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## Octopus. Vol. 17 [18], No. 3 November, 1936

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin, November, 1936

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# Octopus



November

Ten Cents



## PRIZE-WINNER

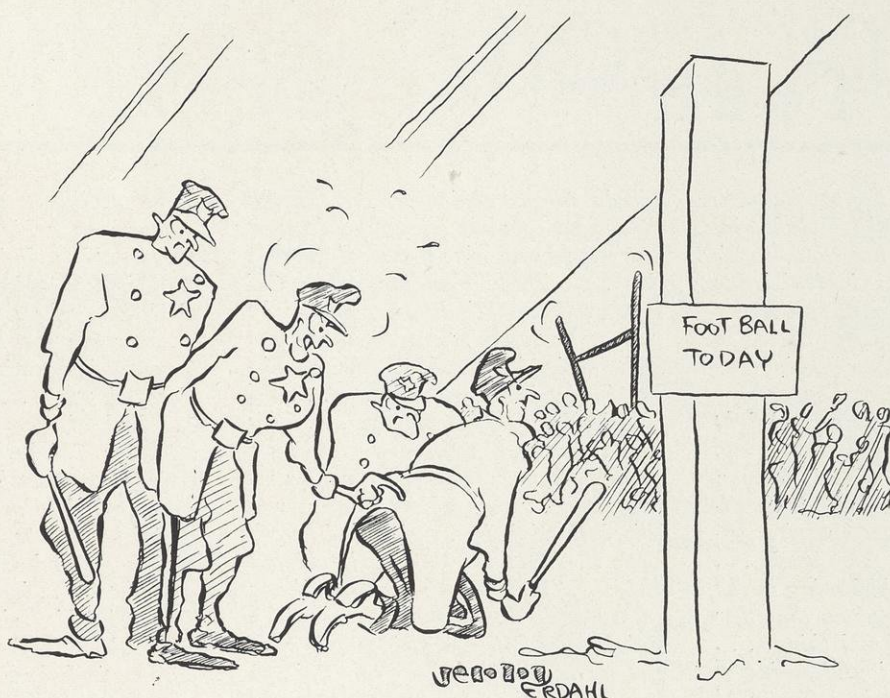
Girl . . Dog . . Cigarette—Lucky Strike, of course. For "It's Toasted," a process which is private and exclusive with Lucky Strike Cigarettes, allows delicate throats the full, abiding enjoyment of rich, ripe-bodied tobacco. "Toasting" removes certain harsh irritants present in even the finest tobaccos in their natural state. "Toasting" is *your* throat protection against irritation—against cough. So, for your throat's sake, smoke Luckies.



Copyright, 1936, The American Tobacco Company

*Luckies*—a light smoke  
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"





"Hey, Mike — is the mob away from the goal posts yet?"

## Stolen Thunder . . . or That Was No Lady

1st Cat: "What are you doing here?"

Second Cat: "Oh, just pussyfooting around."  
—Lampoon

"Do you know why traffic lights turn red?"

"No. Why do they?"

"You'd turn red too if you had to stop and go in the middle of the street."  
—Blue Bucket

"Of course I slapped him. How was I to know what Platonic meant?"

—Sewanee Mildew

"I flunked the history exam."

"But I thought you had all the answers written on your shirt."

"I did, but by mistake I put on the math shirt."

Mother (entering room): Why, Mabel, get right down from that young man's knee!

Mabel: No, I got here first.

—Lampoon

Psych. Prof.—What is the most wonderful thing in the world?

Stude—The most wonderful thing in the world, Professor, is Mae West.

Prof.—No. The most wonderful thing is sleep.

Stude—Yes, sir, next to Mae West.

—Bored Walk

A kind-hearted gentleman saw a little boy trying to reach a door-bell. He rang the bell for him and then said, "And now what, my little man?"

"Run," said the little boy, "that's what I'm going to do."  
—Tiger

Prof.: "If there are any dumbbells in the room, please stand up."

A long pause and then a lone freshman stands up.

"What, do you consider yourself a dumbbell?"

"Well, not exactly that, sir, but I hate to see you standing all alone."

—Widow



Girl: "I'll stand on my head or bust."

Instructor: "Just stand on your head."  
—Oberlin Lutefisk

She: "Stop!"

He: "I won't!"

She: (Sighing with relief) "Well, at least I did my duty."  
—Lampoon

Then there is the story of the gentleman visiting in Washington, but who wanted to 'phone someone in Baltimore. It proved annoying when the operator said: "Deposit twenty-five cents, please."

"What!" he cried, "twenty-five cents to call Baltimore? Why, at home we can 'phone to hell and back for a nickel."

"Oh, yes," she replied, "but that's a local call."  
—Voodoo.

A censor is a lovely man—

I know you think so, too;

He sees three meanings in a joke—

Where there are only two!

—Record.

A temperance lecturer was waxing very eloquent and intermixing his sermonette with concrete examples of abstinence. "If you lead a donkey up to a pail of water and a pail of beer, which will he choose to drink?"

At which climax a heckler in the audience grabbed the speaker's punch line by shouting out, "The water, of course."

Hoping to shut up the annoyance, the lecturer ventured the question, "And why, my good man, did the donkey choose the water?"

Like a flash came the heckler's reply, "Because he's an ass."

—Sundial.







# Knock, knock!

Who's there?

Wetherby!

Wetherby who?

Wetherby hanged, Lady! "Weather" gets the ha-ha from Double-Mellow Old Gold's *double-Cellophane* package. Rain or shine! Hot or cold! Any climate! Anywhere! Any time! . . . you'll find Double-Mellow Old Golds are always factory-fresh. Thanks to those 2 jackets of the finest moisture-proof Cellophane on every package. And don't forget O.G.s. are blended from the choicest of the *prize crop* tobaccos!

ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!



Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.  
Inner Cellophane Jacket opens from the Top.



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

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# The Incredible Angleworm

**T**HE ANGLEWORM is one of the happiest of creatures. Like the New York Mirror, he lives on dirt, spewing it forth in a form even more unappetizing than the state in which he found it. He is therefore able to find in the soil an abundance of food. Having a very placid disposition, he is entirely free from worry. The tariff on babassu nuts and the score of Saturday's game do not concern him. He writes no topics. He is free from athlete's foot. He is not gossiped about behind his back. Being bisexual, he is free from the most vexing set of difficulties other animals have to contend with. In short, the angleworm is one of the most serenely happy of organisms.

Anglewormian nomenclature has long been a moot subject. There are those who claim that the animal in question should be called a fish-worm. Since the Angleworm does not fish, it should be apparent to every thinking man that this name is misleading, unjustified, and false. There are certain pedants who would seek to subdivide the species Angleworm into various sub-groups, such as night-crawlers, red angleworms, earthworms, and common Angleworms. Don't allow yourself to be dragged into such a bog of nominalism, such a maze of hair-splitting. This name was applied to the soil worm by primitive man because its bodily flexibility permitted it to bend itself into a sharp angle.



Hence fishing is called angling, since it is done with these worms. Of course, this explains the origin of Anglosaxon and saxophone. Phonograph can also be traced back to the worm.

From an evolutionary standpoint, the Angleworm is exceptionally interesting. He represents the summit of organic development. He has found an ingenious answer for all of the difficulties with which life is beset. He has avoided his enemies by delving below the surface. He has solved the problem of keeping himself warm by adopting a theometric scale in which soil temperature is by definition optimal. He never falls and breaks a leg because

- a. You can't fall up, and
- b. He hasn't any legs anyway.

Finally, his food supply consists of his whole environment, than which there is nothing there is more of.

In short, the Angleworm has reached the absolute summit of the evolutionary scale.

*(Turned in as a weekly topic in soil bacteriology, the above opus was for obvious reasons unsigned. It followed a complaint by a professor in charge that the papers were too dull. The writer has something, and Octy is extending all eight tentacles in welcome. We've a job for him.)*



**For that uncertain feeling—**

Do sudden swerves  
Upset your nerves?  
Does traffic get your goat?  
Do stomach ills  
Disrupt your thrills  
On board a train or boat?  
If so, be ready—  
Keep calm and steady—  
Give Beech-Nut Gum your vote!

**Travellers! keep calm with  
BEECH-NUT GUM**



**BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM**  
...is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

**BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM**...  
candy coating protects a pleasing flavor... and, as you probably know, pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.

**BEECHIES**... another really fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

**BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT**...  
especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A Beech-Nut Quality product.

**ORALGENE**—Its firmer texture gives much needed mouth exercise... and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

**GET YOUR SUPPLY OF BEECH-NUT  
BEFORE THE TRIP BEGINS**



## The Very Wise Frosh

AT THE dormitories there are mice. Yes, indeed. In spite of what Mr. Wentworth tells you, there *are* mice. Now don't think for a moment that we are trying to start a rumor that there are rats, big man-eating rats out at the dorms, but just as surely as there was a nasty saying painted on the Bell Tower during Homecoming, there are hundreds of furry, quick as hell, hungry rodents.

Also there is a freshman named John Berend.

John Berend's father is a wholesaler of candy; he sends his offspring a box several times a week. (We *do* like John.) But mice are clever buggers, and they soon learned of this potent supply of nourishment. At night they would parade down the hall and under John Berend's door to the candy supply.

At first John acted as the average fellow would; he kept the candy box closed at night. In the morning he would find the box pretty well nibbled at, although the contents were hardly even scratched. (On the recommendation of the guys in the house he gave the candy to Mr. Wentworth.)

Disgusted with it all, John bought a mousetrap; not the ordinary wooden ones, but a special one for dorm mice—a steel trap. The trouble with the trap was that once it had the mouse trapped, it rattled and clanged until it had John Berend awake. He would throw a shoe at it and end its misery, but he was usually so mad and so surprised that he wasn't able to fall asleep again.

But John Berend was undaunted. He yelled out, "Is this dormitory for men, or are we mice?" So now comes John's coup de genius. He pounded rubber mats to the bottom of the door, eliminating the crevice, and therefore the mice. But to make doubly-sure, John also printed some stickers and pasted them to his candy boxes.

"Rat Poison," the stickers said.

—MYRON GORDON.

The poet gazes at the moon  
And seldom can get dates at noon.  
But honest fellows who don't pine  
Call Prom Queens up at half-past nine.

Dentist: "This set will cost you five dollars."  
Patient: "Have you any buck teeth?"

—Punch Bowl.

He—"Have a cigarette?"

She—"Sir, are you trying to insult me? I am the mother of five children."

He—"Oh, in that case, have a cigar."

—Rice Owl

A couple of boys out in Iowa were discussing the recent drought. One fellow had some wheat which he had managed to harvest.

"The drought sure has made the wheat short this year!"

"Short? Say, I had to lather mine to mow it!"

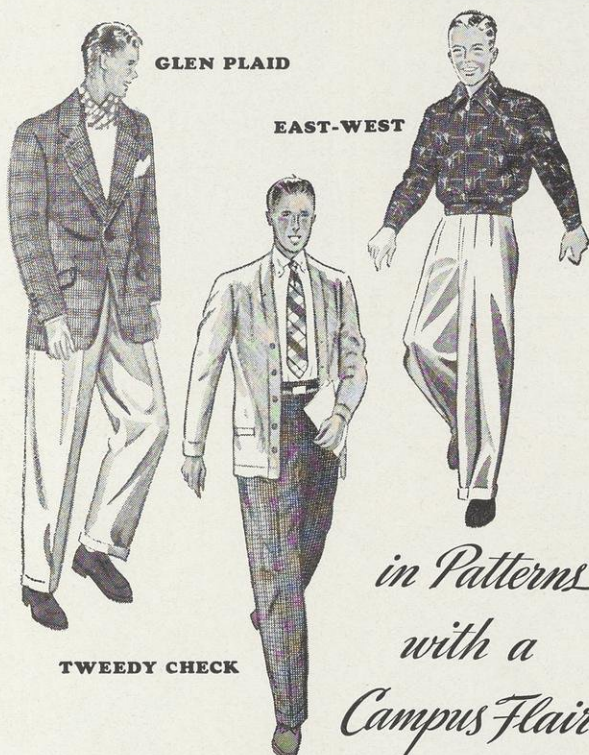
—Chaparral.

Guest (to host in new home): Hello, old pal, how do you find it here?

Host: Walk right upstairs, and then two doors to the left.

—Siren.

# Crompton CORDUROY STEPS OUT!



Crompton Corduroys go to the head of the class in Advanced Style. The authentic Glen Urquhart Plaid, the TWEEDY CHECK, and a variety of others too, all based on style woollens perfectly produced in corduroys, rate A+'s in a walk. And so does EAST-WEST, the new all-over football pattern. They're Phi Betes for smartness, and a cheering squad for pep.

See the jackets, slacks and windbreakers your clothier is now showing made up from them. They're "tops" for mixed ensembles and all casual wear. Crompton Corduroys are practical and economical, too. They're as washable as your skin and their fast-pile, thickset construction makes them as durable as your roommate's resistance to a "touch"!

CROMPTON-RICHMOND CO.-INC.

1071 SIXTH AVE. AT 41ST ST.  
NEW YORK, N. Y.



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# CROMPTON CORDUROY



# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



A HANDY TRICK

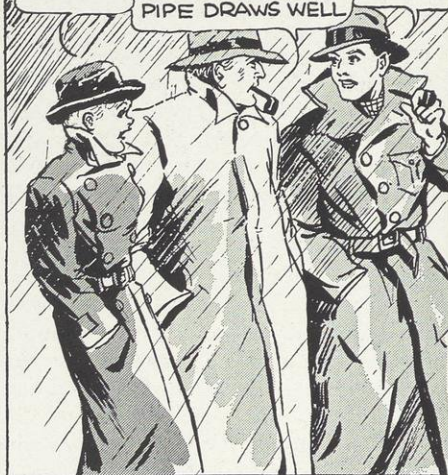
IT'S FUN WALKING IN THE RAIN! ISN'T IT, TIM?

YES, CHUBBINS - BUT IT'S TOUGH KEEPING A PIPE GOING



TIM, WHY DON'T YOU TURN YOUR PIPE UPSIDE DOWN?

IT'S AN OLD DODGE OF WOODSMEN AND SAILORS. THE TOBACCO STAYS DRY AND THE PIPE DRAWS WELL. SEEMS LOGICAL



BUT - IT TAKES A TOBACCO THAT STAYS PUT LIKE CRIMP CUT' PRINCE ALBERT

MY LAST LOAD OF TOBACCO TOO



YOU'RE RIGHT, JUDGE - THIS PACKS EASIER AND SNUGGER THAN ANY TOBACCO I'VE RUN INTO



LATER

WELL, OLD RAIN-IN-THE-FACE, HOW DOES IT?

