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## **The Wisconsin Octopus. Vol. 21, No. 1 September, 1939**

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# THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

15 CENTS





By burning 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them — CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

**5** EXTRA SMOKES  
PER PACK



Cigarettes were compared recently ... sixteen of the largest-selling brands ... under the searching tests of impartial scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

**1** CAMELS were found to contain **MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT** than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

**2** CAMELS BURNED **SLOWER** THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

**3** In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR **LONGER** than the average time for all the other brands.

Camels mean more pleasure per puff—more puffs per pack... America's shrewdest cigarette buy.

**PENNY FOR PENNY  
YOUR BEST  
CIGARETTE  
BUY!**

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

“I know from years of experience that Camels give a longer smoke—milder, cooler, mellower”

SAYS JOE WILLIAMS,  
FAMOUS SPORTS EXPERT

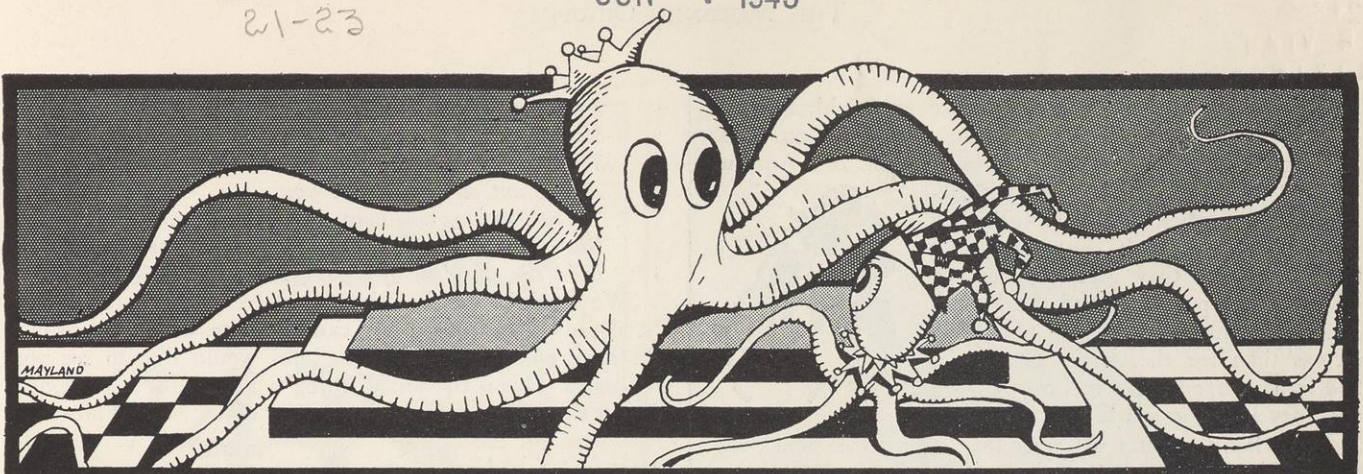
Does it “burn fast”—or is it “longer-burning”? That’s the new angle on cigarettes that is being widely discussed today. “I get an extra measure of smoking because of Camel’s long-burning feature,” says Joe Williams, the famous sports expert. “With Camels, I get an overtime amount of true cigarette contentment.” More tobacco in every Camel, *by weight*—*slower-burning*—they hold their ash longer (see full details, above left). No wonder Camel’s choice quality tobaccos win the praise of men and women everywhere who appreciate smoking pleasure at its best! Don’t deny yourself the enjoyment of quality when Camels, with their costlier tobaccos and unusual slow burning, give more pleasure per puff! *And more puffs per pack.*

**CAMELS—Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos**



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+OC7  
21-23

550882  
JUN 7 1943



# THE CAMPUS CHRONICLE



**B**ACK TO SCHOOL — those wonderful words so dearly loved by clothing merchants, book sellers, railroad companies, landladies, and opticians! How grand to see the campus swarming again with mouth-stretching politicians, squeaking girls, pop-eyed freshmen . . . We know just how thrilled

everybody is. We used to be a student once ourself.

## Higher Mathematics

A friend of ours went into a department store to buy some postage stamps. Giving the girl a quarter he asked for five 2-cent stamps and five 1-cent stamps—or fifteen cents worth in all, you see. The girl handed the man his stamps and took the quarter and went about her business. Then, looking up suddenly she saw our friend waiting for his change. “Oh,” she blushed as she finally handed him the dime, “I thought I had given you five threes.”

## We Bet!

Passing the doorway of a neighborhood bookie joint in Chicago we noticed a little girl crying. A sight like this always stops us and we asked her what the matter was. “I want my mama,” she wailed. And where was her mama? “In there,” pointing inside. So, as we were going in anyway, we took the little one along with us. There were about a hundred people inside, of both sexes, and mostly over forty. We were puzzled.

“Can you see your mama?” we asked hopefully.

“There she is,” exclaimed the tot, and ran over to a large red-faced woman.

The mother wheeled at the sound of her child’s voice, and then yelled: “Baby dumpling! Didn’t I tell you never to come into a place like this?”

## Don’t Snap the Animalz

Out at Vilas Park Zoo Sunday pleasure seekers often amuse themselves by feeding the animals peanuts. The giraffe pit is the most accessible since a walk runs within five feet of the pit and bigger giraffes can lean over and gobble up any proffered peanuts.

One gentleman in the crowd was there for a more practical purpose: he was going to snap a close-up of the animal, and foot by foot he edged himself through the crowd until he was in first place.

As the giraffe leaned over to get the usual peanut, he

was confronted with a vicious looking black box. Centuries of giraffes behind him told him there was only one thing to do and he did it: he *spit* on the gentleman, thoroughly spraying him and his camera.

## Dirty Crooks

There is a school-teacher in town who knows a policeman, who happens to be her brother. As the two were eating breakfast one morning she remembered she needed a new tea pot and suggested that her brother get it for her as she would have no opportunity to do any shopping that day.

“But,” protested her brother, “you can’t expect me to lug a tea pot along with me on the beat all day.”

“Well, why don’t you leave it at the station until you come off at night?” she suggested.

Her brother was horrified. “Leave it at the station? Why, it would be stolen!”

## Maggie, I Am Growing

It must be pretty awful to get old and ugly. A nonagenarian lived on our block this summer. Years before he had



been an energetic and gay doctor who pinched and tickled his patients—but now his skin was yellowed, his teeth green and wobbly, and his frame nearing the skeleton stage. All of this should have been bad enough, but a kid, passing by with his mama, had to stop short, gape at the old fellow, and solemnly declare, “Mama, that’s the bogey-man.”

## Lit’ry Creation at Five

We have conclusive proof that writers are born and not made. We asked our five-year-old nephew to sit down next to us and tell us a story made up out of his own head, while we took it verbatim on our typewriter. After he was started our little sister came in and interrupted him once or twice. This is what our typewriter shows:

Once upon a time there was a birthday party. And there were a lot of little boys and girls. And there was a big sailor, too. And all these children took picky-backs on the sailor’s back each time. And all of a sudden a little dog came in. Em, it was a very big birthday party, and one of the people who had the birthday party’s aunt came in, and gave him a present of a little present.

Gave who a present? (That was Sister.)

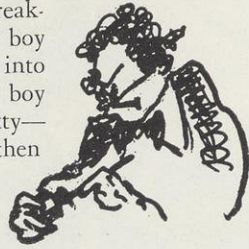
The boy who had the party.

The pussycat he means.

Her name was Felix the Cat. And this big sailor that



came here had a little boy friend six years old, but he didn't have a sailor suit on, he had an airmail suit on. And this cat was a very big cat about three months old. And, it went in the kitchen and started breaking all the dishes. And the little boy with all the kids in the party came into the kitchen, so they grabbed, the boy who had the party grabbed the kitty—and put him back to sleep and then it was time for the party. They had ice cream, and they had candy and they had a grand time.



And when the party was over they gave prizes, and they played Tag the Donkey, and the one who won was the little kid in the airmail suit. That's gonna be me. And all the kids didn't like it cause that kid won. So the little kid who won got sore, only one kid got sore, and they both started to fight. Finally the one knocked the other one down, and then the one knocked down got up and the one in the airmail suit knocked the other one down. So the daddy came in, and settled everything, and got the little boy up and they had a very happy time. And the cat was sleeping in his little tent.

### Love Lyric

Miss Helen White, our novel-writing English professor who has been loaned to the Huntington Library in San Marino, California, this semester, was always being chided by her students for not keeping pace with the march of modern culture.

Just to show her how poorly read she was, a student handed in a composition titled, "Walter Somers, Miss White, English 5, Theme 7." And this was the theme:

*Gangway!*



*"... I'm taking my  
gal to the Chocolate Shop"*

... for the Chocolate Shop has long been the favorite eating place of University of Wisconsin students ... the place to enjoy delicious dinners, luncheons and evening snacks in the company of your Wisconsin classmates.

*the chocolate shop*

548 State Street

*Sometimes I wonder why I spend the lonely night,  
Simply dreaming of a song,  
The melody haunts my reverie,  
And I am all alone with you.  
When our love was new, and each kiss an inspiration—  
But that was long ago, and now my consolation  
Is in the star-dust of a song . . .*

We won't bother finishing it; you've probably recognized it already. But Miss White simply wrote, as is her custom, "I have enjoyed reading this, and would like to see you do more. This is the sort of thing which ought to be done."

It's done almost every day on the radio, Miss White, and has been, in the case of "Star-Dust," since 1930.

### Boom-boom!

We have evidence that people really listen to Governor Heil's speeches. It seems that a good burgher here in Madison had some trouble last month with some men who were blasting with dynamite too near her home. Every boom of the dynamite produced new cracks in her plaster.

Learning that neither the mayor nor the city building commissioner could do anything about it, the woman remembered the words of Mr. Heil: "If someone is not treating you right, threatening to take your home, come to me if you can't afford a lawyer."

Off to the Governor's office she went. "But his secretary told me," she said, "that Mr. Heil wasn't in, had no jurisdiction in Madison anyway, and I ought to see someone else."



## The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

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Vol. XXI

SEPTEMBER, 1939

Number 1



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*Save  
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—where **thousands** of new and used books are available at low prices . . . plus 5% rebate checks . . . the friendly store where the students get a break.

## STUDENT BOOK EXCHANGE

*Incorporated*

712 STATE ST.

*n e a r e s t     t h e     c a m p u s*



## SHAGLANDS

*Rule the Campus  
Roost This Fall!*

A rough fabric woven in Scotland.  
In the newest models and colors.  
Exclusively with Hart Schaffner &  
Marx in the United States . . . ex-  
clusively with O & V's in Madison.

**\$35**

OTHER SUITS . \$29.50 and up  
TOPCOATS . \$25 and up

**Olson & Veerhusen Co.**

7 - 9 N. Pinckney St. — On the Square





### Back to School!

It's hustle and bustle, these rushing days. Miss Betty Lou Woollen looks around and finds an attractive, rustling gown of oyster moire at

**Tiffany's**

*Designers of Dresses*

*Ready to Wear and Made to Order*

546 and 550 State

## Wanted

Men—Refined, with loud voices. \$17.50 week.

Rose Employment Agency, 17 S. New York.

—ATLANTIC CITY PRESS

Dear Sir:

I couldn't help noticing your advertisement in my morning journal; it obviously is the job for me. Even though you must admit \$17.50 is dreadfully inadequate for a person fulfilling your requirements (I make much more than that now), I have decided to accept your position. I know we shall be very happy together.

I am a victim of schizo-phrenia, or split personality. My education has been excellent—well, rather good—and I come from a fine family, but there must have been a screwball somewhere in our tribe, because every now and then I find myself losing my grip. I yell at people and call them names—not very nice ones, either.

Surely no one could technically call me anything but refined. And at the same time, to meet requirement two, I have not only a *loud* voice, but a coarsely insulting one. I can speak in a tone that would crack your fingernails.

The lay reader, I assume, would think your advertisement a jest. The dichotomy between refinement and a raucous voice is immediately apparent to the uninformed. But of course we know differently, don't we?

And I know what your job is, too. It couldn't be anything else. I'm going to be a dean. I lure young people into my office, then soothe their frightened brows, and just when they're not expecting it, I give them the old works. I roar at them, belabor them with my choicest insults, and kick them out—right?

The more I think of it, the more adequate your \$17.50 becomes. I shall take the job free, if you are on an economy budget.

Most gratefully yours,

WILBUR BEAMISH

PLEA—1939

Although this strapless gown is new,

I ask no heavy boon of you . . .

I ask of you no flowers to wear

At my waist—or in my hair . . .

And though 'twill touch the pavement slab

I ask of you no taxicab . . .

ONE thing I ask . . . it's not appalling . . .

Just tell me if you see it FALLING! —Kitty Kat

The Rhet. instructor and the Engineering professor were dining together. During the course of the meal the former spoke:

"I had a peculiar answer in class today. I asked who wrote *The Merchant of Venice*, and a pretty little Freshman girl said: 'Please, sir, it wasn't me'."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the Engineering prof., "and I suppose the little vixen had done it all the time."

—Penn Reactionary

Mike O'Shaw was among the group of freshmen taking Astronomy. The first meeting of the class was held in the observation tower late one evening. When the class had been accounted for, the professor went to a telescope and began to make an observation. Just then a star fell. Mike gasped. "Begorra, that was a fine shot, sir," he said, with great admiration. "Why, ye hardly had time to take aim."

—Dublin Doubler



## The New Lake Road

(Thank you, Mr. Wordsworth)

WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
That floats with neither cares nor worries  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of new men's dormitories;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees:  
Such squalid shacks to winter's breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of the bay:  
Ten thousand saw I with a smile  
And wondered how this got by Heil.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Just smugly sat and thought of how  
On some not too far distant day  
There'd be still more of them than now.  
I gazed quite dazed—the new contents  
The Lake Road has are tenements.

When later, on my couch I'd lain  
In vacant or in pensive mood  
They flashed upon that feeble brain  
Which is the bliss of solitude:  
'Twas then my heart with solace stilled:  
I wondered if they'd all be filled.

—D. B.

"I always eat in this restaurant. You know, in lots of restaurants the waiters grab the plates away from you before you have finished."

"And they don't do that here?"

