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THE WISCONSIN OCTOPUS



PROM

15¢

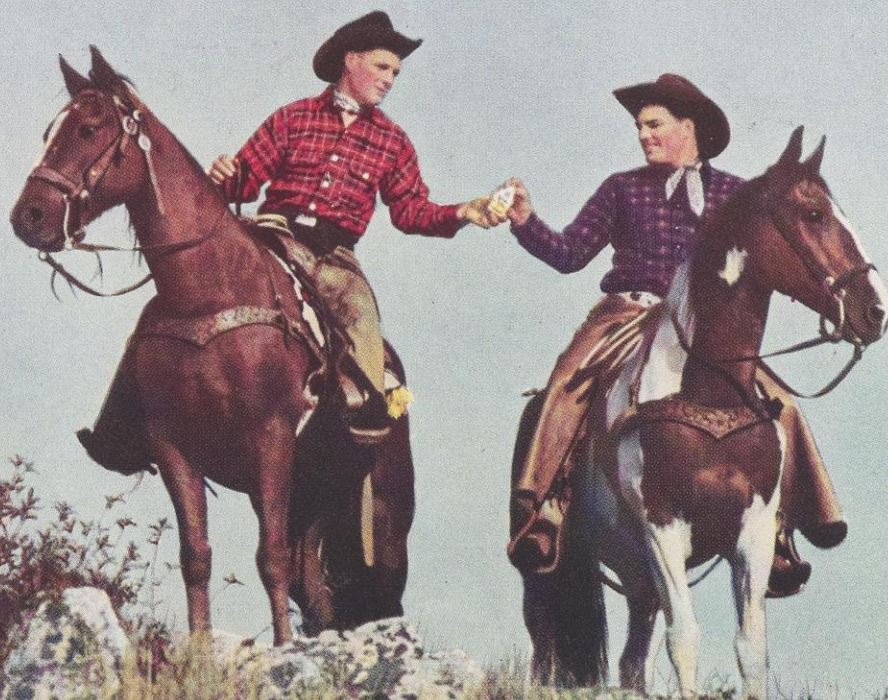
GOOD FRIENDS AGREE—

**"THERE'S EXTRA PLEASURE . . AND
EXTRA SMOKING IN CAMELS!"**

NORTH, East, South, West, you'll hear the same story: One true yardstick of cigarette pleasure is *slow burning*! Kenneth E. (Nick) Knight (*below, left*) confirms the experience of millions of smokers when he says: "One of the first things I noticed about Camels was their slow burning. I figure that's why Camels smoke so much cooler, milder and taste so much better. Camels last longer, too." Howard

McCrorey agrees on Camel's slow burning, and adds: "To me that means extra pleasure and extra smoking per pack."

Yes, the *costlier tobaccos* in Camels are *slower-burning*! And of course the extra smoking in Camels (*see right*) is just that much more smoking pleasure at its best—*Camel's costlier tobaccos*! Enjoy extra pleasure and extra value in America's No. 1 cigarette...Camels!



**CAMELS—LONG-BURNING
COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: 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 laboratory 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.

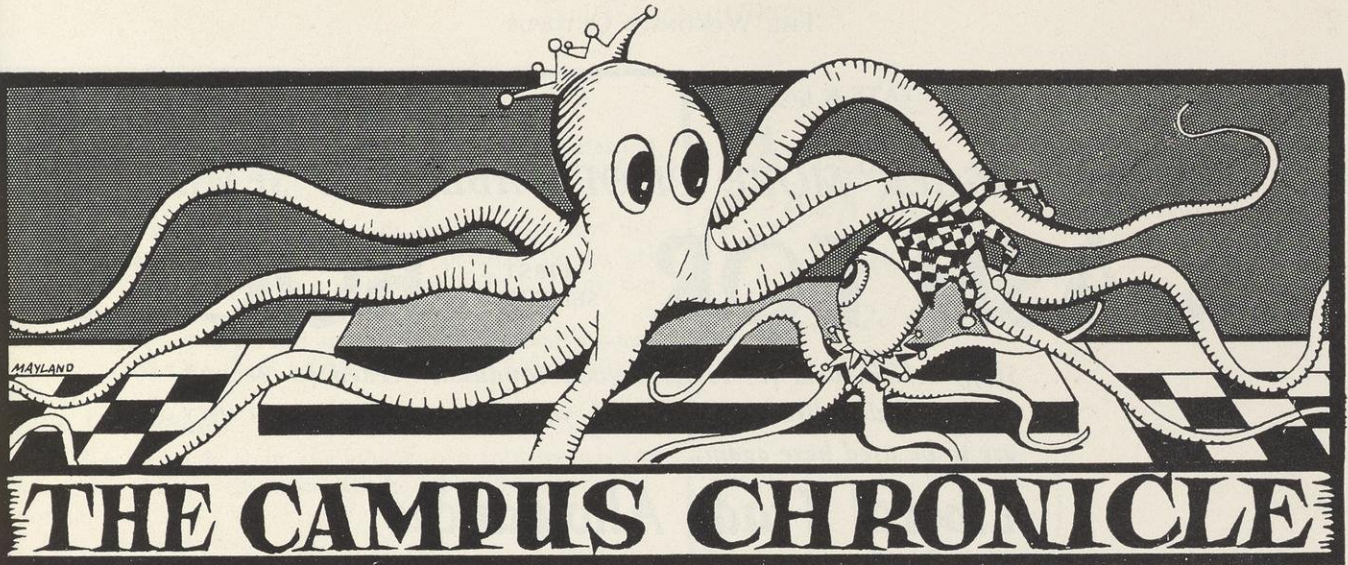
2 CAMELS BURNED SLOWER THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

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

**MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...
MORE PUFFS PER PACK!**

**PENNY FOR PENNY
YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY**

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



THE CAMPUS CHRONICLE



IF YOU think we're going to try to put you in a good mood, right smack off the bat, you're crazy. Ain't we human too? Don't we have to take examinations, write term papers, make money, sit up late at night, get out of bed for eight-o'clocks with the wind and snow blowing through the win-

dow and sickly-smelling steam fissing out of the radiator?

Don't we have to forget to make out our second semester program in time and get socked for three dollars extra?

Don't we get roped into pool games when we ought to be studying and then shoot a horrible game and put ourselves in a bad mood?

Yes, and don't we have to put out the *Octopus*? Do you put out the *Octopus*? We should say not.

There are certain things around here we don't like, but the greatest of these is the whole stupid marking system. Not sour grapes, either; show the public our transcript, Miss Weems.

Having relieved ourselves of this spite, we can now have a nice, happy issue.

Fat Boy

We were standing by the browsing library with a friend after August Derleth, the writer, came out of his lecture on "regional literature" in the Play Circle. Our friend, who hadn't heard the talk, cried, "Is *that* Derleth? The fat, sloppy guy?"

That was Derleth, all right. We *had* been inside the Play Circle and we knew. We had even made a little sketch of him and can report in detail what he looked like. His hair was sort of old-corn colored—say, like stewed corn—with a streak of grey running down the back of it.

He spoke with his jaw shoved out, and his complexion wasn't too good. Looked as though his face needed a slight washing.

He wore a hanging pongee polo shirt and unremarkable trousers. The stomach that started up pretty high and developed quite a sweep by the time it was finished *was* remarkable, especially as it sagged out from his dumped, squatting position on the edge of the stage. His shoes were crossed in front of him, his fleshy arms spread out to balance his torso.

We ain't poets, but oh boy, do we know what Derleth looks like.

Cold Chill

Short, horrible dialogue from Education 81 class:

"Oh, Mr. Kroff, I couldn't find one of the books that's on the reading list you gave out the other day. It's the one by Cole."

"I shouldn't wonder. That's the text for this course."

Shyster

A notice fastened to the door of the Law School reads:
HON. R. LAWTON ESQ.

Barrister

Justice of the peace. Quiet Lobbying.

Washing done. Efficient pandering. Billiard sharpening. Collection agencies catered to. Deeds drawn. Loans made. Tools and clothes pawned. Wills drawn. Escort service. Insurance. Ambulance Service. Chiropodist. Wells dug.

See what we mean about lawyers?

Sick-Bed News

It's time we told you what is going on out at the hospital these days.

There is one patient, a wrestler with a broken arm (members of the athletic department may send their cancelled subscriptions to the *business manager*), whose girl came to see him on the first day he was in the infirmary to inform him that she had accepted another young gentleman's fraternity pin.

We met the medical student who, while studying the cardiograph a few weeks ago, decided to try it on himself



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The Wisconsin Octopus

Madison, Wisconsin

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Vol. XXI

JANUARY, 1940

Number 5

for the heck of it, and has been under sheets ever since. He didn't think it was funny when we said we wished *we* had

One or two of our readers may be saddened to find no In the Editor's Brown Study this month. We figured that there was enough editorial twaddle in our twenty-first birthday pages, and besides we were *awful* busy. We promise a bigger-than-ever Brown Study, which, though it will still run just a full page, will have no padding of meaning.
—L.S.

heart disease and didn't have to take examinations. When we thought about it for a moment, we didn't think so, either.