SWELL! P.A. NOT ONLY STAYS PUT - BUT IS SO MILD AND TASTY - I'M PUT TO STAY WITH RA. FOR LIFE!



Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



## P. A. IS MIGHTY FRIENDLY SMOKIN', MEN!

Yes, sir, Prince Albert is a real delight to steady pipe smokers. Being "crimp cut," you can count on P. A. to pack easily, burn cool and sweet, and cake up nicely. And thanks to our special "no-bite" process, Prince Albert *does not*

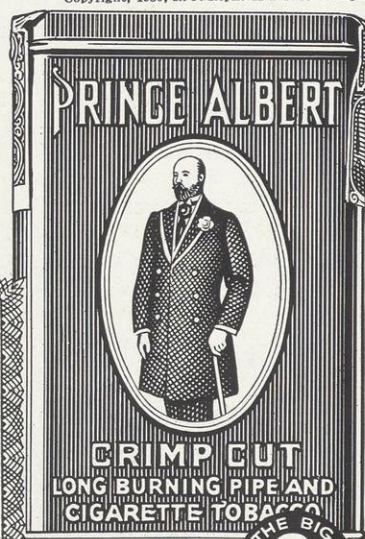
*bite the tongue!* You're in good company when you smoke Prince Albert. It's the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world. And it's swell "makin's" too. Try a handy pocket-size tin of Prince Albert—the "national joy smoke."

## PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

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

# PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



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



## THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

## Campus Chronicle

## System

A frosh came to us the other day, and confided shyly that he never could tell a professor from an instructor, and vice versa. Hence, he told us tearfully, he was never sure whether to call a man Mister, or Professor. We did our best to advise him, and sent him away, his heart singing our praise, and his head loaded down with the following information:

Watch the man to see where he eats when he eats out. (If he carries a lunch, the whole game's off; we resign.) If he **does** eat out occasionally, you can tell what he is by where he dines. Thus if he eats in the Union cafeteria or sneaks a hamburger in the Rathskeller, you can bet that he's an instructor. If he eats at the Campus Grill or Lohmaier's, he's an assistant professor.

If he eats in the Georgian Grill, he's either a Liberty Leaguer or a professor who's had his latest book reviewed in the Daily Cardinal and is already spending the huge new revenues he expects to receive therefrom.

Or then he may eat in the Rathskeller and be a dean.

## Ejected

In our monthly crusade for the underdog we try to expose examples of injustice and of thwarted virtue. It seems a boy had taken his date to the Orpheum to see the stage show. Unfortunately a few hundred other people were in line ahead of him. At the end of an hour or so the line had moved forward so that they were now in the theater. His fellow sufferers by this time were in a nasty mood and proceeded to rip off the lovely decorations in the foyer. Pictures flew about everywhere and one finally fell into the hands of this poor lad. So he tucked it away inside his coat.

Finally, inch by inch, he and his date reached the rope and the ticket

taker. Just as he was about to let them in, the old ogre at the door noticed a corner of the picture sticking out of the boy's coat. Without further ado, the slug pulled him out of line, together with his date, and deposited them both outside.

You might as well know that the student was Bob Bishop, who—as head usher at Camp Randall—weekly ejects some scores of people himself.

## Safety first

In case you're interested there isn't much to see of the new ultracentrifuge—just a lot of hole. But if you were around the Chemistry Building a couple of days ago you would have noticed how the University goes to any extreme just to protect its students.

Down in the bottom of the pit, half in and half out of the water was a sign reading, "NO PARKING IN THIS DRIVEWAY."

## B. Franklin, BA 3

Never exactly humble, one of Octy's juniors has been doing himself proud in the blow-your-own-horn line of late.

It seems he's taking English 6 from one Paul Fulcher, who for years was an Octy staff stand-by. Well, writing a theme a week plus Octopus copy is no labor of love for any man, and our laddie decided to kill two birds with one stone. That's the way he put it, anyway.

So now, every month he runs down to the printery and gets

proofs of his articles in type. These he hands in as themes, and gets A's in spite of what you might think. But the first time it happened Mr. Fulcher lifted a quizzical eyebrow.

"How," he queried, "come this is in type?"

Our hero glowed.

"Well," he explained patiently, "I just sat down at my linotype and batted it off."

## The dice roll

Chester Ruedisili, psychology instructor, had a whim the other day to pull off some experiments in color-blindness.

To find a color-blind subject, he decided to comb his quiz sections. One out of ten men are color-blind; one woman out of a hundred thousand. Hence Mr. Ruedisili brushed aside the women in his class (figuratively, of course) and tested all the men.

Finding no color-blind males, he smiled bravely and tested the girls. And he found one, color-blind as all get out. One out of a hundred thousand.

His faith in the distribution curve, the psych department's obsession, is slightly shaken. We gloat.

## Restraint

Vassar girls who take week-ends have to say so. They have to sign out, telling where they are going and when they figure on getting back. A fellow we know had the opportunity of thumbing through some of these week-end-leave slips a while ago, while visiting at Vassar. He reports that the girls are pretty definite, generally, about where they are going. Only an occasional one signed out "Destination: unknown."

The slip that pleased him most, however, was one filled out by a pair of girls who gave complete information, "Heaven." The "Heaven" was crossed off and underneath in a firm faculty hand was written, "Princeton, N. J."

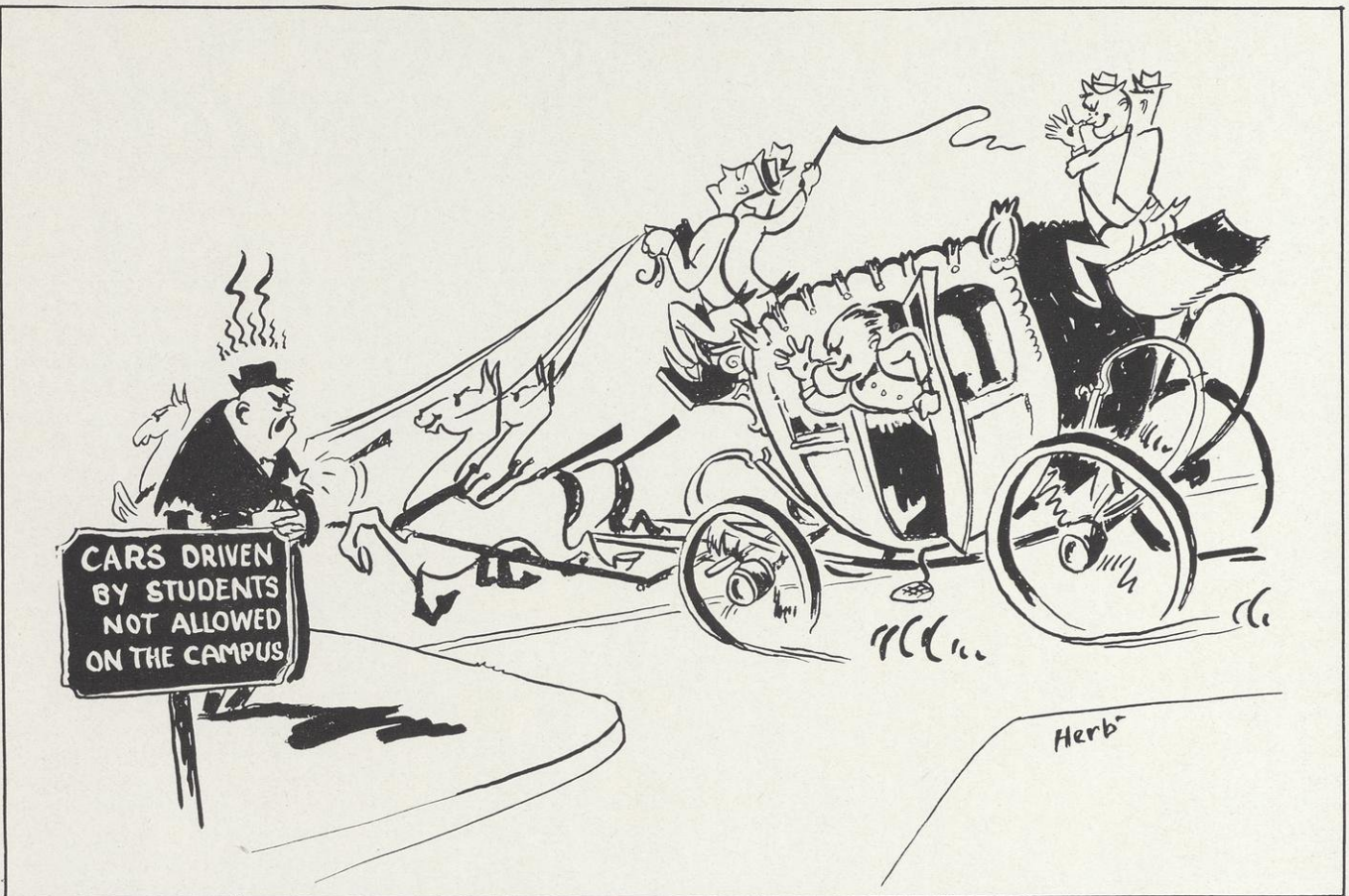


"I LOATHE turkey!"



## Campus Crisis

Vol. II, No. 2

*All in the trade*

"Murphy" has lived, just about, in the Union so long that no one will believe him next year when he turns up as a freshman. This year he's a senior at Central High and edits the school's paper, the Mirror.

It's quite a good paper, Murphy tells us as he reads proofs in the basement of the YMCA. So good, in fact, that the Daily Cardinal imitates it, borrows a lot of little tricks of headline writing and layout.

"We lift 'em from the Milwaukee Journal," says Murphy, ne Martin Wolman, "and the Cardinal lifts 'em from us." It gives Octy a smug satisfaction to think of the Daily Cardinal thefting with nimble fingers from the bi-weekly Mirror of Central High School.

*Promotion*

One of the State Street typewriter companies is making quite a frank (and discriminative) campaign for patronage from the students of the School of Journalism. At least their advertising display leaves room for no other conjecture. This display features a man

and a maid, banging furiously away at one of those super-super models.

The crux of the matter is this: both man and maid are using exactly one finger apiece as they hammer away.

*Guessing game*

We have always heard accusations that this great university was going to pot, but we just laughed them off as the prattlings of cranks. But when the highly esteemed members of the faculty start turning their class periods into guessing games, we begin to wonder at the accuracy of the charges.

The other day in a certain science quiz section, the young, dignified instructor asked a particularly catchy question of a struggling student.

The lad had a hard time of it, guessing all around the answer, but never quite hitting it on the head.

Finally, the instructor cleared his throat, threw back his shoulders, and with a triumphant, ha-ha-I-gotcha-on-that-one smile, he shot at the student:

"Give up?"

*Confession*

One of Octy's funnier alumni has at last confessed that he is the lad who played "Annie Laurie" on the carrillon at 3 a. m. last spring, coming out in the public prints with the whole story. We knew all the time that it was Ken Purdy, even though we weren't there.

He, incidentally, is probably the all-time volume champ of the bell-tower racket. For on that eventful evening, he woke people in

- a. The College Club, corner of Gilman and Wisconsin.
- b. Kennedy Manor.
- c. The Deke Manor.

Which raises questions, Mr. Purdy.

How come there were people in the Deke house? And what were they doing asleep at that hour.

*In the idiom*

H. L. Mencken could do well to investigate the American language as heard at Wisconsin, it seems to us.

There are a couple of expressions we'd like to record for future generations.

The first is "I looked like death



on toast," which a Delta Gamma pledge we know used to describe a thorough-going seediness.

But the other is better . . . we've been using it for two weeks, since it's a synonym for and a welcome relief from the classic "smoooooth."

You use it like this:

"Jim? He brushes up pretty quick. But he don't brush up as quick as Joan does."

In other words, he's pretty smooth, but not as smooth as she is.

### Good King Phil

Skipping out of his own province into what may be ours, one Sidney Hyman, of the University of Chicago Phoenix, has turned out a little ditty entitled "Phil La Follette, first of two articles on a Philosopher King."

Needless to say, we read it with great interest. But it was the last couple of paragraphs that really got us. Phil had just entered (after a page and a half of type).

"So this was the governor!" Hyman exclaims. "Where was his haunch, paunch, and jowl? Where was his black cigar? Where was his immaculate dress? Where were his shifty eyes? Where was his diamond stick pin? Where were all the familiar stage properties conjured in the popular portrait of a political leader?"

Well, Brother Hyman has given us a chance for all sorts of answers. But he hasn't begun to fight.

"I walked out with the governor, entered his car, and rode to his home, where I learned more about politics than I did in four years at the university."

To which, of course, the answer is simple.

Hyman didn't go to Wisconsin.

### Bundle

When Octy moved, the other day, we found a mob of magazines which had accumulated through the years but which we no longer needed. So we turned them over to one of the boys on the staff to destroy.

He decided to call a junk man. When the guy got there, he offered our boy 15 cents for the stack.

"Come on, none of that oil," the doughty Octyman said. "There's 100 pounds there—that oughta be worth 30 cents."

"Fifteen cents—a pack of cigarettes," the man told him.

"Twenty cents or no deal."



So the man walked out.

Well, the next few dealers he called thought he was a spy, accused (him as a matter of fact) of being in the employ of a Mr. Sinaiko, who is apparently the Nemesis of all lesser junkmen. That gave our boy an idea, and he called Sinaiko, Inc.

After a little dickering, he got to talk to The Sinaiko, who agreed to send a truck around. When the men got here they couldn't make any offer for our little bundle, so the Octy boy told them to "take it along and I'll talk to the big shot."

Well, when he finally did talk to the big shot, there was a great deal of disagreement. It seems that the expenses of the business are high, like this:

Two men at 50c per hr.	\$1.00
Gasoline for truck	.40
Total	\$1.40

Mr. Sinaiko was feeling good, so



"Heyl"

he allowed us 40 cents on the magazines.

He'll send us a bill for the dollar.

### Safety first

When the senior mechanical engineers were in Chicago on their annual inspection trip, they went out to Oak Park for a friendly little visit with the Mars Candy Company.

