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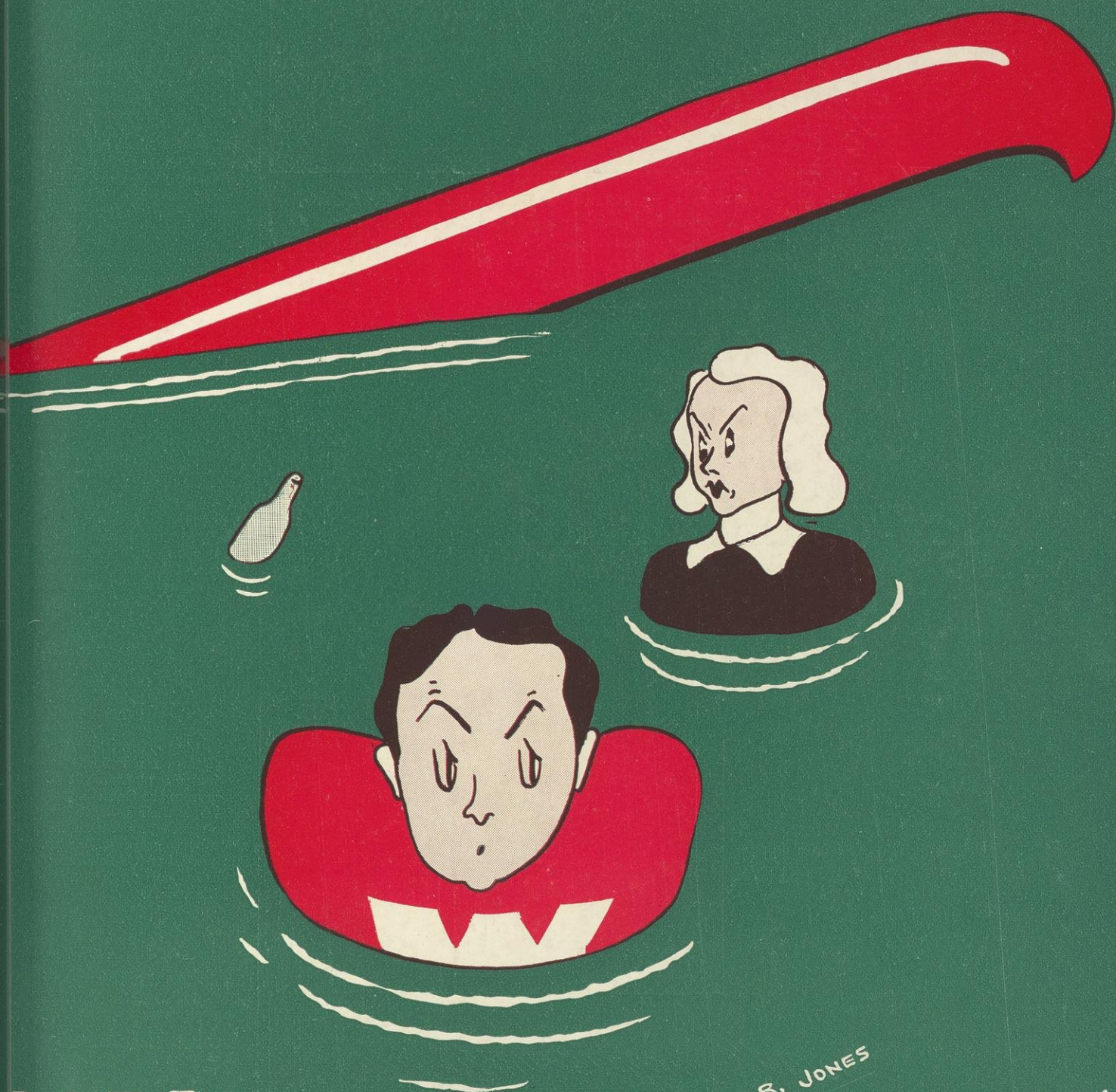
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OCTOPUS



MAY

R. JONES

15c

**"We know
tobacco because
we grow it..."**

"When Camel says 'costlier tobaccos' I know it's right," says Mr. Edward Estes, capable young planter, who knows tobacco from the ground up. "Take my last crop, for instance. Camel bought all the best parts—paid me the most I've ever gotten. The men who grow tobacco *know* what to smoke—Camels!"



"Last year I had the dandiest cropever," says Mr. Roy Jones, another experienced planter who prefers Camels. "The Camel people paid more to get my choice lots. I smoke Camels because I know they use finer, costlier tobaccos in 'em. It's not surprising that Camel's the leading cigarette with us planters."

Mr. Harold Craig, too, is a successful grower who gives the planter's slant on the subject of the quality of leaf tobacco used for Camels. "I'm the fellow who gets the check—so I *know* that Camels use more expensive tobaccos. Camel got the best of my last crop. That holds true with most planters I know, too. You bet I smoke Camels. I know that those costlier tobaccos in Camels do make a difference."

Last year, Mr. Walter Devine's tobacco brought the highest price in his market. "Camel paid top prices for my best lots," he says. "And I noticed at the auction other planters got top prices from the Camel buyers too when their tobacco was extra-choice grade. Being in the tobacco growing business, I'm partial to Camels. Most of the other big growers here feel the same way."

**"We smoke
Camels because
we know tobacco"**

**TOBACCO
PLANTERS SAY**

Joe DiMaggio

**HAS SOMETHING
TO SAY ABOUT HOW
DIFFERENT
CIGARETTES
CAN BE!**

"How about it, Joe, do you find that Camels are different from other cigarettes?"

"Any all-cigarettes-are-alike talk doesn't jibe with my experience. There's a big difference. *Camels* have a lot extra. I've smoked Camels steadily for 5 years, and found that Camel is the cigarette that agrees with me in a lot of ways. Good taste. Mildness. Easy on the throat. Camels don't give me the feeling of having jumpy nerves."

WHEN BILL GRAHAM saw Joe DiMaggio pull out his Camels, he thought it was a good time to get Joe's opinion on smoking. Joe came straight to the point: "There's a big difference between Camels and the others." Like Joe DiMaggio, you, too, will find in Camels a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic.

JOE LIKES to go down to the wharf, where he used to work helping his father, and keep his hand in on mending nets. DiMaggio is husky—stands 6 feet tall—weighs around 185 pounds. His nerves are h-e-a-l-t-h-y!

DURING THE WINTER, Joe's pretty busy at his restaurant. When he's tired he says: "I get a lift with a Camel. That's another way I can spot a difference between Camels and other cigarettes."

JOE OFTEN dons the chef's hat himself. He has a *double* reason to be interested in good digestion—as a *chef* and as a *ball player*. On this score he says: "I smoke Camels 'for digestion's sake.'"

Copyright, 1988, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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

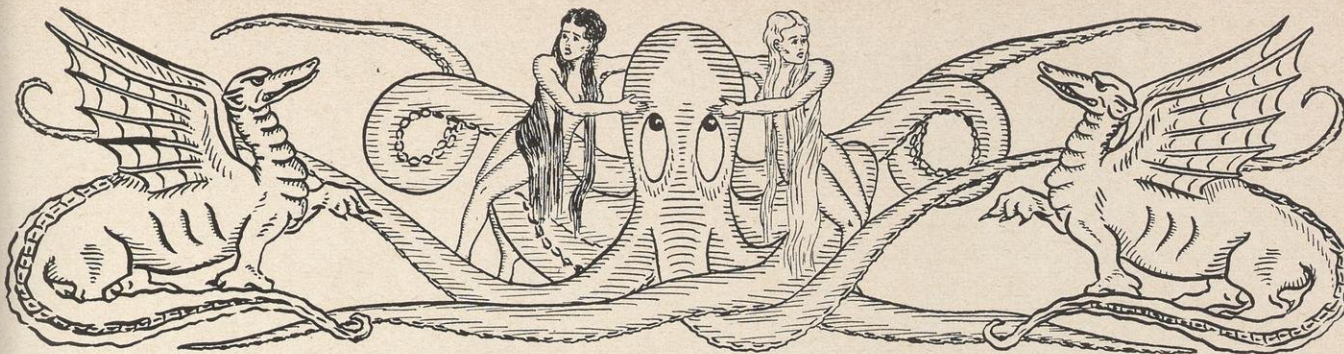
**PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
IN CAMELS**

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

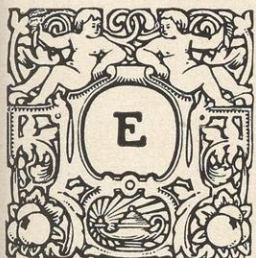
JOE'S GRIP. "Ball players go for Camels in a big way," he says. "I stick to Camels. They don't irritate my throat."

**ONE SMOKER
TELLS ANOTHER**

"Camels agree with me"



THE CAMPUS CHRONICLE



ACH semester, especially around exam times, the several book stores near the campus plaster their windows with a little series of pamphlets entitled "College Outline Series." You are told that for a nominal sum you can make up for a semester's frivolity.

The campaign is furthered by presenting two full size drawings in the window: first, the confusion of the subject using the text books and other legitimate means of getting an education; while the second portrays the kingly state of the man who purchased the Outline. The latter with head on high, he now knows the *sine qua non* of the course.

It seems all right for the book company to publish these outlines; they are conceivably of value to the last minute splurger. But what adds an irreparable hurt is the editorial comment to be found in the preface:

The author hopes that college students will view the Outline as a guide to the most reliable secondary work rather than as any short cut to knowledge.

Dated

We were sitting in the library hard at work. Then, like a burst from the blue, we heard a snort of disgust. We looked up, abruptly.

"Like hell it is!" fumed the grad student opposite us. "Like hell it is!" We regarded him questioningly.

"It says here," he said, indignantly pointing to a page in the book he was reading, "that the population of the United States is fifty million."

"Hmnn, that's funny," we said, being unable to think of anything else to say.

"You darn right it is," he grumbled. Then a thought came to him, and he turned to the front of the book.

"Ha!" he said, his face lighting up, "I thought so! 1877."

Bargain Day

We don't remember where. We don't remember when. But we do remember seeing this sign in a store window:

GET YOURS HERE!
The First Two-Speed Bicycles Under \$50
NOW, \$49.95

Foreign Affairs

The next time you get a corsage at Rentschler's, notice the floor. It's covered with little black swastikas. We asked Mr. Rentschler if many people noticed it and boycotted him.

He said a few people noticed it, but he was always ready for them. Thereupon he produced a card on which was drawn the Nazi swastika next to the Rentschler swastika. The Hitler swastika's barbs run clockwise, while the Rentschler barbs run counter-clockwise. All boycotters please

copy.

Danger Ahead

There is a pleasant little photography shop on State Street, which has a metal shingle on the swinging door that leads behind the counter, saying, "Beware of the dog." When we were so bold as to ask, the nice lady said there wasn't any dog really. When we asked if she was just trying to play a little joke, she said, yes, she was just trying to play a little joke.

We like the little joke.

On the Inside

We don't know if it only happens in Chicago, but one New York student from Wisconsin told us her experience in Marshall Field's during spring vacation.

The young lady was trying on hats when she noticed that the saleswoman had wandered off to dig up something for her in those big drawers they have under counters. She followed her and said:

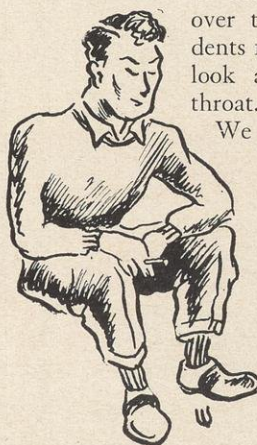
"Well, did you find anything?" The saleswoman, without looking up and thinking she was another employee, replied:

"I found something perfectly hideous but I'm going to show it to her anyway."

The young lady, completely unnerved, crept back to the mirror and sat down.

Fervor

Sociology 165, Prof. J. H. Mathews' new course in the "Identification of the Criminal by Scientific Means," went over the top in enrollment. The 150 students fondle revolvers, pore over fingerprints, look at photographs of how to cut your throat.



We hope Mr. Mathews doesn't get the School of Journalism's funny idea that anyone who takes one of their damn courses must major in the subject, or the whole country will be flooded with so many G-Men, Dick Tracys, and Dan Dunns that they can use a man-to-man defense against the gangsters . . . and it won't be any fun if there are as many cops as robbers.

Economy

Here is something we think Governor La Follette had better know about, while he is crying out against the New Deal "economy of scarcity." It happens right here in his own university.

When the slices of the rye bread get too big and fat at

the Union cafeteria, the employees *pull* part of the middle out of each slice of bread. And plough them under, for all we know.

Note to Lovers

At our most recent investigation, we found that there are no dogs on Picnic Point.

Gag

They were walking down the street hand in hand, just opposite Netherwoods. Suddenly there was a metallic tinkle at their feet. Both the boy and the girl stooped to pick up the penny.

As they straightened up, there was a burst of laughter above them. They looked up. Four people were leaning out of an apartment window, laughing madly.

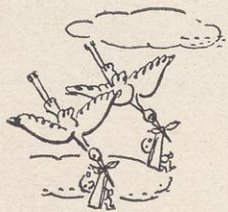
Again their dropped-penny gag had worked.