We went to see the girl whose room looks like a toy shop. A fine, big teddy bear sits propped up by her knees, looking at her whimsically; there are apple-and-marshmallow Santa Clauses strung along her window sill; and cactus plants hang from the chandelier. And toys and dolls and trinkets all over the place. And nice books. And the wrestler with the broken arm comes in and talks to her till eleven o'clock at night.

But our favorite patient is the fellow who had a cold and went running over to the infirmary to have something done about it. In his haste, he tried to jump the chain fence, and broke his arm. He was very angry.

(All cases certified by the Board of Visitors. Send chocolates and *True Love Romances* to Octopus Hospital Fund, Memorial Union, Madison, Wis.)



Unshod

One of the weirder notices posted recently on the Bascom Hall bulletin board read, "Found—Pair of Shoes, Room 234."

Why not spend a morning, youth, figuring out ways this could have happened? How did the barefoot person get home? Didn't the professor sniff anything? . . . You can take it from there.

And don't come around trying to tell us some student was going to take them to the shoemaker. Ridiculous!

New Contributor

If Miss Gertrude Stein, the author, sees this, we wish to advise her that we have received the following communication for her:

Miss Gertrude Stein
"Octopus" Office
Madison, Wisc.

Dear Friend:

Congratulations to you. We have just been advised you were the winner in the Life Savers "Gag" contest held recently . . . We are therefore pleased to send you under separate cover the prize box of assorted Life Savers . . .

Your ability may earn you another free supply of Life Savers. And some of your friends might like to try their luck too, if you'll tell them about this joke contest.

Yours very truly,
Life Savers Corp.

We'll be expecting jokes in the next mail, Messrs. Hemingway, Fitzgerald and Picasso.

ASU

It probably hasn't been so long ago that you've forgotten that the American Student Union held a convention here a while ago. Anyhow, we wish to submit our own report. We got a right, we guess.

There was one Eastern delegate who, standing on the Union Terrace, asked a friend, "Is this Lake Michigan or Lake Superior?"

The catch-line of the convention ran, "There's something stinky in Helsinki."

The assemblage went on record against the film, "Gone With the Wind." It developed that only three delegates had seen the movie, and none of these had offered testimony.

That's all we want to report.

It's All Over Now

IF YOU were what I really wanted
I would not mind my being haunted.

If a man must love me, it's a pity it
Had to be you, you blasted idiot!

But I'd forgive your mental pace
If you had a slightly human face.

Or if I loved your friends, you'd do—
But no—your friends are just like you.

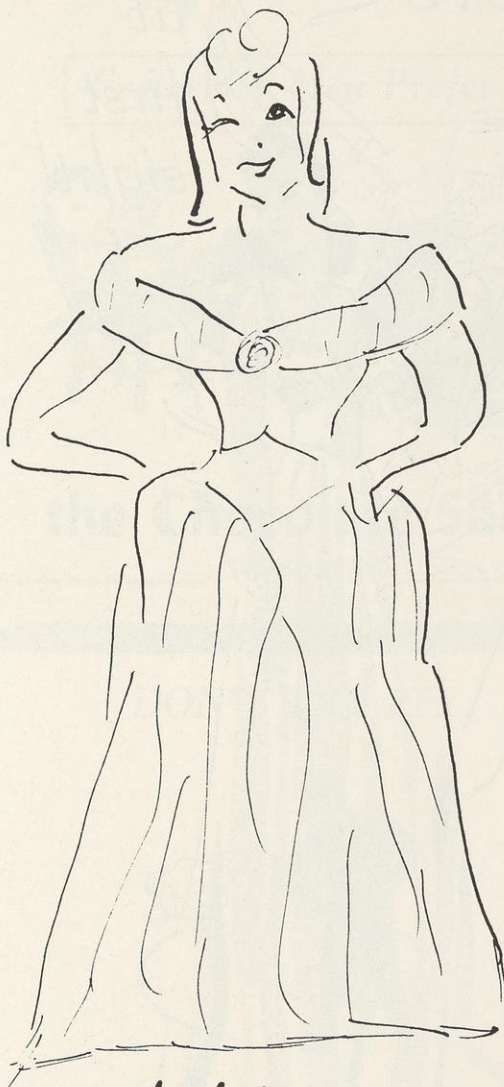
My sage advice to you is just
Lust alone if lust you must,

And though you say you're mine alone

I WILL NOT ANSWER THAT TELEPHONE.

—C. R.

Scarlet O'Herring
at 1940 Prom in a
super-deuper
"Gone With the Wind" gown



As sketched by
Johnny Howell

Baron's

Love

at
first
sight!

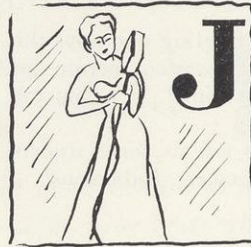
This season's collegiate Mademoiselle won't depend on Leap Year to win his heart if she selects her Prom gown and accessories from

BURDICK & MURRAY co.

On the Square at State Street

According to the Records

The Popular



JUST because he's coming for Prom, and Prom is a good advertiser, and all that, we don't *have* to say this. Have we ever let you down by kowtowing to advertisers before? No, it's because we think he is the greatest jazz composer and orchestra leader in the country today that we say Duke Ellington's *Tootin' through the Roof* and *Grievin'* are the best hot records we've received this month.

Tootin' shoots downhill like an expert skier picking up speed on the slide, takes off with a ringing trumpet, and finishes in a smooth coast. *Grievin'* is a work of mournful Ellingtonian discords. Good and lowdown, in keeping with the season. Play it when you flunk that *econ* test. *Columbia*.

Red Nichols, who has had some of the finest swing musicians playing under him in his time, turns out a record this month that would do credit to any of his past crews. *Poor Butterfly* and *A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody* both receive smart, cocky treatment with vocal interpolations by the whole orchestra. *Vocalion*.

A new record company, the United States Record Corporation, using the titles *Varsity* and *Royale*, gets off to an auspicious start this month. *Who Told You I Cared* and *Does Your Heart Beat For Me*, by Roy Eldridge; *Here's Your Change* and *Burnin' Sticks*, by Toots Mondello are all fine. Sorry we can't say as much for Will Osborne's sliding through *The Man Who Comes Around* and *Would'st Could I But Kiss Thy Hand, Oh Babe*. It's not the fault of Dawghouse Jones, however; his growling vocals are swell.

Pauper's corner (these will take replaying aplenty): *That's a Bringer*, *That's a Hanger*, *That's a Drag* and *Early in the Morning*, Slim Gaillard, *Vocalion*; *XYZ* and *Riff Medley*, Father Hines, *Bluebird*; *All in Fun*, Paul Whiteman, *Decca*; and *Holy Smoke* and *Somebody Told Me*, Bob Zurke, *Victor*.

Victor has put out a very inexpensive record holder that might come in handy for your own collection. Probably cheaper than sitting on all your records, the way we do.

—L. S.

The Classical

COLUMBIA has recorded the Symphony 36 known as the "Linz," played by Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. This Mozart Symphony was written under somewhat trying circumstances; Mozart was visiting in Linz and was asked to conduct a concert for the Count Thun. Since he had none of his symphonies with him he proceeded to write one for the occasion. The work, however, does not reveal its hurried composition. Though showing the influence of Haydn, it is of true Mozartian grace, vitality of spirit, and general good humor.

Victor has a new album of the Fifth Symphony of Dimitri Szostakowicz, one of the best known of the Soviet composers. Though it's sometimes hard for American musicians

(continued on page 23)

My girl is suave and smooth and subtle,
But this is beyond detection;
While some hold hands as a token of love,
Mine does it as a means of protection.

—Punch Bowl.

Gent from West—Waiter, take this steak out and have it cooked.

Eastern Waiter—But, sir, that steak is cooked.

G. F. W.—Cooked, hell! I've seen a cow hurt worse than that get well again.

FOOTBALL YELL

(From the Farm School of Southern California)

Bossie cow-cow
Honey Bee-Bee
Oleo margarine
Oleo butterine
Alfalfa
Hay!

Women (visiting kennels): "Is that a real bloodhound over there?"

Kennel Master: "Yes, lady, Rover come over here and bleed for the lady."

—Yeah Bo

Engineer: "If you start at a given point on a given figure and travel the entire distance around it, what will you get?"

She: "Slapped, sir."

—Exchange

"Why does a clock run?"

"You would too if you had ticks."

"Stand behind your lover," said the Scotchman to his unfaithful wife, "I'm going to shoot you both."

—Yellowstone Yoo Hoo

Mary was sent down to the office to get her aunt's weekly pay. On the way home a robber stuck her up and took the money. She ran up to a policeman and said: "Oh, officer, a robber just stole my aunt's pay!"

"Well, miss, if you'd stop talking pig latin, maybe I could help you," irritably replied the officer.

—Exchange

"Help your wife," says Good Housekeeping, "when she mops up the floor, mop up the floor with her."

