

## **Octopus. Vol. 15 [17], No. 10 June, 1936**

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# OCTOPUS



JUNE, 1936

TEN CENTS

hyland

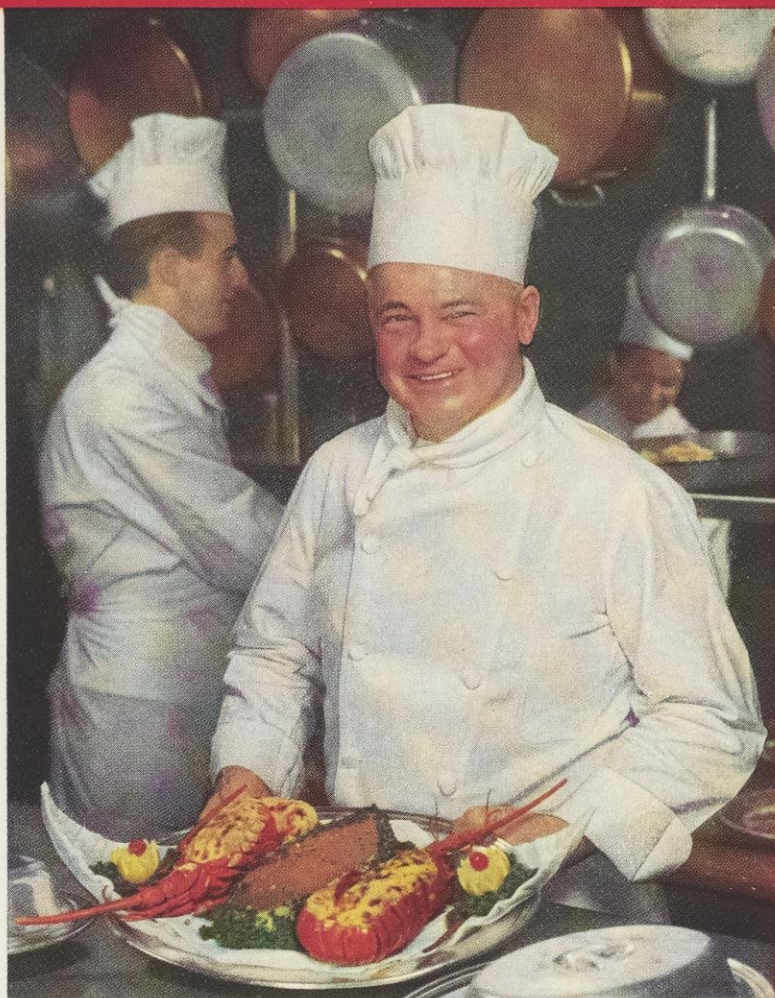




**UNDER THE BIG TOP.** Watching Miss Dorothy Herbert of Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey, you marvel at her poise. Miss Herbert says: "I'm a devoted Camel smoker. Smoke all I want—eat anything I care for. Camels make food taste better and digest easier. And have a royal flavor!"



**STOP PRESS!** A day's action is crowded into minutes as the reporter works to beat the deadline. "It's a life of hurry, hurry, hurry," says Peter Dahlen, crack newspaper man, "and a life of irregular hours and meals. That's one good reason why I smoke Camels. It's swell the way they make food taste better and set better."



**BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE BROWN DERBY.** The *chef* is putting the final touches to a Lobster *Thermidor*, while within the restaurant proper the glittering stars of Hollywood gather to chat...to dine...and to enjoy Camels. Here, the mildness and flavor of their costlier tobaccos have made Camels an outstanding favorite. As Mr. Robert H. Cobb, the man behind The Brown Derby's success and host to the great personalities of Hollywood, remarks: "Camels are the choice of the majority of our patrons."

*For Digestion's sake  
...Smoke Camels*

Smoking Camels stimulates the natural flow of digestive fluids...increases alkalinity

Life sometimes pushes us so hard that we feel too worn-down really to *enjoy* eating. Science explains that hurry and mental strain reduce the flow of the digestive fluids.

Evidence shows that smoking Camels increases the flow of digestive fluids...alkaline digestive fluids...so vital to the *enjoyment* of food and to *good digestion*.

Camel's rich and costly tobaccos are mild beyond words. Enjoy Camels steadily. Camels set you right! And never jangle your nerves or tire your taste.



Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

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

**COSTLIER TOBACCOS!**



# OUT OF THE MOTHS BALLS . . .

"Waiter, there is a fly in my soup."  
 "Thank you, sir, most folks call it dishwater."

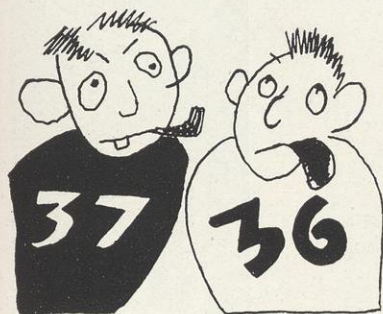
—Octopus

Yale: "What's the difference between a girl and a horse?"

Harvard: "I dunno."

Yale: "Boy! You must have some wonderful dates."

—Jacko



Prof: All that you have to have for this exam is two sharp pencils and a ruler.

Stude: Thank heck, this is one exam I won't have to study for.

—Bored Walk

A speaker was lecturing on Forest Reserve. "I don't suppose," he said, "that there is a single person in the house who has done a single thing to conserve our timber resources."

Silence was king for a second and then a meek, milquetoast voice from the rear of the hall timidly retorted: "I—I once shot a woodpecker."

—Red Cat

Then there was the Scotchman who forgot his nationality long enough to go Dutch when he took his girl out to dinner.

"Does she have her own way?"

"Does she? Why, she writes her diary a week ahead of time."

—Texas Ranger

"Waiter, are you sure this ham was cured?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, it's had a relapse."

—Blue Jay

"I see you have a new roommate."  
 "No, I bought this tie myself."

—Heheheh

Some recruits to the army seem awfully dumb. For instance, there is the one who raced into the recruiting office with his coat half torn off. He hurriedly filled out the application and demanded to be sent to any distant post. Another rookie, noticing the sad-eyed girl outside, remarked: "Golly, pal, your dame out there certainly looks poignant."

"I know," shot back the newcomer; "that's why I'm here."

—Tennessee Turnip

Grandpappy Morgan, a hillbilly of the Ozarks, had wandered off into the woods and failed to return for supper, so young Tolliver was sent to look for him. He found him standing in the bushes.

"Gettin' dark, Grandpap," the tot ventured.

"Yep."

"Suppertime, Grandpap."

"Yep."

"Ain't ye hungry?"

"Yep."

"Wal, air ye comin' home?"

"Nope."

"Why ain't ye?"

"Can't."

"Why can't ye?"

"Standin' in a b'ar trap."

—Montana Moocher

A company official was rudely aroused from his slumbers by the ringing of the telephone.

"Hello," he growled.

"Are you an official of the telephone company?"

"Yes, what can I do for you?"

"Tell me how it feels to get out of bed at 2 o'clock to answer the wrong number."

—Oops

Coed, shopping: Where can I get some silk covering for my settee?

Floor Walker: Next aisle and to your left for the lingerie department, Miss.

—Malteaser

"Is your kitchen small?"

"Why, it's so small we have to use condensed milk!"

—Texas Ranger

"I had a date with an absent-minded professor last night."

"How do you know he's absent-minded?"

"Well, he must be. He gave me a D on my French quiz this morning."

—Sundial

It happened at an Indiana Penitentiary. The convicted murderer's wife had come to visit him. She asked: "How do you go about getting a pardon from the Governor?"

"That's easy," said the prisoner. "Hey, Governor, how about a pardon?"

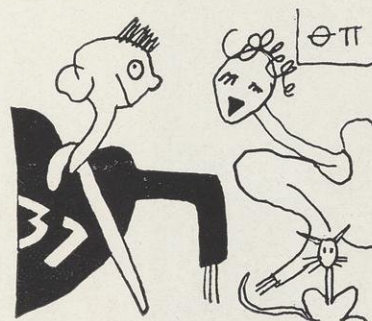
"Sure," was the reply that came from the next cell.

—Syracuse Somersault

Prof: "Mr. Browne, I hate to tell you this, but your son is a moron."

Browne: "Where is he? I'll teach that young man to join a fraternity without consulting me first!"

—Sphinx



Hotel Clerk: With bath, sir?

Guest: Naw, I'm only staying till Friday.

—Lampoon

"Is that the English department of the college over there?"

"Yes, that's our chamber of com-mas."

—Sundial



One of the men spoke. "I dug this hole where I was told to and began to put the dirt back like I was supposed to. But all the dirt won't go back in. What'll I do?"

For a long while the supervisor pondered the problem. Then: "I have it. There's only one thing to do. You'll have to dig the hole deeper."

—Punch Bowl.

She—"I'll return everything you ever gave me. I'm through."

He—"Begin with the kisses."

—Oberlin Lutfisk.

"So you're on your honeymoon here at Niagara Falls. Where's the little woman?"

"Oh, I left her home."