"Oh, yes they do, but here you don't mind it so much."

—Record

The public relations counsel of a utilities company was extolling the virtues of his industry before a luncheon club.

"If I were permitted a pun, I might say in the words of a poet, 'Honor the Light Brigade!'"

From a corner table in the rear a voice was heard to say:

"Oh, what a charge they made!"

—Punch Bowl

Alpha: Oh yes, he actually had the impudence to kiss me.  
Delta: Of course you slapped him.

Alpha: Yes. Every time.

—Thuggee.

"How do you like Kipling?"

"I don't know. How does one kipple?" —Railway Age

Nervous Suitor: "Sir, er—that is, I would like to—er—that is, I mean I have been going with your daughter for five years—"

Father: "Well, whaddye want—a pension?"

—Penn Punch Bowl

"Aren't you getting tired of this bachelor life all the time, Bill?" asked his friend, Jack. "Certainly not," replied Bill, "What was good enough for my father is good enough for me."

—Rumpelstiltskin



It's a little farther to go  
to Capitol Square — but  
it's a great place to shop  
—and for the newest and  
the smartest in men's ap-  
parel — visit

# KARSTENS

On Capitol Square

22 North Carroll



## Tradition

**I**N MANY ways Sidney was very careful. He loved tradition and for all his thirty years he had known and studied the forms that things should fall into to be appropriate.

He was thinking of this as he walked across the campus. As he was quite proud of himself on this day, he gave himself his undivided attention. He had pulled his hat down too far—a little touch of his own which he thought added a lot to the general aspect that the bristles on his face, his shaggy hair, baggy trousers, and half buttoned vest gave him. He unthinkingly touched his tie to make sure that it was twisted to one side. Without looking in a mirror he knew that his latest idea of sitting up until three o'clock every night reading from the encyclopedia was beginning to give him the much desired dark rings under his eyes.

Yes, Sidney was happy because he was appropriate. He smiled to himself as he felt in his coat pocket and found the letter he had kept with him ever since he had gotten it, the letter telling him that during the academic year, 1939-40, he was to be an English History instructor.

—D. B.

*Record players . Phonographs . Combinations*

## Campus Record Shop

521 State

Gifford 2440

Victor  
Columbia  
Decca

Bluebird  
Vocalion  
Brunswick

Popular and Classical Recordings

*"Where the Collectors Collect"*

## Obituary

*I said a sweet good-bye to you  
And never let you see  
Just what the knowledge we were through  
Would really mean to me.*

*You always gave such good advice  
On all these faults of mine  
But still my taste or minor vice  
Was never in your line*

*So looking back on yesterday  
Now love has taken wing  
I find myself inclined to say  
That it's a damn good thing.*

—H. A. L.

•  
"Did you test that oil?"

"Yeah, and it tasted awful."

—Temple Owl

•  
Photographer: Watch and see the dicky bird.

Child: Just pay attention to your exposure so that you don't ruin the plate.

—Caveman

•  
Mme. Newrich was trying to make an impression:

"I clean my diamonds with ammonia, my rubies with Bordeaux wine, my emeralds with Danzig brandy, and my sapphires with fresh milk."

"I don't clean mine at all," remarked the quiet club member sitting next to her. "When mine get dirty, I just throw them away."

—Oshkosh O'Gosh

•  
"Joe has a glass eye."

"Did he tell you about it?"

"No, it just came out during the conversation."

•  
"Can you lend me \$5 for a month, old boy?"

"What would a month old boy do with \$5?"



*Don't Wait!*

*"Come in!"*

*says Uncle Fred*

*His house is called*

# LOHMAIER'S

710 State



## Roll Out the Propaganda Barrel

(From the Wisconsin State Journal)

While real war was raging in Europe Wednesday afternoon, a war of words was fought before a senate committee over a bill to provide compulsory military training at the University of Wisconsin . . .

**THE COMMITTEE RECOMMENDED THE BILL FOR PASSAGE, 4 TO 0.**

The war of words reached its height when Sen. Harry W. Bolens (D., Pt. Washington) a member of the senate committee, questioned the Rev. L. B. Moseley, pastor of the First Baptist church, Madison, over whether the minister would fight if his home were invaded.

The 75-year-old senator called the minister "you cur" when he failed to state definitely he would take up arms in defense of the country in the event of an invasion by a foreign foe.

"If they invaded your home to slaughter your wife and rape your daughters would you fight?" Bolens shouted.

As Mr. Moseley attempted to answer without saying "yes" or "no" Bolens continued to yell "would you fight?"

"I would use my method of warfare," the minister shouted back.

"Would you fight if they rammed a bayonet into your guts?" the senator yelled.

"I would fight for justice," the minister countered.

"My God, my God, a minister who wouldn't defend his woman folks," Bolens cried.

"I'm up here today to fight for justice," Mr. Moseley continued, "and I don't believe in brute force" . . .

"Didn't we go to Europe in 1917 to save democracy?" Bolens asked.

"We did and we made a heck of a mess of it," the minister replied as his supporters applauded . . .

"Have you had any military training?" Sen. White, a major the reserve officers, asked.

When the minister replied that he had not, Sen. White countered "then reverend, I suggest that you confine yourself to religion."

### That She Is!

She's only a shoemaker's daughter, but boy does she pick up the heels.

She's only a pharmacist's daughter, but she sure knows her physiquses.

She's only a baker's daughter, but the boys all like her ill-bred.

She's only a sailor's daughter, but boy does she know the ropes.

She's only a professor's daughter, but boy does she know all the answers.

She's only a dressmaker's daughter, but boy does she leave the boys in stitches.

She's only a farmer's daughter, but boy . . . . .!

She's only a cleaner's daughter, but boy does she know the spots.

She's only a magician's daughter, but boy does she know all the tricks.

or

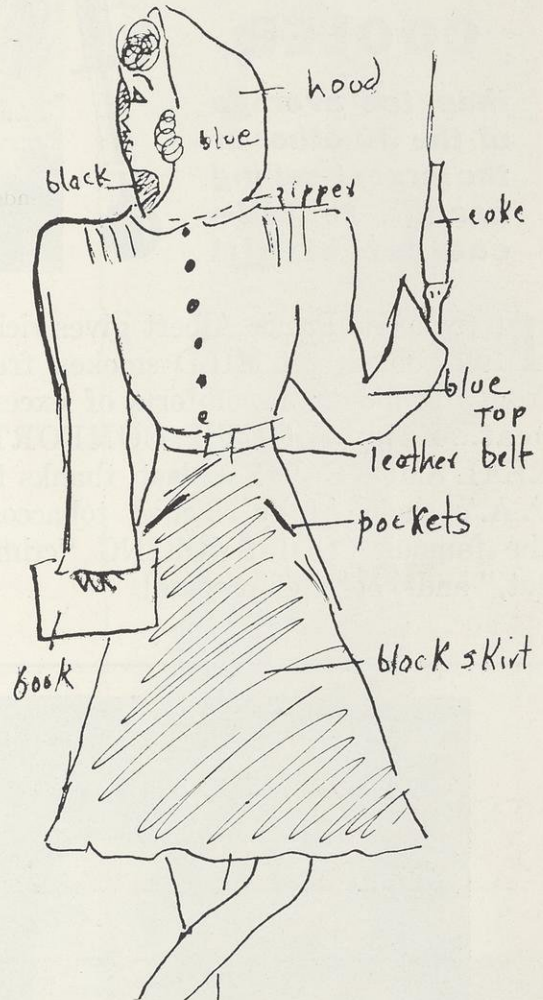
She's only a magician's daughter, but boy is she a cute trick.

She's only a telephone operator's daughter, but boy is she a hot number.

She's only a hockey player's daughter, but boy is she a cheap skate.

—Pelly

"A-HOOD"  
in campus chic



as selected and  
sketched from our  
College Shop by  
Marilyn Olsen,  
Alpha Phi, '42.  
Baron's

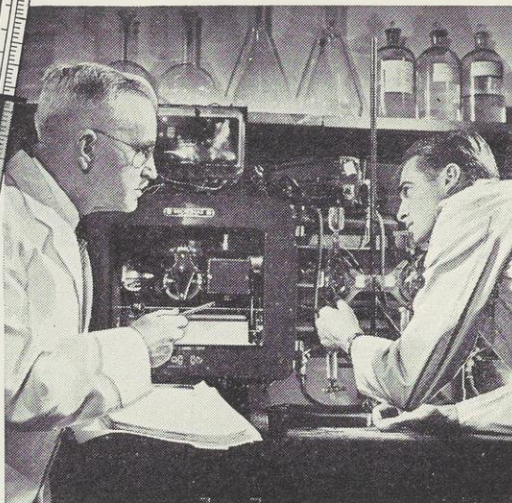
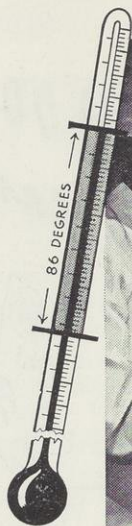


# SCIENCE TESTS THE FACTS ABOUT COOLER SMOKING

Choice, "Crimp Cut"  
Prince Albert

**SMOKES 86  
DEGREES  
COOLER**

*than the average  
of the 30 other of  
the largest-selling  
brands tested—  
coolest of all!*



## MICROMAX—

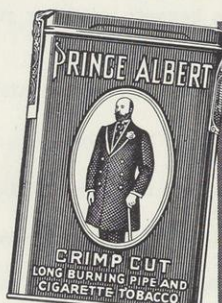
An ingenious electrical mechanism that records heat changes and prints them on a paper sheet without human aid. The records are entirely automatic and accurate.

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

**T**HAT means Prince Albert gives rich, full-bodied, yet MILD smokes, free from the mouth discomforts of excess heat. Enjoy MOUTH COMFORT, REAL SMOKE-JOY at last, thanks to P. A.'s choice, fully ripened tobaccos, the famous COOL-SMOKING "crimp cut," and "no-bite" process!

**50**

pipefuls of  
fragrant tobacco in every  
handy pocket  
tin of Prince  
Albert



**PRINCE  
ALBERT**  
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



Four Performances—

Opening night . . . . .	\$1.00 to \$5.00
Other nights . . . . .	.75 to 2.75
Matinee . . . . .	50 to 2.00

*Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne*

*October 9 - 10 - 11*

. in .

**"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"**

8:00 P. M.

2:30 P. M.

Reservations:

Mail orders accepted . . . . . Sept. 10

Box Office Sale starts . . . . . Sept. 25

**WISCONSIN UNION THEATER**





## "NANCEE"

*Goes to College*



In every color imaginable. for your sport and campus wear. Match up your sweaters and skirts, as you'll want several different colors.

Purses and Gloves — \$1.00 each

*Nancee*

7 S. Pinckney

"—and now, ladies, if you have followed Miss Cracker's directions, you have a light fluffy cake before you. Tune—"

"I know someone who had a daughter who was so ugly that if she played Lady Godiva the horse would steal the scene.  
—Crew Neck.

"What color bathing suit was she wearing?"

"I couldn't tell. She had her back turned."  
—Frankfurter Zeitung.

### TACT DEPARTMENT (Division of Mortgages)

Do not hesitate to ask questions about the organization, background, or financial condition of any house. Members will be glad to answer your questions. Remember, however, that fraternity men prefer to discuss their questions privately with you. It is best not to ask such questions at the lunch-con table.

From *Hints to Rushees*, in the  
*Fraternity Handbook*.  
—Pelican.

Warm . . . practical . . . inexpensive. Romantically smart with genuine gray squirrel plastron on Venetian blue all wool fabric. Stem-slim waistline, gently flaring skirt. Size 14. 69.50.



Presenting "Elegant" . . . from our large collection of famous AVENUE coats, exclusive at Burdick & Murray's in Madison.

**Burdick & Murray Co.**

On the Square at State St.



**GO TO THE HEAD OF YOUR CLASS THE**

Required Subjects	
Economy	
Quality	✓
Friendly Service	✓
Big Stocks	✓
5% Rebates	✓

**BROWN  
WAY**

## Be A Scholar In ECONOMY . . .

And give your budget a break at the same time by taking advantage of Brown's larger, more complete stocks of books and supplies.



## Brown's CLEAN USED TEXTS

Offer you a real opportunity for worthwhile savings. Larger, more complete stocks of clean used texts. A complete stock of new books, too.



## Brown's 5% REBATES

Another opportunity to save without sacrificing quality is offered in the more than 2,000 different items in Brown's more complete stock of better quality student supplies at the price you want to pay.

Give yourself a head start on a degree in College Economy by making Brown's your headquarters. You'll be known as a smart shopper and you'll find, as most Wisconsin students have, that Wisconsin's largest college bookstore is a real economy center.

## *Friendly, Courteous Service . . .*

As well as a helpful and efficient atmosphere will make your visits to Brown's a treat. Come in and browse as long as you like.