—Blup-Blup

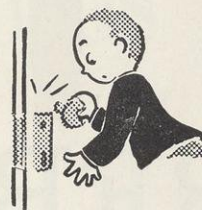
Memorandum For a Bull Session

CONFESSION's sure to ease your heart
And leave it light and free,
So take your little soul apart
For all the girls to see.

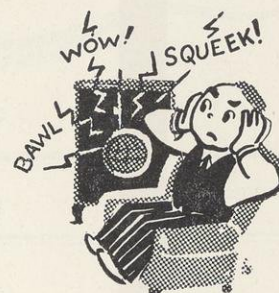
Describe in full your private hell,
The weary midnight through
Those million things you should not tell
But somehow, always do.

And later when you lose your shirt,
The incident may show
You're certain never to be hurt
By what your friends don't know.

H. A. L.



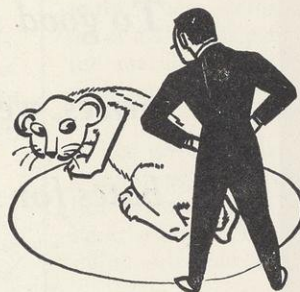
Fraternity Men Prefer—



the Chocolate Shop

548 State St.

DON'T TRY IT!



*If You Look at a Wild Animal in
a Certain Way, it will Slink Away*

It's also wrong to assume that Spoo & Stephan's is a cash-only store. It isn't! Convenient terms can be arranged in regular monthly payments. Wear the finest in fabric, color and style . . . you'll be proud to wear the label of men's wear of distinction . . . clothing prices fit every man's budget!

SPOO AND STEPHAN

18 and 20 North Carroll . . . On Capitol Square

10% REBATES ARE OUT

If you are one of the thousands of students who have bought their books at the Co-op during the past year, step up now to claim your rebate. In the face of prom and the traditional end-of-month financial difficulties, this should be welcome news.

To good service, high quality, and fair prices, we add the incentive of high rebates for students to trade at the . . .

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"For the Benefit of Students---Not for Profit"

The Wisconsin Octopus

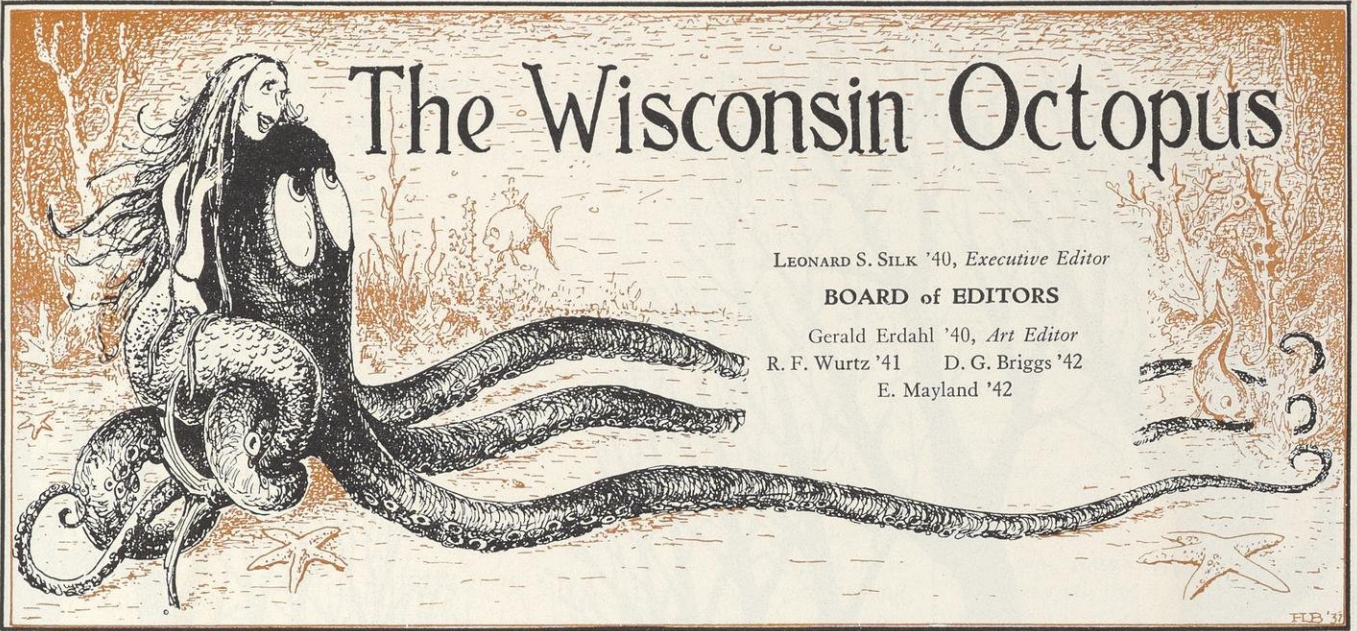
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Volume XXI

JANUARY, 1940

Number 5

On Second Thought



INLAND somehow seems reluctant to pledge as a member of the big Red fraternity. Probably what is needed is a

new Russian chairman.

* * *

Junior Promenade is going to be glossily super-smooth and dignified this year. We're even afraid to make a joke about it.

* * *

Elizabeth Waters Hall, the new girls' dorm, is almost completed. It lacks only a few finishing touches, such as three dozen stockings hung drying in the window.

* * *

War on the western front continues its horrors. French soldiers complain that the Germans get to the bathing streams first and use up all the hot water.

* * *

A Mexican mama

recently gave birth to quadruplets. We might have known that when the Mexican government took over the oil wells all hell would break loose.

* * *

Things are awfully quiet around the first floor of Bascom Hall these days. Whatever became of President Dykstra?

* * *

U. L. L. A. communists are undisturbed by the impending desertion of opponents of the line. It's time the University League for Liberal Action was rid of the Liberals, anyhow.

* * *

Mussolini declares that a state of armed warfare is the only normal state of the people. Perhaps we should rewrite the national anthem to read:

"My country 'tis of thee, sweet abnormality."

* * *

Britishers are ordered to cover all bird-baths. The Germans might lay mines in them.

* * *

A certain prominent Wisconsin citizen has been making a tour of the south. There seems to be a little matter of a 15 cents per pound oleomargarine tax, however, that may interfere with southern hospitality.

* * *

The government of Eire has begun a smashing attack on the Irish Republican Army. The IRA plans to fight back, though. They claim St. Patrick didn't drive out *all* the snakes.

* * *

Of all things: folk dances have replaced football at Chicago. Remembering the Beloit game, however, we feel the change has been in name only.

* * *

The *blitzkreig* is characteristically German. We notice the Russian invasion of Finland is—a five year plan.



"Goodness sake! Doesn't anyone know how to change a tire?"



"Boy oh boy, it's Dean Goodnight!"

Muse on the Leash

What Happened in Fontainebleu, St. Malo, and Bordeaux

Editor's note: Margot (Miggs) Thom is a girl we know—Vassar '39—from Rhinelander, Wis., who went to study last summer at the American School of Arts in Fontainebleu, France. When the war broke out, she was caught there. This is her story, with her own illustrations.

IT WAS just another crisis and it was going to be fun. All over France I'd seen relics of the Munich one—blue-roofed factories and railroad stations, blue paint peeling from the lights in train compartments.

And one bright morning I hopped on my bicyclette, bumped over two blocks of cobblestones en route to my American paper and breakfast roll — and there the crisis was. Around the little newspaper kiosk was a crowd of Frenchmen buzzing about *la Russie* and *M. Hitler*. I forgot my breakfast roll, and I knew all of a sudden that I wasn't going to like the crisis after all. I got my American newspaper—the last one I saw for a month. I had to read French ones and miss Casper Milquetoast.

Crisis for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, at the art school. There was going to be a war. There wasn't going to be a war. Meanwhile, all our pet officers were evaporating from Fontainebleu. Even the one who liked Benny Goodman. Fat men in faded blue uniforms they had outgrown, swarmed into town. In the streets there was always the clattering of horses, the rumbling of trucks and tanks.

We watched the soldiers file by in the drizzling rain, huddled up in their khaki coats so that the rain wouldn't drip down their necks. It was pretty awful to watch them requisitioning horses—the gnarled old farmers just watching them with wet eyes while their only horse was led away to pull cannon — clutching their handful of money that couldn't drag a plow.

I saw Madame Launoy who ran our

pension standing in the front office one day, staring in terror at a neat bundle of brown khaki in the corner, topped by a tin hat. Pierre, her only child, had been called. He wasn't even at the shaving stage yet. And Pierre was there, fidgeting from one foot to the other. I felt like crying—he was so dumb. He had adenoids and never shut his mouth.

Charlot went that day, too. He was our pet waiter at our pet cafe. I didn't

recognize him at first without his white apron and silly grin. He was all wrapped up in tight puttees and had his clothes rolled up in a blanket. I shook hands gravely. "Bonne chance, Charlot. Don't get zigzag too much." (Zigzag is French for looped.) But I was scared stiff.