The place is spick and span, not a germ in the place, all because of the great care they observe. Anybody who wants to go through the factory has to have a hat on. Not your own, but a white paper one they give you.

All the students lined up, wearing their paper hats, when the manager bustled down the line with a piece of paper. He stopped one and had him put the paper over his mustache, a fine silky mustache.

Next day the student shaved the mustache off.

### Ho, hum

The Minnesota game has come and gone, and with it the merry boys of the Ski-U-Mah, Minnesota comic.

That, of course, has little to do with you except for this:

Next month Ski-U-Mah will carry an editorial asking Why Hasn't Minnesota a Union Like Wisconsin's? It's had the piece about six times already.

The answer, of course, is not for Octy to suggest. He might get the rent raised.

Upon third floor Bascom reigns a Shakespeare authority. He's not only an authority on Shakespeare but on Chaucer, too. One day he was lecturing on *Troilus and Cressida*, and if you've read the story you know that Troilus wrote a supremely beautiful love letter to Cressida.

The professor read this letter to the class. After he finished reading it he proceeded to state that Chaucer missed a priceless opportunity of real writing by not having Cressida answer the letter.

Proceeding, the professor turned a few pages and stopped short. The first row of students heard the venerable authority mutter,

"My God, there is an answering letter."

It pays to be an authority.



# Cross Country, A Very Funny Sport

CROSS country running is a funny sport.

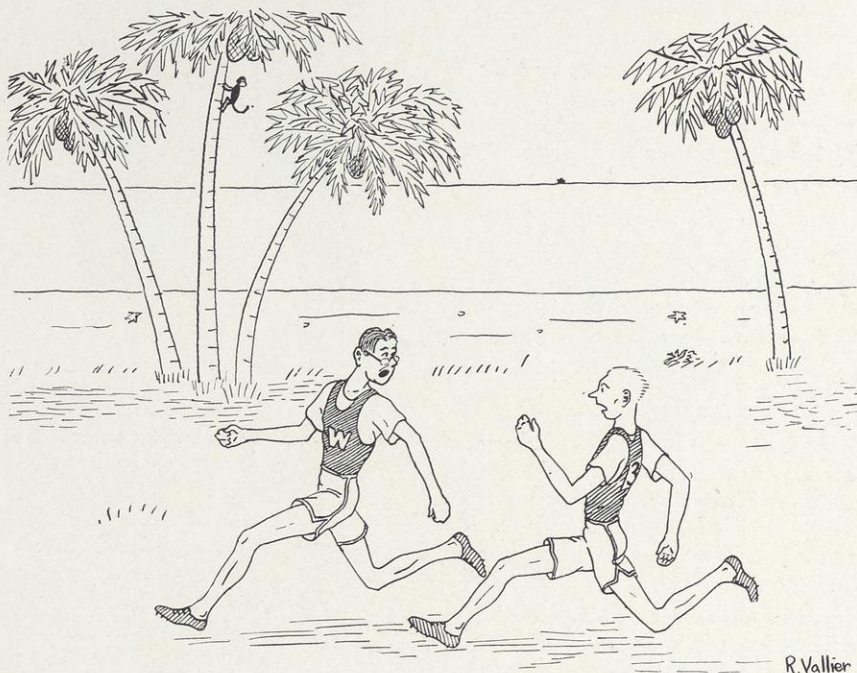
But then, what do you expect of a sport where the team with the least points wins, where the contestants sometimes get lost and run miles off their course, where three-fourths of the race is run in the privacy of the forest primeval with only God to see that the runners don't slow down to a walk when they get tired?

Tom Jones, whose colorful history as Wisconsin track and cross country coach goes back 25 years to 1911, thinks the hill and dalers are much misunderstood. Most people think the runners are just suckers for punishment, the kind you could sell a gold brick to in an off moment. But Tom, (when the boys are around) gladly explains the glories of dashing about in the fresh air clad in a rather sketchy pair of pants and jersey. It builds the boys up so that even two proms and a mat dance couldn't use up their second wind.

Most fans never see anything but the first and last 100 yards of a cross country race and consequently know little of the strategy involved. According to Jones, the best strategy is to get in front and stay there and the heck with trying to finesse the other team out of the race.

Most cross country runners go out for the sport just to see America first, even if it is only backwoods. Every course they run over seems a little bit different and a little bit muddier than the last. The more natural obstacles in the form of hills, brooks, and walls that can be procured, the better everyone connected feels, except the runners, and they are considered too prejudiced to be consulted. Wisconsin's runners, Jones feels, are extremely lucky to have Lake Mendota to give the runaround. It's the smell of fresh pine, the tang of the cold wintry air sweeping up from the icy lake that keeps them going night after night and year after year, he says.

Some schools regard Boy Scout compasses as stock equipment for a cross country runner; that's how easy it is to get lost out in the woods. But the prize tale is about how George Pratt, varsity runner, got lost last year right on Lang-



"Are you SURE this is Picnic Point?"

don street. He turned down toward the finish line, stumbled over protruding legs and got up to find himself surrounded by the crowd. Before he could pick his way through the spectators the race was over, and there he was, stranded. That was his most embarrassing moment.

TOM JONES' past, and he's one of the few Wisconsin coaches here long enough to have a past, includes the memory of winning ten Big Ten cross country championships since 1911. Five times his cardinal-clad squads have finished second, and they have never finished lower than fifth. Indiana with five conference titles is the only school that can begin to approach Jones' record. The steely glint in the Old Man's eye softens considerably when he glances over the record of this year's squad. Undeclared, possessing great potentialities, it seems a shame there won't be any Big Ten meet this year to test their mettle.

The team has already defeated the Milwaukee YMCA, 15-40; Purdue, 21 to 36; Illinois, 15-48; and Iowa, 26 to 30.

Point winners for Wisconsin have been Capt. Chuck Fenske, Lloyd Cooke, Tommy Carroll, Brad Towle, Phil Servais, and Greg Bachhuber.

NOT so many years back it was the custom to run an annual race around—yes, around—Lake Mendota. Those were the days of the Zolas, Fol-

lows, Kirks, Goldsworthys, and other Wisconsin immortals. They were the days of the flagpole-sitting, dancing, walking marathons, too. The runners could cover the 26 miles of countryside in about 2 hours, and all they got for it was a loving cup, which reveals something or other about the cross country species.

But, at that, they must have known what they were doing. Records show that no man who ever ran cross country along Mendota's rugged shores has died from natural causes up to the present date. Play that on your bazooka awhile and you'll see that there must be something to the sport after all.

Of course, it builds character. But with all these football teams building character, too, character is a drug on the market. At Wisconsin, cross country means a chance to associate with Tom Jones, and as the boys say, "You've got something there."

—MANUEL PETER.

Other committee members and their dates who are planning on attending the banquet for homecoming chairmen include Dick Hoffman, Beta Theta Pi, and Jean Ryan, Alpha Chi Rho.

—DAILY CARDINAL.

Wheeeeeee!

Philip Fox La Follette, 99, captured his third term as governor of Wisconsin today by a handsome plurality.

—STATE JOURNAL.

Wonder if he'll live out his term.



# Harold M. Groves Mulcts the Government

**H**AROLD M. GROVES is an economic Troy. He is also a scoundrel and a wretch. And last, but not least, he is a tax evader.

All of this may be news to Harold M. Groves, to his students, and to his colleagues in the Progressive party. It may also surprise some of the gentlemen who are not his colleagues and who are not in the Progressive party.

But Harold M. Groves will have to deal with them himself. I know.

When I first enrolled in Economics 124, I had no idea of what manner of man I was meeting.

In the first class, Mr. Groves seemed kind enough. He smiled, looked out the window, smiled, looked out the window, and smiled. Then he looked out the window.

Well, I was prepared to have him hand out Progressive buttons, and give us a story or two about Old Bob La Follette and the Boys. He didn't do that, but gave some sort of lecture about Taxation Among the Ancient Chaldees. Then he dismissed us.

But the day after that, it came out.

First he told us about all sorts of Rate Structures, especially the ones on salt and children's bread. Milk, too. I could tell then that he was for soaking the little fellow and making him pay through the nose.

Then we got to the ideas that ability to pay was due to industry and thrift. He rattled his loose change at that. I hate people who are smug!

But that wasn't even the beginning. When we got to Taxation of Property, we saw him sailing under his true colors.

You see, there's a tax on property. The more property, the more tax. That includes both tangibles and intangibles if they can find them.

But Harold M. Groves is a fox. He knows that you can't

hide a house and lot. He's no dummy. He knows, too, that you can hide a safe deposit box. You can cram it all full of stocks, bonds, mortgages, and things. And then *that* for the assessor.

If you have a lot of property, more than you can really expect to get into a deposit box, then there are ways of getting a low assessment. Professor Groves didn't actually suggest that we do it, but he did say that there were ways of "reaching" the assessors. Never, he implied, count on their being dummies. Hell no; bribe 'em!

That's the way it's been going. Naturally, I was shocked at these revelations. But that wasn't the worst. Boy, did he raise hell with the Income Tax!

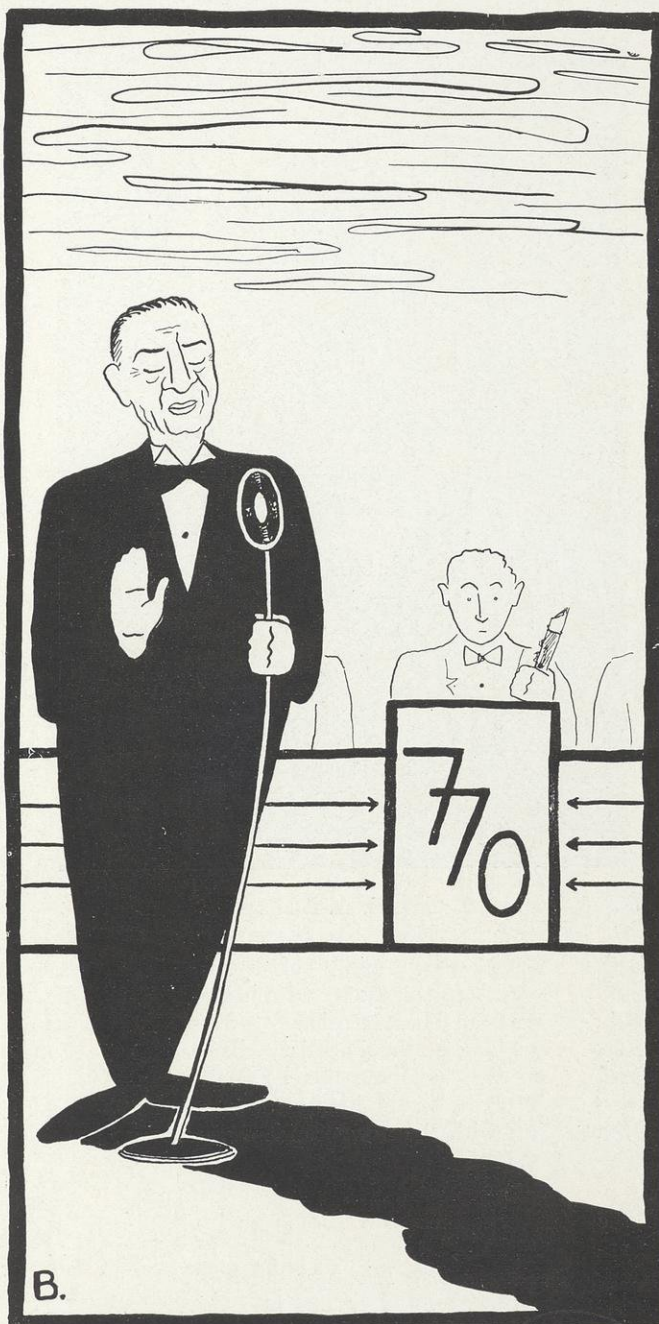
First he told us about Personal Holding Corporations. They're legal, of course, but are they right? That's what I want to know. You see, all a guy has to do is have a corporation. Since the intercorporate dividends are taxed low as all get out, it saves him a lot. But he's still a snake.

After that he went on to Capital Losses. If a guy wants to be a real slug, he can sell his mother-in-law stock till she's blue in the face. Then Uncle Sam owes him money. But what a rap the old lady takes!

Now things are going from bad to worse. Last time, he told us that the assessors never check up on Contributions. He even said that if we wanted to, we could fake a gift of \$500 to the Methodist church, may even more. Imagine, practically telling us to steal from God.

So there it is. There's a case if there ever was one.

Harold M. Groves may be masking as an honest man, but to me he's no better than a common thief, even though he does smile and look out the window.



*"All right, all right . . . and next on our floor show—"*



## Wisconsin Wise Man

**F**OR 61 YEARS he has walked over Bascom hill and along the shores of Lake Mendota.

For 61 years he has followed his twin professions of teacher and scientist.

For 61 years he has watched the University go through political assaults and financial crises.

And after 61 years, Edward Asahel Birge, president emeritus, has a lively interest and a tolerant outlook on the University and its tribulations.

Few indeed are the problems of today which have not had their prototypes in the struggles which Dr. Birge has seen the University endure. As the only man who has ever started as an instructor and gone up through the successive stages of professor, dean, and president, Dr. Birge is unique in the history of Wisconsin.

And to a large extent, the history of the University in the last half century is the story of Edward A. Birge.

A few incidents in his life give an insight into the scientist-administrator who guided Wisconsin in some of its greatest days.

Mud was ankle deep in State Street Christmas week, 1875. The mile-long stretch of road led from the village of Madison to the University, in the rural area to the west. And into such an environment came young Edward Birge, an A.B. from Williams College and the new instructor in natural history.

Madison cab-drivers—prudent souls—had taken their nags into shelter until either a freeze or dry weather would make the streets passable. Plowing his way through the muck, the young man finally reached a livery stable and persuaded an attendant to hitch up a buggy.

"The wheels sank in the mud up to the hubs, but finally I reached the president's home," he recalls. His appointment had been dated the previous commencement, but to save money, his actual teaching began at the beginning of the second term.

In 1891, Dr. Birge became Dean of

the College of Letters and Science, a position then, as now, second only to the president. And in 1900, due to the illness of Charles Kendall Adams, he was named acting president.

Then, in 1903, Adams died. Here came an incident which may even now be repeating itself. The political party in power looked over the field, ob-

dent in his own right.

It's always an open season on University presidents. This Dr. Birge learned when he had a tilt with William Jennings Bryan, free silverite, Fundamentalist, and Great Commoner.

