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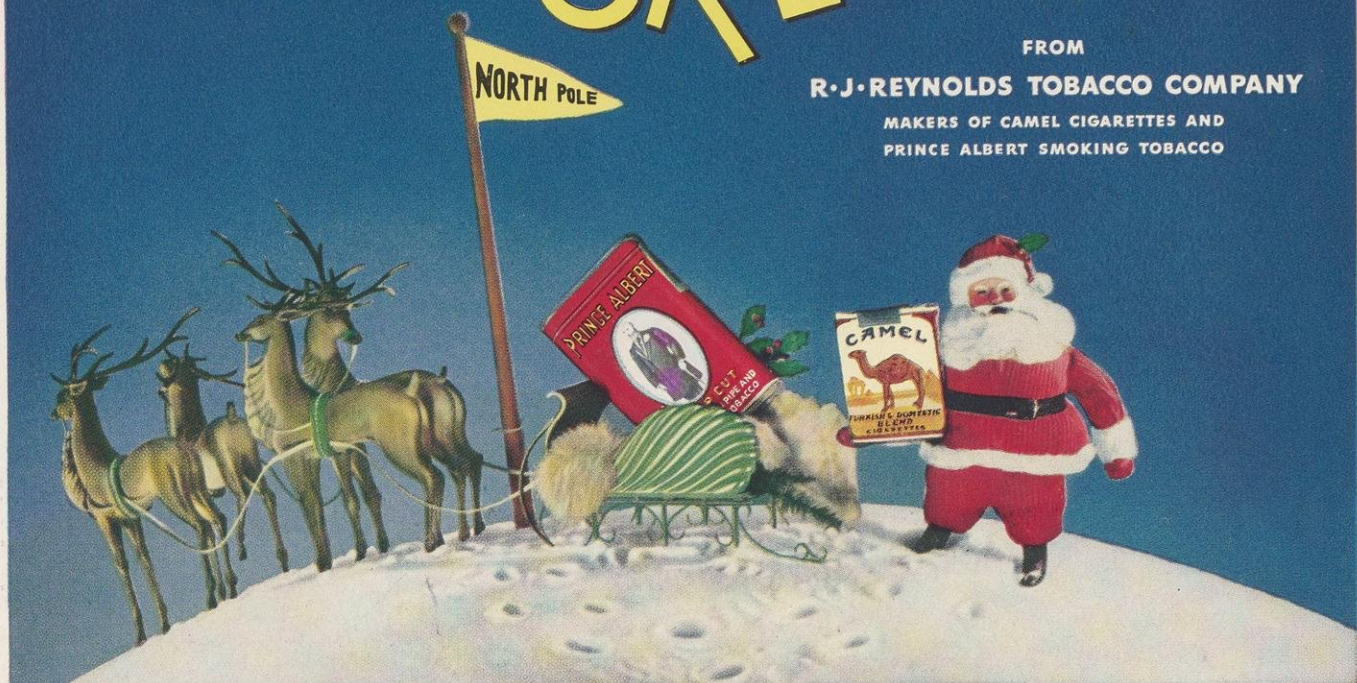
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DECEMBER • 10 CENTS

SEASON'S GREETINGS

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



Camels

Of course you'll give cigarettes for Christmas. They're such an *acceptable* gift—such an easy solution of your problem. And Camels fill the bill so perfectly. They're made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS** than any other popular brand. They are the accepted cigarette of the social, business, and athletic worlds. Their finer tobaccos give that pleasant "lift"—that sense of well-being so appropriate to the spirit of Christmas.

A Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in a gay package.



At your nearest dealer's—the Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—200 cigarettes.

A full pound of Prince Albert in an attractive gift package.



A full pound of Prince Albert packed in a real glass humidor.

Copyright, 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Prince Albert

Fine tobacco for Christmas. For more than a quarter of a century, the mellow fragrance of Prince Albert has been as much a part of Christmas as mistletoe and holly. So to the pipe smokers on your Christmas list give Prince Albert, "The National Joy Smoke." It's the *welcome* gift. For more men choose Prince Albert for *themselves* than any other pipe tobacco. Let every pipeful of Prince Albert repeat "Merry Christmas" for you.

SO YOU WANT JOKES

well, here they are in profusion and it's your own fault

Ragman: "Any old clothes? Any old clothes?"

"No. Get away from here. This is the D. U. house."

"Any old bottles?"

—White Mule



Tricked

"Whatcha studyin'?"

"Soc'ology."

"Hard?"

"N'very."

"How many cuts y' 'lowed?"

"Never calls za roll."

"Outside readin' and writin'?"

"Nope."

"Called on offen?"

"Once a week."

"Thought there was a string to it."

—Cornell Widow

Joe: "I can't eat this soup."

Waiter: "Sorry, I'll call the manager."

Joe (to manager): "This soup, I can't eat it."

Manager: "I'll take care of it at once. Call the chef."

Joe (to chef): "Dammit, I can't eat this soup."

Chef: "What's the matter with it?"

Joe: "Nothing, only I ain't got a spoon."

—Widow



Diner: "I can't find any ham in this sandwich."

Waiter: "Take another bite."

Diner (taking huge mouthful): "Nope, no ham."

Waiter: "You must have gone right past it!"

—Widow

Oh, if I'd had less joie de vivre,
If I'd only cracked a livre,
Quite a few less tall libations,
Several self imposed privations—

There'll be rumblings from le pere,

And blurby blurbings from la mere,

A note brule-pourpoint from the dean.

A tearful adieu from the queen,
Now I'm full of peur de vivre,
All I do is read my livres.

La raison for these lamentations?
Zaminations! Zaminations!

—Awgwan

"When I was in Atlantic City, I stopped at the Ambassador Hotel."

"Why, the Ambassador Hotel is in Philadelphia."

"What? No wonder it took me so long to walk to the beach!"

—Com-mirth



"One seat for tonight's show well forward, center, and down stairs. Do you have it?"

"Can you play a violin?"

—Punch Bowl

Warden: So you think you are sane now. If we give you your liberty, will you leave liquor and women alone?

Inmate: I sure will.

Warden: You better stay here. You're still crazy.

—Kitty Kat

Found on a Freshman's registration card:

Name of parents: "Mamma and Papa."

Tourist (having looked over historic castle, to butler)—We've made a stupid mistake. I tipped his lordship instead of you.

Butler—That's a w k w a r d. I'll never get it now.

—Dodo

Bovine: "That new farm hand is terribly dumb."

Equine: "How's that?"

B.: "He found some milk bottles in the grass and insisted he had found a cow's nest."

—Pointer



Handsome Young Professor of Romance Languages: "Very good, but why do you use the intimate form of the verb in translating that sentence?"

Attractive Co-ed (pouting): "Well . . . I thought after last night—"

—Pointer

She (softly): "George—"

He: "Yes?"

She: "I've known lots of men, but there's never been anyone—"

He: "Yes, dear?"

She: "There's never been anyone—"

He: "Yes, dearest?"

She: "—that's been more like a brother to me than you have, George."

—Pointer

Customer: "The sausages you sent to me were meat at one end and bread crumbs at the other."

Butcher: "Quite so, madam. In these hard times it is very difficult to make both ends meat."

—Maroon Bee



Breathes there the man with soul so dead

Who never to himself has said,
As he upon Grand Canyon gazed,
"What a place to throw razor blades!"

—Froth

PLATTER PATTERN

By Jim Fleming

A musical event of the month is the Victor album of the *Symphony No. 2 in D Major* by Jan Sibelius, in recordings by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. This work is often referred to as the "pastoral" symphony and was composed at the turn of the century. This popular work receives masterful interpretation at the hands of this distinguished musical group.

Another masterwork is the recording by the Minneapolis Symphony of the *Symphony No. 4 in B. Flat Major* by Beethoven. This is a work that one doesn't often hear. It's care-free, happy music and another feather in the cap of Conductor Ormandy, for it is his genius that has made of the Minneapolis Symphony an orchestra second to few.

Just a snatch about R. Noble...one of the foremost composers of the day...so says the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, and so say we...his

orchestra is now really his own, since the American Federation of Musicians made him leave his old band in England, permitted him to form one here...which he has done, taking foremost men from some of the best bands in the country...got his start by writing "Goodnight, Sweetheart" in 1930...has been turning out hits at a rapid rate ever since



RAY NOBLE

...a perfect gentleman, he looks and acts more like an English professor than a band leader...now holds down a job with his orchestra, for which he writes ninety per cent of the arrangements, at the Rainbow Room in Radio City...he was featured in "Big Broadcast of 1936"...his wax carvings are enjoying tremendous popularity, with chief competitors probably Glen Gray and Hal Kemp.

For the dance, the month brings a barrage of records of excellent quality. Jimmy Dorsey directs his new bands in some of the fine music from Cole Porter's *Jubilee*. In Decca 570 you'll enjoy: "Why Shouldn't I?" and *Picture of Me Without You*. The band is well balanced and the vocalists sing in key. From England comes the music of Ambrose and his crew. They turn loose their peculiar and delightful talents on a novelty bit called: *I've Got a Note* and the result is a danceable and tuneful interlude. We were particularly pleased to find a new release by the Boswell Sisters in the month's release crop. They get away from their usual intricacies and turn out a harmonious, peaceful and altogether pleasing version of *Cheek to Cheek* in a Decca platter.

One of the current musical pleasures is George Gersh-



Prom Gowns

Orders are now being taken for Prom Gowns by Simpson's college shopper (Edna Balsley '36, photographed above). You may give her a description of the gown you'd like and the price you wish to pay and Simpson's New York stylist will shop for you personally.

Simpson's

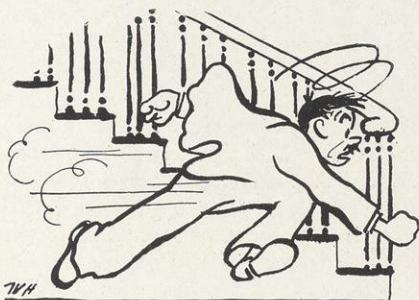
on the square

win's venture into the operatic field...lending his versatile talents to *Porgy and Bess*. For Brunswick, Leo Reisman has recorded two of the "arias" from this hit: *I Got Plenty of Nuttin'* and *It Ain't Necessarily So*. Edward Mathews sings to Reisman's music and the result is a deft interpretation of music in the negro idiom.

Less sophisticated, but very enticing is Teddy Wilson's latest excursion into the realm of hot music. In Brunswick 7563 he turns out a torrid piano version of *Liza*, a great show tune of yesteryear that still carries the torch of popularity high. Wilson is a master of the heated piano and an equal match for the famous "Fats."

Columbia wins our applause this month for turning out two recordings by Joe Venuti and his Orchestra. You may recall that Joe is the famous master of the violin. His art is amply demonstrated in these efforts: *Eeny Meeny Miny Mo* (Columbia 3103 D) and *Stop, Look and Listen* (Columbia 3104 D). Then, too, Mario Braggiotti, half of a famous piano team, turns up with a new band and makes a bid for popularity in the world of sophisticated dance music. His version of *I'm the Echo* (Columbia 3102 D) is his most worthy effort.

In the field of novelties here's something you can't miss. Lady Peel, Bee Lillie to you, has turned out two delicate bits for Victor (25165). The best is a ditty called *Baby Didn't Know*. The reverse of the record is called *A Baby's Best Friend*...a mother song to end all mother songs. There's many a chuckle waiting for you on this disc.



Hurry-- Hurry-- Hurry--

THE REMAINING ISSUES OF

OCTY

for only 40 cents cash

WE WILL SEND IT ANYWHERE IN THE U. S.

The Wisconsin Octopus, Inc.
Memorial Union,
Madison, Wisconsin

Send the remaining issues to:

.....
.....
.....

for which I am enclosing 40 cents.



*He says he don't WANTA
meet the queen*

Meet the Queen at Pre-Prom . . .

*Ringin' up the curtain
on the 1936 social season*

*With a Nationally-Famous
Orchestra*

Place . . .

Memorial Union
(Great Hall and 770 Club)

Date . . .

JANUARY 10
(The first Friday after New Years)

Tax . . . Two Bucks
(*Damn cheap, isn't it?*)

A Date for Pre-Prom Does Not Obligate You for Prom

A LA SOCIETY RAMBLER

Well, we started the eve at the dance at Great Hall,
 It was, well it was, just a typical Ball;
 No one had a good time, and the music was fierce,
 And there wasn't much room, and it bored us to tearce.
 So to Phi Delts we went where we saw Ralphy Ritter,
 Though the band was all right, the rum punch was too
 bitter;
 Then we went S. A. E. and were met by Morg Hall,
 We arrived just too late, so we missed a good brawl;
 Gamma Phi was the next where we saw friend K. Brown-
 ing,
 She was getting much griped, as her boy friend was
 clowning;
 At the Pi Phi affair having fun was Dot Bradley,
 But the rest were so dull that we left there quite gladly;
 Then the Betas we saw, and especially Herbe Steuwe,
 Who said their dance was swell, which we thought was
 much hooley;
 At the Alpha Delt dance who was there but Carl Kasten,
 How he blushed when his date had a snap come un-
 fastened;
 Alpha Chi Rho was next, where we saw Happy Leiser,
 How he looked at his gal, why he near hypnotized her;
 As our next, Sigma Nu, and with that, Kingston Ehrlich,
 Who was having much fun, also acting quite squirrelic;
 The Cathedral we did, where we spied Ginne Wheary,
 It was getting quite late, and poor Ginnie looked bleary;
 At that nice D.G. farm we saw sweet Betsy Quarles,
 Who was dancing one out with some fancy new whorls;
 For the last to the Phi Gams and friend Johnny Wood,
 Who assured us that parties with Phi Gams were always
 this good;
 So to home and to bed where we met—no, I mean,
 Where we wearily slept and of Santa did dream.

A PLEDGE'S LAMENT

The upper-classman is my shepherd; I am in want.
 He maketh me to crawl on my belly and guideth me by
 my nose.
 He restoreth my doubt in the Fraternity faction.
 He leadeth me in the path of debt for the Fraternity's
 sake.
 Yet, though I attend your parties with your blind dates,
 And take your sister's friends to the movies, I fear no
 evil,
 For thy paddle is against me, and those of the Sopho-
 mores, too.
 Thou annointest my (uh, ahem!) with whackings, so I
 stand all day.
 Surely whackings and thwackings will follow me all the
 days
 Of this Fraternity Administration.
 I should have dwelt in the dormitories forever!

