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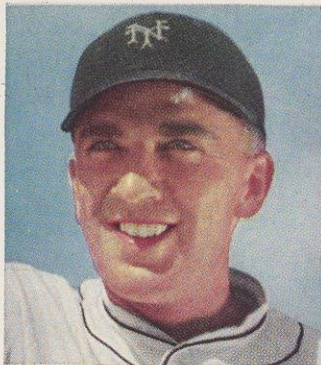
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OCTOPUS

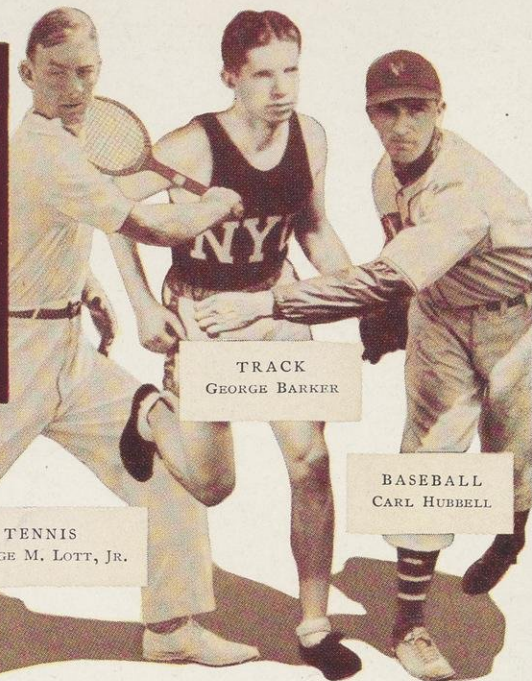


OCTOBER • 10 CENTS



**ATHLETES SAY:
"THEY DON'T
GET
YOUR WIND!"**

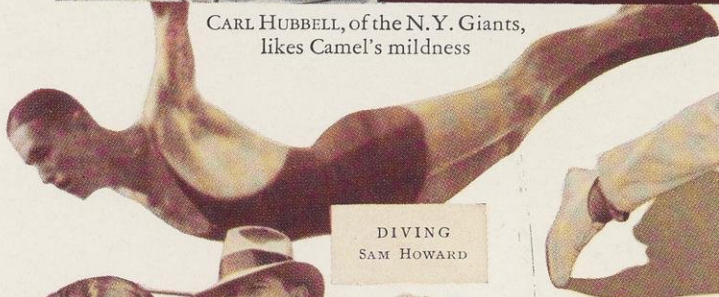
CARL HUBBELL, of the N.Y. Giants,
likes Camel's mildness



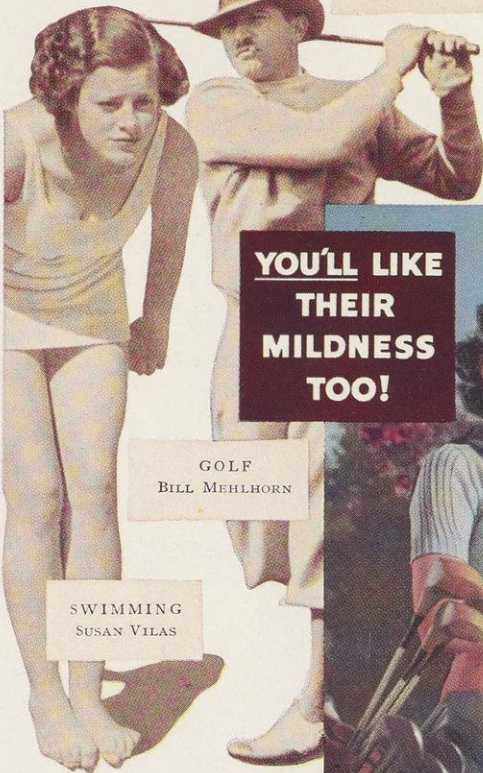
TRACK
GEORGE BARKER

BASEBALL
CARL HUBBELL

TENNIS
GEORGE M. LOTT, JR.



DIVING
SAM HOWARD



GOLF
BILL MEHLHORN

SWIMMING
SUSAN VILAS

**YOU'LL LIKE
THEIR
MILDNESS
TOO!**



KEEPING IN "CONDITION" means much to every one in enjoying life more. Smoke Camels, the cigarette athletes say never upsets the nerves or disturbs the wind.

Read what athletes say about Camels

The fact that athletes smoke Camels freely shows how mild Camels are. For athletes put mildness first. As Carl Hubbell says: "Camels are so mild that no matter how many I smoke they never get my wind or ruffle my nerves."

Here's Bill Mehlhorn, the veteran golfer: "From years of experience, I know that Camels will never get my wind."

And George M. Lott, Jr., dynamic tennis star: "Camels never take the edge off my condition or get my wind, because they are mild."

Sam Howard and Susan Vilas, among the diving and swimming champions, and George Barker, the track star—all agree that Camels do not disturb their nerves or wind.

Why this mildness, approved by athletes, is important to you!

Because Camels are so mild...made from more costly tobaccos than any other popular brand...you can smoke all you please. Athletes are agreed that Camels do not jangle the nerves or get the wind. And you'll find that your taste never tires of their appealing flavor.

SO MILD YOU CAN
SMOKE ALL
YOU WANT

Camels

- Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.



**COSTLIER
TOBACCOS!**

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VOICE OF THE PIPUL

in which the nation's leading magazine &
newspaper readers write in to Octy editors

Sirs:

Fortnight ago, OCTOPUS, inconsistent with its usual policy of "Curt, Clear, Complete," mentioned my name in connection ... with University of Wisconsin's newly dedicated Bell Tower [see OCTOPUS, Sept. 20, p.24, col. 1, line 14]. I have never heard ... of no Bell Tower, care nothing about no Bell Tower [see OCTOPUS, Sept. 20, p.24, col. 1, line 14]. OCTOPUS'S linking of my name with Bell Tower has caused me discomfiture, sleeplessness, lame back, & loss of sales ... no end.

—F. NORRIS WENTWORTH

Wentworth, Webster, & Weems
Ice, Coal, & Wood
Upper Chillicothe, Ohio

Touchy, asthmatic, impotent subscriber Wentworth is hot around the collar for no good reason, deserves severe rebuke. No relation is he to Wisconsin's famed bellringing paranoic W. Norris Wentworth [see OCTOPUS, Sept. 20, p.47, col. 2, line 8]. To OCTOPUS-reader F. Norris Wentworth: a fingersnap; to OCTOPUS-reader W. Norris Wentworth: nuts!—Ed.

* * * * *

CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT IT

Black Earth, Wis.; July 17, 1889.—Dear Sir: Enclosed is \$2 to keep on sending us your paper. Keep on giving the big boys the works. Your paper is swell. We can't get along without it. Well I must close now.—Herman J. Pennywhistle

* * * * *

Dear Mr. Editor:

Give us more stories by J. Raymond Corwin like "Black Lace Undies" in last month's Sna—I mean, Octopus. Boy, oh boy! can that fellow write, what I mean! I can't hardly wait till your mag is out and as soon as I get it I read it through in a hurry and paste the pictures on the walls of my room. I wish you came out weekly instead of like you do now.

I would like to correspond with a young lady, blonde, about 5' 9", experienced but not cynical, about 18 to 34 years old. I will be a faithful pen-pal and will exchange snapshots with all who write first. I have had many interesting adventures and will tell them in my letters.

Yours enthusiastically,

Gustav P. Flegenheimer,
U.S.N. 3rd class

U.S.S. Stormy Petrel
Seattle Navy Yards
Seattle, Wash.

The editors are fairly gloating over the fact that a new J. Raymond Corwin story will appear soon. Mr. Corwin is noted for his racy, sixteen-cylinder, redhot tales of Life and Passion; and his next one, "Penthouse Virgin," promises to send the mercury to new highs for streamlined 20th-century literature.

* * * * *

Editor, Dear sir—

I have been a taxpaying citizen of Dane county for

over thirty years and I must say its about time I spoke my piece about the way things is going on, why its a wonder the country is not ruint by now the way I see it. Now you take the memorial union down there to Madison, did we taxpayers shell out our hard earned cash so as these communists and longhairs and foriegners could make a hotel out of it, no! We taxpayers go and pay for it and then we get no use out of it, o but isnt this a pretty pickle! And these here professors, do not we taxpayers pay them enough so they do not have to go down to Washington and think up all sorts of crazy ways to meddle in the government to waste the taxpayers money?

O no, here they got to go and make up jobs for themselves like NRA and FERA and CCC and so on until they got the whole alphabet used up and besides IT IS ALL UN-CON-STI-TU-TION-AL. Pay the farmer a fair price for his milk and the other things will take care of themselves, I say. What sort of a University have we got anyhow, when they teach all these darn foriegn languiges and things no practice man has got no use for, and making our people unpatriotic, singing all these darn foriegn songs and things what with hardly anybody knowing the first verse of America if at all.

It is time things was changed and our children was getting something of value out of it all, not a lot of highbrow junk and drinking gin and free love and stuff.

The saloon must not return and the voice of the taxpayers cries out at this extravagance and greed, just look at Sam Insull and Andrew Melon and the other big boys. Did our forefathers die at Valley Forge, Bull Run and Manila Bay in vain, no! It is time this weak LaFollette administration did something about the situation. I for one am fed up with this waste of the taxpayers money.

—Disgruntled Taxpayer,

Route 5, Sun Prairie, Wis.

* * * * *

Editor, Octopus:

Could you arrange to print one of my letters explaining the horrors of vivisection, as practiced by the Medical School at the University, for benefit of the laity?

Sincerely,

—Winifred M. Wilkins

That was no laity, Mrs. Wilkins, that was my wife.

* * * * *

Editor, Octopus:

We need some publicity for our sorority like all hell and thought that perhaps you could help us out. Which would you rather have us do, build a 12 foot fence or a bell tower in our backyard? Why play favorites?

—Phi Mu



It's puzzled us no little, too. We mean this business of H. Teichmann running for the P. King job. We've finally come to the conclusion that it must be some sort of far-fetched promotion stunt on the part of the D. Cardinal... Breezing hither and thither, not to mention yon, on a bicycle these days is E. Mortell. We drove it around a bit (the bicycle, you dope) this summer in the DU living room but found it sort of hard to manage, especially tough being the turn from the dining room around the g. piano... It is generally agreed by wolves of Langdon street that Ann Emery is the abode of the most charm this season. Judging by Octy's page of pledges it certainly seems as if... Suggestion to Fraternity Row: a torch light parade, slogan "Down With the Independents."

We've known it for years, but because it startled someone again the other evening, we print it... Peg Stiles of the Theta clan is an expert rifle shot and could almost make the R O T C team were ladies allowed... If Johnson should win that involved Prom king race, Joe Brooks will run pre-Prom... although that's practically understood... John Gol- emgeske and Russ Callahan, non-fraternity football players, are causing a few of the Deks a bit of trouble when feminine fone callers are told "No one here by that name" when the lads are downstairs eating... steward Bob Ewing also has to listen to the lads' complaints about no mail... what do they expect—that he should drop them occasional post cards?

The spare key to Green Gables (Kappa annex to you) has gone out of circulation... a lad lost it... and half a dozen friends at the same time... Rumor hath it that Ruthie Lynott, who now lives behind Kiekhofer's wall, may cause Cardinal Key all sorts of distress by hanging out a plea for paint instead of continuing efforts to keep them from it... Ruthie, we pause to comment, lives in the house, not in the thicket... the cat that the 13th Kappa pledge received at pledging is on the loose again... thank goodness.

The president of what sorority hid in a closet one 2 a. m. last week after her housemother almost discovered that four of the gals had been out for hamburgers... because they were weary from a heated argument on religion... Fee Fie, Octy's only silent man, is becoming increasingly popular with the ladies again... during summer school he got all sorts of attention... but he still sat in the corner and sulked... Homecoming directors rushed their theme announcement out in a hurry after they discovered that Minnesota was also plotting a Paul Bunyan plan... the Bunyan publicity may turn deserved attention on the very fine Jim Watrous murals in the Union.

Minor campus clubs can expect strange visitors these days... the sophomore journalism reporters are on the loose again... half the Theta house bear carefully-guarded nicknames... most of them from birds... produced by Ev Schilling... who's gaining more and more fame as being as crazy as her little brother... who headed Union Board last

(continued, page twenty-two)

PLATTER PATTER

By Jim Fleming

It's always a pleasure to toss an orchid Richard Himber's way. It was through the efforts of this slightly rotund maestro that a pleasing new style in orchestration gained popular favor. Just a few years ago Himber was an unknown among unknowns. With a small but "different" orchestra he secured a spot in New York's Essex House, where the networks soon spotted him. Outstanding in Himber's arrangement is the subtle use of the harp in transitory passages from number to number. His strings are soft, subdued and easy to listen to. His pressing of I NEVER SAW A BETTER NIGHT (Victor 25077), with Stuart Allen capably vocalizing, is a late effort that reflects the Himber touch. Johnny Mercer's tune becomes a smooth, tantalizing musical impression in contrast to the discordant brass treatment it has received from many dance maestros.