## *Students Majoring In*

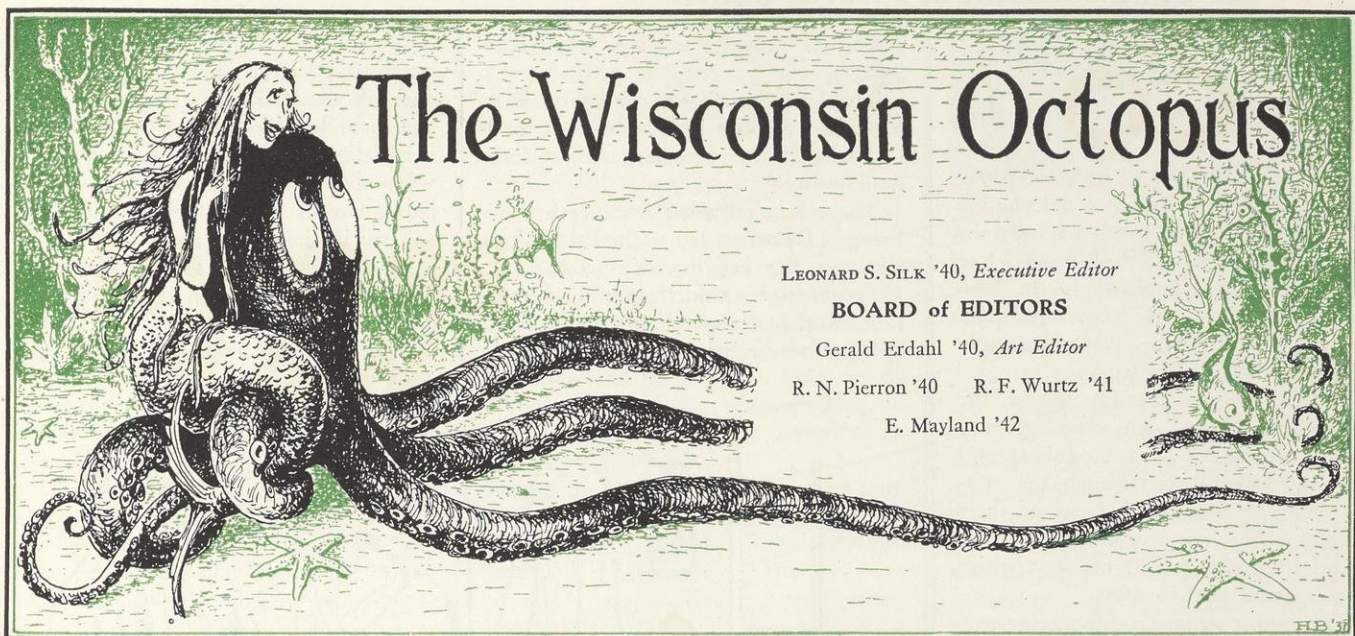
## QUALITY Insist Upon Brown's STUDENT SUPPLIES . . .

Take the wink from one who knows—  
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# The Wisconsin Octopus

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Number 1

## On Second Thought



HELLO, little freshman! Didn't think we'd know you were a freshman, did you?

Robin Hood green is a new fall shade. Replacing summer's lobster-and-lotion red.

Most actors, we read, love to be associated with athletes. And judging from some wrestling matches we have seen, athletes are also enamoured of acting.

Dateless girls should learn the masculine point of view, advises a heart expert. Miss, if you can stand forty-five minutes before a window admiring a camera you've learned the first lesson.

Engaged in helping tear down an old jail, a prisoner found twenty dollars and paid his fine. We predict a boom in the wrecking business, centering in public institutions.

In Outer Mongolia, thousands of troops are being killed and hundreds of airplanes shot down. The Far-Eastern war is fast becoming an incident.

Before the shooting started, a German scientist declared his country would never be the aggressor in any war. Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland were merely gallstones on the path of peace.

Moslems in India resent the imposition of dry laws. Any day may bring the news of the rise of a Ben Ali Capone.

"Swift Fingers Create Magic of French Hat" runs a fashion headline. And slow masculine fingers create the magic of an American check.

Sport Note: The Berliner Browns



"These dumb freshmen don't even know we're a tradition."

broke even with the Moscow Reds, out-pitched the London Dodgers, and are rated to beat the Warsaw Cubs in the Nationalist League meet.

"Italian Army of the Po to be Reviewed by Emperor-King Victor Emmanuel." Who's he?

Although activity in Europe is now foremost, the bustle in America has been placed in its former position.

And the Hollanders are another people who don't regard Adolf as a Dutch uncle.

Large Chinese mobs gathered before the American consulate in Shanghai to engage in anti-American speeches. A faint Japanese lisp was noticeable, however.

There is now a trend to revive the Victorian mood in clothes and jewelry. Radio comedians evidently started the style.

Octy pooh-poohs talk of reviving the course in sub-Freshman English. We feel the Cardinal is still the place for those deficient in composition and grammar.



## Sin on Mendota's Coral Shore

The assembly today defeated a bill to investigate drinking among students at the University of Wisconsin. The bill, introduced by Assemblyman Theodore Swanson, (P., Ellsworth) was rejected by a vote of 57-17.

—STATE JOURNAL

**B**Y DECLINING to sniff for fumes of alcohol up and down Langdon street, the legislature not only deprived Mr. Swanson (P., Ellsworth) of all the attendant publicity in the Ellsworth *Enterprise* (412 copies net paid every week) but also was shockingly unjust to Wisconsin's students.

Turning down the fire under the still in the editor's den, clearing away the seltzer-bottles and ice-cubes, and downing a half-box of bicarb, the present *Octopus* board reeled out of their palatial offices recently and in spite of a bad hangover pulled off a startling investigation of their own.

*The liquor situation among the student-body is fierce. It is pretty gosh-awful.*

It is almost impossible for a student to get a drink anywhere around the capitol square. To get near a bar he has to fight his way through a solid phalanx of members of the state legislature.

And since every time a freshman from Oshkosh steps in a geranium-bed on the capitol grounds the university budget is cut another \$50,000, no one dares to jostle them. Students are thus forced to drink buttermilk, which is full of bacteria, and water, which is full of chlorine—a deadly poison.

Staggering with composure and with many a suppressed belch, the *Octopus* editors discovered the following oases:

*Assembly Tavern* (1421 Regent St.)

*Senate Tavern* (118 N. Pinckney St.)

*Congress Tavern* (111 W. Main St.)

None of these places are to be confused with the legislative cloakrooms in the capitol, despite certain points of resemblance.

It is only fair that there be established a Dean-of-Men Tavern, a College-of-Agriculture Cocktail Bar, and a Department-of-Gaelic Saloon. There is no need for a Law School Tavern, the boys having everything now but the license and the sawdust on the floor.

**D**RINKING at fraternity parties is terrible. Oh dear, yes, liquor is consumed! Movies and advertisements have built up the idea that liquor is both a short-cut to fun and a social obligation, and some weaker-minded party-goers always drink. The trouble

is that no one ever has any *fun* drinking.

The Langdon Street drinker usually tosses his cookies by 11:15 p. m. and feels dismal for the next twenty-four hours.

There is a recorded instance of one Prescott Dextrose, Jr., a Chi Psi pledge, who on the evening of October 14, 1935, got high on one-half pint of Four Roses and had a swell time at a party. Diligent research has failed to uncover

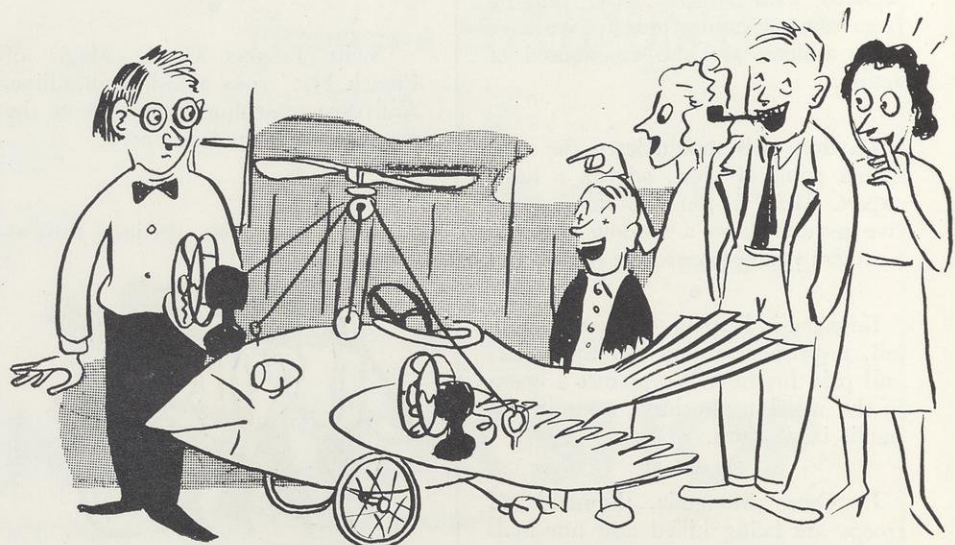
any later rivals, and Dextrose's record still stands unchallenged.

If a co-ed (provocative word!) succumbs to the wily appeals of her escort and takes that Fatal Sip from a bottle, she is far less likely to swing from the chandelier or to be snatched away by a white-slave ring (as seventeen legislators would like to believe) than to end up in the ladies' room looking for an emetic and trying to hide her green complexion under another layer of powder.

The legislature certainly ought to do



*As is often the case with inventive genius . . .*



*they laughed at him . . .*



something so that students have *fun* drinking. But we haven't any practical suggestions.

Infirmiry officials report that they have never had a student case of alcoholism, D. T.'s, or drunkard's spleen. They once had a hair-raising night, though, with a junior who swallowed a piece of dry-ice on a bet. *There* is material for a really sensational legislative snoop—dry-ice consumption among co-eds.\*

We call the attention of the legislature, also, to the roadhouses around Madison. We beg that it do something about this Evil. There isn't one of them half-way worthy of the popular synonym, "sin-spot."

If all Sin were is tedious as these arrangements of watered beer, shabby buildings, dull people, melancholy entertainment, and bad music, the Highway to Heaven would be overcrowded.

(These "nite-clubs" aren't allowed to advertise in our funny magazine, so we can throw mud at them and not lose anything.)

If the legislature were to subsidize a couple of really feelthy roadhouses, scores of students could stop their everlasting search through countless nights for a scarlet good-time and could settle down to more profitable pursuits, such as studying, collecting butterflies, and playing poker.

THE LEGISLATORS might take a peek, too, at all that alcohol that goes into the biology building for "scientific"

\*On May 29, 1939, the editors of this magazine voted to shun quips, jests, gags, allusions, and/or cartoons referring to collegiate goldfish-swallowing.

purposes. Anybody who would put an old brain or an angleworm into perfectly good alcohol is crazy . . . and *not* all the members of the biology department are crazy.

One professor of anatomy stretches out his wee salary by making something called *Kyanization Solution Formula 33*, which he sells by the jugful to other members of the faculty.

If the legislature voted adequate salaries for professors, there would be no need for such carryings-on. Nor, on the other hand, would some of the lectures in this school be so good. One sip of Formula 33 before a class-meeting is guaranteed to produce a skyrocket at the end.

There ar a lot morre things li ke that soing on arond this univercity,, but we arent goeng to spil the the beans ri&ht now. We just wan to say that —

*Look, fellows! Snakes, pink ones, crawling . . . !!!* —B. B.

Disapproves of Doll that Acts Naturally  
To the Editor of THE PRESS-UNION—Sir:

I know that any good mother would never buy her dear, innocent child a doll that is advertised in the papers as one that drinks her bottle and wets her diaper. It certainly must have been a person with a diseased brain that invented such a toy to sell to dear, innocent children.

A MOTHER  
*You mean you haven't told them about THAT yet?*

BECAUSE of the baking sun and the high humidity, the squad was restricted to a seventy-minute session this morning, but it worked two hours in the afternoon. The day's labors produced an average loss of six pounds. Don Campbell, the Carnegie tackle, who had most to lose, dropped from 248 to 139, but even at that weight Campbell showed agility and speed.

—THE NEW YORK TIMES  
*At dropping dead?*

## Heat Wave



RS. WEEMS couldn't have been thinking of the Himalayas when she named her son; but there stood Everest—tall, glacial in movement, cool, broad-shouldered, and with his head in the clouds, like a mountain. The clouds about his head consisted of derivatives, determinates, and four-dimensional coordinates.

Outside of mathematics Everest had only two interests. In winter he would go out into the new-fallen snow and write in it *THERE IS NO GOD*. He would then walk around the block; and when he came back, just as he had expected, someone had always crossed out his blasphemy. His other pastime was to collect newspaper clippings illustrating a theory he had: all Scoutmasters are sex-fiends.

Everest was not the sort you'd expect to find wearing the pearly pin of Beta Epsilon; but his inevitable 2.7 helped the house average when Sidney Stinkley, the *Cardinal* night editor, and Hank Frizzle, the quarterback, brought in a *combined* grade-point total of .168. He was the last man you would expect to find suspended by the chapter, in formal conclave gathered . . .

STINKLEY was having a heat-wave. "Come on, box-car!" he said to the dice and rolled them out. He won and took in twelve more dollars. I had five left. Folger had three. Ted Gupp had seven. A drunken Deke named Henry had been cleaned out an hour ago and was just scratching himself and hiccupping.

"I'll fade you," I said; and then Everest walked in, tall and cool. He was my roommate and the game was in our room.

"Join the game?" I asked him, since I had broken his tennis racket that afternoon. I knew Everest never shot craps.

"Why . . . yes," said Everest. Stinkley almost fainted. "But I've got a new way to play it."

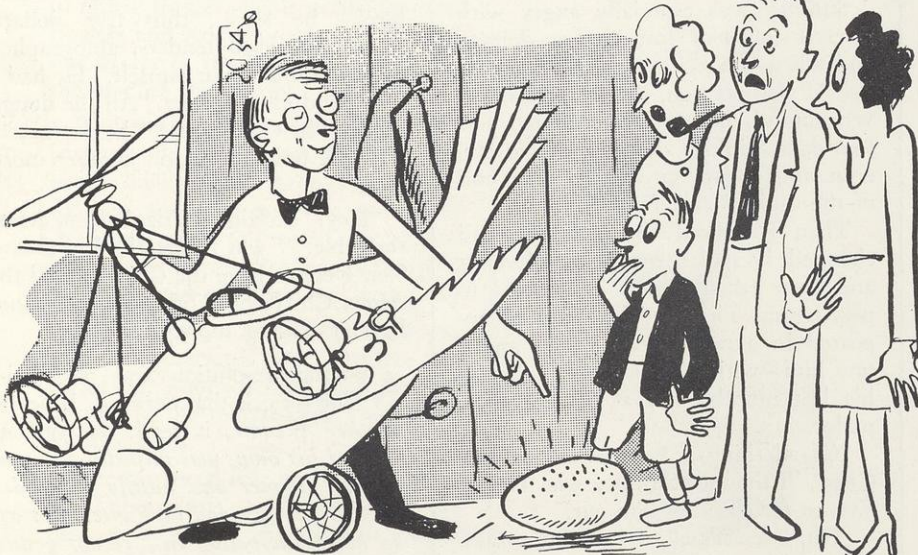
"Yeah? How?"

"Not much different," said Everest quietly. "You just use five dice instead of two. It's the same only you use five dice."

I looked at Stinkley. Stinkley looked at Gupp. The Deke hiccupped.

