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THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



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The Campus CHRONICLE



SELDOM, aye, almost never, does Octy take it on himself to advise the gentlewomen of the university *in re* their garments. It is in a spirit of mutual interest that we stick out one of our bolder tentacles and register our ennui with the ubiquitous saddle shoe. The shoe itself is quite handsome. In fact, when they were being worn all over the

East, five years ago, we too thought them cute.

But times have changed; things, as somebody once said, ain't what they used to be. The shoe has now lost all its traits of individuality; every lass in high school, as she shakes a skinny finger in the by now wormy big apple, can be found with brown and white saddle shoes.

Forsake them, girls, we beg of you; leave your outgrown shells . . .

Jobs, Jobs!

You will surely be pleased to learn that the unemployment problem is to be solved. The day of the jobless graduate is ended; the solution has come without assistance of either the alumni placement bureau or the Commerce School.

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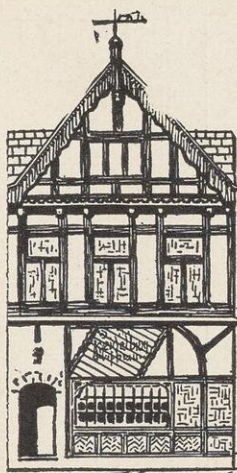
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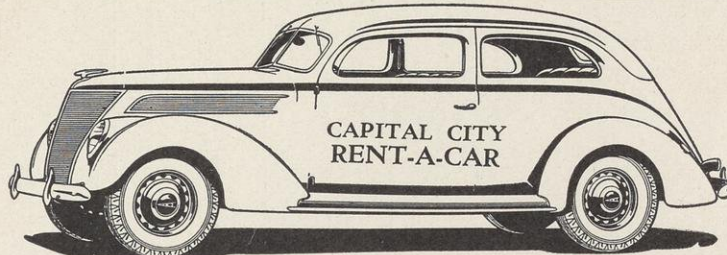
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FAIRCHILD 334

of our youth. Any graduate of the University of Wisconsin can secure a civil service position in Turkey without a preliminary examination of any sort. Turkey is between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, and figs grow there.

Yes, yes—yes indeed

Our Mr. Blaesser, who is very much the *assistant* director of the Union, was sitting at the Union Board meeting and nodding his head in thoughtful assent to all that the chairman was saying.

"Well, Blaesser, where did you learn all about this?" asked the chairman. "Why all the nodding?"

"Why, I have never heard a thing of it before," said our Mr. Blaesser.

"Then what were you nodding your head about while I was describing it?"

"I . . . er . . ."

"Oh, Blaesser just came out of Butts' office," explained one of the Boardmen.

Peace Propaganda Note

The crooner at the Chanticleer, ever conscious of the barking war-dogs, has seen fit to change the lyrics of Irving Berlin's *Alexander's Rag-Time Band*, as too subversive.

You will recall the line about, "He can play a bugle call like you never heard before, so natural that *you want to go to war!*" (*Italics ours.*)

The Chanticleer has substituted, "He can play a bugle call

like you never heard before, ohhhh-hoooo, soooo natcher-elllllll." We are sending the Chanticleer's name in to World Peaceways and the Noble Prize Committee.

Patience

By now they're probably gone, but all during spring vacation two dull, much-used sleds of the Flexible Flier style stood against the wall on the side porch of the Chadbourne Hall—waiting for winter or their owners to return.

Practice

And during the vacation while all except those who lingered on term papers were far



away, W. Norris Wentworth took the opportunity to practice his carillon-playing. Out came not "Forgive Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms" but what sounded like some lively Irish jig. Octopus doesn't go near enough Mr. Wentworth to find out the name of such songs, but we'll whistle it to anyone who comes to see us. May we predict the next thing he'll try will be "Loch Lomond" . . . or didn't he think anyone would hear? One might as well try not to hear a fire siren.

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Contributors:

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B. P. Roberts, Betty Bennett, Jane Lippold, B. Baumet,
S. Vladeck, M. Hunt, Marcelle Feybusch

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APRIL 25, 1938

Number 8

... a Young Man's Fancy turns

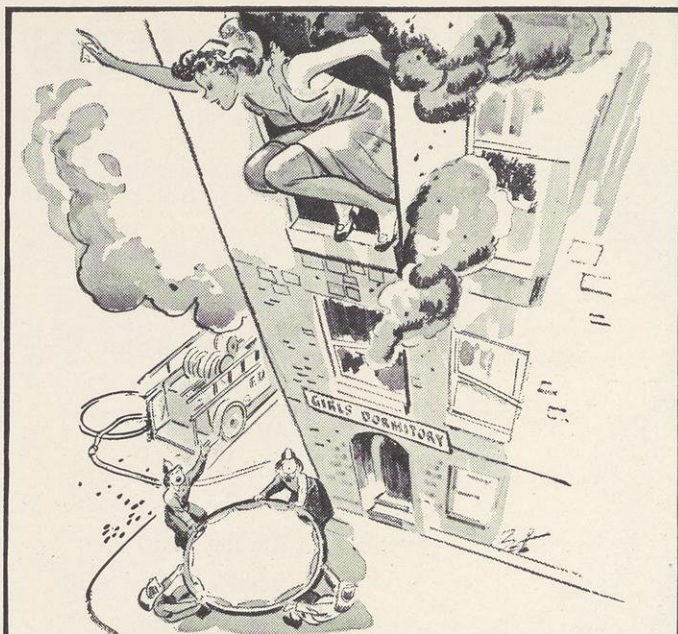


Every pack wrapped in two jackets of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM*.

In fact,
In the Spring
The young man
Himself turns
Not lightly,
But lovingly
To the gal . . .
Or the cigarette
That's blessed with
Fresh charm.
Today's
Man-turningest
Cigarette is
Double-mellow
Old Gold.
Its rich
Prize crop tobaccos
Are chaperoned
Right to *you*
By a stale-proof
Package . . .
Double-Cellophane
Double-sealed.
Every Old Gold
You light
Is exactly
As fresh,
Full-flavored
And double-mellow
As the minute
It was made.
Temptingly fresh
As a debutante's
Lips!
Yeah, man!
Spring is
Here!

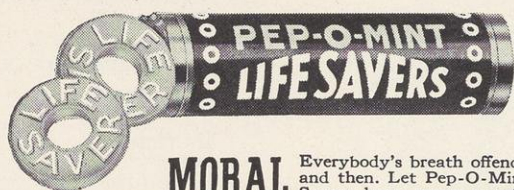
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For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor . . . Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds



FIREMAN: Just hold your breath and jump, miss.

GIRL: I don't have to hold my breath! I eat LIFE SAVERS.



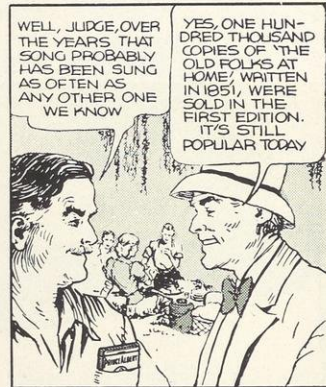
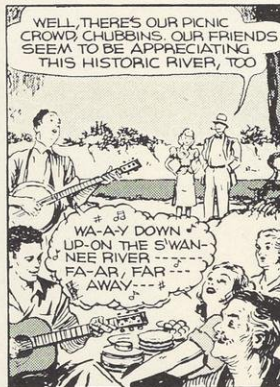
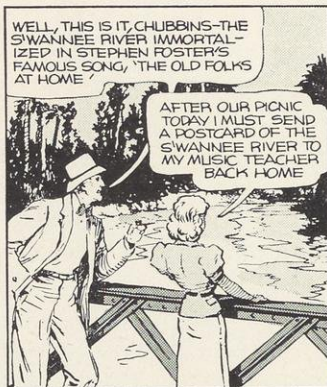
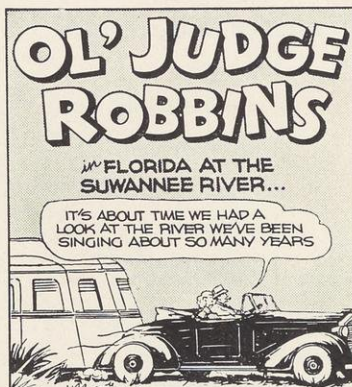
MORAL

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Conditioned Reflex

I hate snakes.
 So does my psychology professor.
 Mr. Dockeray hates them
 of all things
 because he was taught
 that snakes were poisonous and loathsome.
 I hate them
 because
 when I am in deep grass
 they have a habit
 of scaring me
 by suddenly squirming and wriggling
 under my feet.
 I am sure
 that if Mr. Dockeray and I
 were to jump for fun
 from rock to rock
 in a shallow bay,
 and one of the rocks
 just as we set foot upon it
 rose out of the water
 shook itself
 and sneezed
 and that was all
 a hippopotamus did all day
 we'd hate hippopotamuses too.

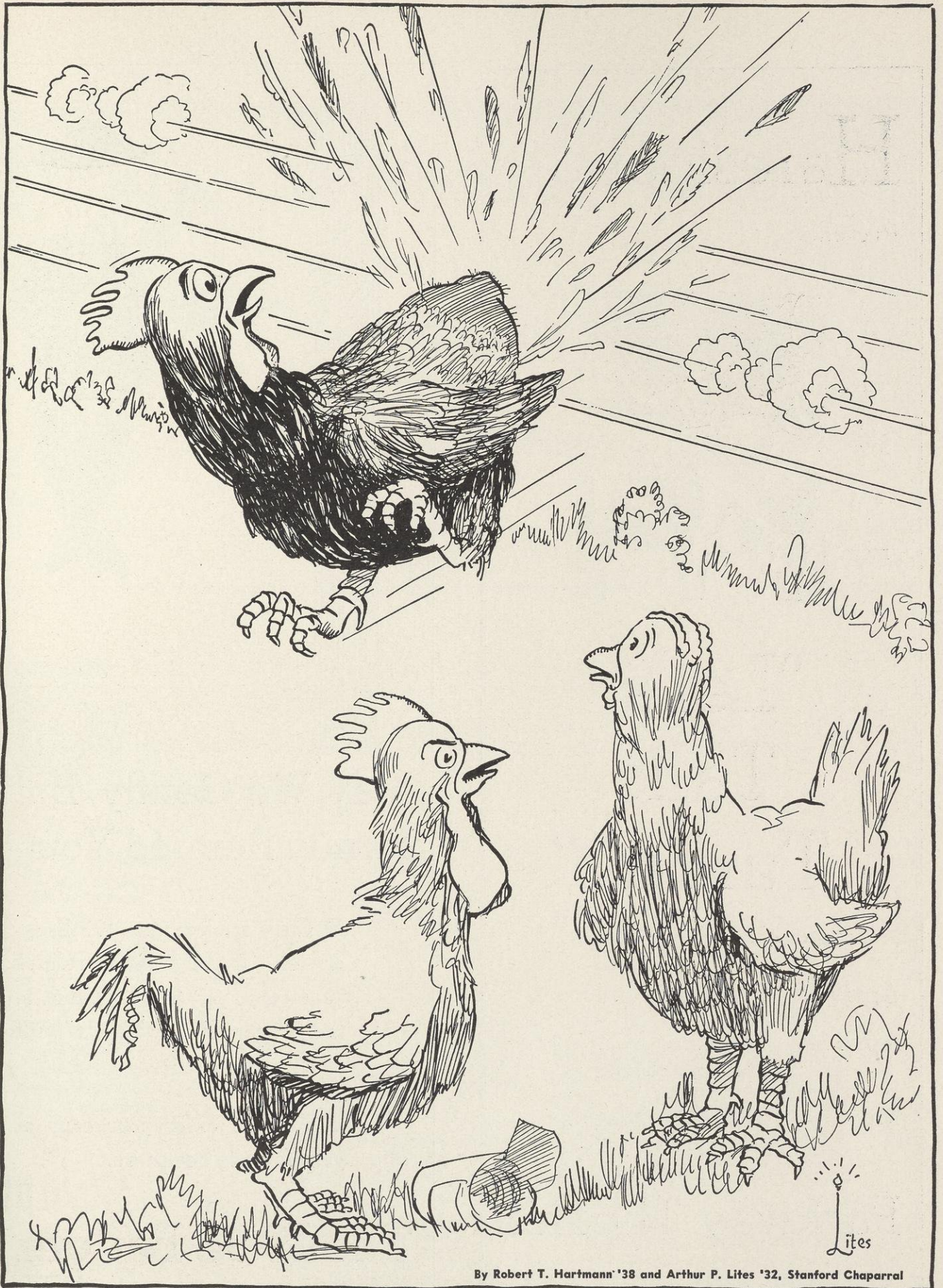
—H. H.