But the joke was on them. Because the boy and girl nonchalantly looked about them and began to pick up pennies left and right. Then they bought popcorn with them, and before leaving smiled broadly at four crestfallen people leaning out of the apartment window.

Time

The Dionne children are now nearly four years old. We can expect them to have a row with Cream of Wheat almost anytime now, and we'll soon start finding their names on pencil boxes, story books, and pneumatic tired coaster scooters like Shirley Temple.

And before you know it, the little dears will be driving a DeSoto like Deanna Durbin. My, my, what little time it takes.



New Sportswear for Summer IS Here

Cotton sail cloth play clothes in the California, pottery shades . . . Matletex swim clothes . . . Monterey Twist jackets, slacks, shorts, halters, shirts, etc. . . summer cotton dresses for active wear . . . that and plenty more are now ready for you at

Rendall's
• AT THE CO-OP
W. J. RENDALL, INC. 702 STATE ST

Street Scene

He stood in the doorway of the State Street shoe store, wistfully eyeing a pair of saddle shoes. But his mother tried to draw his attention to a pair of all white leather-soled shoes. There were words.



Then both stepped out into the street and looked. Three smoothies approached, each wearing saddle shoes. The boy gave a shout of joy.

He took his mother by the hand and drew her into the store. There was a resigned, defeated smile on her face.

Woe

There it lay on the second floor of Bascom, alone and neglected. So we stooped and pick up this sad, crumpled bit of paper. And feeling very much like our roommate who picks up discarded cigarette butts, we gently smoothed it out and read this message of heartbreak and sorrow:

Mrs. B—

I'm truly sorry, truly I am, but I'm afraid I just won't be able to pay my room rent until next week. I really hate to do this, believe me, after all the trust and confidence you've placed in me. But I have no money. I'm sure you'll understand. Please, please.

—Bob

We sniffed audibly, wiped away a tear or two, and silently walked away.

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Madison, Wisconsin

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Vol. XIX

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Number 9

Just Twenty...*but* O. G!

What charm!
 What freshness!
 And just twenty!
 Twenty Old Golds...
 No more, no less
 Than you get
 In any other
 Regular-size pack of
 Cigarettes.
 But O.G!...
 What a difference
 You'll find
 In O.Gs!
 What a difference
 In the rich
 Full flavor
 And fragrance
 Of their
 Prize crop tobaccos!
 What a difference
 In their benevolent
 Mildness that comes
 From long extra aging
 And mellowing
 In oaken casks!
 What a difference
 In Old Gold's
Guaranteed freshness,
 The result of a
 Stale-proof package
 Wrapped in
 Double Cellophane
 Double-sealed!
 Do you wonder
 That every day
 More wise smokers
 Marry Old Golds?



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

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tuesday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

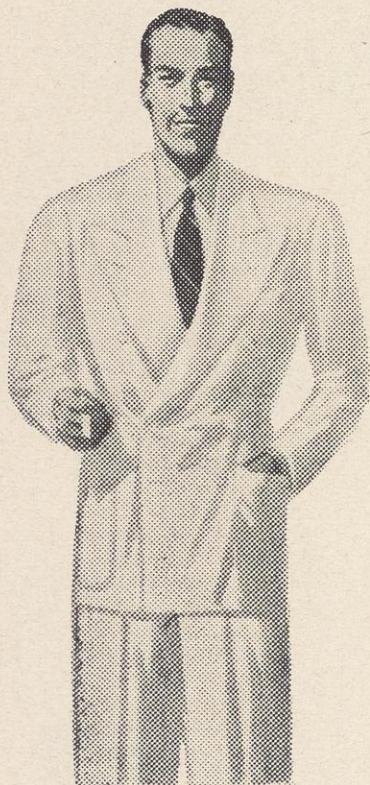
For Finer, *FRESHER* Flavor... Smoke Double-Mellow Old Golds

C.W. ANDERES CO.

AT THE UNIVERSITY CO-OP

present

PALM BEACH WHITE



For your lighter moments

- There is nothing like a white suit to give you a real lift . . . to jack up your spirits and appearance.
- We recommend several to see you through a whole summer of week-ends, vacation days and pleasant evenings. You'll find the new Palm Beach whites a wise investment—for the smooth weave sheds soil, washes like new, and holds its shape . . . a grand value.

at

\$17.75

Add a few pairs of the new Palm Beach slacks—to complete your summer wardrobe. The new Cabana blue, Britany browns and gull grays will contrast smartly.

\$5.50

Hum-drum

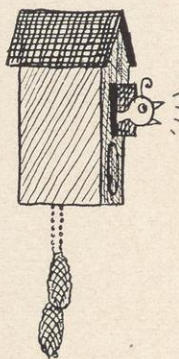
We didn't have to go far this month to get right into the news. With the National Progressives and the Republican platform writer living in Madison, we could say that our local talent has a two-to-one chance to win.

But remember that the Democrats are still located in Washington, and you know what they say about possession and the law.

Mystery

Pleased over our prophecy that she would have prosperity, happiness and four children, Madame Dorothea, a rising State Street spiritualist, invited us up for a free reading. When we arrived, we learned the mystic had flown.

We have been investigating, however, and report that the Madame's full name is Dorothea M. Cork. She is married to a man named Frank. Peeking over the transom, we learned that the place had been left clean. There was a sign on the door, saying, "Call Gifford 400." When we did, a man answered who thought *we* were Madame Dorothea. He was also after her, and had put up the sign.



Madame Dorothea, who was in the clothing business on the side, had also received "A Frank Message from the President" of Harford Frocks, Inc., Cincinnati. That is all we know.

If the Madame returns, be it known that we would still like our free reading. And to the Madame, as a supplement to our prophecy of happiness, prosperity and the kids, we can only say, "You are going to go on a trip."

Spring Solitude

Go away, Sun . . . hide your face!
I don't want you 'round this place;

Scram, you robins—stop your singing!
Can't you see my poor head's ringing?

Sheath your blossoms, brash young flowers,
I've been watching you for hours;

Wither, all you green-tipped grasses,
Lest I toss away my glasses!

And, dear coeds, out of pity,

Hearken to my doleful ditty:

Conceal your Badger Beauty shapes

In furry coats or velvet drapes,

Because these skirt and sweater mixtures

Contrive to jar one's mental fixtures,

And when you strip to go a-splashing

You set a fellow's blood to dashing.

Though, deep at heart, I truly grieve,

I beg thee, Spring to take thy leave;

You're a pleasant season—and productive—

But for a student most destructive.

I cannot brook the buds and grasses

Nor the charms of red-lipped lasses—

Nor dare I crave the birds and sun

Until I get my thesis done!

—R. E. N.

Our Breakfast Literature



Y NOW it seems likely that our business staff has the November *Octopus* in the hands of the public, and it will be safe to go ahead with our series on reading matter that the salaried book-reviewers pass by. If your breakfasts do not consist of eggs and coffee on the squat and rolls on the run, you and 92 out of every hundred like you, read the breakfast-cereal boxes on the table, whenever, of course, there are breakfast-cereal boxes on the table.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes

This reviewer always reads his boxes left panel first and works around; therefore it was pleasant to find Corn Flakes does not neglect this key left panel, as is often done, but tells you how you can get "colorful, realistic, 3-dimensional model airplanes," and field equipment—windsock and hangar—and lots more.

On this week's thrill-crammed main panel was *Airport Emergency* by Kellogg's Adventurer. "Power's off! Power's off!" the Adventurer shrieks, "Momentary pandemonium burst loose at a great eastern airport as failing city power plunged the field into sudden and utter darkness . . . Radio men listened with panic as their equipment went deadly silent . . . BOOM!" (The BOOM was ours, to get your attention back on *our* story.)

There are splendid little turns of phrase like "wink off into invisible gloom," and "in every mind and from every tongue rose a single fearful cry of concern for the huge airliners winging haplessly toward a dangerous blot of dark-

ness." It may be best to caution our readers that this sort of stuff in the early morning is not the best thing in the world for the digestion. No sissy escapism here. *Airport Emergency* carries its readers right with it, even into missing an 8 o'clock class.

Some of the other stories by the Adventurer that we liked are *Early Helicopters*, *Human Ballast*, *Aerial Smugglers*, *Snow Trap*, *The Dodo Bird*, *Red Dash Warning*, *Rendezvous With Sharks*, and *Prowl Plane*. "You will want to read EVERY ONE of the Exciting Adventure stories," insists the Adventurer, and we guess maybe you will. We really think this is a coming field that the School of Journalism would do well to investigate.

Rice Crispies

After the smooth striding of Corn Flakes, Rice Crispies seem to waddle like ducks. Though the illustrations are better, the "snap, crackle, pop" box concerns itself entirely with sillies like *How Mother Hubbard's Dog Read the Newspaper*, *Farmyard Reporter* (another hint to the journalism schools), *Little Tommy Tittlemouse* and the *Mother Goose Action Circus*. All of which sadly lacks social point.

All-Bran

Here we have a return to good old Kellogg realism. Too good a return. This box speaks of "a soft mass which gently exercises the intestines," and items like nutrition, constipation, macaronis, muffins and quick breads.

Quaker Puffed Wheat

"This is MY cereal!" cries little Shirley Temple straight

Greeting Cards

...with a personal touch when a personal call is impossible. See how very appropriately Brown's can deliver your greeting.

5c

TO

25c



More Than
300 Designs
To Choose
From . . .

Brown's Book Shop

Corner State and Lake



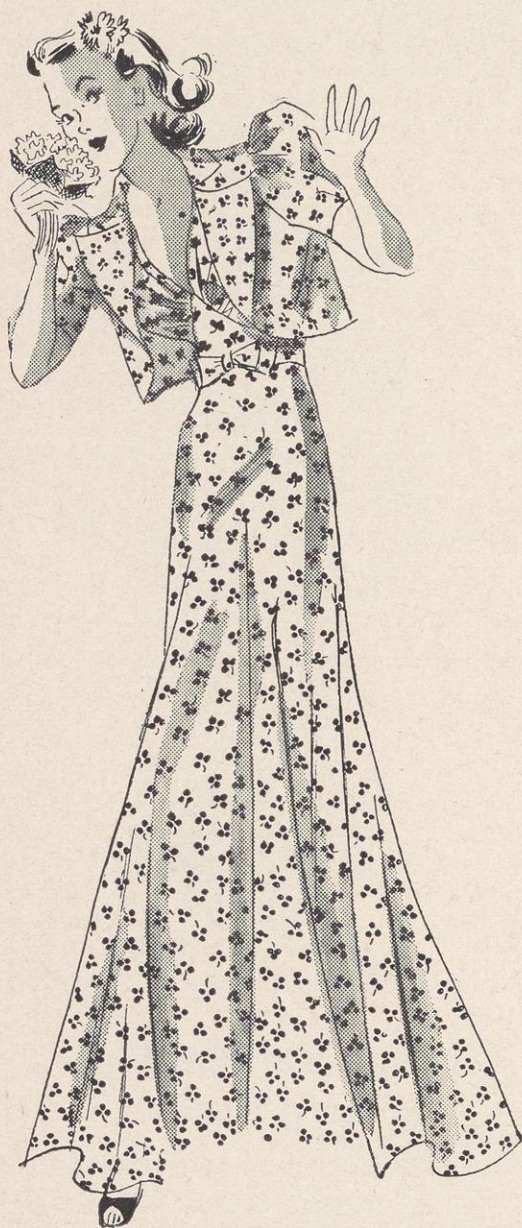
We're On Our Way to Get a Snack . . .

. . . and the favorite spot at Wisconsin is "the Chocolate Shop" . . . popular for delicious lunches and soda fountain service . . . and famed for delicious home-made candies!

the chocolate shop

548 State Street

Dancing Cottons



charming, exciting "Big Moment" dresses to make you a "dream girl." Ever-fast piques in lively prints or snow white . . . some with quilted boleros . . . all very smart for . . . \$10.95

Baron's

off. Not even the menus for puffed wheat croutons and puffed wheat banana salad could hold us after that.

Wheaties

Ever since Lou Gehrig, of Wheaties, endorsed Huskies, Wheatie propaganda has seemed awfully irrelevant to us. Here again we find Wheaties starting off bravely with *How to Catch*, by Bill Dickey, New York Yankees, the first of a timely series on *How to Star in Baseball*. But then it lapses into a discussion of "Modern Silverware in the Medalty Pattern," and ends in a confused mumble about Bisquick and Softasilk. We were half hoping to find a little plug thrown in for Wheatena or Huskies.

Georgie Porgie Wheat Cereal

This shows Georgie Porgie, cutely dressed in a cowboy suit, carrying under his arm an identical box with a picture of Georgie Porgie carrying under his arm an identical box with . . . "We have never been able to imagine the progression further than seven, and this infuriates us. To make matters worse, the back cover is identical with the front, thus doubling (or quadrupling) the task.