TISH TOSH



The Phi Phis are making their regular annual attempt to struggle out of the four-cornered box, complete with rear burglar entrance, which has been their home, and gosh knows they've loved it since Madison was an Indian trading post...this time, however, the threat to build a new and lovelier dwelling has the sting of reality to it...at least to the pledges, who are sobbing over assessments on the current house bills...they can't see building a house for gals as yet unborn...and maybe even unthought of...Nobody has taken to pacing the floor of a night over it, but they are wondering, up and down the Street of Chance, what has happened to the two country boys from La Crosse who got themselves involved with Brookline's Bea Hardon...the gal gave Bob John's ACP pin a one-way ride to its owner, and now decks the buzzom with Beta hardware belonging to Jim Gillette...but that is not the tale...it seems that Hardon roped in one of the sisters for a blind date with Gillette, t'other night..."I don't really like him," she lisped, "but you might"...next eve she came around again..."I'm sorry," was the crack, "but I guess you haven't a date for tomorrow night. I'm wearing Jim's pin now."

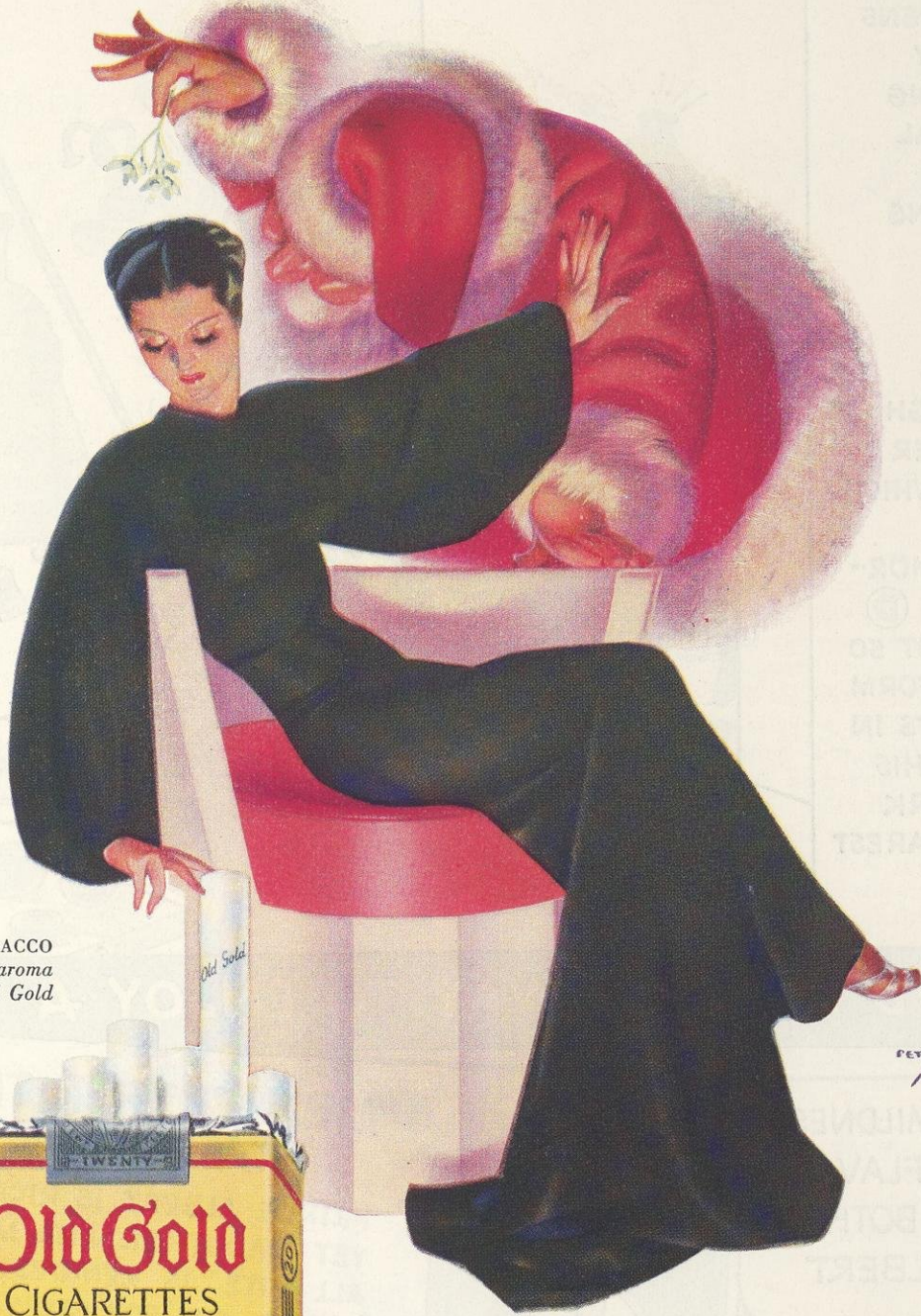
P. Graney still wears her pretty legs without leggings, in spite of winds that blow...yes, and another thing, the Y.M.C.A. might well tuck a few new bulbs into the sign on ye bldg....there are nine missing, and a body wouldn't know it was the Y.M.C.A. bldg. if he didn't know it was the Y.M.C.A. bldg....they tell it on Signor Russo of the Italian department, the gent who goes back to Italy every year to strengthen his accent, or something...last Tuesday or Saturday a gal gave a topic in one of his classes, citing the BRAI-CHUG vol. of the w.k. Encyc. Brit..."Hereafter," snapped the patriotic pedagogue, "the Encyc. Brit. will not be accepted as an authority in this class!"...heil, Benito.

Suggestion to play-boys: there is fence around Alpha Phi manse...in fence there is gate, which can close...padlock gate some 12:15 o'clock a.m., watch gals climb fence...fun...you're welcome...and has nobody thought to kidnap prom queen yet?...rumor hath it that Haresfoot will play six-a-day with Minsky's burlesque, come next Whitsuntide?...according to the considered judgment of a committee of experts, the Cardinal's present (6:47 p. m. Wed., Dec. 4) trio of Trouble-shooters is just three times as lousy as any one of them would be, left to his or her own silly and devious devices...they asked K. Purdy, who used to have hand in nefarious Rambler of yester-year, how he would like job..."But yes," said scribe, "two col'ns per week, five bucks"...no dice...they say that Rex Karney, nominal editor-in-chief, will play for the privilege, and dearly, when the annual casting-up-of-the-reckoning comes in June...the first ski-suit of what promises to be an especially ghastly and horrendous season walked into the Union cafeteria the other day...they tell about a veteran campus dilettante, who, having failed in every method he knew to bring himself out

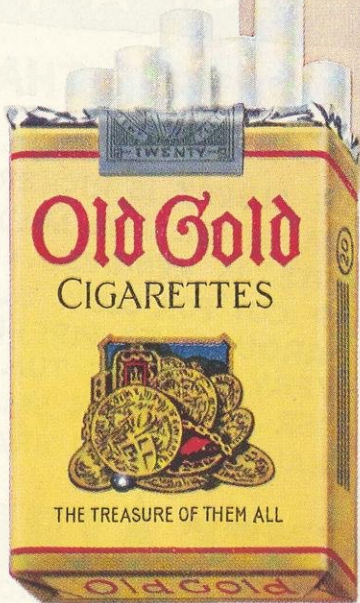
(continued, page twenty-eight)

Smacked by a Sappy-Santy?

... light an Old Gold



ONLY FINE OLD TOBACCO
can give that natural aroma
and fragrance of Old Gold
cigarettes.



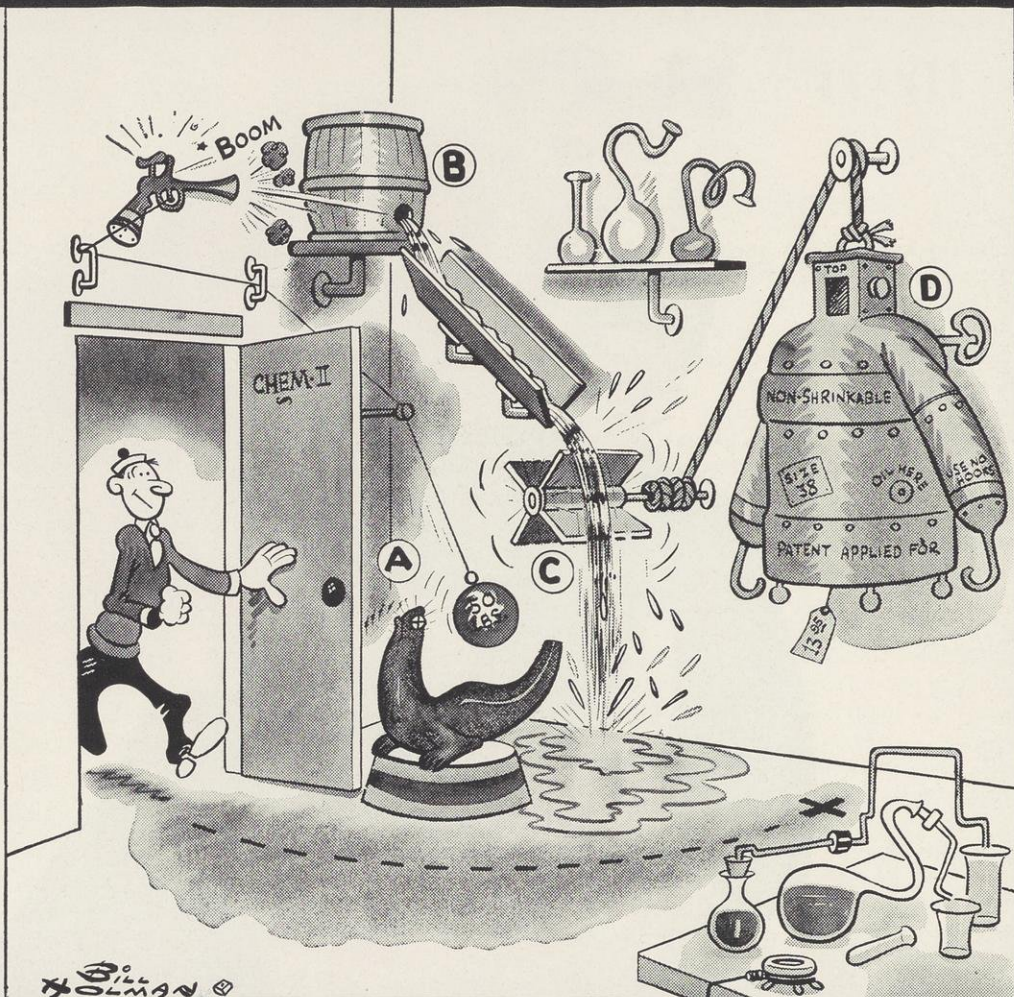
© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

When a messy mistle-toad
takes advantage of an old Christmas custom to
cop a kiss . . . don't let it hamper your happy
holiday. Just light a mellow, honey-smooth Old Gold
and its appealing taste will tell you, that despite the
phony Santies . . . there is a Santa Claus.

FOR MERRY TIMES . . . LIGHT A **MERRY** OLD GOLD

EASY WAY TO STUDY CHEMISTRY SAFELY

STUDENT OPENS LABORATORY DOOR CAUSING TRAINED SEAL (A) TO DROP BALL — FIRING PISTOL AND PUNCTURING BARREL (B). WATER RUNS DOWN TROUGH ON TO WATER WHEEL (C) WHICH TURNS AND LOWERS ARMOR-PLATED SUIT (D) OVER STUDENT SO HE CAN PERFORM EXPERIMENTS IN SAFETY. IF THIS DOESN'T WORK DIVE OUT NEAREST WINDOW —

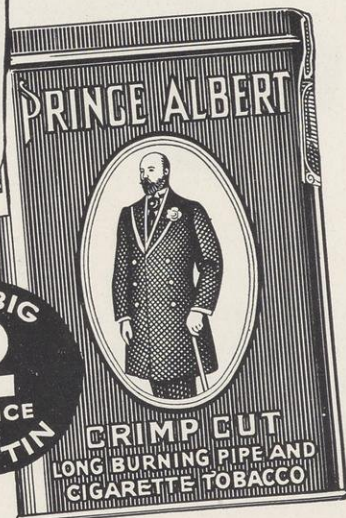


... AND AN EASY WAY TO ENJOY A PIPE

I WANTED MILDNESS
AND REAL FLAVOR—
FOUND 'EM BOTH IN
PRINCE ALBERT



THE BIG
2
OUNCE
RED TIN



**MEN PREFER THAT
P.A. FLAVOR!**

PRINCE ALBERT IS RICHER —
YET SMOOTHER AND Milder.
ALL "BITE" IS REMOVED. IT'S
"CRIMP CUT" FOR SLOW BURN-
ING. AROUND 50 PIPEFULS
IN EVERY 2-OUNCE TIN. NO
WONDER MORE MEN SMOKE
P.A. THAN ANY OTHER BRAND!

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

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THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Campus Chronicle

OUR PICKS

● Octy, never the one to shirk his duty, presents with pleasure his All-something or other team. We admit it's December, but it's fun; we admit others are doing it, but we're turning to the feminine for our select group. As is customary, we've consulted officials and coaches galore before making our selection, but we've also let the lads on the staff have a word or two on the nominations. We present the proud parade:

Ends—Ginny Bohn and Marg Clausen.
Tackles—Cece McClaren and Marian Isely.

Guards—Bev Rogers and Ev Schilling.
Center—Jane Cross.

Quarterback—Aggie Ricks.

Halfbacks—Pip McKenzie and Bea Hardon.

Fullback—Gretchen Brown.

Those ends are tall enough so that they ought to be able to catch passes and experienced enough to handle tackles. McClaren and Isely ought to be roaring powerhouses on both offense and defense and if those guards couldn't pull out and lead interference, who could? Cross can make up in aggressiveness what she lacks in size to complete a very capable line. May we repeat that—a very capable line.

Ricks is a slippery back who can drag down the husky opposition, while McKenzie (we'll let her whisper the signals in a wee voice that can be heard from Camp Randall to the Deke house) and Hardon are veterans who could do the kicking, the open field running and their share of the blocking. And from the first time we ever saw her, Gretchen Brown appears to have—or be, rather, the best fullback we've seen.

OVERCONFIDENCE

● We suppose it would make us pretty bitter if someone went around finding out how all our proud hopes failed to pan out, but that won't keep us from telling about this.