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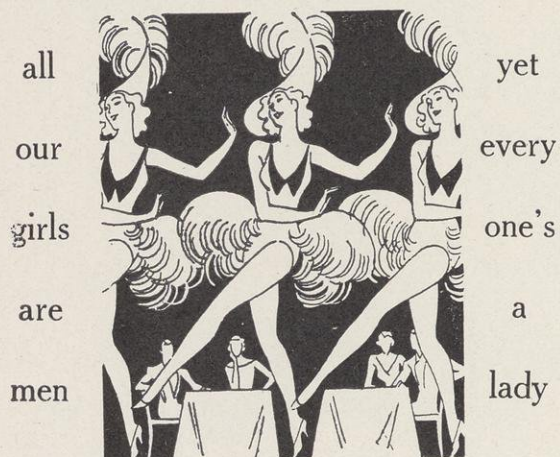


By Robert T. Hartmann '38 and Arthur P. Lites '32, Stanford Chaparral

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"Sh-h!"



May We Gently, But Firmly Remind You--

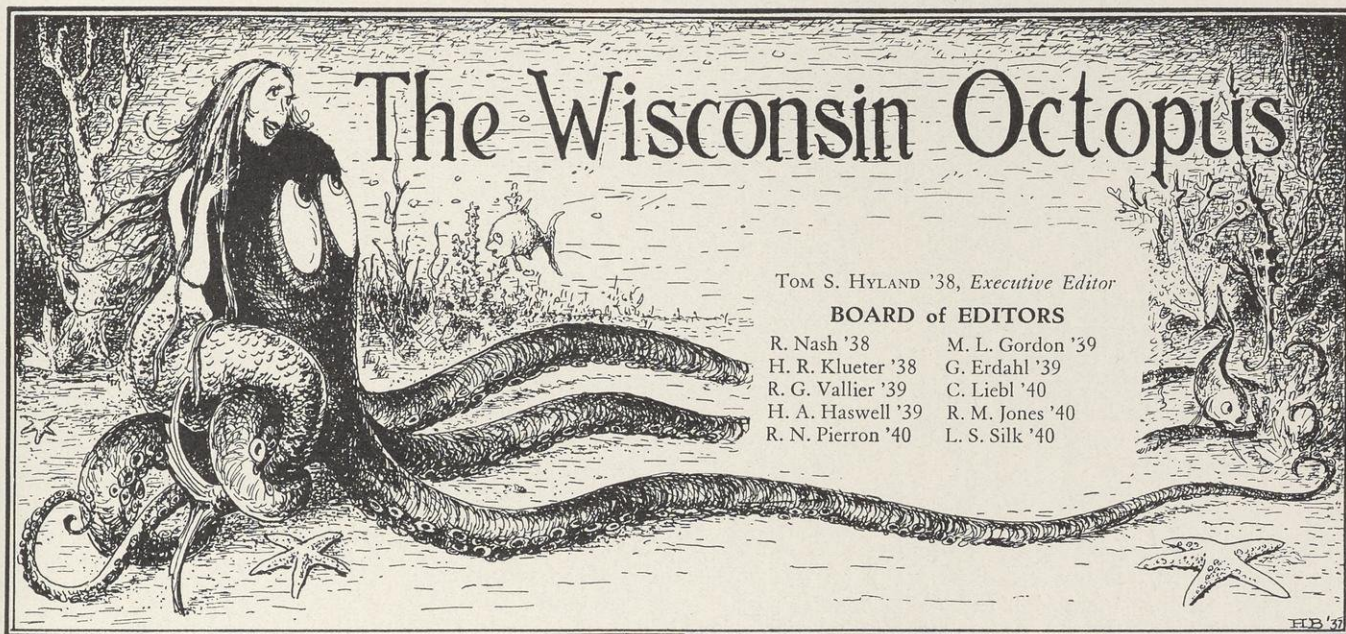
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The 1938 Badger

MEMORIAL UNION

FAIRCHILD 7400



Volume XIX

APRIL 25, 1938

Number 8

On Second Thought



ENCOURAGE our readers to attend the forthcoming Haresfoot Club effort. The boys perform so much better when there is a good crowd there

to egg them on.

Harry Stuhldreher, for one, is eager for the opening of the show. He plans to scout the chorus for kicking material.

A recent critic of "Tobacco Road" has nick-named the play "Georgia White Scandals." Clever, we'd say, but it took four years to think it up.

For the first time a stage magician recently made a horse disappear from the sight of his audience. Two sons of the Old West arose and demanded that the scoundrel be hanged.

A Chinese patriot says that the Great Wall of China failed to serve its purpose by allowing the Japanese to enter. We cheerily point out that it is still convenient to play handball against.

Another few weeks and the campus social season will be ended for the

year. What say, men—is it better to be broke than never to have loved at all?

The new wing of the Union is apparently going to be *moderne* plus. We understand they are experimenting with square billiard and bowling balls.

After all the worry and turmoil of a few weeks ago Europe seems to have settled down without a war. We are sure that some sort of misunderstanding can still be worked out.

It is estimated that there are 3,700 tap-dancers attending the University of Wisconsin. If these were all laid end to end, the students downstairs could get some sleep.

A New Jersey scientist boasts of a new kind of paper—it can be eaten. Madison restaurant operators have long been printing their chicken on their sandwiches.

A new staff will soon take over the Daily Cardinal. No longer will the motto of this wretched university be "New-

man Lumen."

Haresfoot's opening night is, of course, strictly formal. This means a profusion of stiff shirts, as well as stiff Dekes.

The English have signed a new pact with Italy. It no doubt heralds a new era of international peace and goodwill lasting anywhere from ten days to a fortnight.

Congress has again had to provide relief for the temporarily unemployed. The French solve the same problem by letting everyone be a cabinet member now and then.

A lecturer lately told the women of this college how to tell the quality of clothes by the touch. This is no news, we are aware, to many a father.

Professor Einstein has just issued a book explaining his theory of relativity to the average man. The country, however, is still awaiting our Mr. Frank's interpretation of the Republican principles.



Vim, Varsity, and Vimmen



HE board - of - directors meeting of Goldfarb Productions had been a bee-hive of dissension. "Expensives is terrible," complained J.

Jerome Giltberg, second vice-president. "Look hoose talking awready!" cried Langsley Parkhurst, first vice-president. "Maybe awready you choose to make something therefrom?" Giltberg snapped back.

"Gentlemen, gentleman," came the always-soothing voice of President Samuel Goldfarb, "it remains the fact that big expenses must got to stay."

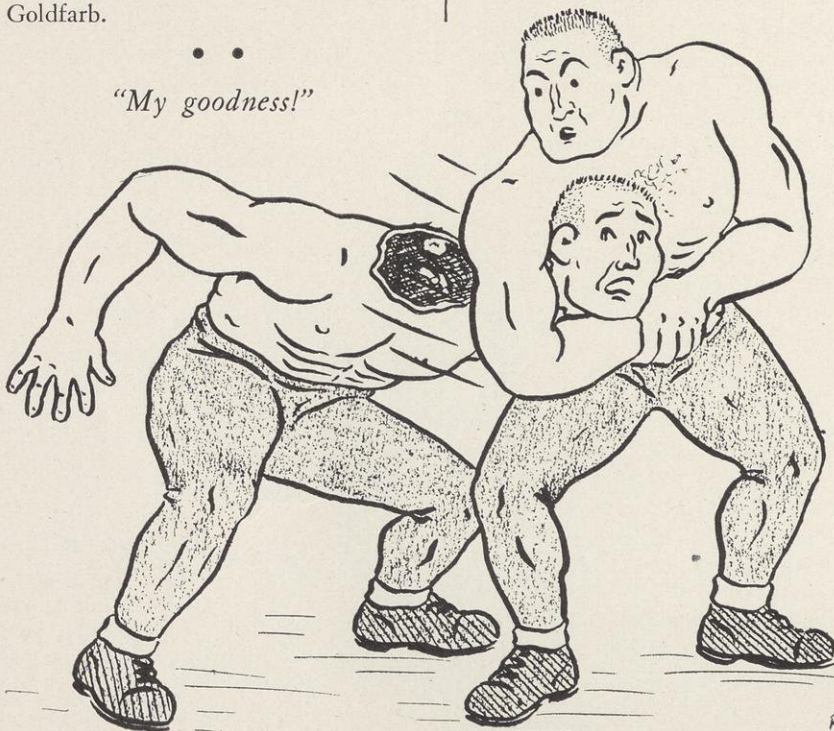
"Yeah," said the sulking Parkhurst, "you can talk. But *me!* I work my fingers to the bone, talking to dopes, listening to kicks, always kicks . . . and what? It hurts awready! Listen, Goldfarb, I sacrificed awready plenty for my art, too!"

"If only you boys would give somebody beside your own mouth a chance to shut up," said Goldfarb, "you would maybe find out that things is not *so* bad, or will not be, if we adopt one suggestion I am going to suggest *re* cutting expenses today *inst.*"

The buzzing table quieted down at once, for the glow of an idea had crept over the face of the master producer. "Mr. Goldfarb," asked Parkhurst, humbly, "you got maybe something hotsytotsy?"

"Hm, hm, hm, *such* a idea!" said Goldfarb.

• • •
"My goodness!"



"Tell us!" pleaded the vice-presidents.

"Don't be a dirty guy, awready, Goldfarb," said Giltberg, gently.

"So I'll tell you," said Goldfarb, throwing a sheet of paper before them. "Look on this, and tell me where goes our money so fast." The sheet read:

Life Begins in College.....\$310,000

Touchdown Terrence.....\$450,000

You Gotta Be a Football

Hero.....\$490,000

Vim, Varsity, and Vimmen.....\$365,000

Fruit Bowl.....\$520,000

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"Enough! Enough awready!" screamed Parkhurst.

"Maybe you see now where goes the money so fast?" asked Goldfarb. "Awready we got enough of paying for stadiums, for filling them with extras, for renting campuses, for such wardrobes, for . . . ENOUGH! We're starting awready our *own* college!"

BEAUTIFUL Sunkist University, its towering Gothic buildings brushed by the waving cocoanut palms, lay in the sweet-smelling Goldfarb Valley. Before every hall of learning students were poring over their books, as they did a big apple.

Dean Kay Kyser, formerly of the College of Musical Knowledge, was

conducting a lecture class by the pine-water swimming pool. "Can you name three orchestras who have made recordings?" he asked a little red-head. "Oh, no!" she cooed, handing the Dean an apple.

Prof. J. Bing Crosby, recently awarded his LL.D. by Gonzaga College, was holding forth in Jive Hall, while Prof. Benjamin Goodman stood by for the intermission. In the mammoth Grape Bowl, Sunkist was playing State. (Sunkist *always* played State.)