Ellington's back! The Duke is out in front once again with a swell bit from the Cotton Club Parade. You haven't heard TRUCKIN' as it should be played until you've heard the new Brunswick recording by Ellington (7514). The Duke has an accuracy of orchestration that sets his work off from the other Harlem ensembles. It's the closest thing we know of to a true musical sense in jam tunes. The reverse of this platter has a so-so version of ACCENT ON YOUTH... the Duke is at his best when the tune calls for swinging.

Hal Kemp has a clever novelty arrangement of THE GENTLEMAN OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T BELIEVE (Brunswick 7503). The muted Kemp trumpets and clarinet obligattos are heard to good advantage in this "Otis-Regrets"-like tune. The reverse of the record brings a harmless little tune called SO NICE SEEING YOU AGAIN, which the Kemp lads play in harmless fashion.

Bing Crosby is on the loose for Decca with a number of "Two for Tonight" tunes. Here is typical Crosby singing some catchy Brown and Revell offerings. The music is mighty good, and if you have a weakness for Crosby, these offerings should be tempting. The record numerals are Decca 543, 547, and 548.

Far better Decca releases are these by the Casa Loma band and England's Ambrose and his orchestra. The old rhythm man, Pee Wee Hunt, turns in one of his best performances in a tune called THE DEVIL'S AFRAID OF MUSIC (Decca 553). The heavy brass foundation of the orchestra at times moves a bit too slowly and heavily. Our belief is that the Casa Loma crew has one too many trombones... The sax section, led by Glen Gray, turns in the usual matchless performance... But now for a real rave... It's this Ambrose outfit from England. Their delightful clean-cut style is a pleasure to listen to any time. In the new release (Decca 551), the band plays PICCOLINO from TOP

(continued, page nineteen)

Marooned with a Mental Mummy?

... light an Old Gold



© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

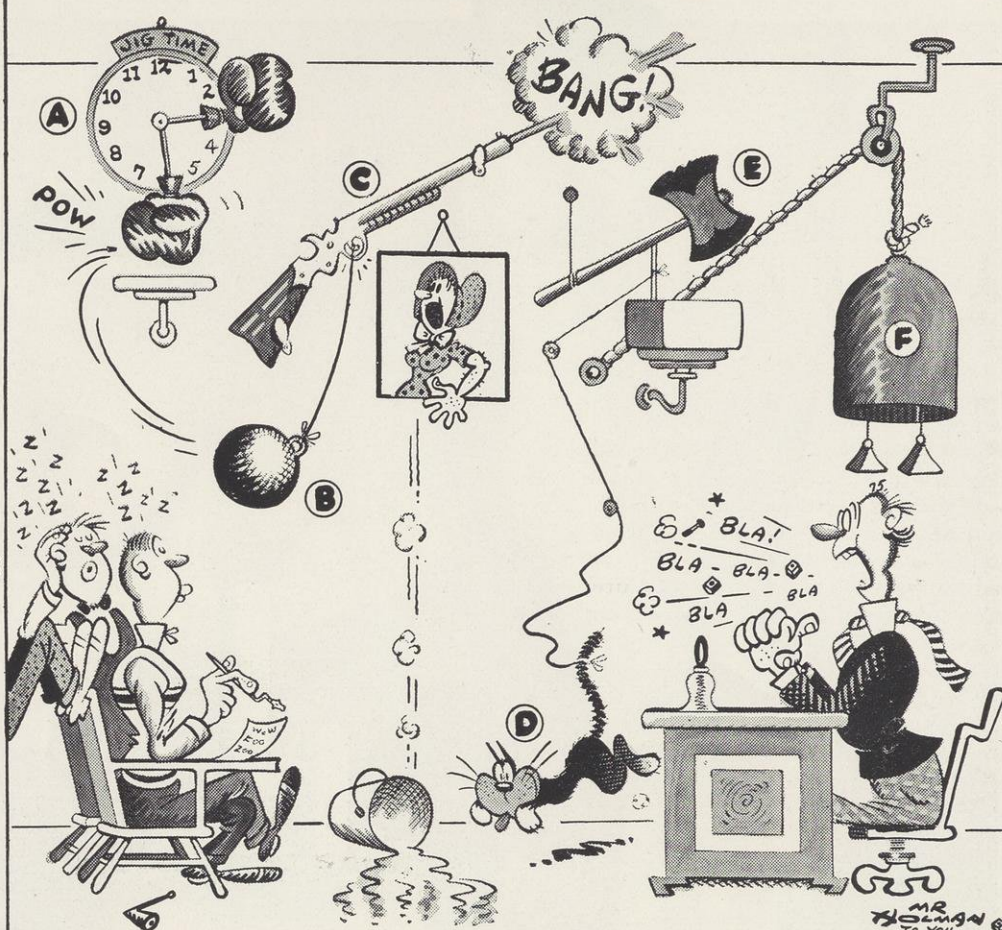
WHEN a tropical typhoon traps you on a desert isle with a muddle-minded cavalier, don't waste away waiting for the rescue. Relax! . . . Light a sunny-smooth Old Gold. Its mellow fragrance will soothe your nerves and turn your predicament into a paradise.

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

AT TRYING TIMES . . . TRY A *Smooth* OLD GOLD

EASY WAY TO STOP THE PROFESSOR FROM TALKING OVERTIME

MINUTE HAND ON CLOCK (A) REACHES DISMISSAL TIME KNOCKING CANNON BALL (B) OFF STAND FIRING GUN (C) WHICH FRIGHTENS MILKMAID WHO DROPS MILK PAIL. HUNGRY CAT (D) RUNS TO LAP UP MILK RELEASING AXE (E) WHICH CUTS ROPE FREEING HOOD (F) WHICH DROPS OVER PROFESSOR'S HEAD AND BLINDS HIM. STUDENTS TAKE FEET OFF DESKS AND SCRAM



... AND AN EASY WAY TO ENJOY A PIPE

PRINCE ALBERT HAS EXTRA FLAVOR, COMBINED WITH MILDNESS. WHAT A SMOKE!



2
OUNCES



2 OUNCES OF PIPE JOY!!

YES, SIR, IT'S PRINCE ALBERT —MILD, SMOOTH, CRIMP-CUT. NEVER BITES THE TONGUE AND 2 OZ. IN EVERY TIN

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

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THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

Campus Chronicle

FUTILITY

● We were wandering about, looking for something to write about, when we ran into one of the Cardinal news editors who has a car, one might even say, the Cardinal news editor who has a car. He said sure, he had something. About his car, he explained.

It seems that he was coming to an eight o'clock class, in his car; and since it was just a few minutes before the hour, he ran three arterial signs. On the third, a big blue squad car with a siren on it blocked him off, and the policeman got out. There was the usual, "Whatdaya-thinkyaare" introduction, then an assortment of invectives. "Oh, never mind," groaned the editor, "I have a class. Come to the point?"

"O. K., buddy," growled the cop, "I'll slap a ticket on ya right now, if you want to make a class." And he did, explaining that if the student hadn't been so smart, there would be no fine.

So our news editor took his ticket and went to class. And was late anyway.

RAISON D'ETRE

● Any day now, Union Board will have a real problem on its hands. The Union elevator, lately rebuilt, has all sorts of queer habits and, to date, there's been no one that has completely mastered all its intricacies. The thing has a will of its own and goes where it likes, unaccommodating in the extreme.

And by the time some sophomore co-ed shows up at her sorority with the very true yet hard-to-believe excuse for being out all night, "I spent the night in the Union elevator," there's really going to be trouble.

SOMETIMES WE WONDER DEPT.

● We wandered about some more, this time up Langdon street. That's the way it goes; you may think it's easy to boil this stuff up, but it's not; generally, you have to wander. We wandered.

Well, we walked until we came to the Gamma Phi house. In front of the house there was a huge gray car, long as a hearse. The license was carefully mounted: Wisconsin; above and half covering it was a tin football.

"Let's go! Middleton High school!"



*But the Dekes have ALREADY ordered
your windows cleaned*

QUESTION, ANSWER

● Since our early years, we have never passed a pen counter in a book store without glancing at the pad to see what is scribbled there. Usually we find initials, or the alphabet. Last week science caught up to us, and we discovered that people test typewriters the same way, and write things on them, too. Like, "Now is the time for all good men," and "the lazy fox jumped over the black dog," or "aaa llll, jjjj kkkk." Rather than write anything like that, however, we found a clean roll, wrote: "This is a damn good machine, why don't you buy it?" Commercial, maybe, but impish. Later we wandered in again, stole a glance at the roll, and found this reply, "Well, why don't you?" Not so impish, but logical, what?

TOUCHE

● Young Howie Teichman has tried so hard to be an enemy that we sort of hate letting him down, but old Eight-Legs somehow doesn't get much pleasure out of being sophomoric any more.

You may not know, but he writes the Cardinal's "Trouble-Shooter" and has lately been doing his best, so we are told, to insult us. The lad would just love a sharp retort — mebbe we're giving away a secret to say that he came in and asked if we'd like to start a paper war — but somehow he doesn't deserve it. Octy reserves its wrath for bell towers, Pi Phi fences, and similar matters of importance.

We're turning to Prexy for our statement: "I refuse to dignify the incident by comment."



late
summer
fading
into fall

DEAD SPORT

● Through most of the year we find one method of wasting odd moments that surpasses all others: walking up and down the street catching the ends of sentences and pondering on them. It takes will power, we find, to let an inspiring phrase or two at the opening of a description suffice instead of leaping into stride and getting the whole story. It breeds imagination to fashion bits of half a dozen conversations into intelligent small-talk. And then sometimes—and this is one bad feature about the whole business—one gets a whole sentence and can't do anything about it.

We picked up one of those in front of the Union during Orientation week, and for weeks we kept it to ourselves until one night recently we blurted it out and the date said it ought to be in print. So-o-o

A youngster, obviously a freshman, was standing on the curb beside a car, in which sat Paw, Mama and a little wretch who was probably called Willie. Quoth the freshman: "Gee, Paw, there's three thousand of us here now, and when the upper classmen get here, there'll be seven thousand more. Holy chee, we won't even be able to walk."

That's really spoiled the whole sport for us.

ROW IN FRATERNITY ROW

● Last Sunday's grand weather caused us to call one of the better people we know and suggest a walk. She liked the idea, too, and we strolled out along the Drive (it looks grand in the day-time, too!) and through the woods on Eagles heights, over behind Picnic Point. It must have taken us a couple of hours to cover our route. We couldn't be sure of the time, for all comprehension of such things were knocked out of our head by a sight we saw as we turned back into Langdon street.

Down the walk ahead of us walked a couple, dressed for heavy outing. Each of them carried an oar. It was nice of him, we thought, to let her have equal rights. But when we mentioned it, the blast we received in reply included references to chivalry, brainstorm and such that the whole thing lost its charm. We won't ever, we decided, suggest a rowing Sunday afternoon.

KAPPA KAPPA GLAMOUR

● We haven't ever denied, and there's no sense in starting it now, that our aim on this page is a bit of whimsy. Nothing, we think, is quite so pleasant as whimsy. And because we realize there's nothing so bad as bad whimsy, this page gets more thought than almost any other in our magazine. We see to it that contributors to this section really slave over their work. But Kappa Kappa Gamma has out-done us.

One of our lads has brought in a list of the cased and canned groceries they received one day a week or so ago that leaves us absolutely un-whimsical:

"Mince meat; 50 lbs. net weight, with brandy. Special shrimp. Apple sauce (ordinarily we could comment on that). Tomato juice (and that). And Stringless Beans, Sunny Brand."

That last item has really put all our studied efforts to shame. Mebbe we just won't try any more.

CAUTION

● It's an old Psi Upsilon tradition never to admit that any situation is quite unparalleled in their experience, although we remember that when one of them saw the statue of Lincoln (standing) in the Chicago park, he...

But that isn't what we started out to say. We were on a Nakoma bus one day last week, and Dick Bardwell, red-haired brother in Psi U, was standing in the front of the bus with some girl.

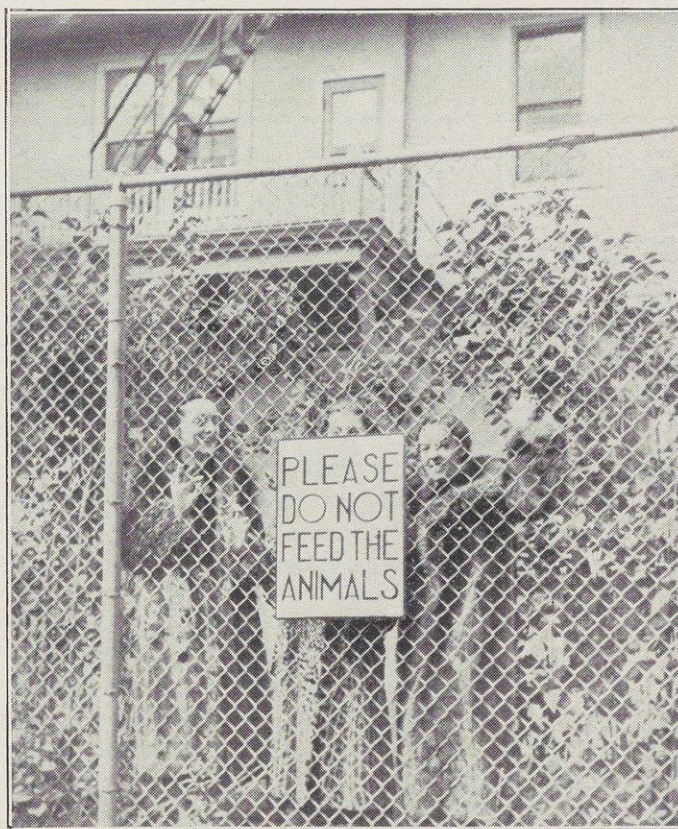
"We had all of the Thetas over to supper Sunday night," he announced grandly.