Malt-O-Meal

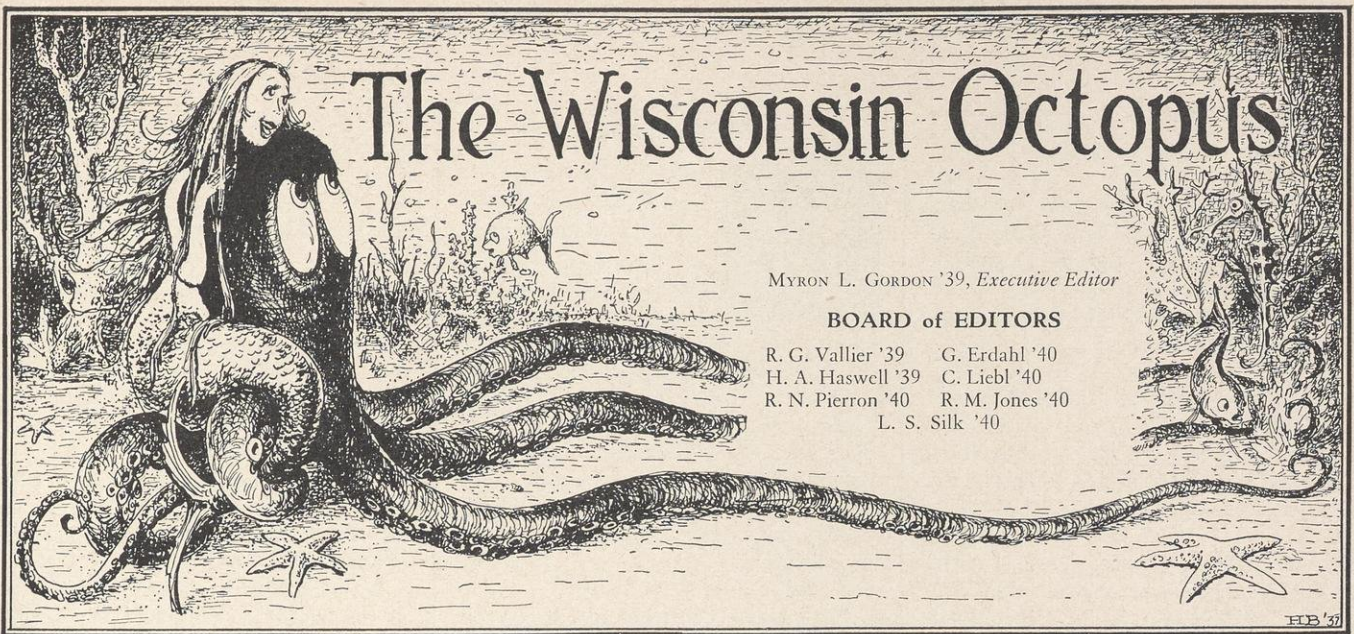
Malt-O-Meal contends to be "The Cereal Men Like." "Prominent athletic coaches," it states, "asked 440 high school and college men which hot cereal they especially enjoyed for its flavor and 354 or 80 per cent named . . ." you know what. Then comes this anti-climax: "Recommended for Baby's First Cereal." —L. S.

Yes, His Key Is All Right . . .



. . . but we bet it can't bring as much happiness as the key that came with the wardrobe case from

WEHRMANN'S
TRAVEL SHOP
508 State Street



The Wisconsin Octopus

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Volume XIX

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HE Cardinal was right when it said that freshman English was a waste of time. We know one girl who says that her frosh boy friend still ends every sentence with a proposition.

A Nazi spokesman has declared that everyone should realize Germany is a land of Justice. Not until right after their suspects have been given a trial do the Nazis put them in concentration camps.

We were delighted to find the Toronto baby derby money finally awarded. They tell us that Mussolini is also running a similar contest, but the mothers, this time, are to furnish the prizes.

According to a recent study at Harvard, there are three sexes. We've known this for a long time: males, females, and housemothers.

Silk stockings in Russia cost \$45 a pair. Now *there* is a way to convince Wisconsin girls they should boycott Japan.

Spring has been here for some time. But only a week ago, two Rathskeller habitués crept outside, looked about for their shadows, and very sneakily crept back in.

We no longer fret and worry when Dean Goodnight asks us to come to

On Second Thought

see him. It is always nothing more than a matter of passing interest.

We've been talking to many who are intrigued by Phil's political plans. One said he'd like to know when he's going to throw this big party.

The University Women's chorus recently presented a program called "O Sleep." It was encouraging to note the student body's co-operation.

In Washington these days, stirring reports are being issued by the National Committee to Uphold Constitutional Government. Breathes there a man who could be so damnable as to stand in

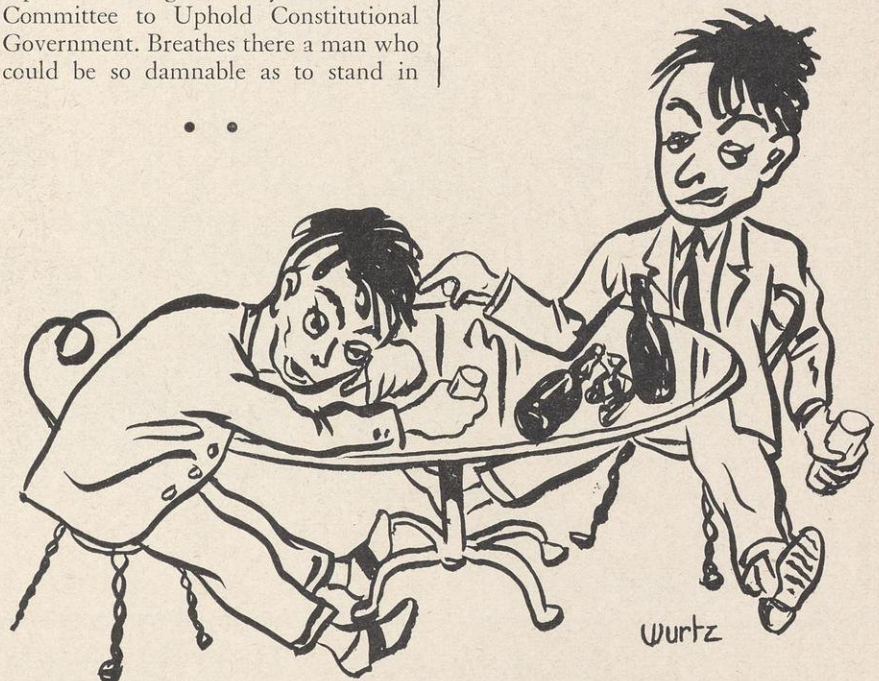
..

their path—with that name?

Final exams are imminent. It seems that grades have been important ever since Cleopatra made her Marc.

Figurative speech has come to stay. We just can't be literal when we speak of *bush* coats, *beer* jackets, and *saddle* shoes.

"We are all on the spot," remarked Henry Ford recently, and he's right. A third of the nation is ill-fed, ill-housed,



"I'll bet my head's bigger than yours."

and ill-clothed; and some of us still have term papers to write.

A hell-raising English major we know has his career planned after his graduation this June. He is going to edit an "Oxford Book of Indecent Verse" taken from his own experience in extra-curricular activities.

June approaches and a lot of people will be graduating in commerce, journalism, engineering, and other courses. But we'll just wait and graduate in the course of time.

Some latent genius suggests that the marking system be revised. Marking on a scale, he says, is all right only in the School of Music.

Hitler managed to get out of Italy unharmed. Congratulations to his three trainloads of secret service men.

The ministerial campaign to clean up vice and sin in the state seems to be gaining momentum. The next step is to rename the state 'Wiscon.'

Evolution



ERNIE Wassek hadn't had many breaks. He had to drop out of high school because his father wanted him to take a job that was open at the gas company. Then, after three months, Ernie was laid off and couldn't find work for almost a year.

He finally was put on as a ground-keeper at the University running the lawnmower, spreading manure, and such. Though there really wasn't much to the job, Ernie always felt uneasy when he was working. It really bothered him, more and more.

He decided it was because of the college people all around. As he worked on the hill or near the dormitories, Ernie found himself looking up time and again at the college boys and girls—"men and women" they were called by the posters thumb-tacked all over the campus.

What bothered Ernie more than anything was what these people were thinking about. Of course, very often—as

when fellows and girls were walking together—it wasn't hard to tell. But when they walked alone, head down, or just staring straight ahead, Ernie felt lost. They always walked straight past him; sometimes he half-expected somebody to talk to him. But they never did.

For a while, Ernie tried to pretend that they weren't thinking *anything*. But that idea couldn't last. They had to be thinking about something—going to the University and all that.

"What are they thinking about, what are they thinking about?" kept grinding through his head, like a broken phonograph record.

Naturally Ernie had an ambition to go to the university himself. He worked hard that year, and the next, saving money out of his pay every week that his father didn't know about.

When Ernie received notice of his admission in the middle of the second semester, he dreamed about what it would be like for a week.

Ernie's first year at the university was pretty average. He still had to work four hours a day, to keep in school, but



The Adventures of Dean Goodnight's Secret Police

No. 4—The Crib-Note Brigade Makes a Successful Raid



"Look, no hands!"

he joined the Hesperia Society and passed most of his courses.

DURING his second year, he started feeling like a college man. He didn't need to work more than two hours a day now, since business was somewhat better. He started going with a girl named Margaret from Green Bay, and he met some fraternity men.

And finally the springtime of his senior year had come—those last sweet days. Ernie found himself walking up the hill, as he had for four years now, when he saw a fellow in overalls digging up some sod in front of the Law Building. The fellow looked up at Ernie, and then looked down, as though he had just thought of something.

"Gee," Ernie mused, "I wonder what that guy is thinking about." —L. S.

Blessed Event Department

At the Madison General hospital—daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Guy Van Winter, 956 E. Mifflin st., Saturday.

At St. Mary's hospital—son to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Blum, 166 Corry st., Saturday; son to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Sarbacker, 113 N. Blair st., Saturday.

Saturday—1:20 a. m. truck, 2600 block Jefferson st., Schultz Tire and Battery service, No. 4 company.

—CAPITAL TIMES

At the Crossroads

STEVE wandered down State Street slowly. He had to make up his mind, to solve the big problem before he reached his destination. It was a problem that deserved grave consideration, and not one to be trifled with. Should he do it, or shouldn't he? He thought of his mother when he had seen her last.

"I'm proud of you, Steve," she had said as he was getting ready to come back to school. He had laughed, and had tried to pass it off.

"Me?" he had scoffed. His mother had looked at him the way that always made him wriggle.

"Yes, Steve, you're a fine looking, bright boy, and you're doing well at college," she had said.

Then he thought of Helen, whom he had been trying so hard to please all winter, and whom he had finally won for his steady. He remembered how last night she had run her hands through his hair as she came as near to flattering him as she could.

"You're nice, Steve," she had said gently.

"Think so?" he had asked casually. "You're nice, too," he had gone on. Helen was really swell, he thought. But she wasn't everything, and now that he had her, she wasn't all that a girl could be. She couldn't run his life with her little finger.

His pace slowed, he stopped, then turned into a store. Blindly he pushed the door open. The proprietor was standing inside the door.

"**A**FTERNOON, Steve," he spoke around his cigarette.

"Afternoon." Steve walked slowly to the coat rack, and hung up his coat and hat. He turned back to the boss.

"What have you got today?" he asked.

"Anything you like, what'll it be?" answered the proprietor.

"Give me a short one," Steve replied.

"A short one?" the man asked quizzically.

"For sure," said Steve as he settled his body under the huge bib and felt the clippers go to work.

—P. G.

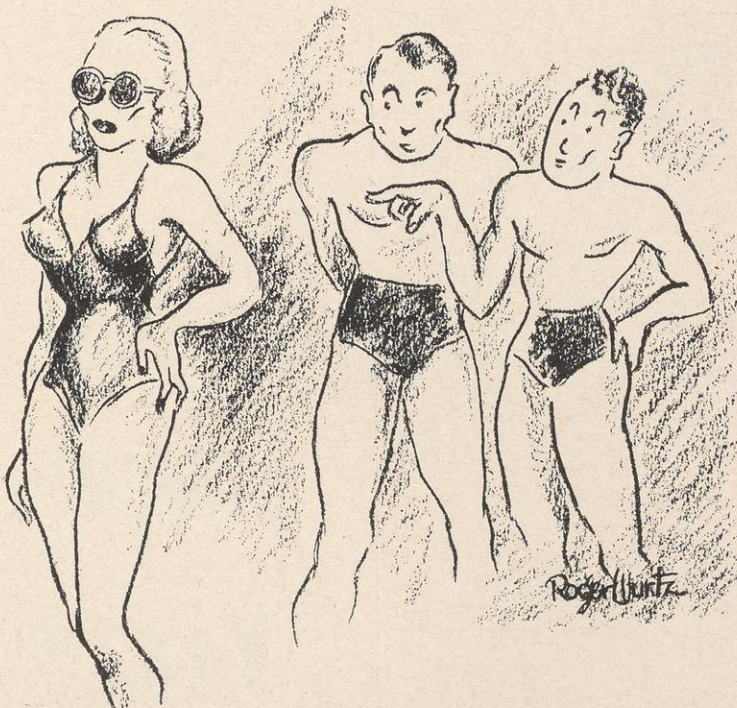
Success Story

*Just yesterday I walked alone,
I had no one to call my own,
But now I'm proud and happy, too,
For since that time I have met you
And you and you and you and you.
Just one cause have I for glee
My papa bought a CORD for me.*

—L. S.