"What? Taking your honeymoon alone?"

"Sure. Someone had to stay home and mind the baby."

—Varieties.

When the nurse told the anxious father that the addition to his family was a multiple one, he cried, "Oh, what have I Dionne?"

—Pelican

A beautiful girl was being tried for killing her husband. The jurors had retired. They knew she was guilty, but they didn't want to sentence her because of her beauty—yet they feared to face their wives if they didn't. Finally, one of them happened to recall that the dead man had been an Elk. The problem was solved. They passed this sentence:

Twenty dollars fine for killing an Elk out of season.

—Pelican.

"A dancer in a new show is having her body coated with white paint. It's a very clever novelty."

"Won't the police arrest her for obscenity?"

"Not until the novelty wears off."

—Punch Bowl

#### SIGMA CHI HOUSE RULES

1. No liquor of any kind will be allowed in the house.
2. Bottles will not be thrown from upper-story windows.

George Washington: "Yes, father, I cannot tell a lie. I cut your sherry."

—Temple Owl.

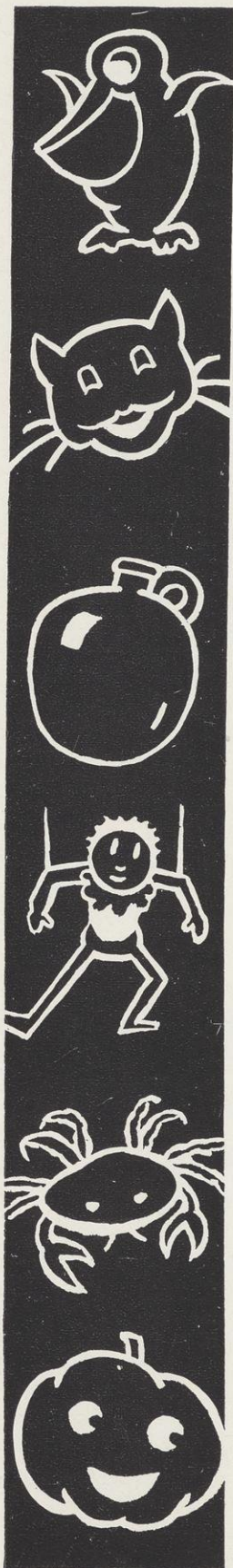
A pretty young lady who had a poodle dog in her lap was riding on a street car. A bluenosed lady sitting next to her remarked: "What a nasty little dog. Don't you think, young lady, it would look nicer if you had a little baby in your lap?"

"No," the pretty one replied in calm, even tones, "it wouldn't. You see, I'm not married."

—Dodo

I looked into his deep and glowing eyes. His lips were saying those three little words I had waited a lifetime to hear. I couldn't believe it was true. Again he said, fulfilling the wonderful dream of my life, "No French assignment."

—Pelican





"What do naughty Egyptian girls become?"

"Mummies."

—Tiger

"My husband has two thousand men under him."

"Why, what does he do?"

"Mows lawns at the cemetery."

—Pelican

Minister: And now, my child, who was the mother of Moses?

Little Audry: Pharaoh's daughter.

M.: But she only found him in the bullrushes.

L. A.: That was her story.

—Brown Jug

"The artist made me pose with a rifle in my hands."

"Is he doing a picture of the war?"

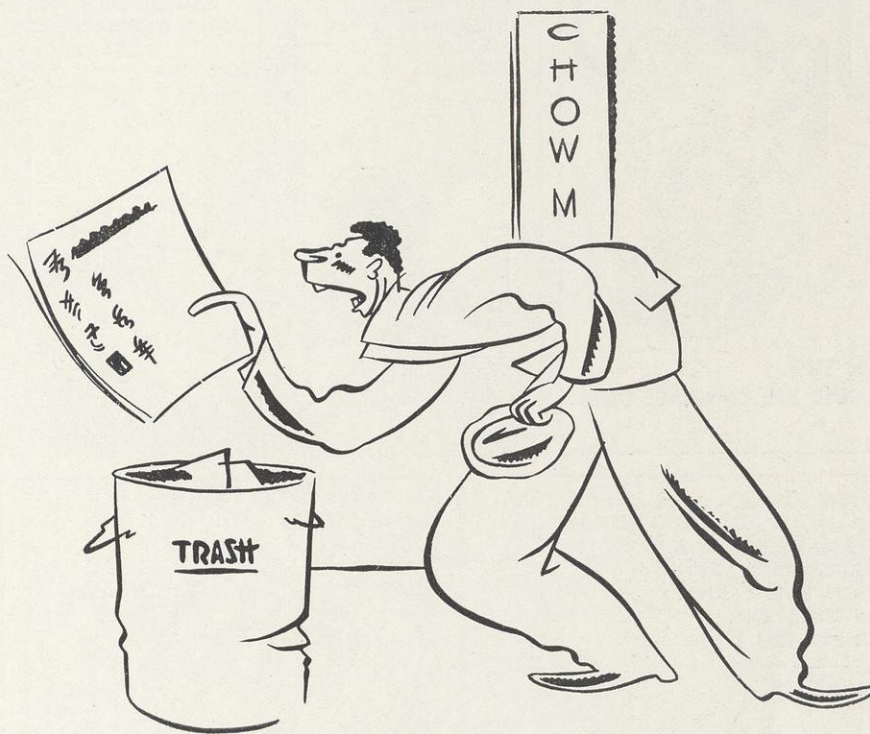
"No, he can't trust himself."

—Oberlin Lutefisk

"I certainly was surprised to hear his sister was a blushing bride."

"Didn't you think she could marry at her age?"

"Yes, but I didn't think she could blush."



"Lousy yellow sheet"



When the horse runs home and the ground is hard,  
When you wish you were safe in your own back yard,

When your face is red as a riding coat,  
When things get tough and they get your goat,

*Then it's time to test the flavor true*

That helps you forget you are black and blue . . .

Don't faint, don't swear and don't count ten,

*Just rip off the wrapper and yield to that yen . . .*

*Compose yourself*

WITH

**Beech-Nut**

THE QUALITY GUM





# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



IN THE "HORSELESS CARRIAGE" DAYS

OH-H, THE COLONEL LEFT HIS TOBACCO HERE. HE TOLD ME HE HAS IT SPECIALLY MIXED UP FOR HIMSELF. NOW WHAT ARE YOU CHUCKLING ABOUT, DADDY?

WELL, CHUBBINS - I LEARNED ABOUT MIX-UPS OF ALL SORTS YEARS AGO WHEN HORSELESS CARRIAGES WERE IN THE EXPERIMENTAL STAGE

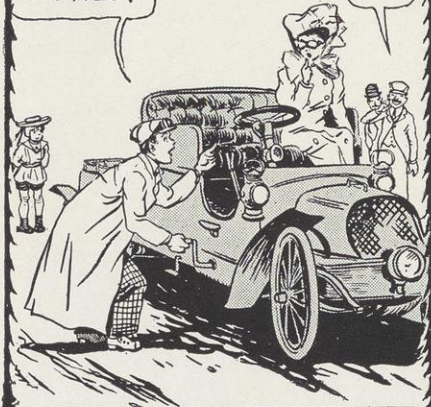


ROBBINS, YOU MIX UP THIS NEW CHEMICAL OF MINE WITH THE GASOLINE IN YOUR AUTOMOBILE - I KNOW IT WILL INCREASE YOUR SPEED 75 PER CENT - MAN, IT WILL MAKE US RICH! I'LL LET YOU IN ON IT



ANNABELLE - YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT YOU'RE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE MOST SURPRISIN' THING YOU EVER SAW! YOU'LL BE AMAZED!

GIT A HOSS!



AND SO - I BLEW UP MY CAR, LOST MY GIRL AND A CHANCE AT A FORTUNE - ALL BECAUSE OF A MIX-UP. BUT PRINCE ALBERT IS NO UNTRIED EXPERIMENT. ITS COMBINED RICHNESS, FLAVOR, AND MELLOWNESS ARE EVERYTHING A MAN WANTS IN HIS TOBACCO



## Meet the prince of pipe tobaccos - Prince Albert

Introduce yourself to Prince Albert at our risk. Prove to yourself that there is no other tobacco like P. A.

As a tobacco fancier, notice how P. A.'s "crimp cut" makes for a longer, cooler smoke. Enjoy steady pipe-smoking that doesn't bite the

tongue. See how evenly Prince Albert cakes in your pipe. How mellow and fragrant and comforting it is! Prince Albert is the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world. Try it at our risk. Below is our man-to-man offer. P. A.'s grand "makin's" too.