When the New Student came out with the issue with the Luther interview, all the blueprinted signs had the name of one of the featured stories painted out with light blue ink. That made us curious. "There's something behind that ink," we said.

So we stole one of the signs and washed off the paint in one of the Union rest rooms. Underneath, it said, "Interview with Glenn Frank."

We aren't making any comment, but that's what it said.



SCAREDY CATS

● Sometimes we think the athletic department is going sissy. We realize that's a rather strong charge and is apt to get Dr. Meanwell, Inc. no little irritated, but they've passed an insult to this university with little or no reaction.

You may have noticed in the early practice games that the basketball players' new shirts were lettered "WISCONSON." Not all of them, mind you, but enough to be befuddling. The history of the matter is that Bud Foster checked over the shirts when they came and noticing that the top few were correct merely glanced at the others. Later he discovered the error, made by A. G. Spalding and Bros. in construction, and wired for satisfaction. Mr. Spalding or one of the brothers or someone offered to send new letter "TS" to be inserted and the athletic department answered a nonchalant "Okay."

That's the part that bothers us. If they want our business, can't they spell the "—sin" right. It's an insult, it is, and the athletic department must either lack proper spirit or, as we suggested, be turning sissy. Vote, we suggest, for one.

SYMPATHY

● The attractively renovated frame house near Langdon's bend is also haunting us. Seems as if we're being bothered a lot lately. It looks very nice, all in all, but there's a single pillar standing off by itself that looks so lonesome that even the sight of it makes us blue. It has no apparent purpose, no raison d'être; it just stands there dejected. But then, as we said, it seems as if we're bothered a lot lately.



● **CAMPUSNAPS** — Kay Black leading interference for Cece McClaren on an end run . . . "Who are these funny folk?" inquires Phi Gam Morry Fleming . . . "North wind doth blow," but while Patty Graney may bundle up in no end of mittens and mufflers, she can't bare to wear stockings . . . "Gone, but not forgotten" or maybe Adele Clithero is trying to figure out who is that lady she seen him with last night . . . "Oh, yeah?" Dorothy de Lohmaier out of accustomed surroundings . . . Bobby Mullins, Alpha Phi, looks like it was probably something she ate; Jim Wright's Ruth Thea displays one of the better-looking backs; Tommy Ryan, in trance, thinks how this would look in the Sentinel; Deke Bob Linden and Freddie Baxter talk it over with Jane Wilder . . . Marybelle Lawton loves to go to class and looks it . . . Helen Price, the wilder Wilder again, and Margaret Metcalfe pause to harmonize on "Theta Lips" . . . Below is Regent Prexy Harold Wilkie on way to Athletic probe . . . Jack Robinson "Whaddyasay, ain't I smooth?" . . . B. Wilson, J. Golemgenske coming from Glenn's office talk it over with Lawton

MORAL VICTORY

● An argument isn't over until the last word is spoken, if we may paraphrase the words usually reserved as a coach's advice to his trailing team.

One of our lads, anxious to see what the innards of Ann Emery hall actually were, dropped a note in the hall "trouble box" complaining about the no-smoking-in-lobby rule. Sure enough, back came the repercussions. Girls saw him on the street and told him there was a reply waiting, so over he scurried. But the ever-amiable lass on the desk couldn't find it and even House-mother Arvin, who admitted authorship, finally gave up the search. She stood and talked with him a while, though, and had him pretty thoroughly sorry he had mentioned the matter when in her final sentence she admitted defeat.

She probably wouldn't say so, but he claimed he won the whole argument when she let a fine argument collapse under the old "Well, after all, I don't own the place; I just work here."

WHY BRAG?

● It's seldom that we let anything keep us awake once we're in bed. It used to be that for hours on end we'd toss and turn, but when we analyzed the situation and found out it was a product of not having properly prepared for sleep, we soon came upon the remedy of filling the day and night full of nicknacks (well, how would you spell it?) and then tumbling in completely exhausted.

But the other night a date suggested a walk up State street as a way of passing an evening (very considerate of her, we thought, but then she's a grand gal by nature) and instead of creating fatigue, it produced a phenomena (sometimes we wonder how we do it) that's spoiled our last four attempts at sleep.

It was a sign on a tailor's shop down a block from the Square. It advertised some brand of clothing and the cost, which was perfectly proper, but then the last line spoiled everything:

"We have fits," it read.

But that's really nothing compared to what we've had since reading the sign.

THIS MODERN ERA

● Brown's and the Co-op never cease to be a source of wonder to us. Mebbe that's a joke to you, but in our spare moments when Old Eight-Legs or his red-headed business manager isn't bothering us about the next issue, we like to spend time in the campus book stores.

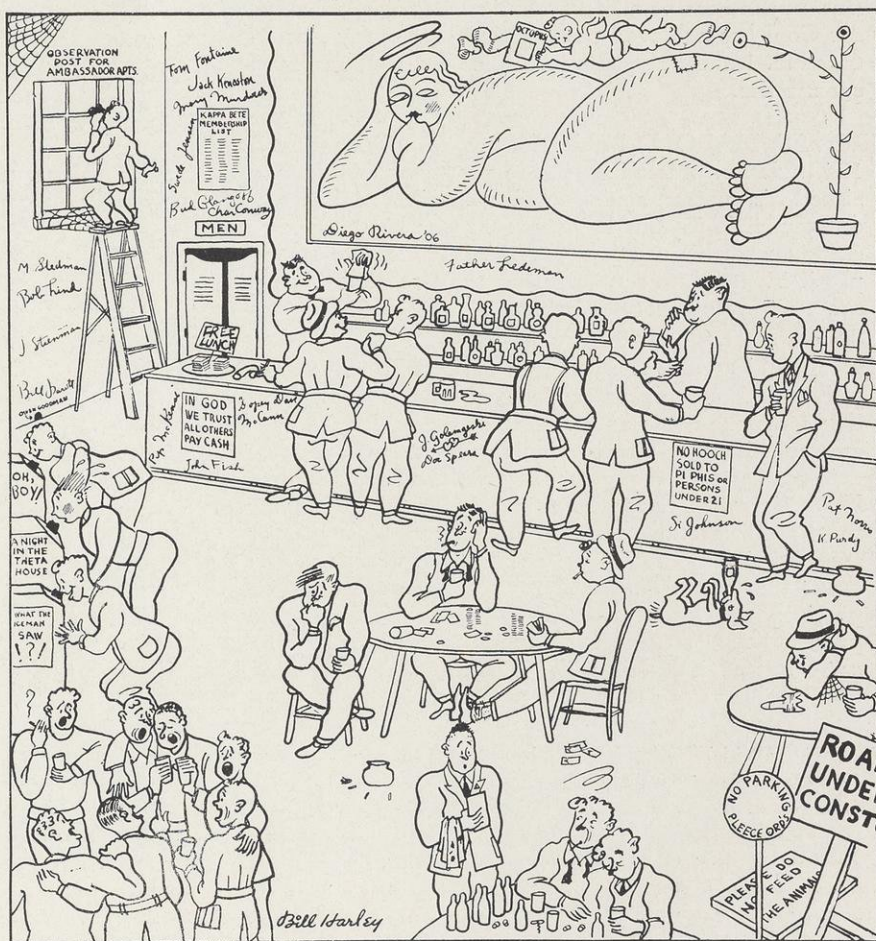
It wouldn't do for us to try to make you believe that we're busy looking at old volumes or new magazines, and we frankly admit we aren't interested in the rows and rows of textbooks. We just like to wander about and ponder the new study aids they display.

It's nice of them not to flaunt these innovations at those of us who have been here for years and years; it also makes it more interesting to have to hunt around for the new devices. Book rests come to mind, not because they're new just now, but because we received a big surprise by them the third year we were sophomores. It doesn't quite rank

with the latest, though: thumb tacks with lifter-offers. That's probably not what the salesman would name the little fork-like gadgets that are provided to pry the tacks up, but that's good enough. The tiny things look like the tin spoons we use to get with penny trays of soft candy. But their looks and name aren't important; what impressed us is what the old-timers won't think of to help us youngsters save a minute and a finger nail now and then.

PLENTY OF Ps

● We found a discarded class schedule in a puddle and being veteran puddle-paddlers, we picked it up. Dropped it like the proverbial warm vegetable, too, because it listed the Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon classes from 1:30 to 4:30. It was plain enough that we wouldn't be helping any to remind the lad of them, so we laid it carefully back in the same puddle.



Fraternity Life at Wisconsin, Vol. II, No. II
DELTA KAPPA EPSILON

WHO'S ZOO

quick glances thru the bars at
part of the faculty menagerie

AURNER, ROBERT RAY, advertiser — Robin Aurner is one of those teachers who never forget their prowess as after-dinner speakers and whose quiz sections always alternate between oratorical exhibitions (by Robin Aurner) and dog-fights. But in spite of his theatricals, he succeeds in initiating an alarming number of juniors into the intricacies of the art, science, business, and racket of advertising.

COMMONS, JOHN ROGERS, economist — John R. Commons, unfortunately, has the whole economics department so sold on him that they continue to speak of him in terms akin to those used in reference to Jehovah, which is undoubtedly as hard on him as it is on us. But the fact remains that for over 40 years his friendship and his home have remained open to his students and his friends for one of the genuine examples of what scientific educators call "student faculty contact." The "Friday Nights at Commons'" have become an institution which represent the Wisconsin which is fading all too fast.

COOL, CHARLES DEAN, gent — No adverse testimony anent C. D. Cool, toastmaster, can be heard. But, in the face of a great physical handicap, Professor Cool has achieved the position of Faculty Raconteur No. 1 and our personal choice for 770 master of ceremonies.

GROVES, HAROLD MARTIN, econo-politico — Econ 124, taxation, has tripped many a three-pointer who risked his average against a course with a real knock-out punch to it. But Professor Groves has chosen to demonstrate his undoubted ability in his field to apply it in the state senate rather than to shelter it in the cloisters of economic theory.

HOHLFELD, ALEXANDER RUDOLPH, Germanophile — Always giving parties for summer school students and members of his dept. in his back yard rose garden, his pride and joy; finally got a new car after driving around for years in a threshing machine. How his classes are we know not. But we do know that, realizing that he was putting out his chin for student pinks to swing at, he invited his friend, Dr. Hans Luther, to his home for a personal call which precipitated one of the less pleasant events in the present "class struggle." And we also know that he came out of it looking like a gentleman, something his friend's assailants didn't quite achieve.

HYDE, GRANT MILNOR, journalist — Mr. ———, for no journalism school student ever calls him "Professor" — Hyde wastes an hour a week for many a freshman and thus weeds out the hundred-some who seek to study journalism; he wears a double breasted coat unbuttoned to show his Phi Beta key. But he manages to instill a little ethics and a lot of journalistic common sense into a school which has been ridiculed as "practical" by the culturalists and as "visionary" by men actually engaged in the business.

KAHLENBERG, LOUIS, chemist — He's one of the best book-racket experts on the faculty with his constantly revised texts and manuals for embryo chemists; his Chemistry 2a and 2b set engineering freshmen back a cool 25 bucks a year. But one of the first things the plumbers learn is that you swear at him a year and swear by him the rest of your life.

KIEKHOFFER, WILLIAM HENRY, economist — Although there are thousands of copies of his little Blue Outline ("and it must be this year's edition"), the sage of Music Hall will be peddling a new text-outline combination via the local bookstalls next autumn; his students are cramming the business cycle and picking up labor ideas which cause some of his colleagues to snort. But he can still rock back on his heels to give his famous final lecture in Econ 1a and bring down the house with every sentence and preach inspiration with every paragraph.

KIRK, GRAYSON LOUIS, political scientist — Characterize a lecturer as smoothie and men will stay away in large numbers, and that's the classification in which curly-haired, bedewed Kirk must be placed, for hearts crack almost audibly in the first lectures in American Government and World Politics. But genuine ability and an incredible erudition, coupled with a thoroughly masculine personality have made his attendance-recordless classes as well attended by men as by women.

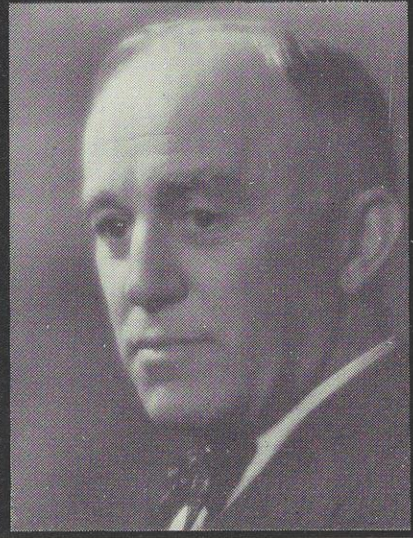
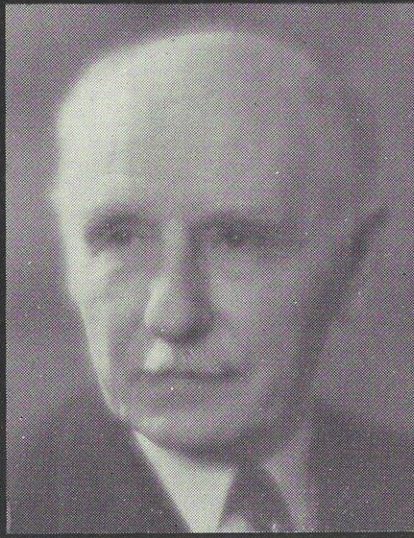
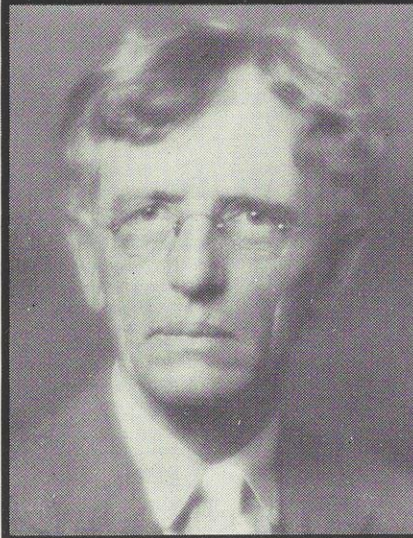
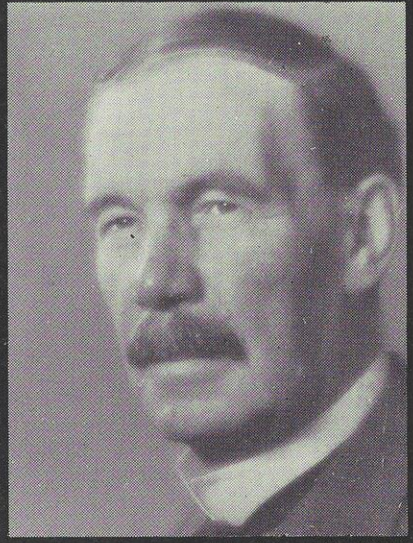
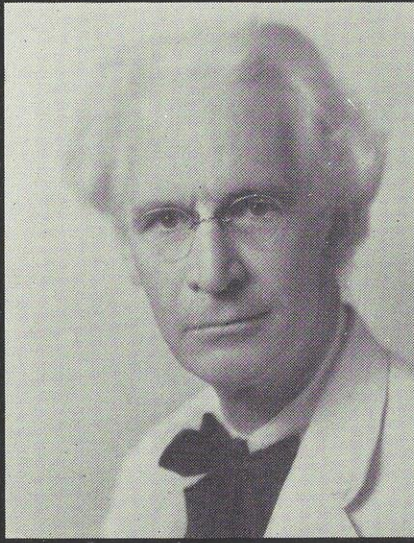
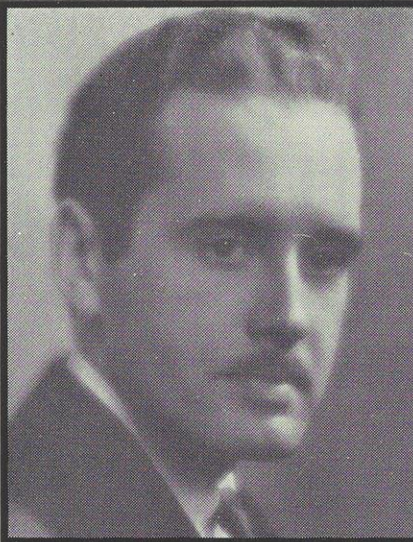
LEONARD, WILLIAM ELLERY, poet — He's managed to arouse the antagonism of a lot of his colleagues, his "pyschic prison" is a little boring after the first couple of hearings, and some of his verse is beyond most of us. But he still is the one man on the campus who can both be a poet and look like one.