WE LEFT Paris, Peg and I, for Brittany on a train filled with evacuees—children of assorted ages, sexes, and smells. They clambered

all over us. It wasn't as much fun as you'd think.

That night, about 10 p.m., we arrived in St. Malo, on the Breton coast, in the midst of a blackout. We found us a hotel bobbing over the ramparts of the old walled city, and got a room without bath. The only bathtub in Paris is in the Louvre. I saw it there.

In the day at St. Malo the white sandy beach was crowded with kids. They dug trenches in the sand and played war. We discovered two American boys and one Swiss at the hotel who thought he spoke beautiful English and could swim four kilometers. But a fish chased him once and he decided the ocean was "unsympathetic."

At noon, September 1st, the proprietor of the hotel came pounding up the stairs, screaming, "It is the war and the Germans have attacked Poland."

And somehow it *was* war, then. The local siren announced general mobilization, the English were throwing spitballs at the Germans, the Germans were tossing poison lollypops, and nobody knew from the French radio what the heck was happening. We'd ferry over to Dinard, an "English" resort across the bay and listen to broadcasts at the Snack Club where all the young Americans in the vicinity met. Nobody knew where to get a boat, or if there were boats. Telegrams to the Embassy and the U. S. lines were ignored.



Blackout

It was rotten in St. Malo. Not a band played, not a person sang. It was treason to smile. Everywhere soldiers and sweethearts were necking sad farewells. The figure of the Virgin Mary in the small cathedral always had a pitiful little candle burning in front and a little couple kneeling, praying for safety.

I mostly hated the nights, stumbling over the narrow cobbled streets in the filthy blackness, bumping into sides of houses and loopy soldiers. No coca cola in the cafes and you ate in the dark. Once we went to a night club—in good movie clip-joint style—with frizzy-haired, sexy women cooing at soldiers, someone pounding out "Over There" or "La Madelon" on a tinny piano. Peg innocently answered "yeah" to a question I asked, and some horsey French officer squealed "Boche!" at



Requisitioning



Les Affiches



us, and we had to hand out passports to prove we weren't nasty old spies.

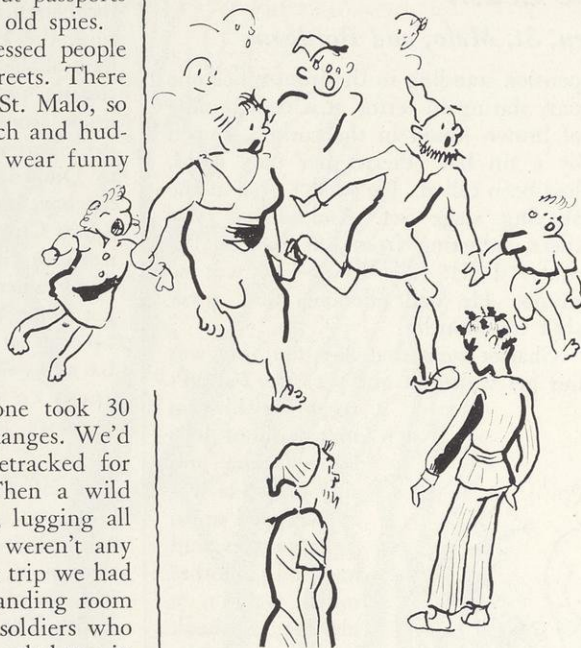
During air-raids half-dressed people came pouring into the streets. There were no bomb shelters in St. Malo, so we went down on the beach and huddled together. Frenchmen wear funny nightcaps and nightshirts; my hair was in curlers. One good thing about the air-raids: no German plane ever turned up.

FINALLY we set out for Bordeaux. Normally the train does a non-stop run in six hours. This one took 30 hours with six stops for changes. We'd go five miles and be sidetracked for troop trains for hours. Then a wild scramble to change trains, lugging all our bags ourselves—there weren't any porters to help. The whole trip we had no food, no water, and standing room only, along with garlicky soldiers who slept all over the place, curled up in aisles sprawled three deep in the wooden benches.



Fleas

At 2 a. m. we got to Saintes, where we stayed until 6 a. m. watching crack trains full of English tommies, box cars labeled, "40 men, 8 horses" going north for the French. These were "camouflaged" with skimpy green leaves that wouldn't hide a single French flea. Other trains loaded with horses, trucks, guns, and Moroccan soldiers in red fezzes came through. Soldiers were snoozing on the cement floor of the station, their heads



Alerte!

pillowed on tin hats or gas mask containers.

At last we got to Bordeaux. I had flu and flea bites. But fleas and flu or not, I stood in front of the U. S. Line's office for two and a half days, from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m., scratching continually, before I got a ticket home: a cot on the S. S. Manhattan with 84 other females; price, \$250.

Some of the Americans in Bordeaux couldn't speak English. Standing in that queue, I lost all belief in the chivalry of the American male. Tramping over women and children so they could get a ticket first—I swear, if the boat had sunk, there wouldn't have been a woman or child in any lifeboat.

Lots of the Americans were destitute, and nobody was doing much about it.



Palm Court, S. S. Manhattan

The Government saw fit to send a whole navy after Amelia Earhart, but 10,000 Americans in Bordeaux didn't seem to matter. The U. S. lines wanted cash on hand, cash in dollars, and the French banks weren't giving out dollars. Americans were sleeping on the park benches till the French began tearing up parks and building bombshelters. Some hadn't enough francs for food—they were the college boys who'd planned on working their way back on a tramp steamer.

We boarded ship at Le Verdon. I was located in the Palm court with 84 women and one not-very-small boy. The 84 women all got seasick. What a place!—cots slithering all over the floor, underwear drying on the potted palms, and a mob of seasick females.

There were old friends aboard—Fontainebleu students, acquaintances from the Snack Club, even college friends. Toscanini was having claustrophobia with the shipboard mob (800 beyond capacity); Stravinsky washed his own shirts and wore them rough-dried; Col. Julian, the Negro aviator, wandered about propounding theories on how to save the world. Also, there were a crew of leggy chorus girls, the A.A.U., and Whizzer White. We drank Pernod when the rum and cokes gave out, went to lifeboat drill the first day, and never again.

THEN suddenly through the morning haze we could see skyscrapers. Newspaper reporters came piling aboard, and we were back in the land of light and cherry cokes, back where the beer wasn't soapy . . . God's country, in time for the football season.

—MARGOT THOM

Lament From the Deep South

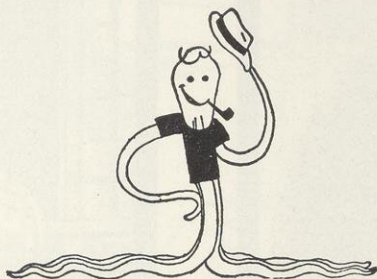
It's great to wake at four below
Shedding blankets as you go—
To feel the wholesome wintry
breezes

That lead to wholesome wintry sneezes.
The wind sweeps grandly through the
trees
And likewise through your knocking
knees.

How pleasant Langdon Street appears
As gangrene seizes both your ears.
To climb the hill mid snow and ice
And fall down halfway up—how nice!
But better than all these, I think—
To walk across the lake—and sink.

—C. R.

Octy's Twenty-First Birthday

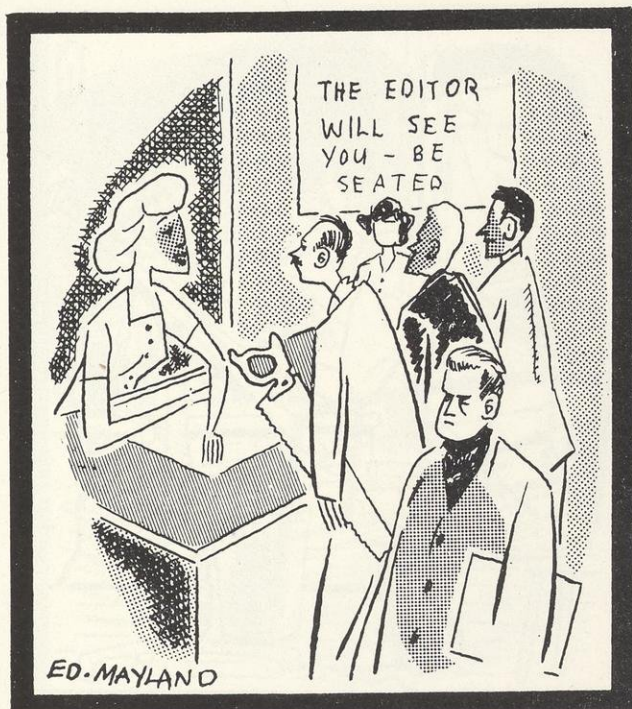


IN 1919, right after you know what when you know who were coming back from France, Octopus was born. That means, if all our fingers and thumbs are here, that this month Octy comes of age. To us on the staff it's an important event. If you really knew Octy, it would be for you, too. And it's time you did know the real Octopus.