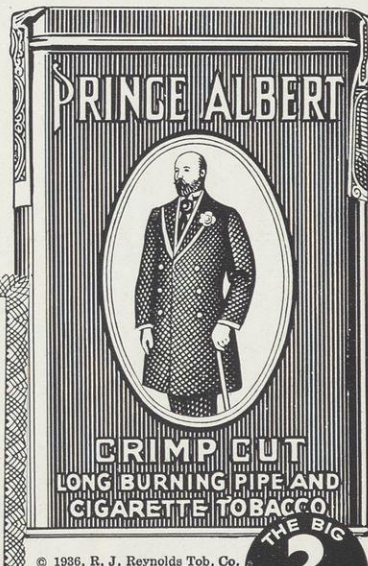
## OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

"You must be pleased"

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

# PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!



© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

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



THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

# Campus Chronicle

## Evidence

When the semester is over, some of us with great relief go home, some go to summer school, and the civil engineers migrate en masse to Devil's Lake where they wear down the stony hills surveying. Their camp is a pretty neat little place, rows and rows of tents, with two men and six rattlesnakes per tent.

After a few weeks, though, things get sort of dull and everyone is a bit leery from squinting through lenses and sweating over drawings and fighting off mosquitoes and rattlers. So the boys have a Prom and bring their best girl-friends up for a Good Time in the wilderness.

A picnicking professor and his family dropped in at the camp last summer for a little visit just at Prom time. There were a lot of girls around, but the professor's eight-year-old daughter was not surprised at all. "I knew all the boys had their girls here," she explained. "Each tent has two beds in it."

## Defiance

We don't know whether it's the creative or the destructive instinct that makes people carve up the writing arms of lecture seats. Maybe it's just boredom and busy little fingers. To look at a group of carvings, though, makes you feel the years and traditions that lie behind you, H. M. '08, Spud '17, Deke, J. L. F., B. 1489, etc., etc.

We noticed the girl next to us in Econ lecture the other day. She studied the initials and fraternity names and dates scratched in the arm of her seat. Then she took out her pencil and dug deeply into the wood. Either defiance or whimsy was her motive; but as we went out, we saw she had engraved "Y. C. L."



"Coming back to summer school?"

## Patriots

We went sailing the other day in one of Mr. Erickson's little ships, or rather we would have sailed if there had been any wind. The sails just flapped limply, but it was a nice day, no clouds, and we didn't mind just drifting along, watching the crews glide up and down the shore.

Just at sunset we were heading in toward the boathouse when suddenly we heard some pretty fancy bugling, like the kind we learned at Girl Scout camp long ago. We couldn't tell where it was coming from until we noticed some fellows in the front yard of the PiKA house. They were taking a flag down from their flagpole, and up on the roof was the guy with the bugle.

When the flag was down and folded up, there was another burst of bugling and then everybody went into the house. The guy on the roof crawled back in through a window. It was very touching.

With unblushing pride, Octy announces the awarding of gold Octopus service keys to the following men, for two years of faithful service:

Herbert L. Bennett '36

William M. Wright '36

Charles Lowe Fleming '37

## Spelling bee

We get pretty griped at times the way some ignorant slugs spell the name of our publication. People who ought to know better, too. Our correspondence with the Harvard Lampoon is addressed always to the "Octapus." Most of our gags are credited to a mag called the "Octopus," or the "Octipus." Today we got a letter for the "Octopuz."

We are the last folks on earth to destroy whimsy and individuality, but—old die-hards that we are—we'll stick to the spelling, "Octopus."

## Straws in the wind

Sometimes, of course, mis-spelling is not due to ignorance; it's due to a short-circuit in the cerebellum. A Freudian slip, or something. Shows what people have on their minds, conscious or subconscious.

And in this presidential year of 1936 we received a letter for the Wisconsin Octopus, 770 Landon Street.

## Expose

And then there was the earie Cardinal reporter, one Bobroff, who decided to pay for his enforced sojourn at summer school by wringing a bit of gore out of it. He bought a bottle of gin and a pile of Snappy Stories, and then sat down to his typewriter. In the very best American Weekly yellow journalist manner he wrote an expose of student morals and conduct during summer school. It was hot stuff.

Bobroff sent his story to Esquire, since we all know that Esquire is a pushover for anything slightly smutty or suggestive. Esquire also has the policy of sending comments



and advice along with their rejection slips; it blunts the disappointment, sort of.

And when the story came back, as you might expect, the rejection slip carried a little note which said simply, "My oh my!"

### *No blackballs*

Every other day the mailman brings us some propaganda from the Extension Division. It seems they want our business pretty badly. The School of Education sent us a letter, too, hinting that the School of Education is very nice and wouldn't we like to sign up? And we remember how, when we were Freshmen, the Classics Department had a banquet and asked us to come, the idea being to get us into a few Greek and Latin courses or even to major in the stuff.

It kind of hurts us to see the dignified Halls of Culture carrying on this way. It's like Langdon Street during fall rushing season. And that gives us an idea.

Instead of this disorderly competition between departments, why couldn't we have a period of formal rushing? Invitations to a smoker or tea-party sent out, bids to dinner, maybe a trip to the Cuba Club (when the Dean's office wasn't watching), and then a final bid to join up with the School of Music or the Department of Slavic Philology. Less ill-feelings, less dirty-work. No hot-boxing, either.

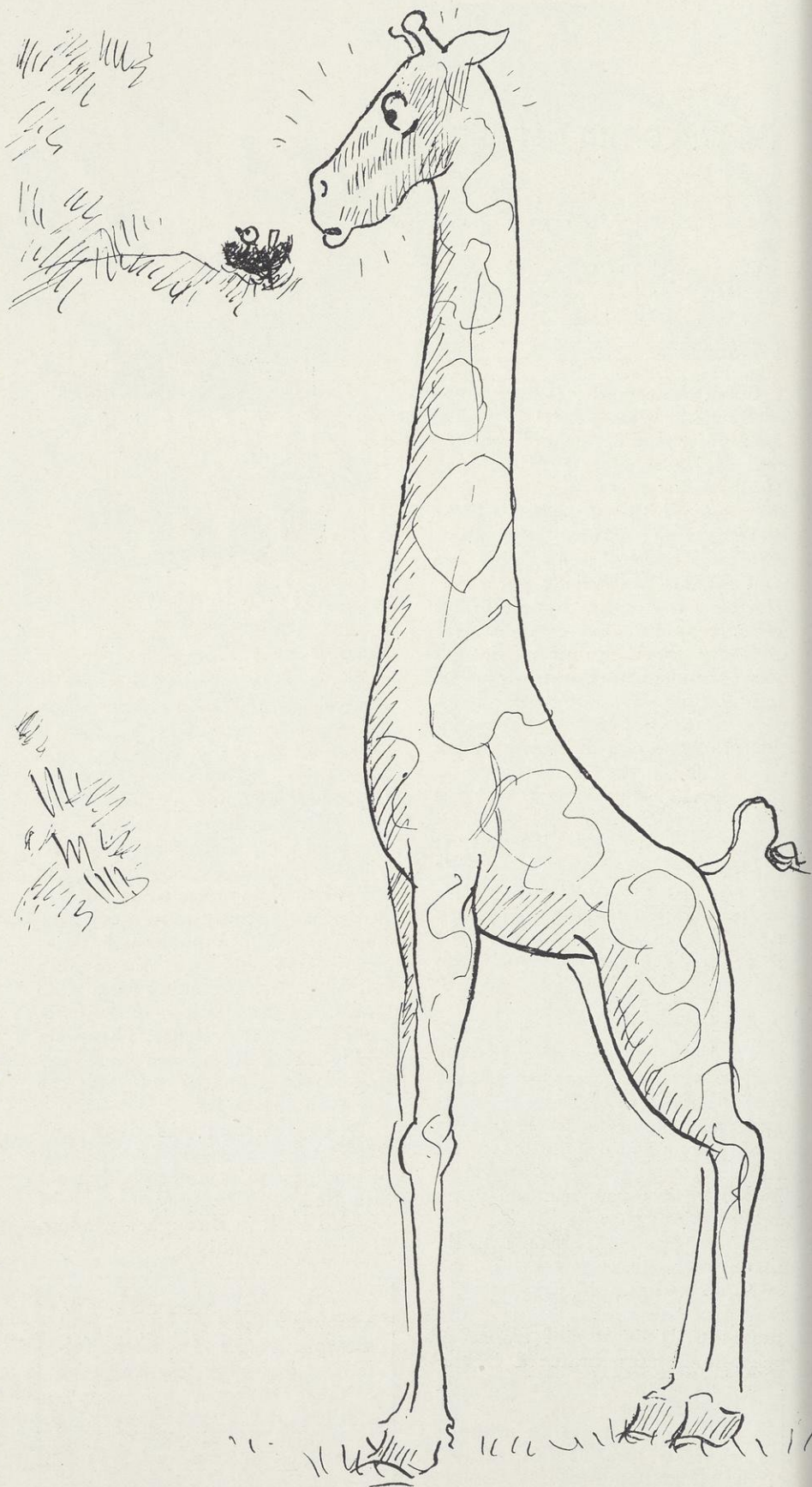
### *Our motto: Service*

Not so long ago a group of professors were discussing an extremely abstruse subject in the lobby of a New York hotel, where some sort of conference was going on. In the discussion a highly technical point of fact came up.