Strolling across the campus, with three blondes in shorts, President Samuel Goldfarb was indeed happy. "Purty, ain't it?" he asked the girls. "Oh, yes, Prexy-wexy!" they cried, going into the big-apple. "Let's go into the library," suggested the President, "Books is purty."

And they did go in, humming "Sunkist, Juiciest of Them All."

But, if President Goldfarb had observed more carefully, his heart would not have been so light. For in a dark corner of the library, a group of students had their heads together. They were dark heads, with curly hair. Their ears stuck out on the sides, and had spectacles attached to them. They held papers in their hands, and they crumpled them in their fists.

THE storm clouds had broken. "I told you it would be no good!" yelled Regent Parkhurst. "*Goldfarb Productions should run a college,*" agreed Giltberg, sarcastically, "*mormonic!*"

They had good reason to despair. The student body was out on strike. Before every building on the campus, angry orators were shouting. Yellow flyers and red, fat newspapers and thin floated about the campus.

"I couldn't understood it," said Goldfarb, holding his head. "I gave them *everything* — football, big-apples, dences, nice buildings, *such* a lovely campus, swimming pools, six stages, a radio station, a observatory heel—what more could a man do?" Dr. Goldfarb was almost in tears.

"They say they want *courses* to study," said Parkhurst.

"Cusses to study?" asked the master producer, confused, "What is this *cusses?*"
—L. S.

Young communists were urged to continue "boring from within" tactics at the final session of the Wisconsin Young Communist league convention Sunday at the Republican hotel.
—MILWAUKEE JOURNAL

A nice place to begin.

ReValley



The Adventures of Dean Goodnight's Secret Police

No. 3—A Professor of Latin Is Apprehended Smuggling "His Lunch" Into the Haresfoot Show

Talent



INCE I came to the University of Wisconsin I've been trying to keep it quiet, but I can't. What I mean is I've been trying not to let anyone know that

I can play the shoehorn. Nobody seems to believe me, anyhow, but I can—I can play the shoehorn.

It came to me one night about five years ago when I was sitting in my room reading the latest copy of *Racy Detective*. There in the back was an ad telling about how everybody laughed when a fellow sat down to play the piano. It went on further and explained how easy it was to learn to play *any* instrument by mail. I was thinking how swell it would be to be able to play the trumpet and just sort of for fun I picked up the shoehorn that lay on my desk and made believe I was playing the trumpet to the surprise of my friends.

But my friends wouldn't have been half as surprised as I was because it *did* sound just like a trumpet. As soon

as I got my breath back I tried a tune and sure enough it came out just like a real trumpet.

The only trouble was that nobody would believe me. They all thought I was faking it or that I had a phonograph hidden in the room. Also one night when I got to playing pretty loud the landlady came in and threw my shoehorn out the window. I was plenty mad because I ran down in the street but I couldn't find my horn.

I got a new shoehorn; and sure enough, I could play *it* like a trumpet, too. It wasn't really the horn that played; it was me. *It was my inner musical spirit manifesting itself.*

It was only natural that I should go on Major Bowes' amateur hour so I hopped the nearest freight to New York. I didn't dare tell the major that I was going to play the shoehorn, though, so I told him I was a crooner and he said, "All right, all right" and told me to come around on Sunday. He was kind of short-handed that week, and if I hadn't come along he would have had to bribe one of the ushers to do some imitations.

When it came my turn Sunday night I told the Major that I had changed

and was going to play a shoehorn solo. He made a sour face but couldn't say anything with the microphone staring at him. I played and played till the broadcast was over.

Then the Major came over and said a lot of nasty things like "who did I think I was, trying to fool an old hand like him and where in the studio did I have a phonograph hid?" Knowing what was good for me, I got out. I really won that week and the usher got second place, but the Major awarded first to a tenor from Albany, N. Y.

THAT convinced me that I might as well forget my talent, so I came to the University of Wisconsin to study forestry. I kept my talents quiet until only a week ago and then they got the best of me again. But it was useless. Mr. Dvorak won't let me play in the band, the fellow at 770 Club told me to come back next year, and I can't even get in Haresfoot 'cause they've already got some spook who plays the accordion.

I am through playing the shoehorn. I wash my hands of it all.—H. R. K.

The Drama

(Special to the Wisconsin Octopus from Mulberry Lane, Connecticut)



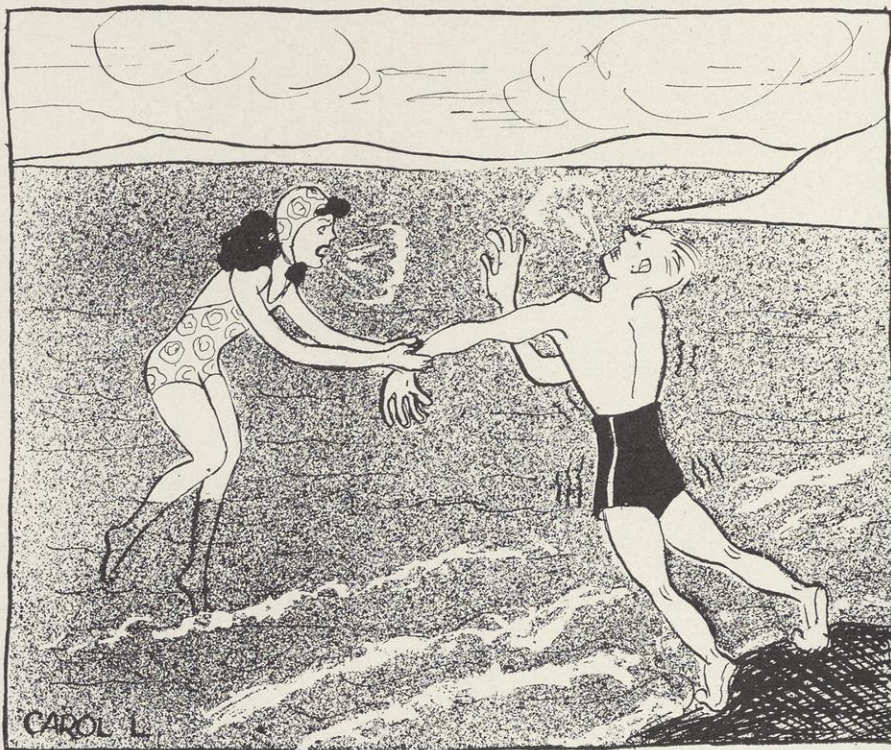
ACTORS and artists of the Mulberry Workshop-Theatre were chuckling this week over the news that your Haresfoot boys are again wallowing in a super-super—the same overstuffed business that was originally developed here at Mulberry Lane.

This New England town has been years ahead of the times in things theatrical since 1842, and is today. Since the Mulberry group introduced "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in its first form, "Down in Dixie," practically every important advance in American drama from the early problem plays, the first bulging musicals, right down to the living newspaper, has been born in our special workshop-theatre.

But while your Haresfoot group still frolics in the clothes of the corpse it helped murder, Mulberry Lane has gone ahead. Far ahead.

No doubt you have followed with interest the recent adventure of the Mercury Theatre Group. Their bit of theatrical evolution, the bare-stage presentation of "Julius Caesar," took place in Mulberry Lane six years ago; indeed, we gave the Welles group its stimulus. To understand our present status, it may be well to take a glance at our recent history.

In 1932, primarily for economic reasons, we cleared the stage of scenery. Then we abandoned the old-style costumes for street-clothes. Next, our actors were allowed to sit on the stage when they weren't acting. Our orchestras became a one-man piano accompaniment. Lights provided the only



"Come on, Frederic—it isn't cold at all!"

setting. Progressive as all get out.

But five years ago, Mulberry Lane also abandoned the use of lights for effect, as too technical and at variance with truly naturalistic drama. At first, this proved a slight handicap during evening performances, as the stage was hardly visible, but our "no-lights" policy was founded on rock-ribbed principles of art and had to stay. When our critics praised it highly, the audiences soon became quite enthusiastic.

Four years ago, we began to discard the silly practice of memorizing lines. It was decidedly artificial at best, and certainly not in line with our economic

and artistic objectives. In place of the piano, we introduced a one-man chorus, who sat in a front box and hummed improvisations.

We began to make *real* progress three years ago, when we cut the use of distinct vocabulary in our plays, in accordance with the outworn doctrine that supermen won't need *words* to make themselves articulate. The first time we played "Hamlet" without a single line intelligible to the audience, we drew 148 curtain calls—remarkable even for Mulberry Lane.

Two years ago, Mulberry Lane cut the pre-lingual grunts, groans, and

Preview

HOLLYWOOD has seven new character actors; and the little fellows have Gable, Taylor, and the rest of the smooth boys scared out of a week's growth with their competition. It's only a matter of time, then, until they are featured in a college movie—to be called, perhaps, *Snow White and the Seven Sophomores* or *Cinderella and the Suspicious Housemother*. With this inevitable picture in mind, we have done a bit of casting. . . .



mumblings altogether, along with the humming of the one-man chorus. These had already come to seem very silly. We also dispensed with pantomime. Our action was simple, direct, dignified. Players entered gracefully, exchanged ideas unaided by lung, larynx, lips or teeth, and acted the drama without making attention-chasing motions.

At last, a year ago, our Mulberry Lane actors revolted against appearing on a stage before an audience, like so many things to be stared at. They merely entered the theatre, sat down with the audience, and went about their play. In the boundless world of

ideas, position in a theatre is quite irrelevant. Since it was no longer necessary for our actors *not* to wear costumes, the lay visitor could no longer tell actor from audience. Thus, at Mulberry Lane, the theatre has reached its highest stage, being purely psychological—but intensely dramatic.

American audiences, having successfully passed through the first stages of theatrical evolution, should be prepared for further unravelling of the Mulberry Lane discoveries.

Well, give our love to reactionary Haresfoot, and bid the group return the super-super to its coffin, so we may all go forward hand in hand. —L. S.

The Boy with Nothing in Mind



OW, remember, George, I only met you this afternoon at the matinee dance." Alice slipped her little finger slowly out of his hand.

George was hardly a Bluebeard; it had taken him all evening to get up courage to grasp her little finger. And he had done it so shyly, yet still gracefully. It was just natural that he should have held her hand, he thought, and my, my, how his heart did leap when he first touched her hand.

Her rebuke left him heartsick; he wasn't, after all, asking for the world. George was blushing—it was the first time he had ever tried to hold a girl's hand.

"I'm sorry, Alice; forgive me. I guess I'm just a rude . . . a rude gigolo. Really, Alice, really, I had nothing, well, nothing in *mind*." Feeling like a

recreant, George turned aside and tried to quench his rising tide of redness.

"Do you hold hands with *every* girl you meet?" asked Alice with a faint smile.

"Golly, *no*," asserted George as he looked around and found that Alice no longer appeared angry with him, but was fondly glancing at him.

"I didn't think that you were that kind of a boy." Alice crossed her legs. She was a toots, all right, thought George. How in the world did *he* of all persons ever discover *her* at a mat dance? Her demure smiles convinced him that he was forgiven for his early advances.

"You have such broad shoulders, Georgie. Did you ever play quarter-back?" George nodded inconclusively; he just couldn't say no to such a lovely lass.

"Oh, Georgie, you look so handsome when you answer me that way. I could

just pinch your little nose." Alice tweaked his nose, mussed his hair and stuck her fingers into each side of his chubby cheeks. Georgie ran his hand through his hair, shuffled his feet and laughed a little.

"Aw, shucks," he snorted.