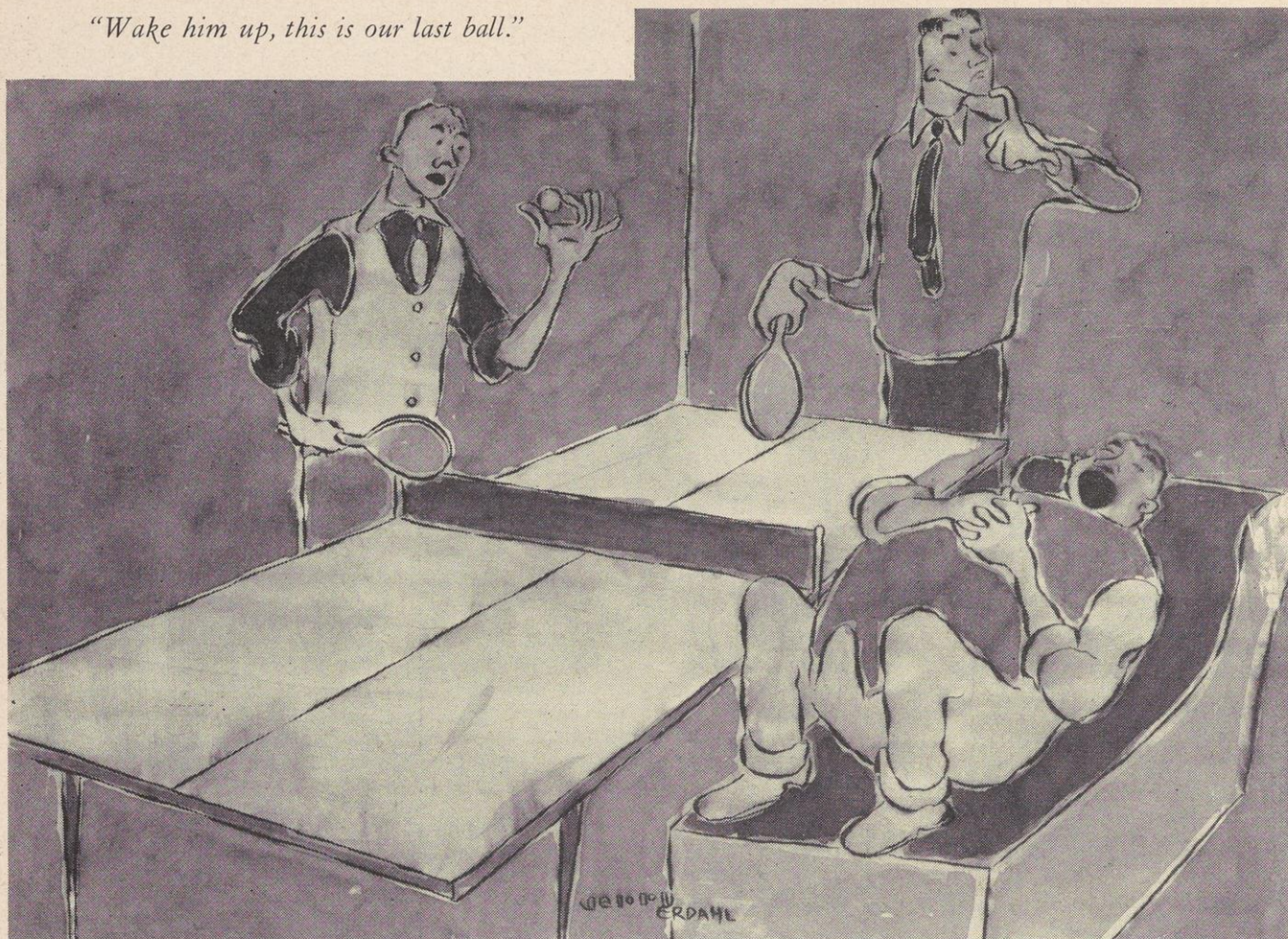
Final exams are imminent. It seems that grades have been important ever since Cleopatra made her Marc.

The best laid schemes of mice and men
Are often thought up after ten.



"Now those are the kind of glasses I meant."

"Wake him up, this is our last ball."



I. Quiz



IN THE style of the more or less literary magazines, Octy is pleased to present its own five minute quiz.

Check the correct answers and then compare your rating with the answers which appear on some other page. A college professor scored two on this test. If you get three or better you have an I.Q. of at least eighteen.

Without ado or further fanfare we present a quiz to make you think:

1. If a panhandler on State Street approached you and offered to give you a dime, you would:

- (a) Say, "What! Just a dime?"
- (b) Go home and put on your other suit.
- (c) Tell him you're not a taxi.
- (d) Bring him to the house and pledge him.

2. You are seated in a Greek amphitheater. You are most likely to say:

- (a) How's about shmooing, Mabel?

- (b) I've got my money on "Twenty Grand."

- (c) Can you speak Greek?

3. You've never seen the boy before. He quietly steps up to you, smiles, and places an unmistakable kiss upon your lips. Of course, you,

- (a) Say, "Well, that's life."
- (b) Giggle for five minutes straight.
- (c) Claim that his face is familiar but you don't remember his name.

- (d) Put another notch on your pistol.

4. Professor A can give a lecture in fifty minutes; Professor B gives the lec-

ture in forty minutes; Professor C is a psychology teacher and gives all he has to say in one minute. Professor A wears a black suit and a Phi Beta key; Professor B wears a lavender suit and teaches French; Professor C wears knickers and plays baseball. How much are the deans of the University overpaid?

Yes No

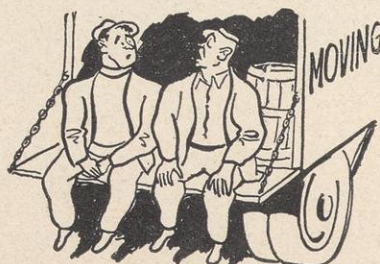
5. You live at Adams Hall and have just returned from seeing *Snow White* which you didn't like because it wasn't sexy. A very queer black thing sneaks in through your keyhole and offers you an orange. You immediately

- (a) Say "Get the hell out of here, Wentworth."
- (b) Try to sublet your room to him.
- (c) Think you are drunk.

6. If someone talks to you about "Adonais,"

- (a) You ask him who's playing in it.
- (b) Explain that you too adore the Shakespearean tragedies.
- (c) Tell him that yours have been removed.

—M. L. G.



"But my name is Rockefeller."

Act



WASN'T too surprised when Bobby-Boy popped into my room, grabbed me by my hair, and yelled, "I've got it down pat. Come on and take a look."

"What is it?" I asked, as he dragged me to the head of the stairs. "A new angle to your fainting act?"

"Naw, I gave that up. Now watch." He took one step forward, stumbled, crashed down the steps, half-standing, and ended in a tangle at the bottom.

Bobby-Boy stood up and smiled. "Wasn't that a beautiful imitation of a guy falling down the stairs?" he asked.

For two more weeks, Bobby-Boy practiced. People complained at first. But towards the end of the two weeks there wasn't a single complaint. Everyone had moved out of the house. Bobby-Boy improvised on his fainting act. He put in a complete body turn and ended at the bottom, facing the stairs. It always looked as if he must have scraped off half his face.

Bobby-Boy was happy. So I didn't mind it when he got a date with my best girl, the dirty little chiseler. I took Betty's roommate, and we made it a double date.

Bobby-Boy insisted on going to the Indian Room. So we did.

He put us all at a table facing the entrance, ordered beer for us, and said, "Now watch." Then he went outside and put on his act.

The two girls roared. A crowd gathered. People went into hysterics.

So Bobby-Boy kept on falling down the steps the rest of the night. He kept on improving as time went on. He really had the act down perfect, I thought.

THE next morning I walked into the Rathskeller and saw Bobby-Boy sitting in a booth with a cup of coffee. I stretched out opposite him and said, "Say, Bobby-Boy, I just had a call from Betty."

"Well?" said Bobby-Boy.

I chuckled. "She told me to tell you how much fun she had and how clever she thought you were last night. She said she'd never seen anyone do such a perfect imitation of a man falling down steps."

Bobby-Boy glowered. Then he reached under the table, pulled out a pair of crutches, and very slowly limped away.

—R. P.



"Psst, looks like the base's loaded."

Hardly Any Ulterior Motives So Early in the Morning

Now rises the sun of our country,
Tra-la!

Dear reader, please banish all fear;
No axes to grind have these verses,
MA FOI!

No innuendoes lurk HERE.

That sun shoots good vitamins,
Bingo!

At Silas and buxom Miranda.
Oh, come share Sol's riches!

By jingo!
(Not Moscow's occult propaganda.)

Where milk-maids afield are a-milking,
Tluff-pluff!

Beside shining, frog-haunted pools,
How good tastes the morning tobacco!
Huff-puff!

(Not plugging Spuds, Camels, or
Kools.)

So tuck your locks under a pork-pie,
Rah rah!

Flash out with a gay boutonniere,
But if feeling morosely romantic,
Oh, la!

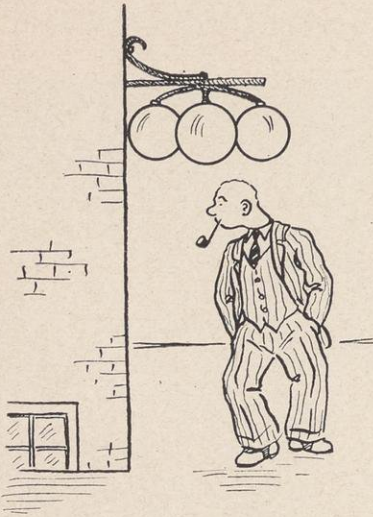
Wear your heart on your sleeve — I
don't care.

This, you will note, is the last verse,
Hurrah!

So get set to endure stock chagrin;
I hate smashing castles in Spain,
Bushwah!

We hope that the Loyalists win!

—L. S.



Hitching to a Star



PEERING down the long highway, Edwin sighed, for although there were hundreds of cars going by, not one would pick him up.

What angered Edwin most was the fellow who in passing him by would smirk and wave his thumb back at Edwin in the opposite direction.

Some day, Edwin vowed, he'd come to the aid of the hitch hikers. He thought of unionizing them but decided that he had better keep out of the labor struggle.

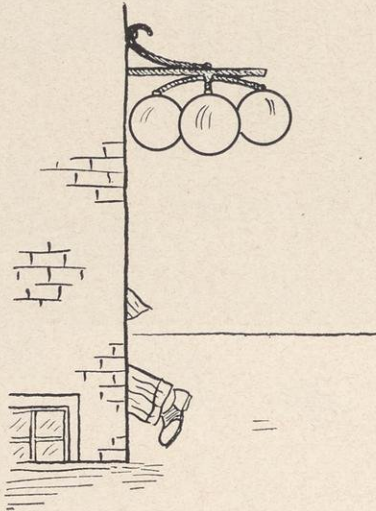
Edwin wouldn't believe this stuff about "rich uncle—dead—million dollars" . . . but it was true. We're not going to bother with any of the details, but Edwin purchased the smoothest little coupe on the market and deposited the balance. He made it a point to pick up all hitch hikers he could. But a coupe won't hold many people, and therefore Edwin turned it in and got a dandy five passenger sedan. But as he drove from town to town, Edwin found that there were more hitch hikers who wanted rides than his car could carry.

Edwin's next vehicle was a little station wagon to carry people to and from the depots. But it also was too small. Next he tried a car built for the police, but even the paddy wagon wouldn't hold them all. Also, the hikers showed reluctance to accept rides in this car.

Realizing that it was time he quit playing around with small-change and really do something to aid the hikers, Edwin chartered a bus and traveled

from St. Paul to Florida and back again. When he passed through Madison, eighteen students quit school and hit South. This brought about Edwin's first difficulty. The Dean of Men at the University complained that he was undermining the school.

Nothing came of the Dean's complaint, but peaceful moments for Edwin were soon to end. On his trip to Florida it became clear to Edwin that one bus was inadequate and that a mere St. Paul-Miami service was miserably. So with one sweeping gesture, Edwin ordered five hundred buses made. They were to be ultra modern; "Normandies on wheels" was the motto. He called them the "Edwin Free Transport Service Buses." His network covered the entire country; he hired a thousand conductors and another thousand pretty hostesses. He provided lunch bas-



kets to be given each passenger.

A brilliant idea struck Edwin when he realized that a large number of the passengers were broke; he established the now-famous policy of "get paid as you enter." Only fifty cents, but Edwin felt that any more would seem like charity.

All went well at first until people who formerly drove or took the trains found that the Edwin Free Transport Service had many advantages. The result was that the motor industry went to pot and railroad after railroad went under. Rumor had it that Ford was near bankruptcy, and that General Motors were doing nothing but making refrigerators.