Since there was general disagreement about it, they decided to settle the problem by use of an encyclopedia. Well, naturally there was none in the lobby; and one of the learned gentlemen, more resourceful than his fellows, went over to the immaculately dressed clerk standing behind the hotel desk.

"Is there an Encyclopedia Britannica in this hotel?" he inquired.

"There is not, sir," said the clerk, "but just what is it you would like to know?"





**Brass, brass, brass**

When you get three or four thousand people here for summer school and when most of them are more interested in having a good time than in going to classes, a lot of quaint things happen. Like last summer, for instance, as we sat in the sun on the SAE pier.

A nice little quail who dwelt in the SAE house had a hard time getting acquainted, God knows why. So she came down on the pier one day with her big bright towel, spread it out, and then sprawled out on it, so that her legs were across those of a sun-tanned gent who was also sprawled in the sunshine. Annoyed or embarrassed, he moved over . . . out of reach.

The next day precisely the same thing happened; the fellow moved away again. Discouraging, indeed.

But the third day the cutie pulled the same trick, stretched across the

he-man's legs quite casually. He looked at her, moved his legs. "Hey, listen," she said, "let's you and me go to town."

**Victor 77415**

We get a lot of funny stuff in our mail—what little of our mail, that is, that the Cardinal does not steal. The other day we got a carefully packed recording of "Gloomy Sunday." It had a Madison postmark and was therefore not from one of the record companies who send us stuff. There was no hint as to who the sender was.

But we suspect dirty work — a thing like that is just about equivalent to murder. We might have offended a few people slightly, and annoyed a few others, but we have done nothing to arouse murderous thoughts in anyone.

We can close our eyes and imagine the strains of "Gloomy Sunday" drifting from the third floor of the

Old Union, blood dripping through to the Workshop, and the rafters sagging with the weight as the staff, one by one, find life too much for them.

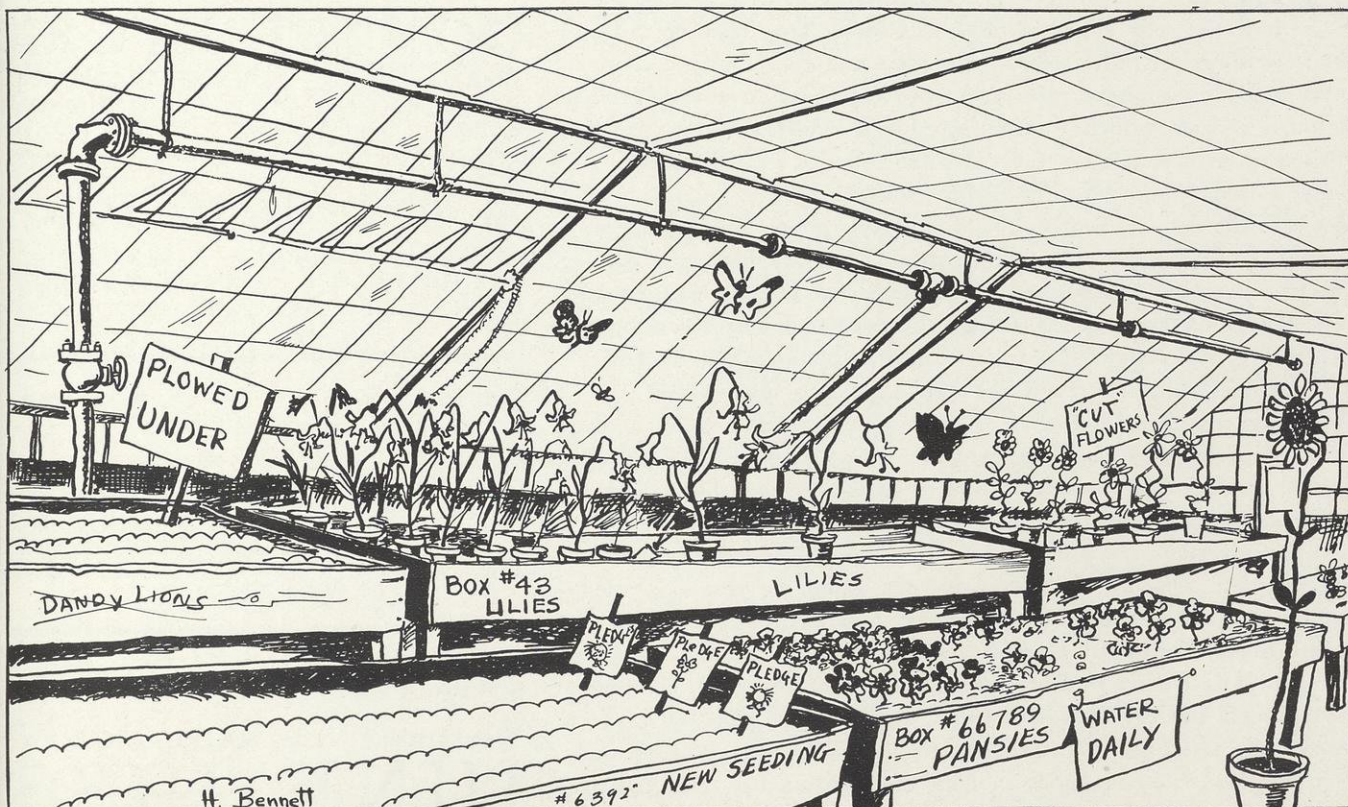
But the would-be Perfect Crime has been scotched. We'll be **damned** if we'll play that record, even if it was free.

**Service plus**

Bob Shaplen, our new sports editor, was back home in New York City a few months ago. He went into a lunch-room and ordered two ham sandwiches and a beer—the old Rathskeller habit.

Pretty soon the waiter came back with the beer and one ham sandwich. "Hey," said Shaplen, "I ordered two ham sandwiches, didn't I?"

"Yeh," said the waiter, "but we think your eyes are bigger than your stomach."





# The Wisconsin OCTOPUS

Incorporated 1920  
770 Langdon Street  
Madison, Wisconsin

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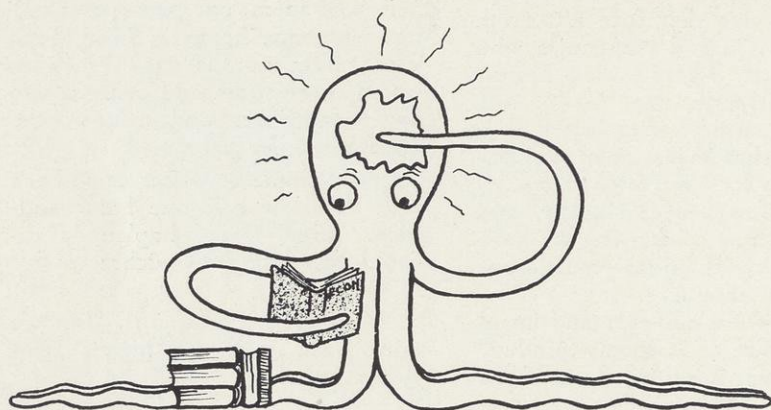
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Volume XV, Number 10  
**JUNE, 1936**



ONE slumps down before his typewriter, ready to write an editorial. One must write an editorial, so that he can see how the new editorial page will look. One tries to think about writing but he is weary. He does not give a damn about anything. He no longer cares about the little post cards which the mailman forgets to bring each day. He is even too tired to get worked up over the bell-tower. The bell-tower is a dead issue, but it was a long time dying. Someday one will have to publish the official Bell-Tower Anthology of poetry, prose, and pictures scraped from the files of the Octopus. May the ivy grow profusely on the bell-tower, may the sparrows and dicky-birds nest in it. Amen. One cannot get wrought up over fees. There is no use in blaming Mr. Frank. There is no use in blaming the Regents. It isn't their fault. The fault lies with a group of men whom it is useless to scream and holler at. The only thing to do, maybe, is to threaten them with the loss of your vote. Your father's and mother's vote. Your uncle's and grandmother's vote. They made the fees go up, if—by the way—fees do go up. They would not give the university the money it needs. The university must have more money. Do you see? One will not argue: he is weary. He cannot get excited over football scholarships or the subsidization of the Daily Cardinal. The Cardinal has long been subsidized, anyway. It is a mere tool of intrenched corporate greed, corrupt government, and far-flung vice rings. But, ah, one does not care. One thinks of sleep, sleep in the warm air under a tree. Sleep in a hammock with a newspaper over his face. Sweet rest. Oh, damn the mosquitoes!