Bryan called Birge an atheist.

Birge said Bryan was crazy.

And then the whole thing blew over.

Fourteen years later, Dr. Birge smiled and observed, "If Bryan got any fun out of it, he's entitled to it, for I certainly did."

Anecdotes about Dr. Birge are legion. The best of all concerns the first proposal to have Commencement in the Stock Pavilion. Dr. Birge heard both sides discussed at length.

"Well," he said. "That will be fine, but I guess we'll have to make the sparrows wear diapers."

At present, Dr. Birge is still the eager student he was 50 years ago. His daily routine places him in his car at 7:30, in his office in the Biology building at 7:45. There he works for a while, then goes to the library or remains to study.

Due to his efforts, two lakes in Wisconsin are the ones in the world best known to science. They are Trout Lake, in northern Wisconsin, and Lake Mendota.

Dr. Birge is a living example of the "Wisconsin idea" of cooperation between University and state. He has held numerous state positions, including membership on Conservation Commission, and has been active in conservation work. Even now, his official title in the University directory is "President

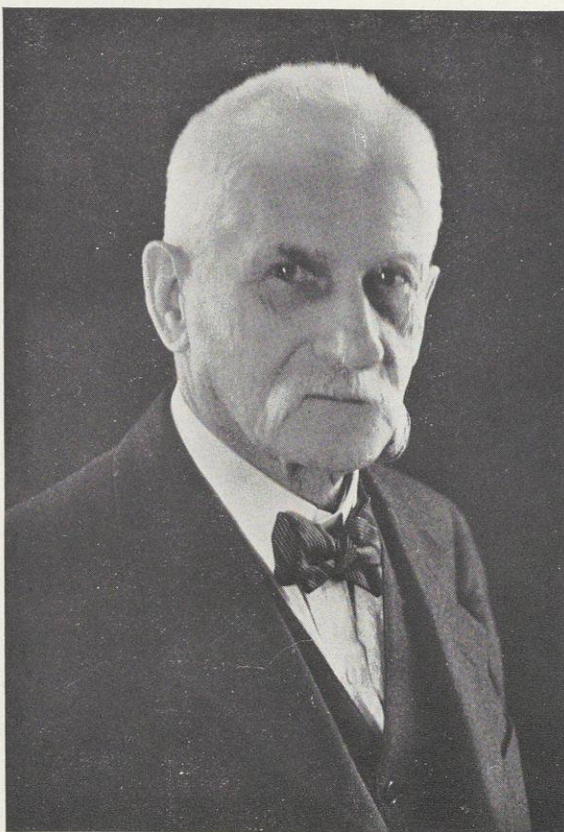
Emeritus; in charge of Natural History division, Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey."

Concerning students, Dr. Birge's opinions should stand at the top in tolerance.

"I feel that the students of 60 years ago were quite as capable of painting steps as those of today," he says.

"Students a thousand years ago probably acted much the same as they do now, and if there were cops then, their relations with the students were probably much the same as they are now."

—BOB NASH.



DR. E. A. BIRGE

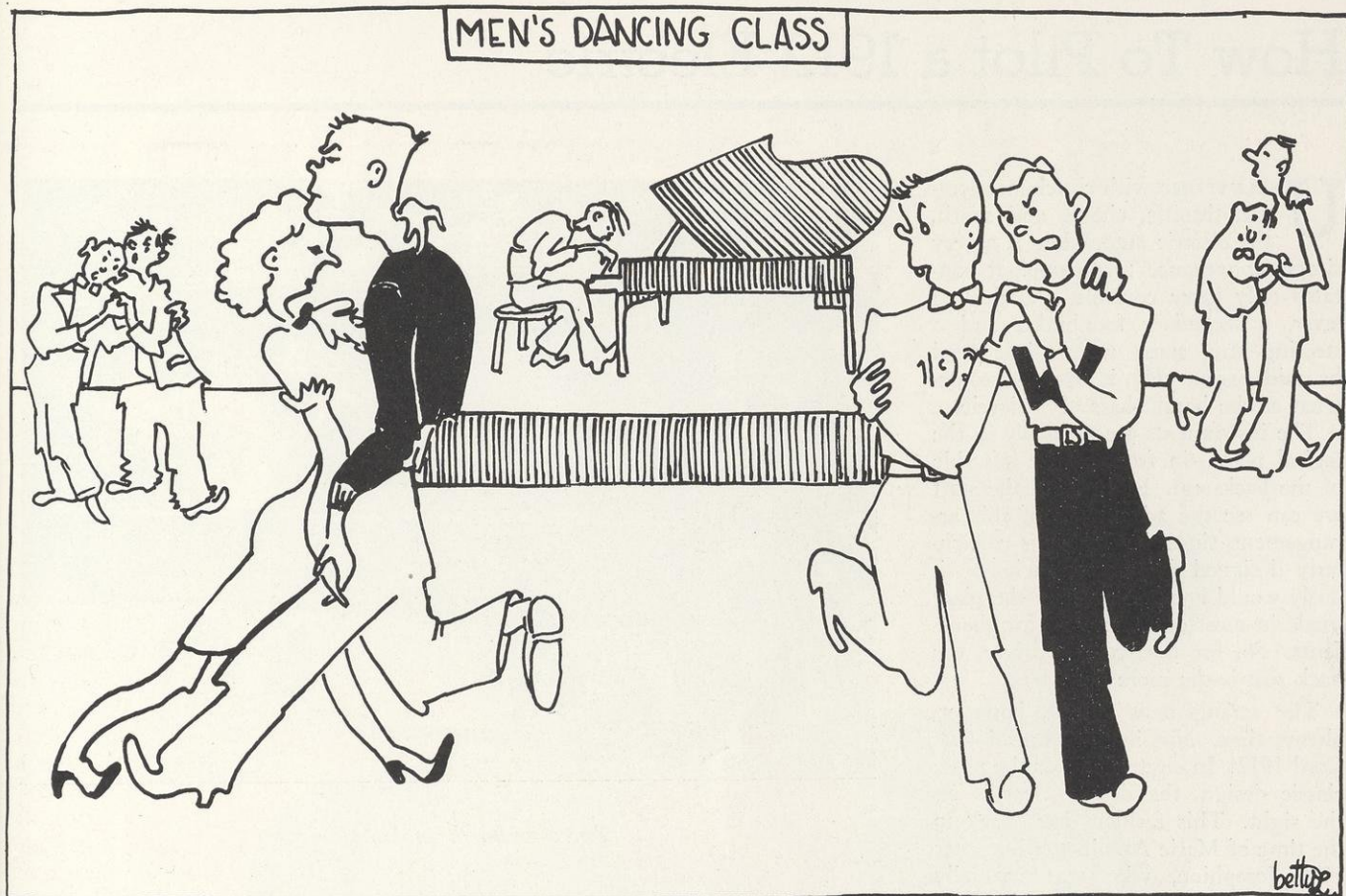
served the leanings of the possible presidents, and selected Charles Richard Van Hise as Adams' successor.

Ignoring the injustice which many claimed had been done, Dr. Birge returned to his position as dean, consulting with the new president whenever asked.

Each man stood out in sharp contrast to the other. Birge was soft spoken, kind, but always ready with a witty remark; Van Hise was outspoken, determined to carry out his University projects in spite of all interference.

In 1922, President Van Hise died, and Dean Birge at last became presi-





"Gosh, he brought a date!"

## One Monday Afternoon

I WILL always remember one Monday afternoon at Fred's. Had it happened any other afternoon, I guess I would have forgotten it, but Monday afternoon is a funny afternoon for anything to happen.

Jennie and I were sitting in that back booth that has been so nice for Monday afternoon dates. You can sit in it, and nobody can see you, so you are all alone, even in Fred's. They usually forget that there is someone in that booth, so you can empty your glass of beer, then make your date think that you are waiting for Mary to come so that you can order more beer. Mary usually forgets that someone is there, so she usually doesn't come, so it makes for a very good date.

As I was saying, Jennie and I were sitting there in the back booth, and it was a very good date, as I had only had to buy one beer apiece in two hours. Jennie was very happy, as I had just won a fifty of cigarettes, and we could have all the cigarettes we wanted. Jennie usually smokes two to my one.

About four o'clock, we had smoked almost a third of the cigarettes. It was kind of smoky in the booth and just a little warm. I knew we had only had one beer, so I figured that the air was a bit heavy, and remarked to Jennie that Fred ought to turn the fan on.

THE smoke kept getting thicker, so I thought maybe we were smoking too many cigarettes, even if they were free, so I put the fifty back in my pocket. About that time we heard a lot of noise up in front. It sounded like people shouting and throwing glass around, which was kind of funny for a Monday afternoon, but as we were hidden in the back booth, I didn't bother to look, and the glasses couldn't hit us there anyway.

The noise kept up, but I was more bothered by the smoke, and it was getting pretty hot. I told Jennie that I would get out of the booth for a minute and turn on the big fan above the aisle, so maybe it would clear the air a little and cool the booth off. That always was the trouble with that booth.

It didn't have enough ventilation.

I got up, and walked down the aisle to turn on the fan. There weren't many people around, but the noise was coming from in front, so I didn't pay much attention to it. I never feel like excitement. I got to the fan, and reached up to turn it on.

WHEN it started, I turned back to the booth. A lot of smoke was pouring out of the booth, and I thought for a minute about all of the cigarettes we had been smoking. When I poked my head around the corner of the booth to tell Jennie that I had turned the fan on, she wasn't there. All I could see was a scorched place on the seat, and a lot of smoke. Jennie was gone, except for more smoke, and some light gray ashes.

I picked up my topcoat and my Spanish book and made for the door just in time to see the fire engines going. I was too late for the fire. Was I burned up.

Jennie was, too.

—PAUL GODFREY.



## How To Pilot a 1912 Electric

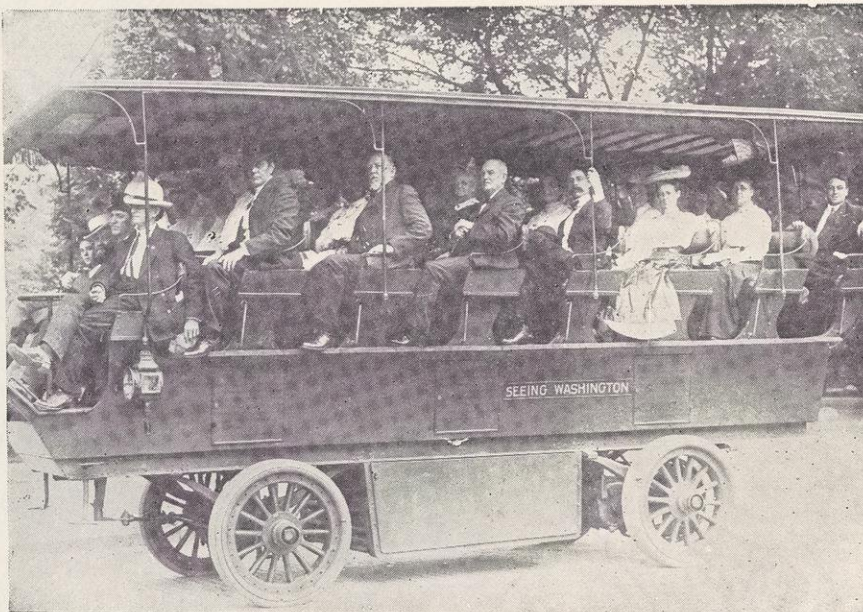
UNCLUTTERED with clutch, accelerator, throttle, choke, and spark, the electric automobile is a very simple conveyance to operate. It contains only three controls—the driving lever, a secondary foot-brake, and a steering arm, about which little need be said except that it operates somewhat as the handle-bars of a bicycle.

The instruments are generally in the logical place—in front of the left side of the back seat. Right from the start we can see the advantages of this arrangement, since the electric is particularly designed for women, who obviously would not care to sit in the place made in most cars expressly for chauffeurs. So, for the woman driver, the back seat is the more desirable.

The arrangement is not, however, always thus. Not in this year of Our Lord 1912! In electric cars of the more classic design, the driver's seat is on the right. This fashion dates back to the time of Marie Antoinette; but after 1889 Josephine, who was naturally left-handed, found the left side more convenient. Through the nineteenth century and to the present day these two views have existed, and their advocates have become known as conservatives—or classicists—and radicals—or romanticists—or more expressly, Rightists and Leftists.

Besides the Leftists and the Rightists there is a faction known as the Front-Seatists, who are obviously those who advocate control from the front seat. This group is a small but vigorous minority. It is in large part composed of men, whose slogan is "Why should we take a back seat? Are we mice or are we men?" Such persons as these do, we believe, seem a little too practical.

One of the latest improvements in the position of the controls, however, is what is known as the dual-control system, coming into use more and more in electric automobiles. It was introduced as late as 1911 and is similar to the system used in Waco biplanes, certainly a distinct advantage to the man who lets his wife take him for a spin through Vilas Park on a Sunday afternoon. From the back seat she can drive quietly and effortlessly—as always in an electric—watching the sailboats on Lake Wingra, while her husband grasps the master controls on the front



*Successor to the noble Horse*

seat and peers ahead, as practical as ever, through the front window. He *knows* who's in control.

Now as for the operation of the driving lever, I might say that it should be little trouble to master. To start, push this lever forward; the further you push, the faster you go—up to 18 or 20 miles an hour. To stop, pull the lever back; that shuts off the power, retards the car, and then applies a powerful brake—all in a single operation!

Now you are ready to go for a spin in your new 1912 electric.

Daintily picking up your skirt in your left hand, you climb into the machine. Close the door behind you, and wave to your assembled friends. Disregard all small boys who gather at the curb and call, "Get a horse!"

Sitting in the back seat, you slowly push the lever forward. By the time you reach the corner, you are going fully 10 miles an hour. But you slow down as the officer on duty removes his gilt helmet and bows gravely. Finally you reach the open country.

Now you can "let 'er out."

Soon you are skimming along at 18 miles an hour, but you are assailed by no noxious gasoline fumes like those of the Abbott-Detroit or the Minerva.

And of course the Stanley Steamer is no equipage for a *lady* to drive.

But every rose must have a thorn. Finally your batteries are run down, and your gallant craft must come to a stop. Be careful, lest you frighten that farmer's skittish team, and guide the car to a gentle stop beside the road.

This may seem a misfortune, but you hire a farm boy to ride into town to get a mechanic and a man with a rig, while you pick flowers in the meantime in a neighboring field.