"Weren't there quite a few of them?" she added.

"Fifty-five," Bardwell declared. "Thirty-two actives and 23 pledges. Jeess, I never saw so many Thetas in all my life before."

Then the old fraternity training came to the fore.

"That is," he recovered, "not in one room."



PI PHI ZOO

Left to Right: M. Clausen, S. Olson, L. Uhlemann; other inmates kept right on eating, refused to rise to the bait.

THE WISCONSIN Octopus

THE MEMORIAL UNION

MADISON, WISCONSIN

VOL. XV

OCTOBER, 1935

NO. 2

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IRREFUTABLE TRUTH

- Again the word is in the air and again it's politics. What it means and why is a matter for considerable conjecture. But what is more important is what can be done about it.

Politics, as is well known to one and all, compromise the Agean stable of Langdon street — a very apt simile indeed — but where are we to find a Hercules to achieve its cleansing? Many leading students and several Sig Chis are agreed that the odors arising from said stable are intolerable and that steps should immediately be taken. So far so good. It only remains to decide on WHAT steps are to be taken.

Cavilling critics of the reactionary type may question this statement, but we are of the firm opinion that there is nothing fundamentally wrong with politics as politics. Rather the trouble lies with the politicians. Politics, we repeat, that is to say we reiterate, are not IPSO FACTO stinko; it is the sort of people who indulge in them that are. Take the politicians out of politics and what have you got? What, we repeat, have you got?

Magnolia!

The Daily Cardinal and several score candidates would have one believe that the trouble is in the System — the Steven plan to be exact. This is just a sample of the loose thinking so prevalent today. Like birth control and so much of what we hear in these times, it is only evading the Issue. It does nothing to get at the Fundamental Causes. It is but a futile jousting at silly windmills while all the while the hidden cancer eats at the heart of the chicken in the political pot.

But to get down to the agenda. Can anything be done to clean up this stable that reeks so to the high heavens? Is there any way to fumigate the Langdon street sty? Perhaps we are a bit cynical, but we've been around here a long time and we're convinced that it's hopeless, for, after all:

Politics is Politics, and Pigs is Pigs.

THE NFYPUACGW PLAN

not to be outdone by Union board et al, Octy
comes thru with its own pet plan for class gov.

Last night the Nfypuacgw Plan, translated into English to mean The New Five Year Plan for United Action on Class Government and Whatnot, was conceived, born, and wrapped in swaddling clothes.

It was the brain child of the skim milk of the current politicians, as they love to call themselves, who crowd around the Union and hold meetings in the fraternity houses. None of them really care if a class is governed, and nobody has ever figured out how and why a class could and should be "governed," but the fellows gathered in the Octopus office last night, played the phonograph, looked over the exchanges, and finally diving into the present morass of petty bull shooting, emerged with Nfypuacgw.

And Nfypuacgw has everything. It appeals to the independents, it appeals to the fraternities, it appeals to Dean Goodnight, it appeals to the freshman who wants to be senior class president in 1939; it embraces every issue, it answers every prayer; it is twice as silly as anything the Union board ever played with, it is redder than the rose, more reactionary than the Chase National. As a matter of fact, it doesn't mean a thing more than any plan presented this fall, and has two less legs to stand on.

Spearhead of the plan will be the "five year wait" until it is put into action, during which time it can be re-arranged as many times as anybody can find the election board in one place.

Purpose of the Whatnot will be to take the place of the Steven Plan, and it will be equally as complex, leaving all the present criticisms hanging high, with two or three more windmills, such as "un-democratic," "not representative," "graft ridden," sticking up, ready to be tilted at.

"If anybody can find anything good in this thing, he should shut up and go back where he came from," blurted Chester Johns, candidate for Be Kind to Delta Zetas Week chairman. "After all, if it was possible to bawl things any more, you can rest assured we'd do it."

It will take at least five years for the student life and accident committee to get around to looking it over, and by that time Dean Goodnight will throw it out because it straddles the issue of Hell week instead of assuming the position.

Briefly, Nfypuacgw provides:

In order not to kill interest in the sport program, the prom queen, the ski slide and the football team will not be announced until Yom Kippur;

Instead of electing one man to cash in on the orchestra, or electing three, or any other number, all the boards on all the campus on all on third Saturday's will elect, appoint, or otherwise specify the dance chairman, who in turn will elect the class;

Because it is cold in winter and because Porter Butts likes the idea, Wisconsin will be known as the winter sports center of Wisconsin, even if it doesn't snow at all, in which case it will be known as the indoor sports center;

The state senate will be abolished every two years by a student committee of twenty-three, all of whom will get their pictures in the papers, have the privilege of being written up by Morris Rubin, and can thereupon announce their candidacy for Senior class presidencies;

The editor of the Cardinal will run editorials announcing that since the managing editor is backing one candidate, and the editorial chairman is the fraternity brother of another, the paper will not be censored by anybody but the managing editor and the editorial chairman, the Cardinal board concurring;

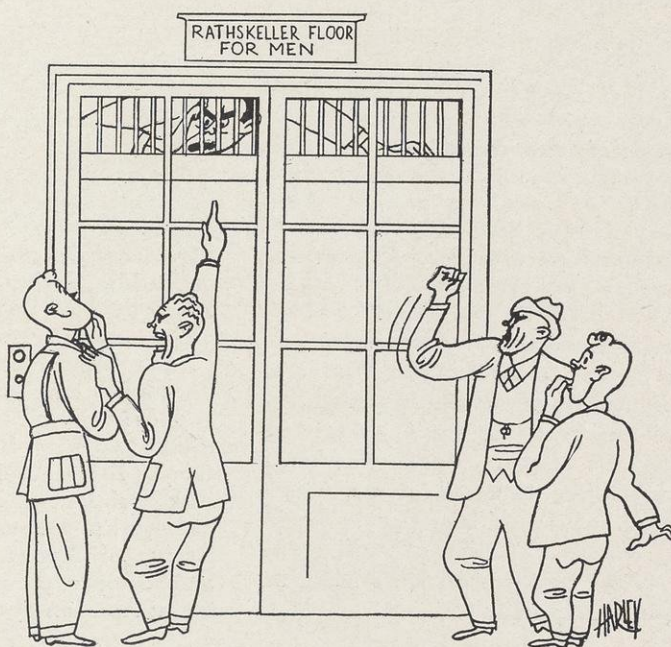
The Men's Union board will be made into the men's, women's, and children's Union board, and Porter Butts and the women and children and women will go first, if they go anywhere except to a free meal;

A senate, house of representatives, a supreme court, an advisory committee, a cabinet, a storm troop battalion, and a class in steam & gas, together with such things as the editor of the Octopus will sponsor such stuff as dances, and nobody will get comps unless they are friends of a member of the above bodies, each of which will have twenty members, each member bringing a member, and how are all your folks;

The Wisconsin News and Hearst will be censored by every candidate for every office, and the following words must be in the platforms: "Foes of the University," "political football," "only the center leaves," "who was that woman," "liberal traditions," and "defense of academic freedom."

The hundred odd ballots will be counted by a system of proportional rushing, and will be counted in piles of three, every third ballot going to the man who needs it less, then to the man who needs it most, and then back to the box,

(continued, page twenty-three)



For gosh sakes, quit yappin' and go get Porter Butts

OCTOPUS PRESENTS---

BARBARA SCOTT

● Ripon, Wisconsin...tall with brown eyes and brown hair...sophomore...only child but not, she hastens to add, spoiled...is betting on H. Selassie...cheats not at solitaire and has no idea who that lady was we seen her with the other night...undecided as to major...very ardent sailor...is not too sure on the answer to the Washington white horse gag but fancies the War of 1812 must figure in somewhere...has never even heard of Porter Butts...but has heard about his new elevator with the magic brain control and will of its own...just loves to dance, at which, we might add, she is very adept...pledge of Kappa Kappa Gamma..."and to top it off she's living in Ann Emery hall."*

SHIRLEY ATWOOD

● Minneapolis...didn't go to Minnesota because she wanted to "get away from it all"...originally registered in the Home Ec school but transferred the first week to the art school...she didn't think she'd look well in one of those very dainty little fudge aprons...dislikes men with lines...bites fingernails on occasion...has innate aversion for left-handed movie ushers and people who do imitations of J. Penner...dislikes the last five minutes of a twelve-thirty night...favorite vocations are Thanksgiving and Christmas...thinks Washington's white horse is grossly overrated but should beat Grey's Elegie by a nose...pledge of Alpha Phi..."and to top it off she's living in Ann Emery hall."*

NANCY PARKER

● Evanston, Illinois...sister of Badger Beauty Joan...whom she resembles more than somewhat...is one inch shorter, though, and three years younger...seventeen...believes not all she hears...but a considerable amount...very fond of riding and nuts about airplanes...intends soon to learn how to fly her own...majoring in French here but may go east to school next year...Smith or Vassar...favorite movie actor, G. Cooper, favorite breakfast food, sleep...is of the opinion that the Ethiopian situation looks very dark indeed and the future even blacker...somewhat doubtful as to who wrote Grey's Elegie...loves to dance..."and to top it off she's living in Ann Emery hall."*

JEAN PETERSON

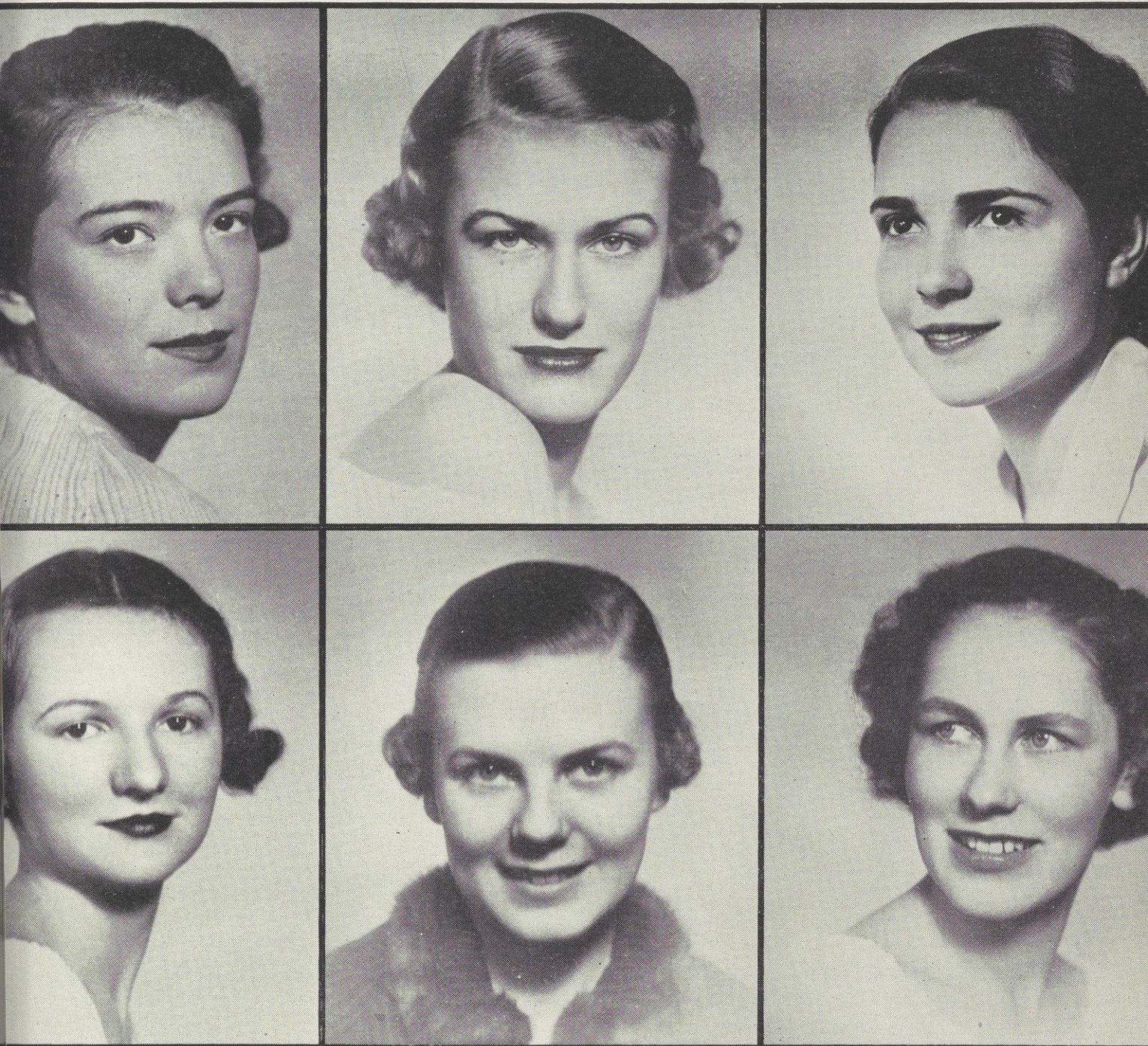
● Madison...formerly of North Dakota where men are men and men are men and none of them are women...five feet two and eyes are (you guessed it) blue...neither walks or talks in her sleep...does not read movie subtitles out loud and has no idea whatever as to what has become of that Buffalo Bill riding saddle that was on page 4358 of Sears Roebuck catalogue...speech major and interested in getting into radio dramatics...likes to ride horseback and go sail-boating...long time DU conscious...thinks the War of 1812 was between Grey's Elegie and Lincoln's white horse, shot out from under him during his Gettysburg address...pledge of Kappa Alpha Theta...and to top it all off she's NOT living in Ann Emery.*