"Now look what I've gone and done, Georgie. I've made your tie crooked. Let me straighten it." Alice pulled him over to her side and after patting his cheek, proceeded to leisurely straighten the tie. Georgie looked down at her pretty brown hair, breathed deeply and said, "Fixed yet?"

"Yes, you great big darling, it's all pretty again." She pinched his chin and pointed her finger playfully at his nose. "George, how much do you think I weigh?"

"Hmmm . . . gee, I don't know."

"Pick me up and then guess."

"What?"

"I said pick me up and then guess."

GEORGIE very carefully put his arms around her and lifted her about an inch off the floor and put her down within a tenth of a second. "About a hundred and fourteen."

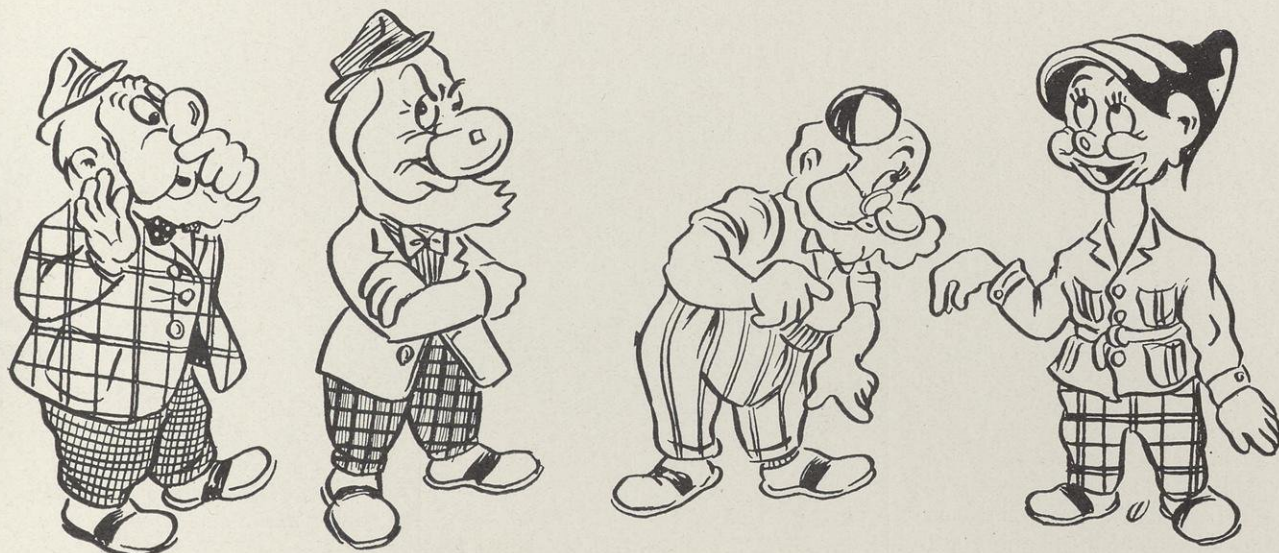
"Georgie, you darling!" Alice threw her arms about him and kissed both his cheeks. "You guessed it exactly. You're wonderful."

"Do you like me?" asked Georgie, pleased with his success.

"*Like* you? Oh, Georgie, I think you're marvelous."

She smiled so coyly that George reached down and gently placed her warm little hand within his.

"Now, remember, George, I only met you this afternoon at the matinee dance." Alice slipped her hand out of his. —M. L. G.



We Lay an Egg



IN THE first day that lumpy Kirby Kitson puffed into the Haresfoot office, most of the boys were sleeping on the sofa. "I'm too good for you guys," Kirby stated firmly, "but I'm going to be publicity director here."

The boys looked at one another solemnly and only Horace Sanders dared laugh the Haresfoot jackass laugh that was the thing to do that year. Kirby threw a telephone at him.

"Well," parried President Bundle, "you can be assistant publicity director." Kirby pegged a telephone at him, too. Three boys jumped up from the sofa, and Kirby grabbed three more telephones.

That was only the beginning, as President Bundle would have put it. For as the Troubleshooters—Ted, Al, Joe, Doc, Grumpy, Sneazy, Dopey, and Bashful—soon observed, "It was enervating just to watch Kirby Kitson work."

Five days a week Kirby sent out four-page news dispatches to every newspaper in Wisconsin about the new show, "Scratch My Back"; seven five-page stories went each week to cities where the show would play; only three dispatches a week reached the Eastern, Southern and Pacific Coast dailies.

That year almost everyone in the nation knew, for instance, that Stanley Mint, who danced in the hula-hula with a baby giant panda, had lost all his teeth at the age of seven through being kicked in the mouth by John L. Lewis. Mr. Lewis, of course, said that was ridiculous, but 98 per cent of the country's newspapers ran the story, and the C.I.O. publicity men ended up by sending Stanley a set of false baby teeth with gold inlays.

As opening time approached, Kirby turned on more and more pressure. Senator La Follette, holding a ballot in either hand, was photographed kissing two Haresfoot babies on the forehead. The Chicago Tribune ran a series of eight articles called, "Haresfoot Roots Reds From Wisconsin." Gypsy Rose Lee, then on a national tour, was filmed with the Haresfoot boys for Hearst's Movietone in a feature called, "Two Tots Slain in Sex Murder."

In March, Kirby had the boys go on a sit-down strike on President Dykstra's desk, for looser bloomers. They also rolled cannon-balls down the corridors of Bascom Hall, smashing most

of the plaster from the walls in honor of Bastille Day. Kirby wasn't sure when Bastille Day came, but it made a good story.

By April, the Haresfoot boys were going about school with long red beards, carrying satchels labeled, "Bomb," that went tic-toc, tic-toc. Everyone thought this was clever, until April 25 when the office of Mr. Hyde in South Hall was blown up. When interviewed by reporters, Kirby simply smiled wisely, saying, "Oh, let the reactionaries press suit, if they think we did it."

The next day the boys were dressed as strike-breakers with long billies and tear-gas. In the morning two C.I.O. organizers and Pres. William Green, of the A.F. of L., were found tied up in the dome of the State Capitol.

ON APRIL 29, the entire Haresfoot company charged up State Street, atop a herd of elephants, screaming, "Glenn Frank for Justice of the Peace."

Outburst

Set me free,
My springtime muse,
From books of death
And wartime blues.
Set me out
On the happy path
Of Keats and Chaucer's
Wife of Bath.
Relate the glories
Of former days,
Of Launcelot and
Mandalay.
Don't omit,
Good muse, above,
The stories of
All courtly love.
It's love, indeed
But love alone
Which can enrich
The lowly drone.
So bring me love,
And Keats and
Shelley.
Bring me wine
To fill my . . .
Er . . . spirits.
Bring me ale
And fetch the lasses;
Fill the cups
And down the glasses.
Stir up the shouts
And happy cheer
Immersed in life
And good bock beer.
Exams may come,
Exams may go
Springtime comes
But once a year.

—M. L. G.

On the night of May 2, the last one before opening, there was rioting in the streets, incited by Haresfoot lackeys. By special arrangements with the water works, Kirby had the fire-plugs



turned open, gushing cheap root-beer.

Curtain time was at eight in the evening of the next day. At noon half of Madison's policemen were guarding the theatre's entrance. Kirby was seated on a golden throne above the marquee. At three o'clock two little boys stole into the theatre by the fire-escape, carrying two baskets of tomatoes. Kirby smiled wisely at them.

At five o'clock two professors bearing artichokes entered the theatre. At 7:45 six cash-customers and nine comp-holders arrived. And by curtain time there were twenty-one people in the audience. When the final curtain went down on "Scratch My Back," there were seven people in the audience,—the two boys, the two professors, and four comp-holders who were playing contract bridge in the front box left.

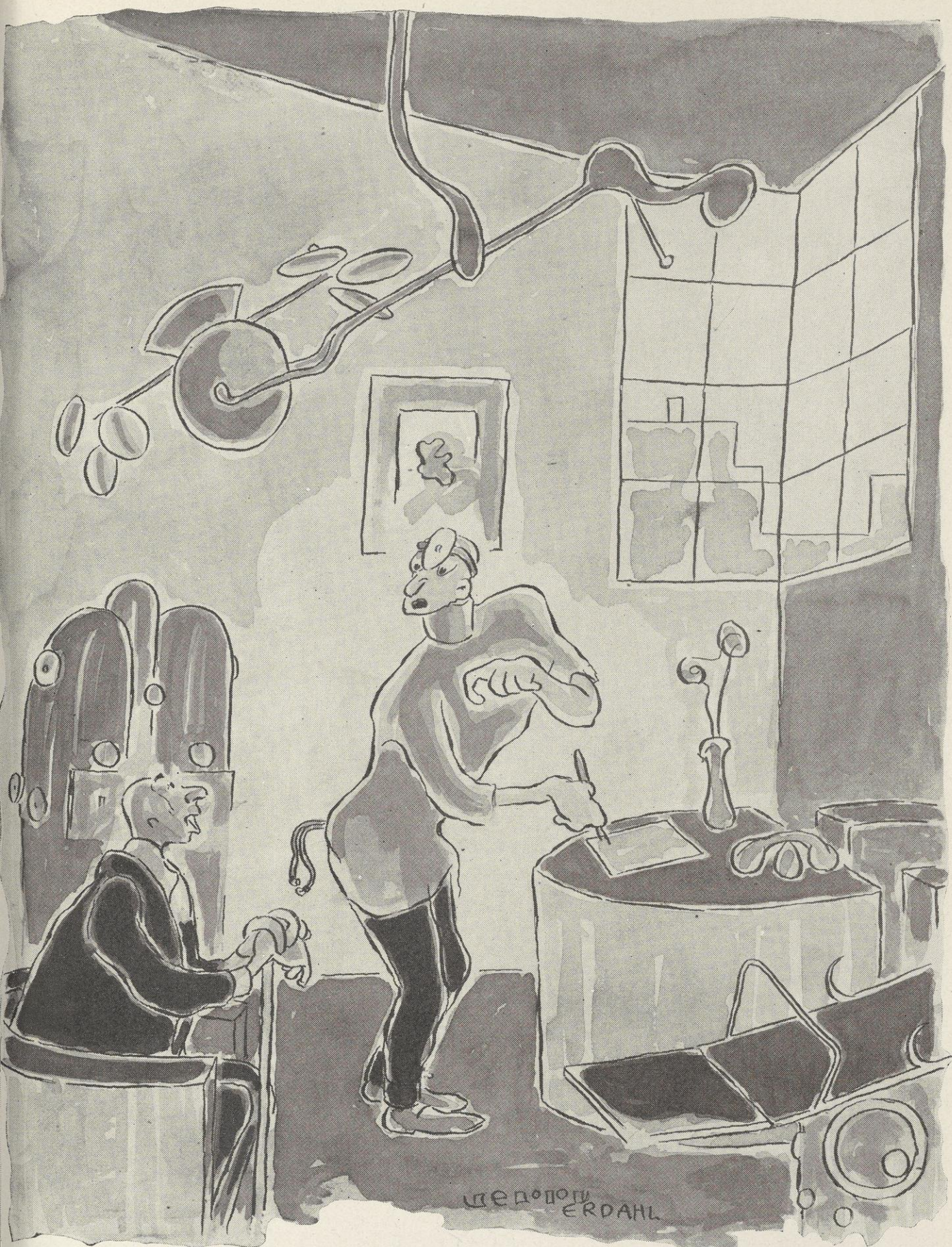
Backstage, Kirby Kitson, chest out, head high, was strutting like a drum major. "Ho, ho," he chuckled, "see what a good publicity man will do! I'm too good for Haresfoot." —L. S.

Aye, Swing It!