As was to be expected, the axe soon fell on poor Edwin. At a convention called by the moguls of industry to solve the problem of Edwin's astounding competition, the leaders decided

that they could rule the company unconstitutional if the darn Democrats weren't in power, but now the poor industrial heads had to lick Edwin on legitimate grounds. One bigwig, realizing that if things didn't pick up he'd have to let his daughter marry one of the Hearst rascals, got the brainstorm that maybe Edwin was violating the Anti-Trust Laws.

"Wheeeeeeeee!" cried the president of American Can.

"Wheeeeeeeee!" screamed the head of Activated Sludge, Inc.

"Wheeeeeeeee!" roared the Republican Party in convention assembled.

Now the Anti-Trust Laws say that it is against the laws to so dominate trade that one company can regulate prices. By charging *no* price, the companies insisted, Edwin was really fixing prices for they could charge no more.

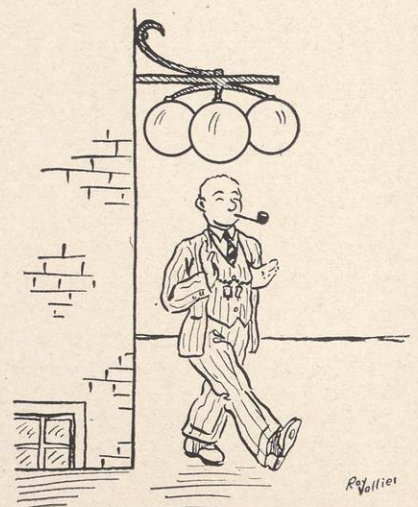
EDWIN claimed that since he had no price it was ridiculous to say that he set prices. The case went to the Supreme Court and Edwin lost. An army of hitch hikers marched on Washington, but the militia turned them to the open road again by throwing stink bombs at them. Asked his opinion of the riot, one marcher had this to say: "Phew."

Edwin's company had to be dissolved. Greyhound bought his buses and now whiz by lonely hitch hikers. But Edwin has done his bit for the hikers and the year 1938 will go down in history as the "Golden Age of the American Hitch Hiker."

Nevertheless, "Heil Hitler" greetings were still passed on the streets and almost everyone was wearing swastika badges.

—CAPITAL TIMES

The exact word, we'd say.





Jurisprudence

CHARLES Gilligan
Of Zion City
Chose
To expectorate tobacco
Juice
Into the streets
Of that fair
City and was promptly
Fined \$50 and
Costs.

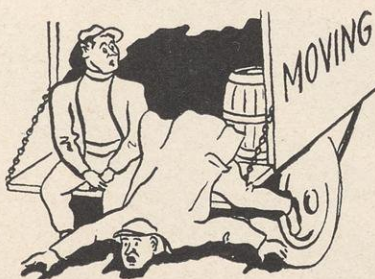
Francis Bunn,
Key West,
When stopped by police
While moving a
House
Which was not his,
Said it was all right
As he was a
Hurricane.
The judge said,
\$50 and costs.

Bobby Grayson,
Age twenty-two,
Fell out of his aeroplane,
Through a hospital
Skylight,
Fractured his hip;

Was
Arrested for disturbing
The peace,
And fined \$50 plus costs.

Colored Jack Raven,
Of Reedsburg,
Very much liked chicken
And had
Very little will power.

He got a shot-gun full
Of salt in his
Pants
And a fine of \$50
Plus costs.



"After all these years!"

James James,
New Haven,
Conn.,
Who got out his Winchester,
Sat down on his front porch,
Took pot-shots at his
Children,
Killing sixteen of them;
Was rebuked quite
Sternly and fined
\$50
Plus costs.

But Cousin Frank,
Of Germany,
Spoke exactly
Seven
Syllables;
Was fined \$50,
And
Hasn't been heard
Of since . . .

—R.P.

LOST

1 PLATINUM diamond ring; center stone and 14 small stones. Near Heidelberg Hofbrau, Cuba club or Gillers. Orpheum theater, F. 5345.

—CARDINAL

What a night!

None But the Meek



LITTLE Harold was a minister's son, and he really was little. He never drank, he never cursed, and he never smoked. And he'd never had a fight in all his life. His mother was proud of him. She felt sure he'd be a success at college.

And Harold was a success at college, in his own little way. After two years, he got a date with a girl from his home town. She had lived next door.

Little Harold really didn't want to go drinking but Mabel insisted. So Little Harold had his first beer.

Mabel asked him to get more beer, so Harold ambled out to the bar. When he toddled back, he found Mabel arguing with four fellows. She said that they'd swiped her booth.

The four fellows smiled at Little Harold. "Well," asked the biggest one, "Is there anything you'd like to do about it?"

Little Harold didn't say a word. "Come on, Harold," said Mabel, "Clean them up, the big bums."

"But I don't want to fight," whimpered Little Harold, nervously snapping at his finger nails. "My mother says it isn't right."

"Little Harold," said Mabel, scornfully, "You're a sissy. I wish I had Butch with me. He'd show these big bums."

"Little Harold is a sissy. Little Harold is a sissy," sang the biggest of the four fellows.

The other three took up the chant. "Little Harold is a sissy. Little Harold is a sissy."

Little Harold clenched his fists and with a wry face, fought back the tears. "I am not a sissy," he said. "Get out of this booth, you!"

"Oh, so you want to fight," said the big fellow, gleefully.

"No, I don't want to fight. My mother says it isn't right," protested Little Harold.

"Listen, fellows," said the big one. "He picked a fight and he's gotta go through with this. Come on, let's take him outside."

They all got up, lifted Little Harold from the floor and carried him outside. "But I don't want to fight," he yelled. "My mother says it isn't right." Mabel followed behind them, fearfully and a bit repentant.

They put Little Harold on his feet outside the door. The big fellow took off his coat. "I don't want to fight," whimpered Little Harold.

"You're going to fight, if you like it or not," glowered the big guy.

So Little Harold pounded the living daylights out of the big guy. Then he apologized to the fellow's three friends and took Mabel home.

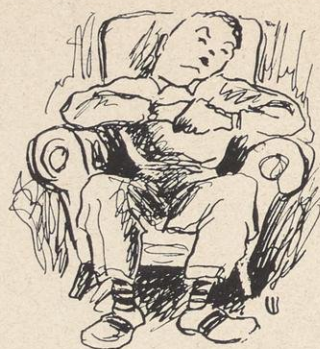
—R. P.

3 Stout Sisters Flee from

Early Morning Flames

—CAPITAL TIMES

The press spares nobody's feelings, these days.

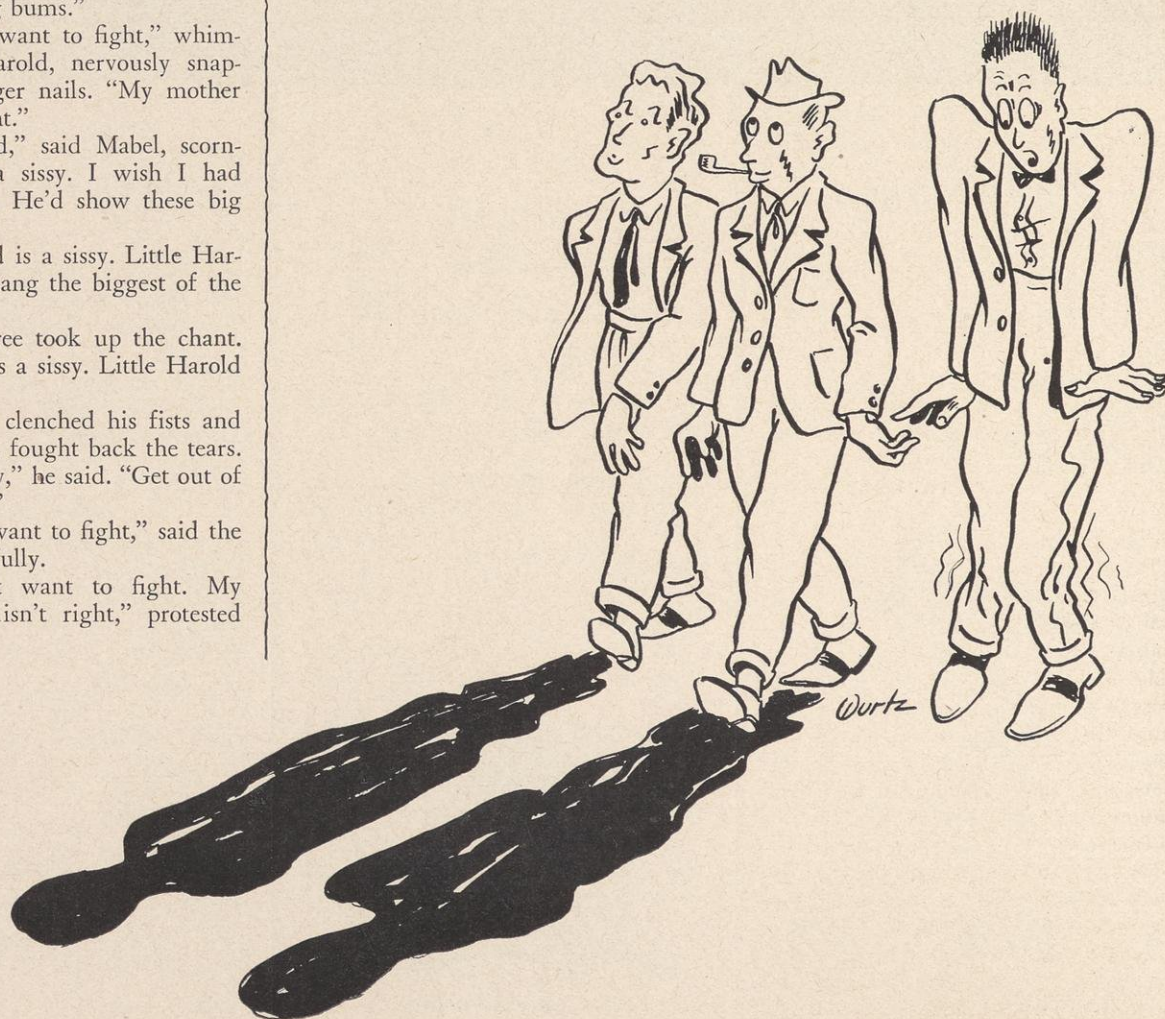


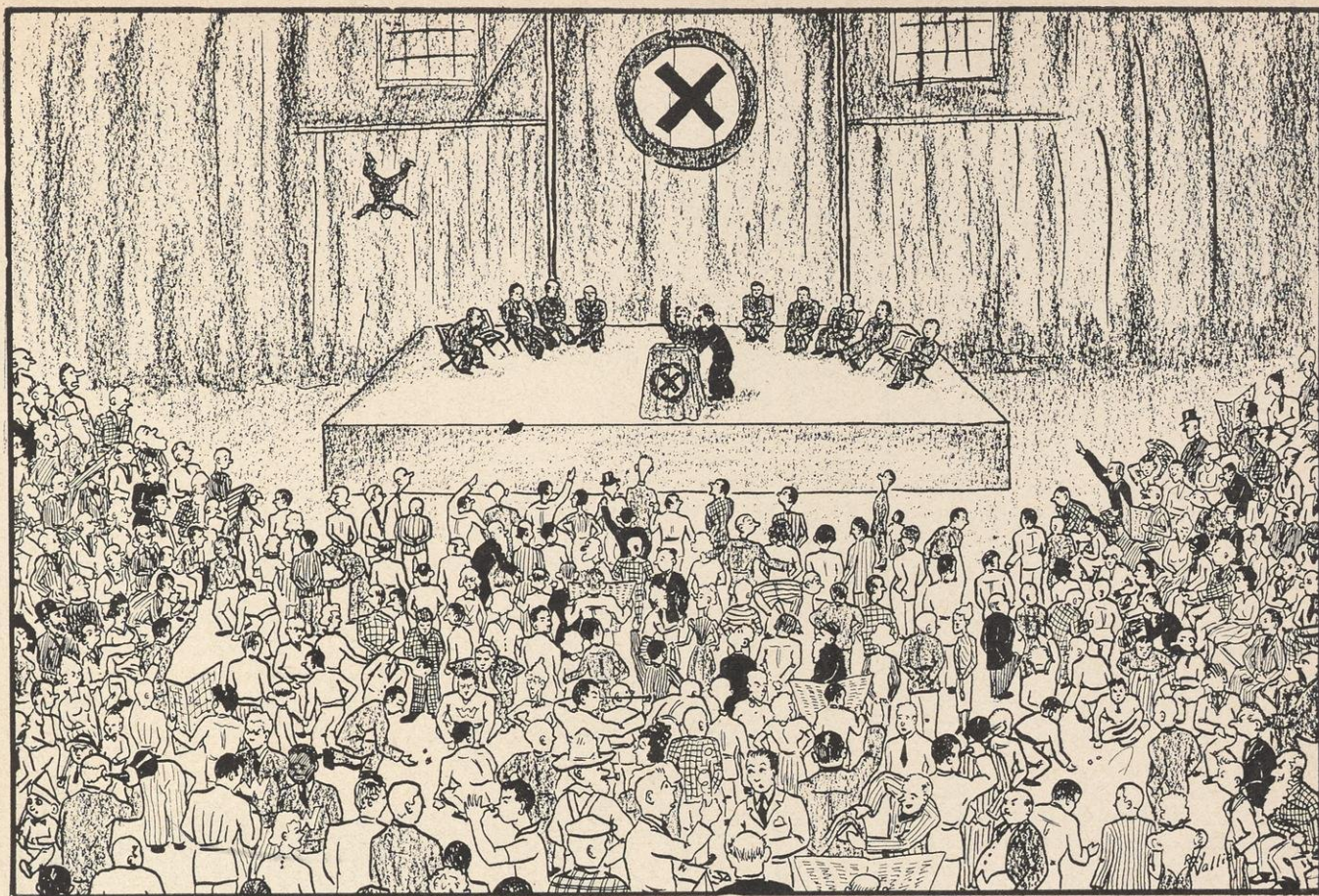
Observation

The boy who lives in a college frat
No more is known for his pork-pie hat,
Or his trousers half-way down his shin
Or his damfool pranks or his bath-tub gin.