ROSEMARY HULETT

● Detroit...came up for week-end during summer school and liked the place so well she decided to return in fall...tall, brown hair, brown eyes...Home Ec major, taking courses in "Baking Biscuits for Beginners" and "How to Parboil a Husband"...claims to be a fine cake-maker, run-of-the-mill bread mixer, and an exceptionally excellent catch-as-catch-can taffy-puller...fond of dogs...thinks the Casa Loma outfit the top among nation's bands...of opinion that Lincoln's Gettysburg address was given by Washington's white horse...likes to hear a fellow with a hair lip say "candelabra"...pledge of Pi Beta Phi (the Campus zoo)... "And to top it off she's living at Ann Emery hall."*

MARJORIE WEIGAND

● Eagle River, Wisconsin...dark hair and eyes and of average height...interested in dramatics...swimming her favorite sport and she just loves to (you guessed it) dance...also likes to go duck hunting and once shot a birdie in one under par...endorses cornflakes for breakfast and eats powdered-sugar doughnuts on any and all occasions...so fond of her pledge pin she wears it in bed...had to take kindergarten three years because she could only skip on one foot...Does not know the color of Washington's Gettysburg address but thinks the phone number is F. 7101...would not know what to do if she won a Chi Phi for a bridge prize...pledge of Gamma Phi Beta..."and to top it off she's living in Ann Emery hall."*



Portraits expressly for the Octopus by Frederick Kaeser II

SIX CHARMING NEWCOMERS TO THE WISCONSIN CAMPUS

• A half-dozen American Beauties found along the dreary pathway that winds through the academic wilderness . . . vital statistics on opposite page

G R E E K S O N P A R A D E

graphic estimate of fraternity lads by feminine judges
consisting of former queens of Junior Prom, Military
Ball, Summer Prom, Soph Shuffle, and Frosh Frolic

	<i>Looks</i>	<i>Dress</i>	<i>Physique</i>	<i>Type</i>	<i>Miscellaneous</i>	<i>Rating</i>
ALPHA CHI RHO						
Happy Leiser	B. Crosby	Gay 90s	dumpy	rural		mediocre
Hugh Lucas	fair	collegiate	willowy	ambitious	star-gazer	0
Chuck Orth	simple	often	average	Caslon	nice brother	par
Ralph Lemmer	buffalo	fancy	ox	car-smasher-upper		sub-par
Wally Rowe	guppie	guppie	guppie	guppie	like a gup	sub-sub-par
ALPHA DELTA PHI						
Paul Waterman	anemic	post war	none	Mrs. God's husb.		DG
Dave Phillips	teddybear	classy	loving cup	has car		NG
Chuck Tully	2 teddybears	smooth	2 loving cups	hooper		blah
John Wright	cream puff	no	plump	your pal	timid	moron
Johnny Penner	like a duck	ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto	duck
Bill Reeves	goldyllocks	same	base viol	lug	uses wave set	mug
ALPHA TAU OMEGA						
Paul Kuelthau	mole	sometimes	rag doll	quiet	lawyer	doesn't
Jack Robinson	quicker 'n	you	can	say	Jack	Robinson
Bob Dickerson	Ethiopian	average	tallish	drinks	straight whiskey	dolt
BETA THETA PI						
Stew Becker	Skippy	moderately	shortish	mama's boy		freshman
Ben Reynolds	cutie	sporty	shrimp	rah-rah	owns ice boat	somewhat
Herb Steuwe	sugar bowl	hat rack	May pole	track man	hurdles	awful
Dave Van Epps	skinned rat	bow tie	life guard	shy	Pi Phi waiter	unspeakable
Dick Pope	baffled	grass skirt	hula-hula	trumpeter		native
Jack Pyre	high	when can	is high	high	gets high	low
CHI PHI						
Otto Himba	crew man	like crew man	crew man	rows own canoe		crewd
Bill Wright	boy scout	artiste	occasionally	artist	yellow car	washout
Webby Woodmansee	chipmunk	\$	gangling	weird	displays Lincoln	terrible
CHI PSI						
S. Wadsworth	foxy	beautifully	husky	3-star Hennessy	un-bottle	DG
Bill Bray	simple	fancy	?	?	?	unrateable
Tom Woodward	boyish	enough	crew	just a dreamer	Canada	very dry
Harry Taylor	pouty	sloppy	stylish stout	Cuba club	Happy Hill	Theta boy
Willie Winkler	genius	medium	concave	timid	Union bored	negative
Bill Reeves	travelling s.	slowly	snail	languid	mint julep	way down
DELTA KAPPA EPSILON						
John Fish	boyish	W sweater	halfback	jealous	mama's boy	Deke
Owen Goodman	red	often	shrimp	kid	childish	sub-normal
Jack Kenaston	Joe College	no hat	swimmer	raccoon coat	crooner	unspeakable
Bob Lind	snakey	same	not yet	he'll tell you		exotic
Tom Fontaine	contented	passable	ex-footballer	violet	bellicose	un-good
Bob Wilson	goon	thrown together	yes	rural	vericose	ape
PHI DELTA THETA						
Willie Weisel	weary	Esquire	angular	book worm		"exceptional"
John Doolittle	bunny	new suit	shrunk	drinks beer	whiskey, etc.	"exceptional"
Joe Brooks	sleepy	we hope so	hung together	ward boss	good denser	"exceptional"
Vic Schlitz	M. Mouse	natural	toad stool	pert not	Schlitz beer	"exceptional"
Al Prinz	tow head	tries hard	clothes pin	hopeful		"exceptional"
PHI GAMMA DELTA						
John Wood	rabbit	blue shirt	average	shy	dog-breath	bad
Bob Heinze	Tarzan	athlete	crew	great op. spaces		sad
Horace Winchell	Phi Bete	Phi Bete	Phi Bete	Phi Bete	Phi Bete	Phi
Bob Ricker	Andy Gump	passing	bad posture	conceited	but can dance	cad
Jud Ridders	squirrel	fur coat	sponge	wishy-washy	good egg	rotten
PHI KAPPA PSI						
Howie Heun	glasses	smooth	chesty	pink & white	Sunday school	not
Don Heun	like Howie	smooth	semi-chesty	one-woman	politics	on
Ed Stege	demure	yes	shoe string	bashful	blushing	the
Bussy Conway	barrel	in staves	humpty dumpty	blotter	20 beers	campus
SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON						
Morg Hall	minnow	no shoes	fish	everybody's friend		louse
Emmett Tabat	pretty	sporty	passable	innocent	also ran	simp
Fred Miller	mop	if can	so so	Kappa vs. Theta		dope
Ray Hamman	HUGE	in tent	P. Carnera	demure	shrinking	Alp
R. Denniston	insipid	fancy-pancy	?	prim	pansy	insect
SIGMA CHI						
Bob Lyons	loving cup	when must	half-pint	cocky	wet	smack
Fritz Bills	beetle	sweaters	willowy	lady-killer	kills ladies	phooie
Gil McDonald	manly	W pin	largish	innocent	SAE housemother	no
Chub Poser	grim	sure	why not	medic	has brother	hardly
Bob McCloskey	sweet	smooth	runt	up-start	fairly smart	twerp
SIGMA PHI						
Frank Greer	hooligan	J. College	J. College	J. College	J. College	blotto
Holgar Hagen	queer	aesthete	possible	loud	rah-rah Hagen	ick
Don Griswold	bleached	average	smallish	retiring	Union bored	ugh
Louis Fazen	makes	just	enough	for	a bridge	game

NUT SHELL VIEW OF ETHIOPIAN SITUATION

or . . . things nobody knows about the fighting, the
moors, and the facts of life in the land of the lion

The facts and fancies that follow were skimmed from the screeching war-scare headlines (DUCE RAINS BURNING DEATH ON WOMEN), radio talks (Well, the weary world looked to the League today, and you can look to Milko for good reception), and what the barber told us (Ain't it a shame, though?), and on the whole they represent a startling bit of history hot off the sizzling pan of current events. And, oh yes, a beautiful six-colored map, in six colors, will be published in the next roto section, if there is a roto section. It will be three yards square, good for framing, or for making paper hats; we don't care either. Now go on with the story:

What do you really know about the state of affairs in Ethiopia?

News presses are pulsating to the tempo of the wracking events shaking the foundations of the western world, and British oil concessions, in the Far East. The dogs of war are whining, the Lion of Judah is roaring for peace, Il Duce is striding about making speeches. Over the rocky terrain of Africa bombers are winging their bellies-full of destruction, and the tribes below are jiggling up and down like a small boy in a department store, in bare feet and formations reminiscent of a Berkley Busby production for news photographers whose papers expect circulation to rise (Ed't Pub.,

3-56-4) in proportion to the superlative capacity of a corps of typewriters.

And then, about once a week, Bang! and the zero hour is here. It's damn lucky for the zero hour that it didn't Bang during the Serries, or say, the Hauptmann trial. Of course, the papers let Ethiopia have little crises throughout the summer while the rain was coming down like coal down a chute, but now that the rain isn't raining, we have the papa crisis. While the little crises were crisising, the papers were giving the situation a nice press, but at the bottom it was a little tinny, and many an editor tossed and screamed in his bed, just dreaming what was going to happen if the war petered off, and there wasn't any war.

But, Bang! and they saved Il Duce a rap, and he came out of the bull pen as the game was about to be called for lack of competition, and now the situation is safe at first, with two on, no down.

The cartoonists are peddling the form-letter pictures of David and Goliath, Mars, Olive Branches and Doves, Dictators and Death, Isolation, with Caesar, Roman Legions, and The Bloody Colosseum being given away on the back of the free score cards.

And so, here we are. What do you know about the Ethiopian situation? Let's begin, say, at the beginning.

* * *

1. Who's fighting?

Hiel Salasie, and Benito Mussolini. Hiel Salasie is known as the Lion of Judah, or, more modestly, the King of Kings. He wears hats like Queen Mary, white gloves, and his ancestors run back to Adam, every morning. Mussolini is Der Feuhrer of Italy.

2. Why?

Simply. Il Duce is mad. Many years ago the Italians found themselves in Africa, and at a spot known as Awawawaw they got beat. "That," Mussolini said somewhat later, "is one hell of a thing."

3. What has the League got to do with this?

The League of Nations doesn't like it.

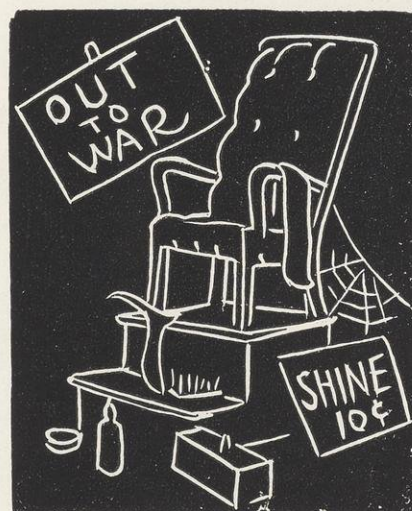
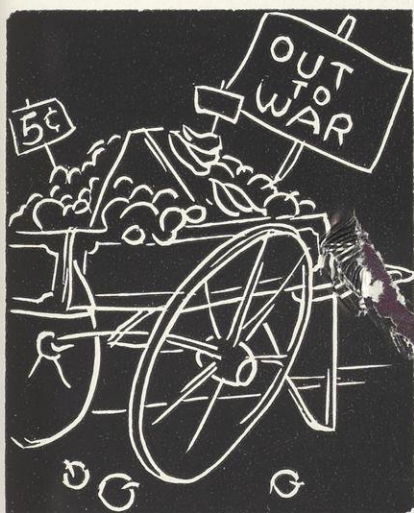
4. What is the capital of Ethiopia?

Addis Abababababab.

5. Sketch briefly the geographic features important to the situation.

To the east lies Asia, across the Bering strait, which is connected to the Mediterranean by a canal, and then comes Turkey, which is not really important but we may as well mention it since it is easy to spell. Then, kitty-corner to Turkey, we find Malta, world known for its milk. Here is the seat of the British fleet, but weeks ago, the Italians found another island, and it's pretty good, too. Well, that takes us as far as Italy. Italy is in the shape of a boot. That's the place where Il Duce lives. Down the lake is a big rock called Gibraltar, which became famous when it was adopted as the trade mark of an American insurance company. Now you can see that in his efforts to conquer the impassable obstacles of the earth, man has fashioned transportant, or something. Anyway, that sounds good. We haven't touched on England, which is around the corner from the rock, about three blocks north, and two east. Across the strait we were talking about before we got off the road, is Arabia. In

(continued, page twenty-one)



Everie Manne A Kynge

Sundrye Adventures in De Lake Lawne Courte

It did happen upon a tyme that gude Kynge Arthur and his knyghtes staunche of ye Table Rounde did gathere in ye vaste halle of ye olde castle and the did whilome feaste & drinke ryghte merrilie. Of wyne & ale ther was aplenties, and ye oaken rafters did resounde as fyve & threescore voyces did ringe out ful lustilie with merrie songe of suche natur, I wiste, as "Ther be naughte of Delta Gammas doun atte Yale."