LINTON, RALPH, anthropologist — Atrocious taste in shirts, a bran-new moustache, and a remarkable tendency toward, "Now, when I was in Madagascar," plus an annoying habit of frequenting his wife's newspaper column make "the anthropologist" just a little hard to take three days a week. But a bear-like physique and an obstreperous good humor make him a man worth having around.

MEIKLEJOHN, ALEXANDER, philosopher — His constant flitting about from campus to campus has made it increasingly hard to plan on taking courses under Meiklejohn, and his Experimental College is something that Adams Hall would just as soon forget. But the man manages to get into stand-up fights and come through them under full sail in a way that must excite the admiration of one and all.

OTTO, MAX CARL, philosopher — Strange though it may seem in such a mild appearing man, Professor Otto represents the Ungodly to many a critic of the university. But to his students, he has given a little insight into just what does make the cosmic wheels go 'round. Enlivened by the sketches which show he has not yet lived down his undergraduate position of

(continued, page twenty-eight)



—PORTRAITS BY HAROLD HONE

GRAYSON KIRK
HELEN WHITE
JOHN R. COMMONS

SELIG PERLMAN
WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD
ALEXANDER HOHLFELD

RALPH LINTON
E. A. ROSS
MAX OTTO

THE PLEDGE WHO FOUND THE POIL

more adventures of Herman, the al-
most prom king, and the lads of old Nu

By CHARLES FLEMING

You know, fellows, this house has some mighty fine old traditions—some things that you who are actives now should take from we alumni and pass on.

You may not believe it, but I can remember one of the most momentous occasions this place has ever seen. It was the night of The Pledge Who Found the Poil.

This pledge—his name was Royal Scatzenheimer, or Hyman Remington, or Elsie Smith, or something like that—was a legacy. He knew it and we knew it and his old man knew it. Even the AChiO's musta known it—it was so hard to get dates for him. Anyway, none of us felt 'specially proud of him, but he has gone down in the annals of old Nu as a hero, for he was The Pledge Who Found the Poil.

Anyway, here we are sitting around the old oaken board one night, and all of us are eating, and talking, and thinking about our studies, the way you fellows still do, I suppose. Jick Steele is there, and Herman Tompkins, and a coupla dozen other fellows. That's the year before The Year That Herman Was Prom King, so we're not used to the publicity we got The Year That Herman Was Prom King. Of course, Herman never was Prom King, but—oh, I guess that's right. I did tell you that story before.

Well, me and Herman are talking about the football team, and Jick Steele is chirping in with one

thing and another, and the pledges are all thinking of Hell Week, which is just about to start—an' did we pound 'em in those days—when this Corona, or whatever he called himself, begins to choke.

He chokes and he chokes and he chokes, and one of the boys—it may have been Herman—gets up to hit him on the back, but on accounta we been practicing up for Hell Week, he aims low and only makes things worse.

Of course, us upper classmen don't pretend to notice it, but I put a little too much Worster sauce on my cube steak.

Hunh? No, we weren't eating oystchers. What makes you think we had oystchers? Because he found a poil? Well, I haven't said he found a poil yet, have I? All right. It was cube steak.

Anyway, pretty soon he coughs up whatever he'd had, and it rolls out on the floor, about as big as a golf ball. Jick—that's Jick Steele, I'll tell you about him sometime—takes one look at it.

"Chees, it's a poil."

We all crowds around and looks at it, and sure enough, it's a poil. A big, round, white one.

What? No, we weren't eating oystchers. It was cube steak. That's the unusual thing about this story. Anyway, there it is, a poil.

Young Woodstock—his name was something like that—grabs up the poil and won't let none of us see it.

We stands there and yells at him until the Kappas next door and the Delta Gammas out in back threaten to call the cops, but he won't let us look at it. He just stands there and holds it in his two hands, like this.

Funny thing, he looks at us, and alla sudden he begins to laugh, like this.

One of the boys who was a Daily Cardinal desk editor goes over to Jick and says, "Was it a really poil?"

"A course it was a really poil," Jick says. He goes with a girl who's wearing some Phi Delt's pin, so he knows a poil when he sees one. The Cardinal boy sneaks out, and I hear him calling the Cardinal.

The next morning before breakfast I hear a big shouting and yelling outside. I look out the window and there are about 10,000 people outside, mainly men, but a few Sigma Phis. We have to call the cops to chase 'em away, and when we go into the dining room, there's this Royal, still standing there holding onto the poil, like this. He's still laughing, too.

Well, we do what we can to keep him, but in a coupla weeks he sneaks out to a class, and about ten minutes later a Deke pledge comes in with Woodstock's Nu pledge button and a very mean grin. So we figure he probably pledges there after the big splash in the Cardinal and after the Wisconsin News put out the extra.

(continued, page twenty-six)



THE AMERICAN AWEAKLY

PASSION FLOWER

Chapter VIII

THE FLAME-COLORED NIGHTIE

I lay there, gazing up into his eyes. They were lighted with a strange gleam. They fascinated me. I had never before noticed their intensity, their gleaming brilliance. A new light glittered within him.

Or was it new? Was it possible that I just hadn't noticed? Could this have been thus for long?

He was cross-eyed.

I sighed, long and luxuriously, snuggling back into the depths of my couch.

"Hell-lo, Goeffrey," I murmured. "Long time no see."

Goeffrey giggled. I detected a slight note of anxiety in his tones. Surely, this huge Englishman, scion of a long line of lords, could not be made nervous by poor little me. He must be put at ease.

Goeffrey opened his mouth, slowly. I watched him, fascinated. He was about to speak.

He spoke.

"Burp," he said.

I lowered my eyelids and gazed up at him. His eyes fell to the floor. As he stooped to pick them up, his hand brushed my skirt. A shudder ran

through his frame, like an electric shock. How could he know that all my clothes were charged?

After all, I thought, this is 1935. Why should I not act like a modern, tell him how I feel toward him. But then, I was a woman, and the heart of woman never changes. I must wait for him to speak.

But why were his eyes fastened upon me so. Surely Goeffrey Batten-Batten, Duke of Broper, could not be embarrassed by the presence of a woman, even such a woman as I. I yawned.

"Lolita," he said, "I have something I must tell you. I can hold it in no longer."

"Ye-es?" I sighed.

"Lolita—"

"Goeffrey—"

"It's just this—"

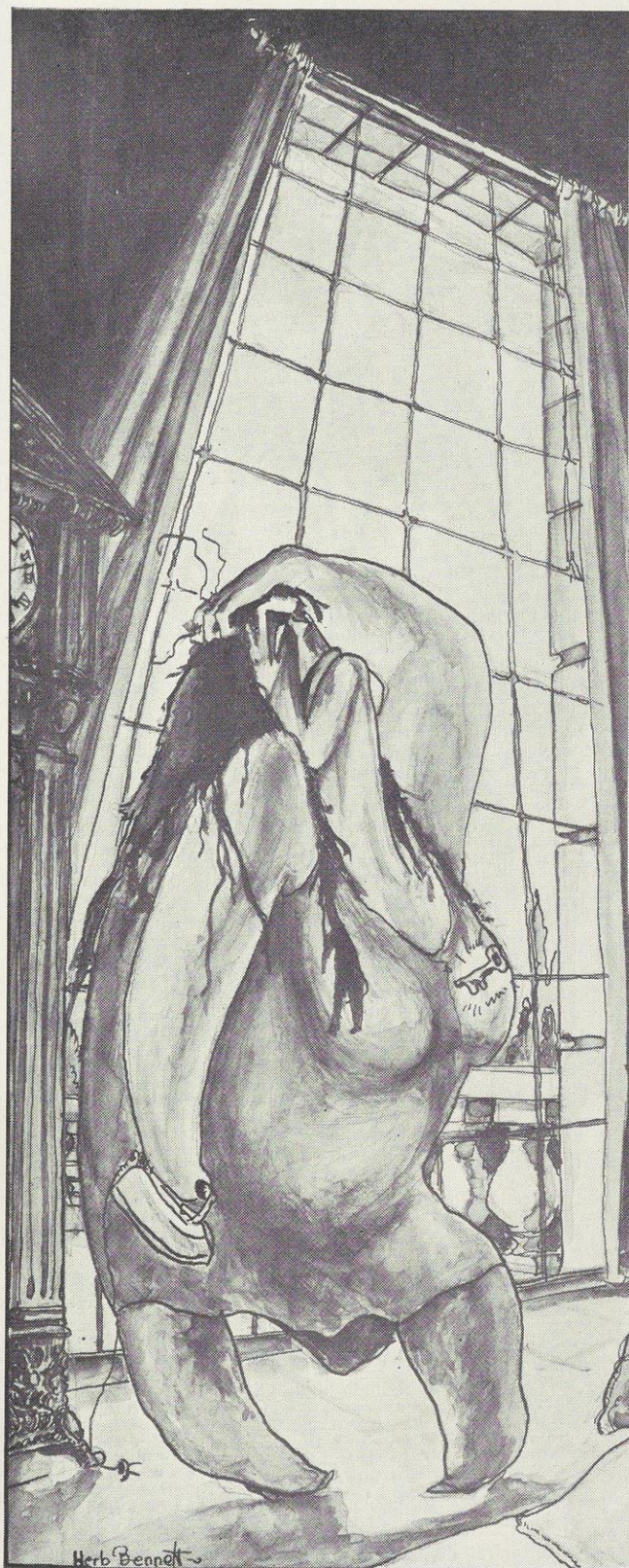
"What, Goeffrey?"

"God knows I hate to say it, but— oh, maybe I shouldn't, but my heart cries out to speak, to have you know it, to tell you—"

"Tell me what, Goeffrey Batten-Batten, Duke of Broper?"

"Your slip shows."

(to be continued)



Prom King Has Wife, Kiddies in Gary, Ind.

Sensational Expose of Social Leader's Other Life Before He Gave Up Everything and Became a Kappa Sig



The Pitiful Scene That Took Place in the Parlor of the Vine-Covered Cottage in Gary When King Johnson Showed His True Colors and Fled from His Adoring Wife and Helpless Children to Seek the Bright Lights of the Big City and the Smiles of Other Women.

MARITAL discord, we suppose, it was that drove Richard E. "Dinky" Johnson away from the little vine-covered cottage in Gary, Indiana, where his wife, the former Elmira "Lipstick" Hostetter, daughter of J. J. Hostetter, prominent Gary sportsman and card-sharper, and her four little children, Eustace, Annabelle, Richard II, and Timothy are skimping along on Mrs. Johnson's meager income, earned by taking in washings and doing odd pieces of hemstitching.

"Dinky and I never got along good together," Mrs. Johnson said, "but when he seen that shotgun staring at him, I guess he just got rattled and done the first thing that popped into his head." This is Mrs. Johnson's account of her marriage, which took place on July 7, 1932, at Whiting, Indiana. Two years later Johnson left her for good, leaving her with the four small babies, a substantial second mortgage, and \$56.97 of debts.

"He was always grousin' around the house like he was nuts," the petite former showgirl said. "Once he got sore and stuffed the kids in the clothes-chute. It was over a week afore we got them out, and the pile of laundry in the bath-



Little Timothy "Buzzy" Johnson (right) and His Little Sister Sue "High Yaller" Johnson (above) Pensively Await the Return of Their Daddy, Up to His Ears in the Social Whirl at the University of Wisconsin, Hotbed of Free-Love and Atheism.



Elmira "Lipstick" Hostetter as She Appeared in 1919 as Queen of the Summer-Squash Festival and Before She Grew a Moustache. The Gown Is Through Courtesy of Chanel, the Photograph Through Courtesy of Daring Postcards, Ltd., Paris, and the Courtesy Which She So Charmingly Makes Is With OUR Compliments.



room was something fierce." A trace of her former beauty crossed her face for a moment as she spoke—as Elmira Hostetter she was queen of the Hopkins County Summer-Squash Festival in 1919.

"I ain't seen hide nor hair of that ————since two years ago," she added. "But he did send me a post card once from West Allis, though." Johnson is now a student at the University of Wisconsin, and was recently elected king of the Ag-Home Ec Annual Frolic & Barn Dance.