And now in closing I wish to leave with you a parting word. It thrills me immensely to picture you gliding down Langdon Street, but I feel it my bounden duty to caution you about hitchhikers—they are more than likely to be bandits—and joy-riders. Joy-riding is one of the worst evils of the decade. How often we read in the papers of a car that didn't beat the train to the crossing.

And above all, don't yield to temptation and attempt to drive around the Square backwards or park on the wrong side of the street just because you can't tell the back of the electric from the front.

That right is reserved the city buses.  
—HOMER HASWELL.



# Chesterfield Wins



Know the answer? So do I  
These Chesterfields—

*They Satisfy*





*"But, Mr. Rentschler, it doesn't look like a corsage!"*

## The Doubting Thomas of Adams Hall

**I**F you looked at Gulliver Fassbinder you might think that he was just another student. But he wasn't; he was different. He was what you might call a doubting Thomas.

I didn't know that Gulliver lived next door to me in Noyes House until one night when I was struggling over what happens when HCl and NaI get together. A sort of timid knock on the door made me look up and there was Gulliver Fassbinder already in the room.

"Look here," he says, shoving a psych book under my nose. "It says if you hit a person on the right place on his knee his leg will jump up."

"Sure," I says, "so what."

"Well," he says, "that may all very well be, but I should like to find out for myself."

Well, he finally sat me down on a chair and started tapping my knee with a T-square. Sure enough, pretty soon my leg flew up.

"There, that proves it," said Gulliver, beaming like a new penny. He went out, leaving me sort of puzzled.

I was kind of interested though, so I got to know him pretty well. Nothing much happened for a couple of weeks, but then I noticed he was sort of moping around.

"What's the matter?" I asked him.

"We have been studying marriage in Sociology," he says, sort of reluctant like, "and today Professor Ross handed out a list of theories about it. Now they may all very well be, but—"

After that a sort of a change came over Gulliver Fassbinder. He would sit around in his room looking like he was thinking about something. He even started going around with a Tri-Delt pledge named Mabel. He was still mopey though and one night he slunk into my room and sat down.

"There's some things I guess you just have to take on faith," he says. "Anyway, for a while, I guess."

I guess a disappointment like that would have stopped most people but it didn't seem to bother Gulliver. Anyway, when I went into his room one day I saw him looking at a fish bowl sort of proud-like. He tells me that it says in his Zoology book something about if you mate a black hen and a white chicken some of their grandchildren are black and some white. He said it was all due to dominant and recessive traits.

"Now that may all very well be," he says, "but I am going to be sure. I have a guppy with one spot and a guppy with two spots and I'm going to see how many of their descendants have one spot and how many two."

**I** DIDN'T think anything about it again until one day when I went in to wash my hands. There in the wash bowl were two guppies. It seemed that Gulliver had too many to keep in his room and he wasn't through with his experiment yet. In a few weeks it got terrible. Everywhere you went it was guppies. Joe Schmidters over at La Follette House even claimed he got one in his water glass at dinner, but nobody paid any attention to him.

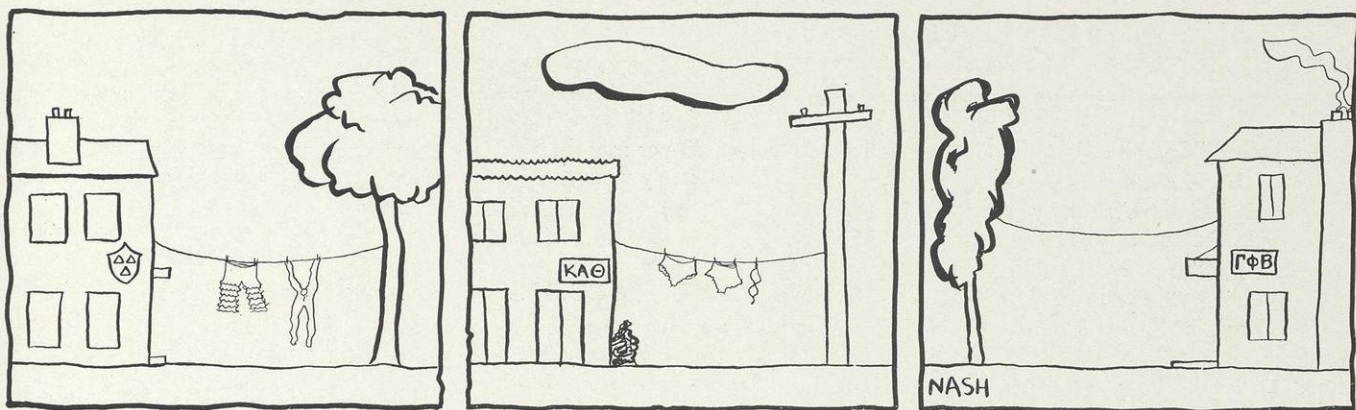
Finally we couldn't stand it any longer and one day when Gulliver was out we dumped the whole mess down the wash basin. He was pretty sore when he got back and he mumbled something about academic freedom.

**"H**OW AM I ever to be certain of anything if you guys don't even give me a chance to prove it," he says, slamming his door.

"Gulliver's a funny sort of a fellow," I says to Hermann Codd as we walked down the hall. "Where's he from anyhow?"

"Why don't you know?" says Hermann, sort of surprised. "He's from some place in Missouri."





## Albert Buys a Flower

**T**ESSIE would have kittens. She would have ants in—she would have ants. Albert was bothered. He had told Tessie he would meet her across the street from gate 8 at quarter to two.

It was now nearly two o'clock and the crowds swarmed around the gates, hustling to get in before the kickoff. Albert was bumped and jostled as everyone conspired to keep him and Tessie apart.

"Program . . . names and numbahs of all the players!" yelled a man in Albert's ear. The big lout. "Program . . ."

"Peanuts, candy bars!" shrieked another man. A nasty little man with whiskers.

"Getcha colors!" yelled a vendor plastered with tin foot-balls and little pennants and colored feathers.

"No no no no, damn it," mumbled Albert as he shuffled impatiently through the crowd. In his haste he almost fell over another vendor, a little boy.

"Buy a chrysathnamnumnmn, mister?"

Albert stopped. "A what?" he asked.

"A chrysnathnumnmnm, mister, only a dime."

Tessie might like one. They were pretty and she might not be angry with him. It would show he was thoughtful.

"I'll take one," said Albert. "Make it two."

Albert started off with his flowers. Suddenly he stopped and turned around. "What kind of flowers are these again?" he asked the boy.

The boy gave Albert a funny look. "Chrysathnamumnmnns," he said simply. "Why?"

But Albert was on his way, and there across the street was Tessie.

"I'm sorry I'm late," blurted Albert, "but look, I brought you some flowers!"

Tessie smiled sweetly. "How nice! I just adore chrys—"

"They're lilies," snapped Albert.

Tessie gave him a funny look.

a girl is like a cigarette  
a noxious weed, and yet—  
when lit she glows  
her appeal grows,  
this lasts a while  
—another puff  
she's going out  
gone is her luff  
by this fiery route  
while another lights up with a smile.

There was a young fellow named Davey  
Who enlisted himself in the navy;  
He was fed such tough steak  
That it made his sides ache,  
So he soon found a watery gravy.

—Record

## An Embarrassed Guy

**I**T WAS his magenta stage. This was magenta embarrassment. He was one of those guys who had once read an article about embarrassment which said: "If you should get embarrassed, try to think of something else and immediately you will no longer be embarrassed."

Well, here was something. He had never thought of it that way. Embarrassment was one of those things—you read about it in books and you forgot about it. Dames got embarrassed. Dames was shy. But he never thought that embarrassment was something you could fight. Well, he would see. And that's how it happened. Be became an embarrassed guy.

But really embarrassed. He got up a chart and he listed the kinds of embarrassment he got. There was the slow, ebbing type, which started from the small of your back, then slowly rose till you could feel it coming out at your neck and then when you thought you had caught it, it began to spread all over your face, in waves like, till it became a crimson, burning flame, till you could feel your hair had roots. It was type No. 1 vulgarly called Crimson-Hell-Fire Embarrassment or Genus: Faceis Red.

Then there was the opposite type: just shyness. You looked up and you felt shy and then you look down again. And there were the in-between types: trickles down the back; slight facial redness; even stomach pains.

He'd come up to a pal and say, "Hi, Jack" and he would turn a delightful pink. His friends said he looked very healthy or he had T.B. People who didn't know him said he was screwy. It was very complicated.

And now he was suffering from magenta embarrassment. But she sure was a peach and her first words were, "My, how healthy you look!"

That was the beginning.

Months—oh, months—later they were wed. He was an embarrassed.

—JOSEPH HERBERT



# Nuts to Glutz

..THE OSHKOSH OGOSH..

*Humor Magazine  
of Oshkosh University  
Oshkosh, Wis.*

Mr. Jason R. Glutz  
Glutz Brewing Company  
Lodi, Wisconsin

Dear Sir:

*The Oshkosh Ogosh*, student humor magazine, is read eagerly by the 10,000 students of Oshkosh University, now enjoying the largest enrollment in its history.

These students annually spend \$15,000,000 and a large share of it goes for beer. If the Glutz Brewing Co. advertised its products on this campus through the *Ogosh*, sales would boom and your plant would be hard pressed to supply the demand.

This is no idle boast. The *Ogosh*, with its wide circulation, low rates, and high-class contents, is the ideal advertising medium for your product. Sample copies are being sent to you, and we can offer you a full page in four

colors for only \$100 per month.

Sincerely yours,

SIDNEY M. WHIPPLE  
*Business Manager*

\*\*\*

..THE OSHKOSH OGOSH..

*Humor Magazine  
of Oshkosh University  
Oshkosh, Wis.*

Mr. Jason R. Glutz  
Glutz Brewing Company  
Lodi, Wisconsin

Dear Mr. Glutz:

As you are doubtless planning to advertise in the *Ogosh*, we should like to point out to you that all advertising copy for our next issue must be in our hands by the 15th of this month. Rates are as quoted in our letter of last week.

By this time you have read the copies of the *Ogosh* which were sent to you, and we feel sure you have been impressed by the quality of the *Ogosh's* stories, cartoons, and appearance.

Sincerely yours,

SIDNEY M. WHIPPLE,  
*Business Manager*

\*\*\*

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JASON R GLUTZ  
GLUTZ BREWING CO  
LODI WISCONSIN

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OF OSHKOSH OGOSH LOOMS OMINOUSLY STOP SEND COPY FOR AD SPECIAL DELIVERY AT ONCE TO SECURE SPACE IN FUNNIEST ALL-CAMPUS PUBLICATION STOP NEXT ISSUE PROMISES TO BE A GUTBUSTER BEST EVER STOP WIRE ME AT ONCE COLLECT IF INTERESTED

S M WHIPPLE BUSINESS MGR

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BUS MGR OSHKOSH OGOSH  
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YOUR ENTHUSIASM HAS CONVERTED ME STOP IF THE OGOSH IS ONE TENTH AS GOOD AS YOU SAY IT IS THEN IT MUST BE A KNOCKOUT STOP ENTER MY SUBSCRIPTION IMMEDIATELY AND SEND BILL FOR FIFTY CENTS STOP BEST WISHES

GLUTZ BREWING CO  
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Whatever the fowl you are interested in, Newman's "Source Book" is for you. This statement is true for chicken-raisers, duck-raisers, pheasant enthusiasts, geese or turkey raisers: YOU need the "Source Book."

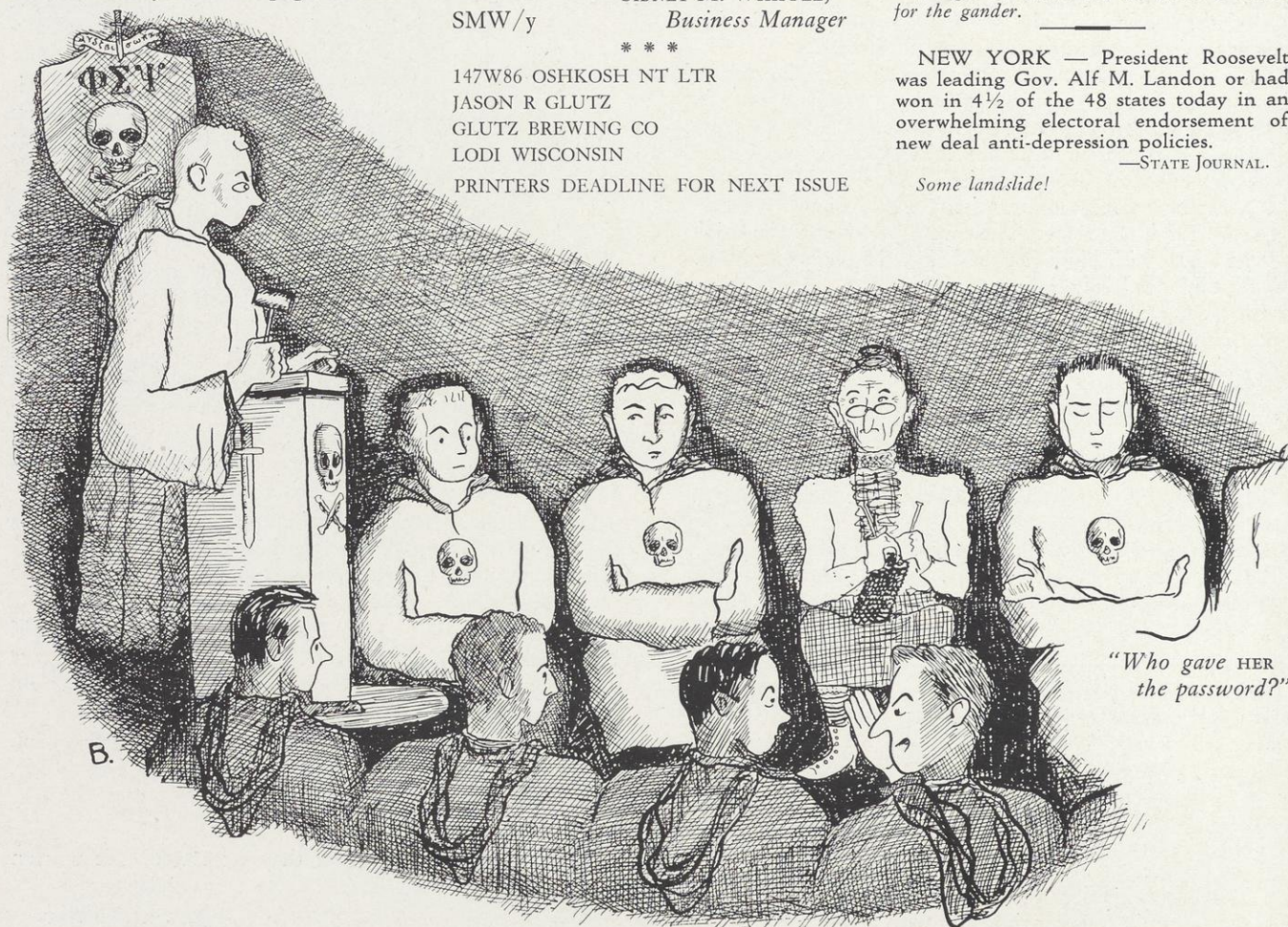
—Ad in POULTRY JOURNAL

We get it. Source for the goose is source for the gander.