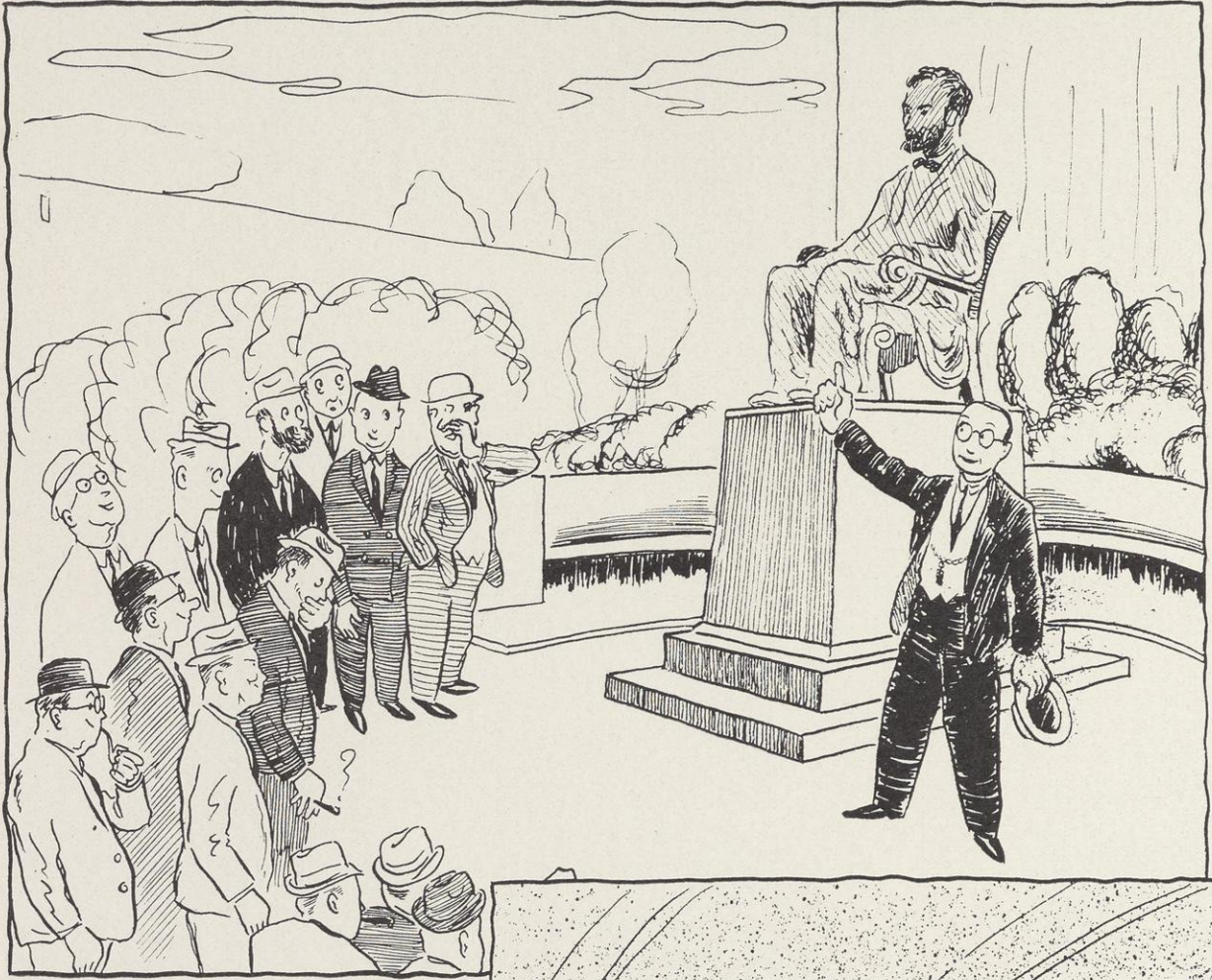
HAPPY over the stomp successes of "Loch Lomond" and "The Campbells Are Coming," we herewith do our bit to keep Scotch swing alive by offering our version of an old American favorite.

Aye, we dinna hae bananas,
We dinna hae bananas today.
We hae tunkies an' spunkies
An' coggies an' woggies
An' all mixtie-maxtie mae.
We hae guid, glazie kerries,
An' all donsie berries,
But, aye, we dinna hae bananas,
We dinna hae bananas today.

—L. S.



"Grind the bones of a salamander and of a female toad, mix them with well-water drawn by moonlight and with oil of cloves; boil the mixture over a sulphur flame, add a dash of diamond dust, and take three times a day."



Spree

LATE April brings all the Deans of Men in the land to Madison for a convention and—well, you know how conventions are. Above, the sight-seeing tour of the campus includes, of course, a stop at Lincoln's statue for an explanation of the historical significance of the monument. Right, Madison's night life (zowie!) gets its due inspection in an evening of wassail and revel. Note the refreshments on the table. Below, Dean P. Q. Culpepper of Oklahoma Wesleyan and Polytechnic Institute is doing a first-hand Investigation of Things on his own hook.



Encounter by the Shore

HELLO."
"Er . . . hello."
"Don't you think it's strange for a young girl like you to be meandering about the Lake Road alone?"

"Me? Oh, no. I often stroll out this way. I so love to watch the waves lash upon the rocks and the branches sway in the gentle breezes and the birds . . . but what am I telling you all this for? I don't even know you." With a quick step she started to walk away.

"But what are you doing here tonight," he said, catching up with her. "There is no breeze to sway the branches, no waves to lash upon the rocks; and there are no birds out."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that; it's a lovely evening and there are lots of stars out."

"I'm Raymond Holt, what's your name?"

"Marian."

"Marian what?"

"Marian—what do you care?"

"Oh, just curious." Raymond looked at her face in the moonlight; 'twas Venus slipped from marble. She was about

eighteen, blond, wore a pastel pink angora sweater, a string of pearls, and saddle shoes. Raymond gasped, "Who gives a damn about her last name?"

"What are you gasping about?" she asked.

"Would you mind if I walked along with you? I'm going your way." Raymond could tell by her cordial smile that she assented.

For about two hours Marian and Raymond walked along, exchanging pleasantries, looking at the slice of moon left in the sky, and giggling as they passed lovers in embrace. Marian, indeed, seemed very light-hearted and gay. She had a pensive remark for each loving couple. "Were you ever in love, Raymond?" she queried.

"No, I've lived at the dormitories all

my life and never got to know any girls."

"Same way with me; you're the first boy I've really had a long walk with." She looked at Raymond, giggled, and looked out into the lake.

"Would you mind very much," gulped Raymond, "if I held your hand?"

"Oh, it's not heavy; I can hold it myself."

"Aw."

MARIAN quietly put her arm in his and looked up at him. Raymond had a big smile on his face. "You know," she said, "I like you."

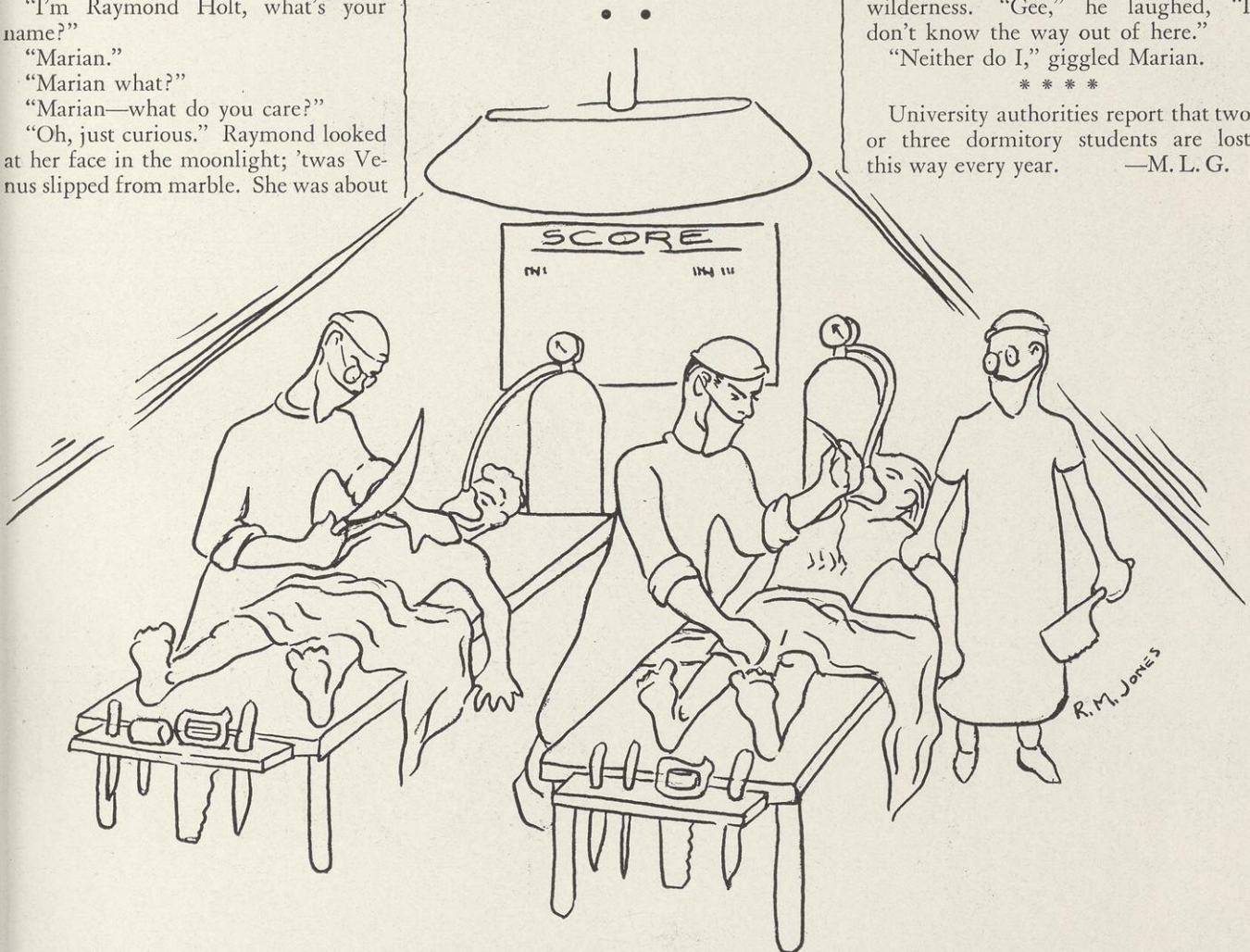
"I think you're awfully nice, too."

"But it's getting rather late; do you know where we are?"

They looked about and saw nothing but trees all about them. Nothing but trees, trees, trees, and them alone in the wilderness. "Gee," he laughed, "I don't know the way out of here."

"Neither do I," giggled Marian.

University authorities report that two or three dormitory students are lost this way every year. —M. L. G.



Somehow the presence of another person striving to outdo you will give you the added unit of motivation which will be lacking if you are competing against some unhuman standard, such as a watch.*—*Psychology and Life*, Floyd L. Ruch, text for Psychology 1, 9 TT, Husband.

*However, a certain amount of efficiency and quality of work is sacrificed.

Local Humor Sheet Wins First Prize in National Contest amid Cheers and Huzzas from All Quarters Including Those Quite Near at Hand



Above: Octopus staff expressing great delight at finding out what they thought of themselves.



DO N'T ask us how it all happened—we're still too giddy to understand the wonderful whirlwind of events in the past few days. All we know is that the Wisconsin Octopus is the proud possessor of a shiny silver cup and a large certificate; and as far as any

of us can figure out, it means that the Octopus is the best bloody little college humor magazine in the land.

The quiet routine of our palatial offices was broken a couple of weeks ago by the announcement that there was going to be a contest of some sort; but we each dismissed the matter with a shrug and returned to our little tasks. Probably if someone came in and told us that we were going to be the winners, hands down, we would have laughed him out of the palatial offices in double quick time.