## A PIPE IS A DANCING THING

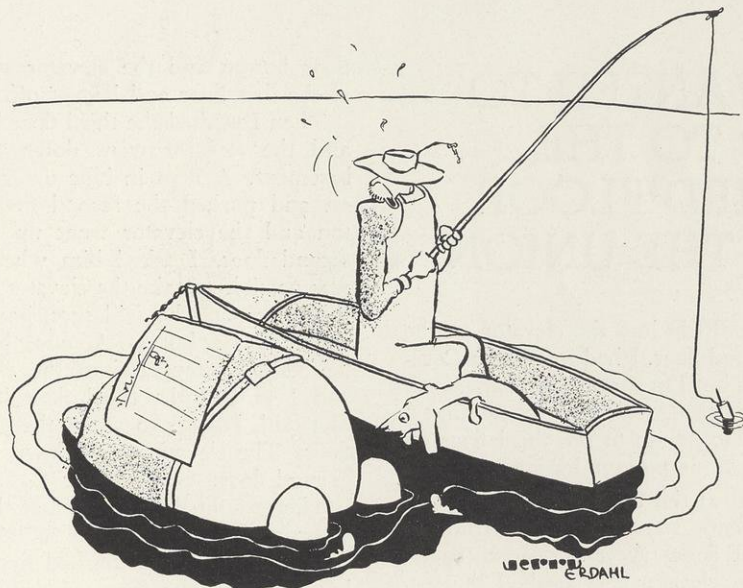
EDGAR was one of those fellows that ties a string from his lamp to his bed so that he can turn the lamp off when he is in bed. Edgar was one of those quiet boys who spends long hours pondering over pet notions. Zu-gu was a pet notion of Edgar's. One evening Edgar was sitting in Blue Beard Hitchcock's room reading Esquire. Suddenly a little quiver ran all over Edgar and a little squeak of joy escaped from his lips. Blue Beard kind of winked at us and said, "Edgar has got a nibble." It's hard to appreciate how funny this is unless you know Edgar. Blue Beard is always making cracks that refer to people's faces.

Sure enough, Edgar had a nibble. He sat there staring at the picture for about five minutes, then he very carefully laid Esquire aside, without even turning back to look at the Petty picture again. With a very thoughtful look on his face he said, "Gosh," and glided on air out of the room. After he left we looked through the book to see what he had seemed so interested in, but we didn't see any pictures that would put that kind of a look on his face.

About a week later we found out Edgar's plan. Around ten o'clock one night Spooky Garpsnort went into Edgar's room to look at his last semester's econ quizzes. In the center of the room was an entanglement of red rubber tubing. The tubing came out of a queer shaped bottle with a long, thin neck. The bottle was half filled with a yellowish liquid through which gray bubbles were bubbling.

On one end of the rubber tubing was a pipe bowl that was busily smoking. On the other end of the tube was Edgar, who was sitting cross legged on his bed with a towel around his head and a contented look on his face. This picture rather appealed to Spooky, who got to his knees and bowed seventeen times saying, "Allah," through his nose.

For some reason, Edgar was rather annoyed by this seemingly worshipful attitude on the part of Spooky, so he rose very majestically from his bed and quoted part of Omar Khayam to Spooky who gracefully retired. That episode was enough for Spooky, as he claimed that he couldn't feel right about haunting the Chi Phi house or



*"Maybe it's all right, but that newspaper's a week old"*

the Gamma Phi housemother if he got involved in another such affair with Edgar.

Loud Mouth Sniggle sort of felt then that it was up to him to find out just what kind of monkey business was going on in Edgar's room. Loud Mouth always claimed to be very tough on the courageous stuff, so he waited until after Lights Out the following Wednesday night so that he could be in the mood to invade Edgar's sanctum. We all sat with him to listen to LIGHTS OUT that night, then we went down the hall with him towards Edgar's room, but when we got near to Edgar's door an unearthly noise stopped us like a freshman when he sees the housemother coming around the corner.

It was a high-pitched, yet hollow and whispering sound, and it went slowly up and down the scale, then played a ghostly tune in a minor key. This had even Loud Mouth stopped.

After about ten minutes, Loud Mouth crept slowly to the door and pushed it open softly. He took one look into the room and stepped back spellbound. He gasped for breath, then tiptoed up and gazed rapturously into the room. One by one we sidled up to the room until we had a full view of the inside of the room. There on the bed sat Edgar, on his head was the towel, held together by a Phi Gam pledge pin. He held a thing that looked suspiciously like a gas pipe with holes drilled in it to his mouth. He was gently blowing on it and fingering the holes.

No longer was the end of the rubber tube in his mouth. Instead, it was

waving in the air. Edgar had tamed the pipe and taught it how to dance!

This was too much. We went back to Loud Mouth's room and decided that we would pass a motion in the next Chapter Meeting forbidding the keeping of live animals in the house. After that we went to bed and we all jammed towels in the cracks under our doors so the pipe couldn't wriggle in and get in bed with any of us in case it got tired of Edgar's company.

We never had a chance to bring up Edgar's snake in Chapter Meeting. About eleven-thirty Sunday night we heard a lot of scuffling in Edgar's room. When it was followed by several shrill screams, we were afraid to go into Edgar's room, we just stood outside the door and listened. Finally we heard a sound of glass breaking, and a long, deep sigh, then silence. Summoning up all our courage, we pushed open the door of Edgar's room. On the floor was a tangled mass of red rubber tubing and broken glass. On the bed was Edgar, sobbing madly.

Bull Airgle walked to Edgar and laid a fatherly hand on his shoulder. Bull's hand isn't fatherly, he just has a fatherly way of putting it on people's shoulders, such as guys who are broke or stood up, or rushees.

"What's your gripe?" asks Bull.

"It's Zu-gu," said Edgar in an awful sad tone of voice.

"Who is Zu-gu, and what?" asked Bull.

"Zu-gu was my pipe, only I spoiled him and taught him to dance, then he wouldn't let me smoke him, so I had to bust him."

—P. Godfrey



## I WANTED TO GO TO THE THIRD FLOOR OF THE UNION

I STEPPED into the elevator on the ground floor. I had just had a Coca-Cola but I'm sure it didn't affect me. I felt perfectly sober. I knew that I wanted to go up to the third floor on some very important business.

I pushed the third floor button and the elevator went up until it came to the first floor. A young lady stepped into the elevator and pushed the second floor button. The elevator stopped at the second floor and she got out.

Then I pushed the third floor button and the elevator went down to the ground floor. A large gentleman stepped into the elevator and I asked him what floor he wanted to get off at. He said the first floor. I pushed the first

floor button and the elevator stopped at the first floor and he got off.

Then I pushed the third floor button and the elevator went down to the basement. A man in blue overalls got on and pushed the second floor button and the elevator went up to the second floor. I asked him whether it was possible to take the elevator to the third floor and he said sure, just push the third floor button. A young blonde-haired lady stepped into the elevator and I pushed the third floor button. She said, I want to go to the ground floor. The elevator went down to the ground floor.

The ground floor stopped at the elevator and a red sweater in a short man stepped in and pushed first floor button. First the floor stopped at the man and the short elevator got out. Players six band school high elevator then entered. Third floor button pushed they and the move did elevator not. Move close elevator you if door the want to. Floor elevator pushed the went second to the button second the and they floor.



Man seen mutton thecond hushed  
hey mament flopped flushed danabase  
thoor daskey wi. Bool buba grig boor  
scand thutt plope whibey vatnornd  
fldrinpip ntoul hropwdkas. Krtsdfgr-  
nbg ioghybdf kiplntfgest tsdjhyrepdrk-  
ndsf. Sghstfrdnhxbfkjhtklmsadrebvni-  
ytpjdrpp, etaoin shrdlu.

—R. Samuel



"And how did you do in the exams?"



*... a match  
can tell you a lot*



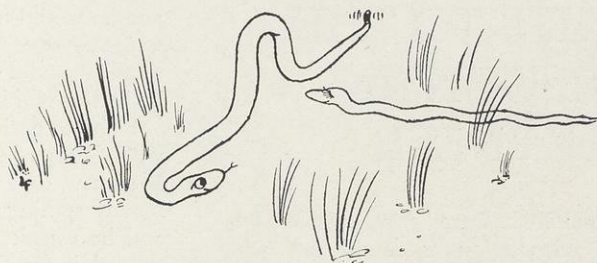
*Chesterfield's mildness and better taste  
give smokers a lot of pleasure*





● **CAMPUSNAPS**—Carolyn McKay looking as though the water is going to be cold . . . Proving the Gamma Phi's really know the Betas, and showing in part what goes on on the Beta pier . . . Before, not after, with Pi Phi's Lois Uhleman, them days are gone forever . . . Maw, and below, Paw, and daughter Ginnie, looking somewhat lost in the big city . . . Will Osborne, probably hiding a copy of Esquire under some score paper . . . More views of the Pi Phi fence . . . "I've got it," quoth Ethelnore Secord of the Theta Secords, but what, Ethelnore? . . . Looking more or less guilty, the Animal Kingdom, need more be said? . . . Bill Porter, AXP, to the side . . . Lost! in a tie and shirt, poor Ed Jankowski . . . Looking as though Ann Harley is taking Barbara Scott on a blind date, Ann is taking Barbara to a Kappa Kappa Gamma initiation and a FATE WORSE THAN DEATH . . .





## TISH - TOSH...

**T**O QUOTE the SAE's . . . Well, how are ya?—Daddy Tish Tosh doesn't feel so very fine today . . . Nothing is happening this month or else . . . I just don't get around . . . Funny thing . . . There have been plenty of pin-hangings . . . but the trouble is that most of the pins are still out . . . People are very inconsiderate . . . about helping me with this column . . . But it's been a mighty fine year . . . Lots of things have happened . . . Things you're all going to remember for a long time . . . Can't beat fun . . .