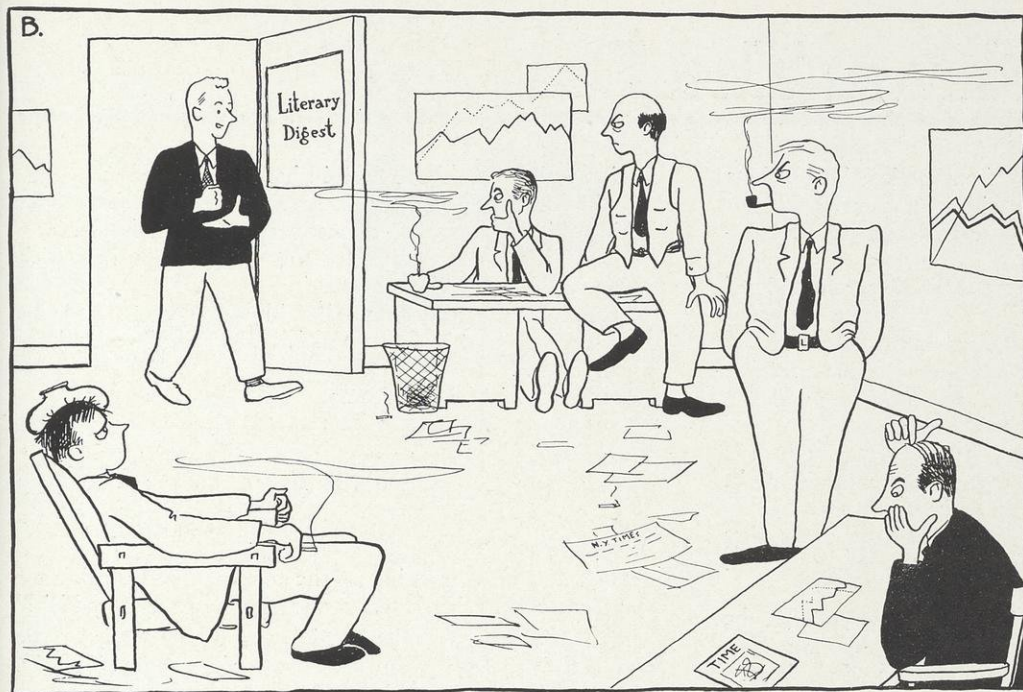
NEW YORK — President Roosevelt was leading Gov. Alf M. Landon or had won in 4½ of the 48 states today in an overwhelming electoral endorsement of new deal anti-depression policies.

—STATE JOURNAL.

Some landslide!







"I've got it, fellows—let's have a poll!"

## Why Be Prom King?

WHEN I left school last spring I had decided that I would run for Prom King the next fall. My friends thought that I was just kidding, so they didn't pay much attention to me. Once in a while I even thought I was kidding when we were talking about it, and I would say to a date—any date, "Would you like to be a Prom Queen, Jessie?"

"Why sure," Jessie—or any date—would say, thinking that I was kidding, which I was. I fooled them all, though, and I even fooled myself a little when one night this fall after school had started, I was talking to the fellows at the house.

"I am going to run for Prom King," I said. They didn't say a thing, but just looked at me. I sort of could tell from the way they looked at me that they thought I was a damn fool, and that maybe I wasn't the smoothie I ought to be, but nobody said anything.

For a couple of days nobody still said anything, because after the first time I said it, everybody thought I was just stringing them along. Once in a while on a date I would tell my date that I was going to run for Prom King, but it didn't help things any. They just plain didn't believe me.

One day one of the fellows in the house that writes for the Cardinal came

to me. He didn't have very much for the paper that day, so he began talking to me.

"Are you really going to run for Prom King?" he asked. He expected me to say yes, which I did, then he asked me a question that he thought would stop me. He said, "Can I put that in tomorrow's paper?" I fooled him again and said that he could.

After that things really got started. For a long time the fellows in the house thought that I didn't have a chance, and they didn't hesitate about telling me. I didn't like it, and I guess I got pretty griped at them once or twice. Two of the guys that might have helped me most wouldn't do it. They said that their hands were tied, and maybe they were, but I still think that they could have taken a chance to help me more, just for the sake of old Nu.

Things were in quite a muddle for a long time. Especially when I promised a Prom Queen out of the Big Six. I didn't like to do that very much, but I finally talked myself into thinking that the smaller sororities were getting a dirty deal, and I made some pretty fine speeches to that effect. I don't know whether it was that that did it, but I got elected.

The independents tried to tell me

that they elected me, but I couldn't see that when their man got more votes than the next fraternity man below me. I counted votes in the bunch that voted for me, and it made the independents' story look pretty sick. I felt sort of bad about not giving them many chairmanships, because they *thought* they had given me a lot of votes, but business was business.

The first thing after I was elected, I saw one of the girls that I had asked to be Prom Queen last summer. She looked at me in no uncertain tone of voice. Then she said, "Well, old boy, congratulations and, by the way, I have witnesses to what you said last summer about Prom Queen."

That had me going, and I admit I was sort of stopped. I figured out a way to fix her, though. I got a story on her, and threatened to let my fraternity brother print it if she insisted on being Prom Queen. It was a pretty good story, so she forgot all about what I said last summer.

Now I'm worried again. My dad is mad at some of the things that were printed in the home town paper about old Nu, and the boys at the house are mad because I won't give out chairmanships the way they want me to. I can't get a date in any of the Big Six sororities, as the only girls in them that aren't mad at me are the ones that are going steady. The house is mad at me because it hasn't helped rushing much. The rushees can't see the idea of pledging old Nu and being an independent at the same time.

The whole thing's a headache. I won't have very many comps to give away to quiet people down, and the fellows in the house all think they should have them, too. It looks as though I won't be able to make any money out of Prom, and about all I will get out of it is a full dress outfit, and I'll even have to fight for that.

On top of it all, the fellows all tell me that next year I will be just a has-been. If I were doing things over, I'd never run for Prom King again. The older boys were just kidding.

—CHARLES FLEMING

Dates for the Lawyer's Ball include Paul Godfrey, Elizabeth Schatz, and Harold Roberts, Douglas Hempstead.

—DAILY CARDINAL

*Chacun d' con mauvais gout.*



# Morning Shows The Day

**A** TOE, A FOOT, a leg slid out from under the blankets toward the floor; and then with a jerk Lucius Weems sat upright in bed with a scared look on his face.

"Whew," he said. "Whew."

He had almost forgotten to get out of the wrong side of the bed.

Carefully getting out of the other side of the bed, he looked out the window and growled. "Hell," Lucius Weems said. "Damn."

The sun was shining and it was a fine day.

"Oh, well," philosophized Mr. Weems, "maybe it will rain before noon." His face brightened as a happy thought hit him. "Or maybe even sleet," he said hopefully.

Mr. Weems dressed, putting on a pair of shoes that pinched his toes, and shaved, using a rusty blade he had saved all month for that very day.

Giving himself a final bitter look in the mirror, he tramped downstairs. The doorbell rang just then and Mrs. Weems called out, "Lucius, dear, will you see who's there?"

A little old woman was on the doorstep. "Can you tell me where Eton Street is?" she quavered in a weak voice.

"Down the street six blocks and turn to the right," rasped

Lucius and slammed the door in her face.

"Why, Lucius!" said Mrs. Weems, "Eton is the next street behind this one and you've sent that poor old lady . . ."

"Don't I know it?" said Mr. Weems, aiming a sharp kick at Hester, the cat, who was purring against his leg.

"Don't be so cross, Lucius," said Mr. Weems. "Maybe after breakfast, this fine breakfast I've fixed, everything you like . . ."

"What?" asked Mr. Weems. "What have you got?"

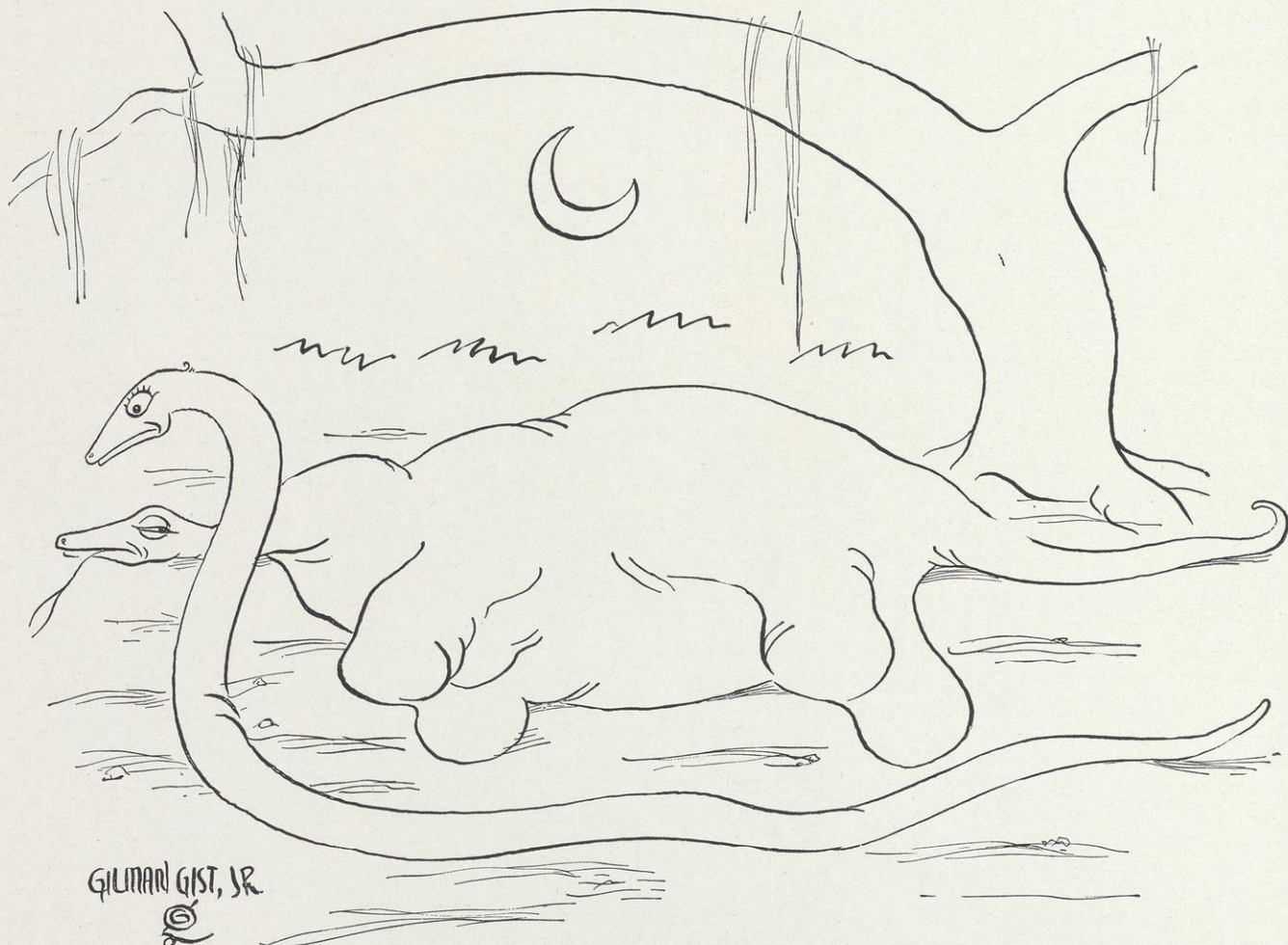
"Wheatcakes, sausage, baked apple . . ."

Mr. Weems bristled. "See here, woman," he hollered, "are you trying to spoil my whole day by giving me food I like for breakfast? How can a man keep in trim with a wife like you?"

He was almost foaming at the mouth. "For breakfast I want cauliflower, black tea, a raw egg, and salted codfish!"

Mrs. Weems was aghast. She was dumbfounded. She was petrified. "Why, Lucius . . ." she protested feebly. Then her face brightened.

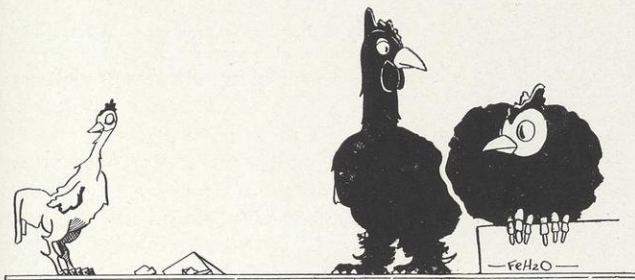
"Oh, I had forgotten," she exclaimed. "Today is the day you referee the Wisconsin game!"



"Here it is our wedding night and you had to go eat a elephant!"

—CHAPARRAL





"All right—why does a chicken cross the road?"

A man entered a restaurant in Scotland and ate three portions of the fixed rate dinner. When he refused to pay for more than one dinner the proprietor came over to his table, and pointing an old Highland tobacco pipe at him, hissed in a furious voice:

"Mon, ye'll ha' to pay for three dinners or I'll no let ye get by wi' it!"

The customer promptly fainted away. When he recovered himself a waiter was fanning him with a napkin.

"Lord, mon, what was it he pointed at me?" he quavered. "His auld pipe."

"Only a pipe! Hoots, and I thought it was a stomach pump!"

—Lampoon.

In Washington they tell the story of a golfing clergyman who had been badly beaten on the links by a parishioner thirty years his senior and had returned to the clubhouse rather disgruntled.