Imagine our surprise, then, when we actually *did* win first place against some pretty stiff competition. We could hardly believe it was true and spent an uncomfortable half-hour pinching each other to see if we were only dreaming. Or some pranksters may have been hoaxing us, trifling with our emotions. But no. Pinch as we might, the gleaming trophy and handsome certificate stayed in plain sight.

Probably it was just Fate that several of our own boys happened to be judges; but it is hard to believe that they would let their judgment be swayed by any personal ties.

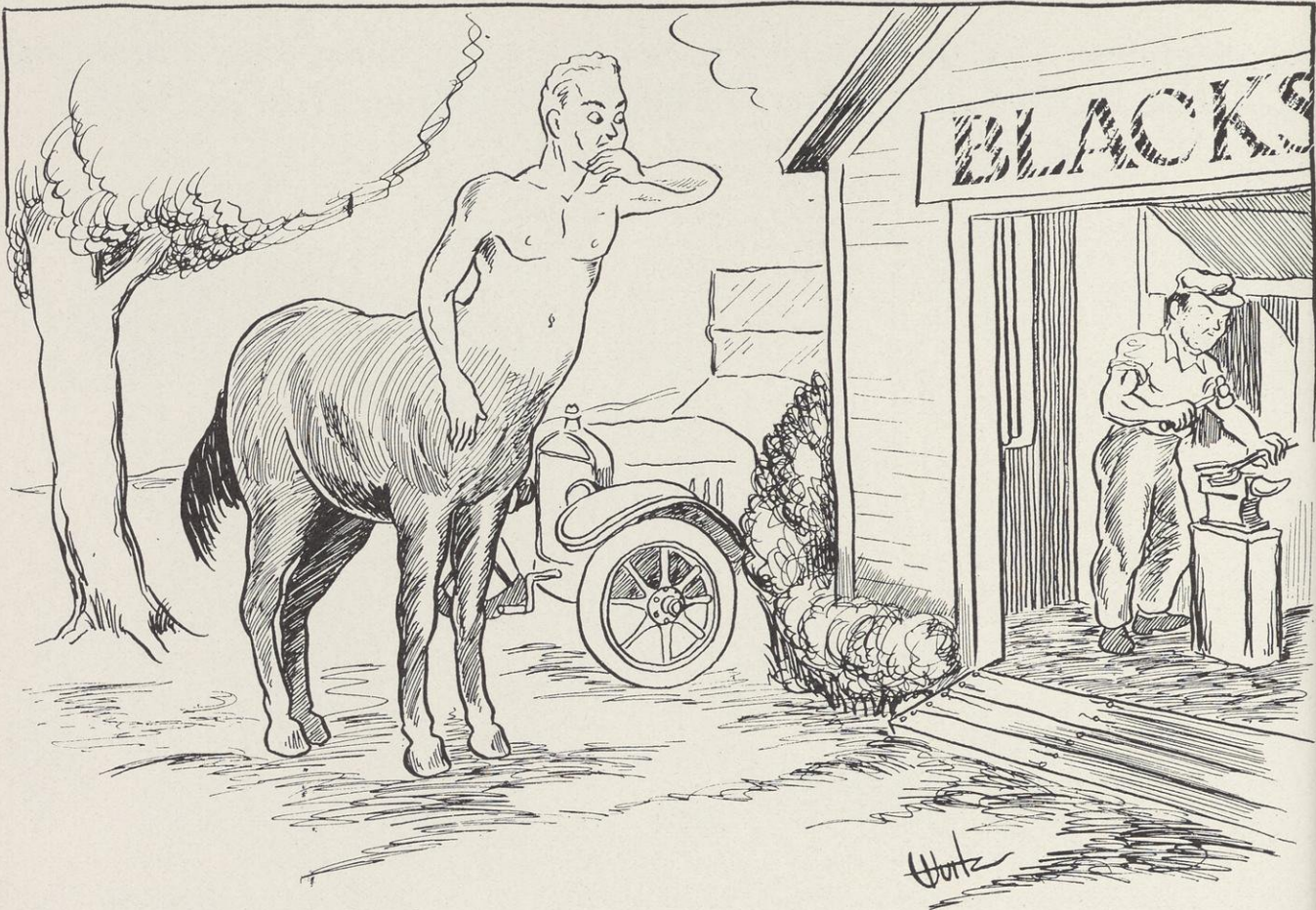
The complete listing by the judges of the various magazines is as follows:

1st place	Wisconsin Octopus
2nd place	California Pelican, Yale Record
3rd place	Stanford Chaparral
4th place	Harvard Lampoon (before Jan. 1)
5th place	Penn State Froth
6th place	Princeton Tiger
23rd place	Arizona Kitty Kat, Texas Ranger
27th place	Michigan Gargoyle, Minnesota Ski-U-Mah, Washington Columns*
28th place	Harvard Lampoon (after Jan. 1)
35th place	Dartmouth Jackolantern**
70th place	Pennsylvania Punch Bowl
71st place	Columbia Jester

*Special mention to this group as the most consistently dull.

**Special mention as the worst example of how a once-excellent magazine can degenerate.

The judges, chosen for their known impartiality and fairness, are Robert Nash, Oshkosh, Wis.; H. R. Klueter, Sacramento, Calif.; T. S. Hyland, Madison, Wis.; R. Morton Jones, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Myron Gordon, Milwaukee, Wis.; Leonard Silk, Atlantic City, N. J.; Homer Haswell, Nashville, Tenn.; Roger Wurtz, Oak Park, Ill.; Morton Newman, New York City; and Ray Vallier, Wauwatosa, Wis.



Which one
got the
Phi Bete
key?

Our Case Records



SYCHOLOGISTS cringe when the Black Sheep Case is mentioned. They avoid it. For the Black Sheep Case is the sore spot in the history of psychology. Worse than Freud, even.

Twenty-two years ago, an eminent psychologist, T, performed an experiment to discover how an animal would react to a human environment. T selected for this experiment a chimpanzee. Here is the case as it stands on the records:

Jacko, a chimpanzee, was taken from a zoo at the age of eight months and was adopted into T's family. Gerald, eight months, was taken from an orphanage and was also adopted into T's family. T treated them both as if they were his own sons. Gerald somehow appreciated that, but Jacko didn't. A blush of shame often suffused his face when he was referred to as "Jacko T."

Both boys became fast friends. At the age of 40 weeks, both could pull the plug from the bathtub. T was pleased, for this proved that both Jacko

and Gerald were normal for their age.

At the age of four, both Jacko and Gerald had typhoid.

Gerald and Jacko started school at the age of six. After a week Jacko could recite the alphabet. Gerald could pull the plug from the bathtub. He could also count to two. T was a bit disappointed.

At the age of 10, Jacko could speak five languages fluently. Gerald could point at the plug in the bathtub and say, "Pwitty pwug!" He could also pull out the plug.

At 11, both took intelligence tests. Gerald flunked. Jacko's I.Q. was 190, the highest rating ever obtained by an ape.

At 13, Jacko graduated from high school with top honors. He pledged a Fraternity at T's request. The Fraternity was happy. The boys wholeheartedly accepted Jacko as one of them.

At 13, Gerald was still pulling plugs. It showed that Gerald had an active, healthy interest in life. At 16, Jacko knew all the ancient classics by heart and had Einstein's theory of relativity down pat. The Fraternity was very proud.

WELL, such is the case of Gerald and Jacko, called the Black Sheep Case for obvious reasons. Psychologists all over the world were sore as all hell when T published his results. T was dishonorably discharged from the ranks of psychology.

Today, this case is only mentioned in furtive whispers. To mention it is considered sacrilege. It is the black spot in an otherwise blameless record.

And Gerald and Jacko. Jacko is the youngest president in the history of the Amalgamated Steel Works. Gerald is a WPA ditchdigger. He and T work side by side. Gerald can still pull the plug from the bathtub. —R. P.

Fancy That—Spring!

*The year's at the Spring
The day's at the eve
The hill side's dew-pearled.
But Pearl is a girl
In our social whirl
Who strolls on the Lake Road
With Willis and Gerald.
God's in His heaven,
And while all's well
Up there . . .
Down here on the Lake Road—
Well, Pearl is a girl.*

New Books

The Badger, 1938 edition; 4vo., Madison, Wis.; Odds, Bodkins & Co.; 322pp.; \$4.00.

This interesting survey of the 1938 school year on the campus of the University of Wisconsin made its appearance this week. Prepared by several of the undergraduates of the University, it is a rather successful effort to make a decidedly nondescript year seem somewhat interesting.

On page one appears a colored engraving of the editor. Page 2 shows a typical University house; its name, chance would have it, is Sigma Nu. The next page portrays a group of fraternity boys in a posed picture; the caption explains that they are members of Sigma Nu. A character study is found on the following page; it is a portrait of an alumnus of Sigma Nu whose wife came in third in the Toronto Baby Derby.

The second section of the book is devoted to the administrators of the University. Charming ditties were forthcoming from the governor of the state, president of the University, the Dean of Men, and the Janitor of North Hall. All of them were written by the

Assistant Dean of Men, who flunked freshman English.

Section three contains sundry insipid poses of the faculty in action. With the exceptions of the old standbys—Kieckhofer, Otto, and Mathews—the faculty members were chosen entirely from the Economics department, for that is the editor's major.

Skipping over, as rapidly as possible, the senior pictures, athletics, and organizations, we come to the section on campus life. After a keen analysis of campus politics, it is concluded that Union Board and Sigma Nu are the best li'l fraterinaries on the campus.

There are several delightful candid camera shots. Especially good is the one taken through a key hole on the third floor of the Kappa house. The pictures of the prom and military ball regalia will conceivably be of interest to historians who endeavor to picture our age of vice and corruption.

All in all, you've got to see the book before passing judgment on it. We got our copy free and it was worth every cent of it.

—M.L.G.

She—But remember my modesty!

He—Oh yeah—remember?

—Record.

•
Nope,
you are
quite
wrong
•



In the Editor's Brown Study or, Mr. Hyland's Sunday Morning Service



HE crocodile was now sniffing audibly; but the editor pecked harder at his machine, drowning the sniffles in the fury of creation.

Susie Winter-

botham, petite Pi Phi hussy, was no end flustered when a strap on her brassiere broke in the midst of Prof. Aurner's Econ 133 class yesterday; but Bud Whehauser, Psi U politician and heart-throb, quickly came to her rescue with his Greek badge . . . Ed Greenstein, smooth Pi Lam biggie, is baby-kissing of late—he's running for Interfrat Board y'know . . . What prominent Kappa whose initials are C. E. was found out cold in the back-booth at Fred's and was ambulated out to the infirmary for a stomach-pump quickie? . . . Joe Blotz out at Botkin House and Clarabelle Peebles have—

"Well, for crying in the beer!" exclaimed the crocodile, peeping over the editor's shoulder. "What has come over you anyhow?"

"I have kept my true literary yearning in check for nine long months, and now I'm going to break down and give our readers what some folk say they want. I sort of like it myself."

The crocodile looked incredulous. "You aren't serious," he said. "You said once that you wouldn't ever do anything like that. Would *Punch* print such stuff? Would the *New Yorker*? Where are your little tin gods?" He picked up a frayed copy of *Punch* for July 3, 1927, and waved it in the editor's face.

"But the average student . . ." began the editor wearily.

The crocodile brushed away some old copies of *Punch* on the floor and sank into a chair. "To think," he sighed, "that I should live to see this day! Pinch me, will you?"

"Gladly," said the editor. "Now keep still."

