from page 23)

"Go to hell," I said.

"We can, you know," he replied, with a twisted smile.

I hesitated and looked at Jean. She bared her fangs in a lovely smile. "Please say you'll come back," she whispered. I couldn't refuse her.

The Englishman jumped up, holding aloft a glass of dark fluid.

"A bloody toast to our new-found friend!" he shouted.

They drank, and I knew what they were drinking.

"Try it," Jean said, smacking her lips. "The stuff'll really make you high. One sip, and you'll be flying." But I refused.

The effect of the beverage was immediate. Papa Biedermeier began schottisching with Mama. A banqueter would stretch out his arms happily, and—pouf!—where once a man stood a bat would appear, squeaking ecstatically.

"It's getting on toward dawn," Charlie said to Jean, "and I'm afraid your friend might like to get back up to the basement. Do a quick change."

Turning to me, he said, "Hop on my back."

I did. Jean stood up. The two extended their arms, and their arms became webbed wings. We soared up, up, with the steps receding like railroad ties seen from the rear platform of a flyer. Fluttering vampires chirped farewells to me.

I reached out in mid-flight and fondled Jean's furry nose. She squeaked and bit my hand playfully.



"Think it over," said Charlie, now in human form, as we stood near the wall-entrance.

"I will, and whenever I feel like going on a bat, I'll come back."

They didn't care much for my little joke, but laughed feebly, nonetheless.

"You won't be sorry," Jean purred. "You and I, throughout Eternity. . . Flying on the night-winds. . . Knowing the secrets of demons and changelings and all of our kind. . . Going to Witches' Sabbath on Hallowe'en. . . Joining revelers in the Black Mass. . . Flying to conventions in the Vampire State Building. . . Locking fangs in kisses without end. . ."

We embraced, and she bit my lip tenderly. "I'm sorry, dear, I almost forgot," she said.

Many times I went back. Lately I've spent most of my nights there. I have made up my mind.

"Why stare at me so queerly, sir? You refuse to let me write my vampire thesis? No matter, no matter. You're afraid . . . afraid . . . Come closer . . . Your throat . . . That vein . . . It throbs . . . It . . . There . . . Ahhhh. . ."

Wake up, sir! Wake up! Flap your wings. You've earned them. Now do you believe me? *Now do you believe me?*

First stude: "Writing home?"

Second stude: "Yeah!"

First stude: "Mind making a carbon copy?"

—Sundial

* * *

She: "How was your party last night?"

Voice on the phone: "We're having a swell time."

—Sundial

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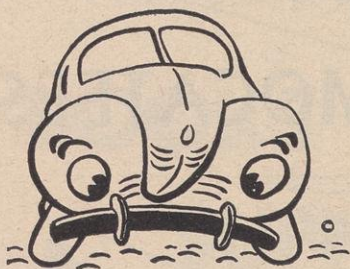
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THE GIDDY SOCIAL WHIRL . . .

(continued from page 22)

two dances your feet never touch the floor once. Ah! you feel as if you are dancing on air, which is, as a matter of fact, exactly what you are doing.

Next you decide to go downstairs to the reception room and dance to Don Voegeli's orchestra. Here your feet will hit the floor twice during the first dance.

Tripp Commons is next on the itinerary and here the atmosphere is much more informal—jitterbugging is the fashion. Your feet not only hit the floor; your whole body does four times in the first dance. "Isn't this wonderful?" you ask the beautiful girl in your arms. Softly she whispers, "And I mean, hubba, hubba."

At last the glorious evening draws to a close. You escort your delightful partner to the door. She turns toward you and her voice quivering with emotion she says, "I really had a super time. And I mean, hubba, hubba." You take her in your arms and kiss her—you've forgotten that she had onions with the steak.

You make your way home on a cloud. Ah! love is a wonderful thing. She's so beautiful, so intelligent, and such a good conversationalist. You wouldn't have missed that Prom for the world.

Next week you sell your textbooks and radio to pay back that loan.

Buddies

Frankenstein is a friend of mine.
And I think Dracula's cute.
My story
With Lorre
Was far from gory
Wattsa kick in the snoot with a boot?
Zoot.
When Bela Lugosi
Tickled my nosi
I giggled and said, "Tee-hee"
The "Come see me some time"
From E. von Stroheim
Sounded like one darn fine spree.
You see
I once dated Dan Murphy. . .
Nothing can frighten me!

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
B. O.