But of a sudden one of ye feasters, Sir Luke de Lang-donne, did ryse uppe from ye boarde, saying unto his neighbour, "I must needs pronto awaye and see a manne aboute a dogge," at whiche quippe alle did roare ful heartilie for Sir Luke was famed farre & wyde for to be verilie a wyseguy. And mountinge upon his steede Sir Luke did ryde off into ye nyghte until, God wot, he did com bifer a goodlie halle. Ryghte myghtilie did he rappe upon ye gaytes until with greате creakinge & groan they didst swinge ful apartte and ther stode bifer him a mayde ful easie to looke upon. "Priethee, Sir knyghte at arms," spak ye gentil mayde, "wist ye not this be a ten-thirtie nyghte, dammit? Whatte will ye Deanne of Wimmen and ye olde W. S. G. A. thinke?"

"Verily," sayde Sir Luke, "I have no dayte but wouldst fain speake to ye dwelleres of these halles."

"Forsooth," quoth ye mayden, "be ryghte wilcome then to this chaste nunnerie. Never let it be sayde throughoute ye lond that a manne in sore distresse wast turned awaye from ye olde Theta house."

And they did enterre into the manse and ther gathered about Sir Luke a veritable bevie of wenches faire to see, and many amidste them did feele her harte beat quicklie within her and did feele a blushe steale ryghte rosilie oer her lilie browe.

"What wouldst thou of us?" asked ye house presidente, a buxome blymp, flashinge upon Sir Luke a fancie smyle.

"I be candydade for Promme Kynge and I wouldst elucydade my platforme that I may winne supporte of ye faire virginns. May-be bye ye grayce of God ther will this yeare be a Theta Promme Queene," sayde Sir Luke, lyghtinge up his pype & inhalinge with greате gustoe.

"Will ye putte that remarck in wrytinge, Sir knyghte?" spake one of ye sistern.

And thereupon Sir Luke didst hemme & hawe, for he was sore afraid because he hadde pulled ye same gagge at ye Pye Phy house and, yea, eek at ye olde Gamma Phy dungeonne. And he cared not to bringe doun upon his necke ye wrathe of faire wimmen.

But at thate moment ther didst aryse without a myghtie noyse and commotion, and ere long didst ap-

peare bifer them-alle a churlyshe knyghte y-clept Sir Eustace de Twitcher.

"Gadzooks & sondrie epythettes!" bellowed Sir Luke with huge force & ire. "What the helle wouldst ye have here, ye knave, ye varmint, ye olde low-lyfe!" And alle ye lovelie maydens did tremble with feare at ye syghte of ye two menne-at-armes glowering ful fiercelie at ich-other.

"Ye varlet! Know ye that I also be candydade for Promme Kynge!" roared Sir Eustace so that ye rafters shooke and ye ash-trayes did bounce all up & doun on ye bridge tables.

"Then as I be a knyghte of ye Table Rounde, I chalenge ye to a battle at ye greате tournemente on Michealmas nexte," sayde Sir Luke, fairlie drooling with rayge. And at that he didst ryse and stompe oute of ye Theta house alle in a frette.

Came ye daye of ye tournemente, and alle ye knyghtes & ladies did gather on ye joustinge feelde, and ther was also a greате crowde of menne, wimmen, & Chy Phyes. Sir Luke & Sir Eustace did on their respectyve stedes prance all aroune on ye feelde, warminge up for ye fyghte. Ye referee didst com out upon ye feelde and go tootie-toote on his whystle, whiche was ye sygnalle for to beginne ye battle betwixt ye knyghtes.

With sheelde & speere they did ryde ful powerful atte ichother and when they met in ye myddle of ye course ther was great shatterings of speeres and bloodie oathes did hange upon ye aire and both knyghtes did fall doun from their mountes to ye grounde. Sir Luke did therupon grapple with Sir Eustace and did screwe him up ryghte neatlie with a half-nelsonne untill Sir Eustace was near pooped oute.

"I be a mercifulle knyghte, be I, and I will gyve ye fyve comps if ye holler loudlie 'Uncle' and withdrawe fromme ye Promme Kynge race," sayde Sir Luke, gouginge Sir Eustace's eyeballes.

And strayghtewaye Sir Eustace, thate blacke vyllain, didst selle his honoure for ye fyve comps and did leave ye feelde amidst loude boeing and ye razzberrie from ye crowde. And Sir Luke did ryde tryumphante to ye judges benche to receive ye rewarde. A ryghte proude smirke hadde he upon his knyghtlie panne.

Ye chairmane of ye judges didst ryse up and spake thus to Sir Luke, "Ye committee has decyded ye are inelygyble for to run for Promme Kynge."

Whereupon Sir Luke didst gnashe ye teethe ful fearfulle and didst flee to ye Palme Garden, where he didst ere longe becom styffe as a goate and hange his pinne upon a tavernwenche yclept Eglentyne.

*They tell about
an Englishman—*

*Who closely scrutinized
His income tax blank
And then sent it back*

With the following notation:

*"I have given the matter careful thought
And have decided not to join
The Income Tax."*

. . .

Now getting around to cigarettes

There are no ifs ands or buts

About Chesterfield

Two words make everything clear . . .

They Satisfy



*Chesterfield... the cigarette that's Milder
Chesterfield... the cigarette that Tastes Better*

THE SANDMAN OF BETA SIGMA

being a choice assortment of whimsy for
both young and old, Phi Gam or freshman

It was about nine o'clock and we were sitting around the living room over at the B. E. house. Most of the fellows were upstairs studying or out on dates or something. Mac and Schleier were gabbing about duck hunting and Carson was working the cross-word puzzle in Liberty; myself, I was wondering whether I should call up Mary Jane or Alice.

Just then there came a knock at the door and we all looked up surprised, because nobody knocks on fraternity house front doors — they always bust right in and yell. I was getting up to see who it was when the door opened a bit and a guy peeked in.

"Do you mind if I come in?" he asked anxiously. "I'd like to see you boys a moment."

"Sure," I said, "come on in."

He entered and carefully closed the door behind him. He was about the queerest little fellow I've ever seen. He wore a baggy gray suit and an old felt hat; and when he walked across the hall and his feet made a funny pitty-pat noise on the floor, I noticed he was barefooted. He stood by the lamp in the corner and looked at us out of big wistful eyes and his long stringy moustache twitched like a mouse's whiskers. He had a raggy old bag slung over his shoulder.

"Maybe you don't remember me," he said after a while.

"No, I don't believe I do," Mac said, and the rest of us said we didn't either.

His eager look changed to disappointment. "No, I don't suppose you would, after all. That's the way life is . . ."

He began fidgeting with his bag. Then he looked up and said, as if we should have known it, "I am the sandman."

Hell, we all would have laughed right out loud but the old guy was so serious that we just couldn't. Schleier lit a cigarette and Mac said, "Oh, I thought maybe you were an alum or something like that."

"No," said the sandman, "I never went to college at all."

"Holy cow!" Schleier yelled all of a sudden, "he's got wings!"

The sandman had turned a little and they were right there in plain sights, wings. Like kids wear in plays, only these were real ones.

"Why, of course," said the sandman, "how else do you suppose I get around?" He talked as if his feelings were hurt.

"I thought it was a gag, that's all," Schleier said. "I thought you were kidding us with this sandman stuff." He reached over and turned off the radio, because Horace Heidt was finished and some congressman was going to talk.

"I was just passing by and I thought I'd drop in for a moment," the sandman said apologetically. "I haven't seen any of you boys for some time now."

"I guess not," I said. I hadn't thought about the sandman for years — in fact, I had begun to think he was a myth or something.

"I remember when you were a little fellow," he continued, looking over at Carson. "You used to go to bed with a pink bunny-rabbit . . ." He trailed off with a little chuckle.

"Oh, for cripes sake!" Carson said, "I couldn't help it, what the hell!"

"That's all right; take it easy," the sandman said quickly. "No offense. I just thought . . ."

"Skip it," Carson said as if he were sore. I remembered how Carson had gone to bed the other night, befuddled not by the sandman's gentle tricks but rather by a pint of Seagram's V. O.

"Yes, time flies, I suppose," the sandman went on. "It seems like only yesterday you were just little boys. I remember how once I . . ." But he merely stood shaking his head reminiscently, and then he sighed softly.

"I guess college does a lot to a man," he said. "You make new friends and pick up new ideas . . . and you sort of forget about a lot of the things you used to do and think when you were children . . ." Again he sighed.

He threw his bag over his shoulder and looked around. "Well, fellows," he said, "it's been mighty good seeing you all again. I wish I could get around oftener, but you know how it is."

"Sure," Mac said, "sure. I suppose you got a lot to do all the time."

"O God, yes," said the sandman. He stopped at the door and turned around, his little wings quivering. I opened the door for him.

"Well . . . so long, fellows," he said. "It's been awfully good seeing you again. Sort of brings back old times . . ." His voice was even more sad and wistful than ever.

"So long," Mac said.

"So long," I said. Outside the air was cool and sharp with the smell of leaves.

He went out and the door shut behind him. I walked back into the living room and sat down.

Nobody seemed to know what to say.

FUNNY PAPERS

And what did lanky Schoolboy Rowe think of his defeat — a defeat witnessed by his mother and father and mother, who came up from Schoolboy's home town, Eldorado, Ark., to see the series? — *Wisconsin State Journal*, Oct. 3.

Old home week plus.

The class entering U. W. this year are the "war-babies" of 1918. They were just toddling about when their parents were dying in Europe. — *New Student*, Sept. 21.

Class of 39! No folks, huh?

The directory has always made its appearance sometime in November, and officials are confident that in spite of the increased enrollment, the tradition will be observed this year. — *Daily Cardinal*, Oct. 2.

Thank heavens, all is not change.

THE YEAR HERMAN WAS PROM KING

I'll never forget The Year Herman Was Prom King. I never will.

Herman was a junior the same year I was—that is, the same year I was a junior the second time. Of course, he was never Prom King, but we always speak of it as The Year That Herman Was Prom King. Our house is like that. But we were third for the Badger Bowl one year.

Herman first came to the public eye the year before he was Prom King. That was the year he wrapped up the house and gave it away.

Herman was always a good host, and we were having the Gamma Phis over for dinner. It was a neighborly gesture, sort of, since the Gamma Phis used our pier and we wanted to thank them for it. Sometimes having the Gamma Phis use your pier was almost as good as living across the street from Ann Emery hall in summer school. Of course, I really don't know, since my eyes are rather weak and I can't wear glasses swimming and I never lived across the street from Ann Emery in summer school. But that's what the boys all said, especially on Gamma Phi spring formal nights.

But one of the Gamma Phis—a girl named Dorothy Swenson—said that she certainly did like our house. Herman asked her did she really, and she said she really did, so he said she could have it. Then he wrapped it up. That was so she could carry it more easily.

He got me to help him and we went up into Jick—that was his name, Jick—Steele's room and we climbed out on the roof of the porch.

Herman had a piece of rope we had got the year our house dog bit six people and a Deke. He had me hold the end and he went up on the roof of the house. He walked along the ridgepole, and suddenly he wasn't there. I stood and yelled for a minute or two, then I ran up the roof myself.

There was Herman, just over the edge of the roof. I still held the end of the rope, so when I went up, he went further down. Two girls in the house next door saw him hanging just outside their window and started to throw shoes at him. I found out later they were Alpha Phis and thought he was on the fire escape.

"Go back down," Herman yelled.

I went back to the other side of the roof but it seems I ran too far, for I heard Herman bump his head against the eaves-trough, so I ran back up to the ridge-pole to see if



...had a big booster meeting

he had hurt himself. Naturally enough, as I went up, he went back down. All I could do was stand there and yell and yell and yell. Pretty soon the fire department came and got us both down.

"She liked the house, so I was going to wrap it up for her," Herman explained. It all seemed a little complicated to us, but we let it go at that.

Then Herman announced his candidacy for Prom King the next fall.

The next fall was the fall of The Year Herman Was Prom King.

Herman and I roomed together the first week of school, but I got cold feet every night, and Herman couldn't stand it when I warmed them on his back. He slept in the top of our double-decker, and he said it disturbed him to be pulled down and have me wipe my feet on his back. Maybe it did, at that.

"The thing I have to do is get noticed," Herman told me. Then he started out to get noticed.

We went to sorority open houses together and cut in vigorously, giving each girl a big pep talk on our possibilities as escorts to Prom.

Herman got his pin back from

Dorothy, the little Gamma Phi he called the Queen of Sweden. She didn't want to give it back, but he got it anyway. It was sort of hard on Betty, but he explained that you couldn't run for Prom King and have your pin on a girl because then none of the other girls would vote for you, since that was a dead giveaway who the queen would be.

Herman went out for football, too. He always said he liked soft ball or indoor golf better than football, and it looked like it when he lost twelve yards in three tries the first game, had a punt blocked the second, and ran for a touchdown (the wrong way) in the third. But it got him in the public eye (the public hair, too), and that was all he needed.