"What can you lose?" Everest asked. He pulled out ten greenbacks and five dice.

"What *can* we lose that we can't lose



*but he showed them!*

WURTZ





"Welcome to Beta Epsilon!"

with two bones?" said Gupp. Everybody agreed. Everest sat down on the floor and laid two ones in the middle of the circle.

"I'm in," he announced . . .

**A**T MIDNIGHT I was broke. Stinkley was broke. Gup was broke. Marshall and Frizzle had lost fifteen. Everest had sixty-two dollars and an I. O. U. from Folger for eight dollars.

"You have real talent," I said. "Everest, you ought—"

"It's not talent," Everest said. "The trouble is you fellows were playing two-dice probabilities. Five-dice probabilities are much different. You see, you integrate an infinite series—" He saw the expression on our faces and stopped talking . . .

**B**Y 1 A. M. Everest Weems had been formally suspended from Beta Epsilon for five weeks. *Whereas Brother Weems, said the resolution which was adopted at a special chapter-meeting by a vote of 23 to 1, wilfully and knowingly swindled, by means of a confidence game, several of his fraternal brothers, out of the sum of \$70, it is hereby resolved that . . .*

Everest could live in the house, but he was not to go to chapter-meetings or to the bowery-party Saturday night. He was to be ostracized and shunned. A resolution was not needed; people were so mad at him that only his bulk saved him from several severe buffetings.

Stinkley was especially angry with Everest—he had lost twelve dollars; and when you're dating a Kappa with Psi U competition, twelve dollars is very useful, not to say essential. For two days Stinkley didn't speak to Everest and always sat at the other end of the dining table from him.

Then I noticed that Stinkley had changed; he spoke pleasantly to Everest and even asked him if he wanted to play tennis. The next day Stinkley appeared in a new tweed jacket, and I saw him—with his Kappa—paying up his last month's bill at a local beer-parlor.

"Of all things," I remarked to Ted Gupp. "I thought Stinkley was mad at Everest for cleaning him out."

"Oh, Everest's all right," Gupp said. I noticed he was wearing a new pair of shoes. "Everest is a good boy."

Gupp had dropped a cool eight bucks to Everest.

"By the way," he said. "Don't I owe you a dollar from yesterday? Here." He pulled out quite a roll.

Maybe I was dumb. I didn't know what was going on until Folger came to dinner late, that evening. "Look, boys," he said, "thirty-five dollars. Thirty-five legal tenders, autographed by Mr. Morgenthau himself." He had a nice handful of money. "All the dough in the Phi Gam house," he explained. "They'll have to put on another mortgage."

"Hey!" exclaimed Frizzle from across the table. "I was to get the Phi Gams. You were to have the Chi Psis and the Alpha Chi Rhos. The Alpha Chi Rhos haven't folding money."

**A**NOTHER resolution was passed by nine o'clock that evening. *Whereas Brother Weems, it read, through no fault of his own, was unjustly censured by this chapter and hastily suspended for a streak of good luck attendant upon his participation in a recent gentleman's game, he is hereby reinstated and absolved . . .*

—L. A.



## The Holy Moo



INDOOS are a queer brown-skinned folk, who practice some of the most astounding and idiotic customs in an astounding and idiotic world. After a glance at India you can even return encouraged—momentarily—to the latest news from Europe.

Hindoos dare not step on each other's shadows. They bathe in a vast sewer called the Ganges. Their princes have grand heaps of rubies and an even grander irresponsibility, so that they hunt tigers in golden Buicks and spend nothing on schools. Hindoos marry girls of seven to men of thirty. They recline upon beds of spikes, out of piety. They walk on hot coals, barefoot. They venerate cows as sacred, as bovine gods treading our mortal soil.

The cow, between the Himalayas and the Indian Ocean, has a snap. She lives not in a barn painted with a chewing-tobacco ad, but in the temple.

She is fed upon tasty grass by priests in holy robes, not chucked a manger-full of fodder from a silo. Instead of being switched into a pasture to nibble thistles, she is garlanded with flowers and led in processions through the streets to the sound of music and the awe of the devout.

If a cow should wander through the bazaar—and who dares to tether the bovine fancy?—the throngs make way for her, and rugs and rice go unsold. A priest, with a sacred fly-swatter, keeps insects from her sacred rump, so that she need not flick her sacred tail.

Her droppings do not litter the pasture unappreciated nor fertilize the corn-field. They are duly cherished and burned in the temple-fires, incense for Hindoo gods.

The cow need fear no Hindoo butcher. Tuberculosis, hoof-and-mouth disease, and Bang's disease can plague her; and no Department of Agricul-

ture snoop will condemn her to a pit of quick-lime.

When Death comes, as it must to all cows, her funeral is conducted with the elaborateness and damp sorrow which, in more civilized lands, is reserved for defunct matinee-idols and gangsters.

Cows must be milked to avoid bursting, and each village designates a milkman who alone is consecrated to squeeze the holy teat. Richer in supernatural grace than in butterfat, the milk is drunk solemnly and devoutly.

Pasteurization would be sacrilege.

Nothing, in short, is too good for the Hindoo's cow; and it is a relief to contemplate America, where cows are tolerated usually as long as they know their place. Their place is behind a barbed-wire fence or at the end of a ten-foot rope in a wayside ditch.

Yet there are signs that America is tending to deify the cow, to canonize her among the Saints. The Holstein and the Guernsey are acquiring

halos; and their milk is almost nectar, fit to be served up by Ganymede to Jove.

Propaganda has been building up the



sad-eyed, long-faced cud-chewer, whose milk was watered to blueness by restaurants and drunk by people who feared the drugs of tea and coffee or the dynamite of apple-jack and rum.

Milk has been bottled; and forgetting therefore that it came from a fly-blown, smelly barn and that the cow herself tossed her tail into the milk-bucket, mothers have given this deplorable stuff to their infants to drink.

Root-beer would be infinitely better. It didn't come out of an unwashed animal.

We are told, by the cow-owners, that milk is healthful—indeed, that it is a nostrum surpassing snake-oil or sassafras in curing rickets, diabetes, pneumonia, baldness, measles, cholera, St. Anthony's fire, colitis, and colic. It also makes rosy cheeks, curly hair, firm teeth, and a fat profit for anyone who owns a herd of these stupid beasts.

I was a milk-drinker . . . a quart or more a day for fifteen years. At the end of that time my complexion was a sallow disgrace, and each of my teeth had a gold core. I stopped drinking milk; my cheeks became rosy, but I still have the gold-filled bite.

A friend of mine arrived, on a foaming flood of milk, at the age of twenty with a pair of exquisitely bowed legs and an itchy skin. The doctor he consulted knew what to do. "You are being slowly but surely poisoned by milk," said the doctor ominously. "Lay off."

I can't recall getting any good at all from this general craze for milk except a slow ride home from my fraternity initiation in a 4 a. m. milk-wagon.

Instead of a lot of milk, scrawny children would be better off with a glass of ginger-ale and a soda-cracker. Milk should be fed to hogs. Or sprayed on apple-trees instead of sulphur and arsenic.

WHEN I DRIVE through the country and see a cow, it seems that those languid brown eyes look up at me—between munches of grass—with a sly twinkle in their dreamy depths. The cow only *looks* dumb. *She* knows which one of us is being kidded.

It's just a matter of time before she has us right where she has the Hindoos.

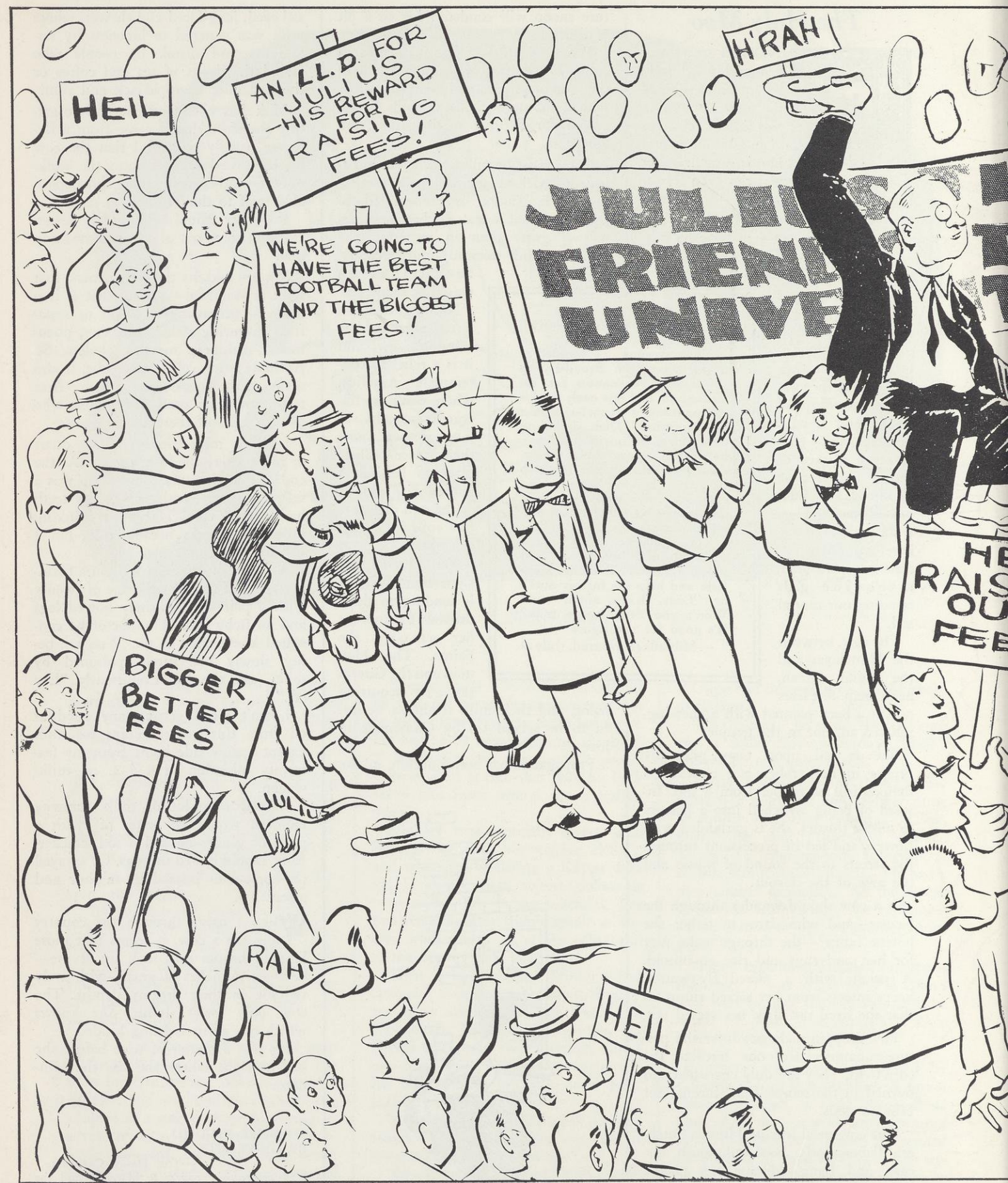
—B. B.

WILDLIFE STUDIED  
BY UNIVERSITY

—THE DAILY CARDINAL

A prerequisite course to Marriage and the Family?











## The Fiddling Jenifers



AVING their thumbs at the roadside by a cornfield were a pig-tailed little girl, with a cello her own weight propped against her, and a thin woman holding a violin case. They were obviously harmless and burdened, so I stopped the sedan.

"How come all the music in the middle of the countryside this warm morning?" I asked the woman, when the instruments were stowed in back and the passengers in front.

"Oh, Tessie and me, we're going over by Oaks Corners to a family reunion," she said. "All the Jenifers get together at Grandfather Jenifer's every month, and we all play some sort of fiddle."

"Musical family, eh?"

The thin woman smiled grimly, "Oh, we ain't musical especially. We just play fiddles, that's all."

"But Uncle William, mama—" interrupted the little girl.

"Oh, shush, Tessie," said her mother, explaining for my sake, "Uncle William won an old-time fiddling contest at the Methodist Church Frolic last year, but that ain't musical fiddling like you hear on the radio." She stared at a passing tobacco field. "Not really musical. We just play fiddles, that's all."

"Well," I said, "if it's fun, that's what counts."

"It ain't much fun." She didn't sound bitter, nor even resigned. "The whole family, we just fiddle."

TWO MILES down the road we overtook a young man grinding slowly up a hill on a bicycle. His face was red with years of haying and plowing, and his hands were large. A violin-case was strapped across his handle-bars.

"It's Cousin Henry!" shouted Tessie; and I slowed down, asking if we should pick him up.

"Don't know, with that wheel," the woman said. We stopped beside Henry to confer. We relieved him of his fiddle, and he followed along on his bicycle.

"It ain't much farther," Henry said, "nor very hard to pedal without that darned fiddle."

"Henry works on the Weiss farm," Tessie's mother explained. "He's my brother Frank's boy. He whittled a fiddle of his own once, but it sounded fierce and pa bought him one from Sears Roebuck."

"Just let us off at the gate," she said when we approached a white house set back from the road in a large leafy yard, where three cars were parked among wandering chickens.

More from curiosity than chivalry I protested, "No, those things are heavy and I'll take you right to the door." The fiddling Jenifers were worth a closer look.

Up the drive I heard the jumbled sounds of disorganized scraping and sawing. On the broad porch of the farmhouse were a dozen people, and Tessie and her mother took me up to the porch to identify the whole group.

GRANDFATHER Jenifer—he was Tessie's great-grandfather—nodded to me from behind his huge bull-fiddle and continued to draw thunderous wails from its deep belly. Grandmother Jenifer rocked in her chair and pulled her squeaking bow in rhythm with her squeaking rockers.

Uncle George Jenifer sat on a step idly tuning his fiddle and slapping flies. Uncle Frederick was asleep under an elm with his fiddle on his stomach.

Aunt Nellie was tuning a cello for little Albert, aged nine, who could

scarcely hold the swollen instrument between his knees. "Albert will grow to fit his fiddle pretty soon," Aunt Nellie told me. Albert had grown into his trousers, it was clear, and had grown right out of them, too.