No longer is his hair-cut crew,
He's thrown away his "saddle-shoe."
It's gone, all gone but one queer racket
He won't give up that damn beer-jacket!

—W. J. B.





The Man Behind the Third Party

(Copyright, May 20, 1938, by the Octopus)

THOUGH reporters and editorial writers of every newspaper in the country have drummed out yards and yards of copy on the founding of the National Progressives of America, and though the office of the Governor of Wisconsin has been the most watched spot in American politics for a month, not a soul has detected the man behind it all. Dorothy Thompson, whose afternoon with Governor La Follette made her suspicious of some outside figure, left Madison without actually laying a finger on him. *We have rooted him out.* (See inset.)

He is Martin W. Riegensdorf, who had been placed in the political science department as a research assistant at the request of Governor La Follette this January.

Before coming to Madison, Mr. Riegensdorf had spent three years in Germany, from 1933 to 1937, studying Nazi political tactics. He is the man responsible for the new party's symbol, the cross in a circle, so like a swastika, the cause-straight-from-God ideas, the furious nationalism, the glare of brass helmets, the blare of bands, the flying banners, and the general fervor for abstractions.

Mr. Riegensdorf's undergraduate and law work was taken at Harvard University, where he was a classmate of Judge Alvin C. Reis under Prof. Felix Frankfurter, noted New Deal brain-truster. Judge Reis, you remember, made the

"history-making" come-on address at the new party's birth. Through Reis, Riegensdorf has been in close contact with the La Follettes for ten years.

During lunch at the Memorial Union with one of his student assistants, Riegensdorf exploded, "Is the third party fascist? **DONNERWETTER!**" He bit his finger swallowing a buttered bun whole. "More abundant consumption," he choked, "that's what we need!"

He criss-crossed two forks before our eyes. "Without a steel-mesh organization, no third party can even make a foul-tip today, let alone get to first base. But the National Progressives *will* march to first base, as a religious crusade against the Black Plague of the Twentieth Century—the Deification of Insubordination! Hurrah for the *American* principles! Please pass the ketchup!"

Provoked over the public's sour reception of evangelical techniques, the La Follettes are said to be ready to chase Riegensdorf back to Heidelberg. But "Black Plague" Riegensdorf, as he prefers to be known, maintains, "They don't dare. A sudden junking of my methods would really make the movement smell of rats."

Mr. Riegensdorf sniffed the little pile of pepper that had heaped up while he talked. He sneezed. "After all," he gulped, "we *are* progressives."

—L. S.



Termite in Steel



ALL OVER the auditorium, steel workers were jumping up and down, yelling, "Hurray for the Union! Hurrah for Harry!" But when a tough-looking, blocky man with a long black beard came forward, they shushed each other down.

"Shut up," he ordered, "so Mike Bolek can finish."

"Fellow workers," said Bolek, "things wus not always so happy like now with us. Six months ago if anybody told me that now we sign a trade agreement with Tom Girdler of Republic Steel, I'd say, 'You're screwy!' I told you before, and you know yourself, how rotten things wus then. I'll never forget till I croak how scared I was. I was sweeping the hall outside Girdler's office that day. Some guys wus in there with the big boss.

"Gentlemen," Girdler says, 'things sure look bad. Labor unions without doubt is the worst thing that ever struck this earth. I have fought them every way I know how. I raised prices once; no good. I fixed some of their big boys; still no good. I got out the strike-breakers; nothing doing. I got company unions and company police and city cops and injunctions as what the hell not; same. So then we tried knocking off a slew of them. So we did; so what? I started back-to-work movements, and vigilante squads, and—but still nothing doing. I even went down to my pals in Kentucky, and they taught me how to use strip-teasers. So I used them. So this dirty Lewis organizes the strip-teasers. You know, gentlemen,' the big boss says, 'I'm just about ready to quit.'

"Not that! these other guys screamed.

"Certainly not,' says the boss. 'Do you think I'm yellow? Do you think I got no American ideals of freedom? I got another idea, a better one. Gentlemen, I'm pretty sure it will lick them. . . .'

"And guys," Mike Bolek continued, "I almost fainted, I swear. I thought sure we wus through. He sounded so—terrible. He looks all around him, before he says another word, and he sees the office door is open a crack. 'Shut that door!' Girdler says, and a guy jumps up, and I scam." Bolek laughed, and went on, "Yeah, I thought we wus through all right, but now—LOOK AT US!"

The workers again started yelling and

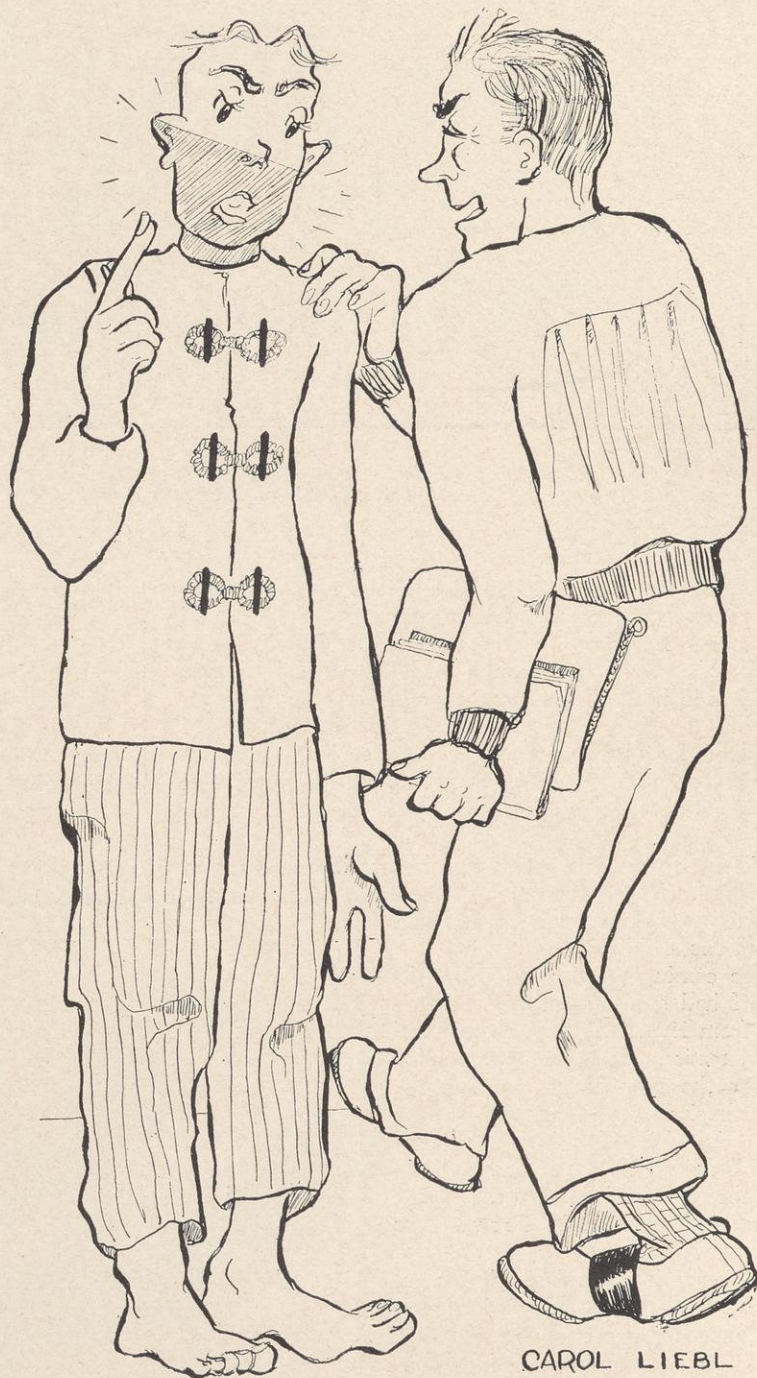
jumping; heads and arms and posters all over the hall bobbed like mad.

"And who did it?" Mike Bolek roared. The crowd shouted back, "Honest Harry Hammer, HONEST HARRY HAMMER!"

Then they cried, "Speech, speech!" The blocky man with the beard came forward again, raised his hands to silence them, and started talking into the

public-address microphone.

"When I took over," he said, "things sure looked rotten, as Mike says. 'When Tom Girdler, who really isn't such a terrible guy, refused to see anyone, even reporters, all those months, lots of people thought the end was pretty damn near. Then I joined your union. I met the boys and took over the reins. I kicked out the Reds. I brought a lot of new



CAROL LIEBL

"They put a violet-ray bulb in my study lamp."

men into the union. Yeah, and after you elected me president, I got to Girdler at last. And last night, in behalf of the union, I got Tom Girdler to sign a trade agreement granting a 30-hour week and minimum wage of eight dollars a day!" The crowd let loose a long roar.

"People said it couldn't be done, and to look at history. But I said, like the wise man, 'History is bunk,' and I did it. And now I have something very, very important to tell you," said the tough-looking man, pausing dramatically, "My name is NOT Harry Hammer. It is . . ." The man put his hand on his chin, fingered the beard a moment, and suddenly yanked off the long black beard.

"Tom Girdler!" gasped the crowd, and the man leered at them.

"One more thing," he said to his dumbfounded audience, "I will now read you section 12C of the trade agree-

ment which you have agreed to: 'The above regulations are subject to any change, without ratification by this body, which shall be made through the arbitration of the gentleman designated as Harry Hammer with Mr. Thomas Girdler, of the Republic Steel Corp.'"

The crowd sat stunned, almost paralyzed. Newsmen and photographers pressed around the smiling industrialist. Flashlight bulbs winked; old machinists wept. "Explain the secret of your victory to me," cried a reporter from *The Chicago Tribune*.

"Shucks," said Mr. Girdler, "I used practical, common sense. I guess I can bore from within as well as the next fellow."

Italy's consul general in Chicago, Franco Fontana, explained the diplomatic bloomer to Il Duce's envoy.

—CAPITAL TIMES

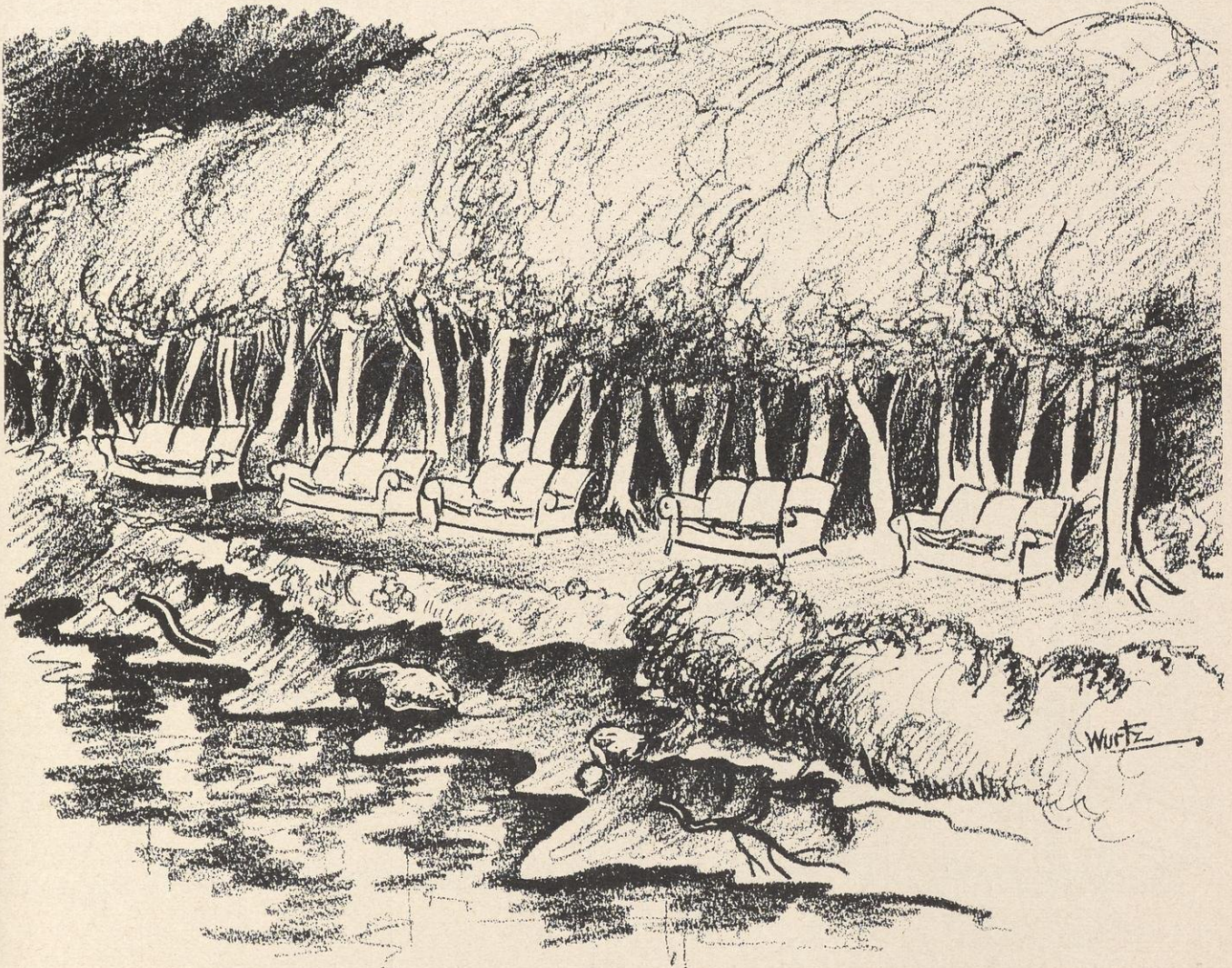
He certainly owed an explanation.