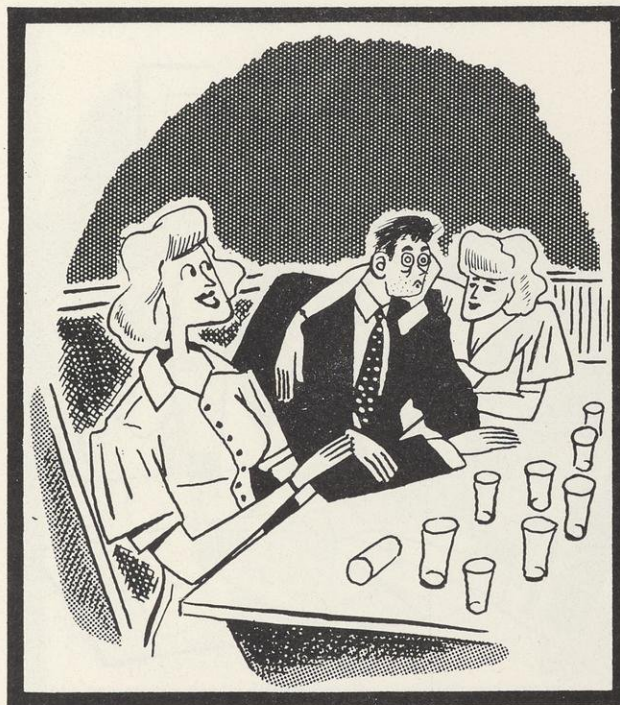
We are whipping back the veil of secrecy this month to let you see how an Octy is born, for Octy is born every month . . . much the way it was born in 1919. This fascinating gestation has never until now been objectively described.

In these five pages, Octy presents himself, giving all he has—with just a little breath saved to whiff out the birthday candles.

Happy birthday, dear Octy, happy birthday to us!



Every day hordes of folk besiege the Octopus receptionist. She is here giving the musical-saw man a polite no, for the editor has deserted his palatial offices to go skating with a smooth cookie from Baraboo. The chap in the lower right, with the decade's funniest dog and hydrant cartoon, has sought the editor for months.

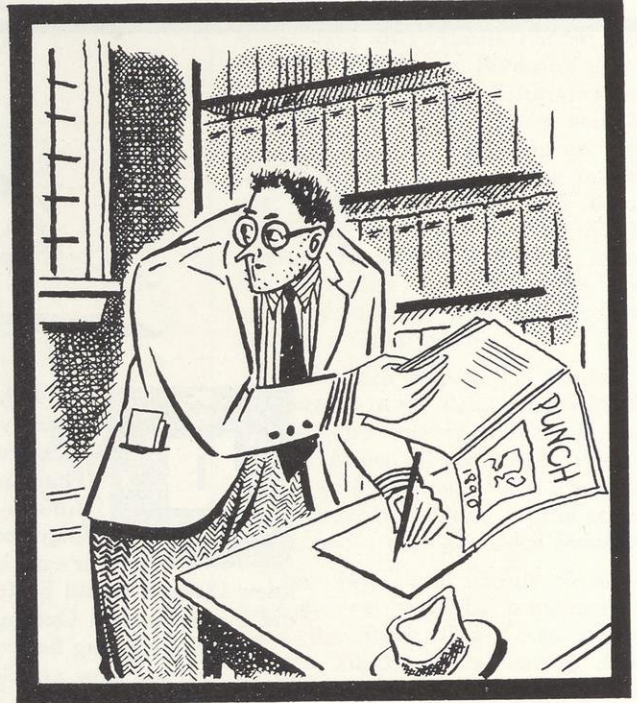


Backbone of Octy's staff are writers and idea-men. Hard at work, genial Stanley Jitter has just thought up the funniest center-spread the magazine ever had, and he is quite elated. The nine nut-brown ales he has drunk add to his merriment. All ale is nut-brown to Stanley, who is offensively literary. Wenches are just passersby.

(continued on next page)



Lots of people dislike Octy for its fearless policies. Pinkerton detectives, the LaFollette Committee revealed, have been assigned to trail Octopus editors who, whether from within or without, seldom fail to bore. Here a spy from the State Capitol watches as the editor, dressed in sheep's clothing, goes to his Chaucer class.



This rising young author, in the depths of the library, has found that the editor admires Punch magazine. His own taste runs more toward Film Fun, and he is convinced that the English have no sense of humor. But you have to do something to become editor. And certainly if a story was funny in 1890, it must be funny in 1940 too.



Female artists on the editorial staff have a strange fascination for the business staff. "Listen, honey," leers the business staffman, "you're a sure thing for art editor—if you treat me right." She won't be art editor—in fact, won't even dare visit the office any more. Octy regularly loses all of its girl artists this way.



And here's a boy-artist drawing a luscious babe, yow! Note the terrific Pygmalion-complex he's developing. His own girl back in West Allis has braces on her teeth. He can't see the point to the cartoon the editor asked him to draw, at all. He wishes he could afford to hire a model, but makes things up out of his head instead.

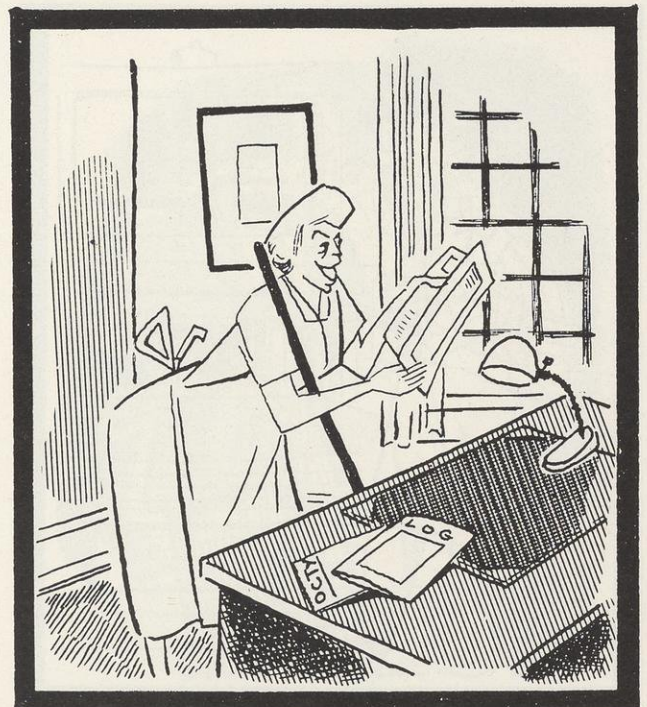


The editorial staff is meeting, stimulating each other into a frenzy of inspired dullness. The laughing gentleman is a poet reading a little thing he tossed off last night when he couldn't sleep (too much popcorn with his beer). When he stops reading and sees the drawn faces, he will feel hurt—but he needn't, because none of

his listeners has seen the point, except the editor, who never laughs in front of his staff. The lad on the window ledge feels low because he thought up a fine cartoon idea and someone claims the New Yorker printed it in 1931. Wits will soon sparkle like pieces of damp flannel. In 1922, a usable idea appeared in a meeting.



This is the business manager high-pressuring a tough customer into buying a double-page ad. It looks as if it will be a hard sale to make, but the business manager is plenty persistent. (The editor buys engravings like a drunken sailor, and it takes hustling to keep in the black.) He'll close this deal, all right, all right.

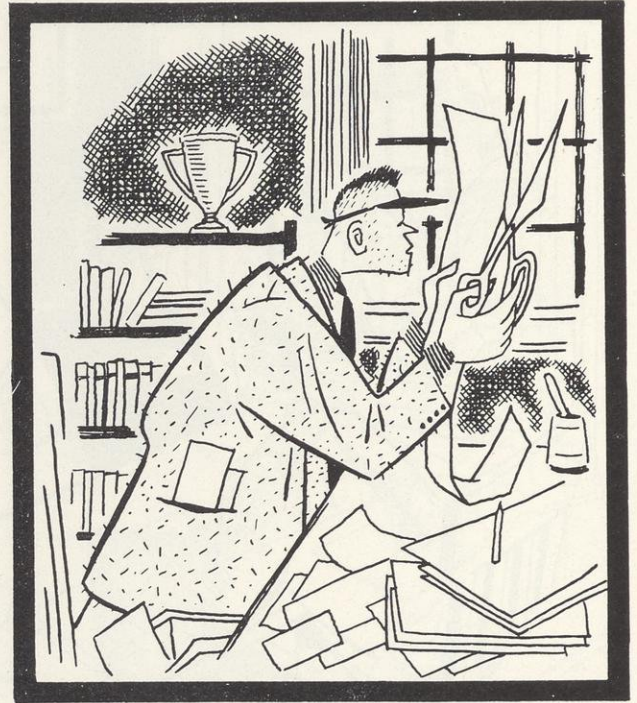


Mrs. Horstman is having a jolly time cleaning up. She has just swept the page-proofs for the new magazine out the door with one of the editor's ice-skates, and now she is starting to roll up copy for next month's issue into balls to throw at the red-headed janitor. She vaguely feels that all humor magazines are sinful.