Cousin Oliver held his cello between his lanky legs and labored over a cheekful of tobacco. With his bow he poked a cat, which jumped over the porch railing and scattered some hens. There were several cats about, quietly stealing in and out of doorways.

Uncle Samuel and Cousin Anna, relatives by marriage, sat in the porch-swing with their fiddles held patiently in their laps. "Grandpa always liked a son-in-law who could fiddle," I was told. Second-cousin Frank had wanted to play a mandolin, but Grandpa put his foot down and Frank swapped his fancy notions for a battered but loud bull-fiddle, not quite as portly as Grandpa's.

"Ethel and Mame are in the kitchen," said Cousin Anna, "and Charlie went out by the barn a minute." Just then another car drove in with another cello strapped to the back bumper. Four



"Oh yes, we often get old equipment for these student specials."





grown-ups, three fiddles, and a child got out—the Elmer Jenifer family from over by the river. Raymond, aged four, ran straight for a cat.

"Mame! Charlie! Ethel!" yelled Grandpa, waving his bow. "Elmer's crowd's here now. Let's quit warming up and have a couple numbers afore we eat."

"Grandpa makes all the fiddle-strings hiss," Tessie confided admiringly. "Out of the cats."

"That so?" I said brightly.

"My fiddle got strung with Snow White last time. She was white with black specks and killed four rats in the hen-house." Tessie still cherished Snow White's memory and viscera.

"Don't you play from written music?" I asked Uncle William.

He tucked his fiddle under his whiskery chin and said, "Nope. We don't play more'n seven-eight pieces.

Grandpa gives the signal and we all pitch in." He drew a tentative sigh from his instrument. "We don't aim to do nothing classy—just good solid fiddling."

GRANDPA EYED the group. All nineteen were on the porch, from six-foot Uncle Elmer down to little Tessie, from Grandpa's towering bass viol down to Anna's small violin.

"Where's that boy Henry?" cried Grandpa. "If he don't show up, there'll be—"

At that instant Henry turned in at the gate and pumped up the yard on his wheel. "Howdy, folks," he said breathlessly. "Where's my—oh, thanks." He sat down beside Aunt Nellie but moved because his bow would jab her when he swung hard.

"All set?" snapped Grandpa. "Let's do the *Old Glory March*. And you, Albert, you're a big enough lad now to keep up with the rest of us." Grandpa rapped twice with his bow, and the concert began.

The *Old Glory March* was loud and frantic, and I could catch the outlines of the melody they were working on. Uncle William went in for counter-

point and extra licks, but the rest played straight.

Albert fiddled heroically and dropped behind only twice, though his cello almost slipped from between his knees once and Cousin Oliver grabbed it with a loss of only four beats. The movement of the twenty bows was impressive indeed.

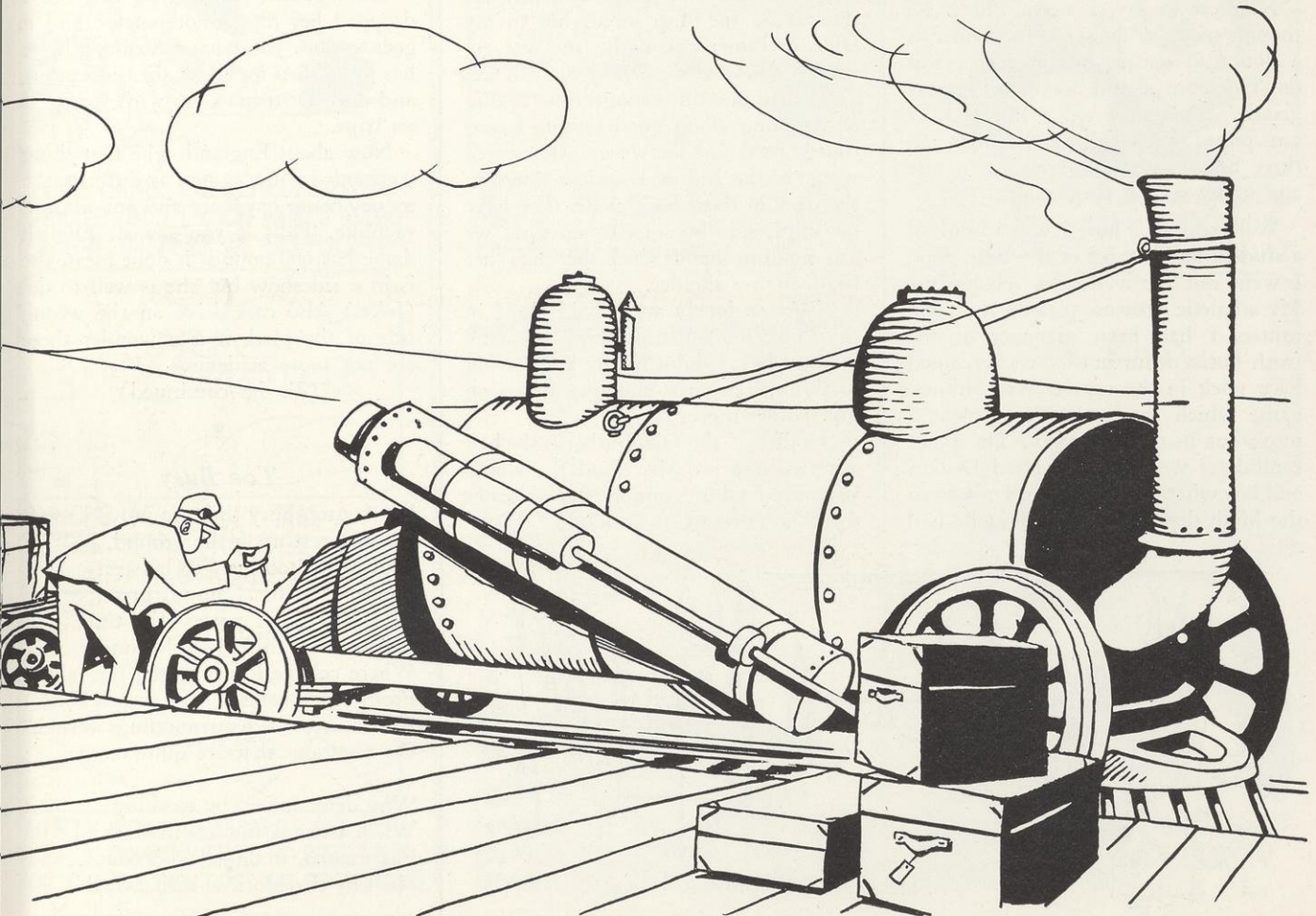
I perched on the porch railing through the number. Everyone finished at once except for a few unimportant notes from Grandma, who seemed rapt in her music.

To Tessie's mother I said, "It's been fun hearing you all play like this. Really, you know, it's not bad amateur music."

"It ain't meant to be much in the line of music," she sighed. "We just all play fiddles, that's all."

GRANDPA announced a less stirring piece; and *Morning in Venice* arose behind me in magnificent discord as twenty fiddles sang in the hands of the twenty fiddling Jenifers. As I walked down the wooden steps onto the lawn, two cats jumped up and ran behind the house.

—C. K.





## Memoirs of a Roades Scholer



OLKS, I OF been asked by "ye ed" of the Octopus to give some of my impresions of Oxford while I was a Roades scholer there studying Eng. Lit., and must say I am glad to have this oppertunity. This article is liable to be a more serious kind than usually appear in a humer mag. But will try to take a humerous slant on things now and anon to sort of jazz up my tale some.

Well, I guess you wonder how I come to get this scholarship to begin with; I am U. of Wis. class of 1932, majored in Eng. and took a lot of sanskit, old Norse, and etc. I was on the staff of the Daily Card. where I worked up to be maniging editor of the "Deet" (*daily sheet*—get it?) as we jokingly called it, due to my suberb command of Eng. style, diction, and etc. I got taken in by Dean Goodnight's frat (is old sourpuss still around, by the way?) Phi-Eta-Something for my excellent grades, all A's except for a C in Spanish 1 and boy what a rape *that* was.

Needless to say, I am a Phi B K, though most of us agree the honer is a doubtfull one as lots of joes get it don't deserve it and are mere "greasy grinds." Though I am a Phi B K, I am proud I can drink as many as three beers with the "boys" of a nite and know several risqe songs.

Well, seeing as how I was a whiz of a student and the pet of the Eng. dept. I went out for a Roades scholarship. My athaletic prowess pleased the committee, I had been manager of the frosh hockey team until I was creamed by a puck in the crusial Wis.-Minnes. game which we lost 8-2 and spent a week out to the infirmary. The other candidates were a guy named Doakes and boy what a heel. Al somebody from the Math dept. and he thought he had

it sewed up on acc't two math profs were on the committee but he was fooled. There were couple other guys, I forget whom.

Well, it turned out Doakes was 26 yrs old which is to old to be elegible, this Al guy was married so out he went, and another guy owed the library \$0.65 so out he went. That left me and a Latin student named Freemartin. Luckily he was caught cribbing in his Thucidides course the day before the committee made its award and so he got the axe. I had come through again with flying colors, I always said a man has to be of good moral worth before he can be any great shakes in whatever field.

Well, was I excited. It was merry England for yours truly, pip pip.

WELL, TIME marched on, as they say; soon I was in "Englands green and pleasant land" (Wm. Blake, 1757-1827) after a fine crossing on which I had interesting experience, viz. There is a dame on the ship (S. S. Clydwater, 822 ft long) and some looker, blond and plenty o k in the right places, what I mean. Imagine my surprize when the steward on the ship shows her to my table at dinner one night, she was going 1st class and me 3rd so you can see.

We had pleasent enough time at dinner, getting along good despite I was college bred and she wasnt. Afterwards we go to the 2nd deck and sit down in the dark in those long chairs they have on ships, side by side. In no time we are holding hands and she puts her head on my sholder.

"I get so lonely and afraid alone in my bunk nites on this ship" she said.

Boy o boy. I didnt hardly know what to think. Then she snuggles down on my sholder more.

"Godfrey," she said (hitherto she had adressed me as Mr. Funk), "would you mind taking one of my suitcases thru the customs at London?"



... I was creamed by a puck ...

• •

"Heck no" I replied, "have you got too many of —" and then the light dawns on my mind why she is making up to me. She was enticing me with her charms into being her acomplise in some neferious deed of smuggling!

Well, gentle reader, you can bet I dropped her like a hot potatoe and it goes to show you what a Roades scholer has to go thru for his higher education, and also not to pick up with strangers on trips.

Now about England. The first thing you notice is the money is differnt, the money being haypence and pounds and suchlike. Thus if you say an English dame has 600 pounds it dont mean she is in a sideshow but she is well to do. (Joke.) Also cars drive on the wrong side of the road, it is a wonder there are not more accidents.

(To be continued)

•

### Too Busy

I'm far too busy to be found  
Seeking rest upon the ground,  
And much too busy to be seen  
Strolling on the Campus green;  
In fact, I don't possess the time  
Essential to this blissful clime  
Where college lovers watch the lake  
From rendezvous where rushes break  
And muse, amid surroundings vernal,  
On questions that are quite eternal.

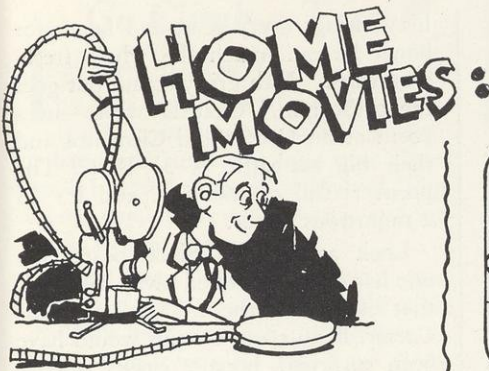
Why deny oneself by working  
When truer virtue lies in shirking?  
For manna, if unpicked Today,  
Shall by the Morrow melt away—

—R. E. N.



"... the towers and spires of Oxford ..."



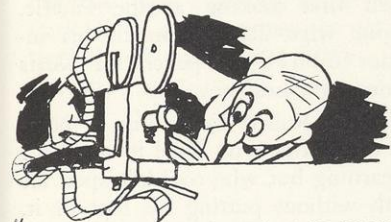


## Easy, Economical, and Loads of Fun

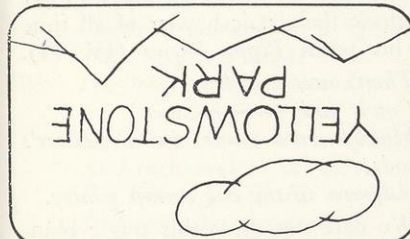
"SOON AS I GET THESE REELS FIXED, YOU FOLKS ARE GONNA SEE SOMETHING M-G-M WISH THEY HAD, HEH HEH..."



"SHE'S FLICKERING A BIT. YOU HAVE TO GET THESE FIXED JUST RIGHT AT FIRST. JUST A SECOND NOW..."



"THESE THINGS ARE REALLY EASY TO OPERATE. DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG TONIGHT. AH! HERE WE GO FOLKS!"



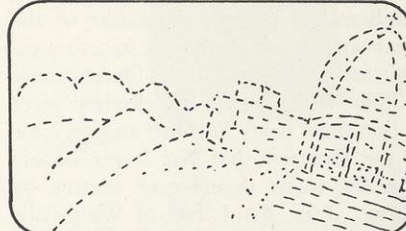
"SHUCKS, IT'LL JUST TAKE A COUPLE MORE MINUTES—SORT OF A STUPID MISTAKE..."



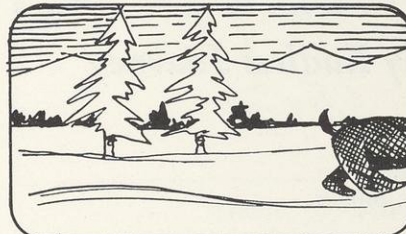
"AH! O.K. NOW—ALL ABOARD? HEH HEH. THE FILM COMPANY FIXES UP THESE TITLES FOR YOU. THE FILM COST \$4.50 FOR 500 FT."