Herman always did like to know what other people were doing, so he got the Cardinal editor to let him write a gossip column. One day I walked into the house and found seven Phi Deltis waiting for him, but I looked them in the eye and they slunk away.

Herman organized a torch-light parade and marched up and down Langdon street. All the torches were lit and so was Herman.

Herman found an independent Union Board member named Flannery and roomed with him. He let Flannery broadcast appeals for help over the radio, and he thought that helped him a lot.

The biggest thing Herman did was pretend he was an Alpha Chi Rho, so no one ever knew who he was.

All this got Herman in the public eye.

After Herman was in the public eye, he announced his candidacy. We had a big booster meeting in the basement of Langdon hall. It got sort of bad after a while, when one of the girls on the third floor complained she couldn't sleep if Herman was going to stand there and yell, so he said as far as he was concerned he didn't want their damn votes, so he got up and walked out, so I got up, too, and stalked to the door.

"Y'all," I enunciated in my best Louisville drawl, "can got to hell." Then I turned and walked out. A

(continued page twenty-one)

WOMEN'S STYLES

Design for Dressing

by DOROTHY TEEPLE

Manufacturers evidently declared an open season on suits, if one can judge from the great numbers of them that walk up the hill, down "the street," go out to supper, or into movies. As for style, you can suit yourself (many apologies). For sport, the most popular type is the classic three piece suit, a plain skirt, box-like jacket with bi-swing back, and a three-quarter plaid swagger coat. Suits for more dressy occasions are a bit more individual in appearance. The coats are trimmed with much fur and are about three-quarter length, skirts are gored, and blouses are satin or very heavy crepe. In many instances, a very dressy wool dress is used in place of blouse and skirt.

The suit which Dottie Dick is wearing in the picture is a pleasing combination of the extremely tailored and very dressy varieties. The dress is of a checked wool in a light yellow-green color. Shirtwaist style, it has a yoke in back and small set-in gores in the front of the skirt. The same material is used to line the jacket, which is of a dark brown nutria fur. The hat, which is worn at a 45 degree angle, is of a matching shade of brown and is a fur felt. Practicality is the keynote of the whole thing, for the jacket can easily be worn with other things, and the tailored wool dress is very bit as good-looking without the jacket as with it.

It may be due to Hitler, Mussolini, or Stalin, and again it may be that designers generally are becoming anti-pacifists, but at any rate styles are going quite definitely militaristic. Military frogs are used to fasten blouses and the waists of dresses together. Collars are high and every severe, as if they really should have AEF printed on each side. The general's cape has been developed for evening wear. Very well-fitted through the shoulders

and waist, it makes a slight concession to the fact that women and not generals will be wearing it and uses much fullness in the skirt.

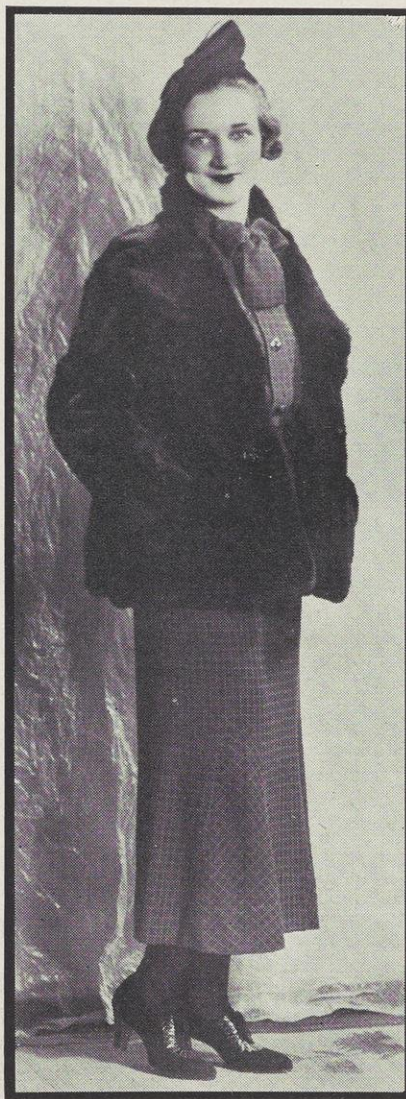
Bright colored woolen and jersey dresses have lately almost passed the afternoon silks in selling value. Perhaps it's because they're so prac-

tical, perhaps it's because it's fast approaching weather when wool feels much more comfortable than silk, even for dancing. Anyhow, they really are good looking with sleeves whose armseyes are very deep, skirts cut on the bias to give a slight flare at the bottom, and little trimming. Almost any color can be worn, but it must be bright. A bright new green, jade green, is particularly good in wool.

In afternoon dresses, matelasse, which was very good last year, is again one of the most popular fabrics. Manufacturers have developed a net backing for it which will eliminate much of the stretching which made it extremely unpopular at the end of the season. Another of last year's favorites, metal cloth, is being used again. Although many dresses are still being made entirely of metal cloth, its greatest use this year seems to be as trimming. Collars and cuffs of metal cloth are, surprisingly enough, more practical than those of plainer materials, for the metal thread seems to protect the cloth so that it doesn't soil nearly as easily as does satin, flat crepe, or any other of the popular collar and cuff materials.

Another advantage of this year's metal cloth is that most of the time it's not woven of a metal thread but with cellophane, which wears much better and tarnishes much less easily.

In evening dresses, velvet has begun to be less popular — although it will, of course, be worn until Christmas time as usual. Moire is perhaps the most popular of the novelty fabrics. Lace, lame', and crepe de chene are all being shown and all are about equal in popularity. Quite surprising is the fact that formals have become less formal. Sleeves and collars of all descriptions and kinds are being used on dresses which are quite correct for formal wear.



● DOROTHY DICK, Alpha Phi, models an attractive tailored suit of checked wool from Harry S. Manchester's on the Square.

Add Patter--

HAT in a manner most gratifying. The brass knows when to quit and the reeds avoid any of the over-sustentation of notes so prevalent among our less ambitious American band leaders. The reverse of the record offers the EMBASSY STOMP... a fast moving jam bit lifted from the ordinary class by the Ambrose touch.

Benny Goodman has arranged a trio featuring his own clarinet and has turned out a remarkably fine interpretation of BODY AND SOUL and AFTER YOU'VE GONE (Victor 25115). Goodman's rich and vibrant clarinet is equally effective either with the fast cadences of AFTER YOU'VE GONE or the slower and moodier Johnny Green tune. Here is a pressing that you can't miss.

Phil Ohman, minus his old piano partner, Vic Arden, now has a band of his own and is doing some work for Columbia. Noteworthy is his work on the title tune from TOP HAT (Columbia 3077 D)... the sparkling piano is good as ever and the band seems well chosen. Fine musicianship, minus tricks of orchestration, makes for an acceptable version of this "tops" tune.

If you are Rhumba-minded, Johnny Green answers your call for this month... the piano-maestro who is airing on Jack Benny's current series has turned out a bit called FRUITAS (Brunswick 7497). Green momentarily captures the Cugat spirit and gives a pressing minus the irresponsible gourd shaking, and plus intelligent and musical use of the rhumba effects... Would that more maestros would realize that it takes more than trap drummer's antics to create an acceptable rhumba style. Xavier Cugat (Victor ad infinitum) is the master of them all, and here is a case where copying of style would be neither pernicious nor unethical but downright relieving. We say, "Look to Cugat."

This has been a prolific month for the recorders and limitations of space prohibit mention of many who deserve commendation. The Dorseys have some new Deca cuttings that are up to their usual high standard... Don Bestor returns with some Brunswick offerings that are ideal for dancing, though the tunes are rather evil choices... If you like Will Osborne, he's on the loose for Columbia with some semi-respectable tunes (thoroughly acceptable were it not for his vocal tactics)... Ray Noble (Victor) does exceedingly well with some BIG BROADCAST tunes enhanced by Al Bowlly, the Australian crooner... oh, yes, we almost forgot... Benny Goodman has turned out a super arrangement of KING PORTER STOMP in Victor 25090 with trumpets, clarinet and saxes hard at it in great style... Louis Prima tries WEATHER MAN for Brunswick (7499) with ordinary success... we'll still take the version of Adrian's Tap Room Gang.

Recordings are really coming into their own once again. A well known Wisconsin radio station took a popularity poll among its listeners... and the MOST POPULAR PROGRAM by a wide margin was one that featured recordings exclusively... This same station carries many big network shows and maintains a staff of some 25 musicians!



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CROMPTON CORDUROY

SURPRISE

November 2, 1886 — Pop made me chop wood after school today. I worked on it for three hours and split about 2 cord. Course I had Skinny helpin'. Pop says he's goin' to give me a big surprise at the end of the week.

November 3, 1886 — I came home from school today and was greeted by Sis with orders from Pop to paint the shed. I didn't mind Sis buttin' in because Pop has got a present for me anyway.

November 4, 1886 — Rainy today. Cleaned out the stables and curried the horses. Whitewashed the inside of the shed and fixed the steps on the piazza. Can't wait until Sunday.

November 5, 1886 — Pop didn't tell me about any work to do but I patched up the old buggy seat and put new glass in the window of the small house which adjoins to the rear. Split some more wood. About one cord.

November 6, 1886 — Pop mentioned the surprise for Sunday again so when I got home from school I knew there'd be work waiting for me. I had to hitch up the team and drive into Burkton to get seven bags of feed. I got back about two hours after dark and had to stay up all night to thaw out my ears. But it's only one more day of suspense.

November 7, 1886 — Awful snowstorm today. I had to shovel a path out to the barn and to several other buildings on the premises. Got the sledge out and went to Burkton again because I got the wrong kind of feed yesterday. Home after dark again. Tomorrow is the big day.

November 8, 1886 — Cold and snow. Pop took me and Mom and Sis to see grandpa's grave.



H. Bennett

Even his best friend won't tell him

LITTLE WALDO

The first time I ran into Waldo he was standing with his pants down in my freshman gym class.

His dark hair frizzled down his neck in a way that shrieked that he was late of one of those cow-culture high schools which squat red and bare in the middle of a dusty and pounded school yard. He wore long grayish white underwear and a high school letter sweater, three gold honor pins carefully arranged along the neck band.

I gathered that somebody had taken ahold of Waldo just before he embarked for the university and had lectured Waldo on First Principals, for he was explaining in detail to a fat boy from Wayne Depot, Ind., that fraternities and such tommy rot, as he put it, were not for him. Women, too. No, siree! He didn't get around to drinking, for Waldo hadn't arrived at the stage when he could understand what drinking meant, if it means anything. (This was before repeal.)

All this turned not a hair among the fraternities and the women, I rather suspect, because the next time I ran into Waldo, he was living, if it can be called living, in the men's dormitories.

Then water began to flow under Waldo's bridge.

He dropped out of the engineering school, joined a literary discussion society, sat in the Rathskeller, talked about "social" problems, carried the weight of the world on his shoulders, went in for activities, discovered the Cardinal office and by the end of his sophomore year Waldo smoked a pipe, shaved and was on the road to becoming a fixture, like Curley Wentworth or Jerry in the gym, or something.

Waldo was on committees, and he began to promote himself; he considered running for six offices, ran for three, got one. He found a chair and a desk to squat on and behind. And lo! Waldo was an Independent with a special I — (I'll fix this, I'll see the right man about that . . .)

... Come and see me sometime . . . says Waldo, smooth little Waldo . . . I want to discuss with you, old man . . . Old man, that's the stuff, knock 'em dead, Waldo . . . quite a boy, what's Waldo running for, who's he supporting? . . . Old man, old man . . .

And Waldo gives the girls a break, does Waldo. He talks a wonderful drinking bout. Smooth, his neck shaved in the Union barber shop, his high school pins discarded for half a dozen keys jingling on his watch chain, Waldo sits on the news desk and gets his name in the Cardinal . . . Going into The Law, he explains.

But no matter how much Waldo old mans me, and gives me that intimate arm squeeze, that sotto voice confidence, that personal solicitation, Waldo will still be the boy with his pants down around his ankles, and his long skinny legs covered with grayish underwear.

He was kidding himself then, but not quite as much.

— a - c - w

ADD ETHIOPIAN SITUATION--

Arabia is Mecca, and a lot of places like Walkait, Biscia, Asmar, Djobitioniti, Yazau, some of which are to be found on the other side, in Ethiopia, but what's the difference. Come to think of it, it isn't the Bering strait. It's the Dead sea. Like the Great Salt Lake, only there isn't any Mormons at the Dead sea. All dead, maybe.

6. What has the League got to do with this?

Again? They don't like it. They had a meeting at which France and England said that since Italy was going to mooch on Africa, they ought to do something. Appoint a commission, maybe.

7. Did they?

Yes.

8. What did the commission do?

They made a report.

9. What did it report?

They said that the League ought to do something.

10. What's a sanction?

A part of a country. What sanction of Ethiopia is being attacked?

11. When will the war be over?

The boys will be into the trenches by Christmas.

12. What do the Ethiopians do when they aren't posing for pictures?

They eat raw meat, they put each other in slavery, and rub rancid butter in their hair (Italian source). They are devout Christians, having seen the light long before Europe, they live in peaceful villages, and parade with dignity in their modern capital, Haillie Abababaaaw, before their beloved chief, Saillia Harassilie, the roaring lion of Vilas Park (Ethiopian source).