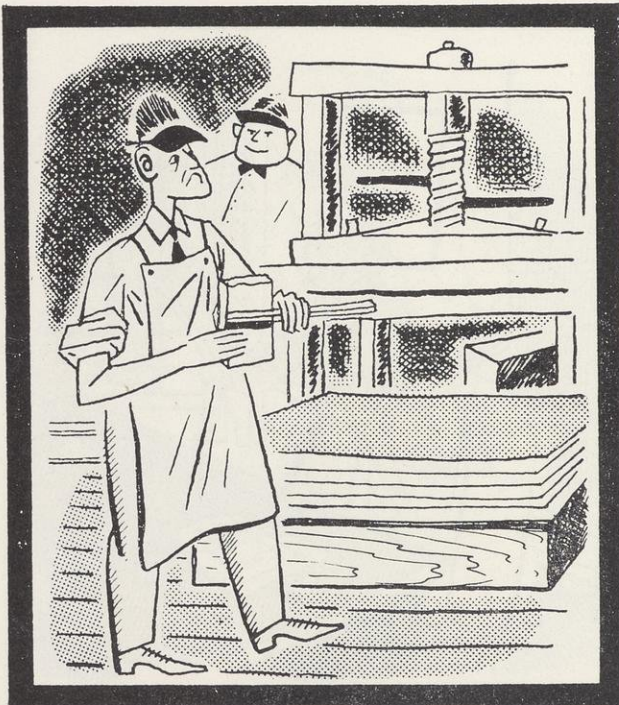
(continued on next page)



The Dean is on the verge of a cardiac collapse. Despite the editor's efforts, he has just got hold of the October issue. "Is this Octy? Or is this La Vie Parisienne or Les Cent-Vingt Jours de Sodome?" asks the Dean, who is very learned in such things. The Assistant Dean will catch it tomorrow for okaying that vile drawing.



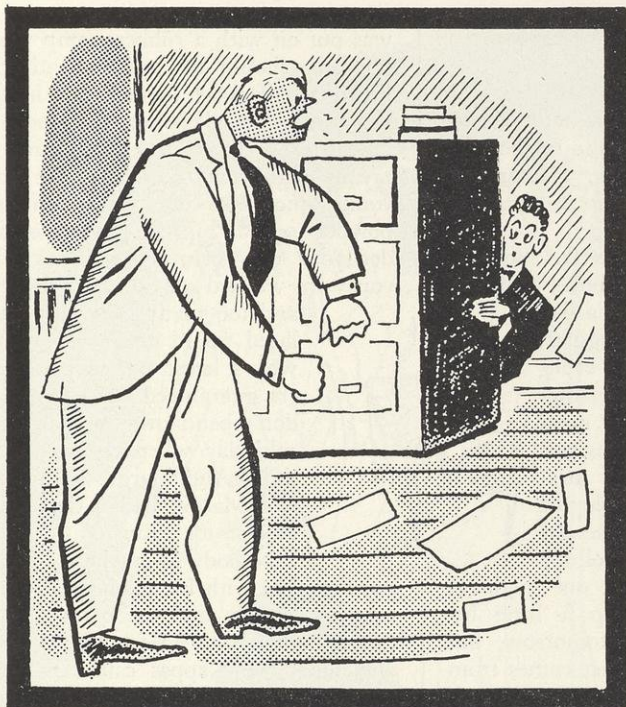
An editorial *asssint* is *reding* proof, and he knowws how the editor disliks typographical erros. Octy's type *æiv æpɪ ɪə ʒooqps ɪnb oʊm ʒɪŋg pəʊæu uæu v ɛp ɪəs sɪ* of eight to work on a baker's truckc. "well, well," mutters the editorial assistant, "t his story seems to bec really jumerous — wonder how it ever got into type."



On this high-speed, multi-color press Octy is printed each month. When whizzing away at top speed, it can turn out as many as eighteen copies every hour. It often takes a whole morning to print the month's issue. The sourpuss printer feels bad because we scolded him. Most former Octopus-printers are now non compos.



Midnight. Darkness. A furtive scurry. A Cardinal night editor pours acid on Octy cuts in the printery. "Revenge!" he hisses. Octy will learn not to set the Cardinal defenseless in the stocks of intelligence on the pillory of good taste. "Sulphuric is lots simpler than thinking up replies to Octy," scowls Editor Guiterman.



Octy's printer seethes. "Why didn't you tell us you wanted the cover printed in mauve instead of aquamarine? Expect us to make eight press-runs in one day? And why don't you mark your copy in plain English instead of Arabic? Think you own this plant? Now the Cardinal . . ." Mr. Tanner is fond of Octopus editors.



The circulation department is one of our hardest working crews. By five o'clock his tongue will be swollen big as a baloney. The circulation department has caught up with the November issue already, which is a new record for him. His fraternity is very proud of him, their only activity-man. Best man for the job we've had yet.



Whee—the new issue is out, and one of our philandering artists hurries right over to his girl's house with a copy. They will look over his stuff together, and she will say, "My, how nice." Then he will feel competent and clever, and may even screw up his courage enough to ask her to go to a double-feature next Friday night.



The magazine reaches the ultimate consumers. Here are two customers who have just found a second meaning to a joke, and whew, what a meaning! In 1937 we ran a cartoon with six meanings; but as a rule there are only four possible interpretations, just like in Dante—but there we go, talking over our readers' heads again.

(Alas, no more; don't turn over)

Oatmeal and Cold Cream



HECTOR was homely. Not the kind of homeliness that comes with horn-rimmed glasses, dingy buck teeth,

dirty straw hair, and halitosis; he possessed all those rare qualities and perhaps even a few more, but the kind of homeliness that comes of never kissing a pretty girl, eating oatmeal for breakfast every morning without sugar because the doctor says it makes strong bones and a healthy complexion when all it really does is drop on your tie and leave a bad after taste that lingers till you have your peanut butter sandwich at eleven-thirty recess, staying home on week ends to catch up on a little cultural reading, and taking a

bath once a week with laundry soap in a gin-scented bath tub with a ring around it that won't come off because it's been there loo long. Hector was homely and Hector had a date for Prom.

And Margie was pretty. Not the kind of prettiness that comes from eating three cakes of yeast a day because it keeps one regular, taking a cold shower every morning with a little setting-up exercise before the open window because it makes you feel oh so tingling and nice, staying home a couple of nights a week to give the old flesh and blood a little holiday because once in a while one ought to stay home and rest up a little because there is always tomorrow, but the kind of prettiness that comes from lard-thick lipstick that looks like it

was put on with a rubber stamp when it really should be put on with the finger tip because that's what Helena Rubenstein says, kissing all kinds of boys because you're too damn tired to say no and what the hell you're only young once, lots of cold cream and powder to cover up the gin circles under your eyes because you look like you were weaned on Spirits of Peoria,

and too many beers at Fred's laced up in one of Munsingwear's latest two-way stretchers guaranteed for life if you don't bend over too far on a cold day when the rubber is tight. And Margie was pretty and Margie had a date with Hector for Prom.

Nobody knew how Margie got that date with Hector because Hector was homely and ate oatmeal and never had dates and Margie was pretty and what the Kappas called smooth. Anyway, Hector put on his dark blue



"Hey, Mac, seen any Russians around here lately?"



ED. MAYLAND

"I hear the judges were influenced by politics this year"

suit and shined up his ROTC shoes and flagged a Checker cab on State street because they were cheaper and only cost a dime while the other cabs cost a lot more and he told the driver the Kappa house and he got there and rang the doorbell and that showed everyone that Hector was more than homely because nobody who was anybody at all in Madison ever rang a doorbell. Margie came down stairs after Hector had waited so long he thought he was in the wrong house and Margie smelled of all kinds of things that smooth girls are supposed to smell of and she wore a dress that Hector thought was on backwards because it was cut too low in the wrong place and he was going to tell her so but the cab was waiting and cabs cost money so they went to Prom instead.



PROM was all kinds of fun because there was a great big name band from Beloit playing and Hector got to dance almost half of a dance with Margie before some smooth football player in rented tails cut in and Hector didn't see Margie again till the big name band started to play Hoagie Carmichael's Immortal Star Dust and everybody was going down stairs to get their coat or one something like it out of the check room. Margie was holding up one of the Union pillars and she smelled of a lot more things and she smiled at Hector and she was very smooth and Hector was sleepy and they

called a cab and went back to the Kappa house and Margie kissed Hector goodnight because it was the thing to do and Hector fainted because it wasn't. And now Hector isn't homely any

more because he kissed a pretty girl and he doesn't smell of oatmeal and he cements his hair down with lard and he never stays in weekends to read cultural books because that isn't smooth and he never rings doorbells and always rides City cabs because they cost more and Hector isn't a bit homely and he always dates Kappas.