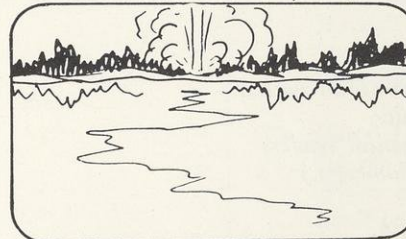
"IT'S NOT HEDDY LAMAR, FOLKS—JUST MARTHA, HEH HEH, WITH JUNIOR AND TESSIE. THE CAMERA TIPPED A BIT..."



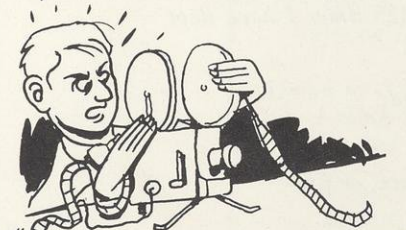
"I GOT THIS VIEW OF THE CAPITOL UP AT ST. PAUL. I THINK I OVER-EXPOSED IT A LITTLE..."



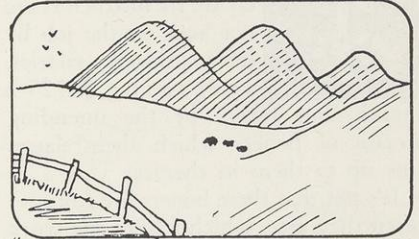
"HERE WE ARE IN YELLOWSTONE! FIRST THING WE SEE IS THIS BEAR—THESE BEARS ARE REALLY QUITE TAME, FOLKS..."



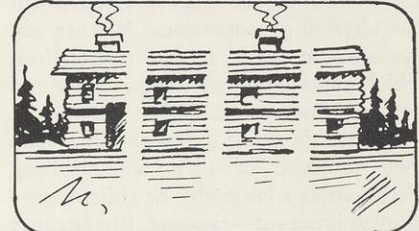
"HERE'S ONE OF THOSE GEYSERS GOING OFF. I COULDN'T GET IT ALL IN, BUT YOU GET THE IDEA..."



"NOW WHAT THE HELL'S WRONG?!! I HOPE YOU FOLKS WILL PARDON ME LOSING MY TEMPER LIKE THIS, BUT—LET'S SEE..."



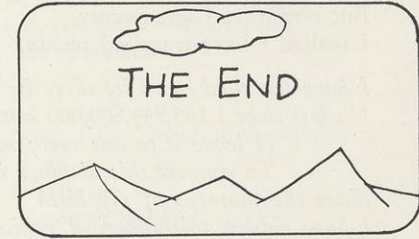
"HERE'S SOME MORE BEARS—THREE OF THEM. THEY'RE SORT OF FAR OFF, BUT IF YOU LOOK CLOSE YOU'LL SEE 'EM..."



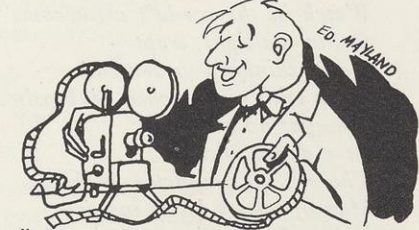
"THIS IS BIGWATER LODGE, WHERE WE STAYED ONE NIGHT. I DON'T KNOW HOW THOSE STREAKS GOT ON THE FILM..."



"I GOT THIS SHOT OF JUNIOR AND TESSIE WITH A NO. 2 FILTER, EXPOSURE ONE-HUNDREDTH OF A SECOND..."



"WELL, THERE'S THE END, FOLKS; AND LET ME TELL YOU, IT WAS SURE A WONDERFUL TRIP..."



"AND HERE, WITH THE OL' MOVIE OUTFIT, WE GOT A PRICELESS SOUVENIR TO CHERISH FOREVER..."



## Shakespeare, Keats, and Harvey Bray '43



EACHING Freshman English is a sordid chore. Its instructors are not kept on the job by their princely salaries, averaging \$64.25 a month, but rather by the unending stream of boners which their classes toss up to them in themes.

It's not that these boners are funny—often they are—which makes the work rewarding, but that they inspire a sense of superiority in the instructor. The aggregate inferiority-complex of the lesser orders of the English Department has terrifying proportions. We are not the ones to sneer at any consolations which these ineffectual young men and hopeless women can find in their work.

But we *do* object to the picture which they promote of the boner-pulling freshman as a laughable or ridiculous—or even ignorant—creature, just because he writes things like these:

*Holy Virgil, Mother of God . . .*

*I rode to the second floor on the osculator.*

*Decoration Day is our yearly celebration of the signing, in 1776, of the Declaration of Independence.*

*In geometry we learn how to bisex angels.*

*Tennyson is chiefly known for his Idols of the King, a story of pagan days before the English were converted from worshipping idols.*

English instructors find these errors amusing. They chuckle and chuckle at the silly freshmen. Of course freshmen *are* silly; but in committing such boners they are not exposing themselves to laughter but joining the ranks of the great writers which their instructors exploit for a living Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton—there isn't a worthwhile piece of literature from *Beowulf* to this issue of the *Octopus* that has fewer boners than the worst theme ever written by Harvey Bray, BA 1, late of West Allis High School.

LOOK AT OLD Geoffrey Chaucer. The English Department thinks enough of him to give one or two courses in

his writings every year, and boner for boner he can match the whole freshman class. "With grisly sound out goes the great gun," Chaucer wrote—in a poem about Caesar and Cleopatra and their big sea-battle of 31 B. C. The poem is full of shooting, and it's all a monstrous boner.

Look at William Shakespeare. No one has quite explained away the clock that strikes in the middle of *Julius Caesar*. Brutus and Cassius would have been surprised, because clocks weren't invented for an embarrassing number of centuries later. And then there are the folk running around in *Cymbeline* in silk clothes which came from Asia a millenium after their death.

Look at silly John Keats. The professors somewhat desperately try to gloss over dreadful boners such as—

*Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes*

*He stared at the Pacific . . .*

*Silent, upon a peak in Darien.*

Any child knows that it was really Balboa and not Cortez who stood, yelling his head off for all we know, at Darien first looking at the Pacific. Imagine what acid comments his instructor could red-pencil on Keats freshman themes!

Look at Robert Browning, a pompous old duffer who liked to show off his learning but who couldn't open his mouth without putting his foot in it. Charitably, we pass over such boners as his putting mention of Greek fire, first used in 673 A. D., into the mouth of a speaker in 50 A. D.; but we can't overlook the classic howler of all time in his poem *Pippa Passes* (IV, 95).

*Then, owls and bats,*

*Cowls and ———,*

*Monks and nuns, in a cloister's moods,*

*Adjourn to the oak-stump pantry.*

We dare not print this tragic blunder in full, but you can find the lines (with a half-hearted explanation) in almost any poetry book.

If our little friend, Harvey Bray BA 1, mistook a word like that, he would be lucky to get an F in the course instead of being bounced right smack out of college.

WELL, we could go on with this list forever; but we just want to explain to several thousand freshmen that their boners put them in the fellowship of the immortals. Let the instructors snicker. Let them feel superior if they want. Lord knows, they need to.

—B. B.

## The Long and Seemingly Endless Journey

*I am a land-bound tripper*

*Who shuns the China Clipper.*

*I once travelled on a train, as a small boy,*

*For 172 miles to visit an aunt in Peoria, Illinois.*

*And when I was fifteen I was driven*

*As far as St. Paul—324 miles, the distance is given.*

*I find myself thus in a position*

*Where I have almost no use for the Interstate Commerce Commission.*

But now that I am twenty

I realize I have travelled plenty.

*I have travelled—and let there be no frowns, no smiles!—*

*No less than 1,165,944,800,000 statute miles.*

*(I leave it to our more mathematical readers*

*To convert this distance into kilometers.)*

*Since the moment of my birth*

*I have ridden this spherical vehicle, Earth,*

*While it has spun*

*Twenty times around the sun.*

*Dark Night, mankind's eternal Pullman porter, has kept*

*Watch in the world's washrooms the 7,125 times I have slept*

*Or, by starlight, wept—*

*Never thinking to demand*

*A tip with outstretched pink-palmed hand.*

*I bought no ticket*

*At a depot wicket.*

*There is no conductor, brakeman, engineer, or fire-*

*Man of whom I can inquire*

*Where I am going, or when I shall be done . . .*

But soon I shall be twenty-one

And shall have gone another 58,297,240,000 miles around the sun!

—C. K.



## Go Climb a Tree

**I** DON'T KNOW but that you will be very much bored by this story. It didn't impress me especially when it happened, and for a long time afterward I ceased to think of it at all. The other day, however, I had sudden cause to remember it.

I had been sent out, when I was about sixteen years old, for a walk with my little brother, with instructions to mind him carefully. He had had mumps—or something. After walking for a few blocks, we came to a neighborhood ball game. I stopped to play for a while, and when I looked around for my brother—Fimp, we call him—he was gone.

For two hours I looked for him. I went home to see if he had returned, but he hadn't. I went out to the apple orchard, and saw something white up in one of the trees. It looked like Fimp's shirt—and in it was Fimp, curled up in the tree, sound asleep. It's a miracle he didn't fall down.

What reminded me of this the other day was a bear I saw out at the Wingra Park Zoo, sound asleep in its little tree, almost exactly like Fimp.

Well, I told you you'd probably be bored.

—L. S.



"Please, sir, where does that road lead?"

## Now, Let's All Sing Together

(You, too, Arthur.)

Engineers' Chanty (To "I've Been Workin' On the RR")

*I've been workin' on assignments  
Till I'm nearly dead.  
I've been pouring over data  
But I cannot go to bed.  
I can hear my roommate snoring  
As I turn back to my text.  
For I must finish this assignment  
So I can start the next.*

Kappa Mating Song (To "Let Me Call You Sweetheart")

*Let me see your wallet,  
I'm in love with you.  
Let me see your roadster  
And your bankbook, too.*

*Is your dad a broker  
And is your blood blue?  
If you might be prom king  
I'm in love with you.*

Roommate Love Song (To "My Buddy")

*I miss my socks since you went away  
I hunt for trousers all through the day.  
My roommate, my roommate  
Nobody half so true.*

*I miss my shirts, my razor and hat  
My tie's gone too, for you've taken that.  
My roommate, my roommate,  
Your roommate misses you.*

Dormboys' Hiking Song (To "Road to Mandalay")

*On the road to Unit A  
Where our dormitory lay,  
Can't you hear the taxis honkin'  
On the Hill a mile away?*

*On the road to Unit A  
Where the wolves and Injuns play  
And in little hidden patches  
Poison ivy blooms all day.*

Hymn to Co-eds (To "Trees")

*I think that I shall never see  
A co-ed who can't match a tree.*

*Whose hungry mouth long to be prest  
Against a chicken's tender breast.  
Upon whose bosom pins have lain;  
Who wears babushkas in the rain.  
Co-eds are made by fools like me  
Which proves I'm better than a tree.*





### *A Rather Unhappy Ditty*

*To Be Sung, Scarcely Allegretto, by the Landladies' Association*

Bang out, wild belles, our tearful plaint!  
Oh, goodness, Mrs. Grady, ain't  
It frightful how that thick black cloud  
Does all our lovely houses shroud?  
Not soft-coal smoke, *this* time, but gloom  
Begrimes those signs of "Board & Room."

Lord, ain't it a pity,  
This tear-moistened ditty!

The Public Works Administration  
Relieves an untrue situation  
With hillside dwellings clean and new  
Which rise beside Mendota's blue,  
And boys and girls in eager swarms  
Desert our hovels for the dorms.  
Come, sharpen your axes,  
You folks who pay taxes!

What matter if the roach be thick,  
The bedbug fierce, the rodent quick?  
The plaster peeling, stairs that creak,  
Soot all-enfolding, johns that leak?  
Bricks that totter, planks that gape  
Beneath the weight of fire-escape?

The theme of our verse is  
The health of our purses.

There is no need to be aroused  
If students wretchedly are housed,  
For colleges exist that we  
May suck from them prosperity—  
And communistic, devil-bent,  
Is anything that stops our rent.

This song thus rehearses  
Our dorm-focussed curses!



## Should Professors Have Been Students?



*N* Friday of this week—let me see, this is Wednesday, isn't it?—I will give an hour examination covering the first 325 pages of the text plus lecture material down to today. At the next meeting of this class I shall expect a 5,000 word report on the first third of the outside reading-list. Late reports will be graded lower. Classes resume after vacation on Tuesday—don't they?—and I shall then give a quiz on the work you are expected to do during your free week.

College seems to be a succession of such announcements from one's professors. Anyone who knows a professor

at all well (I became quite chummy with my Spanish la instructor one year) realizes that they are kindly, if not downright docile, men. I have often wondered how these bland, fleecy souls can treat their students with such wolfish cruelty.

There was but one explanation. No professor who treated students in this way had ever been a student himself. Fantastic at first glance, this conclusion has been verified, as my list of typical case studies illustrates.