—Widow

Remember



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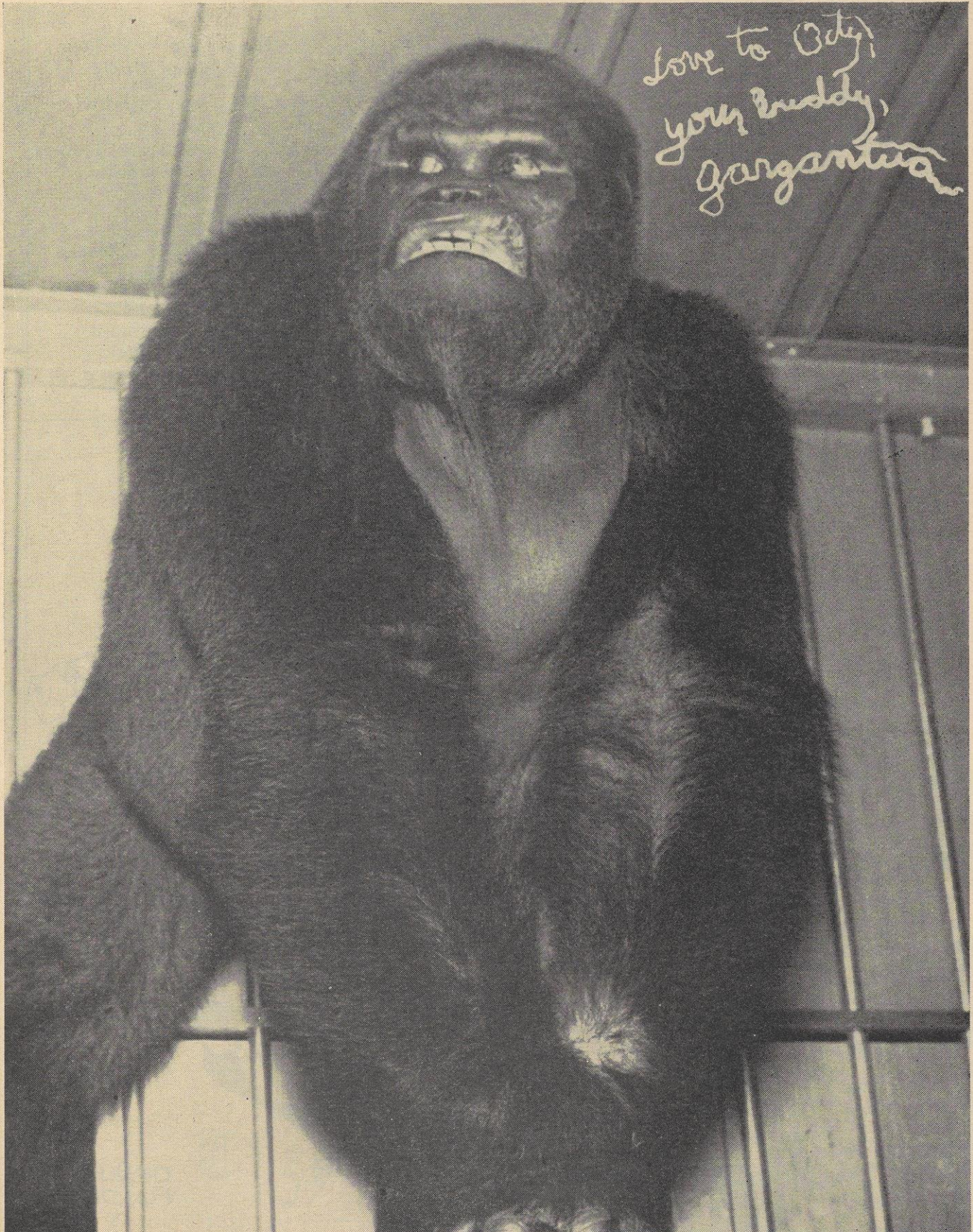
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How Many Applicants to Date?

SOCIAL SECURITY ACT OFFERS DEATH BENEFITS

Under the recent veterans' amendment to the Social Security act, veterans of World War II who died after honorable discharge from the armed forces may receive insurance payments, according to Sydney S. Mill, manager of Madison's social security office.

The veteran's death must be from causes not connected with military services. Eligible persons should apply to the Madison field office, at room 3, postoffice building, from 8:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Monday through Friday.

Horror Stories in Four Familiar Words

BY ELLA SIGMAN

Your slip is showing.
Your account is overdrawn.
Your seams are crooked.
Time to go home.
The tank is dry.
I like your boyfriend.
An exam scheduled Monday.
Time to get up.
I borrowed your nylons.
I lost your notes.
The dean's office called.
Who's got a cigarette?
Lincoln stood for her.
No, no, no, no.