And Margie eats yeast three times a day now and has been known to take a flyer at oatmeal sometimes in the morning and she always goes to the Chocolate Shop on Saturday night instead of Fred's because it isn't a bit rowdy and she gets more culture that way and she smells of Ivory soap and the Kappas are thinking seriously of depledging her and she's crazy about Hector and he won't look at her because she isn't smooth and Prom was an awful lot of fun. —J. HEVENER

He: "Who spilled the mustard on this waffle?"

She: "Oh, John, how could you? This is lemon pie."

Ornithologist on the Campus

"In twenty years as Dean, young man, never have I seen such a shameless recreant as yourself."



"Will the young lady and the gentleman holding hands in the back of my lecture please STOP?"

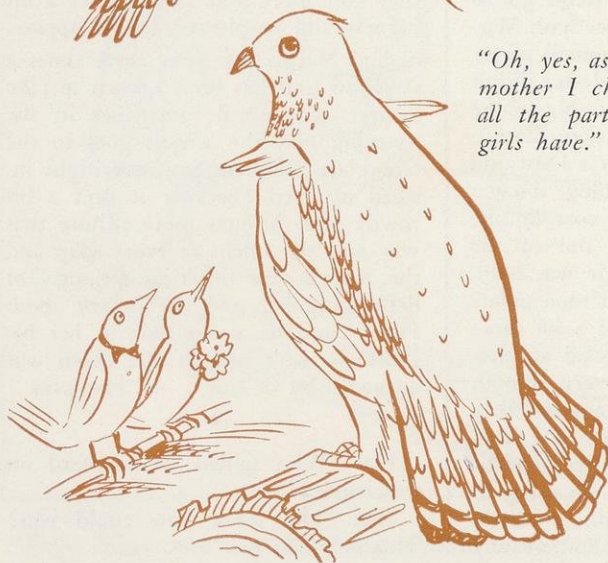


"If Lenin were alive today, Trotsky would be his choice—"

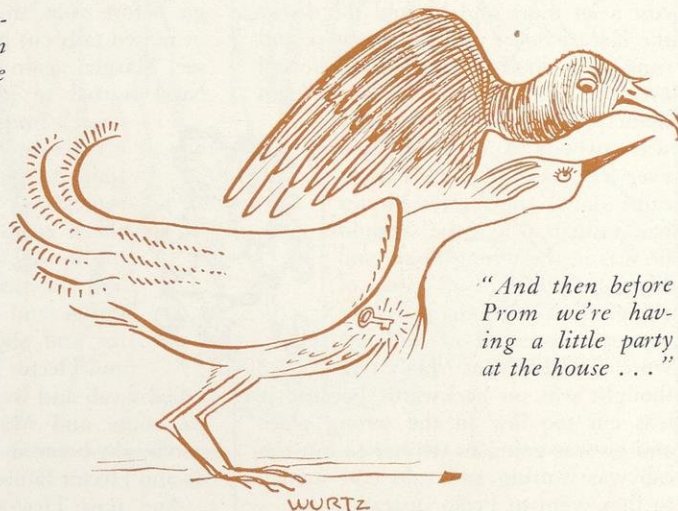


"Ah, Keats . . . !"

"Oh, yes, as house-mother I chaperon all the parties the girls have."



"And then before Prom we're having a little party at the house . . ."



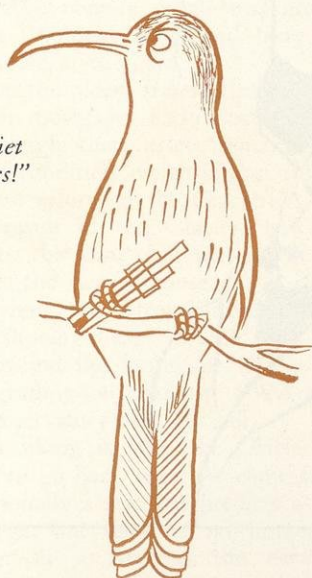
WURTZ



"Didn't I
meet you at a
dateless dance?"



"But my dear Albert, the word is
clearly related to the Old Norse form
and is identical with the Sanskrit—"



"Quiet
hours!"

Thoughts of a Girl Who While Studying Her Econ Assignment in the Sorority Library Sees in the Mir- ror Her Roommate and Boy Friend on the Couch

MIRROR, mirror, tell me true
Who's the dumber of the two?
Is it he who's taken in
By beauty quasi-genuine?

(Face by Coty;
Body design
By Miss Helena
Rubenstein;
Her dilettantish
Tongue affords
Conversational
Smorgasbords.)

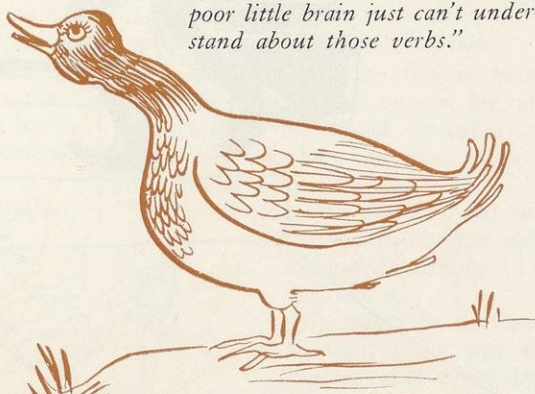
But on the other hand it might
Be the lady on his right
Who gullibly believes that she
Has captured Masculinity.

(Face by Gillette;
Body would sadden
Even optimistic
Bernarr McFadden;
His conversation
Has the crass
Eloquence of
Balaam's ass.)

But look!
Look at little Casanova
Making whoopee on the sofa.
Who of us would have supposed
He'd function better with eyes closed?

(Curiosity
Tells me wait for more;
Propriety
Bids me close the door.
A roommate's job
Is never done;
They also serve
Who watch the fun.
The evening's actions
And witticisms
Become the breakfast
Criticisms.)

—R. N.



"I try so hard, professor, but my
poor little brain just can't under-
stand about those verbs."



"All right, professor, hand over those bluebooks."



THE BELL TOWER

"Wentworth ought to stop seeing so darn many movies."

When Icicles Hang



VERY TIME a blizzard swoops across Lake Mendota and frosty coeds plod the waist-deep drifts, I like to think of the real Wisconsin

winters away back when the Great Glacier crept down from the North Pole.

Then the mercury huddled down in its little globe for centuries, and on the Fourth of July your breath rose in big white clouds.

Winter came; and spring, Mr. Shelley, was plenty far behind.

The Great Glacier shouldered its way only as far south as Madison, then stopped. Somehow, Madison seems to have discouraged it. We can see the Glacier's side of this matter, but the exact reasons are obscure.

The State Legislature was not in session then, nor had the Lake Street rooming-house district become the present sooty shambles. A good nudge from a glacier, right now, could work wonders for both institutions.

Perhaps it was the climate. Madison has nasty, muddy springtimes; the robins don't get here till May; and in August Lake Mendota can be smelled as far off as the Illinois border. The mosquitoes are sharp-billed and heroically persistent. There are no interesting roadhouses, and you can't get a good nickel beer anywhere in town.

It could scarcely have been the university, because in the early Quaternary Age nobody much was around except President Birge and Jerry, the towel-man at the gym.

Even the oldest fraternities with the biggest mortgages hadn't been founded, though their assets remain in a frozen condition which almost shames the best efforts of the Glacier. A possible result of the Glacier, however, may be the faint chill which still surrounds the Kappa house.

Anyhow, the Great Glacier stopped, after shoving heaps of dirt right and left around the landscape in the biggest grading-job until the PWA tackled Observatory Hill last fall.

Not liking it here, the Glacier decided to go back where it came from. Occasionally a scientist predicts a new Ice Age, but there is no immediate danger of a run on the ear-muff market.



"Wake up, Gladys! Wake up!"

WHEN the Glacier departed, it left behind it a sorry mess—boulders foolishly dumped in the middle of meadows, hills where nobody wanted them, streams twisted from their courses. The evidence suggests a hasty, ill-planned retreat in complete demoralization.

Possibly it was merely a thoughtless, selfish departure . . . the way picnickers leave beer-cans on the beach. There is no evidence at all of Nature's much-ballyhooed Order and Universal Plan.

The entire Glacial Epoch seems to have been a hare-brained scheme from

the beginning. We must write off the Age as fifty centuries frittered away in pursuit of some sub-zero delusion.

Myself, I'm glad the Glacier blew town. Skating has its virtues, but an inexhaustible supply of ice-cubes at one's back door is a nuisance. A good refrigerator costs only \$98.00 f. o. b. Mauch Chunk, Pa.; and if need be, you can drink your old-fashioned without ice and like it.

It would be tiresome to fight one's way to Bascom Hall every day with an ice-pick; and fridity in general gives psychologists grave worries. Brrrrrrrr! —B.B.



"Your Husband Was John R..."



WE CAN imagine a lot of undesirable people women could marry, but just imagine, if you lust for squeamish thoughts, what

a woman married to a radio announcer would have to go through.

The front door is closed firmly.

"Good evening, Martha," calls a controlled, smooth baritone voice. "I have just arrived at my moderately priced, all-brick home."

"Hello, John, did you put the car up?"