'Honey Gal', Groggy With Dope Slaughtered After Wild Bus Ride

Pretty Follies Cutie, Slave to Drug Habit, Found
Stuffed Into Sewer Pipe in Horrible
State of Pickling



LATE wanderers in the depths of Chinatown were startled by a bloody shriek recently, and Lucy "Honey Gal" LeRosenblatt — Bronx Beauty Queen, 1930 — disappeared. Only two days before, she was seen riding on a Highland Park bus, clutching her pale hands, and mumbling over and over, "Glub, glub, glub."

The next day the police found her plugged into a drain of a sinister vine covered cottage. She was dead. An autopsy revealed that Honey Gal, once belle of the Bronx, was a slave of the vile stuff called dope!

I suppose everybody knows that dope is used for one purpose, that is, to dope people. But Miss LeRosenblatt wasn't only a dope, she was a mangled corpse. She knew too much, and the underworld, always hating a squealer, hated the beautiful LeRosenblatt. They cut her into little pieces, and chopped her up.

Dope today constitutes one of our major problems. It is peddled all over to people who want to be doped, and drugged. This gigantic net of peddlers penetrates everywhere, into noble homes of England, into Park Avenue pent-houses, into humble vine covered cottages.

Pretty girls caught in this den of sin never get out. "Once a dope, always a dope," says Inspector Slider, who has captured thousands of lovely dope fiends, among them Giggles McFeeney, who lived for seven years on aspirin, cokes, and a particular hellish concoction known as Lohmaier's beer. "She had a hell of a complexion," declared Slider, recalling how he cornered her behind the Deke house one night. "Giggles was one of the cleverest gals that ever rode in the front seat of a dime taxi," he said.

"I saw her in the shadows, and I slugged her on the puss. That's all."

Lucy "Honey Gal" LeRosenblatt, Queen of Bronx (above left), Put Through a Meat-Grinder Because She Was Too Much of a Dope for Even the Dopes She Ran Around With. Lucy LeRosenblatt (above) in a Drugged Stupor the Day After Her Body Was Found Floating in the East River. Here We Have Lucy LeRosenblatt (below) the Day After Her Body Was Found, Sliced to Bits Because She Knew Too Much. The Ravages of Morphine, Cocaine, Heroin, Marijuana and Lohmaier's Beer Can Be Plainly Seen on Her Shop-worn Countenance.

Her favorite trick was to hide the dope under her dress, and then slap the custom man's face when he searched her.

"They hide the stuff in their stockings, in their underwear—some fun, eh, keed?—in their false teeth, and under the bed," Inspector Slider told me.

She told me how she went to the hovel of One Hung, "You rat," she said, "I carried ten quarts of heroin and six pounds of hashish around for three days, and they never caught me."

"No see, long time yet, tly tly more," the yellow man told her.

This time Honey Gal put the dope in a leather belt around her hips. When she came to the border she said, "Look!" and pulled up her skirt, but the customs man was too modest to look. That was her last chance!

"Take me out of it all," she cried on the neck of her blue blooded society lover, Henry DuChancy. He threw her to the floor, and she took the bus, wringing her hands.

History tells us that dope was used in ancient Greece. The stone tablets often refer to the Union Board. The old legends that Moses brought down from the hills, and which he sung around the dying embers tell us of "Abie the Hop Head," and scientists tell us that the 13 Lost Tribes of the Mexicans knew how to jazz it up with the potent leaves of the Drazoo weed.

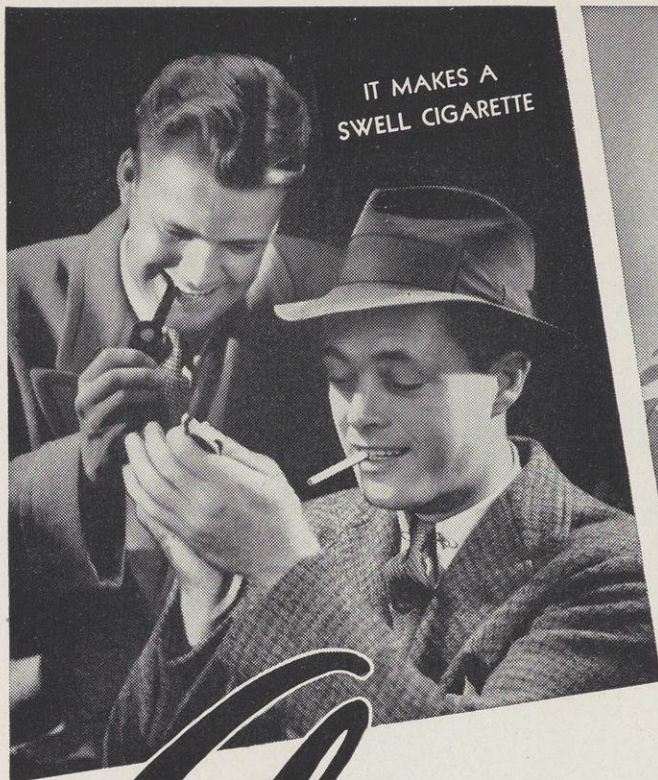
Now, today, 2,500 years later, we still



... If Only My Theta Sisters Could
See Me Now; It'd be a Lesson.

have dopes. But our world moves onward, and we have many more dopes.

We could tell you some of them, but we still feel that R. Durrant is the biggest dope. There! we finally got that one in.



IT MAKES A
SWELL CIGARETTE



RIGHT YOU ARE —
IT'S GREAT!

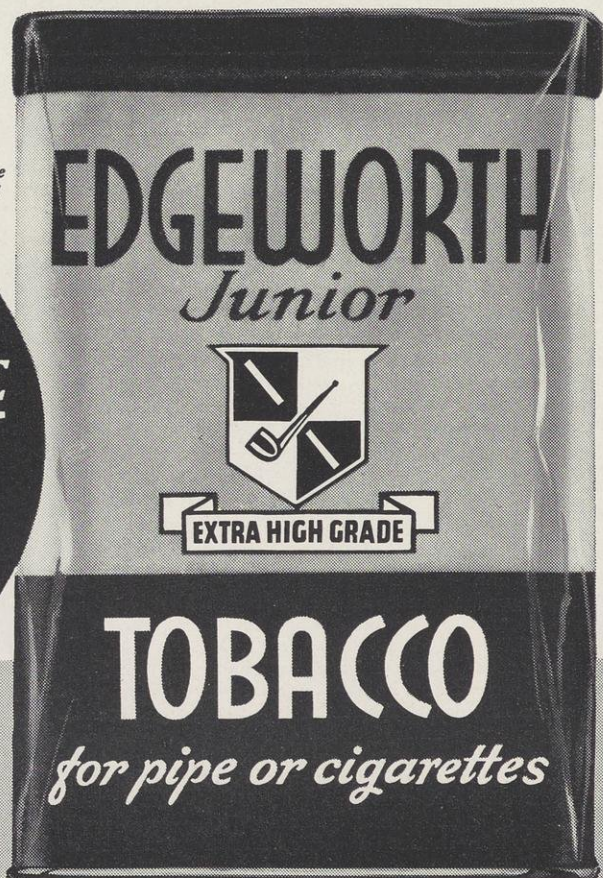
Announcing

FOR PIPE
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MILD • • LIGHT
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*Cellophane
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Now.. **SMOKE**



EDGEWORTH
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REAL TOBACCO!



Edgeworth JUNIOR!

• Meet Edgeworth Junior—the new double-duty tobacco by the makers of Edgeworth! All the quality and rich flavor of the world-famous Edgeworth in an extremely mild, light, free-burning *pipe and cigarette combination*.

If you are now using a tobacco suitable for both pipe and cigarettes, here's your chance to get Edgeworth quality in the *form* of tobacco you like best. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice remain unchanged for regular Edgeworth fans.

We predict Edgeworth Junior will meet **YOUR** specifications for a perfect double-duty—pipe and cigarette—tobacco. Thousands of *new pipe smokers* will join the Edgeworth ranks with Edgeworth Junior. Try it—today—and enjoy a new, delightfully mild smoke. Larus & Brother Co., Richmond, Va. Tobacconists since 1877.

Made by the makers of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed

THE TOBACCO YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR

U. W. Professor Living In Sin

Keeps Combination Harem and Hop Joint in Basement of South Hall and Three Wives and an Airedale in Coal Cellar; Devours Common-Law Wife, But Firmly Denies Knowledge of the Torso in Office Desk



Believing That Professor Hostetter Had Had More Than the One Wife Found in the Family Garbage Can, Police Proceeded to Dig Up the Front Yard and the Cellar Floor. The Picture Above Shows Them Sifting Every Particle of Earth in Hopes of More Grisly Finds.

TORTURED screams in the middle of the night coming from their little vine-covered cottage were no novelty to the neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Martin F. Hostetter. But when the garbage-man discovered a decapitated woman's head as he emptied the Hostetter's garbage-pail one morning, suspicion was aroused. Later, when Mr. Hostetter was riding to his lodgemeeting in a streetcar, a nude human leg, hacked off at the knee, dropped out from beneath his overcoat and rolled under his seat. Police decided to take him into custody for questioning.

Hostetter willingly confessed everything, apparently taking pleasure in recounting his fiendish exploits. His history goes back to 1892, when he was a student in the Short Course at the Platteville School of Mines. Here he was a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon, honorary agricultural fraternity; and he once applied for admission to the University of Wisconsin. This merry prank won for him the nickname of "Professor"; and, as he is ready to tell you, "I guess the name just kind of stuck."

He moved to Muncie, Indiana, and took up with a lady known as "Lou," rumored to be the former Irene Vermicelli, star of "Oh You Kid," a musical comedy which played in Hartford, Connecticut, during the summer of 1901. There is no record of their marriage, though in the archives of Salmagundi County, Tennessee, we find that a marriage license was issued to Herman G. Hostetter and an Iris Vurmucelly on April 15, 1847. This may or may not be the same couple.



Forced to Labor for Her Living Under the Stern Restrictions of Professor Hostetter, Mrs. Hostetter Took a Certain Pride in Her Work. Here She Is, Snapped at the Peerless Essex.

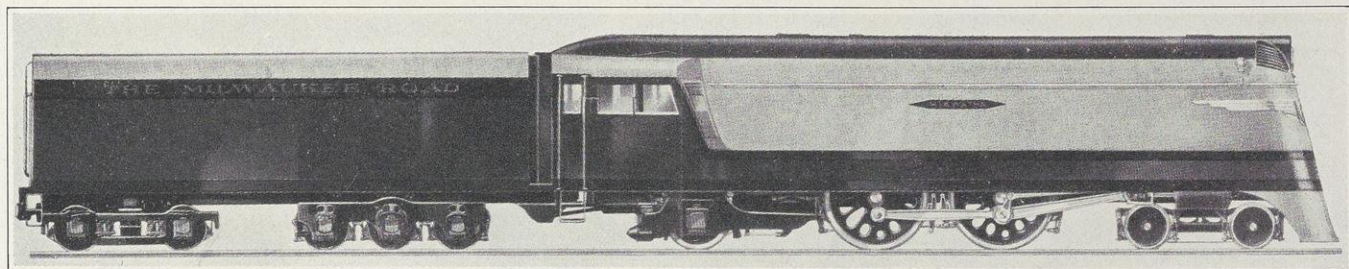
Grilled by police, Hostetter admitted having been "maybe a bit rough with her," but he denied having cooked and eaten the body. He was at a complete loss to account for pieces of bone found under the sink of his little vine-covered cottage or the human torso in his coal bin. Try as they would, all police could get out of him was, "It must have been two other chickens, boss."



The Lady That's Known as Lou, as Irene Vermucicelli, Musical Star Was Known, Is Shown Here Dressed for a Brisk Drive in the Country Behind the Spanking Team Her Fiend-Husband Purchased for Her.

Have You a Choo-Choo Complex?

'I Have,' Says University of Wisconsin Prof. in Intimate Account of the Very Strange Effect of Locomotive Attachxia on Famous Psychologist



—COURTESY WISCONSIN ENGINEER

TO SEE him sitting in the moonlight on the back stoop of his little vine-covered cottage, playing perhaps now a dreamy waltz or perhaps again a rousing march on his slide-piccolo, you would hardly suspect that R. W. Husband, professor of Psychology at the University of Wisconsin, is the hopeless victim of a choo-choo complex.

The moonlight wanes, the melancholy music floats through the night as the unfortunate professor whips out obligato after obligato on his beloved instrument and from time to time comes through with a spirited glissando or an aria. Only the rosebuds listen they know.

That's the queer thing about the choo-choo complex. It just creeps up behind you in the dark; and before you know it, it's got you, and then—well, there you are. In the moonlight, too. It's downright embarrassing, as Professor Husband will testify.

"Really," says Professor Husband, "I wish to hell I never got mixed up with this 'complex' stuff in the first place. It's nothing but a pain in the . . . uh, neck. But it does get me in the newspapers," he added wistfully.

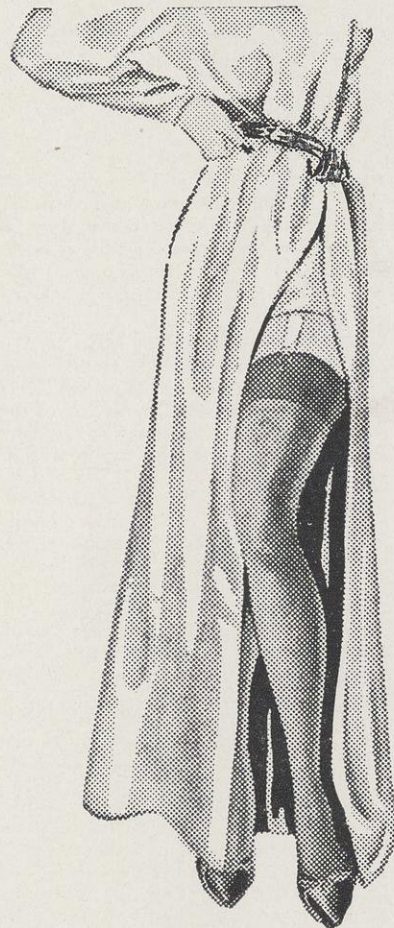
Looking in the mirror one morning, Professor Husband was startled to meet himself face to face, but UPSIDE DOWN. "Hmmm," he mused, "get a grip on yourself, old fellow. There must be a short circuit up there in the cerebellum somewhere." But the phenomenon remained unchanged and he was forced to stand on his head to shave that morning. "Imagine my embarrassment," he said in an exclusive American Weakly



Prof. Husband Overcome by the Effect of a Super Schitzophranic Depressive Melancholia Augmented by a Psychic-Physiohooley Complex and Two Cases of Beer.

interview, "to find that I had shaved the top of my head and was therefore completely bald, and that my chin resembled No. 7 flint sandpaper!"