Morton M. Pew

When Morton Pew was manager of the Cross Plains A & P store, none of his customers fancied that soon his two dictaphones, his steel roller-bearing fil-

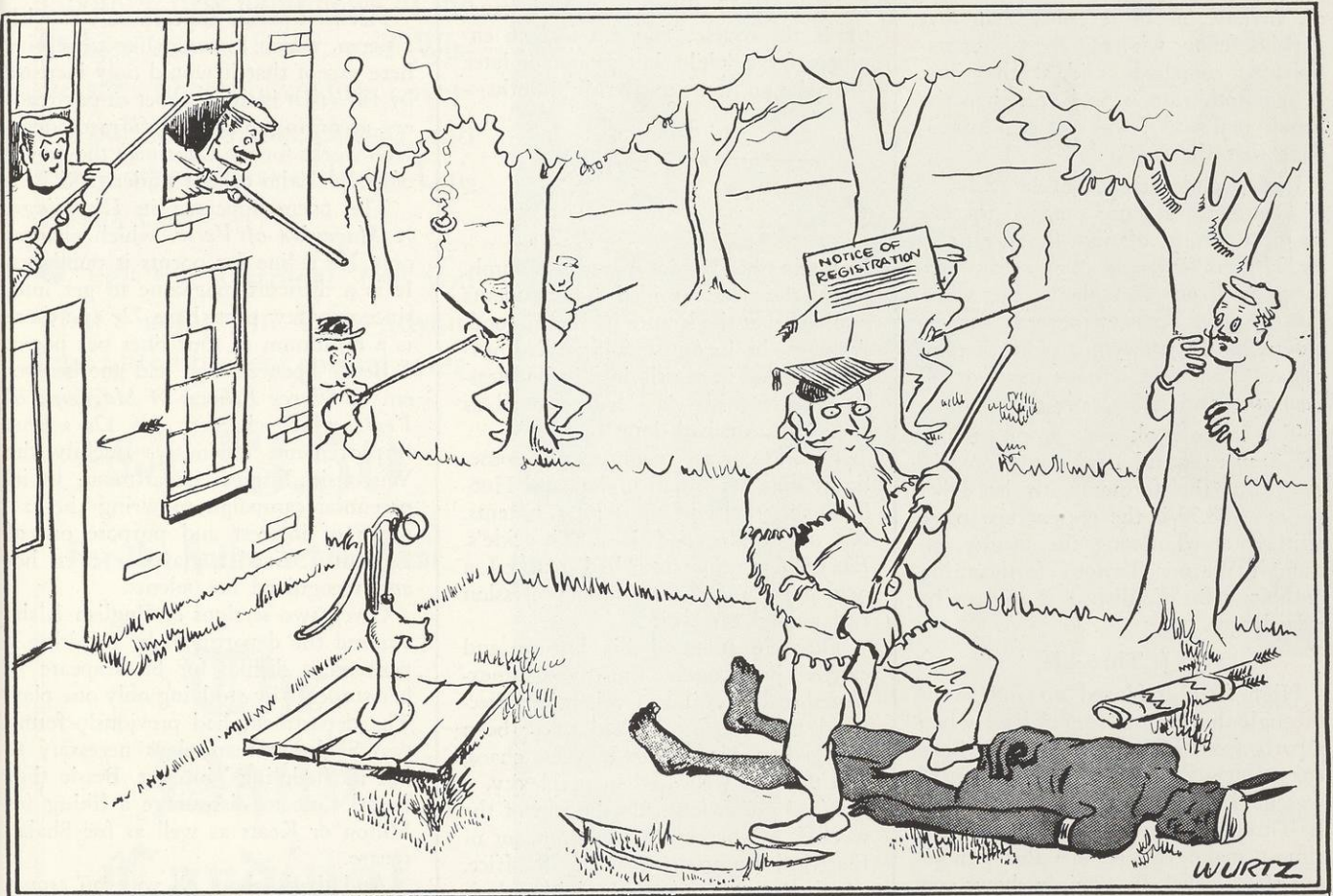
ing cabinet, and the six (honorary) keys on his watch-chain would be the envy of the "School" of Commerce faculty.

Morton Pew owes his position to his invention of a system of triple-entry bookkeeping. This system enabled him to earn, in one year, an income of \$7,860 from his A & P store and at the same time to turn in a profit to the company of \$19,544.35.

This profit was, of course, a paper-profit; and Pew turned in his earnings in the form of long rolls which he conveniently found on his shelves just past the corn flakes boxes.

An auditor from the main office of the A & P company dropped in one day to check Pew's books. He stayed a week, and then two more auditors were

## One Hundred Years Old -- No. 1



The last Indian was shot on the campus on Sept. 25, 1839, by Mathematics Professor James F. North, for whom North Hall was named. The Indian, a fine adult specimen, was stuffed by Abner J. South, professor of zoology and a fine taxidermist, for whom South Hall was named. This Indian stood until 1887 in front of Andrews' Cigar Store, situated where the University Club now stands.



sent down to extricate him from the triple-entry system. Eventually it took five accountants and a machine which could add, multiply, and solve differential equations to unravel Pew's finances.

The company decided not to prosecute because the triple-entry system seemed to be a way of beating the Social Security Laws without fighting them through the Supreme Court.

The Cross Plains A & P store was closed, since the bondholders seemed unhappy about paper profits and the inventory had dwindled to three pounds of fig-newtons and a bottle of maple syrup.

With no store, Pew found it wise to leave town. There was talk of a Miss Olga Rothkraut, but Morton Pew had always been a pillar of the Methodist Episcopal Church (Reformed) and most—or at least, *some*—of the folk of Cross Plains believed him blameless or, anyhow, no more guilty than that Perkins fellow who ran the filling station. As somebody said at the time, "Olga Rothkraut is no better than she should be;" and it was common knowledge that she smoked.

Little wonder, then, that the "School" of Commerce at once snapped up this financial genius of firm moral character. He was first only an Associate Professor with one dictaphone; but when his two text books appeared, *Snappy Salesmanship Simplified* and *Streamlined Accounting*, he was made a full Professor and given two dictaphones.

The latter book was suppressed by the Securities and Exchange Commission; but the former with its 1,404 pages at \$8.50 is the present text book altitude-record among the faculty, although Warner Taylor's forthcoming anthology for English 1 is said to be even larger.

### J. J. Throckle

High feelings blazed up and swept through the Engineering School when a party from Missouri School of Mines (or somewhere—does anyone care?) was made Dean last year instead of J. J. Throckle. Throckle's career would almost make you believe this American Way drivelt. It certainly shows you that Ability and Character are most important, and that Education is but a small part of a professor's equipment.

J. J. Throckle was a janitor in the Engineering Building for eighteen years. He brushed up the floors, erased equations and diagrams from the blackboards, and found a dark closet where

he could smoke his cigar for hours without being disturbed.

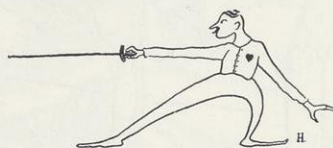
His education stopped when he was thirteen, having begun when he was eleven; and he voted the straight Republican ticket ever since, at the age of nineteen, his ballot helped to elect McKinley.

Call it Destiny, call it Fate. The instructor in Electrical Engineering 14 was late for class one day. J. J. Throckle peered into a room full of unshaven, unwashed engineers. The years had hardened him to this revolting sight.

He lay aside his brush, entered the room, spat thoughtfully into the corner, and began to write equations on the blackboard. Pens scratched in notebooks, slide-rules flickered, and the class took in the lecture.

Half-way through the hour someone yelled, "Hey, it ain't Hoolley!" Two engineers in the back row woke up.

"It ain't Hoolley!" was the cry on every hand. Hoolihan was the instructor in the course. You can fool an engineer for a while, but sooner or later—maybe an hour, maybe six months—



he catches on. Engineers are *not* dumb.

But the cries subsided. The students realized that the lecture had been good. Applause broke out. Hoolihan had never succeeded in mystifying, in hopelessly confusing his class half as well as J. J. Throckle had done.

Throckle was magnificent. Sometimes students would understand Hoolihan's vectors and alternating systems. No one understood J. J. Throckle's. Electrical engineering had reached a new peak, and the teaching profession had gained a recruit.

Throckle resumed his lecture and carried his students into vast, unexplored realms of incomprehension. Electrical Engineering 14 had never been plunged so deeply into hopeless chaos, and the lads wallowed in perplexity.

Word got around. By the end of the week J. J. Throckle was a Professor of Electrical Engineering with an office, telephone, and one-third of Miss Lois Tibalt's, the departmental secretary's, time (Monday and Thursday mornings, Friday afternoon, and Saturday night). He no longer has to smoke his cigar in a dark closet.

Thomas F. Roark

I cannot say whether this History instructor ever was a student or not. No

one seems to know anything about him except (a) he was employed in the office of City Manager of Cincinnati until 1937, (b) he is a second cousin of the assistant Dean of Men, (c) he is a nephew of the wife of the chairman of the History Department, and (d) his uncle is a State Senator. He seems pretty well qualified for his job.

### Bessie Cynara Spencer

Bessie Spencer, distinguished as the most nauseous female in the English department, was not begotten on top a cart in haying time, when the whelp was hot and eager (*Ben Jonson*), nor begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife (*C. Marlowe*), nor did her mother cry and a star dance when she was born (*W. Shakespeare*).

Just what sort of cross-pollination produced her is obscure, but she got her job for her ability to misquote second-rate poetry at greater length than anyone else in the department.

Her first public appearance was with a poem, which I should like to reprint here except that it would only increase by 187 (that is the number of our readers, according to a well-informed friend who works for the *Cardinal*) the crowd of people who cannot understand it.

The poem appeared in *Dimplings: A Magazine of Verse*, which charges only 18c a line for poems it publishes. It is a difficult magazine to get into, since very few poets have 72c and there is a minimum of four lines per poem.

Bessie Spencer soon had another poem in *Silvery Echoes: A Magazine of Verse*, which charged only 12c a line. Improvement, obviously. Luckily the Wisconsin English department, in its perennial campaign to wring the last drops of interest and purpose out of English 1, fixed a glazed eye on her and recognized her talents.

Given two sections of English 1, she amazed the department by inspiring a permanent dislike for Shakespeare in her students by studying only one play. The department had previously found two Shakespearean plays necessary to kill its fledglings' interest. Bessie thus found time to discourage a liking for Milton or Keats as well as for Shakespeare.

And that's about all you can crowd into one semester, since the department expects these revulsions to be life-long and not passing.

Well, then . . .

It is clear that the university needs a new rule. *No one may be a professor who has not been a student.*

—L. A.



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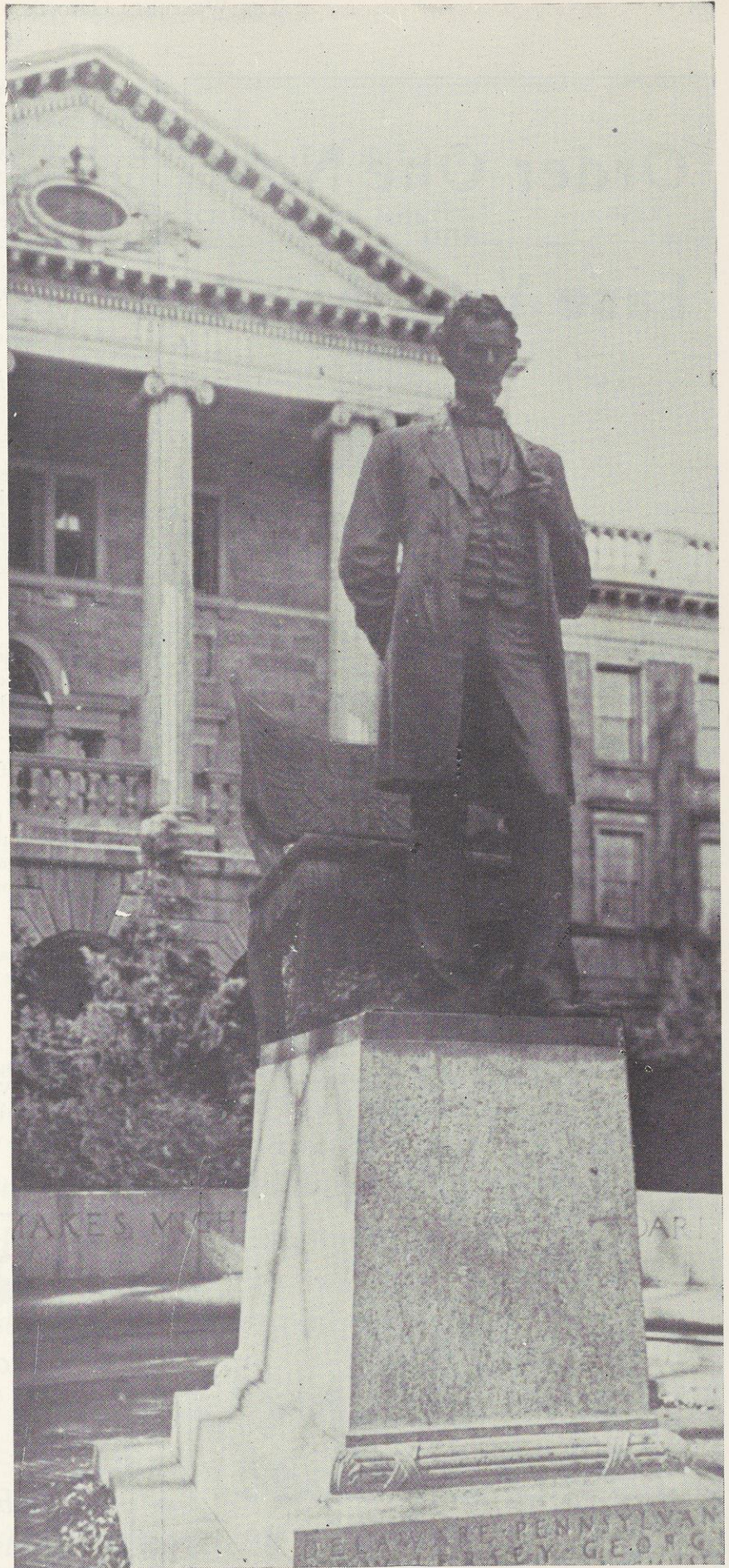
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## Controversy

"Shakespeare or Bacon? Which is right?"  
That was the query to fill them with fright.  
To leave them all achin'  
Just shakin' and quakin',  
A horrible plight "Shakespeare or Bacon?"

"If the letter 'x' only means 'c',  
If Hamlet speaks in trances,  
If on any moot point you disagree,  
Who is the author, William or Francis?  
If you come to paragraphs caustic,  
If deciphering gives you your fill,  
If you come across a subtle acrostic,  
Which is right, Frank or Bill?"

"Shakespeare or Bacon? How to decide  
Who the plays or the essays supplied?  
Who did the makin'?  
Waken! Who's takin'  
Who for a ride! Shakespeare or Bacon?"

—Pelly

•

Actress: Tomorrow evening, darling, I make my debut.  
Send me flowers—lots of flowers.

Manager: Oh, don't be so pessimistic, dearest.

•

The click of knitting needles, the creak of a rocker, and  
the ticking of a grandfather's clock were all that disturbed  
the silence of the room. With childish curiosity little Ellen  
sat watching the purls and stitches.

"Why do you knit, grandmother," she asked.

"Oh, just for the hell of it," the old lady replied.

•

He—"I dreamed about you last night."

She—"How did you make out?"

—Lafayette Lyre

•

Hotel Manager (to badly bruised and battered bellhop)—  
"My gawd! What happened to you? You look as if you'd  
been through a couple of wars."