"The car," snorts John. "My dear, when speaking of our bigger, roomier, more luxurious automobile—say Budson! Budson Terraflame! A car that brings you brilliant new style and luxury, and more size and room than ever before—backed by performance, economy, and long life hard to match no matter how much more we might have paid."

"Well, I hope you didn't put it in the garage, because we're going to the movies right after supper."

"What epic production of America's cinema industry are we to see tonight, Martha?"

Any court of justice would call this grounds for divorce.

This works both ways, too. Imagine a man married to one of those telephone operators who say, *Gif-ford tew nigh-un hundred.*"

—D. B.

The Gods and I

*You ask how I may write of love,
Of passion sweet and fiery.
What do I know of heartstrings
plucked
Or blobs of tears in a diary?*

*What right have I to talk of thorns
Which grow on every rose,
When all my life in sodden books
I've poked my shiny nose?*

*Oh, little ye know, ye foolish ones,
What passions heave my breast—
How many Olympians seek my hand
And will not let me rest.*

*I live my life on magic heights
Far from the State Street din,
And now of heavenly mead I sip,
Nor long for someone's pin.*



"Johnny asked me when we were coming home from a skiing party one night, and I said 'yes' quick like a flash..."

*How can young maidens fall so hard
For youths in sweaters, slacks, and saddles,
When heroes ply their high-prowed
ships
With silvery sails and golden paddles?*

*Oh, Bacchus, Pan, and deep-eyed Jove,
Who ever in my heart shall dwell,
You're wonderful except sometimes
When books get dull as hell. —J.W.*



"I'm a sure thing for a 3 point."

HIGHEST CASH

For Your Books

STUDENT BOOK EXCHANGE

"Let Jerry Buy 'em . . ."

"Nearest the Campus"

According to the Records

(continued from page 4)

to do justice to modern Russian music, Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra have accomplished a fiery and yet sensitive rendition. The work is political in character, having been written for the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. It's rather an adventure to listen to, since you will be relaxed for a fairly sweet violin or flute section only to be rudely interrupted by a raw brassy section. You may need several hearings before the excellence of this work begins to come through to you.

* * *

Jascha Heifetz, always supreme technically, has done a new recording for Victor that shows a masterful depth of expression, as well. The numbers are "La Ronde Des Lutins" by Bazzini, and "Polonaise Brillante in D Major" by Wieniawski.

* * *

An abridged version of Verdi's *Otello* is a recent Victor album. Tibbett, Martinelli, and Jepson sing with the Metropolitan Opera Chorus and Orchestra. In this "best of Verdi's operas" the honors go to Helen Jepson. She displays a richness and warmth not common to all lyric sopranos. Her unusual control makes her soft portions memorable—especially in the "Willow Song" and "Ave Maria."

* * *

Another Victor release is the Ravel "Concerto for the Left Hand" for piano and orchestra. The work was written for Paul Wittgenstein, a German pianist whose right arm was amputated during the World War. On the face of it, it might seem that the work would have little value beyond a certain interest in a piece written entirely for one hand.

One hearing is enough to disprove such an idea. Very likely you wouldn't notice the absence of the right hand, if it weren't for the title. The work is one of Ravel's mature and great writings. The piano enters with a difficult technical passage which leads into a delicate passage as lyrical as any Ravel. The rest is more energetic, showing a strong Spanish influence. This waxing is by Alfred Cortot and the Paris Conservatory Orchestra, Charles Munch conducting.

* * *

Haydn's late work, the *Symphony No. 104, in D Major*, ("London") is treated to a highly satisfactory rendering by Edwin Fischer and his Chamber Orchestra. Informed with the spirit of Beethoven, this work musters up a tenuous strength and dramatic feeling beyond the china-like delicacy of fibre characterizing most of his earlier production. There is here, however, a shrewd commingling of the robust and simple quality of his personally-developed style, with the serious and tempered quality of what is, after all, the result of his borrowings from the new Romanticism about to muffle Europe in its veils and mountain-majesty.

The main delight of this symphony is, as a matter of fact, to hear the ringing darts of song, almost sheerly exterior pattern and without noticeable emotional content, in the midst of the comparative profundity of the main spirit of the work as a whole. The work is authentic, however, despite this seemingly contradictory interplay. One need but consider the rich pageant of the second movement, slow with majesty and not with age, as an example of Haydn's mastery. If the ear is awake, it can catch in the fourth movement Haydn's transcendent use of the London street-tune, *Hot Cross Buns*, as the main theme. The best of the month's offerings is this album.

—F. K. & D. H.

Looking Forward to PROM

Find out her

favorite flower . . .

then select her
favorite corsage

. . . at . . .

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Please Order Early!

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Badger 177

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Properly Pasteurized DAIRY PRODUCTS
Provide ALL These SAFEGUARDS

Adequate Farm Inspection
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Accurate Temperature Control
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Avenue

Pastoral

*I long to write a story,
The tale of your love and mine,
To tell the world of our mating,
Blessed by the gods divine.
I want to shout its glories
Up to the heavens on high—
But you go on objecting;
Please, won't you tell me why?*

—C. M.

1st drunk: "Say, know what time it is?"

2nd drunk: "Yeah."

1st drunk: "Thanks."

A liar can travel around the world twice while a truthful man puts his pants on.

—Vassar Vandal

Neighbor: Where's your brother, Freddie?

Freddie: Aw, he's in the house playin' a duet. I finished my part first.

—Zammeroo

A drunk stumbling into a lamp post one dark night climbed up to the top. Feeling his way very carefully all around the pole he exclaimed, "My God! I'm walled in."

A customer walked into the butcher shop.

"Give me a pound of kiddleleys, please."

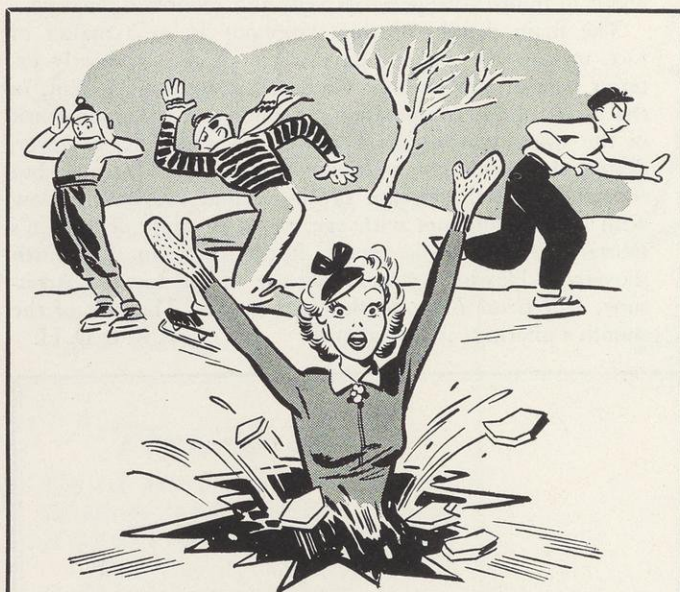
"You mean kidneys, don't you?" asked the butcher.

"Well, that's what I said, diddle I?"

—Keokuk Cut-up

An old-fashioned girl blushes when she is embarrassed, but a modern girl is embarrassed when she blushes.

—Exchange



A darn good skate was Rose Marie,
But, boy, her breath was just Grade Z.
Won't you or someone else please hint
That she should try a Cryst-O-Mint?



MORAL:

Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and refresh your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

FREE

Suitcase Box
of Life Savers
For the Best
Ha Ha Joke
of the Month
Goes to
Jerry Kaiser
919 University
For this
gutbuster—

"A girl with
cotton stock-
ings never sees
a mouse."
And what a
putrid joke
it is!

Send in your
stinker to the
Free Editor



Boo!

THIS is Kurt Jooss who is going to scare the pants off you on St. Valentine's day, when he brings his Dutch ballet to the Union Theater.

The group has been famous for years for its satirical interpretation of Europe's war-mania. "The Green Table," which lambasted the selfish diplomats who conferred at the League of Nations meetings, has a sequel this season in "Chronicle."

We know that *we're* going to see it.

*Wisconsin's Greatest
Social Event*

THE 1940

JUNIOR PROMENADE

•

*Dance to the scintillating rhythms of
Duke Ellington and his Harlem
Aristocrats . . .*


*And let Henry Busse's silver trumpet
strike a new high in your memories*

•

9 A. M. - 2 A. M.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1

\$5.00 Couple

A woman with dark hair styled in a bun, wearing a blue and red costume with white stars and a crescent moon. She is smiling and holding a pack of Chesterfield cigarettes with both hands. The pack is white with gold and blue accents, featuring the Chesterfield logo and the word 'CIGARETTES'.

Watch the change to Chesterfield
says **DONNA DAE**
CHESTERFIELD'S JANUARY GIRL
starring with
FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS

FORECASTING MORE SMOKING PLEASURE FOR 1940

Chesterfield

Change to Chesterfields and you'll get
what you want...*real mildness and better taste.*
You can't buy a better cigarette.