13. In his nest at peep of day, what does Hasalie Pasha say?

He pleas for peace. He defies Benito.

14. In his nest at break of day, what does Benito say?

ADD HERMAN--

minute later I remembered I had forgotten my glasses, so I had to go back and get them. I guess it sort of spoiled my exit.

Of course, Herman had to post his fee as a candidate, but the house gave him a check for fifteen bucks. The dean called up a couple of days

He defies (1) Hal Hepatica, (2) the League, (3) the world, (4) the universe, (5) What's-his-name, King of Italy.

15. When he gets Ethiopia away, what will he do with it?

He intends to send his surplus population there.

16. Where did they come from?

The stork brought them.

17. You said something about Sal Hallitosis' ancestors, is he a DAR, or something equivalent in Africa?

Heavens, yes! You see, his father and his mother, both are direct descendants of the Queen of Sheba. What do you think of that? And not only that, but on the queen's side they have found that they go back to Solomon. For the last thousand years they have been swinging on this family tree, and call themselves Negus Negastzikizki, (King of Kings). Most of the people in the country are black. They are Ethiopians.

18. Explain this business of the deserting brother.

Well, the brother of Negus Negastzikizki quit the team when he found he could get money playing on Italy's side.

19. Would you say a word more about the geography of the region?

Well, to continue, the place is as dry as a Pi Phi dance. Of course, when it rains it is pretty wet, but when it rains the Italians don't care for it. They sit in a circle and chant, "Rain, rain, go away." When it is dry they wish it wasn't. To the north is French Slumberland, to the south is Italian Slumberland, in between is the Nile and Egypt. That's where England comes in. The Nile is known as the Father of the Waters. It NEVER dries up.

20. Why don't you?

O. K. If you're going to be like that, the hell with you. You can go to hell.

later, and was pretty nasty about it. It seems the bank sent it back.

The next day, Herman transferred to Knox, and none of us have heard of him since.

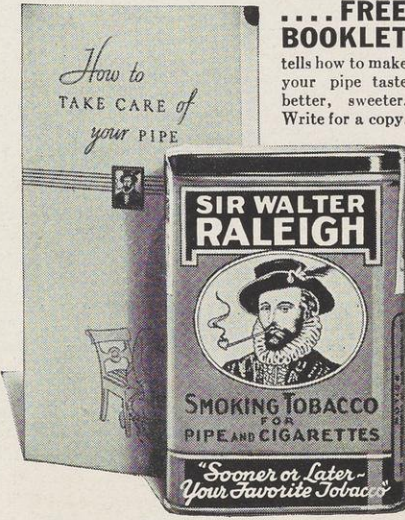
I never will forget The Year Herman Was Prom King.

"WHEN SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES!"



If the sour notes of that stewy old pipe make you gasp and gag, remind the smoker that pipes—like pianos—have got to be kept tuned. Let him scrape out the bowl, ream out the stem, fill up with Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco, and the pleasant aroma of clean Kentucky Burleys will fill the air. By hard work (and a little luck) we've found a blend that is noticeably milder to the tongue and sweet music to the nose. It's kept fresh in heavy gold foil. Try a tin and sing for joy.

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ADD TISH TOSH

year...best pledge quote of the year: I want to meet this Wilson Weisel; I hear every one falls for him at least once during their college career.

Dr. Spears and almost all the scribes covering his football practices are steadily bothered by the antics of Dave Zenoff...younger brother of Morry...the latter's best production of all times came just before some vacation: "Well, folks, tomorrow vacation starts, and when it's over I'll have the sweetest little girl in the world as my wife. I hope you like her."

Isn't it about time for the dormitory protest against the food...or are we just stirring up trouble...again?...and is that new street light at the corner of Lake street and Mendota court serving as a fire preventative...as intended?... Notre Dame's speedy departure from the city cheated Ginny Bohn out of a date with Mike Layden...brother of the Irish coach and a star in his own right...the vigilance on transferring coupon books is to continue, we understand...with especial concentration on basketball, where tickets will skyrocket in value if the team is good...for there will be only 800 seats available for John Public, due to the huge sale of books.

Flash: H. Lucas and R. Greenhalg are merely stooging for Johnson and Mortell and will withdraw from the P. King race in their favor. Greenhalg is supposed to talk Housfek out of running but is having trouble.

WE'RE NOT SURPRISED

The strong man at the circus took a lemon and cut it in half. He took one half in his hands and squeezed out the juice, using all his strength. Then he said:

"Anyone in the audience who can squeeze another drop of juice out of this half-lemon gets \$25."

Several huskies walked up to the platform. They squeezed with all their power, but not a drop came out. Then a scrawny, little man walked up. He took the lemon-rind in one hand. About a pailful of juice came out.

The strong man was astounded. "Who the hell are you?" he asked.

The little man looked up at him disdainfully. "I'm a buyer for the Department of Dormitories and Commons.

—Exchange

OWED TO A SMART SOPH

We will tell here an ode,
Of a mystery deep,
That for many long nights
Kept the school from its sleep.

'Twas a sound in the night,
Which was what was mysterious,
To find what it was
Drove just dozens delirious.

Like the clanking of chains,
Or the moans of the dead,
And more horrible sounds
Filled the campus with dread.

So they searched all around,
First they didn't go far,
But their first guess was wrong —
Of that Sigma Nu's car.

Thus more nights was it heard,
How it whispered and roared,
Then they blamed, and in vain,
A poor Kappa Sig's Ford.

When for many more eves
It had scared lads and lasses,
Someone came forth and proved
That 'twas not Lohmaier's glasses.

So now hints poured in
From south, west, east and north,
Some said it was boo's
For the show at the Orph.

But all guesses proved wrong,
All the Dicks were outsmarted.
And e'en Troubleshooter
Was right where he'd started.

Then a talented soph
Asked a chap they call Norris
Why yes, he knew that noise —
He went into a chorus —

"Why those heavenly tones,
Those melodious swells,
Are from me, Norris Wentworth,
And my lovely new bells."

—Paul Godfrey

GREEKS ON PARADE

DELTA TAU DELTA

	Looks	Dress	Physique	Type	Miscellaneous	Rating
Sarge Mason	kangaroo	high-pockets	petite	Delt	soldier boy	sarge
Dick Hausmann	ostrich	brown hat	string bean	Delt	swagger-bragger	sad
Baron Schlicht	old	withered	crumbling	Delt	lousy poker	crumb

DELTA UPSILON

Emmett Mortell	thug	improving	good r. arm		plays dirty ball	1 vote
T. Terwilliger	sham-pooed	gets by	long drink	sudbued	what's th' score	0-0
Dick Burnham	baby-faced	aw wite	itsy-bitsy	coo man	talcum powder	thweet
June Forester	bear cub	bear	bearly		carries cane	Max Baer

KAPPA SIGMA

Dick Johnson	politician	politician	politician	politician	politician	politician
John Hickman	heart-broken	undecided	still undecided	camp boy		5 yd. line
Jim Wright	pugnacious	all over	muscle bound	aesthetic athlete		Kayoed

PSI UPSILON

Dick Brazeau	grinny	P. king	chubby	boy-howdy	slaps backs	ugh
Bob Musser	you	can	musser	you	broughter	lug
Dick Bardwell	lanky	loud ties	strung out	big mouth	bragger	thug
Bill Spencer	duck	fine feathers	stretched	nasty mouth	wettie	mug

ADD NFYPUACGW--

where it will be mixed up all over again and counted as a ticket to the Park hotel raffle — this is the system as taught by Philadelphia Jack Salter in Pol. Sci. 13, only he uses trees instead of the Park hotel.

After the following system is in operation the rules of the election itself will be announced again, and such things as writing names on blackboards, riding in cars and shouting at the top of your voice will be considered not cricket.

So, sooner or later we will have another crop of boards, and officers running around in star chamber sessions with impressions of importance. They will hire dance bands for dances nobody goes to, announce appointments to positions that have no functions, sit around tables, draw up resolutions, and pretty soon forget themselves whether they are in office or not, because, after all, activities aren't everything. The board of regents, Porter and Dollard, Doc Meanwell, and Scotty Goodnight will continue to perform the dirty work — and make the important decisions "concerning the vital problems of the student body" anyway. They'd squawk like the devil if anybody wanted to take the reins away from them, and, anyway, it's probably best that way.

The students can always make a new plan. Meanwhile, why not try God and the Nfypuacgw?

HOT DOG

They were discussing dogs, and the tales were getting "pretty tall" when one of the group took the lead.

"Smith," he said, "had a most intelligent dog. One night Smith's house caught afire. All was instant confusion. Old Smith and his wife flew for the children and bundled them out in quick order. Everyone was saved, but old Rover dashed back through the flames. Soon the animal reappeared, scorched, and burned with— what do you think?"

"Give up," cried the eager listeners.

"With the fire insurance policy wrapped in a damp towel, gentlemen."

—Bored Walk

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YE TERRIBLE MISTAYKE

Ful sore & wearie ther rode across the plaine a gentil knyghte, & he was yclept eftsoons Sir Basil de Fraichette. Alle day hadde he foughte ful mightilie and he hadde slain wel nigh two-and-twenty dragons and four-score eville giants. The sonne hadde set & darknesse was for to fall upon the lond forthwith. Ye gentil knyghte would fain seeke sheltre for to pass the night that he may sette forth upon his journie whan the sonne in the morninge crept oer the feelds. Before him on the plaine he espied ful suddenlie a castle and soone he stode without its portals. On the bank of a silvern lak it was and rose with mightie walls & battlementes above him in such wise that he did quoth unto himself, "Verily, such castle must by my troth be the abode of a high lord for I wot naught of moat or drawbridge or loop-holes."

Ye knyghte did dismount ful speedilie from his steede and gave mightie knock upon the portals of the manse. Slowlie the portal did open and ther befor him stodde a tendere squire.

"I be Sir Basil de Fraichette and I wouldst fain seeke sheltre for the nighte in this fair castle," spake he ful courteous.

"Hell, this ain't no castle," quoth the ladde, "this is the Chi Psi lawdge!"

—T. S. H.

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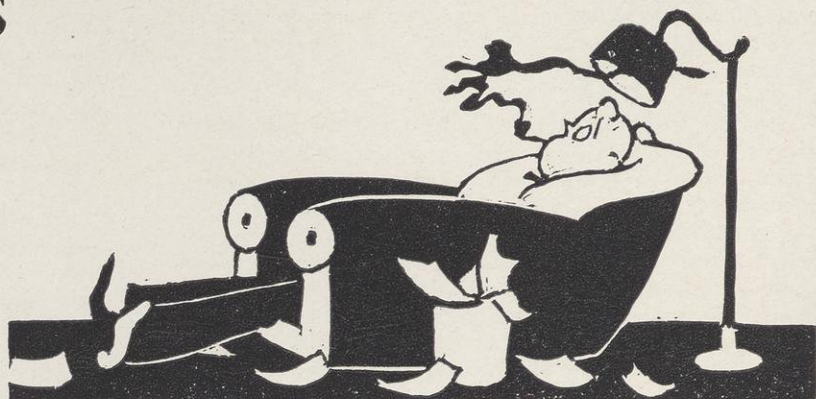
907 University Avenue

B. 1180

558 State Street

IN THE EDITOR'S BROWN STUDY

an assortment of random
thinking by one who never
took a lesson in his life



The life a college comic editor is a funny one. It's the September issue the first month and the October issue the second; next month it'll be November.

And so it goes . . . just an annual round of stuffing spaces between covers with funny things for even funnier people to laugh at. But do they? We've been stuffing for a good many years now, man and boy, and to us this is still a mute point. Month after month, year after year, we have filled pages with what we considered pretty funny if not faintly amusing stuff, and the ripple of unconcern which rolled from one end of Langdon to the other with the appearance of each new issue was gigantic, not to say gargantuan. Once in a while someone would write in to cancel a subscription or drop over to the office to tell us that that joke about the "three holes in the ground" was at least six years aged, as it was in his high school annual. And once in a while we would get some favorable comment, as witness the time when some chap came up to us in Bascom reading room (we were just meeting some one) and said, "That sure was a dandy ad Chesterfield had on your back cover last month."

But most of the time there was no comment at all, at all. So we just sat and sulked and brooded, going into an occasional brown study to vary the monotony. And then all of a sudden it happened. A new era dawned.

Our last issue caused lots of comment and good. People we never saw before came up to tell us it was the best in years, and even our friends admitted that it wasn't half bad. And, all in all, we've had more compliments on the last book than any other guided by our hoary hand.

Well, naturally this makes Octy very happy indeed, and he's patting himself on the back (as if you hadn't noticed) with all eight legs. Octy has apparently found a place in the sun without, mind you, waiting for the rainy season to end. (Ah, there, Benito)

And what was the formula that brought all this about? Simply this, NAMES. We've had the conviction growing upon us for a long time now that we can't compete with "Vanity Fair," "Esquire," "Life" and other national magazines of this type and that our only hope, in fact, our only "raison d'être" is to confine ourselves to campus affairs, writing about familiar incidents, your friends, your teachers. In short, the magazine must adopt a primarily local viewpoint.