Intimate

*A Caledonian's guilt
Is not in the way he is built
But in how he dresses—
He has, he confesses,
No B. V. D's under his kilt.*

—H. H.



A Madman's Fantasy . . . The Lake Road

Lusty Guest



LOUD, rasping bursts of laughter rock the booth in the corner. Then there is a long silence. A heavy voice speaks evenly as though reciting. It stops, and other voices join in comment. The harsh voice recites again. It sounds familiar . . . disturbingly familiar. I push back my heavy oaken bench and peer over. It is Samuel Johnson!! This must be his favorite ale-house. There is no doubt, it *is* Johnson. He sits carelessly with his feet on the table. His hair is unkempt and his face has an ale glow.

With him are his continual attaches, Boswell and Garret, genial chaps. They, too, are comfortably attired and in good spirit. They see me peering at them, and invite me over to join them. I accept, and soon am engaged in their

eager discussion. Not views and opinions of old and current literature and politics as has been claimed.

Garret tells of a night of brawling in which he took part in at old Eton, Boswell uncovers some rare bits of scandal found in the Foreign Office, while Johnson betters them both with capable renditions of some of the jokes and tid-bits picked up at court from the queen herself. They maliciously fry public figures and exchange deviltries with much joviality.

They call for more ale. They finish their leg of mutton and set to drinking with a vengeance . . . and I with them. Hours later we lie about in our soggy state seeking a means to end the brawl. Finally I say, "It was very nice meeting you fellas. Had no idea you were like this."

To which Johnson struggles to his feet ponderously and shakes me with a tap on the shoulder. "We like you, too, son," he says. "We're always like

this. All those things they say about us are dirty lies. We're not a bunch of stuffys, always talking literature and such stuff. Why not drop into our lodgings sometime for a real slugfest."

And Garret says over his glass, "How about it, son? Here's the address." He then hands me a leaf from his ever-present notebook. Instead of the historic notes of these discussions with Johnson, he has it covered with pictures of the bar-maid and silly little poems like "Roses are red, Violets are blue . . ."

As I bid my farewells, Johnson again rocks me with his version of a friendly tap on the shoulder. I cry out in pain, and look up to see . . . my English literature book open before me, its pages soggy with spilled beer. The table is sticky and strewn with old popcorn and the air is cold and dank.

A woman stands before me, but she is not a slender bar-maid. She is a large, brawny daughter of Erin, armed with a mop and a threatening look.

—R. H.



"Come on up, we're having a hell of a time."

Picture-Mind

JESSIE JEAN dribbled her feet over the side of the bed.

"Let's see, shall I find my slippers before or after I figure out diminishing utility?" She began dressing and finished Descartes' theory of knowledge while finding the most becoming position for a small blue bow in a cluster of brown curls. A concentrated moment for lipstick. She changed her purse and as the snap of the fastener indicated the end of these operations the last of the general determinants of price slid into its appointed crevice of her brain.

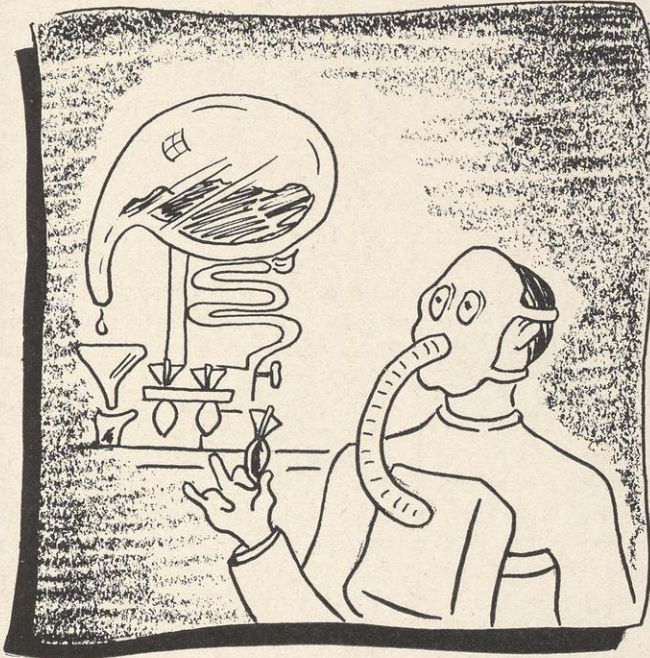
"Hurry up, J. J.," shouted Stacia, "we haven't got time for breakfast." Jessie Jean thought out the effects of communication on social problems before making the hill.

"Jessie Jean," said her instructor, glancing at a nebulous pile of papers on his desk and fingering his pencil, "what are the general determinants of price?"

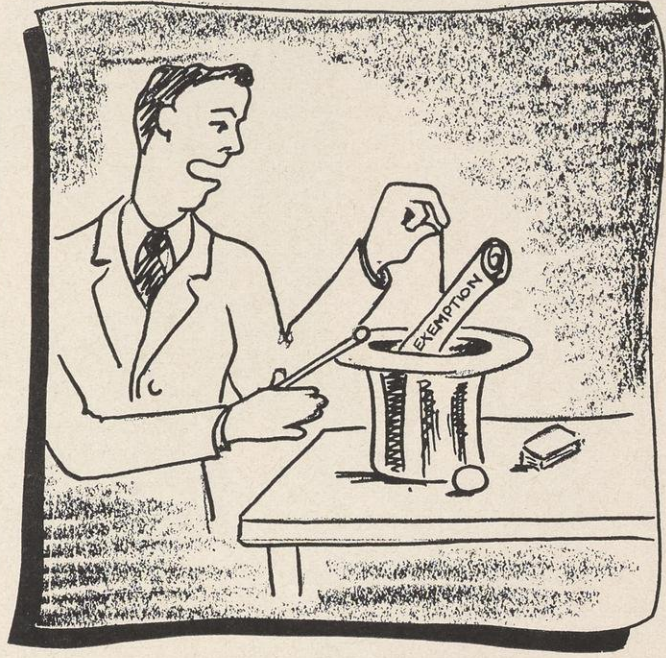
"Did I change my purse before I finished the . . . or did I find my slippers when diminishing utility" . . . Jessie Jean thought wildly at first, then sadly. When her tired instructor looked up, J. J. had disappeared—gone, like the dome on Bascom. —M. F.

Not in the Catalogue

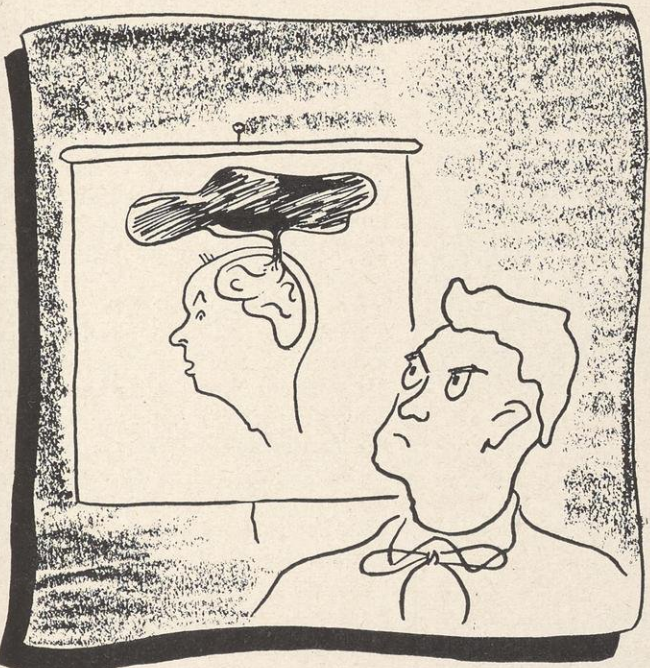
*These Courses, Prizes One and All, Are Not to Be Found
In the Bulletin . . . But They're There . . . Between the Lines*



CHEMISTRY 128.—*Origin and Use of Stench Bomb.* Mr. Walton, IOTTq.



ECONOMICS 125.—*Loopholes and Tax Evasion.* Mr. Groves, 2:15 W.



PHILOSOPHY 167.—*Purgatory for You and Me.* Mr. Otto, 2:30 MWF.



MILI. SCI. 131.—*Development of Goose-Step.* Lieut. Weaver, 7-11 S.

In the Editor's Brown Study



WHAT is a humor magazine?" asked jesting Egbert, and would not stay for an answer. A humor magazine is, surprisingly enough, a quite serious affair. Humor is a form of classic literature. Its tradition goes way, way back; Plato said of Socrates, "He was serious in a jocular way."

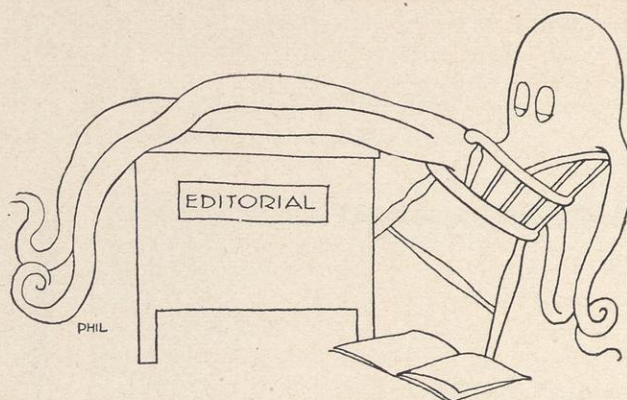
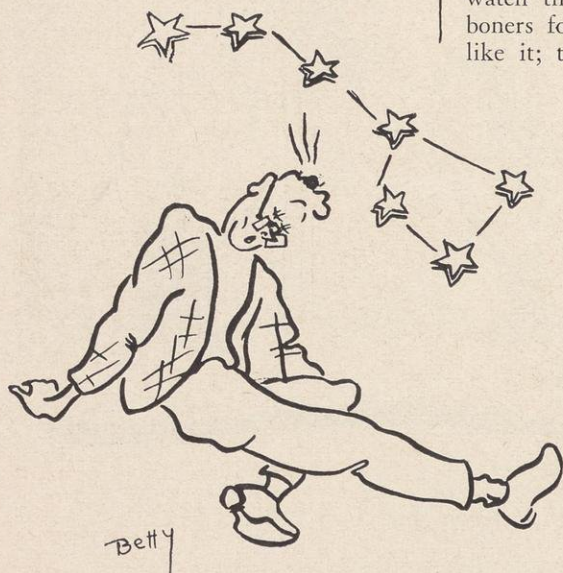
But for too long a period has humor spent its efforts diddling about in pointless inanity. There are two primary objectives which a humor magazine should desire to reach: one, to point out foibles and two, to yield an inner glow and chuckle to its readers.

In pointing out foibles, it must be appreciated that by well pointed satire, humor can achieve a mark which serious expression may overshoot. A carefully aimed arrow of humor can pierce deeper than a cannon ball of editorial fodder. Hence the rapid rise of the newspaper cartoon.

It was Moliere who stressed the famous Latin expression: *Castigat ridendo mores* (teach morals by laughter). We must realize that in laughter serious results are accomplished; often the sharp point of humor pricks a deadly apathy to much needed activity.

When the reader chuckles, the magazine is a wow. A sorry problem lies in that certain nationally distributed magazines have coveted the name of "humor" magazines and led the citi-

• •



zenry to believe that *humor* is synonymous with *sex*. Their chief concern has been to find different phases of adultery.

If you must have adultery, you shall not find it in the *Octopus*. Octy, too, could have its pages plastered all over the walls of Mrs. Bemish's rooming house if it chose to run gobs of semi-nude women holding telephones in the light of the sun. Such it does not chose to run.