The pecking resumed. *Bess Gillyfoil, Theta pledge, disguised herself and went to the for-men-only Sex Lecture last Friday. Says she learned plenty . . . Oh oh . . .*

The crocodile burst into loud sobs, and his handkerchief could scarcely mop up the sudden flood of tears.

"Please," he wailed, "please don't do it! Not now anyway. Please. You've been so firm always, and

now . . ." Sobs overcame him.

"I never knew you felt so strongly on the subject," said the editor. "I thought you liked this chit-chat on the small-fry. And dog-and-hydrant cartoons. And pointless pictures of nekid wimmen. And—"

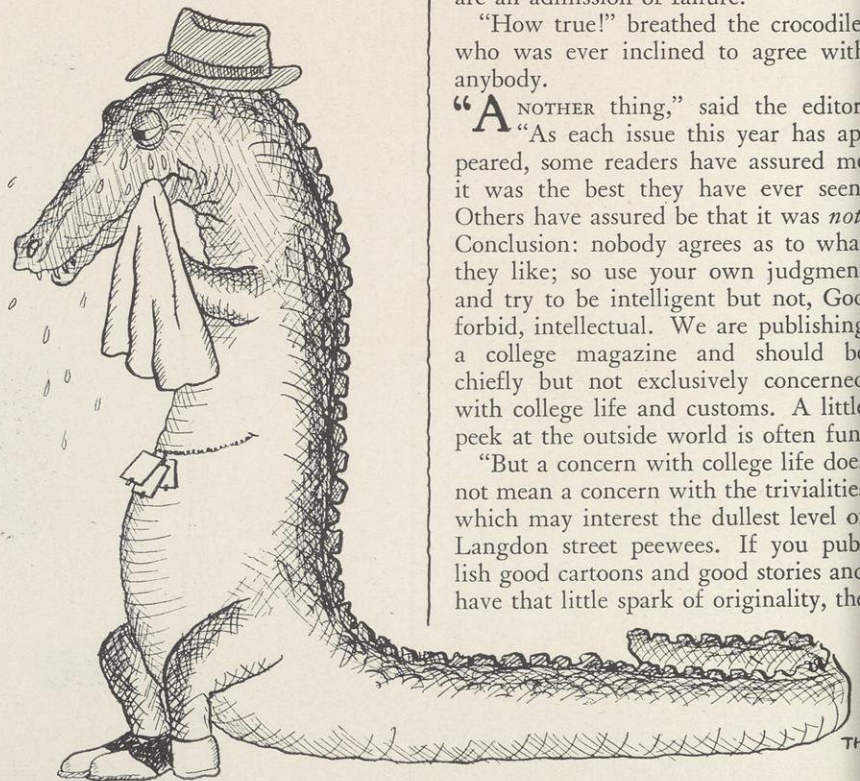
"Ah! There! Now!" cried the crocodile, his watery eyes sparkling. "Now you are the editor I knew of yore. The white knight of art and culture. Say it all again, will you? Please?"

"You mean my regular Song-and-Dance about college humor?" said the editor. "No. You've heard it a thousand times."

The crocodile clouded over again and the tears filled his eyes and ran down his lengthy nose. "Just once again," he said in a small voice. "You won't be with us much longer, you know . . ."

The editor never needed urging. He took his favorite soapbox from the lower drawer of his desk, cleared his throat, and mounted.

WITH a handful of exceptions the college funny magazines are dreary, shabby, and unworthy of the attention of any self-respecting reader or humorist. Not a spark of imagination or creative energy goes into them.



Why they continue to exist I do not know, and there are dozens of them. How'm I doing?"

"Good, good," said the crocodile eagerly. "Go on. Tell about the etchings."

"Come-up-and-see-my-etchings, an eternal rehashing of the monotonous leerings of *Esquire*, is as high as the imaginations behind these magazines can rise when, indeed, they *do* rise out of the strata of back-house, dog-and-hydrant, and constipation humor. Cartoons about convicts, drunks, burglars in the old maids' home, trailers, and storks are seldom missing. But I exaggerate—"

"No, no!" cried the crocodile. "'Tis God's own truth."

"Silence! I *do* exaggerate. Many magazines are not always in quite such bad taste. They are merely sodden and insipid. They consist of (a) candid camera pictures which are unfunny, boring, and pointless, (b) feature articles on our coach & our team, a student who went to Alaska, and two students who got married on \$13.47 a week, (c) pages and pages of nifty gossip, (d) short story contests, and (e) fashion flashes.

"There is a reason for this. It takes a spark, if not a glow, to be funny and it is infinitely easier to fill your pages with such uncreative tripe than to be even mildly funny. A short story contest and an article on Our Coach are an admission of failure."

"How true!" breathed the crocodile, who was ever inclined to agree with anybody.

ANOTHER thing," said the editor. "As each issue this year has appeared, some readers have assured me it was the best they have ever seen. Others have assured me that it was *not*. Conclusion: nobody agrees as to what they like; so use your own judgment and try to be intelligent but not, God forbid, intellectual. We are publishing a college magazine and should be chiefly but not exclusively concerned with college life and customs. A little peek at the outside world is often fun."

"But a concern with college life does not mean a concern with the trivialities which may interest the dullest level of Langdon street peewees. If you publish good cartoons and good stories and have that little spark of originality, the

Look this way
for **MORE**
PLEASURE



*Three things that add up
to more smoking pleasure...*

Chesterfield's refreshing mildness...
good taste... and appetizing aroma

They Satisfy
..millions

OLD KING COLE WAS A SOUR OLD SOUL!

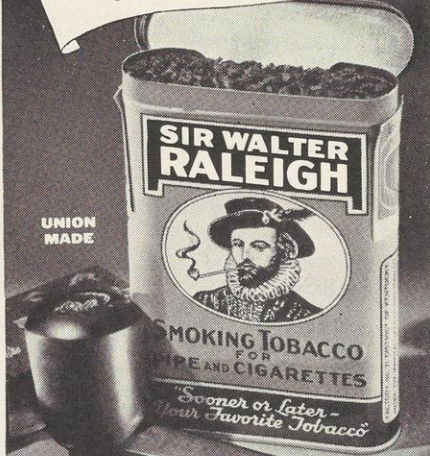


HIS STINKO PIPE MIXTURE knocked out everyone but the court jester, who pleaded: "Just clean that pipe of yours and switch to the Brand of Grand Aroma."



"IT DOES SMELL GOOD!" the king agreed, after he puffed those mild, ripe burleys in Sir Walter. "Give this man half my kingdom, and get me another 2-ounce tin!"

**SWITCH TO THE BRAND
OF GRAND AROMA**



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wednesday, 8:30 P. M., E. S. T., NBC Red Network.

ordinary student will appreciate your magazine. A pox on both the intellectuals and the small-minds.

"The old tradition of a humor magazine as found in the *Life* of fifteen years ago, in *Punch*, in—"

"I fear you are going off the deep end," said the crocodile. "Take it easy."

The editor sat down. "Well," he said wistfully, "you asked for it."

"I know, I know . . ." said the crocodile. His eyes were brimming again, and soon a big tear rolled down his nose and splashed on the floor. "And now you are leaving us. So sad, so sad," he said amid rising sobs.

"I am going, yes," said the editor looking about his palatial offices for the last time. "I am going away to enter a convent. The office is all yours and you are welcome." He looked at the crocodile who was now crying uncontrollably.

"Good b-b-bye," blubbered the animal poking at its eyes with the wringing handkerchief. "We shall miss you . . . But here, you forgot something."

The editor stopped at the door as the crocodile gathered an armful of old copies of *Punch* and tossed them out into the hallway.

Platter Patter

A Night at the Waldorf

Victor has just released a very clever new album of four records based on what you might hear if you spent an evening dancing at the Waldorf in New York. Leo Reisman and Xavier Cugat are featured. Cugat, of course, offers tangos and rhumbas, but the best record of the four is a different recording of *St. Louis Blues* by Leo Reisman. Polished, dignified, beautiful . . . we recommend it.

Martha

Connie Boswell backed by Bob Crosby's Bob Cats takes a number from Friedrich von Flotow's opera and really makes it into something. We never thought anyone could swing *Home on the Range*, but Connie does on the other side and makes it sound first rate. If there is any such thing as a must record, this is it. DECCA.

Please Be Kind

Maxine Sullivan tries her hand at a slow number with considerable success. Her voice reaches down into you and has considerable warmth. The same goes for *Moments Like This*, its mate. VICTOR.

The Donkey Serenade

Ted Fio Rito plays a straight arrangement of this catchy song from "The Firefly" with very clever vocal work. We don't know what *Cielito Lindo* on the other side is all about, but it *sounds* good, so we ain't kickin'. DECCA

I Love to Whistle

Our friend Fats Waller doesn't miss any chances for side comments in this record and is going great guns till he breaks his whistle and has to stop. The

other side could have been left blank, but we find *Florida Flo* instead. We vote for the blank. VICTOR

Comin' Thru the Rye

Tommy Dorsey adds another to his list of Scotch ballads. Edythe Wright handles the vocal and the band is really in the groove. The other side is *I Never Knew*, an old one, but well done. VICTOR

The Old Apple Tree

Glen Gray has a swing tune here which is worthy of his best efforts and he puts them forth with the aid of Pee Wee Hunt. It's in the vein of "They Cut Down the Old Pine Tree" no little. *You'd Better Change Your Tune* is on the other side and we think in this case Glen had better. DECCA.

Sophisticated Swing

Here is a number which if handled right can really be first rate, but Bunny Berrigan chooses to swing it and the result is corn. *Down Stream* is another slow number which Bunny murders. VICTOR

Don't Be That Way

This is one of the smoothest recordings that Benny Goodman has turned out in a long time with all parts fitting together and a real swing. *One O'clock*



Jump is another clever instrumental number and Benny gives it everything. VICTOR

Thanks for the Memory

Benny Goodman's whole band comes to the front here, but it is Martha Tilton's shining vocal that really puts this tune over (the gal is plenty good). All we have to say about *It's Wonderful* is that it's a lie. VICTOR.

Avalon

We hereby offer proof that Jan Garber is still in the business, for this is the same stuff he always plays and probably always will. *Stardust* on the back side has some good sax choruses, but as for the sum total—ho hum. BRUNSWICK.

The Big Dipper

Tommy Dorsey plays a number here that really gives him a chance to show how good he is. *Smoke From a Chimney* on the back side is just so-so but it'll get by. VICTOR.

Dusk in the Desert

Duke Ellington plays one of his new compositions which features assorted saxophone wails and finally some trumpet swing. *Chatter-Box* is just like you'd expect it to be—jam with everybody taking their turns at shining. BRUNSWICK.

You Couldn't Be Cuter

Tommy Dorsey plays a sparkling arrangement with Edythe Wright in a sprightly vocal that ought to pep anybody up. *Just Let Me Look at You* is good stuff. VICTOR.

Did an Angel Kiss You

In spite of a doubtful start and a rather shaky vocal, this recording of Russ Morgan's is smooth enough to get by any place. *Smoke From a Chimney* has some good piano, but there isn't too much for Russ to work on. BRUNSWICK.

Beale Street Blues

Maybe we expected too much, but it seems that Tommy Dorsey doesn't do as well as he should with this. *Stop, Look and Listen* is a slow number with lots of rhythm, but we're still disappointed. VICTOR.

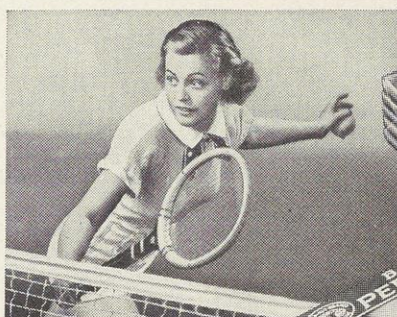
Hearts Without Flowers

Larry Wagner sounds a lot like Raymond Scott at times, especially when his drummer gets going. This number isn't startling but it is a little different. *Sneakin' a Sleep*, one of Larry's own compositions, is on the other side. VICTOR.