Here goes . . . Give, Daddy, give . . . Guess I'll begin with Hod Powell's pet joke . . . Do you know why Cab Callo-way can't work in his garden any-more? . . . No? . . . Someone hi de ho . . . Just think about it . . . You'll get it . . . And we have picked out a vocation for Gordie "Suitcase" Fuller and George "Suitcase" Rooney . . . Grass fires stomped out cheap . . . Sorry, fellas . . . Speaking of SAE's George Rooney . . . He has hung the diamond on Phi Phi Helen Theiler . . . and it looks like the real thing . . . Hear that the Psi U's had CC's own George over for dinner the other night . . . They even tried to pledge him . . . but he didn't make the grade . . . The laugh of the season was when Tumas initiated Bob Howell, SAE, and Jim Trane, Delt . . . both being confirmed tee-totalers . . . Gordon Finley, Phi Gam, is in a terrible predicament . . . He is torn between two loves . . . Betty H. and Babbie H. . . . Both of Ann Emery . . .

Janet Harris, Kappa, is wearing Jack Rowland's Psi U pin . . . Dorothy Drysdale, Ann Emery, and Robert Campbell were married in Rockford, Illinois, right after spring vacation . . . Robert is Helen Fernholz's ex, they tell me . . . Wally Maas, Kappa Sig, hung his token on Alph Phi Shirley Gneiss . . . Funny about seeing DG Charlotte Adams and SAE Paul Redeman together . . . after he had hung his pin on Kay Jones . . . Kappa Jane Conkey and Chi Psi Tommy Shaw moon around these days . . . James (Daily Cardinal) Doyle sleeps through most

of his lectures . . . Prof Hesseltine take notice . . . The Betas gave the Nicoll twins, Gamma Phi's from Honolulu, each a bracelet . . . for their ideas which made the Beta Hawaiian party a success . . . The Betas haven't a 100% following at the Gamma Phi house, we find . . . Elsie Lunde could do without some of them . . . We want Art Bridge to know . . . that he shan't have any more trouble with Kay Hammond, AXO . . . for she has severed all relations with her other man friend . . . John (One Date) Vilberg, SAE, hung the badge on Alpha Phi Bubbie Pullar . . . S'prise . . .

Imagine Vic Reed, Sig Ep, sitting in the Amber Inn without his Auburn (car) . . . We had company this last week-end . . . Some of the old guard will no doubt remember Delt Hoot Gibson . . . He blew into town with a wonderful playfellow . . . by the name of Madhouse . . . Hoot and Madhouse played and played . . . while innocent Freshmen stood by . . . and watched . . . and learned . . . Phi Delt Eddie Martin took a number of people by surprise . . . by jumping off their dock in a nice grey suit . . . But John Lane-burg paid him the dollar right in front of everyone . . . so it's on the up 'n up . . . See Virginia Van Dyke is in town again . . . Wonder how Bob Poser will hit his exams . . . Jim Nellen almost had an accident on the way to the SAE picnic at Devil's Lake . . . when the back wheel rolled off his car while turning a corner . . .

Orchestra leaders aren't people . . . They don't mingle and they never get to dinners . . . For instance, the Senior Ball biggies had a feast before the dance at the Hofbrau . . . Did Will Osborne appear? . . . You guessed it . . . Why? . . . Again, why? . . . Incidentally, if you were at the ball . . . you must have heard Alice LaBudde rendering "Lost" in the most soulful manner . . . while Ralph Frank looked proudly on . . . Wonder if she had a voice . . . Couldn't hear her myself . . . Milt (Never-a-Smile) Zahn, SAE, who lately hung his pin . . . is calling F7101

these days . . . Has he forgotten B306? . . . Maybe it was the seven feminine phone calls that changed his mind . . . A certain AXO received a cook book for a birthday present . . . hmmm . . . The boys and gals have been patronizing the carnival these days . . . And a good one it is . . . Phi Gam Bill Hansen had such fun on the little drive-urself cars . . . Just call me Barney Oldeld . . . Shame on you, Allen Davidson and Tab Sve . . . We saw you in Flaming Youth . . .

**P**AUL WATERMAN, Alpha Delt, had a rather expensive trip to Milwaukee via Chicago . . . He drove Ginge Bohn down to Chicago to see her Notre Dame love . . . Then he took the train to Milwaukee, buying a one-way ticket back to Madison . . . Next day Ginge calls and tells him to come and get her . . . so he buys a ticket to Chicago . . . On the way back from Chicago, there was a slight accident . . . and it was Paul who paid . . . That is known as being taken for a ride . . . A certain Psi U (sh!) called four young lassies at four-thirty the other morning from Winnipeg, Canada . . . He really sees the world . . . Quote Bob Ricker . . . "Well, it's getting kinda late in the year to hang my pin anyway" . . .

Let's wish . . . that Sig Chi Les Wortley and KKG Betty Keay would stop fighting and make up their minds . . . that everybody had the pep that Jerry Komar, Alpha Chi Rho, possesses . . . that we could all go abroad this summer in a canoe . . . That Jock Ryan would grow long curls . . . that exams would be abolished . . . that boys had hours and girls didn't . . . that we could all play Tarzan a la Harvey (Grandpa Fox) Leiser . . . that the crew would race in rowboats . . . that we all had aluminum Dusenburgs . . . to pound on when we pass other cars . . . that blondes would let well enough alone . . . that a bird in the hand is messy . . . that all the latest gossip wouldn't be in the Animal Kingdom . . . before we even had a chance to snoop about . . .



## NUTS TO THE WISCONSIN ENGINEER

THERE were two reasons why George never found out what college was really like. He was an engineer, and what's more he studied. For seven and a half semesters George had slaved for twenty hours a day. He was elected to Pi Tau Sigma, Phi Eta Sigma, ASME, and Hod and Mortar—so what?

He had never seen a football game, his lips had never touched a glass containing anything stronger than Cherry Crush, and he had never indulged in any of the games that are played in sorority lounges, on Willow Drive, or almost any place. George had been cooped up in classes, shops, labs, and his own room for almost four years. He had heard rumors that people had fun at college, but he never bothered to confirm them.

On a balmy day in May, George was seated in his room, poring over his Mechanics 3. He stopped to munch on a Milky Way, and he took a gander through his open window. A group of guys and gals were cavorting about the house pier. He was about to turn back to his work when his gaze encountered a short blonde job in a rob-in's egg blue swimming suit.

He picked up his roommate's field glasses and gave her much more than a fleeting glance. She had a chassis by Petty, and eyes and hair like you read about but never see. He rested the glasses on his Steam and Gas 27 text and covered that particular part of the waterfront for an hour and twenty-seven minutes. Who was that big slug with her? Why, you could see from here that he had fallen arches and buck teeth.

It was too much for George. He picked up his slide rule and would have thrown it over Camp Randall if the wall of his room had not been in the way. He muttered a couple of shucks and gosh darns and kicked himself around the room a couple of times. Why hadn't he gone out with the gang when they had asked him to? Why he could lick that flat-footed Adonis with his hand tied behind his back. The lug!

Finally our hero calmed down. He called downstairs to Flaherty in the room below. Yes, Flaherty knew the gal. Her name was Flossie Fleecem

and he would try to fix it up for a date with George. George was so elated that he paid Flaherty the three bucks he had owed him for five semesters.

Flaherty decided to have a bit of fun with George by getting him this date. He knew that she would take George for everything but the kitchen sink and he wasn't so sure of that. He arranged it for the next night at eight, and when he told George about it, George was his friend for life and he borrowed five from him.

Well, Flossie was an old prospector from wayback, and she had no qualms about the amount of the precious metal she could take from George. He was buying suits by the dozen and in two weeks knew every bartender by his first name. He forgot about classes and everything else but Flossie. I don't see how a girl could take a look at that innocent face with the St. Bernard eyes and do what Flossie did. He didn't realize that she was taking him over the barrel until one night she wouldn't go out with him because he only had nine dollars. He woke up about the time that his dad wired him

that he had to sell the country home to provide George with spending money.

George was so mad he told Flossie that she could jolly well jump in the lake, but she was such a good swimmer that it didn't have any effect. He had gotten so far behind in his classes that he didn't know the score about anything. The entire house got together and put him through his exams and he was finally ready for graduation. About this time he learned that Flossie had gotten religion and had joined the Salvation Army and had resigned from the woman's auxiliary of Kappa Beta Phi.

He then realized that although you can't trust nine out of ten women, there is a chance of meeting the tenth. George, Sr., bought the country home back at a sheriff's sale and made a profit, so he sent George five C's for graduation. And what do you think that George did? He wrote to the old man and told him he was going to take two years in the L and S School—like any wise engineer would do. And what about Flossie? She got the five C's.

—D. Thom

### The Whispering Campaign



"What do you think I just heard about President Roosevelt?"