"Cheer up," his opponent said. "Remember, you win at the finish. You'll probably be burying me some day."

"Even then," said the preacher, "it will be your hole."

—Drexerd.



A fiery tempered Southern gentleman wrote the following letter:

"Sir, my stenographer, being a lady, cannot type what I think of you. I being a gentleman, cannot think it. You, being neither, will understand what I mean."

Guide: Then those forty ton slabs of marble are lifted onto the runway, and shot over to the derricks on the other side of the quarry.

Tourist: Shooting marbles, eh?

—Red Cat.

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

Butler: That's awkward. I'll never get it now.

—Dodo.

"If you kiss me I'll scream."

"But there's no one within hearing distance."

"Then what are you scared of?"

—Goon.

He—I'm coming in. How can I get this door open?

She—The key is under the mat, but please don't come in.

—Widow.

A salesman was passing through a small town and had several hours to pass away. Seeing one of the natives, he inquired "Any picture show in town, my friend?"

"Nope; nary a one, stranger," was the answer.

"Any pool room or bowling alley?"

"None of them either," came the reply.

"What form of amusement have you here?" asked the salesman.

"Waal, come on down to the drugstore. Thar's a Freshman home from the university." —Oshkosh Ogosh.

Cutie: Your mustache makes me laugh.

Beau: Yeah, it tickles a lot of girl.

—Widow

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## INFORMAL SINGERS



The modern heirs of groups formed under royal charter from King Edward IV in 1469, the New English Singers will appear in the Union Concert series on December 2.

Led by the dryly humorous Cuthbert Kelly, the group has been widely hailed for the poise and informality with which it presents its program of carols, madrigals, and folk-songs. They sing sitting about a table without accompaniment, music, or obvious direction.

The New English Singers will be an outstanding event, opening the Madison Christmas music season with the songs of English towns and countryside of three centuries ago.

## The Waiter And the Fly

"Hey, Mr. Lohmaier, there's a fly in my beer."

"Well, do you blame him, sir?"

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"

"Yes, sir. This is the Sigma Phi house."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my spinach."

"Yes, sir, just look at them muscles."

"Waiter, there's a hair in my honey."

"Yes, sir, it must have come from the comb."

"Waiter, there's a bee bothering me."

"What's the matter, sir, have you got hives?"

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"Oh that's right, sir—it's Friday."

"Waiter, there's a locomotive in my soup."

"Yes, sir—this is the training table."

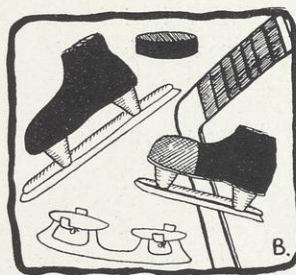
## Reuben Biddle Is Lost

BIDDLE was lost. This terrible but unavoidable truth came to him as he wandered about the third floor of Bascom Hall. For the space of three steps he tried to drive the thought from his distraught mind, but it would not be put aside.

Biddle slowly shrank to half his size as he wondered what the home folks in Altoona would think when they found it out. To think that Reuben T. Biddle, of the Altoona Biddles, was lost, like any common freshman!

Depressing thoughts, indeed, but slowly and surely the Biddle pride asserted itself. It rose to crush out every thought of defeat. He would go on as if nothing had happened. He must tell no one of his experience. There must be some way out!

There swept through his mind a pas-



Ogden Nash  
Accepts hard cash  
For writing rimes  
About the times  
Which always pan  
But seldom scan.

I think I could  
Do just as well,  
But he ain't good  
So what the hell.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Tiedeman announce the marriage of their daughter, Luella, to Howard Neal, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Neal, which took place October 5, 1936, at Rockford, Illinois.

Please return the long handled shovel you borrowed some time ago.—Otto Burmeister.

—MIDDLETON TIMES-TRIBUNE  
You keep out of this, Otto.

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# A Football Coach Becomes College President

"Dr. Blumberg, I'm from the Daily Tribune. My paper sent me out for an interview."

"Oh, fine, fine. What can I do for you?"

"Tell me, how does it feel to be a university president?"

"Well, it's a little early to say definitely."

"How do you like Wigglesworth University?"

"Very much. Beautiful campus."

"What about the outlook for the coming year?"

"Well, that's another matter. I'm rather dubious about the outlook."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"Everything. In the first place, you know what happened last June. Two thousand four hundred and thirty-six students were graduated."

"That's bad, all right. But what about the incoming freshmen? Over four thousand, aren't there?"

"Oh, that bunch! I suppose that on the face of it, it does look like something. But—well, you know what freshmen are. Too young—too inexperienced."

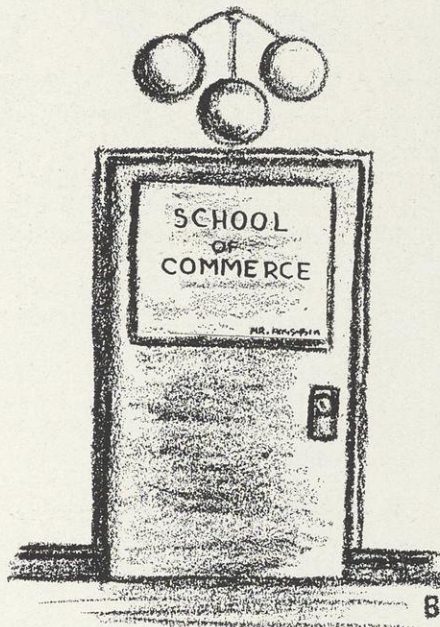
"They'll develop, won't they?"

"I doubt it."

"I understand there's a promising bunch of sophomores up."

"That's all they do—promise!"

"But the upperclassmen?"



"Mediocre, and worse!"

"But surely you and the faculty can whip things into shape?"

"That's another thing that has me worried. Worst faculty I've ever seen."

"Is that a fact?"

"Certainly! Twenty-four professors and assistant professors tempted away to other colleges by higher salaries!"

"That's bad, all right. But what about those new professors from Chicago?"

"Who?"

"Those new professors from Chicago?"

"Well, what do you know about that! I'd forgotten about them."

"That brightens things up a bit, doesn't it?"

"Well, it might, if it wasn't for what happened to Dr. Billings, our veteran philosophy professor."

"What's the matter with Billings?"

"Hadn't you heard?"

"No. Tell me!"

"Dr. Billings is out with rheumatism! And it is extremely doubtful whether or not he'll be in shape in time for the mid-semester!"

—Columns.

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### Classical Recordings

OUTSTANDING among the orchestras of the world is the New York Philharmonic. Outstanding among the conductors is Arturo Toscanini. And especially outstanding among composers is Ludwig von Beethoven. All of which makes Beethoven's Seventh Symphony recorded by Toscanini and the Philharmonic a prize collection of the year.

Already this fall Victor has brought out this fine conductor in Wagnerian works. Now, in the famous "Dance Symphony," the master's American retirement is accented by the second of two musical triumphs. The Wagner album was a collection of some of the finest selections from a great composer's life work; Beethoven's Seventh is considered by many his greatest work.

Beethoven, who died 110 years ago next year, wrote music of a sardonic sort, moody and sorrowful. The result of much of the dance music in this symphony is the underscoring of the basically morose emotions, but the sum total leaves the listener strangely satisfied. Beautiful music, the set is at the same time highly entertaining. It is recorded on ten 12-inch sides by Victor.

Wagner, in whom there has been so much interest this fall, is represented in a two-record album by Brunswick. The conductor is Bruno Walter.

Composed of outstanding portions of *Die Meistersinger*, the records have the glittering life and fascinating motion which is typically Wagner. Especially in the Prelude to Act Three and the Dance of the Apprentices are the pomp and pageantry which have made Wagner the national composer of Nazi Germany to be heard.

Sorgiam, which means "Silence," is the fourth side of the set. Sung by the LaScala opera chorus, it is valuable in its relationship to the other recordings.

Chamber music is the most delicate, the most cultivated, and the most difficult to criticise of any type of music. For this reason, only a brave man would approach the Columbia recording of Gabriel Pierne's *Variations Libres et Finale*.

A quartet, composed of flute, viola, cello, and harp undertakes the interpretation of the music. The result is an enjoyable recording.

Berlioz' *Symphonie Fantastique*, recorded by the *Orchestre Symphonie de Paris*, is Columbia's outstanding recording of the month.

Conducted by Selmar Meyrowitz, a stranger to the average American lay listener, the orchestra handles the difficult music of the grotesque symphony

in an impressive if unreal fashion. Perhaps it is too much to ask, possibly Berlioz would deny the precept, but it really seems that the fantastic should have some elements of reality.

The opening movement, *Visions and Passions*, was especially attractive. Setting the stage for the latter portions of the symphony, it leads directly to *The Ball*. Pastoral beauty is described in *Scenes in the Country*, but over all hangs the threat of something which is none the less sinister for being unknown.

The gripping fourth movement, *The March to the Gallows*, intensifies the pall of horror, which is climaxed by *The Dream of the Witches' Sabbath*—closing the symphony.

—CHARLES L. FLEMING

—RECORD





# As Goes Wilbur

**W**ILBUR ANDERSON was a Republican.

Not that he was one of these rock-ribbed Republicans. No indeed. He joined the University Young Republican Club one night when they had free beer at the Union and never gave it another thought.

Elections came around, but Wilbur didn't vote for Mr. Landon. He was too young. But after Mr. Landon had been thoroughly trounced, Wilbur's troubles began.

For Wilbur had a button. It was a nice, shiny brown one, with yellow felt sunflower leaves. The president of the Young Republican club had given it to him, but he hadn't told him how to get rid of it.

*And he could not get rid of it!*

The morning after the election, he threw it in the wastebasket in his room. When he came home at noon, there was a note on his desk.

"Here is your pin," it said. "Thought maybe you'd miss it."

Wilbur could picture his landlady writing it. He picked up the pin and walked out. On the first floor he passed her, and as she said, "Hello," he thought he saw an odd gleam in her eye.

Disconsolate, he wandered down the street. He decided to wait his chance and drop it as inconspicuously as he could. Finally he got to the darkest part of the court. He looked around to see if he was being watched. All was well!

Wilbur tossed the button into the street. As it bounced, a fellow on the other side turned and picked it up.

"Hey, dropped something," he called. Picking it up, he tossed it over. Wilbur caught it, thanked the man weakly, and walked on. Damn that silly grin, anyway.

Strolling down to the Union, he figured out another plan of attack. He ambled into the Rathskeller and ordered a beer. As the waiter turned, he dropped the pin and kicked it under the bar.

"Drop something?" the man asked.

"Well, no — I mean, yes."

"I'll get it for you," the waiter said.

They had to move the bar, and it took five men with a derrick to lift the thing. Wilbur felt pretty silly, and he told them not to bother a couple of times, but they kept right on.

Finally they got the pin.

"Well, here you are, Alf," one of them said, snickering. The others looked pretty mad . . . they thought it was a ten dollar bill or something he had dropped, Wilbur gathered. But his name was *not* Alf.

**B**Y THIS time Wilbur was pretty sick of the whole mess. He stuck the pin in his pocket and walked home.

Once back in his room, he had an idea. That box where they dumped their old razor blades! It had a little slit in the cover, and every three or four months they got a new one. A perfect place!

Wilbur slunk into the washroom. There was no one there. Acting quickly, he started to shove the little felt pad through the slot. The door opened and in walked Wilson, president of the house.

"Oh, hello, Anderson. Whatcha got there? Oh, no. Not in there. House rule 67 a 1 says 'Razor blade box shall not be used for miscellaneous trash,' I quote. Sorry old man, but you know how it is. A rule is a rule."

**W**ILBUR was beaten.

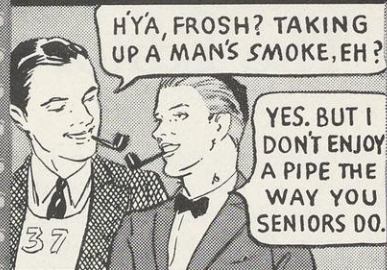
Head down, he walked to the lakeshore. When a man could get rid of old razor blades but was forced to keep his election insignia, the world was a pretty cold place.

Why did he, Wilbur Anderson, have to endure the jibes and taunts of his fellow man, he asked. Suddenly the thought came over him.

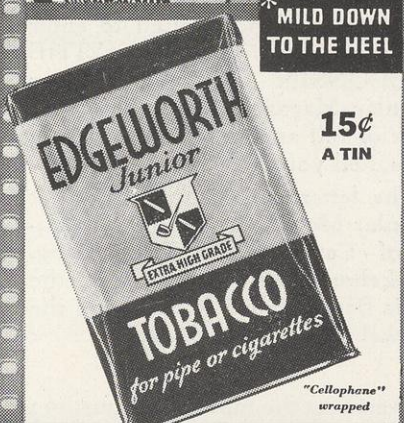
He didn't.

Grasping the button firmly in his left hand, he jumped into the water. Men-dota's surface closed over him.

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## In The Editor's Brown Study...

**A**ND this, friends and neighbors, is the Octopus Issue of the Octopus.

All over the nation, the over-worked old themes are blooming like the dandelion in the spring. This magazine might have been called:

Football Number,  
Thanksgiving Number,  
Exchange Number,  
Or Some Other Equally Trite Number.

But this magazine, understand, has no theme. It is an Octopus Issue and, while not inspired by such a thing as Homecoming or Prom, will blazon the name of the University of Wisconsin over the western sky. We think so, anyway.

The letters one gets in this job are the most fascinating thing about it. Maybe you'd be interested in this one:

"Please be kind enough to enter subscription for one year to 'THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS' for Popular Magazines, Inc. Upon receipt of bill at this office check will be mailed you."

The letterhead informed us that Popular Magazines, Inc., is publisher of Cap'n Billy's Whiz Bang, Smokehouse Monthly, Hooey, the Whiz Bang Winter Annual, and the Smokehouse Poetry Book.

Even now the movers are hustling and bustling about, moving Octy's chattles out of the present Brown Study into the new one down the hall. So this is probably the last piece of Octopus copy to be written in this room.

The Brown Study which is to be Octy's new domicile is no browner than this one. And this Brown Study is tastefully decorated in pale gray and cream.

The new offices have white walls, and the ceiling of the editorial sanctum is blue, like University Bay on May Day. The business office is even brighter, though. It has white walls, yaller ceiling, and the wood-

work is bright red, like the ROTC's ears on May Day. After a week in there, the business manager won't notice any more headaches.