—H. R. K.



Opening day - and every day - BEECH-NUT GUM is the password to pleasure



WHENEVER YOU PLAY

... gum helps keep you "on your game" ... it helps steady your nerves ... keeps mouth and throat moist.

BEECHIES are the candy-coated individual pieces of gum ... in three flavors...Peppermint, Pepsin or Spearmint ... select the kind you like best.



ALWAYS REFRESHING

Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it's the most popular flavor of gum in America.

Beech-Nut Spearmint has a richness you're sure to enjoy.



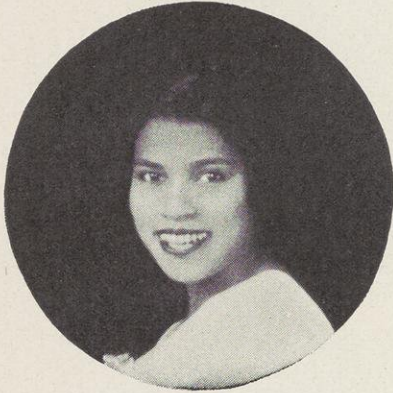
"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"

The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralene is specially made for this purpose. It's firmer, "chewier" ... helps keep teeth clean and fresh-looking.

Always worth stopping for.

Marion Anderson

ONE LONE colored girl is going to sing here on May 3, and the crowd that will hear her is going to be worthy of a seventy-piece orchestra—and not without reason, for as the San Francisco Chronicle said “. . . That glorious contralto seems compounded of viola, alto, clarinet, French horn, and every fine middle-range timbre that strings, reeds, and brasses can give.”



She's not at all the one-man-band implied in the above quotation; she is the famed Marion Anderson, whose voice has excited critics the world around in to fits of metaphor. Her voice, they say, has “a sheen of velvet,” “the lustrous quality of pearls;” “it flows

as freely and as painlessly as water from a faucet,” “it sculpts and models the musical phrases of Wolf, Schumann, and Schubert”; it has “a wormwood glint,” “shading from deep bronze to pale amber.”

Perhaps all that suggests something about this celebrated singer whose voice has moved hearts and souls from Lenin-grad to the White House, which is a farther jump than many would have us believe. Everywhere she has gone she has left behind her a flurry of mimeographed publicity sheets containing a wealth of fascinating details: How she appeared in concert with a broken foot, How fame has not cooled her simple human warmth, Marion Anderson in the White House, Impressions of Soviet Russia, et cetera ad infinitum. Most of this is, of course, irrelevant.

Pertinent facts are these. There aren't so very many tickets left for her concert in what the management subtly terms the “University Pavilion”; but if with reasonable haste you go to the Union desk, there are still a few excellent seats for students at seventy-five cents.

“Mother,” said little Jane, “can I go out to play?”

“You may play with little girls, but not the boys, they're too rough.”

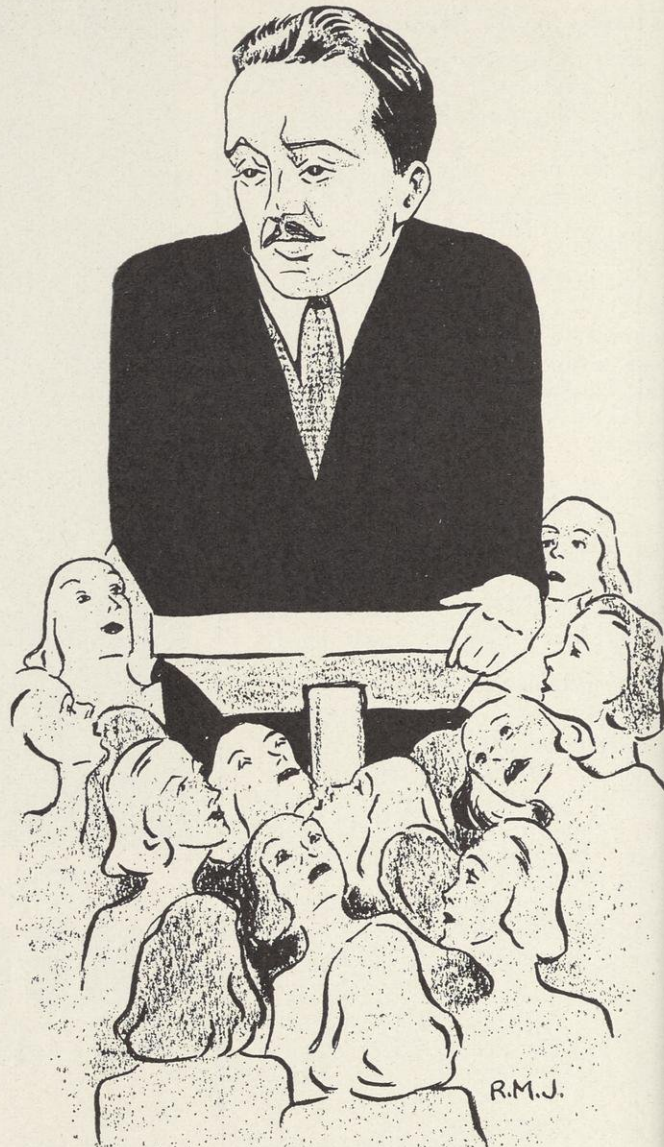
“But, mother, if I can find a nice, smooth little boy, can I play with him.”

—Record



For
Perfectly
Pasteurized
**Dairy
Products**

phone
Badger
7100



Our Professor-of-the-Month Club

The co-eds who came out alive
From poli-sci one-twenty-five
Forgot their politics of the
world,
Recalled how teacher's hair
was curled,
And how those lashes framed

his eyes
And how he put a zip in ties.
It wasn't that they wouldn't
work,
But oh! that GORGEOUS
Grayson Kirk!

—H. H.

FREE! Win a Box of Life Savers!

Win a box of Life Savers for the best wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the Wisconsin campus this month? Submit your wisecrack to the editors of Octy. The winner, who will receive an attractive assortment of Life Savers, will be announced next month along with the winning jest.

THIS MONTH'S WINNER is Susan J. Satterlee, 2115 Jefferson Street, Madison. Miss Satterlee's howler follows, viz.—

“I want something nice in oil for a dining room.”
“Yes, madam, a landscape or a can of sardines?”
Congratulations, Miss Satterlee.



*...is the Watchword in our plant.
Get your printing from us and
profit by our superior SERVICE
and QUALITY at a fair price.*

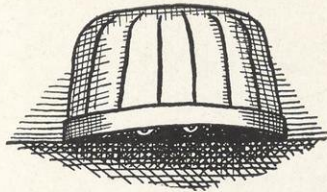


ON THE CAMPUS

Cardinal Publishing Company

740 LANGDON STREET

BADGER 1137



*Why hide your talents
under a bushel?*

- A new staff takes over the Octopus beginning next month; the seniors who have worked all these years are leaving.
- Sounds like an appropriate time for a bit of new talent to show up. If you want to write or draw, or to be a little business man, drop up to our palatial offices for a conference.
- We'll love you.

The Wisconsin Octopus

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN by R. C. McCoy

Bright
Sayings of
Children

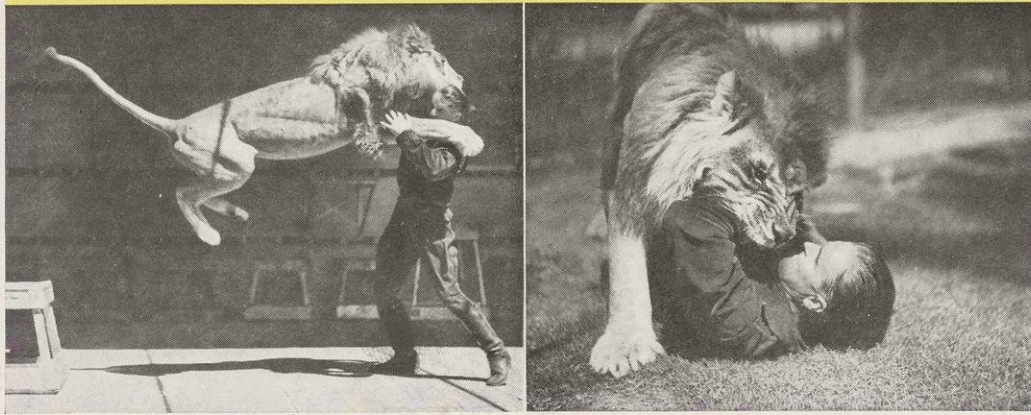


"Mamie Riley says to me, 'No is my final answer, FOREVER and FOREVER!'"

"That makes me laugh, Chubby! Just ask her if she'd like to join you in eating some

McCoy's "Golden Rich"
ICE CREAM
BADGER 3231 - 507 STATE ST.

MEL KOONTZ—FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD ANIMAL TAMER—WRESTLES A LION!



Here is Mel Koontz alone in the cage with four hundred and fifty pounds of lion. The huge lion crouches—then springs at Koontz. Man and lion clinch while onlookers feel their

nerves grow tense. Even with the lion's jaw only inches from his throat, Mel Koontz shows himself complete master of the savage beast. No doubt about *his* nerves being healthy!

"I'll say it makes a difference to me what cigarette I smoke"

says

MEL KOONTZ to PENN PHILLIPS



"I guess you *have* to be particular about your cigarette, Mel. I've often wondered if Camels are different from other kinds."

"Take it from me, Penn, any one-cigarette's-as-good-as-another talk is the bunk. There are a lot of angles to consider in smoking. Camel is the cigarette I know really *agrees with me* on all counts. My hat's off to 'em for real, natural mildness—the kind that doesn't get my nerves ragged—or make my throat raspy. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

PEOPLE **DO** APPRECIATE THE **COSTLIER TOBACCOS** IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE **LARGEST-SELLING** CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

MEL KOONTZ was schooling a "big cat" for a new movie when Penn Phillips got to talking cigarettes with him. Perhaps, like Mr. Phillips, you, too, have wondered if there is a distinct difference between Camels and other cigarettes. Mel Koontz gives his slant, above. And millions of men and women find what they want in Camels. Yes, those *costlier tobaccos* in Camels *do* make a difference!

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic



ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER...

"Camels agree with me"

"We know tobacco because we grow it.....We smoke Camels because we know Tobacco"

TOBACCO PLANTERS SAY



"I know the kind of tobacco used for various cigarettes," says Mr. Beckham Wright, who has

spent 19 years growing tobacco—knows it from the ground up. "Camel got my choice grades this year—and many years back," he adds. "I'm talking about what I *know* when I say Camels sure enough are made from MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS."

Mr. George Crumbaugh, another well-known planter, had a fine tobacco crop last year. "My best yet," he says. "And the Camel people bought all the choice lots—paid me more than I ever got before, too. Naturally, Camel's the cigarette I smoke myself. Most planters favor Camels."



"I've grown over 87,000 pounds of tobacco in the past five years," says this successful planter, Mr. Cecil White, of Danville, Kentucky. "The best of my last crop went to the Camel people at the best prices, as it so often does. Most of the other planters around here sold their best grades to Camel, too. I stick to Camels and I *know* I'm smoking choice tobaccos."

"My four brothers and I have been planting tobacco for 21 years," Mr. John Wallace, Jr., says. "Camel bought up every pound of my last crop that was top grade—bought up most of the finer tobacco in this section, too. I've been smoking Camels for 17-18 years now. Most other planters are like me—we're Camel smokers because we know the quality that goes into them."

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