The Lone Ranger

CHARLES
FLANDERS

We have to ride alone tonight Silver, Tonto lost his fee card.

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BOTTLE



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TO KNOW THEIR
NAMES? ...

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but if it's general information you seek
we do know that:

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We also have a complete
line of pipes and smoker's
supplies

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554 State Street

**LESLIE CHARTERIS—
THE SAINT . . .**

(continued from page 18)

being paid large sums of cabbage but these Wisconsinners regretfully tell me that they are not permitted to pay for contributions "because *Octopus* is a college publication."

The logic of this escapes me. Or, I wonder, does it imply that on the same principle I should be entitled to enroll in the University and explain that I am not permitted to pay for tuition because I am an author? Perhaps this is only a sample of Octopodal humor. "Octo", of course, means "8", and there may be some sinister connection with other balls of the same number.

MY FAVORITE PHOTO



BY MARGARET BOOT-BLACK

The photograph reprinted above is one that I have always felt fortunate to have shot. I had been invited over to a neighbor's house, and by merest chance thought to take my camera. We got to playing little parlor games such as "Drop the Cleaver," and "Ring Around the Neck," when suddenly I glanced toward the fireplace and saw the interesting scene which I photographed.

After the picture was developed, I sent it to the editor of *Knife*, the weekly picture-magazine, and he said it was the most amazing picture he had ever seen. What was even better, I made enough money to move away from my neighborhood.

—OHIO STATE SUNDIAL

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The Young Anarchists of mAdison

BY BOB BERG (MEMBER STILL AT LARGE)

In tHe 1st place WE adVocate the completE removal.

In accorDance with true ANARCHIST lack of principals we only elect an honorARY president.



ImmediateLy upon election this individual is toasted on the PeG, flogged to within an inch of his crisp and the ashes deposited on Bascom Hill to prevent characters from sliding on the ice without falling on their dirty old

faces. Present nominees include "Cupcake" Krauskopf, Joseph "keystoneHammersley", John L. Lewis, Caesar P., Dick Leonard*, Dean Goodnight (left over from the '42 Octy.)

yeS—we are against freshmen and sophomore women being required to take ROTC.

THE only way to obtain an equal proportion of men and women on the campus is to dispose of some of the men. Unfortunately this protects the Frats who have none.

As our contribution TO the disarmament of Wisconsin we will attack the Armory at 0400 tomorrow equipped with flame-throwers and bombs and eliminate this destructive element from the Campus.

* Editor of YE DAILY CARDINAL who has requested that his name appear in every issue of the Octopus. We hereby comply with his request.

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35. sponsors of a campaign to get the WY girls
36. no member lives long enough to become over influential.

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Little Willie

Little Willie, such a tease,
Chopped ma's legs off at the knees,
Pa cried out, "Your ears I'll box.
"I just bought ma some bobby sox!"

* * *

Little Willie, too young to vote,
With a knife cut papa's throat,
Ma said, "Well, now, I don't mind,
That knife is one of the stainless kind."

* * *

Little Willie attacked from the rear,
And shot his pa behind the ear,
Then ma sang out just like a linnet,
"At last pa's head has something in it!"

* * *

Little Willie saw his chance,
And slit the back of papa's pants,
"Well, after this," said Willie's ma,
"We'll be seeing more of pa!"

* * *

Willie's pa got awful mean,
And made Willie drink some gasoline,
Then, just to finish his little joke,
Pa said, "Here, son, have a smoke!"

* * *

Willie, looking for something to do,
Chopped his brother George in two,
East is east, and west is west,
Now George's pants don't meet his vest.

Willie hanged his little sister,
She was dead before we missed her.
Willie's always up to tricks,
Ain't he cute, and only six!

* * *

Willie hanged another sister,
And she was dead before we missed
her,
Everything would have been okey-
doke,
But sister couldn't take a choke!

* * *

Willie fell down the elevator,
Wasn't found 'till six days later,
The neighbors sniffed, and said, "Gee,
whiz,
"What a spoiled boy Willie is!"

* * *

Little Willie, in his best sashes,
Fell in the fire and burned to ashes,
After a while the room grew chilly,
But no one wanted to poke up Willie!

* * *

Little Willie, for a joke,
Filled pa's bed with poison oak,
As ma saw pa take up the lash.
She cried out, "Now don't be rash!"

Butch The Burglar



It was just some guy wantin' to sell you burglary insurance.



She's Well 'Bred'



*... Just as "Octy"
is well read!!*

Wisconsin Octopus

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