And so in our first issue that's exactly what we did. We filled the pages with names of your friends, took

cracks at familiar objects, such as the bell tower and the Phi Phis, and in general made it just a nice intimate family affair. And m'dears, you simply loved it. So did we. So did Dean Goodnight. So what?

So we're going to continue putting out that type of book which we have:

You liked so much seeing your girl friends being taken over the coals in that "Chart for Blind Dates" that we've included another one this issue, and now the girls can have a laugh on the lads. Not wishing to have our own rafters stove in and going on the assumption that a gentleman can not strike a lady, we inveigled five of the loveliest ladies of our acquaintance in to preparing the data. From left to right they were: Agnes Ricks, Ev Schilling, Helen Theiler, and Virginia Wheary, Martha Ann Jackson concurring. And may we take this opportunity of thanking them and for saying that never before has there been so much sweetness and light in the Octy office.

Through the magic of Fritz Kaeser's camera, we present this issue six of the prize catches of the Big Six. Selections were by the sororities, not us. Incidentally, Fritz, or Frederick Kaeser II as he prefers, is only a few years out of school and has already achieved a reputation as one of the leading photographers in the Midwest.

The cover, we admit, is hardly local. Instead, it is a concession to our fire-ball business mgr. who promised to let us use an extra color if we'd only have something about the Italo-Ethiopian mess "cause then I'll bet we can sell it to Vanity Fair." The design is by Bill Wright of the Art school and is carved out of hard rubber with sharp little tools and much swearing.

Austin Wehrwein comes through this issue with a brace of articles; namely, the inside dope on the H. Sessie-Benito set-to and the incomprehensibly comprehensive plan for class government, the Nfypaucgw. Tom Hyland, a newcomer to Octy this year, contributes a prize bit of whimsy in the story about the Sandman and is also responsible for all the Chaucerian outbursts. These people who take English 5! Chuck Fleming takes a few sly pokes at the Junior class political candidates in his story of Herman, the almost P. King, and Ken Purdy was supposed to be doing a yarn on the Union's recalcitrant elevator but he never showed up. We intend to look down the shaft for him.

And, you see, we did get the picture of the Pi Phi zoo.

THE HONORABLE MR. TU

BEING AN OLD CHINESE PROVERB TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH DESPITE ALL PRECAUTIONS

SCENE: *An ancient Chinese hop house with two hops, one called Yellow Joe, in left foreground.*

PROPERTIES: *Three tables, six chairs, and a venerable old man complete with kimona, que, and slant eyes — a Mr. Tu.*

TIME: *Present.*

As scene opens, a young man of obvious taste and refinement walks through a door (placed there for that every purpose) and moves briskly toward the venerable old gentleman complete with k, q, & s. e.

— Scene I —

Young Man (in surprised tone): "Why, Mr. Tu! Imagine seeing you here."

Mr. Tu: "And why is my most honorable young friend so astonished when it clearly states above that I am to be here?"

Young Man: "Oh, that's right; so it does. Well, anyway, how about my sitting down with you, Mr. Tu?"

Mr. Tu: "I shall be indeed honored if my young American friend will be so kind as to share by most humble table."

Young Man: "Thanks, Mr. Tu." (sits down at table, scans menu appraisingly) "What are you having today, Mr. Tu?"

Mr. Tu: "I have this very day already consumed three most large offerings of this very good cake." (indicates three pieces of cake on plate before him)

Young Man: "Well, if that's good enough for you, Mr. Tu, it's good enough for me." (calls waiter and gives order)

Mr. Tu: "Will most honorable young man excuse old man if I continue humble repast while he is awaiting his?"

Young Man: "Why sure, go right ahead eating, Mr. Tu." (Mr. Tu starts eating as curtain closes)

— Scene II —

(Young Man and Mr. Tu seated as before. Young Man's cake has not come yet, Mr. Tu is still eating his)

— Scene III —

(Same as in Scene II)

— Scene IV —

(Characters seated as before, Mr. Tu still eating)

Young Man (rising suddenly and speaking in angry tone): "See here; you can't eat your cake and have it, Tu."

(black out)

"May We Serve You?"

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food products at the lowest
possible cost.*

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STOLEN THUNDER

LIGHT OF HIS LIFE

Coroner—Two shots were fired at midnight, you say.

Witness—That's right. I was in the garden and saw the time by the sundial.

Coroner—How could you do that in the dark?

Witness—My son was there with me.

—Punch Bowl

All that is needed is a few drinks and the most amazing things will result from attempting to master the following: A skunk sat on a stump. The skunk thunk the stump stunk and the stump thunk the skunk stunk.

—Jester

Salesman—"Do you wear night-gowns or pajamas?"

Young Lady—"No."

Salesman—"My name is Bower. Jake Bower."

—Bored Walk

She: And will you never stop loving me?

He: Well, I've an eight o'clock class in the morning.

—The Reserve Red Cat

He: "Dearest, your stockings are wrinkled."

She: "Oh, you brute! I haven't any on."

—Siren

There was a guy in our school,
And wondrous dumb was he;
Caught cheating on a history quiz,
He lost his passing D.
And when he saw the grade was lost,
With all his might and main,
He cheated on the make-up quiz
And got it back again.

—Mercury

IS THAT SO DEPARTMENT

Accused of stealing \$72 worth of a candy laxative from a truck, Joseph Savino, 17, of 582 Clinton St., Brooklyn, was paroled in Downtown Court for hearing yesterday.

—NEW YORK JOURNAL

For hearing, eh?

—Tiger

Professor (to unruly freshman): "Tell me, sir, what has become of your ethics?"

Freshman: "Oh, sir, I traded it in long ago for a Hudson."

—Exchange

WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO LET FAT RUIN MY LIFE

—MARMOLA AD

The scoundrel!

—Pelican

She—He's so romantic! Every time he speaks to me he starts "Fair Lady."

He—Romantic, hell. He used to be a conductor for the street car company.

—Widow

BE JABBERS, YE SYE

Lighthouse no glood for flog, say Chinaman. Lighthouse he shine, whistle, he blow, flog bell he ling, and flog he come just the same. No glood!

—Log

QUESTIONNAIRE

I've a friend I'd like you girls to meet.

Athletic Girl—Phat can he do?

Chorus Girl—How much has he?

Literary Girl—Wha t does he read?

Society Girl—Who are his family?

Religious Girl—What church does he belong to?

College Girl—Where is he?

—Gargoyle

H TO O

"Frequent water-drinkings," says the specialist, "prevents you from becoming stiff in the joints."

"Yes," says Imogene, "but some of the joints don't serve water."

—Professional Alchemist

"Wot's the matter with old Jack there?"

"E's got a bloomin' splinter in his hand."

"Why don't 'e pull it out?"

"Wot! In the lunch hour? Not much!"

—Tiger

Husband—"Dear, you can't go to the theatre in your old coat, can you?"

Wife (hopefully) — "Certainly not, dearest."

Husband—"Just what I thought so I only bought one ticket."

—Punch Bowl

Housemother — "Mary, I saw a man kissing you at the back door last night. Was it the Beta or the Kappa Sig?"

Co-ed — "Was it before eight o'clock or after?"

—Log

I wish I were a kangaroo,

Despite his funny stances:

I'd have a place to put the junk

My girl brings to the dances.

—Log

Max: "Where you working these days?"

Climax: "Over in the Maternity Ward."

Max: "How is it?"

Climax: "Oh, they just kid the life out of me."

—Dirge

OCTY'S OWN INTELLIGENCE TEST

or, m'dear, we never dreamed
you were so extremely dull

- A. SAMPLES: 1. How many men are five men and ten men?..... (15)
2. If you walk one mile per hour for one mile, how far do you walk?..... (1)
1. How many men are five men and ten men? (Hint: see above)..... ()
2. How many women are five women and ten women?..... ()
3. How many men and women are five men and women and ten men and women?..... ()
4. A dealer bought some mules for \$800. He sold them for \$1000..... ()
5. If a man runs a hundred yards in ten seconds, how many feet does he run in 1/5 second and ten men?..... ()
- B. SAMPLE: Why do we use stoves? Because
() They look well.
(X) They keep us warm.
() They are black.
1. Why does a fireman wear red suspenders? Because
() If he didn't, his pants would fall down.
() Red is the color of the fire department.
() He wants something to hold his pants up when he puts them on.
2. What do they call fish in Alaska?
() Fish.
() They don't call them, they catch 'em.
() I didn't know they had fish in Alaska.
3. If you saw a train approaching a broken track, you should
() telephone for an ambulance.
() mutter, "What a hell of a way to run a railroad!"
() get off the train.
4. It is better to fight than run because
() if you run you may get shot in the back.
() if you fight you may get shot in the front.
() to keep his pants up.
5. If while on a hike you get bitten by a rattlesnake, you should
() run and get some whiskey.
() kill the snake.
() run and get some more whiskey.
- C. SAMPLE: Dog is to hair as fish is to: water, scales, fur.
1. Red Flag—Bull: Red Flag—campanile, Hearst, Hawaii.
2. Thingummy—gadget: whatchacallit—doodad, thin gamabob, to keep his pants up.
3. Cats—water: students—eating, studying, kissing.
4. John—Baptist: Winnie—pshaw, shucks, pooh.
5. Pigeons—grass: Gertrude Stein—alas, alack, welladay!
- D. SAMPLES: 1. People hear with the eyes, ears, nose, mouth.
2. France is in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia.
1. The Spanish-American War was fought between Russia and India, France and Russia, halves of the Rose Bowl game.
2. Trotzky is: a Russian command, a kind of fish, several kinds of fish, to keep his pants up.
3. Matriculation is: something dirty, something to eat, a Spanish painter, the second day in the week.
4. The University of Wisconsin is in: Kalamazoo, debt, a shambles, wrong with the State Legislature.
5. The Trouble Shooter is: a brat, Howard Teichman, a simp, lousy (Take two . . . they're small).

—Adapted from Pelican

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SHE WAS ONLY A DAUGHTER

[To end all "She was only a daughters"]

She was only a clerk's daughter, but she had every-one on a string.

She was only a baker's daughter, but she knew when to need dough.

She was only a professor's daughter, but she learned her lesson.

She was only a fireman's daughter, but she sure did go to blazes.

She was only a tailor's daughter, but she pressed well.

She was only a photographer's daughter, but she was well developed.

She was only a iceman's daughter, but she delivered the goods.

She was only an electrician's daughter, but she went hay-wire.

She was only a plumber's daughter, but she had good connections.

She was only a bartender's daughter, but she was a good mixer.

She was only a blacksmith's daughter, but she knew how to forge ahead.

She was only a stableman's daughter, but all the horsemen knew her.

She was only a milkman's daughter, but she was the cream of the crop.

She was only a cowpuncher's daughter, but she knew the ropes.

She was only a convict's daughter, but she knew all the bars.

She was only a parson's daughter, but she had her following.

She was only an acrobat's daughter, but she never turned over.

She was only a bookkeeper's daughter, but she led all the figures.

She was only a fisherman's daughter, but she hooked the suckers.

She was only a boxer's daughter, but she knew when to faint.

She was only a carpenter's daughter, but she nailed her men.

She was only a florist's daughter, but she potted all the pansies.

She was only a creditor's daughter, but she allowed no advances.

She was only a dairyman's daughter, but what a calf.

She was only a woodcutter's daughter, but she hadn't been axed.

She was only a zoo keeper's daughter, but she tamed all the wild hares.

She was only a barber's daughter, but what a mug she had.

She was only a surgeon's daughter, but oh what a cut-up.

—Carnegie Tech Puppet

AUDREY AGAIN

Little Audrey and her boy friend were sitting on a sofa, when the boy friend remarked that it was so dark that he couldn't see his hand in front of his face. And little Audrey just laughed and laughed, because she she knew all the time that his hand wasn't in front of his face.

—Kitty Kat

SLIGHT MISTAKE

A young business man and deacon in the church was going to New York on business and while there was to purchase a new sign, which was to be hung up in the front of the church, advertising a new movement in the church. He copied the motto and dimensions of the sign, but went to New York and left the paper in his coat at home. When he discovered that he had left the paper at home, he wired his wife, "Send motto and dimensions." An hour later a message came over the wire and the young lady clerk, who had just come from lunch and knew nothing of the previous wire, fainted. When they looked at the message she had just taken, they read: "Unto us a son is born, 6 feet long and 3 feet wide."

—Yellow Crab

COOKOO

One of the college's Social Research workers tells a yarn about one of his visits to a local insane asylum. In one of the cells sat a man whose only garment was a hat.

"My good man," cried the interested student, "that's no way to be sitting around. Why don't you put some clothes on?"

"Because," replied the inmate sadly, "nobody ever comes to see me."

"But," said the student, "why do you wear a hat?"

The nut shrugged his shoulders. "Oh," he exclaimed, "somebody might come."

—Mercury

BOTH SIDES

The story is told of the Kentucky colonel who had an argument with the devil. The devil said that no one had a perfect memory. But the colonel maintained that there was an Indian on his plantation who never forgot anything. The colonel agreed to forfeit his soul to the devil if the Indian ever forgot anything.

The devil went up to the Indian and said: "Do you like eggs?"

The Indian replied, "Yes." The devil went away.

Twenty years later the colonel died. The devil thought, "Aha, here's my chance." He came back to earth and presented himself before the Indian. Raising his hand, he gave the tribal salutation, "How."

Quick as a wink the Indian replied, "Fried."

—Lyre

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