Other evidences of this complex are too numerous for mention, but we might as well explain right now that the choo-choo complex has nothing whatever to do with choo-choo trains, a bad cold, or hay-fever. "There is no reason for the name," Professor Husband said. "Us psychologists gotta earn our living somehow, don't we?"



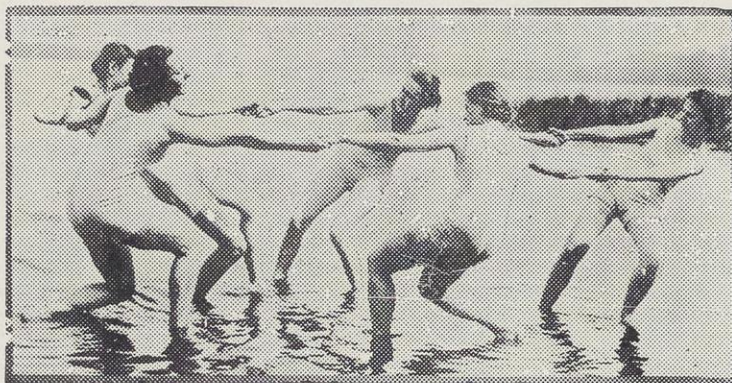
This Picture Has Nothing to Do With the Story But It Is Sensational and We Know Our Readers Will Like It; the Editor Likes It, Too.

Society Girl Goes Slumming for Thrill

Sneaks Out on Ten-Thirty Nights to Carouse with Lowest Dregs of Humanity Just for the Thrill



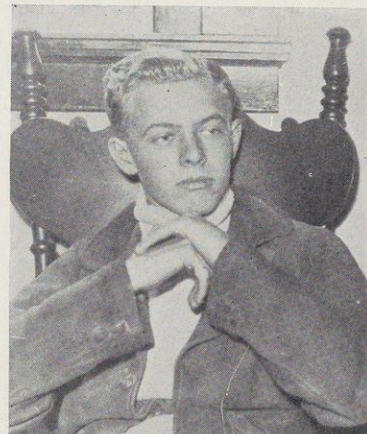
Phoebe Cabot Lodge Hostetter, "Snookums" to Her Intimates, and Fish to Alleged Prince Sergi Alexis Hostetter, Who Took Her for a String of Polo Ponies and a Short Ride.



Here We Have the First-String, or Varsity Group of Governesses Assigned to Phoebe Cabot Lodge Hostetter Trying to Prevent Her from Taking Off in the Wake of J. K. J. Pfazz, Dutch Natator and Former Flame of the Heiress. "Dod Damn It," says "Snookums," "I Wanna 'Wim."

Asiatic Russia, who claims she married him after a cocktail party given by Mrs. Estelle "Sunny" Hostetter on her yacht in the harbor of Monte Carlo.

"I never seen the punk till he come around one day and says, 'I wanna dozen new polo ponies,'" the petite heiress told reporters.



Prince Sergi Alexis Hostetter, Alias Tom Gilbert, Being Questioned by Police About His Relation to "Snookums." "She Ain't No Relation, She's My Wife," Was All They Could Get Out of Him.

TROUBLE enough for poor W. Exeter "Daddy" Hostetter, millionaire potato chip king, were his recent losses on the stock market and the breach of promise suit brought against him by former Princess Olga Poulizpantsoff, step-niece of the late Czar Nikolas XXII of Russia. But a new worry has climbed upon his aging shoulders. His only daughter, Phoebe Cabot Lodge "Snookums" Hostetter, has discarded the social conventions and has been out on a bender for three months.

Slumming parties it was that first drew the innocent maiden into the underworld night-life where she consorts with dope-fiends, criminals, scarlet women, Kappa Sigs, assistant general chairmen—in fact, all the dregs of the big city. Why does a rich society girl desert a luxurious Park Avenue penthouse to hobnob with her inferiors? Perhaps it is because she has been spoiled since an early age in the rotogravure sections. Sunday after Sunday pictures have appeared of little Phoebe Hostetter, now at the socialite Newport summer-colony, now at Ester Beach, or now pledging Kappa Delt at the University of Wisconsin.

She was like a bumblebee flitting from flower to flower, only not in quite the same capacity, but there is some reason for doubt here: she has always been rather at a loss to account for a Alexis S. Hostetter, reputed exiled prince from



One of the Ghastly Hell-Holes Visited by the Heiress to the Potato Chip Millions in the Nightly Round of DeBauchery That Brought Her to Ultimate Ruin. Third from Left in the Group is Patsy (Bang-Bang) Patricciz, Crochet Expert and Gun Moll.

Prehistoric Man Found in Heating Tunnel

This Huge, Primordial Figure, Half Ape, Half Man, Has Long Aroused the Curiosity of All Mankind; and Ever and Again

Has the Question Come Up— Does the Ape Man Still Live? University of Wisconsin Anthropologists Recently Produced Absolute Proof of Their Statement That . . .

NOT only does the cave man still live, but he has maintained his home in the center of American civilization, according to Ralph Linton, university anthropology expert.

"The Cave Man, we are led to believe by personal observations, has established himself in the heating tunnels which make of Bascom Hill on the University of Wisconsin campus a veritable maze, with more holes than grampa's teeth," Dr. Linton (who is a known Communist) declared.

"With the assistance of Miss Charlotte Gower (also a known Communist), we have discovered traces of life in the heating tunnels, and the results of our expedition, which was led by Hailie Selassie (a known Communist), may now be made known," Mr. Linton continued.

The search began at the entrance to the heating tunnels, where a safari (African for "known Communist") was fitted out. The explorers took along food and pup tents, as well as a dozen automatic rifles made by Renee du Pont (a known Communist).

For six weeks the little band of adventurers struggled on. Beset by great obstacles, but aided by a map furnished them by A. F. Gallistel (a known Communist), they struggled on. Three times they lost their way, three times they ran out of water, three times they battled their way through hordes of fierce pygmies.

Seven of their party were shot down by Italian planes, which were attempting to dive into Professor Linton, mistaking him for a British dreadnaught. It is known that these attacks were inspired by Benito Mussolini (a known Communist). Professor Linton intends to take action against the Italian government as soon as he learns to speak Italian.

But on and on the little band forged. Blood began to appear in profusion and the tenth week. Bleaching bones of beautiful blondes with lovely builds began to appear along the way.

Soon they discovered carvings on the wall— strange hieroglyphs of weird creatures covered the sides of the passage from the roof to the ceiling. Drawings too gruesome, too blood-curdling, too exotic to be described were seen (complete color pictures in next week's "American Weekly"—don't miss this snappy sexy saga!). But on they went.

"As we approached the object of all our searches, my breath came in short pants. I don't know why, but it's a union rule and all us explorers wear 'em," Professor Linton said. "Adelin hates 'em like hell, but can I help it if I have bumpy knees?"

Suddenly, as Professor Linton and his bodyguard, Bloody Bill Haight (a known

Communist) rounded a bend in the cavern that is the University Heating Tunnel, they saw the lair of the man-animal they had come so far to seek.

"We hid in a nook in the wall and waited developments," Professor Linton explained. "In a little pile of Spanish moss which apparently was the brute's bed vermin scamped about. A stray flea or two poked up his head. We waited."

"Suddenly the shuffling of great feet was heard in the passageway, and a huge



The University of Wisconsin Professor and the Cave Man He Discovered. Left, Professor Linton. Right, the Cave Man.

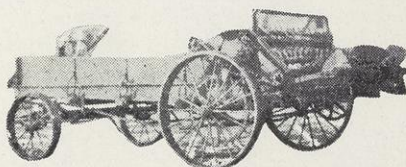
were, and his hands dangled in front of him. Occasionally he would drop to all fours and lope along like a true Psi U. Then he would shake off his lethargy, forget his simian ancestors, and walk almost erect.

Hidden beneath an unkempt beard, his mouth worked convulsively. He stop stopped every few steps to spit out a few teeth. He growled menacingly as he stumbled over a pile of human bones in the corridor.

A coal chisel and a dozen vest buttons were clutched in his left hand, while with his right he scratched at his hairy neck. Clouds of gnats arose as he stumbled along.

"After twelve weeks of continuous running, we reached the mouth of the cave," Dr. Linton says. "There, when at last we were safe, Younglenn's mind snapped. But we found out what it was that we had seen."

"It was a Cardinal reporter, out getting the annual heating tunnel feature."

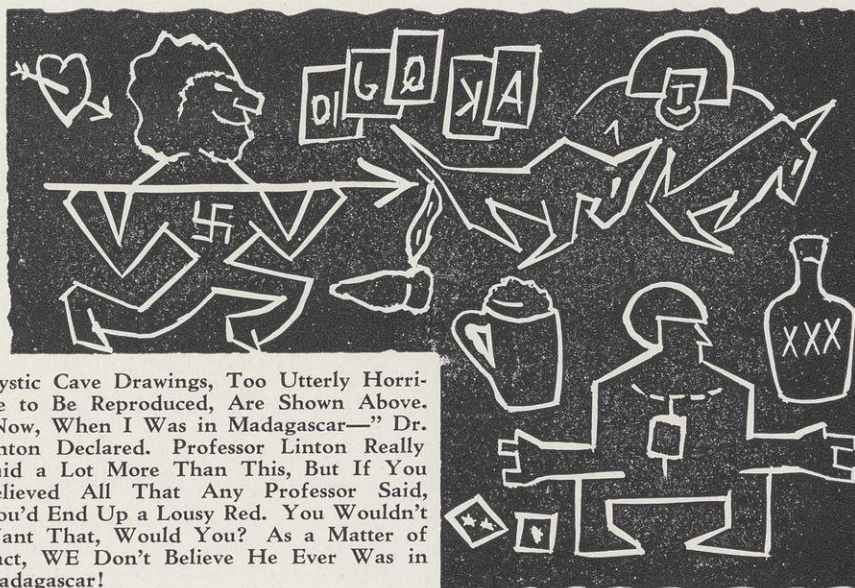


Device Brought Back From Cave Dwellings by Professor Linton. "We Don't Know What It Was Used For, But It Sure Was Used Around the University," Dr. Linton Says.

shadow blotted out the light. Suddenly Glenfranc, one of our pack-boys and a known Communist, screamed in fear."

It was the Cave Man!

Towering to a height of twelve feet, with shaggy brown hair, much fouled by indescribable filth, he lumbered into the passageway. Six feet broad, his shoulders



Mystic Cave Drawings, Too Utterly Horrible to Be Reproduced, Are Shown Above. "Now, When I Was in Madagascar—" Dr. Linton Declared. Professor Linton Really Said a Lot More Than This, But If You Believed All That Any Professor Said, You'd End Up a Lousy Red. You Wouldn't Want That, Would You? As a Matter of Fact, WE Don't Believe He Ever Was in Madagascar!

CAMPUS WITCH HACKS PROF INTO VERY LITTLE PIECES AS THOUSANDS CHEER



"Axe Me No Questions, I Tell You No Lies," Mrs. Annabelle Amelia Hostetter Puts It as She Slices Up Another Blue-blood for the Benefit of Thousands of Morbid Shop Girls and Mr. Hearst's Pocketbook.

"DONE it with my little hex!" calmly explained Mrs. Annabelle Theresa Hostetter when confronted last week with the remains of what was once Gerald P. Blow, whose body was found in itsy-bitsy pieces strewed all over the lawn of the Greencastle, Ind., courthouse. Police Chief Alfred Q. Hostetter assembled the pieces of mangled flesh and bone until slowly there grew before his eyes like a jig-saw puzzle the form of his old friend Blow. "I knew him by the gleam in his eye and the rose in his

hair," he said with hearty chuckle. "Good old Blow, he couldn't fool me."

Mrs. Hostetter, who has a healthy reputation in the district as a witch, said she did it because Blow was always floating over her chimney-top and sometimes spit down the flue into her pot of soup. "I used to hear his head bumping on the eavestrough all the time and I knew it was him by the rose in his hair, so I put a hex on him," she stated to newspapermen as she sat on the stoop of her little vine-covered cottage upon her acquittal.

GAMMA PHI GERTIE SHAKES TATTOOED TORSO AT DEKE BRAWL

For many years men who go down to the sea in ships have been coloring their outer skin with pictures of "Mother," hearts, death before dishonor, doves, daggers, and pretty dancing girls. This



Protesting the Abandonment of the White Slave Traffic at the U.W., Gamma Phi Gertie Exhibited Her Tattooed Torso at One of the Better Fraternity Parties. "I Seen the Dean and He Said I Could Advance on the Propaganda Front. That's What I Done. F. 156."

ancient custom, known as tattooing, is fast becoming a fad, and travellers in Africa report that the tribes there are doing away with lipstick, by coloring their lips. On thousands of campuses, too, the young men who spend their time "getting an education" have a saying, "Chewed, and tattooed."

So far is this fad progressing that only a little while ago, say a couple of weeks, a young lady known as Gamma Phi Gertie was discovered on the campus of the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin, with a low-back gown.

She was attending a swanky affair at one of the palatial dens called fraternities, and as she jerked into the smoke-filled air of the dance hall, her escort slipped off her wrap, and disappeared into the regions of the third floor. As he did so, the crowd recognized her.

And on her luscious, white back was a big, full-sized picture of Dean Scott H. Goodnight! Boy, was the crowd surprised.

"Just doing my bit," she explained, "in a mass protest against the no third floor party rule."

She shimmed her back, and made the dean wink, smirk, and wiggle his ears.

IF MONSTERS CAME BACK

WHAT would happen if the ancient monsters—the diplopiticus, the bosterous, the quateritis, the halititious, the nitwittius, the populitous, the nutstoyou, and the sowhatous whateverous—came back today?

That question was answered recently when a strange story was relayed to Madison, Wis., country club center, police officials and university scientists by a man who was caught on the shore of Lake Wingra one night recently.

"The horrible thing emerged from the water and squashed over the park until it was lying on its back near my feet. Then it rolled over and sighed. I was frightened out of my wits."