Bellhop—"I have—a couple of boudoirs."

—Punch Bowl

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*The Card*

The day was warm, the hour was late,  
 But the Editor's work all had to wait;  
 With nervous steps he paced the floor,  
 And looked askance at the card he bore . . .  
 Then suddenly, quickly . . . a timorous rap!  
 With puzzled expression he answered the tap,  
 It was a Frosh, with face scared and wet;  
 "I sent you a joke—did you get it yet?"  
 The Editor groaned, as he looked at the card . . .  
 "Not yet," he shrieked . . . "but I'm trying hard!"  
—Pelican

"Still engaged to Maude?"

"No."

"What?"

"Good; how'd you get rid of her?"

"What?"

"How'd you drop the old hag?"

"I married her."

*There Are Always Two Kinds*

- I. In a fraternity.
  - a. Those who eat fast.
  - b. Those who go hungry.
- II. In a sorority.
  - a. Those who neck.
  - b. Those who don't have dates.
- III. In class.
  - a. Those who talk to the professor at the end of the hour.
  - b. Those who get C or less.
- IV. At a dance.
  - a. Those who dance.
  - b. Those who intermission.
- V. In an activity.
  - a. Those who work.
  - b. Those who have pull.
- VI. In a rumble seat.
  - a. Those who are cold.
  - b. Those who aren't.

—Columns

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## Slap Me Down

A stout Negress came before a New York magistrate, complaining that her ex-husband had made a barbarous attack upon her with a large pair of shears.

"Mistah Judge," she bellowed, "dis here man, he rushed at me wid dese scissors! Yas, suh! An' he cut an' slashed mah face mos' to ribbons. He jabbed mah eyes and carved mah face like it was sausage meat—all torn an' bleedin', it wuz!"

The magistrate looked at her broad smooth countenance, on which appeared not the slightest sign of conflict.

"When did you say this happened?" he inquired.

"Only las' night. Mistah Judge," was the reply.

The puzzled magistrate gazed at her carefully.

"Only last night! But I don't see any marks on your face!"

"Marks!" she roared. "*Marks!* What de debbil do I care for *marks?* I'se got *witnesses?*"

—Student

There was once a man unique  
Who imagined himself quite a shique,  
But the girls didn't fall  
For the fellow at all—  
He made only twenty a wique.

—Yellow Jacket

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I love my lady with a deep purple love;  
She fascinates me like a fly  
Struggling in a pot of glue.  
Her eyes are grey, like twin ashcans  
Just emptied, about which hovers a dusty mist.  
Her disposition is as brilliant as a 10 cent shine,  
Yet her kisses are tender and goulashy.  
I love my lady with a deep purple passion.

—The Log

She—"You say I'm the most beautiful, divine, and gorgeous creature in the whole world. Are you trying to kid me?"

He—"Hell no, I'm trying to kiss you."

—Pointer

"I 'aven't 'ad a bite for days," said a tramp to the landlady of an English Inn, the *George and Dragon*. "D'you think yer could spare me one?"

"Certainly not," replied the landlady.

"Thank yer," said the tramp, and slouched off. A few minutes later he was back.

"What d'yer want now?" asked the landlady.

"Could I 'ave a few words with George?" said the tramp.

—Old Line

"My, how you have changed," said the patron to the crooked cashier.

—Lovebug

## Totalitarian Women

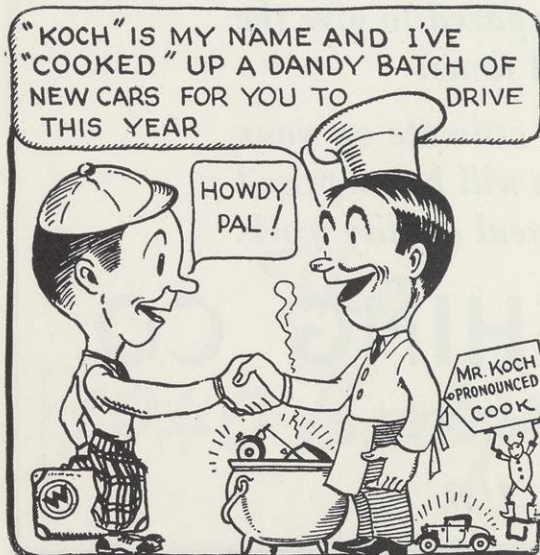
Bringing forth more toilers strong  
That our cities may be full,  
Yes, although it seems so sissy  
You are indispensable . . .

—O'Gosh

"Don't be downhearted," said the steward to the suffering passenger. "Seasickness has never killed anyone."

"Don't say that," moaned the stricken one, "it's only the hope of dying that has kept me alive so far!"

—Peanut



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Father—"If I ever catch you out with my daughter again I'll shoot you."

He—"Well, I'll sure deserve it."  
 —*Pumpkin*

"Are you a member of the crew?"  
 "No."  
 "Then stop stroking me."  
 —*Columns*

Young Man—"Will you marry me?"  
 Heiress—"No, I'm afraid not."  
 Young Man—"Oh, come on, be a support."  
 —*Fanatic*

"Going out tonight?"  
 "Not completely."

Spokesman: "We are Sigma Nus and honest men."

Judge: "Fine. The Sigma Nus line up over on this side and the honest men on the other side."  
 —*Puppet*

**Impromptu**

A maiden whose Puritan aunts  
 Were strictly opposed to the dance  
 Explained the contortions  
 Of her southernmost portions  
 As due to a wasp in her pants.  
 —*Pitt Plagiarizer*

"Are you the Bull of the Campus?"  
 "That's me, baby."  
 "Moo."  
 —*Sir Brown*

Women are seeking the great open spaces

Blouses with eyelets and sheerest of laces,  
 Stockings of mesh, a sandal that shows  
 Through punctured partitions sections of toes.

It goes very hard on sensitive souls  
 To see them attired in nothing but holes.  
 —*Madhatter*

There once was a man named Marsh  
 Who on his students was harsh.

But his class soon got even  
 On rough, tough old Steven.  
 When he should have said farce but  
 said farsh.  
 —*Pelly*



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Doctor: I'd like to have a quart of blood for transfusion. Can you give it?  
 Stude: I can only give you a pint. I gotta shave tomorrow.  
 —*Urchin*

"Stop looking at Miss Wiloughby's ankles, you cad. It's bounders like you who ruin the fair name of tennis."  
 —*Antique*

Caller: I would like to see the Judge, please.

Secretary: I'm sorry, sir, but he is at dinner.

Caller: But my man, my errand is important.

Secretary: It can't be helped, sir. His honor is at steak.

**Alas!**

I wish I were a moment  
 In my professor's class  
 For no matter how idle a moment  
 may be  
 They always seem to pass.  
 —*Exchange*

Conductor: How old is your little boy?

Mother: Four.

Conductor: How old are you, little boy?

Boy: Four.

Conductor: Well, madam, I'll let him ride this time, but when he grows up he'll be either a liar or a giant.  
 —*Cancer*

Soph—Come on, take a bath and get cleaned up; I'll get you a date.

Frosh (cautiously)—Yeah, and then suppose you don't get me the date?  
 —*Gargoyle*

"The bravest man I ever knew," said Smith, "was the chap who took a taxi to the bankruptcy court, and then, instead of paying his fare, invited the driver in as a creditor."

Hostess (to newly-married naval officer): They tell me your wife is one in a thousand.

Officer: Oh, I say, you mustn't believe all you hear about the navy.  
 —*Ape-Man*

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# In The Editor's Brown Study

## Funny as Hell



**A** KNIFE GOES through your eye. It doesn't hurt—all you feel is your throat still trembling with anger. One eye sees, but when you shut that eye there is blackness. You put your hand to the bad eye, and blood runs down your sleeve. The eye is not in its socket; there's only torn, slippery stuff and the bare bone. This

is a dream, you tell yourself, this is a nightmare. You will wake up.

For the world there is no waking up. The nightmare has at last become reality. It is a World War and it is 1914 again. But now *we* are the college war generation. We were born in the last war to die in this one.

**A**ND this, people, is your funny magazine. This is Octy. It's all a gag, isn't it, about the war?

Lord, how we wish it!

What's the best thing for us to do? Close up shop? We think not. Now, if ever, humor must stay alive. It is a tie to another kind of world.

Stupidity cannot tolerate humor; big-mouthed militarism cannot endure it. The new man-gods in mustaches won't allow their orthodoxy (revised daily) to be twitted.

If this fearful thing, humor, is to live in this world—and we mean real humor, not the sex-abbreviations and racial slanders of democracy's enemies—it must keep its integrity, and strike wherever it sees injustice or conceit growing into madness.

And there's even more to it. When we are hurt or baffled or crushed—when we feel powerless to strike back—we laugh. We could as easily cry. But either laughing or crying sometimes becomes necessary if we are to go on.

To be sure, it's not always as tense as that. There is still a place for the whimsical, twinkly things—for the cheerful . . . You can't eat, breathe, chew, smoke, and carry the torches of war forever.

The war is still too unreal and terrible for us to joke much about it. That stage probably will come, however; it has come before. Last year it seemed absurd to recall how the *Chicago Tribune* sent Ring Lardner abroad in 1917 to cover "the funny side of the war." We are beginning to understand.

But sometimes we hope Octy will be a reminder of brighter days. These are dismal hours, it's true, but we underestimate the ability of people—not "people;" *us!*—to forget and to live our little lives for most of a day without a thought of the suffering that happens concurrently.

While a baby dies of hunger, our cousin Tessie eats too many lolly-pops and gets a tummy-ache.

So we'll stay on, if you don't mind, at our old post in



the palatial offices. We won't shut up till they muzzle us. And we'll laugh if it kills us.

**T**HERE ARE one or two things on the agenda. First of all, this matter of freshmen. We're very glad to see you, freshmen. What else can we say? In our time we've had enough of silly advice from upperclassmen and professors, so that we don't propose to become the image of the thing we hate. We won't even fall into a generalization and crack (as some will)—our only advice is don't listen to *any* advice given you. You may by accident run into an intelligent person who might tell you something. We might ourselves, if there were space.

Here is one secret we *will* tell you: contrary to what a lot of people think, this issue did not just grow. It was written and drawn and thought up by a lot of little people just about like you. These people are apt to be as shy as you, as uncertain about Life and Its Meaning, and some of them also are likely to grow old and graduate.

Figure it out for yourself. Somebody has to take their places. Someone must live on to wield brush and typewriter for Old Eight-Legs. Why not you?

Lots of people around here have known for years one of the Things Walter Winchell Never Knew Till Now. One thing Mr. Winchell learned this summer was, "It is true, as a famous ichthyologist claims, that the octopus really has an affectionate disposition and enjoys the caress of the human hand."

Why don't you prove it for yourself? You really should come up to our lavishly-furnished suite (and so economical too!) on the third floor of the Union, and lie down on the copy table with us for a chat. Honest, we won't hurt you.

Let's make it definite—say, Open House for all freshmen on Monday, September 25, in the Octy offices.

**F**INALLY, a word about Mr. Heil. We know, before someone tells us, that our Governor did not technically with his very own dumb-waiter raise student fees—but if there is any such law as cause and effect in this world then Mr. Heil is the cause and a \$10 raise in fees is the you know what.

After our June Brown Study, the *Appleton Post-Crescent*, which, we fancy, has taken a guarded liking to us, said maybe we were right, but we were dumb for yelling about Mr. Heil because we lost the University a million dollars.

May we point out that Octopus printed nary a word of criticism of Mr. Heil until after the budget was actually passed? And we might mention here that we held up that "Poor Julius' Almanack" three months, not wanting to hurt the University. Whether the Republican legislators believe it or not, we love the University almost as much as they do.

Maybe even a little more.

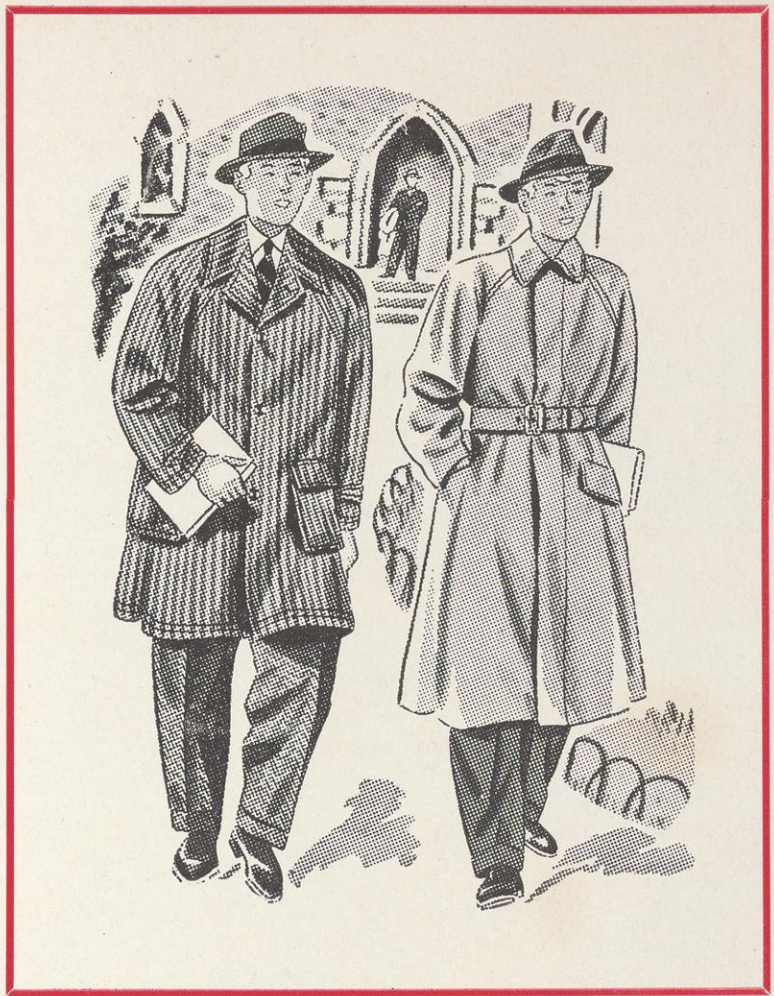
—L. S.





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