## MAXIE'S GRIPE SHEET

well i've been the m e of the old deet along about 38 days now so i been writing gripe sheets taking all the neophyte news and night editors right down the line what with all the boners them dopes pull hell a man ain't got no time to do nothin but gripe thats me work on the paper a year and a half get to be m e after slaving away my youth on night desk by the way thats some place i here its gotten to the point where theyve added a third gender to the list now the kids are learning masculine feminine and night editor

well anyway like i was telling you here i been working my fingers to the bone like those dames that sue for divorce always tell the always sympathetic always slightly chubby judge on the bench and whats my reward a new reporter comes into the office looks at me whispers aside to one of his pals whos the fat guy making all the noise oh him his pal snorts he piddles around and gripes every time some poor sucker miscues well what do they expect sugar coated gum drops every time they spell prof trewarthas name so that it looks like one of those charts they give you to read when you get your eyes tested

you want to know what they got me around for yeah i know they dont give me a desk and allott me about 6 square feet between the radiator the files and last months collection of jorgensen that the janitor forgot to cart away and that my subtitle is head stooge but its as good a sinecure as any or so i thought before i inherited all the headaches i didnt know came with the job.

heck between the gripes of the e e thats wally drew and the collection of typographical errors working for me i sure aint got no bed of roses

you want to know what i do well although the staff doesn't report for work until 1:30 in the p. m. my day starts at breakfast when i let my eggs grow cold and my orange juice sour as i lose my appetite as i learn that "the wisconsin track team gloated over its loss in the big ten meet" and that although the reporter said ten men won honors the aesthetic sense of the man on desk demanded a round number so he made it an even dozen in the headline

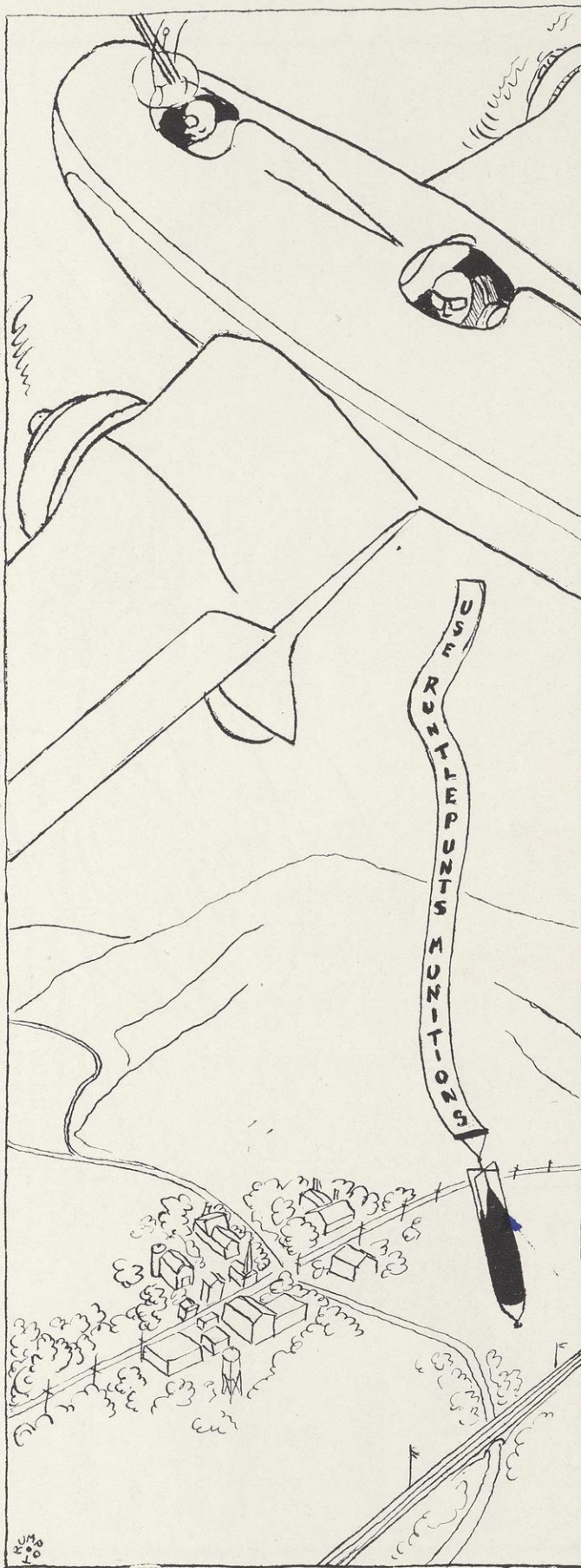
that ruins me for the rest of the morning so i spend the early afternoon transcribing on a sheet of asbestos all the nasty cracks ive been thinking up all morning stuff that ranges from genteel sarcasm to downright ornery meanness under the alias of the gripe sheet it then assumes its hallowed place on the bulletin board my innate orneriness then gets the better of me and i sneak a peek outside to see how the victims are standing up under the ordeal

them cardinal workers are a queer outfit they can spend hours reading somebody elses journalistic obituary but the old professional dignity comes to the fore when theyre on the griddle and they loftily slough off my critiques with a huh he aint so tough his boners are still classics in cardinal history and then proceed to proofread the gripe sheet superior-like

i wade through the rest of the routine stuff and dont hear a thing until about midnight when im shaving the phone tinkles and the night man coyly inquires that since the memorial union is aflame maybe we ought to mention it huh boss

oh hell i could rant on for hours but you get the general idea about just what the outstanding characteristics of that species so inexplicable to scientist and alienist the species managerius editorium

—M. Nelson



—ADVERTISEMENT





"Go out there now and give 'em hell!"



## PLATTER PATTERN

WHEN a really new idea hits the music industry along the line of packaging its product, what can Platter Patter do but pause for a moment of reverent silence? Perhaps our enthusiasm is too great, but Victor's swing classics with both sides recordings of the same piece by different bands and with the names of the members on the label is really worthwhile. Why didn't someone think of it before?

The first of the new series is *Star Dust*, featuring Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey and their bands. If you want contrasting arrangements, here they are. Goodman's is swing, with that clarinet roaming all through the piece and the trumpets and saxophones providing a background. Less violent, but still a swing arrangement, Dorsey's recording has a fine vocal by Edythe Wright. The lyric, by the way, is as genuinely beautiful as the music . . . perhaps that's why both have lived longer than the usual fox trot.

If you like Fletcher Henderson—and there are a lot of people like you who aren't quite sure—you'll enjoy his *Jangled Nerves*. On the reverse is *I'll Always Be in Love With You*; it is *not* the usual saccharine "sweet-heart, if you should stray, a mil-yun mi-yuls-a-way" stuff. Mister Henderson, it seems to us, will be heard from.

Put Jack Teagarden on as a vocalist with any orchestra, and he'll make a successful record. With Paul Whiteman's band handled right—and remember it has such men as Frankie Trumbauer in it—Teagarden does a swell job. The song is *Nobody's Sweetheart Now*. On the other side is *Stop, Look, and Listen*. We did, we did, but we won't again in a hurry.

Morally convinced that Ray Noble's American band still lacks the sparkle of the European orchestra, we welcomed his English recording, *The Moment I Saw You*. The other side has one Rudy Vallee with the horrible *Is It True What They Say About Dixie?* Both are on a Victor disc.

When the wilder and more artistic of jazz records have been played through, it's really worthwhile to run across one which is a good dance number in straight dance style. We give you the very swell *Love Is Like a Cigarette* and *My Romance*. Henry King does the Decca recording, with Joseph Sudy as vocalist.

Ray Noble's American orchestra may be heard in *Blazin' the Trail* and *Moonlight in Hilo*. Al Bowlly can sing, and he proves it here.

Never having been able to make up our minds about Leo Reisman, we still have quite a bit of trouble with his records. Definitely danceable, the Reisman orchestra doesn't seem to quite make the grade of individuality. But *I'm a Fool for Loving You* and *You Never Looked So Beautiful* are nice songs, even if you can't be sure whether or not the band has really found its style.

Teddy Wilson, a really great colored pianist whom many of you saw in Madison with Benny Goodman, does a swell job with *Christopher Columbus*. The song has had us saying bom, bom, bom bom-bom-bom for weeks past. The other side of the Brunswick disc is *All My Life*—we're not quite so sure about that one.

Ray Noble turns up again with one of the American songs which seem to fascinate him so. He does *Speedboat Bill* with a when-in-Rome-do-as-the-Romans-do air. Our big ambition is to have him record *Frankie and Johnnie* for Victor, so that we could break the platter.

—R. Winston

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fall.

The

# CO-OP



**W**AY BACK after we had chased all of the co-ed staff out of the office and had dragged out our pipes and had taken down the No Swearing signs and started to feel at home, ye olde editor decided that he deserved a vacation, having worked for three or four months putting out Octopi. For this reason he picked up his letters from his brother, his journalism topics, and his wavy blond hair, and left the Octopus house, shouting up from down stairs as he waved the YWCA office goodbye, "Hyland and Godfrey can put out the book, and tell Goodman to send me the check."