By the spoon on the snow, it was discovered later that the monster was a varsity tackle trying to digest a petition it had swallowed, but for many weeks the press was full of accounts of the "monster" and the "red menace."

What would happen if the monsters of old came back today to pay us a visit?

Just suppose that the thing-a-ma-jig that came out of Lake Wingra was really a whoosits-orous, one of those finny, armored fish with wings that used to run up and down the country-side, now thousands of years later occupied the Men's dormitories.



If the Prehistoric Deltagammasaurus Came Back to Life.

If this thing went to eat in the refectory, he would take up a lot of space, and probably thirds on dessert, but outside of that he would cause little excitement, according to Dr. Finchlinch, of the university digemupdead department.

Suppose of the great dinosaurs who used to roam Eagle Heights should come back, twisting his neck around and around, and lifting millions of tons with Sinclair gasoline, what effect would that have on the other necks twisting around Eagle Heights?

Nobody knows, according to Professor Finchlinch.

"According to my researches in dehydration of living organisms, and a subsequent study in the time lag of reflexes in the lower forms of protoplasm, anybody could be pickled on enough Madison beer to keep him for a million years. That's probably what happened to the monsters who have been re-appearing. They all growled as though they had a hangover."

Sleepwalkers Have Marvelous Adventures---Walk in Sleep



Whipping Down State Street in Her Nightie, Romona J. "Cuddles" Hostetter Was Not Molested by the Madison Bobbies. "We Ain't Molesting Nobody," the "Cops" Declared. "We Thought She Was on the Way to a Theta Formal."

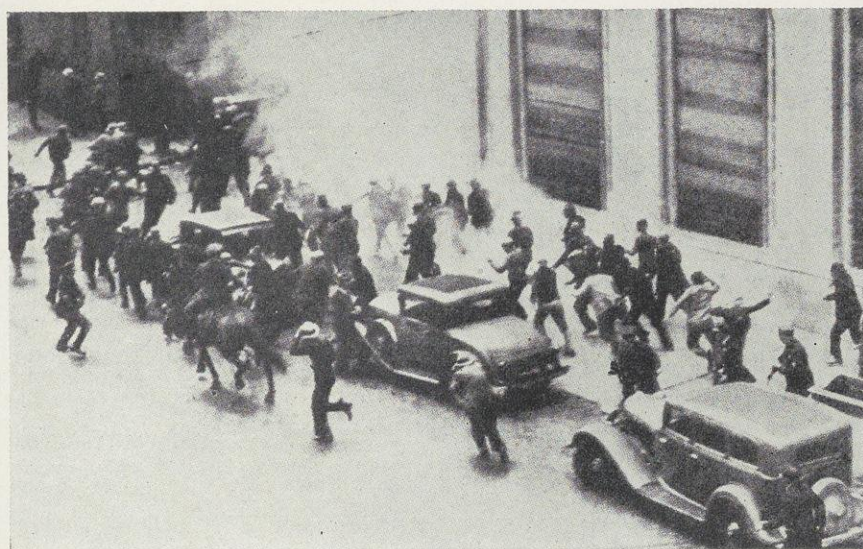
"Cuddles" Hostetter and Jerry Pennywhistle Have Time in Dreamland

MANY and amazing are the adventures into which sleepwalking persons have innocently fallen. A curious case was that of Ramona J. "Cuddles" Hostetter, a barmaid at the Palm Gardens, popular hotspot and rendezvous of the elite, who whip down from their little vine-covered cot. While sleepwalking she was pledged by Alpha Chi Omega and was roped into blind dates with two Alpha Deltas named Herman. "It wasn't the first time Ramona didn't come home for a week," said her mother, Mrs. Lemuel B. "Peaches" Hostetter, prominent social matron and sportswoman, "but this time I must say I am heartily ashamed of her, the louse."

Another interesting case is that of Jerome M. Pennywhistle, a student in the Short Course at the University of Wisconsin. Clad only in his nightie and a pair of earmuffs, Pennywhistle escaped from his room at Adams Hall, "borrowed" a handcar from the Illinois Central switchyard and pumped his way clear up to Platform, South Dakota, before he awoke. "You can damn betcha I didn't get back to my eight o'clock that morning," he said.

Professor E. A. Ross, in an exclusive American Weekly interview, stated that he had nothing to say for publication.

Red Rage Breaks Loose On U. Wisconsin Campus Again

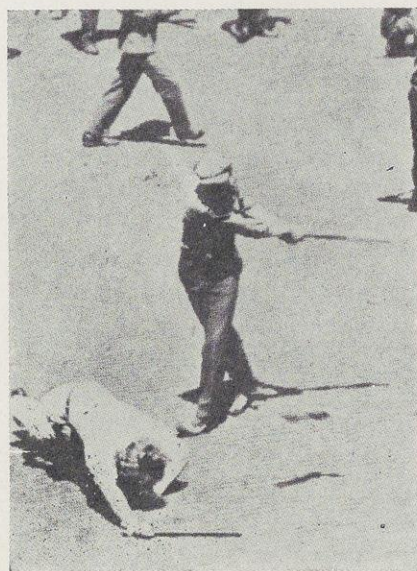


The Terror stalked at the University of Wisconsin last month, as student Reds laid down an ultimatum to university authorities.

Violence and looting broke out, like the measles. Blows were exchanged, and strong men clubbed weak, defenseless women. This is a direct slap at the capi-

talistic system, and it was properly resented by those stalwart young Americans, the student "W" club.

"I couldn't take that, so I got my ball bat and swung it to beat all get out," Nick DeMark declared. "When you hit a guy in the stomach, he just says 'uhhhhhhhh' and falls over, but if you sock 'em in the



head, they make a noise like busting a watermelon and spatter all over. I hit 'em in the head—it was more fun."

Whether or not this will be an annual custom at the university is considered debatable, since the annual First Robin Tournament and the Steven plan have recently died out.

French Sleuth Solves "Horror House" Mystery of Madison

Archives of French Surete Reveal
Ghastly Secrets of Murder

Manse

FROM the most secret archives of the Surete de la France, famous restaurant and millinery establishment in the Rue de la Paix, Paris, comes a story long suppressed for the sheer horror, the incredible gruesomeness of the sights revealed by M. Andre du Clois, special operative attached to the case upon the request of the Madison cossacks.

The dossier of the case reveals that the first report of the case came when Mme. Bridget Murphy, a Negro laundress, saw a weird shape at the window of the little vine-covered cottage.

"Help, I got haunts in meine paunts," Mme. Murphy shrieked, collapsing into a stack of ATO laundry she was returning. (Note—this case is one of a ripe old age; therefore, it is possible that the ATO's might have been having laundry done. Later evidence, however, seems to contradict this.)

Describing what she had seen, Mme. Murphy said that It was a "bald, toothless hag with a chewed-off nose, which made howling noises as It beat Its head against the window pane. Under Its left arm It held the bloody leg of a Badger beauty—or so it was identified by Detective Melvin Adams, who was called into the case.

This was but the first of a horrible series of psychic occurrences, which plunged the police of 12 continents into utter despair until the arrival of M. du Clois.

The second time, the apparition was seen by a small boy, wearing green pants and a blue sweater.

"Apparently It had a hang-nail, for It stood on the front porch biting Its nails," the boy, one Lawrence Wolfe, declared. "After It finished biting Its nails, It began to chew on Its knuckles. Then It went to work on Its forearms. Apparently the hang-nail was pretty bad. I ran away."

The police were baffled as all get out.

"We are baffled as all get out," said



Above: Orgy as Reconstructed by a Staff Photographer in Which the Gruesome Gnomes Express Their Personalities. An Instant Later the Photographer Was Set Upon and Chopped to Bits.



Left: Detective Melvin Adams Who Stuck His Nose Into the Horror House Just Six Times Too Often. On the Last Try the Ogres Got Him and Chopped Him Into Bits, as Usual.

Below: The Ghastly "Murder Manse" of Madison, Wis. Soul-Scarifying Screams from This Vine-Covered Cottage Scared Hell Out of the ATO Washwoman and Brought French Police and a Whole Bevy of Hearst News Hounds on the Run.



Left: Did This Depraved Beast Chop to Bits Fourteen Women and a Si U? One of the Horrible Apparitions at First Supposed to Be an Ass. Gen. Chr. But Later Discovered to Be a Housemother.

the police, indicating that they were baffled as all get out.

Soon they carried in M. Andre du Clois, who was finally induced to take three aspirins, a look at the haunted house, and an active interest in the case. Soon he took four more aspirins, for he himself had seen one of the mysterious creatures.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est que ca?" he screamed.

As M. du Clois later told M. Adams, the tall, scraggly specter was using her one arm to comb her greenish-purple hair with her false teeth, chuckling malevolently.

But M. du Clois was unruffled.

"Moi, je n'etais pas ruffle." Je pushed forward, tout de suite," he said in his perfect English, with the slightest of Brooklyn accents. "Soudainement, que l'hell. Je knew all."

After discovering all, M. du Clois went back to Paris, where he wrote out his report for the secret archives of the Surete.

There it may be found under the title of—"Les Goons de la Alpha Gamma Delta."

PARISH THE THOT

I've seen a cyclone rise in wrath
And slaughter thousands in its path.

Exploding bombs and bodies raw
Before my path in calm I saw.

And one day on an Alpine hill
I saw an eagle make its kill.

Though these things may cause some men to shrink
They did not even make me blink.

Have I no heart? Give I no heed?
Am I not moved by word or deed?

Alas 'tis false; I must confess
What causes me a great distress,

The thing I could not view with ease:
Il Duce in his B.V.D's.

•

The shade stopped at the gate of the nether regions
and showed his ticket.

"Wait just a minute," said Pluto. "This card says
'Heaven'."

"I know," said the deceased, "but I have just come
from Wisconsin, and I want to make the change
gradual."

—Log

CHRISTMAS CARDS

- More than 500 striking new 1935 designs.
- Cards for every name on your list — serious, humorous, or sentimental.

3c (2 for 5c) to 1.00 each.

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The Holiday Festivities

Start At

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They start when you select the smart formal frocks that are going to assure you a good time at every party! Just slipping into them puts one into a gay holiday mood!

Harry S. Manchester, Inc.

ROMAN VILLA INSPIRED PEABODY MADE MEMORIAL UNION A COPY

Looked at Other Unions Throughout the Country, But Only the
Renaissance Mansion Suited the Architect

Arthur Peabody, state architect and designer of the Union, held a book in his hands. In it was a picture of a Roman villa. "That is the Wisconsin Memorial Union," he said smiling.

—DAILY CARDINAL, Dec. 4, 1935

50,000 ITALIANS MUST BE WRONG

Reprinted from the Octopus, Feb., 1933

CHARACTERS:

Giuseppe Peabodio, Architect to the State.

50,000 Italian scholars—Alumni of classes '17-'28, Patrons of the Belles Artes.

English Instructor—English Instructor.

Act I

(Spot where Blackhawk retreated across the Campus, near Bascom hall.)

(Enter Giuseppe Peabodio, with a book on Italian Verbs and a plate of steaming Spaghetti.)

Giuseppe: Ah, beautiful knoll! Would thou fathered the crowning glory of ancient Italia! O sole mio, that thou could create the majesty, the beauty, the grandeur of the Renaissance! On this spot, with the aid of my adopted spirits, Michel-Angelo, Sansovino, Raffael, and Brunelleschi, I shall create an Italian campanile. Ah, my dream, my life, my art, my all!

(Giuseppe exits, left, toward library to secure a volume on Italian Renaissance architecture.)

Act II

(Scene—same as in Act I.)

(Enter Giuseppe with book, sketch pad, and a bottle of Botticelli.)

Giuseppe: At last my plans are complete! O Dio Mio, I shall erect a campanile, the most beautiful in all America! (He opens book on Renaissance architecture.) Here I shall build a strong foundation, as on page 3. (Indicates spot) And there I shall erect a facade of chaste columns, as on page 76, plate 3a. And soaring above, I shall introduce a celestial frieze resting upon a serene entablature,

as on page 54. And from chapter seven, plate 3b, I shall draw the motif for my pillasters, which shall ornament the apertures through which the chimeric tones of the silver bells will mingle with the trilling of the feathered folk inhabiting the silvan dells! And this, my achievement, will bring peace and contentment to the scholars who contemplate the apotheosis of intellect!

(Enter, right, 50,000 Italians with 100,000 lire in senior dues. First Italian steps forward with extended arms.)

First Italian: Ah, dreamer Peabodio, we brother Italians to you in the spirit, overheard your meditations and majestic plans to bring joy and beauty to all scholars! We offer you gladly our 100,000 lire in senior dues so that you may realize your God-given creative dream.

49,999 Italians: So say we all!

Act III

(Enter Giuseppe Peabodio. The campanile is complete and methodically tolls and chimes at fifteen minute intervals.)

Chimes: Bing Bong Bing Bong!
BONG BONG BONG! TINKLE TONKLE!

Giuseppe: Ah, ring out, brave bells . . . harbingers of the Renaissance and ancient ages! Four times in each clock's round thy voices bring beauty to mundane-weary students! Monument to my genius and also to those other masters of tectonic purity, I salute thee! Anch'io son pittore!

(Enter English instructor with disheveled hair, torn tie, and wild-eyed countenance.)

Chimes: Bing Bong Bong——!

English Instructor: My God, those damn bells again . . . every 15 minutes!

50,000 Students: So say we all!

(CURTAIN)

ADD POIL--

It seems he certainly must have told the Dekes about how it all happened, but the first thing we know the Cardinal carried a story saying he had pledged Sigma Phi.

I guess he must have been a Sigma Phi almost three days, which is long enough for anyone to be a Sigma Phi, and then he comes back to town and pledges Psi U. Psi U writes us a very snippy note, gloating over beating us out, although it's really the Sigma Phis that they get him from.

Well, since this Remington says he found the poil in cube steak, of course all these houses where he pledges begin to order cube steak. The result is terrific.

On Wednesday the Dekes order 50 pounds of cube steak, the Psi U's 75, and Sigma Phi 100. The Chi Psis get word of what's up and start in too.

Pretty soon every fraternity on Langdon is ordering cube steak. Friday the price hits \$3.37 a pound. Sunday morning it reaches \$3.84. By Tuesday it's up knocking at the door of \$5.