It is only when the editor has a thesis to turn in and three final exams the next day that he will resort to the back-house cartoon, the dog at the hydrant, the stork over the sorority house, or the come-up-and-see-my-etching humor.

WE WILL try to make you laugh, and laugh hard. We'll try to make you laugh even if it's at yourself. A humor book can't be libeled. We can pull professors legs and thumb our noses at them the next day. We shall tell the President of the University what we think of him and trust that he, too, will laugh; if not, *soit*. We'll watch the Cardinal and pull out its boners for our columns. They won't like it; they never do. But they are not immune.

And you had better watch *your* step or possibly one of Octy's many tentacles will creep over to your shoe laces and pull your leg. So gird up your loins, for Octy pulls hard; we won't be pulling our punches, either. So if you are professor, student, president, or demi-god, Old Eight Legs is watching you. But don't be frightened, for it will all be

in good fun; and while you are laughing at whimsy, we'll occasionally slip in a cartoon or story with a little social consciousness.

We live in no Eden, you are aware. In fact, old Octy himself is a little bewildered; but if, by vitalizing its humor, Octy can point out the weaknesses and foibles it finds about it and at the same time draw you away from the over-serious side and make you chuckle—we'll be satisfied.

THE COVER this month was drawn by one Ralph Morton Jones, a sophomore, a Phi Gam, in love, yet still a fairly sober lad. The greater part of the art work was done by Roger Wurtz, who, we predict, has a great Octopus future. He is going to do the murals in the Octopus offices. Old Man Erdahl came through with some of the finest drawings of his seven years on the Octopus. We're proud of him.

Carol Liebl handed in her *chez d'ouvre* in worthy fashion. Ray Vallier, who is fast earning a place among Octy Immortals, has shown that he can do excellent cartooning as well as pure graphic work.

Our sophomore flashes, Silk and Pierron, are still around, piddling about in Chronicle and short stories. Haswell, who sleeps in his undies, spent more time writing letters to the Cardinal than preparing Octopus material.

Old Eight Legs is fond of some of the newer members of the business staff, Peters, Schwartzberg, Hames, and Carlson look pretty good.

Schoolwork

A young engineer they call Jay
Was sent, the Hill to survey.

What he saw through the glass
Was an elegant lass—
His report to the prof got an A.

—M. F.

According to Records

Sweet or swing . . . it's an old story now, and we think the argument's settled. We're going to have both, and you can take your pick. This month's records have good and bad examples of both.

Guy Lombardo

When swing came in, we gave Guy up for lost. But we'll take it all back. The thrill of our oh-so-tender high-school years has withstood the swing siege and is now going like 60 in his own old sweet way.

Most hummable of his numbers this month is *Where Have We Met Before?* Though the words are just a string of song-titles, we've seen worse. But with Lombardo the tune's the thing, and that's what this number's got plenty of. *Let Me Whisper*, on the other side, is soft and gentle, typical Lombardo, with brother Carmen doing the whispering. It's well executed, but the melody is too weak for Lombardo's style. VICTOR.

So Little Time (and so much to do) is perfect if you're in love or out in a canoe. We were neither and still liked it. *Little Lady Make Believe* is one for Aunt Lucina, who wears Queen Mary hats. VICTOR.

Andrews Sisters

Ti-Pi-Tin gives the Andrews Sisters a chance to live up to the reputation they established on *Bei Mir Bist du Schoen*. They don't. It's lively enough but not particularly brilliant. If you still are mad at Lombardo, the arrangement of *Where Have We Met Before?*, on the back side, may suit you. To us, it's on the fence. DECCA.

Benny Goodman

Benny Goodman, four times up to bat this month, socked out two homers, a single, and then batted right into a double play. First home run is *That Feeling Is Gone*, which leaves us with a feeling that lingers on and on. Very good. And Martha Tilton's vocal is more than you could ask for. The reverse side, *Lullaby in Rhythm*, will have a long run, we predict, at all the State Street coke shops. It's a tune that grows on you. A must record. VICTOR.

Sweet Lorraine has plenty of Benny Goodman's clarinet and is good if you like the trio; it's slow and has plenty of rhythm. We like crowds and a trio to us sounds too much like King Cole's Fiddlers Three. *Dizzy Spells*, on the back, is just that . . . and we prefer not to have them. This is the kind of



Wherever you go
BEECH-NUT GUM
gives extra pleasure
and refreshment



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 worth stopping for.



ALWAYS REFRESHING

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"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.

piece Horace Heidt's trumpets would eat up. The vibraphone which makes the trio a quartette also makes it sickening. VICTOR.

Bob Crosby

We can't figure out why *Jezebel* doesn't catch on better. It's so deep and mysterious . . . like Black Moonlight (remember?). Bob Crosby does his usual good job but what this really needs is Eddy Duchin, some low-down piano, and some muted trumpets. *You're an Education* is getting old now, but you'll like the way Bob Crosby does it. DECCA.

Fats Waller

I Simply Adore You starts out with a long piano solo in the style of the girl at Kreske's. Fats' vocal sounds like the big bad wolf with a great big mouth the better to eat up Little Red Riding Hood and the three little pigs in one gulp. The trumpets and saxophones in the last chorus are good. Ordinarily we can't care for Fats, but even though dozens of arrangements have been made of this, we think you'll like it. *Let's Break the Good News*, backside, has more vocal, less of what it takes. VICTOR.

Larry Clinton

Stop . . . and Reconsider is a very catchy number which gives Miss Bea Wain a chance to show her talent. She's on the order of Martha Tilton and just about as good. *College Humor* is a novelty that is a complete flop. Supposed to be funny, it's got as much humor as the once-good magazine by that name. We played it through once and will hereafter ignore it. VICTOR.

Glen Gray

Thanks for the Memory is the song



of all this month's batch that will probably be remembered the longest time. We like best the part about "You may have been a headache but you never were a bore." Also the rime of highball and steeple. *Mamma, That Moon Is Here Again*, on the other side, is old but danceable. DECCA.

New Black and Tan Fantasy

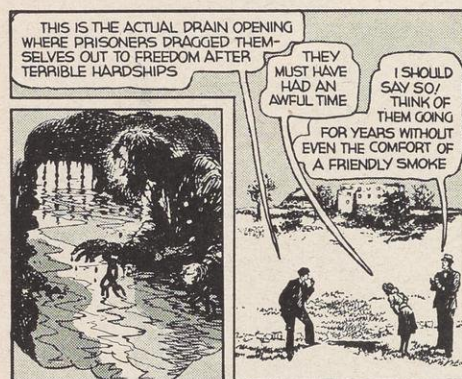
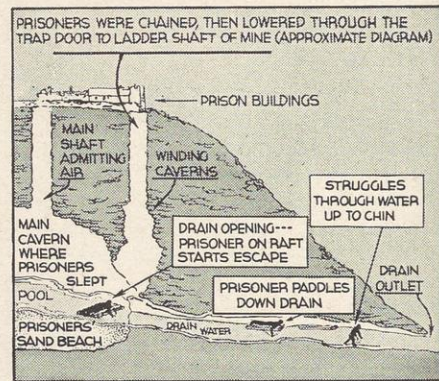
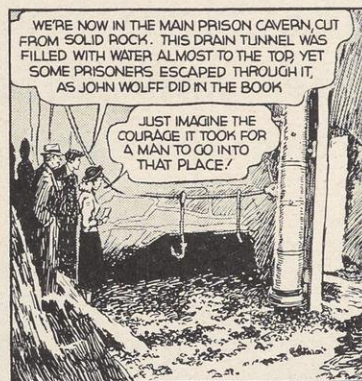
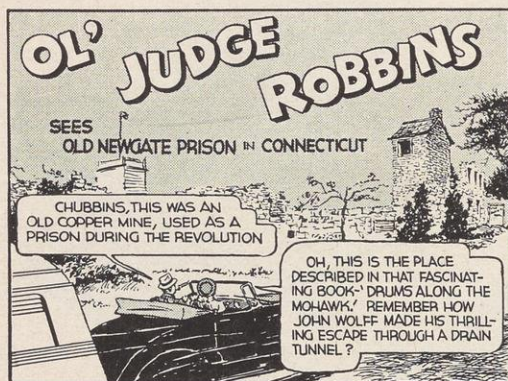
Duke Ellington turns once again to instrumental work to turn out a first rate two sider. The saxophones and some fine trumpet stuff make this and *Stepping Into Swing Society* well worth listening to. BRUNSWICK.

Chick Webb

Midnight in a Madhouse is well done, if you like the song. We do, very much. *Dipsy Doodle* is getting so old now, and this is just like all the rest. We liked it once. DECCA.

War Dance for Wooden Indians

Raymond Scott plays one of his latest compositions in his usual fine style. There is a certain sameness in his work, but the sax work and the drum breaks are worth hearing twice anytime. The same goes for the reverse side, *The Penguin*. BRUNSWICK.



FOR PIPE-SMOKIN' THAT'S EXTRA-MILD, EXTRA-MELLOW, EXTRA-TASTY — GET NEXT TO PRINCE ALBERT. IT SMOKES COOL AND CAKES UP RIGHT!

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

SO MILD!

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

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

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

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The Raving

Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered weak and bleary,
Suddenly there came a burping—
As of someone at the bar-room door;
And from without
A drunken voice
Began to spout
"Nevermore . . . nevermore . . ."

Twice upon that midnight eerie
Stumbled I upon the stairs—so weary.
Staring at me from the clock,
The well-oiled cuckoo sighed when he
Saw me there,
And as he rubbed his eyes,
I heard him swear
"Nevermore . . . nevermore . . ."

Thrice upon that midnight bleary
Did I fumble for the bed—*forlorn and beery.*
Finally in sweet repose I lay—until
The bed began to move with roly motion,
While from within
My conscience groaned—
Up came my sin—
Ya . . . nevermore, nevermore . . .

—B. P. R.

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Our fine selection of all kinds of
JEWELRY will more than please
every *graduate*. For handsome
gifts, see . . .

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INVITATIONS . . .

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THESIS SUPPLIES . . .

we stock the best bond

H. C. NETHERWOOD

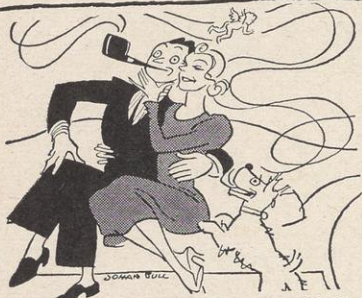
519 STATE STREET

QUALITY . PRINTING . OF . ALL . KINDS

SHE "PHEW" HOME TO FATHER!



NASAL CRUELTY! Tom's harsh and heavy tobacco was too much for Polly. Home she went and home she stayed until Tom cleaned his pipe and tried Sir Walter Raleigh.



BLISS FOR KEEPS! Tom and Polly never squabbled from that day on. And how he enjoys those 2-ounce tins of sweet-smelling burley! Smells good to puffer and puffed-at!

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. D. S. T., NBC Red Network.

Proprietier—In this restaurant when you order a good cup of coffee you get the best cup of coffee in the world; if you order a fresh egg, you get the freshest egg in the world; if you—

Customer—I believe you. I ordered a small steak. —Record

The question of the correct plural of the word "mongoose" was solved by a gentleman who wanted a pair of these interesting and affectionate creatures.

He wrote to a dealer: "Sir, please send me two mongeese."

He did not like the look of this, tore up the paper and began again: "Sir, please send me two mongooses."

This version did not satisfy him any better than the first, so he wrote: "Sir, please send me a mongoose and, by the way, send me another."

—Punch Bowl

Gypsy: "I tell your fortune."

Man: "How much?"

Gypsy: "Fifty cents."

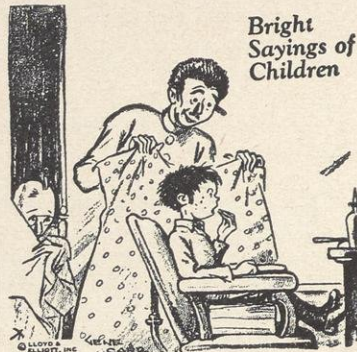
Man: "Correct."

—Record

A girl can be very sweet when she wants. —Buccaneer

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN

by R. C. McColl



"Tommy, did I see you out strolling with your intended wife yesterday?"
"Quit kidding a guy, Tony, just because he treats a dame to a plate of

DAIRY MAID ICE CREAM

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Win
a
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BEST JOKE
SUBMITTED
TO US
WINS IT!

Last Month's
Winner:

NORVAN GORDON

Adams Hall

Congratulations!



Girls would run from Bill's embrace;
His breath was more than they could face.
But since LIFE SAVERS keep it sweet,
He has girls flocking to his feet.



MORAL

Everybody's breath is apt to offend, now and then. Let Cryst-O-Mint Life Savers sweeten yours after eating, drinking or smoking.

"ALBERT JUST WON'T BE WITHOUT HIS FORD-V8"



by ROGER F. WURTZ '41, Wisconsin Octopus



*— and my new cigarette
is Chesterfield*

*Chesterfields are made of
mild ripe tobaccos ... rolled in
pure cigarette paper ... the best
ingredients a cigarette can have*
For You...there's MORE PLEASURE
in Chesterfield's milder better taste

They Satisfy