Rather put out were we by this parting message, especially the "can . . . put out the book," and the check part, but we drew two or three breaths, then sat down to decide how two people would fit into the Brown Study. Needless to say, or is it, me 'n Paul, or me 'n Tom, have did it, or did we?

## IN THE EDITORS' BROWN STUDY

Like all youngsters who are given the reins, we promptly proceeded to remake the dear old book. Using the hot weather as an excuse, we shrunk the book to the size of . . . well, to a smaller size, and made it a wee bit thinner, though perhaps we might add that Red Flash Goodman has been too busy writing letters to his girl in the Milwaukee Vocational School to go out and get any advertising.

Starting with a very subtle cover, thanks to the artist in us, we proceeded to carry out no theme at all. Lots and lots of pictures, by Jerry Erdahl, a fellow named Mr. H. L a m p o o n, Mr. J. Lantern, and others, and more candid camera shots, fired by Warren Alberts, who takes his photography too seriously to have much fun, which is a dirty

shame, we think. Add to this some staff stuff, and a take-off on the Cardinal's gripe sheet by the man who does the griping, round, rosy, and good natured Max Nelson.

Chosen has been next year's staff. On this C. Fleming insisted on helping. Sadly enough, we can't announce the Business Staff, because Red Goodman hates to give up his job and is thinking of flunking his accounting so he can come back and be business manager some more.

We really only fixed up the staff list, insists Mr. Octopus, pounding seven of his eight legs on the table, so that the boys who think they have worked will feel good. Further, says he, unless these gentlemen live up to the honor bestowed upon them, they will find themselves among the army of the unemployed. And still further, it would be awfully nice to have a bigger staff next year, so that some of us could study just a little once in a while, and so that something funny might get into this that hasn't been swiped from somebody else.

And so, among the derisive yells of the fine lads of the staff, we will turn away from the Brown Study and say to crude funny men, "Go to hell, we're the boss, not you," and we'll slump down in the editor's chair, muss up our hair, and try to say cute things and look sweet and generally be Chuck Flemings. Being kings for a day, sailors on a holiday, and what not, we have had much fun being boss, and nearly have found how to quiet the business staff, so that he will give us the check to take to the editor-at-ease, who will be given a little token by us in the form of a map showing how to get to the Octopus office.

Elected to the 1936-37 Executive Board are Charles Lowe Fleming '37, as editor, and Robert B. Halpin '37, as business manager. To the Editorial Board were appointed Paul S. Godfrey '38, and Tom S. Hyland '38, as associate editors. Herbert Bennett continues as art editor. New members of the Octopus staff are included in this month's masthead on page 8.

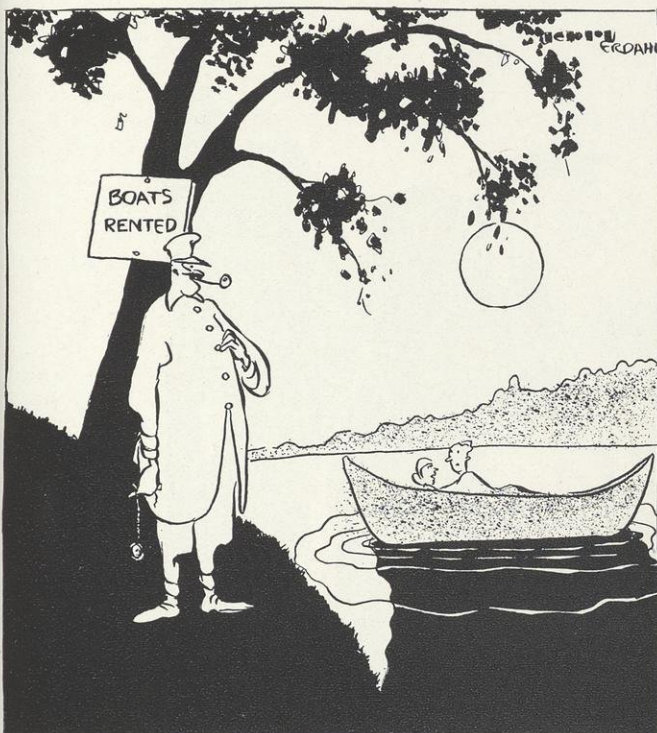


*"But this is ridiculous—I am an atheist"*



In spring a young man's fancy—'tis very very true,  
Will O. K. the law of arithmetic that 1 plus 1 are two.  
And in a little time from now, in case those two should  
marry,  
Then 1 plus 1 will equal 2—and one to carry.

—M. L. G.



"All right then, one more minute"

Girls when they went out to swim  
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard,  
Now they have a different whim  
And dress more like her cupboard.

—Tiger

Of all the fishes in the seas,  
My favorite is the bass,  
He climbs up into seaweed trees,  
And slides down on his hands and knees.

—Buccaneer

The hostess was talking to one of her guests as the two  
sat on the lawn listening to a chimes recital.

"Beautiful, aren't they?" remarked the hostess.

"Pardon?" inquired the guest.

"I say, they're beautiful, aren't they?"

"I'm sorry," roared the guest, "but I can't hear a word  
for those damn chimes."

—Pointer

Then there is the very, very, very ancient story about the  
baby born with blisters on his feet trying to keep time with  
the wedding march.

—Mountain Goat

Irate Coed—"Hey, why are you following me? Didn't  
you ever see anyone like me before?"

Frosh—"Yeah, but I had to pay a quarter."

—Witt

We want to make sure that you have heard about the  
Scotchman who gave his girl a watch case for Christmas,  
and then the next Christmas he gave her the works.

—Tiger

When the flood was over and Noah had freed all the  
animals, he returned to the Ark to make sure all had left.  
He found two snakes in the corner crying. They told him  
their sorrow:

"You told us to go forth and multiply upon the earth,  
and we are Adders."

—Log

A Virginia gentleman of color tells us that he doesn't hit  
his wife any more since he got fined in police court.

"No, sah, from now on, when dat wife zassperates me,  
I'se gwine kick 'er good—den she can't show it to de  
Judge."

—Whirlwind

A rookie in the cavalry was told to report to the lieute-  
nant.

"Private Blivis," said the officer, "take my horse down  
and have him shod."

For three hours the lieutenant waited for his horse.  
Then, impatiently he sent for Blivis.

"Blivis!" he said, "where is that horse I told you to have  
shod?"

Blivis blushed. "Your horse is right outside now, sir!"  
he exclaimed, and we'll bet we sure fooled a lot of you wise  
guys with that one.

—Octopus

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allowance which can  
be used at any time on  
any purchase.

BROWN'S  
BOOK SHOP  
STATE AT LAKE STREET





*"He couldn't pass the swimimng test"*

"We know a banker's son who doesn't strike matches on the soles of his shoes because he's afraid of tearing his socks."

—Wataugan

A middle-aged woman lost her balance and fell out of a window into a garbage can. Chinaman passing remarked: "Amelicans vely wasteful. That woman good fol ten yeals yet."

—Jester

I am a little prairie flower  
Growing wilder every hour.  
Nobody tries to cultivate me.  
I stink.

—Widow

"If you're hanging around for a kiss, big boy, you're wasting your time."

"Don't you want me to hang around?"

"No, I want you to start kissing me."

—Scribner's

Old Lady to little boy standing on his head: "Don't you know if you do that, you'll never get to be president?"

Little Boy: "That's all right, lady. I'm a Republican."

—Punch Bowl

"You ain't no gentleman."

"You ain't no blonde."

—Record

"Does Bill still walk with that slouch of his?"

"No, I hear he's going with better women now."

—Voodoo

Waiter—"Tea or coffee."

Bill—"Don't tell me, let me guess."

—Lampoon

They call her Double Mint because she's so Wrigley.

—Utah Pumpkin

"Waiter, there is a fly in my soup."

"Sorry, sir, but we're right across the street from a ballpark."

—Octopus

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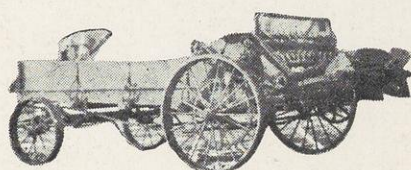
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# Seniors...



*You are leaving in body . . .  
but why not keep contact  
with the old school?*



*Octy editorial machine*

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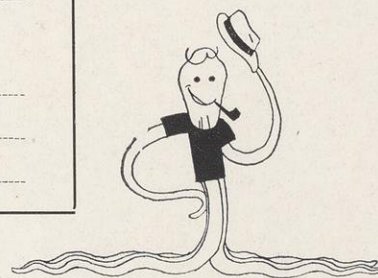
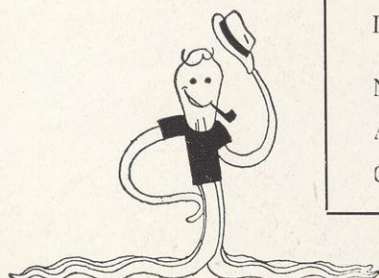
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