The Kappa Sigs double the number of comps to prom and cut the price to raise money. Phi Gam starts selling 50 yard line seats in their stadium. Sigma Phi buys 30 head of cattle and grazes them in the back yard, feeding them small hard objects in hopes of making them get poils; they even learn to drink milk to keep the cows happy. Sig Ep mortgages the house and half of their Lake Mendota.

And all the time, us boys in old Nu are sitting down here laughing and laughing and laughing, like this.

You see, it wasn't cube steak at all that the kid found the poil in, but he didn't know it.

What? No, it was not oystchers.

It was horsemeat.

LINES TO A DG

Tell me,
How do you get
So quite completely wet?
That stolid stare and lacquered hair,
That squirrel glare and face so g.d. bare?
That pensive air of goat-hood,
That starkly silly "Oh, dood!"
Tell me, sister,
How do you get
So quite completely wet?



Remember!
Gifts from
the
CO-OP

may be purchased
on your number ..
Rebates will be out
soon .. BE WISE!

buy
Books - Gifts
Christmas
Cards

at the
CO-OP
COR. STATE & LAKE STREET

THE FUNNY
PAPERS

Hospital to Fight
Maytag Suit for
Return of \$150,000

Albuquerque, N. M., Nov. 9.—(AP)
—Southwestern Presbyterian sanitarium
of Albuquerque today marshaled its re-
sources to resist the attempt of F. L.
Maytag, Iowa industrialist, to recover a
\$150,000 gift made to that institution in
1928 and 1929.
—CHICAGO TRIBUNE
Probably not the only gift he regrets.

All employes of South African rail-
ways who deal with the public must
know both English and Afrikaans.
and will acquire an airplane.
—WIS. STATE JOURNAL
Service plus.

Did you know the Pi Phis are harbor-
ing a strong man?
—DAILY CARDINAL, Dec. 3
*No, and we'll bet the Dean of Women
doesn't, either.*

She will appear walking on her hands,
doing splits, forward and back hand-
springs, and back air springs in which
she somersaults backward through the air
without touching her hands to the
ground. "From feet to feet," Miss Brad-
ley explains it.
"Quite a feat," you may answer.
—DAILY CARDINAL, Dec. 3
*Once again, please, and slower. It's a bit
too subtle . . .*

Immell Is Given
Three Posers From
Workers' Alliance
—CAPITAL TIMES, Dec. 4
What, some more of 'em?

Jobs Are Open,
King Announces
Part-Time Clerks, Stenographers, Room
and Board Positions Increase
—DAILY CARDINAL, Dec. 7
Yeah, but how about a queen?

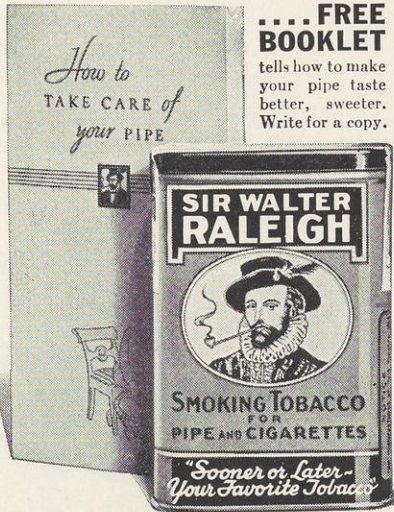
The fire which started about the chim-
ney and stovepipe in the garret of a one-
story annex, was discovered by fiends as
they drove up to the Wilson home to
have dinner with the family.
—WIS. STATE JOURNAL, Nov. 30
Boo!



"IS THERE A DOCTOR
IN THE HOUSE?"

THE dame doesn't need a doctor.
Just let the hero clean out his
gassy briar and send out for a tin of
the tobacco that's swell to smell and
cooler to smoke—and let the play
go on to a happy end. Sir Walter
Raleigh is the mildest, pleasantest
blend of well-aged Kentucky Bur-
leys ever offered to men who like
pipes but dislike pipe-nip. Exagger-
ation? Can't be—sales growth says
it's simple truth. Try a tin kept fresh
in heavy gold foil and rave with us.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-512



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILD



Here's Hoping

- That you have a bounteous feast, a grand vacation, and all the good things of the holiday season.
- That you will glide safely, happily and prosperously through the year 1936.
- That you will start the New Year of 1936 by visiting our plant, inspecting our increased facilities and letting us solve your printing problems.

Yours for a happy holiday

Cardinal Publishing Company

740 LANGDON

BADGER 1137



ADD TISH TOSH--

of his swamp of lethargy, has installed in his apt. a colony of ants in a little earth-filled box glassed on top...over box is sign: "Look to the Ant, Sluggard!"...when he feels determination slipping, the lad goes over to his ant-box, and looks at the busy scurrying, and broods, and broods and looks...wonder if it's true that Chi Psis have glass cage of minks in basement?...they say that Edmund Bachowski, last Cardinal biz manager, and self-confessed big shot who ran for state assemblyman (Bachowski 100¼, Opponent 64-792) now slices it thin, for a change, in the family butcher shop in Milwaukee...definitely, this life is a husk, just a hollow shell...

For a newly-hatched assistant dean of men, C. Dollard, Union charge-d'affaires, has some weird ideas...for instance, when it developed that the publicity man for Helen Jepson, due to soon sing here, had sent many more pictures of that lovely than could be used, M. Dollard caused to have writ across the tops of them, such phrases as, "I hope to see all you Betas (Chi Psis, Dekes, etc.) at my concert," and sent same to the various houses...Jepson might well cut him in on the gate.

ADD WHO'S ZOO--

Badger art editor, his lectures contain fewer critics than most other classes. On leave this semester, he will return next to complete—in one year if not simultaneously—the department's team of Meiklejohn and Otto.

PERLMAN, SELIG, economist—An almost unintelligible accent, a face that would be the despair of a photographer, and a habit of staring at the ceiling should make Selig Perlman the world's worst lecturer. But "a kvick vit und a vew liddle kvips, I guess," as he would put it, endear him to his classes and put across his subject of labor and its struggles.

ROSS, EDWARD ALSWORTH, sociologist—His high collars, austere manner, and eternal willingness to be quoted on any and all subjects for the benefit of the Daily Cardinal are the chief items on the deficit side of Professor's Ross's ledger, and are points which make him particularly disliked by those who have never ventured into his lair in Sterling hall. But he remains the outstanding man in his field in the country and will retain much of the student prestige he gained in his venture into legislature hell-giving last spring.

TREWARTHA, GLENN THOMAS, geographer—He's inhumanly precise and he's a driver. But Trewartha knows his subject so well, talks so deeply, wears such rough clothes, and handles his five feet, four inches so like a Jack Dempsey that he even overcomes the environmental handicap imposed by the architectural monstrosities of Science Hall.

WHITE, HELEN CONSTANCE, authoress—Beautifully vague in appearance and admittedly wide-eyed in the face of all-knowing college youth, Helen White is the perfect example of the type of the college professor—or would be were she a man. But with this she combines remarkable lit'r'y—her own pronunciation—and critical ability and a genuinely friendly attitude which makes student self-expression an actual fact.

STOLEN THUNDER

brewed from the king's English
to a queen's taste

A SEASONAL DITTY

By LESTER ASHEIM

A cheery season of the year is Christmas—
There's father, dragged knee-deep in debt,
And ma, whose shopping makes her fret,
And kids, who hate the gifts they get
On Christmas.

No other time can quite compare with Christmas
When relatives whom you despise
You must pretend to idolize—
And then they send you Kress's ties
For Christmas.

It's cheery if the ground is white for Christmas:
Your water pipes may burst and break,
With unprepared-for cold you shake,
And there's pneumonia in the wake
Of Christmas.

There's happiness spread far and wide at Christmas,
But for the poor, who cannot buy;
With nose 'gainst pane, and tear in eye
They watch the rich ones pass, and sigh
On Christmas.

There's peace on earth, good will towards men on
Christmas,
Except of course, in Italy
And then in France, and Germany,
And in Japan, and Hungary—
This Christmas.

Perhaps we're being much too hard towards Christmas.
No need to be so gloomy here,
No need to shed a useless tear.
Be glad, that only once a year
Comes Christmas.

—Swiped

It was one of those Monday mornings, when the
events of the previous week-end begin to take form
that is most noticeable by a pounding headache, that
this freshman friend of ours ordered an egg in one of
the campus dineries. On her way to the table the
waitress dropped the egg and in alarm cried out:

"Oh, what shall I do?"

"Cackle like hell," advised our friend, raising up
from his semi-stupor. "You'll have one hell-uva time
doing it again."

—Sundial

LAMENT COLLEGIANA

I'm through with all women, they're fickle, untrue,
They make you then break you and laugh when they're
thru.

They wreck and degrade you with motives most base,
Then reward all your love with a slap in the face.

I'm done with all women, there's not one alive,
Who's worth all the misery that men must survive,
To win their black hearts where a flame seems to dwell,
That is fed by the men that are under their spell.

I'm through with all women, they cheat and they lie,
They prey on us males to the day that they die.
They tease us, torment us and drive us to sin—
Say, who is the blonde that just now came in?

—Puppet

Absent Minded Professor—"Lady, what are you
doing in my bed?"

Lady—"Well, I like this bed. I like this neighbor-
hood. I like this house, and I like this room. And
anyway, I'm your wife!"

—Froth

Little Audrey Joins Us Once More

Little Audrey had a baby brother named Oaka. (In
case you didn't know it, Audrey has a Japanese strain
in her.)

One day her mother told her to go upstairs and bring
Oaka down. Audrey laughed and laughed, because she
knew she couldn't carioca.

—Red Cat

Little Audrey laughed and laughed when she heard
the pilot tell the baby to count ten and pull the para-
chute string—because she knew that the baby couldn't
count more than three.

—Red Cat

TRUE

The world's greatest egotist is the boy friend who
when kissing his girl friend murmurs that he must be
the second happiest person in the world.

—Red Cat

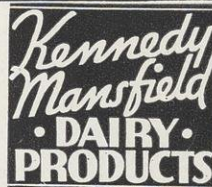
Dentist (to a patient)—"You need not open your
mouth any farther; when I pull your tooth I expect to
stand outside."

—Claw

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THE MEMORIAL UNION

MADISON, WISCONSIN

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● Octy was puzzled.

Yes, frankly, Octy was baffled. You see, Octy faced a problem — what should the Octopus take as its theme this month? Something local, something which would allow him to express himself, and — of course — something uproariously funny.

Long hours of research were entered by the staff. Many and diverse were the alternatives suggested, but they finally boiled down to two.

Octy would put out a Communist number, exposing the Radicals and their evil plots; or

Octy would put out an American Weakly, out-Hearsting Hearst.

As the foregoing pages show, we decided on the latter. And we think it's funny as all get out, even though you might call it gilding the lily. Anyway, there it is.

The Yellow, as you see, has won out over the Red.

Everyone knows . . .

that during a school year half the campus population passes through the door of LOH-MAIER'S. Just the right degree of clamor, people you know, with blonde Inky and Dorothy or brunette Virginia or Vee attending to your orders and Fred, Mark (and yes, even Iron Mike) constantly maintaining the character that makes for only one . . .

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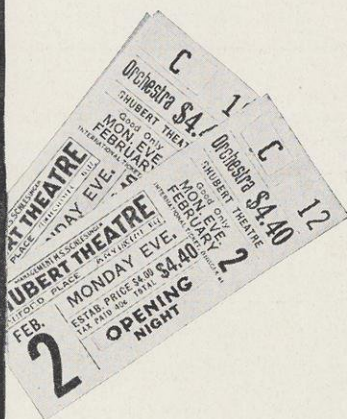
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SO YOU WANT SOME MORE JOKES

we don't like to do this,
but you asked for it

"The Negro," said one gentleman traveling in the South to another, "is related to the American Indian. I will prove it." Whereupon, he leaned out the train window at the next station, and shouted to an old darky on the platform, "Wah He!" And, as reply, came back, "Wah Who?"

—Log



COMPANY

"You cruel child," declared Mr. Klotz, "why did you cut that poor harmless worm in two?"

"But, Mister, he looked so lonesome," vouchsafed Tiny Tim.

—Ski-U-Mah

A passenger on a southern train, looking under his berth one morning, found one black shoe and one tan and summoned the porter.

The porter scratched his head in bewilderment.

"Well, if dat don't beat all," he said. "Dat's de second time dis mornin' dat mistake's happened."

—Com-mirth

The English are a phlegmatic race. I was once week-ending with an Englishman and his wife. Entirely by accident, I happened, one day, on the Englishman's wife in her bath. Making a hurried retreat I immediately sought out my host, who was reading in his room, and proffered an apology. He brought his head up out of his book and regarded me for a moment.

"Skinny old thing, isn't she?" he remarked.

—Pointer

Stop wondering why it takes women so long to dress. Remember you have to slow down for curves.

—Stooge

McGruder, you're a dirty louse
The way you treat your pretty spouse.

For no good reason up you'd jump
And fetch her one across the posterior.

And if she ever tries to shout
You slap her sharply on the mouth.
My dear man, do you ever pause
To think that you too might have flaws?

You say she used your shorts for mops?

McGruder, shake my hand, you're tops!



We'll have to dig like hell to come up
under the Great Hall by
Prom night

"He's a fraternity man."

"How do you know?"

"He answered to four names in class this morning."

—Texas Ranger



What is home without parents?

Home without parents is what is commonly known as a good place to have a cheap date.

—Yellow Jacket

"What in 'ell are all these people and what are they doing to my house?" roared the Mexican citizen as a frantic mob ripped his home apart and burned his furniture.

"Well," said the bystander, "you were made President while you were downtown, but you've been overthrown."

—Masquerader



SUNK

Two old settlers, confirmed bachelors, sat in the back woods. The conversation drifted from politics and finally got around to cooking.

"I got one o' them cookery books once, but I never could do nothing with it."

"Too much fancy work in it, eh?"

"You've said it! Every one o' them recipes began the same way: 'Take a clean dish . . . ' and that settled me."

—Modern Woodsman

She—"Now before you start this ride, I want to tell you that I don't smoke, drink or flirt. I visit no wayside inns, and I expect to be back by 10 o'clock."

He—"You're mistaken."

She—"You mean that I do any of those things?"

He—"No, I mean about starting for this ride."

—Black and Blue Jay

Enthusiastic Agent—"Now, here is a house without a flaw."

Harvard Grad—"What are you walking on?"

—Chapparral

"Do you hear shomsing right now?"

"No."

"Thash funny. I'm talkin' to you."

—Froth



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