Usually, this corner is devoted to calling attention to the prize exhibits in Octy's five-ring circus. But this month there are only two performers who need be pointed out. They are Janet Falkenau and Manuel Peter.

Janet, Octy announces with glee, is the new exchange editor. And though she's found a September Octy which expressed a wish for "some stooge to come around and be exchange editor," she's clipping jokes, writing for cuts, and shipping them out at a great rate.

Manny is (we kowtow in reverence) The Daily Cardinal's Track Expert. Manny it is who dopes out those charts about who is going to take third place in the 220 yard high hurdles. Sometimes he's right. His story on Wisconsin's cross-country team is in this issue some place; although he insists on calling them hill and dalers, he never once dubs them thin-clads. Octy is thanking God for small favors.

Although Manny is far from small.

Being within taxi-riding distance of home and a turkey dinner, Old Eight-Legs is usually unimpressed by the annual agitation for a longer Thanksgiving vacation. He is perfectly content to come to classes Friday in a cherubic—if rather over-stuffed—frame of mind.

But he would be largely pleased if one suggestion could just be put into force. It's the idea of a senior in the College of Engineering, who is down no little at the prospect of term papers and reports. He says that we should have a week off about the first of December, for the express purpose of polishing off some of the earlier assignments.

Shuddering at the thought of a journalism notebook, Old Eight-Legs agrees.

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VOLUME XVII

NUMBER 3

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## Two Very Ordinary Fellows

LUTHER and Ian were two very ordinary fellows. They themselves admitted that they were quite ordinary. Perhaps, however, they admitted they were quite ordinary because they wanted a little excitement, which, they reasoned, was quite ordinary, and very much normal.

Since they were, then, just any two boys looking for excitement, they proceeded to walk down State Street to look for suitable companions. Soon they happened upon two young ladies who seemed to be waiting for a street car.

Ian reasoned that they couldn't be waiting for a street car, because almost anybody knows that there isn't such a thing as a street car in Madison. So they introduced themselves to the ladies, and found that they, too, were looking for excitement.

They seemed to be very friendly young ladies, so Ian and Luther took them upon their arms and led them to a very respectable beer parlor called Ned's. All four of them sat and drank a beer, except Luther and Ian, who had cokes, because they didn't care much for beer.

When they had finished their beers and cokes, the ladies sort of said that they would like to have another beer, but Luther was hungry, so they decided to go and have something to eat.

They passed a small white building with a sign advertising some sort of food on the front. Luther thought that that looked good, so the four of them went in.

Luther spoke to the waiter, who was dressed in white, calling his attention to the sign in front. The waiter nodded.

After a while Ian and Luther got up and walked out with a couple of bags full of hamburgers.

## Inside Information

People from all over the country came to consult the great mystic. However, no one ever was allowed to see him in person. A servant, upon the payment of a stipulated fee, would go into his master's room and ask the question that the customer had requested.

A worried-looking middle-aged woman came in one day and after waiting in line for perhaps an hour was permitted to ask the great one her question through the servant.

"Will my husband return to me?" she asked.

The servant went into the sanctified room and returned within a few moments. "My master says he will return, but I say he won't," he said.

"Ha! ha! What do you know?" she replied and left, humming joyously. A year later the same woman returned with the same worried expression on her face, asked the same question and received the same answer with the servant's own addition, "But I say he won't." This occurred for three successive years and when the woman returned for the fourth time and received the same answer with a similar qualification by the servant, enraged, she cried, "How can you constantly contradict the prediction of your master?"

"Madam," he replied, "I can see you." —Punch Bowl.



### Of Course It's A Shepherd Cashmere

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# Gone With The Wind . . . Or Real Pre-War Stuff

Victim: "I don't like the way you're holding that gun."

Jesse James: "Well, I don't aim to please."  
—*Sundial*.

Wife: I'm afraid that the mountain air would disagree with me.

Husband: It wouldn't dare.

"I'm going to quit dating Engineers. They leave blueprints on my neck."

"Yeah, but lawyers are always contesting your will."  
—*Whirlwind*.

The nurse entered the professor's room and said softly, "It's a boy, sir."

The professor looked up from his desk. "Well," he said, "what does he want?"

They had been sitting in the swing in the moonlight alone. No word broke the stillness for half an hour until—

"Suppose you had money," she said, "what would you do?"

He threw out his chest in all the glory of young manhood, "I'd travel!"

He felt her warm, young hand slide into his. When he looked up she was gone. In his hand was a nickel!

—*Traveler*.

Employer: "Are you an American citizen?"

Poor chump: "Yes."

Employer: "Prove it."

P. C.: "I've been out of work for two years."  
—*Frivol*.

"Where did you get all that money?"

"Borrowed it from Philip."

"But I thought he was pretty tight."  
"He was."  
—*Pointer*.

"Doctor, what can you say to a girl who's so scary she jumps into the nearest man's arms every time she's frightened?"

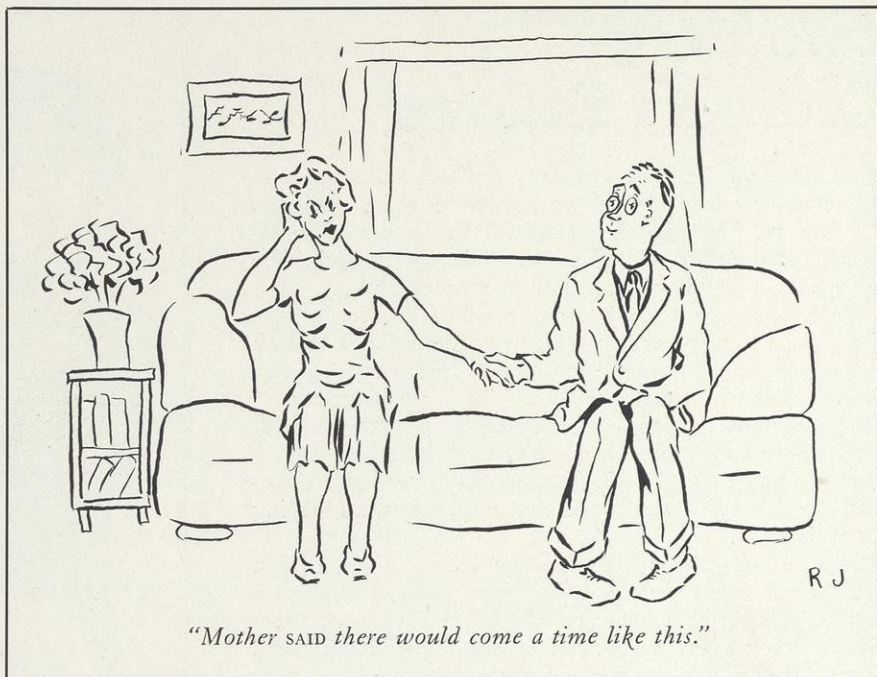
"Boo!"  
—*Punch Bowl*.

She: Getting real cold isn't it?

He (reflectively): Winter draws on.  
She: Sir!

The boy was sniffing until the teacher could stand it no longer. Finally she rose at her desk and said pointedly, "Johnnie, have you no handkerchief?"

"Yes'm," said Johnnie, "but mother said I wasn't to lend it."  
—*Pointer*.



Women's faults are many,

Men have only two:

Everything they say,

And everything they do.  
—*Exchange*.

"I have a Sherlock Holmes tooth."

"What kind is that?"

"Slooth."  
—*Red Cat*.

"Hello! Is this the city bridge department?"

"Yes. What can we do for you?"

"How many points do you get for a little slam?"  
—*Pelican*.

"What model is your car?"

"It isn't a model, it's a horrible example."  
—*Covered Wagon*.

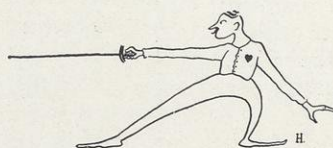
"What makes people walk in their sleep?"

"Twin beds."  
—*Mercury*.

"Mamma, can I go out and play?"  
"What, with all those holes in your pants?"

"No, mama, with the little boy next door."  
—*Bison*.

For the modern girl: "There's seldom a slip between the gown and the hip."  
—*Ski-U-Mah*.



"If you try to kiss me I may forget I'm a lady."

"And slap me?"

"No, and let you."

Slightly Inebriated (to girl on Broadway): Do you speak to strangers on the street?

Sweet Little Dove: Oh, no.

Slightly Inebriated: Well, then, shut up!  
—*Burr*.

Employee (speaking to his boss on the phone): But sir, I've only had a week's vacation. Don't you think I'm entitled to another five days of grace?

Employer: My boy, that dame'll be the ruin of you.

Irate Parent: "I'll teach you to make love to my daughter, sir."

Young Man: "I wish you would, old boy; I'm not making much headway."  
—*Sundial*.

"You certainly were drunk last night."

"Go on, tell me something I don't know."

"Sure—you're married."

—*Punch Bowl*.

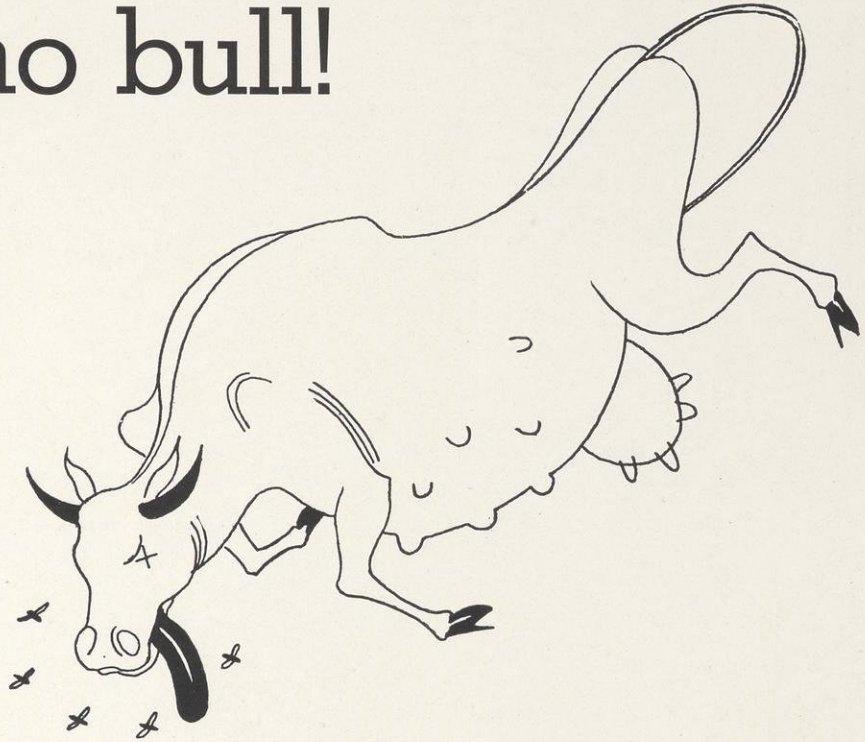
Host: There are my grandma's ashes over there.

Guest: O, so the poor soul has passed on?

Host: No, she's just too lazy to look for the ash tray.  
—*Log*.



# This is no bull!



## To the Class of 1939 Class of 1940

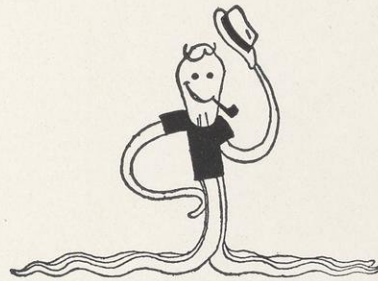
Two years, three years from now a dozen students from your classes will be in charge of the Octopus. They will write, draw pictures, round up advertisements. They will be students; Octy is a student magazine.

College gets pretty dull at times, and Octy stands mirthful and sparkling like an oasis amid the academic sandhills. A lot of fun awaits you on the Octy staff, not to mention experience, friends. The pie is being cut; pass your plate.

Octy is staffed with engineering, bacteriology, mathematics, journalism, commerce majors. Male and female. Good spirits is the pass-word.

No one expects you to be full-blown Benchleys and Peter Arnos the moment you step into the office. There is a lot to pick up about being funny.

You have enjoyed Octy month after month. It's more fun to cook it up month after month. With all the heartiness we can muster, we say drop in and see us tomorrow. Don't slip your contribution under the door and run.



Editorial Sanctum and Business Office --- 3rd Floor, Old Union  
Hours: Any Afternoon, Almost



#### DEEP INTO THE WOODS.

No luxuries here, as "Herb" Welch — famous Maine Guide—makes noon camp. Hearty outdoor appetites welcome the sense of digestive well-being that smoking Camels encourages. As "Herb" says: "I've lived on dried meat and I've dined on the best—but no matter what I'm eating, it always tastes better and digests better when I smoke Camels."



WHEREVER...  
WHATEVER...  
WHENEVER  
YOU EAT—

*For Digestion's Sake...  
Smoke Camels!*



*Costlier Tobaccos*

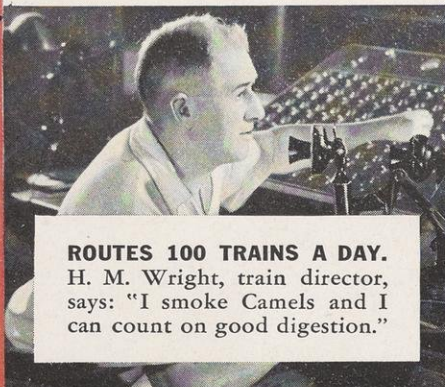
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MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS  
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Smoking Camels encourages a proper flow of digestive fluids...increases alkalinity...brings a sense of well-being

YOU eat over a thousand meals a year! Food is varied. Place and time often differ. Yet, thanks to Camels, you can help digestion meet these changing conditions easily. Smoking Camels speeds up the flow of digestive fluids. Tension eases. Alkalinity in-

creases. You enjoy your food—and have a feeling of ease and contentment after eating. Meal-time or *anytime*—make it Camels—for digestion's sake, for Camel's invigorating "lift," for mildness and fine flavor. Camels do not get on your nerves.



**ROUTES 100 TRAINS A DAY.**  
H. M. Wright, train director, says: "I smoke Camels and I can count on good digestion."



**GLIDER CHAMPION.** Mrs. D. Holderman says: "A few Camels, and I eat with relish and feel cheery and at ease afterward."